

boatman's quarterly review

the journal of Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc.

volume 7 number 2

spring 1994

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Armed Boatman

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And So On

Dick McCallum



Mac's first GCYE trip, June 1970. Clockwise from sweep (Mac): Brian Dierker, Ted Leighton, Dan Dierker, Nelson Yazzie, Jim David. Photo: Ted Whitmore

I grew up in Los Angeles, in an area called North Hollywood. I graduated from high school in 1957 and just by chance was watching television one night and spotted this travel adventure film, featuring Georgie White. I hadn't decided what I really wanted to do but this looked *really* exciting, this looked just as exciting as racing cars, which I liked to do: build up cars and stuff. So I set out to track her down.

I didn't find her living in Vernal, Utah, or someplace—I found her in L.A. in Englewood.

She'd have these River Rat parties. They'd rent the Mayflower Ballroom, and there'd be hundreds and hundreds of people come, and she'd show all these 16-millimeter movies. She was a real avid photographer at the time—she'd take movies on all her trips, and then have a River Rat party, show all her movies, have a party! She was into that part of it.

(continued on page 22)



Changes

Yes, we got tired of calling the journal *the news*. The new title, if nothing else, will likely stir up a few letters. At a Board of Directors Retreat a few weeks ago we decided to give *boatman's quarterly review* a shot. We also added a new line to our mission statement. Last year we decided there was definitely something missing, something that described our community. But we couldn't come up with the wording. We finally corralled our sentiments into the phrase:

Celebrating the unique spirit of the river community.
So really, nothing's changed.

boatman's quarterly review

...is published more or less quarterly by and for Grand Canyon River Guides.

Grand Canyon River Guides
is a non-profit organization dedicated to

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

Guide Membership is open to anyone who has worked in the river industry.

General Membership is open to everyone.

Membership dues:

\$20	per year
\$100	6 years
\$195	Life
\$277	Benefactor

Please save us trouble and renew before you're due.

General Meetings are held each Spring and Fall. Board of Directors Meetings are held the first and third Mondays of each month. All interested members are urged to attend. Call for specifics.

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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, rebuttals, etc.

Written submissions should be 1500 words or less and, if at all possible, be sent on a computer disk. PC or MAC format; ASCII files are best but we can translate most programs.

Deadlines for submissions are the 1st of January, April, July and October. The earlier, the better.

No Policies

As GCRG continues to mature, what we think, say and print seems to carry a bit more weight. In the past year we have gotten feedback on a few pieces we have run with criticisms of the industry. Both were written by past or present board members and the question was, "Do these represent the views of the board, GCRG as a whole, or just the authors of the article? Shouldn't you make that a little clearer?"

We all know that getting 500 boatmen to agree on anything is unlikely. And even within the GCRG board, there is usually some dissension on most everything. And just about everything we run, to some extent, has a bit of proselytizing and shooting off of mouth. Can't be helped. And a lot of the same people with the energy to serve on the Board are the same ones with strong opinions and the motivation to write a story. Gray areas are what we're talking here.

We held a Board Retreat on St. Patrick's day, and we batted this issue around. What we realized is that the whole journal is an editorial section, and the bottom line is that we must continue to maintain an open forum. We invite all points of view. That is our policy.

A couple of us loudmouths at GCRG were recently called into a meeting with some local outfitters and managers. There were a few problems with a few guides, and our input was sought on what sort of policy should be adopted. And of course our policy is usually "no policy". It was a good discussion and what came out of it was a better understanding of each others strengths and difficulties.

Here's the way I see it. Boatmen don't like policies. This industry, more than most any other I can think of, is composed of rugged individualists who make their living showing people a good time out there on the edge. Pretty much every situation is unique; every circumstance is extenuating.

Policies are always set at the lowest common denominator, often implemented as a reaction to one problem or one person. What usually happens is that everyone else is offended, and the problem is still a problem that needs to be dealt with. In other cases a policy may be used as thin excuse to get rid of someone that an outfitter wants to expel for more basic but perhaps undefinable reasons. This, too, causes more ill will than an up front, one-on-one handling of the problem would cause. Boatmen don't like policies.

Outfitters and managers, on the other hand, get various problems thrown in their laps. Bad letters.

Hints and allegations. A boatman blowing it chronically. Fear of litigation. And it's hard not to want to just make a few blanket polices. And I can see their side pretty easily. Because, the bottom line is, an awful lot of these problems could have, and should have, been dealt with on the river. And by letting things get to the point that they land in the bosses lap, we do each other and our passengers a disservice.

We have the misfortune to live in the litigation-happy 90s. And we're in the business of having fun. Oil and water. How do we make this work? We have to work at it a little harder. All of us.

Bad letters don't usually come from an isolated problem. It's often a series of incidents, personality problems and so on that escalate. We need to make an added effort to nip it in the bud. If we've got a buddy with a chronic problem, be it grumpiness, drinking, or something, it's not right to look the other way. As hard as it may be to deal with, we need to let them know it's a real problem and try to help them address it. Because it's a problem for *all* of us.

And when I am creating a chronic problem, it's not just me versus the outfitter. It's affecting all my pards as well. I've got to bear that in mind.

We ended the meeting with a couple pledges- The outfitter and managers agreed to deal with problems on an individual basis, and we agreed to urge boatmen, through an increased effort at on-river management, to give them less reason to want more policies.

We as guides take pride in being problem solvers. And our job dictates that we push the envelope on a regular basis. We can do them both at once.

Our policy: No policy. Deal with it.

Brad Dimock



Tim & Karen

On the night of January 15, 1994, Grand Canyon lost two dedicated friends and the river community lost two stalwart boatmen. Tim and Karen (Byerley) Kazan were driving home to Page when a motorist struck them in a tragic

collision they would not survive. those days that will long remain. Just ask Roger, Giant, Wolf, Stick, Kevin or Frenchy. Then Fish left for the Episcopal seminary in Austin. He was ordained in 1987 and returned to serve congregations on river and off.

Karen started in 1976 cranking out those one day trips day after day, season after season. She probably ran over 300(!) of them before she got her own boat to run the big trips downstream. She loved the river and the people it drew. She saw her future here and determined to be a guide. Not since Georgie had a young woman dedicated herself so fully to running the big rigs with such quiet enthusiasm. They had so much to give to their friends and their trips, it's no wonder there's so much to miss.

To paraphrase their musical hero:

*you are somewhere on the water now,
a place you ought to be,
with one hand on the starboard rail
you're waving back at me.*

There's a compelling shrine for Tim & Karen on Hwy 89 about a mile south of Wendell's Mobil station in Cameron. Stop by and say hi...and remember.

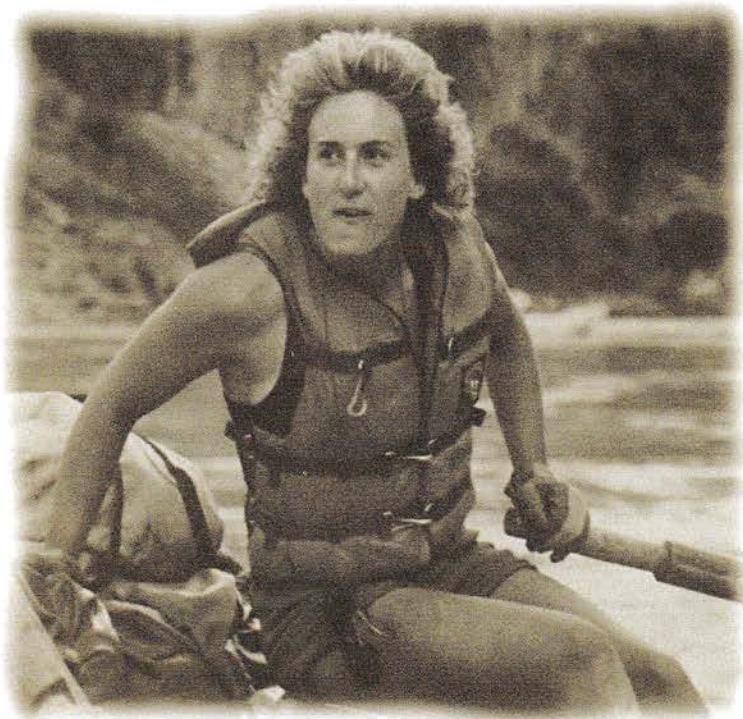
Tim Whitney

collision they would not survive.

In the words of a friend, Fr. Kerry Neuhardt, "Tim and Karen's inner and outer lives were so 'kindred' they appeared simple. Their 'down to earthiness' was a sign of how connected their inner and outer lives were. They were unpretentious, authentic and more at ease hearing how they could help you than telling you of their own needs. In a word, they were 'un'-self-conscious. They had a way of being free and instilling a comfort that began with attire and transcended every possible barrier of power, class and culture."

They both started in the 70's. Tim was working down river for Sanderson River Expeditions and Karen was running back-to-back daily trips for Fort Lee Co. It would be several more years and many more trips before Catfish and KB would meet on their first trip together. Yet it was obvious that harmony and symmetry had found one warm heart in these two wonderful souls.

Fish ran from 1974 till 1983 and although Karen's presence in the Canyon may be more fresh in our minds, Tim's buoyant personality and guiding skills made an impression in



Don Hatch

Don Hatch, son of pioneer riverman Bus Hatch, and owner of Don Hatch River Expeditions, ran his last rapid, as Dock Marston used to say, on Thursday, February 10, 1994. Don was born on 31, 1928, in Vernal, the second son of Bus and Eva Hatch. He literally learned to run rivers at his father's knee, as did all the Hatch boys. Don was a teenager before he actually got to see a rapid; before that, his father Bus would make him crouch down in the cockpit of his Galloway-style wooden boat, so that all Don saw was the wooden sides of the boat and his father's knees. Later, at a very early age, Don and his brothers began to run boats for their father, on the occasional commercial trip that occurred before the war.

After World War II, Don entered the university of Utah, where he studied education. He graduated and obtained a teaching certificate in 1950, and began a long career as an elementary school teacher in Salt Lake City. Every summer, without fail, he was on the river with his father and brothers. At war's end, wooden boats were still the norm, but Don saw the future (like a number of others at the time) in the inflatable surplus rafts that were just then becoming available. He soon convinced his father to make the switch and Hatch pioneered the use of inflatables on the Green and Yampa. As wartime restrictions on travel eased, more and more people wanted to take advantage of their new freedoms and see more of the country. Many came to Vernal to try their hand at river running, and Don, with Hatch River Expeditions, was there to take them safely down the river, to share his love of the canyons and wild places and send their home enriched by their experiences.

Don was in the thick of many good fights over the river. In the late '40s, and into the 1950s, when the Echo Park Dam threatened to flood his beloved

canyons, Don was one of the few Vernal natives who dared to oppose the dam. For his views he was vilified in Vernal, told he was a traitor to the community, and warned not to return. Don laughed it off, knowing that he was right and that eventually the community and the nation would come around to his way of thinking, and so they did. In the meantime, Don spent more and more time on the river, as Hatch River Expeditions grew from a part-time family business to a major outfitter. In the 1960s, when major dams were proposed for the Grand Canyon, Don fought that as well, realizing that some places need to be kept wild and free. In recent years, Don was in the middle of

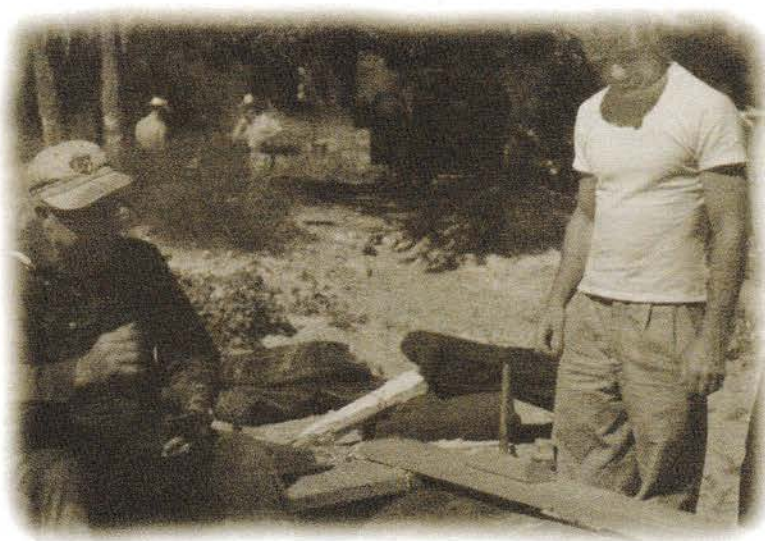
the efforts to attain National Park status for Dinosaur National Monument, believing that it was a good thing for his community and for the rivers he loved so much.

