

# boatman's quarterly review

the journal of  
Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc  
volume 12 number 4  
winter 1999



Crumbo

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## Crumbo

### *boatman's quarterly review*

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

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES  
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

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ings, photos, opinions, suggestions, gripes, comics,  
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Written submissions should be less than 1500  
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Deadlines for submissions are the 1st of January,  
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cover art: Ote Dale

SOMETHING SHIFTED at Grand Canyon a couple  
weeks back. For a fraction of a second, the  
whole scene moved over about a quarter of an  
inch. Kim Crumbo, after 20 years with Grand Canyon  
National Park, carried books, gear, and writings out of  
his office behind the Grand Canyon Clinic over to his  
home on Ponderosa. The earth's crust, momentarily  
unloaded, settled into a new equilibrium.

Yes, it's true, on September 30th, Crumbo officially  
retired from the National Park Service. Throughout  
these years at Grand Canyon, he has held to one  
goal—protecting Grand Canyon Wilderness. What we  
know best of his work are his 'resource' trips, working  
with mobs of volunteers on trails, camps, and non-  
native plants; we know a uniquely Crumbo quality  
that makes volunteers and friends rush back to run  
with him again; and we know his stance, decidedly  
unpopular in some circles, against motorized recre-  
ation in the Canyon.

Less known is that Crumbo's work stands within  
the larger context of the National Wilderness Preser-  
vation System and biodiversity conservation. The  
Wilderness Act was conceived by others of his ilk,  
agency staff who foresaw the incremental loss of our  
natural heritage and the diminishment of the human  
spirit through unlimited industrialization. Protecting  
wild nature means maintaining all the animals and  
plants of Grand Canyon, along with their habitats,  
and natural processes like fire and flooding. Wilderness  
management today calls for understanding the needs  
and workings of ecosystems—for ecosystem conserva-  
tion. I know this because of Crumbo. So does the staff  
of Grand Canyon National Park. It's written into Park  
plans: "protect and restore all native species in their  
natural patterns of abundance and distribution"  
because Crumbo put in the words, borrowed from  
conservation biology. If we are vigilant, and keep up  
the work to make science and conservation a part of  
Park decisions, Crumbo may leave a legacy that  
includes bighorn sheep and mountain lion together  
with solitude, risk, and our souls' home.

Crumbo, unleashed, will be working with the  
Southwest Forest Alliance on the Arizona Wilderness  
campaign, and with the Grand Canyon Wildlands  
Council, a conservation biology-based group he  
cofounded in 1996. Until he figures out his new  
computer, you can reach him at <wildland@info-  
magic.com>.

Kelly Burke

I WOULD LIKE TO BEGIN by saying thank you, Christa, for all your hard work and dedication in your term as president of GCRG. But more than that I would like to add that without your efforts our (my) course would be much more difficult to navigate. Best wishes Christa from all of us.

I want everyone to know that I look forward to my term as president of GCRG with a great deal of enthusiasm. There are lots of things we need to focus on. This begins with staying in touch with the working guides of Grand Canyon as well as general members and private boaters. Let's build on the things we do best and the love we share for the Grand Canyon.

First: The BQR. It is our voice. If you've got something to say, speak up. Don't just set around some warehouse somewhere or out on the back of the boats with a beer in your hand running off at the mouth about how things oughta be. If it is really important to you, make the effort to write your thoughts down and send them in.

Next: The Fall Meeting and the Spring GTS. This is the best time to stand up and say what's on your mind. But equally important, there is no better time to get together with your friends, compadres, and guides from other companies. Get to know one another, have a great time, and build on the strength of this family. It is a time to find out where we all stand on the issues and most important topics of the current times.

Last but not least: The Guides Training Trip. There is no better way to get to know someone than to do a river trip with them. This trip brings guides from all companies together on one trip. It builds understanding of one another. It is not a trip just for the new guides but for everyone. When was the last time you did a training trip? What do you think, you know everything? Well, excuse me! Maybe it's time you brushed up on some old skills.

We are all on this trip together. Let's work together to make the most beautiful place on Earth an even better place. It takes a team. Be part of it.

Bob Grusy

EACH YEAR WE SEE A NEW GCRG PRESIDENT take the helm and try to guide this organization through the rocky stream of daunting river issues. The rather weak but appropriate boating metaphors notwithstanding, the newest changing of the guard has prompted me to take a backwards glance at the GCRG presidents who have been around since I came on the scene in 1995. It's one truly amazing group of folks.

Lew Steiger used his political acumen to fend off the Coast Guard while Jeri battled the overflights problem for ten years (and counting). Andre plunged into the adaptive management process of the dam, and Christa was the lucky gal who got to make sense of the Colorado River Management Plan and the Wilderness issue. These are *huge* things, *mindboggling* things—issues large and scary enough to make most people quake in their Texas. And I must say, this is a simplification of their terms of office—the mere tip of the iceberg as there were many more fires to put out, issues to study and relationships to build. I am continually amazed by the level of intelligence, the extreme dedication to one special place, and by the amount of perseverance and hard work that each has put in during his or her term, every hour as a volunteer! Take those aforementioned issues, mix them together with an incredibly diverse membership base and sprinkle liberally with shifting relationships with the Park, the outfitters (and other groups) and you come up with one potentially explosive concoction! And yet, somehow, they all came through it (if not quite unscathed) while maintaining a sense of humor and trying desperately to keep things in perspective. I, for one, am in awe... You may not always agree with everything they say, but they certainly are worthy of our respect and admiration.

I just wanted you to know that the confidence you place in any GCRG president is absolutely *merited*. You know the GCRG lofty goals: protecting Grand Canyon, setting the highest standards for the river profession, celebrating the unique spirit of the river community, and providing the best possible river experience. Those aren't just ideas on paper. The officers and board members of this organization truly believe in these goals on the deepest level. I see it every day. So next time you see one of these folks, why don't you thank them for doing this difficult job and doing it well. They really and truly deserve it.

Lynn Hamilton  
Secretary/Treasurer

## Stranger Things Have Happened...

**G**REETINGS FROM Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center (GCMRC). Yeah, you heard right, I work for science now. As of July 6, I took over Jeff Behan's job as Logistical Coordinator for GCMRC. So what I do now is basically run the river operation for all the GCMRC sponsored science trips. I miss guiding, miss my pards, miss the folks but actually I'm pretty happy here. Yeah, here at my desk, 8 to 5.

I see this as a good opportunity to still be part of the river community and really learn about just what's happening in the world of science. At heart I'll always be a guide, always be passionate about that place, Grand Canyon. Now I have the opportunity to be a contact for the guiding community to hopefully improve communications between science and recreation. So, to start with here's my email: <cfritz@flagmail.wr.usgs.gov>. My phone number is 520/556-7207. I'd like to hear any ideas you have to help make a healthier partnership with science; gripes, questions, suggestions...anything. What I'll start doing is publishing a schedule of science trips in the BQR. I can also publish a little blurb about each project and hopefully how it might relate to management issues. I also invite everyone to check out the GCMRC website:

<www.gcmrc.gov>. There's a lot of good info there about the program.

Then there's the politics. I've got a lot of homework to catch up on here too. But, mainly what I sense is that our job's not done, folks. We wrote our letters, we got our folks to write letters and look what happened: we got an EIS and a Grand Canyon Protection Act. So far all that's meant is the kinder gentler flows are here to stay and so is science. But now what? How about those beach building flows? What studies are important? How do we help science guide the management priorities of Glen Canyon Dam? We've already proven the voice of the guiding community and our contact with the public can be highly influential. But the process is not over. It is ongoing and we need to continue to pay attention to the issues and make our voice heard. GCRG has a responsibility for the stewardship of Grand Canyon—the place we are passionate about, the place we are so lucky to work in. And if I've figured out anything in the short time I've been here it's that our partnership with science is crucial to the decision making process.

Fritz

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**I** KNEW. I JUST PLAIN KNEW that I was going to run rivers, to float down them in boats. I knew it before I knew I knew it. When dad would go fishing he would as often as not have to save me out of the river because I would somehow just end up in it. I sweated out the long shuttles in the back of the Packard on the mosquito haven, sand pit of a road down to El Vado de los Padres and when I got to the river I stood and smelled it. I knew that I should have been on the Glen Canyon trip instead of watching the lake rise, but I also knew I was going to have a long term relationship. I think it was at El Vado... that I married the River when I was about 12. I had been dating her from age 5.

