

boatman's quarterly review



the journal of
Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc.
volume 11 number 3
summer 1998

Dodge Meets Holmstrom
Hostage on the San Juan
Outfitters are Obsolete
A Tale of Two Rivers
Whale Foundation
Wilderness Law
The Brave Ones
Survey Results
Adopt-A-Youth
If It Ain't Broke
Stone Creek
Passings
Snakes
CRMP
Ompi
Joy
S



Shorty
Burton

People and Programs in a Primitive Area

THERE'S A LOT GOING ON for the river these days, programs and plans that will directly influence river trips in Grand Canyon for many years to come: the Colorado River Management Plan, the draft Wilderness Management Plan, and Adaptive Management Program for the operation of Glen Canyon Dam. Then there are other plans that have indirect, yet very important impacts on the river experience: the Overflights Act and the Canyon Forest Village development at the entrance to the south rim of Grand Canyon.

Grand Canyon River Guides has about 2,000 members in 49 states and six foreign countries. We are mostly river guides and their clients, with some river outfitters, private boaters, and various others. GCRG represents a broad range of people who care a lot for Grand Canyon. So, make yourself heard! Here's my perspective on what's up.

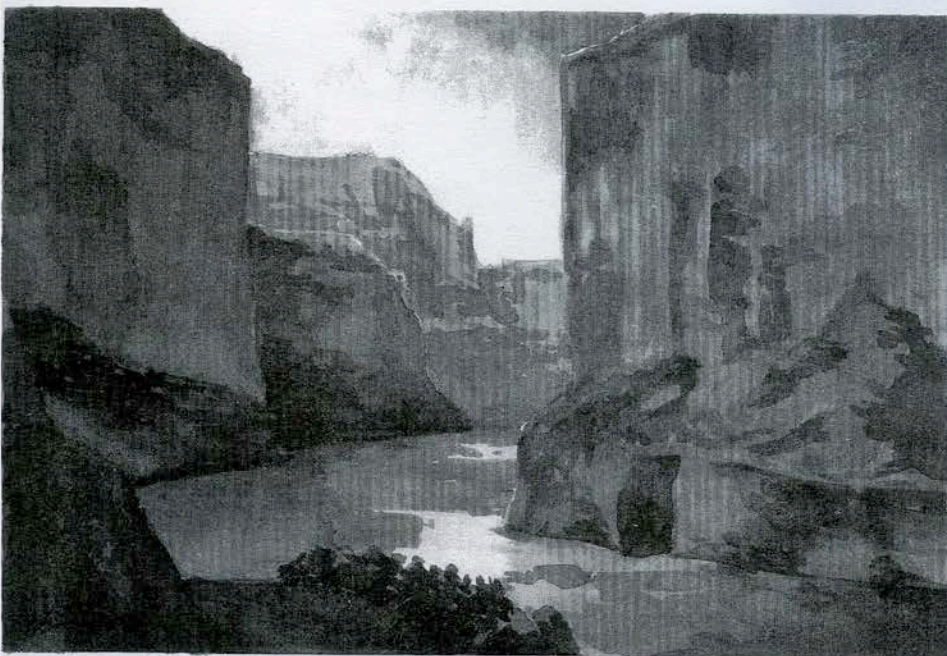
Colorado River Management Plan: The CRMP is the Park Service's set of rules on how people get to go down the river: who, what, when, where, how, how fast, how often, etc. Public input began September, 1997 and continued into early 1998. The biggest issue has centered around private river runners wanting more access. The Park has compiled public input and currently organized focus groups on five major topics. Contact Linda Jalbert at GCNP to find out how you can be involved. My opinion: Demand will always exceed supply. The pie is only so big and should not

get bigger. Even with commercial allocation in high demand, the private waiting list should be reduced to 3-4 years. It can be done. Commercial outfitters have contributed valuable solutions to this problem. They can also help correct other inequities in the system by providing reasonable benefits and compensation for their guides (AzRA and Arizona River Runners have made great strides) and providing opportunities for average-income people to go down the river who are otherwise excluded by the high prices (Western River Expeditions ought to bring back Georgie's program for the common people).

Wilderness Management Plan: Grand Canyon National Park's draft WMP is now available for public comment. It states how the Park Service will meet its mandate to manage the back country of Grand Canyon according to wilderness precepts, until Congress decides whether or not to designate it as an official Wilderness Area. My opinion: it is a wilderness and we ought to keep it that way. Allow motor boats on the river, but only if they are the quieter, non-polluting, four-stroke motors. Motor boats whisk people through the canyon quickly and with relatively little impact. They offer shorter trips for those with little time. Hurrah to the outfitters who are voluntarily making the transition to quiet technology (Arizona River Runners leads the pack!) Thanks to all you motor boatmen who respectfully throttle down when passing others.

Adaptive Management Work

Group: The AMWG is composed of 25 stakeholders on the Colorado River, appointed by Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt, to advise him on how best to operate the dam to preserve the river ecosystem (mandated by the Grand Canyon Protection Act of 1992). As the representative of recreational river runners, I meet monthly with the Technical Work Group to plan and work out issues. So far, we've mostly dealt with endangered species issues and another possible flood flow to rebuild beaches in Grand Canyon. A flood flow is not going to happen this year, although we thought it might. But, it could very well happen in the future. We're developing the possibility of an even higher flow, maybe 60,000- 80,000 cfs for a couple of days, when hydrologic and ecosystem



MARBLE CANYON

WEBSTER 1998

conditions are right for it. My opinion: river scientists need to reach out to river runners by willingly providing their knowledge and not competing for critical camps. It's the only way people will continue to support the science and monitoring on the river.

Overflights Issue: This continues to be contentious. A few businessmen make big dough in this market, and continue to side with the FAA against the NPS and Hualapai Tribe to gain more access. My opinion: Take it back to 1984 levels as mandated by Congress. Everybody else is regulated, why not them? For over 25 years, I've led backpacking groups into the canyon and floated commercial groups down the river. I've also taken a commercial helicopter overflight over the eastern canyon. There's no comparison between the experiences. One is profound and meaningful; the other is just a short thrill. Tourists who want to fly over the canyon can have a more exciting and less expensive aerial experience watching the IMAX film in Tusayan.

Canyon Forest Village: There is big pressure to build a gateway community at the entrance to the south rim of Grand Canyon. In the U.S. Forest Service eis process (Alternative H) Canyon Forest Village (CFV) promises a comprehensive, environmentally-concerned, planned community with housing, infrastructure, environmental education, and lots of new retail and hotel space. The local hotel owners in Tusayan are struggling to show the Forest Service that it's not necessary.

Why should river runners be concerned? Because any new development will require water, which would be sucked out of the regional aquifer beneath the plateau. Do this for awhile, and dozens of small seeps and springs that sustain the desert ecosystem in Grand Canyon (Elves Chasm, Havasu) will begin to dry up. But, now CFV has come up with a "solution" to this problem. They have struck a deal with commercial and governmental agencies to ship water by train from the Colorado River in Needles to their proposed development, resulting in more water to be recharged into the aquifer through time! My opinion: assuming a gateway community is necessary, this Rube Goldberg plan may just be a viable solution to a very critical issue.

These issues are all about the kind of experience people want to have in Grand Canyon. They are also about respecting the integrity of the primitive experience and the ecosystem. There is much money to be made by a very few people with commercial interests. We should be wary of the motivations of commercial interests, and work to create opportunities for solitude, time, and personal involvement. The concept of a wilderness experience has fuzzy boundaries. Let's be sure we create an enlightened vision for human access

boatman's quarterly review

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

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

* Protecting Grand Canyon *

* Setting the highest standards for the river profession *

* Celebrating the unique spirit of the river community *

* Providing the best possible river experience *

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

Officers

President	ANDRÉ POTOCHNIK
Vice President	CHRISTA SADLER
Secretary/Treasurer	LYNN HAMILTON
Directors	MARY ELLEN ARNDORFER BOB GRUSY JON HIRSH BERT JONES LARRY STEVENS JON STONER

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

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

Deadlines for submissions are the 1st of January, April, July and October. Thanks.

Our office location: 515 West Birch, Flagstaff, Arizona

Office Hours: 10:30-4:30 Monday through Friday

Phone 520/773-1075

Fax 520/773-8523

E-mail gcr@infomagic.com

to this incredibly precious place. As Teddy Roosevelt once said, standing on the rim in 1903:

"Leave it as it is. You cannot improve on it. The ages have been at work on it and man can only mar it. What you can do is keep it for your children, and all who come after you."

André Potochnik



explained, the wilderness plan left the river out because it is the job of the CRMP to manage the river corridor. The Park has stated that wilderness will be an issue in the CRMP, that solutions in many of the disputed areas must conform to wilderness management protocol. But the problem as we see it is that there is no overall document defining what wilderness management *is* for the river. There is no framework into which the CRMP can nestle with its solutions for allocation, access and other issues. If we don't really understand what wilderness management and wilderness protocol for the river mean, it will be difficult to push for what is best for the canyon and the river and our guests as well. It is going to be entirely up to NPS people like Dave Haskell, Linda Jalbert and Kim Crumbo to explain and uphold these concepts and that's a tall order if the rest of us don't understand what the concepts really are.

Following is a brief summary of the original Wilderness Act of 1964, so that we can at least remember what the whole point was at first. It will be really important that we keep a close eye on all the CRMP proceedings. All the proposed solutions to problems that are discussed in these work groups and ultimately chosen need to be held up to the light of wilderness management and examined very closely to see whether or not they conform to this standard. It has become all too easy to forget that wilderness management is the ultimate umbrella for this CRMP, that every other issue and concern needs to conform to this standard *by law*. We have become so entrenched in arguing about allocation and access that many of us have forgotten (and perhaps there are some people who have hoped we would forget) that wilderness is still at the top of the scale.

Wilderness management in the 1979 CRMP was derailed in 1980 by the Hatch Amendment, the ultimate result being that this one-year amendment, tacked onto the tail end of an appropriations bill, is the main legislation governing the Colorado River—holding precedence over both the Organic Act and the Wilderness Act. This is absurd—and illegal. We have forgotten or ignored that wilderness management for the river corridor has been systematically weakened over the eighteen years since it was proposed, despite the Park Service's own Management Policy. We have watched helicopter use at Whitmore Wash and by the Park Service increase exponentially since 1980, we have seen

The Wilderness Act of 1964

WHY? "In order to assure that an increasing population, accompanied by expanding settlement and growing mechanization, does not occupy and modify all areas within the United States and its possessions, leaving no lands designated for preservation and protection in their natural condition, ...to secure for the American people of present and future generations the benefits of an enduring resource of wilderness. ...and these shall be administered for the use and enjoyment of the American people in such a manner as will leave them unimpaired for future use and enjoyment as wilderness, and so as to provide for the protection of these areas, the preservation of their wilderness character..."

increasing use of inappropriate technology, enforcement and agency intervention, greater and greater numbers of people (science, special use permits, etc.) and clustered launching resulting in greater crowding. We have seen greater impacts and threats to water resources within the canyon from development and mining on the rims. And everyone has stood by and watched this happen,

even though the Park was legally required to do otherwise. Use of motorized rafts will continue; Grand Canyon River Guides does not support the abolishment of motors and we applaud the outfitters' efforts to convert to quieter technology. Nor are outfitted services threatened by potential wilderness designation. But without a strong wilderness focus to this CRMP, we may never be able to place limits and boundaries on the increasing demands and pressures on the canyon and the river. This doesn't mean that we can't find solutions that work for everyone—only that our solutions need to have a higher purpose than pure economics, jobs or access.

So we need to make sure in the coming months that the CRMP proceedings bring this concern back around to where it is legally required to be. Remember and remind the people in your work group, remember and remind the Park and your fellow citizens, that this river was supposed to be managed, since 1980 and with the exception of a few non-conforming uses, as a wilderness. If GCRG stands for "protection of Grand Canyon" and "providing the best possible river experience" for all visitors, we need to make sure this document is everything that it is legally and philosophically supposed to be.



Christa Sadler

"Man always kills the thing he loves, and so we pioneers have killed our wilderness. Some say we had to. Be that as it may, I am glad that I shall never be young without wild country to be young in. Of what avail are forty freedoms without a blank spot on the map?"

— Aldo Leopold

If It Ain't Broke...

JUST GOT OFF THE RIVER the other day—great trip. During our time on the water we saw, as most people do, several motor, commercial oar and private trips. All our interactions with these folks were wonderful—Western gave us propane, OU gave us Poncho's, OARS and AzRA left us tons of space to pull in to a Havazoo eddy, I had a terrific talk with the Oregon private up Matkat, Butch from Wilderness and the boyos from Western helped our folks across the sea of rubber at Deer Creek. The willow flycatcher and spotted owl guys gave us a talk at Lava-Chuar. Donny Sullivan from Hatch gave us more sugar and chocolate than we could scarf down in a year on his runout from the pad (and all those four-stroke motors are *great*—thanks, guys!). It was fun, and our folks loved the interaction between all the groups (“You’ve got a real community here, don’t you?”). Which is what this rambling is really all about.

During a long conversation with some of our guests while hiking, we got into a lot of the issues being thrown around in the CRMP process. They were surprised to learn of the intrusion of the health department, problems between private and commercial boaters, horrified to hear of a ten-year wait on the private waiting list, and shocked at some of the prices charged by some outfitters, or the three-day Whitmore-down trips. But they could see, and I agree, that there is an awful lot being done *right* on the river, by everyone who uses it. The corridor is clean, the beaches are usually gorgeous, we had flexibility to change our schedule and camp elsewhere if we knew we would run into too many people otherwise, the food is yummy, the equipment is top-notch and the skills, knowledge and passion of the guides are first-class. And our people were having the time of their lives.

I was quick to point out, when someone on our trip asked “Do those people on the motor boats have any fun?”, that indeed they do. In fact, as far as those people are concerned, they had the best trip, the best guides and the best time ever. And they will tell their friends, who will most likely return with that company. And it's true. Every trip down there is the best trip ever. It's the Grand Canyon, remember? If your trip is less than perfect, you may have had a particularly picky guest, maybe a crew conflict or a bad run in Crystal, but those are the exceptions, not the rule. You see Grand Canyon Expeditions, or Dories, or Moki or Diamond going by, and you can bet their people are having a ball. Which is as it should be.

Overall, I think most of us agree that, in general, things are working pretty well along the river. Many of the outfitters are doing good things for the canyon, their guests and their guides. The motor outfitters are voluntarily converting to quieter technology. Some offer

partial or complete health insurance to their guides and some have profit-sharing and 401k plans for their employees. Some outfitters do a portion or all of their trips every season as no-interchange trips, even though those trips have the potential to make substantially less money than partial trips. All of the outfitters have been active financial supporters of the Park Service Resource Management trips and the annual Guides Training Seminars. Eleven of the 15 outfitters are now members of the Grand Canyon Conservation Fund.

And yes, there *are* some things that need working on. The private sector needs to get on the river quicker. It would be good to make commercial trips available to people with lower incomes. We need to have the river corridor protected as a potential wilderness. We don't need: more health regulations, enforcement and technology to dilute the experience further; two and three day trips, charging close to \$300 per day for a trip; exchanging passengers at Whitmore and taking on new folks for a three-day run to the Lake. We'd like to see all baggage boatmen and swampers get paid for their work, and find a way to assure that the guides who continue to provide such excellent service, and who have been so instrumental in assuring the success of the outfitters, get paid well and are provided the benefits that would allow them a reasonable lifestyle. Are the trips run by the companies who do some of these things “bad?” Not at all—their folks have a great time, the canyon is still the canyon and the guides are still working hard to help protect the place. But we believe that if we don't draw the lines somewhere and influence the standards for the industry, in terms of what we know to be the best we can do for the canyon, our guests and guides, the standards may continue to degrade. We laugh about ugly possibilities like one-day jet boat trips through the canyon and wearing Walt Disney uniforms as part of a giant “river running conglomerate,” but perhaps we should be looking nervously behind us at all the many, many people who want to visit this river. We've made it easy and safe(r), now everyone knows about it and we have to set some boundaries.

So let's try to remember this when arguing, discussing and otherwise ruminating over the “details” of the Colorado River Management Plan: there's a lot going right down there. If it ain't broke don't fix it. The commercial sector is not necessarily run by greedy robber barons who have no regard for the Canyon and the River. The private sector is not necessarily a bunch of ill-informed yahoos. The guides are not necessarily only out to protect their jobs, their traditions and their beer. But what *do* we really need to change? What isn't necessarily broken right now but will be in the future with

If It Ain't Broke...

JUST GOT OFF THE RIVER the other day—great trip. During our time on the water we saw, as most people do, several motor, commercial oar and private trips. All our interactions with these folks were wonderful—Western gave us propane, OU gave us Poncho's, OARS and AzRA left us tons of space to pull in to a Havazoo eddy, I had a terrific talk with the Oregon private up Matkat, Butch from Wilderness and the boyos from Western helped our folks across the sea of rubber at Deer Creek. The willow flycatcher and spotted owl guys gave us a talk at Lava-Chuar. Donny Sullivan from Hatch gave us more sugar and chocolate than we could scarf down in a year on his runout from the pad (and all those four-stroke motors are *great*—thanks, guys!). It was fun, and our folks loved the interaction between all the groups (“You’ve got a real community here, don’t you?”). Which is what this rambling is really all about.

During a long conversation with some of our guests while hiking, we got into a lot of the issues being thrown around in the CRMP process. They were surprised to learn of the intrusion of the health department, problems between private and commercial boaters, horrified to hear of a ten-year wait on the private waiting list, and shocked at some of the prices charged by some outfitters, or the three-day Whitmore-down trips. But they could see, and I agree, that there is an awful lot being done *right* on the river, by everyone who uses it. The corridor is clean, the beaches are usually gorgeous, we had flexibility to change our schedule and camp elsewhere if we knew we would run into too many people otherwise, the food is yummy, the equipment is top-notch and the skills, knowledge and passion of the guides are first-class. And our people were having the time of their lives.

I was quick to point out, when someone on our trip asked “Do those people on the motor boats have any fun?”, that indeed they do. In fact, as far as those people are concerned, they had the best trip, the best guides and the best time ever. And they will tell their friends, who will most likely return with that company. And it's true. Every trip down there is the best trip ever. It's the Grand Canyon, remember? If your trip is less than perfect, you may have had a particularly picky guest, maybe a crew conflict or a bad run in Crystal, but those are the exceptions, not the rule. You see Grand Canyon Expeditions, or Dories, or Moki or Diamond going by, and you can bet their people are having a ball. Which is as it should be.

Overall, I think most of us agree that, in general, things are working pretty well along the river. Many of the outfitters are doing good things for the canyon, their guests and their guides. The motor outfitters are voluntarily converting to quieter technology. Some offer

partial or complete health insurance to their guides and some have profit-sharing and 401k plans for their employees. Some outfitters do a portion or all of their trips every season as no-interchange trips, even though those trips have the potential to make substantially less money than partial trips. All of the outfitters have been active financial supporters of the Park Service Resource Management trips and the annual Guides Training Seminars. Eleven of the 15 outfitters are now members of the Grand Canyon Conservation Fund.

