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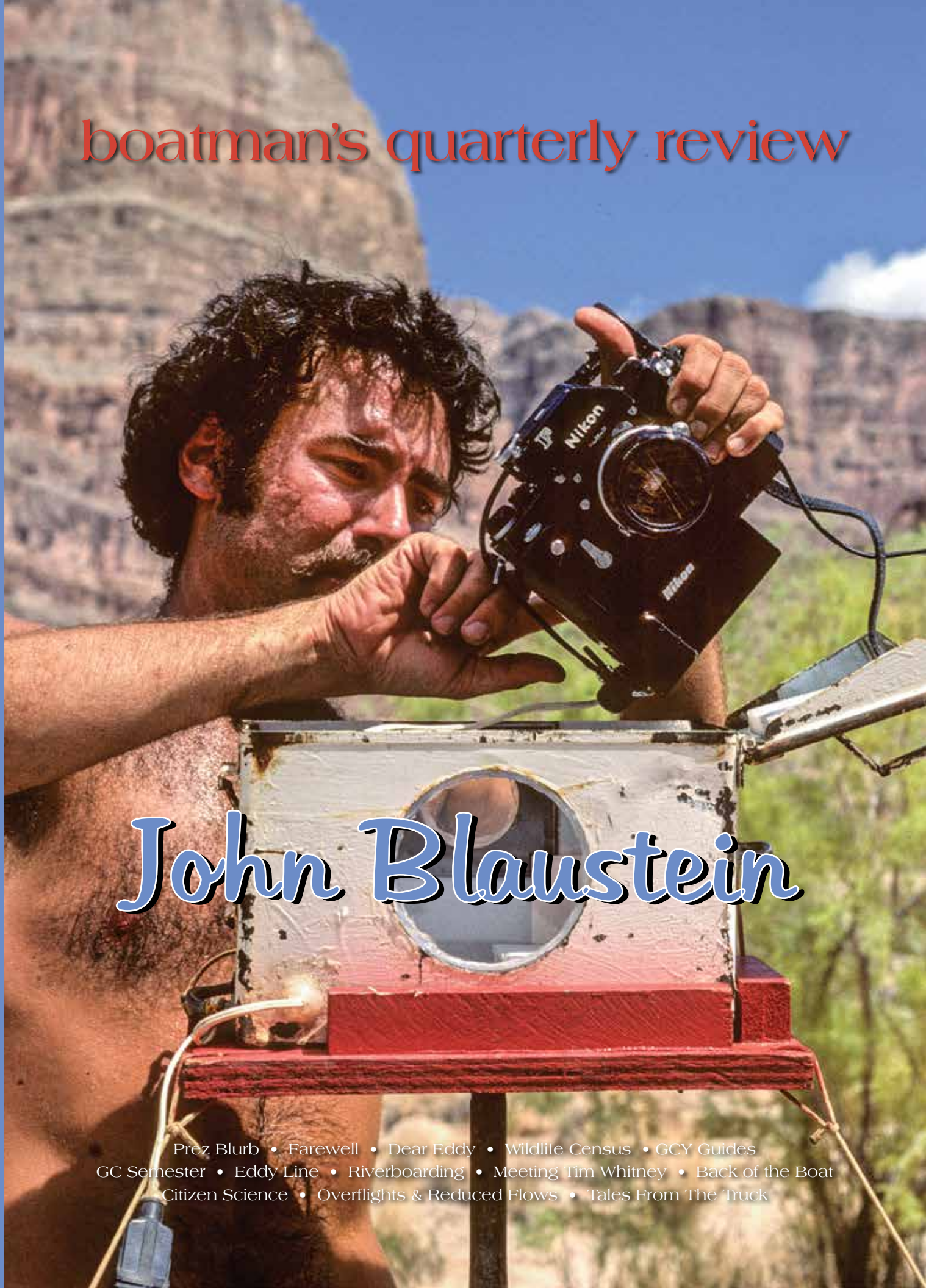
boatman's quarterly review



John Blaustein

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 generally held the first Wednesday of each month. All innocent bystanders are urged to attend. Call for details.

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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, Inc.

Written submissions should be less than 1500 words and, if possible, be sent on a CD or emailed to GCRG. 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 February, May, August and November. Thanks!
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Prez Blurb

Thank you to those who reached out after reading my winter "Prez Blurb" and for sharing with me some or your views and ideas. I really appreciate the thought provoking emails and considerate words I received. Please do not hesitate to continue to be in touch.

I would like to recognize the general members of our organization with appreciation for what they bring to GCRG. One half of our organization's 1700 or so members are "general" in their status. I'm glad we have an array of general members coming from such a broad spectrum of backgrounds. I have noticed in quarterly after quarterly the many informative and well-written pieces produced by our general members. Similarly, at our annual Fall Rendezvous and GTS land sessions, some of the most participatory individuals in attendance year after year are also general members. Most certainly, many general members are incredibly eager to help further GCRG's mission. As guide members, I think it is vital we remember to utilize the commitment and resourcefulness available to us encompassed in our general membership. Our organization's diversity as a whole is where our greatest strengths lie. Together, with both halves of our membership, we possess a phenomenally knowledgeable and passionate voice for advocacy and protection of Grand Canyon.

This coming spring, GCRG will be looking for another group of guide nominees to fill at least three director seats beginning in September. Our current board members will serve through August, and then there will be a change in leadership as some individuals step down at the end of their terms. We are looking for guides from all backgrounds and experience to help lead our organization. One of the great things about serving on the board is there is not a specific skill set required; of most importance is a willingness to jump in with two feet and take an active role. Please

Cover: Before there was GoPro...
John Blaustein made the waterproof housing himself from an ammo can, along with a way to mount it on the bow, stern, or side of the dory. He ran a wire from the footwell to the box and would trigger the motor drive camera while he rowed through the rapids.

consider nominating yourself, or nominating someone else who you think would dedicate themselves and do a great job. Lynn will be gathering nominations beginning this spring at the Guides Training Seminar. In the case you would like to nominate someone, but will not make it to the GTS, please call or email Lynn anytime with your nomination. Voting takes place through the mail during mid-season, and polls close by mid-August.

Pack rafting with ultra-light inflatable boats is an intriguing mode of transport that has recently surged in popularity. The future of pack rafting's proliferation in Grand Canyon will largely be determined by the Backcountry Management Plan currently under development. My understanding of the present regulations regarding pack rafting is that backpackers and canyoneers interested in including river travel to their itineraries are allowed by permit to paddle their crafts no more than five river miles during one single land/water based adventure. Understandably, pack rafting enthusiasts would like to increase access in regards to pack raft travel throughout the canyon. The prospective of pack rafting in Grand Canyon most certainly carries interesting and exciting opportunities, however it's increase could potentially clash with Grand Canyon river running in general. As a board, we are currently striving to learn as much as possible from several sources on this issue and I believe it is very important for the rest of our membership to do the same. Because of the unique perspectives and experience we hold, perhaps we have as much to offer to this debate as any one single group.

The 2013 Commercial Operating Requirements (CORS) were recently finalized. Laura Shearin, Grand Canyon National Park Concessions Specialist, was especially reasonable in regards to giving the GCRG board, as well as other stakeholders, the chance to look over the requirements and lend suggestions for clarity and improvement. In my view, I see three significant changes and one major addition for 2013. The first change has to do with meal preparation. The new CORS make it clear that guides possessing a legitimate food manager certificate may supervise guests while allowing them to help with meal preparation. The second is a camp restriction, allowing only those trips with a Whitmore exchange to settle for the night at or between river miles 185 to 186.5 during May through September. The third is the prohibition of descending into Deer Creek narrows with or without rope. Supplement "L" at the very end of the requirements demonstrates the major addition I referred to above. This supplement sheds light on cultural site disclosure and classification.

Grand Canyon National Park recently asked GCRG to be involved with a project called the Greater Grand Canyon Landscape Assessment (GCLAA). This particular assessment will work under the umbrella of the Natural Resource Condition Assessments (NRCA). Assessments such as this are conducted to collect data and information through a variety of methods, helping to magnify the condition of specific components within a project area, such as natural and cultural resources. In the case of Grand Canyon National Park, in addition to working inside the park boundaries the assessment will also include related adjacent lands outside of the park. The main goal of the project is to compile a report showing many of the results of the completed assessment. In addition to the report, GIS maps will be generated identifying key resource features in the assessment area. The knowledge gleaned from this report and from the detailed maps will be a great scientific resource for stakeholders, land management agencies and personnel, and the general public. Past president Joe Pollock has committed to be the lead member from GCRG involved. In addition, past president Matt Herrman volunteered to help, along with current directors Kim Fawcett and Greg Woodall. As a team, with assistance from Lynn, our work group has decided to concentrate their initial focus on the "Visitor Experience" category of the assessment. This is an area where GCRG has great potential to play a vital role in the success of the project.

In addition to what I have expressed above, as a board of directors we have been engaged a great deal in preparation for the upcoming Guide Training Seminar. Our theme for the 2013 weekend is "Go Big, or Go Home." We plan to facilitate an informative group of speakers, intertwined with engaging learning activities, exciting river footage, and a party with live music played by an excellent band. Please join us for the GTS during the last weekend of March as we celebrate 25 years of existence!

Latimer Smith

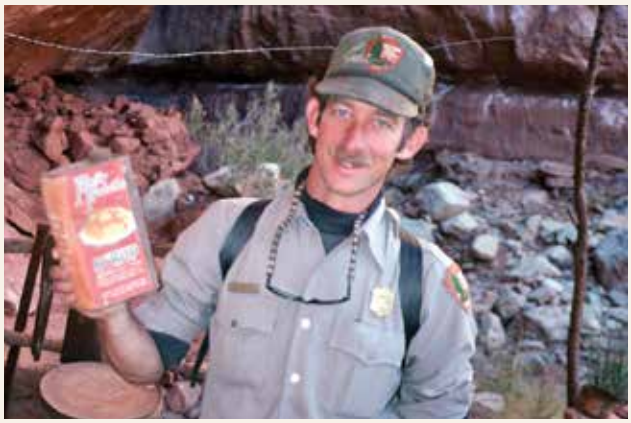
Farewells

Ed Cummings, June 29, 1953–January 11, 2013

Many of us remember Ed as the always friendly and no-nonsense Lees Ferry Ranger. Before transferring to the Ferry, Ed and his family had been at Tuweep on the western rim of the Grand Canyon for eight years. Being a ranger family at Tuweep meant Cathy home-schooling the kids, and driving 75 miles to check the mail, get groceries, or gas. Vacations included family river trips on the Colorado, Green, and San Juan rivers.

Ed began with the National Park Service in 1978, and worked as a ranger from coast to coast (Point Reyes and Cape Cod National Seashores, Sequoia-Kings Canyon, Death Valley, Chickasaw National Recreation Area). Ed was Chief Ranger at Tuzigoot-Montezuma Castle National Monument when he died of a heart attack in Prescott Valley, Arizona.

Ed lived to see his son Eli begin his own career with the Park Service after hiring on at Yellowstone National Park. At daughter Kaelin's graduation from Prescott



College in December, Ed was the proud parent. Ed was a big fan of his hometown San Francisco 49ers—and we can only imagine he got fifty-yard line seats for the Super Bowl in the end!

Greg Woodall

William Joseph Breed, August 3, 1928–January 22, 2013

Bill Breed, "peripatetic naturalist," geologist, lover of wild places and wildlife, and a most handsome, playful, kind and generous personage, set off on his final big adventure, early on the morning of January 22, 2013.

Just the day before, the Museum of Northern Arizona (MNA) presented Bill (then Curator Emeritus of Geology) with an MNA *Distinguished Fellows Award.* MNA Director Robert Breunig said, "Bill Breed will always be remembered at MNA as geologist, educator, and friend. His humor, wit, grace, and passion for the natural world will continue to inspire those who knew him." Bill was a really fine field geologist and contributed important geological discoveries to paleontology and the theory of continental drift.

During Bill's earlier years as Curator of Geology at the Museum of Northern Arizona (1960–1980), he authored many scientific and popular works in geology, particularly on the Grand Canyon region. In 1976, he co-edited and contributed to the *Geology of the Grand Canyon*, published by MNA. Bill was especially pleased with the Gunnar Widforss painting that graced the cover of the book, a Swedish American artist whose wilderness rendering was true to a geological understanding. Bill's work and friends took him downriver many times over the many years.

With geologist George Billingsley, he published a colorful geologic map of the Grand Canyon, and a cross-section of the Grand Canyon region published by the Zion Natural History Association. Remember the canyon shaped like a dragon in all those rich colors?

In 1986, my sister, Narca, called Bill when she found out I was moving to Flagstaff to enter the Geology Master's program at NAU. She sends these words:

Those folks who knew Bill as a geologist may not realize that he enjoyed an equally stellar career as a guide for natural history tours. On these tours, not only did participants benefit from the depth of his knowledge and experience, but Bill set the tone for every trip—a lighthearted mood of tomfoolery and humor. Travels with Bill were just plain fun.

Bill was pure trickster, something he managed without any meanness at all. Practical jokes could be counted on. We eventually labeled these trips "Gullible's Travels."

I first met Bill in 1985 on a scouting trip for an Arizona tour with Betchart Expeditions. The joy, liveliness and intellectual ferment of that scouting trip began my own guiding experience, and stayed with me, arcing over all the intervening years. Sure enough, Bill began our

Bill Breed clowning with a Smithsonian tour group, late 1980s. (This was just before he walked on water.)
Photo by Narca Moore-Craig.

friendship with a practical joke.

While scouting, I found a Night Snake under a rock—a critter seen only rarely. Breed figured I'd look under that same rock when I returned with my group, and he contrived to hide a rubber snake under it. And, yes, he was right. I fell for it. (But I had opportunities to get even!)

Bill also had a flair for dramatic timing. On one Alaska trip, we were picnicking with our group on a shingle beach near Teller, at the edge of the Bering Sea. A cold wind was blowing, and we were all bundled in down coats. Bill stood up, stripped down to his briefs, and jumped into the Bering Sea! Then everyone persuaded him to do it a second time, because no one had had their cameras ready. Bill obliged. Ah, Bill. You will be so missed.

And from Margaret Betchart of Betchart Expeditions:

Bill was a friend of scores of nature travelers on trips he led to Alaska and throughout the American Southwest. He was an enthusiastic trip leader, who conveyed a great interest in the natural world, often with a sense of humor. He got travelers excited about the wildlife and plants, from wild blueberries in Alaska to great golden grizzlies. Bill will be greatly missed by his travelers, who will long remember the enjoyable experiences he provided them.

Bill had strong ties to the people of the Hopi Mesas through Hopi friends and many trips to the dances. He loved Flagstaff, the San Francisco Peaks, the volcanic field around them and the unique geomorphology and wild places of Canyon Country. He was committed to the effort to preserve Nature. He volunteered for and contributed generously to numerous non-profit organizations whose work he supported in addition to MNA. Bill was immensely proud of his daughter Amelia and happy to see his own playful spirit springing out in his grandsons. There is so much more…another BQR.

Our lives and our world were made ever so much richer by his life. Thank you, Bill!

Kelly Burke

Nick Resnick, 1959–2013

My younger brother, Nick was lost in a small aircraft between Escalante and Boulder, Utah on January 19, 2013. He was 53.

Nick was known by many in the river community, and I was constantly amazed at the diverse collection of commercial guides and private boaters who ran with him. Our parents introduced him to river running at an early age, taking him on many river trips throughout the West from their home in Southern California. Our parents, Barbara and Nick, Sr. were Sierra Club

trip leaders and ran many early Grand Canyon river trips with Hatch River Expeditions. Teen-aged Nick was on an early Hatch trip with Dennis Massey, Fred Burke and "Pepperpot" Jimmy Hall. When Fred and Carol Burke were creating Arizona River Runners in 1971, they brought our parents in as partners along with the Quist Brothers and several others. Nick and I ran some early ARR trips together. The company was eventually sold to Bill Gloeckler and his partners.

Nick lived in Flagstaff for many years running private and commercial

river trips (along with many other endeavors) until 2005. He was on the "Marboro Abentour" Grand trip led by Dan Dierker, filming a German TV cigarette commercial. He worked science trips with Larry Stevens planting willows in Furnace Flats. He ran Worldwide Exploration trips for George Marsic. He ran private trips with Randy Fabris.

Nick moved to Escalante in 2005 with his wife Melanie and took up farming, raising horses, gardening, beekeeping and other fun stuff. Nick still ran private river trips with Melanie in Grand Canyon, on the Salmon in Idaho, and down the San Juan in Utah to name a few. Nick was a fun guy on a river trip. He liked costumes, telling jokes and yarns around the campfire, and all things having to do with private river running. He once told me that he would head for his bedroll after a night around the campfire with his jaw sore from laughing. Others who ran with him said the same thing. He was a pretty amazing guy.

I miss my brother.

Peter Reznick

Mary Rees, January 21, 1946–January 2, 2013

The Grand Canyon and Colorado Plateau community lost a long-time friend in early January. Mary A. Rees, a Moab, UT resident since 1972, was stricken by a pulmonary embolism at her home in Castle Valley. She was 66 and the mother of Tait Rees and his wife Koel Thomae (who on January 31st gave birth to Mary's first grandchild, a baby girl) of Boulder, CO, as well as her daughter Hilary Rees of Tucson, AZ (and fiancé Matt McCrary).

Mary was an early female presence on the many rivers of the Southwest both on private and commercial trips (Grand Canyon Expeditions) during the 1970s and early 1980s. She boated with friends including Bego Gerhart, Ote Dale, Marianna (Red) Allred, Blake (Fox) Hopkins, Paul Frisby, Millie Fletcher, John Thomas, Joy Ungritch, Brian Coombs, John Williams, Nels Niemi, O'Connor Dale, Terry McCarthy and Mary's (former) husband Tom Rees.

