GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES

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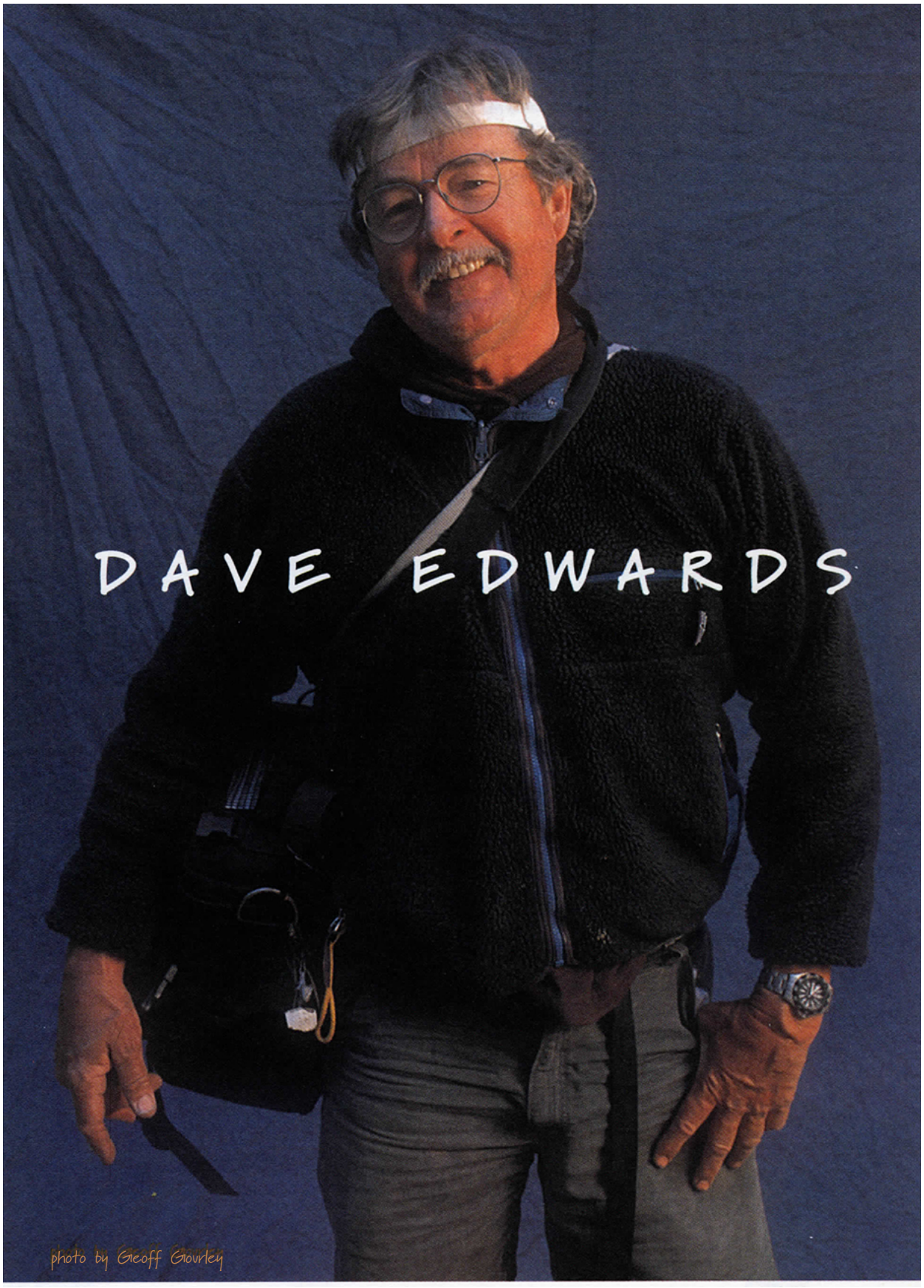
boatman's quarterly review



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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 held the first Monday of each month. All innocent bystanders are urged to attend. Call for details.

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 computer disk, pc or mac format; Microsoft Word files are best but we can translate most programs. Include postpaid return envelope if you want your disk or submission returned.

Deadlines for submissions are the 1st of February, May, August and November. Thanks.
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This is not the topic I had thought would be my first column to you as President of GCRG. In fact, I doubt that Einstein's theory of relativity really is the topic. But I do know that the events of September 11th have changed the way a lot of folks are thinking about things nowadays. Because of the Labor Day holiday and my being on the river, September 11th was the Board's first meeting of this new organizational year. What did we have to meet and talk about that was that important in light of the days' tragic news?

There were the usual business updates: the upcoming fall meeting; no apparent major changes in the CORs for next year; first aid requirements and courses; the "Old Timers" GTS; what kind of pizza to order, among others. As Kenton mentioned in his "Parting Thoughts" in the last issue, the Board has been debating the Glen Canyon Dam decommissioning poll for a long time, this last go 'round for about a year. The Board did not decide on the poll language on September 11th, but we debated it then and again at the October meeting, and finally agreed on wording we felt was adequate. You should have received your card in the mail by now, as it was sent out the end of October; deadline is December 31st. The Board really does want to know what you think and feel on this issue, so please let us know.

So, how do Einstein's Theory of Relativity, September 11th, and dam decommissioning relate? I'm not sure, but if Uncle Albert is right about all this, they all do relate and have an effect on each other. And on each of us; we all are entitled to our points of view. The Board recognizes it in itself and each of you; we try to represent all members – sometimes we get it wrong, but then again sometimes we get it right. If you read the "pros and cons" section annually in the bqr, you'll see that we get compliments on some of the same things we get taken to task for. In most cases, we try to get back to our mission statement (basically the four items listed in the *bqr* of what GCRG is dedicated to) and see if we are supporting it. We have been lambasted for not taking a stance on dam decommissioning, for thinking of taking a stance, for our role as stakeholders in adaptive management, for not fighting the Park Service, for not standing up to the outfitters, for not seeking/obtaining better guide benefits. Truth in all of it but we do keep plugging away at the issues, trying to at least keep even with them.

Some of you may wonder if I have an agenda for this term. I didn't think I did, but such as it is, here goes: to focus on the things GCRG does well and best; keep communication open and encourage input; and

to address and gain on some of the others. Oh, yeah, and to keep it fun and not take myself too seriously. The *bqr* has won acclaim at being a top-notch journal; I contribute an occasional piece that I hope is worthy, but it's all your own submissions and Mary and Katherine's work that keep it that way. Our meetings are usually well-received; my idea for a joint fall meeting with CPRG turned out fantastically, lucky for me that the good weather was a huge factor in its success, but my hope for a laid-back occasion sure was a plus to everyone's enjoyment. Lynn and I have successfully written a grant proposal that will enable the 2002 GTS to be even bigger and better than usual. And we will continue to navigate the debris flows of the increased rules and regulations flushed into the main stream.

As this blurb is late, and keeping the editors happy is one of the job requirements, I will leave you with some words of wisdom from Einstein himself (after all, like boatmen, he wore shoes without socks and check out his hair):

A human being is part of the whole called by us universe, a part limited in time and space. We experience ourselves, our thoughts and feelings as something separate from the rest. A kind of optical delusion of consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task is to free ourselves from the prison by widening the circle of our compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole in its beauty … We shall require a substantially new manner of thinking if mankind is to survive.

As Uncle Albert might have said, "It's all relative." Be careful out there. And have fun.

Q.

Geoff Gourley

A few years back the *bqr* printed a short 1910 essay by George Wharton James, detailing the 1908 voyage of Charles Russell and Edwin Monett through Grand Canyon. By the way it was written, it appeared James had intimate acquaintance with the two boaters in his story. Now a longer and more complete 1909 story has come to light, written by David Allen and published in the British magazine *Wide World* in November 1908—a story George Wharton James must have seen, for several of his descriptions were lifted bodily from this earlier work. We now print the original tale here in its entirety, along with a few additional images of the trip that have recently come to light.

A Daring Voyage Down The Grand Canyon

An account of the unique feat accomplished by two intrepid miners who, in frail row-boats, made a trip which has never before been performed in its entirety by water—a voyage down the rock-strewn torrent of the Colorado River, where it burrows thousands of feet below the surface of the earth in a series of tremendous gorges, the most famous of which is the Grand Canyon. Time and again the two men faced death in the boiling rapids, but eventually they emerged in safety after a journey of seven hundred and fifty miles, lasting over three months.

Everybody has heard of Niagara Falls and the terrible rapids which the tortured waters of the river form below the great cascade.

The Niagara, however, is a mere creek in size compared with another American stream, the Colorado, which may well be called a river of mystery, partly because of the strange region through which it passes, and partly because so little is known about it. Unlike the Niagara, the Colorado is far away from civilization. Making its devious way through inaccessible mountains and arid deserts, very few human beings live near it. But the Colorado flows *under* the earth rather than on the top; for hundreds of miles it rushes through vast gorges thousands of feet in depth. The greatest gorge of all is well called the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Russell and Monett nearing Needles, California

The Grand Canyon, however, is only one of a series of mighty clefts in which the river has literally buried itself. The bottoms are so rugged, so strewn with great rocks and boulders, that only in a few places does the current flow smoothly. For miles and miles the surface of the water is a mass of foaming wave-tops, tossed ceaselessly to and fro amid the rocky obstructions, forming currents and fierce eddies beside which the famous Niagara whirlpool seems insignificant.

There are places where the surface of the Colorado is seven thousand five hundred feet below the brink of the gorge, and at nearly every point it is close on six thousand feet. Looking across from one edge of the canyon to the other, the distance seems to the novice to be two miles. Say so to one of the guides or trailsmen and he may smile; for at Bright Angel trail the width is no less than thirteen miles, while the tourist who stands on the brink at Grand View and looks directly across covers with the glance a distance of eighteen miles. The eye is indeed deceptive here, for if you descend to what is known as the top of the inner gorge and look down upon the river the Colorado appears to be a muddy creek twenty or twenty-five feet wide. But these black walls of granite, which descend

almost vertically from the place where you stand, are actually four times the height of Niagara's famous gorge, being nearly fourteen hundred feet sheer, and the river itself is over a hundred and fifty feet wide.

Yet, spite of its fierce current and deadly, rock-strewn rapids, men have dared to attempt to float down this semi-subterranean river in boats. They have tried it, but only two such adventurers can say that they did it successfully, and can prove their story by photographs. These men, who have accomplished a feat that seemed to be impossible, are Charles Russell and E. R. Monett, two American gold-miners. Away back in 1869 the famous explorer Powell tried to navigate the river with an expedition consisting of four boats and eight men, but most of the boats were wrecked long before the end of the gorges was reached, and in several places they dared not trust to the waters, but carried their craft bodily round the dangerous passages. Twenty years after Major Powell made the attempt Stanton, another explorer, tried it with three boats and twelve men, but his party did not complete the journey by water. Since then several other expeditions have risked their lives; and in some cases men have gone into those grim and gloomy gorges and never been heard of again.

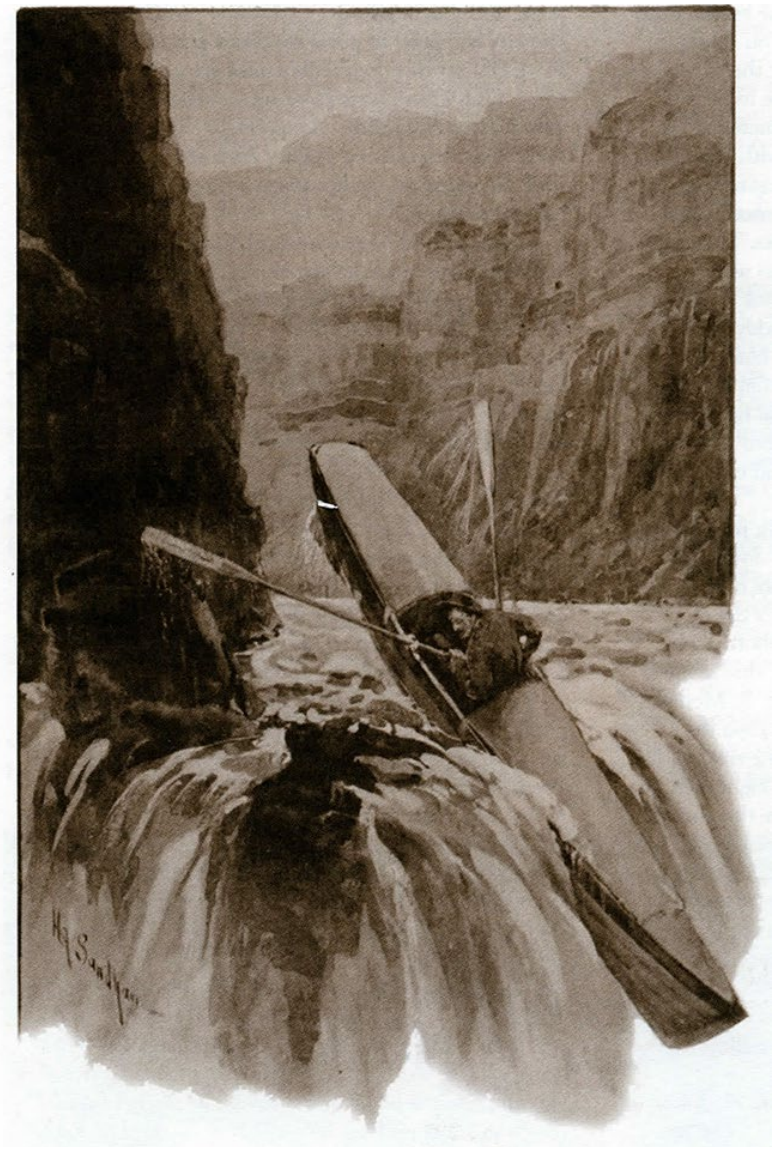
Russell and Monett expected to have a companion named Loper in their adventure, but, as will be noted, Loper met with such disaster early in the trip that he left them. How the trio conceived the daring exploit is worth the telling. The plan, according to Russell, originated several years ago in the mind of Russell's companion, Loper, while the two men were working in a mine at Cripple Creek. In 1893 Loper had been attracted to the San Juan River, a tributary of the Colorado, in South-Eastern Utah, by the excitement created by the discovery of placer gold there. He had never forgotten his experiences, and confided to Russell his belief that the Grand Canyon of the Colorado offered proportionately greater chances of much richer placer mining. The two men planned to make their start in the spring of 1900 but the dangers and almost insurmountable difficulties of the task they had so lightly undertaken slowly became apparent to them, and they finally decided to wait until they were properly equipped in point of money and information. At the outset they found they must get at least one more companion if they were to be successful—and four men were preferable to three. According to Russell, their eight years' search for a partner disclosed no individual with the necessary qualifications who was willing to make the trip.

Consequently, it was not until April, 1907, that their long-laid plans began to materialize. Loper met Monett—a boy in appearance, not seemingly strong and unusually quiet—at the Mohawk Mine in Goldfield. But that Monett was not young—in courage, at least—and not as weak as a casual glance revealed, was presently evidenced when the young man expressed not only a willingness to share the dangers of the trip with the other two, but urged as proof of his strength his work in the mines—a daily physical test calling for no little endurance. Loper notified Russell, then foreman of a mine near Prescott, that the third man had at last been found, and a meeting was arranged for Green River, Utah, early in September. To this point were shipped the row-boats Russell and Loper had determined to pin their faith to, together with a three months' supply of provisions.

Realizing that the loss of the boats meant failure and perhaps loss of life, the explorers took great care to secure suitable craft. They were designed to be light yet strong, each large enough to hold one man in addition to the food and clothing composing his outfit. Each boat was sixteen feet long, with steel ribs, covered with a tough wooden "skin," which was still further protected by a covering of stout canvas. To prevent them being swamped in the boiling rapids, the boats were covered with decks made of steel sheets, carefully riveted together so that the joints would be water-tight. A hole just large enough to admit a man's body was left in the centre, and when the voyager took his seat at the oars flaps of heavy cloth were stretched around his body extending to the edges of the cavity. Each craft had a reservoir full of air built into either end, like a lifeboat, to give it more buoyancy. The little fleet bore the names of *Arizona, Utah,* and *Nevada,* the respective States from which the intrepid trio hailed.

On the Green River in Utah, one of the sources of the Colorado, the men launched their craft and began their strange voyage. They were four days in reaching the Colorado, having to travel about a hundred and twenty-five miles. It was not difficult to tell when the Colorado was reached, for almost immediately they plunged into what is known as the Little Cataract Canyon, where the smooth waters abruptly ended. For forty-one miles they were swirled and thrown about in the grip of angry currents. Luckily Russell and Monett came out safely, but Loper came to grief. Their experience is thus described by Russell:—

"The rapids presented a terrifying appearance, the rushing, roaring water, beaten into foam as it plunged over the rocks, rolling in waves five to ten feet high at the foot. These extended for a hundred yards and more before they became quieter, and ended in swirling whirlpools. Hardly does the water quiet down when it takes another plunge, so close are the rapids together. This was my first experience in shooting rapids. I seemed to go very slowly until quite near the brink, when my speed was suddenly accelerated and over I plunged, the boat taking a stiff angle downward as she went over, only to rise abruptly as she climbed the next wave. Then came another pitch downward for



"She turned almost on end."

the succeeding billow, but this she did not climb. The wave combed back fiercely, and the stern end of the boat plunged under, the water almost taking my breath away as it swept clear across the boat. She rose nicely, however, and came out on top of the next one easily. We were soon through the worst part, and pulled into the eddy.

"Before long we entered upon the worst part of this canyon. Rapids Fourteen, Fifteen, and Sixteen are so close together that they must be run without stopping, as there is practically no quiet water between them; and so rocky is No. Sixteen that it seems impossible to get through at all. Loper proposed to run it with his boat, the *Arizona*, while we watched the result. He handled the craft very dexterously, being an excellent oarsman, and was successful in striking the only place in Rapid Sixteen that a boat could pass through. But even here the current dashed hard against a huge rock, taking a vertical drop of four or five feet off one side. Loper found it impossible to keep the boat away from this boulder and she was swept heavily against it. She turned almost on end, but luckily the water was deep and she came up like a fish. After seeing Loper's experience Monett and myself were fearful of our ability to get through, and Loper bravely volunteered to bring our boats through, which feat he accomplished in safety."

When they had pulled themselves together and looked over the little fleet it was found that Loper's boat had been unfitted for further service by the collision with the rock, and the greater part of his supplies lost. After a consultation it was decided that the others should leave their unfortunate partner at a little settlement just below the cataract and proceed. Russell and Monett, pushing ahead, put in many days prospecting along the shores of Glen Canyon. They waited for Loper at Lee's Ferry, a Mormon settlement, more than twice as long as the time agreed upon. Then, as there were no signs of him, they determined to go on without him. Friday, the 13th of the month, had no terrors for the intrepid pair, and they started off down the river on the morning of that day, with the Marble Canyon acting as an introduction to the Grand Canyon below. In dwelling on this stage of their journey Russell seemed to lose sight entirely of the remarkable nerve both men showed in going through what is admittedly the wildest part of the river without the third companion who, at the outset, had seemed absolutely indispensable to the successful accomplishment of the trip. In seven days they had passed the length of the roaring stream through the perpendicular walls of Marble Canyon, towering up on either side to an average height of three thousand feet, and had come safely through the worst rapids up to that point. At one place there were fifty-seven rapids to be negotiated in quick succession, some of them having falls from sixteen to twenty feet deep.

Entering the Grand Canyon, for the first fifteen miles below the entrance of the Little Colorado they found the water comparatively quiet. From this point onwards they found however, their way was threatened by the worst falls they had thus far met. But the good luck which had attended them from the start still

prevailed, and they managed to force their way without damage to either boat down over the almost continuous cataracts. Christmas found them only fifteen miles above Bright Angel trail. In describing the manner in which they celebrated the great day, Russell remarked, casually, that they certainly hung up their stockings—to dry. From beginning to end of their journey the adventurers had been obliged to depend for fuel entirely on such driftwood as they could find lodged in eddies and on the rocky shores. They spent more than one night in clothes soaked through with the icy water of the Colorado, with no fire to warm them. Their Christmas camp, however, was on a narrow strip of sand, with a greater supply of driftwood at hand than they had found at any point along the river. Immediately below this camping place, and continuing for the succeeding ten miles, the river dashes through a troubled stretch, the most perilous section of which is known as the "Sockdologer Rapid." To make matters worse, Russell found it impossible to follow his usual custom of "picking a trail" through these rapids. When possible the elder man climbed along the precipitous sides of the canyon beside each cataract leaving Monett above the rough water in charge of the two boats. In this manner Russell could observe the most dangerous places through the rapids, and chart a course accordingly. But in this ten-mile stretch the granite walls rise sheer and smooth for the first fifteen hundred feet, and Russell could find no foothold, so that the men faced the necessity of "shooting" unknown waters.

Russell led the way in his boat, swinging it into the boiling current stern first—his own method of taking each cataract—making the frail craft respond to his will when possible by a forward pull on one or the other of his oars. After the first minute the cockpit in which each man sat, shut off from the rest of the boat by water-tight compartments, was filled to the gunwales with icy water, in which the oarsmen were compelled to remain. The boats dashed through one wave only to plunge into another. With less than a quarter of a mile still to be covered before the less vicious water below was reached, Russell heard his companion cry out in terror from behind, but before he could turn to ascertain the cause he was driven into smooth water. Mooring his boat at the foot of the rapids as quickly as possible, Russell half climbed, half waded, along the shore of the river and made his way back.

Here was disaster indeed! Monett's boat had been thrown by a heavy wave into a cleft between two jagged rocks. The craft was wedged in so tightly that he could have done little to release her if she had been "high and dry," but as it was he was literally a prisoner in the rushing waters, and how to rescue him was the question to be answered—and answered quickly. How Russell performed this brave feat is best told in his own words: "Monett, with his boat wedged tightly between two rocks, whose tops were about a foot below the sweeping water, was hanging desperately to the gunwales of the little craft—his body straightened out horizontally by the rush of the current. The boat was completely wrecked, but when I threw the rope to him I was astounded to see the boy carefully work his way closer to the craft and begin to tie its contents securely to the one means of saving his own life.

