

# Etiquette, or ... Need Ice?

I just returned from a 12 day commercial trip and felt the need to express concern over a couple incidences that involve private boaters in the canyon. They all have to do with begging. I have worked in the canyon for 27 years and never have I seen and had to endure so much begging from private trips for ice and other non-essentials. At one point a bunch of clowns disruptively invaded our camp, dancing around in stupid costumes and informed us that they were told "commercial trips would give us ice if we came in to party with them." Another time a private was camped at upper 220 and as we passed, put on a marvelous show the center piece of which was a "NEED ICE" sign. We would have taken the lower camp but did not want to have to endure another onslaught of idiocy.

I have no problem helping privates and have done so for years. Ask for essentials, have a medical emergency and any commercial trip will help if they can. However, it gets to the point now that when I pass a private I avert my gaze so as not to get waved in, out of the current, and asked for ice.

Give them ice and the next thing you know they are in your garbage.

*Dave Foster*

... I don't go on the river to cross paths with other parties and I DO get offended by begging and such.

... In emergency circumstances it is certainly appropriate to ask other parties for assistance. Other than that, wait to be invited. Making signs, dancing through other's camps, begging, or any sort of behavior of that sort is totally unacceptable ...

*Warren*

... jerks are equally distributed across all segments of the user groups - no one group has a monopoly. The vast majority of people you meet on the river are good folks who want to do the right thing. The important thing is for all of us to work to educate those river folks who are ignorant of good river etiquette so that we can all enjoy our trips and not infringe on other groups.

As for the water bazooka question.... as a private boater in a small oar boat on a less than hot morning on my last trip, I was NOT pleased when a commercial motor rig zipped up next to us so their passengers could attack us with a water gun and then zoomed off down the river. I urge people to keep water fights within their own group unless they are sure the other groups wants to participate. There's no way to know if someone on another boat may be trying to keep an injury dry, have an expensive camera out or whatever. Common sense is usually the best approach - if you're not sure, either ask or leave them alone!

*Bev*

.... avoid the jerks...?? ... enjoy the jerks! Most of us wouldn't have anything to talk about, to make us feel good about ourselves.... hell, I always try to include at least two jerks on my list of participants.... otherwise... I end up feeling obligated!

GOOD GOD! don't tell me that some of you out there have never been a jerk before! You don't know what your missing... most of my jerking-off has led to some form of growth, albeit painful, but never the less it is how I learned to recognize my kind!

It amazes me sometimes that I can be such a jerk and not be killed in the process (murdered). If someone comes and squats on yer fire... enjoy the view, hell it may never happen again and you won't have it to talk about later!

My experience, in twenty-too many damn years on the rivers is that, myself excluded... the high majority and I mean 99.9% of the folks I meet on the river commercial, private, pirates and geeks are all good folk who enjoy the river life, in there own way... and if I do run into the .1%-ers out there I just enjoy the shit out of them too!

As far as someone treating me poorly, I am in control of how people treat me (of how I respond), there is an old Biblical principle of 'returning good for evil'... the book says it is like 'heaping hot coals on their heads'.. and for me that is getting even enough. When I face that ugly fart in the aluminum reflector, I can laugh out loud... something each of us should try once a day... at that reflection, and pity the shit out of that poor bastard who got all burned up trying to treat me poorly.

*Hayduke*

On the other hand, it is not unusual at all for commercial trips (motor rigs mostly) to pull up to a kayaker and offer him/her a beer to roll for the entertainment of their customers.

However, equitable commerce between commercial trips and privates can be mutually beneficial. Common sense and good manners should be exercised at all times.

*Len*

Well...when we get as much \*practice\* living down there as our commercial brothers and Richard o do we'll likely get much better at planning.

*Jeff Scroggins*

*(continued on next page)*

## “... focus on the positive things that happen ...”

Anyone who has been in Grand Canyon very long can come up with a story or two of jerks being jerks. They come in many forms - private, commercial, park service, research, hikers... I've got my own. But luckily for us, there are a lot of very cool people on the river - private, commercial, park, research, hikers - and there are far more positive encounters than negative ones.

I was on a commercial dory trip once, and a private group stopped to help us unwrap a baggage boat from a really goofy place; we would have been hard pressed to have done it on our own. I've helped right overturned private boats. An ARR trip helped us get our shit together once after I crashed a dory. And Georgie offered to let us camp with her, and gave us ice for a woman who hit her head when we turned a boat over in Lava. Ten years ago Western gave us toilet paper when we were just about to resort to using tortillas. Last month Western asked me for toilet paper. It goes around.

