

GRAND CANYON TRUST COLORADO PLATEAU

SPRING/SUMMER 2019

Advocate

100 YEARS OF
GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK

PLUS

KEVIN FEDARKO on the magic of the Grand Canyon

The Case for Renaming Indian Garden

Above Lava: Rafting the Colorado River



LETTER from the Executive Director

ETHAN AUMACK

TIM PETERSON

On February 26, 2019, Grand Canyon National Park turned 100. While we can only presume that the occasion went unnoticed amongst the canyon's inhabitants that don't walk on two legs, February 26 was a powerful day for the rest of us. For many, the day was one to celebrate the crown jewel of our national park system. For many, and particularly for Native American tribes who have called the canyon home for millennia, the day was one of commemoration rather than celebration—commemoration of a century of displacement so poignantly described by Ophelia Watahomigie-Corliss in the following pages. And, for many, the day was met with a deep and abiding concern for the future of a place whose designation as a national park hasn't quelled relentless attempts to exploit and diminish it.

These interwoven truths associated with Grand Canyon National Park as it enters into its second century are hardly simple. Appreciating their importance and complexity is vital to envisioning a next century that is both sustaining and just for the Grand Canyon and its people.

The challenges facing Grand Canyon National Park as it moves into its second century are quite incredible. Burgeoning numbers of visitors, commercial development and industrial extraction pressures on all sides, and climate change will, if unaddressed, undo the sanctity of a place so many of us adore.

But this is not the canyon's future. An incredibly diverse community—of traditional-knowledge bearers, river runners, scientists, small business job-creators, land managers, elected officials of all political persuasions, and so many more—has found common cause safeguarding the canyon. Some have taken up the cause to serve as Grand Canyon stewards, as their ancestors have for centuries, while some have come recently and from afar, choosing to dedicate their lives to the Grand Canyon once they've fallen under its spell.

The Grand Canyon's next century will be defined by what this community has already, incredibly, achieved by working together. Even more importantly, it will be defined by what this community—including the Grand Canyon Trust—is set to achieve in the months, years, and decades to come. The Grand Canyon's future is far from certain, but our community will rise to the challenge, because we can, and we must.

ON THE COVER

The Muav Gorge, Grand Canyon National Park, October 2018.

AMY S. MARTIN, AMYMARTINPHOTOGRAPHY.COM

EDITOR'S NOTE

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RICK GOLDWASSER

Whether it's love at first sight or a life-long affair, the Grand Canyon has a way of capturing hearts:

"...the love I found for the world and for myself within those eternal walls is something that will stay with me forever, and, I can't help but believe, bring me back again and again."

