

# Boatman's Quarterly Review



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## boatman's quarterly review

Published 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, emailed to GCRG. Include postpaid return envelope if you want your submission returned.

Deadlines for submissions are the 1st of February, May, August and November. Thanks!

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### COVER

"An artist's conception of the proposed Bridge Canyon Dam and power plant occupies the center of this year's report cover. Around it are pictures showing points of interest in connection with the proposed development.

The dam planned for Bridge Canyon is a modern arch type which achieves required safety, according to acceptable standards, with minimum quantities of materials and resulting construction costs.

Two alternate dam sites have been considered for the location of the Bridge Canyon Development. The first of these is known as the "Upper Gneiss Site." The two pictures on the left hand side of the cover were taken in the vicinity of this site.

The other site, approximately a mile down stream, is known as the "Lower Gneiss Site." This is the site at which the Arizona Power Authority proposes to locate the Bridge Canyon Dam. The two pictures on the right hand side of the cover were taken in the vicinity of this site."

—from the *Fourteenth Annual Report of the Arizona Power Authority for the period July 1, 1957 to June 30, 1958*

# Prez Blurb

**H**ello to all my peers. Al Neill here, reporting for the first time as president of Grand Canyon River Guides. Holy crap, what a year! So many issues, where to begin? Before even attempting to write this, I needed some inspiration, advice, direction, and help! I started by reaching into a crate of past BQRs, grabbed a handful, and took off on a 21-day Juvenile Chub Monitoring (JCM) trip. Throughout the trip, I read several prez blurbs and flipped through the articles.

First, what a great magazine! So much cool stuff in here and, wow, there's some tough acts to follow. Thank you, Margeaux for all your hard work with such a creative touch. Second, look at all the lives Grand Canyon has touched, changed, molded, it is truly a powerful place.

While asking around about what could be written, it became an interesting topic for one, just to hear perspectives on Grand Canyon River Guides association and its relevance. One comment that stuck in my head "BQR huh? Do you realize that Grand Canyon is the only river community in the world to have a magazine to talk about themselves?" Well, the easy answer is, yes. This particular corridor of the Colorado River is very dynamic and unique. With all that it takes to protect and preserve this small multicultural little corner of the world, the BQR and GCRG help keep it all tied together.

However, it does pose some interesting questions. John Wesley Powell's first expedition of white men through Grand Canyon, 1869. Brown Stanton Expedition, first river expedition through Grand Canyon seeking profit, 1889-'90. Grand Canyon National Park, founded in 1919 to preserve and protect for future generations. Norm Nevills, first commercial trip, 1938. By 1973 National Park Service had identified 22 river concessionaires. The number

is smaller now, due to outfitters selling their share of user days to other outfitters. This made it easier to get Park Service approval for the sale. My point being, river guides have only been involved in Grand Canyon a short time. Here is something to think about. There are eleven Indigenous tribes that have strong cultural ties to Grand Canyon. During the aforementioned process they became disenfranchised from Grand Canyon, their homeland and sacred sites. It's important to recognize the land has been exploited for financial gain—there is some serious white privilege occurring. We get to live out our passion as Grand Canyon river guides for various outfitters. In our effort to be more inclusive and diverse we should keep this in mind, and maybe lean on our respective employers to help and encourage some change. There wasn't any asking to be included into this region when Europeans came on the scene.

I think we're all interested in what is best for protecting and preserving Grand Canyon. There is a great piece on the Grand Canyon Trust website that contains tribal members and what Grand Canyon means to them. Please look up the blog, "We're Still Here" by Sarana Riggs. I really encourage you to take some time and check it out. River guides are just a piece of this Grand Canyon puzzle that I believe to be mostly positive. We try to share this amazing, powerful experience with others in hopes that it will change lives for the better.

Let's look forward coming into the 2021 season, hoping for some things to change. There are plenty of things to be concerned about, so I encourage you all to stay involved or get involved. It would be nice to get somewhat back on track. Maybe a GTS land and river session. I realize we are all heading into the off-season coming off a shortened season. I

hope you are all well and taking care of yourselves and each other. Take some time to check in on each other and call that old friend that you haven't talked to in a while; these are uncertain times. By the time you're reading this a lot will have happened in the world. I hope we remember who we are and who we would like to become. Don't lose hope! Continue the fight for current and future generations of all kind.

I look forward to serving as president of GCRG for the upcoming year. In my own busy schedule, I will do what I can to stay involved. I am all ears and would love to have conversations about topics that concern this community, and anything we can do to better this organization. I wish for an uneventful, restful off-season for all, so we can come into 2021 refreshed and recharged. That probably won't happen but sure sounds good. Be kind to one another.

*Alan Neill*

# Changing of the Guard (And Endless Gratitude)

None of us could have foreseen how dramatically our lives would change in the blink of an eye, such as they did last spring when we first heard the word “Coronavirus.” Our river community is often somewhat insulated from the vicissitudes of the world above the rim, but not this time—events were quickly cancelled, the Colorado River closed to all river trips, unemployment and uncertainty about the future reigned. Down into this dark abyss we went, but thankfully there is nobody quite as amazing as river guides who rise to meet the crashing waves head-on with heart, intelligence, grit, and determination.

GCRG’s officers and board of directors met that unprecedented challenge, jumping into action through the nascent Grand Canyon Relief Coalition, an informal alliance of GCRG, the Whale Foundation and Grand Canyon Youth, dedicated to assisting our community during the COVID-19 crisis. Our GCRG officers and directors were directly involved in every aspect including ideas, planning and execution of a multi-faceted effort to help their peers navigate this crazy new world—from virtual gatherings, to the virtual

Guides Training Seminar series, and the simply incredible *QuaranZine* section of the BQR Vol. 33 No. 2.

All of our officers and directors are volunteers. All are working guides. All were reeling as they sought to pivot to a new world where the old rules no longer applied and established ways of doing things went out the window. And imagine doing all of that at hyper-speed because the urgency was so great, and the need was not down the line, but now. Into this maelstrom stepped our intrepid group—GCRG president Margeaux Bestard, VP Al Neill, and directors Mariah Giardina, Lars Haarr, Zeke Lauck, Billie Prosser, Justin Salamon, and Lynne Westerfield. Their work, as well as that of Fred Thevenin who retired as Secretary/Treasurer in December, has been incredible as each and every one of them helped GCRG chart our course, stay true to our mission, and provide a strong, clear, collective voice in defense of Grand Canyon and the Colorado River. Our endless gratitude is extended to all of these amazing humans! Please give them a heartfelt thank you the next time you see them around town or down on the river.

Additionally, I would like to extend a special thank you to our

exemplary Madame President, Margeaux Bestard, for helping to steer the ship. Margeaux’s fantastic ideas and energy fueled so much of the important work we did over the past year, and *QuaranZine* was her brain-child—conceived with grace and intention to provide purpose and solace to our river community in the time of its greatest need.

Time marches on despite pandemics, so you will notice some new names on the masthead. As of September 1st, Al Neill moved up to the GCRG Prez position, and new Vice President (Billie Prosser) and three new GCRG directors (Riley Burch, Erica Fareio, and Jay Healy) took office. We are beyond grateful for the boundless time, energy and enthusiasm that all GCRG officers and directors have brought to our educational and environmental nonprofit organization over the years. Simply put—we would not exist without them. As I’ve said before, and it has never resonated more...“Time marches on, but strong leadership within GCRG continues with stewards such as these. We are so blessed!”

**Lynn Hamilton**  
Executive Director

## IMPORTANT DATES IN 2021

Considering that it is almost impossible to plan anything in this crazy COVID world, we strongly suggest subscribing to GCRG’s E-newsletter, Boatman’s Beta, to get further updates. You can do that from our home page at [www.gcr.org](http://www.gcr.org) (you’ll see the link in the right-hand sidebar) or send us an email at [info@gcr.org](mailto:info@gcr.org) But this is what we’ve got so far in terms of events, trainings, and workshops next spring! Thanks for your patience!

- **Whale Foundation Wing Ding:** February 13, 2021.
- **WFR Recertification:** (sponsored by GCRG and Desert Medicine Institute): February 12-14, 2021, at the O.A.R.S. warehouse in Flagstaff Note: the number of participants will be limited in order to ensure social distancing, so sign up ASAP on the First Aid Class page of the GCRG website, under Guide Resources.
- **Backcountry Food Manager’s Class:** TBD.
- **Point Positive Workshop Series:** TBD
- **GTS Land Session:** Stay tuned for information on Virtual GTS (V-GTS) offerings through Boatman’s Beta and/or the Guides Training Seminar page of the GCRG website, under Guide Resources.
- **GTS River Trip:** (Upper Half) April 1-7, 2021 Lees Ferry to Phantom Ranch and (Lower Half) April 7-16, 2021, Phantom Ranch to Pearce Ferry.

# Farewell

**A**fter fighting the good fight against cancer for a couple of years, our old friend Dick McCallum left us on August 3rd, 2020 at 80 years of age.

Dick was introduced to Grand Canyon in 1957 as a client on a Georgie White trip, where he ended up working as a boatman. After several seasons with Georgie, he partnered with Ron Smith to create Grand Canyon Expeditions in the mid-60s. He later partnered with Susie McCallum to build Grand Canyon Youth Expeditions in 1970, which then became simply, Expeditions in the early 80s and they then sold in 1998.

Dick was a well liked and respected guide and outfitter in the Canyon. After transitioning the company from a predominantly youth orientation, he offered one of the less expensive trips in the Canyon which generally attracted a fairly hearty and good natured clientele—school teachers, blue collar workers, European kayak clubs. Known fondly amongst our community as Mac, he earned several other nicknames over the years—Captain Canyon (which turned in to Captain Casual later in his career), Neptune (due to his long, flowing beard, great height and classic profile), Haggis MacBagpipe (due to his thrifty nature), Stone Face (due to his often serious expression). But Mac was always the one that fit.

He never ended up flipping a raft in his 40 years down there. On a trip near the end of his career, he came really close to earning a new moniker in Sapphire Rapid—Captain Capsize. The whole trip, watching his tube stand, held their breath simultaneously, ready to launch into a Yankee Stadium cheer at his demise, only to be disappointed when we realized the black side was still down. Strong as an ox, he learned to read water astutely during all those trips he had to co-captain Georgie's "Thrill

Rig"—a smaller version of her triple rig (carrying 15 passengers) which he and his partner would row like demons all day just to catch Georgie at camp each night. Maybe that's why in later years he would just pack up without a word and leave camp while we were still serving breakfast. We'd come across his boat miles downstream, tied up at some obscure spot, no sign of Mac. He'd be up hiding in a cave somewhere, peering out at us as we tried to find him. We may not have known what he was up to, but he always knew what we were up to.

For all his pokerfaced reputation, Dick was pretty adept at pulling capers. Whether waking up from a lunchtime nap with an M&M melting in your ear or finding your oar handles covered in peanut butter while pulling away from shore to run a big rapid, Mac was the consummate prankster, having learned the trade from Georgie herself. He was at his best on the river. On a trip in the late-90s as Mac was guiding our people up the boulders at Elves, Clare Quist was shuffling his folks down. Some 40 years had passed since they both had started working down there, but since Clare started before Mac, he couldn't let Mac slide. Clare sized him up and said for all to hear, "Oh, there's the new guy."

Every year, Mac would check on an intact Anasazi pot up a side canyon (purposefully not identified here) to see if it was still there. He was super secretive about it. We would always try and catch him in the act of going to check on it, but he always had a sixth sense about us lurking about, trying to follow him and see it for ourselves. Thinking we were being really sneaky, we'd stumble across him just sitting in an obscure place on the trail, meeting our eyes with that staring expressionless gaze from afar, knowing what we were up to. We never did find that pot...

Dick was brave enough to hire some pretty rebellious characters at Expeditions over the years, wisely choosing a hands off approach to managing all the strong-wills passing through the doors. Many of his boatmen worked between different companies and were highly skilled. As will happen, a few were not given game cards for the next season. Ushering people out the door was not one of Mac's fortés—he had a difficult time with that.



There were some hard feelings on both sides that never were resolved.

But conflicts with his boatmen paled in comparison to his relationship with the Park Service. Let's just say he was not a big fan of the bureaucracy. That weighed heavily on him with his stubborn, independent style. It eventually became the reason he stepped away from outfitting.

He never stopped reaching out to youth in his own sage and kind manner. Santa Claus was his role each holiday season down in Supai Village. His love and devotion to his family and animals were unparalleled. He would always talk of them first in any conversation. Some of his last concerns were that he hadn't done enough. That there was

still so much more to do. Through our own sadness, knowing that he was getting close to the station, we assured him that he had done more for others than so many could even hope for.

His freewheeling style is a thing of the past now. It would not fly in today's guiding world. We are all super thankful to have had some great experiences with this wonderful man, his company and all the wonderful folks that we got to take down river. Not a regret amongst us. Fondly, we bid adieu with a toast of blackberry brandy and a flaming watermelon boat.

*From a few of the Expeditions crew*



To get a more detailed account of his life in the Canyon, please read a great interview with Mac featured online in the Vol. 7 No. 2 Spring 1994 edition of the BQR. [Link in article below.](#)

## DICK "MAC" MCCALLUM: A REMINISCENCE

**A**fter seeing the Grand Canyon for the first time, I vowed that my next visit would be on the river. I perused the brochures of all 22 river outfitters on the National Park Service list, but really my choice boiled down to one of two companies that did the longest trip available, 18 days for my "trip of a lifetime." Grand Canyon Youth Expeditions (GCTE) won as it offered a participatory experience, geared toward a younger demographic wherein the "youth" rowed, cooked, cleaned, and did groover duty. Hardly a "youth" at 25, in July 1973, I met Dick and Susie McCallum in Flagstaff, owners and operators, with "Mac" as trip leader and head boatman. Often Susie would accompany the river trips, but, as she was eight months pregnant with daughter Jamie, she opted out of this one.

As so many who have done a Grand Canyon river trip can attest, it is one of the most important experiences ever in their lives, and

mine was no different. I still have a good friend I met on that trip, 47 years ago, and Mac was soon to become another. Little did I know that two years later I would have another river opportunity, as a swamper on a motor trip. Arriving at Lees Ferry to rig, who did I meet standing on the ramp but Dick McCallum. I introduced myself by saying, "I'm sure you don't remember me, but I was on your trip in July 1973, and now lucky enough to be doing another river trip." And then probably something about how great that trip was and I'll never forget it. Of course, Mac said he remembered me, making me think I made an impression.

I was a swamper for a couple of vacation trips every year after that until 1979, when I became a boatman. So funny to remember, as a swamper I ran into Mac either at the Ferry or on the river every time. Doing a lot more trips as a boatman, I didn't see Mac every trip, but would

every season and often enough that I like to think we became friends. Over the years, I ran for a handful of other outfitters, unfortunately never for GCTE (or, later, Expeditions), but always enjoyed interacting with their crew, on and off the river, sharing stories and a cold one or two. Sometime along the way, Mac said I was his only passenger who became a boatman.

Moving to Flagstaff, I had more interaction with Mac, especially after I got involved with Grand Canyon River Guides (GCRG) and with my work as a librarian at Glen Canyon Environmental Studies and NAU Cline Library Special Collections and Archives (SCA). With conducting oral histories for SCA and GCRG, Mac and I had many discussions concerning archives and river running history, especially his involvement with the government on many levels when they lost his concessions permit during the first prospectus, and his and Susie's fight to regain it. It was

such an emotional aspect for him, that he often could not continue to talk about it. We hoped to do a follow-up oral history interview to incorporate that as his original one was while he was still an outfitter (Dick, like many other outfitters, was a boatman first). Over the years, he became more conversive about it, and I may have heard almost the complete story as each time he conveyed more details, and, also, more emotions. Unfortunately, we now won't know, though through his archives that he wished to go to SCA some researcher might be able to piece together the story.

Mac told me many times that he was a survivor, from a rough childhood through growing up and adulthood, and he survived those government interactions. His childhood experiences led him to teaching and counseling, and then into participatory education through GCYE. He repeated this aspect many times, and it became a major defining portion of his life. He often could be found at the Kickstand Kafe coffee shop in Flagstaff, talking to the nearby junior and senior high school students. I think he derived energy by interacting and sharing with them. I'm part of a loose group of Geezers who meet occasionally for beverages and blather, and Mac was able to join us a couple of times earlier this year, inviting us to his rock house and boat shop, touring his memorabilia and showing off his hot rod. We're very thankful this happened; if timing isn't everything, it certainly helps. From 1957 and for over sixty years, Mac was an integral part of Grand Canyon river running. His life and memory will continue in the hearts of his family and friends.

**Richard Quartaroli**  
(1973 "Youthketeer")

**Editors Note:** To read Dick McCallum's initial oral history interview mentioned in the article, go to <http://www.gcr.org/bqr/pdfs/7-2.pdf>.



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### GRAND CANYON YOUTH EXPEDITIONS

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Photo is from Q's 1st GC river trip with Mac. Mac is bottom left and Q is bottom row, second from right.

# The Dick McCallum Scholarship for GCY

**D**ick McCallum was a man well ahead of his time. Having run his first Grand Canyon river trip in 1957 (with Georgie White's Royal River Rats no less; Dick worked for Georgie until about 1964), he quickly understood how the river experience could alter and change the course of people's lives, especially young people. Fleeing an abusive home environment (a topic he readily shared with anyone), he found the river to be a challenging but growth-inducing place, accepting of anyone who might be open to its many charms. Knowing how the river trip in Grand Canyon changed the trajectory of his life, Dick wanted nothing more than to offer that same opportunity

to other people just starting out in life. And that was the birth of Grand Canyon Youth Expeditions. [Dick and Ron Smith formed Grand Canyon Expeditions in 1964. Dick and his wife Susie started GCYE in 1970, which became Expeditions in 1984; they sold in 1998 and the company transitioned to Canyon Expeditions.]

In honor of Dick McCallum's vision in providing opportunities to young people to experience the river, a group of us decided to start a scholarship in his name with Grand Canyon Youth. Seed money has already been donated by us and is being held by GCY. We invite you to contribute any amount you can—\$5, \$50, \$500, or \$5,000, to possibly

endow this worthwhile financial vehicle. As of yet, we are uncertain if this will be a one-time scholarship, or, if funding allows, an endowed scholarship that could help young people experience the river.

Please send anything you can to GCY at: 2131 N First St., Flagstaff, AZ 86004. Or donate online at <http://gcyouth.org/scholarship>. Feel free to call 928-773-7921 with any questions.

Note that your contribution is for the Dick McCallum Scholarship. Thank you in advance for supporting this newly established fund at GCY!