Last week an OARS trip lost a guy in Cataract in a flip in Big Drop 2. As the evacuation was taking place downstream, most of the group was milling around at Ten Cent. A Sherri Griffith trip was passing, noticed that things weren't right, and pulled in. They set up camp for the OARS trip, and made them dinner. Very nice. I've heard some negative things about that outfitter in the past, but in my book they are all outweighed by that one very kind act.

Avoid the jerks; embrace the many more wonderful people we find on the river. Let's help each other when we can, focus on the positive things that happen down there. How about some of those stories for a while? *Jeri*

The exchange of goods on the river does not have to be a nuisance. If I have enough to spare, I'll gladly share it with others. Don't expect commercial trips to have extras until you get down to Diamond Creek though. On my last trip we gave coffee to guides at Lees Ferry, and 5 days later got 3 pounds of coffee in return. We gave TP to another private, and sugar to yet another. all of these trades where a pleasant experience that left me feeling good about my fellow boaters. *Rob Boyle*

We were at 220 floating along real low on beer when a Western motor rig came along with nothing but guides and offered us fresh beer they had a cold keg of beer onboard and so we tied up all 8 rafts and spent a few hours drinking and shooting the breeze, what a great day it was to get resupply that way ... *Carl "Motorhead" Anderson*

... I HATE water fights. I consider that for one person to force their idea of "fun" on someone who does not wish to participate is assaultive/sadistic/aggressive behavior. What goes for tickling helpless children, snow-in-the-face, etc., also goes for water fights. *unsigned*

... Seems like water fights are a bit like sex, if "both" parties are willing its generally fun. The corollary is obvious and punishment for the guilty party (at least as dealt out in the minds eye) might include scorpions in the togs. *Brad*

... Commercial groups tend to launch more trips closer together and tend to run on a more rigid schedule. Flexibility and respect for others are the keys to reducing conflicts. Begging just adds fuel to the fire by making the private sector seem incompetent. What may seem like fun behavior to you may look pretty lame by the end of the summer to a commercial guide. Water fighting may seem like innocent behavior but not every trip you pass enjoys the interaction ... Private trip participants by their participation, invest more energy, both physical and mental into the trip. They tend to expect this effort to be rewarded by having the prefect trip. Conflicts, when they occur disrupt this and may be blown out of proportion. Just try to keep things in perspective. Try to communicate and remember that you will see other groups, have them effect your trip, and hopefully come away with a positive exchange. If not then hey, you tried, it isn't your problem. *Rich Bryant*

## “Plan A,” “Plan B,” and Sometimes “Plan C”

One way to tell a wise and experienced Grand Canyon boater (public or private) down in the lower end is when he/she opens the conversation with “Is there anything you need?” Things do get left behind, lost, wet, spoiled, etc...and the only way to resupply is from another trip. So the governing principle among experienced boaters is that if you are asked for something that you have to spare, you hand it over. Next time it might be you who is out of toilet paper, dish soap, charcoal, or whatever.

At the same time, we all strive to be self-sufficient and and build up positive karma while we can, 'cause God knows we might need to call on it later. In the summer months, a good place for these interactions is at Havasu: lots of folks there, and by that point of the trip you should have a good what surpluses and/or shortages exist on your trip. It's cool to ask about something you need, but it's not cool to PLAN ON ASKING for something you “plan on needing” before you start your trip.

A similar understanding and cooperative spirit is useful in all contacts with other parties...including visits to attraction sites and discussions over camping. It's realistic to expect that - in spite of all the traffic - you'll get some of your preferred campsites. But it's not realistic to expect that you'll get them all...other folks may have the same plans, so you need to be as flexible as you hope the other guy is.

I find it useful to copy the launch schedule off the bulletin board at the boat ramp and try to keep track of where other trips are likely to be ... slower trips in front of me, and faster trips catching up from behind, as well as anybody on more or less the same schedule.

My day starts with formulating "Plan A," "Plan B," and sometimes "Plan C." I tell my (commercial) passengers that:

- 1.) the NPS gives us a lot of freedom in how we run these trips, in terms of where we go and where we camp; but we - and everybody else - has to work out the details on a day to day basis;
- 2.) we will be sharing the canyon with a bunch of other commercial and private trips, who are trying to see a lot of the same stuff as us;
- 3.) at some point on this trip, we may alter our plans to avoid excessive contacts with other groups;
- 4.) everybody else is in the same boat, in this respect.

