GRAND CANYON RIVER GUIDES

# boatman's quarterly review

the journal of Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc.

volume 8 number 1 winter 1994-95



## Kim Crumbo

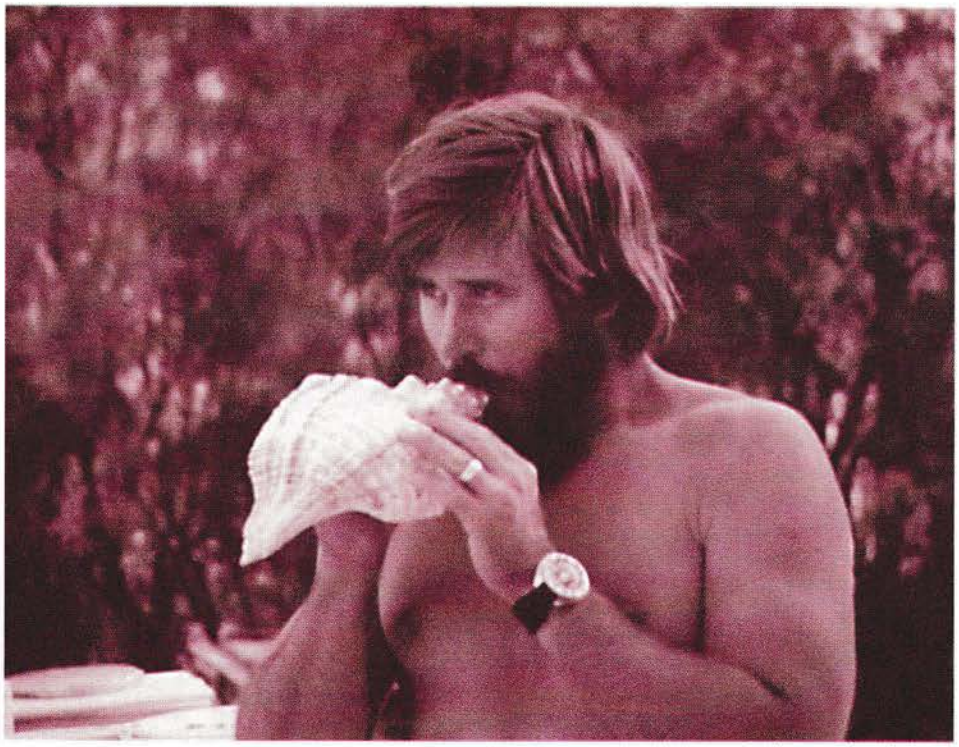

photo: john day

I had a friend who worked for Jack Curry and Dee Holladay while I was still in the service... I got out in '71 and got a job with Holladay up in Cataract. I was on the Mekong River in March, and running the Colorado River in May.

*How'd you get in the service? Family tradition?*

Yeah, both my dad and step-dad. But my dad was a Navy pilot, and my step-father was a Marine pilot.

continued on page 29

# !! MAYDAY !!

Just got off the phone with Lieutenant Fred Soriano, Chief of Inspections with the United States Coast Guard, San Diego. He says Coast Guard will be licensing all boatmen who carry passengers and inspecting all craft that carry over six people. Soon. Like REAL soon.

We asked why this has to happen. *It's the law.* What law? He'll fax it to us. Why now, after all these years? *It had been overlooked due to its remoteness. No longer. Coast Guard is in better shape now. Should have done this a long time ago. It's overdue.*

Who, we asked, made this decision? *The Commandant. In Washington. Admiral Krmak.* It'd be a lot easier for everybody if you didn't do this, we said. *I know,* he responded, chuckling. *It's a long way from San Diego. But we intend to regulate all rafting in the entire country. We've just finished with Black Canyon* [below Hoover Dam].

Has the Park Service been doing an unsatisfactory job with regulating this?


*No,* he responded, *that's not the problem. It's the law.*

How will we be tested? *We want to adapt the Park Service testing, and, if it's okay with them, have them do the testing at Lees Ferry. There will be a fee.*

How much? *Not much.*

He'll be coming to Flagstaff shortly to meet with us, outfitters and NPS. In the mean time, if any of you know anyone in Washington that could maybe let the Coast Guard know that now may not be the time to initiate a costly, redundant nationwide program that is already being more than adequately covered by another government agency, *get after it.* As Bruce Babbitt said last fall, when speaking about a cooperative effort with the Department of Transportation, "Last time I checked, we both worked for the same guy."

# Flood Flow Cancelled

After all was said and done, after nearly all the scientists involved seemed to agree that the beach building flow, at best, was a terrific idea and, at worst, would cause no serious harm... the flood flow scheduled for April of '95 was cancelled. It is still unclear whether it will be rescheduled for '96. The apparent reason was the threat of a lawsuit for lost revenue from upper basin water and power interests.

This announcement comes on the heels of the *revised* Preferred Alternative, which seems several steps closer to the pre-EIS status quo than the Draft Preferred Alternative that was agreed upon by consensus.

We'll look at this in greater depth in the next issue.

## boatman's quarterly review

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

Grand Canyon River Guides
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

* Protecting 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 *

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, comics, 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. Send an SASE for submission guidelines.

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

# A *New* Preferred Alternative?

Yes. As of Fall, 1994, please note certain changes. The current document increases maximum flows from 20,000 to 25,000 cfs and increases upramp rates from 2,500 to 4,000 cfs; endangered fish research flows will sometime later be addressed with the Adaptive Management Program, and Reclamation will accelerate studies of the implementation of a selective withdrawal (river warming) structure at Glen Canyon.

These changes were not entirely expected by the boating community.

We thought we had a deal.

**Description of the Preferred Alternative for the Final EIS on the Operation of Glen Canyon Dam**

| | Low Volume Months | Medium Volume Months | High Volume Months |
|---|---|---|---|
| Minimum release (cfs) | 8,000 between 7 am and 7 pm<br>5,000 between 7 pm and 7 am | 8,000 between 7 am and 7 pm<br>5,000 between 7 pm and 7 am | 8,000 between 7 am and 7 pm<br>5,000 between 7 pm and 7 am |
| Habitat maintenance flow (cfs) | Between 30,000 and 33,200 | Between 30,000 and 33,200 | Between 30,000 and 33,200 |
| Maximum release (cfs) | 25,000 (will be exceeded for habitat maintenance flows) | 25,000 (will be exceeded for habitat maintenance flows) | 25,000 (will be exceeded for habitat maintenance flows) |
| Daily fluctuation (cfs/24 hrs) | 5,000 | 6,000 | 8,000 |
| Monthly release volume (acre-feet) | <600,000 | 600,000 to 800,000 | >800,000 |
| Ramp rate (cfs/hr) | 4,000 up, 1,500 down | 4,000 up, 1,500 down | 4,000 up, 1,500 down |

**Elements common to all alternatives** (described in detail in the draft EIS) include:

**Adaptive Management**
**Flood Frequency Reduction Measures**
**New Population of Humpback Chub**
**Emergency Exception Criteria**
**Monitoring and Protecting Cultural Resources**
**Beach/Habitat-Building Flows**
**Further Study of Selective Withdrawal**

# Ancient History

Sothis. Known through Egyptian hieroglyphics to be today's Sirius, brightest star in the sky; responsible for the Sothic Year, the first calendar of 365.25 days, also Egyptian. I mention Sirius because, if you do not know the Glen Canyon Dam EIS story well, it's too long to tell right now. It's easier to talk about deities and history and horse sense to paint the same picture. It might not all fit together, but, I'll try.

In ancient Egypt when Sirius crested the morning sky beside the Sun, came the Nile's yearly flood. Sirius, in the constellation Canus Major (Big Dog), signified the spate that brought prosperity. Each year it renewed again the agriculture which supplied the ancient world with wheat and barley. Without flood, the quintessential lifegiving event, and the ability to predict its coming, Egyptian civilization would have perished long before it did.

Switch rivers with me. Let's try the Colorado in Grand Canyon. I've had some really weird things happen when Sirius was rising and I was rafting. One that keeps me wondering is when I camped at 124 Mile and saw a flying saucer! Maybe it was a military jet, you say. I'm not so sure. It was just above the rim, almost silent. Huge...it was huge, bright blinking lights crawling effortlessly, very quietly, through space straight above us. I remember trying to fit all of that together. It doesn't make any more sense now than it did then.

Sirius returns in July: Dog Days. On schedule, and known for centuries. But this particular time the star rises abreast the final 30-day comment period on Glen Canyon's EIS. And this is just too weird. A profound moment approaches. But there will be no corresponding flood in Grand Canyon to herald the event. There probably would be a flood, you understand, if Glen Canyon Dam weren't in place. But that's the way the world works these days. Its people control the dam and river. Mother Earth doesn't have a whole lot to say about it. I cannot explain that either, except for politics which, in context, seem more like astrology, the reading of tea leaves, or Tarrot cards, to predicate a hazy, hoped for, future.

Politics is not science, like astronomy, which the Egyptians defined spectacularly well—simply to ascertain Sirius' heliacal event. They did not attempt to control the river as we now do. They were smart. They realized, even then, that natural cycles ordained the only measurable manifestation of their civilization. It was the heavens that said when the water would come. Soothsayers did not do the trick.

It is different today, both at Aswan and Glen Canyon. It is all backwards. We use politics and enormous piles of cement to challenge time eternal, the mandate of heaven. We have reinvented the calendar but learned nothing from its creators.

Sirius, I say, is rising.

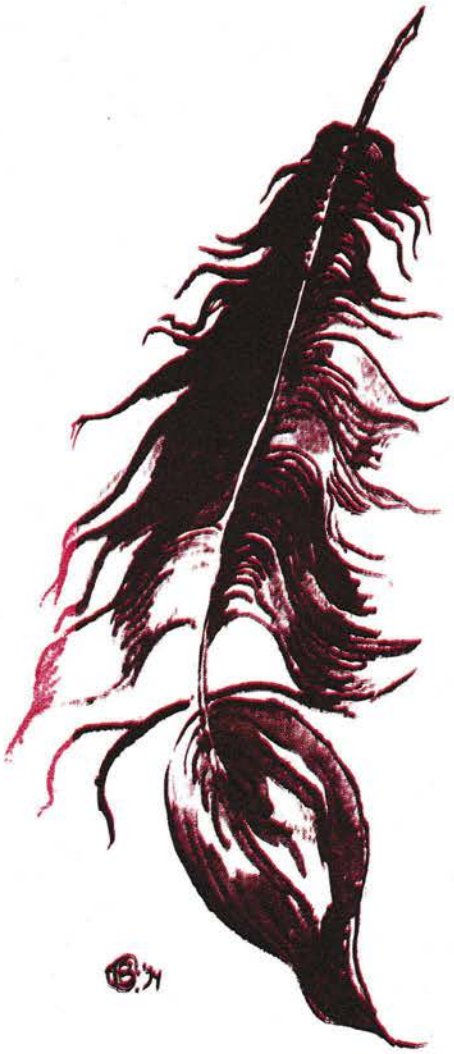
*Shane Murphy*

# Remember Quartzite Falls?

*An update on the demolition of Quartzite Falls on the Salt River, formerly the only Class 6 rapid on any commercially run river in Arizona: a group of eight men, the acknowledged leader being one William "Taz" Stoner of Phoenix, were apprehended. Members of the group made five trips by foot or boat between August and October of '93, using increasingly large amounts of explosives to destroy the quartzite ledge. This ledge formerly formed the formidable keeper hole that gave the rapid its fury and claimed several lives over the years. Stoner, a part time commercial guide on the Salt, now claims to have done it for the good of all, to save lives.*

*Maximum sentence for the two felony charges (Conspiracy and Destruction of Federal Property) could bring fines of up to $250,000 each, and sentences totalling up to 25 years. Three accessories to the crime have plea bargained to "probation and probable suspended sentence," three others to "up to a year" and Stoner and Rich Scott, (the demolitions expert) to a "12 - 18 month sentence." Final Sentencing will be March 27. Below are GCRG's comments to the sentencing judge.*

*PS: You can write the judge, too.*



Honorable Earl Carroll
230 N. 15th Avenue, 6th Floor
Phoenix, AZ 85025

Dear Judge Carroll:

I'm writing to you about my concerns in plea bargaining regarding events at Quartzite Falls.

Myself and many of my constituents, approximately 1100 individuals, are not comfortable with the anticipated 12-18 month sentence for the prime offenders. We don't believe the punishment satisfies the crime committed.

We view the destruction of Quartzite Falls as a landmark environmental case. We believe the safety aspect, offered as Mr. Stoner's defense, to be only slightly less realistic than his disregard of wilderness ethics. For a professional river guide to behave in such a manner demonstrates profound arrogance; to claim he didn't know the law is absurd. To us, Mr. Stoner's actions are equitable to saying Grand Canyon should be filled in so as to prevent visitors from occasionally falling off its rim.

The ramifications of this case do not center on the monetary value of a rock. They are more aimed at something much less definable: the intrinsic, very personal, attributes gleaned from any true wilderness experience. To river runners, rapids requiring portage are a very real part of the landscape. That is where wilderness meets its mandate—in personal challenge. At Quartzite Falls, meeting the challenge does not mean removing its obstacle. It means rising to it. In doing less, wilderness itself is compromised.

What festers is Mr. Stoner's accomplished mission, this to alter a natural, very wild, place in his own interest. He did this by his own mandate for his own, very selfish, reasons. He has disregarded primal challenge in favor of personal comfort. I doubt he would appreciate my behaving with similar instinct in his own home. Further, he has admitted doing this in a designated wilderness area, a place where such activities are specifically illegal.

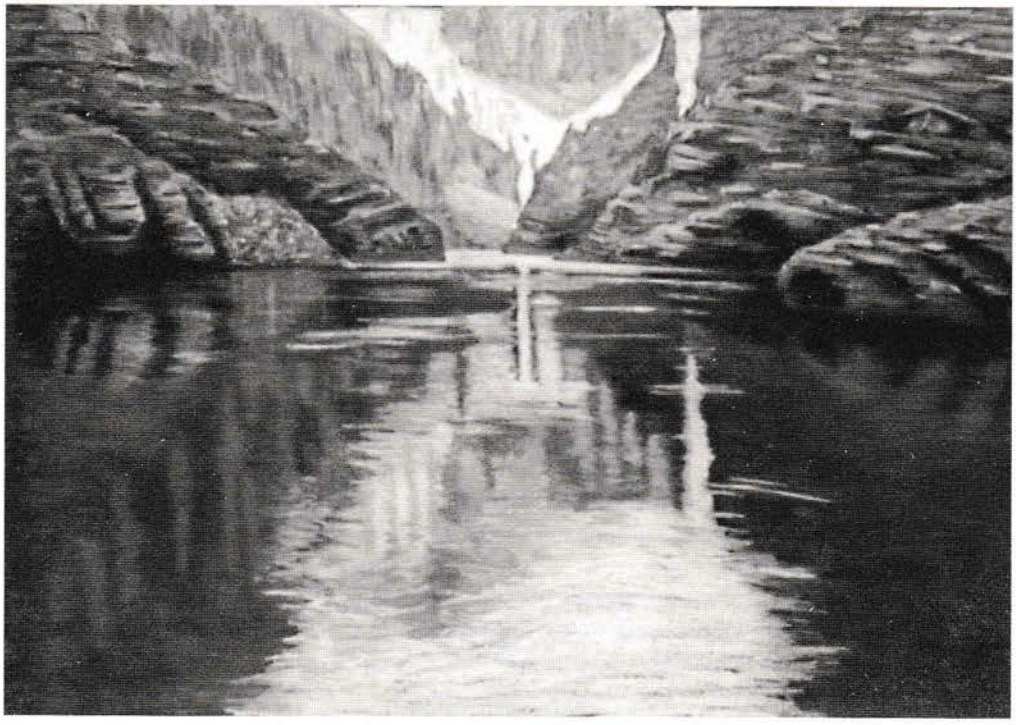
Mr. Stoner and his friends must pay the big money, *the* price. This in the continuance of wilderness areas, unimpaired rivers, and frenzied, howling white-water rapids. There are fewer of them now, precisely because Stoner Associates fail to recognize them as such.

My sincere thanks,

*Shane Murphy*

# A Mean Season

The vicinity of Hance Rapid has been particularly brutal to boaters in the last few months. In mid September, a Grand Canyon Expeditions dory flipped at the top right entry to Hance. Although all the swimmers washed through safely, the dory wrapped against a rock at the bottom on the right side and remained there overnight. A National Park Service helicopter was called in to help dislodge it.



muav gorge jeep holden

A few weeks later, as Lowell Lundeen was rowing a Tour West boat through Hance, he was caught in the bottom hole for the better part of a minute. As the boat was crashing violently about, Lowell was thrown out on the downstream side but his ankle caught in the oarlock. As he dangled there upside-down, the spare oar broke, impaling his leg. He later said, "I couldn't imagine a more diabolical scenario."

Just downstream a few days later on October 15th, a private party at Zoroaster camp was violently awakened when a rock fall covered the camp with debris and hit nearly everyone. Four trip members sustained major injuries, including a crushed pelvis, crushed feet, fractured arm and a severely contused thigh. Luckily, several of the group were Emergency Medical Technicians. According to Patti Thompson, the Phantom Ranch Ranger on duty, they did an excellent job stabilizing the injured. A bad storm with snow on the rim and strong winds made helicopter evacuation impossible, so they had to be transported to Phantom Ranch by boat through the rapids and the rain. They remained at Phantom for 6 hours before they could be safely evacuated to the rim.

Then, shortly after noon on November 16th, one of the boats from a private river trip flipped and wrapped on the rocks at the top right of Hance Rapid. Two people were swept downstream but swam to shore uninjured. A third, Emilio Solares of Nederland, Colorado, was last seen struggling beneath the capsized raft, apparently entangled.

The weather was miserable, which made search and rescue operations difficult and hazardous. An NPS helicopter attempted to reach the area, but due to the approach of a winter storm was not able to land. Instead, Rangers Jim Traub and Bill Vandergraff hiked down from the rim, accompanied by 60 mph winds and 6 inches of snow. They arrived at Hance Rapid at 11:00 ., unable to do anything until morning.

During the night the raft floated free, and early the following morning it was sighted passing under the bridge at Phantom Ranch. Solares was no longer with the raft. As weather permitted, the rangers initiated a downstream search by helicopter and by kayak, finding various pieces of equipment from the missing raft, including tarps, a cooler, a chair, and Solares' life jacket. Other private trips on the water at the time collected gear and watched for signs of Solares. In addition, the Park enlisted river guides B.J. Boyle and Dugald Bremner to assist in the search by kayak. Winter storms continued to impede the search, and side stream run-off muddied the water. By the end of November, the NPS racked up nearly 700 man hours, including 185 hours of hazardous duty pay and 19 hours of helicopter time, to no avail; the search was called off. Not until early January was Solares' body recovered, after it was spotted passing beneath the silver bridge at Phantom.

*Jeri Ledbetter*

# Graffiti in Grand Canyon

Graffiti on subway cars, buses and underpasses. Spray paintings in alley ways and prominent rock outcroppings above town. Such acts of vandalism are common to the inner city and suburbs of America. But in Grand Canyon National Park, along the corridor of its celebrated Colorado River?

Vandalism in the depths of the Grand Canyon has been evident since the beginning of this century, but two apparently related incidents occurring last year are particularly disturbing. Sometime during a two-week window in April 1994, a "Bar N" logo was engraved at two sites in the Mile 31 corridor only hundreds of feet above river level. The first site is located at the petroglyph boulder at the South Canyon Anasazi archaeological site, a popular stop for river runners. The second site (detectable with binoculars) occurs between Stanton's Cave and Vasey's Paradise in a solution cavity visible from river level.

An active investigation is still ongoing by Park Service rangers; though few leads have surfaced. General speculation holds that the graffiti depicts a ranch livestock brand but its intended meaning is unclear. According to Jan Balsom, Grand Canyon National Park

Nimrod petroglyph, South Canyon

Archaeologist, petroglyph panels throughout the Southwest are popular sites for target practice among vandals. Because of its remote location and relative inaccessibility, Grand Canyon has not suffered as much as Mesa Verde, Chaco Canyon and other popular archaeological sites. Balsom speculates the damage, which was quite deliberate, was chiseled by hikers without permits and involved a technical climb to the solution cavity in the redwall limestone.