The truth about the marriage struck me first when I was on a run of Desolation and Gray Canyons with the Explorer Scouts and a Hatch trip motored up for a chat. Roy Cromer told me excitedly that that guy over there (That Guy? The one who looks just about like us but he's standing up on that boat like the God-Man of Boatmen? That guy commanding that huge barge? That guy that I will be some day? — Yeah. Him.) gets paid to take that boat down the river! Never had I

been so happy or so certain about my future. Never again have I been so certain about my future.

I reaffirmed my vows publicly in the back stage wings between appearances in a high school production of *Li'l Abner*. There was my new and exciting sweetie, Patty, the first real girl, standing up and leaning back between my legs as I sat on a table tentatively putting my arms around her belly. There is a God and he lived for a few moments in my throbbing loins and pounding chest and exploding brain. I felt the warmth of a real human actually responding to me. I began to feel quite adequate. The Righteous Brothers started wailing out *Unchained Melody*. Could it get any better than this? I just had to share how good I felt with somebody, and it had to be somebody who would understand and who I wasn't afraid of sharing with like I was of Ms. Murphy in my lap. "Earl," I said, catching his attention, probably dragging it away from Laura Winslow. "Earl, the River keeps me happy!" He raised one eyebrow. He was married, too.

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Ote Dale

### Poem For The River Runner

When you have climbed naked upon the bones of the earth and floated long in the blood of the land; when you have swam with the fishes beneath the ocean rim and drank the brilliant colors through your eyes; when you have made love in a bath of sunlight and cradled your dreams beneath the stars; when your laughter has bounced through canyons and you have been humbled by the grace of the planet, then the prattle and politics of humans in boxes crawls through your veins like alien language, stranger than fiction.

Kim Zanti  
1998

## Seeps, Springs, and Tusayan Growth

**O**VER A DECADE OF PLANNING, research and coordination among government and non-governmental entities has finally resulted in a decision on the Canyon Forest Village (CFV) development in Tusayan. On August 6th, 1999 Southwest Regional Forester Eleanor S. Towns announced her selection of Alternative H to guide future growth in the Grand Canyon/Tusayan area. The broad spectrum of proponents for Alternative H have hailed the elaborate and fossil fuel intensive water delivery system as the saving grace for the Canyon's seeps and springs. Thanks to everyone's creative thinking and cooperative compromising, Alternative H probably won't impact the Canyon's seeps and springs all that much. The public's support for Alternative H suggests that we're okay with sacrificing a small percentage of our southwestern riparian ecosystems in the name of industrial tourism. Besides, it was pretty obvious that the other alternatives would have sacrificed an even larger percentage of this endangered ecosystem.

Unfortunately, the Canyon's South Rim seeps and springs still face a very real threat from regional groundwater pumping. Even with cfv still just in the proposal stage, a development of this magnitude with so much economic potential has already attracted additional developments on other private properties. These developments, unlike cfv, do not have access to cfv water and thus will depend on the exploitation of groundwater. Since the Tusayan region is not part of an Active Management Area (AMA) it is not required to have strict regulations or restrictions on growth that would help prevent the over-pumping of its aquifer. So, as Tusayan groundwater pumping continues (here and there on private land developments) in the absence of ama-type regulations, the Canyon's seeps and springs will still be threatened by the cumulative effects of this groundwater-dependent growth.

A difficult situation, indeed. A situation driven much more by supply and demand economics, much less by environmental ethics. No easy answers here. There are still a few of those "big picture" questions that need to be wrestled with. Where is the most logical place to "stage" all these folks who want to visit this incredibly beautiful place? Maybe it really is just outside the Park's political boundary... maybe it isn't. Should Tusayan be designated as an Active Management Area before groundwater pumping gets out of hand and impacts the South Rim seeps and springs?

Absolutely, but it probably won't because the economic implications of this are *huge*. Can growth in Tusayan continue without impacting this grand vestige of Arizona's pristine southwest riparian systems? Continued research into the hydrologic realities of this region would no doubt help us answer this question. How serious *are* we about protecting the Grand Canyon for future generations to enjoy? In light of the myriad threats on the Park, it deserves the absolute best protection we can offer her; no less. Unfortunately the "new improved" cfv still presents, albeit indirectly, a serious threat to the already endangered riparian communities within the Park. We'd best stay on top of this one.

Joel Barnes



## Dear Eddy

**A**LTHOUGH I AM A PRIVATE BOATER, I have thoroughly enjoyed your newsletter, particularly the depth of the articles, interviews and historical stories of the canyon. I also appreciate the poetry, pictures and drawings—anything that helps me mentally get back to the canyon.

I have been privileged to raft the Grand four times, first in 1975. I've run it once in my '20s, '30s, '40s and now '50s! Each journey was exquisite and they have left in me impressions as deep as the canyon itself.

This May we spent 22 incredible, perfect, cloudless days down there with great water—18,000–22,000 cfs! I waited eleven years for this permit. If the list is truly 7,000 people and 20 years, I will be 71 for my next trip. Among my group of 13 friends we had 33 Grand Canyon trips unlike my '75 trip where none of us had even been down.

It has been interesting to note the changes through the years. The motors have gotten quieter (although the helicopters are still obnoxious), most of the big beaches were gone or under water. Havasu was a bit of a shock—some vegetation, the travertine pools and parts of the trail washed out. But the sense of solitude (except for the usual places) and grandeur, and the wonder I feel hiking up side canyons discovering pools and falls and flowers and so much more... all of that thankfully has survived the onslaught.

There is another more human quality that remains in the Grand Canyon—caring, brotherhood, and looking out for each other. We had nothing but very positive encounters with the professional boatmen and women whose paths we crossed. You were all willing to negotiate campsites in a friendly manner. Someone gave us two blocks of ice on about Day 10 or so—a gift most appreciated. At Little C a Hatch boatman ferried several of our party from the island across to shore. They had missed the pull-in and would have missed the hike without his generous gesture, and I got my first ride on a really big boat! He also gave us a pound of coffee—muchas gracias!

A *really big* thanks to Hatch and OARS for their efforts and assistance after our (not one, but two) flips in the ledge hole at Lava (don't ask how or why). The Hatch boatmen grabbed and righted our 18-foot raft from which the frame had been torn off. They then towed that raft and the remaining half of our 16-foot boat across the river to the rest of our group. Michael Ghiglieri from OARS donated glue, material, D-rings and some great advice. The "bandaids" worked great. Thank you Michael! You all helped immensely on that not very fun day. Most of our flotilla of cooler,

ammos, oars, "dry" bags, onions and zucchinis was retrieved. Even the Teva I lost in the flip and never saw again on the river has come home.

The river experience lingers on. I'll never know all the answers, like who found my Teva and how it found me, but each journey in the canyon is enlightening, uplifting, gives me sanity and food for my soul. It is home.

Several of us "middle-agers" are considering a commercial trip in the future. One friend wants to take his father and many of us want to hike, photograph and *relax*! Funny how these trips are a lot more exhausting than they were 24 years ago!

Thanks to all the Grand Canyon river guides who helped make our May journey most memorable.

*Jan Dorsey*

REGARDING *Swimming—With Your Arms or Not?*, by Jon Hirsh, BQR 12:3

**T**HE ARTICLE IN THE LATEST BQR (Summer '99, p.13) has an article by Jon Hirsh about swimming rapids in the Grand Canyon that contains some erroneous information, viz.: "The Park Service has a regulation that states there shall be no swimming in the rapids."

As Pat Hattaway explained at the GTS this spring, this regulation is from the U.S. Code of Federal Regulations (CFR) Title 36 section 7.4 Grand Canyon Special Regulations. (There was a handout with the details).

Perhaps this seems like a quibble, but it's not: the requirement is a *federal law*, not an administrative rule or regulation made up at GCNP (like most of the stuff in the Commercial Operating Requirements).

Federal laws are created by act of Congress...this one, apparently, in response to the Bill Beer/John Dagget swim back in the '50s.

So we are barking up the wrong bureaucrat in suggesting that the Park Service "look into changing this regulation." Letters to your local congressperson would be more appropriate. Congress can modify the CFR...the NPS cannot.

