

boatman's quarterly review

the journal of Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc.

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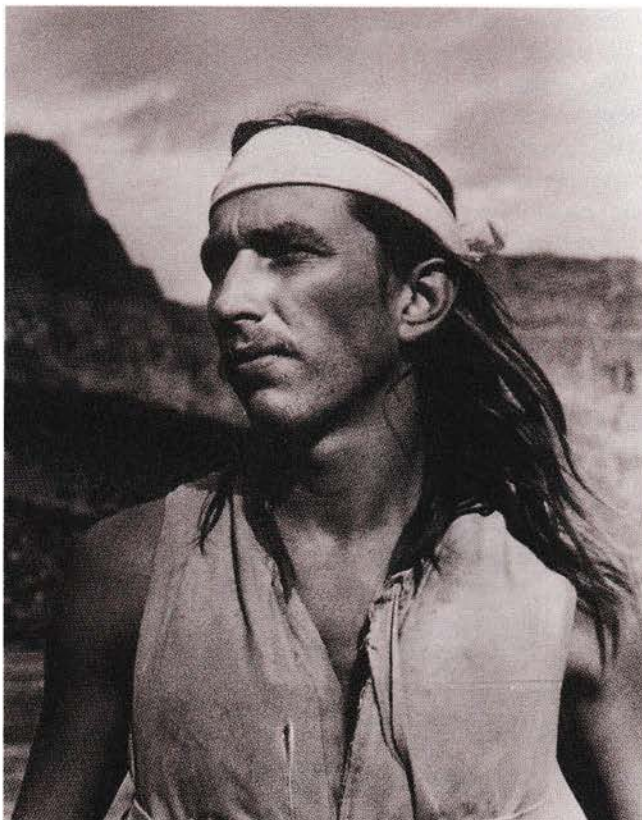
Wesley Smith

I was in the infantry. I was a private when I got there, about two weeks before the Tet Offensive in 1968. I worked on the Mekong Delta. The company I went into had 130 men. I left it in eight months and we had gone through 520 men to maintain 130-men strength. There were like 12 people, 6, 2, somebody killed every day. Sometimes hundreds of people stacked up. So I was just really lucky, the way booby

traps would misfire, one thing or another. I was there for a few months and then I was in charge of the group that was there. But, you know, the turnover was so fast and everything, that's not very uncommon at all.

So anyway, I got out of there and got back to school. I got an early out to go back to college. So I was in a fire-fight and then I was in a classroom about fifteen days later. And my teachers told me that I couldn't concentrate! (ironic laugh) So I skipped out of education for a while and was just hanging out... wasn't ever going to work again in my life.

My younger brother worked at a gas station in Williams where ARTA drove through and filled up their gas trucks. He said, "Hey, my brother's a bum. Will you give him a job?" (laughs) A few weeks later, they came through; Roger Hoagland had fallen off the back of a boat and broken his ankle, and they needed somebody. So they said, "Tomorrow, be here, channel-locks, cutoffs." I knew *nothing* about the river, running it or anything.



wesley in the '70s

photographer unknown

continued on page 25

Summer 1996

“Fire danger: extreme.” Heading into deep summer we had the longest Arizona dry spell most old-timers could remember. Wind-whipped fires ravaged the northern part of the state, and down on the river the sheep were everywhere to be seen, tramping daily across the scorching sands of our newly deposited beaches to drink from the cool Colorado. It was hotter than hell; in fact a headline in Flagstaff’s daily news read “Hell must be wetter.” Meanwhile, time and life marched on. Stuff, as usual, kept happening.

The flood-flow, in retrospect, looked about like whatever the eye of the beholder wanted to see. For more on that, see Tom Moody’s excellent report further on in this issue. Elsewhere in the issue you’ll find the usual plethora of entertaining, useful, thought-provoking, soul-searching, rabble-rousing and/or totally irrelevant information for which we can thank, as always, our many generous contributors.

What else is happening? The usual: life and death. Marriage and divorce. Car crashes, premature births, flips in Hermit and Lava Falls and 209 and Spectre. Politics. Scheming. Fornication. Reverence. Miraculous recovery. The changing of diapers. Attempts to live right, do right, get through the fog, give something back, etc... you’ll find it all in the pages ahead if you know how to read between the lines.

What else? Oh yeah, the Hopi Kachinas are still on the job... just this week the sky opened up. It’s raining buckets as we speak. Like, sideways bathtubs.

Lew Steiger



What has happened to boldness in defense of the Earth? For all the splendid increase in membership of the world’s environmental organizations, both wilderness and the ecological life-support system of the planet itself are increasingly going down the tubes. Could this be because large environmental groups are acting like government bureaucracies? Consider what my friend Justice William O. Douglas once told President Franklin Delano Roosevelt: Any government bureau more than ten years old should be abolished, because after that it becomes more concerned with its image than with its mission.



David Brower, from *Let the Mountains Talk, Let the Rivers Run*

boatman's quarterly review

...is published more or less quarterly
by and for Grand Canyon River Guides.

Grand Canyon River Guides

is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

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Our editorial policy, such as it is: provide an open forum. We *need* articles, poetry, stories, drawings, photos, opinions, suggestions, gripes, comics, etc.

Written submissions should be less than 1500 words and, if possible, be sent on a computer disk. PC or MAC format; ASCII 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 January, April, July and October. Thanks.

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The State of the River

The Colorado River through Grand Canyon is probably the premier river trip in the world. It's more than simply the grandeur of the Canyon; it also includes elements that are largely missing from other parts of our daily life: spontaneity, uncertainty, surprise, risk, and self-discovery. That unique world, removed from the humdrum, hectic, rat-race above the rim, is what lured me to the river and what keeps me coming back. I imagine that goes for most other guides and outfitters as well as virtually all passengers. But two discomfiting trends over the past 15 years have clouded our otherwise bright picture: the increasing numbers of regulations and the decreasing number and diversity of river companies. I believe that these two trends are directly connected and that, unchecked, in the near future could irreversibly remove some or all of these critical elements from our river trips. It does not have to be this way. The upcoming review of the Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP) combined with the red flags raised by the recent prospectus process, a concern by Grand Canyon River Guides and individual outfitters, and a group of thoughtful, well-grounded personnel at Grand Canyon National Park provide a unique opportunity to meet the NPS mandates, provide better certainty for outfitters, and protect the unique and critical elements of the visitor experience.

We are all familiar with the trend to more regulation: no fires, porta-potties, guide licenses, health codes, first-aid requirements, more patrol trips, the Coast Guard, and now drug testing. In the 1970's there were a handful of Commercial Operating Requirements (COR's); today there are dozens of pages. It's tempting to place the blame entirely on this trend, but I think these are symptoms rather than the cause. The other trend is equally obvious; in 1972 there were 21 river companies, now there are 16. Gone are a number of smaller companies and the guides-turned-businessmen that started them. What has not been obvious is that these are directly connected, the result of an upwardly spiraling power struggle between park and outfitters. Nobody consciously started it; it's nobody's fault. Yet it's taking us in a direction no one wants to go.

The history goes something like this: In the 1960's, one could say that the outfitters held more power, small as it was, only because they had businesses and the park had no regulatory infrastructure. By 1972, the park had grown powerful enough to place user-day limits and actually reduced commercial use by 16%. The bloody "oars vs. motors" battle of the late 1970's, resulted in the outfitters once again gaining the edge by withholding all funding for Grand Canyon National Park operations until motors were reinstated and commercial allocations increased. Since that time much of the power struggle has been

behind the scenes. However, the recent prospectus process that denied two outfitter contracts (despite good past performance), puts them on back on top although legal maneuvering of one of the outfitters seems to have resulted in a temporary stalemate. The details are not as important as the recognition that the stakes are rising rapidly. As the resources needed to carry on this battle increase, (believe me, significant time, energy, and financial resources were expended by both NPS and outfitters during the prospectus process), there is less attention paid to what we do on the river.

Unless some fundamental changes are made in the relationship between park and outfitter, regulation will continue to increase, the number of river companies will continue to fall and the visitor experience as we know it will suffer. As the stakes rise, the focus of running a river company shifts from running good trips to survival. Small outfitters, fed up with the increased paperwork and uncertainty, will sell. Companies will consolidate to become more powerful in order to survive. The river industry—historically self-regulating, self-enforcing—will need greater regulation and enforcement by the park service. The increased cost of regulation and enforcement will be transferred to the visitor through even higher trip prices. If you want examples, look to any other regulated industry: health care, aviation, transportation.

It can be different. Few outfitters or park staff would consciously want to continue these trends; we're all held captive. What is the solution? Some of the components may include reinforcing the self-regulating, self-enforcement aspects of the river community, balancing the power of regulators and regulated at new, lower levels, and getting back on track with what our real goals are. We are a regulated industry and will remain one, responsible for the safety and well-being of visitors in one of America's premier national parks. We are providing a valuable service and share with the park the responsibility for protecting the resource and providing a quality experience.

How do we establish a system based on our common objective of resource protection and visitor experience? Can we focus more on the spirit rather than the letter of the law? How can we still satisfy important health and safety concerns without losing the elements of spontaneity, uncertainty, surprise, risk, and self-discovery for the visitor? How can we meet both public and private objectives cooperatively? With the unsettling experience of the outfitter prospectus process behind us and the review of the CRMP ahead, now is the time for bold ideas, to develop a new way of doing business. Grand Canyon is a good place to start.



Tom Moody

In The Mail

Patty Ellwanger gave all of us a bit of a scare a few weeks ago when she was involved in a one-vehicle rollover accident on her way from the Hatch warehouse to Lee's Ferry. The details of the accident are unclear (she is unable to recall what happened), although what is clear is that she was not lighting a cigarette as rumor has it; she didn't even have her cigarettes with her. The important thing is that Patty is home and recovering quickly from an extensive list of injuries including fractures of the tibia, fibula, wrist and six ribs, and a collapsed lung. Even those who know well of her strong will and determination are surprised at the rate at which she is improving. Part of her speed of recovery may be due to the healing ceremony in her hospital room that involved Patty, two healers, and the Flagstaff Fire Department (you'll have to ask her about that next time you see her). She still has a long road of rehabilitation ahead of her though, and all of us wish Patty well and will be sending love and good thoughts her way.



Bob Grusy

A photograph (also the cover of my book, *River to Rim*) in the last Boatman's Quarterly Review ascribed to J. L. Stoddard's *Lectures* was actually taken by William Henry Jackson, about 1892 and entitled "Grand Canon of the Colorado." A reproduction of it can be found in Peter B. Hales' book *William Henry Jackson and the Transformation of the American Landscape* (1988, Temple University Press, Philadelphia, p. 170).

I believe Jackson took the photograph in the vicinity of Diamond Creek. It is similar to the mystery photograph which was thought to be taken by C.R. Savage, as presented by Roy Webb in an earlier issue of *bqr*. The photograph was later identified by Shane Murphy, as being across the river from the mouth of Diamond Creek, about a half mile above the cable. Other pictures taken by Jackson in my book have the same boat and people (p. 137 and 168) as the Webb photograph. The practice of selling negatives was fairly common among photographers of that date. Stoddard and Savage probably bought them from Jackson.

Jackson (1843- 1942) was the official photographer to the Hayden Survey of the American West, early explorer of Yellowstone, and photographer of the Colorado Rockies. In 1892 he took photographs for the Santa Fe Railroad, traveling with his old Survey friend Thomas Moran. Hales' book also has pictures of the "Interior of Hance's Cabin at the Foot of Trail" (p. 171) and "On Hance's Trail" (p. 188), both showing Thomas Moran.



Nancy Brian

◆ ◆ ◆ The boatman's quarterly review is always a much anticipated piece of mail. I read that I was in a bad car crash on New Year's Day but I never did call GCRG to find out if I am out of the woods yet, but I assume I must be because we live in Kanab now and there sure aren't many trees up here. I am going on an AzRA trip on July 19 as an assistant, so we'll see how my rehabilitation is coming along. I still walk kind of funny but nobody is laughing and I can't kick field goals, but, hell, I saw a lot of professional place kickers last fall on TV that couldn't do that either.



Bob Melville



melville

photo: dave edwards

I'm wondering if others have been saddened by the loss of Tikki's journal at upper 114 mile camp. I was so saddened when I camped there last trip and went up to find the rusted coffee can that always held a chance to get closer to life through Tikki's death. The can and the journal were gone. I can only hope it was her mother who moved them or took them. To anyone else who felt the journal was theirs to take, it was an awful thing to do, both to Tikki and to those who have read and will read it. The journal belongs to the Canyon—please return it.



Peg Bartlett

Condors

No, the Condors haven't been released into the Vermillion Cliffs area yet, but they might be by December. The postponement is mostly due to concerns expressed by a coalition representing counties in northern Arizona and Southern Utah who suspect that future land use might be affected by the introduction of the endangered species. However, Fish and Wildlife officials plan to list the birds as an "experimental, nonessential" population. They hope that the birds will adapt to land use rather than the other way around. They plan to meet again with coalition representatives this month to work out an agreement. Meanwhile, the representative from the air tour industry who expressed concern this spring about the reintroduction has withdrawn his objections. We'll keep you posted.



Mountain Flight Ban

The FAA announced a proposed rule which would ban all scenic overflights at Rocky Mountain National Park. There aren't any yet, and the Park wants it to stay that way. More than 90% of the Park is required to be managed as wilderness. This will help to preserve at least one area where one can be more likely to experience natural quiet. Send comments by August 13 in triplicate to: Federal Aviation Administration, Office of the Chief Counsel, Attention: Rules Docket (AGC-200), Docket No. 28577, 800 Independence Avenue SW., Washington, DC 20591. Comments may also be sent by e-mail by using the following Internet address: nprmcmts@mail.hq.faa.gov, but they must be marked Docket No. 28577.



Overflight Update

Late in February, we received a Federal Express package from the FAA announcing that they would present the long awaited rule regulating air tours over Grand Canyon by March 22nd. They seemed serious.

There was to be a 30-day public comment period following the presentation of the rule, and 30 days isn't much time. We planned to mail out an Action Alert. Also we set up a web site where people could get information regarding the issue along with details about the rule. Several outfitters helped fund these projects—Canyon Explorations, Outdoors Unlimited and Arizona Raft Adventures. We had everything on line as the date promised by the FAA passed with nary a word. We have been hearing that it would be ready in "a couple more weeks" ever since, but months later there still is no rule.

In April, President Clinton signed an Executive Order which directed the FAA to restore natural quiet to Grand Canyon. He gave them 90 days to issue proposed regulations "to place appropriate limits on sightseeing aircraft over the Grand Canyon National Park to reduce the noise immediately and make further substantial progress toward restoration of natural quiet". He directed the FAA to implement this action by the end of 1996, and to ensure that natural quiet had been restored to the park within 12 years. The FAA has until July 22nd to respond to this directive.

Meanwhile, the FAA has come under fire in the aftermath of the ValuJet crash. Many have suggested that one of the causes of the crash was the FAA's dual and sometimes contradictory mission—promotion of aviation, and ensuring safety. Secretary of Transportation Frederico Peña has therefore suggested a fundamental change to the FAA's charter to make safety its sole priority.

That secondary mission which has been called into question—promotion of aviation—has been the main stumbling block in dealing with the FAA regarding restoration of natural quiet in Grand Canyon. Although the FAA has been clearly directed by legislation to scrutinize the National Park Service's recommendations merely for safety concerns, they have continuously stonewalled the process in their effort to promote the air tour industry's economic interests. The FAA has a long history of defensive posturing for the aviation industry, and old habits die hard. However, Peña's new directive could be a positive step for safety as well as restoration of natural quiet in our national parks.

Jeri Ledbetter



Mad Bomber Caught

Taz Stoner, the mastermind of the destruction of Quartzite Falls on the Salt River, didn't simply skip the country in a last minute attempt to avoid sentencing, according to a High Country News report. Turns out he spent several months running up credit cards, taking out loans, acquiring a fake identity and transferring some \$300,000 to accounts in Australia. Only then did he vanish from American soil.

On April 29 he was apprehended in Sydney when he tried to retrieve \$100,000 with a bogus ID. And he thought he was in trouble before...



Doin' the Canyon Shuffle

So, you've run the Río, eh? (Maybe even forgotten how many times by now?) And surely, having run The Canyon is a singular badge of honor, yes?

Think again.

There are other Grand Canyons out there; lots of 'em. And Río Colorados? Miles and miles of 'em! Time to face up to it: you've only just started if you really want to say you've run the "Colorado," rowed "Grand Canyon," motored "The Canyon"—done "The Ditch."

