

boatman's quarterly review

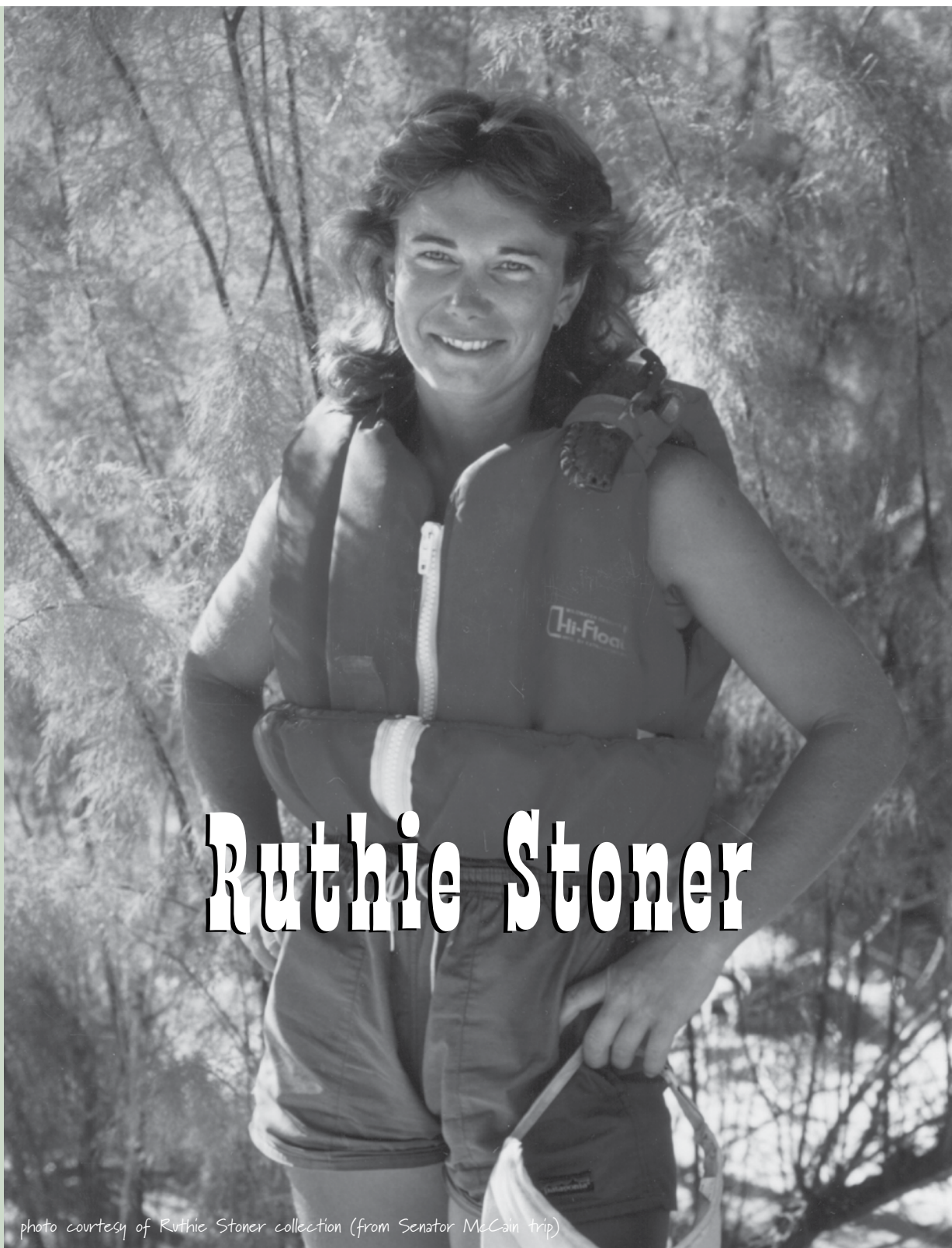


photo courtesy of Ruthie Stoner collection (from Senator McCain trip)

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boatman's quarterly review

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

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

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

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

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

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Prez Blurb

I WRITE THIS AS WE'VE just lost two fine river runners, Tom Moody and Frank Protiva. I wasn't fortunate enough to know Tom very well, but I know he was well loved by all who knew him. And of course Tom was the second president of Grand Canyon River Guides, and had very much to do with helping us move from a rag tag bunch of guides into a real and meaningful organization. We all owe him a debt of gratitude. All I can say is: Brad, I hope you take good care of yourself! I was fortunate to know Frank a little better, having done a survey trip with him in '94. I'll always remember him telling me how he came to work in the Canyon. He had been working as a civil engineer down in Sedona, when someone told him the Glen Canyon Environmental Studies (GCES) needed civil engineers and that in the Canyon, you could survey naked. He signed right up, and after his first trip they all got called into the office and were told they had to keep their clothes on. He was disappointed, but was already hooked and went on to do many more trips and became an important part of the early effort down there. The loss of these two men has been deeply felt by our community. Those of you wishing to contribute to young Charlie Moody's scholarship fund can learn details at: <http://www.charliemoodyscholarshipfund.com/>.

In happier news, Spring is fast approaching and that means a new river season and a new GTS. I'm excited about both. The day I stop being excited about a new river season is the day to start looking for new work. Maybe in the financial sector... We never know what's going to happen in the new river season, but we have a better idea of what's going to happen in the next GTS, and I can tell you this, it's going to be fun! Brad Dimock, Richard Quartaroli and Eric Berg will be there with some new history; Steve Martin, the super-Superintendent will be filling us in on some of the river advocacy he's been involved in. There will be plant yanking, food handlers' classes, a new CPR class in an expanded Sunday session, geology, ecology, and a new band this year featuring some of our Hopi friends, and much, much more! Thanks in advance to Steve Hatch for hosting us yet again, and to Simone for cooking for us.

Matt Herrman

Dear Eddy

HERE IN COLORADO the days are cold, night comes early, and it is the time of year I give myself a day to go back to the Canyon. My box of photos, notes, and river guides is spread out around me and my Grand Canyon CD's are playing the songs I know so well.

I have been fortunate enough to have made several trips through this most beautiful of our natural wonders. Each and every time I am blessed with new gifts from its treasure chest of delights. You all know them as well. The sound of the wind underneath a condor's wings, "critter" tracks in Redwall Cavern, the first sight of the fantastic blue of the LCR, the sound and then sight of Thunder Falls and the cool mist on your burning skin, hiking to Beaver Falls and playing with abandon in the pools, a full moon appearing from behind the canyon wall, and the clear sky between the tapeats in Blacktail Canyon.

Among my mementos in this box is my favorite issue of the BQR. There is beautiful art work by Erica Fareio to include a sphinx moth on a datura bloom. This past May I did a hike in Fern Glen Canyon. There in the small pool at the end was a moth trapped by its wet wings. I lifted it out of the water and it lay in my hand and soon began to beat its wings, lightly tapping my palm. After a brief time it was able to lift off and fly up and over the cliff. It was a short moment but spoke volumes to me. Even when we think all is lost, someone may come along and give us a lift. Never give up! Shirley, my CB and BF, you know exactly what I mean.

Susan Melcher

CALL IT SERENDIPITY, because I took the time to read the article about Don Poulson when receiving the last BQR. And that has caused me to relate some of my experiences in the Grand Canyon. If you find them of value for the BQR, feel free to use the information.

My experience of the canyon really began before I was born. My parents spent most of their honeymoon in 1915 at the camp reached from the South Rim and near the River. (If you can tell me who ran the camp, etc., I shall greatly appreciate that information.)

In 1936 my parents decided it was time for me, age thirteen, and my oldest brother, age twenty, to experience the Canyon. We spent many days at both the South and North Rims. We spent three days in

the canyon, going by mule. The wrangler had all the participants ride in the corral at the top to select the best rider to bring up the end. That was me and my brother, the second best, was placed in front of me. Taking pictures on the ride required me to stop the mule, get everything set, drop the reins and get the picture before the mule took off to catch the rest. We spent two nights at Phantom Ranch early in August. It was so hot at night that my brother and I would lie in the pool, then go to bed wet with a sheet over us. When we woke from the heat, we would repeat the process. I am certain that the temperature did not drop to 100 those nights.

In 1938 I was with a group from the YMCA that visited the North Rim with my other brother, who was then eighteen. We continued to spend weeks on a pack trip out of the ranch run by Ross Musselman just east of Monticello. We looked down at the confluence of the Colorado River and the Green River from above, having walked the last half mile because the trail was too dangerous for the horses. Ross told us that we brought the number of whites to see that up to 200. If you want other stories about that trip, which really taught me the most important lessons about survival in the desert, ask for them.

In 1972 I participated in my first raft trip from Lees Ferry to just below Phantom Ranch and walked out to the South Rim. We were with Ted Hatch's group and the boatmen were Ernie (who was from Maine with a masters degree in geology and the lead boatman), Whale, and Ratchet. As I recall we did not have side tubes on the rafts but did have oars for emergency. I forget who was the swamper. Ted ran trips in March and early April for college groups at a special rate and our group was from Lawrence College in Appleton, WI. I was a geology professor at the University of Wisconsin Fox Valley, just outside of Appleton, having spent ten years (1955-65) as a professor at Lawrence before changing colleges. This trip caused me to offer a seminar with the raft trip as the reward at the University of Wisconsin Fox Valley starting in 1973. In 1974, the year when Don Paulson saw his first flip at Lava Falls, my co-leader, my wife Donna, brought the group home from the bottom by the South Rim while I deadheaded with the crew to Diamond Creek to see if we should run the trip all the way to Lake Mead the next year.

I am writing this because at Horn we almost flipped. I was with Larry "McGoo" McGowan, lead. The other boatmen were Dennis "Denny-Poo", and I forget the name of the other boatman. We checked Horn from the left and Larry decided to run the right

side, warning me that a mistake could take us through both holes on the right. The other two boatmen watched from the boxes on their rafts as we ran first.

Of course, we went through both holes. I have never been thrown so hard in my life, and I had grown up balancing myself in the New York City subways. The two other boatmen reported that they lost all sight of our raft in the second hole and that we shot up vertically from the second hole. They expected us to flip, but luck was on our side and we came down upright. I asked Larry how it was for him and he said, as you would expect: "A piece of cake." He commented that the food box opened but that he got it closed before anything flew out. So I asked him if I could put all the food that surrounded me back in the box. He had never seen it come out. Then I asked if my camera was still in the box, having failed to put it in my ammo case because he said the food box was locked. No. He was worried, but I said it was my responsibility, not his. Then I looked at the trash bag and there was my camera, bone dry, having been in the air while we were under water. I took six more roles of color film successfully on the rest of the trip.

Lava went well for Larry but not for the third boatman, who came second. We wondered why his back was downstream as he came through until he cleared Lava and held up the control handle for his motor, the only good motor left in any raft. He had had to steer with the handles on the motor. Of course, he turned off his motor once through the rapids and we had to catch him. At camp that night they wondered how to repair the motor so I took out the bailing wire I had brought for another purpose and we were able to get that motor working again.

Our adventures continued at Diamond Creek where we were met with the truck. It was very late because of the delay in repairing the motor so it was dark when we left the river. About three miles from the bottom a tire blew up, so we changed it. However, in those years Ted always had the wrecker come down if the team was not out by dark and he arrived to follow us out. A few miles farther on the radiator blew up. So, we were towed up the remaining almost twenty miles.

The next morning I missed the train home because the travel agent had not noted that Arizona was on standard time, not MST. I got a bus to Phoenix to fly home and at the airport was stopped by the agent because my hunting knife and pliers were still on my belt. He put the knife in a huge box and, miraculously, it was delivered to me in Appleton. I was allowed to keep the pliers. (The pliers saved me on a later trip on the Green River when a line caught my leg and was dragging me overboard.)

All told, I have led over twenty raft trips with the last one being in 2005 just before my 82nd birthday.

My wife has been my co-leader all these years. I think that I have visited the Grand Canyon one way or another well over 25 times since the few trips to Lake Powell have always included time to hike in and out of the Grand Canyon. I have been a life member of this group for decades and decades. At one point Ted said that he would feel safe if I had had to take over a raft in a rapid if something happened to the boatman.

Back to Whale. I asked for him and finally he was again one of my boatmen. Unfortunately, that was the trip when he broke his ankle. We had two nurses with us and they convinced the lead boatman to call for a replacement.

One other unusual event was searching for stromatolites. Of course, one can see them at the Little Colorado and up a few side canyons. But in 2003, with Ray Pope on his 200th trip, we camped at about mile 72 on the right. When I went to the porta potty I noticed that, less than twenty feet from the river were excellent stromatolites. I took photos the next morning with Ray's son in the pictures. In 2005, again with Ray, we could not find the stromatolites. And, Ted said he had never seen any reports of their existence nor seen them himself. I have not asked Steve Hatch if he has seen them.

Donna and I still hope to get back to the Canyon, although I have given up organizing and running trips. We want to visit with all the wonderful boatmen we have known, at least as many as we can find at Hatch or at Lees Ferry. We even think about being passengers on another trip, but that is probably only a hope. Finally, we have been able to take both of our children on several trips and our daughter-in-law.

Leonard Weis

Farewells

EARLY IN THE MORNING ON JANUARY 23RD, THE RIVER COMMUNITY LOST TWO REMARKABLE INDIVIDUALS, TOM MOODY AND FRANK PROTIVA. TOM AND FRANK WERE ON THEIR WAY FROM FLAGSTAFF TO YUMA IN FRANK'S CESSNA 205 WHEN THE PLANE CRASHED ABOUT 11 MILES SOUTH OF FLAGSTAFF. BEAUTIFUL MEMORIALS WERE HELD FOR EACH OF THEM WITH HUNDREDS PRESENT TO PAY TRIBUTE. THEY WILL BOTH BE DEEPLY MISSED.

TOM MOODY

TOM MOODY WAS A NATIVE SON—his great grandfather was an Arizona territorial veterinarian.

His Granddad on the other side—like Tom, an engineer—came here in the thirties to work on dams. Tom was born in Florence on July 14, 1951 to Charles Moody—a World War Two flight instructor, crop-duster and state legislator, and Gwen, a librarian and teacher. All these trades coursed through his life: engineering, dams, books, teaching, flying.

Tom was raised in Florence and Coolidge, where he grew up flying, and graduated from Florence High School in 1969. That year Tom's mom took the family on a Grand Canyon rafting trip. The river grabbed him, winning out over an abortive attempt at Arizona State University. The Moodys were early investors in Fred and Carol Burke's Arizona River Runners, where Tom was soon a boatman. He spent the next twenty years as a commercial river guide in Grand Canyon, Utah, South America, Africa, and Alaska. With friends he founded two small tour operations—Gypsy Wind, offering sailing trips in Hawaii, and Plateau Trails, running specialized river trips on the Colorado Plateau. It was Alaska that really captivated Tom, and he ran a small salmon fishing operation at the mouth of the Alsek River for ten years.

But something drew him back to the Colorado. He said, "I didn't really feel like I had much roots. I'd taken a lot from things I'd done, and I hadn't really taken time to give much back. And so, one of the conscious decisions I made was to dedicate some time to giving something back—to the Grand Canyon, in particular." This remained a prominent theme in Tom's life—giving back.

Tom was in on the ground floor of the environmental studies that began in Grand Canyon in the early 1980s, and was instrumental in the creation and passage of the Grand Canyon Protection Act. He joined the fledgling nonprofit Grand Canyon River Guides, became its second president, and, with his energy and inclusive outreach, gave the organization wings. He wrote, "There's a lot we can be proud of. We didn't set out to do "great things,"

we just set out to do things and they turned out great. It shouldn't really surprise us. It's just another river trip. Like the River, it's not perfection we're after, but participation and celebration. Get enough quality people headed in the same direction and good things happen. This organization isn't going to change the world, but the people in it damn well might. We'll change it the only way that really matters - one person at a time. Show people the Canyon and let it do its magic."

Tom's environmental bent was tinged with a rare helping of realism. He routinely rose above petty frays and small issues to point out what was obvious to him—the big picture. And he insisted—always—that the High Road was the road that would get there. Tom went on to work on Colorado Plateau issues at Grand Canyon Trust.

In 1991 he married long-time friend Stephanie Yard in her home town of Flagstaff. He returned to college and combined his hands-on knowledge of rivers and the outdoors with his interest in science, math, and physics and earned a civil engineering degree at Northern Arizona University in 1995. He became an associate professor at NAU teaching stream restoration and conducting research on southwestern streams. Although this was Tom's first official foray into "teaching," he had been teaching all his life. Teaching, leading, inspiring. One of his idols, early flier and writer Antoine de Saint Exupery, wrote, "If you want to build a ship, don't drum up people to collect wood and don't assign them tasks and work, but rather teach them to long for the endless immensity of the sea." So it was with Tom.

Together, Tom and Stephanie—a civil engineer as well—formed Natural Channel Design, Inc. in 1999, an engineering consulting firm devoted to stream restoration and natural resource planning. Veering from the stereotyped engineer that would line a channel with concrete and riprap to manage it, Moody and Yard saw that although it was not always easier, it was more productive, and inherently better, to do it the way nature had perfected over the last few billion years. In this, Tom and Stephanie were a perfect match. Again, Saint Exupery: "Love does not consist in gazing at each other but in looking outward together in the same direction."

Their son Charlie was born on December 20, 1993 and became a second focal point of their lives. Charlie has been more places, done more things, run more rivers, and had more adventures than most senior citizens. At nine months old he became the youngest person ever to have run Lava Falls—Tom, of course, at the tiller.

Alaska never really let go of Tom, and he and Steph built a summer home in Haines, where they spent increasing portions of each year. Now their primary residence—Charlie is a freshman in Haines High School—

Tom and Stephanie bounce back and forth to Flagstaff to see friends and keep the business pressing forward. How Tom Moody accomplished as much as he did in his life—and in each day—has long been a marvel to those of us on the periphery. And I have not even scratched the surface here. “If you need to get something done,” he often said, “find a busy man.” Tom was in Flagstaff in January, heading for a new project in Yuma with Frank Protiva, when the inexplicable happened. As always, he was pushing hard, pressing forward, with a twinkle in his eye, a smile on his lips.

The facts of his life do little to express who Tom was. Friend Tim Cooper gives us a better picture of the man we knew:

There was never any doubt that Tom was the smartest person in the room, no matter the room and that he was five or six steps ahead of the rest of us no matter the path. The thing is—he would cheerily come back for you, with that indelible smile and those twinkling eyes, a bark of a laugh and few distilled and considered words, he’d get you up to speed and then be off again, scattering wit and facts, jokes and observations like the incidental byproducts of a good-natured intellectual tornado, pulling you along. He was a wise man, generous with his wisdom, fearless in his convictions, reflexively honest and possessing a mind-boggling range of competencies.

Maybe there’s charisma in that description or maybe that’s something additional, on top of all that. Maybe the charisma was in his willingness to include everyone in his fundamental optimism and clarity of vision. Maybe it was the feeling of some underlying oceanic calm that he operated out of, that gave him the patience for tireless work and putting up with the rest of us. Who knows? I’m only certain that it was our privilege to know Tom Moody, to count him as a pard, to have had our lives converge now and then and to have been points on the broad sweep of his influence, because there is now a hole in the world where one of the best human beings to ever draw breath used to stand.

Brad Dimock

If you are interested in contributing to the Charlie Moody Scholarship Fund please visit: www.charliemoody scholarshipfund.com

THE IRONY IS NOT LOST upon me that I would not be writing this memorial note on behalf of Grand Canyon River Guides, if it were not for Tom Moody. Simply put, it is entirely possible that GCRG would not exist without Tom’s extensive contributions, including his tenure as its second president. It is an amazing thing to wrangle independent-minded river guides into a single advocacy organization, as Kenton Grua managed to do. It is an equally amazing thing to build upon that momentum and transform that organization into one with considerable political clout, played out amongst the historic backdrop of the Grand Canyon Protection Act and the contentious and complex Glen Canyon Dam EIS. Tom led the way...