Starting in 1984, her passion for the Canyon led her to backpack most of the major trails and explore vast expanses within the canyon: Boucher, Nankoweap, the South Tonto, Tanner, Clear Creek, Tuckup, Phantom Creek, Cottonwood, Royal Arch Route (and more) as well as other routes off the North Rim. Even away from the canyon, Mary's thoughts never strayed far from the next hike: maps, guide books, topos and notes were usually found on her desk as she planned her next exploration.

Mary on top of Mt. Tukuhnikivats in the La Sals.
Photo by Roberta Motter.

Mary's 'light-up-the-world' smile and sky-blue eyes reflected the beauty she absorbed from the desert landscape; her voice was as sweet as a Canyon Wren's. Mary's quiet and deep love for the earth evolved into a knowledge of gardening and botany which grew into a business collecting and propagating seeds to restore desert landscapes to their natural habitats.

Mary's nurturing nature, anti-nuclear activism; physical determination, home-baked fruit pies, thriving gardens, articulate writings, gift for photography and her unwavering love of the natural world have all contributed to the legacy left to those who cherish the wonder of the Grand Canyon. Her influence will be carried on by the next generation of river runners as Latimer Smith recalls in these stories of Mary:

In August 2010 on a Grand Canyon trip with Colorado River and Trail; our group including Mary were camped below 75-Mile Canyon on the left. The tail end of dinner found most of us seated near the kitchen, enjoying the evening canyon light when a guest pointed out a human figure high above us traversing a talus slope behind camp. It took me and the other guides a few moments to realize the person was Mary, out for a quick jaunt before dark. The guests who had not yet realized how comfortable in the canyon Mary was expressed deep concern for her safety, especially in light of the fact that dark

was fast approaching. We (the guides) assured those worried that she had spent many days and nights below the rim and was as safe and sure footed as anyone down here. As our trip progressed downstream stopping at various side canyons to hike, people became even more impressed by Mary's athleticism and everyone came to appreciate her gentle and unassuming nature.

The next February, Mary and I and my brother-in-law Cy hiked down the Tanner Trail from Lipan Point to the river. We camped two nights at water's edge. On day three we began the trek out of the canyon and made camp below the Redwall. The next morning, Mary was anxious to head uphill before Cy and I had readied our packs. She took this chance at a slight head start, expressing it would not be long before we caught up to her. The next time we saw her she was resting on a flat rock at the top of the Supai! From there, Mary took a second head start while Cy and I finished up our lunch. After passing through the Hermit I spotted her a short distance ahead, working through the blanket of snow that had fallen the night before. I donned my instep crampons believing the traction they offered would lend me the boost I needed to catch her before reaching the top of the Kaibab. My pace became more vigorous; nonetheless, she held the same distance between us, while bounding nimbly through the terrain with her minimalist pack all the way to the parking lot. Before parting ways in a snow flurry, she gave Cy and me a bag of delicious homemade brownies for the road.

Mary's friendly and energetic border collie, Blue, will keep her hiking spirit alive. He was Mary's constant companion as they shared numerous great times together, exploring the deserts and mountains of southern Utah. Someday soon, Blue will make the trek to the top of the La Sals in memory of Mary, followed by several two-legged hiking friends vigorously pumping their limbs trying to catch up.

Roberta Motter (with Liz Montague)

Dear Eddy

In response to "Tales From The Truck—Thundering with Thunder River" by Latimer Smith published in the Spring 2012 bqr Volume 25, Number 1.

Latimer phoned shortly after returning to USU in August 2001. I was thrilled to learn about his latest trip; and enjoyed his positive energy. This call was no exception: I immediately began to hear about great people, good water, and that the sky had been appreciably cloudy. Then he became sober and cut to the news he wanted me to hear. He recounted that some in the group had hiked from the mouth of Tapeats Creek to Deer Creek; and that others had hiked from the mouth of Deer to the Patio, or to Dutton's Springs. He went on to express that a challenging pace had broken out between he and Walker on their loopback to Tapeats. Lats' narratives are always pleasing and often give confirmation for my own life. When I listen to the specifics of his stories; I naturally feel compelled to ask questions that satisfy my sense of place. After hearing Lats' description of their up and over hike from Deer to Tapeats, I curiously asked: "Did you and Walk climb into the cave at Thunder?"

Grand Canyon is renowned for leaving everyone awestruck at first sight. And like others, I was smitten. It wasn't long before "The River" was in my blood, and like malaria; "It" became something I learned to live with. As guides, we accept that certain risks are always present, and learn to abide and fear not. Interestingly, a guest on a trip in August 2011 exclaimed; "You must be proud of your son; it is remarkable to see the dozens of ways he conveys caution, both spoken and unspoken, without telling others, No!"

Anyone who hikes to Thunder would marvel at the water cascading out of the limestone face that falls precipitously into the basin "near the big cottonwood log." I could readily imagine that Walker and Latimer were thinking "all damn day" about their opportunity to look into the mug of a subterranean river—and that is simply passion. Nonetheless, Lats fell, and then doggedly hiked four miles to the boats—and that was absolutely stunning. The event that had seemingly become a very potent moment for Lats and Walk, was quickly met with optimism and true grit. As a father, nothing tugs on my heartstrings more than the next generation, doing their best in the throes of a tough situation.

The river is not only a great teacher, it is a force that pulls people together and creates friendships. Lats' near miss has given him emotional muscle; his fall now merely a chilly thought. And I too, "have realized how lucky we are to intimately experience places like Deer and Tapeats Creeks, and Thunder River."

Marc Smith

P.S. Kudos to J Toner, wherever you are!

In response to past articles in the BQR and discussions in the river community regarding the Deer Creek Narrows.

Whatever our individual feelings regarding the Deer Creek Narrows, I strongly believe that GCRG as an organization should be a voice supporting the Park Superintendent's decision to restrict use there, and encouraging others to respect the Paiute's concerns. This is not a new issue for the Paiutes, but only recently could they formally address this with NPS officials. The Southern Paiutes were "terminated" and no longer federally recognized as a tribe under a damaging and failed 1950s policy of forced assimilation—tribal status was finally restored in 1980.

As part of a larger, and ongoing, effort to rebuild their culture and correct spiritual wrongs, the Kaibab Paiutes asked us not to go down into the narrows starting in the 1990s. The Park Service's recent designation of Deer Creek as a Traditional Cultural Property, and the partial restriction of recreational activities there, finally acknowledges the area's importance to the Paiute people and their cultural well-being.

In an attempt to put some faces on the Deer Creek decision, and to explain why that place is so important to the Southern Paiute in their funeral traditions (it is where their spirits go across to the spirit world), I'm including excerpts from a recently published book of interviews and black & white portraits of Southern Paiutes (*Southern Paiute: A Portrait* by William Logan Hebner, photographs by Michael L. Plyler, Utah State University Press.) Logan rowed on Grand Canyon Dories trips, and worked with Paiutes opposing a toxic waste incinerator proposed for Pipe Springs north of the Grand Canyon, back in the 1980s. If you haven't seen this book, and really want to get a better feel for the Paiute perspective on all of this, you should take a look at it!

Greg Woodall

From the Introduction to *Southern Paiute: A Portrait* by Logan Hebner:

* * * * *

Approaching any American Indian tribe, you first have to sit with the idea of utter devastation and suffering, in some ways that nontribal people do not conceive. It goes beyond the comprehensible losses of life, of land, of language. One constantly encounters the idea that Indians and their lands are linked, are one, but most nontribal people can simply never feel the bedrock truth of it, and therefore understand the layers of insanity, the generations of despair and hopelessness, the slow motion genocide, the alluring peace of suicide.

In historical terms, all this unfolded relatively recently… (there) are a number of people who had listened to their elders remembering a time before Europeans came into their country… these elders still echo utterly different times… They remember the great pine nut caravans, the all night round dancing… Their elders are like taproots, breaking through the thin shell of the last couple hundred years into a timeless rhythm with these impossibly complex lands… They have a word for the power that emerges from intimacy with the land: puha. Puaxant means "healer." Puaxant tuvip means "sacred earth," "home"…
When we went down the river the first time, I couldn't believe I was down there. This is what those old people used to talk about. I didn't think I'd ever get down there; went down six times. Before they got kicked out of the Shivwits Plateau, they lived over there in the summer, go down to the Colorado River for the winter…

There's a place they used to keep their wheat, waaaay up there. That's a big climb. I climbed up there. There's a lot of things you could imagine when you are up there, when the river was wild…

Eunice Tillahash
Surveyor, Shivwits Paiute, born 1935

© Michael L. Plyler

* * * * *

I've been to that place where the leap takes place… It was so special and emotional to actually be there, after hearing about it my whole life. I wish we could spend more time up there. The spiritual feeling that you get; it just comes over you to know that's where they make the leap to the next world. When you're sitting there, knowing this; it's reality…

Lalovi Miller,
Moapa Paiute, born 1939

© Michael L. Plyler

In Response to a "Dear Eddy" written by Ron Nichols in the Winter 2012–2013 BQR, Volume 25, Number 4.

It was with some interest I read Ron Nichols's response to George Rhee's letter on climate change. Dr. Rhee addressed the huge, human-caused atmospheric and climate changes in recent history (last half century) and those projected in the next decades. These changes are projected to include overall warming and greater climate variability, including flood and drought. Dr. Rhee cites climate models which point to rapid change, within our and our children's lifetimes, and speaks of the urgency to act and to inform our river passengers. He cites the overuse of fossil fuels in the United States compared to other countries. While Mr. Nichols agreed with the need to address the problem, he extrapolates the discussion into huge geologic time scales which have little to do with Dr. Rhee's point. Further, Nichols's letter and inappropriate discussion of a huge geologic timescale promotes a complacency toward the problem.

Mr. Nichols states that ,"Mr. Rhee is correct that human activity for the past six million years has increased the amount of carbon dioxide and other "greenhouse gasses" in the Earth's atmosphere." This comment does not embody the dramatic, recent change which is the heart of the argument. It's also not what George Rhee said. First, most scientists agree that the first human (Homo Erectus) appeared about one to two million years ago, (not six million as Nichols states), and Homo Sapiens about 400,000 to 250,000 years ago. For reference, the Kaibab Limestone, one of the youngest rocks in the Canyon is about 250 million years old. Also, to put Dr. Rhee's comments in the proper context, carbon dioxide in Vostok Antarctic ice cores show that atmospheric CO_2 concentrations varied only from about 180 to 280 parts per million volume (ppmv) for the last 420,000 years, except for the last 50 years where it has risen to 395 ppmv! This increased carbon dioxide has an isotopic signature which shows the increase is not due to natural causes (volcanoes, fires); the isotopic fingerprints connect this increase to the burning of fossil fuel. The collected data also show that earth's temperatures are commensurately increasing, and projections forsee greater climatic variability.

Nichols goes on to say, "But he (Rhee) is wrong that there is a 'silver bullet' to stop the so-called 'Climate Change'." The "silver bullet" Rhee and Nichols are discussing is the reduction of the burning of fossil fuels and associated reduction of atmospheric carbon dioxide. Nichols then incredibly states that, "The answer is not to say that the 'situation is hopeless,' but to say that the constant changing of climate is normal." That isn't true. In context, the human-induced atmospheric changes in the last 50 years are profoundly abnormal, relative to the time humans have been on the earth.

Mr. Nichols's does us all a disservice by implying that spending money to reduce concentrations of unprecedented, human-caused greenhouse gas is not appropriate because "climate change is normal." Whether intended or not, this is a climate change deniers argument, an oil company apologist's line of reasoning. In the field of climate science, the consensus is unequivocal: human activities are causing climate change. A 2004 survey (Oreskes) of all peer-reviewed abstracts on 'global climate change' published between 1993 and 2003 indicated that not a single paper rejected the consensus position that current global warming is man caused. Other more recent polls have indicated 98 percent of climate scientists support that point of view, an endorsement and unanimity which is unusual in science.

Drought, global water scarcity, and reduced food might not mean much as we crack open a well-packed ammo can, and rhythmically pump the filter, but a huge number of our fellow humans don't have access to the Phantom Ranch Canteen. Several meters of ocean rise won't reach Pearce's Ferry, but will affect the hundreds of millions living in coastal areas.

We have a choice. We can adopt a position of science and reason. We can alert our passengers to the atmospheric changes unprecedented in human history. We can promote an environmental stewardship, not only of the canyons we paddle, row, and love, but to a broader world. It's our choice. It's your choice. Thanks and my wishes for wonder, delight, and down-canyon breezes to you, shipmates.

Dave Kreamer

An Activity for Passengers—
GCRRA'S Wildlife Census Program

Last spring, several Grand Canyon River Runners Association (GCRRA) board members were fortunate to attend the Grand Canyon River Guides annual Guides Training Seminar at Marble Canyon. Among the presenters were several biologists who reported on animal studies that they were conducting within the Grand Canyon—Colorado River corridor. Their reports were both interesting and informative. We all learned a great deal about some of the canyon's mammals, birds, and snakes. We also learned that the dedicated researchers who study these animals do so on "shoe-string" budgets that do not allow them to spend sufficient time in the canyon observing and recording the activities of the animals they study.

We wanted to help, so we devised a plan. We started by contacting three scientists who were conducting studies that monitor animal populations. Brandon Holton of the National Park Service is studying desert bighorn sheep, mule deer and cougars—the Grand Canyon's mountain lion. Janice Stroud-Settles, who is also a wildlife biologist working for the NPS at Grand Canyon, is studying birds; some well-known like eagles and falcons, some threatened or endangered like the Mexican Spotted Owl and the Southwestern Willow Flycatcher. Geoff Carpenter, an adjunct professor at the University of Oklahoma Biological Station, teaches field herpetology—he studies snakes, and in particular, the Grand Canyon Rattlesnake.

We asked these three scientists what sort of information they needed. Their answers were all the same, they needed records of animal sightings; date, time, location, numbers, and what the animals were doing. We could do that!

So, we created a "Wildlife Census Program" to offer to our members as a possible "activity" for them on future Grand Canyon river trips. Our researchers need records of sightings, and river runners are making them every day. Everyone gets excited when they see a bighorn, a mule deer, an eagle, or a rattler, how hard could it be to make a few notes?

This past summer we did a few "test runs" of our program and we are now ready to offer it to our members, your passengers, and to anyone else who is planning a Grand Canyon—Colorado River trip. Everything needed to get involved can be downloaded from the GCRG website (www. gcrg.org). Just click on: Guide Resources, GTS Library, Flora and Fauna. The information is also available on the GCRRA Homepage (www. gcriverrunners.org), just click on the "Wildlife Census Program" link. You will find bios for our scientists and a description of each of their research projects. You will also find Log Sheets, complete with photographs and instructions.

Please, print a copy and place it in your river trip library. There is some interesting information about current research studies that you can share with your passengers, and you might find that keeping one of the logs is a perfect activity for that special passenger. When the trip is over, they simply mail their log sheet to our scientist at the address provided, red canyon dirt and all!

Sound like a lot of work? Not really, and the passengers keep the logs. All they might need from you is a river-mile number. Afraid that someone might miss something? No worry! Our scientists need data—a record of observations, and any and every observation helps. Think about it—your passengers aren't going to see every deer, or sheep, or eagle that you pass, and hopefully they aren't going to bump into a rattlesnake. If they forget to record a sighting, even if they miss a day or two, it doesn't matter. Any and all information helps. Why not give it a try? Some guides have made over one hundred trips down the river, and most of them have never seen a cougar. If you were lucky enough to spot one, or even to find a footprint, wouldn't you want someone to know? Cougar tracks are on our list!

Hopefully, by becoming involved in data collection, your passengers will develop a sense of belonging, of being a part of the ongoing science projects in the canyon. And, hopefully this will translate into them wanting to stay connected to these projects by supporting one or several of the organizations that sponsor the research that is so important to the preservation of Grand Canyon.

Please, take a minute to visit the GCRG website, go to the Guides Resources page, and read about the studies we are supporting. Print out our program packet and consider offering one or more of the activities to your passengers. We think both you and your passengers will enjoy the experience. We know your contribution will be appreciated—you can help make a difference!

Thank you.

The Grand Canyon River Runners Association

A League of Their Own

There are a lot of great guides out there. Just ask them, they'll tell you! Some can weave stories all night around a fire, and some know the name of every plant you can point at. And there are others who can (and will) show you the very best way to do everything. These are partial requisite skills, for sure, but you haven't had your mettle tested as a herder of cats until you've been a guide for youth.

The good work our Grand Canyon Youth guides do is frequently accomplished against long odds. Time and again, kids arrive at the river with separation anxiety, away from their TVs, iPhones, couches and two-liter Cokes for the first time since they can't remember. To connect with them requires compassion, patience, steady awareness and a willingness to do more than simply get them downriver. Some kids can be pie-eyed at the experience of a river trip while others just don't seem to get it. Some are awkward and some are ebullient, and often on the same boat. It takes an exceptional kind of guide to skillfully shepherd this type of energy in a group. When it clicks, it is some of the best work a guide will participate in during his or her career. We are assured frequently and often unexpectedly by letters from parents and all types of participants who, after being off the water a while, realize just what an extraordinary effect their river experience has had on their lives.

I had a boss who used to say even a tin can could get down the river. Sure, and I suppose any guide could get kids through a trip just fine, as well. But there are few and far between who can so effortlessly draw out a young person's interest in the cochineal eggs on a cactus and their place in history and commerce as Sarah Baden. Jean-Philippe Clark is without peer when it comes to keeping a paddle crew on the job, and dare I say happy (if singing is any indication), throughout a day of rowing into the wind. One evening in the kitchen with Steph Jackson, and a child comes away trained in the flowing art of tai chi river cooking. A young person on a trip with Kelly McGrath's doesn't stand a chance. They are going to have a good time! The list goes on, and I am so grateful to all the guides that work for our program, for the love of our program and the kids we serve. It's an exceptional group of people.

Sarah Baden
Steph Jackson
Jean-Philippe Clark
Kelly McGrath

The finest youth guides can inspire curiosity, develop confidence and expand an individual's ability to work and learn from others in a way that, as cliché as it sounds, can change a young person's life by shifting their perspective in just the slightest. Youth guides work from the heart. There's no fat gratuity coming for the efforts they've made. Often, the most they can hope for is to see a young person beaming at the oars or taking ownership over a task in camp. If you're lucky, some kids will go out of their way to thank you at the take-out. That's when you know something fundamental has changed.