*Drifter*

## "I toast you with my luke-cool beer"

**F**or much of my 25 years a guide, people's fixations with cold stuff has given me chilblains. It was a delight to go to work for Martin Litton in the late seventies. We ran 18 to 22 day trips without ice. We started out with a bag of frozen meat which lasted maybe four days. The rest was canned, dried, or often fresh produce which stays quite happy below decks without ice, thank you very much. As do cheese and eggs and bread and tortillas. And we grew our own sprouts by the bushel as we floated. The food, day 1 through day 22, was just fine. In the mid-eighties the NPS informed us that we would henceforth be required to take a cooler. So we bought a big Gott cooler and put it in the baggage boat. Trouble was, we couldn't think of anything to put in it. For the first season or so, we would put a few tubs of yogurt, a block of ice, and a few things that wouldn't fit anywhere else. Somehow we just couldn't wrap our minds around the concept. That all changed when OARS bought out the company. The foodpack changed dramatically, growing two-fold in volume and weight, then four-fold. We went from one unused cooler to two crammed full, then added a second baggage boat with two more coolers. Then ... a newer bigger, heavier cooler that weighs more empty than a Gott weighed full. Coffin Coolers, they are called. They, honest to God, have to be loaded in the truck with the forklift, then winched down into the raft. Dangerously heavy, and I have long predicted that one will either permanently disable or kill a guide one day. And the menu? Good food, day 1 through day 18, same as before. But there is far more waste using all the fresh stuff—stuff that wouldn't keep that well for three weeks at home in the fridge either. The difference: now we can advertise "gourmet food" and charge \$300 a day for a tour. The fact is, ice does not mean better food. It means more waste, weight, and worry. As for beer, river cool has always seemed more civilized than numbingly cold to me, be it above or below the Rez. And cocktail ice? Keep it. Spoils the flavor.

I have always had to walk away when the topic of conversation drifted to "who are we going to get ice from," or "Here's how we can make the ice last even longer." Much the same as the guides who talk about how to get the biggest tip send me off the deep end—as if that was the whole point of the exercise. But the worst yet were the guides who kept the secret stash of ice-cold beers for crew only, which inevitably caused tremendous and inexcusable resentment in the ranks.

Why all this irks me so is unclear even to me, but I think it has something to do with the current mentality of "how much can we insulate ourselves from the experience we so desperately need to have in our lives?" I wrote an essay about it in the *BQR* years ago, trying to find the balance between Powell's soaked and starving men, and the overstuffed, over insulated commercial client of the nineties. One party is too miserable to experience the beauty and magic, whereas the other is so wrapped up in all their shit that they don't quite know where they are. It's just like Cleveland. The search is for the balance. And ice, I always felt, was just another distraction, something else to worry about, something utterly unnecessary and in the way.

Anyhow, I've always felt like the Lone Ranger in my hatred of the ice-fixation, so am delighted to find a kindred spirit.

*Brad Dimock*

## Katie Lee ~ Holding To The Vision

**I**T pours over my flushed, hot face — a chilling, cold gift that flows from a breathtaking place in that burnished desert. Even though my eyes and the bridge of my nose are numb and aching with the cold, my cheeks and lips burning under this icy fountain, I do not pull away. I'm locked in a painful kind of ecstasy. Random drops sprinkle my hair. I feel the soft tickle of moss against my cheek — its caress like loving fingers.

Tilting my chin higher I part my lips to taste the gift. At first I do not swallow, but let it tumble, thrash and overrun my mouth until my teeth ache with the chilling sweetness. Now I open my throat and swallow the rapture, hungrily. I open my eyes and, thru rippling water, see bobbing maiden-hair fern, smooth flesh-tinted canyon walls, clinging moss and glistening rock above this spring of gracious water. But this is only one of many streams to sooth the burning—there are hundreds of cataracts to lounge on, many languid water-falls to be drenched by in these glorious canyons along the Glen. Lost Eden—Driftwood—Cathedral—Little Arch—Grotto—Hidden Passage—Dungeon—Music Temple—Cascade—Moki—Iceburg

This time it is Driftwood. Crawling, cautiously, up the slippery slide, I come to the edge of the pool, wade in and reach up—reach up to turn on the cold water faucet in my bathtub. Then I push my face into the flow and say aloud a different Canyon's name.

And each night that is where I am.