The disfigurement at the petroglyph rock is temporarily hidden by a strategically placed stone. The Park Service plans to mask it permanently with mortar or by affixing a rock covering. The site at the cavity will likely remain a lasting eyesore. Balsom, in trying to find some favorable outcome, suggests the destruction can serve as an example, an educational tool to the public.

What can we do as river guides to halt such sacrilegious alterations of our community? It is our responsibility to preserve this resource, to be willing to participate in its protection. As the most consistent and pervasive eyes and ears of the Canyon, we know that education and observation are our first defenses. If we see someone out of place or acting strangely (re: carrying rock chisels and spray paint), we can note the time and place, take photos, and notify the Park dispatch or river rangers. We can continue and perhaps strengthen our general preservation messages to our passengers, thereby exponentially increasing awareness. Our continuing renewal to our commitment to the Canyon and the river is our greatest strength against those whose annoying and misguided motives are so destructive to our experience and enjoyment.

*Mary Ellen Arndorfer*

# Shrines in a Holy Place

To many of us Grand Canyon is among the most sacred places on earth. It is a nondenominational chapel where we can commune with the deities of our choice.

However, there has been a disturbing trend recently toward the construction (without subsequent removal) of shrines, stone rings, power circles, etc. along the river and in side canyons. They are often strewn with candles, wax, personal effects and so on. The Park patrol has recently disassembled over a dozen such structures, and now there is a rumor of a shrine to the Virgin of Guadalupe in Christmas Tree Cave.

Yes, there are few places more holy or more appropriate for spiritual communion—however, when one persuasion's activities interfere with another's, when their detritus blasphemes and desecrates a holy place in the eyes of others, perhaps its time to stop and re-evaluate one's rituals. To believe altering a natural setting is improving it is profound arrogance.

If you are creating these structures or know who is, fine. Go for it. But please see that they are disassembled and the area restored before you leave. It's our church too.

*Brad Dimock*

# About Those Cableways...

United States Department of the Interior
U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY
Water Resources Division, Arizona District
Tucson, Arizona 85719

Mr. Shane Murphy
Grand Canyon River Guides

Dear Mr. Murphy:

Thank you for your letter expressing the concerns of the river guides and your offer of assistance to remove the USGS cableways in the Grand Canyon. We understand and share your concerns about the visual impact of cables in the Canyon. We have examined other measurement alternatives to the cableways, but unfortunately, another method does not exist at the present time to measure discharge and collect water samples at flood stage with acceptable accuracy.

The cableways above the Little Colorado River and at National Canyon are planned for removal after the experimental high release that is still scheduled for April 1995 [see page 2]. When these cableways are removed, it will be because the gages are being removed, not because we have an alternative method of measurement.

The gage sites, cableways included, have always been considered temporary, although changing goals and direction of the GCES program have resulted in these sites remaining in operation for more than the 2 years, as originally proposed. Although it is true that GCES was originally conceived as a 2-year project, it was known from the beginning that 2 years of data were not sufficient to develop predictive models of flow and sediment transport. This is particularly true because the initial purpose of the project was to investigate the effects of unsteady powerplant releases on sand deposits, when only 3.5 months of such flows had occurred in the first 4 years of the project. Our knowledge of flow and sediment transport in the Canyon has improved significantly since 1983, as has our ability to predict response of sand deposits to tributary inflows and dam releases. We are, however, just getting to the point where predictions are accurate enough to have practical management application. Our flow and sediment-transport models will continue to improve as more data are obtained, more is learned, and more testing is done. As the models improve, the need for direct measurement will decrease, and it is one of the goals of our program to reduce that need. However, some direct measurement will always be required if the Canyon is to be managed in an environmentally-sensitive way. Some gaging stations will be a part of the long-term monitoring program. The number, location, and data collected at these sites has not yet been determined.

Our cableways at the sites and others have a two-fold purpose. One is to allow our technicians to measure the discharge of the River. Measurements of discharge are used with stage recorded by sensors at the gaging station to develop the relation between stage and discharge used to compute discharge for all record stages. The other function of a cableway is to make possible the collection of sediment samples that correctly characterize transport across the entire River.

Cableways have several advantages over other methods: (1) they do not physically interfere with boat traffic; (2) they do not interfere with the flow of the River and so provide the best means of collecting samples and measurements that are unaffected by surface interference; (3) they do not require boat operation once the crew is at the site; (4) they are already in place and so less cost, time, and effort are required to make measurements and collect samples. We believe the cables offer the safest, lowest cost, most feasible means of collecting data of the required accuracy during the high-flow experiment.

If we maintain gaging stations at any of these sites, then we have to be certain that changing methods of data collection don't make the data incompatible with previously collected data. There has been a 50-year squabble about the effect of changing from the Colorado River sampler to the modem suspended-sediment samplers. Most people now believe that the decrease in suspended-sediment loads in the Colorado River in the 1940s was real and not the result of changing samplers. The question would have been easily solved, however, if both samplers had been used for a long enough period of time that the results could have been compared. Because the Survey has a long-term commitment to the Nation, we have the responsibility to ensure that measurements and samples taken now will be compatible with those collected 50-100 years ago and those to be collected in the future. This commitment may mean that we are slow in adopting new technology, but it ensures that data collected today will be useful in the future.

The removal of the cableways will be costly—an estimate of $20,000 to $25,000. When we do remove the cableways, help from the outfitters and guides would reduce our costs, and would be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,

*Mark Anderson*
Chief, Hydrologic Investigations and Research

# An Ode to the Boatmen

The methodical swish, swish, swish of the oars was the only sound that reached my ears as the raft glided downstream from the camp just above the suspension bridge at Phantom. I didn't look back at the guide, but I felt his presence; I knew very well that his skill was all that stood between me staying relatively dry and comfortable and swimming in that frigid water surely capable of freezing many a body part. Besides, my attention was riveted downstream, eager to witness what the famous Colorado River and it's infamous rapids had to offer.

The previous day I had hiked down the Kaibab trail with my NPS companion Jan Balsom to meet up with an archeological monitoring trip that launched a week before. I had only been on duty in my new job as Chief of the Division of Resource Management at the Canyon for five days, but I was eager to fulfill a lifelong dream of rafting the Colorado through Grand Canyon. Now it was not only my pleasure to fulfill this dream, but my job; my job to provide scientific knowledge and leadership for it's continued protection.

The first two days were great! We hit some of the biggest rapids at a good water level. Each boatman made perfect approaches to the rapids (or so I was told) making the runs exciting but free of mishap. In other words, all boats stayed right side up and nobody swam. By day three I had begun to get to know the three guides as I rotated from one raft to the next providing front end ballast. I don't know what was more amazing to me, the Canyon rocks or the guides' knowledge and bag of skills.

Big Wave Dave, seasoned NPS boatman, introduced me to the profession of river guiding. Guiding is a good term. It states that taking guests through the Canyon is a much bigger job than just getting down the river through the rapids right side up. Rowing the boat is obviously only a part of the job, maybe the easiest part. I learned about the tremendous responsibility that guides have for the safety of their passengers. Dave didn't tell me this in so many words. The message came from the thoughtful and professional way he explained how I should react in various situations to protect the raft and save by butt from drowning; guiding was fun but serious business. Dave also started my Canyon lessons. My vocabulary grew: Vishnu schist, boils, groover, debris fan, on and on as he pushed his boat down the river, lining up carefully for the next rapid, not wanting to dump the new NPS resource manager. Near the end of the trip I was pleased when he brought out his small book of poetry and read a verse about Lava Falls. A few minutes later we were sliding over the edge wondering what hand the V-wave would deal us.

Then I rode with Martha for two days, my God! I sat here in front of this computer for quite a while trying to decide what to say about her. Boathag, hell no! I'm still lost for words. What a combination of skill, wit, knowledge, and yes, feminine charm. My education continued in grand style. Seventeen years of river tales and guiding history, mostly true I suspect. An educated lady, who patiently described to me the geology of the Canyon with the precision of a college professor but the heart of an artist. A tough lady that could row against a mean headwind for hours without a hint of a complaint. A cook so fine that my tongue nearly smacked my brains out each mealtime. And best of all, a person not afraid to be herself, but wise enough to win the award for the river's best diplomat. I sure hope this was not the last time I have the joy of being on her trip.

My third tutor was Deb Peterson who recently moved to Washington State but was here to run this trip. Another truly professional guide. We celebrated her birthday around the campfire. The river must be good for women; they don't seem to age (hands don't count). A person sincere in her beliefs, Deb shared with me her inner feelings about the river and the Canyon. I started to get the picture of how deeply guides care for the river. Here was another friend for life.

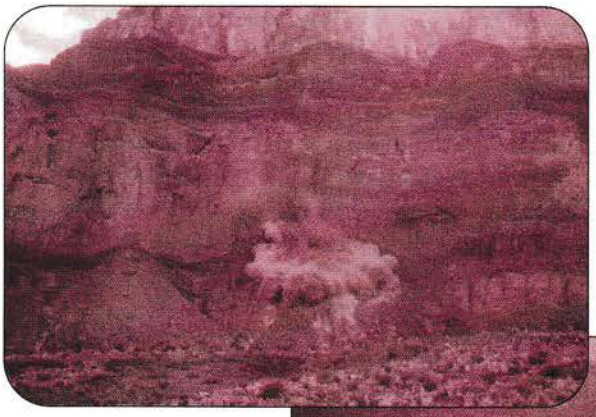
During the trip each guide added something different and meaningful to my experience. Most importantly, I took Martha's sage advise. On our second day together, when there were just the two of us on the raft and the others were working archeological sites, she laid this on me. She said: "Dave, don't get too deep into the management issues on this trip; the time for that will come all to soon. Just sit back and soak it up, get the river in your blood, marvel at the canyon, listen to the silence. Get the feel for the place. You can learn facts back on the rim." It was something like that, wasn't it Martha? Well, I did just that and now I'm hooked!

River guides have had a profound effect on my introduction to loving the river that made this canyon. You are all a very important part of the partnership of caring people that will continue to preserve the Colorado River experience for all time. You should be very proud of your profession and your fine organization. (P.S. you are grossly underpaid!)

*David Haskell*
*Chief, Division of Resource Management*
*Grand Canyon National Park*

# Got To See It

These August rains come mostly at night, North Rim, some down here. We got a big rain up at Nankoweap. Big fat drops coming down in sheets, in camp, making hiking lunches for the morning and gettin' wet.



Next morning. We start our hike. Our group is at the top of Nanko Berm to cross into and up the creek, heading for Kwagunt the right way. As we are standing there checkin' out the view this huge rock monolith, several boat sizes large, cracks free from the Supai and rains down an avalanche of hard stone ripping more of the sandstone as it falls. Then it all suspends itself on the Supai talus. Quieter now. But after a few heartbeats a curtain of rock and dust, 300 feet wide, rains from the Redwall. It hits next talus after 900 feet of freefall. Primal thunder! And terrifying to the woman standing in front of me on the trail, hands over her mouth, the expression on her face like that of one seeing death for the first time. "WOW!" is all I can muster. Some of the fall makes it to the river below, to the first section of the rapid. Awesome!

photos Charly Heavenrich

Then the dust, my God, billowing out a cloud that begins to cover the river. That's when I drop my pack and start running toward it. The cloud grows to cover the entire rapid, top to very bottom. And it grows tall, as tall as the Redwall 1000 feet above me. It lives—the thing is alive!

My heart is pounding. Tom Wise and I are running full tilt down the berm through the Indian ruins to the river bend and an overlook. The cloud is growing bigger the entire time, sucking us in the nearer we get. We're howling like idiots. Can't help but howl, howl wild and loud.

And the cloud...starts to move down the river like a bunch of 747s stacked on top of each other. Eighty of them. Taxiing downstream but alive, rolling ever and anon downstream, filling the big eddy below, and covering AzRAs, ours and Western's camp at the same time. Yes! It's headin' downstream, looks like for miles. We're headin' up Nankoweap for Kwagunt, looks like for miles.

*Pete Halvorson*

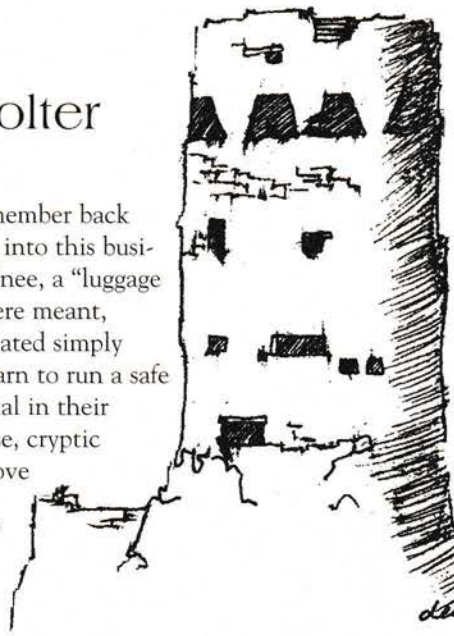
# River History Video

Don Briggs debuted his long awaited video on the history of Grand Canyon river running last month. It ran over two hours and pretty much knocked the socks off the full house of boatmen here in Flagstaff. It does an impressive job of telling the story, with some wonderful tales by the late Don Hatch, some hilarious old boating footage and the first complete rendition of why there are no dams in Grand Canyon.

Order it from Don Briggs—make checks ($29.95 plus $3 shipping. California residents add $2.25 tax as well.) payable to River Runners, Box 788, Sausalito, CA 94966.

And remember, a portion of the proceeds will go to the Grand Canyon River Guides Oral History Program.

# Mary Jane Colter




Many of us can probably remember back when we were just getting into this business as a raw recruit, a trainee, a "luggage boatman." Learning your way down there meant, primarily, "Don't screw up." This translated simply into: "Don't flip, wrap, sink or die." Learn to run a safe boat. My mentors were, I thought, casual in their treatment of the luggage boatman. Terse, cryptic instructions were usually issued just above rumbling drops. Things like "Gimme some room...and read your own water!" Gulp. One piece of advice stuck with me, one that I like to pass along to incoming trainees, mainly because I think it holds true for all of us: "It's a big school down there." Boy is it ever. Seems like you learn something every trip. Whether it's forcibly acquired (i.e. inflicted) or discovered, or maybe its out of curiosity. All of us get a good question asked of us once in a while; those are the ones that you don't know the answer to, fact or embellishment. "I better look that one up," you think. Motivated by a passenger again. More learning. The process continues. My mentors were right: it is a big school down there...in a lot of ways.

A major source of learning is your fellow boatmen. It's amazing what kind of stuff these people come up with, their scope and breadth of interest, their appetite for subjects connected to the experience of "that place." Heck, some of 'em are becoming archivists, whether they know it or not. Authorities, even. Surely, Grand Canyon figures heavily in this motivational equation, this quest-for-knowledge facet of the place and the people, from all walks of life, who are drawn to it. Recently, one of these types of boatmen, Wesley Smith, argued emotionally and convincingly for something he probably knows and cares more about than the rest of us do put together: heightened recognition and protection for the Watchtower at Desert View and the rest of the buildings designed by Mary Jane Colter on the South Rim—Hermits Rest, Lookout Studio, Bright Angel Lodge and Hopi House.

Anyone who has spent a little time visiting the South Rim has probably wandered into a Mary Jane Colter building, although you most likely never heard her name even mentioned. Her designs are easily the most striking and memorable of all the buildings on South Rim, perhaps the exception being the famous El Tovar Hotel (in which she decorated the cocktail Lounge). Her interesting life and numerous accomplishments are well documented in an outstanding and highly recommended book, written by Virginia L. Grattan: *Mary Colter, Builder Upon the Red Earth*. In it, Grattan describes how this schoolteacher from St. Paul, Minnesota became an architect, designer and decorator for the Fred Harvey Company in 1902. Westward expansion of the Santa Fe Railroad brought the Harvey Company to Grand Canyon in 1901, where increasing numbers of passengers needed accommodations. Amazingly, Colter's association with the Harvey Company would last over forty-six years, during which time she designed or decorated over twenty different buildings along the Santa Fe Line: La Posada, El Navajo, La Fonda, The Alvarado, and Union Stations in Kansas City, St. Louis and Los Angeles, among others. Some remain standing, others do not. To this day, the largest concentration of her buildings is at the South Rim of Grand Canyon.

In chapter one of Grattan's book, Colter's innovative and unique approach to design is put in it's proper historical perspective.

*"When Colter began her career with Fred Harvey, American architecture still followed the fashions of Europe... But Colter's architecture grew out of the land, out of the richness of its History. Her buildings pay homage to the early inhabitants of the region. Native Americans had inhabited the land for a millennia and had built upon it with the materials at hand, creating dwellings in harmony with the environment... She designed not replicas of these earlier buildings, but re-creations , buildings that captured the essence of the past. She built ancient-in-appearance Indian 'ruins' at Grand Canyon—the Watchtower and the Lookout—after the authentic ruins of Indian towers and dwellings found in the Southwest; Hopi House after the Hopi dwellings at Oraibi, Arizona; and Bright Angel Lodge in the style of early pioneer buildings at Grand Canyon... Colter's buildings have the simplicity, even crudity, of the early architecture after which they were patterned. For her there was charm and dignity in these rustic beginnings. Like other architects in California and the Southwest just before the turn of the century, Mary Colter was more interested in rediscovering the cultural heritage of the region than in imitating European styles. Her buildings fit their setting because they grew out of the history of the land. They belonged."*[1]

This quality inherent in her buildings didn't happen by accident. Her attention to detail is legendary, as some co-workers could attest. In preparation for her design of the proposed observation tower, Colter *"remembered the ruins of prehistoric towers found in various parts of the Southwest. Among the Mesa Verde cliff dwellings were the*

*Round Tower of Cliff Palace and the Square Tower House. The Mummy Cave Cliff Dwelling at Canyon de Chelly also had towers. There were others at Hovenweep, Wupatki, Montezuma's Castle and Betatakin. There was ample precedence for a tower."*[2]

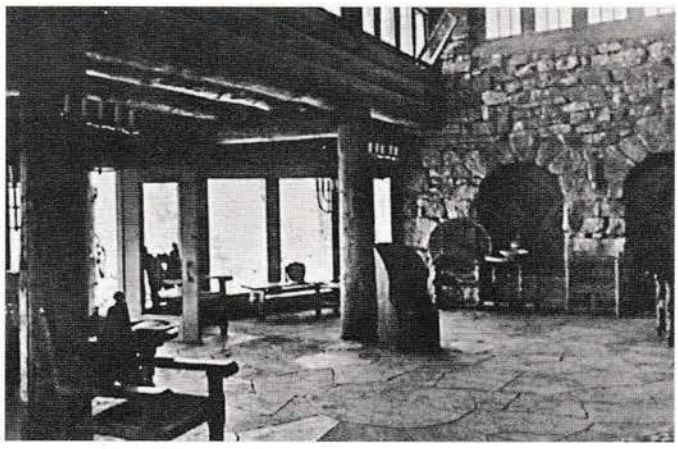
She even went so far as to charter a small plane to locate and study tower ruins, later returning overland to more closely sketch and understand these structures. This went on for about six months, until she had enough information and familiarity with these unusual ruins to build a small table-sized model, replicating each bush and tree on the proposed construction site so as to easily facilitate any changes in the design and their impacts. But that's only a glimpse at her preparation. Colter's research on the Watchtower, to the casual observer, borders on the obsessive. As a result there is more information available about this building than any other Colter effort. She put together a *"small handbook about it for the guides of the Harvey tours. The title indicates its scope—'Manual for Drivers and Guides Descriptive of the Indian Watchtower at Desert view and Its Relation, Architecturally, to the Prehistoric Ruins of the Southwest.' The one-hundred page booklet gives a history of the ancient towers and kivas after which she patterned the Watchtower. The interior of the tower was decorated with Indian cave and wall drawings, and Colter gave a detailed account of what each represented and where it had been found... Consequently, the book is a treasure-trove of Indian symbols and legends."*[3]

What strikes one most significantly about this woman's work is how much she cared, how intuitively she was able to incorporate her strong convictions about the surrounding country and its impact in shaping its inhabitants and their dwellings, and then translating that knowledge into the task of actually building on the brink of one of the natural world's awesome spectacles. This was not a task to be taken lightly. And she didn't. Again from Grattan's book:

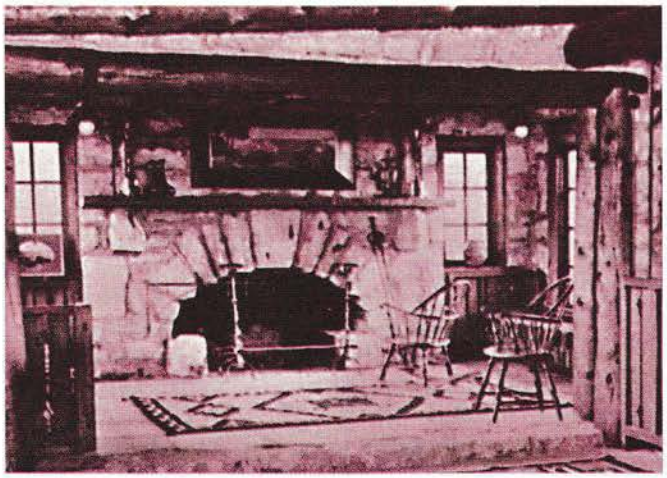
*"Colter was a perfectionist. She could be dogmatic and intractable. She knew the effect she wanted to achieve in a project and pursued it relentlessly. And nothing escaped her scrutiny. She was a most energetic person and on many days was at the job site from early morning until late afternoon. She supervised the placement of virtually every stone in the Watchtower and made the workmen tear out a section and do it again if it didn't look right. At that time, she was a sixty-year-old woman who had spent a lifetime advocating and defending her aesthetic vision, and she was not about to be deterred by opposition, whether it came from company officials, contractors, or stonemasons."*[4] The Watchtower, some will argue, is Mary Jane's masterpiece.