John Napier
Operations Director, GCY

Northern Arizona University's Grand Canyon Semester— Newest Stewards for the Grand Canyon Region

On a bright August day, a select group of Honors students and faculty gathered at the South Rim's Mather Campground, soon to become a tight-knit community devoted to an entire semester of place-based, experiential learning. That late summer day marked the beginning of Northern Arizona University's Grand Canyon Semester (GCS), the third to be offered through a joint partnership of the National Collegiate Honors Council, Northern Arizona University (NAU) and Grand Canyon National Park.

Grand Canyon Semesters are integrated learning experiences in the humanities and sciences. Using an interdisciplinary approach, students study the environmental and social challenges confronting us in the 21st century. Students, many of whom had never seen the Grand Canyon before, examined and charted water's economic, political, artistic, ecological, social, and spiritual forces in both the classroom and the field focusing specifically on the greater Grand Canyon Region. This semester's experience proved to be an exciting and educational journey for the participants, who now better understand why the protection of our beautiful and fragile Canyon is so important.

The semester began with a week of orientation on the South Rim. Students explored the park and engaged in discussions and talks given by Park Superintendent Dave Uberuaga and other park representatives, facilitated by Park educators Jacob Fillion and Megan Kohli. GCS faculty introduced students to park management, anthropology, history, geology and environmental topics. A highlight of orientation week was a barbeque at Shoshone Point, where renowned artist Bruce Aiken shared his inspirations about the painting the Canyon against the backdrop of a Grand Canyon sunset.

During the semester, students enrolled in courses covering Grand Canyon geology, anthropology, policy, ecology, and art and literature. They traveled to the Hopi and the Navajo reservations, nearby national monuments and other locations in the Park and on the Plateau where they heard from stakeholders who shared cultural, scientific and personal perspectives about water and its relationship to the greater Grand Canyon region. Students participated in service projects in the Park throughout the semester as well.

In particular, two field experiences made a dramatic impact on students. One was a multi-day stay at Kane Ranch in House Rock Valley, hosted by Grand Canyon Trust. Using the ranch as a base camp for four days, they visited the North Rim and the condor release site on the Paria Plateau, where Peregrine Foundation Condor Project coordinator, Chris Parish, talked to them about re-introduction of this magnificent bird. They also toured Glen Canyon Dam, listening to the Bureau of Reclamation's perspective on Colorado River management. Roger Clark of Grand Canyon Trust discussed uranium mining on the Plateau, and students and faculty debated a myriad of

park management issues during their time at Kane.

Students also rafted the Colorado, sponsored by Grand Canyon National Park, and were kept busy during the day with river lessons and in the evening during in-camp discussions. They were presented with field lessons like "A Day in the Sandals" at Unkar Delta and "Grocery-Shopping in the Wilderness" at Saddle Canyon and pulled camelthorn and Russian thistle from camping beaches. One rainy afternoon at the Confluence students stood with their toes in the Little Colorado and learned about the controversial Escalade Tramway Development, debating its pros and cons. They hiked side canyons, heard stories about Canyon explorers, snapped countless photographs, rowed rapids, journaled, sketched and described the trip as "magical" and "life-changing." Many hoped to return as river guides, ecologists and activists. The group found themselves back on campus experiencing post-river trip blues and longing for the river, having made a powerful connection that they will never forget.

The semester finished with an academic symposium at NAU, where formal research projects were presented on relevant topics ranging from Katie Lee to the public's involvement in the stakeholder process to coal mining on the Colorado Plateau. Bruce Aiken generously donated his studio space during December's First Friday Art Walk in Flagstaff for an end of semester celebration highlighting the students' remarkable creativity. Paintings, ammo can art, sketches, songs, poetry and spoken word readings, all inspired by the Canyon, were shared with the Flagstaff community.

NAU's Grand Canyon Semester was a resounding success. Students made lifelong friends and incorporated life-changing experiences through this place-based experiential learning curriculum. They left with a new-found passion for the Canyon and a deeper understanding of the need for protection of the greater Grand Canyon region that they promised to share with their own communities as they returned home.

For more information about Grand Canyon Semester, visit http://nau.edu/honors/gcs/.

Robyn S. Martin

On The Eddy Line

I HAVE BEEN MOVING FAST, for a long time now. So fast that I don't even remember which way the bow was facing when the river's tongue swept me up or what my plan had been when I was standing at the edge, scouting the rapid. I'm in an eddy now and my heart is still beating but I'm not looking upstream or listening for the roar of the next wave train, I'm letting the gentle force of the contradicting waters hypnotize me. I'm embracing this stillness and for the first time in a long time, I feel the depth and potential of the water. Like every moment, this one is a culmination of all the ones before it—the series of damp winters I spent in the Northwest, the voice of Edward Abbey sneaking in the seams of my environmental policy classes, the weeks I spent in the back of my father's land cruiser searching out the most beautiful and remote places on the map—and my deep-rooted sense of adventure that is the product of all these moments. It is these experiences and everything in-between that flow beneath me, but it is the endless contortion of the canyon walls that carry the river around the next bend and bring light to new shade and perspective—the catalyst for my own intellectual and emotional development. It is through my peers' unique perspectives of this region, the integration of fundamentally different but interwoven academic discussions and the knowledge that my time in this region will expand beyond the parameters of this semester, that my own connection to this place has been rejuvenated and enhanced.

There is a beauty in discovery that I feel unable to put words to, but it is a beauty that I seek out above all else. It is the joy I felt when my plane landed in Portland for the first time or when later that year the leaves on the trees were suddenly orange—and then one day

there were no leaves at all. It's the beauty I found at the top of Volcan Tajamulco as the full moon caused clouds to cast shadows over Guatemala City—it's that feeling you get when you realize there is still so much you don't know. As I drove Interstate 17 from Tucson to Flagstaff, I didn't feel any of that—the newness, the discovery, the excitement. I drove through expansive desert quickly and mindlessly and the brush turned to pine in the same place that it always does. I held on the anticipation of meeting new friends and discovering their stories. In retrospect, it was probably right then that my momentum began to slow but I didn't really feel the change in pace until the next day when we arrived at Shoshone Point. I left distracted footprints in the sand as I stepped out of my life and into the Canyon's magnetic field. It was not my first time looking out onto the raw buttes and into the depths of the inner gorge, but it was the first time I felt a pull so strong I couldn't move. I attribute the magnitude of the experience partly to my own state of mind but more than anything I think I was feeling the reverence of those around me. I realized that I only represented a fraction of the lenses through which the canyon was being viewed—Deana from Arkansas, Solaine from New York, Kyle from Florida and all the rest—they brought their own histories and their own stories and because of that, the filters in their eyes saw hues in the rock that I only hoped to discover.

I spent a lot of time alone that night, grounding myself in place and imagining the Colorado River roaring through what seemed to be the center of the earth. I imagined what it must be like to arrive here from Pennsylvania, like Madeline had or from Georgia, like Clara. I imagined that they might feel like I had when I saw the Teton Mountain Range in Wyoming for the first time or when I finally dipped my toes in the Atlantic Ocean. I realized that their discovery of this place was allowing me to rediscover it and to look at it in ways that hadn't occurred to me before. Bruce Aiken, Grand Canyon artist, leant another perspective, one that was in stark contrast to my own and to my peers who were just seeing this canyon for the first time. Bruce spent a significant portion of his life in the canyon, where he lived in a cabin at Roaring Springs and supplied Phantom Ranch with water for thirty years. As he explained it, pumping water was simply a means to living the life he wanted. Bruce recalls arriving at the Grand Canyon for the first time and feeling so drawn in by its power that he never wanted to leave, and so he found a way to stay. Bruce's paintings and words are a reflection of a thoughtful and intimate relationship with the canyon—and like my peers, Bruce brought to light colors that my filter hadn't seen before. In that moment, the panorama in front of me became a multi-exposure image and the canyon's possibilities seemed endless. I realized that whether you'd never seen the Canyon before or you'd spent your life living in it; all eyes see different shape and different color and that the beauty and the wonder of the canyon was enhanced for me when I incorporated all those varying perspectives into my own.

The emotional connection I feel to this land has made me highly receptive to the wide range of academic perspectives that I am offered in the Grand Canyon Semester. Learning about the canyon from many different angles has started to build a framework for which my intellectual and emotional understanding can come together and grow. I've been an engaged student for fifteen years, but never has an academic setting reciprocated the inquiry and analysis that I've brought forth—until now. I'm discovering this symbiotic relationship between ecology and people that yes, I've always known about, but never really understood. I'm learning that contradictory to the fact that water pours from my tap today, the Colorado's dwindling flow of water cannot keep pace with the region's demands. I'm starting to understand how the scarcity of water in this region minimizes primary production, leaving this ecosystem with just a few key species and how that plays a role in a 12,000 year old culture's ability to develop distinct and flexible adaptations to this region. It is through integrative analysis and application of these fundamental ideas that I am able to better understand the roles that water plays in the southwest. By looking at this region through various lenses, I am forced to ask questions like "what is my role in this relationship?" and rather than answers, I'm provided with experience, through which I am slowly but surely responding to my own questions.

The real benefit of this semester, and maybe just experiential education in general, is that classroom discussions and ideas are easily facilitated in the field. As we rise in elevation towards the San Francisco Peaks I notice the transformation as ponderosa pine forest becomes mixed conifer forest, an ecological segregation that Merriam categorized as his 'Life Zone Theory'. And then, as the air gets warmer as we drive away from the peaks towards the Navajo Reservation, I recognize Hopkin's "Bioclimatic Law" as I return my fleece to my backpack. After a weekend of exposure to the reality of desert agriculture and a community's reliance on infrequent precipitation, I run up and down the Hopi Mesa as a part of a culture that is deeply rooted in the idea of "Paatuwaqatsi"—the bond of water, land and life. It is these moments, when I'm out in the world living what I learn that I feel most present and engaged

in the transformation that this experience is facilitating.

In December, when all but one of my peers pack up their things and leave the Colorado Plateau for their respective homes, I will remain here—in this place I know so deeply. I believe that knowing this has motivated me to be slow and thoughtful in my learning of this region. It is propelling me to create a three-dimensional and tangible map of my surroundings and to fill in the spaces with a blend of my intellect and emotion. I have not lived in a lot of places, but I have traveled enough to be able to make a clear distinction between my experiences here thus far and my experiences in other places I've been—one is so much richer than the other. The first history teacher I ever had quoted Wallace Stegner on our first day of class; she said, "if you don't know where you are, you don't know who you are." I think I was born with an innate appreciation for place that allowed me to initially understand what Stegner was talking about, but until recently I don't think I would have been able to articulate how that appreciation is significant in my life. Through familiarizing myself with some of the big environmental, cultural, social and even economic conditions that make this region unique, I have a renewed sense of value for the spirit of this place that will radiate far beyond the expiration of this semester.

Moving quickly is an efficient way to scan the surface and catch the big waves, but what I'm discovering is that sometimes the learning doesn't really happen until you're caught in an eddy and forced to really study the waters before you make your next move. And if you're lucky enough to have one partner, or twelve, try on their glasses and view the water through the varying prescriptions—I can guarantee you that you'll find patterns and paths you didn't see before and that when you finally make it down the river, you won't ever see or experience it the same again.

Ariel Weiner

Looking Downriver From Here

The pontoons are aired up and lashed on
And now there is time to catch my breath and look around.
I eat an apple in the back of the raft and watch AZRA
Rig their fleet. Oars, straps, coolers and 20 mils scattered
Across the gravel river bank.

It will be good to be downriver again.
Where Navajo Tapestry adorns the cliff walls
Like Rorshaach faces.

Boatmen from three different commercial companies and
Two private trips wander the gravel beach. We wear sandals,
Faded hats, holey t-shirts. Two of us have pliers on our belts.

At the far end of the beach a private trip is rigging their
Rafts. Offloading ammo cans, coolers and produce from
The back of a truck. Five kayaks—two yellow, three red—
Sit with their tails in the river, their noses on the beach.

Yes, it's good to be going downriver again.
Where the bighorns gather
Where the ravens always watch
Where the Owl Eyes never close.

Powell stood here. Georgie stood here. Loper stood here.
The Kolbs, the Sandersons, the Poulsons
Have stood right here on this gravel bank and rigged their
Boats, embellished their stories, perfected their lies.
I wonder, did a feather of exhilaration tickle their adrenal
Gland, as it does mine, when they shoved their boats off
The bank?

There is a feeling I get every time I'm here that I've been trying
To define. What is it? Now, halfway through my second season
I think I've at last defined it: That I'm a seed, and now I can feel
A determined finger pushing me into fertile soil?

As day passes into darkness swampers and boatmen gather
Together on an AZRA boat and blow the devil from the bottle.
The runs though Horn Creek, Hance and Lava Falls are never
So bold, so brave as when told here in this liar's cathedral.

I eat my apple.
I look downriver.
I wonder where this river will take me?

— Steven Wesley Law

Riverboarding Grand Canyon

If this story started with, "It was a trip like any other", then it would be a work of fiction. This trip was anything but your ordinary river trip through Grand Canyon. It was once again, history in the making. Just when you think you won't ever have a chance to be a "first" at something in Grand Canyon, along comes a trip billed as just that—The First Commercial Riverboard Trip through Grand Canyon! This was the vision of legendary whitewater expert, Julie Munger, who was part of a self-supported riverboard trip in 2001. This commercial expedition did not happen overnight or without significant effort. It was the result of many hours of discussing the logistics of op-

Getting ready to launch at Lees Ferry.

erating a trip like this, penning the safety plan for the National Park Service, engaging a commercial outfitter to support it and rounding up enough crazy people to fill such a trip.

So in August 2012, 18 guinea pigs…er, uh people plunged into the chilly waters at Lees Ferry, a myriad of neoprene, black and green Carlson riverboards and colorful PFD's resembling a flotilla of Skittles! Accompanying the riverboarders were two safety kayakers, three guides operating the two AZRA motorboats, and Julie Munger and Abigail Polsby assisting as riverboard guides for a total of 23 adventurous souls.

Our introductory rapid to what the Canyon had in store for us in the coming days was House Rock. Big, daunting, exciting, powerful, this was just a glimpse of the magic awaiting us. Each day was met with great anticipation of the water ahead whether it was a "small" water day or the big, gnarly Lava day.

Riverboards are very forgiving and provide additional flotation on the huge, wild waters of the Colorado. If Emery Kolb would have been on a riverboard that day in 1923, Upset Rapid may have just become known as Butter Rapid. With skill and a little luck, riverboards can dance through the waves of a rapid like a ballerina interpreting Swan Lake. Case in point—a few boarders ran the hole at Crystal and barely got their hair wet!

We camped at Hermit so we could run the wave train multiple times. With the current caressing you, the water swirling and tugging at your legs and the rhythm of cresting and then plunging into the trough of the wave train, running Hermit instills a sense of perpetual euphoria while delivering an action-packed carnival ride that sends your senses into near overload. That is riverboarding. What an intimate way to "see" the river…eddy out and do it again!

The much anticipated rapid of the trip of course would be the monstrous and chaotic Lava Falls. The Lava chants began the night before at the Bloody Ledges camp, the excitement building like a tsunami, inspiring everyone to embrace the moment and rise to the occasion. We scouted river right and ran the right side through the heart of the V-wave. Time seems to suspend when you are in the throes of a big rapid on a riverboard. What seems like minutes are mere seconds. Before we knew it, we were through Lava Falls, filled with a sense of ecstasy, a major dose of adrenaline coursing through our veins and the knowledge that we are hopefully paving the way for others to experience this. Camp is close at Tequila Beach where we pair our adrenaline with a little Makers Mark and Patron. Celebration imminent! The morning after Lava Falls, a

Running the Paria Riffle.

prescription of blueberry pancakes and a run through Son of Lava to kick-start the day is just what the river doctor ordered. Nothing like a little whitewater in the morning!!

On the last night, we celebrate river-style…our new camaraderie with one another, the energy of our collective spirits flowing between us, our triumphant

Running laps at Hermit Rapid.

accomplishment, this magical, spiritual place. We are bound to one another by this unique experience we have shared, forever etched in history together.

This trip was made possible through a collaborative effort—Julie Munger and Abigail Polsby of Sierra Rescue provided gear, boards, training and safety prior to the trip; Alexandra and Fred Thevenin of AZRA provided exceptional guides and motorboat support; the National Park Service gave its stamp of approval; and the participants provided the guts to test their own grit in an adventure of a lifetime.

A search for "riverboarding Grand Canyon" on YouTube will turn up a collection of helmet cam videos where you can ride the rapids with us in the safety of your home.

SYITR (See you *in* the river)

Teresa 'TDawg' Hylton

Surfing at Bloody Ledges.

What would we think
If we had not a thought
If our memories were broken
And our logic forgot
Would we run willy-nilly?
Would the world go awry?
Would love be our impulse?
Or would pigs learn to fly?
Oh here I'm caught thinking
All lost in my head
When life is for living
Not worry
Nor dread
No it cannot be figured
Fractioned or fought
No it will not be borrowed
Bemused or bought
But it will keep flowing
Like a river of time
Causing thinker to think
Moving rhymer to rhyme
Oh here I'm caught thinking
All lost in my head
When life is for living
Not worry
Nor dread
So come all you thinkers
All rhymers of rhyme
Escape from your head space
We haven't much time
Run away from your logic
Play hooky from schools of thought
Quit chasing the immortal
Don't worry
You're not
If you find yourself searching
Rambling about
Keep rambling, keep rolling
Keep living without doubt
Grab hold of the big things
Be willing to let go
With love and abundance
Your happiness will grow

—Ryan Howe

Meeting Tim Whitney

I met Tim Whitney for the first time at Buck Farm beach, river mile 40, Grand Canyon. It was summer 1995 or '96—my mind is failing me in my old age—but I distinctly remember being introduced by Bert Jones and shaking Tim's hand there on the beach in front of the boats. I was fairly new to the Grand—probably less than fifteen trips under my belt. I was trying to learn everything I could about the Canyon and many river evenings would find me rummaging through the trip library box. I had recently perused a book that was a compilation of stories written by guides called *There's This River* by Christa Sadler. Lew Steiger had written a piece titled *Havasu* which was about a flash flood there in 1988. It was really about heroism, the instant decision one boatman made to save the life of a person in the water. That boatman was Tim Whitney.

