

THE GRAND CANYON River Runner

Number Ten

preserving public access to the Colorado River

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"EARLY MORNING VISHNU"
PHOTO © DAVE ELSTON

Court Affirms NPS CRMP Rejects RRFW Appeal

On February 1, 2010, the U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled in favor of the National Park Service, affirming two earlier Federal court decisions supporting the 2006 Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP).

In doing so, the Court rejected a wide range of claims by River Runners for Wilderness (RRFW) that the CRMP should be found "unlawful and set aside."

In a lengthy and detailed decision, the Court ruled that the CRMP had not been developed in an arbitrary or capricious manner. It found that the NPS had adequate information in hand to justify its findings and the resulting CRMP. It also ruled that a variety of statutory and regulatory requirements had been met in the way the CRMP had been formulated.

A primary thrust of the RRFW effort was to remove motorized boats from the river corridor. The court responded that the motor issue was outside its jurisdiction, "The court's task is not to make its own judgment about whether motorized rafts should be allowed in the Colorado River Corridor. Congress has delegated that responsibility to the Park Service."

RRFW asserted that "the Park Service failed entirely to determine that the types and levels of commercial services authorized by the 2006 Management Plan are necessary and appropriate." The judges disagreed citing numerous examples of the processes of determination employed by the NPS.

Specific sections of the ruling also affirmed the method of allocation between private and commercial boating interests. RRFW charged that allocation between commercial and non commercial users "is inequitable and thus limits the free access of members of the public." To which the Court found the nearly 50/50 split of user day allocation to be fair. The Justices went on to note, "More generally, Plaintiffs tend to characterize the dispute as one between commercial companies and private citizens. This is not the true nature of the issue." Adding this clarification, "The basic face-off is not between the commercial operators and the non-commercial users, but between those who can make the run without professional assistance and those who cannot."

RRFW also challenged the NPS findings regarding the impact of boating-related noise in the GC river corridor.

To which the Court responded "if a cumulative analysis were to result in the elimination of all sounds that can be eliminated by the Park Service — in this case, all sounds other than aircraft over-flights, which are not within the jurisdiction of the Park Service — then all human activity in the Park would be eliminated."

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JOIN GCRRA

Have you experienced a fantastic commercially outfitted trip down the Colorado River? Are you planning to have one in the future? Do you think that the opportunity to see Grand Canyon from river level should be available to everyone, even if they do not have the skill or strength to row their own boat? Did you know that the Park Service can change its management plan, including adjusting the number of visitors and kinds of trips permitted, from time to time? If you care about these issues, GCRRA speaks for you, with the Park Service and in the courts, helping preserve your opportunities to participate in a commercially outfitted river trip. Have your voice heard! Join us today! MEMBERSHIP REPLY ENVELOPE INCLUDED WITH THIS ISSUE. Visit our website : gcriverrunners.org to learn even more!

Membership includes half-yearly issues of the beautiful Grand Canyon River Runner newsletter. GCRRA is a 501(c)3 organization that has donated a portion of membership dues to Grand Canyon related causes, over \$11,000 as of November, 2009.

(CONT. FROM PG. 1) The Court specifically noted the favorable impact on the process, of cooperation between previously contending interests (represented by Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association, the Grand Canyon River Outfitters Association, the Grand Canyon River Runners Association, and American Whitewater).

See the full decision here:
<http://www.ca9.uscourts.gov/datastore/opinions/2010/02/01/08-15112.pdf>

RRFW may appeal the decision of the 9th Court of Appeals to the Supreme Court. GCPBA attorney Lori Potter states, "RRFW may, if it so chooses, file a petition asking the U.S. Supreme Court to hear the case. The Supreme Court does not have to hear the case. In fact, it chooses to accept something less than 1% of the cases it is petitioned to take." Ms. Potter continued, "Today's denial from the Court of Appeals is likely the last word from any court on the CRMP."

Material summarized by Richard Martin, co-founder and past President, Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association.

GRAND CANYON RIVER HERITAGE COALITION

GCRRA Joins With Other Canyon and Historical Organizations

The Grand Canyon River Heritage Coalition is a newly formed group of organizations and individuals dedicated to supporting and advocating for the proposed Grand Canyon River Heritage Museum at Grand Canyon National Park's South Rim Village. Sitting on the Executive Committee of the Coalition are representatives of the Coalition of NPS Retirees, Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association, Grand Canyon River Guides, Grand Canyon River Outfitters Association, Grand Canyon River Runners Association, Grand Canyon Trust and the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

The Coalition and its partners, the National Park Service and the Grand Canyon Association, have already begun work to help bring this exciting museum proposal to life. Identified for refurbishment and refitting as a museum space is one of the Park's principal historic buildings. The Laundry building is in a prime location just south and across the railroad tracks from the Bright Angel Lodge.

Eventually the museum will provide a permanent home for a rotating selection of boats from the Park's historic boat collection. Related artifacts and other historic materials will augment the boat display. The museum will also feature a theater and retail space. The museum will finally provide a link between the rim and the river while ensuring that this unique cultural material can be properly cared for while remaining accessible to the public.

The coalition is tasked with funding the many projects requiring completion before physical work on the Laundry building can begin. To that end the Coalition's website, www.gcrivermuseum.org, includes a growing collection of information about the Coalition's work, about the boats and the museum, and about the history of river running through Grand Canyon. There is a Donations button on the website should you wish to contribute to the Coalition's efforts to preserve and display the rich history of the Colorado River in Grand Canyon.



PHOTO © MARI CARLOS



PHOTO © MARI CARLOS

Will Wonders Never Cease?

Some while back I tried to come up with my personal Top 10 list for Grand Canyon, which we all know is impossible. After a while you sort of accept that Havasu Canyon is just paradise on earth, and maybe you let it get nudged down the list by something more ethereal, like seeing your camp swathed in moonlight so bright that you can read. I find that my list is not restricted to 10 any more than it can be preceded by the word 'top.' It changes daily, as something will spark a memory that instantly makes a chance encounter with a collared lizard rocket to the top of that day's list. Even so I like to try to put it down on paper now and again just as an exercise in ecstasy. So here is today's list, in no particular order.

Any waterfall that springs from a vertical rock face. The first one that most of us see is Vasey's Paradise, and invariably it leaves an indelible impression. How can it be? Where does the water come from? Simple really - just like the river it seeks an outlet. Having percolated down through the layers until it reached an impermeable rock, it then begins searching sideways until it worms its way through the last shell of cliff wall and bursts forth as Vasey's, the source of Deer Creek, or Thunder River. Loren Eiseley said that there is magic in water, and nowhere is this more evident than in Grand Canyon's cliff face waterfalls.

First time at the Little Colorado. An astute guide asked all of us to close our eyes before we could see what lay just around the bend. Then, as we continued to drift near shore, she asked us to put one hand in the water. When each of us had felt the temperature change she allowed us to open our eyes to a stunning new world. I was especially stunned because I thought I knew all there was to know about the Little Colorado. Repeat trips across the bridge at Cameron had revealed either mud flats, desert or chocolate soup-colored flows. But this - pale turquoise waters that I had encountered only once before as glacial runoff in New Zealand - seemed misplaced, as if someone was playing a trick on us. An unlucky few pass the confluence when the Little Colorado is flowing muddy and red, reason enough for a return visit.