Another example of Colter's meticulous work is displayed in her design of the "geological fire place" in Bright Angel Lodge. Beginning at the hearth level with river-worn rock, it proceeds through the layers, chronologically, all the way to the ceiling, with a Kaibab "rim." For insurance of accuracy, she sought the help of then Park Naturalist, geologist Edwin Dinwoodie McKee, even postponing construction briefly until McKee's return assured her that the sequence and rock types were indeed correct. It is this kind of innovation, style, and again, attention to detail that have made these projects extraordinary. Their inclusion on the registry of National Historic Landmarks* is a testimony to their value and to the time, care and energy their architect put into them.

I'd been on a personal South-Rim-Mary-Jane-tour with some fellow guides a couple years back—that was the first time I discovered Virginia Grattan's book. Returning to the rim much too infrequently encouraged us to look at Colter's buildings, and the Watchtower especially, with a new appreciation. But we'd come away disheartened by the amount of souvenirs cluttering the "observation rooms" and their "viewing windows", especially the "kiva room" at the Watchtower and the entire Lookout. It seemed that the spirit in which the buildings were crafted was lost amongst the jumble of T- shirts, tomahawks and bumper-stickers. So it didn't take Wesley long to convince me that something had to be said.



Hermit's Rest, then and now. Author, left, shops for tomahawk



The Lookout, then and now

As guides in Grand Canyon, (who, by the way, work for outfitters, i.e. concessionaires) our job description includes a pretty good amount of interpretation. I thought I had better look this word up.

Websters defines interpretation as "a teaching technique that stresses appreciation and understanding, combining factual with stimulating explanatory information." Sounds like a tall order, but not when one has a subject to draw on as rich in background and as immediately tangible as those structures that Colter put together at the South Rim.

The upcoming General Management Plan is due sometime in January 1995 for input. This will be the time to give the NPS as much feedback as possible on any number of important proposals, among them reorganization of some existing buildings (and their respective functions.) Changes are needed, and they are coming. Get involved in the process! If you're not already on the mailing list, write to General Management Plan Information, Grand Canyon National Park Box 129, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023. Or call 602/638-7816.

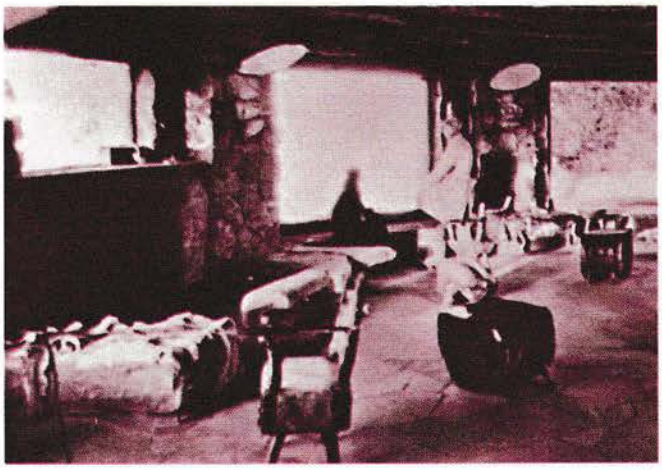
We encourage vigilant restoration and additional protective measures for all the Colter buildings, as well as increased interpretive efforts. Something more befitting, more appropriate, to honor the legacy Mary Jane Colter has left us at the South Rim of Grand Canyon.

*Dirk Pratley*

* All of Colter's buildings on the South Rim, with the exception of the Bright Angel Lodge, are now listed on the 1993 Damaged and Threatened Natural Historic Landmarks, under Priority 2. "Priority 2 Landmarks are those which exhibit potentially serious damage or which in the near future may be seriously threatened, but the endangerment itself is not sufficiently critical at this time to warrant Priority 1 status." (From State Historical Preservation Office, Arizona State Parks)

Note: as of this writing, Hopi House is receiving extensive restoration efforts.

footnotes: *Mary Colter, Builder Upon The Red Earth* by Virginia L. Grattan, published by Grand Canyon Association (formerly GCNHA), Box 399, Grand Canyon, AZ. 86023. GCA is a non-profit organization.



watchtower kiva room, then and now.

# My Twelve Years of Boating

## to be sung loudly, late at night, to the tune of *The 12 Days of Christmas*

In my first year as a boatman my outfitter said to me
Get your boat to Pierce's Ferry.

In my second year as boatman my outfitter said to me
You need a knife and pliers,
and get your boat to Pierce's Ferry.

In my third year as a boatman the Park Service said to me
Get a first aid card
and a knife and pliers,
and get your boat to Pierce's Ferry.

In my fourth year as a boatman the Park Service said to me
Get your CPR
and first aid,
pliers and a knife,
and get your boat to Pierce's Ferry.

In my fifth year as a boatman the Park Service said to me
CRAP IN A BAG!
Get your CPR
and first aid;
pliers and a knife,
and get your boat to Pierce's Ferry

In my sixth year as a boatman the Park Service said to me
You must have a license,
CRAP IN A BAG!
Get your CPR
*advanced* first aid,
and sheathe your filthy knife,
and get your boat to Pierce's Ferry.

In my seventh year as boatman the Park Service said to me
No more cooking fires!
You must have a license!
CRAP IN A BAG!
Get your CPR
advanced first aid,
and sheathe your filthy knife,
in a mad rush to Pierce's Ferry.

In my eighth year as a boatman my outfitter made me sign
an antidrug disclaimer!
No beer while boating!
You must have a license!
CRAP IN A BAG!
Get your CPR,
advanced first aid,
and sheathe your filthy knife,
in a mad rush to Pierce's Ferry.

In my ninth year as a boatman my outfitter made me sign
a right to work agreement,
antidrug disclaimers!
No beer while boating!
You must have a license!
CRAP IN A BAG!
Get your CPR,
advanced first aid,
and sheathe your filthy knife,
in a mad rush to Pierce's Ferry.

In my tenth year as...*river guide* the Park Service said to me
Tarps under tables!
Right to work agreements,
antidrug disclaimers,
No beer while boating!
You must have a license!
CRAP IN A BAG!
Get your CPR,
Responding to Emergencies,
just like a Disney ride,
and be sure you spell it *Pearce* Ferry.

My eleventh year as a river guide the Park Service said to me,
No flaming produce,
tarps under the tables,
all new folks at Phantom,
dead from heat prostration,
all new folks at Whitmore,
choppered in from Vegas,
*DON'T CRAP IN BAGS!*
Get your CPR,
Emergency Response card,
just like a Disney ride,
and be sure to call it *Pearce* Ferry!

In my last year as a river guide the Coast Guard said to me:
We'll give you a test now,
wear a Mae West jacket,
special certifications,
buoyancy inspections,
food handlers permits,
sewage transport license,
politically correct behavior,
master guide diploma,
gourmet lobster dinners,
month-long first aid courses,
latex gloves and hairnets,
clorox filtered water,
no risk whatsoever
PEE IN A CUP!
Closed for hiking now,
assigned campsites,
gammaglobulin...

...and now I work in southern Chile.

# Look. Up In the Sky...

*We have to earn silence... to work for it: to make it not an absence but a presence; not emptiness but repletion. Silence is something more than just a pause; it is that enchanted place where space is cleared and time is stayed and the horizon itself expands. In silence, we often say, we can hear ourselves think; but what is truer to say is that in silence we can hear ourselves not think, and so sink below our selves into a place far deeper than mere thought allows.*

*Pico Iyer*

The passage above is printed at the beginning of the National Park Service Report to Congress on the effects of aircraft overflights on the National Park System. The 1987 Overflights Act directed the NPS to design flight rules which were to substantially restore natural quiet, then report back to Congress as to whether or not the flight rules worked. The study determined that, although there has been improvement since the flight rules were put in place in 1988, natural quiet has not been substantially restored in Grand Canyon.

According to the report, preservation of natural quiet "is an integral part of the mission of the NPS. This is confirmed in law, policy, and the beliefs of NPS managers." However, a concurrent goal of the NPS is protection of aerial viewing of Grand Canyon as a viable form of visitation, particularly for the elderly or disabled. The problem, then, is determining how to keep this one form of visitation from overly impacting all others. According to Park Superintendent Ron Arnberger, the target range is to have 50 to 80% of the Park naturally quiet 75 to 100% of the time.

Looking to the future and using computer modeling to make acoustical projections, the report suggested that without modifications to the flight rules, the "loss of natural quiet will accelerate to an unacceptable level." In order to keep the noise levels from getting completely out of hand, the report made recommendations concerning all national parks, as well as specific recommendations to improve the situation in Grand Canyon.

Recommendations on a national level include voluntary agreements, incentives to encourage use of quiet aircraft, spatial zoning (such as the flight corridors used in Grand Canyon), altitude restrictions, time limitations, and treatment of air tour operations as concessions. The report also suggested that the FAA develop an Operational Rule which would allow the NPS to force them to take action when sound levels became too great.

Grand Canyon National Park recommendations include a variety of methods to preserve natural quiet.

**Require quiet technology**

With computer modeling, the NPS found that the most effective method of reducing noise impact was to emphasize the source. Therefore, they recommend that over the nextin 15 years, all tour operators gradually convert to quiet commercial aircraft. This restriction would apply to NPS aircraft as well. The FAA and the NPS would develop a noise-based definition of "quiet aircraft" and identify the list of aircraft that would qualify for use in the flight rules area. The plan is "to offer an incentive for air tour companies to convert to quiet aircraft, and to reward those companies which have already converted." Presumably, the retrofit version of the deHavilland Twin Otters already used by some tour operators would qualify. The Notar helicopter (no tail rotor) would also meet the "quiet aircraft" standards; however, due to its high price tag and limited seating, it is not currently being used by operators in Grand Canyon.

Elling Halvorson of Papillon Helicopters, frustrated by manufacturer's lack of vision in designing quieter technology, pursued the development of a quieter, high capacity helicopter on his own. He has been financing a retro-fit design of an old Sikorsky, (a 1950's Army helicopter), to make it substantially quieter. Seating capacity is 8-10, and preliminary demonstrations of the prototype have been impressive. Halvorson hopes to have it certified by the FAA in the next few months. "This aircraft can hover overhead at 500 feet, and you can have a normal, quiet conversation; you can hear birds chirping," he claims.

**Recommended changes to the structure of the flight rules area:**

1) Enlarge the boundaries of the flight rules area to encompass nearly all of Grand Canyon National Park.
2) Enlarge all four flight free zones, as well as create a new flight free zone in Western Grand Canyon. These zones would encompass nearly 82% of the park. The report also suggested increasing flight free ceiling to 18,000 feet from its current level of 14,999 feet.
3) Reduce and restrict flight corridors. Dragon corridor would immediately be closed to all but quiet commercial aircraft, then permanently closed in 5 years. In 5 years, Fossil Canyon corridor would be closed to all but quiet technology, and in 10 years, Zuni corridor would follow.

**Adjust commercial routes**

The number of routes, (currently 29), would be reduced and made one-way where possible. Whitmore

routes would be treated the same as other commercial tour routes, and noise abatement procedures would be instituted. Commercial use of the routes would continue unless results from the NPS acoustic monitoring programs indicate a need for a change.

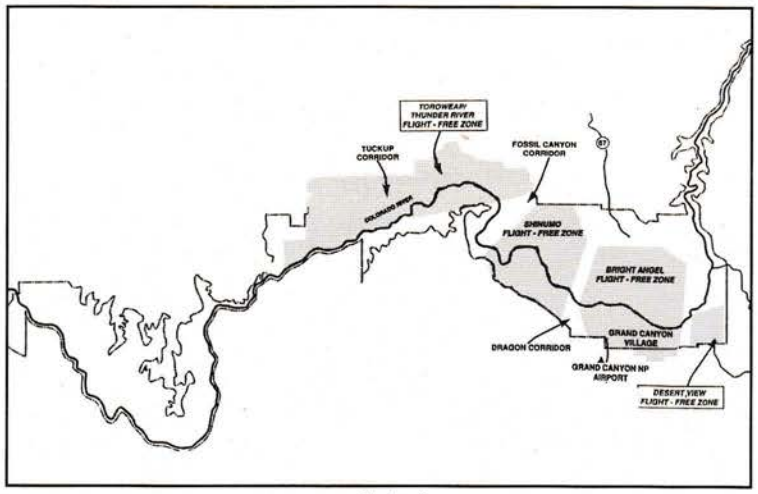
**Restrict Aircraft Operations**

1) The report recommends a "curfew" on flights between 6 pm and 8 am each day.
2) APIMS (Aircraft Position Information Monitoring System) would be required on tour aircraft to track compliance, numbers of flights, etc, to develop a database which could be used to develop more effective noise abatement techniques.
3) High altitude commercial jets frequently seek clearance to drop to a lower elevation for sight-seeing purposes. It is recommended that the FAA no longer authorize such deviations for reasons other than safety. (This is already happening. Last summer Air Force II requested a clearance to descend lower to see the Canyon; permission was denied.) The report suggested an FAA study on jet routes (above 18,000 feet) that may also have impacts on Natural Quiet.
4) Where the FAA allows commercial tour aircraft to land and take off on lands adjacent to the Park, the FAA should require those aircraft to be at the minimum sector altitude prior to crossing over park lands. This should apply to the helicopter picnic tours into Quartermaster Canyon which have been flying through the Park well below published minimums.

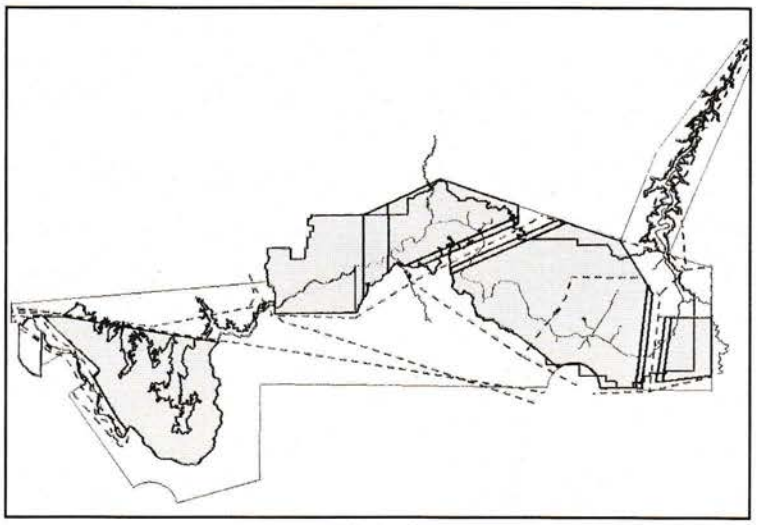
The key to making the recommendations work is long term monitoring and adaptive management, much like the Glen Canyon Dam EIS process. The NPS intends to initiate an acoustic monitoring program with "trigger levels." When the sound generated by aircraft exceeds a specified level it will "trigger" action by the NPS and the FAA to see that the levels aren't exceeded again. The action must be completed within six months of meeting or exceeding the trigger. At that point, it may be necessary to limit the number of flights.

**Response from the Air Tour Industry**

Some representatives of the Air Tour Industry have been warning of dire consequences to their operations should the NPS recommendations be followed. It must be remembered that they also claimed dire consequences if the 1987 Overflights Act were passed. Since those restrictions were put in place, the industry has more than doubled. There is no reason to believe that the industry won't continue to thrive, as has the river industry since growth was capped in 1972. Also, the recommendations don't suggest outright reduction of flights to start with, only a move towards quiet aircraft. This shift has been made successfully by several companies with no detrimental affect. Using quieter technology shouldn't effect marketability.




current flight free zones



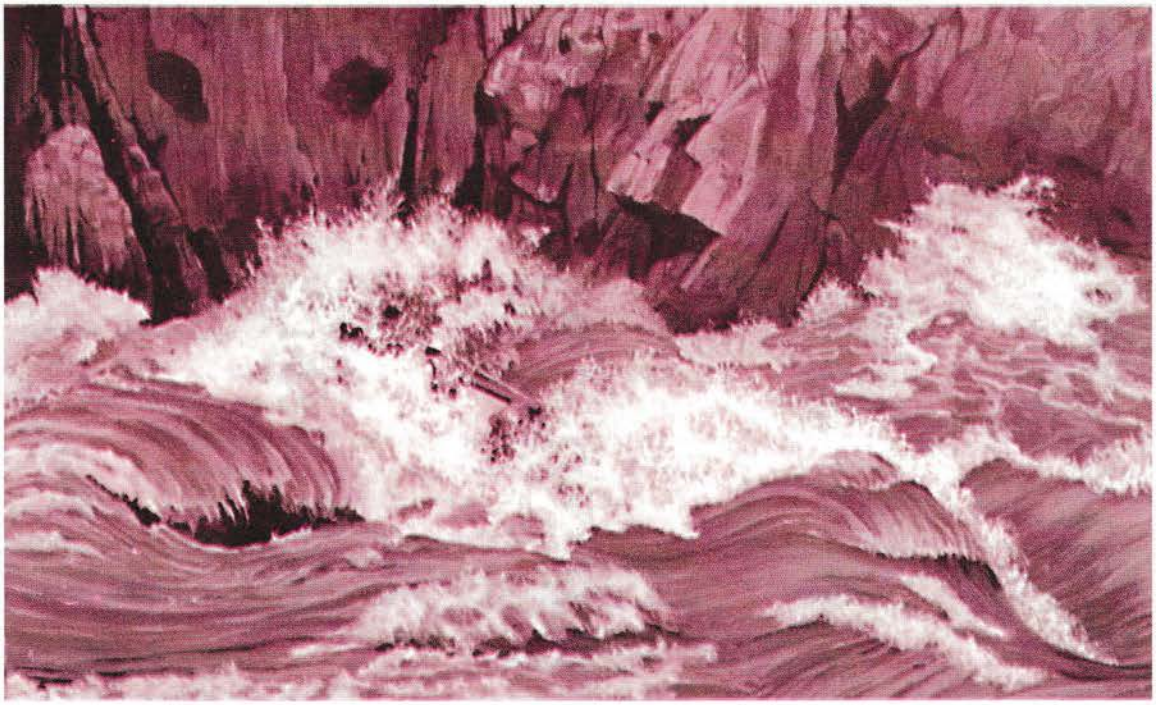
proposed flight free zones

Air Tour operators seem to feel that the quest for Natural Quiet has gone too far. In a press release, Grand Canyon Air Tourism Association President Dan Anderson said, "We believe that Congress intended for the regulations to restore quiet to visitors, not just to attain quiet for quiet's sake in all areas of the park, especially in areas where no people ever go." He feels that the report places priority of land visitors over people who choose to visit the park by air. The air tour operators are quick to argue that their form of visitation imposes the least physical impact on the Canyon. "We leave nothing, not even footprints, behind."