And yes, there *are* some things that need working on. The private sector needs to get on the river quicker. It would be good to make commercial trips available to people with lower incomes. We need to have the river corridor protected as a potential wilderness. We don't need: more health regulations, enforcement and technology to dilute the experience further; two and three day trips, charging close to \$300 per day for a trip; exchanging passengers at Whitmore and taking on new folks for a three-day run to the Lake. We'd like to see all baggage boatmen and swampers get paid for their work, and find a way to assure that the guides who continue to provide such excellent service, and who have been so instrumental in assuring the success of the outfitters, get paid well and are provided the benefits that would allow them a reasonable lifestyle. Are the trips run by the companies who do some of these things “bad?” Not at all—their folks have a great time, the canyon is still the canyon and the guides are still working hard to help protect the place. But we believe that if we don't draw the lines somewhere and influence the standards for the industry, in terms of what we know to be the best we can do for the canyon, our guests and guides, the standards may continue to degrade. We laugh about ugly possibilities like one-day jet boat trips through the canyon and wearing Walt Disney uniforms as part of a giant “river running conglomerate,” but perhaps we should be looking nervously behind us at all the many, many people who want to visit this river. We've made it easy and safe(r), now everyone knows about it and we have to set some boundaries.

So let's try to remember this when arguing, discussing and otherwise ruminating over the “details” of the Colorado River Management Plan: there's a lot going right down there. If it ain't broke don't fix it. The commercial sector is not necessarily run by greedy robber barons who have no regard for the Canyon and the River. The private sector is not necessarily a bunch of ill-informed yahoos. The guides are not necessarily only out to protect their jobs, their traditions and their beer. But what *do* we really need to change? What isn't necessarily broken right now but will be in the future with

increasing demand if things *don't* change? What are this place and this industry going to look like in 25 or 50 years if we don't stand up for what we believe and take care of some of these issues? It's the Grand Canyon, and it will be here long after we are gone, surviving every

horrible thing that we could ever do to it. But our ability to find in it community, solitude, discovery and just plain fun might be gone if we don't think about it now.



Christa Sadler

CRMP—An Update of Sorts

THE CRMP REVISION PROCESS has moved into Phase Two. “Yeah?” you say, “wake me when something interesting happens.” OK, wake up. It may seem like the process marches on indefinitely but there truly is a plan, and this is it.

After countless hours of poring over illegible handwriting, figuring out if that really was a swear word and wondering if that bomb threat was really serious, the team from the Park came out with a summary of the hundreds of comments received discussing issues and solutions for the new CRMP. On May 16, the Park held a public information meeting in Flagstaff to let us all in on the next step. Here is a general summary of what they came up with.

All our comments were boiled down to eight major categories:

1. **Access and Allocation of Use:** focuses on the user-day system of allocation, and the “split” between commercial, non-commercial and administrative use. Will also deal with overall use levels and allocation of use by season.
2. **Distribution and Volume of Use:** focuses on computer simulation and mathematical modeling to examine encounter levels, numbers of people in a given area at a time, campsite use, etc.
3. **The Non-commercial Permit System:** focuses on developing a new permit system for non-commercial boaters that improves access and reduces the wait period.
4. **The Spectrum of Outfitter Trips and Services:** focuses on evaluating the types of trips and services provided currently to ensure that an appropriate range of services is provided the public.
5. **Resource Stewardship: Management and Protection of Natural and Cultural Resources:** focuses on examining impacts to the natural and cultural resources along the river with the intent of lessening those impacts and defining standards for resource conditions

within the Park. Will also examine campsite information.

6. **Wilderness Management:** focuses on managing the river corridor as potential wilderness and achieving the legal requirements of the Wilderness Act.
7. **The Lower Colorado River Gorge:** focuses on assuring continued access to the Lower Gorge, protection of the resources and improving cooperative management of the river from Diamond to Lake Mead between the Hualapai and the Park.
8. **Public Education:** focuses on facilitating dissemination of information on issues and processes.

Of these eight main topics, the Park chose the first five as important enough to create public work groups to discuss the issues and come up with solutions for these areas. The deadline to sign up for a work group was June 15, but if you are interested in being involved in one of these groups, contact us and we can dial you into what's going on. The Park has also set up a website to let people know what's happening and to post information. Its address is: www.crmp.com. GCRG will have representatives at each work group; as of this writing the format of the meetings, dates and how often we would meet were still up in the air.

The deadline for these groups to come up with solutions is November 1, although we are trying to get that pushed back a little. If you are interested in contributing or have some thoughts, please let us or the Park know so that your voice can be heard. This is our continued chance at public involvement, an opportunity to speak directly to Park personnel about our concerns, not just write a letter. We'll be working directly with members from all constituencies in these work groups, so who knows what we could accomplish? The Park is aiming for a draft plan early next year, so this summer and fall will be really important. We'll keep you posted. Imagine that.



Christa Sadler

The Paiute Sacred Ompi (Red Hematite Clay)

FOR THE TYPICAL Anglo-Christian the only residence for a spirit is in the human body! Perhaps a few religious people concede a soul in animals and a very few admit a vital force in plants. There is a definite mindset against recognizing spirituality in earth, air, water or fire. Not so in Indian societies, even rocks are considered as part of the living world. Placing symbols on rock (Tumpituxwinap) is a significant act that requires religious preparation and all Tumpituxwinap have special meanings for the Paiute people. Further, the sacredness of the minerals used to place symbols on a rock is just as significant as the Tumpituxwinap itself because the minerals possess their own power and life force. Even Ompi (red hematite paint) smudges reflect blessings on rock walls and are as culturally significant as elaborately drawn pictograph figures.¹

Some mine sources of hematite date back to late Pueblo I—early Pueblo II and early Pai cultures. One such mine is Ompi Cave near mile 200. This site is currently used and is very sacred to the Paiute people. Collections are made whenever clay is needed for ceremonies. Men mainly gather the clay, which is said to protect people and things from evil. However, there are multiple uses. The paint is said to ward off children's bad dreams, to mark the houses of people who have died, or put on the faces of children by their mothers when someone dies. It is also used in sundance ceremonies and pow wows. Sundance participants drink the paint.

San Juan Paiute representatives report other uses: drinking the paint for treating chickenpox, a traditional war paint, painting pictographs, decorating ceramics and sprinkling on burials.

Ompi Cave is connected to camping, hunting and gathering sites all along the river, as well as other paint mines such as the one at Whitmore Wash where red ochre paintings can be seen.²

"The Pine Springs Band of the Northeastern Pai of western Grand Canyon found a cave that contains a rock deposit of red mineral pigment, mostly hematite. This pigment, when mixed with deer tallow, makes a face cream and body coating that protects the skin against sunburn or cold. Its skin-protecting properties and its bright red color made the pigment a precious commodity that the Pai traded for other valuable goods."³

In a personal communication Dove Menkes, co-author of *Quest for the Pillar of Gold*, states that red hematite sources are not uncommon... "There are many (breccia) caves down from the rim that could be candidates. The Covington mine had red pigment."⁴ Covington's mine, mentioned above, also called the Little Chicken Mine, is located below the rim at the top

of the Redwall Limestone near Toroweap Valley.

Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, an explorer who accompanied Major John Wesley Powell on his Colorado River expedition of 1871–73, writes an historical account of Indian red paint:⁵

All along the northern side of the Grand Canyon the Indians—as least as far as the Paria river—secured a red paint from the Canyon, in the Shivwits region, for centuries.

When the Mormons came they traded for this red paint and used it for painting furniture, etc. The way I found out about it was one day when I was in the house of Lyman Hamblin in Kanab—about 1875—and noticed the legs of a table painted the dull red. On inquiry, Lyman told me he got the paint from the Pai Utes, who, he thought, got it somewhere in the west. I followed the thing up, leading to the discovery that the ore came from a cave down the side of the Grand Canyon off the Shivwits plateau.

I could secure no specimen, so I decided to go to the place and get some, as it might be cinnabar.

Well, it was a long, hard job, especially as the Shivwits were not so kindly at that time as one would prefer.

I found the cave in a side gulch about three thousand feet down the side of the Canyon and two thousand above the river. A magnificent situation.

The small mouth was covered by bushes which we cleared away. I sent our Indian guide in first. It was a very small entrance—just large enough to wiggle through for some 20 feet. The formation was an iron-like blue limestone.

Within was a cave about fifteen or twenty feet wide, some thirty-five feet long, or forty perhaps, with a low dome-shaped roof about six feet high. We could just comfortably stand up in most of it. The walls overhead and all round were made up of the red ore and there were countless marks of the digging for it with sharp-pointed implements through a long period of time.

There may have been other parts of the cavern, but we had only one candle for light, and the air was not exhilarating. We had little grub—only what we could carry on our backs down that 3,000 feet of rough cliffs, with shovel and pick and frying-pan.

Then we felt a bit uncomfortable to be so completely cooped up, for if the Shivwits had

possibly followed us down, they could have knocked us one by one on the head as we crawled out, chucked our bodies down the side gorge, and nobody could have proved anything against them.

To guard against this possibility I held the Indian back with me till the others had emerged, when I let him go too. He was eager to get out of the place, as you may imagine. I came out last and got stuck half-way, but I had been cautious enough to lead a pack rope in, and by pulling on that, with the other fellows pulling on the outside, I finally was in the open air and on my feet.

Well, the analysis of that dearly beloved ore was, 'iron ochre.' Sometimes I wonder if the analysis was correct, for it was the greasiest, most penetrating stuff I ever saw.

So there was the place where Indians on the north side of the Colorado had been getting red paint, through the Shivwits by trade, probably, and I judge that the Walapais, Havasupais, Apaches—all on the south side—also traded for it. Perhaps even as far east as the Pueblos of the Rio Grande.

Blood is at once the solvent and mordant for red ochre (hematite) when permanent rock inscriptions are made. Kemberly Jensen experimented with red ochre mixing it with materials available in the ancient environment.⁶ She combined the pigment with water, egg white, deer blood and greasy animal fat, then painted the mixtures on slabs of desert sandstone. After two months in the elements (wind, rain, sun and snow), the red ochre mixed with water had disappeared completely, the egg white mix left a very faint pink stain, the grease mixture also faded, leaving a light red stain. But the red ochre mixed with deer blood left a dark red stain, just like the pictographs seen on canyon walls that have lasted for thousands of years. It may be that the ancient ones used reptile, bird or rabbit blood as a solvent or it is conceivable that human blood was used. If the latter is true pictographs would be a potential reservoir for DNA testing!

Human impacts are endangering the Ompi Cave site by widening the trail and possibly causing bank slumpage. It is hoped that this short paper will bring public awareness to the sacred and religious significance of the Cave as used by the Southern Paiutes. Hikers and river boatmen should take personal responsibility for protection and behavior about the site and use it as little as possible, saving it for ceremonies and collections by the Indian people. As a matter of fact the site is now off limits to the general public.

Wes Larsen



At Stone Creek Falls

I WAS SITTING on a flat rock wedged among a pile of boulders forty feet above the Colorado River. The roar of rapids and the sharp call of a bird seemed to protest my presence. I realized I was a stranger in the Canyon.

To my right a cascade of water fell several hundred feet into a cavern from a fracture high in the Canyon wall. Its hollow roaring was muffled by a mass of boulders and lush greenery through which the water rushed past me to the river.

I had been standing on the edge of the pool at the bottom of the falls, being sprayed by a fine mist. Unlike most falls, the water drops in great filigreed sheets, which are caught in sharp cool gusts that blow out the cavern's mouth. They were so strong I had to brace myself against their force. I climbed down to my perch through the stream and lacy tamarisk, and among the boulders, which had fallen from the canyon wall over thousands and millions of years.

Is all this magnificence the work of an overpowering indifferent nature, I asked? Part of me wanted to assign a creator, a God, but I couldn't bring myself to do so. Why? For what purpose? Of course, science wasn't any help, and I haven't found priests and other religious functionaries much help.

But it was wonderful, a grandeur, a mystery that I felt blessed to experience. Soon, it was time to leave. Our raft was ready.

The phoebe still sang. Could it have been telling me it had the answer?



Basil J. F. Mott

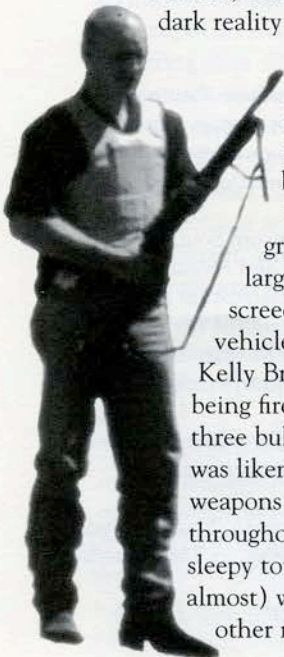
1. Stoffle, Richard W., et. al., *Managing Southern Paiute Resources in the Colorado River Corridor*. Report of work carried out under the Southern Paiute Consortium Cooperative Agreement with the Bureau of Reclamation, # 4-FC-40-15260, 1995.
2. Stoffle, Richard W., et. al., *Big River Canyon: Southern Paiute Ethnographic Resource Inventory and Assessment for Colorado River Corridor, Glen Canyon Recreation Area, Utah and Arizona and Grand Canyon National Park, AZ*. Report of work carried out for the Rocky Mountain Regional Office, National Park Service, under Project No. GLCA—R92-0071. June, 1994.
3. Billingsley, George H., Earle E. Spamer, Dove Menkes, *Quest For the Pillar of Gold*, Grand Canyon Association, Grand Canyon, AZ. 1997.
4. Letter from Dove Menkes to Wesley P. Larsen, March 5, 1998.
5. Dellenbaugh, Frederick S., *Red Indian Paint*, in *The Masterkey* 7:3, May 1933.
6. Kirkman, Jim, *Girl Paints With Blood*, ZINJ, No. 1, Utah Division of State History, 1993.

Swat Teams Invade the San Juan River

MAYBE WE LAUGHED too soon at the movie *River Wild!* Incredibly, the San Juan River became the sight of one of those Hollywood movies gone bad, the scene of a shootout and manhunt that could have been lifted from the script of the hokey, 1991 flop that undoubtedly was Meryl Streep's worst movie. (Perhaps you can't recall the forgettable plot where three men commit robbery and use a wilderness river as an escape route—a sort of big city drama awkwardly plopped right down in the riparian bliss). But as the events of this past June 4 unfolded, the San Juan River literally came to resemble the all-too-real images that have been etched into our late-twentieth century consciousness and that go by the names of Waco and Ruby Ridge. It was serious-as-a-heart-attack, mainstream law enforcement vs. three young thugs who crossed over the line in a big way on one of our beloved rivers.

It all began on May 29 when the three men, Alan "Monte" Pilon of Dove Creek, and Jason McVean and Robert Mason of Durango, were pulled over on Montezuma County Road 27 by Officer Dale Claxton. They were driving a stolen water truck and promptly killed Officer Claxton in cold blood with eighteen rounds from a semi-automatic weapon. The three may have been involved earlier in two cash heists and were presumably contemplating their next job, the casino on the Ute Mountain Indian Reservation at Towaoc, Colorado. Just how the three may have used the truck and pulled this one off may have been worthy of a story itself! But there was no denying that the brutality of the slaying, especially under the "worry-free skies" of the Colorado Plateau, alerted everyone in the area what kind of dark reality they were dealing with.

On a relatively cool, late-spring day (June 4), Utah state social worker Steve Wilcox was having lunch by the banks of the river near the swinging bridge just upstream from the town of Bluff. A figure lying prone on the ground in camouflage clothing pointed a large caliber gun at Mr. Wilcox and as he screeched away from the scene in his state vehicle, bullets flew in his direction. Deputy Kelly Bradford responded to the call of shots being fired near the river and was himself hit by three bullets, injuring him seriously. That event was likened to throwing a grenade into a weapons cache as hundreds of officers from throughout the southwest converged on the sleepy town along the river. Everyone (well almost) was ordered evacuated from Bluff to other nearby communities.



Over five hundred officers, including swat units in full regalia from Phoenix and Los Angeles, got to test their skills in the real world of endless space and tortuous canyon country. Within one hour after Deputy Bradford was wounded at the swinging bridge, the San Juan River was closed indefinitely to all recreational use, including those already on the water. Officers had thought that the trio may try to use the river as an avenue of escape, since one of Pilon's friends had seen him stash an aluminum boat near the bridge a few weeks earlier. One of the most heavily manned areas away from Bluff was the bridge over the San Juan at Mexican Hat.

A Museum of Northern Arizona river trip, outfitted by Adventure Discovery, had just pulled into the San Juan Inn at Mexican Hat to resupply ice chests as news of the shooting got out. The BLM river ranger, who was at the Inn ready to begin his multi-day river patrol, told the Museum group not to proceed. The Museum group then readied themselves for what was to become a 48-hour lay-over at Mark and Julie Swords's private boat ramp along the river just below the Mexican Hat bridge. The group entertained themselves during the ordeal by alternately talking to the ten or twelve heavily armed officers stationed at the bridge and watching the NBA Finals between the hometown Jazz and "da Bulls".

Many road blocks were set up at dozens of other locations all over the Four Corners country. From the Sand Island put-in to the town of Bluff (only four miles) five road blocks were established with the top line marksmen. Fifteen helicopters and hundreds of law enforcement vehicles made the scene too unreal for a town like Bluff. U.S. Customs helicopters swooped down upon two groups camping at the foot of the Honaker Trail and black-helmeted "soldiers" made everyone raise their arms, while law enforcement's elite searched everyone's bags. At Clay Hills Crossing officers pointed weapons from both sides of the river from atop the cliffs of Cedar Mesa Sandstone that descend to the take-out. For those on the river who knew nothing of the incidents upstream, it was a most bizarre ending to an otherwise relaxing trip on the "ole San Juan."

As it turned out, Robert Mason, probably acting alone, killed himself at the swinging bridge just hours after he shot Deputy Bradford. Monte Pilon and Jason McVean remain at large. The Navajo tribe meanwhile is reporting its largest ever expenditure from a single manhunt at \$116,000. Figures for the entire episode surely will top one million dollars.

The MNA trip was allowed to continue their seven-day journey downstream and benefited from the fact

that canceled put-ins upstream meant they had the river all to themselves (with 7,000 cfs too!). Life is back to normal now in Bluff and on the “River Mild,” but it does make you wonder if Hollywood not only reflects and reports on the events in our world but

perhaps they perceive them in advance. A scary thought but I just might invest the \$1.49 at Hastings just to watch that stupid Meryl Streep film again.



Wayne Ranney

A Tale of Two Rivers

ONE IS THE OLD SAN JUAN, muddy and free (mostly), home of spirits of the ancients and the ghost of Nevills, last vestige of the nurturing nature that was Glen Canyon.

The other is the wretched remnant of the lower Colorado known as Lake Havasu. Land of Blue Green Waters? Not. How about: Land of Eternal Engine Exhaust. Or: Land of a Thousand Buttheads. Or: Freeway of the Oily Waters. I could go on, but it only gets worse.

My buddy Layne and I just came off one of the odder river trips in the annals of the Colorado River and its tributaries. It started with a relaxing seven-day float down the San Juan in a pair of wooden dories, and ended with two days in a sailboat on Lake Havasu over Memorial Day weekend. I'd been telling Layne about the joys of running desert rivers ever since the bug first bit me a few years back, but this was his first time on a river.

The San Juan gave us all you could ask from a river trip—gorgeous country, lively little rapids, great folks, Indian ruins, side canyons, starlit evenings filled with music and tall tales... Layne was smitten, just as I had been on my first river trip. The highlight of the trip for me was serene Oljeto Canyon—as close as I've ever been to what those legendary side canyons of Glen Canyon must have been like, before the waters of that dreaded reservoir began to rise. All of which made the second part of our trip particularly jarring. An eight hour drive from the take out landed us smack in the middle of power boat Babylon.