Years after Tom served as GCRG president, he remained our go-to-guy because of his astounding intellect, his political savvy, and his clarity of vision. Occasionally there are men who leave their mark in a way that is both truly profound and long lasting. Tom is one such man. We will miss him more than we can say and our gratitude for what he has given us knows no bounds.

Our love and support go out to Tom’s family. The river community that Tom helped to build is here for you, now and always.

Lynn Hamilton
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR GCRG

A number of years ago, Lew Steiger conducted an oral history interview with Tom Moody which was subsequently published in Volume 15 #2 of the *Boatman’s Quarterly Review*. You can access this interview online at: <http://www.gcr.org/bqr/15-2/tom.html>.

Additionally, Northern Arizona University Cline Library staff has scrambled to make the full audio file and transcripts from that interview available online through the Colorado Plateau Digital Archives. You can access it at: http://www6.nau.edu/library/scadb/recdisplay.cfm?control_num=19736&criteria=moody

Oral histories have a unique way of celebrating life, capturing those vibrant memories forever. What a boon to those of us who knew Tom to hear his words once again. And what an opportunity for those of you who didn’t know him to learn about this amazing man who made such a profound difference for GCRG and for the Colorado River through Grand Canyon.



IT'S NO SURPRISE that Franklin Reed Protiva came into this world in New Orleans, or more appropriately called "the Big Easy." Anyone who was lucky enough to be around Frank and know Frank was touched by his lust for life, his smile, his laugh and his heart.

He was a loving family man, a true friend, a stealth entrepreneur, a clever misfit and a lover of this earth.

Everyone can remember Frank and Barb's wedding day in the pines: the carriage rides, the bluegrass music and the "honeymoon airstream." Only Frank could dream up such an event! Over their years of marriage, Frank and Barb enjoyed the adventure of exploring the Baja peninsula, Arizona, Utah and the West by air, truck and various watercraft. As always Frank took everyone he could along on the adventure. You could count on sunsets with good wine and someone to fix any mechanical problem that may arise. After all, Frank had all the right tools.

Frank always spoke of his deep love for his family: the time he spent in Peace Valley with his brother Jim and family (Jim son Eligh constructed an airstrip for Frank to land on); visiting sister Susie's clan in Albuquerque and keeping up with his father JD. He rejoiced in the good times and worked his way through the difficult times. He served as the common thread that kept them together—fueled by love and understanding.

Frank enjoyed more good times than most people get in a lifetime. He could always be counted on for meaningful conversation, a camping expedition, a plane ride, a grueling bike ride, a shoulder to lean on, and, most importantly, someone to share a laugh and smile with. If the circus (the Yard Dogs) were in town, you could be assured that Frank and Barb would be there to enjoy it. When the summer temperatures in the desert reached 120 degrees in Parker, Frank offered me his home in Flagstaff for a weekend of relief after knowing me for a total of two weeks. All he wanted in return was a breakdown of the weekend's war stories. His unwavering kindness and generosity brought sunshine to many.

Frank's love of his work will also leave a beautiful mark on the world. He began as a river guide and activist

in the river community. After earning an engineering degree from NAU and getting his engineering license, he wasted no time in playing a lead role in the infamous Glen Canyon Environmental Studies. His work of surveying and studying the role of sediment in the Grand Canyon led to management actions that have created beautiful beaches and riparian habitats that allow all the wild critters (including the river guides) of that Canyon to enjoy for decades.

He then became a leader and eventually a partner on the Shephard-Wesnitzer engineering team. He turned a three person outfit on Fourth Street into a 20-man machine downtown in a matter of five years. His greatest joy within this work was engineering the restoration of over 2000 acres of riparian habitat on the lower Colorado



River known as the Ahakhav Tribal Preserve and Yuma East Wetlands. These areas that were once a forgotten land ridden with trash dumps and solid tamarisk are now ribbons of cottonwood and willow forests, meandering river channels and wetlands thriving with wildlife, including nesting endangered species. Frank was one of the few people I've ever worked with who ended a call or email with the word "love" attached to it when needed. Frank and Tom were on their way to begin restoration on another 3000 acre project when our hearts were all broken by the tragedy that occurred the morning of January 23RD.

Frank's sudden and tragic end has been devastating to all he touched. In his passing we should honor Frank by passing on what he gave to the world. His passion for restoring rivers, his undying friendship and willingness to share anything he had with someone who needed it, his commitment to being a husband, father, brother and son and always maintaining the relationships with the ones he loved, and most importantly living life to fullest, sharing the good times and never giving up.

Godspeed to you "Protie."

Fred Phillips

THE RIVER SEASON of 1982 found the parents of Dylan Dewey Hopkins running commercial river trips through the Grand Canyon as a team. In the spring of 1983, Dylan was born. His nickname—“Little Unkar.” Natural portents surrounded his birth. Billy’s Mountain slid into Spanish Fork Canyon, flooding the town of Thistle, Utah; City Creek flooded and Dylan saw his first kayakers at one month old as he traversed the flooded State Street in Salt Lake City on a foot bridge. His first rafting trip through the Grand Canyon took place at the age of five with his dad. Subsequently, Dylan took trips through many canyons, including the Grand. His skill in handling a raft or a kayak equaled that of the best of us. His teachers were among the best including his dad (Fox), Tom Yeager, Barry Miller, and all the guides who have worked with Grand Canyon Expeditions over the years. Dylan was so pleased to be asked by his dear friend, Ann-Marie Dale, to swamp for her first single-boat commercial trip through the Grand Canyon. It would be his final trip.

But, a river guide named Dylan Hopkins was not to be. By six years old Dylan was writing essays about wanting to be a firefighter, and by fifteen he was bribing the West Valley Fire Service with ice cream to go on ride-alongs.

Dylan was an only child, but his family spans scores of mentors, teachers, and friends. At fourteen he earned his falconer’s license. A strong start in emergency medicine was launched while still in high school. His mentors throughout the fire service, including West Valley and Salt Lake City, are too many to name. His beloved Uncle, Tom Yeager, gave him much he should know and some that he should not. His godmother, Sue Fisher, nurtured his focus on the humanity of difficult mentally ill patients he served. He understood the serenity of casting a fly line over a quiet stream with his stepfather and friend, Gary Topping. Everyone loved Dylan!

Dylan died in a small plane crash on November 21, 2008. He was on his way to a Broncos game with

two friends, both of whom survived. At the time of his death Dylan was a firefighter/paramedic with Salt Lake City Fire Department and a valued member of the elite Tactical Search and Rescue with FEMA Urban Search and Rescue Utah Task Force 1.

At only 25 years old, he had already served the rescue efforts after Hurricane Katrina, at great risk aided shooting victims at Trolley Square, fought some of the valley’s biggest fires, and conducted several heroic rescues of individuals. He lived for his career and for helping others who weren’t able to help themselves. His hobbies included kayaking, rafting, falconry, rock climbing, sailing. His love for life, family, friends, work, children, and animals was his inspiration.



He is survived by his father, Blake (Fox) Hopkins, (Sue Fisher) and his mother Marianna Hopkins (Gary Topping). His extended family includes two “near sisters”—Morgan Yeager Uyetake and Olivia Fletcher; their mothers, Stephanie Yeager and Millie Fletcher; his brothers and sisters in the fire service; his family from the river community; aunts and uncles, and many loving cousins.

His viewing and funeral Mass at the Cathedral of the Madeleine were magnificently attended by the Fire Service Honor Guard and many of his river friends—over 1200 friends and family in all. Dylan’s funeral may be viewed through a Google search. Friends of Dylan have procured a site in Liberty Park and commissioned an artist to create a sculpture of Dylan with his first hawk. Those who wish to donate may do so through greatwestinstitute.org.

Guide Profiles

Kristin Huisinga, Age 35

WHERE WERE YOU BORN & WHERE DID YOU GROW UP? I was born in Decatur, Illinois and spent the first ten years of life on a farm in a town of 500 people.

WHO DO YOU WORK FOR CURRENTLY (AND IN THE PAST)? I now work full seasons for AZRA. Before that, I did trips for science, GCY, and freelanced with a few other companies.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN GUIDING? Guiding became a way of life beginning in 1999 when I started working on the San Juan River with AZRA. I've done full seasons on the Grand since 2003.



WHAT KIND OF BOAT(S) DO YOU RUN? Paddle boats (yes, those big loaded ones) are super fun and I also row 18-foot rafts.

WHAT OTHER RIVERS HAVE YOU WORKED ON? I have begun to explore many other rivers for fun, but have only worked on the Juan and the Grand.

WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES/PASSIONS/DREAMS? I am learning to paint with watercolors, to play violin, and to grow food. Someday, I'll play Devil went Down to Georgia. Another day, I'll sell a watercolor painting. And soon, we'll be growing most of our own food.

MARRIED/FAMILY/PETS? Jon Harned and I are getting married in May this year. I know it will be sweet.

SCHOOL/AREA OF STUDY/DEGREES? NAU was my second home for seven long years. There, I studied botany and ethnobotany. I still do ethnobotany work during the winter.

WHAT MADE YOU START GUIDING? Perfect question to follow! After seven years of over-developing my

left brain, studying and passing exams, I wanted to be outside! Some friends were guiding and I asked if they could recommend me for a job. That summer, I began working San Juan trips.

WHO HAVE BEEN YOUR MENTORS AND/OR ROLE MODELS? Thad Stewart let me row my first rapids on the Grand. Martha Stewart and Harlan Taney bravely gave me the oars through the 20s and the gorge. David Edwards and Kevin Johnson taught me to pull. All those ladies out there continue to inspire me and each trip is loaded with mentors.

WHAT DO YOU DO IN THE WINTER? Jon and I are building a house in New Mexico and I do some consulting work for the Hopi Tribe.

WHAT'S THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENT IN YOUR GUIDING CAREER? Last season, the water was close to 20,000 CFS. Hermit was giant. The adrenaline, the laughter, the smiles, the joy all keep me here.

WHAT'S THE CRAZIEST QUESTION YOU'VE EVER BEEN ASKED ABOUT THE CANYON/RIVER? Well, this is a hand-me-down, but I love to tell guests that there was once a person who asked, "How often do they have to come down to paint these layers?" They? The Park? God? Not sure.

Ann-Marie Dale Bringhurst, Age 26

WHERE WERE YOU BORN & WHERE DID YOU GROW UP? I was born in Kanab, Utah and after my parents got divorced I spent my winters in Flagstaff, Arizona with my mom and my summers with my dad in Kanab.

WHO DO YOU WORK FOR CURRENTLY (AND IN THE PAST)? I currently work for Grand Canyon Expeditions. In the past I have done a few science trips as well as a couple of OARS trips.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN GUIDING? I started guiding in 2006. I did my first trip for GCE in 1989 when I was six years old. I started swamping when I was fifteen and that is when the majority of my training began.

WHAT KIND OF BOAT(S) DO YOU RUN? I run a 37-foot S-rig. I also row but so far only on private trips.

WHAT OTHER RIVERS HAVE YOU WORKED ON? I have not worked on any other rivers...so far just the Grand.

WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES/PASSIONS/DREAMS? Adam and I cannot wait to start a family. It would be amazing to share the river with our children. I would like to give them some of the same opportunities that I have had growing up.

MARRIED/FAMILY/PETS? I got married on October 13, 2007 to Adam Bringhurst who is also a boatman for Grand Canyon Expeditions (GCE). He is absolutely wonderful and I love being married. I also have a sister that guides as well as a few other family members.

SCHOOL/AREA OF STUDY/DEGREES? I graduated in December of 2006 with a bachelors of arts in Journalism with a minor in English from the University of Arizona. I am currently taking night classes to fulfill requirements in hopes of entering NAU's MBA program.

WHAT MADE YOU START GUIDING? I grew up tagging along with my dad and I have known since that very first trip in 1989 that I wanted to be a boatman. On career day in elementary school my answer was always the same; that I wanted to be a boatman in the summer and I did not know what I wanted to be in the winter. For the record I still have not figured that one out!

WHO HAVE BEEN YOUR MENTORS AND/OR ROLE MODELS? I have had many role models including my mom and dad. My dad started in 1971 and although I did many trips with him I did most of my training with people that he trained. My mom was a cook and also rowed her own boat. They have both taught me a lot about all aspects of guiding. I have been very fortunate to have grown up in this industry and there are so many people that have taken the time to teach me, talk to me and mentor me. There is not enough room to list everyone who has been a role model for me!

WHAT DO YOU DO IN THE WINTER? Whatever I can! Right now I am running a daycare out of my home and loving it.

IS THIS YOUR PRIMARY WAY OF EARNING A LIVING OR DO YOU COMBINE IT WITH SOMETHING ELSE? The river is my primary income.

WHAT'S THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENT IN YOUR GUIDING CAREER? I don't know about the most memorable but one moment that sticks out was having my dad swap my first trip for me. I was pretty lucky to have 35 years of experience on my side box for my first trip. Also I met/got to know my husband on a trip so that will always stick out.



WHAT'S THE CRAZIEST QUESTION YOU'VE EVER BEEN ASKED ABOUT THE CANYON/RIVER? "So did people build these ruins or was it the Indians?"

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOUR FUTURE HOLDS? I can't wait to find out!

WHAT KEEPS YOU HERE? This place has been a part of me so long that I cannot imagine ever leaving. Regardless of where future careers take me, I think I will always find myself drifting back...

Blowing In The Wind

AFTER THE MARCH 2008 41,000 CFS High Flow Experiment (HFE) release from Glen Canyon Dam, many river runners probably noticed larger sandbars in Grand Canyon. Sandbar restoration was the major goal of the HFE, as sandbars provide backwater habitat for fish and camping area for human visitors. But how else could new, bigger sandbars benefit the Colorado River ecosystem? In many areas of the canyon, before the dam was built, large eolian (wind-blown) sand dunes formed at and above the old high water zone, made of sand that was deposited by the Colorado River and then either reworked in place by wind or blown inland from flood-deposited sandbars. Especially because some of those sand dunes contain important archaeological sites, we want to understand how the size of sandbars that form near the shoreline affects inland dunes. Can dam operations (such as HFES) effectively replenish the wind-blown sand supply to dune fields above the high water line? If the answer is yes, that would be good news for some of the canyon's archaeological sites that depend on eolian sand for their preservation—at some sites, wind-blown sand fills in gullies created by rainfall, and also deposits sand on top of artifacts, both of which can reduce erosion of archaeological features.

At several places in the canyon, the U.S. Geological Survey monitors eolian sand movement. We collect wind-blown sand samples near weather stations that monitor wind speed and direction, rainfall, temperature, humidity, and barometric pressure, in an ongoing effort to measure landscape processes that affect archaeological-site stability (see article “What is That?” in BQR Vol. 21, No. 2, summer



Wind re-shaped the surface of a new sandbar after the March 2008 HFE, forming this eolian sand dune. The dune's orientation shows that it is migrating inland, moving sand toward an older, well-established dune field above the old high water zone (to the right, out of the photo).

2008). After analyzing four years' worth of wind data, we have identified two kinds of sand-dune fields in Grand Canyon: those that could receive substantial new sand from HFE sandbars, and those that probably won't. The first kind are situated downwind of where a sediment-rich flow of about 45,000 CFS tends to form sandbars. We call those Modern Fluvial Sourced (MFS) sand dunes. The second type of dune field, which we call Relict Fluvial Sourced (RFS) dunes, were formed as the wind reworked sand left by much higher, pre-dam floods. Those RFS dunes probably won't benefit much from new sand deposited by a 45,000 CFS flow, because they aren't necessarily downwind of where sandbars form at that flow. So, good news and bad news—a sediment-rich HFE of the magnitude we've had in 1996, 2004, and 2008 could, if it enlarges sandbars upwind of inland dune fields, lead to renewed wind-blown sand movement toward some of the canyon's sand dunes (the MFS type).

What happened after the 2008 high flow? At several of our study sites, over the summer of 2008, wind re-shaped sand from the new HFE sandbars into sizeable eolian dunes. By five months after the high flow, some new wind-blown dunes were one to two meters tall (see photo). At one site, as of October 2008, the new sand dune's crest was more than one meter higher than the level reached by the water surface during the peak of the HFE. And those dunes were found to be migrating inland, moving sand toward larger, well-established dune fields. This is an encouraging result from the HFE—that in some places, the new sandbars did in fact supply sand that moved inland toward older dune fields and associated archaeological sites. In other places, even though new sandbars formed from the HFE, increased inland sand transport didn't happen, either because the wind direction wasn't quite right, or because vegetation, which has grown a lot in the post-dam era, is now thick enough to block wind-blown sand from reaching inland dunes.

The USGS instrument stations that monitor wind-blown sand and weather conditions are still operating, and are providing much useful data about landscape processes in the river corridor. We will continue to update you about what we learn as the data from the weather stations are collected and analyzed. If you come across one of these stations while on a river trip, it would help us out a lot if you can make sure that your group understands why they are there and respects them. These stations will not be in the canyon forever. While they are there, many thanks to everybody who has helped with this project, especially to Grand Canyon Youth!—we're grateful for your participation, and really excited about what we are learning from this study.

Amy Draut

Cheerful As A Cricket: Kolb Photos And Old Man Snyder

FOR THE PAST YEAR or so, Northern Arizona University Cline Library, with the kind permission of the Emery Kolb family, has been digitizing photographs from the Emery Kolb Collection and making them available online. The first set of approximately 150 images were those that appeared in Ellsworth Kolb's classic book *Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico*¹ and the August 1914 National Geographic issue featuring the Kolb Brothers, "Experiences in the Grand Canyon." Hundreds more are currently being added, so please peruse the Cline Library website on occasion for continuous updates.²

Another fun photograph is that of "Old Man" Snyder.⁴ The Kolb Brothers and Bert Lauzon met up with him on January 4, 1912, somewhere on the south side of the river between Pumpkin Springs and Diamond Creek. The Kolbs had heard of John P. Snyder up in Lodore Canyon, the half-brother of Jensen, Utah, postmaster Chatwin Snyder. Ellsworth wrote: "We did see a camp-fire, and on climbing the shore, found a little old prospector, clad in tattered garments, sitting in a little dugout about five feet square, which he had shoveled out of the sand. He had roofed it with mesquite and an old blanket."⁵ Lauzon added: "Schyneder told us of an experience he and his brother had while crossing above the rapid on a raft. They went over the rapid and 4 miles down the river."⁶

Ellsworth continued: "When he learned that we had come through Utah, he stated that he belonged near Vernal, and had once been upset in the upper canyons, about twenty years before. He proved to be the Snyder of whom we had heard at Linwood, and also from the Chews, who had given him a horse so he could get out over the mountains. Yet here he was, a thousand miles below, cheerful as a cricket, and sure that a few months at the most would bring him unlimited wealth. He asked us to 'share his chuck' with him, but we could see nothing but a very little flour, and a little bacon, so pleaded haste and pushed on for Diamond Creek."

