

Transcription Grand Canyon Historical Society

Interviewee: Michael St. Clair (MSC)

Interviewer: Tom Martin (TM)

Subject: Michael recounts his first Grand Canyon trip in 1977, his lawsuit against the Park Service regarding river allocations, other river trips, and reminisces about changes in river running over time

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TM: Today is Monday, January 15, 2018. This is a Part 3 interview with Michael St. Clair. My name is Tom Martin. This is a Grand Canyon Oral History recording. Michael, thank you so much for your willingness to head off into a Part 3 interview here today. May we have your permission to record this conversation?

MSC: Of course.

TM: Thank you very much. At the end of Part 2, we were talking about your first Grand Canyon river trip, and I wonder if you could pick that story up again.

MSC: Sure. But maybe before I do, I should correct something we talked about in the last one, which was the guy that had been the deputy sheriff down in San Juan County that I met on a Cat trip in '76, and I think he later became the sheriff because the sheriff died or left office for some reason. Anyway, this guy, who I believe was one of the formulators of Wild Rivers in Bluff, his name actually is Verle Green.

TM: What else do you remember about him?

MSC: Well, anybody who ever met him, his distinguishing characteristic was that he had a harelip. But he was quite a character. Jack Mormon. And, as far as I know, he ran out of Bluff, little San Juan trips with just a collection of old navy 10-mans and basically about anything that would float. He ran from Sand Island down to Mexican Hat, or from up above where Montezuma Creek comes in. I think those trips started as just kind of family affairs or friends and family and people liked them so much that he actually started up Wild Rivers with some other folks. So, that was Verle's story.

TM: Cool. Thank you.

MSC: Verle hung around a long time, and after he retired from the sheriff's department, he kind of got stove-up in the 90s. He used to drive his car down to the visitor's center that's just outside Hole in the Rock on Highway 191 between Monticello and Moab. I don't know if you know the spot.

TM: Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

MSC: There's a nice little park there.

TM: Yes.

MSC: Verle would just set up a picnic table and put a cooler on it with a six-pack and sit there and drink a beer and wait for somebody to come by and then talk to him. In those days, just about everybody [laughs] who had any reason to go up and down Highway 191 and stop at the rest area knew Verle, so there was a lot of carrying on. But, yeah, that was the... The story was if you wanted a beer and you wanted to talk to Verle, just drive out to the rest area [laughs].

TM: Wow. Huh. I bet he had some stories.

MSC: Yeah. Oh, yeah. I'm sure he did. And I would periodically drop by and just say hello. But, you know... Back to the first Grand trip in late September/October of 1977. I was kayaking at the time. I had a fiberglass Hyperform Mark IV, a real one, not one that had been molded. They were a real popular boat and a lot of people took molds of the hulls and made their own. This was the genuine article, but it was fiberglass. The impressions I had of the Canyon were mind-boggling, which I think anybody in a little boat would have. I remember swimming the Paria Riffle, which wasn't an auspicious start [laughs].

TM: [laughs] Unintentional swim?

MSC: Yeah.

TM: Oops.

MSC: Well, I remember I was catching an eddy, and I caught an edge, and I wasn't ready. It was, you know, the first 15 minutes or something and I just ended up swimming. It was eye-opening, and I think it didn't become mind-boggling until we got down into the 20s. And then I started thinking, wow, this is just, you know, I've never seen anything like this anywhere, because it's just spectacular. And we had perfect weather. I don't remember it raining on the trip at all, but it may have. I do remember that the water was clear, and I remember Greg Williams catching a 14-pound trout down at Redwall.

TM: Wow.

MSC: When he came carrying it back to the boat, it stretched from his waist down to the ground. That's how big it was. That was pretty impressive. But, unfortunately, before we got to Redwall, a fellow named Michael Behrendt from Aspen—and he, at the time, owned a ski lodge in Aspen, actually more like a hostel. Michael later went on to own Horse Thief Ranch out in Canyonlands. After he sold his property in Aspen, he bought Horse Thief. He just sold Horse Thief about six months ago. But Michael swam in 24, or maybe the rapid they now call Georgie's, I don't remember. But he was right in front of me, and he swam, and he separated his shoulder. We got him to shore and went into camp, I think, at 24 ½, but it might have been below 25. I can't distinctly remember, but it was before the end of the 20s, and it was sort of a premature end to the second day. So we found a camp, and pulled over on the left-hand side. The next morning, or maybe that night really late, Stan Hollister, who was on the trip, and Bob Miller hiked out to the highway to get a chopper. The next day we moved downriver to the best chopper landing spot and evacuated Michael. At any rate, I was pretty impressed. They had talked to me about whether I wanted to go down and hike out with them, but two was enough, and three was just going to be, you know, excess. So these guys hiked out to the road and stuck their thumb out and caught a ride, I think to Bitter Springs or somewhere with a phone and then called in the helicopter. So the helicopter came in early the next morning and grabbed Michael and took him on his merry way, and we proceeded on downstream.

TM: Did the helicopter bring Stan back?

MSC: Yeah, brought Stan and Bob back. They got out and Michael got in. So we kept going, and we got down to the Little Colorado two days later. Think we camped at Nankoweap, and then we went on down. We're all sitting at the Little Colorado having lunch and going and playing in the slide and having fun, and all of a sudden we hear a helicopter, and here comes Michael back in [laughs].

TM: Wow.

MSC: He had to pay for that one. But, still, it was pretty neat. At that time, I had my kayak/tail-dragger up on the 33 because it's pretty much flat water around there and, I don't know, I had something... I probably was tasked with fixing lunch or something. But, anyway, so he comes clambering past the gear pile on the 33, and my kayak is lying there, and he steps right on the roaming in front of the cockpit. I'm the only one that sees it here or hears it, and there's this distinct, you know...

TM: Crack.

MSC: ...crack. I go, "Oh, no." He doesn't even stop. He just keeps going, because he's coming to the back of the boat to say hello to everybody and give hugs. I just go, "Oh, shit," you know. I couldn't tell him, and I never did. But that knocked a patch in my boat. He finally comes around and goes, "Oh, what happened?" I go, "Oh, I don't know" [laughs]. I don't think he knows to this day [laughs].

TM: Let me ask you about that Mark IV. Did it have a seat?

MSC: Did it have a what?

TM: A seat?