The Great Unconformity. I can both see and hear Blacktail as I write this - the cobbles scunching underfoot as otherwise silent walkers wind respectfully back into its narrows. The tightly spaced Tapeats ledges overhead allow scant ambient light to filter through, adding a sense of mystery. But the mystery is real, although the geologists have provided us with some answers. Here the Tapeats sits incongruously on top of the Vishnu schist, you can span it with your own hand. In that simple act of placing your palm half on the Vishnu and half on the Tapeats you jump from rock now measured at 1.8 billion years of age to rock that is a mere 550 million years old. Almost unbelievably over 1 billion years of rock has gone missing. The enormity of this simple fact fills me with wonder year after year, and every time I walk into Blacktail Canyon I feel the cloak of the geologic epochs and eras settle softly about my shoulders.

Serendipitous encounter with a collared lizard. This was the engaging little creature who prevented me from hiking Saddle Canyon. I had paused to let a few folks pass me on the trail and to let their dust settle before changing lenses for some scenic shots. When I turned and set my pack on a rock I sensed that I was not alone. He was there, just above me, almost touching distance. He eyed me cautiously, but did not flee. Instead he cocked his head as I slowly raised my camera, and then posed shamelessly as the giant eye followed his every move. He was my subject for nearly 20 minutes and still rates as the prettiest lizard I have ever encountered.

Storm at Deer Creek. We were actually camped above Tapeats Creek, hoping that the gathering storm would miss us. Tents sprouted like large mushrooms as a precaution, and throughout the late afternoon we all kept a wary eye downstream. I climbed the trail a short distance above our camp and settled in to watch the weather unfold. The vista changed by the minute with occasional laser beams of sunlight stabbing through a weakness in the clouds. Rain was falling on the peaks and plateaus down toward Deer, but the storm moved restlessly back and forth across the Canyon, never settling for long in one place. The light play on Tapeats Rapid below me, as well as the gray-out of the peaks as the storm hit them, almost kept me from dinner.

Cascading Bighorn. We were camped in the Tapeats somewhere near Blacktail. There was a sizable niche carved out of the sandstone at the back of our camp that extended down to within 30 feet of the sand. At breakfast someone noticed Bighorn on the upper ledges, and soon we were all mesmerized by their migration. The small herd consisted of a ram and a few adolescents, but mostly ewes and lambs. They were headed upstream and our presence near their chosen course was proving problematic. They show so little fear of us when we pass in our boats that it is somewhat surprising that they are so very much more cautious when we are land folk, but the ram tested us thoroughly before deciding that he could lead his harem past. After hopping down a succession of ledges, long minutes of scrutiny between each hop, he finally decided that we posed little threat and so completed his journey to the bottom of the gully and then as smooth as silk he was up the other side. There he turned and beckoned silently to the others, who came slowly at first, then began to move as one, flowing down one side and up the other as smoothly as mercury.

National Canyon. Near the end of the trip sometimes thoughts turn prematurely to hot showers and airplanes home. I prefer to keep those thoughts at bay and to stay in the Canyon as long as possible. National is always a delightful place to let thoughts turn inward again, prolonging the moment, keeping you firmly in the Canyon just a little bit longer. Smooth terraces harbor tiny waterfalls and distant reflections in gently moving pools. Birds, frogs and lizards appear and disappear. Tadpoles populate each pool, in every stage of development. The sound of moving water, though small, is amplified by the superb acoustics of this beautiful canyon, so that one never feels alone.

My Guides. You will see elsewhere in this issue that we are starting a new section entitled, "One of My Favorite Guides", such a dilemma! While you mull this over the GCRRA Board of Directors has started it off with a pair of their favorites, just to set the tone. I expect that many of our members will contribute their thoughts on this popular topic in River Runners to come. As for me, I couldn't whittle it down to less than a hundred. Folks like Drifter, Ed, Gel, Anthea, Jenny, Kristen, Alan, Shay, Howie, KatMac, Bill, Teddy, Lynn, Kevin, Alex, Jerry, Derek, Lorna, John'O, Jeff, Eric, Kyle, Teddy, BJ, Kristin, Randy, etc. etc. etc., have made every trip so special and successful, that to try to name only one is more than I can manage. I hope you have better luck.

See you downstream!

Mari Carlos, GCRRA President

There I was : a modern view of cataract boats

by Roy Webb

Even though the boats listed here are no longer in service, occasionally it's been possible to get a ride in one to see what it was like to "fish-eye" through a big rapid. In the 1980s, Dee Holladay of Holiday River Expeditions built a replica of one of Nevills' original cataract boats. It was named BOTANY and had the same dimensions as the original—I provided Dee with photographs and lists of materials from the Nevills archival collection at the University of Utah-- but also significant differences in materials and construction. The replica BOTANY used only ¼" standard plywood, for instance, instead of the ½" marine plywood that Nevills used, so it was considerably lighter and not nearly as sturdy. Dee only ran it on the Green and Yampa Rivers, never in the Grand Canyon or Cataract Canyon. I got to ride in it and even to row it on a number of trips, and was impressed by how maneuverable it was compared to an inflatable raft; when you pointed it in a certain direction and rowed, it went and went quickly. Another thing I remember was how choppy waves would slap up against the bottom of the boat, which acted as a sounding board; I wondered if Nevills had heard that same thing. I even tried "fish-eyeing" through a rapid in Desolation Canyon, but the boat had no load in it, so my weight on the deck overbalanced it and made it hard to row. But it was still a great experience.

Then in 1994 I was asked to go along on a Grand Canyon trip sponsored by the Bureau of Reclamation as part of the Glen Canyon Environmental Studies. Participating were "old-timers," people who had run the canyon for decades; the oldest had gone down with Nevills in 1938. Counting the crew, many of them veterans of hundreds of Grand Canyon trips, there was over three centuries of river running experience gathered on that one trip. Also along was an original cataract boat, the BONNIE ANNE, built by Jack Treece of Grand Junction, Colorado, in the 1950s. Brad Dimock, recidivist boatman, historian and author, had resurrected it from a garage, made it river-worthy, and brought it along. All went well until we reached the Inner Gorge; Bob Rigg, a 1950s boatman, was rowing, with Brad and Gene Shoemaker. Bob got crosswise in Grapevine Rapid and promptly flipped it. We caught them and righted the boat, and then went on down to the head of Granite Rapid, where we stopped for lunch. Afterwards, as we got ready to go, everyone

seemed to scoot away from the BONNIE ANNE, leaving Brad to ask, rather plaintively, "Doesn't anyone want to ride with me?" I was a little leery of a swim in Granite, but being a historian isn't all archives and books; sometimes you have to walk the walk too, so I said I would. I got down in the cockpit behind Brad and held on through a wild, wet ride down the right side of Granite, up against the cliff. What an exhilarating rush; after years of going in motor rigs and nice, sturdy inflatable rafts, to be next to that wall in a wooden cockleshell of a boat was something I had never experienced. But more was to come: Hermit Rapid, the biggest waves in the entire canyon, with a legendary exploding 5th wave at the bottom that has been known to toss rafts into the air. Even Nevills never used to run Hermit, choosing to line his boat along the shore. As we drifted the few miles down to the head of Hermit, Brad kept muttering to himself, "I don't want to swim again. I'm going to cheat it off to the side." Being little more than ballast, I could only say, "whatever you want to do, Brad, is fine with me!" He kept saying the same thing over and over until we got right to the point of no return at the top of the rapid, when he suddenly said, "Ah, @\$% it! Let's go for it!" And we did, right down the middle of the towering, ocean-sized waves, dropping down down down into a trough, then climbing up up up to the top of the next one, me gripping the ropes inside the cockpit, Brad at the oars, both of us yelling at the top of our lungs. The river gods smiled at our bravado, and we passed over the 5th wave with no explosions and coasted out into the tailwaves, hoarse from shouting, pounding each other on the back. It was without a doubt one of the most amazing rides I've ever had in over 30 years of running rivers.