"So loud was the roar of the rapids that it was useless for me to yell to him to let the provisions go and save himself. Four times he made me haul sides of bacon and sacks of beans through the thirty feet of rushing water between him and the shore, before he finally caught the rope himself and let me drag him to safety. He had been in the water more than twenty minutes, and was nearly exhausted when I helped him to his feet."

The loss of the boat seemed at first to mark the end of their attempt to equal the record of their predecessors, but Monett insisted that they should try the plan of carrying him astride on the stern of the surviving boat. "If we strike too rough water, I can always swing overboard," he urged, "and we've needed a drag that wouldn't get fouled in the rocks all along."

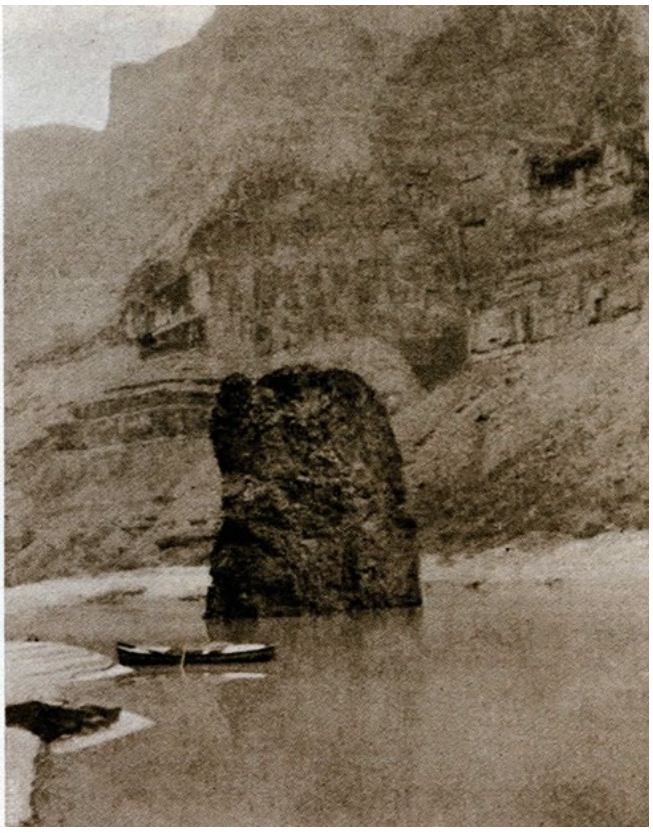
So the adventurers continued, Monett managing to keep a grip on the covered deck while Russell navigated the frail craft through the foaming torrent, stern first. It was a case of "get out or die," as they put it afterwards, for they could not possibly scale the black

The wreck of the last boat near foot of Boucher Trail, repaired in 5 days.

walls that rose on either side for thousands of feet as sheer as a stone falls through the air. They might abandon the boat and work their way up to some rocky shelf, but they stood an excellent chance of starving if they found farther progress impossible. Thus began one of the most remarkable exploits in the history of adventure. For several days they dodged in and out of the rapids, but finally reached the little stretch of smooth water where the river flows past Bright Angel trail. At noon one day, about two weeks after the second shipwreck, a party of tourists were eating their luncheon by the river-side; they saw two men in one little row-boat swing out of the rapids two hundred yards up stream and row leisurely toward them. In the thirty years that tourists have visited the bottom of the canyon at this point, it is safe to assert that not one ever saw a sight like this. Two horses were placed at the disposal of the explorers, whose clothes were torn and soaking wet, while their faces were covered with many weeks' growth of beard.

They had planned to climb out of the canyon at Bright Angel to send and receive letters, but they had no intention of remaining here. With all their provisions now confined to the limited quarters of one boat, and with other incentives to make them push on with all speed possible, it was with difficulty that they were persuaded to remain at the hotel three days. During their stay here they were feted and made the heroes of the hour by the guests. Through it all they displayed an equanimity and unfailing good nature which surprised those who expected to find these ragged adventurers rather taciturn than talkative. Three days later the entire community accompanied the two men to the river edge and bade them an enthusiastic farewell as they pushed off into midstream and headed down river once more.

Below Bright Angel they had more thrilling experiences, for one of the ugliest canyons had to be "rushed," as Russell puts it. Here they went through no fewer than fifteen different rapids in a distance of twenty-five miles. Several times Monett was torn from the boat by monster waves, but being an expert swimmer and very strong he managed to keep himself from being drowned or dashed upon the rocks, although his escapes were miraculous. At length they emerged from the



The surviving boat in a quiet stretch of the canyon.

last gorge at the little town of Needles, California, where their appearance excited the utmost astonishment. They had started on the journey with clean-shaven faces, but their hair and beards ad grown until Russell and Monett looked twenty years older. Their

The boat emerging from the canyon.

clothing was stained by exposure to the weather and torn by the rough usage they had experienced, and they appeared far more like tramps than the heroes they had proved themselves to be. Well they had earned the right to hoist the "flag of victory" on their little craft, even though it was only the remains of a cotton undershirt tied to a pole. During the last part of the voyage the gunwale of the boat was swung against a ledge with such force that the steel deck was torn from its fastenings, and, to lighten the craft and keep her from sinking, they had to pull off the useless sheets and throw them overboard.

During this unique voyage they floated down no less than seven hundred and fifty miles of the Colorado, traversing over twenty gorges whose walls ranged from three thousand to seven thousand feet—over a mile—in height. While the Grand Canyon and its divisions was the longest of the gorges, extending for three hundred miles, they also ran the Marble Canyon—a gorge seventy-five miles long. The last abyss from which they emerged was Black Canyon. At this point they came to the first settlement of human beings they had found on the banks of the Colorado since leaving Lee's Ferry over three months before, for the Bright Angel trail is several miles away from any dwelling.

The men say that they were able to accomplish their exploit only by doing the exact opposite from what a boatman usually does. They let their boats go stern first down stream instead of bow first, and pulled their oars against the current. In other words, they kept rowing away from their destination, and up instead of down river. They followed this plan because, as Russell said, it enabled them to see where they were going. The current and rapids propelled the boats so swiftly that they merely used the oars for steering. Thus they avoided rocks and points on shore upon which the craft would otherwise have struck and been battered to pieces.

Geoff Gourley

The Sound of Silence: Historical Perspectives on Natural Quiet at Grand Canyon

When I worked at the Grand Canyon in the early 1990s, one of the many pressing issues facing the National Park concerned the diminishing resource of natural quiet. In 1993, a team of aviation, acoustic, and Geographical Interface Systems (GIS) experts came to the Grand Canyon to help Park staff devise a plan to substantially restore natural quiet over large areas of Grand Canyon, as mandated by the "National Parks Overflights Act" of 1987. Because there was no office space anywhere else, this team set up a temporary office and conference space in a hallway at the back of the Grand Canyon clinic. The hallway happened to be directly outside the archaeology laboratory where I worked, so it was virtually impossible not to overhear the discussions and sometimes passionate debates as they unfolded outside my office door. Those conversations got me thinking about the origins of this relatively new and apparently ill-defined concept of natural quiet. Who were the first people to dream up the phrase "the resource of natural quiet", and what justified the definition of natural quiet as a "resource"? Did anyone truly appreciate the natural ambient sounds of the Canyon before motors and other modern intrusions threatened our 20th century vision of what a national park is or should be? To put it bluntly, did anyone even care about quiet at Grand Canyon before we didn't have any?

It turns out the answer is yes. Quite a few people cared. They didn't call it "natural quiet" back in the old days, though. The term "natural quiet" seems to have come into vogue in the late 1960s or early 1970s. The first legal use of the phrase in reference to Grand Canyon appears in the language of the Grand Canyon National Park Enlargement Act of 1975. Section 8 of this Act states that whenever the Secretary of Interior has reason to believe that any aircraft or helicopter activity is occurring which is "likely to cause a significant adverse effect on the natural quiet and experience of the park", the Secretary must submit information and make recommendations to the Federal Aviation Administration and the responsible land managing agency (the National Park Service). The NPS, in turn, was legally required by the Act to take "appropriate action" to protect the park and visitors from these adverse effects. This mandate was considerably strengthened twelve years later with passage of Public Law 100-91, the National Park Overflights Act.

"Early the next morning, I eagerly climbed the little knoll at the foot of which our tents were located, for I well knew that from its summit I should see the Canon. Many grand objects in the world are heralded by sound: the solemn music of Niagara, the roar of active geysers in the Yellowstone, the intermittent thunder of the sea upon a rocky coast are all distinguishable at some distance; but over the Grand Canon of the Colorado broods silence." (Stoddard 1898:174).

"Within half a hundred yards of our forest-hidden tents yawns this unworldly chasm; great rocks stand about trembling on the brink, old pine-trees shed their cones into these hazy depths that are not fathomable to the eye. And we, unless we are of sterner stuff than the insensate rocks, must tremble too as we stand here listening to the most appalling silence that ever smote the ear of man, an awful silence that seems to tell the endless story of eternity and death." (Holmes 1914: 141)

Decades prior to passage of these legal mandates, however, and long before airplane noise and other mechanized intrusions threatened to destroy the natural quiet of Grand Canyon, the remarkable silence of the Canyon was a key focus of many visitors' experience. The stillness was not simply remarkable. It was actually viewed as an essential quality—a key defining characteristic—of the Grand Canyon.

The first clue to how significant the quiet of Grand Canyon was in the minds of earlier visitors came to me while I was trying to educate myself about yet another controversial Park issue—wilderness. Thumbing through an out-of-print book called *The Wilderness World of Grand Canyon*, I stumbled upon a series of recollections written in the late 1960s by Ann and Myron Sutton. Recalling their first hike below the rim in 1948, the authors recounted their initial impressions of Grand Canyon as follows:

"We had been granted the most glorious of days…. Urban images and sounds lay far above and behind.

Here everything was sharp and clear. Here everything came into focus. And here we came to reaffirm the one great fact of the Canyon land. It was a quiet land. The trees, the cliffs, the very gorge itself made no noise save for some imagined hollow breath of hugeness, perhaps an industrial illusion derived from the thought that anything so big must make some kind of noise…. We had entered a world in which we were masters of our thoughts, but happily mastered and conquered by the immensity around us. We wanted nothing to change it—no sound of horn or engine or whistle, no shrill siren, no ring of telephone…. Quiet, a rare commodity, overwhelmed us." (Sutton and Sutton 1970:5)

At first, I tried to dismiss the significance of the author's words by noting that they were written when the modern concept of wilderness was already well established. Quiet, solitude, and the sounds of nature were obviously important to wilderness advocates of the late1960s, just as they are today. But what about before then? Did visitors care about the quiet of Grand Canyon before the age of the Wilderness Act and motorized tourism? As I started digging farther back in the historical record, I found out the answer is unequivocally, "Yes!". Lots of people cared. They not only cared about the quiet, they were truly awestruck by it. Even before they had reason to be concerned about losing it, early visitors to the South Rim frequently remarked on the stunning silence of the Canyon. Sometimes they expounded at length about the incredible stillness of the place. Quiet was not just a passing impression but a defining feature of many early visitors' experience, as the following three quotes clearly illustrate:

"There was in this immensity…a silence so profound that soon all the noises from the life around us on the Rim were lost in it, as if our ears had been captured forever, drowned in these deeps of quiet." (Priestly 1937:286)

"The huge taluses under the upright walls indicate that blocks of limestone and sandstone are continually falling—being pried off the face of walls by frost and heat. They keep gathering upon the slopes below, but you seldom, if ever, see them fall, and quite as seldom hear them. In the Alps one wakens in the summer nights with the slide and roar of avalanches, but at the Canyon one feels no shock, is conscious of no sound. The stillness seems like that of stellar space." (Van Dyke 1920:21–22)

"From the rim one gets two impressions—so strong that they seem almost too big for the soul to hold—like the soul-smiting terror that comes to one who gazes long at the stars. The two impressions are of numberless infinitely-reaching horizontal lines and of eternal silence…" (White 1909:64)

Priestly was a British travel writer, Van Dyke a naturalist, and White a newspaper publisher from Kansas City. Aside from sharing a passion for the written word, they had little in common. Yet each man came independently to a similar conclusion: silence was a remarkable natural feature of Grand Canyon and a key element of the visitors' experience.

There are a number of other memorable quotes by early travelers that graphically describe the mind-numbing quiet of the Canyon (e.g., Holmes 1914:141–142; Stoddard 1898:174; Grey 1906), but my all-time favorite one comes from the 1912 journal of Charles Sheldon. A successful business man, wildlife conservationist and hunter, Sheldon came to the Grand Canyon to collect desert bighorn sheep specimens for the US Biological Survey. Writing in his private diary on the evening of November 11, 1912, after spending all day tracking sheep across the upper terraces of the Muav Gorge, Sheldon recalled his impressions of the day as follows:

"Besides the magnificent views of perpendicularly walled canyons and cliffs, I was most impressed with the profound silence—not a breath of wind today, not a sound, not a rustle of grass or weeds, not an insect murmur, not a falling rock. Silence absolute. Only my lifelong habit of hearing insects kept the sound in my imagination." (Carmony and Brown 1993:11)

Today, absolute silence is an exceedingly rare and increasingly threatened commodity in Grand Canyon. The ongoing loss of natural quiet is significant for all of us and for future generations because an essential attribute of the unique place we call Grand Canyon has been significantly degraded and

"Well, it might be thought that out of these huge elements would come a hum, a hymn, "The stretch metre of antique song" that was once sacred to Orpheus. But no. A silence reigns everywhere. The sun comes up over the Painted Desert through a haze of spectrum colors but there is no sound, and it goes down over the Vinkaret Mountains in all the glory of crimson and purple but the silence is not broken. In the early morning you may hear at certain places the respiration of the River, or the sough of the pinions along the Rim, or the jangle of the jays in the pines, but they are only momentary happenings. There may be flying shadows of clouds moving across the Canyon, or misty rain falling into its depths, but these are silent things that creep in and out with an imperceptible footfall. " (Van Dyke 1920: 21)

is in the process of disappearing altogether. The testimonies of many early visitors to Grand Canyon clearly demonstrate that natural quiet was a dominant feature of their experience, an essential quality that defined the Canyon, along with the stunning visual scenery. If we continue to allow modern sounds to overwhelm the natural quiet of Grand Canyon, we will be sanctioning destruction of an essential dimension of the Grand Canyon. Imagine the canyon as Sheldon, Grey, Holmes and others experienced it and ask yourself, "Have I ever had the opportunity to hear 'silence absolute'?" And then ask yourself, "What if I never can?"

Helen Fairley

"One feature of this ever-varying spectacle never changes—its eternal silence. When the shadowy mists float up at early dawn; when the sunrise paints the turrets and pinnacles with delicate hues; when the full noonday sun brightens into splendor the faraway plateaus and gorges; when the gorgeous transfigurations of sunset goes on; when twilight steals down gray and gloomy, and when the chasm sleeps in mystical plutonian night, there is always that silence—a silence that keeps its secret." (Grey 1906)

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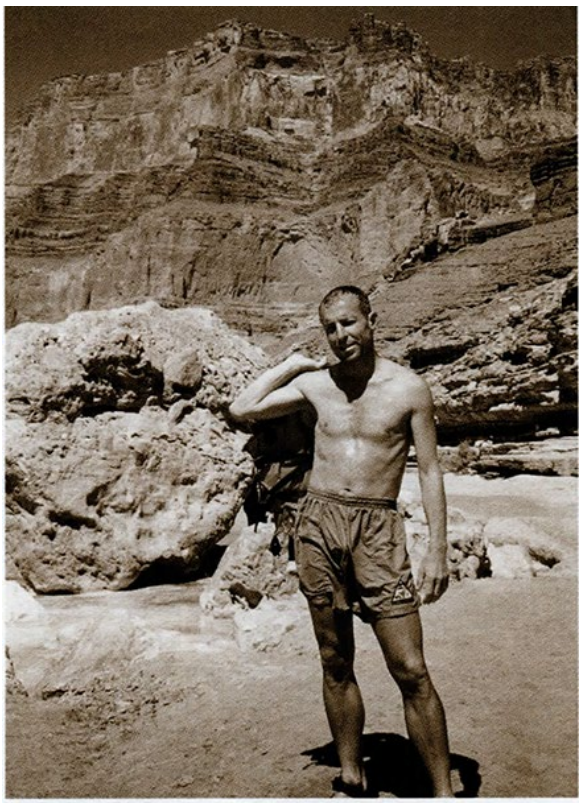
Note: Many thanks to Brad Dimock of Flagstaff and Mike Ebersole, and Ken Weber of Grand Canyon National Park for reading and commenting on earlier versions of this article. Special thanks to Brad and Jelly Roll for directing my attention to several historical quotes.

Geoff Gourley

George Lamont Mancuso
November 7, 1954–August 7, 2001

This past August, the Grand Canyon lost one of its most serious admirers, Flagstaff photographer George Lamont Mancuso. In recent years, George was frequently found at his favorite place, the confluence of the mainstream and Little Colorado Rivers, during much of the summer, where he made many friends and acquaintances in the river running community.

Having grown up in Bloomfield, N.J., George arrived at the Grand Canyon in the early 1980s. For awhile he was employed with the burro removal project, and also worked on a pipeline project in the canyon. Soon his captivation with Grand Canyon scenery led to more serious explorations on foot, and a serious interest in photography. Always in search of new discoveries, George became obsessed with seeing as much of the canyon as possible and capturing it on film. In 1986, he started his own business, Granite Visions, publishing his images of the canyon on postcards. Between jaunts into the canyon, he worked hard developing outlets for his cards, and later posters and framed photographs.



George at the Little Colorado May 28, 2000.
Photograph courtesy of Lea Parker.

Unlike many photographers who have seen the canyon primarily from the rim, he captured many of his best images deep within the canyon. His unique views of places familiar to backpackers and river runners brought the wonders of the inner canyon to hundreds of thousands of tourists who have never ventured below the rim.

The sale of his postcards—distributed by tourists to the appreciation of a worldwide audience—enabled George to spend most of his time doing what he liked best of all, being in the Grand Canyon. Between trips, he lived lightly on 40 acres in Alpine Ranches east of Flagstaff in a small Airstream trailer, hauling his own water and using solar panels to generate electricity.

George was well known to many who shared his fascination with the Grand Canyon—river runners, backpackers, photographers, and others who saw, and appreciated, his photos. In 1997, he was featured on the cover of Backpacker Magazine as one of the "expert" hikers of the Grand Canyon.

This past July, George did his first full river trip through the Canyon as an assistant on an Arizona Raft Adventures (AZRA) trip. I was impressed when I saw he brought only a single dry bag, containing all his essentials (including cameras and film) and nothing extra—probably the least amount of gear I have ever seen anyone bring on a river trip.

In early August, George and his companion Linda Brehmer, also from Flagstaff, returned to his favorite place, the Little Colorado River, during a break in the monsoon. When the rains began again they were reluctant to leave, and instead decided to spend August 7th in Big Canyon, a tributary of the the Little Colorado River just upstream from Salt Trail Canyon. While it rained intensely along the highway north of Cameron that afternoon, it's likely that it was clear fifteen miles to the west, at the mouth of Big Canyon, where the flash flood caught George and Linda in a narrow slot with no place to get out of the way.

Linda's body was found near the mouth of Big Canyon about two weeks later, after it was reported that they had failed to return from their hike. A few days later, George was found in shallow water at the Confluence, seven miles downstream from Big Canyon. Even death couldn't keep him away from the place he loved best in all the world.

Drifter Smith

Autumn Sun and Sand Island Fun

Over 60 enthusiastic boaters took advantage of a fantastic fall weekend at Sand Island along the ol' San Juan River the weekend of November 2-4 to join the Colorado Plateau River Guides (CPRG) and Grand Canyon River Guides (GCRG) in a fun-filled educational get-together. For only the second time in both organizations' histories, a combined meeting seemed a great excuse to see some old pards and meet some new ones and to discuss some Colorado River basin-wide issues.

Thanks to CPRG President Annie Payne for starting us out with a hearty pasta dinner Friday night as a fantastic sunset turned into a full moon reflecting on the Juan. Annie and World Wide Expeditions provided the kitchen gear, Annie did the food buy and kitchen hand-holding, and Teva once-again provided the support to purchase the food and beverages. GCRG board member Dave Christensen stoked the campfire and led everyone in toasts of "Sköl" as we took advantage of Utah's liberalizing Winter Games laws with an Olympic Trial by partaking of "Red Tarp Ale" and "Red Tarp Lager."

A leisurely breakfast on Saturday presaged a laid-back schedule and weekend. Lisa Margetts, of Rocky Mountain Ark Wildlife Center, along with Joe Shannon and Emma Benenati, talked about North American river otter recovery and reintroduction efforts; then the best occurred as they introduced two otters on leashes for everyone to meet and watch cruise around in the water. With that beginning, how could we go wrong? Gene Stevenson followed by explaining silt build up on the lower San Juan and what possible future scenarios are in store. Kate Thompson explained how the Adopt-A-Beach program worked in Grand Canyon and offered to help with program start-up on other rivers.

After lunch, things got really lively. John Weisheit began with the Animas-La Plata pork-project and the Living Rivers upcoming demonstration against it on November 9 and segued into CPRG's stance against Grand Canyon adaptive management. Matt Kaplinski, GCRG's TWG representative, explained the AMWG/TWG (what Joe Shannon calls the alphabet soup) process and how GCRG will continue to be a stakeholder in it. Cprg feels that it's wasted effort; GCRG feels that without our voice in it, things could get a lot worse. The end result: probably no converts, but perhaps a better understanding of the thinking going on.