C.V. Adaguerreotype



"Old Man" Snyder

Emery Kolb Collection, NAU.PH.568.3642

FOOTNOTES:

- 1) The Grand Canyon Association has recently reprinted this award-winning title:
<http://www.grandcanyon.org/>.
- 2) Colorado Plateau Digital Archives: <http://library.nau.edu/speccoll/index.html>. In the 1990s, GCRG members helped to identify images. Please contact richard.quartaroli@nau.edu for any corrections to identification information.
- 4) Emery Kolb Collection, NAU.PH.568.3642; Early Spamer has postulated that this could be a staged photo of Tim Whitney, with a river mug setting on a shelf behind him.
- 5) E.L. Kolb, *Through the Grand Canyon*, 255–57. Billingsley, Spamer, and Menkes, *Quest for the Pillar of Gold*, 35–36, has more background on Snyder and his mining ventures, including the Snyder Mine. I thank them, particularly Dov Menkes, for input on Snyder.
- 6) *The Brave Ones: The Journals and Letters of the 1911–1912 Expedition Down the Green and Colorado Rivers* by Ellsworth L. Kolb and Emery C. Kolb, including the *Journal of Hubert R. Lauzon*, transcribed and edited by William C. Suran, 141–42. In Billingsley et al's *Quest*, it is speculated that this rapid might possibly be Granite Springs Rapid, Mile 220.5. However, the Brother's journals note that they "land at the head of heavy water rapid" and "big water," and Ellsworth wrote "a rapid, just below, made so much noise that he did not hear us until we were before his door." 217 Mile Rapid might be a candidate for the meeting location with Snyder, but there are others.

Hitting A Financial Home Run

And each forgets, as he strips and runs
With a brilliant, fitful pace,
It's the steady, quiet, plodding ones
Who win in the lifelong race.
And each forgets that his youth has fled,
Forgets that his prime is past,
Till he stands one day, with a hope that's dead,
In the glare of the truth at last.
—ROBERT SERVICE

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, a close friend and fellow river guide confided in me that he was waiting to hit just one financial home run in life, which would carry him through retirement. He had worked in Grand Canyon since the early seventies pursuing his passion for guiding and the lifestyle that the river industry offered. Today he is still waiting for that home run.

It is safe to assume that most of us at some point in our lives would like to hit a financial home run, just once. We are members of the guiding profession and we consider (or considered) ourselves physically indestructible. The attitude is the same whether guiding in Grand Canyon, the ski areas of Colorado, the game reserves of East Africa, or some other exotic place. Guiding allows us to realize our passion for the outdoors and it is exceedingly more palatable than working nine to five, five days a week with only two weeks vacation a year at a so-called “real job”. While living our lives in the great outdoors, being independent and living in the moment our priorities may not include looking ahead and planning for our retirement years.

The financial reality for many guides is that, you will not have health insurance, a pension plan, or maybe even a job if the weather does not cooperate. The guiding community is not alone, in fact, most major U.S. Fortune 500 corporations are cutting pension plan contributions, offering early retirement packages, and reducing health care coverage because those costs are spiraling out of control. For example, the employees of Pan Am Airlines, Enron, Delta Airlines, and the U.S. Steel industry lost part or all of their benefits and had their pension and healthcare coverage severely affected. Others lost their jobs outright. There is no reason to believe that this trend is going to change so planning for your future is imperative. If you truly buy into living your dream, working your passion, and maintaining a certain quality of life then you need to accept the responsibility of planning, investing, and managing your finances. This can be accomplished in many ways.

Talk with friends and family members and ask what has worked for them. Read the Wall Street Journal or other financial magazines to learn about the stock

market and other investment strategies. Talk to a financial advisor. Check out the links under financial planning at www.whalefoundation.org/financialplan3. Some outfitters in Grand Canyon offer pension plans and health insurance coverage for full time guides. If your outfitter has an employee pension plan, in addition be sure to start a ROTH IRA. You can start by putting a little money away from each paycheck. Also, make sure to pursue educational opportunities and other ways to develop your talents and skills so you generate income and work during the off-season.

Diversified investments along the lines of a mix of mutual funds, stocks, bonds, real estate, rental property, etc., so you can take advantage of a longer investment time horizon. You need to do these things while you are guiding and the positive results of your individual efforts will flourish if you are committed to a plan. Hitting a quick home run, instant gratification, or winning the Power Ball is unlikely. Take the words of Robert Service to heart that the “steady, quiet, plodding ones” may “win in the lifelong race”. You might think that you are not guiding because of the money, none of us are, but at some point in time, it will be about the money. When you have planned accordingly you will have a greater sense of self-empowerment because you created not only financial options for yourself but a better mental outlook as well. It will be a good thing instead of a crisis situation.

We all come to realize at some point in our lives, usually as a result of losing a close friend or family member that life passes much too quickly. In short the time horizon kind of goes like this: years turn into months, months turn into weeks, and weeks turn into days. Before too long you are sharing the memories and stories of the path you took at the fork in the road not long ago. Therefore, it is important to establish a plan, pay yourself first, reapply your skill set or get more education, have financial options, and then manage your various life plans.

Jon F. Stoner

Be There or Be Square: the 2009 GTS Weekend

FRIDAY, MARCH 27TH

Invasive Plant Pulling Party, 10:00 A.M. TO 3:00 P.M. Come early and lend a hand pulling invasive plants in the Lees Ferry area. This is one of the primary entry points for Sahara mustard, Russian thistle, Russian olive, and ravenna grass, and in a short 5 hours, we can pull thousands of plants that would end up downriver. You will learn about the vegetation, wear super sporty orange vests, and spend some time crawling on your knees! More importantly, you will join the ranks of stewards that just love to get dirty. If you are interested in helping, please call Lori at 928-226-0165 or email Lori_Makarick@nps.gov by March 15. Please bring water and appropriate footwear (no sandals please – sorry) – we will supply the lunch (deli spread surprise) and snacks.

Backcountry Food Handler's Course courtesy of the Coconino County Heath Department. See the draft agenda at www.gcr.org for sign-up info, or call the GCRG office for details.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, MARCH 28–29TH

Guides Training Seminar Land Session at Hatch River Expeditions warehouse in Marble Canyon, AZ

By now the annual Guides Training Seminar is mighty close and anticipation is building! The agenda is incredible—from a multi-tribal workshop to an evac

clinic, tons of fascinating talks and the Whale Foundation Health Fair. The event is open to the public and the nominal fee of \$35 will cover all the yummy food you can eat for the weekend. But be sure to bring extra \$\$ for buying lots of cool stuff—2009 shirts, hats, mugs, books, raffle tickets (win really great stuff!) and more.... Check out the GCRG website at www.gcr.org for the draft agenda. We'll post (and email) the raffle item list when we have it finalized.

CPR-Only Class on Sunday afternoon the 29TH, post-GTS. See the draft agenda at www.gcr.org for sign-up info as well.

From stewardship activities, to learning opportunities, to just plain fun, the GTS has something for everyone! Don't miss it!

Note: The GTS river trip is April 1-15 (Lees Ferry to Diamond Creek with an exchange at Phantom on the 7th). New this year is an additional two-day campsite rehab project (April 15-17) between Diamond Creek and Lake Mead. Contact the GCRG office with questions at (928) 773-1075.

New GCRG Website

SOMETIMES YOU JUST have to take the plunge. It was glaringly obvious that the GCRG website needed updating, but why settle for mediocre when you can go for fantastic. So... we plunged ahead with a complete re-do, top to bottom. The result is a website that is aesthetically pleasing, easy to navigate, with great content. From guide resources, to advocacy, music, guide-owned businesses, and more, the new site will be an incredibly useful tool for everyone.

Thanks a million to the two driving forces behind this overhaul—Chris Geanious and Mary Williams, and to our GCRG board members for their input and ideas. We did this on our own dime, so next time you want to contribute something to GCRG, please keep in mind that we did this for you. Check it out the new website at www.gcr.org and let us know what you think!

Fall Rendezvous 2009

MARK YOUR CALENDARS for the GCRG Fall Rendezvous, October 17–18, 2009. We'll be heading out to the Kane Ranch, courtesy of our friends at the Grand Canyon Trust. Look for more info including how to sign up in an upcoming BQR. We're excited and hope you will be too!

Change Coming to the Colorado River in Grand Canyon

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article was written by Nikolai Lash, the Grand Canyon Trust's Colorado River Program Director and is reprinted from the Trust's Winter 2009 "COLORADO PLATEAU ADVOCATE" magazine. Nikolai and GCRG's own Andre Potochnik work very closely together on Colorado River issues.

BUSH ADMINISTRATION'S DAMAGE TO GRAND CANYON

WITHOUT A DOUBT, the Bush administration has treated the Grand Canyon shabbily. Beholden to powerful energy interests, Secretary of Interior Dirk Kempthorne has contributed to a petty legacy no one could be proud of. Interior officials under Bush have damaged Grand Canyon and undermined the National Park Service's authority to protect Grand Canyon and other national parks.

Through the Bureau of Reclamation's operations of Glen Canyon Dam, the Department of Interior is knowingly supporting dam operations that violate federal law and go against \$100 million worth of agency science. Earlier this year, Reclamation initiated a five-year plan of dam operations that maximize the production of cheap, peaking power at the expense of Grand Canyon resources. Current dam operations violate several federal laws and ignore conclusions made by numerous federal scientists who have been silenced or made to change

their analyses for political purposes. Further, Reclamation's chosen dam operations ignore stated opposition from National Park Service spokesperson, Superintendent Steve P. Martin.

GRAND CANYON PROTECTION ACT

Several federal laws have been passed to protect Grand Canyon, prominent among them the Grand Canyon Protection Act (GCPA), signed into law on October 30, 1992. The GCPA states: "The Secretary shall operate Glen Canyon Dam in accordance with the additional criteria and operating plans specified in section 1804 and exercise other authorities under existing law in such a manner as to protect, mitigate adverse impacts to, and improve the values for which Grand Canyon National Park and Glen Canyon National Recreation Area were established, including, but not limited to natural and cultural resources and visitor use."

The intent of the GCPA is unambiguous: to operate the dam in a manner that protects park resources, notwithstanding impacts to hydropower generation. Senator John McCain, co-sponsor of the bill, stated: "The erratic release of water from the dam to meet peak electric power demands [has] destroyed Colorado river beaches, and harmed other natural, cultural, and recreational resources. Somewhere along the line, we forgot our obligation to the canyon and to [t]he future generations for whom we hold it in trust."

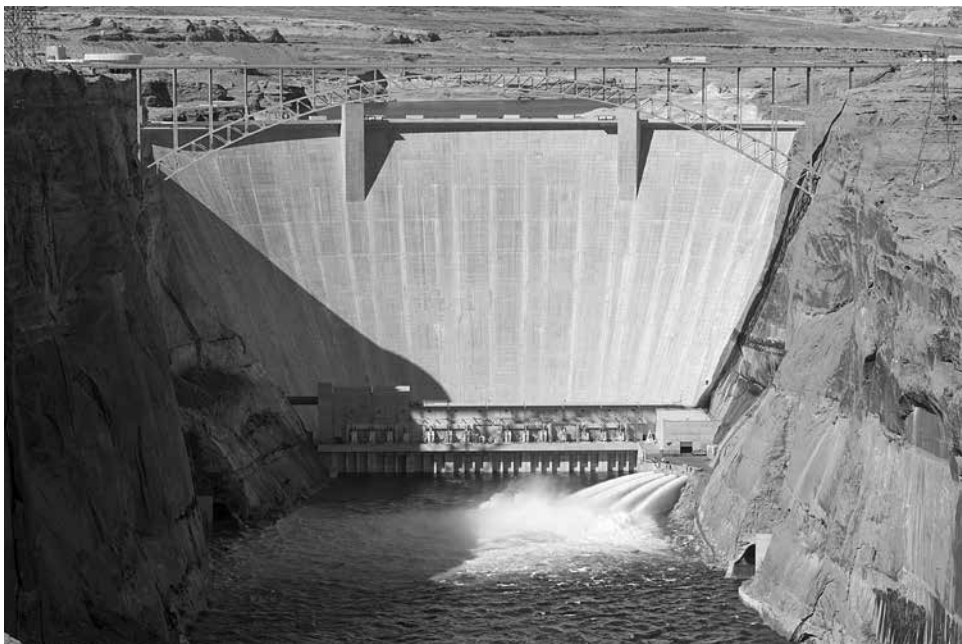


photo courtesy USGS

"ERRATIC RELEASES"

The destructive "erratic releases" Senator McCain refers to are the ceaselessly fluctuating flows from Glen Canyon Dam that generate cheap peaking power but, in the bargain, unravel the health of Grand Canyon. Fluctuating flows erode sediment faster than steady flows; diminishing beaches, harming native fish habitat, eroding centuries-old cultural sites, and jeopardizing the existence of the three-million-year-old humpback chub, an endangered fish found

only in the Colorado River.

The Grand Canyon has suffered resource declines for years. The U.S. Geological Survey found in its 2005 SCORE Report that Modified Low Fluctuating Flows (the flows coming through the dam since 1996) have been destroying Grand Canyon beaches, native fish habitat, and archaeological sites. U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service's 1994 Biological Opinion determined that these fluctuating flows jeopardize the existence of the humpback chub, destroy its critical habitat in Grand Canyon, and impede the chubs' recovery. If we are to retain sediment and improve conditions for native fish in the Colorado River through Grand Canyon, high flows and steady flows are an absolute necessity.



photo courtesy USGAS

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE UNDERMINED

The Bureau of Reclamation's dam operations ignore stated opposition from the National Park Service (NPS), which has the authority and responsibility to protect the Park against any destructive federal activity, such as activity technically known as "impairment."

In his public comments to Reclamation regarding their five-year dam operations plan, Superintendent Martin stated:

Analysis of [Reclamation's] proposed action (including strict limitations on future flows, a short-duration steady flow regime in the latter part of the monsoonal period, and other key factors) indicates these measures would likely **result in impairment of the resources of Grand Canyon National Park**. The [Plan] as written appears to be in conflict with NPS 2006 Management Policies, may not be consistent with CEQ guidelines, and is significantly in conflict with our understanding of the science and inconsistent with the intent of the Grand Canyon Protection Act . . .

Even though the Park Service has the responsibility to protect the Park from illegal and damaging federal activities, Reclamation has refused to include the Park Service as a cooperator. Officials at the Department of Interior, including Deputy Assistant Secretary Jim Cason, Solicitor David Bernhardt, and staff attorney Bob Snow, have tried to intimidate Park Service employees from voting for motions that would improve Grand Canyon resources.

WHAT IS NEEDED

Science and law confirm that the following is needed to improve Grand Canyon resources:

- Regular high flows under sediment-enriched conditions to rebuild beaches and nearshore habitat for native fish;
- Seasonally-Adjusted Steady Flows to preserve beach volume and provide for humpback chub spawning and rearing in the mainstem;
- Temperature control and non-native fish removal to create more favorable conditions for native fish; and
- Reclamation to return to the National Park Service their authority to protect Grand Canyon National Park.

A GRAND WONDER

The Grand Canyon is among the Seven Wonders of the World, its suggestive name an understatement for a place indescribably beautiful. Things have been hard lately for this beloved place but change is in the air and the effects of the new administration are expected to reach international proportions. Wouldn't it be grand to see a re-empowered National Park Service and actions taken that restore Grand Canyon to a state that matches our captured imaginations?

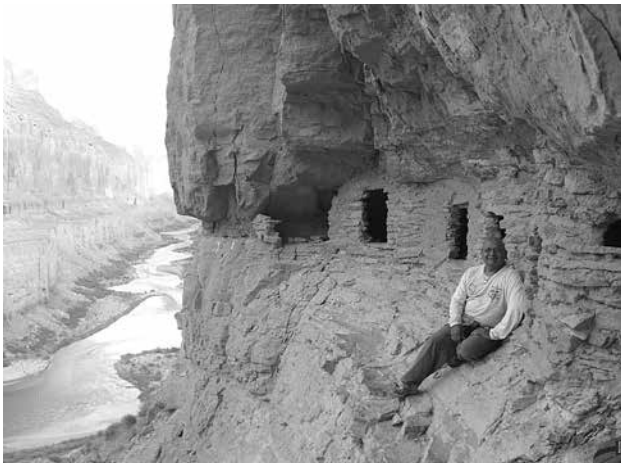
Nikolai Lash

Respect Öngtupqa

This is part two of an article published in BQR 21:3, titled ÖNGTUPQA—SALT CANYON.

ÖNGTUPQA, GRAND CANYON, is where Hopis return after death, the most sacred of holy places, the home of many Hopi deities as well as loved ones who have passed. If one word could sum up every answer I heard to the question “What would you like the tourists to learn or take away from their visit to Grand Canyon?” it would be this: RESPECT. It didn’t matter whether I was asking a traditional, progressive, or conservative Hopi; they all said Respect Öngtupqa. Young or old, with children or without: Respect the Canyon. Respect was the word at the beginning of the trip, and at the end of the trip, respect was still the word, by that point usually uttered with reverent laughter-spiked tears.

“After doing these trips for sixteen years,” says Leigh Kuwanwisiwma, director of the Hopi Cultural Preser-



Merv at Nankoweap.

vation Office, “I know that Grand Canyon guides are dedicated. The canyon is special to them and they have reverence for the environment.” It is exactly this care and respect that Hopis wish to see communicated to tourists who visit Öngtupqa.

Hand in hand with this idea of respect, which seems to develop naturally in most folks who find themselves at the bottom of Grand Canyon, is being aware of the sacredness of the area to the Hopi people. Realizing that the Hopis of today have strong spiritual and ceremonial ties to Grand Canyon, not to mention a lot of pride in how and where their ancestors lived, adds to this appreciation.

Of course education, information, and understanding

are at the root of respect—but this is a fine line to walk with the Hopis. On the one hand, they pray for life, health, and happiness for everybody—including non-Hopis. But on the other hand, there are certain restrictions upon which they all agree: no visiting Sipapu or the Hopi Salt Mines. It’s good for the tourists, or any bahana, to learn about the importance and sacredness of these areas, but not good for them to go see it themselves? Why?

It was explained to me to be a matter of preparation and of danger. Öngtupqa, no question about it, is considered to be a very dangerous place to Hopis. Not just anybody is allowed to visit, and those who are must undergo special processes of purification and preparation before entering and after leaving. It is understood by all that there could be very serious consequences to you and your family if these conditions are not met. What’s more, it doesn’t seem to matter if you believe or not—you’ll become a believer when the ill effects of disrespect hit you. It is a form of protection to keep the general public away from such sensitive areas.

Too often in the past, non-Hopis have pushed the limits set by Hopis. They have not been respected. One night after dinner, the three elders on the trip discussed this and explained that they don’t mean any discrimination by asking for limits and restrictions. They’re asking for respect. If somebody says “don’t go there,” then don’t. Merv, the cultural leader on the trip, likened it to warnings about radiation. Some folks won’t listen; they’ll go there anyway, even if told not to. But consequences will follow: it will affect your health and could make you sick or even die. It doesn’t matter if you believe in radiation or not, if you get too close you will be affected.

Most Hopis on this trip agreed that, with very few exceptions, the other folks in the Canyon were behaving just fine. As Jonah said with a laugh, “seems like mostly old folks hanging out in the shade.” There was some discussion about the practice of piling stones and everyone agreed that they don’t care to see it. The ideas behind this practice were explained to me by a long-time Grand Canyon guide and it seemed pretty cool to me: that of listening to the stones and balancing them as they asked to be placed. It seemed to be an artsy form of meditation, but the reactions of the Hopis I talked about it with ranged from laughter and rolled eyes to exasperation. Seems that Hopis don’t talk to rocks in the same sort of “new-age” way! All agreed that the piled stones should be returned to their original places when finished.

But this idea of leave no trace is universal: leave the potsherds, pots and bones where you see them, do not step on the vegetation, build no cairns, simply do not alter the landscape in any way. Of course there are



Lynn and Beep in the kitchen.

environmental reasons for this, but it mostly goes back to the idea of respect. Öngtupqa is the most sacred place in the Hopi worldview; it is a temple and a shrine. One of the younger men on the trip likened it to going into somebody else's church and messing it up. You just don't do that.