Our six-boat Outdoors Unlimited trip had been floating up to Buck Farm with the intention of stopping for lunch and hiking afterwards. When we spotted two Arizona River Runners (ARR) motorboats parked on the beach, plan "A" was in jeopardy. Bert knew most everybody on the river and he mentioned that the ARR trip leader was Tim. I remember wondering if I was about to meet the guy who was the hero of Havasu. Bert thought we should pull in and check to see if they would mind us stopping there too. So our trip beached alongside the boats and waited for Bert to give us the okay. Once he gave us the wave, I sunk a sand stake, made sure my passengers were good to go and walked up to the two trip leaders who were chatting away amiably. When Bert said, "Dan, this is Tim Whitney," I held out my hand but was thoroughly confused. When I had read that story about Tim jumping in the water to save a woman who had been flushed out the mouth of Havasu, I envisioned a big muscular fellow. I had in mind the archetypical guide, tall, tan, buff with pearl white teeth and a confident demeanor. I was shaking hands with a guy who was tiny. If I had to describe him as an animal, I would have said squirrel. He was sporting a white man afro that must have added six inches to his height but still he stood well below six feet. Is this the guy? No way.

It took just one moment for Tim to earn my respect. It was in his handshake. His hand shake, his clear blue eyes and the way he looked directly at you. I knew then, I didn't even have to ask. He had a big heart and a big spirit and I knew right away that here was the guy who would jump into flash flood water to save someone without hesitation. In that moment, it was an honor just to shake his hand.

As years went by, I always considered myself lucky to run into Tim, on the river or in town, it was always a privilege. We were not close friends, we were a generation apart, but we shared stories over a beer now and then. I always associated Tim with being a real hero. In this regard, his stature only grew larger as I got to know him and appreciate his dedication to his fellow boatmen. For five years Tim ran the ship at the Whale Foundation, putting in endless hours to make sure that if someone was having a bad run he or she could get help. His generosity knew no bounds.

As most of you probably know, after a valiant fight with cancer, Tim passed away on January 30, 2012. He was a longtime boatman, world explorer, and tireless advocate for the river community—a hero to all who knew him.

On behalf of the Whale Foundation I am proud to announce the Tim Whitney Wellness Initiative (TWWI). This program was established by a generous donation from a long time friend and former passenger of Tim's. That trip, and Tim's integrity, left a lasting impression on him. Many of Tim's friends and river outfitters have also contributed. The program will address physical health and wellness through awareness and early detection of health related issues (see *The Back of the Boat* on page 19 of this issue of the BQR for more details about the TWWI).

It's been a year now since Tim's passing, in fact, I find myself writing this on January 30TH. Tim will be remembered as truly one of the best of us. The guide, who by example, embodied the true definition of generosity, compassion, and humility. The guide who showed us what a real life hero looked like.

Dan Hall

Back Of The Boat—
The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

Spring will soon be upon us and the river season is just around the corner. We are still pluggin' away with the main mission of the Whale Foundation which is: *To provide confidential access to mental and physical healthcare professionals as well as a network of support services designed to restore, promote and celebrate the well being of the Grand Canyon River Community.*

We're excited about 2013, and want to remind everyone to attend the GTS, March 30–31, which is the 25th Anniversary. We'll be sponsoring the 11th annual Health Fair again and want to encourage everyone to participate in this amazing opportunity. You cannot go wrong with this. This is *free* medical guidance given by health care professionals who donate their time and expertise. This is worth the drive up to Hatchland even if the GTS wasn't happening. We look forward to seeing you there.

We'll have an insurance industry individual at the GTS who can answer questions and offer advice on the new Affordable Care Act (ACA), which will affect us all. Whether you have insurance and need to see what else is out there or you've been putting it off for too long and need to get a health insurance plan for yourself, this will be the time to "Git Er Done."Medical bills are the most common cause of bankruptcy. Make a resolution this year that if you do not have health insurance, utilize the Whale Foundation as an information resource, breathe easy again, and get this monkey off your back. Don't be scared to ask questions, get educated, and set a budget for insurance knowing you are doing the right thing.

The other exciting buzz happening with the Foundation is the new Tim Whitney Wellness Initiative (TWWI). This program is still a work in progress, and there have been many ideas and great suggestions of how to make this sustainable for the community. Please bear with us, our entire health care system is going through major changes and we are trying to calculate how to best serve the community with this program. But the basic goal of the TWWI is to support diagnostic screenings such as blood testing, physical exams, breast exams, skin exams, and other screening tools that help to prevent serious illness by early detection and awareness. The annual Health Fair and all physical health programs will now be under the umbrella of the TWWI. As the year progresses, we hope to know more about the direction of this program.

Also don't forget about our Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship Fund. The fund's purpose is to support guides who want to continue their education. Since its inception we've awarded $64,500 to 46 different guides. The testimonials from recipients are incredibly heart warming and we count ourselves fortunate to help guides to start new careers.

For many years now we have strived to provide care for mental health issues within the Grand Canyon river guiding community. The countless hours of time and dedication provided by the Board of Directors, the Health Services Committee, the Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship Committee, the TWWI committee, and the Wing Ding committee are phenomenal. Keep in mind that these folks are all volunteers and donate their time and expertise to help define and guide the Whale Foundation's mission, and provide services to the river guiding community. Now with some unparalleled donations we are working to increase physical health services within our community. As always, we encourage your comments, suggestions, and feedback.

Our New and Improved Whale Foundation Helpline service is, and will always be, there for you at 877-44WHALE or 877-449-4253. This is the basis of our existence, and continues to be an invaluable, anonymous, and confidential opportunity for active and retired professional river guides, their immediate family members, and river company staff to utilize. Please do not hesitate to call if you have any concerns you'd like to discuss with a mental health professional. Our Helpline Case Managers will return your call and make a referral to one of our mental health providers who are all licensed psychologists or professional counselors.

So let's review, *free, free, free*!!! A *no* brainer! Free consultations, health guidance, insurance questions answered, professionals who care and understand your concerns, and a great environment to identify what particular physical and mental health improvements can be achieved for yourself, your family, and friends.

So, mark your calendars now, the March 2013 GTS and Health Fair are not to be missed this year, we encourage your involvement, would love to see you, and please pass the word, that this event continues to be bigger, better, and more informative, with just plain good ole' fun!

The Whale Foundation Board of Directors

Guides + Science = Citizen Science

Citizen Science (also known as crowd-sourced science, or networked science) is scientific research conducted, in whole or in part, by amateur or nonprofessional scientists, often by crowdsourcing. Formally, citizen science has been defined as "the systematic collection and analysis of data; development of technology; testing of natural phenomena; and the dissemination of these activities by researchers on a primarily avocational basis."

—Wikipedia

Guides have long been involved in Citizen Science initiatives in Grand Canyon; Adopt-A-Beach, recording big horn sheep sightings, participation in invasive plant removal projects, recreational use monitoring, to name a few. In 2012, scientists responsible for studying the dynamics of the

aquatic ecosystem (a.k.a, the aquatic food base) from the United States Geological Survey's (usgs) Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center (gcmrc), put out a call requesting guide participation in a project intended to assist researchers gather data on insect populations along the river. Eight river guides, Scott Jernigan (165 samples), Gibney Siemion (148), Walker McKay (142), Kelsey Wogan (124), Bob Dye (109), Eric Baade (66), Derrik Spice (6) and Dave Kashinski (2) responded to the call. These guides, along with a host of volunteers from Grand Canyon Youth, Grand Canyon National Park and other usgs river trips managed to collect nearly 1000 samples yielding a wealth of information currently being analyzed by the food base crew at gcmrc.

Most folks understand that completion of Glen Canyon Dam brought about a host of changes to the river ecosystem including controlled flows that lack seasonal high flood and low flow extremes, consistent cold water temperatures, and a lack of sediment supply. Along with these changes, the river's aquatic food base was also fundamentally altered. The diversity of aquatic insects including caddis flies, mayflies, stoneflies, dragonflies, dobsonflies, and aquatic diving beetles that are still present along Grand Canyon tributaries also once resided in the main stem Colorado River.

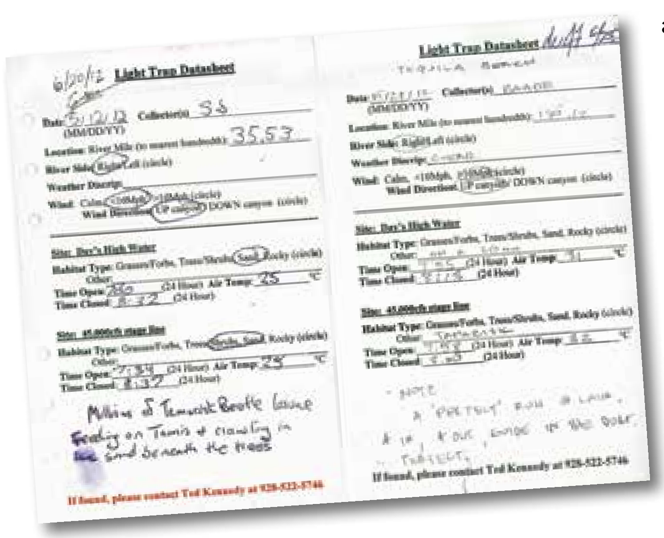
Although fishes like humpback chub are a charismatic and easily identifiable organism, they are only part of a much larger Grand Canyon ecosystem that scientists seek to understand. All fishes of the Colorado River rely upon aquatic insects as an important food resource. In the present clear, cold water aquatic ecosystem, two aquatic insects—non-biting midges and black flies—are the dominant food items consumed by fish. Midges and black flies are famous for their ability to tolerate disturbed and altered aquatic habitats, so it is not surprising they are successful in the mainstem Colorado River whereas other, less tolerant, species like mayflies are now absent.

The abundance of midges and black flies is affected by a variety of factors including food availability (algae is a preferred food), habitat (midges prefer pools whereas black flies prefer areas with swift water such as cobble bars), river flows, and water temperature. Prior insect monitoring projects were never able to fully understand the relative importance of these different factors, and how they varied across years, because these efforts were restricted by scientist's limited river access (i.e., the number of trips is limited).

The power of citizen science in Grand Canyon has enabled researchers to ask questions that are beyond their reach by tapping into guides' season-long access to the river environment. The method guides used to sample insects was fairly simple. Each evening around dusk, amidst the multitude of other guidely tasks,

guides placed a small "light trap" at river's edge and a second trap was placed at the historic high water level of approximately 45,000 cubic feet per second (CFS). Traps consisted of a small plastic tray filled with an inch or so of ethanol and a small battery powered black fluorescent light placed on one edge of the container to attract insects. Traps were left in place for about an hour, and then the contents of the containers were poured into sample bottles and labeled with collection information. Data describing the habitat where traps were placed, weather conditions, river mile and date were also recorded in a small notebook.

Preliminary results indicate midges and black flies were the most common insects captured by the light traps deployed by guides. These results suggest citizen science light trapping is a useful tool for monitoring the aquatic food base response to ongoing adaptive management experimentation including experimental floods. Light traps also caught a variety of other aquatic and terrestrial insects, thereby documenting the abundance and diversity of the insect community present in today's Colorado River ecosystem downsteam of Glen Canyon Dam. It is worth noting that fish aren't the only animals that feed on midges and black flies—bats, spiders and birds also eat them in great numbers. Thus, citizen science light trapping provides a platform that can be used to ask fresh questions, such as how changes in the aquatic ecosystem affect terrestrial wildlife such as bats. An additional benefit of this project has been the development of a reference collection of invertebrate specimens from light trap sampling that will be a resource to inform future research projects. This collection will be at the 2013 GTS so all guides have a chance to see some of the fascinating insects that inhabit Grand Canyon.


Light Trap Datasheet

Date: (MM/DD/YY) Collector(s)

Location: River Mile (to nearest hundredth): 35.53

River Side: Right/Left (circle)

Weather Descrip:

Wind: Calm, <10Mph, >10Mph (circle)

Wind Direction: UP canyon/ DOWN canyon (circle)

Site: Day's High Water

Habitat Type: Grasses/Forbs, Trees/Shrubs, Sand, Rocky (circle)

Other:

Time Open: (24 Hour) Air Temp: 25 °C

Time Closed: (24 Hour)

Site: 45,000cfs stage line

Habitat Type: Grasses/Forbs, Trees/Shrubs, Sand, Rocky (circle)

Other:

Time Open: (24 Hour) Air Temp: 25 °C

Time Closed: (24 Hour)

If found, please contact Ted Kennedy at 928-522-5746

Light Trap Datasheet

Date: (MM/DD/YY) Collector(s)

Location: River Mile (to nearest hundredth):

River Side: Right/Left (circle)

Weather Descrip:

Wind: Calm, <10Mph, >10Mph (circle)

Wind Direction: UP canyon/ DOWN canyon (circle)

Site: Day's High Water

Habitat Type: Grasses/Forbs, Trees/Shrubs, Sand, Rocky (circle)

Other:

Time Open: (24 Hour) Air Temp: °C

Time Closed: (24 Hour)

Site: 45,000cfs stage line

Habitat Type: Grasses/Forbs, Trees/Shrubs, Sand, Rocky (circle)

Other:

Time Open: (24 Hour) Air Temp: °C

Time Closed: (24 Hour)

If found, please contact Ted Kennedy at 928-522-5746

The value and importance of this specific Citizen Science effort goes far beyond the new scientific insights into Grand Canyon insects that will arise once all the nearly 1000 samples are processed (261 down, 700 to go!). Guides' natural ability to engage with the public through outreach serves to strengthen the ever important bridge between science's mission to gain understanding about the environment and informing and including the public in that mission.

Cheers and thanks to everyone that participated in this project. Hopefully this is just a springboard for more Citizen Science in the future.

For more information about this project or to inquire about future participation in GCMRC Citizen Science projects please feel free to contact any of the authors.

Ted Kennedy (tkennedy@usgs.gov)
Eric Kortenhoeven (ekortenhoeven@usgs.gov)
Carol "Fritz" Fritzinger (cfritz@usgs.gov)

Proposed Aerial Overflights And Reduced Flows Memorial Day Weekend

The United States Geological Survey's (USGS) Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center (GCMRC), as part of the Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management Program, is tentatively planning to conduct scientific overflights in Grand Canyon National Park over Memorial Day weekend. Aerial photographs and topographic data are proposed to be collected for the Colorado River corridor between Glen Canyon Dam and Pearce Ferry, as part of an ongoing scientific monitoring effort that informs park managers and stakeholders about the status of important resources within the river corridor.

The data collected will allow researchers to track the area and number of sandbars and related nearshore habitat. Sandbars are a resource of management concern because they provide habitat for terrestrial wildlife, support backwaters habitat used by fish, and provide campsites for hikers and recreational boaters. Sandbar area has declined in the Grand Canyon since closure of Glen Canyon Dam in 1963. The data collected by these overflights will also provide highly accurate spatial information on vegetation and associated wildlife habitat in the river corridor.

The proposed mission will involve two fixed-wing aircraft flying at an elevation of about 5000 feet above ground level between 10:00 A.M. and 3:00 P.M. from Saturday, May 25 to Friday, June 1, 2013. Flights will be done at speeds that are consistent with the capacity of the research equipment and to avoid long periods of noise in any one place. The narrow timeframe for data collection is purposefully planned to eliminate shadows in the photographs due to the sun angle and orientation of the steep canyon walls. Based on planning estimates, the proposed data collection mission could be completed within five days. However, an additional two days have been allotted to account for any

Example of the Color Infra-Red data as seen from above near River Mile 30.

interruptions in the mission due to inclement weather, or issues with the data collection equipment.

During this proposed effort, water releases from Glen Canyon Dam will be ramped down beginning at approximately 6:00 P.M., Friday, May 24 and will be held steady at 8,000 cubic feet per second from May 25 until June 1, 2013. Releases will be held steady during the overflights so that measurements are not affected by variable flows and to provide consistency with previous monitoring efforts. Memorial Day weekend was selected for the overflights to minimize loss of power revenues, as holidays and weekends are periods of lower energy demand. The late-May timeframe also provides near-optimal sun angle for the imagery. Researchers will supplement the overflight data with ground-based data collection in the river corridor during the overflight missions.

Because aircraft may be annoying to some visitors, we want the public to understand the importance and value of developing sound scientific information needed to inform managers of important park resources. In order to achieve highly accurate results from the overflight missions, aerial photo panels are required to be placed at specific locations throughout the river corridor. Every attempt will be made to lay the panels out as inconspicuously as possible. The panels are scheduled to be laid out during a science river trip in May, and will be recovered by a collaborative river trip between GCMRC and Grand Canyon Youth (GCY) in June. Due to the importance of these panels in obtaining the desired data, it is extremely important and very much appreciated that these panels remain undisturbed throughout the entirety of the mission.

The Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management Program traces its inception back to the Grand Canyon Protection Act of 1992, the most recent authorizing legislation for federal efforts to protect and restore resources downstream from Glen Canyon Dam. The program is administered by the United States Department of Interior and facilitated by the Adaptive Management Work Group. The United States Geological Survey's Grand Canyon Monitoring Research Center is the science provider for the program.

The USGS serves the Nation by providing reliable scientific information to describe and understand the Earth; minimize loss of life and property from natural disasters; manage water, biological, energy, and mineral resources; and enhance and protect our quality of life.

For further information, please contact Jack Schmidt, (928) 556-7094.

