



THE **Waiting List**

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Boaters Association
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A Forum For Independent River Runners

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BLASTS FROM THE PAST: **HISTORICAL RADIO USE ON THE COLORADO RIVER THROUGH GRAND CANYON**

by Q.S.O. Abyssus



Robert P. Sharp with radio set-up at the South Rim, November 1937. NAU Special Collections and Archives, NAUPH 94.27.178, Carnegie-CalTech Collection

The impetus for this article came about during a on-river conversation with Richardo regarding the appropriateness of group, or personal, means of entertainment via radio and tape or cd-players on river trips. Radio use on the

Colorado River through Grand Canyon currently has no known restrictions. The only thing found in both the 1999 "Colorado River Management Plan, Appendix C, Commercial Operating Requirements, XIII. G." and the 1996-1997 "Grand Canyon National Park Noncommercial River Trip Regulations, Supplement D. 4." is: "Please do not operate radios or tape players on the ramp during morning hours; the additional noise is disconcerting to those attempting to conduct trip orientations." Except to say that the crux of the controversy most likely has to do with volume and choice of station and music, this author will leave the regulations and appropriateness aspects to others for future articles. The attempt here will be to share some historical tidbits, specifically the use of radios on the River in 1923, 1927, 1937, and 1940. There may be other early instances of which this writer is unaware.

According to the *World Book Encyclopedia* (Volume 15, P.87,1960; not that up-to-date, but it's the edition we have at home): in 1895 Guglielmo Marconi sent radio signals more than a mile; in 1920 stations KDKA of Pittsburgh and WWJ of Detroit made the first regular broadcasts; in 1923 Frank Conrad pioneered short-wave radio; and also in 1923 the first permanent station hookup, or network, was established, later becoming NBC in 1926.

So, you can see that in 1923 when Claude H. Birdseye, Chief Topographic Engineer of the USGS, led his river trip through the Grand Canyon, radio technology and application were in the formative years. According to Lewis R. Freeman ("Surveying the Grand Canyon of the Colorado: An Account of the 1923 Boating Expedition of the United States Geological Survey," *National Geographic*, May, 1924, 44(5):471-530, 547-548): "A receiving set had been included in the outfit for two reasons: on the chance that it might bring us warning in the event of a flood descending from above and as a possible source of entertainment. The publication of an article in a prominent radio magazine the week we left Flagstaff provided a new line of interest. In this it was stated quite definitely that it was impossible to receive radio messages in any deep, sheer-walled natural depression. As we were about to enter the deepest gorge of this kind in the world, an unparalleled opportunity would be offered to put this theory to the test." (p.480) [The party left Flagstaff on July 18, 1923. So far, this author has not successfully located this article nor the title of the magazine and requests any information that may be of assistance.] To show results of this experiment, excerpts from Freeman's article and Richard E. Westwood's *Rough Water Man* follow.

WE CARRY A RADIO SET AND SEVERAL TYPES OF LIFE PRESERVERS

LRF, P.480-481: "In spite of the interference of daily thunderstorms and terrific heat radiation from the Painted Desert, our set

gave good service from the day it was set up at Lees Ferry. The broadcastings of KHJ of a Los Angeles newspaper always came in most clearly, but on several occasions we had stations as far east as Chicago. We had only four earpieces, but an amplifier improvised from a baking powder can and a tin funnel offered entertainment for a wider audience on occasion.”

REW, P. 131: “The survey party spent from July 20 to 31 extending the topographic surveys ... in the area around Lee’s Ferry ... The men set up a radio and heard a concert from Los Angeles. [Raymond] Moore fashioned a loudspeaker out of a funnel and a tin baking-powder can that made the concert quite audible forty feet away. Freeman noted that the radio continued to function right through a violent thunderstorm. He said, ‘Static would crash in the ears simultaneously with the flash of lightning, but hardly a word or a note would be lost.’”

REW, P. 135: “They camped for the night on the right shore above Badger Creek Rapid ... They strung the aerial and tuned in the radio ... Almost immediately ... they learned of President Warren G. Harding’s continued illness. He had fallen sick in Seattle upon return from a trip to Alaska. The doctors suspected food poisoning, and the President was taken by train to a hospital in San Francisco. ‘Uncle John,’ a Los Angeles radio commentator, promised to send a special message to the Colorado Canyon party the following night.”

A TRAGIC RADIO MESSAGE

LRP, P.497, 499: “Radio had come in strongly at Badger Creek, but it remained for the 1,000-foot-deep section at Soap Creek to furnish conclusive proof of the fallacy of the theory that so profound a natural depression would prevent radio communication with the outside world. Station KHJ had warned us the previous night that it was planning to broadcast special messages to us on the evening of August 2. That was the night of our arrival at Soap Creek.

“In preparation for the gala occasion, the aerial was carefully set up, with one end high on the side of a cliff, and orientated on Los Angeles. KHJ came in strong promptly at 9 o’clock, Mountain time, with little interference either from static or from the crashing roar of the near-by rapid. The lightning of distant thunderstorms was jazzing up the purple wedge of sky between the up-river cliffs, but, strangely enough, with scarcely any reaction on the instrument.

“Baseball scores had come in and the daily grist of news was halfway through, when there came a sudden break, followed by a brief space of charged silence.

“When the announcer resumed it was to state with deep emotion that news had just been received of the death of President Harding in San Francisco. This word winged a dozen times or more during the next hour, once directly addressed to the ‘engineers braving the rapids of the Colorado.’ We had received our special message, though not the one expected.”

REW, P.137: “They found an abundance of driftwood on the right bank and decided to camp there, 100 yards above the head of the [Soap Creek] rapid ... That evening the men set up the radio and almost immediately learned of the death of President Harding, just forty-five minutes after it occurred. The doctors now said he had died of pneumonia, although an autopsy was never performed. ‘Uncle John’ repeated that message eight or ten times during the evening and once said he was directly addressing ‘that heroic band of engineers braving death in the rapids of the Colorado,’ or words to that effect. The radio came in plain, though faint.”

RADIO WORKED PERFECTLY AT DEPTH OF A MILE

LRP, P.499: “The first news of the President’s death was received at about 8:15, Pacific time – perhaps forty-five minutes after the tragic event. Not one in ten thousand of the city dwellers of the country could have had the news at so early a moment. Colonel Birdseye announced at once that a day of rest would be taken by the expedition out of respect to the memory of the President. The exact date would be decided later, when the day of the funeral was learned over the radio.

“Almost unconsciously the radio had come to be accepted as a regular functioning unit of the outfit. Although occasionally affected by heat and local electrical storms, it continued to work just as well when the gorge of the Grand Canyon had deepened to a mile as it did the night it brought us the momentous message in the camp at Soap Creek Rapid. That it failed to pick up the many warnings of impending flood that were broadcast to us was not the fault of the outfit. It was enjoying a temporary rest while fresh batteries were being sent in.”

LRP, P.508: “Radio came in as clearly as ever, in spite of the fact that the rim of the Kaibab now towered more than 2,000 feet above us. There was a Sunday evening concert of real quality over KHJ; also an announcement that the date of President Harding’s funeral had been fixed for the 10th.”

REW, P.139-140: “They camped on the sandbar where they had eaten lunch [below Soap Creek Rapid on the right] ... That evening they heard on the radio that President Warren G. Harding’s funeral was set for Friday, August 10. They also heard a detailed description of his funeral cortege ... Elwyn [Blake] chuckled when he heard a letter from [Lewis R.] Freeman read over the radio. In it he said Blake had special instructions not to lose the cook.”

REW, P. 142-143: “[T]hey ran 21 Mile Rapid, ran farther on, and pitched camp on a rocky shore on the right bank ... LaRue took a movie by flashlight of the ‘gang’ around the receiving set. Then everyone listened to the radio. They had suspended its 200-

foot aerial from the canyon wall by a cord about 300 feet long. They heard 'Uncle John's' words regarding the funeral train carrying the body of President Harding through Wyoming. The train had been delayed fifteen minutes because of a broken rail."

REW, P.151: "They made camp on the right side above Little Nankoweap Wash ... For the first time they did not get KHJ (Los Angeles) on the radio. They did get the *Deseret News* of Salt Lake City (KZN). It came in better than at anytime since leaving Lee's Ferry. 'Barney Google' came in strong and clear."

REW, P.153-154: "The team reached the Little Colorado about 3:30 P.M. but, with no campsite to be seen there, they went on a couple of miles and caught up with Kolb at a suitable campsite ... They had good radio reception in spite of the great canyon depth."

REW, P.157: [Camp at the head of Hance Rapids.] "In the evening LaRue and Moore listened to the radio until 10 P.M."

REW, P.164: "Birdseye decided that they should camp on ... the only sandbar of any size seen during the day ... The spot was 1,200 feet below Clear Creek on the left side. Two of the men stretched the radio aerial from a seventy-five-foot-high shelf of rock down to the campsite. While putting it up one of them loosened an eighty-pound rock which fell to the wet sand within a few feet of where Elwyn was walking. Colonel Birdseye, LaRue, Moore, and Burchard played bridge that evening. Kolb and Elwyn tuned in the radio. Reception was clear but faint, so Elwyn went to bed early."

REW, P.167: "The party camped at the mouth of Pipe Creek ... They set up the radio and tuned in station KHJ to hear Freeman's report of the trip. Freeman said, "We shall be more heavily loaded than before – not just what one would prefer on a falling river. The latter has but little over half the flow it had when we arrived at the suspension bridge five days ago."

