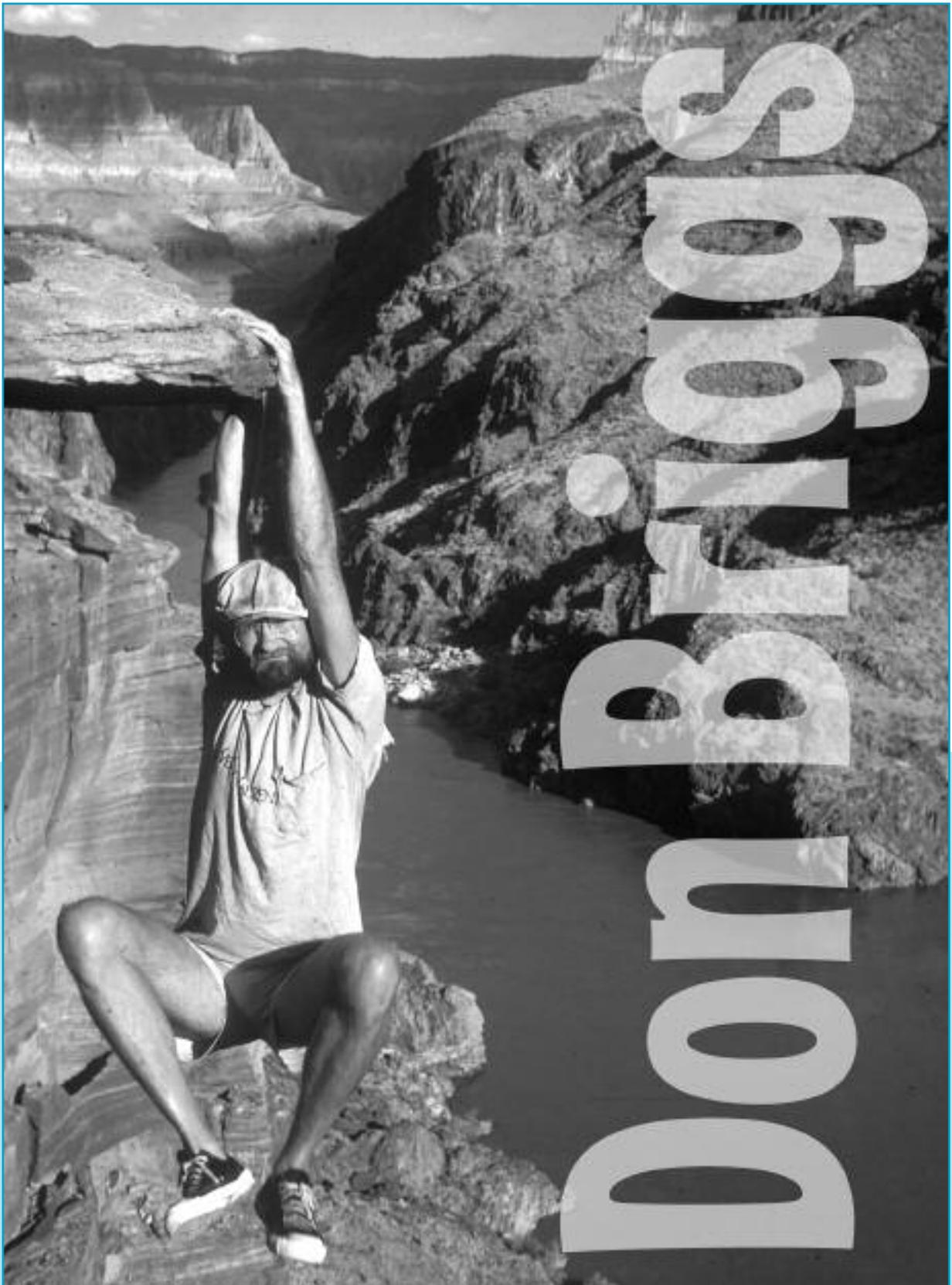


boatman's quarterly review

the journal of Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc volume 17 number 3 fall 2004



Prez Blurb • Changing of the Guard • Historic Boats • Back of the Boat
Farewells • Kwagunt • GCY • Frank's Early Exit • Lava Dams
Adaptive Management: Friend or Foe? • Financials, Contributors

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. Our Board of Directors Meetings are generally held the first Wednesday of each month. All innocent bystanders are urged to attend. Call for details.

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

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

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

I'M RECENTLY BACK from the first private trip I've been on in years. I took my own advice, and I walked across the ramp at Lees Ferry to talk to everyone I could meet. I walked across the mouth of Havasu (only ten boats), and down to the motor tie-up, and up to the Motor Pool. I even walked around Diamond Creek. I met passengers, swampers, guides, trip-leaders, and even one outfitter! I talked to private trips, motor trips, oar trips, kayak trips and dory trips. I even talked to a motor/oar/dory/bluegrass trip. I talked about camps and schedules and about the last time we saw each other, and what were our mutual friends doing now? I gave away back issues of the BQR, and I tried like heck to give away many extra boxes of cookies. (Note to future private trip shoppers, teenagers love cookies, but to teenage girls, if it ain't chocolate, it ain't a cookie!) We had great camps, we talked it over with the commercials and other privates, and we negotiated, and everyone got what they needed. With three second-time oarsmen, we sure didn't race anybody to any camps, nor could we send anybody on ahead to grab a camp. It was a private trip, with friends, and family, and friends of family, and family of friends. It was a wonderful thing to be vacationing in our workplace, and I hope we never lose the opportunity as guides to do just that.

This is my fourth quarterly column. In the first one (VOL 16:4 Winter 2003), I wrote, "Hopefully by the time you read this, the Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP) will be out in draft form, with a preferred alternative identified."

In the second one (VOL 17:1 Spring 2004) I wrote, "The National Park Service is planning to release the Draft Environmental Impact Statement for the Colorado River Management Plan for public review and comment in May 2004."

In the third one (VOL 17:2 Summer 2004) I wrote, "it is coming up by the end of May, so they say. As of May 2, the CRMP website hadn't been updated since March 11th. So I will say again, 'by the time you read this, the Draft CRMP will be out.'" (That one was edited out when the plan changed again before we went to press.)

Now it is my unpleasant task, in my fourth column (August) to tell you, again, "Hopefully by the time you read this, the Colorado River Management Plan will be out in draft form, with a preferred alternative identified."

All I can say is, "DON'T FORGET TO WRITE!" I can only imagine that these continual delays are fueling the feelings of the private boaters, especially those who brought the lawsuit that restarted the process. I am assuming that they will respond in numbers and intensity. If you want your viewpoint, your experience, and your expertise to be heard, as it should be, you will need

to comment. You will need to share your ideas, and your version of what the Canyon means, and your vision of what it can mean for the future, for guides, for passengers, and for private boaters.

Regarding first aid requirements, there have been some more ideas floated, and we (GCRG) are planning to meet with representatives of Grand Canyon National Park in August to discuss the issue yet again. As always, our goal is to find a mutually agreed-upon solution that prevents or reduces injuries, provides injured parties with the best possible care, and makes the most of the incredible pool of talented guides. This will make for better trips, fewer injuries, and better guides. No downside.

Did you hear about the latest evacuation from the River? Me neither! I heard about some of them, though. I heard about one in a bar, and about one at Macy's coffeehouse. And I heard about another one on the way to Lees Ferry. I heard that one from a paddle captain, who heard it at the Little Colorado from a motor boatman, who saw the trip at Havasu. I wonder if I got the whole story? Do you think professionals ought to get the latest updates on their profession in a bar, in a coffee shop, or third hand? (I suppose it depends on the profession!)

You might think that if guides really cared about preventing injuries on the river they'd want to know exactly what injuries were occurring, where they were occurring, who they were occurring to, and why. Well, you're right. Guides do want to know that information, because preventing injuries is a big part of what we do. Injuries hurt guides and they hurt the people we are entrusted to guide safely. All the guides I've met are interested in preventing injuries, and knowing more about how to prevent them. I think the reduction in dehydration and hyponatremia cases is proof of that.

You might think that GCRG would be trying to get injury and accident information also. You'd be right about that, too. GCRG has been requesting incident/accident information from GCNP formally, to my knowledge, since August, 2001. In 2003, we formally requested the information five times. We have continued to request it in 2004. We haven't seen any yet!

You might think that if Grand Canyon National Park (GCNP) were interested in preventing injuries and accidents on the river, they would be compiling and providing the information, especially to those who asked for it. The information is not secret. It is provided in some form to the Grand Canyon (South Rim) Newspaper every week by email. GCRG requested to receive the same email in October of 2003. In December of 2003 we heard that they had received our request, and they were thinking about it. In March of 2004 I emailed to ask what the status was of our request. I haven't heard back yet (August 2004). We sent a Freedom of Information Act request to Joe Alston, Superintendent of GCNP.

We will keep you posted as to how that goes.

I can't believe that GCNP is NOT interested in preventing injuries and accidents.

I can't believe that GCNP is so understaffed and so busy that they can't add GCRG's address (gcr@infomag.net) to the email they send every week. (A thirty second investment of time?)

I can't believe that GCNP wants to look this bad on this one. If you can think of an explanation, I'd sure like to hear it.

I'd like to thank all of you who voted for me as a director of GCRG, and those who went even further out on a limb to vote me into office. I have appreciated the support of those who have called or emailed, or spoke with me about the issues we have been working on. I also greatly appreciate the willingness of those who disagreed with what I thought to bring it to my attention. I didn't want to espouse a position that I can't or won't explain to a friend or a colleague, and your questions, opinions and corrections have enabled me to see and learn much more of these complex issues than I could have ever hoped to without your assistance. I'd hope that you felt comfortable in offering your opinions, and that you will continue to weigh in with the Board, when you agree, as well as when you disagree. I'd also like to thank the many general members for their support of GCRG, and continued love of the Grand Canyon. The general members are one of the hidden strengths of GCRG. The only way GCRG could be better in my mind is to have even more participation by even more guides, newer ones and more experienced ones. If, as a guide, you don't have a friend on the Board of Directors, you ought to seriously considering both making friends with someone on the board AND running for the board next year.

You don't have to be on the board to come to meetings and you don't have to live in Flagstaff. You don't even have to be a paid-up member. All you really need is to show up, and care about the Grand Canyon, and care about river trips there. If you are going to be passing through, check with Lynn Hamilton about when a board meeting is, and just show up.

Being more involved in GCRG might not be for everybody, but it might be for everybody who is or has been a boatman in the Grand Canyon. The reward is the same as being a boatman; you will find it "in the doing of the thing."

And the payoff is, "The stars, the cliffs and canyons, the roar of the rapids, the moon, the uncertainty and worry, the relief when through each one...the campfires at night, the real respect of the river men I met and others..."

See you on the river my friends,

John O

Changing of the Guard

IF YOU TAKE A LOOK at the masthead, you'll notice that the GCRG officers and board members have changed once again. The new crew will officially take office on September 1st. The board make-up is fantastic; bringing so much varied experience to the table. GCRG president Drifter Smith (Arizona Raft Adventures) will be at the helm, with Joe Pollock (Arizona River Runners) in the VP spot. The newly elected board members are: Bert Jones (Outdoors Unlimited), Marieke Taney (Canyon Explorations/Expeditions), and Tiffany George (Western River Expeditions). Welcome! The board members staying on for one more year are O'C Dale (Freelance), Jayne Lee (Canyon Explorations/Expeditions), and Jocelyn Gibbon (Arizona Raft Adventures). Overall, it will be an exceedingly well-rounded board, striking a necessary balance between motor/oar, north or south of the ditch, male and female guides. In fact, you could say that this is the living embodiment of "the unique spirit of the river community." That balance will certainly be crucial as we move into the final phase of the Colorado River Management Plan. In all that we do, GCRG seeks to represent the views, concerns, and hopes of our membership to the best of our abilities.

I'd like to extend our deepest gratitude to our outgoing GCRG president, John O'Brien, and our outgoing board members, Jeri Ledbetter, Bob Dye, and Matt Kaplinski for their supreme dedication and hard work on behalf of GCRG this past year. Their collective intelligence, expertise, and wit helped us to tackle complex issues with great aplomb. I simply cannot say enough kind words about these folks. It has been so much fun (and such an honor) to work with these good, caring people. I am certain that they'll all find ways to remain involved. When you care about it that deeply, it's hard to stay away.

As the board changes once again, it reminds us what all of these folks have in common (including all board nominees). These men and women put into action what they hold dear in their hearts—a passionate love for Grand Canyon and the Colorado River coupled with a deep desire to protect and preserve these treasures for future generations. Their commitment is humbling and an inspiration to us all. Thanks for keeping the spirit of volunteerism and advocacy alive and well!

Lynn Hamilton

Announcements

WINTER WORK

WANT TO BUILD your favorite sandals during the off season? Chaco Sandals is interested in offering guides seasonal employment from January through mid-April. Our workers have the highest productivity and quality standards. We work 10 hours per day Monday through Thursday—so you can skateski Grand Mesa or hit our outstanding backcountry during your time off. If you are physically capable, have a strong work ethic, and are quality focused, call Dave Knutson at Chaco (970) 527-4990 or e-mail him at knutson@chacousa.com if interested. You can read more about what it is like to work at Chaco on our website www.chacousa.com We are based on the Western Slope of Colorado in Paonia.

LOST

CANON ELFH SPORT CAMERA with a green soft case Bass camp in mid-July. If you found it please contact W. Lloyd Benner, 1 E. Camelback Rd, #340, Phoenix, AZ 85012.

PLATINUM WEDDING BAND with sapphire and two diamonds plus inscription. Lost at Mile 132R at Galloway Camp on 7/29/04. Contact Sandy Cantera at (215) 631-9160. Generous reward!

NOTEWORTHY

MONUMENTAL: *David Brower's Fight for Wild America* premiered at the Smithsonian National Museum of American History, and screened at several film festivals. This fall it is opening in theatres nationally (In Flagstaff on October 8th.) There are large portions of the film about the Colorado River and Brower's loss of Glen Canyon and triumph in the Grand Canyon. For more info go to www.loteriafilms.org.

Fall Meeting

YOU'VE READ ABOUT the upcoming Masquerade Ball hosted by the Grand Canyon National Park Foundation to benefit the Historic Boat Project, but what's the scoop on GCRG's Fall Meeting?

Date: October 30th

Place: The OARS warehouse located at 1802 w Kaibab Lane (off Rt. 66) in Flagstaff.

Time: 9:00 AM to roughly 6:00 PM (this will give you enough time to have a great dinner with us before going home, changing into your costume and whisking yourself over to Joe's Place for the Historic Boat Project Masquerade Ball).

Cost: Nada! You get breakfast, lunch and dinner on us. Of course, donations are always accepted!

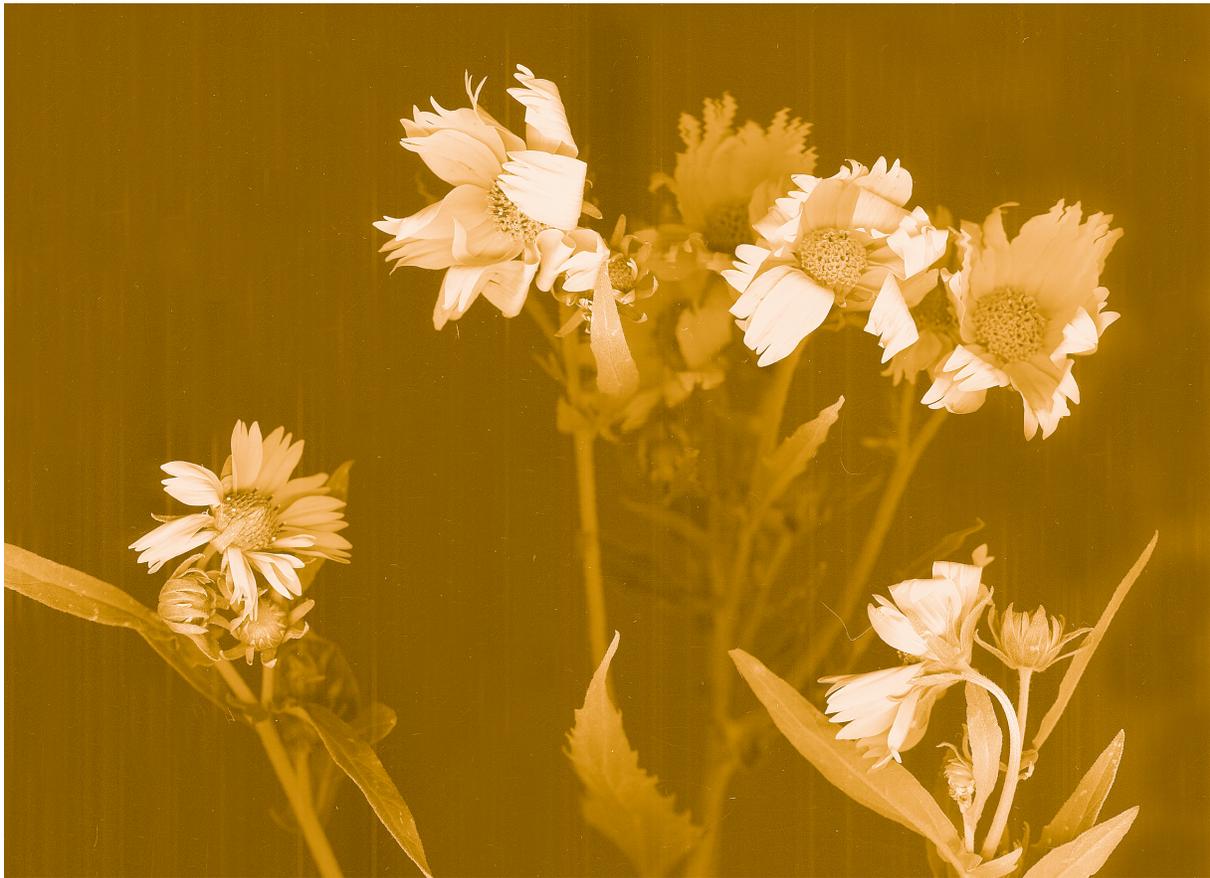
Come and learn a whole lot, share your ideas with us and eat great food before partying down at the Ball. As we get closer, we'll send out a postcard to our guide members with more information.



Adopt-a-Beach

WANT TO FIND OUT about the "state of the beaches" in Grand Canyon? You can! Check out the Adopt-a-Beach segment of GCRG's website at www.gcr.org for the latest Executive Summary, photographic examples and information. If you'd like a copy of the full report, "Long Term Monitoring of Camping Beaches in Grand Canyon: A Summary of Results from 1996-2003", give the GCRG office a call at (928) 773-1075. And, look for an extensive Adopt-a-Beach article in the next issue of the BQR!

fall sunflowers



All the People Come Together for the Right Purposes

THE SECOND PUBLIC move of Grand Canyon National Park's historic boats occurred on June 8, as Norm Nevills's *WEN*, Martin Litton's *Music Temple*, and Ed Hudson's *Esmeralda II* escaped the confines of the courtyard at the old visitor center. This required the temporary removal of the front glass panels and doors. But, as Superintendent Joe Alston stated, it's "just been one of those wonderful days when all the people come together for the right purposes."

Another of the right people was Deputy Superintendent Kate Cannon. Both were found pushing cradled boats and, late in the day, at the warehouse to see the craft in their temporary location for conservation work (that is, stabilization, not restoration). One of the Advisory Committee (AC) members stated: "For the river running community, these are our traditional cultural properties" (TCPS). Whether they technically qualify as TCPS will be left for a future article. That statement, however, has already kindled lively discussion with the AC members and three local archaeologists.

Quiz question (answer at the bottom): how much does the *Esmeralda II* weigh, including motor?

The line drawings for the *WEN* and the Galloway boats have been completed by Todd Bloch of the San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park (NHP). As Anne Whiteman, who cleaned the boats in their courtyard days, told AC member Brad Dimock, "It was one of my favorite assignments...Wouldn't it be great to recreate some of them and go down river again?" Master mariner Dimock is already working on it.

We've also talked to Bill Doll and John Muir from San Francisco Maritime NHP, the guys who designed and built the original cradles and wrote a condition report. Bill remarked that it's wonderful that we have so much information on the boats. They have 125 boats in their collection and they know very little about them; oftentimes their donation is discovered literally on their doorstep in the morning.

Ken Hord, a neighbor of Ed Hudson, and a river runner himself who watched Ed Sr. build the *Esmeralda*

II, contacted us to say he's spoken with Ed Jr., who still has his dad's movies. All of these contacts are reminders that part of this project is to collect oral histories of folks involved with the historic boats. When the Colorado River Running Museum is ready for the boats to be on



display, we will have movies and stories about river runners in addition to boat history.

Another new AC member from the Upper Basin has joined us. We'd like to welcome Larry Hopkins of Telluride. A young Larry and his parents boated with Alexander Zee Grant, Grand Canyon's first kayaker, and a fellow boater of Walter Kirschbaum's mentored him in kayaking. He also was on trips with Georgie and works for Canyon Explorations.