Tom Gushue

Remembering

When I remember this day,
And I will—
I will remember
the hot cup of coffee
held crouching under a ledge
while rain-slickened figures
move about the camp.
I will remember
a rapid making me no wetter
than I already was.
Hood over head.
Hat over hood.
Clouds over us all.
I will remember
the astonishment
of the first tickle of water
from cliff top to ledge.
The open-mouthed wonder
of the next, and the next, and the next.
Each more intricate
or more powerful
or more sparkling
or more red
than the one before.
I will remember
watching,
close up,
the flow of chocolate—
spewing hard from Olo Canyon.
I will remember
laughing as the rain begins again.
Pulling into the Upset Hotel,
a camp with overhanging cliffs
to provide respite.
I will remember
the sun
in its return
to bake away the chill,
to dry the last rim-to-river cascade.
The sun returns,
but can never dry up
the magical memories of today.

—Diane Benninghoff

Tales From The Truck—Number 5

Numero Cinco—what ever happened to it? It was a fresh new "Domar." It had seen one year of service and then vanished in a horrific but benevolent flash flood down Diamond Creek in July of 1984.

1984, a big water year. Not much is spoken of it as it followed the Huge water year of 1983. 1984 brought constant flows of 45,000 cfs (now considered a flood) then dropped to only 37,000 for the rest of the summer. There seemed to be only two problems to these flows (1) Crystal—a big problem!; and (2) making the pull in to camp—more difficult than it sounds.

Big rowboats these days. Gone were the stalwart "Green Rivers" replaced by the Demry "Grands", the Avon "Spirits" and the new kid on the block, "Domars." An 18-foot by 8-foot by 24-inch tube boat. Sweet rowing and dry relatively speaking. It holds alot, too much in fact but that's the wave of the future. Mike Walker traveled to Italy to help in the design and production of the boat. It was his thing and, although light, they were holding up fairly well. One was soon to be stress tested beyond the norm.

Bruce Helin was leading the Oars trip taking out at Diamond Creek that July day along with Outdoors Unlimited when the flash flood occurred. Drifter Smith and azra were still de-rigging at the river. The two trucks were washed into the river with all the loaded equipment but *no* people. Whew!

A lot of equipment was lost in the flood but all the boats save one Domar were recovered from Lake Mead which extended up to mile 236, Gneiss Canyon, although the current extended much further down.

July 2, 2012

Day 14 of a Grand Canyon Expedition Dory trip. We're motoring out with three dories attached to the side of our "S-rig" named the *Great Thumb Mesa.* I'm reflecting on the trip and what great dory water we had. Left water at Crystal (Sunday low), Dubendorff and Lava. It's not often that one sees that on the same trip. Easy water—relatively speaking.

Just below Maxson Canyon, mile 253, something catches my eye on river left, yellow with a bit of black. Hmm, a lost ducky? No, that color combination looks like an old Domar I'm thinking. In the next instant Andy (Hutchinson) and Allen(Gilberg) who are sitting on the bow of the motor rig turn and look at me as we all yell in unison, "That's a friggin' boat!" Jalynda, who's driving asks, "you wanna turn around?" We all yell, yes! This, of course will complicate our day which started at 4:30 a.m. at Bridge Canyon and will end in Kanab at midnight, i.e we're on a schedule. We're about to make our day longer. As with any project, once you start, you want to finish.

Jalynda turns the boat around and maneuvers towards the yellow and black object. There's a rocky point below forming a tiny cove. With dories attached to each side it's tricky and I'm thinking with the current pushing this huge rig it's going to be difficult to keep the downstream dories off the rocky point. While not instructed so, Mike Denoyer expects us to "not do no stupid things" (my words) thus we should err on the side of caution. However, in the basket of Jalynda's attributes, one of those is the consummate skill in running an S-rig. Keeping position is not a problem.

The boat is entangled in a submerged tree and does appear to be a Domar. Since the lowering of Lake Mead the river has been doing what it does best. Cutting downward, carrying sediment downstream, thus finally exposing this boat. Witness Gneiss Canyon and 237 mile rapid coming out again. Lava Cliff now shows a gradient when looking back upstream.

Allen, Andy and I struggle to pull the boat free. A number 5 appears and an OARS logo. We decide to attach it with rope to the S-rig and try to pull it free. Allen climbs on the rig to tie it fast, Jalynda works to free it up. Once in the current, the Domar acts as a great sea anchor and the *Great Thumb Mesa* with the dories and Domar attached disappear around the bend, leaving Andy and me on the shore. Andy verbalizes my own thoughts, "Gee, I wish I had my life jacket." It's gonna be a cold swim, but hey, it's July. We give it some thought and before we make the plunge we hear the growl of a Honda and the *Great Thumb Mesa* returns after depositing the Domar on a silt bar.

When unrolling the boat we find some holes in the fabric, thus the boat has a substantial amount of silt and water inside, but other than that it's remarkably intact and in not that bad of shape. The bow line and D-rings are still attached. We cut a larger hole to drain the water and scoop out as much silt as we can so we can roll it up. It is just manageable to load it on to the S-rig. Maybe the weight of two "Green Rivers."

Other than being a couple of hours late (Larry didn't like that) and getting the dory trailer stuck in the silt at Pearce Ferry, everything else went pretty routine.

So now, *Numero Cinco*, delivered to OARS for the high water of '83, washed down in '84 to it's resting place for 28 years in the silt of former Lake Mead sits in the GCE wharehouse waiting to be resurrected like, well, all of us old guides.

My thanks to Mike Boyle who was up Havasu when the flood occurred and Bruce Helin who was leading the trip when *Numero Cinco* was lost for some of the details herein. To note, also lost in the flood was Bruce's proto type "Pro-frame" for which he is offering a handsome reward upon its return .

Doc Nicholson

NOTE: The crew on this Domar retrieval trip was Andy Hutchinson, Allen Gilberg, Jalynda McKay, Betsy Anderson and Doc Nicholson. All photos by Allen Gilberg, Jalynda McKay, and Betsy Anderson.

POST SCRIPT: A challenge to Bruce Helin, Drifter Smith and anyone else who was there at the time to collaborate in writing an article on this event—the 1984 Diamond Creek Flash flood. I don't recall reading a definitive one in the BQR. If there is one, please reprint it.

Tales From The Truck—Bobcat Trip: Going Feral

In early January, a Western River Expeditions rig hauled a 6,400 pound Bobcat Trackhoe from Lees Ferry to Phantom Ranch. In addition to the excavator, the J-Rig carried three crew, Trent Keller, Corey Chatwin, and me. Our truck left our warehouse in Fredonia early on January 5th with ace mechanic and part-time driver Don Taylor behind the wheel. We rigged on a chilly but clear morning and after loading and securing the machine we puttered through the Paria Riffle thrilled and little nervous with the task at hand.

Trent, Cory and Lat in Marble Canyon

Opportunities to haul heavy equipment downstream do not present themselves frequently; however, the need arises every so often. During the spring of 1980, Western ran several large pieces of equipment from Lees to Phantom, most notably a 16,000-plus pound Case 580C Backhoe. A second and third Western trip during the early 2000s carried several pieces of equipment from Lees, including a similar Trackhoe, and unloaded them at Phantom. A following trip launched that same winter with additional supplies for Phantom. After dropping these items, the trip reloaded some of the equipment that had been left earlier and carried it the rest of the way out of the canyon.

The need for our particular trip came when Lake Powell Construction (LPC) of Page was hired by the National Park Service to excavate, fix, and rebury malfunctioning electrical lines at Phantom Ranch. It is my understanding that after this work is completed the park will keep the excavator and station it at the ranch for potential future projects. Our Western crew was joined for the rig at the Ferry by a handful of friendly folks from LPC, one of who drove the excavator from shore, up the ramps, and onto the mid-section of our rig. During the weeks leading up to the expedition, Waterman Welding of Kanab made several modifications to the front frame of our boat which on standard trips carries the food boxes, coolers, and provides seating for guests. Without the need to carry food and

Trent glad to be in the gorge and to be below Hance.

Corey backing onto dry ground at the Boat Beach.

guests this front frame was morphed into a diamond plate platform with attachments for rigging, a perfect place to park a 6,400 pound machine.

We proceeded below the Paria with speed and caution. On the fly, we made sure the base of our precious cargo was strapped and chained down extra tight. To our satisfaction the heavily weighted J-Rig moved nicely through Badger. In Soap and House Rock, the bucket hanging off the arm of the machine moved around a bit, so we took a few moments to secure it properly. In the Roaring Twenties, "Georgie" posed the biggest threat as we skirted hard to the right avoiding the smooth tongue and crushing mouth of the rapid. Through the heart and calmer waters of Marble Canyon we did our best to keep warm. I was ready to get a fire going and eat some calories by the time we hit shore for the night somewhere above Kwagunt.

In the early morning, after a quick breakfast, we were back at it ducking into full drysuits as we passed the confluence. By mid-morning, we were at Hance taking a few minutes for a brief scout and several deep breaths. Trent drove us through and greased the duck pond turn around run without any trouble. Only below Clear Creek, when we knew we would be at the Phantom boat beach before noon and a day ahead of schedule, did we let down our guard. I was driving while Corey climbed onto the roof of the Bobcat and found a perch. A minute or two later we were approaching Zoroaster. Before colliding with its rowdy waves, I let off the throttle realizing he was still on the roof, eight to ten feet above the platform frame, on his belly, facing downstream, and holding on tight. As we hit the opening whitewater the excavator bucked violently as Corey was shaken loose and thrown in the direction of the bow. Thankfully, he hung on long enough to avoid a collision with the mechanized arm and twisted mid-air allowing himself to land on his knees eluding an otherwise header onto the front tubes. After learning of no injuries only rattled joints, nervous chuckles turned into belly laughs from all three of us as we traveled the remaining few miles before our cargo's destination.

The boat beach was beautiful and flat making an ideal spot to moor parallel to the shoreline. After getting our boat's bow and stern tied and secure, it was time to attach the ramps to the frame. After that we loosened and dismantled the ratchet straps and chains. Corey fired up the Bobcat and using skills obtained from his pre-boatman life, backed the machine off the boat and ramps and onto the soft and inviting river-sand. In a matter of minutes, the excavator was parked, shut down, and left for the LPC fellows arriving the next day to begin their work. Trent breathed a sigh of relief knowing the hard part of our trip was complete. Corey and I fired up the motor and untied the lines. We drove fast into the current heading for Horn and beyond with vigor and gusto for the remainder of our trip!

Latimer Smith

Long Division

You're far away, 'midst stone and glass towers
In a beautiful city by the bay
I'm here among the cliffs and the flowers
On another gorgeous Grand Canyon day

I miss the strength your assuring kiss imparts
I miss your calming voice and gentle way
Your touch that gives courage to a fearful heart
I could really use some of that today

But, now your absence feels like eternity
And after six long months of being gone
We are like ten divided by three
It's left a fraction that goes on and on

With long division comes much subtraction
And nothing can split like the river rives
A rift that grows wider with the season's protraction
It seems the only thing adding up are the negatives

But we've done the math, and we have the proof
We'll have a remainder when this problem is through

— Steven Wesley Law

John Blaustein

I remember being absolutely terrified, starting at Badger. I remember riding in the back of the *Music Temple* with Curt Chang, through Soap Creek, and getting a wave over the boat that just inundated us, thinking, "What in the world have I gotten myself into?!" In the slack water, they would give me a chance to sit at the oars, and I didn't know which oar to pull on. Every time we'd get to anything more than a riffle, I would say to these guys, "Well, can you let me try this one?" because on the three-week schedule we were on—I think the trip was eighteen days—we'd get off on a Sunday and have three days and be back [*launching at Lees Ferry again*] on Thursday. I knew that whatever rapid we were at today—three weeks from today, I'd be sitting in a dory [*on my own*], rowing that rapid. But every time we'd get to a little rapid, and I'd say, "Can I try this?" "Oh, no, this is way too big. You don't know how to do this yet." And I'd say, "Well, you've gotta give me a chance here *somewhere*."

I remember specifically what was probably the sixth or seventh day. I don't remember Hance, but I was with this fellow Bernie Clayton, the journalist from the Midwest, in a boat called the *Hetch Hetchy*, which was nicknamed "the submarine." It was kind of a cataract boat in that it had very little rocker and very low sides, but it was twin-ended. Rather than ride the way a dory does, up and over, it just plowed through the waves. I remember we got to Sockdolager in a thunderstorm. The sky was black and the wind was blowing, and the rain was coming down in sheets. The tops of every wave were being blown upstream. It was steel-gray light, and we dropped into the tongue of Sockdolager. Of course "the submarine" got buried in the first hole. I remember being so terrified I wanted to cry, but the lump in my throat was so big I couldn't scream, I couldn't cry. I mean, I'm puttin' it out there for ya. I was out of my element. I can say it now without being embarrassed, because the rest is history. But that's where it started.

* * *

John Blaustein was one of the earliest boatmen for Martin Litton. He rowed the old Music Temple *that later sat for many years in the Visitor Center at the South Rim, (complete with the Sharpied list he wrote on the hatch lid of what was in there on her last trip.) Then he did over forty trips in the* Peace River, *most of them unscathed.*

*J.B.'s timeless book—*The Hidden Canyon: A River Journey*—is undoubtedly one of the best books ever on Grand Canyon. Edward Abbey wrote the text for it, albeit grudgingly ("a word is worth a thousand pictures.") It broke records for sales in its day and was reprinted multiple times. Though it's currently out of print, there are over 70,000 copies out there floating around.*

J.B. went on to become a really successful photographer. He's had cover shots on magazines like Outside, Smithsonian, Sports Illustrated, *and* Geo, *among others, and has done tons of corporate photography as well. To really appreciate his work, check out his website at www.johnblaustein.com.*

After his kids were grown enough in the mid-nineties, J.B. regressed and has come back to Grand Canyon Dories to row the support boat one trip a year ever since.

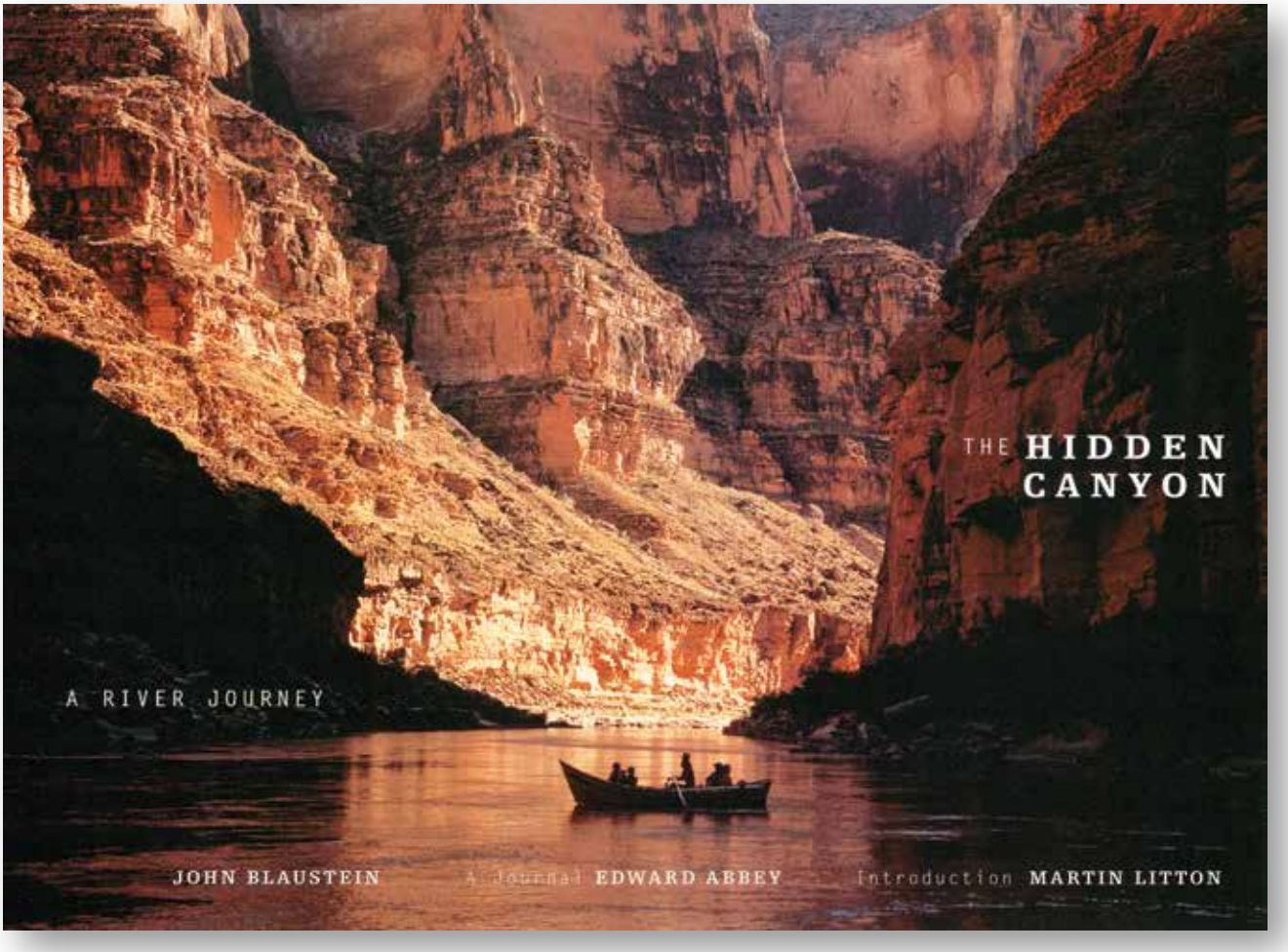
This Adopt-a-Boatman interview was started in the fall of 2007 at the oars *warehouse in Flagstaff and added onto in the late fall of 2010, sitting around the fire at the camp on the left across from Blacktail Canyon. As we go to press with this issue, J.B. is now 65 and can't wait to get the oars back in his hands this coming summer.*

* * *

Blaustein: I was born in Los Angeles, March 15, 1947, and grew up in Beverly Hills, California. My father was a producer in the movie business. Martin Litton used to say I didn't match the profile of the dory guides he was looking for, but it was always said tongue in cheek, with a smile on his face.