MSC: Yes, it did. We used to call it "the seat designed by refugee Nazi doctors," because the way the seat...it was suspended from the cockpit roaming. The way the back of it kicked up, if you left it stock, your spine would just go numb after about, oh, 15 minutes. So what you had to do is take a hacksaw blade and cut the back inch or inch-and-a-half off in sort of a moon shape or sliver of a moon shape to relieve the pressure on your spine when you sat in it.

TM: Okay.

MSC: And then you could kind of make it comfortable with padding and things like that. The other thing we did, which Hertzler taught me, was we seamed the inside seam, which was a real chore.

TM: Yeah.

MSC: You took a two-inch roll of fiberglass tape and mixed up your resin, and you got a broom handle or a stick that was three or four feet long, and you put a nail in the end. You sand the inside seam as much as you can, get it clean, then mix up your resin, dip your fiberglass in the resin, put the end of it on the hook, and lay it down as far as you can from tip to tip. That made it really a lot stronger and stiffer. I had that boat until it fell apart. I hit a bunch of rocks broadside and I never had to patch the seams, which was really unusual for those boats. I did have to patch other little things and stuff like that, but, you know.

TM: What kind of spray skirt did it have?

MSC: We had actually real rubber spray skirts in those days, neoprene. There's a fellow in Pennsylvania named Charlie Walbridge you probably have heard of.

TM: Yep. Sure.

MSC: Charlie, back in the 70s, was selling mail-order glue-it-yourself kits for wetsuits and spray skirts and probably other stuff. I bought one of his kits for a wetsuit top and I wore it until I got too big for it, and it worked fine. But he would send you everything with a pattern, and you had to cut the neoprene to your pattern and then glue the edges. They were pretty slick and about a third of the cost of trying to find something ready-made, which was already difficult [laughs].

TM: Yeah. Yeah.

MSC: Yeah.

TM: Wow.

MSC: So, yeah. And we used...I mean, we had nylon spray skirts, too, for paddling on lakes and stuff. But, yeah, we actually had, in those days still real neoprene.

TM: Did you see anyone else on the trip that time of year? This was September/October.

MSC: I don't recall seeing one other trip the whole way. I'm sure there were other people down there, but, you know, we may have just been...

TM: Ahead or behind of you.

MSC: ...on the right... Right.

TM: Yeah. And how many days, do you remember how many days your trip was?

MSC: I think it was 17, or maybe 18, to Diamond Creek. It was longer than your normal, I remember that, because we were in the shoulder season and because we just wanted to make it longer, I guess. It was about I want to say 25 people altogether, and about half kayakers and half in the 33. Stan had an old Havasu, I think, or maybe it was an old Avon. Anyway, there was at least one row boat, I remember, and 33 and then about...

TM: Did you swim further down in Marble Canyon or was the Paria your only...?

MSC: Oh, no [laughs]. I swam most everything.

TM: Were you getting better as you went along?

MSC: That would be difficult to say [laughs]. I was getting better at swimming, yeah.

TM: [laughs] There you go.

MSC: I did my first river roll somewhere down there, because Baker kept telling me I needed to practice. The problem was that the water was so cold, and it wasn't all that warm temperature-wise. I mean, it was fine. It was sunny and nice but, you know, temperatures in the 70s and 80s, and then the moment you ducked your head into that water, it was like, "Oh my Jesus." So I didn't like practicing. And even when we got to camp, if I could sneak off and try to do a few in an eddy that was a little warmer than

anything else that didn't work too well either. But, yeah, I remember hitting my first roll in the river down there with Baker yelling at me to keep my head down. But, yeah, I swam basically anything big, including Lava. But it was maybe lowish water, I would say. The low lows were maybe 3,000 and the highs were maybe 8- or 10-.

TM: Oh, wow. That's not super high for the dam release.

MSC: Right. This was before they had decided how to regulate the flows in accordance with the science, which... Sometimes I wish I was a fish, because that's who's actually benefitted from that whole thing [laughs]. Or a fisher.

TM: That 3- to 8- was a daily event?

MSC: Pretty much. It was worse on the weekends, of course. But, yeah, it was pretty much every day some big fluctuations. I know because it was part of the duties to try to keep an eye on the boats at night. If they were dry in the morning, then it was you who got yelled at or organized the people to push them back.

TM: And that must have been a fairly difficult job for Williams in the tail-dagger, in a 33-foot tube there, because 8k is low to start, and then anything less than that is going to...

MSC: Yeah, it was. He put one about two-foot gash in it down... I don't remember exactly where, but somewhere Middle Gorge area before Deer Creek, and we had to sew it up that night and glue it and everything. But, otherwise, he did pretty good. He ran soft. In those days, that was a pretty good idea [laughs] in low water.

TM: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, with water that low, sure.

MSC: Yeah. So, anyway, the rest of my memories of that trip are basically just being awestruck and saying, "I need to get back down here." There were places I recognized sort of from the river that I had been to on the rim or down from the rim and stuff, but not a lot. I mean, you know, there was the obvious landmarks. There's Desert View and, you know, when we got to Phantom, you could walk up on the north side towards the Clear Creek trail and look back over to the south rim and things like that. But it was just the whole... Well, I mean, I don't think we'd be talking if you hadn't had the same reaction at some point [laughs].

TM: Sure.

MSC: You come around a corner, and there's just the most beautiful vista you've ever seen in your life. At that time, I was young enough that I just wanted to see it and see more of it. Later on, when you get a few years on you, you sort of wish you could stop time for a second and just have that in your heart and in your mind forever. But, being that young, it was sort of, "Okay, well, this is cool. What's around the next bend?" [laughs] Anyway, there wasn't any real emergencies or urgencies other than Michael's evacuation for his shoulder. Actually, I do remember it did rain on that trip because it was the night before we were taking out at Diamond, and we were down at maybe mile 220 or 221, and it just let loose buckets. And, in the middle of that rainstorm, at like 9:00 or 10:00 at night, we all heard Kirk Baker and his girlfriend in their tent get into an argument. You could just hear this bass voice and then this soprano and then this bass response and then this soprano and... And, so, all of us who were around the tent were kind of waiting to see who came out. And, sure enough, after about 10 minutes, the zipper comes down and thrown out is a pad and then a sleeping bag, and there's Kirk standing there [laughs].

So that was pretty funny—livened up an otherwise boring rainstorm [laughs]. I think he slept under the table in the kitchen that night. But, yeah, that was the last night of the trip. It didn't seem so terrible at the time. I mean, when you got up in the morning, you were at mile—I think it was 220. We were on the right side there, the big camp.

TM: Yeah. That's right.

