

boatman's quarterly review



Martin Litton

Prez Blurb • Farewells • Spring GTS • Quagga Mussels • Game Changer • T-shirts
Confluence • Adopt-A-Beach • Remembering Big • Granite Camp • Learning Curves
Back Of The Boat • Books • Tales From The Truck • Remembering Art-Part 1
A Call To Passion

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!
Our office location: 515 West Birch, Flagstaff, AZ 86001
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Prez Blurb

I HOPE THIS LETTER FINDS you in the middle of a peaceful winter enjoying dreams of the Canyon and the Colorado. Just about one hundred miles south of the rim, I am sitting and writing this letter in a tank top. It's early February and nearly seventy degrees. While I can't say I'm not enjoying the warm sun on bare shoulders, something just doesn't seem natural about the warm winters that have been occurring here while other areas of the country get blasted with unusual amounts of snow. It's interesting to reflect back on our country's history of development and the natural resources we used (and are using) to uphold our present standard of living. Equally intriguing is the value system we as a culture seemed to have created over the centuries to support and defend our way of living. When ideologies like "rain follows the plow" were introduced to society, our elected government chose turn a blind eye to the detailed scientific observations of a sensible John Wesley Powell. Native wisdom was discredited and ignored altogether after many tribes attempted to share their wisdom and were punished for it. From our country's inception, we began to believe that we were entitled as individuals to take full charge of our destinies and expect every freedom. On one hand, what a powerful thing to be born in a country where we are allowed such freedom and the ability to choose our way of being. However, it brings to mind the quote by Voltaire—"with great power comes great responsibility."

It seems we have come to a time in our country's history where we are becoming more mindful of how our way of living is affecting the environment that sustains us. Doesn't it seem like more and more of us in this country are perhaps beginning to make small shifts in the way we choose to live our lives so that we create less of an impact? We can do more. Individually, the more we educate ourselves on the issues impacting the places we love, the more we can do to advocate for appropriate use of our resources and protection of them for future generations. Look no further than the life of Martin Litton to recognize the power of the individual.

Martin Litton used his life, his mind and his voice to advocate for our resources without which we could not exist. Litton taught us that it is not enough only to bring awareness to our actions but to engage. Engage, inform and put forth the effort to change

Cover photo by John Blaustein

the way we do things in order to protect our finite resources. I know that we have all seen the pictures of legendary Litton, white-bearded and majestic, soaring through Grand Canyon in his dory. I think one of his most enduring legacies is that his life story can ignite our inspiration. Through the power of his conviction he brought down dams, stirred up political controversy, stood up to Walt Disney, and put Ansel Adams in his place when he neglected to see how roads would dissect one of Adams's most popular muse, Sequoia National Park. Martin Litton's full life culminated November of 2014 when he was 97. From this story, I like to imagine all that we as individuals and as a collective can accomplish. First, we must educate not only ourselves but those with whom we engage. Then, we can make informed decisions and take action. Grand Canyon River Guides and the Adaptive Management Work Group have been observing closely the development of six alternatives up for consideration for the Glen Canyon Dam Long Term Experimental and Management Plan (LTEMP) an Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) in compliance with the National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA). The alternative will be decided upon within the year and its effects will be felt for the next twenty years! Imagine what can happen in twenty years. GCRG has attended meetings and engaged in conversation with Grand Canyon National Park and Western Area Power Association (WAPA) to learn more about the alternatives and to discuss our collective values as river runners and share our intimate insights into the place we care so deeply about. It's not over yet and things are really heating up! GCRG plans to meet with other important players in this game like Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center for more conversations.

Another huge topic still on the table is the fight to protect the confluence of the Little Colorado River, arguably one of the most sacred places in Grand Canyon. As of December 18, 2014, the bill of the proposed Grand Canyon Escalade Project was being reviewed by the Navajo Nation's Department of Justice. Stay abreast of this issue by visiting the Save the Confluence website at: www.savetheconfluence.com.

As a member of GCRG, consider what you can do to support a healthy future for Grand Canyon. You can:

- Share your love and knowledge of Grand Canyon National Park with others.
- Encourage others to join GCRG.
- Share your BQR issues so that others may learn about current issues affecting Grand Canyon.
- Attend public meetings concerning the LTEMP alternatives or Confluence development. Or, attend public meetings that pertain to the conservation

and best use practices of natural places in your area.

- Write letters to politicians urging them to consider environmental impacts when creating policy.
- Ask questions. Take notes. Listen when wise and experienced environmentalists and Native leaders speak.
- Join us at the Guide Training Seminar, March 28–29, 2015. As always, Lynn Hamilton has put together a fascinating array of speakers!

There is so much to learn. I for one feel my eyes crossing occasionally as I become completely lost in a sea of acronyms and scientific data at some of these meetings. I just keep taking notes and asking questions. With Martin Litton as my inspiration, I believe that you and I and this community can do much to insure Grand Canyon's enduring legacy is secured with the utmost integrity.

I wish you an inspired winter and can't wait to share a beer (or perhaps a bit of brown water) with you at the Guide Training Seminar!

Katie Proctor

.....

Congratulations!

EMERY COLETTE SMITH (with brother Reed) was born in Kanab, UT on January 30TH to Megan and Lat Smith (CRATE & WESTERN). She weighed 7 pounds, 9 ounces and was 20 3/4 inches long.



Farewells

SHANA WATAHOMIGIE—APRIL 3, 1973—NOVEMBER 16, 2014

SHANA WATAHOMIGIE left this world too soon, too young, and so fast it is difficult to comprehend. She departed in the typical Shana style, very quietly and peacefully, with her mom, Anna, and daughter, Cree, asleep beside her. During the traditional Havasupai dusk to pre-dawn ceremony, the elders referred to her as “little sister.” Dancers, singers, and the standing room only crowd helped Shana transition from this world to the spirit world to walk alongside her beloved cousins, aunt, and uncle. Shana was that to so many of us in the Grand Canyon community—little sister, wonderful friend, inspirational woman. She loved to share the canyon, to introduce people to its beauty and treasures, and to speak its truth.

Shana’s friends teased her about having a layer in the canyon named after her, the Supai Group layer just above the Redwall Limestone (officially spelled without the “e” at the end). Like Shana, that layer is found throughout the canyon and will always be a part of it. Shana, with her long, thick, shiny black hair and big dark eyes, gorgeous cheekbones, and insanely strong legs; Shana, always beautiful, always strong, will remain part of the canyon.

Born in Tuba City, she lived most of her life on the South Rim. As a child, she explored the forests and woodlands, wandered the trails, and spent time at her Havasu Canyon homeland. When she was a little girl, she would hike to the bottom of the canyon and watch the boats go by, staring at the river, respecting its power and admiring its beauty. As a teenager and young woman, Shana was spontaneous and was always up for an adventure.

A familiar site on the South Rim was Shana driving her truck as she ran errands for friends and family, waving to everyone and loudly playing Beastie Boys and the Rolling Stones in heavy rotation. She moved away once,

to New Orleans, and returned telling everyone about the gumbo and meeting Trent Reznor from Nine Inch Nails!

Shana gave birth to her daughter Cree in 1998. Her friends say that is when Shana really came to life. Those two were inseparable. Shana would ride Cree on her bicycle, carry her on the trails, and then they walked side by side as Cree grew up. She always



photo: Amy Martin

said that Cree was her greatest achievement, her best friend, and her whole world.

Shana worked at many South Rim jobs over the years. For many of the locals, she was a fixture at Bright Angel and El Tovar, a beloved sight when you went out on the town. She loved to meet the tourists and introduce them to the canyon.

Shana became a regular in the river community after the 2004 GTS, when she became the very first Native American Boatman Program intern. Shana felt at home on the river and at the bottom of the canyon already, but the internship provided hands-on river guiding experience and she treasured the opportunity. She loved the movement of the oars and the physical and mental strength she gained from sitting



photo: Amy Martin

behind them.

She was most proud of her time as the first Native American river ranger for Grand Canyon National Park and did many of her trips with Brenton White. A passenger once asked Brenton if he had ever taken anyone famous down the river. Brenton replied, "Of course! I've taken royalty down, a sweet Havasupai princess named Shana." During those years, Shana met and touched many people in the river community. She was quiet, but when she spoke it meant something. Her calm nature and kind spirit put nervous passengers at ease.

Shana participated in the 2006 filming of *Grand Canyon Adventure: River at Risk*—an IMAX movie designed to inspire us to conserve and preserve water, something Shana was passionate about.

Cree is sixteen now and she walks in her mother's footsteps—literally—throughout the village, at basketball games, and on the trails. Cree worked as part of the Youth Conservation Corps in 2013 and Shana was so proud to watch her learn plant names and hike across the canyon. Shana's truck is still parked at Supai camp, and soon we hope to see Cree driving it, waving as she takes her grandma, Anna, to

the grocery store. A few weeks ago Cree adopted a dog, and aptly named him River.

Shana was a well-known and loved member of the Grand Canyon community. She is so missed, but we will carry her with us.

Lori Makarick

*I hear your laugh in the wind
I feel your smile in the sunshine
Your eyes in the water
You were here to observe, live, love and
impact
For only a short while I had the privilege
To love you and call you Mom
But home is calling
& until my time to join you,
I will find you in the stars
Your spirit in the canyon
And your heart in the waterfalls*

—CREE WATAHOMIGIE

KAREN REYES—OCTOBER 20, 1972—FEBRUARY 7, 2015

KAREN REYES wielded an amazing and magnetic smile (at times pretty deviously). This inspiring woman (all buck twenty five of her) could pull a 22-foot snout oar boat down the right side of Crystal Rapid and change out a four-stroke motor while floating down the Colorado River!

Karen Michelle Bellinger Reyes was born in Boston, Massachusetts to Bobbie and Jean. She always followed her heart, intuition and dreams.

Among Karen's biggest passions was her family, including daughter, Sylvia, and step-daughter, Savannah, both with Grand Canyon trips under their belts at a young age. Outside life was paramount to Karen. She was always planning hiking, skiing, or some other adventure for the girls when not on the river.

She grew up in Ogdensburg, New York, on the Canadian border.



photo: Don Roberts

Throughout school, Karen was well liked and made many friends. She was a little reserved around most people and only close friends knew her true self. She was on the swim team in high school and liked to ice skate. She was known in school as "PITA" (Pain In The Ass), an affectionate nickname. Her senior quote in the yearbook

was "Is it fate or random chance, when destinies collide? All the odds are against you, but somehow you survive by Triumph." During her senior year of high school, she moved to Florida, leaving her parents' home and starting a new life on her terms, establishing what would become...Soooo Karen!

—Angela Popple

Affiliated with Marriott Hotels, she applied for transfer and moved to Page, AZ, where she started dating Mike Reyes and began a career guiding river trips in the Grand Canyon with Wilderness River Adventures.

Karen and Mike were married in 1996 in an event sure to go down in the boatmen record

books. It took place on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon at Fire Point in a spectacular place they loved. There was love, laughter, a dance floor and a disco ball! It was a gathering like no other, in spite of logistics!

Karen and Mike moved to Durango, Colorado, a locale where outdoors and rivers could remain close and near to their hearts. There she pursued a lifelong dream of owning a flower shop. She operated Forget-Me-Not Flowers and Gifts in Durango with the same dedication and passion she held for her river career.

Like most of us in the river community, she couldn't let go entirely and continued to work as a river guide for Diamond River Adventures and doing Grand Canyon science trips.

She was blessed with her daughter, Sylvia Reyes. Karen adored being a mother. She continued her passions of hiking, boating on the Animas and spending time with Sylvia and her dogs.

Karen is the water in the river. Always flowing, carving out new territory with every drop. Each welcoming touch of water on the banks allows for movement of the sediment that never really settles. She loved deeply, however movement kept her alive. She cared for her daughters, her dogs and her friends. —Denise Pruett

She recently laughed with her childhood friend Angela, when Karen was trying to explain to her east coast friend that she was living in a Yurt. "A what???"

Karen's face made the most captivating expressions. Dropping into a serious rapid it was hard, determined, no smile, and no trace of fear (even though her hands shook). Crashing a hole brought a huge grin. In recent days I've been reading about her loving dedication as mother to Silvia and Savannah, and her prowess in all dimensions of being a badass river guide. Yes, she was superwoman twice over, but there were many more threads to her life. Here was a businesswomen, a bartender, model, flutist, massage therapist, and landscaper, interested in geology and spirituality, volunteer with disabled sports programs, who was learning to fly! It is important to recognize Karen overcame obstacles in life by purposely cultivating her own best qualities, rising above challenges that might have defeated a lesser spirit. The Karen I know always kept it fun, made it work, and made it count."—Steve Parmenter

She is survived by her daughter, Sylvia and her stepdaughter, Savannah, former spouse Mike Reyes, her mom, Jean, her stepfather, Brent, her dad, Bobby, a sister, Andrea, and her boyfriend, Dave—and also countless friends and family from all walks of her life.

Karen, you were loved by so many and will be missed forever!

*Katie Woodard with
Ashley Peak, Karl MacDonald
and Mike Reyes*

Mark Your Calendars!—Spring GTS

BACKCOUNTRY FOOD MANAGER'S COURSE

- Friday, March 27, 2015.
- 10:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M. at Hatch River Expeditions warehouse in Marble Canyon, AZ. Please arrive early.
- To register contact: mgaither@coconino.az.gov.
- Cost: \$18.
- Bring a chair, mug, bag lunch, and your driver's license (ID is required).
- Dress warmly and in layers (the warehouse can be chilly).

GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR LAND SESSION

The primary theme of this GTS is *Canyon and River Heritage*, including a special tribute to river icon Martin Litton. You can also meet river legend Katie Lee and see slides of her 1953 Grand Canyon trip, check out a presentation about the blind kayaking

adventure, hear a talk by the great great grandson of Captain Jack Sumner of the 1869 Powell expedition, and much more! Native foods, lots of other fascinating talks, plus we get to rock out to the roots/rock-Americana sound of The Shiners on Saturday night. GTS 2015 will be one for the history books! Don't miss it! By the way, both days will be *very* worth your time, so please be courteous to our speakers and stay for the duration.

- Saturday and Sunday, March 28–29 Land Session (note: we will also have dinner on Friday night for anyone arriving early).
- 8:00 A.M. till whenever (at Hatch River Expeditions warehouse in Marble Canyon, AZ).
- Cost: \$45 (includes all meals from Friday night dinner through lunch on Sunday).
- If you're sponsored by an outfitter, just let Lynn

know. If not, you can send in a check or register/ pay online on the GTS page of our website.

- Open to the public—come one, come all!
- Bring a chair, a mug, dress warmly and in layers.
- As soon as we have a draft agenda, we will post it on the GTS page of our website.

GUIDES TRAINING SEMINAR RIVER SESSION

- April 1–7, 2015 (upper half)—\$275
- April 7–15, 2015 (lower half)—\$350
- For guides who have work in the canyon for the 2015 river season.

- If you're sponsored, let Lynn know, and your outfitter will pick up the tab. If not, then you'll need to go to the GTS page of the GCRG website to see if you meet freelance requirements and download the application.
- All GTS river trip participants must be current members of GCRG.
- This is the only fully cooperative training trip on the water. Whether you're experienced or a new guide—this is the training trip for you!

One More Level of Protection—Clean, Drain and Dry

HUMANS HAVE LONG INFLUENCED the ecology and dynamics of the Grand Canyon ecosystem. Tamarisk growth along the banks, historic water level marks and even the sheer number of river runners that annually float the Grand Canyon are all signs of this influence. As people settle into new regions, often we bring with us our favorite plants and animals for enjoyment and use. This introduction of species to a new location is a long ingrained human activity. This is also the common history for many invasive species. An invasive species is an introduced plant, animal or microbe that causes economic and ecological harm. The issue of invasive species is not new for the Canyon, yet perhaps a conversation on preventing their spread is timely. Sometimes these knowingly transported species can aggressively take over in a new locale and can become impossible to control. In other situations, humans inadvertently move species around through overland travel or global activities. One invasive species has been particularly damaging in the United States—freshwater dreissenid mussels, specifically quagga and zebra mussels. Invasive quagga and zebra mussels were unintentionally brought to North America via the shipping industry and have since

caused significant ecological and economic harm as they spread across the United States. Quagga mussels can filter significant amounts of water (roughly one liter per day) causing shifts in the food web. Further their ability to rapidly colonize hard surfaces has negatively impacted water intake structures, like pipes and screens, resulting in huge economic burden.

In November 2014, invasive quagga mussels (*Dreissena rostriformis bugensis*) were found below Glen Canyon Dam in the Lees Ferry area. Quagga mussels have been in Lake Powell since 2013, but finding healthy viable adult mussels living in the Colorado River today shows us they can survive the ride through the dam. The discovery of mussels in the Lees Ferry section also means that quagga mussels can move downstream with the flow of the river.



photo: Leah Elwell

and also on or in rafts, dories and other river running gear. A 2007 U.S. Geological Survey report suggested that the likelihood of establishment of quagga mussels within the Colorado River's Grand Canyon was high within the Lees Ferry section and dropping off in reaches below Lees Ferry due to the suspended sediments and turbulence in the main river. Since that report, scientific observations elsewhere in the United States have, in some cases, defied what researchers and

managers expected in the North American invasion of this species. Observations of the mussel continue to show its fantastic ability to survive a wide range of environmental conditions and in new types of habitats. To assume that we can know the outcome or impacts of quagga mussels in the Grand Canyon would be futile, however to better understand our current knowledge and take simple precautions in order to prevent further spread is reasonable. The actions of Clean, Drain and Dry are a natural step for river runners to incorporate into the care of their gear and prevent the spread of not only quagga mussels but all invasive species.



photo: Leah Elwell



photo: Stephen Buff

QUAGGA MUSSELS AND BOATS

Quagga and zebra mussels originated in the Baltic Sea and Europe. They are small freshwater mussels (the size of your thumb nail or smaller) that have successfully spread through major water ways of the Great Lakes region through ballast water and shipping activities. Once they were established in the United States, quagga and zebra mussels continued to spread via trailered recreational boats. Trailered boats are a primary means for overland movement of aquatic invasive species and consequently these boats have been a major target for natural resource managers to limit the spread of mussels and other invasive species. Rigorous programs that perform inspections on all kinds of recreational watercraft have influenced western region management programs. Increasingly state fish and wildlife agencies and other entities perform inspections in this prevention effort.