You know... a couple of days on a sailboat at Havasu seemed innocent enough. Yes it's a reservoir, but not all reservoirs are inherently bad. No spectacular canyon was flooded to create Lake Havasu. No white-water paradise was destroyed. But my God, the horror! The horror!

I've never seen such a display of consumption run amok as floated on that lake. Hundreds, no probably thousands of bright shiny aquatic dragsters with thousand horsepower engines belching raw exhaust into the water and the air. Houseboats with rooftop disco sound systems blaring rap music off the canyon walls—driving across the lake like miraculous Winnebagos. Dimwit sons of rich daddies trolling for women of suspicious

virtue using their floating party barges as bait. We were the only sailboat on the lake. Sailing was impossible in the random chop stirred up by the endless parade of powerboats. Up the lake. Down the lake. Back up the lake. Sit still and rev the engine for a while. Smash beer can on forehead. Light cigarette. Run rings around the silly looking little sailboat.... repeat steps 1–7. I tried to close my eyes and sleep as we made our way across the lake, but I may as well have tried to nap in the number two lane of the Santa Monica Freeway on a Friday afternoon. The noise was constant and deafening. We made our way to one of only three coves on the lake set aside as no-wake zones, only to find a group of drunken water skiers tearing it up anyway.... Layne and I looked at each other and said: “Just Drain It.”

If the tranquility of the San Juan and the other-worldly experience of Oljeto Canyon weren't enough to awaken the activist in Layne, then the cognitive dissonance of going straight from the San Juan to Havasu definitely pushed him over the edge. I think Glen Canyon Institute just gained a member.

Layne has the river fever pretty bad. He says the first thing he hears when he wakes up is the sound of the river. He's still wearing the *Just Drain It* hat. He hasn't put his watch back on yet. His head is completely spun around. We arrived at the California border agricultural inspection station, pulled to a stop, rolled down the window, and the inspector looked at Layne and asked “where are you coming from?”

Poor Layne just locked up for a few seconds. The whole trip flashed before his eyes, and I think he considered answering the question in a broader context, found that to be impossible, and finally managed to choke out the single word “Utah.” Somehow that failed to adequately capture what he was feeling at that moment. I don't think the inspector knew quite what to make of the laughter that followed from both of us.... Just a pair of travelers, figuring out where they are really coming from, with a little help from two very different rivers.



Barton Shaler

The Whale Foundation

GRAND CANYON BOATMEN face unusual challenges in this life unlike most others. They are in a job that is desired by many and held by few. There is an incredible closeness to the boatman community that is coupled with competition for jobs. There is pride in the experience you bring to the job, but as the boatman population ages there is the worry that anything less than stoicism may result in the loss of one's job to one of the younger generation who is waiting in line. This is a job where benefit plans are incredibly rare and pension plans nonexistent. Many boatmen live a hand-to-mouth existence that peaks in the summer and scrapes by in those long, lean winter months. There is always the worry of "What do I do when I get too old to guide?"

The Whale Foundation hopes to address some of these unique problems faced by the river community. The goals of the foundation include the following:

- Mental Health Services.
- Provide information and anonymous services to anyone in the boating community.
- Career Counseling Network.
- Establish a network in the boating community to assist each other in any career endeavors.
- Financial Planning Network.
- Utilize the expertise of the boating community to assist in retirement planning and general investing for the future.
- Ultimately? Perhaps strive for some form of group medical insurance and perhaps an "Old Boatman's" home.

There are two ways that folks can help us achieve our goals:

Financial Donation

Of course, the Whale Foundation needs money in order to realize its goals. The Whale Foundation is an offshoot of the non-profit organization Grand Canyon River Guides, and your tax-deductible financial donation can be sent to:

The Whale Foundation
c/o Grand Canyon River Guides
PO Box 1934
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

Donation of Services

We are looking for professionals, preferably in Northern Arizona and southern Utah and Colorado, who are willing to donate services in any of the following areas: Mental Health Services/Counseling, Drug and Alcohol Counseling/Rehabilitation, Financial Planning Services, Career Counseling Services. If you are interested in donating any time or knowledge, please write, call, or e-mail the GCRG office, or TheGruse@aol.com.



The Whale Phone

IF YOU NEED HELP, call (520)773-0773. If you want to talk to someone, call this number. You don't have to wait until you go over the edge. Mental crises take many forms, from gradual onset of depression to sudden end-of-the-world predicaments. Maybe you've gotten to the point where you're really worried about yourself—or perhaps you merely have a dim suspicion that things just aren't right. Or maybe it's your friend you're worried about. Doesn't matter. That's what the Whale Phone is there for.

For right now, the Whale Phone is attached to Sandy Reiff's business phone. This is, however, only temporary. One of our immediate goals is to set up our own toll free line. The toll free number will, in theory, provide a few things:

1. Give out the phone number(s) for regional mental health professionals.
2. Give access for those who want to offer a service or information to the Whale Foundation. We want to bring in everyone who wants to be involved. The Whale Foundation will act as a clearing house for

community services which may include; financial planning, a career assistance network, legal advice, medical insurance, and any other service our community wants or needs. Anything we can think of.

Over time we will develop a database for assisting each other within the Grand Canyon boating community. This is the strength of this

program: being there for each other.

Until the next issue, safe boating, both on the river and off.



*Bob Grusy, Sarah Hatch, Bill Karls,
Robby Pitagora & Sandy Reiff*

The Whale Web Site

DID YOU KNOW the Whale Foundation has a web site? This is 100% due to the work of Ellen Grusy. We are in the process of updating this site with direct links to related information centers. Bill Karls has been doing research on the internet and has come up with some very informative sites.

<http://members.aol.com/thegrusys/whale.html>





Carol Burke

1934-1998

CAROL AND FRED BURKE owned and ran Arizona River Runners throughout the 1970s and early 1980s. Originally based at Lees Ferry, they later bought Vermillion Cliffs and turned it into a social hub and home for wayward boatmen.

"Carol was rock-solid," remembers Lew Steiger. "She was tough as nails. Didn't suffer fools gladly, but once she decided to be your friend, boy, that was it. You had a friend for life. She was a hell of a worker, too. And, after a typical day of being a chef, secretary, accountant, den mother, social director, and guidance counselor up at VC, she wasn't afraid to call it quits and howl at the moon a little, either..."

"Carol lived life on her own terms," adds Pam Whitney. "Sounds like a cliché but in Carol's case it was very true. She worked hard to make ARR the success it was.

"I miss her very much but her love of life will stay with me always as an inspiration. Being sad is not an option on Carol's behalf. She was not one to dwell on the sad side and wouldn't want anyone else to either, especially for her."

Contributions in her name can be made to Hospice of the Valley, Eckstein Center, 9494 E. Becker Lane, Scottsdale, AZ 85260.



Karen Hasse Ticknor

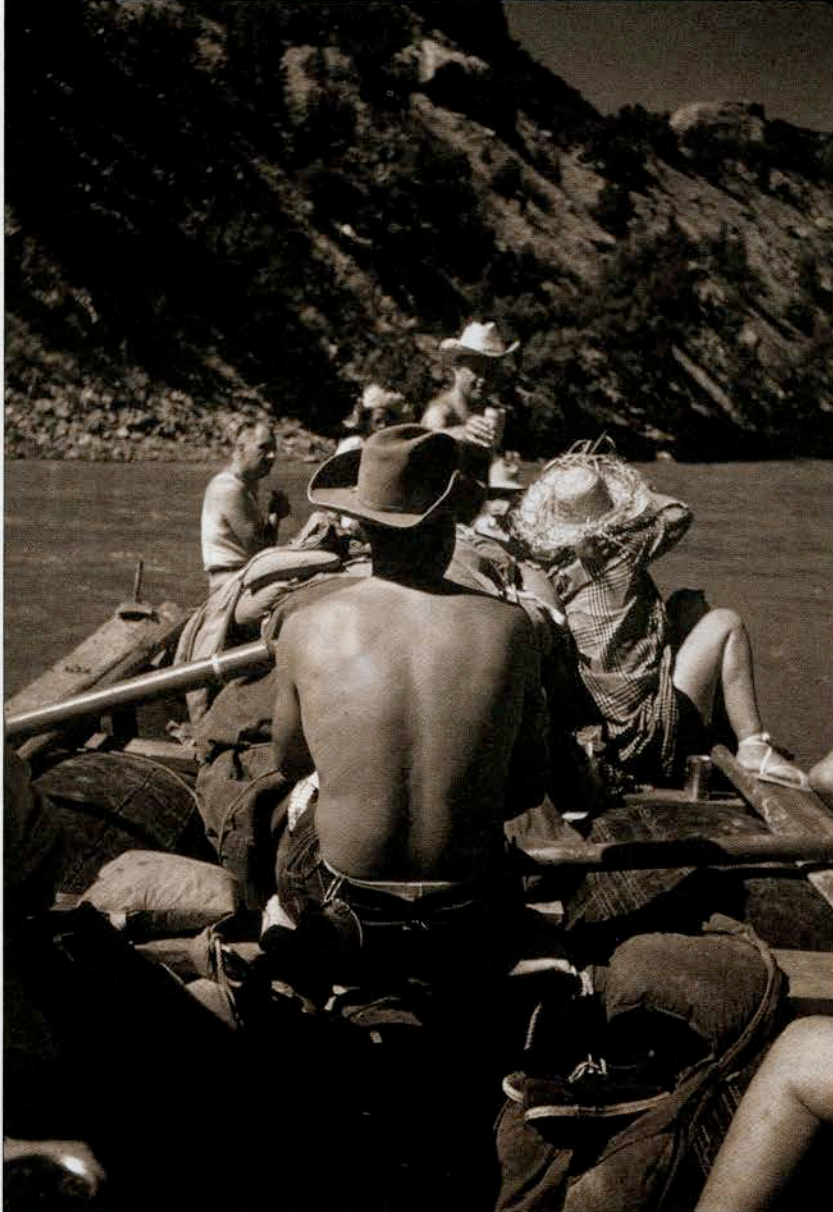
1954-1998

THE CANYON SAID GOODBYE to a dear friend last month. After a courageous battle with cancer, Karen died on June 7 at home with her parents and her husband, Ed Hasse, a long-time AzRA guide. Karen worked and played on many Grand Canyon trips, including her first in 1986 when she and Ed met. A few years later, they were married overlooking the canyonlands they loved. She was a gentle, warm presence on her trips, sharing easily her love of the Canyon and its treasures. The home she shared with Ed in Sandy, Utah was always open to wayward guides and friends travelling through. Karen's generous and gracious spirit lives on in the quiet and reflective temples she loved and in her many friends who will miss her. Karen requested that memorial gifts be sent to Best Friends Animal Shelter in Kanab, UT, 84741.



Mary Ellen Arndorfer





Shorty's Back

Few living boatmen remember Shorty Burton. To most he is the subject of a one-line story told at Upset Rapid. "Shorty Burton drowned here when his motorboat flipped over in the 1960s." The variations from there depend occasionally on the knowledge but more often on the imagination of the teller.

At this spring's Guides Training Seminar Al Holland, who trained under and worked with Burton, gave a talk and slide show about Shorty. Several of the Burton family came. Richard Quartaroli made a series of commemorative pie tins. Afterward, when we asked Al if he would write a fuller account of Shorty's life and career as a boatman, he was enthusiastic.

Here, after more than thirty years of obscurity, is the story. Shorty's back.

Cover photo: Shorty Burton and his son Jim

ONCE THE BUREAU OF RECLAMATION had sufficiently filled that fake lake behind the Glen Canyon Dam to let some water through the power plant, Shorty Burton worked as one of the first Hatch River Expeditions head boatmen in Grand Canyon. Shorty's maturity and incomparable proficiency handling boats, dudes¹, boatmen, and the kitchen made him an obvious choice. Then within too few years Shorty drowned in Upset Rapid. To remember him as a river fatality makes him into some sort of passive object in the grammar of life. Short did, made, and taught; always remaining polite to the point of reticence.

Shorty's passing hit hard. It hit hard for several reasons. Accidents happen on the river; but usually to the foolhardy, the careless, the inexperienced, or the irresponsible. Shorty was none of those things. His quiet competence taught both bosses and boatmen the meaning of professionalism. We had come to love him, which made his loss the heavier.

Shorty was born in Vernal, Utah, on June 13, 1923. For birth certificate purposes his parents named him Jesse Edwin Burton; but all three of the Burton boys sported nicknames. He hardly answered to Jesse except to endorse his paychecks. His brothers were Stub and Fat. Their father Orson Burton "worked his boys hard into their thirties" on the family cattle and sheep ranches on the north flank of the Uinta Mountains along the Green River. Shorty grew up in the middle of that ranching world, specializing in herding sheep and tending camps. Spending most of his time outdoors he knew the countryside intimately and mastered the tricks for living in it. He was reputed to be the best field dresser of game in northeastern Utah, acknowledged to have the best arrowhead collection of anyone, including his personal favorite, an oölite point, and was circumspect and discreet about the several old lookouts and hideouts he had found from the days when Browns Park and vicinity had been used by infamous bandits and rustlers. Sheep herding fares poorly in the contest with that formidable American icon, the cowboy. None the less, I am convinced that the responsible attitudes Short learned protecting his sheep from both themselves and from external dangers transferred handily to herding dudes down the river.

In his prime Shorty Burton was almost six feet tall, weighed about 165 pounds, had short-cut brownish blonde hair, and quietly kept watch on the world through clear, bright blue eyes with a decided twinkle. He always wore Levis and a collared shirt on the river.

He wore his belt buckle to the side, leather boots on the water and a gray Resistol hat. He'd switch to a billed cap when running in the Grand. In those days of cactus rope and wood fires boatmen wore a holster with pliers and a knife. Shorty had a unique holster. He flanked his pliers with a three-bladed Böker Tree Brand knife to the front and a whetstone to the back. He wore his holster on his right and a Sierra Club cup on the left. He smoked Raleigh cigarettes, saving the coupons to trade in for housewares. He seldom drank alcohol, then in utmost moderation. He had the biggest triceps I have ever seen.

Right after their marriage in 1950, Shorty and Ruth Burton lived and worked the ranch in Little Hole up in Red Canyon of the Green River, just below the Wyoming line. Shorty and Ruth had five children, Linda, Raelene, Jim, Judy, and Marian. Judy reports that, no matter her dad's reputation as a cook on the river, Ruth did the cooking at home when she was growing up. Short would cook a Sunday breakfast of pancakes when the kids insisted. In about 1953 Shorty and his father had a falling out and Shorty's family left Little Hole. Jim says that Shorty and Ruth wanted to buy the Little Hole ranch but that Orson refused to sell it to them.

After leaving Little Hole Shorty ran a service station in Meeker, Colorado, coincidentally the first year he needed to send children to school. Subsequently he worked on some and managed other ranches in the region, for the Ashley National Forest out of Manila, Utah, as a camp tender, and as a carpenter before his first full summer of what Judy with a smile calls "permanent seasonal employment" with Hatch River Expeditions in 1955. Both Don and Ted remember Shorty from their dad Bus Hatch's building crews before he started running boats. Bus said he always had Shorty nail the ridge cap along a roof's peak because he could swing his hammer equally well with either hand. Once he started with Hatches full time each summer, Short picked up jobs building, lumbering, delivering around Vernal, and working for Dinosaur National Monument in the "off-season." All the while he kept up a small place out at the end of the irrigation ditch south of Vernal. For a guy who was on the river steadily during irrigation season he raised damned fine hay. He would run a trip, then take about the same number of days to tend his place, then return for another trip.

Because he'd grown up in the area, Hatches used him extensively on the Flaming Gorge and Red Canyon stretches of the Green. Those trips soon extended into Lodore Canyon and the Yampa through Dinosaur. Then

1. Aside on language: I'm using a couple "historically appropriate" terms. When talking among ourselves we habitually used the term "dude." We tried to keep from using it around the customers—we hadn't yet begun to think of them as guests. There was never a question about the term "boatman"—not that there should be now—because we had no female boatmen. Further, we thought it pretentious to call ourselves "guides," except when applying for a job outside the river running business when we of course puffed up our resumes as much as possible. Those guys from Oregon who rowed McKenzie boats we called guides.

when Flaming Gorge Dam stoppered the Green in 1962, he, like all the rest of us, concentrated on the Yampa.

The summer of '63 Shorty and his son Jim headed to the Warm Spring Reservation on the Deschutes River in Oregon with one of Hatches' Shorty Boats.² The Ute Indians that were concentrated there hoped to establish a Native business similar to Hatches' on the two-day run through their lands. When off the river that summer Short worked in a lumber mill at Warm Springs. When the feeding frenzy on the Grand commenced after the Bureau of Reclamation opened the Glen Canyon Dam's turbines, Hatches made Shorty one of their lead boatmen in their rapidly growing operations there. He hated going to Grand Canyon; but the big money running big water was the best available to support his family. The trips were too long. He was away from home for too long. He had to train too many new boatmen. And he didn't like Upset. He came to love it as he got to know it

Shorty was a master at managing customers, keeping them in fine spirits. He was professional, in it for both the money and the pride of craftsmanship. As a teacher of boatmanship, Shorty was as good as they come. As a boatman, he ran the very best oared pontoon on the water. Let me elaborate on those one at a time.

Care and Feeding of Dudes and other Temperamental Beasts

SHORTY SPECIALIZED IN THE LONG TRIP in Dinosaur National Monument, five or even six days to do an easy four-day run. That schedule gave him extra time to practice and ply his legendary kitchen prowess. Glowing



praises for his cooking fill the files. I trace his skills to three straightforward sources: 1) his experience with the farm and ranch tradition of feeding the crew, 2) the proverbial advice which he knew to be universal rather than gender specific: "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach,"³ and 3) the self-sufficiency he had acquired tending sheep and working cattle in his youth.

Somewhere along the line, no one remembers when, Bus suggested to Shorty that he assemble a personal utensil box. Shorty picked everything needed to outfit a camp kitchen from stuff in the boathouse and the shelves at Ashton's, Vernal's general store. Figuring he ought to do that just once, Shorty took his box home with him at the end of each trip. At the first night's camp on a two-boat trip Shorty would open the kit and show it to the green boatman he was training that week. It contained sharp knives of various sizes and shapes, a sharpening stone, and a tempered masonite cutting board; sets of spoons, spatulas, and mixing bowls; a "spice cabinet" including baking powder at a time none of the rest of us could get beyond Bisquick, sufficient cans of evaporated milk for each breakfast and supper coffee; nearly worn-through tin plates, silverware, and Sierra Club cups for sixteen or so; dish towels and washrags; his own griddle and coffee pot; a light weight single-bitted axe and a Burton stick.⁴ All neatly packed, it was the antithesis of the junk piled in a box at the last minute that was typical of our camp kitchen kits in those days. That made the green boatman's assignment to repack the box the next morning all the more formidable a task. When the frustrated trainee finally asked smiling Shorty for help getting all that stuff back in the box, the greenie would meet most intimately Shorty's bottomless reserves of patience.

Shorty mastered the dutch oven. His memory thrives in three classic recollections from boatmen who ran with him. The Grand Canyon crews recall his pies and cobblers. The pie pan memorial at Upset speaks eloquently to those desserts. The folks who ran smaller trips remember his biscuits. A few of the boatmen from the early sixties remember how he roasted beef or stewed chicken with dumplings. Glade "Hardtack" Ross and I share an envying recollection. We could never get the dumplings to work right despite Shorty's teaching.