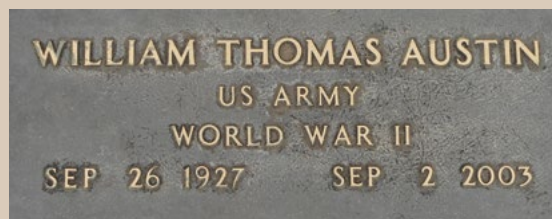
**Wayne Ranney & Richard Quartaroli**

## Bill Austin: Jet Boatman, Explorer, Caver

**T**his vignette is in further reference to the 1960 jet boat uprun of the Grand Canyon as detailed in the Spring 2010 BQR, Volume 23, Number 1; in the Fall 2010 BQR, Volume 23, Number 3; and in *White Water: The Colorado Jet Boat Expedition* by Joyce Hamilton.

After meeting C.W.F. Hamilton in Christchurch, New Zealand, American William Thomas (Bill) Austin became an enthusiastic supporter of the Hamilton jet boat development effort. Initial experiments and trials had demonstrated that the Hamilton jet boat constituted a promising vehicle for navigating shallow and rocky river pathways. As such, Austin and others thought that an uprun of the Grand Canyon would be an exciting possibility.

Bill Austin and his friend Phil Smith were part of the United States research initiatives in Antarctica. And, in their available time, they did world-class cave exploration



**Bill Austin's cemetery marker.** Photo: Dave Hughes

under Flint Ridge, Kentucky. Indeed, Bill operated Floyd Collins Crystal Cave—where he had hosted the famous 1954 Collins Crystal Cave Expedition fielded by experts from the National Speleological Society. In due course, Collins Crystal Cave would be integrated into an extensive Flint Ridge Cave System that, eventually, would be connected to nearby Mammoth Cave. At present, the Mammoth Cave System is—by far—the longest surveyed cave on our planet.

Working with the Hamiltons, Austin greased the skids for a licensing arrangement with Indiana Gear Works. John Buehler, as

president of Indiana Gear Works, was willing to finance a Grand Canyon uprun as an advertising gimmick for his Indianapolis-based enterprise.

After much preliminary planning and logistical staging, the final expedition set off in June 1960. But, during a violent

downrun of treacherous Lava Falls on June 23, jet boat pilot Bill Austin sustained a compound fracture of his left femur. He was evacuated by helicopter the next day, and the remainder of the Grand Canyon uprun was completed successfully without him.

Bill Austin passed away in late summer 2003 and is buried at the Horse Cave Municipal Cemetery in the rural Kentucky community bearing the same name.

**Dave Hughes**



**A**s luck would have it, I guided the first rafting trip to leave Lees Ferry after the Grand Canyon had been shut down for 81 days due to Covid-19. To be honest, I was pretty excited about being first to leave Lees Ferry and wondered what changes might have occurred in the river corridor as far as beaches, camps, wildlife, and the river, itself. This would be the first time in over 50 years that the Colorado River through Grand Canyon had been untrammelled by humans for an extended period of time. It was also a novel idea to realize I didn't have to worry about where I would camp that first night.

I was in this wonderful and unique situation due to the goodwill and support from rafting colleagues, a good customer, and the NPS, all of whom deserve a big shout-out for working with Colorado River & Trail Expeditions (CRATE) to make the trip happen. First of all, thanks to John and Chris Vail at Outdoors Unlimited for offering to give CRATE their June 14th "opening day" launch, to Grand Canyon National Park for permitting the change, and to Yendor for making the trip happen.

For the past twenty years, or so, I had always run my first Grand Canyon river trip of the season in April. April mornings are cold in Fredonia, Arizona, and it would sometimes be snowing as we drove over the Kaibab on the way to rig at Lees Ferry. It was a big difference to start the season in June.

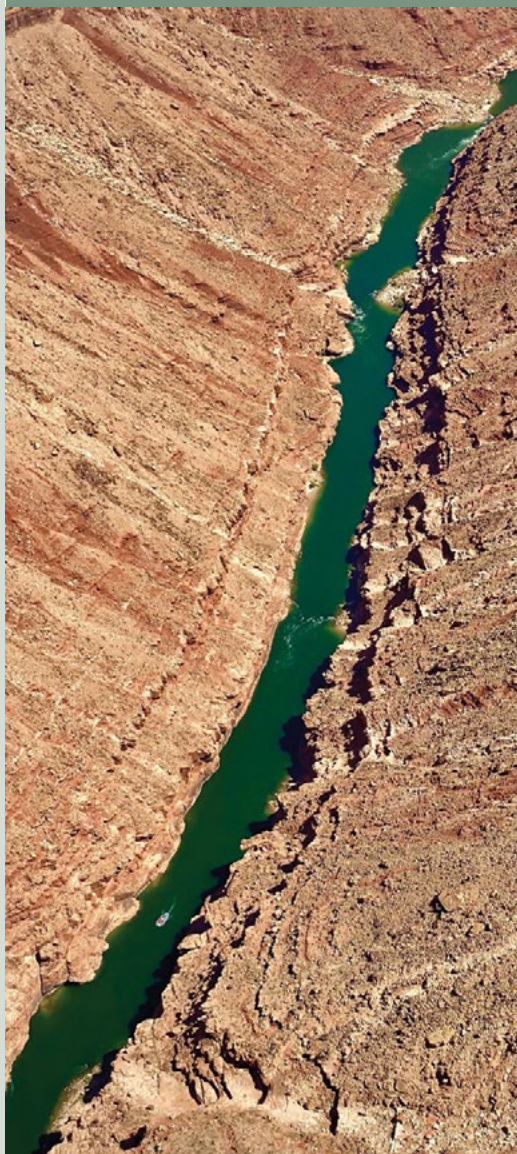
The commercial outfitters had all worked together to come up with a social-distancing plan

**Aerial image of Walker's boat on the first trip around Mile 14.**

Photo: John Dillon.

boatman's quarterly review

# THE FIRST TRIP



for Lees Ferry. Launch times were staggered voluntarily to ensure the ramp would not be crowded. When CRATE arrived, the ramp was empty and in great condition. We put our masks on, rolled the raft off the trailer, inflated and attached the side tubes, and did all of the normal things we have done for as long as I can remember. Floating on a boat in the river at Lees Ferry on that June afternoon was calming, although anxiety about the virus was always in the back of my mind. My swamper, Kai, and I looked forward to meeting Yendor and his group the next morning and getting an early start on the river. The early start would help with social distancing at Lees Ferry, and would give us an opportunity to experience the Grand Canyon before anyone else.

After getting everyone fitted properly with lifejackets, taking temperatures, and giving the essentials of the orientation, we headed downstream. It was a wonderful feeling to be back on the river. The passengers were super excited, and it was obvious from the beginning that it was going to be a good trip. We left Lees Ferry pretty close to 8:00 a.m. The first rays of sunlight filtered down through the blanket of smoke put in place by the North Rim's Mangum Fire. We decided to move quickly downriver to escape the smoke and headed to Redwall Cavern for lunch. As we floated underneath the Navajo Bridges, my wife and children, Mindy, Kaicia, and Ridge, waved and yelled down their goodbyes and good luck! Then it was silent. A condor blessed us with a fly-over and landed on the bridge. Then, we floated around the corner, out of sight, and eased into the great unknown.

All Grand Canyon river rafting trips, including administrative,

research, private and commercial trips, were suspended on March 24, 2020. No one had floated in these upper stretches of Marble Canyon for 81 days. The only tracks on the beaches were from wildlife. The beaches were windblown with ripples of sand all the way across them. We saw a typical number of bighorn sheep. They seemed neither startled or interested in our passing. The rapids had not changed since I saw them in the latter part of August 2019. The aura of the canyon corridor was different and special, though, as epitomized by a new great blue heron rookery located near South Canyon, about fifty feet above the river. It was the first time I

first on the river was knowing there were no trips in front of us. We could choose any camp we wanted. It made me think of the stories I had heard over the years from my dad and mom (Dave and Vicki Mackay), Amil Quayle, Jake Luck, Paul Thevenin, and the Curreys, about how in the sixties it was still rare to see anyone else on the river, and that camping at Redwall Cavern, Deer Creek, Tapeats Creek, and other such magical places was allowed.

I have always liked the camp at President Harding. My swamper Kai Myers and I set up camp, disinfected, put on our masks and cooked dinner. By the time dinner was over, there was still plenty of light thanks to the

long mid-summer days. After dinner I took some time to stare at the rapid. The sound of water is powerful and comforting to me, sort of like “comfort food.”

Originally, there had been 24 people in Yendor’s group, but earlier cancellations due to the onset of Covid-19, along with the last-minute logistical changes, resulted in a single-boat motor trip of eleven passengers. The small group, all of them knowing each other and traveling together, was reassuring given the situation with Covid-19. CRATE had a Covid mitigation plan in place and we were going to do our best to keep everyone safe. As a river company, we were already essentially

a floating restaurant, following all of the necessary precautions to stay safe from food borne illnesses and slowing the spread of any disease that might be brought on a trip. To stay safe from Covid-19 we were going to do even more washing and sanitizing, wear masks around food, and do temperature checks. The temperature checks began three to four days before the trip, continued

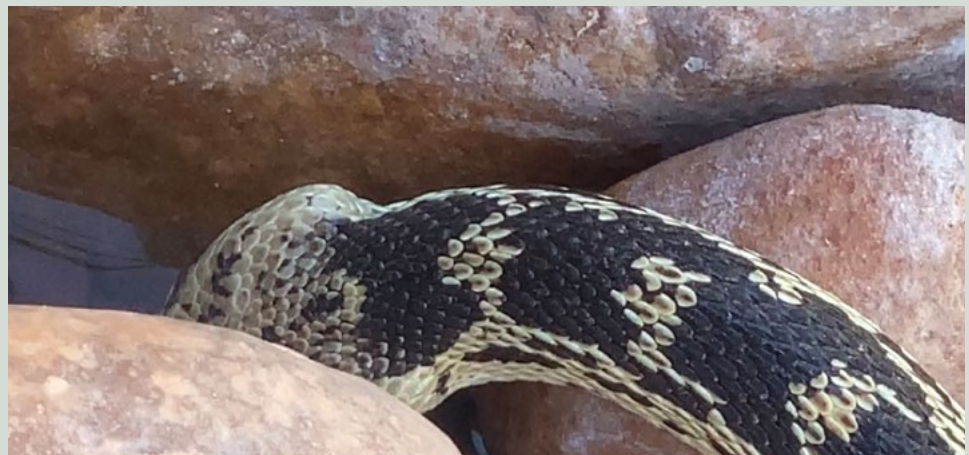


Four-foot-long gopher snake drinking out of Clear Creek. Photo: Walker Mackay

had seen a colony of great blue heron utilizing this location.

After eating our first river “sammies” of the year, we all power-napped at Redwall Cavern. The space, the silence, and the bed of clean, soft, cool sand was luxurious. After this restful interlude, we continued downriver, stopping to look at some nautaloid fossils, and then made our first-night’s camp at President Harding.

As I mentioned before, one of the nicest parts of being



Close-up of four-foot-long gopher snake drinking out of Clear Creek. Photo: Walker Mackay

at Lees Ferry, and were done every morning of the river trip. Although it felt a little strange to point a medical infrared thermometer at everyone's forehead the first day, it became part of the normal routine as the trip progressed.

We started day two with another round of temperature checks and Covid questions. A good group effort took us to the waterfall in Saddle Canyon. We swam away the afternoon at the Little Colorado and camped that night listening to the roar of Nevills Rapid.

Probably the most unique experience of the trip happened on our third day. We stopped at the mouth of Clear Creek and hiked the three-quarters of a mile up the canyon to where the water cascades, falls, and deflects sideways. On the way down from the hike we saw something I had never seen before. We saw a

4-foot-long gopher snake aka "bull snake," (*Pituophis catenifer*—Thank you Geoff Carpenter) drinking out of Clear Creek. Because of the noise from the creek, the placement of the small cobbles around him, and probably because no one had interfered with his daily routine for months he did not notice our small group. We watched and took pictures for over a minute of the beautiful creature guzzling the fresh waters of Clear Creek. It made us all realize how nice it must have been for the various critters of the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River to have a break from humans.

By the time we got to Phantom Ranch a couple other trips had caught up with us. The canyon still felt empty, but the aura of knowing we were alone was gone. By now temperature checks were the norm and the Covid-19 routine was just what we did. We took our time

heading down river. We pulled in at the bottom of the Island below Crystal and scampered amongst the rocks telling stories over the roar of the rapid racing around both sides of us. We camped at Bass Camp early and motored down to Shinumo Creek for the afternoon. At Bass camp we did not see a single mouse, snake, or ringtail cat. Apparently, the lack of rafters camping there every night resulted in the end of an easy food supply. Day 4 and 5 were pretty routine. We got to enjoy Elves Chasm, Blacktail Canyon, Stone Creek (camped), Tapeats Creek, Deer Creek, and Matkatamiba by ourselves. Days 6, 7, and 8 were great and went by fast. The trip was great, and I feel fortunate to have had the experience.

**Walker Mackay**

## Baby Announcement

**E**verett Robinson Miller put the labor in Labor Day this year, arriving September 7th at 7 lbs. 9 oz. and 21 inches long. A fall storm blanketed the La Sal Mountains near his home in Moab with a fresh coat of snow on the night he was born.

It's already clear that Everett has a strong will and an infectious smile. His parents, Mikenna Clokey, who has worked for CRATE since 2002, and Alex Miller, whose favorite color is orange, fell for each other on their

first Grand Canyon trip together and are eager to share their love of the current and canyons with Everett. With a little training from the CRATE crew, he should be ready to hit the water any day now.



# BOOTS

**N**ot long ago I was catching up with my BQRs—“what, you don’t keep up to date with the BQRs?” “No, do you?” But I do catch up eventually because BQRs are such a good publication that you just can’t miss any.

Something in the issue detailing John O’Brien’s interview caught my eye, and that had to do with an eight-day hike he did in the Grand Canyon with a friend just after finishing high school. Nankoweap to Tanner.

It seems that his friend had bought a pair of Raichle mountain boots for the hike, but he neglected (out of ignorance?) to break the boots in before the hike, with the consequence that his feet were reduced to hamburger in short order.

This set me to thinking: nowadays few people know anything about proper mountaineering boots, probably because the most used footwear are trail shoes, entirely adequate for hiking around on good trails, which is what most people do. I think it might be interesting and useful to talk a bit about the kinds of boots that have been used, together with some tips on how to use them.

**THESE ARE MY TRAIL SHOES, WHICH PROBABLY ARE SOMEWHAT STOUTER THAN MOST.**

They are made mostly of leather, which I insist on, but there is no ankle support, there are several seams, which do not last long, and the soles are molded onto the shoe, which means they cannot well be replaced. When the sole wears out, the shoe is trash. Shoes such as these generally require little or no break-in. Each shoe weight just over 1 lb. (17 ounces).



**NEXT ARE MY CURRENT MOUNTAINEERING AND HIKING BOOTS, WHICH I CALL MY DANCING BOOTS BECAUSE THEY ARE SO MUCH LIGHTER THAN WHAT I HAVE USED MOST OF MY LIFE.**

The upper is made of one piece of leather, and there is decent ankle support. However, this sole too is molded, so it cannot easily be replaced. Boots like these are relatively easy to break in, but that must still be done to avoid foot trouble. They are OK for hiking and relatively mild mountaineering. Each boot weighs 1.5 pounds (25 ounces).



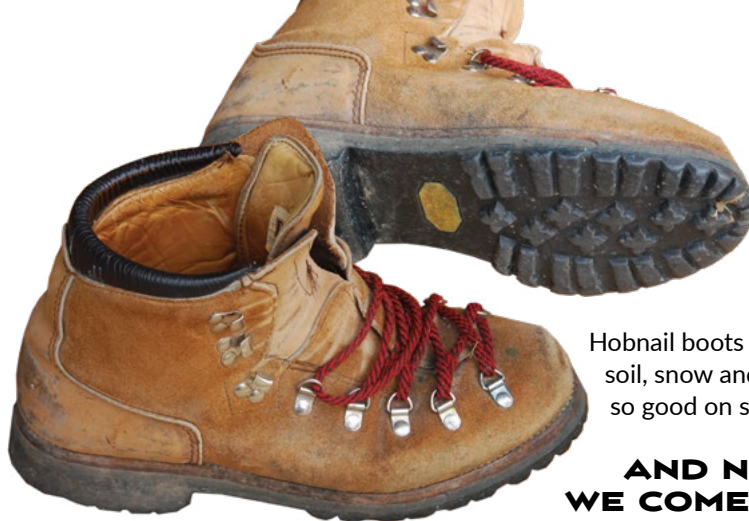
## NOW WE COME TO THE REAL THING, PROPER MOUNTAINEERING BOOTS.

The upper is made of one piece of heavy leather, and there is plenty of ankle support. This upper is sewed to a heavy leather sub sole, to which is glued a very substantial rubber lug sole. This sole can be replaced when it wears out, which takes a long time. These boots last almost forever. The boots are warm in cold weather, have a strong toe box that prevents damage to the toes if a rock happens to roll over the boot, and they can be used with crampons.

The last issue of the BQR (Fall 2020) has a photo on page 27 that features Rachel Schmidt on a backpack in the Wind River Mountains. She is hoisting her obviously ultra-light backpack, and she is wearing proper mountaineering boots, which are eminently appropriate for this sort of use.



I know that there are many who scoff at this sort of boot, but my lifetime experience has been different. As a field geologist, I have seldom walked on trails, but mostly cross-country. And I have worked a lot in Alaska, where steep snow—and



Hobnail boots were great in soil, snow and ice, but not so good on slickrock.

ice slopes are common, as well as steep scree slopes at the angle of repose, always ready to roll a boulder over your foot. Crampons are often needed, and protection from the cold is essential. These boots weigh from two to 2.5 pounds each.

The king of mountain boots were the Molitors, made by a family in the village of Wengen, Switzerland, hard by the legendary peaks of Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau, and not far from the renowned ski resort of Grindelwald. These boots had a leather sub sole nearly an inch thick, which made absolutely imperative a careful and lengthy break in, generally done by walking around in streams. Only then would the soles acquire the proper arched shape, essential for walking.

The Molitors weighed three-plus pounds each, but there was just no better protection for your feet.

Mountaineering boots became truly practical and widely used after WWII, when an Italian firm invented the Vibram Montagna lug sole, far and away the best sole of this kind. Unfortunately, these soles seem to have disappeared from the scene, perhaps because lug soles in use today are molded onto the boot rather than being glued onto a leather sub sole, as is the Montagna.

