

# The Confluence

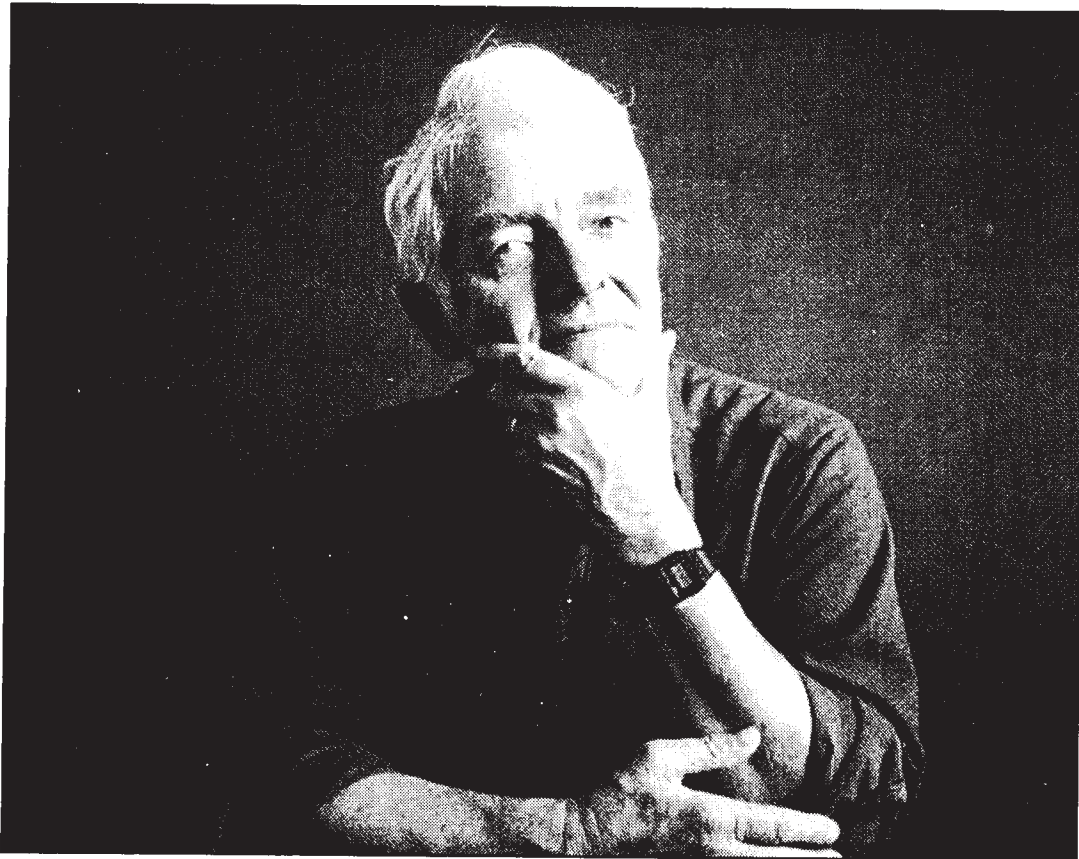
The Journal of Colorado Plateau River Guides

Number 22



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## Saying Goodbye to a River's Best Friend

# The Confluence

...wants to be the quarterly journal of Colorado Plateau River Guides, Inc. Colorado Plateau River Guides is a 501 (c) (3) non-profit organization dedicated to:

\* **Protecting the rivers of the Colorado Plateau.**

\* **Setting the highest standards for the river profession.**

\* **Providing the best possible river experience.**

\* **Celebrating the unique spirit of the river community.**

**Guide Membership** is open to anyone who works or has worked in the river industry of the Colorado Plateau.

**General Membership** is open to those who love the rivers of the Colorado Plateau.

#### Membership dues:

\$ 20 per year  
\$100 for 6 years  
\$195 for life  
\$295 Benefactor

**General Meetings and Board of Directors Meetings will be announced.**

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We need articles, artwork, poetry, photos, stories, and opinions. This journal is composed with Microsoft Word on an IBM PC. If you use a word processor, we can translate most programs. Otherwise, please send your text double-spaced. Please include useful photos, charts, diagrams and artwork. There really is no deadline, but the beginning of each quarter works best.

**Managing editor:** John Weisheit

**Associate editor:** Michele Hill

**Editor this issue:** John Weisheit

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## DISCLAIMER

The opinions and statements made within the pages of The Confluence are those of the author and do not necessarily represent the position of the guide membership, the board of Colorado Plateau River Guides, nor Canyon Country Volunteers. If you have an opposing or supporting viewpoint please send your comments to CPRG.

### Special Thanks To:

Robert Webb for a benefactor membership  
Richard Valdez for a generous contribution  
David Yeamans for a lifetime membership  
Heidi Domeisen for a lifetime membership  
Mike Wilson for a six-year membership  
Bob Quist for a six-year membership

### Issue/Numbering: a correction, an apology, and a change of policy

Volume 7, Number 3, Fall 2000—should have been labeled—Volume 7, Number 2, Summer 2000 (the correction). The issue in your hand is late (the apology) and would be Volume 7, Number 3, Fall/Winter 2000, except that it is going to be called #22 (the change) and the next issue will be called #23. *The Confluence* is like a private river trip. We just flow down the river without wondering when lunchtime is, what the next hike is, or where camp will be. I especially enjoy having Michele lead the trip from time-to-time, and other trip leaders will be rowing this boat in the future. Here is the list of past issues and the front cover feature. To be more consistent this journal will be simply labeled by a successive number. The date of assembly will be listed in the preceding column. **Thanks for financing this river trip!**

- #1—Volume 1, Number 1, Winter 1994, Don Hatch
- #2—Volume 1, Number 2, Spring 1994, Steve Arrowsmith
- #3—Volume 1, Number 3, Summer 1994, Atlas tailings pile
- #4—Volume 1, Number 4, Fall 1994, Junction Dam site
- #5—Volume 2, Number 1, Winter 1995, CPRG logo
- #6—Volume 2, Number 2, Spring 1995, Frank Dodge Part I
- #7—Volume 2, Number 3, Summer/Fall 1995, Deglas and Devore
- #8—Volume 3, Number 1, Winter 1996, Frank Dodge Part II
- #9—Volume 3, Issue 2, Spring 1996, Eugene C. LaRue
- #10—Volume 3, Issue 3, Summer 1996, Bert Loper
- #11—Volume 4, Issue 1, Spring 1997, 1921 USGS Cataract survey
- #12—Volume 4, Issue 2, Summer 1997, downtown Moab 1914
- #13—Volume 4, Issue 3, Winter 1997, Upper Colorado River Basin
- #14—Volume 5, Issue 1, Spring 1998, Pot shards
- #15—Volume 5, Issue 2, Summer 1998, Glen Canyon Dam spillway
- #16—Volume 5, Issue 3, Fall 1998, Pinyon Pine
- #17—Volume 6, Number 1, Spring 1999, Colorado River dump
- #18—Volume 6, Number 2, Fall 1999, 1921 USGS San Juan survey
- #19—Volume 6, Number 3, Winter 1999, George Wheeler survey
- #20—Volume 7, Number 1, Spring 2000, Prop in a rock
- #21—Volume 7, Number 3, Fall 2000, CNP vertebrate survey
- #22—This issue
- #23—The coming issue

# David Brower

## Friend of Flowing Rivers

July 1, 1912 — November 5, 2000

David Brower came to Moab on May 7, 2000 to participate as a speaker in a community event called *Glen Canyon in Word, Song and Film*, which was sponsored by Colorado Plateau River Guides and the Glen Canyon Action Network. How very fortunate we were to welcome him back to our community, for in six short months this ambassador for the planet would pass away with his family at his side, and in his comfortable Berkeley home, from complications due to cancer.