MSC: I think, when we got up in the morning, the rain had let up, had gone, and it was sunny and there was steam rising everywhere.

TM: Wow. Yeah.

MSC: That's a really cool sort of thing, you know. So that kind of made up for a soggy night and we went on down to Diamond Creek and took out.

TM: So, at that time, your litigation had been filed, and no decision had been made yet. The management plan was going to be finally released in '79, but, by then, the courts had made their decisions.

MSC: Yes.

TM: Can you kind of tie all that up for us?

MSC: Well, the management plan was still being tweaked and torqued and fine-tuned. There were still opportunities for input, but... I think the public hearings were over with by '77 or '78. There may have been a few on various aspects, but, again, there's the two... It was a kind of bifurcated process at that time because there was the river and then there was the backcountry. And the Park Expansion Act had been passed back in, I think, that was '75 or...

TM: That's right.

MSC: Yeah, so you had the fallout from that in terms of... I mean, the Hualapai, the Havasu, the Pai, whatever, you know, Paiutes, whatever you want to call them, they all had new boundaries and also new interests. I'll just put it that way. The Havasu were really the only ones that had an ongoing tourist or, if you want to say, concession operation, and that was just limited to a few mules that they were dragging tourists down from the rim to the village. As far as I remember, the Hualapai didn't have any river operation at the time. I know Pete Resnick is the one that helped get that started, and I think that was about '79 or '80 before they got going with that. I mean, the Hualapai did have an eye on Diamond Creek because you could actually drive in from Peach Springs and go for a picnic if you wanted to go down that horrible road. So they had a bulldozer, and they had sort of a regular process for keeping track of who was going in and out of Diamond Creek. Because I remember with the Prescott College trips, even back in '70 and '71, we would stop at the tribal headquarters, I guess, in Peach Springs and pay them some fee for going up and down the road and tell them we were going in. The reason that you did that was if it rained and the road got washed out, then they need to send somebody down the road to [laughs] grab the bulldozer and fix it. But it was pretty informal in those days. So, with the tribes having more of a stake, if you will, in what was happening in the Canyon, the planning process for the CRMP and the wilderness proposal kind of spread out to try to grab some of that input. I mean, that's a pretty wishy-washy summary of it, but I honestly don't remember a lot of specifics. I do remember that Fred and I went up to the South Rim at some point and had a meeting with—I want to remember who was heading up the river unit in those days, but I cannot, and I don't have a reference to grab onto. But I

remember it was just a nothing meeting, that Fred and I both came out of it going, "Well, listen, we're not getting anywhere with this." And I think the assistant park superintendent was there. It was like a half-an-hour meeting: these are our concerns, this is why we're here, you know, blah, blah, blah, and they were, "Okay. Thank you. Goodbye." [laughs] It wasn't Nathaniel Reed, and it wasn't the park superintendent. It was some people who were obviously involved and important to the park there, but...

TM: Right. I'm trying to think about mid-70s. George Von der Lippe was the chief ranger.

MSC: That doesn't ring a bell.

TM: But he left right in there, so... And the superintendent would have been Merle Stitt, I believe, before...

MSC: Merle was the superintendent, yep. That's right.

TM: Okay. And I'm not sure who deputy would have been.

MSC: Yeah, I don't... Anyway, it was not a significant... I mean, nothing significant emerged from it, other than the park said, "Yeah, we know your position, basically [laughs], from the lawsuit."

TM: Had you hoped maybe, kind of talk with them a little bit and just see what they were going to do? You would withdraw your suit if it looked like they were going to readdress allocation issue or was it...

MSC: No.

TM: ...you know, just kind of a fact-finding for you guys to go up and see where they were at?

MSC: We were trying to see what they were thinking. To use that to talk to our constituency, small as it was, or whatever. It was not as collegial an environment in those days as it is today, let's say, or inclusive would be the [laughs] word today. It was polite and there wasn't a lot of shouting or screaming but it was plain to us that the park was going to see where the winds were blowing. And we knew that there were park personnel who were adamantly supporting wilderness. I mean, all you had to do was have a beer with some of the folks who lived up at the South Rim, afterhours, to find out what they really felt. I would say most, at least of the backcountry unit, was pretty vocal proponents for, "Yeah, this should all be wilderness," and in the river side of the house, including the river rangers. But, once you transitioned from the "slaves" [laughs] to the "management," there were other concerns.

TM: You know, one of the people you might have met with could have been Steve Martin.

MSC: Oh, yeah. That's who it was.

TM: Okay.

MSC: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. That name rings a bell.

TM: Because he was working on the plan there, and he would leave once the park got its marching orders from Congress but would come back as superintendent later on.

MSC: Right. I'm not sure "marching orders from Congress" is precisely right about the fallout from Hatch's rider. I think it was marching orders from the Department of Interior.

TM: Ah, sure.

MSC: Which was, "We're not going to jeopardize all of our operations for one little idealistic principle in one park" [laughs].

TM: Right. And there was a shift as well in politics in D.C. with the election of Ronald Reagan, President Reagan, and his appointment to the Secretary of Interior which was James Watt.

MSC: Right. Exactly.

TM: Okay.

MSC: Yeah. Well, I think that, actually, not Reagan's election, but as what a snake in the grass was emerged, I think there was a surrender by the park to the political realities. I mean, I think, I'd have to go back and look, but I think Watt took a river trip and actually helicoptered out at Phantom Ranch.

TM: Early, [laughs] Yes, that's right.

MSC: [laughs] You know, the folks that I met over all of the years that are working in the Grand Canyon or on the rims, and whether they're working for the park or whether they're working for the historical association or whether they're working for the outfitters or whether they're working for the concession or whatever, almost everybody, they're not there for the job. They're there for the Canyon. There's very few of them who want to see more development and more money, more roads, more vehicles, more traffic. So in many ways, it's a pretty friendly constituency. It's just unfortunate that the hierarchy of the park then, and I don't know anything about the hierarchy today, but then they were still career-oriented, and in order to keep moving up, you have to serve the political masters in Washington or at least not piss them off [laughs].

TM: Yes. Sure.

MSC: So, anyway, we continued to meet and keep a finger on the process during '78 and '79. At some point, I got down there on a commercial trip, rowing again, through Greg. But for the life of me I can't remember, it might have been an OARS trip. I remember the boat. I remember it was right when we were transitioning from using rope to using webbing to tie everything in. [laughs]

TM: Would this have been when you spoke with Mike Walker about doing a baggage trip?