REW, P.168: "The surveyors carried the line to a point opposite Trinity Creek, where they intended to camp. A dust storm came up and blew sand into their eyes and ears, so they pulled across the river and landed a mile below ... Radio reception was better than ever."

REW, P.172: [Camp at Hermit Rapids.] "During the evening Shirtliff of Fox News and LaRue each took flashlight movies of the radio set in action. In doing so they set the flare too near Birdseye and Stabler, and the two were almost overcome by the fumes."

REW, P.173-174: "From Boucher the party made a run to the head of Crystal Rapid ... They made camp there even though it was only 3:30 P.M. because of threatening rain ... Sometime during the night they were awakened by thunder and flashes of lightning. Soon after rain and wind struck ... By morning the rain had almost stopped ... After finding all the equipment they could, the men took a couple of hours to dry out beds and clean up the gear. The radio antenna proved to be a good clothes-line."

REW, P.185: "After lunch they made the two-mile run to Tapeats Creek ... Some of them washed clothes while others set up the radio ... for the first time since August 30. Station KHJ came in clear but with some fading out. They heard for the first time that serious trouble was imminent between England and Italy, that a disastrous earthquake had hit Japan, and that Washington had won a ball game by a decisive score."

REW, P.188-189: "The party made camp just above Kanab Creek on the opposite side of the river ... When the survey crew tried the radio, they found it would not work ... They took the radio apart to see why ... and found one unsoldered joint in the wiring and one battery that was badly damaged. Then they discovered that their soldering iron was missing."

REW, P.191: [At Havasu Creek.] "On September 14 Roger Birdseye, Charles Fiske, Shirley, the interpreter, and Frank Word the original cook, left at 9:00 A.M. They packed out maps, notes, film, and the damaged radio, which was to be repaired and brought back in at Diamond Creek."

LRP, P.524-525: "The radio set was sent out from Havasu for repairs, to be brought back to us at Diamond Creek, 70 miles below."

FLOOD SWEEPS DOWN: WARNING NOT RECEIVED

"Pushing off from Havasu with deeply loaded boats on the morning of September 15, we came, after three and a half days, to the head of Lava Falls. The skies had been clear most of the way, but violent wind squalls indicated that equinoctial storms were gathering to break upon the plateau region behind us.

"If the radio set had been with us we would have received numerous messages broadcast from several stations in response to wires from Washington advising us that one of the heaviest storms of recent years had broken upon the basin of the Little Colorado and warning us to be on the lookout for the waters of a very heavy flood.

"If such warnings had been received, we would have selected a broad open section, with ample room to back away from a rise, and waited for the flood to pass. Unwarned, we were surprised at a time and place far from favorable – twilight on the brink of Lava Falls." (continued on page four)

(continued from page three)

REW, P.204: "Roger and Fiske brought the supplies in to the mouth of Diamond Creek ... Fiske immediately rode out to Peach Springs with telegrams to the families of each member of the party. He also sent telegrams to Kingman, Los Angeles, and Washington, D.C., papers reporting the safe arrival of the party. The telegram in the *Los Angeles Times* was broadcast that evening. Roger had brought back their radio, fully repaired, so the river party heard the telegram read at 8:00 P.M."

REW, P.205: [Same camp.] "The men enjoyed listening to the radio in the evening."

REW, P.209: "The party decided to camp at the head of the [Gneiss Canyon] rapid ... At this point the gorge was very narrow, the sheer walls rising over 2,000 feet. Still, radio stations KHJ of Los Angeles and KSL of Salt Lake City came in quite clear."

REW, P.213: "Their camp was on the right bank nineteen miles below Diamond Creek. For the first time in many nights there were no rapids near camp. The absence of the familiar roar seemed strange to Elwyn. That evening they tuned in station KFFU of Colorado Springs for the first time. They listened to the results of the first two games of the World Series broadcast over station KHJ.

REW, P.219: "[C]amped at the mouth of Grand Wash ... [s]upper was late but well worth waiting for. Felix [Kominsky] prepared roast quail, duck soup, peas with curry gravy, and hot biscuits. Listening to the radio that evening they learned that the Yankees [who beat the Giants four games to two] had won the world series."

Boatman Emery Kolb, returning after his 1911/12 movie-making trip with brother Ellsworth, took this photograph of the 1923 USGS radio outfit manned by Claude Birdseye and probably boatman Elwyn Blake at the Devils Slide Camp.



NAU Cline Library Special Collections and Archives, NAU.PH.568-5239, Emery Kolb Collection.

1927: Radios and a Search By Air

From David Lavender's *River Runners of the Grand Canyon* comes the following information regarding the 1927 river radio usage.

In August, 1927 Clyde Eddy successfully completed his run of "The World's Most Dangerous River." He was back again that same year joining the "Bride/Pride of the Colorado" film trip. Also along were: E.C. LaRue from the 1923 Birdseye Expedition; Frank Dodge from the '23 trip and the upcoming 1937 Carnegie-Cal Tech trip; and Owen Clark of the upcoming '37 trip. A request came from the Pathé-Bray company for Eddy to assist in the search for the river party "lost" in Glen Canyon.

DL, P.71: "On November 24 he [Eddy] started north from Flagstaff with a truckload of the movie company's equipment. His arrival at Gable's Camp, a radio broadcasting station that Gilbert Gable, vice-president of the Bray Company, had set up on the desert thirty miles south of Lees Ferry, was an excuse for a special bulletin to the *New York Times*. By then Eddy realized he was being used as part of a publicity stunt, but never mind, he had made an impact, he was the one who had been summoned ... A publicist was along [on the river trip], of course, Devergne Barber, a six-foot-four-inch reporter for the *New York Times* and staff writer for *Liberty* magazine. Barber's technical right hand was army sergeant Vernon T. Herrick, operator of the flotilla's battery-powered radio. The idea was for Barber to write daily reports on the expedition's progress that Herrick would send to Gable's Camp. From there the material would be relayed to a station in Salt Lake City and become part of the nation's news."

DL, P.71: "Though at one point [in Cataract Canyon] Herrick climbed a talus slope to a tree and hung an antenna sixty feet above the ground, he could not contact anyone with the radio. Now and then, however, they were able to receive messages from Gable's, one of which ordered, 'Keep boats clean so they will photograph against dark water' ... On November 26 (by then Eddy was at Lees Ferry), Herrick picked up another message. 'Your continued silence causing alarm. Show immediately red flare if in danger, white flare if okay. Help on the way.'"

DL, P.72: An Army search plane "passed over Lees Ferry just as the expedition's boats were landing there. Everyone signaled frantically but the pilot (he had a navigator and radio operator with him) decided that the people down below, excited at seeing a rare airplane, were just waving and that the boats were part of the ferry station's equipment. On they flew, low, buffeted by headwinds at Navajo Mountain, to the junction of the Green and Colorado, more than two hundred miles from

Lees Ferry. No boats. Then back to Gable's, where they blew a tire as they landed. Gilbert Gable turned the fruitless errand into an epic. Never before, he exclaimed over the air, had a plane flown up the river at so low an altitude – 'one of the most perilous flights in aviation history.' (By then Lindberg's crossing of the Atlantic was three years old.)"

DL, P.73: "Lugging the heavy radio and its batteries around the rapids was an ordeal, but it was also a relief to be able to hunker around it on long evenings and listen to distant stations. One night the principals of the coming romance went to Gable's to boost the canyon party's morale by praising their efforts over the air ... The encouragement they offered the boaters remained unheard. Static was bad that night."

"There were accidents. At Sheer Wall the cook washed overboard but retrieved. (Barber, reporting over the radio by Gable's, waxed facetious: 'John is a good cook and we would hate to lose him.')

The radio boat turned over at mile 21.5, but watertight compartments saved the apparatus."

1937: Football Scores and Japan Goes To War

The 1937 geological mapping expedition with members from the Carnegie Institution of Washington and the California Institute of Technology, commonly called the Carnegie-Cal Tech Expedition, also brought along a radio. Frank Dodge and Owen Clark are back and are joined by boatman Merrill F. Spencer. Geologists include Ian Campbell, John T. Stark, John H. Maxson, and Robert P. Sharp. GCNP naturalist Eddie McKee hikes in at the Bass Trail and Buzz Holmstrom, on the first solo trip through Grand Canyon, catches the party at Diamond Creek. The following excerpts are from Bob Sharp's diaries, what he often notes as "Chronicles," located at the Cline Library Special Collections and Archives Department, MS.#293, Carnegie-Cal Tech Collection.

Oct. 11: "We camped at about 5 p.m. at the foot of the Badger Creek rapids. Maxson was able to exchange messages for the first time with the Grand Canyon. At Lees Ferry he had been able to hear them, but unable to reach them in return."

Oct. 12: "... made camp at the foot of the Soap Creek Rapid. Maxson was again able to contact the Grand Canyon and exchanged messages with them. They reported fair weather in Utah and Arizona."

Oct. 13: "We moved downstream [of what they think to be 25 mile rapids] through a short riffle and made camp in a small re-entrant and cove ... Maxson set up the radio but was unable to contact the Canyon station. About 6:05 pm he decided the location was bad – moved into the open and almost immediately contacted the Canyon group. They gave us weather and river conditions and general news of interest."

Oct. 14: "We camped at 4 pm at mile 38. Maxson was again able to contact the Canyon by radio and got news and weather report."