The life cycle of the dreissenid mussel also plays an

important role in its spread. The early larval stage of the mussel is referred to as a veliger. Veligers are microscopic and free-swimming in the water column. Places that can collect water in your boat, become places veligers can survive and ultimately can be moved to a new body of water. Any type of boat or equipment that comes in contact with waters known to be infested with mussels can pose a risk in transporting larval mussels. Adult mussels attach to hard surfaces (i.e. the hull of a boat) and can survive many days out of water depending on the air temperature. Given sufficient time, adults will

find any available surface within the boat to colonize. So, moored boats from known mussel infested waters pose a particular risk in transporting adult mussels. Adults mussels can easily survive a cross country trip attached to a boat and find new waters to invade.

WESTERN HISTORY ON QUAGGA MUSSELS

In September 1989, the quagga mussel was first sighted in the United States, when one was found near Port Colborne, Lake Erie. In 1995, quagga mussels were found outside the Great Lakes basin in the Mississippi River between St. Louis, Missouri, and Alton, Illinois. As the quagga and zebra mussels continued to spread throughout the Great Lakes and Mississippi River basins, natural resource managers anticipated that the spread of dreissenid mussels across the United States was inevitable. In fact stakeholder meetings held in Utah in 1998 predicted that Lake Powell would be the first body of water in the west to be infested with the quagga mussels. Defying popular belief among managers, the first population of quagga mussels

in the west was actually found in Lake Mead near Boulder City, Nevada, in January 2007; though it is widely agreed that the mussels had arrived at Mead perhaps as early as 2005. Lake Havasu and Lake Mohave on the California/Arizona border were also found to be infested with quagga mussels in 2007. These 2007 discoveries of quagga mussels were a large geographic jump in their range from the Midwest. There was much cause for concern as these western water bodies represented quintessential water supplies and harbored endangered fishes. At this time Glen Canyon National Recreation Area was engaged in proactive monitoring for the invasive mussels but it was not until 2013 that Glen Canyon confirmed quagga mussels were present at Lake Powell.

EFFORTS IN THE REGION TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF MUSSELS

The threat of quagga and zebra mussel invasion has prompted the creation of many boat inspection programs. The southwestern states of Arizona, Utah, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico and California all have active boat inspection programs that you may have already experienced. In some cases you may encounter a border inspection station or possibly one at a boat ramp. There have been laws enacted that are directly related to dreissenid mussels. Arizona law requires that all boaters must remove visible materials from the boat, pull their drain plug and dry their boat when leaving mussel infested waters. Similarly in Utah, boaters are required to inspect and remove materials, and drain all water from boats. The surrounding National Park Service areas, Lake Mead and Glen Canyon Recreation Areas, have been managing quagga mussels in cooperation with the neighboring states. The National Park Service operates under proprietary jurisdiction at Glen Canyon and has no jurisdictional authority to enforce state laws regarding exiting watercraft at Lake Powell or Lees Ferry. State officers

retain full authority to enforce state laws within Glen Canyon National Recreation Area boundaries. Often non-motorized boaters believe that inspection programs are for motorized boats only, but in reality they apply to all recreational boaters.

HOW MUSSELS AFFECT YOU AND THE CANYON

Certainly river runners have long taken steps to protect the unique environment of the Canyon, but those steps are typically done throughout the trip (e.g. camp kitchen cleanliness, portable toilets, fire pans, etc). As boaters and river runners, the best steps that can be taken to prevent the spread of invasive species are simply to *clean, drain and dry* your gear after every trip. The steps are really that easy. *Clean* means to take a few moments to go around your entire boat, removing any visible plant or dirt material, and leave it right at the takeout. Take a bucket and rinse interior and hull of the boat. Make sure all standing water can *drain* out of your boat or other gear that can collect water. Finally thoroughly *dry* your boat and all equipment. Dry times can vary and will depend on the time of year. Obviously summer temperatures will allow equipment to dry quickly.

The quagga mussel is a highly successful invasive species and steps should be taken to help prevent its spread. Keep in mind, your actions of cleaning gear prevent more than just the spread mussels. Think about your role as a boater who actively cleans their gear to prevent the spread of *any* invasive species. Clean, Drain, Dry—to help prevent the spread of invasive species.

Some helpful resources to learn more about this issue:

- Arizona Game and Fish Department: http://www.azgfd.gov/h_f/aquatic_invasive_species.shtml
- Utah Division of Wildlife: <http://wildlife.utah.gov/invasive-mussels.html>
- Glen Canyon National Recreation Area: <http://www.nps.gov/glca/naturescience/mussel-update.htm> 100th Meridian Initiative: <http://www.100thmeridian.org/>
- 100th Meridian Initiative Drying Time Calculator: <http://www.100thmeridian.org/Emersion.asp>

Leah Elwell
INVASIVE SPECIES ACTION NETWORK,
PROGRAM DIRECTOR



A Game Changer for Grand Canyon River Guides

IT WAS AN UTTERLY NORMAL DAY in our tiny GCRG office. Emails were flying fast and furious, files littering the desk—and then we received a phone call that changed everything. The only way I can come close to characterizing this astounding news is that it was akin to having the Publisher’s Clearinghouse guy come to your door with a big fat check, catching you in your pajamas. Your jaw drops wide open, your eyes bug out of your head, and you simply can’t believe it. But then you realize it really *is* true, and you dance around the room whooping like a mad woman.

Ok, enough suspense. What was the earth shattering news? An anonymous donor has set up a trust for Grand Canyon River Guides with a \$100,000 gift. If you’re wondering if I’m getting carried away with the zeros, I kid you not! The interest (a minimum of \$3,000 per year) will be distributed annually to GCRG until the donor’s passing (a long time from now), after which we will have access to the principal under very specific guidelines that are governed by the trust documents and managed by a trustee.

This amazingly generous and out-of-the blue donation is designed to support GCRG’s three biggest programs and areas of expense: the *Boatman’s Quarterly Review*, our annual Guides Training Seminar, and office/administrative costs. We expect the first interest distribution in December of 2015 and will submit annual reporting (through an intermediary) at the end of each fiscal year. All small, cost-conscious nonprofits dream of this type of substantial gift which will provide yearly income, as well as long-term capital to help secure the financial stability of the organization.



Those of us at GCRG are beyond thrilled and honored—we are incredibly humbled by this news and we are overwhelmed with a profound sense of responsibility. But does this mean that we no longer need your help? No, we will always need your staunch support through memberships and donations. Does this change who we are? No, absolutely not. We still need each and every one of you to keep the GCRG ticking and to stay strong.

In fact, we sincerely hope this wonderful news inspires each and every one of you to do something similar in whatever capacity you can. Look for those opportunities to really make a difference and act on them. Direct your passion and your resources in positive and lasting ways!

Our organization has become such an enduring protector and passionate steward of the Colorado River experience in Grand Canyon, and a unifying force in the river community for over 26 years now. It completely energizes us to know that other people feel that way too, and want to support our efforts, not just now, but well into the future. And that’s what this donation really does—it ensures that GCRG can keep on doing our critical work on behalf of Grand Canyon and the river we love.

GCRG founder Kenton Grua must be pumping his fist and toasting us right now, while shaking his head in complete amazement. And as for me, I’m still pinching myself and hoping I don’t wake up from this beautiful dream. All I can say to this anonymous donor from the bottom of my heart (and from all of us at GCRG) is this: We don’t know you, but we love you! Grand Canyon River Guides will endeavor to live up to your expectations and your firm belief in our organization. We salute your generosity and foresight in supporting a small non-profit that does big things with heart and passion, balanced by a thoughtful, high-road approach. We will forge ahead with renewed vigor and continue to make a positive difference for Grand Canyon and the Colorado River.

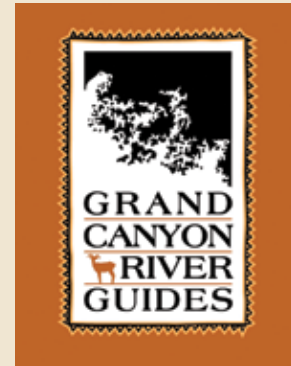
Overall, Grand Canyon River Guides will be far better prepared for what comes around the bend, or in our case, the next big rapid. We sincerely thank you! A game changer indeed.

Lynn Hamilton, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
And the Officers and Directors of
Grand Canyon River Guides

New GCRG T-shirts—Available in March!

CHECK OUT GCRG'S NEW "Save the Confluence" t-shirts that will be ready by the end of March, just in time for the Guides Training Seminar. The shirts were designed by GCRG member Lee Bennion. She said, "I wanted to somehow reflect the native peoples in this design as this is their sacred place. As river runners we are blessed to be able to pass by and sometimes stop at the Confluence. We appreciate that and we love this place too. Most of the photos of the Confluence I have seen are from the air or the rim looking down. This view point is beautiful, stunning, but as river people we more often than not see

the Confluence from the river. I wanted my design to share that view we have as we float along the line where the rivers mix. Magic, Sacred, Beautiful. It must be kept clean from the chaos of materialism that is Escalade.



Front pocket.



Back of t-shirt.

A 4,000 Square-Foot Crapper? Update From Save the Confluence Coalition

TEN-THOUSAND TRAM-RIDERS a day will need a hefty honey bucket to handle their crap. In addition to a 4,000 square-foot “restroom facility,” Grand Canyon Escalade promoters plan to build food and beverage, retail, and other structures at the bottom of Grand Canyon, just upriver from the Colorado’s confluence with the Little Colorado River.

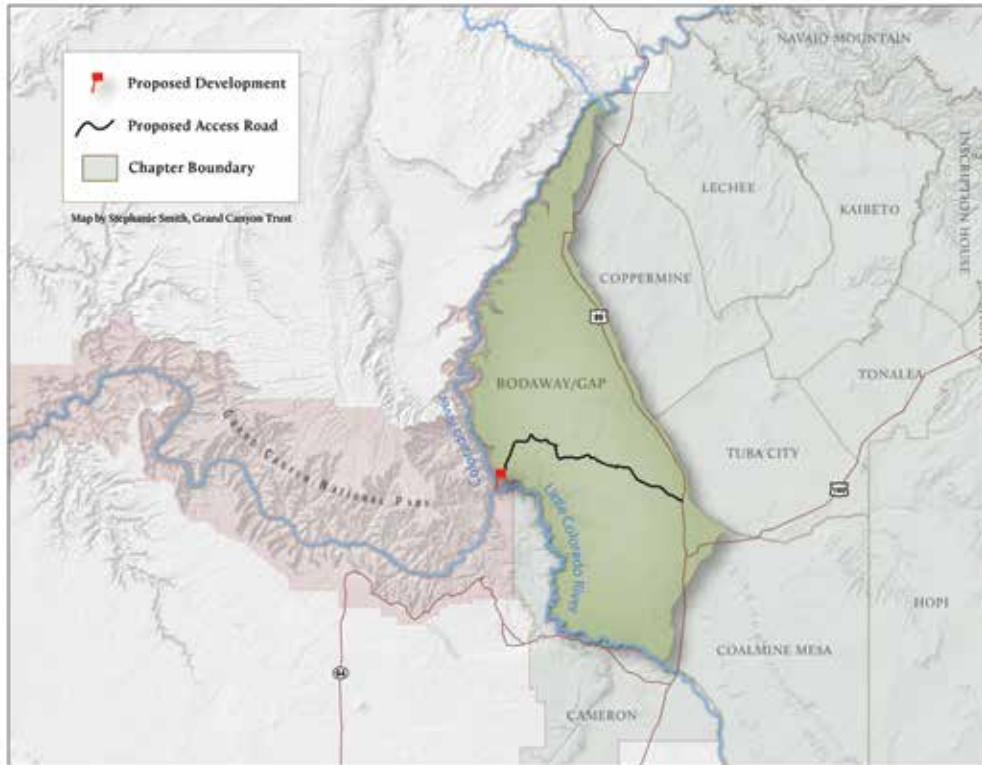
anyone’s guess where it will go from there.

Other issues are pooping on the profiteers’ parade. Navajo citizens are taking issue with Whitmer’s empty promises. Escalade ads say it will bring a “brighter future” to western Navajo communities, but details of their plan suggest something darker.

In late November, the *Navajo Times* reported:

“The “Grand Canyon Escalade project is all but guaranteed, according to President Ben Shelly’s special advisor Deswood Tome.” To bolster his claim, Tome gave the reporter a copy of the secretly negotiated agreement between developers and President Shelly’s office as well as a copy of legislation that the Navajo Nation Council would need to approve before the project can proceed.

Tome said that outgoing Council Delegate Duane Tsiniginie, who represented the Bodaway-Gap



A recent brochure from Lamar Whitmer and his “Confluence Partners” promises big profits from “new visitor market growth potential for an innovative, safe, affordable, once-in-a-lifetime excursion.” Like Skywalk, it says that Escalade will offer underserved consumers “the unique ability to view the canyon from the rim.” But unlike its competitor, visitors will get a view from “the river’s edge on the Canyon floor without hiking for hours or the trouble of riding a mule, or buying an expensive river rafting trip.”

Escalade’s proposed “master agreement” with the Navajo Nation (which was only recently made public) does not include any sewage treatment facilities—either down by the river or up top, where another 60,000-plus square-foot of commercial space would be built. Perhaps deadheading gondolas will ferry compactor bags of human waste out of the canyon. It’s

Chapter where Escalade is proposed, would introduce the bill to approve Escalade in December. But Tsiniginie balked, and his replacement was sworn in on January 13. Tuchoney Slim, the new representative, is supportive of Save the Confluence family members’ campaign to “stop the land grab.” To date, no sponsor has stepped forward to introduce the legislation, especially since terms of the agreement were leaked.

The agreement requires the Navajo Nation to pay at least \$65 million to bring water, electricity, and a paved road to the proposed Escalade site. A “covenant not to compete” prohibits local jewelry vendors and other businesses from setting up shop on more than 50,000 acres along Highway 89 and the access road to Escalade. Local residents and grazing permit holders were never consulted, nor have they granted permission for the 420 acres in question to be used



While approval of Escalade is stalled within the Navajo legislative process, the Save the Confluence coalition is building a strong defense in case such approval was ever secured. More than thirty grazing permit holders are prepared to file an injunction against a vote to approve the land withdrawal for failing to obtain their approval, as required by Navajo law. Hopi leaders, who voted unanimously against Escalade when it was first proposed, stand ready to ensure that the Inter-Tribal Compact—sanctioned under a federal consent decree that lifted the Bennett Freeze—is enforced. The compact requires Hopi and Navajo approval of any development within mapped areas of cultural significance. Escalade’s proposed location is clearly within a delineated cultural area where prior approval by Hopi is mandated.

Despite reassuring signs of Escalade’s demise, Lamar Whitmer has doubled down on efforts to keep his champion Ben Shelly in as “interim President,” while last-year’s botched election is being rescheduled. Meanwhile, thirteen new delegates have taken positions within the 24-member council. Whitmer has reportedly hired at least one outgoing council member to

for commercial development or for many miles of right-of-way. Failure to allow prior review by the Navajo Nation Historic Preservation Office and other appropriate agencies appear to be sticking points. These may be preventing the bill from being officially released for public review and consideration by the council.

In return for enacting the developer-written legislation, the Navajo Nation would receive a maximum of eighteen percent of gross revenues if attendance exceeds two million, a figure that would drop to eight percent if visitation falls below 800,000. Such uncertainty must be as concerning to investors as it is to Navajo legislators. No revenues would be returned for decades if the Navajo Nation fails to build and maintain supporting infrastructure and investors are required to pay for water, power, and roads. The Bodaway-Gap Chapter and other local governments would be prohibited from taxing any earnings, nor would affected communities be guaranteed any direct benefits. These exclusions fly in the face of a resolution by Bodaway-Gap requiring that 25 percent of all revenues to be returned to the Chapter.

help keep his scheme alive. He and his partners are again working every eddy and back channel to finagle Escalade’s approval by the new council.

Escalade’s business plan is a crap shoot: the lure of lucre blinds us to devastating losses. Like carnival barkers, they promise big benefits but demand tribute to pay for infrastructure. They divide families. They make maddening claims—that Escalade protects nearby sacred areas and prayer sites; that the tramway will open access to a place where only the elite are now allowed to play. They disenfranchise local residents, discount harms to Grand Canyon National Park, and discredit Hopi, Navajo, Zuni, and other native claims to cultural patrimony of place. But effective opposition by Save the Confluence families is taking a bite out of their bark.

Hubris has a long history of failure in our region. Nonetheless, profiteers are still pecking away at Grand Canyon’s sacred places. Once lost, wilderness and spiritual spaces cannot be replaced. Thanks for your ongoing interest and support.

Roger Clark

Adopt-A-Beach

GREETINGS FROM THE GCRG Adopt-A-Beach (AAB) repeat photography program. I hope you are all anticipating an active and exciting 2015 river season.

First, I want to sincerely thank all of the volunteers for their time and effort in documenting beaches in the Grand Canyon last year. There are now more than 750 new images from 2014 stored in our database, which averages to more than seventeen additional photos per each of the 44 camps we are tracking. What a treasure! The first images acquired were taken in February and the most recent are from mid-October which gives an outstanding documentation of flow levels and events through the year.

That's all good and well, but here's the pitch. We need more dedicated and conscientious volunteers to take photos in the coming years. The AAB program was created to document and reveal possible changes associated with a major shift in dam operations, that is, the 1996 Beach Habitat Building Flow and subsequent flow regimes. It appears that we are quite possibly headed into a new era of river release regiment and inevitable changes to the beaches along the Colorado when the Long Term Experimental and Management Plan (LTEMP) for Glen Canyon Dam comes into effect in the near future. Many of the alternatives dictate changes that can seriously alter the beaches we inhabit each summer. It's time to renew our efforts and get a start on whatever the LTEMP results may have in store.

You can join the ranks of dedicated photographers who helped visually record the place we hold in such esteem. Envision what a void there would be if people like Hillers, Stanton, Cogswell, the Kolbs, La Rue, P.T. Reilly, and others had decided that a few paragraphs in a journal were adequate, that photographs just weren't worth the effort.

Okay! Okay! So I got a little dramatic. But still, add your name to the list. Volunteer as a photographer for the AAB program and see if it doesn't make you feel just a bit more in touch with our world down there. And tell the dam operators We Are Watching!

Before I forget, come to the GTS this spring to see how the results of the first five High Flow Experiments compare as revealed by the AAB photo record.

