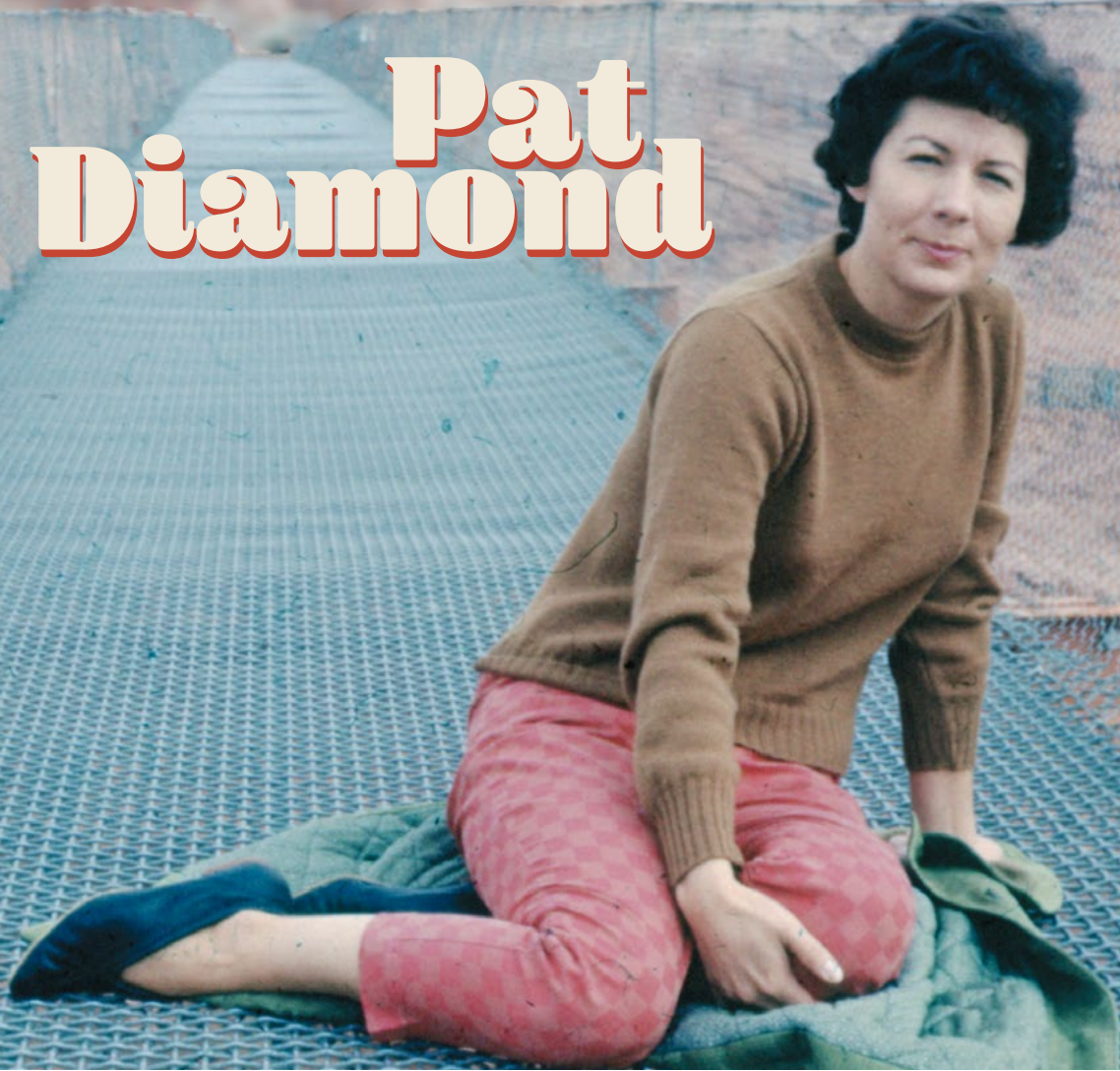


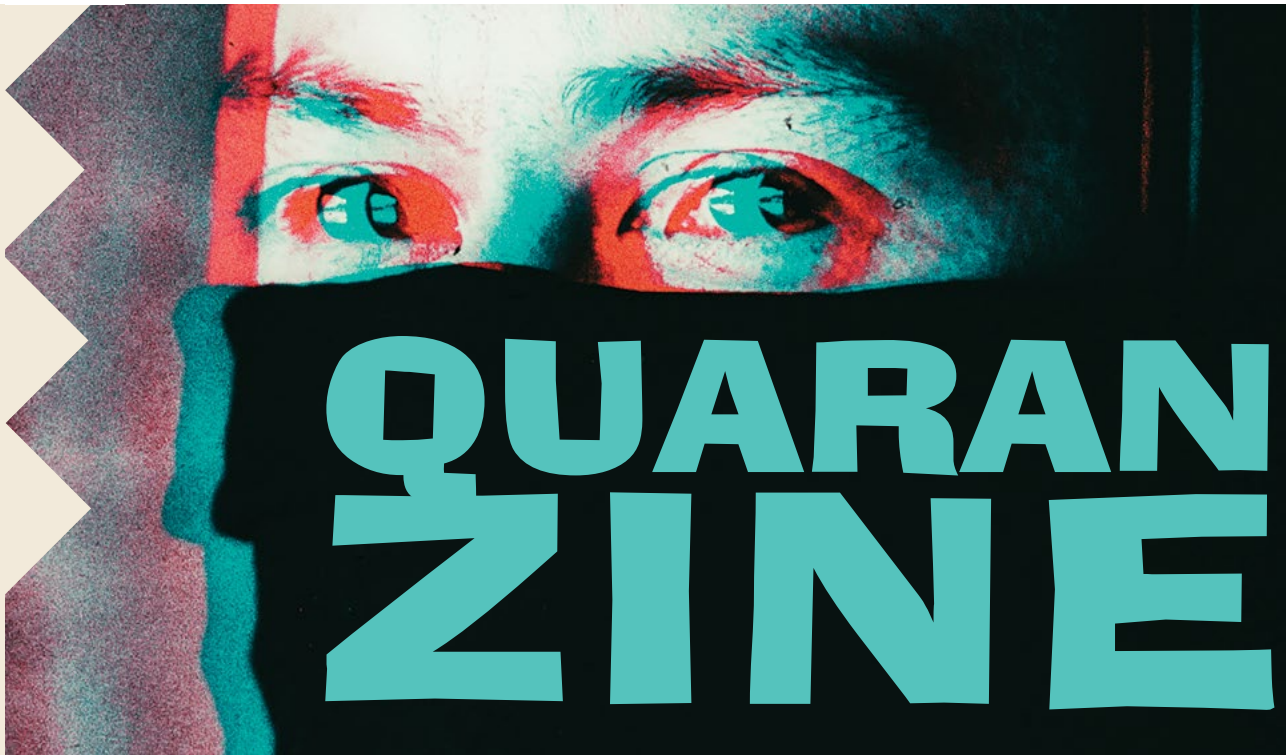
boatman's quarterly review

# Pat Diamond



the journal of the Grand Canyon River Guide's, Inc. • volume 33 number 2 • spring 2020

**SPECIAL COVID ISSUE INSIDE!**



# QUARAN ZINE



## boatman's quarterly review

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

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES  
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

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

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

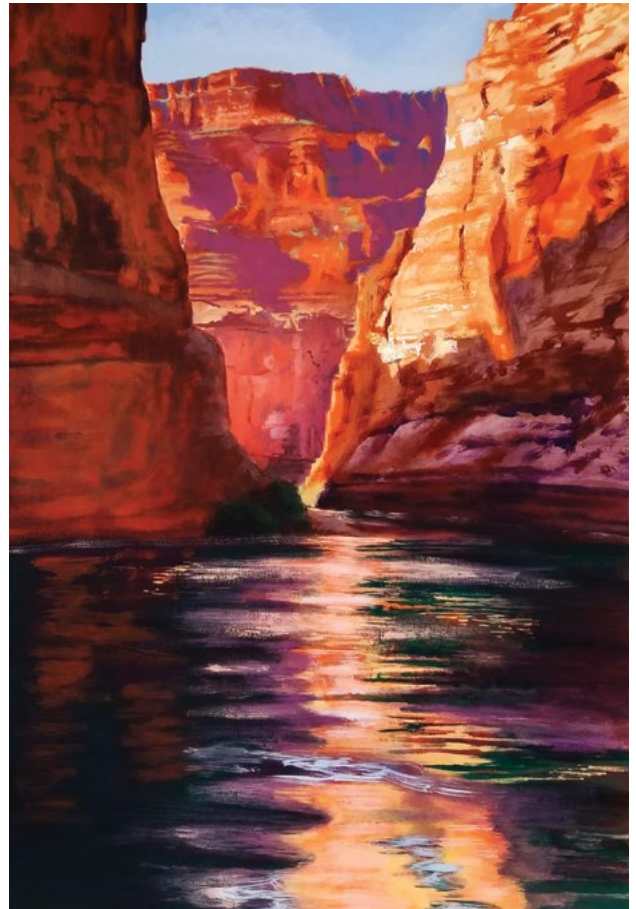
Deadlines for submissions are the 1ST of February, May, August and November. Thanks!  
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"Morning Light" Summer Doss

**In this issue, *QuaranZine* contributors blew us away with the most amazing content. We welcome your submissions to the BQR anytime, so don't stop now! The BQR might not pay, but the prestige is priceless. ;)**

*The Editors*

## Prez Blurp

**H**ERE WE ARE. We arrived at this moment. This one. You. Sitting with a chilled cup of sun tea, a frosty beer, a hot cup of coffee, or a tall glass of ice water, running your hands across soft paper stock, a fresh print. It's new. We have to savor the barehanded touch against simple objects these days. Now. It is you laying in a hammock, canvas cloth against not nearly tan enough skin, sipping down distilled maté leaves, or cautiously sipping another breath. Maintaining presence in each moment has never appeared to be more relevant. As river folk, we are assigned a future sometime in February each year. Blocks of time, markers that cross off sections of spring, summer and fall. A plan for the adventure, unknown.

The catastrophe of this pandemic ripped our future away. Some of us may have already lost loved ones or are forced to be separated from our family. People are dying. The weight and depth of grief we are experiencing and will move through is a transformative process. Time is suspended from us, as if we are being punished for not doing it that way. We entered the Great Unknown sometime in the middle of March. Training. Canceled. Gatherings. Canceled. Travel. Canceled. Dinner out or in homes. Canceled. A place at the bar to swallow it away. Canceled. Fear, distress, and longing erupts. Shift the paradigm. Seven months of our proposed future returned to us. Garden. Check. Bake. Check. Phone calls. Check. Puppy? New build. Check. Unfinished project, complete. A new buzz word conceived: virtual gathering. Not unprecedented. Fuck unprecedented. Add disparity: lack of privilege, salary or preserved resources.

There. Then. Becoming Now.

Sitting in camp. Deep Breath. Look around. Khu-Shhink. The call of social gathering around a drag bag exploding with river chilled beers. Staring down the glassy tongue, Hance. Horn, low water. Squeezing against the right shore. Hugging the right side of the Horn. Pause. Momentum pulls us in.

Camp. Lettuce, Tomatoes, Cucumber. Boom! Cooler closes. Chop.

Click. Click. Flame. Cooking dinner for 18–32 people.

Now, six or no more than ten. Wash your filthy mitts!

This is suspended time. Kaibab, Toroweap, Coconino, Hermit, Supai, Redwall, Muav, Bright Angel, Tapeats. Visual aids to suspended time. At least six ft between each Epoch. We are forced to hold space in one place. Sit and be still. Why ask for a teleport to skip through time? To cheat oneself of the journey, the

process so often overlooked by a wandering thought beside a moment. Over and over.

Here. It is in your hands. This moment, this piece of time. Savor it. Hold it close. Observe it. Take all you need of it. It is always there. Time.

Now. Currently. In this first week of May, time is suspended. Ripped away from not just us, but all of US. Globally. It is truly magnificent. Oftentimes we magically arrive from point A to point B not knowing how much time has passed between leaving and arriving.

Now. Dipping into my history on the river where I have been overwhelmed with fear, distress, and longing. Twenty-five-day winter trip, broken and cracked skin, or deep June with over toasted and blistered skin, no reprieve of a hydrated cloud. I plead “Just take me home river.” Then, it was to follow current until the end, which held a hot shower or a cold dark room with still silence.

Now. Here I am. Again. “Just take me home river.”

Take me home. I will take isolation in an unrelenting wind, tearing my palm to get another pull in. Questions. Same questions. Every question. Everyday. Question.

We are not alone. We have our marvelous selves. Our closest kin. Keep them close. We are here. She is there. Waiting. Be patient and pause.

*Margeaux Bestard*



Carl Rice

# Farewell

VLADIMIR JOSEPH KOVALIK—MARCH 12, 1928 – FEBRUARY 15, 2020

**B**ORN IN KOŠICE, SLOVAKIA, Vladimir “Vlado” Kovalik led a life of adventure rivaled by few. His early years were spent hiking, climbing and skiing in the High Tatra Mountains near his hometown of Poprad. During the last two years of WWII, he hid out in an uncle’s vineyard to avoid being conscripted into the German Army. By his late teens, he was a starter on the Czech National Hockey Team. He carried the torch on its run across the country for the 1948 Olympics, but was unable to compete



VK in Lava Falls, 1972. Raft: Green River, frame: Early Wilderness World.

due to injuries. During this time, he ran his first river, the Vah, in an abandoned German assault raft he and some friends found. Not long after this, he was imprisoned by the communist regime for anti-communist activities. After six months in prison and a first failed escape attempt he was sentenced to the ice fields of Siberia. Escaping from the eastbound train at the Slovak Ukraine border, he made his way west to Germany, hiding out by day and traveling at night over six months.

He met his wife Nada, a volunteer at a displaced persons camp near Munich, where he ended up in 1950. She brought him back to her home in Portland, OR. Soon after, he was enrolled at Stanford and completed his Masters in Economics. This led to a near twenty-year career working with Stanford Research Institute and its various subsidiaries. During this time he managed to sneak in a year living in Anchorage, AK, focused on climbing Mt. Denali. Inspired by Daggett and Beer’s epic Canyon swim of a few years earlier, he and two friends swam the Rogue

River from Galice to Gold Beach in 1959, wearing surplus wetsuits and pushing their gear bags in front of them.

His first day at Stanford, he met a lifelong best friend, environmentalist and fellow adventurer Ron Hayes, with whom he climbed in Yosemite and ran rivers, including his first trip down the Canyon with Martin Litton in the mid ’60s. His other best friend, Ken “Jomo” Ward, was also a huge influence and they shared many river and overland adventures.

He finished his “professional” life with an eighteen-month stint in Vietnam as a high-ranking civilian. Disheartened by his second close up experience



Climbing trip to Yosemite, late '50s.



Vladimir with wife Nada Kovalik, Stanford days, early '50s.

with war, he bought a small Honda motorcycle and left Saigon in 1970 with two friends. Although the motorcycle didn’t make the entire trip, he eventually reached Europe, visiting his Slovak family for the first time since his escape.





VK With Ron and Betty Hayes, early '60s.



Grand Canyon 2008, (80 years old) with then 18 year old grandson VK.

1971 marked a new phase, as Vladimir and Nada created Wilderness World, a river rafting company with operations in CA, ID, OR, the Grand Canyon and Central America. Ron Hayes partnered from 1972-'75, creating and leading specialty Canyon trips over many years that included the first commercial "music trip," featuring the Arriaga String Quartet in 1976, and a trip with environmental activist icon David Brower in 1977.

Not satisfied with the standard issue surplus rafts of the day, Vladimir set out designing better gear. His first design, the Havasu, was a benchmark in the evolution of raft design, featuring large, continuously curved tubes and laced in thwarts. The originals, manufactured by Holcombe Industries, were beautiful but leaky. Continued issues led Vladimir to design boats for Riken (Campways), where he came up with other iconic designs, such as the Miwok and Shoshone. Other contributions included the first Coast Guard Type V commercial whitewater PFD, essentially unchanged to this day. He also pioneered self-bailing floors in the early '70s with the original Chubasco boats. He made many contributions to raft design, including the Avon Spirit and boats for Metzler and Callegari. His first frame designs, made of fiberglass, proved too weak, but his sleek and smooth lightweight metal frames, utilizing a cooler for a seat, are some of the most elegant ever.

Vladimir and Nada eventually sold off the various river operations but the Grand Canyon legacy of



Climbing trip with Ron Hayes, early '50s.

Wilderness World can be found today in the able hands of Canyon Explorations. Vladimir continued to design boats into the '90s, but his interests turned to historic art, collected from all over the world. Never one to sit still, he had adventures and friends from Mongolia to Asia, Europe to South America.

Vladimir's personality can justly be described as big and contradictory. He could be outrageous and overwhelming, kind and even soft spoken, often within the same conversation. He seldom passed up an adventurous opportunity and loved to make a deal, maybe even a shady one. One of the lights of his life was his annual trip with the Rogue River Institute, a non-profit he co-founded, which provides a river experience on the Rogue for people with any kind of disability.

Vladimir is survived by three children, Kim, Kyle and Karen, and five grandchildren. His namesake grandson Vladimir "VK" Kovalik is the third generation to guide in the Canyon. His legacy lives on in his family, his contributions to river rafting and the never-ending tales told by and about him. As he often said when scouting rapids, just go where the water goes. That usually served him well and we hope he's still going with the water on that great river awaiting all of us.

*Kyle Kovalik*

## Book Review

*Rebel of the Colorado: The Saga of Harry Leroy Aleson*; RENNY RUSSELL; Animist Press; 2020; 304 pp; ISBN 978-09760539-6-5; prices vary depending upon format (<https://rennyrussell.com/latest-news>).

I WILL GUARANTEE THAT if you love rivers, Southwestern river history, art, and a well written book...and if you have a coffee table, this book should be on it. *Rebel of the Colorado* would not have been written without Harry Aleson's spirit looking over Renny's shoulder to be sure he got it right.

An artist, naturalist, and writer, Renny Russell would prefer to be "on the loose," rather than trodden through his beloved Southwest, or rowing his dory *Seedskadee* than to be stacked between the pages in some research library. But when Renny takes on a project it seems like food and sleep are only minor distractions in his determination to overcome the occasional frustration, hopelessness, and other obstacles he encounters.

For the last decade Renny worked on his latest project, *Rebel of the Colorado: The Saga of Harry Leroy Aleson*, a biography of eccentric river runner Harry Aleson. Anyone who remembers, or is sad about the loss of Glen Canyon, will be moved by what may be the definitive book on Colorado River runners in the Golden Age of river running during the 1940s and through to 1965. It is a large format book embellished with striking photographs taken prior to the flooding of Glen Canyon, many by P.T. Reilly, with illustrations by Renny. But it's much more, as *Rebel of the Colorado* chronicles the iconic river runners Aleson ran with from Norm Nevills to Georgie White, both Colorado River legends. It follows Harry's footsteps through the trials and tribulations he encountered—hardships that we cannot imagine today. This book is not a pedantic rewriting from historical documents. Russell knew Aleson, and draws his lyrics from that personal attachment.

As a young man, Renny Russell set out with his brother, Terry, from their Northern California home to discover and explore the American West. The result was *On the Loose*, which chronicled their adventures and became an anthem for a generation, and continues to speak to readers of all ages. But the story doesn't end there. A profound journey marked by the loss of his

brother to the powerful forces of nature on the Green River, and his return to the river years later to come to terms with it, are beautifully recounted in *Rock Me on the Water: A Life on the Loose*.

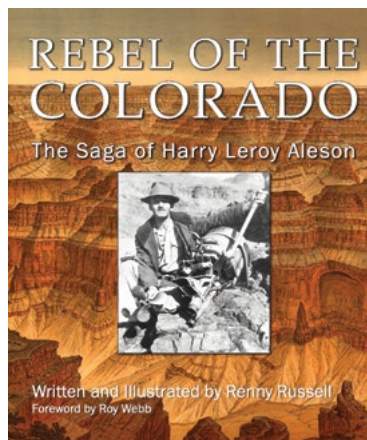
Renny has embraced life through art and books, where his love of nature extends to observations of the sacred, profane, and humorous in the world around us. His current adventure is the art of book binding and restoration of books as art. His love of books and appreciation for the traditions provide ongoing inspiration as he combines the bookbinding with his artistic roots in the Southwest. Through it all, he has maintained a healthy skepticism for societal constructs that pale in comparison with the powerful laws of nature. He lives in Questa, New Mexico, where he pursues his many interests in art, bookbinding, boat building, and nature.

I have been with Renny from the earliest spawning of *Rebel of the Colorado*, watched it grow through childhood and adolescence, and evolve into golden maturity. It was not easy to take the sometimes over-exacting nature of Aleson's writing (at times documenting the date and time of every activity) and produce an accurate and very readable history of Aleson and all of the planets

circling his galaxy. Settle down in a chair and hold the fascinating life of Harry Aleson in your hands, and you will tread lands barely seen by people, endure hardships, and overcome difficulties of an earlier time. Harry did these unbelievable things because they were there, because he wanted to do them, and maybe even to boost his ego and self-worth.

After Harry died, Dock Marston wrote to Harry's wife Dotty, "There is no question that Harry was a unique person. He should be good background for a readable biography as a different human. The major importance of his effort is unquestionable. If you conceive and execute a readable biography, there will be little danger of anyone scratching the reference background looking for corrections...The field is wide open to imagination."

Fictionalize Aleson? Renny wanted to tell his story straight without embellishments or the constraints of publishers' manipulations, or concerns about who his audience might be, or how many copies he could sell. As Renny labored through the years, Dock and Dotty's





letters haunted him and raised the bar demanding that no matter how long it took, it was Renny's responsibility to produce a compelling and artful book that would do justice to Harry Aleson's life's wanderings, to those colorful eccentric boatmen, to recall an era before

modern industrialized commercial river running conglomerates, and to revisit a landscape that had shaped Renny Russell's own life. And he did just that.

*Herm Hoops*

## Ed Keable Named Superintendent of Grand Canyon National Park

REPRINTED FROM A NATIONAL PARK SERVICE NEWS RELEASE  
DATED APRIL 3, 2020

THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE (NPS) announced today the appointment of Edward Keable as the superintendent of Grand Canyon National Park. Keable, a thirty-year veteran of federal service, will begin his new role within the next sixty days.

"Ed brings excellent leadership skills and passion for our nation's public lands to his new role as the superintendent of Grand Canyon National Park," said NPS Deputy Director David Vela, exercising the authority of the Director. "His experience at the Department of the Interior also provides a broader perspective that will be an enormous benefit to the park, employees, and visitors."

