

boatman's quarterly review

the journal of Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc.

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EIS Signed!
Respect Yourselves
Killer Bees
Changing Science
Hello Jeri, Goodbye Lew
The Last Wolf
Whaler Lives
Wildlands
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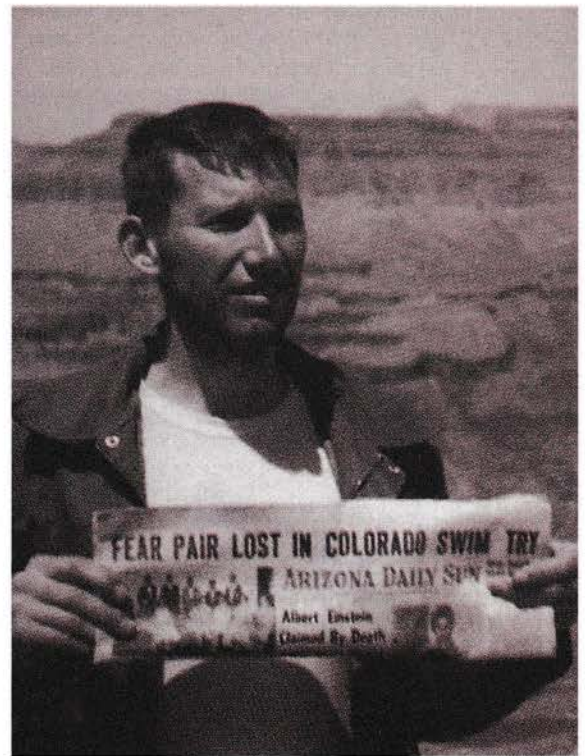
Bill Beer

Well of course the first time I ever saw the Canyon was when we swam it. We'd never seen the river or the Canyon before—neither one of us.

Then, I'm a little confused about the chronology, but I think it was later that year—maybe it was the next year—that John and I, with my dog (chuckles) did a rubber raft trip on an old ten-man raft and a beat-up Mercury outboard that somebody gave us to do a little TV thing, which we did, and we took out at Bright Angel, packed the raft and the outboard on a mule—that was prearranged. The dog (chuckles) was lots of fun; he had a blast. The outboard didn't last the whole trip—in fact we were running behind schedule the last day, and we were in that slow part of the Canyon below Sockdolager, I guess. Is that the last one before Bright Angel? I'm not quite sure.

Grapevine... then Eighty-three Mile and Zoroaster.

Whatever. Just above Bright Angel and nothing was happening, the thing was in eddies. We'd broken both oars (laughter) so John and I jumped over the side and towed the boat in with our swim fins—swam it down to Bright Angel, towing this rubber raft with a dog sitting on the bow of the boat barking furiously at us.



Beer at rim in 1955, half way through the big swim

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Ha ha ha

A good friend gave me a wonderful book last year—*Let the Mountains Talk, Let the Rivers Run*. In it, David Brower offers learned advice to those who work to protect the environment. I began to mark some of the pages with red tags so I could later refer to particularly inspiring passages. The book has now become so festooned with red tags that it will barely close. You guys should read it.

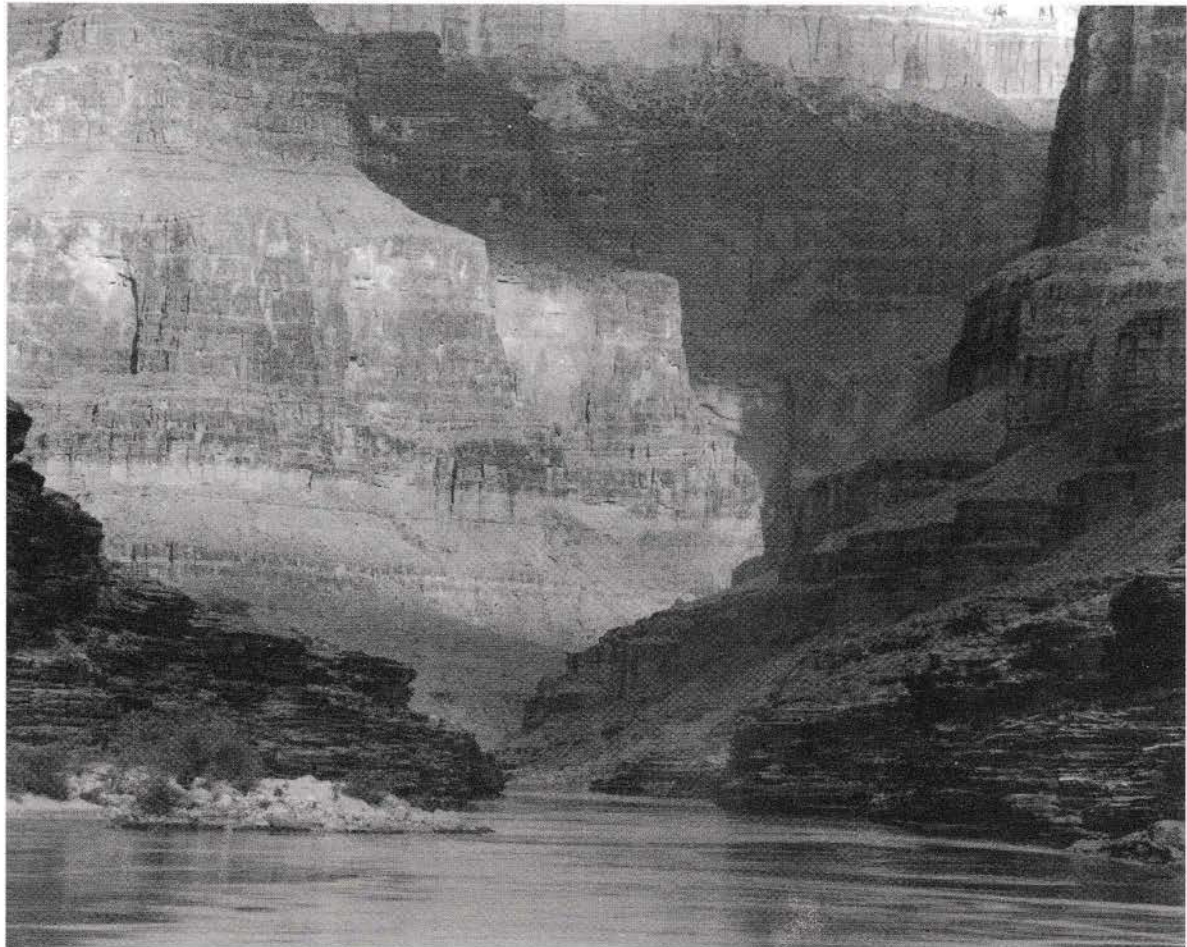
Brower warns environmental organizations to follow Rule Number 6, which is to “never take yourself too seriously”. And, he continues, “there are no other rules”. One of the weaknesses of the feminist movement, he points out, is that somewhere along the way they lost their sense of humor. That hadn’t occurred to me before, but maybe they—we—all of us—*should* laugh more. Especially at ourselves.

As the (yikes) new president, I hope to laugh a lot this year. At every board meeting we should, at least once, just kick back and *howl*. That’s hard sometimes when faced with troublesome issues. It was difficult to yuck it up when we received a vicious letter, dripping

with hatred and malice (unsigned, of course) in response to our action alert about regulation of air tours. The fact that we received a tremendous amount of positive feedback allowed us to chuckle about the negative. Thanks for writing those letters, you guys. We received more than 300; they were convincing and well written.

Even *that* issue is pretty amusing, really. At the FAA hearings in Las Vegas in September regarding their rule-making, representatives from the Hualapai Tribe sauntered over to the FAA’s airspace maps and colored in the boundaries of their vast lands with a bright pink highlighter. They questioned why all of the air traffic between Grand Canyon and Las Vegas is apparently to be channeled over Hualapai lands. “These are *our* lands, FAA... We are a *sovereign nation*...Why don’t you show this on your maps? *Why do you keep ignoring us, FAA?*” Cool, calm, with the perfect hint of humor, their message was powerful and effective.

But I digress. Within this BQR are continual reminders of how weird, wonderful and full of humor our community is. Have some of us lost sight of that? Are we



taking ourselves too seriously? I'm certainly guilty of that all too often; only today Stoner had to remind me to laugh at a joke. "That was supposed to be funny, Jeri." Oh, yeah. Of course it is. Ha ha ha. I always appreciate a good joke once it's pointed out.

We *do* have a choice—to laugh or to cry, rejoice or despair. When you read Bill Beer's interview, imagine *his* laugh—large, overwhelming, and genuine. Casey Lott's disturbingly accurate parody of Powell's Journal can be read with remorse at loss of times past, or with humor and hope for a return to reason and balance. Let's try the latter.

Instead of being appalled about the prospect of killer

boatman's quarterly review

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

Grand Canyon River Guides
is a nonprofit organization dedicated to

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

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

Officers

President	Jeri Ledbetter
Vice President	Andre Potochnik
Secretary/Treasurer	Lynn Hamilton
Directors	Kim Crumbo Bert Jones Bob Grusy Larry Stevens Jon Stoner Tim Whitney

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 less than 1500 words and, if possible, be sent on a computer disk. PC or MAC format; ASCII files are best but we can translate most programs. Include postpaid return envelope if you want your disk or submission returned.

Deadlines for submissions are the 1st of January, April, July and October. Thanks.

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bee escape tents, *try* to be amused. If motors antagonize them, won't coffee grinders *really* irritate them? Just what we need—swarming thugs with stingers—bee gangs with attitudes.

As we face revision of the Colorado River Management Plan, Adaptive Management of Glen Canyon Dam operations, and other major and difficult issues, we can be far more effective with a positive attitude. As for health regulations—the comical image of Clair Quist struggling into a beard net can revitalize, as well as amuse.

So hey you guides, keep up the humor. And start getting involved. Come to the fall meeting; let's have a beer, a few good laughs, and talk about some things. Our organization is eight years old. Maybe it's time to step back, reexamine our goals, and see where we're headed and where we want to be. Are we clear on our priorities? Are we doing the right stuff? And where can you order those beekeeper suits?

Brower describes the Earth as a living, throbbing organism that needs CPR—Conservation, Preservation, and Restoration, on a regular basis. Are we doing all we can toward that goal in our own little corner of the world?

The board and officers fervently hope that Lew is right in saying we'll have a smooth ride for the next year or so. Oh, wait. *He's* making a joke too. Regardless, Lew, thanks for everything. You have one of the greatest laughs around.

Jeri Ledbetter



Election Results

The polls closed a while back and the new officers came on board September first. Jeri Ledbetter, poor thing, is now the president, and Andre Potochnik has moved from the board to Vice President/President Elect. Larry Stevens is now on the board, Bert Jones is staying on for a second term, and former Director Jon Stoner is back as well.

Stepping down is Tom Vail. Thanks, Tom, for your leadership in quiet technology, Guide Training Seminars and many other things. We'll miss you.

And of course, Lew Steiger has stepped down from a pretty intense year as president. Issues a-flyin' everywhere. Thanks, Lew. You did a hell of a fine job. Really.

And to Lew's brother Gail, who Lew was supposed to be in business with for the last year—hey, we're sorry, but we really *did* need him. He'll be catching up on things any day now.



Lew Staggers Off

Liz George, an old family friend, told a good one recently. It had been handed down by a wise old aunt.

"In your first thirty years," Liz's aunt said, "you spend a great deal of time wondering what everyone thinks of you. But along about thirty-five or forty an important shift occurs. You begin to spend a great deal more time not caring what people think of you. And then at sixty, another shift. You finally understand... they weren't thinking about you at all."

Looking back on it, I wish I'd heard that one a year ago. Being President of GCRG was a great honor on one hand, and on another it reminded me of my early river trips as a leader. I was a typical 2nd boatman beforehand: there'd of course come a time when I knew I was smart enough to do it better than those dumb s.o.b.s who were doing it. Then finally I got my chance and all of a sudden it hit me that I was *responsible*. For everything. And sometimes that felt like a pretty big job.

Naturally I went a little overboard in the beginning, and took it all personally. Rain. Wind. Heat. Water level. Occupied campsites. Every little thing. My responsibility. My problem. My duty. My fault!

The GCRG stint felt like that at first. All this stuff goes on and if you're the President of GCRG you're supposed to, like, do something about it. Then it starts sinking in that some of these issues really aren't all that simple, either. And it's not quite like on the water, where on even the worst of trips, if you just stay out there and keep going, the river eventually brings you home. Up above the rim we all have every different direction to pick from, all the time; and current events

in Grand Canyon being what they are, if you really did care about everything and felt it was your job to contribute somehow, it could make you nuts if you were the nervous type...

Whale. Coast Guard. The Prospectus. Private vs. Commercial. Drug testing. Overflights. Wilderness. Glen Canyon Dam. Wages. Benefits. GTS. Adopt-a-Beach. Constituents' Panel. The Colorado River Management Plan... And to top it all off, "*Leave it as it is, man can only mar it...*" an edict handed down a century ago by Teddy Roosevelt of all people (not to mention "*No compromise!*"—given to us by one Martin Litton, who, about 60 years, later really did save the Grand Canyon from being dammed up when the chips were down). All those and more are things the president of this organization might lie awake nights worrying about if he or she isn't careful.

What's truly hilarious about GCRG is, there's all kinds of wild stuff flying around out there these days and for a lot of it we're the pickle in the middle. On one extreme we have enraged representatives of the private sector calling us shills for a commercial industry bent on nothing more than self-perpetuation and increased profits. On the other end are a few suspicious outfitters and guides who are pretty sure we're closet-commies. (Never mind the pissed off power users, chopper pilots, and jet-skiers who all have their own different descriptions of us.)

I got over taking all this personally, actually, along about March. The true strength and beauty of GCRG is, we're not like the Army, where an officer can say "jump" and somebody actually has to. So that kinda frees the

president up, in my mind. GCRG is a group thing, that has its own ebb and flow. At our least we're kinda like the internet: a conduit for the thoughts and feelings of a diverse and fascinating community held together by one of the world's best places. (Tied together? Handcuffed together. Whatever. It is one of the world's best places and it *has* brought us together, mainly for the better.)

On the rare occasions when we all do come together, we are, as Bill Beer once told us, a force to be reckoned with. That's good, because, like Bill also said when he spoke to us a couple of GTS's ago, the place is going to need quite a force to do right by it in the next little while. The challenge to the "best of Grand



Scouting the run Bruce McElya

Canyon” continues to look fairly formidable.

The best of Grand Canyon? Teddy Roosevelt had a feeling about that sort of thing back in 1903, but even then it took 16 more years to muster the political force necessary to make Grand Canyon a National Park. In 1919, when the Park was finally established, it had about 40 thousand visitors. By 1999, when the next Colorado River Management Plan will be settling into place, total visitors will surely exceed 5 million. The same kind of pressure will continue to bear down on the river in the future and, just our luck, it falls to our community—here and now—to somehow help the National Park Service address that trend.