After Bus Hatch died in June 1967, Don left his teaching career to move to Vernal and operate Hatch River Expeditions full time. During this time he was also heavily involved with the

Western River Guides Association, which he had helped start back in the 1950s, when he lived in Salt Lake City. Don was always one of the leaders of WRGA, and recognized early on that the association needed to become more professional if it was to respond to the many challenges that commercial river running faced in those days.

In thinking about Don's passing I'm reminded of that old saying on the river, used to express the knowledge that you never really finish a river trip, that you will always be back. After running Lava Falls boatmen often turn to each other and say "Well, now we're above Lava again." I like to think that applied to Don. He hasn't left us, he's just above the big river we call life again, waiting to guide us in the next life as he guided so many of us in this one.

Roy Webb

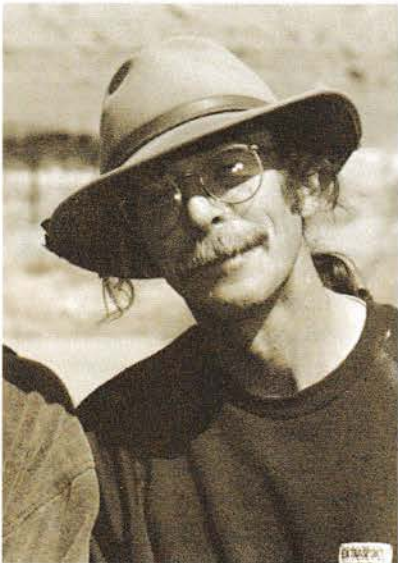


bus and don, some time ago

An Overview of the GTS Past



the big top lives



he closed his eyes for a minute and he got nominated for president: shane



more nominees: lew and bert

The Pres. showed up. Bad back, great attitude and medicated. We observed the construction of the new bridge. Big boys, big toys and no reason. The tent went up. A new floor, flags askew, challenging the wind. The guides came to meet, to wallow in each others presence. We bonded, we flew apart, we let each other know what we think. We practiced the art of self deception and known truth. We cried, drank from the big bottle and remembered our fallen

brethren. Stan, Don, Ray, Karen and Catfish, in the flash of a year. They leave us the gift of having been in our lives. We sang, we danced we slept and Martha Clark fed us well..

Our bellies were full and (being a curious bunch) we demanded education, explanation, reasons and excuses for all the things that we pretend to understand fully. Nels said "Seldom correct, but never in doubt" or something like that. The speakers came. The NPS, Bureau of Rec, the Paiutes, geologists, biologists, doctors, economists, Al Gore and Charles Darwin. The vital organs

of the river community were present. Ken Sleight, Don Harris, Vaughn Short and you. Is this whole scenario valid and necessary? Of course. What the hell else are we! The tent blew down but we are just catching our second wind.

Daniel H. Dierker
GTS Fellow

photos: dave edwards



superintendent boyd evison



martha puts on another outstanding feed



doctor walt taylor talks drugs

Michael Jacobs Award

Karen Byerley Kazan

May 27, 1959 - January 15, 1994

*"...always ready for work or play
and a good hand at either."*

John Wesley Powell

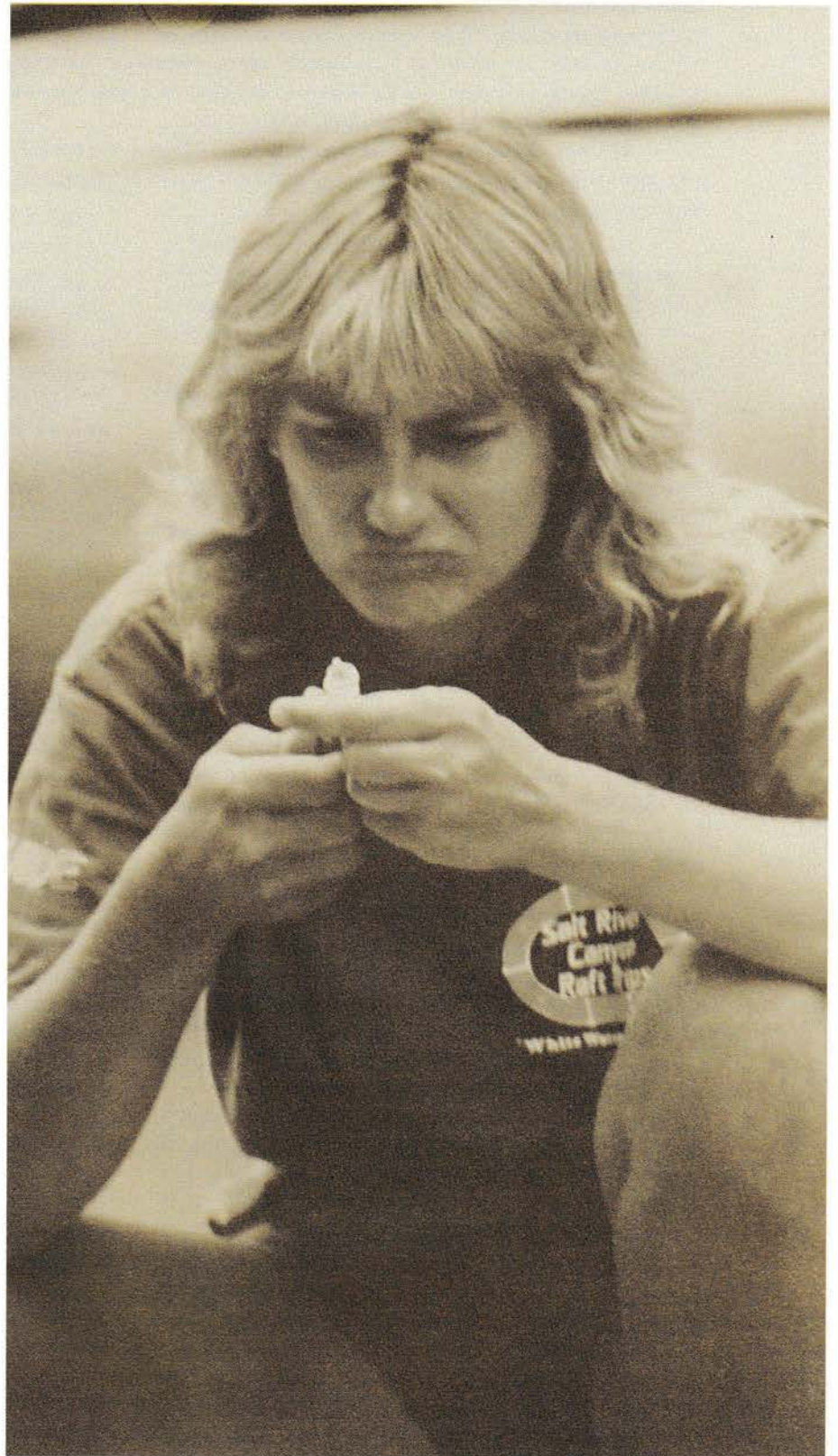
By unanimous vote, the Board of Directors presented the Michael Jacobs Award to Karen Byerley Kazan at the GCRG Spring meeting. Accepting the award was her father Jay Byerley. Karen was the boatman's boatman. Always cheerful and professional, Karen's energy for the folks on her trips, antics with the crew, or helping anyone along the way never seemed to wane over the years. She stood out. She was dedicated. She loved the river and its community. She loved the Canyon and all it gave her and offered to others. Her leadership was quiet. She led by example and inspiration. She was the kind of person her trip leader turned to, to spearhead the extrication of a boat that got stuck in the corner pocket in Lava. She was a natural.

We will miss you lovely lady.

A life sized bronze of Karen rowing through a wave has been commissioned. It will most likely be dedicated and placed at Marble Canyon.

Contributions are welcome c/o:

Karen Kazan Memorial Fund
9823 Branding Iron Drive
Sun City, AZ 85351



The Superintendency at Grand Canyon

For several months now we have been bemoaning the fate of Grand Canyon, with its apparent revolving door superintendency. The many letters that have been written to NPS Director Roger Kennedy and Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt have not gone unheeded. Washington is very aware that Grand Canyon needs continuity.

Our campaign for reform has been based on often contradictory information as to who is to blame, the pros and cons of the Senior Executive Service, and the destiny of the office. We have based our campaign on a great deal of input from people both within and without the National Park Service.

Boyd Evison, the current Superintendent at Grand Canyon and himself a member of the SES, will be here until a permanent replacement is found. He has offered to give us his perspective on the current status of the situation and the actual mechanics of the SES.

Thanks for asking me to try to clear up some misapprehensions about the Superintendency of Grand Canyon National Park. Some of what you and your associates have written about it reflect legitimate concerns—concerns that have been diverted down the wrong rabbit hole by some fundamentally wrong notions, I think.

Grand Canyon never was a “training park” for SES candidates. People are picked (competitively) to go through SES training, regardless of where they are at the time. They may move, in normal career progression, to another non-SES job, during or after that training. After completion of the training, they are eligible for three years for placement in SES jobs without the usual extended process of competition and selection. That process, by the way, is what’s going on for Grand Canyon right now. The NPS is not compelled to give every SES job that opens up to one of the current “SES feeder group”; and in this case, they felt that they needed a look at more than the available feeder group members.

But the fuss about allegedly using Grand Canyon for training is really beside the point now. The job is SES. What’s to “train” for? The best possible candidate will be selected—at least as genuinely as is true of any Superintendency at any lower grade—and he or she will have less reason than ever, to move out of Grand Canyon. Certainly no real financial or status incentive, such as existed when the Park was GM-15.

What you’ve got—once I’m replaced—is what you say you want. Whoever fills the job will be *really* highly qualified, and is going to be here at *least* as long as he or she would be at any lower grade.

The threat of jerking SES-ers around, on the theory that management is a “pure” skill transferable to any circumstances, just hasn’t amounted to anything. It really is little, if any, easier to force a career SES-er to move than to force anyone else. Not easy, at all, even in much nastier times—especially with superintendents.

Davis going to Washington was a blessing for the NPS; Chandler to Presidio—the best match of person to

an enormously complex and difficult job. That’s good sense. Both were promotions. Today, they wouldn’t necessarily be promotions, so there would be *that* compulsion.

So here at the center of the universe, you’re stuck with me for a while. I’m not an amateur, and I have a little advantage in having some previous acquaintance with Grand Canyon. It’s a privilege to be here. In these few months, I’ll shape what goes into the preferred alternatives of the Draft GMP/EIS; set the course for what we do in the years before the GMP can be fully operating; choose what we recommend to Congress about overflights; choose the NPS direction regarding adaptive management on the Colorado River from Glen Canyon down; decide if we get into large-scale fund-raising (and if so, with what specific purposes and direction); move us further into a Colorado Plateau-wide role in eco-region partnerships; take specific steps to strengthen the park’s research and resource management capabilities (an emphasis typical of all my superintendencies); and go after getting added support for the park in Region, Washington, and the Congress.

A great time to be here.

I bring to it a pretty good record in NPS management, and a lifetime spent on and around rivers (all over the east, plus the Snake, Yampa, Kern, Noatak, Kobuk, Colorado...). I won’t bore you with the career stuff. You’ve seen the news release, and can use the info from it if you wish.

None of my jobs has been some kind of cushy political reward. When they pick me, they know they aren’t getting a “slide-by” manager.

But neither am I about to act as if a river trip 20 years ago makes me an expert on you or your business. I have a modicum of common sense, and I pay attention to what I see and hear.

See you on the river.