In 2019, Grand Canyon National Park welcomed 5.97 million visitors from across the country and the world. One of our nation's most iconic landmarks, the park encompasses 1.2 million acres and is one of the most visited National Parks.

Working alongside more than 350 employees, Ed will oversee all the management aspects of the

park, including planning and programming, public relations, administration, resource management, safety, interpretation, visitor services and facilities maintenance.

"I have long thought the Grand Canyon is the most beautiful place on earth," said Keable. "I am greatly honored that Department of the Interior Secretary David Bernhardt and Deputy Director Vela have

entrusted me to work alongside the dedicated employees at the Grand Canyon National Park to conserve this natural wonder for the enjoyment, education, and inspiration of the American people and the whole world."

Ed has served as the Assistant Solicitor of General Law for the Office of the Solicitor of the Department of the Interior (DOI) since March 2012. Based at the DOI's headquarters, the Office of the Solicitor performs the legal work for the United States Department of the Interior, manages

the Department's Ethics Office and resolves Freedom of Information Act Appeals. A graduate of Vermont Law School, Ed has worked for the DOI Office of the Solicitor for 23 years.



Photo credit: NPS

## Adopt-a-Beach Needs Volunteers

WELL, BACK AROUND March 28<sup>TH</sup> this spring, at a table on the northeast side of the interior of the Hatchland warehouse, you would have found me hawking beaches and passing out cameras. If there had been a GTS in March. But that doesn't mean we won't have a continuation of the Adopt-a-Beach program this year—but only if *you* volunteer as soon as we get back on the river. Just contact Lynn in the GCRG office to request a beach (or

beaches!), and get a packet with camera, datasheets, reference photos and a PR blurb sheet which has talking points you can use to answer questions when your guests want to know "Why are we stopping here?" It doesn't matter when or how many trips you have.

Look for a more in-depth Adopt-a-Beach update in the next issue of the BQR.

*Zeke Lauck*

# Pat Diamond

WELL BILL HAD WORKED in law enforcement in the area where we used to live, and he got hurt in the coal mine where he worked. As soon as he got through with that stint in the hospital and everything, then he found an ad that they wanted some people here in Page. We were living in Castle Dale, Utah. He just saw that ad and said, “I’m not going back to the coal mines. I will do something else. I’m qualified for this with the government.” So that’s what we did. We took down our Christmas tree (chuckles) and just started packing, and within a few days we were packed up, and down here. I mean they said yes immediately, so we came down. We had an older gentleman named Slattery. I don’t know if you’ve even heard of him. He was the like sergeant over the... I’m trying to think of what they called them then—just rangers, they called them—Bureau of Reclamation Rangers. Immediately Bill started working, and he worked as a policeman, so to speak, for quite a few years. And then Jerry Sanderson and his father... I’m trying to remember his father’s name. Rod, I believe... Jerry was on the rangers, too. Bill and Jerry were like rookies on this police force they were figuring out.

But anyway, we came down and we started working, and I started getting different jobs as the years went by, and just moved into different things. I used to work in the flower shop that was here. It was just very interesting, watching the town grow. It worked. We stayed. And then Jerry, of course his father had been one of the first pioneers of the canyon and the river running. So Jerry Sanderson and my husband sort of went together and helped put the police force together, and Bill just went on up the line, until Jerry got to talking about his experiences with his dad. Rod Sanderson was one of the very first original men in the canyon. So yeah, we were down there, we started out with—quite a few people came right after we did, or soon after.

\* \* \*

*Pat and her husband Bill Diamond were Grand Canyon pioneers who helped start Sanderson Bros. Expeditions and later bought out Harris Trips and split the combined companies into Sanderson and Diamond Expeditions, respectively.*

*The entire Diamond family: Bill, Pat, Donnie, Darrel, Helen, Leslie and Laurie— have been an integral and much loved part of the river running community in Grand Canyon for decades.*

*This Adopt-a-boatman interview was conducted at the beautiful Diamond hacienda on Rim View Drive in Page, AZ January 9, 2019 —LEW STEIGER*

\* \* \*

It just seemed to fit in with us—our busy days were in the summer when people were wanting to go on their vacations and stuff. We started our business and it just got to be too much, trying to work a full-time job with the government, with the rangers [*too*]. So Bill finally decided, “I’m going to go in with Jerry, and we’re going to make a company out of this.” And that’s what they did. I made my first tri... I was just trying to think what year that was. I’d have to look it up. I’m getting old, and I keep forgetting dates and things.

STEIGER: I’m the same. It amazes me how much stuff I don’t remember at all—not just dates, but all kinds of other things... When you first got to Page... do you remember when you first moved here, what year that might have been?

PAT DIAMOND: Well...

STEIGER: Let me ask you this: was the dam already built?

PAT DIAMOND: No. The dam was not built. They were still digging what they called the coffer dams, to divert the water away, so they could dig down far enough in the river bed to make a smaller dam, just to divert...

STEIGER: Into the diversion tunnels?

PAT DIAMOND: Yes, to go into the diversion tunnels. And we were there from the very beginning. We used to go walk across that old walking bridge, across the canyon up there. We drove down this way from Kanab [*that first time*], and didn’t realize that we couldn’t get across the canyon this way, from Kanab. We had to go clear down to Flagstaff and then come up. We just had to make do with what we had. Then we came up and got—they didn’t have all the houses ready. The Bureau of Reclamation was building houses. The Reclamation houses are up over here on the end. They all looked the same—a little bit different now because people have lived in them all this time. As soon as the Bureau moved away, and the dam was done, and they were moving out and selling all the property to the people who had it at that time; they said, “Whatever house, the one you’re in, or if there’s another one that hasn’t been taken yet, you may buy it.” Four thousand dollars for the whole house and property, any of them.

STEIGER: Wow.



**PAT DIAMOND:** Yeah. And we were living in one of those houses at that time, over on Gun Street. That was interesting. And Bill worked as the ranger for quite a few years there, until he and Jerry decided to start the Sanderson River Companies.

**STEIGER:** How did you guys meet each other? Were you both from Castle Dale?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes. Well, my father was dead, and my mother remarried to a cattleman that lived in Castle Dale. And that's how I grew up, with horses and cows and all this stuff. You know, I got into all that. It was a very interesting life. As a young girl, you know, I wasn't used to all these animals and all this stuff goin' on around, but that's the way I grew up. And then Bill's family moved to Castle Dale also, when we were in seventh and eighth grades, in the little schoolhouses up there. So that was about it as far as going to school and meeting, because we met in school, and decided they were pretty good people. (laughs) So after we married, that was when we decided to move to Page. And then from then on we just progressed. They started their river business and it just grew by leaps and bounds. There was just no stopping these people that wanted to go down the river. And I made my first trip. After Bill got out of the hospital, we moved straight down here. He never did go back into the coal mines.

**STEIGER:** How'd he get hurt in the mine?

**PAT DIAMOND:** He was running some machinery. I knew at the time what it was called, but right now I couldn't bring it up for you. But it was something that he was right in the face of where the coal was, and they were breaking through into old territory that had been opened before, and they were opening it so they could still go ahead and open it more. So that's what he was doing when we moved down.

**STEIGER:** But you said he'd been a policeman, he'd been training for that also in Castle Dale?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes. Well, he was a policeman, yes, but he was also authorized for the whole county, everywhere, because there just weren't that many people living around here.

**STEIGER:** So that would have been like a deputy, like a sheriff?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes. It was sort of like that. I've got pictures of him and the guys that were working on... that particular set of people. There wasn't anywhere else in the world that had that kind of a set-up as we did. This was through... What is that little town south of Las Vegas?

**STEIGER:** Boulder City?

**PAT DIAMOND:** No, it wasn't Boulder. It was smaller than that. Well anyway, there's a little town there, and

we didn't really get into anything that was going on, except with what was being done with the river people.

**STEIGER:** So it was the Bureau of Reclamation that hired him, and the Bureau of Reclamation was in charge of—they needed to police the whole operation?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes. They had to have a hospital, and I forget all the different agencies, had to be set before they could say that they were finished and moving out and turned it all over to the police.

**STEIGER:** That sounds pretty wild. Was there a lot of policing to be done here?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Well, kind of, because they didn't really have any of the old houses ready for the families. They had a huge sort of like dormitory for the men that were working here. It was on the other side of the dam. They did away with all of that. They didn't want people living there. They wanted them up here on the hill. And so they started selling off everything, and then people started building things. That's just the way it worked.

**STEIGER:** So you guys drove over here from Castle Dale, through Kanab?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Had never been out this way at all.

**STEIGER:** And nobody mentioned, didn't realize—no, you can't get across the river right there?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yeah, no one told us that they couldn't... We just drove out... I was going to tell you how... I don't really remember exactly what year that was, but I can find it.

**STEIGER:** I bet it must have been mid... Seems like they authorized the dam in 1956. (That was the year I was born.) So I imagine this had to be right there, sometime between '56, '58, somewhere in there, they were firing up to do all this, I guess.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes. If there's some dates that you need and I can find them, I'll let you know.

**STEIGER:** You mentioned they had a walking bridge across the river. What did that look like?

**PAT DIAMOND:** It was like chain-link, up. The floor of it was like you put down for trucks on a ramp or something like that. They had big pipes, also, underneath, ran along through there. I think they must have had water coming through that, because the water treatment and everything was on this other side. I'm not sure about that—I was too busy raising kids.

**STEIGER:** A pipe kind of like they've got down there at Phantom Ranch, where there's a water line that goes under the bridge and all that?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yeah.

**STEIGER:** Wow, that must have been something.

**PAT DIAMOND:** It was. They worked 24-7 on that dam. We would go down there, and they had it all lit up so that they could work and see and get everything done



Pat Diamond, watching the dam go up.

in time. When Bill wasn't working, sometimes we'd go down and walk out onto that bridge, because that wasn't fit for anything else. Well, I'll have to tell you, at one time somebody drove—what's the little tiny—Volkswagen! They drove a Volkswagen across that.

**STEIGER:** The bridge?

**PAT DIAMOND:** The bridge.

**STEIGER:** So it was big enough to do that?

**PAT DIAMOND:** It was big enough to do that, and that's about it. Motorcycles went across it okay.

**STEIGER:** Was it suspended?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Uh-huh.

**STEIGER:** So it was hanging off of cables. Boy!

**PAT DIAMOND:** She'd probably know more about that than I do.

**STEIGER:** We're talking about the little footbridge, Leslie... So this is Leslie Diamond who just sat down here. (That's for the transcriptionist.) Boy, that must have been something.

**PAT DIAMOND:** It was, and a lot of people wouldn't do that. They had hired someone else in the place of my husband to work for the rangers, but when he



Pat and friends on the suspension bridge across Glen Canyon.

saw that footbridge, he said no—because they had to have a car on each side. When they were working this way, when they were building the town, you had to have somebody here; or if you were just not exactly building the town, but doing other things, you know, they had to have housing and things for them to do, places to live.



**STEIGER:** So if you were a policeman, you needed to be able to scamper across that bridge and do your policing?

**PAT DIAMOND:** If you held your arms across like this, you wouldn't quite make both hands reach from side-to-side, but it was almost, it was close. But they did run that Volkswagen across there.

**STEIGER:** So, do you remember what the circumstances were on Bill's very first trip? Was that Jerry who got him into it?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Uh-huh. Well, the government wanted to—actually hired the Bureau of Reclamation people to actually do the trip. They wanted to take some congressmen down the river so they could see where they were going to build a dam down there.

**STEIGER:** Okay.

**PAT DIAMOND:** But they never did build it. He had about six or seven congressmen and women and their families on this trip. That's the people we had to take down and take care of, is all the congressmen and their families.

**STEIGER:** Do you remember who those guys were?

**PAT DIAMOND:** I could probably, if I sat down and thought about it. I know Mo Udall was on it.

**STEIGER:** So that was going down to the Marble Canyon dam site, down there in Marble Canyon, that one, that dam?

**PAT DIAMOND:** No. Marble Canyon Dam?

**STEIGER:** Yeah, about Mile 38—about forty miles downstream from Lees Ferry? I was just trying to think where they took those congressmen.

**PAT DIAMOND:** They took the congressmen, beginning here in Lees Ferry, on down the river.

**STEIGER:** Clear through the Grand Canyon?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Well, they went partially. The guy from New York insisted that he get out, he'd had enough. It was kind of a rugged thing for someone who hadn't ever done any camping or any kind of rugged stuff. The families were fine, and they had some teenage kids with them. They just had a great time. But they voted against building that dam there.

**STEIGER:** Yeah, that's the Marble Canyon Dam, I'm pretty sure. Do you remember what they used for boats on that trip?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes, the same type that we do now. They were... Oh, what do they call them?

**STEIGER:** Bridge pontoons?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes. And the rigging was a little bit different than they used throughout the time of our company doing this—a little different, because I had to be able to have an ice chest in there, and make room for all the things they had to have. But it worked out quite well. Jerry and his wife June Sanderson, and me

and my husband Bill, took these people.

**STEIGER:** On that very first trip?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes. That was our very first trip, me and June. Bill's second trip—my husband Bill. It was his second trip. He wasn't too crazy about wild rivers.

**STEIGER:** Oh really?!

**PAT DIAMOND:** No.

**STEIGER:** So it wasn't about, "Hey, this would be fun!" It was more like, "We can make some money doing this?"

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yeah. That's about it. But oh, we worked! We worked our little tails off, trying to keep those people happy. And all that ever came of it was that they were not going to build that dam down there. They took them past the area where it was going to be, and that was it.

**STEIGER:** That was a big deal for all of us. I remember talking to a guy, Bob Euler. Do you remember him—Dr. Euler?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes. Yes, I do. In fact, I didn't actually go on a river trip with him, but he had gone on our river trip a couple of times. And we sat and talked a lot. He discussed all that was going on. He was very familiar with all those people that we had, the congressmen and everything.

**STEIGER:** Yeah. I remember he told me that he worked for the government too. He worked for the Park Service, and then he taught at Prescott College. But I remember him saying his first trips were with Jerry and... I don't know if Rod was...

**PAT DIAMOND:** No, Rod was dead and gone by that time.

**STEIGER:** Yeah. Well, Dr. Euler talked about going down the river in these hard-hulled little powerboats with the Sandersons.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes, his family did several trips with just wooden boats. There's one down by the museum.

**STEIGER:** The Powell Museum?

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Yeah, that's a replica of the *Emma Dean*.

**STEIGER:** Oh, that's a great shot there. We're looking at a shot of Bill Diamond, back in the day. My grandparents went on a trip with Dr. Euler, and Bill, and Jerry Sanderson. I want to say it was 1966. It might have been '67? But that was the whole reason later I came with my dad, because I had talked to my grandma about it. I remember when she came back I said, "Wasn't it scary?" And she said, "No, it was really fun."

I remember she said Bill was driving a double rig. It was two boats, and there was a tube in the middle.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** We've got a picture of *that* somewhere too.



**STEIGER:** I guess Jerry got to drive the single-rig.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Probably. Yeah, because Jerry was the only one that had been down before, and my husband one time, had been down before.

**STEIGER:** Did Bill drive a double-rig when you guys took the congressmen down? Do you remember?

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** I think it was, because the picture I have of that boat is parked at Redwall, and there's people all over up in the sand. (Above)

**PAT DIAMOND:** I don't remember, it's been too long.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** It was just like two-by-eight or two-by-six boards, kind of tied together for a frame.

**STEIGER:** Yeah. Well, the way she described it to me was Bill drove a double-rig. Jerry had a littler boat, which I took to be a single-rig...

**BOTH PAT AND LESLIE:** Yeah.

**STEIGER:** And somehow they tore one of them, and they had to lay over at South Canyon to fix it, and it took them a while. They had to sew the thing up and patch it and all this stuff. While they did, this little contingent there... there was a dentist from Prescott, Paul Hicks, and he went up there in Stanton's Cave and got to rootin' around and found two split-twig figurines.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Oh my God!

**STEIGER:** I don't know, does this ring a bell with you? And he comes runnin' down with these things, and Dr.

Euler was on the trip, and they got in a big squabble about it—who was gonna get to keep these things. And this guy [*Dr. Hicks*] that found 'em, he wanted 'em for—there was a little museum in Prescott, the Smoki Museum. So that was a big brouhaha.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Can't believe that he did that. That's the cave that had the Christmas trees.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** No, that's way down by Deer Creek. Stanton's Cave is right at South Canyon, and it's the one that's just barely upstream from Vasey's Paradise. And that's where they found all the split-twigs.

**STEIGER:** Yeah. Well, and soon after that they closed it up [*Stanton's Cave*].

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Yeah, barred it off.

**STEIGER:** I'm not supposed to be talking this much!

**PAT DIAMOND:** Oh yes, go ahead! You have to ask questions, because I probably wouldn't know what to tell you.

**STEIGER:** Well, I want to hear everything you can remember about that first trip you did, and then just the early days of starting that company. What jumps out at me—Fred Burke said many a time that you needed to be interviewed, and June Sanderson too, and Sheila Smith. And Fred's story was that you ladies did all the work (laughter) and those guys just drove the boats.

**PAT DIAMOND:** That's right. We did all the cooking...





Pat Diamond, Mo Udall, June Sanderson.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** The one I always heard was that her first trip, it was muddy and raining and miserable. And Dad and Jerry, of course, were just the boatmen out on the boats, while Mom and June did all the cooking. And you grabbed Dad and said, “You A-hole! You brought me down here, and you *knew* what it was like!”

**PAT DIAMOND:** That’s right, I *did* say that, yeah. “You *knew* what it was like!” I remember saying those words. (laughs) But I learned to like the river and enjoyed going on the river, I really did. I loved it. And her [*Leslie*], even more so. She is a river woman, and she wants to really be in on everything. She’s made, I’m sure, over a hundred trips. How many trips have you made?

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Close to 300. Is that Morris Udall?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes, that’s Morris, this is June, this is me.

**STEIGER:** I tell this little story on the river. Historically, I know that Morris Udall became a congressman because his big brother had held that seat, Stewart Udall.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Oh yeah. I did not know him, but I knew him by his reputation as a congressman.

**STEIGER:** Yeah, and I was reading a history of that, and when he was in Congress, he got to be buddies with John F. Kennedy. They worked on, actually I think it was civil rights stuff or something like that in the ’50s. And they were really friends, so when Kennedy got to be president, he made Stewart Udall Secretary of the Interior.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** So Mo went into *his* place.

**STEIGER:** Yeah. And so Mo got appointed to fill Stewart’s seat in Congress.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** You saw this is June, right? This is June and Mom.

**STEIGER:** Yeah, that’s a great picture.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Uh-huh, the two of them.

**STEIGER:** And the way I remember this was—really the Marble Canyon Dam was Stewart Udall’s idea. It was on the books beforehand, like they had identified all these different dam sites, you know. But when he

was the Secretary...I'm talking too much I know! I'm supposed to be asking you short questions... Well, anyway, it was Stewart Udall's idea to build those two dams. I won't get into the politics here, but the way that I remember it was that was just state land right down to Nankoweap, and the State of Arizona could build a dam if they wanted to, and Stewart Udall thought that'd be a good idea. Long story, he had specific things he wanted to do with the money. He thought they could build a couple of dams, and sell the electricity and take that money and figure out some way to get water from somewhere else—to California. From the Columbia River to California. But then the way I also have it in my mind is that he—when everybody started protesting that idea—he ran the river himself. He did a river trip to see it for himself. And I'm just wondering, this trip with Morris... Stewart went with Jack Currey, I know, and I just wonder if this trip with Morris that you guys did—was that after Stewart went, do you think? Or right about that same time?

**PAT DIAMOND:** It could have been.

**STEIGER:** Do you remember those guys talking politics on that trip?

**PAT DIAMOND:** No. They didn't talk much about that.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** This is '67.

**STEIGER:** Okay.

**PAT DIAMOND:** They were into...

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** August 15, '67.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yeah. They were interested in the river, the experience they were having, and they couldn't have been happier to not even *think* about dams or anything else. But that one guy—I'm trying to remember his name—the one from New York. After he saw the area he had gone down there to see, that's when he asked for the helicopter—because it came in quite a bit, and brought them the morning paper and stuff like that, you know.

**STEIGER:** (laughs) Every day it came in?!

**PAT DIAMOND:** Oh yes! It was sometimes around there, when they were going through rapids and other things, you know, when they were doing something special. They had a guy that did some photographing. I don't even remember his name. It was a fun trip, it really was, because Morris Udall is really a character—or was, he's gone now. I felt bad because I got to know him very well, as well as you can, down there.

**STEIGER:** I think you *do* get to know people pretty well down there.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yeah.

**STEIGER:** So that was your first trip?

**PAT DIAMOND:** That was *my* first trip.

**STEIGER:** And you and June had to do all the cooking?



Morning newspaper delivery, 1967.

**PAT DIAMOND:** We had to do everything! Everything but run the boats, and they were all motorboats, there weren't any of them rowing boats on that trip.

**STEIGER:** What was the kitchen like? How'd that work?

**PAT DIAMOND:** We had tables that folded like a big—just a big metal folding table, and we'd set that up, two of them along. And we took a gas stove.

**STEIGER:** You did?!

**PAT DIAMOND:** They made campfires for some of the stuff, and then...

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** We've got a great picture somewhere of you and June cooking over one of those big wood... Half the size of this table.

**STEIGER:** Would that gas one be like a Coleman stove or something?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes. Before we go on, I'll tell you kind of a funny story. We were at Elves Chasm, and June and I were just exhausted. She stayed at camp, and she said, "You go on up the river and take a bath, and I'll stay here and watch the camp and everything." So that's what we did, and I went walking all by myself, upstream at Elves Chasm. I'd never been there before—up the river, you know. And anyway, I got up there, and I decided that I was *going* to take a bath, a strip-down bath—which I did. And somebody down at the camp—it was probably June—yelling,



“Pat! Pat!” And I could hear that, but I didn’t answer them because someone else answered and it was this guy from our camp, standing right above me on the ledges there, and I was standing in my altogether. I just hurried and put my clothes on and ran. (laughs) Oh! I kind of interrupted you.

**STEIGER:** No, I want to hear everything you remember about that trip. So Morris Udall was a nice guy to be around?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Oh yes, he was fun. He’d tell jokes, and he’d laugh, and they had a few things they thought about and talked about, that I didn’t really understand, but most of the time it wasn’t anything that I would even care about. They were talking sometimes business, but not all the time. They weren’t really that busy. They were river runners, they wanted to see this river. And Morris really enjoyed his trip. Well, most of them did, and all the families did. It was just that one congressman from New York. He didn’t complain or anything like that, he just didn’t...

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Wasn’t his thing?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yeah, it wasn’t his thing. He said, “Look, Mo, I came out here to see this dam site, and now I’ve seen it, and I want to go back home.” Morris was just kind of funny about the whole thing. He, uh... Oh, I forgot what I was going to tell you about that. Well anyway, we did have *some* interesting things happen on the trip, but it’s been so long ago I can’t just pull them out of my head right now. It’s been quite a while ago.