The pinnacle of GCRG’s past accomplishments was probably our contributions to the call for a Glen Canyon Dam EIS and the subsequent Grand Canyon Protection Act. Next to the upcoming CRMP, those were duck soup because the “enemy” was far away and anonymous. Now it’s like Pogo said: “We have met the enemy and he is us.” Private. Commercial. Motor. Rowing. Paddle. Big company. Little company. Science. That’s us. We’re all a part of GCRG, or at least of this community. And even somebody who *wasn’t* naturally nervous might get a headache trying to sort it all out.

What’s clear to me is, barring an alien invasion that vaporizes about two-thirds of the world population, we’re probably not going to get it all perfectly arranged in the next little go-round. But we do have an opportunity to come together and shift a few gears in a way that does lasting good for the Canyon and the future generations who will surely follow our footsteps.

Things may not be perfect now, but the rest of the story is, they aren’t all bad either. We do a lot of things right these days, and our tracks are looking better all the time. Considering the human explosion we’ve been up against, we’ve done pretty well over the years. In areas like human waste, low impact camping, interpretation, and even more sensitive operation of Glen Canyon Dam, we are at least holding our own, and at best setting a worthy example for the world.

As a whole we’re a pretty good bunch of people too, when you get right down to it... we have the experience and we are, collectively, moving toward the wisdom that will allow us to digest what we’ve seen in the last fifty years and take another significant step forward, toward the next fifty.

For my money, the biggest flaw in the current CRMP is that the user-day system rewards faster trips, bigger trips, bigger boats, and more exchanges. None of which seem automatically ideal for the once-in-a-lifetime visitor. I think we—the commercial sector and the Park Service together—can do better than that, either by tweaking the current system, or moving to launch days and overall people counts instead of what we have now. Regardless of what the system is, we—the commercial

sector as a whole—need to keep up the good work. We’ll have to keep getting better in order to justify our very existence in the face of increasing private demand. What does “getting better” mean? Being good guides. Taking good care of the place and everybody in it. Recognizing our good fortune at being here at all, and not getting too greedy.

We need to listen real hard to Kim Crumbo and what he says about wilderness designation—not in terms of “how many trips will I get next year?” and “what’s my bottom line on that?” but rather “what do I owe the Grand Canyon?” “what lives up to it?” and “what’ll it look like in fifty years if we blow this chance off now?”

Tom Moody might just be onto something too, with thoughts like he served up in the last *bqr*: checks and balances between governed and government—the concentration of power—and better incentives (like true long-term outfitter stability) for quality performance.

Rod Nash might be right about “unguiding.” Fred Burke is *definitely* right about how an outfitter ought to treat his employees. Wesley Smith says it all when he talks about how there’s good in everyone.

Teddy Roosevelt must have known something back there in 1903, but what the hell did he mean, exactly?

Liz George’s aunt knew what she was talking about at the age of sixty... it’s all in our heads and everyone of us lives in their own little world. From which, I keep having to be reminded, we magically seem to get back out roughly what we put in. People in general magically seem to either live up, or down, to our expectations of them.

All I know for sure, from the perspective of one more old has-been boatman gradually looking back over his shoulder at the whole glorious Grand Canyon conglomeration- is this: words cannot express how glad and grateful I am to have lived here and been a part of this, just for a moment.

It’s the best of places. And it has drawn to it a truly awesome group of people—by which I mean, when you get right down to it, just about everybody here. Personally, I expect great things to come out of us all in the days ahead. Won’t be easy. But in the end we’ll do our part.

Luckily for Jeri, things seem to be running pretty smooth along about now. Few little odds and ends she’ll have to deal with of course, but hell... she’s up to it. She’ll do fine.

Can she handle the power, the glory, the perks, the adulation? Only time will tell. Won’t be easy. But in the end, she’s home free. When it comes to contributions and heart (and backbone), she’s already done her part times ten.



Lew Steiger

Dear Eddy

Many, many thanks to all of you for all of the cards, flowers, visits, thoughts and prayers extended to me during recovery. Although I still have a long road of therapy and torture ahead of me, each day I take another baby step towards complete wellness. A special thanks to my dearest friends and crew who're always there for me. Last and most, a special thanks to Billy; you'll always be my knight in shining armor.

Patty Ellwanger

How about doing some North Rim boaters for future profiles? The lack of North Rim boaters in the *bqr* profiles is glaring (albeit, perhaps only to North Rim Boaters!) After all, the original boaters were primarily from North Rim. Not trying to create a chasm (heh, heh) between North and South Rims, just would appreciate equal representation.

Unsigned

Huh. We reviewed the fifteen interviews we've run and over ten of the folks came from the north side. Even though four of them later moved to the south side, that still leaves it pretty close to fifty-fifty. But who's counting?

Can you include more women on your pages? How about an interview with a woman who rows? There are plenty of good ones to pick. In fact, that's why I didn't renew—GCRG looked too much like an all boys club. I kept turning the page asking, where are the women?

Jody Elsley

Ouch. You've got us there. Sorry. It's certainly not intentional—and we do have some excellent femininity in the works for interviews. And a cool new President as well.

[Regarding a postcard GCRG sent out, soliciting applications for a position with Grand Canyon Outfitters Association]...what I don't condone is financial support for profit-making concessionaires from non-profit guiding organizations. I hope that the financial aspects of this mailing and any future monetary support for the outfitting industry is subject to intense scrutiny by the Directors, and probably the membership. Please be especially cautious in this regard.

Richard Quartaroli

Here's what happened: We agreed to post GCOA's solicitation in our public service announcements in the last issue of the BQR. We felt it would benefit us all if the position were filled by a boatman. But somewhere in the editing their announcement vanished into cyberspace and its absence wasn't noticed until after we went to press. At that point, since we did feel it important to get the word out, we agreed to send out the card, but only at GCOA's expense. So it cost GCRG nothing, nor did we break our commitment not to release our mailing list.

The recent discussion of noise disturbance by air traffic over the Grand Canyon causes me to raise a question about appropriate noise levels and activities in camps and along the river.

Our private party was annoyed twice last summer by loud rock music being played by commercial trips. A boom box was playing at one camp while we floated by, and we were glad we had other options for camping. The second time, the music came from a different commercial trip which chose to pull in and camp just downstream from us below Havasu. The music was loud enough that it was inescapable... able to be heard over the sound of the rapids and over normal conversation levels. This indicates that there was a major amplification system in place. There was also what appeared to be a light show of sorts played out over the canyon walls long after dark, complete with bunny ears and hand bats.

In previous trips, we have been appalled at commercial trips staging the appearance of the Jolly Green Giant at Elves Chasm and volleyball games in Redwall Cavern. In both of these cases, our private trip was quietly enjoying very special places when the commercial trip "invaded."

I recognize that there are many different styles of enjoying open space, and many ways that people express their joy. In an effort to find solutions as well as simply complain, I suggest that:

- 1) Areas restricted from camping also be recognized as having special values for peace and solitude, and that those values be respected. This means that trips, whether commercial or private, refrain from skits, organized games, amplified music, and other intrusive activities at these sites because other parties are likely to stop there as well.
- 2) Noise in camps be kept at a level such that it can't be heard from a distance farther than the location of its loo. Each party can decide for itself whether to restrict electronic music to headphones or "local" broadcast.
- 3) Camp lighting should be designed to be concentrated in the areas where it is needed and directed away from other camps.

I think these suggestions would limit aggravation between trips and add to the enjoyment of the canyon that you are trying to preserve by limiting aircraft overflights. Other people may have other observations and ideas. I hope this opens the discussion.

Meg Hayes

A joke heard from Bob Melville at Stone Creek last week:
"How do you tell if a 25-year river veteran has suffered brain damage in a car wreck?"
"You can't."

Respect Yourself

At the 1995 GTS, Bill Beer finished off the hilarious narration of his film with the following words of encouragement...

You're evangelists. You're taking the world down into that temple of ours, and you're not destroying it. And someday the world's gonna recognize you for what you are. But I want you to know that right now, *I do...*

And I see that you have problems—I live in a parallel world. I run a boat through a national park, and I have the Coast Guard on my back all the time. And they're good guys, these bureaucrats, every one of 'em. And some of 'em are pretty smart and all that sort of thing.

But they're bureaucrats. And you know, dogs bark, and bureaucracies grow. [laughter]

And so we down there, who sail boats in salt water, we're like you in many respects. We came there to be independent—we don't want to @#! with all that stuff. Now I've heard many of my colleagues and friends say, "I didn't come down here to fight these battles. I didn't want to be a politician. I don't want to be a civic activist. I just want to sail my boat. And screw these guys. If I don't like 'em I'm going to sail off to another island." And a lot of 'em have.

But still in all, we still have to face some of the same problems as you do. We're not *nearly* as organized as you, we're not nearly the *group* that you are. But we succeeded—by our coconut telegraph we communicate with, we don't even have an organization—and we succeeded to some extent in winning some of our battles. Recently... we got a law passed by congress—that ain't easy. But we don't have the tools you guys have got. You've got a tremendous organization with a tremendous group of people. And I don't think the world recognizes what you are. I don't even think *you* recognize what you are.

I think if you want to, you can sail off over the horizon and I wouldn't blame you at all for doing it. But if you want to, you've got the resources—and I can say this with a little experience because I made a pretty good living for a while as a political PR specialist, and I used to do a lot of stuff like that—and I see a lot of power and a lot of clout here.

Use your congressmen, use your passengers if you choose to do so, and you can win any battle you want. The fact that you've got a four-striper and a three-striper and a superintendent and a lot of these kind of people *here*—is *incredible*. They don't just come for anybody, you know. Congressional committees and you guys. [laughter and applause] So I would say this only—I want to leave you with this soapbox thing—

Respect yourselves. You've got a lot of trouble coming, I want to tell you this. I predict this...

There's no organization like this—no national park in any country has an organization with the, the *efficiency* and the, the *intelligence* that *you* guys have. I'm astounded at the quality of people here.

And I say to you—if you don't want to use it, that's up to you—but *don't underestimate yourselves.*

That's the soapbox.



Grand Canyon Wildlands Council

We have an opportunity unique to our generation: to halt mass extinction. In order to accomplish this feat, conservation must be practiced on a truly grand scale.

Reed Noss

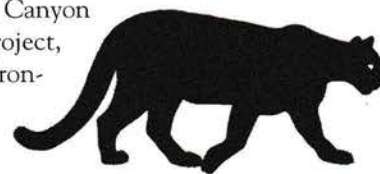
Just in case you haven't heard, the *Grand Canyon Wildlands Council* needs your help. This council, still in its formative stage, consists of concerned scientists, poets, land and wildlife managers, writers, and other denizens of the Colorado Plateau. Our goal is simply to protect and restore the ecological richness and native biodiversity of the greater Grand Canyon ecosystem.

The *Grand Canyon Wildlands Council* is an independent organization based upon the land conservation strategy developed by the Wildlands Project. Central to this strategy is the restoration and maintenance of viable populations of all native species in natural patterns of abundance and distribution. A key element of this effort will be the identification and protection of core areas, multiple use buffer zones, and corridors.

While the Wildland Project's scope is continental, our group will focus primarily on developing a regional conservation plan for the greater Grand Canyon area. This plan will proceed on the basis of the best available information, rational inference, and consensus of scientific opinion about what it takes to protect and restore whole ecosystems. The plan will be hypothesis-driven and adaptive, reflecting new knowledge. It will also be comprehensive and idealistic, providing a vision for restoring and maintaining the full array of physical habitats, environmental gradients, and native biodiversity in perpetuity.

The *Grand Canyon Wildlands Council* will remain an independent citizens group, working closely with the Grand Canyon Trust, the Wildlands Project, universities, other environmental organizations, Native Americans, as well as federal and state agency staff to develop and implement the regional conservation plan.

If you're interested, contact: Kelly Burke at (520) 773-1075; or Rick Moore, Grand Canyon Trust, at (520) 774-7488.



Kim Crumbo



The Last Timber Wolf

*Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

Dylan Thomas

It was fall on the Kaibab, Buckskin Mountain, the high forested plateau north of the Grand Canyon. Three thousand cattle, crowding the extensive mountain meadow at Crane Lake, bellowed forlornly as night approached. Fifteen tired cowboys, hired to herd the animals north to Utah, slept under tarps under the cool mountain sky. A few mules grazed peacefully, their tinkling cowbells adding semblance of melody to the herd's restless complaining.

The wolf's icy howl shattered their pastoral slumber. Fifteen cowboys bolted up from under their tarps. Cowbells stilled. Cattle froze silent. The howls continued as many wide eyes vainly searched the inky black forest beyond the meadow. The frightened cook sought refuge in a nearby, manure-filled salt shed. The wolf was back.

A year passed while many deer and a few cows died. Cowboys, the cow's archetypal guardian, grew furious. Wolves were scary, evil creatures whose foul habits included eating cows. As tradition and manly pride demanded, primal fear transformed to hot pursuit although the inevitable chase began in an unusual way. "Uncle" Jim Owens, a scary, evil creature whose foul habits included killing most of the mountain's predators, lost control of his lion hounds near Bright Angel Point. The dogs discovered the wolf's scent and left Jim in the dust. Four days later, the exhausted, thoroughly pummeled hounds returned. The wolf escaped to temporary refuge on the Paria Plateau a few miles east of the Kaibab.

Once a robust grassland, the Paria and the adjacent Houserock Valley rapidly deteriorated under intense grazing by domestic stock. The wolf stumbled into this remote region littered with cows, cow pies and little else. Now the wolf, being a wolf, immediately cultivated culinary tastes which conflicted with the local culture's world view—cows would be eaten by humans but not wolves. Soon the cowboys fearlessly returned, this time in daylight, to defend their vulnerable cattle. The Paria Plateau is a vast if not endless expanse of rolling sand dunes and slickrock surrounded by thousand-foot cliffs and sliced by the deep, extremely narrow canyons of the Paria River. The relentless chase ended with the wolf trapped between riflemen and a slender canyon hundreds of feet deep and, in places, less than twenty feet wide.

The cowboys knew the frightened, desperate animal had run out of tricks and places to hide. All its cunning

and strength could not elude the bullets nor leap the abyss. A single cowboy followed the animal along a steep ridge leading to the inevitable chasm. There was no way out. His rifle ready, the cowboy slowly rounded a ledge separating the two. A few final steps and before him, in eery silence, lay a 16-foot bridge of juniper logs and rawhide spanning the canyon. The wolf was long gone.

These cowboys made two important discoveries that day. They found the mysterious route the Robbers Roost Gang used to move rustled cattle out of the area. The second discovery was a grudging respect, maybe a little admiration for the lone timber wolf.

By the late 1920's, when the Crane Lake cowboys leaped from their bedrolls, the wolf was banished from the Kaibab. Ever since Europeans arrived in the Southwest in the seventeenth century with cattle and sheep, many wildlife endured similar persecution. Elk and pronghorn antelope were slaughtered, at first for their meat and later to reduce competition with domestic stock. Stockmen killed virtually any creature, from prairie dog to bighorn sheep, thought to compete with domestic animals. No group of animal suffered as much from their wrath as did predators, and none so completely as the grey wolf.