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photo by Bruce McElya

The much beloved river runner Katie, is the author of *All My Rivers Are Gone*, a wonderful book about a magical place and her magical life. The book may be ordered through Katie, at: Katydid Books and Music, Box 395, Jerome, AZ 86331, \$18 for an autographed copy. CD and cassettes of her performances and songs area also available. \$14.

# River Poetry ~ Benjamin Howard Brzeski

## NIGHT MOON

We step up the wash as shadows,  
river gravels under our feet.  
We carry in our knapsacks the remains  
of our bodies, and float  
out into the night river, waves  
the simplest of sounds.  
Stars sting at our skin.  
We are swimming the stillness.

I move quiet up the path  
and find a place among the rocks.  
Every sediment of wanting  
washes back of my spine,  
each trickle drops  
to the canyon floor.

## CANYON SONG

Little soils under root systems.  
A tremor of hot and cold.  
There are swimmers in the canyon,  
rowing with their arms.

Time Falls  
Rock drops into  
the friction of

cut, cut  
down, down  
river flowing.

Juniper piñon dryness. Shade  
on the ledges is peeling back  
into itself. A raven scree-cry  
is carried on wind waves.

Breeze rests  
on the tilt  
of my head.

*The author, Ben Brzeski, a native of Wisconsin was a participant in Northern Arizona University's Fall, 1999 "Grand Canyon Semester" which included a river trip in the Canyon. Welcome aboard Ben!*

## THERE ARE FIFTEEN DAMS ON THE COLORADO RIVER

River, I ride you,  
the life within, the matter  
at your hands.  
In the push of foam and rubble  
I find an eddy, calm.

Upstream I know you  
are silenced. Cement grip,  
hand to neck, bone-stripped,  
rock chipped into  
the roar of hydro-turbines, floodgates,  
and water.

Rush of browns and greens,  
flood of geologic time,  
you are still  
breathing slowly, crashing  
on rocks. I hear  
your wailing, the dream  
of a child running, born  
of wilderness, nature,  
the words no longer.

## From the Way Back Machine River Trip Abandoned

ARIZONA DAILY SUN (Flagstaff, AZ) June 24, 1954

A trip by life raft down the Colorado River was abandoned today by a party of four. The water has dropped to a point where jagged rocks jut out across the river falls. Two members of the six-man party quit because of illness four days ago. The others decided to walk out of the canyon depths because of the low water level.

The decision was made by John Pederson, head football coach at Arizona State College at Flagstaff; Dale Slocum, Flagstaff; J. E. F'Anson, Pasadena, Calif., and Bill Towne, Sedona. F'Anson injured a leg, and Towne and Slocum left for aid. They planned to return with mules today.

# The Second Book of Hollanders

## (from The River Trip Bible)

### First Instructions to Believers

In the beginning was the food and the food was without form and raw. The food was in the beginning with the Boatman and the Boatman comprehended it but the dudes did not. The reason that the dudes did not comprehend the food is that they did not understand the Boatman. That same Boatman became Cook and created the Meal for which he had also planned the food, though the food, at this time, remained raw. This latter man, the Cook, was sent to the dudes so that they might comprehend the Boatman and also the planned works of his hand, the Meal, which was created from the raw food; the food was planned from the beginning in the first book of the Informational Memoranda written by the hand of the Trip Leader who, together with the Boatman, created all plans of the trip and the appurtenances thereof.

The Trip Leader and the Boatman caused there to be a fire pan upon the face of the trip for it is written in the book of the Law, "All trips burning charcoal shall provide for the burning thereof a pan to contain the briquettes. The pan shall be approved and shall be of four sides; two thirds cubit along the east side and two thirds cubit along the west side; and likewise two thirds cubit along the north side and two thirds cubit along the south side. The height of the fire pan shall be half a span, and the pan so formed of two thirds cubit along each side and a half span high shall be approved for the containing of burning briquettes."

