



The Waiting List

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Private Boaters
Association

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"United, we boat...divided we don't" Someguy, '98

May, 1998

The Outfitters Policy Act of 1997

Who Needs Senate Bill 1489?

In November, 1997 Senator Craig (R, Idaho) and Senator Wyden (D, Oregon) introduced the "Outfitters Policy Act of 1997," Senate bill #1489. This bill effects effects river users on BLM, Forest Service and NPS lands. Due to vigorous opposition lead by various wilderness organizations, and the GCPBA, Senate 1489 has been returned to committee for rewriting. A complete copy of the bill may be found on the GCPBA website, in interactive form.

The passage of S1489 could insure a wilderness landscape faced with the continued and expanded domination by commercial operators on the land, water and in the air.

Following is our interpretation of the key features of the proposed bill.

1) Concessionaires are assured of a fixed allocation for as long as they hold their contract. A provision of S1489 is that *allocations may not be shifted from commercial to non-commercial use, or vice versa*, therefore allocations may not be changed to reflect shifts in actual demand for type of use. Much like the situation that exists at the Grand Canyon today.

An unintended consequence of this provision is the circumvention of the Wilderness Act, as it takes away the future option of removing or modifying outfitter authorizations where and when they are found to be incompatible with wilderness management.

2) Bidding for permits, and any other "free market" competition incentives to perform are eliminated because *the concessionaires get a fixed contract forever if they do a "good job."*

3) This bill *gives concessionaires the review free, ability to set their own prices* (with NO incentive to lower costs)

4) *S1489 would forever ban reservation based system models* (a "stand in line" model for ALL users), all user lotteries, or models of access that allow for a yearly shift in allocation based on indicators of actual demand

5) This bill would *allow concessionaires to lock in helicopter exchanges in potential wilderness* under the guise of established, historical activity. Once again superseding the provisions of the 1964 Wilderness Act. The same would be true for controversial helicopter overflights.

6) If adopted, S1489 would *allow the concessionaire to sell or otherwise transfer their authorization only to other concessionaires use, who, thereafter may continue to enjoy that authorization forever*

7) Concessionaires would *gain veto power over any proposed rule changes that might affect their operations*. This includes rules involving group size and launch clustering.

8) Managing agencies, in this case Grand Canyon National Park, *may not condition future transfers of concession allocation upon ANYTHING*, and transfers would be assured automatic approval if formal approval was not granted within 90 days.

9) The managing agency would have the ability to authorize *"new or expanded outfitted activity"* to authorized permit holders. So, the SCOPE of concessionaire use can easily grow.

10) *The agency, "Shall not make any reduction (in allocation) related to factors beyond the control of the authorized outfitter..." even if the general public is desperately needing that allocation.*

11) No additional fees would be charged to outfitters once the terms of (continued on page twentyone)

Private Trip Journal

Alan Kesselheim

This winter my wife and I had the tremendous good luck to be invited on a private 30 day trip from Lee's Ferry to Diamond Creek. I say luck because an invitation is probably the only way we'll ever get to participate in such an adventure, unless the allocation and permit system for private boaters goes through some major restructuring. We were lucky too, because we travelled with seasoned boaters who had a tremendous level of competence and knowledge.

Although We've paddled many thousands of miles by canoe, This was our first extended raft journey, and the most intense desert river experience. Marypat joined up at Lee's Ferry, and floated to Phantom, while I managed the family, There we switched off, Marypat went up to take over kid duty, while I went down to hop aboard.

This journal entry was written soon after I joined on. I offer it because I think it captures some of the essence of what makes private trips different from commercial trips and is the product of the kind of mental space that is available when the pace is relaxed, self-driven, and uncatereed.

March 9, 1998. It's been twenty years since I hiked the Grand Canyon, more or less, and it hasn't lost any of its power. I'm sitting in a sunny pocket of Vishnu schist, the warmth like something I can drink up - away from camp, above camp, looking up river. The Colorado pours down towards me, glinting with sunlight, green—brown, almost viscous-long slick v's, bubble lines, upswelling blisters, eddies behind rock points—full of its latent, compressed force. It is a quietly explosive power, shackled, pressing, rising up. Something heady and irrepressable about the way it muscles forward.

There are rock wrens trilling on the cliffs, canyon wrens, a western grebe in th eddy, below camp, at breakfast.

The canyon rises above, out of its sparkly-schist, in great layers—Tapeats, Redwall, Coconino. Reds, greens, whites, browns. Out of gnarled Inner Gorge with its heat-racked darkness, up into spires and amphitheaters and crowns, up into the blue-blue sky of March.

Climbing up to my perch I had to watch for the soft fiberglass hairs of blind prickly pear,

the clutches of acacia, the desert things—old memories that slide back pungent as yesterday. I am here I keep saying. Here. Now. Through a doorway and into this fantastic rumbling place.

Yesterday, it was four degrees at the South Rim, snow and ice on the upper Kaibab and I'd just hugged the urgent bodies of my three children, kissed their faces, said I loved them, heard their murmured responses. Another door for them, too—new place, mom coming back, dad leaving. Saying goodbye to children . . . such quiet terror.

When I shift in my seat now I breathe fresh crushed leaves—incense. There is a catbird singing in the bare acacia tree growing out of talus, mewing and scolding. But yesterday we slipped over the edge, skittered down the icy frozen trail, through the layers, the cold rock, frozen mud, slick ice. Michael fell hard several times.

Anyone who says pieces of terrain don't have their own inherent power has never descended into the Grand Canyon. It is too much, all at once, a place that subsumes the world. Really, Inside it, there is no room for anything else. Nothing can crash through.

Even the children I held minutes earlier, vibrant, absolutely of me, have slipped into the other dimension. A place outside.

We meet Marypat about halfway. She is hiking hard, uphill, the way she likes, sings out when she sees me. We grapple into an embrace, our arms fighting with pack straps, holding each other into a short, short reunion. Michael and Colleen go ahead, hikers pass by, a mule string. We sit three feet off the trail, keep reaching for hands, arms, eyes.

Catch up! Chicken pox, bank accounts, the car a mess, nobody peed in their beds, drive down epic, kids really, really good, really, really miss you . . . Group is great. Tom loves to hike. Four in a tube tent in the rain. Great night out. Velma let me row some 4's. Everybody really

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nice. Doug saw a mountain lion on a mesa . . .

Then we go on, turn and wave. Say I love you, loud. Wave again. Then on over the threshold into the bottom of this place, the loose corral of new people. Shaking hands, fumbling towards each other, the group adjusting to new chemistry.

Late in the day, the river pressing the way it does, always full of itself, we come to Horn Creek Rapid and pull off to scout. Big drop, big side-curling wave, one horn that reminds me of the way the kids like to fashion their hair when it's full of shampoo. Left of the big horn, down, then pull right, away from the wall. We slip, one boat after another, out into the slick current, pull over, positioning, one after another, to the brink, held there, expectant, waiting, poised. Then down. Down hard. Into the crash of cresting waves, the holes, the ready, eager, hard charge of river. I am crouched in front, gripping webbing, ready for the douse of shocking water. But the curlers crest just right, buoy us up, cushion our ride, shoot us through like some benediction, and I barely get my knees splashed. Camp at dusk. More protocol I don't yet know.



photo by: Hanna Flagg

Where things are. How to leave the boat for the night. Where to take things. New to me, this style made necessary by the glut of travelers who all want this place.

I sleep on a hard outwash bench in 91-Mile wash, all alone with the walls and the stars and the near-full moon. I think of them all-Marypat holding them like the precious gifts they are, how they feel in their pajamas, how Ruby turns and turns and then is asleep. I think of them, how far away they are. A ring-tail skitters past the foot of my bag. When I hiss at it, the long, lithe, luminous animal climbs up a series of ledges and away.

My right side is in shadow now. The coolness feels good. The sun is moving, the

water comes down, more all the time, god-like endlessness. The warm air is stirring. Birds seem quieter in the heat, their songs farther away, tucked into crannies, patient now. Later On: A good, long hike with Michael through the center of the day and up 91-Mile all the way into the Tapeats. At four or five places we were stopped by pour overs, but kept finding ways up or around, another bend, another detour, until the canyon opened up and it felt like lunch. Then back down the water-worn rock, the rippling skin of gneiss and granite polished to a sleek shine. Trickle of water, little pools, barrel cactus, canyon wrens, a bird nest the size of a teacup in the branches of acacia. Late afternoon in camp, a dip in the shocking river, long conversations with these day-old friends circled up on a patch of sand in the embrace of ancient rock. Through it all Marypat keeps popping into mind, and the kids, and their time together back through the looking-glass, over the rim.

Alan Kesselheim is a contributing editor for CANOE & KAYAK MAGAZINE. His upcoming book is called THREADING THE CURRENTS, published by Island Press, available in the fall of 1998.

It's A Private Trip...Join Us!

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Commentary / Emmett Cartier

Is This The Best of All Possible Systems?

“Pangloss deceived me most cruelly, in saying everything is for the best.”

Voltaire, *Candide*

It is now Sunday, February 1. Tomorrow, a Park Ranger in the River Permits Office will open the mail and find my Letter of Continuing Interest. But just the letter. There is no annual maintenance fee enclosed. For now, in this iteration, that is the best I can do. Will I lose my position on the waiting list for a noncommercial boating permit for the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon? As I said in the letter, I fully expect the government to uphold the binding contract in effect since I accepted the terms of the procedures and they accepted my payment. The terms said no further fees for the list.