This was particularly true in Arizona where the livestock industry and government hunters launched in the 1890's total war against the wolf. The exterminators gave no regard to the important role predators played in nature, largely because little regard was given nature at all. Cattle and sheep mattered most. Period. The complete extermination of the wolf in Arizona took 60 years and cost millions of tax payer's dollars. In the process two subspecies, the Arizona and the intermountain wolves became extinct.

The wolf at Grand Canyon endured the same fate for additional reasons. In 1906, Theodore Roosevelt signed into law a bill establishing the Grand Canyon Game Preserve on the Kaibab and Coconino Plateaus. Lacking insights into the ecological role of predators, the government immediately hired hunters to protect "harmless" game animals, such as deer and bighorn sheep, from predators such as cougars and wolves. Between 1906 and 1923 government hunters and others reportedly killed hundreds of cougars and bobcats, thousands of coyotes, and 30 wolves. The slaughter of most of the mountain's predators, including every wolf, contributed to the explosive increase of deer on the Kaibab Plateau. The deer population peaked in 1924 somewhere between 30,000 and 100,000 animals. Overgrazing by deer and cattle, combined with a severe drought, brought disease and starvation. Thousands of deer perished. Incredibly,

Chapter XI

FROM THE LITTLE COLORADO TO THE FOOT OF GRAND CANYON

predator extermination continued.

The Kaibab Plateau, the mountain through which the Colorado carves the Grand Canyon, rises over six thousand feet above that river. Stately, ancient conifer forest once covered much of its three quarter of a million acres. Ponderosa pine and periodic fire created open forests of giant trees and abundant wildlife. A natural regime of fires produced a diverse mosaic of forest and grasslands. Frequent, low intensity ground fires cleared smaller trees and shrubs, leaving the fire-resistant old growth surrounded by thriving grasses and forbs. The highest elevations consisted of pristine meadows and dense forests of spruce and fir. All wildlife, prey and predator, flourished. Clarence Dutton, a seasoned explorer and geologist, describe the mountain in 1880 as "the most enchanting region it has ever been our privilege to visit." Theodore Roosevelt, equally impressed, designated the Grand Canyon Game Preserve and laid the foundation for establishing the adjacent national park.

The ancient forest is virtually gone from the Game Preserve, although there are plenty of trees. Extensive logging wiped out most of the old growth and converted a diverse ecosystem into a marginal, species-impoverished tree farm. A spiderweb of logging roads covers the Preserve, resulting in frequent human disturbance of wildlife. Gone is the natural diversity of vegetation, especially old growth, and much of its abundant, diverse wildlife. Gone is the sanctuary for big game, predators, and other sensitive species. While old trees still survive within Grand Canyon National Park, even here we threaten the ancient forest. Decades of well-intentioned fire suppression allowed miles of dense thickets of smaller trees and shrubs to grow beneath and between the older giants. These dense stands compete for moisture and nutrients, weakening and sometimes killing the older trees. When wildfire inevitably comes, the thicket transforms into an inferno as flames leap to the highest trees incinerating the forest, old growth and all.

A thoughtful, intelligent, determined effort would renew health to Grand Canyon's old growth. Restore the natural role of fire and the Kaibab's diverse forest would return. Heal the roaded scars and all wild creatures would find sanctuary within the plateau's verdant forests and meadows. And if we willed it, if we passionately pursued it, wildness would heal the refuge. The wolf would return to the mountain.

We reached the old wolf in time to watch a fierce green fire dying in her eyes... I was young then, and full of trigger-itch. I thought that because fewer wolves meant more deer, that no wolves would mean hunter's paradise. But after seeing the green fire die, I sensed that neither the wolf nor the mountain agreed with such a view.

Aldo Leopold



Kim Crumbo

August 13. We are now ready to start on our way down the Great Known. Our boats, tied individually to reinforced polychrome aluminum sand stakes sit placidly in the calm waters of the dam-controlled river. They ride low and heavy, for we are overloaded with extraneous and decadent supplies. We have enough left-overs for the next two weeks and some extra cake mix just in case. We have four types of bread and some light dinner rolls, our gourmet salami has been pre-sliced into bite sized chunks, and there are apples and oranges in the cooler, feel free to help yourself at any time. We've got Nutter Butters and Tootsie Pops in the Boatman's box, but we're running dangerously low on coffee. The weighting of our boats with superfluous gear has this advantage, it will keep us from flipping when we seek out the big waves and run left at Crystal without scouting.

We're 2817 feet below Cape Solitude according to the USGS quad for Comanche Butte; the class III river inflates in significance as it laps its inviting waves against the cliffs that rise to the South Rim and Babbitts. The waves are totally huge and we are bitchin' Grand Canyon River Guides as we walk the 6/10 of a mile up the Little Colorado to go swimming.

We have 238.5 miles yet to run; Shimumo, Deer Creek, and Havasu yet to see. What falls there are, we know. What rocks beset the channel, we also know. What walls rise over the river, we know. Yes, we're pretty damn certain about this. The crew are as grumpy as usual, nobody has anything funny to say, but to me their unhappiness is delightful and their lack of good humor invigorating.

Major Casey Lott



Future Options

When it comes to your financial future, the sooner you start a systematic plan of investing (no matter how small), the more options you will have. Whether it's a career move, buying a piece of land, building a house, or settling in on the Caribbean beaches of Costa Rica, start saving early and take a disciplined approach. Be faithful to your cause to ensure future options. Don't wait for someone else to assume responsibility for your financial future and happiness. They won't.

So how do you get started? Spend quality time reading and researching your potential investment opportunities. Have a plan! Then take action by setting an attainable goal for 5, 10, and 20 years from now. Don't plan on hitting the big home run, winning the lottery, or marrying into wealth. You'll wait a long time and end up with no future options.

Where should you look for investment opportunities? Start by reading the financial sections of the newspaper or money magazines. Especially check out the mutual fund sections. Some mutual funds have long track records of exceptional percentage returns. By investing in mutual funds you will have diversification and a professional management team working for you. If a particular mutual fund interests you, get their 800 number, give them a call, and ask for information on their family of funds. Check out the investment opportunities in no-load funds with no sales charge and all your money goes to work immediately. Watch out for 12-b charges and hidden charges.

Talk to a stock broker to get their feel of the market and what they recommend, but remember that stock brokers charge commissions on transactions, so less than 100% of your money goes to work for you. If you feel comfortable investing alone, it can be very rewarding both personally and financially. However, be sure to do your research first. Pick up a copy of the *Wall Street Journal*, *Worth Magazine*, or buy a subscription to one of the leading financial newsletters.

Think about starting an IRA. These offer tax advantages (earnings are tax deferred) and the minimum investment is as low as \$500 for some mutual funds. The possibilities are endless, so check them out!

Standard and Poor's publishes an annual directory of Dividend Reinvestment Plans (DRIPS). This directory (\$39.95) lists over 800 companies that offer such plans. In some cases you can purchase just one share of a company to get started. Then you make cash contributions regularly and reinvest all of your dividends. The power of time and a systematic plan of investing can be very rewarding.

The directory gives examples of past performances (which, by the way, may not be an indicator of future performance) such as: Franklin Resources - \$1000

invested on 12/31/83 was worth \$81,023 on 12/31/93; Wrigley - \$1000 invested on 12/31/83 was worth \$19,789 on 12/31/93. In both cases all dividends were reinvested in the stock. To order the directory contact:

Standard and Poor's, Div. McGraw Hill, Inc.
25 Broadway
New York, NY 10004

A publication called the *Moneypaper* will help you invest in DRIPS for a nominal fee. You can also get a monthly newsletter on the latest opportunities for investing in DRIPS. You can order this directory by contacting:

The Moneypaper
1010 Mamaroneck Ave.
Mamaroneck, NY 10543
1-800-388-9993, ext 301

There are also opportunities to invest in socially responsible funds and environmentally sensitive "green stocks". Such investments have, essentially, two bottom lines - profitability as well as social and environmental sensitivity. For more information contact:

Co-Op America
1850 M Street NW, Suite 700
Washington, DC 20036
(202) 872-5307

I'm not an expert on investing but I do know time is money and there are limitless investment opportunities. Take advantage of the situation at hand, do some research and act on what you've learned to benefit your financial future. Act today!

Years ago I was on a kayak support trip during my first season with Arizona River Runners with a doctor from Sedona who used to be a Grand Canyon guide for ARR. I'll never forget him approaching me one day and saying, "This is a great place; be sure to do it for only one season and then get on with your life". Well, I have left the Canyon on several occasions but 17 years later I still work for the same company and always look forward to the next river trip. The years have seemed like months, the months like weeks, and the weeks like days!

It all passes by much too quickly. I'm glad, however, that each season I placed savings in some form of investments. Most years the amount invested was small, but through the years the investments have grown. I'm glad that I didn't wait for someone else to build my financial future.

Be sure to start your systematic plan of investing today so you too will have future options!

Jon Stoner



Animas/La Plata: Staggering, But Not Dead Yet

Although we often hear that the days of the Bureau of Reclamation's big dam water projects are over, that's not entirely accurate. The Animas La Plata Project—a multi-billion dollar boondoggle which, for minimal benefit threatens to dam the Animas, the last major free-flowing tributary of the dam-crippled San Juan—still lurches on.

Opponents of the last major Bureau of Reclamation water scheme, the Animas La Plata Project (ALP), won a significant victory this summer when the U.S. House of Representatives voted 221 to 200 to cut off funding. The House action came as a result of the efforts of local, national, environmental and taxpayer groups to kill the project.

The ALP is designed to draw water out of the Animas River in Durango, Colorado, then pump it uphill to a storage reservoir south of town. From there the water would be pumped to the La Plata River Basin where it would be used for irrigation, real estate and coal development.

Some of the water would again be pumped to the Mancos drainage to

provide irrigation water to the Ute Mountain Ute Tribe. In addition the project would supply municipal and industrial water for Durango and New Mexico cities along the Animas and San Juan rivers as well as to the Ute tribes.

The action to cut off funding was a bipartisan effort led by Rep. Tom Petri (R, Wisconsin) and Rep. Pete DeFazio (D, Oregon). In floor debate the Congressmen cited the enormous cost, lack of benefits, and environmental problems of the ALP.

Congressman Petri said; "Just on the face of it, pumping water 1,000 feet uphill into another watershed, largely for irrigation, does not appear to be a sensible thing to do. I know of no other irrigation system with such an inherently uneconomic basic design...

"Although the Indian water rights provide an excuse for this project, they are not its driving force. The driving force is huge Federal water subsidies for local non-indian water users... There is no national interest whatsoever in forcing my constituents—and everyone else's too—to pay for the massive water subsidies in ALP.

"For \$7,000 per acre, maybe we could grow corn in Antarctica. But that wouldn't make sense and neither does this."

Congressman Defazio added: "It is a water project that has been sold as an Indian water rights settlement, except that it will not deliver affordable or usable water to the Indian tribes in question. It is a project that will

deliver a \$5,000 an acre irrigation subsidy to non-indian farmers in the high desert of southwest Colorado so they can grow low value crops. Two thirds of the water will go to them if this project is ever completed, if we void the environmental laws, if we go ahead with a project that will produce 36 cents of benefits for every Federal dollar invested."

Despite this significant victory in the House, opponents of the ALP were not completely successful. The Senate voted to include ALP funding in their version of the appropriations bill. A decision will be made in the conference committee on which version will be accepted. But even if the Project gets funded supporters

will have to go back to Congress next year and ask for \$60-70 million for a

"For \$7,000 per acre maybe we could grow corn in Antarctica. But that doesn't make sense and neither does this."

Congressman Tom Petri

construction start. With the growing knowledge of the deficiencies of the ALP and greater fiscal responsibility of Congress it is very unlikely that money will be available in the future. Proponents of the Project have, however, hired a former congressman as a lobbyist.

The House vote was the result of an intensive campaign waged by local groups, Taxpayers for the Animas River, Four Corners Action Coalition and Southern Ute Grassroots Organization, allied with major national environmental and taxpayers organizations.

Funding for next year's battle is crucial if this mega-boondoggle is to be laid to rest.



Michael Black

to help in the fight, contact:

*Taxpayers for the Animas River
1611 Forest Ave.
Durango, CO 81301*

*Four Corners Action Coalition
Box 473
Aztec, NM 84710*

Drug Testing, Lawsuits and Rumor Control

Rumors are running wild about a possible lawsuit contesting drug testing of guides, and Grand Canyon River Guides' possible involvement in such. Here are the facts.

The board and officers of Grand Canyon River Guides have a long history of agreeing on most things. Once in a great while an issue comes up that causes a stir, however, and the drug testing issue has caused a lot of red faces, bulging veins and loud voices. Although most (not all) personally feel that a drug testing with probable cause (incident, performance, accusations) is acceptable, they (most of them) feel suspicionless searches (pre-employment, random) are unconstitutional and wrong.

But the question of whether this is an issue that Grand Canyon River Guides should be involved in is not easily answered. In meeting after meeting when the issue came to a vote, the nays had it, often unanimously. The reason being, primarily, that entering into such a lawsuit, right or wrong, is not in keeping with our bylaws and stated goals. Neither is being a union. So this organization is not going to take part in a lawsuit.

There may be a lawsuit however. Four guides, of their own volition, are working with an attorney on a constitutional rights case. Timing is uncertain, but they hope to bring it to court in the near future. We've asked them for a brief statement on what their case is about and have asked Superintendent Rob Arnberger why he feels the current drug testing policy is appropriate.

The Superintendent

The drug testing requirements agreed to by the river concessioners pursuant to the recent river contract process represents a reasonable requirement. River running upon one of the West's wildest rivers is inherently a hazardous occupation. That is why all the operators stress safety and boatman experience levels before a guide is allowed the significant responsibility of assuming the care of clients who pay for the privilege of a trip. The liability issues are severe for both operators and the government. Bus drivers, heavy equipment operators, train engineers are but a few of the occupations in and out of government that involve significant liability exposure—often, because these people are responsible for hundreds of others under their care. To make a case that drug testing for boat operators is unreasonable flies in the face of logic. The operators are already required a high level of training, of competence, and specific operational protocols to assure the safety of the clients. To assure that the boat operator is not impaired by drugs or alcohol, by poor judgement, by lack of experience, must be an affirmative responsibility of both the government and the concessioner.

We have undertaken a reasonable approach to this requirement, simply by requiring that each company have an appropriate and reasonable program in place and to certify such. We do not intend to ask for names of offenders, or those in some form of rehab. We only ask a company to have a reasonable program and to certify such. We will work with the companies to assure the program is reasonable and appropriate, reflective of acceptable industry standards. This approach is not unduly invasive and is reasonable.

To make claims that there is no drug use going on, or inappropriate use of alcohol is not reflective of reality. You know it does, occasionally, and so do we. There have been incidents reported to us. It is time to match the seriousness of the boatmen's responsibility to clients with reasonable and conventional standards of conduct and safety. There is no intent to infringe on constitutional rights, and I believe the reasonable program we have required meets the same test. Running the river is a privilege, not a right. Responsibility for clients places a heavier burden upon the concessioner and the boat operator. The client has a higher expectation of the government licensed operator to be safe and drug free. We believe the requirements are needed and are reasonable.