Zeke Lauck

ADOPT-A-BEACH—2014 SEASON		
CAMP NAME	RIVER MILE	ADOPTER
SOAP CREEK	11.3	Zeke Lauck
12.4 MILE	12.4 L	Celia & Robert Southwick
HOT NA NA	16.6 L	Orea Roussis/Glenn Goodrich
19.4 MILE	19.4 L	Kevin Johnson
UPPER NORTH CANYON	20.7 R	Bert Jones
23 MILE CAMP	22.7 L	Zeke Lauck
SHINUMO WASH	29.4 L	Tess McEnroe
THE NAUULOIDS	35.0 L	Mike & Kathy Hipsher
TATAHATSO	37.9 L	Greg Woodall/Christa Sadler
MARTHA'S	38.6 L	Bruce Keller
BUCK FARM	41.2 R	Laura Fallon
NEVILLS	76.1 L	Larry Hopkins
HANCE	77.1 L	Zeke Lauck
GRAPEVINE	81.7 L	Glade Zarn
CLEAR CREEK	84.5 R	Katie Proctor
ZOROASTER	84.9 L	Kelly Williams
TRINITY CREEK	92.0 R	Andre Potochnik
SCHIST	96.5 L	Jenn Boyd
BOUCHER	97.2 L	Zeke Lauck
CRYSTAL	98.7 R	Levi Jamison
LOWER TUNA	100.1 L	Zeke Lauck
ROSS WHEELER	108.3 L	Ariel Anderson
BASS	109.0 R	Tom Schragger
110 MILE	109.9 R	GCV/Greg Woodall/Christa Sadler
THE GARNETS	115.0 R	Larry Hopkins/Paul McCloskey
BELOW BEDROCK	131.7 R	Kevin Johnson
STONE CREEK	132.4 R	Bob Dye
TALKING HEADS	133.6 L	Matt Herrman
RACETRACK	134.1 R	Glenn Goodrich/Orea Roussis
LOWER TAPEATS	134.5 R	Kevin Greiff/Greg Woodall/Christa Sadler
OWL EYES	135.1 L	Mike & Kathy Hipsher
BACKEDDY	137.7 L	Chelsea DeWeese
KANAB	144.0 R	Owen Ludwig
OLO	146.0 L	Amity Collins
MATKAT HOTEL	148.9 L	Andre Potochnik
UPSET HOTEL	150.7 L	Glade Zarn
LAST CHANCE	156.2 R	Laura Chamberlin
TUCKUP	165.1 R	Chelsea DeWeese
UPPER NATIONAL	167.0 L	Latimer Smith
LOWER NATIONAL	167.1 L	Latimer Smith
TRAVERTINE FALLS	230.6 L	Matt Robinson
GNEISS	236.0 R	Chris Vail/Matt Robinson
250 MILE	250.0 R	Chris Vail/Matt Robinson/John Bain

Note: the list above reflects all the primary adopters, although we realize that the AAB packets got passed around a bit. So thanks to the rest of you who helped out with our program!



Schist Camp. May 18, 2014



Schist Camp. September 9, 2014

Remembering Big: A Brief, Yet Mostly True, Account of the Life Cycle of River Stories, Yarns, and Other Confabulations

I don't exaggerate; I just remember big.
—Attributed to Mark Twain

RARELY DO MOUNTAIN tales reach the sheer hyperbolic volume that seems to accompany river narratives. Why this is so remains something of a mystery. Likely the higher altitudes dampen one's capacity for exaggeration when the memory of taking a breath or one more painful step requires herculean effort. Generally speaking, the margin between life and



death (even on modest “backyard” mountains like Oregon’s Mt. Hood) is thinner in the vertical realm than in the horizontal. Maybe it’s as simple as the fact that rivers descend and invite lazy, fun-loving, fair weather wastrels with time on their hands while mountains ascend subject to ever-changing weather conditions, thus demanding a sturdiness of soul and body of participants foreign to river runners.

But just how do those ubiquitous river sagas start, let alone offer themselves so willingly to overstatement and gross exaggeration? Tall Canyon tales of slick runs,



near misses, ferocious rapids, lost boats, pilot errors, epic drunks, and brushes with a liquid death litter the story-telling waterscape. All too often it is difficult to separate the factual wheat from the fictional chaff. Unless forced upon an unsuspecting relative or a bar patron whose tolerance for repetition borders on the saintly, most of these creatures thankfully remain lodged in storyteller purgatory—a Dante’s River Inferno of whispered monologues and lost heroic deeds—forever in search of an admiring audience.

Those river stories that do somehow survive and crawl toward adolescence, however, emerge stronger. They attract a smaller, but far more appreciative audience. Having passed through a daunting evolutionary gauntlet of unnatural humiliation and continual indifference, they have been stripped of their narrative fat, seemingly reduced to bone and marrow. Ironically, these lean tales retain a chameleon strand of DNA in their genetic makeup: the ability to absorb an unnerving degree of embellishment which washes off after each telling. Often a storyteller will find his or her own tale being repeated, virtually unrecognizable.



Sooner or later, however, these survivor confabulations spill beyond the borders of their local habitats. Like river water, they initially seek the path of least resistance. Passengers, guides, boaters, rangers, fishermen, shuttle drivers—anyone frequenting the river corridor—joyfully carry the seeds of these sagas out into the world free of charge. They disperse the kernel-like anecdotes on take-outs, in bars, at parties and dinner tables, while standing in line, during pillow talk, on smoke breaks or long night drives beneath a full moon. This, of course, was a time, long ago and far away, before...the Internet, Facebook, Twitter, and



GoPro. Where once stories spread at the speed of, well, a leaking dory rowed by a hung-over boatman battling an upstream summer wind with four large passengers, now tales race out of the ether tsunami-like, fast and furious, 24/7, 365 days a year.

If the mystifying right conditions prevail, the boldest of the offspring of fact and fiction speed toward the final frontier: legend. Of course many stories are called, but few are chosen to cross over into the sacred realm of river myth. As much as they intrigue us, they also defy explanation. Why one and not another?



Quite by chance I was fortunate to witness the raw, bloody, quasi-verbal moment of story conception between two boatmen. (Who knows if the story perished there on the beach, or transcended its new-born limitations?)

This series of photos was taken at Lower Lava beach (before the festivities commenced) in the early 1980s. If, as they say, one picture is worth a thousand words, here are five-thousand more words that echo all the magnificent balderdash you've ever heard, or found yourself spouting, about the River.

Vince Welch

Granite Camp — An Update from the Field

AS MOST OF YOU KNOW, we began the Granite Camp Pilot Stewardship Project during the summer of 2012. During the first three years of the project, hundreds of guides volunteered to serve as site stewards—removing tamarisk, planting native plants, and watering the site to keep those plants alive! As usual, the river community demonstrated its support for campsite restoration projects and we thank you!

We learned a lot from this project and will incorporate the lessons into future riparian restoration efforts along the river corridor. We will remove exotic plants and fend off the encroaching arrowweed at the site again this year. We will also continue the battle with the beaver, who visit the site to get their willow and cottonwood fix. We have a few more Goodding's willow and cottonwood trees busting out of their pots at park's native plant nursery—we hope to get them in the ground this April, filling in the shade and habitat at the upper end of the camp and replacing some beaver damaged trees.

Most of the plants are surviving on their own and will not require supplemental watering—a sign of success! This year we need help watering the trees—but not the full site, so it should be pretty quick. The ammo can will be next to the sign again this year—if you water, please write down your name in the notebook. We will leave instructions in the can. Please take your trips to the site and give them a tour even if you don't stop to water—it is a great way to inspire and educate your passengers and crew members!

Thank you again to all who participated in the project over the past few years and we look forward to working with even more guides in the future!

Lori Makarick

VEGETATION PROGRAM MANAGER

Learning Curves— Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship

KENTON GRUA HAD DOUBTS about the theory of plate tectonics. He wondered if giant convection currents might be bubbling up from below, rather than ordinary old plates passively sliding around on the surface. Crazy? Maybe, maybe not. Kenton wasn't in the habit of letting thoughts just drift away, certainly not one this big. You had to take Kenton seriously because after all he was *The Factor*. He'd been first to hike the full length of Grand Canyon; with two others in 1983, he set the speed record for rowing the Canyon: 37 hours. Think about it: 37 hours from Lees Ferry to the Grand Wash Cliffs. Rowing. He'd lasted only a few months in college back in the '60s, but his wife Michelle wonders if he would have gone back in order to pursue his notions about convection currents. Yes, the letters would have looked nice next to his name: Dr. Factor. But in 2002, Factor, age 52, died unexpectedly while bicycling on Mt. Elden. Suddenly our world seemed a little flatter, a little less vibrant.

Johnny Janssen and Sandy Reiff weren't willing to watch Factor's legacy slip away. Michelle Grua, Jon Stoner, and Roberta Motter were Whale Foundation board members who transformed Janssen and Reiff's early ideas into the Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship to aid boatmen whose lives were in transition. So far, 32 Grand Canyon guides have received these scholarships toward careers beyond the river—nursing, writing, engineering, whatever. Here's the deal: if you've guided on the Grand for five full seasons and if you're serious about pursuing a new career above the rim, the Whale Foundation might be able to contribute a couple grand toward the cost of your education.

Those are the facts, but how does this fit into your life? Maybe it doesn't. Maybe you've been on the river for a year now and got the world by the tail: your own boat, a shot at being head boatman, amazing compadres, a great life. You could do this summer after summer, years without end into the future.

But maybe instead you've been down on the ditch for a decade and things are beginning to look a little different. It's not quite as much fun. You're spending all your summers making other people happy. Has it come down to this: burn out? After rowing for AZRA for a decade, Craig Ahrens understood that the job required more than just smiling at passengers; it's tough physical work. If something goes wrong and you aren't able to pull your weight, there's always someone

else coming up through the ranks who will. In 2007 Ben Hanel realized that everything had changed the moment he lifted a heavy block of ice the wrong way. Jon Olivera had always pushed hard for Hatch, so he assumed that his passengers wouldn't notice when, behind his sunglasses, he would daydream about life and friends back up on the rim. He wasn't quite all there anymore.

No doubt about it—some boatmen are meant to be on the water, now and just about forever. Drifter Smith, Dave Edwards, and I started rowing Havasus for AZRA in 1979. I left and went to medical school; Drifter and Dave stayed on the river. Their lives have been blessed with a lot of big water and wonderful passengers. It's been a great run. But Craig Ahrens watched other AZRA guides who weren't happy, whose coping mechanisms had been pretty much whittled down to a six pack and a blank stare. He'd worked with older guides who weren't tooled up to do anything else. Craig didn't want to follow in their steps. Winters away from the river became a struggle as he tried to figure out where to stay and what to do until summer rolled around again. So at age 35 Craig took a new tack and went to nursing school. There are days now at the Flagstaff ICU when he misses the good trips. But this new life with a wife and two kids would have been a lot more difficult if he had stayed full time on the river.

When Ben Hanel started motoring for Western in 1999 he was excited; Tiffany, soon to be his wife, worked there too. Life was coming up aces. But eight years later that heavy block of ice changed everything; his back blew out. He needed a Plan B. After being away from school for thirteen years, it was hard to fit back in. But he'd learned to work hard on the river. He stuck with it and got a degree at the University of Utah in GIS—Geographic Information Systems—and is now becoming certified as a land surveyor so that he can start his own company. Ben loved being on the river, loved working with the other boatmen. But he learned just how nice summers can be at home with his family in Salt Lake City. At school he has a leg up on many of the younger students because, on the river, he'd learned what it meant to be motivated, to always give 110 percent.

Jon Olivera tumbled from Colorado River and Trails to Moki Mac before landing on his feet full time at Hatch in 1999. Between seasons, he spent winters as a brine shrimper on the Great Salt Lake.



John Olivera



Craig Ahrens



Ben Hanel

He started out excited but gradually thought more about what he'd do when the gig was up. It sure wasn't going to be shrimping. Maybe he'd be a teacher. Back in graduate school, he felt like an outsider, wondering what foreign language everybody else was speaking in the classroom—sounded like English but he couldn't make sense of it. Soon enough he hit his stride, though, and ended up with a masters in history. He is now working as an academic advisor in the Deptment of History at the University of Washington. To be sure, down in the Canyon, Jon had always been growing, but with the lane change into academia his learning curve became even steeper.

Craig, Ben, and Jon have at least one thing in common—they all received support from the Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship. With this help and an ingrained willingness to work, Ben was able to graduate without a lick of debt. During graduate school, Jon still motored for Hatch,

but was able to drop trips at the beginning and end of the season to accommodate the school year. The scholarships weren't a full ride, but they helped a lot.

Jon Olivera joined a private trip last summer and was pleased to see that his old river skills were still there. Ben Hanel and his wife still count other Western boatmen among their closest friends. Craig Ahrens appreciates that his former outfitter lets him return for a trip or two when he can get away from the hospital.

Craig remembers being head boatman back in the day when a spike flow caught their trip unawares. The kitchen washed away. No kitchen? Deal with it. Push off from the Ferry and then realize that you forgot all the eggs? Well, let's make it work. While they were down on the river, all three learned a great deal about people, about work ethics, about pulling together and also working as individuals. These are skills that go a long way in the outside world.

I made a life for myself in medicine. While I was on the river I'd learned to sit eye to eye with people, listen, and accept them for who they were—lessons that proved invaluable to a family doc. Mine too has been a good run, but rarely a day goes by without thinking about Drifter and Dave, and wondering what would it have been like if I'd stayed on the water.

Michelle Grua takes it for granted that guiding has a natural life span. If nothing else, sooner or later our bodies wear out. The realization that life may evolve to something beyond the Canyon's walls—to a new career, to a growing family—doesn't need to be the acceptance of defeat. It can be a graceful affirmation that life goes on and that change is the norm. Michelle wonders what Factor would have done had he been dealt different cards. They married and she watched him become her children's father. He talked about doing shorter trips, maybe science on the river with GCMRC. She remembers the day her son, three or four years old at the time, held out his arms and said to Kenton, "I don't want you going on the river because I miss you so much." Michelle's heart almost cracked open. Who knows what Factor would have done if his had not.

Michael Collier

NOTE: This year the Whale Foundation celebrates twenty years of being there for the Grand Canyon guiding community. To learn more about the Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship and what it might do for you, go to <http://whalefoundation.org/what-the-whale-foundation-can-do-for-you-programs/kenton-grua/>

Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

TIM WHITNEY WELLNESS INITIATIVE— HEALTH INSURANCE ASSISTANCE PROGRAM

IN 2012 THE WHALE FOUNDATION was given several substantial donations in memory of Tim Whitney with the intention to promote physical wellness in the boating community. We introduced the Health Insurance Assistance Program (HIAP) last year and have extended it to 2015. The goal of the program is to encourage those without insurance to purchase a policy, and to help those with insurance afford it. It is intended for boatmen who pay for their own health insurance out of their own pocket. Any river guide who has worked at least one full season in Grand Canyon is eligible to apply. Applicants must have a current health insurance policy in place. Awards of up to \$400 will be made to help applicants pay for their insurance and are scored on financial need. Please see our website for more information and to download an application. Deadline is May 1st, 2015.

GTS HEALTH FAIR—FREE

The Health Fair will be held at the spring Guide Training Seminar on Saturday, March 28TH. Last year almost 100 guides took advantage of these free services. At lunch time look for our tents outside the warehouse where our healthcare professionals will offer the full package: screenings for skin cancer, breast cancer, diabetes, cholesterol, blood pressure, oral exam, eye exam, family health histories and more. We strongly encourage you to take advantage of this incredible opportunity. Early detection can save your life! Better yet, it can save your buddy's life. Make him or her visit the tents. Did we mention it's *free*. Many, many thanks to the doctors and clinicians who volunteer their time, Sonara Quest Labs, and especially to Wyatt Woodard who oversees the program.

KENTON GRUA MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

If you haven't read Michael Collier's excellent article on the Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship, find it in this [BQR](#) and read it. Support from the community has allowed the Foundation to award up to three \$2000 scholarships annually. Guides with five (or more) years experience in the Grand Canyon and enrolled in any educational endeavor are encouraged to apply. Grants are awarded to guides with traditional and non-traditional educational paths and can be received up to three times. All applications are blinded before a

rigorous review to insure impartiality. See our website for an application and more information. The next application deadline is June 1, 2015.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Every now and then we like to acknowledge the board members and thank them for all the volunteer hours they put into guiding the organization through both calm and rough waters. This board has been particularly excellent in so many ways, they are truly heavy hitters. Board members for 2015 are: Bronze Black, Nicole Carson Degomez, Laura Chamberlin, Michael Collier, Scott Davis, Dave Edwards, Bert Jones, John Napier, Amy Prince, Gibney Siemion, Cam Staveley and Connie Tibbitts. If you happen to run across any of them, please thank them for their service to our community.

If you are interested in volunteering for the Board or in other capacities, looking for info, or to give us some advice, please give us a call, we always look forward to hearing from you!



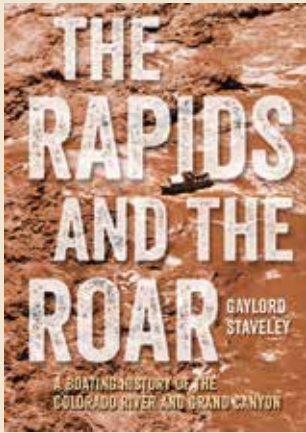
Fishing in Muddy Water

Arline Tinus

Books!

The Rapids and the Roar: A Boating History of the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon, by GAYLORD STAVELEY, Fretwater Press, 344 pages, ISBN: Cloth 978-1-892327-16-1, Paper 978-1-892327-15-4, Cloth \$29.95, Paper \$19.95.

AT AGE 26, GAYLORD STAVELEY unexpectedly became a whitewater river guide and trip leader, and his personal discovery of the river intersected a dozen decades of earlier discovery, exploration, and exploitation. *The Rapids and the Roar* is about boating



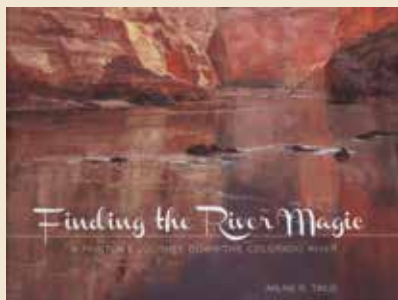
the Colorado River before, during, and after it was dammed. It's the story of how recreational use of the river found itself competing head-to-head with allocated and consumptive uses. It's about living and working in a beautiful and remote province of southeastern Utah, whose residents describe it rather proudly as a

place you have to “climb to get water” and “dig to get wood.” And it's about adventures encountered while growing a struggling river expeditions business into a viable Grand Canyon river running company.

Finding the River Magic: A Painter's Journey Down the Colorado River, by ARLINE TINUS, A.R.T. Publishing, 2014, 120 pages, ISBN 978-0-578-12969-3, \$39.95.

MY FIRST INTRODUCTION to the splendor of the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon came via the oars of the boatman to whom this book is dedicated. Greg Woodall was a constant support to artist Arline Tinus, enabling her to capture in paint the many on-and-off river scenes she has brought to life.