Training new kitchen help was a formidable task. Shorty quickly sized up the new guys by how they followed his instructions for gathering, preparing, and

2. Shorty Boats were twenty-two foot long, flat ended, Navy surplus pontoons labeled "submarine tenders." While not widely used commercially, they were Shorty's favorite craft.
3. Turned out to be a way to his wallet too. Short got the best tips of anyone.
4. Shorty used a branch cut from streamside willows, outside the park of course, to lift dutch ovens from the coals, lift their lids, and to poke coals. The stick he fashioned from a lateral branch roughly the diameter of his little finger and as long as his axe handle. He left about an inch and a half of the main stem sticking out in each direction. Think of a "T" with an exceedingly long vertical member and its cross-top piece at an acute angle on the left and obtuse on the right. The rest of us, infatuated with our pliers, burned our knuckles and singed our hands.

using firewood. The test was cooking eggs to order and pancakes on the same griddle. Those who could not manage a fire he exiled from the kitchen to boat tending. Don Hatch failed the test, probably by design. Don built his griddle technique around using the cardboard egg carton as supplementary fuel when the fire burned down. The ensuing blaze burned the eggs' edges and left their whites transparent then faded by the time the eggs could be flipped for over easy. Competent fire managers became full-fledged assistants potentially responsible for any task. When I ran with Shorty I always had to help with breakfast and found my boat tight and tidy when I came down to load. Shorty taught by doing, without ceremony or fanfare, but showing every trick, answering every question, and considering every idea. You knew you were doing well when he'd ask, "Why don't you make us some biscuits this morning?"

Shorty's cooking made national television. Once a film crew hired Hatch River Expeditions for a Lees to Phantom run to make an Aunt Jemima pancake mix commercial. Their script called for key shots of the product cooked to perfection and eaten with gusto deep within the glories of Marble Canyon. The production crew included gaffers, producers, actors, film and audio experts, and a home economist to do the pancake cooking. The weather and scenery cooperated with the script's designs but the professional Aunt Jemima couldn't get her pancakes to cook to the intended golden brown on the thin fry pan and Coleman stove she was using as props. Recalling his good breakfast of that morning, the producer revised his script on the spot and hired Shorty as actor and Aunt Jemima. Shorty and George Wilkins put away the Coleman, got out their Bisquick, Carnation powdered milk, Wesson oil, sugar, griddle, and fire irons, and cooked up some beauties. The Burton kids today revere Shorty's "on-screen talent contract" as a treasured relic.

Now that the statute of limitations has run its course, one of the great Shorty stories may finally be told. Early on in the river running business the Park Service decided that the streamside campsites in Dinosaur National Monument needed wells for drinking water. Hatch River Expeditions won the contract to freight down the equipment and supplies and to feed the drilling crews through the course of the project. With one boat and boatman already in the canyon full time Bus, Don, and Ted were reluctant to send down another boat to re-provision the crews. Instead they drove to the top of the cliff above Anderson Hole, site of the first well, and lowered the second week's food down to Shorty by rope. When Bus hauled the rope back up after the first load he found a note tied to the line that read, "No more meat. Have plenty. Send more flour, fruit, potatoes, and vegetables." Shorty was skilled from

considerable practice at living off the land.

Shorty ran everything in his life the way he packed his kitchen box: everything in its place where he could find it when he needed it. I think the trait has roots in the habits he developed successfully managing his sugar diabetes. He kept his kit, a bottle of insulin, hypodermic, and syringe in a small two-piece soap box made of aluminum. Hoping to avoid the prying inquisitions of passengers, he was uncommonly discreet and took his shots in his triceps each dawn down in his boat. Late-rising boatmen never knew. On the other hand, he took others of us aside once we'd run together for a while and instructed that if he ever started acting like he was drunk, to fetch the lemon drops in his ammo box or drain a Sierra Club cup full of juice from a can of fruit and get that sugar into him immediately. Once in a while a passenger discovered that Shorty used a hypodermic and jumped to the conclusion that he was shooting heroin. (Ain't propaganda remarkable? This was the era when a few could roll their own weed, only jazz musicians and junkies knew about smack and coke, and Timothy Leary was experimenting with an obscure metabolic waste product of a parasite of rye.) The amateur detective would gather up his courage, approach another boatman, and furtively report his discovery. Sometimes they accepted our explanations but other times insisted on their discovery's truth until shown the insulin bottle. Shorty took care of the routine so as to be ready to devote full attention to the surprises. Occasionally Shorty would surprise everyone and pull out his harmonica while folks sat around the fire after supper. He played a repertoire of songs everyone knew. His touch with a Sierra Club cup for a wah-wah vibrato was quite slick.

Professionalism

A RESPONSIBLE HUSBAND and father, Shorty ran rivers for the money to support his family; not for the thrills, the companionship with the other boatmen, to escape his responsibilities, to chase women, to drink whiskey in the wilds, nor to "commune with nature." He exuded quiet competence, protecting his dudes from their surroundings and themselves the way a shepherd takes care of his flock. I guess that would make the other boatmen on his trips his sheep dogs so I will not push this overtaxed metaphor any farther. Instead let me offer a trio of examples.

Shorty never seemed to have the "fifth-day crisis" on his trips. My hunch is that people come on river trips already trained to keep themselves on their good behavior for a maximum of four days, the equivalent of a long week-end thrown together with strangers "back in civilization." On the fifth or sixth day fatigue, exposure, heat, and lack of training could combine to trigger a spat between at least some of the customers, requiring deft

and sensitive, practical psychological maneuvering by the boatmen to keep the artificial and temporary society of the trip from fissioning. I could not then figure out how he managed so well. Now I suspect that the age-authority that came with his forty years completed his package of techniques.

Camped with a one-boat party on the bar downstream of Sage Creek (just below Jones Hole in lower Whirlpool Canyon on the Green), a fire got away from a toilet paper-burning customer as the party was taking care of the last minute details before pushing off. Shorty superintended the fire fight, the clean-up with the Boy Scout troop that fortuitously arrived, and then ran his party on down the river. Arriving at the takeout late in the afternoon, he said to his dudes, "Let me do the reporting," and went off to talk to the ranger. A few weeks later each member of the party received a letter of thanks and commendation from the Superintendent of Dinosaur National Monument praising them for their valiant efforts in fighting the fire they had discovered. This is an example of protecting your customers from themselves that is beyond equal. Needless to say, that group continued to request and get Shorty every time they returned for another trip.

The scariest thing a Hatch boatman ever heard when Bus, Don, or Ted would send us off was an inventory of our gear followed by the admonition to "Fix It on the Way, Boys." Ted confesses today that Short was so conscientious about keeping equipment in good repair that they'd purposely send him out with an old leaker because it would come back as good as new.



Shorty in a Boat

SHORTY SAW FARTHER DOWNSTREAM than any other boatman. He was strong as can be, but never depended on his strength, counting instead on positioning. While Shorty taught that the river was always in charge, he never accused the river of changing its mind the way some others had a habit of doing. In the sixties we would occasionally double up on the oars for the roughest stretches. That fuzzy picture Roy Webb published of Shorty and Don Hatch running the left-side sneak at Lava Falls [*Call of the Colorado*, page 150] is the most widely circulated illustration of this technique. The guy on the back set of oars called the strokes. The guy on the front oars provided obedient, dumb strength and took just enough authority to time his strokes to catch water in the waves rather than air in the troughs.

Shorty and I ran Warm Springs on the Yampa that way twice, once in his boat and once in mine. We liked to enter with our backs downstream and drive (a classic Bus Hatch technique dory boaters call Major Powelling) into the eddy on the right bank, do an eddy turn with the pontoon, then slither over a boulder at the downstream end of the eddy, straddling it with the pontoon's tubes. If you caught the head of the eddy without bumping the point, three easy strokes produced a seemingly effortless and uneventful run that made the dudes mad about being required to walk around. Over the years I quit telling about that run in the face of building hyperbole about that rapid because folks became increasingly incredulous. One of the treasures Judy Burton Kurtz sent me to study is a videotaped copy of some dude-shot home movies taken in 1965 on the Yampa. Those runs we made were on that tape.

Because he was so unflappable, the Hatches gave Shorty the new guys to train in. The list of boatmen who did their first trip with Shorty includes many familiar names: Glade Ross, Tom Hatch, and Kenton Grua will have to suffice here. Glade tells of Bus sending him off with Short on one of those long trips through Flaming Gorge, Red Canyon, Lodore, Whirlpool, Split Mountain and out. At the put-in Glade hopped into the 10-man figuring it would be easier than the pontoon. When they got to Hells Half Mile, Short would have nothing to do with swapping boats in the face of that formidable mix of boulders and water but spent a half hour talking Glade through the tight spots.

Tommy tells of being sent out to run his first boat with a one-day from Rainbow Park down to the take-out at the mouth of Split Mountain Gorge. This is a Hatch telling a story here so you know the butt of the tale is likely to be the teller. Tommy spent the whole day flailing at the water without apparent effect and wondered how Short could always be in the right place without ever rowing very hard. Tommy tells it now that Short spent the whole day grinning about Tom's ineffective efforts.

Kenton went on a trip as a dudelet when he was ten or eleven. He was so struck with Shorty that he has spent the rest of his life “messing around in boats.”

Short did not like motors. I know that this is a controversial subject in these parts and I open the topic with some trepidation. Shorty had his reasons. The Great President Harding Run has to be one of them.

Shorty and Bus were running a trip in Grand at about 50,000 second-feet with Bus in a ten-man with a ten-horse motor and Shorty in the flat-ended Shorty boat. Bus was always in a hurry; so much of a hurry he hardly ever turned around his boat to face the rapid when he rowed. On this trip he towed Shorty through the slack water so Short wouldn't have to row so hard or get into camp so late. Bus would drag Short right to the head of a rapid, then untie him at the last minute. When they got to President Harding the dude in the front of the boat couldn't get the tow line untied, Short had to clamber to the front of the boat, cut the line and hustle back to the oars. He had only enough time to straighten out to run right over the top of Warren G. Boulder and through its hole. When Ted later asked Short how he felt when he saw he was going to have to run the hole Shorty shrugged and drawled, “Well, there really wasn't much else I could do.”

His objection to motors had nothing to do with noise, appropriate wilderness experiences, or other ideals. Although they had never met, he shared P.T. Reilly's opinion of motors; he simply did not trust them. They were not as reliable as he thought they ought to be. He acquired his distrust from the green-cased Mercury outboards he used early in his career. They sucked water through their cases with such a voracious thirst boatmen duct-taped every crack and kept a can of ether handy for restarting. Unless run at full throttle their plugs quickly fouled with oil. Only in the last couple of years of his life did he get to run relatively splash-proof black models. He was so good with the oars, it's no wonder to me he distrusted motors. This leads inevitably to the hardest part of a biographer's job, describing Shorty's last trip.

Nothing unusual characterized the trip that launched on June 9, 1967: a dozen passengers, two boats tail dragger-rigged with twenty-horse, long shaft Mercs, ten days from Lees Ferry to Temple Bar. Clarke Lium was the other boatman. One of the pioneer college boy boatmen, Clarke had run some of the most historically significant Hatch trips. Clarke had started out in that huge summer of the first Sierra Club trips through Dinosaur in 1954, then went to ROTC summer camp in '55 so his brother Bruce got to run the Eggert-Hatch trip from Green River, Wyoming, to Lees. The next summer Clarke partnered with Bruce on the 1956 finish of that expedition from Lees to Mead. Clarke came back to run occasional trips for the Hatches whenever he could get

away from his real job as a sales engineer in the aeronautics industry, but kept quiet about his past experience. Shorty, too, avoided the limelight, turning down the trip with the Kennedy entourage earlier in June. Despite the overlap of their careers and these superficial similarities in their personalities, Shorty and Clarke had never run a trip together.

In Page the day before the trip, Shorty was sizing up Clarke and displeased about getting yet another trainee after the six already that season. He instructed Clarke to follow him closely, copying his every move. After a couple of days, Short recognized Clarke's experience and told Clarke he would not worry about him any more; he could read water and handle a boat just fine, so he was glad to have him along.

On the fifth night out, the thirteenth of June, the group celebrated the birthdays of Shorty and a woman on the trip. Folks assembled a bunch of trinkets, fishing gear and the like, as presents and Clarke baked a pineapple upside-down cake for the party. The next day they lunched about three miles above Upset. As they pushed off, Short told Clarke he didn't like that particular rapid, counseled him to drive hard for the slot on the right just above the hole, and preceded him into the rapid. The gauge at Phantom reports 13,000 cfs as the mean daily flow for June fourteenth. Immediately after lunch they would have been running on the lowest water level of the daily cycle, a flow that had started its way down the canyon as a between 6,700 and 7,100 cfs release from the Glen Canyon Dam at between 2:00 and 6:00 A.M. on June thirteenth. Augmented by the several streams and springs along the way, it still was not much water. Maximum release earlier that day measured 18,765 cfs at noon. Clear, dry weather had prevailed for the entire trip.

Only one eyewitness description written contemporary to the event is known today, a letter to concerned members of one passenger's extended family. A woman now known only as Joan from her signature at the letter's end, refreshing her memory with her daily journal written on the trip, wrote it on July 14, 1967. The following excerpt presents her description of the accident:

At the bottom of this rapid is what they call a big hole—I believe a rock below the surface makes the water rush over it and make what they call a standing wave in back of it. I was watching the other boat—most of the people were in it—just the two parents and Jimmy were in our boat. Evidently Shorty just couldn't get the power to make it around the hole and they were drawn into it and carried right up the wave, and everyone just fell out from about 8' up at the top of the wave, and of course the boat came down upside down. I just couldn't

believe it—Jim ran up to the front of the boat and just then we hit the hole; however, we were headed into it and so the whole wave just poured into our boat knocking us in all directions (you wouldn't believe the bruises) but thank heavens we didn't turn over as I don't know what would have happened if we had. The people started popping up immediately (was I relieved to see Jan) and we kept telling them to swim for the side as we couldn't get them into our boat and they were all just sitting there and floating downstream with the current. Clarke kept our boat in front of them and the overturned boat as once one of them got in front of us we wouldn't have been able to get it again as you can't come upstream, and at this point you couldn't even walk back upstream as the walls were almost straight up. I said to Clarke, "Where is Shorty?"—and he said he must be under the boat or he would have popped up even if knocked out. We finally cornered the boat into shore, and found Shorty caught by his life jacket on a hook in the boat. The men worked for 3 hours with artificial respiration but he never did show any signs of life. We were on a narrow rock ledge—actually about 6' wide section of sand here and there, and about 6' of rock in front of it before the water (and by the way the water raised 6' every night when they opened the dam at Page). We only had two dry sleeping bags, so that night we just ate some canned meat, put pieces of plastic on the sand and spent a very long night.

After Shorty died on the river everyone who had known and loved him dealt with their shock as well as they could. Ruth Burton insisted that Jim, who incidentally looks very much like his father, stay away from running the rivers. Ted Hatch rues making Shorty use a new lifejacket as the most vocal of his manifestations of survivor's guilt. Stories about the drowning began to proliferate. Several of the boatmen on the next couple of trips down the Grand now believe that they met the trip at Upset, that they helped haul Shorty out of the canyon, or that they helped right the tipped boat. Some have reported that his knife was missing from his holster or that his life jacket was slashed. A local history of the Browns Park and Little Hole region published that Shorty had been tangled in the prop of his outboard.

Clarke reports that Shorty's jacket was intact and that all the buckles were securely fastened. It had caught in an opened eye-bolt from which the floor boards were suspended on chains. Knowing how cool under stress Shorty typically was, Clarke figures Short was knocked out in the tip and drowned while unconscious. He also reports that he and a few of the passengers who

happened to be engineers drafted individual reports on the accident while waiting two days at Upset for the Hatch trip he knew was following behind. In addition they righted the boat, repaired a flat chamber, and re-inflated it by mouth and lung, having lost their pump in the flip. When the next trip did not appear as expected Clarke made a big sign on the cliff with some fabric, left an ammo box with news of the accident at its base, tied the two pontoons together, piled everyone in, and slowly motored down toward Lava Falls. They spied some hikers at Havasu, told them of the accident, and asked them to hike out to the rim and notify the rangers that Clarke and the party would await a helicopter evacuation of Shorty's body at the head of Lava Falls. The hikers got the word out, the long-awaited other trip caught Clarke at Lava that evening, and the chopper met them in the middle of the next morning.

All of the differing stories of Shorty's death and its immediate aftermath are fully consistent with people laboring mightily with profound grief. To those who might get huffy about the facts and their abuse I would counsel a dose of humane sympathy and understanding. At their core, all the circulating versions are consistent with some of the facts in Joan's letter. While the several witnesses who had drafted reports on the flip awaited the helicopter they compared their versions of the accident. They struggled for a while to get their stories consistent, then said the hell with it and turned over their differing accounts to the rangers who flew out Shorty's body. Because the park spends more effort keeping track of who gets on the river than what happened there, those records are currently lost, misplaced, or destroyed. Ted Hatch remembers reading the official report of the accident. Clarke vaguely recalls that his account may have been returned to him. Like Ted, he cannot find it today. Diligent searching by current park officials turned up nothing. Such are the disappointments of the historian's work.

The Memorial Escapades and Enterprises

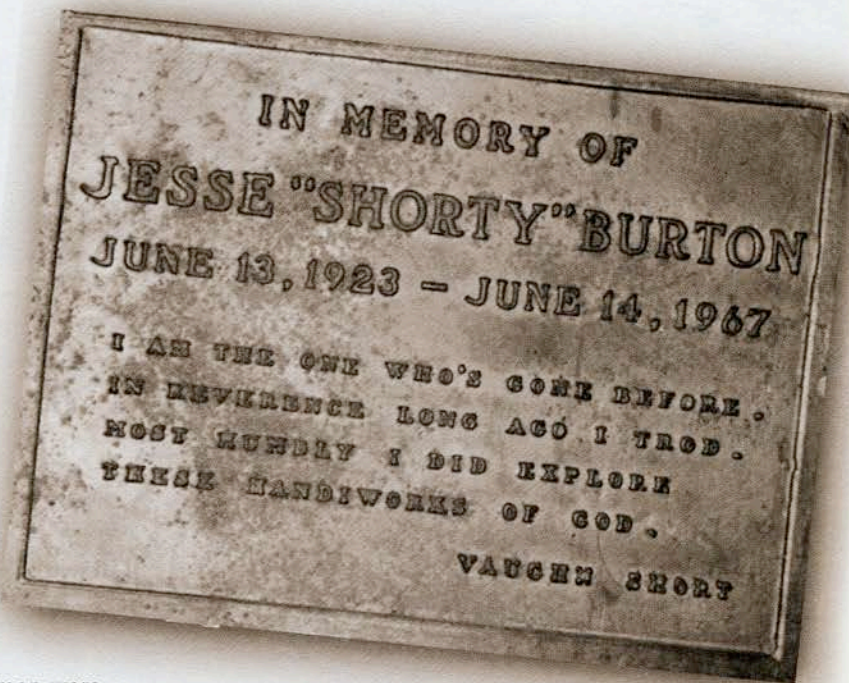
ON ONE OF THE NEXT Hatch trips down, maybe the trip Clarke had waited for, some of the guys wired a pie pan up on a boulder on the right side of Upset as a memorial to legendary pie baker Shorty Burton.

Sherm Feher mentioned that he thought the plastic flowers in a garland around it were something less than fitting for someone of Shorty's stature. He left them there, none the less. The next folks through, according to tenacious but uncorroboratable Canyon legend, had completely different ideas about appropriateness. The Park Service, according to legend, resented the defacing of the Park's features by the pie pan plaque and confiscated it.⁵ Because defacing the protected features of a national park, be they scientific or historical, can be construed and prosecuted as a felony, no one knows



what rapscaillon has or rapscaillions have perpetrated the succession of pie pans boatmen have wired to the rock through the years. Everyone involved appears to accept this spontaneously developed ritual. Plates get put up. Plates get taken down. Unknown folks get unique trophies. No one gets busted.