The Plaintiffs

Let's start out by saying that professional guides should not work while impaired by drugs, alcohol, mental instability or any other cause. Consequently we do not oppose drug, alcohol or competence testing based on reasonable suspicion or probable cause. Our case is not about drugs.

It's about The Bill of Rights, specifically the Fourth Amendment of the Constitution which assures: "*The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the person or things seized.*"

Outfitters are now being pressured by the NPS to conduct suspicionless drug testing of their crew. This requirement isn't based on any defined problem. Even guides who have proven their commitment to safety by long standing, dedicated service to their profession are being forced to undergo an insulting and invasive bodily search. Should they refuse such a test, they will be considered to have failed—guilty until proven innocent.

It is not only our right, but our responsibility as American citizens, to question an invasive governmental action which clearly undermines our Constitutional rights. If we do nothing, we can only expect these rights to be further eroded.

It's pretty simple, really—guilty until proven innocent, a suspicionless search of your body and seizure of your urine. Our case merely requests that the National Park Service require drug testing only in cases where reasonable suspicion exists.

Suspicionless searches: they're not just a bad idea. They're against the law.



HEAR YE! HEAR YE ! Secretary Babbitt signs the Record of Decision!

Oct. 9, 1996

Glen Canyon Dam enters a new era in natural resource management

Late-breaking news... just yesterday, Tom Moody and I cruised down to the Desert Botanical Gardens in Phoenix for a significant ceremony, signing of the Record of Decision for the Glen Canyon Dam Environmental Impact Statement. The audience included many of the major players in this long process, people who had worked together for years on how to best operate Glen Canyon Dam. There was a palpable sense of relief in the oven-like air of the desert garden, a sense of completion of a long and arduous process. We mingled with the profusely sweating audience, which seemed cheerful and smiling, despite the relentless solar inferno.

Bruce Babbitt showed up in his characteristic khaki slacks, plaid shirt, and well-worn running shoes. He gave some background on the situation, cheered the positive results of last spring's flood flow, and answered a few tough questions. He then sat down at a small table, brandished his pen in the desert sun, broke into a big grin, and sang out...

"This hereby mandates that we will flood this river in all perpetuity for the benefit of all parties!"

With that pronouncement, our deeply dedicated, yet often beleaguered Secretary of the Interior triumphantly signed the Record of Decision, setting into motion a new era in the way we deal with complex problems; problems created by the heavy hand of man on the natural world.

Afterward, the Secretary milled about, meeting people and chatting. When I introduced myself as representing GCRG, he immediately said, "oh yes, you boatmen were the people who told us back in the '70's that the beaches were eroding and started this whole process". Yea, he was right, some of us did complain...but it was boaters like Dave Wegner, Tom Moody and Steve Carothers who did something more than grumble; they got the ball rolling to where we are today.

Where are we today? On the leading edge of a new experiment in broad-based decision-making. The Record of Decision stipulates that there will be a process called the Adaptive Management Program. In the AMP, representatives from a diverse array of groups, including; the tribes, environmental, recreational, electric power, states, and government agencies will continue to sit down at the same table, proposing studies, and hashing out their concerns surrounding management of the dam's impacts on canyon river habitat.

In other words, we can't completely relax now. We must remain determined and vigilant in the spirit and tradition shown by Dave Wegner and the Glen Canyon Environmental Studies scientists who brought us this far. GCRG and the river-running public we represent will play an integral role in the Adaptive Management Program.

The Secretary pronounced last spring's beach-building flow an unqualified success, citing some preliminary results of the studies: 82 new camping beaches,

53% increase in the volume of terrestrial sand bars, 80% of new sand deposition occurred in the first 48 hours of the flow event, no problems for endangered birds, it cleaned-out some of the rocks from Lava Falls and Crystal rapid, and so on. He was really excited. So are we, but we continue to ask questions, like...how long will it last?... especially considering that maximum releases will now be raised from 20,000 cfs to 25,000 cfs. We will be watching.

One important way we will be watching is with our Adopt-a-Beach program, whereby river runners help monitor the changing condition of beaches. It's a simple, yet effective program that anyone is welcome to join. An Adopter simply stops at their beach each trip and takes a photo of the same scene from the same place, fills out a data sheet, writes some comments, and goes on down river. GCRG collects all this data at year's end and analyzes, archives, and writes a report available to anyone. We have tremendous participation by river guides and enthusiastic support from scientists, managers, and our membership. We plan to continue this program into the future.

I admit to feeling some personal pride in this process. In the 1970's, I had dropped out of society, having lost faith in a system I felt to be corrupt and unchangeable. A lot of us who ran the river then felt powerless to change anything. They filled Lake Powell by 1980 and jacked-up the daily fluctuations. The beaches really started disappearing fast. Then, they decided to rewind the generators in order to do even bigger daily fluctuations. We came unglued. They were going to sweep every last grain of sand out of this canyon, just for the kilowatts! Frustration and outrage; but, who's going to listen to a bunch of boatmen?

I recall one day drifting along below the Little Colorado River. My activist friend Jane Whalen is saying, "how can we stop this generator rewind?" I looked up at the sacred Hopi Salt mines and answered, "aha, maybe we can claim that they will be destroying important archeological sites." She lamented, "nah, the tribes have no clout, nobody cares about them at Reclamation". Then ma nature took over and the dam overflowed for three straight years. No rewind of the generators.

Times change. The hue and cry went out. Some years later, I found myself working with GCRG to help push the Grand Canyon Protection Act through Congress. And we passed it! Endangered fish are now driving the process. The tribes now have a front-and-center position at the table and some powerful spokesmen. Protecting archeological sites is a top priority. The word "reclamation" is starting to take on some environmental overtones. Who 'da thunk it? Not bad, I'd say, for a bunch of cowboys and Indians (and fish)!

My disillusionment has faded now, replaced by a new-found optimism in a person's ability to make a difference. It just takes a purpose, some dedication, and a little help from your friends. And, oh yeah... it sure helps to be working for an incredible place like the Grand Canyon.

So, congratulations to all of you who have struggled to get us to this critical milestone: GCES workers, river guides, GCRG members, the tribes, the EIS team, the Park Service and all the others. The journey continues, stay tuned. And, no matter how hot it gets in our desert garden, don't sweat the small stuff.

-Andre Potochnik

River Science in Transition

The Glen Canyon Dam Environmental Impact Statement (GCDEIS) is completed and soon will be signed into effect by Secretary Babbitt, bringing the work of Glen Canyon Environmental Studies (GCES) to a close. As a result, scientific work along the river in Grand Canyon is going through a major transition. The following is an update on that transition, as one research institution is phased-out and another one is phased-in. You probably have some questions, like: what is the role of GCRG in that process? and, do we have to learn new acronyms? So, here goes...

For 14 years now, the GCES program led by Dave Wegner and the Bureau of Reclamation has conducted and overseen all of the scientific and monitoring work needed to produce the Environmental Impact Statement. Dave and his team deserve a huge round of applause for the incredible level of commitment and energy they've given to Glen and Grand Canyons over the years. Make that a standing ovation.

GCES has finished its job, though, and as of September 30, 1996, is no longer leading research efforts along the river. Does that mean no more river science? Not a chance.

As many of you know, the Grand Canyon Protection Act of 1992 (which we helped push through Congress) requires that a river monitoring program be established in order to stay abreast of the dam's influence on the dynamic and ever-changing ecosystem. To accomplish this task, the GCDEIS proposed an Adaptive Management Program. The core group of people in this program will be the Adaptive Management Work Group (AMWG), which will consist of representatives from an eclectic consortium of tribes, government agencies, states, hydropower, environmental, and recreational groups. *Grand Canyon River Guides will likely be chosen by the Secretary to sit on the AMWG as one of two groups representing recreational interests on the river.* I know what you're thinking now, "oh wonderful, another high profile, super important and glorious unpaid position". Yep, but you get gas and lunch money.

Under the Adaptive Management Program, the role of doing river monitoring and research will be handed to the newly-formed Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center (GCMRC) under the leadership of Dave

Garrett. All GCMRC study programs will respond to needs identified by the AMWG. The whole shebang will answer directly to the Secretary of the Interior's office. The GCES program will remain intact during the coming months long enough to ensure a (hopefully) seamless transition with the GCMRC.

During this transition and over the next two years a major synthesis of previous scientific work is being planned, something everyone agrees is still needed. Meanwhile, we are attending meetings...lots of them these days, to help the AMWG identify monitoring and research objectives and to help scientists identify the studies necessary to accomplish those objectives. Make sense? It's basically a process by which people and ideas bounce back and forth long enough to reach consensus and move forward with a plan.

GCRG intends to continue to play an active role in helping to design the new monitoring and research program, one which serves the needs of the Grand Canyon, its beaches, critters and people, while not being too intrusive or expensive. If you're interested in being involved, please give us a call. We are forming a Science Monitoring Group that will develop our positions on research and monitoring in Grand Canyon. You will need to learn to speak in acronyms, of course. Pop quiz: know what SNAFU stands for?



Andre Potochnik



Schist swirls

Bruce McElya

Whaler Lives

I was interested to read the article on the “Whale Foundation” in the *bqr*. The evolution of river-running from the early days to its current manifestation (“the industry”) has required a lot of adjustments on the part of everyone involved. A lot of folks have devoted time to getting degrees and consulting positions while keeping their hand in on the river guiding business. For others, 25 year veterans or newcomers, the river is their life.

Whale was old school: after a tough season, run some winter trips, drive a snow machine at the ski resort till spring, and the re-birth of another river season. The river was it for him. Home.

The Grand Canyon River Guides effort to support members in need in a changing world is positive and indicates a maturing of viewpoint. I’d suggest you cultivate a relationship with people in mental health who have a creative approach and if possible pad them in on a canyon trip so they have a sense of who you are and what you’re up against, toward the time some of you are willing to reach out for some constructive feedback or help.

Many occupations suffer from “job burnout”, or

changes in viability due to age. River guiding is in some respects unique in that it is mostly driven by love and commitment to sharing the experience. Despite economic improvements in recent years, I don’t think there are too many folks, outfitters or guides, who are in it strictly for the money. If you are, you should probably give it up. I assume you’re running a lousy trip.

The stresses of continuing to devote yourselves to river guiding are not what they were 20 years ago. The new regulations, and environmental/social/bureaucratic aspects increase yearly. As noted, some of you, like Whaler, have grown a bit gray around the muzzle following a way of life that started out pretty simple, and isn’t anymore. Whale was a support to a lot of friends and associates; you all do this for each other. River people are a close knit fraternity, a family. They care about each other, and their way of life. It is to be commended.

However, there is a time when you don’t need the love and support of your peer group and family so much as you need a *guide*. Whether you’re straddling the uncertain border between “Dog Days of Late Summer/Seasonal Burnout” syndrome or real depression,



North Canyon

Bruce McElya

or feeling stuck and need some input to expand your horizons beyond the seductive (but limiting) career choice of river guiding, help can be had. You may just need to turn the angle of your mind, and have somebody with some dispassionate knowledge and insight teach you a few navigation techniques to help you keep your oars in the water while you explore your options.

I found out about Whaler's departure when a reunion of some folks from the old days turned into a wake because a few days before the party, the Whale decided not to show up. Maybe he was making a statement. Maybe he was just following his own vision as he did in his life. A lot of folks would like to find something positive out of it. The Whale Foundation is a good start. Even "Bronze River Gods (and Goddesses)" have feet of clay, and there's no such thing as too much mental health.

If you'll permit me: after I became a retired (but not ex) river guide, I struggled to integrate my life into the "real world" (!!!) I continued to run rivers and mess about in boats; one of the loves of my life. But I moved on to explore and develop other aspects of my life. I had a lot of values and culture shock. It was a tough trip at times—still is. My ideals took a beating.

I did some work with a psychologist, a very creative one involved in N.L.P, an approach to psychology inspired by Milton Ericson, the Godfather of "brief therapy." I didn't do much work with him as a patient; he suggested I just take some classes and seminars. A lot of this had to do with communication skills, but I also learned some new strategies and developed options that gave me new alternatives in the way I dealt with life. Such as it is. I use these tools every day.

As I continued to study psychology, I realized I'd never met anyone in my life who wouldn't benefit from a little "tune-up", and that the ones who thought they didn't need it were the ones to worry about.

I think it's important that GCRG wants to encourage support for members in need. It's also possible that expanding communications skills, personal strategies and coping skills through creative psychology could be as important as wilderness medical training and complying with the numerous certification requirements and new regulations. Let's face it; the stress level isn't going to go down in the "industry" any time soon, brothers and sisters. And nobody's getting any younger.

I don't think most of us are much into Monday morning quarterbacking. The what ifs and if onlys. A number of heroes and pals have departed our midst over the years. I have a little too much love and respect for the Whaler I knew twenty years ago to second guess his vision. Like a lot of people and adventures, Whale will always be a part of the Canyon for me. I got to pull him out of the river a few times after some pretty bad runs, but I've had some bad runs myself over the years. I've

also been caught short in the darkness at a fork in the trail, far from camp. On my hands and knees, by God's grace, I found a path. Whale chose the other one.

I can't help but wish that when he took his hike, instead of being alone, he'd been with somebody with some local knowledge and interpretive skills, and a (relevant) first aid kit. Someone who took him on a trip, and guided him out of the forest with a slightly different vision to follow on the next leg of his journey.

Whaler shared a lot of gifts with many people. When he headed off, alone, he left us one last gift: a wake-up call about some things we may not have taken a look at because we're all busy dealing with our own stresses, and jostling to keep our place in line to keep living one river season at a time.

Thank you, Whale. We heard you. It was pretty blunt, amigo. You left a little tattoo on our hearts that's always gonna sting a little, brother. But we got the message. We're indebted to you...

To Whaler, I say: Aloha. No regrets, brother coyote. We all get off just up a ways. Just a bunch of Koshare Clowns we are, dancing by the river. You were one of the best; a joker with a sacred smile and ancient eyes, a disguise worn by a gentle warrior spirit as old as the Canyon. We will miss you, you old coyote, but we mourn for ourselves. Now you know that which we long to know.

You know what lies beyond the thunder. When I make that last river crossing, I will see you. We'll stay up all night around the fire, telling the old stories over and over again. Make sure the beer is cold.

Till then, cool running my friend. No more grueling take-outs, no more journeys end. River runs forever.

UA·MAU·KE·EA·O·KA·WAI·PUNA·I·KA·PONO
(The life of the river is preserved in righteousness)

*Dr. Heneli
Waipunaula, Hawaii*



More Whale Stories

We're still collecting Whale stories. We've gotten some really great ones. We're not exactly sure what we're going to do with them all, but we're going to do something. So if you've got one (and you probably do) and you haven't sent it in (you probably haven't), write it up, write it down, send it in.





Be(e) Alert!



Africanized Honeybees in Grand Canyon

Well, they're here. A Diamond River Adventures trip was attacked by Africanized honey bees at Pumpkin Spring on the 4th of July this summer. The crew and passengers noticed groups of honey bees hanging around the beach area, and several people were stung multiple times. Ms. Diamond had the good sense to collect a few bees and send them to us, and the three good specimens were identified as being Africanized honey bees. So what does this mean to us on the river?