Sincerely,

Boyd Evison
Superintendent

The Story of Iven Bundy

The trip isn't over after Lava Falls, no matter what some boaters think. There's still a lot to do, see and talk about, especially if you're getting new folks in for the lower end. The Hurricane Fault Zone, The Hydes, The Hualapai people, Bridge Canyon Dam, and of course, the story of Iven Bundy. This tale is reprinted with permission from Footprints on the Arizona Strip by Nellie Cox.

Drowned in the Colorado

Iven Leroy Bundy was the oldest son of Roy and Doretta Iverson Bundy, having been born in the Mormon Colony of Moroles, in the state of Sonora, Old Mexico, on June 18, 1908. With his parents and sister, Bessie, he was a refugee from the Revolution of 1912 and became one of the original settlers of Bundyville.

Iven was a steady, dependable lad, very trustworthy and reliable. After his father became crippled by arthritis, Iven delayed his plans of going on a Mission to preach the Gospel and of getting married in order to help care for the cattle and do the farm work.

On April 19, 1931, when he was nearly twenty-three years of age, Iven and his cousin, Floyd Iverson, with whom he had always been very closely associated, were down close to the Colorado River caring for their fathers' sheep. Having nothing else to do, they decided to swim across the current. Floyd made it; Iven was sucked under by a whirlpool and lost. The following is the search for his body as told by Chester Bundy, an uncle of the two boys.

"I was herding our sheep down in Mule Canyon in the spring of 1931 when I got word that Iven had been drowned in the Colorado. It was one of my brother Jim's boys who brought the word. He said that they wanted me to go help search for his body. That ridge there close to the spring was two thousand feet high, but I climbed out of there in ten minutes. Floyd, Pat, Ensign Griffiths, and I then went down to the river. It was raining when we got there and we built a fire in a cave to keep warm and spend the night. Almost immediately, centipedes, scorpions, and other varmints came crawling in. None of us slept that night. We found nothing at the river next morning, so went back to Mt. Trumbull.

"Roy wanted Floyd, Pat and me to take a galvanized boat, which weighed one hundred and eighty pounds and had an air chamber in each end, and go down the river. Aunt Rettie fixed us some grub—cookies, beans, and jerky, and we started. South of Parashaunt, we had the bad luck to upset the boat, and since things weren't properly tied in, we lost a lot of our food and a box of dynamite we had brought along to blow up fish for eating. We had made an agreement with Albert Snyder that we would build a signal fire if

we were going on down the river. We did, and he gave us a signal in return.

"It was Sunday when we reached Diamond Creek. We decided to go up it, hoping to find some trout, as we badly needed something to help out our food supply. We had been five days on that river without having a real meal. Bad rapids were always just ahead, and worrying kept us from digesting our food very well. We walked a heck of a long way, but didn't get any fish.

Discovery at Diamond Creek

"When we got back down to the first landing at Diamond Creek, we saw this big wooden boat with something written on the side. A young honeymooning couple had vanished two months before while going down the river and were believed to have drowned up above Diamond Creek, their boat coming on over the rapids afterward. The boy's father had sent a party to search for them, thinking they might have gone up a canyon and choked to death. But they found no trace of them.

"A government survey camp had been at this point at one time and had built a blacksmith shop. A big two-foot wide plank had served as a place to put tools. I lay down to rest on an old bed springs, which lay partly under this bench. Of course, I looked up, and there I saw written the name of the young couple! (Proving that they had reached this point alive, instead of drowning farther up river.) Later on I notified "Doc" Marsten, the first man to run a power boat through the Grand Canyon, of what I had found.

"Our boat wasn't capable of taking the larger rapids, so we tried to steer around them, and we also carried the boat around a lot of them. Once, trying to steer around one bad rapid, we broke an ore, which meant we could do nothing but ride on through. We kept this up until we came to a narrow place where the river wound through a gorge and there was no way to get around.

"We figured that we could 'leg' one another up over a high ledge on one side and push and pull the boat up, too, by means of a rope. Pat was the first to go up, Floyd and I having all we could do to get him up. He got his nose over the edge, and there, within a foot of his face, was a big rattlesnake. Pat had one of our two

six shooters in a holster fastened around his waist. He reached down and got it and shot that snake right in the head!

"I prayed that we might find Iven's body. I don't think I ever prayed so hard in my life. Roy was crippled and unable to help us hunt, and Iven was his oldest child.

"On Monday morning we left Diamond Creek, and two days later reached Separation Rapid, though we didn't know its name at the time. Five days floating down that old river without knowing where we were! Several times we had climbed to the top of rims to try to determine our whereabouts. I had climbed to the top of a mountain, as far as I could, without being able to see out.

"Separation Rapid was so bad we couldn't see how we could take a boat through. There were big boulders, situated here and there so a boat couldn't go through without hitting. We decided to tie a log to the end of the tow rope, with two going below and one staying above to cut the boat loose. The one cutting it loose would then fire a shot and the other two would swim out and get hold of it - if the boat made it through!

Sunk!

"Floyd and I went downstream, and Pat stayed to cut it loose. Then the boat shot down toward us, hitting something and bursting an air chamber. She was sinking and taking on water, but the log floated over to the edge. We got hold of it and pulled; but the air chamber had filled up with sand, and pulling it just made it go deeper into the sand. One of us dived down and lifted, while the other two pulled. The one who dived would get it up a foot or two and then would have to come up for air. We kept at it, anyway, and after a heck of a long time, we got her out.

"We were getting low on grub, with flour and rice for just one more meal. We hated to give up, but we knew we were going to have to quit the river. The water was high, much higher than at any place we had been before. We lugged and pulled until we got the boat way up on the ledge at least fifty feet higher than the highest high water mark.

"Separation Canyon has a little stream coming down it, though today it sinks out of sight before reaching the river. We took off up that canyon at five o'clock in the afternoon and walked until ten that night. Next morning, we filled a little quart canteen - all we had - and went upstream until we came where three canyons branched off. We were getting pretty weak, wanting to hold on to our last mouthful of food. So instead of eating, we took turns going up the canyons, figuring we were done for if one of them

didn't lead us out.

"Pat said, 'I'll take my turn first and go up this west canyon. You fellows stay here until I get back.' After about an hour, he returned. 'A bird would have to go straight up to get out of that,' he declared.

"Floyd said he would take the middle one. An hour or two later he came back, saying that not even a bird could get out of it.

"I thought for a few moments and then said, 'You fellows might as well go up this other canyon with me. Because, if we don't get out of it, we are done for - we will never get out at all.'

Escape from the Canyon

"So we started up this third canyon. We found a bird's nest and sucked those eggs right now. We climbed and struggled up this canyon practically all day. But it took us out! Finally, we got where we could see out on top, and the first thing we saw was an old road that used to go down on the point to what was called "The Snyder Mine." It led down on the sandstone level, half way down into the bottom of the canyon. We followed the road until we came to Kelley Seeps, where we got a drink of water. That in our canteen had vanished quite a while before.

"A reservoir was not too far up ahead, and soon we saw a jackrabbit, which I managed to get with my six shooter. Boy, we were sitting pretty, now, with rabbit and rice and pancakes, though we had only one cake apiece. But boy, did we enjoy it!

"Two cowboys came riding out of the trees, very surprised to see us and to learn what we were doing there. Luther Swanner and Tine Heckathorne were their names, and Luther told us if we would follow the road, we'd find a cabin with some jerkey on the north side of it, and to help ourselves. We never did find the cabin, though.

"We kept walking and finally came to Slim Waring's ranch over in Horse Valley. No one was there, but we went in and helped ourselves to something to eat. We were ready for another meal, though, when we reached the Mathis Ranch. An old fellow staying there asked us where we had been, and when we told him, he said, 'Anybody crazy enough to go down the Colorado River looking for a dead man ought to starve!' He insulted us so that we just walked off and left him without finding out who he was.

"George Weston and family were living at Penn's Valley. He had been in the party which had searched for the Hydys - the young honeymooning couple. Mrs. Weston said, 'You fellows just stay here, tonight, and we will put you up with a bed.' She fixed us a good meal, and next morning cooked us a good breakfast and made us a nice lunch. So we made it on to

Belnap's place, where my brother, Jim, and a bunch were shearing sheep, and went on home next morning, it being only a short distance away.

"My prayers had been that we might find Iven's body, and I had been so sure we would that I was somewhat bitter when we didn't. I just couldn't get it off my mind.

"Later on, we read a description of a body which had been found by two prospectors down at Gregg's Ferry. But it didn't sound like Iven's body. The men had buried the remains and reported it at Kingman; but nothing was done about it. Then, a year later, my brother, Omer, was on jury duty at Kingman, and one of the jurors was one of the men who had helped bury the body. He told Omer that the newspaper account had not given a correct description at all, and told Omer the true facts. We felt that it was Iven, but of course, were not sure. Then they got to working on Boulder Dam, and the Government offered to move any of the graves in the area to any place the families desired. Iven's sister, Barbara, went down and she looked at the teeth, and judging by the way they were worn off, she figured it was Iven. When I heard what she said, I felt very strongly that it was Iven. This was a lesson to me to never doubt that prayers are answered.

Memories of Iven

"Iven and I herded sheep for Fred Schultz and the Greeks out on the Strip, and he was preparing to go on a Mission. He used to herd sheep and study the Scriptures at the same time. At night, he would come in and give Book of Mormon Scriptures to me. He was well prepared to be a Missionary. And he had plenty of nerve. I have seen him sit on the edge of those cliffs down at Frog and he would dangle his feet out over the edge, while he yelled across the canyon to me. I am sure that wherever he is now, it is the place where he is supposed to be!"

Food For Thought

Hello Again.

Representatives from the Coconino County Environmental Health Department met with the Grand Canyon National Park Administrators and Tom Vail from GCRG on March 25 to discuss several proposed new programs which are of interest to river outfitters. One idea under consideration is a training program for River Guides which would be taught by Coconino County Environmental Health. This course, tailored for river guides, will include communicable diseases, proper handling of human waste, water treatment, and food sanitation. A certificate would be issued to everyone who passes the course, which would be offered at various times and locations throughout the year. Final determination regarding who would be required to take the course or where/when the training would be offered has not been made. I encourage river guides to send me your comments concerning the best times and places.

After evaluating the possible alternatives, it has been determined that the best format for inspecting commercial operations is the "ride-along" method. This method is considered preferable to "spot" inspections because it provides a greater opportunity for communication and discussion. Initially, inspections will be performed by me and possibly one or two others. On these trips we will work with you to identify health hazards that may endanger you or your passengers. We see this as a mutual learning process, so please give us the benefit of your experience and knowledge and feel free to voice your concerns. If all goes well, I hope to make the first trip around May 24.

The Park Service has agreed to allow commercial river operations to utilize alternative methods for the disposal of human excreta in lieu of the SCAT machine at Meadview, provided that the Coconino County Environmental Health Department has reviewed and approved the proposed alternative. Interested commercial outfitters should submit a written outline describing how human excreta will be handled (including sanitizing agents and protective wear to be used), transported, and disposed of, as well as toilet cleaning and sanitizing procedures.

If the SCAT machine is used, please have a sanitizing agent and protective clothing available, since the machine does not disinfect during or after the washing of portable toilets. Your chances of contracting Hepatitis "A" or other parasites increases significantly when you handle fecally-contaminated surfaces.

Once again, I want to say "thanks" to all of you who have provided advice and support as we struggle to create appropriate health programs for river outfitters. We're seeing real progress, and it is due in no small part to your efforts.

*Marlene Gaither
Environmental Health
2500 N. Fort Valley Road
Flagstaff, AZ 86004*

Whosit and Why

I often ask myself why someone would willingly become a river guide. I did it, but don't understand when anyone else does. There's not much money in it. The days are long, and lengthen considerably as the season unravels. Physical toil is extreme, whether it appears so or not. Turnarounds are terrible.

Turnaround: where you unload boats until you drop and then ride in a truck 'til you drop and then offload everything at a warehouse and onload lots of new things really fast and get back in the truck and drive to Lees Ferry and unload everything in preparation for reloading it, again, in the same boat it just came out of. Bad turnarounds—any insignificant snafu will throw a huge wrench into the works—go on and on (and on) without any foreseeable end, with one frustration after another, and only that, ever and always.

Why would somebody intentionally go through that and, if they did, why would they do it again?