The people loved the Law in those days, but there came upon them evil thoughts which caused them to disobey and make unto themselves their own laws. They began to reason among themselves, If we carry not a fire pan for the burning of charcoals, shall the Ranger of Parks be able to find us? Shall He see us? For behold, we have left the Ranger of Parks even at the Ferry of Lee where he surely continues to proclaim the law. His arm is shortened and He shall not see our deeds when we are within the Canyon. And they built fires upon the sands; they carried not firewood with them from outside the Canyon between the first day of the fifth month unto the thirtieth day of the ninth month, and they burned wood that they found within the Canyon; they carried not their ash and residue from the Canyon. And Lo, the Ranger of Parks sent an angel in a kayak unto the evildoers and the angel espied the abominations and was wroth. The angel asked, How camest thou in hither not having a fire pan? And they were speechless. And the angel said to the lawless ones, The Ranger of Parks, even the great high proclaimer of Laws who knows no influence from private boaters but is beholden only to the hosts of Congress and the minions of commercial outfitting has discovered your evil deeds and shall punish you. From this day forth unto the second year thou shalt be cast into outer darkness where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth until such time as the restoration of your place at the back of the waiting list shall be accomplished. Mammon shall be required of you as well and thou shalt not lead a trip in the Canyon again until the full measure of your waiting time has been fulfilled ( a score and five years.

Therefore, the Cook came to bear witness of the following of laws and the lighting of the fire: that true fire which was carried through the void as cold charcoal until the full number of the briquettes had been set forth and their heat had been revealed in these last times. And the number of the briquettes was a score and five from the Living tribe and legion more from the Extra tribe whose job it was to ignite the Living briquettes and to provide fuel wherewith to burn the garbage of the trip after the food had become the Meal.

The briquettes, whose number was a score and five plus legion, were dark, and darkness was upon the face of the fire pan wherein were placed the briquettes, the score and five plus the legion, as a pile; and the Cook stirred in the depths of storage and brought forth lighter fluid. Between the fluid and the briquettes there was a great Gulf®. And the Cook said, Let the fluid be gathered together in two measures upon the charcoal. And the Cook cried out, Hear me, O Boatman, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Boatman, and that thou hast turned this wretched coldness unto heat. Whereupon the Boatman said, Let there be light, and he cast down fire from his hand into the fire pan and there was a great fire and smoke upon the briquettes and in the air such that all who stood too near were scorched. Even the soil of the earth would have been scorched in those days had not the Boatman commanded the fire pan to be suspended above it by rocks or iron.

All this was done in the first minutes before creating the Meal. And the fire ruled the fire pan for a score of minutes before it's time and times and half a time had been fulfilled, during which interval a great feast was prepared. Now the feast was prepared in this wise.

When the fire had been brought down to the fire pan in the days after lawlessness, behold, there came the cook crew bearing the raw food wherewith to make the Meal. The Cook spake and the crew brought forth the food and stood in reverence as the Cook commanded them in all the ways of the fire. He spake thusly. Speak to the rowers of boats and their passengers that they may bring me an offering which ye shall take of them; aluminum, yea fine aluminum, from

the Bauxites of the Caribbean and iron from the Hematites of Mesabi. Ye shall cause it to be forged into Dutch ovens, two thirds cubit across, round, with sides a span high and with a handle of finest iron mixed with carbon, and with a lid having a rim for holding the burning briquettes. Ye shall keep the Dutch ovens in the Box of the Kitchen so that they may be ready whenever I desire them for creating a Meal.

Ye shall take the Ovens and heat them upon twelve briquettes plus five for two minutes. Likewise shall ye also heat the lid for two minutes with the heat of eight briquettes stacked upon it. Then shalt thou pour into the ovens the batter which the priests have prepared from instructions printed by the sages of old upon packages. Half an omer of batter shalt thou place into each of the fiery ovens. But heed this, O, ye stiff necked people. Do not let the ash from the lid settle into the batter, nor even shalt thou set the lid of the Ovens upon filth as did the followers of BA during the Clueless Years, for from such setting down and picking up shall filth travel from the lid and settle into the batter. For only a little filth makes the entire loaf dirty and useful for nothing except to be trampled under the feet of men.

Thou shalt pick up the fiery lid, using pliers from the Box of the Kitchen, and place it upon the Oven. Then shalt thou begin counting the time of cooking. There shall remain twelve plus five or six briquettes under each Oven and eight or seven briquettes upon each Oven lid, and the heat therefrom shall convert to 375 F. If the instructions of the sages declare it, the heat may be changed by adding or removing briquettes. Likewise, learn from the sages the amount of time that the half omer of batter shall be within the fiery Ovens before it becomes the Meal. While the batter is becoming the Meal thou shalt sing the praises of the Cook and thou shalt not behold the inside of the Ovens until the fullness of time is complete. Only when the time declared by the sages of old has been completed shall thou remove the fiery lid from the fiery Oven to behold the miracle wherein the food has become the Meal. However, if the Cook is caused to smell an evil incense from within the Ovens before the fullness of time, he alone shall be allowed to look upon the food. Blackness upon the face of the Meal I despise, declares the Cook, and so do I also despise rawness. Both are an abomination unto me and shall not be tolerated. The crew, greatly fearing the wrath of the Cook, shall adjust the time and the heat of the cooking so that the Cook shall be pleased.