MSC: It was before then because Mike hadn't gotten to Flagstaff yet. But Greg knew George Wendt, and a lot of different people knew George and somehow I got hooked up. I'm pretty sure it was an OARS trip. I remember the boat. And, like I say, I remember the part about the webbing versus rope because I was really jealous of the guys that had webbing. They were rigged about 10 times faster than the rest of us [laughs]. But it was a blur because it was, I think, 14 days to Diamond. And it was, you know, "put down the miles" kind of trip or "pull into camp and go to work" kind of trip.

TM: Yeah. Yeah. You don't remember who the OARS warehouse manager was at the time?

MSC: The warehouse manager... It wasn't Mike yet. Jesus... I'd have to look. I might have his name somewhere. I can sort of see somebody, but I can't put a finger on a name for the life of me.

TM: No worries. No worries. Just wanted to check. Who else was on that trip, '78/'79? Do you remember?

MSC: Oh, Jesus. Bago, maybe? Gebhardt. And maybe Mike Jacobs from Moab. I think that's how I got on the trip. Mike later died in an accident in North Canyon.

TM: Yeah.

MSC: I had met Brian Coombs in Moab. Brian and I became pretty good buddies later on, in '80/'81 ran a bunch of trips in Cat together.

TM: What do you remember about Jacobs? Didn't Michael...didn't he fall across from Blacktail on a Moki Mac back trip, or am I confusing him with somebody else?

MSC: No, I thought it was in North Canyon, but Michael was a good climber. That's basically what he went on river trips for, was to get away one afternoon and go climb something. He lived in this little house behind John Williams's house in Moab with a girl who later went on to become a ranger in Canyonlands and elsewhere, Barbara Warren, I think. I'm pretty sure Michael's the one that got me on the OARS trip. I don't remember who else. But like I said, it was a lot of work and not much time to really kick back and enjoy the scenery. So, by '78, I was basically going up to Moab, living in Prescott but going up to Moab every summer, sometimes early, and working out of Sidewinder. But I did other trips for other folks and drove shuttles and did just about anything. I mean, Moab was *maybe* 500 people in the winter, maybe 1,500 in the summer in those days.

TM: Yeah. Small.

MSC: Yeah. There was one real traffic light and one blinking light [laughs] in those days. But there was a bunch of different companies around there, some of which are no longer around: North American; Outlaw Trails, which was A. C. Ekker's outfit.

TM: What do you remember about A. C.?

MSC: I remember that every time I saw him, which was maybe a dozen times altogether, mostly at put-ins or take-outs or in town, he always had blue jeans and cowboy boots on, whether he was on the river or [laughs] in his truck. He was a character, you know, a big...I mean, a "hale-fellow-well-met" kind of guy. He would recognize everybody and come over and say hello. He was one of the first, I'm not going to say *the* first, but along with Mitch Williams at Tag-A-Long, he was one of the first to link up, like, Jeep trips and river trips. One of his selling points for his companies was that you could go for three days in a Jeep out in Canyonlands and then come back and take a four-day river trip or five-day river trip. I mean, quite frankly, at that point, I was looking to make a living or to be able to keep my truck in relatively good shape. There was more opportunity. I remember in the late 70s—'78, '79, '80—a lot of the clientele in Moab and in the Grand was European because the exchange rate between the dollar and the various euro currencies was favorable.

TM: Yeah.

MSC: So there were a lot more Europeans coming over and taking trips than previous. And also, I think, the word was just getting around. Today, there's a lot more people from the Far East, particularly China and, to some extent, from Japan and stuff, but back then, it was Euro-weenies as some people referred to them [laughs]. So, anyway, the lawsuit percolated along, and I would periodically call Fred. We didn't see each other for a couple of years in there somewhere or maybe, you know, a year and a half. I just kind of kept tabs on where it was, which was we had lost and appealed, and appeal was turned down and lost and resurrected. It wound its way through the courts all the way to the Supreme Court, and

then the Supreme Court refused to review the lower court findings, which were... The case that sunk us, the precedent that sunk us, was this silly lawsuit in, I think, the late 20s, 1920s, about bus companies on the National Mall in Washington. Reading the case, what I could basically surmise was that tourism had just started to take off with people wanting to come to Washington and see the sights, and there were competing open bus, kind of the London double-decker style buses, up and down Constitution Avenue and around the mall that offered trips for people to go see the sights; the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, blah, blah, blah, and, you know, of course, the White House and Supreme Court, the whole nine yards, which I later saw too much of, but... So, somehow, it got to be a mess. I don't know who sued, but the ruling was that the Park Service had the right to award concessions to qualified operators in order to provide access to the public. And that is what sunk us because somehow that wording of 'providing access to the public' got cut and pasted into access to parks or just public access in general. There was a linkage between concession and public access. That remains, as far as I know, the case today. There is still that connection. And the outfitters make it vehemently that they are the ones that are providing access to the public and private users are this elite group that can afford to go and, you know, blah, blah, blah.

TM: Right. Interesting. Okay. So that would have hurt, except that the park also came forward with...instead of a 92-8, came forward with a roughly 70-30...

MSC: 70-30.

TM: ...70-30 split in access. So they greatly increased the do-it-yourself access.

MSC: Right.

TM: How did you guys look at that? What did you think, because here's a—okay, you lost in court and, yet, what you were looking for, which was greater access seemed to happen.

MSC: Well, there were a couple of things around that. There was never some night when Fred and Dick Hertzler and I sat around and sort of mused on this, but there were times when I went out to his place in Scottsdale or saw Hertzler up in Prescott, and we would talk. You have to understand that, by the time the CRMP was announced and implemented in '79, '80, '81, the outdoor revolution was going on, and everything was changing. Kayaks were made out of plastic. I tested some of the first fiber clothing for Yvon Chouinard. He sent me a jacket that I wore, and I had to go back—Gore-Tex, which we would call "Gay-Tex" because it didn't work. But what was happening was in virtually every aspect of the outdoor experience, whether you were a climber or a hiker or a boater or skier or mountaineer, whatever, name it, there was an explosion in gear that made the experience available to a lot more people. All of a sudden, a lot of the uncomfortable aspects of wool and wood [laughs] had been removed from the river running experience, at least, and in every aspect. I mean, I know my pack went from 50 or more pounds to like 35 was plenty. [laughs] And that extended to the numbers of people who were interested in boating. The very, very, very first self-bailers were kind of pathetic experiments up in Oregon. I remember seeing one of them up on a trailer and going, "Why would you put holes in the bottom of your boat?" [laughs]

TM: Right. Right.