—Gabrielle Markel

Read more Grand Canyon love stories online. grandcanyontrust.org/advocatemag

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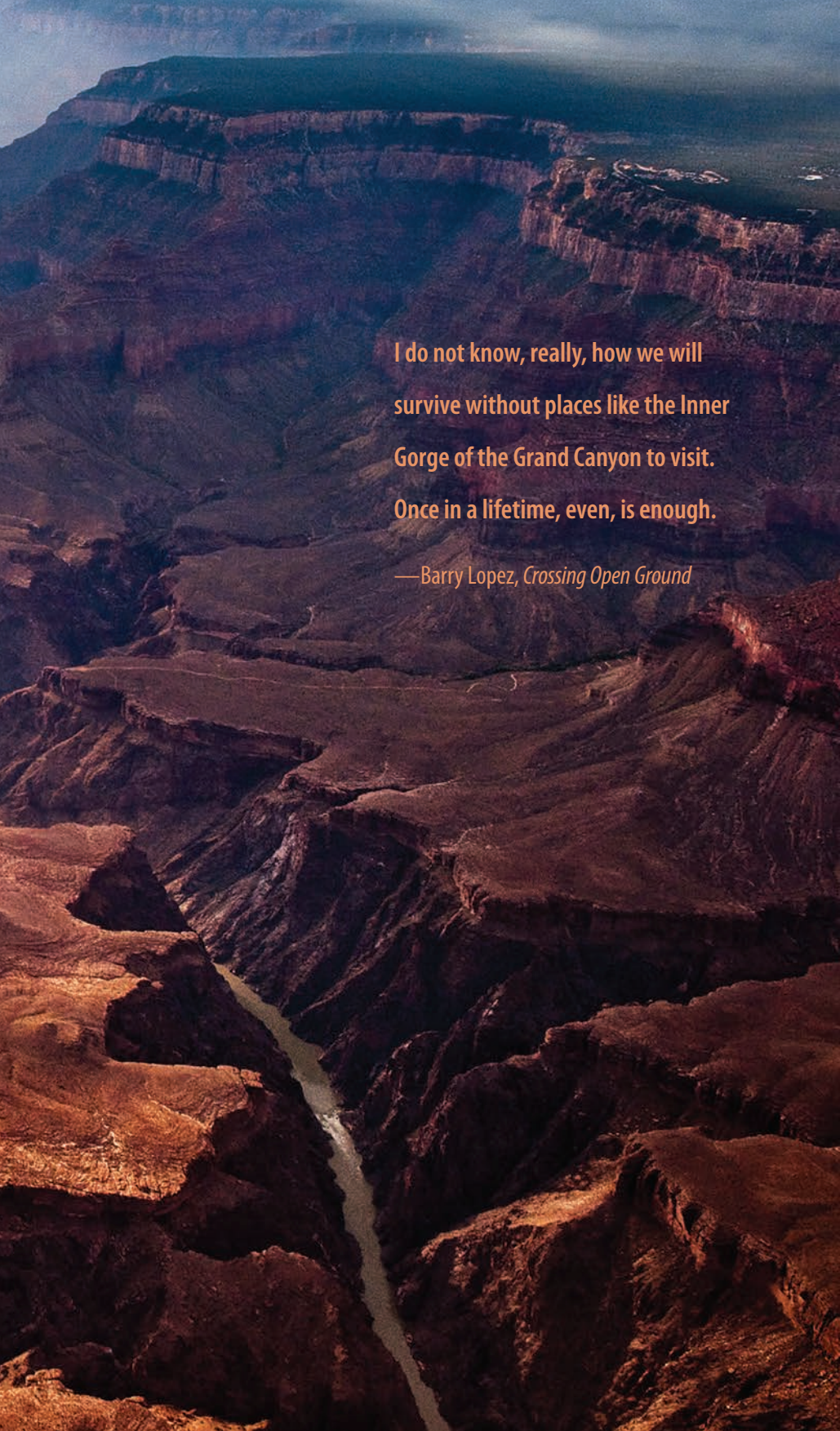


JAKE HOYUNGOWA



PETE MCBRIDE

THE MAGIC OF



I do not know, really, how we will
survive without places like the Inner
Gorge of the Grand Canyon to visit.
Once in a lifetime, even, is enough.

—Barry Lopez, *Crossing Open Ground*

THE U.S. NATIONAL PARK SYSTEM now boasts a network of more than 400 parks, monuments, and other sites, all of them studded like the gemstones of an immense coronation cape whose hemline extends from the coast of Florida to the Pacific Ocean, and whose collar stretches across the neck of the Arctic Circle.

Within the folds of that tapestry, the Grand Canyon falls a notch or two short of the number-one position by almost every metric according to which supremacy is conventionally judged. It fails to qualify as either the first park in the system—a distinction that belongs to Yellowstone—or the largest (Alaska’s Wrangell-St. Elias is nearly 11 times bigger). Nor does the park rank as the most popular or heavily visited. (Great Smoky Mountains, which straddles North Carolina and Tennessee, draws almost twice as many people each year.)

As for the canyon itself, it’s certainly not the deepest declivity on Earth (which is located in Peru or Tibet, depending on how you’re measuring) or the longest (which is on the Indian subcontinent). In fact, it doesn’t even contain the oldest rocks on Earth, which are to be found in Canada.

And yet, few would dispute that this mile-deep abyss in northern Arizona, a vast amphitheater of sun-dappled stone that was sculpted over uncountable eons by the Colorado River, stands not only as the centerpiece of America’s national park

GRAND CANYON

By Kevin Fedarko



PETE MCBRIDE

The sweep of stone bracketed between the top and the bottom of the canyon thus represents the finest exposure of rock, over time, anywhere on the planet.

system, but also as the signature touchstone of the nation's topography and its geology. A place whose contours, instantly recognizable to virtually every citizen of this country, affirm it as "one of the great sights," in the words of President Theodore Roosevelt, "which every American, if he can travel at all, should see."