Jim Santini, who served 4 terms in Congress for Nevada, is now acting as general counsel for the National Air Tour Association. He was quoted in the Las Vegas *Review* on December 14th complaining that the proposals are based on the concept of "natural quiet," which is difficult for some to grasp. "Visitors come to Grand Canyon to see it, not to hear it..... What

in the heck is 'Natural Quiet?' And how do you measure restoration? We certainly understand that plants are a resource, that water is a resource, that animals are a resource, but now suddenly the lack of noise is a resource."

Still other operators recognize the industry must adapt. Halvorson's efforts to design his own quiet helicopter should be applauded. He feels that, in general, the NPS recommendations have merit. However, he feels that closing the most popular route, Dragon Corridor, in five years, even to quiet technology, is short sighted. "It would have a serious impact on the industry...it could conceivably make the tours unaffordable. He pointed out that, "Why would anyone invest in quiet technology when the corridor is going to be closed?"



dory in granite falls walt walters

### The Down Side

Upon inspection of the new layout of the flight free zones, it would seem that Marble Canyon and the reservations surrounding the Park have become "sacrifice zones," shifting the noise rather than reducing it.

At the Overflights Workshop last spring whenever I mentioned Marble Canyon, I was told that, according to the acoustical study, it was not designated a "problem area" and therefore was not open for discussion. Why wait until it *does* become a problem? It makes more sense to protect it so that a bad situation never arises. Marble Canyon, with its quiet stretches of river, narrow walls and low rim elevation seems particularly vulnerable to noise intrusions. The Park's computer modeling doesn't project increased noise levels in Marble Canyon in the next 15 years, at which time quiet technology would be required throughout the Park. In addition, if the long term monitoring is instituted, the "trigger levels" would hopefully protect Marble Canyon from excessive impact.

Much of the airspace over the reservations is largely unprotected. The NPS and the FAA have been hesitant to impose restrictions over Native American land. Presumably if the Tribes perceive a problem, they could pressure the FAA to impose whatever restrictions they deem appropriate. It's a touchy issue; in the past the Government has made too many decisions based on its perception of what is best for the Tribes. It would be far better for Native Americans to take the initiative in the process of protecting their airspace.

It has been disappointing to some who have been involved in the issue that the plan doesn't call for a halt to the unbridled growth in the number of flights. The industry has doubled since the Overflights Act was passed in 1987, and is expected to double again by the year 2000. Air tourism is the only form of visitation to Grand Canyon that is not currently limited. Perhaps the current level of up to 10,000 flights per month during peak season is sufficient.

### What Next?

According to Mike Ebersole of Grand Canyon National Park, the next step is for the FAA to analyze the recommendations for safety considerations, then issue a Notice of Proposed Rule Making (NPRM), to allow a period for public comment. If that opportunity presents itself before the next newsletter, we will probably send out an action alert to let you know whom to write to express your views.

*Jeri Ledbetter*

# Three's a Crowd

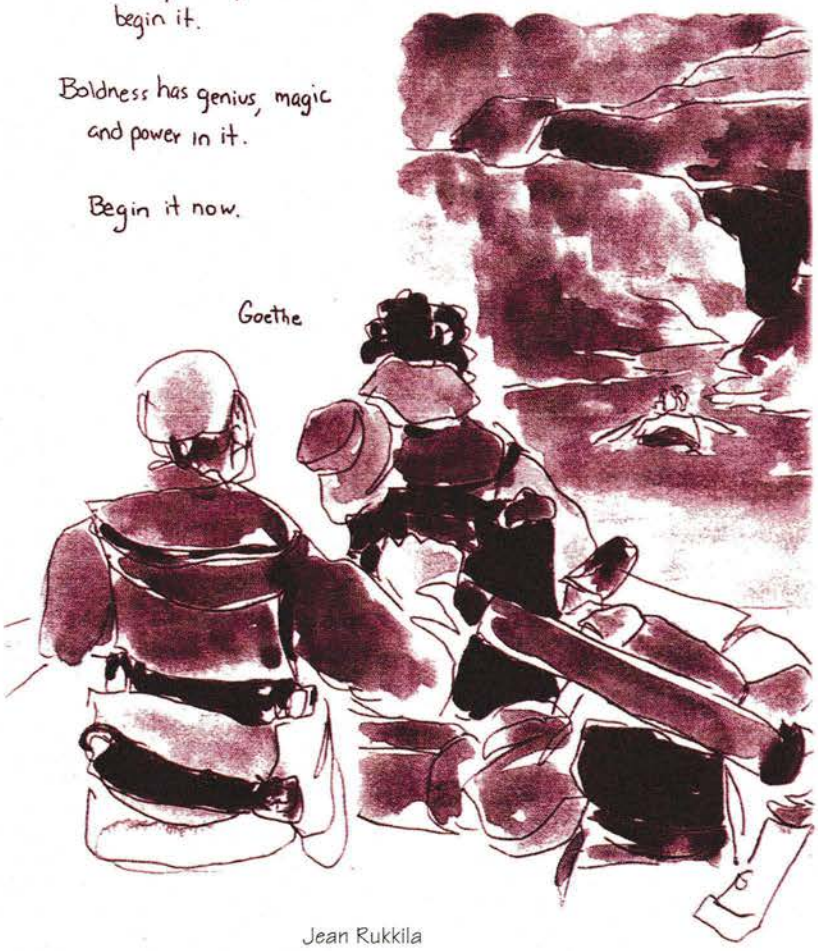
Shane asked me to write this article, so I am. I'm not a writer, so bear with me!

I would like to describe "the perceived attraction site congestion issue," the parties involved, what's being done and what you can do. The basic questions are: 1) Are there too many people at attraction sites at one time?, and 2) Does this degrade the resource or the experience for the visitor? This discussion is not a new one. NPS, guides, outfitters, and private users have been looking at this issue for years.

Some representatives from all of the above groups feel there's a problem, some don't. NPS's river-use statistics do show a "spike" of users meeting at certain sites on certain days of the week. Guides know when and where this occurs due to their familiarity with company launch dates, trip lengths, and itineraries. A shorter trip is not necessarily a problem; it would be more accurate to say that the numbers are high at attraction sites when trips of the same or varying lengths meet at points downstream. The two biggest spikes are Monday at the Little Colorado and Wednesday at Deer Creek during June and July.

User groups (GCRG, outfitters, NPS, private users) are looking to create the best possible river experience, whether or not there is actually a "problem." Members of the Constituency Panel (an advisory group to Grand Canyon NPS made up of outfitters, private users, the scientific community and GCRG), formed a sub-group to examine on-river contacts at attraction sites. This group is headed by yours truly. Some outfitters have volunteered to change some aspects of the launch calendar in the interests of affecting the spike.

Private users and commercial guides can be part of the solution by regulating their stays at attraction sites and communicating with other river users. I like to call the concept "on-site management;" commercial guides and private users are already committed to communicating with each other. This needs to continue. We all know approximately where and when trips will meet. Talk to other guides and private trip leaders—make it work so every trip in the area doesn't go to the same site at the same time. Bypass sites if necessary; hike and stop at alternative sites. Guides should share knowledge of less-used sites with one another and private trip leaders. All groups should communicate the goal to their folks.



Jean Rukkila

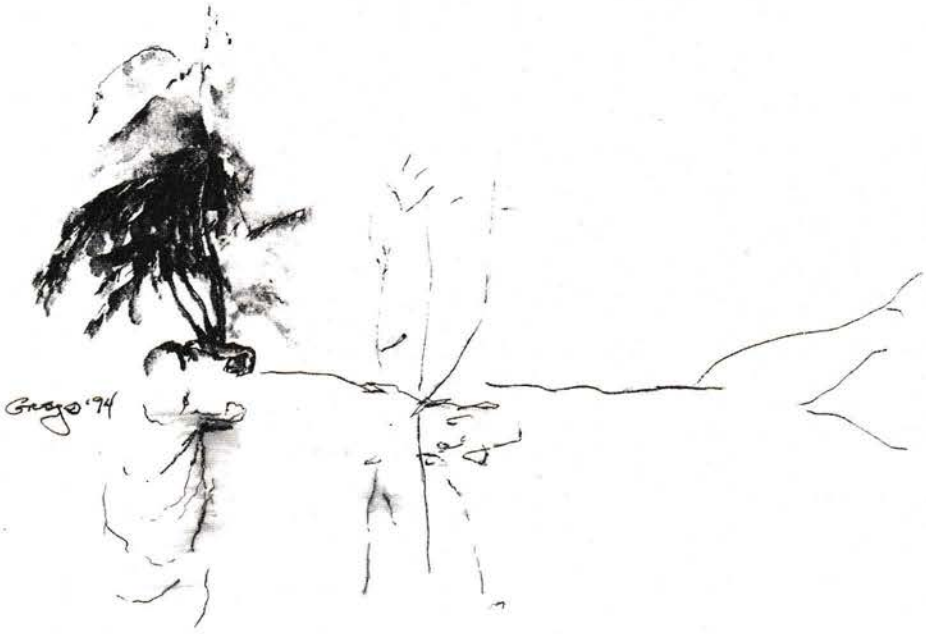
These efforts by guides, privates and outfitters are the best thing possible for the Canyon and visitor. Cooperation between user groups and NPS will enhance everyone's Canyon experience.

See you on the river!

*Garrett Schniewind - Canyon Explorations*

# The Canyon in 1887

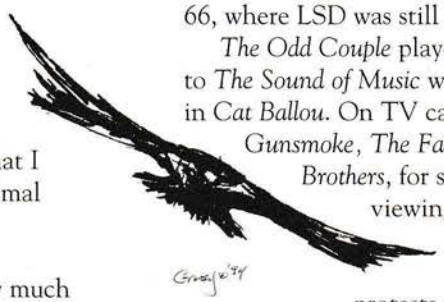
The great river of Arizona is the Colorado, one of the broad water-ways of the continent which have their source in the Rocky Mountains and drain the whole country either into the Pacific Ocean or the Gulf of Mexico. The Colorado rises in the State of that name and in its upper course is known as the Green River. In passing through the southeastern corner of Utah it is joined by the Grand River, the two forming the Colorado, a stream 1,500 miles in length, and navigable for over 600 miles from its mouth. This river drains the whole Territory of Arizona, every stream within its limits being tributary to it. The grand canon of the Colorado commences a few miles south of the point of the entrance of the river into this Territory and for a distance of over 400 hundred miles of its course it plunges through the most stupendous chasm on the face of the earth. The gorge is cut through the metamorphic rock of the elevated plateau by the water in its passage from the mountains to the sea. It varies in depth from 1,000 to 8,000 feet and in width from one to eighteen miles. It is impossible to present a word picture that will present anything like an adequate idea of the marvels of this canon, or rather group of canons, for within the gorge there are hundreds of other chasms, some of them thousands of feet in depth. So also are there mountains which rise from its bed to an enormous height, on the summits of which you look down from the walls of the great gorge. Standing on the cliffs of the marble canon, a name given to that portion immediately north of Flagstaff, the huge, turbulent stream at the bottom looks like a silver thread. You can travel down to it in a day's journey on foot, but it is a long and tiresome day's journey, and it will take you another course of the sun to climb back to the summit again. In some places it is so deep and abrupt that the stars glisten in all their nocturnal beauty at mid day, while not even a stray gleam of sunshine has ever penetrated the abyss. Think upon it! Miles upon miles of the grandest scenery in nature which has never seen a sunbeam, and into which the stars are continually peeping. But the sunshine can be seen gleaming afar off, making the distant crags look like burnished gold set with opals and diamonds. The lights and shadows creating strange architectural forms, palaces, cathedrals, obelisks and bold battlements, behind which Titans might have fought. Fantastic rocks take the form of huge cities with silent streets, on which there are no footfalls, and away beyond, with their shining towers piercing the azure vault of heaven, are the temples of the Gods. It is a land of dreams and wonder, and any attempt to describe it in sober matter-of-fact language would be out of place. The efforts to convey many idea of its lofty picturesque grandeur would be a waste of adjectives. It is undoubtedly the greatest wonder of nature to be found on earth and it must be seen before any comprehension can be had of its marvels. A visitor might spend months here and never tire of its ever varying beauty. Imagine, if you can, a huge cleft in this great Arizonian plateau longer than it is from New York to Pittsburg. In places nearly as wide as the sea which divides England from France; in other places so narrow that a rifle ball can be fired across it, and deeper than San Francisco Peak is above the town of Flagstaff or Pike's Peak above Colorado Springs. But this only gives an idea of magnitude. Its myriad marvels and weird beauty are reserved for only those whose eyes are permitted to look upon this wonder land away below the crust of Mother Earth.




*A Land of Sunshine: Flagstaff And Its Surroundings* by Geo. H Tinker, Flagstaff, AZ. Arizona Champion Print, 1887.

# Ten Years After

*Last issue's story, 1955, described the river running scene and its setting during the birth of soft adventure...*



It is astounding, really, what the passage of time can do. By 1965, whitewater recreation had been defined in Grand Canyon: row, motor, kayak. Paddle on occasion. I say defined. What I mean is basic Grand Canyon boating, the primal origins of what river trips are now. The 1965 COR was not 500 words—less than two pages. Imagine! Grand Canyon did not know much about firm inflatable boats, sanitary toilet systems or strict food codes. Indeed. People ate whatever got thrown at them, however it was served, whenever it was served, and maybe not. After eating they shat where they pleased, sometimes with the aid of a shovel; a plain, very simple, arrangement.

547 people floated the Colorado that year. NPS was all over it by then. Believe it. And by most accounts NPS did as well as outfitters when it came to counting numbers. Which is another thing. The Concessions Policy Act, PL 89-249, became law in 1965. Sanctioned outfitters became part of the landscape in Grand Canyon.

In the nation at large, a massive power outage briefly plunged the Northeast into darkness. Elsewhere Hunter S. Thompson declared 1965 the best year to be a hippie; Timothy Leary advised people to "...drop out, turn on and tune in." *Weird, oh wow* and *far out* became vernacular at the same time. Lyndon Johnson's "Great Society," only just conceptualized, quickly foundered under the mounting lie of Viet Nam. The bombings began in February and the first 50,000 troops were committed following US losses at Pleiku; the battle for Il Drang wasn't acknowledged as a disaster because we killed more of them than they did of us. Campus unrest ran rampant. Sit-ins, sing-ins, marches and demonstrations were commonplace, their focus on human rights or Viet Nam or both: David Miller burned his draft card in 1965. People were pissed off—witness the assassination of Malcolm X. The United States was rent wide by ghetto riots, Watts notable among them and, sadly, only one of many. The Free Speech movement ran amok when the New Left embraced Marx, Mao and Marcuse as spokesmen. Say what? Even the SDS repealed its own ban on admitting Communists and 'Birchers.'

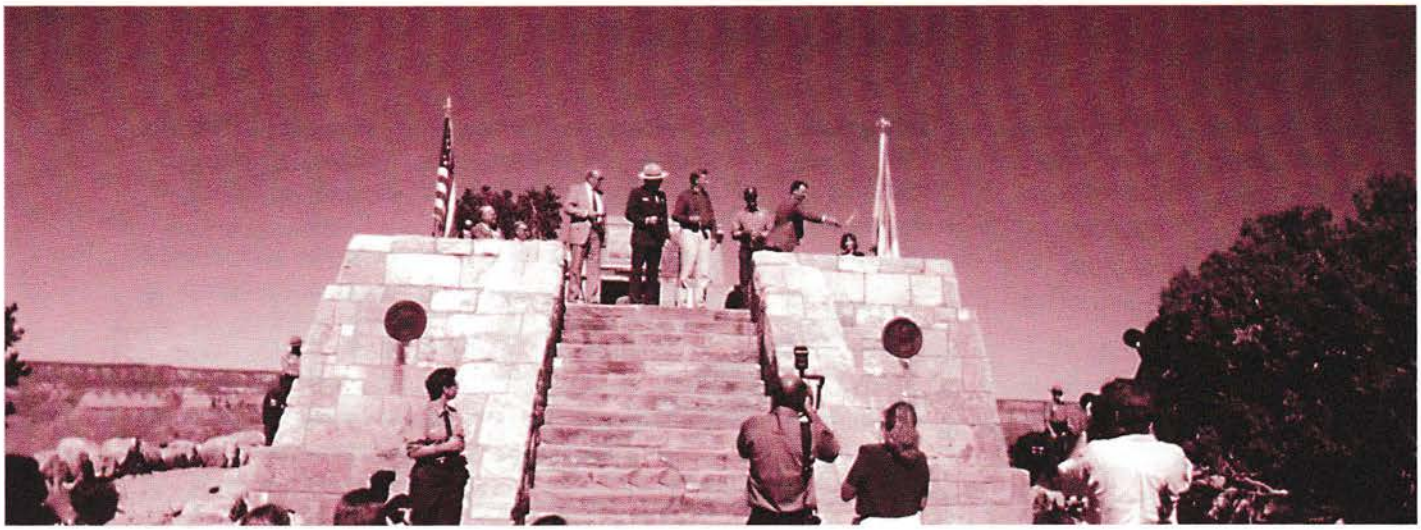
It was a radical, wide open time. Marijuana had snuck into middle class America, especially its Anglo-Saxon high school students, who were obviously in rebellion of some sort. Maybe it was a rebellion against rebellion. People yelled you-know-what out loud, in public. Occasionally these people were naked! This due perhaps to Ken Kesey and the Pranksters, retiring from FURTHER adventures to California, the end of Route 66, where LSD was still legal.

*The Odd Couple* played Broadway. Best Picture went to *The Sound of Music* while Lee Marvin was Best Actor in *Cat Ballou*. On TV came *Wild Kingdom* then *Gunsmoke, The Farmer's Daughter* and *Smothers Brothers*, for something called "prime time viewing." In the same breath *Amos 'n Andy* got yanked from syndication following protests of stereotyped images of Blacks. *Life*, with photos of Gemini astronauts on their first spacewalk, was what everybody read, while *Playboy* uncovered new territory issue by issue. *Ballad of the Green Berets, Eve of Destruction* and *(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction* were top ten hits on radio. Their result, after adding a few Jefferson Airplane riffs, was acid rock.

Lindblad Travel, a.k.a. Lindblad Cruises, began regularly scheduled tourist service to Antarctica in 1965. Outside of the cold and ice and many remarkable stories about historic expeditions there, Antarctica was the absolute outback of the world. It still is, Lindblad or not, however that tale goes, and I'll bet its a dandy, just like old Grand Canyon stories... But, anyway, my point is the difference between Antarctica and Grand Canyon was nil in 1965. Both were on the cutting edge of an infant adventure travel industry. They represented the same thing to those in the know.

The Environmental Movement was on. People wanted environmental experiences. Earth was calling. Warm, fuzzy stuff. Like cuddling penguins, climbing a mountain or running a river. Rachel Carlson's *Silent Spring* had said it all in 1962: Mankind is poisoning Mother Nature, killing Her. And Mother Nature, ghastly ill, frail and feeble and so laid on her deathbed, was paid homage by those monied enough to afford such destinations after pondering the book. But Carlson's message had not hit home. Not yet. To discover, explore and experiment with wilderness and its evolving manifest—wilderness adventure for Everyman—was, at the time, more important than the consequences of doing so. In 1965, few of the individuals who ran the Colorado seemed to mind the fluctuating flows from an almost new Glen Canyon Dam or the men and machinery encountered at Marble Canyon or Bridge Canyon, damsites under investigation further downstream. In 1965 people were immune to such things. The suburbs needed electricity.