I ended up going to high school in Sedona, Arizona—to a small co-ed, college prep boarding school called Verde Valley School. At the time, Sedona had one flashing yellow light, and was a lazy little western town, *totally* different from today. The school's still there. I had no interest in hiking, camping, certainly never any interest in whitewater, even rivers at that time. But I've always wondered if spending four years in the red rock country of Oak Creek Canyon sort of did something. The connection with red rocks, I suspect, started there.

After graduating from high school, in a class of 28 students, I went to college at the University of California in Berkeley. So from a graduating class of 28 students, I went into a university with 28,000 thousand students. I spent five years getting an undergraduate degree in anthropology—one of four or five liberal arts subjects you studied if you had no idea what you wanted to do with yourself when you grew up. It was sort of anthro, sociology, history, English, things like that. I took five years to graduate, because it was the



'60s, and I did everything I could to stay out of being drafted for Vietnam, which I managed to do successfully.

I started taking pictures in high school in Sedona at Verde Valley. It was one of those extracurricular activities one could do, and I connected with a teacher. I did photography with an old camera my parents had given me. When I got to Berkeley, there was no option to study photography. Here you had a major university with no photography programs, no photography *classes* in fact. But halfway through my freshman year in college, I discovered an arts and crafts studio that was part of the student union complex, called the ASUC Studio—Associated Students of the University of California Studio.

It was run by a guy named Dave Bohn. Dave Bohn was a wilderness photographer, and through the '60s—I suppose maybe earlier than that—very active in the Sierra Club. Dave had connected with a landscape of his own, I'll put it, which was Glacier Bay in Alaska. He did one of the Sierra Club coffee table picture books on it. And I stumbled into this guy, and he taught me photography. It was never a class, never structured, never graded, there were no requirements—there was no nuthin' except the way he set it up. He was the director of the ASUC Studio. There was always a staff member available to both help with the technical side of photography, and to critique the aesthetic side of it. Dave Bohn was an amazing teacher, and just the right teacher for me, because had it been a class with assignments and grades, I probably wouldn't have connected with it. While it's not exactly relevant to my life-long association with the Grand Canyon, I wasn't much of a student and kind of squeaked by in anthropology. I managed to graduate.

(My faculty advisor in anthropology called me in one day and asked what I was doing at Berkeley, because my grades seemed to indicate I wasn't spending much time studying. I assured him I was spending all my time doing photography, working with Dave Bohn at the ASUC Studio. He assured *me* that that held very little weight with them on the academic side of my university career.)

But what I took away from Berkeley was the beginning of a passion and a career in photography. And as I was graduating in 1970 or perhaps the end of 1969,

At the Grand Canyon Dories' boathouse in 1971, which consisted of a pair of garages behind the Grand Canyon Motel in Fredonia, AZ. Yes, this is really the shuttle rig.

discussing with Dave Bohn where photography could go for me, he said, "Well, I've gone down the Grand Canyon a few times with this fellow, Martin Litton." Martin and Dave Bohn knew each other from the Sierra Club. Dave said to me, "I met a guy who might be of interest to you, on a recent river trip with Martin in the Grand Canyon. He was a *Life* magazine photographer, and he does assignment magazine commercial work, real nice guy, you might want to meet him; he happens to live fifteen minutes from Berkeley. His name is Joe Munroe." Joe Munroe lived in Orinda, California. Dave called him. Joe said, "By all means, I'd be happy to talk to John." So, I started talking with Joe, and in the course of talking with him, told him I knew a little bit about film editing. As luck would have it—Joe told me he and Martin were working on this movie. They'd been shooting 16 millimeter footage for years in the canyon. They were putting together a film about running dories down the Colorado. (My first question was, "What's a dory?")

Joe said, "Well, I can use an assistant, kind of helping me." He had a home office where he was editing this film footage he and Martin Litton had shot. I said, "Great!" So here I was with what was pretty much a full-time job assisting Joe in this home office, editing film. Every now and then, Martin Litton would come up to Orinda from where he lived in Portola Valley near Stanford, and consult with Joe. During the course of these visits, I got to know Martin.

Keep in mind, that while I had spent four years in red rock country—whenever there was an opportunity to go on a camping trip at Verde Valley and Sedona, I passed up that opportunity unless they made me go hiking and camping, because I didn't much like it. So any optional wilderness experience during high school was out for me. Keep in mind also, that I had never been in a rowboat until I met Martin Litton.

So spring of 1970 rolled around, and Martin Litton calls me one day, "John, how 'bout comin' on a river trip with us? I'm gonna do a trip in early June. You could come and be the cook's assistant and wash the pots and pans." Well, I had seen all this footage of these little rinky-dink rowboats going through these rapids, and to this day I remember a shot of François Leydet rowing a boat called the *Music Temple* through Granite, and when he got to that big converging, crashing maelstrom at the bottom of Granite, he and one or two of the other passengers were washed out of the boat, head over heels, when the thing got buried in that wave, and the boat went marching downstream by itself, did just fine I should add. To this day, that's what I remember thinking the Grand Canyon was all about.

I thought about it for a while and said to Martin, "Okay, I'll come along and wash the pots and pans." He assured me they'd show me how to camp out. I don't think I'd camped on the ground two nights when I went on that first trip in 1970.

So as I recall, it was two or three weeks before our scheduled trip that I was gonna go out with Martin, and Joe was gonna be on the trip, François Leydet was on the trip. A journalist Joe had known, named Bernie Clayton, whose son, Jeff Clayton, a kid my age at the time, who then became one of the dory trip leaders in the early-'70s, he was gonna be on the trip. Curtis Chang, who was the son of one of Martin Litton's neighbors, he was gonna be on the trip. Everybody was gonna go out and it was gonna be a jolly ole' time with a few dories and a few rafts…gonna go down the river.

Well, Martin calls me two or three weeks before the trip. "John, what are you doing after our trip?" I said, "What do you mean, what am I doing? I got nothin' to do for the rest of my life. Why?" He said, "Well, I've decided to run two trips, one right after the other, and I need a boatman for the second trip. Are you free for the six weeks?" I remember now that I already knew Martin well enough to say to him, "Martin, you're out of your friggin' mind. I have never been in a *rowboat* before. I've seen the footage, and you're telling me you want me to *row* one of those boats?!" By then he was probably calling me J.B. I think he was the first one that called me J.B. "Well, J.B., there's nothing to it. We're going to teach you how to do it on the first trip, and on that second trip you'll just follow me through the rapids."

Long story short, I agreed, and we headed off to Lees Ferry in this old Nash Rambler, towing one of the dories, the *Diablo Canyon*. Joe Munroe probably towed one of the other dories. Oh, there was another person, another family friend of Martin's, a guy named Clyde Childress. Clyde and his wife Marge and their daughter, Debbie—they were gonna be on the trip, and everybody had a rinky-dink little trailer, and they towed it with the family car out to Cliff Dwellers, which was sort of world headquarters for starting these trips in the Grand Canyon. We went out to Cliff Dwellers two or three days early, and I don't remember where all the food came from, but I think Esther Litton just shopped for it in the local grocery store. There wasn't much *to* the food, other than "number ten" cans of beef stew and mandarin oranges, and cabbage and lettuce and carrots and apples—things that didn't spoil.

So we went out to Lees Ferry and sort of organized the trip. I remember Martin squeezing the kapok lifejackets—you'd put 'em up to your ear and squeeze real hard, and if you heard air escaping, and it was more than one pocket, then it was deep sixed, that was a reject lifejacket. But if you didn't hear *too* much air escaping, then the lifejackets were okay.

So off we went on that first trip.

[*Finally—after Badger, Soap, Sockdolager, etc: referred to above*]—we got to Crystal, probably Day eight. In those days we used to stop at Phantom and spend the night. They'd give us dinner, and we'd stay in the bunkhouse, and the dories would sit there on the boat beach. It didn't much matter, because there were no other boats coming and going. Or if there were, it was only a few. So the rapid I'm talking about I will refer to as the "Old Crystal." It was like nothing else on the river, for sure. It's almost beyond describing, which those familiar with it will understand. I'm not sure I have the prose to quite characterize what the Old Crystal looked like. But Martin looked at it, and everybody looked at it, and nobody was particularly interested in going through it. Martin decided that he alone would row the dories through it. He had three dories, those being the *Diablo Canyon*, the *Music Temple*, and the *Hetch Hetchy*—"the submarine." Clyde Childress had a fourth dory called the *Mabel T*. And I believe on that trip there was a fellow named Ron Hayes who was a movie actor from Hollywood…

STEIGER: In the *Betty Boop*! [*recently restored by Brad Dimock*]

BLAUSTEIN: In the *Betty Boop*, thank you! Because I had forgotten—Ron Hayes in the *Betty Boop*. Incidentally, several days before, at Indian Dick Rapid, Martin had flipped, in the *Diablo Canyon*. It was, as I recall, the only flip we'd had 'til then. And in those days, there was no such thing as a flip line, because we had not yet met Kenton Grua, and had not thought of flip lines yet. So when a boat tipped over in a place like 23 Mile Rapid, it would, of course, go into the pool below, maybe get into the eddy. And if it was in the eddy, then it would probably wash over to the shore and get banged up on the rocks. This is a funny story, because the boat indeed got into the slower water, and Martin managed to climb up on the bottom of it somehow. And he's standing there, and the other boats gathered around, and we'd just sort of nudged the boat over to shore and then we could get some hands and a line on it and flip it rightside up.

Well, just as we're about to get in position to right this boat, as I recall, a Grand Canyon Expeditions motor raft came around the corner [*driven by Regan Dale*]. And Martin is standing on the bottom of the boat, with his arms crossed over this big, fat, kapok lifejacket. Martin says, "Quick, make it look like we're having lunch!" which everybody laughed about. He

Boat-mounted camera view of the V-wave in Lava. The passenger in the front of the boat is Edward Abbey.

was always very proud, and while it was inevitable that the dories were going to tip over—because, mind you, nobody really knew how to do this river in a dory yet, with due respect to their efforts—he didn't like it that the pontoon boats saw the dories upside down. Anyway, that was our one flip on this first trip that I did, previous to arriving at Crystal.

So Martin says he's gonna take the first boat through Crystal, and he gets into the *Diablo Canyon* and goes down and flips again out there, all by himself. He goes floating down the river, holding onto the stern line. To this day, I don't know how he got that boat to shore.

STEIGER: Did he go over in the big hole?

BLAUSTEIN: Yes. The old big hole. It turned out the old hole had a spine up the middle of it, and it crashed in both directions, but you could sometimes ride the spine up the middle of the biggest haystack you have ever seen. With due respect to the current river, it was *twice* the size of even the big hole at the bottom of Lava in high water today. Different hydraulics, different dynamics, because it was shaped differently. But I will tell you point blank, without any hesitation, that I would not be doing the river now if the old Crystal were there—unless the Park Service put in a fish ladder over the side, where you could let the dories down. And I suspect river running would be different right now, with all the issues of liability and all that stuff, because back then it was tipping over every kind of boat that tried to do it, at different stages of water.

So Martin got over to shore and tied the boat, the *Diablo Canyon*, to shore with the stern line, sitting there upside down, because we were all still up above. And he hiked up and took the next boat through, the *Hetch Hetchy*, and flipped *it*, same thing, upside down, somewhere above Tuna, on the right, tied to the rocks. Then he got in the *Mabel T*, Clyde Childress' boat, and flipped *it*. Three boats in a row, upside down, below Crystal, tied to the rocks. Imagine now…Martin, keep in mind, we all think of Martin, at this point he's ninety years old. Back then he was 53. But imagine yourself at that age, flipping three boats in a row and making that hike. Trying to make that hike back and forth alone, three trips up…or three trips back, without having swum Crystal is not bad at 53.

So then Ron Hayes figures he'd take the *Betty Boop* through, and makes it by the skin of his teeth. You know, one of those miraculous things where the dory goes up on the side of a hole, getting washed out, with the backwater from the top crashing on the boat, and it just misses by three inches, having the low transom catch and boom, you're over. And Ron Hayes pops out upright. I think Martin at this point had stayed downstream, and people were running downstream, because there we have three dories upside down. And I'm standing there with my eyes as big as silver dollars

looking at all of this, and there's still one boat, it's the *Music Temple* and Curtis Chang is rowing it, not feelin' real good, and Martin's not coming back, and Curt realizes he's gonna row the *Music Temple* through Crystal. I'm lookin' *way* downstream at all these upside-down boats, and all these people scurrying over the rocks. Curt looks at me and says, "Well, you wanna hike down there and we'll meet you down there? Or do you want to ride through Crystal in the back of the *Music Temple*?" Of course, not knowing anything about anything, other than sort of looking at this situation and thinking, "What are the chances? Curt saw what Martin did." I said, "Sure, I'll go with you." I'm thinking, "There's no way he's gonna tip over too. The *Betty Boop* just made it." So I get in the back of the *Music Temple*. The *Music Temple*, the way it's designed, has a boatman's seat, appropriately in the middle of the boat, with the oars, and this very low seat in the back, behind, where you're almost sitting on the bottom of the boat, with your knees up to your chin, so the visibility wasn't real good. So Curt says, "Hold onto the sides and stay put." Of course we get in the boat, and I'm braced for the worst, and he runs right down the middle, pulling his guts out to the right. Need I say that *of course* we flipped in the big hole in Crystal, and we swam the rest of Crystal, bouncing over the rocks. I'm talking about feeling rocks with my body. I didn't get hurt, Curt didn't get hurt. Fortunately *nobody* got hurt. That is, Martin, three times, didn't get hurt.

Anyway, it was late in the day at Crystal. The boats were all below Crystal, right-side up…now the goal was we had to get down to Bass Camp. And Martin knew we were going to be spending at least two nights there, to spend the day in between fixing the boats. We had, basically, a portable wood shop with us. But it was gettin' late in the day, and everybody started rowing. By the time we went through Ruby and Serpentine, we had just enough light…Martin had pulled ahead of the other boats and just turned on his [*internal*] engine, pulling, and got to Bass Camp, but he was concerned that the other boatmen would not know how to run Bass Rapid. When the boats that followed Martin got to Bass Rapid, as we approached, it was dark enough that we really couldn't see. But we saw this figure up against the sky with a flashlight, waving us to the right. Martin stood up there until the last boat went through. And it's a hike, I don't know, what, a half, quarter of a mile? But that was Martin. He didn't want to risk that any of these unseasoned boatmen would hit a rock basically in the dark, or go over the

Running the spine of the "Old Hole" in Crystal in the early '70s. Top: Kenton Grua rowing the Chattahoochee. Bottom left: Jeff Clayton rowing the Lake Tahoe, right: Gary Call rowing the Diamond Head.

pour-over, hit, tip over, and God *knows* where they'd be. He wanted to get to Bass. He made that effort to climb over those rocks at dusk with his flashlight. And of course by the time he turned around to go back, it was pretty much dark. We made it to Bass. And I have pictures of the bottom of these boats from 1970, with big holes in 'em, being repaired.

That reminds me of another element to the story, which is we didn't have a good system for keeping anything dry. We had these old army surplus rubber bags, and if you don't seal 'em up perfectly—not so good. All the bread got wet. Martin said, "No problem." You know that black rock there at Bass? We took all the bread out and we spread each piece out delicately. So you take a piece of bread and you dry it on a hot rock. Each piece was like melba toast. Of course Martin said, "We'll put it back in the bags." And it just turned to crumbs. Martin said, "No problem, here's what you do…We'll make palm sandwiches." You take a palm full of breadcrumbs, and you put your mustard and your salami and your lettuce on top, and you eat it like this." He called it a palm sandwich.

* * *

Martin's 93 now, and I'm 63—I was 23 [*in 1970*], so he was fifty-three. He had a dream to do it in these little boats, and he made it happen. It was against all odds. It made no sense to do it, and he did it, and we should all be grateful.

Many would say he led the fight, along with David Brower of the Sierra Club, to save the Grand Canyon from dams. Martin really took a stand and lobbied through the Sierra Club, but I think it's safe to say his voice was the loudest. So you can thank him in many ways. None of those things are done single-handedly, but he was the guy.

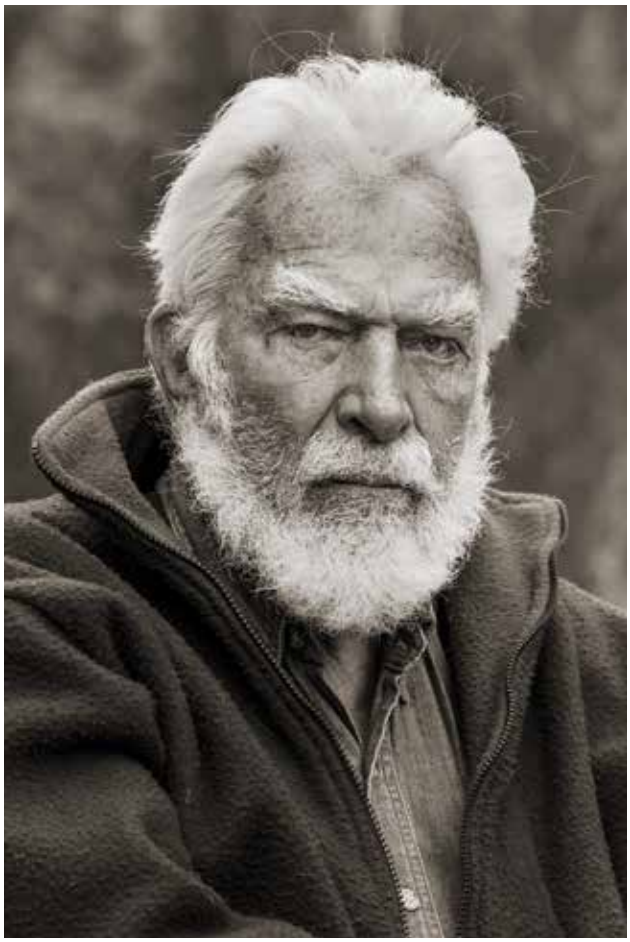
He was a journalist. He has a long history. He was a glider pilot in World War II. He was a writer for *The Los Angeles Times*. Then he moved up to Northern California and worked as the travel editor for *Sunset* magazine. And he decided to start the dory company when he got into a fight with the editors at *Sunset* about a conservation story he wrote about the giant redwoods in Northern California, and they wouldn't let him run the story because it was a little too controversial for *Sunset* magazine, which is pretty bland.

