

boatman's quarterly review

BUZZ BELKNAP

Prez Blurb • Farewells • The Power of Place • River Heritage
Back of the Boat • Home is Where the River Is • Tales From the Truck

Buzz and Jimmy Jordan Jr. running outboard in lower end of Grand Canyon, 1953.

Photo: Bill Belknap

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

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

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

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

Deadlines for submissions are the 1st of February, May, August and November. Thanks!
Our office location: 515 West Birch, Flagstaff, AZ 86001
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Prez Blurb

HELLO FRIENDS! This year as president has gone by so fast. This is my last "Prez Blurb." Come September, Erika Andersson will take over as president. Erika is an upbeat, hard workin' lady with a great attitude. I am sure that she will represent GCRG well. Even though the ballot results aren't in as I write this, all the folks running are so great; I know GCRG will be in good hands.

I keep mentioning the draft EIS for the overflights issue. It's really going to be released! They are now saying that it should be out in December. This is such a great time to stay informed and to have an opinion. We have a chance to make a difference in how flights over the Canyon are managed.

We live in a noisy world. The Canyon is a place where people can experience natural quiet. It seems to be one of those things that people didn't realize that they were missing until they come to the Canyon. As soon as you reach an area where there are overflights people notice that noise and the effect that it has on their experience. It is a good time to start thinking about that quiet and what it means to you. It is also a great time to talk to people about it and let them know that they can have a say. Encourage them to get involved and get involved yourself!

As guides we have a special attachment to this place we work in. The job that we do is hard, the hours are long, and the work takes a toll on our bodies. The reason that most of us come back year after year is the Canyon and all the wonders that abound down there. So let's all do what we can to take care of the place and keep it in the best condition that we can for years to come.

I hope that the rest of your season is awesome!
Wishing you great runs, starry nights and maybe even a rim waterfall or two.

Emily Perry

Corrections

THE FAREWELL to Stewart Lee Udall in the previous BQR (Vol. 23:2) inadvertently had his first name spelled "Stuart" in the title. The Mountain Meadows Massacre occurred in 1857, not 1847.

Farewells

MICHAEL CASTELLI
APRIL 17, 1946–JUNE 21, 2010

MIKE CASTELLI eddied out on the Solstice, June 21, 2010, after a long courageous battle with cancer. He died at his home in El Prado, New Mexico with his wife Sheila and daughter Kacia by his side.

Mike did his first Grand Canyon trip with ARTA in 1967. You can read a short interview with him as part of Allen Wilson's oral history in the previous issue of the BQR (23:2).

Mike's last few years were spent in Taos County, New Mexico working as a computer tech at a local radio station. But the job turned into something much more. The station KTAO is totally solar powered. It has a solar array on the top of a 10,800-foot peak and generates about 50,000 watts. Mike spent a good deal of time on that peak



keeping everything going.

Before moving to New Mexico Mike lived in Point Reyes, California where he opened the first mountain bike shop. He was named one of the "Pioneers of Mountain Biking" by *Interbike* in 1991.

After the bike shop Mike followed his passion for computers and worked his way up the techie food chain to a great job in San Francisco as a Systems Administrator and IT tech. He commuted to work via Highway One to San Francisco financial district on his other passion—his Honda VFR motorcycle.

Mike planned on getting some sort of watercraft to navigate the Taos Box on the Rio Grande River but time and cancer caught him off guard.

Mike was a great father, husband, son, brother, uncle and friend. We will all miss him.

.....

HAL G. STEPHENS

PROBABLY THE FIRST intentional use of repeat photography concerning the 1871–72 John Wesley Powell expedition down the Green and Colorado Rivers was in 1911–12 by Ellsworth and Emery Kolb; P.T. Reilly also did an occasional photo match in Grand Canyon in the '50s and '60s. However, Hal G. Stephens and Eugene "Gene" M. Shoemaker were the first to use repeat photography in the Grand Canyon for scientific documentation, that being to determine geologic changes in the past 100 years. Not only did they replicate Powell photos in Grand Canyon, they started at Green River, Wyoming, as did Powell, and continued all the way down through the canyons to the Lava Falls area—matching photos including those through Flaming Gorge Reservoir, but skipping Lakes Powell and Mead as those reservoirs drowned the original photo locations. The end result was the extremely enjoyable and impressive publication, *In the Footsteps of John Wesley Powell: An Album of Comparative Photographs of the Green and Colorado Rivers, 1871–72 and 1968* (Johnson Books and The Powell Society, 1987). This book set the standard for all future research concerning repeat photography along the Colorado River,

and is an invaluable resource for all Canyonophiles.

Because the glass plate negatives had been numbered in disorder, it was necessary for Shoemaker and Stephens to use the geological layers to decode the



Hal Stephens, 1968.

photo courtesy of
Cline Library, Special Collections NAU.PH.2007.38.24

order so that they could match about 150 photos as they traveled downstream, with photographer Hal doing the actual image capture. They selected 110 images for the album and intended it to be issued to commemorate the centennial of the first Powell expedition of 1869. Due to a variety of setbacks, it wasn't until 1987 after Hal had retired that he was able to write the text and participate in the arduous process of cleaning up the glass plate reproductions for publication. They printed only 4,000 copies, in both hardback and paperback, so the book has been long out of print. If you're lucky, you may purchase one online, and I highly recommend that to all Grand Canyon river runners.

Hal joined the USGS in 1942, and except for a stint in the Army in WWII, he remained there until retiring in 1977. He began with geologic mapping and exploration, transferred to the Astrogeology Branch in Flagstaff where he was responsible for film documentation of Apollo mission astronaut training and lunar mapping, he later established a data system to maintain file photos of future lunar and Mars spacecraft missions

in the Lunar and Planetary Distribution Facility. His assignment in the Army to aerial photogrammetry added to his natural interest in photography and for the USGS he suggested that they have their own photography department and labs to control quality and increase efficiency.

His colleague Gene Shoemaker participated in the 1994 USGS "Old Timers" river trip, but Hal was unable to. Lew Steiger interviewed Gene on that trip, and he talked of his and Hal's Powell photo documentation. In 2007, I was very fortunate to interview Hal, who had a more detailed memory at 90 years old than I do now. Both interviews may be found online at the NAU Cline Library website, along with Hal's diary and photos from the 1968 Powell comparative photography trip. On July 24, 2010, at 93 Hal Stephens developed the last photograph of his last rapid. Our condolences go out to Dorothy, his wife of almost 70 years, as we remember Hal through his river and canyon photographs and interpretive text in his classic book *In the Footsteps of John Wesley Powell*.

C.V. Abyssus

DENNIS WILSON

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES LOST A GOOD FRIEND April 15TH when Dennis Wilson launched his last trip. He passed away at age 66 after a long illness.

The Colorado was always an integrated part of Dennis—from boyhood home schooling in an elaborate fish camp near Parker, to his mountaineering store and guide service at the Colorado's headwaters in Grand Lake, to years of luck with baggage boats in the Grand, to kayaking where her waters mingle with the Vermillion Sea.

Dennis' family of Wilson's, Dierker's, Perry's and dear friends sincerely appreciate that so many of our river family came in June to help Dennis on his way. Thank you all—it was very meaningful, and Dennis would have loved it.

His ashes will be in the Colorado, in Oak Creek, and in the Sea of Cortez, so we can all stay in the flow together...

Lauri Wilson



Dear Eddy

IN REFERENCE TO “Allen Wilson Oral History” IN THE SUMMER 2010 BQR, VOL. 23 #2:

I WAS CAPTIVATED by Allen’s interview and tremendously jealous of Lew’s opportunity that he has created by conducting these great interviews. There were a few things with it that struck me as potentially interesting to readers:

- Photo page 31: “Traveling downstream, 1970”. This picture is actually looking downstream and the boat is driving upstream to pull into the Pumpkin Spring area at mile 212.
- Photo page 32: “1970 ARTA crew....”. The unknown looks suspiciously like Bill’s son TJ Gleoeckler? I am sure that Bill could easily shed some light on if it is him or not? I was only about six months old when the photo was taken, TJ not yet a glimmer in his eye?
- Photo page 33: The location has me stumped, but it looks suspiciously like they were on the low of the 3,000–30,000-plus CFS flow. Nobody appears to be concerned that the boat is high and dry! A totally wild guess may be that they are camped river right about mile 131.5, below the rapid between Bedrock and Deubendorf?
- Photo page 35: “On the river, 1970”. The photographer is standing very near the Colorado and Little Colorado Confluence near mile 61.5. The photo is looking upstream.

Keep up the great work, I love it!

David Kashinski

FROM AN EMAIL TO GCRG:

DEAR EDDY—An open letter to AMWG/TWG, Grand Canyon Trust, etc...

How about moving ahead with a sand transport plan? Jack Schmidt called us all out at the Spring GTS, and pointed out the obvious—we need more sediment in the Grand Canyon! Well, there are lots of sand bars near Clay Hills on the San Juan River, so how about a sand removal operation there, put it in trucks (“greenish” jobs for Navajo Nation?), then take it to the coal load out at Black Mesa and rail it to Page?

The idea is to expedite the whole process by using existing under-utilized infrastructure—heck, there are empty ore trucks running back from Blanding

through Page all the time! No need to study and build a slurry line, if there are options already available? How about using the fly-ash trucks running back to the Page power plant to haul sediments from the Virgin arm of Lake Mead, too?

Just thinkin’ about the last time I was dragging my boat off another San Juan sandbar...

Greg Woodall

IN REFERENCE TO COVERAGE OF THE 1960 JET BOAT UP-RUN IN THE SPRING 2010 BQR, VOL. 23, #1:

AFTER ATTENDING the most recent GTS land session, listening to Phil Smith and Buzz Belknap reminisce about the 1960 jet boat up-run of the Colorado in Grand Canyon and reading the Spring edition of the BQR, including the Jon Hamilton interview, I was reminded of this photograph that hung framed in my bedroom when I was a youngster. The photo was taken during a first decent expedition of the Congo River, formerly the Zaire River, late in the year of 1974 or early in 1975. Hamilton speaks of the expedition in his interview and expresses the awe he felt at the huge hydraulics, endless cataracts, and phenomenal volume of the river. Because of its drainage area, which covers immense territory on both sides of the equator, the Congo flows at a consistent 1.5 million CFS as it nears the Atlantic Ocean and is frequently over 700 feet deep. At the wheel in the photograph is Jon Hamilton accompanied by two other boatmen. The greater area of Kinshasa, capitol city of the Democratic Republic of the Congo, formerly Zaire, is off in the distance.

Latimer Smith



photo credit: Marc Smith

The Power of Place—The Importance Of Natural Quiet At Grand Canyon National Parkⁱ

THERE IS A REASON we build churches, cathedrals, and synagogues. There is a reason architects designed an impressive Federal Capitol building, sited it on a hill, and a reason the Lincoln Memorial faces the Capitol building directly across a beautiful reflecting pool. They designed these places to inspire, to be special places set apart from the normal and the routine. The power of these places brings our consciousness to another level. Joseph Campbell gave this example:

“I walk off Fifty-first Street and Fifth Avenue into St. Patrick’s Cathedral. I’ve left a very busy city and one of the most economically inspired cities on



Helicopter flying off of Zuni Point.

photo courtesy of Jim McCarthy

the planet. I walk into the cathedral, and everything around me speaks of spiritual mysteries... The stained glass windows, which bring another atmosphere in. My consciousness has been brought up onto another level altogether, and I am on a different platform. And then I walk out, and I’m back on the level of the street again.”ⁱⁱ

Joseph Campbell studied how the mystique of a place transforms its visitors. The example here studies a built form, but natural environments also take our consciousness to another level. The architecture of the Grand Canyon is as inspiring as any built form.

These special natural and built places possess what might be called the power of place. People seek

solitude and inspiration at the Grand Canyon because it is one of several places on earth that has the *power of place*.

THE GRAND CANYON’S POWER

Experiencing the Grand Canyon is more than a quick snap shot at the rim, straining up and down its trails, floating the Colorado River, or flying over the abyss. Experiencing the Canyon requires absorbing the natural details into one’s body and soul.

There is no best way to experience the Canyon, but it requires intimacy and time. To know the Canyon, a person must take up its essence through all the senses. It might be reasonable to conclude that *seeing* the Canyon is the most significant part of experiencing it.ⁱⁱⁱ However, the other senses are crucial too. The smells of pine trees and wet soil are important. The sense of water pushing on your legs as you wade across Havasu Creek, the feel of an uneven rim path or an inner-canyon trail under foot, are all part of the experience.

The sounds of the Canyon are very important, possibly only secondary to its sight. Every part of the Canyon has its own sounds. At the river, the subtle sound of water passing rock is heard, as is the powerful sound of rapids. Hikers and boaters often hear rapids before they see them. If a visitor steps but a few yards away from the crowds, river rapids can be heard all the way to the rim, even at sites accessible by park buses. The sound of a delicate breeze or a powerful wind through the trees, the swish of a hawk gliding through the air, the metallic cr-r-ruck of the raven—all these are important. My favorite sound at the Canyon is silence punctuated with a thunderstorm, and then the patter of rain.

The sight and sound of the Grand Canyon are the quintessential parts of the place. The sum derived from the sight, sound, and other sensory inputs creates powerful moods and feelings. The totality of these factors creates the power of place. This power affects the mood and soul of people who linger long enough, or comeback from a time apart, to appreciate it.

NATURAL QUIET

Indigenous sounds are part of what is called natural quiet. The National Park Service simply defined natural quiet as “the absence of man-made sounds.”^{iv} Natural quiet is not necessarily the absence of sound, although it is the absence of human generated sound. It is the condition that allows enjoyment of naturally



Helicopter flying off of Zuni Point.

photo courtesy of Jim McCarthy

occurring sounds, the sounds native to an area. Natural quiet, sometimes in the form of primeval silence, is fundamental to the undiminished Grand Canyon experience.

As a person lingers and gradually absorbs the full meaning and feeling of the Canyon, natural quiet grows in significance. Indeed, as people come to know and love the Canyon, especially those that spend time away from the crowds, the quiet is generally recognized as an essence of the experience.

Grasser said, “Whether the average visitor consciously dwells on the quietness of the park or just takes it for granted, it is one of the premier resources that draws visitors to our parks.” She continues, “We know instinctively that the natural quiet is important and has an intrinsic value as do clean air and water.”

The Park Service has the responsibility to protect natural quiet. This responsibility derives from the *National Park Service Organic Act* of 1916. During 1974, Congress first directly addressed aircraft noise in the Park in the *Grand Canyon National Park Enlargement Act*. President Reagan signed the *National Parks Overflights Act* in 1987;^{vi} the act called for “substantial restoration of the natural quiet” at Grand Canyon National Park.

NATURAL QUIET BEING LOST

Although the Federal Aviation Administration and the National Park Service have issued various rules, the number of aircraft tours over the Grand Canyon has continued to grow at an amazing rate. This has happened even as there have been caps on the number of hotel rooms, backcountry hiking permits, and user

days on the river. Between 1974 (the year Congress passed the *Enlargement Act* referenced above) and the caps instituted in the mid-1990’s, the number of flights expanded by ten to one!^{vii} Through the use of flight free zones, and early morning and early evening curfews, the noise has moved around, but it has not diminished. Worst of all, they moved the noise from the tourist areas to the wilderness-quality backcountry.

As the world gets more crowded in general, the skies over the Grand Canyon are getting ever more crowded. Near the air tour routes, the noise is essentially continuous. Even in the most quiet parts of the park, natural quiet has been compromised. If Congress designated “One Square Inch of Silence” for Grand Canyon National Park, as Gordon Hempton suggested,^{viii} it is doubtful that it would be realized.

The NPS defined “substantial restoration of natural quiet” thusly: “substantial restoration requires that fifty percent or more of the park achieve ‘natural quiet’ (i.e., no aircraft audible) for 75 to one hundred percent of the day” (parenthetical note by NPS).^{ix}

Under this definition, substantial restoration of natural quiet could exist with half the Park lacking

FACTS:

- **23:** the number of years that have elapsed since the U.S. National Parks Overflights Act mandated the prompt substantial restoration of the natural quiet in Grand Canyon National Park.
- **45,000:** the approximate number of air tour flights in 1986 that prompted Congressional concern, leading to the passage of the Overflights Act of 1987 (Public Law 100-91).
- **95,000:** the current number of allocated air tours over Grand Canyon, not including commercial jet traffic.

Grand Canyon River Guides believes that reasonable and responsible limits should extend to *all* forms of visitation, however transient, including air tours. Our overriding concern centers on the degradation of natural quiet as a profoundly important Park resource. We contend that this essential quality which is so rare in our everyday lives has essentially vanished in the heart of Grand Canyon National Park, necessitating definitive action for its restoration. You can help!

natural quiet 25 percent of the day. The other half of the park could be totally without natural quiet and could have any high level of noise one hundred percent of the day! This definition would result in a time-area proportion of 37.5 percent natural quiet ($\frac{1}{2} \times 75\% + \frac{1}{2} \times 0\%$). The FAA admits that even this noise-biased definition is not being met.

THE TIME TO ACT IS NEAR:

At long last, the Draft Environmental Impact Statement (DEIS) for overflights in Grand Canyon may be released in December 2010, and will include a ninety-day public comment period.

Public meetings will be tentatively scheduled for the following cities with dates yet to be determined: Phoenix, Flagstaff, Grand Canyon, Las Vegas, and Salt Lake City.

Please stay tuned through the *Boatman's Quarterly Review*, through GCRG's website, www.gcr.org and through our email alerts. We encourage you to join our email list if you're not already on it. Please contact us at gcr@infomagic.net and ask to be added.

We count on the river community to take action during the DEIS: please send in your personal comments during the scoping period, attend public meetings, and urge others to do the same.

Let's ensure that the voice of the river community is heard loud and clear—For natural quiet!

A CALL FOR ACTION

A draft environmental impact statement (EIS) addressing natural quiet should be out in 2010. The time has come to protect the power of the Grand Canyon. The National Park Service should take the following actions:

- 1) **FINITE NUMBER OF TOURS**—Put a permanent cap on the number of air tour rides over Grand Canyon National Park. The number of flights should be at the level it was when Congress first addressed Park aircraft noise—1974.
- 2) **CURFEWS**—The existing early morning and late evening curfews are as short as 14 minutes; they should be expanded significantly.
- 3) **FLIGHT FREE ZONES**—The area of flight free zones should be increased until natural quiet is substantially restored every day of the year. Every area of

the park should be free of noise at least part of the year.

- 4) **QUIETER TECHNOLOGY**—A transition to quieter technology should be part of the solution, while also being subject to caps and restrictions. Quiet aircraft are commonly used in Europe. We should phase out aircraft not having the latest quiet technology.^x
- 5) **PROTECT THE HEART OF THE PARK**—Except for the lodge area and the trails to Phantom Ranch, the heart of the park is essentially hammered by air tours. At least one of the routes thru the heart of the park should be closed.

Please write a letter in response to the Draft EIS! If you care about this issue, please contact: Jim McCarthy, 928-779-3748, jk436mc@npgcable.com.