Perhaps some history is in order. The first and only time I had been completely through the permit process, I felt like I had been ‘hanged, dissected and whipped.’ After I had followed the list process for several years and my launch date came up, the Park Ranger had left my application in his box until two weeks before the launch date. I called for information on its status. They were concerned, the ranger had said, because I was going solo. I explained that my partners were concerned about waiting so long for an uncertain permit, so I decided to go through the process myself this time. He said they could not deny the permit, but were concerned for my safety. What if I needed rescue? The phone bill was already high, so I said they could rescue me any time they wanted. He said the permit would be waiting for me at Lee’s Ferry. Well, I went on the trip and enjoyed the spectacular canyon tremendously. The rapids were challenging and fun. The motor rafters and the few hikers were friendly and polite. I was usually many miles from the nearest boat or camp, especially in the lower canyon. I was able to boat in the early morning or evening, when others were asleep or eating dinner on the beach. I took only pictures and left only a few footprints in the sand. But occasionally, as I was tugging at the oars on a windy May afternoon, I thought there must be better ways to treat people. Last year, the permit system took a turn for the worse - against the boater. Now the list system proposes another jeopardy for those on the list. Pay an annual fee of \$25 or be taken off. This fee alone amounts to \$250 if I remain on the list for 10 years. Other fee increases

for camping and launching help make the cost prohibitive for small trips. I wanted to take just my wife and daughter on a nice family trip, yet would be impelled to seek a full contingent of 16 to cover costs. I remember all the work and responsibility in leading commercial trips as a river guide, and large private trips on other rivers. The system assumed I would like to do that again on the Colorado River. I want my family to go down the river, but I also want that river to be administered well. Some boaters think of the brave new system as a game, like the Prisoner’s Dilemma. Pay the fee and get the favor of the agency, they say. To advance their position on the waiting list, they count on the agency to drop from the list all who miss an annual payment or notice. They predict that the choices of the other boaters and of the agency in this game would be simply rational and self-interested. In this game, the rational choice for the prisoner is cooperation with the jailer to gain certain privileges. The predictions of how other boaters would behave in this system brought to mind a book on Rational Choice Theory by my former professor, Dr. Emily Hauptmann: The “...flawed conception of choice...robs it of its full power and coherence.” Boaters will not behave as consumers, nor is there a uniform boater. Rather, they will choose according to the situations in which they find themselves. In the final analysis, “...democracy cannot be reduced to a series of choices, economic or otherwise.” The system went beyond the pale when it countered basic rights and principles of fairness. That recreationists fear to escape dominion does not justify shocking, uncivilized, or illegal censure. Sure, the xenophobia of quota systems encourages self interest. Some would even play on unreasonable fears of impacts to resources to achieve their political ends, or to cover mistakes. The principles still take precedence. The constitution, not just the market, should rule government decisions. As Paul Starr said in *The Meaning of Privatization*, “...Whereas self-interest leads to benign results in the marketplace, it produces nothing but pathology in political decisions.” And when more external control by government is imposed as the solution to social dilemmas, the ‘solution’ is often as bad or worse as the problem it is supposed to solve. Some (continued on page five)

Stinking Hot Hikes / REDWALL CAVERN

Here is a fall, winter and spring hike that you can do from a river trip, or which may be accessed via the Navajo Reservation. If you choose to access this trail by car, apply for a permit and directions to the Shinamu Canyon Trail at the Navajo Nation office on Highway 89, in Cameron. Plan for a day to the river, and another day back out.

In the late 1940's, the search for dam sites in Marble Canyon focused on the Redwall Cavern and Marble Canyon locations. Access to the Redwall Cavern dam site was via a pack trail constructed down Shinamu Wash. Once reaching the river, the trail went down river on top of the Redwall to the dam site above Redwall Cavern. Though washed out in spots, the trail is still a great walk with gorgeous views of the river and surrounding canyon walls. The pull in for this hike can be done at two points. The upper one requires you to pull in on river left at the foot of a small riffle at mile 30.2 in the Belknap Guide. Stay close to the left side of the riffle and pull into the small eddy on the left. There is a nice sandy beach here for parking. The downside to this pull in is that you will have to negotiate a small bit of Redwall ledge to start this hike from here. Look for a way up on the down river side of the small side canyon that forms the boulder pile you are standing on. Once on top of the Redwall, walk down river a few hundred yards and then climb up to the small saddle directly above you. Don't cut back to the left and walk upriver, as that path is leading off to the Silver Grotto overlook and the route to the rim, which is another hike all together. The lower pull in is just a 100 yards or less below this riffle on river left, where the Redwall cliff breaks down and a broken talus slope reaches down to the river. There is no sandy beach here to park and there is not much room to pull in a lot of boats. If the river is down, you may notice water bubbling up through the broken rock as you pull in. This is part of the Fence Fault spring complex. After tying up, you will need to walk up the small draw above you, (Fence Fault) joining the small track that the folk who parked upstream will use, except you will have avoided the Redwall ledges they climbed through. Again, hike up to the saddle. From the saddle, hike up the ridge leading downstream, looking for a path

down canyon. This trail was built for stock, and pack animals involved in the dam projects. On the sections that are not washed out, is still in good shape. If you find yourself way up in the Supai and off route, well, you are off route. Hike back down closer to the Redwall edge and keep looking for the trail. Walking down river will take you to the top of the Redwall across from South Canyon. The view up South Canyon is exceptional and intriguing. With Stanton's Cave in sight, you will find a small platform with a few bits of tent from a small tent camp. A little farther along, Vasey's Paradise comes into fine view, as does Redwall Cavern itself. You can follow this trail all the way down to the dam site camp. Not much of interest there, but the anchor for the tramway to the rim has a little note left in the wet cement of 1951. It will take the better part of a cool day to explore this area well, and on a hot summer day, you don't even want to think about this hike. There is no water and no shade.

Tom Martin

(continued from page four) **The Best of All Possible...** will pay, some not. No one expects to use parks and recreation areas for free in this age, but we know when we are brought a pig in a poke. We can feel in our gut the basic error in any singular and exclusive system of logic. Those who pay the annual fee to remain on the list do not necessarily support the rules. We do not support something bad by default. It is not a merely a proactive calculation of the benefits they would receive versus the risks of noncompliance. They have their own social contract with their boating partners, and are ill-equipped to question the edicts of authority. It cannot be held against them, for the conditions were of duress and coercion. What happens next is unclear. We cannot take the present or the recent past as a guide for the future in assumptions of how either boaters or government agencies behave. It is clear that the permit system has not found a satisfactory solution, so we must keep looking. The opinion of the majority means little. Yet by itself, the problem of fundamental uncertainty makes the system untenable. At least, we should agree that the Park Service must adopt better methods of making decisions. As for my case, the bottom line lies at the heart of the social contract. You can make good decisions, and you can make bad decisions, but you cannot make illegal decisions. Not for long, anyway.

Emmett Cartier

River Running With Rangers And Real Guides

“Crankin” With The Park Service

About thirty of us were standing in the cool winter sun at the Lee's Ferry boat ramp. We were ready to launch on the winter 1997 National Park Service Resource trip. Just a few more things to do, including introductions, what am I going to say? Whoa! It's my turn. This is like your first day at camp. Everyone is looking "...uh, my name is Richard Martin...I'm running the white boat" "Lame, there are eight white boats. From the crowd, "which white boat?" Not the one I wanted, the one that said RANGER in big black letters. I laughed, and they laughed.

Thus began my trip with the NPS. Sort of a first. The first representative of the GCPBA to accompany and participate in a Grand Canyon resource trip. In the coming 22 days we would row boats, sometimes more than thirty miles a day, then layover for three or four. More about those layovers later. My boat, the kitchen boat, was an 18 foot, well used Domar. The gloss was peeling off the tubes, but it ran fine. The boats were put together under the supervision of Dave

al miles, on several days.

We participated in classes on outdoor subjects I'd never dreamed of. Sitting high on the edge at Nankoweap, with Kim Crumbo, back to the river leading a discussion as to how best preserve the ruins. Archeologist Helen Fairley pointing out recent damage to the more than twenty assembled "groupsters." Where does the impact come from, the large, organized commercial trips, or the smaller less organized private boaters? Hikers? How much visitation can the site handle? A fence. How about a seasonal ranger on duty to interpret and protect. Who's gonna pay for that?!

On the way back down, the trail boys trying to figure out how to reroute the trail to better handle the twenty thousand or so people who might hike to the ruins each year. If you build it this way, hikers will get off the trail, if you do it that way, the trail will drain poorly. Erosion. Bad. God! You need to have an engineering degree, plus an eye for rocks, to build a trail to handle that



DeRoisers, kayaker, character, and river ranger who was going to accompany us.

The crew was made up of two park rangers, a number of volunteer guides, and one volunteer private guy... me! The participants, a bunch from the trail crew, a Sierra Club member, "leave no trace" camping specialists, archeologists, science people, wilderness specialists, revegetation folk, high school students, teachers, rangers, Jim from interpretation, Tom from the Tonto, and trip leader, Kim Crumbo, from the park's science center.

So what did we do on those layovers. Well, we attended classes, assisted on projects, ferried people back and forth across the river, and carried picks, shovels, and all sorts of tools sever-

many people!

Next day at Nankoweap. Outdoor academics. Our "Leave No Trace" camping seminar, lead by the energetic Dell Smith. "Leave No Trace" ...it's a concept, not a mandate. The wilderness is a shared environment. Where do we walk, put our feet? "Durable surfaces first." Rock, sand, gravel, established trails. 10 people passing the same way and a trail is established. A story is told, "a controversy arose within the park service concerning camping sites on the Tonto trail, is it proper to allow contemporary camping on archaeological sites?" It seems today's travellers choose the same spots to set up camps as the ancients. And those ancient sites had not yet recovered from a millennium's earlier

camping."

Nankos' nice, but we got to go, all 35 of us "Leave No Tracer's".... down the river, to Tanner Valley we row, stopping along the way, to pull naughty ravenna grass. It's pretty, it's fluffy, so what's so bad about that? "Chokes out the natural vegetation." "It's difficult for the critters to pass through." "It's from Page." At night we carefully pull the fluffy, seed laden heads from bags and burn them. Sayonara, ravenna grass!

Throughout the course of the trip we'll pull over to pull up the various exotics that invade the Canyon, as well as most of the Southwest's rivers, camel thorn, russian olives and even some errant "Mormon Trees," a.k.a "Paradise Trees." All the while we'll be working in the beautiful orange, fall glow of "the exotic that won the west," the ubiquitous "Tammies."