Oct. 16: "...camp at mouth of Little Nankoweap Creek. to study Algonkian sediments ... I was told to contact KNDO at the South Rim by radio and got news reports etc. We also got football scores. Yale 15 Army 9, Harvard 0 Navy 0, Northwestern 14 Purdue 7, Carnegie Tech 9 Notre Dame 7 were some of the outstanding scores."

Oct. 17: "...mouth of Lava Canyon where we camped on south side of river ... I was able to contact KNDO at the South Rim by radio and exchange messages ... McKee reported over the radio that this (Lava Creek.) was one of the famous old roads (trails) cross the river in the early days. The trail ran up Lava Creek and then up Chuar Creek, near Temple Butte, Walcotts type locality for his Devonian Temple Butte ls. He also mentioned the mining drifts near here, one of which we can see clearly cross the river on the north side."

Oct. 18: [same camp] "Poor contact by radio with KNDO because of static. Got news and weather report."

Oct. 20: "... south side of the river down to Mineral Canyon ... Frank Dodge came over and ferried us cross the river to camp on the north bank – where we had a good camp in a rock niche. I was successful in contacting the Canyon by radio. Learned that Mussolini had agreed to remove soldiers and volunteers from Spain."

Oct. 21: [same camp] "I was successful in contacting KNDO by radio; good reception at both ends. Reported letters and registered package for Stark."

Oct. 22: "... made camp on south side opposite mouth of Vishnu Canyon ... I was able to contact the Canyon by radio – good reception at both ends. River seems to be falling – radio reports 8140 – gave 9040 sec ft last night."

Oct. 23: [same camp] "I was successful in contacting the Canyon by radio. Football scores. Dartmouth 20 – Harvard 2, Brown 7 Columbia 6, Ohio State 7 Northwestern 0, Brown 7 Columbia 6, Yale 9 Cornell 0, Fordham 7 T.C.U. 6, 3rd qtr Stanford 13 Washington 6, 3rd quarter Washington State 3 UCLA0, Pitt 21 Wisconsin 0 were some of the outstanding scores."

Oct. 24: "We made camp a little west of Lone Tree Canyon on the north side ... Campbell, Maxson and I went over to Clear Creek and took a bath. Clear Creek is a fine clear creek coming in from the north. I was successful in contacting KNDO by radio – someone was using an electric razor at the other end – we had some difficulties – but managed to (continued on page six)

(continued from page five) get our messages cross.”

Oct. 25: [same camp] “Contacted canyon by radio, got news etc.”

Oct. 28: “Decided to camp just about opposite Trinity Creek which comes in from the north ... Contacted KNDO successfully. Learned that Kitty Campbell reached top at about 2 pm making very good time. She gave us the time over the radio and exchanged messages with Ian and Johnny Maxson.”

Oct. 29: [same camp] “Good contact with KNDO.”

Oct. 30: “I went down to 94 Mile Canyon. Came back to place opposite ripple-marks on north side where camp was being set up ... Contacted KNDO by radio – got a few football scores.”

Oct. 31: “Boatmen ran Boucher rapids and made camp at foot. Raining and thundering during afternoon and evening – windy ... Bad night on radio – only about 5 minutes contact.”

Nov. 1: “... arrived at mouth of Crystal Creek about 10 am. Made camp to do map work ... Poor night on radio. J.H. Maxson took over and talked too much.”

Nov. 2: [same camp] “Men in camp had not been able to contact KNDO by radio – shall try again tomorrow night.”

Nov. 3: “At our camp found inscription on the rock. Geo. W. Parkins – Washington D.C., 1903. Poor contact with KNDO but were able to learn that McKee will join us here either tomorrow (Friday) or Saturday.”

Nov. 6: “Left camp below mouth of Hotauta Canyon ... Made radio contact with KNDO at 7:30 this morning, instead of this evening.”

Nov. 7: “Maxson got KNDO on radio – got football scores – Eddie McKee talked to his family.”

Nov. 8: “Made camp about 4 pm near Fossil Creek ... I was able to contact KNDO. They reported that they had coldest night of the season, so far, on south rim, 23% F. with flurries of snow and snow on the ground on the north rim.”

Nov. 9: “Made camp at head of Dubendorf [sic] – will see about them tomorrow. Had good contact with KNDO.”

Nov. 11: [11/10/37: “made camp at bottom Tapeats Creek about 4:15 pm”] “Had radio contact with KNDO this morning at 8 am., good contact.”

Nov. 12: “Rest looked over the Kanab Creek Rapids and made camp above the rapids. McKee and I returned about 6 pm. Found that by radio the report had come that a lone man had arrived by boat from Green River.”

Nov. 13: “We went on downstream and made camp about 1 mile upstream from Havasupai Creek. Had an excellent contact on radio with KNDO – learned that Buzz Holmstrom had left Green River by boat, alone on Oct 4, was in Lees Ferry last Sunday, and arrived at Phantom on Friday. Expects to leave Phantom tomorrow morning. Got football scores and news that river seems to be rising now at 7020 sec ft.”

Nov. 14: [Gateway Creek.] “Maxson ran radio, had good contact with KNDO. No news.”

Nov. 15: “... came to Lava Falls ... Decided would have to line rapids – portaged things to foot – made camp at head of rapids ... Fair contact on radio. Had card from Mom.”

Nov. 16: “Made camp at about 191 Mile Point. Had good contact with KNDO, though we almost missed them as all our watches were slow. Spud Bill was back – made a bet with him on the Yale-Harvard game for this coming Saturday. Hamilton plans to take a portable set with him to Toroweap and will try to contact us too. – moon at 3/4 full. Canyon is opening up here. River 7010 sec ft. Temp on So. Rim 24 minimum – 48 maximum.”

Nov. 17: “Made camp about 4:30 pm in Granite Park at about mile 208 1/2 + ... Had good contact on radio with KNDO – lots of news – Learned that Nanking is expected to fall to the Japanese very soon now. Weather cloudy and overcast stormy but warmer tonight – river falling – now 6600 sec ft.”

Nov. 18: [same camp.] “... had very good contact with KNDO – Also managed to exchange a message or two with portable set #1 at Toroweap Valley – only fair contact with them.”

Nov. 19: “Made camp about 221 Mile Pt. Had good contact with KNDO. Nation 1/3 covered with snow – 2” in Cheyenne, Wyoming.”

Nov. 20: “Buzz caught us at 11:15 am at mouth of Diamond Creek ... Sent in a message to Buzz’s mother over KNDO. He expects to get to Pierce’s Ferry in 2 days and to Boulder in 5 or 6 – He is broke and hopes to catch a ride up to Green River, Wyoming, where his car and trailer on which he brought his boat are. He had a month’s vacation; now gone nearly two

months ... made camp at bottom of Travertine Rapids. Had good contact with KNDO – gave them message from Holmstrom. Football scores worthy of note Harvard 13 Yale 6, Calif 13 Stanford 0, Notre Dame 7 Northwestern 0, Princeton 26 Navy 6.”

Nov. 21: “Had a good contact with KNDO after standing by for a station to the north to stand by. Sent one message to Mom. Spud says – Pittsburgh seems to have the call on the Rose Bowl with Calif. – not final as yet. River down a bit about to 6300.”

Nov. 22: “Worked on down and made camp at 237 Mile Rapids .. Fairly good contact with KNDO – sent out message to have cars meet us at Pierce’s Ferry or Boulder City on Friday – Nov. 26th.”

Nov. 23: “About 4:30 pm made camp short of 243 mile pt. by a bit. Camp on a fine bar near a wide eddy in the river. Had fair contact with KNDO – though they faded out.”

Nov. 24: “Made camp at mouth of Reference Point Canyon ... Had excellent contact with KNDO – one of the best. Japan still marches on in China.”

Don’t touch that dial! In the next issue of the Waiting List, Blasts From the Past features Emery Kolb, Barry Goldwater, AND Believe It, Or Not! -Ripley’s!

SPRING 2000 - WILDERNESS ADVANCED FIRST AID COURSE TO BE OFFERED BY GCRG

Grand Canyon River Guides is sponsoring a 5 day hands-on Wilderness Advanced First Aid (WAFA) course from March 23-27, 2000. The course will be held at the Arizona River Runners warehouse in Flagstaff, AZ. This intensive backcountry medical training course will show students how to deal with medical emergencies when they are miles from help and dialing 911 is not an option. The course fulfills the Park requirements for 40 hours of medical training for river guides in Grand Canyon National Park. It is also of major benefit to outdoor professionals and enthusiasts.

Wilderness medicine differs from traditional first aid in three respects:

- 1 - Transport times are measured in hours and days rather than minutes, so many phases of patient care that usually occur in a hospital must be carried out in the field.
- 2 - Severe environments dramatically increase the complexity of any emergency and heighten risks to patients and rescuers alike.
- 3 - Limited equipment makes improvisation and resourcefulness essential.

These issues and more will be addressed by professional instructors from Wilderness Medical Associates, leaders in the field of wilderness medical training. GCRG will also be offering a 2-1/2 day Review (recertification) course on March 28-30, 2000 at the same location. The prerequisite for the course is a current WAFA, Wilderness First Responder, Wilderness EMT Upgrade, or Recertification course taught by Wilderness Medical Associates (WMA), Wilderness Medicine Institute (WMI), Stonehearth Open Learning Opportunities (SOLO), or National Outdoor Leadership School (NOLS) within three years of the end date of the last course taken. WEMT’s must have a current EMT license – this course will only recertify the wilderness portion of a WEMT. Please take a good look at your first aid card and check the expiration date. If you are expiring prior to the start date of our course, you must call Wilderness Medical Associates and ask for an extension letter. They can be reached at (207) 665-2707. If you do not take a review course before your expiration date, you will need to take the entire 5-8 day course over again in order to renew it.