**STEIGER:** I would imagine there weren’t that many other trips on the water.

**PAT DIAMOND:** No, hardly any. And if we came upon someone, we always stopped to see what they might be needing, because you never knew what was going to happen.

**STEIGER:** So now this helicopter that came in every day, was it one of those little tiny ones, or was it a big one?

**PAT DIAMOND:** It wasn’t a big one. It was just a regular helicopter.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Not the little glass bubble, dragonfly-looking thing?

**PAT DIAMOND:** It wouldn’t have taken many passengers, maybe four—three plus the pilot—you know, four. They weren’t made for running people in and out of Grand Canyon, but they did it. Back then you could do a *lot* of things you can’t do now.

**STEIGER:** Was that helicopter run by the Park Service, do you think?

**PAT DIAMOND:** I don’t know if it was the Park Service or Reclamation.

Yeah, somebody lost their sunglasses, and they



Congressman Morris Udall, 1967.

helicoptered him in some!

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Another pair of sunglasses! God!

**STEIGER:** Okay.

**PAT DIAMOND:** It’s not like that anymore, but it was quite a thing in those days.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Did anybody ever fall off a boat?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yeah, me. (laughs)

**STEIGER:** You fell off the boat?

**PAT DIAMOND:** A lot of the time I rode back in the motor well when Bill was driving the boat, and we went through this *really* big rapid, and it washed me sort of out, because I was clear at the very back, you know, where that rapid is, on that picture. It washed me over, but I still had ahold of one of the lines that was there. And then the next hole we hit, it washed me back in! And that was it! That was my trip *in* the river.

**STEIGER:** Well, that was fortunate.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Uh-huh.

**STEIGER:** So after that first trip, how did it evolve from that, to you guys deciding to quit your jobs and starting the company? How long did that take, and what was the process there?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Well, I didn’t quit *my* job. I worked the whole while, until we formed Diamond River.

**STEIGER:** Really? What were you doing then?

**PAT DIAMOND:** I worked at the hospital most of the

time, and at a flower shop they had there too.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Well, and you worked in the office for Sanderson.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Oh yeah.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** It wasn't *just* until Diamond's. She ran the office, her and June Sanderson.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Uh-huh. It got to be we had to hire a couple of people for the office—it was just too much. It got to be quite a bit, because, I mean we had to have truck drivers and mechanic people, and all different types of people we hadn't even *thought* we would have to have, and ended up being glad we had them. By then there was a *lot* of people on the river. I'm really glad that when they finally put a lid on all of it and said, "This is as many as you can take on any one trip. A total of all the trips has to come out just exactly right." And we had to have an okay from the Park Service on everything, and we had to hand them our passenger lists. Then the pilots had to fill out where they stopped, and where they did various things. I don't know what they did with all of that after they got it. It's probably sitting up there in dusty books. (laughs) But they have a record of it.

**STEIGER:** That wasn't that way, though, when you guys started, I take it?

**PAT DIAMOND:** No. It was pretty rugged then. But after it got to be the time they had to do so *much*, it really wasn't river running, it just was more than you could handle with just one or two people in the office, and then all your workers. It was a lot, but they put a lid on it, and that was it, you couldn't grow anymore. You couldn't just go down there and put in your boat and go. You could not do that.

**STEIGER:** But it was that way when you guys started, if you wanted to go?

**PAT DIAMOND:** When we started, you didn't have to do *anything*, you could just go down there with your boat and put it on the river.

**STEIGER:** No questions asked?

**PAT DIAMOND:** No questions asked.

**STEIGER:** Would you do a trip a year?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yes, when I was office manager I just insisted on going at least *once* a year, so that I would be up to date on what was happening in the kitchen, what we needed, what we didn't need. You know, different things like that, just small items to make things run smooth.

**STEIGER:** On that first trip, did it just fall to you and June to figure out the menu and do all that? How did *that* go?

**PAT DIAMOND:** (chuckles) Hard! We worked so hard. We just did things that needed to be done. We cooked on, what are they, aluminum buckets and Dutch ovens.

We just made do with what we had. We had a lot of cookware that was big, so we could cook for groups.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Back in the early, early days, I can remember we always had a bag... Of course we used those old hard-sided black backs, only they were old Army. We'd have it packed with a full dinner that was all canned, and we called it the "panic bag," because things could happen to make your trip an extra day. You know, a boat might rip, and something always happened, so they actually planned an extra meal. Can you imagine taking another day nowadays?!

**PAT DIAMOND:** Everything you need, yeah. Yeah, we had to have an entire meal in that one bag that we could... And one guy had been with us on this one trip, and it wasn't his first one, though, but it happened this way. We had come down, and it was the first night on the river. I can't remember what we were supposed to have for dinner. What was first night?

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, and coleslaw—all the ones I ever did. I don't know about the old days.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Well, it was practically the same. But anyway... (aside about bird clock sounding) Well anyway, we had a lot of things that would happen that you just didn't really realize until it did, and so we learned to pack things for emergencies: extensive first aid and splints and stuff we took with us, and just be happy that we didn't need it.

**STEIGER:** If you could just describe what the first couple of years were like, was it all... How long was it just Jerry and Bill and those guys? I guess, was there another Sanderson brother—Larry?

**PAT DIAMOND:** He didn't do much. He had done a lot of family trips, like you were describing. He never did become [*part of*] the company like Bill and Jerry did. He just made a trip now and then.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** There was another brother, Bill Sanderson, but he never was in on the running of it.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Sometimes they worked in the shop.

**STEIGER:** Yeah, I remember Bill in the shop. I remember he was a good welder, wasn't he?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Uh-huh.

**STEIGER:** Didn't he do a lot of the frame-making?

**PAT DIAMOND:** He did some. My husband was a good welder, and he did a lot of it too.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** He did a lot of the designing—of the more modern frames that we used, anyway.

**STEIGER:** Was it just Jerry and Bill for quite a while?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Well, it wasn't very long that it was just Jerry and Bill, because when you had all those people to take care of, you had to be able to imagine what might happen and prepare for it all.

**STEIGER:** So it really took off suddenly?





Bert Loper's boat, 1967.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Oh yes!

**STEIGER:** You wouldn't schedule dates way ahead? How did that work?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Oh yes.

**STEIGER:** How did the booking work?

**PAT DIAMOND:** That worked just fine. They knew they had to book sometimes *two years* ahead—especially if they wanted an entire group to come.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** You're talking about really, really in the very beginning? Did you have a schedule from the very beginning?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Right from the beginning.

**STEIGER:** So you would announce, "Okay, we're going to launch a trip a week" or something like that?

**PAT DIAMOND:** No, we had the dates all approved by the National Park Service.

**STEIGER:** Even before the quota?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Oh yes.

**STEIGER:** And right away people were booking?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Oh yeah, they'd say, "I want to take

my family on a trip on so-and-so date," and we'd say, "Well, we have one that's going on so-and-so date. You could get on that one, there's some room there," or whatever, you know—whatever was happening. We just had to work with these people a lot, make sure they had what they needed, and knew what they were getting into.

**STEIGER:** Okay, so that picture of Morris Udall and you guys, that was 1967. That was your first trip, that one?

**PAT DIAMOND:** That was my first trip, and June's first trip, and Bill's second trip.

**STEIGER:** What were the circumstances of Bill's *first* trip?

**PAT DIAMOND:** They just went down there and did what had to be done, and as it came, they worked with it... They knew they were going to start this company, and they wanted to make sure they had what they had to have, and it was just something that they—their minds figured it out before they even went.

**STEIGER:** So in other words, they knew they were going to take these congressmen down, and they decided they'd do it on their own for practice? Does that sound about right?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Well, no, because at that time, when they did their first trip, they didn't even know they were going to take congressmen.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** So they were just doing it for fun?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Well, yeah. I don't remember if they had people or not. I think they did. I wasn't on it, so I don't know.

**STEIGER:** But they could—just looking at it, I guess there were other guys like Hatch and Georgie and those guys, I take it, where Jerry and Bill figured, "Hey, this thing is..." Did they notice that commercial river running was kind of starting to take off?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Oh yeah. At that time, they had about, oh, I would say maybe six different companies that were running trips, but it wasn't what it was like now, or even back in those first days.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** When we split from Sanderson, we bought out Don Harris to make Diamond.

**STEIGER:** I remember that. My dad brought me down. I came in '71, and then got a job as a swamper the next year with Arizona River Runners, and they were headquartered at Vermilion Cliffs. I did several trips with them, but there came a time when Fred Burke didn't have anything for me to do, and he farmed me out to Don Harris, and so I got to do a trip with Don Harris my first season... Yeah, my first year working here. I was so impressed with him. And then I remember his son, Al, lived at Vermilion Cliffs. Don got in a car crash that winter, and then he had to

give it up. He gave the company to Al Harris and Dave Kloepfer, and they were partners.

**PAT DIAMOND:** I remember him.

**STEIGER:** And then Al Harris—the way I remember it, Al Harris kind of got fed up with the government, and he didn't want to...

**PAT DIAMOND:** Oh, it was tough. And was in the next years too, for quite a while.

**STEIGER:** I remember Al made some kind deal where he gave the company to Dave, and then you guys bought it. You bought it mainly from Dave Kloepfer?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Yeah, he was in the thing, but with the Park Service it was still called Harris.

**STEIGER:** That didn't last long, though, did it?

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Yeah, a year or two later, before they okayed to switch it to Diamond instead of Harris.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Oh yeah. It was at least two years.

**STEIGER:** What was it that made you guys want to split off from Sanderson?

**PAT DIAMOND:** Well, Jerry and Bill were friends, and they were...both had worked for the Bureau of Reclamation as rangers, both of them. And Bill was just tired of being the second man all the time [*in the river company*].

**STEIGER:** Okay, "Let's do it for ourselves, instead." Yeah, I get that. When you think about the people that you met on the river, and the boatmen you got to know, are there people that stick out in your memory that were kind of your favorites? Maybe that's not the right way [*to put it*]...

**PAT DIAMOND:** I don't think so. We knew almost everybody, because we'd have several meetings a year, and all the outfitters had to be there. I was at those meetings a lot.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** I think he's talking about guides, any boatmen-guides.

**STEIGER:** Well, just in general, just everybody in the business. But yeah, I was thinking about boatmen.

**PAT DIAMOND:** Well, I'm trying to remember his name. He's dead now. Kind of a heavy guy. Shoot! I wish I could remember his name. They have a monument to him down at Marble Canyon somewhere. [*Whale??*]

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** You're not talking about Tim Kazan are you?

**PAT DIAMOND:** No. I'm trying to remember this guy's name. He couldn't really last very long after the rules all changed, because the Park Service wouldn't stand for some of the things that went on, on the river. They had to make sure that there was not too much drinking, or no drugs or anything. There were just things that you had to watch for. It was great. Some of the guys didn't like to have to go by all those rules, but it made the trip better for people.

**STEIGER:** Yeah, I know that those early days were pretty wild.



Bill Diamond

**PAT DIAMOND:** Uh-huh.

**STEIGER:** So once you guys started in the beginning, it was no problem finding customers? That thing just took off?

**PAT DIAMOND:** No, it just took off. I guess all the congressmen that went down that one year, I guess they'd tell their friends or something, but anyway, it worked, all the trips filled up. And there was a time of year that all of it was booked for like two years ahead.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** With a full wait list on every trip as well, for many years.

**PAT DIAMOND:** We kept wait lists.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** There was a stretch of about five or six years, I remember that, booking two years ahead, and wait lists on every single trip, people wanting on.

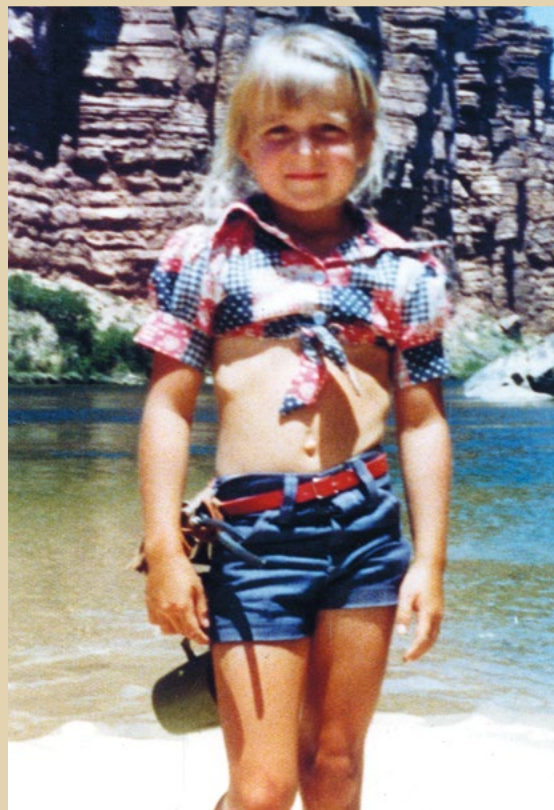
**PAT DIAMOND:** Uh-huh.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Looking for cancellations.

**STEIGER:** I remember things were pretty busy through '83, but then I remember the year after, '84, I know at Arizona River Runners that was a hard year.



Leslie Diamond's first boat.



Leslie Diamond, seasoned river runner, age 6. Note channel locks and cup hanging off her belt. No messing around!

Suddenly everybody was scared to go, because of all that bad publicity the year before.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Maybe it was a while, a couple few years later after '83, yeah.

**STEIGER:** Yeah, I remember there were some leaner years then.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** I remember that too.

**STEIGER:** But for you, could you pick a favorite trip you ever did, Pat?

**PAT DIAMOND:** I think probably that one that I went on with those congressmen. After that, they were all pretty much the same to me. I enjoyed the people. You'd get to talk with them and find out about what their work was like. You felt like you were really friends. In fact, after this one trip, the people had a big meeting in California where a lot of the people were from, and everybody that was on that trip went to the party, like a reunion. Everybody wanted to go to those. Wrap parties is what they called them.

**STEIGER:** Yeah.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** We did one not too long before Dad died. I was the lead, and we had Mom and Dad, and we had Tony and Jenny Sparks from Fort Lee. And all the Warners from here, and Dugan [*phonetic*] and Fred [*Warner*] and all of their wives.

**PAT DIAMOND:** I don't think Fred was on it. It was Dugan and Dave.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** Oh, that was so much fun! Those guys were so...Oh! and Toni and Duane Heatwole [*phonetic*]. You probably don't know them. They weren't in the river business. That was such a great trip for *me*, actually. Mom and Dad had a darned good time with all of their friends, but I'm sure it wasn't your top. I was just hoping that was what you were going to say. (laughter)

**PAT DIAMOND:** That probably was. And then we made another trip that took all of Bill's family.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** I wasn't on that one.

**PAT DIAMOND:** No, you weren't on that one, but that was a good one for us too, because we had all the people from Upper Utah up there, where they all, most of them, lived.

Well, I hate to end this. I'm sorry. I hope you got what you need, but I need to lay down for a while.

**STEIGER:** Okay. I sure appreciate it. I'll shut this off.

**LESLIE DIAMOND:** She just can't sit a lot. She has to lay down a little more. If you need some more, or think of any more questions, just give us a call.

**STEIGER:** I will.

## Current News During the Pandemic

**R**EGARDLESS OF YOUR CONNECTION to Grand Canyon, whether you are Indigenous to these lands, a river guide, scientist, gear manufacturer, athlete, or all of these, your life has been affected by this pandemic. While our lives seem stalled, Grand Canyon keeps making the news. We want to make sure you are aware of what conservationists are watching right now.

### URANIUM MINERS USE PANDEMIC AS A PIVOT

Tragically, Covid-19 has hit the Diné (Navajo) especially hard, many of whom live without running water or with water contaminated by historic uranium mining. So it seems like a horrific lack of sensitivity for human life that uranium mining company Energy Fuels Resources (EFR), owner of Canyon Mine, is using the pandemic as an excuse to jumpstart the United States uranium industry, asking the administration for industry boosters.

The uranium industry left a legacy of human health impacts in its wake, especially on the Navajo Nation, where more than 500 abandoned mine and mill sites have caused heart, lung, kidney, bone, and reproductive damage to many Tribal members. Most of these mines have yet to be cleaned up.

EFR owns Canyon Mine, the uranium mine just south of Grand Canyon National Park where the 1400-foot-deep shaft flooded with 10.7 million gallons of uranium- and arsenic-laden water last year, threatening the groundwater that feeds springs in Grand Canyon and the spectacular blue-green waterfalls of Havasupai.

Uranium production is a dying industry with a track record of environmental destruction and loss of lives. EFR hasn't generated a positive cash flow in the past decade, and lost about \$40 million last year. When viable industries that support real jobs need help, why does EFR deserve a bailout?

In response, 75 groups sent a letter to Congressional leaders urging them to “prioritize the health and wellbeing of the public and reject any bailout for the uranium mining industry in any future Covid-19 emergency response packages.” Yet, there are indications that government officials are willing to prop up the failing industry.

The president's proposed budget released in February includes a line item for \$150 million dollars annually for ten years—\$1.5 billion total—to add domestically produced uranium to the nuclear stockpile.

The Nuclear Fuel Working Group, created to study ways to revive America's uranium industry, publicly released their report during the pandemic crisis, despite the fact that it was finished months ago. It discusses

adding to our nuclear stockpile and makes a call to “expand access to uranium deposits on federal lands, including support for necessary legislation; and... consider categorical exclusions for uranium mineral exploration and development activities,” which many people interpret as an ask to remove the twenty-year ban on new mines on public lands surrounding Grand Canyon, and to remove public engagement from the mine approval process.

### CONTROVERSIAL LOGGING PROJECT SUDDENLY MAKES THE CUT

Meanwhile, a controversial logging project on the North Kaibab is moving forward after sitting dormant for five years. The Burnt Corral project will log 17,000 acres of old growth ponderosa pine and affect almost a hundred northern goshawk nest sites. Knowing the project would be controversial, the Forest Service initiated a stakeholder process five years ago to plan this project. Then suddenly, without reconvening the original stakeholders—who included academic, business, Tribal, County, and conservation interests—this project suddenly reemerged during the pandemic. The comment deadline is May 26<sup>TH</sup>.

### NEW SUPERINTENDENT AT GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK!

After about a year without clear leadership, a new Superintendent has finally been named at Grand Canyon National Park. Ed Keable, the Assistant Solicitor of General Law for the Office of the Solicitor of the Department of the Interior, will begin his role as the head of Grand Canyon National Park within the next sixty days. Mr. Keable has no National Park Service experience, but he did work with the Office of Inspector General on its investigations of Grand Canyon's sexual harassment issues.

### WHAT CAN YOU DO?

Pay attention and comment on controversial projects. Contact your Congressional representatives to tell them this pandemic is a tragedy—not an excuse to exploit our nation's natural resources and create permanent pollution problems. Let them know that they should focus on resolving health discrepancies and create economic opportunities that protect our environment and our future climate. Remind them that protecting Grand Canyon from uranium mining protects everyone who lives, works, and recreates in Grand Canyon—and that makes good economic and healthcare sense!

*Alicyn Gitlin*

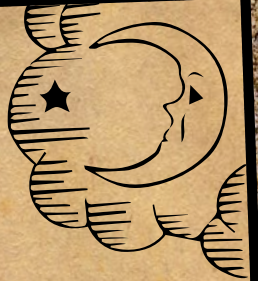




YES

**GCRG**  
MYSTIFYING ORACLE

NO



**QUARANTINE**  
SUMMER 2020



**GOOD BYE**





# About QuaranZine

The Grand Canyon Relief Coalition developed the *QuaranZine* to be a place for our community to share thoughts and ideas about the emotions each of us are moving through. A brainstorming session in a virtual room led to the idea of radicalizing the BQR template in order to display what the world has been coping with. A brainchild generated amidst moments of monotony, anxiety, fear, and internal unrest, it was conceived as a way to encourage solace through purpose. Our aim is to create an opportunity for people to focus their talent and time on, and to take ownership of projects that reflect our collective experiences. Due to the extraordinary circumstances an honorarium was offered to contributors aiding in this project.

**Margeaux Bestard**

Cover Illustration  
**Chelsea Arndt**

## As of now...

- Submissions for the *QuaranZine* were open from April 17–May 1, 2020.
- Grand Canyon National Park closed April 1, 2020.
- Colorado River corridor shut down March 24, 2020.
- What a river trip looks like in our future is currently undetermined – but will it open by the time you get this issue?
- The official Quarantini for shelter-in-place is a gin and tonic.
- Official song: Simon and Garfunkel's "Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard."
- We are indebted to our frontline workers such as medical health professionals, grocery store employees, and all other official businesses that have remained open over this time.

## THE GRAND CANYON RELIEF COALITION

This pandemic can feel like a dark, cloudy night enveloping the world. But where there's light shining through, it sure is shining brightly. The *QuaranZine* you hold in your hand right now is one fine example. I'd like to share some news about others.

As soon as the river closed down, this community of ours started pulling together. Folks wanted to talk. They wanted to share. They wanted to help each other. They asked, "What can I do?"

Many ideas were born. One of the best was for Grand Canyon River Guides, The Whale Foundation, and Grand Canyon Youth to join forces. To pool energy, resources, brains, and hard-working hands into a combined effort called the Grand Canyon Relief Coalition.

The Coalition set to work on three giant projects:

• This *QuaranZine*. Isn't it awesome? So much great art and writing. Don't forget to take a look at the list of credits. A huge amount

of hard work and dedication went into making this a reality.

• The VGTS, Coffeetalks on Zoom, all the good info we could find dealing with the crazy state of the world (and filing for





unemployment)—many folks contributed to this effort, and they keep adding and updating. You can see the latest on the Whale Foundation Covid-19 web page, [www.whalefoundation.org](http://www.whalefoundation.org).