After having several articles requesting input and opinions on the future of the historic boats, particularly the two left in the Canyon, *Ross Wheeler* and Bert's *Grand Canyon*, printed in four boating, backcountry hiking, and historical publications, the AC is stunned that we have yet to receive any comments. The AC and Park Service hold a variety of opinions that run the gamut. However, we would appreciate your thoughts for our strategic debates; you may have the perfect answer, one that we have yet to explore. We need your help, ideas, and enthusiasm. A fundraising party and general all-around good time will be held right after the Fall Meeting October 30. Read about it in an accompanying article.

Richard Quartaroli

Quiz question: how much does the *Esmeralda II* weigh, including motor?

Historic Boat Project Masquerade Ball

AS YOU HAVE READ over the past year, the Grand Canyon Historic Boat Project has been extremely successful in beginning the move toward preservation and first-rate display and interpretation of our river heritage. Many of you have joined in moving the boats and volunteered time to help in the tedious process of cleaning. As of this month the full fleet is scheduled for stabilization over the winter. By this fall we hope to have one or more back in public view at the South Rim. It has been a monumental undertaking and would be nowhere without enthusiasm and support from the river community and the National Park Service.

As we look forward to the completion of the “Save the Boats” phase of our project, the larger project comes into clear focus. That is, the state-of-the-art display and interpretation of the boats and the legacy they represent—not only the evolution of a craft and technique for running Grand Canyon, but the birth of a particular type of person that chose to attempt this river, and the transition into the tight-knit river community of today.

Our sights are focused on the old historic Laundry Building, just across the train tracks from the Bright Angel Lodge. It is a beautiful, open building, ideal for the boats and a few hundred paces from the rim, where literally millions of tourists visit every year. The opportunity to tell the river story to this vast new audience, and build support for the river and its values, is nothing short of amazing. But...

Here is the big catch: all this is going to be kind of pricey. We need all your help to do it. So now that we have movement and direction, we are having our first major public event, to tell our story, to raise awareness, to begin raising funds, and mostly to have a great time. Beginning at 7:30 on October 30, following Grand Canyon River Guides Fall Meeting, we are throwing a gala Masquerade Ball at Joe's Place, 202 East Route 66, in downtown Flagstaff. The costume theme is boats, boaters, rivers, river trips—one person said she is coming as her favorite river meal. Anything goes. Arizona's greatest dance band, Limbs Akimbo, will be playing. There'll be, door prizes, raffles, and a silent auction of rare river literature and art. (Let us know if you'd like to contribute!) The event is open to the general public, so bring everyone you can. Call or email about donating auction or raffle items: (928) 774-1760, fran@gcnpf.org

Please consider the cover charge of \$10 (in advance) or \$12 (at the door) as a bargain donation to a very worthy cause. And come ready to meet the folks

leading the project, learn more about the successes and goals, bid on great river items, and dance until dawn. Well, until they throw us out.

Brad Dimock

Historic Boat Project Masquerade Ball
with Limbs Akimbo!

October 30 7:30 p.m. until closing
Joe's Place, Flagstaff



Tickets \$10 in advance from
Grand Canyon Historic Boat Project
c/o Grand Canyon National Park Foundation

625 North Beaver Street
Flagstaff, AZ 86001

Back of the Boat— The Whale Foundation News Bulletin

NEW. We have changed our toll free Hotline to the "On Call Help Line." We now have a provider "on call" to return all crisis calls. If you need help don't hesitate to call 1-866-773-0773. Leave a call back number and the provider on call will return your call ASAP.

- This year's WingDing will be held Saturday February 5, 2005, at the Coconino Center for the Arts on Ft. Valley Road in Flagstaff. NEW TOO: This year we'd like to carry on the fine tradition of music provided at our past events, but with a twist—we're thinking an acoustic crossroads jam session sing along thing that runs throughout the evening! Do you play or sing or want to participate? Please contact us pronto—we can't wait to hear from you! You can leave a message with Nancy Helin at either poppyray-music@unedspeed.net or at 928-214-6401 and she'll return the call.

- We have received a number of scholarship applications for grants from the Kenton Grua Memorial Scholarship Fund and will announce the 2004 recipients in the next issue and on the website. Last year we were pleased to award three \$1000 scholarships. Meanwhile we're accepting applications for 2005 so if you have plans for a post secondary academic pursuit and need some financial assistance you'll find an application at www.whalefoundation.org.

- If you haven't checked out our website lately there's a cool slide show of all the usual suspects attending last year's WingDing and our art-filled Whale Foundation 2005 Calendar for sale. Think Christmas! We'll also be adding a page of pertinent mental health and financial articles in the near future.

- Do you know who your company liaison is? Your company liaison can answer questions about the Whale Foundation's services.

- The Whale Foundation strives to provide the Grand Canyon guiding community with access to counselling, information and services that inspire and enhance mental, medical, financial, and spiritual health. It takes time to design, implement, and polish our programs; our volunteer board greatly appreciates receiving your feedback. Are we helpful to you in meeting your health needs? Please share your thoughts and suggestions with us.

The Whale Foundation
P.O. Box 855 Flagstaff, AZ 86002-0855
www.whalefoundation.org
1-866-773-0773

Guide is a Verb

Former river guide and current financial analyst shares his story of transition between those occupations, offering us all "a hand up over the rim."

WHEN I STOPPED being a guide, long enough ago to have some higher altitude perspective on the matter, it felt like the biggest part of me no longer existed. I was very identified with the hero mold guide image, able to leap tall boulders, laugh at the face of death, and charm the pants off of just about anybody. Although I planned to give it all up and do different things with my life (which different things I hadn't come close to figuring out), when the time came to pull the trigger on the change it felt sudden. Immediately I was alone, without the guiding infrastructure I had become so identified with. At that time, I thought guide was a noun, and I was that noun.

Nowadays I am a guide again, of sorts, serving clients (passengers, guests) as a financial advisor. This is a long way from the river in many ways and quite a different venue, but in a full circle analysis of it all I am most struck by the similarities. When I was a guide, I knew how to run the hardest route on the biggest rapids, but it wasn't my trip, it was theirs (the ones paying the passage). It was my job to give them the best trip I could, and sometimes that meant suggesting they photograph the rapid from the shore instead of pushing themselves to ride in the boat. People have different tolerances for risk, different perceptions of beauty, and the great guides know how to deliver just the right experience tailored to their customers.

Guide is a verb, and verbs are action words. Nouns are passive, at the effect of something else. The best guides are defined by their actions, their methods, and their skills, not by where they apply their talents or what uniform they wear. I wish I'd known that during my transition as it would have made it easier. I think about Whale, and the mission of the foundation that honors and survives him, and I'm hoping that my experience will help make whatever changes people face a bit easier.

My decision to stop guiding was voluntary, in a way. That is, I wasn't forced to retire due to a damaged body. Some who know me think I was influenced by a series of accidents on faraway rivers, but those actually occurred after the fact, as if to reinforce a decision already made. My retirement from guiding happened in a rickshaw in India, in a moment of insight. Putting together a month

long, multi-sport trip in less than a week in a place I'd never been might seem like challenge enough, but I realized that it all felt just too familiar. No matter what the currency, the language, the foods available, the thought simply imposed itself on my brain that I could do this, there was no doubt of the outcome and I was finished with the learning in this line of work. If I didn't change, I would stop growing and that was a much bigger risk than not knowing the next step.

It actually isn't hard to stop guiding, not right away. At first it's just the same feeling as the first days of fall, after a long summer, when not being on the river feels pretty good. A little time to let the cuts heal, catch up on paperwork and people. But as the days get shorter and possibilities get fewer, it's understandable to miss the adoring crowds at the end of the day.

But there comes a time for the noun type of guide, when you suddenly find yourself alone, not very important or visible, not feeling very skilled and not knowing what the hell to do next. This doesn't make any sense, but that doesn't make it less real. I was 29, with a college education, an amazing resume of skills and experiences, but I couldn't see the value of any of it.

Eventually what worked for me was to take action, get moving, even though I took a few strange directions along the way. I found it was often hard to know exactly what I wanted, but it was usually much easier to identify what I didn't like, and I think this is true for most people. So moving in some direction was better than wallowing in self-pity. Through some river passengers I was routed to the insurance industry. That was a uniquely bad fit for me, but what was not right about it was so obvious that the experiences there really helped me to focus on what I did want. An evolutionary path led me to doing something today that I feel uniquely good at and get a lot of satisfaction from. Now, as a financial guide, I have as much energy and psychic payback from work as ever. And yes, the pay is a lot better.

If I may offer some guidelines for those facing career transitions, it would be these.

Distinguish between the skills and talents you have and those you have to learn. It is unrealistic to successfully transition to a rewarding career without doing some training and paying some new dues. Being a great river guide doesn't make you a top skiing instructor just because you want to—you have to learn to ski. But the leadership instincts of the river actually help quite a bit in the boardroom, when you get there.

Always maintain a sense of fun. Seek out team environments whose chemistry rivals the best river crews you were ever on.

Remember how to see from other's perspectives. This will help you to get what you need from people in a way that makes them feel good about giving it.

Be a leader. At times this means knowing when to push back. Like the time you talked that guest into a hike they didn't think they could do, and it turned out to be the highlight of their trip.

Like many, I was moved by how alone and desperate Whale got as he faced his transition. So what can you do to help? Whether you are facing a transition yourself or not, you can be supportive of whoever you know that is going through one. Whether they are trying to stop drinking, transition from guiding or anything else, be a pal and be supportive. It matters.

One thing I have noticed about guides who stop (and I feel I did this myself) is that they go incommunicado for a while. It makes sense when you think about it. A good storyteller finds him/herself without an entertaining yarn to spin. They just don't think they'll get the laugh they need telling their friends about their struggle to learn sales skills or get through law school. Don't demand high drama from friends in transition. You don't have to understand what they are doing, where they're living or how they are going about the changes. You can be sure they are doing the best they can, given the information they have at the time. Remind them you are still friends and do your best to connect again in the outdoors at every opportunity. The guiding experience is a valuable treasure you will always have and the friendships we make doing it are the best part of all. And who knows, you may need a hand up over the rim yourself someday.

Dave Shore

Farewells

COLLIN PETER MCKNIGHT

COLLIN PETER MCKNIGHT passed away April 23, 2004, due to complications following heart surgery. He was born August 12, 1975, in Murray, Utah. Collin lived life to the fullest, despite his heart condition. He was an avid kayaker, skier, Grand Canyon boatman, and extreme sports enthusiast. He fished in



Alaska and worked as a brine shrimper on the Great Salt for eleven years. Collin was charming, generous, kind, and loved by everyone he met. He was witty and wise. He brought laughter to everyone around him. We are all inspired by his free spirit.

A celebration of Collin's life was held on April 27TH. In lieu of a formal funeral, Collin's many friends and family members gathered together to share their memories of happy, funny, and adventurous times with Collin.

Collin was only 29 years old; far too young to die, but wise beyond his years. He began his river running career with Colorado River & Trail Expeditions in Green River, Utah, at the tender age of 17. He worked for Hatch River Expeditions in the Grand Canyon. His wit, humor, love of the outdoors, and loyalty to the friends who shared his passions will be greatly missed.

Vicki Mackay

BOB SHARP

DAREDEVIL BOB, ELDEST OF THE FIRST 100, GOES ON HIS LAST EXPLORATION

ROBERT SHARP, a world-renowned geologist who revolutionized modern earth and planetary science, died on May 25, 2004, at the age of 92. He received America's highest scientific award, the National Medal of Science, in 1989. The Christmas, 1958 issue of Sports Illustrated included him in its profile of former football stars who had gone on to have significant careers. In 1937, he spent six weeks exploring the Grand Canyon as part of a systematic study of its geology, on the last river trip to run Lava Cliff Rapid prior to its inundation by Lake Mead.

Sharp was a 26-year-old Ph.D. student at Harvard when he was invited to participate in the 1937 Carnegie Institute of Washington-California Institute of Technology expedition. While he felt he was not the best choice for the science at hand, Sharp was a protégé of the trip's organizer, Ian Campbell, and he was young and strong. He also had some sculling experience on the Charles River, and he later realized Campbell may have had the laughable notion that this would make him a potential backup boatman.

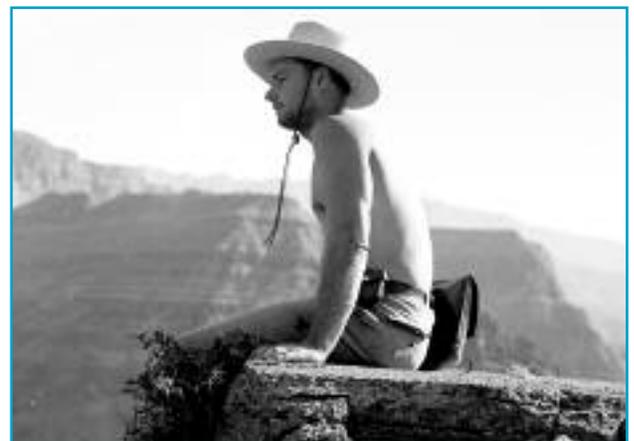
It was a formative experience, and Sharp's athleticism served him well. Geologist Jack Stark, in an illustrated doggerel he prepared in honor of the trip, penned:

*Next the baby of the crew
Robert Sharp of Harvard U
Climbed so "fiercely" that his shoes lost every hob
He would leap from crag to crag
"Firm not brutal" like a stag
Till he won deservedly the title "Daredevil Bob"*

Sharp kept detailed journals, making notes on his geological work, daily highlights, and interesting bits of news (particularly football scores) gleaned from the short-wave radio. The contrast of world events with Canyon life was just as marked in 1937 as it is today:

*I was successful in contacting the Canyon by radio.
Learned that Mussolini had agreed to remove soldiers and volunteers from Spain. Full moon has been simply beautiful the last two nights. Ran across an old asbestos mine near "diabase" sill in Algonkian this afternoon.*

Meeting Buzz Holmstrom, on November 20 at the mouth of Diamond Creek, warranted over a page in Sharp's journal, including a detailed physical description of both Buzz and his boat. When interviewed in 1995, Sharp still remembered the day with great



NAU.PH.94.27.199. Photo collection of Bob Sharp

clarity: “He was a guy just bubbling with enthusiasm for his experiences, for the fact that he’d been able to do it... [Head boatman Frank] Dodge was obviously very much impressed with Buzz—well, we all were. In five minutes he was part of the gang.”

In the same interview, Sharp noted that of the countless field trips he made, it was the best of his life, with “adventure, some danger, camping. Superb. It was exploration, and exploration is always fun.”

Sharp’s 1937 trip memorabilia is archived at the Northern Arizona University Cline Library in Flagstaff, Arizona. For more information about his scientific career, see http://pr.caltech.edu/media/Press_Releases/PR12544.html.

Diane Boyer

JUAN VALADEZ DELGADILLO

JUAN IN A MILLION or THE ONLY JUAN HERE IS GONE

ON JUNE 2, 2004 at age 88, Juan Valadez Delgadillo, the “Clown Prince of Arizona eateries,” died after working up to the last day, “just as everyone knew would happen.”

Juan was born in Amarillo, Texas, while his parents were driving to Arizona from Mexico. During the Depression, Juan “began playing trombone in the Hank Beck Orchestra, helping the family stay in town. Later, his brothers and sisters formed the Delgadillo Orchestra, which traveled Route 66 in Arizona.” Juan noticed that an outhouse on his property was receiving a lot of use from train workers and Ford dealership customers from across Route 66. He thought that his popular corner lot might be a good spot for another kind of refreshment—an ice cream shop. Dairy Cream told him that Seligman, Arizona would not provide enough business, so in March, 1953 Juan received a franchise from Snow Cap. The family built the landmark Drive-In of scrap lumber with their own hands from wood Juan collected while working on the railroad. They celebrated a 50th anniversary last summer (BQR, Fall 2003).

After I-40 bypassed Seligman in 1978, Juan and Angel, his younger brother and town barber, formed the Historic Route 66 Association to promote and preserve the “Mother Road.” Breathing new life into the longest remaining stretch of the historic highway, visitors from all over the world, including many a hungry river runner, made the Snow Cap a must-stop experience, as much for icon Juan and his antics as for the food. Taking out using the Diamond Creek Road and heading east, Colorado River boaters with that post-trip-lack-of-dairy-fixation needing an ice cream almost invariably stopped

at Delgadillo’s. You also got dead chicken, cheese-burgers with cheese, hamburgers without ham (except for Juan’s), delicious malts, and enough laughs to invigorate even the grumpiest shuttle drivers.

Since Juan and the Snow Cap have been such a part of boaters’ lives, in 1999 GCRG invited Juan to the Guides Training Seminar (BQR, Spring 1999). We intended to make him an honorary member and proclaimed a “Juan Delgadillo Lunch Day,” complete with framed certificates. Immediately after Juan and sons Robert and John and daughter Cece arrived, we were doubled-over with laughter as the entire family had us in hysterics. They turned the tables, by taking over and grilling burgers and dogs for 200+ smiling Delgadillo fans. It turned out they honored us by closing the Snow Cap for the day (Juan said “we just can’t have anybody running it”) and traveling to the GTS to cook, serve, and clown around for and with us. My sides still hurt thinking about it.

Grand Canyon River Guides and river runners everywhere extend our condolences to Mary, Juan’s wife of 51 years, the kids, and the entire Delgadillo familia. After a short closing, the kids have reopened Delgadillo’s Snow Cap to keep Juan’s legacy and jokes alive. A “Juan in a Million” celebration on July 31 included the Delgadillo Orchestra, still with plenty of saxophones, but missing that former trombone player on lead guitar. Stop on by, eat there and get gas, try the one-of-a-kind chorizo burger, and have a chuckle and a malt; Juan’s spirit is definitely still there.

R.I. Pollo



Kwagunt

ABOUT 850 YEARS AGO Mrs. Sequaptewa lived with her extended family on a bluff near Kwagunt creek. On a crisp March morning she woke up feeling somewhat out of sorts. Not that some major annoyance was looming, mind you, but a lot of little ones were getting increasingly tiresome. Chief among these was the endless chore of fetching water from the creek, a task she performed several times each day with the help of her two daughters. Men, of course, did not do things such as fetching water. Well, the time had come to do something about the water business, she thought, and that involved Mr. Sequaptewa.

At that moment, Mr. Sequaptewa—Bud—was sunning himself by the front door, belching and scratching contentedly as was his morning custom. “Bud,” said Mrs. S., “I need to talk to you.” “Dammit, woman, can’t you see I’m busy?” “I can see you are busy, all right, but you might want to listen to what I have to say anyway. Remember the ditch you promised to build three years ago, but haven’t yet? Well, you just might consider starting on it darn soon. Until that ditch is done, don’t even think of making whoopee around here, or anything else along those lines.” She then turned on her heel and went back into the house with that fierce dignity that only wives can summon because they have practiced it so much.

Bud’s synapses were of the slow-firing kind, so it took a while for the meaning of all this to sink in. As it did, the scratching slowed down, then stopped, like a toy engine running out of steam. “Jeez,” he said, “jeez.” And that is all he could say for quite a while. Eventually, he regained his customary eloquence, which at this moment consisted chiefly of expletives. “What the **** does that **** woman think she is? I’ll **** show her, that’s what I’ll do.” This was followed by several minutes worth of equally eloquent exposition. At some point, however, the realization wormed itself into his skull that perhaps there is valor in prudence, that it might be better to live to fight another day, things like that, and presently he got up with much groaning and disconsolate scratching, shouldered his digging stick, and set off in the direction of the creek. He returned quite late in the afternoon, a process repeated for several days. In the end he had constructed a ditch several hundred feet long, stone-supported where needed, dug where not, and with just the right gradient to bring water from the creek to near the dwellings where the family lived.

Connubial harmony, maybe even bliss, was now restored, but it was not to last long. Bud did not know this, basking as he was in the glory of an achievement that he figured should provide him with amenities for quite a while to come. The problem was that Mrs. S

possessed a restless and inquisitive mind, and was far smarter anyway than the rest of the family, most certainly Bud, whose world was one of simple needs and simple pleasures.

“Bud.” “Whaa?” “Remember that marvelous ditch you have constructed so well with such wonderfully cunning craftsmanship?” Bud was ready to bask in this unexpected accolade when a little voice told him—caution my boy, there may be some curved thorn in that rose, which smells rather fishy anyway, if you ask me. So he said, in a studiously flat voice: “What about it?” “Well, we need to make a few additions to it, don’t we?” At this point Bud started getting mighty upset because things were not going at all well. “Woman, have you completely lost your mind? First you cause me no end of trouble by wanting this silly ditch, which is completely unnecessary because you and the girls have always brought water just fine. And now you want me to waste even more time on the damn thing?” He could only use a generic defense because he had no idea of what nasty thing was lurking in her mind this time. “I want you to build a whole bunch of little walls below the ditch over there on that nose. The walls need to be three to four hands high, at any rate high enough to make a flat terrace on the uphill side after you have filled that part with dirt. We need nine or ten lines of terraces below the ditch, and the dirt should be good stuff, the kind you can find around here if you look and are careful. Oh, by the way, the whoopee ordinance is again in effect, for you and your buddies around here, so you might as well be good boys and get to work right away—dragging things out won’t make you feel any better.”