WOMAN: Isn't he still doin' that?

BLAUSTEIN: Well, he's now fighting to save the giant sequoias in Sequoia National Park.

* * *

Martin, I don't know how many trips he'd done by



Martin Litton, 2004.

1970. I would venture to say he had not been on the river more than ten times. Correct me if I'm wrong, somebody. I don't know. I do know that when he led us all down the river, we stayed very close together, and you would hear calls from the back, "Where are we?" Martin would say, "This is Sockdolager! This is where you stay to the left at the top, pull or push a couple of strokes left, then straighten it out, and watch the waves at the bottom where it narrows." And then we'd get through that, and somebody would say, "What's next?" because no one had been there before, or if they had, it was two years before, this was their third trip, and they didn't remember.

I remember getting one of the Buzz Belknap maps and *loading* it with as many notes as I could about, "this is the one with the rock at the top, the big one, you'll see it, and you stay to the left of it. And oh yeah, this is the one where there's a pointed rock on the left side on the horizon"—like every rapid doesn't have some pointed rock. And trying to remember one from the other!

So there I was, below Crystal. To be honest, I don't remember much about the rest of that first trip, except

that by the end of it, they had me sitting at the oars at some fairly good-size rapids. I could certainly point the bow into the waves. I did a reasonably good job rowin' downstream, if the wind wasn't blowing. I was beginning to be able to read the water—not in the rapids as much, not thinking of the rapids—but read the water in the quiet stretches.

Anyway, the second trip starts and I'm in "the submarine"…

STEIGER: Now, you just talked about how you were scared almost to the point of crying, going into Sockdolager [*on that first trip*]. Then you get the living shit knocked out of you in Crystal…Where did this thing change?

BLAUSTEIN: Why didn't I quit right then?

STEIGER: Yeah. Here you are, you're comin' back for more?

BLAUSTEIN: I've gotta level with you, I'm not sure I have a very eloquent answer for that. I *think* I was just overwhelmed by the canyon. I was, in spite of all the travails of the river, thoroughly engrossed, enchanted, captivated by taking pictures already. I will jump back to…Dave Bohn, my teacher, shot everything in black-and-white. I took pictures the first year in black-and-white. I had my tripod and my medium format camera, and was just loving it. I'm not sure I thought it was an option, not to go on, to just…and you know what? Maybe by the end of the trip…we all know what it's like when you flip now. You get over it. I don't think there's anybody who flips a boat who isn't scared at the time. Well, at the time, you're on autopilot, but ten minutes later you get in your boat, and you're shakin', we're all shaking. I don't think that's unique. I suspect I kinda got over it. And it started to feel like fun, in spite of that.

* * *

STEIGER: So those first two years it wasn't commercial? Those were just a bunch of friends? Or there were a few people kind of payin' under the table?

BLAUSTEIN: The first year, '70, was friends. '71, the four trips…I would say he was trying it out. As I recall, by then he was charging people a fixed rate, and as I recall it was $480 for an eighteen-day trip—which, if you do the math, will give you some idea of what the guides were paid, if anything. I don't even recall getting paid then. In '72—and if somebody's interested, they need to check the facts—my memory is that in '72 Martin had a real brochure, and he was beginning to

Martin Litton, 1971.

try to attract the general public. He probably charged a little more by then.

By then he had met two very key figures in the history of Grand Canyon Dories, and that's Regan Dale and Kenton Grua. They were working for Grand Canyon Expeditions, running pontoon boats. In 1970, our "boathouse," was Cliff Dwellers Lodge. In 1971, Martin rented two or three empty garages behind the motel in Fredonia, where the road from Hurricane dead ends at Fredonia. (STEIGER: That's now called the Grand Canyon Motel—stone buildings, little flagstone structures.) BLAUSTEIN: Yeah. That was the boathouse. And in '72, Martin asked Ron Smith in Kanab if he could use a corner of the Grand Canyon Expeditions warehouse, which we did, and then that was the boathouse in '72. At that time Martin met Regan and Kenton, and asked them if they wanted to be guides for the Dories. You know what, I believe they started in '73 because in '72 Martin was doing—I think he decided to do twelve trips. There were two sets of boats and two crews, and we each did six trips. We were staggered so that once the summer got started, we didn't see the other crew. We used to leave notes, both at the warehouse and at what we called the "post office" at the camp at Lower Lava. We would write notes about who did what, and it was *really* the way information was transmitted, because we wanted to know what happened, what the other crew encountered at Lava and Crystal and so forth. We'd look at each other's notes on who made it and who didn't.

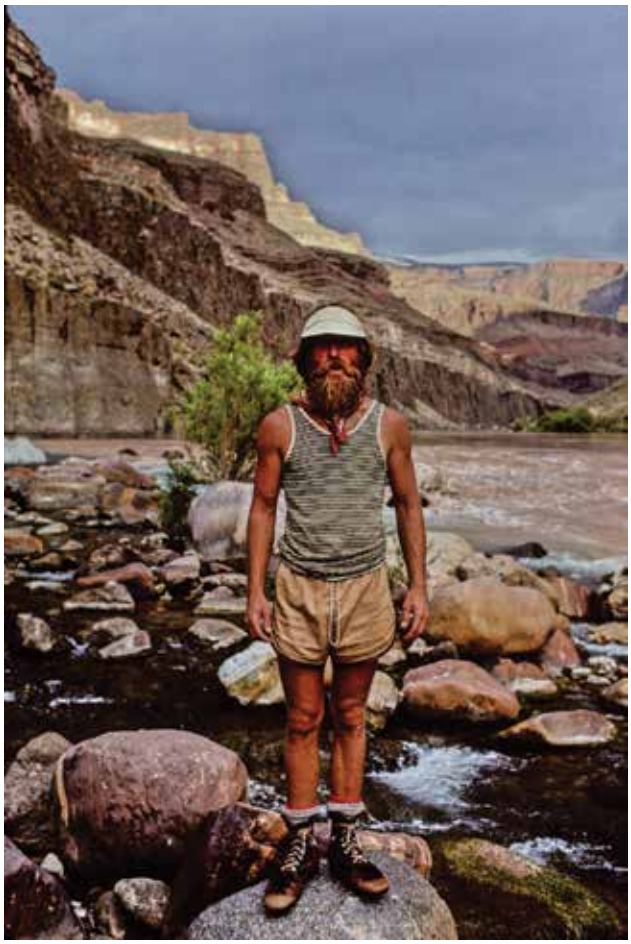
So the two crews…I was with Jeff Clayton, who was one of the trip leaders. Wally Rist was the other trip leader. Basically I did dories until about 1980—'79 or '80. But I never was a trip leader, never wanted to be, for any number of reasons, not the least of which was…You know I can say I got over being as scared as I was at the beginning, but I didn't need to be a trip leader. I loved the people part, the passenger part of the trip. But the other guys were the trip leaders.

One of the biggest reasons I didn't want to be a trip leader is by then I had started taking pictures very seriously on the river, and I wanted as much time as possible for that.

STEIGER: Your book is…(BLAUSTEIN: T*he Hidden Canyon: A River Journey.*)…a classic. Tell me about that.

BLAUSTEIN: In 1970 I had a medium format camera,

Kenton Grua



Regan Dale

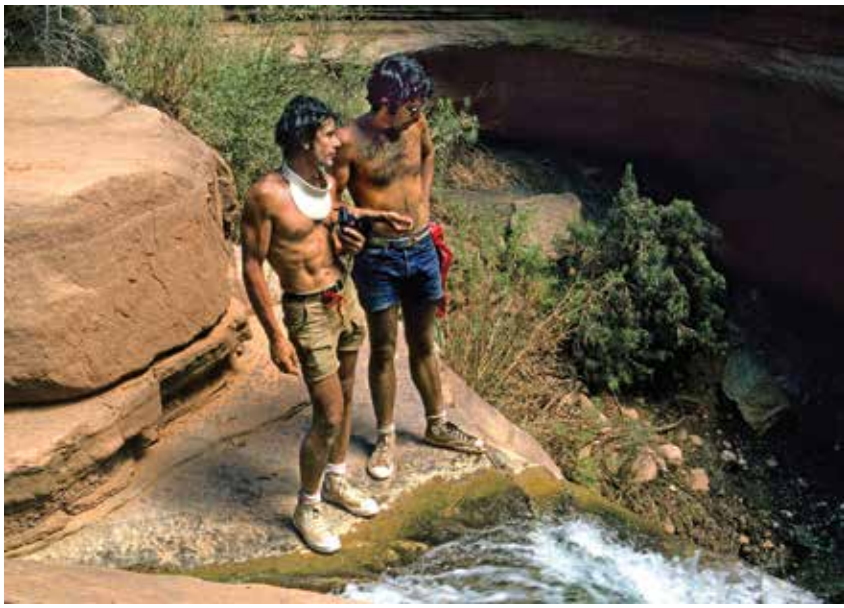
black-and-white film only, sort of following in the footsteps of the Ansel Adams, Edward Westin, kind of serious large-format, large-landscape photography, which I had really learned from Dave Bohn. As luck would have it, my dad gave me an old 35 millimeter Nikon camera, which I brought with me in 1971 for those four trips I did in the *Music Temple*. I decided back then to try color film, and bought a bunch of the old Kodak Kodachrome II film rolls. I'll put it this way: I got real lucky. At that time, *Time-Life Books* was doing a series of books on the American wilderness, and they were getting around to their book on the Grand Canyon. It's sitting there, it's the black book there. [points to book] They had found Martin Litton and decided to send their writer and their photographer down the river with us in dories. And as was their way of doing it, they sent them separately. And the photographer for the book was going to come with us on the first trip in 1971. That turned out to be a photographer named Ernst Haas, who I think many people feel was kind of…. What's the right word here? I'm gonna use the wrong word. He kind of invented color fine art photography. He was the first person to work with color as fine art. That being said, others can disagree. For me, this was the opportunity of a lifetime. As with the years I spent studying with Dave Bohn, it wasn't a class, it wasn't an assignment, it was *osmosis*. It was being around somebody who lived and breathed photography. And I credit Ernst Haas, just as I credit Dave Bohn, with having taught me photography. He was an enormous influence on my work: watching him, talking to him, he was one of the most generous…sort of open, generously spirited people I can think of. And he would let me look through his lens. He would point out, "Look at that incredible shape of that sculptured rock. Look at the color of that reflection," if you're standing at the camp at Nankoweap at five o'clock in the afternoon. Everybody else is looking up at the big wall of golden rock, against the blue sky, and Ernst would look down at the reflection and say, "Look at the color reflected in that pool!"

It became sort of what I was there to do: row boats, show people the Grand Canyon, and take pictures. And it was just…I have often referred to those years as the best years of my life. You know, floatin' down the river with Kenton and Regan and Tuck and T.G. and Wally and Sharkey and Bronco, shootin' pictures and runnin' rapids. I mean, it doesn't get much better than that.

STEIGER: No.

BLAUSTEIN: But at the time, the last thing on my mind was doing a book. I was just having fun. Rudi Petschek had joined the crew by then, and he lived in Berkeley at the time. We'd spend the winters looking at each other's slides and finding the gems; opening those little yellow boxes of Kodak slides and finding the great pictures. At some point, a couple of my friends from the ASUC Studio who were really into the classic black-and-white, fine art photography said to me, "John, you've got to do a book of these pictures. These are really terrific photographs." And I just brushed it off. I said, "My God, the last thing in the world anyone needs is another book of pictures of the Grand Canyon! You're nuts!" But one of them kind of prevailed, and I thought, "Eh, what the hell." By then it was becoming a collection of pictures, and I was feel-

The "bird nest" camera box, ready for action.


Rudi Petschek and John Blaustein

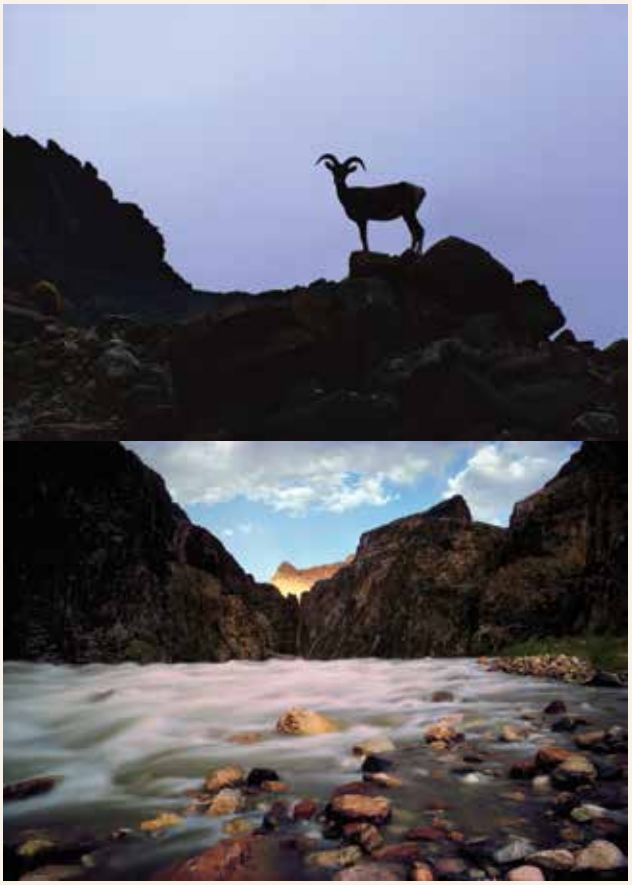
Images from John Blaustein's book "The Hidden Canyon"

ing pretty good about it. I, of course, had no idea how you publish a book.

But there was a publisher in New York…Grossman Publishers, which did these beautiful fine art picture books—just the best printing, the best paper, beautiful layouts, big full-page pictures. I had no idea how you'd approach a publisher, but I had gone to high school at Verde Valley with a woman who was in publishing. I called her up in New York and said, "Jeannie, I have these pictures…there's this wonderful publisher, named Grossman, that does these beautiful books but I have no idea how you go about talking to a publisher. How would I do that?" And she laughed and said, "Dick Grossman is a close friend of mine. I'd be delighted to introduce you to him."

I flew to New York with one appointment, to see Dick Grossman. I remember they were on Madison Avenue, right in Midtown, near 57TH Street, in this big tall building. And here I am, a kid from California. In those days, with slides, the way you showed your work, whether it was an editor or an art director, you'd take a carousel tray of slides, and just as common as having a telephone on your desk, you had a carousel slide projector on your desk. You could darken the lights in the room, and there was a projection screen—which was great, just a wonderful way to look at pictures. So he comes out and takes me into his office and introduces me, we talk for a minute, and he says, "So show me your work." So we go through the slides. You can always tell how interested somebody is by how much time they spend looking at the pictures. And if occasionally they press the back button, they want to see another one again. I'm thinking, "Wow, this is amazing," because he's really looking at 'em. So he gets through the tray and turns the light on. He looks at me and says, "These are terrific pictures. Wow. But are you aware that I only publish black-and-white photography?" (laughter) Well, if there were a rock, I would have crawled under it, because I'm thinking, "Oh my God. Of course." But it's like…I knew his books, because in those days I kind of was up on who the photographers were and what the photo books being published were. I should have known better, but it never dawned on me that all the books of Grossman Publishers were in black and white. But he said this with a smile on his face. Then he said, "But I want to introduce you to someone." He said, "Come with me."

We walked down the hall, into the offices of Viking Press. Viking was at the time, and still is, one of the biggest publishers in the world, and one of the most



prestigious, and they at that time had a division called Viking Studio Books, which published big coffee table color and black-and-white books on photography. They were *the* publisher for these kind of coffee table picture books at the time. They published all of Ernst Haas' books, including his most famous, most well-known book, *The Creation*, which for anyone interested in photography is a must-see book. It incidentally was published *right* after the river trip he did in 1971, and all the way down the canyon he said, "Oh, I wish *The Creation* were not in production right now." He'd see picture after picture, and shoot picture after picture he *knew* should have been in this book *The Creation*.

So Viking published Ernst Haas, they published Alfred Eisenstadt, the famous *Life* magazine photographer. They were *the* publisher for color picture books. At the time, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was working there. She was an editor there. And Dick Grossman just said "hi" to the receptionist and strolled into the back and asked for a guy named Brian Holmes, who wasn't there, it turned out. Dick Grossman said, "Look, I want Brian to see John's work. When can he come back?" "How about tomorrow morning?" Hell, any time they wanted, I'd be back!

So the next morning I'm back in the same building, down the hall from Dick Grossman's office, I show up with my Kodak carousel tray in hand, and Brian Holmes, who's the editor of Viking Studio Books, comes out, introduces himself, and says, "Come in here, I'll get the projector." Then he comes back. It turns out the slide projector had been stolen the night before. So the means of showing these people, in the most impressive way, my pictures, was gone—the slide projector was gone. I'm thinking, "Let's get another one, I'll get one." He said, "No, no, no, just come in here." And he shows me into a little room with a big light table, and he says, "I'm sorry to have to ask you to do this. Take the slides out and put 'em on the light table, we'll look at 'em." So I figure that's the end of that, because compared to projecting the pictures big on the wall, a slide table covered with slides, no way. He says, "Listen, take your time, I'll be back in ten minutes." He could tell I'm nervous, I'm this kid there, you know.

So he comes back and he takes his loop, his magnifying glass, and he starts at the beginning, he starts looking. He gets about halfway through, having not said a word, and he says, "Just a second, I'll be right back." He comes in with another guy, named David Bell, who was the associate editor or something like

that. "I want you to see these pictures. Look at this." David Bell starts looking and goes, "Wow, look at that." And Brian says, "Look at this," and he takes a picture from the upper left, and one from three rows down. He said, "Look at those," and he puts them side by side. He said, "Would that be a spread or what?" meaning a two-page, facing pictures. And he gets one from up here, and another one from there. He says, "Look at those next to each other."