The lower Grand Canyon supports a sufficiently diverse flowering plant assemblage to support feral honey bees year round (Yes, Mildred, honey bees are European and not native to the United States). Africanized bees arrived in Arizona a couple of years ago, and have been spreading northward rapidly. They were encountered on the Northern Arizona University campus this year. Larry Stevens thinks it rather unlikely that Africanized bees

will be able to move up-canyon into the narrow reaches around Havasu and the middle and upper Granite gorges; however, they have become a threat to river runners in the lower canyon, and may descend from higher elevations in wide reaches of the upper Canyon.

Dr. Eric Ericson, director of the U.S.D.A. Honey Bee and Insect Biological Control Laboratory in Tucson has offered to speak at the guides training session next spring, and had some recommendations for those who might come into contact with Africanized honey bees (UIPMT, 1995).

* Africanized honey bees look very much like regular feral European honey bees, so be on guard when you see any honey bees around. The Africanized grouping behavior may be an indication of impending trouble. If you don't know what honey bees look like, read an illustrated edition of *Winnie The Pooh*.

* Individual Africanized honey bee stings are no more



Oh-oh. Bruce McElya

dangerous than European honey bee stings, but the Africanized bees are more likely to attack *en masse* and with less provocation.

* Don't hassle honey bee nests. In the lower Canyon honey bees nest up in cracks in the schist, and Stevens has seen free hanging honey bee nests in mesquite trees, and seems to recall nests near Granite Park Spring (1 km up Granite Park Canyon), and near Mile 231 on the left.



Geoff Gourley's 100th trip

Bruce McElya

- * Small colonies are less likely to be defensive than large colonies, so a hive may become more dangerous through time.
- * Africanized bees may be provoked by, or attracted to, dark leathery or furry objects (e.g., dark pile clothing), as well as scented shampoo, soaps, perfumes and heavily scented gum. They find motors annoying, and see red as black and are attracted to it, so avoid wearing red.

HOW TO PREPARE AND WHAT TO DO IF ATTACKED

1. **THINK AHEAD:** Keep escape routes in mind, and keep track of your passenger's sensitivity to bee sting anaphylaxis. It might be good to carry a couple of bee sting kits in your coolers. It might be good to set up a couple of tents as refuges and/or have face nets available when you are in bee country.
2. **IF YOU OR YOUR PASSENGERS ARE ATTACKED, DO NOT JUMP IN THE RIVER:** Irritated bees hang around the battle scene, sometimes for hours, and only gradually drift away. You would die of hypothermia before the bees leave and they will attack you when you come up for air.
3. **GET AWAY FROM THE SITE:** It is unlikely that Africanized bees could keep up with a motor rig at full speed (10 mph), but it is unclear whether or how far they would follow oar boats. If nothing else, have everyone just run away as quickly as possible. Protect your faces with shirts or towels, but try not to swat at the bees as this only provokes them more.

4. **ONCE SAFE, REMOVE STINGERS AND ASSESS THE NEED FOR EVACUATION:** Once away from the bees, remove any stingers left in the skin by scraping them off with your fingernails or a knife blade. Don't try to pull the stinger out because you will only pump more venom into the wound. Evacuation is recommended for anyone who is sensitive to bee stings or has been stung more than 15 times.
5. **LASTLY:** If you can, collect 10-20 bees for identification. Pack them *dry* in a jar with toilet paper and don't let them mildew. Get them to one of us so that we can keep track of the invasion rate. It is not certain how Africanized bees will fare through our cold Grand Canyon winters, or how susceptible they are to the mite parasites that are wiping out European honey bee hives across the country. Let's work to keep the communication going with this new issue, and particularly what does and doesn't work in the unique field situations in which we are working.



Larry Stevens and Jim Petterson
GCES and Grand Canyon Science Center

Literature cited

Urban Integrated Pest Management Team.
1995. Africanized honey bees: outdoor recreation tips. College of Agriculture, University of Arizona, Tucson.

Pooh and bees © E.P. Dutton



Boatman Forms PAC

Even if you don't remember Brad Udall from his days in Grand Canyon, you may recall his dad, Congressman Mo, or his uncle Stewart. Brad went into computer programming after he retired from guiding, but early this year his family genes kicked in, sending him into environmental politics.

He formed a Political Action Committee—one of those things you often hear about that channels big bucks, often from big business, into political campaigns. Brad's is a little different. Called the New West Network, it is a bipartisan organization dedicated to matching potential donors and activists with pro-environment candidates seeking federal office in the West. In addition, New West Network focuses on educating and involving the diverse groups that use public lands: boaters, hikers, fishermen, hunters, climbers, etc.

Brad Udall visualizes a "New West" that "rather than being based on the old extractive economies of mining, timbering and grazing, the new West looks more sustainable. It will be based on high-tech businesses, tourism and some manufacturing."

You can contact New West Network by e-mail at NewWestNet@aol.com.



1997 Guides Training Seminar (mark your calendar)

We've begun planning the 1997 Guides Training Seminar and it ought to be another great one. This year we will do a focus session on the scientific results of the 1996 beach-building spike flow...what was learned. There will be other activities, of course: the GCRG Spring Meeting with election of officers, updates from the Park Service, great food and such. And, as you know, some of the best parts always seem to happen "between the lines"... across the parking lot, over by the serving table, around the campfire. Big ideas, big plans, but, we only guarantee one thing... good times. So, mark your calendar and be there!

Friday, April 4:	GCRG Spring Meeting
Sat.-Sun., April 5,6:	1997 GTS
Tues., April 8:	GTS River Trip launch (2-part: upper and lower)



State of the Beaches

Adopt-a-Beach Compilation Begins

Okay all you beach adopters; if you haven't done it yet, please send in those cameras and data sheets right away so we can pull this thing together. As you know, we ask that you get your stuff to us by Sept. 30 or ASAP thereafter so that we can get your photos developed, catalogued, compared, compiled, and the report written. We really appreciate any written comments you give us, they're incredibly helpful in interpreting what happened to your beach and how well the procedure worked.

We continue to hear encouraging comments on our Adopt-a-Beach program. People in the scientific community have a lot of respect for our ground-based experience in Grand Canyon. It is important to have a program that collects our knowledge into a useful form so that we can provide direction for future monitoring and research on sand bars.

Anyhow, a rousing cheer for all of you who helped get this program up and floating! We plan to do more. The AAB program will continue next season and on into the great blue yonder. We need to know if you would like to do it again, or join for the first time, or switch or add a beach. Let us know. We will have an informal round table discussion (State of the Beaches) at the GCRG Fall Meeting in Flagstaff, Nov. 16; and will present full results at the Guides Training Seminar this spring.



*Andre Potochnik
Kelly Burke*

Fall Meeting

The GCRG Fall Meeting will be held on Saturday, November 16, from 9AM on through dinner, party and music—late—at Museum of Northern Arizona's Colton House. To get there, go 1.6 miles northwest on Hwy. 180 from it's junction with Humphreys Street. Park in the lot of the Mt. Calvary Lutheran Church (on left) and walk or bike the 500 yards up the dirt road on the right side of the highway. Bring your chair, eating utensils, bike? and lots of ideas and opinions. Sorry, no camping.

Topics may include: Overflights (Where do/should we stand); Colorado River Management Plan (What's our vision?); Monitoring and research in the Canyon (How much?); Guide health (Benefits, insurance, Whale Foundation)

See you there!



Some Books

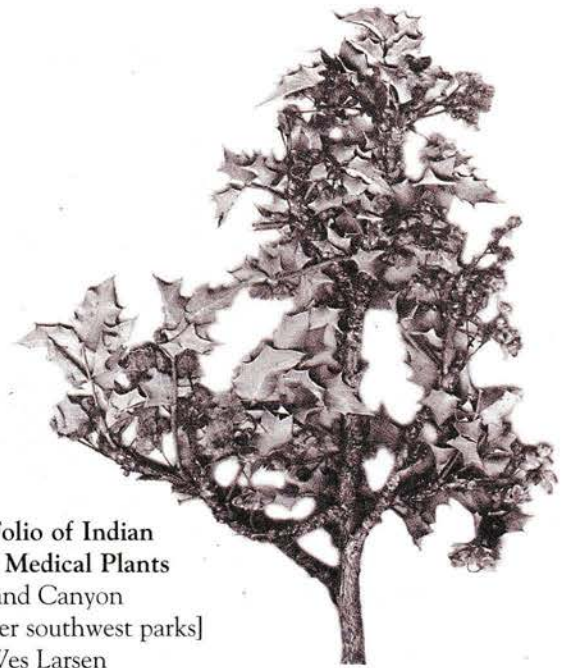
Beneath the Rim
A Photographic Journey Through the Grand Canyon
C. C. Lockwood

Prefaced with a tale of the history of water-borne photographers in Grand Canyon, from way back when 'til right now, the words and 150 photographs chronicle one man's love affair with Grand Canyon and boating therein. 130 pages. \$39.95. Louisiana State University Press



photos: C. C. Lockwood; Mahonia scan: Larsen & Meyers

**A Field Folio of Indian
& Pioneer Medical Plants**
[of Grand Canyon
and seven other southwest parks]
Dr. Wes Larsen



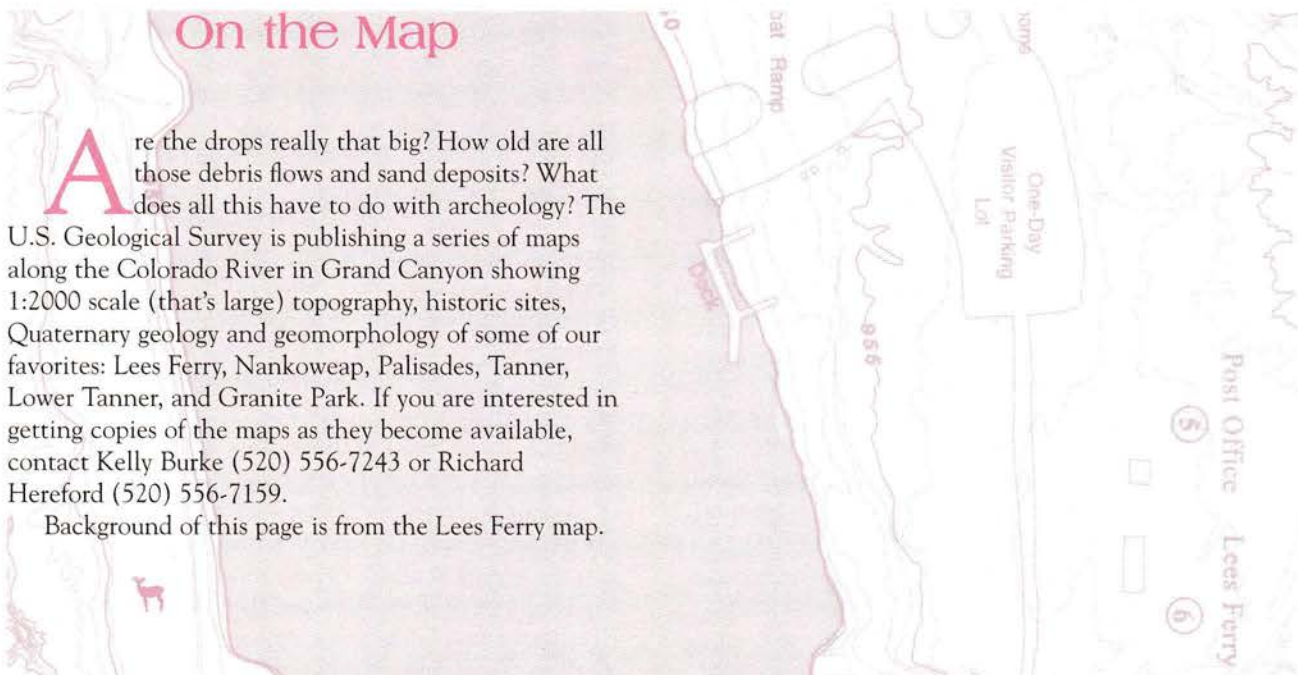
Larsen describes around 30 plants and the medicinal lore of Indian tribes, mormons and pioneers. Illustrated with actual size, actual scans of actual plant specimens. 65 pages. \$8.95 (\$12 postpaid) Third Mesa Publishing, Box 278, Toquerville, UT 84774



On the Map

Are the drops really that big? How old are all those debris flows and sand deposits? What does all this have to do with archeology? The U.S. Geological Survey is publishing a series of maps along the Colorado River in Grand Canyon showing 1:2000 scale (that's large) topography, historic sites, Quaternary geology and geomorphology of some of our favorites: Lees Ferry, Nankoweap, Palisades, Tanner, Lower Tanner, and Granite Park. If you are interested in getting copies of the maps as they become available, contact Kelly Burke (520) 556-7243 or Richard Hereford (520) 556-7159.

Background of this page is from the Lees Ferry map.



Bill Beer continued from page 1

In the spring of 1955 John Daggett and Bill Beer made history. These days Beer makes swimming the whole river with fins, a couple of leaky black bags, and a lousy, leaky rubber shirt sound pretty fun. But after you read his book "We Swam the Grand Canyon," you realize, they did have a pretty wild trip. And parts of it weren't all that easy.

We sat down with him at Cliff Dwellers a couple GTS's ago and picked up a few addendums to the book. It's not quite the same in print because you can't hear that wonderful, frequent, infectious, often self-deprecating laugh of Bill's. So you'll just have to imagine that part.

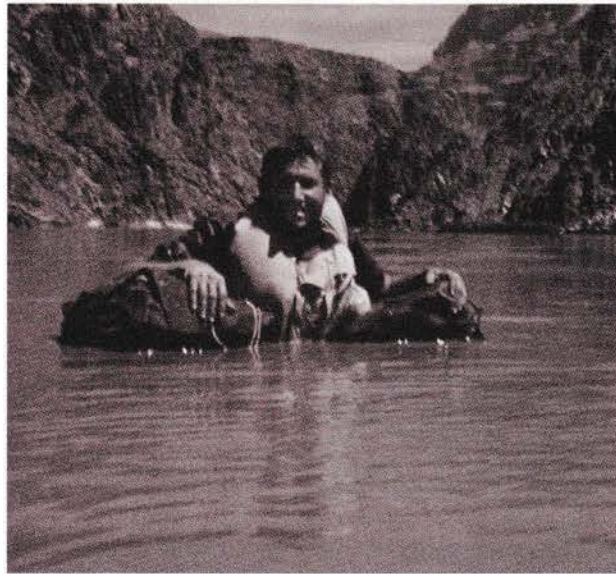
A ten-man?! An Army ten-man is what it was?

Yeah, an Army ten-man raft. It wasn't heavily loaded, it was just the outboard and the dog and a few simple things, and the two of us with a pair of swim fins, and we were still pretty good swimmers, and so we just towed it. (chuckles)

Then I went down with Marston, the trip that Willie died on. Then I did the Disney trip that Marston did. I think that was probably 1956 and 1957 maybe.