Before the Vibram sole appeared on the scene, we used hobnails, which had many interesting names depending on the specific nail, for example *Tricouni*. Hob nails lasted essentially forever, but did come loose from the leather sub sole, when a new nail could be hammered in.

## AND NOW WE COME TO THE QUEEN OF MOUNTAIN WEAR: THE FLIP-FLOP.

To my knowledge, no Everest-grade flip-flop has yet been made, but that surely will happen before long. And there is little doubt that a Grand Canyon boatman will soon summit that mountain wearing flip-flops. Or perhaps K2.

These shoes give no ankle support whatever, and pebbles have a way of lodging themselves between the foot and the shoe, but in the semi-aqueous environment of river trips they are the obvious choice. And they require no break-in. They are not so suited for going for long hikes on shore, but the boatmen would think of wearing nothing else. It is a matter of habit and of pride, and maybe even a little silent boasting that says: "Hey, cheechakos, you need to put on fancy boots for going on any little hike but we, boatmen, can go *anywhere* in flip-flops. So there."

My flip-flops weigh 3.8 ounces (1/4 pound) each. Perhaps Grand Canyon boatmen do not have strong enough leg muscles for heavier footwear?

*Ivo Lucchitta*



# FALL RENDEZVOUS RECAP





# can a question be a poem?

In what ways is your life like a river? Or, if you prefer, in what ways is a river like your life? In what ways are they different?

*Reader, pause for at least a minute to consider the above before reading on.*

You are in a small boat, drifting down a river. There is a substantial rock directly downstream.

What are your alternatives? Which do you choose? Does your choice say anything about you?

*Reader, pause for at least a minute to consider the above before reading on.*

Your small boat is past the rock and drifting on down river. Ahead there is a fork in the river with roughly 1/3 of the current going left and 2/3 going right. Which fork will you choose?

**Dan Marshall**

*"I did my first GC River trip in September (2017) with Bruce, Steve K, Erica and Howdy. It was life changing as you hear all the time. What an amazing two weeks. I cannot say enough good things. Poetry came out of me on Day 4 and has not stopped. It opened a valve."*

## **Stone and Sand** DAY 5

Massive stones  
and grains of sand  
make up this amazing land.  
Life moves on  
from start to end  
and we learn that we must send  
these cliffs, those crags,  
this flow, those snags  
to feed our children's children's  
souls.  
Leave the land to sheep and shale  
and let the silent winds prevail  
to carve this space  
with endless time  
for future peace  
for ancient minds.

## **Moonlight Glow** DAY 7

The moonlight glows upon the land  
that which we think we understand.  
I will stand far back and see  
that grandeur stays and let it be.  
Moonglow on the rock face bare,  
illuminates the stories there.  
The sand, the stone, the wind and sun  
all have tales so far from done.

## **Walls and Sky** DAY 5

These walls and vast wide open sky  
make me a speck,  
more like a fly on this big land.  
We live we die, so brief a time  
to touch the earth  
and let us learn  
to leave  
a lot  
of stones  
unturned.

## **Cliffside** DAY 8

The cliffside stream, the dragonfly  
I cannot let these things go by.  
I sit stone still, don't move away,  
listen  
what they have to say.  
Water falls and rushes down while I sit here  
absorb the sound.  
The gentle breeze, the river flow  
and feet that trod here long ago.

**Jacky Allbaugh**



# TALES FROM THE TRUCK



Eli and I were on a single boat trip this past July. It was kind of a light trip, eight guests, Eli and myself. We had spent the night at Redbud alcove and were just starting to load the boat in the

morning when a great rumble came from the heavens! It was louder than a jet plane for sure, like what I imagine a rocket launching sounds like. Everyone's heads tilted towards the sky to find the source of the clamor and it didn't take long to find it! Just about a mile or so upstream, a sizable piece of Coconino sandstone apparently decided that it was time to head for the river. By the time

the sound reached us on the beach and we craned our necks upwards, a huge dust cloud had already formed and was advancing downhill at an incredible rate! I had turned my phone on earlier

that morning to take some pictures of the fine sunrise and luckily it was still nearby. I ran to the back of the boat, still screaming and pointing at the dust and managed to take a video and snap a few photos. We watched the dust settle, finished the bag line and went downstream. Then someone asked, "So, how often does that happen down here?"

*Glade Zarn*

# Not This Day

**W**ater is everywhere. It's in my eyes, my ears, up my nose, and buffeting my body with shocking violence. Mud-laden darkness makes opening my eyes pointless. Is this really happening to me? I can't believe it. It lasts seconds but feels like forever.

I would like to say I'm thinking about my Dad, who was with me in the boat when it flipped. I'd like to say I feel the force that claims my hat and prescription glasses. I'd like to say that I feel anything other than the icy cold water from the bottom of Glen Canyon Reservoir, that flows through the Grand Canyon. But, I don't have a single cogent thought. It's all a blur that, to this day, I do not remember. My Dad is not so lucky.

\* \* \*

We scout Granite Rapid on river left (the left side of the river when facing downstream). On river right a sheer wall of ancient, multi-colored rock rises up in a sheer cliff. It's there, up against the wall, where all the action happens. The river plunges past the boulders dumped from Monument Creek, pushing most of the water to the far right. It produces high waves that crash diagonally away from the wall. Those waves are matched by curling waves from the left at a 45-degree angle. This is the special challenge of Granite Rapid.

Thou shalt not trifle with waves in the Grand Canyon. If you are in a sixteen-foot boat, as we are, you have one essential goal: Don't flip.

You have two strategies to prevent this: 1) Hit every single wave straight and 2) have downstream momentum. Of the two, hitting the wave straight is by far the most important. One time, a boat my brother was in flipped in a rapid that wasn't even big enough to earn a name, let alone a difficulty rating on the one (easiest) to ten (the most difficult) Grand Canyon Scale. Granite Rapid has a rating of seven to eight. So, having momentum downstream can also be crucial for overcoming a wave that breaks on your boat just as you hit it.

The sheer volume of water makes everything so much more difficult. The flow of a river is typically measured in cubic feet per second (cfs), and the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon in the early 1980s is often 25,000 to 40,000 cfs. This produces waves that are often bigger than a sixteen-foot boat, which means your boat essentially needs to climb up a hill to meet a breaking wave. The timing and power of that breaking wave can decide whether you flip or don't flip.

In Granite Rapid, nearly all of the water funnels to river right. You are speeding so close to the rock wall it looks like you will scrape against it, but you never do because the waves push you away. If you are skilled enough to hit the first wave straight, you ride up that face and as your boat crests the wave, it slaps down on the backside where you find yourself in a deep trough looking up at the next huge obstacle.

*But here is the problem.*

The next wave is completely perpendicular to the last one. If you don't immediately wield the ten-foot solid ash oars with everything you've got—pulling one oar backwards hard while thrusting the other one forward—you're going to flip. Welcome to Granite.

That's why I'm on the bank looking for a "cheat run" on the left. A cheat run is where you find a way to avoid the hard stuff. I like to think I'm quite good at it. With so much drama impossible to miss, why not miss what you can?

At higher water you can run far enough left to avoid the total mess on the far right. Scouting downstream by hiking along the river, climbing across and around big boulders following trails that aren't really trails in the blistering canyon heat, is not easy work. Sweat streams into my eyes. I keep thinking about getting back to the boat and dunking my head in icy-cold river water. The canyon walls stretch high above, and radiate heat they've collected through the day, baking you from the sides, from above, and from the ground below. Did I mention the ever-present and concerning threat of rattlesnakes among the rocks?

Scouting a difficult rapid is essential for safe boating. You need to see what obstacles exist to plan a path through them allowing you and your passengers to get through safely. It requires a technique called "reading water," looking very, very carefully at where the water is flowing. To do this well, you need to completely

ignore the riverbank, as rivers flow in all directions, including completely upstream (in upstream re-circulations called eddies). Thinking that rivers only flow straight downstream is a rookie mistake, one that I've long since learned to avoid.

One important technique for reading water is to pick a spot at the top of the rapid and follow that current carefully, watching where it enters the rapid and where it ends up. If it takes you to a good place, that's where you want to enter the rapid. I find a water thread that I like then head back upstream to my boat.

On my way back up-river, I take care to stop and note landmarks as seen from above. I need landmarks because the rapid looks a lot different from the top than it does from the side. By the time I'm back to my boat I know my cheat shot cold. I know for a fact that I can miss the huge waves on river right.

I climb into the boat, buckle my lifejacket across my chest and take up the oars. "Ok Dad, let's go!" He unties the boat, wraps up the rope so it won't tangle around us in a flip, throws it in, and jumps in the boat. "How are we going to run this?" he asks anxiously. "Left," I reply, as I stroke hard away from shore. He doesn't have a clue about reading rivers, but let's just say he has skin in the game. We both do.

We are now at the worst part of running rapids—the agonizing anticipation caused by the pool of water that very slowly approaches the lip where the water speeds up. It's so slow that I push on the oars to propel us forward. In this moment the fear is deepest.

I actually *yearn* to reach the point at which the rapid takes over and launches us into the unknown below, as bad as it may be, that's when the fear falls away. *You are only left with the doing of it.* This time seems no different. But as the current takes us and we begin to pick up speed I realize my mistake—I'm too far right! Despite all of my careful planning we are going to go up against the wall.

I have no time to think about why I did this. I push hard on the oars and prepare to hit the first wave straight.

\* \* \*

If you've never rafted the Grand Canyon before, you may think you are going to be running big rapids all the time. Far from it. Most of the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon is either what we call "flatwater" or relatively small rapids that are easily navigated without needing to stop and plan your run.

The bulk of your time is spent hiking or in camp. That's where most of the injuries happen, from tripping over ever-present rocks, to diving into the river where you shouldn't, to scorpions in your sneakers. If I'm not in my boat, I'd rather be swimming a rapid I shouldn't be swimming than climbing a cliff I shouldn't be climbing. And, yes, I've done both.

The evening campfire is where all the stories get told; stories from our own lives or from river guide folklore. It isn't surprising that we river guides enjoy stories of danger, so I admit to baiting my Dad, who grew up on an Indiana farm (as did I until the age of five), to tell one of his most scary stories around the fire one night.

"Why don't you tell us about the time you almost died in a tornado?"

"What?!" Said one of the other guides, "That's sick! Tell us about it."

With no more prompting, Dad launches into his story.

"Shortly after I turned fifteen, the family was ready to sit down to dinner when the wind picked up. We quickly closed all the windows while my older brother and I ran around the house to see what kind of storm it was.

"Suddenly my mother screamed, 'It's a tornado, head for the cellar!'

"Our cellar was an outdoor cellar. We had to go out the back door and run about twenty feet to the side of the house down the steps into the cellar. My mother took my younger brother by the hand and led him out. My older brother beat me to the door, so I was the last one out. By the time I

got to the door, the wind was pushing so hard against it, I could barely keep it open to squeeze out.

"I got about halfway through when the door closed on my body. I couldn't move. Struggling with all I had, I finally moved the door enough off my body to try to jump clear. I made it, except for my right heel. The door slammed on the heel of my shoe, caught me in midair and I fell flat on the floor. I couldn't get my foot free.

"I raised my head and looked out into the fields across from the house. There was the tornado, roaring past right then. It was a big black funnel going around and around in a counterclockwise motion. It was churning with black dirt, leaves, limbs, and tree trunks.

"There was one whole side of a house going around and around, and each time it came around it was a little higher," he said to looks of astonishment. "It looked like the wall of a bedroom. There was a window in the wall and it still had a curtain." This got a nervous laugh.

"There was also one of those college pennants, with the name of a university on it. It seemed to be holding up very well." Again, everyone was amused, in a macabre kind of way.

"At the same instant I saw the tornado, the roof on our barn was torn off and went toward the tornado. It was a large roof, about fifty feet long by twenty feet wide and it was very heavy because it had many coats of tar paper on it. It flew about a hundred feet and then fell to the ground. At the same time a tree blew down at the side of the house, just missing the house.

"I knew I was in trouble. There were trees behind the house, and if any one of those trees fell and hit the house, it would disintegrate the house and most of the house would fall on me.

"*I expected to die at any moment.*

"I turned around so I could see the door and kicked it with my left foot. It opened just enough so I could pull out my right foot. I jumped up and ran to the cellar.

“As I got to the cellar my older brother was coming up out of it. He had gotten to the bottom of the steps and realized I wasn’t behind him, so he came back up to see where I was and what had happened. I ran past him into the cellar.

“What happened?”, he said, ‘You’re as white as a sheet!’ And I knew I was, because I was scared to death.

“When we checked the barn after the tornado had passed, we saw that it had moved off the foundation by six inches.”

“Growing up,” he finished, “I had a really strong premonition that I would die young.”

I think to myself, “this is weird,” as he isn’t young anymore. I’m 29, which would make him 51. Hardly young.

\* \* \*

I surface, with the rapid still roiling around me. I swipe my hair back with my hand and wipe the water off my face and beard. Quickly looking around, I see the boat nearby and swim to it. Only after I grab on to the side do I look frantically for Dad.

I owe a lot to my Dad. He gave me a very unique upbringing, which included dropping out of school, attending an alternative school, traveling, reading widely, and building geodesic dome homes and treehouses. It didn’t prevent me from getting a Masters degree from UC Berkeley, and along the way I learned a lot about myself. I learned that I enjoy adventure and I’m very comfortable in nature. In fact, *I thrive on it*. So, it was no surprise when I decided to become a whitewater river guide.

As a guide, you eventually learn that the river doesn’t care. *It just is*. Rivers are simply water seeking level, but the simplicity of that statement belies the incredible, exciting diversity with which it accomplishes that. If all rivers flowed to the sea in the same way, there would be little magic. But, they don’t. *Every river is unique*. Every river is beautiful, in its own special way.

Part of being a good river guide, then, is knowing the particular qualities of every river and respecting those qualities, as well as what all rivers share in common. Foremost of those uniting qualities is the prime directive of all rivers—find level.

That imperative bows to no one. While it seeks rest, the river will push you, pull you, throw your boat over like a twig, and drown you without thought or malice. It just is. It just does. One of the major mistakes newly minted river guides make is to think that after they have learned to boat rivers, that they have somehow *conquered them*. Nothing could be further from the truth. If they boat long enough, they will eventually learn this. No one has more respect for rivers than old river guides. They have seen what rivers can do and how they can do it. The classic phrase of all river guides says it all: “There are those who have flipped and those who will.” I finally flipped, and at the worst possible time.

I will never know why I ignored all of my careful scouting and ran Granite on the far right, up against the wall. I believe that’s the only time I’ve run a rapid completely differently than the way I planned. I’ve thought about it for many years, and I think my subconscious knew that it was a rite of passage my Dad and I needed to make together. At least that’s what I cling to, having nothing else to believe in.

“Hey Dad!” I yell, spotting him a small distance from the boat. “Swim over and grab on to the boat.” Relief courses through my body. The idea of having to dive under the boat to look for him was terrifying. My stomach sinks to the river bottom just thinking about it. For this reason, river guides always have a knife on their life jacket to cut people away from entangling ropes and gear. I had fervently hoped this would not be the first time in my rafting career I would have to use it.

Later, he would tell of his awareness of being under the boat and being afraid of never getting to the surface.

“I thought I was never going to come up,” he said. “I thought, ‘This is it’. But it wasn’t, thankfully. Thank god for these life jackets!” he said, striking a fist into the life-saving foam surrounding his chest.

Soon the other boats in our trip catch up with us and haul us over to an eddy. Since all of our boats are rigged with lines to help us flip the boat back upright, we untie the lines tied under the boat from one side, line up on the opposite tube holding the rope, then we all fall back into the river, using our own collective weight to quickly turn the heavy boat right side up.

I’m proud to see that all the gear I had tied up has been kept in place enough that a kick here and there quickly has everything ship-shape. But I’m less put together than my boat. I’ve lost my glasses, which are essential for me to read the water as I enter rapids. Surprisingly, one of the eleven other people on the trip has a spare pair of glasses that work perfectly. I don’t even experience a headache. I don’t feel worthy of this boon.

This was my sixth trip in the Grand Canyon, and my first flip, *with my dad in the boat*. I had oddly and uncharacteristically ignored my scouted route and took the most dangerous path one could take in Granite.

I collapse onto my rowing seat and weep. All of my pent-up emotions: relief, fear, and shame boiling up to the surface like magma. Despite my mistake, and his premonition, the universe had granted my Dad and I a reprieve. “I think, you will not die today, Dad. Not by my hand”.<sup>1</sup>

### Edward Out

#### Footnote:

1. As of August 2020, my dad is alive and living in Thailand. Later, he said that he believed his premonition was actually about his brother-in-law, who died as a young adult of leukemia.

# Spring Disturbance Flow 2021

Persistence from a group of Adaptive Management Work Group (AMWG) stakeholders including GCRG, Grand Canyon Wildlands Council, the Hualapai Tribe, and Fly Fishers Intl/Trout Unlimited, have pushed the topic of higher spring flows as a main point of conversation at Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management Program (GCDAMP) meetings for a couple years now. Many stakeholders are interested to investigate results of a higher spring flow, which would more closely mimic the natural hydrograph by coinciding with the timing of historic higher spring run offs. Unfortunately, constraints written into the Long Term Experimental and Management Plan (LTEMP), have made it nearly impossible to conduct sediment-driven spring High Flow Experiments (HFEs). In fact, the LTEMP Record of Decision (ROD)—a document treated as sacrosanct by many of the institutional AMWG stakeholders—is embedded with multiple layers of protocols that make spring HFEs difficult to achieve. Therefore, stakeholders in favor of spring HFEs have been looking for ways to generate experiments that may help answer questions about whether or not a more natural hydrograph would benefit the Colorado River Ecosystem (CRE), recreational users, tribal interests, cultural sites, and more. Ironically, an opportunity presented

itself with required maintenance to Glen Canyon Dam.

This next spring, the Bureau of Reclamation wants to complete “apron” repairs at the base of the dam. As it happens, the bottom of that behemoth plug of concrete is not so invincible after all. **To do the repairs, dam operators need to reduce the flow coming out of Glen Canyon Dam to 4,000 cfs for approximately five days.** Entomologist Ted Kennedy, a scientist at the Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center (GCMRC), recognized an opportunity. Ted’s scientific instincts conceived of the idea to follow these very low flows with a pulse of higher flows thereby optimizing a “disturbance flow” that among other things would provide scientists a chance to study effects to the food base and the bug population.