Think about this, please. The world's most senior environmental activist, thrice nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize, took time from his ever-demanding speaking schedule to travel to Moab specifically to address the guides of the Colorado River, many of whom were born when he was in his sixties.

Obviously we occupied an important place in the world according to David Brower. His life's work is a legacy of river protection. Simply stated, if it were not for David Brower's leadership to fight dam construction in the Colorado River watershed, we would not be doing river trips today in Lodore, Whirlpool, Split Mountain, Yampa, Marble and Grand Canyons.

Brower lost the fight for Glen Canyon Dam, a fight he blames on nobody but himself. But before his death, he opined the possibility of running that which was lost, namely Cataract (the lower half), Narrow and Glen canyons. While serving as a director of the Sierra Club's national board in November of 1996, he authored a motion to decommission Glen Canyon Dam, which passed unanimously. The simple, direct statement, "the Sierra Club supports the draining of the reservoir behind Glen Canyon Dam," is now official policy of the nation's oldest and largest grassroots environmental organization. Today, four non-profit groups are working hard with various targeted programs to make Mr. Brower's bold dream come true:

Glen Canyon Action Network in Moab  
[www.drainit.org](http://www.drainit.org)

Glen Canyon Group of the Sierra Club in Moab  
[www.sierraclub.org/chapters/ut/glencanyon](http://www.sierraclub.org/chapters/ut/glencanyon)

Glen Canyon Institute in Flagstaff  
[www.glencanyon.org](http://www.glencanyon.org)

Living Rivers in Phoenix  
[www.livingrivers.net](http://www.livingrivers.net)

But we must not forget to mention another important non-profit group whose board voted unanimously—prior to the Sierra Club's—to drain the reservoir behind Glen Canyon Dam. That group is the same one that Mr. Brower came to Moab to address last May—our own

Colorado Plateau River Guides. Mr. Brower was very aware of the advocacy work we do on our river trips in support of decommissioning Glen Canyon Dam, and now in the community, as we presented for the first time a program dedicated to Glen Canyon restoration.

We owe a huge thanks to Mr. Brower for keeping our rivers flowing free. We can return that thanks by keeping his legacy alive. Very soon, and with your help and dedication, Lee's Ferry will become, once again, one of the take-outs for river trips launching from the upper basin.

## Thank You Community Leaders For Your Programming Support

From May 5 to May 7, 2000, Colorado Plateau River Guides sponsored two events to promote river education and river conservation. The educational event called "**Boats and Boaters**," was held on the shores of the Green River in Gray Canyon and at the John Wesley Powell Museum. On May 7, the program was called "**Glen Canyon in Word, Song and Film**," was held at the Grand County High School in Moab.

Colorado Plateau River Guides would like to express their **thanks to the following**, who supported the educational program "Boats and Boaters:" Action Shots, Bighorn Express Shuttle, BLM/Grand Resource Area, Canyon Voyages, Canyonlands National Park, Canyonlands Natural History Association, Fat City Smokehouse, Glen Canyon Action Network, Glen Canyon Institute, Headwaters Institute, John Wesley Powell Museum, O.A.R.S., Maravia, Moab Brewery, Rio Colorado Restaurant, Utah Guides and Outfitters, and Wilderness Medicine of Utah.

For the program called "Glen Canyon in Word, Song and Film," **we also thank** the Grand County School District, and their staff, for the opportunity to rent their fine facility, and for providing our audio/visual needs. We also thank the Glen Canyon Action Network for their financial and logistical support.

We would like to give a **special thanks** to all the instructors, presentors and organizers: Al Holland, Brad Dimock, Charlie Eggert, David Brower, David Orr, Dusty Simmons, Eleanor Inskip, Eric Brunnemann, Jake Burnett, John Weisheit, Kara Dohrenwend, Katie Lee, Leave No Trace, Martin Litton, Owen Lammers, Rebecca Martin, Richard Ingebretsen, Rich Valdez, Robert Webb, Roy Webb, Sebastian Eggert, Steve Young, Susette Weisheit.

Apologies to anyone inadvertently not included.

## Thank You Guides and Outfitters

For the 2000 River Interpretation  
Trip Support

**San Juan Canyon**, April 17–21: OARS, Tag-A-Long and  
Jake Burnett

**Westwater Canyon**, April 24–26: Sheri Griffith River  
Expeditions, Jose Tejada, Michael Milligan, Wil  
Bussard, Jake Burnett, and John Weisheit

**Cataract Canyon**, May 1–4: O.A.R.S., Dave Bodner, T-  
Berry, Bob Webb, Black George, and National Park  
Service at Canyonlands.

**Yampa Canyon**, May 1–5 : Dinosaur Adventures, Tim  
Mertens, National Park Service at Dinosaur, Kent  
Frost, Jake Burnett and John Weisheit.

Our apologies to anyone inadvertently not included.

## From the Vice-President

Dave Focardi

**F**irst the good news. I am in complete remission—  
this means they can detect no signs of cancer in  
my body. I plan on working on the river this  
summer and, to tune up, I'm doing a private 30-day  
Grand in Feb/March. Rowing a custom made T-Berry  
frame on a used Canyon Voyages 16' self-bailer. Since  
Jenny doesn't have to bail, she'll be able to see more of  
the canyon this time around!

Now let's get down to business. The interpretive trips  
are moving along and the River Education Seminar  
(RES) this year is archaeology/anthropology related. The  
dates and who to contact are printed elsewhere in this  
issue. These are two of the biggest things CPRG does—  
another is this publication. *The Confluence* is a great  
vehicle to find out what's happening now and what  
happened in the past. CPRG comprises some really  
dedicated individuals who keep an eye on what the  
legislative bodies are going to ask the managing  
agencies to do to us next. Knowing what is coming  
down the penstock in time to have input during the  
public comment period is very important. You could be  
one of these people too. If you are, give us a call. We  
can use your knowledge and direct your energy! These  
are a few of the reasons to go out and recruit new  
members for CPRG. Do you know someone you work  
with who is not a member? If we all sign up two new  
members, we'll have a broader base of information and  
support the next time Congress wants to make us all  
pee in a cup, turn over complete financial records, or  
work without health insurance. Get involved! Got a  
burning issue? CPRG gives you complete freedom to act  
on your own to gather the information, present an idea  
to the members, and make it happen. WE are YOU!