During those days of the river trip wherein the Trip Leader dwelt among the passengers, the cooking was excellent and the Cook was pleased. The pleasure of the Cook was noticed by the Boatman. And the Boatman's pleasure was also in the Trip leader, and the Trip Leader and the Boatman were as one in their pleasure. They invited the Cook into their pleasure and gladness was upon the face of the trip. Gladness was in the hearts of the crew as they ate, for they had changed the food into the Meal.

King James Version - David Yeamans  
Modern English Version - Paul Bash



photos by Bruce McElya



## BLASTS FROM THE PAST, PART III:

**HISTORIC RADIO USE, OFF THE RIVER**

by Q.S.O. Abyssus

In "Blasts From the Past, Parts I and II," we noted four trips on the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon that carried radios: the 1923 USGS "Birdseye" Expedition; the 1927 "Bride/Pride of the Colorado" film trip; the 1937 "Carnegie-Cal Tech" geological mapping trip; and the 1940 "Ripley's Believe It Or Not" broadcast with Emery Kolb and Barry Goldwater live from a boat on the Colorado River. "Blasts, Part III" will highlight radio use off the river. But first some notes concerning the previous two installments.

In "Part I," KDKA(920 Pittsburgh) made the first regular broadcasts in 1920, after being licensed in August, 1916, as 8XK (later 8ZZ). Interestingly enough, on February 18, 1921, Warren Gamaliel Harding, the President whose death notice the 1923 river survey trip received, was the first President heard on the radio on, you guessed it, KDKA. On December 6, 1923, Harding's successor, Calvin "Silent Cal" Coolidge, broadcast the first presidential message to a joint session of Congress, his voice being received over telephone wires (<http://members.aol.com/jeff1070/chrono1.html>).

Los Angeles station KHJ, also heard by the "Birdseye" Expedition, had a slogan in the '20s of Kindness Happiness Joy (<http://members.aol.com/jeff560/call192x.html>), but by the '60s was "Boss Radio" (<http://www.drakechenault.com/>). KZN (on the air in May 1922) and KSL out of Salt Lake City are the same station with a change of call letters (also KFPT in between). KFFU (Colorado Springs) should probably be KFFQ.

The 1927 "Bride/Pride of the Colorado" film crew ended their trip at Hermit Rapids. Leaving the boats there, the Hyde rescue party of 1928 used at least one in searching for the lost couple. Brad Dimock is currently working on the definitive book on the Hydies, so I'm sure he will fill us all in on those boats.

The Carnegie-Cal Tech trip in 1937 received broadcasts from KNDO at the South Rim of Grand Canyon National Park. Michael Quinn, Grand Canyon National Park (GCNP) Museum, could not find any information for me about this station. He did, however, supply a photograph of radio operation in Havasu Canyon that will be featured when we get to the heart of "Blasts, Part III."

Using the Internet to search radio station call numbers, I could not find that the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) ever assigned KNDO. While writing "Blasts, Part I," a January 6-12, 2000 issue of Flagstaff Live! (Vol. 6, Issue 1) featured "Ham Radio: The Voice Heard 'round the World" by

Bruce Grubbs. Listing the Coconino Amateur Radio Club (CCAC) website (<http://www/qs1.net/ccarc/>), I e-mailed a query to Newsletter/Webpage Editor Tom Gewecke (W7THG) who came by to look at the photographs in response to my query about short-wave radios. Because of the lack of image clarity, Tom could not say for sure that the radios were short-wave, but that it was possible.

From CCAC links to radio history sites on the Internet, I contacted Jeff Miller via e-mail, who led me to Tom White. Both are well-known radio historians but both came up empty-handed regarding KNDO, just as I had. White replied that "in 1937, there were only 8 broadcasting stations in the entire state of Arizona: KCRJ-1210 Jerome; KSUN 1200 Lowell; KOY-1390 and KTAR-620 Phoenix; KYCA-1500 Prescott, KGAR-1570 and KVOA-1260 Tucson; plus KUMA-1420 Yuma."