Then I stayed away from the Canyon. I was doing a little lecturing with our film, making a few bucks and paying for the film and trying to figure out what I wanted to do when I grew up. I got sort of fed up with being one of those two guys who, you know, everywhere I went—like here. (laughs) I lived that every day, and I'd just had it up to here with that, so I decided to... (makes pushing motion) *pas* the Canyon, get out of the thing. I got married and divorced and married again and had a kid. I'd always wanted to go sailing. In the meantime I was working in various jobs, mostly media, public relations, doing a little writing and a little filming, a little camera, a little TV producing and stuff, buying and selling real estate. John and I were still friends, we were still living in Southern California, and he was going into his second marriage and having a couple of children, having some problems of one kind or another...

I had always wanted to have a sailboat in the tropics, and one day I turned to my wife and said, "Now if we sell everything we've acquired, we could probably buy a boat. Are you ready?" And she said, (chuckling), "Well, no, but okay." (chuckles) So to make a long story short, in 1965 I bought a boat. It happened to be in Connecticut, and we drove across country after having all the garage sales and real estate closings and all that sort of thing, and sailed to the Virgin Islands where I managed to live incognito for about twenty years until



keeping beer cold

one day some guy came up to me and said—I was sitting in the yacht club—"Say, Bill Beer, aren't you one of those two guys who...." (laughs) But by that time I had another persona, and I didn't mind it anymore, and I don't mind it now. It's not something that bothers me, but it *did* bother me for a while, I did not like it.

Oh, yeah, to get back to the Grand Canyon. Then it was 1985 or 1986: My wife and I and daughter, who is now grown, planned

a trip to Europe. Among the things we were going to do was we were going to meet in England for the christening of a friend of ours' daughter. And we'd been doing all these plans in the house, and my ten- or eleven-year-old son was being left out of all this. So I finally turned to Ben—that's his name—and said, "Gee, Ben, this is not fair. We're talking about all these wonderful things *we're* going to do, and we're leaving you out. What would *you* like to do?" Ben turned to me and said, "I'd like to go down the Grand Canyon with you, Dad." I was on the horns there, I couldn't get off. I had to say to him, "Well look, it wouldn't be fair to take you without taking Barrie too"—my daughter. And so he agreed that was okay. So I called Bill Belknap and Bill Belknap said, "Go with GCE [Grand Canyon Expeditions]. So I called GCE and made reservations, and when we came back from England, the three of us, my two children and I.... My wife could not go—she does not like this sort of thing, she can't sleep on the sand, and she gets seasick anyway. (laughs) So the three of us went down the river that year, and I was terribly impressed. I'd been off the river, had not had any contact with it at all for twenty-some odd years. And in the library of GCE on the river, there were all these river books that I didn't even know existed, and I read all these books, and geeze, I was in almost every one! I

thought, "Good Lord, what's going on here?" And of course I had the usual people coming up and asking me about the trip and this kind of thing—you know, passengers.... Our plane was delayed at New York connections, and we arrived in Las Vegas at about two o'clock in the morning or so, two-thirty in the morning, and there were guys waiting for us, wanting to meet Bill Beer, and I sort of thought, "Oh, Lord, what's going on here?" But I loved the trip, and I was so impressed with the Canyon and what the river guides had not done or done to the Canyon, and how pristine it still was, in spite of the dam and in spite of the thirty thousand people a year and all that stuff. I was just overwhelmed that the Canyon was still there and it was still a great place—and so was my daughter. She came back and swamped the year following or two years following. And after she swamped, she convinced me that I should apply for a private trip. So I said, "Alright, okay kid, I'll do it." She went to law school and got out of law school, and we waited and we waited and we waited, and finally last year, 1994, our number came up and I took a private trip down. Then I had a chance to meet even more people, and I became more impressed with the river guides and what had been going on on the river and what had not been going on on the river. Good things had been, and bad things had not been, in my estimation, for the most part. Yeah, there's some negatives, of course, but altogether, it's amazing what you guys have done to that river. It's really astounding what you've done for it. Think of other places and how they've been screwed up to a fair-thee-well, and you think of the Grand Canyon, you realize that particularly the river guides, I think, have done a marvelous job.

I meet people who.... O.C. said he'd been through how many times? *Awesome* number of times to me, at any rate. But the amount of knowledge that's been acquired about the Canyon, in *all* the disciplines, is to me.... And the knowledge that the guides absorb, and then can pass on to their passengers, I'm impressed by it.

You said you were really impressed with the things that hadn't been done. What are some examples?

Okay, just to kind of put a capper on it, and then I'll give you some more details: there was less trash in the Canyon last August—less *human* trash—than there was in 1955. A different kind, of course, but I found old beer cans—not in the Canyon, but up Havasu and places like that. We didn't find any cigarette butts, but all the cable cars and the stuff left over from the Marble Canyon or Bridge Canyon dam sites and of course all the bat cave stuff, and miscellaneous other things, debris left behind by various trips or other groups—that was all gone in 1995-94, and nothing was left. ...That was impressive to me. Footprints were all over the place, but that was all you saw of human beings—no fires, no nothing. When

we went down in April of 1955, that was just before the floods, and there wasn't *much* trace of the previous years' expeditions—there hadn't *been* many previous years' expeditions. Dock had us as—we were in the early part of the third... three hundred, and I think that year in 1955 he stopped counting, because it went up to four hundred that year or something. But he told me we were 219 and 220, I think, were the numbers he gave. And then the onslaught happened, because Georgie ran thirty or forty people through that year on her first trip. I don't know if she made more than one trip or not. But I missed the sandbars and I missed the mud flats and I missed all that kind of stuff. ...those people who didn't see the river before the dam don't really know what they're missing. The river is dirtier because of the tamarisk and all the other stuff, and the lack of sandbars. It was very clean in those days. But still, to think you're putting thirty thousand people a year through there, with all the camping stuff, and they're greenhorns, most of them—it's pretty amazing.

There were bigger sandbars?

There were times when John and I, for example, carrying our boxes and walking in our bare feet, had to go across—we called them "mudbars"—soft sand, muddy stuff, that was pretty broad. In fact, there were a few times when we had to put our swim fins back on and make them work like snowshoes in the sand or the mud, so that we could walk through the stuff, carrying these boxes, which weighed about eighty pounds a piece, I think. They weighed enough so we only at the end of the trip could carry two boxes at a time. We always had to make two trips from the river to the campsite. That doesn't exist anymore. There are no mud flats that you can't walk across. I mean, we would have sunk in to our knees if we had not put on the flippers.

The great piles of driftwood: they're talking today about all the fires. I set off several acres of fires (laughs) of driftwood—*marvelous!* We were very cold, and it was a *wonderful* way to warm up. Of course we were only two people, and we didn't have boats, and we could take all of our gear off the river. So finding a campsite for us was trivially easy—we could camp almost anywhere. There was almost *no* stretch of the river where we wouldn't camp—maybe a few places, like just above Vaseys on the left bank where it comes right down. But basically, we could camp almost anywhere. We had some *sensational* places to camp. There's one campsite that I can't remember, but it's down there in the Granite Gorge, and I think there's a picture in my book of looking down, and we're up in this pink granite about forty, fifty feet off the water in these little pockets of sand. Now that's an interesting picture, and I should point that out. I guess I did point it out to Webb. That sand was put there by flood, and that flood was forty, fifty feet off the water in

the Granite Gorge. No question about it, we had this wonderful little thing, little separate rooms. We got to camp in some of the river fluting, too, farther down—I think you'll see in the movie tonight, maybe. I don't know if Briggs left that part in, but there's this little campsite we had right in the river fluting, and it was just splendid, a splendid little place.

I think the scarcity and the necessity now to plan for your campsite—even if you have a fairly small group—is a major change. Even going down with Dock, Dock knew the river pretty well. I don't know, he made ten or fifteen or twenty trips by the time I went with him. And he knew the river pretty well, and he had people with him who knew, and he sort of knew where he wanted to camp. But he had a lot of options, even with a group of maybe twelve or fourteen, I think is what we ran with him. The Disney trip we had seven or eight boats and a little larger group and it was a little more careful planning there because of all the cameras and various other requirements. But I think that's a change. [finding camps today]

The lack of tamarisk, the cleanliness of the banks, the fact that they were scoured every year—those floods really did a nice job of sweeping out everything and making the thing look very clean. And the river bank is not dirty in the human sense, but it's not quite the scrubbed thing that it once was.

Is there significantly less sand?

Oh, I think so, yes, no question about it. It's a little hard to say about it in the very lower part of the Canyon, because there's still a lot of pretty large areas of sand. You know, down below Havasu—it's too subjective for me to be able to tell you whether there's more or less.

The idea of doing the trip... you guys had been in the service?

John was in the Marines, I was in the Army. We had been college roommates in 1946, 1947. I think it was 1947 we were roommates as sophomores in college. We knew each other slightly as freshmen, because we lived in the freshman dorm, but we actually wound up as roommates, and then we became friends and I worked for John in college. John is a very aggressive entrepreneur in many areas, and he ran a tree surgery business. I was one of his employees for about a year in college. Then after school we kept in touch. And when his first wife was killed in a horrible train crossing accident—wiped out a pregnant wife and two children—I had been doing a little research for him in Northern California. He was thinking about moving there, and I hadn't heard back, and so I picked up the phone and called him and he told me that Paula had been killed.

With also the other children?

She was pregnant, and two kids were killed, all in one train crossing accident. They were on their way to buy eggs or something, and it was in Solano Beach, California.

And John... at this time I'd had it with jobs. I was working at some big corporation which was just not for me—I'm not a big corporation type and neither was he. He suggested I come down to Southern California and we find something interesting to do. So I thought, "What the heck," and quit my job, jumped in my car and went down, and we roomed together in Hollywood for a while, and made a sailing trip to Mexico on another person's boat. I became somewhat imbued with sailing, I thought it was a great way to live. And the trip was scheduled to go through the Panama Canal and along the northern coast of South America. It'd be a great adventure for a couple of guys just out of the service and kind of footloose and fancy free. But like a lot of sailing voyages, it kind of blew apart from crew problems in Acapulco. We had a riotous time in Acapulco that was lots of fun. I can remember John on New Year's Eve throwing a stick of dynamite in Acapulco Harbor. (laughs) Fireworks! And the third member of the crew, who also left the boat at the time, had done some river running on the Feather River. We were a little frustrated about having had our great adventure blow apart, and we went back to California and talked about doing something else. And this third fellow said, "Well, you should go run one of the white-water rivers of the West." You know, the great excitement, "Do the Feather River or the Snake." And John and I both kind of pooh-poohed that as kind of trivial. We'd heard something about the Colorado River being "The Big River," and we said, "If we're going to run a river, we're going to go run the big one. Why fool around with second-rate?" (laughs) That was our attitude. We had a lot of hubris at that time, I guess. It's been characteristic of both of us all the time, ever since. At any rate, we threw that around for a while, and I began to be interested in the thing, and I began to try to figure out, get what I could about it. One day John said something about, "We don't want to take any boats. Hell, let's just swim it." (laughs) And the idea was born.

Were you guys swimmers? Had you swam a lot? I mean, why?

We'd done a lot of surfing and a lot of rough water swimming. I had been on a high school swimming team. John was a very good swimmer as well. And at twenty-five, whatever we were, we were obviously in very good physical condition. We lived in apartments in Los Angeles—we had two or three, we kept getting thrown out of them for rowdiness. (laughs) We were always swimming in the pools, doing laps and stuff like that, just, you know, exuberance of that age.

At any rate, that's how the idea was born, and like a lot of ideas, it grew, and it grew rapidly. The next thing we knew, we were at Lee's Ferry.

Was he still kind of crazed over that tragedy?

Yeah. I think it's classic that grief takes two years. We were at Lee's Ferry in April of 1955, and I think it was about a year before that that his wife and kids were killed. He went through a tremendous trauma, as almost anybody who has that kind of thing happen to them does. He was in *terribly* bad shape for a while. And then the trip down the Mexican coast was somewhat therapeutic for him, and the Grand Canyon was *very* therapeutic. One of the things I think he said after his President Harding [Rapids] accident... He had... when his wife and children died, he'd considered suicide, and he realized he couldn't do it. He's not the suicidal type. He thought, "That's the answer, but I can't do it, it's not there."

At any rate, when he had his President Harding accident, and he thought he was going to die in that; he was under the water a long time and he thought he'd bought it at that time. That made him realize that he really didn't want to die, he wanted to live. And I think that was John's turning point. He's a very resilient man, he's had a lot of tragedies in life, some of which had nothing to do with the river but they're just as bad as the ones you've heard about. And the rest of the way down the river, he was determined that he was going to come out. And I think when he got out of the river, he was mentally in pretty darned good shape. He got married again not too long after that to a girl that he'd met just before we went down the river, and had a couple kids and that whole thing. He's mentally been in great shape ever since.

Now you said he was determined to come out. Once you guys got down there, was there ever a question that you were going to make it out of there? Did you get kind of scared?

John started out with a lot of bravado and a lot of determination and overconfidence. I'm guilty of overconfidence, perhaps. But Harding kind of put the fear of the river in him—it really did. He then began to fear that he *might* not come out. And when he got clobbered in Bedrock, he was absolutely convinced that this was going to be a very difficult—and Bedrock's pretty far down—but he was convinced that this was not going to be an experience that he was going to survive, and he was determined to do so. I noticed that whereas in Soap Creek, which was the first *real* rapids—we tried to go through Badger on the side, and it didn't work (laughs)—at Soap Creek John said, "I'm going right down the middle, to hell with it." And I said, "Great, John, I'll take pictures." At Lava Falls, John said, "Bill,



John Daggett runs the gut at Lava

are we going to swim this?" I said, "I don't know about you, but I am." He said, "Great, I'll take pictures." (laughs) So the roles had slightly switched. But after Lava, of course there was no doubt in John's mind either—there wasn't anything left. And in between, we had a lot of fun. I mean, some of those rapids were just a barrel of laughs for us, except for the cold water. For the most part, after Soap and a few below Soap, and after Hance, we didn't really have too much doubt, and we felt we really knew what we were doing. We couldn't get out and scout all the rapids. We scouted Lava, we scouted Upset only because we camped there. We scouted Hance, and I think we scouted Nankoweap, because it was a different sort of rapids to us, and we weren't quite sure what we were facing at a big delta-like Nankoweap. But I don't think we scouted anything after that, that I can recall. We got to study those side canyons pretty carefully, and I don't know whether you guys have that experience, but we sure learned that. You can look at those side canyons, and study the angle at which they're coming in, and the depth and the width of the canyons, and listen to the roar, and you get a *splendid* idea of what's coming up before you can see it. And of course we couldn't see the rapids from our eye-level view, until we were right on the brink.

Could you maneuver in them very good?