A more substantial plaque project started too. This adventure transpired in the days when the park was first exercising direct control over the operations and practices of the outfitters running in the Grand. Novel ideas about fuel provision, garbage disposal, and waste handling were at the center of a tempestuous and decidedly adversarial relationship. The boatmen were sure the park did not understand anything about the river. The park was equally sure the river runners did not understand the management responsibilities. Calculating that the park service might remove the first plaque installed, the second had a better chance of staying, and the third would be their ace in the hole that even heartless Smokey Bears would respect, an informal committee of boatmen arranged to have three plaques cast from scrap brass salvaged from old boats. In an election they selected some lines about "the one who's gone before" by Vaughn Short, Shorty Burton's close contemporary and boatman for Ken Sleight in the summer of 1967. The plaques were cast



but then Walt

Gregg, organizer of the scheme, left the Hatch crew and the project lost momentum.

Ted Hatch, who was closer to Shorty than anyone in the business, found himself in a very tricky situation. Shorty had been something of a big brother to Ted exactly the way Shorty subsequently mentored to the generation of younger boatmen who ran in the 1960s. Of all of us, Ted felt the most strongly that an appropriate monument belonged at Upset. Of all of us, he had the most to lose in a spat with the park. Even boatmen could figure that one out, so we had kept Ted out of the planning. One of the plaques ended up on the wood stove at Hatchland at Cliff Dwellers. A second is in Ted's office in Vernal. The third has not been seen in years. It might be bolted to the cliff already, out of view. If not, next time Ted throws a birthday party, someone filch that plaque while he's dancing and put it at Upset. He'll get over it.

Don and Meg Hatch's warehouse in Vernal has held a couple of monuments to Shorty through the years. For the first few years after his drowning Shorty's personal lifejacket, the worn-out one that Ted had insisted he leave ashore, hung in the

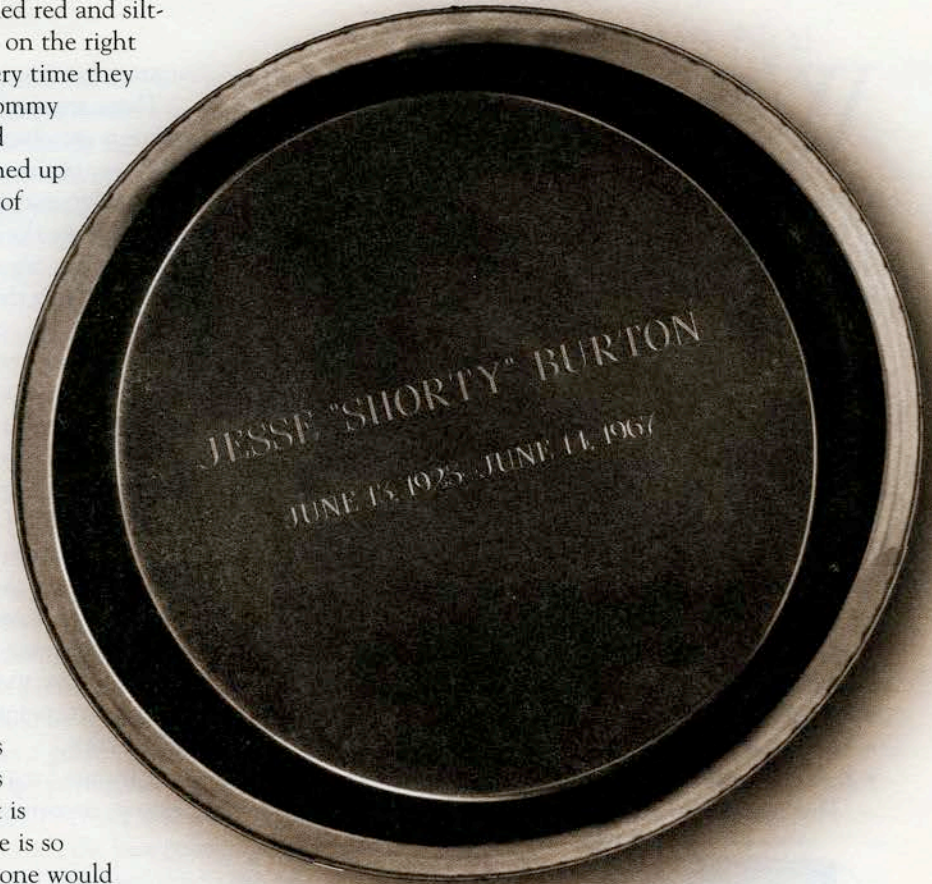
5. I watched the "guys with green blood" very carefully when I spouted this line at the 1998 Guide Training Seminar in Fredonia. They either squirmed and grinned sheepishly or assumed quizzical looks upon their faces. Roughly sorted by age, the seniors grinned.



boathouse, a building which had started life as the first museum at the Dinosaur quarry. Faded red and silt-stained white cotton with "SHORTY" on the right front, it sobered young boatmen every time they saw it. Then in the middle 1970s Tommy Hatch was finally junking the rotted pontoons out of the swamp and turned up the two old submarine tenders, one of which had "SHORTY" painted on its bow. He or Don, they both claim this act, cut out those panels, tacked one high on the north wall of the shop and the other disappeared. Tommy thinks George Wilkins has it. George thinks Earl Staley has it. Knowing those three pranksters, the boat probably had four panels and they laugh about it every year during elk season.

Admired, respected, revered, and loved by a generation of boatmen and dudes, Shorty quietly took care of business in the background while younger men and boys posed, pranced and paraded. He was polite, reserved, and a bit bashful. It is Shorty Burton's fault that this article is so sparsely illustrated. Whenever someone would haul out their camera to snap his portrait, Shorty would quietly say, "Oh, you don't want a picture of me" and quietly slip out of view. The only people Shorty turned his back on were photographers.

Al Holland



Onward.

We plunge through treacherous Upset Rapid...
where the motor-pontoon man Shorty Burton got his, back in '67.

We doff headgear in his memory.
R.I.P., Shorty. We'll join you shortly.

— EDWARD ABBEY WHITE WATER RAMBLERS 1977

Point: Outfitters Are Obsolete

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT to the many dedicated professional outfitters of the Grand Canyon, your services are mostly no longer needed.

Years ago, the West was opened with the help of modern inventions. The telegraph was revolutionary in its time, providing *instant* communications across the country. Not too many telegrams are sent in this day of faxes, transcontinental telephones and e-mail.

In the Grand Canyon, it was the outfitters who initially developed the demand for river trips that we experience today. Without them, it would have been impossible to mobilize the forces needed to stop the dams in Marble Canyon, to focus the national park's service energy on regulating and cleaning the canyon and to generally tend to the place. Today, however, that demand has reached a critical mass and is likely to continue whether or not any outfitter ever publishes another brochure.

There are three important elements of a river trip through the Grand Canyon. They are:

- Passengers
- Equipment
- Knowledgeable guide (professional or not)

The equipment and guides can be provided by an

outfitter, but they need not be.

There are many reasons to support the idea that outfitters are obsolete. The first is that the money and the power of the outfitters is now concentrated and organized to maximize the use of the resource rather than promote the quality of the experience. This has led to shorter trips and the use of helicopters to speed people through the Canyon. I believe the incentives (which they are entitled to as commercial outfitters) are contrary to the mission of both the National Park Service and other dedicated organizations, such as Grand Canyon River Guides.

A series of regulations have evolved from the National Park Service to promote safe, clean and meaningful use of the river corridor. Generally speaking, the regulations are working and there is no need to change them. In trying to accommodate both private and commercial boaters, however, the nps finds itself having to buy into the motivation to maximize user days; to increase total user days and to shift user days to commercial use, thereby competing with private trips.

It is time for a new paradigm in the Grand Canyon, namely to maximize the quality of the trips.



RAIN IN THE GORGE

Webster 1998

Counterpoint: Perhaps Not

There is enough expertise and equipment out there to more than outfit all of the private demand. It is time to emphasize trips designed by the participants, for the participants. This means shifting responsibility for the quality of the trip to the passengers who are actually on the trip. The main points of this new paradigm would be as follows:

There is still a place for commercial outfitters, on a much more limited basis. The amount of time spent on a waiting list for either a private or a commercial trip should be equalized. This may mean that the ultimate natural demand for commercial trips is between 10 to 20% of the total use.

There is still a place for guides. Guides unquestionably add value to trips, and it is time for the NPS to reevaluate its regulations about the definition of a "river trip" and allow trips to hire one or more independent contractor guides. In this new paradigm guides become independent contractors and must market their skills to permit holders. They would be allowed to charge whatever the market will bear. A private trip paying a Canyon interpretive guide \$200 per day will still spend much less on guides on a per person basis than if they ran with a commercial trip. In addition to controlling their compensation, guides would control their own benefits. If a guide wanted long-term disability insurance or a retirement plan, it would be up to that guide to fund his or her benefits as per incentives. From a guide's point of view, this would give them a choice between high paying fast trips or slow, mellow private trips, or a combination. I believe this would keep guides fresh and promote a meritocracy in which the best guides get work and those that need attitude adjustments get some enforced time off.

The world has changed and now is the time to adapt and change the policy of river use through the Grand Canyon.

There is still a place for GCRG. The organization could become a clearing house for guides, for trips, for information, and is well organized to do this through their web site.

There is still a place for the National Park Service. The slightly expanded role would be more true to their mission of administering back country use. Under this new paradigm, all prospective rafters would have to make the effort to apply for a permit, which is admittedly harder than calling a travel agent, but a little more effort is probably not a bad thing. They would also be free to organize any kind of trip they wanted from triple Georgie rigs on down to kayak support.

In thinking about this we should remember the principal of Ockham's razor, which, paraphrased, states, "all things being equal, the simplest solution is always preferred." Think how much simpler the river experience would be without "help" of Coconino County health regulation or tax burdened outfitters who are now serving the role of order takers for an insatiable demand.

If you agree with the mission statement of GCRG of providing the best quality river experience, you'll have to agree that a well run private trip is generally a better experience than a commercial trip (and a lot cheaper, even if you pay the guides).

David N. Shore



DAVE SHORE makes some interesting points. But somehow I think he is twisting our words into his point of view. For instance, "If you agree with the mission statement of GCRG of providing the best quality river experience, you'll have to agree that a well run private is generally a better experience than a commercial trip..." Really? No way!!! I personally disagree 110%! The one thing I agree with is that we need to redefine a private river trip.

Idealistically Dave may have a point. But realistically he leaves me with a lot of questions.

- How would this system improve the quality of the experience?
- Who is to define guide qualification?
- Can anyone be a guide?

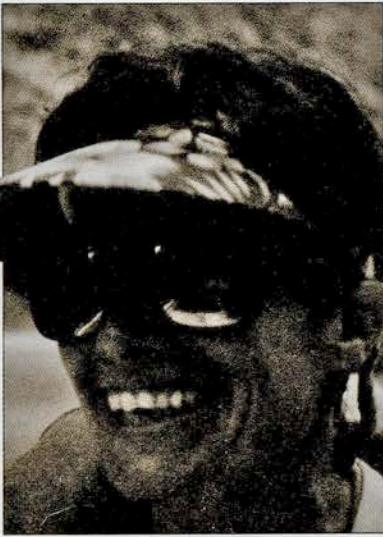
As a professional guide I would have to call bull. Cheaper is not necessarily better. There are more people out there ready to guide a trip, for free or fun, than money can buy.

The bottom line really is the cost of the trip and power of the outfitter vs. the experience. It is way too high in comparison to guide wages and benefits.

Most guides will agree, well-trained and well-paid guides improve the quality of the experience. We might want to start there. We still need the organization and diversity that the outfitters provide.

Bob Grusy

Flowing Through the Arteries



JOY UNGRICHT CARBER may have been the quintessential female river guide: strong, fun, ballsy, and as handy with a cheesy song or an irritable pump as with a boat. She was 5'2", weighed about 115 pounds, and worked hard to be counted among the men she guided with in the '70s and '80s. There are documentaries and television features about her, and she's been the subject of poems, short stories and campfire tales. In 1992, when Joy was 40, she died of cancer.

Soon afterwards, her family and friends set up the Joy Ungricht Carber Memorial Scholarship, to foster the professional development of female river guides. The fund started with one scholarship a year, and now provides student aid for river skills, rescue and interpretive courses and for a graduate residency in environmental education. The courses are run by Canyonlands Field Institute in Moab, a fitting venue, since Joy was one of the "vortex victims" who planned to stay in town a few months and ended up staying a few years.

One of the things that's happened with this scholarship is that it highlights the ways that Joy is still here. She bears down with Laura Kruta, wrestling a dump-truck of a baggage boat down the San Juan River. She perseveres with Allison Kennedy, who's guided and survived in this hard-winter town long enough to tackle another goal, counseling women. She shares with Darah Sandlian, who joined cfi's first Whitewater Academy for Teens, and bothered to write to BQR about it, and will probably bother to do an awful lot more in her time. She conspires, grinning, with Jill Baxter, who had to tackle the Canadian border twice to get here and left to start her own outdoor education center on the Ottawa River. And she pushes through the pain with Rona Levein, who climbed to the top of Mount Kilimanjaro at the age of 64, in Joy's honor.

The thing that's less obvious is Joy's legacy. Living in this totally X-chromosome town in the late '90s, where six out of ten river companies have female owners or managers and every outfitter hires women, it's weird to hear a TV reporter describe Joy Ungricht in 1979 as "one of the only qualified women river guides in the world." It's just as strange to hear Joy herself talk about longing for some female company on river trips where it was just her and the guys "constantly jiving."

Then you remember she lived with firsts—first woman guide on Chile's Bio Bio, Turkey's Çoruh, Papua-New Guinea's Watut and Alaska's Tatshenshini and Copper Rivers. Member of the first exploratory party on Africa's Zambezi and India's Indus River. She led dozens of women's trips around the world, and helped design one of the first River Safety & Rescue courses, through cfi. She was wed at the summit of Mount Kilimanjaro.

The firsts aren't the only thing that stands out about her, though. In one interview, she reflected on the nature of rivers: "Rivers are arteries. They're bringing down the whole history of the area through them; they're not just rapids. I run rivers because they're just such a wonderful highway to inaccessible places. There are so many little bits of magic that come from being in that environment."

The growth of women in the guiding industry and the idea that rivers are critical to our understanding as well as our adrenaline level are givens these days, at least to most of the younger women who apply for the Joy Scholarship. Joy's attitude and adventures are a lot easier to stomach for this generation than general concepts of feminism or activism or justice for women. But they accomplished at least as much in their way.

There's a quote of Joy's that gets used a lot to describe her beliefs and her bravery in facing cancer and death. It's from an interview with an Outside Magazine writer, on her last trip down the Grand Canyon. When he asked her if she was sad that everything was coming to an end, she reportedly smiled and countered, "One trip has to end so another can begin."

In itself, that's an amazingly healthy philosophy. Somewhere in her adventurer's heart, though, you've got to wonder if there was a tiny gleam, if perhaps she still felt the way she did when she was 27 and said: "Mostly I think of all there is to do: the next adventure and the irons in the fire and which one's getting hottest and moving on to the next place and doing all the millions of things there are to do, and you can't possibly do them all in one lifetime, but you can keep trying."

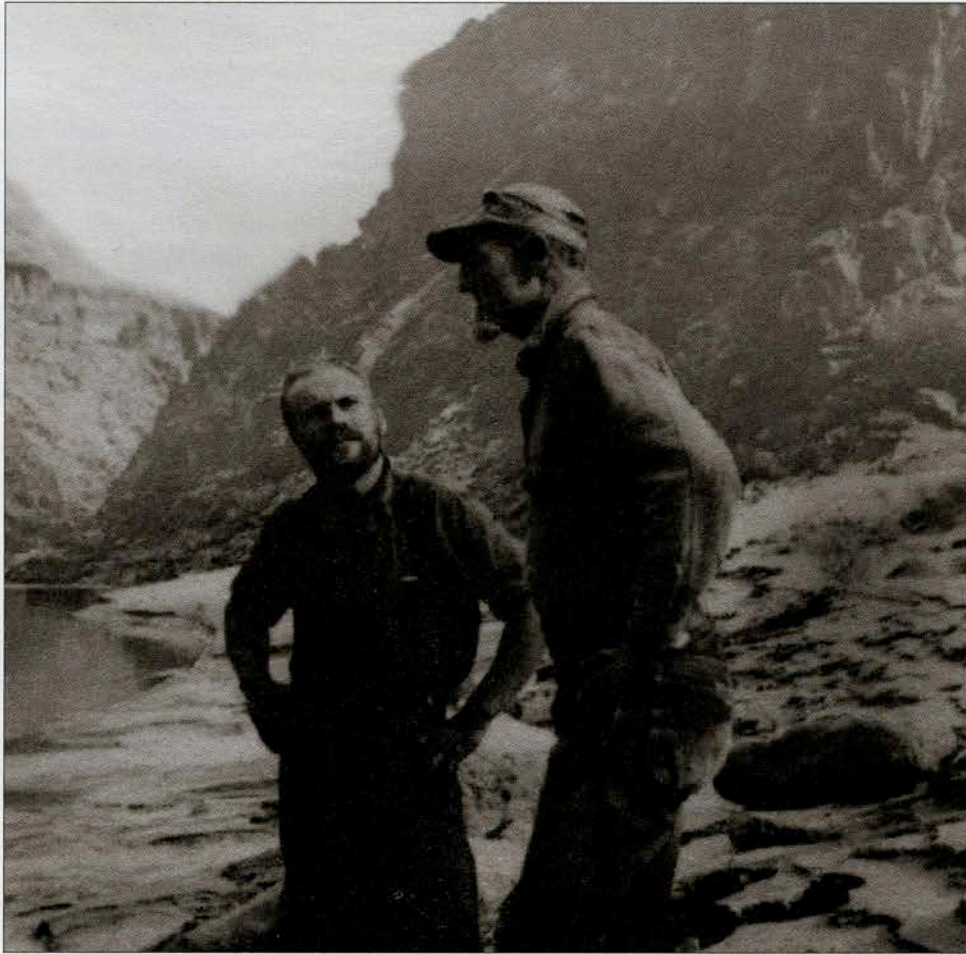
You can keep trying.



Lisa Taylor

The Joy Ungricht Carber Memorial Scholarship was, as first recipient Allison Kennedy put it, "established in celebration of this clearly extraordinary and inspiring individual." To find out how to apply, or to make a contribution to the fund, contact:

Canyonlands Field Institute PO Box 68
Moab, UT 84532 435-259-7750
ltaylor@canyonlandsfieldinst.org



Bob Sharp photograph, Carnegie/CalTech Collection, Cline Library Special Collections, NAU.PH.94.27.136

Buzz Holmstrom Meets Frank Dodge

*R*are is the day at Havasu that you don't talk to a dozen boatmen. Usually you know most of them; occasionally you meet a new one; on an odd occasion you might introduce two senior boatmen who have somehow never met.

Well, there didn't used to be so many boatmen or so many trips. In fact, November 20, 1937 marks first time in Grand Canyon that two river trips, or two boatmen, ever met. Frank Dodge was the head boatman of the Carnegie/CalTech geology trip, slowly working his group down river. On the water behind him, moving fast, was Haldane "Buzz" Holmstrom, an Oregon filling station attendant, about to complete the first solo voyage from Green River, Wyoming, to Boulder Dam.