Feelings about Navajos in the Canyon ran very strong. The two tribal cultures are very different—the Navajos being newly arrived adaptive nomads and the Hopis being a very structured culture with age-old roots in Grand Canyon. The elders felt very strongly that they want the public to know that Hopis originated in Grand Canyon, not Navajos, and the Hopis feel very strongly that the Canyon belongs to them. At a certain point the Hopis left and later the Navajos moved in. Grand Canyon was of course very important in the history of the Navajo tribe, but “we were here first” seems to be an important concept to convey.

The Hopi tribe is entitled to one trip per year, but



The group listening to one of Mike's informative talks while we prepare to complete the first survey.

the level of importance attached to this trip seems to far exceed this meager ration. Every single person on this trip told me that the privilege of visiting Öngtupqa was one of the greatest gifts they'd received in their entire life. Returning to the boat after hiking up the Little Colorado, Woody said “This is the one thing I've always wanted to do before I die. I can't believe I'm here seeing this. Now that I've been here I want my sons to see it too. My face hurts from smiling so much!”

Having Hopis from different clans and villages come together on this incredibly life changing trip had many effects. From what I understand, members of the different clans do not usually exchange their stories with each other and members of the different villages not only have different stories but varying dialects as well. But this trip was all about learning for everybody. Stories were shared, names and locations of sacred shrines and springs were revealed, and knowledge was passed along. One man explained that he learned much from the elders about the sacred realm of the Hopi belief system and that this knowledge made his own beliefs far more powerful as a result. This sharing of knowledge is a form of giving respect to each other and enriches everyone.

For some of the younger men the importance of learning their native Hopi language was underscored as all prayers (and much discussion) were conducted in Hopi. Merv explained to me that the kachinas to whom the Hopis pray are spirits; they represent a different sort of being, a Hopi sort of being that doesn't understand English. Hopis pray in their own words, from the heart, and all prayers are accepted. But prayers from those who are initiated and who speak in Hopi are stronger and more concentrated. Hearing so much of the Hopi language really helped some of them feel more comfortable speaking and thinking in Hopi and went a long way towards improving their language skills.

One last thought, which Leigh shared with me: “Go down with positiveness, go down with offerings, go down with respect, and the spirits will be waiting for you.” Happy boating!

Wendy Himelick

Adopt-a-Beach: News from the Beach Front

SPRINGTIME GREETINGS TO EVERYONE. Well, the fluctuating status of the beaches this year, with heightened interest following the early season High Flow Experiment (HFE) in March, 2008 has been a consistent topic of discussion whenever river folks have gathered. Were beach and camping conditions improved, perhaps degraded, and how did they fair throughout the summer? Before I address these questions, I'd like to tell you about some important changes that have come to the Adopt-A-Beach (AAB) Repeat Photography program.

The Grand Canyon Conservation Fund, a non-profit grant making program managed by the Grand Canyon river outfitters, has been a consistent supporter of the



Nevills—August 2007.

AAB program for many years. Thank you to the GCOF! New this year is 24-month funding from Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center (GCMRC). Thank you to both agencies for supporting the AAB program and for encouraging the guiding community, and all interested Grand Canyon boaters, to continue involvement in the monitoring of our home away from home.

In an effort to enhance our sustainability and reduce operating costs, part of the new funding has been used to purchase two new digital cameras, along with water / sandproof cases, to replace a few of the Use-Once-Throw-Away style we have been issuing. If these prove successful, more will be added to the "fleet". And if the new cameras are dependable, it is even possible that the volunteer photographers will assume ownership after a couple of seasons' use. I'll have more details on this at the Spring GTS.

AAB is also working closely with the GIS Campsite Atlas project that is currently being developed by GCMRC in cooperation with Grand Canyon National Park. By happy coincidence, Tim Dealy, who has been

doing a great job managing the AAB image and database processing, is now also working on the Atlas project. This has evolved into a successful, mutually beneficial working relationship.

As I write this, late January '09, just over one-third of the cameras signed for by the volunteer adopters have yet to arrive for photo download and evaluation. As a result, a complete beach report is not available. If you happen to have a camera with one or more photos from 2008, it's never too late to send it to Lynn at the GCRG office for inclusion in the yearly analysis. With this consideration, I'll cover some preliminary results.

The 42,000 cfs High Flow Experiment last March gets mixed reviews. Like the time-lapse videos available

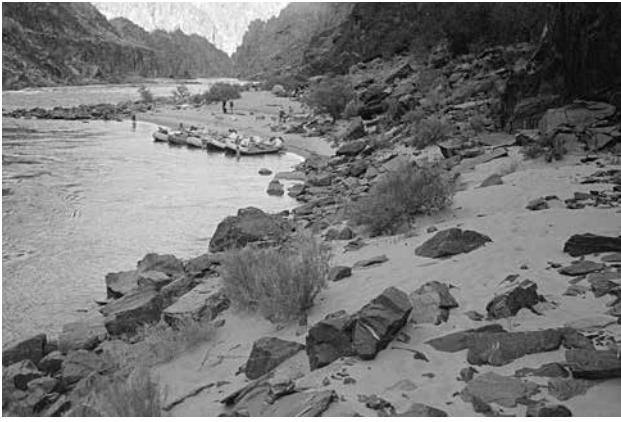


Nevills—April 2008.

for viewing on the GCMRC website, AAB images from late March and April reveal a lot of sand piled up and on some campsites by the "flood". This was often accompanied by rather sheer beach fronts and cutbanks, exacerbated by some calving as the saturated beach drained back toward the river. The beaches at Crystal (camp) and Bass are classic examples, though there are many more. As the season progressed, these beaches gradually slumped or were tracked by human traffic to a more user-friendly landing and camping angle. The beach areas back from the river look very inviting in almost all camps where elevation gain was the primary result.

Other results, which are not clearly represented in the GCMRC images, are the near removal of some previously existing beach fronts. While this did not affect the quality of the campsite itself, exposed rocks or simply the removal of the landing area, made parking for rafts and dories more difficult, if not impossible. This is seen at the Upper (Middle) National Canyon camp and Soap Creek. Though not an AAB photographed site, another camp where this was witnessed in the extreme was Fishtail.

More positively, there is photographic evidence and



Zoroaster—September 2007.



Zoroaster—March 2008.

accompanying written comment of some great beach and campsite improvements resulting from the HFE. Matkat Hotel and both of the Garnet camps are excellent examples. Replenishment of sand in areas where drainage flashes impacted the beach elicit smiles and exclamations when visited after the structural restoration by the river. But, as Brad Dimock's amazing series of Olo Canyon show, it may only be a quick-fix at a tenuous location. If you haven't already looked at his

After experiencing dramatic rebuilding, Stone Creek and Zoroaster, among others, have held up well. And most of the beaches armored by vegetation before the HFE look fresh and inviting.

Speaking of vegetation, some plant inhabitants, Arrowweed (*Pluchea sericea*) especially, thought the addition to beach fronts were perfect for expansion of territory. New sand at Nevills camp and others became overgrown before people ever arrived to set up a tent.



Stone Creek—September 2007.



Stone Creek—May 2008.

montage in this issue, go there now!

Per written information received with the photographs, much of the sand deposited was pretty fine grained. Anyone who spent time in the Canyon this summer and camped during even a moderate wind discovered how much this deposition wanted to get up and move! While evidence of Aeolian action is hard to detect in the images so soon after the HFE, dunes formed during the first months after the new deposition did reduce the available flat camping area at some sites. Did you try to fit a large group at Basalt in May?!

Beach resilience through the summer and fall has also been noted in the photographs obtained so far.

And then there's Lower Tapeats. Like Olo, another case of Easy Come, Easy Go. But we barely got to know ya.

So, it's a really mixed bag, and there isn't quite enough information available to begin making statistical evaluations or hint at resulting trends. On a beach by beach basis, it does appear that it's either thumbs up or down, with few if any camps left unaffected. This will all come together before the GTS though. With that in mind, for an update, and a visual explanation to accompany our tale of the beaches, please tune in at Hatchland in March. See you then.

Zeke Lauck

2008 Native American River Guide & Cultural Interpretation Program

PUSHING THE OARS THROUGH the brown muddy waters of the San Juan River, listening to fellow guide Pamela Mathues's camera clicking away in the distance, I hear laughter and splashing water from friends cooling off in the 100 degree heat. Every time I am on the water, I feel invigorated and lucky to be in the "here" and "now" instead of relying on email, Facebook and cell phones to keep in contact with people. But there is no substitute for being on the water, listening to sounds of nature and feeling the whole of Mother Earth and sharing the beauty of magnificent places such as the San Juan and Colorado River in the Grand Canyon with new and old friends. The connection to the people and earth is so innate and intimate that one cannot help feeling refreshed and invigorated.

That is exactly what I am lucky enough to do every summer and for the last two years I've been extremely fortunate to be a part of a program that provides an opportunity for Native people to learn the basics of working as a river guide while learning and teaching how to effectively interpret cultural perceptions of the natural environment significant to their tribe. The Native American River Guide & Cultural Interpretation Program was founded on the basis of the need for a larger representation of Native river guides and interpreters in the river industry. Fortunately, the Hualapai Nation are the predominant Native American river runners who own and operate a commercial river outfitter on the Colorado River. Unfortunately, there is a very small percentage of Natives who are river guides and cultural interpreters on commercial river trips on the upper 225 miles of the Colorado River. Although there are more Native guides working on the San Juan there is still not enough. Thus, the Native American River Guide Training Program was created to recruit more Natives into the river industry and Northern Arizona University (NAU) campus. The San Juan River in Utah served as the educational platform for the course. The Ecological Monitoring & Assessment (EMA) Program and NAU Outdoors work as a team to coordinate the course logistics.

In 2007, the pilot river trip solidified the interest and need for the Native River Guide Training Program as there were ten participants (seven Diné and three Hopi) trained, many of whom went on to guide for Wild Rivers Expeditions, Outdoors Unlimited, Grand Canyon Youth and NAU Outdoors. The 2007 participants were an amazing pilot group and continue to help promote the program whether it is through fundraising, putting up flyers or spreading the good word about the program. The initial trip yielded so much interest and encouragement that the

decision was made to further develop and continue the program.

The 2008 river trip brought together another great group of participants that came from a variety of backgrounds, adding another dimension to the program. As we did in 2007, the program provided two and a half days of in-classroom training (two days prior to trip and a half day after) that included a session with Diné elder James Peshlakai, who talked with students about cultural stories and taboos involved with the river and earth. In addition, the participants had the opportunity to "dry-rig" a boat at the NAU Outdoors warehouse under the tutelage of fellow guides/instructors Pamela Mathues, Alan Venesky, Jonah Hill, Chad Stone and Brandon Thielke. The students received menus and were put into groups to shop for food at Bashas, which gave them an idea of how much preparation goes into meal planning for a 7-day river trip. On the third day we met at the NAU warehouse, packed our gear and headed off to Sand Island to rig our boats and launch down the Juan. At this point, as guides/instructors we try to let the students do all the rigging and packing so they will get the idea of the time and process that goes into rigging for a river trip, especially under the hot sun and dry heat.

The next seven days consisted of group and individual training and a two-way teaching method was always encouraged. The Native Guide Training Program follows the philosophy of a multi-disciplinary and educational experience where everyone on the trip is invested in teaching and learning from one another. Each night we gathered for a circle where everyone discussed their day and there was an honest assessment of themselves from each participant and guide/instructor. We discussed our fears, hopes, and goals for the rest of the training trip, which in a way translated into our future goals, too. In the mornings, the guides/instructors stood aside waiting for questions and comments from the participants about rigging the boats for the day or running a particular rapid or pull-in to a campsite or lunch spot. During the day we stopped for hikes which were led by a participant after a detailed briefing from a guide/instructor. It was important for the learning and teaching experience of the group that the participants were taking an active role in taking the lead on a hike or interpretation stop.

The program's guides/instructors teach the basics of local human and natural history of the San Juan including geology, ethnobotany, intro to swift water rescue, traditional Native foods and cultural interpretation. One of the highlights of the trip was the traditional teachings by our good friend, Jonah Hill (Hopi/Quechan), who

graciously shared with us the holistic and medicinal uses of local plants found along the San Juan river. We used sumac berries found near the canyon walls to make sun brewed tea and ephedra and Greenthread to make Navajo tea every morning and evening to greet the sunrise and sunsets. Jonah would take the group on daily walks to describe the uses of plants found along hiking trails and campsites, and encouraged the group to collect samples so the group would create a plant book together. In addition, he stressed the importance of making an offering of gratitude and respect when taking a plant sample. This would be in the form of saying a prayer of thanks and offering corn pollen or tobacco. In addition to Jonah we were fortunate to have Merv Yoyewtewa (Hopi) join us at Mexican Hat and he shared with us the significance the Hopi hold the river and earth. Merv was a participant on the Grand Canyon Monitoring Research Center's (GCMRC) Hopi Culture River Trip in the summer of 2008.

The 2008 participants came from all over North America including Elaine Alexie from the Teetli't Gwich'in First Nation tribe from Canada, who wants to start an Indigenous owned river company with her people; Chelsea Schinker from the Cherokee Nation, who wanted to connect with other Natives in a unique setting; and Daniel Brown, a Diné NAU student and former Marine who wanted to learn more about his Diné culture and the river industry. The other participants were working on college degrees or in the professional world, and all were looking and found an opportunity to connect with other Natives in a unique and innate setting that resonated deeply with their contemporary and past values and teachings of their cultural backgrounds. At the end of this trip, I realized that the program was forming a new direction, not only serving as a guide training program, but a cultural learning experience for non-Natives and Natives alike. Daniel, the former Marine, was the voice of those Natives who have forgotten or were struggling to maintain a stronger connection to their culture and were looking to find a way into regaining that knowledge. Thus, plans are in development to extend the program to land-based guiding and cultural interpretation so participants have options of what they can do with the knowledge gained from the program.

I am also ecstatic to report that GCY's 2008 Native American Youth Artist (NAYA) trip on the San Juan River had a couple of "firsts". The river guides consisted of an all-Native American crew who were all "graduates" of the 2007 and 2008 Native Guide Training Programs including one of the two chaperons (sponsored by OARS Utah.) The highly respected artist, Baje Whitethorne mentored fifteen Diné high school students, five Native river guides and two chaperons on the different methods of creating art on paper. There was a lot of dialog, bantering and teachings that were done in the Native tongues of Hopi and Navajo. It was probably the first time the San Juan River had seen

and heard an all Native American river trip. It was a truly amazing river trip because it brought a whole new meaning to mentors and role models for the fifteen high school students who took part in that trip. We hope to continue this trend on future river trips at GCY, NAU Outdoors and other outfitters on southwestern rivers.

The success of the Native Guide Training Program would not be possible without the wonderful support of the Flagstaff community including the NAU faculty, staff and students who have supported this program in various forms. AZRA, CANX, and GCY have been kind enough to let the program tour their warehouses in order for participants to view the range of different outfitters, and take the time to answer questions. I would like to thank Jimmy Mac, Cam and Laurie Lee Staveley, Fred and Alex Thevenin, Rob Elliott, Joelle Clark of Native Voices of the Colorado, Lynn Hamilton of GCRG, Emma Wharton and Reed Allen for their generous support and many of whom have taken the time to speak with the participants. I would like to thank two local businesses, Moenkopi Riverworks and The Flagstaff Green Room, who have gone above and beyond to help raise funds and promote the program in 2008. Finally, a very big thank you to the Grand Canyon National Park Service and Grand Canyon Association who pledged to support four program participants for four years beginning in 2008. Yea! In addition, the program must extend our gratitude to the many supporters too numerous to name in this article. Please go to www.emaprogram.com to view the list. Yéé'go Ahééhee'! Thank you very much!

As always we welcome all who wish to support the program including building partnerships and relations with those interested. If you wish to support the program in any way or learn more about the program, please contact Nikki Cooley at (928) 856-1281 or Nikki.Cooley@nau.edu.

*The EMA program is a 501C(3) non-profit organization and all contributions made are tax-deductible.

Nikki Cooley
DINÉ RIVER GUIDE
& PROGRAM COORDINATOR

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2009 Native River Guide & Cultural Interpretation Program

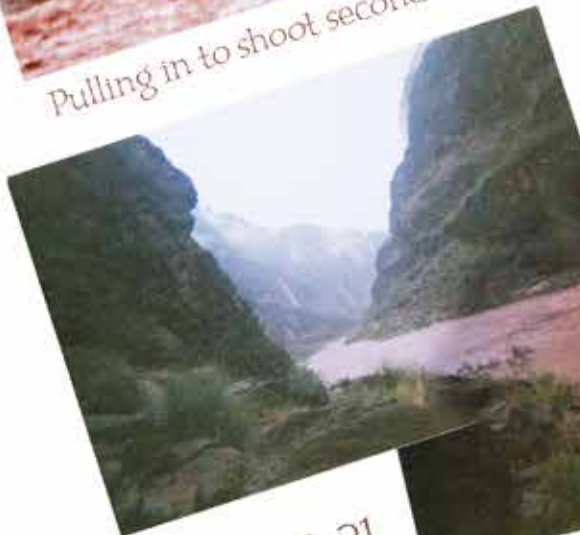
- WHEN: June 9–18, 2009 (2.5 days of in-classroom instruction & 7 day river trip)
- WHERE: San Juan River (Sand Island to Clay Hills)
- COST: \$600 for participants (We welcome sponsorships of program participants!)
- Must be 17 years or older to participate (no age limit)
- NAU Accredited Course as PRM 432B (optional)

www.emaprogram.com

Easy come, easy go: Olo 2008



Pulling in to shoot second montage



August 31



Septemb



May 2

New beach from March 2008 flood flow



er 15

Photos by Brad Dimock

Water In The Southwest—How Much Is Enough?

Dead Pool Lake Powell, Global Warming, and the Future of Water in the West BY JAMES LAWRENCE POWELL [EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, NATIONAL PHYSICAL SCIENCE CONSORTIUM, UCLA—BUT NO RELATION TO JWP], UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS, BERKELEY, CA 94704; 2008; 283 PAGES; (\$27.50, HARDBACK).

THIS TIMELY UPDATE is of interest to anyone concerned with the fate of the Colorado River and/or the water supply of the Southwestern

United States. The topics discussed here are familiar to members of Grand Canyon River Guides. I was surprised at how many of these stories (many in the news in recent years) had slipped past my attention.

“Dead Pool” refers to the (so far, hypothetical) future situation when the level of Lake Powell (and/or Mead) drops below the lower outlet works—the level at which no more water can be released. At this level, the reservoirs would still exist in a very much-diminished form. Lake Powell, for example, would have a surface area greater than 20,000 acres—large enough to lose 100,000 acre feet of water to evaporation in a year, but too small (and too low) to allow any release of water downstream [i.e. no more Grand Canyon river running...].

It was only four years ago when water experts were projecting that if the drought continued and water consumption remained at current levels, power generation at Glen Canyon Dam might cease (due to lowered lake levels) in 2007, and “dead pool” might be reached as early as 2008.

But we got a temporary reprieve from the drought, with inflow to Lake Powell 105 percent of normal in 2005 (and 101 percent in 2008): these grim projections did not materialize.

Dr. Powell’s book will get you thinking about the good old days, when people thought of disaster at Lake Powell in terms of a silted up reservoir lacking further storage capacity. This was generally thought to be in the works, but not something we’d be likely to see within

our limited life spans. If Dr. Powell’s book is correct, by the time Lake Powell fills with mud there may not be many people left in the Southwest to notice.