“For Cocopalli’s sake, is there no end to this? What will she think of next? Beans, maybe broccoli? A hot tub? Is a man to have no peace at all?” All this agitation was partly bluff because in fact Bud’s dim innards had started glowing with a degree of pride in his accomplishment. But appearances had to be maintained. When he was by himself, however, he could take the luxury of admitting that he had even begun, in a tentative sort of way, to take an interest in the project and do some thinking about it. “Yeah, having water right next to the house would be a good thing, and even the kitchen garden isn’t so bad. Maybe I can sneak in a tobacco plant or two when she isn’t looking...Maybe a little pool for washing...”

He set to work early next morning, collecting many of the slabby rocks abundant near the house and using them to make small retaining walls below the ditch. He then started to fill the spaces between the walls and the hillside with good earth from a place he knew along Kwagunt creek. He used a basket to carry the dirt, but

soon realized this was no small job, so pried his two teen-age sons and a cousin from their general slouching about, paying no attention to their anguished protests. Together, they filled the terraces with soil in a few hours.

The time had now come to arrange little channels so some water would flow out of the ditch into each terrace, leaving enough water in the ditch for other terraces downstream. "Now, this is fun," thought the four guys, in accordance with the innate tendency of males to like playing with water and mud. So they set to with enthusiasm, and produced a cunning arrangement of water flowing down from one terrace to another that even Mrs. Sequaptewa considered very cool, to her considerable surprise. "I did not know these guys had it in them," she thought. Her mood softened, connubial amenities were restored, and Bud returned to his normal activities—for a while.

Mrs. Sequaptewa now corralled her daughters, and together they planted seeds of beans and squash in the terraces, each placed at just the right depth in a little hole made with a stick. Bud did manage to plant a few tobacco seeds at nightfall, when his wife was otherwise engaged.

It was not long before the abundant moisture and the warm spring sun combined to re-enact the ancient miracle and bring forth from the ground little plants that quickly grew and produced abundant crops, of which the deer ate only a few because of Mrs. Sequaptewa's alert vigilance. Such unheard-of abundance right next to the house, combined with a supply of domestic water at the doorstep greatly increased the value of the property. This created much envy among the neighbors, who started coming often under some pretext or other to see for themselves how it had all been done. Some could not copy it because their house was not properly situated with respect to a creek, but those more fortunate wasted no time, and the practice soon spread up and down the farm country of the Grand Canyon, where it was used until circumstances darkened and The People left.

Over the centuries, the Sequaptewa kitchen garden fell into ruin. The plants disappeared, the ditch filled in, native vegetation re-established itself, and the walls crumbled so that only a few were left standing. But the story was not entirely lost because a geologist came upon the house, upon the ditch and its terraces many hundreds of years later, and heard, in the great silence of the Canyon, the faint voice of Mrs. Sequaptewa rousing her husband to work, his grumpy complaints, and the silvery tinkling of water cascading from one terrace to the next in a far-off spring afternoon.

Ivo Lucchitta

Grand Canyon Youth

COME CELEBRATE WITH Grand Canyon Youth! This is your opportunity to come and learn more about the exciting programs at Grand Canyon Youth. Our 1st Annual Grand Canyon Youth Community Presentation will take place on Saturday, September 25, 2004, from 3:00-6:00 PM at the Coconino Center for the Arts. Admission is free. There will be a reception from 3:00-4:30 with food and tables displaying some of what we've been up to over the season. At 4:30, there will be a presentation and slideshow, given by the youth participants and others. Everyone is invited, so come and show your support for our great organization and meet some of the incredible youth who participate in our programs.

A NOTE FROM A GRAND CANYON YOUTH RIVER JOURNAL

This is an excerpt from a river journal a youth participant wrote on a Grand Canyon trip in June.

"All these rocks seem so very old. With the tumultuous water below, and the cliffs towering overhead, I have become insignificant. The water and wind have been smoothing these canyons for ages, and you can feel it. You are enveloped in feelings of reverence for this place, and at the same time energy wells up within you. Inspiration and joy. Living in these canyons with fantastic people has been amazing.

I know that I will always remember this adventure fondly and that I will be forever drawn to this place. Just like I have left footprints in the sands of the Grand Canyon, it has left imprints in me."

Julia Klema, age 18

For more information, to volunteer, or if you have any questions, call Emma Wharton at (928)773-7921 or email info@gcyouth.org. Our website, www.gcyouth.org is updated frequently.



Julia Klema

Frank's Early Exit and Long Good-Bye

"I've had more excitement than a man deserves in a lifetime. I'm leaving."

Francis Valentine Goodman
June 1869

THE PRECIPITATING INCIDENT OF THE PREMATURE DEPARTURE

TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Frank Goodman was soaked to the bone on that warm June day in 1869. The last few rapids had seen to it. And the only thing sorer than his back were his sun burnt, calloused hands. He wasn't one to complain however; he had signed on at the last moment with Major Powell for the adventure of a lifetime. As he rowed downriver, trying to match his strokes with Seneca Howland's, he said nothing about the red flannel underwear that clung to his skin. He had stripped off his water-logged outer garments and spread them on the decks of the *No-Name* to dry in the noon-day sun. Along with his red flannels (which he had purchased in Green River City only two weeks before), he had also bought a pair of buckskin trousers and shirt, a buffalo robe, a blanket, and an army blue overcoat. The beaver hat drooping over his head he had made himself.

Goodman's long johns, in the style of the day, consisted of a top shirt and a separate pair of drawers. To hold up his britches he had tied a drawstring around his waist. Around each ankle he wrapped more drawstrings, presumably to hold his britches down.

As the weary trio floated through soon-to-be-named Lodore Canyon, they temporarily lost sight of the other boats—*Emma Dean*, *Maid of the Canyon* and *Kitty Clyde's Sister*. The men were glad, though, for the flat water and sunny weather. They needed a respite from the terrifying, yet exciting, job of rowing the rapids. The expedition had had trouble back upstream, losing valuable supplies and nearly one of the boats.

Now they did not hear the dull growl that signaled a large rapid. O.G. Howland, manning the tiller, at last caught sight of the Major standing on shore. He was signaling frantically. Whether Howland hadn't been paying attention or the signal came to late, whether he was too far from shore and neither his attention nor the Major's signal would have made a difference, depends on one's imaginative interpretation of the river historians you read. The *No-Name* missed the pull-in, always a heart-sinking sensation.

How the three men reacted is anyone's guess. Perhaps they flailed at the oars as they tried to correct; perhaps they made a concerted effort. At the last moment they may have simply dropped the oars and held on as the *No-Name* careened through the rapid, finally crashing

onto a boulder midstream. *Broach* is the correct word, but hardly conveys the physical drama involved. If you have ever been at the oars of a wooden boat as it slams into a rock, you know well the heart-wrenching lurch of the vessel and the stomach-turning sound of splintering wood.

The three men were pitched out of the boat and washed downstream. While Goodman was trying to make shore, his red flannel drawers came untied at the waist. They slipped gradually past his knees and then tangled around his ankles, making swimming difficult. He yelled to those standing on shore, "*This is it, boys!*" The men on shore stood by helplessly. Fortunately Goodman washed onto a small island in the middle of the river as did the Howland brothers. They were safe for the time being.

Under the relentless pounding of the river, the *No-Name* collapsed and broke in two. The aft section of the boat was swept a half-mile downriver where it broached on yet another rock.

Two weeks into their journey, the river had taken one boat and one-third of their supplies, a significant loss. Frank Goodman, stranded in the middle of the river in his long underwear, would have three long weeks to ponder his predicament.

EARLY JULY, 1983—A SIMILAR PRECIPITATING INCIDENT

It had been an unusual flip and an unnerving swim for the mother and her twenty-one-year-old daughter riding in the wooden dory. They were a scant two days downriver on a trip that had already been postponed a day, due to water levels not seen since the pre-dam era. The river itself had become dangerously unfamiliar—cluttered with debris, smelling earthy, its surface swollen and sullen, its currents, boils and waves menacing and ocean-like. It was hard to believe it was the same river; this failure of faith gnawed at the crew's resolve. Days before a motor rig turned over at Crystal Rapid, causing one death and numerous injuries. The Park Service did the unthinkable. The river corridor was closed. Twenty-four hours later, with the national media and river companies looking on, the river was reopened to traffic. The scene for an early exit had been set.

There was none of the balladic slow-motion gracefulness that often defines an overturning boat. The action was ferociously blunt. One moment the wooden dory was crashing through the huge, misshapen waves of Twenty-four-and-a-Half-Mile Rapid. The next instance the boat was brought to a standstill, as if someone had yanked the hair on a child's head. The boat shuddered and stalled, then slipped back down the face of a breaking wave and corkscrewed savagely. Like a peach striking the pavement, the heavily-loaded dory was unceremoniously

upended and thrown over. Mother and daughter, along with the oarsman and other passengers, disappeared. The boat remained trapped in the trough of the wave. Unlike Frank Goodman, they did not have an island-sanctuary immediately downstream.

Eventually the river released the upside-down boat. Its occupants, one by one, had been flushed downstream indiscriminately. They bobbed along like broken dolls heads. The grey-bottomed hull followed, twisting and turning in the current. Oddly enough, the boat caught up with the scattered group. They grabbed hold, but the boat was thrust toward the shore. It landed on an outcropping of rock that had been dry for decades. Afraid of being trapped between boat and rock, the passengers let go. Again, they were swept downriver and separated. Some tried to swim to shore, as they had been instructed. It was an impossible task. Mother and daughter had held hands, briefly, and then were drawn apart. The river pulled them into eddies they could not escape; boils rose up and captured the unsuspecting swimmers and spun them around; dark currents tugged at their legs, and despite their lifejackets, sucked them under.

One by one they washed through Twenty-five-Mile Rapid. The current slowed and as the exhausted passengers came within shouting distance of one another, an opportunity arose. The oarsman, who had stayed with the overturned boat, floated downstream and managed to gather his stunned passengers. Together they righted the boat. The ordeal appeared over. He slipped an oar into the port oarlock; he went to place his other oar and found it slipping through his hands into the river. The oarlock had been sheered off. He raised both hands in to the air. *What now?* There was nothing to be done. The boat drifted downstream, bound for Cave Springs Rapid and its boulders.

In the final moments before the vulnerable boat was beyond reach, a fellow-oarsman tossed a throw line from his boat idling near shore. It fell short. He retrieved the throwline and tried again. The uncoiling bag hit the stern. The oarless boatman grabbed it and tied in. The wooden dory was reeled to shore.

That evening the four passengers were offered the chance to leave the river early. Two passengers chose to stay. The mother and daughter's somber decision, however, surprised no one. They had been frightened (as had everyone who witnessed the incident), and with more than two-hundred river miles to go, they had had enough. (In fact, the thought of an early departure, perhaps an early group departure, had crossed the minds of all the crew and passengers alike.) Two days later, they boarded a helicopter at the Little Colorado. Unlike Frank Goodman, they had not had to wait three weeks. They were offered a return trip. The following season they came back to the Canyon and completed their river journey.

THE MAN IN THE RED FLANNEL UNDERWEAR

In 1959 (nearly forty-five years after Goodman's death) E.G. Evans wrote of his friend, "...it has to be from memory of talks with him and others as there is no diary or written record. First, description: height, about 5'9", weight about 180, broad intelligent head, brown hair, dark blue eyes, broad nose, a good-looking mouth with slightly receding chin—was fairly good-looking, very healthy and strong, most always wore a beard which was red-brown in color—had a sunny disposition, loved the out-of-doors, did not care for hard work, made friends with most people he met, was a deep thinker and a great reader, quite a talker but did some thinking before he talked, never spilling his brains out his mouth or telling what he did not want to, was a very staunch Republican, belonged to no church but was broadminded and respected other people's opinions, even to the point of being friends with Confederate men who he fought against, he still respected them although he believed them wrong."

The child was born on February 2, 1844, in England. As a boy, Goodman had less than adequate schooling. Even if he had had better opportunities, he may not have attended. For a brief period he worked as a miller's apprentice, a job he detested. At age seventeen he up and ran off to the United States. He arrived in time to join the New Jersey Volunteers, fighting through the Civil War on the side of the Union. At the war's end he would have been twenty-one, twenty-two at most.

For unknown reasons, he returned to England. There he worked in a custom house and proved himself an asset to the company. He married the daughter of a well-to-do family. Soon after, his new wife developed tuberculosis, a common disease in London at the time, and died. By 1867 or so, Goodman returned to the United States. He landed in New Orleans and made his way to the Ozark Mountains. Apparently this city-bred Englishman loved the out-of-doors.

St. Joe, Missouri was the jumping off point for westward migration, and here Goodman fell in with a freight outfit. The one-hundred-fifty oxen needed round the clock attention. One four-month journey from St. Joe to Deer Lodge, Montana was enough for Goodman. It was said that while Goodman "enjoyed a walk, he had about as long a one as he wanted this time." Every meal consisted of cornbread, salted pig, coffee, and molasses—a repast not to his liking. Off he went to greener pastures.

He joined the Hudson Bay Company, working as a trapper in British Columbia. He trapped his way down the Columbia River to Walla Walla, Washington Territory. Enough of that, Frank thought. He found a partner. They trapped their way up the Snake River and over the mountains to the head of the Green River. In early May 1869 he arrived in Green River City, Wyoming, to sell his furs. He closed the deal and knowing the value of a dollar, he immediately banked his share of the profits.

Goodman apparently never touched liquor (unusual

given the company he kept) and did not gamble, two pastimes not unknown in Green River City. One observer wrote, “Having nothing particular to do at the time...he (Goodman) joined up with Mr. Powell.”

Historian John Upton Terrell wrote of Goodman, “He was apple-cheeked, educated, displayed a calm manner, was a good shot, and most important of all, *an experienced boatman*.” Historians Darrah, Dellenbaugh and Lavender hardly mention the apple-cheeked Englishman, probably because he played such a minor role in the epic journey. One hints that Goodman may have bought his way onto the trip and proved to be ineffective at best. Could this have been one of the reasons for his early exit?

UNFAMILIAR REASONS FOR EARLY, UNPLANNED EXITS

The majority of reasons for modern-day, unplanned exits from the river generally fall under the heading of emergencies—illness, accident, or death. They are easily recognizable, part of the Canyon canon of unforeseen incidents. Another category (if it can be called a category at all) lingers just out of public view however. These anomalies, these stray cats of premature departures, rarely appear in the record books. More often than not, they are told on boats at the waters’ edge late at night.

There is the story of a young man and his family who arrived at Lees Ferry after spending the evening in Las Vegas. He didn’t look very well as he sat by the river, waiting for the trip to start downriver. By lunch, he looked worse. When the trip reached Badger, it was evident that something was seriously wrong. He broke into a sweat, suffered convulsions and the DTs. Things were spiraling out of control. The guides were able to calm him down and eventually the whole family was hiked out at Badger, an easy exit. Later, the crew found out that he was an ex-Viet Nam veteran; his father had brought him to Grand Canyon in the hopes of healing his son’s wounded spirit.

Early exits can also be *self-induced*. Day-trippers noticed a young male hiker standing on the bridge at Phantom one afternoon acting *strange*. As it turned out, he had ingested the leaves of the sacred datura and was in the throes of unholy hallucinations. Fortunately the river rangers were able to persuade him that they were not alien storm-troopers from another galaxy bent on the subjugation of planet Earth. The young experimenter was airlifted to hospital, his exit a fait accompli.

Another, more delicate, explanation for early unplanned departures does not show up on incident reports or after-trip debriefings. It seems to affect boatmen more than passengers. Every now and then you do hear the tale of the couple who could not wait for the trip to end, the familiarity of a river trip being the proverbial straw that broke the relationship’s back. Stories abound, however, of Canyon guides jumping ship midstream in the name of love and its various manifesta-

tions, romantic as well as carnal.

One veteran boatman recalled being given a turn at the oars of a dory on Day One of his first trip in Grand Canyon. He knew this to be an aberration which his luck could not possibly tolerate. That evening at Badger Creek he was told (not asked) he would be rowing the boat for the rest of the trip. His joy knew no bounds. The original boatman, smitten by his new found love left somewhere on the rim, could not bear a minute more in a beautiful boat floating through one of the sublime wonders of the world. His heart was elsewhere. Being a boatman, he followed it right out of the Canyon.

Of course, there are the more bawdy tales of boatmen who have suffered what might be called the side effects of giving their hearts away (or stealing another’s, if you will.) One boatman was known to have sprinted up to the South Rim during a brief stop at Phantom to secure a medicinal product known to calm the itching of an s.t.d. of the crustacean variety. Not only was his an early and unexpected exit, it was also a return of legendary quickness. Equally fascinating was the plight of a boatman who, after two or three days on the river, could no longer row his boat. It seems his passion had gotten the better (or worse) of him before the trip. He suffered a case of epididymitis. Evacuation was imminent, as was an explanation to those left behind. “Groin injury” would suffice.

Rarely spoken of, the wish for an early departure from the stone temple is a misunderstood creature more common than you might think. To admit your desire to leave the river for reasons other than injury or love, however, borders on sacrilege and invites unwanted inspection. Few can bring themselves to confess to such a heretical notion in the midst of such natural beauty and so many Canyon lovers. Yet it happens. Boredom, an unforgivable sin in the Canyon, can be a trigger; someone or something waiting off-river can have you counting the days. There is also the case of certain individuals who are quite literally “overwhelmed” by the place. They suffer a kind of sensory overload, sometimes brought on by dehydration, which creates an urgent need to escape. They experience a vague claustrophobia. Ironic, given the size and visual space of the Canyon. A patch of shade, a drink of water, and a kind word can often bring the unruly desire for an early exit under control.

LAST IN, FIRST OUT

The Powell expedition reached the mouth of the Unita River on June 28, 1869, nearly three weeks after their wreck at aptly named Disaster Falls. *Three weeks*—a long time for Goodman to mull things over. E.G. Evans, however, thought his friend had made the decision to leave the river immediately after the wreck of the *No-Name*. As far as we know, Goodman was still wearing his red flannel underwear. Factor in Hell’s Half-Mile Rapids, dwindling rations, the unending toil of portages, close

quarters on the boats, and the loss of all of his personal gear. If he did not make a decision while he was stranded on the small island, he almost certainly had by the time he landed.

Naturally, the various accounts (and the interpretations of those accounts) of Goodman's departure differ on some minor points. What is certain is that on July 2 (or 3) Powell and two men, W.W. Hawkins and Goodman (?), hiked eighteen (some accounts say forty) miles up a side canyon to the Unita Indian Agency in the hopes of replenishing their supplies. Common sense suggests that Goodman, having already made his decision to leave, would have wanted to accompany Powell and Hawkins to the Indian Agency.

On July 4th George Bradley noted in his journal that "they were still waiting for Powell to return." That very evening Powell, Hawkins and Goodman (?) were having a holiday dinner with Lieutenant Pardon Dodds, head of the Ute Indian Agency. (Later Dodds offered Goodman clothes and a job. Over the next year they would become good friends.) According to Hawkins's account (written fifty years after the event), the following day, July 5, he and Powell returned to the river with additional supplies of flour, but without Goodman. "He had all he wanted of the river," said Hawkins.

Powell, writing twenty-five years after the event, said of Goodman, "I am content that he should leave, although he has been a faithful man." Might Powell have sized up the fragile situation and realized he could afford, indeed, he needed to lose a man? Did he ask Goodman to leave or did Goodman tell the Major of his intentions beforehand? It is difficult to say. Perhaps the Major "set the scene" for one of the Canyon's first early exits.

Once again E.G. Evans, Goodman's friend, offers a reasonable explanation. He wrote, "When the Powell Party reached here (mouth of the Unita River), they had too many men for boats and provisions left. The Major would not ask any man to leave or put him off but *would be pleased if some of them would leave* (italics mine,) so Frank Valentine *volunteered* to leave."

Had Frank and John Wesley had been thinking along the same lines, albeit for different reasons, since Disaster Falls? It seems so. Being honorable (or stubborn?) men, however, neither would have thought of placing the other in an awkward situation. Without a good reason, Powell could not dismiss Goodman from the expedition. Goodman, on the other hand, might have been reluctant to ask explicitly for an early exit. To leave for the good of

the expedition was one thing; to have been seen leaving the expedition for selfish or cowardly reasons was quite another. It seems that Powell stage-managed a face-saving agreement for everyone involved.

Evans wrote of Goodman, "*He did not care much now where the river went to and this ended his river running career. Now the Powell party had lost their merry maker as he was a good story teller and an excellent singer—never forgot a poem or a story. Well, here he was afoot and alone, all he had that he was not born with was two shoes and a suit of red woolen underwear.*"

Evans, however, did throw one last wrinkle in the historical works. Of the actual physical parting he wrote, "*He (Goodman) said when he saw the boats go around the bend and on out of sight down the river, he had a few lonesome moments but no regrets, but always hoped to see that gang again but I do not think he ever did.*"



This scenario suggests two unlikely possibilities for an early exit. Might Goodman have stayed down at the river when Powell and the two other men walked up to the Ute Indian Agency? Then later, when they returned, he saw the expedition off and began his lonely walk up the side canyon. It's possible, but hard to believe that Goodman (or Powell) would make such a wrong-headed choice given the situation. Why would Goodman choose to walk alone in unfamiliar country?