If you want to say you've run all the Río Colorados, you'll have to haul your gear to Argentina (20 Río Colorados there), Bolivia (12), Brazil (2), Chile (16), Colombia (6), Costa Rica (5), Cuba (6), Dominican Republic (3), Ecuador (1), Guatemala (5), Honduras (9), Mexico (besides what's left of The Colorado, two others), Panama (3), Peru (5), and Venezuela (6). And don't forget the U.S.A.'s own "other" Colorado River, in Texas. At least they're all in this hemisphere.

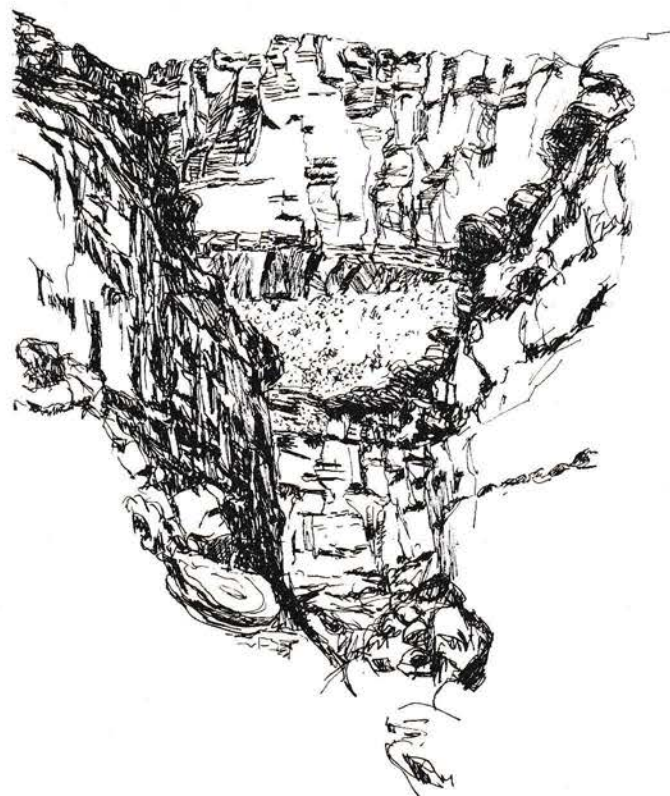
If you want to lump together the namesakes—Red River—you'll have to add to your travel list Alaska,

Alabama, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Maine, Minnesota, Montana, North Carolina, New Mexico, New York, Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, Texas, Wisconsin, and West Virginia. Not to mention jaunts to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Whew!

Oh yeah, Haiti has something called Ravine Colorado that might be worth checking out, too.

Mind you, some of these "Ríos" might be just stinking little streams, tough to get your boats down through. But a name's a name, and a challenge is a challenge. If you want to say you've "done it," then go do it all!

If you're just looking to have done the "Grand Canyon," there's lots to ponder there, too. Some sound like great places to visit, but be warned that running them might be a bit tricky. Some have giant waterfalls and miles of uninterrupted rapids; others, not enough water to float a beer can. But hell, anything's possible. Here's a checklist, mostly from the Geographic Names Information System, a neat and even useful web site on the Internet, managed by the U.S. Geological Survey (to get started, go to <http://www-nmd.usgs.gov/www/gnis/index.html>):



SUSAN WILSON, PAID ART

Dan, 2
North Canyon

- Grand Canyon (Arizona, of course)
- Grand Canyon (Northwest Arctic Co., Alaska)
- Grand Canyon (Santa Catalina Island, Los Angeles Co., California)
- Grand Canyon (near Pasadena, Los Angeles Co., California)
- Grand Canyon (Marin Co., California)
- Grand Canyon (Jackson Co., Illinois)
- Grand Canyon (Warren Co., Missouri)
- Grand Canyon (Clallam Co., Washington)
- Grand Canyon (Lincoln Co., Wyoming)
- Grand Canyon (Crook Co., Wyoming-Lawrence Co., South Dakota)
- Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania (Tioga Co.)
- Grand Canyon of the Snake River (Wallowa Co., Oregon)
- Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne River (Tuolumne Co., California)
- Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone (Yellowstone National Park, Park Co., Wyoming)
- Grand Canyon of the Pacific (Waimea Canyon, Kauai, Hawaii; a.k.a. Miniature Grand Canyon)
- Little Grand Canyon (Emery County, Utah)
- Georgia's Little Grand Canyon (Providence Canyon State Park, Stewart Co., Georgia)

We've added a couple of places that show up only on postcards and tourist literature; after all, a name's a name. But you run into trouble with some Spanish names, like Agua Grande Canyon and Llano Grande Canyon (both in California), which translate so that the other thing is grand, not the canyon.

Richard D. Fisher put together a nice, colorful book called *Earth's Mystical Grand Canyons* (Sunracer Publications, 1995). In it he writes about fantastic gorges and "canyoneering" opportunities in Tibet, China, Mexico, Bolivia, and the U.S.A. It's mostly about the canyons he dubiously says usurp Arizona's Grand Canyon as "the deepest"—but that's another argument. Stay tuned; we'll be back.

Finding Grand Canyons elsewhere is a bit trickier. The Defense Mapping Agency (not quite so sinister as it sounds, really) keeps track of geographic names outside of the U.S.A. Their web site (<http://164.214.2.53/gns/html/index.html>) lets you find lots of Grande "cañadas," "cañadóns," "caños," and such—even a town named Gran Cañón in Guatemala—but nothing like the Gran Cañón we're looking for. Some of the Cañadón Grande's are listed as ravines and gorges, but most of them are under the catch-all category of "stream." And it seems like there are a million streams named Quebrada Grande, but that could mean anything from "Big Brook" to "Grand Ravine." Where do you draw the line?

We won't stretch a point. Still, even the remarkable computerized databases that let you cruise the world from your chair are not infallible. A look at the hard-copy volumes of the foreign gazetteers put out by the Defense Mapping Agency revealed several bona fide Grand Canyons, omitted from the electronic versions:

Grand Canyon (Fraser River, British Columbia)
Grand Canyon (Nechako River, British Columbia)
Grand Canyon of the Liard (British Columbia)
Grand Canyon of the Stikine (British Columbia)
Grand Cañon du Verdon (France)

In Antarctica, there's a place called "Grand Chasms," but since it's a crevasse field it might be a bit rough on boats.

Oh yes, there's also "The Other Grand Canyon." This could be a bit difficult to run since it's a submarine chasm—Monterey Canyon, offshore from California. It's also said to be even deeper than The Canyon, but we'll just take their word for it. You say the name is just a gimmick to sell the magazine it appeared in (*Earth*, December 1995)? Sure thing—it's "canyon envy," especially when they claim it's bigger than ours.

We're a little confused, though. We all have heard the tired-out line, "There is only one Grand Canyon; there is only one Colorado River." It's in a few hundred

books; we'd guess it's in every Grand Canyon video—one Canyon, one River. Each of us has believed that with all our heart and all our soul. To learn of all the other ríos and cañons out there, red and grand—well, it shakes the faith.

But, have you ever noticed that all of these canyons are named after The Grand Canyon? If they haven't stolen the name outright, it's "The Grand Canyon of something." Even if a canyon hasn't been named after "The Grand Canyon," Arizona's canyon is the unit of measurement: "deeper than," "wider than," "longer than"—even "littler" for cryin' out loud—but somehow never "grander than." Still doubt it's canyon envy? Hmph!

And just for old time's sake, what about "Big Cañon," the Canyon's name before Powell got a hold of it? They're a dime a dozen. "Big Canyon" shows up at least once each in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Maine, Nebraska, New Mexico, Nevada, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, and Utah.

Well now, you think you've run The Canyon? Sorry. There are ten watercourses officially called "The Canyon"; they're in Colorado, Montana, New Mexico, Nevada, Oregon, and Texas.

Okay, okay. Some river runners like the euphemism, The Ditch. Surely such a mundane description isn't an official name? Wrong again. "The Ditch" is listed for two canals in Alaska, a gut (whatever the hell that is) in Alabama, a tidewater channel in Delaware, and two more canals in Maryland. In North Carolina there's a bar (a physiographic feature, not a drinking establishment) called The Ditch. (But we'll bet that many of us have been in bars that were—or should have been—named The Ditch.) And Texas boasts two streams called The Ditch.

If you call the Canyon the "Big Ditch," you'll add to your itinerary Big Ditches in Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, Colorado, Delaware (including a placed called THE Big Ditch), Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Montana, North Carolina, New Jersey, Nevada, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. Not to be outdone, though, North Carolina and New Jersey each have a "Great Ditch." But are they greater or grander than Colorado's "Grand Ditch"?

So the next time you sit down with buddies and friends (whether you're on the ramp or in some dark place called The Ditch), and you smugly bring up all those stories about trouble and travail on the Río, be honest and 'fess up—you're only just talking about God's Own Grand Canyon.

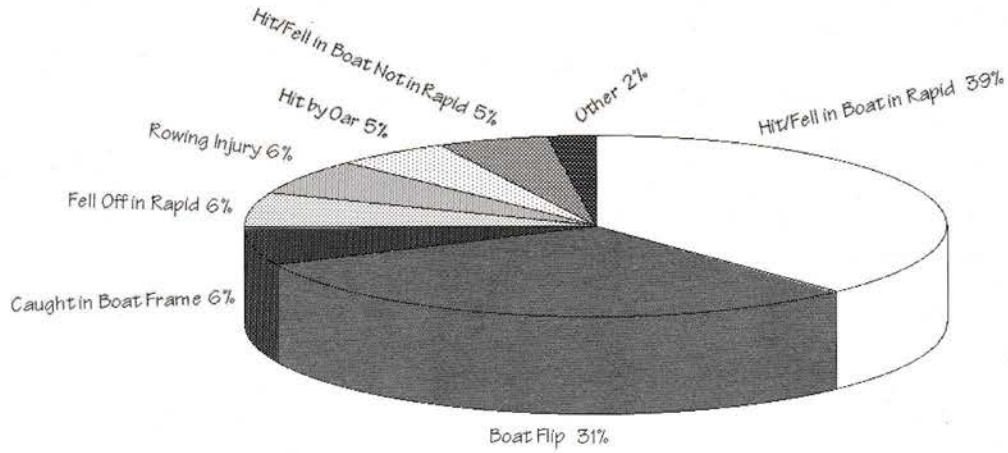
Then tell 'em how you'll go do them all...



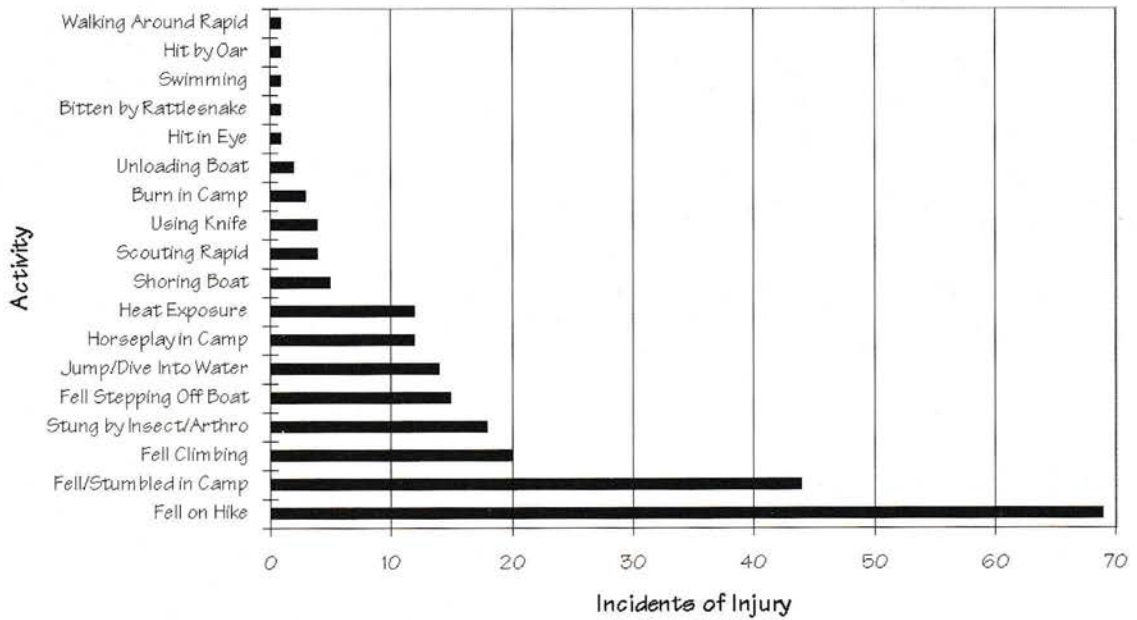
Early C. Corax
C. V. Abyssus

More Pie Charts

On-River Mechanism of Injuries



Off River Mechanism of Injury



Figures are derived from a study by Thomas Myers, M.D. of Grand Canyon, Larry Stevens and Chris Becker. Dr. Myers included injuries on private, commercial, research, and administrative Grand Canyon trips during a 5-year study period, during which there were 227 off-river and 186 on-river injuries. His complete study awaits publication.

Was the Glen Canyon Dam Flood Really a Success?

In the spring of this year the Bureau of Reclamation conducted what many call the most ambitious experiment in river restoration ever attempted. On March 26, 1996, an artificial flood was created on the Colorado River through Grand Canyon as 45,000 cubic feet per second (cfs) of water was released from Glen Canyon Dam. Although the release was only half the river's average annual pre-dam flood, it was not without controversy. It has been hailed as a success by Interior Secretary Babbitt but others are more skeptical, describing the event as everything from a dud to pure hype.

Was the Glen Canyon Dam Beach/Habitat Building Flow really a success? I was fortunate to have been on the river both during and after the flood flow. And, as a long time commercial guide in the Canyon and active in the issues surrounding Glen Canyon Dam, my short answer is yes, the flood was a success. But there is more to understanding what that success really means.

The flood flow successfully substantiated the hypothesis that sand from eroding beaches and canyon tributaries can be stored in the river's channel during normal dam operations and then redeposited to beaches with higher flows. Large quantities of clean sand were deposited throughout the Canyon. While this may seem obvious to us now, only a few years ago scientists and conservationists alike considered uncontrolled clear water floods as the most damaging of dam operations. The key word is uncontrolled. This flow proved that controlled floods can be a useful tool for managing the river system downstream.

The flood flow was successful as an experiment as well. More than 100 scientists, working under sublime but difficult conditions, collected critical data on the flood. Careful scientific analysis will give us a more complete understanding of the dynamics of the river system and lead to even more effective future floods. Should future floods be higher or lower; will they be longer or shorter? What was the cost to the system? How much of the stored sand was carried down to Lake Mead? Answers to these questions will help us design the next flood.

In my opinion, however, the biggest success of the flood was that it happened at all. In spite of historic conflicts over Colorado River resources, the flood was carried out with the unprecedented cooperation of traditionally contentious interests who chose dialog over litigation. Thanks to direction given by the passage of the Grand Canyon Protection Act and to the patient, hard work of the basin states, federal and state agencies, tribes, power and water users, environmental and recreation interests, the flood was accomplished without liti-

gation or bloodshed. The 13 year effort represents a balance driven by our country's changing social values. Once water and power were the sole purpose of these huge reclamation projects. Today these have moved over to accommodate increasing concern over our dwindling natural resources. For the first time environmental concerns of the river ecosystem sat side by side with water and power in the control room at Glen Canyon Dam.

And what of the restoration of the natural and cultural resources of the Colorado River in Grand Canyon? The complete answer to that question awaits analysis of the data collected, to be completed this fall. The primary purpose of the flood was to restore "disturbance" to a river ecosystem stabilized by the workings of man. Some of the new beaches are eroding away, but this is to be expected as the system readjusts to normal dam operations. Healthy system dynamics means active processes of erosion as well as deposition; one depends upon the other. Asked the question, "When will we release another flood?", one geomorphologist answered, "When we see the erosion rates slow." How long the new sand bars will last is still unknown. The biological elements may take even longer to respond. We may not see changes in streamside and river habitats and native fish populations for years. And we may find that, in a system which evolved to huge ranges in flow and temperature, our puny efforts have not been enough. There is much we will learn.

This experiment should be looked at in a historic context, recognizing the dramatic change in how we look at our water resources and operate our large dams. The significance shouldn't escape us: For the first time in history, water was bypassed from a major dam to directly benefit the natural and cultural resources of the downstream ecosystem. This flood represents a change in our societal values that has taken place over the past 30 years, a shift toward recognizing the values of our increasingly scarce natural and cultural resources. Have no doubt that water storage and power generation will continue to be an important consideration, especially here in the arid and growing west. However, the Glen Canyon Dam Beach/Habitat Building Flow has proven that we can successfully balance our societal values and so benefit multiple resources. And we can do so cooperatively without resorting to costly litigation.