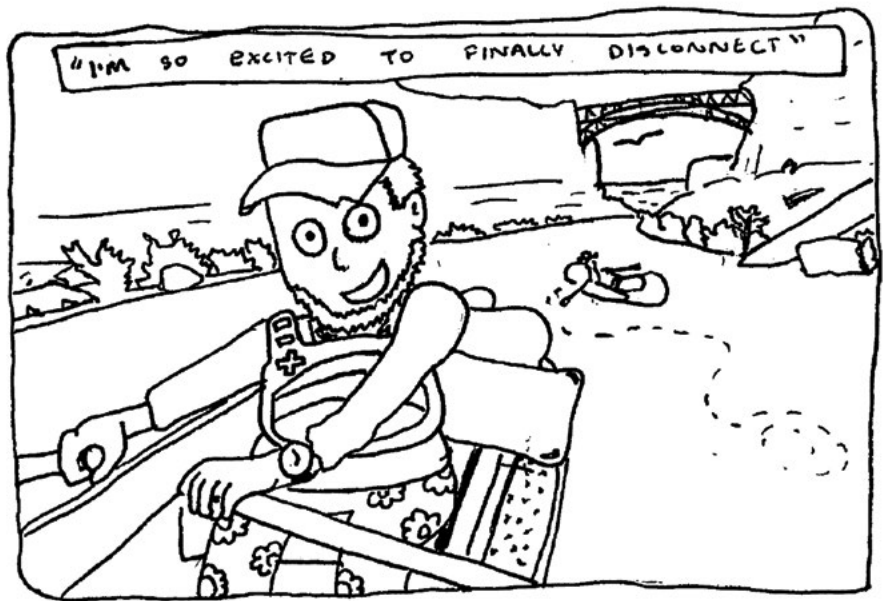
○ The Throw Bag Fund. A way to toss a line to those folks in the direst need. In its first week, more than a hundred people donated. The fund reached \$33,000. Fifty-six people filed applications. Those folks represent nearly every Grand Canyon river company. Most are guides, ranging in age from 21 to 69, living in eleven different states. They were looking for some help with rent, utilities, and the basics of life. This fund truly was a rescue line tossed from shore. We deeply appreciate everyone who made it possible.

The pandemic isn't over yet. Neither are the efforts of the Coalition. We plan to keep the Throw Bag Fund going, month by month, for as long as the river is closed and we have the support of donors. For information about how to contribute, or to apply, go to the Whale Foundation web page.

Thank you for your hard work, encouragement, and generous assistance during this tough time. You have made amazing things possible.

Take care out there, and keep shining those lights!

*Sam Jansen*



*Anya N. Metcalfe*



*Michele Lohman*



# A NATIVE PERSPECTIVE ON THE COVID-19 SITUATION

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED ON THE COLORADO PLATEAU FOUNDATION WEBSITE. REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION.

Dear friends and colleagues—

Several of you asked about my perspective regarding the Covid-19 outbreak. For this reason, I want to share a frame of reference with you that I hope will be supportive during this time of collective hardship.

My lovely great-grandparents lived in the 1800s and part of the 1900s. They passed away when I was seventeen years old. They were deep Zuni and helped me understand that we live in a world with different ways of knowing. Their way of contemplating the universe was beautifully without predictable logic yet connected to all things and processes and unencumbered with a written language and necessity to measure matter.

In my most difficult times, my great-grandparents told me this...

→ "ALL THINGS COME FROM A SEED. CORN, REDWOOD TREES, WHALES, BIRDS, FISH, HUMANS, AND IDEAS COME FROM SEEDS.

ALL CREATURES BREATHE IN AND BREATHE OUT AN UNSEEN AND VITAL FORCE.

"THOSE CREATURES LIVE ALL AROUND US. THEY ARE BELOW US, ABOVE US, AND IN ALL THE WATERS OF THE WORLD.

MANY OF THOSE CREATURES HAVE PROTUBERANCES, WINGS, FINS, ARMS, AND LEGS THAT HELP THEM MOVE FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER.

LIKE US, SOME CREATURES HAVE EYES AND EARS TO PERCEIVE THINGS AROUND THEM.

LIKE US, THOSE CREATURES RESPOND WHEN THE SUN RISES, AND WHEN WINTER BECOMES SPRING.

AND LIKE US, THOSE CREATURES HAVE POWER BEYOND THEIR PHYSICAL BODIES. IF WE THINK OF THEM, THAT IS THEIR POWER SPEAKING TO US.

ALL THINGS VIBRATE AND MOVE. THE GROUND SOMETIMES SHAKES.

And I said, yes, it is all true.

In times of great difficulty and worry, remember this truth, we are never alone. All the creatures of the universe are not much different than us. We are all a family of beings. If we settle our nerves and enter the right frame of mind, we will conjure their powers, and nothing can undo us.

The Covid-19 situation is changing rapidly, and we will do our best to adjust. We will improvise and move forward. Above all, we are calm. We know, as a single species among many, we are not alone. All peoples, all beings, and the vastness of the lands, waters, sky, and distant galaxies are part of a collective magnificence that, like a beautiful story, will always play out and change but will remain the same beautiful story.

I wish you good health and serenity.

**Jim Enote**  
CEO, Colorado Plateau Foundation







COVID-19 ANNOUNCEMENT

Yáát'íéh shí K'é dóó shí Díné'e  
Taáshóodí Remember:

**+ WASH HANDS**

for at least 20 seconds & often.

**+ BE SAFE** in public,

stay at least 6 feet apart

**+ STAY HOME** jini.

New curfew on Navajo Nation  
between 8pm - 5am

**+ WEAR A MASK**

UPDATES / RESOURCES

[www.ndoh.navajo-nsn.gov/covid-19](http://www.ndoh.navajo-nsn.gov/covid-19)

text "navajonation" to 888777

[www.navajohopisolidarity.org](http://www.navajohopisolidarity.org)

in Kintani (Flagstaff, AZ). Though the reservation is rich in natural resources that have been and continue to be exploited (including coal, oil, natural gas, uranium, and water in aquifers), roughly 25 percent of the 180,000 inhabitants are without running water and another 20 percent are without electricity.

This poster is designed to inform the community of the public-health strategy to provide optimal health during this time and to support the work of Navajo Hopi Solidarity and Kinlani/Flagstaff Mutual Aid. Additionally, this Diné Covid PSA is a collaboration with Shi Buddy,

who provided the poster's text, and grass dancer Ryan Pinto, who is pictured on the poster and who collaborated on the photograph's production. Diné Covid PSA is part of a larger collaborative project that is currently underway with poets and visual artists—to drop soon.

Shout-out to Art Journal Open for the opportunity to spread the word and to all the people providing essential work during this time. Thank you. We see you and appreciate you.

*Chip Thomas*

## Help on the Navajo Nation

On April 14, 2020, a *Huffington Post* headline read, "Navajo Nation Reports More Coronavirus Cases per Capita Than All but two U.S. States: Only New York and New Jersey Have More Confirmed Infections per 100,000 people." The last point is key, because testing on the Navajo Nation has not been as robust as for New York and New Jersey. Sadly, the rate of

infection for the Navajo Nation will continue to increase, as will the mortality rate.

In light of the emergency on the Navajo Nation, several mutual-aid, grassroots organizations have formed to get supplies of food, water, personal hygiene items, and firewood to elders living remotely and to provide hand-washing stations for unsheltered relatives

# HELP FOR HOPI

The Covid-19 virus has altered the lives of people worldwide. Obviously, some more than others. One fourth of confirmed cases in the state of Arizona are on the Navajo Nation. High rates of unemployment, uranium and arsenic contaminated water sources, “food deserts”, and limited medical facilities pose monumental challenges for both the Navajo and neighboring Hopi Tribe. A courageous effort to relieve Navajo and Hopi families has been spearheaded by Navajo tribal member, Ethel Branch. The “Navajo & Hopi COVID-19 Relief” project has been able to offer assistance to vulnerable households within the tribes through generous contributions and the diligent efforts of grass roots volunteers. As the pandemic continues, more resources will be needed to help our people. The Hopi Foundation has established an emergency assistance fund for needs that will arise throughout Hopi. Grants have been secured to cover operational overhead so that 100% of the fund’s proceeds will go directly to serving the needs of people. You can donate to the “Navajo & Hopi COVID-19 Relief” project at [www.navajohopisolidarity.org](http://www.navajohopisolidarity.org) or the “Hopi Foundation Emergency Assistance Fund” at [www.mightycause.com/story/Hopi-Emergency-Fund](http://www.mightycause.com/story/Hopi-Emergency-Fund).

*Ed Kabotie*

# A Reflection on Distance

Our computer stations are only six feet apart but I can't recall if we've ever touched. Was there an accidental bump while negotiating the ER labyrinth? But now my hand rests on your shoulder. Through double gloves, part of a body covered in synthetic armor, it is meant to be a touch of reassurance. My voice muffled by two masks, tries to project the accompanying words. “We'll get you through this.” Words I mean. Words I believe. But I can't help my thoughts from drifting towards Nieci.

## full armour

I was on my way to pick up my first potential Covid patient (turned out they were positive several days later). None of us had worn N95 masks with a flight helmet yet so my partner and I were trying them on with the helmet before we got to the scene. That photo represents an interesting time as it was my first Covid transport—filled with fear and uncertainty. I felt like I was dropping into Hance with my first motorboat. I've used that fear to make me stronger. Better. Much like the river does for us all. Fast forward six weeks and I am still very much taking Covid patients by air. It is becoming a daily routine. The fear and uncertainty are still



there, but morphing into part of us all now. I feel like it is helping to connect us and help us to move through this together. I have never been more proud of what I do as a nurse and more proud of where I come from as a boatman, than I am right now. The people I work with



have risen to the task of this fight in ways that inspire me daily. The comradery is heartswelling good. From the homefront to the skies!

*Rachel Rankin*



.....| Just an hour ago I was told she had died. Just a week ago it was she in this very bed. She was a ward clerk like you. A job, that I came to see while I was a resident, as the heart of the department—the quartermaster who plots the course and steers the ship. A job that came natural to her because like you, she was both a powerful woman of color, and a matriarch in every sense. In her tradition she might be called a “big mamma,” which the dictionary describes as “the female founder or leading female member of a company, organization, movement, etc.” Played out in real time she was bigger than big. Grand is more like it. Singular. Brazen in her determination to provide, with arms that could hug two city blocks. It was impossible to get in her way.

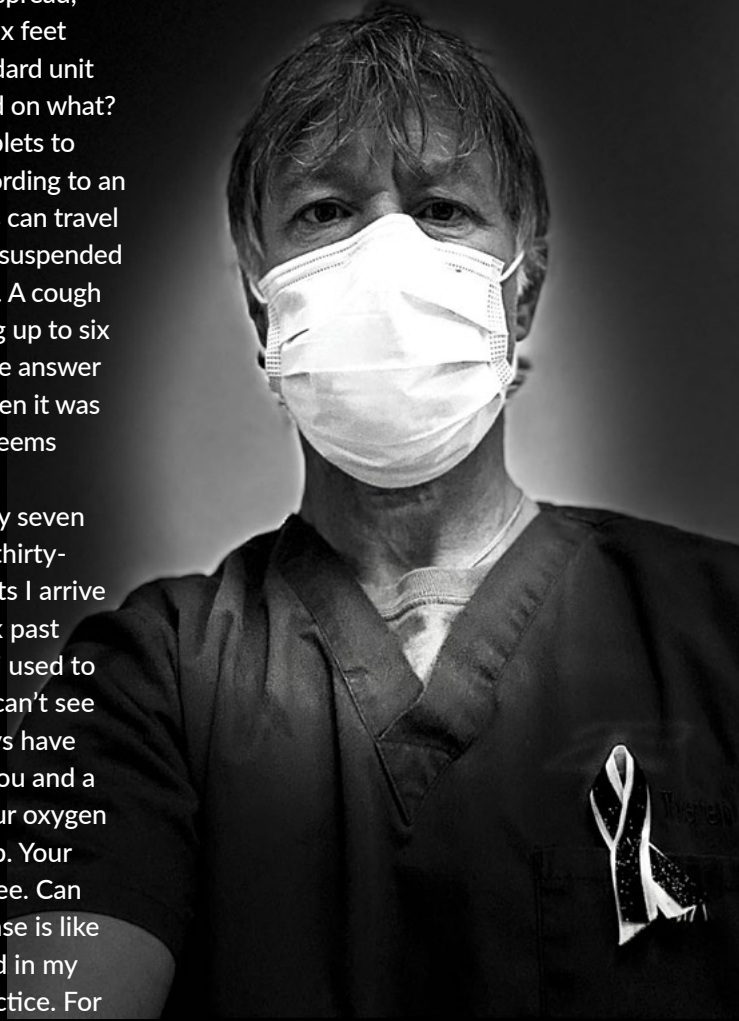
While the same effect, your way is different. In your tradition you are the silent pillar. A cornerstone in a foundation that has absorbed the weight of generations of massacre from disease in all its forms. Providing the strength needed to nurture community and sustain culture. From six feet away I have seen you calmly handle the next crisis that your cell phone delivers even as you steer me through the next crisis that comes through the ambulance bay doors. Now it is you who is in need of support. When I tell you that we need to admit you, are you anxious? With you it is hard to tell.

I walk the roughly sixty meters to the medical floor reflecting on distance. Six feet, the distance from middle fingertip to middle fingertip of the average English sailor’s outstretched arms, aka a fathom. Six feet, the distance declared to bury victims during the plague of

1665 to prevent further spread, hence the euphemism “six feet under.” Six feet, the standard unit of social distance... based on what? A sneeze can propel droplets to speeds of 100 mph. According to an MIT study these droplets can travel eight meters and remain suspended in the air for ten minutes. A cough is not far behind traveling up to six meters. Why six feet? The answer is no different in 2020 then it was 355 years previously, it seems reasonable.

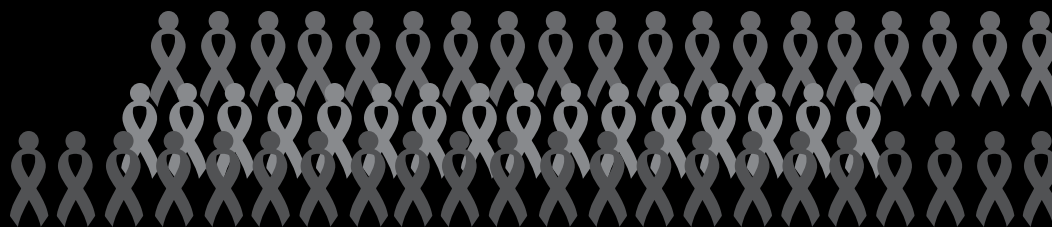
Whether I measure by seven sneezes, ten coughs, or thirty-three social distance units I arrive at the Covid ward. I walk past the void left where Nieci used to sit. It is fathoms deep. I can’t see where it ends. Three days have passed since I last saw you and a quick glance tells me your oxygen requirement has gone up. Your anxiety is now plain to see. Can you see mine? This disease is like nothing I’ve encountered in my twenty-five years of practice. For most it is goes unnoticed or is a quickly passing storm, but some get walked to the canyon rim, are allowed a moment to take in the view and then without warning are cast into free-fall. I wish I could tell you that someone couldn’t be you. Double masked and gloved, armor in place, I sit on your bed and hold your hand. It is the best medicine I can offer. There is no distance. I remain hopeful. You remain strong. We make a pact to hug.

**John Tveten**



John Tveten wearing a ribbon for Nieci.

.....|  
*John Tveten is a boatman and ER doctor at Little Colorado Medical Center in Winslow, AZ, which provides emergency care for northeast Arizona including the southern Navajo Reservation. The Navajo reservation has been particularly affected by Covid-19 and has suffered the third highest per capita cases in the country.*



# River Jail

We've all been in it, or so we thought. Many of us might be able to relate to being on an extra hard trip. That one (or five) guests who just cannot seem to enjoy the experience, no matter how hard we try to go the extra mile, or even with a classic hot and stupid hike to give them a slice of humble pie. Sometimes we feel like we're in river jail because of a heartbreak back in town, or maybe more likely out there, knowing that you're peeing in your lover's coffee water but probably won't see them for a month or more. Maybe it's another kind of feeling of being "trapped" down there: financial burdens, loved ones, or our own mental health or addiction struggles. Sometimes we just cannot wait for the trip to end, to get back to town for even one night, to the crisp air and icy beverages awaiting us in town.

I remember the first time I heard the phrase about being stuck inside the "sandstone prison." It's hard to explain that feeling and it's quite personal for all of us.

Now here we are in a different kind of confinement of sorts. This may feel like the longest trip of our lives with no takeout in sight. But, I believe that river guides are excellent at weathering a solid shit storm. In fact, some of my favorite memories from many years out there have been during storms. When a paddle boat flew up from a microburst and skewered itself onto a tamarisk branch like a

goddamned shishkabob. When we hunker down under a Tapeats ledge, and cook cheeseburgers and soup in a hail storm. When we dig trenches with the firepan shovel and landscape the beach to keep from flooding the tents. When we stand together with our crew and guests, some in rain gear, some in a cotton hoodie, and share a drink, a laugh and a cheers. When the wind blows down the dinner table right as you're about to call it. When we instill the kind of wonder that begs, "I wonder what the hell we're doing?" When we howl out of love for that indescribable feeling of the wildness, the adrenaline, and each other.

How do we howl now? How do we survive this shit storm? How will we recover once released from this different kind of penitentiary? I don't really know exactly how, but I do know that we will.

We are an eclectic group of misfit puzzle pieces who come together to make this beautiful community, a group of people who have an unrelenting love for a place, for a river. We are already using our talents and skills to help near and far. Some of us are fighting other battles too: caregiving, homeschooling or working on the front lines. Some of us are sewing masks, making incredible art and volunteering. Some of us are not doing those things, but surviving and taking care. And that is enough too.

I know that our community will get through this because

of our ability to adapt and keep going downstream. We have no choice in that regard, but we do have choices about how we get through the storm. We can take care of ourselves and each other, check in with those who we know are struggling. Don't hesitate to throw the throw bag. Drop off a meal or give a call. Perhaps we live as frugally as possible now, make the sacrifices to stay home to save other lives, and appreciate our work even more when we are able get back to it.

And in the meantime, hopefully, we can all find some peace and solace knowing that she is healing without us there. The flowers are blooming, the system is recovering, and even if we aren't right now, I bet the wind is still able to howl.

So keep pulling hard everyone, and never give up. 'Cause hell, we all row in the same wind and storms together. And somehow, no matter how long it may last, we pull it off. We flip the boat back to her right side. We make it to takeout. We are resilient. We are strong. So, if you're feeling low down, and your palms are bloody and you're running on fumes, remember that we are all rowing the same river right now. No matter how far apart, we will weather this shit storm, break out of river jail and reunite when the time is right. I hope we will be better for it all on the other side.

Until then my friends, I raise my glass to you. Be well, take care, and see you downstream.

*Tess McEnroe*

*Bass Camp bighorn bonanzas, Redwall ringtail rumba raves, Havasu half chub humpback hump-a-thons, lazy lizards lounging at the Little C. I bet it's nothing but a dang hootenanny down there.*





It has been a surreal few weeks trying to wrap my head around the global pandemic caused by Covid-19, a type of Corona Virus. The word Corona can be suggestive of a crown. A colored circle seen around a luminous body, such as the sun or moon, and caused by diffraction produced by suspended droplets of water. This new crown wearing virus is the reason I am sheltering in place at my home in Northern California and now wear a face mask and gloves to the grocery store. My Grand Canyon home is officially off limits for an unknown amount of time. This will be the first April in twenty years I have not spent at this home, sleeping on a boat that floats beneath towering cliffs and blooming cacti.

In an attempt to create some form of normality and escape the constant stream of depressing news, myself and a few others turn to the river. Heading south a few hours to the Eel River, our group embarks on a fifty-mile float for a handful of glorious, media-free days. We all have our own personal shuttle drivers, boats, kitchens, and food in an attempt to stay within proper social distancing guidelines.

We put in on April 7, which happens to be the full moon, and a “pink” super moon at that. This super moon will be the closest moon to the earth in the year 2020 at a mere 221,772 miles away. In reference to the spring, The Pink Moon is named after wild ground phlox, among the first wildflowers to bloom in April and native to North America. I drift along admiring the many flowers that paint the rolling hills along the Eel River, the redbuds are in all their glory. My mind wanders to Buckfarm Canyon and how the redbuds and columbines might look there now.

Unsettled weather patterns accompany us on this first river day. Darkness has taken hold and the fire is dying down when a light rain shower drives us towards our respective shelters for the night. The moon is rising from behind a grove of live oaks and I study the shadows cast while brushing my teeth. Excitedly Curtis announces, “Check it out! There’s a Moonbow!” I look up expecting to see a corona around the moon, what I now know

is called a lunar halo, but this is an unknown phenomena to me and it’s other worldly.

A Moonbow (also known as a lunar rainbow or white rainbow) is the refraction of light in many water droplets opposite the light source, in this case produced by moonlight rather than sunlight. They are rare because of the many perfect circumstances that need to occur in a short period of time. The moon must be at its brightest phase and lower than 42 degrees to the horizon in a very dark sky. They can only be seen two to three hours after sunset and two to three hours before sunrise. Someone hoots back, “It’s a double, you can even faintly see the colors!” We watch amazed, thankful, feeling like the luckiest humans on earth, for the duration of its short lived existence. It is all we can talk of the next day, conversations had from the safety of six feet, overshadowing those of life during a pandemic.

*Billie Prosser*



# legends

My heart is heavy today as I open my laptop and my calendar glaringly alerts to me the already, well-known, undeleted fact, that today is launch day. Today is the day we would have pushed off from shore, with a heap of food and gear, a battalion of boats, with fifteen days and 226 river miles ahead of us. This is the place we call home, this is where we shine, this is where our hearts sing, where we feel alive and free. To my river crew, and to all of our passengers who would have become fast friends and family, we are all each other's Legends...

What do we do instead? I'm sure it's different for everyone, we're all making our own wild run through these very strange days. In these past weeks, it has been helpful to stay active and creative. I've been writing long over due stories that correspond with some of my already completed paintings. For now, we can keep checking in on each other, we can share our memories, and tall tales and we can imagine that vast place just existing, without us.

This painting titled, "Legends" is in honor of Hance Rapids. Named after Captain John Hance, this is the first, Class ten rapid you'll find yourself having to navigate in Grand Canyon. A rapid so strewn with boulders, tricky currents and pour-overs, it's enough to make even the most seasoned river guide want to throw up. Hance also marks the start of the Upper Granite Gorge, a forty-mile stretch of river that holds a good percentage of Grand Canyon's



major rapids. Here, the walls are steep, the river is fast, it's heart-pounding, fueled by adrenaline and you best be on your game. I have always thought, if only these walls could talk! How many times have these stoic rock layers witnessed a crazy, wild run through Hance? Certainly too many times to count. And, almost no matter what happens on Gorge Day, you're going to be in camp, later that evening, beer in hand, listening to your crew share a side-splitting, play by play recap of their runs, no doubt using all the local river vernacular, dramatization, leaving out no detail with silly gestures and sound effects. So, in the spirit of Vaughn Short, have a virtual sweet ride through Hance!

And, so there I was! Dropping the Mini-Tongue, with a good

down-stream ferry angle.

Already, the river is taking me right, but my heavy boat, I manage to wrangle.

I think, "we're not going into the Land of the Giants, not today, no way!"

So without even looking, head down, I'm just pulling and praying for the Green Highway!