A second interpretation has Goodman walking up and back with Powell and Hawkins, and then back to the Indian Agency once more. Again, given the terrain and Goodman's condition, this interpretation seems well beyond the pale of possibility. Goodman did not like to walk that much. Evan's conclusion, of course, is what any good storyteller would choose—truer in spirit if not fact. His imagination may have begun to fill in the inevitable gaps that accompany distant memories. Or maybe Goodman himself, in his retelling nearly fifty years after the event, suffered the same understandable storyteller's fate.

Reading through Evan's recollections, one has the impression that the English adventurer never looked back at the Canyon. By all accounts, he never seemed to regret missing his fifteen minutes of river fame. He went on to live a busy, interesting life. On June 23, 1915 he died in Vernal, Utah at age seventy-one. Having worn his red flannel underwear for an undignified length of time, Goodman had made one of the more graceful early exits in Canyon history.

Vince Welch

A Fresh Look at Western Grand Canyon

Lava Dams: Lava Dam Outburst-Flood Deposits

“The lava has run down river and shows on side cooled in fantastic shapes... Lava all through here, run down the canyon, filling the breaks ... and washed out again. Hot time then!!!”

R.B. Stanton, February 27, 1890.

ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to western Grand Canyon, imagine basaltic lava flowing into the Colorado River near Whitmore Canyon. Both Powell and Stanton, the first two explorers of the Colorado River, described it vividly from their imaginations. Picture the vapors, ash, and explosions as cold water quenches hot lava. The lava piles up, moving a little bit up and downstream, eventually accumulating enough to create a dam to impound a reservoir. Suppose 350 billion cubic feet of water is backed up behind that dam, extending all the way upstream to Hance Rapid. Now, it doesn't take much imagination to realize that this dam is unstable—after all, some of its structure is rock hydrothermally shattered by interaction with water, and its abutments rest on talus—but it holds for a while. All of a sudden, something gives inside the dam or in the dam's abutments, and the dam collapses, releasing the impounded water rapidly in a HUGE flood, moving the dam material downstream in a wall that is initially more than 600 feet high. Envision what western Grand Canyon looks like downstream right after such a flood. You and your passengers can see what's

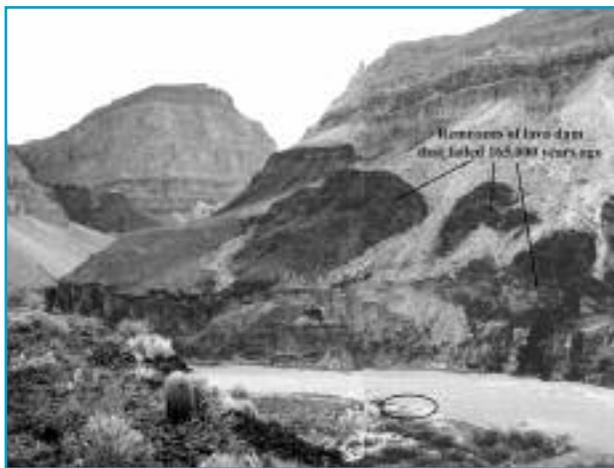


Figure 1. Remains of a failed lava dam across from Whitmore Rapids. Photographer is standing on top the Whitmore Cascade (Qbwc, Figure 2) looking across the river and upstream. Notice the boats (circled) on the beach for scale. You can easily recognize these remnants from the river because of the orange color of the weathering basalt glass at the base of the lava flows.

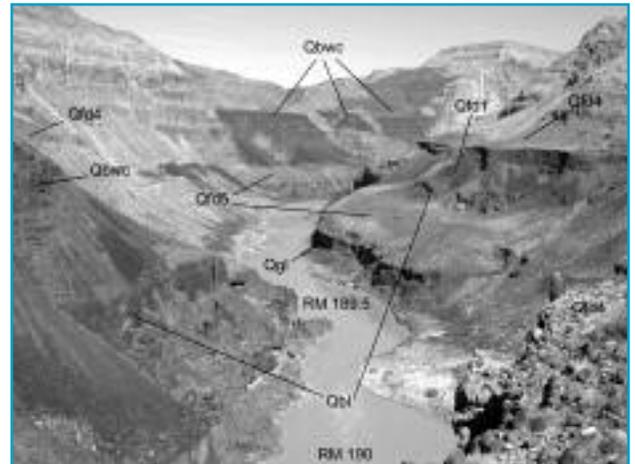


Figure 2. Upstream view of the Colorado River between RM 188 and 190 from 200 m above the river. Outburst-flood deposits, labeled as Qfd5, Qfd4, and Qfd1, are shown in this view. The Whitmore Cascade, Black Ledge, and Gray Ledge lava flows (Hamblin, 1994) are also visible and are labeled as Qbwc, Qbl, and Qgl. The photographer is standing on the remnants of a 165,000 year-old flood deposit (Qfd4).

left of these lava dams and their outburst-flood deposits after 165,000 years (Figure 1). Outburst-flood deposits are common in western Grand Canyon between river miles 187 and 209 (Figure 2). Over the past eight years, we mapped and investigated 49 discontinuous lava-dam outburst-flood deposits between RM 185 and RM 222 (Fenton et al., 2002; 2004). Because these deposits are very similar in appearance and cannot be distinguished on the basis of location, position, and appearance alone, we collected rock samples for geochemical analyses and cosmogenic $^3\text{He}_c$ dating, the dating technique discussed in a previous article. Deposits with common ages and common chemical signatures were grouped together and distinguished from other deposits whose ages and chemical concentrations differed. This study allowed us to determine that at least five lava dams failed catastrophically between 100,000 and 525,000 years ago in western Grand Canyon. The flood deposits, described below, are the most convincing evidence that indicates that not all western Grand Canyon lava dams were stable, as suggested by Hamblin (1994). Hamblin (1994, Figure 64D) describes the large-scale foresets (Figure 3a) in one of these coarse gravel deposits at river mile 187.5 (river left) and states that this is the most convincing evidence for catastrophic flooding in the canyon during this period of time. He was right.

Dams created by lava flows are often assumed to be

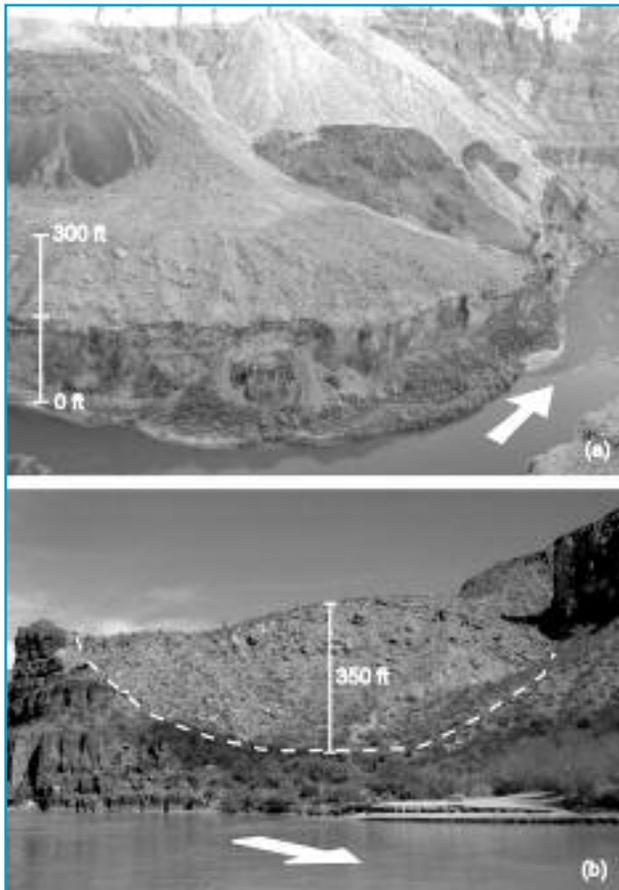


Figure 3. (a) Photograph of a 100,000 year-old outburst-flood deposit (Qfd5) preserved on a bench created by a Gray Ledge lava-dam remnant at RM 188L. (b) Upstream view of a paleo-Colorado River channel filled with a 165,000 year-old deposit (Qfd4) that is 110 m thick at RM 194L. The white arrows indicate the direction of flow of the present-day Colorado River.

stable (Howard et al., 1982; Hamblin, 1994), and although some are stable, others have failed, releasing catastrophic floods downstream (Fenton et al., 2002, 2004; Jackson et al., 2001). The foundations and abutments were on loose material, which, combined with hydrothermal fracturing of the basalt, created ideal conditions for rapid failure (Figure 2). In our work, we speculate at sufficient pressures, water stored in lava-dam lakes likely flowed through fractured and porous media. This “piping” would be expected to remove significant amounts of unconsolidated talus under the dam, thereby undermining the basalt structure, collapsing the dam crest, and draining the reservoir. It is also plausible that the interiors of thick dams might not have cooled completely before the onset of failure. Partial collapse of weaker zones on the upstream of a dam into the lake could expose a large volume of hot lava to water, resulting in explosions that could have contributed to the failure. Such explosive collapses are seen almost monthly

on a smaller scale in Hawaii when lava flows into the ocean (Mattox and Mangan, 1997).

Outburst-flood deposits tied to lava-dam failures are unique to the 30-mile reach from mile 189 to 209; they are not found upstream of Lava Falls. These deposits are significantly different than typical Colorado River gravels, which generally consist of well-rounded sandstone and limestone clasts from the Paleozoic section and clasts of a variety of quartzite, porphyritic and other igneous clasts carried by river from far upstream. Outburst-flood deposits are almost entirely made up of basalt clasts ranging from sand-size grains to boulders up to 115 feet in diameter (Fig. 4a). Blocks of Muav Limestone (Figure 4b) are found in the deposits, and their angularity and position in the deposits indicate that they were transported from the failed abutments of the lava dam. The largest clasts found in typical Colorado River



Figure 4. (a) Photograph of boulders preserved in a 100,000 year-old outburst-flood deposit (Qfd5) deposit at RM 188.4R. The white circle on the left side of the picture indicates a person for scale. (b) Imbricated limestone blocks preserved in a 165,000 year-old deposit (Qfd4) at RM 194L. A hammer is circled in white for scale.

gravels in western Grand Canyon are 16 feet or less in diameter and were likely contributed to the mainstem river through debris-flow action in nearby tributary canyons. The sand-sized matrix in the outburst-flood deposits is basalt glass, formed when lava initially flowed into the river beginning the lava-dam building process. This basalt glass would have been stored in the dam's reservoir, and upon dam failure would have been entrained along with larger pieces of the dam, moved downstream, and deposited in eddies that would have occurred at the mouths of tributary canyons (river mile 193.5, Boulder Canyon), or on the inside bends in the river (river mile 187.5).

These unique deposits are mostly preserved on benches left behind by remnants of pre-existing lava dams (Fig. 3a), but they have also filled old river channels like the one at river mile 194 (Fig. 3b). The deposits are up to 350 feet thick, and are found high above the river (Figs. 2 and 3). Elevation, clast size and deposit thickness decrease with increasing distance from the lava dams. Flood stage decreased rapidly with distance from the damsites, as would be expected from a rapidly draining reservoir. The deposits are preserved 175 to 650 feet above the present-day river, higher than regular river gravels near Nankoweap or Unkar. Outburst-flood deposits also preserve the foresets of ripples, similar to ripples you see in the sand beneath water along today's river, but on a much larger scale, as high as 150 feet (Fig. 2a). The nature of the deposits indicate that large floods with high velocities and great depths were needed to move and emplace them, floods larger than anything produced by upland runoff from snowmelt or rainstorms. The composition of each outburst-flood deposit unit (>80% basalt) ties the source to a failed lava dam. No material was present in the deposits that could be attributed to deltaic or lacustrine deposits, which would have accumulated if the dams had a long lifespan.

Outburst-flood deposits are some of the most interesting geologic outcrops we think visitors can see in western Grand Canyon. Unfortunately, there aren't many good sites to check out upstream of 187, but you can stop at Whitmore Rapid (river right) or at mile 202 (river right), climb on top of the lava flow remnants downstream of the camps and admire the piles of rounded, varnished boulders. As we'll tell you next time, these rounded boulders were deposited during some of the largest-known floods in the continental United States.

Cassie Fenton and Bob Webb

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fall sunflowers

Adaptive Management: Friend or Foe?

MUCH HAS BEEN PRINTED lately in newspapers about the state of the Grand Canyon ecosystem, the decline of the chub population, shrinking beaches, failure of the adaptive management program, etc. Based on your ballot comments and the scuttlebutt that flows downstream so very fast, it has become apparent that some of our members are not satisfied with the progress (or lack thereof) in the Adaptive Management Program (AMP). We offer the following articles as food for thought about the AMP and

invite you to join us in trying to figure out the complex issues surrounding the program. Please send in your thoughts, perspectives, rants, etc. There are very few of us trying to make sense of all this and represent all of you in this program. Hey, if you're pissed off about it, get off your ass and let us know what you think—but please be reasonable—join us by mail, email, or in person.

GCRG Adaptive Management Guys

ADAPTIVE MANAGEMENT AT GLEN CANYON: WHAT HAS REALLY FAILED?

SCIENTISTS FAIL IN THE GRAND CANYON! That headline and many more like it have found their way into national periodicals lately. They would leave you to believe that based on recent reports from the Adaptive Management Work Group and the administrators of the Department of the Interior that we might as well fold up our tent and let the operators at the dam go back to operating the dam anyway they want to. Who would have thought that after the destructive flows of the 1970s and all the hard work of the 1980s and 1990s that we would be back to the same spot we were in 1982?

I admit up front that I don't have a financial stake in this argument like many of you do. Whether you are guides, researchers supported by GCMRC or the NPS I understand that while you may want to do the right thing you are constrained. I purposefully have stayed away from getting involved with the Adaptive Management Program. After my GCS tenure of 1982 through 1996 a new direction and focus for implementing the ROD and Adaptive Management Program was desired and I stepped aside. Not quietly as some wanted, but I did leave. While I miss the Grand Canyon and my friends there, it has been and is still too difficult watching the dismantling of the science program and the progress that we had made on reoperating the dam. I had hoped that the program would find its legs after a couple of years, and that it would get back on track. On the contrary, it seems to have been derailed. From my vantage point it appears that most people are more concerned about jockeying for position and creating alliances than in doing what is needed for the Canyon. I was not a big proponent of collaboration when the Grand Canyon was being traded away.

The latest effort by a variety of experts to expound on the failure of science and the health of the Grand

Canyon leaves one shaking one's head. Even though it will never make the headline, *science cannot fail*. Science is a rigorous process of evaluating causes and effects and testing hypotheses. It is a process of collecting information, interpreting the information, and formulating conclusions. Where the failure comes is not from science or the scientists but from those who are charged with using the science. What has failed is the lack of vision and application to do what has been shown to be necessary at Glen Canyon Dam.

For the record, the initial concept of Adaptive Management for the Grand Canyon was presented in 1988. We knew then that no matter how much data collection we did, no matter how much time we spent in the Canyon, there was always going to be doubts on what it was telling us. The river and ecosystem are dynamic and need to be treated as such. After much research we came up with the concept of Adaptive Management and got it integrated into the EIS. The need for the program became even more emphatic when the EIS was put on a two-year crash schedule by the politicians. Any scientist will tell you that it is nearly impossible to collect a credible data set on natural ecosystems within that period of time. We tried everything possible to get the data, and as a result we did learn a lot. When it was clear that we would not have all the answers, the Grand Canyon Protection Act of 1992 (GCPA) was passed which mandated that an Adaptive Management Program be developed to support the EIS Record of Decision (now that the statute of limitations is over I can speak to this). Interior brought in some high level folks to direct the development of the GCMRC program, and they quickly learned that working in the Grand Canyon is harder than sitting behind a desk or having a bunch of meetings; you gotta be there to understand it.

From my perspective what is missing is an understanding and clear articulation of what the real goal of the Adaptive Management program is. The Adaptive

Management concept was not set up to make it easier for the water and power people to satisfy their clients. On the contrary, the intent of the GCPA was to ensure that the environmental components were managed equally. From my perspective what is needed now are two things. The first is a rearticulating of the environmental vision for the Grand Canyon that gets us back to the basics of understanding the ecosystem and managing it in a way that first and foremost, the environment is highest on the list. The second is for us (that's right you and me) to stand up and say enough is enough and demand that Glen Canyon Dam be managed in a way that protects and restores, not eliminates or disenfranchises, the ecosystem.

This is hard stuff. You have got to get to your clients, to the newspapers, to Congress and tell them that what is going on in the Grand Canyon is not meeting the intent of the EIS or the GCPA. We all must stand up and tell the truth. We need to develop an ethic for doing the right thing for the Canyon no matter whom it pisses off. Our job is to defend the Grand Canyon when the NPS, FWS and others can't. We are compromising away the natural environment, the heritage, and the future of the Grand Canyon. They have the advantage as long as we try to play their game. We cannot compromise the Grand Canyon any longer.

The time of being nice, of being congenial and trying to work with these people is over if you are concerned about the Grand Canyon. Make a stand, get outside review of the process, and don't let them take advantage of every opportunity that comes along. If you don't stand up to them and use your leverage they will continue to walk all over the living systems of the Grand Canyon.

Let me know when someone wants to get off the dime and be unreasonable for the Grand Canyon, and I will back in the game in a minute.

Dave Wegner

FORMER MANAGER OF THE GLEN
CANYON ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES
AND PROUD OF IT

YOUR VISION FOR THE RIVER'S FUTURE

IT'S EASY TO GET SO CAUGHT UP in the details of your life that you forget to step back and see how your life is going in general. You know what I mean? You are so busy going through the motions that you aren't really focused on where all that flurry of activity is taking you; you just want to get things done.

The same thing is happening with the Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management Program. The program has been around for almost eight years now, and it has gotten to the point where it is so busy going through the motions that in some ways it isn't really focused on where it is headed. I know that some of you have sensed that, because some of you have told me that the AMP doesn't seem worth your time and interest because it doesn't seem to be accomplishing anything. It has become process-oriented instead of results-oriented.

So what do you do about this quagmire of process? Is this a fatal flaw? Do you wash your hands of the AMP and abandon it to the bureaucrats and those of us who may be nutty enough to keep going to meetings with them? You could. Of course that would not change a thing. Either for the AMP or for the river and its resources.

Or you could help bring the focus back onto the results.

You could breathe new life into the AMP by adding your voice and telling the bureaucrats and the stakeholders exactly what you expect the AMP to accomplish.

Step back from the way you look at the river on a day to day basis. Close your eyes and see, not how the river is, but how the river could be. What would it look like if river resources were being improved? What would you see as you looked downstream? More beaches? Less cameltorn? Fewer tamarisk? Look more carefully. Would you see less erosion at cultural sites? More backwaters? Imagine looking underwater. Would you see more humpback chub? Fewer trout? Fewer carp and catfish? More organic matter drifting in the current? Perhaps even river otter swimming in the eddies?

Take a few minutes to share your vision with us. Tell us what you think the river corridor should look like, and what the AMP ought to be accomplishing. It will help those of us who advocate on behalf of the river in the Adaptive Management Program to hold the program to some results-oriented standards. Go get a piece of paper and a pen, or belly up to the computer, and get ready to write. Tell us how the Colorado River ecosystem in Grand Canyon should look and/or function. Be as specific as possible, and consider saying something about any or all of the following resources:

- Flows from the dam
- Beaches (#, size, distribution, texture, etc.)
- Sandbars
- Backwaters

- Sediment storage
- Humpback chub
- Other native fish (razorback sucker, flannelmouth sucker, bluehead sucker, speckled dace, etc.)
- Trout
- Other non-native fish (carp, catfish, red shiner, fathead minnow, etc.)
- Species no longer found in Grand Canyon (river otter, Colorado pikeminnow, bonytail, roundtail chub)
- Kanab ambersnail
- Southwestern willow flycatcher
- Other birds (bald eagle, peregrine falcon, osprey, belted kingfishers, waterfowl, neotropical migrants, etc.)
- Native riparian vegetation (cottonwood, willow, hackberry, oak, catclaw acacia, mesquite, etc.)
- Marshes
- Non-native vegetation (tamarisk, camelthorn, etc.)
- Archaeological sites and historic properties
- Traditional cultural resources (certain springs, landforms, mineral deposits, plants and animals of significance to tribes)
- Recreational experience (access, safety, quality and quantity of recreational opportunities, etc.)
- Hydroelectric power

When you've said it all, mail it to me at the following address: Pam Hyde, Colorado River Coordinator, Grand Canyon Wildlands Council, P.O. Box 1845, Flagstaff, AZ 86002. Or e-mail it to me at tapeats@aol.com. And thanks for making a difference.

Pam Hyde

GRAND CANYON WILDLANDS
COUNCIL'S REPRESENTATIVE
TO THE AMWG

HOW DO WE SAVE GRAND CANYON?

WE THINK THAT participating in the Adaptive Management Program (AMP) is our best chance to meet the main goal of this organization—protecting Grand Canyon. The process is not fast and easy, nor is it perfect. It's slow, frustrating, tricky business, with plenty of room for improvement. But, until somebody offers a better way, we will continue to participate and argue for science-based management of the river.