Another item: I was reading the Boatman's Quarterly  
Review (that publication by the Other guides  
association) and saw a story in there that made me say  
"We had that same shit up here!"(pun intended). Jim  
Nothnagel, the Public Health Park Consultant, had a  
thing in there about a 12-24 hour illness; generally  
associated with severe vomiting and diarrhea, with  
headache and chills, and usually a fever of 102+. Sound  
familiar? I thought so. I am not sure he is aware that  
this was happening upstream too. If you or a guest had  
this, please contact him at 520.556.2106. I don't think it  
was a food-handling thing, because it was so selective  
the way it hit people. If you are into conspiracy  
theories—that somewhere, someone is dumping  
something into the river—maybe, maybe not, but I hate  
to see a prime boatman drop the night before the Big  
Drops—it would be nice to figure out what caused this  
thing. If Jim has a bigger data base maybe a correlation  
will show up.

And lastly: I would like to thank Annie Tueller-Payne  
for stepping up to the president's position as Dusty had  
to resign in fairness to her and us (that girl does 5 times  
as much as anyone else, but apparently not 6 times as  
much). I thought for a few days that I would have to be  
president. I always sound like I'm begging or scolding  
when I ask people to get things done. People just do  
them for Annie—to make her life easier—because they  
WANT to. She says its just temporary until someone  
more qualified steps in—keep humoring her. I am sure  
we will find someone more qualified in a year or two!

## Doesn't retirement mean new rubber on an old tire?

Steve "T-Berry" Young

**H**opefully this will not be my last contribution to  
*The Confluence*, I'm now saying that I'm officially  
retired from the business as a commercial raft  
guide. Hopefully most readers of this fine journal don't  
know who I am. For the ones who do, I hope you know  
me from my efforts to help CPRG in positive directions  
when I was president and on the board of directors. For  
the people who know me outside of this organization,  
I'm sorry you had to know me, I never meant to harm or  
derail everyone's good intentions.

During all the years that I guided, I have had the  
opportunity to see and experience wonderful things. I  
have pictures of bears from Northern Alaska and  
tortoises from Southern Arizona, but these pictures  
mean very little in comparison to the memories of the  
people I have met while working in some of these awe  
inspiring places. Some of the most incredible memories  
that I have acquired over the years are from friends who  
have past away. Other memories are from some of the  
clients who took the time to write about the effects of

their vacation on their lives. Vacations and journeys in the wilderness can change, effect and teach people in amazing ways.

I wish I could pass on some of my experiences to newer guides. It is my hope that this article will let people see some of the experiences that were burned into my mind that I think worked for me. Experiences that helped me to create my own foundations to how I was going to help give visitors an experience that would be very memorable during their lives. I hope that by writing this article, newer guides will see how some of the things I have learned are important and maybe learning will come from this article.

One of the memories that taught me the importance of compassion, caring for others, and the importance to give clients encouragement and support, happened years ago when I was working for Outward Bound in Cataract Canyon. We were doing a standard seven-day course that included rock climbing and a solo in the Doll House (long before there were 5 trails from the river and everybody visited it). One of the participants on the course was very over weight. The guides tried to give her the best experience we could. There was some worry, amongst us guides, about safety and health issues for this client due to the nature of the rigorous activities we would be accomplishing. On the morning of the hike up to the Doll House, we split all the equipment up amongst the clients (which included six, 5-gallon water jugs for 2 days and 24 people, climbing rope for three separate climbs and a rappel, and some personal gear for an overnight). Not sure how the heavy lady was going to do we started up with her willing to try the trail to the Doll House. Before we left we decided on a staff member who would stay with her, when she turned around and stayed at the river for the next two days. As you can imagine I forgot about her as we lead the rest of the group up to the top and to the rock-climbing site near the road. To my surprise, in mid-afternoon sunlight, here comes our other staff member with the client. I looked at the other students at the bottom of the rock-climbing site and was amazed with their reactions to seeing her. Previously the other students ignored this participant during the first two days of the course.

At the bottom of the rock climbs, all the students got up and walked over and congratulated her on making it to the top. She took a seat in the shade for some time, and again I busied myself with setting up a rappel while talking to the guide who walked with her to the top. It took some encouraging and patience of that one guide during a seven-hour walk up the Doll House trail. After an hour I returned to the climb site to get people for the rappel, and one of the students asked if it was possible for the overweight participant to try climbing. The other guides and myself discussed how we could change some things to make it work. We moved one of the climbing routes off to the side and prepared to belay her. We, as staff, decided that it was not safe in this circumstance to

have another student belay. During her slow ascent to the top of the rock, most of the students were at the bottom coaching and encouraging her as she made her way to the top. There is no question that their encouragement and support helped her to make it to the top. Our willingness and flexibility helped this participant do things that she would never of had a chance to do, because of her physical state.

The wonderful thing about this trip was that it didn't stop when we all departed and went our separate ways. Two years later at the Outward Bound facility in Jensen, Utah, I got a letter addressed to all the guides, who were on that trip; only two of us still worked for Outward Bound. The letter was from a lady who, picture included, after a river course, lost over 200 pounds, went back to school, and was going to help counsel children who were abused and neglected. The letter included a story that explained her life and why she came to Outward Bound. She also said that the changes that happened in her life came about because of the effort, caring and patience of the guides. She also noted that the added support and acceptance of the other students had a big effect. Looking back in retrospect from what she said and we did as guides would never have happened if we let our burned out spirits from a long season rule how and what we did on that trip. Encouragement and support to all of the participants on all wilderness trips can effect people in ways that we as guides rarely see or learn about. Even the most demanding and annoying clients, if treated with respect, given a chance and pushed a little bit, will get something from their journey.

The guide on a wilderness trip can be the piece that makes vacationers have an experience that is memorable throughout their lives. How the guide makes that happen is not through chance, but through some effort and thought. It doesn't happen by acting as a servant or wait person, and giving clients everything they want or need. Guides need to be able to help change clients expectations and desires about their vacation without the client knowing it. It is not easy and with some clients it is not possible. Some client expectations are way to far in right field or the trip was sold as a "dazzling" trip, which guides have to do everything they can to just meet the expectations of the client. As a guide you have some control over clients expectations and desires, and you can dazzle them in ways that might be easier than the repetitive "canned trip" that is becoming more popular today. Understanding client's expectations and desires is easy if you get to know your clients. Talk to them before the trip and during the first day; find out what their expectations are. Find out if they have done things like this before and what the bill of goods was when they bought the trip. If you spend time understanding your clients you can give them an experience that rewards you with the possibility of a better gratuity and you might never have set up all the equipment that is carried

to amaze clients. Maybe your clients will be more amazed by hikes than the garnish on the plate or in the salad. Maybe it is vice-versa. Or maybe you might have both types of clients on the trips and you have to communicate and juggle your activities a little.