Bob Grusy flew up from Tucson to update us on the Whale Foundation, still gathering momentum and now selling t-shirts ($10 for short-sleeve, $15 for long-sleeve, and free with a $20 donation: now that's salesmanship!). Brad "I-never-met-a-boat-I-wouldn't-try" Dimock regaled us with history of hard-hulled craft and hauled two for display: the infamous scow and his latest project… Buzz Holmstrom's boat. Those craft and RJ Johnson's dory (for sale) provided enough fodder for the assemblage to compare, contrast, and swap experiences about boats (Hey, if we can't be doing it, we can talk about it, eh?). Annie's chili provided the edge against the cold. Kent Frost entertained us with a few wonderful tales around the fire. There was one about tying his wife to the dog… but you'll have to come to the "Old Timer's" GTS in the spring to hear that one. (See page 16)

Another slow-to-get-going morning led us to Pam Hyde of Southwest Rivers and their Head (the headwaters on the Green), Heart (the Grand Canyon), and Mouth (the Gulf) program. Jeri Ledbetter gave us an update on Grand Canyon overflights, overflights beginning in Canyonlands, and the status of the Glen Canyon Institute. John Weisheit filled-in for Kent Ford on another proposed dam on the Dolores River; this one by the Dolores Water Conservancy District is called WETPACK, Water for Everyone Tomorrow Package (How could anyone resist! Sign me up right now!). An announcement by me about my talk with Annie concerning guide benefits, the upshot being we're still wrapped around that rock but that there is a possibility of a medical plan through America Outdoors, wrapped up this one.

We had 48 sign the register: those with CPRG affiliation–9, GCRG–18, both–14, and 7 who didn't list. Geographically: AZ–20, UT–14, CO–5, NV–1, TX–1, with 5 I couldn't figure out. All the comments I heard were that we should do it again at Sand Island. Thanks again to Teva, Annie, and Lynn for pulling it off, to all the speakers and to all who made it a point to be there. If you weren't, you missed out, but hopefully there will be another one like this.

Q.


HOLMSTROM'S
BOAT

"Old-Timers" GTS 2002

Spring is just a bunch of snowstorms away, so start thinking about the Guides Training Seminar (GTS). Get your calendar out, mark down these important dates and see below for details. You shouldn't miss it!

GCRG Spring Meeting—Friday, March 22, 2002 at Old Marble Canyon Lodge, Marble Canyon, AZ.

- 10:00 AM to 2:00 PM—Food Handler's Class. Call Marlene Gaither at Coconino County Health Department to sign up at (928) 226-2711.
- 3 PM through ??—GCRG Spring Meeting. Nominations for board members and the new vice/president/president elect will occur so plan on attending!

Guides Training Seminar Land Session—Saturday, March 23–Sunday March 24, 2002 at the Hatch River Expeditions warehouse in Marble Canyon, AZ.

- 6:30 AM on Saturday—Breakfast and registration
- 7:00 AM on Sunday—Breakfast
- 8:00 AM through ?? each day—GTS land session main program

Guides Training Seminar River Session

- Upper half (Lees Ferry to Phantom Ranch)—March 26–April 1, 2002
- Lower half (Phantom Ranch to Diamond Creek)—April 1–April 9, 2002

Have you ever wondered what river running was like 30, 40, even 50 years ago? What pre-dam conditions were? What traditional tribal river uses existed? How water law developed with the advent of dams and exploding growth in the West? Well now is your chance. Our annual Guides Training Seminar land session for 2002 will be held March 23–24, 2002 at Hatch River Expeditions warehouse in Marble Canyon, Arizona. It's been quite a few years since we've done an "Old Timer's GTS". Sadly, in the interim we've lost key figures such as Georgie White (the first woman to run commercial river trips through Grand Canyon) and Tad Nichols (photo journalist who documented Glen Canyon in pre-dam days and author of *Glen Canyon: Images of a Lost World*). Time is of the essence to capture the memories of the aging explorers of the Colorado and weave them into a living picture of the human history of this unique region. GCRG is extending invitations to over 65 "old timers" and tribal representatives to participate in lectures, films, slide shows and interactive "campfire talks" over the course of the weekend. So, come and hear about old times from those who lived them. A truly historic event in the making!

To give us a frame of reference for some of the more complex issues we plan to explore, we are pleased to supplement our program with the expertise of several Arizona Humanities Council scholars. Robert Glennon (Morris K. Udall Professor of Law and Public Policy at the University of Arizona College of Law) and Bill Swan (GCRG member and former attorney for the Department of the Interior) will explain and make understandable the intricacies of water law and river politics. Gary Hansen (Water Resources Director for Colorado River Indian tribes) will discuss the history of tribal and non-Indian use of the river and Doug Kupel (Natural Resources Historian for the City of Phoenix Law Department) will enlighten us about the history of Lees Ferry.

Legendary Kent Frost entertained the crowd at the last "Old Timers" GTS with stories (as only he can tell) from the old days.
photo: Dugald Bremner

As always, the GTS river trip will follow fast on the heals of the land session (dates as listed above). Both trainees and more experienced guides are urged to participate in this totally cooperative training trip. This year, guides from ten companies participated with a virtual flotilla of boats—a motor rig, oar boats, paddle rafts and even a dory. We take the interpretive training of the land session and put it on the water with top-notch speakers and Park personnel for a first class training experience. It even counts as a trip credit towards your trip leader status! We may even entice a few old timers to go along. You might hear from Bob Rigg himself

Arizona Humanities Council

how different the trip was in a hard-hulled boat in the '50s!

We'll have more details in the next issue of the *boatman's quarterly review* due out at the end of February, on the GTS postcard we'll send to guides after the first of the year, and on our website at www.gcrg.org. However, the GTS land session is open to the general public and the cost will be just $25 dollars (covers all the tasty food and drink). Bring your own camp chair and mug and plan on staying for the weekend. You can camp in the vicinity surrounded by the magnificent Vermillion Cliffs, or get a room at one of the several motels in the area (Cliff Dwellers Lodge, Vermillion Cliffs or Marble Canyon Lodge). The river session is open to guides or trainees who have work on the river for the 2002 river season. Cost will be $135 per half of trip. If you're a guide sponsored by an outfitter (for either land or river session), they'll pick up the tab.

We are honored to announce that funding for the Guides Training Seminar land and river sessions will be provided by the Grand Canyon Conservation Fund, a non-profit grant-making program established and managed by the Grand Canyon river outfitters. The GTS land session is also made possible by a grant from the Arizona Humanities Council allowing us the opportunity of professionally videotaping the oral history segments while providing us with their excellent scholars. Teva Sport Sandals also continues to support us in our endeavors. The entire GTS program is a joint coordination effort by Grand Canyon River Guides, the commercial river outfitters and Grand Canyon National Park.

So, come one, come all! Hone those interpretive skills, expand your knowledge, network with other guides and outfitters, immerse yourself in river lore, and meet some of the folks you've only heard stories about! You shouldn't miss this one. We'll see you there!

Geoff Gourley

The Trapeze Zone—Preparing for Transitions

In the early '90s Elena Kirschner, Les Hibbard, and I made a presentation at the spring guides meeting. It was about the guiding community and transitions that we inevitably must make from full time to part time, or no time. With a few exceptions most guides will come up to a transition edge; an edge where their body is screaming at them, their bank account is too empty, or their mate is making less than subtle hints about the future—or all three. On that edge, all are faced with the often daunting question, "What will I do with the rest of my life?"

In his book, *Warriors of the Heart*, Danaan Perry talks about this edge, which he calls the Trapeze Zone:

> Sometimes I feel that my life is a series of trapeze swings. I'm either hanging on to a trapeze bar swinging along, or for a few moments in my life I'm hurtling across space in between trapeze bars.
>
> Most of the time, I spend my life hanging on for dear life to my trapeze-bar-of-the-moment [guiding in the Grand Canyon]. It carries me along at a certain steady rate of swing and I have the feeling that I'm in control of my life. I know most of the right questions and even some of the right answers. But once in a while, as I'm merrily (or not-so-merrily) swinging along, I look out ahead of me into the distance and what do I see? I see another trapeze bar swinging towards me. It's empty and I know, in that place in me that knows, that this "new trapeze bar" has my name on it. It is my next step, my growth, my aliveness coming to get me. In my heart-of-hearts I know that for me to grow, I must release my grip on the present, well-known bar to move to the next one.

Some of you know this feeling, and have either resisted it, or have developed a strategy that allows you to be prepared for the next step. We all know former or current river guides who have found a niche in the Grand Canyon. Larry Stevens, Kenton Grua, Mike Walker, Brad Dimock, Martha Clark, and many others are currently involved directly and indirectly with the Grand Canyon and still getting paid to do work they consider meaningful. Many others have gone on to careers in law, business, teaching, recreation, and other fields too numerous to mention. Still others continue to work as guides, either full time or part time, and find gainful employment during the off season.

The Whale Foundation was set up as a support to the Grand Canyon river guide community in a variety of areas of need. When Elena did research in the early '90s for her Masters Thesis, she chose to focus on public health issues, and was surprised to find that the number one issue with the guides she surveyed was retirement. I suspect what many of those guides meant was, what do we do after the Canyon?

This is not an easy issue with which to deal. We are incredibly fortunate to be working in such a magnificent place, doing the work we are doing, that affords us the opportunity to provide people with a first class and often life changing experience of the Grand Canyon. Admittedly it is not easy to find an adequate replacement for such a unique job. And if we wait until the last minute, or after, to make plans for our next *job*, the transition becomes even more challenging. As Danaan Perry says:

> I have noticed that, in our culture, this transition zone is looked upon as a "nothing", a no-place between places. Sure, the old trapeze-bar was real, and that new one coming towards me, I hope that's real too. But the void between? That's just a scary, confusing, disorienting "nowhere" that must be gotten through as fast and as unconsciously as possible. What a waste! I have a sneaking suspicion that the transition zone is the only real thing, and the bars are illusions we dream up to avoid the void, where the real change, the real growth occurs for us.

If a new guide came to me asking for advice about how to take advantage of her/his time in the Canyon, I would say pay attention to the opportunities that exist all around you. If you decide you want to stay connected to the Canyon after you become part time or no time, look around you and see what holes need filling. That's what Bruce Helin did when he created Professional River Outfitters (PRO), and the last time I looked he was doing quite well and still rowing trips in the Canyon. Also take advantage of the diversity of your passengers. We are fortunate in that we make significant connections with people from all walks of life. While these people are on your boat and in camp, why not get to know more about what they do—what they like about their work, what they don't like, and what they would change to make it more enjoyable and meaningful. Just think about the rich library of information and contacts you can collect that can be helpful in choosing your next career, and maybe even your next job offer.

I call the space between working full time and your next job as the Neutral Zone. It is a necessary and powerful place, which most of us avoid. As Perry says:

> …the transition zones in our lives are incredibly rich places. They should be honored, even

savored. Yes, with all the pain and fear and feelings of being out-of-control that can (but not necessarily) accompany transitions, they are still the most alive, most growth-filled, passionate, expansive moments in our lives.

At some point in your guiding career, you will be faced with this Trapeze Zone. Some of you are already seeing the other trapeze coming toward you. Others have started to let go of the one you are currently swinging on. If you are a current or former guide, you can help make this trapeze zone a more certain and comfortable place to be. To support the guiding community, the Whale Foundation would like to gather stories from former and current guides describing what you have done to prepare for letting go of the guiding trapeze bar. What did you do to facilitate that during your time in the Canyon? What have you done to stay involved with the Canyon? What is the work you are doing now, and how did you go about preparing for the transition? Also if you know of other former guides who have moved on and are not members of GCRG, what are they doing, and how can we get in touch with them to learn of their process? We would like to accumulate a list of current work of present and former guides. Help the Whale Foundation help the guiding community. Thank you.

Charly Heavenrich

Charly Heavenrich is compiling information on how older guides chose to make their transition, what kind of work they are doing now, and an any thoughts they have for current and former guides. E-mail him at cheavenrich@aol.com

The Whale Foundation

Grand Canyon boatmen face unusual challenges in this life unlike most others. They are in a job that is desired by many and held by few. There is an incredible closeness to the boatman community that is coupled with competition for jobs. There is pride in the experience you bring to the job, but as the boatman population ages there is the worry that anything less than stoicism may result in the loss of one's job to one of the younger generation waiting in line. This is a job where benefit plans are incredibly rare and pension plans practically nonexistent. Many boatmen live a hand-to-mouth existence that peaks in the summer and scrapes by in those long, lean winter months. There is always the worry of "What do I do when I get too old to guide?" The Whale Foundation hopes to address some of these unique problems faced by the river community.

The goals of the foundation include but are not limited to the following:

- Mental Health Services—Providing information and anonymous services to anyone in the boating community. If you need help, call toll free 866-773-0773. All calls are confidential.
- Career Counseling Network—Establish a network in the boating community to assist each other in any career endeavors
- Financial Planning Network—Utilize the expertise of the boating community to assist in retirement planning and general investing for the future.

There are two ways that folks can help us achieve our goals:

- Financial Donation—Of course, the Whale Foundation needs money in order to realize its goals. Our 501(c)(3) tax exempt status had been approved by the IRS. Therefore, donations made to the Whale Foundation are tax deductible. If you would like to make a difference in the river community by making a donation to the Whale Foundation you can send it to:

  The Whale Foundation
  7890 S. Ave Bonita, Tucson, AZ 85747
- Donation of Services—We are looking for professionals, preferably in Northern Arizona and southern Utah and Colorado, who are willing to donate services in any of the following areas: Mental Health Services/Counseling, Drug and Alcohol Counseling/Rehabilitation, Financial Planning Services, Career Counseling Services.

If you have any questions about the Whale Foundation Check Out the Whale Foundation Online at: www.Whalefoundation.org. If you would like to use the our services, leave a message on the toll free, Boatman Help Line at 866-773-0773.

Thanks to everyone for there continued support of the Whale Foundation. The strength we share is the strength we have within this community. It is important to understand that although we are individuals we are not alone…

A Folk History of Squaw Bush

When I purchased a ten-acre parcel of property bordering La Verkin Creek in the early 1970s, Farrell De Mille, the previous owner, introduced me to a stand of squaw bushes is along the fence line on one side of the lot. As he picked off small lumps of dried exudate from the stems, he enthused about their chewing gum qualities, saying that when he returned home his wife would extract the gum from his mouth and claim it as her own. I figured, it must be pretty good stuff to claim that addiction. Through the years, my interest has grown in realizing the plant's widespread distribution and I have read of its multiple uses by Native Americans and pioneers.

This attractive plant, with its pale yellow flowers, red berries and toothed, three-lobed leaflets, grows in canyons, foothills and deserts of the Great Basin, Colorado Plateau and Mojave Desert. In the sand dunes of the latter, isolated hummocks of squaw bush are held in place despite the constant winds. Numerous branching roots penetrate the soil and when the active dunes move on, the stranded root bound plants form pedestals of earth.

Native Americans have many uses of the plant. The duty of collecting the stems for basket-making and picking the fruit for food nearly always fell to the squaws, hence probably where the name *squaw bush* originated. Three-lobed leaves gives the bush the scientific name *Rhus trilobata*. Other common names include desert sumac, skunk bush and lemonade berry. Pueblos call it *lemita* and the Paiutes call it *shuv* or *suh'uhv'*. Native American names for the berries are *e-ees'* and *ee'see*.

The bright red berries soaked in water make a refreshing "lemonade." Dried and powdered, the berries were stored for winter food. "Only the sweet bushes were picked with each bush being owned by a particular family. Other people would not pick from them without permission."[1]

Because of their availability and toughness, the slender withes of the shrub were used by the desert people for basketry. "With the possible exception of the various willows, squaw bush is the most widely used shrub in the making of Indian baskets. The warp is formed from the peeled branches, and for a weft and sewing material in the weaving of coiled baskets. The branch usually is split into three pieces, the bark and brittle tissue next to the pith are removed, leaving a flat, tough strand. It has been employed in this manner by the Apache, Panamint, Paiute, Navajo, Hopi, and Coahuilla Indians. The latter, who lived in San Diego County, California, gave a deep black color to the strands of the three-leaf sumac by soaking them for about a week in an infusion of the berry stems of elder (*flor de sauz*). Among the Zuñi Indians, the stems with the bark removed are used in making the fine 'Apache' and other baskets, and the bark-covered stems are employed to form the patterns in the weave."[2] Such baskets were durable and would hold water and hot stones for cooking. Specimens of similar basketry made from *Rhus trilobata* were recovered from Danger Cave (5,000–11,000 years old) overlooking the Great Salt Lake Desert. [3]

In *A Few of the Things that Happened in My Younger Days*, (written when she was 83 years old in 1959), Susette Hafen Leavitt recalls her experiences with squaw bush when she was a young girl:

> We also used to go up to what we called the "Big Rocks" to gather gum. I imagine its two and a half or three miles up thru the [Santa Clara] creek on the west end of town. There are a lot of what we called squaw bushes on both sides of the creek. Don't really know why they were called squaw bushes, unless it was because the squaws used to go and cut the willows from the bushes and make baskets—this they did a lot. They would trim the leaves off the willows and tie them into large bundles and carry them on their backs to their wicki-ups, then they would peel the willows and split them and weave them into baskets. This they did year after year. They would bring them here to town and sell them for flour and potatoes and what else they could get along with a little money. They wove them into different shapes, some were round and some were oval shaped, some large and some small. The large ones we used for clothes baskets and the small ones for work or sewing baskets. They would last for years with care, I think they were found in every home.
>
> We went gum hunting quite often—the boys and girls. We didn't have cars to go in either. The gum projects out on the limbs of the squaw bushes in small amounts, some time we would find pieces as large as a small pea, but most were smaller pieces. But was it good! I could chew some today. It is real white as most of you know. We used to stay and go thru those bushes from one end to the other. Sometimes we would be lucky enough to get a large chew—some got more than others. We would chew it until our jaws ached. Then we would lay it in a dish up in the cupboard or in a small tin box and chew it again the next day. It would stay good for days and

never lose its flavor. Then eventually it would crumble and we knew it had been chewed long enough. [4]

It wasn't all baskets, lemonade and chewing gum, this desert plant also was used extensively by both Native Americans and pioneers in the treatment of a variety of medical disorders.

Sumac-berry juice is high in vitamin C, and long before the word *vitamin* was coined, Native Americans knew that it was good for colds, fevers, and scurvy. All parts of the bush are good for home remedies. The "berry-aid" tames fever. Leaf infusion is supposed to be stronger than "berry-aid," while inner-bark and root-bark decoctions are considered the most powerful

Sumac is an astringent, antiseptic, and tonic. It's used for diarrhea, dysentery, asthma, urinary infections or irritations, sore throats, chronic gum problems, and cold sores. The Native Americans would chew on the roots to ease swollen or infected gums, and to stop bed-wetting. They applied compresses to burns and cuts to stop bleeding and bring down swelling. They also mixed the dry berries half and half with tobacco, to smoke in peace pipe ceremonies. It's supposed to dilute and improve the smoke's odor. The whole plant also provides a tan to reddish-brown colorfast die. The Indians also used the ground berries, mixed with clay, as a poultice on open sores and arrow wounds. [5]

To early St. George resident Charles Cottam, squaw bush tea was a life saver in the treatment of his baby's canker:

Years ago, a baby girl was born to us, our third child. We had used certain products in the past but our old remedies failed us. Our baby was hungry and tried to nurse but couldn't for she had a very sore mouth. She would cry because she was so hungry. The baby had suffered for hours and we were almost frantic. It seemed that we were powerless to relieve the little tot in her suffering. As we were trying to pacify the baby, an elderly neighbor came in. She examined the babe and said, "Her mouth is full of canker sores. No wonder she can't nurse. I'll tell you what to do to cure it. I have never seen it fail. I have even seen it cure black canker." (I don't know what she called black canker.) "Have Walter go on the red hill just behind the Sugar Loaf. There he will find a patch of squawberry bushes. Have him take some of the young tender leaves. You should pour boiling water over the leaves and let them steep. Do not boil them. Pour off the clear liquid and sweeten it with honey, when it has cooled enough drip a drop at a time into the baby's mouth. Before you expect it, this will appease the baby's hunger and she will go to sleep."

We were very skeptical but were so desperate that we would try almost anything that might possibly work. I procured the leaves. My wife made the tea as instructed. The child went to sleep after having but very little tea. When she woke, she nursed and the sores in her mouth healed rapidly. Since then we have raised a large family. This medicine has been a standard cure. It has never failed us. [6]

A caution, "Although you can see the edible species' berry clusters much of the year, they're good to use only in late summer and early autumn. Touch the bright red ripe fruit with your finger, then touch your tongue. You'll notice the strong, tart taste of ascorbic acid—vitamin C—and possibly oxalic acid. (Avoid prolonged overuse of any sources of oxalic acid—they may interfere with calcium absorption, and cause urinary-tract stones in predisposed persons.) In a draught year, the flavor persists well Into late autumn, but heavy rain washes the acids into the ground." [7]

Squawberry condoms were even developed. Almost every culture develops strategies to keep young boys away from promiscuity and indulging in sexual activity at too early an age. Hopi Sun Chief Don C. Talayesva

relates his experience as a youngster of eight years.

> While at work in the kiva the old men gave detailed accounts of their successes with women. We listened to these tales with eyes and ears wide open. They said there were magic songs by means of which a clever man could draw a woman to him against her will but that every word had to be pronounced correctly. Several of the old men were said to have this power. One of them shook all the time and had to move from place to place because the power was so strong in him.
>
> I was about eight when old Tuvawnytewa of the Water Clan told us the story of the maidens with teeth in their vaginas. He said: "Once some beautiful girls lived in a house near Masau'u's home on the southeast side of the mesa. The Spider Woman, who lived near by, warned her grandson to stay away from these girls, for they were dangerous. But one day the boy wandered near the mesa wall and spied a maiden in a striped Hopi shawl with her hair fixed squash-blossom style, which made her charming. She stood by the rock where there was an easy way up, and beckoned to the boy. When they had talked together for a while, she invited him into her house, saying that she had some sisters who wished to see him. The boy had to leave then but promised to return soon. Hastening home, he found the Spider Woman sitting by the fire and told her about the beautiful girl. 'Well, my grandson,' said she, 'you have not listened to me, I have warned you that those girls are dangerous. They have sharp teeth like a saw that can bite through anything. When once they embrace a lad, he is lost.'
>
> "But the boy seemed eager to keep his promise. Finally the Spider Woman said, 'Well, you must have some protection. Here are some wild lemonberries. Let's make a paste of them.' She ground the berries, mixed the meal with water, and made dough, out of which she molded a penis sheath, fitted it to her grandson, and said, 'Now don't let this slip off. Perhaps it will set their teeth on edge and wear them down.'
>
> "Thus prepared, the boy went back. The girl was waiting and wondering why he was late. When he climbed the ladder with her to the second roof, he found forty pretty girls peeping through the door, all of medium size and light complexion. As he entered they clapped their hands for joy and fed him piki and watermelon, urging him to eat a plenty so that he would be strong. The girl who had enticed him to come said, 'Well, I have brought you here for pleasure, I will have you first.' All the other girls retired to another room. The vaginal teeth bit on the lemonberry sheath but soon they were worn smooth. This girl went out and another came in. When all had their turn the first girl came back and said, 'My sweetheart, you must have some strange power. Hitherto we have ruined our boy friends, but now all that is over.' The brave boy excused himself, stepped outside, threw his sheath behind a stone, and returned. When he had finished with them all again, they praised him and gave him a large bundle of piki to take home."
>
> Whenever old Tuvawnytewa repeated this story, he would add, "You should beware of girls, If you must have one, then first collect lemonberries and take them to the Spider Woman." [8]

Wes Larsen

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Help for Future Homebuyers

Are you looking to buy a home in Arizona, outside of Maricopa and Pima Counties? Now there is financial help for rural homebuyers! The program is called the Rural Mortgage Credit Certificate Program, or Rural MCC for short.