*Shane Murphy*



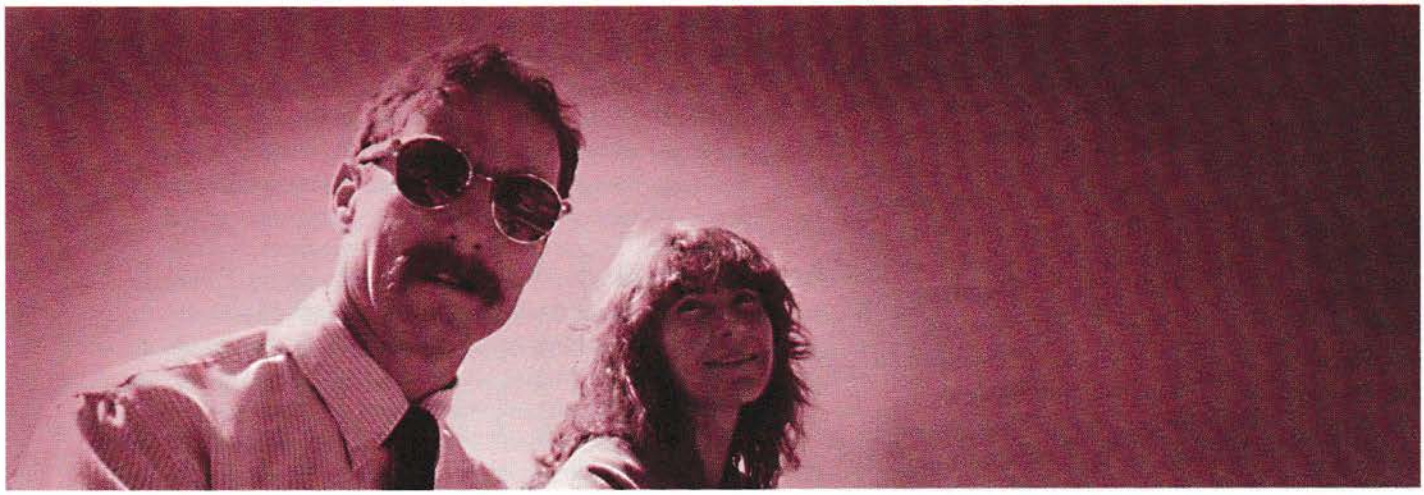
Paying Homage to the Four Winds:
Stan Albright, Rob Arnberger, Bruce Babbitt and John Reynolds, sprinkle Colorado River water at Powell Memorial.

# Rededication Ceremonies, October 9th

Secretary of Interior Babbitt, in his keynote address during the Park's 75th Anniversary ceremonies at Powell Memorial on a gorgeous fall afternoon, painted today's management issues as similar to those surrounding the park's opening in 1919. Then, like now, the focus was on concessions, reclamation, the return of fees to the park, and, the hot issue then, transportation. It's easy to see why. Five thousand visitors on horseback or in the occasional Model T or more commonly by train, were one heck of a lot of folks in a park with a budget of $40,000!

Today NPS' Grand Canyon budget is $12,000,000. Just shy of 5,000,000 individuals visited in 1993. The majority spent a mere 45 minutes staring into the vast, unimaginable chasm far beneath their feet. As far as is known, not one person floated the Colorado in 1919; approximately 22,000 did so in 1993. And, curiously, transportation is still the big issue. Just now it is airplanes and river crowding, parking and emissions. Such are the times. But these days discussions on how to best address management issues revolve not only around partnerships between regulating agencies but, more importantly, on protecting the biodiversity of the Colorado Plateau *en toto*. In his speech, Babbitt called for a comprehensive regional plan for the 21st Century. Management decisions effecting Grand Canyon can only play a pivotal, far reaching role, should Babbitt's vision secure a foothold.

*Shane Murphy*



Present at the Rededication: Lew Steiger and Susan Cherry

# Mary Harris

*Mary Harris, wife, friend and river running companion of Don Harris for nearly thirty years, passed away on October. She is sorely missed by Don and friends. Below she tells a bit about her times on the river with Don.*

For our honeymoon we went on the Grand Canyon. That was the first river trip I'd ever had. And we went in those fifteen foot motor boats.

I stood up all the way, you know, when you went through all the rapids. I stood up, cause it was much easier to take the jar on your legs than sitting down. And so I rode it like a horse. (laughs) I stood up. And then I got into another boat. We exchanged boats, 'cause this women wanted to, ah, change. See what our boat rode like. So, we exchanged boats to try these rapids. And when I got in his boat, he wouldn't let me stand up—he made me sit down. Well, hey, that just threw me up and hit my nose on the windshield. And I came out with two big black eyes and a bloody nose. Doctor Ross said to me "Well Mary, I didn't know that you'd go home with black eyes on your honeymoon!" And I sure did, I had two of them. So, I decided I wasn't riding anybody's boat again. Anybody's but Don's.

Course I'd never been on the river. I'd never slept in a sleeping bag. I didn't know anything about this kind of a life. But I had full confidence in him. He'd been many times and that way I learned. Nothin' to it. And we came to Lava and of course got out and scouted it.

And then got back in the boat. You don't do like you do a pontoon, you know, just take out and go down. You went back *up* the river, and then make a *shot* at it. And I thought *"What am I doing here?"*

We've had some wild rides through Lava. There's times when there's this much air between the boat and the [water]... come up on these waves, you know, and, *chuuu!*, it was like they were airborne. And then *zoooom* you went down like that. Crash landed. Yeah, see you go up on the crest, now *drop*! Sometimes I thought we had a submarine! It *was* really.

And after we'd get through we'd say one more time.

We went on a trip in Westwater. Jack [Brennan, Don's former partner and head cook] was there and we had a group with us. And the second night out, Jack got sick, and Don came and shook me out of the sleeping bag. He said "Jacks sick. You've got to take over." That's what happened, from there on.

You have to have respect for it. I—maybe it was just me—but I felt that the first time I went through. It was a big lark. I had no idea what danger you might be in. It was just a lark. 'Til I got Lava. But each trip after that I became more apprehensive about it. I mean there was always...you saw your danger, the things that could happen to you. And so, you become a little bit apprehensive about going through each one. You realize what could happen.

Another thing I used to feel about it was if we had back to back trips. I'd think, oh, I don't want to go on that river again. No way! And yet the minute we hit the river, this same excitement was...was born all over again. And you were excited about it, about leaving.

But we made many trips together and I enjoyed everyone of them. In fact every sandbar began to look like home.

# Paula Schiewe

Paula first rafted Grand Canyon in 1989, where she met her fiancee Steve. The river had a profound effect on them and they returned every year thereafter. Both of them joined and contributed to GCRG.

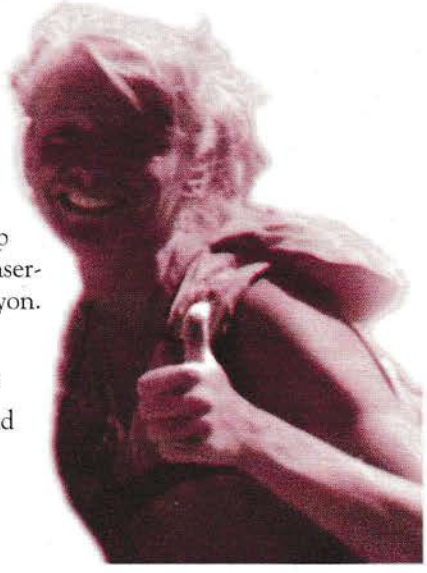
In December 1993, Paula was diagnosed with breast cancer, and died in June at the age of 33. She wrote:

*God, how I miss going out and running. It makes me feel so free. I sift through a million things in my brain. I talk to my God—not the one that is represented by the institution of the church—but the one I feel inside when I'm running, the one I see when I'm in the Grand Canyon, the one I saw and felt in the Boundary Waters at the utter silence of the sundown.*

Paula's family and Steve have created a fund in her honor with Grand Canyon Trust. It will fund a fellowship position to support direct conservation action for Grand Canyon.

Contributions can be sent to:

Paula Schiewe Memorial Fund
Grand Canyon Trust
P. O. Box 30848
Flagstaff, AZ 86003-9962



# Flip

My lover takes off just after midnight. For good. He is suddenly awake. I imagine him surfacing from sleep's river and good boatman that he is, taking three breaths, heading into the waves, feet up, searching for an eddy. I turn on the light. His face is gray and what's in his eyes is so far gone, I can barely remember its name. I have seen him this way once before, on a brilliant morning in Marble Canyon, the Colorado River green as malachite. He sat motionless in the stern of the rescue raft. I would have gone to him, but the boatman yelled, "Rapid Twenty-five, coming up!" As he began to pull for shore, I searched the flat gray stone of my lover's eyes and, in that instant, knew something about death-in-life.

As the door closes behind this man I may have loved as much as I love the canyons and red rock, the dusk and ravens and white water where we courted, I know more. Outside my cabin window, the April half-moon is brilliant on last Fall's grasses. I see everything with the same shocked clarity that once focussed rock, river, and half-drowned man. Now I see that the last two years have been the slow approach to another rapid, and in the last two minutes, we have washed through. I remember...

...the first time we said "I love you," I was still fifty and he was not much younger. We had hiked out to a ledge on one of the sacred mountains that seem to hover over our town. We had been together five months and in that time, we had courted not just one another, but desert rivers, October's vermeil aspen, the high desert mornings and sunsets of the Colorado Plateau. He'd taught me to row, to read the rivers. I don't know yet what he learned from me—not how to cook, that is certain. As we settled down between the Ponderosa and cliffrose, the town below emerged out of the morning mist.

"It's temporary," I said. He laughed.

"I can see it," I said, "how it once was. How it will be again. When the town is gone. Just green and gray and red, just clouds and sunlight moving through."

"I think," he said, "no, I know that I have always been and I will always be. Maybe as air, maybe in one of these pine trees, you know?"

I turned and looked at him. This was not the man I knew, a man whose favorite topics of conversation were roof racks, the good/bad old days up near Da Nang and beer.

"You know," I said, "in the best way... I know this will scare you, but, in the best way, I love you."

"Me, too," he said, "in the best way. I would have said it earlier, but I was afraid you'd go."

He took my hand, pulled me up and we walked back. The sun burned off the mist. In the dark-green shadows, you could still see your breath.

"Listen," he said, "I don't want this to bind us to anything, but that Colorado River trip, next August, I'd like you to go with me. I want to do it with you... with you."

"Of course," I said. We held each other a long, long time, in that thin, cold, sun-washed mountain air...

...August monsoons, the scent of pine steaming up from the forest floor. We woke and drove north to Lees Ferry, rigged his raft and moved onto the mineral green water, my lover rowing, joy blazing on his big face. I smiled back and saw that his eyes were not on mine. He looked past me, down river, ahead. I bent and trailed my hand in the water. It was icy. I cupped some in my palm and touched my face. That night we slept apart on our camp cots. We agreed. No tent. Just a sky neither of us had ever seen from just this particular beach, between these ragged stone walls, under stars and crescent moon shimmering in a ribbon of indigo.

I woke early and afraid. My lover said something nasty. I snapped back.

"Sounds like a personal problem," he said, "lighten up." I turned away.

We put in, moved steadily downriver, rapid after rapid. He was calm, focused as he once was moving into Laos out of Viet Nam. I was anything but calm. There was nowhere, in the midst of sixteen people, in all that Redwall Limestone, that compelling water and sunbright balance, to let loose the anger knotting my heart.

We scouted Rapid Twenty-four and a Half, climbing past glittering purple rocks, past a boulder that seemed the shape and color of my rage. I touched it, the sun hot on its surface, in my fingers, cauterizing, pain clearing my vision. I looked down on the river and I imagined something knotted in the guts of the current. I glanced at the trip leader. He grinned.

"Let's go," he said.

We went. Into the tongue, in an entry so smooth that I lifted my camera and shot a picture. I have it still, taped to my fridge, a quote from Thomas Paine printed across the sky.

"Hang on," my lover shouted. The world tilted, spun, and I was in the fierce water. Under the raft.

"This is not a movie," I thought and time forgave me. Slow, slow, I thought, "Remember Suzanne. She came up under the boat, grabbed the cargo net, pulled herself free." I reached up and hauled myself out. "If you

flip," the head boatman had said, "take three breaths."

There was nowhere to come up for air. "This is not a story," I thought. "One, two, three," I counted, and swung my legs forward. Light glittered just above my head. I surfaced, gasped. An icy wave slammed me down.

Into vast blue-green, into light that was not water, was no-thing known. I wanted to just go into it. "I'm 51," I thought, "This love's too hard." That instant, a fine, clear fury rose in me, and, in a moment of profound spirituality, I thought, "I've paid for eighteen days on this gorgeous friggin' river, I'm not gonna die on Day 2!"

The river spit me out and I knew She hadn't done it out of pity, mercy, or anything but hydraulics. I swam the fifty feet to the rescue raft, the boatmen wrestled me in. My camera, my dark glasses, my amulets still hung around my neck. It appeared I had lost nothing.

And then, I remembered. "Where's...?" The boatman finished the question. "In back, we just grabbed him. He went down three times." I looked. I saw that gray presence and I saw that he looked, not downriver, not ahead, but somewhere else, and I knew it was a place I could not go...

...Two years later, this August morning, our April goodbye four months old and solid as stone, I sit in my backyard meadow. Lupine and penstemon glow in the dry grasses. I drink good coffee and think about that first parting, how he went west and I went east and we were suddenly as distant as the rims of the Canyon walls. I am coming to believe that I fell in love, not so much with the man, as with that high desert web of dusk and silence and glowing rock. And he was not so much in love with me as with dawn and river and the ways a woman, any woman, is so much like a river, so much like the earth.

What I know, beyond doubt, is that stone and light and water long survive love and betrayal. As well as death-in-life, there is life-in-death, in the hard sweetness of letting go. And, I remember what is written across that photo, across the sky above the hole in Rapid Twenty-Four and a Half of the Colorado River. "We have it in our power to begin the world again."

And I am grateful.

*Mary Sojourner*

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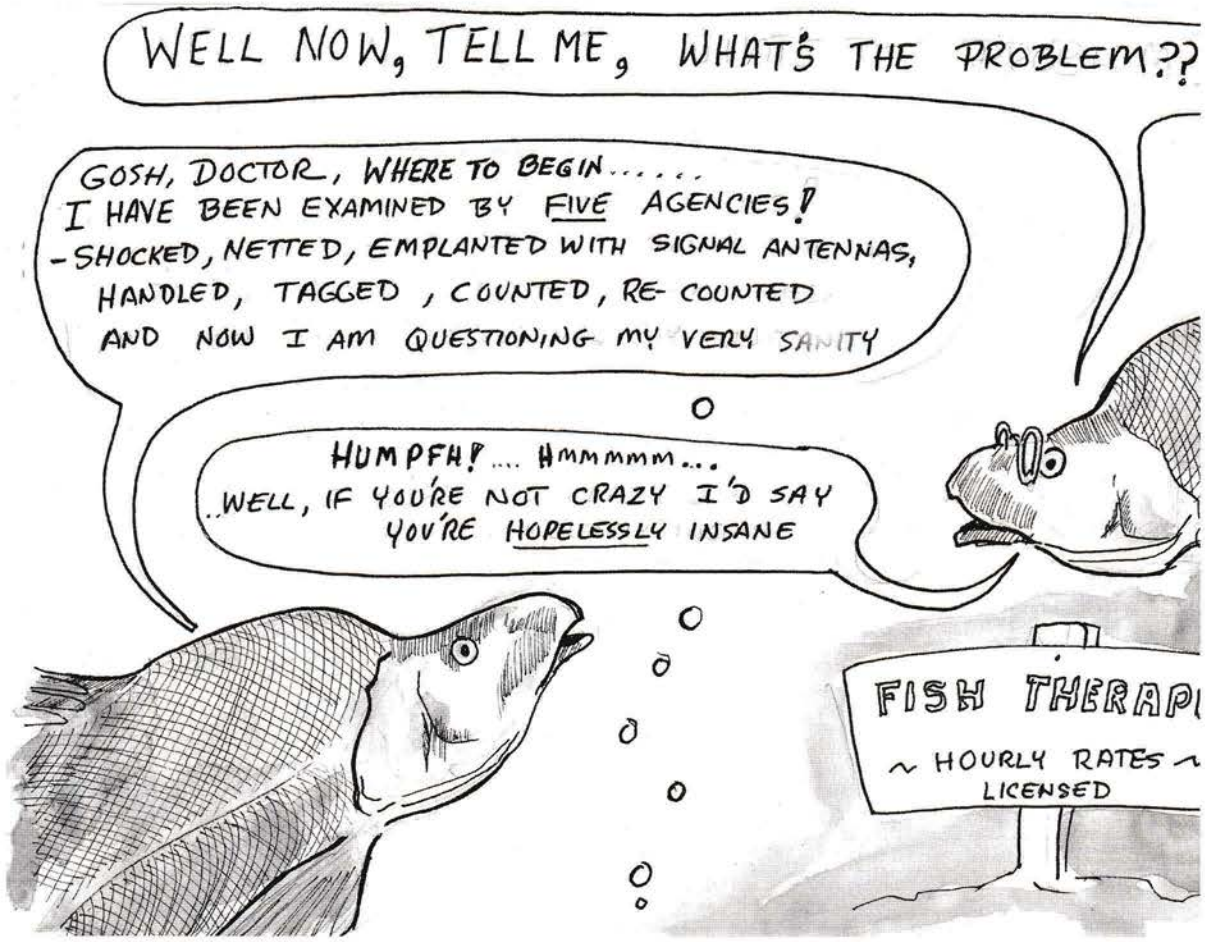


# Fall Meeting

Arizona River Runners provided the setting and equipment. Gloeckler gave us great dancing music, too, and we thank him more than anything for that. We had discussions, lots of them, all well attended. The chow was great. Thank you to everyone who helped in the kitchen. And it was surprising how many different faces circulated through

jump starting on a cold saturday morning

the crowd. There were always 50 or 60 people around. What a turnout! One of the main attractions was the woodstove in the tent, actual heat under the bigtop. Really...warm. No wind, either. What a deal.

At our river access session on Saturday afternoon somebody counted 80 people; actually, 81 were on the grounds when we started. Another way to put it is that the ARR warehouse was just about packed tight. Together we tried to define the salient characteristics of Grand Canyon, the Colorado River, and the Visitor Experience. We sat there for two and a half hours and talked it over and came up with lists, and later priorities, for what was important to us. We called these things values [see inset].

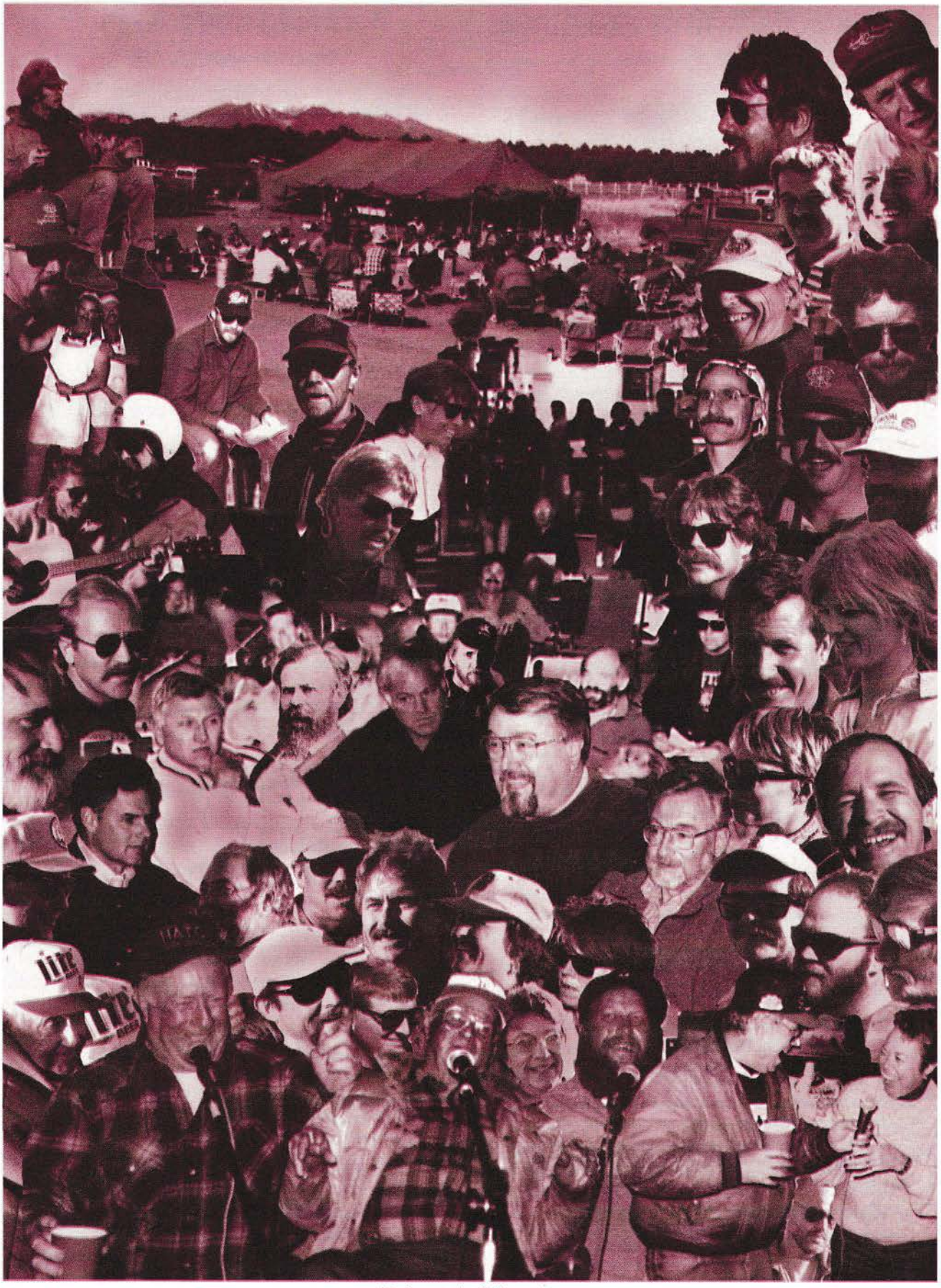
Most folks agreed it was time to tackle the river access issue. But, we learned, it was difficult to group Grand Canyon values. Various duplications and cross references were almost unavoidable. Our next go-round, identifying and prioritizing use issues, will be at the GCRG Spring Meeting in March. Don't miss it. Even if you didn't bother or walked away from this one, be there in the spring for River Access: Part II.