Birth of a beach

Tom Moody



MEDICAL ALERT! Water Intoxication...

It's for Real, and the Problem Is Getting Worse.

In May, a middle aged man was evacuated from a commercial river trip thought to be having a stroke after developing relatively sudden, unexplained disorientation and uncoordination. He was subsequently hospitalized, but not for a stroke. Several weeks later, a 52-year old woman was evacuated from commercial river trip after complaining of nausea, lightheadedness and fatigue. Just minutes into her flight, she became unresponsive and suffered a grand mal seizure. She remained unresponsive, and barely breathing. She ultimately had to be intubated and hospitalized in serious condition, and it wasn't for a stroke either. Both were "intoxicated" but not drunk, and it wasn't by alcohol but by water.

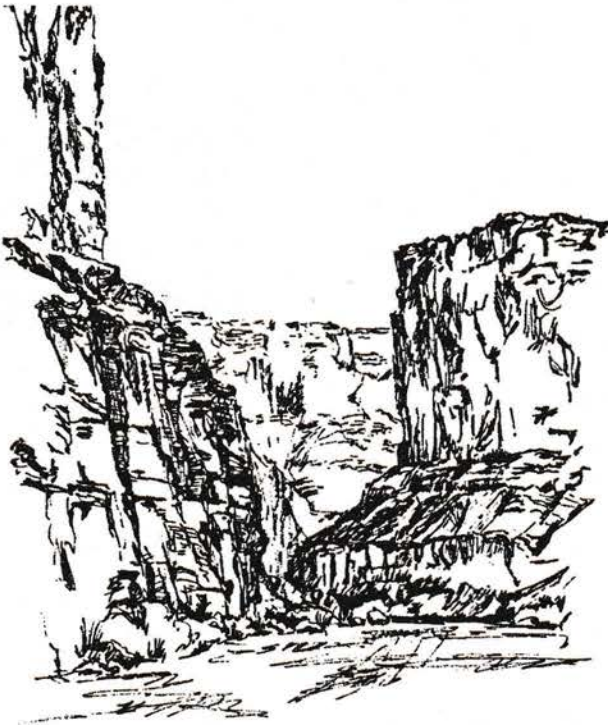
While being an almost nonexistent diagnosis at Grand Canyon just less than a decade ago, water intoxication has alarmingly become one of the most common

heat related problems. In fact, it has increased at such a disturbing rate the last five years, it is currently accounting for over 30% of the dozens of patients treated for heat related complications this year alone.

Water Intoxication is a physiologic phenomenon known to occur when the blood sodium level gets too low. Relatively uncommon in most settings, it is usually seen in people with hormonal or metabolic disorders, or in certain psychiatric disorders. While the Canyon environment is unique in so many ways, we now come to find it also provides a uniquely ideal setting for this problem to develop and catch the unwary canyoneer off guard.

Multiple factors are usually involved. The intense, dry heat causes increased perspiration (often not visible due to rapid evaporation). Salt or sodium chloride is lost in the perspiration. This loss can be very subtle, but combined with the lack of adequate replacement and relative excess fluid intake set the problem in motion (Food sources are absolutely necessary. Electrolyte replacement drinks alone are inadequate!). Extreme physical exertion such as hiking, which increases sweating and sodium depletion, is not necessary to develop this problem, but will accelerate it. When salt losses ultimately exceed salt intake, and fluid intake exceeds fluid losses, the result is a dilutionally lowered sodium level in the blood serum, or "hyponatremia".

The signs and symptoms may vary greatly between patients and how low the sodium level drops. Generally, the lower the sodium, the worse the symptoms. Unfortunately, outside of actually measuring the serum sodium, there is no universally reliable sign or symptom to accurately make the diagnosis every time. Worse yet, early on the illness appears very similar to heat exhaustion, with common complaints of lightheadedness, fatigue, weakness, muscle cramping, nausea/vomiting, and headaches. Cool, moist skin, normal body temperature, normal to slightly elevated pulse and respirations, and anxiety (which are typical to heat exhaustion) make the two easy to confuse. In fact, it is extremely common for individuals experiencing these symptoms, or recognizing them in others, to increase or encourage further fluid intake thinking heat exhaustion, and actually make the problem worse. When the symptoms become more severe, and the patient is disoriented, confused, combative, or seemingly "intoxicated" but for no apparent reason, the diagnosis can actually be easier to make.



SUSAN WILSON, PAUL KUD

Big & lush
South Canyon
down stream

Unfortunately, by that time, if the problem progresses untreated, it can ultimately lead to seizures, and in extreme cases coma and death.

Of critical importance to the diagnosis is an accurate history. Little or relatively inadequate salted food intake (i.e. two granola bars, and an apple for a 220-pound man are not enough for a rim to rim hike), and relatively excessive fluid intake (i.e. several liters within a few hours), should make you suspicious. A history regarding urine output is also extremely important. In water intoxication, typically individuals void frequently (every few hours to several times an hour), and they usually urinate large volumes of clear, dilute urine with little odor. They typically aren't thirsty either. In heat exhaustion, urine output and thirst are usually the opposite. More than 6-8 hours may lapse between voids. Volumes may be normal to diminished, with a deep, straw colored appearance, and a strong urine odor.

Once the diagnosis is suspected, treatment can be challenging, depending on how the patient presents. Patients clearly having severe symptoms, with alterations in level of consciousness should be evacuated. For those who have mild to moderate symptoms, remaining lucid without persistent vomiting, they can probably be managed in the canyon. The treatment of choice in such cases is rest (ideally in the shade) to decrease sweating, fluid restriction to allow the kidneys to reconcentrate the sodium and excrete excessive water, and gradual oral replacement of sodium through salted food (i.e. chips, crackers, not fluids). As sodium corrects, symptoms will gradually abate, urine output normalizes, and appetite and thirst return. Fortunately, to fluid restrict someone for several hours or overnight, who is obviously hydrated and urinating frequently will not hurt them. However, giving oral electrolyte replacement fluids alone might. It will not correct the problem and can make it worse. Gatorade has less than 15% of the sodium normally in the blood, and the extra fluid can perpetuate the dilutional imbalance.

Prevention is relatively simple. Eat and drink sensibly. To avoid heat exhaustion one needs to drink, but to avoid water intoxication one has to eat, and it has to be adequate amounts of salted food. Relying on electrolyte replacement drinks alone or without adequate food intake is absolutely ill advised. One needs to refrain from being so overly preoccupied with fluids that they forget to eat. Conversely, trying to avoid "over drinking" and under hydrating could be a serious error as well.



Tom Myers, MD
Grand Canyon Clinic

Adopt-a-Beach Takes Off

The beach photo-matching program is off to a strong start. Guides quickly adopted all 30 "priority beaches" and many of the others on the list during the spring months.

What's it all about? Understanding the effects of the "beach-building flow" last spring and involving guides with long-term monitoring. We plan to continue this program into the future. After all, beaches are our "habitat for humanity". Let's take care of them.

Is there still room to participate? You bet! We would like to get folks to double-up on beaches. The more photos and observations, the better idea we get as to how and why beaches change. Contact Lynn at GCRG to adopt a beach and get your disposable camera and materials.

What's the procedure? It's easy:

- go to the pre-selected photo site at your beach,
- fill out date, place, time, water level on a data sheet,
- photograph the data sheet,
- photo-match the beach,
- at season's end, send camera and data sheets to GCRG.

We plan to give a progress report at the Fall GCRG meeting.

Thanks again to Brian Dierker, Noel Eberz, Bob Grusy, Lynn Hamilton, Lisa Kearsley, Jeri Ledbetter, Ted Melis, Richard Quartaroli, Dave Wegner, among others, and the listed Adopters, for their essential help getting this project off the ground and onto the beaches.



Andre Potochnik
Kelly Burke

Jon	Baker	Ross Wheeler
Ginger	Birkeland	Upper Tapeats
BJ	Boyle	Above Zoroaster
BJ	Boyle	Lower Tapeats
Bill	Bruchak	Race Track
Kimberly	Claypool	Salt Water Wash
Jerry	Cox	110-mile
David	Desrosiers	Last Chance
Johnny	Douglas	Galloway Canyon
Anthea	Elliott	Lower 114-Mile
Matt	Fahey	Crystal Creek
Jenny	Gold	Clear Creek
Paul	Haacke	Below Nevills
Dan	Hall	Hance Rapid
Brian	Hansen	19-Mile
Ed	Hasse	Upper 114-Mile
Sarah	Hatch	Stone Creek
Ed	Hench	Talking Heads
Stuart	Henderson	Badger Canyon
Si	Irwin	Buck Farm
Kevin	Johnson	Silver Grotto
Bert	Jones	Schist Camp
Bert	Jones	Bishop Camp
Bill	Karls	Matkat Hotel
John	Littlefield	Lower Tuna
Dave	Lowry	Tuckup Canyon
Jed	Lund	First Chance
Katherine	MacDonald	Olo Canyon
Julie	Munger	Owl Eyes
Rob	Noonan	Boucher Canyon
Rob	Noonan	Upper National
Gary	O'Brien	Salt Water Wash
Mark	Pillar	Upper National
Rob	Pitagora	Bass Camp
Jeff	Pomeroy	23-Mile
Andre	Potochnik	Below Bedrock
Jeff	Pyle	North Canyon
Lynn	Roeder	110-Mile Camp
Christa	Sadler	Nautiloid Can.
Barbara	Smith	Trinity
Shirley	Smithson	20-Mile
Louise	Teal	Lower National
John	Toner	Backeddy
David	Trevino	91-mile Creek
Steph	White	Kanab-above, L.
Kelley	Wilson	Tatahatso Wash

National Parks: Sacred Cow or Cash Cow?

National Park Service Director Roger Kennedy spoke this spring in Flagstaff at the National Park Service RIM Conference (RIM being the acronym for resources, interpretation, and management). The purpose of the conference was to foster more effective integration of resource sciences, interpretation (education) and the management of national parks on the Colorado Plateau. There were many messages in his speech. He talked about patriotism, dedication to duty, values, and most forcibly, about the value of our national park system to our nation and the world.

As all expected, or at least hoped, he talked about last winter's closures of National Parks across the country and specifically about the closure of the Grand Canyon. He was obviously angered by the shortsighted response that this Congressional action elicited from state and local politicians, the tourism industry, and some of the more radical factions of Congress. He agreed that Congress should do its job and provide budgets that allow the NPS to keep the parks operating, but he did not at all favor the notion of states taking over the operation of national parks. He stressed that all park units are a part of a system of national parks and must be managed as such, recognizing their unique values and the contribution that each makes to the integrity of the whole—values which are described, at least in general terms, in the body of legislation that directed the establishment of this park system, and continue to guide its stewardship.



guides in training: GTS '96

One of his most memorable statements was that even in the early days of the national park system there were powerful economic interests seeking opportunities to pick off a national park for the sake of economic gain. He emphasized that the American people didn't allow it to happen then and it isn't going to happen now. Each park within the system will continue to be managed for its unique contribution to preserving our cultural and natural heritage.

Regarding the most recent park closures, we noticed that much of the hue and cry regarding these events was over the loss of revenue to local tourist industries. Little concern was expressed about the loss of value to park visitors or the disruption that the closure caused to important park resource management activities.

What this told the NPS and local conservationists is that we need to do a better job of educating and reminding the public about what our national parks are all about. What they are *not* about is creating the largest tourism industry possible. They are not cash cows. What they are about is preserving the natural and cultural heritage of this country, our quality of life, and perhaps even someday, about our survival as a species. Obviously, tourism to national parks does create service industries in nearby communities. When nearby development is planned carefully, public profit from tourism can be compatible with preserving parks. However, when maximizing the financial return from tourism by creating demand for non-essential services becomes the goal, the sacred cow can be seriously gored.

Attempts to turn national parks into cash cows is a part of a larger social issue. For decades, the economies of many western communities have been based on the extraction of non-renewable resources and the harvest of renewable resources at non-sustainable rates. These short lived economic bases are now failing and the search for new economies is on. Many western states, most notably Utah and Arizona, are rich in national park units and contain millions of acres of other scenic public lands managed by the U.S. Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management. Many people now see tourism as at least a partial answer to the future economic security of many western communities.

The burning question is this: As populations continue to boom and more focus is placed on increasing tourism to national parks, how will we be able to protect the last precious wild lands and cultural places from

Fern Glen Cairn

being ruined by economic exploitation, much like many forests and rangelands have been ecologically destroyed by non-sustainable management practices? Will we learn from the mistakes made on other public lands or will we only trade in the chainsaw and range cow for the national park cash cow?

So what does this mean for the lovers of wild rivers? What does this mean for boatman, owners of river outfitting companies and NPS managers? For starters it means that we are all in this together. We all know that this piece of river is the best of what is left. It is the best for whitewater challenge and fun, it is the best for access to perhaps the wildest of all Wildernesses, it is the best for mental and spiritual renewal, and yes, it also the best river for making money. Since it is the best of the best for all of these things, it is in high demand, and the demand is growing by the day. We have a big job buckaroos! We are the chosen few that must protect this river and the exceptional range of values it provides for our society. We must make sure that while we are allowing the economy (read boatmen and outfitters) to benefit from the river, that we do not allow this pursuit to wreck it and its values! We all know that the pursuit of electricity, and water for lettuce and lawns has done enough damage to the old gal already.

As we approach the revision of the Colorado River Management Plan we need to be thinking first of how we can all work together to assure that we do not squander the exceptional, but very limited, value to our society that this river so graciously provides. The NPS not only needs and is committed to public involvement and dialogue regarding the management of Grand Canyon National Park; this activity is critical to developing public understanding and support for park values and management needs.

River running is not the only tourist enterprise that relies on the splendor of the Grand Canyon. You know what the others are. As members of the Grand Canyon Preservation Team we are all responsible for assuring that all businesses that profit from the Canyon and The River give at least as much as they take, and that business activities do not squander the highest public values or wind up ruining the Grand Canyon experience for others.



Dave Haskell
Science Center Director
Grand Canyon National Park

Regarding the little piece about Bruce Helin's find at Fern Glen: In the papers of Norm Nevills, which we have here in the Marriott Library at the University of Utah, I found a note in a Nevills Expeditions envelope, labeled "Note found in cairn at FERN GLEN CANYON 1942." The note is in faded ink. Here's what it says:

Jan. 4 1932

We have explored the north side of the Colorado river from the hell's trail to this point all of its side canyons we have found one vein [sic] of white gold quartz, but the things we find in the drift wood, and the [s]cenery, are by far the most interesting up to date. We are out of supplies now we will have to climb out and find some meat as there is no life along the river.

M. Johnson
J. L. Bisbee
Glendale
Utah
U.S.A.

I remember hearing about someone finding mining and other supplies and tools in a cave nearby... was that Bruce? And I wonder what the "hell's trail" would be? Anyway, Nevills brought the note home and kept it, so that's how we ended up with it.

Hope this information proves to be of some use. There was nothing more in the Nevills papers about M. Johnson, although I'll bet a little research either with Southern Utah University or the Daughters of Utah Pioneers would turn up something.

Roy Webb



NEVILL'S EXPEDITION
MEXICAN HAT LODGE
P. O. BLUFF, UTAH

Jan. 4 1932
We have explored the north side of the Colorado river from the hell's trail to this point all of its side canyons we have found one vein of white gold quartz, but the things we find in the drift wood, and the scenery, are by far the most interesting up to date. We are out of supplies now we will have to climb out and find some meat as there is no life along the river.

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M. Johnson
J. L. Bisbee
Glendale
Utah
U.S.A.

Granite Park

The Sand, The Wind, And The Willow

Since time immemorial, Granite Park has held cultural and historical significance for numerous peoples. Foremost amongst these groups, over the past seven centuries are Yuman-speaking ("Pai") bands/clans currently referred to as the Hualapai Tribe. Granite Park, with its fault line, offers people of the river community access to its beautiful and intriguing delta and canyons. Historical records from the journal of Birdseye wrote: "At this point the river widens considerably and granite outcrops in the side canyons, together with the wide river valley with many willow trees along the left bank, led us to call the place 'Granite Park'."

The Hualapai Tribe's view consists of traditional values relating to the landscape and sacred ancestral sites. Within this relatively lush riparian zone along the river corridor are native plants that are culturally sensitive to the Hualapai people. Therefore concerns surrounding ancestral sites and the ancient Goodding Willow, pronounced *I'yo* in Hualapai, are to protect and enhance their chances for survival in an area where there is frequent camping and high recreational use.