I hope that guided trips move back towards a focus on the wilderness rather than the emphasis on meals and dazzling pleasures, which is where it seems to be going. It is sick to think of trips where guides become servers rather than people who can teach and lead people in the wilderness with an ability to make their vacations very memorable. The willingness as guides to be compassionate, encouraging, caring, and able to understand clients are skills that I feel helped me to enjoy my years as a guide. If the letters and correspondence from clients after trips is a way to measure a guide's success, I feel that I'm moving on to other pastures with the feeling that I succeeded as a guide.

## Green River Happenings

Shane Edwards

**W**hat's new in and around Green River? Well, not much, but did you know there is a new, concrete ramp at Swasey's Rapid—the popular and often crowded take-out for Desolation and Gray canyon trips? Yes, there is! Hooray! No more twisted ankles, stubbed toes, or vehicles stuck on irregular, and sometimes very large, rocks and boulders. The new Swasey's ramp was finished by the end of September 2000, while the Green River was at its low stage. This enabled the ramp to be poured as low in the riverbed as possible. The large boulders that many complained about will remain in place to direct traffic and minimize congestion on the circular drive-through.

In talking with Dennis Willis, of the BLM in Price, Utah, the drive-through is designed to have vehicles pull in on a clockwise rotation to give drivers with trailers a clear shot to back down the ramp. The ramp has a fairly steep grade of 14%, so it is very important to secure your vehicle before leaving it unattended, i.e., chock tires, leave vehicle in gear, and use the parking brake—if you have one. It is also recommended that you have your own tire chocks available in your vehicle so that native rock is not being used and left on the ramp to cause obstruction and danger to others. The ramp is also finished in a rough surface for better traction to ease pulling a loaded vehicle off the steep ramp. Remember—what may be good for traction isn't always good for the skin.

In addition, the BLM has plans to stripe the ramp with lanes to provide a defined area to unload and/or de-rig. We'll see how this works. Remember, there are other parties on the river needing to take-out also, so if

your transportation isn't there yet, please consider moving to the downstream side of the ramp so that others who are ready to leave can do so. Cooperation is key! Let's be considerate of others and keep congestion and frustration on this new ramp to a minimum.

Parking is limited at the ramp and is posted as day use only. Any long-term parking or overnight parking should be done at the Swasey's Beach camping area just about a hundred yards up the road from the ramp. Compared to the hazardous boulder field that existed before, the new ramp should make de-rigging after a Deso/Gray trip or daily much nicer and much safer. Enjoy!

## "Boats and Boaters" T-shirts For Sale 2000 River Education Seminar

Art work by Eric Trenbeath

**T**hese shirts have a full panel on the back and a logo on the front shirt pocket area. Pictures of the Kolb Brothers, Bert Loper and the crew of the Denver Colorado Canyon & Pacific Rail Road. These shirts were designed to be worn on river trips. All proceeds from the t-shirts benefits the River Education Seminar of 2001. Buy one now—heck buy two, or three at \$12.00 each. Ash grey color and sizes are small, medium, large, xlarge, and xxlarge. Send checks plus \$3.00 for shipping to:

CPRG  
P.O. Box 344  
Moab, Utah 84532  
435.259.3598  
cprgutah@hotmail.com

## Operation Manager Wanted

**C**anyoneers, Inc. is accepting applications for River Operations Manager for their Grand Canyon division. The job is full-time with benefits and salary is negotiable, based on experience and skills. Although this is not an on-river position, we are looking for a qualified motor rig, trip leader with good management and training skills, who also has exceptional communication skills. Please send resume to:

Joy Staveley  
c/o Anyoneers, Inc.  
P.O. box 2997,  
Flagstaff, AZ 86003  
Email: [joy@anyoneers.com](mailto:joy@anyoneers.com)

# River Education for 2001

Contact your outfitter or CPRG  
CPRG phone: 435.259.3598  
CPRG email: cprgutah@hotmail.com

**San Juan Canyon:** April 23–27 with High Desert Adventures.

**Desolation Canyon:** April 28–May 2 with Tag-A-Long

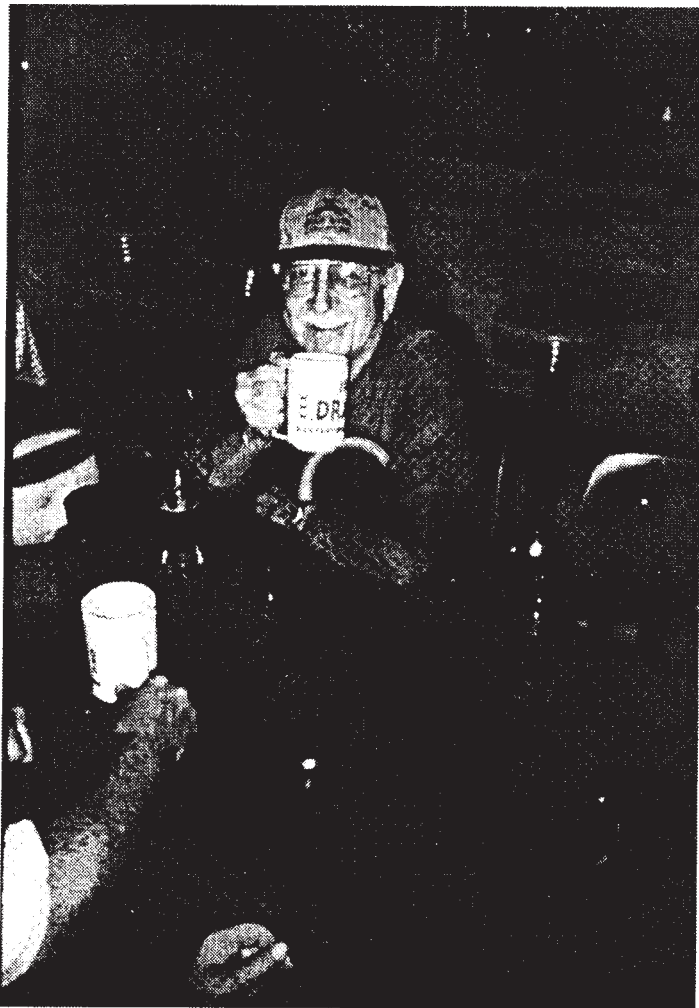
**Cataract Canyon:** April 29–May 2 with World Wide.

**Lodore Canyon:** May 6–May 10 with Adventure Bound.

**River Education Seminar at Canyonlands:**

May 4–5; a land-based seminar.