MSC: Or, as my friend Jensen says, self-fillers, not self-bailers. But I think that, for whatever reasons, and you'd have to talk to the park people to find out how they were thinking and why they agreed to increase the allocation, but it turned out to be pretty prescient because there were a lot more people, a lot more of us, by, like, say, 1985 than there had been in 1975. So the 30 percent share of the pie, even

though it was accompanied with an overall increase in the use, placated, to some extent, the demand, let's say. Again, if you're looking at it from the park perspective, all of this takes place against the backdrop of the political situation in Washington, which was pro-business and pro... Let's just say it was pro-business [laughs]. So, you know, the outfitters never really had to give up anything. As a matter of fact, they all got increases. And we got an increase. And, so, from the park's perspective, we made both constituencies better off, if not happy. "We've fixed this, let's move on." And I think that's pretty much where it stayed until the late 90s when you and other folks went after them to get the CRMP started again when they abandoned it.

TM: You know, one of the things that we missed, and it took us a while to figure out, and so I'm wondering if this is something you missed as well. In dealing with a question of who gets to go, as you say, you can placate a group by giving them more access. And the way to do that is to just carve that out of the sky and say, "We're going to put more doors into the entrance to the movie theater."

MSC: Right.

TM: And, yet, what that does is it... You know, the park started the River Management planning process in the early, mid-70s because there were too many people. And the final dust settling in 1981 greatly increased the number of people. So, instead of reallocating use amongst the different groups of users, the park added more use on top of a situation that was already packed. Did that cross your threshold there of concern, at the time?

MSC: Oh, yeah. Definitely. Very definitely. I think I've spoken previously, the science behind the determination of carrying capacity back in the 70s was very opaque. And it was also much more oriented to... The questions that were on the questionnaire about the river experience in the 70s were stuff that was concerned with your perception of crowding: whether you saw other trips, how many you saw, whether you felt like it was crowded, you know, blah, blah, blah. It wasn't directed to the environmental impacts very much. I mean, the obvious ones, for want of a better word, the shitholes [laughs] and all the other stuff. I mean, the park would argue by 1980 or '81 that, "Yeah, we increased use, but we've spread it out. We've limited the number of launches per day. We've put in these environmental safeguards, groovers and kitchen procedures and fire pans and all this other stuff." That would be the park's response.

TM: Sure. And those were great changes. The demand that the public pack out their own solid waste; the termination of building fires on the beach. These were huge steps in a much-needed direction.

MSC: Absolutely. But it wasn't lost on Fred, particularly, that the overall numbers were going way up.

TM: Right.

MSC: It was about a—as I remember, it was about a 50 percent increase overall. There wasn't... Well, there were two things going on. One is, I think, people were weary and wanted to see if this new plan would work. And the other thing was that now more people could go, so everybody would fight for a little piece of the slightly bigger pie rather than sort of go back and say, "Wait a minute." I mean, for me today [laughs] in 2018, this is the first year I'm actually having to think maybe I shouldn't go this year. Maybe I should let somebody else go. Not because I don't want to, but because I've been fortunate enough to get down there many, many times, including the last 5 years in a row. I think I know more about taking care of the place than I did 30 years ago but, at some point you have to say, okay, the thing is hammered and I should let it rest, or I should do my part to let it rest. Of course, the obvious response

to that is, if you don't go, somebody else is going to go. [laughs] It's not an easy sort of intellectual wrestling match.

TM: Well, at one point, we just get too old. I mean, there's Dick Griffith.

MSC: Right.

TM: Ninety, 90 years old, from 1951, his run of Lava Falls in a rubber boat. He was just down there this last year.

MSC: Yep.

TM: And God bless the man. I think that's really neat. But, again, not all of us, certainly as we get older, can continue to do the things we did when we were 20. So, at one point, you have to say, "Okay. What is my last trip?"

MSC: Right.

TM: And what does that mean, for better or for worse?

MSC: Well, yeah. I talked in our last chat about Joy Unricht and what, in many ways, an inspiration she was to me, because she's a little tiny girl who rowed great big boats with the same, or even better, result as guys who were 6'4" and 220 with muscles in their eyebrows.

TM: Sure.

MSC: Joy went on to contract colon cancer, which was diagnosed about two weeks after her honeymoon.

TM: Oh my gosh.

MSC: By then, I had moved on to join the Foreign Service. Were in Tanzania. It was 1989/1990. Joy and her new husband were going to stay in our house after they climbed Kilimanjaro. So they went off and climbed Kilimanjaro. We were moving. We never did see her. And, about two weeks later, I called some friends in Salt Lake, and they said, "Well, Joy went in for her physical after she got back from Africa, and they found colon cancer." She was 40 years old. But Joy was, I would say, very well-loved by her community of river runners. She finally went on her last Grand trip, I think, in '94 or '95. Maybe it was even a little earlier. And it was written up in an article in *Outside*, which you might be able to find, back when *Outside* was still a paper [laughs] edition. I don't even know if they are today. Anyway, the story of her last trip down the Grand Canyon was written up. At the end of the trip, when they took out, everybody's saying goodbye, and they're all emotional because they know it's the last time they're going to see Joy. She, at that point, had a bag and all kinds of problems. She looked them all right in the eye and said, "Don't cry. One trip has to end so another one can begin." It's pretty difficult to contemplate never seeing the place that you love more than any other in the whole world. But I think you're right. Everybody's going to have to face that at some point. In my case, it's not physical decrepitude yet [laughs].

TM: Good.

MSC: It's going to be [laughs], but it's not there quite yet. And, again, it's the advances in boating. I've finally found this boat that knows its way and lets me row it, so I'm perfectly happy and contemplating a trip this April. I'm not 100 percent sure I'm going to go yet. But I've been invited, which is the first step.

TM: Yeah.

MSC: So, you know, I've been really fortunate in a lot of ways. I remember, when I was young, I used to say, "It's better to be lucky than rich." And I've been lucky. The river brought me my wife, and my wife kind of made me realize there's other things besides rivers. So, I have no complaints. I do think there's a lot of adjustments in the world, and there's a great deal of it in how we decide who gets to go where [laughs]. But, you know, I mean, compared to some of the grand things going on today, who should be allowed to go down the Grand Canyon is not going to engage very much of the public's interest.

TM: Right. Yeah. Nice. Another question I wanted to ask you here was about Stan Hollister.