After three years of discussions between the Park Service and the Hualapai Tribe, a cooperative effort was undertaken to implement a program of preservation at Granite Park this past March. This project included obliterating trails, placing traditional Zuni checkdams in active gullies, and stabilizing the Goodding Willow. Other persons involved in the project included representatives from the Bureau of Reclamation, Zuni Tribe, and commercial volunteer guides.



The main eye sore was the spider web of pedestrian highways that developed across the entire delta. Substantial multiple trailing has resulted in damage to vegetation, soils, and cultural resources. Through archaeological monitoring it was also evident that these

trails were compacting the soil so much that some trails were becoming gullies, or small runoff channels, which in turn, geometrically increased the erosion of cultural deposits. It took three working days to obliterate over 2,500 ft of trails.

Approximately 11 checkdams were built in active arroyos which were threatening the integrity of archaeological sites. Their construction was supervised by Zuni soil conservators. They taught us traditional Zuni erosion control methods that their Tribe have successfully used on their own lands for over 1,000 years.

In addition to trail obliteration and the construction of several checkdams, you will also notice a slight change surrounding the Goodding Willow. The tree stands near the shoreline at the boat beach and is a historic treasure that has stood at the site for perhaps 150 to 200 years. It appears as a mature plant in photos from John Wesley Powell's expeditions in the 1870's. Undoubtedly, it also provided shade and shelter for the Hualapai people and other native American Indians living and visiting Granite Park throughout the centuries. Few river runners from the earliest pioneers to the present have not sought shade from this old tree in the sweltering summer, or appreciated its shelter during a stormy winter night.

During the past 15 years, the health of the tree has gradually declined. The trunk is hollow and split, and the shore has gradually eroded around the base of the tree. Although the tree has shown remarkable ability to persist in its precarious state of health, it is likely that it will not survive much longer without intervention to save it.

Through the request and suggestions of the Hualapai Tribe, their elders, and botanist, Art Phillips III, several tons of rock were placed around the exposed root areas of the tree. It was thought that the rocks would capture additional sediment during the 45,000 cfs flow to cover the roots, thus protecting the tree from further deterioration. A special thanks to Brian Dierker for his help and enthusiasm—"Keep it movin', always movin'."

Much thought, time and labor was expended to ensure the preservation of Granite Park. The important message the Hualapais are sharing with us is that Granite Park is sacred ground to their people. All the Hualapai ask, as well as other tribes who have cultural affinity in the canyon, is that people respect the areas of their ancestors.

Loretta Jackson, Hualapai Tribe
Lisa Leap, Grand Canyon National Park



Comments from Members; Responses from the Board

Good things GCRG is doing

Too many to list
Quarterly Review is excellent; keep it up.
Being a vehicle for the guides opinion
Keeping the general, at large guiding community abreast with important current and upcoming issues concerning the Grand Canyon
The newsletter is mostly excellent, but needs to lighten up a bit. Let's see some humor! More variety in writers and articles
Adopt-a-beach, Whale Foundation, Newsletter!
Dedicating your time and effort on the important politics concerning the GC. Passing that info onto us who are concerned but who aren't willing to spend the initial "legwork". Info and getting things done.
The *bqr* is excellent, interesting, informative, witty, and chock full of stuff we might otherwise not learn. The GTS is amazing! And GCRG's involvement with the ongoing ecological experimentation is very, very important.
Thanks a million for the Quarterly Review—it keeps me in touch with home when I'm so far out.
Flood flow beach survey!
We thought it was a good idea too, but so far we've only gotten five (five) of them back.
Rod Nash article was great! Good job on getting the Coast Guard out of here.
Struggling like hell to fight off the forces of overregulation and micro management. Keep up the good fight.
Environmental Watchdogging
Keeping us informed of what's happening in the Canyon when we can't be down there.
Keep up the good work! GTS on river.
GTS is still fantastic. Giving some guides (interested ones) input to the park.
The aging guide syndrome. Keep up on the real life stuff. Show guides as frail humans not river gods. Gods die; they get confused.
The newsletter!!!! The GTS. Someone in the office. Guide involvement in issues that affect rivers and river-running.
GTS. Letter writing campaign. *bqr*.
Oral History & senior guide interviews. Guides voice for work environment concerns, ie: Stopping Coast Guard intervention, Addressing drug testing issue; Keeping communication open on the oars/motors private/commercial issues; Other Canyon Concerns - Air tour issues and endangered species
Everything, but especially the publication, which keeps getting better and better.
Love, love, love your newsletter. I get to stay in touch

with all my Flag pals through it... makes my heart ache every time. I miss you all. It's a great thing you're doing; keep it up.
bqr; Caring about the people and the place. Keep up the good work; thanks to all.
Informing the masses on a varietal front!
Keep writing opinion pieces about the awful drug testing. Get an outfitter to "defend" the decision to test. Newsletter; being a political arm for the Canyon.
Histories, biographies, other documentation efforts.
Guide advocacy. *bqr*.
bqr is great. It keeps me up to date now that my river "career" is over. Informative and fun.
Establishing relationships with groups from other parts of the Colorado and other rivers too. The journal's historical and interpretive pieces are great!
Showing respect for the Grand Canyon and the guides.
Keeping people informed through the newsletter
Keeping mailing list private; keeping members apprised of ongoing items (*bqr*). Teaches history (*bqr*)
Advocacy for Grand canyon, the guiding community, and the public; WFR re-cert was great; the *bqr*
Great newsletter! Great involvement.
Being involved in influencing the political decisions that affect the Canyon
"Watchdogging" the development of the long-term monitoring/adaptive management and overflight issues
Getting histories and interviews in print; fighting Coast Guard and Park Service overregulation
Lots; advocacy on overflights; Great *bqr*
Resisting drug testing and other invasive regulations, including those from county health and Coast Guard
You are doing fine; no complaints.
Tops in public and NPS relationship
Beautiful newsletter!
Air tour lobbying; taking a stand on drug tests
Got rid of the Coast Guard
bqr! Oral History; being a voice & platform for the guiding community
Great job with the Adopt-A-Beach Program; stay involved with the science!
bqr is excellent! Oral history is wonderful. Keep it up!
Jabs at drug testing good!
Love the history articles & recording of history—save it!
Keeping an eye on THEM.
My favorite part of the *bqr* is always the interviews with the old farts. And the current events stuff.
Everything is done well. Keep up the good work.
Education and awareness of issues; quarterly newsletter is excellent. GTS
The people responsible for the quarterly are doing an excellent job. Cheers and recognition to the workers

involved; definitely high quality coordinating.
 Forum for guides who can write
 Being bold & going after the Coast Guard. Taking
 initiative with beach monitoring. Representing all
 factions of commercial guiding
 I like the Adopt-A-Beach program—it's a good way to
 get guides involved with science; it's positive. As
 always, the newsletter is astounding.
 Keeping an eye on the powers that be, being a voice for
 guides, bringing a professional air to the trade.
 Nice issue with Nash and Burke.
 BQR, first aid course, training program.
 The newsletter is great; air noise.
 Keeping us updated on all happenings on and around
 river.
 Good job Lew Steiger!
 Newsletter & old guys' stories.
 Adopt-A-Beach, *bqr*, being involved with policy changes
 with the park and representing us.

Misguided things GCRG is doing

None
 Allowing too much voice to the concessionaires
 Is it possible that we are becoming too diverse with our
 energies? Protecting the Canyon and ourselves I think
 is top priority. Sometimes being politically correct is
 important; at other times a loud voice and more
 radical measures are needed. Let's keep the standards
 high.
 Cozying up to the Park Service; they need to be watched
 and criticized.
 The use of the helipad for exchanges should be at the
 front of the overflight issue! Fight drug testing! We
 should discuss more openly Crumbo's wilderness
 proposals
 Selling memberships to the general public. Having
 Crumbo on board; no offense, but he is Park Service,
 and strong anti-motor. Are we an anti-motor organiza-
 tion? Leave politics to the politicians.
 There is a group of folks that have been quite vocal
 about Kim being on the board. In response we can
 only say: there is no by-law preventing NPS personnel
 from holding office; he was nominated by the general
 constituency and received more votes than anyone.
 His devotion to the Canyon, in most folks' eyes, seems
 to outweigh who signs his paycheck. His energy and
 contributions to GCRG have been greatly appreciated
 by the rest of the board.
 Sometimes step beyond realm of mission & onto polit-
 ical limbs where we don't belong.
 Drifting away from the guide community and focusing
 on issues outside our mission.
 Trying to do all you do on a minimal volunteer staff.
 Maybe it's time for some hired guns!
 None I can think of.

Sometimes I feel like we are becoming "Grand Canyon
 Trust Lite"
 Overworking officers
 Unaware of any
 Don't get so political. Some of it is fine and needed; just
 don't get carried away!
 Nothing catastrophic that I can see.
 Can't think of any...
 Sometimes GCRG is viewed as a bunch of whiners.
 Don't whine!
 I take issue with the sexist term "boatman"; I mean
 "river guide" covers us all, but I like the publication
 Adopt-a-Beach. It's a waste of money and your (our?)
 time. Aren't scientists doing this already?
 No, they aren't. We hope to provide specific informa-
 tion, both qualitative and quantitative, which the
 science trips were unable to accomplish. It is very cost
 effective, since we are already there, trip after trip.
 The major cost to date was for the cameras, which
 were purchased by GCES.
 Nada
 Allowing long winded and closed minded pompous
 a*****s to over-contribute. (I.E. Rod Nash) Don't
 alienate motor guides!
 Highlighting "legendary" river personalities who seem to
 give little respect for the Canyon and their role as
 guides—those who would rather talk about "all the
 TWA stewardesses on a trip in '74 - Heh heh heh!"
 than about the long-term consequences of current atti-
 tudes and practices. Rod Nash - yes! Gloeckler and
 Winter - no!
 Giving an arrogant egomaniac so much space in quar-
 terly.
 Continue communicating role between
 NPS/outfitters/guides/private groups. The Rod "the
 god" Nash article was great. Did anyone else besides
 Lew get it?
 Stop re-hashing motors vs. oars issues.
 Supporting wilderness type non-motor push in Canyon
 again. I don't want 350# people on my row boat...
 Should be pushing hard for wilderness designation for
 the river corridor. Re-open the debate against motors
 in the Canyon.
 Wrong stand on drug testing. Ease up on overflight
 noise. Stop trying to eliminate motors from Grand
 I dunno, but seems like GCRG is getting away from its
 initial goals, especially with its anti-motor contingent.
 There were no boatmen at the last GTS -- who were
 those people?
 Not take sides in the motor vs. oar debate. Try and take
 a step back and look at things objectively and not get
 caught up with an individual's persuasive personality.
 We attempt to present views on all sides of issues. The
 Colorado River Management Plan is up for revision
 soon and, like it or not, the motor/oars issue, as well as

the private/commercial, will have to be addressed. We feel it's better to air the viewpoints now, *before* a decision is made.

A "Master Guide" category? Surely this is just a rumor! The "Master Guide" level of certification was discussed and rejected at GCRG. However, the Colorado Plateau River Guides are pursuing the idea.

Too cliquish. I don't believe that a number of the people (President and Board) understand what it means to be a working guide and having to pay the bills on just what is earned as a guide.

Need to have someone on the ballot for President who isn't a dory guide.

It is next to impossible to find people who'll agree to run for these voluntary positions, and the time commitments which are now required almost preclude full-time guides from taking an office. However most officers and board members have spent many years with river-running as their primary source of income. Any faction that feels unrepresented needs to convince a candidate they prefer to run. Please do.

Having the spring seminar right in the middle of ski season doesn't work well for me.

Worrying about "perceived crowding"

Haven't seen any yet.

Not acknowledging private boaters; some of us know what we're doing in Grand Canyon

Not any that I can see.

It should never be stated that GCRG supports X,Y, or Z if the membership has not been asked first!

On pg. 5 of *bqr* V.9 #2, Jeri Ledbetter says "GCRG supports the introduction of the California Condor to the Vermillion Cliffs area." I ask: what procedure did Jeri go through to find this out? Is there a procedure in place? Or can anyone say anything about what the membership supports or doesn't support?

Allowing personal opinions of officers to be represented as the position of the membership in general.

The Board of Directors in any organization is elected for the very purpose of speaking for and directing that organization. It is impossible for the Board to interview each member about every issue, and as volunteers, it is unrealistic to expect them to. Positions stated as "GCRG believes..." have been discussed and voted on by the board.

It is up to the membership to make sure your views are heard. Nominations are open and the election of officers is up to the members.

Things GCRG should be doing

Be more actively involved in the GCNP outfitter review process

I believe GCRG is missing a big opportunity to have a voice. A few years ago outfitters and the NPS were

concerned about the power GCRG might have. Today we have none because we're too scared of offending someone (too PC?) Should work on wages, benefits, regulations, alcoholism, alcoholic deaths and suicide. (This is a big problem, but a taboo subject.) Make this post card bigger.

I would like to see more effort on providing a United Front towards outfitters and making sure boatmen are treated fairly on salary and benefits.

How about publishing a survey on salary/benefits from various outfitters.

A comparative story on the boatmen pay/benefits package offered by each outfitter.

I want to see a comparison of companies, wages and benefits - get some guts and print one!

Let's work on a group health insurance program.

Advocacy for better benefits for guides; share the wealth. Addressing concerns of the working guide instead of the mostly retired or never been boatmen which make up most of the board—benefits, pay, insurance.

Whale's "mental health" volunteers is nice idea, but how about finding jobs for aging boatmen instead? Don't think having insurance would have hurt either!

Quieter motors/trailers for motor rigs, Health care, Training

Looking out for the best interests of the guides.

Insurance for boatmen

Needs to go back to being more guide-minded.

Supporting river guides, educating outfitters how to support their guides, research health insurance. What do guides need? The old ones have different needs; the young ones will eventually need what the old ones need now.

Remember to focus on boatman's issues first.

Job security.

Let's look into guides wages and benefits. How do our wages compare to other areas - GC, Utah, California, Idaho, etc.? Have wages kept up with cost of living? Compare with cost of trip? Compare with profits of outfitters? Should we try to make more than poverty? River guiding has risen to the level of professional, with special training and professional certification. We can no longer be hired off the streets and out of the bars. We need to get the pay and benefits of professionals.

Repeal enforced drug testing. Unionize! for wages, for drug testing, for future!

Talk and do more about health and retirement benefits. When secretaries with 8 hour office jobs have benefits and boatmen do not, that's wrong!

Be proactive concerning guide wages and benefits; keep outfitters honest.

The Board and Officers of GCRG have, with few exceptions, always agreed that unionization was not only beyond the original scope, intent and by-laws of

GCRG, but went directly against the pride, rugged individualism and saddle-your-own-bronc ethic of the average boatmen. We have chosen instead to try and convince outfitters to buy into various benefit programs for guides. Some have done so, some have not.

There has been much talk of printing a survey of guide wages, benefits and intangibles. We've naturally been a bit leery of it, knowing that it will undoubtedly infuriate several of the outfitters. However, we feel that it would be a fair, honest and productive thing to do, in keeping with some of the other persuasive programs we have initiated. For close to a year we have been working on various facets of it. We plan to go ahead with the survey in the near future and would like any input you may have on the subject.

Over the years, we have received a substantial amount of input from guides who wanted GCRG to set up a group health insurance program. We have searched repeatedly and extensively for a plan that GCRG could sponsor to provide affordable insurance for boatmen. However, we found that, if anything, a GCRG group rate would prove more costly than individual policies.

In 1992, GCRG conducted a poll of current guide members in an attempt to determine how many guides were, in fact, without health insurance. Of the 163 responses we received, only 31% reported having no health insurance. Of those, 74% listed cost as the main reason. The most cost effective way to get health insurance is through an employer, since premiums, even if paid by the employee, may be nontaxable compensation. Retirement programs, also, can result in significant tax savings to both the employer and the employee. Several outfitters already offer health insurance or retirement programs. For those who don't, the entire crew could get together and lobby. If anyone out there finds a plan that would work for GCRG members, please help us set it up.

Working in support of the outfitters, not against them.

Work with NPS to change the guides' certification to 7 or 9 years expiration date.

Better info on guide discounts—catalogues from retailers. Book reviews Past and Present.

Maybe more art and graphics for your newsletter.

How to be a better guide; how to be a better world citizen.

Should respond to the questions asked on this card in the newsletter.

Keeping guides informed, provide information on natural history and river knowledge by articles, updates & work trips.