**River Education Seminar at Dinosaur:** May 29;  
a land-based seminar.



Charlie Eggert enjoying a beverage at Ray's Tavern during CPRG's 2000 programming "Boats and Boaters." We viewed Charlie's film, while listening intently to his narration, of the 1955 Hatch–Eggert Expedition. The film was received by an enthusiastic and, later, tearful crowd. David Brower used parts of Charlie's many films to save the Green and Colorado rivers from dams. The next day, at the Moab event "Glen Canyon in Word, Song and Film," Brower and Eggert were reunited after many years.

# A Book Review

by John Weisheit

*Sunk Without a Sound: The Tragic Colorado River Honeymoon of Glen and Bessie Hyde*

**B**oatman and river historian Brad Dimock is the author of this long anticipated book. The story of Glen and Bessie Hyde is the unquestionable favorite to tell around the campfire's glow. Because of this well-written book, which is the most historically accurate and comprehensive on the subject, river runners have more subject matter to use as the last log burns. I guess we will also have to modify our stories a bit to reflect the greater degree of enlightenment that this book provides. But hey, that doesn't mean you should turn your own story into a class room lecture.

In 1928 the Hydes took a scow down the Green and Colorado rivers from Green River, Utah, and disappeared without a trace in western Grand Canyon. The task to compile this book required a lot of original research and innovation, especially the river trip portion, as Bessie Hyde was not a prolific diary keeper. Dimock fills in the technical aspects of running a scow on the Colorado River from personal experience. Along with his river running wife, Jeri Ledbetter, they decided to build a replica scow and do a belated honeymoon river trip themselves from Lee's Ferry. The book therefore doubles its value as Dimock explains the genuine difficulty of running a scow through Grand Canyon.

The book also touches historic people, times and places throughout, and in the process continues to enlighten life aspects of other historic river runners such as, the Kolb brothers and Georgie White-Clark.

Buy two books: one for your ammo can library and one for your bookshelf. Invest in Dimock's research to get yet another fascinating book in the future!

Fretwater Press  
1000 Grand Canyon Avenue  
Flagstaff, AZ 86001  
www.fretwater.com

# A Movie Review—Sort Of

Dear Mr. Redford,

I just saw the film you directed and starred in, "The Horse Whisperer." It was so similar to some events in my life that I thought you might be interested in the following story I wrote about a recent trip I took down a western river. Then again, you might not be interested—you've already told the story, and quite well at that, though the story seems to get a lot of treatment, given the number of romance stories in film lately. I suppose it's a theme of humanity that we always find interesting, so films like "Bridges of Madison County," "Titanic," and "Horse" stand to remind us of how we are. It takes three hours to build a romance, apparently. The woman needs a symbol by which to remember her new found lover that she would have forsaken her husband for. It takes a scene about imprinting for us to absorb the profundity and permanence of the bonding that she has with her extramarital Jack or Tom or Stud. It tests a man's patience to wait while the story unfolds the way it always does.

Please enjoy the story of Filian Stud.

Sincerely,

Lefty

## FILIAN STUD

by Lefty, 1998

Stud an' me go back a long way. All the way to sixth grade. We been close with each other along this trail to 50 years old and I can tell you Stud's always been after the women. Course most of us guys is, but ain't many of us just goes on out there and cuts one out of the herd whenever we get a hankerin'. Stud does. We all get the hankerin' but some of us gets married and keeps it that way, not that married is fireworks and stampedes all the time, 'cause it ain't. Lord knows that every time Lady promises me a cup of coffee or a kiss she'll sit down to read the mail and fergit or she'll go to sleep and fergit, but were married and that means we gotta live with it and try to make it work.

But not Stud. He chases them females all the time—any of 'em, right from Lew Chalmers, in sixth grade, to Succuba, his now ex-wife, to Sherrye, his now ex-girl friend, to Dr. Hera, the best he ever used to have. He gits them women to look deep inside themselves and find a piece missin' that it takes Stud to round out. I got a piece like that myself and I'll fight like a mama badger to keep Stud roundin' me out, though that missin' piece ain't the same shape as what's missin' in them women,

so don't get no ideas about me an' Stud in a motel room. Stud's like that for a lot of folks. And he sure likes fillin' that need for the women. He likes that "fallin' in love" feelin' and he keeps going back to the trough for more. When it comes to commitment, though, most often he's really more interested in the round up than the roundin' out. That marriage thing is just a little too round for Stud—kinda like a corral. Usually the women figger that out after a while and give up on lettin' Stud even round 'em out.

So, anyway, there we was at the River. We both knowed about this piece of water for 25 years but I live 350 miles closer to it so I got on it first an' I finally got around to invitin' Stud on a trip last year. It was rainy and we decided to take Stud's tent instead of mine. Turned out to be a mistake 'cause his poles was sittin' in the garage where his kids left 'em after they used it last. I gave him a good-natured ration of cow chips about it but he just strung up some oars and laid the tent over 'em and we did the best we could.

Now, the rain and the limp tent wasn't all bad 'cause I got this invitation to sleep in Arista's warm and dry place, and if I wasn't really, REALLY married, I'da made good on my evil intentions. Stud got his invitation, too. It was from Missy, from my church back home, who had been chosen as the trip sweetheart because, like Stud said, he liked it when she started nippin'.

"Nippin'?" I asked.

"Yeah. Her nipples get hard and show through her clothes when she's cold and wet or excited."

"Mighty nice," I agreed.

So, anyways, there's Stud after dinner rubbin' Missy's arm like he was tryin' to get every fiber relaxed. Musta done it, too, 'cause when I went over to say good night to my good friends, Missy said she felt SOOOOOooooooo good after one of Stud's back rubs. "He knows just where I hurt and how to make it feel better." Of course I knew that 'cause Lady and I had introduced him to Tantra, some exercises that the Indians, from India, made up about a man not spillin' his life force too often but makin' sure that his woman gets as wound up as much and as often as she wants. This Tantra shows a man how to heal all a woman's hurts if she wants him to. I think Missy wanted a few of her hurts healed, but she wanted to hang on to a few of 'em, too, kinda like she didn't want to be all that rounded out. I figgered this 'cause Stud came crawlin' in under them oars pretty soon after I did. Said it was real erotic but limited in scope.

I asked Stud if his rub on Missy passed the video test.

"Video test?"

"Yeah—video test. You just videotape what you and Missy was doin' and show that tape to Dr. Hera. If she likes it, it passes the video test."

"Jeez, Lefty, I hadn't thought of it that way. I s'pose it didn't pass, although the 'Kamasutra' says....."

Stud was always readin' Indian stuff and chanting Sanskrit ever since we showed him Tantra.



Well, that was last year. This year on the River Stud was readin' and studyin' and pickin' the trip sweetheart and bringin' the tent. I told him maybe we oughta each bring one and he sez 'Nonsense my boy. We'll bunk together. Besides, I brought the poles this time.' 'OK, Pard,' sez I. 'I can live with that, 'specially 'cause I brought my ear plugs.'