Today's passengers can also get a taste of what it was like to ride in a cataract boat; Norm Nevills' grandson Greg Reiff has had the SANDRA, one of the second set of boats built by Norm himself, faithfully restored and accompanies selected Canyoneers Grand Canyon trips. For more information, contact Canyoneers at 800-525-0924 (outside AZ) or 928-526-0924 (inside AZ), e-mail answers@canyoneers.com, or go to the Canyoneers' website at <http://www.canyoneers.com/>

And that's no lie.



BRAD DIMOCK AND THE AUTHOR IN HERMIT RAPID - NAU CLINE LIBRARY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AND ARCHIVES



BRAD DIMOCK EXPLAINING WITH THE AUTHOR AT THE OARS - NAU CLINE LIBRARY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AND ARCHIVES

AT THE *Confluence* OF LIFE AND TIME

by Katie Lee and Richard Martin

The finding of a fragment of an airliner wing in the Grand Canyon reawakened the memories of a little boy. I was shocked and fascinated by a twist of fate that led to the greatest air disaster the world had yet experienced, in those fresh days of the mid 1950's. How could such a thing have happened? Over the Grand Canyon?

Curiosity led me to the Cline Library on the campus of Northern Arizona University. Diane Grua, librarian, cheerfully explains the operation of the library's microfiche newspaper reading device and offers advice as to where to look. I pore over three weeks' worth of Flagstaff's Arizona Daily Sun, many with headlines announcing with enthusiasm the imminent beginnings of the construction of both the Glen Canyon Dam on the Colorado River and Navajo Dam on the San Juan River, each a part of a much larger project to nourish the parched, needy west with water and power.

I chose the Arizona Daily Sun, instead of the major national newspapers because this was more than just a world story, it was a Flagstaff story, local news covered by a small local daily paper that sent the first photos around the world, wrote the first news releases, and reported its exclusive with professionalism and pride . . . and with sadness, for this story touched the hearts of Northern Arizona.

June 30, 1956 – Saturday.
Los Angeles, California.

Only four minutes separated the takeoff of United Flight 718, a DC 7 with 58 aboard, and TWA Flight 2 with 70 passengers and crew. Both were to fly nearly identical routes to their separate Midwestern destinations.

On board the quickly accelerating United 718, passengers peering out of their windows probably noticed the waiting TWA on the tarmac. A Lockheed Super Constellation, three tall tails. White, curving fuselage. Four engines. The "Star of the Seine." A beautiful craft.

The hot Arizona summer morning found a thunderstorm gathering over the Grand Canyon. The United flight, about to pass over the Grand Canyon, radioed Salt Lake City to report it was gaining altitude in order to "fly on top of the clouds." The Salt Lake tower acknowledged and warned of the TWA airliner passing thousands of feet directly below.

Then the thunderstorm and fate convened. Suddenly the DC 7 plunged downward connecting with TWA Flight 2, slicing the Constellation's tail off and ripping the United's wing away.

Both planes hurtled into the canyon. United 718 crashed into



the river. Major portions of the Constellation came to rest on Lava Chuar Butte. No one survived. "The worst air disaster in the history of the world occurred over Arizona's wasteland . . ." reported the Arizona Daily Sun. The unthinkable had occurred. A midair collision in the once limitless wide-open skies had occurred over the seemingly endless wide-open spaces of the Grand Canyon.

Noting that the tragedy occurred over sacred lands, the confluence of the Colorado and the Little Colorado Rivers, both the Hopi and Navajo Tribes held twenty-four hour prayer vigils for the victims. The Flagstaff post office gathered up the one hundred or so air mail letters that survived the crash, reposted them and sent them onto their destinations. Every Flagstaff business closed on the day the remains of the 128 reluctant visitors were buried in the community's public cemetery.

I related the story of my discovery to Katie Lee. As I told her my story, she reached up onto a bookshelf, pulling down a journal and opened it up and started reading. We wanted to share it with you.

JULY 13, 1956 - FRIDAY - Mile 61 / Katie Lee's River Journal

. . . below here is what I came on the trip for . . . other than just to be on the river, that is . . . the Little Colorado is at mile 61 . . . also we began looking for the plane wreckage of the terrible head on that took place ten days ago. We saw bits and pieces of the wing and a wheel from the landing gear, part of the tail assembly . . . but couldn't see where the plane had hit on Chuar Butte . . .

Remember when I'm along, the little C is Blue . . . that's always the big question. . . First boat goes ahead and yells the good (or bad) news to the rest, "IT'S BLUE" was my clarion call . . . And when I say that I don't need to say any more because you can't in any way describe the incredible beauty of this deeply hued water . . . Almost opaque with the travertine deposits it carries . . . It was the bluest of the turquoise . . . The intense'est of the aquas...the indigo of the sky is almost a contrast to it they are so startlingly different in color . . . and the water seems alive with the froth of joy and sound of earth. The bay where the powerboat had gone in three years ago was shallow and choked over with a sand bar . . . but it was still blue and long and met the big Colorado in a swirl of resentment at being swallowed up in the "Muddy Maylay." The Indians have a nice story for this, they say it goes under the big Colorado . . . and doesn't mix with it at all! There were two big lagoons. . . the one I went down to on the other side of the sandbar was very deep and isolated from the upper by a large island . . . the one that had formerly been the