Because all approved experiments need to follow the prescriptions of the LTEMP ROD, flows above “power plant capacity” are not permitted. Because of planned turbine repairs, power plant capacity in the spring of 2021 translates into flows between 20,000 to 25,000 cfs. While not exactly a high spring flood, the delta between the low flows needed for the apron repairs (4,000 cfs) and the power plant max (somewhere north of 20,000 cfs) could be a big enough pulse to shake things up a bit. Proposed research elements to

the spring disturbance flow include a sediment survey in western Grand Canyon for navigability, windblown depositional sand that may help preserve indigenous cultural sites, and a variety of investigations looking into potential biological responses.

Although the proposed hydrograph has not been officially approved (at the time of this writing), the plan is to start the dam repairs in the middle of March, ramp up to power plant capacity for four and a half days before returning to normal flows by the end of the month. While running the perfect spring disturbance flow—for each interest group—is only possible in some parallel universe, at least this plan was developed as a collaborative effort and through a lot of compromise between all stakeholders, including the Bureau, the seven basin states, and others. The hope is that this baby step can help the TWG and AMWG better understand disturbance flows and in this case if it is beneficial to time them in the spring. While it is unlikely that a single event (especially one that is pretty “wee” compared to history) will lead to any certain conclusions, it’s not nothing and we hope it helps move the conversation about flow experiments forward.

For river runners, the idea of conducting HFEs in the spring has some appeal. Data show that fall HFEs can consistently rebuild beaches

by up to 33 percent, but by the time commercial boating season starts, these gains are cut in half. That is in no small part due to the fact that the river is cranking all winter long (when it would naturally be at its lowest flows). Why? Because make no mistake—that dam makes e-juice, and people pay good money for it. So even though the proposed spring hydrograph is not expected to build beaches, this pulse flow may give campsites a much-needed cleanse at the river margins, where impact from users is greatest. Looking a bit into the darkness of the LTEMP ROD, to make spring HFEs more likely to happen at least two things would need to happen: 1) the accounting period for sediment would need to be amended, and 2) the high winter flows would need to be curbed to maintain the mass-balance of sand deposited over the winter at the confluence of the Paria.

For those of you thinking “Holy crap! I may need to run a motor-rig at flows of 4,000 with paying clientele!”, take comfort that **the repairs are timed to occur prior to the motor season**. And for those of you who are thinking “Holy crap! I may need to row a boat at flows of 4,000 cfs”, take comfort that you will be able to share your own story when those old-timers start talking about peeing in the river to keep the flows up.

Your TWG representative, Ben Reeder, and AMWG representative Dave Brown, have been working to keep sediment resource studies that affect all river runners as a top priority in research funding. We welcome any input or questions you have for us—in our quest to preserve the river running experience through the Grand Canyon, in the most authentic way possible.

**Ben Reeder & Dave Brown**

# ASTRONOMICAL DATA

“Astronomical Observations of the 1869 Powell Expedition Through the Grand Canyon,” by Lars Bergman and Robin G. Stuart, *The Journal of Navigation* (The Royal Institute of Navigation, in press; published online (read only) by Cambridge University Press: 25 September 2020: Bergman and Stuart, *Journal of Navigation*, 22 pp.): DOI: 10.1017/s037346332000048x.

We are grateful that Robert Brewster Stanton persevered and prevailed in 1907 in his search for John Wesley Powell’s original 1869 and 1871–’72 river journals, as Powell’s 1875 published report to Congress contained many discrepancies from reality. Published by the Utah State Historical Society (USHS) and others starting in 1939, Powell’s and his men’s journals offer clarification. However, in particular, one 1869 journal escaped publication until fairly recently. In 1947, USHS published a few pages of geology only from Notebook Number 2, “Geological Notes and Sections, and Astronomical Record of 1869.” Regarding the astronomical portion, in 1945 editor and Powell biographer William Culp Darrah stated, “They consist entirely of lengthy series of tabulated figures and appear to record astronomical data...We question the possible value of this material.”

Those astronomical data remained unpublished until 2003, when Michael P. Ghiglieri included my transcriptions of them in an Appendix in his *First Through Grand Canyon* and issued a challenge for someone to interpret the observations. In a 2015 third edition, Ghiglieri included responses from Stephen Kerst (and someone who remained anonymous) with interpretations concerning the data. Kerst informed Frank Reed (Reed Navigation), who informed the authors of the article reviewed here, Lars Bergman and Robin G. Stuart. After over 150 years of Powell’s data collection, and almost twenty years of my interest, I am thankful that they have undertaken the time and effort to make sense of these 1869 data.

As the main purpose for Powell’s river trips was to plot the course of the Green and Colorado Rivers, filling in the blank spot of Terra Incognita on contemporary maps, astronomical observations were imperative to determine latitude and longitude, thus the location of the river trip. [Simply put, latitudes are lines drawn east-to-west, parallel to the equator, in this case measured north of the equator. Longitudes are lines drawn north-to-south, from pole-to-pole, in this case measured west of the Prime Meridian in Greenwich, England.] Yet many problems arose in those attempts. Besides the rigors of boating unknown rivers with difficult rapids using untested boats, there was the increasing loss of food and equipment problems, including those with the survey instruments. It is not known to me where Powell got his astronomical training, though he did have those instruments with him in the field in 1868.

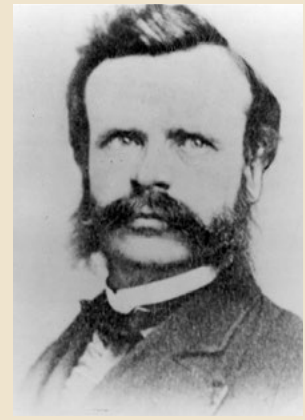
In their article, “Astronomical Observations of the 1869 Powell Expedition Through the Grand Canyon,” Lars and Stuart “examined, reduced and analyzed” (Bergman and Stuart, 17) the observations, and identified some of those problems, especially the decreasing reliance on properly working chronometers. “The loss of functioning chronometers due to the swamping of Powell’s boat greatly complicated the procedures needed to find longitude,” (Bergman and Stuart, 17) very important in determining how far west they traveled and how much remaining distance to exit

the Grand Canyon. This was especially important at Separation Rapid to convince the Howland brothers and William Dunn to remain on the river rather than hike out. For that determination, "Powell attempted to fall back on lunar distance observations, or lunars." Those "were not reduced during the expedition and therefore offered no feedback on any shortcomings or how well the observations were being performed." The authors thus confirmed my notice of not locating any longitude numbers in the data.

"Observations for latitude are the simplest to perform." (Bergman/Stuart, 3) I found one number in the data for the latitude at the mouth of the San Juan River, which is very accurate at 37°-11'-47". (Ghiglieri, 3rd, p. 315) George Bradley noted at the Little Colorado River (LCR) that Powell "got latitude by which we find ourselves as far south as Calville so that what we run now must be west from this point." (Ghiglieri, p. 204) In other words, regardless of how the river course would vary, should they be successful they would end their trip due west of the LCR.

Bergman and Stuart present a lot of astronomical nomenclature and methods in analyzing the data collected by Powell and his men. Without a working knowledge of sextant use and spherical trigonometry needed to reduce the data, much of that can be skipped in the reading of this article. They include a variety of historical information, such as the camps at which observations had been made, that the casual reader would find interesting. Important points for me is that the reduction of data is complex and perhaps tedious, that, combined with some inconsistencies in data collection and instrument operation, enforces my belief that it is not apparent that the crew knew their longitude or how far west they were, thus still leading to "an unknown distance yet to run."

**Richard D. Quartaroli**



**John Wesley Powell**

# back of the boat the whale foundation news bulletin

**W**inter is upon us! I hope you're staying well. Three big announcements from the Whale Foundation:

2020 has been a *challenging year* for all of us. All of us at the Whale Foundation have been proud to be able to continue to offer counselling services, scholarships, and health insurance to our community. We were honored to be able to work with Grand Canyon River Guides and Grand Canyon Youth to help out with the Throw Bag Fund and other Relief Coalition activities. As the year draws to a close, if you are able to offer the Whale Foundation and those other fine organizations a bit of support, it would sure be a big help. Details are on our website. Thank you!

**Calendars are available!** The theme for 2021 is "Weathering the Storm." Each month you'll find photos of storms, lightning, rainbows, and more. It's a beautiful



look at the Grand Canyon at its most dramatic, captured by fantastic photographers. We think you'll really enjoy it. You can order calendars at [whalefoundation.org](http://whalefoundation.org), for shipping or safe social distance pickup at the office. Just let us know what works for you. You can also reach us at [whalefoundation@outlook.com](mailto:whalefoundation@outlook.com).

We're going to have a **WingDing in 2021!** Mark your calendars (or check your Whale Foundation calendar) for February 13. In the interests of safety and continued adventure, things are going to be a little different this

time around. We're teaming up with Arizona Nordic Village to host an outdoor event. We're working on the details, but you can expect:

- Multiple campfires for socially distanced warmth.
- Fun wintertime activities—maybe a ski race?
- An online auction, available near and far.
- Great raffles at the event.
- Burgers and dogs grilled up right.
- And more!

We're excited to find a way to make this work and look forward to seeing you there. As Adam put it, "We need to see our friends."

Until then, stay well out there. Thank you for supporting your community through the Whale Foundation.

**Sam Jansen**

# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

## Introduction: Commemorating our Indigenous Presence and Sharing Our True History of the Grand Canyon Region

In 2019, Grand Canyon National Park is celebrating its 100-year anniversary, but, as Indigenous people in the area, we see this anniversary from a different point of view. It has been 100 years of drastic changes, from relocation to language shift to adapting to a society of commercialism already well into the industrial age.

A little over a year ago, in anticipation of the park's centennial, a group of tribal members who connect to the Grand Canyon as home began meeting to discuss what this anniversary means to us and how to get involved. But in order for that process to happen, we first had to take a deep breath and review the past, acknowledging the generations before us, what they have gone through, and how that impacts us as tribal members into this present day. Many of the shared stories are of sadness, but also of hope for future generations. One member of our group is Ophelia Watahomigie-Corliss, of the Havasupai Tribe, and this is her story.

**Sarana Riggs**

*This article originally appeared in the spring/summer 2019 issue of the Grand Canyon Trust's Colorado Plateau Advocate Magazine. Reprinted with the permission of the author.*

## WHY RENAMING INDIAN GARDEN

And as the great condor spread open its wings to fly out from the bottom of the canyon, the peoples upon its back prepared for flight. The peoples who remained at the bottom of the canyon would eventually become known as the Havasu 'Baaja, the people of the blue-green water, the Havasupai. Spiraling out, feathered wings glided across the canyon walls, and with every completed spiral upward a new layer of the Grand Canyon was created. Soaring into the sky, Condor began to slow, and the people understood the final time had come. No longer able to live as one tribe, the people began to gather in groups, conversing amongst themselves about which direction they would move into the future.

Condor landed in the north, Condor landed in the east, Condor landed in the south, and Condor landed in the west. These are the four sacred directions where our sister tribes left the safety of Condor's wings and climbed down to the Earth. Condor landed in the four sacred directions, allowing the people to climb down, then Condor landed in between these directions, letting the remaining groups of people off, until no one was left. Our relations left the canyon in search of something that was calling them. They knew, one day soon, they would find the land that called for them to protect it,

Ophelia Watahomigie-Corliss. Photo: Amy S. Martin





# "HAVASUPAI GARDEN" IS AN IMPORTANT FIRST STEP

the land each tribe has now been protecting since time immemorial, up to this very day.

These directions created an ancient symbol for my people, representing how we all used to be one tribe and to live as one people, and, when we couldn't, we traveled into the sacred directions, to lands we now steward. This symbol resembles the swastika shape the Nazi regime stole, but ours has no borders. It symbolizes the unity we all have, a unity that still exists in modern times: our unity. Its instructions are flawless, swift like the wind, tattooed on our skin, adorned on our baskets, or drawn into earth; it is a strong reminder. You can observe the arms moving to the right on the outside of a basket, while inside the basket, the arms move left. This symbol forever memorializes our ability to adapt, to survive, and to always remember where we came from, where our people emerged: the embryonic lifeblood of the Grand Canyon.

## ◇ MY NAME IS OPHELIA WATAHOMIGIE-CORLISS.

I am proud to say that I have an identity and I know exactly where my culture has lived. It is a gift to be a member of the Havasupai Tribe, the only tribe left living at the bottom of the Grand Canyon, the tribe whose lands of Flagstaff, Valle, Grand Canyon, Williams, Parks, Bellemont, Ashfork, Red Lake, and Seligman many other people now call home. We are the only tribe who still has part of its membership living inside Grand Canyon National Park, and we are the people whom the National Park Service waged a personal war against to establish the park.

Last February, I was told Grand Canyon National Park was creating a schedule of events to celebrate the park's 100-year anniversary, and the park events didn't seem inclusive of Native American perspectives. This is indicative of the institutionalized



discrimination that has become a part of the American story line and of the disregard for the Indigenous peoples' land we all live on, as well as our Indigenous thoughts, our spirituality, our traditional government structures that existed for millennia before the arrival of the dominant class.

**◇ IMAGINE THE LEGACY OF THE LAND, ITS IMMEMORIAL REQUEST TO BE TAKEN CARE OF BY TRIBAL PEOPLE, STRIPPED AWAY FROM YOUR PROTECTION; IT HURTS DEEPER THAN YOU COULD EVER FATHOM.**

Indigenous peoples were forced to sit back and watch the land be used in ways we could have never imagined, in ways our people swore to prevent. The cries of our ancestors are asking us to find modern ways to protect our land from further contamination and destruction.

The activism of the Intertribal Centennial Conversations discussions currently hosted by the Grand Canyon Trust has brought together Indigenous voices from as many of the Grand Canyon tribes as were available to participate. From the very beginning, the group was passionate about creating recommendations to the national park that would help to better educate Grand Canyon visitors about the canyon's original inhabitants: us. We decided unanimously that the tribes are celebrating thousands of years, while the park celebrates its first 100. The Intertribal Centennial Conversations has a vision and a mission we hope to accomplish through the interpretation of our stories.

We strive to provide you with authentic tribal crafts that represent Indigenous economic opportunity at Grand Canyon events throughout

the year and to communicate to you our plan for stewardship, the kind that has been protecting the canyon throughout the ages.

The Havasupai actively occupied what is now known as the south rim of the Grand Canyon, with small scattered bands of families living both on the rim and in the canyon, in a location now known as Indian Garden. When President Woodrow Wilson turned this area into a national park, the park service restricted the Havasupai to an area now known as Supai Camp. Park employees kept noticing a Native man walking up and down the canyon walls to Indian Garden, and they began to call him Billy Burro. After all, he could hike up and down those walls just like a mule. This man and his family were pushed out of Indian Garden, forced to leave the land they had farmed for generations so the national park could make it theirs. Billy Burro's daily trail was turned into what is most of Bright Angel Trail today.

Nevertheless, throughout the generations, his family members survived racism and displacement. They changed their name to Tilousi, which means "storyteller." Today the family's cherished elder of the tribe, Rex Tilousi, is world-renowned for his efforts against the uranium mining that threatens our lands and our only water source. Locally cherished for the songs he sings and the wisdom he gives, Rex Tilousi worked for years at the park educating tourists about our true history. Maybe you know him?

**◇ WHY HASN'T THE PARK OFFERED TO RIGHTFULLY NAME INDIAN GARDEN "HAVASUPAI GARDEN" AFTER THE PEOPLE WHO FARMED AND MAINTAINED IT, AFTER EVICTING US FROM AND DENYING US ACCESS TO OUR HOMELANDS?**

Isn't this the least the park could do to admit how much the Havasupai contributed in land, trails, and labor to the park? This simple renaming would prove the park is an ethical partner to the surrounding tribes and acknowledge our history and our presence. Rename Indian Garden "Havasupai Garden" out of respect for the undue hardship imposed by the park on the Havasupai people.

**◇ THESE WORDS ARE THE TRUTH.**

I have communicated them passionately to those willing to hear them, and I thank those who have been willing to listen, and those who will be willing to listen. The truth should be passionate, and sometimes passion wears the mask of other emotions only to get the point across. Our story has not ended yet; we still have the ability to work in collaboration, to find compromise for all parties involved in trying to protect the Grand Canyon from current and future harm.

**◇ OUR VOICES HAVE NOT BEEN SILENCED**

We ask for the recognition of all our histories, to collaborate and grow our modern partnerships with you. This is the passion driving all of our participation with the Intertribal Centennial Conversations. Each tribe has a story of its own and the national park has been willing to listen to our suggestions as Native peoples. We ask for your blessings during this project to help guide and support the national park to become a national leader in the ethics of collaborative tribal partnership.

*Ophelia Watahomigie-Corliss*



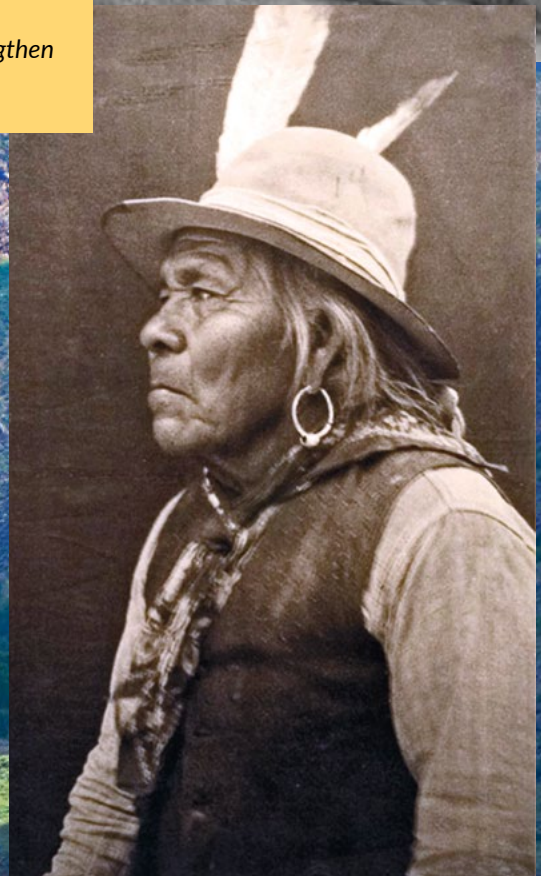
Garden Creek, Indian Garden, Grand Canyon. Photo: Emery Kolb, circa 1910–1930, NAU.PH.568.562

**Intertribal Centennial Conversations Vision Statement**

*We, the descendants of ancestral inhabitants of the Grand Canyon, acknowledge the spiritual pathways of our ancestors by commemorating our indigenous presence and sharing our true history while we begin to heal, build, and strengthen relationships with all people to protect Grand Canyon's heritage.*



Indian Garden. Photo: Michael Quinn, Grand Canyon National Park, 2011.