MSC: Oh, yeah. Stan. Sorry.

TM: No worries. No, no, this is very good. I really appreciate your reviewing the litigation, the concept, and sort of, you know, kind of where we are today. These issues are still with us.

MSC: Very much so.

TM: I guess I should probably tie that up is—one way of looking at this "Who gets to go?" issue in the bottom of the Grand Canyon, which seems like a very elitist subject, is as we move forward into the distribution of scarce resources, if we can come up with a equitable plan that is solemn and visionary, if you will, that may be helpful, actually, in federal land management making equally difficult decisions on who gets to go in the future at other places.

MSC: Absolutely. And I think the lottery concept has spread, whether it's because of the Grand Canyon model or other, but it's definitely spread everywhere. I mean, I entered the lottery for The Wave, which we used to call Coyote Buttes. I mean, I used to be able to walk in there when I would be driving back and forth between Kanab and Page or Kanab and the Ferry or whatever. Now, you have to enter a lottery [laughs]. They give 20 permits, or they allow 20 people and, you know, I haven't won it yet [laughs]. I went down there in-person last year, didn't win that one either. I think that the whole concept of a lottery is the bureaucratic solution to the access issue. What can be fairer than just pure luck? Well, you know, I've got a lot of ideas about what could be fairer, but, you know... One of the more radical ones is if you've been once, you shouldn't go again. They've tried that too in certain places. You get once in a lifetime. I mean, hunting you get one lifetime chance at a buffalo or Rocky Mountain sheep or any of the number of big game animals. So there's all kinds of things that are out there on the periphery that haven't really been looked at, any combination of which might be a lot fairer or more equitable or just better for the resource. I think that's what's lacking in the current system, is that the park has kind of lost sight of this "unimpaired for future generations" mandate that they have, which is a shame. You can't keep making people happy by making bigger pies.

TM: Right. It's got to be really tough for the agency, for the Park Service, in that if their funding is being cut back and their personnel are shrinking and the demands for visitation are increasing, and they can put a fee on each person who shows up, then you have to balance impairment with operations. What a terrible place to find yourself as a park planner or a manager.

MSC: Yeah. I mean, when the whole issue of user fees came up, which I believe was back in the 90s the first time...

TM: That's right.

MSC: ...I was just furious [laughs]. What happened with that was then the broad mass of the public became comfortable with, well, if you want to go see a national park, then you pay, or if you want to use your national forest, then you pay, rather than, we're all in this together, and it should be part of our taxes.

TM: Right. It's a tussle between paying to play and public domain, the concept that these lands are held in trust for the public. Not that they have to pay to go out there and visit what is theirs.

MSC: Right. But, I mean, my wife and I still get out probably 30/40 nights a year, and half of those maybe are in campgrounds. Now, when I pull up to a campground and I see American Lands and Leisure signs, it makes me furious. That used to be what you did when you joined the Forest Service. You cleaned the toilets. You maintained the campgrounds. You dealt with the public [laughs]. You did all these things. And now, in that sense, the Reagan Revolution has succeeded, because we decided that the best way to do all this is just turn it over to a private, profit-making corporation and let them deal with all the headaches, not really thinking through this about what the message you're sending and what the consequences of that is.

TM: Right.

MSC: I don't know how you make the world a better place other than to keep fighting. But I think, when it comes to allocation in the Grand Canyon, we haven't got it right yet. Probably the difference today from 35 years ago is I won't pretend that I know how to make it better [laughs].

TM: [laughs] Oh, boy, I sure understand that.

MSC: Yeah, my righteous religious fervor has left [laughs], abated.

TM: Tempered, tempered by rational realism, I suppose.

MSC: Well, yeah, tapered by 40 years of scars and 2 children. But back to Stan.

TM: Please.

MSC: I got to know Stan in Moab. He had been working for an outfit up in Ontario. He's a Canuck. He had been running great big boats down the Ottawa River, on the Ottawa daily. And I want to say it was something like Voyageurs or... Anyway, when I was stationed in Ottawa, I went out to the outfitter, who's still there. They have a camp on the Ottawa River where they take out at. They have a ropes course and zipline and all kinds of stuff. And, in the brief Canadian summer, they do pretty well. Anyway, I went out there 30 years later to see if anybody remembered him, and nobody did. Of course, ownership had passed on and stuff. But Stan, when he was in his 20s, had worked running both motors and these huge paddle rafts, they had like 20 footers, down the Ottawa. I don't know how he got out to Moab or started running rivers, but he was a Hatch boatman and came and ran trips for us at Sidewinder. In '78 and '79, both years in the late, late fall, like November, he and I did the science trips for Woodward-Clyde, which is an engineering firm in San Francisco, and it was to see about citing a nuclear waste disposal, which later became WIPP that's in Nevada. But Stan was a—he was sort of in the Chuck Carpenter mode of dirtbag, except he didn't drink. He didn't smoke. He did also live out of a VW

van. He took fastidious care of his equipment. He had this old Mae West, and when the kapok would get punctured, he would spend an hour taking all the stitching out of the pouch, the one that was punctured, and open it up so he could slide the dead waterlogged one out. And then he'd cut one off of a new jacket and put it in there because he liked his old jacket. And it had patches and various girlfriends would adorn it with embroidery and all this stuff. The park would give him no end of shit...

TM: Oh, yeah, I'm sure.

MSC: [laughs] ...about this jacket. And he would just smile and go, "Sure, okay, yeah, yeah. Here's a good one. Here, I'll take this one." And then, the moment he got on the river, he'd put his old jacket on, of course. Anyway, Stan ran great trips. Tried to learn how to paddle a kayak, and he would use a kayak paddle that had no offset, no feather. I tried to explain to him over and over that you wanted that offset because if you paddle into the wind, one blade is always going to be getting hammered, and it's just easier on the wrists and everything. He refused to believe it. He'd done too much canoeing. So he had this kayak, this wooden kayak paddle that I think he made. And he just, you know, beat his head against the wall trying to learn to kayak. Finally gave it up realizing he wasn't destined to be a kayaker. He was great in a canoe.

TM: I bet.

MSC: He understood the river and stuff, but... Anyway, Stan and his... I guess it was '85...'84...'84, yeah. It was '84. So in '83, which everybody thinks was the big water year because of what happened in the Grand with Glen Canyon Dam, '84 was actually... There was more runoff in Cataract in '84 than there was in '83, higher runoff. Stan had taken to swimming, swimming rapids. He would go down with a couple of black bags with his gear and full wetsuit and flippers and swim. In '83, he swam Cataract at 61,000, I think it was.