rock bar which the powerboats had to miss . . . Long expanses of untouched sand . . . Lying in waves . . . Oyster white and isolated from and rising out of a blue bed of Crystal . . . Gina really digs this place and of course Reet has parted with her skull completely. We walked up stream, and I showed Gin and Reet the colors in the banks when you put your arm down . . . The soft greys, maroon, salmon, white, blue, blue-black silts that made a rainbow of your arm when you pulled it up. When I get into this water I just can't get out, that's all. I could freeze in there and never know it was happening if the water were really cold, but it's just right . . . I suppose I took three rolls of film here . . . no reason not to. God! 'What a fabulous sight . . . The water in '53 must have been all of four feet higher . . . We came into the lagoon a long way before docking, I remember. I left the rest of them and headed for the lower lagoon . . . Gina and Reet stayed up stream of the fork and took pictures . . . Obscured from the vision of the others who were either asleep under the rocks or looking at the plane wreckage. I did as I have wanted to do for the entire trip and can't . . . off with the bathing suit to swim as God intended . . . roll in the sand . . . Feel the wind on my skin, soft and delicate . . . To hell with death . . . this is LIFE . . . And since they had to die, all those people in the plane, they couldn't have picked a more heavenly spot . . . though I'm sure some of their relatives wouldn't agree. Some night here . . . on a moonlit night I'm going to swim this lagoon . . . that will be some other year and the plans for the trip will have to be altered some, but when this place is blue, there is no earthly reason for leaving it after a couple hours stay . . . it's too much to see and no time is too long for it . . . there should be a camp here . . . all night and half a day . . . a sunset camp and a morning . . . and if I don't do another thing this summer, I'm going to have to convince Frank that leaving here so quickly is the biggest mistake of the year . . . Why don't we hike up and see the springs? I've heard it is three miles and I've heard 18 . . . Which is it? Let's go and see, it isn't the passengers who crawl under the rocks and wait for something to happen . . . it's the boatmen, The passengers just need something to do so hike "arredy," You'll never see anything like this as long as you live . . .

We had lunch and then left, I am riding with John today who is leading. We took the glasses from Frank and tried to see the mark the plane had left, and as we came down over Little Colorado Rapid we saw the black mark sprawled over the top of Chuar Butte . . . Gad! What a mess . . . and there was more below of the TWA plane, the other was United. I took some pictures, but you'll never be able to see anything without a telephoto lens. So who wants pictures like that anyway? I come down here to forget there are such things as aeroplanes and wars and atom bombs and people all bunched together in cities clawing at each other.

. . . 1100 AD, 1956, 1985, 1998 . . .

On a wind swept March, 1998, day, Helen and I purposefully wandered the foothill slopes of Chuar Butte at the confluence of the Little Colorado River and the Colorado. We were looking for shards. The Little Colorado was dark brown with mud, and the Colorado was a deep green, forming a sharp line as the two currents joined together. We watched as one of our companion's boat straddled those colors. A beautiful picture.

I had urged Helen, an archaeologist by trade, to stop here. For days I had been promising her a rich bed of broken pottery.

In 1985 several of us had "discovered" a large black pot, perhaps a thousand years old, as we climbed around on the low, pocked cliff face, near the river. Poking our heads into

wind-created holes, suddenly our friend Jessie announced, "Wow, a pot!" And there it was, lying on its side, one small chip out of the rim. A simple and solid link to the thousands of years of life that has passed this river confluence's way. The ancients. The Hopi, The Navajo, The Spanish, Native Americans, Imported Americans. Americans. A parade of peoples.

Shards were proving to be elusive. On that day there were none to be found. We went from hilltop to ridge, my memory seeing always the orange and black fragments I had left behind thirteen years before. Helen, a good sport, didn't seem to mind, and confessed she'd always wanted to stop here and check things out. She personally knew the pot we had discovered. The NPS, upon hearing of the find had helicoptered the pot up to the Science Center on the South Rim, where Helen once worked, to be studied. It had stood on a work table for a number of years. Now it is in storage, in a box, far from home, waiting . . .

Life is a most powerful force, and sometimes the voices of lives past wait patiently to shout out their messages. I felt really disappointed and frustrated with my failure to produce the elusive shards, when I heard Helen announce that we should move on back to the boat. I found myself wandering up just one more arroyo. Your feet know the way. No longer looking, simply wandering. Suddenly a sharp cry from the past. My eyes fixed upon an artifact I could not have imagined. The wingtip from one of the airliners involved in the 1956 mid-air collision. Smooth, big, perfect, white, rivets in place, just like new, ready to fly, except for the abrupt, ragged edge. As if torn apart by a cheap can opener. A twentieth century aluminum shard.

The startling discovery carried with it an equally startling vision. I could see and feel the confusion. What was once safe and whole had turned to chaos. I was a witness. In the face of tragedy, nothing is worse than the inability to help those in need. There was nothing I could do to help. The collision was simply an act of fate.

"Don't touch it, I don't even want to see this," Helen spoke, looking away and turning to return to the boat. I followed closely behind. The wind blew and it was very quiet, at the confluence of life and of time.



TAIL OF THE TWA CONSTELLATION AIRLINER FROM THE 1956 AIRCRASH. NOTE THE PROPELLER DAMAGE FROM THE COLLISION WITH THE UNITED DOUGLAS DC-7. TEMPLE BUTTE AREA, GRAND CANYON. COMPLIMENTS OF NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY, CLINE LIBRARY DIGITAL ARCHIVES

SOME OF OUR FAVORITE GUIDES

Panorama Photos by LeRoy Zimmerman



ED



JEFFE



DEE



JULES

When asked to choose a favorite guide in Grand Canyon I must admit the choice was simple. Tim Whitney, a 30 year veteran Grand Canyon guide, came to mind immediately; after all he is my husband. But that's only a small part of the reason. During the past 30 years Tim has shared his love and knowledge of the canyon with hundreds of passengers. But in Grand Canyon that is the norm not really the exception. As we all know being a guide in the canyon is about more than how you run a boat and in Tim's case he has taken his love of the canyon and expanded it to include his fellow guides. As a founding board member of Grand Canyon River Guides and past president of the Whale Foundation he has worked continuously on behalf of all guides in Grand Canyon both past and present. This has been and continues to be Tim's real gift, what sets him apart and what makes him my choice. — PAM WHITNEY



SAM

Paddle Captain Jeff Pomeroy will forever be one of my favorite Grand Canyon river guides, not just because he pulled me from the river but because of his constant cheerfulness, patience with out-of-sync and out-of-tune paddlers, sense of humor, skill and calmness when facing the maws of death. Well, the last might be an exaggeration, but you can be the judge of that. On my first oar/paddle trip in 2002 I was determined to be in the paddle boat for the Big Three - Hance, Crystal and Lava. There was no competition for the paddle boat for the first two and we had nearly flawless runs, thanks to Jeff's skillful leading and precise paddle commands. Even with out-of-sync paddlers, he could give precision commands that would place the boat exactly where he wanted it. But on the morning of Lava, I woke up with a feeling of uneasiness and foreboding. I decided I wouldn't mind not being in the paddle boat that day, but pride got the better of me. There were seven vying for six seats on the paddle boat, so names were placed in a hat, mine included. The first five names were called and did not include me, so I was starting to feel relieved. Name six, however, was mine and I could not back down since I had made it clear early on that I wanted to be in the paddle boat for Lava. We were the last boat to drop in on river right, with the oar boats having safely navigated the rapid and sitting safely for us. At the bottom of the drop, a 20-foot wall of white water, the right V wave, took me in its grip and plucked me out of the boat and into the water like a piece of driftwood. I was lucky enough to surface in front of the boat and grab the bowline, riding out the rapid mostly under the boat, but keeping my head above water enough to grab breaths. I had been invisible to Jeff and the paddle crew since I was below the bow during the rapid, but Jeff spotted me once we hit calmer water and, in one giant leap, bounded over the entire length of the boat to drag me out of the water. We both laughed together in the bottom of the boat out of sheer relief and emotional release. There will forever be a bond between us of swimmer and rescuer. Thanks, Jeff. — JAN TAYLOR