Stroke, stroke, stroke. We are at Tanner, across from the trail head. We'll be here for four days. Tomorrow more LNT classes, and a discussion lead by Jim Gale, Interpretive guy, and fresh from Mt. St. Helens on his first river trip, and... more camping techniques. The following day, the trail crew will head out to camp at the base of the redwall to practice the leave no trace techniques we have learned. We'll ferry the crew and their



gear across the river. Some of us will pack water up to them, as they'll be there camping and working for several days. We'll ferry back some new arrivals, plus we'll ferry the national eating champs, the Grand Canyon High School senior science class back to our kitchen...staffed, by the way, by the always charming Nell. We have a full time cook. We have 35 people, and now we have hungry teenagers!

"Let's go boating" It's the next morning and we load the kids back into the boat and across the río we go. The students and myself, we'll be hiking the Beamer trail with Helen, Ranger Dave Trevino, and Ranger Troy Hall. As we pass, Helen discusses the various archaeological sites, educating all as to the ways of the

ancients. We pass timeless walls protruding from recent erosion. The kids ask questions. We stare at large piles of crumbling rocks. Roasting pits, for pottery, corn, agavé. I ask questions. I ask so many questions, I even annoy myself, "You really don't think they made alcohol out of the roasted agavé?"

Ta ta Tanner. Due to circumstances beyond my control, the trail crew arrives late, most of the boats have left. The remaining boats really have to pile it on. I name mine the "Concrete Cruiser." We're on our way to Phantom and the big exchange.

Hance? Scout and outta there. We going to be trading people, losing the kids, and picking up new experts. And some new boatmen. Thoughtfully, via solar satphone, the Park chopper has brought in some fresh supplies, and will be thumping our garbage out. Our new companions are Fred, the boatman, and Greg Kroll, from the Carhart Center for Wilderness, Missoula, Montana. And then straight ahead to Granite/Monument Creek to camp.

Greg will spend a number of evenings reminding us of wilderness values. Gregs talks lead us into several lively discussions of how do motorized trips, fast ones or long ones, with heli-

copter exchanges and jet boat assists fit into a prospective wilderness area? (See Feb. 1998 WL, page 3, *Lost In The Wilderness*). That's a rather ponderous question.

We move on down river pretty quickly. Sadly we have to take time out for Johnnies dislocated shoulder at Granite and the resulting helicopter evacuation. Then, right on through Hermit...Ooops...I'm out of the boat...my third out of boat experience in 1997...that is a really big wave...what's the oar doing over there when it's still in my hand...geez...I borrowed it, and now it's broken! Dave DeRoisers, the river ranger who has seen it all, paddles his kayak over, and announces for all to hear, "that looked just like a PRIVATE RUN!" Har, har, (continued on page eight)

(continued from page seven) yuk, yuk! Crystal. Scout it, keep rowing!

We're heading for four work days at Bass. Some of our hikers will be returning on the South Bass trail, so we leave two boats upstream, at the Ross Wheeler, an all metal boat abandoned in 1919 by a hapless film crew, and then move on to camp. It is still raining, so "let's put up the parawing!" We spend the next four days "up the creek," working on the North Bass trail. In August of 1997 there was a large slide across the trail, plus a fair amount of erosion, so we go to work carrying tools back and forth and rerouting (slightly) this historic trail that was built by Bass to haul travellers across the river with his cable car. Bass Camp, which is a mile plus up the side canyon is now an archaeological site, so it is being studied by our two archaeologists, who tirelessly record every detail, and check to see if anything is missing from the site.

On our third morning out, with my pick and a pry bar, I'm the first one on the trail, or so I thought, until, from above me I hear voices. Two hikers, probably permitless, from the closed north rim, are about to walk right into a trip of rangers. One says to me "what are 'ya doing, going gold mining?" I must have appeared an odd sight, better odd, than the thrill of running into a bunch of rangers without a permit!

When our work is completed, we get a little time to ourselves. Most of us go back up the canyon to explore. At one time Bass had an orchard, which may have even included the planting of some orange trees. If so, the only trace remaining of his orchard is the irrigation system, reportedly dug following the much older outline of an ancient irrigation system. I'm intrigued.

We moved on out of Bass and zoomed down to Deer Creek, leaving boats and people stretched for several miles along the river. That first night at Deer Creek there were only eight of us in camp, the other twenty or so were up river. Nell didn't have to cook much that night! Revegetation made sure there is no longer a trace of the hardy palm tree at Christmas Tree Cave.



Thank God it's gone! Actually, I mourned the palms passing. I kind of liked that tree. "If it was a native variety, (Washingtonia Robusta) would you have left it?" Crumbo responds, "yes, but that one wasn't a native (to the southwest) variety." Me, "how did it get there then?" Crumbo, "there's a story that some boatman who liked palms planted a bunch down here, we removed most of them." Me, "Viva las palmas."

Three more days of work, consolidating trails and erecting cairns to guide folks to the desired trails, thereby eliminating multiple trailing. Multiple trailing encourages erosion by trampling the Canyons delicate vegetation. When seen from above, numerous trails zig zag all over, and are about as attractive as cow trails. Next time you feel you must knock over cairns, remember that maybe I built them, and that they are there to direct wayward feet back to the established trail. Those cairns can be a good thing. The palm tree was not a good thing.

Slowly everyone gathers back at Deer Creek. I do some cross river shuttles. Once reunited, our companions are so happy to see us that we have a modest little party. From Deer Creek on, we were pretty much on the express boats to Diamond. Picked up a couple of people at Havasu and said good bye to the fun loving trail crew there. Pulled more ravenna grass and cruised from Whitmore to 220 in a day. Oh yes, we did run Lava Falls. Nicole had a most beautiful and elegant run.

There's much more to tell, but I'll leave that for another telling, but I offer this thought. While we were sifting sand on the beach someplace, collecting the micro trash and charcoal bits (people actually do build fires on the ground), I recognized that there are a lot of people working for the park, guides and private boaters who really care about the experience you have in the canyon. It takes work to keep the river corridor clean and beautiful, and it is a pleasure to be able to do some of that work. Working in the Grand Canyon....Wow!

Ricardo

A very special thanks to Serena Supplee who created the art in this story on her Feb. 1998 GC river trip. Artwork on pages 6, 7, and 8. © 1998 Sirena Supplee

Silence Is Grand

“How long will it be before—what is perhaps worse yet—there is no quietness anywhere, no escape...”

Joseph Wood Krutch

The question of Grand Canyon overflights has been one of the major environmental issues of the past two decades. Despite changes in flight patterns and improved aerotechnology, the drone and thump of aircraft over some areas of the park is continuous. On a winter trip this year (1998) over mile 189 I counted a total of 58 flights, many occurring simultaneously.

Kim Crumbo collected and contributed these thoughts on the subject of silence.

J.W. Powell, 1895, CANYONS OF THE COLORADO: “The river rolls by us in silent majesty; the quiet of the camp is sweet; our joy is almost ecstasy.”

Zane Grey, 1906, GRCA visitor register, “One feature of this ever-changing spectacle never changes—its eternal silence. There is always that same silence—a silence that keeps its secret.”

J.B. Priestly, 1937 MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT, “there was in this immensity...a silence so profound that soon all the noises from the life about us on the rim were lost in it, as if our ears had been captured forever, drowned in these deeps of quiet.”

Jermiah Johnson “Nothing wrong with quiet.”

Joseph Wood Krutch, 1957, GRAND CANYON: TODAY AND ALL ITS YESTERDAYS, “How many more generations will pass before it will have become nearly impossible to be alone even for an hour, to see anywhere nature as she is without man’s improvement upon her? How long will it be before—what is perhaps worse yet—there is no quietness anywhere, no escape from the rumble and the crash, the clank and the screech which seem to be the inevitable accompaniment of technology? Only when they began to be scarce...and solitude rather than company had to be sought after, did the great empty spaces become attractive.”

Colin Fletcher, 1963, THE MAN WHO WALKED THROUGH TIME, “Even before I had accepted what

I saw, I heard the silence; felt it like something solid, face to face...A silence so profound that the whole colossal chaos of rock and space and color seemed to have sunk beneath it and to lie there cut off, timeless.”

Two New Air Tour Routes Over GC?

The FAA has announced a proposed rule which would establish two new air tour routes in Grand Canyon right through two flight free zones. A proposed route through the section of Toroweap/Shinumo flight free zone which was extended in last year’s rulemaking in order to protect National Canyon. The Havasupai have formally requested removal of all air tour routes from their lands, which include all of Havasu Canyon. The FAA is ignoring that request, and mocking the concept of “flight free zones”.

In an effort to provide incentives for tour operators to convert to more “noise efficient aircraft”, the FAA proposes a second route that is even more appalling. This one would parallel the river over the North Rim, slightly north of North Rim Village and right through the heart of the Canyon. This route will cut through, and effectively gut, the Bright Angel Flight Free Zone. Although the route will only be open to aircraft that are less noisy, even the quietest of aircraft still make a lot of noise. The sound of aircraft engines would be audible for several miles on either side of the route. A better alternative might be the closing of current routes, such as the Dragon Corridor to all but the quietest of aircraft. This action was proposed several years ago by the National Park Service, yet has been ignored by the FAA. Clearly, the FAA is still basing their decisions not on safety as is their mandate, but rather on the economic interests of the air tour industry.

If you wish to comment, write the FAA now. Tell them that *no aircraft* - even less noisy ones - should be allowed to penetrate flight free zones. Comments must be marked with “Docket No. 28902” The e-mail address is:

9-nprm-cmts@faa.dot.gov

Jeri Ledbetter, Glen Canyon Institute

First Descent For the GCPBA

“MR. BACHRACH GOES TO WASHINGTON”

At 9:45 AM Thursday the 26th of February, 1998, the first thing I thought as I walked into the conference room for the House of Representatives Hearing on Demonstration Fees was, “boy am I glad I didn’t wear my cutoffs and Tevas” as good ‘ol Tom had suggested. As it was, my buddy Dennis and I were the only guys there without a tie until Rich Hoffman, of American Whitewater showed up. I passed up the seats in the front of the room marked “witnesses” and laid low in the back of the room.