Don't back off—you folks really doing the work don't get the thanks you deserve from us silent supporters.

Making sure guide training is never standardized or regu-

lated.

Negotiating change to the NPS policy which outlaws private trips from hiring guides. Consider examining the user impact of the GCES Science trips. Encourage the practice of educated "unguiding".

Suggest to the Superintendent Rob Arnberger that the Grand Canyon National Park River Rangers not be issued batons.

Someone suggested that the \$1 million annual park service "grant"? for Grand Canyon could be used to design and develop a way to get sand and sediments around Glen Canyon Dam... good idea? Let's keep the Park & bureau informed on our guides perspectives on what would benefit the Canyon, (not just visitors) Seems like they are interested in our ideas.

You're right on track as far as I can tell.

Emergency access to NPS channels; cut the licenses required. Step on concessions new requirements of 41 degree coolers... no way! (We've been taking temps!)

Let's fight... to get some common sense food handling regs, or no regs!

I've enjoyed your pioneer/historical interviews with old time river runners. However wasn't Gaylord Staveley an old timer who had helped get things started? I'd enjoy an interview with him.

More science articles in *bqr*

Help support underprivileged kids and adults in allowing them to come down the river.

Pushing to ensure that the habitat maintenance flows called for in the EIS are actually run next year and beyond. They will be important.

Stop the drug testing; end all research trips; commercial allocation needs to be reduced; publish the crowding issue; help promote seasonally adjusted flows.

Go to bat for Dick McCallum as he faces the challenge of holding onto his permit.

Supporting commercial permit reform; support Mac.

Fight drug testing!

Get legal counsel to fight unconstitutional drug testing programs.

Cartwheels & backflips.

Lobbying for more noncommercial use.

Stay in touch with the NPS non-renewal of outfitters issues!

Talking to privates that launch. I got my first brochure from Bob Melville who recognized me from the Stan.

A periodic questionnaire of its members & views would be interesting and allow GCRG to better identify the membership's views, needs and characteristics.

Keeping Georgie alive for their passengers.

Doing a good job.

Continuing to follow and report on the test high-water release this spring.


Keep on keeping on. Good work!

Exactly what you're doing! Thanks

Save the Grand Canyon experience.
Would love to see more art, stories, poetry, etc.
We need to fight the Animas La Plata project, which would kill the San Juan River as we know it. How about a fund-raiser? Or an alert? For more info call Mike Black (970) 385-4118
Creating a wilderness protocol to address ALL the big problems—overregulation, drug testing, cellular phones, “Stepford Guides”—they should ALL be eliminated from the wilderness experience.
Taking a stand on the federal food code shit that is coming down—we are not a restaurant. Print stories from guides who have been snagged by drug testing
Expand involvement with other guide associations, both national and international.
Perhaps more involvement with other guide organizations who have common or similar interests (i.e. CPRG). Continue to work on relations between boatmen of different sects, (oars vs. motors)
Work on getting feedback and support from the guiding community.
Designing better t-shirts; recruiting more members.
More adoption projects
Try to pay more attention, early on, to things like drug testing, so that there might be more time for rebuttal and possible alternatives before it’s a done deal.
Limit (eliminate?) outfitter involvement in GCRG projects.
Bidding on river companies
Keep up the GTS similar to this last March
Have Martha cook at the meetings again

How to be More Involved

Find a way to put whiners to work solving their problems—they should be heading up teams to address their own complaints. This is, after all, a volunteer organization.
I would like to see meetings (monthly?) that are more member friendly. Maybe in a bigger forum than the office—something in between a board and a spring/fall meeting for those of us who want to be involved.
Regionalize meetings
Keep inviting guides to monthly meetings when time allows
Unless I buy a computer, so I can contribute to the newsletter, I don’t know?? Just use a pen!
Being closer to the river! Living in Colorado makes it a bit different to make events. Also I work a lot in Utah, so extend your voice.
It’s rough being an expatriate—the news is nice and I look forward to it.
Just let me know; I am at your service. [but no return address]
Helping with newsletter

Interviews with active Grand Canyon boatmen that actually make their living running boats.
It’s tough unless you’re in Flagstaff. Thanks for holding meetings in places like Fredonia. Only problem is work schedules for those of us who have other occupations. Meetings not scheduled for that.
Gimme a few more days off!
Allow for opportunities; I don’t know how to help.
Maybe next year...
Show up at meetings once in a while. Write an article.
I can always write letters. Give me the info so I can scream it out.
Contribute to the newsletter, try to view things as a bit of an outsider, to avoid letting GCRG turn into an incestuous river clique.
Already involved
Need a lawyer? Call me.
At present, all I can be is a spectator. Once the PhD is done, though...
I’m 18 hours away—you tell me.
Become more active and involved. It is hard not living in Flagstaff to be real involved.
Things to do if you are not in Flagstaff.
Perhaps some sort of post-season soiree.
Guide training, increase the opportunities.
Attend meetings rather than working trips.
More trips!
Attend more of the fall and spring meetings...
Wish I could make it to more of the meetings & trips!
More WFR [wilderness first aid courses] at different dates. Want to set some up? Call us.
I would personally like to help more “around the house” when I can, but I can’t think of a logistically sound way for you to let interested folks know what needs doin’. So I’ll just call the office soon.
I would like to vote in Arizona and am not involved in politics at all. Maybe a short guide of who in Arizona is on our side so when it comes time to vote we can try to make a difference
Develop stronger cooperation between NPS, outfitters and guides.
Get member e-mail addresses
Guides could be monitoring a lot of things in the GC
Being promptly informed of issues by the officers and board of directors is the best way to keep the general membership involved.
Buy me a river company. 

Clarence L. Reece, Boatman

June 15, 1945 - June 9, 1996

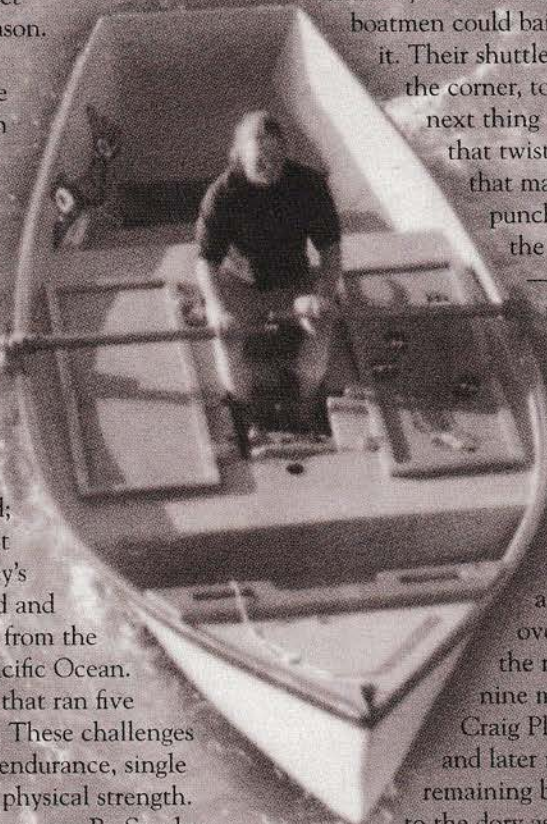
Somehow we must begin with the river itself, the main Salmon. The only and last free-flowing, undammed major river in the continental United States. A 425 mile sluice way for the Sawtooths, Salmon River, Clearwater and Bitterroot Mountains. For this is where Clancy lived and died. During most of the river running season, the flow averages anywhere from 7,000 c.f.s. to 15,000 c.f.s. Warm water, rollicking waves and wide beaches make for fun on the river. The river bed itself is narrow through much of the granite, tree-lined gorge. It is a fact that literally gives definition and even weight to the idea of cubic feet per second, of water moving very fast. During the spring runoff however, from mid-May to the near end of June, the flow can climb steadily, even relentlessly from 15,000 c.f.s. to 75,000 c.f.s. in a few days. Overnight jumps of 15,000 c.f.s. are not unheard of. During this highwater period you can touch the bottom of the Mackay Bar pack bridge, the same bridge some of us used to dive off way back when. It is a good 40 feet above the river during the diving season.

Clancy, along with two other boatmen, was on the river during the highest spring runoff in a decade. On Monday, June 10, the day after his death, the gauge at White Bird read 95,840 c.f.s. They had launched Clancy's dory on Saturday, 43 miles upstream from Salmon, Idaho and were riding this surge of water downstream. Their goal was to see how far they could go down the river in 24 hours. If you love rivers and have run boats, you would understand this inspired madness. They weren't after a record; it was more the doing of the thing. It was the third and final part of Clancy's river trilogy. In 1988, he built, rowed and sailed a dory, along with Jon Barker, from the head waters of the Salmon to the Pacific Ocean. In 1993, Clancy was part of a group that ran five one hundred mile rivers in five days. These challenges played to his immediate strengths—endurance, single mindedness, determination and yes, physical strength. But there was more to Clancy, always more. By Sunday afternoon they had traveled 190 miles in 21 hours. In some stretches of the river they had averaged eleven miles per hour. They were near the end of their run. Things looked good.

They had been rowing hard all day. They hadn't slept much. They ate in the boat. That afternoon the air temperature climbed into the 80s, deceptively warm if you were at the oars of a 22-foot dory. But the water temperature was probably 50 degrees, still a spring runoff, still dangerously cold if you were in it long enough. This river was moving, moving very fast. Hissing, boiling, snapping. At this water level, a different animal. The high water had pulled a season of shore debris—logs, trunks, snags, branches—into a surging traffic jam of projectiles. Both of the other boatmen wore drysuits. Clancy did not. They had chided him. But he was stubborn the way all individuals are who set their own terms and live as close as they dare to them. So it goes.

Around 6:00 p.m., with Clancy at the oars, they ran Chittam Rapid. It was the last major whitewater in this stretch of the river. Clancy had pulled within 10 feet of shore, towards slower water, so the other two boatmen could bail out the boat. They had made it. Their shuttle was waiting, literally around the corner, to rendezvous with them. The next thing they knew the boat was over. In that twisting, slow motion kind of roll that makes you feel like you've been punched in the stomach. Think of the '83 water in the Grand Canyon—the boils and surges pulling at the gunwales; the sharp, unforgiving eddy lines jerking at your chines; the whirlpools appearing and disappearing, stopping your boat in its tracks and holding it hostage indefinitely. Fierce water.

The three boatmen righted the boat and climbed back aboard. And then the boat rolled over a second time. At this point the river was running eight, even nine miles per hour. One boatman, Craig Plummer, was swept downstream and later made shore. Clancy and the remaining boatman, Jon Barker, Jr., clung to the dory as it washed through Vinegar Creek Rapids. At this point Clancy appeared confused and disoriented. John remembers asking Clancy "Do you want a hand?" He remembers being surprised when Clancy said "Yes." Clancy needing help? thought Jon. Jon held Clancy's hand and with his other hand held



onto the safety line. But Clancy never grabbed the safety line with his other hand. John recalls that Clancy's grip was weak, not at all like Clancy's normally powerful grip. He slipped away. The two were quickly separated by the current. Even with his life jacket on, the turbulent water pulled Clancy under.

Sixteen miles downstream, near Spring Bar, Clancy was pulled to shore. It was almost 8:00 p.m. and he had been in the water for nearly two hours. When the ambulance pulled into Syringa General Hospital in Grangeville, Clancy was pronounced dead on arrival.

When I received the news of Clancy's death, my imagination temporarily failed me. I could not imagine him drowning. Later I remembered, ironically, that he had always hated the water and would swim only if he had to. Once when he was a teenager, he had nearly drowned on the Clearwater. But now I could not begin to recreate a scene on the river where he would not calmly size up the situation, wait to see if he really needed to intercede and if so, then take the necessary steps (or quietly encourage you to take them) to remedy the situation. That is how I remember him.

It was early May 1977 and Clancy was the trip leader on my first apprentice trip on the Snake. Jack Kappas was there and a fellow named Allen. We were willing and enthusiastic and raw. Before we knew it we would be running what they called the "Snake Express", trip after trip after trip for a couple of seasons. But back then, we were in Clarence's massive hands. You called him Clarence then. Someone at the warehouse had told me his nickname was Twerp. They assured me he wouldn't mind if I used his nickname, but I wasn't so sure. I laughed. Given his presence, I decided to not test the bounds of familiarity too quickly. Clancy was a large

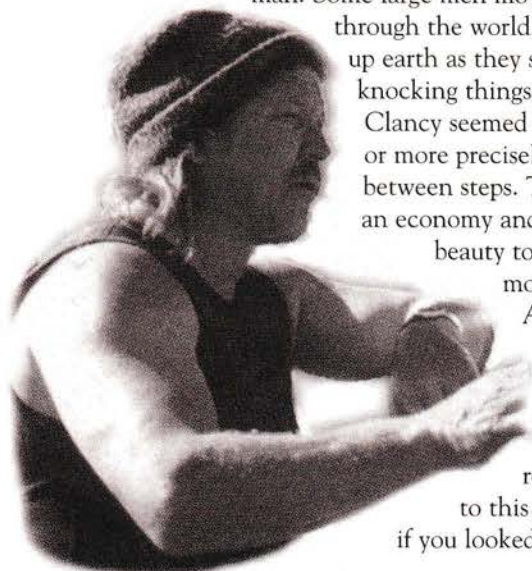
man. Some large men move thickly through the world, pulling up earth as they step, knocking things over.

Clancy seemed to dance, or more precisely, to float between steps. There was an economy and thus, a

beauty to his movements.

An elegance of motion that I remember

to this day. And if you looked beyond



that fierce exterior you would find an inner grace, a gentleness of spirit. Still, it was difficult to imagine myself saying "Hey, Twerp...where do I go in Wild Sheep?"

First night out the rain began. Being a new guy, I was naturally tentless and somewhat clueless as to how to remedy the situation. After letting me get soaked just enough so that a lesson might sink in, Clarence introduced me to the small art of rigging a rain fly in the dark with nothing, as far as I could see, to tie to. He took us all under his rather large wing, talked us through the rapids, gently scolded us for obvious boneheadedness. I am sure that we all, passengers and apprentice boatmen alike, amused him to no end.

Clancy was an Idaho boy, born and bred. Wrestled and boxed in high school. Became a Northwest Golden Gloves champion. He served four years in the U.S. Navy during the Vietnam war in the mid 1960s. Took some ballet lessons, did some acting. He graduated from Lewis-Clark State College in 1973. Began river guiding in Hell's Canyon with John Barker, Sr. and would continue that close relationship, on and off the river, for the next 20 years or more. Clancy took up the writing of poetry. He was still at it when most of us had long given up on the muse. John described Clancy as "a private writer." Words mattered, words were important, words were to be used carefully. And when he found the dories in Lewiston, he knew exactly where he belonged. He was home, especially so on the rivers. Never was a truism more appropriate... a river did run through Clancy's life. He worked Grand Canyon trips in the late 1970s, but as another friend said, "Clarence was never a hot, stinking desert boatman." He loved his Idaho.

In his early days of rowing, Clancy broke more than a few thin Smoker oars. He gradually realized the limitations of his enormous physical strength at least in terms of rowing commercial trips. I suspect he already had developed the necessary traits all good boatmen have, at least when they're at the oars—patience and balance, the light touch, a keen sense of timing, humility before a more powerful force, and of course, grace under pressure—from his experience as a boxer and a ballet dancer and a sailor. And so he set out, with that characteristic single mindedness, to master the delicate use of his powerful strength on the river. He became a boatman. One of the best big water boatmen around. And later he generously shared his knowledge and experience, in his own terse way, with those coming up.

Clancy's dory, the one he had built, sat anchored by a gunny sack of boulders in Spring Bar eddy. It was evening and the boat had been bathed and painted in penathol and diesel. The footwells and decks were loaded with the best, most artistic pieces of driftwood that could be found. Clancy would have insisted that only certain pieces would do. Flowers had been strewn about. Throughout the afternoon people had rowed out to the boat and left their words and their offerings. An eagle's feather had been placed at the top of the step mast and an osprey feather on the bow. Clancy's dory was ready for its last run.

Family and friends, folks from Riggins, young boatmen and old boatmen—over two hundred in all—gathered at Spring Bar that Saturday evening, June 15, to bid Clancy farewell. Some worried Forest Service officials, a river ranger or two and a sheriff showed up. They had heard there might be some “trouble....or something.” While people told Clancy-stories and sang songs and drank beer and laughed and cried, Gary Lane rowed Clancy's nephew out to the waiting dory. They placed Clancy's ashes on the deck. An upstream wind held the boat in position.