*Drifter Smith*

## The Grand Canyon Semester

**C**O-SPONSORED by the National Collegiate Honors Council, the Grand Canyon Trust and the Grand Canyon National Park, Northern Arizona University (NAU) is hosting an exciting program called "The Grand Canyon Semester: The West as Image and Reality" in the Fall semester of 1999. This program selected 33 honors students from 33 different universities in the United States to come to NAU for an intensive multi-disciplinary immersion study of Grand Canyon and Colorado Plateau issues. Five faculty were assigned to work exclusively with this project mentoring these students in workshops examining Grand Canyon from a variety of academic perspectives: geology, environmental science, environmental ethics, wilderness impact, political and economic, resource management, arts, and history. In addition to the faculty directly involved, students are working with a number of outstanding guest scientists, artists and historians who will share their considerable expertise on Grand

Canyon. Numerous public events involving distinguished speakers such as Stephen Pyne and Baird Callicot are also planned.

The 33 students were selected in a nationwide competition. In addition to academic work in a traditional classroom setting, students are involved in numerous field trips in Grand Canyon and other Colorado Plateau sites and each student is required to give something back to Grand Canyon in the form of specialized projects for the National Park Service (NPS) which will be reported in a public session at the end of the semester. Though the students will experience many field trips during the semester, the highlights are the one week stay at the Albright Training Center and the October NPS river trip. In the former, NPS officials will take over all the formal instruction in the program teaching every aspect of park administration. On the river students will be involved with various projects directed by NPS science staff. These events, and others, are an excellent example of an educational program in and about Grand Canyon that benefits both the students and the canyon. The program also demonstrates outstanding cooperation among federal, state, private non-profit and commercial agencies.

Representing the NPS on the river as crew, in addition to other experienced guides from the private and commercial boating community, are Deputy Superintendent J.T. Reynolds and River Rangers Dave Trevino and Dave Desrossiers. Jacob Fillion, NPS environmental educator, has been assigned the role of liaison between NAU and NPS and has played a key role in making this project successful. Grand Canyon Semester also wishes to acknowledge generous contributions from the Farmer's Market (their food tasted good on the river) and Bill Gloeckler of Arizona River Runners.

*Bob Poirier*



Otto Dale



## Scaly Skin?

THEY SAY spending too much time in the sun will produce scaly skin, but I have also found that being out in the elements will also produce pictures of scaly-skinned critters. My database of knowledge of snakes in the Canyon doubled in size over the summer. I now have over 100 records and we gained information on the distribution of the speckled (*Crotalus mitchellii*), black-tailed (*C. molssus*), and western diamondback rattlesnakes (*C. atrox*), in addition to filling in the map on the western rattlesnake (*C. viridis*). It is now known that the speckled rattlesnake inhabits Havasu Canyon (RM 156.8), the furthest upstream location. National Canyon (RM 166.5) seems to be the furthest downstream location for the Grand Canyon rattlesnake (*C. v. abyssus*). So there is an area of overlap in distribution for these two species from Havasu to National, roughly 10 river miles. The only known record of the black-tailed rattlesnake was from Havasu Canyon, and we now have records from Lower Lava (RM 179.8) and the Diamond Creek (RM 225.7) area. The western diamondback was thought to inhabit the lower end of the canyon, but until now, no voucher photographs existed. There is now one record from the mouth of Diamond Creek. Of course, not all of these rattlesnakes were seen this summer. Some snakes were seen in previous years, but the photographic records were just passed on this summer.

Of the non-rattlers, several striped whipsnakes (*Masticophis taeniatus*), gopher snakes (*Pituophis melanoleucus*), and common kingsnakes (*Lampropeltis getulus*) were seen this summer and other older records were passed on. Photographs of nocturnal, rarely encountered snakes, such as the lyre snake (*Trimorphodon biscutatus*) and ground snake (*Sonora semiannulata*), were also acquired.

I just want to say "Thanks!" to all of those who passed on photographs, slides, and information on their snake and other reptile sightings in the Canyon. Also thanks to those persons who encouraged others to pass on the information. This project is on-going, so if you come across any snake or other reptile in the Canyon and can capture it via photograph or slide or if you discover an old photo or slide of such a sighting and the location is known, please continue to pass on the information. (Nikolle Brown, 7779 N. Leonard, Clovis, California 93611. Questions can also be sent via e-mail: <black-catnik@worldnet.att.net> but please no photos via e-mail).

Nikolle Brown

### White Shirt Canyon

Bleached by sun and  
churning waters, it's  
Whiter at the top, while ancient  
minerals erode patterns in  
Shades of red that thicken to the bottom.

Fond memories stained and torn  
through thinning fibers,  
The light freshness of a cleansing wash  
and seasoned heaviness of experience.

This is my favorite  
thin gauze, white cotton  
Hanging loose for comfort  
and protection.

Deidre Crawley

## Eldon McArthur's Big Adventure

Eldon's account of his one, and only, trip rowing the Canyon, in the high water summer of 1957, reminds me of a story told by Salman Rushdie of a nomadic Arab tribe, newly enriched by oil, who charters a plane to Mecca. They had never flown before; they bring their beasts and light fires in the cabin. Upon landing, a wheel jams so the plane crashes and cartwheels to a stop. The tribe disembarks down those inflatable slides amidst screaming fire engines. They think nothing of it; since it was their first flight they just figured that's how planes landed.

This story emerged during an interview for a regional project about Seniors in the Workforce, older people who choose to keep working. Eldon is 78, and despite a fused ankle and shoulders shot from a lifetime of lifting steel, he still welds all week at his business, McArthur's Welding, in St. George, Utah. Eldon tells a great story; the interview went over three hours. He survived the Depression and WWII, and carries the humility and moral certainty those times conferred. His jet white hair arcs up around his temples almost like horns, but exactly like a victory laurel, so he kept morphing into a Roman god as we spoke. I knew this story would be good when he said he felt prepared for rowing the high water (which peaked at 126,000 cfs just before his put in on July 1) because he had rowed some in the ocean and had, after all, rowed the San Juan once. It turns out he was right.

He was so passionate about rowing the Grand at least once in his life that he left a pregnant (and very understanding) wife, five children and his new welding business to do so. He almost died twice, saved a life and experienced an atomic blast, among other things. Despite the passage of 42 years, his recall of detail is remarkable. I was honored to record his life story, inspired by his determination to experience the river, and riveted by his high water tale. Since most of the interview questions were "And then what happened, Eldon..." they have been omitted.

Logan Hebner

I ALWAYS HAD A YEARNING to look the place over, so I rowed down the Canyon, once, from July 1st to the 22nd, 1957. I understand it was pretty high water, 100,000 cfs or more the day we put in.

I met a man here in St. George who had crewed for Norm Nevills, Wayne McConkie. Wayne lived in Moab until he came to Dixie. This is way after the war and things had smoothed down a bit. Wayne was hard to get acquainted with; it took me three years. He was a great man, a good man, cousin to the McConkie who was an apostle for the (LDS) Church. He'd been a shepherd before he came to teach school. He said, "I'd rather herd sheep than kids; you can throw rocks at sheep."

I had always been interested in the river. I was a search pilot for the Civil Air Patrol so I explored every inch of the Canyon, down along the river, everywhere. I spotted lots of things along the way, Indian ruins, old mines. I finally asked Wayne about rowing in the Canyon and he says he knows Frank Wright, from Blanding, who was sort of ramrodding Norm Nevills' outfit since he died in a plane crash. I said, "Tell him I know how to row, (I'd rowed one out in the ocean fishing so I knew how to get by...), and if he needed a crewman to give a call. He did. I went over to Blanding and rowed the San Juan. It was the first time they had ever let a new man take a boat through. It was a regular river boat, but not those Nevill boats with the enclosed "waterproof compartment" (laughs). I did well. It was a trip for Disney's High Search for Adventure, sponsored by Ipana toothpaste and Dash dogfood. We also had one man from the government who was checking on sites for radioactive materials. He was secretive, wouldn't let anyone go out with him. It was pretty low water. There was line in a song we'd sing: "The brochure says you run every ripple, don't you believe it, we walk down the middle!" We bumped into one of Georgie White's trips. They had been eating freeze dried carrots and peas, we had steaks; her passengers about attacked us they were so sick of their food.

When the Grand trip came available I just went for it. I had five kids by then, with my wife Denise pregnant with our sixth, and my own welding business at home. But Denise, bless her, she's always understood that I need adventures like this, so she let me go. I'd been told about the water level, still it was a shock at Lees Ferry, all that water. There were no Park Service people around, nobody said anything. But it was an adventure; I really wanted to see that country and I felt up to it.