We spilt the Duck Pond Rocks, hey, that wasn't so bad, but the current's really cruising now,

Maybe with just a few more strokes, we'll be good and we can bring around the bow.

Oh No! Not yet! Hang on! We're soaked! OMG! It's happening so fast!

Whew! There's Whale's Rock, just off my left oar, relieved as it goes swooshing past.

But, it's not over, no high-fivin' yet, we got the two big holes at the bottom.

I shout to my passengers, "Three good hand holds!" They hunker and say "We got 'em!"

Push left? Push right? I better just square up, hold on and take my licks.

Wow, that was a big hit, and I wink at my drenched peeps, "How's about that for kicks!?"

I put my hand in the river, give her thanks for safe passage, elated but humbled once more,

So grateful for this Grand Old Place, and to play just a tiny part, in its timeless Legends and Lore.

*Erica Fareio*



# Trading Words Trading Words

I bake bread these days: a temporary salve to idle hands and a wanting wallet. This practice has me rising early to be through with the hot work of the oven before the hot work of the day begins. Fortunately, none of us are strangers to trading sleep for a respite from working in the heat.

After the first loaves are deposited in the oven, I sit in the quiet grey morning with my coffee and a few books of poetry. I read until one resonates with me, then I take a picture and send it away in a text message. Without fail, one comes back.

Fourteen years ago, I began my first river trip; it was in Grand Canyon and Emma Wharton was there. That singular event has shaped each of the intervening years. Six weeks ago, I took a picture of a poem and texted it to Emma; she sent one in return. This turned into a daily practice that has shaped each of the intervening days.

The poetry varies wildly, not, if I may use a hackneyed comparison, unlike a forboding bit of whitewater. Sometimes it is joyous and invigorating, other times heavy and somber, occasionally devastating. I am left, in the end, smiling, tearful, joyous, angry, sorrowful, pensive.

Without this practice I would not spend the time, each day sitting quietly in reflection. The written words of others help me to understand the world in which we now live and how I exist therein. Moreso, by receiving these gifts I glimpse this new world through another's eyes.

I keep hearing the analogy of an unexpectedly flipped boat to describe the pandemic. The more I consider it, the more apt it seems. Each of our lives has been upended, suddenly and severely, we continually count heads, are hyper-aware of those most in need of assistance, and even though we were on the same boat we are all now having our own swim.

While I strive to fill my time with the shaping of dough, searching for something to be in service of and wondering why it's so tricky for that something to be myself, my poetic interlocutor is working to educate her children and keep an organization with many employees afloat. There are times when I am envious of her, times when I am not, but with each passing stanza, my understanding of these roles grows.

If you'd asked me last year why I love the river, I would have told you it's because of the communities that form along its banks. That is more true now than ever. I had never thought that even when there is no water, no boat, and we are hundreds of miles apart that we could so easily pull each other onto the bottom of our upsidetown raft. I am enormously grateful for it.

In case any of you need such a hand, and in case this can be that hand, I will leave you with the words of my dear friend, Madeline Friend.

*Will Lytle*

The Questions We Ask:  
Likely, answers will  
never come.  
No, not really.

"Hope is the thing with  
feathers"  
or so they tell me.

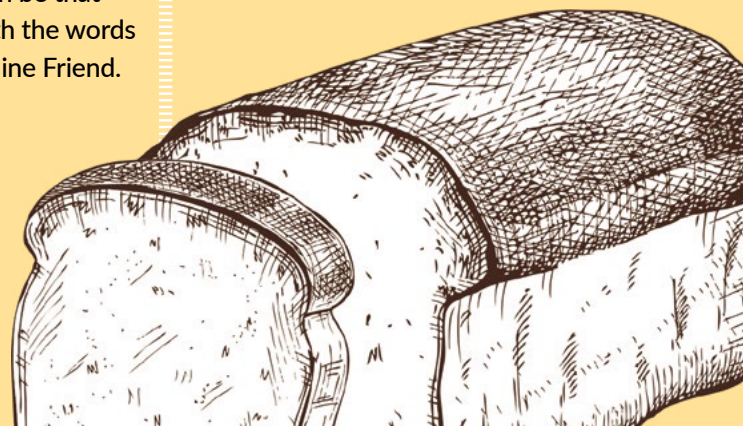
A common quandary:  
devolving action  
partitioning kindness.  
What even happened?

I still ask questions; it's  
my very nature.  
Answers rise slowly—  
a contented exhale  
a new way of knowing.

This fills crashing lava  
runs with composure.  
Loose in the hips,  
smooth on the grips.  
Poetry of motion is  
focused rush of  
whitewater.  
But the surrendering  
stanza embraced  
before the flow?

"I'm not fighting  
anymore"

*Madeline Friend*



# mask making

Like most people, my world was turned upside down when this Covid-19 pandemic hit. I was a week away from heading south for the spring starting off with some training with AZRA and attending the GTS. My dry bags and river gear were all packed up and ready for a busy spring, running four trips during April and May. But as the end of March approached and the threat of Covid drastically getting worse, the lockdown began and it was clear that I needed to stay put where I was in McCall, Idaho.

McCall is my home, and I'm so fortunate to live here. It's a small little resort community, that lies on the edge of the Frank Church Wilderness. Its also home to Canyons River Company, where I spend my summers guiding trips on the Middle Fork of the Salmon

and Main Salmon River. I spent the entire winter working on growing my business, FunLuvin' Fleecewear where I make fun, functional clothing for all kinds of outdoor adventures. I rented out the Canyons office and turned that space into my sewing shop! It was a busy, productive winter and I was getting ready to take my business on the road for the summer. I bought a trailer to carry all the fleece goodies, and in between rivers trips, I was going be a vendor at various events including music festivals, boating festivals, and craft fairs. My trailer was packed up and ready when Idaho went into a shelter in place order.

As the quarantine life began it was obvious that our country did not have the necessary personal protective equipment to keep

people safe in the work place. I knew right away that I had a skill that could help out our community, and that I needed to start sewing masks. I quickly traded out the fleece for cotton and started mass mask production. I soon became a part of a committee that is providing masks for our community. We call ourselves the "McCall Maskforce," and it has truly been a special project to be a part of. We raised funds for materials and within a few days we had over a hundred sewers making masks, gowns, and surgical caps. We've got an incredible group of volunteers donating their time and materials to this cause, and quickly our Maskforce sewed over 4,000 masks in about two weeks. The masks were first distributed to our hospital staff and local first responders. We then made sure



## Finding Legacy

The "great pause" has been an opportunity for all of us to live life a little differently. For me, that has meant pulling out my old sewing machine, going through my fabric stash, and making masks for family, friends, health care workers, and strangers I will never meet.



# madness

all the essential businesses and their employees were covered, and lastly made masks available to all community members at various locations in town.

This is such a crazy time in our world, and I never, ever thought that I would be sewing masks in a pandemic because our country wasn't prepared. I was speaking with my good friend Weiyi, and one of the owners of the rafting company I have worked for in China for the past six years and mentioned our project and the need for more N95 Masks in our healthcare system. She told me that her brother, William works in a facility in China making masks and would be able help us out. Out of the goodness of his heart he donated a box of 720 N95 masks to our community. The masks left



China and arrived in McCall in five days. I couldn't believe it, and could not believe this man's generosity to help out a total stranger in another

country. It truly is amazing. When the masks arrived, it included a special note from William and a picture drawn by his son with a very important message that read, "We are the same people under the same sky. We must help each other out in this fight between humanity and Covid-19. We are in this together!"

We are so fortunate to have such an incredibly supportive river community. It's been awesome to see our community coming together and supporting each other during this pandemic. When this is all over, we'll get back out there, and our passengers are going to need us now more than ever to show them what Grand Canyon is all about. We are lucky enough to have the best office in the world, The Grand Canyon...It's "AMAAAAAZING!!!!"

*Kelli O'Keefe*

Multiple organizations, including Days for Girls and Threaded Together, have been cheerleaders and coordinators for putting home sewers and medical providers together. We (together) have made and given away thousands of masks.

One group of creative minds figured out how to MacGyver examination gowns for medical personnel to wear—made of the same Tyvek® used in house construction. We started out at Sinagua Middle School, cutting gowns, adjusting the pattern, and sending the cut pieces out to more volunteers to be sewn.

The advantage of using Tyvek® is that it can be washed and re-used, unlike the paper gowns that are in such shortage.

That project has moved over to Threaded Together which is still rolling out gowns for the duration.

In addition, as supplies like elastic and bias tape run low for mask making, people are "making it work," creating our own bias tape from t-shirts, or cannibalizing lingerie for elastic. Our imagination is tested— and I see the beautiful results all over town as people rock the results.

For me, making masks has taken me on a walk through the legacy of home sewers in my family. I use thread and elastic from the stashes left behind by my grandmother and mother. I use fabric left from myriad old projects—theirs and mine. My creativity is challenged by making such a variety of fabrics wearable and even festive. And each mask goes to its new home with a prayer for good health for all.

*Laura Shearin*



# Murals of Hope



I had my dream season lined up: four trips with CanX in the spring, followed by six weeks in Idaho on the Selway and the Middle Fork Salmon, topped off with one more canyon trip in oh-so-lovely September. Even all four wedding invites fit in perfectly. But today, instead of lining up for Lava on my second trip of the season, I am at home, within a mile of the Space Needle and Pike Place Market.

Here in Seattle, we had the first known death from Covid-19 in the country. Businesses around town quickly began boarding up their windows as the “shelter in place” order was administered. As a sign painter and mural artist, I immediately saw an opportunity. Within a day, my godfather Guy Curtis, a former guide on the Rogue for Wilderness World and current



owner of the historic Central Saloon in Pioneer Square, sent me a photo of his boarded up bar, followed by the message “call me.”

The very next day, my long time collaborator Leo Shallat and I painted the message “Wish You Were Here” across the plywood. The response from the community has been incredible. Photos of the piece have been featured in several publications including the *Seattle Times* and the *Guardian* (UK). We even recently got word that Coors (Georgie White’s beverage of choice) wants to use video footage of the mural in a commercial (under the condition that I am shown in front wearing a leopard skin one piece), we are still in negotiations...

Since painting the Central, Seattle has exploded with murals from dozens of artists in almost



every neighborhood. I’ve painted four in the last three weeks, with more downstream. The plywood that once made the city feel like a wartime ghetto is now serving as a platform to express hope and unity. Colorful messages of solidarity and support are on every street corner, contributing to an atmosphere of optimism.

While I am grateful for this opportunity to create and share my artwork, I look forward to pushing out into the current with you all again soon. Let’s get the hell out of this eddy!

**Vlad Kovalik**





# TOGETHER THROUGH SEPARATION

This is the time of year we are settled in our summer home on the river. Like many of you, I will rejoice when we are back to our sharing the Grand Canyon with our guests, our dear fellow guides, with the spirits and memories of those who have preceded us. The smell of the tall verdant grasses of Saddle, the feel of the cold splash in the face in House Rock, the camaraderie in the dish line, the brittle bush turning the slopes yellow, falling to sleep on your boat with the gentle sway of mother river....

## **RIVER TRIPS BRING PEOPLE TOGETHER. AND NOW WE ARE APART.**

This period of separation, not only from our beloved river but from each other is beyond painful, it is against our nature. We are living in a different world where 'our boats are black side up.' Luckily, the river and canyon will remain. Mother nature is taking a deep breath and healing, as is the planet in general. Perhaps we can take some solace in that knowledge and know when we get things righted the river will still be there.

Forever I will consider myself a boatman. Running the river is what I love most, what I do best, and what I will do as long as possible. Yet, I also have the perspective of a small business owner where our lives have been turned upside down as well. As many of you know our company, Rivers and Oceans books people on Grand Canyon trips as well as other water adventures. We are in a unique position getting to interact regularly with

most of the outfitters and many guests. It's clear that stakeholders in the river community have no idea what is around the next bend: the guides, the guests, the outfitters, the office and warehouse staffs, and local businesses.

These past couple of months, Rivers and Oceans, like everyone in our industry, have been bombarded on numerous fronts. Rather than the joyous booking of guests onto trips, we are constantly canceling trips. While watching our accounts dwindle we hope that trips start running as usual this summer for everyone in the community, yet realize that running trips could bring health risks, a different form of hardship to our community.

Our little company has seven employees. I can't imagine the stress of the outfitters trying to navigate what to do about their company, employees and guests. We see the outfitters working hard to communicate with and update guests. We know they are receiving many times the phone calls we do, and many of those calls are filled with uncertainty and fear, mixed with anger and frustration, much of which has little to do with their river trips. The outfitters are equally frustrated with the uncertainty for the coming season and their futures, and they essentially have their hands tied waiting for the next closure extension (or not), and many of the guests are not hearing it.

## **SO, WE SIMULTANEOUSLY PLAN FOR RUNNING TRIPS AND NOT RUNNING TRIPS THIS SUMMER.**

The guides seem to get left with the least amount information and from my perspective are many of the people with the smallest safety nets. We are, however, a community of survivors. We happily live out of a couple of rubber bags and an ammo can (or three, and a rocket box - or two). We, the river community, will figure out a way to get trips back on the water, hopefully soon. This too shall pass.

## **IN THE MEANTIME, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?**

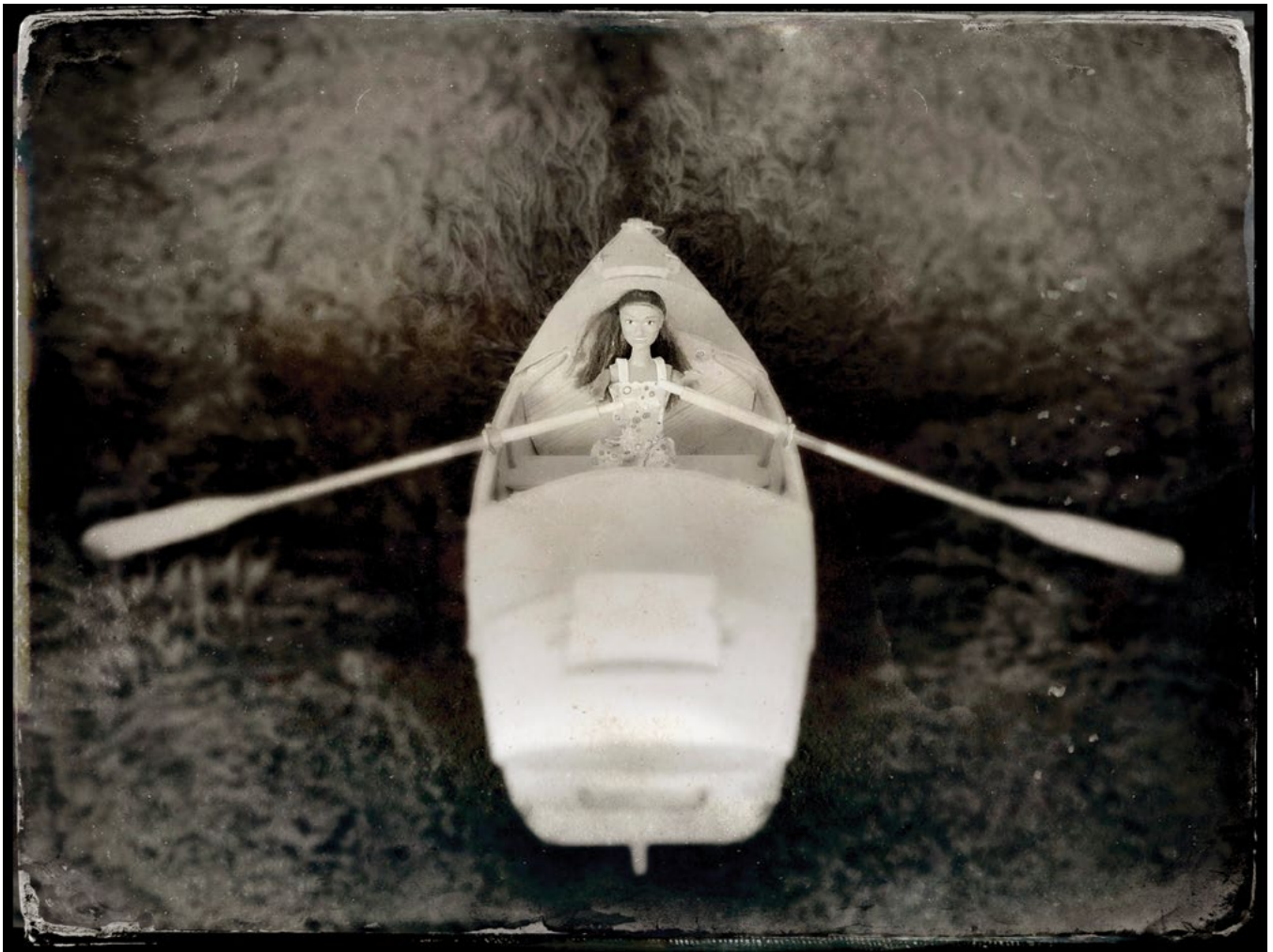
We are going to get after it. Most of us live in the places we can get in the woods, canyons, mountains etc. Go, get out there, every day. Breathe the fresh air and stay strong, mentally and physically.

Learn something new, do something different, read, write, call those friends you are thinking about. These days, when I think of someone, I call them, and usually they pick up. We are all hunkered down, everyone is home. That's a bonus!

Remember, we are going to come out of this stronger, (definitely) leaner, smarter and, oh so, appreciative of the river, canyon and mostly, the people we share it with. It is going to be so incredibly sweet. Yes, it will happen.

## **WE ARE IN THIS TOGETHER.**

*Robby Pitagora*



Fretwater Boatworks was commissioned to build four replicas for the Powell Museum/Glen Canyon Conservancy and I wanted to photograph them before delivery. Since I can't take photos of people going down river, then I'll take photos of dolls and snakes in tiny boats. One has a social distancing message, the snake represents adaptability and they all just represent fun. We should all be having fun and not lose our sense of humor in these hard times.

*Dawn Kish*

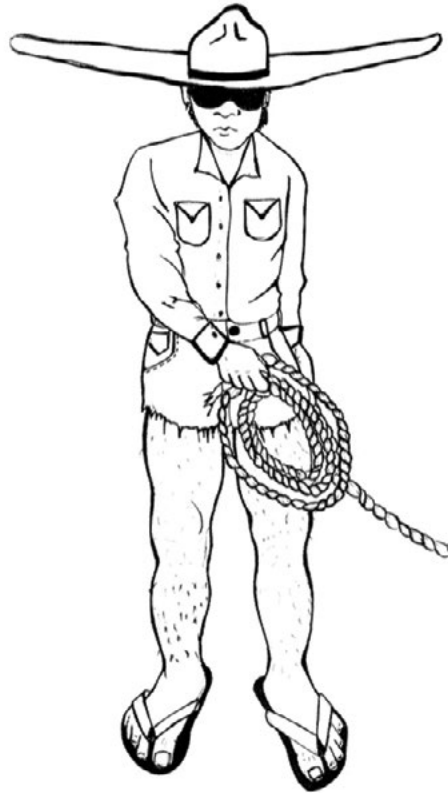


## START AGAIN

Dump out the contents. Wash in warm, soapy water, and let dry. Start with a clean mason jar, luke warm water and flour, unbleached. One to one, equal parts, stirred slowly. Leave in the shade near the sill, not hot, not cold, uncovered.

It's out there somewhere, under the surface. Look out the window: Sunnyside. One block up to Cedar House Coffee, nestled into a trailer park where the big family lives always barbecuing meat. They make strong lattes if you can handle the wholesome Jesus banter. Closed. Two blocks over, two blocks down is the headquarters of Archuleta ice cream trucks. They've got this town on lockdown; at night the trucks sprawl a whole block. No jingles lately. Two blocks beyond is Coco High, serving the east half of town, empty now. Kids race the streets instead, hooting and hollering on bikes, on go-carts, on skateboards. They follow rubber skid marks along the same route as late night, screech engine races, offset from the pattern police cars drive, sirens off, intersected by the straight lines ambulances take up hospital hill, sirens on. Sirens set a dog off. One dog, two dogs, three dogs bark,

and the alley is lost to howls. Two heads slug up between fence and cement flood barrier above the creek culvert—their Circle K paper bag nestled upright between sand bags. Time for some food. Not all bertos are created equal. Polibertos is better than Ralibertos, hands down. Comedor Cerrado: Drive-Thru open. What luck! At the intersection is the middle school, then turn



right past the east branch of the library, the Fourth Street Campus for the community college, and the community clinic. Walk-thru Sonic for a fresh banana milkshake. Cross at the emergency flasher pedestrian walk which leads back home. Note the housing density by garbage can size: there are some personal-size, but mostly supersize cylinders out front, and many blue, split-top, metal dumpsters. Straddle hop the Dortha road block: closed to thru traffic, detour, no sidewalk. If Spruce is flooding into the street, follow the instructions to text the county the current water height, use the stop sign measuring stick, handily marked up to 3.2 feet. Look up: there's the kitchen window.

It has proven difficult to capture the neighborhood sourdough starter again this week. Our twentieth day home alone due to social distancing, our fourth year in this apartment, and we are still struggling to pin down an essence. I get to pandemic at home, so I am in the window every morning and every night, listening as my neighbors pull in and out of cinder driveways for work, essential.

*Claire Magneson*

## SHELTER IN PLACE

# A Bowl of Arizona Unkar

An homage to L.T. Felty : “Expert Chili Adviser to the Governor of Texas”

The boatmen who have met me over the last six summers and had me on their trips as an assistant are well-aware that I like to be in the kitchen.

It's not only something I only like to do but something I feel I must do daily.

These boatmen know they'll either find me in the bow of their boat trying make photographs of them in the biggest rapids of the day or prepping dinner or breakfast. For me it's a good way to end a day and start a new day. Covid-19 has put everyone's river plans on temporary hold but I still turn to cooking to start and end my days, and today it's chili.

Like most Americans, I was introduced to chili at a young age through the culinary exploits of Chef Hormel and Van Camp. They were on the cutting edge of American *haute cuisine* and their recipes with their signature ingredient—pinto beans—were not only delicious but were easy to execute. Open can, heat and serve. Though I can't attest to it, it seems reasonable to assume that these chefs were on a trip or two. Chop some onion, grate some cheese, and if you stowed the empty cans in a hatch before your guests arrive for dinner you'd be considered a Michelin Chef.

As an aspiring young photographer, I worked as an assistant, location scout, and producer for a noted *National Geographic* and advertising photographer named Michael O'Brien. It was through one of the many assignments with Michael that I learned about chili, and specifically Texas chili or Texas Red as it is commonly known.