This book represents, in brilliant reproduction, the fifty-one oil paintings she completed



after an eighteen-day trip through the Canyon in 2010. Arline went home after her trip and began the joys of painting. When her collection was finalized, she took photos of her paintings and sent them to Greg, to ask his assistance in locating the scenes by river mile. As a passenger on his next trip, I was treated to the sight of Greg maneuvering the boat to scan the horizon, compare it with her picture, and identify the spot she had depicted. Her art was breathtaking, even when seen in a simple 4 x 6 photo.

After meeting Arline (thanks to Greg's introduction) my appreciation of her deepened. I had the chance to see the draft of this book as it was emerging, and also to purchase some of the originals. Sadly, Arline did not survive her third encounter with lymphoma (she was recovering from chemotherapy for her second bout when she took the trip which inspired her), and she passed away in October of 2013.

Imagine the color, clarity of light, thrill of whitewater, and peace of Canyon walls unbound from the static bindings of a photograph—instead, as seen through the eyes and expertise of one of the noted painters of the West. The book recounts the scenes typically found in an eighteen-day oar boat trip down the Colorado through the Canyon. From easily-identifiable vistas of Marble Canyon to the brilliant colors of Pumpkin Springs and the simple strength of the barrel cacti which abound, you can find sights which will bring a smile of recognition. Her short essay about each painting fills in the story of her own trip, and, as you read, you will probably find yourself remembering your own stories. As she said: “I paint to portray not only the structure and color of the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River, but also the emotional energy that this wonderful area evokes in the viewer.”

The book also presents facts about this amazing woman, who was widely considered one of the top Western artists. Among Arline's many accomplishments are two of special note: her art was juried into the top 100 “Paint in the Parks” exhibit; and she was a juried member of the Arizona Watercolor Association.

This reviewer urges you to see this book, and experience your own emotions. Noted artist Curt Walters calls Arline “the new reference guide for all the artists to follow.” A beautifully designed coffee table volume, it will grace your home and your heart. It is currently sold at the West of the Moon Gallery in Flagstaff, where her art is also displayed.

Zina Mirsky

Tales From the Truck— Pull Cords and the Randy's Rock Redo

IT SEEMS LIKE EVERY experienced motor guide in Grand Canyon has some type of a pull cord story. I mean, if you have been doing it long enough, one of those things is bound to fail. Just imagine how many times you pull on that handle over the course of a day, trip, or year. These lifelines are bound to get tired—just like the boatmen who pull them. When one does finally decide to crap out on you, you hope that it is not above a rapid or some other serious obstacle. Even with this risk, it is easy to become complacent.

Starter rope problems are rare—so, in our everyday lives as boatmen, it is easy to forget just how much we rely on these narrow nylon necessities. After seeing them fail close to a dozen times, I have developed a regimen—every morning, when I start my motor, I hold the pull cord out to examine it. By doing this, I can tell when the line is getting worn out and is in need of replacement. Unfortunately, rope replacement is only a partial solution—starters can fail in a variety of ways.

First of all, there is the simple break in the rope. With careful examination, this fault is easy to see coming and, depending on where it is in the line, easy to solve. Just pull a couple of wraps out of the rewind, push the end of the rope back through the guide and tie the handle back on. It looks kind of ghetto, but requires no motor change.

Another more common problem is rewind failure. The good news is, if your motor started, you have power and can easily motor to shore. Unfortunately, this one is a bit trickier to fix and it is usually easier to change the motor.

Sometimes, pull cord problems even seem spiteful. Nobody likes it when the rewind catches mid-pull and rips the handle out of their hand. A friend of mine even had the slack in the line get wrapped around his neck during an adrenaline-filled rapid restart. When he let go of the handle, it promptly smashed him in

the face—as if Horn Creek wasn't exciting enough. Unfortunately, bodily harm is not the only threat that this slack poses—it can harm the motor as well.

No s@#t, there I was. It was the summer of 2007.

Bobby Skinner and I were on day five of a two-boat Grand Canyon Expeditions motor trip. It was a beautifully sunny June day. We had spent a good chunk of the morning hanging out at Blacktail, enjoying the guitar styles of my swamper, Evan. We were now on our way down to Stone Creek to do lunch. Above Randy's Rock, I killed the motor to float and tell my version of Randy's story. As the story went on, the calm waters above the rapid began to slowly push us left, until we were about two feet off that long Tapeats wall, the boat obediently facing straight down stream. We still had plenty of time before the current picked up speed, but it was obvious that the story needed to end. I made my way back down into the well to restart the motor. Here is where the trouble began.



Evan taking a nap below Fern Glen with our Honda running obediently. photo: Greg Eastwood

Now, before we get in to the nitty-gritty of this story, there is some background information y'all should know. For those of you who don't motor, the mid-2000s were a great time to be a motor guide in the Grand Canyon. We had fluctuating flows that were predictable and moderate, and we had great motors. Most companies were running the last generation of Honda 30s that featured a pull start. In my opinion, these motors were a leap forward from the older, weak-handled versions. Like their predecessors, they sported that classic Honda reliability. However, these motors featured a beefy, durable tiller handle with the gear shift at arm's length and the kill switch within short reach at the base of the handle. Unbeknownst to me at the time, however, these convenient controls did have a flaw, which I would discover on that beautiful June morning.

So there we were, up against the left wall facing straight down stream towards Randy's Rock. The

current was just beginning to pick up steam, running directly down into the rock's angular tip. I jumped into the well to fire up the motor, pulling the small black handle deftly. As the motor roared to life, the slack from the pull cord wrapped itself around the conveniently placed kill switch, catching on the clip that holds the safety lanyard to the switch itself. As the rewind hauled the rope back in, it ripped the clip and the business-end of the kill switch clean off, shutting down the motor. Unfortunately for us, the top of the switch had broken off flush, leaving us nothing to work with—it was going to be a motor change. I looked up to see the current gaining momentum towards the tip of Tapeats—not enough time to switch. As I watched that great block of sandstone get ever closer, the ridiculousness/humor of the situation began to sink in—we were going left at Randy's.

Now they say that there are two types of boatmen: those with skill and those with luck. I consider myself lucky. First of all, I have spent the majority of my working life in one of the seven natural wonders of the world. Second, I work for a great company. Third, the river gods are often nice to me—knock on wood—and this was one of those situations.

As the rock grew larger and the current accelerated, the rebound off the wall began to push the bow of our boat out. The boil was actually pushing that light

GCE bow away from the wall. While it was pretty clear that we were going to hit the rock, if the bow made it out far enough, we might not go left. As the impact loomed, I yelled at my folks to “hang on.” We collided with the rock at a 45° angle with its apex just behind the weenie tube, teetering there for a minute. Finally, we washed down the right, crisis averted. At this point in time, we started waiving our hands and yelling at Bobby, who was just finishing his story downstream. He quickly saw us, motored up and t-boned us into shore for a nice shady lunch and motor change.

Thankfully, this situation turned out well. Things could have been a lot worse. Looking back on it, I'm not sure there is much we could have done differently. I feel lucky to have been in a light boat with a light bow. For those of you who are looking for a moral to this story, I'm not sure there is one. However, this experience and others have taught me a few things, one of which is keep an eye on that pull-cord. Understand that you can't foresee all of the curveballs the river gods will throw at you—sometimes it's just a matter of luck, both good and bad. And always remember, it's a fine line between a successful run and your worst nightmare.

Greg Eastwood

Remembering Art—Part 1

ART GALLENSON'S RECENT PASSING conjures many rich thoughts among his friends and family. I remember two particular situations with Art which required “fierce urgencies of now!” River running's best stories are rarely about adept boatmanship poised against the physical world, but are more often parts of a vigorous blend of hot-bloodedness, raw luck, a dash of patience, and the inescapable thought of being left morbidly inept. As boatmen we naturally acquire a cache of terrific oral histories, and with the passage of time—and a sense of humor—most dreadful occurrences are distilled into our collective memory as priceless events.

The release from the dam had been very low during the summer of '73. The following winter, the outfitters were apprised that '74 would be similar. Before the season began, my brother recognized the importance of organizing a spring training trip. To everyone this sounded like a great way for the Grand Canyon Expeditions crew to get together and exchange ideas

and information. More importantly, it was a means for the guides to acquire first-hand experience on the stingy flows that were projected.

The crew consisted of Art, Tom Yeager, John Sohrwiede, Scott Dunn, Wayne McCallister, OC Dale, Bego Gerhart, my cousin Blake (aka “Fox”) Hopkins, Dan Merrell, Gordie Peterson (GCE's friend and Mercury Marine representative), and me. All individuals (except for Gordo) were scheduled to guide in the coming season. Unfortunately, George Billingsley was not able to join us. It could be assumed that this collection of boatmen left Lees Ferry full of confidence—that was not the case! We were running a motor-rig after all, on skinny water. The oldest guide was 35, while the majority of us were closer to 25. Everyone had considerable experience on rivers all over the West, while a few of us had run rivers internationally. The Grand Canyon defined our lives: we figured ourselves lifers, and over time this remained mostly true. We had made a commitment

to the Canyon and were passionate about our river prowess. Nonetheless, the individual who stood out was Art—mindful of each boatman’s needs, as well as loyal to the prerequisites of the business.

I remember on day one when Fox made his “way too far right” entry in low water at Badger Creek. Anyone who meets Fox is taken by his willful, yet endearing personality. He is never at a loss, especially at the head of a rapid. His quizzical look was priceless and shortly after killing, jackassing and tilting the motor, he launched into a mostly self-deprecating and mangled rant before turning to help us wrestle the rubber off the rocks. A bit later, I heard him quip, “Hey Marc, have I ever told you that Hance is my favorite rapid?” I looked back and caught his eye and listened for his ubiquitous qualifier, “just checkin.” This was a signal that he was looking for redemption and was asking for the honors at Hance.

I recall the stiff gusts of wind below Unkar, and after Nevills we all knew we were going to feel unwelcome at Hance. As I peered downriver at the precipitous drop, the redbeds of shale were swirling into columns above the dark inner gorge. Fox drove immediately to the right shore, and we tied up and walked down for a look. The far right entry looked straightforward; beyond that all hell broke loose. Hance is one of those rapids that one can easily become transfixed by, especially if too much time is

spent evaluating each and every possibility.

I could hear the Merc 20’s cavitations along the eddy fence and knew that Fox was raring to go. Tom and a few others were lifting Scott’s Yampa onto the Smith-Rig. Although the storm was unsettling our plans, everyone focused on getting through Hance. My mind’s eye tells me that Art, Dan, Gordo, and John were all on the aft-deck and that Fox was directly behind in the motor well. As he backed into the current, the rest of us jumped on and fell in all fashions around the rowboat that was riding high on the front deck. Driving out of the eddy, Fox immediately pointed the bow upstream and drove a short distance before catching the nose and spinning towards the head of the rapid. I recall Tom making a couple of air strokes with the Yampa’s oars and hollered, “If Fox screws up, I am loaded and ready to get us the hell out of here!”

As we started towards the right tongue, a powerful squall of grit, rock, and dust showered and stopped us dead. The debris left us sightless, though my other senses quickened as rocks from the onslaught pinged off our boats, frames, and deckboards. The air was pungent, and for a moment it felt as though the cliffs were going to unload directly into our boats. One of the guys was pelted on the head—fortuitously he was wearing a helmet—while the rest of us fumbled for bailing buckets to shelter ourselves. In this instant

we all realized the explosive gale had thrust our 37-foot rig and all its treasure diagonally back upstream to the “wrong side of Hance.” Through the chaos I heard Art’s extraordinarily succinct “Do you know the left run?” followed by Fox’s exceeding sober “Take it”! Without misstep Art had the throttle and began threading the needle—while John lifted and tilted—through a quick succession of drops that culminated in a dog-leg around the right side of the rubber magnet. Momentarily I looked back and Fox was back in the saddle, driving hard right preparing for the turmoil in lower Hance.

To be continued...

Marc Smith



A Call to Passion, A Call for Action

THIS LAST NOVEMBER the world lost an immense advocate of the wilds. I never met Martin Litton, powerful pioneer in what later grew into the “Environmental Movement,” but knew of him before I ever saw Grand Canyon. Martin didn’t stop his work after Marble Canyon dam was defeated in the 1960s. He continued to fight “for what is right” until he died.

We guides and others who are passionate about the Canyon and wild places can thank Martin for his fierce and unwavering commitment to protect places he loved. The world, and my world was shaken by his passing. It reminded me that I need to do even more to protect wild places. I believe we all must walk our talk, fight for what is right, and never give up. Martin Litton lived his life that way.

Every time we push away from Lees Ferry, we unplug from modern life for days or weeks. We connect with people and place, free from modern distraction. There is time to listen, tell stories, make music, to connect with natural spaces and to have real conversations about things that matter: Grand Canyon, and the threats it faces. We have a unique chance to inspire passionate activism by planting seeds of inspiration through our actions and words. Martin Litton’s passing is a reminder to me to be more active in the fight for places I love. There are many issues needing attention and it’s easy to begin:

- Pick one or two issues to focus your energy, do some homework and educate yourself.
- Join organizations working in ways and directions you believe in.
- Write letters to newspapers, senators, representatives, executives.
- Encourage family, friends, guides and guests to do the same.

We cannot stand aside hoping someone else will do our fight or have the same priorities that we do. What if Martin had done that...? The greatest gift we could return in Martin Litton’s name and spirit is to continue his work; in our own ways, in our own words and actions. It is an opportunity available to all of us.

I urge all of us, the big *we*, to get involved! Mary Oliver’s powerful poem “One Summer Day” comes to mind

*... Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious life?*

Thank You Martin, for your life and heart and energy. The world is a much better place because you were here.

Lora Colten

2014 High Flow Success— And Why YOU Need to Join the LTEMP!

THE NOVEMBER 2014 High Flow Event (HFE) rebuilt the beaches in Grand Canyon once again, but there are those who want to see this step forward undone in the upcoming LTEMP. Instead of continuing the successful beach building flows, they want to see the HFE occasions scaled back—or done away with completely!

As Martin Litton said before: “...These guys are just gonna wait you out. They’re just gonna wait until nobody’s looking and then it’s gonna go right back to what it was before all this...”

Get involved: Make sure *we* keep moving it all *forward!*

GCRG will be keeping you informed on when *you* need to make your voice heard.

Greg Woodall



Lower Hot Na Na Beach, August 31, 2014—Before 2014 High Flow Event.
photo: Greg Woodall



Lower Hot Na Na Beach, November 28, 2014—After 2014 High Flow Event.
photo: Greg Woodall

Articulate Outrage, Righteous Wrath— Martin Litton

NATURAL BORN WARRIOR

The people of the entire state should rise up against the destruction of Mono Lake. Mono Lake is a gem among California's greatest scenic attractions.

THAT'S SOMETHING YOU'D EXPECT from Martin Litton. The battle for Mono Lake raged throughout the 1980s and one would be surprised not to hear Martin's voice among the outraged. Except that quote is from a letter that Martin, age 18, wrote to the editor of the *Los Angeles Times* in 1935.

1935. When there was virtually no conservation or environmental movement in existence. That's nearly fifty years before the Mono Lake Committee, in alliance with other conservation groups, finally won a modicum of protection for the lake.

To say Martin was ahead of his time is the grossest of understatements. He began his showdown with those who would despoil the earth as a teenager, and did little but intensify his efforts for the next eighty years. That's worth sitting back and thinking about. Eighty years of environmental activism. The thought of capturing even an outline of that career in this short tribute is beyond daunting. It is preposterous.

A few years later Martin corralled a group of fellow students at UCLA, where he was an English major, into forming a group called California Trails. They lobbied, successfully, against the construction of roads over Kearsarge and Olancha Passes in the high Sierra. Those roads were never built.

I didn't like a lot of roads on the map. I wanted some empty space. I wanted a frontier, you know—not just for adventure, but because that part of the world would be unmarked, wherever it might be. When you'd look at a map of the Mojave Desert and see these roads crisscrossing all over it—to me that was terrible. And the idea that they'd be crossing the Sierra and chopping up the longest of all our wildernesses was anathema to me.

I once asked Martin how he became an environmental warrior. How, at such a young age, surrounded by no one who agreed with him, did he take this tangent? He spoke of his childhood in the Los Angeles area, long before much of it was built up and paved; and of family trips into the Sierra and Yosemite. But my question really made little sense to him.

I thought everybody ought to care about how beautiful the world was. And as far as I knew, everybody did. It never occurred to me to do anything except what you're impelled to do, feel, express.

After college, armed with a twenty-five dollar Kodak Senior Six-20, he went to work for the Wigwam Resort near Phoenix as a public relations man. There he traveled and saw, and photographed, much of the southwest and got his first glimpse of Grand Canyon.

World War II intervened, and Litton, who had gone through ROTC in college, tried to join the Army Air Corps. Colorblindness disqualified him as a pilot, but through various nefarious means he managed to fudge a subsequent eye exam and become a pilot for the most hairball of all war airships: troop gliders. These huge flimsy gliders were built on a threadbare budget, loaded with troops, towed over the English Channel and let loose, often at night, behind enemy lines. It



Photo captioned "England Market Garden Sept. 1944." The gliders in the background are the type Martin flew. Market Garden was the name of the Allied invasion of Holland.



Martin and unidentified soldier in front of the glider, *Ol' Kern River II*.



Martin rowing stroke for UCLA (second from left).

Martin and Ester Litton on the Hillsborough River, Tampa, Florida, when Martin was stationed there for training during the war. Circa 1943.



was the pilot's job to land this falling brick without killing anyone, then creep back across enemy lines and do it again. Or worse—send up a cable on a rescue balloon and have a fork-nosed bomber fly in, snatch the cable, and jerk your glider airborne from the field and tow you home. Martin was in on this part too and described watching the cable come to life like a crazed snake, tearing up hunks of turf and small trees before coming taut. Insane? There must be a stronger word. Lew Steiger was telling me details of this once and paused to say, "That's why Martin runs a boat that way. He is absolutely fearless." (To which Martin would only shrug and say, "It's just water.")

During the war Martin, on leave, married his college sweetheart, Esther Clewette. While Martin was at war, Esther bought a home, where they began the work of raising four children. After the war Martin took a job as a circulation man at the *Los Angeles Times*, and drove about the more remote parts of the state trying to drum up newspaper sales. At home, at nights and on weekends, Martin began to write stories for the *Times*, illustrated with his photographs.