On occasion I eat breakfast with a boatman I know, Whosit, an odd sort wrapped in 20th Century mysticism sprinkled over with 'canyon stuff.' This man's turnarounds are awful, the very worst. On his day off he goes everywhere his boat goes—and gets a slim \$35 to do it; otherwise he leads it around, by a tiller, and gets, before taxes, about \$100 a day so, I guess, it all equals out somehow. The point is he can't escape the thing. Day and night, on river or not, his boat is staring him in the face like a huge white elephant.

His is a horrible tough schedule to maintain across a 6-month season. It is very rough on equipment, emotions and bodies; there's never time to fix anything properly, including personal affairs. Still, he puts himself through it time after time after time. Why?

Figure this guy's first motor trip, the one where he decided, for some completely inexplicable reason, that he wanted to become a boatman. The rest is history, mostly. Read it and weep.

Whosit didn't know anything about the river except what he heard when cruisin' highways hauling boats and listening to river stories. A couple of years of that. It all sounded pretty good to him. The company was short on crew. He was available, and made a point of saying so.

He left Bright Angel Beach on Benny's boat after driving it to Lees Ferry, rigging it, getting it into the water, driving back to Flagstaff, packing, and driving to the South Rim. There he hiked 7 miles down the Kaibab Trail [he called it the ka-BOB back then; that is how much he knew his first time out] with 20 people he would not otherwise have laid eyes on [but was

responsible for] to a boat and river he had seldom seen. Off they went. Benny had trouble in Crystal, hit a wall or lost his engine or went swimming or something. Whosit took the tiller, trashed a prop, and got wide-eyed real fast. Benny got back in. Off they went again.

At Deer Creek, Spoogedawg, my only crew, got to where he couldn't do anything except lie in the shade, hold his gut, and moan. Appendicitis. I called Huey. Spoogedawg flew away prone, laced to a backboard, heavily sedated. Benny lent me Whosit, who, that first day, staggered around my boat mumbling, "oh...God...oh, GOD!" This curious behavior was juxtaposed against childlike ejaculations of joy and bizarre outbursts of hysterical laughter. Too weird! A seriously schizo personality springs immediately to mind, right?

Right! He burned his hands in the kitchen, poured cooking oil all over himself by mistake, did not have a change of clothes, was cowed and shaken by simple knotcraft, fell in the river and, worse, completely befuddled passengers who, like caged rats, played musical chairs in a vain attempt to escape his every move.

When I asked him to make up a cobbler mix in an aluminum bowl and put it in the Dutch oven he did just that, and had a hurt, puzzled look on his face when I howled at the humor of it. That was at mile 220, where he also orchestrated his own last-night awards ceremony complete with door prizes—a stunning success. The next morning he got off at Diamond Creek and traveled to Flagstaff where he stepped into a truck, fired up, coupled a trailer and drove out to Pearce Ferry to meet the boat he had just left, and beat it to the take out! Incredible!! We ate dinner at the Crow's Nest in Meadview that night, grease mostly. I recall he bought, revealing my memory is not what it should be in these matters. We returned to Flagstaff very early the next morning after mistaking moonlight through the clouds for dawn. Whew...

And so, as we sit at a cafe table sipping our coffee many good years later, enjoying the fresh day's clouds and sunlit room and the simple notion that someone else is cooking, I wonder aloud what makes him do it, and why. Being the sort he is the boatman crinkles his nose, scratches it, then eyes his plate. He needs a shave, which is excusable. It is Saturday, his day off, and his boat is outside awaiting him. Eggs on the fork, ketchup to the eggs, eggs in the mouth. He chews. "Uh...I think it was that week-long turnaround I did—The Happy Nightmare [erupts in maniacal laughter]. After that I could do anything! But its not why I do it. That's a different matter entirely. I mean, how could anyone *not* do this?"

Shane Murby

Ravens: Smarter Than You Think

It's a familiar sight. A raven, gliding in low over the kitchen, gear down, lands and moseys through your camp like she owns the place. Later you realize it was just a diversion, while her partner in crime plundered that food box you left open on the boat. Brings back the time one unzipped your pack at Havasu and stole your sunglasses. Or the shameless looting of open ammo cans while the folks hiked at Buck Farm. Ravens are troublemakers, and not to be trusted. We know that. But just how smart are they, really?

Pretty smart, it turns out. Ravens and their relatives, crows, magpies and jays, are members of the Corvidae, an avian family with the largest brains, relative to body size, of any bird. Corvids have been noted by a variety of cultures throughout history for their cleverness, mischief and sense of humor. Studies are now showing they possess the ability to pre-conceive and solve problems, a kind of insight. This is a big deal to researchers. Insight (as opposed to instinct or learned behavior) is, thus far, the best evidence of "consciousness" or "intelligence" in animals.

One anecdote from Finland tells of a species called the hooded crow pulling ice fishermen's lines away from the hole with their bills, putting the line down and walking back on it to hold it, then pulling it up again until they catch the fish at the end. This kind of pre-visualized problem-solving has also been demonstrated in controlled studies, by zoology professor Bernd Heinrich at the University of Vermont. Five hand-raised ravens were shown pieces of meat hanging from their perch by a 25-inch string. (They had never seen string.) The birds were clearly interested in the meat but not able to reach it. After scrutinizing it for awhile, one raven landed, reached down with its bill and pulled up a loop of the string, stood on it, pulled up another loop, and repeated this until it had the meat. On the first attempt, without practicing. Three of the other ravens eventually learned the task as well, probably not from the first, as two of them used a "side-step" instead of a "direct pull up" technique to hold the string.

These tests and others were performed on larger groups of wild-caught ravens, with similar results. One raven learned how to pull up the meat in just 14 minutes, but over half of them never figured it out at all. (Some ravens are smarter than others, just like humans.) This variability in performance argues against such behavior being instinctual, and also against the birds learning by observation. The only plausible explanation, says Heinrich, is that the birds had a mental picture of what they were doing; they were

thinking about it.

Corvids are also famous for their frivolity, exhibiting the most complex play of all birds. They have been known to lie on their backs and juggle objects between their bill and feet, or, hotdogging for their cronies, hang up-side down by one foot from phone lines. Most of us have seen ravens enjoying themselves at the expense of others, harassing hawks and eagles just for



scheming

fun. And it has yet to be shown (in biological terms, anyway) how they benefit by occasionally flying upside down. David Quammen, in an amusing essay entitled "Has Success Spoiled the Crow?", speculates that corvids are bored underachievers, possessing so much excess brain capacity that a fairly small part of each day is actually spent making a living. Their penchant for recreation and mischief, then, is simply a manifestation of having so much free time.

Most corvids are monogamous, and mated pairs typically stay together for life, which can be twenty years or more. Thus, some Colorado River ravens probably have careers of petty terrorism stretching back to the 1970s. So when you find your lifejacket soaked by a raven-punctured silver winebag, or that sack of thawing porkchopsicles pecked full of holes, look at it this way: at least they don't have hands. All we can do is fight raven delinquency by securing anything they could possibly shred or carry off.

And face the hard facts: they operate in pairs (often very experienced), and they're consciously trying to outwit us, probably just for the fun of it.

Jeff Behan

Finding a Balance

Well, that was the idea anyway, in a recent workshop facilitated by the NPS. Representatives from the air tour industry, environmental organizations, the NPS, the FAA, and numerous other initialed government agencies participated in the discussions designed to “find a balance” on the question of increasing air traffic over Grand Canyon. As the GCRG representative, I anticipated some lively conversation. For three solid days I got it.

“If we understand that the planet Earth is the home of humankind - and it surely is - then we can think of national parks as special rooms in that home. Big as they seem, they are, in fact, very small rooms in that home. Most of Earth is not in national parks. It’s in “rooms” put to a lot of uses that wouldn’t be suitable in national parks. Special qualities are protected in parks - and “pretty good” protection is not enough.

You don’t put a toilet in your kitchen, or a bench lathe and power saw in your bedroom. You don’t park your car in your living room. Actually, even in the tiny fraction of the world that’s set aside as national parks, very diverse uses are supported. But they are carefully chosen to meet the will of the public as it’s expressed by the action of the people they elect to office. In the national Parks Overflight Act, the Congress and the President told us that in this room of the home of humankind, we are to provide natural quiet. And they let us know they’re serious about it.”

Boyd Evison
Superintendent
Grand Canyon National Park

The focus of much discussion was the long-delayed report prepared by NPS to evaluate the effectiveness of the new flight rules in substantially restoring natural quiet in Grand Canyon. According to NPS conclusions from the data, although the rules imposed in 1988 have improved the situation parkwide, especially along the developed areas on the South and North Rims, they found that the restrictions have not been adequate in protecting natural quiet as a resource in its own right. They also concluded that “Substantial restoration of the natural quiet and experience of the park is not possible under current conditions.”

Dramatic change is needed, and workshop participants were invited to be a part of

the process. Superintendent Boyd Evison came on strong with the air tour industry in his opening speech but assured them that, although he is prepared to initiate change, air operations won’t be eliminated.

A contingent of the air tour industry, the Air Access Coalition, was strongly critical of the data and

of the NPS interpretation, labeling them “biased” and “prejudicial”. They presented their own study, contracted through acoustical analysts who collected data in 1987 and again in 1993, mostly from points along the South rim. The data, they concluded, proved that natural quiet has been restored. The baseline for their study was 1987 sound levels, which were already deemed unacceptable; the baseline for the NPS report was natural quiet, which is what it’s all about. After a day and a half of relatively unproductive posturing, we finally got down to business.

The NPS study designated “areas of concern”, points at which natural quiet was seriously compromised. These areas included Desert View, the Hermit Basin, Point Imperial, Point Sublime, and major sections of western Grand Canyon, among others. Workshop participants produced many suggestions to mitigate these impacts, ranging from closure of the two main flight corridors to offering federal tax benefits to companies which invest in quiet aircraft technology.

Representatives from environmental groups suggested that focusing attention on areas where noise was already a problem was not enough, that preventative action needs to be initiated in particularly susceptible areas such as Marble Canyon. Hikers in Nankoweap Basin, an area not studied and therefore not considered an “area of concern”, are subjected to a constant drone of aircraft.

The numerous suggestions will be included in the NPS report to Congress within the next month with recommendations for improvements to the flight rules.

While all this is going on, the FAA and the NPS have joined hands in an effort to reduce impacts from overflights on national parks nationwide. In an Advanced Notice of Proposed Rulemaking (ANPRM), the interagency working group determined that increased flight operations in national parks have “significantly diminished the natural park experience”. They hope to “form a comprehensive policy on preventing, minimizing, or eliminating impacts of aircraft overflights.”

This is really important to Grand Canyon. Since the Overflights Act was passed by Congress in 1987, the Grand Canyon air tour industry has more than doubled and that trend is expected to continue. Already the number of tour flights exceeds 10,000 each month during peak season. Shifting the flight corridors around to affect fewer people on the ground hasn’t worked because it doesn’t address the problem: too much noise. Attempts at moving the sound around leaves the NPS like a dog chasing its tail; it will never get the job done. The growth needs to be curtailed and

air tour visitation must be limited, as with every other form of visitation in the Park.

Recent tour helicopter activity in Burnt Springs Canyon in direct violation of published altitude minimums may already have profoundly impacted a Heron rookery.

This is also really important to every other National Park in the country. Currently Grand Canyon has the most stringent rules of any of our national parks regarding overflights. Other Parks, such as Canyonlands, are relatively unprotected. The FAA "requests" that pilots remain 2000 feet above ground level when overflying national parks, wildlife refuges and wilderness areas. However, many air tour operators are more than willing to ignore that request in favor of financial gain.

John Ruhl, a helicopter tour operator from Moab told me, "I can fly one inch above the ground as long as I don't hit nothing." Ruhl hovers close to arches in the Moab area so his passengers can take pictures, he says, even though the sound pressure from helicopters are known to cause damage to such delicate structures. When I asked how close he flew to the arches, he smiled and said, "How close do you want?" Obviously with such cavalier attitudes towards our natural resources, some pilots need more than a mere "request" from the FAA.