Starting with the excitement of the 1983 floods, this narrative revisits recent wet years before launching into an account of Major Powell’s vision of the “Arid Lands.” Major Powell recognized the “inconvenient truth” that there’s just not enough rainfall west of the 100TH meridian to make the desert bloom and look like the land back East... This message fell on deaf ears when the Major delivered it more than 100 years ago, and it’s falling on deaf ears today.

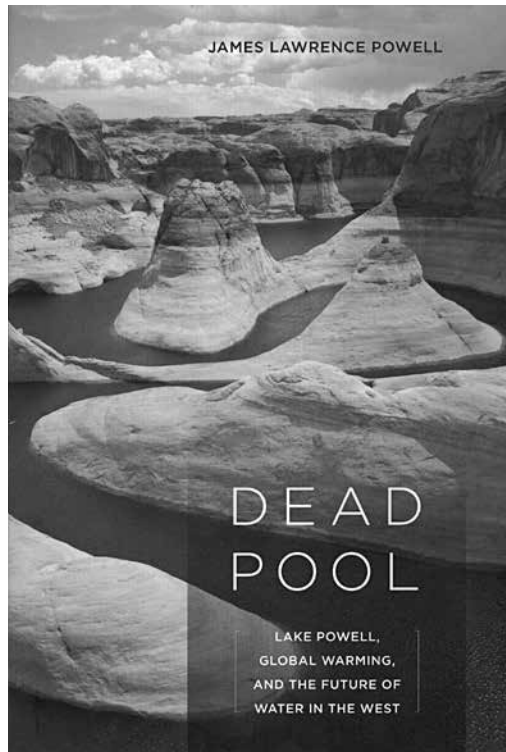
We know that the early part of the 20TH century was unusually wet; it was the water from these unusually wet years (fifteen Million Acre Feet (MAF), with a couple MAF “extra” left over) that was divided among the states of the Colorado River Compact (with nothing for Mexico.)

Perhaps less well known are the 2006 results of tree ring studies that show the long term output of the Colorado River is a mere 14.6 Million Acre Feet—a level that’s less than the demands already placed on the system. Between consumptive uses, evaporation, and what’s promised to Mexico, more water is now being taken from the Colorado River than it has to give. Not yet figured

in the equation: how much climate change is likely to reduce the supply.

What this boils down to is the “inconvenient truth” that taking more from the river than nature replenishes will deplete existing storage, with far ranging (but currently unknown) consequences for everyone who depends on Colorado River water. Simply put, there’s not enough water to go around today: the future is already here.

Complicating matters, the driest states are the ones with the fastest growing populations. Everyone wants to live where the temperatures are pleasant, and the sun shines frequently. While the ratio of supply to demand is already doomed, people are still moving to the Southwest in record numbers, with no letup in sight. The Las Vegas area is the fastest growing in the country...



Where this all ends is anybody's guess, but some sort of disaster seems pretty certain. The most interesting part of "Dead Pool" is the last few chapters, where Dr. Powell speculates about the things likely to happen as this all falls apart. Some readers may find his scenarios extreme, but I don't. If anything, I'd say they might be moderate, if not actually optimistic.

For one thing, the author sees lawsuits involving interested parties who feel they have a right to some (well defined) share of the Colorado River. Realistically, I think, he suggests the courts will ultimately throw out the "Law of the River" because its terms can't be complied with. [The "law of the river" includes the "Colorado River Compact," the "Grand Canyon Protection Act" and at least 50 other pieces of legislation, agreements, treaties, and documents...spelling out, among other things, how seven states and Mexico collectively own more water than really exists.]

The chances of redesigning all of this over again from scratch are—realistically—nonexistent. If current Colorado river water users can't agree on a way to make the system work, they certainly won't be able to do it with even less water than figures in the current scenario.

Where do we end up if the courts toss the whole works? Dr. Powell doesn't directly ask, or answer, that question.

But the answer should be clear—we'll be back to the doctrine of "prior appropriation"—which is the original basis of water law in the United States (and still applies in most places outside the Colorado River basin).

The doctrine of "prior appropriation" was replaced by the current system of assigned water rights that is now in danger of breaking down as diminishing storage meets increasing demand. Under "prior appropriation" those who came first have water rights superior to late-comers. In the Southwest, that's Native Americans first, farmers second, and the rest of us (including Las Vegas, San Diego, and Phoenix) last. How these assigned water rights came into being—leading to the current mess—is a major theme of "Dead Pool," and makes for some fascinating reading.

Dr. Powell makes some good points about what needs to be done, and would be done in a rational world: slowing future growth, conservation, better (less water consuming) landscaping in urban areas, less water for irrigation of unneeded or subsidized crops in the deserts, water transfers from agricultural interests to support urban populations.

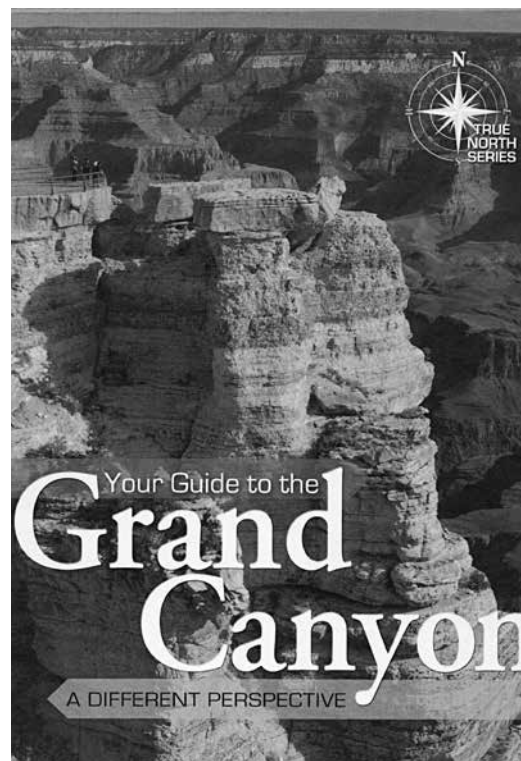
Only a couple things stand in the way: politics, existing law...and the tendency of people to believe what can't possibly be true.

Drifter Smith

The True North Series: Your Guide to the Grand Canyon: a Different Perspective, BY TOM VAIL, MIKE OARD, DENNIS BOKOVOY, AND JOHN HERGENRATHER; MASTER BOOKS, P.O. BOX 726, GREEN FOREST, AR 72638; © 2008; 190 PAGES, NUMEROUS COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS, MAPS ETC (\$15.99, HARDBACK).

THIS IS CO-AUTHOR and river guide Tom Vail's latest guidebook to the Grand Canyon, with a biblical Creationist perspective. [The other co-authors are a retired meteorologist, and two tour leaders for Creation Encounters Ministries]

Like his earlier book, Grand Canyon A Different View (previously reviewed in BQR, volume 18 number 2, Summer 2005), this is a beautifully illustrated book, full of biblical quotations, tourist information, historical pictures, etc. It's also a good example of Creationist literature: biblical literalism masquerading as modern geological science.



The Creationist scenario, briefly, is as follows: rocks below the Great Unconformity, including the Grand Canyon Series, are pre-flood. Then about 4,500 years ago, Noah's flood covered the globe, burying all the rocks below the Great Unconformity in a single episode of "continuous deposition;" as the flood receded (or shortly thereafter, while the sediments were still soft) a mile of overburden was removed, leaving the flat surface at the top of the Kaibab, and the Grand Canyon was carved "catastrophically"—either as the flood receded, or

when some ponded lakes breached their dams (made of presumably still unconsolidated sediments.).

They don't seem to sell this book at the South Rim bookstores, but there is a chance someone might show up on a trip with a copy under the (mistaken) impression that it's a reasonable guide to geological interpretation of what you see in the Grand Canyon. It's not: it is full of half-truths, exaggerations, blatant contradictions, and even outright lies.

I'll take up this last thing first. Under the heading "How was the Grand Canyon Formed?" (p.142) we find the following: "Despite an increase in knowledge of its geology, evolutionary geologists have been unable to explain the Canyon." (followed by three footnotes...)

The only problem is that all three of the footnotes refer to entire books about the explanations of the Grand Canyon made by geologists—the three books, in fact, that I reviewed in a previous issue of the BQR. [Volume 18 number 2, Summer 2005]

It's true that there are a variety of different hypotheses about details. This book itself proudly announces that even Creationists have more than one hypothesis.

But in all of the scenarios mentioned in the three references cited, geologists agree that the Canyon was carved by the Colorado River, over a period at least few orders of magnitude longer than allowed under the Creationist world view. Geologists also agree that the rocks above the Great Unconformity were deposited over a period longer than 500 million years, rather than in a global flood event lasting less than a single year, some 4,500 years ago.

And then there is the often-repeated assertion that the contacts between individual sedimentary layers show little or no signs of erosion and are, in fact, "flat as a pancake" (the phrase is used several times). According to the authors, this is a clear sign of rapid, flood-based erosion, rather than a possible consequence of the long-term processes of deposition and erosion envisioned by conventional geologists.

This critical assertion (no references, however) appears over and over, throughout the text, and it has a few problems: most of these "essentially flat" contact surfaces occur in the midst of a period of "continuous deposition" [in the Creationist view]—and consequently can't be erosional surfaces; several "erosional remnants"—Red Butte and Cedar Mesa are mentioned more than once—contradict the idea that flood-based erosion produces contact surfaces "flat as a pancake" (the authors even mention at one point that Red Butte rises 950 feet above the surrounding countryside); river guides (and others) frequently view—and point out—river channels carved in the top of the Muav, filled with the Temple Butte formation, and many of us have also seen similar channels at the top of the Redwall, filled with the Surprise Canyon Formation. And (most seriously)

the authors propose that the carving of the canyon is, itself, a "catastrophic" flood-related erosional event.

In other words, flood erosion produces surfaces that are "essentially flat" or "flat as a pancake" (even when the floods are depositing material)—unless, of course, they feature "erosional remnants" nearly a thousand feet high, or "channels"—one of which looks like (and actually is) the Grand Canyon.

These "essentially flat" contacts between Grand Canyon rock layers that mentioned in the text are contradicted by their own illustrations, which show the channel filling Temple Butte and Surprise Canyon formations.

Other examples of muddled thinking are abundant: here's another outstanding example.

Over and over, Creationists make reference to a "global" flood. But the Bible itself uses the term "earth" [no caps, in my version], which has somewhat different meanings than "globe."

It's not at all obvious that the concept of "globe" even existed when the book of Genesis was written. The conception of the "Earth" (notice the caps!) as a "globe" (or planet) appeared around the time of Columbus, Galileo, or perhaps Magellan—not thousands of years earlier, to the ancient Hebrews.

Also, we're told that, "At the end of this worldwide flood, the waters ran off the earth and then gathered in the basins that form the great oceans of today"—but if the flood covered the entire planet, where could the water have run off to? I could continue, but I'll stop here.

As mentioned at the start, this is a beautiful book—but it's muddled thinking, not science.

I do agree with the Creationists about one thing, however. God will keep His promise; He won't send us another flood—not even to save us from our sins.

Drifter Smith

Grand Canyon Youth Program Update

I really enjoyed sleeping on the sand and looking for shooting stars with some other people. We also found seven humpback chub in ONE backwater. —2009 PARTICIPANT.

“YAY SCIENCE!” is a refrain that has become the unifying call on Grand Canyon Youth’s Partners in Science programs. High school youth in small groups of ten students travel on the Colorado River as volunteers for Grand Canyon National Park or the U.S. Geological Survey. Science projects have included populating a survey point database, backwater seining, and invasive species monitoring and removal, to name a few. The educational power of something like learning about native endangered fish and then having the opportunity to see one can be truly transformational.

In 2008, Grand Canyon Youth had two pilot programs which built upon the foundation of the Partners in Science model. One program, called Rim to River, provided the opportunity for a group of students to complete a service learning project at the South Rim assisting in the restoration of an historic cabin at Pasture Wash and then continuing their service work while on the river. The juxtaposition of time in a base camp on the rim and traveling downstream helped to paint a more complete picture of the immensity of Grand Canyon National Park.

The second pilot trip was a joint effort between two non-profit organizations (Grand Canyon Youth and Global Explorers), two commercial rafting companies (Canyon Explorations and Arizona Raft Adventures), and Grand Canyon National Park. If this collaboration wasn’t exciting enough on its own, the participants were six visually-impaired and six sighted teenagers from across the country. These students assisted in collecting sound data for Grand Canyon National Park’s Soundscape Monitoring Program. This program, called “Leading the Way”, was highlighted on CBS.

In addition to our incredible Grand Canyon programs, Grand Canyon Youth had a plethora of fantastic San Juan River and Diamond Down trips totaling 31 river education programs in all for 2008. In addition, students in preparation for their programs completed over 8,000 hours of community service! We also hired our fourth full-time employee, Stefanie Kunze, as our Volunteer and Outreach Director. She is working with our school-based service learning clubs and fostering other service-learning opportunities for participants.

As the 2009 season rapidly approaches, our program calendar looks as full and exciting as ever. Each year we continue to develop our core guide group, which includes some fabulous alumni, as well as nurture our many



wonderful partnerships with government agencies, volunteers, and more!

HOW YOU CAN HELP GRAND CANYON YOUTH!

Here are several ways you can get involved with Grand Canyon Youth:

- **Donate Gear!** We send a big dry bag of extra fleece and rain gear on each of our trips and are always looking to beef up our supplies. We are also in desperate need of daypacks for our interchange students to borrow.
- **Donate Cash!** Grand Canyon Youth is always in need of financial support for our scholarship fund. In 2008, we distributed \$42,000 in scholarship funds to our participants so the coffers are in need of replenishment.
- **Spread the word!** The best way to get the word out about our programs is for folks who understand the educational power of the river to share this knowledge with others. We will have “Guide Packets” available at the spring GTS or at our office which have information to distribute.

CONTACT US:

Stop by and say hi if you’re in the neighborhood and learn more about our programs and how you can help!

OFFICE: 309 1/2 Bonito Ave, Flagstaff, AZ 86001

MAILING: Please send all mail to P.O. Box 23376, Flagstaff, AZ 86002

PHONE: 928.773.7921

EMAIL: info@gcyouth.org

WEBSITE: www.gcyouth.org

Emma Wharton

Ruthie Stoner

I THINK I TOOK MY FIRST TRIP in 1980. I hiked into a boatman's training trip, and that was my first introduction. It must have been low water. I remember gettin' on the boat, and then just being in this rapid with a huge wall of water—Horn Creek. I thought, "I'm not sure if I'm really into this whole river thing." It was kind of... That was my introduction... I don't remember a whole lot about that trip, other than "These people are crazy, runnin' these little boats down through this big river! Where's my horse?!"

My maiden name was Murray. I was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in '59, and we moved to Bisbee, Arizona... I was twelve at the time, so early '70s, and that's where my life started, is when we headed west. At least that's kind of when my memories start. I was lucky because my father had gotten a job at Fort Huachuca, where Fred [Burke] once was, apparently—not at the same time. That was a neat coincidence.

My dad didn't want to raise his family in a military town, so he moved us to Bisbee, and then he commuted thirty miles a day into Fort Huachuca. Bisbee is just a little old mining town which at that time had the world's second-largest open-pit copper mine, right on the U.S. and Mexico border. It was great for me, because I got hooked up with a lot of friends who had horses. I got to go ride on their ranches, and eventually got adopted in a way by one ranching family—the Woods—and have remained really close to them throughout my whole life.



Ruthie and her horse Stitch Magee, riding around Bisbee, AZ



Ruthie and Marty Wood feeding dogie calves.

I also spent a lot of time with the Polley family. Wes Polley was the Cochise County attorney at the time, and also a gentleman rancher who had leased a lot of land from the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, and ran cattle all over Bisbee and Tombstone; ran a lot of Brahma cows—just kind of trashy, wild animals. He also had a bunch of horses. Lee Wood, who ran the Polley Ranch and then his own stuff, was just an incredible cowboy, and still is to this day. He took me under his wing and taught me a lot about riding. They'd get horses up from these wild places, where the horses had been handled once, and now they're two years old. It was like the Wild West rodeo scene to get a saddle on 'em and rope 'em and choke 'em down and jump on 'em and Yee-haw! That was how it was done. The idea was just to get 'em up and break 'em enough to saddle, to where maybe they could sell them, or get them in a horse trailer and haul them to the sale barn in Willcox. So it was quite an experience and I'm really fortunate to have had that. You know, they weren't just like halter breaking these little babies and groomin' 'em—it was like "Yee-haw!" Lee had, at his place there—and he still has it—a round pen, maybe thirty feet in diameter or so—lined with old tires, so that when a horse hit the side, it had some cushioning. The horses would come in, and they'd get roped, which they didn't like at all. He'd snub 'em up to the center post in the round pen, and literally choke 'em down to the



Lee Wood "tying a hind foot up" on one of his young horses.

ground. The horse would just be thrashin' to the point where it ends up on the ground. At that point, one of us kids would jump on its head, and then he could tie a hind foot up, before the horse got up. So then the horse gets up, his neck is hooked up to the center post, and the hind leg is tied up. Then we put the saddle on. Within about an hour, one of us is on top of the horse, kind of tryin' to ride it around. But its hind foot is still up, so it can't really buck us off. It was pretty wild.

Polley ran wild Brahma cows and mixed cattle all

throughout that Bisbee and Tombstone country. There was always a big wreck or something going on. But what that time really taught me was, you just showed up and you put in whatever the amount of time was needed to get the job done. I was surrounded by these really good, honest, hard-working people. I was really fortunate to have had that experience in my junior and high school years.

About the time I graduated from high school, my dad had taken a position in Seoul, Korea. So the family was moving to Korea. I wasn't too sold on going there, but I would have gone, had I been able to take my horse with me. My dad checked into the whole government thing of taking a horse over there. They said, "Yeah, you can take the horse over there, but you can't bring it back." So that pretty much made my decision. I would have had to leave my horse in Korea when the two year job commitment was over...So my family went to Korea and I moved in with the Wood family. I was really good friends with their girls. Sherry was actually in my class, and that's how I ended up at the Grand Canyon. She somehow got a job with the Youth Conservation Corps for the summer. I was working on the ranch, and also at Fort Huachuca. She called home and said, "Hey, you've gotta come up here." So at that time, I think it was with the Carter administration, they had started another program called the Young Adults Conservation Corps



Brahma cows

where you could get hired for a year in a national park. So Sherry and I went... We actually left for the Canyon at the end of one of the big Mule Mountain Horseman's Association's trail rides down in the Chiricahuas, which our families did, and loaded up the car and headed up to the Grand Canyon in 1978.

My first job there was with Sherry. We helped pave the trail from the Visitors Center up to the Rim, with asphalt. Then one of the fellas learned that I had some horse experience, and they needed someone at one of the ranger mule and horse barns, so I spent time there. I think they probably had three or four horses, and about six mules at that time. One of the neat jobs I had during that time was the Park Service had set up a temporary ranger camp at Hermit Camp. I helped supply the camp by riding a mule, and leading a pack mule down to Indian Gardens, and then across the Tonto and then back. (STEIGER: Back up the Hermit?) No, back across the Tonto, and then back up the Bright Angel. I turned it into a four-day trip. I milked it for all I could! I think I did two or three of those trips. It was kind of neat. It was at the time when burros were still loose in the Canyon. There was actually a pretty good-sized group of them that hung out on the Tonto Trail, near Indian Gardens... I remember going across there with another ranger, and a couple of pack mules. A couple jack burros just came over and started creating chaos. They didn't like us bein' there! They were kind of chasing us down the trail, and we were running from them. (laughs) But I think they started removing the burros probably in 1980 or so.

So I did that, and then the chief ranger asked me if I had a little room in my schedule to help out at the heliport and I said sure. That was cool, because whenever the pilots had room in the helicopter, they would take me with them. So I flew all over the Canyon, just as a young kid.