Miller and White posed some possibilities, but not probabilities for various reasons. "Before FM, there used to be 'carrier current' stations broadcast only in dormitories of colleges and these stations had call letters," which the FCC may or may not have known about (Miller). They use very low power, "with their signal fed into the local power lines, thus you can only pick them up if your receiver is located within a few hundred feet of one of the power lines carrying the signal. In the 1930s, most carrier current stations were operated on college campuses. Carrier current stations aren't regulated, thus KNDO would have been a self-assigned slogan, rather than a call sign officially assigned by the FCC" (White).

There were no provisions until the 1970s for anything like the low power Traveler's Information Stations around today; probably not shortwave as the call sign does not match the standard amateur calls, which always included a number in them and that hams (amateur radio operators) weren't supposed to operate as broadcast stations; and that someone may have set-up a small transmitter "in the middle of nowhere" and never got an official authorization (White).

While visiting the GCNP Museum, Quinn asked me if I had considered that KNDO may have been a Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC, or 3-Cs) operation, as they worked at and in the Canyon in the '30s. Mackie Clark, National Association of Civilian Conservation Corps Alumni (NACCA) Chapter 44, gave me some 3-Cs background information as well as the name of Fred Holsclaw, a radio operator who is also a Chapter 44 member. Although Holsclaw was stationed in South Dakota and not at the Grand Canyon, he was able to supply me with some important information about CCC

radio operation. Call letters he gave me for South Dakota (WUCV and WZM) and Nebraska (WVU) used by the CCC are also calls not noted in the historical lists. So, it appears that the FCC may have assigned calls to CCC radio operations that have never been used prior or post-CCC. Thus, KNDO may have been one of those.

Louis Lester Purvis' *The Ace In the Hole: A Brief History of Company 818 of the Civilian Conservation Corps* (1989, Columbus, GA: Brentwood Christian Press) indicates that there were four 3-Cs companies working for the Environmental Conservation Works (ECW) in the Canyon: 818, 819, 847, and 2833. A CCC alumni website (<http://www.cccalumni.org/states/arizona1.html>) also includes Co. 843 and lists 2833 as being out of Williams,



Arizona. Dates of occupation are by campsite: NP-1 at Grand Canyon North Rim (Neil Spring Canyon (5/1933) to Bright Angel Point near Transept Canyon (7/1933); NP-2 at Grand Canyon Village (5/29/1933); NP-3 (10/1933) at Bright Angel Creek near Phantom Ranch; and NP-4 (10/18/1934) near Grand Canyon Village. Co. 818 left NP-3 in October 1936 for Phoenix. Co. 2833 moved to their summer home at NP-1 in Spring 1937, alternating with their Winter home at Desert View. Other than Co. 818, I do not know when the other companies left Grand Canyon, but it is possible that one of them was at the South Rim in October/November to broadcast as KNDO, a likely scenario. Calls to Purvis have so far been unsuccessful.

A query to the Nevills' girls about whether Norm ever carried radios on a trip resulted in a negative answer. Neither Joanie Nevills Staveley nor Sandy Nevills Reiff can recall that their dad ever had radios on the river. Tom Gewecke also said "that Barry Goldwater

was a 'ham' from 1921 on, with his first call sign being 6BPI. Later on he used K7UGA, but I don't know when it changed."

Enough static about "Blasts I and II." Now, finally, on to...

## "Blasts, Part III"

"...and down Doheny way..."

(Brian Wilson/Chuck Berry, The Beach Boys "Surfin' U.S.A.")

Michael Quinn, GCNP Museum, sent me a file of the accompanying photo (left, file reconfiguration by Chris Muhlenfeld, NAU Cline Library) of a member (could be Fred V. Shaw or Elvin Scoyen) of the 1924 Doheny Expedition to Havasu Canyon looking for dinosaur petroglyphs. A sign on the side of the radio, perched on a blanket, advertises: "C.R. Parker, Authorized Radiola Dealer, 1216 So. Hill St., Los Angeles Calif." The "definitive" report of this exploration may be found in *The Doheny Scientific Expedition to the Hava Supai Canyon, Northern Arizona, October and November, 1924*, Compliments of Oakland, Museum, Oakland, California, Sponsor and Patron, E. L. Doheny.

This exploration deserves an article of its own, but I will quote a bit from Samuel Hubbard's "Introduction": "The Doheny Scientific Expedition to the Hava Supai Canyon in Northern Arizona, was organized for the express purpose of bringing before the scientific world, certain discoveries relating to pre-historic man made by the writer, in three previous visits to this isolated region. It so happened that Mr. E.