Jim McCarthy

FOOTNOTES:

- i) This paper is similar to that presented by Jim McCarthy on 14 April 2000 at the Environmental Psychology Symposium in Tucson, Arizona (sponsored by the Rocky Mountain Psychological Association) and to an article published in *Boatman's Quarterly Review*, Spring 2001. Copyright © Jim McCarthy 2010.
- ii) Flowers, Betty Sue, ed. 1998. *The power of myth / Joseph Campbell, with Bill Moyers*, at 15. New York: Doubleday.
- iii) E.g., with a 95 percent confidence level, 93.1 to 95.1 percent of visitors reported that natural scenery was a reason that they visited national parks. A somewhat lesser amount of 88.3 to 93.1 percent reported that natural quiet was a reason (NPS 1995).
- iv) Federal Aviation Administration. 1996. Special flight rules, noise limitations and proposed air tour routes in the vicinity of Grand Canyon National Park; final rule, proposed rule and notice. *Federal Register* 61 (252): 69301-69333 (31 December), at 60308. The Appeals Court of Washington D.C. later affirmed this definition.
- v) Grasser, Mary Ann, and Kerry Moss. 1992. The sounds of silence. *Sound and Vibration* 26 (Feb.): 24-26, at 24.
- vi) Public Law 100-91.
- vii) Dick Hingson, based on Congressional Legislative Library Research associated with the *Enlargement Act* and the *Overflights Act*.
- viii) Little, Jane Braxton. 2000. Desperately seeking silence. *Audubon*. January–February issue.
- ix) National Park Service. 1995. *Report [to Congress] on effects of aircraft overflights on the national park system*, at 182. Washington, D.C. The Appeals Court of Washington D.C. later affirmed this definition.
- x) "Quite technology" as currently defined by the FAA could actually make things worse because it is not true quiet technology, but is noise efficiency. It would allow noisier aircraft if they carry more passengers! This would not help restore natural quiet.

Grand Canyon River Heritage Coalition

AT THE SPRING GTS and in the last issue of the BQR, we introduced the river community to the Grand Canyon River Heritage Coalition (GCRHC)—a diverse group of river stakeholders dedicated to celebrating and preserving the vibrant river running history, culture, traditions, and diverse river craft of the Colorado River through Grand Canyon. GCRHC's main goal is to raise tax-deductible funds for project advocacy—public outreach tools designed to promote the development of a state-of-the-art Grand Canyon River Heritage Museum at the South Rim of Grand Canyon National Park.

Is the project intriguing? Certainly. But is a River Heritage Museum actually possible? Absolutely, but only if we garner the staunch support of the river community (that means you!) and expand our focus to the public at large (you can help with that too!). This project has its roots in the General Management Plan of Grand Canyon National Park that envisioned a broad interpretive education campus at Grand Canyon's South Rim, housed in the historic buildings across the railroad tracks from the Bright Angel Lodge. The River Heritage Museum is therefore a critical component of a much larger picture, because it will serve as the important catalyst for the rejuvenation and re-purposing of this historic area into a thriving "Village Interpretive Center" worthy of this iconic national park.

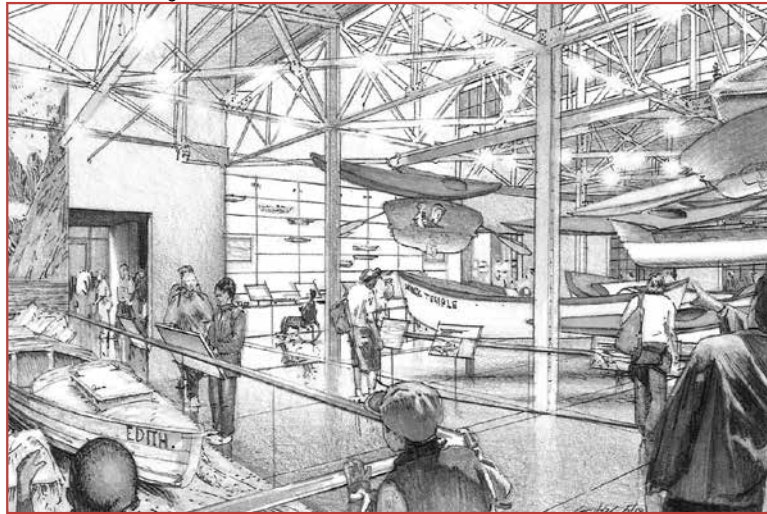
To further pique your interest, we would like to share artist's renderings of exterior and interior views from the Feasibility Study conducted by the Pfau Long architecture team from San Francisco. Fantastic, aren't they?

These boats will "speak," but only with your help. Please consider supporting our project advocacy efforts today with a tax deductible contribution either

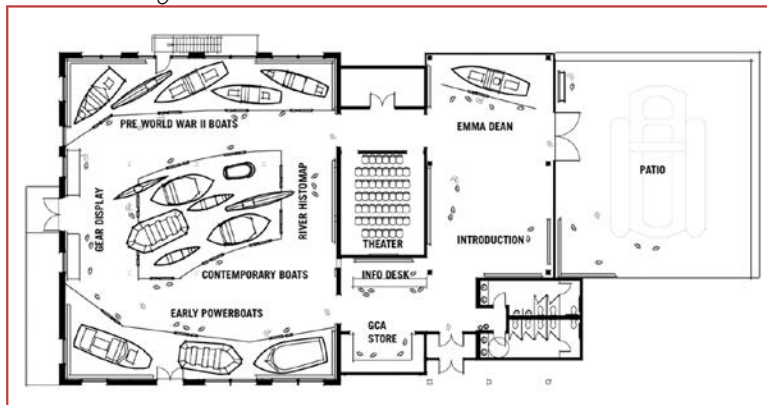
by mail or on the GCRHC website. And spread the word!



Exterior rendering



Interior rendering



Interpretive display floor plan

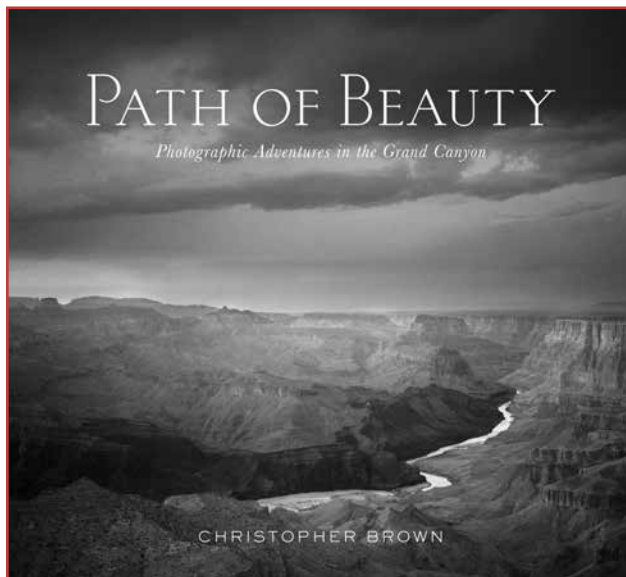
Grand Canyon River Heritage Coalition
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Lynn Hamilton

New Books

Path of Beauty: Photographic Adventures in Grand Canyon BY CHRISTOPHER BROWN, ST. MARTIN'S PRESS, ISBN 978-0-312-59835-8, HARDCOVER, \$39.99.

CHRISTOPHER BROWN has been an explorer for longer than he can remember. His high school graduation present was an Outward Bound course in Colorado that inspired him to move there and spend the next forty years guiding mountaineering and river trips from Alaska to Ecuador. He was a boatman in the Grand Canyon for about twenty of those years, and has rowed 35 two-week trips through the Canyon on the Colorado River.



Brown carried cameras on all of these adventures and taught himself photography. He began working in black and white, but eventually realized that the Southwest was really about color, so he set out to make color photographs with the same intensity and expressiveness that only black and white had at that time. He moved from 35MM to medium and then to large format, built a darkroom to make Cibachrome prints, and eventually took the leap into making digital prints from film originals. He considers prints to be the ultimate form of photographic expression, and his process of transforming an original exposure into a fine print sometimes takes years.

Today, Brown lives in Boulder, Colorado, where he makes prints and exhibits photographs in his studio/gallery, as well as giving lectures and workshops on photography and printmaking. His prints have been

showcased in over 100 exhibitions, have been published widely, and are in many private, public and corporate collections, including The Denver Art Museum and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. He was the first photographer in Colorado to receive a commission in the Art in Public Places program of the Colorado Council on the Arts and Humanities, and he was a winner in the Sierra Club's first photography contest.

Brown goes to the Grand Canyon whenever he gets a chance. "I still haven't seen it all, I never see the same thing twice, and it looks better each time!"

As Brown wrote in an email to Lynn Hamilton,



"I did my first two Canyon river trips in the fall of 1969, motor trips with what was then ARTA, with Hugh Wingfield, and then worked for AZRA through the 1980's. The book is dedicated to Grand Canyon boatman Wesley Smith. He rescued me from the Rock Garden in Crystal after I wrapped my snout on the top Boulder in 1982—one of many adventures we had together. The story is the subject of the second essay in the book. That boulder was washed downstream in 1983, and I for one was happy to see it go!"

The following text is excerpted from a letter by Brown from the inside of the book:

...Having photographed in the Canyon for forty years, I created this book as a report on what I have seen—a record of one man's sightseeing delights. My view of the Canyon, from the inside out, is distinctly not the Grand Canyon most people expect to see. I

never know what to expect when I go to the Canyon, just that it will be different—and this is what keeps me coming back for more!

Complimenting the sixty-seven full-color photographs in the book are a series of essays that begin by exploring the geological processes that made the Canyon the natural wonder that it is today, as well as the adventure and excitement that accompany life on the river as a boatman. Mirroring the extremes of life, the text shifts from adventure, to beauty, discussing the physical and emotional components of visual perception. Over many years my quest has been to achieve what I call “First Sight”: seeing objects as if for the first time in order to convey the essence of things in my photographs. From my youthful attraction to adventure and physical challenges to my fascination with aesthetics and the pursuit of seeing beyond the superficial, I remain an explorer of both exterior and interior landscapes. My quest is to reveal layers of meaning and beauty in life that are often obscured by our preconceptions and habitual ways of perceiving the world, our relationships and ourselves. My photography is about paying attention.

Though the Grand Canyon is made of rocks, it was carved by water, and as Lao Tzu was fond of saying, the weak always overcomes the strong. This paradox is operative in river running and photography, both of which teach us to surrender to forces outside of ourselves. While at first glance this book is a story of rocks and water, it is also about the lessons we can learn from water—with the immense power that comes from its yielding softness. The depth of my photography is the result of an intuitive process based on these lessons.

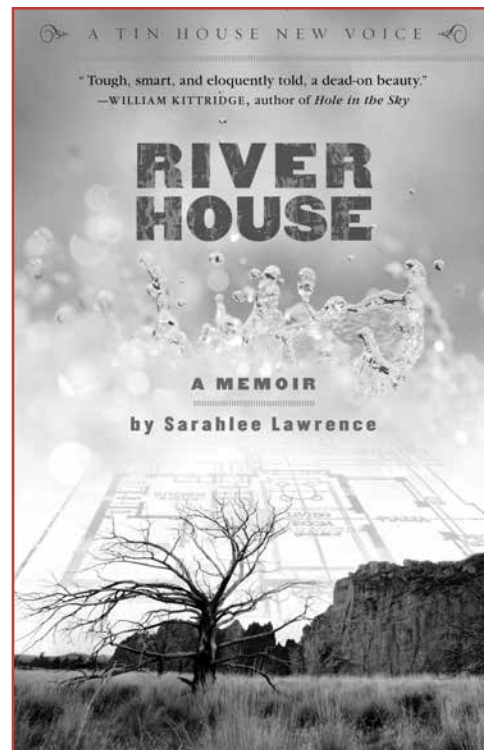
Through stunning photography and an engaging text, *Path of Beauty* brings together my perspective on adventure, beauty and reflection in the wilderness. It is an evocative visual reminder of the importance of wild landscapes, where people can go to explore, discover, and grow wise. It will resonate with anyone who has ever wanted to leave the clamor of the modern world behind and immerse himself in the fresh, restorative splendor of the wilderness.

Path of Beauty will be available September 1, 2010 in bookstores around the country and online. If you want an autographed or personalized copy contact CB@ChrisBrownPhotography.com.

River House: A Memoir BY SARAHLEE LAWRENCE, TIN HOUSE BOOKS, \$16.95 PAPER (272 p) ISBN 978-0-98205691-3-9 (OCTOBER 2010 RELEASE)

FROM THE INTENSITY of the jungle and the Tam-bopata’s unforgiving whitewater in the first chapter, to the final chapter, set amidst the dust-blown high desert of her family’s ranch in central Oregon, the vivid prose of Sarahlee Lawrence’s *River House* conjures both place and emotion with skillful precision—much the way I’d imagine Sarah rows a boat. Her memoir details some truly epic adventures on rivers around the world—but perhaps the most profound stories in this book center on the evolution of Lawrence’s relationship with her home and family. For anyone who has felt the irresistible lure of the transient lifestyle mingled with a longing for a sense of place and home, this book is for you. Sarahlee shares her story of leaving and then rediscovering home with unabashed honesty and pure eloquence. This is a great read—cover to cover.

Nicole Corbo



Back Of The Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

2011 WHALE FOUNDATION CALENDAR NOW AVAILABLE

OUR 2011 14-MONTH calendar with awesome images is a larger format (9.5" x 13"). You can download an order form off our website at www.whalefoundation.org and mail us a check (PO Box 855; Flagstaff, AZ 86002) with your address. Or pick one up at the office at 515 W. Birch Street in Flagstaff. The price is \$12 out of the box or \$15/calendar shipped nationally. Check our website for retail stores in your neighborhood selling the 2011 calendar.

GREEN ROOM GATHERING—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 2010

The Whale Foundation will host a community gathering at the Green Room in Flagstaff for friends from far and wide to share the highs and lows of this season. Stay tuned for details about the evening.

NEW WHALE FOUNDATION CASE MANAGER ON BOARD

The Whale Foundation recently welcome Don Langford, MC as a new case manger. Don comes to us with 34 years of professional counseling experience. In addition to his successful counseling background, he is an avid boater and hiker in the canyon country and has been involved in non-profits for several decades - particularly community theatre and Big Brothers/Big Sisters. Welcome, Don!

FREE FALL MENTAL HEALTH TRAINING— SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 2010

The Whale Foundation's Health Services Committee (HSC) will host "Fall Mental Health Awareness Seminar and Liaison Training" on Saturday, October 23RD, at the Flagstaff Photography Center. Our HSC mental health professionals will provide tools about real life challenges that guides, passengers, friends, and/or family members may experience both on and off the river. The workshop is open to all members of the river community. We provide lunch and driving expenses for out-of-town attendees. To register, call 928-774-9440.

Whale Foundation Liaison volunteers work within the river community and have received training to be alert, to listen, and to be accessible to colleagues on/off the river who may desire to share personal problems for which a referral to Whale Foundation services may be appropriate.

FEEDBACK BUTTON

The Whale Foundation is constantly evaluating its performance and taking on ever evolving needs of the

river community. Please see the Feedback Button on our website if you would like to provide your anonymous thoughts, suggestions and/or concerns about our services and programs.

HOW IT WORKS—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I CALL

Do you feel uncertain about the process of contacting the Whale Foundation and talking to one of our healthcare professionals? This step-by-step guide will help!

- When you phone the Whale Foundation Helpline (877-44-WHALE), you'll reach our answering service and a recording set up to allow our return call to you ASAP—within 24 hours. You must leave a phone number for this to happen.
- The Helpline call itself does *not* replace 911 or work as a counseling "Hotline." Its purpose is to help find the best healthcare provider for you.
- The caseworker that returns your call will talk to you about your situation and your concerns. This will help him/her to better understand your needs and determine which healthcare professional would be best for you.
- Once the caseworker refers you to a healthcare provider associated with the Whale Foundation, you can make arrangements to see that person.
- If you cannot pay for services, the Whale Foundation will pay for eight hours of mental health counseling. If you can pay for any portion of it, however, the Whale Foundation will ask that you cover what you are able.
- If your care extends beyond eight hours, you may make arrangements with your health care provider to continue treatment at your expense.

Please remember that all information you provide remains confidential.

WINDING IX

Mark your calendars now! The Whale Foundation will hold our Ninth Annual WingDing on Saturday, February 26, 2011 from 6-11 P.M. at the Coconino Center for the Arts in Flagstaff. We welcome donations for the auctions; money for the event; or simply volunteers to help us out at the time of the event! Please call our business line 928-774-9440 to donate or volunteer. We always welcome your donation, whatever it may be!

Home Is Where The River Is

THE RIVER IS MY HOME. It's where I've grown up since I was in my mother's stomach and it is where I will continue to go, for the rest of my life. My dad, as a young man, rowed boats in the Grand Canyon. He started in his twenties, and he automatically knew that this would be something he would love forever and ever. As the years went by, he met my mother, and they got married. Every year he would still do a trip or two—to “bring back the olden days,” as he says so often. Then they had my brother and me. He made sure we knew everything about rivers, and when I was about a year and a half, he brought me on my first river trip. These river trips are now an annual occurrence, with all my dad's river buddies and their kids. We travel to different states, different rivers, different places, but it's always the same amount of fun.

It's a magical place, the river is. Its sights, sounds and smells are those that are carried with me forever. Every river is a brand new adventure, the rapids large and scary, the water rushing by so fast, with a mind of its own. As you reach your hand in, the cool caresses your fingers giving you the sense of longing to jump in, and before you know it, someone has probably already pushed you. When I am in the water, my feet push into the sand, the rough squish of it pushes in between my toes, and I know I am home. I have always been one for the water, jumping in, swimming everywhere. I am just being one with the nature.

From the time I was three, I always wanted my hands on the oars, I wanted to control the situation, and feel my hands touch the smooth wood. As I sat in the boatman's seat, I would look up to see colors

bouncing off the canyon walls, and the sun shining so brightly, reflecting off the water and making beautiful patterns. This place is a place to respect. It is a place of natural beauty, to get away from the world, the electronics, the constant stream of information that is always filling our brains; it is a place of serenity and calm.

If you have ever star-gazed you will know that when I say it is the most beautiful thing in the world, that I am telling the truth. As we all lay out on the giant rocks, their warmth from earlier that day heating our backs, we watch the sky for anything and everything. There are millions and millions of little lights shining throughout the night. The older river kids will explain the constellations, and show the young ones where every one of them is. Because we have grown up with each other, we watch each others backs, point out the amazing animals, take each others sides in long conversations with the parents, and are always there for each other, whenever needed.

These people, these places that I visit every summer have shaped me in every way. They have taught me the values I live by, and the certain things to watch for. I have learnt to be more attentive, to notice and be thankful for the small and beautiful sights and surroundings in life. The men and women that have brought us river kids up are now in their fifties and sixties, and honestly, they are big kids. They love to have fun, to teach us the ways and traditions of the river. They have taught me everything I need to know.