Roosevelt's first encounter with the canyon was exceptionally brief: those words were part of a speech he gave during an eight-hour stopover at the South Rim in May of 1903. Despite the fleeting nature of that visit, however, the force of the canyon's magnificence—the dignity of its bearing, the austerity of its silences, and, above all, the

gorgeous indifference with which its vast interior offers a sweeping backdrop for an endlessly shifting interplay of light and shadow across every hue that can register on the human eye or heart—all of that struck the president like the blow of a hammer.

Indeed, the impact was so powerful it convinced Roosevelt that the best thing

one could possibly do with the place was to back off and leave it alone:

“I hope you will not have a building of any kind, not a summer cottage, a hotel, or anything else, to mar the wonderful grandeur, the sublimity, the great loneliness and beauty of the canyon,” he admonished his audience, many of whom were boosters hell-bent on making a buck off the land by mining minerals, harvesting timber, grazing cattle, or fleecing tourists.

“Leave it as it is,” he told them. “You cannot improve on it.”

Whether he realized it or not, when Roosevelt uttered that statement, he was touching upon an abiding truth that has been self-evident to almost anyone who has ever stood on the canyon’s rim, gazed into its depths, and understood that this, more than anything else, is the primary credo that should govern how we treat this space.

IF THE GRAND CANYON CAN BE said to have a single defining feature, it is surely the stair-stepped walls of rock that thrust upward like immense palisades from both sides of the Colorado River. Encased within those ramparts, which claw more than a mile into the sky, is a stratified record of the past—more than 26 separate layers of stone—whose history can be deciphered and read much like the pages of a book.

The youngest of those layers, which comprise the canyon’s rim, dates back almost 250 million years to a period directly after the greatest catastrophe the world has ever known, an extinction event known as the Great Dying, in which 96 percent of all marine species and almost three-quarters of terrestrial vertebrates were wiped from the face of the Earth.

By contrast, the oldest of those rock layers, the coal-black Vishnu schist that forms the subbasement of the canyon,



PETE MCBRIDE

boasts a bloodline extending back almost 2 billion years, a span of time that represents one-third the age of the planet, and nearly a tenth the lifespan of the universe itself. When that rock was first formed, multicellular organisms had yet to evolve, and the only things alive anywhere on Earth were whorled chains of the earliest cyanobacteria, anaerobic creatures whose chemistry had coalesced shortly after the crust of the planet had begun to cool, a time when the atmosphere was devoid of a single molecule of oxygen.

The sweep of stone bracketed between the top and the bottom of the canyon thus represents the finest exposure of rock, over time, anywhere on the planet. And although the value of those walls is often celebrated purely in terms of aesthetics—their shape, their texture, the symphonic pageantry of color that plays across their surfaces each morning and again each evening—the true worth of all that rock and all that time transcends beauty in a way that renders visual delight all but irrelevant.

There are surely places of equal and perhaps, some might argue, even greater

loveliness—places as wondrous and varied as the redwood-pillared cathedrals of northern California, the ice-etched escarpments of the Tetons, or the emerald-studded canopies of the Everglades. But nowhere else on Earth are the forces that forged and framed the planet itself revealed with such naked, titanic candor. And by extension, nowhere else on Earth do the works and the aspirations of humankind seem so puny and so insignificant by comparison.

Nowhere else, anywhere, can we gaze upon something so clearly beyond ourselves and thereby be forced to acknowledge how small we truly are.

All of which makes for a rather striking irony. Because as Grand Canyon National Park passes over the threshold of its first centennial, this canyon, this monumental testament to the insignificance of mankind, may no longer be able to transmit, with sufficient force, its central and defining insight, the idea that we most need to hear. A message that touches upon the thing we Americans most lack, which is humility.