Studies indicate that aircraft can be associated with stress responses in a number of animals, including migratory birds. The Superintendent of Glacier National Park expressed concern that grizzly bears are being harassed by commercial air tour operators unaware of the potential adverse effects of flying too close to them. A comprehensive policy regulating air tours over all our national parks is long overdue.

Send in your comments. Written comments on the rule making change will be accepted until June 16th, 1994. They should be mailed, in triplicate, to:

Federal Aviation Administration
Office of Chief Counsel
Attention: Rules Docket (AGC-200),
Docket No. 27643
800 Independence Avenue, SW
Washington, DC 20591

Jeri Ledbetter

Further Education

Our ongoing quest to provide and encourage educational opportunities for guides continues to evolve.

Our current concept is to encourage and coordinate with various entities like Canyonlands Field Institute, Grand Canyon Field Institute, Community Colleges etc, to provide courses specific to our needs as guides in Grand Canyon. In addition, we are looking for ways to establish discounted tuition for working guides.

We'll keep you posted. Til then, you may want to write CFI and GCFI for course listings.



Chris Geanious © 1995

Grand Canyon Field Institute
P. O. Box 399
Grand Canyon, AZ 86023
602/638/2485

Canyonlands Field Institute
P. O. Box 68
Moab UT 84532
800/860/5262

Sonnet

*This red-cliffed canyon where the river flows
Is a great library, which Nature stocks
With all her history; the man who knows
This land may read its story in the rocks.
Age upon age, past human ken or reason,
The dust from mountains weathered endlessly
Was laid as silty mud each passing season
In the dark waters of a vanished sea.
The restless push of continents which raised
This shallow sea floor to its high plateau
Is written here—so do not be amazed
At all the fossil shells these highlands show.
And we can read, while rafting down the river,
Time's odyssey, which mankind calls "forever."*

Eleanor Hauselt

Teenage Sex

Reducing engine noise is just like teenage sex:

- * Everyone is talking about it
- * A few are really doing it
- * The ones doing it think it should be better
- * The ones not doing it wish they were

The difference between teenage sex and reducing engine noise is that everyone should be doing it.

Like IT though, reducing engine noise on a motor rig is not something you go out and do right the first time—it is a learned ‘art’. Before you start doing it, you need a level of commitment because it is not that easy. For some time now, I have been trying to figure this thing out (the noise thing, that is), and I have come up with some things that seem to help. But there is still a long way to go.

How you reduce the noise level is not the issue here—it is the WHY. In 1996, the Park will be developing a new River Management Plan, and at the same time, will be looking at wilderness designation for the entire Park. You can bet your spare prop that the motor issue will be one of the hot spots, especially when added to what seems to be happening with aircraft noise (see Jeri’s overflight article). We can’t afford *not* to start doing something now. If we wait until 1996, it will be too late.

This is not an easy thing to do, but it’s not insurmountable either. From a technological standpoint, it is far less complex than the aircraft noise problem and we can’t just float along bitching about overflight noise and not clean up our own act.

The National Park Service has a standard of 60 decibels at 50 feet as an acceptable noise level for recreational vehicle generators, and that should be our target. Granted, it is a small target, but the rewards for everyone are tremendous when we hit it.

There are a lot of factors involved in reducing noise levels. But they really fall into three categories: the engine, the boat, and the driver. There is not much we can do about the inherent noise level of the 2-cycle engines most commonly used in the canyon, other than beat on the manufacturers to make them quieter. And we should, because there are things they can do. There are also things we can do to absorb some of that noise before it leaves the engine. Some companies are already doing it. For example, Arizona River Runners just lined their engine covers with a lead-lined foam that results in a 4 db noise level reduction. It brings the noise level at the drivers ear down to 93

db, and 69 db at mid boat. It’s not at RV generator levels, but it is a start. Other companies are doing things as well—we have to—we can’t just sit back and wait for the manufacturers to act or the park to mandate.

Several companies and the Park have looked at 4-cycle engines. They are quieter, but I don’t think they are the answer. Being a 4-cycle engine means more moving parts, which translates to harder to tune and less reliable. Their power curve is slower to react to the throttle and they are heavy. (A 2-cycle Johnson 30 HP is 115 lbs and the 4-cycle Honda 30 HP is 138 lbs). In some applications, this could be the answer. I hope so.

Boat design is something we can do something about. It is no secret that an open stern boat results in more noise trailing behind than a closed stern boat, although there is probably no difference to the driver or the passengers.

The jackass that most companies use was designed for utility, not for their noise dampening potential.

In many cases, the boat frames act just like big amplifiers, converting the vibration from the engine into noise. They need to be examined for vibration absorbing potential as well.

A few rowboatmen have told me that GCE’s boats are the quietest on the river. I’m not sure if or why that’s true. But, if it is, it is probably many little things adding up an overall system that works. Or maybe their boatmen are better about it than the rest of us.

The boatman is the biggest factor and probably the hardest to fix. They have almost complete control of the noise the engine produces. We can’t just leave it off all the time, but we don’t have to run full throttle all of the time either. We (me, too) need to consider the impact we have on others as well as on our own folks. Approaching a row trip and shutting down to float with them for a few minutes may not be a bad idea for everyone involved, boatman and passengers.

One of the things that makes this such a complex issue is that what works on one boat, may not work on the next. But we need to start exchanging ideas. This is an industry wide problem, not a company problem.

Well, I’ll get off my soapbox for now. If you are interested in some of the things that we have found that work, give GCRG a call, and ask for a copy of “The Noise Letter”. If you have any ideas, questions, or want to talk about it, leave me a message at (602)585-6943. I’ll get back to you.

Think stealth.

Tom Vail

Boatmen, Scientists, and the Jobs In Between

The completion of the Glen Canyon EIS will bring a drastic reduction in the need for "science" in the Canyon. We as a community greet this coming certainty with mixed emotions. On one hand it will mean less bumping and shoving and competing for campsites on the river. On the other it means less jobs for us. For those who have become used to the extra off-season income it will be especially difficult.

All the science has been worth it. The final outcome of the EIS, the implementation of interim flows, the base of knowledge we need to set the river ecosystem back on a healthy course is based on the many valuable research trips that have plied the river over the past 12 years. The boatmen that ran these trips deserve a lot of credit for making that research accurate and efficient. The Grand Canyon is a big place, with problems and demands that are unique. Knowledge of scientific methods and knowledge of the Canyon teamed up to save a lot of time and effort. But a disturbing trend has been developing over the past few years, a trend toward separating and strictly defining the jobs of scientists and boatmen. Us and them. Oh-oh.

The boatman's job description is a tough one. Few would argue though that it contains only, "Runs the boat...". We're cooks and medical personnel and storytellers and psychologists and councilors and teachers and garbagemen and Canyon hosts. Basically we're problem solvers. How to make do when the truck breaks down, the boat gets ripped, a passenger gets sick, the meat gets left, the pump doesn't work, nobody wants to go in the paddle boat, the last hiker doesn't show, or the group dynamics crumble on Day 2. And while we do all these things we run a variety of boats through some of the most entertaining and challenging water in the world. Yeah, we run the boats, but that isn't the half of it.

The science that continues in the Canyon, the Long-term Monitoring Program mandated by the Grand Canyon Protection Act and the important research that remains, will need just this kind of boatman. We don't need scientists and boatmen down there, we need boatmen/scientists and scientist/boatmen. Running the river and doing science are not mutually exclusive. Many of our community are more than capable of collecting the data necessary as well as getting the trip down the river. And they can do it in the most efficient and least intrusive manner. Likewise there are those scientific types who can learn to run a boat. And run it well. Nothing about going to college makes you hit rocks. If that were so a lot of good,

though overeducated, Canyon boatmen would spend a lot more time patching.

What we should look toward is a cadre of professionals to carry on the science. The folks must be efficient, hard working, and knowledgeable. They should be able to run boats, collect data, and give the impromptu lecture to the passing commercial or private trip. They've got to be problem solvers. Above all else this group must have a deep feeling for the place and how it should be treated. There may be less jobs in the future, but they're going to be more important and more challenging. Looks to me like there will be lots of need for Canyon boatmen.

Tom Moody

The Warren Report A Recycling Update

In a recent conversation with Warren Waller of R&W Recycling, it's apparent the challenge in the industry is not getting people to recycle. The challenge is finding a market for all that STUFF we generate on our trips. There's no money in plastics; they just bail it up and deliver it to Basha's. Basha's bails it up and sends it somewhere and eventually it winds up in China where prison laborers get a whack at it. Whoa! Glass has to go to California or Colorado etc., etc., etc... The good news is they'll persevere if we will. We get pretty darn good marks for our efforts but there's always room for improvement. R&W's main requests are:

- 1) Please keep steel and aluminum separated! After they weigh aluminum bags and find steel in there later, it throws a #10 Monkey Wrench in the works.
- 2) Precycle: Cut back on plastics wherever possible. Stay clear of colored and frosted glass. Watch for and request the new thin-walled extruded steel cans for pop and beer.
- 3) Companies are urged to streamline their pre-sort pick up areas. If R&W can distinguish different materials AND they are uniformly steel, clear glass etc., it saves them lots of time. And... Warren says, Thank you!

Tim Whitney

The Ballad of the One Armed Boatman

They say that outfitters are pretty much the same,
But this one dude's different.
I'll not mention his name.

For the sake of this little story we'll just call him Spike.

If you've rowed for the man you'll know the guy
He'll pinch a penny till old Lincoln will cry.
A real conservative S. O. B.

If you could cut a corner old Spike would.
His boats are all patches. He don't feed so good.
His equipment is just plain junk.
But what ever it's condition it has to suffice.
What everyone else uses once old Spike uses twice.
Even recycles the toilet bags.
Washes 'em out by hand.

Now he's done lots of cheap things that I can recall,
But the one that really topped them all,
Was when he hired that one armed boatman.



Spike said, "This man can row for me any day.
Half the work, half the pay.
Saves on oars. Cuts down on expenses."

Now this one armed man he didn't concede much.
He was big and brawny. We called him 'Dutch'.
He was one stubborn devil.

We were rigging up to put on Grand.
He did all right with just one hand.
Pitched right in there and worked.

All went well until it was time to go.
Old Dutch sat there all ready to row.
We shoved them boats out in the stream.
It was a beautiful day. Not a cloud in the sky.
Them other boats just slipped right by.
They flat went off and left us.

Dutch was rowing hard. He was rowing fast.
A little gal said, "Six times that rock's gone past.
I think we're going around in circles."

Dutch said, "Now don't you mind.
I never was the giving up kind.
I'll get her straightened out."

Then he devised a system and he got going.
He was doing more spinning than he was rowing.
It was push on an oar then whirl on your butt and pull.
We were beginning to wonder how much he could stand.
The blisters he was getting weren't on his hand,
But he just wouldn't quit.

Up ahead a big rapid was heard.
Everyone was worried but said not a word.
We didn't want to upset the boatman.

Old Dutch stood up and then he looked faint.
He grabbed for an oar where an arm there ain't.
We slid into that rapid sideways.

The boat did a flip and we all went swimmin'.
It was every man for himself and to hell with the women.
God but that water was cold!

We bobbed around and then started to swim.
Every one climbed out except for him.
He just floated away going around and around.

Just before he disappeared out of sight,
This little gal yelled with all her might,
"Yoo hoo! You are going around in circles again!"

Spike said:

"Sure hate to lose old Dutch.
Hell of a good worker. Didn't complain much.
Wasn't even all that big an eater."

Now I was over in Vegas one night last year,
Just sitting around drinking beer.
Looking at a little leg. Staring at boobs.

Got to talking to this local Joe.
Right sharp fellow seemed in the know.
He told me this little story.
He said:

"You know I saw the damnest thing
Out in the middle of Mead last spring.
This joker was just swimming around and around in circles."

"Didn't really pay him too much mind.
He was one of them hairy hippie kind.
Could have been one of those crazy boatmen."

"Don't know how long he had been in the drink.
He was all shrivelled up like he was starting to shrink.
If you can picture a fuzzy prune, that's him."

"Didn't hang around there very long.
Fish weren't biting. Something was wrong.
They could have been dizzy from watching."

"For this dude was just swimming around and around.
Sure as hell wasn't gaining any ground.
I revved it up and got out of there."