At dusk five dories, piloted by longtime river comrades, launched from the beach. They rowed out to Clancy's boat and dropped their torches on board. The boat caught fire instantly. Within minutes fifteen foot flames leaped into the night sky. Around and around the funeral pyre the boatmen circled—singing their chants, whispering their prayers, saying their goodbyes. Those on shore said that after a while all you could see was a fiery skeleton of that distinct dory shape and her five sister ships floating clockwise, like phantoms, around her. One by one, they were silhouetted by the flames and then each would disappear into the shadows for a few moments, only to reappear again. It

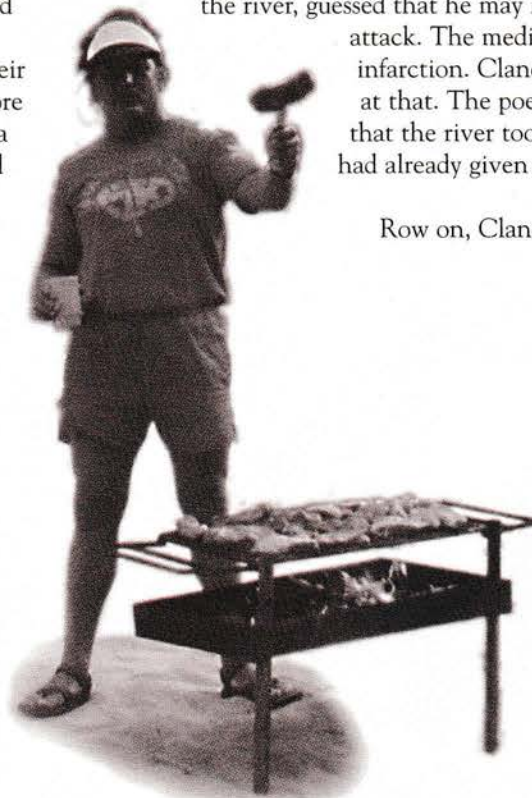
took nearly an hour for the boat to burn to the waterline. For a time then the fire seemed to burn from the surface of the water. The bow post was the last part to go. As the burning hull collapsed, smoldering pieces of the boat dawdled in the eddy before catching the downstream current. Finally the bottom of the boat separated, almost with a sigh, and sank into the dark water and floated away. It burned well, Clancy's boat did. Now he could rest. And those present could rest, for they had done it right.

And so we end at night with the river still running. No one knows for sure what caused Clancy's death. He could have hit his head on a submerged rock, or been struck by a flailing oar or a high-speed piece of driftwood. Hypothermia is certainly a possibility, given the water temperature and his time in the water. The newspaper account mentions the possibility of “some medical problem.” Maybe a stroke. After all, Clancy was a week shy of 51, an older guy who was deliberately pushing the limits. That was Twerp, Clancy, Clarence—showing us what was possible, feeding our dreams. Perhaps some combination of age, circumstance and environment offers the explanation our hearts seek. We just don't know. John Barker, Sr., whose son was with Clancy on the river, guessed that he may have suffered a heart attack. The medical term is myocardial infarction. Clancy would have chuckled at that. The poet in him would have said that the river took his heart. But then, he had already given it freely long ago.

Row on, Clancy. Row on.



Vince Welch



No Lone Rangers

On the underside of one of the hatch covers of the dory *Nippomo Dunes* are written the words, "We saddle our own broncs out here." When I first saw that a few years ago, I got a big smile on my face and was struck by how well it expresses something that boatmen seem to live by. As a counselor I've spent a good portion of the last twelve years trying to convince people to buy into the virtues of standing on their own two feet. It seems to be a law of the universe that leaning too much on others doesn't work well at all, and the problems that dependency causes are what brings a lot of people into my office with emotional pain. In fact, it might be the main reason I tend to look up to boatmen as very self-reliant people. I really admire that all to hell.

Well, I've been thinking lately that as important as it is, self-reliance is really only one side of a two sided coin—just like everything else. The truth of the matter is that it's not only okay, but necessary, to lean on others from time to time. (Not overly dependent, just interdependent.) After all, everyone has some problems that seem really huge and overwhelming from time to time. But, just like some people always try to solve problems by turning to others, I've noticed that for this "lone ranger" type of person it can feel all but impossible to admit to needing support or help, even though you can be sure he or she is not the only person ever created that is not immune to being overwhelmed.

Another thing that I've noticed about most river guides is how very good they are to people. I've noticed a lot of fantastic "therapy" happens on the river, and the guides are the ones making that happen. (Another thing I admire—and steal—to use in my office.) Guides never seem to mind going the extra mile for other people's well-being, whether its a physical thing or a mental/emotional thing. Guides seem used to being understanding of others and never seem to judge anyone else for being the frail pukes that they really can be. What a strength! I guess I wonder if some guides (and other self-reliant folks) wouldn't benefit from learning to extend some of that same understanding to themselves—as in: take as good care of yourself as you care for and about others. I mean, the Golden Rule does not say take real good care of others

and neglect yourself.

Food for thought—being too much of a lone ranger might mean someone (you?) is suffering needlessly. Friends love to be mutually helpful to each other. Counselors are eager to help, and have the advantage of offering confidential services (they cannot tell anyone anything without your written permission). And, believe me, experienced counselors have heard it before, and understand where you're coming from—it's their job. They won't be shocked, surprised, or overwhelmed by your problems and feelings. Psychology has learned a lot just in recent years about how to be more useful than ever to people in dealing with depression, solving problems, and bringing overwhelming stuff back under your control. The answer might just be sitting there, waiting for you.



Terri Merz



Changing Lives

In the Fall 1995 edition of the *bqr*, I requested stories from people who had rafted the Canyon that demonstrated how the Canyon and/or river guides had made a difference in their lives. I was and am looking for stories from both passengers and river guides. Unfortunately I wasn't as clear as I could have been, so I beg your indulgence as I re-communicate my request.

If you have been through the Grand Canyon on a river trip, and your life has been changed or influenced by your experience, I would like to hear from you. If you were a passenger, what happened during your trip and how has your life changed as a result? If you are, or were, a river guide, do you recall any passengers who had significant experiences, what happened, and, if you know, how did their lives change after the trip? Also, do you have a name and address I could follow up to get their story? It doesn't have to be dramatic, just meaningful.

I'm enclosing one of the replies I received from my first request as an example.



SUSAN WILSON, PAID ARTIST

Day 6
1-10 mile
below upstream

"I'm a GCRG member and saw your blurb in the latest issue about writing a book on how the Canyon and the guides have changed people's lives. This may not be what you are looking for, but I think this demonstrates what I have found most Grand Canyon guides are like

"I rafted the Canyon with AzRA for the first time in June 1988. We were hiking up Havasu with a guide named Steve. I'm sorry, but I never knew his last name. After a few miles we came to a beautiful, deep pool of water with a ledge some 35 feet in the air. People were supposed to jump from that ledge into the pool. Yeah, right. I'm not just terrified, but mortified of heights. I have tried all sorts of ways to get over this affliction including sky diving, hiking in the mountains, crossing suspended bridges, and have never succeeded. So, we get to the ledge and I really wanted to jump. I wore glasses so I handed my glasses to Steve and he just kept talking in a low voice, telling me I could do it. I'd go out to the edge, look down and go back. This continued for about a lifetime, but was probably 10 minutes at the most. I finally just let Steve's voice take me over and I jumped. I had enough time to scream, take another breath and scream again before I hit the water. I really did it!!

"To this day, I'm still afraid of heights. And to this day, one of the most exciting events in my lifetime was to have made that jump. Steve made it all possible and took the time to help me achieve something I wanted to do but was afraid to try. I'm forever in his debt, and even though the pool and the ledge were wiped out during a flash flood, I still know where the area is. My subsequent trip down the Canyon three years later brought me to that spot, and I offered a thought of thanks to Steve for his help."

Many Grand Canyon guides provide the kind of support seen in this letter. And like Steve, we often don't know the impact we made on our passengers' lives. There are many ways that people come face-to-face with their own limitations. Many times, because there is no one there to offer support and encouragement, they turn back. That's part of a river guide's job description—helping people experience the Canyon as fully as they are willing, so they return to the rest of their lives with a fresh perspective on their unlimited possibilities.

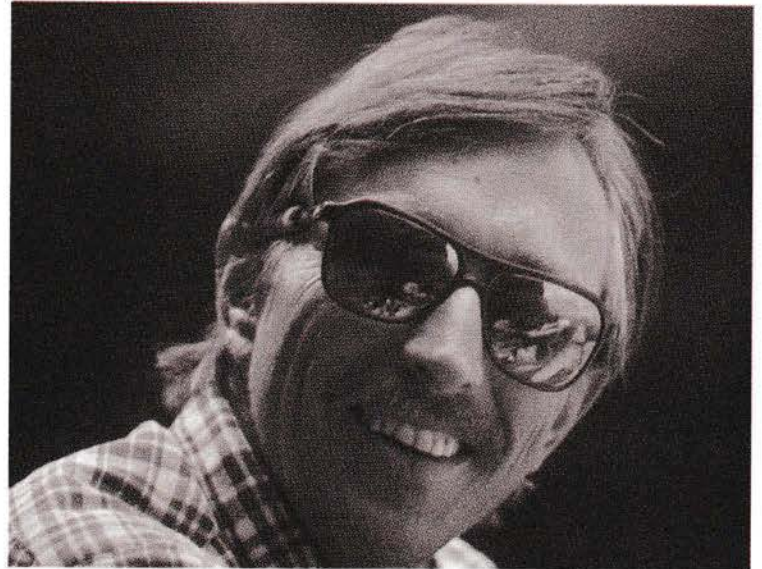
Please send any further replies to:



Charly Heavenrich
2822 3rd Street
Boulder, CO 80304

He has always found something of interest in every person he ever met," said one outfitter. "Wesley...well, he's a spirit," said another. People sense it; he has wit, humor and an insatiable compassion for others. He teaches with the insights and observations of someone you usually classify as brilliant or even genius level. True genius often has a depth of perception that makes complicated stuff simple and confusing things more understandable. It's a gift. Wesley takes in an astounding amount of information from every source imaginable then imparts it with a startling clarity and simplicity that makes one see things in a new way—and you wonder just who the hell is this guy? He's different than the rest of us. Maybe it's a depth of humanity and kindness, I don't know. People name their kids after him. He's the guy who makes light of fear, fatigue and hardship, who gives all his rain gear away, who sleeps by an injured person all night, who makes friends with hopeless nerds, fools and incompetents and gives them confidence and hope. Every guide who knows him gets tears in their eyes when they talk about him long enough. He is, in fact, the most loyal and loving friend one could have in life. It's that simple. In a selfish and rather evil world, he lives to do good and maybe that is why he is so stubbornly defiant in this task and so very alone. In the course of human history such people are usually rejected, mistreated, ignored, abused or done away with. The Grand Canyon is the most perfect of places for someone like Wesley to have touched so many lives.

an AzRA guide



Wesley in the '90s

photos: Dave Edwards

Steiger: How did you get to Vietnam in the first place? Did you get drafted?

Smith: Yeah. I went to school. My skills weren't very good. In fact, they did a study at NAU—I started like in 1964—and they did a spelling thing of every student in the school. And the dean calls me in. "Well, Wesley, someone had to be the worst." (laughs) So I really wasn't into school at that time. It was like something just to

do. I went for about two years, and then they told me that I had to take a year off—got kicked out of school, sort of like, for a year. And about two minutes after you're kicked out of school they send a thing right to the draft board. And like a week later... there I was. The minute I was out of school, just like that (snaps fingers). Everybody in that same era had the same thing occur. The next thing you know, you're in the Army. And then... You know.

Steiger: Well what did you think about all that stuff then, about having to go over there and all that?

Smith: Oh, I was *completely* ignorant about the whole thing. I got taken into Fort Bliss, and then I got sent to Colorado to basic training. And great, we could ski in the winter and everything. This buddy of mine, Jim Gannon, from Iowa, he said, "Hey, we're going to miss the whole thing! We've got a friend down here that graduated with us. He can send us anywhere we want to go." I said, "Well, where do we want to go?" He said, "Vietnam. I've been hearing something about that. Do you know anything about it?" "No, let's go there." "Well, you know what, we can get a three-day pass, and we can take off for Thanksgiving. We can be home at Christmas, we can get our thirty days for going overseas. We can have forty-five days off here! And then we'll go to this Vietnam." We went over there like, (humming), "What's going on here?" And we met everyone and we talked and everyone's going, "Yeah, it's pretty casual, not much going on here."

Four days later the Tet Offensive started. The North Vietnamese took over every town in South Vietnam. They're dropping 500-pound bombs on hotels in the middle of Saigon. It was a different war from that moment on. And we were so dumb about it, the first day out in the field you say, "Uh-oh, I don't like this. I'm going to go back and I'm going to freak out. I'm going to tell them 'I'm out of here, I'm leaving this place.'" I mean, you call in artillery and stuff, you go in a ditch, you look at someone, you try to pull their arm out, and you get the whole trunk of their body. Their legs are missing, their head's missing. They're telling you, "Dig in the mud," finding stuff, pulling it out, and I'm going, "Whoa! What's going on?!" And kicked ass like that (snaps fingers) every day from then on out. And it's "Whoa! What is happening here?!"

You have two choices: If you freak out, they send you to Long Binh Jail, which is a military prison in Vietnam, where they brutalize and will *horrorize* American citizens... under taxpayer dollars, under the auspices of the federal government. And these kids freak out and say, "Well, send me to jail. I'm not going to fight any more, I'm not going to go out there, I'm not going to kill." And they go "Ha! You're not home, you're in this country and we have a military prison," and they put them in there, shoot them with fire hoses and brutalize

them.

I wanted to take that route, but I saw so many cases of it. They come back and they're like zombies. Because you go into that prison, the minute you object, your time stops, and however long it takes to break you, you're in there, and then you're coming back. If you were killed in that prison, your body, your paperwork, is shipped to a line unit and you're cranked up there, and they have to pay no attention to anybody.

I've seen these kids come back, and they go, "I can't do this, I'm not going to do it," and just stand up like this, (makes shooting sound), to get shot, just to get out of there. You can't kill yourself in an American prison, but they can beat you so much that you will come back like that. There's no way out once you're over there. If it was in South America or something like that, you could walk home. But you can't swim across. There's nothing that you can do except go out there and say, "Well, I'm going to do what I can do. I'm going to protect my brothers, and I'm going to try to kill as few people as I can, because it's for no reason."

You know? We're on their land, we're stomping on it, trying out our weapons and stuff. (ironic chuckle) We left anyway. Has it changed the world? It would have been the *same* if we had never gone over there, except we wouldn't be missing so many Americans. And we talk about *our* people that are Missing In Action?! (ironic chuckle) They have *hundreds of thousands*. You can just see these bombers coming, just blowing these whole towns up. You can't find a piece of anybody for whole square miles! And we think that *we* need to know accountability?! We do—but they would like some accountability too. And it's splattered all over the whole country. You know, we did some wrong things there. We are dealing with Agent Orange back here, the guys who get sprayed a little bit, working in it. How would you like to be sprayed with it at the same time, year after year, have it *on* all your trees, *in* your water system, *in* your water tables, *in* all of your food?! You think that *they're* not going through the shit that we're going through?! It's *incredible*...

I was born in Williams, Arizona, in 1946. When I was a kid we would go out to the airport and we would set there and watch the sky light up as they did the explosions here in Nevada. And we would drive back to Williams, and we would feel the entire town shake. My father owned a drugstore. We also have a big basement in it, so we had civil defense supplies and stuff in it. He would take a Geiger counter, and after it rained, he would go around the aisles, and he could tell where people had come in with radiation.

It was neat! It was an event! Everybody in town

would drive out to the airport and set there, a big line of cars. Big explosion in the sky. Come back to Williams and set there and wait: (makes sound of explosion and demonstrates shaking) the shock wave. You could just feel it running across the thing.

I remember the Grand Canyon—we used to hike down before the dam—underneath the bridge there at Phantom Ranch, where the nice little lagoon and stuff is, there used to be these *big* sand dunes, and it used to be that real silty mud. And in Boy Scouts we used to go down there. They had apple orchards all up there, apricots. We would get in the trees.

Steiger: So that's like late fifties or something?