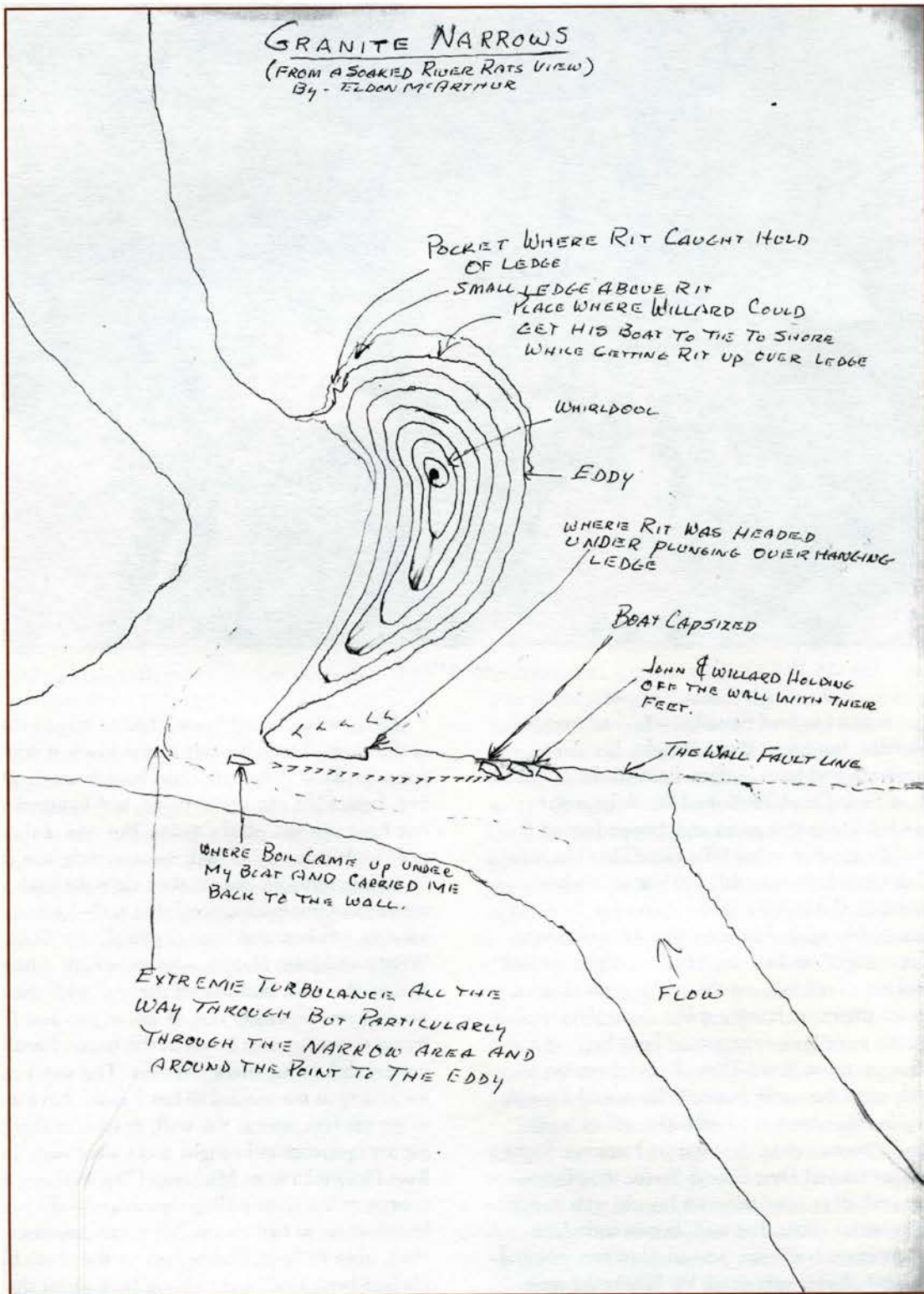
Portaging Hance

The crew was Gaylord Staveley, who had married one of Nevills' daughters, Frank Wright, his son Willard, myself, and John Harper. I rowed the *Doris*. Right off at Soap Creek I followed Frank between some boulders big as this room and dropped about five feet; I felt like a canoe going off a falls. That old boat was buried; the whole waterfall was just in my boat. For some reason I didn't tip over.

We lined Mile 29, just to make sure we could camp at Bert Loper's boat, and we lined Hance, where we had a big signal fire to tell folks on the rim to come down on the mules for their trip. It was a split trip, 21 days total. Up above the mule bridge there must have been 40 boats tied up in the willows. They all said they weren't going down until the water dropped. We stayed a couple days there, but this one was scheduled so off we went.

I tipped a boat over in the Granite Narrows. Right between Tapeats and Deer Creek. You're travelling northwest and all at once there's a big old wall in front of you. The water slams that wall, begins turbulent, goes into crevasse, back out, into another crevasse and back out again, like a very sharp W. When the water hits that wall it becomes so turbulent that it comes up the other side in toadstool boils. On the second one there's a huge eddy. Huge eddy. A terrific thing.

I'd surveyed it and knew I had to stay to the inside of the turns. You gotta stay to the inside if you're gonna make it. I was the third boat through out of five. I got right out to the point, and I curved this first one here, got just off the point. But one of those toadstool boils came up so high my oars were just up there in the air, ten-foot oars. It shot me right back upstream; right back toward that wall. I was really a moving. My bow was headed straight for Willard Wright and John Harper, who were both pinned against the wall, pushing off the wall with their feet. I would have cut either one of 'em in two and I'm still trying to get my oars down in the water. I finally spun just enough to hit them sideways. The water caught me and spun me around so fast I didn't have a chance to get my feet against the wall; as soon as that gunnel hit my upstream rail caught and I went over. Little Reet Plohetcka from Michigan City, Indiana, all 105 pounds of her went sailing—ptooooo!—thrown the length of these two rooms. My other passenger, Russ Hart, from Billings, climbed up on the boat's bottom. He had been kind of grumbling because all the rapids were washed out and there wasn't any excitement. I told him I was going after Reet, who was headed toward a deadly overhang. What else could I do? I



Eldon McArthur's experience in Granite Narrows...drawn from memory 42 years later

knew she'd be dead over there, she was in my charge; that was all I could do, the best I could. I went after her and I caught her just a few feet before the overhang. She'd a been there for good. I grabbed her and kicked off the wall, swam like hell and we headed around the point.

I knew there would be a lot of turbulence there. As I moved us around the point she started to climb right up my back and I had to yell: "For Hell's sake Reet hang on, don't climb on," and I guess I said it with enough authority so she eased off. We got blown into this eddy, and I got Reet almost around the next point, out of the eddy, which would have been a good thing. But I didn't have enough strength to break through that joint, that invisible wall along the eddy. I'd been swimming for a couple hundred yards; my arms were giving out and I had just enough strength to jam Reet into some rocks but not enough to even get myself out. So I just let my arms fall and relaxed.

in late and were still asleep when we left. I saw one of those go by, so I thought maybe the second one could spot me, pick me out of there, but I never did see it go by. I was hoping to see Willard Wright, Frank's boy, a husky 225 pound kid, strong and knowledgeable, who was still behind me, as I went closer and closer to that whirlpool, but soon I was in its depression. Lord, just that must have been about three feet deep. Then (sucking sound) I'm gone. The last breath I took was down in the funnel.

It was like looking up a posthole about 18–24 inches in diameter and I'm not exaggerating it was twelve feet above me and I was spinning like a top. Boy I was gone. I was just spinning in the vortex of that thing and down I went and there was nothing I could do. I had this big breath of air, though, as it took me so deep my ears ached. I waited for the strength of the vortex to ease up, so I hung on. It felt like my lungs were going to burst. I waited then I got to the



Willard Wright in Dubendorff

Then I could hear that whirlpool in the middle (makes sucking sound) but there was nothing I could do. I knew I was going to hit that whirlpool, unless one of the boats came and got me. While I'm riding around this eddy I saw my boat go by, still upside down, with John Harper, who had a hold of my line, trying to steer both boats. It just so happened there were two Chris-Craft inboards who stayed overnight with us at Tapeats. We didn't talk to them; they came

point were I said, hey, either I'm going to give up and finish it or fight and finish it, and that's all. So I started to try to break loose from the vortex of that thing, which was now bent, headed downstream. I finally broke loose of it. I don't know how long I was under, it seemed like three minutes, still trying to hold that air. I finally broke to the surface. Air never felt so good in all my life. Sweet. But I looked around and realized that I was still in that big old eddy, that I going



Lava Falls, big water

to go around again. I've got to go through that whirlpool again.