Lady hates it when I try to give her pleasure by helping her control her breathing. She likes it when Deepak does it for her, but that's a different story. Let's just say that when I start, she puts in her ear plugs. Says it helps her sleep. Well, darned if she ain't right—ear plugs help. I've used 'em on trips where Stud and Dr. Hera have lighted up the night and morning with sounds that make me wish Lady liked that kind of thing, too. She knows about it, she just don't like it that much—just sticks in them ear plugs and sleeps right through a two hour back rub.

Well, sir, we was about a day into the trip when I started tellin' Stud how I ran into Filly and Wes at the hardware store. Filly's got herself a higher degree and is married to Wes, a doctoral candidate. I asked Wes why he wasn't goin' on the trip and he said he had a dissertation to write. They was buyin' paint and such so they could fix up their little love nest just like bluebirds in spring. They had fresh enthusiasm for the nest and for each other. I was glad Filly was married 'cause it made it easier for me to resist temptation.

"Temptation be damned," said Stud. "Looks to me like Filly needs a back rub." And so she did, what with all that kayakin,' simmin,' hikin,' health food eatin,' and all around looks improvin' but muscle tighetnin' behavior.

One night Filly an' Stud started out rubbing backs in Stridus's tent but Stridus came back when it started to rain and he whined so much about his sore gut that them two massagers came to Stud's tent where I had turned in. "No, don't leave, Lefty," sez Stud. "No, please stay," commanded Filly. "We won't make any noise or take up much space."

"OK," sez I, and shoves in them ear plugs. So I'm layin' there in the dark pretty darn peaceful and tired from haulin' a too-big boat down a too-small river for a couple of days, but I'm fighting with myself, too. Even though I didn't need to be chosen, I wanted to be chosen. Filly chose Stud, not me. 'Not that I tried to be chosen an' Stud did,' I argued. 'What's so wrong with me? Ain't I got all the parts? Ain't I a pretty durned good catch? Why him and not me? I wonder what they're up to. No! Don't look! It'll only build up energy you can't discharge. Well maybe just a peek so's I can see if I need to give 'em more space.'

'Dang.' 'She's workin' his glutes<sup>1</sup>. Now she's leanin' over and whisperin' in his ear—whisperin' so's not to

bother me, I guess. Now she's hollerin' out, "Don't move your arm. If I want it moved I'll move it." Now she's puttin' Stud's arm under her lap. I better add a blanket over my head.

Now, I should explain where we was camped 'cause it helps show just how much this little romance had taken Filly. We was hauled up for the night in a place most folks don't because we was desparate. We though Constantine was dyin' on us and we might have to haul him out down stream at night. To keep him from dyin' and us from havin' to be heroic, we just stopped where we was an' put him to bed. There we was, right in the middle of some range bulls' sparrin' ground. They'd just eat all the taxpayers' grass and then tear up the bushes and defacate all over themselves and the ground and beat each other up over the love of a heifer. We figgered they'd just have to stage their fraternal show some place else for a night.

Darrin was our trip leader, kinda like the lead bull—he calls the shots and we do what he says. But Darrin ain't no cowboy. Course I ani't neither but I have rode my horse on a few roundups and I've stared enough cow-pie-on-the-hoof in the eye to know that a bull is built to stand his ground when you start threatenin' him. Darrin didn't know that but he did know the way things oughta be. There oughtn't to be guns on his river trips; there oughtn't to be cattle on public lands at give away grazing lease prices; the trip leader oughta drink the rest of his La Bomba Grande red wine and relax in his tent after saving the life of one of his deathly sick people.

Whilst Darrin was enjoyin' his Big Bomb wine, these bulls was movin' in on him from one side and another bunch of 'em was settin' up quite a racket near my tent and I was hopin' they wouldn't step on it. I didn't mind the noise on account of the ear plugs, and the noise was a little diversion from the Filly an' Stud show, so I just laid there and started thinkin.' 'You know? Darrin's a great guy but he seems just a little up tight. I think he needs some excitement to get his mind offa things. Maybe I'll just quietly roll out of this tent, grab Stud's gun and start shootin' and hollerin, makin' like I'm tryin' to harvest some hamburger. That oughta drive old Darrin right on over the edge. Har Har.'

Meanwhile, Darrin is over in his tent saying "Shhhhh. Shush! SCAT. SHOOOO!" tryin' to move them bulls, but they just keeps comin' at 'im—so close that he has to turn his head from side to side to see the right eye and the left eye of one of 'em. They ain't particularly impressed with some drunk human lispin' at 'em. Then he grabs a couple of kayak paddles and starts clackin' 'em together and that really gets the old boys excited. They's standin' their ground against this kayak paddle threat.

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base chakra which is the seat of acquisitiveness. It is the essential first chakra to stimulate for grounding purposes so that the Kundalini energy coiled there can be released throughtout the rest of the spinal column and other six primary chakras.

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<sup>1</sup> The gluteus maximus muscles commonly refered to as a pair with the singular noun 'butt,' or with the plural noun 'buttocks.' Commonly regarded as the center (actually very near to and spanning the center) of the

So over in Stud's tent I'm about to grab the gun when I hear Darrin shout out in perfectly enunciated English, "There are wild bulls in the camp!! Does—Any—One—Have—A—.... Gun?!"

I jumped up to keep anybody from grabbin' that .22 Colt revolver. Somebody hollers out, "Get Stud. I bet Stud's got a gun!"

Filly, bless her innocent little cheatin' heart, shouts out as loud and clear as a bell, "I don't think Stud can get up just now."

HEEEE HAAAWW. I nearly busted a gut tryin' not to laugh at the way that musta sounded to Darrin, who wasn't liking this apparent cohabitation on his trip. There weren't no real cohabitation, though, 'cause I was there an' Stud thanked me for that, later. Musta sounded real odd, though.

So rather than shootin' I picked out the biggest, meanest, grass-eatinest, defacatinest bull, figgerin' he was the lead bull, and I started walkin' him out of camp, slowly so's not to make him stand his ground—I ain't that tough. About a quarter mile down river I ran into Stud who had picked up the other flank. Together we pushed the old boy, slowly mind you, about a half mile from camp, gave 'im a lecture about castration and fences, and heard no more of his or his buddies' nonsense for the night.

Everything settled down for the night and everybody went to sleep in their own bed. Next morning, Filly 'n Stud headed up the side crick before dawn. I got up early, started breakfast, did some yoga, broke my camp and chatted with the others. Them two (they's still two and not one, but their scope is expandin') gets back from the crick about the end of breakfast and Stud wolfs down some eggs while Filly pecks at granola. I sit back to watch.

Stud starts fillin' the other women's heads with sweet talk and stories and they all twist their toes in the sand and giggle. 'Cept for Filly, that is. She looks a little extra nervous. I get disgusted with not having been chosen and walk to the table for more decaf. That gives Stud the cue to head for the boats without bein' seen. You might wonder how on earth that is a signal, but it is. Stud and me's been bunkin' and boatin' a long time together and we just knows.