There were a variety of speakers on the agenda for the day and generally speaking most of the groups they represented seemed to be in favor of the fees. However when they started to break down specific fees into different areas, that’s when things got a little sticky. James Santini speaking for the National Tour Association voiced a familiar concern when he said: “First, there should be an equitable fee comparison between the cost of entrance and use for the individual and the group visitor.” Yeah, buddy! I’m thinking he’s talking our language. Then he goes on to say a few minutes later: “The air tour viewer utilizes no services and receives no direct benefit of any kind. The air tour leaves no footprints, sandwich wrappers or evidence of restroom use in the Grand Canyon. It is without question one of the most environmentally sensitive ways for the disabled, physically limited and time constrained visitors to see the Grand Canyon.” Wait, there’s more. “There is a fleeting air tour noise impact that has been almost totally eliminated in the Grand Canyon by PL 100-91 and SFAR 50-1.” You blew it dude, I was gonna ask you to lunch! Turns out they don’t want to pay as much as individuals and basically want group or no rates at all. You’ve got to pay attention!

A speaker that seemed more in line with what we were asking for and that actually used us as an example, was Philip Voorhees. As the Associate Director for Policy Development with the National Parks and Conservation Association, Mr. Voorhees stated our case like this: “The Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association, testifying today, presents perhaps the most cogent examples of where the National Park Service has already

stepped some distance across the line of public acceptance for fee increases. At the Grand Canyon the wait is as much as eight years. NPS has instituted a place-holding fee of \$25 and a \$100 application fee so that, on average, private boaters would pay \$300 before ever dipping an oar in the water, requiring \$300 up front before ever experiencing the Canyon seems a little excessive.”

He went on to comment on the need for concession reform and the need for these fees to remain in the parks. I should have asked Mr. Voorhees to lunch.

Gaylord Staveley, representing the National Forest Recreation Association stated that their group was not against demonstration fees, but that the system as it was, was being abused. “Fee Demo is being used to displace and subrogate concessioner operations, and in the absence of top-down administration and oversight, we believe it will continue to be used that way.”

Mary Margaret Sloan voiced an often-heard opinion, when, speaking for the American Hiking Association, she stated: “We have not had an opportunity to adequately evaluate the effectiveness of the fees or how the agencies are spending the revenues. We urge the subcommittee to let the demonstration program run its course and wait until 1999 to propose a permanent program.”

The overall feel I got from most of the groups represented at the hearing was that the Fee Demo Program was a good idea that needed work.

When I saw the agenda I figured that I lucked out in that I was third from last to present. As the hearing wore on it looked like I might be right. The Congressmen were getting weary and asking fewer and fewer questions. Yeah, I was nervous. Let me tell you how I got myself into this. I was going to the D.C. area with my wife Rae and my mom, Susan to visit friends and the “buttkick” museums. Well, Tom, GCPBA’s President found out and in his beguiling yet “how can you say no to this guy” way talked me into testifying for the GCPBA. “You’ll probably only have to present to a few aides who will be

bored stiff". While the testimony took shape, with much input from everyone, I practiced and practiced reading the versions aloud for weeks. Then one day I get e-mail from Byron Hayes who says in his puckered yet thorough way, we need to get together and get the numbers down for the really tough questions. What? We do? ... Now he's got me really scared, telling me that it's probable that I will be in front of the entire committee and we are tweaking their tail with some of our statements. Be ready for a grilling. OK, so I'm ready to go looking for Tom to grab him by his shirt collar and ask him what the hell has he gotten me into when I get another e-mail, this time from Rich Hoffman. Rich says that to "throw the cow comparison at the committee chairman, Mr. Hansen," was tantamount to being the virgin at the volcano thing. [see next article, ed.] Too late, we're on a roll and Tom has told everyone that he can get to by e-mail that I'm going. Tom leaves for his trip and Richard Martin, Byron and I wear out our keypads going back and forth hammering out the final draft of the testimony. Before you know it, it's time to go and I'm fighting a snowstorm to get to Phoenix for my flight to Washington. Made it. Thursday gets here and there I am with no tie in a room full of suits.

Remember back in Kindergarten when we all got vaccinated? What it was like waiting for your chance to have the nurse with the mustache take the blowgun to your arm? That's about how I felt. My turn finally came and with a minimum of slobbering and stuttering I delivered our stance on the Fee Demo/Cost Recovery Programs. Holding my breath I wait for the lambasting that I fully expect from Representative Hansen. He politely thanked me and said that our cow comparison was "very interesting". Anti-climax! I've been sweating bullets for three weeks or more for this? Come on, I'm ready. Give me your best shot. Nah, "hey Dennis, how about some crab cakes and beer instead?"

John Bachrach

A Summary of the GCPBA's Fees Testimony

The concept of paying fees at Grand Canyon National Park to recreate is not new to non-commercial river runners, however the new fee program at Grand Canyon National Park is inconsistent with other recreation and use fees on public lands. Before the Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association could support continued application or further expansion and implementation of the fee demonstration program, we would need to be assured that the program meets several important criteria. They are as follows:

- 1) *Fees must be applied equitably and fairly to all persons, businesses and corporate entities engaged in similar activities on America's public lands*
- 2) *Fees must not be used as a tool to limit access to Americas public lands or waterways*
- 3) *Fees must be consistent in both their assessment and administration*

As a group we are very concerned that the fee demonstration program does not currently pass any of these fairness tests.

- 1) *In the case of Grand Canyon river running, fees are not presently applied fairly to all users engaged in similar activities.*

Most of our members, and private boaters that we have surveyed have no objection to paying their fair share of the parks operating costs, but in contrast to the collected non commercial fees, fees paid by commercial outfitters are not used to recover the NPS' management expenses... Making sure commercial patrons paid the same fees for the same kinds of uses as the self-guided could help to raise awareness and would be fair.

- 2) *The imposition of fees apparently has been used as a tool to limit access for the private boater in the Grand Canyon.*

The sudden and enormous fee increase to the boating public by surprise and resulted in slowing the growth rate of the parks wait list by 30%. In 1998, for the first time in the history of Colorado river running, the total number of hopefuls on the wait list declined, by more than 1000 people did not renew their names on the waiting list. If the point of raising the price was to discourage self-guided use of the canyon, then the fee demo program has been a big success. The long wait coupled with the high fees has nurtured the feeling amongst the river community that the annual fee is actually a penalty meant to discourage them from future participation.

Current and former NPS employees at Grand Canyon stated they felt fee demon- (continued on page twelve)

(continued from page eleven) stration charges were being used to curb the growth of the Park's private boating wait list, and that park staff calculated an attrition rate of up to 30% for the non-commercial boating wait list.

3) *The current fee demonstration program is inconsistent and unfair when compared with other fee programs imposed upon public lands.*

Comparing the use of public lands by cows to humans would seem ridiculous, but everyone of us living in the west knows from simple observation that cows do far more damage to public lands than do humans. Over grazing, by itself causes more damage to the resources in question, than wilderness use by humans. And lets not forget the cows trampling of archeological sites. Boaters and hikers presently pay \$4.00 per night for every night they spend in the Grand Canyon, contrast that to the cost of grazing a cow for a year on public lands. If grazing were to be assessed at the same rate people are, it would cost \$1460 to graze a cow for a year. Presently it costs less than \$10 for a cow to spend a year in the wilderness. Hikers and boaters would be better off if they were treated equally to cows!

Hikers and boaters would be better off if they were treated equally to cows!

This comparison looks even more extreme when fitted into the larger picture that includes annual fees for mining, logging and other resource consuming activities that take place on public lands.

Because GCNP has classified non-commercial river running as a "special park use" the park attempts to recover 100% of the costs of managing this use, in contrast to other park activities which receive almost all their funding from the parks general funds. "Special park uses" include activities that are outside of the normal range of activities in a park, for example holding a wedding ceremony, or filming a movie. Historically speaking, the first use of what eventually became GCNP began with river running and a character named John Wesley Powell. A river trip on the Colorado is a special experience, for sure, but, river running is definitely not outside the "normal range of activities" in the park.

The Grand Canyon Private Boaters

Association would like to encourage ... members of this committee and Congress to reexamine federal funding policies that make it necessary for our National Park system to resort to drastic and sudden measures like the Cost Recovery / Fee Demonstration program...

Ricardo, Dave , Byron, John

Polypro Fire Danger

Polypropolene, or "polypro" as we've come to know it is truly both "warm and fuzzy." Lightweight, warm comfortable, and most importantly for those smart river evenings, *good looking!* This is the stuff you gotta have if you're gonna do your stuff in the winter, spring or fall.

It is important to remember that there is a down side to polypro. It is very flammable. When polypro comes into contact with flame or hot charcoal it literally goes away. In the process of melting, it adheres to your skin, resulting in serious burns, which could lead to medical problems requiring evacuation. You've probably noticed, if you have spent much time around a campfire, that your polypro has small holes in the fabric. Look around the bottom of your pants legs, which are usually in the popping spark zone, and, chances are, you'll find some holes.

One evening, on a recent river trip which I was a participant, merriment proceeded at a fast pace. After the usual evening belly dance had finished, members of the group, with only an upside down bucket drum for musical accompaniment began energetically dancing. Perhaps a little too energetically. One of the dancers was suddenly on the ground, and the fire pan was tipped over. Our dancer had fallen over the fire pan and was now, left side naked. His sharp looking polypro pants had completely melted to his skin, which was burned enough to induce pain and merit medical attention.

As nearly everyone in camp that night had some advanced first aid training, treatment options were plentiful and non-petroleum based salves were liberally applied. As time passed aloa vera cremes were by far the most effective.

The moral of this story is if you're going to wear polypro, which most of us will, remember that it is very hazardous when close to a fire. Back off from the fire zone a bit, and save that fantastic poly piece from premature meltdown.

Ricardo

DUDE RAFTER

Hank Gerdes

I want to tell you a sad, sad story
of how a boatman fell from grace.
Now, really this is something awful,
there never was so sad a case.

One time I had myself a rafting buddy.
I never knew one half as good.
We threw our outfits in together
and rafted the way rafters should.

He knew all about wild rivers
and hardly ever got in a back eddy.
For a well rigged boat, his was the best,
his oars never looked rock- chewed edgy.

He owned no clothes except shorts and alps;
He wore neoprene all year round.
He never wore cotton because it never dries
'cause where we rafted you could drown.