He would leave them on the editors' desks, and the editors, seeing well written stories, began running them. They even began counting on the circulation guy to supply them with stories. "I did a number of heavily illustrated articles that took up major space in the paper. They were very, very one-sided. That is, they told the right side...It was usually something I was outraged about. I mean, rising up in righteous wrath."

CENTER STAGE BATTLES

Perhaps the most important story Martin Litton wrote for the *Los Angeles Times* was a major spread on the proposed dam at Echo Park in the heart of Dinosaur

National Monument. Martin had visited the area with Esther and the children, and crafted a story of outrage about the Federal plans to dam and flood this national treasure. It was this piece in particular that attracted the attention of the new Executive Director of the Sierra Club, David Brower. “And David Brower... saw these things and got in touch with me and wanted me to be in the club.” Martin was dubious, viewing the club as a docile group of day hikers and knitters. Brower responded, “That’s going to change. I’m in charge now.”

And it did. Martin joined and was quickly elected to the Board of Directors. Thus began an uneasy alliance that rocked the environmental world throughout the 1960s. I say uneasy because even though Brower was far more radical than most of the Sierra Club Board and desperately needed Martin’s support, Martin was sometimes too radical even for Brower. “I sort of ran my own course in the Sierra Club,” Martin recalled. “I didn’t feel cooperation was essential.

I thought dissent and ferment, or whatever you want to call it, might be essential.” Yet Brower valued Martin’s relentless prodding to do the right thing, however impolitic it might be. Brower wrote: “Some people get the kudos, and others, out of inequity, don’t. Martin Litton is due most of those addressed to me in error: more years than I will ever admit, he has been my conservation conscience.”

People always tell me not to be extreme. “Be reasonable,” they say. But I never felt it did any good to be reasonable about anything in conservation. Because what you give away will never come back—ever.

In the battle against the Echo Park Dam, the Sierra Club started out merely bemoaning the potential



Soldier Martin, home on leave, marrying college sweetheart Esther, October 27, 1942. The wedding dress was made by Esther’s mother who was in charge of the embroidery department at MGM studios.

scenic loss. It was Martin who urged them to go after every facet of the multi-dam Colorado River Storage Project. “We are giving the enemy undue advantage,” Martin wrote Brower, “by sticking strictly to our bird-watching and refusing to meet him on his own ground... It’s easy to show the park value of Dinosaur but that won’t save it. Let’s really knock the props out from under the dammers by nullifying their ‘economic necessity’ palaver wherever we can.” Brower, against the advice of much of the rest of the board, took note, and it was his later dissembling of the Bureau’s faulty calculations with what he called

“eighth-grade arithmetic” that caused the Bureau’s case to crumble. But even in the face of apparent victory, it was here that Brower and Litton learned one of the harshest lessons of their career. The Sierra Club allowed the Colorado River Storage Project Act to pass as long as Echo Park Dam and Split Mountain Dam were removed from the bill. But in the process, they lost Glen Canyon and a host of other beautiful places they were not even aware of. For the rest of their careers both men, and especially Martin Litton, swore never to make a compromise again.

If you start off with a willingness to compromise, you’ve given up, you’ve lost. Even though the final result, in most cases, is a compromise, it’s a compromise that was reached between two sides, each of which was adamant, and was not going to give in. It was once said in a Sierra Club publication that the only way we’d ever accomplished anything was through compromise and accommodation. That’s exactly the opposite of the truth. The only way the Sierra Club ever won anything was by refusing to compromise—Grand Canyon dams,



Martin on his first trip as boatman, June 30, 1956 NAU 97.46.89.7

Redwood National Park—you can go right back through the whole list. When we compromised, we lost.

In 1961, at the suggestion of Brower, *Sunset Magazine* hired Litton as their travel editor. The family moved north to the Bay Area. By luck and fate, Martin had gone from a job where he was paid to roam all of Southern California as he photographed and wrote on the sidelines, to a job where he was paid to do the same as he roamed the entire West, often with the use of *Sunset's* company plane. So unlike the rest of the Sierra Club board, who for the most part held city jobs and knew little of the geography of the country, Martin became ever more the expert. Wallace Stegner wrote: "Litton knows the terrain of California and the West by the square inch. I don't know anyone who knows it better."

When the move for a Redwood National Park gained momentum, Martin knew Redwood Creek to be one of the few—perhaps the only—intact Redwood

watersheds left uncut, and pressed for that to be the centerpiece. It is. It was a difficult struggle though, with Litton going up against the Save the Redwoods League which was in favor of the park being an amalgamation of several small state parks, none of which had watershed protection. More than a few feathers were ruffled in the fray, but the park exists today.

When the Disney Corporation and the Forest Service conspired to put a mega-resort in the Sierra wilderness of Mineral King, Martin was the one to sound the alarm. When Board member Ansel Adams expressed surprise that the Mineral King project involved putting a highway through Sequoia National Park, Martin erupted, "Look at a map! Pay some attention!" Mineral King remains pristine, although it took a trip to the Supreme Court to make it happen. There, Justice William O. Douglas allowed the case to win on a remarkable new precedent: Although the club could not sue on the citizens' behalf, they could

sue on behalf of the trees, who had no voice of their own. Years later Dr. Seuss's Lorax would cry out, "I speak for the trees!"

But the great fight, at least for us boatfolk, was in the mid-1960s when Arizona decided it needed two dams in Grand Canyon to help finance the Central Arizona Project canal system. The Sierra Club board continued to remain silent with some of the board even favoring the dams. Once again Mount Litton erupted in an outpouring of eloquence and invective. The Board reversed its stance and voted unanimously to fight tooth and nail. And there are no dams in Grand Canyon. The Bureau accused Brower and Litton of fighting below the belt. "I believe in playing as dirty as they do, or worse," Martin said shamelessly. "If the end is a noble one, let the chips fall where they may. We certainly aren't sorry that we kept the dams out of the Grand Canyon, and if we lied to do it, fine." The cause trumps all, and the Grand Canyon is plenty noble. "Never ask for what's reasonable. Only for what's right." This epic tale, and the stories above, could (and do) fill books. But we must move on.

We created something more beautiful by not defiling it. Saving it is an act of creation. We kept it undesecrated. We had made the case that the Grand Canyon was worth saving... The Grand Canyon is holy, you know. In the public's eye, the Grand Canyon should not be fooled around with.

When Pacific Gas and Electric wanted to build a nuclear reactor at Nipomo Dunes, Litton and the club fought it. But when Litton was traveling in Turkey, the club voted to accept a substitute location at Diablo Canyon. When Martin returned he was livid, and campaigned for the club to reverse itself. The acrimony within the board reached an all-time high, and in the end, the battle was lost. The Diablo Canyon reactor was built. A year later, against the eloquent arguments by Litton and others, David Brower was fired. Martin left the board soon after. And an era of magnificent environmental warfare came to an end.

Another era ended around the same time. Martin's relationship with *Sunset* magazine had always been a bit tense. "Sunset was never particularly eager to be activist, said David Brower. "and Martin was never eager at all not to be." It finally came to a head when, as co-worker Bob Wenkam once told me, Martin shouted "I quit!" once too many times in front of the wrong people. And that was it.

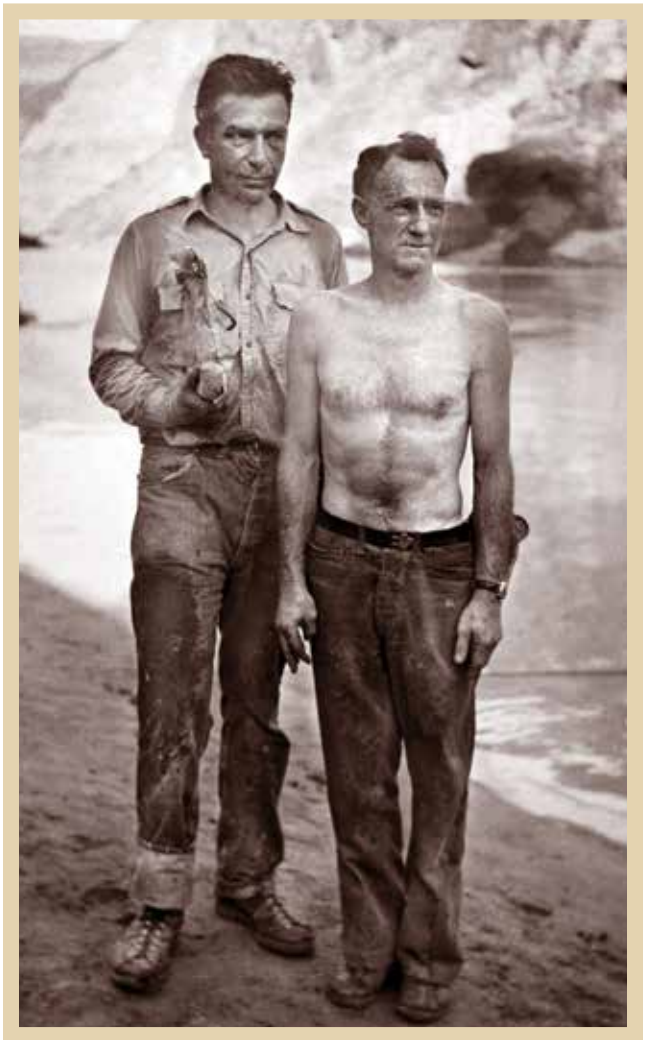
My feeling has always been, you can't always win, but you can always try. And that we're not as poor for the

battles we've lost as for the ones we never fought. Win or lose, there's a measure of victory in the endeavor.

GOING BOATING

Even at first sight, if you take a good long look, the Grand Canyon may claim more of your life than you can afford.

Just one year after Norman Nevills ran the first commercial trip through Grand Canyon, Martin Litton, young publicity man for the Wigwam Resort, was peering over the rim, never dreaming he would go down the river. In 1952 on a self-assignment for a *Los Angeles Times* story, Martin clambered down the Toroweap route to document a Mexican Hat Expeditions trip running Lava Falls. Most of the boatmen were running the old Nevills cataract boats, and Jim Rigg was driving a Chris-Craft. Martin



Martin Litton and Lefty Bryant of the *Los Angeles Times* hiked into Lava Falls July 25, 1952. Filmed while Mexican Hat Expeditions lining their Cataract Boats; Georgie White and Elgin Pierce, on their first raft trip, lined as well. Jim Rigg ran his Chris-Craft though. NAU.PH.2009.14.3999



Martin Litton, seated, on his first trip as boatman, 1956.

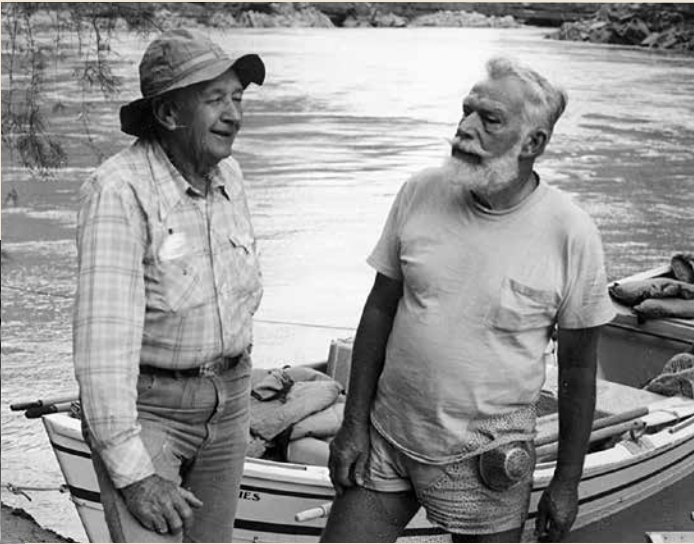
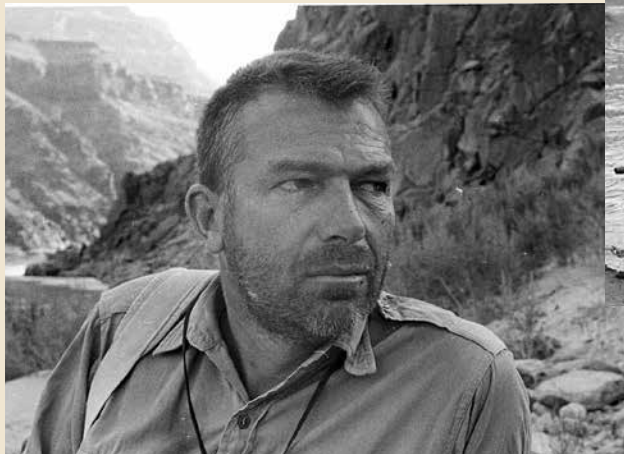
accompanied them to Whitmore Wash, hiked out, and wrote his story. That winter, rendezvousing with some of the folks from that trip in California, Martin met former Nevills boatman P.T. Reilly.

Reilly had begun running private trips with friends by then, and upon hearing that Martin had rowed crew at UCLA, invited him and Esther to row a boat with him in 1955. Unfortunately, Martin injured his shoulder on a horse riding accident in the Sierra shortly before the trip and had to forego rowing. Instead he rode along with his arm in a sling. The two-hundredth person to pass through Grand Canyon went through a year earlier, putting Martin and Esther in the first three hundred Grand Canyoners. Martin returned in 1956 and rowed one of Reilly's boats, making him one of

the first six dozen boatmen to run a craft through Grand Canyon. The hook was set, although it would take a few years to reel him in.

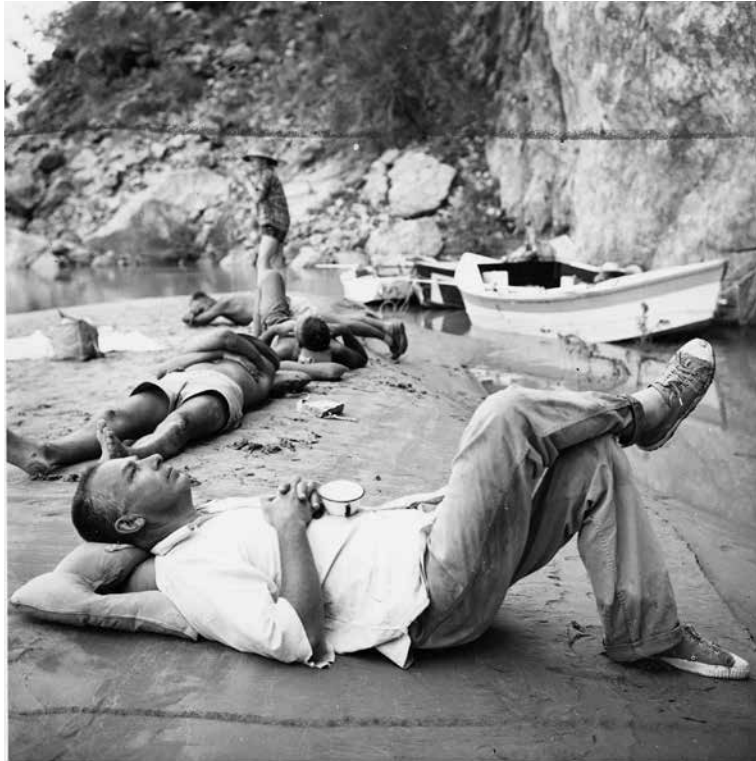
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First—a necessary detour into boat design. Ever since Major Powell came down the river in 1869, boats had lurchingly evolved toward something that, to



P.T. Reilly and Martin Litton redux, 1984. NAU.46.24.3

Martin on his first trip, 1955, riding as passenger due to dislocated shoulder. NAU.97.46.12.11



Martin, taking a break at Mile 245.2 on first trip with Oregon drift boats, which he began calling "dories," 1962. NAU.97.46.89.28

outward appearances, resembled a dory—the flare-sided high-prowed New England cod fishing boat of Winslow Homer paintings. In boat evolution, form tends to follow function, and for stability and load-carrying in big water, that’s usually the shape you end up with. In fact, Brown and Stanton, in 1889, brought an actual pine dory to the Colorado: the *Brown Betty*. Unfortunately she was destroyed early in Cataract Canyon (through no fault of her design) and the evolution was derailed.

Galloway took the next steps, moving to a flat bottom with full rocker, slightly flaring sides and narrow ends.

Martin running Upset on his first trip at the oars, 1956



Flavell, in 1897, may have come far closer, although we will never know. But Dave Rust, pointing to a later photo of an Oregon drift boat, said his brother Will made a copy of Flavell’s boat and it “looked like that.” And a drawing of the boat the mysterious Hum Woolley rowed through in 1903 also appears to have very dory-like lines, but like Flavell’s concept, left no trace for others to follow. Nevills broadened the Galloway design, increased the rocker and went to the more modern plywood construction. But still, the sides were far too low, the stern far too broad.

P.T. Reilly felt he could improve, and designed his own Cataract boat to be pointed on both ends, and decked over much of the giant footwell that made the old cataracts wallow. He also moved from wood to fiberglass. Closer, but still the sides were far too low and not flared enough to make it over most waves. Reilly’s cohort Moulton Fulmer, an

Indiana man far ahead of his time, made the furthest strides of all. Having seen Oregon drift boats and met their primary designer, he began incorporating more elements of Oregon design into his inventions, along with elements of his own creation and remnants of Nevills designs he had experienced on the San Juan and Colorado. Fulmer’s *GEM*, which was on both of

Martin's early trips, had more flare and rocker than any previous Grand Canyon boats and was probably the most rapid-worthy boat to that time, though it still lacked the classic high prow and tombstone transom of the Oregon drift boats.

Sadly, Reilly and Fulmer's evolutionary boats came to sad ends in the late 1950s. The *GEM* vanished after being ghost-boated from Lava to Lake Mead (although it was later found, saved, and replicated) and Reilly later sank his cataract boats at Pipe Creek in a fit of pique and hiked out.

* * *

Back to Martin. By 1962 murmurs of a plan to dam Grand Canyon had begun to surface in Arizona. Martin, wanting to launch a pre-emptive strike, called Reilly, saying they needed to run a river trip with photographers, writers, and politicians to bring the national focus to what would be lost. Reilly demurred, saying, "We can't. I sank all the boats." But Martin,

a year earlier on an assignment for *Sunset*, had rowed a McKenzie River drift boat in the annual parade upstream of Eugene, Oregon, and been quite taken with how they handled. He badgered Reilly into joining him on the purchase of two hulls,



to be built by Oregon driftboat builder Keith Steele. Although Steele usually built classic McKenzie drift boats, with a continuous front to back rocker, Martin (to the dubious Reilly's dismay) asked for a flat section amidships for more buoyancy and better pivoting. To both men's delight it proved to be an exceptional whitewater craft once decked over and ballasted with provisions.