Billy Burro. Photo: Carl Moon circa 1903–1914.

# Grand Canyon Dams and the National Environmental Policy Act

**T**his issue of the BQR was originally going to feature an interview with Dave Wegner, who oversaw a ton of scientific effort in Grand Canyon on the part of the Bureau of Reclamation through the 1980s and '90s. The more one contemplates that epic story, though, the more it sinks in that everything there was driven by another—much bigger—story which unfolded twenty years earlier.

*The National Environmental Policy Act [NEPA] was truly rooted in the long-running dam battles involving Grand Canyon. Our current administration basically tore NEPA up and threw it out the window this summer. By the time this issue goes to press we will have had our next election and will hopefully be on our way toward a brighter future. Either way, it seems appropriate right now to contemplate where NEPA came from and the kind of leaders who gave birth to it.*

*This has been excerpted from a River Runners Oral History Project interview of Lew Steiger, conducted by Regan Dale at Regan's house in Kanab, Utah, on August 7, 2019.*

Dale: I want to hear the story about the dam.

Steiger: Do you? Really?

Dale: Yeah.

Steiger: Well, that'd be good, because I feel like that's one that only I know, and I want to get it recorded somewhere before I croak.

The story that I tell I assimilated, basically [from working on the River Runners Oral History Project]—it took about 35 years of talking to people. I sat and I kind of heard Martin's angle on it. I heard a little bit about it from David Brower. I heard about it from Jack Currey. And I also heard about it from Stewart Udall, whose idea those dams were. So if you're interested, I'll tell you all of that.

Dale: Yeah.

Steiger: I'll try to just tell it the way I tell it on the river. In my mind, the politics of water drive everything that happens down there. They ratified the Colorado River Compact in 1922, and Herbert Hoover—I think he was some kind of secretary of something or other—he was Secretary of Commerce or something like that, but there was some way where he wanted to get the Colorado River Compact done, and he held everybody's feet to the fire to do it. He was important in all that.

The delegates all came out—I can't remember where I read this, it might have been in *The Emerald Mile* [by Kevin Fedarko]—they came to Lees Ferry just to look the river over, and then in their minds that became the dividing line between the Upper Basin and the Lower Basin. Arizonans were the last ones to sign. They dragged their heels signing off on it, and they wouldn't sign until it stipulated in there they could build dams on *their* land if they wanted to. They had that put into the compact. But basically the compact said the Upper Basin had to give the Lower Basin "X" amount of water. Big-picture-wise, what worked against them was they had a wet cycle. It was just after one of the wettest cycles of the 20th century, whatever it was, in 1920–21, those years. That was a real wet cycle. And we had another one, looking at the long-term gauges there, in the nineties [1990s]. That was another real wet cycle there. But because it had been wet in the twenties, they overestimated. They figured they had sixteen million acre-feet a year to play with in 1922, and they divided that all up amongst the seven states.

The Upper Basin is Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, and New Mexico, and the Lower Basin is Nevada, Arizona, and California. California really held sway there, because if you're going to do anything at the federal level, you have to have Congress on board, and the demographics—California just had all the representatives. Even in the twenties, they had like thirty members of the House. I don't know, Arizona had maybe two, and Nevada had one. I think Nevada still just has one or two congressmen is all. So if you were going to get anything done at all at the federal level, the Californians better be okay with it. And so they ratified the Colorado River Compact, and it was all fine because it was all just hypothetical. Mexico said, "Hey, what about us?!" and they said, "Too bad for you, Mexico, we're not giving you any water." But then they relented in World War II because they needed Mexico's help to protect the southern border. So, "We'll give you guys a million acre-feet." But everything just kind of rocked along until they built Hoover Dam, in the early-thirties. Hoover Dam really had everybody twitching, because suddenly they had flood control, so California could really make use of all that water. They had the All American Canal that went to the Imperial Valley. I got some of this from *The Emerald Mile*. I guess that canal was at risk. They'd had a big flood there in 1911. They had this big agriculture going on in the Imperial Valley, but in 1911 the river overran its banks and flooded the whole Salton Sea, and they lost a ton of money, it wiped everything out. But once they built Hoover Dam, well, they could really go great guns on all that, and built up the All American Canal again, and then really got going on big agriculture, because they could do it without fear of losing all that stuff. Plus, they could use *all* the water. Nobody else was holding any water, per se, and so after they got Lake Mead filled, everything they had to let out was just coming straight to California. So all these Upper Basin guys were twitching about that.

\* \* \*

After the war—here's Martin Litton doing everything that Martin did. This last fall I saw a movie called *A Bridge Too Far*, and that's all about this massive attack that Martin took part in during WW II: Operation Market Garden. Do you know anything about that, did he ever talk about that?

Dale: No.

Steiger: Well, in an oral history I read which was done on the Sierra Club, Martin talked about flying a glider in on that deal. He was in the lead wave of gliders coming in. Market Garden, it turns out, was this operation where they had the Germans on the run. (Martin flew a C-47 and towed a glider across for D-Day, for Normandy. But that wasn't so bad—he just had to fly over there and cut 'em loose and come back. But Market Garden, he's flying a glider in.) This was Montgomery's idea—Montgomery and Patton were racing each other to see who could get to Hitler first—you know, conquer the Germans. And Montgomery had this idea: they

had all these airborne troops sitting around that weren't doing anything—thousands of them—and so Montgomery comes up with “We'll drop these guys deep into Holland, and we'll take these three bridges over, and cut off the German supplies. We'll air drop all the airborne troops, and then the land troops will run up this one road”—they only had one road that they could go on—“and they'll overwhelm the Germans and run up this road, and we'll capture these three bridges, and then we can cut 'em off!”—you know, the supplies and all this stuff.

**Dale:** Rather than parachute, they decided to do it with gliders?

**Steiger:** Well, yeah. I think they must have had trouble when they had them all jump out of the planes at once, keeping them together or something. I just figure it was easier to organize them. They could come in quiet too, was the idea—something like that—but easier to keep everybody organized.

**Dale:** And they were just landing in the fields?

**Steiger:** The pilots—when they worked up the invasion, the pilots didn't like where they wanted them to land there, and so they moved it back to this other spot that was a ways off from there. They said, “Well, we'll land them there instead, and then they can run off and get these bridges.” They did it with very little planning—they set it up in a week's time. It was going to be this daring thing. Speed was of the essence. Unbeknownst to them, there were these two Panzer tank divisions that were hidden right there. They didn't think they'd be there, there was nothing going on there, so “The Germans won't have anybody there, we'll surprise them.” Well, they had pulled back these two Panzer tank divisions, and they were hiding in the woods. They had them hid out right where they decided to land these planes. So they launched this huge invasion, they dropped all these airborne troops. Martin flew a glider right in there. Martin was colorblind, and he had lied about that, and he said coming into this thing he was supposed to land on the pink smoke, and he said they're flying in and he looks down, and there's smoke everywhere, he can't tell which is the pink smoke and which isn't. So he tells his wingman, “You go first, I'm right behind you.” He said he figured his wingman would think he was chicken, but he couldn't cop to it then—that he couldn't tell one smoke from the other. But these guys flew in, and it was just this unmitigated disaster. Martin said, coming in, everybody was sitting on their helmets because that's where the shrapnel was coming from, ground to air. Well, these guys got slaughtered. They went ahead and the Germans blew up one bridge. They took two of the bridges, but they couldn't hold them. All these land troops were supposed to be coming up this one road, but they got bogged down on the road because it was the only road, and the Germans were able to cut them off. And so they couldn't get there to reinforce them, and the airborne troops held these two bridges for like a day and change; but then they couldn't hold them, and they had to fall back and just...I mean, there was just this massive



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*.

carnage, and massive loss of life. Martin landed there, and I guess then he had to take part in the retreat. They had to just get out of there however they could. I think about that, just informing Martin—here was a guy, Martin Litton, who from then on—ever after—would not hesitate to question authority or speak truth to power.

**Dale:** He was probably pissed.

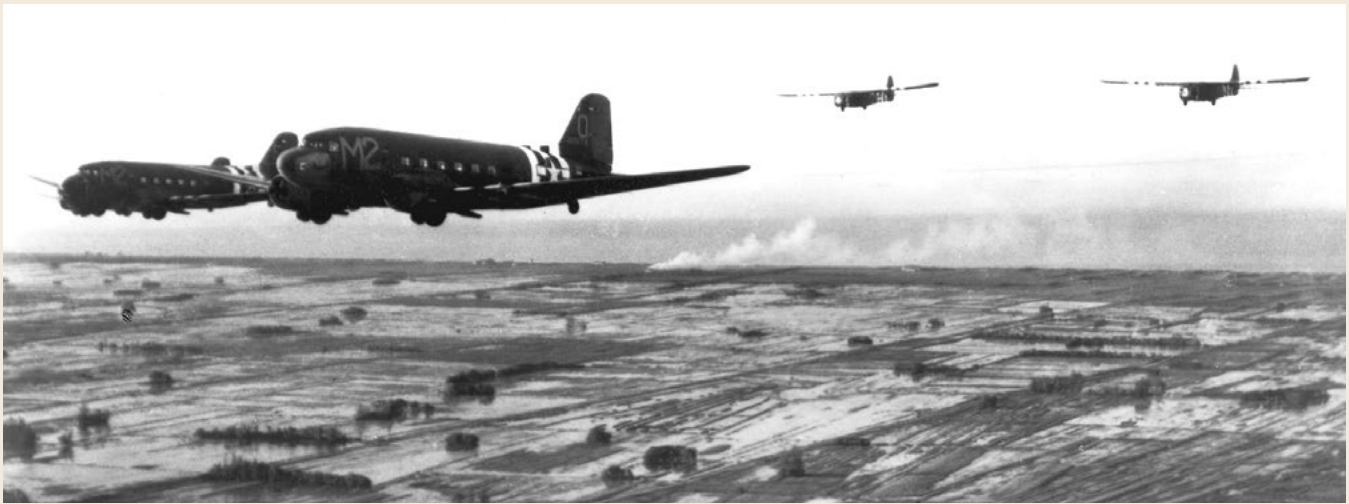
**Steiger:** Yeah. Well, I think you go through an experience like that, where you see this pointless, *pointless* loss of life—just utter carnage, and utter stupidity. I mean, in my mind—Martin never talked about it. I rode with him those two whole trips which you and Kenton made me do, and I got to do that whole James Taylor trip with him too, and he was never one of those guys—he never, ever, talked about the war.

**Dale:** You had to draw it out of him, if you wanted to learn about it.

**Steiger:** Yeah, you really did, because he wasn't going to... But in my mind, when I think of him, I think it had a huge impact.

But anyway, so Martin Litton flies gliders in World War II, and is totally impacted by that, and he comes home and gets a job, he's a reporter for the *L.A. Times*.

\* \* \*



U.S. Army Air Forces Douglas C-47A Skytrain (43-15174 in front) from the 88th Troop Carrier Squadron, 438th Troop Carrier Group, 53rd Troop Carrier Wing, 9th Troop Carrier Command, tow Waco CG-4A gliders during the invasion of France in June 1944.  
Credit: Wikipedia.

I read this history book about *America, The Glory and the Dream: A Narrative History of America*, by William Manchester, and it just talked about how the Depression really kicked the snot out of everybody, and the war kind of pulled us out of that. We had a decade of really hard times there. The economy was in ruins. And then the war bailed us out, everybody geared up for the war effort, there were all these federal dollars. People at home were working, building all this stuff for the war. They were nervous about what's going to happen when all these guys come back, how are we going to put everybody to work? And that was the impetus for all these federal projects. They did all this stuff back east: the TVA, the Tennessee Valley Authority. They started developing all these rivers. And that same push was happening out west. That was the Bureau of Reclamation: "Let's build stuff, let's put all these guys to work, let's keep going!" Like Hoover Dam was seen as a great success in the thirties. My grandparents drove out there to see that thing being built, from Prescott. I look at that old road that they had to drive on to see it. I mean, nobody had a bad word to say about that, and Hoover Dam was just wonderful.

Well, here's Hoover Dam, Martin comes out, he's writing for the *L.A. Times*, there's this big push, the Upper Basin's hell bent, they've got to have a dam and it's got to be above Lees Ferry, and that's all there is to it, because they want to keep control over their share, or else those dad-burned Californians are going to suck it all up, and grandfather in the use of it all. Where to build a dam? Echo Park is going to be a good dam site. When they ratified the compact, they launched these trips. Ellsworth Kolb led one through Cataract in '21; Emery Kolb led one through Grand Canyon, the 1923 Birdseye Expedition. I heard Emery talk on tape about it. He was 95 years old, talking to this radio guy. He said, "Yeah, we found 21 good dam sites on that trip."

Here's a guy who had run the river, that made his whole living there, and it never occurred to him that it might be a shame to build 21 dams in the Grand Canyon. It just didn't even come up on their screens, that that would be unfortunate—which was interesting.

**Dale:** It was a different time. Everything was about development.

**Steiger:** Well, and their horizons were just so much vaster than ours are now, I think.

**Dale:** Echo Park?

**Steiger:** Echo Park. Martin's writing for the *L.A. Times* and he sounds the alarm. "These guys are going to build the Echo Park Dam and they're going to flood Dinosaur National Monument!" Martin writes an article about this, and they put it on the front page of the *L.A. Times*. Now, if one were cynical, one *might* think that whoever was running the *L.A. Times* was all dialed into these powerful people in California, and those guys, it wouldn't hurt their feelings a bit to slow down any dams at all from being built (chuckles) upstream of Hoover, because until any of them were, they got all the water. But that certainly didn't have anything to do with Martin. You know, Martin just didn't think they ought to flood the national monument. When I tell the story on the river, the Sierra Club—you know, John Muir, he was a little Scotsman, and the history there, he ran a sawmill in Yosemite, and he was cutting redwoods down to build tourist cabins for a guy that was developing stuff in Yosemite. And when the lightbulb went on for him, it struck him, "We shouldn't be cutting these live redwoods down, these trees are really neat." And so he kind of came awake and became aware and started lobbying for conservation there. And he must have been a kind of Martin-like guy—very eloquent, good thinker and stuff—and he caught the ear of Teddy Roosevelt. When Roosevelt got to be president, he came out and all he

wanted to do was hang out with John Muir. I think John Muir put some bees in Roosevelt's bonnet, that got him going on a lot of the conservation stuff he did. But one of the things Roosevelt did, in 1890, was he made Yosemite a National Park, but he also made Hetch Hetchy part of that National Park. Hetch Hetchy Valley was a close cousin to Yosemite, very near and dear to John Muir's heart. But then the City of San Francisco dammed that up in 1919, and they said, "too bad." "Well, it's a National Park." "Tough titty, we need a reservoir and we're taking this," and they just *did* it. And so that was a thorn in the Sierra Club's side ever since. Now Martin sounds the alarm, they're going to do it again, they're going to flood another national monument. So the Sierra Club decides, "Okay, we're going to go to war over *this* one." And so they assigned David Brower to be the point man on it, and off they go, they're going to whip out Echo Park Dam. And in my mind, that's the birth of river running, in a lot of ways, because they went up there...suddenly people's attention was focused on the river. They go up there, the Sierra Club starts running all these trips. How are they going to run trips? They contact the resident expert, who was Bus Hatch, and he has all these army surplus inflatables and stuff. Well, here we go, let's take all these people down through Dinosaur. And so all these guys—you talk to a lot of the pioneers in the Grand Canyon, Rob Elliott and a bunch of these guys that went on Sierra Club trips up there, and that was how that whole thing got started. And they launch a letter-writing campaign in the fifties, and they get the attention of Congress, and the next thing you know, David Brower's invited back there to testify before a congressional committee that's going to decide all this stuff—you know, what about Echo Park? I read a bunch of this in a great book by a history professor from Texas, Dr. Byron Pearson...*Still the Wild River Runs*. And Brower talks them out of it. He goes up there and he catches the Bureau engineers—they'd made some kind of mathematical error and Brower made them look silly. He caught them out there with his slide-ruler in a committee meeting, and it really kind of boosted *his* standing. And finally he got them all to go, "Okay, we understand why the sanctity of the national monument is important to you, but you tell us...We've got to have a dam, and it's got to be above Lees Ferry, so you tell us: Where should we put that thing?" Brower says, "Well, Glen Canyon." That was *his* idea. Brower's like, "Put it in Glen Canyon," because that was one of their sites. They identified sites all the way down, and they had these on the books. Nah, they didn't like Glen Canyon, that wasn't going to be any good. Too much bank storage loss, too much evaporation loss. I heard this from Brower.

**Dale:** Because of the sandstone?

**Steiger:** Yeah. "No, no, this is no good." And Brower, right there in the committee, says, "Well, look, if you make the dam a hundred feet higher than this one you've got on the drawing board here, you're going to be able to hold this

much more water, and it's going to be moot, you'll have all the water you need. Do that instead." "Well, okay." He talked them into it.

So okay, they take the vote, we're going to do it in Glen Canyon instead of Dinosaur. They call a press conference, win-win deal, Dinosaur is saved, we're doing it at Glen, it's all good. Brower comes home thinking he's done a great thing, but the likes of Ken Sleight and Katie Lee and these guys get ahold of him, "Are you out of your frickin' mind?! Do you realize what you just did?!" And so Brower goes and does a trip in Glen Canyon.

**Dale:** He'd never done a trip there?

**Steiger:** No, he'd never seen it.

**Dale:** It was desert.

**Steiger:** It was just a blank spot on the map—the place no one knew. So Brower sees it and he was just aghast. He said, "Oh, this is worth *ten* Dinosaurs." So immediately he goes back to D.C. He catches a plane back there, "Wait, wait, I made a terrible mistake. You guys were right: bank storage galore, evaporation! No good, don't do it!" But he's working for this guy named Bestor Robinson who was the president of the Sierra Club, and Bestor Robinson was somehow hooked in...his family had a chunk of the *New York Times*. That's the Sulzbergers now, but somehow this guy, Bestor Robinson, was in there—big mover and shaker himself. An aside, he was a Sierra Clubber for life, he's an outdoorsy guy. He was a climber, and he accompanied this guy, Warren Harding, who was the first guy that ever climbed up El Capitan, but they took weeks to do it, and they bolted their way up the cliff and all this stuff. Bestor Robinson was one of those guys. [Later the purists decided it was a brilliant route anyway.] But David Brower's working for him, and they've already had this press conference, they've already "saved Dinosaur," the committees have voted, it's over. But now his man is back there pissin' backwards on himself. So Bestor Robinson gets wind of this, and he calls up Brower, "Are you out of your frickin' mind?! You made a deal with these people, this was your idea!" You know. "You shut up and get back here right now, or you are *fired!*" basically. So Brower does what he's told. That was his great cross to bear, to his eternal chagrin. He came out for that one Martin trip that we did, and I talked to him then, and he was the poster child for the Glen Canyon Institute at *that* time. He's trying to talk them into taking down the dam. "We can do it!" That was something he really felt bad about. And Martin knew all this too. I think when Martin always talks about "no compromise" and stuff, they were kind of giving Brower a pass on all that. Yeah, they saved Dinosaur National Monument, but the cost was Glen Canyon.