Now I figured it was old Dutch swimming around.
Anyone else would go ahead and drown.
As I said before. He was one stubborn devil.

So if you ever go out to fry and bake,
Or whatever they do on that damned lake.
Keep an eye out for my old friend.

He'll be swimming in circles as sure as hell.
As you speed by, just wave and yell.
Tell him I said to say 'Hello'.

Vaughn Short
Two Worlds

At long last, Vaughn's long promised second book of verse, *Two Worlds*, is out. The above poem, part of the Spike Trilogy, is joined by two dozen other poems and prose introductions.

It is available at Marble Canyon, Back of Beyond Books in Moab or by mail from Vaughn (6635 N. Desert View, Tucson, AZ 85743) for \$9.95 + \$1.50 postage. His first book, *Raging River, Lonely Trail* is available as well for the same price.

A Note from Phantom

Phone

In regards to your article on Phantom Phone Bandits I wanted to follow up and let you know that in no way shape or form does the Fred Harvey Company have any relationship to the "pirating" of the public phone here on the property.

As a former employee of the Arizona Corporation Commission I called a consumer affairs representative there to obtain information about Zero-Plus. I was informed that they are referred to as Alternative Operator Service, or AOS. They do in fact "pirate" long distance lines at above market prices. They are not regulated by state regulatory bodies but are responsive to tariffs established by the Federal Communications Commission.

It is important to note that if anyone using the phone request AT&T or MCI et al as their long distance carrier, Zero-Plus and other AOS's are legally obligated to switch your call to your carrier of choice. I trust this information will prevent anyone from getting ripped off by the Phantom Phone Bandits this season.

Mail

On another topic, several years ago I forwarded a letter to all commercial river companies explaining our policy of carrying mail and packages to the ranch. We are not a postal contract station. The post office box that the ranch uses exists on the Rim at the village post office. It has evolved as a benefit to ranch employees that mail would be delivered on a periodic basis. Over time there has been an ever increasing number of packages arriving for guests, boatmen... As we are authorized to charge for duffel both in and out of the Canyon by the NPS we levy charges on these packages at the approved rate of \$1.00 per pound.

This discourages nonessential mailing of Packages for which we have no room to store, are unable to guarantee a delivery date, and are difficult to return to sender. This should help explain why it is that there is sometimes money due on packages delivered at the ranch. It is for duffel service provided by a private company, not the Post Office.

At any rate, thanks for letting me run on for a few paragraphs. I trust you will find this information of some value.

Warren G. Tracy
Manager, Phantom Ranch

GCES: It Ain't Over til it's Over

The Glen Canyon draft Environmental Study is a weighty document. Within its covers lies the analysis of ten years of research into one of the most complex and wonderful systems on earth. It is far from perfect, even today our understanding is limited. And regardless of the decision that will be made by Secretary Babbitt our understanding will continue to improve. As important is the fact that this decision is not simply up to the scientists and politicians, those that know and love the Canyon have a say as well. We hope open debates such as this continue to grace these pages.

We've said many times that we'll start worrying when noone cares enough to make a few constructive criticisms. We're still not worrying.

Now I see the errors of my complacency. I was just waiting for the Draft Glen Canyon EIS (DEIS) to come out with some answers for me. I should have been staying involved, questioning more during mid investigation - not just picking up on a few things, helping out here and there - hoping for a clean result. While many people seem to be congratulating the entire EIS process and all of its participants I question why the Modified Low Fluctuating Flow (MLFF) was chosen as the preferred alternative. In comparing the impacts of each alternative on downstream resources, the EIS predicts that some form of steady flows will be the most positive .

I have great hopes for the experimental beach building floods. My main concern, especially above the LCR, is will there be enough sediment in the system? The DEIS says that of all the alternatives, the potential to accumulate sand in the system is highest under steady flows. Increasing riverbed sand increases the chances of the beach building floods actually working to aggrade sandbars versus acting as a clearwater, i.e. erosive, flood. And how do we prevent frequent or unscheduled floods? I recommend we implement BOTH methods of reducing flood frequency suggested by the DEIS; not just one or the other. I think clearwater floods should be avoided. Why not maximize our insurance by maximizing sand accumulation with one of the steady flow regimes?

I was on the river in Feb./March 1993 when floods from the LCR dumped new sediment on top of existing sandbars almost everywhere downstream. By July interim flows of about 20,000 cfs returned and we watched many of the new deposits eroding quickly. I suggest that whichever alternative is chosen, the normal daily maximum flows need to be capped at no higher than 13-15,000 cfs. It seems to me a lower normal daily maximum cuts into the higher deposits not only at a lower elevation, but with a lower energy too, thus better protecting and restoring this downstream resource as required by the Grand Canyon Protection Act.

The GCRG summary of the DEIS states "...mounting evidence of damage to Canyon beaches due to severe

fluctuations in releases from the dam..." Another investigator states that "...sand was accumulating in the river system during the interim flow period..." and "...significant erosion occurred during all of the constant flows (8,000, 11,000, 15,000)..." The DEIS says that the potential to build sandbars is highest under the higher fluctuating flows, but net accumulation in riverbed sand is lowest. Conflicting interpretations from the same set of data? I don't know. What I do know is that constant flows were evaluated after only an 11 day period of each constant flow regime. This is not enough field information to make conclusive statements about significant erosion or greater probability of net gain in riverbed sand. I also remember that constant flows research was conducted during a relatively mild period of sediment input from the Paria and LCR (Oct. 1990-May 1991) while we've seen much higher sediment input over the past two years of interim flows. Had constant flows research been conducted during this higher sediment period, would they also have shown sand accumulation in the river system?

So what about the fish? Maybe the chub is doomed regardless of dam operations due to exotic predators, but maybe not. I am not advocating single resource management of GCD; but the humpback chub is important. As far as anyone knows, the only place on the planet this species lives is in the Colorado River. It evolved in the old river system and is as much a part of Grand Canyon as the Monument Fold. Hopefully, whether Secretary Babbitt goes with MLFF or a steady flow alternative (and both with capped daily maximums!) the steady flows built into the MLFF for endangered fish research would last long enough to provide some valuable and usable data.

The above concerns leave me uneasy about decisions being made and the real life function of the Adaptive Management Work Group. Why weren't steady flows with habitat maintenance flows the preferred alternative over MLFF? I hope it wasn't simply because MLFF had less of an impact on the post-dam marshes or allowed for fairly cheap power. Are these the resources we are choosing for? Not my choices.

Perhaps we should applaud the success of consensus building and cooperation reported throughout this EIS process. Maybe our culture is slowly starting to put more value on naturalness and non-use values. The DEIS says any findings of the non-use values study will be published in the final EIS. I hope so. Until then we're left with our love for the Canyon and the desire to do good for it. All I can say is keep questioning, don't become complacent. Stay and become more involved than I did.

Mimi Murov

The Draft EIS is just that, a draft. A preliminary sketch, outline, or version (Webster's Dictionary). I've read it several times and have to agree with some of Mimi's comments. I agree with EIS team's decision, but don't think they've done a good job of explaining how they came to it. What I'll try to do here is point out some of the problems I have with the DEIS analysis and explain why I support the preferred alternative

The estimates of the probability of riverbed sand accumulations used by the EIS team are based on a simple sand balance equation: [what comes in]-[what goes out]=[what's left]. Colorado River sand loads were computed using the sand-discharge equations developed during GCES Phase I and tributary input was assumed to be the same as historical patterns. The 20 and 50 year predictions were calculated only for the reach between Lee's Ferry and the LCR. I think an estimate of the error involved in these predictions should be computed as well. For example, is the difference between the probabilities of sand accumulation after 20 and 50 years between MLFF and SASF significant (64 and 73% vs. 71 and 82%) ? If available, error estimates would make a big difference in how to interpret these results.

The comments I made in the GCRG perspectives article supporting the preferred alternative were based on the results from repeated topographic and bathymetric surveys. During the test flows our analysis was mainly focused in the "hydrologically active zone" (HAZ), a zone directly affected by dam releases between the discharge range of normal operations (3,000 to 30,000 ft³/s). We measured a loss in sediment from this zone during the constant test flows at a significant number of our sites. Unfortunately, we observed the same pattern of erosion, although not as much, in the HAZ during the low fluctuating test flows!

For what its worth, here are some observations on the difference between the two. The bulk of the erosion that

we observed during the constant flows occurred when cutbanks developed and retreated at the water's edge. During the low fluctuating flow regimes (both the test flows and interim flows) cutbanks eroded most rapidly at the peak of the fluctuation. In general, cutbank erosion rates decreased when the water elevation dropped below the base of the cutbank. The constant flows are more erosive because the erosional front at the water's edge is sawing away at the base of the cutbank for a longer period of time than during low fluctuating flows.

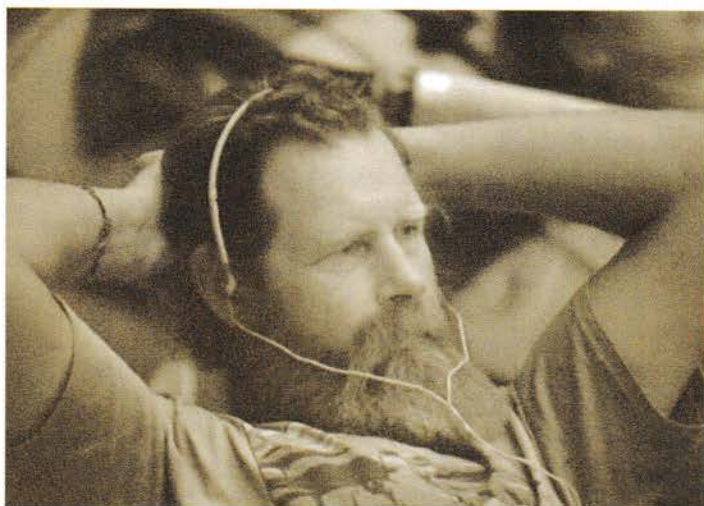
But what do we know for sure? We now have more than two years worth of solid observations, not probabilities, to prove that sand has accumulated under water during interim flows. Since the test flows we have expanded our observations beyond the HAZ to the entire river channel surrounding our study sites. These surveys have proven that sand has accumulated in both the eddy systems and in the main channel during interim flows. But at the same time, erosion of sand from the higher bar elevations was not replaced. Above water, the foundation of the riparian ecosystem (sand bars) is being eroded. Below water, sediment is being stored, but some of it is accumulating in important native (and non-native?) fish habitat. Big problem. The answer: flood flows. The prediction, and hope, is that high flow releases will replace lost sand on top of the bars, re-excavate the backwater habitats, and demonstrate that the dam can be used to manage for a healthier, if not entirely natural, ecosystem. We saw how the LCR floods last winter built sand bars downstream. The higher flows scheduled next spring will push stored sand up higher and further back than the LCR floods so that it will hopefully stay around longer.

I support the preferred alternative because it builds on what we know works, gives us the opportunity to see if steady flows will work, and allows the adaptive management team to pull the plug on any scenario that's not working. In addition to the GCRG's concerns over the Adaptive Management and long-term monitoring aspects of the DEIS, we should demand that the EIS team make it clear how they chose the preferred alternative. The EIS team should also supply a comprehensive bibliography of the reports and publications generated by the studies and to not simply reference written communications from the Principal Investigators. The process has just begun and it doesn't end with the final EIS. Stay involved, be critical, be a part of the solution.

Matt Kaplinski

In 1957, that summer, I went on my first Grand Canyon trip as a paying passenger.

As it turned out, typical Georgie, she kind of eyeballed me when I got there. I was kind of a real tall, lanky kid. After the first day or so, I could tell something was going on, and she was getting me set for something. The fellow who was helping to run the triple-rig [three ten-man rafts tied together, also called a "thrill-boat"]—this was before the days she put any motors on them—had to leave that trip at the lower end. I think he was committed to a couple of weeks in the reserved armed forces. So I ended up running a boat out with Chet Bundy. That's the first person I ever worked with down there, you know, on an actual boat.



mac tuning out

geoff gourley

At the end of that trip, Georgie eyeballed him again and asked if he wouldn't like to stick around for the summer, maybe learn a little more about the river.