He never had time for women,
so bashful and so shy was he.
Besides he knew they would keep him on land
and so he always let them be.

Well, he went to rafting on distant rivers,
I did not see him for a year.
But then I had no cause to worry
for I knew some day he would appear.

One day I drew a Middle Fork
and was feeling good and packing light,
for I had just called the ranger
and the csf was out of sight.

But soon I saw a sight so awful,
it caused my joy to fade away.
It filled my very soul with sorrow,
I never will forget that day.

For down the river there came a floatin'
my old-time buddy as of yore,
and although I know you will not believe me,
let me tell you what he wore.

He had a cut-away hat
made of velour, green and red.
He had a long skirt wrapped around his butt,
loud enough to wake the dead.
Around his neck he had a kerchief,

knotted at his neck.
I swear to God he had a neck white as snow,
and he had a wrist watch. What the heck!

Sez I, "Old Buddy, what's the trouble?
You must have got some bad weed.
If you will tell me how to help you,
I'll get you any thing you need."

Well, he looked at me for half a minute
and then he begin to bawl.
He sez, "Bear with me while I tell you
what made me take the awful fall.

It was a woman from AzRA, in my tent,
who put the injun sign on me.
Told me I was romantic
and just as handsome as could be."

Sez he, "I'm 'fraid there ain't nothin
you can do to save my hide.
I'm rafting dudes instead of friends.
I'm what they call a first class guide.

I now do for money what I once did for love;
put up their tents; set up the potty;
cook the meals and wash the dishes; and
kiss them at the end of the trip, even if they're
snotty.

It's just like whiskey,
you can't quit it even if you try.
I'll go on rafting dudes forever
until the day I shall die."

So I drew my sheath knife and turned it toward him.
I had to turn my face away.
I stabbed him square in the heart
and where he fell I left him lay.

I sure hated to do it.
for things that's done you can't recall.
But when a private rafter goes commercial
he ain't no good no more at all.

*With apologies to Gail Gardner and our river guide
friends...Hey, it's all in fun, you're the greatest!*

Hank Gerdes

TRUE, TALL, RIVER TALES***The Rescue of John's Boat*****THE FENCE**

The Scouts had pulled their rafts to the right bank and were busy hoisting them one at a time over the barbed wire fence that spanned the Pecos river. Each inflatable 12-footer weighed a hundred pounds or so and it took the team of six a few minutes to get each one to the other side without punctures. Cooperation, adventure, and skill are the hallmarks of Explorer scouts, and this band of boys, led by the experienced Charles, and the less experienced but adult, Jack, were engaged in all three. Then came John.

John is a local resource. He is the center of a life model that Copernicus would admire, that is, John is the center of the known universe.

He uses people for their ability to contribute to his pleasure. He sometimes invites people on trips just so he will have more people with whom to split costs; he asks for help rigging his boat and then sits in it and complains about the others not being ready; he runs commercial trips pretending to be private, giving the BLM rangers the haughty run around at the Taos Box put in; he laughs as weaker swimmers nearly get spit out of the Thunder River Cave and over the cliff because they can't swim against the current, and, he didn't tell them about the secret walking ledge; he is the hero of any adventure, even if it is himself that has to be rescued as happened in his famous "Rescue 911" television fiasco; he lifts his side of the boat high and first so that the main weight of the load is carried by the shorter folks, to which I owe an oarlock under my sternum. But he's mild mannered and pleasant and we love him even if we don't like him much. We just get tired of hearing how great he is and how bad we are and so we have brown listed him for his parasitism. We'll go on a trip with him but not eagerly and not without a lot of anti-John personality on the trip roster.

"Help me get my boat over the fence, will ya?" he chatted amiably as he dragged his 35 pound pack cat into the middle of the ongoing boat struggle. "Sure," Jack replied affably, "Just wait till we're done here." John sat down. "I hear

you guys wrapped a boat in here last week," sez John.

"The Explorers did, but we weren't on the trip." Charles is always there to champion the cause of rightness and justice. He must be my son. He's one of two, in fact, and it was the younger, Ben, who had let his greenie row the boat onto a rock where it stuck hard the week before. The boat was wrapped sideways and submerged, showing only about six inches of the tube above water, wrapped worse than any boat I have seen, except that the rescue possibilities were abundant, almost like the wrap had been planned for a swift water rescue course.

The three boys were standing on the large

"John is a local resource.

He is the center of a life model that Copernicus would admire ...that is, John is the center of the known universe."

flat rock when the rest of us hauled out to help. I asked them to tie my rope to a D-ring using a bow-line knot, and then I showed them how, then I did it for them by reaching an arm's length under the

water to the bow and knotting with one hand. We set up a 10 boy scout pull and dogged the rope off to a tree and tied a line perpendicular to the fixed line. We established the scout pull on the transverse line, giving us nearly infinite mechanical advantage for a short distance, gradually decreasing in efficiency as we moved more rope. We moved enough rope to pull a 5/8-inch line in half, so we doubled the ropes for strength and pulled again. This time the boat came off without a complaint. Ten minutes later we were boating again. "That was last week, all right," said Charles.

It is just that sort of experience that every father owes his children so they can learn when they see the good decisions being overwhelmed by bad circumstances, and they can see the bad luck being overcome by nearly instinctive responses bred by years of experience. The boy-saw both situations when I tried to drown them

on the Dolores. I didn't exactly try to drown them but it worked out fairly close to that when I crashed *Sodom and Gomorra* into the Wall below Snaggletooth. They pinned their raft on the front of the boat and were entering cold water immersion hypothermia just as the Teutonic Goddess Kayakers pulled *S&G* out from under the cliff and the boys disappeared under my 22-foot J-rig cataraft. There is much more to say of that rescue in another story, but for now the point is training for survival. We Scout leaders train our charges.

John. "Come on, guys, I'm in a hurry here. Don't hog all my space."

"OK," sez Jack, ever the politician. "Bring that little blue piece of crap over here." In moments the Explorers had it over the fence and John was telling the crew how they better be careful and shouldn't they be grateful he had helped them cross the fence.

"Aren't you going to look over that next drop?" Abe from another party had been watching all this from the downstream side of the fence as he stood near his canoe. He had already looked over the steep Class III and had decided that it took a hard back ferry left to miss the severely undercut right cliff.

"Nah," sez John. "I've been here a lot of times."

"OK, I guess." Abe shrugged and launched his boat, following his buddy along a perfect line. They both negotiated the drop, did the back ferry and then drifted easily along parallel to the cliff and around the corner. It was THE run and one that any oarsman plans unconsciously. Paddlers probably do, too.

So here we have the Explorers finishing a portage of three rafts with rowing frames, oars, and day bags. Abe has come and gone like a Shakespearean clown, giving the warning and showing the way before exiting downstream. John and his observer, that we assume to be his kayak support, have entered the rapid and have left the Explorers' awareness. The youth finish looking over the drop, hardly noticing the lone figure standing like a Teutonic God Kayaker on the left bank.

The boats were lined up and the runs were begun with Charles in the lead. He weaved through the drop and pulled about 2 2/3 extreme ferry strokes, missing the cliff, but he noticed a blue PVC pack cat stuck under the cliff face. "You'll not try to drown me again," he condescended to the micro *Sodom and Gomorra* plastered

on the sandstone as he drifted casually by. In the words of Earl Perry the Erudite, "Boatboys have a certain charm that keeps their boats off the rocks."

Each in their turn, the rest of the Explorers made adequate runs of the rapid and pulled over to the left bank of the river, thinking the only thing they could, about the pinned boat and the lone kayaker – "river booty." They were disappointed and relieved to find that there were actually two persons standing on the left, John and the support kayaker. There would be no river booty because the owner was right there but neither would there be a dead body to dredge out and haul away. It was indeed the *What's In It For Me* (WIIFM), John's boat, stuck on the cliff. But this time the Teutonic Goddess Kayakers weren't there with their wet suits, throw bags, strength enough to pull *S&G* off the cliff, compassion to body-warm the hypothermic little boys, and beauty enough to make the dad hope his sons didn't recover too soon. The kayaker was a granola munching guy with a roll of tape.

THE RESCUE

We don't know how the negotiations started. Maybe Jack reached for his cell phone. Maybe John asked to bum a ride to the other side of the river. Maybe the boys, in their teenage irreverence offered John a share of the stuck blue boat if he would help them get it out from under the cliff. The negotiations started in earnest, though, and so did the preparations.

"Tie that kayak paddle on where your second spare oar would go." Michael tied it on his raft.

"Keep your throw bag at the ready." The granola muncher stood by. A boat of youth stayed with him as a pickup boat in case the rescuers needed rescuing.

"You got some tape? We might need it." The granola muncher yielded his tape.

"Let's get over to that ledge above the *WIIFM* and get to work." Two rafts with five people left the bank and landed in the postage stamp eddy about thirty five yards below the lithic/boat/water boundary. It was hard to distinguish rock from boat from water at this triple point in time. Jack stayed with a boat and Jonathan stayed with a boat while Michael, Charles and John traversed the cliff to a small ledge and looked down to the blueness bobbing just below the surface. (continued on page sixteen)

(continued from page 15) One of the tubes was just visible below the water and about twelve inches from disappearing beneath the overhang. The tube was about ten feet long with a diameter of about ten inches. This meant that if one dropped a small rock, it could fall into the river and pass between the tube and the cliff. The *WIIFM* seemed to be bobbing freely, more or less, and was just needing a little head room to float under the four foot overhang, but the roof was about a foot under water. None of the frame was visible.

An hour passed during which the usual efforts produced nothing. The *WIIFM* could not be reached by a hand, nor by an arm, nor by a body and leg, nor by a tall man hung from his ankles. Rope loops floated uselessly off the nose of the slick material. It was time for a break, even though it was late afternoon and there was a long way to go to the take out.

Youth are full of useful suggestions when the trouble or equipment are not theirs. There was the time when we all tried to help Alan Paxton (namesake of Albert Falls of the Rio Grande) who had wrapped the muffler of his dad's '52 Chevy station wagon around the axle on a caving trip. Youth suggestions came forth in a fountain of sheep-like stupidity, a veritable Fuente Ovejuna, met with side splitting laughter from onlookers and with lonely panic from Albert.