Members of the Havasupai Tribe outside the fence at Canyon uranium mine, located in a meadow near the tribe's sacred site of Red Butte, south of Grand Canyon National Park. PETE MCBRIDE

FROM EVERY POINT ON THE compass, from the air above as well as the ground below, the integrity of the Grand Canyon is currently under threat from people seeking to profit from its wonders, cutting directly against the principle that Roosevelt laid out. In so doing, these developers are poised to inflict irreparable harm to the canyon's treasures, many of which are so deeply buried within its twisted labyrinth of buttes, towers, and tributary drainages that they have been seen by almost no one.

From the east, a group of businessmen hasn't given up on the idea of a cable-driven tramway capable of delivering up to 10,000 tourists a day from the rim of the canyon to a walkway and restaurant along the river at its bottom.

Meanwhile, the north and south rims of the canyon are dotted with uranium mines, some defunct and others quite active. The shafts and

tailings of those mines, along with a real estate project that is simultaneously being planned for the South Rim, together threaten the aquifers that are responsible for driving many of the springs and seeps that serve as biological linchpins to the ecosystem in the heart of the canyon.

Finally, off to the west, air-tour operators based in Las Vegas are partnering with the Hualapai Tribe to fill the canyon corridor with a daily stream of between 300 and 500 helicopters. These machines—whose noise can be heard from up to 20 miles away virtually without cessation from shortly after sunrise to just before sunset, seven days a week, 365 days a year—are destroying one of the canyon's most fragile and precious treasures, which is its soundscape of silence.

It's no exaggeration to say that virtually every part of this vast wilderness—what is recognized by

all, what is familiar only to a very few, and what yet remains a secret to everyone—is now for sale. And for this very reason, the canyon also offers up one of the most provocative locations not only to celebrate the riches that America's national park system contains, but also to take a measure of forces that are now arrayed against those very same parks.

As it turns out, however, that's a rather tall order.

Thanks to the canyon's topographic and geologic complexity, cataloguing its hidden wonders while simultaneously gauging the threats that are poised to harm those gems isn't something that can be pulled off by moving through the canyon's interior swiftly, or by conventional means.

You simply cannot conduct this kind of assessment by standing on the rim and gazing in (as 6 million visitors do each year), or by flying over the park in a helicopter or a fixed-wing aircraft, as

It's no exaggeration to say that virtually every part of this vast wilderness is now for sale.

tens of thousands of air-tour passengers do each year. Nor can you accomplish this goal by cruising along the bottom in a boat, as another 26,000 river runners do each year.

The bulk of the canyon's interior consists of a matrix of cliffs and ledges, tributary gorges, and slot canyons that are not only inaccessible from the rims or the river, but also invisible from these vantages. To know this world, you must see it through the eyes of a foot soldier, which is to say, from the ground. And the only way to do that is to cut a transect through the heart of this landscape by carrying your gear and your provisions on your back, and by moving from one hidden pocket of water to the next. Day by day, week by week, month by month, until you have walked from the canyon's eastern entry point at Lees Ferry to its western terminus at the Grand Wash Cliffs, a distance of nearly 800 miles.

Adding to the many challenges of this approach is the inconvenient fact that there is no path one can follow. In fact, unlike the Appalachian Trail, the Pacific Crest Trail, or the Continental Divide Trail, when you are deep inside the Grand Canyon the word "trail" simply doesn't apply. For the most part, forging a route involves a nightmarish bushwhack across a vertical desert graced by stark ruination and savage beauty, a landscape haunted by far too little water and far too much of God's indifference to ever make it seem anything but hostile and downright mean.

And that, in a nutshell, is precisely what the photographer and filmmaker Pete McBride set out to do in the autumn of 2015.

PETE INVITED ME TO TAG ALONG with him because we are friends and because we have had many adventures



PETE MCBRIDE

together. But my presence as a writer was never more than a kind of coda or afterthought. Which, I hasten to add, was entirely fitting, because the canyon is a place where words tend to lose their power and find themselves forced to take a back seat to images.

In this centennial year, Pete's photos offer up an elegy for an incomparable landscape, a place like no other, and the magic it once held in the palm of its hand.

Whether that magic remains or disappears will depend, in large part, on the actions of people like you. ©

Kevin Fedarko is the author of The Emerald Mile. In 2016, he completed a sectional thru-hike of the Grand Canyon alongside photographer Pete McBride, a journey they chronicled for National Geographic. This piece is adapted from the author's introduction to Pete McBride's photo book, The Grand Canyon: Between River and Rim.