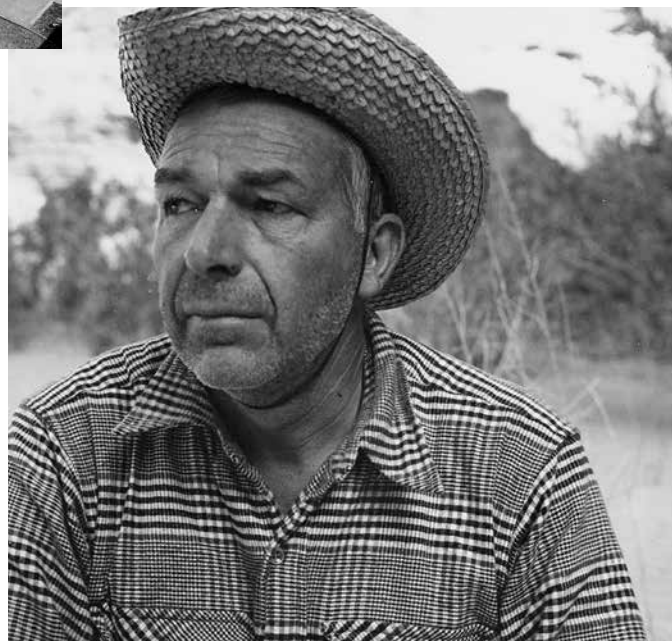
Litton later switched to a slightly larger, fuller-tailed rendition—a Rogue River drift boat customized to Martin's needs by Jerry Briggs. And although no Grand Canyon boat truly fits the New England nautical definition of a "dory," Martin began calling them such, for the simple reason that it sounded better and conjured up a more historic, nostalgic classic mood than "drift boat." And thus it was that this oversized, flat-bottomed, high-prowed, fully decked drift boat came to be

called the Grand Canyon Dory—as it is to this day. Much to the chagrin of Oregonians who still correctly insist they should properly be called drift boats.

Martin and Reilly teamed up again in 1964 for another anti-dam trip, from which came François Leydet's Sierra Club book *Time and the River Flowing*. Shortly after that, Reilly hung up his oars for good and sold his boat, the *Susie Too*, to Martin. Martin, however, was gaining momentum. He began running one or more trips every year, mostly with friends or those who could help in his battles for the earth. But by 1970, with his *Sunset* career setting in the West, he realized he would have to become a commercial outfitter to keep afloat. He incorporated as Grand Canyon Dories (GCD), and began nearly two decades of running the quirkiest river operation in history.

Quirky in that where most folks ran one- to two-week trips, Martin ran eighteen- to twenty-two-day trips. Where most folks had a skeleton crew, Martin had two women along solely as cooks. Where other operations hauled massive coolers for food, Martin

The first two Keith Steele drift boats at Martin's house, nested inside one another, 1962. At the oars is John Litton. Standing, left to right, are Donald and Kathleen Litton. The top boat is Martin Litton's newly-decked *Portola*—later *Diablo Canyon*; bottom boat is P.T. Reilly's *Susie Too*, later *Music Temple* (now at South Rim).



Martin on second dory trip, 1964, upon which François Leydet's Sierra Club book, *Time and the River Flowing*, was based. NAU.97.46.89.35



Some things never change. Martin shopping for groceries, 1956.
NAU.PH.9746.30.9

Boatmen Moulton Fulmer, P.T. Reilly, and Martin Litton "scouting"
Separation Rapid, 1956.



relied on the river to keep his few perishables cool, supplementing it with dried and nonperishable food and the cooks' creativity. While all other rowing trips were taking out at Diamond Creek, Martin insisted on rowing, or later motoring, across the depressing desolation of upper Lake Mead, so that clients could comprehend what happens when we dam a living river. His original guides often had little or no experience in river running (or carpentry). His boatmen took home the smallest paychecks in the Canyon. The fare for the trip was among the lowest in the business, and he often gave away seats to anyone who could help him in the great fight. But by far the most obvious quirk, in a business dominated by practical, resilient, easy-to-store and transport inflatable rafts, was Martin's insistence on fragile wooden boats, painted in a dazzling array of patterns. (In three and only three colors, Cadillac Aztec Red, Refrigerator White, and Willys Beryl Green—a palette he inherited from Reilly, who got them from a Disney artist.) Each bore the name of a natural wonder despoiled by man—a memorial and a reminder that we continue to lose irreplaceable wonders through mankind's careless acts of greed. Sound like a good business plan? It wasn't. But somehow Martin kept the ever-growing business alive until 1987. The question of how is nearly as perplexing as the bigger one: why?

The dory is an ancient design. We didn't originate it. It goes back into antiquity. There's a kind of magic about the shape of the boat in terms of its stability and its ability to recover from extreme situations—self-righting, practically. The boat is something beautiful to look at: it has lines that belong on the water. The dories really were adapted by us because they handle so well, they're enjoyable to row, you get response from them, they respond to the oars.

There's a mystic thing about a dory, to those of us who know them. I feel that anyone who looks at a dory and then has to ask why you use that will never understand, no matter what kind of answer you give.

But the boat was not just beautiful—it was the ideal craft from which to convey the message. What message? THE message.

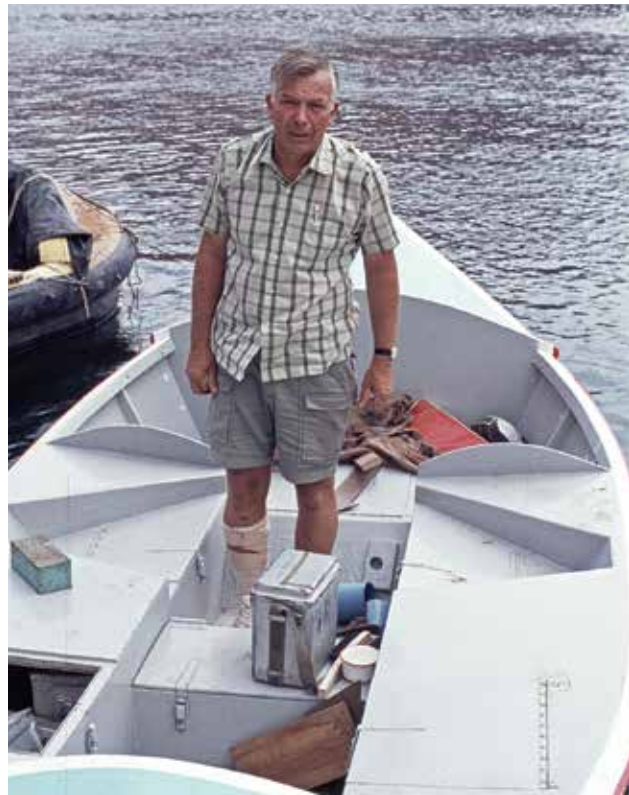
There are reasons why the river should be natural. One is the joy of running on a natural river, knowing you're as close to nature as you can be. And the other is—whether we run it or not—nature has its right. It has a right to be here, untrammled, unfettered. Man doesn't have to screw everything up, and yet we go out of our way to do so. Greed is the motive, and it's important to frustrate

greed. We're all greedy for one thing or another, but some of our desires are on a higher plane.

We have no right to change this place. Do we have a right even to interrupt nature, even for a short time? To exterminate species? To kill the last fly? That's not really our right. We're the aberration on Earth—humans are what's wrong with the world. And it shouldn't show down here.

The best way for people to understand how important it is to have the bottom of the Grand Canyon preserved, and have its aquatic life saved, and its riparian zone with the beauty that's there, kept, is perhaps to have them on that river and let them feel the way it stirs and rumbles and moves you along at its own pace, and to sense the kind of 'life' the river has. It has a tremendous force and appeal that I can't describe.

And the memory of the majesty of the Grand Canyon—what it does to their lives to be away from their routines for a while—even a short while. They begin to realize there's something more in the world than their tiny little bit of it. The experience has somehow opened their eyes to something bigger and greater in life. They understand the whole universe better because of having been in the Grand Canyon and isolated from other things and having time to think. A river trip has been called 'a voyage of life.'



Martin launching, 1969, Tad Nichols photo. NAU.PH.93 3.1.46.14

Martin owned two 1949 Cessna 195s; each took turns being a parts plane for the other one.



Martin about to modify a dory at the Hurricane, Utah, Grand Canyon Dorries warehouse, 1970s.

Martin's early trips were very exciting, as he and his team of newborn boatmen learned how to row, how to read water, how to run each of the rapids, how to fix the boats, how to run trips. But boatmen, by and large, are a clever lot and before too long Martin felt confident enough to send them out on their own while he attended the business end of Grand Canyon Dorries and fought the endless battles both beneath and beyond the Canyon rim.

By the 1980s GCD was running smoothly, if not profitably. Martin was often at the Hurricane, Utah, warehouse, but less frequently on the river. But often on the river we would look up and see Martin headed our way, a couple dozen feet off the beach in his 1949



photo: Rudi Petschek

Cessna 195, a Cheshire grin on his face and a pale aghast passenger seated next to him. He was living proof that there are, indeed, old, bold pilots.

But in the end, Martin's reluctance to charge full value for his product led him to sell the company. "It was more trouble than it was worth, maybe, when you think about how much work went into it and how little we were making," recalled Martin. "We never really made any money from it." In the fall of 1987, O.A.R.S. and Outdoors Unlimited split the company, and Martin, at seventy years old, eased into a quiet retirement—NOT! Based out of his home in Portola Valley, he could now devote full time to waging war on the despoilers, storming the halls of Washington, flying important media folk around in his plane well into his late eighties, and, in general, lighting fires and stirring the pot.

FURTHER BATTLES

Martin continued doing river trips around the West, and made "one last Grand Canyon trip" a half-dozen times. I was fortunate to accompany him at 82 years-old, when he never let another person touch his oars for the entire trip. His rowing was as good or better than ever, and he hit but one rock, over-pulling his entry to Crystal. He made a spectacular dry left run at Lava—the first time he had done that line. A group of private boaters pulled in afterward to meet the man they had heard so much about. Martin was beaming as he walked up the beach hamming it up. "Well, it's really not that hard. To the left—there's death and destruction. To the right—eternal darkness. You just go up that sparkly wave in between."

He was back for another farewell trip at 85, rowing most of the big rapids. Then another trip at ninety. This time, having just lost a kidney, he relented and let his sons Johnny and Don row.

With his white hair, beard and arching eyebrows, Martin remained a formidable presence. His bravado, eloquence, aplomb, and passion seemed only to increase with his years. A showman, a ham, an orator (he played Othello in college and it showed) he was never at a loss for the perfect turn of phrase. But what some might have mistaken for egomaniacal center-staging could not have been further from it. He was truly selfless. Everything he did was for the great cause, to help save another threatened spot or species, to

Top: Martin Litton, fiberglass pioneer—we don't need no stinking gloves.

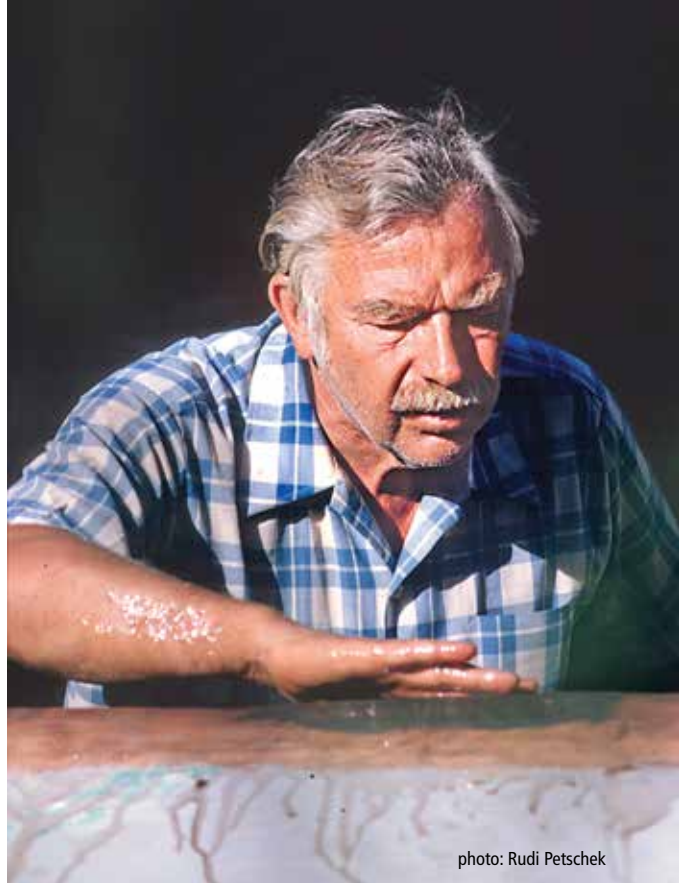


photo: Rudi Petschek

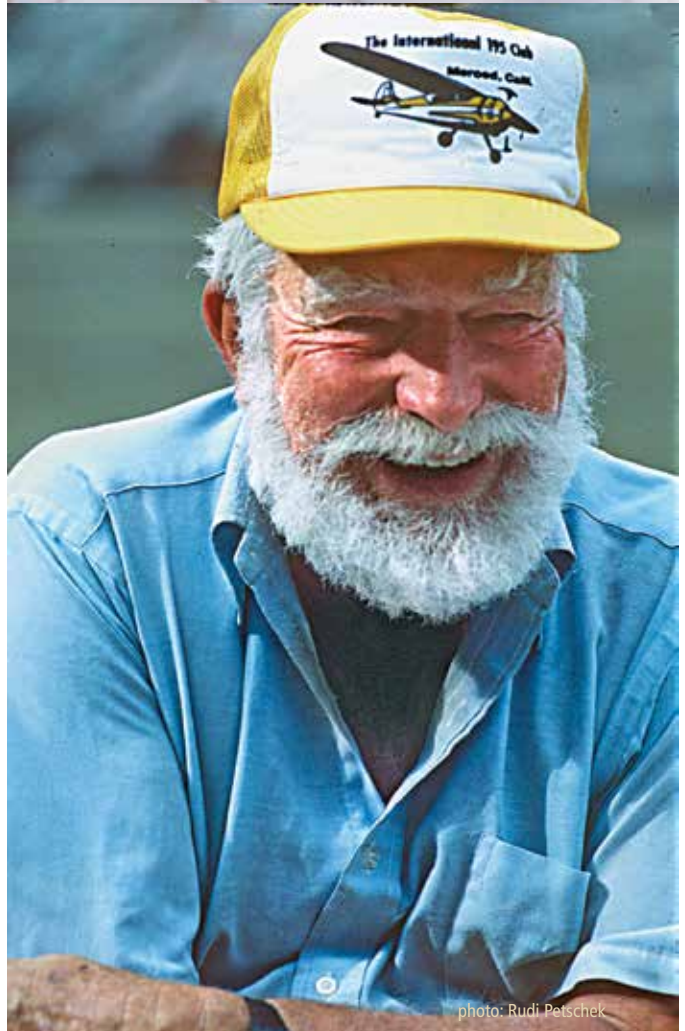


photo: Rudi Petschek

stop the destruction of the earth. And he knew his own well-crafted persona was one of his strongest tools. He honed it and used it like a saber.

For the last three decades, Martin's passion was the great sequoia forests of California. He fought for, and won, the establishment of Giant Sequoia National Monument. But that was insufficient. For years after all logging in was to have been stopped within the new monument's borders, it continued in high gear. And the fight continued.

"Here we have our land—not privately owned—owned by us!" Litton admonished. "We should take care of it. We should make the rules. We need to get this place into the National Park system. To have history look upon us not as destroyers, but as saviors of something...we'd better act now." Martin was president of Sequoia ForestKeeper, and he asked that donations in his honor go to this worthy organization.

* * *

"Passionate, original, tempestuous, stubborn, charming, obnoxious, courteous, inappropriate, dogged, fiery, and impossibly effective," summed up Sierra Club's Barbara Boyle. That was Martin Litton.

And often exasperating. Perhaps the most exasperated of all was none other than the Grim Reaper himself. He tried for much of a century to claim Martin, and most mortals would have fallen decades earlier. Martin was far too busy to take notice. "I'm sorry I'm not deteriorating at the rate I'm supposed to," he said. Dave Brower, likewise fought the good fight until very shortly before his death at 88. "Ah," he said in that last year, "To just be 87 again."

Martin forged on for an additional decade, fighting for the cause until the end. But finally, twenty-some months before his hundredth birthday, Martin Litton slid away in his sleep. Not to rest in peace, by any means. He is most certainly raising hell wherever he roams. In fact, mere hours after his passing, Flagstaff was hit by a freak earthquake. Fellow dory boatman Roberta Motter and I both found our globes knocked to the floor. Still rocking our worlds. He also knocked over my bottle of gin.

Top to bottom: Motorman, cameraman, and, at 90 years old, still an oarsman.



photo: Rudi Petschek

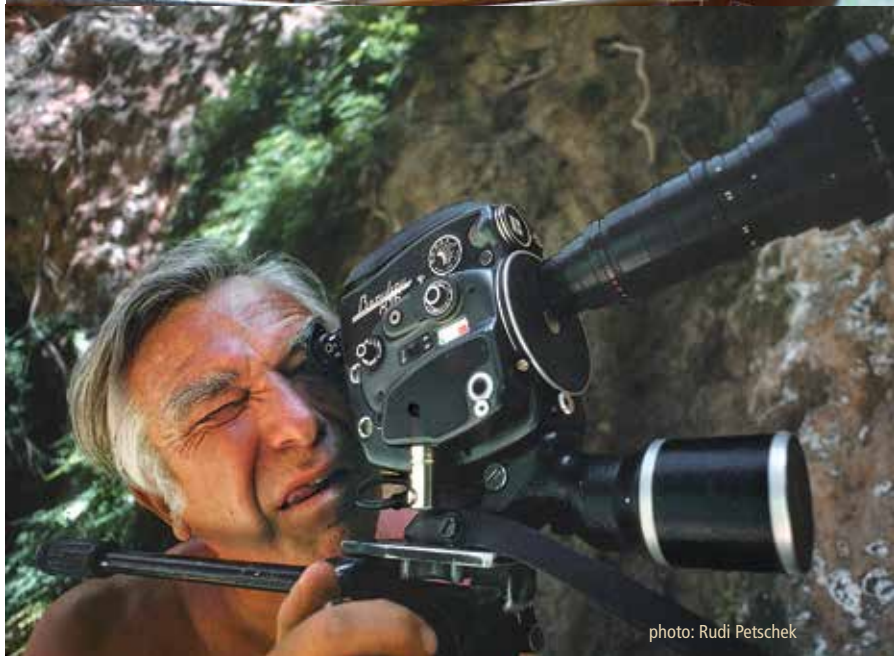


photo: Rudi Petschek



photo: Kate Thompson

Although the environmental and riverine worlds longed to gather in memory of one of their greatest leaders, Martin, in typical fashion, left us with this, as passed on by his daughter Kathleen: “Martin was adamant in his desire that there be no memorial. His philosophy was that people should be doing what needs to be done, not just talking about it.”