The AMP has recognized, based on solid science, that the Record of Decision flows since 1996 are not meeting

the intent of the Grand Canyon Protection Act. That's why the current debate is all about what to try next. So, what do you try next? How do you protect and restore the ecosystem? Can you? While it's great to keep things in mind like, "we can't compromise Grand Canyon any longer," figuring out a detailed plan of attack for how to actually get there is not so simple. For example, one of the aspects of the long-term plan is to try out steady flows vs. fluctuating flows to see if it benefits the native fish populations. Steady flows will warm and stabilize the near shore habitats and lower the amount of sediment transported to Lake Mead. But steady flows have also been shown to benefit non-native fish, promote tamarisk growth along the lower beach elevations, perhaps promote the spread of the Norwalk Virus, and warmer water means warmer beer. So what do you do? The basic premise of adaptive management is to learn by doing. Change things if they are not working, continue them if they are. We think we've got to be patient, try new flow scenarios and see if they work. Science can help us define the risks and answer whether or not whatever we try is helping or hurting.

The sky is not falling. The native Humpback chub population has declined, but all indications show that the population has stabilized at the present level. The chub are still endangered and still in trouble, but there is no need to panic. We are aggressively removing non-natives from the chub's favorite playground near the mouth of the Little Colorado River. We've altered flow releases to reduce the numbers of rainbow trout to the benefit of both the non-native and trout populations. We've got an experiment in place to see if we can conserve sediment through controlled floods. We are putting together a plan of attack for the next 16 years to try something other than current operations. We are learning by doing. Working together and engaging in critical discourse with all the players to solve difficult problems does not equate to compromising Grand Canyon. It is a constructive, reasonable way to go about things and affect positive change. If you've got a better idea, we're listening. In the meantime, we'll be actively participating in the program.

Matt Kaplinski
Andre Potochnik
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GCRG's AMWG GUYS
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Don Briggs

I WAS A HIGHWAY ENGINEER. My wife and I had been backpacking, and fishing. We joined the Sierra Club—this was 1966—and the battle over the Grand Canyon dams was going on. We were actually getting people to sign cards and send them in to the Sierra Club to stop the dams in the Grand Canyon... having never been to the Grand Canyon! And so my wife at the time said—I got to hand it to her, I mean I wouldn't be sitting here without her I guess—she said “We should go to the Grand Canyon, since we're trying to save it.” I said “Oh, jeez, that's a good idea.” We were backpackers, what the hell? “We'll go walk at the bottom of the Grand Canyon!” So we loaded up our stuff and drove out. This is in June (laughs), 1966. The hottest time of the year! We start down the Bright Angel Trail; the lower part was closed because they were putting the water line in. This is ancient history. But rather than go down the Kaibab, we looked at the map and thought, “Oh, you can go down here and just cross over on the Tonto trail... to the Kaibab and down.” Well, we got a late start and, you know, by the time we're... (laughs) it's like high noon and we're trudging across the longest 3 miles on the face of the earth: the Tonto Plateau between the Bright Angel and the Kaibab. I only did it that one time. So we get over there, we finally start heading down, getting closer, and my feet are starting to develop blisters. I knew I should stop and change socks, but man, I just wanted to be at the bottom. So we finally get down to the bottom; I don't even think you had to have reservations for that campground in those days; just go down there to the Bright Angel. The swimming pool was there, open to anybody who was camping as well as people in the cabins. We jumped into the pool. My feet were totally trashed. We were planning to walk out the next day, but it became clear I couldn't do it because of my feet. Well, when we had crossed the bridge, I looked down and saw these great big rubber things down there. I kinda thought “Hmmm, I've heard about this: river running.” Or something like that. Didn't think too much about it. The extra day we stayed there, we were hanging out at the pool with these other hikers who were totally burned out, and all of a sudden these groups of people would come up, maybe twenty people in each, and they're laughing, they look fresh! They jump in the pool. We got to talking to them, they had been on a river trip and the boat stopped: they could hike up and go swimming. They said, “Oh God, this is the greatest thing I've ever done. You've gotta do it. You've gotta do it!” There were two different groups

that day, one of them was Western and the other was ARTA, eventually to become AZRA. So that winter I wrote off to the two, and we decided the next summer to go with ARTA because of their conservation bent. In their brochures in those days, they were highly connected with the Sierra Club.

So next summer, we go down. Over the winter my wife's mother died, and her father was a pretty cool guy. He sold and bought cattle. He was raised in Oklahoma. He knew cows. And he ate steak three times a day. Of course he liked me because I like steak. And boy he knew how to cook steak. He also got me drinking ginger ale and Haig & Haig or whatever that stuff is. But anyway, he was a good guy, so we convinced him to go down on this Grand Canyon trip with us. He had a big old air-conditioned Buick, and he drove us down to Arizona. We get up to Marble Canyon the night before the trip's gonna leave. There's that little stone cottage out there all by itself with the flagstone porches on it. They used to call it the Honeymoon Cottage. Well we stayed in that little place, and her father stayed someplace else. It was pretty cool. So the next morning we get up, go over to have breakfast, and we're the only ones in Marble Canyon Lodge. We're sitting there having breakfast, and these five guys come walking in. You know, they've all got sun tans and kinda blond hair, and I figured they looked like surfer types. I'll never forget this. At this point I was 27 years old. I looked at these guys, they were laughing and yucking it up. I thought “Jeez!” I said, “Some rich people from California have sent their kids on this river trip to screw up my trip.” (Both laugh). I'll never forget that. Of course it ends up being the boatmen. And none other than Rob Elliott was the head boatman! He was 23 at the time. I don't think any of the rest of them were over 20. The head cook was 16! (Laughs) They were all just these punk kids. I didn't know what to expect, but I figured: old grizzled river guides, I guess, like we are now. But... I had been doing a lot of rock climbing as well as backpacking, and so I immediately fell in with the river guides.

STEIGER: You got over your . . .

BRIGGS: Oh yeah. I mean, what are you gonna do?

STEIGER: How did the realization dawn on you that these were actually the crew?

BRIGGS: Well, I think we probably had breakfast and got in the car and drove down to the Ferry. Of course it was a dirt road in those days. And, you know, the little place between the tamarisk was probably about thirty or forty feet wide. You could only put in



First Grand Canyon trip as a passenger in 1967.
Don Briggs photo collection

one or two boats at a time. Cause nobody was doing it then—the ramp didn't exist. There was just a dirt road. I can remember Elliott saying—that was in 1967—there'd only been about 3,000 people that'd gone down. I think that's what he said. We did an entire eight-day motor trip and never saw a soul.

...So we get down to Badger, and the other boat—the water was pretty low. I actually have home movies of some of this. The first boat gets too far right. As I recall, he was really far right, and the boat gets stuck on a rock at the top. I was on Elliott's boat. We go down through, and Rob pulls over at the bottom and I can't remember exactly what happened but they ended up—I remember somebody going upstream a ways and swimming down—jumping in the river and swimming down to get on the other boat to help get it off the rock. But whoever it was missed the boat (laughs)! It was pretty... you know... I'm thinking "My God, my river trip is over! The boat's stuck! The guide's gonna drown! This is it. The first two hours and it's over." (both laugh) But somehow they get it off and we keep going. And it was all part of this great adventure, you know? The trip was just completely wonderful.

So, the trip ends. We get in the car. I was going back home to continue to be the highway engineer.

And I'll never forget this either. I was lying in the back seat of that Buick. We used to take turns sleeping back there. My father-in-law loved to drive. He would drive thousands of miles every week, all over Colorado, Oklahoma, selling, buying cows. So he loved to drive, and he did all the driving and he would drive forever. I remember lying in the back seat going back to Colorado to be a highway engineer and thinking to myself what a wonderful trip it was and: "Why didn't I do something like that when I was young?" It was exactly the thought I had. I was gonna go back and be a highway engineer. My life was gonna go on. But "Why didn't I do something like that when I was young?" I was 27 and, I guess, over the hill.

I get back to Colorado, I had grown a beard and couldn't quite bring myself to shave it off... I kinda wanted to brag about my trip. So I went to work on Monday with my beard. It was like, barely a stubble. But my boss comes out and says, "You can stay, the beard's gotta go." I didn't think too much about it. I thought it was a little weird. But, you know, I was planning to shave it off anyway. I think I shaved the beard off—I might have left the moustache on. Anyway, within the next year or so I started—by now the hippy thing was really getting going—and styles in general, the hair was getting longer. So I grew a moustache and let my sideburns come down a little ways, and I started getting these looks from my boss. My hair got a little bit longer, but it was never below the collar. Never, ever. I can't grow hair that long. I tried. So, this ended up being a big deal. ...Pretty soon I'm starting to get a little more consciousness, you know: hanging out with all these hippies in the park and such; going to a few war protests on the Cambodia thing. There was a huge protest in Denver. I got some great photographs of it too: the cops with the shields and all the whole... and my boss kept telling me to get my hair cut. But my hair was never that long! So I'd usually go home and trim it. It wasn't that big a deal. Even though I was starting to get a little upset about the fact that, you know, "C'mon it's not even long! Forget it," you know? Well then, my marriage started becoming a little bit rocky, and I was not that happy being a highway engineer. I really didn't know how unhappy I was. But, the long and short of it is they eventually fired me. For having long hair. I basically said "Well you can't really do that to people." But they did it. And so I ended up getting this attorney and we decided to fight this thing. They said, "...unable to perform his duties because of his personal appearance." Or something like that, some bogus thing. So we went in there and we had all these merit ratings, where every single thing... because this guy was promoting me to eventually take over his job. He was personally grooming me for his job, because he had his eye on a job that was higher up, and he was gonna build his own little kingdom there, and I was good at what I did there. But

he turned on me, just because of long hair. It was totally absurd. So they tried to prove I was incompetent and to deny they would fire me because of my personal appearance, even though my attorney read the notice that said I was fired: "Mr. Briggs is unable to perform his duties because of his personal appearance." He said, "You are saying that you did not fire him because of his personal appearance?" They said, "No, we're firing him because he's incompetent." "But," he said, "look at all these merit ratings! He has excellent merit ratings for all these years. How could he be incompetent?" "Well . . ." They danced around the issue because they knew they couldn't legally do it. And, we won. But it was obvious I couldn't go back and work for the same guy. So they gave me another job, sent me out to Eastern Colorado, about 200 miles from home; and they were paying me professional engineering wages for sitting in a truck by myself counting cement trucks on an interstate project. You sit there all day and count cement trucks, write down the number and what time they went by... Oh god, it was just gruelling. However, I would go home on the weekends and call my attorney. I'd say, "You know, I didn't win. I'm out here on a job I don't even like. I didn't win! We gotta go back and tell 'em that." "Don," he says, "how far do you wanna take this?" I had already told him I was probably gonna quit. I said, "Yeah, but I can't let 'em do this." He said, "OK, if you wanna stick it out, I'll do the rest of the attorney work for free." So I ended up having to work out there for about 3 weeks... About this same time—now let me see, what was the sequence here? My wife and I split up and she moved to Japan and became a hostess. It was a pretty brutal separation because... just took her out to an airplane and put her on the airplane and that was it. I didn't see her for a year and a half. Not the easiest way to end a relationship. But it was a good thing. And, she did get me to go to the Grand Canyon [once again]... she'd been teaching French, and there was this guy in her high school who was, as it turns out, a fairly well-known rock climber. Bill Forrest was his name, and he has a lot of first ascents around various places. So I started climbing with him on the weekends, and he was going to have a party one night. He said, "I'm gonna have a surprise at the party for you." This must have been '68 or '69. So I didn't think too much about it. But I go to this party and who walks in the door but Rob Elliott. Rob Elliott, by total coincidence moved across the street from this guy I was climbing with. That was my surprise! Because he had talked to Rob, and they had put it together and Elliott said "Don't tell him until I see him at the party." So Elliott shows up at this party, and I go on and on about how great that trip was and so forth and so on. Rob says, "Well," you know, "you gotta go and work for us!" And I go "Aww..."

...What had happened, Rob was also in the process

of getting drafted for Vietnam. But he became a conscientious objector. And to fulfill his community service, he moved to Colorado to set up the rafting program for Colorado Outward Bound. Tough job, right?

Don Briggs— filmmaker and photographer extraordinaire— looks back on life at age 62, still grappling with the question of whether or not he's over the hill. He sits in a gorgeous, sunlit house in Marin County which he's transformed with years of sweat and blood, sadly contemplating the fact that his second marriage too is getting shakier by the minute, and unless a miracle happens it's only a matter of time before he'll have to tear himself away from all he holds dear and start over one more @#!% time.

It's hard to imagine what he'll accomplish next... considering the first time he remade himself (totally over the hill at age 27) he went on to experience, and—Forrest Gump-like—help create, about two thirds of the evolution of river running in the Grand Canyon. More importantly, he recorded the journey, first with a series of stunning photographs and later with an unparalleled string of documentary films. One of them—"River Runners of the Grand Canyon" is, in this observer's humble opinion, the best film that ever was or probably ever will be made on the topic. A pretty good start, you might say. We sat down to review a couple years ago and the only bad news was, we filled up nine hours of tape. The transcript stretched to 250 pages. What follows is only the tip of an iceberg that's hilarious as it is heartening :

I set off to work my first trip in the Grand Canyon as an assistant to Alan Wilson.

They called him Crazy Alan. I meet Alan, and we go off to El Rancho. He has to pick up a few things for the trip. And, you know, I'm not the fastest guy in the world. I'm havin' a hard time keepin' up with this guy in the aisles of El Rancho. I'm just not walking that fast. I'm going, "Jeez, this guy's really in a hurry." Yeah, Alan just went everywhere fast. And the second boatman was Richard Neilson. He was also—it was like he was on speed. They would hit the deck at the evening and start cooking dinner, doin' everything at a very high speed. I'm thinking, "Oh, jeez, that's what you're supposed to do." But looking back on it, Alan was kinda naturally that way. Richard was too. They liked to put on a little show of efficiency, how fast they could get things done. So I tried to keep up with them, thinking that's what you're supposed to do. And it was in June, it was hot. I was in good shape and everything, but these guys wore me down. Somewhere in the trip I remember washing the last pot and pan and falling asleep in the sand, right

there (laughs), I was so tired. We get down to Havasu and we parked the boats down below in those days—I climbed off, tied up the boat, climbed under a ledge there right where the boat was tied, and I slept. Didn't even go up into Havasu (laughs), I was so tired.

STEIGER: Didn't know what you were missing. But you'd been there before, huh?

BRIGGS: Once, in '67. But you get used to it after a while. And I learned that not everybody goes as fast as those two guys. I did a single boat trip with Michael Castelli—a couple of them. That was just fifteen people, which is pretty nice, and Michael was a little more laid back than those two guys. But I remember going down (laughs) the left side of Unkar, and we got stuck on those rocks down below, on the left? Single boat motor trip. Maybe didn't make the cut, lost the motor, or whatever. But Michael was pretty unperturbable. He just started moving the 15 people around on different parts of the boat, and we eventually worked it off, just shifting the weight. It was actually pretty easy. It didn't appear like it was gonna be easy. But I think we put a rip in the boat. I think we had to stop at Phantom and patch like a 15-inch rip at 115 degrees.

STEIGER: Bet that patch worked really good! (laughs)

BRIGGS: So I was learning lots of lessons early on in that first year. And of course ARTA had no area manager as such. Some guy down at Meadview was supposed to maintain the motors, but I don't think he ever did. We had 25 horse Johnsons and 18 horse—we called them "Elvinroods" (laughs), Elvinroods, which weren't maintained very well. So I learned how to work on motors. I'd never touched an outboard in my life. I was more interested in hanging out in the Canyon than learning how to run the boats anyway. When I called Rob Elliott, I'd said "Listen, I just want to hang out in the Canyon for a summer, figure out what I'm gonna do. I just wanna wash the pots and pans." So that's what I did. I was just hanging out and starting to take photographs as much as I could. So I worked five motor trips. And the motor trip

cycle, which would run on a two week cycle, because it was an 8-day trip—there's more time in between than on the rowing cycle, which is two days... So I had a coupla days, and I used to go up to the rim and go watch the Kolb movie, that's when Emery Kolb was still around and you could go up and shake his hand and talk to him. That was pretty cool. I don't know how many times I did that....

Oh god, those were the days, weren't they? It was all just—every single day was such a great adventure... I was driving this Porsche, and it was really a great car but I was in the process of trying to even be—I was still



First motor trip with ARTA, 1971. Don Briggs, Allen Wilson, Richard Neilson, Dick Overguard.
Don Briggs photo collection

trying to become a hippy, I guess, and this river guide. Well the car didn't quite fit the image. So the spring before I took off for—it was the '72 or '73 season—I sold the Porsche. I took the money. In the winter I'd go to these, you know, bread making classes and all these back to basics, candle making. I was gonna go to these classes so I could be a hippy and maybe meet some girls. And I'd always park the Porsche around the corner. Because, you know... I kinda was ashamed of this car (both laugh hard) 'cause it didn't fit the image. Oh, what a fool! I wish I had that car now. You could drive that car 90 miles an hour all day and get about 25 miles to the gallon. Oh, it was beautiful. Oh well. It was a '59 Porsche. I bought a '67 Volkswagen Beetle.

Each spring I started going out to California a little earlier, because guys that I was working with were all from California. And ARTA was based in California. So we'd go out and start running rivers in the spring. I got hooked up with Peter Winn, and boy, I mean that was good news/bad news. He always had some adventure of some kind that he could talk us into doing. Well the first one that we did was at the end of the '71 season, when I worked that last oar power trip . . . I was training on that one. And I got to be pretty good buddies with Peter and Kent [Erskine]. It was mid-September, or something like that, and I didn't know what the hell I was gonna do. Somebody came up with the bright idea that we should go run the Rogue River. You know, we were there in Flagstaff, and "Oh, jeez, that's a good idea." Peter had some boats. He had three old Navy ten mans that he'd gotten from Ron Smith, who was the competitor with ARTA. Anyway, we had to get some people to go on this trip with us. So Peter said, "Well, I know some California boatmen. I'll call 'em up." And the first California boatman that he called—it was Bob Melville. The first time I saw Bob Melville, I was looking out the window of Peter's car and there's this Volkswagen that's trying to

never entered our minds not to go. No wetsuits. We went anyway. And I was kind of scheduled to row one of the boats over Rainey Falls. Never having seen it. So we get down there, which is pretty early there on the very first hour or so when we left from Grave Creek, I guess it was. It was raining. It was cold. We get down there and look at it. I was just goin', "Holy shit. I don't know about this." So Dick Pfeiffer went over and got thrown—I don't think he got thrown out of the boat, but it was not a very pleasant experience, you could tell that. I was goin', "Oh jeez." Kent took one of the boats down through the fish ladder, and he got an oar stuck; it was kind of the medium, easy way to go through. We didn't really want to risk having all these boats turn over or anything, so Kent went that way. Then Melville took a Redshank over this 13 foot waterfall. So there was only one boat left, and Peter was just standin' there lookin' at me. I said, "OK, I'm gonna do it." I went back down and I was just totally beside myself. I was completely wired. I was terrified. I wanted to do it and I didn't want to do it. . . So I get up there and I'm untying the boat, these two women that had been invited on the trip came walking up. They said, "Oh, we wanna go over with you!" I said, "I don't think that's a good idea." They said, "Oh no, those other people made it." I said, "Listen, I've never rowed a boat like this before." And they looked at me like "Isn't he cute, isn't he funny?" I said (laughing), "No, I'm serious." I didn't even row from where we put in down to there. It was the first time I ever rowed a small boat on a small river. And I was rowin' this ten man over Rainey Falls. I couldn't convince them that it wasn't a good idea. So I get 'em loaded up, and row out, and immediately get stuck on a rock. (both laugh) I have to get off of that, and maybe they're starting to believe me by that point. So it took me a while to get it off the rock, and then I finally went out there. The trick, obviously, is going over straight. And I took maybe one stroke on one oar too many trying to.... And then, as I learned after the fact, when you go over,



*Kent Erskine and Don Briggs, making sure the passengers are having fun.
Don Briggs photo collection*

run us off the road. It was Melville. We were up on I-5, on the way. And I was going "Isn't that crazy...?" Anyway... Melville and I started to tell this story one time. Someone asked us at a Friends of the River dinner how we met. We started tellin' this story, between the two of us, and we had to digress to explain this, to explain that. We went on all through dinner and everybody else got up and left, and Melville and I were still there. We hadn't finished the story. (Both laugh) So I'm not gonna get into that part. We get up to the Rogue, and sure enough, it's raining. Not only is it raining, about 200 feet up in the trees it's snowing. I guess it

rather than leaning forward and grabbing hold of the seat, you should put your arms behind you and hold on from the back. But I didn't know that. So my momentum was going forward to grab hold of the seat about the time that we hit the bottom of the falls, and the boat just kind of sandwiched. I flew up to the front between the two women, and actually I think hit my head on the front of the boat, and then it unfolded again, and I went out into the river. And down under and (laughs), I guess these two women were cheering and all this because they'd made it and all...everybody kept pointing backwards (laughs), cause I'm in the river,

you know, and I'm floundering along, and it's cold. So they had to come and drag me in, which is kind of humiliating, but maybe they believed me that I'd never rowed in one of those boats before. I actually have a film of that somewhere. Anyway, oh god, and it rained...