TM: Whoa.

MSC: But in '84, he tried it again, and they found his body down at the lake.

TM: Right.

MSC: So he passed away. But he was quite a character. He was not real talkative, but always three or four steps ahead of everybody else on the trip. One of those kind of quiet, just very capable guys who, you know, if you ever did get into any difficulty, he was exactly the one you wanted along. So, those are my recollections of Stan.

TM: Nice. And Mike Walker. You mentioned that Mike was running OARS when you showed up asking for a job one day. How did that go?

MSC: Well, it didn't go well because... This would have been about '79 or '80. I think it was '80. As I recall, '79 was a really low water year. It was one of those years, it was either '78 or '79, when Cat only got up to like 12,000.

TM: Wow. And the typical average low is in the 30s for pre-dam, pre-1960s spring runoff peak is in the 30s. So 12 is phenomenal.

MSC: Yeah. No, it was terrible. I think it was '79 because I remember rowing a lot [laughs] to make very few miles. Anyway, I think it was '79 I decided if the water's going to be this low, maybe I should just go south and work in the Grand again, or try to. So I went to Flagstaff, and I think Mike had just become the

warehouse manager for OARS. I went in and talked to him, and he basically said, "Well, yes, I've heard of you, and you've got some references and this and that, but our training regimen is more or less you work three trips for free, and then if you pass [laughs] approval, we'll pay you." I said, "Well, geez, these are long trips." I mean, the OAR rowing trips in those days were 14 days to Diamond Creek or 13 nights/14 days, which means you have to pretty much stay on the sticks, and if the wind blows, you know, you're not going anywhere. I said, "Well, geez, that sounds like an awful lot of work." And, he goes, "Well, yeah. I mean, you get your share of the tips and whatever the group might make at the end, but we don't pay you an actual wage." I said, "Well, I can work other places and actually get paid." So that never came to fruition. I wasn't willing to work three trips for free. But there were people who were then and remain today. In 2016—and this is probably a good story to conclude on—in 2016, I was down there on my son's permit and the dories had come along. They were camped at Stone. We went down; we wanted to get Racetrack and do the Tapeats hike, but we got the one across because there was somebody in Racetrack. So we got the one on the left side.

TM: Talking Heads, on the left.

MSC: Yeah, the big beach. Right.

TM: Yeah. Yeah.

MSC: Yeah. The next morning, we rowed over to Tapeats, and about half of our group made the hike around to Thunder River and down to Deer Creek and the rest of us were hanging out at Tapeats. I was making water because the pump had been turned off at Phantom and we were getting pretty low on water. So I was pumping water with a big Katadyn and it comes four dories. It's a pretty small eddy to begin with there, and we had, like, four rafts in it. But we made room for them. They were kind of typical dory folk, not much interested in us, which was fine. But they had to walk through all of us in order to get off on the hike. So, they pretty much all chased off and left one boatman behind. That boatman was the guy rowing the baggage raft, a big 18-foot Sotar piled with, geez, 15 Paco pads and I don't know how much personal gear and all this other stuff. Anyway, it turned out he was a buddy with one of the guys on our trip who had gone off to make the hike but was only going to go a little ways up and then come back. He wasn't going to go all the way around. So the guy on our trip comes back, and he sees his buddy, and they start talking and having a beer out on the dories. It turns out this guy rowing the baggage boat for the dories is a fireman in Montana, and he does a dory trip every year as his vacation and does not get paid [laughs]. So I'm talking to him about why would you do this? He's in his 40s, you know, and I'm saying, "Why would you do that?" And he goes, "Well, because... Tom Martin and I have talked about this." I said, "People will do anything to get down here." And he said, "Well, yeah. It's that, partly, but it's also a chance to be with the dory folk and all this stuff." Well, something set me off because as much as I admire dories and think they're beautiful, I think the best description of them is, again, from my friend Mark Jensen: "gaily colored eggshells."

TM: Yes! Yes! Well done [laughs].

MSC: Mark would go on to tell you they don't haul anything. You can't keep a cooler in them [laughs]. But I'll just call them "gaily colored eggshells."

TM: Good. Yes.

MSC: So, you know, I tell him this, and he kind of reddens a little bit and starts defending dories. Just about then, here comes four more of the dories. What they had done is, their trip that had been camped at Stone, they had split the trip into the people who were capable of making the hike around

and the people who were going to hang back and just hike up Stone and then go on down. So they pull in; there's four more dories that pull in. About this time, I guess I'd had a beer or two, and I need to urinate. So I wade out into the river where the dories are all tied up. There's now eight dories and four rafts in the Tapeats eddy, upper.

TM: Crowded.

MSC: So [laughs] I'm sort of trying to be discreet, and the other dories are just talking to the couple of dory boatmen who had stayed behind about where they're going and what they're doing, where they'll meet up. So I look over, and there's this dory that I recognize called, I think it's the *Veil of Rhiannon*, which is this waterfall in Ireland that Martin named one of his dories after. So I look at this boat, and it's beautiful. Everything fresh. I mean, perfect. Spanking fresh paint and everything else. But there's this basketball-sized hole right at the waterline [laughs] on the right side with this patch on it. I do my business and go back to shore and start talking to this baggage boatman and I go, "That boat is gorgeous. I recognize the boat." And he goes, "Yeah, this guy spent all winter working on it and supposedly \$3,000 to fix it just in materials." I go, "Wow, that's impressive. How'd that hole get in the side?" [laughs] He says, "Oh, just back upriver here a couple days ago... It wasn't the boatman's fault, the dory just got sucked over onto this rock." I said, "Yeah. That's a shame." [laughs] Anyway, they went on down to Deer Creek, and we went on down to Deer Creek. And when we got to Deer Creek, there were 12 private rafts that had each tied in singly to the shore. So almost the entire shore was taken up, each raft tied off to the shore instead of double-stacking them or anything. Then there were four dories, the other four hadn't come down yet. And then there were two Western rigs, S-Rigs, the huge things.

TM: Yep.