The program is available to moderate-income persons who haven't owned a home in at least three years. The income guidelines and purchase price limits are listed in the sidebar to this article.

Here's how a mortgage credit certificate works: a qualified homebuyer can claim a federal *tax credit*—actual money back—in the amount of twenty percent of the mortgage interest paid that year. This credit is in addition to the regular allowable mortgage interest deduction allowed for homeowners each year on their federal income tax. The MCC tax credit is available to the homebuyer every year for the life of the loan.

For a simple example:

Loan amount	$100,000
Interest rate	8.0%
Interest paid 1st year	$8,000
MCC credit rate	20%
Federal tax credit	$1,600

Your lender can count that income from the tax credit—$1,600 in the above example—when determining whether you qualify for a loan. If you would have qualified for a mortgage anyway, the additional income would mean that you would be able to obtain a larger mortgage.

Almost any residential property is eligible: manufactured housing, condominiums, duplexes, townhomes, or detached homes. Eligible loans include fixed—or adjustable—rate FHA, VA, and conventional loans.

If you qualify and want to participate, you must use one of the following lenders:

- Arizona Capital Home Loans 877-859-9905
- Axis Mortgage & Investments 877-294-7684
- Bank One (statewide) Yuma: 928-343-4222 Tucson: 520-792-7356
- Beazer Mortgage
- CTX Mortgage
- Countrywide Home Loans (wholesale only—go through your mortgage broker)
- Home Loan Mortgage Yuma: 928-329-9130
- Irwin Mortgage
- Suburban Mortgage
- Venture Financial Services, Inc. 480-926-8345
- Wells Fargo Home Mortgage 800-688-4130

If you want more information, including a list of additional lenders who may have signed up for the program, call Family Housing Resources at 800-622-7462, or contact Mary Orton at mary@maryorton.com.

The Rural MCC Program was initiated by the City of Phoenix Industrial Development Authority.

Mary Orton

Household Income Limit

County	Non-Target	Target*
Pinal and Mohave		
1 to 2 persons	$54,900	$62,112
3 or more persons	62,112	62,112
All other Counties		
1 to 2 persons	$49,700	$59,640
3 or more persons	57,155	62,112

Purchase Price Limits

County	Non-Target	Target*
Cochise		
New Construction	$118,726	$145,110
Existing Home	87,981	107,533
Coconino		
New Construction	$140,034	$171,152
Existing Home	155,389	189,920
Gila		
New Construction	$121,013	$147,905
Existing Home	111,587	136,385
Mohave		
New construction	$167,339	$204,525
Existing residence	133,597	163,285
Navajo		
New Construction	$103,693	$126,736
Existing Home	98,886	120,860
Pinal		
New construction	$166,519	$203,523
Existing residence	139,792	171,076
Santa Cruz		
New Construction	$111,734	$136,563
Existing Home	119,279	145,785
Yavapai		
New Construction	$141,265	$172,657
Existing Home	130,390	159,366
All other Counties		
New construction	$103,693	$126,736
Existing residence	87,981	107,533

*Target Areas are certain census tracts where the federal government wants to encourage homeownership. Contact Mary Orton at mary@maryorton.com with the county you are interested in and she will send you a map of Target Areas.

River Music

One night in the Ethiopian desert, five Grand Canyon river guides sat under the stars. It was a quiet evening except for the distant celebratory drumming coming from a small village located across a dry creek bed marking the border with Sudan. Armed with headlamps and water bottles, Bruce Helin, Brad Dimock, Elena Kirschner, Tom Moody, and I had attempted to join the party. To make a long story short, we eventually found ourselves in the middle of a dirt airstrip where a DC3 would pick us up the next day and return us to "civilization".

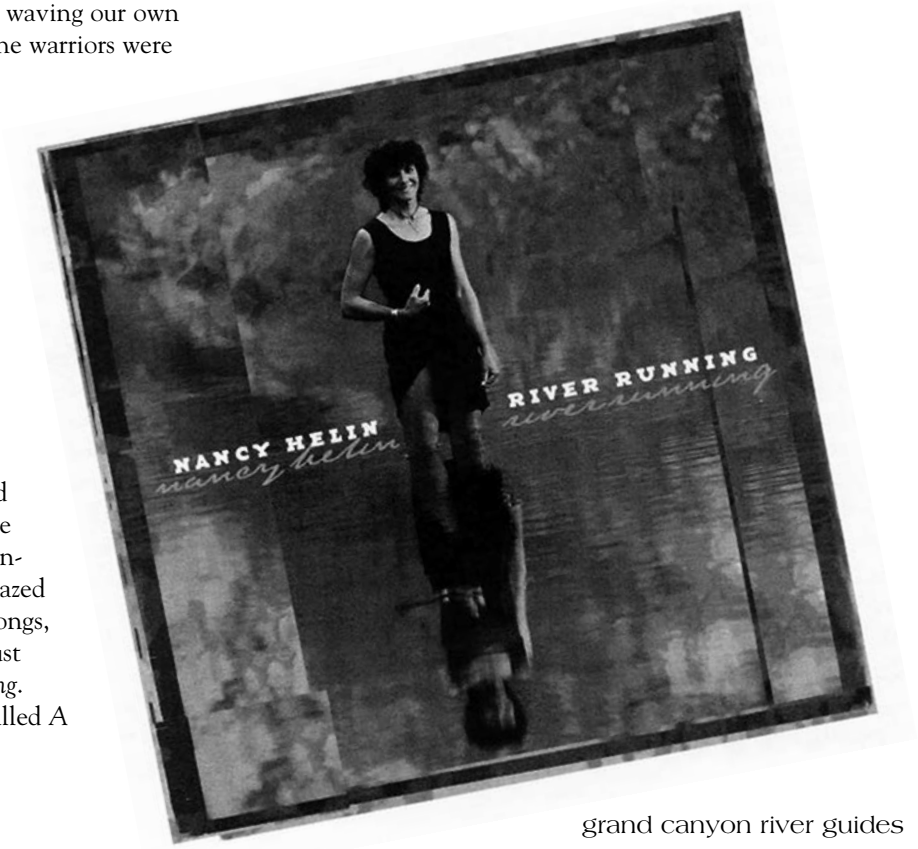
We were settling into a thorough discussion of the Omo river trip we'd just completed, when someone said "shhh, listen…". We heard footsteps approaching in the darkness. In the middle of open space crossed by lions and, who knows, leopards (if you're lucky) with no refuge in close proximity, we held our breath and awaited our fate. The footsteps increased in volume until the vague forms of three extremely tall Sudanese men took shape before us. They were almost naked, as most folks in this neck of the woods are, their main adornment being elaborate hairdos, and each one held a spear the size of Texas.

Sitting in silent anticipation of our imminent death or worse, we were stunned when the middle warrior raised a hand into the sky and said "Hello". "Hello" we cried, erupting in laughter, shouting benevolent greetings of every sort, waving our own hands. "Salaam salaam salaam". The warriors were laughing, too. For one brief moment, we understood one another completely. The laughter died down, the warriors looked at us, and then one another, and having nothing more to say, walked on into the night.

Returning to camp, words and melody describing this brief but meaningful encounter flooded my being. Lyrics scribbled down in my tent that night became a song called *Hello Jambo*. The joy I found in writing that song encouraged me to create more songs of other adventures. And now, I'm absolutely amazed to say, I've recorded ten of these songs, including *Hello Jambo*, and have just completed the album, *River Running*.

One of the songs included is called *A Lone Ranger Rides*. It's about Whale and what I learned from him. A percentage of the profits from the album will go to the Whale Foundation. Another song, *Dust In The Rain*, began as an exploration of my feelings when my grandfather, Poppy Ray, passed away. Over time the song took on a life of its own as I sang it at Joy Ungricht's funeral, and Dugald Bremner's too. *Crystalline Condition* is a song that flowed out of a flip. Yep. I flipped in Crystal last year. Incorporating all I learned from that event led me to feel I was undergoing a metamorphosis, "pressure, heat and water making me some other human".

Anywho, I thought if there's any group of people out there who might appreciate this record, it's you all. It's a full on pop production with folks like Kirk Burnett (mandolin), Brian Dierker (yee hah), and the exuberant Backup Vocal Mayhem: Zander Brown, Suzanne Motsinger, Ken Reid, and Christa Sadler—who were all on the *Crystalline Condition* trip. Now, I don't actually have a CD in my hands yet, but mid- December, if all goes according to plan, I will. Be happy to send you one. You may call, write, or email me at Nancy Helin/Poppy Ray Music—928-214-6401, P.O. Box 1483, Flagstaff, AZ, 86002-1483, poppyraymusic@uneedspeed.net and I'll send you an order sheet. If you live in Flagstaff, you can purchase it at Gopher Sounds, 6 W. Route 66. Ya hoo! Have a wonderful winter everyone.



Where Did We Go?

There have been some changes in our contact information that you need to note. Our email address has changed from gcrg@infomagic.com to a new email address of gcrg@infomagic.net. Furthermore, our area code has switched from (520) to (928). So, if you're wondering why you may have had trouble contacting us, now you know! Changes, changes! At least our office is in the same place (515 W Birch in Flagstaff), so stop on by if you're around. We'd love to see you.

Grand Canyon History Symposium

Grand Canyon Field Institute is sponsoring the Grand Canyon History Symposium at Grand Canyon Village, South Rim, January 24–27, 2002. During this four-day event, a variety of speakers will focus on historical topics as well as the history of issues confronting the park today. GCRG is well represented by Emma Benenati, Bill Bishop, Brad Dimock, Richard Quartaroli, Larry Stevens, Michael Ghiglieri, and Tom Myers. Participation is limited to the first 100 registrants and costs $35. For more information call Grand Canyon Field Institute at 928-638-2485.

"Georgie Rapid" Official at Federal Level

On October 11, the U.S. Board on Geographic Names approved changing the name of 24-Mile Rapid to Georgie Rapid. Of the fifteen members of the board, only five were present to vote. The result was close, three to two in favor of the name change. In July of 2000, the Arizona State Boards on Geographic and Historic Names approved the name change but as was always the case with Georgie, there was some controversy. The Arizona State Board stood by their decision when the U.S. Board asked them to revisit their decision in November of 2000. The federal board did not see much value in sanctioning a different name when state agencies would likely be using the new name, Georgie Rapid. Now that it is official at the federal level, any new or revised map or document produced by State and Federal Agencies that make reference to 24-Mile Rapid, will need to change the name to Georgie Rapid.

Announcements

FOUND

Woman's Chaco Sandal, size 7, in an eddy near Carbon Creek. Call 928-638-3185 for return.

FOUND

Man's ring on Phantom Ranch boat beach in late July. Contact Sandy at 508-651-9352.

JOB

Canyoneers, Inc. is accepting applications from motor rig qualified, licensed Grand Canyon Trip Leaders, and also from prospective guides/crew who have a minimum of a current Wilderness First Responder and CPR that is good through September 2002. All applicants must be available to work a full season from April through September. Excellent people skills a must. Maturity and strong interpretive skills sought of all candidates. Mail resume to: Joy Staveley, c/o Canyoneers, Inc. PO Box 2997, Flagstaff, AZ 86003. Or email resume to joy@canyoneers.com.

JOB

Canyoneers, Inc. is accepting applications for a hands-on warehouse manager. Season is April through October (weekends required). Excellent people and communication skills and ability to train and direct others required. Helpful skills desired include: maintenance and repair Honda 30 4-strokes, basic welding, ability to use and maintain commercial sewing machine, maintenance and repair of boats (rubber and frames), inventory control and ordering, Pay and benefits commensurate with skills and experience. Mail resume to: Joy Staveley c/o Canyoneers, Inc. P.O. Box 2997, Flagstaff, AZ 86003 or e-mail to joy@canyoneers.com.

WFR COURSE

Grand Canyon Field Institute has scheduled a Wilderness First Responder (WFR) class through Wilderness Medical Institute (WMI) at their office in Grand Canyon Village for March 8–17, 2002. The course includes CPR certification. The cost will be $495. Free camping will be offered at Mather Campground. Rooms at Maswik are available at student's expense. Checks for their WFR should be made out to Grand Canyon Field Institute and sent to PO Box 399, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023. They would like $240 for a deposit with the balance due thirty days prior to the class. So, sign on up now to hold a spot.

Dave Edwards

It was June of 1984, and we were running around the clock on 50,000 cubic feet per second. We were in Havasu. There were two AZRA trips in there together. We had ten boats, and there were some private boats. The private boats left, it was late in the afternoon, it was a gray day. I was up Havasu, hiking, and it began to sprinkle—rain—and so I turned around immediately, which is generally our policy, and headed back to the boats. And I started running back and it continued to rain lightly. I got back to the boats and put on my lifejacket, just to be ready if anything happened. I remember I was drinking coffee with Lorna Corson and a guy named Joel Schaler and then someone called me from the shore. All the boats were tied along the edge of the mouth of Havasu, and I walked over the boats and onto shore, and I'd no sooner taken four steps on the shore when I heard Lorna Corson scream out, "Flash flood!" A very quiet young lady, and she was shrieking at the top of her lungs, and she came flying off the boats with the other guides, at which point there was a roar and I turned around and began running back to the boats. I saw Sharon Hester stand up and holler, "What do I do?!" She produced a knife and we yelled out, "Cut 'em!" And she sliced a bow line and she was away in the rapid in this torrent of water and logs and all kinds of stuff came whipping by, and the boats were ripping and lines were snapping. So I started to jump back on the boats with Bill Wasley and we had to leap about four or five feet out. The boats were bucking. We were going to go out and cut some lines or maybe jump on some boats. Suzanne Jordan was out on a boat, I know, trying to keep them all together. It was a very violent, fast thing that was going on there. And as we jumped on, Wasley hollered right beside me, "Body!" And we both spun, tripped, recovered, and went back the way we had come, leaped back onto shore and started looking down the river, because the river was right there, right on the edge of Havasu, where Havasu meets the Colorado. As we ran along, the body surfaced. It was face up about six, eight inches underwater, black hair, unconscious, going down head first on her back. And so I had a jacket, so I hit her. I just dove after her…out in the river, yeah. And so I grabbed her, and you know we've all been trained in what to do, and I hit her, spun her around, put her in a Nelson lock and I was being swept quickly down river. I had a very light jacket on—I don't know what would have happened. I heard Suzanne hollering in that Alabama voice, "Dayvid, Dayvid, catch this!" And Joel Schaler threw a throw bag at me, and the throw bag hit right in front of me in the water, and I grabbed it, pulled tension, and I was still being swept down the rapid. Only had one hand free, so I took the rope and I stuck it in my back teeth and I knew since the line was already tense, it would sweep me in a pendulum to shore, just for a moment. At that point, Dave Lowry was rushing down along the ledges. And he's a strong fellah, he's moving like a cat, real low to the ground…I remember the look on his face, he was reaching, reaching, reaching, couldn't quite reach me, and then finally he caught the tips of my fingers, and I let go of that rope. (chuckles) I guess I valued my dental work. And then lots of hands came and we pulled that lady out. And then they hauled her off and I heard her coughing. That's the last I saw of her. I never saw her again.

Then we scrambled back on the remaining boats and we're looking for more bodies. We figured maybe a line of people had been washed away. We were really lucky to have seen that one, because it was of course muddy water. There's a great deal of foam, about four feet of foam over the boats. Most of the boats had been ripped away, torn off, washed away down the river. We only had a few of them left. We didn't find anybody. It was astonishing but we got everybody, nobody was lost. This lady had been sitting by herself on the edge of the creek cleaning gravel out of her shoes when the flash flood hit her, a wall of water…she was one of the people on my trip. She was okay, a little shaken up, but afterwards she told people that the wall of water frightened her. She looked up and it just ran right over her, and then she was swept down Havasu Creek, probably about three hundred yards, and was unconscious and she'd given up. She floated underneath the boats.

STEIGER: She went over that waterfall?

EDWARDS: Uh-huh, over the waterfall and then out into the current. And then she said she'd given up, and everything was peaceful. She felt no fear at all, and then I hit her. (chuckles)…See, there were all these people involved—it was Suzanne calling and the throw bag that got in and got me to shore, and it was Lowry that saved the day…It was just…mostly we practiced using throw bags. We constantly were practicing or horsing around with them one way or the other, handling them all the time. I was trained as a lifeguard when I was just a teenager. So I knew what to do. Most of us at that point had been for plenty of bad swims. I think I just did what any one of the guides would have done. I was the only one with a lifejacket.

STEIGER: So Sharon went on downstream, huh?

EDWARDS: Yeah, she got in on the left side below Havasu. A very strong woman, and she got into shore alright. But Suzanne was with five boats, two of them sinking, one of them upside down, and it took her seven or eight miles to finally get to shore.

STEIGER: Oh, Suzanne ended up going on out too, huh?

Edwards: She was on the boats alone, and what she would do is, she rigged up a long line with bow lines, and lashed them all together. When the boat would come near to shore, this flotilla of out-of-control boats, she would dive in the water, swim to shore with a rope, and then run down the shore to try to get ahead of the boats, and then try to belay the boats. She tried this a bunch of times. The line would jerk her back in the water, she'd swim back, get on the boats again, wait for the right opportunity, jump in the water again, swim to shore, and then try this time after time until she finally got the boats tied, and they all swung into shore. She told me she damn near lost a few fingers to the rope.

Steiger: So she helps get you the throw bag and the flood's still going on?

Edwards: Right, yeah.

Steiger: And she goes back and jumps on the boats.

Edwards: Right.

Steiger: And then the boats are blown out of there.

Edwards: Right…At that point, I think the lady had already been pulled back to shore. I pulled the lady back to shore, and between the time I got on shore and ran to the boats, Suzanne was swept away.

Steiger: Now this lady, did she need CPR or anything?

Edwards: Oh, they had a lot of people looking after her…It was surprising she didn't aspirate water. Maybe somebody did a Heimlich [maneuver] on her, I'm not sure. I just let other people handle it at that point. There was a lot of stuff going on. To get the people from Havasu Creek right to Havasu Creek left, we had to use a Tyrolian traverse, bring people over with belt harnesses that we fashioned and so on. There were some Outward Bounders who knew rope work on the crew, and they were a big help.

We had one boat left. And a motorboat came up. A guy—I think it was Ed Smith—came up and stopped and ended up taking all the people from both AZRA trips down to Tuckup Canyon…He saw the disaster. Yes, he pulled in below the mouth and hiked up. Perhaps he had been there before that, I don't know. There was much confusion. I know that he helped, and then we all went down river, slowly recovering the various boats that were on the side of the river, down towards Tuckup, and we arrived at Tuckup in the dark, a flotilla of boats. Suzanne was already down there with her boats. We had five boats we were bringing down. It was quite a scene, because there were, I think, four or five trips at Tuckup—motorboats and oar trips—all of whom had been involved in the Havasu flood…But we were the only two trips in the mouth at the time when—our boats were the ones washed away. Yeah, the motorboats were okay, they weren't damaged in any way but they all stayed to help. It was an extraordinary scene with five companies and their cookfires lighting up the cliffs at Tuckup—something I'll never forget. And crews were patching boats and doing all kinds of stuff. We drank a lot of beer that night.

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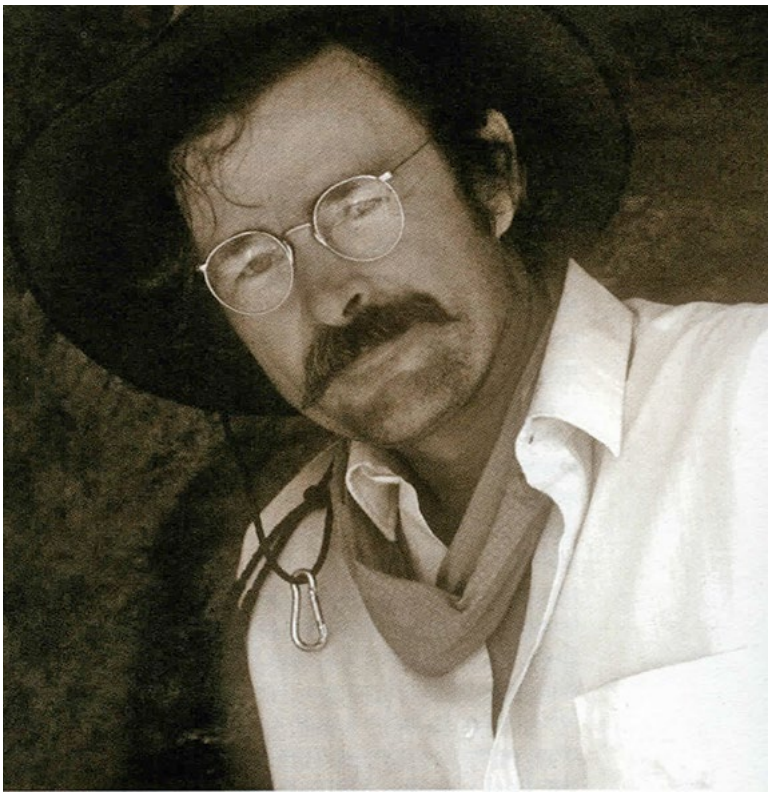
Dave Edwards, in addition to being a hard-headed Welshman, is a world class boatman, raconteur, and photographer. On magazine racks and bookshelves all over the country these days one can find a new publication entitled "National Geographic: 100 Best Pictures. Collector's Edition, Volume One." Edwards has a photo in there of a Mongolian eagle-hunter (a year or so ago, "National Geographic" ran a feature article based on his Mongolian work in their regular publication).Though he is disgustingly modest about his own achievements, we've all seen numerous Edwards shots in the Patagonia catalog and in countless other periodicals we know and love too. If you've met him through the river, you don't realize what a great photographer Dave really is until you badger him into letting you root through his files and admire all the stuff in there (or log onto his website at www.daveedwards.com). The work reflects a passion and exuberance that is uniquely "Edwardsian." His presence has enlivened the Grand Canyon boating scene for the last thirty years or so.