L. Doheny of Los Angeles, who sponsored this expedition, had visited this canyon as a young prospector, in 1879. He and his party were among the first white men to venture into this wild place, and the hardships they endured, and the dangers they faced were made apparent by the fact that one of their party, a sailor named Mooney, lost his life while trying to descend below the fall which to this day bears his name." James, or Daniel W., Mooney (once a sailor who grew weary of that life, he settled in Prescott and became a miner) lost his life here probably in 1880 (Nancy Brian, *River to Rim*, 1992, 111). After 1876, "Doheny went west to search for silver and gold, first travelling to the San Juan mining district of southwestern Colorado." Sometime in the late 1870s, Doheny moved to Prescott, Arizona. (Dan La Botz, *Edward L. Doheny: Petroleum, Power, and Politics in the United States and Mexico*, 1991, 4).

These are not the only connections Doheny has to the Canyon. "Doheny left the

(continued on next page)

(continued from preceding page) mine fields of New Mexico in about 1890.” In 1892, Doheny was in Los Angeles and saw a wagon pass by dripping some black ooze. It was brea, the Spanish word for tar. Doheny, knowing that where there was tar there should be oil, and his partner “found a tar pit near Second Street and Glendale Boulevard. They leased the land, and in what was then the middle of residential Los Angeles, they literally dug for oil,” the first well in Los Angeles city limits. At that time, the world was still in the “Kerosene Age.” In 1897, Doheny and his partners “carried out some successful experiments to substitute oil for coal in the railroad locomotives of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad.” “The successful conversion of railroad locomotives to the use of petroleum fuel not only gave Doheny a growing market for his product, but it also opened up a new era of petroleum-fueled vehicles.” (La Botz, 4, 10, 11, 12, 14).

Robert Brewster Stanton completed his railroad survey trip through the Grand Canyon in 1890. Organized by Frank Mason Brown and others, the Denver, Colorado Cañon and Pacific Railroad’s main purpose was to ship coal from Colorado to Southern California. Brown’s support for the project was extremely important, but he drowned in 1889 on the survey’s first attempt. However, the deciding factor in why the railroad was never built is that Doheny, among others, transformed the fuel industry with a successful strategy of conversion to petroleum, making shipments of coal west to California virtually unnecessary.

### “Easter Everywhere” (13th Floor Elevators)

As stated in the April 12, 2000 Williams-Grand Canyon News, the first Easter Sunrise Service could have been in ‘02. “The Rev. Thomas C. Moffat, a Presbyterian minister from Prescott, made a two-day journey on horseback to the Grand Canyon back in the spring of 1902. Moffat secured a room at Bright Angel Lodge for a few days and while there, he offered to hold Easter Sunday services. According to the Williams News, Martin Buggeln, who ran the lodge, gave Moffat use of the establishment’s cozy parlor. An improvised choir was soon formed. An early morning service was held, mainly for those who were to leave on the train at 9 o’clock [Train service to the rim began the previous September.] There was another service at 11 a.m., with sermon. In the newspaper, folks intending to attend services were told the day was ‘not ideal for spring bonnets,’ meaning conditions were cold. It’s unclear as to whether the service was held indoors in the parlor, or outside near Bright Angel Camp (Brad Fuqua, GCN Editor).”

“At this most beautiful spot in America, one of the seven wonders of the world, Easter sunrise services have long been traditional. In 1902 the custom started at

the Canyon, then it was abandoned for many years. Finally in 1935 the services were revived by Bertrand Cox. Since then they have been held annually” (The Coconino Sun, April 11 (sic), 1940). In 1935, the Arizona State Teachers College (ASTC) “A Cappella Choir” broadcast an Easter Sunrise Service for the first time from the South Rim of the Grand Canyon at a location commonly called “the Shrine of the Ages,” an “open air cathedral near the head of the Bright Angel trail, where, in a natural amphitheater, is a crude altar of stone surmounted by a rough, rugged cross” (The Coconino Sun, Friday, March 22, 1940). This annual event, and almost annual Choir performance, was broadcast by KTAR for over 25 years. [In 1950, Sunrise Service co-founder and announcer Howard J. Pyle became Arizona’s youngest governor.]



The photograph above, ca. 1944 [NAU Cline Library Fronske Collection, NAU PH.85.3.00.256] shows the ASTC “A Cappella Choir” performing an Easter Sunrise Service.

In his regular column, “Opinion 2” (TDN, Sunday, April 15, 1984, B3), Howard Pyle explained some background on the broadcasts. “This was the era of special events broadcasting by radio as contrasted with