"Paxton, why don't you tie a rope on it and we'll hitch on to this other car and we'll just jerk that muffler outa there?" Heh heh.

"Alan, let's tie that rope off to a rock and roll it off a cliff and it will jerk that muffler outa there?" Hah hah ha.

"Al, why don't we roll your car on its back so we can all get a grip on the muffler and straighten it out?" Ha HA HA.

"Albert, let's leave the car here." HAR HAR HAR.....

"Albert, let's just drive that piece of junk as fast as we can over this boulder patch of a road until that useless pipe falls off?" HA HO HA HA HA Heeeeeee haw.

Good natured John may have been just a little stressed by the flood of silly help he was receiving. Roll rocks on it. Run into it with the kayak. Dive in after it. Leave it there, John. Post 20 will give you a ride out.

Break time was over and the crew tried again to recover the *WIIFM*. Michael hiked back to the boats and got both oars off his boat. He

told his greenie to come on up and help out. That left Jack clinging to the cliff holding a rope in one hand and a nubbin of cliff in the other, while Michael's boat, tied to the back of his, was flapping in the current with nearly enough force to remove the steadfast anchor man from his hold on earth.

Armed with new supplies and a fresh load of courage, the crew began trying to pry the tube upstream with oars but they only succeeded in pushing it further under the overhang. The day was fading and so was the view of the boat. They struggled on for another half hour before losing sight of the boat and so decided it was time to reassess the situation. Break time again.

"Let's build a fire and heat rocks and then dump them into the river and boil it away from the boat so it can drop out of where it is." ho ho

"Let's come back on lower water and get it then." Ha Ha

"Let's tape this knife onto an oar and harpoon that sucker so it sinks and washes out." HA HA Har Heeeeeee haw.

They looked at each other. They looked at the boat... They looked at the knife... They looked at the boat... At the oar... At the knife...At each other... at the tape... knife, oar, boat... each other...

THE HARPOON WAS BORN

And what's so wrong with the idea? John would have to leave his boat or carry it home with him in a sack for repairing later. Charles the Just, must have been cackling to himself over causing the old man of the river to have to spear his own boat – having to accept rescue by the very people he had insinuated were incompetent.

Now the captain of the idea was in charge. Gimme that tape. Gimme that knife. Tape these on to the oar. Now John, stand right here and stab back under the cliff where we last saw the boat. I think it's still there. Michael, get ready to jump on it if it floats free. It'll still have one good tube. Jonathan, you sit and watch. OK. Go.

The thrusting began and after about five minutes there was a burp and a pathetic *WIIFM* phffft of bubbles.

THE RACE

They waited for thirty seconds and nothing happened. They waited a minute. They looked at each other and at the river. They waited five minutes. They looked at each other and at the harpoon and at the river. Finally, Charles nodded

and they all resumed their places. The thrusting began again but this time it was with more earnestness because the pack cat frame was in the way and the other tube was two feet further under the cliff. If this attempt to penetrate the tube succeeded, the boat would likely sink and be lost, but there was no reason to hold out for another option now.

After about five more minutes the second tube spewed its life into the gelid stream. They looked at the river. At the rock, each other, the harpoon. Then they saw the boat, flaccid and scraping along the cliff just below the surface.

"Jump," yelled Charles. "It's going down fast."

Michael leapt onto the shape and sank with it but popped to the surface a few yards downstream doing a swimmer's rescue carry on the vinyl. He swam like a Labrador puppy with a goose, with all the eagerness and all the size disparity, and he was bearing down fast on his boat. He took a bead on the back end of the boat and

**"Jump,"
yelled
Charles.
"It's going
down
fast."**

latched a hand onto the back end as the WIIFM tried to head down stream along with the river that it was so much a part of now. There was Michael like a criminal crucified between the two boats and there

was Jack with his arms getting longer and longer until he had the choice of being pulled into the river or jumping to the rafts.

By jumping into the rafts, Jack was able to get to the oars quickly and begin stroking to shore. The load on Michael was lessened because the flotilla was now moving with the river and he hoisted himself into his own raft and lifted the sodden and gashed mass to safety.

"Cast off! Cast off! Cut loose! Let go!" Jack was hollering. "What the heck now?" thought Michael. "I risk my neck for this boat and now my own mate is abandoning me."

But Jack was thinking about his duty to give the boys on the cliff a ride. Once the rafts were separated Jack was able to row back to the cliff to wait for Charles, the greenie, and John who had no ride and no way to walk off the cliff. It turns out that they had no way to get to Jack's boat any way because it had gone far enough

along the cliff that all the trails had pinched out. So into the river they went, swimming a short way with an arm load of oars, ropes, tape, and harpoons. It was better than swimming a long way which would have been the case without the boat.

Meanwhile, Michael was busy going where no boat had gone before. His service oars had been used as levers and harpoons and were stashed safely up stream and his spare was lashed firmly on one side of the boat. Michael is a quick thinking young boat man and he reasoned that he could use his spare oar so he unstrapped it and got to work rowing in circles. After another brief bout of thinking he loosened John's kayak paddle that he had carefully lashed to the other side and rowed furiously for the river bank. Stoke – mash. Stroke – mash. Stroke – mash. It was really uncomfortable having a paddle blade in his face on every stroke, but he finally, about a half mile later and well out of sight of the main party, got to shore.

THE TURNABOUT - JOHN SAVES THE DAY

When the day is late and your trainee boatman in Grand Canyon has just made a bad run at the Nankoweap eddy for the evening and has ripped a gash the size of the Mason Dixon Line in your boat, it is time to get out the flashlights, bed rolls, whiskey, stories and patch gear. When the gashing has been done on the Pecos, with ten of the twenty two miles left to go, it is time to get out the sleeping bags if you have any, which nobody did.

John got to work on the WIIFM with the tape and glanced at the slanting shadows. The youth looked at each other and nodded, tacitly agreeing that John's name was getting darker and darker brown, verging on black, that is, going into the abyss where no light would shine on it and no trip list would ever include it again.

Without even looking at the wrecked boat or its owner the rafters coiled up the bowlines and stepped a foot into the rafts.

"Wait! I guess I can let you guys give me a ride down to Tecolotito. I can always patch this boat later. Besides, I know how to run Helen Keller Rapid 1. You boys have wasted most of the day and we've got to run it in the dark now. It's a good thing I'm here to show you the way."

"Stuff it, John," said Jack, ever the politician.

The Ammo Can Doc/Dr. Tom Myers, M.D.**“Canyon Toes”**

Sooner or later nearly every Grand Canyoneer will take home a set of canyon toes. Although a painful souvenir, hikers often view them as a badge of honor following arduous backcountry trek. For river runners, they're can be an annoying problem for those hiking in during passenger exchanges, or in long side hikes.

Basically, canyon toes are blisters underneath the toenails. They're not unique to Grand Canyon, but extremely common here. They form (as blisters do), from friction and heat. Going downhill too fast, too long, with heavy gear, in extreme heat all factor in, but poor fitting footwear is usually the biggest problem (i.e. too tight, too loose, or “not broken in yet” hiking boots).

The repetitive rubbing and “jamming” of the toes in the toebox cause inflammation under the toenails. Fluid begins to accumulate under the nail, and it separates from the nailbed. As it's lifted away from the nailbed, the nail typically loses its pink appearance and becomes pale white or yellow in color (it may appear darker if the fluid is blood tinged).

Treatment is geared at draining the fluid accumulation. It can provide significant pain relief, and by doing it in a controlled fashion can spare the individual the trauma of having the nail spontaneously rip off. First, try to verify that the nail is in fact “floating” up off the nailbed, because the last thing you want to do is drill or jab anything hot or pointed into the nailbed. Gently push down on the nail. If it feels somewhat spongy underneath and fluid appears to bulge out into the skin at the sides or tip of the nail, it can be drained. Cleanse the nail with betadine or soap and water. Use a heated pin (poke through the nail when it's red hot), or alcohol cleansed scissor tip point to drill through the nail. Make the hole 1-2 mm in diameter to allow adequate draining. After the nail drains flat, apply antibiotic ointment and a bandaid to hold the nail in place as it protects the nailbed. Cleanse daily. Within a few weeks the old nail usually falls off (or can be removed), but it typically takes several months for the new nail to grow out, especially the big toe.

Prevention: Make sure your hiking boots fit properly. Avoid cotton socks (use sock liners with wool or hiking socks). Use mole skin or duct tape over “hot” nails. And slow down... you'll see more.

Guano! Tom Myers, MD Grand Canyon Clinic

1997's Finances**“COUNTING THE QUARTERS”**

1/1/97 to 12/31/97

INFLOWS

Donations	85.00
Membership dues	7,280.00
T Shirt sales	60.00
TOTAL INFLOWS	<u>7425.00</u>

OUTFLOWS

Ads	826.52
Bank Charges	4.00
Dues-other orgs	145.00

Office-website bills,etc	480.00
Printing	3,359.18
Rent paid	10.00
Supplies, Bus	576.81
Telephone, Bus	663.77
IRS 501c3 applic.	150.00
Accountant	45.00
PO Box rental	40.00
Legal fees	60.00
Uncategorized outflow	170.76
Travel	300.00

TOTAL OUTFLOWS **6831.48**

YEAR END 1997 Balance ☆ 593.52 ☆

The Waiting List is published quarterly by the Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association, Box 2133, Flagstaff, AZ 86003-2133. Tom Martin, President- Arizona / Byron Hayes, Vice President- Arizona / Janet Collins, Membership Coordinator -Washington/ Richard Martin, Editor- Arizona / Dave Yeamans, Science Coordinator - New Mexico / Marty Wilson, Access Coordinator- Oregon / Jo Johnson, Funding Coordinator- Colorado / Jim Heumann, Web site Coordinator- Colorado / John Bachrach, Treasurer - Arizona /we can always use a hand, want to help? Right now we need a member to represent the GCPBA in work group meetings in Phoenix. Drop us a note. (8)Lifetime members (7) 8-year members, (324+) General members, and still growing! *Copyright GCPBA*

TRIP TIPS / HELICOPTER EVACUATIONS

From time to time, outdoor travelers experience an accident that might require evacuation. Along southwestern rivers, most accidents seem to occur off the boats, and on the land, slipping and falling, resulting in a broken something. For Grand Canyon travelers a helicopter evacuation system is in place. If an accident occurs that requires an evacuation, you'll need to have in place some items required by the park in your first aid box. Most private trips don't carry an emergency radio, although they are available to rent and if you do, you'll need to know the proper radio frequency. In the case of an accident that required an evacuation which I participated in at Bass Camp, mile 109 in 1987, the radio couldn't reach out of the canyon, so we had to rely on our signal mirror and passing airliners, and you'll need those emergency signal panels discussed previously (*Feb. 1998 WL, pg 18*).