Course information is as follows: WAFA Course Cost: \$ 285 /Review Course Cost: \$ 165 WAFA

Dates: March 23-27, 2000 / Review Dates: March 28-30, 2000

Place: Arizona River Runners warehouse, Flagstaff, AZ Lodging: On your own. Camping ok. Meals: On your own.

We urge you to sign up as soon as possible because courses will fill fast! A \$50 non-refundable deposit will hold a space for you. If you need further information, please contact Lynn Hamilton at Grand Canyon River Guides at (520) 773-1075 or email us at gcr@infomagic.com. Time is of the essence — don’t be caught unprepared! We still have space in the courses, so sign up today!



Off the Internet

WHEN IS THE BEST TIME TO GO?

So I've been on the list almost ten years now, and I've begun to wonder what happens when you get to the top of the list? What sort of choice do you have on launch dates? When are the best times to go? And, can you get down it if you've never seen what's coming — with two arms?

Generally sometime around Oct./Nov. you will receive your continuing interest form and waiting list number from the River Permits office. If your number is between 1 and 300 you will also receive a "Launch Date Preference" form for you to fill in requesting you to list your desired launch dates. These will be for the launch season starting on April 15 one and a half years from then (i.e. those folks who received their launch request form in Nov. '99 are picking dates for the launch season of April 16, '01 through April 15, '02). You will be asked to list a minimum of 15 dates (and up to as many dates as you want) that you would like to launch, and to return the form by Nov. 30. The more dates you list, the better chance you have of getting a date during your coming season. Once all the forms are received (or the return date passes), the requests are put in their waiting list numerical order. The person with Number One gets their number one choice, Number Two gets their first or second choice, and on down the line until all the requests have been dealt with. If all your choices are taken when your number/preferences come up, you will be deferred to the next season and be at the top of the list for the next launch year. By the way, this and a medical problem are the only deferments to delay your launch that the Permit Office allows.

Just some stats from the Permits office on launches. An average of 250-260 people each year get a launch date assigned to them from their list. About 40-50 people are deferred to the next launch year.

As far as best time to go, that's a tough one. Some considerations:

- 1) Length of time you want to stay on the river between Lees Ferry and Diamond Creek. The limits are: 4/16-10/15—18 days, 10/16-11/30 and 3/1-4/15—21 days, and 12/1-2/29—30 days.
- 2) During the Primary Season, April 16-Oct. 15, there are an average of 8 private trips launched per week, with Weds. being the normal "double private" launch day. This day always has fewer commercial trips launching. During the Secondary Season, Oct. 16-April 15, there are no "double private" launch days. Also, we do not launch private trips 3 days in a row. There is always a day break after 2 consecutive days of private launches.
- 3) No motorized launches (commercial, private, research, or NPS) are permitted between 9/16 and 12/15.
- 4) The commercial season starts about April 1, with it going full tilt May 1. Slows down Sept. 15 and ends sometime in mid Oct.
- 5) Weather. Late Sept., Oct., and early Nov. are generally pleasant and dry (although it has snowed in Oct & Nov on several occasions). Late May starts to get HOT! with it getting hotter in June (115 at Phantom is not unusual!). July and August can be just as hot or fairly pleasant, depending on the monsoons and thunderstorms. This year was very pleasant as far as temperatures, but IT WAS WET most of July and all of August. Winter is anyone's guess. Last year, 98-99, winter trips had some of the best weather they could want. It was mild and dry most of the time. The April launchers couldn't say the same thing though, as they got rain, snow, and cold.
- 6) LONG days in summer (sunrise 5am, sunset 8pm), short ones in winter (actually seeing the sun may not come until mid/late morning and "sunset" may be 4pm or earlier).
- 7) Not much sun at the bottom of the Canyon in Dec./Jan. so it is cool/cold, especially in the early mornings. Much less likely to go for the BIG runs as you will probably want to stay as dry as possible. It is much harder to warm up after a soaking.
- 8) Lots of solitude in the winter. Most folks who are launching this winter probably won't see anyone else their entire trip. One has to search a little harder for that solitude in the summer months.
- 9) Along with solitude in the winter, there is no competition for campsites. You have your choice of ANY place you want. Also, day-hiking is much easier as the temps. are much more conducive to hiking.

Hope this helps some. If you want to be warm, wear shorts and tank tops the whole trip, and don't mind seeing other people, then summer is the time. If you want to be by yourself, and want a LONG trip, then it's winter for you.

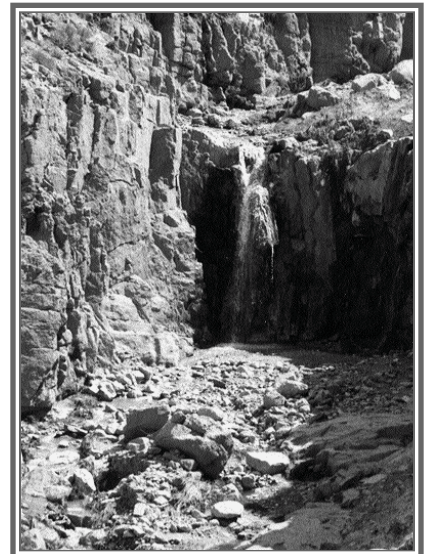
Enjoy.....Ed Cummins, Lees Ferry Ranger GCNP

See <http://songbird.com/gcboaters> for info on the gcboaters list.

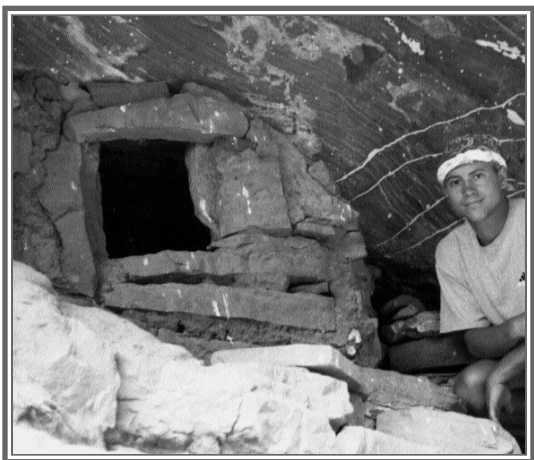
Stone Creek Floods: '99

Stone Creek flashed in late July this year and blasted out the vegetation that existed in the mouth of the canyon to the first waterfall. In August, it looked as though a wall of mud (5 ft. in some areas) came through and completely scoured the area. The hike to the first waterfall is rather quick given no vegetation exists in the creek bed. The waterfall is not (at least in August) as 'powerful' as it once was because the flash also caused a small diversion of some of the water in the creek just above the water fall. Once you climb above the waterfall, the trail that used to cross back and forth across the creek, has been washed out in many areas. If contemplating this hike, some extra time for exploring/trail finding or just creek bed walking might be considered in the planning. If this flash had this great an impact on Stone, I suspect Galloway Canyon may have also changed a little. Just something to keep in mind. Yet, who knows what vegetation the Spring may bring.

Nikolle L. Brown



Photos by Bill Victor,
July 29, 1999



From The Editor's Deck

ANNUAL MEETING, NEW OFFICERS, MEETINGS WITH OUTFITTERS, AND A SPECIAL RIVER TRIP

First things first. Sorry *the Waiting List* is a little latter than I had hoped it would be, for a variety of reasons. One of which being, the quality of the first press run was not satisfactory and the issue had to be reprinted. Thank you to everyone at the *Printing Place* in Cottonwood, AZ. Well, I'll do better next time. Sure. Next time.

Lot's of things going on at the GCPBA, your boating club. We begin the next century (I'm tired of the "millennium") with a new President at the helm, that being Willie Odom.

It's appropriate to look back at the first three years of our club's existence and take note of our successes and failures. Tom, our now ex-president does that on the last page of this issue. Read it. No where, being the modest guy that he is, does Tom take time to thank himself for the great job he has done leading this group along the way to becoming a fairly effective spokesman for the independent river runner, on not just Grand Canyon river issues, but important issues affecting the boating community throughout the West. So I will thank Tom Martin on behalf our members.

Over the years Tom became the lighthouse that the rest of the GCPBA counted on to provide direction in the murky seas of politics. No matter what the issue, Tom has had a thoughtful opinion worth listening to.

In case you haven't noticed, Tom became a pretty good writer during his term as *GCPBA Newswire* editor and contributor to *the Waiting List*. Learning the important task of separating news from editorials.

Congratulations on the publishing of his first book, *Day Hikes From the River*. A portion of the proceeds of the sale of Tom's book have been donated to GCPBA to help cover important travel expenses.



At our annual Strategic Planning and general membership meeting held in Flagstaff during November, 1999 we added some new board members. The new members of the board come from all over the country. Jason Robertson, from Washington, D.C., is Access Director for American Whitewater and has been helping the board for a number of years. Bob Harris, from Kansas handles our Newswire service, Ken "Fly Boy" Kyler comes to us via the speedy wings of the Air Force, hangs out at the Pentagon and runs our excellent website (www.gcpba.org). Kim Crumbo recently retired from the NPS where he has labored tirelessly to preserve and enhance "the Grand Canyon experience" for the last twenty years, and has added the GCPBA to his list of new chores. For his insight and guidance, we are most grateful.