Anyhow, what happens next is just like a movie Lady and me saw last night. There's this Horse Whisperer guy and he tames horses, shrews, thirteen-year-old girls, and other such intractable beasts by sayin' what they need to hear, kinda like Stud roundin' out a woman. The movie writer makes up something and tells Horse Guy to say it. He sez it and the women and horses act like it's what they need to hear. So Horse Guy tames this woman and then Horse Guy and the Woman fall in love right near Woman's husband. At a dance, H. Guy suddenly disappears when Woman looks away for a second. When she looks back around, Guy's gone and she jerks her head around about three more times hopin' to find her one true love but he ain't there. Musta

got the signal from one of his pards to head to the corral.

Well I don't know if Horse Guy's lover started nippin' then but Filly sure did. She jerked her head around about three times when Stud disappeared from the breakfast table. She squeaked out, "Where's Stud? and she nipped us a little show and headed out to find him.

I met Stud down on my boat and we has us a little talk.

"Stud," I sez. "You remember when we was fourteen and just learnin' to boat these western rivers, how Stretch told us over and over, 'Don't get your boat between a mother and her ducklings. They imprint.' That was a good sayin' that shoulda stuck but would we listen? No. We had to go and try it. We'd go chasin' them helpless, cute, innocent little critters until we cut one out. We picked it up and handled it and loved it more'n anything else in life except our guns and ourselves. Then it'd stick to us just like we was it's mama. It'd be peepin' and cryin' and trackin' us down whenever we tried to row away. It woulda swum after us until it died if we hadn't hidden so it's mama would come back and take it away. Well, Stud..... Well..... Well, Stud, she peeped. She's (I pointed to little lost Filly) followin' you.

"Quack," I sed.

"You really embarrass me," sed Stud.

"No," Stud, "you embarrass yourself."

A while later Stud told me how he told Filly that she needed to decide whether she was really a Wife or was only just married to Wes. The husband of Horse Guy's Woman said something like that in the movie, I guess so we can pretend that Horse Guy and the Woman pass the video test. It was real noble of both Guy and Stud. They wanted to keep the women from bein' trapped by the men they chose to marry, and they wanted to protect 'em from imprintin' on the wrong person.

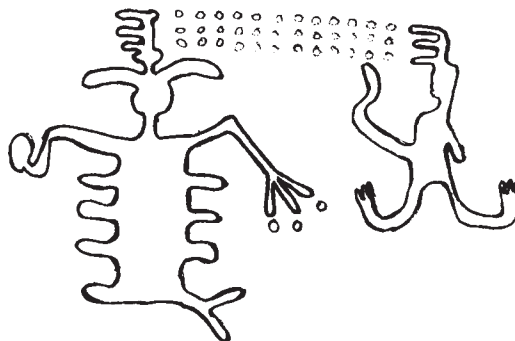
I asked Stud if the back rubs passed the video test and he said no, probably not. 'Wes wouldn't appreciate it. But I behaved myself – mostly – except for when I.... and when she....' 'It was especially hard when she leaned over to whisper something and when she put my arm, as nearly as I can tell, under her lap.'

"Quack," I said symbolically.

"Peep," Stud apologized.

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David Yeamans



# **COLORADO PLATEAU RIVER GUIDES**

**IS PROUD TO SUPPORT:**

## **THE SUSTAINABLE WATER PROJECT TOUR**

### **RALLIES FOR WATER CONSERVATION & RIVER RESTORATION**

**MARCH 5 - 14, 2001**

Politics and concrete are killing the Colorado. The agencies responsible want you to believe that there's no water to spare. Yet billions of gallons of subsidized water flow off industrial hay fields, tumble over desert fountains, or evaporate off water ski parks. Water agency policies of consumption and waste, revenue and profits, have perpetuated a mythical water crisis that must now come to an end.

Much of this water can stay in our rivers. Dams can come down. Habitats can be revived. And still, human needs for water can be met now, and for generations to come. Water conservation leads to river restoration. Lend your voice to make this happen.

Rally in support of a living Colorado and the appropriate agriculture, land use and energy policies that will help restore our beloved watershed. Join Vaquita Rescue, the Tour's water truck, driven by CPRG's own John Weisheit, as it takes collections to deliver fresh water to the endangered vaquita porpoises in the Gulf of California, and to the endangered species of the Colorado River delta.

#### **SALT LAKE CITY, UT**

Monday, March 5, 12:00 Noon  
Kick-off Rally for the Bureau of Restoration  
Bureau of Reclamation Regional Office  
Federal Building

#### **PHOENIX, AZ**

Friday, March 9, 10:30 a.m.  
Ask the Central Arizona Project  
to Give 1% for the Delta  
Arizona State Department of Agriculture

#### **BLYTHE, CA**

Tuesday, March 13, 4:30 pm  
Appropriate Agriculture and Energy Rally  
Todd Park near City Hall

#### **ALBUQUERQUE, NM**

Wednesday, March 7, 12:00 Noon  
Re-water the Rio Grande &  
Colorado Rivers  
Albuquerque City Hall

#### **LAS VEGAS, NV**

Monday, March 12, 12:00 Noon  
Stop Gambling with the Colorado River  
Southern Nevada Water Authority & Las Vegas  
Valley Water District

#### **LOS ANGELES, CA**

Wednesday, March 14, 12:00 Noon  
4th Intl. Day of Action for Rivers  
Old Pueblo Plaza, Olvera Street

**Supporting Organizations**, partial listing: Action Resource Center, American Lands Alliance, Black Canyon Audubon Society, Bluewater Network, California Earth Corps, California Floaters Society, Center for Biological Diversity, Citizens' Progressive Alliance, Colorado Plateau River Guides, Colorado Plateau Wildlands Defense Council, Inc., Colorado River Ward Valley Coalition, Dineh Medicine Mens Association, El Dorado Audubon Society, Eyak Preservation Council, Flagstaff Activist Network, Forest Guardians, Friends of the Earth, Green Action, Green Party of Utah, Humane Society of the United States, International Rivers Network, John Muir Project, Maricopa Audubon Society, Northern Arizona University Campus Greens, Native Forest Council, Native Forest Network, Palo Verde Farmworkers Coalition, San Diego Audubon Society, San Fernando Valley Audubon Society, San Juan Citizens Alliance, San Pedro 100, Sierra Blanca Legal Defense Fund, Sierra Club Angeles Chapter and El Paso, Glen Canyon, Plateau, Southern Nevada and Tahquitz Groups, Sonoran Desert National Park Friends, Southern California Watershed Alliance, Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance, Southwest Environmental Center, Utah Animal Rights Coalition, Utah Environmental Congress, Utah Rivers Council, West Texas Water Protection Fund, Wetlands Action Network, Wild Utah Project, Wild Wilderness and Wyoming Outdoor Council.