And when they didn't do Marble and Bridge Canyon dams, the price there was the Navajo Generating Station, and the Black Mesa coal mine. You know, there's always something. But anyway, that's the little backstory on Glen Canyon Dam. And so Martin is writing articles for the *L.A. Times*, he comes out, he hikes into Lava Falls and does a



story on the Rigg brothers and Mexican Hat Expeditions, and takes pictures. Now he's *really* interested. He goes to a river rat party in San Francisco and meets P.T. Reilly, and they become friends, and he goes two times with P.T. P.T. had been pressed into service as a boatman by the Rigg brothers, and rowed Cataract boats on a couple of trips with them before he met Martin.

But P.T. was an engineer for Lockheed Aircraft, and he didn't like the Cataract boats. They didn't make any sense to him, so he built these boats of his own. P.T.'s boats came to this rounded point, and they were a little better than those Cataract boats—not near as good as dories. P.T. takes Martin down on two trips. Martin's going to row a boat on this first trip, but he's riding a horse somewhere, and the horse falls down on him and he has a dislocated shoulder. So the first trip he does, his arm's all bandaged up and he can't row. But the second trip, he rowed a boat, and that was all fine.

**Dale:** What years? This was in the fifties?

**Steiger:** '55, '56, '57, something like that. Martin does two trips, and then they kind of drift apart. P.T. continues to run. He does like three trips in the late fifties.

**Dale:** With his friends, not commercially?

**Steiger:** No, not commercial, just friends, but he does this trip, and it's like 120,000 [cfs]. He had a picture in his living room of Boulder Narrows. That rock is covered. One of his little boats is sneaking by on the left. On that trip P.T. gets scared at Nankoweap. The waves were breaking upstream in the eddy above the rapid, and a whirlpool came by behind him and ate an 80-foot cottonwood tree up, never to be seen again. They decide no, this is too big, "We gotta hike out." So they chain the boats up at Phantom Ranch and hike out. They come in and get them the next year. Now it's running 100 [100,000 cfs], and that's the flow, I think, that put the wood up on Boulder Narrows, that's still there. They unlock the boats and take them from Phantom Ranch, down, and they do pretty good, but one of them tips over in Doris Rapid, and P.T. gets ahold of it, he's trying to drag it to

shore, and he can't get it over, he can't get it stopped. He's being dragged into Kanab Rapid when he finally decides to cut it loose and let it go, and he just lets it go, and that's it. The boat's gone, upside down. They get to Lava Falls, can't run it, it looks too gnarly. So they take all their most valuable possessions out of the boats, they batten down the hatches, they tie all the oars together up on them, and they push the boats off and let them go through empty.

**Dale:** Oh wow.

**Steiger:** And they hike out the Toroweap Trail. P.T. calls Martin, "You've got to come help me find the boats." So Martin gets in his plane, and they fly over the lake to find the boats. And they never do find the one they let go at Kanab, but they find the other ones, and they go upstream to get them, and oh shit, here's Georgie towing P.T.'s boat, still upside down. She's towing it out, she's going to salvage it. (laughs) But she didn't even have the decency to turn it right-side up! She's towing it upside down. Oh, P.T. was really pissed about that. But P.T. gets his boats back, and they go the *next* year. It's only about 30,000 [cfs], but he flips in 24½, has a bad swim, breaks an oar. He goes down—I was calling it the Devil's Spittoon, but I don't think it is. He gets stuck in that little eddy below the Gray Bridge.

**Dale:** Yeah, that's the Devil's Spittoon.

**Steiger:** That is! Okay. Well, he gets stuck in that. That was before the Gray Bridge, too, wasn't it? Yeah, because they didn't build that until '66. Well, he gets stuck in that little eddy and he goes round and round in there and breaks another oar, and it just must have really rattled his cage bad, because they go on down, and he pulls over at Pipe Creek, "Trip's over!" "We don't have enough oars to continue. Everybody take your stuff and go on out." He takes his rock hammer out and pokes holes in all his boats at the waterline. Maybe it was just two of them then.

**Dale:** Wow.

**Steiger:** He explained to me that the reason he did that was because they couldn't secure them there, they had to go, they didn't have enough oars, and he was afraid



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

somebody would come down and get in them and go down and get themselves hurt in Horn Creek. That was how he put it to me, but in *my* mind, I'm just sitting there, kind of politely nodding, reading between the lines. I'm thinking, "Yeah, but you were kind of done, weren't you?" I mean, I think he was over it, "to heck with this river running!"

**Dale:** Yeah. Well, Devil's Spittoon, I was in there once.

**Steiger:** That would not be good.

**Dale:** No. It was terrifying. Just sucks your whole boat underwater.

**Steiger:** Yeah. Well, and I imagine at 30,000, in particular. Yeah. "So to heck with this river running!" So P.T.'s out. Meanwhile, John F. Kennedy gets elected president, and he appoints as secretary of the Interior, Stewart Udall. Stewart Udall, it turns out, is a direct descendant of John D. Lee, and also Jacob Hamblin. I didn't realize that until I read it in his obituary in the *New York Times*. But he was a congressman, representing District 2 from Tucson, and a westerner, to round out Kennedy's cabinet. Those two had gotten to be friends during the fifties—they were both congressmen, and they were on the right side of the civil rights movement, and they were both very active in trying to get legislation passed to kind of fix all that. And so they became good friends through that. That's one reason Kennedy...I mean, Kennedy also was thinking politics—he needed a westerner there in the cabinet. So he appointed Stewart Udall to be secretary of the Interior, and Stewart Udall's little brother, Morris, got appointed to fill his congressional seat. So Udall takes office, and he looks at—there's a bill making the rounds that's the life's work of the senior senator from Arizona, who was this guy named Carl Hayden. Carl Hayden was in, like, his nineties, and he'd been in there forever. He'd been dug in there, he'd been in the Senate for like thirty years, had all this seniority, and all he wanted to do, his life's work—is get the CAP built: the Central Arizona Project, for Arizona.

**Dale:** To get their water.

**Steiger:** Yeah, so they could use their share of the river, get that water to Phoenix and Tucson. But Udall's looking at this bill. It's 1960 and they figure, aww, they can do it for a billion dollars—a measly one billion 1960 US dollars—to build the Central Arizona Project. Udall looks at this, and everybody [who believes in science] knows—they've all figured this out now—this is in the fifties—the Colorado River is only averaging about 13 million acre-feet, but the Compact has promised 17 million acre-feet to all these people. And it says right there in it: if Lake Mead hits a certain elevation below sea level, if it drops to "X" amount, then Arizona and Nevada start getting cut back. And if it drops even further, they get cut *all* the way, California gets first dibs on her share of the water before Arizona or Nevada ever get a drop of it. And so in the dry years, Arizona and Nevada aren't going to get *anything* out of that. So Stewart Udall's looking at this, and he's like, "We're going to spend a billion dollars on this?!" And I forgive him for this, because here's John F. Kennedy—this is right

around the time Kennedy says, "We're going to put a man on the moon!" And so Udall says to himself, "Well, if we can put a man on the moon..." In *my* mind—I don't know that he actually said it this way, but he figures if we can put a man on the moon, we ought to be able to transport a little water from the Columbia River...The Columbia River has 120 million acre-feet a year, just running into the ocean, unused. "Those guys don't even *need* that water!" It rains all the time in Oregon and Washington, Northern California. If we can put a man on the moon, surely we can transport a measly ten million acre-feet down there to the dad-burned Californians, thereby freeing up the Colorado River for poor little old Arizona and Nevada. So Udall was like, "Well that's what we need to do. And how we'll pay for it, we'll build these dams in the Grand Canyon." But they're not even in the Grand Canyon, because the national park only went from Havasu to Nankoweap at that time, Mile 52 to 156.

**Dale:** That's interesting that they chose those two spots.

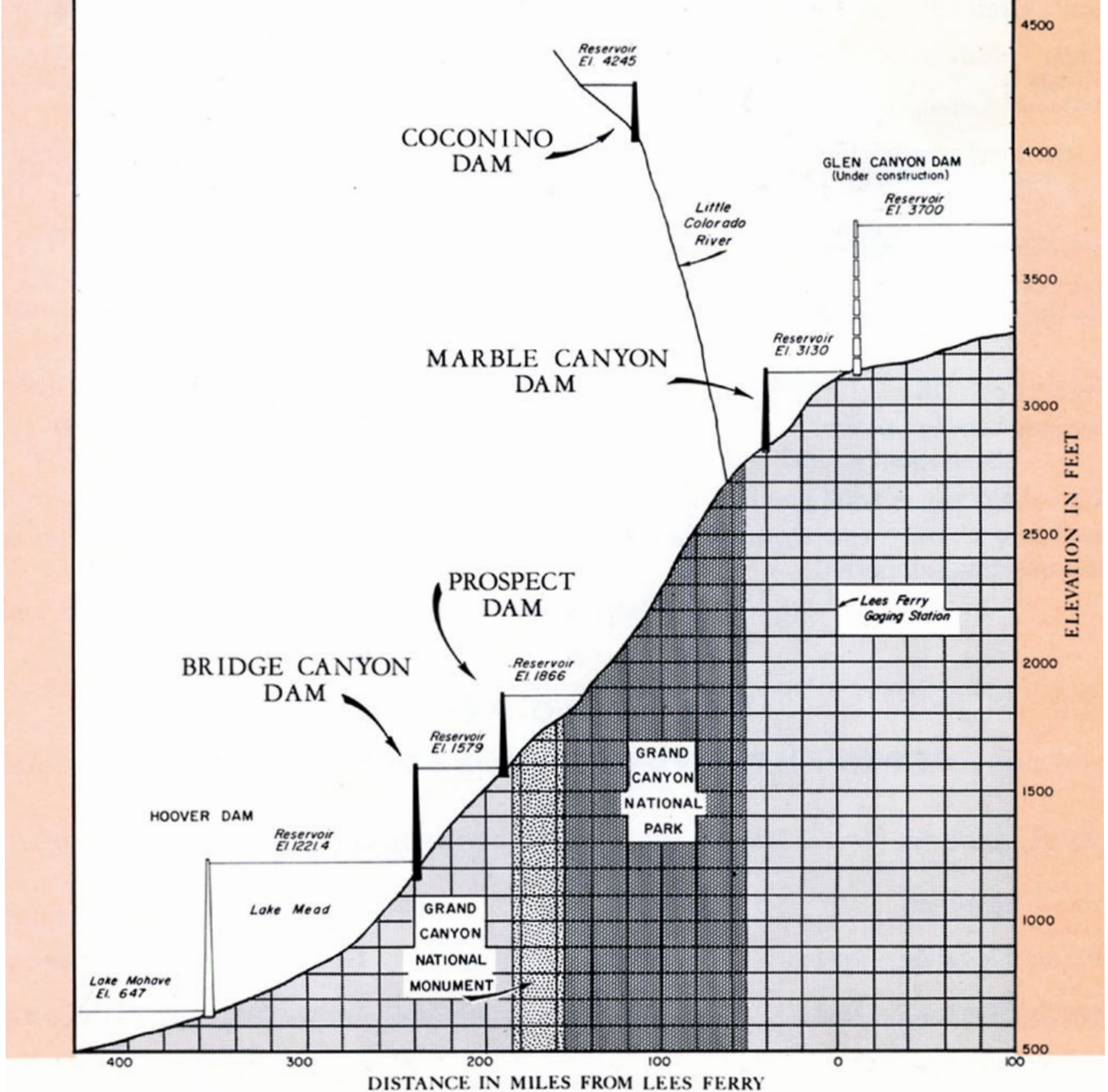
**Steiger:** For the boundaries of the park?

**Dale:** Yeah. When the canyon extended fifty miles on each side, or more.

**Steiger:** Yeah, or more. But it says right in there in the Colorado River Compact, Arizona can build as many dams as they want to on their land. Bridge Canyon is the State of Arizona too. It's not designated anything either. Now that one, that dam that they had on the drawing board there, was going to back water right up to like, almost Deer Creek. That was going to back water *above* Havasu by a few miles. A few miles, you know, "So what?" So Udall pencils this in. He's the Secretary of the Interior, he can do whatever he wants, and he pencils into this bill that's making the rounds—you know, Carl Hayden's bill on the Central Arizona Project—he pencils in these two paragraphs.

**Dale:** Two dams.

**Steiger:** Yeah, we're going to build these two dams, and Arizona is going to sell the hydropower, and they're going to take that money and they're going to use it to fund the science to figure out how to get water from the Columbia down there to those dadburned Californians. And then once they figure that out, they'll take the money and use it to build the infrastructure to get that water down there. So when they build the CAP, we can have some water to put in there. So that's where Udall's coming from. So he pencils that in, and Martin gets wind of it, and that's when Martin fires up and lights a fire under David Brower. Martin calls up Brower, "Hey, these SOB's are going to do it again. Now they're going to dam the Grand Canyon. We've got to get going." And Brower is like, "Well, okay. I'll do what I can, but I'm still in hot water over this other dam. I'm not sure how much influence I'm going to have, because Bestor Robinson is still mad at me over Glen Canyon. I'll do my best, but it might be an uphill slog." So Martin somehow got his hooks into a guy who had some money. I've got to go back over—he had his hooks into somebody that he thought would really contribute...to help with the battle, but he needed to take this guy down the river. So Martin calls up P.T. Reilly.



## COLORADO RIVER PROFILE

“Bridge Canyon, Marble Canyon, and the Coconino Reservoirs will not back water in the National Park or National Monument lands. Prospect will be located six miles downstream from the Grand Canyon National Monument, but the reservoir as proposed would extend through the Monument and thirteen miles into the National Park. The Prospect reservoir would be at the same elevation proposed by the US Bureau of Reclamation for the Bridge Canyon Dam and would, therefore, back water up-river the same distance.”  
 Fourteenth Annual Report, Arizona Power Authority, 1958, page 14.

“P.T., we’ve got to run the river. We’ve got to do a trip here and save the Grand Canyon.” P.T.’s like, “Sorry, I can’t help you.”

Dale: This is in the sixties?

Steiger: Yeah, this is the early-sixties. [1962 and 1964] P.T. is like, “Sorry, I don’t have any boats.” Martin says, “Well, I’ve seen these boats in the Pacific Northwest, they’re called dories. I think that’s what we need. That’d be a great

boat. It’s a beautiful hull. It’d be perfect for Grand Canyon. And with your expertise...I know I can get a couple of them for 250 bucks apiece. And with your expertise, I know we can deck them over and make it work.” And Martin just wouldn’t take no for an answer, you know. So finally P.T. relents, Martin gets two boats, he brings one to P.T., and he takes the other, and they deck them over. I think Martin’s, the first one, was the *Music Temple*, and P.T.’s was like the

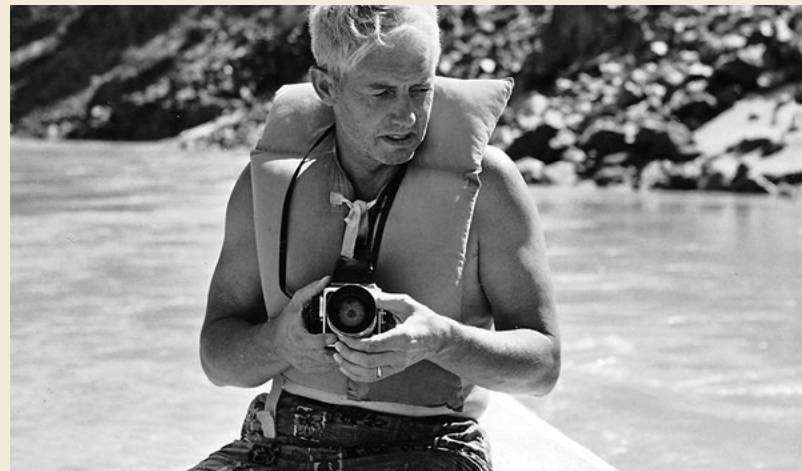
*Susie II* or something like that. And they were kind of like McKenzie...I think they have those boats up there in the...

Dale: South Rim?