When you're pushing two rubber boxes a foot-and-a-half square or so, and you've got a pair of swim fins, in still water how fast can you move? That's how fast you can move in river water. You're only going to move sideways, you're not going to swim back upstream and slow the flow down. So you're only going to move sideways. But we'd started off with a theory, which we clung to, developed back in Los Angeles, and I, to this day, think

it's very valid. I can remember one discussion that went something like this: The human body is a very flexible thing, and if we continue to maintain our flexibility, we will go with the flow of the water. The water does not hit rocks "thump!," it gets a cushion of water ahead of it, and the laminar flow upstream from the rock is several feet away from the rock. It flows around the rock. You can see this in the ocean, you can see it in any river, you can see this in your *bathtub*. This is the way water operates. And we felt that the human body—unlike a boat which is hard and doesn't have much of itself in the water, comparatively—a boat can *hit* a rock, but we didn't think a human being would hit one. And we didn't hit any, except the two times... John hit Harding only because he let his bags go around one side, and he went around the other; and in Bedrock. Anybody can hit Bedrock, as you probably know. You catch that wave wrong, and you get bumped. He didn't get bumped hard, but he got bumped right in his coccyx and it hurt like heck for a long time. He wasn't able to sit down for two or three days. But he wasn't seriously injured, he was just a little frightened, because that was the first rock that had really bit him, since Harding. I got a few ankle bruises and a few things like that, and so did he, but we never really hit anything *hard*. We didn't expect to. One of the purposes of those boxes, the way we... We thought of a lot of different things to carry our gear, a lot of alternatives: We thought of air mattresses and inner tubes, and a *whole* lot of things. And when we saw the river boxes, we realized *they* were really what we wanted, because we could make *them* flexible too by just maneuvering them, and they would go with the flow.

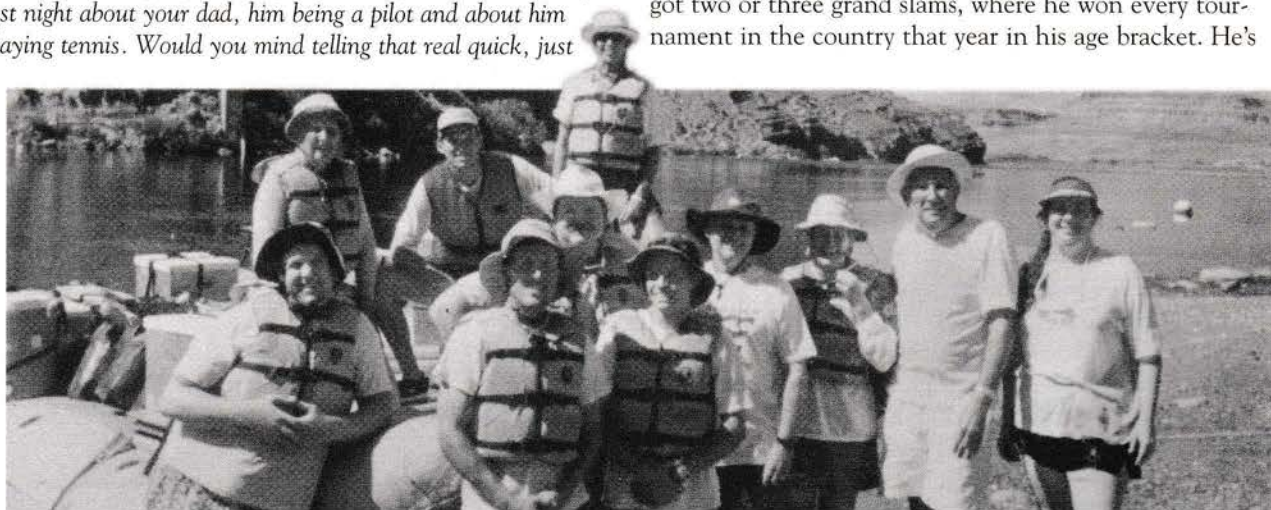
But this was the first river you'd ever run, and you never even saw the Grand Canyon?

Never seen the Grand Canyon.

Okay, now, just to fill in the gaps for somebody that wasn't there, to put you into perspective, you told me a story last night about your dad, him being a pilot and about him playing tennis. Would you mind telling that real quick, just

because...

Oh, my father's very famous (laughs) in a small world. He's the most successful senior tennis champion in the world. He was a Pan-Am pilot, had a fabulous record. He never scratched an airplane in thirty-odd years of flying. And when they retired him at sixty, which is compulsory, he was very upset, because he was in tremendous condition. He'd always been a tennis player. He'd carry his racket out and play a little bit of tennis here, but he'd never played in a tennis tournament—he'd never had time, tournaments were always scheduled and "I'm sorry, Captain Beer, you've got to fly to Midway" or someplace. So he decided to take up tennis seriously. He didn't want to go make money. Father is not a person who goes and makes money, you know. He could have gone into real estate and done all kinds of things, but he decided hell with it, he wanted to play tennis—and ski. He built a cabin for himself at Squaw Valley, which he still has. Well, he wasn't at it for very long before he became very good, began winning tournaments all over the place. Now you have to understand something about Dad: We used to tease him about being the only man in the world that couldn't open the front door and step out without thinking of the thirty-two possible things that could happen. And that makes a good flier. He's also very thorough about his tennis. He went out and bought a tennis ball machine. He belonged to a tennis club, and he made a deal with this tennis club to take his tennis ball machine out there. He'd get up at six o'clock in the morning and he'd hit a thousand balls before breakfast. So he became very good at tennis—doesn't *look* very good, but boy, if you get the ball near him, he puts it away, I'll tell you! And so he began winning, and now he's compiled more than seventy—I think his last number is seventy-one or seventy-two—national championships in the various seniors categories. [He] started, I think his first one was in the sixties, and then the sixty-fives, and so on. He's got two or three grand slams, where he won every tournament in the country that year in his age bracket. He's



Beer family trip, 1994 Upper left: Father, son Ben; Right: Bill himself, daughter Barrie

been inducted into the Tennis Hall of Fame in Northern California, and I'm sure he'll wind up in wherever that one is back east before too long. They don't have any more tennis tournaments at his age bracket now, except the National Nineties, which is an invitational tournament.

He's ninety years old right now?

He's ninety-one now. And he'll be playing there two weeks from now, and I'm going to fly up to Orlando and get him in practice, play a little bit with him, and shape him up so he can beat those other young kids of ninety. We took him down the river last year at ninety. Very conscientious man. Well, fun story... John and I did not let very many people know that we were going to do [the swim]. We felt that there would be some resistance to it. The cat got out of the bag the last couple of days before we left Los Angeles. But we didn't let our family or anything know. And when we wound up on the South Rim in another one of those fortuitous accidents, a series of which made me what I am today (chuckles), I felt it was incumbent upon me, since there'd been so much flack about it at that point, that I ought to call my family and let them know I really wasn't dead. (laughs) So they were having a wake. Everybody was gathered, commiserating with Mother and Dad—except my little sister and my little brother who were just absolutely determined that I wasn't dead, "You can't kill Bill, no way!" Father got on the phone and the first thing he said, "Well, how are you doing this? What's your [rationale]? What made you do this?" All he wanted to know was the details. Very typical of the man: *How do you do a thing? And he's still doing that today.*

While we're clarifying things, just for somebody that hasn't read the book, the thing that happened to John, at President Harding there's a big rock and a big hole there. What happened? Did he get sucked into that hole and thumped around a little bit?

Apparently the Harding Rock—and this makes sense, I haven't seen it, maybe you have—apparently the Harding Rock, being worked on all the time by the water, has gotten itself into some kind of a mushroom shape, like these standing rocks around here, you know? I say I don't *know* this for sure, but that's what we guess. I came into Harding first, and it looked very easy, and it *was* very easy. And I *think*, I'm not sure, I don't remember, but I think that I got awfully close to Harding, stuck my foot out and spun around and went on the right side of Harding, by just fending off with my flipped foot, just by sticking it up, you know, and doing that sort of thing. If I didn't, I swam awfully close to it, and just kind of paddled a little bit away from it, so as not to hit it. John, for some reason or other, at that point, had tethered his boxes on a lanyard, and was

separated from them and was swimming separate.

But there was a line he was holding onto?

Yeah, on his wrist and on the boxes.

Which he couldn't release.

When he went around the rock one side, and they went around the other side. Now John is a very strong guy, and he managed somehow or other, when he was underwater, knowing he was dead, to take those boxes and to pull them. He couldn't break the line, and he couldn't get it off his wrist, because it was already too tight. He managed to pull those boxes around against the current to his side of that rock and pop to the surface and came on down the river. But in the meantime, he'd gotten cut up pretty badly. You know, at his knuckle he had bone showing. I was going to stitch it, we did have some thread, and he didn't want me to stitch it. So we put a splint on it, made a splint, and you'll see in the movie tonight, even way down the river in the little campsite in the fluting, he's still wearing that splint, because if you bend the knuckle, it's going to tear it open, and we wanted to keep it so it wouldn't. So he swam a good part of the river with a splinted finger.

How long did the trip take you?

We were twenty-six days. We were three nights off the river. The night we spent at Bright Angel, we did swim down from—I guess we swam about seven to ten miles down to Bright Angel, and then climbed the Kaibab Trail. So we really swam that day. Then we spent two nights off the river at Havasu. We swam fairly far—I don't remember exactly how far—to Havasu Creek, and then climbed to Mooney Falls. Couldn't figure out how to get above Mooney Falls, so we camped at the foot of Mooney Falls—it was dark anyway. And then we walked up to Havasu the next day, discovering the trail through Mooney—by the debris is how we discovered it, by the people debris we found. "Oh, look at all these cigarette butts—there must be some way through here."

There were cigarette butts in 1955?"

Yeah, below Mooney. The litter from hikers—it was only hikers, obviously—litter from hikers is how we found the entrance at the bottom of the trail up through Mooney. And then we went to Havasu and we were by this time kind of beat up. My feet were badly swollen, and John's were swollen somewhat, so we elected to spend a night in Havasu. In fact, the Indian Agent gave us the government guest house to spend the night. We spent the night in a bed (laughs) in the government guest house there. And then we walked back down the next day and swam below Havasu.

Were you pretty whupped at the end of the trip?

Physically, did you come out stronger than when you went in?

Yeah, when we came out of that river we could have whipped our weight in mountain lions! (laughs) We couldn't believe the kind of condition we were in. Well, I mean, even at Kaibab, I think we swam, as I say, eight or so miles that day, something like that. And then we climbed the Kaibab. I put it down in the book, my memory has now slipped me. We climbed the Kaibab in a very short time, three-and-a-half hours—does that sound about right?

I fell apart near the top, John just kept right on going. He just kept right on chugging. He said, "Bill, if I stop, I'm not going to be able to start again, so I'm going to keep going. And if you don't show up, I'm going to send help for you. Bye." (laughs) And there I was, the last maybe eight hundred feet or something, falling down every few steps, and I'd either fall into mule manure or snow, because there was snow, and either one of them would wake me up, and I'd get back on my feet and stagger a few more steps. I was *really* suffering. I didn't think I was going to make it, but I did, and it was dark, and kind of fun, because ha-ha-ha John looked so disreputable that he had to walk all the way to Bright Angel, and I got a ride—I hitchhiked a ride. (laughs) I arrived more refreshed than he was!

On subsequent trips with Marston, I swam a number of rapids. I did Lava Falls twice one trip: swam it and walked back and swam it again. And one trip I did Lava Falls with no boxes. I don't remember that now. People were taking movies of it, and Marston may *have* movies of it in his archives. I don't have copies of that. But it's kind of interesting, because I discovered that swimming Lava, particularly, without the boxes, was if anything, a little more difficult than with.

You can't swim successfully with your arms and keep your head out of the water and see where you're going. If you're going to do any maneuvering in a rapids, you've got to get a glimpse now and then, and that's what a swimmer does, is only gets a glimpse now and then.

Why'd you swim it twice that time? Lava. Why would you go back and do it again?

I don't remember, I was having fun, I think. I liked it.

When you entered, which side did you take?

You go down the middle. When I was.... Go right down the middle of the tongue.

Well, down the tongue, but you know the ledge in the middle of Lava Falls? Was it there? We think of it as a big ledge that drops straight off. You don't want to get in that, do you? Big, sharp, steep, nasty.

But you have to understand something: That which flips a boat doesn't bother a swimmer. We don't care about waves. They don't hurt us.

Well, this is a hydraulic, where the water sucks back, you know.

Yeah, sure. Sure, I got in that and rolled around and came out. It's no big thing. I've been in bigger waves in the Pacific Ocean. You go body surfing in Southern California or off the coast of Mexico, you're looking at waves that make that thing in Lava Falls look... Of course they're moving, and so they might possibly scrape you over a rock if you're not careful. But the only thing you have to worry about in a river rapids, in Lava you do have to worry about that little peninsula sticking out—what do you guys call that? Black Rock? You don't want to hit that, and you *could* hit that. You see the water washing up on that, you could get washed up on that. And so as we scouted Lava, and all the times I swam it, I scouted it and realized, all I gotta do is go down the tongue, never mind the hole, just get left enough to miss that rock. After that there's nothing else to it.

Well now in that photo it looks like you're pretty close to shore over there.

The photo on the book cover? That's John. I've swum it already, and I stopped down on the left side.

Well in that photo, is he not kind of far right?

Not too far—he missed the rock very nicely. I guess Briggs has that sequence in his movie. I think he took that. He's taking from the Black Rock. He's with the movie camera taking pictures of me, and I'm a lot closer to it than he gets. Now he's nervous, remember—he's been to Bedrock and he's been to Harding, and he looks at that Black Rock and he says, "I'm not going to hit that sucker!"

Now he wants to live.

He is swimming furiously to the left to miss that. And he does, he misses it nicely. That's a perfect run, as you can see in the still picture. I went down, got out on the left side, came back up with a still camera and took pictures of his run. And that, I got what I think is the best picture of the trip, is the one that's on the cover. You can see he's in great shape, he's doing fine.

Would you end up going underwater for long periods of time?

Sure. I was under in Lava for more than half the trip. You get thrown around a bit in a big rapid, sure. I think Lava was the *most* I was underwater. I don't remember which specific rapids—we went underwater a few times, but not seriously—even the Lava thing. I got under farther in Lava because of that hydraulic wave—it pushed me down—it pushed me down to where it got dark. Of course this is muddy water, and so you don't have to go very far down in muddy water before it gets dark. But I don't like being in dark water, and I was not

happy for a few seconds there, because I couldn't see the light. But I knew I had all the buoyancy in the world, and I knew that I was far enough left. See, what we did in those years—and I've got to remember to say this tomorrow night—what we did in those years that you guys don't do much of now, whenever we scouted a rapids, we had a wonderful opportunity to see how a swimmer would go through a rapids. We could throw driftwood in the water, and we must have thrown a half a cord of driftwood in (laughing) at Lava Falls.

Oh, you did, I'll be darned.

Sure. We did it at Soap too. Unlimited supply of driftwood. And often we didn't have to throw any, because there's stuff coming down. We could just watch that stuff.

But this is your first river trip ever, so you guys figured out how to read water right off the bat then?

Is it that hard?

Some people pick it right up.

I don't think it's a difficult thing to do. I mean, you look at it and you see what it does.

Some people see it pretty darned quick, and some people, it takes them a long time, and some never get it.

I don't know about other people. It's like I can't play the piano, and some people can sit down and play the piano, and I *marvel* at it.