Gwen Welch (AGE 15)

Every Picture Tells a Story— The Adopt-a-Beach Program Is Alive And Well

TRACKING BEACH EVOLUTION in a dam managed system has been the focus of the Adopt-a-Beach (AAB) repeat photography program since its inception prior to the very first Beach Habitat Building Flow in 1996. Did you know that the idea of matching photography has roots in the Grand Canyon which extend back at least as far as the Kolb brothers 1911–1912 trip?

Our photo-matching beach monitoring program

is still alive and well today due to the diligent efforts of countless volunteers over the years, and considerable financial assistance from our funders. We would like to thank the Grand Canyon Conservation Fund, a non-profit grant-making program established and managed by the Grand Canyon river outfitters, for being our staunch supporter over the years. The Adopt-A-Beach program is also supported by Cooperative Agreement #08WRAG0048, Modification #0002

from the United States Geological Survey, integrating our program and the repeat photographs with the GIS Campsite Atlas that is currently being developed by Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center in cooperation with Grand Canyon National Park.

In this current funding cycle we have been able to make some leaps into the 21ST century by purchasing twenty new point-and-shoot digital cameras to supplement the two already in use, after a successful digital trial last season. To help protect the new cameras, we've also added Aquapac waterproof cases, memory cards and lithium batteries. With the advent of CD developing, we thankfully waived goodbye to the days when each beach photo required digital scanning to be viewed on a computer screen. And now, as film processing options have become as scarce as a humpback chub, (not to mention waterproof disposable cameras) we hope to be fully digital in a few short years. Not only will photo quality and photo assessment greatly improve, but it should also be of benefit for our wonderful volunteer photographers. Your credibility will greatly improve when you pull out the new, sophisticated, high-tech gear for your photographic mission! With a few images from beaches past loaded onto the memory card, you could even spend a moment narrating your own slide show to your passengers along with your tried and true AAB explanation.

Another fantastic addition to the program this year is the facelift given our Adopt-a-Beach web-gallery, courtesy of Chris Geanious. To view the gallery, go to the Adopt-a-Beach main page, found under the Advocacy category on the GCRG website, www.gcr.org (the photo gallery will be a hot link in the first paragraph). All of the images archived by AAB since its inception in 1996 through 2009 are in the gallery categorized by beach and year, as well as a few additional random beach shots. We have made the photo gallery very user friendly, so you can impress your friends, guide and non-guide alike, by showing off the photos you took for the program. If you have not been a volunteer for the program, browsing the years of photos and watching the changes for yourself may provide you with the impetus to adopt a beach of your own next year!

A quick note to those of you who adopted a beach for the 2010 river season:

- 1) Please make sure to carefully match the photo you're taking to the beach photo you were given;
- 2) Please fill out the datasheet as completely as possible and *give us your comments and your observations*—your input can really help us make sense of what's happening to your beach; and
- 3) Please remember to turn in your packet when your season ends before you head off to Timbuktu.

And finally, we could use a little help from all of you. Through a variety of causes, both natural and human instigated, we see changes to the beaches almost every trip we take. Unfortunately, these changes are most noticeable when they negatively impact a beach, reducing the camp desirability in some way, great or small. The AAB program data set is limited to a small fraction of the total beaches throughout the corridor, and here is where you come in. The Park has requested information regarding beaches which have *benefited* from the High Flow Experiments and which have subsequently maintained a degree of "improved" status. Any beach within the corridor will work. If you would like to help by advising us of beaches you think qualify, your input is desired. Photos, recent or otherwise, would be fantastic, but words are just as important. Send your comments to Zeke, c/o Paul.Lauck@nau.edu.

Thanks again to all the commercial river guides, private boaters, Park personnel and others who have kept this program "afloat" over the years. You can take pride in knowing that you are contributing to a meaningful repeat photography project that helps inform key river managers about beach change in critical reaches along the Colorado River, where beaches are scarce or in high demand. And hey, Adopt-a-Beach is a great way to give back and take care of your own backyard.

I hope to see you all on the river again next year!

Zeke Lauck

P.S. As proof positive that science can be a bunch of fun—check out the Adopt-a-Beach Quicktime movie on the AAB page of the GCRG website: www.gcr.org/advocacy_aab.php. Past GCRG president and former Adopt-a-Beach analyst, Joe Pollock, put it together a few years ago for the GTS. Chances are if you've participated in this program, you'll see yourself or your river buddies, and lots of river passengers having a fine old time hamming it up for the camera. It will make you smile!!

Tales From The Truck

IN 2009, A WILDERNESS S-RIG flipped in Pearce Ferry Rapid. Following are some details of the event: The pilot of the raft that flipped was Ryan Zimmer, a veteran river guide with over 50 Grand Canyon river trips. It was his first time leading a trip. His swamper was Bradley Wiggonton. Steven Law was piloting the second boat, with Taylor Lawrence as his swamper.

The group ran Pearce Ferry rapid about 45 minutes before dark. Zimmer claims that the flip was caused by hitting the lateral wave that comes off the wall. He says the boat hit the lateral and tipped over in a downstream direction rather than turning over in an upstream direction like you would imagine. But his swamper, Wiggonton, says that the boat flipped over in an upstream direction. The side pontoons had been taken off the boat the night before.

The guides in the second boat were too far behind the first boat to witness the accident. The guides in the second boat ran the rapid and didn't notice their friends' flipped S-rig until they were about half-way through Pearce Ferry rapid.

"It was an eerie sight," says Law. "At the time we arrived neither guide was visible." Both Zimmer and Wiggonton surfaced a few seconds later. They climbed on top of the overturned raft. Law drove downstream of the overturned raft and then turned upstream and caught the disabled boat with his raft. Here they

paused while Zimmer and Wiggonton checked themselves to see if they were injured. They were not.

The guides then lashed the overturned raft to the side of Law's raft and they continued downstream.

"Our plan was to pull into the first available beach," says Law, "as we had less than 45 minutes of light remaining."

They tried to pull into a beach on the left but were unable to make the pull-in due to the bulky overturned raft lashed to its side. They then unlashed the overturned raft and tied it behind them. They were able to pull in to a beach after that.

The group camped for the night. The next morning they towed the overturned S-rig to South Cove.

Steven Law

EDITOR'S NOTE:

"Tales From The Truck" is a new series in the BQR that features stories of wraps, flips, floods, rock falls, and any other epic happenings in Grand Canyon. Basically it is the stuff that all of us boatmen talk about in the truck ride home... "No shit, there I was..." stories. We know they are out there and happen every year so send us your stories and pictures. We want to hear them!



Left to right: Ryan Zimmer, pilot of the flipped S-rig, Steven Law, second boatman and Bradley Wiggonton tow the s-rig to South Cove the morning after the flip.

photo credit: Taylor Lawrence

Buzz Belknap

BELKNAP: [ON THE 1959 DISNEY MOVIE trip for *Ten Who Dared*,] I was driving one of the Smith Crafts too, and helping with that, when I was with Dock. But when we got down to Hance, that was probably the first time I'd driven a really big rapid. It was Dock and myself. I was up in front, Dock was sitting right behind me, kind of coaching me. We had the director, Jim Algar, in the boat with us, too. We started down, and somehow Dock and I got our signals crossed, and I went into what seemed like the largest hole in the world. Everything turned black. We did pop up on the other side, we came out. That was quite a little happening for all of us.

* * *

In 1959, at fifteen years old, Buzz Belknap [William Belknap III] had already been on parts of three Grand Canyon river trips: with his dad, photographer Bill Belknap, in 1954; and river historian and fastwater boatman Dock Marston, 1954 and 1956, and 1958 high water. He was a jet boat driver on the only successful uprun in 1960, and Sportyakked both low and high water in 1963 and 1965. In 1969, Buzz's GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDE [or "Buzzmap"] set the standard for navigating the Colorado River in Grand Canyon. Sam Jansen recorded Buzz's reminiscences with Richard Quartaroli at the Marble Canyon Lodge on March 28, 2009, during the Guides Training Seminar.

* * *

BELKNAP: I was born in Washington, D.C. on February 18, 1944. My father was a Navy photographer assigned to the White House. But he'd spent a lot of time in the West. His mother, Laura Belknap, moved to Boulder City, in 1937, I believe. She had a part ownership in the [Grand Canyon-Boulder Dam Tours]. My father, at an early age, he did some publicity, photography for her and the company. I guess he met a lot of the early river runners through the tour company and doing photography in the lower end of the Grand Canyon and on Lake Mead. One of the (chuckles) people, of course, was Dock Marston. From there my father—I think it was 1950 when they had the Chris-Craft that they brought down.

QUARTAROLI: How did he meet Dock? Dock just came through Boulder City? Or did a tour?

BELKNAP: Dock, I guess he did Nevills trips and in 1949 I believe he did the Esmeralda trip [the first mo-



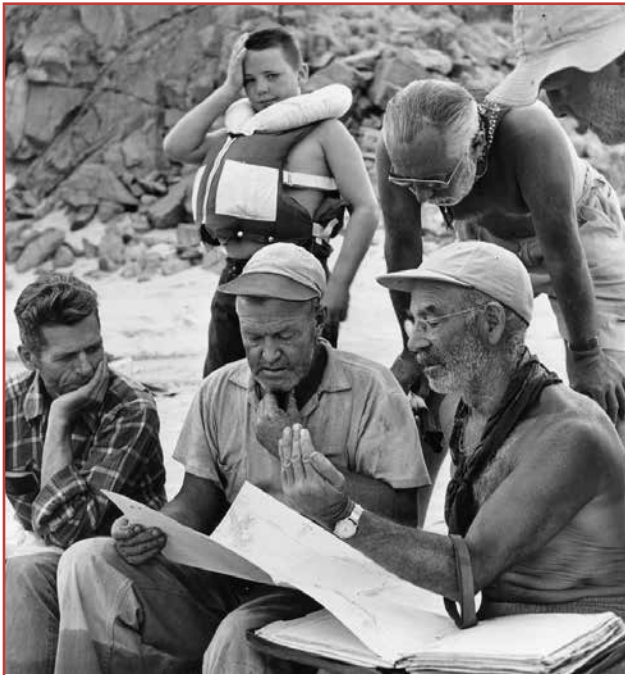
Bill Belknap greets Loie and Buzz after 1950 Grand Canyon run. Sitting on deck of Dock's Chris Craft "Boo" at Lake Mead Marina. "Boo" survived the trip, the Esmeralda was abandoned.

Photo: Cliff Soggerblom or Mark Swain

tor boat downrun with Ed Hudson in the *Esmeralda* II]. So I'm sure my father had gone up to meet some of those early river trips, and that's where he met Dock, and they hit it off. I just remember Dock sort of headquartered at our house for a lot of his trips. My father made that 1950 trip with Dock, and that was his first trip. I guess, according to your records, my father was, I think the 114TH person to go down the river, which is pretty amazing [according to Dock's lists, Bill Belknap was the 112TH "Canyoneer" to complete a Grand Canyon river "traverse"].

I guess the next trip my dad did was in 1954 with Dock. They had the Smith Crafts [built by Seth Smith Boat Works in Phoenix; not to be confused with Chris-Crafts, founded by Christopher Columbus "Chris" Smith]. I think they were eighteen-foot Smith Crafts with two Evinrudes on 'em. It was a low-water trip, and I was invited to join 'em at Whitmore. So we went out to Whitmore—went down with the Bundys. We waited down there for three days, I think. We didn't know it at the time, but they'd had a lot of problems with the low water, and they were patching boats. I was ten years old. The Bundys kept us entertained; we went fishing with the "Dupont spinners" and so we'd dynamite the river. (laughter) Finally they showed up, Dock's trip with my dad; that was just a few days on down to Lake Mead from there.

QUARTAROLI: Did some of the Bundys go with you too?



Dock giving a low water briefing during the 1954 Smith Craft trip. Buzz joined at Whitmore. Left to right (front) Dr. Hugh Cutler, Rod Sanderson, & Dock. Standing: Buzz and Frank Masland Jr. "Oh no, this doesn't look so good."

Photo: Bill Belknap

BELKNAP: No, I don't think so. I think one of Jimmy Jordan's nephews—he was a little older than me—I think it was just the two of us who joined.

QUARTAROLI: And the Jordans were living in Boulder City at that time?

BELKNAP: Yes, that's correct. Jimmy Jordan made an early, early outboard trip down, with Rod Sanderson. This is a fun picture of Dock and myself running the Paria Riffle—I was probably ten years old.

QUARTAROLI: On an air mattress?



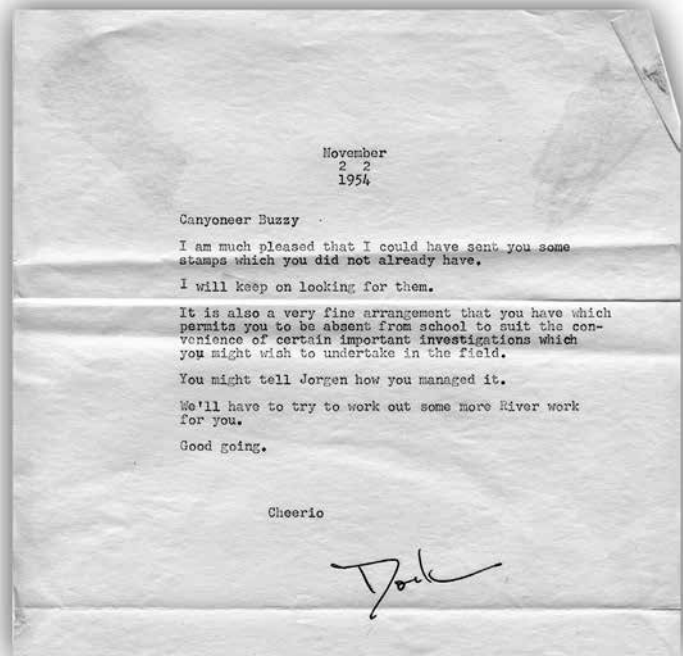
Dock Marston (61) and Buzz (10) running Paria Riffle on an air mattress. "Look Mom, no life jacket!" Date: 1954

Photo: Bill Belknap

BELKNAP: On an air mattress, no life preservers. The next trip was 1956, and Dock invited me to go along on his trip just to be a helper, do whatever I could. My father didn't go on that trip. I really don't remember too much about the trip—I think fairly high water.

QUARTAROLI: Were you in the Smith Craft once again?

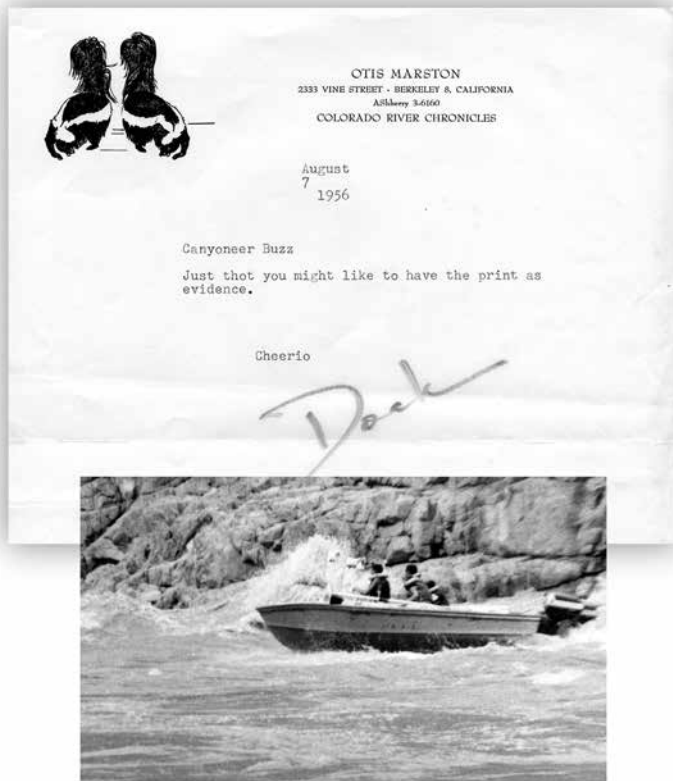
BELKNAP: Yeah, we were, right. The *Cactus*, the *Rattlesnake*, and the *Boo II*, Dock's boats, that he kept in Boulder City in the off season. I helped do a lot of painting, repairs on the boats, that type of thing. It was uneventful, from what I can remember. I just have a few pictures, kind of interesting. This is an early



shot [see cover] in the lower end of the Canyon. That's me driving the boat, just an outboard, with Little Jimmy Jordan Junior, probably down below Spencer somewhere in the lower end of the Canyon. We'd just gone up in the Canyon from Lake Mead. Dock sent a picture with a little note in 1956, it says, "Canyoneer Buzzy, just thought you might like to have the print as evidence." He let me drive at a very early age.

QUARTAROLI: 1956, you were drivin' one of those Smith Crafts. Looks like twin outboards. And where were you, at 217-Mile maybe?

BELKNAP: Probably; it kind of has that look. Those were self-bailing boats, they had holes cut in the side, and had that center piece that you sat on, and steering wheel in the center of the boat. It was a very good stable boat. I think Garth Marston was on one of the



boats. Dock was driving one.

QUARTAROLI: Had you been boating with your dad? You went from Whitmore down when you were ten, but it's obvious that you had been on Lake Mead, on the reservoir area, floatin' around, growin' up there.

BELKNAP: Oh yeah, growing up in Boulder City, just always out on Lake Mead constantly in the summer-time, boating, water skiing. My dad loved just going up in the lower end of the Canyon from Lake Mead, so we did that quite a bit. He was good friends with Jimmy Jordan, and Jimmy had a large cabin cruiser, probably a 32-foot boat with a couple of diesel engines in it. He'd go up in the lower end of the Canyon, we'd all go along. I remember one year he was able to drive the boat under Emery Falls.

The next trip after the '56 trip was 1958. That was the high-water trip. (chuckles) Probably 110–115 [thousand] second feet—so many of the rapids just totally disappeared, just the size of the turbulence and the



Buzz's 1956 postcard to his mom just before leaving on his first full-length trip through the Canyon with Dock.

boils and the whirlpools was pretty amazing. And tons of driftwood in the river, always sheering pins. But that was a trip that was so different from the '56 trip. Once again, we just had those three boats, the *Boo II*, *Cactus*, and *Rattlesnake*, those Smith Crafts.

QUARTAROLI: That was another one that your dad wasn't on.

BELKNAP: No, he wasn't on that one either. I think back on it, it's kind of amazing that he's pushing me off on all these trips.

QUARTAROLI: You're twelve, fourteen, and by that point you've got as much, or more, river mileage as your dad does.

BELKNAP: Yeah. Dock liked to, of course, stop along the way to spend time at different places, Tapeats Creek—just so people could do some hiking and look around, stuff like that. There weren't a lot of beaches, too, at that level.

QUARTAROLI: Was he doing the historical research on these trips you were on, stop and take photographs?

BELKNAP: Oh, he always had projects going on. He had a lot of stuff planned out that he was gonna check out or look for. Those were really small trips, because I mean, three boats, three pilots, and usually two people per boat, so maybe six passengers total—pretty small.