I knew the next time I wouldn't survive. I had already used all my strength twice. But I relaxed again; that was the only thing to do. Still going around there. I still couldn't see any boats, but only from here up was all anyone could see of me. I prayed. I said "Lord, if you need me here you're gonna have to help me now."

I was only about twenty feet from that whirlpool again when I heard someone say, "There he is!" I recognized Russ Hart's voice, my passenger. As soon as I could turn around I could see him. It was the last boat going by, Willard Wright's boat, with Russ up front looking for me and Reet. I saw Willard pull on those four-inch coast guard oars so hard trying to break into that eddy his oars bowed. By now I'm getting pretty close to the center,

down in the saucer depression of that thing. Well Willard Wright somehow came right down across that depression, out the other side while Russ threw me the lifeline; a perfect throw.

Now there's five of us in this boat, stuck in this eddy, still having to get Reet. Willard worked his way around the eddy, finally got out to the edge where Reet was clinging to the rock. Willard put a dally in the rope and I hopped off with it, but I couldn't quite get to her over that ledge. She was terrified, her fingers were as white as plaster; she wouldn't let go. I couldn't quite get her, I was reaching over as far as I could when I felt someone grab me by the ankles. Willard had come up and just shoved me right over the ledge. I grabbed Reet and he pulled the two of us back over. Like I said, he was a big kid.

Later, Willard and I sat under an atomic cloud all day in the canyon. I got real tired, my hair fell out, my lips burned and wouldn't heal for six months. We heard it, a slow roll coming, going into every crevasse. One of the most ominous sounds of my life. I was used to it, though; I heard the St. George valley rattle whenever they shot one off. I saw the clouds out there. My kids were chased underneath benches in the schools. Yet our government lied to us. Never, never, have they told us the truth. Never. They used the Mormon people here as guinea pigs. We were a control group they could depend on, our diet, our lifestyle. They absolutely knew what was happening. Willard died twenty years ago of cancer.

We found my boat at Deer Creek. One of the Chris-Craft had tied it up to a willow, still upside



Bert Loper's boat, 1957, and high water line

down. Frank had found it. Gaylord Staveley and John Harper were there; all three boats were there. We tipped the boat over. I'd lost that rail where I hit, but a fourteen-quart bailing bucket had trapped some air and was still in there, not tied in.

I'd lost our spare oar (I carried the extra oar for the bunch). A bottle of jam broke, two rolls of toilet paper got soaked. Reet carried my camera with hers in her bag. My film and camera were fine, both her camera and film were ruined. My sleeping bag was dry. All in the same compartment.

That night we camped at Tuckup; the first time we found a sandbar big enough for the fifteen of us. I laid there on the sandbar, feeling it shake as the boulders rolled along the river bottom.

Lava was rough. Huge. The Anvil had maybe only ten to fifteen feet showing above the water. You could hear Lava way off. The tongue to Lava was just horrendous. On far right, there's a huge black ledge. Surges of water covered that completely and would surge back sometimes. We portaged down the left bank. Even then we had to cross the wave train, twelve-foot waves, to miss the wall down there. That was a full day.

We pulled into Whitmore; Pat Bundy was resupplying us. There was my oar sticking up in the sand. There was a note on it from the Chris-Craft guys. They said it was the roughest rapid they ever did run. One of them had flipped, but before they could really react another wave came along and knocked them back upright. Just lucky.

Nobody else flipped on the trip, though Gaylord about went over in 229. The cable at the Bat Cave was so low, and the water so high that it about clotheslined us; it was only about four feet above the river. I was told they were taking it down, but there wasn't anybody around. We were met on the lake and took out at Boulder City. I can't remember if it was this trip or in Glen Canyon somewhere, but one night we sat around and sang this song with Katie Lee that about sums up my one trip in the Canyon... "Oh glory what a ride".



The far left run (portaging) at Lava



L to R: Gaylord Staveley, John Harper, Eldon McArthur, Willard Wright, Frank Wright



Guide humour...Eldon with a chuckwalla sandwich

Photos courtesy of Eldon McArthur

## New ACLU Report Debunks Workplace Urine Testing

**N**EW YORK—In a special report issued today, the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) is urging corporate America to drop workplace urine testing, citing evidence that the tests do not pay dividends in decreased accidents and absenteeism or increased efficiency and productivity.

The 27-page white paper, *Drug Testing: A Bad Investment*, examines ten years of research and empirical evidence on drug use among workers, its impact on work performance, and whether urine testing is an effective tool for identifying drug abusers in the workplace. Driven by an industry-led panic that drug use is common—even epidemic—in America's workforce, employers today require tens of millions of American workers from all walks of life—most of whom are not even suspected of using drugs—to pass a urine test to get a new job or to keep the one they have.

According to the ACLU's report, the drug testing industry's promotion of "junk science," based on unsubstantiated claims and phantom research, has fueled the growth of employee drug testing since the mid-1980s. But respected scientific institutions such as the National Academy of Sciences have looked at the record and found little support for most of the drug testing industry's claims. "We have always believed drug testing of unimpaired workers stands the presumption of innocence on its head and violates the most fundamental privacy rights," said ACLU Executive Director Ira Glasser. "Now we know that sacrificing these rights serves no legitimate business purpose either."

Among the report's findings:

- "Lost productivity" studies claiming that drug users cost businesses up to \$100 billion each year are based on dubious comparisons of household drug use and income, with no analysis of actual productivity data.
- The moderate use of illicit drugs by workers during off-duty hours is no more likely to compromise workplace safety than moderate off-duty alcohol use.
- A recent survey of 63 Silicon Valley companies found that urine testing reduces, rather than enhances, worker productivity.

Although some federal employers and private businesses are required by law to test employees in specific safety-sensitive occupations, most employers are under no obligation to conduct drug testing. Yet according to a 1996 survey, 81 percent of Fortune 500 firms conducted urine tests on their employees.

"It's time for employers to ask themselves whether subjecting their employees to such an invasive and humiliating procedure is worth the cost, not only in human terms, but in actual dollars and cents," said Lewis Maltby, director of the ACLU's National Taskforce on Civil Liberties in the Workplace and lead author of the report. "Alternative solutions, such as impairment testing of workers in safety-sensitive positions and wider use of Employee Assistance Programs are more cost effective and do not raise the same privacy and fairness problems," he added.

Maltby said he is sending *Drug Testing: A Bad Investment* to CEOs, union officials and human resources professionals, along with a letter urging them to consider less intrusive alternatives to urine tests as a condition of employment.

In addition, the ACLU has established a toll-free number, 800/323-8820, that human resources managers can call for more information on drug testing and its alternatives.

ACLU Website



Ote Dale



## Raoul Bites

**E**VERYBODY HAS FED RAOUL. Most people do it inadvertently: Raoul is smart enough to get into all kinds of things that get left around. Especially in a camp in the Grand Canyon. On a peaceful, isolated beach—the uninitiated would not expect that ol' black raven to unzip a zipper on your daypack. Or flip up a lid on unlatched ammo can. Sometimes those lids are hard enough that a trained guide will fumble with them. But that black bird can get into all kinds of things that contain food, trash or miscellaneous shiny or unexpectedly enticing items.



Of course the attraction in feeding the animals leads people to tempt Raoul purposefully. Toss him a piece of food and he will often hop up to it with all of his suspicions aroused. He may nearly touch the item and jump back, looking in all directions for a dreaded trap or squirt of water. Usually while this is all going on and everybody watches, the other raven, hidden by tamarisk or arrow weed is busily raiding the stashes of power bars, chocolate, toothpaste, rings and watches that await him or her in private camping places. No doubt Raoul is smart and knows what he wants. Looks happy, doesn't he?

But if you ever get the chance to watch a raven try to catch and eat live fare, it's usually a comedy. Once I watched two ravens working hard to eat grasshoppers in our alfalfa field. It was one of those years when we might have had more grasshoppers than hay, pound per pound. We did dose the field earlier in the growing season with BT, which affects only grasshoppers and their immediate kin. The major effect of the treatment seemed to be that by the time that we had cut and bailed the hay the bugs were moving substantially slower than usual. They were easy to catch by hand or by beak, and all kinds of birds had been there for many days. Then Raoul and his mate appeared; after all, who could pass on such an unending feast? All you have to do is walk over and peck up a grasshopper, right?