The following is an excerpt from *THE DOING OF THE THING: THE BRIEF, BRILLIANT WHITEWATER CAREER OF BUZZ HOLMSTROM*, by Vince Welch, Cort Conley and Brad Dimock, which will be published later this month.

FRANK DODGE'S TRIP had been going well. Dodge ran a tight ship—too tight for some people—but they had come through the Granite Gorges upright and had ample time for their geologic work. At Upset Rapid, Dodge had gotten too far left, headed into a yawning hole, and vanished entirely from sight. Climbing back aboard his boat below the rapid, he rowed to shore. Washed out? No, he said. When it looked as if the boat would hit a rock, he jumped out. Raised in Hawaii, Dodge was a lifelong swimmer, more comfortable in the water than out.

Dodge first earned notice on the 1923 USGS expedition at the same rapid. As the boatmen prepared to run it, Dodge stationed himself at the foot of the rapid in case anything went wrong. Head boatman Emery Kolb went into the hole, capsized, struck his head on a gunwale, and appeared disoriented. Dodge dove in, swimming at the perfect angle to intercept Kolb and his boat. He climbed on the boat, pulled Kolb up, and brought him to shore. Colonel Birdseye, who had been skeptical of Dodge's abilities, immediately promoted him to boatman.

In 1927 Dodge was hired as lead boatman for a movie-

making trip that ended at Hermit Creek. In the early 1930s he led two survey trips through the lower gorge. Now, at forty-six, he was considered one of the best boatmen around. When Holmstrom began writing to him for a job in 1936, Dodge had already picked his crew—Owen Clark and Merrill Spencer, two boatmen he had run with before. Besides, Holmstrom's letters had not impressed him. Nor had the name.

Dodge, in his autobiography, wrote,

I couldn't help but size him up by his letters as a punk kid, though having some experience on other streams, would not be a reader and so would be ignorant of this stream. That if he did get through it would be purely luck. From Tapeats Creek down, the gang began to razz me in fun. They'd make believe they were asking Buzz questions such as, "Buzz, how many rapids did you line or portage?" Answer, "Hell, me line these rapids? No, I ran every one—I wouldn't bother with such as these, etc., etc." Well, I thought when and if he catches us he may very well be a blowhard kid and though I've never had a bit of jealousy in my system regarding the river, it would be hard to listen to a kid, riding his luck, to tell me my mistakes.

Indeed, the party had received the radio message from Holmstrom that he was on his way, and much of their campfire talk concerned his chances of making it. John Stark, one of the geologists, known as "Cactus Jack," had taken to leaving notes in the sand and on driftwood for Holmstrom, on the chance he might overtake them.

* * *

Holmstrom spent a miserable night below Lava Falls. The wind howled, blowing grit and embers in his face as he tried to cook. Exasperated, he went to bed early, pelted with sand, sparks, and spray.

Nov 19—8:00—Boat loaded below Falls—cloudy again this A.M.—will take some pictures & shove off—got up early & took drink of water out of bucket in dark—at daylite discovered two drowned rats in it—Before drowning however they had eaten some butter for me—Between rats & myself the butter is not holding out very well—On looking at the Falls this A.M., am quite sure I could run it but would portage every time unless there was some very good reason for trying it.

8:40—actually ready to leave Lava Falls now—got thinking possibly those rats drowned themselves in remorse for eating my butter...

He made twelve miles before lunch, and another seventeen by late afternoon, when he stopped at a fresh camp. Pulling in, he found a slab of driftwood on a tripod of sticks. Cactus Jack had written "Hello Buzz" in large letters on the board. A can of cocoa rested by the smoldering campfire. Holmstrom camped for the night, profoundly touched by the welcome from boatmen he had yet to meet.

Nov 20 5:30 A.M.—eating break—still bright moon lite—surely pretty—rapids roar below—across river on top of cliffs a sleeping giant—at least 1 mile long—sleeping on his side—can see clearly from head to toe—all the cliffs & rocks are surely pretty in the moonlite & starlite—6:50 all ready to shove off only waiting for a little more lite as quite a rapid right below—sunrise is beautiful—moon still in sight in the west as though to show the sun the way—in the east above the dark cliffs the sky is the bluest blue I ever saw & runs through different shades up to the pink & red clouds—makes me mad to try to describe it as there are no words that will do the work.

My overalls are developing a good sized hole where they touch the seat of the boat the most—off at 7...

As soon as he could see well enough to negotiate 209-Mile Rapid, Holmstrom launched. Hot on the trail of Dodge's group, he hoped to catch them that day, perhaps at Diamond Creek, a large tributary on the south shore. Perhaps, Holmstrom hoped, they would stop there for a day or two.

* * *

*The twentieth of November
Is a day we'll all remember
For around the bend at Diamond Creek
there came another boat
And a bearded youth sat rowing
With a red hat plainly showing
Buzz Holmstrom had come down
more than a thousand miles afloat.*

*He was eager and excited
Scarcely ate as he recited
His adventures from Green River
and his eyes they fairly shone,
As he told of his ambition
Which had nearly reached fruition
To be the first to travel down
the Colorado all alone.*

Thus wrote Cactus Jack in his *Doggerel Log of a Canyon Trip*, adroitly capturing the spirit of Holmstrom's arrival. Never in Grand Canyon history had two river parties met. Never had anyone run it alone. The entire trip was as excited to meet Holmstrom as he was to catch them. As he pulled in and stepped out of his boat, he held up the "Hello Buzz" sign, wanting to know who had written it. He thanked Cactus Jack for "the biggest morale boost of my life."

Geologist Bob Sharp took careful notes:

Buzz caught us at 11:15 A.M. at mouth of Diamond Creek—Height 5' 8½" weight 155-165 lbs—husky—nice build—Heavy black beard—fairly large head—nice patches—hair



Bob Sharp photograph, Carnegie/CalTech Collection Clire Library Special Collections, NAU.PH.94.27.132

Boatmen never change

dark brown—hair thinning in front—eyes blue gray.... Buzz obviously very glad to see someone—mentions lonesomeness—talks very fast and at good length—good natured....

They shook hands, exchanged stories. Each wanted to know what the other had done at Lava, at Dubendorff, at dozens of other rapids. Holmstrom was amazed by the size and weight of Dodge's expedition boats, telling the men that his own feat was nothing compared to what their boatmen had managed. *They* were the heroes.

Head geologist Ian Campbell asked Holmstrom if he'd ever been scared. "Gosh, Dr. Campbell," he replied, "I've been scared ever since I left Green River." They loved it. They loved him. Here was a man equal to the place, a man more humble than the Canyon was grand.

Standing back, aloof from the excitement, was stiff, overbearing Frank Dodge. But his preconception of Holmstrom was crumbling. Finally, he came over and held out his hand. Holmstrom, awed at meeting the famous Frank Dodge, grasped his hand and shook it heartily, beaming. Years later, Dodge described Holmstrom's first few minutes in their camp:

Something shone out of his eyes, something of wonderment and relief that the worst lay behind him and that he was with friends and only a little more to go. I think if one man can love another that we all loved Buzz from that moment on.

Holmstrom spent the rest of the day with the men, rowing down to Travertine Canyon, where they camped together. Holmstrom was interested in the geologists' work and fascinated by a garnet outcrop they discovered there. At meal times, wrote naturalist Edwin McKee, Holmstrom was ravenous—his personal food cache was down to one can of beans.

Around the fire that night, the men of the survey party wrested more of Holmstrom's tale, from the finding of the Port Orford Cedar log to spending his last dime in Flagstaff. They talked of rapids run and rapids to come. Dodge described the two major cataracts still ahead, Separation and Lava Cliff, and the route through each.

The next morning the boatmen were reluctant to take leave of each other. A bond—a boatman's bond—had formed. In his journal Campbell wrote:

Didn't get going very early, as wanted to have sun to take farewell pictures of Buzz, & he seemed loath to leave—tho he had to rush to get back to the job he hoped he still had. A true amateur—said he expected to make no money out of his trip—"the most money I can make will be by going right back home and going to work again." He had with him Jack's wooden board on which Jack wrote all our names. Said he was going to have it framed—& it was something he'd never take any

amount of money for. We asked him if he hadn't noticed any writing in the sand, & he said yes, "Hinds for president" which brought a loud cheer. He surely has sharp eyes—knew our boats were mahogany because of a small splinter pulled loose on the Lava Falls portage.

As Holmstrom prepared to leave, the men came over and offered him a collection of money they had taken up, a little something to help him get home. Holmstrom was overwhelmed, but refused it. As he climbed into his boat, Frank Dodge held out his hand once more and clasped Holmstrom's hand. "Buzz," he said, "you're all right."



Buzz Holmstrom Show and Collection in Flag

FROM NOW THROUGH OCTOBER there is a wonderful Buzz Holmstrom display in the main lobby of Cline Library at Northern Arizona University. Many photographs, letters and artifacts are on display, including the "Hello Buzz" board left by Jack Stark, and Stark's hand-colored *Doggerel Log*.

Upstairs, in Special Collections, the Buzz Holmstrom Collection is now cataloged and ready to view. Among the highlights of the collection are the letters he wrote during his river trips.

And on October 10, from 6–8 P.M., there will be a showing of movies and still images from Holmstrom's life, at the Cline Library Auditorium. His biographers will narrate the show and will be happy, of course, to sign books.



Holmstrom Memorial in Coquille, Oregon

BUZZ HOLMSTROM'S NAME is all but forgotten in his home town of Coquille. That will be remedied on August 22, when his family, friends and admirers will gather to dedicate a monument and plaque in his honor at Sturdivant Park, on the banks of the Coquille River. The event will begin around 11 A.M. and all boatfolk are encouraged to attend.

Holmstrom's biography will go on sale that morning as well, and all three authors, and Buzz's brother and sister, plan to be there to sign them. A unique opportunity.



Buzz Book Discount

THE DOING OF THE THING: THE BRIEF, BRILLIANT WHITEWATER CAREER OF BUZZ HOLMSTROM, by Vince Welch, Cort Conley and Brad Dimock, 304 pages, illustrated, will be published August 22. Fretwater Press is giving GCRG members a pre-publication 10% discount on orders before September 1. Softcover \$20 (\$18 to GCRG members) Hardcover \$35 (\$31.50 to GCRG members). Postage is \$3 for the first one, \$1 for each additional. Contact: Fretwater Press, 1000 Grand Canyon Avenue, Flagstaff, AZ 86001; fax 520 779 9552; or visit the web page at www.fretwater.com



Breath Music

*True watermen, drawn up on beach
or drifting on long stretches, reach
for music they themselves can make.
Dick Shedd's recorder on the Snake,
the panpipes of Antonio,
with half-shut eyes are brought to blow
when all is safe and moving slow.*

*They choose by instinct instrument
traditional when they present
to Pan wind music, feeling they
must simple ritual worship play
and breathe to ancient deity
their gratitude for being free
on rivers or far out to sea.*

*If grateful, they must know the ways
to thank at work's end or the day's,
and blackbird-calling then must lift
through reed at lips a living gift
of joy and breath to sky and butte.
Neither drum nor string will suit.
Life only comes from breath and flute.*

*The pipes make the musicians kin
to sandpiper and canyon wren,
their calls in bright successive notes
the only imprints that their boats
will leave on sea and river when
they drift downstream to start again
their lesser lives as city men.*



John Van Peenen

Buzz On Line

NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY has a lot of the story of Holmstrom meeting Dodge on-line. You can view the "Hello Buzz" board at http://www.nau.edu/~cline/speccoll/exhibits/sca/collect/manusrpt/buzz_a.html or see a page of the Doggerel Log at <http://www.nau.edu/~cline/speccoll/exhibits/sca/collect/manusrpt/doglog.html> or check out the Carnegie/CalTech pictures at http://www3.nau.edu/cline/peoplereferral.cfm?people_note=Holmstrom%2C+Buzz. Something awfully strange about that, isn't there?



1998 Guides Training Trip

TO EVERYONE WHO SHARED in this year's Guides' training trip, I want to say thank you for making it all happen. This year's trip was a bit smaller in total numbers than GTS trips of the past, with only nineteen on both the top and bottom halves. Maybe smaller trips are better trips, hmmm? It may have been smaller in numbers, but not in heart or quality of the experience.

Participants on the top half (along with myself): Jeff Cole, Colin McKnight, Jeff Pyle, Molly O'Mara, Martha Brown, Lance Newman, Dave Stratton, Leann Brennen, Steve Munsell, Rowlie Busch, Frank Wetmore, and David Stinson. On the bottom half, Trevor Lugers, Thyra Busch, Lynn Marshall, Alan Kelso, and Abbey Sullivan joined us. Represented were 8 out of the 16 companies: Hatch River Exp., Colorado River & Trails, Diamond River Exp., Canyon Exp., CanX, Moki Mac, Tour West, and Western River Exp. plus Prescott College and NAU.

Speakers on the top half were: Amy Horn Wilson (park archaeology), Dee Ann Tracy (ethno-botany), David Kreamer (hydrology), Gwen Waring (Biology), Matt Kaplinski (geology), Brenda Wessel (physical therapy), and Kent Frost (oral history). Speakers on the bottom half were: Wendell Duffield (vulcanology/geology), Mike Yeatts (archaeology), Rich Valdez (fish), Lisa Machina (botany), and Kent Frost (oral history).

The highlight of this year's GTS trip, and I am speaking for everyone, was the participation of Kent Frost. Kent is not only a gentleman and a great storyteller, he is a role model to all guides. His wit and wisdom is something we should all aspire to.

Oh yeah, sure, we did a lot of great hiking, told a few stories of our own, laughed, joked, and sang around the campfire. Oo!! La la!! La la la la la!!! For the real story, I guess it's like all great river trips: You just should have been there. The important thing is the guides' trip brings folks together from a lot of different companies and other agencies. It is one of the only ways we are ever going to get to know one another. When is there ever a time when boatmen from so many different outfits get to work together, developing understanding of one another? It is the greatest learning tool we have. Let's keep it going.

Bob Grusy



Grand Canyon Youth: Adopt-A-Youth

GRAY, AN ORGANIZATION dedicated to providing youth access to Grand Canyon river trips and other outdoor experiences on the rivers and in the canyons of the Colorado Plateau, has started an Adopt-A-Youth program. We are asking people familiar with the Grand Canyon river experience to help sponsor youth. If you are interested, all you need to do is send us your name and address and we'll send you a packet explaining the details of the program. If it sounds good to you, participating youth will contact you directly to explain their needs and make arrangements for individual sponsorships. Sponsors are not obligated to any specific amount. Donations are made through Grand Canyon Youth and are fully tax-deductible.

Help support youth in Grand Canyon!!!!
Grand Canyon Youth, PO Box 23376,
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

Thanks!

Martha Clark and Fritz



The Brave Ones.
 Plunging down the Colorado
 In dark canyons every day.
 It was pleasant an old timer
 To meet along the way.
 Dropping gold pan there he hailed us
 "Come ashore boys what's the news?
 Is but two all of your party.
 Or what number did you lose?"
 So we anchored, as 'twas evening.
 And the information gave
 Then he slapped us on the shoulder
 "You're mighty brave."

The Brave Ones

Plunging down the Colorado
 In dark canyons every day
 It was pleasant an old timer
 To meet along the way.

Dropping gold pan there he hailed us
 "Come ashore boys, what's the news?
 Is but two all of your party,
 Or what number did you lose?"

So we anchored, as 't'was evening
 And the information gave
 Then he slapped us on the shoulder
 And said, "Boys, you're mighty brave."

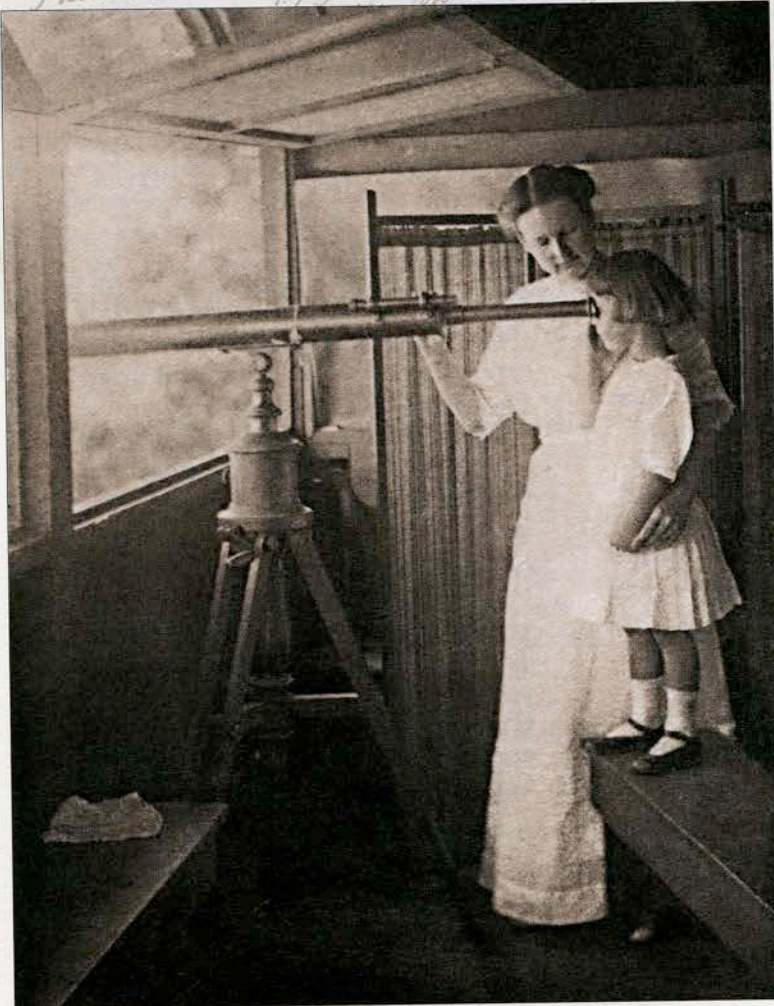
"I've had comrades," he continued,
 "That in yonder waves were tossed
 And I'm working now alone boys,
 Needn't tell you they were lost."

"Yes, 'tis wicked," I admitted
 "But should this water be our grave,
 There are others of our party,
 And 'tis they you should call brave."

Now imagine if you're able
 This grim old timer's look
 As I handed him a picture
 I had kept in my note book.

"Ah, the brave ones!" said the miner,
 "I understand the tale
 'Tis an anxious wife and baby
 Waiting at Bright Angel Trail."

Emery C. Kolb



Blanche and Edith Kolb, watching for the signal fire.
 Emery Kolb Collection, Cline Library, Northern Arizona University
 NAU.PH.568-3969

Snake!

I AM INTERESTED in obtaining distributional information on snakes in the Grand Canyon, particularly along the river corridor from the Glen Canyon Dam to Hoover Dam. Unknown to most visitors, up to 6 species of rattlesnakes (and the western coral snake) have been reported along the river corridor or in side canyons, especially in lower stretches of the Grand Canyon. However, several of those species have yet to be verified there.

Because some of these species and subspecies may look similar, photographs would be the best tool for identifying the snakes. Important to defining the distribution of the species is the river mile and side of river where the snake is seen. Thus, I am seeking photographs and locations (river mile and side, or canyon) of snakes in the canyon. Other information to include would be date, observers, and a brief description of the specific location (habitat/dominant vegetation, estimated distance from the river's edge). Although rattlesnakes may be seen more often than other snakes, if the opportunity arises, I am interested in photographs of other snakes along the river corridor, particularly the western coral snake.