All in all a pretty strong board to help drive the club boat as we enter the next phase of the process that will

determine the composition of the river running mix in the Canyon for the foreseeable future.

At our annual meeting Catherine Roberts presented the Grand Canyon River Trips Simulator. This is a piece of software designed to aid in the CRMP process. Use of this tool will enable Park planners to view the effect of various launch scenarios on the potential river experience. The Trip simulator can analyze how changes in launch patterns and the number of folks launching might effect crowding at attractions, competition for camps, and on water contacts. This considerable effort was undertaken as a part of the CRMP process to help determine what capacity the river corridor might sustain, without diminishing the values we all cherish from a Grand Canyon river adventure.

Laurie Domler, one of the CRMP planning team, graciously gave up her Sunday to come and answer some of the hard questions about the planning process. From Laurie we learned that the CRMP process has been absorbed into an umbrella planning process for the entire park. This combines river, backcountry, fire and a number of other planning efforts into a more comprehensive program. While it does detract from the projected time frame within which to complete the CRMP process, the consolidation of plans makes sense. Hopefully this effort will bring to an end the fragmented planning efforts that have occasionally pitted one aspect of Park management against another. Unfortunately, this change does nothing to hasten a speedy relief from the current access and allocation system. Park planners project that their still unfunded effort will conclude around the year 2003 or 4. At the current rate that the waiting list grows, that means there may be as many as 10,000 names on the list before any substantial reform might begin to be implemented. That translates to well over a thirty-five year wait for people who sign up to lead their own trip. As one member in attendance put it, "this is becoming a trans-generational problem." If the completed plans offered by the NPS come under judicial scrutiny ... well the list will get longer, and the resultant pressure for change could get even more intense.

GCPBA has been in contact with the park for a number of years attempting to get beneficial changes implemented. Slowly changes have been made. First the fee situation was brought into a better, though not perfect, arrangement. In 1999 the Park changed the way cancellations are being offered, as well as extended the renewal time period for you folks on the list. More good changes. In November we submitted to the Park a number of other suggestions for changes it seemed to us might be implemented outside of the CRMP process. Those interim change suggestions were rejected. We discussed the matter at our meeting and decided that we would try again. This time, maybe we will craft a little clearer letter of our proposals. We hope to be able to sit

down with planners and discuss these issues. We'll invite them to meet, offer really good donuts, and see what we all can work out.



On the subject of meetings, several members of the GCPBA Board have been participating in discussion meetings with the Grand Canyon River Outfitters Association (GCROA). Myself and GCPBA President Willie Odem have met with Outfitter Association director Mark Grisham and President Garrett Schneiwind. We've held dialogue on many river topics hoping to find points that both groups might agree upon and then be able to advance those mutual ideas to the NPS staff at Grand Canyon, in hopes of their consideration.

The informal talks have gone well. We've discussed

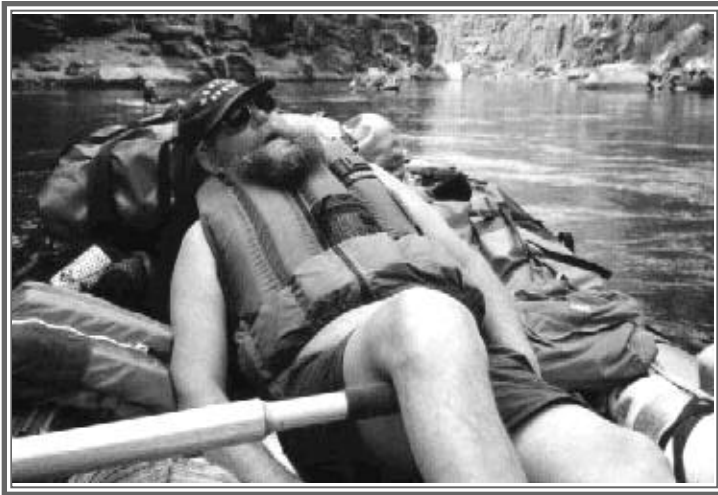


photo by: Craig "Swatty" Swatland

"That's the editor? No wonder this damn thing is late!"

the disparity in allocation between the private river runner sector and the concessionaire sector, revised commercial launch scheduling to make room for more private trips, carrying capacity of the river corridor, and the goal of an equal split of river launch opportunities.

Our focus has been to work on topics that we can agree upon, and to set those that we can't aside. I am optimistic that there are a number of topics we will agree upon and be able to go forward to discussions with Park planners.



Northern Arizona University sponsored a class for National Honor students entitled the "Grand Canyon Semester." One element of the class was a river trip. The river trip liaison between the Park and NAU was Robert Poirier, Ph.D., a member of GCPBA. I served as a volunteer boatman on this trip, as did other GCPBA members, Bob Lippman and Richard Quartaroli, both NAU staff members. Another NAU staff member and GCPBA member Karen Mattingly made food arrangements and supervised kitchen

activities on a daily basis.

The NPS provided most of the equipment. Lucky for me, I got to bring along my own boat, "Orange Sunshine." The only owner-operator rig on the trip.

This was a fascinating river trip from many perspectives. Thirty-six students from all over the country. One from Germany and one from Russia. As this was a class and not a "pleasure trip" (although it was indeed pleasurable) there were many activities going on all the time. The students came aboard in three groups of twelve. At any one time total trip size was twenty two.

As well as exchanging students, we exchanged NPS personnel and several boatmen. We were fortunate to have on the entire trip the GCNP Deputy Superintendent J. T. Reynolds who rowed the entire trip. CRMP planners, Jennifer Burns and Linda Jalbert each took turns at the oars. Other aspects of Park management were represented by folks from Interpretation, Revegetation and Archaeology. Trip leaders were river rangers, Dave Desroisers on the first half, and Dave Trevinio on the second.

Students and crew attended classes every day. The first weeks classes were led by Larry Stevens, who shared his vast knowledge of a wide variety of topics with participants. Canyon politics were not left out of the scene either. Talks were given by Bob Lippman, NAU Environmental Law professor, on the NEPA process, history of water law concerning the Colorado River, and Major Powell's thoughts and observations on the southwestern water situation. I presented a history of private river running and the current allocation and access situations facing the various boating constituencies. Richard Quartaroli, boatman, and Special Collections Curator at NAU's Cline library held a number of interesting historical discussions around the evening campfire.

There were plenty of projects for students and staff to participate in. Of direct impact to the CRMP process was the inventorying of campsites. Campsite capacity has been under study for a number of years. Selected campsites are being monitored as to their capacity and to note changes that transpire over the years that might affect that capacity. I worked on that task through out the trip. We introduced each group of students to this process. We studied the pattern of social trailing, distance between tent sites, the number of tent sites at each camp, the condition of the beach front, soil erosion, cleanliness just about anything you might think of that could factor into a camping experience.

Each group of students was familiarized with the public input process. I thought this was an especially interesting aspect of the class. Classes and discussions were held in order to teach students about the public input process into their government. In essence, the Park Service was teaching the students how to hold the Park Service accountable for its decisions.

All the trip participants drew out of hat for the description of the role they would (continued on page twelve)

(continued from page eleven) be playing or coaching during one of the weekly mock CRMP meetings. Roles were selected to reflect the various constituent groups having a stake in the outcome of this process. Guides, private boaters, equipment rental companies, NPS personnel, river rangers, Indian Nation leaders and elders, wilderness proponents, repeat users, commercial patrons and outfitters were all represented in the process. One evening discussion even included participation from a camper who happened to be camping with us for the night. The meetings were moderated by Park staff acting as facilitators. Not surprisingly these meetings were pretty much like the real thing. Disagreements, jokes, anger, impatience and tolerance were all elements of the activities.

Each student group participated in a seven day segment. The final evening included a group discussion entitled "Image and Reality of the Grand Canyon." Each participant took a turn talking about what their image of the canyon had been before the trip and what canyon reality they had discovered during their journey. For those of us with Canyon experience it was not only interesting, but refreshing to listen to the values discussed by our fellow travelers as well as a recap of their experiences. The Canyon journey seems to be a profound teacher for most of those who immerse themselves in it.

My image versus reality? I guess I think of the Grand Canyon as a wild place to immerse ones self into nature and experience. It is still that to me. This trip brought home a different reality. That being, currently the Grand Canyon is a place filled with political and physical problems. The two are intertwined. Teams of people devote their lives in attempts to solve those problems. It's a daunting task.

The NAU/PARK Service "Grand Canyon Semester" illustrated another problem. How can there be more room

made for "educational trips" of this nature? They offer an opportunity to provide an in depth experience for groups of people that one day may grow to be valuable proponents of a healthy park system open to all.

Thanks for including me in the project.



The NAU/Park trip rates as a most memorable trip for many reasons. I think a stand out experience for me was teaching a Russian kid how to row the boat. Alex, the son of a family of Russian physicists. I called him "my Volga boatman." (He told me most seriously, "I don't think the Volga would be such a good river to be a boatman on. Very much industrial pollution, you know").

Alex is an excited fellow. He couldn't stop talking, and couldn't keep his eyes focused on the road, he was so excited. I let him row most of one day, except for the big rapids. He rowed through Boucher, found the only hole and hit it ... totally thrilled then I coaxed him to cruise the shore line to look for firewood on river left, down to Crystal where we camped. This young fellow got the moves down, quick. Talking all the time, with me sitting behind him "Alex don't hit the cliff ... Alex pull back on the left oar Alex stop talking and pay attention."