Watching Raoul and Natasha was like watching a Keystone Cops film. They would step up to a very slow moving grasshopper and eye it carefully. As they would bend over to pick it up it would exert its last best fight or flight response and hop all of two inches. Which would cause Raoul to jump into the air and flap and fall on his back. Repeatedly. Catching and eating *live* food is obviously not Raoul's usual territory.

So imagine my surprise on a warm summer Grand trip to be lying on my back in Blacktail Canyon, anticipating a short afternoon siesta on a very hot river day. There was a nest of newly hatched LGBs (little gray birds, possibly phoebes or wrens) flitting about. Raoul too was watching these birds. As we watched, that ol' black fart charged along the narrow sinuous slot of sky following a freshly fledged chick. Caught it, too. In midair. And as the guides and passengers that had their eyes open started to respond with astonishment, he speedily retired to the nearest Tapeats ledge and efficiently plucked the wee bird., as though it was not the first time he had ever attacked this dietary chore. Almost as quick as you could say, "Drop that power bar!" he had managed to swallow his possibly deceased meal, with only a bit of hesitation between each dedicated gulp.



It was like watching a cross between a hawk and a flying snake. I have never seen a raven take a live meal, and to see one take a bird in flight and then completely consume it (whole) in under two minutes seemed unbelievable.

Is this learned behavior? Who can say? I know Ravens are smart but it would seem to take a genetic transplant to create a raven that was adept at aerial feeding.

So. The next time you are near Conquistador Isle, watch out for a shiny and well-fed raven. There's no telling what he has learned since then.

Allen Gilbert

Car horns and footsteps  
The predominant imprint of man.  
City smog envelopes self-consciousness  
And the breath of life is choked,  
By monetary ambitions.  
Truth is stranded, on the rock of routine,  
With time, like the river,  
Rushing by.

Selfishness enslaves the soul.

Welcome to the Canyon of the reborn.  
Vermillion cliffs bear us once again  
And breathe life, back into the listless.  
We scale the walls of fear, adversity  
And reach the source of self knowledge.  
We become as selfless as the waves of the Colorado;  
And with stones borrowed from twenty-five different layers,  
We Build higher.

As you regress,  
Back to the trenches of metropolitan warfare,  
Remember: Always flex the muscle of the Canyon spirit,  
Keep the tone of your soul strong  
And protect your lungs from the cancer  
Of city-life smoke.

Finally,  
In times of despair,  
Pause.  
Fill your lungs with the Canyon air,  
Relax and exhale. Never forget,  
The river will always be with you.

*Chauncy McLean, July 1999  
Dedicated to all the boatmen and boatwomen who make  
trips like this possible.*



Ota Dale

*I have been taking my kids down the Yampa River since they were three years old. Often in camp they will dictate their journal to myself or my wife. Here is a four-year-old's perspective, an entry from our '98 trip (un-edited).*

*Jeremy Glaisher*

There were lots of pillows.  
Pillows are holes in the river,  
that boats go around.  
That's all...

I wanted to stay on the rock  
for ever and ever.  
The rock at Ponderosa camp,  
the first camp.  
The rock was as big as this planet.

At our next camp I wanted to climb the big cliff,  
the cliff looks like a real tidal wave...

*Noah Glaisher, age 4*

## Whale Foundation

**H**ey everyone! It's getting to be that time of year again, trips are winding down and we are all looking forward to fall and winter. For some of us this can be the scariest run of all. We are caught in that empty eddy void and post river season blues and there is no way to get around it. We miss the place. Let's face it, some of us can make that run just a little easier than others. If you need a little help, talk to the Whaler: call 520/773-0773.

If you can help, send a donation to:

The Whale Foundation  
c/o Bob Grusy  
7890 S. Ave. Bonita  
Tucson, AZ 85747

All donations are greatly appreciated and are going to a good cause. Building strength in this community. Taking care of one another.

You can also check us out at: <[www.theWhaler.org](http://www.theWhaler.org)>



## Guides Training Seminar 2000

### DATES

GCRG Spring Meeting — Friday, March 31, 2000  
GTS Land Session — Sat. & Sun., April 1-2, 2000  
GTS River Session, Upper Half — April 4-10, 2000  
GTS River Session, Lower Half — April 10-18, 2000

**T**HE GCRG SPRING MEETING and the GTS Land Seminar will be held at the Old Marble Canyon Lodge. The Land Seminar is open to all GCRG members, general as well as guide, and to any interested folks of the boating community and the general public. The River Session is open to guides and trainees who have work for the upcoming season in Grand Canyon. Mark your calendars! Look for more specifics in the Winter BQR issue and for the GTS announcement flyer in your mailbox after the new year.

## Downstream News

**Ellen Tibbetts** (GCD) has a solo show of new ceramic works at the Main Street Gallery in Cottonwood, Arizona, running from October 20th through November 27th. Call the gallery at 520/634-1688 for directions or more information.

## Announcements

PRO is looking for river-wise individuals to fill three positions. These include a full time year-round office person with computer and basic bookkeeping skills, a full time 8-month season food packer, and a full time year-round receptionist with good people skills. Please submit resume to:

Professional River Outfitters, Inc.  
Box 635  
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

**FOUND:**  
Silver ankle bracelet at mile 192-L  
contact Jon Baker, 823 1/2 W. Aspen #4  
520/773-1008

**FOUND:**  
Watch at lower Beaver Falls on the week of August 23rd. Call Dennis Carty at 510/548-6406 to identify.

**LOST:**  
Small white ammo can containing 8mm movie film. Lost below Pumpkin Springs around July 25, 1999. Please contact:  
Steve Keselik  
Rte 3, Box 263VK  
Bastrop, TX 78602  
512/303-7517

**LOST:**  
Ricoh Camera (mirra) in grey case with black strap. Film and batteries were also in the case. Please contact:  
Janie Roos  
2070 S. Joliet St.  
Aurora, CO 80014  
303/751-4687

## Air Tours Encroach Upon Refuge of Canyon

**O**N A BEACH OF THE COLORADO RIVER or along a trail deep inside the Grand Canyon, I've been roused from my solitude by that dang noise.

It's not exactly like a fleet of Huey choppers, their rotor blades thumping in unison like that memorable scene from *Apocalypse Now*, but you get the picture.

But, their intrusiveness is as appreciated as a scorpion sting.

They annoy when you only want to be left alone, when the only sights and sounds you want are those of Mother Nature: the changing hues of canyon walls; zephyrs rolling through an inner canyon; falling water over rocks; the roar of the river; a boulder tumbling down a slope; birds chirping at Indian Garden and condors soaring high above. Even a pesky fly is tolerable, far preferable to a noisy machine made by man.

Canyon sounds are distinctive. Decibel levels don't matter. I find a thunder and lightning show at the Grand Canyon, or rivulets of water cascading over canyon rims after a downpour, awe inspiring.

These are sights and sounds to behold.

Not so the sights and sounds of droning aircraft.

They infringe upon your privacy.

They ruin your park experience.

They turn a peaceful and special moment into something quite forgettable, like a day stuck at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport.

That said, planes do have a place in the airspace over the Grand Canyon, but not as much as the lucrative air tour industry would like.

It wants to be rewarded for making investments in quiet technology, as in the lifting of flight caps and curfews and getting the OK to fly in new corridors.

It says it needs these incentives because new technology is expensive, and it wants to be sure that their investment will not drive them into bankruptcy.

I've heard this before. In the mid-1980s a rash of accidents inside the Grand Canyon sparked a ban on below-the-rim flights and the creation of flight-free zones. In passing the Overflights Act of 1987, Congress agreed that it was good public policy to preserve park values, but the industry said restrictions would drive them out of business.

They were wrong then because the industry has prospered. The number of flights has doubled, and, with it, the endless quest for the "substantial restoration of natural quiet" seems more and more difficult to achieve.

It surely will be if the industry gets the incentives that it covets, incentives that Sen. John McCain, R-Ariz., seems intent on providing.

His amendment to a Federal Aviation Administration reauthorization bill has infuriated environmental

groups, Indian tribes in the Canyon and the National Park Service. They can't understand why the man who led the fight to impose overflight restrictions would sponsor an amendment that could take Grand Canyon National Park back to the wild days of no caps and no curfews and unlimited flight corridors.