Then 1959 was the Disney trip when they asked Dock to organize the boating, doing all the location work in the Grand Canyon and re-enact Major Powell's first trip down. I was in a private school in St. Louis for a year and a half, so Dock had written me and asked me if I'd like to go on that trip. So I said sure! He sent and asked me for my measurements, because I was going to be doubling as mainly Andy Hall, but doubled as several other people on the Powell trip. They had Powell boat replicas built, and they had two Evinrudes disguised in the back under a hatch. Then one of the life rings disguised the steering wheel.

QUARTAROLI: So it wasn't a tiller, you were actually steering with...

BELKNAP: Well, we were sitting in the seats, rowing, but one person would steer it into position, then we'd appear to be doing it all through rowing. (chuckles) But one thing was interesting: when they got back to the studio and developed a lot of the

film, they couldn't see it when they were shooting it, but the camera picked up the smoke from the motors, the exhaust on these Powell boats. We had the motors disguised, but there was a lot of footage they couldn't use because of that blue smoke. It was not visible to us, but the film, saw it.

QUARTAROLI: As a double, what were you doing? Were you doing some of the rowing and then some of the other little stunt work?

BELKNAP: Pretty much just all boat action shots in the rapids and that type of thing.

QUARTAROLI: You were Andy Hall, and you mentioned a couple of others?

BELKNAP: I don't remember, seemed like they were always dressing us up with different outfits (referring to photo). This is us being made up. We had the three Smith Crafts, too, so there were quite a few boats on that trip.

QUARTAROLI: Dock was driving again?

BELKNAP: Yes, he was.

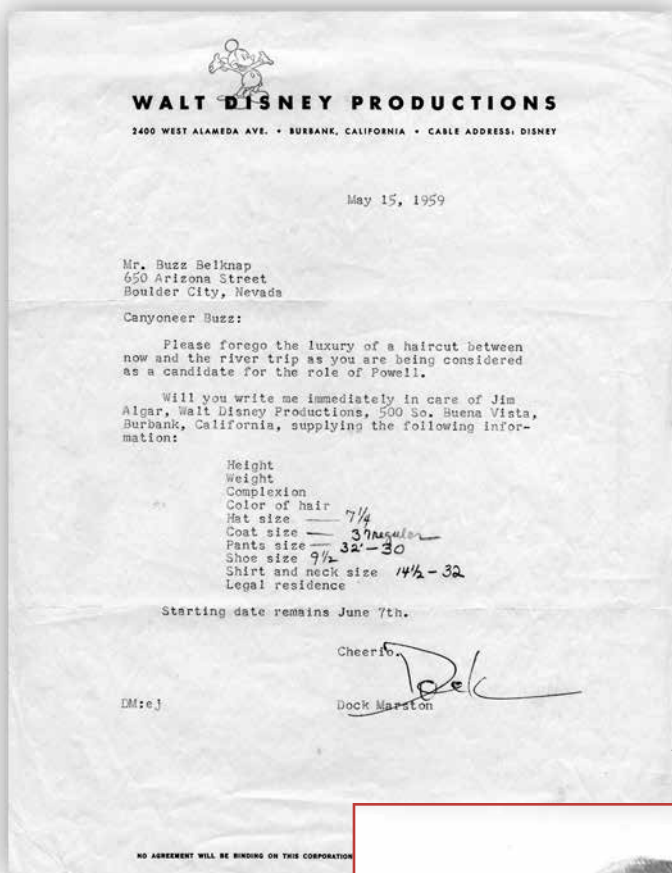
QUARTAROLI: He didn't appear as one of the characters in the movie, he was probably a little too old.

BELKNAP: True, true. They did dress him up down at the end, to take some pictures of him, and stuff like that, just kind of record shots. Oh, let's see... (looking at photos/notes).

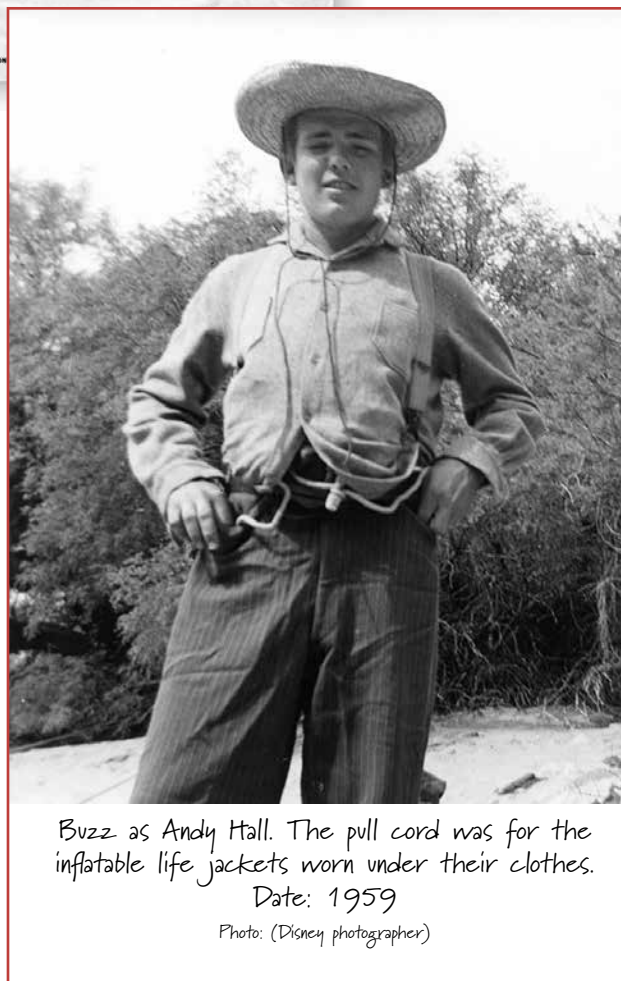
QUARTAROLI: Oh, this is good, "Please forego the luxury of a haircut between now and the river trip, as you are being considered as a candidate for the role of Powell." They wanted you a little shaggy.

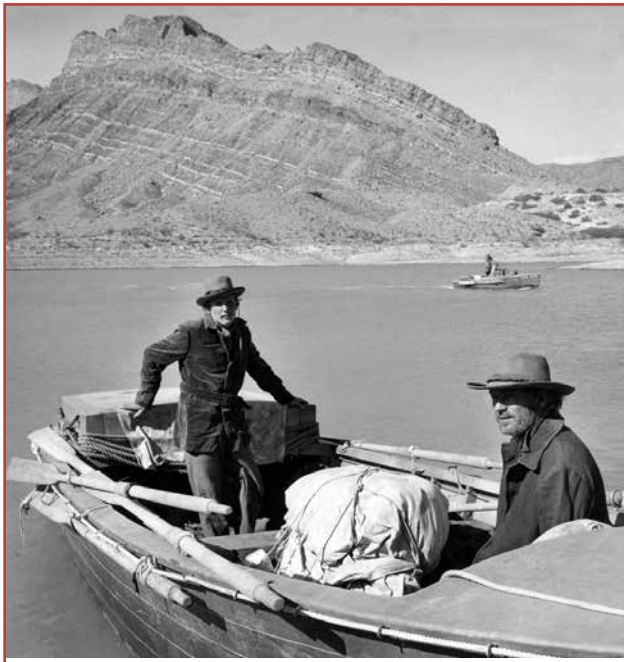
BELKNAP: Yeah. That was the Andy Hall outfit. I noticed one of those jackets I was wearing, the label on the inside said "Burt Lancaster." I guess he'd worn it in some movie or something.

Then the next year was the jet trip, up the Grand Canyon. We saw 'em off there at Lees Ferry on this down trip, and then I was with the rim party while



we were just kind of keeping an eye on 'em. Then word came up that I could—Margie Manner and myself—could come down at Phantom and join the trip there. We got down to Lava Falls and Bill Austin and Dock were the first boat to go down, and Bill was driving, and they were in one of those 24-foot giant cathedral hull boats. Bill Austin was just carrying way too much power and he went off that first wave, and the boat went airborne, and



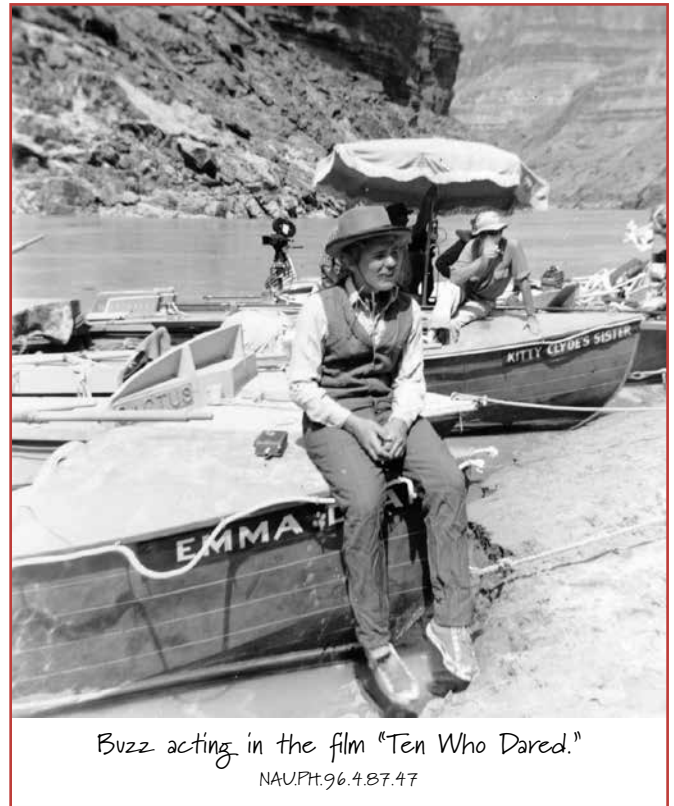


Buzz as Seneca Howland. Ballard Atherton (Pug Atherton's brother) as Frank Goodman. This photo was taken at end of trip—Gods Pocket, Lake Mead.
Date: 1959
Photo: (Disney photographer)

when it came down, he came down so hard that he got a compound fracture of his leg. When they put him up on the beach, they thought he was far enough away, and then they built kind of a tarp tent-structure over him. But the river started rising, so I spent a lot of time later that afternoon and into the evening, kind of building a dike around, just to keep the water away from him; just a small fluctuation, but it was enough to make a difference where we were there. The next morning that helicopter came in and took Bill out. We went on down to Boulder City, but I had not driven any of the jet boats at that point. I had made myself very useful on the trip, just helping around the camp. They had the four boats at that point, and just beefing them up quite a bit. And I, once again, just made myself very useful in helping with all of that. Dock asked me if I wanted to drive one of the boats. That was quite a moment, and I said, "Sure!" [For a fuller account of the downrun, see Phil Smith's article and the interview with Jon Hamilton in the Spring 2010 BQR.]

QUARTAROLI: What was that experience like? You probably had been drivin' a boat longer than you'd been drivin' a car, at that point.

BELKNAP: Oh of course. We left Boulder City and we got the boats all together and drove on up. I remember always having butterflies. I felt good about driving, but was always just a little anxious about never having



Buzz acting in the film "Ten Who Dared."
NAUPH.96.4.B7.47

driven one of the boats. But the boats were easy to drive, compared to other boats, and actually driving up through the rapids there gave you time to pause, look around, so you could decide where you were gonna go next.

QUARTAROLI: What was the feeling? [Mile] 232 was a pretty good starter for you, to challenge that one and get up. Do you remember details about specific rapids and how you approached them.

BELKNAP: I really don't. Actually, some of the really larger rapids, Jon Hamilton drove the boat up for me. Of course he drove all four boats up through Vulcan, and probably 205 I didn't drive. Horn Creek I didn't drive. There were probably a couple of others. But I remember some of the rapids you'd just get up and stop at one point and look around, decide what you were gonna do, and go on up.

QUARTAROLI: Did you have any close calls when you thought maybe you were gonna hit a rock? Or a possible flip or something?

BELKNAP: It's interesting, I just didn't have any feelings [like that]. I did, a couple of times, got kind of pushed off to one side or another, kind of nosing into a wave. My copilot was Ed I'Anson, and he'd been on a lot of trips with Dock. He would kind of point out what he thought, directions and things too, in driving. But we did lose one of the boats in Grapevine. That was the boat that had been driven by Fireball Young.

He was a driver from the Turbocraft Company. Seems like every rock in the river was a magnet to him. But we got up to Grapevine and he was the third boat to go up, and I was at the bottom of the rapid, and he started up and he nosed into a wave. At that point I guess he'd hit enough rocks that the deck was loose. Just nosing into a wave, just like opening a car hood. They started just drifting down—he obviously was sinking pretty fast. Jim Bechtel and Fireball floated out and I picked 'em up, and then the other two boats came down. We went back down to Phantom and reorganized for a day, and then left and went on up to Lees Ferry. That was quite an experience. [For a fuller account of the uprun, see Buzz's story in this issue.]

QUARTAROLI: The only successful up-run. Pretty amazing. You said they're easy to drive. What's the difference between drivin' a jet boat and drivin' those Smith Crafts that Dock had?

BELKNAP: One thing, the steering is all based on the jet unit, and deflecting the jet unit on those boats.

So if you did lose power, you had no control of the steering—that was the big difference. And they would, of course, turn on a dime, you know. You could flip 'em around very quickly.

QUARTAROLI: Did you lose power in the run?

BELKNAP: No, never did. And then the Turbocraft Company, after that, they said, "Okay, you can just keep the boat down in Boulder City." So we did and used it to water ski behind for a couple of years

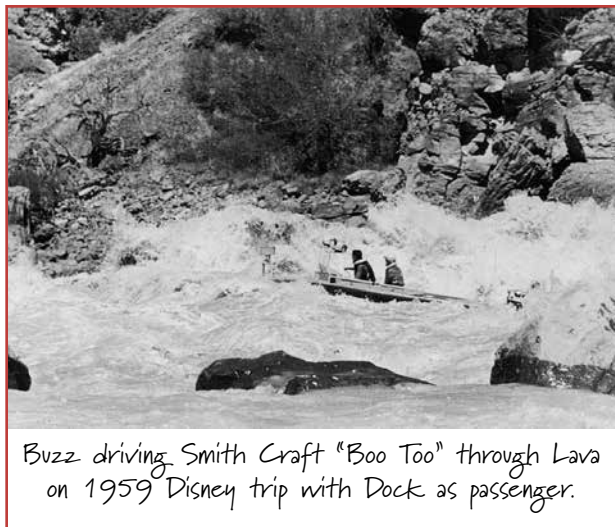
in the summertimes. Now it's over there at the South Rim. It's interesting; we had it for several years, then the Park Service at Lake Mead, I think at one point they thought maybe they would have a museum or something, so it did go into the Park Service warehouse. Somehow, it disappeared for a number of years.

Then I guess the next trip was the low-water trip in 1963. That was when they closed off the gates of Glen Canyon to start filling Lake Powell. In the early summer we had gone up into the lower end of the Canyon. We didn't have any idea of doing any kind of boating trip at that point down in the Grand Canyon, but went upstream in our Smith Craft, and some other people went up with us, just for a weekend. It was so beautiful up there, 1,000 second feet of water coming down,

crystal clear, and we went up to Gneiss Canyon. It was just so beautiful, that small little stream. That's where I think the inspiration came, just looking at that: Wouldn't that be neat to come down the river under those conditions?

My dad and I had seen just one of these Sportyaks at the Lake Mead Marina that was used as just a little tender to get out to the bigger boats and stuff like that. My father contacted, I guess it was Jerry Buening. He was the owner and manufacturer of it—the Sportyak—and asked if he could borrow one, just to take it up in the lower end, and we'd test it out and see if it would hold up. We went back up to Gneiss Canyon, and spent a day trying to destroy the boat. (chuckles) It held up really well. My father got in touch and asked Jerry Buening if he could get—I think we got six boats total. My father contacted the Park Service to see about taking comparison shots, low-water shots, and got a contract to do that. We had the Segerbloms—Cliff Segerblom and then his son and

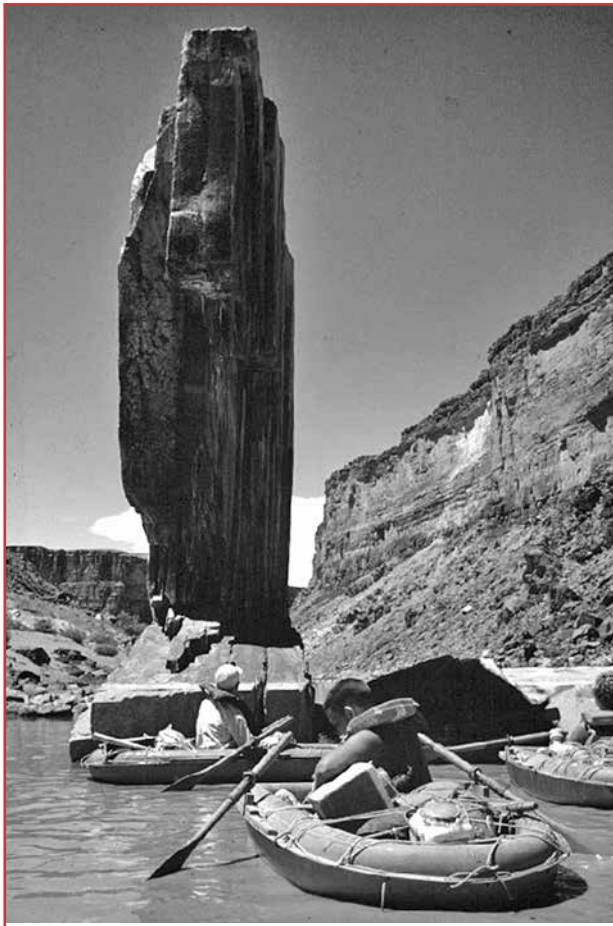
daughter, Tick and Robin, who were on the trip, and Mack Miller and Dock and myself. We got to Lees Ferry, and the Paria River had just started flooding, just this massive amount of mud coming in. So we never saw any clear water that whole trip. This beautiful stream and river that we'd seen—thought it would be so great—and it was just thick. The water just sounded different, you know, with that much mud in it, heavy. I think we figured the trip would



Buzz driving Smith Craft "Boo Too" through Lava on 1959 Disney trip with Dock as passenger.

probably take us a couple of weeks, but got down there, and there were so many more rapids in that low water. Each of those rapids acted like dams, and you had these long lakes behind 'em, with lots of rowing. You've got an up-canyon wind, so it was really slow going. We got down to Phantom Ranch and the Segerbloms, because the trip was taking a lot longer than anticipated, decided that they would have to leave, and their Sportyaks were taken out on mules.

Of course, for drinking water, in the evening we'd pull one of the boats up and just bail it full of water, and the next morning there'd be a couple inches of pure water at the top that we'd take off and store that for a day. The mud, I can just remember it caking on your legs—you'd have to keep using lotion or some-



Ten Mile Rock.

Photo: Bill Belknap NAU.PH.96.4.102.16

thing to keep your skin from drying out so much. We lined quite a few of the rapids. We tried portaging; we did one portage—I think that was either Badger or Soap Creek. After that one portage, we never did another one again. We ended up lining a lot of the rapids. That was also a little hard because of so much silt along the banks and everything; the rocks were really slippery.