In 1991, Apple was about to launch their first laptop computer, the Powerbook. Michael had gotten the coveted assignment to shoot their advertising campaign which was titled “What's On My Powerbook.” Soon he and I were traveling to the Lone Star State to revisit the town of Waxahachie, where he had photographed a story for *LIFE Magazine* a few years earlier.

It was there that I would meet L.T. Felty, who was to be our tour guide and introduce us to the local town heroes that would become the subjects of Michael's photographs.

As L.T. drove us around that first day he brought up the topic of chili. It turned out that he had helped to organize the fabled Texas Chili Society's Annual Chili Cook-Off and had won the event more than once and now was one of its judges. His chili notoriety was so revered that one of Texas's governors named him “Expert Chili Adviser to the Governor of Texas” and he had the business card to prove it.

Lunch hour was approaching and L.T. took us to a restaurant that was on the town's historic square. As I read over the menu, I noticed that they had chili and it was in fact L.T. Felty's chili. No need to wonder what I ordered that day.

My bowl was placed before me and as I spooned through it I immediately noticed that things in this bowl of chili were not as they should be, per Chef Hormel and Van Camp.

First, it was a deep rich red. Second, the meat was small cuts of beef (½ inch cubes), not the ground beef that Chef Hormel and Van Camp had instructed us to use. Most importantly, there were no beans! It was a Champion's bowl for sure with regards to flavor, but the lack of beans was throwing basic knowledge of chili into a culinary tailspin.

As I worked through my bowl of deliciousness, I gathered myself to asked the question that would change my world view and understanding of chili forever. The conversation went something like this...

**D.Z.:** “L.T. this is delicious. I've never tasted anything quite like it.”

**L.T.:** “Thanks Dave.”

**D.Z.:** “I'm curious though, there are no beans. Doesn't chili have to have beans?”

*L.T. gave me a wry smile and replied.*

**L.T.:** “Dave, there are no beans in true chili or specifically Texas Red chili.”

*I had never eaten a bowl of chili that didn't have beans in it so I had to press further.*

**D.Z.:** “So L.T. when you're judging the granddaddy of them all, the Texas Chili Society's Annual Chili Cook-Off, and a contestant brings you a bowl of chili with beans in it what happens?”

*Once again his wry smile crept forward and with all his Texas charm he answered.*

**L.T.:** “They don't win, Dave!!!”

**David Zickl**





# Arizona Unkar Recipe

Feeds 12 - 16

Prep Time : 1.5 to 2 hours Cook Time : 6 hours (low and slow)

I put the heat quotient for this at about 6.5 to 7 on a 10 scale. It's mild +. It's spicy enough but won't burn your taste buds. Although you can and probably will you don't need to drink a six pack to put the fire out for you to enjoy this bowl of chili.

## INGREDIENTS

- large stock pot (the biggest one you have. 8 quarts or larger)
- blender or stick mixer
- 4 strips of bacons (to render the fat from the bacon for sautéing)
- 4 eggs (to eat with your bacon after you've got the chili finished and slow cooking)
- 4 LBS Cubed Beef Chuck (it might be labeled stew beef in the meat dept)
- 3 TBS salt
- 1 TBS white pepper (can use black)
- 2 TBS chili powder
- 1 TBS cayenne
- 1 TBS cumin
- 1 TBS sage
- 1 TBS oregano
- 1 TBS coriander
- 4 large red onions (diced small) (saved half of one for garnish)
- 2 jalapenos (seeded and diced small)
- 1 garlic bulb (minced)
- 1/2 cup of tequila or red wine (to de-glaze pot after searing beef)
- 12 cans diced tomatoes (16 oz.)
- 6 can diced green chilies (7 oz.)
- 4 cans tomato paste (6 oz.)
- 4 limes(juiced)



## PROCEDURE

- Cut beef in 1/2 inch pieces. It comes cut into 1 to 1 1/2 inch pieces. Basically, you need to quarter them.
- diced onions (small)
- dice jalapenos (small)
- mince garlic
- mix all spices together into a bowl
- on medium heat cook bacon in the large stock pot. Take bacon out and save for breakfast.
- on medium to low heat sear meat in the bacon fat
- add spice mixture to meat while searing. You just need to brown the exterior. The rest of the cooking will happen throughout the day as the chili simmers low and slow.
- pour meat and its juice into a bowl and hold on the side.
- on medium to low heat sauté' onions, garlic and jalapenos for about 5 minutes
- deglaze with tequila or red wine. With a wood spoon scrap any bits off the bottom of the pot.
- add the chopped tomatoes, green chilies and tomato paste and simmer for 30 minutes.
- using a stick mixer or blender, puree the onions, jalapeno, chopped tomato, green chilies, and tomato paste.
- add the meat back into the pot with puree and stir.
- cover pot and let simmer 4-6 hours on the absolute lowest setting you can set on your stove.

## GARNISHES

- 1/2 red onion (diced small)
- 1 avocado (diced or sliced)
- 1/2 cup cilantro leaves (pull whole leaves from stems)
- 1 cup Cotijo cheese(graded)

- add lime juice and stir
- serve with garnishes

Now cook your eggs and eat your breakfast. Then 4 to 6 hours later...

# Región X

How can I explain that  
Instead of being where I planned  
to be,

I find myself  
Teaching English  
To Chilean teenagers  
While a global pandemic plays out?

My calendar says  
I should have already returned to  
the U.S.;  
Driven to Arizona;  
Attended the Guide Training  
Seminar and Risk Management  
Meeting;  
Assisted an SRT course.

Soon I should launch with a Yampa  
yoga trip,  
And then: Grand Canyon all  
summer.  
Between trips, help Andy in his  
shop.

For seven seasons,  
I have lived a childhood dream  
By rowing boats through Grand  
Canyon.

Were all those trips really as  
amazing and important as I  
remember?

Dropping into Lava Falls for the  
first time  
Right behind my brother.  
The rainbow against the Vermilion  
Cliffs  
the morning we launched for  
Martin's Boat.  
My favorite nap spot in Blacktail.  
The storms breaking the sky wide  
open.  
Tiny handprints.  
Hidden mailboxes.  
Side hikes, water works, shooting  
stars.  
One of the best trips ever—  
Shawn, Chelsea, Lars, Río, Kranz,  
and Les—  
My mom mailed some of our  
Grandfather's ashes  
To Phantom Ranch.  
I illegally scattered my portion  
Pinch by pinch  
In side canyons,

Against my favorite Redwall cliffs,  
Standing under a full moon at the  
Unkar overlook with my brother.  
Whenever it felt right, I sprinkled  
him into the wind in that place  
that I love.

My grandfather was a quiet man,  
A dairy farmer who taught high  
school science  
And played opera music in the milk  
parlor for his cows.  
He had strong hands and a good  
heart to the very end,  
and I think he would have gotten  
on well with those folks  
Who managed to subsist so long  
on the Unkar Delta.

And now?

I listen to them climb the steps to  
my apartment.  
At my kitchen table, they show me  
their English exercises.  
We speak in Spanish.  
I assign more work.  
They walk home.

## CREPITUS

I dreamed I went to the forest,  
furtively, because it's illegal now  
in the country where I live to walk  
further than one kilometer from  
home. I found I was not alone.  
The woods were full of those who  
had begun to worship the virus,  
like some cargo cult for a people  
who long since stopped looking  
to the sky for meaning to fall from  
it but are well-practiced at how  
to believe in something that's  
everywhere though you can't see it.  
They no longer spoke to each other  
in words, which have forfeited

their meaning, but using the  
mycelial network that trees use,  
and standing apart from each other  
now like trees. O Virus, they cried  
out, we thought we'd found you in  
the spaces between the ones and  
zeros but you were not there where  
it is always one thing or the other,  
never both and all at once. We  
thought we saw you in the flash  
we made when we broke open  
the unbreakable. More mysterious  
and subtle are your ways than that  
instantaneous end, for you are alive  
but not alive and as fast as our very  
thoughts, yet when you fastened

to our lives, everything slowed  
down and stopped. When you  
fastened to our lungs we drowned  
on dry land, and when we listened  
to our own crepitus we heard the  
humus rotting in the forest, where  
our other lungs unfurl high and  
deep. Not even the holy ghost  
ever inhabited our cells this way.  
When the fever seized the city and  
banjaxed the works they told us  
the angel of death would pass over  
the innocent only if we painted our  
doors with the blood of our elders.  
That is when we didn't recognize  
ourselves anymore and began to



Quarantined in the Lake District  
and done with work for the day,  
I head into Patagonia with my dog  
Go on a rock collecting mission  
with my soon to depart brother  
Split and carry wood  
Cook  
Nap  
Pick apples  
Make bread  
Watch the rain fall  
And the mist rise.

Amy Goodman's voice reminds me:  
Quarantining with enough food  
and adequate shelter is a privilege.

I kneed bread dough and listen  
To what others are experiencing  
and facing in the global crisis,  
Those who have never had the  
protection of family or profession  
Or belonged to a "politically stable"  
nation.

Words like:  
socioeconomic disparity,  
disenfranchised, displaced, and  
vulnerable come to mind.

remake ourselves in your image.  
That which is irreducible in us is  
that which is mutable. When we  
pressed our ears to the ground, we  
heard you tell us not to await the  
rapture but to hasten the rupture.

**Louisa Bennion**  
Tréguier, France

So, I remain very privileged,  
quarantined here in one of the  
most beautiful river corridors on  
the planet.

I don't know when I'll be able to  
travel with my dog,  
Nor when I'll actually want to.  
And she doesn't seem too  
preoccupied by the unknown  
status of our future.

On a hike to Lake Pinilla  
We climb through the old growth  
Coihue, their huge bodies cloaked  
in mist,  
Then into the Lenga forest.  
The lake is crystal turquoise blue.  
Mountains and snow on three sides  
and  
The Futaleufu Valley stretching its  
fingers into the green landscape  
far below.

When I try to write about this  
"thing,"  
Watching friends stay or leave,  
My brother take the first stab at  
one of us getting home,  
Spring up north slipping away...

When I try to talk about  
What it has taken from me or  
postponed,  
And also what it has allowed,  
I don't trust myself to speak.

Things change everyday.  
I am lucky to be where I am.  
Better to plan a good lesson for  
tomorrow  
Than to get hung up on the things  
outside my control.

As always, Grand Canyon  
Is too much to hold all at once.  
And why try to go there when I am  
here?

Even if I do get home in time  
Even if my trips do run  
Even if I could make it,  
I know that actually, I can't.

I am too deep into this thing that I  
started  
To walk away in a rush.

It's hard to want something so  
much only to let it go till next  
time.

And then,  
I look around me and see how  
amazing it is to have what I have  
In these moments of uncertainty.

And so I try to accept that until  
further notice,  
I am living each privileged day  
Right here,  
Right now,

In Los Lagos, Región X  
Patagonia Chile.

**Mariah Lee Hibarger**



# FERN GLEN FLOOD

I have never thought of a desert river, pictured and imagined being there with such a sublime rush coming into my mind as I do now. As I draw over my photographs of Grand Canyon and elsewhere, I re-envision each place, to know it more deeply, to write myself and my observation upon it, like it has written itself upon me. Recalling when I took this photograph in 2018, a morning after extensive flash flooding, the channel of Fern Glen Canyon appeared immaculate and intricate. The day was fresh and cool, an energy in all of us from the dramatic storm in the night. In the canyon, coarse sand along the edges of the rocks gave way to silky, fine sediment. More than ever now, I find myself cherishing past opportunities to explore, to grow, and to love remote lands and rivers. I am holding dear all the joy and beauty of this moments. More than ever, I am looking forward to being out there again, whenever the time is right.

*Julia Klema*



## Mattole

Well here I am on the shady shores of the Mattole, a humble river who wanders toward the sea beneath a sky turned green by nature's own mysterious alchemy. This is a place where bird songs crowd the many shades of maple, fir, oak and bay before they shine across the day, as bright stars might across the dark of an inky desert sky. Things around here are as the same as they are different. Mergansers loiter here, as there, in the eddies of the regions many rivers. Redbuds' red pazazz ephemerally augments the otherwise narrow palette of this green and earthen landscape. Scotch Broom fills Tamarisk's niche as an ubiquitous noxious but otherwise beautiful weed, and here the close cousin of the humpback chub, the humpback whale, feeds closely off the beaches of the Pacific coast like our familiar fish do off the beaches of the Colorado River's most popular camp kitchens and lunch spots.

Life here has that familiar summertime flavor of hard work, old friends, new friends and the kind of quiet noise I have gotten used to this time of year—green leaves ruffled by the wind, water ruffled over rocks, and the voices of those wise but unseen nymphs who sing John Denver's Rocky Mountain High always in the background. We work hard here, but the days are rarely as long and never as unrelenting as those early mornings, windy afternoons, and sleepless sandblown nights of the typical river trip hustle. It is 9 to 5, but not too strictly. My new boss here on the north coast is always bugging me to go surfing or fishing down at the "the cove," for instance. This morning it was "Sean, there's surf today!" That's most days here.

Every surf day, it turns out, is also the very last swell of the season! You get my drift.

I'm a fair weather surfer, though. Since there was a slight nip to the spring air after three hot weeks of summer in April (just like the first week of May last year!) and a breath of wind almost disturbed the maple tree I sat under, I decided the weather was too hostile to journey to the coast. So here I am, on the Muav-grey gravel banks that gently cradle the Mattole against its mountains, waiting for the afternoon before I follow its wandering lead to the sea.

Wish you were here!

*Sean Bothman*



Here is a painting from Lava Chuar. This is a reminder of all those unforeseen flash floods or sneaky storm cycles we as guides are so good at adapting too. It helps me remember our perseverance as a culture of guides who live with the rules of nature foremost. Stay strong everyone and know of your reliance, community, and broad scoped mindset that will prevail. As guides we live to adapt. We were meant to surrender to our strong journeys together and taught openly the ways of our planet in its most untamed and intimate and powerful spaces. Don't forget the beauty awaits us all out there. It needs us too. *Greg McFadden*





# Food for the Soul

I am still finding myself “stunned” by the abrupt change we have all faced due to the Novel Corona Virus. It has forced me to literally re-structure my business in a matter of days and adapt in so many new ways. I hope that you have been able to adapt and find ways to navigate these new waters...

Over the course of the last several years, I've been transitioning from full-time guiding/river life to expanding my catering business. In spring of 2019, I ventured full-time into operating my catering business. A large component of my business has been built on a relationship with HYPO2, cooking for athletes training, at altitude here in Flagstaff. This year's agenda was booked with various International and domestic teams training for the Olympics. A team departed March 7<sup>TH</sup> and with a few weeks off, had a Colorado (Ruby/Westwater) river trip planned for March 16<sup>TH</sup> with friends. As news of the virus inundated our lives, we reluctantly pulled the plug on the trip.

It was a very difficult decision but in hindsight, the correct one to cancel the trip. Within a week of that decision, every contract I had booked for the next three months and many beyond that as well canceled. Panic and disbelief were two of many emotions that enveloped my world. The business I'd worked so hard to build was seemingly wiped out in a matter of days...I know many individuals and other businesses have faced this



Feeding the crew at Threaded Together—I provide a weekly meal for the crew. They are sewing masks/gowns and have been able to hire locals!

hardship; it's been so scary and hard to put words to it.

I rent a commercial kitchen from Sugar Mamas bakery and have a lease through October. At first when business dropped out, I thought I was done for and hid from the world for a couple days to process. Like many, if not all of us, I went through the process of grieving on so many levels. The anger stage came and I decided to fight, I could not give up without trying to make something work.

An established client of mine who still has full-time employment reached out and suggested I expand on something we already had going-making pre-made meals.

In the past, I had tried this option and was met with a tepid response but decided to give it a shot again, what did I have to lose? I released the first menu on March 17<sup>TH</sup> and had three folks sign up, somewhat disheartening but told myself to give it a couple weeks before deciding it wasn't going to work. Fast forward seven weeks and business is staying steady. About twenty people a week have been signing up with sixty to eighty meals ordered. Sugar Mamas and I teamed up about three weeks in to my offerings to add sweet treats into the mix and to support one another.

Early on, when I was still feeling completely lost and finding ways to cope I reached out to one of my vendors with an idea about donating food. I was able to secure food donations and prepared meals for Flagstaff Medical Center's emergency room and ICU departments, a local fire house and a few individuals in need. It felt good to find a way to contribute within the sense of feeling so helpless. A couple of out of work guides/friends volunteered their time to help prepare meals. Soon after, clients started offering monetary donations to the cause. I've always appreciated the sense of community Flagstaff has, especially my river family and this situation has solidified that feeling immensely.

As business is staying steady thus far, I'm trying to find ways to put money back into our community. I order food from



another local business at least once a week, have bought gift cards from shuttered retailers, bought music from local artists, joined a CSA (and purchase wholesale from various local farms for meals). I've hired friends to help with the commercial kitchen and with landscaping projects at my house and found ways to barter with other local businesses. I see this as an opportunity to strengthen an already strong community. Last year I fulfilled a longtime goal to offer on-site farm to table dinners, I've always tried to support local farms as much as possible within my business model. Moving forward, I see opportunities to bring more local businesses together to support one another—I don't see any other way it can work. It brings me some comfort in a very uncomfortable situation and mostly, hope.

Pre-made meals are offered weekly, selections are released on Sundays with an order deadline of Wednesday for pick-ups on Friday. Occasionally, this pattern may change—for example, offering a Mother's Day collaboration with Agave Maria Botanicals and Sugar Mamas so pick ups are set for Saturday instead. Also, we've recruited guides that aren't working to help with deliveries!

Find offerings on Facebook, Instagram, or sign up for weekly emails at [laura@lcprofessionalchef.com](mailto:laura@lcprofessionalchef.com).

**Laura Chamberlin**

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# Quarantine Recipes

## COCONUT GINGERS

### INGREDIENTS:

- 1) Coconut water (or even coconut Lacroix if you like the taste of sunscreen)
- 2) Gin! (Or no gin if you want a mocktail!)
- 3) Powdered ginger (or actual fresh ginger if you have it around!)

### SERVINGS:

You can only run out once!

### DIRECTIONS:

- 1) Get to camp (home) after a long, glorious day of rowing (sitting) in the sun (at home) and only a little Mr. W (window breeze).
- 2) Setup camp (your living room!) and check in on guests (yourself!).
- 3) Gather the crew (your social distancing buddies) for a chat (virtual) and a bevvie
- 4) Mix ingredients together to taste, add ice (a luxury of drinking at home!!) and enjoy!
- 5) Laugh, tell stories, remember the river and enjoy :)

**Maddie Friend**

(inspired by Laura Chamberlin)

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## PINEAPPLE ICE BOX CAKE

- 1 box crushed Vanilla Wafers
  - 2 sticks butter or margarine softened
  - 3 cups powdered sugar
  - 4 eggs
  - 1 (16 oz) can of crushed pineapple
  - 2 small containers of Cool Whip
- Spread most of the crushed wafers on the bottom of a cake pan, but save a little for the top.
- Mix the butter and sugar together to create a cream. Add one egg at a time to this mixture.
- Put the creamed mixture over the crushed Vanilla Wafers.
- Mix together the Cool Whip and pineapple. Spoon this mixture over top of the first cream mixture.
- Sprinkle the remaining crushed Vanilla Wafers over the top.
- Refrigerate for several hours or overnight...and then enjoy!

**Rachel Unger**



# BECOMING A MANAGER DURING A PANDEMIC

I have been a river guide for years. The thought of making that move to management never seemed like a good idea—why would I want to trade my oars for a computer keyboard? But things change, we all get older, and spending weeks away from home doesn't have the same attraction it did when I was in my twenties. So, over the winter I decided this was the time to throw my hat in the ring, as it were, and apply for the Regional Manager job.

I received the phone call from the owner of our company in late January with the good news. I was excited to share the joy of my promotion with everyone and did so just as fast as I could find my phone. Through a whirlwind next few weeks I began to work out the details of what this new job really entailed: sending what seemed like thousands of emails, answering and making phone calls, and finding answers to questions I had never been asked before. Gradually though, things began to make more sense, and as March approached our Assistant Manager (my wife Lauren) and I began ramping up to put our first trips on the water. Luckily I was able to lean heavily on her for this. (Full disclosure: I was little help).

Early March found me up in Moab, teaching a WFR course, followed immediately by Swiftwater Rescue. Though we brought up the topic of coronavirus in these classes and encouraged frequent handwashing, these measures seemed overly cautious. Covid-19 was a distant threat, and things here hadn't begun to get prickly yet... although the toilet paper aisle in

City Market was already bare.

Becoming a manager during a normal season would be difficult enough, but this year is turning out to be as far from normal as anyone ever could have imagined. I returned to Flagstaff and that's when things really turned a corner. Not that corner above Saddle where the river turns south and you can see for miles. More like that corner just above the Lava scout where the whisper you'd been hearing for the last half-mile turns into the full-throated roar. Terms like "Social Distancing" and "Shelter in Place" started popping into everyday conversations and the trickle of communities and states under shutdown orders began to flood outwards, eventually encompassing Flagstaff and the rest of Arizona.

It was at this point that the grim reality of our situation hit home. The decision was made to shut down the warehouse and furlough almost everyone. Vehicles parked, perishable food given away or donated, everything non-essential unplugged or shut off, I locked the door and headed for home.

And home is where I've stayed, like everyone else in this crazy new world. I divide my time between examining the drip of information from NPS and the updates from the OARS main office to decide what and when to send what I hope are informative and encouraging emails out to our staff, and pulling dandelions in the backyard. At times I feel hopeful, and at others completely helpless. Sometimes I'm worried, or anxious. I've lost sleep but gained weight. I want to be able to tell guides that it's going to

be okay, we're going to run trips at some point, but the scary truth is that no one, especially not a brand-new manager, knows for sure what the future holds.

So I continue, the days blending with one another to become weeks, which in turn become months. The trickle of information continues, accompanied by healthy doses of speculation, and here we are in May. We wait for the next update from the Park, wait for the possibility of trips on the horizon, and I compose yet another hopefully encouraging email. Speaking with guides on the phone I tell them we are working towards a solution to regain lost trips, to get back user days. I help with Unemployment questions and forward mail. Heck, the office even has a fresh coat of paint. I'll keep this up as long as I have to because I am an optimist. I know how resilient our river community is and how we are accustomed to hardship. We can row through a gale to Eminence, then make a delicious, relatively sand-free dinner for our guests.

We can do a full exchange at Pipe Creek in a monsoon downpour then enter Horn with sideways hail, laughing all the while. But then, as the storm rolls upstream to Phantom we're gifted with a brilliant wall-to-wall rainbow.

So now let's all cross our fingers that this storm too will pass; the rainbow is coming. For my part, I'd like things to get back to normal so I can learn how to be a Manager under the usual conditions...

Okay, now back to the dandelions.