So I started coming out to California earlier each spring. We started going down the Stanislaus, which is a beautiful little river. About a nine mile run. In the spring of '72 Peter said, "Well, you know, you probably oughta learn how to row if you're gonna be on the rowing crew." ARTA had this spring training on the Stanislaus. So, "Go to the spring training 'cause they're training a buncha people for California rivers." I show up, and Melville's one of the instructors, and Rob Elliot I think is an instructor and Alan Dubner; one of the Thomas brothers; Ron Caldwell. These guys knew that I'd worked a year in the Grand Canyon, they kinda figured I knew what I was doin'. Well, I proved that wrong. They had these what they called a "basket boat." It was oval, but it looked kinda like a wading pool. They had the roll bar. They were life rafts, and they had the inflatable roll bars, which they could run a tarp over out in the ocean to protect yourself from the sun. But they were very floppy. They were meant to float in still water... But it was great. I mean it was such an incredible group of people. Jimmy Hendrix was on that training crew, and David Halliday, and I don't know anybody else from the Grand Canyon, but Phil Town... he was fresh outta the Green Berets and showed up at this training completely decked out like he was gonna (laughs)... go on a mission. I mean he had the knives and the attitude; he actually told me the story later that he had come home from Vietnam and was just like



Motoring across the lake with Dave Halliday, 1972.
Don Briggs photo collection

patrolling the neighborhood at night (laughing) and I mean he was still at war. His mother somehow found out about this ARTA training trip. He says, "If I hadn't a come there, I probably would've been one of these guys who went berserk and shot people." (laughs) He became a river guide, and he eventually became a Transcendental Meditation guy and moved in to Fairfield, Iowa with the Maharishi and the whole deal. That's a whole other story. Phil Town. Yeah. ...But that's when we started learning that this river, the Stanislaus, was gonna be dammed—that the dam was already being planned. That was in '72. So we were aware of it, and people started putting the campaign together, the first campaign for Friends of the River. . . I kept working in the Grand Canyon in the summer, from May to the end of September, and then I'd end up coming back to California, spending more time each year in California, and got involved in this river campaign to try and save this river. At some point I met Mark Dubois, who is kind of the spiritual leader of Friends of the River. He's kind of a Gandhi character, and didn't wear shoes, on the river or in town. But he was incredibly devoted to saving this river. This was a campaign that got serious in '74. Maybe it was '73 when I started doing a few things. Getting people to write letters.

STEIGER: Now was this the State of California that's gonna dam the Stanislaus?

BRIGGS: It was the Army Corps of Engineers was gonna dam it. So we took them on. We got this petition campaign going in I think it was '74, and we had to collect so many hundred thousand signatures. The proposition process was designed so that citizens could go out and gather the names. But of course if corporations wanted to pass a proposition, they just pay people to go out and get the names. We were doing it all on a volunteer basis. And we had a really incredible time getting this proposition—Proposition 17—on the ballot. We got people to sign these petitions everywhere. We'd sit out for hours in front of the co-ops in Berkeley, and we'd go to different events. We went to the World Series games when Oakland was in the World Series. Anyplace there was a lot of people. Went to a blue grass festival here in Marin County. And we couldn't stop. We'd go all day long. And this is like, Melville, and Bruce Simbala was in on this... I remember, one time we went in to the Starry Plough, which was kinda the Irish hangout in Berkeley. You know, like a place where maybe IRA wannabees would hang out or some-

thing. I mean it was a serious place, and they had pretty good music there too. We went in, we figured that maybe we'd get some petitions here. I mean we would petition anybody and everybody. So the band took a break, and somebody went up and talked to the guy and the band, and they were totally into it. So somehow we spontaneously were gonna put on a skit. I don't know how we did it. It was Melville, Simbala and myself. We ran out to the car and got an old folding shovel and somehow put together this little skit about the Army Corps of Engineers damming this river. The keyboard guy got into it and was playing this melodramatic music, like an old-time music (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta, laughs), and we got everybody to sign. That was in the spring, and then I went back to the Grand Canyon. And in the fall we had to campaign for the election. But the contractors and the local people who wanted the dam to be built had gathered all this money. The contractors stood to lose a lot of money. It was a multi-purpose dam, you know, recreation, hydroelectric, irrigation and fish.... The contractors were the heavy-duty contractors. They wanted to build the dam. They had hundreds of thousands of dollars, and they hired this PR firm in LA to put out this totally deceptive advertising. All the polls proved that the general public wanted to save the river. So when they found that out, the vote that people wanted to do was, you had to vote "yes." But they put up these billboards and all these things... they ran a campaign that said, "Vote No on 17. Stop the river hoax." Then it said "Save the River." And if you could confront them on it, what they would say was, "Well, we're trying to save the lower part of the river for the farmers." It was down in the Central Valley. So "We're trying to save that. Because. . ."

STEIGER: If you don't build the dam . . .

BRIGGS: "If you don't do it, then it's gonna damage the lower river." I mean it was completely, totally deceptive. So they had these billboards all over the state. We figured—I think this was Bruce's idea and my idea—we decided to have what we eventually called the Bananner Campaign. We gathered together some money, went to all the Good Will shops and got all the white sheets we could get. We made banners. We made our own billboards. We got refrigerator boxes and cut out the letters and made our own billboards that said, "Yes on 17." You know. "Save the River." I actually have a little movie of this, which is pretty cool. We were up at the Vallecita warehouse, and Bruce Simbala was sitting there with a treadle sewing machine in his bare feet smoking his corn-cob pipe, sewing these sheets together. We knew that we were gonna have to do something in LA, cause we figured the northern California vote would go our way. So we took a coupla school bus loads of river guides down to LA. Some Friends of the River people down there had a little office on Wilshire Boulevard. And we

set about tryin' to do this grassroots stuff. So I went down, I had these banners in my old Volkswagen... I think I drove 150 miles in one day just circling freeways and mapping all the overpasses; all the potential places where we could put these banners—places where everybody going to work in LA would have to go past one of our banners. We had this entire campaign. We had them staked on hillsides. ... We actually made a Spanish version of our brochure, and Simbala and I went in to East LA and were handing out brochures on the night of the Day of the Dead. I mean, you know, this is 1973.

STEIGER: How was that? Was that pretty scary to do that?

BRIGGS: No, we never even thought about it. I don't think it was like it is now, but we never thought about it. People were cool, you know. We kinda had the River Magic protecting us. Everybody kinda knew that we were doin' good stuff.

STEIGER: Well, did it work?

BRIGGS: Well, no. We lost Prop 17. All the polls that were taken afterwards proved that the general public really wanted to save the river. So we kinda got screwed on that one. But by the time spring came and the river was startin' to flow again, we were all back there, and people kept coming up with other ideas.

STEIGER: You weren't gonna just give up?

BRIGGS: We wouldn't give up. And they started building the dam. So Mark Dubois said, "Well, we have to have national media. We have to make this a national issue." We said, "Well what makes an issue national?" "Well, if you read about it in national publications." I said, "I tell you what (laughs) . . ." In the meantime, to backtrack a little bit... there was a guy that came down the Grand Canyon with me who was the ex-president of CBS. Jack Schneider. The only reason he could've taken this vacation is he had just been fired. Everybody I ever talked to said that he was the best and they never should've fired him, but it was one of those corporate things. So he was on this river trip for the lower half. I get to talkin' to him a little bit... he smoked these cigars and he drank Irish Breakfast tea. One morning I went up to him and said, "You know, I've been just dyin' to ask you, what does the president of CBS do on a typical day?" He kinda leaned back. He was a wonderful guy, but just think about being the head of CBS. I mean, how do you do that? He takes a puff on his cigar and says, "Well, basically you go in in the morning, you kick the machine to get it goin'." (both laugh) And then he went on and laid down all his grid works and board meetings and yatayatayata. We got to be pretty good friends. And he saw me shooting some film. This guy was very smart. I said, "Oh, maybe I'll come see you some day." He said, "Yeah, come on." You know? Gives me his number. So I go back and this is about the time we started needing some national media coverage. I'd

been approaching magazines and stuff. I'd talked to Audubon. I mean the easy stuff, the environmental things: Audubon in New York and well, some other magazines. But this guy was television. Hey, this is the big stuff. I mean, he's the man. I call him up and say, "Hey, this is Don, here in town." He says, "Good. Come over and see me." By then he was running Warner Amex, which was one of the first cable companies. This must have been the mid to late '70s. He says, "Well what kind of footage do you have with you?" I said, "Oh I just got some workprint from stuff I've been shooting in the Grand Canyon." He says, "Bring it on down." So he knew, he said, "What are you doin' in New York?" He already knew I was doing this river-saving thing. I walk in the door, and I had this big old puffy down parka, it's in the winter, I'm pretty shaggy. He gets up from his desk. He has this huge desk and there's not a thing on it except a pen holder. He comes over and takes my coat off, brings a chair, scoots it up for me. He says, "Have a seat." And he goes around, pulls out this yellow pad, says, "Before you leave town, I want you to go see these people." He starts down this list, tellin' me who they are. He knew exactly why I wanted to see him. He listed all the contacts at every single network and who I should talk to. "This guy is a producer for Walter Cronkite. Jonathan Ward. He's a great guy... I'll call him. Let him know you're comin." And I'm just goin'(makes a face, amazed)... Schneider pushes the pad over. All that business was totally taken care of. Then he says, "Hey, how're you doin'?" You know, I didn't have to wade through that whole thing and eventually have to ask him. He knew exactly what I wanted to do and he just gave me the stuff. So man, I immediately got that list and started callin' people. He said, "I want you to call me every day. Give me an update." So I spent a day and then I called him at the end of the next day or something. I said, "Well, jeez, this is workin' good. You know, I've got Jonathan Ward who said he'll do a piece. And I talked to Steve, and they did this," and I pretty much had gone through the list that he gave me.

STEIGER: In one day.

BRIGGS: Well, or had appointments lined up. Then I said, "You know anybody on 60 Minutes?" Stupid question, right? CBS. He said, "You greedy bastard." (both laugh) That's exactly what he said. He says, "OK." So he starts givin' me other names, and he gets me in to 60 Minutes. And I eventually start meeting all these people. But the issue was, even though it was our issue, and we were all totally into it because it was our little river, the issue was an old issue.

STEIGER: It was over . . .

BRIGGS: Well, no. No. We were still trying to stop the dam at this point. At some point they were continuing to build the dam, but we were still saying "You don't need to fill it." Because we had all these reasons

why they didn't need to fill it. There were already thirteen dams on the river. They had enough water. They didn't know what they were gonna do with it. They just wanted to build it. That's the Army Corps. We all know that. And they could justify anything. So . . . I went into 60 Minutes, and the story was an old story—the Army Corps of Engineers damming a river. Come on, they've been doing it for years. That's what they do. So what's—and Jack told me, he says, "You gotta have a hook. You gotta make it something that makes this different, some reason why they'd want to do it." He gave me all these hints. I did the best I could, and I got these guys kind of all set up, but there was nothing really gonna happen right away.

STEIGER: Nothing distinctive about it all.

BRIGGS: I got into 60 Minutes and I was walking through and there's Morley Safer sitting there drinking a cup of coffee, and I go in and see Brook Janis, the producer, I give her the pitch. She says, "Well", and they all asked really good questions to make me justify why they should do it. I wanted to save that river so bad, I kinda wasn't listening to them. I was determined that it was important. They just couldn't see that it was important. It was just me. So she said, "Yeah, well we'll call you."

STEIGER: "It's a nice little river, but there's no hook, nuthin else."

BRIGGS: So somewhere along the line—I get a little messed up on the timing—but Mark Dubois decided that he was gonna go in and chain himself somewhere at an undisclosed location, and if the Army Corps was gonna fill the dam, they were gonna have to drown him. This was an idea that was floating around for a while, no pun intended. There were these huge discussions that he didn't want it to be a Friends of the River thing because it was a pretty radical thing to do. But it was gonna be a personal statement so Friends of the River would be able to deny that they were a part of it. And it would be the truth. "Yes, Mark Dubois is part of the Friends of the River, but this is a personal statement, and we in fact tried to talk him out of doing this, because we love Mark." So Mark had to find somebody... All along I was telling him, "Mark, this is my hook! You've been tellin' me to get national media coverage and this is it." He says, "No, I don't want it to be national media coverage. This is a personal statement." I said, "Mark, if you drown and nobody knows about it, what good does it do?" I mean I was—you know, I used to say Mark was willing to die for the river, but he wouldn't lie, and I was the other side. I would do anything to save the river. So Kent Erskine's mother was a friend of mine, and I got to be friends with her, and when Kent moved to Oregon I continued to be friends with her and stuff, and at one point in time over in Corte Madera Creek in Kentfield, she chained herself to a tree 'cause the Army Corps was



Mark Dubois and Don Briggs in New York City.
Don Briggs photo collection

trying to channelize this little creek, Corte Madera Creek. And I'd known that, and it had really changed her life. Like her husband, who was Kent's stepfather, I guess left, and it was a big thing for her. They were building a concrete ditch, and she and a bunch of other activists around Marin County, housewives and stuff like that, did this. So I convinced Mark to go talk to Marty. I took him over there. He was only in there about 20 minutes (laughing) and he comes out. Cause she just basically said, "Well, are you willing to die?" He says, "Yeah." And she says, "Well go for it!" (Laughs) I mean it was a longer conversation than that. Well she knows this old guy who was an environmental writer, Harold Gilliam, who had been around forever at the Chronicle. And Mark did not trust the press. That's part of the reason he didn't want the press, 'cause they were always misinterpreting what we'd do and callin' us obstructionists and all this stuff. But she convinced him that Harold was a friend of hers and he would do a good job. He would actually report it for what it is. So Mark talked to this guy. Then it came time for the action. And because I was kind of always operating on the fringes of Friends

of the River—I mean I was never on the staff, and I was always doing my own thing... but because I was tryin' to do this national media stuff, he wanted me to be kind of a part of it to help him out. But he totally didn't trust me either. Because he kinda figured if I knew where he was going, I'd send the press in. I said, "Naw, I won't do that." So, he had this other guy who was a river person, and they kind of signed this blood pact type deal: that this other guy was going to help Mark, and he promised Mark that he would not come in and get him or tell anybody where he was. Mark believed him, but he didn't believe me. So it was the three of us. We nicknamed the other guy Deep Paddle. Every night Deep Paddle would paddle in to where Mark was. He was the only one who knew. And then he would take messages in from me, and the next morning he'd bring messages and he'd call me. So I took Mark—and Mark had kind of set me up a little bit. I was the last one to deliver him—to drive him to where he was gonna go. And he had me convinced he was gonna go one way, and when we get to that point in the road, he says, "No, go that way." You know, he was covering, just to make sure because I guess he didn't trust me. So I take him to this big bridge and he walks off into the dark. It was on a Sunday night. The article was scheduled to come out on Tuesday morning. So it was Sunday night, and he walks off, and we had this battle cry, it was "Parrot's Ferry Is the Limit." Which is if they only raise the water to Parrot's Ferry, then that would preserve the nine mile stretch that we liked, that was so beautiful. It was an incredible place. I stand up on the bridge and yell out into the dark, you know, "Parrot's Ferry is the Limit!" That's the last thing he heard. He goes in there and chains himself, and the water's coming up. He sent a letter to Colonel O'Shea, head of the Army Corps of Engineers in Sacramento, this wonderful letter saying why he's doing it. And it was a very pure action; otherwise it wouldn't have worked. So it's kinda at night, and I get about half way across the central valley in my little Volkswagen, I had to pull over to the side of the road and sleep. I get up in the morning and drive in to Berkeley, my phone number in Berkeley in this room was the only contact number available to anybody. I was gonna be the media coordinator for Mark. That phone started ringing off the hook, and it didn't stop. It would go from 8:00 in the morning until 10:00 at night. Everybody calling from Friends of the River . . . And I literally was chained to the phone. I had to borrow the phone from the woman that lived next door to me in the next room so at least I had a secure number that if I had to make a call... 'cause my phone did not stop ringing. I didn't even leave that room for a day and a half. I mean his mother was calling, saying "How could you do this? Tell us where he is!" I'd say, "I don't know where he is." She'd say, "Yes, you do." I'd say, "You know Mark, he wouldn't tell me." "Yes you

do. He's gonna die!" So I had his hysterical mother and I'd say, "Listen, I just got a call from CBS, and I have to take this call." So, once the word got out, then everybody in the California media and the people in New York were calling me.

STEIGER: 60 Minutes now is ready to talk to you.

BRIGGS: Not 60 Minutes, but Walter Cronkite's guy. So I was trying to hold them off, 'cause the water was still coming up, and he was out there somewhere, I didn't know where he was. And Deep Paddle was going in and seeing him, and they were sending out search parties, the Army Corps of Engineers. People were trying to find him. They said, "This has gotta be easy. You just ride around the edge of the lake and look for him, right?" No way! He had found a place and put the chain around some big rocks that couldn't be undone, and then he took the key and he took it about 30 feet away, and went back and locked that thing together. I mean he was serious.

STEIGER: Deep Paddle was the only one that could've saved him?

BRIGGS: Deep Paddle would go in and knew where he was and he promised he wouldn't tell anybody. I kept sending messages in at night and then he would bring messages out. So at some point in time Colonel O'Shea came out and made a statement to the press that "We have stopped filling the lake, because that's as much as we were gonna put in this spring anyway." Which is totally bogus. They pretended it had nothing to do with Mr. Dubois being in there. "We were gonna stop anyway." You know. And nobody bought it for a second. So the water had stopped, and he was still in there. And we were waiting. And at that point I said, "Mark, all these people wanna come in and see you. I think it would be a good idea. What do you think?" So I had to wait for days. Finally he said "OK." So the first night, this might've been Wednesday night, I sent in Bill Rudd. He was an LA Times reporter that Mark liked. There was a local reporter at the Modesto Bee, Thorne Grey, who was important to the campaign, and a woman from a little newspaper up at Sonora. And so then Deep Paddle had to take a boat in to get those people, and then these people in New York were pissed.

STEIGER: That you let those other guys in.

BRIGGS: They said, "Listen, you've told us that you want to do a national story. And you're not gonna let us do it. We're gonna come out there and you've gotta take us to him." I said, "I don't know where he is." They said, "Yes you do." They absolutely would not believe me. I said, "This is a real thing."

STEIGER: This is Walter Cronkite's guy.

BRIGGS: Yeah. I'm saying, "Sorry." I mean I didn't want them to slip away, but like I say, everybody in the world was calling me. So I sent a note in with Deep Paddle that we were gonna bring in CBS. And Mark says,

"yeah." So I said, "I'm not gonna miss this." You know, things are startin' to calm down a little bit, and so . . .

STEIGER: The thing is stopped with the lake. But he's stayin' in there. He's not goin' to go out right yet.

BRIGGS: I guess. I don't know the exact timing of everything. But I decided I wanna go in with CBS. I mean, God, it was so great. It was this little clandestine operation, you know, and I had to meet the CBS guys up at the motel room and lead them down into the Canyon. And Deep Paddle had this old, unmarked bread truck, with a fully rigged boat in it. And so he backed it up on the bridge . . .

STEIGER: A raft.

BRIGGS: Yeah. And we took it out, carried it down the bridge. Which was not easy, but we couldn't take it into the parking lot, 'cause, you know, everybody'd know what we were doing: anybody who was going out in the river at night. Somebody wrote in one of the papers, "It seems like the only thing we need to do to find Mr. Dubois is follow the trail of film canisters."

STEIGER: People are pissed!

BRIGGS: Oh yeah. They're not real happy about this whole thing. So we get this boat, and we take it down, put it in the water. And the correspondent we get is Harold Dow. Harold Dow is this black guy . . . he was there in his black leather jacket, and I swear he'd never set foot on a piece of dirt in his life. He was a city boy, what can I say? We get the boat down there, and we get the cameraman, and the cameraman will do anything. So we're on our way down there, and Harold is starting to get a little nervous. Off in the dark, just about maybe twenty feet out in the water there's this little hole where the water pours over the rock. But it's makin' a pretty good noise, which was good. He says, "I thought this was gonna be flat... What's that noise?" (Laughs) We say, "Aah, that's OK. Don't worry about it." (Laughs) So we get him loaded on the boat, and we go out, we're floating along, and there was some pretty good current for a while. Once we got away from that little hole, it was quiet. I mean it was a beautiful night, and the crickets and the frogs and everything were goin', the stars were out. Pretty soon he got into it. He says, "Wow," he says, "This is really cool." So we go in, and we do the interview, and I have my 16 mm Scoopit, and I take about 30 seconds. They did the video camera for the news thing, and it appeared on CBS the next day. So that was kind of the big event to keep the water from going up. And at least we had the river one more year. 'Cause this was happening when the spring water was coming up. So we saved it—or Mark saved it—for one more year, which gave us more chances to come up with more hair-brained ideas. But things were not looking good... Eventually, then, two winters after that, these huge rains came and that was that. The river went away in about a week. There was so much water everywhere, and the

little river that we used to run on—1,500 cubic feet per second was a great water level—was runnin' at about 30,000. Of course, some people went up and ran it. And somebody nearly drowned doin' it. Yeah. So that was that. Then Mark set about still trying to get 'em to lower it, and we even came up—we had the twentieth anniversary gathering last fall, of all the people who were involved in this. And there was a guy that came up with a really great idea about how we can get the river back.

STEIGER: And that is?