The next night, the kids had to participate in their "Images and Reality of the Grand Canyon" exercise before they hiked out the Bass trail. Around the fire, one by one. Alex, the Russian intellectual's turn, cigarette dangling "Everyday for me, everyday ... this is heaven ... you just don't know ... I am going to come back here next year ... I am going to be a boatman." I suppose his physicist family might have second thoughts ...



Ricard o

Canyonlands Field Institute / Courses and Jobs

Canyonlands Field Institute is a non-profit educational organization founded in 1984. It is a membership organization supported by contributions and grants and tuition. CFI provides approximately 7,000 student days and 3,500 adult days(number of people times the number of days in a program) in educational services annually.

Canyonlands Field Institute(CFI) offers programs for youth(field camp and river study programs) and adult "influencers" (guides,teachers and writers). We also offer a Colorado Plateau Graduate Residency Program in Environmental Education(GREE). This is a two semester with optional summer semester program which includes courses in geomorphology of the Colorado Plateau and desert ecology among others.

CFI hopes to give citizens the information,experience, and tools necessary to come up with equitable and sustainable solutions to problems that face the Colorado Plateau and the environment in general.

COURSES:

Medical Guide Courses:

- 1) Wilderness First Responder-full course and refresher options. Jan 31-Feb.10, 2000. Cost \$425(\$410 CFI members).
- 2) Recertification for Emergency Response and CPR-20 hour course. March 7-9, 2000.Fee \$70(\$63 CFI members)
- 3) American Red Cross Emergency Response-40 hour course. April 10-14, 2000. \$160(\$145 CFI members)

JOB OPENINGS: River Guides-for 2000 spring-fall season.

We guide on the Colorado, Green, San Juan and Dolores rivers (rafting, inflatable kayaks and canoes).

Send resumes to:

CFI, Personnel Dept., Box 68, Moab, Ut. 84532 or visit our website at: www.canyonlandsfieldinst.org.



collection of Brick Mortenson

“Get out the guide book ... where are we?” familiar places look a little different at 120,00 cfs. Here we see Brick in the *Flavell* passing to the left of the then submerged boulder that creates Boulder Narrows.

“Brick” Mortenson and the Flood of 57!

Vernon “Brick” Mortenson had never even seen the Colorado River in Grand Canyon when in the spring of 1955, Pat “P T” Reilly asked Brick if he’d row a boat down the river that summer. The two were co-workers at Lockheed Aircraft in California. Within weeks, Brick was rowing the Grand!

On October 8, 1999, 150 river runners had the great opportunity to see Brick present films of his Colorado River journeys. The films included footage of the Colorado River in one of the highest stages of the century, and certainly of the highest stage ever rafted. Photos of flood-waters cascading over Boulder Narrows during the 1957 high water, Deer Creek Falls plunging into the river in 1958, and huge trees making their own runs highlighted the event.

Mortenson recounted to the audience how he flipped in Doris Rapid at 85,000 cfs during the 1958 trip, and how subsequently his boat headed on downstream without him. The 6 member party, now reduced to 2 boats, decided to hike out at Lava Falls. They floated their remaining 2 craft out into the river above the rapid, hoping to retrieve them in Lake Mead. Two days later they found 2 of the 3 the three missing craft. The third boat was discovered destroyed years later in a Lake Mead driftwood pile.

Brick, who earned the nickname for his brick red hair, kept the audience in high spirits with his humble and humorous approach to the river trips he participated in. When asked why he stopped river running, Brick told the audience that as he is nearly blind now, standing in the shower at home has nearly the same effect! At the close of the event, Brick reminded the audience that dams are transitory things, and one day, the mighty Colorado will run free again.

The GCPBA is attempting to produce a video of this wonderful event, and we’ll let you know if, and when it’s done.

Tom Martin

How's Business?

A Spreadsheet's Worth A 1,000 Words

Key: Company	User Days	G=Gross receipts					C= Colorado River Fund		
		1994 G	1995 G	1996 G	1997 G	1998 G	1996 C	1997 C	1998 C
Aramark Leisure services	9546	1,654,225	1,695,780	1,874,637	1,959,738	2,018,492	53,343	61,964	63,207
Arizona Raft Adventures	10,368	1,728,515	1,682,137	1,825,436	1,781,506	1,966,280	62,387	60,386	67,568
Arizona River Runners	11,099	2,194,779	2,275,309	2,814,583	2,959,349	3,108,141	102,583	108,374	114,326
Canyoneers	4403	965,599	1,103,007	1,039,037	1,104,155	1,132,992	28,704	30,862	31,630
Canyon Explorations	4063	658,590	703,167	711,708	782,279	739,052	21,746	24,521	22,867
Colorado River and Trails	2848	493,306	513,795	459,135	537,879	572,734	13,774	16,136	17,182
Diamond River Adventures	7203	981,962	1,063,656	1,168,119	1,250,049	1,503,630	33,875	37,177	43,716
Expeditions	2960	574,948	621,692	639,219	624,986	591,980	12,118	12,166	17,407
Grand Canyon Expeditions	13,967	2,424,860	2,526,385	2,489,220	2,584,153	2,611,684	89,589	93,362	94,487
Hatch River Expeditions	11,027	1,406,145	1,774,344	1,820,915	1,851,656	1,835,770	53,487	54,888	53,276
High Desert Adventures	3323	488,160	492,714	492,714	542,378	640,096	14,784	16,371	16,988
Moki Mac River Expeditions	3693	544,681	646,387	644,303	693,170	679,528	16,909	17,979	17,998
DARS	7355	889,048	1,520,887	1,619,189	1,681,078	1,759,574	52,725	55,785	58,136
Outdoors Unlimited	4821	498,320	1,019,940	965,965	1,101,098	1,133,203	28,863	31,026	33,408
Tour West	4823	967,804	950,642	860,010	938,007	994,501	19,523	24,293	26,235
Western River Expeditions	14,001	4,313,518	4,441,224	4,665,580	5,093,133	4,866,663	160,034	158,285	165,935
TOTALS	115500	20,784,460	23,031,066	24,090,270	25,484,614	26,154,320	764,443	803,575	844,346
YEAR	Gross Generated	\$ Returned to the Park in Franchise Fees and CRF							
1994	20,784,460	941,334							
1995	23,031,066	1,038,925							
1996	24,090,270	1,840,545							
1997	25,484,614	1,974,106							
1998	26,154,320	2,065,363							

Source: Grand Canyon National Park

	A	B	C	D	E				
1	Known Individual Contributors of River Related Companies & Organizations								
2	Last	First	Company	City	State				
3	Winter	Bruce	AZ River Runners	Phoenix	AZ				
4	Winter	Bruce	AZ River Runners	Phoenix	AZ				
5	Winter	Bruce	AZ River Runners	Phoenix	AZ				
6	Diamond	Pat	Aramark	Page	AZ				
7	Diamond	Patricia		Page	AZ				
8	Vail	John	Outdoors Unlimited	Flagstaff	AZ				
9	Hatch	Ted	River Expeditions (Hatch)	Vernal	UT				
10	Hatch	Ted	River Expeditions (Hatch)	Vernal	UT				
11	Keller	Lynn	Western River Expeditions	Bountiful	UT				
12	Keller	Lynn	Western River Expeditions	Bountiful	UT				
13	Lake	Larry	Western River Expeditions	Park City	UT				
14	Lake	Larry	Western River Expeditions	Park City	UT				
15	Merril	Dena	Western River Expeditions	Sandy	UT				
16	Denoyer	Michael	Grand Canyon Expeditions	Kanab	UT				
17	Denoyer	Michael	Grand Canyon Expeditions	Kanab	UT				
18	Total Direct to Campaign Funds of Committee Members								
19	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
20	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
21	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
22	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
23	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
24	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
25	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
26	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
27	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
28	Stavely	Joy	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
29	Stavely	Joy	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
30	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
31	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
32	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
33	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
34	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
35	Stavely	Joy	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ				
36	Winter	Bruce	AZ River Runners	Phoenix	AZ				
37	Winter	Bruce	AZ River Runners	Phoenix	AZ				
38	Vail	John	Outdoors Unlimited	Flagstaff	AZ				
39	Vail	John	Outdoors Unlimited	Flagstaff	AZ				
40	Total Direct to Other Local Congressmen								
41	Total Direct to Campaign Funds of Committee & Other Local Congressmen								
42	Winter	Bruce	AZ River Runners	Phoenix	AZ	RNC	12/18/97	250	9,803+10
43	Winter	Bruce	AZ River Runners	Phoenix	AZ	RNC	1/11/99	275	9,803+10
44	Stavely	Gaylord	Canyoneers	Flagstaff	AZ	RNC	9/5/97	250	9,803+10
45	Total Direct to Republican National Committee (RNC)								
46	Total Direct to Committee, Local Congressmen, and RNC								
47			ARAMARK PAC			Hansen	UT	5/19/97	250
48			ARAMARK PAC			Hansen	UT	5/19/97	250
49	RNC REPUBLICAN NATIONAL STATE ELECTIONS								
50			ARAMARK CORP				5/21/97	5000	new 11/99
51	Total Indirect to Committee and Local Congressmen by PACs								
52	TOTAL								

Source: Federal Election Commission

“...’have a mystical experience,’ take ‘Photographs’....”