Says Rob Smith of the Sierra Club, "Grand Canyon is the one thing that John McCain points to with pride on an otherwise slim environmental record."

But there the amendment is, in black and white. It gives the FAA nine months to "designate reasonably achievable requirements" for quiet technology. But if it can't—and this is the bewildering part—then all planes are deemed quiet and free to fly the Canyon at will.

"It boggles the imagination," says Rob Arnberger, superintendent at Grand Canyon National Park, who fears this "could set us back to before the Overflights Act was enacted." He adds, "There is no such thing as a quiet aircraft unless it's a flying saucer from outer space."

He's right. Planes of any feather are noisy.

Why can't the air tour industry make the investment to quieter planes on its own? Why can't it do the right thing and be a willing player in the quest for natural quiet? Why can't it accept limits like all other commercial ventures that use this grand resource—from river runners to campsites and backcountry use?

Sure, they might have to raise fees, but so what?

The park's values are compromised as is, and further degradation ought to be vigorously resisted.

Joel Nilsson

*The Arizona Republic, October 14, 1999*

*Used with permission.*

*Permission does not imply endorsement.*

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**Write your Senators and Congressmen today**  
if you feel strongly about this issue.

Also write to:

Sen. John McCain

241 Russell Senate Office Building

Washington, DC 20515

## The 1999 GCRG Fall Meeting

**G**RAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES FALL MEETING is coming up soon! We've got great talks and presentations scheduled, good food and fantastic entertainment to boot! Teva Sport Sandals has once again been kind enough to assist GCRG in our planning efforts by providing us with a generous donation of \$500 towards the purchase of food and refreshments for the meeting (so you know it'll be great!). Thank you Teva!! We really appreciate your continued support.

Here's the scoop:

Where: Grand Canyon Expeditions warehouse in Kanab, Utah. (northern end)

When: Saturday, October 30, 1999. We'll be starting at 9:00 A.M. and going to whenever!

What's going on: Meet the new board members, discuss guide issues, find out what's going on with the CRMP and the Adaptive Management Programs, become

a "virtual guide" with a demonstration of the Computer Simulation Project and much more. All that serious (but oh-so-interesting) stuff will be followed by a great dinner and a Halloween party with music by Bill Gloeckler's ever-popular band!

Bring: Warm clothes, a small river chair, open mind, good attitude and brilliant ideas a plenty!

Lodging: You can camp at GCE (except for near the log house on the property). Or, for those of you who've camped enough this year, you can reserve a hotel room. You might try either the Bob Bon Inn 435/644-5094 or the Shilo Inn 435/644-2562. Both are within a half-mile of GCE.

See you there!!!



Ote Dale

# Financial Statements

## Profit and Loss Statement Fiscal Year 1999

<b>Income</b>	
Membership income	\$44,590.97
General contributions	17,623.59
GTS income & grants	14,645.00
Adopt-a-Beach grants	9,110.00
First aid class income	8,345.00
BQR grants	6,000.00
Sales (t-shirts, hats, etc.)	5,095.50
AMWG/TWG grants	2,000.00
Other grants	1,349.02
Whale Foundation contributions	470.00
Interest income	413.36
Bremner Memorial contributions	100.00
<b>Total Income</b>	<b>\$109,742.44</b>
<b>Expense</b>	
BQR (printing, postage, etc.)	\$26,460.75
Payroll expenses	16,230.30
GTS expenses	14,850.73
First aid class expense	8,642.73
Adopt-a-Beach	8,275.68
Rent	7,200.00
Bremner Memorial Fund (1)	5,023.74
Depreciation expense	4,508.00
Cost of sales	3,790.61
Whale Foundation transfer (2)	3,434.00
Postage	2,543.19
Meeting expense	2,337.81
Printing	2,318.06
AMWG/TWG	2,292.50
Telephone	1,692.66
Payroll taxes	1,673.46
Office supplies	1,621.40
Utilities	856.60
Internet	469.70
Insurance	309.00
Other (bank charges, dues, etc.)	509.67
<b>Total Expense</b>	<b>\$115,040.59</b>
<b>Net Loss</b>	<b>\$ -5,298.15</b>

- (1) Fund total transferred to Prescott College  
(Dugald Bremner Memorial Scholarship.)
- (2) Fund total transferred to Whale Foundation.

## Note:

Profit & Loss Statement does not reflect hundreds of hours of donated services for bqr layout, design and proofreading, IRS annual report, Guides Training Seminar, website development and maintenance, plus donated equipment.

Net loss for fiscal year 1999 reflects pay-out of fund balances for Bremner Memorial Fund and the Whale Foundation, totaling \$8,458 (gifts were largely received in the previous fiscal year). Without these pay-outs, net income for the organization would have been \$3,160.

## Balance Sheet as of 6/30/99

<b>Assets</b>	
Cash in checking/money market	\$29,594.01
Postage & security deposits	2,512.00
<b>Total Current Assets</b>	<b>\$32,106.01</b>
<b>Fixed Assets</b>	
Computer & office equipment	\$34,149.58
Less depreciation	\$ -28,116.19
<b>Net Fixed Assets</b>	<b>\$6,033.39</b>
<b>Liabilities &amp; Equity</b>	
Payroll liabilities	\$1,262.25
Equity	36,599.51
<b>Total Liabilities &amp; Equity</b>	<b>\$38,139.40</b>
General Members	1,006
Guide Members	756
Circulation	3,259

## Major Contributors – FY 98/99

The Board and Officers of GCRG want to thank all of our members whose generous donations during the past fiscal year (7/1/98 – 6/30/99) have enabled us to continue our work. We deeply appreciate the extra support of the following contributors and sincerely apologize to anyone we may have inadvertently missed.

### MAJOR CONTRIBUTORS

Brown Foundation  
Garth Marston, Boston, MA  
Grand Canyon Association/Grand Canyon National Park  
Grand Canyon Conservation Fund  
Grand Canyon Monitoring & Research Center  
McJunkin Corporation, Charleston, WV  
Michael Wehrle, Charleston, WV

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Liz Jackson, La Jolla, CA  
Teva Sport Sandals

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Tides Foundation & Don Briggs  
(River Runners film proceeds)

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# A Folk History of the Prickly Pear Cactus

The following is part of the manuscript for a book, *Folk Histories of Selected Desert Plants*, by Dr. Wes Larsen of Toquerville, Utah.

"In the first place the whole order of flowering plants may have evolved rather late. In the second place deserts are not very favorable to the preservation of fossils, which occur most abundantly in what were once marshes or shallow seas. As a matter of fact, it is sometimes said that there are no fossil cacti and that therefore they must be very recent indeed. But this evidence is purely negative and a decade or two ago what may be a fossilized prickly pear was discovered in southern Utah embedded in deposits of the Eocene age. If it really is a prickly pear, then a cactus very like a modern one must have developed during an epoch which, according to the latest evidence, must be placed at least forty million years ago.

.....the Great Basin section of Utah became drier and drier as the Eocene was succeeded by the Miocene, and by that epoch it may have been as dry as Death Valley is today. At least the best guess, based upon what evidence is available, seems to be that the cactus from Utah first learned somewhere how to survive dry seasons of the year between relatively wet ones and that then, having developed methods of saving water for a part of the year, it was finally able to survive almost continuous drought. And it might have done this right in Utah, since it seems pretty certain that this very region where the Eocene cactus was growing was a region which had become arid all the year around by the time it entered the next geological epoch."

Joseph Wood Krutch, 1954.<sup>1</sup>

And so it is that *Opuntia* the Prickly Pear has wonderful mechanisms to survive heat and dryness. To avoid excessive transpiration they have lost their leaves or have them represented by spines. Their stems, modified to form pads or joints, substitute for leaves in carrying out the process of photosynthesis. They also serve as water storage organs. A thick leathery skin protects against evaporation. The flowering season is short adhering to the brief period of rainfall. In fact, one species of *Opuntia* (*O. parishii*) has blossoms that are said to last but one hour. A cactus fruit is a pear-shaped, nearly smooth, crimson, pulpy and edible berry. Seeds become separate from the placenta and are loose in the pulp. Fruits of the prickly pear are much eaten by all of the Indians of New

Mexico, Arizona, California and Utah, under the common Spanish name of tunas. Great quantities are dried for use in the winter. The skin is studded with bunches of very fine downy spines called glochids, which the Indians brush off with a bunch of grass or roll them in the sand.