I remember John Riffey, he was the Park ranger out there at Toroweap, and he was going to keep an eye out for us. We'd gotten farther and farther behind, and he could not find us. I think it was three or four days that he was looking for us with his plane. He was flying at 10,000-feet, so high up that nobody could see us. We finally found this one pile of driftwood that just was the size of a house. We lit that, and smoke went half-way up the Canyon, up thousands of feet, you know. He did finally spot us after that.

My father spent a lot of time, because he had pictures from the earlier trips, from Dock's trip, probably the 1950 trip. '54 was the low-water trip. Quite a few things from the 1950 high-water stuff. We'd find those

same locations and then he'd take comparison shots. We were spending an *awful* lot of time double and triple bagging things in these large waterproof bags, lashing everything in. Later on, my father developed the Yakpaks that were just a container that had a lid and they were fastened into the boat, and my father developed the splash shields on those Sportyaks, too, which we didn't have on that trip, and so we were bailing a lot.

QUARTAROLI: Did your dad work with Jerry Buening, so that he incorporated some changes into the Sportyaks?

BELKNAP: Not into the basic Sportyak. These were just accessories. He found somebody, I think in Utah or Las Vegas, to manufacture the Yakpaks. They were molded and could fit into the Sportyak, and then just had one big circular lid to pull off and put all your gear in there. The splash shields—that helped a lot. And one of the other things, the compartments were just air-filled before—I mean the original Sportyaks. Get a hole, and then you start getting water inside the compartment there. That was a problem. Another thing my father later did was to blast the Sportyaks full of foam, so if you got a hole in the Sportyak you weren't going to fill the inner compartment [with water].

So that trip I think ended up close to a month. It was a long trip. I remember *Argosy* magazine did an article. My dad did the photographs, and I guess he probably wrote it, too. But I guess in that year there were only, I think, seven [or eight] people that went down the Grand Canyon.

QUARTAROLI: And you were four of 'em. So far, you've had this whole variety of trips, when you look at 'em: jet boats, the only up-run, low-water Sportyaks, drivin' at ten or twelve years old.

BELKNAP: Every one was very different.

QUARTAROLI: Every one was pretty unique in some way in those days.

BELKNAP: I guess just thinking back, you'd mentioned that '54 was kind of the cutoff for the 200TH person to go down. It wasn't a full trip for me, of course, but just to be with that trip, that period of time when I don't think that many people had gone down. That's pretty amazing. But that Sportyak trip, the rapids were just—I mean, boulder fields with water just trickling down, or running down around the boulders, a lot of those.

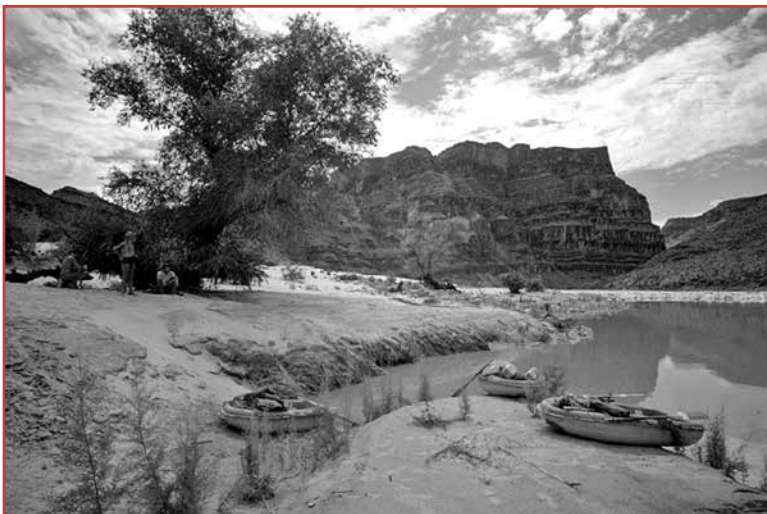
QUARTAROLI: What year did you go up in Cataract Canyon in the Sportyaks?

BELKNAP: Probably maybe either '64, '65, somewhere in there. Dock was gonna look for the "D. Julien" [Denis Julien] inscription—wanted to find it before it got



Buzz Belknap navigates his way through Hance Rapid on a 1963 Sportyak trip through the Grand Canyon.

Photo: Bill Belknap NAU.PH.96.4.103.37



Lunch stop on 1963 trip at Granite Park.

Photo: Bill Belknap NAU.PH.96.4.105.65

covered up by Lake Powell. He pretty well pinpointed it through all of his research. I think it was spring break, because I was in college at the time. But we had wet suits—I think we might have even had a dry suit with a wet suit—it was just extremely cold.

QUARTAROLI: Dock and you and your dad?

BELKNAP: My dad and Jorgen Visbak [river runner and friend from Boulder City]. We got down and Dock was able to pinpoint that “D. Julien” inscription. But it was funny, I don’t know if you ever remember *My Weekly Reader*. That was written up in there. I remember looking at it and then trying to take the little quiz at the end. I got one or two questions wrong. It was funny to be on the trip.

I guess another interesting trip was in, I believe, 1965 when I’d taken a year off from college, and between my sophomore and junior year, and went down to the Antarctic as a field assistant. It was through Phil Smith and Bill Austin who I’d met on the jet trip. They asked me if I’d like to come do that. After I got back in February, from the Antarctic, I had some time. Also, I learned to fly from Earl Leseberg [Lake Mead Air; see Winter 2005–2006 BQR]. I had to go pick up a car one day at Peach Springs or someplace, so on the way up he asked me if I’d like to try flying the plane a little. The next day he had me out to the airport, taking lessons. That was a fun experience, to learn to fly. I learned in a Piper Aeronca, a taildragger; it has a stick. You start the plane by pulling the prop—propping it. I did get my commercial license, so I did do some commercial flights for Earl, just sightseeing things up the Grand Canyon. That was fun, because there were no regulations on flying to altitude. We would take passengers and come up the lower end of the Canyon and fly right over the forest area and then just drop down and descend 4,000 feet into the Canyon, fly on down to Lake Mead. Then also in April, we decided to do a Sportyak trip, from Whitmore on down into Lake Mead. It was Dock Marston, and I invited John Evans, who I’d met in the Antarctic, if he’d like to try a river trip, so he said sure. Mack Miller was gonna go along; he was on the ’63 trip with my dad. We got the Sportyaks and got out to Whitmore and looked down. We were expecting, I don’t know, maybe 8,000–10,000, but I think it was run-

ning 40,000 [second feet]. Mack Miller, at that point, bailed. But we took the Sportyaks, Dock, my dad, and John, and went on down. Dock didn’t carry one down, but I think between John and myself and my dad, we carried and got all the boats down there, carried ’em down to the river, down the trail. That water was just way too high for Sportyaks, because of the turbulence. John was always getting sucked into a whirlpool and flipped, so we called ’em “Evans suckies.” Dock did really well in not turning over, until we got down in the lower end, down about the 230s. Dock did finally have one flip. I was really concerned about it, because I knew what we were going to be getting into down in the 230s [Dock was 71 at the time]. So I suggested that

we tie all four boats together and make one unit. Dock always believed in having backups, more than one boat and everything. He didn't really think that was the best idea, and I remember it was around noontime when we decided to do this. I'd been on a lot of trips with Dock, but I never saw him get his log out and start writing in a diary, his log, in the middle of the day, as though it might be his last entry. (laughter) But it was a good decision, and the boats just weren't affected as much, as one unit tied together—two in the front, two in the back, and then those were tied together.

QUARTAROLI: You used driftwood logs to stiffen 'em up?

BELKNAP: Uh-huh, and then after we got down in the upper part of the lake, there were sand waves, just seemed to go on for twenty, thirty miles. And the lake was really low. There was current even down into Iceberg Canyon, I think. Jimmy Jordan came up and picked us up from that trip.

QUARTAROLI: John Evans, of course, stuck around a little bit. I guess that the first river trip was okay enough.

BELKNAP: Yeah. The next summer [June, 1966], "Tippy" [Walter Meayer] Edwards, who worked for the *National Geographic*, had an assignment to do an article on Lake Powell. He asked me if I would organize the boating. I guess the Turbocraft Company got a couple—my dad was working with me too on this—but got a couple Turbocraft jet boats. I called John Evans and asked him if he'd like to come out and be part of that little month-long expedition on Lake Powell. It was when the lake was still coming up. He said sure and drove one of the boats around the lake, and I was driving the other one. My mom and dad were there on the trip, and Tippy Edwards, and my sister, Loie. She'd never met John before, and that was where they met, on Lake Powell. It was another year or two and they were married.

QUARTAROLI: You guys had been in Antarctica, and you said you were a field assistant there? What kind of stuff were you doing, and what was John doing down there?

BELKNAP: John had been down a few years, had already done a few years in the Antarctic before I got down there. I was at Byrd Station, which was inland [established by the U.S. Navy during the International Geophysical Year, 1957–58]. Just helped out with a lot of different scientific programs, where they needed help. We laid out a long wire antenna, which was, I think three or four miles long, on the snow surface. Doing the VLF [Very Low Frequency], listening for the low-frequency signals that are generated through thunderstorms in the Northern Hemisphere. I also

showed the VIP's around the station when they'd come in. At Byrd Station, the new station, they dug these tunnels and then covered 'em over, so we were living in some tunnels with buildings inside those tunnels. It was unique. We did get a lot of visitors up there to see it. And I helped out with communications of people who were coming and going from the station. A lot of different little activities like that. It was minus seventy degrees when I first got down there [and stayed] about three months, the summertime.

QUARTAROLI: And John was doing what? Is he a climber too?

BELKNAP: Oh yeah, he's done a lot. He was at McMurdo Station, which is 800 miles away on the coastline there, on the main supply base [established by the U.S. in 1956 on the southern tip of Ross Island]. He's been on Everest two times. Never quite got to the top. I think he was involved in some rescues there on Everest, too.

QUARTAROLI: So he evidently quit that work, after he met Loie up on Lake Powell in '65.

BELKNAP: Yeah, he actually went to work for Outward Bound for quite a few years, I believe. He went to work for a bank in Denver as an executive banker, and then he got back into the Antarctic support activities, Raytheon that he's currently working at.

QUARTAROLI: Then where did the Sportyaks and your dad... Who-all was involved with the Fastwater Expeditions, with runnin' Sportyaks up on the Green?

BELKNAP: My dad just loved the Sportyaks, and he, I think started doing the Desolation trips. Got the boats together and organized the commercial trips. I'd gone in the Navy and had moved away and was in Hawaii. So I was not really too much involved with that part of it. But I did come back and do a couple Desolation trips. He really loved those Sportyak trips.

QUARTAROLI: Maybe you could explain a little of the philosophy behind your dad doing those.

BELKNAP: He wanted people to really experience and get involved in running their own boat. It was life-changing for a lot of people. They just loved those trips. Desolation Canyon was kind of ideal, the way it started off slowly and built up. It was a good training area for the first few days, and then you got into the larger rapids. He ran Desolation Canyon and ran the San Juan and the Dolores. I never did do either the San Juan or the Dolores.

QUARTAROLI: Then everybody carried their own gear in a Sportyak and carried some of the camp gear too?

BELKNAP: Just their personal stuff. I think he did run *some* trips without the support boat—maybe smaller trips with more experienced people. I guess one of the Sportyak trips that I did, I did run the support boat

in Desolation. Then Loie, my sister, got very involved with the Sportyak trips. Leading those trips, too. She can fill you in on the details there on that.

QUARTAROLI: Did you finish a college degree? You said you took a year off.

BELKNAP: I had a major in business finance. My sophomore year I kind of had a sophomore slump, took that year off and that kind of rejuvenated me and made me see things in a different light. I came back and got a 3.4 or 3.6 average for those last two years, so I was very focused.

QUARTAROLI: And in the Navy what did you do?

BELKNAP: I was a Naval aviator and a navigator and flew on the P3 Orions, and actually I was what they called a tactical coordinator on those. We were mainly looking for submarines, and they had all this electronic gear, these sound buoys that we could drop in a pattern in the water, and the buoys would drop down a microphone and transmit up to the airplane, and we could listen for different engine noises and that type of thing, and had other types of what they called MAD, Magnetic Anomaly Detection. A P3 with the long stinger tail had that type of gear in it. But the Vietnam War was winding down, and they were looking for encouraging “early outs.” I was only in for about three and a half years, then when I got out, I just decided to stay in Hawaii.

QUARTAROLI: About that time was the river guides.

BELKNAP: Yeah, well, actually when I was in the Navy, down in San Diego, and it was 1968 I would go up to Boulder City—it wasn’t that far. One weekend I was up in Boulder City and just had the “Plan and Profile” maps [*Plan and Profile, Colorado River from Lees Ferry, Arizona, to Black Canyon, Arizona-Nevada*, from the 1923 USGS Birdseye Survey]. I don’t know how it happened, but I just thought, as I was talking to my dad, it’d be fun to put together a folding map of the Grand Canyon. I just started xeroxing these sections and cutting ’em up and pasting ’em together. I’d also run into a friend down in San Diego, Doc Orris [Dr. Bill Orris, later with Scripps Institute], and he said he had a friend in Riverside who was a printer, and he could take me up one weekend and introduce me to Eben Dale [O.C. Dale’s father]. I showed Eben the prototype dummy of the river guide, and Eben was so enthusiastic. That’s the kind of person he was. He said, “Sure. Let’s see what—I can help you put it together and that type of thing.” Because I didn’t have any graphic arts experience at that point. I sent Eben the “Plan and Profiles” and he reduced ’em down because they were just too large to fit in the format that we were looking at. So then we got these Velox [photographic paper, pronounce vee-lox] prints, and I just xeroxed those

again, and then just kept pasting up revisions of dummies. By that time I had been moved up to Mountain View [California] in the Navy, in the training period process. My dad came over for a weekend and stayed there at my apartment, I think, for two or three weeks, actually working on helping put the guide together. Dock Marston, of course, lived over in Berkeley, just across the [San Francisco] Bay; went over and visited him quite a bit. He was so helpful with photographs and all his research material. My dad spent a lot of time helping in the production work, because I was—being in the Navy, I didn’t have a lot of extra time. Got it all put together and took it back down to Riverside to Eben Dale. They did some finishing touches on it, and he had found this Texoprint paper [still made by Neenah Paper Inc.], that waterproof paper, and went ahead and printed. I can’t remember what our first print run was. I remember Eben being so excited about the paper and testing it, and rubbing it in the mud, and sticking it in an oven, and just having a good time with it—just to see if he could destroy it. It seemed to work really well. And then for that first book, he went to a tentmaker for the binding, and just had ’em sew it right across, through the center of the book. Of course that was ’69, spring; I think he actually had it printed by probably May or June of ’69, just in time for the Powell centennial.

QUARTAROLI: I met Eben when we had your dad’s [exhibit opening at the Cline Library in 1997]. I don’t know whether he told me this story then, but someone was making a delivery, and they had a bunch of ’em in the back of a pickup in a rainstorm, and inadvertently tested the waterproofness of the paper by just having ’em all exposed to the rain.

BELKNAP: Exactly, yeah.

QUARTAROLI: Do I remember that correctly?

BELKNAP: I’m not sure, because I wasn’t involved in that part.

QUARTAROLI: He had some boxes of ’em in the back of a truck, deliverin’ ’em to Salt Lake.

BELKNAP: It always was a good excuse for him to take trips from southern California, up to Boulder City, up to Salt Lake.

QUARTAROLI: Did he get on the river then? Did he get enthused? I know his son did.

BELKNAP: Exactly. That’s amazing. Eben did, I guess after O.C. went to work for Grand Canyon Expeditions—his son. He had his mom and dad, Eben and Dorothy, go down quite a few trips in the Grand Canyon. I could just remember Eben yelling, “River trip!” He was such a fun person, so enthusiastic, and such a support to what we were doing. The book was pretty much the same as we produced in the early

'70s on the Dinosaur, Desolation, and Canyonlands guides. Eben printed all of those, too. But then when my father passed away in '86, at that point we didn't do any more graphics to those basic books. Then my mother thought it would be a good idea to upgrade the Grand Canyon guide and encouraged me to work on that. She passed away in September of '88, but she'd arranged for me to go see George Billingsley, to talk about the geology, and Meribeth Riffey [for natural history], which we did, to get some additional sections into the book. Loie, after my mom passed away, that's when she got really involved in the publishing, and took over the distribution, and became president of the company and everything. I guess it was '89 when she came over to Hawaii, because I had my graphics arts production work over there, and spent quite a bit of time just working to put a lot of these new sections together. At that point we redid the maps. We took out the old "Plan and Profile" maps and got the U.S. 1:24,000 quad maps. And I got the negative separations from the USGS for getting just the contours, and spent months opaqueing away the outer contours on those and stripping them together and making Veloxes and shooting those down. We had the latest maps at that point in there, so that new edition with the new maps and the new sections was published in '89. That was the beginning of the computer age; some of the sections were computerized, other parts were still paste-up—you know, the map sections and that—so it was a combination of paste-up and computer work.

It was probably four years ago... We'd been printing the books in Denver, at Eastwood Printing Company. I had been working on printing some other books for some clients in China. We thought it would just be a good idea because the cost was just skyrocketing—we wanted to move to the four-color process, because they were two-color. We decided to completely digitize the books, make 'em completely electronic. We did the Desolation and Dinosaur—those were the first two that we totally converted to four-color. And I wanted to get some shaded relief in, and the learning curve was so high, that we stuck with just the older contour maps on those. I finally got working with the shaded relief on some of the different computer programs and really kind of developed that. We were able to generate shaded relief in the contours, and put all that together electronically into its current form. It took a good year and a half to really develop that. I was working with—it's funny, a lot of that software can cost \$2,500 for a program or something, but I found a simple Mac application and started working with that, and working with Photoshop and putting all these different layers together in Photoshop from taking stuff out

of the digital elevation model program and combining it. Then I was able to have complete control in Photoshop, of the intensity of the layers and the way I wanted it to go together. The new guides are just all printed over in China, and so much more efficient, the operation. I would get one book together and take the files with me and get to the plant. It was about 100 miles from Hong Kong, and I'd get there on a Monday morning and by Wednesday they would have one book printed—just amazing. Loie has done such a wonderful job of coordinating so much of the new material and contacting people and really getting that together.

QUARTAROLI: What other kind of graphic work were you doing?

BELKNAP: After doing the *Grand Canyon River Guide*, in the seventies I did quite a bit of map work in Hawaii, did some street directories. We did a lot of election maps for the lieutenant governor's office, did some stuff for the Army Corps of Engineers. About 1979 or '80, I bought a process camera to start shooting my own Veloxes and negatives for the map work that I was doing. People heard that I had that camera, and people started asking me—the advertising agencies and graphic designers—if I could shoot things for 'em. So that turned into a business, graphic camera service business: film Veloxes, stats, that type of thing. In about '88 or '89 when the computers came along, I bought some electronic image setters, the linotype. They just produced the film electronically from computer files, do color separation work—number of advertising agencies and clients in Hawaii and actually on the mainland that we were doing film separations for.