TOD



"CLOUD DANCE" © LEROY ZIMMERMAN



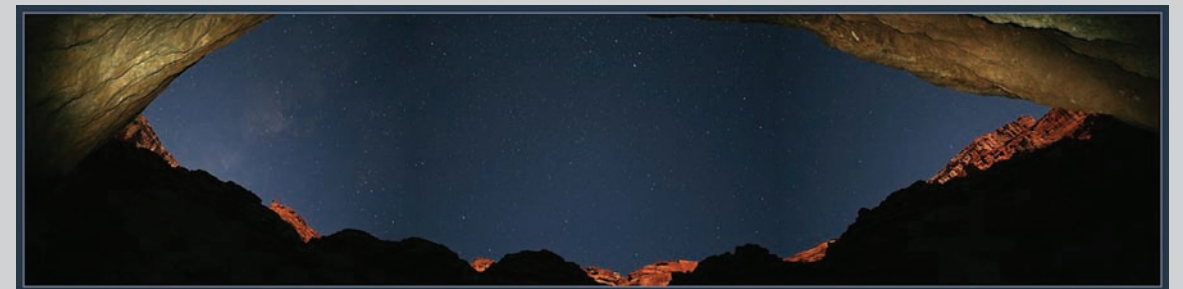
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facing your DANGER



LINING THE NORM COURTESY WESTERN GATEWAYS MAGAZINE 1966

by Roy Webb

The taut and sturdy inflatable rafts that river runners now enjoy only appeared after World War II, when surplus boats, their forerunners, became available in great quantities. Before that, if you wanted to go down any river, you went in a wooden boat. There were quite a few designs tried on the Green and Colorado, some more successful than others. Powell's boats were sturdy but ill-suited for rocks and rapids; Stanton's were similar but more poorly built, and their design cost lives. Then in the 1880s Nathaniel Galloway of Vernal, Utah, designed a light, flat-bottomed, maneuverable skiff that worked very well indeed, and was widely copied. The Kolb brothers used Galloway-style boats, as did Bus Hatch and his pards, on many trips before the end of the war. But by far the most successful, in terms of recognition, safety, numbers, consistency of design, and length of use, was the cataract boat, designed by Norman D. Nevills in the late 1930s. An original design, the standard cataract boat was made of marine plywood, about sixteen feet long by five feet wide by two feet deep, with a pronounced "rake" fore and aft, and a broad stern. Each boat weighed about 400 pounds empty. The boatman sat in the center on an enclosed bench, while the front and rear were covered over for storage of supplies and gear. They were not really watertight but were much better than an open boat; besides the covered storage, they added buoyancy and kept the boat upright. The boatman "faced the danger," facing the broad stern downstream, Galloway-style. There was really no provision for passenger seating; in calm water the passengers sat on the front and rear decks, while in rapids they either squatted on the deck behind the boatman, lay face down on the stern deck, clinging to ropes along the sides--known as "fish-eyeing," of which more later--or walked around the rapid altogether. At most, they could carry three passengers plus a boatman, but the usual load was less.

The first three cataract boats were the WEN, named for Norm's father, William E. Nevills; BOTANY, and MEXICAN HAT. They were

and was later lost in a flood. After extensive use, Norm decided to replace his fleet with three more boats, with very little change in design. These were the JOAN and SANDRA, named for his daughters, and the MEXICAN HAT II. After Norm's death in 1949, his successors, Jim Rigg and Frank Wright, took over Nevills Expedition, renamed it



PASSENGER 'FISH-EYEING' - NAUCLINE LIBRARY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AND ARCHIVES

Mexican Hat Expeditions, and continued using cataract boats. They added the NORM, DORIS, and MEXICAN HAT III to their fleet in the spring of 1950. Gaylord Staveley, who took over the company after marrying Joan Nevills, helped build the BRIGHT ANGEL in 1957, and tried a new approach with the CAMSCOTT, named for his two sons, in 1967. The CAMSCOTT follows the basic cataract boat design, but is one of a kind, being made of aluminum. It also had built-in seating for three passengers. The last use of the Mexican Hat Expeditions cataract boats was on a John Wesley Powell commemorative trip in 1969, after which they were retired and the company, renamed Canyoners, began to use inflatable boats. Of these boats, only the DORIS has not survived; the others are all in museums or in private hands.

Others saw Norm's design and liked it, and built their own cataract boats. One was THE LOPER, built by Don Harris and his new partner, Jack Brennan, in Salt Lake City in the winter of 1945-46. They used Don's MEXICAN HAT, one of the original three, as a model for THE LOPER and several other later boats. Don and Jack used their craft for a number of years of Harris-Brennan River Expeditions trips on the Green and Colorado. Don's neighbor, Wayne Nichol, a ski instructor at the Alta Ski Area, taught Don to ski; in return, Don took Wayne down the river. Later, when Wayne decided to build his own cataract boat, he named it in honor of his friend Don, using Don's first name: LAPHENE. Fred Speyer, manager of the lifts at the Alta, got interested in river running through Wayne's stories, and built his own boat, which he named the MAJOR POWELL. Don, Jack, Fred, Wayne, and others took many trips on the Green and Colorado all through the 1950s and 1960s. Al Morton, a filmmaker from Bountiful, Utah, wanted to film the river canyons so he built another cataract boat, the MOVIE MAKER, following the design of the MEXICAN HAT. Morton's daughter remembers that one time a Buick crashed into the garage in Bountiful, Utah, where the MOVIE MAKER was stored, pushing the boat through the wall of the garage. The MOVIE MAKER suffered no damage, but the garage was demolished.

On the upper river, A.K. Reynolds of Green River, Wyoming, saw Norm's boats at a launch ceremony in 1947, when Norm came there

to start a trip on the upper Green, and built two boats to Norm's design which he named the GALLOWAY and ASHLEY. He and his brother-in-law Mike Hallacy used these for trips on the upper Green for their company, Reynolds-Hallacy River Expeditions, later just Reynolds River Expeditions. After Al Morton left the river, he sold the MOVIE MAKER to A.K. Reynolds' friend C.C. "Lug" Larsen, who renamed it LODORE. Its ultimate fate is unknown. After the gates on Flaming Gorge Dam were closed in 1963, Reynolds retired from the river and his two boats remain in a barn on his ranch near Manila, Utah. Finally, there is the BONNIE ANNE, built by Jack Treece of Grand Junction, Colorado; this boat was restored by Brad Dimock for an old-timers trip in the Grand Canyon in 1994, but its current location is unknown. All of the later boats listed here had some minor changes--more storage, handles, transoms for outboard motors--but were still virtually the same as Norm's original design.