Steiger: Yeah—or one of them—the *Music Temple* anyway—maybe P.T.’s boat too. But anyhow, that’s how dories came to Grand Canyon. And so they do a trip and they get some money out of this guy, and now they’ve just got to get the Sierra Club on board. I heard this from Brower, mostly. Brower gets in there and he stands up and he gives it a pretty good shot. He gives this well-reasoned argument as to why they ought to oppose these dams, and he feels like he’s done a pretty good job, and all the people are nodding, he can feel the room kind of leaning his way, and he sits down, he’s pretty happy with himself—okay, we got a shot at making this happen. But then Bestor Robinson gets up there and Bestor Robinson is still just furious over this other thing, and he just lays into Brower. “You are going to *destroy* the credibility of the Sierra Club! If you have your way...I know Stewart Udall, he’s a good man, he’s apt to be the best Secretary of Interior we’ve ever had. We can do *great* things with him. This is the future of Arizona that’s at stake! Stewart Udall’s intentions are honorable, and we need to be *reasonable* about all this. We need to have multiple use here. We need to stand behind these dams and make sure they have tasteful marinas” (chuckles) “on the lake. And make sure there’ll be access for fishermen to get down below the dams!” and all this good stuff. But mainly—“If you have your way, you’re going to destroy the credibility of the Sierra Club! We’ll all be seen as just a bunch of tree-huggers.” I don’t think that was in the vernacular then, but whatever was—you know, environmental crazies. And Robinson was a very passionate and forceful guy. To hear Brower tell it, he could just feel the room slipping away, and he’s like, “Oh man, there it goes, because he’s going to turn the tide.” And so Robinson was like, “Well, does anybody else have anything to say?” and that’s where Martin said, “Yeah, I’ve got something to say.” Martin gets up there—I think he starts out, “Now let’s see, here’s what the mission statement of the Sierra Club says,” and he reads that aloud. Then he says, “What I’m hearing you guys say is you want to give up the Grand Canyon to do good works elsewhere. But let me just talk a little about the Grand Canyon.” Then he waxes eloquent, as only Martin could, about the Grand Canyon. “Make no mistake, this is the *Grand Canyon* we’re talking about. It’s not Marble Canyon, it’s not Bridge Canyon, this is the *Grand Canyon*. There’s only one of them on earth, and this is what this place is like.” And he goes on about that for a little while. And then he wraps it up. He goes, “Now if you guys are willing to sacrifice this place—the Grand Canyon—for any reason...well honestly, I don’t see any other place out there on earth that’s worth saving either, so let’s just forget the whole thing!” (laughter) And when Martin, of course, gets done, there’s barely a dry eye in the house. So they vote. It’s not unanimous, but it’s overwhelmingly “No, we’ve got to fight these dams.” So they get some of this money that Martin has raised. Now

we’re going to have an ad campaign. They’d been running these ads extolling the virtues of Lake Powell, “the Jewel of the Colorado,” and also saying “When we build these *other* dams, now you’re going to be able to see the heretofore inaccessible Grand Canyon from the safety and comfort of a powerboat or houseboat,” and all this. So Brower writes this well-reasoned ad that he’s pretty happy with, kind of middle-of-the road thing, and he shows it to this ad agency guy in San Francisco, this guy named Jerry Mander, who’s on the board of the Sierra Club. Mander looks at what Brower’s written, he like, tears it up. “Nah, this is no good, you’ve got to punch this up. Here, let me do it.” Next thing you know, Mander’s ad reads: “Should we also flood the Sistine Chapel to get a closer look at the ceiling?” You know, they run a full-page ad of this in the *New York Times*. And that’s what they go with. Stewart Udall’s little brother Morris sees this ad, and he’s ticked off about it, “These guys are playing politics, they’re picking on my brother!” So I’m not sure where I got this, but I think maybe Mo drops a dime to the IRS, “You need to look into this!” IRS calls the Sierra Club. They were set up as a nonprofit organization, and they already knew if they pushed this fight, that it was going to violate this law, but they were ready for it, and so the next thing you know, the headlines read, “Sierra Club has an emergency board meeting! They renounce their nonprofit status. No more 501c3! The IRS is picking on them, but they’re going to go to the mat for the Grand Canyon!” Overnight the Sierra Club membership goes from 25,000 to like, 175,000.

\* \* \*



David Brower.

But who is the unsung hero in all this? Stewart Udall reads the papers and he’s keeping tabs on this thing. So he decides he’s going to have to go see for himself. So Jack Currey [*founder of Western River Expeditions*] gets a call from Stew Udall, “I want to book a trip for me and my family.” Currey says, “Sure, I’ll take you myself.” So they go on this

Sierra Club’s full page ad. *New York Times*, June, 1966.

# SHOULD WE ALSO FLOOD THE SISTINE CHAPEL SO TOURISTS CAN GET NEARER THE CEILING?

**E**ARTH began four billion years ago and Man two million. The Age of Technology, on the other hand, is hardly a hundred years old, and on our time chart we have been generous to give it even the little line we have.

It seems to us hasty, therefore, during this blip of time, for Man to think of directing his fascinating new tools toward altering irrevocably the forces which made him. Nonetheless, in these few brief years among four billion, wilderness has all but disappeared. And now these:

- 1) There are proposals before Congress to "improve" Grand Canyon. Two dams would back up artificial lakes into 148 miles of canyon gorge. This would benefit tourists in power boats, it is argued, who would enjoy viewing the canyon wall more closely. (See headline). Submerged underneath the tourists would be part of the most revealing single page of earth's history. The lakes would be as deep as 600 feet (deeper for example, than all but a handful of New York buildings are high) but in a century, silting would have replaced the water with that much mud, wall to wall.

There is no part of the wild Colorado River, the Grand Canyon's sculptor, that would not be maimed.

Tourist recreation, as a reason for the dams, is in fact an afterthought. The Bureau of Reclamation, which has backed them, has called the dams "cash registers." It expects the dams would make money by sale of commercial power.

*They will not provide anyone with water.*

- 2) In Northern California, four lumber companies have nearly completed logging the private virgin redwood forests, an operation which to give you an idea of its size, has taken fifty years.

Where nature's tallest living things have stood silently since the age of the dinosaurs, much further cutting could make creation of a redwood national park absurd.

The companies have said tourists want only enough roadside trees for the snapping of photos. They offered to spare trees for this purpose, and not much more. The result would remind you of the places on your face you missed while you were shaving.

- 3) And up the Hudson, there are plans for a power complex—a plant, transmission lines, and a reservoir near and on Storm King Mountain—effectively destroying one of the last wild and high and beautiful spots near New York City.
- 4) A proposal to flood a region in Alaska as large as Lake Erie would eliminate at once the breeding grounds of more wildlife than conservationists have preserved in history.



- 5) In San Francisco, real estate interests have for years been filling a bay that made the city famous, putting tract houses over the fill; and now there's a new idea—still more fill, enough for an air cargo terminal as big as Manhattan.

There exists today a mentality which can conceive such destruction, giving commerce as ample reason. For 74 years, the Sierra Club (now with 46,000 members) has opposed that mentality. But now, when even Grand Canyon is endangered, we are at a critical moment in time.

This generation will decide if something untrammelled and free remains, as testimony we had love for those who follow.

We have been taking ads, therefore, asking people to write their Congressmen and Senators; Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall; The President; and to send us funds to continue the battle. Thousands have written, but meanwhile, Grand Canyon legislation still stands a chance of passage. More letters are needed and much more money, to help fight the notion that Man no longer needs nature.\*

David Brower, Executive Director  
Sierra Club  
Mills Tower, San Francisco

Please send me more details on how I may help.

Here is a donation of \$\_\_\_\_\_ to continue your effort to keep the public informed.

Send me "Time and the River Flowing," famous four color book which tells the complete story of Grand Canyon, and why T. Roosevelt said, "leave it as it is." (\$25.00)

Send me "The Last Redwoods" which tells the complete story of the opportunity as well as the destruction in the redwoods. (\$17.50)

I would like to be a member of the Sierra Club. Enclosed is \$14.00 for entrance and first year's dues.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

\*The previous ads, urging that readers exercise a constitutional right of petition, to save Grand Canyon, produced an unprecedented reaction by the Internal Revenue Service threatening our tax deductible status. IRS says the ads may be a "substantial" effort to "influence legislation." Undefined, these terms leave organizations like ours at the mercy of administrative whim. (The question has not been raised with any organizations that favor Grand Canyon dams.) So we cannot now promise that contributions you send us are deductible—pending results of what may be a long legal battle.

The Sierra Club, founded in 1892 by John Muir, is nonprofit, supported by people who, like Thoreau, believe "In wildness is the preservation of the world." The club's program is nationwide, includes wilderness trips, books and films—as well as such efforts as this to protect the remnant of wilderness in the Americas. There are now twenty chapters, branch offices in New York (Biltmore Hotel), Washington (Dupont Circle Building), Los Angeles (Auditorium Building), Albuquerque, Seattle, and main office in San Francisco.



ten-day river trip in a Western outside-rig. They didn't have the J-rigs then, it was just a 33, two rowing stations, a motor hanging off the back—but Currey runs that boat himself. And a little sidebar is Stuart Reeder was on the river right then. He was on his first trip. His dad was a doctor and his dad wanted him to see the river before they dammed up the Grand Canyon.

**Dale:** Really?

**Steiger:** Well, they were on this other trip entirely. Stuart was like whatever he was, eleven years old or something, or twelve years old. And his dad was a boatman, and they took all these college kids down, and then they hiked out at Phantom Ranch, and they had a bunch of boats. And they had some more people, but it was one of those *big* trips, you know. They still had some people on the trip, but they were running a bunch of boats out empty. They meet Currey at Havasu. He's got Udall and everything, and Currey's just torn his boat a little in Upset, and so he makes them give him a new boat. (laughs) I don't know how they pulled that off, but somehow they had to de-rig something—I don't know how exactly they engineered it—but Stuart remembered that trip, and he told me about that. "Yeah, we had to give them a whole 'nother boat, and roll his boat up and haul it out of there."

But anyway, Jack Currey does this one-boater with Udall and his family. He told me they were great people, really gracious, really cool. And they just had a great trip. Toward the end of that trip...They didn't talk politics, they just went and saw the Grand Canyon. And toward the end of the trip Currey sees Udall sitting by the bank of the river, kind of by himself, just watching the water go by. So Currey goes and he sits down next to him. They're just sitting there, both of them. In my mind, I wish they had a toddy in hand, but I'm not sure if they did or not. But they're just looking at the river, and at some point...They're not talking, but at some point Udall looks over at him and sighs, "Well, this wouldn't be a good reservoir anyway—no shoreline." (laughter) And that was it. Currey told it to me, he said it was as if Udall was practicing for what he was going to tell everybody when he went home. He'd already decided this wouldn't be the right thing to do. But he goes home, and what he actually told them all was: "The environmental lobby is too strong, you guys. If you want the CAP, we've got to give up dams in the Grand Canyon." But the truth is, he was Secretary of the Interior, and according to Dr. Pearson, they actually had the votes, and they could have easily just said, "Aw, screw 'em," and done it. I think the real reason they didn't do it is because Stewart Udall decided this wouldn't be the right thing to do. I really do.

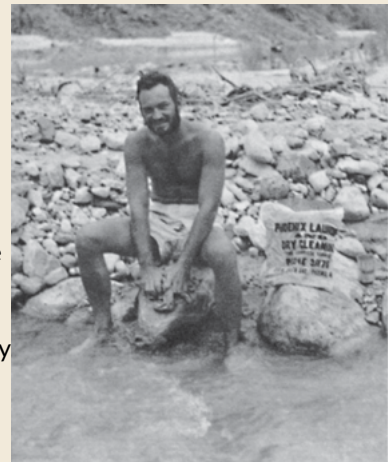
\* \* \*

So from that, Martin goes on, he works for *Sunset* for a little while, and then they don't like...he's too political in his editorials, and so he decides he's going to start the Dories, and he does that. He decides he's going to name

all his boats after lost places, done in by the hand of man. But Udall goes on, and on *his* way out the door, he makes sure that Johnson establishes Marble Canyon National Monument. And then he stirs the pot—and I heard him speak about this—he said, "Glen Canyon..."

\* \* \*

Ok, backstory there: we interviewed Barry Goldwater in the very beginning of the River Runners Oral History Project; and me, my twin brother Gail, and Tom Moody all went and talked to him, and he was really cool. You know, Goldwater went with Nevills the second year Nevills ran. Goldwater showed up, and his family had a store down there in Phoenix. He hadn't gotten into politics or anything, but he showed up and he went on a trip with Nevills. Nevills put him in a boat. Goldwater rowed a boat for Nevills, took movies of the river, shot still photos, made a book, made a movie, and went on the lecture circuit with his movie, and found that he liked public speaking, and that's why he went into politics. But we talked to him—we interviewed him, me and my brother and Moody—and a couple weeks later I get a call from Goldwater's secretary, "The senator wants you and your brother to come and talk to the Goldwater Institute." I'm like, "Okay...Well, does he want to hear about cowboys or river runners? Which one of those things? Because my brother's really good on the cowboy stuff, and I can talk about the river, but he doesn't need us both—it

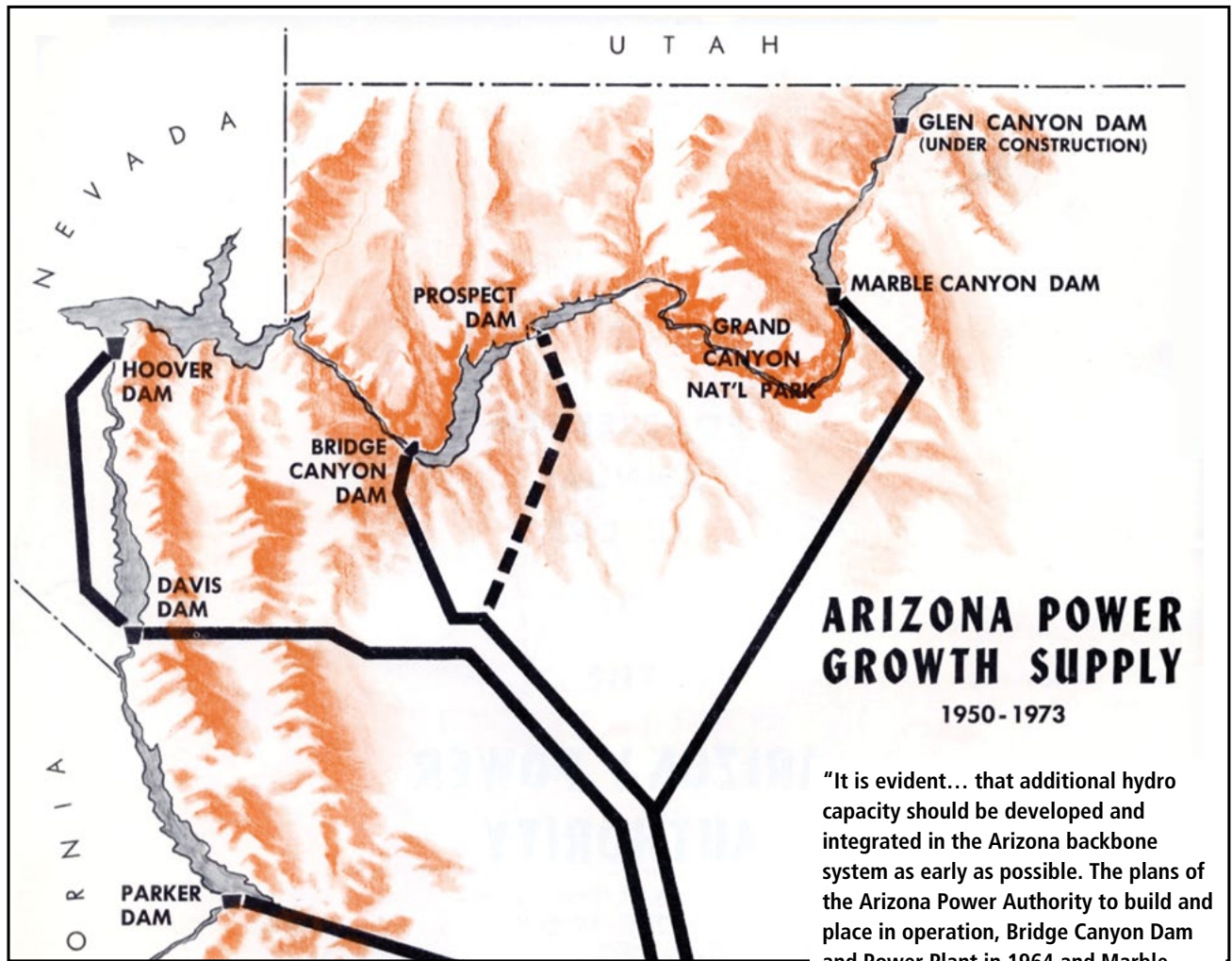


Barry Goldwater at Diamond Creek, 1940.

just depends on what he'd like to hear about." So she says, "Well, let me get back to you." She calls me back ten minutes later, "No, he doesn't care what you talk about, he wants you both. He knows you'll think of something good to say." (laughter) And that was it! And so [I tell my] brother, "This is what she said." My brother's like, "Oh no, no, no, we're not going to just sit here and think of something good to say. We've got to go see one of these things. " This is no joke. We're going to fall flat on our asses if we don't know what we're getting into." So we go to the one that they're having before us, and it's Stewart Udall, he's talking to the Goldwater Institute. I'm like, "Oh my God!" You know, there's 400 people there. And we hear Stewart Udall talk about all this stuff, and he says...Goldwater said this too... both Udall and Goldwater said Glen Canyon Dam was the dumbest thing we ever did as a country.

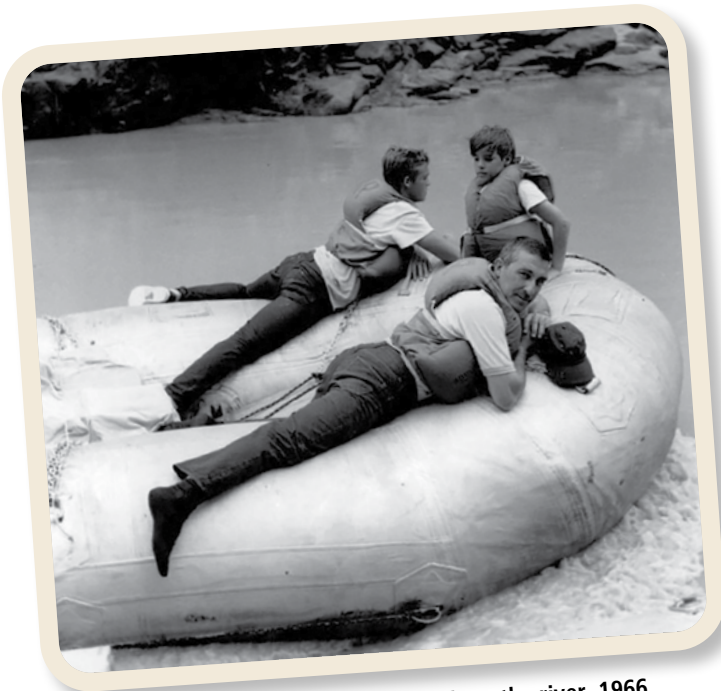
**Dale:** Really?!

**Steiger:** Yeah. They both said that. And Udall said that



"It is evident... that additional hydro capacity should be developed and integrated in the Arizona backbone system as early as possible. The plans of the Arizona Power Authority to build and place in operation, Bridge Canyon Dam and Power Plant in 1964 and Marble Canyon Dam and Power Plant in 1968 offers the most direct solution to this problem.

The consummation of future plans for building Prospect Dam and Power Plant will furnish additional hydro capacity as required for additional future growth." *Fourteenth Annual Report, Arizona Power Authority, 1958, page 2.*



Secretary of the Interior, Stewart Udall, on the river, 1966.  
*Photographer unknown.*



to the crowd that day, “Glen Canyon Dam was a terrible, terrible mistake.” Then he said that during his time as Secretary, he almost made the mistake of building two *other* dams in the Grand Canyon, and those were his idea. And that experience informed him. He said he got to thinking we really needed to have a better process as a nation for figuring this stuff out. And so he stirred the pot, and he got [*some close friends of his*] going on legislation that was later signed into law by Richard Nixon. That law was called NEPA, the National Environmental Policy Act. And NEPA said the feds can’t willy-nilly do anything that’s going to significantly impact the environment without carefully studying it beforehand. That’s NEPA. And they passed that, and then everybody got so fired up about that, shortly after that, they passed the EPA, the Environmental Protection Act. Which basically said not only can the *feds* not do anything willy-nilly, neither can anybody else. Nobody can do anything that really impacts the environment without carefully studying it beforehand. It doesn’t say you can’t do it, but it says you’ve got to study it, you’ve got to know the ramifications of that.