QUARTAROLI: What's a Velox? You've mentioned that a couple of times.

BELKNAP: A Velox is a photographic print from a negative, basically. I could shoot a negative and then contact it with a photographic paper and make it. It's kind of a heavy mat finish. They were used for doing paste-ups, that type of thing. [Velox, registered by Kodak, is a high contrast black and white paper used for print or proof purposes. The generic term commonly refers to a positive photographic print made from a screen negative.]

QUARTAROLI: You'd said the first river guide you were xeroxing and putting together, and Eben did the Velox of that.

BELKNAP: Right. So he'd reduce the "Plan and Profiles," shot 'em as negatives, and then contact 'em to a photographic paper, which in the graphic arts industry is called a Velox. Those were cut up and pasted on paste-up boards and then rubylith [masking film] overlays were laid down—overlays where you cut the

rubylith to separate out the color for the river pattern, that type of thing. Rapidograph pens—those were used a lot—the old ink pens. It was pretty amazing to see the before-computer era. Some of the maps I did were pretty technical, with lots of overlays, then cutting these rubyliths and drawing with the Rapidographs. It could take a day or two of separating it into the film separations and doing all the screenings and getting the colors. Now the computer just automatically does that (snaps fingers) in a heartbeat. You really appreciate it, when you've been through the older, conventional ways of producing things.

QUARTAROLI: Do you still have any of those prototypes lying around? What size? Were you always going for an ammo-can size? Because “Plan and Profiles” were larger, you had to reduce 'em to what you have now, which fits the ammo-can. What was the size when you had those originals?

BELKNAP: We always were working with that 5½ x 8½ size, from day one. Just folded over a letter size sheet of paper in half, and that gives you a 5½ x 8½.

QUARTAROLI: You weren't goin' for the ammo-can size, then?

BELKNAP: Right. And we originally laid the book out upside down, so the river was flowing as you're seeing it. We felt it was too unconventional to have a book open from the bottom up, so we switched it around. It was my dad who really felt that was important, with a conventional way of opening a book. He thought it was too far out to have it the other way. It's just interesting that now the last update of the *Grand Canyon Guide* we put in the camping sites, and made the new USGS [GCMRC] mileage points more visible. But to be able to now transmit electronically all the files to the printer in China, and that happens in a matter of maybe an hour and a half, the whole book, that's just so amazing. And then just to be able to make .pdf files that the printer can use, where there's no chance of type changing and missing fonts, that type of thing.

QUARTAROLI: And you're doing similar things to the other three guides, bringing those up to date, too.

BELKNAP: Right, those have all had the shaded relief. We've spent a major amount of time in the last three years, so I think we've got 'em up to speed. There'll always be fine tuning. But we're working on the website, putting in a lot of resources and supplemental things to the guides—just to support and enhance the guides.

* * *

QUARTAROLI: We mentioned a couple of personalities at lunch, but we haven't said much about your mom, about Fran [Frances Spencer Belknap]. Did

she get involved with the river trips, with your dad's photography business, river guides, printed guides, anything like that?

BELKNAP: Yeah, she did, but just to back up a little bit, she grew up at the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. Her father, my grandfather, was the manager for the Hopi House, working for Fred Harvey—that was a wonderful place for her to grow up. She did a lot of, on those early trips, a lot of support, and helping get the food together on Dock's early trips. I can remember our front porch being just always cans, all the meals' groceries and things being sorted. But she got involved with the Fastwater Expeditions, going on a number of those trips, the Sportyak trips, and really loved it—rowing her own boat and everything.

QUARTAROLI: What about Grand Canyon trips?

BELKNAP: Actually, she and my dad joined forces with Ron [Smith] for a few years at Grand Canyon Expeditions. She, I think, went on some of the Grand Canyon Expedition trips.

QUARTAROLI: When you say “joined forces,” were they...

BELKNAP: Well, Ron asked my dad if he'd like to become part of Grand Canyon Expeditions at one point. It was, I would say, more of a trial basis, and I think that it was a good experience, and my dad had a lot to offer—and my mom too—helping Ron in the early days. Then I think we got into doing the publishing, and my dad had more of an interest in the individual Sportyaks and that type of river running.

QUARTAROLI: Georgie's [White or Clark] name came up at lunch. You had one little story about Georgie. We'll go over that, plus any other occasions when you ran into her.

BELKNAP: She was always coming through Boulder with her trips, and my dad had gotten to know her pretty well, and so she'd stop at our house after her early trips; she was based, I guess, in Las Vegas. I was just telling you about Georgie when she had an upset, my dad always said she would say she was on a picture set, and when she'd describe one of her boats turning over, doing a little more daring run or whatever. She was always fun. I think this is a postcard I had from Georgie at one point.

QUARTAROLI: This is July 3, 1961. She was still based in Los Angeles. [Reading from the postcard:] “Woman of the River, Georgie White. Hello, I tried to call you when I finished last trip. Boatmen are set up about November for the following year, so I didn't need you this year. Are you interested in 1962? Georgie.” And what happened after that year?

BELKNAP: That was after the jet trip, and then '63, of course, they cut the water off. I hadn't seen that until

I was looking through the boxes of photos and stuff. I didn't even remember that I had that, until a few days ago.

QUARTAROLI: Do you remember...the jet boat trip was going upstream, and Georgie was going downstream, you met at Elves Chasm.

BELKNAP: We did. That was quite a meeting. She didn't want to believe or admit that we had actually gone up Vulcan. I think she claimed that we had hauled the boats up, or this or that or whatever—that they definitely had not been driven up. So I know there's some great pictures my dad took there on the beach at Elves Chasm of Georgie and Dock and Jon Hamilton, and I guess Jim Bechtel, talking to Georgie, probably saying, "Yes we did!" "No you didn't!" But that was a classic meeting. [See back cover photo.]

QUARTAROLI: What about other personalities?

BELKNAP: I remember going up with my dad when Bill Beer and John Daggett came down. We went up to Pearce Ferry. I think the water was low, so that the river was just running through the Pearce Ferry area. We went up and we were the ones who met the swimmers, Beer and Daggett. That was quite a meeting. Now we've got a couple of great pictures and one in the river guide, about that meeting.

Of course my dad met so many river parties. A lot of time I probably just wasn't aware of all of 'em that he did meet. He got some great pictures of the Nevills, Norm and his wife, on his early trips—meeting him there at the upper end of Lake Mead.

QUARTAROLI: Do you have any idea how he managed to be there? Because it seemed like every trip that came off, your dad was up there taking a picture.

BELKNAP: Well, he just loved the lower end of the Grand Canyon, and Lake Mead. I'm just sure Dock advised him of anything that he knew, too—trips coming through.

QUARTAROLI: You talked about your dad with his love of the lower end of the Canyon. You were around boating and swimming and water-based, and it obviously rubbed off on you with all the trips you were doin', startin' out young. What pulled you into that? What was the attraction of doing river trips, or being on the water?

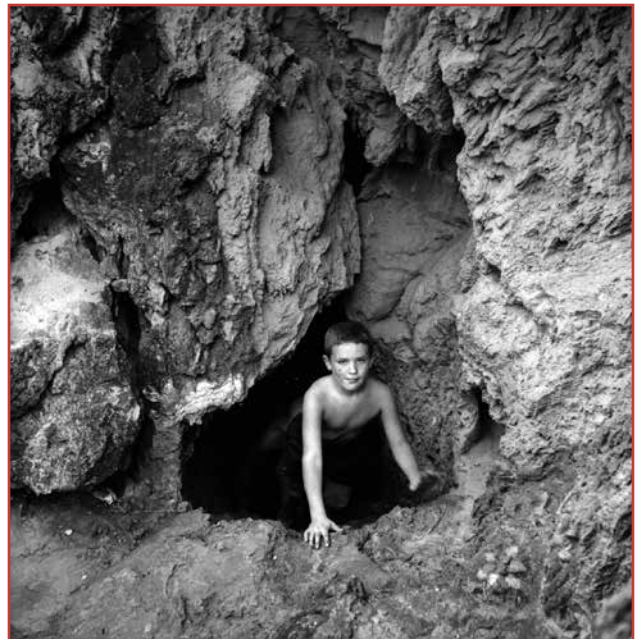
BELKNAP: Just loved the water. Meeting Michael Kabotie [Hopi artist and son of Hopi artist Fred Kabotie; Bill Belknap assisted with Fred's autobiography] again yesterday—he came down to Boulder City a couple of times when he was quite young, to learn to swim when he was ten or twelve. But he reminded me, he said, "You were just always in the water, like a fish." I guess just that love of being around and in the water. [Loie recounts that Buzz spent some time at very dry

Hopi with Michael, and in order to get wet he would have to jump into a horse trough.]

QUARTAROLI: You kind of grew up at the Grand Canyon, too, because of your grandparents. Was there an attraction to the Grand Canyon, or to the Colorado River specifically other than just as kind of natural habitat for you?

BELKNAP: I guess just sort of like being in our backyard, really. We made so many trips up in the lower end of the Canyon, just on weekends or whatever. I guess being all those trips in the lower end, and then Dock finally asked me if I'd like to join his trip. I just got hooked on it.

My dad did a lot of hikes, too, in the lower end of the Canyon. I remember him taking me down to Supai when I was in third grade—I had to take a week off from school. He wrote a letter to the teacher, asking—she thought it sounded like a great thing. It was Jorgen Visbak, and my dad and I hiked down to Supai. We got down below Havasu Falls and it started raining—it was one of those 500-year floods. I guess the bridges washed out and it was just a torrent of water coming down Supai for a couple of days. Do you know where Carbonate Canyon is, the side canyon below the falls? We got up there and found a big cave that first night. The water in that little side canyon was just wall-to-wall, and we were up probably another fifteen feet above it, and rocks were coming off the cliffs above us—pretty spectacular. We were trapped down



Trip to Supai with J. Visbak, E. Zysk and Buzz Belknap, on trail leading down to Mooney Falls.

Photo: Bill Belknap NAU.PH.96.4.1.1.130

there for a few days. I remember there was somebody who had some camps down there—or he brought tourists down. He had all these cowboy candy bars—they were a coconut-type candy bar, so we ate those for about two days, because we had not planned to be down there that long. That was, I guess, probably '52.

We did a trip down Quartermaster—hiking trip—down Meriwhitica and Spencer. We hiked down from the rim, Thunder River, coming down from the north side. That was with an Explorer [Scout] post he had. We did the hike down with the Explorer post, down to Phantom, and there was a hike down on Emery Falls, the upper part, coming down from the rim on that side. There was a lot of early fifties hiking.

QUARTAROLI: You were too young to be an Explorer, so you were just taggin' along?

BELKNAP: I was sort of like the mascot. I know so many of those Explorers meant so much to him—all these incredible hikes my dad took 'em on. Today they're still talking about that it really changed their lives, things he did for 'em.

QUARTAROLI: Dock has come up quite a bit in here. He's a seminal figure in this time period for river trips. He did contribute so much to it. He organized a lot of 'em, but then he was still an active participant while he was on the trip. What was Dock like on the trip?

BELKNAP: He always seemed really so well organized. He drove the early trips on the *Boo II*, he was driving that boat, the Chris-Craft. I always found him just a wonderful person. There were never, on any of the trips that I was on, I never saw any conflicts or words really. Everything was always just really well managed and run, and just lots of fun. I never saw, and I've heard later comments, this and that, about Dock, but on the trips they were just always wonderful trips, very professional. I know sometimes in the correspondence with my dad I think he would raise some little things. There would be some little controversy here and there, but my dad would always just be able to let it drop, and the problem would disappear. Of course that '63 Sportyak trip he was seventy years-old. That was a month long, and being down there in the Canyon, lining the rapids, he was doing his own lining. He was always unloading camp gear and everything. He was an early riser. The meals were well planned, and his scheduling.



Seven Explorers of Post 5, Boulder City, Nevada along with post advisor, Bill Belknap, post assistant advisor, Wally Wallis and mascot, Buzzy Belknap, explore ancient Meriwhitica Sites. Expedition members pose with their packs near Meriwhitica Spring, 1955.
NAUPT96.4.70.96

QUARTAROLI: I know I saw some things with the Bohemian Club, with their hijinks and plays they put on. It seemed like he enjoyed having a good time. What was his sense of humor like?

BELKNAP: He just seemed to have a, I always felt, a good sense of humor. He would always like his scotch after dinner and things, loosened up a little after dinner. He never, on those trips I don't think he ever—he never overdid it in his drinking. I understand he might have in later years.

QUARTAROLI: Was he a practical joker?

BELKNAP: I can't remember anything. But Garth, his son, was on a couple of trips, and he was a total practical joker; I'm sure that he must have gotten some of that from his dad. I remember on one trip, Dock had—it was after dinner—put his bedroll a little too close to the kitchen. My dad was finishing the dishes. He had the five-gallon dish rinse, and threw it out, hit Dock. He came roaring up out of his sleeping bag. Soaked the sleeping bag. But he didn't—that was just no big deal.

QUARTAROLI: Was he pretty adaptable on the river? I read some things, when they first took down the outboards, and problems with steering cables, and performance—what he would do for the next trip. He always had suggestions for someone else's trip on equipment. What was he like when he ran into problems on the river?

BELKNAP: He always was talking about contingency

plans and backups and two motors, multiple boats. Actually, there was one trip, and maybe it was in '57, I wasn't along, but one of the boats was not tied up properly. They were looking at the rapid, and here came the boat down the rapid. After that it was always two lines on each boat, and that type of thing. I have one of my letters here from Dock, one of my assignments was to be sure that there were two lines on the boats, and double check the boats every night to be sure they were totally secured. This was in 1958, so it must have been the 1957 trip. "Dear Buzz, will be good to have you aboard. Enclosed is a running schedule and some suggestions on clothing. There are not many 'musts' on the crews. One is that we all must wear life preservers when the boats are under way. There's a special need that the mooring of the boats be checked at every landing. Your special assignment is to check the mooring on your boat immediately after reaching shore, then check those of the other two craft. Night moorings require two lines on each boat."

* * *

You might not get the impression that self-effacing "Buzzy," the guy silently standing off to the side at the GTS, had been on so many important Grand Canyon river trips, and at such a young age. Not one to want to talk about himself, it took a Belknap clan gathering at Cliff Dweller's Lodge the second day to hear some family stories and Buzz-specific incidences. Buzz's wife, Jodi Parry Belknap, and Buzz's sister, Loie Belknap Evans, joined Buzz for some raucous family tales of growing up in Boulder City and antics on the river and Lake Mead. Jodi's family and the Belknaps were close friends; Jodi assisted with the very first "Buzzmap," and continues to partner with Buzz in their publishing and graphic design businesses in Hawaii. Loie, whose name originated because Buzz couldn't say Laura, runs the Westwater Books wholesale operation in Colorado. By the way, Buzz came by his nickname because of his dad's admiration for Buzz Holmstrom. [These interviews, plus a later one with Loie, are part of GCRG's Adopt-a-Boatman program.]

* * *

LOIE: Buzz saved the little girl's life at Lees Ferry. Did you tell 'em that yesterday?

BELKNAP: No, I didn't. I was probably only twelve or so. I was out swimming in the river, and this one gal came swimming. Then she started to go down, and I swam over to her quickly and brought her back to shore. She was fine.

JODI: Just one of those little being at the right place.

BELKNAP: The one at Boulder Beach, too. The one I had my paddle board. There was somebody who was swimming out to one of the outer rafts there, and he started to go down. I was on my paddle board and I got over there to him in time to save him.

LOIE: He has a knack. He saved a guy's life in Hawaii, too. That was pretty amazing.

JODI: That was just amazing, because when did you get that e-mail—that was this year or last year? Suddenly got an e-mail from a guy who said, "Are you the one who saved my life?"

LOIE: And had never heard from him. I mean, the guy would be gone if Buzz hadn't [saved him]. About fifteen years ago we were paddling out to an island and there was this wonderful surf coming between the island—we were surfing the kayaks—but we went into the shore and just were visiting, and there was one guy on a kayak out there, and Buzz started visiting with him, and kind of made a connection. But then he went on out, and we went on out, and all of a sudden Buzz just sort of had this—you know, because he'd made this connection—"Where did he go?" And then we looked around, saw the boat by itself. So he just took off.

BELKNAP: I got to him just about the last time he went down.

JODI: Yeah, he was done. And he made the connection, he got Buzz's name, but then that was it. Never heard another word from him or anything, until just last year, and he somehow found Buzz on the Internet. He just was thinking back and kind of got touched by it. But he was doing something with his own son.

LOIE: He was teaching his son how to swim, and his son didn't want to learn how to swim, and he said, "This is why you need to know how to swim. You wouldn't be here if it wasn't for this guy." So it was kind of neat—Buzz has pulled a lot of people out of the water.

* * *

LOIE: Buzz used to build a lot of stuff, and he built a little hydroplane too. Remember that little tiny...

BELKNAP: Right. It had a ten-horse Johnson. Was only about eight feet long.

LOIE: Eight feet long, built this little tiny—looked like a little trilobite. And it worked pretty well, didn't it?

BELKNAP: Yeah, it did.

LOIE: And then the other thing Buzz built was a kite, to ski. He built it out of aluminum framing. My mom loved this one. I mean, it was a big deal. And then I just remember the maiden voyage. I don't know

who was going to actually...

BELKNAP: Jim Bob.

LOIE: Jim Bob Rowland. My mom was probably *praying* that that one was gonna not work, because that one might not have come out so well.

JODI: Well, was Jim Bob hanging onto it?

LOIE: Well, he tried, but he had to let go. And so it went up by itself, and then it just crashed, and that was the end of the kite. That was early parasailing. Oh, my gosh.

BELKNAP: We had seen someone down at Boulder Beach, and I had taken some Polaroids of those, and we were gonna do it...

LOIE: The other was the rocket craze, shortly after Sputnik, the rocket thing. Did you ever see the movie "October Sky"? Well, this was the original. This was just like the kid in "October Sky." He and his friend, James Lang, were forever building rockets in the bedroom, and they were cooking rocket fuel on this little heater that he had in the bedroom. With, I can't remember, salt peter?

BELKNAP: Yeah, and sugar, I think—a mixture—but it was a slow-burning fuel.

LOIE: They were making these rockets with aluminum tubing, and then go out in the back yard and set 'em off. A couple of 'em were pretty good—there was the one that went in the neighbor's roof.

BUZZ BELKNAP: Right, the first one, smoking away.

LOIE: That one wasn't too great. And then he and his buddy that did the illegal radio station early on. There was a lot of stuff. The police showing up at the front door for something or other, and Buzzy escaping out the back door. (laughter) My mom saying, "Oh, I think he's just in his room playing."

* * *

QUARTAROLI: After you did these trips in the fifties and sixties and came out with the river guides, then you were in the Navy, and then Hawaii—have you done trips since, in the last thirty-something years? What about continued boating?