* * *

And so we must. Martin was one of the last great primordials who walked the earth, leaving fire in his wake. We’re on our own now, and it is time to step up to the plate. If you are even remotely moved by the story of Martin Litton’s life, it is time to find a way—your way—to carry on his work. Clicking “like” on Facebook does not count, nor does signing another online petition. Find ways to truly fight for the causes deepest to your heart. Through labor, contributions, letter writing, talking to people, you can and will help. If you’re not moved by this story, read it again. Google up the stories behind these snippets. Take a look at what was not lost. Repeat as necessary. Martin may seem like an immortal to us, but remember: he was just one person, who cared deeply, who would not take no for an answer. And he rocked the world.

We, as guides, have an amazing chance to shape the future on each trip. What we say, what we do, how we convey our love for the earth, changes our passenger’s reality every trip. Believe it. And take it to heart. We are in the unique position to make a big difference, and we are delinquent if we do not realize that and act on it.

A quick story: In the 1970s in Desolation Canyon I ran into a high school acquaintance, Bruce Hamilton, the guy who sent me West, where I instantly fell into the Canyon. Bruce was already on the fast track to the top of the Sierra Club (he is now deputy executive director). I was still a dumb boatman. I apologized for my lameness. He said, “You don’t get it, do you? We are nowhere without you. We need ground troops and you are in the business of creating them. You are the critical link.”

Top: Georgie White and Martin Litton.

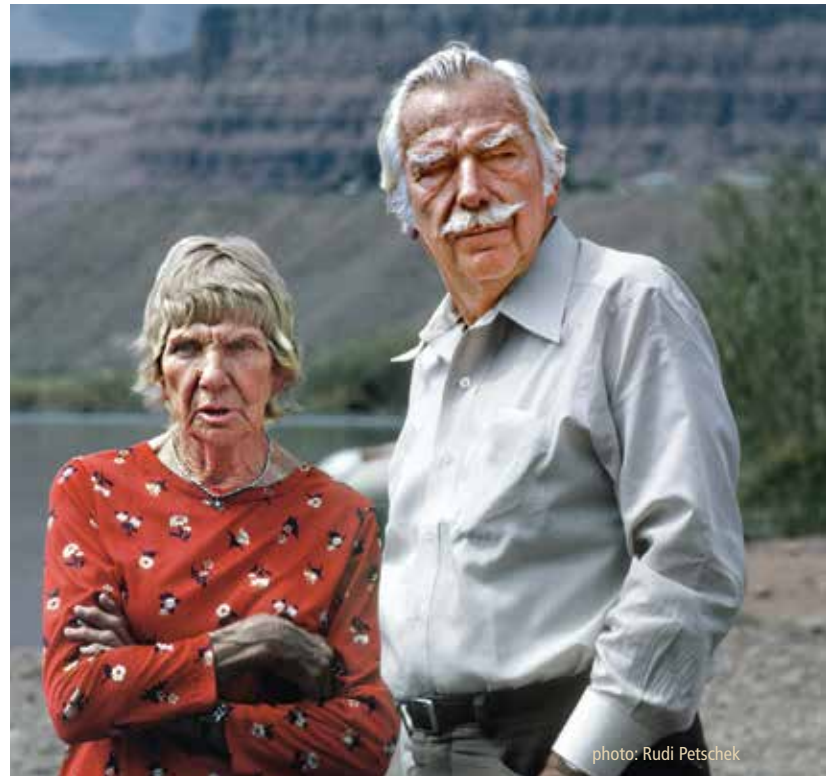


photo: Rudi Petschek

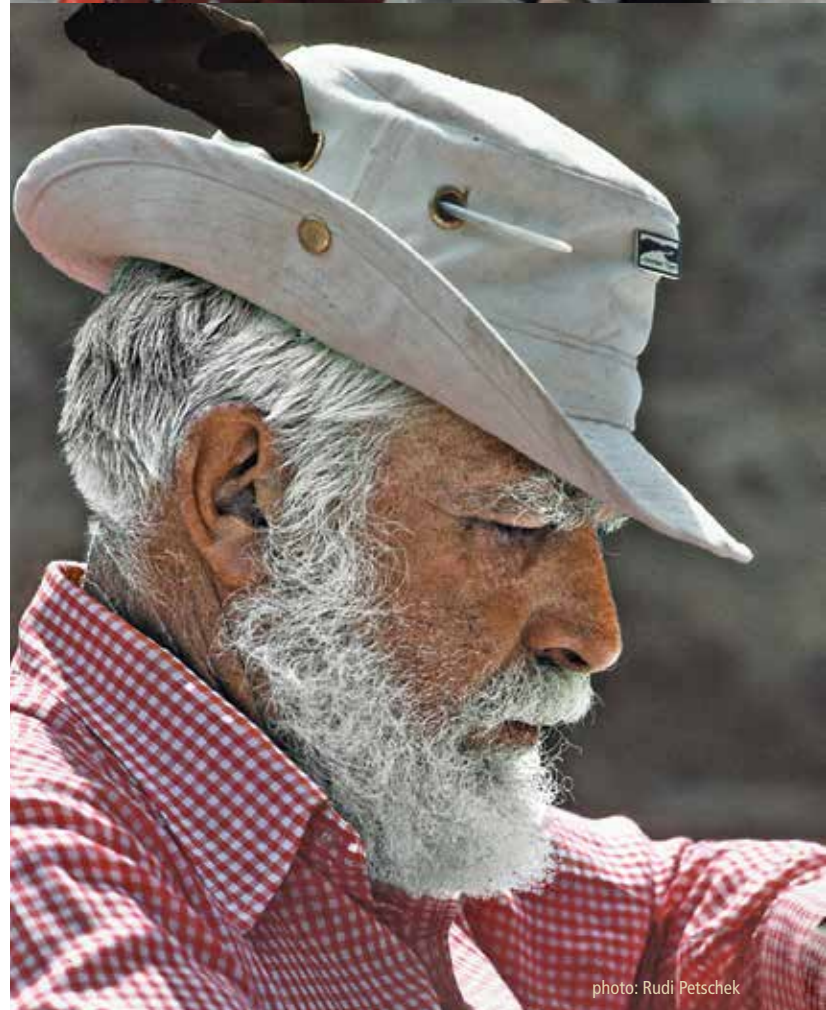


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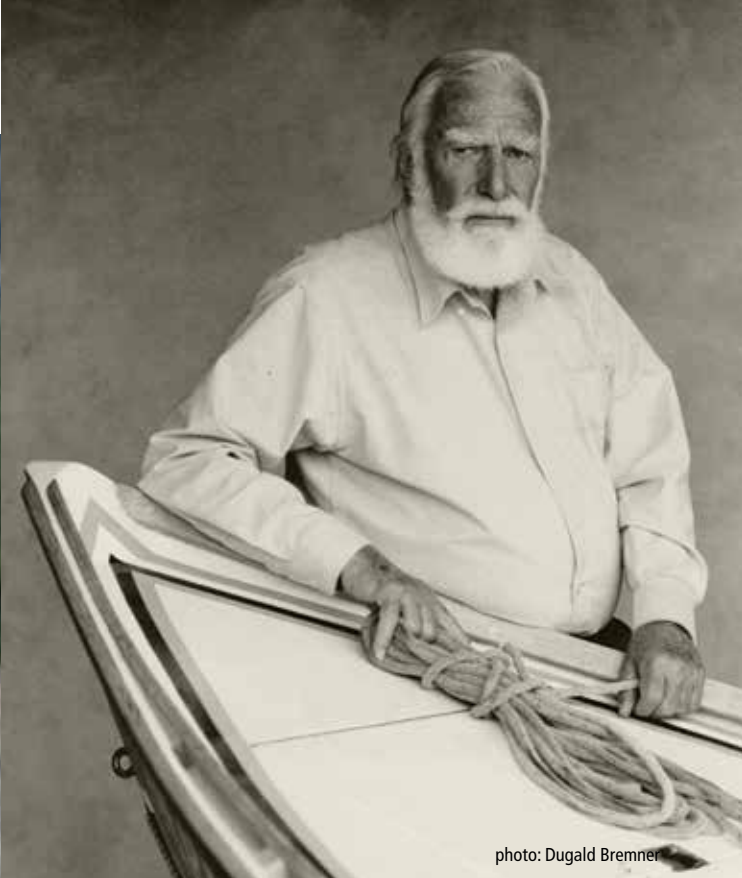


photo: Dugald Bremner



photo: Rudi Petschek

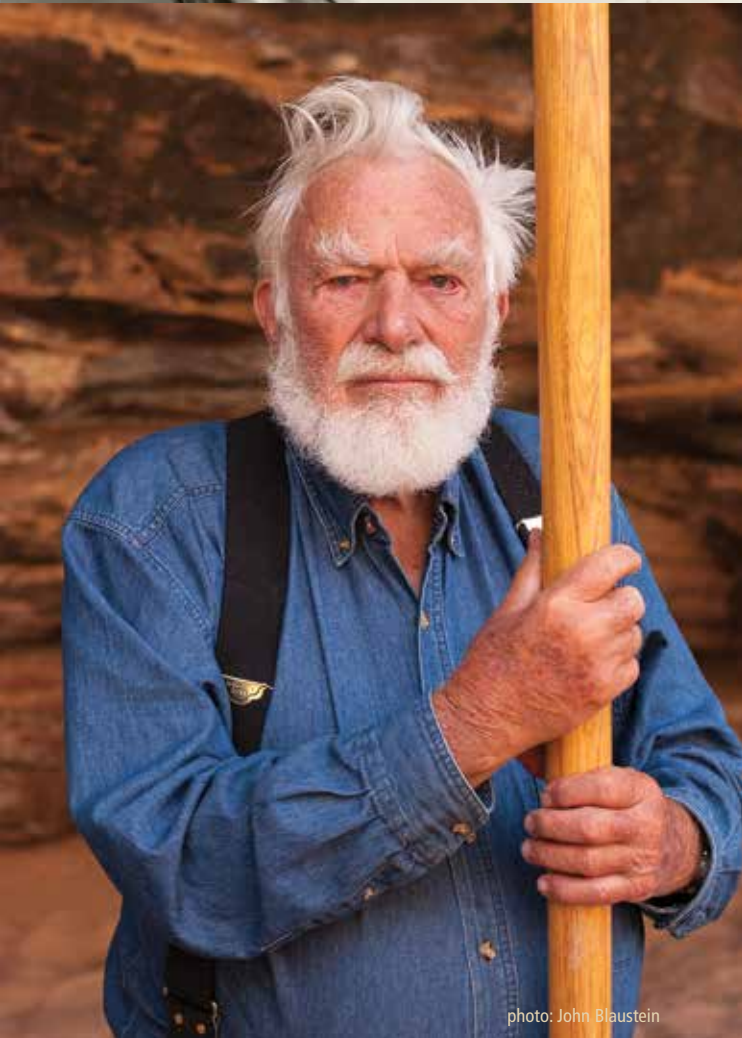


photo: John Blaustein



photo: Kate Thompson



photo: Rudi Petschek



photo: John Blaustein



photo: Rudi Petschek

Left: Martin and Esther in 2013, entering their eighth decade of wedlock.

Above: Dugald Bremner shooting portrait of television journalist Diane Sawyer with Martin.

Below: Martin and Ester in Washington, meeting an upcoming young senator.

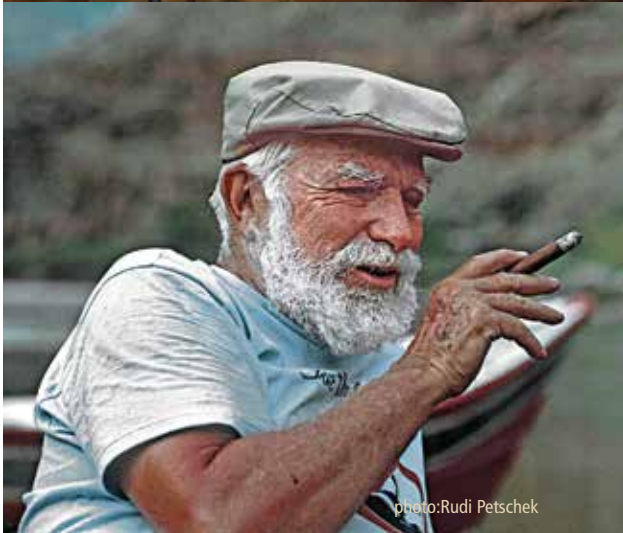


photo: Rudi Petschek



We are. You are. Remember the Dalai Lama: “If you think you are too small to make a difference, try sleeping with a mosquito in the room.”

* * *

Martin is survived by Esther, his wife of 72 years—“all that time she put up with me...”—and children John, Kathleen, Helen, and Donald. Martin’s ashes were laid to rest at Riverside National Cemetery at a small family gathering. There Donald—a dory boatman in his own right—spoke of his father:

grand canyon river guides

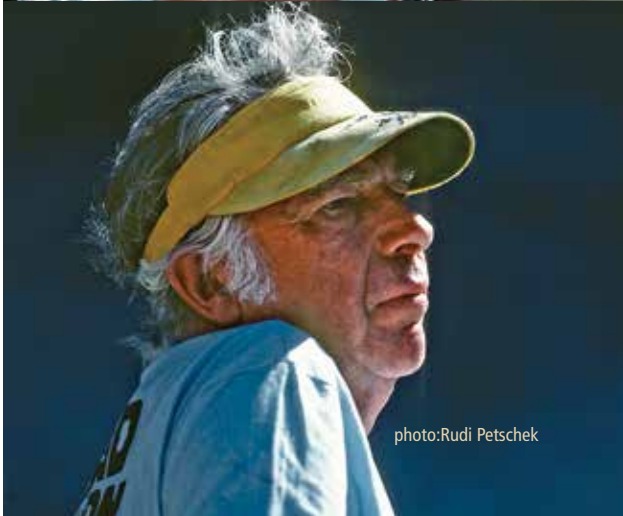


photo: Rudi Petschek



photo: John Blaustein

Martin keeping the boats looking sharp.

So many of his gifts were consciously given, but perhaps the most valuable were not. His vocation was heroic participation in the world, to protect this earth, all holy creation, from desecration. He made us part of his heroic work. We all felt like we were important; helping to save the world. Everything we did was crucial, to the earth, to humanity, to the future. By his model he taught us that our lives are important, valuable and our time precious and must be spent in service of this world, not to be squandered. I don't know if he meant to give us



photo: John Blaustein

Running Lava Falls at 85 years old.

that gift. But he did. A child may need inspiration more than knowledge. And though my father could speak authoritatively on nearly any subject, his inspiration was the greater gift. What could be better food for a child than to be made part of something so tremendous and by inference to be told your life and your personal quest is not just valuable, but essential to the whole world?

Brad Dimock



photo: Kate Thompson

Martin, 90, with son Donald.

The following is a reprint of the original oral history with Martin Litton that ran in *The News*, Volume 6 Number 1, in winter 1992–1993. *The News* was a precursor of the BQR.

My God, It's Waltenburg!

We caught him red-handed at the dory warehouse in Flagstaff, in the fall. He was sitting in the OOTSA LAKE sponging his hatches out, just off a Grand Canyon trip. 75 and still doing it. His third trip in two years.

“Golden trip,” he said, and Bronco laughed.

“You should’ve seen this guy pulling in,” (Bronco had been the trip leader and now he demonstrated in pantomime as he spoke.) “Here’s Martin, he rows into shore and throws his sand stake and the stern line over his shoulder, kinda aims them at the nearest passenger... ‘Here, tie me up!’ he says.”

Martin Litton grunted. Scowled at Bronco for passing secrets. Georgie Clark did it until she was 82, but she didn’t have to jump off and tie her boat up either. She didn’t have knee surgery pending and her boat was a little more stable, too. Last year Martin got sucked left at Bedrock. He flipped after he got over there and it wasn’t pretty when he came out the other side. Took a lot of C-clamps and duct tape to fix that one. But here he comes again, back for more. Indefatigable. Don’t think he doesn’t know what a golden trip is, though, or that it doesn’t mean something to get through clean, no matter how many times you’ve pulled it off. They’re tippy little boats and they make a bad sound when you hit a rock. Only a certain kind of person... touched, would think of starting a company that ran a fleet of them.

Wooden dories named after lost places. Who but a crazy man would dream up such a thing?

We sat Martin down and cranked up the old tape recorder for about 2 hours, trying to find out. It wasn’t enough. Nowhere near enough time to do more than grab a faint sketch of one man’s part in a very big story.

He grew up in the Depression. First saw the Grand Canyon in 1939, when he was 22 years old. Became a glider pilot in WWII, landing troops behind enemy lines in the thick of the European invasions. Hiked in at Toroweap in ’51 and took photos of the Rigg brothers lining Lava Falls on a Mexican Hat trip. Met the Hatch boys up in Utah around ’52, when they were teenagers learning to be guides. Wrote articles on Dinosaur for the LA TIMES and got enlisted by the Sierra Club because of what he said, the photos he’d taken. He ran the Grand in wooden boats with Pat Reilly in ’55.

According to David Brower, Martin Litton saved the Grand Canyon. Turned the Sierra Club board of directors around at a critical moment in the Marble Canyon Dam fight.

“Oh, that. Well, I don’t consider that to be the thing that saved the Grand Canyon,” Martin said. “But I know the thing you’re talking about...”

“The problem was, the Club figured it would lose, you see. The government had all the high-powered lawyers on its side, and all the politicians... the dams were a foregone conclusion. They were calling it the Marble Canyon Dam. They didn’t want people to realize it was going to be in the Grand Canyon, and they could easily confuse people across the nation by saying Marble Canyon Dam and Bridge Canyon Dam instead.

“The Sierra Club wanted to look strong and tough, and in control. So the President stood up before the board of directors, before the whole Club for that matter, all who were there, and he said ‘The Club must be adamant. We must insist there be elevators in the dam so that tourists can get to the bottom for the wonderful trout fishing that will be created there.’

“Well, that sent me into a fit of rage. I stood up and, expressed myself and... Brower gives me credit for causing the vote to go not for elevators but against any and all dams in the Grand Canyon. But he’s just being generous, really.”

“What did you say that changed their minds?”