BRIGGS: Well, in the meantime, because everybody's pumpin' wells all over the place, the water table is dropping. So all the farmers are screaming, you know, 'cause the water's dropping. So they've come up with these ideas to recharge the ground water, you just let out a whole bunch of water from the dam. Because the water's not being committed to any irrigation district, 'cause there's no canal to deliver it to the district that has the rights. So the water's just sitting there. So now, you know, we're gonna come up with this idea to get 'em to do this ground water recharging. You go down on the floodplain, and you keep the water in there, in the spring. It seeps down, it recharges the aquifer all over the place. So that's our latest idea. (laughs)

STEIGER: You still haven't given up, twenty years later?

BRIGGS: No. But after that little deal with swac, the Stanislaus Wilderness Action Committee, about the same time, the Tuolumne River was being threatened by the Modesto-Turlock Irrigation District. And if we didn't switch, we were gonna lose that one too. 'Cause we were ahead of the curve on that one. They just wanted to do it. They didn't have plans for the dams or anything. So it was a winnable thing. And finally, another loong story, we did win that one! We got help from all kinds of people, including Richard Chamberlain, Dr. Kildare, and we won, in the first term of the Reagan administration. I took Chamberlain down the Tuolumne and that got him fired up about saving it.

STEIGER: Beat James Watt and everything.

BRIGGS: Wild and Scenic River. We did it. I mean it was a great victory... Oh jeez, I didn't even talk about the Stanislaus film.

STEIGER: Well, we better.

BRIGGS: Well, I eventually got this film together on the Stanislaus, the idea being that if we couldn't take people—anybody we would take down the river would be on our side, but we obviously couldn't take all the politicians, so the only way we could do it was to take the river to them. And the only way you could do that was through a film. So that's when I took on making this film. And, you know, it was my first film. I really didn't know what I was doing. I tried to answer every political question in this film, to counteract everything they did.

So it ends up being a little too detailed on the technical stuff. But on the other side, I was there at a time when the Army Corps came in and bulldozed this guy's farmhouse where his family had lived for a hundred years, when they were burning his place, and he was going completely berserk. I got him recorded yelling and screaming, mostly screaming at me, because he knew I was a white water guy. He was just beside himself. I mean it's this old guy losing his house, and it was incredible. Barns being burned and bulldozers pushing, really pretty dramatic stuff.

It's like I'm two different people. Before Grand Canyon and after Grand Canyon. You know, I was a kind of an unhappy highway engineer, not knowing what I wanted to do when I grow up, and now I'm a river guide not knowing what I'm gonna do when I grow up. (laughs) But I had a good time getting here. I loved being a commercial guide. I did a private trip every year the first three or four years I was there. And then... (**STEIGER:** Those were training trips, though, right?) No, they were straight private trips. The all paddle trip happened to be something that we were gonna do anyway, and because we were good friends with Rob and all that, he was logically gonna go with us. And just part of him being there was for him to think about maybe possibly trying to run a commercial all-paddle trip, under the auspices of the Whitewater School. Which we did, I think the very next year... We had a philosophy in the oar-powered division, that was basically started by Peter Winn, of getting people involved in running the trip. Not only was it a good way to do things, because the more they were involved, the better time they had, but the more you could get 'em involved, the less work we had to do! So we would always get people to come in and help cook. We would let 'em row the boats whenever they wanted to. Not all the boatmen, but most of them. We'd let 'em row the boats, and it was just a really good way to do it. And I know we used to, in the early days, we would feel insulted if we got tips. If we weren't ending up being friends with these people at the end and somebody wanted to tip us, we figured we weren't doin' a good job! And it was partially true, but also the situation over the years changed to the point where, and I guess the boatmen too, where all of a sudden tipping became, you know, something that should be done. But I always felt a little weird about tipping, even though I never gave my money back. . . . We made the transition from rowing the 25-foot shorty pontoons to snout rigs, and in that first year, which I think maybe was '72, we usually had half and half on a trip. We used to flip a coin to see who got to row the snouts because they were so easy to row.



It's just a 4th of July cilebration in the '70s.
Don Briggs photo collection

We used to call 'em slugs and rockets. So we eventually got all snouts and forgot how hard it was to row a shorty pontoon, and got to be pretty good with it. I mean they're pretty forgiving. You're kind of kidding yourself that you had any control anyway, so you just kind of lined it up and go. Except for, you know . . . (Steiger: Bedrock!) some of the strong guys, like—yeah, even in Bedrock, we had techniques. And, you know, you learn through technique what you cannot do with brute force....

I suppose that I've had my share of firsts in the canyon, most of them of dubious nature. I was on the first oar-powered ARTA boat that ever flipped, in the fall of '71 in Grapevine. It was a training trip, and Eric Carlstrom was rowing, and I was a passenger sitting next to Bill Breed. Eric rowed out of Grapevine camp and went right down the left side of the rapid and hit that diagonal crooked. That was a 25-foot shorty pontoon. It was a fairly gentle flip. I reached up and grabbed the water pitcher on my way out. Then, I think I flipped the first ARTA snout rig in Crystal. In '73. Um . . . I'm sure I wasn't the first to jump across upper Deer Creek. But I did it in 1971. A coupla times. . . I was on the first trip that Martha Clark was ever on. That's a first. Well, it was the first of the infamous "Dips Trips," named after—

they were trips done by the Executive Council on Foreign Diplomats. They would run these Outward Bound type experiences for foreign diplomats and American businessmen, ostensibly to develop good will between nations... It was through the Southwest Outward Bound School and they wanted to do it in the Grand Canyon. Well, they had to have qualified river guides. So because of Rob's connection with Outward Bound and so forth, AZRA was gonna run these. I was gonna be one of the boatmen, and we had two separate trips. There were enough people that we had four or five, probably only four boats per trip. And this was the first one... And so here was Martha, who came with John Rhodes, who was the Southwest Outward Bound guy, and she was his assistant or a guide for Outward Bound. And of course Martha was a lovely young lady, and I think at that point, all the rest of the guides were male. It was—I can't remember everybody on the crew. I think Jimmy Hendrix was there. Michael Winn. Melville. Myself. Steve Dupuis. I don't know. But anyway, all these—by the time I got there these AZRA guides were following Martha around like a pack of dogs in heat. Or is that the other way around? Never mind. So I could see, I mean they were all trying to do this and do that. And, you know, trying to impress Martha. Trying to find

out who was gonna be on which trip. Mike Winn found out that he was on the trip that I wasn't on. So Michael immediately went to work on me. Trying to convince me... and he was good, you know. "Listen, so-and-so's on the other trip. You haven't worked with him in years." You know? (Steiger laughs.) "You'd have a better time going over there." I let him go on and on, and finally I said, "Naw, I don't think so..."

There was also the first trip that David Edwards ever was on, that private trip in '73. And then, because he was from the Bay Area, I started hanging out with him in the winters and stuff. And then, I don't know whether it was the next year, or in a couple years, I took him and his girlfriend down as guests. Then for the next coupla years I got him on as an assistant. And, you know, he was a great guy, and we were pretty good friends. But also because he was the assistant, who could row my snout boat, we were also in the process of—we used to take a Redshank with us, and then below Lava or something we would break it out, just to keep people entertained in the lower part. Then we graduated to a little Adventurer. And we kept breaking it out a little earlier (laughs) as the years went on, for whatever reason, to the point that I decided—I was really getting into paddle boating, partly because of the whitewater school things that I'd worked on. And so one summer we blew up the Adventurer at Lee's Ferry, and I paddled the entire way, from Lee's Ferry to Diamond. And it was really great. I mean it was kind of at the height of me really being in touch with the river....

Oh, I guess I should talk about working with Wesley a little bit. Because I think Wesley started about half way through the summer of '71 and I started at the beginning of '71. So we started at about the same time. He ran motorboats, but he eventually came over to the oar power crew. He was such a character. But you'd get in a little bit of trouble hanging out with Wesley from one way or the other. He would get a little carried away, most of the time at night. He could keep people awake all night chanting Navajo chants and everything else. We'd think "Oh my God, we're gonna get bad letters from this trip. He's keepin' everybody up." We'd get back, and weeks later, Wesley gets the good letters and we get the bad letters. (Laughs) And it was because Wesley was totally tuned in to the people. I think when some of the rest of us were kinda trying to run a show and entertain people, Wesley could always be right there with people. He would take care of their little needs, band-aids and all this little stuff... But this one thing that Wesley did one time—well, he did a lot of things, but this is maybe one of my best river stories besides 1983. We had taken four snout boats and we had a full interchange at Phantom. The people who hiked in were a charter trip from the Boston Museum of Science. I can't remember who was the head boatman. It wasn't



*Another day at the office.
Don Briggs photo collection*

me. We get down to above Tapeats, and they planned to do this Surprise Valley hike. So I didn't want to go on a hike. Because I'd already done that hike (laughs). I always say, "You know why they call it Surprise Valley? 'Cause you're so surprised that you make it across." (both chuckle) So all the guys decided they wanted to go on the hike. And we weren't at the mouth of Tapeats; we were on that beach up above on the right. I said, "Well, you know, I'll take one of the boats down to Deer Creek, but what about the rest of them? You know, how are you guys gonna do this?" So they proceeded, mostly Wesley, to talk me into taking the four snout rigs from that beach to Deer Creek, letting passengers row the snout rigs. (STEIGER: "Hey, you can just take'em down there.") I said, "Hey," you know, "this isn't an easy stretch." They'd say, "Oh yeah, but well Richard's been rowing my boat. He's really good. And his son," you know. I'm going, "You guys are nuts!" I said, "Do you see that hole out there?" (STEIGER: Tapeats Creek, yeah.) I said, "Helicopter Eddy, does that mean anything? This is not as easy as it looks." Wesley went to work on me, and it took a long time, but he finally just (laughs) it was incredible. You know, he was so, uh, sort of nice about

it. He kind of challenged my manhood, or my boating abilities. “Oh, you don’t think you can do this?” Or, you know, it wasn’t sarcastic at all. He was not that way. It was a perfectly calm, logical approach to why I should do this. And it sorta made sense. And, I didn’t wanna be a jerk. Anyway, they talked me into doin’ it. So they go off on the hike, and there was one boat’s worth of old people that were gonna go, so I was gonna row the senior citizen boat. Then these other guys were basically gonna take an empty snout rig. So I got ‘em all around and smoothed out this big piece in the sand, and I marked, you know, every quarter mile of the river from there down to Deer Creek. I proceeded to tell them... I got little sticks for the boats, and I told them “Now there’s two places you can’t go, between here and there. You can’t go in that hole down there that you see, and further down there’s this big eddy... You can’t go there. Other than that, you’re gonna be fine. Two places you can’t go.” (Laughs) And so I put the boats down, I put four boats down, kind of like in military fashion. “OK, now, this is what we’re gonna do. You’re gonna watch me, and you’re gonna do exactly what I do. You’re gonna get the exact angle that I do, and we’re gonna go into this rapid in formation.” So they’re... Richard was rowing one boat, and there was a teenager rowing another one. There was a guy named Jack, and his young son, he might have been about twelve, was riding on the front of that boat. So I keep repeating, “There’s two places that you can’t go. Just do what I do.” We get out there, and we’re going down, and I’m lookin’ back and man, it’s perfect, just like the Blue Angels, right? So I’m coming down and I’m, you know, kinda of making sure I... coming maybe a bit further right than I should, just to make sure. So I turn to go straight down the rapid, and I look back, and I see the guy turnin’ behind me, you know, and everything is perfect. I look downstream, over at the beach at Lower Tapeats and I see a motoboat over there. But, you know, I don’t pay any attention to it. I look back up, and for some reason, I’ve no idea, Jack has turned his snout rig around and is rowing for the left side. I’ll never know why he did that. I’m just goin’, “Oh no!” So, you know, I had six people. I turned and started rowing for the left bank as hard as I could. I’m part way down. I mean, I’m still a little bit in the tail of the rapid. I’m about even with the lower beach, and I’m not paying any attention to that motor rig, ‘cause I’m watchin’ this guy Jack. He comes, he goes into that hole, that steep hole over on the left side. He goes over it pretty straight. But man, he just gets catapulted out of that boat (laughing) like nobody’s business. He went about eight feet in the air. Then the boat went over I guess there’s that little rock cliff there. The boat goes over and it sticks. There’s a little ledge that goes into the water, and the boat stops. This kid is, you know, on the snout holding on for dear life in the boat. He’s just

kinda sitting there. You know, it’s not in any danger, but it’s kinda stuck, and Jack was floating by. So I row to the shore and I tell these old people, “When I hit the beach, you jump off and hold this boat. ‘Cause I’m goin’ up there.” So I get off and I’m runnin’ up there. You know, I got a hundred yards or better to go up there—I tell Dick to get Jack, and that appears like that’s gonna happen—I’m running up to get this boat, and I hear this motorboat fire up. I look over there, and this motoboat is motoring up. It’s the Park Service, American flag. (Laughs) Watching this whole deal. I’m goin, “Oh dear.” So I run up there, and this boat is kinda stuck, and I’m goin’, “Jeez, what am I gonna do here?” And I just kinda run into it, and it slides right off. It was just barely hovering there. So I hop in the rowing seat and take a few strokes, and the motorboat is going “hrrrmrmrm” coming up. I just hop on the boat and kind of lean over on the oars and kinda give a little casual wave to the Park Service, like, you know, “Things are fine.” (Steiger: “No big deal. We’ve got it under control here.”) So we go down, and we gather everybody together. The Park Service goes back to their camp or whatever. I’m goin, “OK,” (laughs) “...let’s try this again. Now there’s only one place between here and Deer Creek that you have to look out for. It’s down *there* and its a little eddy, and just do what I do... You just don’t wanna get caught in that eddy.” So I get ‘em all lined up again, and we’re working our way down there and... *Damn!* So the young kid gets caught in Helicopter Eddy. I’m down there a ways and I pull the boat over to the side again. I said, “OK, you guys, you need to hold the boat again.” The other guys kind of floated into the canyon there, so they were gonna be ok. I told them to pull over and wait. So I go runnin’ up there, and I get up on that big slab. (laughs) This kid is goin’ around in that eddy. You’ve seen it. A snout rig caught in that eddy? And I’m just goin’, “Well now, let me see.” I had only one choice. (Steiger: Jump.) I had to wait until it came around, and get a good run at it and jump off the rock onto the boat. Which I did. It was great. It was a monumental leap... It was pretty cool. So anyway, I jumped in, got this kid, rowed down to my boat. I said, “OK, we’re gonna be fine now. It’s just all flat water.” I go and get in my boat and we take ‘em on down, we pull in, and I tie up the boats. (Laughs) And I went up under the ledge—that ledge that you always see pictures of me on, I went up there and hid for about an hour. There was a little thunderstorm later. It was quite a nice day the rest of the day. Wesley! He used to do that to me all the time. Talk me into these things.

The hardest part of trying to squeeze Don Briggs into a BQR piece is contemplating the 98% of his stories that had to be left

out for space, not least of which (though Briggs personally told them as such) were his epic struggles to make each of the fine films he's bequeathed us. Someday Don'll finish reviewing his transcript and it'll reside in the archives at Cline Library... (maybe someday we'll find a way to put the whole project on the web). Meanwhile Briggs putters around his new houseboat, scheming on how the heck to raise enough money to do his next film: a biography of Martin Litton done right—one that considers ML's entire life instead of the relatively narrow slice of it that pertains to river running and the Grand Canyon... (another great American saga that certainly deserves to be told right). For fun Briggs relives the boating experience anew through the eyes of his beautiful daughter Lucy and the children of his old boating cronies, now codgers every one, but still able to grip the oars or paddles or throttles now and again...

You can send tax-deductible donations made out to "Earth Island Institute" to Briggs care of GCRG, or e-mail him about it at donbriggs@earthlink.net



Don Briggs photo collection

2004 Ballot Comments

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Spreading the word and caring about the Canyon.
Professionalism, credibility, caring and the BQR!
Fight for the river and its health.
GTS, coordination of WFR.
Keeping us informed.
Presenting all views.
Communicating via the BQR. Employing Lynn Hamilton.
Including freelance guides in the GTS river trip. Continue to excel with the BQR.
Staying on top of the CRMP process and keeping members informed.
Lynn Hamilton—the best. Keeping members informed.
Pursuing the WFR issue with the NPS.
GTS, Whale Foundation involvement.
Guides working on the river in Grand Canyon, so you're not competing with the rest of us for permits on other Western rivers.
The intensity of looking into WFR. This is very good. It's much appreciated by all/most guides.
Medical Control. BQR. History interviews. GTS.
Boatman's Quarterly Review. Dimock's articles.
Pretty much everything.
Reminding us guides to put on extraordinary trips for passengers. We are here for the paying guest.
The GTS.
Promoting protection of the Canyon.
Retrospective/historical articles.
BQR! Great forum and support center.
BQR, GTS, trying to clarify the medical control issues.

MISGUIDED THINGS GCRG IS DOING:

Whatever they are, you hide them well.
Just make sure all viewpoints are equitably represented.
Not working hard enough to protect wilderness qualities in Grand Canyon.
Working for outfitters who use motors in Grand Canyon.
That fuel cell technology idea for motors is a joke.
Don't let politics get in the way of the first priority—canyon and river's health.
Stirring the ashes of the WFR controversy. They won't back down and we'll be painted into a First Aid corner.
Opposing the NPS Wilderness First Responder requirement.
Opposing WFR certification: 1) it's the best! 2) waste of time, going nowhere 3) inconsistent with objective of setting the highest standards.

WHAT SHOULD GCRG BE DOING:

Keep on doing what we're doing very well.
Dump the motors.
Encouraging equal access for private boaters.
Keep lobbying to prevent medical certs (WFR etc.) from becoming ridiculous; part-timers won't be able to rationalize the effort.
I am very concerned that all the NPS guide requirements are driving away all the "old guys"—the guides with tons of experience and historical perspective. Every guide doesn't need WFR—leaders only and Advanced First Aid is ok for guides. I have 103 trips, yet I would have to do training trips to get current again?
Recruit more peeps with bucks.
Supporting motors in the CRMP process.
Make sure all viewpoints are equally represented.
Having an unbiased representative at the AMWG meetings that has real support from all the guides—not just a few in the science community.
Update the website in a timely manner.
Protecting the wildness of the Grand Canyon and energizing member involvement in the CRMP and the Glen Canyon Dam Adaptive Management effort.
Put pressure on the outfitters to provide long-term health benefits as well as retirement plans for their employees.
More of the same (being there).
Actively working for true wilderness designation/protection for the river in Grand Canyon. No motors.
Continue the good work!
Give Lynn a raise.
Make abundantly clear that the GTS is not GCRG, and that companies that don't get involved miss out big time.
Keep the Canyon's health a priority over all else.
Make it easier for guides, not impossible.
Seeking the highest standard for all guides.
More support for private boaters. Start questioning the rampant approvals of groups invading the canyon in the name of science.
Support WFR! Also support long-range planning regarding the end of power plant operations due to drought. Our industry is about to dry up and blow away! Save the river!
Work on group health care.
Help defeat Bush.

THE BUREAU OF RECLAMATION IS SERIOUSLY PLANNING TO BUILD A TEMPERATURE CONTROL DEVICE ON GLEN CANYON DAM TO WARM THE WATER FOR NATIVE ENDANGERED FISHES. WHAT ARE YOUR PRIMARY CONCERNS?

My primary concerns are energy wastes and warming the river when the water is already low in Lake Powell and warmer. Why worry about it until we are out of the drought?

Warm beer!

Get real!!! The quality of life outweighs preservation and conservation.

That money and resources will be wasted on a temporary solution to a problem that will only be solved by breaching the dam.

I am concerned that only water temperature is being addressed. We need to get more sediment downstream.

The river needs sediment worse than increased temperature—slurry sand past the dam or decommission it!

Algae bloom.

Please! Give it up!

Warm beer, water quality for drinking (algae blooms?), no silt, over-management of changed system.

“Humans messing with nature” tends to backfire. Just ditch the damn dam.

The amount of funding involved given extreme drought conditions; focus more \$\$ on cultural resources in GCNP.

Stop the plan. Chubs need warm water much earlier in the season than the TCD's can provide. This is more bad science and the taxpayer should not have to foot the bill. Listen to the scientists who are not boaters!!

My beer will get warm. Sounds ok to me.

I'm glad to see this. I'd also like to see more short-term high flows like the 46,000 cfs of several years ago.

Not enough baseline info in place to safely predict ecological impacts on the river system, i.e. diseases, new parasites, non-native fishes expansion. Chub may or may not do better. The only known thing is that beer will be warmer and trout will be stressed out.

Has this type of device been tested before? What other effects will it have on the downstream environment?

With Lake Powell and Lake Mead dropping, water temperatures are warming already. Warm water fish will migrate up from Mead and they will be highly predatory fish. Warmer water could potentially tamper with the Lees Ferry fisheries and Lake Mead fish will eat Humpback chub babies. It is a cycle of humans tampering with Ma Colorado—where will it stop?

What native fish? Most have been decimated by the “scientists.” And besides, it's not going to improve the beer. Seriously, it's all a joke.

None! I think it's long overdue.

Concerns? The TCD will help native fish and make a Grand Canyon experience nicer for folks sitting in boats. Why not add some sediment in with it! I approve of the TCD. Why concerns?