BELKNAP: Not too much. I did a trip in '88 when we were doing the major revision of the *Grand Canyon Guide*. Did that when O.C. was leading the trip, and Eben was along on that trip. I just took a lot of notes and I shot a lot of pictures of those geologic photo labeling pictures that we have in the guide. That was the last full trip I've been down. I guess it's hard after seeing those early days before the dam, and just the nature of the river, and the wildness. I have a hard time; it's a totally different experience now. I mean, it's a wonderful experience for anybody to take, but I

don't know, there's something about seeing it in those pre-dam days, it's hard to see it now for me. But like I say, it's still a wonderful experience.



Buzzy and Loie on a Belknap vacation, 1948. This car was the Hite Ferry Model (T or A) that was mounted on the ferry and used as the power house to winch the ferry back and forth across the river.

Photo: Bill Belknap NAU.PH.96.4.189.167



Bill, Buzzy, Loie and Fran Belknap, 1950

NAU.PH.96.4.189.222

The 1960 Grand Canyon Jet Boat Expedition— Part 2: My Summer Vacation and the Upstream Run

WATCH OUT FOR THOSE OBSTACLES!

THE SUMMER I WAS SIXTEEN, I was invited to pilot a jet boat up the Colorado River in Grand Canyon. It started with Dock Marston and Bill Austin inviting me to join the downriver portion of the jet boat trip at Phantom Ranch. This is where I first met Phil Smith. You can read about the downriver trip in the article (Part 1 of this article) written by Phil in the Spring, 2010 BQR.

After the downriver trip, I helped with repairs and reinforcements to the boats scheduled to attempt the uprun. Every day I joined the crew working on *Wee Red*, *Wee Yellow*, *Dock* and *Kiwi* at a boat shop on the edge of Boulder City. About three days into the work Dock Marston asked if I wanted to pilot one of the boats. Of course, I said yes! The work schedule was really tight so I didn't have much time to think about what an honor it was.

Then, two days after Dock's surprise invitation, I was rounding a tight turn on the road behind the boat shop warehouse when a toolbox fell over in the back of the car. I glanced back briefly to see what it was. That was it—I hit a tree and smashed the left front fender of my parents' Plymouth station wagon. I was totally embarrassed. It didn't matter that I'd only had my driver's license a short time. What would Dock and the other pilots think of my driving skills? Would I still be in the running? I did get a lot of kidding when I showed up, but soon found I was still to be part of what would become a historic event in river running history.

OUR JULY 4 PICNIC—TEMPLE BAR TO LAVA FALLS

After a frantic week of repairs and reinforcing the boats with fiberglass, we finally got underway. We were in a race for time since the river was dropping fast. The down run ended on June 24, at 39,200 CFS. Ten days later, on July 4, the river was at 18,400 CFS, a drop of about 1,000 CFS a day.

I was given one of the new 18-foot boats, christened the *Dock*. My co-pilot was Ed l'Anson with whom

I'd been on the river in 1958 during the Marston 110,000 CFS high water expedition. The other boats, their pilots, and crew that left from Temple Bar on July 4th, were:

- *Kiwi*—Pilot: Jon Hamilton; crew: Dock Marston.¹
- *Wee Red*—Pilot: Guy Mannering, photographer/filmmaker and experienced boatman from New Zealand; crew: my Dad, photographer Bill Belknap, who would later publish an article about the uprun in the *National Geographic*.²
- *Wee Yellow*—Pilot: Fireball Young, company driver for Indiana Gear Works; crew: George Morrison, a company manager assigned to the expedition by Indiana Gear Works, a division of the Buehler Corporation, sponsors of the trip and Jim Bechtel, public relations director and official photographer for Indiana Gear Works.

We launched the boats on the afternoon of July 3RD at Lake Mead Marina. The press took photos and filmed the launch and departure. About 6:30 P.M. we headed up the lake to Temple Bar, getting in about 8 P.M. My sister Loie came along for the ride to Temple. My mom Fran drove up in the car with Joyce Hamilton to meet us.³

The 4TH of July was the big day. We left Temple Bar



Buzz driving "Dock" with Ed l'Anson, flying Dock's "Little Stinker" pennant.
NAUPT.96.4.95.7

at about 9 A.M. By noon we were at Bridge Canyon where we had lunch. I wasn't too hungry. I had a lot of butterflies thinking about what was ahead of me. It would be my first experience running rapids in a jet boat—let alone facing something really new—going *up* a rapid. On the downrun expedition members had successful test upruns in Sockdolager, Grapevine, Monument Creek and other rapids. Jon Hamilton had tried Lava on the downrun on June 24 without success. Lava was much on our minds.

Fortunately, I had a good co-pilot in Ed l'Anson. Another plus was that the jet boat turned out to be very maneuverable and easy to drive. It had lots of power. We didn't need to stop much to scout rapids except for a few of the biggies like 217-Mile Rapid because going up river you could drive part way up and hold in position to decide what your next move would be. Our running order was Jon and Dock first up in the lead boat *Kiwi*, followed by *Wee Red* and *Wee Yellow*. We brought up the rear in the *Dock*.

After lunch at Bridge Canyon we drove up all of the rapids leading to Whitmore Wash without any trouble. At Whitmore we took on 100 gallons of cached gas and headed up river again. By 6:30 P.M. we were at the foot of what was to be our greatest challenge, Lava Falls.

I'm now amazed when I recall that first day's run from Temple Bar to Lava. We covered 130 miles. It seemed effortless. I think back now about the almost yearly up run attempts made between 1941 and 1950 by Harry Aleson and Ed Hudson/Dock Marston; the highest they got was Mile-217. The 1959 Cooper out-board expedition got to Lava where they did not clear and turned back, having mangled seventeen propellers in the process. ⁴

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS – FOUR BOATS ABOVE LAVA

The next morning, July 5, Jon Hamilton made the first try at Lava in *Kiwi*. The boat just didn't seem to have enough power, so we unloaded six five-gallon gas cans and some food. Around 11:30 A.M. he gave it another try, and after about fifteen minutes he prevailed. After watching this run, I thought, "Oh, this is going to be simple." Jon's worst moment came when he did his victory roll after topping Lava. The reverse gate on *Kiwi* dropped half way down over the jet flow and almost forced him to back down the rapid.

That afternoon was a different story. Guy Man-nering, who had a lot of experience piloting jet boats in New Zealand, headed up Lava in *Wee Red*. After battling the rapid for a while he was suddenly driven laterally to the right and hit a rock about two-thirds up the rapid. When he retreated and tried again, the same thing happened in the same place and, as he said

later in the movie he filmed, "there's that beastly rock again!" There was no damage in either collision with the rock, but Guy decided to go back to filming and leave the driving to Jon.

Jon then set out to conquer Lava Falls in *Wee Red*, but once again two-thirds up there was the "beastly rock" magnet. Jon steered as hard as he could to the left but the boat took over and did its lateral right to connect with the rock. This time the right deck of *Wee Red* separated from the hull. Jon immediately returned to the beach below the rapid.

Fireball Young tried next in *Wee Yellow*. He did a number of runs, but never got up even as far as the "beastly rock." Jon also tried with *Wee Yellow* but couldn't get any higher either. At 7 P.M. we called it quits after about five hours of struggle with the two boats.

We celebrated Guy's birthday as well as the first successful uprun ever of Lava Falls that evening. The cake we brought along for Guy's birthday was in pretty bad shape, but it tasted great. Dock wrote in his log, "Dinner was high-lighted by a bottle of Chianti at room temperature in a big room."

The next morning we wondered what the day would bring after our unsuccessful struggle with *Wee Red* and *Wee Yellow*. The river was still dropping more than 1,000 CFS a day. We could definitely see a change in the rapid pattern. At a little after 7 A.M. Jon went back up Lava in *Wee Yellow*. He was through in about an hour. We had our second boat up Lava.

Next came repairs to *Wee Red* because of the encounter with the "beastly rock." The patch-up was done by noon. Jon tried a lot of runs in *Wee Red* to no avail. *Wee Red* finally ended up high and dry after an encounter with a set of rocks just off shore from the "beastly rock." It was a struggle for him to get out of the boat but when he did he found damage much more extensive than before.

Jon decided the best course of action would be to run *Wee Red* on up Lava, but we had to get it off its rock perch. To hold *Wee Red* in place, we tied the bowline to a boulder further upstream. Four of us got in the water and with a lot of effort pried her off the rocks. The bowline kept *Wee Red* from being swept downriver by the fast current. After Jon managed to get back in the boat, Fireball climbed up on the bow with a knife in his teeth. Jon fired up the engine and Fireball cut the bowline and jumped under the boat. Jon roared right over him and on up to the top of Lava and beached the boat before it sank. It was about 2 P.M. An hour later Guy nursed *Wee Red* about a mile further up stream to a large beach where we could do some major repair work on it. Dock thought it was

in such bad shape that it might be impossible to repair.

Jon took the *Dock* into Lava next, but after about a half hour he found that the boat I'd been driving didn't have the thrust the others did. It was already 3 P.M. when he decided to replace one of the stock impeller blades in the jet pump with one he'd reworked in Boulder City. This was a major operation requiring hours of effort. I don't think any of us thought he'd try another run right after it was installed, but he did. After finishing the replacement he hit Lava again at 7:30 P.M. With running lights on, he made about ten attempts and topped out in the dark at 8:10 P.M. It was July 6, the third day of our expedition.

Jon's wife Joyce of our North Rim party for the uprun expedition had been watching the whole struggle with Lava from Toroweap. That night the rim runners were astonished to see running lights in the dark. In her classic book, *White Water*, Joyce wrote "... [Usually] I had no way of knowing with any degree of certainty who was piloting the boats. This time there wasn't a doubt in my mind. I was sure that no one but my lunatic husband would attempt to run Lava in the dark." The elated rim party lit a signal fire to let us know they'd seen the running lights top Lava. Moments later we poured gasoline on a pile of driftwood and lit it as a signal back.

We spent most of the following day on the beach near Vulcan's Anvil repairing the damage to *Wee Red*. By 3 P.M. we were underway again, this time on what to us was an uneventful run through over forty miles of more than a dozen rapids including Upset. We camped at Tapeats the night of July 7. Our challenges weren't over yet, though. In Dubendorff first thing the next morning Fireball dropped *Wee Yellow* into a hole. The boat was flung sideways into a rock on the left bank. Two thirds of its upper deck separated from the hull. It took a good part of that day to repair her. We finally got underway again at 3:30 P.M. on July 8.

ELVES CHASM—THE GEORGIE ENCOUNTER

An hour later we came across three of Georgie White's pontoon boats beached at Elves Chasm, along with a whole herd of what she called her "river rats." It was quite a surprise meeting. It was also a historic moment, the first time two river parties crossed direction



First time two Grand Canyon river trips pass each other.
(Georgie's Royal River Rats)

NAU.PH.96.4.95.62

in the Grand Canyon.

In June, when our expedition was getting ready for the downrun at Lees Ferry, Joyce and Jon Hamilton had come to know Georgie and her husband Whitey. In her book Joyce wrote, "Georgie showed much interest in the jet boats and their method of propulsion. Nevertheless she prophesied doom for our upriver attempt. 'You won't get up Vulcan [Lava Falls], even in jet boats,' she said, and Whitey backed her up emphatically. 'If you get one o' them boats back to Lees Ferry, I'll eat it!' he said, and we thought he looked capable of doing so."

Pretty soon after we arrived on the beach at Elves Chasm, pleasantries between *Dock*, Jon and Georgie turned into an argument. Georgie absolutely refused to believe that Jon had driven the four jet boats up Lava. She accused us of lining the boats up the rapid. Years later, even after all the movies and still shots of the completed uprun of Lava, I'm not sure she ever conceded that it happened.

Around 5:30 P.M. we shoved off and continued upriver. I had my first encounter with the real power of the river in Bedrock Rapid, when *Dock* was thrown side ways by a big wave. It happened so fast there was nothing I could do to avoid it. Ed hit the shift lever very hard cracking four ribs. We camped that night just above Shinumo Rapid where we bandaged him up as best as possible. He never complained, but I know he was in pain the rest of the trip.

There was more to come. The next morning, July

9, in Serpentine Rapid *Wee Yellow* grazed a rock and opened up the patch from the previous day. It caused a slow leak, which Fireball wasn't aware of until he tried to run up Tuna. Without enough thrust and control he hit another rock head on. He dropped back to the bottom, pumped the bilge and topped out. After more repairs to *Wee Yellow* we cruised up Crystal, Boucher and Hermit with relative ease. Crystal was a mild little rapid in 1960.

THE CHALLENGE OF MONUMENT AND HORN

The ease of Crystal and Hermit was a short lived memory. Monument Creek presented a new challenge. It was full of rocks and holes. We were forced to lighten the loads in our boats and carry some supplies around the rapid. Jon and Guy drove the boats through Monument without passengers.

Horn was an even greater challenge. We managed a difficult portage around it toting all of our gear along a shoreline full of big boulders that was no easy walk. Jon drove *Kiwi* up in a matter of minutes, but he got a real dunking with *Wee Yellow*. I watched as a big wave thrust the boat sideways into a giant hole. Later I found out that Jon was thrown to the floor on the opposite side of the cockpit and felt for a moment like he was in a submarine. After pumping out at the bottom of the rapid, he tried again and made a successful run. Guy ran *Wee Red* up without a problem and Jon finished the run through Horn piloting the *Dock*.

OUR SIT-DOWN DINNER AT PHANTOM

By the end of the run through Horn we were all eager to get to our next stop, Phantom Ranch. Everyone was salivating for a nice steak dinner in the Phantom Ranch dining room. We pulled in at Bright Angel at 5:30 P.M., tied the boats up quickly and hurried up the trail to Phantom. Too late! "Sorry," we were told, "no dinner!" After the staff listened to our groans, they did fix us some cheese sandwiches with cold beer and pop to eat outside.

The next morning we gave jet boat rides to a few people on the beach, and did a photo shoot of the four boats circling under the Kaibab suspension bridge. Little did we know that these would be the last photos of *Wee Yellow*. An hour later she would be gone.

GONE IN 40 SECONDS!

At about 10:30 A.M. on Sunday, July 10, we pulled away from Bright Angel. Above 83-Mile Rapid we had our second crossing with another river party, three Mexican Hat Expeditions' cataract boats led by Gay Staveley. After greetings and some photos we drove the boats on up to Grapevine.

Jon and Dock were first up Grapevine in the *Kiwi*. I was last and was holding at the bottom of the rapid when Fireball started up in *Wee Yellow*. After what seemed like just a few seconds *Wee Yellow* nosed into a large wave. Instantly the force of the water separated the deck of the boat from the hull and within 40 seconds *Wee Yellow* sank. Fireball and Jim floated out. Guy and my Dad picked up Fireball along with some gear that floated out of the boat and I picked up Jim. Fireball had hit so many rocks with *Wee Yellow* in previous rapids that it hadn't taken much force to separate the deck from the hull.

Poor Jim Bechtel! As the Indiana Gear Works photographer, he had amassed over 2,000-feet of exposed movie film as well as lots of 35 MM rolls—all stowed in *Wee Yellow*. A good portion of his film was shot during the days spent running up Lava. For the rest of the trip and life he agonized over the loss, especially because he had the chance to send out the exposed film at Phantom but hadn't done so. He was so upset when *Wee Yellow* sank that he wanted to try diving for the boat, but we discouraged him. It was too dangerous.⁶

The critical loss for us in the sinking of *Wee Yellow* was the fiberglass repair kit and our tools. We went back to Phantom where Dock made a beeline for the phone with a new order list in hand. It was Sunday and we needed the long list of items to be at Phantom for us the next morning. The river was dropping so fast that we couldn't afford to delay continuing the up run another day.

The result of Dock's quick thinking and timely phone call was truly amazing. He got hold of Johnny Cunningham at the South Rim who drove to Flagstaff and got various storeowners to open up on Sunday afternoon to get the supplies together. At 8 A.M. Monday morning all that Dock had ordered was packed on the mules headed down to Phantom. Some new camera equipment and film for Jim Bechtel was in the order.

THE FINAL TWO DAYS —PHANTOM TO LEES FERRY

With one less boat, two members would have to leave the party. George Morrison, the key Indiana Gear Works representative, made the hard decision that he and Fireball would go out by mule. I was grateful that I had been spared the cut even though Fireball was the company driver.

Monday morning we used some of the new fiberglass to reinforce the site where the deck adhered to the hull in *Wee Red*. We didn't want a repeat of what happened to *Wee Yellow* in Grapevine. At 1 P.M. we left Phantom. Within half an hour all three remaining boats were up Grapevine.

Next up was Sockdolager where Jon hit a hole near



Buzz and Ed making a commemorative sign at Nankoweap.
NAU.PH.96.4.95.237

the top of the rapid and took on water. He retreated to the bottom to pump out. *Wee Red* went up next. I followed in *Dock* at Jon's signal. Jon took a different course with *Kiwi* on the second try and breezed on up.

After that, Hance as well as 75-Mile, Unkar and Kwagunt were all easy runs. We stopped at Nankoweap for the night. The next morning Ed and I painted a sign on a driftwood plank to add to the collection near a tree at the back of the beach. It said "Jets *Kiwi*, *Dock* & *Wee Red* —Lake Mead to Lees Ferry 7-11-60." The sign has long since disappeared.

We left Nankoweap around 9 A.M. on Tuesday, July 12, 1960. It was our final day. Without stopping we went through Harding, Cave Springs, 25-Mile, 24 1/2-Mile, 22-Mile, North Canyon and several other rapids. Forty-one miles later we stopped below Soap for lunch.

Soap was more challenging than any rapid from Phantom on up, including Hance. Jon drove all three boats through Soap. He did hit a rock with *Kiwi* but

we waited until getting to the beach below Badger to do a quick patch job on her with a fast drying sealer.

Badger was our last rapid and gave us one last little challenge. Driving *Kiwi* with Jim as a second passenger aboard, Jon didn't have the power to top out. So Jim opted to walk around the rapid. Jon later discovered a loose spark plug wire that had reduced the power on *Kiwi*. Guy went next, driving *Wee Red*, and I followed in the *Dock* through the very last rapid of the uprun. What an exciting moment.

We arrived at Lees Ferry at about 4:30 that afternoon. A semi-recovered Bill Austin was among those welcoming us. I know it was a satisfying moment for him even though he wasn't able to go on the uprun. What a summer vacation! I couldn't wait to tell my friends about it when I got back to school.

POSTSCRIPT

After the trip, the Indiana Gear Works let me keep the *Dock* in Boulder City. We used it as a ski boat for several years before we gave it to the Park Service for the purpose of some day being displayed in a museum. Today the Park Service has it in the historic boat collection that will be in the Grand Canyon River Heritage Museum, along with *Wee Red* and other boats that made river history in the last century.

Dock Marston said before the expedition that it would take a month to plan, a month to do, and a month to unwind. Dock was not quite right. The planning, described by Phil Smith in the BQR, took more than two years. For those of us still alive involved in the 1960 jet boat expedition, it has taken a lifetime to unwind.