Dave Edwards, 1985

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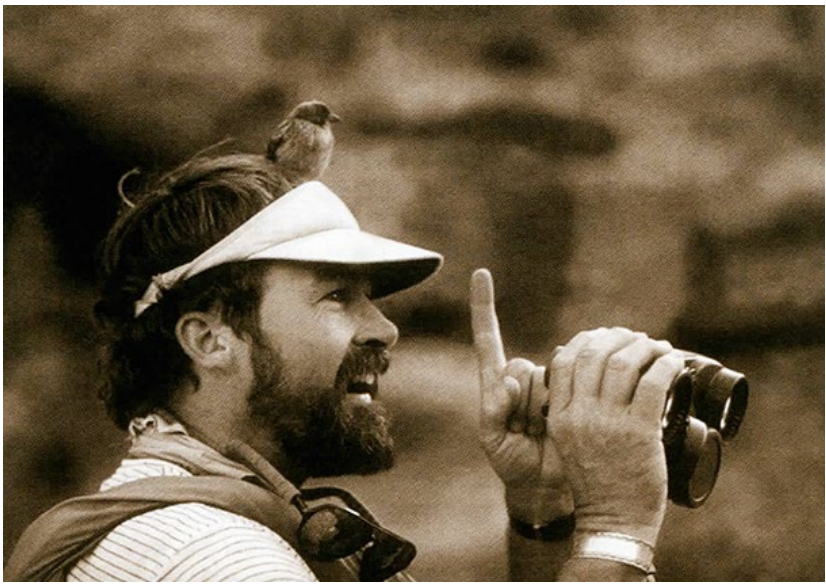
Edwards: I was in the Army…I was in an intelligence outfit, and as Vietnam started, I was discharged from the intelligence outfit after having been in two years active duty and four years reserve. I'd just graduated from the University of North Carolina at that time, and I was discharged. It was just amazing, because intelligence outfits were some of them activated for that war, and how long I would have been in intelligence, I have no idea. When I went to West Point, my goal was to be in infantry, and the code of my family was to be a fighting soldier, not a "back of the lines" type.

Steiger: The "code of your family"?

Edwards: Yeah, I come from a long line of military people on both sides. We had people who were soldiers in the Battle of Waterloo; in fact, who came to the United States and fought in various wars, including a relative in Company I of the Third Georgia [Regiment], went all the way through the Civil War—two relatives. Many more, but I don't know who the others were, but two for sure—my-great-great grandfather and his son. And then five West Pointers in the family, and of those, one was killed in Vietnam, most of the others survived. I lost two relatives, both pilots, in World War II. Some became drunks from their experience, some went off their rocker a little bit. But basically it was a good family with good people. I was in that tradition, so I felt strangely lucky I didn't go…My first cousin was nine months younger than I was, and he was killed in the First Cavalry, Vietnam. That was a big blow to my family. And then other cousins were killed as well—not war-related—accidents—sometimes military, sometimes not.

And then I went to the University of North Carolina and graduated with a degree in literature. After that I went to Europe, stayed for five years, and during that time I was in film school for two years. I graduated from film school in London, came back to the United States. I was in the industry for a while and didn't like it. Round about the time I quit that, I was invited to come on an experimental paddle-boat trip into the Grand Canyon. That was 1973. After that trip I was invited back as an assistant boatman, and slowly I was drawn into the profession.

I was wondering what to do, what would be the right thing for me to do in my life, and I just asked myself a simple question. I never thought to ask it of myself before. It's a good thing for anybody to ask themselves. If you were able to look back at your life, as an old man or an old woman, and…in looking back at your life—ask yourself, what would you be most glad you did in this year of your life? (snaps fingers) I knew exactly what to do—be a river guide. And I don't regret it. It's been a very, very rewarding time, being here in the Grand Canyon.



Dave Edwards, birdwatching, 1987
photo by Mary Edwards Wertsch

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Edwards: In 1973, a friend of mine had been to whitewater school, named Conrad Levasseur. He was a big ol' boy and a good athlete. He'd been selected from the whitewater school, put on by American River Touring Association [ARTA], to be looked at, as a possible guide in the Grand Canyon. So a trip was put together of all ARTA guides, and, at the time, they were trying to do an all paddleboat trip with no oar-boat support, to see if could be done. And [in the end] we decided it couldn't be done.

It was ARTA in those days, ARTA Southwest. And subsequently ARTA was changed about 1978 or 1979 to AZRA, which is Arizona Raft Adventures, and I've worked for them for a long time, freelancing to other companies sometimes.

But Levasseur had a girlfriend at the time, they had a big quarrel. I was in San Francisco, I'd introduced him to river running up that way, in a minor way on the Tuolomne and the Stanislaus where I'd been doin' a little bit, and he said, "Hey, c'mon down, come with me." So I went, and that was my first trip. After that trip, I was invited back to be an assistant—not by dint of my river skills, but by probably because I was a big guy, and strong. There was a lot of lifting to do in those days. I never thought it would be my career. I went down with a view towards just enjoying it, but I slowly discovered that it was really a profoundly important thing to be

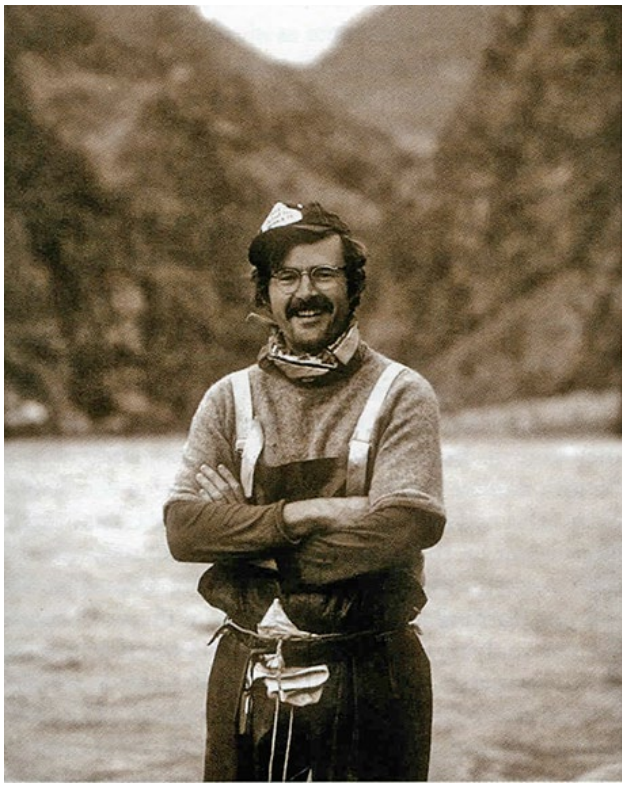
doing in life, and I was very lucky to have even been considered. And that got through my thick head, so I continued to pursue it, not really thinking it would be my life. And then finally, maybe five, six years later, I realized that it was a very, very important thing to do, in terms of having an interesting life, meeting interesting people, and it certainly led me to the type of photography I do now. And I've met some of the finest people I've ever encountered in my life.

…[That first trip] was September 1973, and it was about nineteen days long. On that trip were a lot of people who've remained in my life since then, including Don Briggs, Bob Melville, the Center brothers, Rob Elliott, Jessica Youle, Rob's ex-wife, and Steven Dupuis and others who I still know. Sue Bassett was on that trip. Most of us became guides, or were guides at the time, and continued to be guides. And slowly, people would start off in their own outfits, or pursue a different career.

It was an exciting trip. I'd never dreamed a place could be so magical as the Grand Canyon. Every day I was just astounded at what I experienced. It was a really wonderful revelation for me.

Steiger: Did you see a lot of other trips, do you remember?

Edwards: No, we didn't see very many. It was September, we saw a few motor trips go by. I don't remember any encounters with other oar-powered trips.



Dave Edwards, 1979

I remember scouting Horn Creek Rapid for about, oh, three hours. It was low water, and Melville was the paddleboat captain on the paddleboat I was in. They were all paddleboats, remember, on this trip. I looked at it and looked at it, and one of the big mistakes new guides make is they think they can do maneuvering in a rapid, and the more experienced guides rarely make that mistake. They know that they want to make as few maneuvers as possible, and those they do make, they calculate very, very carefully…What I'm saying is, the veteran guides are very, very conservative about their moves in a rapid. Well, Melville was new to this game, and of course I didn't know anything at all about it. Conrad Levasseur and I were the bowmen, heavy paddlers in the front of Navy surplus assault boats that weighed about 400 pounds empty. Sue Bassett was in the boat, and a girl named Laurel, and a couple of other people. Melville said, in his Fort Bragg accent, "Way-el, we're gonna git in the boat and go out in the middle of the river and turn raht and then go down here and turn left agin and go out in the center agin, and then we'll turn raht agin, and then go through that over there." We said, "Fine, fine." We got in the boat and immediately went out in to the river and were swept instantly downstream. [laughter]…right along the right shore, into some gigantic holes. I remember being hit with a wall of water, hit square in the chest. There were no foot cups here, and I was slammed against the huge load behind the bowmen, with tremendous force. It just almost knocked the breath out of me. And then the boat wallowed and then didn't turn over, but pushed on through. I was waiting to hear more commands, and I looked back, and everybody else was gone but Levasseur and myself. And then I saw Melville's striped engineer cap calmly floating by. Sue Bassett almost drowned…

But it was a good trip, we did a lot of hiking…

Steiger: You were saying earlier that when you got into it, like on that first trip it wasn't a big revelation, "Okay, this is where I'm gonna spend the rest of my life."

Edwards: No. It wasn't like that…I think that some people know right away, and I wasn't anybody that ever knew right away about anything. I just needed the experience of seeing what it was like, and meeting the passengers we would take down. Passengers are very, very crucial to my experience in the Grand Canyon. I don't think I would have been a boatman if I'd just been doing research trips, or if I'd been just moving supplies downriver in some fantasy world of Grand Canyon boating. I liked it because of the guides I worked with and people I met and my interaction with the people on the river. It was a very moving experience to see what would happen to people.

I went on the paddle trip in 1973, and then after-

wards they invited me back as an assistant boatman. In those days we were running snout rigs, which are catamarans made of bridge pontoons. One assistant would be on every trip, and that assistant would switch boats every day and row for the boatman, is basically what it was. This gave the boatman a day of not having to row the boat, and recover their strength, and so on. That's how I learned to row…

They were heavy, very heavy boats. We carried six people on each boat, plus all the gear. I didn't know how to row as well, and the other guides didn't know how to row as well as we do now. We used to turn those boats over in Lava Falls, we'd turn 'em over in other places as well. These are 21-foot snout rigs, and it's hard to over turn one, I thought., But after a time I saw that one can do it, and it's not that difficult, really.

Bottom hole at Lava Falls, about 12,000 or 15,000, yeah.

We used to turn 'em over on the black rock, we used to turn 'em over in the ledge hole, we used to turn 'em over in Hermit Rapid, turn 'em over in Granite. So it was a very exciting thing. They didn't seem like such big boats to me at the time. They seemed pretty small in the face of the size of the rapids. That's how I learned to row. I could move the boat around. It takes a while to read water, know where you are and what you're doing. I think there were many more skilled boatmen than I was.

Steiger: One of the things…This is kind of a new one. We're movin' into a new phase of this project. So much of it has been talkin' to old timers and talkin' about what was, back in the fifties and stuff. We're just now gettin' to the current class. One of the things that's interesting to me is just this evolution of guiding, of what happened to us. Like you've now been doin' it, you started in 1973, and it's now 1998, so that's 25 years.

Edwards: Yeah.

Steiger: And things have changed a lot, just in terms of our skill level. Those early, early trips…You say you've always done this for the people. Has it changed over the years as far as what you're able to give people? What was it like in the beginning between you and the people? And how has that changed? Or has it?

Edwards: Well, I said I did it for the people. That's not exactly right. I did it because of the people, but especially because of the guides, the teams I worked with. I really, really liked my fellow guides a lot, and I liked being a guide, and I liked the responsibilities and so on. Things have changed quite a bit, the people have changed. We used to have a clientele that was more adventurous; very, very good hikers that were enthusiastic. A lot of times the entire trip would be nude—not for any reason other than just the freedom, the joy, the privacy of this wilderness location where we were and what we were doing. Our skills weren't as good. I remember rowing a snout rig with six passengers down what we used to call in Azra, the "forever eddies," right below the Little Colorado. They were really difficult in a high wind. It was hard for me, at the time, I couldn't see where the currents were. And now, if the wind is up and one can't read the currents—I know where they are, of course, I memorized them years ago—I can make my way through. But, anyway, I just pulled my way through these eddies in a high wind, and I remember my people were crouched on the floor to cut wind resistance, and my hands were pretty ripped up. When I finally made it to Carbon Creek, about forty-five minutes after the other boatmen pulled into shore, I was almost in tears with the frustration of it, and there was Wesley Smith the Vietnam vet, just squattin' on the beach, smokin' a cigarette behind his cupped hands, in the wind. He just laughed, said he was expecting me and helped me tie it up. I just didn't know how to row the boat through all those eddies. I eventually learned. Wesley was always a big help to me, he supported my being a guide. I got stuck on a lot of rocks on those early trips, low water. Wesley always made fun of it, and made sure the passengers just enjoyed the adventure, and everybody knew I was a new boatman.

Steiger: He made fun of you, but not in a bad way?

Edwards: Not in a bad way, he just made light of the whole situation. That's the way he would do with people, so my pride wouldn't be hurt, you know. (chuckles) He got us to laugh at ourselves. They were real adventures.

I remember another time as my first trip leader. I really supported all the trip leaders I worked with, I thought. That was my military background, I guess—I just liked to really be supportive of the effort. That's kind of a naive thing to do in a way. You want to be supportive, but I was with a lot of people that had never been in the Army, and I supported them, but when it came time for them to support me (chuckles) they weren't so good at that…Yeah, I thought they were gonna be great teammates. Boy, they didn't give a damn. Of course I was new at the game, but they just stood off and let me make mistakes, rather than help me out. We finally got down to Lava Falls, and I was runnin' it and they were up lookin', standin' on the rock. Drifter Smith's mother was in my boat, along with a couple of Finns who had managed to get over to the U.S.. I had an assistant on that trip, on my boat—no, it was the trip's assistant—and her name was Rebby Gazzaniga. She was just learning to be a boatman down there. Of course she was studying under a boatman who was just learning to be a boatman, too. (chuckles) So we went down the current above Lava Falls, and she was gonna follow the bubble line and go through what was called the slot at the top on the right-hand side at Lava Falls. And I was squatting right behind her on this huge, stern-heavy load that we used to carry in those days. We didn't

understand about boats—honestly. We had strange rigs. And there were three people in the bow, and myself on the load. Rebby, [who] was from California, said, "Am I on the bubble line?" And I said, "Yeah, you're doin' just fine." "You sure I'm on the bubble line?" And I say, "Yeah, just great." And I was dehydrated and nervous about all those guys up there lookin'. I guided her right over the ledge hole. I could hear the screams from the guides tryin' to warn us. Drifter Smith was watching us go over over the ledge hole.

Steiger: You mean you could hear the screams from the guys on the black rock?

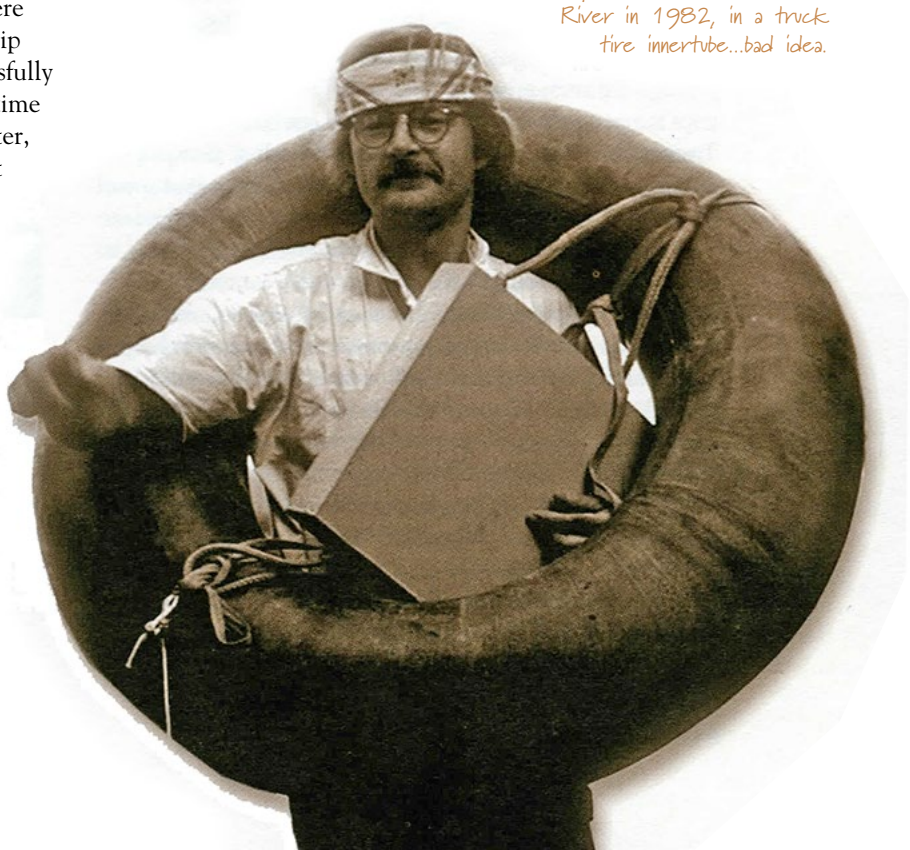
Edwards: Yeah. And Drifter's mother was in the boat. She was right in the bow, and there was this Finn on the right of her, and a Finn on the left of her. We got through the bottom of the rapid, and I'd been thrown with such violent force, forward, that when the boat flexed, it released the tension on the sling of the spare oar on the side of the boat, and I was pinned between the spare oars. How I got there, I just do not know, but I was actually pinned. You know how the oar hangs from a strap? I was in there, [up to my] chest…We had to cut that oar free to get me out. And the other boats made it down all right, and then we got down to Fat City and had lunch. Drifter Smith had to be restrained and didn't speak to me, really, for about four or five years.

Steiger: After that?

Edwards: Yeah. Yeah, he was pretty pissed off at me. I understand why. I mean, I wasn't rowin' that boat, but I was helping guide the boat without being at the oars, and I didn't know, I made a mistake. Nobody was hurt, but still, that's what it was like in the early days. Our boating skills weren't that good, we made mistakes, and that's why it's an important job. As we become very, very good at rowing the river, we seem to think—I hear people saying, "Well, anybody can come down there and row." That's not true. You can get a private trip and somebody can come down and make it successfully down the river, but we do it time after time after time after time, in every condition: high water, low water, medium water, high wind, low wind. We can do it in the rain and storms. We do a lot more than we give ourselves credit for. And it takes a lot more skill to get down there, and get safely down there, especially on the hikes, because that's where most of our injuries are. There have been some horrible injuries on the river in boats—people with jaws broken and teeth knocked out and that type of thing. In 1996 I had my ribs broken. I could have been killed by an oar one time. It hit me like a jousting spear, right in the side. And except for the rubber handgrip and my life jacket, it would have gone into me. That's when it broke ribs.

Steiger: Man! How did that happen?

Edwards: Oh, it was at Crystal Rapid. You see, we get beaten up, you know. I've been in the hospital, I've been lucky, I don't have carpal tunnel syndrome or anything like that. I work out in the wintertime, and am in reasonably good shape for a fellow my age, I guess. I have the blood pressure of a twenty-two-year-old, according to the doctor last week. I hear boatmen saying that just anybody can do this job. That's not true. The reason you hire people is not for the principal effort of getting down a river safely. You hire them because of those moments when you really need them—the moments that are exceedingly difficult, when you need someone to know exactly what to do. And this has to do with injuries, it has to do with disasters, boat wraps, it has to do with extraction, it has to do with being able to know which camp to go to, and which not to go to in a storm. You have to know when you can push people in the heat, and when you just back off, no matter what anybody says, because of the extraordinary amount of risk involved with having people in the heat when it's 119 degrees. You have to know these things. You have to know how to run your crews so the crews are productive, and really enjoying themselves, and are good with the people. And you can't order people around—not in my company anyway—you don't order people around like a sergeant or anything. You get people to work together, and they generally know what to do. It's like Drifter Smith once said, "You could be a boatman in the Grand Canyon and be involved in an accident that killed people, and people would forgive you for it. But the only thing they'll never forgive you for is laziness." And I like being in a situation where that is one of the parameters by which one has to run one's life.



First decent of Havasu Creek from Beaver Falls to the River in 1982, in a truck tire innertube...bad idea.

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Edwards: Maybe you could catch me later on and let me think about what another story would be. There's so many stories.

Steiger: Yeah, I know.

Edwards: I don't want to just repeat the same ones.

Steiger: Yeah, me either…Are you going to keep doing this?