## Dawg Tired Summer

Oh slim  
these dawgies  
have sure run us 'round  
I'm so tired  
tell me  
summer is over  
call my mother  
and my bishop  
tell them  
I'm ok  
but I am dawg tired

and if you're going  
oe'r to the Iceberg  
order me  
a grilled cheese  
and a malted  
and a pillow.

Doug Oblak, April 1999

## KENNY

**K**enny Ross was one hell of a man, short in stature, wiry, with muscular arms wrapped in bulging veins. His hands were lean and leathery. He looked as though he was made of tightly strung steel wire, and the look in his eyes and his wit let it be known that there were a lot of volts running through those wires.

Kenny didn't just boat the river he was The River, The Canyon, The Anasazi.

His spirit is still here along the San Juan, and it shows itself often. In the hot summer sun, standing on some rock above a rapid, his voice whispers and weaves through the river sounds: "Recognize, don't memorize. You don't really become a good boat handler until you can feel what's around the corner. The river tells you what its doing and what its about to do. It tells you."

Kenny Ross was the Grand Old Man of the San Juan River. While some historians would stress the data of his accomplishments and life, those of us who he nurtured would like to capture the essence of the man... and a bygone era.

Herm Hoops



## River of Song

An Anthology of River Songs

**A**hh, Rivers! Living metaphors for everything. Carriers of the lifeblood of the planet. This CD was conceived in the heart of the Colorado Plateau where rivers truly are the beating heart of a wizened landscape. The Grand River, born in Rocky Mountain National Park and draining the entire Western slope of the Rockies, and the Green River which gathers in the melting snows of the Wind River Range in Wyoming, meet improbably, in the impossibly harsh and remote gut of Canyonlands National Park, thereby forming the Colorado River whose credits include Cataract Canyon, Glen Canyon, and the Grand Canyon.

So how pleasant, how daunting the task to assemble an anthology of river songs to speak for these rivers, their tributaries and the incomparable canyon country they have formed. *River of Songs* accepts the challenge and delivers a record that will please the rats, satisfy lovers of moving water and inspire the landlocked to experience the river's infinite, timeless song. Hopefully, the record will also motivate folks to vigilantly protect the river resources that can save us if we can only be unselfish enough to let them.

*River of Song* flows with a strong environmental and preservation ethic . . .

*Let her go.  
Give this river back her soul.*

T.R. Ritchie, "Let This Mighty River Roll"

*It costs too much to clean,  
too much to move it.  
It's somebody's fault,  
but it cost too much to prove it.  
So we'll cover it up . . .*

Cosy Sheridan – "Don't Go in the Water"

*(and ponder) an ever-present question,  
blowing in the desert wind –  
Do we have it in ourselves  
to let this river run again?*

*It's an adolescent fantasy,  
and we really ought to lose it.  
Acting like we're in control,  
we're destined to abuse it.*

D-Squared – "Row"

*. . . but man's sins against the natural world  
can't dim the passion that this once wild and untamed  
river system still excites . . .  
It's a paradise I'm thinking of . . .*

Anke Summerhill – "Stars At Noon"

*Last night I lay in a restless bed,  
a hum-drum life pounding in my head,  
when out of the night came a mighty roar -  
The river calling me back once more.*

Katie Lee – "Song of the Boatman"

*Makes me think about how that river and I  
Were both happier when we ran free.*

James Keelaghan – "River Run"

✿  
*Perhaps it's something in the air.  
I wish I could go more often,  
for I find peace and comfort there.*

Anke Summerhill – "Stars at Noon"

✿  
*You can't push the river.  
That river's just going to flow.*

Chuck Pyle – "Keepin' Time By the River"

✿  
*Oh, what a gift it is to always know which way to go.*

Erica Wheeler – "Down River"

✿  
*Lord, I love to ride a rolling flow.*

Tom Russell – "Beneath Canyon Walls"

✿  
*Now the river rocks and rumbles  
as it rolls down through the ages,  
and it shatters any sense of scale  
as it turns back the pages.  
And the ruins of your history;  
civilizations in their prime –  
are swept into an eddy.  
They were just a wink in time.*

*You better row.*

D-Squared – "Row"



*Canyon Reflections* by Gordon Burt, the only instrumental piece, nicely evokes a quiet riparian sunrise. The denouement of the record is an essay by Terry Tempest Williams, a woman apparently incapable of dispassionate speech. It underscores the music perfectly, and will carry you away if you're willing, in a perfectly modulated flow of words and images.

*River of Songs* is a labor of love. The music, art, time, effort and inspiration were mostly donated. The soul of this effort resides in Moab, Utah, a little town on the banks of moving waters, big on talent and generous of heart. *River of Songs* is a worthy effort, and wrapped in its jacket of love and dedication, can't help but please. Proceeds are donated to a non-profit river conservation organization.

To acquire this CD please contact:

Music of Moab  
59 S. Main Street #8  
Moab, UT 84532  
435-259-4405  
[www.riverofsongcd.com](http://www.riverofsongcd.com)

## Canyonlands Field Institute Guide Training Calendar

### Desert Ecology

Spring, 2001 (dates TBA)

Instruction by Dr. Tim Graham. This course covers the fundamentals of ecology in relation to the desert uplands and mountains, and special topics of interest for this region. Emphasis is placed on the natural history of the Colorado Plateau, including geography, geology, and ecology, the variety of ecosystems present, and the adaptations of desert plants and animals to the arid environment. The course involves extensive field observations and measurements, particularly of pothole communities. Fees include handouts and field trip fees. Those desiring 3 graduate biology credits from Utah State University (BIOL 6910) need to pay an additional \$45 filing fee with a separate check made out to USU.

Course Fee: \$450 (\$435/CFI members)

Deposit: \$150

### RECERTIFICATION for EMERGENCY RESPONSE and CPR

March 6-8, 2001

Instructor: Michele Reaume Hill. A 20-hour refresher class for those with current American Red Cross Emergency Response certificates expiring in 1999. Lectures, videos, practicals, written test. Provides 3-year ER and 1-year CPR certification. Bring your own text and workbook.

Fee: \$70 (\$63/CFI members)

Deposit: \$25 (text and workbook may be purchased for additional fees)

### AMERICAN RED CROSS EMERGENCY RESPONSE

April 9-13, 2001

Instructors: Sheri Griffith, Jim Braggs and guest instructors. This 40+ hour course is designed for any professional who may be called upon to give first aid in the line of duty; includes CPR. Videos, outdoor practicals, written test. Days and one evening. Includes text. Provides 3-year ER and 1-year CPR certification.

FEE: \$160 (\$145/CFI members)

Deposit: \$60

### SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE

Canyonlands Field Institute  
1320 South Highway 191  
Moab, UT 84532  
[www.canyonlandsfieldinst.org](http://www.canyonlandsfieldinst.org)  
435-259-7750