Smith: Yeah, anywhere in the sixties. I graduated in 1964. But we went down there: every Boy Scout group, every church group, every graduating group. I mean, you walked up and down that Canyon so damned much that you just got tired of it. It wasn't like "fun," like going out to the woods. It's like, "You guys are going to go somewhere this weekend." "Oh, far out. Let's go to Phoenix. I hear they have a TV down there. They have swimming pools." They would entice us to walk to the bottom of the Grand Canyon to swim in the swimming pool that they had there. And we'd swim in the swimming pool, but we wouldn't get in the creek. We wouldn't get in the river. I mean, that was. . . . But the *swimming pool!* "Yeah, let's go!"

Steiger: So you weren't totally sold on the Boy Scouts then?

Smith: No. This is just some things our scoutmaster did: "You guys don't want to take any canned foods." So we'd open up the cans and we'd dump everything into plastic bags and put them in your pack, you know. And then you get down there and then it's all a big mush, and he was calling you dummies, you know.

You go, "How about a little bit of leadership here?" (chuckles)

I swore when I was a senior in high school I'd never go down there again. I went to college, went to Vietnam, came back from Vietnam, hung out. And then this great opportunity came. They said, "Hey, come on the river."

I knew nothing! Never heard of river running, never knew of it. My brother said to me, "I can get you a job on the river." I said, "Well, what are we doing?" I thought it was like coal barges or something like that. He said, "No, you take people down on boats on vacation." I said, "Uh-huh."

Steiger: how did that very first trip that you did, strike you?

Smith: Oh! It was just like going into the Bible or something! (exclamation of awe) I was looking around, and I thought it was the only time I was ever going to be able to see anything. I looked at it and I went, "Wow, this is just so neat!" I was just so happy to do it. And I

never thought that I would be asked back or anything. But somebody wasn't healed, and they said, "Hey, come on. You work good." And, oh, boy, I tell you, it was just incredible. I'm sure it's like that for everybody. And there's places in the Canyon that I haven't gone, that I don't go, that I save for special events.

Me and Louise were there; we were both looking at each other, and I'm going, "Louise knows everything," and she's going, "Wesley knows everything." And between the two of us (laughs), we'd bounce it back and forth. But I tell you, the motors, we used to have those shear pins in. And the amount of driftwood in the river was just... all the time! Just about the time you're going into Crystal or something (makes sound of buzz saw, then a crash). You're pulling up the motor, trying to pull out the cotter key. We'd drop more props and channel locks in the river than you could shake a stick at. And trying to get it back on, getting it up there, and then trying to crank the sucker before you get into the hole! The guy that trained me, Hugh Wingfield and Dave Hosenbrock and his wife: you would just go... When the motor would go out, we'd just go ahead and get up on top of that load and set there with everybody else. (laughs) Like Georgie would say, "Here we go!" (exclamation of panic)

But I was paranoid. I tell you, I've taken people down, and I can teach them how to read the river or something, and I can see them go to sleep some. I didn't go to sleep for probably the first nine years. I'd hear one little thing, I'm going, "Uh-oh, uh-oh." And some people say, "Well, you feel very comfortable with us now?" I say, "Yes," because I've been stuck in here every possible way you can, and I know how to get off. "Okay, this is where we're going to end up, and this is how we get off."

Steiger: This is Crystal you're talking about? Or any of them?

Smith: Every one. Every rock that you can possibly get screwed up on. I've been there, or I've seen somebody there, I think.

Steiger: Did we get it down what year it was that you first went?

Smith: In 1970.

Steiger: I'm trying to remember how it was different then, just physically, the place.

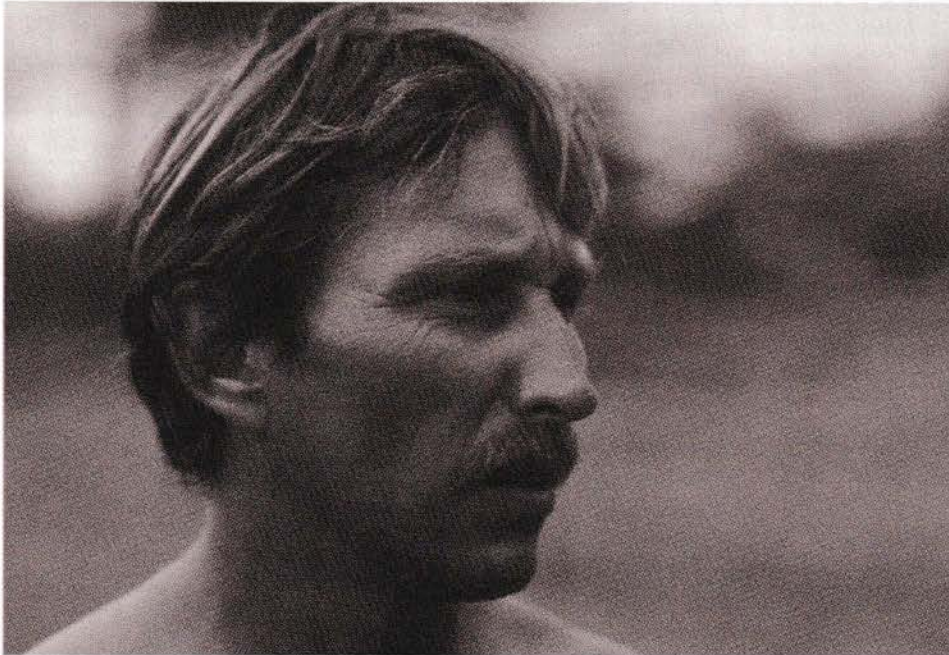
Smith: Oh, we used to come into camp, your stove thing would just be like... you'd go and dig like this and make a pit. Get four stones, put the two rails across, throw a thing down, all the chicky pails, all the food. And in the morning, just leaving the firepit, just pulling your things out and leaving it. All the beaches were just cluttered with all these different little campfire things.

Steiger: Had to get your wood before you camped.

Smith: (laughs) Oh, the river was so full of wood that it was (sarcasm) like a problem! And you get to the

back of Lake Mead, and try to get to Pierce's Ferry, *all* the way across the river, like for a quarter of a mile, just logs, logs, logs. You have people out on the front of the boat with big sticks, going like this. No slip clutches, just... (ching, ching) Along with having an Allen wrench today, and duct tape—a box of shear pins. They were gold to trade. When Mercury came out with the slip-clutch, what a blessing, boy! The bosses liked it too—it started saving them money. (laughs) I'd run those things up.

I started out on this first trip with these guys and then they asked me to come back, do another trip. I'd



Wesley in the '80s

photo: Dave Edwards

done three trips, and on the fourth trip we were unloading the boats at Lee's Ferry, and we were pushing a little too hard at the back, Roger fell off again, rebroke his ankle, and I got to be a boatman and take the boat down. (chuckles)

Now at this time, I knew nothing about boating. I had been down three times, but the trips had to go on: "Hey, you're it." So Louise and myself—now Louise and Roger had been married and Louise, I thought, knew more about the river than I knew—we both would write on our hands all the layers of the Grand Canyon. If someone said, "What layer is that?" You'd go, "Let me see (consulting hand), it's Tapeats." (laughs) And if you did the dishes too much, you know, then you couldn't really have an orientation or anything.

We didn't know how to start the motors, how to fix them. If it wasn't for the people on our trip, being able to repair motors, and for the grace of God, you know... because we actually weren't professionals in those days.

We didn't know much...

Steiger: What would have been the job description in the seventies?

Smith: They just say, "Okay now, take care of those folks, and we'll see you at the other end." Whatever it entails! (laughs) You have to know how to start an engine, to cook food, to do first aid, to lead hikes, to interpret natural history and geology—all of those things come very slowly, especially for me. A lot of people take off with degrees and stuff and have studied stuff, but almost everything that I know has been taught to me by the passengers. There's a million people that go down there, and they're *all* experts in one field or another. You can pick anybody's brain about science, nuclear reactors, medicine, carpentry—anything. And just float down with these people, pick their heads, they pick your head. Wow! You learn everything!

One of them will be reading a book... And I bring a lot of books. After lunch, I pass them out and someone reads, "Oh look, it says right here... that we're going past this or that." And I'll... "Hmm, I'll remember that."

Steiger: You mean almost everything you know about the river has been taught to you by the passengers? The interpretive stuff?

Smith: Oh, all the geology, all the faults, all of the plants. I knew a lot, but like names and how, sequence and everything. And I just listen to them read and discuss back and forth. I have no formal training on any of this. And

if there's anything I can't think of, I go, "How does that go together? I understand that and that, but this here..." And then all of a sudden a geologist will come on your boat, and you go, "Well, now, explain that to me." He explains that to you, and then all of a sudden, you know everything. Except when you go on a trip with Larry.

Steiger: Stevens?

Smith: Oh yeah. (laughter) Because he can tell you not only what bug it is, but what kind of fleas are on its shoulder and what kind of parasites are on it.

I had *some* skills when I first came back from Vietnam of rescue and first aid—sort of like in situations where you don't know what's going on. (chuckles) In Vietnam, anyone who's there before you, you respect and you think that they know more than you do, that they know one trick or another. And after I was there for

about two-and-a-half months, I was the oldest person there. And all the younger people would look and say, "What do we do?" It's sort of like being a head boatman. I cross-use these skills. It's like, "What do we do?" All you gotta do is... "I don't *know* what the f*** you do!" and freak out and watch everyone just go in every f***** different direction.

Or you can say, "Ha!" and just use whatever sense you have, you know. Everybody's just right behind you, doing exactly what you say.

Steiger: As long as you were in control.

Smith: Right. And now the thing about it is, I *knew* that I didn't know anything about it. But, as little as I know about it, I knew ten minutes more of it than they did. And when we started rafting and stuff too, it's the same way: nobody knew about anything. But all you could do was try. You know, we were forced into a lot of situations. We didn't say "we're professionals." You know? "Hey, these trips are going. You want to try this?" And the people more or less knew that they were on an adventure too. They didn't really... Not like nowadays.

Steiger: They didn't expect anything.

Smith: Yeah. Now it's pretty much canned, you can expect certain things one way or another.

Steiger: I thought it was snout boats that you started out with. So these were motor trips?

Smith: Oh yeah, these were motor trips. We just put all the tubes together and a platform up there, chains around it, threw all the gear in the middle, threw a tarp over it, and ropes back and forth, and that was it.

Steiger: So it was a boat similar to the Life Magazine picture of the boat . . .

Smith: Turning over? Yeah. Exactly the same.

Steiger: Was there a clear-cut shift between motoring and rowing?

Smith: More or less, the major change came... I'd worked for about three years. The Park Service started this rumor that they were going to change the jurisdiction in the Canyon and that the companies should convert to rowing, because they were going to try to outlaw motor things. So some of the companies believed that rumor and some of them didn't. But when they first started the rumor and invited the companies to convert into rowing, AzRA started developing a rowing program down in the Grand Canyon where there was mostly bigger boats or dories. At that time they brought a lot of the California crew out: Don Briggs, Melville, all those guys that knew how to row boats and stuff, they brought them out here. At that time we were rowing basket boats, light boats from off of life boats—round circles and stuff.

Steiger: They had those "roll bars." (laughs)

Smith: Yeah. First step, we'd cut them off of them. Jerry Jordan cut the bottom off of one (laughs) in Havasu one day. Collapsed the whole thing. And then

the Winn brothers, who were great stallions in the AzRA company, they came on-line. And then Peter Winn started developing this snout design, and we went through about three generations of frames with those. When we started rowing them, nobody knew how to row them, nobody knew a catamaran system or anything. You can teach somebody like this something right now, in a day. But when you're trying to figure it out, you know, like we'd come back to work that year and someone'd go, "I know how we get in that eddy! Let's aim our tubes toward the eddy, and then we'll just power into it!" Instead of, like, getting broadside and just letting the current go and trying to make it across. We tried everything. We used to work twice as hard. Every year, you'd come back to work, it gets easier and easier. "Ah, ah, ah." Now, proper boating and techniques are so commonplace, because everybody shares this information.

In Vietnam, we shared every secret that we knew with every other person, because we knew that eventually it could save our lives. In a lot of jobs where you have an apprenticeship, like making shoes, making gold, making whatever—pharmacy—a lot of those things can go slow. In the river business, everybody has to share their knowledge with everybody, and that way we can all stay safe. If you're an old boatman and you know some secrets, and you see a young person come along, and if you keep that information from him, sure as shit, your ass is going to be in a sling one day. You'll be going down (makes sound of getting in trouble), "I wonder if I told him about..."

AzRA spotted me money to raise homing pigeons. This was before we had radios. They gave me \$150 allowance and I bought six pairs of pigeons at Phoenix and I had a cage here. And I raised them for like five years. Now, the first wave of pigeons that I had, the ones I paid twenty-five bucks for, we would take them, after I had gone for three years, and they would retrieve from the Grand Canyon back to Williams. They could make it back within an hour. But these pigeons were sort of retards. They would sit on the boats. We would have them in apple crates and stuff. And when we let them go, we'd have to throw rocks at them to make them go home!

Steiger: What was the idea? When would you send them? Would you take them down there and just report in "everything's okay"?

Smith: No, like if we had an accident, if we needed a helicopter or we needed...

Steiger: And how would you care for them? This was on motor trips, or rowing trips?

Smith: Oh, on rowing trips too, yeah. And they *loved* just sitting right there and getting splashed and stuff. But

then there was a settlement down in Phoenix where this guy who died had this pigeon club: he had these babies he was selling for \$150 a piece, and he gave me twenty-two of them. So then I went another three years, and we had these pigeons; they could get back to Williams within fifteen minutes from anywhere in the Grand Canyon. I took them to Cortez in a windstorm that was going that way, and they made it back to Williams within six hours, the first ones did. Very dedicated, the minute you let them go, just *straight* up and *straight* home. But then radios and stuff came in. I wasn't protecting the pigeons well. One of them, ring-tailed cats got into their cage, killed one.

This is amazing: once we started carrying them, we didn't have any accidents! I think the most important message we ever sent out was, "Hike a guitar into Phantom Ranch." Becca was on the trip. We never got to make any saves with them, but we did it. When I first started taking them, for a long time they didn't do anything. And then Tom Workman got appointed up here, and he classified them as pets and then I had to go before a tribunal of the National Park and explain to them what we were doing. They didn't want anything released down there that would stay down there. But we let them go three at a time, usually one white one, you know, like, one for the peregrines, one to get lost, and the other one to get home. The first group that I had, these guys, they loved the river, man. They're homing pigeons, but they don't mind living on your gypsy wagon, you know. We throw them up in the air, they'd start flying off, and then they'd follow us for a while. And then they would land on a motorboat and someone would just walk over to them. They had these little cylinders on their leg, you take the note out, sign your name, tell them what it was, throw them back in the air. Finally they get bored and they go home.

Steiger: Do you have a favorite river story?

Smith: Gosh, not really. There's one... when we almost all made the turn to the right-hand side in Crystal, and Chris Brown wrapped a snout boat on it. They were trapped out there on the rocks, right on the very tip of the island.

We were carrying at that time—paddleboating wasn't done in the Grand Canyon, especially not at those big water levels or anything—and we had this little Redshank that we had pulled up and we would take it out on calm sections and stuff, but we never did any major rapids or anything with it.

They're stuck out there, the water's coming up, and the boat's getting sunk underwater. We can't do anything for them. So I drafted about six of the youngest kids on the trip. From the bottom boat we found a big log, we tied it on there like a dead animal on sticks, and we walked all the way up to the top of the rapid. There were some private trips coming through, and we asked

them—they had Avons and they had boats that they could do it, but nobody had the skill. They said, "No, we can't get out there and get in that backwash and rescue those people. It'd be insane to do that." And with our skills nowadays, any one of us would go out there and we could do this routinely. But at this time, we didn't know it. And so I got all these kids, we all carried this boat all the way up to the top. We begged these people, they wouldn't go out there, they wouldn't lend us their boats, so we loaded up, and the six of us, we got right out on the tongue, and we drifted right down, pulled in an eddy, picked four of these people up...

Edwards: With paddles?

Smith: With paddles. And these kids didn't know how to paddle. I didn't know how to paddle captain. We didn't know if we were going to turn over when we hit the eddy fence or anything. But we said, "What else can we do?" And we got six of them, and then we got back out into the current, made it over to the side at the bottom, carried it back up, and we got the other people just as the water was coming right up to the top of the rocks, and we got them back. The water completely pulled the entire snout boat underneath the river. And we're walking back, and the people said, "What are we going to do about that boat?" (laughs) I said, "We're going to go on with our trip. We're going to do whatever. We'll just leave it here. It's recreational equipment." (laughs) And just at that point, the whole boat popped back up, came out and floated right down beside us, right into the eddy we were in. We camped in the eddy that night, half of us laying, sleeping on that upside down boat, all the other boats harbored together, and passed food around. I set the porta-potty up at one end. The next morning, we got up in a crack, got some ropes, set up a pulley system, turned it over, went on our way again. But these young kids, and for us having no paddling experience—in those days, we weren't set up, we didn't have pulley systems, we didn't have enough long ropes, we didn't have carabiners, we didn't have the *knowledge* of how to pull things off. And everybody coming right together...