So enough vital statistics and genealogy, what was it like to go down a river in a cataract boat? As mentioned above, cataract boats were designed to get through rapids successfully; comfort was a secondary consideration. The lucky passengers, usually women and kids, sat or squatted behind the boatman in the cockpit. The unlucky got to walk around the rapid. The adventurous could try lying facedown on the deck facing the stern, clinging desperately to ropes along the sides and bracing their feet against the splash guard. Needless to say, this made for some exciting runs in big rapids! Frank Masland, a wealthy magnate from Pennsylvania, became enamored of the river in the years after World War II and went on a number of Nevills trips. He often ran rapids this way and because of this, became known as "Fish-Eyes" Masland.

It was this day that my companions started calling me "Fish-Eyes." It seems the usual way for the person riding the stern of the boat to go through a rapid is sitting up, but being blissfully ignorant of the approved technique, I stretched out face down with my head overhanging the stern. Since the boats go through the rapids stern first, I was under water most of the way. The first time I went through, Norm, who was waiting at the foot, wondered what happened to me, since most of the time I had been out of sight. After two or three trips in this submerged position, they began talking about the fish-eye view I had of the water, and soon "Fish-Eyes" was the name.

To the end of their useful lives, however, cataract boats were sometimes portaged and lined around big, rocky rapids, such as Hell's Half Mile on the Green, some of the rapids in Cataract Canyon, and Hance, Hermit, and Lava in the Grand Canyon. Even though they only weighed 400 pounds, they could carry twice that much in gear and supplies, which had to be unloaded and carried around the rapid; then the boats had to be man-handled over and around the boulders by the crew and passengers along, and sometimes in, the river. One of the most notable portages occurred in 1965, when a helicopter was used to lift them around Hance Rapid in the Grand Canyon. And the Green and Colorado were not the only rivers where cataract boats proved their worth; in 1946, Norm ran trips on Hells Canyon of the Snake River and the Main Salmon in Idaho. In the days before many of their rapids were drowned by reservoirs, these two canyons had some very respectable rapids, as big as any in the Grand Canyon. The cataract boats ran them all with no capsizes, although not without much careful study and chin-stroking on the part of the boatmen. The only near-miss in Idaho came when one of his boatmen almost flipped a San Juan punt, another of Norm's designs (but a topic for another time), and swam the rapid.

Cataract boats had some limitations, as noted above; you couldn't carry as many passengers as a modern inflatable raft, and like all wooden boats, if you hit a rock hard enough you would knock a hole in them. But overall, they were remarkably successful. Norm Nevills never flipped one throughout his career, and capsizes with them were very infrequent. They were very maneuverable and able to carry a good load of supplies and gear and enough paying



NORMAN NEVILLS IN WEN - UOFU SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, MARRIOTT LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

passengers to keep a river company going. Even though nineteen cataract boats were built in the period 1938-1969, only one is still in use, the SANDRA. Owned by Greg Reiff, Norm's grandson, it was beautifully and lovingly restored, and it sometimes accompanies Canyoners Grand Canyon trips. A replica of the BOTANY was built by Dee Holladay in the 1990s, and used for several years on Holiday River Expeditions, but it hasn't been on the river for some time and is now on static display in front of the HRE warehouse in Green River, Utah. Of the rest, all but a few have survived not only thousands of miles of rugged use on the river, but the ravages of time, and are preserved in museums or doted on by their owners. It's a remarkable record for any craft



NORMAN NEVILLS IN WEN - UOFU SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, MARRIOTT LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

List of boats (those with * are unaccounted for):

- WEN (Grand Canyon National Park collection)
- *BOTANY (given to Harbor Plywood by agreement, lost in a flood in the Midwest)
- MEXICAN HAT (John Wesley Powell Museum of River Running History, Green River, Utah. On loan from the Grand Canyon National Park collection)
- JOAN (Joan Nevills-Staveley)
- SANDRA (Greg Reiff)
- MEXICAN HAT II (John Wesley Powell Museum, Page, Arizona)
- NORM (Gaylord Staveley)
- *DORIS (given to Fred and Maggie Eiseman in 1966, current location unknown)
- BRIGHT ANGEL (Cameron Staveley)
- MEXICAN HAT III (Gaylord Staveley)
- CAMSCOTT (Gaylord Staveley)
- THE LOPER (Dinosaur National Monument)
- *LAPHENE
- MAJOR POWELL (John Wesley Powell Museum of River Running History, Green River, Utah)
- GALLOWAY (private ownership)
- ASHLEY (private ownership)
- LODORE (private ownership)
- *MOVIE MAKER
- BONNIE ANNE (Grand Junction, Colorado)
- BOTANY (replica. Green River, Utah)

¹ "By the Rim of Time," by Frank E. Masland, Jr., 1948. p. 8. It should be noted that in those days, the water was not nearly as cold as it is now.



"THE SANDRA" PHOTO BY JOE DIENES©2008

built by Norm and Don Harris, the USGS water gauger, in Mexican Hat in the spring of winter of 1938. All three, and most later cataract boats, were built completely by hand; there were no power tools in Mexican Hat. Don's payment for his labor was one of the boats, the MEXICAN HAT. Of these three, two survive today: WEN, in the collections of Grand Canyon National Park, and the MEXICAN HAT, also part of the Grand Canyon boat collection, but on loan to the John Wesley Powell Museum of River Running History in Green River, Utah. The BOTANY was given to the Harbor Plywood Company, who had provided the marine plywood in exchange for one of the boats,



The Wandering Scythe: Peregrine Falcon Ecology in Grand Canyon

By Larry Stevens
Curator of Ecology and Conservation, Museum of Northern Arizona

“ssssSSSHHHWWWW WHUMPPP!” A cloud of feathers drifts out of the sky and settles on the river. Then we hear the “kah-kah-kah-kah-kah!” victory cry of a Peregrine Falcon, laboring off upriver with a teal in her talons. Peregrine Falcons (*Falco peregrinus* means “wandering scythe”) are now a top predator along the Colorado River in Grand Canyon, and are commonly observed along the canyon rims as well. However, the return of this versatile, “top gun” from the brink of extinction in the Grand Canyon region since the 1960s, and their ecological role in the Colorado River ecosystem, are little-known stories.

Don Keller and I rowed a team of raptor researchers from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service on a Peregrine Falcon inventory trip in March 1977 – one of several very memorable “no-water” trips I ran that spring, on flows of 1-2 thousand cfs. We spent the entire 17 days scanning the skies for Peregrines, finding almost none. After conducting rim searches as well, the team concluded that Grand Canyon supported no more than half a dozen pairs of these medium-sized, federally endangered duck hawks. Yet today, Grand Canyon supports the largest breeding population of Peregrines in any single land unit in the contiguous 48 states. Their comeback has been so extensive that they were taken off the federal endangered species list in 1999. However, once their endangered political status was removed, Peregrine research declined, and other species, such as the California Condor, have received more attention. Although there has been little legal impetus to study the changing ecological role of Peregrines, they may be beginning to exert important influences on the ecology of our southwestern river ecosystems.