It was fun. That program was a year long, and when my anniversary came up, I was out of a job and went back to Bisbee, back to the Wood family, and just kind of cried the whole way down there, 'cause I just wanted to be at the Canyon. It had hooked me in. So I spent the next month or so trying to figure out how to get back.

STEIGER: This program was only good for a year? It must not have paid much, huh?

RUTHIE STONER: No, but they gave us room and board, and I didn't care. I remember having five bucks to my name at one point, and I could have cared less.

Anyway, I went back to Bisbee and just cried in my... you know... trying to figure out how to get back there. I had met Curt Sauer, and he had recently been hired with the River Unit, and needed some help in the office, so he called me up and hired me as a GS-2, which I don't even think they go that low anymore. (laughter) But the way you could make it there financially is your room was maybe \$25 bucks a month. So it was pretty reasonable.



Ruthie as a young NPS wrangler.

Photo by Teresa Balboni

I spent a season working in the office. That was at the time when the motor-oar issue was really hot. The Park Service was trying to remove motorboats from the river. (STEIGER: That was still goin' on?) Yeah, '79, '80 is what I think it was... I was eighteen-, nineteen- years old. I was the person who would open the mail and people were writing in whether they supported motors or not, so I would read the letter, and I would write "yes" on it, or "no" and put them in separate piles. Keeping track of that, yeah. Only the smaller letters—the big ones were read by Marv Jensen or Steve Martin.

JON STONER: I wrote one of those letters. You might have read my letter.

RUTHIE STONER: Yeah, yours... Never mind! (laughter) So anyway, I did that, and then the following season I was hired on the river crew. The park was pushing through a new management plan at that point, and they had kind of lost the thing about the motorboats—motorboats stayed on the river, thanks to a lot of outfitters like Fred Burke and Gaylord Staveley and Ted Hatch who were very vocal about it...

Yeah, it was a big deal. But again, I was young, and didn't have that perspective, or really know what motorboats were. At that point, I don't think I'd been on the river yet.



Crossing the Tonto with ranger Sonja Hoie.

I hiked in on that first BTS [Boatman Training Seminar, pre-GTS] river trip in '80. But anyways, after doing the stint in the office, then they expanded their river crew. They called me up, said, "Hey, we have a job for you as a cook." I said, "That's great, but I don't know a thing about cooking." But they hired me. They split the patrol trips into two crews, and the crew I was on was with Kim Crumbo and Sam West. What better guys could you start your little river career out with, than those two? They were kind of my big brothers and looked out for me.

This "Adopt-a-Boatman" interview was conducted with Jon and Ruthie Stoner in January of 2008, and was so moving it seems best to split it up into separate BQR pieces.

Ruthie Murray was part of a really hot-spit NPS crew in the early '80s. She fit right in to the whole scene back then. She was beautiful, smart, cool as a cucumber, and tough as nails. (Really sweet, too, but you wouldn't have wanted to mess with her—even if she hadn't had Kim Crumbo for a big brother.) When Jon Stoner was lucky enough to marry her, she got drawn into the commercial side of things.

* * *

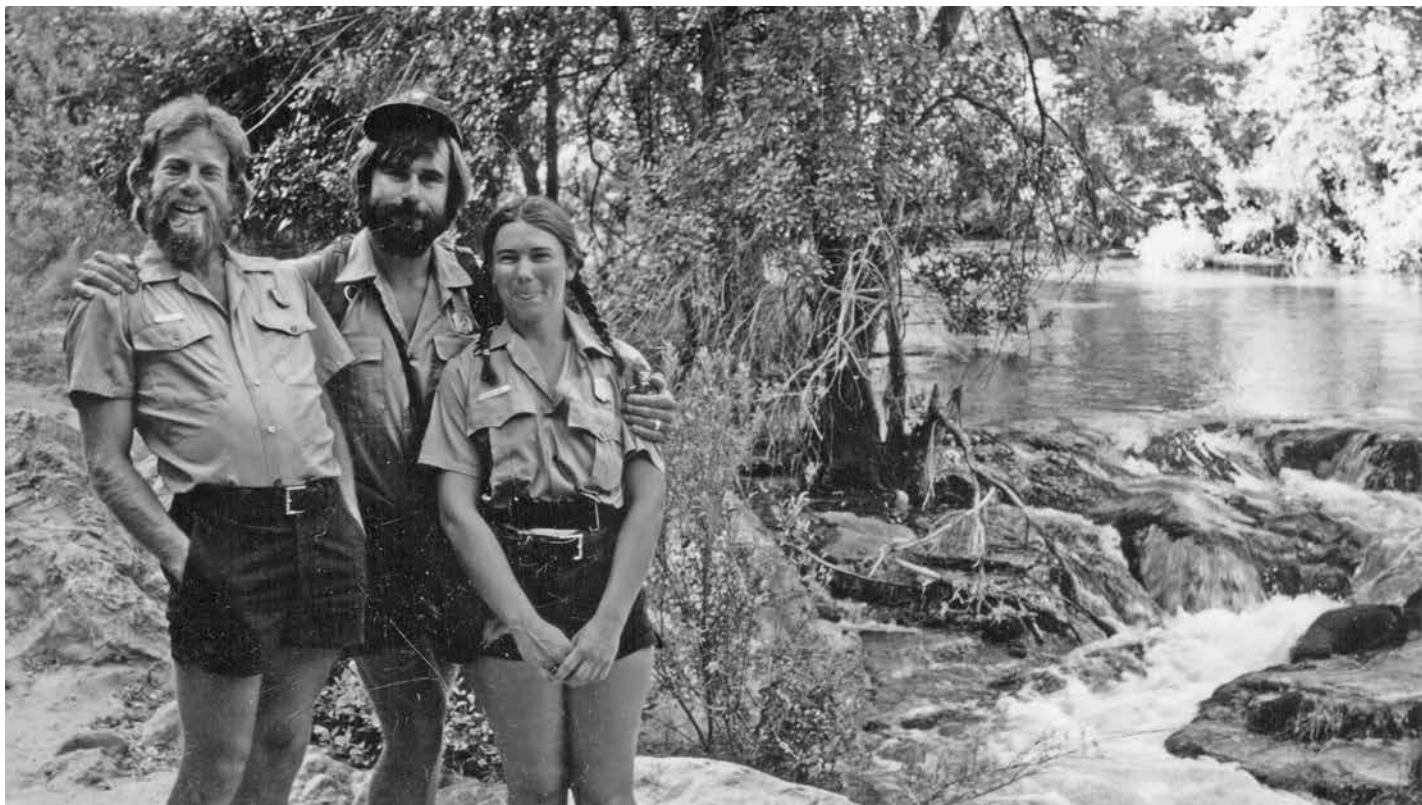
STEIGER: So you were cookin' for Crumbo and Sam?

RUTHIE STONER: Well, I was tryin' to cook. Get this: my first trip—really which is my second trip, but my first trip on the river crew—the people we were taking down were the Assistant Secretary of the Interior and his entourage. I'm this little cowgirl out of Bisbee that doesn't even know how to boil coffee. Crumbo really saved me on that trip, because I was doing things like throwing the bacon in the frying pan and stirring it around for a couple of minutes and saying "This is done," and it was just this raw, dripping meat. My spaghetti sauce was a can of tomato sauce I just opened up and poured on some noodles. It was really bad food. (laughter) Crumbo's like, "Oh, my God, we'd better save the day here, or else our crews are over." At the time, Sam was trying to learn how to kayak. So that meant someone needed to row his boat. On my first trip—with the Assistant Secretary of the Interior—Sam hands me the oars above Kwagunt, after me kind of playin' around with the oars a little bit in Marble Canyon, and says, "Here you go, I'll meet you downstream." He gets in his kayak and runs the rapid, and I'm up there. I have these two people in my boat, I have no clue what a tongue of a rapid is, what a hole is, what a wave is, or what anything is, and to the best of my recollection, I just ran down the right-hand side of Kwagunt, over those big pour-overs, and just said, "Oh!", you know, "Hold on!" But I learned how to row fairly quickly because I was kind of forced

into it. Sam wanted to kayak.

STEIGER: Aww. I remember you always seemed really steady. Totally competent, and really calm. I mean, you just exude calmness and strength anyway, so maybe that excuses him a little bit. Maybe he just looked you over and said, "Eh, she can do it. No big deal."

RUTHIE STONER: Yeah, I'm sure, but I kind of had that inner, "What am I doing?" type of a thing. Actually, later on Sam and Crumbo told me they're down at the bottom of Kwagunt waiting for me, and Sam just throws up his arms and says, "Oh no! There goes my Park Service career!" (laughter) Crumbo's goin', "Yeah, Sam, you know, you might want to give her a little bit more experience here, before you put the Assistant Secretary in her boat." But anyway, it was a great time. I had never rowed or run a river anywhere else, and this was my introduction to river running. But what was neat was that I got exposure to a lot of different things on the river that you wouldn't maybe get on a commercial trip. We did a lot of VIP trips, took down a lot of governors and senators and that type of thing. Then we'd do really, really small trips where we might run just two rowing rigs, and have four people total. We'd do 21-day trips. Or sometimes we'd row through the canyon in nine days. We'd hike into different places where it was kind of off limits for everyone else, "just to check on 'em" and stuff. We had a lot of fun. Just really neat exposure to the canyon.



Sam West, Kim Crumbo and Ruthie Stoner — NPS River Unit

And running with Crumbo and Sam that first year, they were incredible caretakers—Crumbo especially—well, both—they just loved Grand Canyon. So that was my introduction to the whole river thing. Then I ended up working there, kind of worked my way up, out of cooking—thank goodness—and rowed, and ended up leading some trips for the Park towards the end. I think I did my last trip for them in '86, but did the whole 1983 and high water—loved that.

STEIGER: I tell ya', that was a heck of a river unit that you were part of. Not that there's ever been...Each one, just like all the companies you see, everybody has their strengths and weaknesses. But Sam and Crumbo both... That whole...John Thomas. I remember you, Kimmie...

RUTHIE STONER: Kimmie Johnson. Becca Lawton. Jennifer Lawton. Cindy Burns. Marylou Mower. Yeah, it was a good group. We ran with our crews the first year, and then we started kind of mixin' it up.

STEIGER: I remember the first Park Service trips I ever saw, there was this guy Tom Doar, and the Park had a GCE boat, a Ron Smith boat. You'd see Tom Doar and a couple people on the motor boat, and they'd whizz by, and that was about it. That was like early '70s. Then came the whole motor/rowing thing. They had the quota, '72. Then '73, '74, right around in there, they started talkin', "Let's get rid of motors," and there was a big push for that. Then it seems like somewhere in there, the Park went to rowin'. But bein' a motorboatman then, I remember there was just an enormous amount of tension. And really, the river kind of separated into two camps, the motor guys and the rowin' guys. If you were a motor guy, we all sort of had a chip on our shoulder, and the individual companies were really isolated. Then that bunch—Crumbo—the bunch that you were part of, there'd been several years of major tension...You guys did a remarkable job of defusing that...I did a BTS in '81, and that was the first time...Were you on that?

RUTHIE STONER: Yeah, the infamous '81 BTS!

STEIGER: Was that infamous?

RUTHIE STONER: Yeah. (laughs)

STEIGER: God, that was a fun trip.

RUTHIE STONER: That was a fun trip.

STEIGER: And in a way, it was like the forerunner of Grand Canyon River Guides. Before then, it was like "This is our company, and that's your company." There was a little freelancin' goin' on, but there wasn't...I mean, we had our little clique at ARR. There were the other companies that were warehoused right around there. You'd kind of interact with those guys. But the other guys from Flagstaff and Utah and stuff, we didn't really know them at all. We didn't even know their names, you know? But I remember it seemed like a conscious decision on the part of...was it Crumbo? The BTS was like, "Hey, let's get us all together, let's start communicatin', let's put this anger aside." And it worked

so good! When I look back at everything, as far as the government, it seemed to me that it was Crumbo...(boy, this is a long-winded question, huh?)—was it Crumbo? Where did that idea come from?

RUTHIE STONER: You know, I'm not sure exactly. I know that he was a big part of it, being an ex-guide. He had worked a number of years for Ken Sleight. I think he was a big part of it. I think Kimmie, all those guys, because they were commercial guides before...I remember we spent months planning the BTS. We had a Rim portion, and set up a dorm building for guides to come up and stay at before the river trip. I think it was a group effort there, but I think you're right, Crumbo was a big part of that push.

STEIGER: I just remember there'd been a long time where there a lot of bad vibes, and then that crew you were part of, suddenly it was like...That crew really did a lot to change the whole tone, for the entire community...In retrospect, it does seem like that was a deliberate, conscious effort.

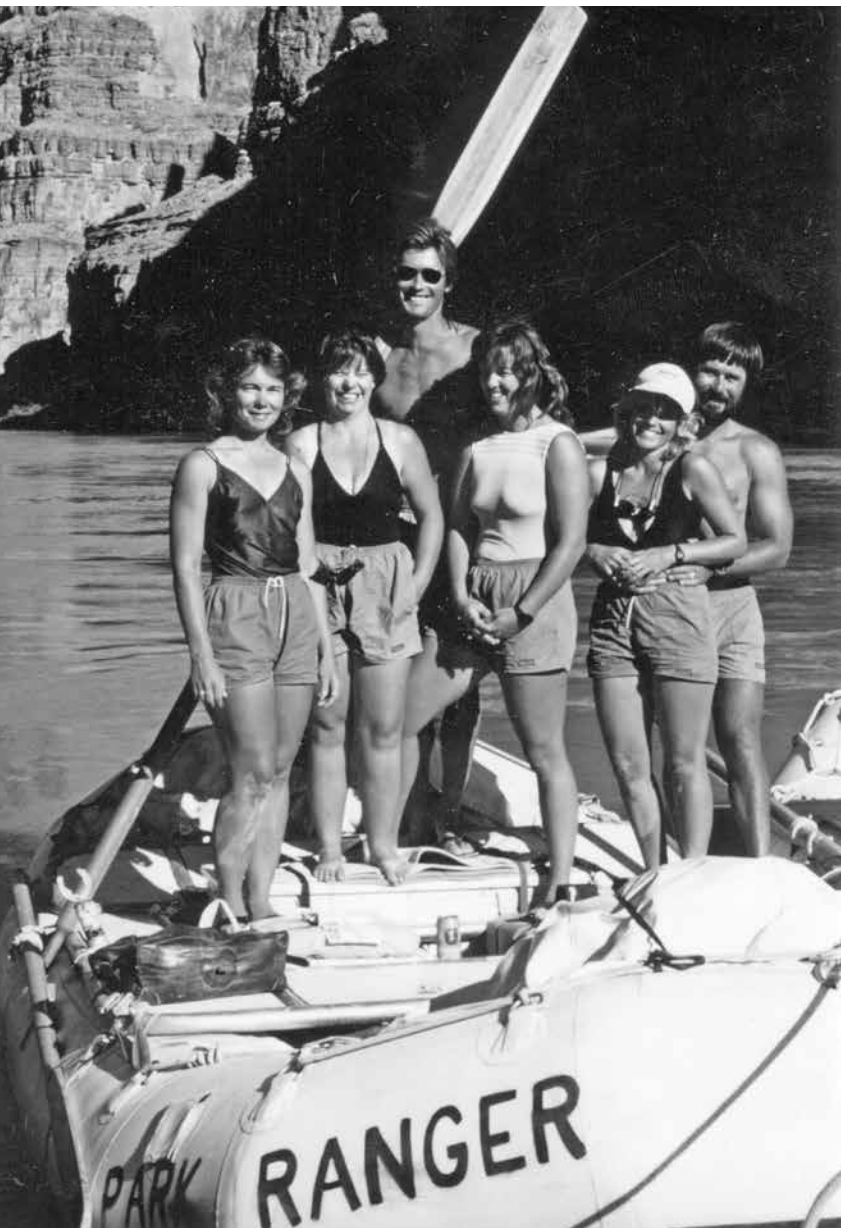
RUTHIE STONER: Yeah, that was a big part of it, too. We had to do certain things to kind of do our jobs, but for us...we were there because we loved the Canyon and we loved the River.

STEIGER: In your boating time, who made an impression on you?

RUTHIE STONER: I guess for boating skills, Becca Lawton, who was an AZRA guide for a number of years and then worked with the River Unit...She was one of the first female boaters out in California, I think. She just had incredible boating skills, and it was really fun for me to run with her. She taught me a lot. She'd take the time and just scout rapids and do that whole thing. And Crumbo and Sam, because I had run with them so much. They spent a lot of time with me on that, and just developing the skills and trying to do it right. With those crews, it was really important, to try and do things well—not that it always was accomplished, as far as getting a boat through a rapid. That made an impression on me. Also Mark O'Neill. He was a really good boater. That guy could put a boat just about anywhere he wanted to, and it was fun to watch him on trips. So yeah, that paid off in 1983, when the waters started comin' up, to have a little bit of boating skills behind me.

STEIGER: How many trips do you suppose you did in '83?

RUTHIE STONER: Boy, I don't know. I was averaging maybe nine to eleven rowing trips a year, because not only would we run in the summer, but we did a lot of winter trips. Again, that was one of the neat things about working for the Park. I ran every month of the year down there—not every year, but I saw the canyon...year-round deal. What was neat at that time is no one else was down there. You didn't have a bunch of research trips. We were the research trips. Didn't have a lot of private boaters



NPS River Unit. Left to right: Ruthie Stoner, Julie Jackson, Mark O'Neil, Kim Johnson, Becky Crumbo, Kim Crumbo.
 photo courtesy of Ruthie Stoner collection - from Senator McCain trip.

down there then. We would go on a seventeen- or 21-day winter trip, and not see anyone else—no one. So that was neat. In a lot of ways, we just had the canyon to ourselves then.

We would also do a lot of resource management trips. These were always Crumbo's brainchilds, where he'd look at a place and go, "Okay, I think we need to work on that trail this winter." We'd go and spend a week or two weeks at certain places along the river and just set up home. (STEIGER: And work your butts off!) Yeah, but it was fun work. We'd take some of the trail crew down with their rock bars and just start moving big boulders, and did it in a way where you didn't really see that we

had been there—kind of blended it in. Did a lot of planting. I remember we actually hired O.C. Dale on a trip once. He ran a motorboat for us, and we loaded that thing with all kinds of native plants and went down the river and revegetated a lot of different places.

So I guess the boating skills—which I never got as good at as I wanted, for sure—and then just the exposure to the different trips, archaeological trips and bighorn study trips, and fish trips, etc. It was more about the resource than the patrol aspect of it, even though we did do that. We cleaned a lot of beaches. Just spent a lot of time taking care of the Canyon.

STEIGER: Were there any memorable trips with big mucketty-mucks that anybody would know of, that stand out for you?