Thirty seven years later, he's still here. Still learning.

Ask people to describe Dick McCallum and the usual answer is "Mac? One of the nicest guys on the river..." Or anywhere else for that matter. He's also one of the quietest. Do a trip with him and right away you find out he doesn't say much. He doesn't MISS much, but he doesn't talk much either. Usually just a sentence or two at a time.

He seems lonely in a way, a little distant from whatever group he's in, and at first you wonder if maybe that isn't because of the many changes he's seen and how different it all must be now from back when he began. After a while you get the feeling that's not really it, though. He was probably that way as a kid too. Which might explain why he ended up running a nonprofit company called Grand Canyon Youth Expeditions for as long as he did, and taking so many young kids along with him in the process; a solitary kid who lucked out a long time ago, he's been somehow paying that back ever since.

From 1957 through 1964, I worked for Georgie. In general, I would meet her up at Moab in May. Usually we'd do Cataract, Glen, Grand Canyon, and then depending on the business and the water level and things like that, we'd either go up and do another Glen Canyon, or possibly two Grand Canyons. By then, you'd be pushing into the latter part of July or August. Then it typified going to Idaho, doing the Middle Fork, the Big Salmon, Hell's Canyon, or doing an exploratory. Georgie was into *doing*, going and investigating, doing other things too. She did quite a bit in Mexico—I went down there with her in the early sixties—and Alaska and things like that.

If you worked for Georgie, you didn't get paid during the summer at all, but she'd cover you for everything. And then at the end of the season, you'd sit down and have breakfast together, and she'd put down a stack of bills and say "Thanks, this is what I've got for you this year." You might have a thousand bucks or eight hundred bucks or something after a season, in cash. And that would be it. That's how it went.

There was one time—we went through the season, we went to Alaska, did kind of an exploratory up there on the Copper River. We sat down to have breakfast in the airport, because we were all flying back, and Georgie said, "Well, Dick, we had a pretty good summer, but this is *really* expensive to come up here and do all this other stuff, and I don't have any money to pay you. And, I don't have any money to get you back, either." So I spent a little extra time in Anchorage that year, figuring out how to get back.

She was up front with me, but those were the times, that's how things went. It was a little hard, you know, as a nineteen- or twenty-year-old to kind of understand some of that. But that was Georgie.

Go into Expeditions—the store/warehouse that is Mac's nerve center in Flagstaff—and somewhere on the wall you'll find an old calendar photo with a wild looking snout boat plastered across the face of a big wave in Hermit. The boat has four single-oar rowing stations and a rear sweep mount. Two of the oars are manned by a couple of intent-looking characters in hard hats who turn out to be the Dierker boys, still in high school. Study that one awhile and you start to get a feel for the kind of energy the Youth trips had early on.

For a quiet guy, old Neptune has definitely managed to round up his share of rambunctious kids over the years: Don Neff, the Dierkers, Mike Yard, Moody, Jim & Deb Hendrick, Gourley, Behan, Fritz, Dirk, Dugald, Dennis, Al Hayden, Tom Sheeley... the list goes on and on. Now even Martha Clark has signed up. The boats have changed but a certain spirit never has. Unchained exuberant YOUTH, if you will. Forever there in the bones of the company. All the more startling considering the outward

personality of the man running the sweep on that one of a kind rig.

She was a very, very strong person, and kind of hard-headed and a little stubborn. But at the time she needed to be, just to stick her foot in the realms of guiding.

It was during a time when basically there was a lot of prejudice toward a woman even being down there, so you had the feeling if you worked for Georgie, you know, you were on one side, and if you were on the other side... This all changed later on, of course, as everybody got older. It all kind of changed. But originally, she had to be very committed to what she did.

I think Georgie was in a little different place, anyway. First of all, she was an outdoorsperson, but she was also a city person. She lived in a lot of big cities, she was very, very attuned to people—maybe more of her interest was funneled into having fun with people, than the *adventure* of going through the Canyon. Even when she first got started with Harry Aleson swimming the river and things like that, while she was going through some really difficult places *herself*, some of her really emotional places, because of the loss of her daughter....right away, she kind of switched over into this place of "the family." It was more of a party atmosphere, which was real interesting, because during the time that I got started, we would be down there with fairly large groups, twenty to twenty-five people. And if you *did* run into anybody else, they would be smaller groups, maybe a lot more serious in nature about conquering the Canyon. And all those aspects (chuckles), compared to Georgie's... we would be down there in her big boats and going by everybody when they were portaging around the rapids or lining their boats, or doing something. She just took it in a little different way, I guess, the whole adventure.

You actually remember going by a Mexican Hat trip where they were portaging?

Oh yeah!

And you guys were waving?

Right. So, you know, it's hard to tell how that felt to, say, the passengers on *their* trip. I know how it felt to the passengers on *our* trip. ...I think you'd have to talk to Gaylord. I think the financial aspects of doing those kind of trips were a little staggering. The money just wasn't happening. I mean, they swung clear the other way. But there are reasons, probably: for those folks, probably watching Georgie go down and be able to haul these larger groups with relatively lesser amounts of equipment and guides and the simplicity of the inflatables and stuff, the simplicity of the G-rig... It was *big* (chuckles), but it hauled a lot of people and it went through the Canyon and they didn't have to

portage or line. It just *worked*, you know. It was Georgie White's "share the expense" River Trips. And that's what it was. I think the first trip I went on was a sixteen-day trip, it was three hundred bucks—which was quite a bit of money in *those* days, but *nothing* compared to, say, what people were paying to go with anybody else. It was very, very oriented to the rich. And she was the first person to kind of open it up to just the average public.

For a time there he was Georgie's main crew member. He and Georgie would run the thrill boat on the little rivers, or split it into singles at stretches like the Middle Fork. She'd take the big G-Rig through Grand, while McCallum and a hearty volunteer (usually a fireman from L.A.) would bust a gut trying to catch up in the thrill boat. A couple years into it a youngster named Ron Smith came on board and started to be a regular along with Mac. Together, they actually began to get a handle on running that crazy little boat. They came to be friends in the process, and being young and exuberant, they started to get ideas. In 1964, as the gates of Glen Canyon Dam were closing, they built hard-hulled boats of their own and took off from Green River Lakes in Wyoming to make a documentary on running the whole dang thing one last time. Three months later they had to quit fairly high up in the Canyon so Mac could get back to school. But out of that trip came the will and the notion to start a company of their own. The next year, Grand Canyon Expeditions was born.

In 1970 they decided to split the sheets and Mac, who'd been running a lot of Outward Bound trips, went on to form Grand Canyon Youth Expeditions.

I can tell you a few Georgie stories. There are run-ins with people that you really remember. The encounters were very infrequent—even in the mid-sixties when Ron and I were together—you just didn't see many people down there. I can remember seeing Martin down there in his hard boats and his dory, along with. . . . I don't know if it was P.T. Reilly or not, in another type of hard boat—kind of on a private [trip]. I remember being down there with the jet boats on the up-run. That was in the early sixties. I remember them driving the boats up on the beach at Elve's Chasm, because they were all punched full of holes and stuff, and letting the water run out. And seeing Bill Belknap and Buzzy and Doc Marston. Georgie and Doc Marston, they didn't do very well together. I can remember (laughs) all the flaring of tempers and information that went on. You don't forget things like that.

Probably one of the funniest things—it wasn't funny at the time at all, but now it's real funny when I look back at it—and I've told this story before: the Boy Scouts from Beverly Hills.

She used to do a lot of charter trips up in Glen Canyon, particularly when it got popular and people knew about it. So one year we had a whole group of Boy Scouts from Beverly Hills. What would happen on the Glen Canyon trips, they'd meet them in Richfield, Utah, and we'd transport them in the back of a cattle truck or something. It'd take all day long to get to Hite from Richfield. So Georgie had some drivers to pick them up and bring them in. Anyway, they got all these kids from Beverly Hills. There must have been twenty-five of them or so. So they got them to Hite, and these kids arrived with this mountain of clothing and stuff that had to be put into—I guess she must have been furnishing waterproof bags for them. Anyway, they had so much clothing that none of it would fit into their bags. And their moms had packed them a change of white underwear for every day.

So Georgie started sorting. We built this mound of clothing. After the mound was made, she told them that there wouldn't be any way to get their clothing transported to the end of the trip or anything, so she was going to have to get rid of all this clothing. So she ignited it (laughs) and burned up all this extra clothing, kind of in this little ritual. This, of course, was appalling to everybody...

For years in the winters, he taught high school. He'd gotten into river running with a different assumption than the subsequent generation. When Mac started, you still had to have a real job too. Or something. Maybe he just wanted to be a teacher. (Maybe he knew he was going to need recruits and was looking for them even then.) Whatever it was, he'd been following a certain bent all along. During the years with Ron Smith, his inclinations had carried him into trips with Outward Bound. When Smith and he decided they'd rather be friends than partners, Mac just kept on going.

It's kind of like, you know, why be a schoolteacher? You'd like to give something to kids, you'd like to give something to somebody else. So that had a lot of romance to it. It wasn't particularly... that's what makes some people click, you know. That's what makes them tick. I wanted to bring kids back and have them feel what I had felt, which had a *tremendous* impact on my life. And I wanted them to be involved, I wanted them to start feeling really good about themselves and participating. So GCYE, we built these tandem oar rigs. This was the only way I could figure out to get everybody involved, because they'd trade off and stuff, and have this really action-oriented trip and feel like they were a part of the trip. Don't ask me why nobody had thought about (laughs) the paddleboat. Like on our trips now, we run paddleboats all the time. It's like a second generation of youth boats, and you can

actually get *more* people participating, they feel they're a part of the trip, and that's what a lot of people look for today.

But anyway, that's what Susie and I went after in 1970—building our own little company, more or less around the youth boats and the youth experience. Also running a few motor trips, actually, during that time, just to bring money into the company. Always trying to get a scholarship program going, trying to—in a nonknowledgeable way—build another Outward Bound School, but never having the money or wanting to take the risk to invest all kinds of money in something as elusive as what we call now the user-day system. One thing happened that kind of... None of the history or the size of GCE came over to this other company. So I was sitting there being told we would be able to expand, but we were never allowed to. All of this is a very complicated issue. A lot of things were said verbally.

By the Park?

Yeah. Now I do everything on paper (laughs) when I have to deal with the bureaucracy. It doesn't... And again, on second thought, it doesn't matter, because I couldn't be happier, being small. I like being small, I like the personal nature of a small company. I kind of tried to go the other way. I'm *much* better where I am now. In the long run, it's worked out *just fine*. I couldn't see that for a long time. I'd always felt kind of beat up.

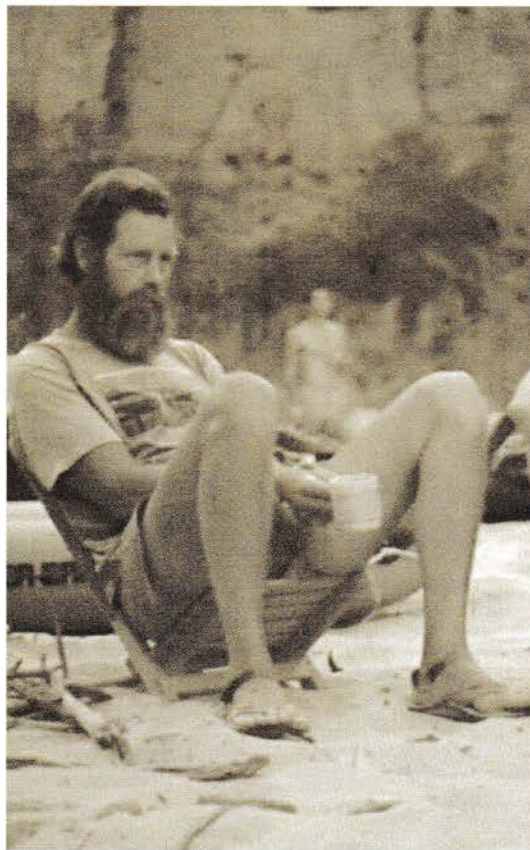
The Park was in a... They had been caught by something that they weren't prepared to really manage yet. What happened was not fair, it was not well-managed at the time. I don't feel good about it. But that's all over. That's a done deal. The only thing that maybe isn't a done deal now is special populations are back on the forefront again, and there are companies that *would* like to have a special permit for a special populations trip. It would be very interesting to see if they come up with a special allocation for special populations. If they do, I'm going to be first in line with Grand Canyon Youth Expeditions! I wouldn't mind giving it a shot. We'll see. It's not a big problem with me now, other than it's important, just to me, personally, to watch and see what happens. It's a very old idea with a lot of history.