I was complaining to a friend of mine about not being able to shoot pictures from the river no more, and this is his response. Bahahaha! Humor extends my life.

Bruce McElya

Well what do you expect? Those good hearted people that RUN the Grand Canyon have a tough job to do. They have to manage the vast numbers of special interest groups, like the “Killer Tree Research Project” that are vital to this nations security and well being. So what if a few, “site seers” like your self don’t get to run the river. Just who in the hell do you think you are? As long as this nation has been founded government has always put it’s need in front of the peoples’ and who are you to question that. Besides, all you do is complain anyway. What have photographers, musicians, artists and video directors ever done to make this county the great place it is? We are better off having you people stay home where you belong and are less of a menace to society. The government and the commercial outfitters deserve to run the Canyon at their leisure. They have taken a worthless expanse of wasteland and turned it into a viable commercial success that creates jobs and provides a tax base for roads, schools and development and that, my friend, is the basis of this country’s success. So you, my friend, should get down on your knees and thank God every day that you live in a country that allows you to whine about “river access” while most hard working decent Americans are getting up every morning and going to jobs they hate, just to put food on the table and take the kids to Disneyland just once before they die. Do you hear them whining about “running the river” at the Grand Canyon. NO!! They are just happy to look over the edge and move on. But NO, not you, you want to "run the river," "have amystical experience, "take" Photographs" so that people can "appreciate" the Canyon more. Bull shit, you are simply using the Canyon for your own vast commercial gain and you DON’T create jobs and pay taxes like the hard working administrators, commercial outfitters, and most all the dedicated researchers who spend weeks in the Canyon under horrible conditions, just to study how a boulder might migrate down stream in a flood. THIS IS IMPORTANT STUFF. So take your whining, liberal photo taking ass and go to the ocean where you belong and see if anybody cares. The Canyon is better off without you and your kind anyway. You people are only mere stumbling blocks to the commercial developers that will “civilize the Grand Canyon and make it safe for all Americans to enjoy, just like Disneyland,” like God intended. If you really wanted people to “appreciate” the Canyon, you would grab a shovel and help build the huge elevators that are going to be necessary for ALL the people to enjoy the river for their allotted 30 minutes. So there...

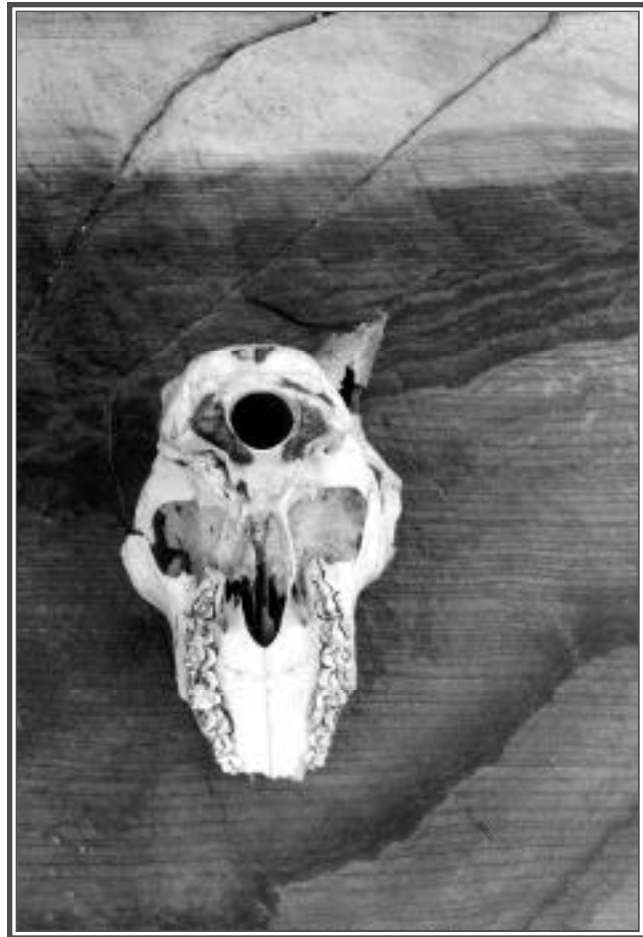


photo: Bruce McElya

Chris Brock

Private Trip Journals

Keeping It Straight

It is a brilliant, hot July morning. Silent storms flashed last night through the dark skies of Monument Valley, but today the sun has come out and is burning its way through the grey haze. It is warm and humid. We are nearly done rigging and I'm eyeing the water that is seeping up the shoreline. We've had to move our gear twice up the beach, while we inflate boats and strap in gear. The stick I've pushed into the sand at water's edge a half hour ago is already covered by 3 inches of water. I'm mildly concerned. I'm floating the San Juan, this time with my daughter. Next month she begins her last year in high school.

My daughter's a bit of a novice piloting her own boat. First time, actually. I'm not so worried about her ability to negotiate waves and rocks as I am about making the recovery if she tips. The river is moving like water in a rain gutter during a thunderstorm, obliterating eddies and pools. I watch as a curved cottonwood log, big as a telephone pole, moves ponderously downstream in the current like an alligator.

A somewhat surly ranger walks over and checks my permit. I show her our toilet system, first aid kit, extra paddles. She asks about a fire pan and I explain that we aren't cooking on this trip. I haven't even brought a stove. Before she leaves, she mentions to me that she's posted a notice on the bulletin board about sand waves below the bridge. They're HUGE! she says, with a look of apprehension in her eyes. She doesn't smile. How big? I ask her, and she replies, at least 3 or 4 feet. Great. I know my kid has heard this exchange, and though she doesn't say anything, I look at her face and read some nervousness there.

But we go down river. I'm first out, and hard pressed to stay ahead of my daughter. Her boat is lighter, she's moving faster, and the current isn't helping. But I'm (I hope) saying encouraging things about forward paddling, and backpaddling, and the ferry. There isn't much time to instruct anything; the bridge passes overhead quickly and I simply want her to have a good time in the waves below.

When we reach them, the sand waves are, after all the head shaking and gloom at the launch, anticlimactic. A foot or a little more high, they undulate slowly towards us, rolling sinuously under our boats. I glance back to make sure my youngster is doing OK, that she's not put off by the curving swells. Her grin is right there to meet me, teeth gleaming, eyes shining. Maybe I see a hint of tenseness, but as soon as the water calms flat again, there is only delight.

The sky curves over our heads, a turquoise blue bowl turned upside down, striped with crimson-black sandstone on the edges.

I'm trying not to hover, to breathe down her neck. I want her to have sun, and warm water, and feel the exhilaration of the waves rolling you downstream as you pick your own path down this lovely, lucid mode of travel. The

fear I feel for her isn't rational. She's almost an adult. She knows when, and how, to apply sunscreen, for instance. She can open a childproof bottle of aspirin and know how many to take. But I think—deep inside—what I really want for her isn't simply tied up in a river trip. This river trip. I want her to have a great life. I want her to know joy, and confidence, and love. I want her to realize simplicity, and acknowledge excitement. I want her to recognize her own unique gifts and choose to use them instead of letting them lie fallow.

The fear for her that I have isn't altogether rational, I know it. I worry, when she graduates, when I leave our home to finish my own degree, that she'll be OK. Will she get a job? Go to college? Will she find a place to live with people that are good to her, good for her? Will she remember to look both ways before she crosses the street? Brush her teeth? Take her vitamins? Of course. She will.

And this worry about this trip, well it goes deeper than even that. It's the visceral, old, old protection I always feel when I think about her getting hurt, being afraid, needing me. It leapt

out at me in surprise, when she was hours old. A routine infant test was performed on her. It involved pricking one of her heels with a needle over and over to get blood samples. The first time I heard her scream in pain tears came to my eyes. These tears were rage—pure, elementary, basic rage at my child being hurt. And something else, another old emotion I still can't name. I wanted to grab the lab technician's hand and yank it off. Cut it off. Of course, I didn't. I restrained myself.

We fly, in liquid form, past River House. Do you want to stop? I ask her. Nope, mom, she says. Been there before. By the time this brief exchange is over, it's too late anyway. The current is taking us, like time, downstream at warp speed.

We enter the canyon's mouth; the current takes us in. One continuous rapid begins. Keep it straight! I yell over my shoulder, frantically, to my daughter following behind. Keep your bow pointed downstream! I must be shouting it a dozen times, a hundred times, till her ears must be ringing with the reminders. Then I realize she probably can't hear anything over the moving chocolate soup we are paddling through.

At 8 Foot, we scout. Straggling through tamarisk overgrown and bending to the sand of the beach, we slog through a flooded backwater to reach the rocks overlooking the rapid. We startle a lizard who leaps straight down from the small embankment into the silty water, and swims with his head held high and his legs beating the water in front of us. It happens so fast we aren't sure we see it. He scabbles up the other side, causing a miniature sandfall and disappears into river cobbles.

Do you see that small round rock, Katy? Just offshore? I ask my daughter, as we gaze at the rapid. Go to the right of that, then point your bow straight downstream. We

Robyn Slayton

watch in silence for a few minutes as the brown waves dance in a v from the tongue and disappear around the slight bend towards the cliff. OK mom, she says after a minute. If I look at it any more, I'll start to get nervous. We bushwhack back through the tammies, slipping a bit in the clay. She stops, turns, and gazes at me. Mom? She says. I AM nervous. A pause. But, I'm a lot more excited than nervous.