MSC: When I pulled in, I was like, "Jesus," you know. So I went all the way down to right where the water comes out of Deer Creek, which is really rocky and you have that bar there. I pulled in there, and I got our boats in there, and we double-stacked ours, even triple-stacked them, because we were basically empty. We were just waiting for our hikers to come around. The Western boatmen, they had like 20 or 23 people on each boat and their people were... I was sort of worried. I had one hand on my first aid kit because these folks were not [laughs] used to being out there, and they were clambering all around. They had trouble just getting over the lines, the bow lines, to get over to see Deer Creek Falls. I'm like, this is the most people I've ever seen here. So I go over to talk to one of the Western boatmen, who turned out to be a swamper, and he says, "Yeah, we got two more boats coming in." I said, "Well, you're going to have to put them up above. There's no more room down here." And he goes, "Yeah, I'll go wave them in there." So two more Western boats come in, and they pull over up above the eddy at Deer Creek and send their people around over the rock. You probably know...

TM: Right. Yep. Yep. That's a good little scramble up there. Sure.

MSC: I'm like, "Jesus," you know. So, anyway, by my modest estimation, there were 200 people at Deer Creek Falls. All I wanted for my hikers to get down so we could leave. One of the private parties had decided that the place to eat lunch was right there on the ever-shrinking sandbar. So they set up an umbrella and their tables and everything right there and had lunch. I went over to talk to them and said, "You know, maybe next time you'd consider this ain't the best place to eat lunch." I was trying to be diplomatic, which I already told you I'm not. They just looked at me like I was from Mars. I said, "If you don't mind 150 people walking through your lunch, then..." [laughs] Anyway, they didn't get it at all. I was interested in where they were camping, so they said, "Well, we're going to try to get somewhere down towards Kanab Creek." I don't remember what they told... Might have been Olo, which I would

never camp in, but I didn't tell them that. Anyway, so I thought, well, maybe I'd better go talk to these Western guys. So I found one of the boatmen from the Western trip. I don't have his name, but he had red hair and weighed about 230 pounds and dwarfed me. So I said, "Well, what were you guys..." No, so he asked me. He said, "Where were you thinking of camping?" I said, "Well, we're going to try to take Pancho's Kitchen." He goes, "Oh. We were going to go to Pancho's." I go, "Well there's the Football Field right below there. You could go there." And he goes, "Oh, no, no, no, no. Didn't they tell you at the orientation that the big camps are for the big trips and the little camps are for the little trips?" I said, "No, as a matter of fact, they didn't tell me that." He's [laughs] looking at me. So then he decides he's not going to get anywhere with that line, and he sort of throws his arm around me and hugs me and goes, "Well, hell, we're all here for the same reason." I said, "No, we're not. You're here to make money, and I'm here because I've got a trip with my family." [laughs] He did not like that at all.

TM: Wow. Good for you. It's good to know these things.

MSC: But that's the literal... I mean, right there is kind of my whole experience in a nutshell. There's 200 people at Deer Creek. 100 of them are on 4 Western rigs, which they "were running 2 separate trips." They want to shame me into giving them Pancho's [laughs].

TM: So how did that all work out? Did your people get in, and did you get out of there down to Pancho's before Western pulled out?

MSC: Yeah. It worked out perfect. Just about the time that the Western folks realized that I wasn't going to be cooperating, my hikers showed up. I grabbed them all, threw them in the boats, rowed across the river, and went into Pancho's and was sitting there on the shore, setting my kitchen up, when they went by. So [laughs]... One of the Western groups did go into Football. The other one went somewhere else.

TM: Well, it would have been Backeddy right around the corner or headed on downstream for Doris or something else.

MSC: Yeah, he was trying to talk me into going across the river to Deer Creek.

TM: Oh, to across from Deer Creek?

MSC: Yeah. You know.

TM: Or OC's down below. Yeah. No, it's... And this is the issue. If you don't reallocate and you simply—meaning if you've got 100 chairs, and you say, "Okay, well, 70 of these chairs are for you, and 30 of these chairs are for you. We're going to reallocate. So now 30 of these chairs are only for the 70 people, and now 70 chairs are for the 30 people." That's not going to add more chairs to the room. But if you say, "Okay, we've got 30 chairs here and 70 chairs there. We're going to add another 50 chairs. So now we've got 80 chairs over here and 70 chairs over there."

MSC: Right.

TM: Well, now, there's... I'm sorry, there's 150 chairs in the room and where do those 50 chairs go? So this is the dilemma we face today.

MSC: Yeah. And, again, the one thing that hasn't changed is—and this goes back to the 50s, as far as I'm concerned—your access is still mainly dependent on your economic status. I mean, even back in the 50s, if you could afford it, you could get Norm Nevills or whoever was around, the Riggs brothers, to take you down the river. Now, it was a lot cheaper then and a lot more participatory, which is, I think, the other

side of this coin. But it's always been—and this may have been one of the arguments that the park used in the lawsuit, is that it's always been a matter of economics. Poor folks don't—except for Georgie and Aleson or whatever—poor folks don't take river trips.

TM: You know, that's exactly right. Georgie and Harry Aleson in the 40s, into the 50s—of course, Georgie didn't start her commercial stuff until the 50s, but Harry, in the late 40s, he undercut Norm Nevills, who was charging \$1,000 in 1942. And then, if you kind of worked on Norm, he'd bring that down to \$500, still a huge amount of money at the time. Harry just undercut that incredibly.

MSC: Right.

TM: So, you know, there's... And then Georgie did the same with her share-the-expense trips.

MSC: Yeah. And Ken Sleight and others. There were...

TM: Right.

MSC: Not all outfitters are—and this is the other side of the coin that a lot of private folks, including some of the people that we've engaged on Mountain Buzz—and I just don't think there's anything to be gained by casting the outfitters as evil and with bad intentions. A lot of them, including the Quists with Moki...

TM: Oh, absolutely.

MSC: ...they care as deeply about the resource as we do. They're just coming at it from a family connection. If I had been born with the last name Quist or Staveley or [laughs] a lot of the other things, I would be just as adamant about the fact that what I'm providing is a service to the public as they are.

TM: Absolutely. Absolutely. No, certainly, certainly. I get that. I get that they would say that. You know, you really have to dive deep into the details of all this to really start seeing there's some real questions to be asked and still to be sorted out for the future.

MSC: Well, let's hope so.

TM: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. That's the point. Michael St. Clair, thank you so very, very much for such a wonderful three-part interview. Today is Monday, January 15, 2018. I'm very, very grateful for your taking the time to spend with me as we talk about Grand Canyon and past management practices.

MSC: Well, thank you, Tom, and I hope it helps a little bit. I'm not sure it's worth transcribing, but [laughs] that's up to you guys.

TM: [laughs] We'll leave that to the transcribers and see what they think. Hold the line for a minute.

MSC: Sure.