While Peregrines were still on the endangered species list, Bryan Brown, Kirsten Rowell, and I had the opportunity to learn more about the details of Peregrine Falcon ecology in Grand Canyon. What do they eat, how successfully do they hunt, and how has Glen Canyon Dam affected Peregrine foraging? Could the presence of Peregrine Falcon change bird assemblages along the river? Having access to the river and to river guides during the Bureau of Reclamation’s Glen Canyon Environmental Studies program, we were able to make many observations of their feeding, and we conducted interviews with professional river guides, many of whom worked on avian research trips. We also kept track of all the waterbirds we encountered on several hundred river trips throughout the year. After careful scrutiny of responses, we found we had 355 trustworthy observations of Grand Canyon Peregrine Falcon foraging events from 1973 to 1995, data that helped us relate prey abundance to falcon foraging behavior and success.

We found that Peregrines attempted to forage on >44 prey species, including at least 40 bird species: swifts and swallows (29%), waterfowl (27%), other birds (22%), as well as bats (10%) and large wasps (8%). Falcons are opportunistic, foraging more frequently

on more abundant prey, but with some surprises. We documented Peregrine predation on Great Blue herons – a species three times larger than the falcon. Although Peregrines are found throughout the river corridor in Grand Canyon, we found greater relative predation intensity on prey species that occurred in the lower, more turbid, more natural segment downstream from the Little Colorado River (Mile 61), where prey were generally less abundant, as compared to the upper, clearwater, more altered and less natural segment from the dam down to the Little Colorado River. Therefore, dam influences on the river affect peregrine foraging behavior.

Overall foraging success was >52%, which is within the norm for Peregrines throughout the world. Success was highest on large wasps (100%) and bats (87%); intermediate on large waterbirds (63%), swifts, swallows, and small terrestrial birds (42%), and waterfowl (40%); and was lowest on Belted Kingfishers (*Ceryle alcyon*; 18%) and small shorebirds (<3%). However, kingfishers, which are migratory through Grand Canyon, were attacked mercilessly – apparently, they are just the right size for Peregrines, and unlike spotted sandpipers and some other shorebirds, they tend to fly into open air space, away from shore edges, where they are easier to attack. By calculating average body mass of these prey species, we found that Peregrines derive most of their dietary biomass from waterfowl (64%) and large waterbirds (25%), whereas swallows and swifts contributed only 3%. So why do Peregrines bother to forage on “candy” species like swallows and swifts? Answer TBD.

We expected accounts of Peregrine foraging behavior to be astounding and we were not disappointed. Many observers reported dramatic, high intensity foraging attempts and successful kills. Air-to-air attacks were most common (94% of 271 cases), followed by air-to-water attempts (4%), and air-to-ground attempts (2%). In two cases I have seen Peregrines dive into the river to retrieve wounded prey and swim to shore, teal in talons. We also received many reports of wounded bats and other prey being picked up off the surface of the water. Peregrines commonly forage in pairs or in small (likely family) groups. This “tandem foraging” occurred in >43% of the cases. Like foraging frequency, foraging success was positively related to prey abundance and the number of co-foraging falcons, and was negatively related to relative prey body mass. Interestingly, we found that the proximity of humans in boats did not deter Peregrine foraging and, based on several direct observations, we suspect that Peregrines may use passing boats to flush prey, which they then attack.

This study shows that Peregrine falcons are a dominant aerial predator in Grand Canyon, and may be shaping waterbird and some of the riparian bird assemblages. Peregrines do not play well with other predators: we saw and heard numerous accounts of Peregrines attacking other raptors (e.g., Golden Eagles – *Aquila chrysaetos*, Great



Horned Owls – *Bubo virginianus*, and *Accipiter* species), and particularly Common Ravens (*Corvus corax*). Ravens and Peregrines attack and occasionally eat each other, and we heard many stories of prolonged, pitched battles between the two species.

Our research indicates that construction of Glen Canyon Dam increased the ecological stability and resource predictability in the Colorado River ecosystem. Clear water, reduced flow variability, and increased shoreline vegetation have greatly increased aquatic productivity and waterbird populations, particularly upstream from the Little Colorado River confluence. These ecosystem changes have improved the prey base for Peregrine Falcons (and other predators, such as Bald Eagles – *Haliaeetus leucocephalus*). Predation pressure from Peregrines may be developing into a dam-induced trophic cascade, in which the predator shapes waterbird prey distribution and population dynamics. This was suggested by the increased intensity of predation on prey species in the lower, more natural reaches of the river. The National Park Service is now conducting monitoring of Peregrine Falcons in Grand Canyon, and only with additional data over time can we begin to understand these non-intuitive kinds of impacts of Glen Canyon Dam on the Colorado River ecosystem.

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Colorado River Poems

by Justice Greg Hobbs, Colorado Supreme Court
written on Hatch Expedition Motorized Trips
2000 & 2007



2007 HATCH TRIP - PHOTO BY GREG HOBBS

A COLORADO RIVER JOURNEY

Ready for Lee's Ferry, we pile in the van
hoping wrong the brochures, for how can
they say all it can weigh, 30 pound luggage?
The boats of the day are lined to the shore,

there's one that's a Hatch, how lucky we are,
We watch with amazement our crew of just
two. Chris moves about with the feet of a cat,
he's here, he's there, and that will be that. We

load and we board, John's the boatman in charge.
He first gives us all a most serious stare, then he
Forswears, "It may not look like it, but we're
out of here!" We're up and away, out on the

River, we hear about Lee and his problems
with the law, he was the only one done in
for the Mountain Meadow Massacre,
Funny, it seems, just one man could cause such

a misdeed, nevertheless, 'twas he who paid,
paid with his head. The Roaring Twenties
give such a thrill, water in teeth over our
ears, but we get not a spill. The rapids

are fun and supper is great, where else
could you find a more glorious steak?
We learn the rules are few and wise, help
where you can, watch out for each other,

pee in the stream and climb for the can,
It seems the Park Service thinks a human
should take whatever it takes to leave
a camp clean. In the morning it's eggs,

how you want them to be, and plenty
of ripe cowboy coffee. We hike to
some ruins of the gone ancient ones,
they came here in summer, the same so

for we. We see their water garden, Vesey's
Paradise, the Little Colorado is also a jewel,
a mix of turquoise and mother of pearl.
We put on life vests like they were diapers for

dopes and slide on our rumps through the
pools and the bumps. Splash-grins to
our faces and bruises on tushes, guess
being free is "Butts to the Board," our

Boatman's command with big rapids at
hand. This Captain we know has a thing
about Hance, it holds him in thrall to the
shape of a grimace. If demon there be

deep under the current, it's his to surmount
By running above it. They get us on through,
our hell of a crew, we cheer and we cheer
the demon's surprise at the skill of our men

and their hold on the tiller. We hope
in our age to company with grace.
To name one-by-one or in bunches of two
all the rapids we've run is to read you the

journal of John Wesley Powell. Their
names have the names of the most
precious of stones, the names of some
People who the River calls home. ...>>>

Line up for the tongue, watch out for the
sleepers, latch your hands to the bundle,
and now there's a dip—and now it's a tumble—
waves all ajumble you flow past the holes,

Thank God for the roar and profound solitude!
I'd sing you a song of desert's hot breath,
of songs in the stream go bubbling along,
of herons on beaches, sheep upon ledges,

I'd sing you the raven on the stony tall butte,
The spiny shine lizard near under your foot,
I'd sing you the nights when the stars are all
out, and your bed is the sand and you're glad

you're alive. You don't care you can't sleep
because the morning is coming, and her
Beauty's so deep. She welcomes the dark
with open eyelashes and the stars disappear,

and always the song of the River you'll carry
deep in your heart and away far from here.
Walks that are many, so high in the air, on
Rock that is weathered a billion-half years,

the Falls are so mighty and sing of reprieve,
how sweet it can be to sing liberty, how this
Country has grown to leave this preserved,
this strength and this glory, this land's mystery.