Well why...? I guess we better not even get into what they might have been thinking...

You do the best you can. We had to have *some* management. For me, the last years of the Glen were a real reminder that I can always reflect back on when places have management problems like the Grand Canyon today—particularly the rim areas of the Grand Canyon. They are having tremendous impact problems now, and management headaches. Glen Canyon in its last years had some interesting problems, in that all of

a sudden, everybody in the country became aware there was going to be a dam there—particularly through the voice of the Sierra Club at the time. So there was a *big influx* of people down there in the Glen to see the last days. It got trashy, it got overused. It's always reminded me of a place that was not being managed, that needed to be managed pretty quickly. But at the time, it was a foregone conclusion it was going to be gone anyway, so it didn't matter, is what it amounted to. So it was an emotional time for me in that I was young enough that I stepped in and one of the most beautiful places I had ever seen in my life was already doomed. And that was sad. That was a very sickening feeling to me, inside, to lose a place like that. But there was nothing you could do, it was a goner.

What a difference a decade makes. Or two. Or three. (Or four!) It's hard to fathom knowing Glen Canyon intimately, then watching it go. Hard to fathom a time in Grand Canyon—and Mac talks about these things too—when there were no tamarisk trees and the beaches were huge when the water was low (and gone when it wasn't). High water was 127,000 not 30,000 and you cleaned up dinner by loading your cans and bottles with rocks and winging them out in the river. Mac got that job because he had the best arm. The kitchen table back then was a blow-up wading pool and everything but eggs was out of a can and if you wanted an egg then you just went over and cooked it yourself.



mccallum seated

gourley

The people who came out first already had a lot of outdoor experience, they were real attuned, knew what to expect, were prepared for the worst, expected the worst probably—but they were really tuned-in to wanting to see this and having this adventure. Now they're inexperienced; they're coming out of a much more complicated society, and a much more complicated work place. And I think as a guide you need, you have to have real people skills. Your people skills didn't used to be quite as important, because the people didn't *need* as much then as they do now. I would say a lot of the people now are coming on a

vacation of this type to kind of quote “recharge themselves” in order to go back to a very, very complicated world. So it's almost like being in the therapy business, in a lot of ways. I think as a professional guide, you can do your job at a more healthy level if you can accept that as a given, that you can allow these people a real comfort zone for a couple of weeks so they can go back to wherever they came with new energy.

Being a guide is kind of a tricky little thing right now, in terms of one's life. It wasn't as tricky for me. I just stepped into this, and then as I stepped through it, I stepped into a place where I could actually own a company. And then I'm just going down the road. Now, for a young person coming into guiding, you can get some of the same feelings and energy of working with people, being with people, some of the adventure. You can get some of these same things, but the ability... To insert yourself into guiding, and then pull yourself back out into another stream of life is much more difficult. I'm always finding myself saying, when some young person comes in and is wanting to get into the business, I find myself telling them that no matter whether they do this for a year or two years or ten, or in my case over thirty years, it's going to be a very, very special time of their life, and they should just enjoy that period for what it is—whether it lasts a couple of years or thirty, because they'll always be able to reflect back to it. I think that's kind of where

I'm at, even though I spend much of my time behind the desk because of the bureaucratic demands that come my way now—that's a part of the racket—I still have this place I can reflect back to. It's a very romantic place. It's a real special place.

I *definitely* have an emotional attachment to the Grand Canyon. It got me out of L.A. It opened a new world. My buddies that I grew up with in high school, they're still over there. I occasionally hear from some of them.

Lew Steiger

Grand Canyon Art Forum



Chris Geanious © 1994

The Grand Canyon Art Forum was created to reestablish the historical relationship between Art and Science in Grand Canyon. It is our aim to collect and showcase works of art inspired by the Colorado River and its boating community. We will promote cooperative productions with interested individuals and organizations to create exhibits, publications and educational programs. Steve Bledsoe, Chris Geanious, Bob Grusy and Raechel M. Running work as river guides in Grand Canyon. Their shared passion for the river and Art has inspired them to initiate the GRAND CANYON ART FORUM.

The Art Forum has again donated artwork to this publication. Bird photos are by Chris Geanious, drawings are by Bob Grusy.

The Grand Canyon Art Forum is in the process of designing a publication of a river journal. We are requesting creative works, visual and written from the river community. Please contact us if you are interested in participating in our project. We are also seeking financial support. Interested people can contact us at:

Grand Canyon Art Forum
 c/o RMR Photography
 111 E. Aspen Street, Flagstaff, AZ 86001
 (602)774.1665

Please send us monetary contributions and information about yourself and your art. Stay tuned.

Peregrine Falcon Diet Study

I am studying the dietary habits of peregrine falcons in the Colorado River corridor in Grand Canyon. I am investigating peregrine falcon foraging, whether it is proportional to the seasonal and spatial abundance of prey species, and foraging success in relation to prey type.

Collectively, Grand Canyon River Guides possess an enormous number of sightings of peregrine falcons foraging attempts. Please help me study this raptor by recounting any sightings of foraging attempts you have witnessed along the Colorado River in Grand Canyon. Please use a separate observation form for each sighting and be as specific as possible. Contact me for more forms if you need them.

Kirsten Rowell, GCES

Please send this form to: Kirsten Rowell, GCES
 P.O.Box 22459, Flagstaff, AZ 86002

Name _____
 Address _____

 River Mile _____ Date _____
 Prey Species _____
 Was Foraging Successful?
 Yes ___ No ___ Partial ___ Don't Know ___
 Comments ("Tag team", knocked prey into water, time of day, etc.) _____

Please send this form to: Kirsten Rowell, GCES
 P.O.Box 22459, Flagstaff, AZ 86002

Name _____
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 River Mile _____ Date _____
 Prey Species _____
 Was Foraging Successful?
 Yes ___ No ___ Partial ___ Don't Know ___
 Comments ("Tag team", knocked prey into water, time of day, etc.) _____

Discounts to Members

A few area businesses like to show their support for GCRG by offering discounts to members. Here are the ones we're aware of:

Expeditions 779-3769
625 N. Beaver St. Flagstaff
Boating Gear
10% off merchandise to members

Cliff Dwellers Lodge 355-2228
Cliff Dwellers AZ
10 % off meals to members

Teva Sport Sandals 779-5938
N. Beaver St. Flagstaff
Approx 1/2 price to boatman members
Pro-deals upon approval (approx 1/4 price)
Ask about our winter new products testing program- ask for Adam Druckman

Dr. Jim Marzolf, DDS 779-2393
1419 N. Beaver Street
Flagstaff, AZ
10% of dental work to boatman members

Businesses offering discounts to licensed guides:

Marble Canyon Lodge
Vermillion Cliffs Lodge
The Edge (Flagstaff)
Aspen Sports (Flagstaff)

Public Announcements

Glen Canyon Photos Wanted

Eleanor Inskip is currently assembling a photo book entitled *Glen Canyon Before Lake Powell*. She'd like to know of any good collections, especially ones with good transparencies.

Contact her at 366 East 100 North, Moab, UT 84532. Phone 801/259/8452, Fax 801/259/5773.

Wilderness First Responder Courses Cost \$350
Leadville, CO April 20-29
Howard, CO May 2-11
Gunnison, CO May 16-25

Wilderness EMT Cost \$725
Crested Butte, CO June 2 - 30
contact Wilderness Professional Training
P.O.Box 759
Crested Butte, CO 81224
800/258/0838

Thanks

Thanks to everybody who helped out: To all those who wrote things, to the Grand Canyon Art Forum for artwork; Butch Schimpp, Dan Cassidy, Bill Breed, Peg Bratlett and others submitting things to reprint, Nora Cox Scott for permission to print Iven Bundy's story, Dave Edwaeds for his photos...

boatman's quarterly review is printed on recycled paper with soy bean ink by really nice guys.

Care to join us?

If you're not a member yet and would like to be, get with the program! Your membership dues help fund many of the worthwhile projects we are pursuing. And you get our lovely journal to boot. Do it today.

<input type="checkbox"/> General Member Must love the Grand Canyon Been on a trip? _____ With whom? _____	<input type="checkbox"/> \$20 1-year membership <input type="checkbox"/> \$100 6-year membership <input type="checkbox"/> \$195 Life membership <input type="checkbox"/> \$277 Benefactor (A buck a mile)* *benefactors get a life membership, a silver split twig figurine pendant and our undying gratitude.
<input type="checkbox"/> Guide Member Must have worked in the River Industry Company? _____ Year Began? _____ Experience? _____	<input type="checkbox"/> \$_____ donation, for all the stuff you do. <input type="checkbox"/> \$15 short sleeve t-shirt. Size _____ <input type="checkbox"/> \$17 long sleeve t-shirt. Size _____ <input type="checkbox"/> \$.50 GCRG logo sticker. (2 free with membership)
Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____	Total enclosed _____

Folk Tales

John D. Lee Survives his Execution Wes Larsen

It is common lore in the polygamous colonies of Colorado City, Arizona and Hildale, Utah that John D. Lee survived his execution and fled to Mexico.

There are those who say that the 1887 execution was a farce and that the firing squad may or may not have been in on the plot. Lee admonished the squad to shoot him squarely in the heart and not mutilate his body. Underneath his heavy clothing he wore some kind of armored protection. After the shots were fired he fell back into his coffin, his son Alma immediately placed the lid on the coffin and had it carried to a wagon awaiting to take the corpse away. Alma took his father to Panguitch, a mock funeral took place and the grave covered with a heavy slab to prohibit investigative disinterment.

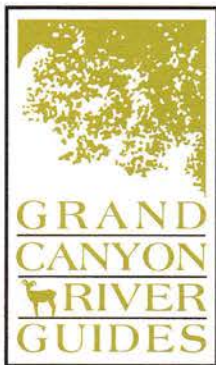
John D. Lee was spirited away and taken via the old Mormon Road into Arizona. Warren Johnson, operator of Lees Ferry, told his son LeRoy Johnson that he distinctly remembered transporting Lee across the Colorado River after the execution. LeRoy Johnson, later to become Prophet and President of the Fundamentalist L.D.S. Church, passed this testimony on to his followers.

Lee continued on into Mexico, was joined by one or a number of his wives, and increased his family size in the Mexican colonies.

There is the suggestion that President Brigham Young may have been in on the secret plan, as it took him "off the hook," as it were, in being accused of not protecting his own.

Residents of Colorado City, Arizona are amazed that this story is not common knowledge in the outside world.

Source: A conversation between Heber Hammond of Colorado City, AZ and Ronald Williams of Kanarraville, UT, December 1992.



P. O. Box 1934
Flagstaff, AZ 86002
phone or fax
(602) 773-1075

The Monkeywrench Turns on Us

At press time we received reports of a vicious attack on the Salt River in central Arizona. The victim was not a person but rather a piece of the river itself, the section's largest rapid, Quartsite Falls. Apparently someone dynamited the ledge that gives the falls its name turning the often unrunnable rapid into a flush. The deed occurred in late March or very early April and as yet we do not know the culprit.

We often bewail the vandalism of wild places; spraypainted rocks, buried firepits, names scratched on the wall. We are stunned by the magnitude of this destruction. It's like taking our a piece of your home. The Salt River is one of the few wild stretches of river left in Arizona and flows through a desert wilderness. The Forest Service is investigating the incident and river organizations are pooling resources to offer a reward for information on who is responsible.

If you can help, please contact us here at GCRG or Gail Peters at American Rivers. You can reach her at:

American Rivers
3601 N. 7th Ave., Suite D
Phoenix, AZ 85013
(602) 264-1823



debris flow, tanner, august 22, 1993 sue rhodes

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