On Sunday we tackled quiet motors. Gloeckler transmogrified from a honkey-tonk musician into a rhinolined, foam padded, technofreak; Yep, he said, every little bit helps. Later, we talked earnestly about a possible experimental flood flow. This turned into a fascinating interchange between scientists and audience. While it's fair to say there was concern over what a flood might do, not many were completely opposed. Another 2.5 hours on that one. And then, very quickly, we put out the fire and took down the tent before, during and after lots more great lunch from Fritz and Dirk and the gang...and...and...thank you one more time. Goodbye. Whirr. Wizzz. Buzzz. Whew—what a meeting!

*Shane Murphy*

| Grand Canyon | Colorado River | Visitor Experience |
|---|---|---|
| *Functioning Ecosystem:* air; water; species; scenery; wildlife; natural sounds | *Functioning Ecosystem:* natural runnability; clean river; healthy beaches; natural campsites | *Personal Perspective:* challenge; to push boundaries; solitude; uniqueness; level of commitment; accomplishment; escape from routine |
| *Quality of Experience:* wildness [as distinct from wilderness]; belonging; awe/ gratitude; spirit; space/solitude; exploration; freedom | *Quality of Experience:* sense of adventure; remoteness; uncrowded; freedom from technology; journey; time; history; discovery; group dynamics/camaraderie; runnable; challenge; level of commitment | *Connection to Canyon:* resource management; education; experiential; respect for nature; sense of humility/ insignificance; escape from routine; stewardship; simplicity; here & now; sense of belonging |
| *Appropriate Access:* [equally public to everyone] | *Education:* resource interp; natural history; low impact ethic; conservation ethic | *Education/Awareness:* resource management; respect for nature; safety; guide attitude |
| | | *Community:* camaraderie; sense of |

Grand Canyon Values—a first step in assessing the river access issue



big fun at the fall meeting

# Guides Training Seminar

March 25-27, 1995

## Historical Perspectives of a Changing River

A river never looks back...but sometimes we do. Traditionally, the GTS has dealt with a variety of subjects ranging from basic geology to wilderness medicine, red ants and prehistoric Indians. Sort of "Grand Canyon 101," if you will. This ti me we'd like to approach the seminar with a slightly different focus. The past year has been an historical one in many respects, and we'd like to capitalize on these events. Grand Canyon celebrated its 75th anniversary, installed a new superintendent, and is developing new General and River Management Plans. The draft EIS statement for Glen Canyon Dam was published after the culmination of years of research; and the USGS/GCES Old Timers river trip brought together a group of early river runners to help give an historical perspective of changes in the Canyon. We are hoping to bring together as many of these groups as possible to give guides and others a better understanding of changes to the Colorado River and Grand Canyon boating, and what the future may hold.

It should be a grand time. So mark your calendar! Talk to your manager or outfitter. Look for a special mailing in mid-February with more details of the GTS program.

*Andre Potochnik and Christa Sadler*

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

**GCRG Spring Meeting**: March 24, 1995, 1-5 PM. Dinner and storytelling afterwards. (Barry Goldwater has said he'll try to be there; we'll keep our fingers crossed!)

**Guides Training Seminar**: March 25-27, 1995. Cost: outfitter sponsorship or $25 .

**GTS River Trip**: March 28-April 5, 1995 (Lees Ferry to Bright Angel Creek). Cost: outfitter sponsorship or $100 (guides only).

***Wilderness First Responder Review Course**: (Recertification for WEMT, WAFA, WFR) March 27-28, 1995. (CPR not included)

***Whitewater Advanced First Aid Course**: March 29-April 2, 1995.

***American Red Cross Emergency Response**: April 6-10. Hatchland. 8AM Sharp!

***Pre-registration required for all first aid courses. All courses good for three years.**

# GTS River Trip

March 28—April 5, 1995

Eight days and nine nights to Phantom, taking out at Diamond Creek on April 12th for a few of those interested in continuing on. If you're a guide and haven't been on a GTS trip, you might want to think about it. It's sure great to have every company in the Canyon represented by either old or new. It's a whole lot of fun to spend a trip with a bunch of boatmen learning new cool stuff, reinforcing the old, hiking and telling stories. Talk to your company—tell 'em you're interested—and if you haven't got one, no problem. For a good time write me, c/o GCRG, or call 602/556-9258. I need to know if you're going by March 1st. Don't miss this one!!

*Martha Clark*

# GCRG Spring Meeting

March 24, Mid-day till late

Once again we'll be the grateful guests of the Fosters, setting up camp behind the Old Marble Canyon Lodge. We've got a lot of burning issues to deal with: Coast Guard, River Access, new regs etc. Be there or be nowhere. We'll also be nominating three new directors and a new Vice-President. Be thinking of who can best represent you on the board. It might be YOU. It's a big job, but it's your turn. Think about it.

# American Red Cross Emergency Response April 6—10, 1995

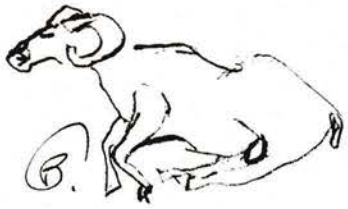
Taught by Patty Ellwanger at the Hatch warehouse. You get neat stuff when you attend: a blood cuff (sphygmomanometer), stethoscope, a pocket CPR face mask, a book (of course), and CPR card.

Cost $135. 40 people, max. If you need this one, better sign up pronto. Not yet available as a refresher course...you gotta take the whole thing this time. Refresher should be on line when first ARC ER class expires ('97).

How to sign up: Send a check for $130 (payable to American Red Cross) to Patty Ellwanger, HC67, Box 32, Marble Canyon, AZ 86036. Include your name, full address and phone number. Include a SASE if you wish confirmation. Don't even *try* to sign up after March 15!

# Only Need CPR ?

If you've still got a valid first aid card, or need to get CPR in order to be eligible for the WFR Review, please find a local course. Call your local chapter of American Red Cross or maybe the athletic club or the fire department. Take the initiative.



None of the first aid courses described here have the facilities to accommodate a flush of CPR desperados. Thanks

# Wilderness First Aid Courses

**Whitewater Advanced First Aid**
(no prerequisite)
Date: 3/29/95 - 4/2/95
Place: Lee's Ferry
Cost: $245 (3 meals per day included)
This wilderness course was designed by Wilderness Medical Associates for GCRG to meet NPS guidelines. CPR certification is included.

**Review Course**
(must be current WFR, WEMT, or WAFA, *and* CPR)
Date: 3/27/95 - 3/28/95
Place: Lee's Ferry
Cost: $130 (3 meals per day included)

Class sizes are strictly limited to 20 with preference given to GCRG members. Send your $50 **nonrefundable** deposit with the application below to hold a space.

Name_____

Address_____

City _____State _____

Zip _____

Phone (important!)_____

Circle One: WAFA Review

Send to GCRG. **Apply early! It's almost full!**

# Books of Interest

**Monographs**

*PIAPAXA 'UIPI (Big River Canyon)*. Prepared by Richard Stoffle, David Halmo, Michael Evans and Diane Austin. 368 pp, photos, charts, grafts; annotated biblio, references. A Southern Paiute ethnographic resource inventory and assessment of the Colorado River corridor; a report of work carried out for the Rocky Mountain Regional Office, NPS. Project No. GLCA-R92-0071.

*REPORT TO CONGRESS—Report of Effects of Aircraft Overflights in the National Park System*. NPS, September 12, 1994. Appx 250 pp, charts, graphs, references; extensive mapping and computer modeling. Prepared pursuant to PL 100-91, the National Parks Overflights Act of 1987.

*Operation of Glen Canyon Dam Draft EIS Public Comment Analysis Report*. Prepared by Bear West Consulting Team, August 1994. 403 pp (335 of them appendices), graphs. Available through CRSO, 125 South State Street, SLC, UT 84138-1102.

*Bibliography Of The Grand Canyon And The Lower Colorado River* by Earle E. Spamer. Greatly enlarged and completely revised since the 1981 edition. Available as a printed volume (370 pages—$25); on floppy disks (7 or 8 diskettes for $25); or on microfiche (6-7 sheets for $15). Contact Five Quail Books, Spring Grove, MN; 507//498-3346.

*Glen Canyon Environmental Studies Phase I and Phase II Technical Reports and Related Documents*. Send us a large SASE ($1.01 in postage) and we'll send it back with an action-packed 13-page bibliography.

*Life In Stone—Fossils of the Southwest* by Christa Sadler. 32 pp, photos, sketches, maps. ISBN 0-89734-116-3. $8; available from Museum of Northern Arizona Press or Christa Sadler, Box 22130, Flagstaff, AZ 86002.

**Popular Culture**

*THERE'S THIS RIVER—Grand Canyon Boatman Stories*. Christa Sadler, Editor. 184 pp, photos, sketches, drawings and paintings, with 24 original stories and artwork from people you know and love most of the time. *Great* stories for around the campfire. ISBN # 884546-01-3. $14.95, paper. Available from Red Lake Books, Flagstaff, AZ.

# Bat Cave Restoration Project Proposed

In order to provide optimal conditions for restoring the Mexican free-tailed bat (Tadarida brasiliensis) population, protect the visiting public, and regain wilderness values, the Park Service is proposing closing the "Bat Cave" at River Mile 266 to visitation. Removal of the three derelict tram towers, constructed to mine bat guano is also proposed. The project location is the north shore within Grand Canyon National Park.

The Mexican free-tailed bat, a relatively small bat with brown fur and an extended tail, is a voracious insect consumer capable of speeds in excess of 65 miles per hour. These swift creatures are believed to forage in areas up to 50 miles from their roosts. They also form great colonies of hundreds of thousands, even millions of individuals. In fact, the largest colony in Arizona is thought to have contained as many as 20 million bats at one time. Spectacular black clouds of bats visible many miles away result as a healthy colony exits the roost.

Grand Canyon's most famous colony, "the Bat Cave," Mile 266, contained what must have been a massive colony of Mexican free-tailed bats, judging from a scanty historical record and the discovery in the 1930s of the cavern's one thousand tons of bat guano. Unfortunately for the animals, prospectors soon realized the economic value of bat guano for use a fertilizer and estimated the cave's worth between ten million and ninety million dollars. The bats are very susceptible to human disturbance, especially during the maternity season. Their low reproductive rate complicates recovery from catastrophic disturbances such as the protracted and extensive mining operation that occurred at the Bat Cave. These activities unquestionably decimated this colony of Mexican free-tailed bats.

The mining operations ceased by 1962, and the 1975 Grand Canyon Enlargement Act incorporated the cave and surrounding area into the Park. Although the bat population is believed to be slowly improving, greatly reduced but significant impacts affect the natural values of the area, including the bat colony. The miners left an incapacitated aerial tram system consisting of three conspicuous towers within the Park, the longest being 75 feet in height. The towers constitute a significant visual intrusion on the natural environment and lie within the recommended wilderness of Grand Canyon National Park. The towers attract an unknown number of visitors to the cave itself. The extent of visitor impact on the bat population is unknown, but extensive multiple trailing on the steep slopes leading to the site indicates at least occasional visitation. Repeated disturbance of the colony is considered detrimental to the colony's long term well being. The trailing itself is creating visual as well as natural resource impacts.

The towers also comprise an attractive nuisance that creates a hazardous setting for visitors. Wood planking is in poor condition and offers treacherous footing. Steel railing and ladders are in various states of disrepair and constitute a hazard. Caves containing bat colonies are generally unhealthy, potentially hazardous environments because of rabies and histoplasmosis.

A draft environmental assessment is being prepared for the restoration project tentatively scheduled for late this winter. Anyone interested in obtaining a copy of the draft environmental assessment please contact me.

*Kim Crumbo*
*(address below)*

# Volunteers Needed at Grand Canyon

The work will involve wildland restoration and revegetation, and wildlife monitoring in primitive and wilderness settings. The revegetation projects consist of soil preparation and mulching. Folks with carpentry skills are especially needed. The Park Service will provide meals, tents, and transportation from the South Rim and Flagstaff. Projects are scheduled for: Pasture Wash Revegetation, April 17-21; Kanab Plateau Revegetation, May 2-7; and North Rim Revegetation, July 1-4.

If anyone is interested in helping out with these important projects, please contact:

*Kim Crumbo*
*Division of Resources Management*
*P.O. Box 129*
*Grand Canyon, AZ 86023*
*(602) 638-7757*

# Quotes

As soon as you send a boat ahead, you have taken yourself out of the communication process.

*Steve Hatch, during a discussion about the dubious practice of sending a boat ahead to snag a camp.*

How we spend our days is, of course, how we spend our lives.

*Annie Dillard* in *The Writing Life*.

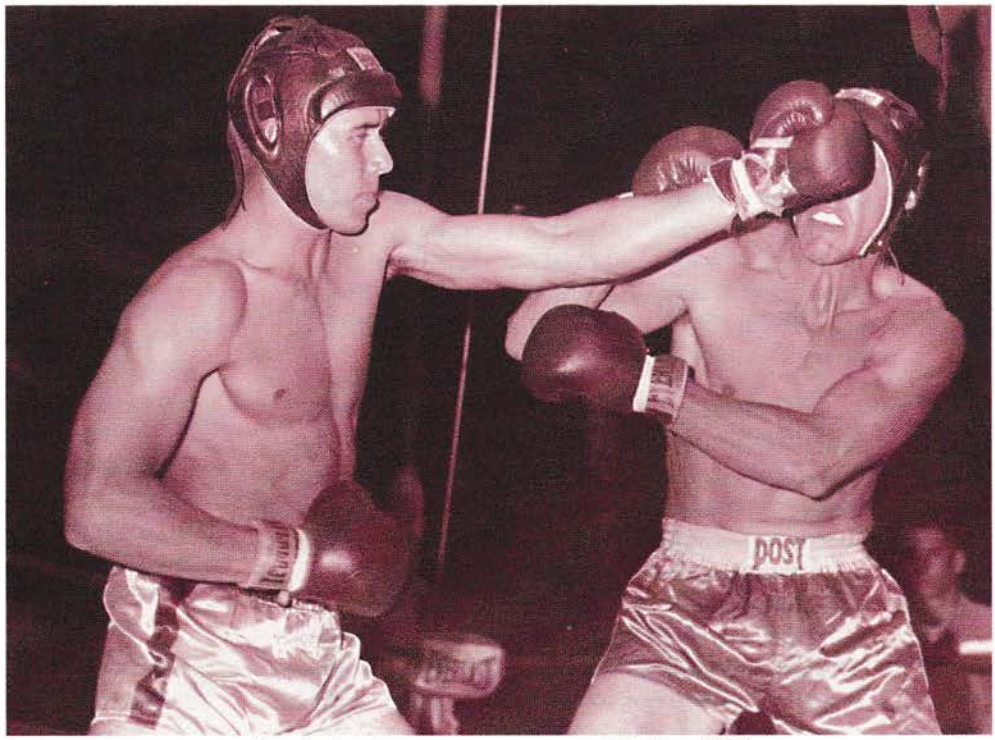
*Well, all that stuff that was going on then, as far as Vietnam—there wasn't any, as far as political objections, that kind of thing didn't come up?*

For them? Or for me?

*For you.*

Oh no! I mean, I thought the military was okay. I always had a pretty positive attitude. My stepfather said, "Don't go in the military," but it was more of a hassle than a philosophical problem. And Vietnam wasn't an issue. I mean, no one really... It was 1965 when I graduated from high school and it was just starting to become a big deal.

I went into the Navy in '67, went into underwater demolition team training and went into the Seal Team immediately after that and did two tours... It's always been something that I [ironic chuckle] didn't particularly enjoy at the time, but that's been an important kind of turning point in my life. That had a real major impact on how I perceive things.



Crumbo lands one U.S. Navy 1967

*Have you ever talked to Wesley Smith?*

I have never talked to him about his experiences.

*Boy, talking to Wesley was a mind-boggler. It sounded like a madhouse over there.*

Well, I did over seventy combat ops with Seal Team. You know, small unit, generally seven guys. Had a fairly good tour, then had a real shitty tour. You gotta leave that stuff pretty much behind you in terms of what happens. But Seal Team, you had a lot more control in terms of situations you got into. Invariably you felt more in control—you didn't feel victimized like somebody that's in infantry or Marines that has to take a bunker or hold a piece of ground at all costs. You're looking for people, and if you got compromised, or somebody shot at you...you could get out of there. That was a reason for leaving. Bad things happened, but bad things happen to a lot of people.

*When you say you were looking for people. . . . Do you mind talking about this?*

No, that's fine.

*You mean you were just looking to find out where the enemy was and stuff? Or you were looking for people to go get them?*

Seal Team involved setting up an intelligence network—you knew who the people were in these villages, and you were looking for Viet Cong big wigs—people who were running the operation. You would have informants come in and tell you who they were, you'd pay people to give you information, and you would go out and try to find these people who were operating the weapons delivery or were the tax-collector-type people. You target them and then go get them, based upon what you learned. And you get all dressed-up in your camouflage outfit, and you'd either go in by boat and patrol in, or go in by helicopter and land in their village and run and grab them or run and shoot them, depending. You wanted to capture them, because they provided more information. And if that didn't work out...

*Then you would just shoot them?*

Then you'd just shoot them, yeah.

*You said you had a good tour and then a bad one. What makes you say that? What was the good one all about, and what was the bad one?*

Well, we lost a good friend on the first tour, but we... Most everybody came back, we didn't lose anyone besides my friend, the corpsman. The second tour was when I went over as a combat cameraman-type. It was good that I could go from platoon to platoon, I wasn't stuck in one particular place. But the people that I operated with. . . . They name platoons after the

alphabet, like "Charlie Platoon." My platoon was "Mike," for "M." It was the one I went with the first time. But "X-ray Platoon" was for "X." That platoon had the worst casualties of any Seal platoon over there in the history of Seal Team.

*X-ray Platoon?*

X-ray Platoon. And it was in actually 1970-1971. They operated for about a month and got hit, and then that's when I started working with them. They got hit three times. You've got a fourteen-man platoon with four people killed, and about 110 percent casualties, because people were getting hit, going to the hospital, coming back and operating again, getting hit again. That kind of stuff. And they shut them down after three months, because there was nobody, not enough people to run the show. That's what I mean by. . . . [ironic chuckle] Very depressing.