Oh yes....you'll need to be able to pay for this evacuation, so offered here are some tips concerning the costs and some available insurance. *Ricardo*

COST FOR A MEDICAL EVACUATION BY AIR: \$1877 Base rate for the helicopter. \$19 per mile (one way) from the site to the point of medical attention to the South Rim or Flagstaff Medical Center.

EXAMPLE

So an evacuation from Stone Creek (rm 132) to the South Rim would be \$2,713.

Patrick Hattaway/River District Ranger

Insurance for private trips?

... wondering if anyone had purchased Travelers Insurance for their private trips on the Grand. I know helicopter rescue is expensive (anyone know how much?) and I was wondering if this was worth getting for our trip. Thanks for the help... *McCourt*

We got policies for our kids last year from *Mountain-West Insurance Agency*. 1-800-826-1300. They cover the whole gamut from evacuation to baggage delay. The cost was \$44 for the trip. Our understanding at the time was that it was around \$1200 for a helicopter evac and I believe it's gone up since then since they have started using the new NOTAR helicopter in the Canyon. Don't forget to rent the radio, too. *Bob W*

I have a suggestion,...Think about self-insuring as a group—that is, agree to share an evac cost if it should become necessary. The chances are slim that there would be a need to pay, and you save the cost of the insurance. If you have a 10-16 person trip, the potential cost is about \$200 or less each. Save the insurance money and buy a post-trip meal.

One concern with this approach is the bozo factor. A conservative careful trip member shouldn't have to pay for the idiot who has to practice exposed rock climbing on shale. It's something that would only work if trip mates agree to limits on the crazy factor. *Bob H*

A company in Florida offers a supplemental health insurance policy for water sports related accidents. I have a policy and it includes helicopter evacuation as one feature, and...bonus....in case you go to far down when you flip at Lava....decompression (bends) treatment coverage! The cost of the policy is \$25 per year...You also get a cool little divers tag with your name and policy number which can be carried in PFD pocket so that ... it'll be easy to identify you and call for a chopper.

The name of the company is: *DIVERS INSURANCE COMPANY* Divers Accident Policy
1-800-288-4810 *Ricardo*

There's another, possibly related, service we are a member of for \$25/yr family membership. It is *Diver Alert Network (DAN)* and is used worldwide. It covers transportation for diving and non-diving emergencies...Their membership services no. is 1-800-446-2671.

Hope none of you ever need it!

Bill V

This information was compiled from:: gcboaters@songbird.com

gcpba NEWSWIRE February 26 1998

GC OUTFITTERS VOW TO FIGHT REALLOCATION

The allocation problems of Grand Canyon National Park were highlighted in a Washington Post article, *On White-Water Rapids, A Rift among the Rafts*, on Thursday, February 19, 1998 by Tom Kenworthy. The piece outlined growing access demand on Montana's Smith River, the proposed cuts in launches on the Middle Fork of the Salmon and the Grand Canyon's rewrite of its Colorado River Management Plan. The Post article...summarizes the discrepancy between commercial and private waiting time and mentions that the competition for user days between the two groups is not a friendly one. "Tom Martin, (GCPBA President), compares the two groups this way: "Peanut-butter boats as opposed to champagne-and-shrimp boats." While Tom contends that many more people are capable of running rapids, Mark Grisham, executive director of the Grand Canyon River Outfitters Association, argues that 90 percent of all people wishing to run the Colorado do not have the skills to do it on their own, therefore needing outfitting services and most of the user days.

"We will strongly fight a reallocation," said Grisham in the article. Although he did not elaborate, commercial operators successfully derailed the 1979 Colorado River Management Plan with an appropriations rider called the Hatch Amendment, in 1980.

GCNP's Patrick Hattaway acknowledged that the demand far exceeds availability, but that the resource must be protected while trying to balance fair access.

gcpba NEWSWIRE / Sunday, March 8, 1998

ROCKSLIDE AT PRESIDENT HARDING

Phantom Ranch, AZ - GCPBA President Tom Martin reports a large new rockslide on river left, mile 44.75 below President Harding Rapid, from the Redwall limestone layer. Several car-sized boulders were deposited in the water but did not create a new rapid. This area is prone to slides due to its location on the Eminence Fault. Tom reports this happened sometime during the last 2 months.

Several days earlier, a small group of hikers from the same trip spotted a mountain lion on Nankowep Mesa, perhaps drawn by three deer huddled nearby.

The recent El Niño storm resulted in some rain and cool temperatures for the boaters at river level, and snow at higher elevations.

*gcpba NEWSWIRE is a free service of the Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association. If you would like to be included in our electro-newservice ontact us at:
gcpba@flagstaff.az.us*

gcpba NEWSWIRE/ RECAP

GCPBA NEWSWIRE, EXTRA

BELOW THE DAM.... ABOVE THE FERRY

The 15 mile stretch of river between the dam and Lees Ferry is part of Glen Canyon Nat. Rec. Area. It is all flat water, with enough current to wash you down at about 3-4 miles an hour. There are 6 established campsites located along this stretch. Each has a toilet of some sort and a fire pit (firewood, though, is pretty scarce so bring it with you if you want it). They are available on a first-come, first-served basis. Sites are generally available during the summer months, particularly during the week. Spring weekends are busy with upriver fishermen.

There is very limited access at the dam, as access from the dam to the river is restricted to workers and the "BlueBoat" operators and passengers. It is possible to get a ride back upstream with the "BlueBoats" at 11AM or around 4PM when they are deadheading back to the dam. I've seen them take canoes and kayaks (things that can fit onto their modified 23' snouts). Haven't ever seen a raft towed, but you could probably work something out by de-rigging it at LF and putting it back together on a beach upriver.

Contact Aramark/Wilderness River Adventures in Page, AZ, at 520-645-3296 or 800-992-8022, ask for Brett or Chris.

Cost runs about \$5/person and \$5/boat. Work that out with Brett and Chris.

*Ed Cummins,
Lees Ferry Ranger, GCNP*

Date: Sun, 1 Mar 1998 Subject: NEWSWIRE

Friends of the River Meeting

The GCPBA was recently represented at the Friends of the River conference in San Francisco. The conference was held in the Festival Pavilion at the Fort Mason Center. I'm sure if the weather had been better, we would have had a nice view of the Golden Gate. As it was, El Niño kept everyone inside with another powerful storm. We were one of approximately 40 different groups in attendance, mostly outfitters and equipment companies, but a few non-profits.

Tom Martin, Doug Porter and his son Tony, and I spent the day behind the table. Our stoically adorned table was stocked with GCPBA info and some Grand Canyon Chamber Music Festival posters Tom Martin had snagged and was giving away to new members. Tom and Doug gave a presentation to about 30 interested folks while we signed up 16 new members at the table.

Special thanks to Donnie Dove of Canyon R.E.O for sponsoring our table and Phil from River City Whitewater Club for giving me a ride back to Berkeley. Doug and Tom are in the Canyon now... wish I was there.

Charles Yeamans

Date: Sun, 5 Apr 1998

gcpba NEWSWIRE COWS, COPTERS AND COLD

The following observations are from discussions with members from a private trip that took out at Pierce Ferry March 31, 1998

A group of at least 6 cattle were sighted on the talus slopes below Rampart cave, river mile 274.4 left, in Grand Canyon National Park. An inspection of the slope below the cave revealed that much of the native vegetation was being trampled by these cattle. The cattle were not observed at close enough range to tell if they were tagged or free range cattle.

There are now 4 operating helipads in the Quartermaster canyon area, from 259 to 262 mile. All are on river left, in the Hualapai Indian Reservation. The pad at 259 mile has 4 picnic tables with umbrellas, is perched on a steep cliff above the river and has a 5-iron golf club at one of the benches. Sundance and Maverick are the helitour operators bringing clients from McCarin airport in Las Vegas on a 3 hour helicopter ride to the heart of the west end of Grand Canyon. According to one of Sundance's pilots, during peak season, 6 ships fly four daily trips into the canyon. Clients pay \$300 to \$350 for the trip, which includes champaign. The 2:00 PM flight is not known for its smooth ride.

Havasu Canyon in Mid March has no sun is a cold place to visit. Snow was reported to have fallen below the redwall on March 30th from Diamond Creek to the Grand Wash cliffs.

S 1489 (continued from page one)

the agreement were negotiated. So for example, while the managing agency might raise users fees for the general public, the concession interests are 100% protected and shielded from any higher fees for 10 year periods.

12) The bill clearly provides that a concessionaire may enjoy a very *special consideration when it comes to determining their share of total resource allocations*. They may be allocated: "...the amount of use required to sustain an economically viable operation"

13) This bill states that *if there is an increase in unallocated use* for any reason, first consideration of the distribution of *that increase must go to increasing the economic viability of the concessionaires*.

It is clear from the above that this legislation guarantees business protection to concessionaires that are privileged enough to operate in our country's great natural treasures, in a world that does not offer the same guarantees to private business in the free market. Even though the bill is undergoing revision, at the time of this writing, those of us interested in the public opportunity to use our lands need to remain concerned and attentive until this bill is extensively modified or withdrawn.

We urge you to contact Senator Wyden, who cosponsored this bill, and Senator Bingaman, ranking member of the Energy and Natural Resources Committee that has control over S1489 right now.