And some of the passengers... (laughs) Because we got out there and I would start screaming and yelling at these kids just like they were in the army or something, and we'd get back to shore and the parents would say, "You've got to take it easy on that person, maybe he..." I said (yelling like a drill sergeant), "Get up out of the bottom of the boat! Pull, pull!" (laughs) And we were all just scared to death. We didn't know what was going to happen. At the very least, we'd have to take a swim. But it worked out fine. Seeing so many people pull together—in the old days, it seemed to be more and more. Nowadays, it seems like when something happens, everyone looks around and expects you to know what to do—and we do! (chuckles) But when everyone looked

around and they go, "We don't expect anyone to know how to do this. Let's all help out on this, let's all support the people." That kind of stuff. It isn't as much there nowadays as it used to be.

That's that story!

Steiger: You've got to have another one.

Smith: Well, the greatest story: I took my mom down on a river trip. Now this has given me a lot of tolerance for dealing with anybody. We were like the second day or so, and we're to House Rock, and you know how cold the water can be there and everything. Everyone's washing their hair, and my mom says, "I think I'll wash my hair, Wesley." I said, "Fine, go ahead, wash your hair." And she said, "Warm some water." And I go, "Ha! What do you mean?" She said, "Warm some water." I said, "Mom, people just go down to the beach."

"Wesley!"

"Yes, ma'am." (chuckles)

And I warmed some water for her. (laughs) Since then, I've done it for myself, we do it for anybody. But having my mom on a trip was just incredible. The shit that you go through for your mom and you don't think anything about it, and then you see somebody else and you go, "Well, if I can go through this with one person, why can't I go through it with everybody? Treat everybody just like they're normal."

I took her up to Havasu Falls—she's overweight, she hadn't hiked or anything—we made it all the way up, nine miles. She goes, "Okay, I'd better start back, my arthritis is kicking up." Her legs were swelling up. She can only walk like little Chinese [steps]. I said, "No, sit down, sit down." It continued to happen.

So I was head boatman on the trip again, and we started walking back, and we didn't make it back until way late at night. I had to leave her about three miles up, go down and tell everyone, "Hey, we're doing an emergency camp." We're camping on all the ledges and everything there. It's fine. I said, "Hey, f*** it, man, it's my mom. I'm not leaving without her!" (laughs) She kept walking all that night. She finally got back. She set on the boat for the next three days, smiling. She was real proud of herself, for doing it and everything. And I didn't think anything about it.

Now, if I have a passenger that's lost up there or slow or anything, I don't think anything about it. I just say, "Hey, this is how it's going to have to happen," you know. Treat this person like you would treat your own parents.

Not to talk about my outfit or any particular outfitter, but they *do* always talk about the same boatman burnout: "Are you burned out on doing your job? Is that why you're becoming slack, or you're doing one thing or another?" Well, there's times when you want to hike,

there's times when you want to do anything. And if you're there for years, you're going to go through different phases, different things. But a boatman can burn out, if they have so much work piled on them. A lot of times, when a company, if they schedule you back-to-back trips, without time out and stuff, you can burn out. And we see most boatmen have eventually moved on to different things, or supplemented their earnings from different things.

The thing that we don't talk about is *owner* burnout. There are owners who have companies who have *fresh* ideas, who *want* to get in there, but the way the politics are set up now, it behooves you to stay owner of a company—even if you don't want to do it—because it's so economically beneficial to keep ahold of that permit.

If the owners were under a policy to where when their permit was up, it was given back to the National Park, and they could reassign it to somebody who wanted to use it. Then an owner would not have any reason to stay in the business unless he was getting something out of it, unless it charged his life, unless he was ready to go for it.

If everybody, every concessionaire in the Canyon, when they were ready to quit the business and say, "Okay, I'm getting out of it"—if they got out of it and their permit went back to the federal government, that'd be one thing. But every one of them that gets out of it right now, they get out of it with million-dollar boosts, by selling their user days to another company—that distorts a lot of the free enterprise, and the growth too.

They are basing their entire livelihood on the user days that belong to the United States public, when they are through with them, if they don't want them any more, they should not be able to sell them for a million dollars. They should say, "I'm walking away from this, and I'm selling my equity in my property over here, and here, government, you reassign these days." Because those days should be for the *people*. It should not be for these twenty-two groups to be here forever. It's, like you have the right to graze on this land—you don't have the rights to the land. If your cows can go out there and eat the bushes, and you can make money off this. But when you're through using the land, the land is ours, it belongs to the federal government. You don't sell your grazing rights to another farm—they go back to the government, and it can give it to whoever it feels like. It was never written in the law of the land that these people have the singulatory right to jurisdiction over these days forever.

I'm saying that there is burnout between owners, as there is in boatmen, and there is no checks about it. If you know someone's being completely—gutting the public, not giving services, or is not a good person—the Park Service should be able to say, "Hey, we're not going to renew your contract." If you're totally into it, it can

be renewed forever. In some of them, there's families turning it over to their children: and that's completely responsible, as long as there's new generations and stuff. I think that they ought to be able to be allowed to be there, but there ought to be some kind of safeguard.

If I had to make up the Park Service rules, what I would do is, I would give *ten-year* leases on something, up to ten years, and that way they could get better financing, instead of financing on a five-year permit. You have to put so much money into a company. Every concessionaire owns his own property, he owns his boats, and he owns his equipment. That can be sold, if somebody wants to buy it.

If there was a way that the owners of the companies, when they've *had* enough of it, when they've *had* a good life, could turn it over to somebody who wanted to work it—because we can see all of the different stages that people have gone through. And if there is burnout as boatmen or as firemen, as controllers, there's gotta be burnout within the owners too. But the owners won't relinquish their hold on these companies, because they economically can't afford to. It's too beneficial.

Steiger: Have you run a bunch of other rivers all over the place?

Smith: I worked in Africa with Dave Edwards and Kevin, on the Zambezi. Then we went up to Tanzania and did the Rufiji through the Selous Game Reserve. We went to Thailand and we did some in bamboo boats—crazy bamboo boats. Walked through all of the poppy fields up to this place, ride on elephants for a day, and then they take you to a place where they have a mill downstream for the bamboo, and they have no way to get it there. But the dumb tourists come through, so they take all of these great big, like, eighteen-, twenty-two-foot pieces of bamboo, and thrash them together about nine foot wide, and they build a little tripod out on there, and we all get on board, and tie your packs onto it. They give you a pole, and you start taking off down this river. Kevin Johnson...this limb comes like that, just knocks him off the boat. It's incredible: some places you come to corners where there's *hundreds* of these boats that are all just smashed or making a sieve around this corner. And it's totally out of control. Nobody knows what's going on. There may be one guy, and he's yelling, running from boat to boat. You might lose everything, but they don't tell you this... you're lucky to get away with your life. And then finally you get down to this place and you see a saw mill there, and you've just brought in the new load of logs! (laughter)

Steiger: Can you describe what's been the best part of river running for you?

Smith: The best part of it is dealing with people, the

other boatmen, having a life that you can share with people, do things and stuff—interesting people. I have met so many good people down there. The boatmen, working with them, is similar to having the camaraderie like you would have in Vietnam or something like that, where everyone depends on each other, they know what each other is doing, they're working for a common good, "let's keep each other alive, let's help each other out here," and stuff. A lot of the places in the world, you can't find that experience, or you can't work with people—you have to rely on how they are and stuff. But I've found that on the river.

But just dealing with people. Once you get on the river, and figuring out how to fix this or how to do this, working together, you know, accomplishing something, watching people laugh, smile, and have fun yourself. That's been the great part of it. I'd definitely say that it has to be the people. The Canyon is fun, and it's great, and it's magnificent and everything, but I don't know that I would have spent three or four months a year for twenty-two years down there by myself, just looking at the Canyon. Not that it's not worthy of looking at or anything, but for me, being with the people, being with the folks, being able to share, smile...

Lew Steiger
Dave Edwards
Brad Dimock



Come to a Board Meeting

The next few board meetings will be held on the first Monday of each month - August 5, September 2, October 7, November 4, and December 2 - at 5:00. Please call the office at (520) 773-1075 to let us know you're coming. If you can't attend but want to provide input, you could speak with a board member before the meeting or arrange a conference call.



Fall Meeting

The annual fall meeting will be held on November 16th in Flagstaff. We'll have a meeting Saturday afternoon and a party Saturday night. We'll fill in the details later.



The Board and Officers of GCRG want to thank all of our members whose generous donations during the past year have enabled us to continue our work. We deeply appreciate the extra support of the following contributors and sincerely apologize to anyone we may have inadvertently missed.

Major Contributors

Grand Canyon Conservation Fund
Margaret Endres, Palm Harbor, FL
Michael Wehrle, Charleston, WV

Special Fund Contributors

John Vail, Outdoors Unlimited
Rob Elliott, Arizona Raft Adventures
Laurie Lee Staveley, Canyon Explorations

Benefactor Members: Guides

Anonymous Contribution in Memory of Whale
Nancy McCleskey, Freelance, Gallup, NM
Tom Moody, Freelance, Flagstaff, AZ
Wes Rich, GCE, Deland, FL
Duck Robert, Freelance, Porter, ME
Larry Schmelzia, ARR, Wilcox, AZ
Michael Smith, Freelance, Moab, UT
Mark Tygesen, Freelance, Mountain View, CA
Howie Usher, AzRA, Clarkdale, AZ

Benefactor Members: General

Mark Audas, Austin, TX
Mary Barnes, Leadville, CO
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Jeanette Ford, Durham, NC
Timothy Gold, Madison, WI
Christopher Herbert, Phoenix, AZ
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John Blaustein, OARS, Berkeley, CA
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Mike Borcik, Outdoors, Tucson, AZ
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Nelson Crawford, CANX, Camp Verde, AZ
Brad Dimock, Dories, Flagstaff, AZ
Scott Eilber, Dories, Alta, UT
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Tim Lawton, AzRA, Las Cruces, NM
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Dick Simpson, Palo Alto, CA
Robyn Slayton, Flagstaff, AZ
Fred St. Goar, Merlo Park, CA
Marcy Withrow, Charlotte, NC
Jo Yount, Port Townsend, WA

CONTRIBUTORS

Financial Statement
Fiscal Year Profit and Loss
July 1, 1995 through June 30, 1996

Income	
GCRG Income	
Membership	\$48,840.20
Contributions	4,222.80
First Aid Class	14,040.00
Resource Trip Grants	15,353.31
Interest	109.78
Bad Checks	<u>22.25</u>
Total GCRG Income	\$82,588.34
GTS Contributions	13,170.00
Sales	<u>7,057.00</u>
Total Income	\$102,815.34
Cost of Goods Sold	<u>(2,582.56)</u>
Gross Income	\$100,232.78
Expense	
Adjustments	80.30
Depreciation	4,712.00
Diem Payments	810.00
Donations and Gifts	80.00
First Aid Class	13,567.83
GTS Expense	12,402.29
Insurance	561.80
Meeting Expense	1,519.41
Office Supplies	2,148.44
Payroll Expense	8,474.16
Postage	6,448.50
Printing	19,476.96
Professional Fees	473.63
Projects	564.69
Rent	3,021.52
Repairs	75.00
Resource Trip	15,353.31
Service Charges	133.80
Subscriptions	141.20
Taxes	465.00
Telephone	3,661.12
Travel	2,593.67
Utilities	580.73
Total Expense	<u>(97,345.36)</u>
Net Income	2,887.42

Thanks to everyone who made this issue possible... to Susan Wilson for the great drawings, to Dave Edwards and others for the fine photos, and to all of you writers who keep submitting amazing things... and to all of you who support us... It wouldn't happen without you. Printed with soy bean ink on recycled paper by really nice guys.

Balance Sheet

Current Assets	
GCRG Cash Accounts	13,544.69
GTS Cash Account	2,936.52
Other Current Assets	<u>1,640.00</u>
Total Current Assets	18,121.21
Fixed Assets	
Equipment	23,560.70
less Depreciation	<u>(15,204.33)</u>
Total Fixed Assets	<u>8,356.37</u>
Total Assets	26,477.58
Liabilities	
Liabilities	816.05
Equity	<u>25,661.53</u>
Liabilities + Equity	26,477.58
General Members	835
Guide Members	660
Circulation	2580

Announcements

Lost at Ledges Camp, below Upset on 6/1/96: Hopi silver water design bracelet w/ a lot of sentimental value. contact Christa, Box 22130, Flagstaff, AZ 86002 520/774-8436

Found Laura Ashley wire-rimmed prescription glasses, 6/27, a little ways below Havasu on the left (shady sand dune). Call The Summit, 520/774-0724

Wilderness First Responder course, Oct 12-20, Telluride. \$425 Contact First Lead, Box 661, Telluride, CO 81435 970/728-5383

E-Mail Us

The digital universe has invaded the GCRG office. Now you can email us at : gcr@infomagic.com If you'd like to get updates and alerts by e-mail, send us your e-address.

Our website, which carries some of our newsletters, pictures and other information can be found at <http://vishnu.glg.edu/GCRG/GCRG.html>

Many thanks to Ed Smith, Chris Geanius and Matt Kaplinski for their web-page work. See you on the net.

Area Businesses Offering Support

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

Expeditions Boating Gear 625 N. Beaver St., Flagstaff	779-3769	Dr. Jim Marzolf, DDS Dentist 1419 N. Beaver Street, Flagstaff, AZ	779-2393
The Summit Boating equipment	520/774-0724	Snook's Chiropractic 521 N. Beaver St. #2, Flagstaff	774-9071
Chums/Hellowear Chums and Hello clothing Call Lori for catalog	800/323-3707	Fran Rohrig, NCMT, Swedish, Deep Tissue & Reiki Master	527-0294
Mountain Sports river related items 1800 S. Milton Rd. Flagstaff	779-5156	Dr. Mark Falcon, Chiropractor 1515 N.Main, Flagstaff	779-2742
Aspen Sports Outdoor gear 15 N San Francisco St, Flagstaff	779-1935	Five Quail Books—West River books 8540 N Central Ave, #27, Phoenix	602/861-0548
Professional River Outfitters Equip. rentals Box 635 Flagstaff, AZ 86002	779-1512	Willow Creek Books, Coffee and Outdoor Gear 263 S. 100 E. St., Kanab, UT	801/ 644-8884
Canyon R.E.O. River equipment rental Box 3493, Flagstaff, AZ 86003	774-3377	Cliff Dwellers Lodge Good food Cliff Dwellers, AZ	355-2228
Sunrise Leather, Paul Harris Birkenstock sandals. Call for catalog.	800/999-2575	Mary Ellen Arndorfer, CPA Taxes 230 Buffalo Trail Flagstaff, AZ 86001	520/525-2585
Teva Sport Sandals and Clothing	779-5938	Yacht True Love Bill Beer, Skipper Virgin Island Champagne Cruises	809/775-6547
Terri Merz, MFT 1850 East Flamingo Road #137 Las Vegas, NM 89119 Individual/Couples/Family counselling, Depression/Anxiety	702/892-0511	Laughing Bird Adventures Sea kayaking tours Belize, Honduras and the Caribbean.	800/238-4467

Care to join us?

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

General Member

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

Guide Member

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____

\$25 1-year membership
\$100 5-year membership
\$277 Life membership (A buck a mile)
\$500 Benefactor*
\$1000 Patron (A grand, get it!)*

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

\$_____ donation, for all the stuff you do.

\$16 Short sleeved T-shirt Size _____
\$18 Long sleeved T-shirt Size _____
\$22 Wallace Beery shirt Size _____
\$10 Baseball Cap
\$10 GTS Kent Frost Poster

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

Total enclosed _____

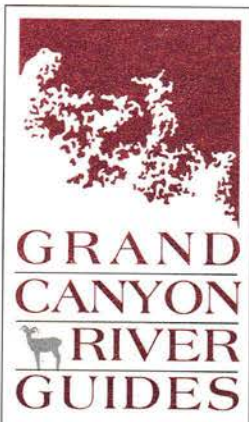
Pierces Ferry Way Back... When?



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

Box 1934
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

Roy Webb sent this photo of Pierces Ferry. Can anyone fill us in on the date?
courtesy C. Gregory Crampton collection, University of Utah Marriott Library



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