Warm beer...no, just kidding. I support the development and use of a TCD on Glen Canyon Dam. The native fishes of Grand Canyon may well benefit from warmer water releases, at least in the near future while we wait for the dam to be dismantled or taken out by Mother Nature. It's at least a step closer to mimicking a natural flow regime.

Non-native species moving up from Lake Mead, not to mention having trouble cooling beer and soda!

Over-management of the system like this is very dangerous.

Dr. Joe Shannon has discussed potential repercussions of warming the water including further competition by exotic aquatics. I am skeptical of the benefits of temperature control.

Without adding sediment to the picture, continued “tail chasing” without food sources for fish despite warmer waters. From the guiding perspective, fresh foods will spoil faster, but then again there will be less opportunity for hypothermia. More waste of taxpayer dollars trying to keep up with Mother Nature.

Ecosystem effects of current high temp releases from low reservoir levels should be studied before a project, whose benefit has not been established, is constructed.

Water quality—warmer water, more bacteria from Lake Powell's boating population?

Thou cannot disturb a flower without troubling a star.

How warm? Will people (ourselves included) be more inclined to swim?

Everything they try to do to fix the damage the dam operations have done has just made things worse. Drain the reservoir! This needs intense studying and looking into.

It's a start!

I have no concerns at the present time. This is a great move on the part of BuRec if it comes to pass. The water is so unnatural at its current temperature.

Non-native fish and parasites, temperature of beer.

That I haven't heard or read anything about it lately in the BQR...And that the money could be better spent in breaching the dam...just a little.

Wait to see the lake dry up and see what responses occur from the naturally warmed water. Warmer water may attract fish from Reservoir Mead.

Beer won't be cold. Trout fishery will be affected. Bacteria in warmer water? Bugs. Warm water is more inviting for more non-native fish (i.e. striped bass).

How will it be powered? Will it require utilizing more of the resource? My primary concern (this sounds crazy) is the cat chasing his tail!

I think it is a superb idea. Will this alter the rate of evaporation on the river? Will it be a constant year-round temperature?

None. Just warm it!

More intemperate tampering with nature can do no good. Skanky water.

Ok...and how about diapers on the mules crossing the bridge!

1) They'll kill the best trout fishery in the world. 2) What "temperature control device" are they planning to use to warm up water flowing from 8–20,000 cfs? 3) Will this gigantic hot water heater allow us to take warm showers in the ditch?

Warmer water means more predator species coming up from Lake Mead. Warmer beer.

Stop the madness! Stop the contradictive actions of mass killing the non-native fish and the restocking of trout at Lees Ferry. By warming the water, non-natives will be encouraged to come upstream from Mead and allow those already there to thrive. Put our time and money towards endeavors that haven't been messed up by man. Unnecessary—the drought will do it for free.

The warmer water temperature will open the big hole in Hermit Rapid up to too many swimmers...thereby causing congestion in this part of the Canyon. Bet the chub should enjoy it.

Is the TCD just another form of a pump back dam? No more dams—low or high.

There has never been a better time for penstock modifications, but the Bureau of Reclamation cost estimates are totally out of line.

I have no concerns—when Lake Powell dries up it will warm up anyway. Keep up the good work.

Warm water-borne diseases from Lake Powell? How will the chub do in warm water? Expense? Where will the dollars come from? Why not take down the dam?

Circle Success!

PINCH ME, I MUST BE DREAMING! The Circle of Friends has raised over \$16,000 to date. We are more than halfway to our \$30,000 goal, and the donations are still coming in. It doesn't matter whether you're working a full season on the river, you've managed a single trip, or you hold dear the memories of your past Grand Canyon experiences, the *Boatman's Quarterly Review* keeps you informed and connected with the Canyon spirit. So please consider sending us a tax-deductible donation for the Circle of Friends today. By supporting this extraordinary publication, you'll be an active partner in preserving and protecting the Colorado River and Grand Canyon.

This fund supports the heart of Grand Canyon River Guides' organization—the *Boatman's Quarterly Review*—by helping to pay our marvelous editors and offsetting our considerable publication costs. You in turn get the gratification of "giving back," as every issue helps raise awareness and build advocacy for the Colorado River among our members spread across forty-seven states and eight foreign countries. Plus, you benefit come tax time—what could be better?

Our heartfelt thanks goes to everyone who has donated to the Circle of Friends thus far. For the most part, we have refrained from individual thank you letters to preserve these funds for their primary purpose. Please refer to the contributor list in this issue for Circle of Friends donations this past fiscal year (ending June 30). We'll be publishing any donations received between July 1, 2004 and June 30, 2005 in the BQR a year from now. But to *all* of you—we humbly bow to the depth of commitment and the generosity that you have so richly demonstrated.

In an increasingly uncertain world, getting back to basics can be important. Grand Canyon and the Colorado River have the purity, the simplicity and the beauty to feed our souls. Thankfully, when you can't be there physically, the *Boatman's Quarterly Review* has the power to transport you there in spirit. Perhaps that is one of the most vital benefits the newsletter provides—a lasting connection to those wild places and to those who share that love.

Together we can accomplish great things. Please join the Circle today!

\$1 – \$99	Friend
\$100 – \$499	Sponsor
\$500 – \$999	Protector
\$1,000 – \$2,400	Steward
\$2,500 – \$4,999	Advocate
\$5,000 or more	Philanthropist

All checks can be made payable to Grand Canyon River Guides (please note "Circle of Friends" on the memo portion of the check). Please mail to: GCRG, PO Box 1934, Flagstaff, AZ 86002. Thank you so much for your support!

Lynn Hamilton

Financial Narrative

THE IMAGE OF A ROLLER COASTER comes to mind. GCRG was undoubtedly on a “high” the previous fiscal year after a significant financial rebound, yet our current year-end financial statements have brought us careening back to earth. The situation drives home the fact that nothing is a “given”—every year is a struggle and a challenge. An extremely competitive grant environment coupled with a struggling economy is a harsh reality for non-profits everywhere. Consequently, the financial picture can change drastically from one year to the next.

So what happened? Most significantly, grant income dropped. Every year GCRG tries to maintain our ties to certain foundations while investigating and pursuing other sources of support. Some years it reaps benefits; other years it doesn't work as well as we would hope. That's simply the nature of the beast. This past fiscal year, GCRG lost a long-term funder as they turned their attention to other deserving programs. This is not uncommon, but unexpected all the same. We sincerely thank the Ruth H. Brown Foundation for so many years of wonderful, wonderful support. We highly value that relationship, and we hope to renew it in the future. Additionally, another funder shifted from BQR support to oral history funding. We are simply thrilled to commence re-building our compendium of oral histories—producing more interviews is eminently necessary as our remaining supply rapidly dwindles. However, that shift meant that those previously covered BQR expenses had to come out of our general operating budget. To compound the situation, some of our other grant income dropped slightly from previous levels.

Needless to say, we remain deeply grateful to all of our funders for their ongoing support of GCRG and our programs. Without their help, we would not be able to do the work we do. Our sincerest thanks go out to the following foundations or organizations for their assistance this past fiscal year:

Ceres Foundation
Chehalis Fund of the Tides Foundation
Flagstaff Cultural Partners
Grand Canyon Conservation Fund
Grand Canyon Monitoring & Research Center
Norcross Wildlife Foundation
Teva
Walton Family Foundation

We have another key ingredient in our favor—our wonderful members. Your tax-deductible donations throughout the year are absolutely invaluable to our financial health. You are indeed the bedrock upon which this organization is built. Take a look at the contributor list in this issue. We're extremely gratified that it's such a long one, demonstrating the depth of support for this organization. Additionally, a quick perusal of the Circle of Friends article in this issue will bring home how quickly a support base can build when everyone works together towards a common goal.

As the new fiscal year begins GCRG is going to try our best to “climb that hill” again. Thankfully our balance sheet remains strong so we may move forward with a fair degree of security. We're already hard at work, and we'll keep plugging away—researching new funders, writing new grants, keeping up with grant administration, and building strong relationships with foundations. We're even looking at the GTS as the perfect venue to raise money through raffles and a silent auction. I am certain that GCRG members are utterly talented people, so if you have a uniquely wonderful item (or service) you think might work for either the raffle or silent auction, we'd love to hear from you. Our sister organizations, the Whale Foundation and Grand Canyon Youth, do a fabulous job in that vein, and we don't want to poach on their territory too much, so we'd like to break new ground with innovative, interesting, and beautiful items to entice you to spend your hard-earned cash. I'd like to think that there are enough supporters and enough talent out there to make all of these endeavors an unqualified success.

In the meantime we strongly urge all of you to help in whatever ways you can—keep paying those dues, encourage others to join, send us a contribution (see the Circle of Friends article in this issue), volunteer your time, or give us your fundraising ideas. You have an active part in keeping this organization strong, and we need you to do so.

Thank you so much for your continued faith and support in the Grand Canyon River Guides organization. We'll do our absolute best to remain worthy of that trust.

Lynn Hamilton
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc.

Profit and Loss Statement

Fiscal Year—July 1, 2003 – June 30, 2004

INCOME

Membership income	\$ 40,572.02
GTS income & grants	18,542.00
General contributions	18,210.00
Circle of Friends contributions	15,181.00
Adopt-a-Beach grants/contributions	13,145.00
First aid class income	10,165.00
AMWG/TWG grants	10,000.00
BQR grants	7,715.00
Sales (t-shirts, hats, etc.)	6,774.50
Plant field guide grants	6,100.00
Oral history grants	3,500.00
GTS overhead reimbursement	925.57
Grant administration income	610.00
Interest income	430.83
Bad checks	(35.00)
Total Income	\$ 51,835.92

EXPENSE

Payroll expenses*	\$ 41,135.45
BQR (production, printing, postage)	37,949.84
GTS expenses	19,449.97
AMWG/TWG	13,457.90
First aid class expenses	9,221.01
Adopt-a-Beach	7,768.48
Rent	5,050.00
Postage	3,532.95
Cost of sales	3,124.68
Plant field guide expenses	3,061.84
Printing	2,145.31
Telephone	1,542.50
Meeting expense	1,319.52
Office supplies	1,229.81
Utilities	1,151.88
Depreciation expense	986.00
Other (bank charges, taxes, etc.)	812.95
CRMP expenses	536.36
Internet	497.40
Insurance	418.77
Repairs	366.52
Total Expense	\$ 154,759.14

DEFICIT

\$ (2,923.22)

*includes GCRG, Adopt-a-Beach and GTS payroll expenses

Note: Profit & Loss Statement does not reflect hundreds of hours of donated services for BQR proofreading, IRS annual report, Guides Training Seminar, website maintenance, clerical support, donated equipment and more...

Grand Canyon River Guides, Inc. Balance Sheet as of June 30, 2004

ASSETS

Cash in checking/savings	\$ 65,500.13
Postage & security deposits	2,233.98
Total Current Assets	\$ 67,734.11

FIXED ASSETS

Computer & office equipment	\$ 39,076.45
Less depreciation	37,682.19
Net Fixed Assets	\$ 1,394.26

LIABILITIES & EQUITY

Payroll liabilities	\$ 880.18
Restricted funds	1,323.83
Equity	66,924.36
Total Liabilities & Equity	\$ 69,128.37

General Members	1,001
Guide Members	752
BQR Circulation	1,802

Major Contributors

July 1, 2003 through June 30, 2004

OK, I THINK I'VE GONE cross-eyed and my fingers are worn down to nubs, but here is the seemingly endless list of contributors for this past fiscal year (July 1, 2003 through June 30, 2004). How can one complain about the length of the list—the longer the list of contributors, the better for GCRG! Nevertheless, I had to stop somewhere, so the listing does not include general contributions under \$100 (of which there were *many*), nor does it include the innumerable five-year memberships. But large or small, every dollar helps us in so many ways. We sincerely thank all of you!

I changed my mind about waiting to publish the names of the Circle of Friends contributors. Fickle perhaps, but it seems to make more sense to list those contributors on a fiscal year basis, so I've included the names below by donor category. Of course if truth be known, the real reason is: I was simply too excited about it to wait any longer! Those of you who have donated to this fund after July 1st will have to wait to have your names listed, but please know how much we appreciate the support, and you'll be listed this time next year. Take a look at the Circle of Friends article in this issue to see how the fund has grown, and how you can still help!

All of our funders, members and contributors of all types can bask in the glow of our endless gratitude for your staunch support. You are the best! We value every bit of help, every contribution, every volunteer, every single membership. Without a doubt, it is a Herculean group effort to keep this organization moving along.

We apologize for anyone we may have inadvertently missed in the lists below. Let us know. And thanks again!

Lynn Hamilton

FOUNDATION SUPPORT

Ceres Foundation
Chehalis Fund of the Tides Foundation on the recommendation of Drummond Pike
Flagstaff Cultural Partners
Grand Canyon Conservation Fund
Grand Canyon Monitoring & Research Center
Norcross Wildlife Foundation
Teva
Walton Family Foundation

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTORS TO PROGRAMS

Sally Ballinger (Adopt-a-Beach)
John Gray (Guides Training Seminar Land Session)
Richard Quartaroli (Oral History)
Whale Foundation (Boatman's Quarterly Review)

BENEFACTORS (GUIDES)

Val Dumke

BENEFACTORS (GENERAL)

Colin Devine
Bill Mooz
Rex Thornton

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Patty Ford
Dave Hughes
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Deborah & Art Lenahan
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McEldowney
Ed Pollock
Douglas Proctor
David Ryan
Ken Walters
Jane Wingfield

GENERAL CONTRIBUTORS (\$1,000 AND UP)

Annette & Nathan Avery
Robert & Deanna Tubbs
Michael Wehrle
McJunkin Corporation

GENERAL CONTRIBUTORS (\$500 TO \$999)

Steve Asadorian

GENERAL CONTRIBUTORS (\$100 TO \$499)

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Barbara & Phil Albright
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Bill Bishop
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Harriett Burgess
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Lois Jotter Cutter
(in memory of Don
Harris)
Jane & Robert Katz
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(in memory of Chet
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Kiyomi Masatani & Gary
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Harry Schoening
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Gretchen & Daniel
Walsh
Dick Warner
Greg Woodall

Carolyn Langenkamp (in
memory of David E. Kemp)
Dan Larsen
William Lockwood, Jr.
Linda Lynch
Kiyomi Masatani &
Gary Yamahara

Randy Tucker &
Barb King
John Volkman
Brenton White
John Whittlesey &
Peggy Arnet

CIRCLE OF FRIENDS (STEWARDS: \$1,000 TO \$2,499)

Colin Devine
Drummond Pike

CIRCLE OF FRIENDS (PROTECTORS: \$500 TO \$999)

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Val Dumke
Hohum Conco

Phil Smith
Doug Stuart

CIRCLE OF FRIENDS (SPONSORS: \$100 TO \$499)

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Catherine & Douglas
Thayer
Art Thevenin

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Randy Aton
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Sue Bishop
Todd Black
John Blaustein
Mark Braden
Paul Butler
Dr. Gary Call
Carolee Campbell
Joan Carstensen &
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Joe Costello
Perry Crisfield
Eben Dale
Dean & Julie Danielson
Dale DeLlamas
Dave & Mimi Demaree
Daniel Duggleby
Ann Dupart (in memory
of Bob Donaldson)
Bob Dye
James & Sarah Estes
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Doug Reiner
Nick Reznick
Craig Rieser
Marty Schlein
Bob Schwarb
Gus Scott
Dennis Silva
Rocky Smith
Pete Stewart

Continued: CIRCLE OF FRIENDS (FRIENDS: \$1 TO \$99)

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Carol Tenney
Paul Thevenin
John Toner
Bill Trevithick

John Tschirky
Claudia Turner
Bill Vernieu
Jeffrey Weber
Steve Whitter

Otis Willoughby
Mark Wolfe
Greg Woodall
Thomas Wright
Teresa Yates Matheson

Dick Young
Char Yurkovic
Judith Zawojewski

Businesses Offering Support

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

- Canyon Supply**—Boating gear 928/779-0624
The Summit—Boating equipment 928/774-0724
Chums—Chums 800/323-3707
Mountain Sports 928/779-5156
Aspen Sports—Outdoor gear 928/779-1935
Teva 928/779-5938
Sunrise Leather—Birkenstock sandals 800/999-2575
River Rat Raft and Bike—Bikes and boats 916/966-6777
Professional River Outfitters—Equip. rentals 928/779-1512
Canyon R.E.O.—River equipment rental 928/774-3377
Winter Sun—Indian art & herbal medicine 928/774-2884
Mountain Angels Trading Co.—River jewelry 800/808-9787
Terri Merz, MFT—Counselling 702/892-0511
Dr. Jim Marzolf, DDS—Dentist 928/779-2393
Snook's Chiropractic 928/779-4344
Fran Sarena, NCMT—Body work 928/773-1072
Five Quail Books—Canyon and River books 928/776-9955
Canyon Books—Canyon and River books 928/779-0105
River Gardens Rare Books—First editions 435/648-2688
Patrick Conley—Realtor 928/779-4596
Design and Sales Publishing Company 520/774-2147
River Art & Mud Gallery—River folk art 435/648-2688
Fretwater Press—Holmstrom and Hyde books 928/774-8853
Marble Canyon Lodge 928/355-2225
Cliff Dwellers Lodge, AZ 928/355-2228
Trebon & Fine—Attorneys at law 928/779-1713
Laughing Bird Adventures—Sea kayak tours 503/621-1167
North Star Adventures—Alaska & Baja trips 800/258-8434
Chimneys Southwest—Chimney sweeping 801/644-5705
Rescue Specialists—Rescue & 1st Aid 509/548-7875
Wilderness Medical Associates 888/945-3633
Rubicon Adventures—Mobile CPR & 1st Aid 707/887-2452
Vertical Relief Climbing Center 928/556-9909
Randy Rohrig—Rocky Point Casitas rentals 928/522-9064
Dr. Mark Falcon—Chiropractor 928/779-2742
Willow Creek Books—Coffee & Outdoor gear 435/644-8884
KC Publications—Books on National Parks 800/626-9673
Roberta Motter, CPA 928/774-8078
Flagstaff Native Plant & Seed—928/773-9406
High Desert Boatworks—Dories & Repairs 970/259-5595
Hell's Backbone Grill—Restaurant & catering 435/335-7464
Boulder Mountain Lodge 800/556-3446
Marble Canyon Metal Works 928/355-2253
Cañonita Dories—Dory kits, hulls, oars, etc. 970/259-0809
Tele Choice—Phone rates 877/548-3413
Kristen Tinning, NCMT—Roling & massage 928/525-3958
Inner Gorge Trail Guides—Backpacking 877/787-4453
Sam Walton—Rare Earth Images, screen savers 928/214-0687
Plateau Restoration/Conservation Adventures 435/259-7733
EPF Classic & European Motorcycles 928/778-7910
Asolo Productions—Film and Video Productions 801/705-7033
Funhog Press—AZ Hiking Guides 928/779-9788
Man of Rubber, Inc. 800/437-9224
Capitol Hill Neighborhood Acupuncture 206/323-3277
CC Lockwood—Photography books 225/769-4766
Canyon Arts—Canyon art by David Haskell 928/567-9873

Potty Calendar

OK, HERE IT IS. A way to relive some of the finest moments spent alone with one's own thoughts in the canyon...but without the flies or smell. This calendar features a different full color scenic photo for each month. The 12 month calendars can be printed starting on any month (Aug-July, for example). Calendars are printed on high quality heavy weight stock paper. They measure 11"x 17" when open.

Potty calendars are available at a discount to GCRG members for \$17 which includes shipping and handling. Just photocopy your membership card and send it along with a check to: Sherrie Skinner, PO Box 272, Henefer, UT 84033. Tell her what month you want your 12 month calendar to start on and where to mail the calendar if the address is different than the address on the check. More complete ordering information can be obtained by calling 435-336-0532 or emailing info@pottycalendar.com. One discounted calendar is allowed per membership, but there are discounts from the regular \$25 price if you order 6 or more calendars.

Custom orders are also available with a minimum order of 6 calendars. Put your group or family photo on the last month for example.



Care To Join Us?

IF YOU'RE NOT A MEMBER YET and would like to be, or if your membership has lapsed, get with the program! Your membership dues help fund many of the worthwhile projects we are pursuing. And you get this fine journal to boot. Do it today. **We are a 501(c)(3) tax deductible non-profit organization, so send lots of money!**

General Member

Must love the Grand Canyon

Been on a trip? _____

With whom? _____

Guide Member

Must have worked in the River Industry

Company? _____

Year Began? _____

Number of trips? _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

\$30 1-year membership

\$125 5-year membership

\$277 Life membership (A buck a mile)

\$500 Benefactor*

\$1000 Patron (A grand, get it!)*

*benefactors and patrons get a life membership, a silver split twig figurine pendant, and our undying gratitude.

\$100 Adopt your very own Beach: _____

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

\$24 Henley long sleeved shirt Size _____ Color _____

\$16 Short sleeved T-shirt Size _____ Color _____

\$18 Long sleeved T-shirt Size _____ Color _____

\$12 Baseball Cap

\$10 Kent Frost Poster (Dugald Bremner photo)

\$13 Paul Winter CD

\$17 Lava Falls / Upset posters (circle one or both)

Total enclosed _____



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

Box 1934
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boatman's quarterly review

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