*Lars Harr*



# CHASING THE SEASONS WITH ORION

The velvety blue dawn  
The aroma of that first cup of coffee  
I woke too early  
My eyesight isn't what it used to be  
But I can still see the Pleiades  
Orion is chasing them

It's fall  
Time for the River to sleep after a long summer  
Happiness mixed with a little adversity  
But mostly happiness  
The ripples on the water reflect that velvety sky  
Fleeting reflections of the universe

How can one not feel gifted to see such a living,  
breathing reality  
A sentient entity  
I feel small  
My coffee tastes good, it warms me  
My body is tired, my feet are cracked, my back hurts  
just a little bit  
Small annoyances  
Like the flies in monsoon season  
But not too much of a bother

The ripples gently start glowing orange, reflecting  
the cliff walls  
Contrasting the blue dawn in their troughs  
The Pleiades start hiding in the brightening blue sky  
Orion chases them for a few more moments  
People begin stirring  
Day begins  
Coffee, breakfast, adventure  
Life and gift of reality  
Reverence mixed with lots of laughter  
Happiness

Night always comes again  
It represents just a tick of time  
A week, or a month, or a year  
Or a lifetime

Orion chases the Pleiades  
I look forward to seeing them outrun him  
In the spring  
In the western evening sky

Time will forget me  
But I will remember time.

*JP Running*

# The Piece I'm Missing

It's a story oft repeated 'bout the search within our  
soul  
What's the puzzle, when completed, that will make  
this person whole?  
I know where waters' flowing, well that's where I  
need to be  
It sets my spirit growing and it let's my soul be free

Chorus: Yes, I ride the river like some ride the freights  
I ride it on out to the sea.  
I ride on the waves like a nighthawk in flight  
Like a butterfly caught in the breeze.

Some nights down in the canyons when I sit and  
listen well  
I hear the stories told there only rivers know to tell  
How it is to live eternal and to know each passing  
moon  
How to grow with each new spring rain, see the  
summers fade too soon

Chorus: There's life in the river and like a parent to  
me  
It teaches me things I must hold  
The places it takes you, fresh from dreams it will  
wake you  
Just to feel and the story unfolds

A moving water speaks of life, and broken waters  
SING  
But a river, silent, behind a dam, it dreams of  
conquering  
The taste that freedom gives to life is a love which  
grows so strong  
Release the rivers and share their love  
Come listen, we'll all sing along

Chorus: For we ride the rivers like some ride the  
freights  
We ride them on out to the sea  
We ride on the waves just like nighthawks in flight  
Like butterflies...caught in the breeze

*Zeke Lauck*

# Unfinished Business: The Ghost of Projects Future

Oh wait, before you walk out that door, to Ace, or Lowes, or Home Depot  
Before you buy cement to pour before you rent the back hoe.  
Remember, they say a man who dies with too many unfinished chores  
Will end up haunting the hardware stores.  
Creeping around in a polyester vest.,  
warning bright new builders of daunting tasks.  
“don’t buy THOSE screws.  
You already have some in your shed FOOLS.”  
“Why are you getting pliers? Bet you bought the same ones last year to bend THOSE wires.”  
“And if you’ve got screws you’ve got boards. And if you’ve got boards, well WHAT ELSE do you hoard?  
A drawer full of sand paper?  
A jar of rusty nails that that once contained capers?  
Two woods stoves,? A broken hose?  
A pink Flamingo? Your grandma’s crossbow?  
OH 17 hammers? A Polaroid camera?  
You think you’re building something great.  
But if you don’t realize before too late,  
that house, that home that hobby room,  
is headed for a hoarder doom.”  
“We don’t have a shed...YET” The new home owners say,  
as they hustle their cart of 2x4s away.  
They’ll go buy flowers and potting soil,  
bring it home for endless toil.  
Because garden hope dies each year,  
So that’s a dream that’s clutter clear.  
But dreams can be unfinished tasks,  
And in a precious life everything adds up fast.  
Yes paint the shed, clean the guns,  
turn the soil and write the last of your puns.  
But leave no lover unloved, no friend unsung,  
no flower unsmelled, no gift unbrung.  
Plans are only plans until they are done.  
Do not leave axes to be mounted in the next life. Let us all walk  
on with empty hands. It is hard to carry everything as you  
disapparate into nothing.  
So GO onto the hardware store,  
of your buying of dreams I’ll say no more.  
As long as long as its scotch clear,  
you leave time for the things you hold so dear.

**Elise Otto**

(Dedicated to John Prine, who I don’t think could have done more.)

## A Lot to Think About

I don’t often write songs in the third person...  
assuming a “character” and telling/singing their  
story...but catching the local Phoenix news this  
week of folks somehow compelled to hit the  
streets... wunderin’ what they were thinkin’ about.  
The tune is played in a Bluegrass-y kinda stomp!

**Brad Newman**

It’s a LOT!  
It’s a LOT!!  
It’s a LOT!!!  
A LOT t’tthink about...  
...so let’s just not.

There’s a stillness in the wind  
‘cuz there’s this sickness in this wind.  
I look around for my old friends  
But they’ve all scattered once again  
Afraid they, too, could be caught.  
Now, that’s a lot, a lot, a LOT t’tthink about...  
...so let’s just not.

I took the microphone down  
I put away the P.A. .  
Everywhere’s shuttered  
Where we used t’play.  
So much for the ground  
for which we fought...  
Now, that’s a lot, a lot, a LOT t’tthink about...  
...so let’s just not.

Let’s not slip on a mask!  
Let’s not all hunker-down!  
Let’s not stop shakin’ hands  
As the sirens scream across town...  
Somewhere there’s a rat  
who wants to lock-tight this all down.  
Still...this vicious sickness keeps comin’ ‘round...

We gotta make a new plan!  
That includes washin’ your hands  
and staying 6 feet apart  
from those closest to your heart.  
And carry on though it’s a lot  
It’s a lot  
It’s a lot  
That’s a LOT  
...t’tthink about,  
so let’s just not...’



**Dear Margeaux** asked me to write about what it's like being a mama in quarantine. I sure appreciate her request because it's allowed me a moment to sit down and drink a whole glass of wine (ok, glasses) and reflect on where I am in my life in the midst of this pandemic without interruption. They say we are fighting a war against an invisible enemy and I wonder who's the bigger enemy, The Virus or being faced with Uncertainty.

I like how the Buddhists put it, "invite your greatest fear to tea." I decided to picture a fancy English tea pot laid out on a table between me and Uncertainty. I recognized that it was actually the lure of Uncertainty that led me out to Flagstaff for no reason at the age of 23. I gave Uncertainty a piggy back ride when I rowed my first boat through Grand Canyon. And certainly if you've ever guided the AZRA paddle boat, or even just seen it on the water, you'll notice a bunch of suckers that have succumbed to Uncertainty (and are haughtily enjoying it). After years of guiding in Grand Canyon with all the pleasures and pains that accompany that choice of lifestyle I actually learned to maybe not relish uncertainty, but at least accept it. And hell, maybe even try to embrace it. The idea makes me squeamish, not to mention it's a slippery little devil. Two seasons ago I was still working full-time when I found myself invited to tea with Motherhood. Motherhood is a synonym for Uncertainty, just ask around. With gusto I said, "sure thing Uncertainty!" and here I am some months later with a job before me that is monumentally, fundamentally, all encompassing and exquisite. Ok, Wine told me to be honest, the task at hand is also terrifying. But I love it more than I've ever loved anything. Yep, sorry Grand Canyon. You come second to this chubby cheeked cherub.

In my personal experience, a Mama in quarantine is just a Mama. I've been socially distanced from all my friends since the day he was born! I'm a stay-at-home-work-from-home mama with all the frustrations and delights that entails so that hasn't changed either. What this situation has done is

left me brimming with Gratitude. Most people I know are still healthy. I am lucky enough to live in gorgeous and mostly-rural Moab. Jeep Week was cancelled. Like I said, I'm filled with Gratitude. But I'm antsy. Because I'm a lucky duck, I want to help. I'm desperate to. So I'm doing little things like delivering groceries, organizing volunteers, washing my hands like mad and wearing a mask. (Gosh I hope masks don't become a fashion craze after this is all said and done because frankly it rides up into my eyes, makes me want to touch my face even more, and adding insult to injury, we can't even see each other's smiles. Ok I digress). The local hospital where my son was born asked for WFRs to help out if this thing blows up in our tiny town. I've put my name down but God willing and the creek don't rise, they won't call. Daily, I send my love to all those in high rises in New York and New Jersey where I can't even comprehend what they are going through.

Anyway. This Mama in quarantine is just a Mama. But I'd like to use this "platform" as it were to pay tribute to all my fellow guides. Some people may kinda look down their noses at folks living the guiding life. But in crisis just as this, guides shine. We are resourceful, upbeat, reliable, resilient, tough-as-shit, encouraging, multi-faceted, capable and community minded. (Above verbs apply to guides early in the season). No doubt we are helping out where we can and big admiration and thanks to all those many guides who moonlight as nurses too. There are many of you and you make our community proud.

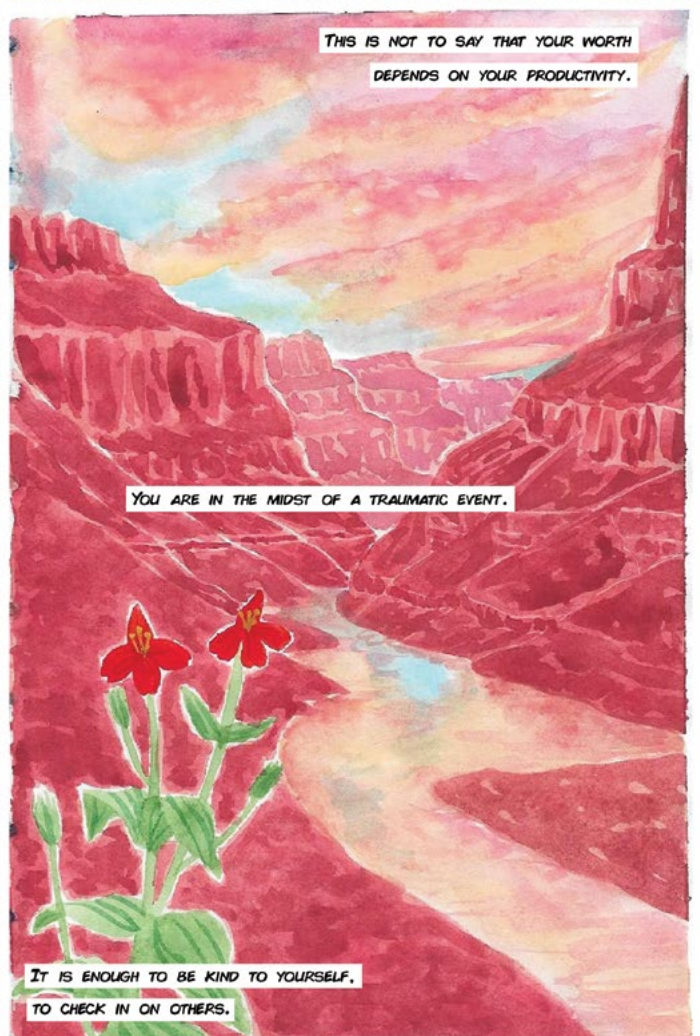
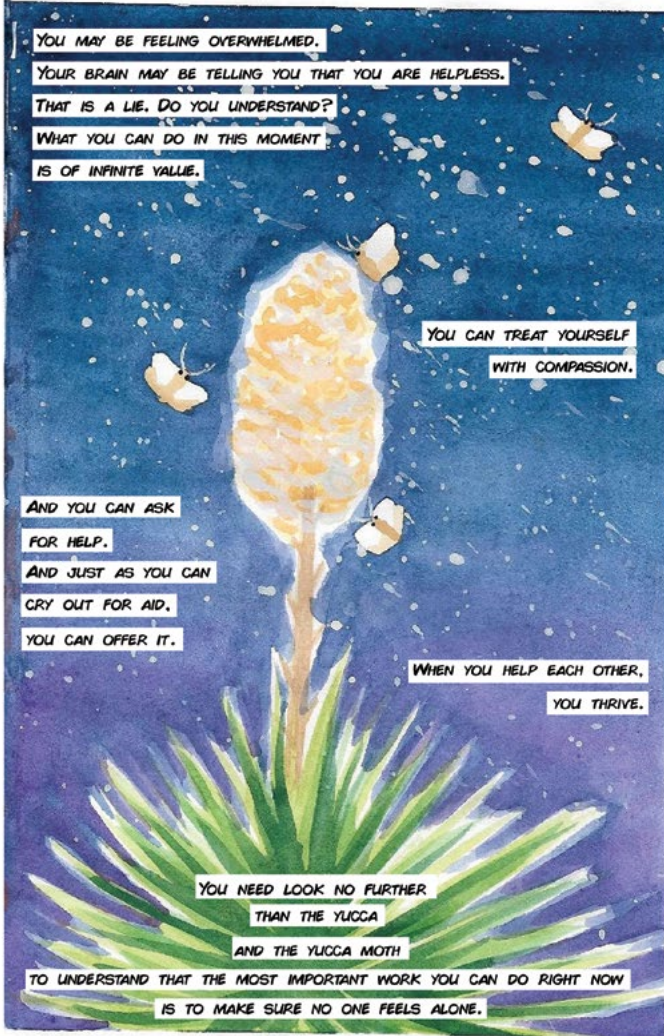
I'm not gonna end this with an overused/clichéd river reference so I'll just end by saying I'm proud to be a member of this community. Stay well out there and help where you can. We'll be back on the river soon showing people the time of their lives. And this time, they will need it more than ever.

*Katie Proctor*



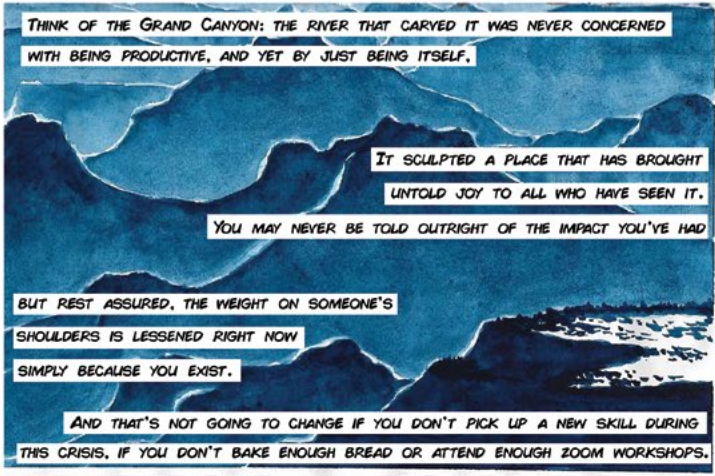


# REMINDERS FROM THE DESERT DURING COVID-19



Heidi Shephard





THINK OF THE GRAND CANYON: THE RIVER THAT CARYED IT WAS NEVER CONCERNED WITH BEING PRODUCTIVE, AND YET BY JUST BEING ITSELF,

IT SCULPTED A PLACE THAT HAS BROUGHT UNTOLD JOY TO ALL WHO HAVE SEEN IT.

YOU MAY NEVER BE TOLD OUTRIGHT OF THE IMPACT YOU'VE HAD

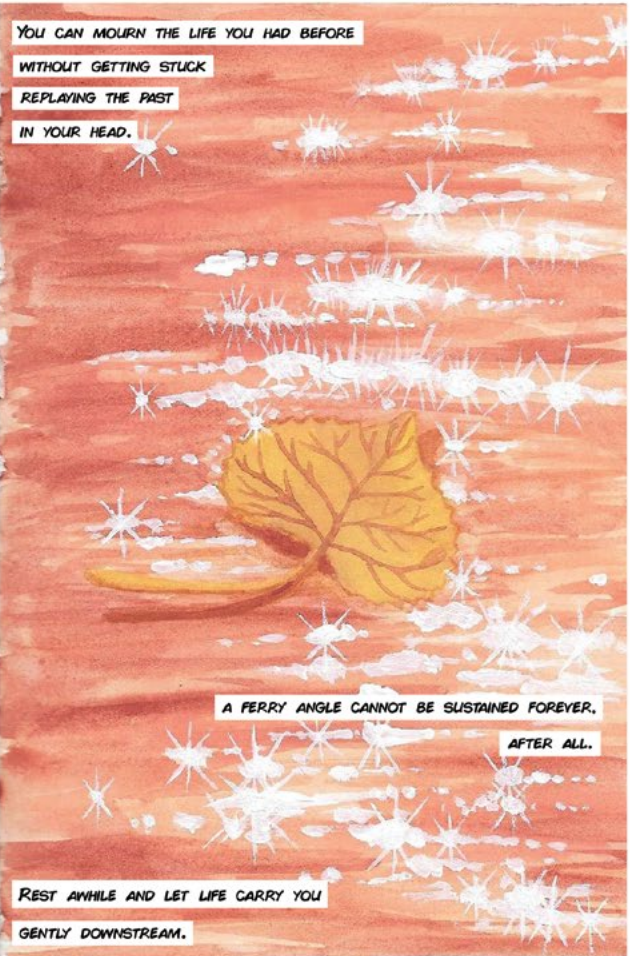
BUT REST ASSURED, THE WEIGHT ON SOMEONE'S SHOULDERS IS LESSENERD RIGHT NOW SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU EXIST.

AND THAT'S NOT GOING TO CHANGE IF YOU DON'T PICK UP A NEW SKILL DURING THIS CRISIS, IF YOU DON'T BAKE ENOUGH BREAD OR ATTEND ENOUGH ZOOM WORKSHOPS.

IT'S OKAY.



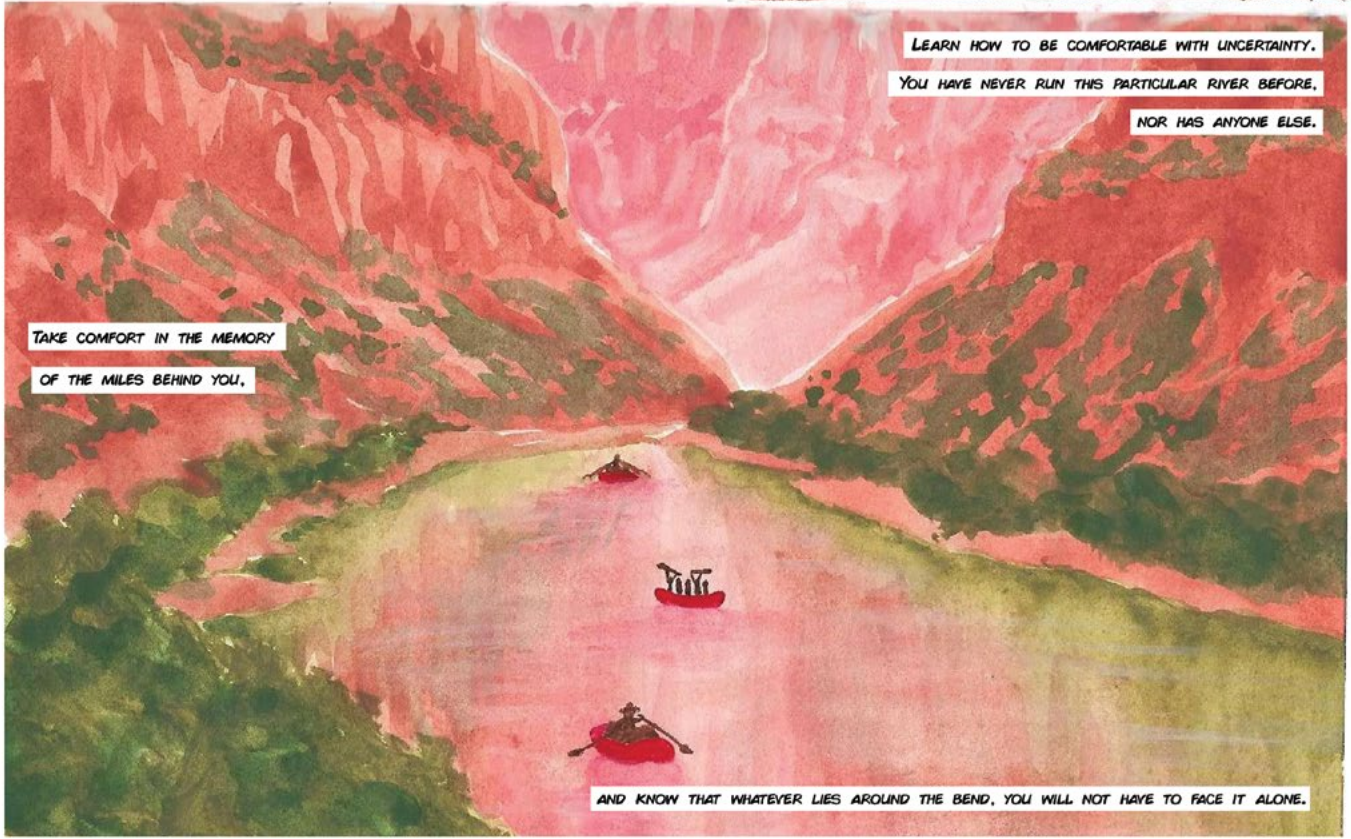
JUST BREATHE.



YOU CAN MOURN THE LIFE YOU HAD BEFORE WITHOUT GETTING STUCK REPLAYING THE PAST IN YOUR HEAD.

A FERRY ANGLE CANNOT BE SUSTAINED FOREVER, AFTER ALL.

REST AWHILE AND LET LIFE CARRY YOU GENTLY DOWNSTREAM.



TAKE COMFORT IN THE MEMORY OF THE MILES BEHIND YOU.

LEARN HOW TO BE COMFORTABLE WITH UNCERTAINTY. YOU HAVE NEVER RUN THIS PARTICULAR RIVER BEFORE, NOR HAS ANYONE ELSE.

AND KNOW THAT WHATEVER LIES AROUND THE BEND, YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO FACE IT ALONE.



# EVEN TO REMEMBER IT IS THERE

Anyone who has fallen under the spell of Grand Canyon will recall Theodore Roosevelt's cautionary warning—"Leave it as it is. You cannot improve upon it. The ages have been at work and man can only mar it." (Sound advice when one considers recent attempts to build a boardwalk and restaurant at the Little Colorado). In these strange, uncertain times, with the River shuttered until June 13 and the threat of a possible season-long closure looming, other closures (and advice) come to mind. Yes, the river corridor was shut down briefly during the high-water of 1983 and the politics of 2013, temporary interruptions before the resumption of familiar river rhythms and routines. Today's closure, due to the Covid-19 pandemic, has not been brief and may not be as temporary as we

might like. Given the high stakes of the pandemic, the term "closure" carries an added, perhaps different, time-weight. Any ex-guide who has been smitten with the Canyon and then comes to realize their run has come to an end knows the bitter sweet taste of a departure, an adios, a letting go. Another kind of closure, as some call it, that can last for years.