*Did you ever question it all? Did you ever question what the hell we were doing over there?*

When I went through underwater demolition team training, and they picked me to go directly on the Seal Team, I had no idea what that was. And I was starting to wonder about the war. What I wanted to do was play volleyball on the beach and be a scuba diver and chase women and stuff like that. And you go into the Seal cadre course, and they say, "Okay, what we're going to be doing is ambushing people. Anybody know the definition of ambush? Ambush is mass murder at point blank range. This is what you're going to be doing." You're kind of going, "Now wait a minute. Do I really want to *do* this?" And I had to go through all that before I finally ended up going overseas with these guys. So I'd already gotten it pretty clear in my mind as to what I was getting into. You never really *know* what you're getting into, but I had already decided that... I really, honestly, I reached the point where it was either protest the war and go to jail, or go to Vietnam with the Seal Team. The options in between, you know, you could go to Canada. I thought that wasn't the right thing to do. Going back out on a ship, you're still supporting the war, you're still contributing to the war, but you're safer. Or go with a Seal Team and...that's what I did. I got sick and tired of it, and I got really pissed off a lot, but I was a good Seal operator, and I was *so* glad when it was over. It was so nice putting your boat in on Westwater and Cataract, and the next year you start running Grand Canyon. It gives you a certain perspective. [chuckles] It was a real important shift to *me*, anyway; and probably one of the reasons Grand Canyon has always meant so much.

***

*Kim Crumbo started out in Grand Canyon as a boatman working for Ken Sleight in 1972. He became a river ranger with the NPS in 1979, and in 1988 he transferred from the River Unit to Resources. Quietly and without fanfare, sometimes almost singlehandedly, he has been responsible for the best trail maintenance, erosion control, and beach/campsite stabilization ever done in the river corridor. Extensive projects at Saddle Canyon, Nankoweap, Cremation, Galloway, Deer Creek, and Havasu—to name just a few— have gone a long way toward channeling and minimizing human impacts in Grand Canyon.*

*A couple of years ago a little band of stalwarts in the commercial sector— namely Laurie Staveley, Bill Gloeckler, and Rob Elliott—recognized the value of Crumbo's efforts and began organizing and funding co-operative trips staffed with volunteer boatmen and sending them downriver once or twice a year to pitch in with him.*

*Next time you're gliding along smoothly up the trail to wherever, and the surroundings are untrammeled and you notice the steps seem to miraculously appear just where needed, but it doesn't <u>look</u> like anybody's really been there or put too much unnatural effort into it, just remember: somebody <u>was</u> there; and they <u>have</u> been putting in the effort, for quite some time now.*

*We caught Crumbo at home back in June, and after splitting a six-pack of truth serum (Budweiser), waded on out into dangerous territory.*

***

I had a friend who worked for Jack Curry, named Marty Taylor. We did canoe trips and stuff, but I didn't do my first white-water trip until either 1969, or it might have been 1970. I borrowed boats from the military—little seven-mans that we used for assault boats—and they let me borrow them. You put a ten-man frame on it and went and ran...like Westwater was my first white-water trip. If you've never done white water before [laughs], it's pretty impressive. Yeah! I just thought it was pretty neat. Marty went in the Navy about the same time I was getting out. He was an officer and a pilot. I kind of bullshitted Dee Holladay, saying I had all this experience. He gave me a job.

Dee was kind of a part-timer. He worked for Bennett Ford as a mechanic, and he was just trying to get his business going, and it took off that year. He said I could probably do a couple of trips; he only had part-time boatmen. But we were busy all summer, well into the fall. Then I just got G.I. bills, going to college in the winter. The next season, which was 1972, Ken [Sleight] was starting his rowing trips down here and asked Dee for help...because Dee ran triple-rigs, you know, so there was sort of this affinity for that boat... I got my first number of trips down here as a rear oarsman for a triple-rig.

*It was just, "Okay, now we'll take these down in Grand?"*

Well, when you go down Grand, this is the boat I've been running, so this is the boat I'm going to take. I think it's what you're used to... I remember Amil Quayle

was one of the rear oarsmen for Ken, which was really fun to watch too: two of these guys who didn't really *like* that boat. Ken liked his motor because he could take it anywhere he wanted. Amil Quayle didn't like the boat, period. These guys would be arguing back and forth as to which way they're going to go! [laughs]

*If they didn't like it, how come they were running it? Was there a perception that the Grand Canyon was big?*

Well, yeah, I think part of it. And I remember when we finally said, "Ken, let's just run single boats." He'd always wait down at the bottom of the rapids, and he was telling everybody, "These guys are probably going to flip here." [laughs] You know, that kind of stuff.

*Oh, the single boats?*

Oh yeah! [laughter] And we wouldn't, and he'd be all bummed. [laughter] Like Stuart [Reeder] and myself, we just finally convinced him, "Let's just run separate trips." But that's kind of what he was looking towards: he was running *his* trips, and then he couldn't do all of them, and then he wanted to run rowing trips. Which I'm sure he looks back on as a big mistake, because here he was running his own show and doing things the way he wanted to, and then all of a sudden he's got to hire assholes like us [laughs] to deal with! Once you start working with Ken... Ken did things differently. But it was the persona of Ken Sleight—you know, the old-time river runner, but there was more to it—somebody who was hopelessly in love with the country down there. You know, it was almost... It was inspirational on one level. He was somebody you *admired* as a person, and somebody who saw the Canyon for what it was and he enjoyed bringing people there.

*So, making the change to the Park Service... It was a combination, there wasn't any one overriding, philosophical, revelatory shift...*

Well, you know, I had a lot of college courses in resource management and outdoor recreation, those types of things. And I wanted to apply those. But it was also, there was a sense that it *could* be a career, that you could be making a career choice which kind of tied some things together. But at the time, I had a problem with the Park Service, philosophically. And I've always had problems with organizations—always have. The only group of people I really identified with was Seal Team and boatmen. To this day, those are the two roots I have, where I feel, "Oh yeah, I'm one of those." [chuckles] There was a monetary consideration. It was the chance of starting to make some money to support a family, too, but still be associated with Grand Canyon, basically.

*What's the problem you've always had with organizations?*

In order to fit in, you have to make adjustments—I'm not going to call them compromises. But it's real difficult, when you're a boatman, to identify with the Park Service...it just sort of... It was a major effort for me to make that transition. I think anybody coming from the guiding community, who's been around for a while, that's hard to do. I mean, it just is. I had to *do* that.

My first job with the Park Service was in Dinosaur, and it was in 1979, and I was working for Sleight, and they hired me. They said they'd hire me and Sleight got pissed off. I went and ran one trip for them... They weren't going to let me wear flip-flops! In fact, they weren't going to let me wear shorts! [laughs] And I go, "Well, wait, that's stupid!"

*As a boatman, you're running a boat?*

Yeah, you get your feet wet. You don't want to wear long pants, you'll be wet and cold, you'll get crotch rot—all those things. But I was also saying, "Why are we running trips down here?" They said, "Well..." You know, they had the outhouses. I said, "Why don't we get rid of these outhouses. You don't need those." And they had these big fire pits, and I said, "Let's clean up these fire pits." "Well, you know our supervisor..." blah, blah, blah. "Why don't we fill the outhouses up with the fire pits?!" [laughs] And they just weren't into it. Basically, they wanted somebody down there to put toilet paper in the shitters and kind of just be there. At the end of the trip, I just told the woman, who was a good friend of mine—up to that point—I said, "I can't do this." She said, "Well since the pay period is two weeks, work the pay period out and then train the other new boatman coming on," who'd had one trip down the North Platte in a canoe. It was the Yampa, and only one rapid there. So when that trip was over, I just said, "Hey, it's all yours," and I went back working for Sleight-under somewhat strained conditions. [chuckles]

*Yeah, he calls government the "federales."*

Kenneth?

*Yeah, his perspective, I guess, starting out when it was really, really free...*

*So when you went to work for Grand Canyon...*

That was in the fall. I became a river ranger. That was the one skill I had that was saleable to the Park Service, because at that time they were looking for people who knew how to run boats. And I was also a vet, so it was pretty easy for them to get me. It seemed like—particularly with the crew I was working with: Marv Jensen and Steve Martin and [all the others]...it seemed like there was a purpose. I was down there to help take care of the place, but it was working with the guides who we knew, it was working with what the Park Service *had* to try to achieve that. And so those first years were fun, and they were good. We were helping with some of the early research, and it just felt like you

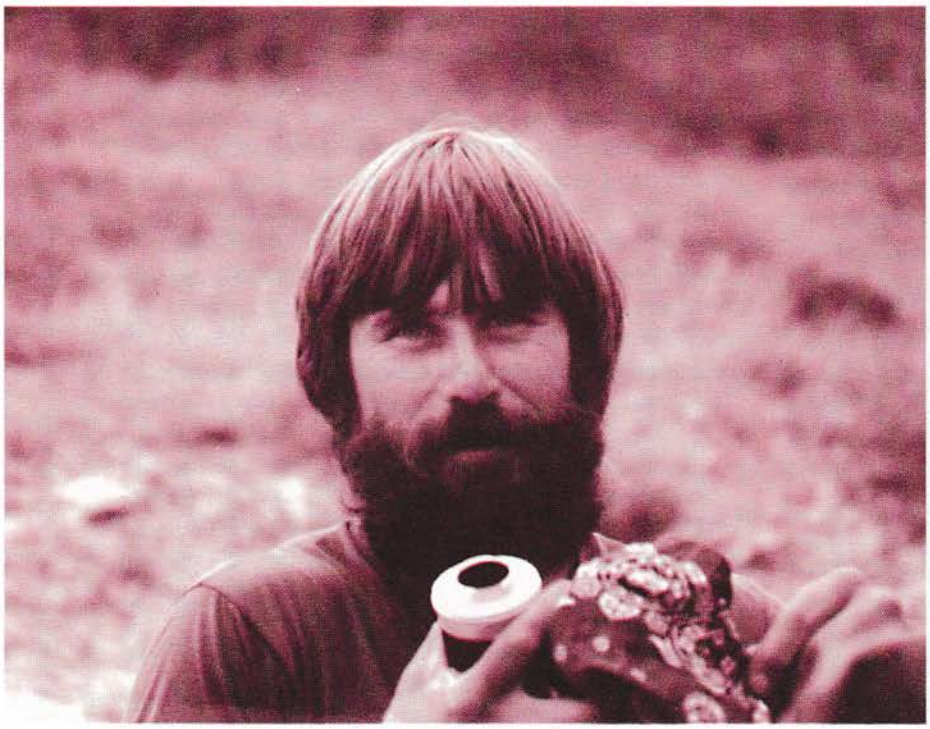


photo: tim whitney

were getting involved in that, and moving from guiding to the more varied...job—but still feeling like you're... It didn't feel separate from the guiding, but there was just more to it—there were more dimensions, which made it interesting for me. It was at the time when I thought the Park Service was composed of people who were concerned about the parks, what's out there, and the people who were going down there—in a positive sense. And after Marv left and Steve left, and then when Curt Sauer left—you know, his leaving was real pivotal, because all of a sudden I was exposed to...a different mindset.

...They [the new guys] wanted to have a high-profile presence down there, a law enforcement presence. They were real upset that the outfitters and guides applauded when Tom Workman came into the room. They thought, "He obviously isn't doing his job." It never occurred to them he might be doing it real well. And I realized that Curt Sauer was dealing with that constantly, but he filtered it through. It's really a tough one, because it's not just being from the river community, confronting that—it's a whole system of values, where... I just think it's inappropriate to insist upon a certain type of control over your employees or the public. And that's what the law enforcement mentality in the Park Service wants—they want that control. And you can get into all kinds of philosophical reasons why people are that way. I just think it's off-base. Many of those guys are not really well-versed on what's out there—in terms of people, in terms of the plants and the animals and the ecological processes. That's not what they're interested in. And so it's really hard to work for them.

*Let me see if I've got this straight: the thrust is, "We're here to control the entire situation?"*

I think it's just... It's like when you go backpacking and say you want to go out and have this wonderful wilderness experience. Really, the last thing you and I'd want to see is a ranger down there, checking up on you at every turn. I think most people don't mind that, because they have some questions like "Where's the water," or "How bad is the hike?" That should be the function of any ranger contact. Well, if these people need some information, and obviously they don't have a big bonfire going, I can tell that. And maybe I do need to know if they *have* a permit—we can find out about that. But the main thing is, they're okay, they're having fun, or they're *not* having fun. They know where they are, or they're lost. You just try and work that out. And how they use the areas—we're trying to spread out people, permits are important, so that you don't have fifty people camping there. And that's the reason why you're doing all that, is to make it a good experience for them. What *they* do—"they" meaning some of the rangers—they go, "These guys are off itinerary, they don't have a permit." Or, "They're doing something wrong—I'm not sure what it is, but they're doing something wrong!" You know, that mentality. Some of these guys are wearing guns down there in the back country, for Christ's sake. You know, like, why? It's because... God knows why. But it's a symbol of *imposed* authority, and it's something that I think is totally out of line. And I'm not just picking on that. It's that "you are going to—because I am representing the authority—you are going to defer to my wishes." The authority should lie... not just with regulations, but with shared values and concerns, regarding the place. It's the place that's important. I mean, this approach assumes that the ranger and the visitor are both concerned with protecting the area...but ideally it's the Canyon that forms the basis of the authority.

*But usually there's no thought given to, "Is this contact going to be positive or negative?"*

Some are concerned about that. There's a danger in having a stereotype, but I'm afraid that a significant percentage of rangers are not really worried about whether this is positive or negative, but "are they screwing up or not?" Generally, people *are* screwing up [laughs] no matter what, because they're beat to death,

they're are at the bottom of this big hole down there—they're over their head in a lot of ways, and they're generally hurting. But most of them are having a reasonably good time. And you want to make that a positive experience for them. It's not rape or murder if they *have* a fire. You want to say, "Okay, you got a fire, it's going to cost you fifty bucks." That's the end of it, you know.

*I wonder if that's apt to change.*

It could. It could change.

*Is that just a function of who's the middle management or something like that. Or is it more national? Is it more generic?*

I think what the Park Service has to do is start pulling a lot of the middle managers—whatever you want to call them—in from other ranks. I think resource management is a good area. I think interpretation is a fine area. There's people in those divisions that are oriented, one, toward resources. Even though I'm a resource management specialist, I hate that word, "resource," because it kind of. . . . But anyway, that's the word we'll use. But interpretation is dealing with people to provide information, kind of enhance what they're getting out of the experience here. So it has a positive connotation. You have a positive attitude about approaching people. When you're in law enforcement, it's the reverse, and you're *looking* for things they're doing wrong. And I think that is a major divide in terms of how you perceive what those people are doing out there, and why you have the job you do. If you're an interpreter, it's to make it a broader, richer experience, if you *can*—because the Canyon is the Canyon. I mean, you can only do so much, one way or the other.

*Yeah, you can't take somebody by the hand and say, "Now here, have this religious experience."*

No. But some of these people are really good at being in tune with that. They'll be looking at the group, and they'll be asking questions. Some of them won't even say anything for a while. People are just kind of staring out there. It's a real art to do it right, and most of the interpreters are striving to do that. I think it's just, you get more of those people running the Park Service, I think you'll be better off.

*Well is it built-in, that they come from the law enforcement ranks?*

That's the major... You don't go anywhere unless you're a ranger. You don't go anywhere unless you get your law enforcement commission.

*And that's nationwide?*

Pretty much. They frown on interpretation. They think resource management guys are a bunch of nerds. Of course nobody would say that to my face. But that's the perception. Now, somebody that's a cop in Phoenix—God, I wouldn't have that job for anything. I mean, I think those guys are... That's scary!

*Yeah, or L.A.*

Yeah, places like that. I think that's as bad as it can get. But the *Grand Canyon*?! or Zion?! You know, you have to be careful when you're pulling a car over for speeding, but people in the back country or on the river?! I mean, how many firefights have you seen on the river? I can count them on one hand, I'm sure. [laughter] But, to me, that's what had happened. And that's kind of how my career ended up where it is now, is that realization...

*So, when you joined the Park Service, what did you think its mission was? Or, what did you join the Park Service to do?*

Well, pretty much what I do at Resource Management: you try to correct problems that exist; you try to establish procedures, whether it's for recreation or for research permits to protect the environment down there; and to protect people's experience. And they go hand-in-hand. You do things to make that as good as it can be, without getting worse—the Great Bottom Line—but try and make things better, and if you have problems, try and correct them in a fashion that's appropriate. And that's what I thought we should be doing: taking care of the place and protecting people's experience so that when they come to a National Park, it's a special thing for them. They come out of it saying, "Yeah, that was really nice. That was better than I even thought." And then you've done your job. And that's why I'd say, having the humpback chub living down there is real important to me. Or just having the whole scene unspoiled—the plant communities there, so people who are interested in that, they *know* it's okay, they know that there are these creatures living there, the big horn sheep. Even if I don't *see* that, I know they're there, I know how important that is. And it's really neat if I can *see* them, but if I don't, at least I know that here's a place they live. And I become part of that in a real direct sense when I come down the river: "me" meaning myself *and* the person on their first or only trip, or their two-hundredth trip. It's special, and it should stay that way. But unfortunately what we do will impact it. We can either protect it or destroy it, or something in between.

People are important too, of course. You have to take care of that; you have to have all the pieces down there in place, but what people get out of it is the end product.

*That ties-in with what we were talking about earlier, before we turned on this tape, just about this being an interesting time. As a society, we're being forced to examine the*

*values that a National Park stands for, by this continued crush of people. I mean, the population, the demand here—I guess the population is ever-increasing. You know, all the people who want to check this place out from here, from the Rim—and I think it's the same on the river—although it's not supposed to increase, it seems like it has.*

Oh, the traffic has, but there are a lot of reasons for that. The demand for wilderness trips is decreasing.

*Oh, it is?!*

Yeah, nationwide. There're several reasons for that. A lot of the people who came out of the sixties and seventies really into it are getting out, getting older. But it's a minor decline—there's still a lot of use, but it's not that exponential growth, and it leveled out and now it's just a slight dip. A lot of people want to do it. Grand Canyon river running is...

*Through the roof.*

Yeah, continues to grow. There's more people, they know about Grand Canyon. It's an international gig now. River running has just grown *incredibly*: Do-it-yourselfers, and also the publicity for the commercial trips—it will always be high demand. There's more demand; in particular, we *create* more demand. It's always going to be there.

*At this Constituency Panel Meeting that I went to this spring [in Feb. 1994... this interview was recorded June 2], which we were talking about earlier, the interesting thing to me, about the river, was... I got the distinct impression that the Park had actually been trying to fill up the quota lately-that there was this huge User Day Pool and they'd actually been trying to make sure it <u>all</u> got used. I heard somebody say that, and I was absolutely flabbergasted.*

They're not supposed to do that.

*They're not doing that?*

No, they are doing that.

*I <u>know!</u> I mean, I heard them say that, and I thought, "My God, I can't believe they're actually actively working to do that." And the reason I thought that is because I have the perception that sometimes it's way too crowded already.*

Well, the thing is, the whole User Day thing is a bag of worms. I mean, there's a problem with User Days. But when they re-issue those User Days, they're saying, "This is not a goal, this is a limit. You know, we're not going to exceed this. But it's not a goal, we're not shooting for this."

*To me, it's germane, because I heard [***] say that, and I thought, "Oh, well, they're doing that because that's their job as laid out by the law."*

It isn't. It isn't.

*My perception of river management for the next century, for the next twenty years—you know, barring some kind of overall collapse of society or war or whatever...you look at the river down the road, and you see the demand ever-increasing. And if you put a physical limit on it, and then you don't do anything else, then what'll happen? Well, the price just goes up.*

Yeah.

*Or, so you put a limit on the price, and then what happens? Then everybody... I mean, it's a hell of an issue that we gotta wrestle with, or whoever's going to figure this out really has to wrestle with, how are you going to figure out who gets to go, how many people should go, what kind of time should they have when they <u>are</u> down there?*

That's where we get to the controversial concept, which has been opposed for a long time, by the river community, by the Park Service, and that came up in the 1980 River Management Plan, which ended up, unfortunately, in an "oars versus motors" confrontation—but, it's the wilderness consideration for the Park. The river and the Park are proposed wilderness now. It has to go through Congress to *become* wilderness. But we're supposed to be managing the Park as wilderness until Congress deals with it. And there's a *non*conforming use, which is motors on the river, which we allow, because of the politics of the situation. But everything else should be managed in accordance to "wilderness" guidelines. So what we *should* be doing down there is saying, "Okay, it's too crowded down there in certain times of the week." We *should* be trying to make that better—provide, at least in terms of group size, the number of groups you see—the crowding, congestion... these things are *supposed* to be addressed. We're supposed to be *actively* trying to make that better. We run through a lot of scenarios—Susan [Cherry] and myself and others—and I think, given existing use, we can probably do that through this model—just spread things out so people aren't crashing into each other. We're supposed to be doing that. We're not supposed to be filling up that Canyon.