Edwards: Oh yeah, I'm going to keep going. I'll keep on 'til I can no longer do it for some economic reason, or because my health has failed, or I get injured or something. I'm a better boatman, I think, than I've ever been, so might as well continue. I enjoy it very much, I enjoy the people I meet very much. I especially enjoy the people I work with. The richness of this life—you'll never be rich if you're a boatman, but the strength of it is the friends that you make on the river, and the guides that you know, and that you've been through so much with these people. You've known them for so long. There'll be months and months when you don't see them, but when you're together, there's a friendship that is indescribable, because…words would really fail. You could say that it's like a brotherhood, and I suppose it is—a sisterhood. These things fail. That's the richness of this life. You work long hours and you have a great deal of joy and happiness from the experience.

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Edwards: I'll tell you a story. There was a time in 1983—it was before the Havasu flood—and I was on a trip with Martha Clark and Miles Ulrich and Suzanne Jordan was leading it. I think there was another guy, and perhaps I'll remember in a second. There were two AZRA trips running close together, and we got down to Twenty-four-and-a-half Mile Rapid, which is always a rapid that gets our attention, but in this case, we stopped to scout it. It was running at 62,000 [cubic feet per second], we stopped high up and walked down. We looked at the waves, they were mostly standing waves, and I think we were confident we could take it straight away. Mind you, we'd been through quite a few rapids upstream, and some of them washed out, some of them still active, and this one we figured we could do just fine. We had two paddleboats rigged as oar boats. They were Maravias, and the people that had designed the boat had the "D" rings in the wrong place, I remember, and you couldn't strap the frame down tightly. This proved to be a problem, as you'll see.

I was the second boat in. We rounded the corner, and what we hadn't noticed, because we hadn't been on 62,000 before, is the waves would break forward maybe two, four, five times, and then sideways once; and then forward, forward, and then break in a regular way. But they were not breaking consistently. And so we went in and immediately we knew something was wrong, because Miles Ulrich's boat was ahead of me, it stood right on its tail, did a fishtail, and dumped everybody out, and then we were right behind. I started hollering at these folks in my boat at the top of my lungs, "High side! High side! High side!" So they started throwing their weight around. I must have had some good people in the boat, because we didn't turn over. But I shouted to the guy behind, "Look behind, how are the boats behind? Look at the Maravias!!" And he said, "One's over. Martha's over. Now Suzanne!" [I said], "Which one, damn it?!" And he said, "Both." And so there we were with two boats upside down, some elderly people in the water, a big mess on our hands, grapefruits floating all over the place. The grapefruit box had been torn off one of the boats—it was bizarre. And so we started hauling for shore and getting the people and just gathering folks as fast as we could. We finally made it over below Twenty-six Mile on the right. It was a long ways downstream. Mind you, it's 62,000, moving really fast. We had people in the water a long time, and we're missing a couple of

Suzanne Jordan, drawing by Dave Edwards

people. They were washed down [to] another AZRA trip that had a very bad experience there too, but didn't turn over any boats. They were waiting downstream and picked up those people.

We got to shore, Suzanne came in rowing the Spirit that had dumped everybody out, towing her Maravia, pulling an extremely fast current, and violent eddy water, and got to shore…I mean, her boat was upside down anyway. Miles Ulrich was a strong fellow, but she took the oars, and while she rowed, he bailed like mad, to just lighten the boat up. They didn't have anybody else in that boat, as I recollect.

She made it to shore, and then we pulled over the Maravia, and she said, "Dave, dive under the boats and see if there's anybody under there," so I did. There wasn't anybody under the boats, but there were bags hanging down. We used to carry drink bags, very foolishly, not being tightly tethered to the boat. I cut those free and we hauled those to shore. Then other people were tending to the shocked people, because they were definitely going into shock. And that was going on, we got them taken care of, got them warmed up, got people looking after them, and everything was reasonably stable, and at which point Martha was standing there like a wet cat, I remember, and Suzanne said (in Southern accent), "Ah want to talk to you down the beach." And we went down the beach and we got down well out of sight of the passengers and Suzanne looked at us and she said, "I almost died. That one almost got me." And she began to shake a little bit, then she started to cry. Not a lot, just a little. She said, "I was trapped between the frame and the boat." We'd gone out with improperly prepared boats. These Maravias weren't ready, they weren't made right. And she had been thoroughly wedged between the frame and couldn't get out. I don't know, she took off her jacket or did something, got out of there finally, but she almost died. But the thing that I was struck most by, she did that, then got in the boats, then towed them to shore, then saw to everybody, controlled the entire situation until it was totally safe, and then, only then, did she allow herself to feel anything. There's a good boatman right there.

STEIGER: Yeah, that's Suzanne.

EDWARDS: Yeah, there are a lot of Suzanne stories, there are a lot of them. There's so many different experiences down there, different people—some of 'em short, some of 'em long. But that's one I'll never forget. A very brave person, I think. (long pause) Lost a lot of grapefruit that day.

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STEIGER: I'm curious. If we're supposed to interpret all this stuff, what are we supposed to tell these people? What's the most important information that you're supposed to pass along? I mean…

EDWARDS: In an orientation, you mean?

STEIGER: No, I mean…

EDWARDS: About the canyon?

STEIGER: Yeah, as a professional guide taking people down the Grand Canyon. I mean, there's more important things to convey than like, for example, what you do in the winter. (laughs)

EDWARDS: Yeah. What I do is inevitably in a crew of five people you have guides that are particularly good at certain things, and they do certain explanations of, say, geology, because they're often geologists, far better than I could ever do it. And what I like to do is get the guides on the trip, if I'm trip leader, to give talks in their expertise, in their areas. This also introduces the people to that guide, because many times people will not really know that guide, because they would have been on other boats the whole time. So that is what I really feel strongly about. When I do a trip, I really like people to contribute. And I find if you do it well and you don't make the guides feel like it's a chore, or that you're getting them to do your work, if you do your work and do it well, and then ask them to contribute, they will be glad to contribute to a job that's being done well. But they don't want to contribute to some sloppy-ass way of runnin' a trip. Sometimes later in the seasons, I'll do all the talks if the people get really tired and are burned out. But as often as not, folks can really give a very fine explanation of things. For example, you could hardly beat John O'Brien talking about geology. He's a geologist! But there are nongeologists, for example, Jon Hirsch isn't a geologist, but good Lord he knows a lot about the canyon and how it was formed, and he'll make these massive almost sand table structures on how the canyon was formed, that'll cover twenty or thirty feet on the beach. And it's really a lot of fun watchin' him do it. And he gets the group of people, and they walk through this big terrain of formations, and he will describe what happens in different time periods and what not. It's so good that I always go to 'em and stand around and listen. That's a good thing.

Or you may have someone like Bryan Brown, or the equivalent of Bryan Brown. He doesn't come on commercial trips, but someone who really knows about birds. You will have seen some birds, and they'll talk about 'em. Or I'll have somebody on the trip who's not a guide, but knows a lot about astronomy, and they'll give an astonishing presentation of information. Oftentimes really cool things come from people on the trip itself. Not real often, but occasionally you can get people to talk about what they do. And sometimes it just is overwhelmingly interesting, to where the entire trip and all the guides listen to one person almost every night, talking about…. One fellow was a guy who discovered massive theft on the Internet, and break-ins into the CIA

and the National Security Agency by these same people, spies. He did it. And so every night he would talk a little bit about it. So you have all these amazing…

Steiger: Wait, this guy, was he working for the government?

Edwards: No.

Steiger: You mean, he was just cruisin' around on the Internet and he stumbled on all this stuff?

Edwards: He figured it out himself, and couldn't get the government interested, until he finally discovered things…

Then sometimes just really good stories are told at night. I've been on dory trips with Brad Dimock and [others]. Brad will tell really good stories about the full history of the Bessie Hyde controversy, and whether she died or didn't die or whatnot. And they don't make it necessarily into a National Enquirer type half-truth, but they tell the whole history of all that they know about the controversy over the disappearance of the Hydes.

And people who know a whole lot about, say, the bat caves. Or they know a whole lot about some miners that used to work down there. And in my case, I sometimes tell stories about the Mormon massacres and the commando tactics of the Mormon irregulars, and the assassination groups that they had—all trying to defend Mormons from the depredations of a society that did not observe polygamy and considered the Mormons sort of heretical. Mormons were under a lot of pressure, so they started their little armies, and that may be what happened to Powell's men. I've looked into that a lot, and so I tell stories about that.

Steiger: I'm just fishing here, and it's just because I have this question in my own mind. What is it that we're supposed to leave these people with? What's our cosmic obligation to get across to 'em? Is there anything on these trips?

Edwards: Yeah, I think it's worth talking about. I don't know what people are supposed to get out of things, I have no idea. I'm sure of one thing, that I'm not going to proselytize for the "Church of the Grand Canyon." If you get down there and you can't see what's there, then there's nothing I can really say that will change that. All I can do is make an experience happen, or try to make an experience happen that will wake you up…

Steiger: What would be an example of that?

Edwards: A long hike, a strenuous hike, and getting through it all right. It's not a hike you would have done originally, but you got some help on the hike, and we showed you, you could do it, and we took you to magnificent places, and you did things you'd never done, and didn't ever dream you could do. And the proof of the pudding is particularly when you get somebody that is receptive to this, and especially someone who's disabled, and they come out of the canyon realizing "there's nothing much is gonna stop me." But you can do it with an elderly lady or someone who just doesn't think they can do it, and you just show them that they can do it, and that's a very positive thing. I like that a lot.

I think there's nothing in this world like being with people who are radiant with pleasure over what they've seen and what they've experienced in the Grand Canyon, in terms of the side canyons, the vistas, the adventures on the water, the excitement, the fears, the storms, the dehydration, the narrow escapes, the views of wildlife that they get, and so on. Our job is to make these things happen, and happen safely. And I really like it when people are into it. When people are excited about being there, the guides get very, very excited and extremely pleased with their work and what they're doing. If people are not excited, the guides become embittered, reclusive, and negative. And it can be pretty bad.

…There's one story that you might like, just quickly. I was on a trip one time, and a bunch of Yankee blue bloods were on the trip. They made themselves clear who they were. In addition, there were two brothers from Baltimore. Now, remember these Yankee blue bloods had an almost-full charter except for these two brothers, and they were working class Jewish guys from Baltimore and they ran a bowling alley. And they were big guys. One of 'em was real big and strong, an athlete. The other was kind of just big and fat and tough. These guys were really loud. It turns out that they were loud, but they did everything. They helped everybody, they helped with the food, they helped with the boats, they helped the blue bloods set up their tents, they laughed constantly, they told hilarious stories, and they were so beloved that by the end of the trip, we had a trip dinner, and all these blue blood Yankees never even sat down at the table. We went to El Charro. They never sat down, I tell you. They all stood in a circle. In the middle of the circle were these two hilarious guys from Baltimore, telling yet another story or an observation. They were that beloved. They were such good people. But those Yankee blue bloods, one of 'em told me, "We thought these were horrible people, they're really loud and obnoxious. We thought, 'My God, we're gonna be on the river for 13 days with THESE guys!'…"

Yeah, they ran a bowling alley. But they could tell stories like you wouldn't believe. They told stories about elder hostels coming to bowl, and somebody dying in the bowling alley, lying in the lane, and how they took 'em by the ankles and dragged 'em away from the bowling lane, so they could continue to bowl. And they would tell it in such a way that we'd almost be wettin' our pants, be rollin' around.

One of those brothers went on a hike. He wanted to go to Mooney Falls, and we got in late, and he took off with a couple of guides and a couple other really strong

characters. They took off at a run. They had to run up there and run back. I was trip leader, and they got back really late. We were havin' to wait in the Havasu eddy for 'em. They came in, and they were all beat up. And you know what it's like, their t-shirts were filthy, and plastered to their skin, they were just sweatin' like mules, and they're all scratched up. And this Baltimore guy climbed in my boat breathing hard and he apologized for bein' late, and he's still just takin' in air, you know, he says, "There are three things—three things I love in my life. I love my wife! And I love my daughter! And I love that fuckin' hike!" (laughter)

…These blue bloods came on the trip and they were all snooty and they thought that two guys who ran a bowling alley and were really loud, were gonna be a problem. It turns out they got to know these fellows.

And all of us, the guides, get to know people. And you discover people after ten days, thirteen days. It takes ten days sometimes to discover 'em, eleven days to discover 'em sometimes. That long. They're on a different boat, maybe they're on your boat, they're boring. They talk about TV programs, fer' Chrissake., You never really want to get to know 'em. But you're with 'em twenty-four hours a day for that length. You go on hikes with 'em. You get to know 'em, you know their names, you talk. But then you discover something about them. Almost always something good. Rarely do you find something bad.

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Steiger: You were involved with a group of guides who set out to sue the NPS and the Department of the Interior for mandating drug testing on the river, weren't you?

Edwards: It was a touchy issue, and Grand Canyon River Guides had to make…It is an organization, and they have to make a stance, and their stance was "stand off." They didn't want to be a part of this. There were, of course, people that were in favor of it, but the official position of Grand Canyon River Guides is they had no position in this that they were going to make public. But there were a lot of Grand Canyon river guides that were a part of it. I have in my hand here, "Guides Defending Constitutional Rights." And these were guides on the advisory board: David Henshaw, former guide, a Harvard graduate, law school; Pete Gross; Bruce Keller; Dave Edwards; Jeri Ledbetter; and Brad Dimock.

Steiger: These are all impeccably credentialed, very strait-laced people.

Edwards: Yeah. And so what we did was try to bring some sense to this authoritarian move on the part of the Department of Interior.

Steiger: Collected some money—that wasn't too hard to do.

Edwards: That's right. We got a lot of donations coming in and because of the duplicity on the part of Arizona Raft Adventures—saying that they were against this abuse of personal privacy—although they had a very strong position, if you smoked marijuana or got drunk on trips, they fire you. That happens, they've already done it, they prove they do that. "And the guides are not a problem that way." I was involved in this lawsuit, and Arizona Raft Adventures turned the tables on my position. The suit was about to go to court.

Steiger: You were going to be the poster child, as it were.

Edwards: You called me straight-laced, and now you call me a poster child. I'm none of those things. I'm just an ordinary guy.

Steiger: No, that's Dave Henshaw's word. I've talked to him about this. We had talked about it, and he was like "you gotta have somebody that absolutely is impeccable."

Edwards: Well, that's law stuff. But the fact is that I don't smoke marijuana, I don't use narcotics.

Steiger: Didn't even drink up until recently.

Edwards: Yeah, until recently I didn't drink at all. So my view is that everybody supported this, we had about $10,000 spent in an effort with Debra Fine, a very fine lawyer around here, working with it. The entire case was blown out of the water because AZRA, on the advice of a very clever attorney named Amy Gitler, and possibly being influenced by private phone calls possibly from the government officials, AZRA went over to the Arizona State Drug Testing System, and wrote a letter saying that they could not follow two systems, and that, of course, was satisfactory to the Park Service. Then I didn't have a case. Very clever…AZRA essentially blew the case out of the water—for Dave Edwards, anyway, or anybody at AZRA.

Steiger: Because they said that…

Edwards: They're going by the state law, instead of the federal law.

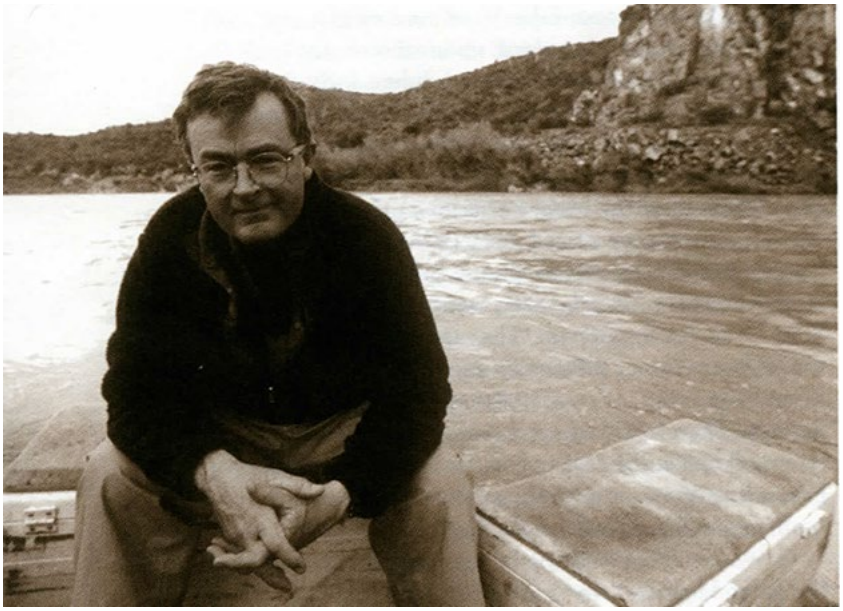
Steiger: So the government wasn't forcing them to do it—they were gonna do it anyway, is what they said. Because your case was based on, you were suing the U.S. government, because they were forcing AZRA to test you against your will.

Edwards: Bruce Babbitt or the Department of Interior. It was only a few days before I would have been deposed for an entire day, or maybe longer, by lawyers from the government. And at that point I discovered, by some loose talk—not from AZRA, where I would have hoped to have heard it—I worked for them for twenty-five years—is that I was accused by Amy Gitler of being a drug smuggler and a trafficker.

Steiger: And that was because of something that was on your record?

Edwards: Yeah…I don't know, I haven't seen the

records, but it was probably the CIA or DEA. When I was working as a photojournalist in the Northwest Frontier Province of Pakistan, during the Russian-Afghan War. And at that time I didn't have anything to do with drugs. I wanted to do a story on drugs, and maybe that's why…I wanted to do something on a place called Dara. I never did. Somebody was padding their investigative reports, because there's absolutely nothing—I never smoked or took drugs socially, I wasn't with people… My girlfriend was with me, and we agreed 100 percent, you will not touch any—she smoked marijuana sometimes—never touch anything here, because you can go to prison. So we were completely clear. The report is an absolute and total, 100 percent fabrication and lie, yet here I am, an American citizen, discovering that I have this terrible thing, which in the communist times in Russia would have gotten me shot. There's no corroboration, nothing, just a secret report. That's what the government is going on. Once again, think of the poppy



Dave Edward on the Salt River, 2001

seed bun, think about that one. [Where eating a poppy-seed bun gets you thrown off the river due to a false-positive on a drug test.]

STEIGER: So this lawyer told your management that they have this stuff, this record on you, where you're suspected of drug smuggling. And if your guy goes and sues the government on behalf of this company, it's gonna be a total hit on AZRA? Do you think that was what made 'em…

EDWARDS: I think the reason AZRA behaves this way—according to Rob Elliott, who was forbidden to talk to me by his lawyer, but he talked to me a little bit…

STEIGER: He was forbidden to talk to you about the case?

EDWARDS: Uh-huh…Just his lawyer told him, "You're not allowed to talk about this case." He talked to me anyway, and he said that the situation in which David Lowry, a long-standing, top guide at AZRA, was caught, and then admitted to smoking marijuana on a river trip. He had behaved badly, very clearly cracking up—a mid-life crisis or whatever you want to call it—he was crackin' up, and he was not havin' a good time in life, and he needed some help. He could have produced dozens of witnesses to corroborate what I'm saying. He's a good man, he was havin' a hard time, and he admitted to smoking, was fired, lost his job, and never to be rehired again. And that embarrassed AZRA, because that information about him smoking was from two National Park Service employees to the Superintendent of the Grand Canyon.

STEIGER: [Two employees] who happened to be on that trip as passengers?

EDWARDS: Yeah.

STEIGER: And what was the deal? They were up Saddle Canyon and they could smell it or something?

EDWARDS: Yeah, something like that.

STEIGER: It was one incident, and that was it for life for Lowry.

EDWARDS: Yeah. It was a real incident of a guide smoking marijuana, for sure…They caught him, and so I think it would have been almost as severe if they'd have caught him with a pint of whiskey down somewhere, but maybe not quite as bad. It's still something you can't do as a guide.

STEIGER: You mean, he's gone for good, that's it?

EDWARDS: Gone for good, yeah.

STEIGER: How's he doin'? What's he doin'?

EDWARDS: I've asked about him quite a bit, and I hear from friends that he's doin' okay.

STEIGER: Boy. I didn't realize that that was it.

EDWARDS: That was it.

STEIGER: So because of that, those guys felt like this lawsuit was gonna be a dumb move politically for AZRA? That was the story in a nutshell?

EDWARDS: Azra had nothing to do with the lawsuit. I just happened to work for AZRA. The Lowry business embarrassed AZRA, there's no question about that. So they put the lid on it.

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STEIGER: What stories leap to mind, things that have happened to you, that you've seen? If you had to say what was the most important or dramatic, or things that you think about for you, personally, what comes to mind?

Edwards: I think that some of the more dramatic things that I can recall have had to do with high water. I already mentioned those—the high water of 1983 and 1984—dramatic moments with flash floods, dramatic moments in storms where you have to be so careful about where you camp and make sure that people aren't washed away. That sort of thing. Or extreme inclement weather, when it's very cold and you have big rapids to go through. Very, very harrowing circumstances, such as extremely high winds and rain, and you're compelled to camp in an area that's being just battered, and how the guides work together to put up shelter and manage to pull off cooking hot food and help people get their tents up. People take care of their own tents, but sometimes we'll help 'em in high winds and rough times. Those all are good grist for stories. I guess I don't like telling the same stories over and over again, so I get bored. So I can't really say that I have fixed stories for different places.

I also tell stories to people who are interested and curious. If they're not curious, then I'll give them the "story lite" version (chuckles), rather than the full-on heavy-duty story. Sometimes I don't say much. I'll not tell people a lot of stories, because they're not tuned-in, necessarily, to the canyon—particularly these days where people are there in the Grand Canyon because they chose a trip through a travel agent, and really didn't know what to expect, and really don't care that much. The guides are pretty sensitive to how people are interested in the canyon, and they're very good at getting people more interested and showing them how wonderful a place it is. But it does take some effort on the part of the person, and we do get people who do not make that effort. And there is no way you can get them interested. And I've had people, when I give talks in the morning, I have this book here, sitting right here in this chair, it's a journal that I've kept over the years. I'll read from the journal, I'll read poems from it, I'll read stories from it, I'll read anecdotes, I'll read from old news clippings—everything from the nineteenth century up to now. I try to put something in this journal that is different than you get in regular history books. I'll tell anecdotes about people, let's say, or things I've seen in the Grand Canyon. But I have had at least one instance I can remember, a guy say to me, "We're not gonna have to sit through one of your lectures again, are we?" Yeah, he did, because I had to give an orientation to the others. And many other people came and said, "Hey, I'm really sorry that guy said that. We really like hearing these talks in the morning." I don't like to be too long-winded, but I do think it sets the mood for what we ought to be thinking about. If you have a roomful of people, and you're trying to get something done, we know this from…I'm not a real good committee guy, you know—I don't do well in committees and groups and stuff, because things get so distracted you never find a singleness of purpose. But the guide can set a mood on a trip of curiosity, of wonder, of adventure, that's real, and everybody'll get into it.