I hadn't been in there with these two guys ten minutes, and Brian Holmes looks at David Bell and says, "I think we should do this book." And I'm floating!—not on a river. I'm like, "I cannot believe this is happening." I am just awestruck. I mean, first of all, to get in to *see* Brian Holmes. You don't just make an appointment as an author, as a photographer. You have an agent, they submit it, somebody looks at ten pictures and says, "Okay, we'd like to see more." And I'm standing there, having been in there twenty minutes, and he's saying "we want to do this book." So that's how *The Hidden Canyon* got started.

A laid back trip on the long row to Pearce Ferry. Classic.

* * *

STEIGER: Regan [*Dale*] just walked in the room. Pull up a chair, R.D., you can keep J.B. from lyin.' (Bronco said you were gonna lie, J.B., so somebody's gotta keep an eye on you.) Now, on a lighter note, I've heard it said that you so loathed rowing across the lake, you used to pay people to tow you across there. I just wanted to know if that was really true or not.

BLAUSTEIN: That's a flat-out lie! (laughter) That's a flat-out rumor, that's a flat-out lie, and Regan Dale is here to verify that! *But*, there is a good story attached to it. In those days in the '70s, we indeed used to row to Pearce Ferry. And indeed, I loathed it. And indeed, on one trip, one of the boatmen, Tuck Weills, who was sort of the archetype image of a boatman, the profile Martin was really looking for…Tuck had biceps you couldn't get your hands around. Big strong guy. I mean, he could bend oars in a rapid. He was like, "J.B., this just isn't that big a deal." I was like, "Well, if it's not a big deal, let's make a bet. I'll bet you a steak dinner in Las Vegas, and a case of beer, that you cannot tow the *Peace River* to Pearce Ferry with me and my four passengers in it." And Tuck said, "You're on." We tied the two dories end-to-end, and cinched them up as tight as could be, because if it's loose, you take one stroke on the boat that's rowing, and the second one kind of lurches and catches up and (smacks hands together) bonk! hits the bow of the first. So we put a pad in between the bow of his boat and the stern of my boat, and tied 'em so they'd be in line as best as possible, and tight. And my four passengers and I got in my boat and I shipped the oars and sat back while Tuck rowed us from below Separation to Pearce Ferry. And I bought him the biggest steak dinner in Las Vegas we could find, and bought him a case of any beer he wanted. I figured I had the best deal of my entire life, right then and there.

STEIGER: Talk about Tom Sawyer!

BLAUSTEIN: Tom Sawyer, indeed. And it wasn't exactly a payoff. I mean, I draw the line somewhere, Lew.

STEIGER: Okay, this was a bet, a legitimate bet…

BLAUSTEIN: This was a bet.

STEIGER: Okay, just wanted to clarify that.

DALE: The lake was up pretty good, so it wasn't—we didn't have any wind.

BLAUSTEIN: That's right.

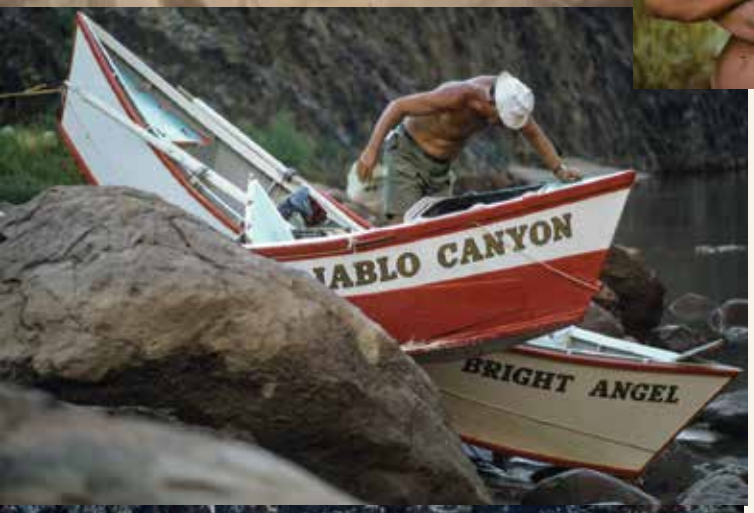
DALE: So it was a pretty straightforward…

BLAUSTEIN: It was a straight shot, but I don't care how you count it, these recent years, runnin' by that with motors, whether on the tow-out rig or in the jet boat, you look at all those miles that we used to sit there, pulling on the oars, and it was somethin' else.

STEIGER: I can't remember who was tellin' me that—maybe Kenton—but whoever it was, saying you guys were buff when you got off the lake. Definitely tuned you up for the next trip.

DALE: We used to go from 220—that was when the river was high—you know, we had highs of 28,000 [CFS].

STEIGER: Yeah, and the lake was up, too, right? You'd



Top left to right, top to bottom: 1970s-era crew / Ellen Tibbetts / Morning light. Music Temple at Mile 19 (on the right). Waiting for the water to come up / Camp above Crystal, 1971. In those days the water fluctuated from 3,000–28,000 daily. In the morning the water rose so fast that by the time the trip was ready to leave it was almost back up to the boats. / Boat repair below Crystal.

just row across Pearce Bay, no problem.

DALE: Oh yeah, no problem. We'd go all the way from 220 to 254, right below Rampart Cave. There was a camp on the right that we used every trip, long sandbar. Usually there was another dory trip that was on the river at the same time: one was a sixteen-day trip, one was an eighteen-day trip, and then they would meet up at the take-out together. Wally Rist was usually leading the other trip. And he would camp—gosh, I don't know where he would camp—but he'd come by us at 2:30, 3:00 in the morning, rowin', with his whole trip. I mean, it was still dark, and they'd be goin' by us. His whole thing was to get out to Scorpion Island before the wind blew. We'd all have lunch at Columbine Falls, and then everybody would kind of take off as they thought was appropriate, to get out there before the wind. And sometimes it was brutal.

BLAUSTEIN: It was brutal. There would be three-foot waves on that stretch from Columbine, 'til you made a left turn, and then probably had two, three miles from there. And every time there was open water on the lake with wind, every time the stern of the boat would hit one of these whitecaps, it would splash over the boat. I don't care how warm the water is, when you're wet in the wind, it's freezing. And the only thing that kept the boatmen going is moving, and the passengers would sit there shivering.

STEIGER: Okay, just to bring this back around: here you are, a guy that doesn't even like to camp out…?

BLAUSTEIN: Well, that's my reputation.

STEIGER: You said it yourself.

BLAUSTEIN: Oh, my God, that was before I got *used* to it and began to enjoy it.

STEIGER: But here you are still, comin' back every year. What's up with that? And you were telling me earlier, when we weren't recording, that you don't even hardly take pictures anymore?

BLAUSTEIN: No, I didn't say that, exactly that way.

1972: Almost a flip in Soap Creek. The gentleman in the front with the camera is Gilbert M. Grosvenor, then editor in chief of National Geographic.

What I said is having now come back, after being away from it for all those years, doing one baggage boat trip a summer now—which I do for two reasons: one, I don't have a guide's license, so I can't row a dory *or* a raft, for that matter, with paying commercial customers in it; and secondly, to be honest, I'm not sure quite how to characterize this—I don't have the fine tuning of my skills anymore to row a dory. I don't need the anxiety or the stress of it.

DALE: But I think you still enjoy the challenge of going down the river in a boat.

STEIGER: Yeah, and you're pretty good at it too.

BLAUSTEIN: I *love* goin' down the river in a boat. I simply love being on the river. Oh, and as far as taking pictures, I row one of those darned baggage rafts all day long, I get to camp, I unload it, I'm beat. You know? I'm sixty now. I don't feel like I did certainly when I was 25, or even 45. I'm just damned tired when I get to camp. It's not accurate to say I take no pictures. If there's a day where the light's incredible, where I see something I haven't seen before, my camera's out. When I think back over my many years of shooting pictures, I feel very good about what I've done with my camera.

But to answer your question—I hope it doesn't sound corny—this place is powerful, and I've had a love affair with the Grand Canyon, and I have an attachment to it that doesn't seem to go away. I have often said in these recent years, that I spend eleven months of the year waiting for my annual trip. And to float by Nautiloid and that section of Marble Canyon, and to float in the late afternoon by Mile 166, comin' up to National Canyon, that spot where that cover picture was taken…(sigh) I'm not sure I'll ever get it out of my system. Then you add to that, standing on that bluff above Hance, and I know myself so well now, it's now eleven and a half months away, I know *exactly* that when I climb up there, I'm gonna say to myself, "Why in the world are you doing this again?"

I look at Regan and I look at Bronco, and I know

1999: Cindell Dale in Hermit.


the run, and I'm this mixture of intellect and emotion. It scares me to the core, even though of all places… Well, I was about to say I've never had any trouble at Hance. Two years ago I hit the marker rock entering it, and as Regan said, "Well, I've never seen anybody do a pirouette in the duck pond." And last year I got into the duck pond, thinkin' "piece of cake, no trouble gettin' across," and the front of the raft hit the left duck rock and stopped, and for the first time I'm sitting out in the middle of Hance, not moving. I'm like, "What in the world are you doing here in the middle of Hance, and now what are you gonna do?" And, you know, when you're in the heat of battle, you do it, and you figure it out, and I shipped the left oar and cranked on the right oar as hard as I could, and I spun the stern around and it was fine.

Washed on off and made it through the rapid. You know, it ultimately was no big deal. I thought I was out there for twenty minutes. Roger Dale told me it was about thirty seconds. And next year this time, I'll be standin' up on those rocks, sayin', "What in the world are you doing here?! You don't need this anymore."

You know, I get to Crystal every time, and it's just—to me, it's part of my Grand Canyon genetic make-up: I swam Crystal the first time, when I was the passenger in Curt's boat. I can't get to Crystal without the back, or the front, of my mind remembering swimming Crystal. You know, I get my money's worth down there. It's a wild ride for me emotionally.

Last year we woke up in the morning at Mile 215, and I opened my eyes, and I was right on that bank, and the river was flowin' by. I started to cry. This year I was so eaten by mosquitoes I didn't start to cry, I got up and packed my bags, ready to go. (laughter) So there's the other reality…I talk to Regan, I talk to some of the other guys, and the notion that I've been doing the river, with interruption, for 37 years. I'm just awed by that. It's like, "Where did the years go?" And God, what a treat! What a privilege! To be that familiar with the Grand Canyon—from the bottom. To be that familiar with the river. If you took me to the rim, I wouldn't know which way to go, other than down. (chuckles)

And I have to say that along with this sort of


relationship I've had with the landscape, it wouldn't be the same without the guides. It would be different, and it doesn't appeal to me. This guy Regan is probably the oldest friend I have now. We can go ten months without talking, we went ten years without seeing each other, it didn't make a bit of difference. It's as much a part of it as the land and the water. They're the oldest relationships I have. I've known 'em all a lot longer than either of my wives. (uproarious laughter) Known 'em longer than I've known my kids, that's for sure.

Late 1970s

2007

It's the Grand Canyon, and it's raucous, it's wild, it's rough—it's soft, it's threatening. My God, this last trip, we were at Upper Olo, and were in a storm that Ote Dale said was the biggest one she can remember. It was the biggest one I can remember. And I thought to myself, "This could be it." I mean, I said to some of these people, "We were in a storm of apocalyptic proportions." I thought, "If this is how it's gonna end, this is what it's gonna look like." And the next day, you're basking in the sun, floating in the lazy current, looking at these delicate golden walls in the sunlight. Where else do you have that?

Dale: I like the intensity of it. It's always intense. I mean, even the serenity is intense.

Blaustein: Absolutely! Could not agree more.

Dale: You know, even the calm, flat, peaceful stretches are intense. Just being in the bottom of the canyon is intense—compared to being anywhere else.

Blaustein: Yeah. Regan's exactly right—it's intense. And the sense of scale and proportion you get, realizing you're this teeny little speck in a teeny little boat at the bottom of this chasm—it's humbling, makes you think.

Dale: It scared a few people—the rockfalls that night at Olo.

Blaustein: We had one in the late afternoon, along with this big waterfall directly across from us, that we all watched. "Ooo!" And right after dark, the same place, there was another one, and I jumped and *ran* up that sand dune, just figuring, "I want to be as far as I can get from it." And then it ended. The next morning, floating down below Upset, we didn't see it, but *way* down the river…Were you there? You saw that?

Dale: I saw it.

Blaustein: On Sinyala Butte.

Dale: Just off Sinyala, a piece of the Supai came off. It was probably the size of this room. (whistles)

Blaustein: It made a noise that sounded like a big bomb blast, and it made a cloud of rock dust, a white cloud of dust.

Steiger: And that was like a still, kind of clear morning?

Blaustein: Yeah. And then, probably a thousand feet lower, it made *another* cloud of dust. Did you see that when you went around? It was up in the canyon. We didn't see it at first. And those two clouds of rock dust. Whatever was there, made its mark. And you just realized… You look at every undercut ledge, and the house-sized boulders by the side of the river right below it, and you look at some place like Ten Mile Rock, and that thing didn't just come there—it fell from somewhere. I mean, you know you're talkin' millions of years, but bad luck is just that. If you're at the wrong place at the wrong time…But I can't say that's on your mind much of the time. I've seen a few rockfalls. You know that rockfall on the left above Badger? We saw that in the '70s, happen.

Steiger: No shit?! The big white streak…You guys saw that?!

Blaustein: I did, yeah. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Major…We saw that happen, we were downstream of it, and it just let go in a big chunk, and then all the little chunks, and all those white slabs, just sittin' there next to the river.

* * *

Somebody asked me the other day on a trip, "How much longer you think you're gonna be doin' this?" I didn't have a real good answer. I'd like to think for a while. I've got to say, having turned sixty…In Martin's terms, that's child's play, but Martin's one of a kind maybe. I don't mean that by turning sixty I'm over the hill or anything, but it was a landmark for me. You know, my knees aren't the best. Who knows, when all my buddies retire from doin' this, by then I may have established good relationships with some of the younger guys who I'm getting to know a little bit at a

time. I guess what I'm saying is, those relationships, the crew, it's a big part of this for me. It's not all of it—I don't mean that—but it's a big part of it. So I see doin' it for a while.

On the other hand, man, if for some reason it ended tomorrow, I'd say, "Boy, did I have a good run for my money, and boy do I feel good about that." And there isn't a day that goes by, those other eleven months of the year, that I don't think about it. You… know, you visit it in your memories, and that feels good. And you know what? It feels good just knowing it's there. I'll sit at breakfast sometimes, drinking my cup of coffee, thinking about the big hole at Crystal, just churning away.

DALE: Or Lava.

BLAUSTEIN: And Lava.

DALE: Twenty-four hours a day.

BLAUSTEIN: Twenty-four seven, that "V" wave is crunching, and that hole at the bottom, and the fifth wave at Hermit…You know, when I look online and I see the water's flowing 22,000 [CFS], I just sit there, and I know what the last five feet at the top of that wave in Hermit is doin', and I go, "Boy, I'm glad I'm not *there* now." But you know, it's just nice to know it's there. That stretch of canyon by Redwall Cavern, it's…(sigh) You know, (big sigh), it's just…. It's the Grand Canyon. A lot bigger than any of us will ever be. It's just good to know it's there.

All photos by or courtesy of John Blaustein.

Celebrate 25 Years With GCRG!

Guides Training Seminar Land Session: "Go Big or Go Home: GCRG's 25th Anniversary Celebration"

Dates: March 30–31, 2013

Place: Hatch River Expeditions warehouse in Marble Canyon

Cost: $45 unless you're sponsored by your outfitter. This event is open to the public.

See the GTS page of the GCRG website for the agenda. This will be a thematic event covering: Big Challenges, Big Changes, Big Culture, Big Plans, Big History, Big and Little Critters, Big Emergencies, Big Geology, and last but not least, Big *Fun*!!!

Bring a mug, a small chair, dress warmly and in layers and join us for the weekend.

We really encourage everyone who has been involved with GCRG over the years to attend—a quarter century of river stewardship is something to celebrate! Let's toast together!

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Dates: April 1–7 (upper half) and April 7–15 (lower half)

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Correction

In the last issue of the BQR, Volume 25:4, in the article "Long-term Change Along The Colorado River In Grand Canyon Nation Park (1889–2011)" by Robert Webb, et. al., on page 25, we accidentally placed the wrong image. Instead of the image of Bass Camp, it should have been the correct Figure 1B below. Our most sincere apologies.

Figure 1A—Prospect Canyon, mile 179.3, view up Prospect Canyon from river left. (27 February 1890). In addition to views upstream and downstream from what is now the left scout point at Lava Falls Rapid, Stanton took this image looking up Prospect Canyon. The dominant shrub is creosotebush, and many barrel cacti are visible. (R.B. Stanton 620, courtesy of the National Archives)

Figure 1B—Prospect Canyon, mile 179.3, view up Prospect Canyon from river left. (11 February 1990). A cairn was found at the site of this triple set of photographs, one of the few physical signs of the Stanton expedition left in Grand Canyon. A century later, most of the creosotebush present in 1890 persist. One or two of the barrel cacti are in the same locations of individuals in 1890 but are likely not persistent; the number of barrel cacti present 101 years later is much larger than in the original view. (R.H. Webb)

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boatman's quarterly review

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THANKS TO ALL YOU poets, photographers, writers, artists, and to all of you who send us stuff. Don't ever stop. Special thanks to the Walton Family Foundation, the Adopt-a-Boatman sponsors, "Circle of Friends" contributors, and innumerable GCRG members for their generous and much appreciated support of this publication.

Part of a Powell Ditty

IN 1948, Fanny Waugh Davis (Mrs. K. C. Davis), John Wesley Powell's nephew's widow, donated Powell's 1869 Elgin watch to Grand Canyon National Park. She also sent along a "starter on the tune" shown here, thought to have been "utilized by the Powell party" in 1871–1872 (GRCA 108601 B2 F26).