Buzz Belknap

FOOTNOTES:

- 1) For trip logs and more details, see the Otis R. (Dock) Marston Papers, The Huntington Library, San Marino, California.
- 2) William Belknap, Jr., "Jet Boats Climb the Colorado," *National Geographic*, April 1962. See the Bill Belknap Collections, Special Collections, Cline Library, Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff, Arizona, particularly for photographs.
- 3) Joyce Hamilton, *Diary Kept During the Upriver Conquest of the Colorado River: June-July, 1960*; and Joyce Hamilton, *White Water: The Colorado Jet Boat Expedition, 1960*, The Caxton Press, Christchurch, New Zealand, 1963. (A Fiftieth Anniversary Edition of *White Water* is being published by the CWF Hamilton Company in 2010.)
- 4) Cooper's uprun attempt is described in *Life Magazine*, October 5, 1959.
- 5) Sunset that day was at 7:48 P.M. and twilight lasted until 8:18 P.M., but by the time Jon started up Lava in *Dock* it was already gloomy in the Canyon, and from Toroweap the canyon appeared quite dark at river level.

6) Allen Wilson ("Crazy Al," BQR, Summer, 2010) mentions seeing *Wee Yellow* on the bottom at Grapevine on several occasions in the 1960's. On the other hand, due to a flash flood at Paria and the Little Colorado, the river was muddy when the Belknap-Marston Sportyak trip took place in August, 1963 and they did not see *Wee Yellow*. Wilson says that a few years later *Wee Yellow* was gone.

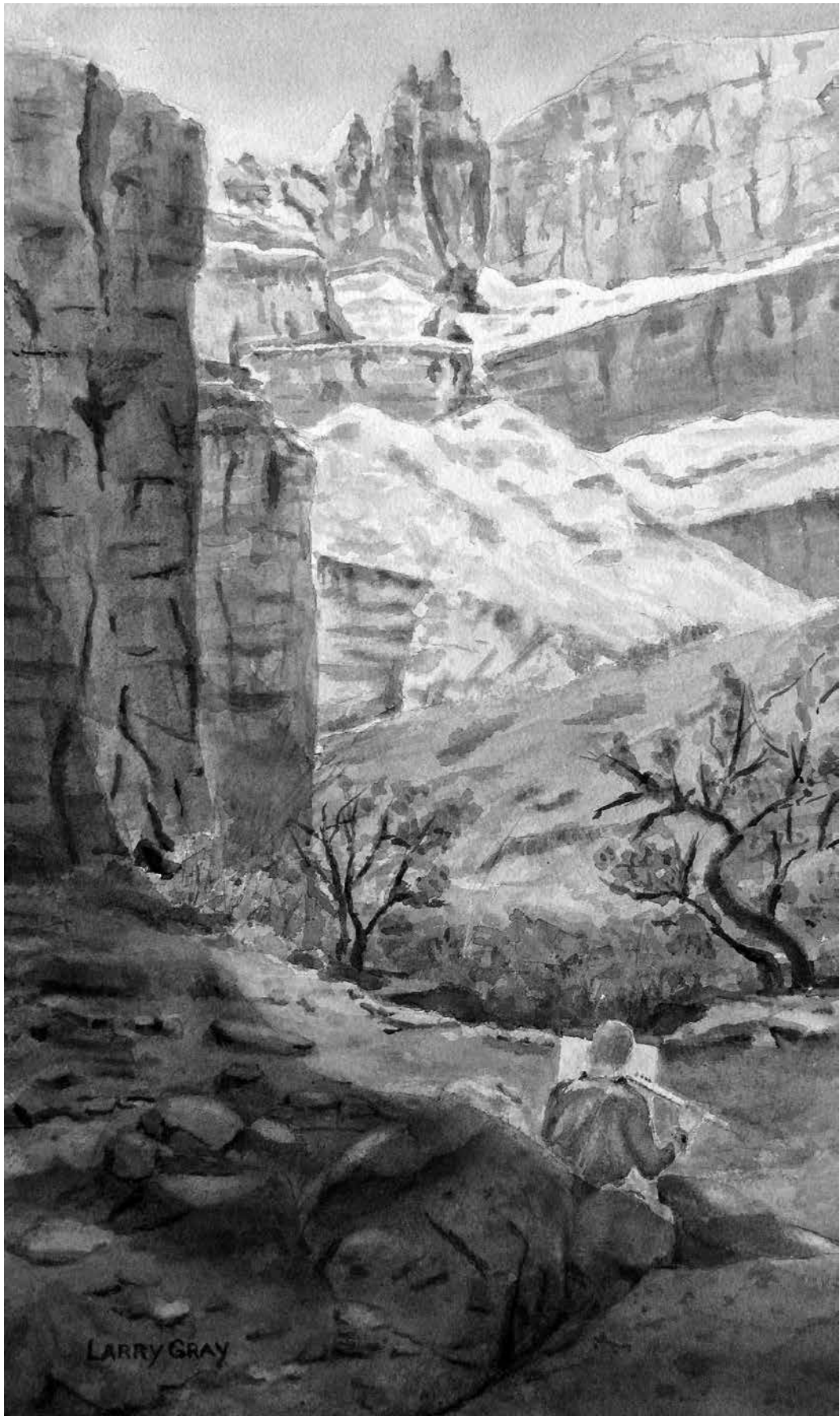
7) Fifty years later, only four of us involved in the 1960 jet boat expedition are living. Joyce Hamilton and Margie Mannerling live in Christchurch and Geraldine, New Zealand. Phil Smith, who is very active in planning the Grand Canyon River Heritage Museum, lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico. I am in Honolulu, Hawaii.



Jon Hamilton uprums Soap Creek in "Kiwi."
NAU.PH.96.4.95.105



Jet boats pass Boulder narrows (Buzz driving the third boat "Dock").
NAU.PH.96.4.95.295





Paintings by Larry Gray

Major Contributors

July 1, 2009–June 30, 2010

GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES proudly presents the long list of major contributors who supported our organization in numerous ways during this last fiscal year (July 1, 2009 through June 30, 2010). This list does not reflect the five-year memberships or general contributions under \$100, of which there were many. Your support helps us to move forward and maintain a healthy and vital organization that is better equipped to protect and preserve the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River experience.

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

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Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc. Statement Of Financial Position

	June 30, 2010		June 30, 2009
ASSETS			
Cash in checking/savings	\$ 50,777	\$	49,522
Postage & security deposits	1,986		2,194
Total Current Assets	\$ 52,893		51,846
FIXED ASSETS			
Computer & office equipment	\$ 40,265	\$	40,855
Database	1,088		1,088
Website	4,863		4,013
Less depreciation	(41,106)		(40,391)
Net Fixed Assets	\$ 6,110	\$	5,565
LIABILITIES & EQUITY			
Accruals	\$ 1,741	\$	0
Payroll liabilities	\$ 757	\$	909
Restricted funds	278		278
Equity	56,227		56,224
Total Liabilities & Equity	\$ 59,003	\$	57,411

Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc. Statement Of Activities

	Fiscal year ending 6/30/10	Fiscal year ending 6/30/09
INCOME		
Membership income	\$ 33,483	\$ 35,951
General contributions	24,082	18,023
GTS income & reimbursements	23,295	20,911
Circle of Friends contributions	15,500	23,027
AMWG/TWG grants	13,000	13,000
BQR grants	10,000	10,000
Adopt-a-Beach grants/contributions	9,647	6,589
Non-cash contributions	5,910	3,761
Sales (t-shirts, hats, etc...)	5,869	5,438
Cost of goods sold	(2,791)	(4,537)
First aid class income	4,300	4,844
Adopt-a-Boatman contributions	2,680	4,010
Meeting income	880	760
Interest income	605	1,310
Memorial contributions	0	3,750
Oral history contributions	0	150
Total Income	\$ 146,460	\$ 146,987
EXPENSES		
Payroll & benefits	\$ 44,289	46,061
BQR (production, printing, postage)	26,337	34,910
GTS expenses	24,404	22,117
Adaptive Management Program	11,840	12,258
Rent	7,900	7,800
Adopt-a-Beach	7,549	4,757
First aid class expenses	4,070	3,977
Printing	3,783	4,379
Postage	3,508	3,814
Professional fees	2,759	425
Adopt-a-Boatman	2,076	2,395
Telephone	1,735	1,790
Utilities	1,613	1,634
Office supplies	1,405	1,769
Depreciation expense	715	355
Meeting expense	689	792
Other (bank charges, subscriptions)	568	315
Insurance	444	444
Internet – misc. fees	437	467
Merchant fees	310	0
Website maintenance	293	0
Oral history	200	230
CRMP expenses	0	408
Adjustments	(469)	0
Total Expenses	\$ 146,455	\$ 151,097
Net Income/(Loss)	\$ 5	\$ (4,110)

Summer River Babies!



ANYA TROY KAPLINSKI was born at home on August 3RD to Matt Kaplinski and Amber Meyer. She weighed eight pounds, six ounces and was twenty inches long.



ELLA-RUTH was born late July to Nikki Cooley and Craig Ahrens of AZRA.



EMERY BLAYNE TANEY was born July 23RD to Harlan and Ali Taney at 7:36 P.M. She weighed five pounds, thirteen ounces and was eighteen inches long.

Announcements

LOST

We had a passenger who left a dress at Back Eddy camp on July 31ST. Actually, she hiked over the hill closer to Football Beach and left it there. It has a lot of sentimental value to her. If someone finds it, they can contact Paul "Okie" Jones, Wilderness River Adventures, 928-645-6057 or jones-paul@aramark.com.

LOST

Helmet camera lost at Indian Canyon mile 207 (or in the river at about that point). Includes footage of owner and his son kayaking Lava and he would love to get it back—\$100 reward! Please contact Paul Sharpe at 425-478-4070 or p.sharpe@comcast.net.

LOST

Several of the Team River Runner soldiers running the Grand Canyon in mid June lost their paddles in a couple of the rapids. These guys are veterans with serious injuries coming back from service. Details of the paddles are: all three were Werners: one bent shaft with orange/red blades probably had TRR on the blade; one straight shaft black with spray paint on blades; and one shogun bentshaft with Demshits, TRR, and Air Force sticker on blade. If you find a Werner paddle(s) please contact Bob Alexander at alex@lofstrand.com or 301-356-4274.

LOST

A small dry bag about six to eight inches, red in color, the top folds down and can be snapped. Inside was a smaller Canon camera. It would have had pictures from the rafting trip and other family photos on it, probably a lot of a little blonde haired girl (granddaughter). Please find lost item because my father's photos (before he passed away) are in the camera chip.

It may have been lost on July 11 around/between Blacktail Canyon (river mile 120) and across from Deer Creek camp (river mile 136). My contact info is: Rachel Shoemake 907-440-2438 or 907-240-0361 or Deonne Shoemake (907) 345-6899. Our mailing address is: PO Box 230641, Anchorage, AK 99523.

LOST

At Havasu around June 14-15, 2010, Blue Olympus Stylus Tough 6000 digital camera. When found, please email Beth Purdy at bpurdy@cox.net or call 602-616-6444. Thank you.

LOST

On or about May 19, one of my passengers left his Olympus Waterproof Digital 10 megapixel camera at the beach (probably) at Deer Creek. If found please contact Charly Heavenrich at cheavnrich@aol.com.

LOST

One of our German clients lost a paddle the beginning of August in Hance Rapid. The water was running high so he thinks it may be up on a beach somewhere. It is a Lettman Ergonam Pro Kayak paddle with black shaft, yellow and black carbon Kevlar blades with 55 degree offset. If found, please contact the name on the paddle or davidkashinski@yahoo.com.

LOST

A guide's assistant on a CanX trip left a small black backpack at the mouth of Havasu Creek at around 1:00 on August 20. If you found it, please contact Ric Bailey - ric@canyonexplorations.com. or phone at 800-654-0723.

FOUND

Just wanted to put the word out that I found a waterproof camera and a ring last trip. I saw your two emails on the lost cameras, but neither matches the description. I think the owner of the camera was on an ARR trip. Just have them drop me an email to Beverly Caifa rvrdvr@infowest.com.

FOUND

Piece of men's jewelry found at below Crash Camp buried in sand. Possibly lost from years ago. Please call to describe and identify 928-853-4527.

FOUND

One of our guides found a belt with a river tool on it that looks like it belongs to a guide. If you could pass on the info that if anybody can describe it and the approximate location it was lost, we would be happy to return it. Contact Trent Keller at trent@westernriver.com.

FOUND

Womens size five, left Chaco flip, pink and tan striped strap. Call 435-635-4144.

Mark Your Calendars!

HERE ARE SOME important upcoming events so mark you calendars now!
FALL RENDEZVOUS—November 6-7. Guide members will receive a postcard in the mail in another month or so with details and sign up info. Big Fun!!
GTS LAND SESSION—March 26-27, 2011
GTS RIVER SESSION—April 1-7 (upper half) and April 7-15 (lower half)

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

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- 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 & River books 928/779-0105
- Canyon R.E.O.**—River equipment rental 928/774-3377
- Capitol Hill Neighborhood Acupuncture**—206/323-3277
- CC Lockwood**—Photography books 225/769-4766
- Ceiba Adventures**—Equipment & boat rentals 928/527-0171
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- Cliff Dwellers Lodge, AZ**—928/355-2228
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- Entrance Mountain Natural Health**—360/376-5454
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- Sanderson Carpet Cleaning**—Page, AZ 928/645-3239
- Sunrise Leather**—Birkenstock sandals 800/999-2575
- The Summit**—Boating equipment 928/774-0724
- Tele Choice**—Phone rates 866/277-8660
- Terri Merz, MFT**—Counselling 702/892-0511
- Teva**—928/779-5938
- Vertical Relief Climbing Center**—928/556-9909
- Westwater Books**—Waterproof river guides 800/628-1326
- Wilderness Medical Associates**—888/945-3633
- Willow Creek Books**—Coffee & gear 435/644-8884
- Winter Sun**—Indian art & herbal medicine 928/774-2884
- Zenith Maritime Academy**—360/296-2747

AMWG Update

HELLO ALL. The official word has come down from the Department of the Interior: Jerry Cox is GCRG's new TWG representative, and I'm the new AMWG person. Andre Potochnik and John O'Brien left behind big shoes to fill, but we're both excited about all there is to learn and about having a chance to make a difference for the Canyon.

For those who don't love acronyms, I'm talking about the Adaptive Management Work Group (AMWG) and the Technical Work Group (TWG). We're representing the interests of recreation in the ongoing, occasionally changing management of Glen Canyon Dam. You can find out a whole lot about the program at: www.usbr.gov/uc/rm/amp/index.html.

For the past six months or so Jerry and I have been learning a lot about the process, people, and science involved. The Grand Canyon Protection Act was passed in 1992 and the Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management Program (GCDAMP) began in 1997, so there's a lot of catching up to do.

I've spent part of my time helping out on a committee proposing "Desired Future Conditions" for

power, ecosystem, cultural, and recreational interests. It's a tricky process—this is the third attempt in fourteen years. It's also a public process, so it's possible for you to have a say. I hope you'll get involved. The Grand Canyon needs defenders more than you might think.

Jerry has been working with other folks to try to get a socio-economic study included in all the science that's being done on the river. Part of the idea is to find ways to measure and communicate the values of river recreation and the river corridor itself, so they can be properly accounted for in management decisions.

We'll be doing our best to represent the principles GCRG stands for. We're happy to hear from you, by phone, email (smdjansen@gmail.com or jerryleecox@durango.net), or in conversations down on the river. Thank you for giving us this chance to help out the Canyon.

Sam Jansen

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.

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

\$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

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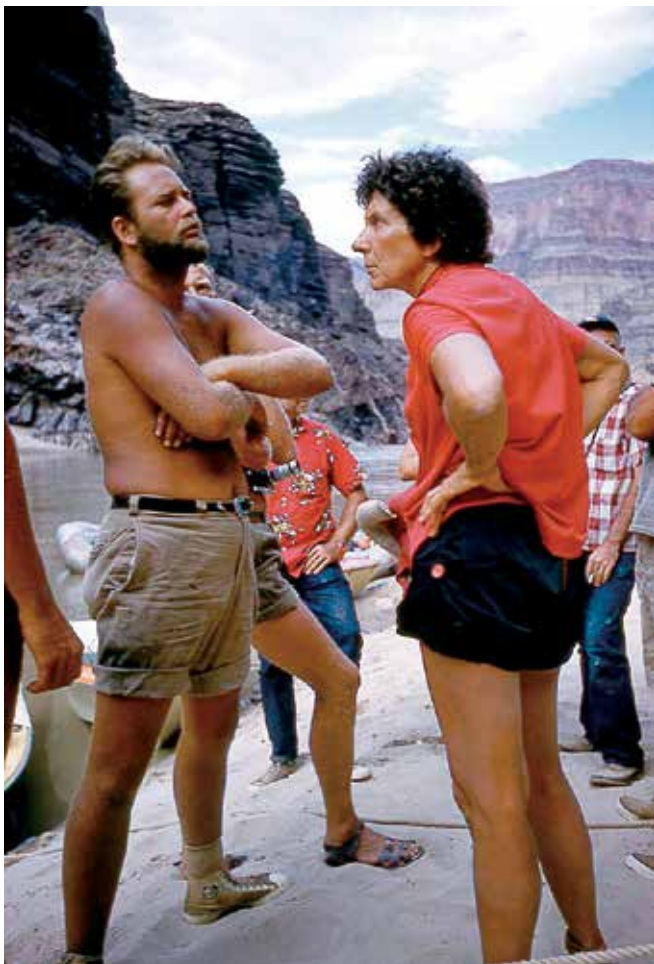
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THANKS TO ALL YOU poets, photographers, writers, artists, and to all of you who send us stuff. Don't ever stop. Special thanks to the Walton Family Foundation, the Adopt-a-Boatman sponsors, "Circle of Friends" contributors, and innumerable GCRG members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



Bill Belknap photo, courtesy Buzz Belknap.

IT WAS IN THE AFTERNOON—we're coming up the river and Georgie is going down with her raft trip and she is parked at Elves Chasm for the night. Four boats come around a bend going upstream. We see Georgie's party parked at Elves Chasm so we pulled in. The first time in history of the Colorado River that an upstream and a downstream party has ever met. So we pull up and get out of the boats. "Hi, how are you?" "Everything's fine." I'm talking to Georgie White and she says to me, "How did you get your boats over Vulcan?" And I said, "We drove them." She said, "Unh unh." And I said, "Ah huh." And it went on like this, like five-year-old kids for about five rounds of "unh unh" and "ah huh." Finally she said, "You had to line them over." I said, "Georgie, those boats weigh 3,000 pounds loaded, how are we going to pull 3,000 pounds over it?" I have a photograph that is probably one of the best pictures taken in the whole world. Taken by Bill Belknap. And it shows Georgie White in her black shorts and red shirt. She's a hell of a broad. I'm not being in any way disrespectful towards her. I'm standing there facing her. She has her hands on her hips, her shoulders forward and chin thrust out, and she's glaring at me. I'm standing in my shorts, that's all I got on and my tennies, with my arms folded. Somewhat long hair for 1960, blowing in the breeze, and my beard, giving her my "Moses" pose. It's a hell of a picture.

—Jim Bechtel to Marty Anderson,
March 6, 1982, NAU.OH.78