It's real interesting to see somebody like you, such a hair-ball guy, come to this place with such a.... Where does the Canyon fit in for you, having had such a broad spectrum of experience?

Well, the Canyon was a major part of my life, and in fact, one of the reasons I went to the Virgin Islands was to get away from it. I wanted to be anonymous again. I was down there almost twenty years before anybody ever knew that I had swum the Grand Canyon. I'm the oldest charter skipper in the place, and I've been at it longer than anybody. I've probably got the longest track record of anybody in the world, sailing the same boat: thirty years I've been sailing that boat. And if I do say so, I'm not half bad at it! (chuckles) So I had a reputation which was entirely separate from the Grand Canyon, was not involved in the Grand Canyon, and I got free of



all takeouts should be this simple

the stigma of being one of those two guys, "one of those two nuts," sometimes, okay? Nobody likes being called a nut, even though maybe it's partly true. John and I don't consider ourselves nuts. We think we did something rationally and intelligently and successfully. I didn't used to be able to say that, because I wasn't old enough. And now I'm—as my father used to say—thank God I've reached the age where I can say anything I want and they just put it down as, "Okay, he can say it at his age." (laughs) But still, the Grand Canyon *has* to have been a major part of my life, because it was a major event that affected a lot of what I've done. I'm very proud of what we did—as you and everybody else is proud of anything you do that's successful. I've been fond of teaching my children and anybody else who'll listen that a great part of the happiness of any human being is measured by their accomplishments and nothing else. And accomplishment is not defined by somebody else, it's defined by yourself. You find an objective, you set a goal, you achieve it, and you're proud of yourself, and you're happy. It can be something as trivial as winning a set of tennis, or it can be something very significant like winning a Nobel Prize. Most of us are not in a category of human beings where a Nobel Prize is even an *option*, but what are options to us are the things that we take pride in having done. I take *pride* in what we did in the Grand Canyon. I think we did a damned fine job of doing what we set out to do. Not a very significant accomplishment, but it was ours.

But I did get a little tired of having only that attached to my name. It's like this weekend, that's all I am, I'm the guy that swam the Grand Canyon. "Oh, you do something else?!" (laughs) "What does your friend

John do? Does he do something else?" It's refreshing to be back to this again, but I couldn't take a steady diet of it.

Well, between you and the place, do you think about it, I mean, just as far as....

The Grand Canyon?

Yeah. You know, all that cosmic stuff.

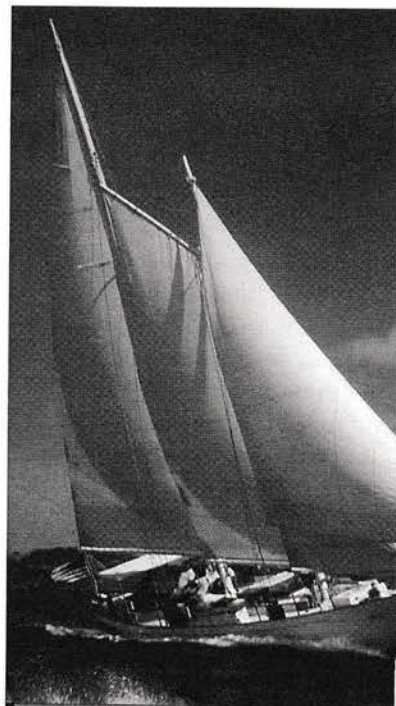
How can you talk about a thing like that?

It's hard to without sounding corny.

Of course. But to you and to these guys here, I don't have to say more than a few words, because everybody feels the same way. It has a profound effect on you for the rest of your life. I couldn't go back to the Grand Canyon last year—I went to the rim for the first time. I didn't go to the rim in 1985 when I went down with the kids. I went to the rim the first time, and I walked along that rim for a day, and I lived with all those ghosts. I mean, there was Dock Marston, there were all these other people. (emotionally) It affected me, it affects me now. It's a... Everybody has that feeling. You don't have to describe it to somebody who has it. I don't want to go back there again, because I don't want to get that feeling again. I don't want to see my ghosts. I will, probably, but I'm not going to go out of my way. It's tough coming here. The last time I was at Cliff Dwellers was with Dock and Margaret. People talk about Dock all the time, but Margaret was far more than half that team.

...You play the hand that's dealt you. That's a favorite saying of mine, "You play the cards that are dealt you." But I think my only philosophy of life, and I try to teach it to my children—I think I've succeeded in teaching them—what's to be afraid of?

Well, fear is a healthy thing, of course, when it's protecting you from something you shouldn't ought to do. But I think it's a truism, I didn't say it first, fear is something that comes from inside. It's almost always fear of the



Yacht True Love

unknown. You're not afraid if you *know* what's going to happen, in most instances. But a lot of people create too much fear for no reason, they're afraid to do something. I don't know whether they're afraid to fail—sometimes I'm sure that's the case. Or they're afraid they're going to get hurt, or they're afraid they're going to lose money or some other thing. But I think that you examine all the alternatives, try to be as accurate in predicting it, as careful in calculating what you *are* going to be able to do and what you're not going to be able to do, what the consequences are, and then damn the torpedoes—Go! You know, I mean, I want to take up ultralight flying. I'm not a flier, but everybody else in my family is. I'm fascinated with this thing, and I'm reading all the books I can on it. And I think that's another thing: If the other guy can do it, *you* can do it. (with emotion) It makes life much more fun. I mean, when I sold all our property and took our little baby girl and jumped in a sailboat and sailed to the Virgin Islands my mother was shocked! (chuckles) "What are you doing?! That little baby girl! Taking her out to sea!" But I was pretty sure I knew what I was doing. And we've had a very good life in St. Thomas, it's been very good, and a very worthwhile thing to do. Had a whole nother series of adventures, about which I'm not going to write a book.

Bill Beer's book "We Swam the Grand Canyon" is available at McGaugh's in Flagstaff. Highly recommended. You read it and right away you realize that even though the years may have softened it all to a rosy glow for Beer now, it wasn't easy. They had to be tough s.o.b.s to make it. The publicity aspect worked out a lot like it had for Powell and the first Nevills trip: they were reported lost to begin with, then miraculously returned from the dead. (The NPS looks great in this book, just in how they dealt with Beer and Dagget and the media glare- very cool, level-headed, smart.)

In the end, it may be that this episode was instrumental in opening up the river... If two guys could swim the whole damn thing and live, how hard could it be to get on a big old boat with Georgie White and go through there?

Bill Beer isn't one to overstate his case, though. He just goes and does it. He'll be back in Arizona when this issue goes to press, but may not have time to revisit the Canyon country this trip- might be too busy flying around down south in the new ultralight he's coming here to buy. Then he's gotta go north to tune up his dad for another tennis match...

Lew Steiger
Jeff Robertson



Tea Shirts

Tee Shirts. T-shirts. Whatever. We've still got some of our fabulous prize-winning 1996 GCRG shirts, both long and short sleeve. Designed by the fabulous, prize-winning Mary Williams, these shirts make lovely birthday, Christmas, Hanukah, New Years, Halloween, Thanksgiving and Columbus Day presents. Or use them as a special way to let that special someone know they're oh, so special.

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Oh, yeah—over here to the left is the multi-colored design on the back of your new shirt. And of course, down here below is the two-colored lapel design.

GRAND CANYON



RIVER GUIDES 1996

Announcements

Found

At Clear Creek, lunch, May 29th: Camera lenses, film, carrying bag. Call and describe and they're yours. PRO, 520/779-1512

American Red Cross Emergency Response Course

November 11-16. Contact Canyonlands Field Institute, Box 68, Moab, UT 84532. 800/860-5262 or 801/259-7750. They have a variety of courses throughout the year.

A Call to Artists

The Coconino Center for the Arts presents
HAUNTED BY WATER: ARTISTS OF THE RIVER
Opens November 1 - December 29, 1997

Purpose: A juried exhibit of contemporary works in all disciplines by river guides to demonstrate the diversity and artistic excellence in the river community.

Eligibility: Open to artists/river guides who are currently employed or have been employed in the past by an outfitter that operates on any river in the West.

Note: The Visual Arts Committee decided that since we have such a large exhibit area, to expand rather than be too focused.

For more information or to receive an entry form, please call Keye at the Coconino Center for the Arts at 520/779-6921.

Thanks to all: to Bruce McElya, Bill Beer and John Daggett for photos, to Tom Brownold for darkroom help, to all you writers who send us stuff. Printed with soy bean ink on recycled paper by really nice guys.

Wilderness First Aid Courses

Whitewater Advanced First Aid (Wafa) March 25 - 29, 1997 (5 days)
Cost: \$245

Wilderness Review Course March 21 - March 23, 1997 (2-1/2 days)
Prerequisite: must be current WFR, WEMT, or Wafa
Cost \$145

Place: Albright Training Center, Grand Canyon National Park South Rim
Lodging: Cheap at Mather Campground, \$26 per person per night at Albright cabins
Meals: On your own; small kitchen in each Albright cabin
Both classes include CPR certification

Class sizes are strictly limited. Guides and private boaters welcome. Send your \$50 *nonrefundable* deposit with the application below to Grand Canyon River Guides to hold a space. All courses are already filling, so act now.

Circle One: Wafa		Review Course
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Address	_____	
City	State	Zip
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Guiding since	# Trips	Type of current first aid
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Area Businesses Offering Support

A few area businesses like to show their support for GCRG by offering discounts to members. Our non-profit status no longer allows us to tell you how much of a discount they offer, as that is construed as advertising, so you'll have to check with them. Thanks to all those below.

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Canyon Supply Boating Gear 505 N. Beaver St. Flagstaff	520/779-0624	Terri Merz, MFT 1850 East Flamingo Road #137 Las Vegas, NM 89119 Individual/Couples/Family counselling. Depression/Anxiety	702/892-0511
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Chums/Hellowear Chums and Hello clothing. Call Lori for catalog	800/323-3707	Snook's Chiropractic 521 N. Beaver St. #2, Flagstaff	774-9071
Mountain Sports river related items 1800 S. Milton Rd. Flagstaff	779-5156	Fran Rohrig, NCMT, Swedish, Deep Tissue, & Reiki Master	527-0294
Aspen Sports Outdoor gear 15 N San Francisco St, Flagstaff	779-1935	Dr. Mark Falcon, Chiropractor 1515 N.Main, Flagstaff	779-2742
River Rat Raft and Bike Bikes and boats 4053 Pennsylvania Ave. Fair Oaks, CA 95628	916/966-6777	Five Quail Books—West River books 8540 N Central Ave, #27, Phoenix	602/861-0548
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When Do We Get To Beaver Falls?

Ever had anyone ask you that question when you're already there, looking right at it? Well the correct answer to the question is, "1907."

Some time after this 1907 Kolb photo of Beaver Falls, probably in the great flood of 1910, the waterfall was scoured down to something like the cascades we see today.

The history of the spectacular deposition and erosion of travertine in Havasu Canyon, with many remarkable pictures, is told in a new report, *When the Blue-green Waters Turn Red*, by Ted Melis, William Phillips, Bob Webb and Donald Bills.

(U.S. Geological Survey, Water-Resources Investigations Report 96-4059.)

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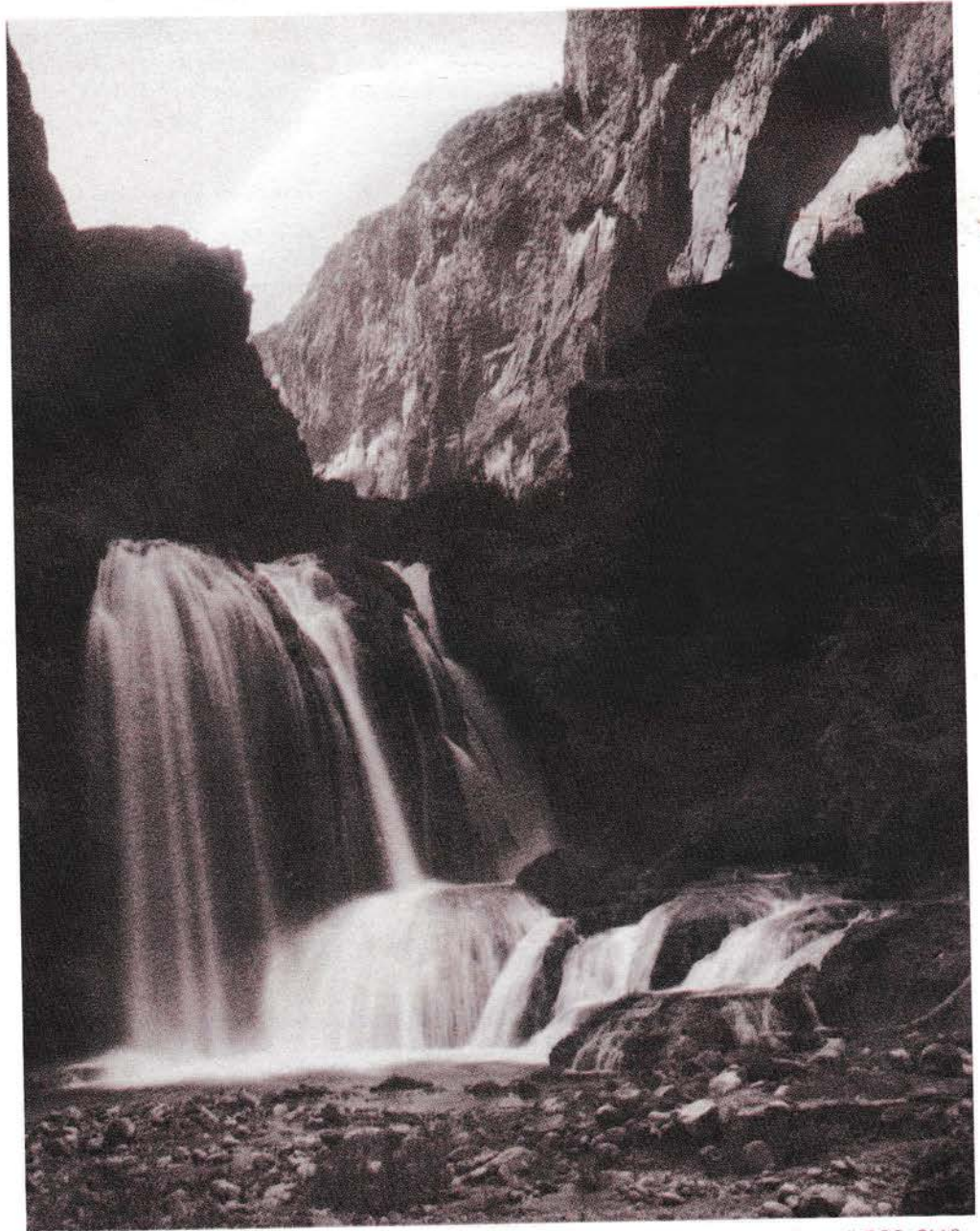
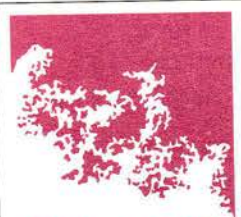


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