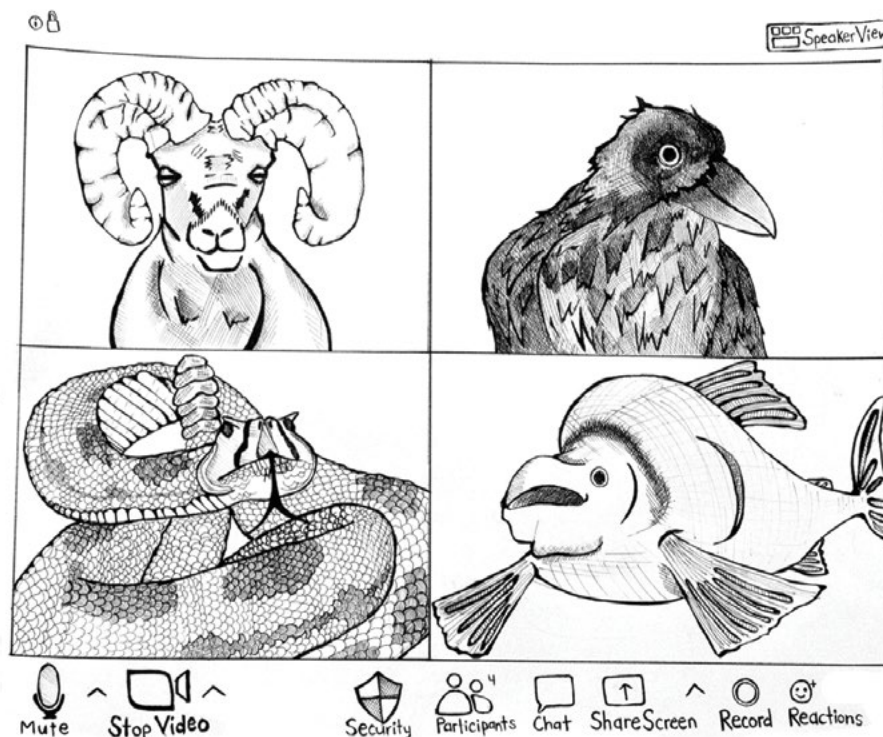
In the early 1930s J.B. Priestly, English novelist, playwright and social critic, wandered the Southwest with his family in tow. He was, as the English say, gobsmacked by the physical beauty as well as the vast space of the American Southwest and needless to say, Grand Canyon. He wondered aloud what it meant to live in a land where one could roam freely through such timeless natural wonder. Was mobility

and plenty of space the root of American's firm belief in their conception of "freedom?" He rode mules down to Phantom Ranch and stayed more than one night. At the bottom of the Canyon he found the Colorado River not a "show place or beauty spot, but a revelation." Back in England Priestly wrote *Midnight on the Desert* (MOD), published in 1937. It was a mashup—part travel log, ode to nature, and philosophical exploration of time. In the final chapter of MOD Priestly, looking back with lingering affection and wonder at Grand Canyon wrote, "Even to remember it is there lifts up the heart."

In the precarious age of Covid-19 with access to the Canyon denied (and no end in sight), more sound advice.

**Vince Welch**

ZOOM



Chelsea Arndt







# Time for Mother Nature

OK, I didn't write this, but just came upon it and it is really nice...I do wonder how alive the Canyon is ...how wildly alive without all the humans. It must be a magnificent celebration for the critters to have it to themselves again. It hasn't been that way since...? 1920s... now that is something to consider... and despite many of us losing our ways of life, jobs, and sense of balance—some our income—our community, the earth perhaps breaths a sigh.

*Lora Colten*

## A poem for Papatūānuku— Mother Earth

*by Ngāti Hine/Ngāpuhi writer Nadine Anne Hura, and recently shared by Jacinda Ardern, Prime Minister of New Zealand...*

Rest now, e Papatūānuku  
Breathe easy and settle  
Right here where you are  
We'll not move upon you  
For awhile

We'll stop, we'll cease  
We'll slow down and stay home

Draw each other close and be kind  
Kinder than we've ever been.  
I wish we could say we were doing  
it for you  
as much as ourselves

But hei aha

We're doing it anyway

It's right. It's time.  
Time to return  
Time to remember  
Time to listen and forgive  
Time to withhold judgment  
Time to cry  
Time to think  
About others

Remove our shoes  
Press hands to soil  
Sift grains between fingers

Gentle palms

Time to plant  
Time to wait  
Time to notice  
To whom we belong

For now it's just you  
And the wind  
And the forests and the oceans  
and the sky full of rain

Finally, it's raining!

Ka turuturu te wai kamo o Rangī  
ki runga i a koe

Embrace it

This sacrifice of solitude we have  
carved out for you

He iti noaiho – a small offering  
People always said it wasn't  
possible

To ground flights and stay home  
and stop our habits of consumption

But it was  
It always was.

We were just afraid of how much it  
was going to hurt  
– and it IS hurting and it will hurt  
and continue to hurt  
But not as much as you have been  
hurt.

So be still now

Wrap your hills around our absence  
Loosen the concrete belt cinched  
tight at your waist

Rest.  
Breathe.  
Recover.  
Heal –

And we will do the same.



*Summer Doss*



# feeling stuck and getting unstuck

For those of you that know me, you also know that I am a pretty blunt and straight forward person—it's the German in me. So I'm just going to come out and say this...quarantine sucks, big time! Social distancing and staying at home is just about the worst thing you can do to most river guides. Ok, now that we've got that out of the way, here's a little more food for thought.

When this whole "staying at home thing" first started, I had actually already been staying at home for the past one and a half years, taking care of my son. So really not much changed for me. I wasn't able to do any river trips last year and after having spent almost a decade's worth of my summers down there, it was quite the shock to the system. Believe me, I know how you feel right now. I went to some dark places during that time and luckily I had my son and husband, who kept me from completely drowning. Don't get me wrong, I absolutely love being a mom, but ya can't take the river guide out of a mom!

Anyway, I knew I couldn't go back to that dark place and needed something to focus on. So I decided to dig my toes into the sand and spend my energy on following my dream of starting my own nutrition business. It was really the perfect time to tackle this task, besides the financial aspect of it. Getting back to following my passion has had remarkable impacts on my life, including focusing more on self-care again. But also realizing that being a full-time stay home mom

is not my calling and that I need something more to identify myself with. I know many of you have also spent a lot of this time reflecting on life and wondering what the heck you're going to do tomorrow.

So my challenge to you during this difficult time is to do some soul searching and make use of this time you get to spend with yourself—get your mind out of the gutter! Find out what motivates you and what you are passionate about, spend some time on self care, clean up your diet, pick up that book you always wanted to finish, reach out to your friends and family that you would normally not be able to talk to much, being that you are usually on the river this time of the year. Most importantly, a lesson that motherhood has taught me—let go! It is out of your control! Enjoy this beautiful spring weather and remember you'll be back in that heat in no time. I know, I know it's not all sunshine and roses during this difficult time. As a poem states that I used to read on trips a lot, especially the ones that had those "out of their element" passengers on it— it's ten percent what happens to you and ninety percent how you react to it. Soon, we will be riding that current again and until then, she has a chance to catch her breath a little! If you need anything during these challenging months, please feel free to reach out. I would love to hear from you. Much Love!

*Thea Sherman*

To be hopeful in bad times is not just foolishly romantic. It is based on the fact that human history is a history not only of cruelty, but also of compassion, sacrifice, courage, kindness.

What we choose to emphasize in this complex history will determine our lives. If we see only the worst, it destroys our capacity to do something. If we remember those times and places—and there are so many—where people have behaved magnificently, this gives us the energy to act, and at least the possibility of sending this spinning top of a world in a different direction.

And if we do act, in however small a way, we don't have to wait for some grand utopian future. The future is an infinite succession of presents, and to live now as we think human beings should live, in defiance of all that is bad around us, is itself a marvelous victory. —Howard Zinn

Submitted by *Christa Sadler*

# we were made for this

No doubt, the Covid-19 virus has thrown a bucket of cold water on the current river season. Boatmen missing trips. Warehouse folks laid off. Private boaters with their 'trip of a lifetime' extinguished. Exchange guides not hiking in and out the Bright Angel Trail. Outfitters hoping for a miracle vaccine.

I overheard some boatmen talking recently contemplating what life on the rio might look like should the river open up later this year. As they spoke about possible scenarios—how would the kitchen be set up, how many groovers would we need, how would people even ride on the boats, all of them sounded deflating (pun intended). It seemed that there might be no way to social distance on a raft trip; raft trips are in fact an antidote to social distancing.

As guides we pride ourselves in adapting to the unexpected. Hot, sunny, mornings give way to cold, thunderous, pelting afternoon rain. An anticipated camp is occupied by another trip late in the day. All of these potential “downers” would fluster someone with little or no experience in the Grand Canyon, but we regularly encounter them. You could say, they are the very things that have molded us and our unique character. Look deeply into the eyes of anyone who has worked down here and what you see staring back at you may be the Grand Canyon. As well as everything it can throw at you through the trips, seasons and years.

When the unexpected happens, our passengers may look to us uneasily, with eyes that beg the

question, “What do we do now?” For myself, I often take pleasure in telling them that this is all normal—just relax—put on your raincoat—it will pass—maybe 15 minutes—if it goes 25 minutes look for the red waterfalls—there are other camps—etc. etc. But then I think, we have the benefit of previously knowing about these “unexpected” occurrences. Although they may be “unexpected” to our passengers, they are not to us. We pride ourselves in being able to roll with the punches, even though our little secret is that we have pre-knowledge of these likelihoods and can anticipate them.

The current situation, however, provides each of us who work on the river with new, unique and unexpected challenges. Where is my paycheck? What am I going to do with my time? Should I look for other work at this time? Possibly even, how do I define myself when I'm not on the river? So much of the current situation is out of our control—all we can do is hang on tight and hope the “boatman” knows what they're doing. Wait a minute, who's the boatman?

Thinking about how the river has changed the trajectory of my life (and so many others I call friend), I have started to understand that the “passengers” in our lives may still be looking to us “boatmen” for that sense of security that we so readily exude. Perhaps what many people could use right now is someone who can make them feel just a little bit more comfortable with all of the uncertainty that certainly will come in June, July and August. Perhaps even in 2021.

The world needs us right now. It needs our unique perspective and positive outlook. We are the ones who so easily grasp that no matter what may come our way, it will not ruin our trip. That we can handle true, unexpected and exhilarating adversity. The river life taught us these lessons, not only for life on the river, but life off the river as well.

Don't stop being a Grand Canyon boatman just now. Don't stop being a Grand Canyon boatman just because your hands are not on the oars or the tiller. The world needs us right now during this “unexpected left run in Bedrock.” Damn! We were made for this.

**Wayne Ranney**





# A TALE OF TWO PANDEMICS

As with anything in life, perspective matters. A view from a mountaintop resplendent in its glory can also mean a terrifying reality of isolation and great effort to stay alive.

From the inception of this slow-moving car crash, our planet, country, and community has responded to our current plight first with denial and a good bit of shock, which then faded into a resoluteness that accompanied the grief of our former lives disappearing. Workers from across the spectrum were laid off, let go, or thrust to the front lines of a battle they may not have signed up for. Almost immediately, an event that could have encompassed our collective human experiences quickly digressed into fractured realities of perceiving and feeling the pandemic.

Historically, societies have structured themselves to insulate a class of denizens with more protection and resources than the masses. Land ownership, and access to goods was as relevant then as it is today. Regardless, viral and microbial assailants seemed to momentarily bring a semblance of equity to the mortality playing field. Living (or dying) through this pandemic has spotlighted the stratified levels of existence in

our country. Access and resource availability speak to the inequality that has permeated U.S. culture for so long.

Without summarizing in any kind of diplomatic way, a certain facet of our society is blaringly more at risk to a disease that has caused global pandemonium. Black and brown bodies are apparently more susceptible due to social predisposition: a euphemistic way of saying their cultural habits are to blame.

Anecdotally, our mountain community is a great example of the microcosm of social inequality our country faces. A percentage of our citizens here are slowly returning to a semblance of balance and normalcy camping, going for hikes, writing, and self-actualizing, which are not in themselves detrimental but necessary for holistic mental health. Forced into the shadows exist the other half of our realities: folks that did not have resources available to them in the beginning of this pandemic. Who do not have savings to fall back on. Who do not have parents to move in with. Who do not have healthcare, who live in multi-member family units. Whose access to water and fresh food is limited. Who have had people die from a disease that has ravaged our

world. It can feel discombobulating, like looking off in the distance to haze from a summer afternoon.

Hope and strength are not necessarily the easy choice in this moment in time. It is required, though, for the difficult task of introspection and examination collectively we must do. To take such a pivotal moment in history and not allow it to pass without capturing some of the energy and inertia from this event. To move forward with at least the knowledge of our broken, flawed structures that stand as testaments to eras bygone filled with erroneous ideas of superiority and colonialism.

The Americas have already stood witness to a plague that decimated humongous swaths of populations, seen the rise of imperialism, felt the earth rattling shake of American hegemony, and perfected the art of indentured servitude. And here we stand at the precipice of another great era with incredible potential to move forward with clarity and purpose and the mindfulness of our collective humanity. It is yet to be seen what choice we make. Until then I dream of two realities: one beautiful and one terrifying.

*Omar Martinez*



Carl Rice

# Essential

What is essential when the world you know is turned upside down?

Remember Maslow—  
food, shelter, breath

Remember community, compassion  
kindness, perspective

Hope

Remember canyon walls,  
the smell of the river after rain,  
a yuccas symmetry,  
the exhilaration of Now carried  
along in the waves  
the condors reach

Remember the breaking down of  
preconceptions,  
the building of team,  
the laughter,  
the awakening,  
the work and the quiet

Remember rivers and canyons  
are essential  
these places, these experiences are  
worth fighting to protect

Now these places are getting a  
break

from sunscreens seekers  
doming to check off the bucket list  
and leaving forgetting about the  
bucket

A chance to remove humanity from  
the landscape  
for a moment

Yes! What we do is essential—  
guiding—sacrificing  
perceived comfort for  
understanding

Just not now.  
like awaiting a datura bloom,  
or taking time to scout,  
or a toad buried in the mud waiting  
for the rain.

Pause is essential for  
each other  
and this place.

*Emma Wharton*

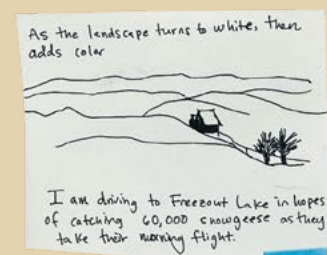


In the dark of a late March Montana Morning, I got in my car and drove north. Am I doing the right thing? I wonder.



I have never been North, this way. Normally, in March I drive south, to the Canyon. But ski resorts are closed and river trips are on hold. North it is.

I have never been North, this way. Normally, in March I drive south, to the Canyon. But ski resorts are closed and river trips are on hold. North it is. As the landscape turns to white, then adds color.



I am driving to Freezout Lake in hopes of catching 60,000 snow geese as they take their morning flight.

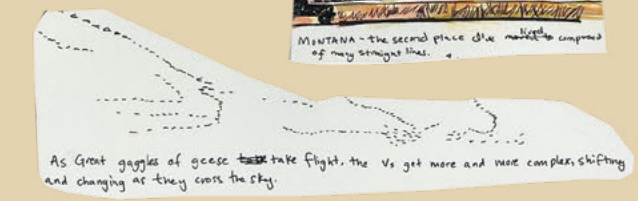


Snow geese begin to swarm, like the slow spreading of an avian mushroom cloud.

I wonder, do these geese even like each other? Or do they just choose to fly together?



MONTANA - the second place I've lived composed of my straight lines.

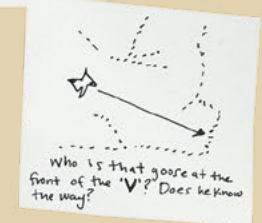


As great gaggles of geese take flight, the Vs get more and more complex, shifting and changing as they cross the sky.

They change and flow in great disks, like ants, like water, like motorbikes in Ho Chi Minh, like anything natural. The sound is deafening.



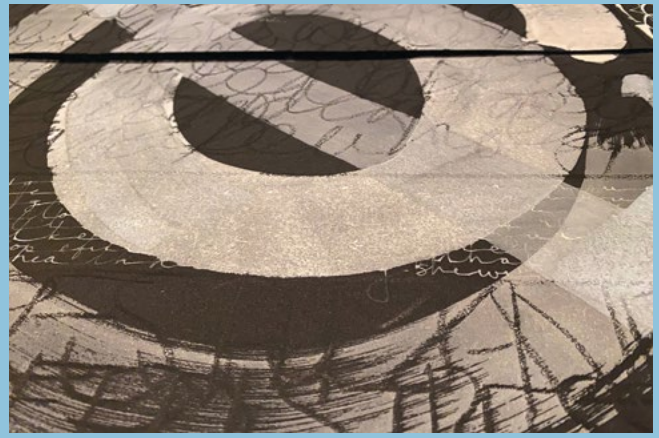
Who is that goose in the front of the V? Does he know the way?



I wonder again at a gas station in Helena. Did I do the right thing? Tomorrow Montanans will be asked to stay home. And snow geese will fly north. Did I do the right thing?







My daily life has not changed in structure much, as I continue to work at the hospital.

That is a humbling and horrifyingly experience in itself—but while home I decided to make a book of hope. The book is filling with poems, inspiring thoughts, little watercolors of bouquets opening, etc...

These activities have helped me stay calm, and focused on the beauty which still buds in the world around us. Love to all.

**Elena Kirschner**



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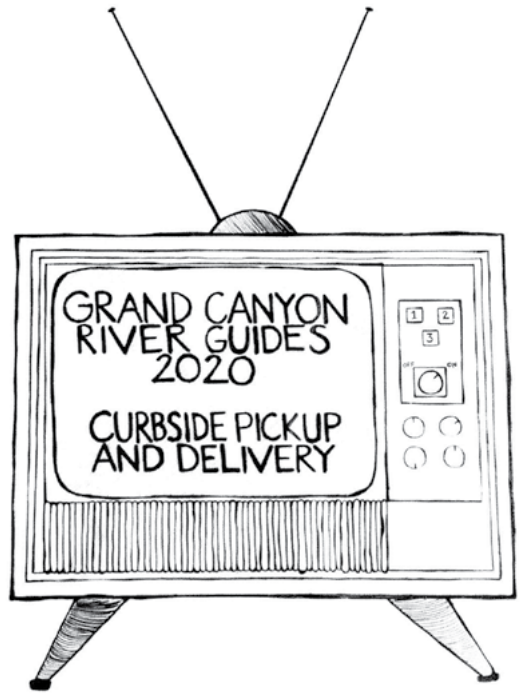




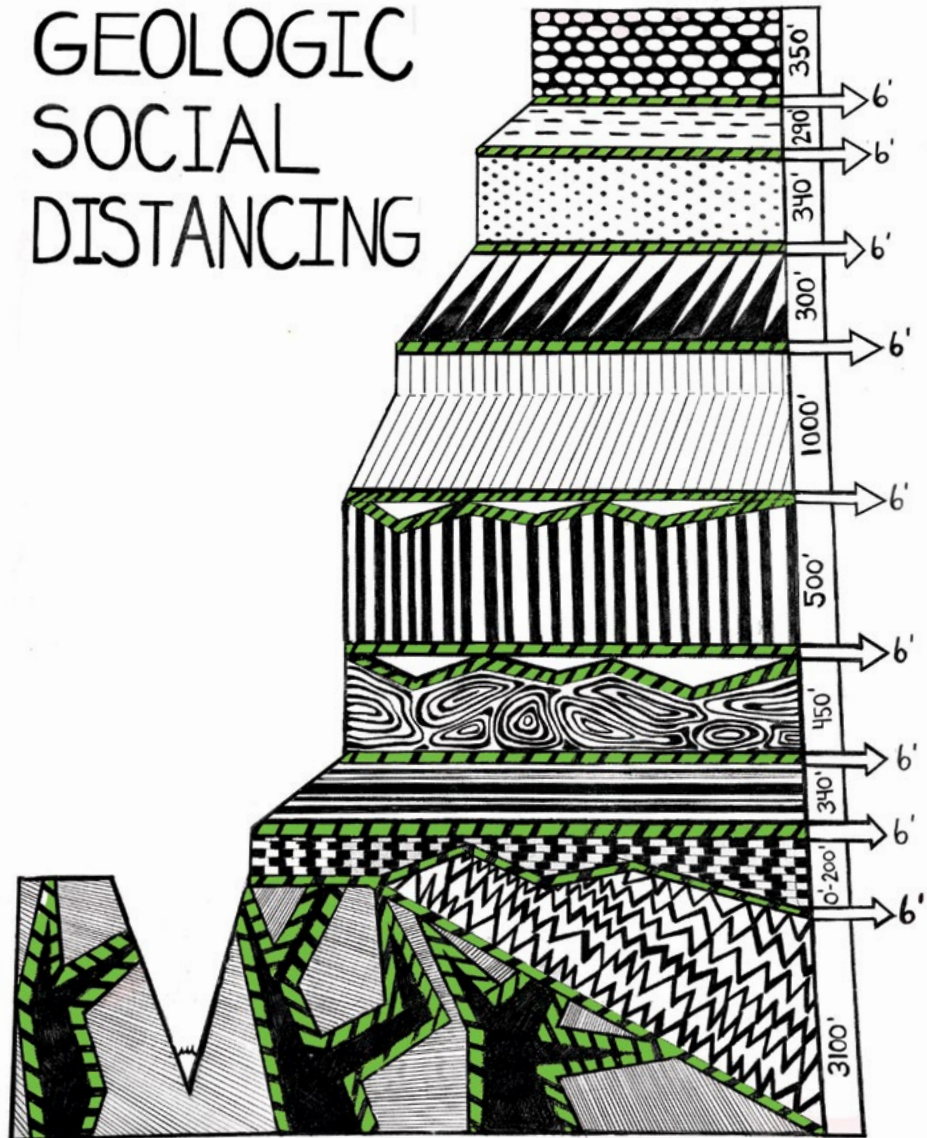


# 2020 GCRCG T-shirts

2020 T-shirt art by Chelsea Arndt! The TV is on the front left chest, and the geologic social distancing is on the back. Short sleeved shirt color is old gold with predominantly burgundy ink. The long sleeved shirts and hoodies are heather grey with predominantly navy ink.



GEOLOGIC  
SOCIAL  
DISTANCING



APPROXIMATE THICKNESS



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# boatman's quarterly review

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Carl Rice