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Steiger: While the tape was just turned off—and earlier too—we were talking about how you keep these journals. You've always kept a journal, and what you do is you write in it things that you'd like to remember, and you make little drawings in 'em.

Edwards: Yeah, I keep the journals—they have a life of their own, really. I write things down. I don't write daily things in, but I write down things that I'd like to give in a morning talk. Sometimes I just write down what's happening, because I didn't want to forget it later in life when I no longer am a guide. So I would write details of life as a guide, so that I could remember it. That's what I've turned to right now—you said you'd like to hear…

Steiger: Yeah, so you're holding this little book, and it's just a little notebook, but it's filled with handwritten notes and drawings.

Edwards: Yeah, I'll give it to…

Steiger: Well, we're not gonna hold you to that.

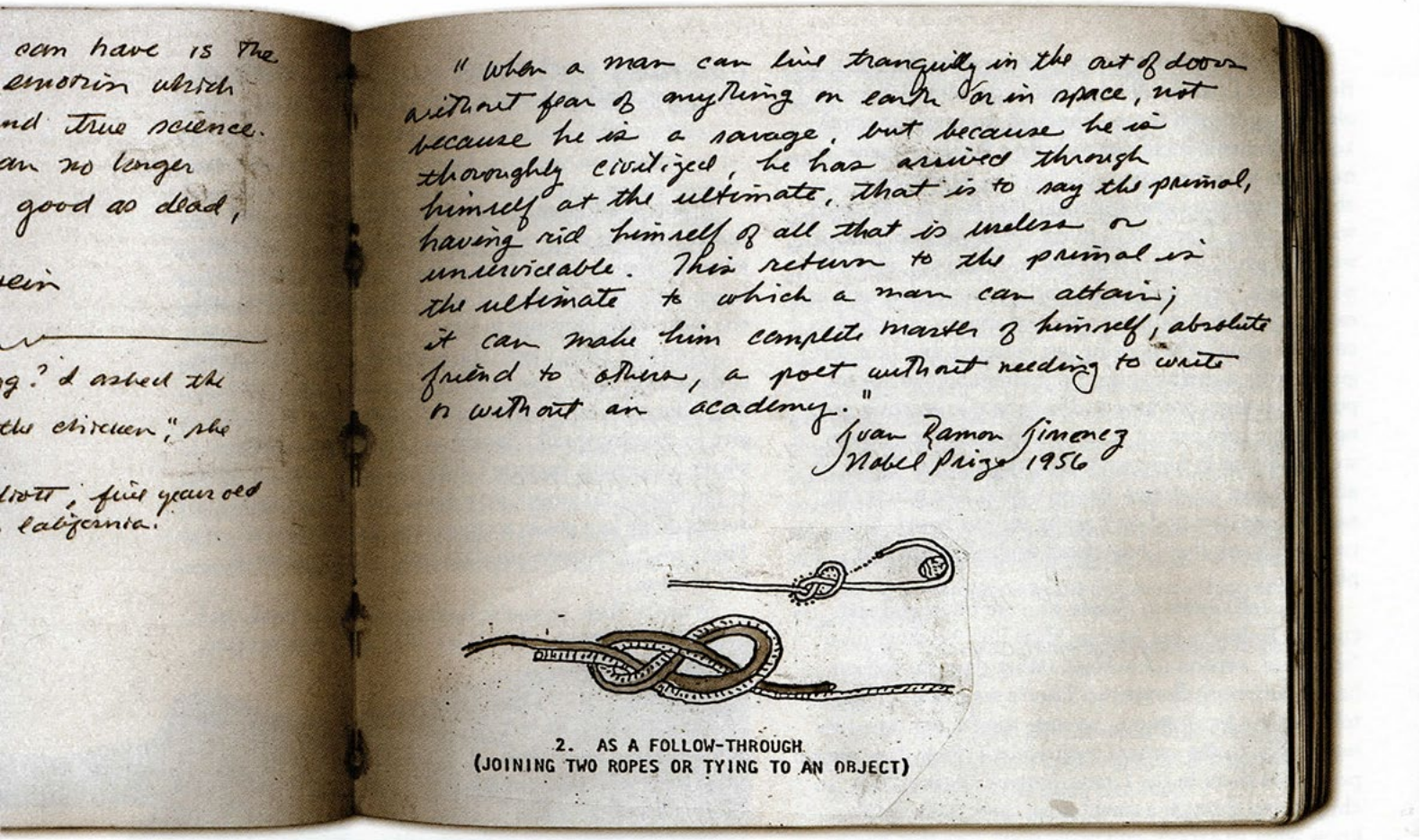
Edwards: I don't give a damn, I'll give it to the archives, or whatever you have.

Steiger: That would be great. But anyway…

Edwards: They're just details of life as a guide that many people sometimes don't know…Yeah, I keep this journal and write in things, details that maybe I'll write about one day, or things that I want to make sure that I never forget, that are so pertinent to being a guide. Sometimes they're just sketchy notes of what we see.

September 1990, I write in here, "There's a different feel about a river on the rise. It's nothing noticeable at first. Then bits of wood float by, and long strands of dirty white water. Finally it takes on a lumpy look, swelling, sloshing as though gaining appetite."

Then just quick notes, "Hummingbirds that are attracted to red—hats, scarves, shirts, life jackets. Downstream winds, dry skin, cracked heels, Velcro fouled with sand, dull knives. The sound of a whetting knife. Sandy ropes, ropes with cactus spines in them. Your eyes ache in the sun. You have a headache. How the metal burns your hands. Top of grape leaves so green in subdued light, and yet they glare in the sun as if they were made of mirrors. Lizards that move with tiny, jerky motions, as if trapped by time, picking their way through life. Havasu water, always flowing, noisy, blue. People come and go. When they've left, it's best. A butterfly moves in erratic flight. Stillness. My fingers hurt—every cut and nick has been stretched open in the dryness. My hair is matted and dirty. My body is salty. I lay as far from camp



as I could go. Things are so grim sometimes. And then I heard it, a distant low growl from the bushes behind me. I got up quietly and squatted and looked—nothing. Actually, I'd heard something moving before and I'd gotten up before, but this time I picked up a stick. The animal was large, it moved bushes that way. I looked. Nothing.

"I fall asleep under a boat or with my head on a smallish rock—a short nap and am revived. Sleeping on a boat at night. Silence. The sound of water passing under the tubes. Warm wind, then a cool wind, loving the comfort of the softness, and feeling the down lift and fall against the wind. The stars, satellites passing by. Canyon walls etched in black against the sky, the moon coming up, piercing your eyes like a flashlight on the face. Night sounds: water, crickets, wind, the smell of rain, storm sky, distant lightning, mare's tails in the moonlight.

"The sound of drops hitting the deck and tubes, the rat-tat-tat on rainwear, the hustle to put up a protection against the weather. The butterfly thrill. A violent wind, rain and thunder crashing all around, inside my chest, hid, lightning. It's the sexual supercharge of life—wild light, zig-zagging around, like some benediction.

"The schist has its dark side, a relentless crumbling of jagged parts. One-and-a-half billion years? Is that the latest year they've put on it? It's the first rock I've thought of as being oblivious to life. An absurd thought, but it so predates any part of life. It's the stuff of a remote cosmos, more than the history of our planet. Gravity, air, water, pressure, are the undoing of this rock."

It goes on. "Scratched legs. Betadine stains. Sandy cuts. Warm wind drumming in my ears. Wet shirt, cold, clinging to my body. I can't remember when it was ever dry. I look down, and it's dry. Stillness, long lunches of time. The stillness is the stillness of a warm rock moving slowly up the canyons, not making a sound, coming up on a snake. What a pleasure. Confronting a bighorn sheep. We stare at each other for fifteen minutes. I don't move, he doesn't move—just staring. Then I move backwards, just slightly, and he dashes off into the grapevines.

"Louise Teal said one day, 'You don't have to do sit-ups out here. All you have to do is laugh.' I've never known any experience in life where there's so much laughter at breakfast, lunch, and supper—day after day after day. The river running brings out stories. They rise like freed chickens, flopping, squawking, sending us all howling. It's good to be weak from laughter.

"A mare's tail streaks the sky today—long, voluptuous, magnificent in their form of beauty. They're the harbinger of a storm yet to come, just out of view. Jesus,

I love the feel of anticipating the waves and running the boat well. I like it when it's hard. I like it when the wind heaves and pushes us to shore. I like when the wind howls and pushes us to shore. I like it when it's hard. I like it when I have to row in the wind. I like the storms. I have a secret in rowing. That is, you feather the oars always, you pull, lean, totally relax, set, and pull. I can row for hours that way. I don't know anyone that can row further or longer than I can in the wind. When I say I like it, they think I'm joking. But I like it, it's just such a great challenge. I guess that says it. The feeling of moving the boat—the lift, the plunge, the shudder, the twist, the bump—even the rip. The way it rocks, the easy sway, the squawk of the boats at mooring. It doesn't bother me anymore. Overhead the stars, the huge sea. So few people can ever see this these days.

"I like the water—muddy, red, desert brown. I like the look of the rapids, the roar—the more resolute, the better. I like the mud, the slick mud, slipping, the way it cakes my sandals, fouls the Velcro.

"I have a fly swatter with a hole in it. It's called the 'karma hole' for the lucky bastards that get away.

"Sun rotted life jacket. A knife that can shave the hair on my arm. Foot rot from leather bracelets. Foot rot on the feet. Setting up a good kitchen. River cobbles, immobile. I think of how locked-in they are—still, stopped, water moving over them. You can sense, fleetingly, the depth of time.

"Sand blasted. Sand in the ears, in the eyes, in the eyebrows, in the hair, fine grits in the teeth. You cover up, but you can't get away. The sheet buffets and flaps. You tuck, you try to make an air hole, but always the sand gets in. You turn away, and finally you fall into sleep, and it doesn't make a damn.

"Bighorn sheep by the river. I'm alone. I watch it munching grass, it won't stop, won't look up. I don't think it hears me. I make a rattlesnake sound, and it won't look up…

"Wind, how it caresses and pats and rubs and buffets and shoves and pushes. A blast of hot air.

"You get up in the morning before anybody else, you make coffee. You don't want to call that it's ready. You put it off, and stretch the silence, sip your coffee, and look at the cool morning.

"Your friends make you coffee in the morning. You feel 'em step on the boat, the boat moves, and they put a hot cup of coffee next to you. Sometimes you can't move or speak, you're so lost, down deep tired.

"A compliment made in an offhand way makes your heart sing. It's from one of your pals who has split fingers like you, who is exhausted like you, who took the time, saw a good job, said 'Way ta go, Boyo.'" There's some other lists of things here that are so pertinent to the beauty. Some of these things I've repeated, 'cause I just

write these down…

"There's the fragrance of tamarisk. The limestone's like coral. The smell of ground coffee. The sound of sand grains on the tent. The sound of the ground cloth. A hot spot in the sand where coals were. The drips of a spring on rocks. Violent water is one thing," it says here, "but it's in eddies where the gods live.

"Washing in river water. Sand in your gear. The stillness of shattered rock. Fossils in limestone. A letter from a former lover that says nothing but just lipstick on paper. It gets wet in my pocket and I throw it away.

"The sound of wind on the cliffs, the echo of a rapid at the same time, wind coming upstream. You hear it and watch it advance on the surface of the water.

"A cold drink of water. Wood turning slowly in an eddy. Hot tea on a cold morning. Bacon cooking—makes your nostrils flare. Violet-green water. Swallows in a light rain. The smell of muddy water. The tapping of raindrops on a tight tent fly. Silver tape holding my ripped tent together. Gnarled, wrinkled, Russian pendants hang from the dome from the Chuya Rally in South Central Siberia back in 1989.

"Sour odor of urine in the sand. The clank and thump of a can smasher. Wet cardboard. Mouldy orange. Cracked skin. Burned skin. You wait for cancer, and when it comes, you know damned well you'll spit. All it is is a knock on the door.

"Al, a passenger, has clothespins on his hat. He had a rake with a three-foot handle. He has a bath mat he puts in front of his tent, a stocking cap. He wears pajamas! He has cloth gloves covered with rubber cement so he can grip things. He has a burr haircut. He talks about out-of-body experiences and the Hardy Boys adventures. His day bag is a faded green gym bag with a broken strap. His old green tennis shoes. His food bowl is the size of an average dog dish. He wrote a bad letter, said that I didn't pay attention, left him in camp.

"Joseph Campbell said that what people say we're all seeking is the meaningful life. He said, 'But I don't think that's what we're really seeking. I think that what we're really seeking is the experience of being alive.' Campbell said that."

STEIGER: Joseph Campbell said that?

EDWARDS: Uh-huh. "Why should I live my life waiting for three months of happiness?"—Bill Karls, who said he quit being a doctor so he could row boats.

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EDWARDS: You asked about stories I tell people. I often tell stories from actual incidents of people observing animals. For example, I have a big section in this book on ravens, and just the things—I always add to it—and some of the raven stories are so unusual that

they will seem fabricated. The raven's a very smart bird. People like us who are outside all the time—rare in America now—can observe animals. In fact, see things that other people don't. And so that's one thing that's been very interesting for me as a guide, is the fact that I spend so much time outside, and am able to observe things, and particularly if I'm lucky enough to observe one animal over and over again. We always see ravens. And so I've collected stories about ravens and how they behave. I haven't got any big answers for anybody, but I do have a lot of anecdotal material that I'm sure is accurate, 'cause I try to say precisely what it is that they do…

Well, let's see, I've got a big section here. Nothing's numbered in this book.

STEIGER: It's a beautiful book. Grand Canyon River Guides sticker on the cover of it. Those were optimistic times, huh? That was 1990?

EDWARDS: Yeah…Oh, yeah, here's one, just a brief one. We noticed that over the years the ravens at Havasu had learned how to steal lunches. They would actually open packs, undo zippers, and get the lunches. I've seen 'em undo a zipper before. They grab the tab and they just shake their head, and the zipper naturally backs off, and they get inside, empty the pack completely, find some food, and then fly off with it. They did this to my pack. I didn't get there in time to stop 'em one time, and they dumped my camera equipment in water. I had my lunch with me. And they were very angry. They just sat off a few feet, screaming abuse at me, because I had no food in my pack.

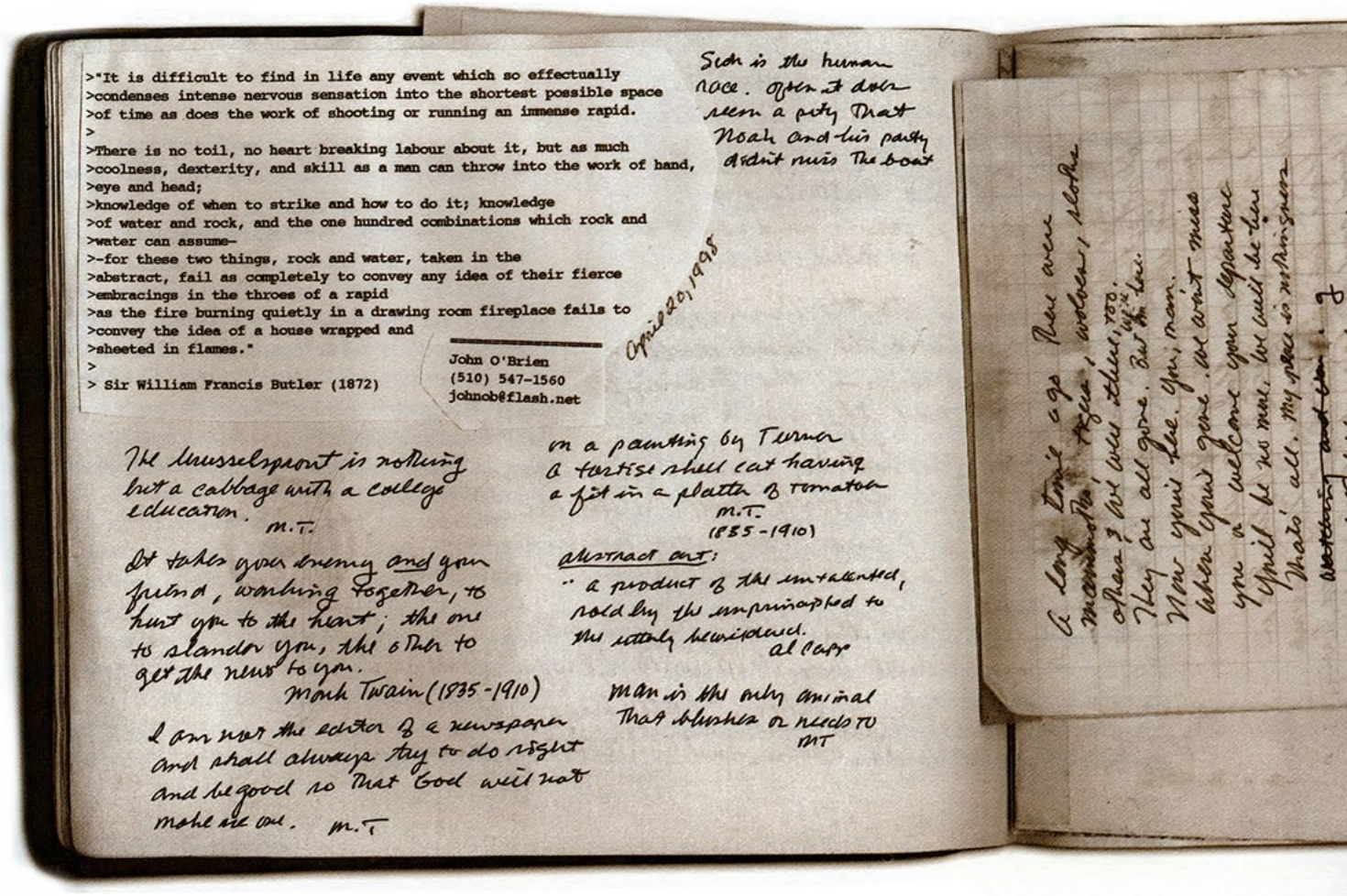
Anyway, Sharon Hester was floating towards Havasu, and she told a paddle crew about the thefts of the sandwiches at Havasu, and the people, as usual, didn't believe what she was saying. But the guy in the bow, when she mentioned that they would steal lunches and just take off with them, he pointed upward at a raven flying upstream, towards them, over their heads, and said, "Like that?" And they looked up, and there was a raven with a sandwich bag in his mouth, flying like hell upriver. That was pretty funny.

The next trip, she was floating again, with a paddleboat, with people, towards Havasu, and told this story. And as people were listening incredulously, somebody looked up and said, "Like that?" again, and there was another raven flying over with somebody's lunches. We figured it was Georgie having an issue to bag lunches once again, to people.

Larry Stevens saw a raven take a flicker on the wing in mid-flight. Saw that at Phantom Ranch.

Gary Bolton, at Upset Rapids, saw a raven being hectored by a phoebe. In a flash, it knocked the phoebe down, pounced on it, and consumed the bird, swallowing it in gulps, like a snake.

Martha Clark and Suzanne Jordan drifted around



a point into Marble Canyon one day, and saw four ducklings that had been killed by a raven, and a fifth being brought in—all accumulated carefully on a ledge by one raven.

Roger Henderson lost a case of Guinness to me in 1986 when we put two hard-boiled eggs on rocks, spaced about fifteen feet apart at National Canyon; and then waited in the eddy to see which hard-boiled egg would be taken by the raven, and that would be the loser. I won a case of Guinness.

A bald eagle was observed by Tom Brownold fishing at Nankoweap. He sat on a rock and reached down and took a huge trout out of the stream. Two ravens were hanging around. One raven stepped forward in front of the eagle, and the eagle crouched slightly and made a threatening sound towards the raven, while his partner came around behind the eagle, leaped forward, grabbed a tail feather and tugged it sharply. The eagle dropped the fish, spun around and confronted the retreating raven. Meanwhile, the first raven came in, grabbed the trout, and stole it.

"Saddle Canyon, 7/23/91. A raven was on the shoreline, by the point. He was feeding on a trout. He'd just caught the trout with his talons. The tail of the trout was still flopping. The bird had pulled the fish from the shallows and was eating it. It didn't know how to eat it. I came up to check it out. The fish was still alive when I touched it. The bird flew away and didn't come back.

"Ravens steal sun lotion, soap, body lotions—anything they can possibly imagine eating.

"Lora Colton, a guide for AZRA, reported seeing a raven on the mountains here in Flagstaff, playing with a snowball. It made the snowball, and then let it roll down the hill, and kept jumping on it."

There are more of them, but that's just a few.

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EDWARDS: I think it's an important thing to live your life and be proud of what you did, and the positions you took in your life. We all have these things that we're not very proud of that we've done in our life. We've all made terrible mistakes. The journey of a human being is to try to do some good in your life. You want to intentionally declare it, "I want to do something good. I want to do something that's unselfish, for the benefit of others." Declare it! Just call it that! Put it into words! That's what's important. A lot of people never put it in words, never do it, never stand up. The reason you go to vote is because you have an obligation to the country. The reason that you do volunteer work—in a way, what you're doing for the Grand Canyon Archives—is because it's an obligation you feel for others…

STEIGER: Nah. I just stumbled into this.

EDWARDS: I know. I kind of stumbled into Mongolian Orphans Association—stumbled into this or that. But when I saw those kids in Mongolia, for example, I was covering them as a photojournalist, and they were starving to death, and they were naked and they were dirty, and they were crazy. I started bringing clothes over, and then this year came back and Geoff Gourley and I got a big organization goin', and what not. Geoff suggested we get a container to send over there. It just comes from a decision of, "Look, I'm gonna do something about this crap!" It's not gonna take much of my time.