Out again into the swift, heavy current. I'm moving, committed; I'm in and among the waves dancing mahogany in sunlight and god I'm holding my breath willing myself not to look behind me to see how she's doing. Ten seconds later and I allow myself one glance over my shoulder. There she is, the red bow of her little boat taking each surge and crest, up and down, her paddle dipping to each side, metronoming in the current.

And a big, big howling war whoop shivers out of me, from my soul, when I see this. For her, for my daughter, for what she did—for what she can do.

I'm still in the lead, and she's still behind me as I scout for a camp. Warp speed river, this San Juan. I feel like digging in my heels, searching for the brakes as I finally locate the ashen outcrop on river right that signals camp just below it. Paddling hard, I scrape shore and jump out and run upriver to catch my daughter as she comes near. I've told her already to hug the right shoreline, and last time I checked, she was doing exactly that with style.

So I wait, and wait. And wait. Finally, her boat swirls around the cleft of rock and I wade out and pull her in. So, what took you so long? I ask. It's a nonchalant question but inwardly I've been sweating her appearance for minutes.

I got caught in that damned eddy, mom! She sounds like a veteran boatman already. She's fuming a little, exasperated—but she's panic-free, fear-free. She's kept her head. I smile to myself as I pull the bow of her boat up on shore.

We make camp just after noon, having done 21 miles in 4 hours. An hour later, the water is still rising, floating our boats that we've pulled, dry dock, on shore. Watching the current, sitting in chairs, we revel in the sun that radiates scarlet through closed eyelids, through our very bones.

It is late afternoon. Across the river she points out a mountain sheep. See mom? she asks, excited. Right there! A tiny movement catches my eye, and while she counts more—5 6 7 and 3 babies, see them, mom?—they appear in my sight, metamorphosing like magic from the dun-colored boulder camouflage on the opposite shore. One by one, they become real, emerging from invisibility on the opposite shore. And I think: she's showing me.

Early the next morning, the wind is leaning against the north side of our tent. I hear a dozen raindrops spatter the nylon side. Poking my head outside the door, I see a weighty and cheerless grey-grim sky. Time to go, then. We pack up easily, wade into the tepid water, and go downstream. Katy goes first. Floating a few yards off shore, holding her position in the flow with her paddle, she watches me as I struggle briefly, shifting back and forth on the sand, launching myself and my boat from the shallow beach.

Are you OK, mom? Want any help getting unstuck? She asks.

And as we near the Hat, the sun breaks through, illuminating the thread of current, the pattern of black juniper berries floating and swirling near our boats. We don't speak for a long while, but the silence is very comfortable. Finally she tells me she could like doing this. I'm joking with her then, and tell her, this is how it starts, with rivers. A small kayak first. Then, a bigger boat. For longer trips. Then more trips. That's how it starts, honey, I say, smiling at her. Studying the water, she digs in her paddle. Once. Then she says, yeah, I know. I'm already thinking that.

Keep it straight, Katy. Hey—I can stop shouting it now.

A HUMOROUS GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE / Chronosynclastic Infundibulum, Serious Injuries & Hurt Feelings Reported

Grand Canyon National Park (AZ) Eighty five tourists from the planet Canex were injured today when their transporter malfunctioned and deposited them on the beach at Redwall Cavern just as an electro-barge carrying 73 park leisure-plan visitors tried to land. The Canexions were supposed to have de-transported 30 seconds earlier, but a chronosynclastic infundibulum, first described in a novel by 20th century visionary, Kurt Vonnegut, caught the plasma blob and whirled it to pieces (imagine whirled pieces) for 30 seconds before restoring its normal trajectory. The barge was unable to stop before it crashed into the Canex visitors and it ran over most of them.

No fatalities were reported by NPS sources, but Dr. Tom Martin IV, spokesman for Grand Canyon Medical Center, said there were serious contusions and hurt feelings. None of the leisure-plan visitors were injured, but disruption to the visitor schedule caused a backup at the Lees Ferry Helopad that lasted 45 minutes. The backup delayed 52,000 casual-plan visitors who were on one-day vacations.

Asked what was going to be done about making Canyon travel safer, Dave Lleksah, Park Director, said that the 1999 CRMP process was about to release a plan for managing visitor launches to minimize crowding at attraction sites. "A new tourist spacing technology promoted by tour operators is sure to solve the problem," Lleksah said. Tour operators were enthusiastic about the new technology and encouraged more extra terrestrial tourism, claiming that Canyon tours are as safe as mothers milk.

Isn't technology wonderful? It lets so many people get into the wilderness.

David Yeamans

Trip Tips / First Photo Essay Dept.

Fix That Old Boat ... Don't

Soooo ... the old boat doesn't really hold air too well anymore? You're on the water, the boat's a little flaccid. Everyone else's is as hard as a rock, bobbing beautifully. What does that do for self-esteem? Deflates it a bit, and like a limp boat, who needs a deflated ego?

What to do? Well, the simple solution is to run out and buy yourself a new boat. Get out the Visa card and get ready to charge up anywhere from \$2,500 to \$7,500 bucks. That's not small change, especially when you compare that to the \$400 you paid for that slightly used Avon.

Let's get practical and look that old boat over one more time. The floor looks good, not too many patches. Not a lot of patches on the tubes, and the fabric is still in good shape so why does this thing leak so much?

Where are the leaks? Inflate the boat. Fill a bucket full of soapy water, take a big sponge and wipe the boat down. Look for soap bubbles. Close examination reveals that the valves no longer seem to hold air, but worse than that, air is leaking from the rubber boot / valve seat. Now that is bad. Is it junk for sure? Absolutely not. The following photo story shows you how to replace the valve boots in a twenty year old Avon.

We start the story with our cast of characters, two Tom's (Dr. Tom Myers, on the left, and Tom Martin, a friend on the right) and a Dick (Ricard o, your editor, whose hands are all you will see in this story).

You'll need supplies, toluene for cleaning (very, gag, toxic), hypalon compatible glue, sand paper, new valve boots (\$20 to \$30 ea.), new valves (\$15 to \$20 each), a razor knife, patching material, something to rub with (we used a very flat river rock). All of this stuff (except the rock) is available at local boat supply , like Canyon Supply in Flagstaff, or from mail order boat yards like Northwest River Supply.

For a couple of hundred dollars you will be equipped with the boat equivalent of Viagra. With about four hours of careful attention, you'll have a boat you can love.



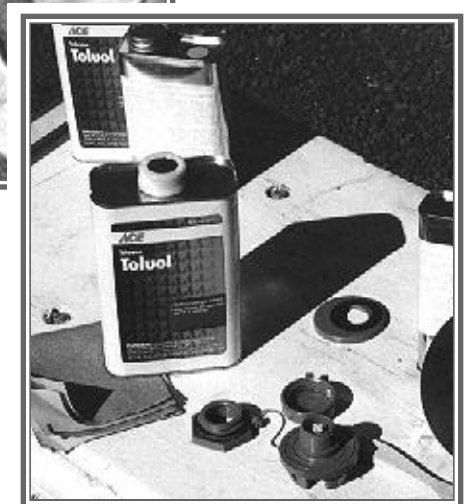
A couple of friends



The boat

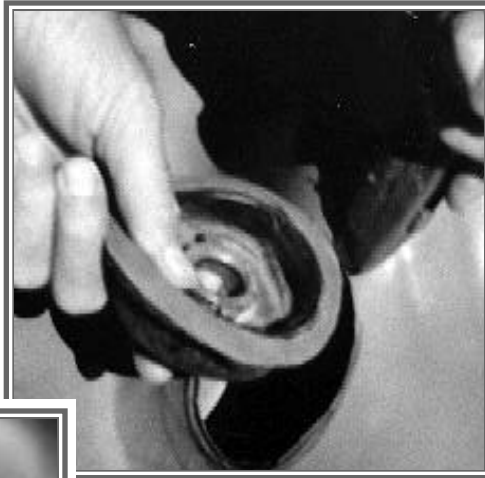


The culprit ... leaking valve boot and valve



... supplies you'll need

Trash It!

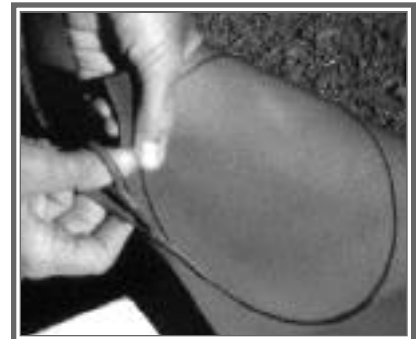


Get bold take the razor knife and carefully cut out the old boot, about 1/2" outside of boot recess edge ... it's easier because the boot rubber isn't as thick ... be careful not to cut through the other side of the boat ... and be careful not to cut your hand or fingers!



Use a dish to for your pattern to make a necessary "donut" patch to cover the new boot after it is installed. You should have an inch, plus beyond the boot edge.

Use a pair of scissors to cut the patch from the same type of material the boat is made from ... in this case, hypalon



One of those big insulated coffee cups is about the same size as the inside opening of the boot. Center the cup on the patch, mark it with a pin or felt marker and cut out the center. Save the "donut" hole for a patch.



Proper sanding is critical. Here we use a drill with a coarse wheel to rough up the new boot. Sand all surfaces to an even patina. Remove all gloss from the areas to be glued. Clean the area to be sanded before sanding. get rid of all traces of dust before applying glue. 80 grit sandpaper works well for hand sanding. Try not to sand through outer coat on fabric, through to cloth..