The dried fruit is later cooked with meat or other substances. Fresh unripe fruit is often boiled in water for ten to twelve hours until soft, when it becomes like apple sauce; then being fermented a little it becomes stimulating and nutritious. Some Indians roast the pads of *Opuntia* in hot ashes, and when cooked, the outer skin with spines is easily removed, leaving a slimy, sweet, succulent substance for eating.

Also, the tunas are slightly diuretic and give the urine a bloody tinge. The split pads make a good emollient application for arthritis and, when baked, are applied to chronic ulcers and recent wounds. Prickly pear juice and the juice of several other plants, together with honey and egg yolk, are recommended as an ointment for burns.<sup>2</sup> Lakotas pulverized the roots of yucca and prickly pear, mixed them with warm water and drank the tea to help mothers give birth. This idea must have been passed on to the Southern Paiutes.

"Mary Browett Forsyth, whom I will refer to as 'Grandma', for that is what we called her, was extremely ambitious and insisted upon uncomplaining industry from her own children as well as from those to whom she was 'foster mother'. Soon after the family was established in Santa Clara, (Utah) she took the three older girls—Belle, Nettie, and Mother (Mariamne) to Salt Lake City, where they learned the glove making and tailoring trade. She built a little home there and returned year after year. They also made soap for sale. Grandma had a leeching machine to make lye secured from the Tithing Office and soap was made for half. Thousands of pounds were made and sold, the money going to equip the saw-mill with the necessary machinery.

In the meantime a one room log cabin was built at the mill and in the summer of 1865, Grandma and the family went to live in the Canyon (Ash Creek). The roof of the cabin was made of willows covered with dirt, and was inhabited by snakes, scorpions, centipedes, etc. One evening mother started to walk across the floor when something bit her foot. The pain was most intense getting more excruciating by the minute. Her foot got black and the discoloration spread quickly and kept spreading. Grandma decided something had better be



done and done quickly. She had several chickens brought to the door, killed one at a time, split it open and placed it immediately over the bite. The warm chicken drew the poison out and mother's foot soon got alright again.

In October of '65, Agnes was born at the mill. An old squaw brought Grandma some dried Prickly-pears, instructing her to make a tea from them and to drink it 'to make papoose come easy'. Whether it was the tea or the Grace of God, we'll never know, for the baby came into the world with less suffering than usually attends a birth—despite the fact that the snow was too deep to get off the mountain, and the only help she had was a woman who came and stayed for about a month. Aunt Tina can remember one time when there was nothing to eat on the mountain but corn and potatoes.”<sup>3</sup>

Medicinal treatments also included men. Esias Edwards settled in Diamond Valley just twelve miles north of St. George, Utah. On April 11, 1880 at age 68 he writes in his diary:

“I have had a disease of the kidneys and urincy organs, which has troubled me more or less for many years. About a month ago it assumed a dangerous condition by retention of the urine. It becoming very difficult to pass it. There having several died of late with the same disease, I acknowledge that I was a little alarmed at my condition. I went to St. George and seen Doctor Ivens. He told me that he had knew a good many such cases and gave me instructions what to do if it got any worse. I learned afterwards by Bromer Henry Chappin (Chaffin) that to make a tea of the prickly pear and drink it frequently it would do me good and I did so and drank it at meals instead of other food and it seemed to give timely relief. But seemed to relax the whole system.

I write these things for the benefit of others, if others should be operated upon in the same way.”<sup>4</sup>

Two unusual uses of cactus fruit revolve around (1) a second harvest by Native Americans, and (2) wine making by early Arizona Strip ranchers.

Second Harvest: “Seeds of *Opuntia tunas* are difficult to separate from the fruit meat and, further, whole seeds defy digestion in the human alimentary tract. They pass right on through the bowel. Indians would eat the fruit whole, then defecate in a certain spot. A year later they would gather and wash that material, then pound the seeds for cakes.”<sup>5</sup>

Cactus Apple Wine: “One year when the cactus apples were ripening, Rass (Cunningham) and Dad (Amos Kent) decided to make some wine. They used the cheese press to squeeze out the juice, but they didn't heat it; instead they let it ripen in nature's own way. Well it got good and strong but didn't loose any of its natural consistency and remained just like pure liquid rubber. You had to cut it off with a knife or scissors. Rass tried to move a dishpan that was a little too full and it started to spill over the edge and nearly emptied the whole pan before he could get it stopped. There it was, all over Mom's kitchen floor. But he quickly led it with his finger over to a knothole and the whole thing flowed right along and went right on down the hole and hardly left a track. Well it did go right along to ferment but didn't lose any of its rubberish quality. They surely did have fun treating friends with their cactus wine. They would be very careful of the process of filling a glass so no one could see them cut off the flow and then present the guest with a nice full glass of pretty red wine and then stand back and watch the fun when he tried to drink it!! Gus Fullerton really got a bang out of it and put away an extra glassful. When Mother Cunningham asked him what she could fix him for dinner he said, “Just another glass of that cactus wine would do me just fine.”<sup>6</sup>

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Prerequisite: Must be current WFR, WEMT, WAFA or Review by Wilderness Medical Associates (WMA)  
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Cost: \$165

GCRG reserves the right to cancel any classes due to insufficient enrollment.

**Place:** Arizona River Runners (ARR) warehouse, Flagstaff, AZ.

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**Meals:** On your own.

Both courses include 2-year CPR certification.

Class size is strictly limited. Guides and private boaters welcome. Send your \$50 nonrefundable deposit with the application below to Grand Canyon River Guides to hold a space. The courses are already filling, so act now.

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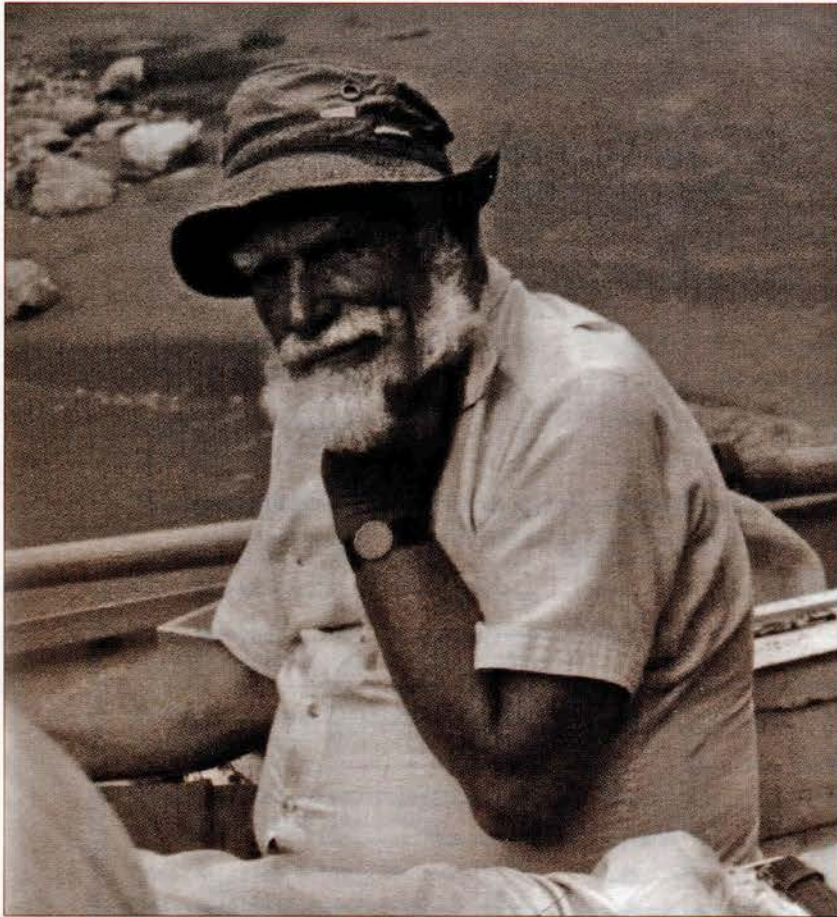
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## The Old Man Does it Again



**N**OT ONE TO REST on his laurels, Martin Litton again broke his own record for the oldest person to run a boat through Grand Canyon. In September, Martin, at 82, rowed every stroke of the way through in his dory, *Sequoia*.

After a dry run down the left at Lava, he described the run: "Well, if you're on the run there are just a couple of rollers—nothing to worry about. But to the left is death and destruction. To the right, eternal darkness."

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