STEIGER: So you got it together to send a container of clothes over there?

EDWARDS: That's what we're doin' right now.

STEIGER: All right!

EDWARDS: We're gonna have a slide show on the eighteenth to raise money.

STEIGER: And you've got a contact over there that's gonna pick 'em up and distribute 'em?

EDWARDS: I have contacts over there, but we'll go over and help distribute. Our idea is to put the clothes on the kids, not just send a box of clothes somewhere… Put 'em on 'em. Put them physically on each child. That way they have 'em.

STEIGER: That's a pretty good story right there.

EDWARDS: Well, it works. We've done it so far, since 1993, every year. But that's trying to do something worthwhile, seizing the opportunity.

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EDWARDS: You know, I'm profoundly grateful to life that I was a Grand Canyon boatman. It's helped me so much. I have been grateful for a long time now. I'm an independent person, but I also like teamwork. And I'm not really at home in the world unless I have people to work with. I really like a job that requires bringing the best out of me as a person, working with people. I have failed at that, and I've also succeeded at that. I like this job because all guides get to be better and better people. And to be a guide, you have to be a fairly decent person to begin with. You don't last long…. There're not many flaming assholes that are guides.

Lew Steiger

Geoff Gourley

Agave

Also called Mescal, Century plant and Lechuguilla. The pre-flowering Agave looks much like a giant artichoke with a stalk coming out of the center. When in flower it has several branched yellow blossom clusters. The leaves are spiny-edged which distinguish it from the look-alike Yucca plant. And, unlike the Yucca, the agave flowers only once and then dies. It takes anywhere from 12–25 years for it to reach maturity. Hence the name Century plant comes into play.

This robust desert dweller was one of the most important plants to the Indians of the Southwest. It provided food, medicine and fiber. There is evidence that much reverence and ceremony is associated with this plant.

The gathering and baking of the Agave crowns was an immense undertaking. Digging sticks, firewood and a roasting pit were all to be prepared before harvest. Next, the picking and preparation of the plant itself, then the roasting which would take several days. At this point the sweet pulp was either eaten right then, or stored for future use.

Ropes, bowstrings, and many other utilitarian items were fabricated from the strong leaf fibers. A needle and thread could be made from the spine of a leaf with the fiber still attached. Stuffing for recreational balls were made from the leaves also.

The fresh root was grated and mixed with hot water to create a lathering shampoo. Compresses were used externally on wounds and local infections. Chest congestion was relieved with a poultice applied to the chest itself. The dried leaf tea is still used in Mexico and the Southwest for indigestion, water retention and arthritis. Please note that the fresh leaves can irritate the skin, therefore one should always dry the leaves before use.

Of course the most famous use of Agave is in the making of Tequila. It is made from a species in Mexico, also used to make the beverages pulque and mescal. It has become so popular world wide that Tequila producers cannot keep up with the demand. So stock up now if you are a big Tequila fan because the prices will be going up!

DeeAnn Tracy

Sam Walton

The Changing Rapids of Grand Canyon:
Badger Creek Rapid

Call me stupid. On my first river trip in 1984, I thought Badger Creek Rapid looked huge at 30,000 ft3/s. Then, as everyone else does, I learned quickly that there were a few bigger rapids downstream, Soap Creek for one, then House Rock, then…. From the perspective of a completed Grand Canyon trip, Badger is but a riffle in the memory by Diamond Creek. But Badger had caught my imagination. Perhaps it is the roar, the first of its kind that you hear on a Grand Canyon trip. Possibly it is that marvelous horizon line, obscuring the cause of that roar. Maybe it was the beer.

Anyway, Badger Creek Rapid has caught the imaginations of others too, providing those of us who work with old photographs with bountiful information on how this rapid has changed. We've matched 58 of these, including ones taken originally by Franklin Nims of the Stanton Expedition (1889 and 1890), the Kolb brothers (1911), the 1923 USGS Expedition, Clyde Eddy (1927), and the Dusty Dozen (1934). Author and photographer George Wharton James created the most useful photographic record of this rapid. He encountered Nathaniel Galloway at Lee's Ferry in 1897 and got boat rides up into Glen Canyon and down to Badger, which James mistakenly thought was Soap Creek Rapid (James, 1900). Some of James' photographs from river right cannot be matched because they are now under water and the sediment from the largest historical debris flow to enter this rapid. The exact date of this debris flow can only be determined approximately as between 1897 and 1909, when Raymond Cogswell of the Stone expedition next photographed the rapid.

The debris flow of 1897-1909 was the largest historical event at Badger Creek Rapid. It came out of Badger

Figure 1. The extremes of Badger Creek Rapid.

A. (June 19, 1952). The Colorado River is flowing at 98,800 ft3/s in this view, down from its annual peak of 123,000 ft3/s. Inundated tamarisk trees appear on river right. (R.S. Leding, courtesy of the National Park Service).

B. (January 2, 1954). Ice is forming adjacent to the sandbars at a flow of 4,400 ft3/s. (P.T. Reilly, courtesy of the photographer).

Creek, which enters the top of the rapid on river right. The debris flow increased the drop through the rapid by three feet or more and deposited a large rock at the head of the rapid that creates a significant pourover at most dam releases. Time and pre-dam floods have erased most of the obvious evidence of this debris flow, leaving the pourover and that marvelous horizon line as not-so-mute evidence of an historical change to the rapid. Our photography showed that no significant debris flows had occurred in Jackass Canyon on river left until August 17, 1994, when a small event increased the constriction somewhat (Melis and others, 1994). That debris flow had little effect on the rapid, with the possible exception of increasing the punch of the one significant wave in the tailwaves, and depositional evidence of its existence was largely erased by the 1996 flood.

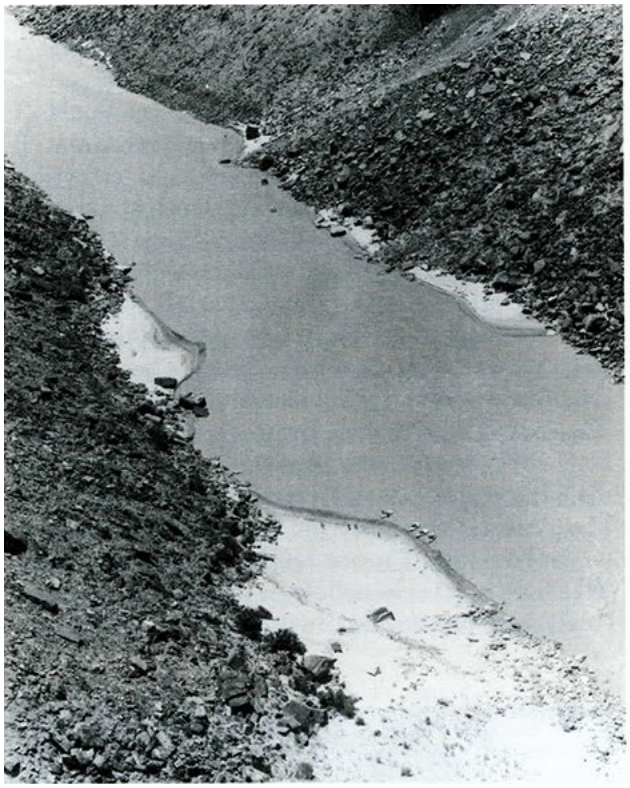
As whitewater navigation techniques improved, and with increasing numbers of experienced boatmen running the river in the 1930s, Badger the significant rapid faded from the imagination of most river runners. Its value to commercial and private recreation began about the same time. Beginning with Doris Nevills in 1938, it was traditional that those left behind at the launch would first drive to the old Navajo Bridge and wave as the boats passed beneath. Then, they would drive to the rim overlooking the left side of Badger Creek Rapid and photograph the runs. Some would hike down Jackass Canyon to continue downstream with the trip. Norman Nevills, in particular, enjoyed a tradition of stopping for his day-one lunch at a now-gone reattachment bar below Badger on the left. This tradition continued through the 1950s with Mexican Hat Expeditions on their near-annual July river trips.

It is difficult to determine who first used the beaches on either side of the river below Badger Creek Rapid as campsites, but now it is an unusual summer evening when one or both of these beaches is not the temporary home for a group of river runners. These campsites are the first significant ones downstream from the put-in at Lee's Ferry and are in demand as a first-night destination for oar-boat trips. The first beach surveys in 1973 identified both beaches as significant campsites. Unfortunately, both continue to deteriorate. The sandbar downstream from Badger Creek has become a poor

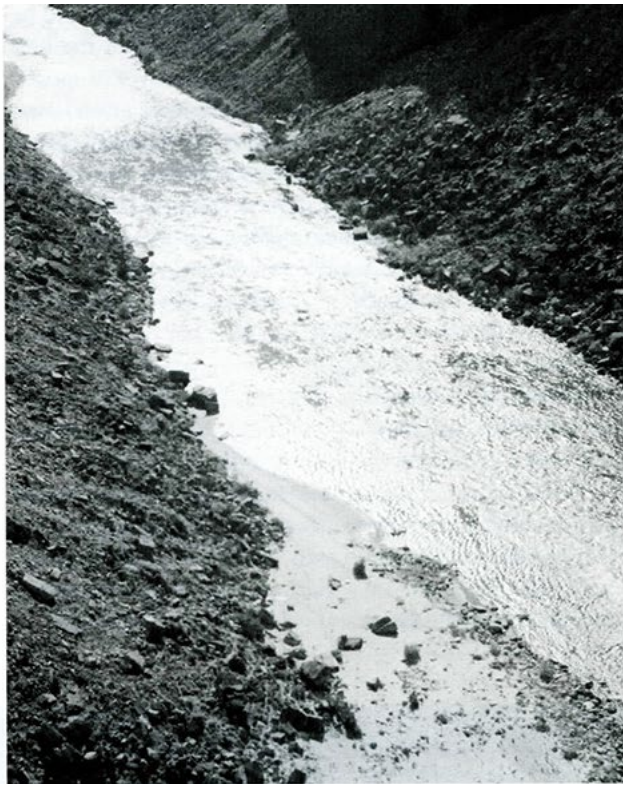
C. (October 4, 1991). The once-prominent sand bars have been eroded on both sides of the river. (Robert H. Webb).

D. (September 5, 1994). The 1994 debris flow from Jackass Canyon constricts the river from the left. (Robert H. Webb, Stake 705).

Figure 2. Jackass Canyon sand bar from river left rim.



A. (July 1956). A Mexican Hat Expeditions is stopped for lunch at the large separation bar downstream from Jackass Canyon. Driftwood lines the beach, separating the "Pyramid Rock" (above) from the "Turret Rock" (barely showing below). (Tad Nichols, courtesy of the photographer).



B. (October 5, 1991). Both marker rocks in the sandbar are well exposed, allowing estimates of the amount of sand lost owing to operations of Glen Canyon Dam. (Robert H. Webb, Stake 2058).

choice of campsite owing to a surging eddy and rocks that armor the sandbar at waters' edge.

Because of the large number of photographs, particularly from the 1950s, Badger Creek Rapid was an ideal site to use repeat photography to reconstruct long-term changes in the volume of sand bars (Schmidt and others, 1995). On the Jackass side, two marker rocks in particular, called the "Turret Rock" and the "Pyramid Rock" by Jack Schmidt, allow estimation of the amount of sand change here. In the 1950s, the volume of sand fluctuated considerably, but the amount of sand in this beach declined precipitously following the 1965 and 1983 floods. The reattachment bar has disappeared completely. Current river management appears to assure continued degradation of this sandbar, the first important campsite in Grand Canyon.

Bob Webb and Diane Boyer

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Schmidt, J.C., Grams, P.E., and Webb, R.H., 1995, *Comparison of the magnitude of erosion along two large regulated rivers:* Water Resources Bulletin, v. 31, p. 617-631.

Recent Floods in Grand Canyon Tributaries

The monsoon season of 2001 brought a number of changes to the tributaries in Grand Canyon. During our debris-fan monitoring research trip in October and November, we counted about 18 new debris flows that reached the Colorado as well as a number of significant streamflow floods. This would make the 2001 season, which will not be known as a significant monsoon in terms of the total amount of precipitation, as the producer of the largest number of debris flows in recorded history of Grand Canyon.

Two very significant changes that you might want to make note of include debris flows at Comanche Creek (mile 67.2-L) and Monument Creek (mile 93.5-L). Kirk Burnett passed by Comanche Creek just after the flow ceased on August 7th and observed the recessional flood that followed the debris flow. This is the same storm that caught and killed George Mancuso and his hiking companion in the Little Colorado River. The new rapid, already enlarged after the 1999 debris flow, now has a higher fall and bigger waves in the center but is not a significant navigational hazard.

The entire debris fan at Monument Creek was covered by a debris flow that reached the Colorado River over a wide area but did not significantly affect Granite Rapid. In terms of amount of deposition, this is the largest debris flow here since 1984, eclipsing the 1996 event. The beach below the rapid is covered with gravel and cobbles. The rapid is narrower in the middle, and the tailwaves appeared to extend through the downstream eddy and into Lower Granite Rapid, a change consistent with the idea that dam releases move cobbles from the debris fan into the pool just downstream instead of into the secondary rapid or the island. Rachel Schmidt hiked Monument Creek on September 19th and did not notice anything significant; she thought the flow might have occurred during the widespread and severe storms in the region on October 6th.

Most of the new debris flows are small and did not have significant effects on the Colorado River. A good example of this is the debris flow at Little Nankoweap Creek (mile 51.7-R). The debris fan here has a large area but a low slope, and most of the deposition is hidden upslope of a dense thicket of tamarisks, willows, and Baccharis. 75-Mile Canyon, which creates Nevills Rapid, also had its fourth debris flow since 1987. This flow deposited sediment over perhaps one third of the area of the fan affected directly by debris flows but only reached the river in the middle of the rapid. Ted Melis observed that the channel in the Shinumo Quartzite gorge upstream from the fan was deeply entrenched, creating a significant climb at the first waterfall. Finally, Salt Creek (mile 93.8-L) had a debris flow that covered most of its fan with cobbles and boulders. This flow likely occurred at the same time as the one in Monument Creek (October 6th).

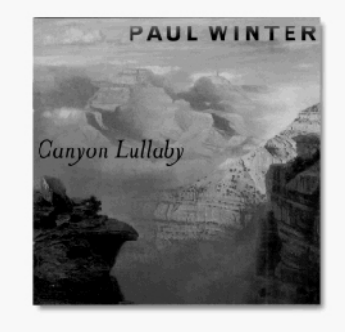
In addition to the 2001 debris flows, we noted a number of debris flows from the 2000 monsoon season. The most significant of these is at Granite Park, where a debris flow deposited considerable sediment into the entrance of the former left channel. The depositional area of this debris flow was considerable, and it is possible that in the absence of a significant flood release from Glen Canyon Dam that this channel will be cut off permanently. The 33,000 ft3/s release of fall 2000 overtopped the debris flow slightly, indicating it occurred during the summer of 2000, but otherwise we do not know the date for this debris flow. If you witnessed it, please contact us (see below). Some members of our monitoring trip thought the hole in 209-Mile Rapid was briefly filled in after this event, and we'd like to know if you saw that also.

If you see significant changes to tributaries, particularly at their debris fans at the Colorado River, or if you are lucky enough to witness a debris flow in 2002, we are interested in hearing from you. Contact either Bob Webb (rhwebb@usgs.gov, 520-670-6671 ext 238) or Tillie Klearman (tklearma@usgs.gov, 520-670-6671 ext 267). We are also interested in any eyewitness accounts of debris flows or other large floods in the last 6 years. Dates, times, and other observations would be greatly appreciated for any significant floods that you might have seen. We'd love to hear from you.

Bob Webb and the
Debris Flow Monitoring Crew

GCRG Stuff For Sale

Show your support by buying something cool



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To purchase any of these items, send your check or money order to GCRG, PO Box 1934, Flagstaff, AZ 86002. Specify item, size, and color, where applicable.

NEW! GCRG Posters — These beautiful posters are 18 by 24 inches and will fit in a standard frame. The top image is of Wesley Smith (AzRA) in Lava, by Dave Edwards. The bottom image is Bill Sims (ARR) in Upset, by Geoff Gourley. Price is per poster.

$15 in-house, $17 mailed in tube

Wilderness First Aid Courses 2002

Wilderness Review Course – March 19-21, 2002 (two and a half days)
Prerequisite: Must be current WFR, WAFA or Review by Wilderness Medical Associates, WMI or SOLO. If your previous course was not with WMA, you'll need to make special arrangements. Give our office a call at (928) 773-1075.
Certification: Renews your original certification for three more years and includes two-year CPR certification.
Cost: $185.00

Bridge Course – March 14-17, 2002 (4 days)
Purpose: To upgrade from a Wilderness Advanced First Aid (WAFA) to a Wilderness First Responder
Prerequisite: Must be have taken your original Wilderness Advanced First Aid course (WAFA) within three years of the start of this Bridge course (i.e. no earlier than 1999).
Certification: Upon completion, you will have a three-year WFR certification from WMA and may include a two-year CPR cert (we're trying to finalize this now).
Cost: $265.00

Wilderness First Responder – April 11-18, 2002 (8 days)
Certification: Three year WFR certification from Wilderness Medical Associates plus 2-year CPR cert.
Cost :$450.00

Review & Bridge Course

Place: Canyoneers warehouse, Flagstaff, AZ
Lodging: On your own
Meals: On your own

WFR Course

Place: To Be Determined (Flagstaff, AZ or Marble Canyon, AZ)

Class size is strictly limited. Send your $50 non-refundable deposit with the application below to Grand Canyon River Guides (PO Box 1934, Flagstaff, AZ 86002) to hold a space. Checks can be made to GCRG. The courses are already filling, so act now! GCRG reserves the right to cancel any classes due to insufficient enrollment.

Note: If the above classes don't fit your schedule, please see earlier in this issue for another course alternative sponsored by Grand Canyon Field Institute/WMI or call the GCRG office for more options.

First Aid Course Registration

Circle One: Review Course Bridge Course Wilderness First Responder

Name _____

Address _____

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$10 Baseball Cap
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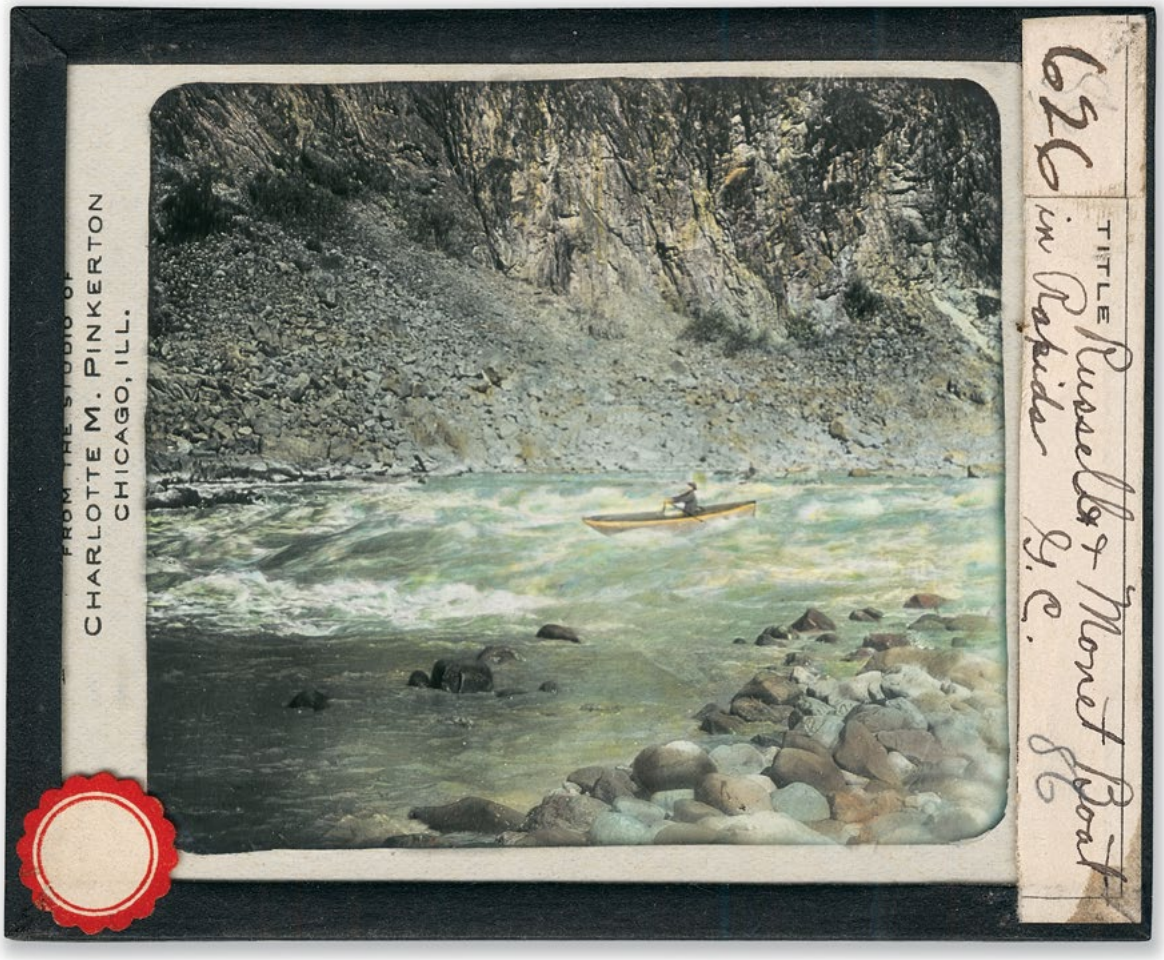
$13 Paul Winter CD
$17 Lava Falls / Upset posters (circle one or both)

Total enclosed _____



A hand-tinted magic lantern slide from the 1908 Russell-Monett trip through Grand Canyon.
Story begins on page 4.

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 Brown Foundation and Newman's Own Organics for their generous and much appreciated support of this publication. Printed on recycled paper with soy bean ink by really nice guys.

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