Of course, caution should be taken in photographing a rattlesnake. Please stay at a safe distance from the snake—a minimum of one and one-half its body length. If possible, a full body photograph would be the best identifying photograph. The features of the snake that are most often important in identification are the patterns on the back and sides, and the markings (if any) near the tail above the rattle. Any photographs and information would be appreciated and should be sent to me at the above address; these photos or slides will be kept as records verifying the species identification, thus, copies of the photos or slides should be sent. If a telephone number, mail or e-mail address is provided, we will notify you regarding the identity of the species in your photo. There is no deadline for this information.

My interest in the distribution of snakes in the canyon was sparked by a photograph of a rattlesnake that a colleague took in the canyon last fall (while it was eating a song sparrow). The assumption was that the rattler was a Grand Canyon "pink" (*Crotalus viridis abyssus*). Yet, when shown to a herpetologist at the University of Arizona (Cecil Schwalbe), he identified it as a speckled rattlesnake (*Crotalus mitchellii*). He also mentioned that the lack of documentation of species identification (i.e. specimen or photo vouchers) has resulted in a very incomplete understanding of rattlesnake species distribution in the canyon.

In the last year, I have been on eight trips (5 to 14 days each) on the river and have yet to see a rattlesnake.

Most people (including biologists) I have spoken to regarding the presence of speckled rattlesnakes in the canyon were unaware that this species existed there. The people who are there the most often (i.e. river guides) are more likely to see snakes and with their cooperation we could learn more about the snakes in the canyon.

I would appreciate your effort to distribute my request for such photographs and information. Below is the text of a flyer that I am sending out to the various river companies.



Nikolle Brown

Wanted

PHOTOGRAPHS of and information on snakes (especially rattlesnakes and the western coral snake) along the Colorado River and its side canyons from Glen Canyon Dam to Hoover Dam.

The photos can be pictures or slides (preferably color film) and, if possible, include a full-body shot as close up as safely possible. (Keeping at a minimum distance of one and one-half the snake's body length is recommended.) Along with the photo, please include information such as date, observer(s), river mile, and side of river (R or L) where the snake was seen. Other helpful information would be descriptions of the specific locality including dominant vegetation, especially perennial plants, etc. (e.g. in the upland rocks or in the tamarisk alongside the river). This information will be used to help determine the distribution of snakes along the river corridor.

Please note that the photos will be kept as records verifying the species identification, thus copies of the photos should be sent. If you provide a telephone number or snail mail or e-mail address, we will identify the species in your photo for you.

There is no deadline for this information.

The information should be sent to:

Nikolle Brown
P.O. Box 1392
Page, AZ 86040

Survey Results

Each year we poll the guide members asking them what we're doing right, what we're doing wrong, and what we're simply not doing that we should. About two-thirds of the responses come back blank. A full sampling of the rest are printed on the following pages (For the sake of space and tact, we left out some of the repetitious ones and the down-right personal and mean ones.) In addition to the regular questions, this year we asked where, if anywhere, GCRG should stand on the highly controversial issue of decommissioning Glen Canyon Dam and restoring Glen Canyon.

Responses vary widely, and in most cases where there is a strong voice pushing one way, there is an equally strong one pushing back. This is a sign of some sort of balance, but it points out the improbability that GCRG can ever get a true consensus on many tough issues. (Unionizing, dam decommissioning, wilderness, bqr content, etc.) The best GCRG can do on those is to keep airing the issues. The best you can do is tell the board how you feel, or better yet, run for office.

Things GCRG Should Be Doing

Support wilderness in Grand Canyon.

Insuring long term health of the BQR. It's the best!

Riding BuRec mercilessly to hold them to the EIS Record of Decision. There have been illegal releases from the dam with no consequences at all!

Oppose that obnoxious, self-serving outfitters' legislation, it stinks!

Promoting private trip user-day increase.

Keep focused on basic guide issues—stay away from pie-in-the-sky bull like draining the lake.

Being radical when it's necessary. This is an organization of river guides, not mice. There's already a Grand Canyon Trust; let's not be afraid to speak out.

Pizza at meetings & stick to topics under discussion.

Rules of order; almost. Otherwise it's just another BS session, maybe have a BS session after all business is conducted so folks who aren't interested can leave.

Work with outfitters to get better wages, etc. ... for guides and swampers.

Should be more active in fighting unconstitutional drug testing.

Protect us from Marlene!

Work with the private boating community "GCPBA" more closely on management revisions.

The overflights are the most annoying and are the most bothersome and rude disturbance during a "wilderness" river experience.

Support Lew Steiger's history interview with cash, expenses or equipment. Promoting efforts towards guides getting a fair share of the profits made by commercial outfitters.

Working for more equity between commercial/private user days. Boatmen benefits in general (threaten a union—last resort).

Find a way to connect all guides. Then represent a consensus.

Pushing for greater equality between commercial/private usage!

Pressing the NPS to be in compliance with the provisions of the proposed potential wilderness designation of the canyon.

Keep an eye on the power of the outfitters.

Don't panic—relax!

Speaking out about the trend of NPS control that seems to be increasing. The focus and character of the trips is slowly but surely being changed and eroded.

Take a strong stand on air traffic, Glen Canyon draining, and outfitter price gouging. Keep Lynn happy.

If guides are going to really be professional, they need to be paid and treated like professionals. Or, decide to be amateur and slack off.

Can we put more pressure on the outfitters for more universal benefits for their boatmen?

Come and run the Kern in California. It is good fun and the water is big this year.

More of the same.

We should stay unselfishly involved in the use allocation issue and in promoting living wages, health and retirement benefits for guides.

End overflights. End exchanges. Support private boaters.

Organize, organize, organize. We could be much more powerful as a union.

Keep us well informed on all Park Service policy happenings on the political, ecological and management forefront.

Be careful about the outfitter organization. They want to do licensing—or the fox guards the hen house.

Investigate the reality of costs, benefits, detriments, etc. that decommissioning Glen Canyon Dam would incur.

Focus on supporting guides i.e. Professionalism and being treated as such. Fight drug testing.

Survey Results

Each year we poll the guide members, asking them what we're doing right, what we're doing wrong, and what we're simply not doing that we should. About two-thirds of the responses come back blank. A full sampling of the rest are printed on the following pages (For the sake of space and tact, we left out some of the repetitious ones and the downright personal and mean ones.) In addition to the regular questions this year we asked where, if anywhere, GCRG should stand on the highly controversial issue of decommissioning Glen Canyon Dam and restoring Glen Canyon.

Responses vary widely, and in most cases where there is a strong voice pushing one way, there is an equally strong one pushing back. This is a sign of some sort of balance, but it points out the improbability that GCRG can ever get a true consensus on many tough issues. (Unionizing, dam decommissioning, wilderness, bqr content, etc.) The best GCRG can do on those is to keep airing the issues. The best you can do is tell the board how you feel, or better yet, run for office.

Things GCRG Should Be Doing

Support wilderness in Grand Canyon.
Insuring long term health of the BQR. It's the best!
Riding BuRec mercilessly to hold them to the EIS Record of Decision. There have been illegal releases from the dam with no consequences at all!
Oppose that obnoxious, self-serving outfitters' legislation, it stinks!
Promoting private trip user-day increase.
Keep focused on basic guide issues—stay away from pie-in-the-sky bull like draining the lake.
Being radical when it's necessary. This is an organization of river guides, not mice. There's already a Grand Canyon Trust; let's not be afraid to speak out.
Pizza at meetings & stick to topics under discussion.
Rules of order; almost. Otherwise it's just another BS session, maybe have a BS session after all business is conducted so folks who aren't interested can leave.
Work with outfitters to get better wages, etc. .. for guides and swamper.
Should be more active in fighting unconstitutional drug testing.
Protect us from Marlene!
Work with the private boating community "GCPBA" more closely on management revisions.
The overflights are the most annoying and are the most bothersome and rude disturbance during a "wilderness" river experience.
Support Lew Steiger's history interview with cash, expenses or equipment. Promoting efforts towards guides getting a fair share of the profits made by commercial outfitters.
Working for more equity between commercial/private user days. Boatmen benefits in general (threaten a union—last resort).
Find a way to connect all guides. Then represent a consensus.
Pushing for greater equality between commercial/private usage!

Pressing the NPS to be in compliance with the provisions of the proposed potential wilderness designation of the canyon.
Keep an eye on the power of the outfitters.
Don't panic—relax!
Speaking out about the trend of NPS control that seems to be increasing. The focus and character of the trips is slowly but surely being changed and eroded.
Take a strong stand on air traffic, Glen Canyon draining, and outfitter price gouging. Keep Lynn happy.
If guides are going to really be professional, they need to be paid and treated like professionals. Or, decide to be amateur and slack off.
Can we put more pressure on the outfitters for more universal benefits for their boatmen?
Come and run the Kern in California. It is good fun and the water is big this year.
More of the same.
We should stay unselfishly involved in the use allocation issue and in promoting living wages, health and retirement benefits for guides.
End overflights. End exchanges. Support private boaters.
Organize, organize, organize. We could be much more powerful as a union.
Keep us well informed on all Park Service policy happenings on the political, ecological and management forefront.
Be careful about the outfitter organization. They want to do licensing—or the fox guards the hen house.
Investigate the reality of costs, benefits, detriments, etc. that decommissioning Glen Canyon Dam would incur.
Focus on supporting guides i.e. Professionalism and being treated as such. Fight drug testing.

Good Things We're Doing

Newsletter is excellent.
GTS is a good idea.
Oral histories are the best!
Andre! Grusy! bqr absolutely excellent—best reason to look in my mailbox.
bqr is awesome! Thanks gang!
Communicating, publication
I look forward to the news so much that everything else gets back burner. Keep up the good work.
Keep on keepin' on.
Continuing to provoke discussion and provide a forum through the newsletter.
Staying alive.
Great magazine, good “bulletin board,” great job keeping us informed.
By keeping people informed about issues concerning the canyon, the guides, etc....
Getting active guides on the board.
Position on overflights, GTS..
Just about everything.
Newsletter of course. Putting candidate statements on the ballot.
Fine publication...—enjoy historical articles.
Lew's interviews are great!
Education—can't ever have enough.
Keeping our sense of humor, keeping true to our mission.
Keeping us updated on all the important GC issues.
Working to protect the Canyon experience.
Being objective in printing views and opposing ideas.
Oral history—way cool! Art, stories, poetry!!
All of it!!
Ideas for revision of the private problem were very good.
Open forum.
Asking this kind of question.
Getting a great line up of nominees. Wow! Keeping the bqr going. Providing candidate profiles.
Overflights. Wilderness for Grand Canyon. Working with other groups.
I like the great history you are digging up as far as photos and personalities.
Absolutely brilliant journalism—one of the best journals around!
Staying in the CRMP process.
Rim seminar. First aid training. Open forum for all opinions.
Keeping us well informed. Lynn Hamilton is our angel.
Not jumping the gun on taking a position on the Glen Canyon Dam removal. Education, information.
Presence.
Support good interpretive training and viewpoints on issues related to the canyon.
BQR! Adopt-a-Beach. Whale Foundation.

Misguided Things We're Doing

Don't get spread too thin.
Increased pressure on outfitters to abolish drug testing.
Increase wages, better retirement.
I am educated and have a fine imagination, enjoy the articles, but could really do without the X??-!! expletives. Grow up! Be professional!
I'm confused by the way this vote is set up. You state “in case Bob needs to move out of his director's spot,” but he isn't even listed to vote for, pretty much guaranteeing that he will be moving. [*His term runs one more year*] Which “we” is picking the alternate? The board? The voters? [*You are*]
Not supporting Dave Edwards' test of the US Constitution.
In general behaves from a radical perspective. GCRG needs to seek to understand other perspectives better. This would lead to behavior that would show some respect for differences of opinion.
How is the working guide benefiting from GCRG other than information?
None that I can think of.
Sometimes my bqr arrives 10 days to 2 weeks later than other fellow guides!
I am for GCRG taking a stand for restoration of Glen Canyon.
Scenic overflights are ok. Those guys need to make a living too and it's nice to have someone to talk to if there is trouble. Also, deadheads out from the pad are one of the truly great moments in a boatman's life... keep 'em.
Worrying about what the NPS and outfitters think. Taking no stands for fear they will get upset. No organization can please all its constituency or all outside entities. The effective ones often don't.
Just like the superintendent of the park, GCRG needs a president with a vision to stay on for more than one year.
More needs to be done on retirement and health benefits.
Hmmmmm... Have to think hard.
None so far.
Worrying about squeaky wheels.
Being too nice to the NPS blockheads. Slipping into easy issue alliance with the GC Outfitter's organization. Be aware as their agenda is different from our collective agenda.
Selling memberships to non-guides.
Or, what GCRG is not doing—being proactive for guides' long term interest, including organizing/promoting for injury & illness insurance. This is long overdue!

Where Should GCRG Stand on Glen Canyon Dam?

Restore Glen Canyon!

Go, let's do it!

Stand aside. Divisive issue. Let the proponents, opponents hash it out. Keep us informed, don't tell us what to think.

It's not about the restoration of Glen Canyon only—it's about the restoration of Grand Canyon too. Why was Grand Canyon National Park created? To preserve its natural state. What has the Glen Canyon Dam done to it? Created a system as artificial as Lake Powell and Lake Mead. What is the mission of GCRG? So what position other than decommissioning can we support?

Absolutely, GCRG should be a voice for a free-flowing Colorado River!

Support it!

For.

Supporting scientific evaluation of all parameters. . .

The dam will decommission itself if we are all patient (the Mother Nature approach). Ed Abbey had it right.

Or some world terrorist will do it sooner.

Nothing impacts the Colorado River through Grand Canyon—the resource, the endangered species, or the experience—more than the dam. We should wholeheartedly support a return to a more natural system by decommissioning the dam.

Stay out! Come on, let us all pursue this on a personal basis. Please try to keep a modicum of perceived sanity in this.

Leave the dam alone.

GCRG should agree with and support this proposal.

GCRG should support decommission.

Drain it to Hite—restore Cat!

I would love to see the dam gone, but I am suspicious about any human solutions to human created problems. I feel it needs tons of more research. I feel GCRG should be neutral for now—moving towards restoration, but very slowly.

Blow it up!

Pro removal.

Yes. Do it. But the expense should come from dam revenues, not just another boondoggle supported by general taxpayers.

We should support the total, complete decommission and removal of Glen Canyon Dam. All other arguments are motivated by greed.

I say stand behind the proposal to decommission the dam(n). Sometimes we have to "tilt at windmills."

Who knows, we may get lucky!

For it! I can't believe it could be otherwise.

In its time.

I'd love to see it happen in my lifetime and would welcome GCRG support, but realize that there are a lot

of political ramifications. Don't know how political GCRG needs to be.

I think a stand requires a "consensus!" Is that possible? Blow it up (it would take out a mess of tammies). Take it down!

Stand 100% behind the Glen Canyon Institute!!

Too late. Let the ravages of time undo/redo it.

Remain educational without taking sides with this proposal. Geologically, the dam is just a bug in a huge universe!

Support it and use the altered flow pattern to downsize the "river industry."

Ain't never going to happen! Focus on realistic guide related issues.

Restore the Glen, allow sediment to flow through, when Mead is full of sediment and no longer viable, then close the diverting tunnels and use Glen Canyon Dam at that time.

Energy may be better placed elsewhere. Work on the adverse impacts that river running causes in Grand Canyon.

The dam will eventually decommission itself. GCRG should be open-minded as to the possibility of accelerating the process.

Ignore it! We don't want to be called kooks, nuts, idiots, etc.... That idea will create an army of enemies!

Either take no position or oppose decommissioning.

Restoration of Glen Canyon would take decades.

We can't see that far into the future.

Research and info gathering.

Support the proposal.

Two yeas, one nay.

Do more research on the pluses and minuses of the decommission process.

Should be in favor of it.

Say no!

Keep out of the dam fight. Pay attention to river running and Grand Canyon.

Decommission, yes.

Glen Canyon Dam will never be torn down—except in the short time span of 400–600 years. Patience, patience. Vocally keep asking, "What can we do now to alleviate the problems we are going to have when Glen Canyon Dam must be torn down?"

Restore Glen Canyon.

I think there are many yet unanswered questions as to what this could mean. I feel there is still much debate and much to learn before a decision one way or the other can be made. Let the debate begin.

Look, it's only a matter of time before either the spill-

- ways fail or silt becomes unmanageable. It's time to look toward a post-dam environment *now*, in order that we get there in a sane and reasonable fashion. Get with it.
- I think it's time to be realistic.
- For it!!!
- Neutral—this fight cannot be won—work on something more realistic.
- That's a tough one. But because of the very nature of what we are, we should stand united with the proposal.
- Put aside the whining of certain outfitters and boatmen! (My vegetables might spoil! My beer won't be cold enough! I might get muddy! I might have to run some challenging flow levels!) This is a WAY bigger issue than the river industry. We're talking about beginning the restoration of an entire river ecosystem here. Don't be so egotistical!
- Drain it and restore it.
- Stand for restoration of Glen Canyon.
- Do it! Stand on it with both feet firmly planted.
- I strongly feel GCRG should be for the decommission of Glen Canyon Dam. The sooner the better. This is going to meet with obvious opposition from many of the outfitters who employ us, but it's the best alternative in the long run. Remember what Martin did for Grand Canyon.
- Pull the plug. The creator will clean up Glen Canyon. "Green river to the Sea of Cortez without a portage."
- Support it.
- Take a membership vote on the issue, but don't spend dollars on lobbying the issue.
- Support decommissioning the dam.
- Take a strong stand to decommission that *#@&\$ insult to the desert and the river.
- I feel that GCRG should give support to this. Take a poll in the bqr as to the pulse of the issue among guides.
- Stay out of it for now! It is purely symbolic at this point. Let's deal with practical realities. If in the future there are changes that make decommissioning a "practical reality," then we can get involved with the debate.
- We should support the decommission of the dam, regardless of our personal qualms about clear water and new habitats and altered ecosystems. How can we espouse environmental virtue to our folks and not support the decommission of the thing?
- I believe the restoration is incredibly important for future generations. Although it's a political nightmare, we should proceed.
- In favor—if EIS shows positive benefits. It will be a long slow battle.
- Neutral. This is not a guide issue per se, and other organizations are more aimed at this issue. We can each join more than one group, you know!
- Leave the dam in place.
- I believe there should be a poll taken and a simple percentage stated with the higher percentage predominating.
- No action. It will fall down soon enough. Personally, I'm not sure what's best.
- Not sure? It seems that there is a lot of hype around this issue. Someone stands to make a lot of money if the dam is deconstructed and this sure is a member building campaign for non-profits. Lots of media. I don't trust the motives. I've even heard some outright lies/misinformation i.e.. a Sierra Club leader claiming to the press that it would bring back the delta in the gulf if the dam were removed. I suspect that the benefits outweigh the costs of removal. Why not let nature run its course—it can remove the dam when it becomes obsolete in years ahead.
- Hell Yes!
- Be realistic.
- Participate in the Citizen's Environmental Assessment of the dam on its effects, longevity, and future.

So there you have it. Lots of valid viewpoints. We hope these few pages not only air some views but help you see the predicament the officers and board find themselves in. Take a stand, upset someone. Take the opposite stand, upset someone else. Take no stand, upset yet another faction. It is in these very areas, where there is no consensus, that you must be able to trust your board and officers. It is up to you to nominate, elect and inform those whose judgement you trust.