RUTHIE STONER: I think probably the one that impressed me the most was taking John McCain down. At the time, he was actually just starting to run for the Senate. Yeah. One of the things that impressed me was I think the first trip he did with us, we deadheaded into Phantom. His group shows up. There were some photographers on it. I'm trying to think of the guy's name. He was an attorney general for the State of Arizona... So people show up, but McCain hasn't shown up yet. What's up, where is he? Well, he decided to walk the last two miles. He had ridden a mule into a certain point, and he wanted to hike the rest of the way. Physically he had pretty substantial disabilities from his time as a POW in Vietnam. So he wasn't able to hike the entire way in, but by gosh he was going to hike this last couple of miles in. I remember just staying up, kind of in the shadows at night after everyone had gone to bed, and listening to Crumbo, who was a Navy Seal in Vietnam, and McCain tell stories. That was interesting. That made quite an impression on me. He was a really nice guy, too. I really liked him and his wife, Cindy. So I think he was probably the one that stood out the most for me. He seemed really genuine. Had a lot of fun with him. He was actually on a trip where we were down at Matkat, and were pulled over by a commercial trip. The owner of that particular commercial company waved us over and said, "Hey, you guys have to help me out. I've got this girl on my trip who has stopped taking her medication, and she has flipped out big time. She's been threatening her boyfriend, she got ahold of a pair of scissors, she cut all of her hair off. We think she's a danger to the boyfriend and the rest of the trip." She had found a dead bat, and that became her pet. So she's carrying this dead bat around. She's cut off her hair, and she's got scissors, so they are ready to get this chick off the river. So we end up kind of dealing with this trip that day, down at Havasu and further downstream. I think Crumbo was on the trip—he ends up calling a helicopter in, and he tells the pilot who this girl is, and she's flipped. We see her, and she's scary flipped... The pilot looks at her and says, "I'm not flyin'



Running Crystal pre-1983.

her out unless you put a straitjacket on her. And so we put her in a straitjacket. We flew her out of the Canyon. McCain was just really cool about the whole thing. It was one of those days where it was just an exhausting day. You're dealing with this all day and stuff. So we got into camp and we brought the wine bottles out and just had a blast with the McCain group. They're in there helping us make dinner, and we're making hats out of cabbages. I wish I had pictures of that! Yeah, we're all wearing cabbage hats and laughing.

* * *

A friend of mine, Conner Sauer, who is actually Curt Sauer's wife—Curt worked for the Park—had put together a series of all-women's trips and had run with some other commercial companies. She wanted to try something different, so she contacted me. She knew that Jon was working for Arizona River Runners. So she contacted me about the possibility of putting together another all-women's trip, crew and passengers, through Arizona River Runners. So I approached Bill Gloeckler about it, and to my knowledge, at that point, Bruce [Winter] and Bill had never done a commercial rowing trip, let alone an all-women's trip—not to mention pulling together an all-women's crew. At that time Bill didn't really have enough female rowing guides to do it. So he and I had some conversations about the trip and the expectations of Conner. Conner's purpose in bringing

women to Grand Canyon was, in a sense, not to just run the rapids of Grand Canyon, but to force women to kind of deal with the inner rapids of their emotional and spiritual lives. That kind of brought different characters, as far as the passengers go. She also was very adamant that the crew would participate in the whole experience of the river—not just doing the typical crew jobs of getting the people through the Canyon and hiking and cooking and that whole thing—but to actually participate in a lot of the ceremonial things that she would present. So anyway, that's what the trip was about.

I got together with Gloeckler and we pulled together a female crew. There was myself and Teresa Yates, who was working with ARR at the time. One of my first choices was Karen Byerly—Karen Kazan, because I'd known her a long time and just admired her. We wanted to get Ellen Tibbetts, but Ellen couldn't do the trip for some reason. So she suggested a gal I hadn't even met yet, and that was Mary Williams. Mary had just kind of come on the Grand Canyon scene about that time. So she was game. Then we picked up Beverly, who worked for Mark Sleight at the time. Then the baggage boatman was Eve Hansen, and Eve had done numerous motor trips as a swamper, but she had never rowed a boat before, and she was really game and anxious to do that. Then we had a friend of mine, Pat Haddad who came along as an extra helper. So we pulled the crew together, and we pulled the boats together, and I think Bill got a lot of the gear from Bruce Helin, and we have a trip.



The first ARR all-women's crew: Karen Kazan, Mary Williams, Bev Caifa, Teresa Yates, Eve Hansen, Ruthie Stoner, Pat Haddad

Before the trip, Conner had sent out a lot of spiritual readings and all types of things that she wanted the crew to read and be aware of.

STEIGER: Now, what was her background, that she's even doin' this? Is she like trained in psychology or psychotherapy or somethin' like that?

RUTHIE STONER: You know, not academically, I don't think. But that's just her passion, her walk in this life. She didn't work for the Park Service, but she was just the person that you could go to and talk to. Her mission in life was to help women work through issues...Spiritual healing types of things. You know, she spent time in Nepal, and she just read a lot, and she had a presence about her, I will admit. She'd walk in a room, and you could just feel her presence, a real calming energy. She was also very...just good at getting people to talk about their innermost depths. So for her, it was taking these people out into the wilderness, into Grand Canyon, and helpin' 'em through issues. On this first trip—I didn't know this at the time—but there were artists, there were lesbians, there were people going through divorces, there were alcoholics trying to sober up, there were people who had never set foot out of Manhattan. There was a female cop who had never really dealt with a situation where she'd actually had to kill someone in the line of duty. So there's just a lot of stuff, a lot of baggage. So she's asked me to lead the trip, because I know her, and she wants all these specific things done. Anyway, we end up getting to the Ferry, and before the passengers showed up, I

talked to the crew and said, "Hey, my prediction is that these women are going to be really worked up, and really scared of the river. I mean, that's just how this thing is being presented and built up to them." (**STEIGER:** That was just average water, right? Not super-low or high?) Yeah, kind of fluctuating a little bit. So, I tell the crew "Hey, you know, we need to really present ourselves as competent and professional," which we were, but it's like, "Okay, if you screw up in a rapid, just don't tell anyone." Because my prediction is, if these women get a sense that, "Oh no! the crew's kind of..." then they are going to go off the deep end into who knows what? So just keep it together and if you screw up in a rapid, let's just meet at the boats at night and we'll talk about it, laugh it through.

My other concern, so we wouldn't get these women just totally freaked out—because they're starting out that way anyway—was to get all the boats including the baggage boat through the Grand Canyon without any flips or rips or major incidents. (**STEIGER:** No pressure or anything, but this is an all-girl trip and you are workin' for Bill Gloeckler!) Exactly. So with that idea in mind, I said, "We are going be scouting rapids. We are just going to take the time and we're gonna talk everyone through. That's a big part of this trip." Which was a good idea.

So we start at the Ferry, and I'm doin' the orientation—you know, just right there in the tamarisk, going through the standard spew. And Karen stands up, "Ruthie, hold on a second." It's the middle of the day,

and a big, fat rattlesnake just starts slitherin' through the group—which I never... (STEIGER: At Lees Ferry!) It's the middle of the day, at Lees Ferry, and this is how we're starting the trip... It is a sign. We should have packed up and left then. So as the snake's slitherin' through and we're all lookin' at it, Billie, I think her name was, kind of goes into this little trance thing and she's apparently the "keeper of the snakes." She's this crone, that's kind of her thing in life, and she "calls" the snakes.

STEIGER: So she called this one, huh?

RUTHIE STONER: She called this big, fat rattlesnake! (laughter) So I privately talk to her and say, "Maybe we should lay off the snakes for the rest of the trip. Thanks, but we don't need anymore of those."

So we get through the orientation, get on the boats, and go downstream. We're doin' pretty good, and everyone's kind of congealing. A lot of the women are just... You know how you have your people sit in the bow, and when there's a rapid, you have 'em kind of hunker down in there? Well, these gals would take it to the extreme. We would come upon a little riffle and they'd be flat on the floor in the bow, to where you couldn't even see them. They were just hiding from the waves, you know? (laughs) It's like, "Okay, wait a minute, we don't... These are just little riffles, we don't even have to... You guys are gonna end up under the floor in a big rapid if you continue to do this!" So anyway, we just kind of worked out the kinks and got into the trip. We're going to camp at Hot Na Na that first night, and I pull in and everyone's pullin' in, and Eve's in the back, and I think I had Teresa hang out with her and talk with her throughout the day. The baggage boat is comin' in, and she's just not gonna make it into camp, it's just not gonna happen. She's way out in the middle of the current. You know how it is... all of us at some point in our careers have missed a pull'in for some reason or another... We're at the lower end. So all of a sudden there's thirty women yellin' at Eve to do something else. So I tell everyone to hold off. And I'm trying to talk Eve in and I am amazed at her strength and of course she is smiling the whole time. This is how strong Eve Hansen is. She is just right in the middle of the strongest current, and she's parallel to the current, pulling upstream, and she's holdin' her own. She's stopped in the middle of the river, and she's not going downstream, because she is pulling so hard. Just not quite the right angle, you know? So anyway, she ends up going off to the right. I said, "Just get to shore." So she ends up gettin' to shore, and Pat Haddad is with her, my friend. So this is one of those times where the women just started freaking out. (STEIGER: "Oh my God, these guys can't even get the boat in!") Something went wrong and we can't get the boat in! Eve is just doing her best. She was great. So anyways, there was enough of an eddy where I think Karen and I grabbed a boat and rowed across the river and were able to get Eve's boat

and come back. Of course there's a big celebration, and now there's gotta be a ceremony from the women about the strength and the rowing and stuff... The first challenge. So anyways, it was great, we get through it, and Eve's laughing and having a good time. It was just one of those little things where on a normal trip it would just be, "Oh, you know, not a big deal." But this just sparked off a series of trials. Anyway, we had to have a sage-burning ceremony to purify the boatwomen and the boats in the morning before we could launch. So we go through that whole rigmarole, and get down and make it through House Rock, which was a big deal. We scouted and scouted. Ended up, I think Karen rowed two boats through, and was just workin' with Eve and showing her things. Everyone else does great.

So we got down, and I'm out in the lead. I think Mary was with me, and we're strung out a little ways, but I know Teresa's pulling up the rear. We get through Tiger Wash—Mary and me and someone else—now we're getting a little bit too strung out. So down the road, we pull over and we're waiting and waiting and just not seeing any other boats. So I think, "You know, Tiger Wash, somethin's going on in Tiger Wash." So the passengers on my boat and Mary's boat are gettin' freaked out because they can't see the other guides. "Oh my God, what's happened?!" So I pulled Mary aside. I said, "You know what, I think we'd better see if we can work our way upstream as far as we can to see if we can see anything." We tell the passengers what we're going to do, and they said, "Oh no, you don't need to try and go back upstream. We'll just call them. We'll call the other boats." We're like, "Great! What are you going to use to call them?" "Well, we'll just get into our trance, and collectively use our energy to call either Connor or whoever's energy we can tap into, and we'll let you know what's goin' on." And Mary and I are looking at each other thinking, "Great!" (laughter) "Great." "But," I said, "you know, I think in the meantime, Mary and I are actually going to try to eddy our way back upstream a little bit."

So really, Mary and I just wanted to get in our boat and kind of get away a little bit. Yeah. We just ferried across the river and we were able to make our way up just a little ways, just to see if we could see any boats coming down. We looked back at the passengers we just left there on the beach, and they're in a huddle and they're workin' it. Man, they are really trying to tap into someone's energy and do that whole thing. So anyways, about an hour later, the trip regrouped. One of the boats had had trouble in Tiger Wash, and it was a big deal. Got stuck on a rock and filled the boat up with water, and actually thought the floor had ripped out, there was so much water. They were swimming in the boat, but ended up being okay. Anyway, so of course that night we had to have a ceremony about that. (STEIGER: Did the call go

through?) Well, they said it did. It was like, “Oh yeah, I felt someone’s energy up there.” So we continue on with the trip. Just little things like that were happening all the time. I know I’m missing something here, but we set up for the gorge. And my thing is just to get these boats through the Canyon upright and everyone safe, so I’m kinda cracking the whip to get down there. Of course we do a ceremony above the gorge for the safety of the boats and the spirit guides and all that stuff.

This one gal named Ronda was on this trip. She was a Native American out of Alaska. I can’t remember what tribe she was with. She gets up in the morning and says to the group, “Teresa, I had a vision last night. You were on your boat, and I looked back, and you were gone.” I said, “Well, do you know where she went?” So that’s kind of how we set up for the gorge, and we, of course, have a big safety meeting about the gorge, and we’re gonna be stopping and scouting, and we’re gonna have a great time, “Let’s have fun, yahoo!” Because these women are just shakin’ in their boots by this time. It puts a lot of pressure on you. So we get through, go down, scout a lot. Eve’s doin’ great, she’s really getting a good handle on it. We run Zoroaster. I actually didn’t find this out until later in the day but: Teresa runs Zoroaster, gets thrown out of her boat, and Ronda, this gal, is on her boat. Yes. And Ronda turns around and hauls Teresa back into her boat. So it’s like some of this stuff is actually starting to happen, so we’re getting a little bit nervous, you know. Then we’re down at another beach, and not one, but two rattlesnakes are called in.

STEIGER: You mean—this is like rattlesnakes are comin’ to you guys in broad daylight? This is a summer-time trip?

RUTHIE STONER: Yeah.

STEIGER: And these snakes would just come to this woman?

RUTHIE STONER: Well, they’d kind of come through the group, if we were standing around having a talk or an orientation or a ceremony.

STEIGER: But these snakes weren’t mad or anything? They just showed up?

RUTHIE STONER: They just showed up. I’m not sure where that particular beach was, but yeah, two more rattlesnakes show up. So I’m starting to get a little freaked out myself. I’m ready to, like, hike out at Phantom at this point, because we still have a big part of the gorge to run. So anyways, we go down and get through the big part of the gorge and do well, and get to Crystal. We were there quite a while. I ran through... yeah, we’re running right. So anyways, I get through, and I make it to the right-hand safety beach there, which is great, yahoo! So we end up getting all the boats through. All the women crew are just great, doing well. So we’re going down to that little beach above Tuna on the left, and actually Jon shows up on an ARR motor trip, and he

pulls out two cheesecakes, and he gives those to us, and there’s this big “Yahoo!” and we are havin’ a great time.

JON STONER: All the women run back to the motor well—all the women guides—they are just so grateful to see some men. (laughter) It’s just like they’re all huggin’ me and stuff. It’s like, “What’s this all...?”

RUTHIE STONER: One thing I had forgotten to mention is that several of the women didn’t like to wear clothes. You know, that’s fine to be one with nature and stuff, but after a while...So above the gorge I’m giving my gorge talk and I said, “Okay, we’re gonna start running into more trips and more people, so you’re gonna have to wear your clothes, that’s just all there is to it. So put your clothes on!” (laughter)

So anyway, we get back down to Crystal, we’d run it, everyone did well, everyone’s safe, and we’re just elated, and Jon shows up with the cheesecakes, and all the crew’s back there, just like, “Take us outta here now!” I mean, I’ll say this: It was really an incredible trip, just all the different exposure to different things. I’m kind of turning it into a funny thing here, but it really was pretty phenomenal...Anyway we pull in for lunch, and the crew is just in a great mood. It’s like finally we can relax, and we’re havin’ a great time, and makin’ lunch, havin’ a beer. We’re doing good. But off to the side we get a sense that there’s some commotion going on. One of the gals comes over to me, “Ruthie, you need to come over here.” So Teresa and I run over, and the woman cop who had killed a person in the line of duty was sprawled out on the beach, her eyes are rolling in the back of her head. She’s going into convulsions, and she’s just having a hard time. This older woman, Billie, who’s the snake caller, is holding this gal’s head in her lap, and she’s like in a trance. All the other women are around them, like praying and doing all this weird chanting and stuff. I say, “What’s going on here?!” One of the gals says, “Okay, So-and-So’s gone into a trance. She’s goin’ to the other side, and she may not make it back, so Billie is goin’ in after her to bring her back from the dark side...Or she’s gonna die.” I’m like, “What?! I thought we were just having lunch above Tuna! Could you tell me that again?” So she’s havin’ this trip. Yes, the cop. It seemed like she was out of D.C., but I could be wrong on that...I mean, she had dealt with some pretty bad stuff in her career. Somehow, going through Crystal just triggered this whole flashback for her, and so she decided she’s gonna check out and deal with this. So Billie’s somehow goin’ in after her into the dark side and pullin’ her out. Then they said, “We need bread and water.” “Okay, we can handle that. Give ’em some bread and water.” So Billie is able to pull her out from the dark side and bring her back into the light, and she’s startin’ to kinda come around and be coherent again. So at this point it’s like, “Oh...great... we’re only halfway through the river.” And Jon’s already left with the motorboat.



Connor Saver (on left) and Ruthie, on the big journey.

JON STONER: Fortunately I'm gone.

STEIGER: You got away.

RUTHIE STONER: He's escaped. Yeah. But it was kinda one thing after another like that. Just weird stuff that would just kinda happen. You just had to deal with it.

So anyways, that trip, other things happened, but we kinda get through that trip. You really need to listen to Teresa tell the story—she is much better at it than I am. I'm not sure what all I'm leaving out. Then, two years later, Connor calls up and she wants to do another trip. Well, so I called Bill, and Bill had heard the whole story. Anyways, I said, "Okay, Bill, I'll do it, but there's no way I'm leading this trip. Teresa's leading this one!"...So anyways, we agree to do the second trip. Teresa's leading it. This is a spring trip and it is extremely windy. It is the worst consistent wind I have ever seen in the canyon. It didn't even die down at night. Day after day we're just not making much progress, so we started making breakfast and lunch together, and everyone would just pack their lunch and we'd eat on the boat. It was such that when you're rowing you didn't even want to stop to get a drink of water, because you were just gonna get blown back upstream. It was just a nightmare trip, as far as the wind was goin'.

Again, we had different passengers, but kind of the same dynamic is goin' on. We didn't have many snakes being called in, but just a lot of weird stuff. Great women, but weird stuff.

I think it's the last spring trip I ever rowed on. I had had it! So anyway, here we are again, same scenario, settin' up for the gorge with a bunch of scared women, and blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, been here, done that, two years ago. So we get in a huddle, in a circle, and do a little ceremony. Teresa starts talkin' about safety and this and that. One of the women who had been on the trip two years ago says, "Well, Ruthie, what if we're the type of people that when we get scared, we just leave our bodies?" I was like, "No way!" I jumped into the center of the circle and said, "Okay, leaving your body is not an option. You will be staying in your body on this trip, and especially today! You will not leave your body!" (laughter) Yeah. So that kind of became the motto for the rest of the trip. I don't know, I could go on and on and on about those trips. One of the cool things—and I guess ARR must have run three of them—happened on the last trip. Teresa and I weren't there anymore. Eve Hansen, who had started out rowing the baggage boat with no rowing experience, ended up leading that last trip, and she did a great job. So she had come full circle with her skills. That was a really cool thing that happened. We were all very proud of her...

Connor was a dancer, too. She's an incredible person... You know, again, she was there to kind of facilitate these women facing their demons, facing their "inner rapids" is what she called them. So she was very supportive, and "let's deal with these issues that you've



Another scout—Ruthie, Teresa, Karen, Mary and Eve at Lava.

held inside for decades, let's let it out. We're here, this is a safe environment, you have a lot of support." Honestly, those trips really were life-changing for a lot of not only the participants, but some of the crew members, too. Even though you can take the funny angle on it, there was something pretty profound that was happening to these women. It was pretty wild. So they were good, but they were mentally exhausting trips to do. Those are the trips that when we all get together, those trips come up, and we just start talkin' about 'em and laughing. And I've just told you like one-tenth of some of the things. (STEIGER: God, I always wanted to go on an all-women's trip! [laughter] No one would ever let me!) We were ready to dress a guy up in a skirt and bring him on that trip.

STEIGER: But that brings up...for you, how has it been to be a woman in this community?