**Dale:** That was huge!

**Steiger:** Yeah. And all that came right out of the Grand Canyon. It took me years and years to get it straight. I told this little fairy tale about how Martin Litton and David Brower saved the Grand Canyon from the evil dam-builders who just wanted the money for thirty years down there.

**Dale:** Sounds like it was Udall.

**Steiger:** Doesn’t it?

**Dale:** Yeah.

**Steiger:** Yeah, it was Udall. He was the one. I mean, Martin and Brower raised a ruckus, they got his attention, but *that* guy was a statesman. Stewart Udall was more interested in doing the right thing than in winning or in what was politically expedient. He knew. This is like 1965, ’66. He’s sitting here making this decision about the CAP, and he knows that here we’re going to be in 2020 someday, and Arizona’s going to get cut off from her share of the water. You know, “There ain’t gonna be enough.” These guys *knew* this then, but Udall decides, “No, the Grand Canyon is more important than that. Arizona is just going to have to make do with what they’ve got here.”

**Dale:** But they still were able to build the Central Arizona Project?

**Steiger:** Oh yeah! Yeah, and it cost them two billion dollars by the time they were done. Because that’s what they wanted. And they’ve had whatever that’s been, thirty years—no! 35 years or forty years—where they actually are *getting* the water.

**Dale:** When was the Central Arizona Project built? Was it before Glen Canyon or after Glen Canyon?

**Steiger:** Oh, after. That was in the late-sixties they went ahead and authorized that. Late-sixties, early-seventies, I’m pretty sure. We’d have to look it up. I’d have to look it up to know, but it was right around then. [1973] But

Udall couldn’t go out there and tell these guys [the Arizona delegation], “Oh, it wouldn’t be the right thing to do.” I mean, this is my dad [*former Congressman Sam Steiger*], this is Fred [*former state rep. Fred Burke, who founded Arizona River Runners*], this is all these Arizona guys. They used to tease me. My dad was buddies with these guys. There was this guy named Marty Humphreys, and he had been the president of the Arizona Senate, and these guys would be in there at my dad’s house smoking cigars and stuff. I’d come through. “Oh, there’s the river runner!” They’d shake their heads, “Boy, that sure would have been good for Arizona! Ohh, those would have been good dams.” (laughs) They’d laugh. But it was one of those things. It was a big, big deal. Fred, you know, he’s making money as a river runner, but he was like, “Oh no, that would have been *good* for Arizona.” But it was never about the money, it was about the water.

Martin had a great thing to say about it, though. He said, “Yeah, California, we won the water wars every time, but what did we win? Really we lost. You look at California now, you know. We thought we won, but we didn’t win at all, the truth is—we lost.” Just with all the people that that water ended up supporting and all that stuff.

But in my mind, that’s the untold story of the dams in Grand Canyon. And where are those kind of guys now? I mean our statesmen, our leaders? You want somebody in those positions that is more interested in doing the right thing than they are the expedient thing. In retrospect, I really wish I would have gone and talked to Stewart Udall, but I wasn’t smart enough. I had my head too far up my butt to figure it out *then*, when he spoke about it. It took me a long time after that just to realize, “No, this is the *actual* guy that saved the Grand Canyon.” Although, without Martin, he doesn’t do it. If Martin doesn’t raise a ruckus, Udall doesn’t look it over. Also, Martin gave him cover, too, to tell these guys, “Look, you’re not going to *get* the Central Arizona Project *at all* if you keep these dams in there.” So anyway, that’s the dam story.

You’re going to need to take a nap. I’ve put you to sleep with all this.

**Dale:** Oh no, it’s very interesting.

**Steiger:** Isn’t it?

**Dale:** Yeah. I’d never heard that, so it’s interesting to really know...

**Steiger:** Well, I heard it from all over. I mean, I’ve just now barely pieced it together. I tried to get that out of Martin: “You brought dories to the river to save the Grand Canyon.” And he was like, “Nah, I just like to go.” I think that was kind of incidental, but I sure think...Martin really distrusted...He wasn’t wired to just accept authority. And I think the war must have...

**Dale:** ...affected that.

**Steiger:** Oh yeah, I think so. Just because these guys are in power and they say “jump!” doesn’t mean we all should. Later, of course, Martin kept rattling everybody’s cages until they expanded the boundaries of the Park, too.



TRENDING: BIDEN TRANSITION JOE BIDEN DONALD TRUMP CORONAVIRUS SPONSORED: GLOBAL LENSES G&E

# THE HILL


## Trump finalizes rollback of bedrock environmental law NEPA

BY REBECCA BEITSCH - 07/16/20 04:43 PM EDT

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The White House finalized its rollback of one of the nation's bedrock environmental laws Wednesday, with President Trump calling the law the "single biggest obstacle" to major construction projects.

Critics say the rollback will gut the National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA), which for 50 years has required the government to weigh environmental and community concerns before approving pipelines, highways, drilling permits, new factories or any major action on federal lands.

The changes from the Trump administration aim to streamline environmental reviews that industry complains can take years to complete. The reviews can take roughly four and a half years, while the White House would like to reduce that to two years.

The rollback removes requirements to consider climate change before proceeding on a project.

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'Historic breakthrough': Trump overhauls NEPA

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## Trump Has Kneecapped Another Environmental Safeguard. Could That Spur Expanded Uranium Mining in South Texas?

The president seeks to weaken a 50-year-old federal law requiring regulators to weigh environmental risks before approving major projects.



speaks about proposed changes to the National Environmental Policy Act, at the White House, Thursday, Jan. 9, 2020, in WYCC

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## Trump overhauls environmental review as part of infrastructure plan

### NEPA Overhaul: Trump Administration Finalizes Landmark Rule Reform

JULY 17, 2020

CLIENT ALERTS

On July 15, the Trump Administration issued a long-anticipated overhaul of the regulations implementing the National Environmental Policy Act ("NEPA")—the first substantive amendment to the regulations since the 1970s. The Final Rule's stated goal is to comprehensively update, modernize, and clarify the current regulations "to facilitate more efficient, effective, and timely NEPA reviews by federal agencies." As analyzed in our prior alert on the Proposed Rule, the rule makes significant changes to agency implementation of NEPA, and legal challenge is expected.

#### I. Overview of the Final Rule

The Final Rule will go into effect on September 14, 2020, 60 days after it was

## Trump Administration Finalizes Updates to NEPA Regulations

The final NEPA rule substantially revises environmental review procedures and incorporates most of the perceived controversial changes proposed last January, including elimination of cumulative impact analysis, and shortening the time frame and page length of reviews.

By Eric Moorman, Norman F. Carlin, Anthony B. Cavender

Trump scales back landmark environmental law, saying it will help restart the economy

#### TAKEAWAYS

- The final rule adopts most of the changes proposed in January, with some modifications.
- The changes narrow the application of NEPA, accelerate the review process, eliminate cumulative impact analysis and limit consideration of alternatives.
- The new regulations take effect September 14, 2020.

# the GRAND CANYON PROTECTION ACT

*From a River Runners Oral History Project interview of Lew Steiger, conducted by Regan Dale at RD's house in Kanab, Utah on August 7, 2019.*

**Dale:** Martin was instrumental in the Grand Canyon Protection Act, wasn't he? Didn't he go back to Washington a couple of times?

**Steiger:** Did they get him back there? Maybe so. But the Grand Canyon Protection Act? You know who I think that was more than anybody else—was Tom Moody.

**Dale:** Really?

**Steiger:** Yeah. Moody went on...He and Dan Dierker did this trip with Jack Schmidt. Do you now who he is? He's a scientist, a sedimentologist. Jack was the head of GCMRC [Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center] for a while. But he had done some studies when Moody was doing Humphreys Summit. Those guys did a trip. Jack Schmidt was teaching a bunch of students from Wellesley—a girls' college—and they did a field trip. Jack brought all his students down, he got paid to do it, and Moody and Dan Dierker and these guys were the boatmen. And they were sitting around the fire on this winter trip and they decided the only way to save the Grand Canyon is you've got to have a law. Moody came home and told *me* this. I remember we were visiting about it, and he said, "We've got to pass a law." I'm like, "Oh great, get Congress on it, yeah." (laughs) "That'll really

solve everything." I mean, I thought it was ridiculous. But he showed back up right around then and he started volunteering at GCRG. And this is where I think Kenton [Grua]...I think Kevin Fedarko made him out in the book to be more maniacal than he really was. Well, what I didn't see in *The Emerald Mile*: the Kenton I knew, he was just all-in for the Grand Canyon. I mean, 110 percent. Always, always. And he was pretty selfless about it too. We were sitting at a board meeting...okay, Kenton starts Grand Canyon River Guides, because we've got to have a voice. He was all over the road, actually. He was like, "We've got to have a union, we want better wages, we want this, we want that." I kind of tried to reel him in on some of that. I was like, "You're going to get us all fired, if you're not careful. Let's just start with saving the Grand Canyon for now." But we did some things, we upped the requirements for guides. And that was so they *couldn't* just fire us. That was partly for the betterment of the profession, but also it was like, hey...Because remember, didn't you just have to have three trips to be a guide and six trips to be a leader? Something like that?

**Dale:** Yeah, something like that. Yeah, it was nothing.

**Steiger:** Let's get those requirements up there! You know, a little higher. But there came a time when we were all at a board meeting...Moody had come back, he'd been fishing in Alaska. He'd done Humphrey Summit awhile with Brian and those guys, but then he'd drifted on, and he

Tom Moody



was doing this other stuff. But he wanted to kind of weigh back in for the Grand Canyon. We were all sitting around at a board meeting, and Kenton had been the president for two or three years, and one day Kenton just says, "You know what? I can't be the president anymore, we're going to have to elect somebody new." And everybody was like, "What?! Why can't you be the president?" "Who else is going to do it?!" Kenton was like, "No, if I keep being the president, people are just going to think that this is my little club, which it isn't, and it'll undermine our credibility. The only way this thing can stay credible is we've got to cycle the officers through. It's got to be about everybody."

**Dale:** I wonder who put that in his head.

**Steiger:** I don't know.

**Dale:** That's interesting.

**Steiger:** Well, I think it just...

**Dale:** Just a light went off?

**Steiger:** I think it came from him. I don't know, but he announced it. We're sitting there, "Who on earth would want to be president?" And Moody said, "Well, I could do it." And instantly everybody was like, "Yeah!" Because this is a guy that had...Moody had a degree in civil engineering. I mean, he was a smart guy, he was really personable. His dad had been president of the Arizona Senate too, Charlie Moody. Moody was good at politics. He took it to another level. The first thing Tom Moody did when he got to be president was, he brings out *Robert's Rules of Order* (chuckles) and teaches us all, "Now, if we're going to be an organization, we've got to have rules for how we do our meetings." Before that, it'd just been [chaos]. You know, "Here, pass that over here!" "Give me another beer!" I mean, we weren't paying attention to that stuff. But Moody gave me a quote. There was a Chinese dude that said, "Real leadership is you..." I forget what the guy's name was, but "Real leadership, you inspire the people to do all this good stuff, and when they're done with it, they say, 'We did it ourselves.'" The real leader isn't up there beating their breast, running to the head of the parade. That was Tom Moody in a nutshell. You know, the Grand Canyon Protection Act, Moody had talked to me about that before he ever really weighed in at GCRG. What I saw was he came and he patiently punched in there. At first he was an unelected board member. He just showed up and he just started getting involved. And then when he



Kenton Grua

was the president, he reached out to the Grand Canyon Trust and all these other guys, and he kind of orchestrated that. And you'd never hear him or anybody else say it was his idea, but in my mind, he got ahold of that thing and steered it toward that law. And you know what's interesting is...now that's all we've got, and we're going to need it right now.

\* \* \*

I had to be the harbormaster at Deer Creek on this last trip. Did I tell you this? I went over there to visit Larry Stevens on a GCMRC trip... I see Larry and he's over there with some guy and they're looking at the dories, and I go talk to him. And here's this guy, Larry introduces me to him.

**Dale:** Oh, at Deer Creek?

**Steiger:** Yeah. Larry introduces me to this guy. He's the new regional director of the Bureau of Reclamation, and he's the director of the whole region, of which Glen Canyon is in his region, so he's the boss of Glen Canyon Dam. And Larry says, "Tell him what you think." And so I tell him that thing we've been saying about the sediment and the beaches, how the high flows are the ones that really carry the sand out, and I ask him, "Where are you guys taking out at?" "Diamond Creek." And I go, "Well, you guys never go to Lake Mead. It's all hypothetical to you, but every time you raise this water over 13 [13,000 cfs] you're just taking the sand down to the lake. Go down there. There's trillions of tons of sand down there. That's where it's all going." And I told this guy, "Since I've been a kid, these beaches are just getting smaller and smaller and smaller." He tells me, "Well, these power guys really want to fluctuate it a lot more. They're wondering why they can't." And I didn't think about it until the next day or two, to throw up the Grand Canyon Protection Act at him, but that's what it's going to take. It's going to take the law, because these guys want to fluctuate it *bad*, so they can make more money, and all the talk in the world isn't going to convince them to do otherwise. The only thing that's going to stop it is the law.

I forgot to tell this guy that. **But I guarantee it, we might as well just cut to the chase, we're going to have to take them to court to get them to follow the law.**

# Financials

## Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc. Statement of Activities Fiscal Year ending 6/30/20

## Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc. Balance Sheet at 6/30/20

### Revenue

General Contributions	\$ 64,744
Foundation grants	43,400
Membership dues	38,983
Circle of Friends	24,338
Government grants	12,723
Investment income (\$8,116 unrealized)	10,513
Noncash contributions	7,200
First aid class income	4,830
Endowment gifts	3,641
Memorial contributions	1,600
Fall Rendezvous income	972
Sales of merchandise (net of cost)	(1,179)

**Total Revenue** \$ **211,765**

### Expenses

Salaries, benefits, & taxes	\$ 54,488
Outside contractors	36,768
Printing (mostly BQR)	22,708
Rent (includes \$7,200 donated rent)	12,000
Postage (mostly BQR)	10,909
Honorariums	6,025
Office expenses & supplies	2,908
Telecommunications & utilities	4,166
Insurance	2,350
Equipment & venue rental	1,865
Grants to other orgs	1,668
Investment fees	1,480
Repairs & maintenance	1,466
Professional fees	1,135
Merchant & service fees	883
Depreciation	603
Other	1,179

**Total Expenses** \$ **162,601**

**Net Income** \$ **49,164**

### Assets

Cash in checking/savings	\$ 112,339
Grants receivable	2,224
Postage & security deposits	2,135
Fixed assets (at cost)	58,795
Less accumulated depreciation	(56,637)
Investments: Endowment Fund	77,337
Investments: Reserve Fund	56,363

**Total Assets** \$ **252,556**

### Liabilities & Equity

Accounts payable	\$ 0
Payroll tax liabilities	1,113
Unrestricted net assets	149,589
Temporary restricted net assets	24,239
Permanently restricted net assets	77,615

**Total Liabilities & Equity** \$ **252,556**

# Major Contributors

## July 1, 2019 to June 30, 2020

**G**rand Canyon River Guides proudly presents the very long list of major contributors who supported our organization in numerous ways during this last fiscal year (*July 1, 2019 through June 30, 2020*). Due to space considerations, this list does not reflect the five-year memberships or contributions under \$100 (including general contributions and Circle of Friends), of which there were many. Your support helps us to move forward and maintain a healthy and vital organization that is better equipped to protect and preserve the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River experience.

We apologize in advance to anyone we may have missed in the lists below. Please let us know. And thanks again, not only to those acknowledged here, but to each and every one of you who support our efforts and believe in GCRG. We appreciate that support more than we can express. Thanks to you all!

### FOUNDATION, GOVERNMENT AND CORPORATE SUPPORT

Arizona Raft Adventures (matching gifts)  
 Catena Foundation (*Boatman's Quarterly Review*)  
 Ceres Foundation (general support)  
 Desert Medicine Institute (general support)  
 Grand Canyon Conservancy (Guides Training Seminar)  
 Grand Canyon Fund (Adopt-a-Beach, Adaptive Management Program, GTS)  
 Grand Canyon River Runners Association (general support as part of dissolution)  
 Jardee Transcription (Circle of Friends)  
 John Blaustein Photography (Circle of Friends, general support)  
 Network for Good (Facebook fundraiser)  
 Tides Foundation (GC Relief Coalition support, on the recommendation of the Chehalis Fund)  
 U.S. Geological Survey (Adopt-a-Beach Program cooperative agreement)  
 Waterman Welding, Scott Dunn (Circle of Friends)  
 Western River Expeditions (general support)  
 Whale Foundation (rent)

### ENDOWMENT FUND GIFTS

Michael Boyle	Pamela Hyde
Kurt Goebel	Nancy Jacques
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### MEMORIAL AND HONORARY CONTRIBUTIONS

Elliott Family Fund at the AZ Community Foundation (in memory of Don Briggs)  
 Cathryn Gorospe Education Assistance Foundation, a donor advised fund at the California Community Foundation (in memory of Cathryn Gorospe, for educational purposes)  
 Kim Kovalik (in memory of Vladimir Kovalik)  
 Kyle, Kim and Karen Kovalik (in memory of Vladimir Kovalik)  
 Joanne Nissen (in memory of Don Briggs)  
 Laverne Shouse (in memory of Joe Hester)  
 Annie Thomas (Circle of Friends donation in memory of Darrell Fralick)  
 Ken Wright (in honor of Joanne Nissen)

### INDIVIDUAL AND BUSINESS CONTRIBUTIONS TO PROGRAMS

[Boatman's Quarterly Review](#)  
 U.S. Charitable Gift Trust/Anonymous

[Colorado River Runners Oral History Project](#)  
 Richard Quartaroli

[Guides Training Seminar](#)  
 Greg Woodall  
 U.S. Charitable Gift Trust/Anonymous

### GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS (\$10,000 AND UP)

Michael H. Wehrle Gift Fund  
 U.S. Charitable Gift Trust/Anonymous (general support plus BQR & GTS)

### GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS (\$5,000 TO \$9999)

Ritchie Charitable Fund  
 Lauri Wilson (reduced rent for GCRG office)

### GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS (\$1,000 TO \$4,999)

Tom and Carol Asprey Charitable Fund  
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 Chehalis Fund of the Tides Foundation (on the recommendation of Drummond Pike)  
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*Desert one*

Study, from a sketchbook. Dave Edwards

*D. Edwards*