The other issue that should be fairly evident here is that there is far, far more that could be done that isn't; far, far more than a volunteer board and officers can do. Yes, there are many issues we have not addressed satisfactorily; yes, there are many problems we have not solved, yes, the bqr could always use more and different material.

But believe us—we're doing what we can. If there are things that are, or are not, happening that concern you, it's up to you to effect change. If there's an area you want energy put into, put energy into it: let us know how you want to make a difference. If you are disappointed with the nominees on the ballot, find someone you believe in, convince them to run, or run yourself. You may be tired of hearing this from us, but this is **your** organization, and believe it or not, it does, right now, today, reflect the amount of energy **you** put into it.



Major Contributors

Community donations in memory of Dugald Bremner
Community donations in memory of Woody Reiff
Grand Canyon Conservation Fund
McJunkin Corporation, Charleston, WV
Michael Wehrle, Charleston, WV
Recreational Equipment, Inc.
Tides Foundation & Don Briggs
(River Runners film proceeds)

Patrons

Barbara & Phil Albright, Blue Bell, PA
Bitsy Bredimus, Chandler, AZ
Joyce Holfeld, Gastonia, NC

Benefactors: Guides

Steve Asadorian, AzRA, Los Angeles, CA
Tim Begue, CRE, Salt Lake City, UT
Bill Crane, Freelance, Sebastopol, CA
Liz Jackson, La Jolla, CA
Drummond Pike, AzRA

Benefactors: General

Frank Bonnarens, Louisville, KY
Chris Brems, Seattle, WA
Ginger Chinn, Bronx, NY
Jane Ginsburg, San Francisco, CA
Jay Kenney, Denver, CO
Steve Lange, Saudi Arabia
Charles Manning, Tallahassee, FL
Newman's Own Organics, Westport, CT
Diana Pleva, Manhattan Beach, CA
Janet Summers, Tucson, AZ
(Whale Foundation in memory of Woody Reiff)
Kristine Tompkins, Mill Valley, CA
(Whale Foundation in memory of Woody Reiff)
Luz Vizurraga, Birmingham, AL
Anonymous

Life Members: Guides

Frank Bender, Freelance, Plainfield, IL
Carrie Besnette, Hatch, Boulder, CO
(in memory of Evelyn Besnette and Keith Appleby)
Myron Buck, Freelance, Earth somewhere
Mike Denoyer, GCE, Kanab, UT
David Desrosiers, GCNP, Grand Canyon, AZ
Peter Gibbs, Freelance, Salt Lake City, UT
Moqui Johnson, Dories, Salt Lake City, UT
Mike Kearsley, Freelance, Flagstaff, AZ
Guy Kenny, Jr., Diamond, Charlovoix, MI
Donald Kester, Wilderness, Tucson, AZ
Dave Lyle, GCE, Moab, UT
David Yeamans, Hatch, Los Alamos, NM

Life Members: General

Phil Ahrens, Washington, IA
Joel Blitstein, Santa Fe, NM
Guy Blynn, Winston Salem, NC
John Callahan, Wilson, WY
Richard Carlson, Los Angeles, CA
Bill Center (ARTA Lotus), Lotus, CA
Hilary Coolidge, Cambridge, MA
Mike Douglas, Tempe, AZ
Ginger Drone, St. Louis, MO
Margaret Endres, Palm Harbor, FL
Leslie Englehart, Dayton, MD
Ron Ferris, Salida, CO
Gary Grinage, Eugene, OR
Ray Hall, Page, AZ
Tom Harris, Scottsdale, AZ
Meg Hayes, Anchorage, AK
Allen Hedden, Marietta, GA
Christopher Herbert, Tempe, AZ
John Howe, Grand Junction, CO
Steve Jellinek, Chevy Chase, MD
David King (Olympic Raft), Port Angeles, WA
Ohio Knox III, Albuquerque, NM
Blakley Lacroix, Lino Lakes, MN
Christopher Lange, Middletown, DE
Betty Lasich, Flagstaff, AZ
Mark Linehan, Santa Barbara, CA
Kiyomi Masatani, Cupertino, CA
Bill Merrow, Belle Terre, NY
Donald Purgess, New York, NY
Jeff Reed, Silverdale, WA
Brahm Reynolds, deceased
Julie Richman, Eugene, OR
Gay Robson, Dallas, TX
Randy Rohrer, Edgewater, MD
Andrew Rupp, Aurora, CO
Kent Saylor, Canada
JoAnne Schneider, Bellevue, WA
Eric Schneider, Moab, UT
Dave & Natalie Sollo, Wichita, KS
Jeff Turek, Lexington, KY
Wayne Wheeler, Birmingham, AL
Jan Whittlesey, Hillsboro, OR
Dan Wile, Cincinnati, OH

thank
you all!

97-98 Contributors

Financial State

Profit and Loss, July 1, 1997 through

Income

GCRG Income		
Contributions		
Adopt-A-Beach	2,750.00	
Bremner	4,255.00	
Whale Foundation	1,974.00	
Contributions—Other	<u>11,209.53</u>	
Total Contributions	20,188.53	
First Aid Class Income	6,045.00	
Interest Income	297.77	
Membership Income	55,272.11	
Reimbursements	<u>1,101.81</u>	
Total GCRG Income	82,905.22	
GTS Income		
Freelance Land	660.00	
Freelance River	1,635.00	
GTS Income Grants	3,000.00	
NPS River	135.00	
Outfitter Land	4,675.00	
Outfitter River	<u>2,195.00</u>	
Total GTS Income	12,300.00	
Sales		
Fish Inset Sales	15.00	
Hat Sales	752.00	
Henly Sales	752.00	
Paul Winter CD Sales	331.00	
Poster Sales	65.00	
Shorty Burton Kit Sales	158.74	
Split Twig Sales	156.00	
Sticker Sales	23.00	
T-Shirt Sales	<u>2,996.00</u>	
Total Sales	<u>5,248.74</u>	
Total Income	100,453.96	
Cost of Goods Sold		
Hat Purchases	371.62	
Henly Purchases	753.99	
Sales Postage	349.58	
Split Twig Purchases	255.60	
T-Shirt Purchase	<u>2,428.85</u>	
Total Cost of Goods Sold	<u>4,159.64</u>	
Gross Profit	96,294.32	

Expense

Adjustments	0.95
Bremner Memorial Fund	1,041.88
Depreciation Expense	6,829.92
Donations & Gifts	25.00
First Aid Class Expense	
Postage	121.19
First Aid Class—Other	<u>5,900.54</u>
Total First Aid Class Expense	6,021.73
GTS Expenses	
GTS Service Charges	17.17
Land Contract Labor	200.00
Land Equipment	227.68
Land Food	1,486.84
Land Postage	295.68
Land Printing Expense	444.05
Land Telephone	41.20
Land Travel	287.46
Overhead Expenses	1,101.81
Payroll	3,703.17
River Equipment	45.00
River Food	2,531.20
River Liability Insurance	1,583.27
River Postage	50.07
River Travel	<u>288.15</u>
Total GTS Expenses	12,302.75
Insurance	304.00
Internet	240.00
Meeting Expense	
Board Meetings	33.03
Program Meetings	143.24
Semi-Annual Meetings	<u>729.07</u>
Total Meeting Expense	905.34
Office Supplies	1,705.50
Payroll Expenses	
Benefits	1,298.00
Gross Wages	6,026.01
Payroll reimbursements	-3,440.00
Payroll Expenses—Other	<u>11,407.50</u>
Total Payroll Expenses	15,291.51
Payroll Taxes	
FICA	1,080.92
Medicare	252.82
Payroll tax reimb.	-263.17
SDI	<u>67.00</u>
Total Payroll Taxes	1,137.57

ment

June 30, 1998

Postage	
Administrative Postage	1,306.84
Fund Raising Postage	512.45
Newsletter Postage	5,470.53
Postage Equipment	786.34
Program Postage	<u>23.73</u>
Total Postage	8,099.89
Printing	
Administrative Printing	1,462.22
Newsletter Printing	22,570.23
Program Printing	<u>13.50</u>
Total Printing	24,045.95
Professional Fees	10.00
Projects	
Adopt-A-Beach	
Analysis	296.50
Photo Developing	589.20
Postage	37.36
Printing	63.01
Supplies	<u>807.71</u>
Total Adopt-A-Beach	1,793.78
CRMP	
Diem	300.00
Postage	208.59
Printing	121.90
Travel	<u>1,445.73</u>
Total CRMP	2,076.22
Glen Canyon Dam	
Diem	120.00
Travel	<u>419.99</u>
Total Glen Canyon Dam	539.99
Overflights	
Postage	6.32
Printing	<u>14.52</u>
Total Overflights	20.84
Regulation control	
Postage	<u>48.28</u>
Total Regulation control	48.28
Total Projects	4,479.11
Rent	5,862.40
Repairs	145.00
Service Charges	143.02
Subscriptions & Books	121.74
Telephone	2,086.78
Travel Expense	90.00
Utilities	<u>642.33</u>
Total Expense	<u>91,532.37</u>
Net Income	4,761.95

Balance, June 30, 1998

ASSETS

Current Assets

Checking/Savings

Cash in Accounts

GCRG Operating 15,909.15

GTS Operating 2,605.38

Money Market 11,231.57

Total Cash in Accounts 29,746.10

Petty Cash 100.00

Total Checking/Savings 29,846.10

Other Current Assets

Bulk Mail Account 1,000.00

Postage machine 197.55

Postage Meter Account 100.00

Security Deposit Account 900.00

Total Other Current Assets 2,197.55

Total Current Assets 32,043.65

Fixed Assets

Equipment

Accum. Depreciation -28,149.19

Computer & Office 34,149.58

Total Equipment 6,000.39

Total Fixed Assets 6,000.39

TOTAL ASSETS 38,044.04

LIABILITIES & EQUITY

Liabilities

Current Liabilities

Other Current Liabilities

Payroll Liabilities

Federal Withholding 70.00

FICA

Company 70.10

Employee 59.52

Total FICA 129.62

Medicare

Company 16.39

Employee 13.92

Total Medicare 30.31

SDI

Company 0.02

Employee 0.14

Total SDI 0.16

State Withholding AZ 180.10

Total Payroll Liabilities 410.19

Restricted Funds

Michael Jacobs Fund 277.64

Total Restricted Funds 277.64

Total Other Current Liabilities 687.83

Total Current Liabilities 687.83

Total Liabilities

Equity

Opening Bal Equity 17,090.60

Retained Earnings 15,503.66

Net Income 4,761.95

Total Equity 37,356.21

TOTAL LIABILITIES & EQUITY 38,044.04

Businesses Offering Support

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

Canyon Supply Boating Gear 505 N. Beaver St. Flagstaff	779-0624	Dr. Mark Falcon , Chiropractor 1515 N.Main, Flagstaff	779-2742
The Summit Boating equipment	774-0724	Five Quail Books—West River books 8540 N Central Ave, #27, Phoenix	602/861-0548
Chums/Hellowear Chums and Hello clothing. Call Lori for catalog	800/323-3707	Willow Creek Books Coffee and Outdoor Gear 263 S. 100 E. St., Kanab, UT	801/ 644-8884
Mountain Sports river related items 1800 S. Milton Rd. Flagstaff	779-5156	Canyon Books Canyon and River books Box 3207, Flagstaff, AZ 86003	779-0105
Aspen Sports Outdoor gear 15 N San Francisco St, Flagstaff	779-1935	River Gardens Rare Books first editions 720 S. River Rd. Suite A-114, St. George, UT 84790	801/674-1444
Teva Sport Sandals and Clothing	779-5938	River Art and Mud Gallery river folk art 720 S. River Rd. Suite A-114, St. George, UT 84790	801/674-1444
Sunrise Leather , Paul Harris Birkenstock sandals. Call for catalog.	800/999-2575	Cliff Dwellers Lodge Good food Cliff Dwellers, AZ	355-2228
River Rat Raft and Bike Bikes and boats 4053 Pennsylvania Ave. Fair Oaks, CA 95628	916/966-6777	Mary Ellen Arndorfer , CPA Taxes 230 Buffalo Trail, Flagstaff, AZ 86001	525-2585
Professional River Outfitters Equip. rentals Box 635 Flagstaff, AZ 86002	779-1512	Trebon & Fine Attorneys at law 308 N. Agassiz, Flagstaff	779-1713
Canyon R.E.O. River equipment rental Box 3493, Flagstaff, AZ 86003	774-3377	Yacht True Love Bill Beer, Skipper Virgin Island Champagne Cruises	809/775-6547
Winter Sun Indian art & herbal medicine 107 N. San Francisco Suite #1, Flagstaff	774-2881	Laughing Bird Adventures Sea kayaking tours Belize, Honduras and the Caribbean.	800/238-4467
Mountain Angels Trading Co. river jewelry, call for catalog Box 4225, Ketchum, ID 83340	800/808-9787	North Star Adventures Alaska & Baja trips Box 1724 Flagstaff 86002	800/258-8434
Terri Merz, MFT 1850 East Flamingo Road #137 Las Vegas, NV 89119 Individual/Couples/Family counselling. Depression/Anxiety	702/892-0511	Chimneys Southwest Chimney sweeping 166 N. Gunsmoke Pass, Kanab, UT 84741	801/644-5705
Dr. Jim Marzolf, DDS Dentist 1419 N. Beaver Street, Flagstaff, AZ	779-2393	Rescue Specialists Wilderness Medicine, Swiftwater Rescue, Avalanche& Ropework Box 224, Leavenworth, WA 98826 www.rescuespec.com	509/548-7875
Snook's Chiropractic Baderville, Flagstaff	779-4344	Rubicon Adventures Mobile CPR & 1st aid Box 517, Forestville, CA 95436 rub_cpr@metro.net	707/877-2452
Fran Sarena, NCMT, Swedish, Deep Tissue, & Reiki Master	773-1072		

Write These Dates Down

Fall Meeting

GCRG Fall Meeting November 7

At the Colton House, Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff. Much talking and chewing of ideas during the day—party to forget said talking and chewing that night. Meet your newly elected reps, yell and scream about what's up, laugh a lot. Hosted by MNA and the incomparable Martha Clark.
We'll send you a reminder in the Fall.

First Aid

WFR Review March 19-21, 1999
 Albright Training Center,
 South Rim

WAFa Class March 22-26, 1999
 Same Place Exactly

1999 Guides Training Seminar

GCRG Spring Meeting April 2
GTS Land Session April 3-5
GTS River Trip April 7-20

Where? We're not exactly sure yet, but the next BQR will no doubt tell you something. We're thinking of doing a joint Training Seminar with Colorado Plateau River Guides (you know: them guys above the reservoir). Possible topics of discussion? Regional natural history and environmental issues, stories from the old days of Glen Canyon and the Upper Basin, restoration (or not) of Glen Canyon, dueling Park Services, etc. Could be fun.



THANKS to all you poets, photographers and writers; and to all of you who send us stuff. Special thanks to Bill Webster for the very nice watercolors. Don't ever stop.
Printed on recycled papern with soy bean ink on recycled paper by really nice guys.

Care to join us?

IF YOU'RE NOT A MEMBER yet and would like to be, or if your membership has lapsed, get with the program! Your membership dues help fund many of the worthwhile projects we are pursuing. And you get this fine journal to boot. Do it today. **We are a 501(c)(3) tax deductible non-profit organization, so send lots of money!**

General Member

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

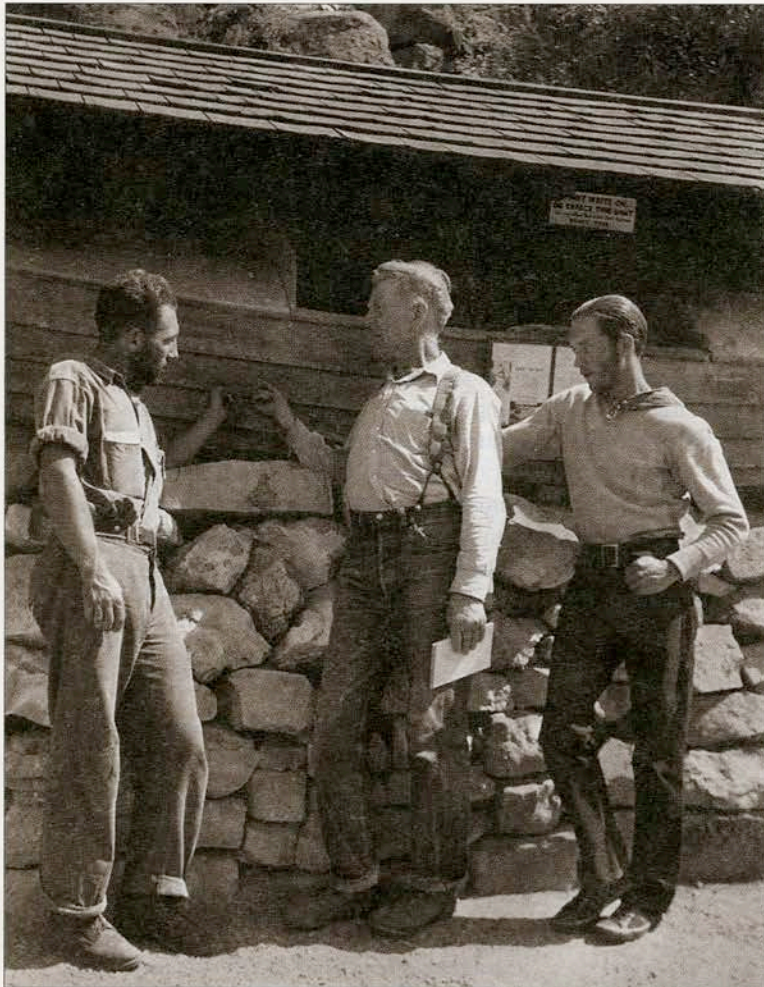
Guide Member

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

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

\$25 1-year membership
\$100 5-year membership
\$277 Life membership (A buck a mile)
\$500 Benefactor*
\$1000 Patron (A grand, get it?)*
*benefactors and patrons get a life membership, a silver split twig figurine pendant, and our undying gratitude.
\$100 Adopt your very own Beach: _____
\$ _____ donation, for all the stuff you do.
\$16 Short sleeved T-shirt Size _____
\$18 Long sleeved T-shirt Size _____
\$24 Wallace Beery shirt Size _____
\$10 Baseball Cap
\$10 GTS Kent Frost Poster (Dugald Bremner photo)
Total enclosed _____

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



Cline Library Special Collections,
 Bert Lauzon Collection
 NAU.PH.96.3.35.9
 NAU.PH.96.3.35.12

phone 520/773-1075
 fax 520/773-8523
 gcr@infomagic.com
<http://vishnu.glg.nau.edu/gcr/>
 Box 1934
 Flagstaff, AZ 86002



A mid-trip hike

In 1939, Bert Loper and Don Harris made their first Grand Canyon trip, with their friends Chet Klevin and Bill Gibson. At Phantom Ranch, three of them made the hike to the rim. Loper, at 70, was the first of his party to reach the top of the trail.

At left, Don Harris, Bert Loper and Chet Klevin examine Emery Kolb's *Edith* at Kolb Studio. Below, they head back down to the river with a sack of groceries.

Later that trip Bert had the first flip of his long career—at Gateway Rapid of all places. Righting his boat, he climbed back aboard, bailed it out, stood up in the cockpit, shook his fist, and hollered upstream to the rapid, "Kiss my ass!"

They finished the trip without further incident, having run every rapid.

boatman's quarterly review

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

NON-PROFIT
 ORGANIZATION
 U.S. POSTAGE
 PAID
 FLAGSTAFF, AZ
 PERMIT NO. 10