RUTHIE STONER: Well, honestly, compared to other women who were my friends, kind of my peers at the time, I had it made. Crumbo and Sam were kind of my big brothers, and they really looked out for me. I wasn't being asked to be their boat slave or anything. Like some women were treated pretty bad. But I wasn't. I was really fortunate. Also, I was in that kind of next generation where some of the women who had gone before me had worked out some of the kinks. Connie Tibbitts had been running down there for a long time. Liz Hymans had been down there. Karen. Well, Karen and I started pretty close together. I think she had been down there maybe

a year before me...Yeah. But you know, Ellen Tibbetts was rowing down there then, and Ote Dale. So it wasn't like I was the first or anything, by any means. I was also working with several women on the River Unit crews. So they had, I'm sure, worked out a lot already. I just happened to be in a really good, supportive group of guys. Crumbo would kind of protect me if we were camping with another commercial company or something. He'd kind of keep me away from the boatmen. (laughter) You know, look out for me, go up to them and say, "You leave her alone!" Because I was young, nineteen, twenty-years-old, and pretty naïve and vulnerable, comin' up. I feel real fortunate. I didn't have to work up through the swamper ranks and that whole thing. So mine was probably one of the better scenarios.

STEIGER: I can hear Crumbo, "Ruthie, watch out for that Stoner guy. I don't like the looks of him." (laughter)

RUTHIE STONER: Actually, I had made a vow to myself that I'm not getting involved with any of these boatmen down here, you know. I had had a couple of little river romances. "I'm done with these boatmen!" And then Stoner shows up.

JON STONER: Then Stoner shows up. Oh gosh.

RUTHIE STONER: On that all-women's group... between the first and the second trip that we did, Karen and Catfish had actually died [suddenly in a head-on car crash on the way to Page]. So on the second trip we did have an incredible ceremony and grieving session for her down at Nankoweap. It was one of the most moving

things I've ever experienced in the canyon—just this group of women crew, and women passengers supporting each other. Some of them had known Karen, and some of them hadn't, and just the tribute that was put to her, and of course the support shown to Teresa. Teresa and Karen had really connected on that first trip, and they were very close. That's the part of the canyon that is a good facilitator to deal with those types of life issues... Yeah. Jay, Karen's father, took it very hard, of course. I think it was Jay who told me that Catfish, Tim Kazan, had kept a journal, and one of his last entries was something like, "I feel like I'm on the verge of something grand." And this happens. One of the things that Jay Byerly had started, and Theresa Janacek now continues, as a tribute to those two is a memorial at the crash site. So every year, at Christmas time, a group of us go out and we put up a big ole' fat Christmas tree, and we decorate it and put it up, just to kind of... You know, that's become a part of our Christmas tradition. We do it every year, just to remember. Also, Karen's stepdad is a sculptor and he made a bronze of her rowing a snout boat in the canyon, and that sculpture is right there at the Marble Canyon Lodge. Pretty neat. So she lives on.

STEIGER: Well, talkin' about the rapids of life...I mean, it hasn't all been roses, has it? You want to touch on that?

RUTHIE STONER: Sure. Yeah. Actually, I'm comin' up on my twelve-year anniversary of being diagnosed with a neuromuscular disease called Dermatomyositis. They don't quite know where to put it, so they put it under the umbrella of Muscular Dystrophy as an inflammatory myopathy. It's an auto-immune disease where what they believe is happening is my immune system has turned against the blood vessels, the small capillaries, that then feed the muscle fibers. With Dermatomyositis the blood flow is cut off to the muscle fiber so it doesn't just atrophy, it actually dies. So the muscle fibers that are attacked, can never be revitalized, you don't get those back. And at this point there's no cure for it. So they suppress the immune system in a real general way, and they bombard it with steroids. I've been on a number of medications throughout the whole thing, and they've ranged from oral chemotherapy to anti-transplant rejection drugs, which I'm on now. For about seven years we were doing i.v. infusions of immune globulin. The idea with that was to help the immune system, and the other drugs actually suppress the immune system. I was receiving the infusions in Phoenix, so for about a seven-year period, we were going down to Phoenix anywhere from every two weeks to every four to six weeks, and I'd sit there with an i.v. in my arm for one or two days at a time. So it was a big commitment of time—not only mine, but Jon's. Thank goodness for Bill Gloeckler's

support. He gave Jon the time off to go with me.

JON STONER: I'd go down with her. When we first started going, I had to find a wheelchair to get her from the car to the room where they were gonna do the treatment.

STEIGER: This was before the diagnosis?

RUTHIE STONER: Yeah, kind of how the disease presents itself...and we were late in diagnosing it...it took about seven misdiagnoses to finally find someone in Scottsdale who knew what it was. So the muscle fibers that are particularly attacked are the proximal muscles, in your shoulders, neck, back and your hip flexors. It can also attack your esophagus and eventually weakens your heart, puts people at a high risk for cancer. But it's mainly those proximal muscles. What happened with me was my energy level was just gone. I was teaching at the time, and attributed it to the stress of that job. I had gotten viral meningitis, actually when Jon was [on vacation, stuck] in the war in Ecuador, trying to get out of there. I was in the hospital in Flagstaff fighting meningitis for a week. We think it probably started there, where my immune system was weakened. (**STEIGER:** Did you get that just from bein' a teacher, picked it up somewhere?) That's what I think. The cause is unclear but researchers think that viruses or exposure to chemicals may misdirect the immune system to attack itself. (**STEIGER:** Teaching, you're exposed to everything.) Yeah. And just the stress. One thing this taught me is be true to yourself, and stay in a profession that is authentically you, because when you don't, you allow yourself to be compromised. You know, I set myself up really in a way. I went into teaching because I liked the schedule, and that's not the reason to go into that...Summers off, I could still do the river. I did enjoy the teaching aspect, but dealing with the administrative process and dealing with some of the parents, I just couldn't handle. It was really awful. So it was not a good place for me to be, and I just became vulnerable and I think that—just the combination of being exposed to all the germs out there, and then being in a profession that was not a fit for me, set me up for some health issues.

So what the disease does, if it doesn't kill you initially, it makes you really, really weak. So initially, for me to walk five feet was a big deal. For me to go from the bed to the bathroom was a major ordeal. At one point they thought I had ALS or other more well-known diseases like M.S. and Lupus and all that. Eventually Walt Taylor sent me down to Barrow Neurological Center, and there was a new doctor there from Sri Lanka. I walked in, and within twenty minutes, he had me nailed, he knew exactly what was goin' on. First of all, he said, "You don't have ALS." I just broke down in tears, "Thank God!" Yeah, because here in Flagstaff the neurologist said, "Well, you probably have ALS." (**JON STONER:** "You're dyin'.") That's a tough one. (**STEIGER:** Was this guy trained in Sri Lanka?) No,

he was trained in the U.S.—very, very intelligent guy. And he specializes in my disease, and he happens to be in Scottsdale, which is phenomenal. Otherwise, we would have been going to UCLA or flying to New York or some other place. But anyway, he writes down this disease, and I'm just elated that I have this disease I've never heard of. He said, "I need you to come back, though, to do a muscle biopsy to confirm what I think it is." So we do the surgery and meet with him. He said, "This is what you have, this is really bad, and you're pretty advanced. There's a lot of damage that we won't recover. But we need to stop this thing if we can." So he just loaded me up on steroids and IVIG infusions. Chemotherapy drugs. He treated it extremely aggressively, and it took a good year to get it into a drug-induced remission. So not only are you dealing with the disease and that whole thing, but you're also dealing with the side effects of the medication. It's powerful... Oh, gosh, not only physically what steroids do to you, but also just the emotional aspect of it. Then also, just dealing with the fact that I'm 38 years old, I still want to be runnin' trips in the Grand Canyon, and physically I can't do it. I was pretty much home-bound for a year or so. For an outing, my mom or Jon would take me to the store with them. And I couldn't walk in the store, so I'd just sit out in the parking lot. That was my entertainment. Jon would still have to go to work. I couldn't reach up to the cabinets to get glasses or bowls or anything down. My right arm, still, I can't raise over my head. That has been completely damaged and I'll never recover that. But we were able to save the left arm, so I can reach with that... Yeah, I'm right-handed. So anyway, Jon would set out what he thought I'd need for the day, on the counter, so I could reach it. It would literally take me about an hour and a half to get up, get dressed, make my breakfast, and I'd just be exhausted. So I'd go lay down again. What got me through a lot of days was I would run the river in my mind.

JON STONER: Out-of-body experience? (laughter)

RUTHIE STONER: (laughs) Yeah, that was out-of-body experiences! Not such a bad idea. But I'd go, "Okay, let's see, maybe I'll go run Hance today, or maybe I'll hike this trail," because I used to do a ton of hiking in the Canyon. That helped me pass time, and got me through a lot. So throughout the years, I go through periods where I'm in a drug-induced remission, and then I'll go through flare-ups. I actually just went through a really bad flare-up this last summer, where I was in a store and literally collapsed. I did not have the leg strength to get out of the store. Luckily, my mom and sister were there, and they got a wheelchair and helped me. But you aren't able to function as your normal self anymore. The disease slowly wears your body down. A big day for me now is to have the energy and strength to walk through Sam's Club and Safeway. That is my workout... Yeah. And people really only see me on the good days. I spend

a lot of time alone here at home. I just can't get out the door. Or I can't drive, or whatever. But I remember that first year, I had never missed going down the river, since I had started. Every season, I was on the river. That first year I was just so—had just been bombarded with drugs and disease, and I wanted to go down the river. So I talked to my neurologist and he's like, "Oh my God, this is not a good idea." Yeah. He's just such an important part of our existence anymore. His name is Kumaraswami Sivakumar—we call him Dr. Siva. He said, "Well, I think that if you decide to go down there, you should wear a seatbelt. (laughter) (**JON STONER:** Not gettin' the picture.) No, that would not be a good idea. Jon borrowed a seat from Tim Whitney and rigged it up towards the back of the motorboat, and I was able to go down the river. It was just getting on and off the boat... I remember, though, when I got down to Hance and got down to the schist, I just lost it emotionally. It was like, "All right, I'm here!" For some reason, actually getting to the gorge, to the deepest part of the canyon, had a profound emotional effect on me. I just knew I'd be okay. I knew that I wasn't going to die right away—down the line it might kill me—but I'm well enough to get on the River. So since then I've gone on one trip every year—on a motor trip. This was my breaking point where



Ruthie painting at home on a good day.

I really fully understood and bought-into motor-rigs. Up until that point, I just had never quite been supportive of them.

STEIGER: What, you'd been mentally poisoned by Kim Crumbo? (laughter)

RUTHIE STONER: Yeah! I was! Well, and I had done a lot of motor trips, and I just still hadn't quite bought-into it. But when I physically...And I know there's physically compromised people who go down on rowing rigs and it's great that they do, and I'm much more ambulatory than them, but I don't know, for me it was, "These motor-boats are okay, because they're helping me get down the river, and they're probably helping other people too. The darned thing about 'em, is just getting on and off when you don't have leg strength. You know those ramps that they used to run with GCE? Mike Denoyer gave me one.

JON STONER: Mike, out of the kindness of his heart said, "For Ruthie, you can have this." So it's over at the ARR warehouse, and we take it on trips so Ruthie can access the boat, easy on and off. Just made a big difference. Over the years, since she's gotten this disease, and the trips I do when I get down there, I try to do every single hike I possibly can. I get off the boat, and I do it for Ruthie. I get up the side canyons, because she can't do it now, and I realize more than ever that there'll be a day when I'm not gonna be able to do it either. So no matter how many times I've been up Stone Creek or up Deer Creek or Elves or wherever—I'm going. And I do it for her.

There was one trip where she wanted to hike up Stone Creek, and we got her up there, it was really emotional for both of us.

RUTHIE STONER: To the first waterfall! That's the longest hike I've done in twelve years. And my big hike of any trip is Blacktail. It's like, "Wow, this is great!" So I'm glad that...You know, you look back, and...I gotta get it together here. I'm just glad I had the opportunities when I did, and that I took advantage of them when I did, and I hiked and I did artwork or rowed boats, because you just never know when your life is gonna change—as you know. So you just do it while you can. When I see younger guides, whatever, not taking advantage of it, I pull out my Ruthie lecture and say, "You get on that trail right now! You go up there and just do it, because you just don't know!" I showed up at Lees Ferry and Bob Dye was there, putting on a trip, and I told him what was going on. He said, "You know, it's not the hand you're given. It's how you play the cards." And it was just like, yeah, I could just sit here and wallow in it and get mad—which I have, a little bit—but you just get up and go, "Okay, well that part of my life is different now, so now what can I do?" For me, it was an opportunity to develop the artwork that I had worked on throughout the years, and to get a little bit more serious about it. Even though, in a given week, there's maybe two days I'm productive,

then there's two days where I'm kinda productive, and then three days where I'm just not capable, physically, of doing it. But what's interesting is, when I do make that annual river trip, that's my best week of the year. I'm in the Canyon, and I'm around people, interacting, and it's fabulous. Anyways, we'll see where that journey takes me. That's life. Yeah, it's those inner rapids, for sure.

So those all-women's trips really, in way, come back. Some of those things that I was exposed to on those trips, it's like, "Well, you know, those gals kinda have..."

JON STONER: It's been a while, but a couple of years ago Ruthie said, "Hey, I want to ride my bike. I feel so good I want to ride my bike!" It's just like, "You don't have the muscle strength to do that." But we threw her bike in the back of her little pickup truck and went to the top of Copeland up here, got her on her bike, and she just coasted downhill. (laughter)

RUTHIE STONER: So he'd meet me at the bottom...

JON STONER: "I wanna do it again!"

RUTHIE STONER: ...and haul me back up. (laughter)

JON STONER: It was a real emotional thing, just to have the wind blowin' in your hair, and you're on your bike. That was quite a treat for her. Getting in the Canyon that one trip annually, just the spirit, the soul—you know, that place gets in ya'...That keeps you goin' for the next year.

RUTHIE STONER: Yeah. So while we pull over and those guys go on a hike, I just pull out my sketchpad and start drawing. That's kind of my next chapter...Right now I'm committed to my artwork. I'm working mainly in oils and concentrating on the subject matter that is a part of my heart and history. So the horses, and the canyons and the rivers are emerging on the canvas.

All photos courtesy of Ruthie Stoner Collection

This interview was funded by GCRG's Adopt-a-Boatman Program, a public funding mechanism for our Colorado River Runners Oral History Project. The sponsors who chipped in to make this interview possible are as follows: The Murray family, Doug and Nancy Yocum, Liz and Rob Jackson, Marion Stoner, Spotts Family, Chris Ertman, Susan Edwards, Andrew Spotts, the Rausch family, and the Stoner family. Thanks to everyone for making this possible!

Businesses Offering Support

Thanks to the businesses that like to show their support for gcrg by offering varying discounts to members.

- Asolo Productions**—Film and Video Productions 801/705-7033
Aspen Sports—Outdoor gear 928/779-1935
Blue Sky Woodcraft—Dories and repairs 970/963-0463
Boulder Mountain Lodge—800/556-3446
Cañon Outfitters—River equipment rental 800/452-2666
Canyon Arts—Canyon art by David Haskell 928/567-9873
Canyon Books—Canyon and River books 928/779-0105
Canyon R.E.O.—River equipment rental 928/774-3377
Capitol Hill Neighborhood Acupuncture—206/323-3277
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Ceiba Adventures—Equipment and boat rentals 928/527-0171
Chaco Sandals—Pro deals 970/527-4990
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Plateau Restoration/Conservation Adventures—435/259-7733
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Wilderness Medical Associates—888/945-3633
Willow Creek Books—Coffee & Outdoor gear 435/644-8884
Winter Sun—Indian art & herbal medicine 928/774-2884

New River Baby

RILEY BEAN PILLER was born to Jeri and Mark Piller, December 11, 2008. She weighed 6 lbs 3 oz. and is made of sugar and spice and everything nice. Both her parents are river guides for the Park Service.



Adopt-a-Boatman News

WE'RE TICKLED PINK to bring you another oral history interview funded by our Adopt-a-Boatman Program in this issue of the BQR! Lew Steiger will be trotting around the west, conducting more interviews in the coming months, and past-GCRG president, Sam Jansen is trying his hand at it as well.

A few minor changes have occurred within the program as two adoptees wanted their funding diverted to someone else. Consequently, discussions with the anonymous donor have opened the door for two new sponsorships: Art Gallenson—GCE boater in the 1960's, 1970's and 1980's, and Pat Diamond. We are allowing these new sponsorships because they replace existing ones.

In addition to the fully funded Art Gallenson sponsorship, other fully funded sponsorships of late include: Serena Supplee, Ivo Lucchitta, and Vaughn Short.

The "adoptions" that are still pending and still need the noted amounts are as follows:

- Dick McCallum (\$50)
- Brian Hansen (\$500)

- Drifter Smith (\$300)
- Loie Belknap (\$250)*

Before you cut a check for any of these partial adoptions, please check our website at www.gcr.org for an up-to-date spreadsheet of adoptions and sponsors, as adoption levels tend to change quickly. Thanks to everyone for their support!

Correction Note: In the last BQR we erroneously categorized Richard Quartaroli's adoption as being partially funded, when it is fully funded. We apologize for any confusion this may have caused.

Lynn Hamilton

* NOTE: initially Loie Belknap Evans and Buzz Belknap were adopted together, but distance considerations and interview dynamics necessitate conducting those interviews separately. With Richard Quartaroli's help, we are most of the way towards having both fully funded. Thanks Q!

Care To Join Us?

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

General Member

Must love the Grand Canyon

Been on a trip? _____

With whom? _____

Guide Member

Must have worked in the River Industry

Company? _____

Year Began? _____

Number of trips? _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Phone _____

\$30 1-year membership

\$125 5-year membership

\$277 Life membership (A buck a mile)

\$500 Benefactor*

\$1000 Patron (A grand, get it?)*

*benefactors and patrons get a life membership, a silver split twig figurine pendant, and our undying gratitude.

\$100 Adopt your very own Beach: _____

\$_____ donation, for all the stuff you do.

\$24 Henley long sleeved shirt Size _____

\$16 Short sleeved T-shirt Size _____

\$18 Long sleeved T-shirt Size _____

\$12 Baseball Cap

\$10 Kent Frost Poster (Dugald Bremner photo)

\$ 8 Insulated GCRG 20TH anniversary mugs with lid

Total enclosed _____

Vintage 1983 "Camp High, Be Cautious" Notes...

GLEN CANYON DAM RELEASED
60,000 cfs FOR ONE HOUR
11:00 am MONDAY JUNE 6
FLOWS WILL CONTINUE OVER
50,000 cfs THROUGH THE
DAY.

CAMP HIGH- BE CAUTIOUS

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
JUNE 6, 1983

DAM RELEASE UPDATE

BuRec will release 90,000 cfs from
Glen Canyon on June 27 after 5 pm.
Flows will remain at 90K or above
for approximately two weeks.

CAMP HIGH--BE CAUTIOUS
National Park Service
6-27-83
see other side

*update
80,000 tonight - 6/27
92,000+ on 6/28*

ALL BOATERS:

FROM LEES" FERRY TO PHANTOM RANCH:

All trips must stop at Phantom and check in with ranger. A copy of your passenger manifest, including names of all crew members must be left with Phantom Ranger.

BELOW PHANTOM RANCH:

NOTICE: As set in 36 CFR 2.6A Closures and Public Use Limits: "The Superintendent may ... close to public use all or any portion of a park area when necessary for the protection of the area or the safety and welfare of persons or property by the posting of appropriate signs indicating the extent and scope of closure.

All persons shall observe and abide by officially posted signs designating closed areas and visiting hours." Rangers and notices will replace signs.

The superintendent has closed Crystal Rapid to all passengers of both private and commercial trips. Passengers must walk around Crystal with only boatmen and swampers to run Crystal.

This closure is due to the extreme hazard of Crystal Rapid. 4 motor rigs and numerous oar boats have flipped. 90 people were in the water. There has been one fatality and 15 injuries.

This closure is in effect until further notice. Water levels are expected to remain at 70,000 cfs with possible increases for at least 10 days.

Saturday, June 25, 1983
National Park Service

Courtesy of Mike Denoyer.

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

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boatman's quarterly review

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