“I suppose I acted horrified that the Sierra Club could pretend to be on the side of saving the earth and still acquiesce in the damming of the Grand Canyon... as it had in Glen Canyon, without really knowing what it was up to there. But here it had a chance to know. It knew what was going to come and was avoiding the issue.

“It was much the same with the SST when that was under consideration: that it would be built and all our airlines would be SST’s. I knew we didn’t want an SST and yet the board of directors squabbled over whether it would fly over the wilderness or over the cities. I said ‘Why don’t we say what we mean and say it shouldn’t

be here at all? We don't want it. Vote against it. We can't always prevail but at least we don't have to take the compromise position to start with.' So finally after hemming and hawing around about it, the board voted that no SST be built in the U.S. and none ever was. I had a terrible time with John Oakes—one of the owners of the *New York Times*—he was on the board then. He said 'We'd look ridiculous if we said no SST, because we all know it's coming. Why do we want to be on the losing side all the time?' I said 'We don't want it to come, do we?' He said 'Well, no.' I said 'Well, you'd better vote with me.' He said 'Oh, I couldn't do that.' But when the vote came, he did."

Litton is a complicated man. Irascible, opinionated, irrepressible. "They were very one-sided," he says of his articles on Dinosaur which caught the Sierra Club's eye in the first place. "That is, they told the RIGHT side."

Asked "Why use dories?" He says, "Anyone who looks at a dory and has to ask why... will never understand." Then he rambles for twenty minutes non-stop about their virtues, never once touching on their unique disadvantage (which comes to mind every time you hit a rock in one). He was against motors in the '70s and according to one of his original boatmen, no one on a dory trip was allowed to bail in sight of a motor trip. Everybody had to sit still and smile till the motors went by, even if they sat in water up to their belly buttons.

He is not a saint. Rumor has it he's been known to take a drink every now and then; known to scare people half to death barnstorming around in his airplane; known to admire a beautiful woman or two. Rumor has it that he was not the greatest small businessman who ever lived, or the most organized.

But something about him is special, almost larger than life. And sitting in a room with him, asking him to relive the old battles, you can feel that.

He's right about the dories of course. Most boatmen who see them don't have to ask why.

Litton conceived them after rowing an open drift boat on the McKenzie River. He called Pat Reilly in '62. "Let's go run the Grand."

"We don't have any boats," Reilly said. (He'd abandoned his in disgust during the high water years of the late-'50s.)

"Oh yes we do," Martin said, and they ordered hulls from Oregon. Which, once they got them decked over, became the first dories to run the Grand Canyon. One of them (Reilly's) resides at the South Rim today.

Slowly the boats evolved. Reilly packed it in eventually but Litton kept going. His fleet matured and

grew, and finally each boat began to take on her own special identity.

"At first they were named after various things. Pat Reilly had one named after his wife Suzie and I had one named after the place I came from and so forth, but very shortly after I acquired the whole dory thing it occurred to me we weren't even noticing the places we were despoiling. So I thought: people ought to be reminded of what we have injured on this earth and how we have hurt it unnecessarily. We shouldn't be able to just walk away and think there's something else waiting. So those places we've spoiled or destroyed seemed appropriate names for boats, and also places that we see going, going, not quite gone. We need to be reminded of them too. Lake Tahoe, for example. It's really beyond repair yet people still think it's beautiful and want to go there. We ought to be reminding them that it's not what it was. Other places that are hurt badly but are still worth a fight... the dories should be, I felt, used to help, to remind people we've got to get to work on this. Mono Lake is an example of that. We had dories named for places in other parts of the world, not just our own country. Other places are down the tubes too."

"So was that why you really started the company?"

"Oh, I never intended to be a commercial outfitter. I had a job I thought I'd probably end up getting my gold watch from. I was senior editor at *Sunset Magazine*, finally. Which was a really pointless place for me to be, but it was comfortable. It wasn't helping the world but on the other hand I could use the medium of *Sunset*—and the access it gave me to things and places—to do the things I thought I should do. Like trying to get a Redwood National Park and all that. I just... was running the river for fun, for pleasure. But more people, more friends wanted to go and sometimes there were 3 or 4 trips a year and I could only go on one or two of them. So my oldest son or Francois Leydet would lead trips. Word of mouth spread and after awhile it wasn't even friends anymore. Eventually people I didn't even know were coming and I thought: well we've got to start getting people to pay for the cost of these trips or we'll be in the poorhouse. So I began to set a price on it. It kind of crept up on me without my realizing it was happening. But it did, and in late 1968 I was having somewhat of a feud with the management at *Sunset* and one day I said 'That does it. I quit.' And walked out. Threw away my security blanket and what was left was the Dories. And, uh, it just blossomed and grew. I didn't do much

to cause that, but...that became the main thing that we did."

"How was that better for the world than editing SUNSET?"

"I don't know what impels one to want to show people the Grand Canyon...to help them see enough so they could care more, I suppose. Have them on that river. Let them feel its life. The way it stirs and rumbles and moves you along at its own pace. It has tremendous force and appeal. It's not just a physical force but...it has an appeal about it that...I can't describe. But getting people on that river means they can understand it, and that was part of the motive. Part of it was that I liked to be there. And people who were becoming my friends liked to be there, and it's hard for me to say no. I don't have any willpower that way. Maybe I didn't want to say no."

You have to hear Litton talk to really appreciate him. His voice is warm and gravelly, mellifluous. He is a world class charmer and in light of all he's seen and been and done, it's nice to realize he's mortal too. It wasn't a grandly inspired plan or a vision from God he's been operating under. He just got sucked into this thing like the rest of us. Couldn't say no. And the finer moments? For him too, they just...happened along the way.

The tape rolled on. There came a point in time where the interviewer began to panic. Litton—warts and all—was something all right, and the history of the dories was too, but we were just blasting by the bulk of it at warp speed. "Hit the high spots," Karen Underhill (the NAU archivist) had said. "Go for the most important things. Don't assume you'll get another chance." But what were those? Words of wisdom? Pointers on how to deal with boating in the '90s?

He has changed his mind about motors. Worked against them for many years but now realizes if you're going to see the numbers the Park wants down there, you have to have them.

"If those same numbers are going at the pace of an ordinary rowing trip, it means crowding. If people don't want to spend a lot of time there, let them get in and get out. Leave more of the Canyon for those who prefer to stay longer."

"How are we doing otherwise?"

"Well, trips seem to have gone from the simple camping trip to the cruise-ship mentality: how much stuff can you take with you from civilization and have it there all the time? All these things are appreciated by the guests but on the other hand I keep thinking maybe they'd appreciate more having their trip cost cut in two. It's hard for people to afford these trips and the cheaper you can make them, the better...given safety and nourishment and all that. Letting nature

be the main focus rather than how well you ate, or how much this and that you had along the way. Maybe to bring these points home it would be interesting for people, no matter how long their trip is, to have one John Wesley Powell day. On which we assume that at that point we have just what Powell had: a very little

bit of wormy bacon and flour that's been reduced to gruel...a few dried apples and all the coffee they can drink. Really the most important thing is the majesty of the Canyon. And what it does to people's lives to be away from their normal routines for awhile. Even a short while."

One hears this comment and has to wonder how much Martin really knows about normal routines, or the good it might do to get away from them. The early days on the river were anything BUT routine. They never ran Lava Falls at first—didn't dream of it. One party (not a trip Martin was on) gave up trying to line it at a particularly bad stage and just let their boats go. Hiked out and hitched a ride around to the lake to pick them up. They found one boat still floating and Georgie towed another one out upside down. All the hatches had blown off it and the cameras were gone and people on the trip thought Georgie had stolen them. "Ridiculous," Martin said. He'd flown them around looking for the one Georgie didn't tow, anyway.

When Martin finally got around to running Lava, plan A was to drop straight over the ledge. (Who knew? Rumor has it that Martin found the slot completely by accident one time. Got out there and wasn't quite sure where to go and just...slipped through.)

One particularly bad day dawned at Crystal shortly after it was formed in '66.

"We got there with four dories and one old basket boat raft and it looked bad. I thought I could see the way to go but I didn't want to damage boats if I could



help it, and I also didn't want others to damage boats and then feel bad about it...so I told them I would take all the boats through.

"Well I took the first boat and went into the big hole, went up on the crest and turned over. And the boat went upside down through the rock garden, oh, kind of pushing me along as it went. And ripping its decks off. And its bow. And its stern. And everything. Tearing itself up generally and the gear kind of oozing out through all the open places that were torn out. Anyway it ended up down there and I ended up with it. Way down at the bottom of the rapid. So I couldn't right it and I just tied it up there and went back to get another one. Flipped the same way and this time the boat drifted left over to the sheer wall near the bottom. Its decks were all ripped up too. Bow and stern torn to pieces and I couldn't get it back across the river so I tied it there to some little chip of rock or something. Then I swam back across the river and headed up to get the third boat. Then a fellow named Ned Andrews, a boatman with us, wanted to accompany me. Now that's really crazy. Saw two boats go over and wanted to ride in the third one. Thought maybe he could help. So he got in the boat and we went down and turned over the same way...there we are, two of us swimming instead of just one. But we got down and tied the boat up and went back and I was ready to take the fourth boat but before I got up there Curtis Chang got in and took it through and flipped the same way I had. So we had four upside down boats all wrecked down there. And then Charlie Stern took the raft through and he flipped that and he was down clear to Tuna Rapid before he got ashore."

Martin laughs. "So we got down to Bass believe it or not that night by some miracle, I don't know how. I guess we still had oarlocks. And it was dark. I landed first, went as fast as I could. So I grab a flashlight and run up along the little cliffs there above Bass camp trying to beckon the guys in because I wasn't sure they knew where they were or that they could find their way in. I'm trying to wave the flashlight two hundred yards upstream from the camp and still hope they'll make it in at the camp.

"So that was a pretty wild night. And we spent a couple of days patching boats. Something you don't want to repeat. I mean, it's worth the effort to run Crystal right.

"Of course a lot of people don't remember that the year Crystal was formed so was House Rock. House Rock used to be just a little tiddly sort of thing until

that fan pushed it all over on the left side, same as Crystal, right up against those cliffs. You never had any trouble. It was a straight shot...so that was a big year for...that rain fell, what? 15 inches in some few hours up on the plateau. Tore out everything along Bright Angel Creek, too. That was a big year...1966."

"When you looked over the edge that first time back in the '30s did you ever think you'd stay this long down there?"

"It never occurred to me I'd go on the river. Nobody was going then. There had been trips, but they were considered very special expeditions. You know, heroic kinds of things. You might as well go to the North Pole or something."

"Well, where do we go anymore? Are we running out of space?"

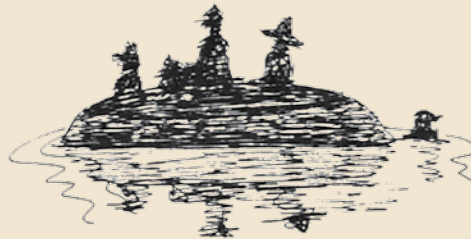
"In the world?"

"Yeah."

"We have. We're due for the lemming effect. We're halfway in it now. There get to be so many of these animals and finally they can't stand it anymore—they run off a cliff and commit suicide...I don't think we can stand each other."

"Well...where does the Grand Canyon fit now, then? In the '90s?"

"Many people...make quite a thing of how the Grand Canyon experience, going down the river, has changed their lives. And I don't just mean the people who got married as a result of a river trip or swapped mates or whatever they did—but how the experience has somehow opened their eyes to something bigger and greater in life. It's made their lives...better. They understand...the whole universe better because of having been in the Grand Canyon and isolated from other things. Having time to think. A river trip has sometimes, it's been called 'The Voyage of Life.' The famous series of paintings from the National Gallery. Oh, who painted them? It's about a voyage down this river of life. It begins with a little baby in a little floating cockleshell, shaped like a swan, you know, floating into this canyon and



then the paintings go on and the party ages. You see the roughness of life by the rapids in the river and so forth. The obstacles and all that. And that's where you have a young man able to grip all these things and master them, the problems of life. It's all related to a voyage down a river. And then you see suddenly the calm and the sun shining through the clouds and this old, old man comes out of this canyon onto the calm water. And it's amazing how like a Grand Canyon trip that is. Wish I could remember the name of the painter. Thomas... Thomas Cole. That's it. C. O. L. E. It's a wonderful American series: The Voyage of Life. We put phony names on these paintings... how did we start it? Well, something about leaving Lees Ferry... I can't remember. But then in the rough part, where it shows the tempest and the great rushing waves and all that, we titled that painting 'My God, it's Waltenberg!' and the last one, the voyage is ending in peace and serenity. We called that 'Lake Mead at Last.' I know this is all silly, but you get silly. On the other hand there's something very fine and ennobling and serious about the whole experience. It is a microcosm of life when you go down that river. You start, a kind of a lighthearted effect and the challenge isn't so great at the beginning and then it develops and develops and you find yourself able to cope with it and finally you've done it. You've done the whole thing."

There was a way that Martin said the last part. You knew he wasn't talking about just the river. It got to us, and the silence stretched out for quite awhile.

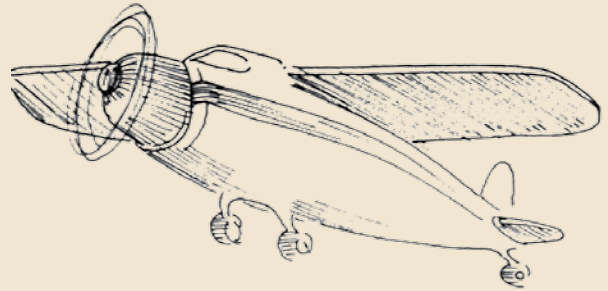
"You better tell one more," Bronco said finally. "Tell that Waltenberg story."

"Oh, that," Martin said. "Well, Pat Reilly used to sit in his boat... of course in the old days you didn't wear the life jacket until you were coming to a rapid. You waited until you had some reason to put the thing on. And Reilly would sit there in the boat ahead of me and when he'd come to a rapid he would stand up and put his life jacket on and then I'd get up and put my life jacket on too. Everybody else would. So this day he was sitting in the boat paying no attention to the river, just making notes. He kept long extensive notes about every little thing. What time he brushed his teeth, you know, all these things... what happened that day at mile this and mile that, what he observed, what was there, what he hadn't observed the last time and so forth, so on. We got to going down the river this day and the water was nice and calm and I never did anything unless there was some indication from him... and all of sudden in front of us he jumped up! Grabbed his life jacket and put it on! He was

yelling 'My God! It's Waltenberg!' We were coming to Waltenberg Rapid and he hadn't noticed it, you see..."

The interview wound down. Finally we were out of gas. Frustrated at all we'd missed. "We'll do it again, ok? Next time get it right. Start at the beginning, maybe go through the whole thing chronologically."

"Sure," Martin said. "Call me."



A handful of us gave him a lift to his plane the next morning because Coby Jordan had cautioned us not to miss the experience. We got to the airport and sure enough, she was a beauty. A 1949 Cessna 195 tail-dragger. Pure Humphrey Bogart. Enormous radial engine, little bitty windshield, clean glorious all-American lines, just like the old cars from that time too. Classic. The country's finest hour. Martin fired her up and blue smoke belched and billowed out of the engine. A lot of smoke. It streamed past the fuselage and out across the airfield while the engine caught and spluttered and finally gathered itself into a roar. (Martin had warned us about this in advance. Something to do with oil dripping whenever she sat idle.) We stood off to the side and watched the old girl warm up and settle down, all choked up over something we couldn't really describe. Finally the smoke thinned a bit and Martin throttled back long enough to toss a comic aside out the window at us.

"Ah yes! She roars to life with a burst of fire and glory!"

He squinted at the horizon, then turned back toward us.

"Those were the days," he said. "When men were men, and women were glad of it!"

Vroooooom. He was back on the throttle and moving once again, off down the runway.

Lew Steiger

Illustrations by Ellen Tibbetts

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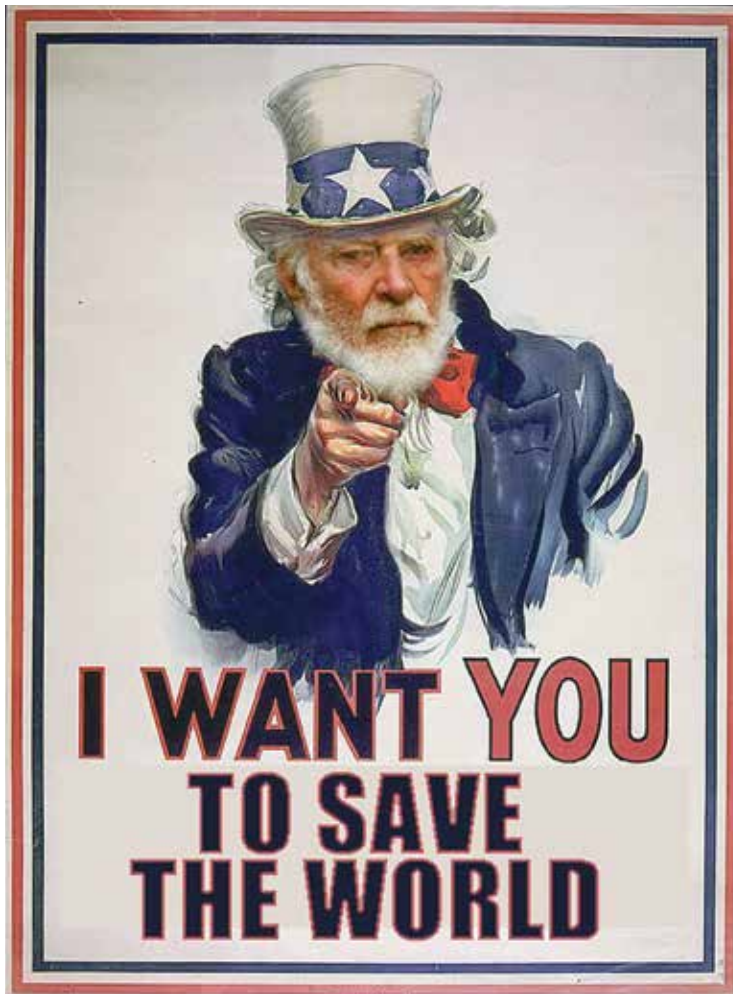
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THE EARTH LOST one of its greatest defenders on the last day of November. Martin Litton fought for protection of our natural resources for eighty years. Much of that story is told in this issue. With Martin's passing a great hole exists in the forces protecting this earth. Martin asked that there be no memorial service to stand around and talk; he wanted everyone to go out and do something. And so we must. Pick your cause, get out there, actively defend it. It's our turn now.