*Okay, now what's this model?*

It'd just be a simulation model: You know, like you allot so many trips a day, they're going a certain speed, average speeds, and you try and predict what happens down the river.

*This is a computer model?*

Well, it has to be. That's what we're trying to work on, because you can't figure all the variables in your head—it's just too hard. And if you want to *change* the schedule, you want to know what it's actually going to do down there, and you can't guess. But we're supposed to be doing that. But let me get back to the wilderness... if you're looking at the long-term management of the Park, if you're *required* to manage for wilderness experi-

ence under the Wilderness Act, and based on sociological studies, people *have* expectations about what a wilderness experience involves...[Your definition probably varies from my definition, which varies from, probably somebody from New York, versus somebody from Nome, Alaska.] But they have a fairly good body of literature saying, "On river trips, I really don't want to see more than five groups a day, and it's better if I only see two or three, and I'd rather not see any. I'd rather be with a group of ten people, but if it gets up to twenty-five, that's about as many as I really want, generally speaking." Well, you can *do* that. You can get, basically, all the people down there, and spread it out. The problem with motors—there's two things: one is the noise. It *does* create a barrier between you and the sounds of the river. Okay, and to me, that's a big thing. Some people, it isn't. And the other thing is, you start offering shorter trips, you create additional demand for something that's already in high demand... There's a *big* demand out there. There's a big demand for commercial trips; there's an eight-year waiting list for privates with 65,000 people represented on that list [you know, probably 5,000 times thirteen people]. Granted, there're some problems with that interpretation. There's a horrendous demand for that. And short trips reach a larger segment of society, but they increase that demand. So the river community has to come to grips with the issue of allocation, the issues of demand—and creating additional demand—and type of trip. All those things tie together. It's real easy for me to come up with a solution.

*What is it?*

I think designate it wilderness, eliminate the shorter trips, see how that all settles out over the course of ten years, in terms of trying to establish what *is* a real legitimate demand of the private and commercial sector. But do it incrementally, so that you're not screwing anybody out of their company that they've worked all their lives to create. I don't think it's going to affect guides so much, because I think there's always going to be a demand for guides. I've really thought about it, and I came up with some scenarios where you could basically keep all the river outfits running. You have to extend the season—same User Day allocation, but go into launches. You know, everybody gets a launch, or so many launches, based upon the size of their company. But it's not going to be painless, and it would be a big huge fight.

What's happened now, in terms of the recommendation for wilderness—and we're trying to get a bill *through* Congress, *into* Congress—is to designate the Park wilderness, designate the river, call it "potential wilderness," which basically says, "Okay, there's motorized trips down there. At some point in time, *if* the motors are eliminated, it qualifies for wilderness. Until that happens, it's going to be potential wilderness. Park Service *has* to manage for all these other parameters and let somebody else deal with the motor issue somewhere down the line." Which I think *has* potential as a compromise, has some benefits.

*Well, if you call it potential wilderness, does that build in that somewhere down the line, somebody has to mess with the motors?*

Given the way government works, no. But that would be implicit in there, either saying, "Okay, we've got to allow motors to continue, therefore it's not going to be wilderness." Or, "We have to get rid of motors to make a wilderness complete." And that's where the outfitters would be real nervous, I'm sure.

But the thing is, if you pull it *out* of wilderness consideration, you have *no legal cap* on numbers of people. And what happened in 1980 where they gave the outfitters an increase, and the private sector an increase, that is going to continue down the line. So those are the trade-offs. When you try to present that to the guiding community, you say, "Okay, there are no easy choices any more. These are things you gotta weigh." And as long as so many guides are down there screaming, "Keep it at a certain level," and they don't get fired for doing that, it'll work. But you've got a lot of experience down there, you've seen how things go.

*Well, what I've seen is that. . . . I did my first trip in 1971, and I started working in 1972, and ever since then it's gotten gradually more crowded, pretty much. Which isn't to say it's been bad, because I've had a lot of great times. I mean, I still do. Like, I just got off one of the better trips I've <u>ever</u> done. People still have great times.*

There's no question about it. There's no question that people have a good time.

*I mean, I did a trip that was in April, we didn't see hardly anybody. Everybody had an absolutely <u>great</u> time.*

Well, there're things you can do. Like, if you're going in the summer, you're going to have to, let's say, accept a more rigid schedule. As a guide, you have to accept that. As for the passengers, they don't know any difference.

*A lot depends on how all the guides are playing the game.*

Yeah. And to the *non*commercial guy you'd say, "Well, you can't go for eighteen days in the summer." If you want to go in the summer when everybody wants to go, you're going to have to go for fourteen days. You know, those types of trade-offs. And if you want to run a five-day trip, you gotta launch on a certain...we gotta make this work, so we're not running into everybody. You're going to have to do several things to make it work down there, so that there are not going to be three hundred people at Havasu. You're only going to run

into a couple of trips at the attraction sites. You may be passing a lot of people here or there, but the real important areas, you know, there're things you can do to make that work. And if somebody wants to say, "I don't want to deal with that bullshit," well, you go down in December, January, February, and you're always going to get that wilderness experience. But there's no long-term guarantee, in terms of law. In terms of good will, you could probably work it out, but in terms of real protection...

*Can't you just write it down in the Plan? Write the Management Plan so that that step is built-in? I mean, do you have to go through Congress?*

Well, the thing is, a Management Plan is something that can be rewritten. You can have somebody write in any kind of change they want.

*And there it is.*

And that's why the Wilderness Act was passed, because they said, "We're tired of this bullshit. We have primitive areas, we have parks, we have all these things and you guys just screw it up. You just take little chunks and pieces and make changes." It was just finally saying, "Okay, you've got to manage for wilderness." The Park Service *hates* the Wilderness Act, Forest Service hates it, BLM hates it, because it just really restricts what they can and cannot do. But it really... It was something that was basically forced on the agencies to protect land resources, and protect experience. Visitor experience is a key component in that. And it's the only legislation that deals with that now. They come up with a different law or bill or something else and get it through Congress—it accomplishes all that. And laws can be changed, but they're a hell of a lot harder.

*It's like the Grand Canyon Protection Act or something—you get it on the books and there it is, and then they gotta go through all that.*

Yeah. It's politically, there would be some problems getting it through. The thing that the outfitters have to deal with right *now* is the allocation thing, because it is so, on the surface, blatantly unfair.

*Commercial versus private?*

And that, to me, has to be resolved.

*See, to me. . . [sighs] Well, I'm not sure how I feel about it overall. I know people who do a private trip every single year, a bunch of them.*

Yeah, I do too.

*And also, I have this sense that there're people out there who are waiting the full time on the list. There are a bunch of people who don't <u>care</u>, who <u>want</u> to do a trip eight years down the road, and that's why they're on there now. I know people who have put their kids on the list. People who are figuring like eight years from now would be about right. And then there're the people who don't know that if you really want to do one, you just start calling them up.*

But see, I know all that, and I've been on the list for four years now. I've been *trying* to get a summer date.

*You want to get. . . . Keep calling.*

I've been calling. And you know, I know Susan!

*And you can't get on?*

Oh, she won't. I mean, there's no way she would... I mean, she is so... She just says... I mean, wouldn't even... I tried it once, a couple of years ago, saying, "Hey Susan..." and she goes, "Hell no!" Then you feel bad about asking. "But if a cancellation comes up, can you let me know?" That kind of stuff. She said, "Well, you gotta call in like anybody else." Sue Cherry has a sense of right or wrong that makes the Pope look like Lee Marvin! She really frustrates a lot of people because she doesn't bend stuff. That's something you've got to give her credit for—she'll go up against anybody on that. When I sent in my interest card, I said, "I'm in the office next door, can I just give it to you?" She said, "No, it has to be postmarked." [laughter] "You mean I've gotta go all the way down to the post office?!" She said, "Yeah." That's the way she is. And you're just going, "Well, why?" And she says, "If I make an exception for you, I know what's going to happen." Which is right. But I've been on there for four years, trying to get, so that Daniel and Zack—so I can take my family down. If a cancellation comes up tomorrow, it's really difficult... And I'm beginning to see it's really difficult to pull that off, and there are some people who can. I think there is a real problem, and the solution is not a fifty-fifty thing. We don't know what the solution is.

The thing is, you're going to *have* to say—given all the short trips, long trips, all that—you're going to have to discriminate against somebody. Right now, they're discriminating—the extent is debatable, but the fact is, you're discriminating against those people who do it themselves...

*Who just want to go.*

Yeah, who just want to do a longer trip.

*Or their own.*

And the people you're providing for are the ones who just want to pay for the trip, but also want a short trip. You know, if you want a short trip, there's other places. You *could* hike in and out and that kind of stuff, and that would work for a good portion of the people, but not all of them. There's other places to go, there's other river trips. So you gotta make the choice. I mean, who am I gonna start thinking about discriminating against? If you hypothetically get rid of the shortest, let's say, six-day trips or shorter, what is the demand for

commercially-guided trips? I'd say you could *fill* your trips.

*In fairness to the outfitters running those trips, this urge for speed, that's America. And the user-day system has done nothing but encourage them to provide for that.*

Absolutely.

*The faster ones—I was talking to Bruce Winter, and he told me—Hey, they put these eight-day trips on their schedule, and they have the six-day trips too, and the six-day trips [chuckles] all filled up, and then the eight-day trips filled up after the six-days were all gone.*

Okay, all personalities aside, you're right. I mean, that's where you're going to *have* to make some decisions, because that's what you fill. And if you could offer a three-day jet boat trip through that Canyon, you would be a millionaire in no time at all.

*Still, I mean, to me, even—like I'm an old motorboatman—the difference between six days to the pad and seven days to the pad [Whitmore Wash] is incredible. I mean, that one extra day, there's a significant difference in overall quality. It's kind of intangible, you can't sit there and totally articulate it.*

But you've done it enough to know that's a fact.

*Oh, it's a noticeable difference. It affects the entire tone of the trip. And an eight-day is even that much more so. What it translates to is room for the people to experience it themselves. I think every individual who goes down there needs "X" amount of space around them. The key issue is making a personal connection with the Canyon. The only way you can kinda do that is if there's enough time and space for you to get out there in it where—just for a minute or two—it's just you and the place. On a motor trip, where that happens is, if you're out there hiking, and there's a little extra time and you don't have to be racing around.*

Yeah, racing and camping.

*Or maybe it's even in camp. There's a quiet peaceful evening, or morning, without a bunch of hoopla going on—nobody is going "ya-ta-ta-ta-Ta-ta". And you just get to sit out there somewhere at some point in time and reflect a little... And the place does whatever it does, and there's an individual thing that happens. The shortest and fastest motor trips, what happens sometimes is, we've gotten it down so wham-bam that we rob people of that time and space to make a real connection.*

*But if you ask those people who go on those trips, "Did you have a good time?" They had a great time! A: they've just spent umpteen hundred bucks and there's no way they want to even think that maybe they should've bought into another brand of trip... You're just not going to find any answers by asking people if they had a great time or not. Because they're going to have an ok time anyway! The thing is, are we doing the best job we can... ?*

We don't want it to be an "us versus them," "motors versus oars," "private versus commercial," undertaking. We want to look at... what—you know, there's always the fairness issue—but the question is "What do we want the Grand Canyon and the Grand Canyon experience to be five, ten, thirty, fifty years from now, and how do we go about achieving that? And I don't think there are any simple solutions. There are just too many... You've got all these privates lined up for eight years or more. You've got *all* these people that are wanting to go on commercially-guided trips. And if you let them all go... People are going to have to wait in line, regardless. I think that's probably inevitable, even for the commercial sector, and some people *do*, if they prefer to go with a particular company. They could probably go with another company this year, but they want to wait a year to go with the ones that they want to go with. That happens a lot now, so it's not unusual. But I don't know if one year is the same as waiting *eight* years! [chuckles] So you've got to resolve that issue, with all the problems that we talked about, how people pad the waiting list, and how they manipulate it. Those problems have to be identified and some solution, at least, or attempt at solving that...

*...has to be made?*

There's got to be give and take on all sides—there *has* to be if this is going to be fairly resolved.

*Okay, what haven't we covered on this issue?*

Bosnia and Somalia. [laughs]

*Actually, just because I'm thinking of it now, I want to ask you this one question. Early on in this conversation, you said that Vietnam was a major event for you, that it totally changed your life. I find that kind of reverberating around in my brain, and wanting to ask you what that's all about. What is the change that it made? How did it affect you? Can you put that in some kind of nutshell?*

Sure. It's something I've thought about for a long time. What I went through as a man of nineteen years old—basically a kid—was the realization that I was responsible for what was happening, I wasn't to *blame*, but I was responsible.

*I don't quite get it. You mean you're saying that you are responsible for the choices you make?*

Yeah. I mean, we're responsible for what's going down in Grand Canyon—whether we do or don't act. We probably can't change a damn thing down there, but we can't run away from it. We *are* involved in that whole thing. We cannot pull ourselves out and say, "I'm innocent, I'm guiltless, I'm through." ...The advice I gave my brothers on Vietnam is the same advice that Bill Clinton took. That's what I could have told *him*, that's what I told...

*What was that?*

Don't go in the Army, or don't go in the service. This is really a fucked situation. You're going to get... Don't do it.

*But you didn't get that until you were already in?*

Yeah. I think if it would have happened two years later, given the circumstances, I *probably* would have made a different choice. I *definitely* wouldn't have volunteered for Seal Team. I don't regret it. But there are just a lot of things that happened. I like to look back and say, "Yeah, I was just the brave and the bold" and all this other stuff. I got myself in a fix and I made some choices. The hard choice was, if you're going to be in Seal Team, you'd better be a damned good Seal operator, because that's the only way you're going to come back.

*Doing your job really good, you mean.*

You had to. I mean, you had to do it real good. [pause] And that gives you something, but it takes some big chunks away. I really don't regret it, but it does sadden you to see what that's all about. You know, and what can happen.

*Well, what you said about responsibility kind of rings...*

I think that was the main lesson.

*Whether you choose it or not, whether you get blamed for it or not.*

It just depends on how you... You can only do so much with your life, but you can't say, "Well, that's not my problem." Well, it *is*. Maybe I can't deal with Bosnia, but I sure can deal with my family or my relationships, or the Grand Canyon, or those types of things. You can only *give* so much of yourself, but you can't [chuckles] pull yourself away from it. You're stuck with it.

*Ai-yi-yi...*

I mean, I've screwed up a number of times, but I figure the only major screwup I've ever done running rivers was starting [laughs] running rivers!

*Lew Steiger*

# John O'Dreams

*When midnight comes and people homeward drift,*
*Seek now your blanket and your feather bed.*
*Home comes the rover, his journey's over.*
*Yield up the nighttime to old John O'Dreams.*
*Yield up the nighttime to old John O'Dreams.*

*Across the hill, the sun has gone astray.*
*Tomorrow's cares are many dreams away.*
*The stars are flying, your candle's dying.*
*Yield up the darkness to old John O'Dreams.*
*Yield up the darkness to old John O'Dreams.*

*Both Man and Master in the night are one.*
*All things are equal when the day is done.*
*The prince, the plowman, the slave and free man*
*All find their comfort in old John O'Dreams.*
*All find their comfort in old John O'Dreams.*

*When sleep becomes when dreams come running clear*
*The hopes of morning cannot reach you here.*
*Sleep is a river, flows on forever.*
*And for your boatmen chose old John O'Dreams.*
*And for your boatmen chose old John O'Dreams.*

*Peter Rowan*
*All On A Rising Star*
*Sugar Hill Records*

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Thanks to all of you who contributed: to Jeep Holden, Walt Walters, Fritz, Dave Edwards, Bob Grusy and Jean Rukkila for your artwork, to all the authors, editors and proofreaders, to Dan Cassidy for research on the Farlee Hotel, to whoever sent us the 1887 piece, and to all of who who have submitted stuff that has not made it to press. Don't stop. We're on a roll.

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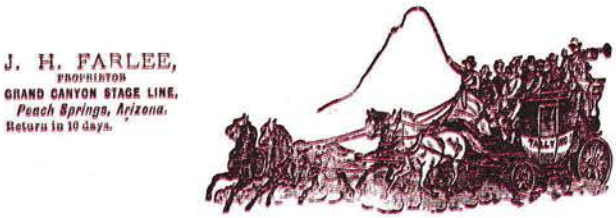
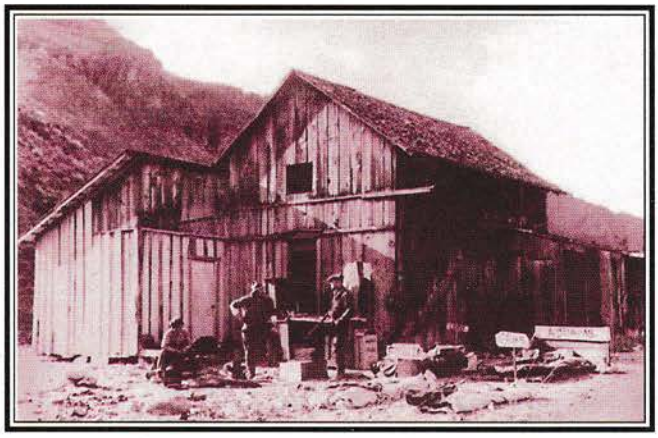



"Santa Fe passengers desiring to see the Grand Canyon detrained at Peach Springs, traveled by horse or wagon down Peach Springs Canyon, stayed overnight (or longer) at this hotel, and then back up Peach Springs Canyon. There was a fair auto road into this site for a number of years. Have often wondered why this site has not been re-established as a tourist attraction."

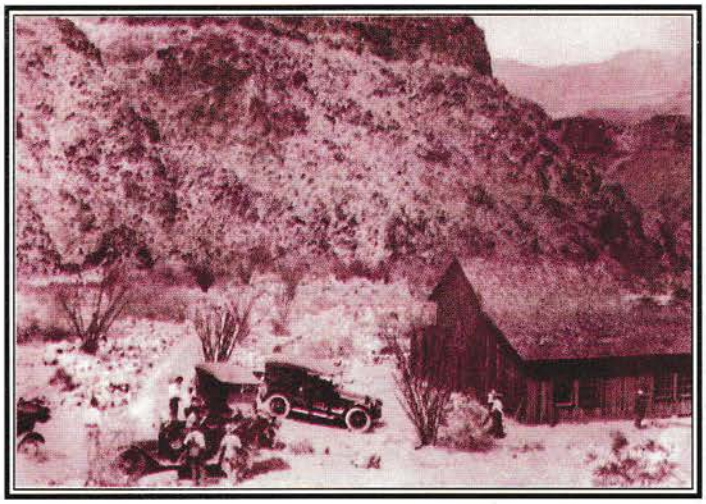
— unknown

"...Also you knw Farley in the 80s before the Santa Fe built out from Williams he ran a stage coach taking passengers down to a small hotel at mouth of Diamond crek and staying over nit coming out next day, John Nelson hd the hotel register for a long time but it got bunt up."

— Ancel Taylor



The Farlee Hotel, in business 1884-1889



"Mr. Hollabird told us a new hotel had been built near the main canyon, offering the tourist every comfort. I was skeptical. A hotel in a region with a population of less than 500? Where we were the first Germans? Such a hotel had to be more or less primitive. My suspicions were confirmed. The "hotel," gained after our nearly eight-hour trek, was a simple board shack. The proprietor, expecting us for several days, was ready with an excellent meal: cabbage. Eaten with the provisions we brought, it tasted superb. From this so-called hotel, we had to walk another short way, two or three miles, to the Canyon. We followed a sparkling little stream called Diamond Creek, if memory serves me right."

—German tourist, 1880s

"...In the summer of 1910 my father, J. J. Shawver, went to Peach Springs... There [had been] a western railroad terminal of the Santa Fe Railroad. There was a round house, shop, Fred Harvey house, a dairy...a stage line to take people to Diamond Creek Canyon which runs into the Colorado River. Mrs. Cecelia Farlee, the wife of the stage line operator, was still living in the building they had used as a hotel. The building at Diamond Creek was still there in 1920. One saloon...was still there but since it was on the Indian Reservation it was not being used."

— Dorothy Osterman

Photos courtesy Mohave County Historical Society. Letterhead courtesy Gary Landi and Dan Cassidy

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