Tom Martin / Ricardo

Senator Ron Wyden: senator@wyden.senate.gov

Senator Jeff Bingam: senator_bingaman@bingaman.senate.gov

LETTERS TO THE GCPBA / FLIPPED OUT

A SMALL OUTFITTERS VIEW OF S1489

Dear GCPBA,

Thanks for giving me the opportunity to comment on your website. You have definitely put substantial effort into a much needed forum for the private boater. Your website is impressive.

I do, however, feel that I need to comment on your article regarding Senate Bill 1489. The bill is intended to provide small outfitting businesses with the incentive to invest in quality services to the public, base permit renewal on a high level of performance, and allow agencies to charge a fair and reasonable fee for use on federal land.

IF THIS BILL PASSES, small outfitters will be able to renew their permit contracts based on criteria such as: displaying professionalism to clients, agency reps, and other public land users; following operating plan stipulations; following federal regulations, laws, and other rules of conduct; following all commonly accepted health and safety procedures; providing appropriate safety training for guides; paying fees on time.

IF THIS BILL DOES NOT PASS, private boaters will most likely be sharing the resources with large outfitters with enough money to outbid small outfitters for permit. The outfitters with the most money, not the most concern for courtesy, safety, and the resource will be the permit holders. These outfitters, with huge advertising dollars, will have consistently full trips and high prices.

IF THIS BILL PASSES, it will allow the agencies to charge outfitters a reasonable fee for managing the resources. Since there would be a consistent contract among the agencies, the high administration fees of annual renewals would be eliminated.

IF THIS BILL DOESN'T PASS, we will continue with the confusing, expensive process of each resource area and agency administering a different renewal process with a huge margin of error and inconsistency.

IF THIS BILL PASSES, there will be a contract under which the small outfitter must perform. Most likely, this will not eliminate the "common pool" situation as seen on the Rogue River where unused starts are turned back to the BLM for both the private and commercial user to obtain.

IF THIS BILL DOESN'T PASS, let's face it, use will continue to be cut back by the agencies for both the private and commercial user. See the highly publicized DEIS on the Main and Middle Fork of the Salmon occurring as I write this. The

fact is that it will be highly unlikely that the agencies will cut back outfitter use and allocate it for private use. As seen in Idaho, the objective, more often than not, is for the agencies to cut out use-period.

Please don't take this letter the wrong way. It is intended to

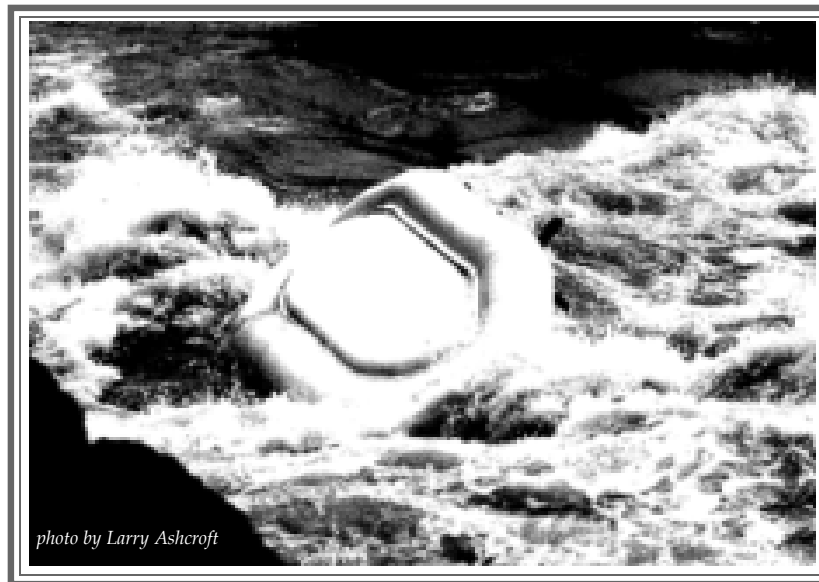


photo by Larry Ashcroft

demonstrate that this bill does not pit the private boaters against the outfitters. If this bill fails in the senate, I can assure you, that neither the small outfitters nor the private boaters will be better off. If this bill passes, it will save small, family-run businesses, and the private boaters will be able to share the resource with a safer, more resource conscious, and courteous group of outfitters.

I welcome ANY comments, good or bad, to my response. Again, thank you for the opportunity to comment. See you on the river, *Becky Smith* (Did I mention that I am an outfitter?!?!?) **ORANGE TORPEDO TRIPS**

NO OVERALL INCREASE IN USE

...This isn't a train; it's Grand Canyon... There should be no overall increase in use. Period. Shift it around all you want to make it more fair, but leave the level alone. Listing the river corridor as "Potential Wilderness", so it's managed as wilderness until such time that the nonconforming use issue is resolved, has my vote. This is the best available protection for both the resource and the visitor experience...

Jeri Ledbetter

... I am whole-heartedly against adding more user days to the allocations. I am wondering if a different launch pattern with even distribution between the private boaters and the commercial interests would not be more equitable. I would like to see a fifty-fifty split between commercials and privates with 16 persons per trip (including guides for the commercial trips) and a launch schedule of four trips per day in the peak summer season (April 1 to October 15). That is fair...

I never understood why a commercial trip with thirty plus people on it caused the same amount of damage as a private trip with sixteen... Spread the huge weekend commercial launch loads out some...

...A strong policy separating the commercial and private boating communities is needed ... Private in my experience... means that no one gets compensation for their participation on a trip. This includes boatmen who go for free because they own their own boat...

Waiting list participant removal for the crime of joining another trip, is another regulation that particularly bothers me. I have been on four trips through the canyon and have been on the list, off and on, for ten years. I have yet to be the trip leader on my own permit. Let these people get as much experience as they can.

Sincerely, *John Bachrach*

Get Back On The List

Dear Tom and associates,

Thank you for your efforts toward a rationale plan for private boaters in the Canyon. I have been out of the loop with two young children — but if it's *ten* years now I'd better be getting ready to go back on the list!

Good luck with your work...

Jim Phelps, M.D.

Website Comments

Hey — I was just perusing the latest Waiting List on the web.... I'm having my recreation management students do a group project on management of the Canyon this week, and I've been finding great stuff on your website.

Troy Hall / Virginia Tech Forestry

...May I suggest that it would be very helpful if you include web sites whereby we can grab e mail addresses for our senators and representatives. If you make it very easy to send off a letter or e-mail, your recipients are more likely to take action upon reading your alerts. I know that I procrastinated a while because I did not feel inclined to chase down the senate site. These two web sites should be helpful to you:

<http://www.senate.gov/senator/state.html>
(for senator listings)

<http://www.house.gov/writerep/>
(for representative information)

Kudos to you for your hard work! Please keep it up — your efforts are very much appreciated. GCPBA is providing a very necessary voice for private boaters. Thanks!

Nancy Orr

We welcome letters and comments and we prefer them to be in electronic form, just because we're so lazy....but we'll take anything. Send e-mail correspondence to: leigh@sedona.net or to the gcpba : gcpba@flagstaff.az.us or to Box 2133 Flagstaff, AZ 86003-2133

GCPBA THROW BAG AWARD

Time to say thanks to all those folks who have gone out of their way to assist the GCPBA.. The gcpba Throw Bag Award is presented quarterly to the individuals and or organizations who have been a real help to gcpba's mission. This quarter, the Bags were flying! GCPBA would like to thank: *Donnie Dove* of Canyon R.E.O. for providing GCPBA with a booth at the Friends of the River Festival in San Francisco, CA., *Doug Porter*, *Tony Porter* and *Charles Yeamans* for their help at the FOR meeting, *Greta Ossman* of Friends of the River for her help with logistical support, *Jay Kinney* for his generous contribution, *Kathleen Beamer* and *Barry DeVenney* of REI and the National Rivers Coalition for their continued support, and *John Bachrach* for his Washington DC testimony. Finally, thanks to *Serena Supplee* for the original art in this edition of the *Waiting List*. When you are in the water floating away, and out of the blue comes a throw bag, what can you say? We are most grateful. Thanks.



Tom Talks / Letter From the President

GCPBA has been working hard to gain fair, equitable access for Grand Canyon rafters. With the assistance of American Whitewater and the Northwest Rafters Association, GCPBA's Vice President Byron Hayes, in collaboration with our board offered suggestions to a receptive Grand Canyon National Park River Operations Office for a possible fee schedule rewrite. Pat Hattaway, District Ranger in charge of River Operations is considering a flat fee for all boaters, being able to name alternate trip leaders, eliminating the \$25 a year stand in line fee, and removing all cost recovery fees. In this issue, read about GCPBA's Treasurer John Bachrach's testimony on Capitol Hill. Senate Bill 1489, the *Outfitters Policy Act of 1997*, appeared suddenly like Lava, a huge rapid with a deafening roar, right in our path. Check out page one of this issue for a scout of the political ledgehole this little piece of legislation could have on rafting in Grand Canyon. GCPBA board members worked around the clock to notify as many interested organizations and individuals as possible about the effects of this bill. Even the GCNP staff were unaware of the bill, as were many other boating and environmental organizations.

Currently, 1489 is being rewritten. Are we still worried? You bet! Feel sure we will do our best to keep you informed on 1489's movements.

This spring, GCPBA board members participated in various meetings around the country. Dave Yeamans presented the private boaters perspective at the GCRG Training Seminars, Jo Johnson and Jim Heumann attended the Glen Canyon Institute meetings in Moab, and I presented an update on Grand Canyon issues at the Friends of the River Festival in San Francisco.

Behind lead boats, the sweep boats have been continuing to do a fantastic job keeping this trip on the water. Janet Collins continues to keep tabs on an ever growing membership list, while Marty Wilson keeps the Northwest boaters aware of what's coming down in Grand Canyon. Last and foremost (hey Ricardo, we're talking about you) is Richard Martin, who put's together the publication you are looking at right now. With his trusty Macintosh, "Recardnodough" continues to put together *Waiting List's* that just keep getting better and better. In the end though, it's you, every member of GCPBA, that should take credit for what's happening. With your membership, continued support and encouragement, GCPBA can keep on working to inform you of the latest happenings that effect river lovers.

Finally, every member can do something really great for this organization: get a friend to join. It's as simple as this, united we boat, divided we don't.

Tom Martin



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