You may call it Shinumo, you may call it Havasu,
Matkatamiba, Elves Chasm, but what's in a name
when the name it shall be is called Paradise?
I know I've been stinky, I know I've been sad,

the joy of new friends is a joy that I've had
Running the River on Hatch Number 3
with a hell of a crew and the greatest of food,
safe in my vest, with some sleeping to do, bid

us all to each other the fondest adieu. One
final word: keep your Butts to the Board,
You can hardly believe it, but you're not
out of here, no matter you go, for the

River is home once you've been here
and the running is good and the
running is good.

THE GREAT RETURN

May you have the joy of rising waters
May the awe of ages surround you
May your feet sound soft upon the land
May the sweep of Nankowep embrace you

May the Great Blue Heron stand upon her bar for you
And the Father of all mountain sheep stand vigilant
on his loft
May you run the River true and hoot upon the waves
May you, your family, your friends pass through

And always return home, home, and home again.

MOTHER OF ALL CANYONS

Take us back to the River
the source the mouth and the pour
loosed in high Never Summers
the Winds West Elks Dinosaur

Lend us two guides a swamper
get ready life vests the swell
onset the crest of huge waves
on skilled boatmen we depend

Wet is the way of birthing
mothers the grandeur of God
light and grace be your glory
wonder your most awesome praise.



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Grand Canyon Youth: Update & Thanks

Early morning phone calls rarely bring good news. On March 31, 2009, I received such a phone call informing me that our offices and warehouse had sustained a terrible fire. Incredibly, GCY's operation was up and running again within 48 hours thanks to our wonderful staff, fantastic volunteers, and a great Board of Directors led by our President, Patrick Conley. The outpouring of community support that followed was truly humbling and inspiring.

After a full season of 30 trips serving over 500 participants and yet another move, we have settled into a more permanent location. One of the many lessons that time on the river has repeatedly taught me is that transition often leads to beauty. Think of how erosion has carved the canyons of the Southwest. Through our transition we have emerged a stronger organization.

I would like to extend a sincere thank you to GCRRA. Your support has allowed us to purchase two inflatable kayaks (duckies) for use in our programs. What better way to inspire young people to be passionate about rivers than to give them the chance to paddle their own craft down the San Juan River? As a non-profit organization, we have an extremely limited capital budget; this donation was very much appreciated and useful!

There is much to be grateful for. We have a new logo and updated website www.gcyouth.org, a great place to learn more about our programs. We also have some incredible programs coming up this summer, including a new program called Grand Inspiration: Grand Canyon through the Eyes of Young Artists. Please help us spread the word, our programs are open to all youth ages 12-19. I am looking forward to sharing the educational power of the river with more youth in the coming year. Thank you again for your support of our programs.



GCY STAFF JOHN NAPIER, EMMA WHARTON AND CHANTAL MOSMAN - PHOTO COURTESY GCY

Grand Canyon River Runners Association



preserving public access to the colorado river

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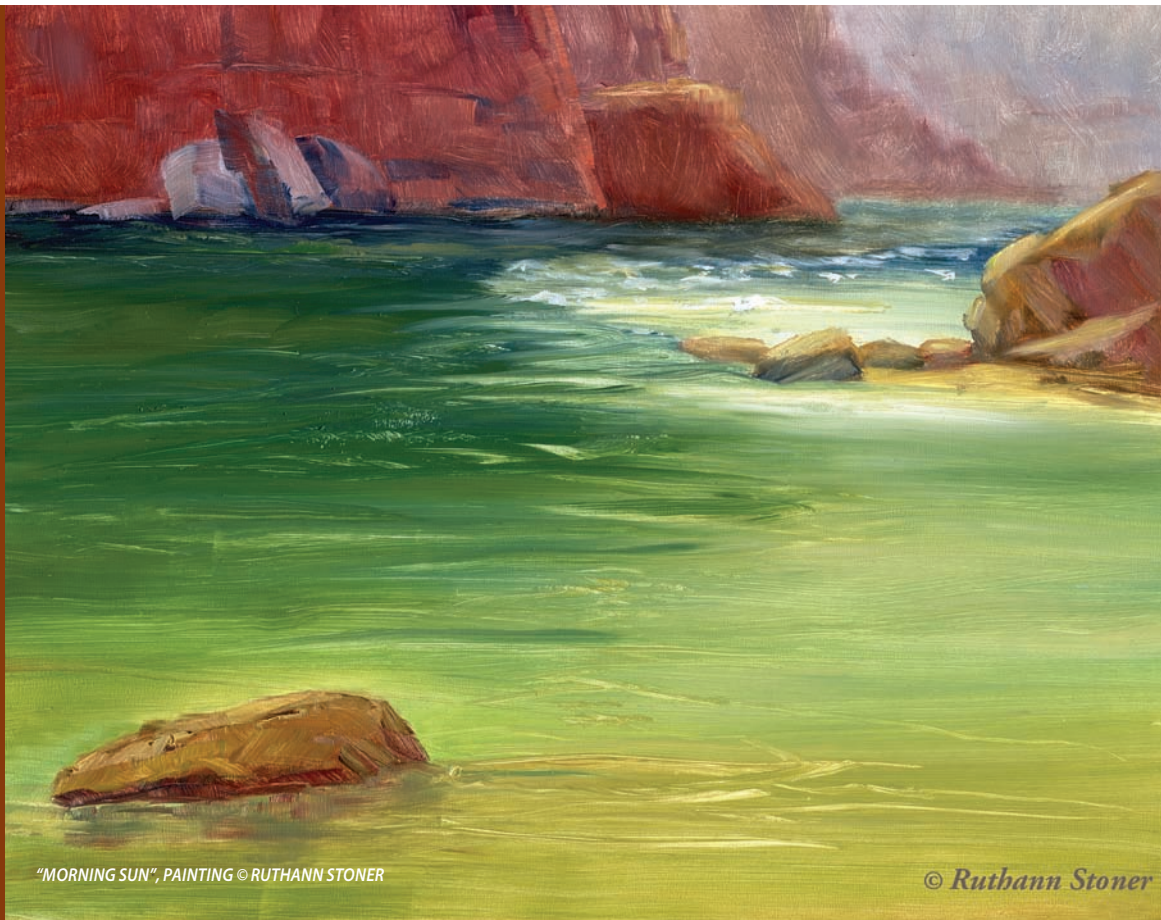
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Send us your journal entries, poetry, postcards from the canyon, humorous stories, photos, and original art work for publication in the next newsletter or on the GCRRA website. Electronic submissions are preferred.

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