Become a member of the Turquoise Circle by contributing \$1,000 or more, and receive Pete McBride's new photo-essay book, *The Grand Canyon: Between River and Rim*.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WHY RENAMING INDIAN GARDEN "HAVASUPAI GARDEN"
IS AN IMPORTANT FIRST STEP IN HEALING.

By Ophelia Watahomigie-Corliss





JAKE HOYUNGOWA

COMMEMORATING OUR INDIGENOUS PRESENCE AND SHARING OUR TRUE HISTORY OF THE GRAND CANYON REGION

Grand Canyon National Park is celebrating its 100-year anniversary, but, as Indigenous people in the area, we see this anniversary from a different point of view. It has been 100 years of drastic changes, from relocation to language shift to adapting to a society of commercialism already well into the industrial age.

A little over a year ago, in anticipation of the park's centennial, a group of tribal members who connect to the Grand Canyon as home began meeting to discuss what this anniversary means to us and how to get involved. But in order for that process to happen, we first had to take a deep breath and review the past, acknowledging the generations before us, what they have gone through, and how that impacts us as tribal members into this present day. Many of the shared stories are of sadness, but also of hope for future generations. One member of our group is Ophelia Watahomigie-Corliss, of the Havasupai Tribe, and this is her story.

—Sarana Riggs, Intertribal Centennial Conversations

AND AS THE GREAT CONDOR spread open its wings to fly out from the bottom of the canyon, the peoples upon its back prepared for flight. The peoples who remained at the bottom of the canyon would eventually become known as the Havasu 'Baaja, the people of the blue-green water, the Havasupai. Spiraling out, feathered wings glided across the canyon walls, and with every completed spiral upward a new layer of the Grand Canyon was created. Soaring into the sky, Condor began to slow, and the people understood the final time had come. No longer able to live as one tribe, the people began to gather in groups, conversing amongst themselves about which direction they would move into the future.

Condor landed in the north, Condor landed in the east, Condor landed in the south, and Condor landed in the west. These are the four sacred directions where our sister tribes left the safety of Condor's wings and climbed down to the Earth. Condor landed in the four sacred directions, allowing the people to climb down, then Condor landed in between these directions, letting the remaining groups of people off, until no one was left. Our relations left the canyon in search of something that was calling



ABOVE: Havasupai trail crew working on upper Bright Angel Trail construction, Grand Canyon National Park, 1930. NATIONAL PARK SERVICE LEFT: Havasupai women gather near Red Butte to express opposition to Canyon uranium mine near Grand Canyon National Park. AMY S. MARTIN

them. They knew, one day soon, they would find the land that called for them to protect it, the land each tribe has now been protecting since time immemorial, up to this very day.

These directions created an ancient symbol for my people, representing how we all used to be one tribe and to live as one people, and, when we couldn't, we traveled into the sacred directions, to lands we now steward. This symbol resembles the swastika shape the Nazi regime stole, but ours has no borders. It symbolizes the

unity we all have, a unity that still exists in modern times: our unity. Its instructions are flawless, swift like the wind, tattooed on our skin, adorned on our baskets, or drawn into earth; it is a strong reminder. You can observe the arms moving to the right on the outside of a basket, while inside the basket, the arms move left. This symbol forever memorializes our ability to adapt, to survive, and to always remember where we came from, where our people emerged: the embryonic lifeblood of the Grand Canyon.



The cries of our ancestors are asking us to find modern ways to protect our land from further contamination and destruction.

Indian Garden, Grand Canyon National Park. MICHAEL QUINN, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

My name is Ophelia Watahomigie-Corliss. I am proud to say that I have an identity and I know exactly where my culture has lived. It is a gift to be a member of the Havasupai Tribe, the only tribe left living at the bottom of the Grand Canyon, the tribe whose lands of Flagstaff, Valle, Grand Canyon, Williams, Parks, Bellemont, Ashfork, Red Lake, and Seligman many other people now call home. We are the only tribe who still has part of its membership living inside Grand Canyon National Park, and we are the people whom the National Park Service waged a personal war against to establish the park.

Last February, I was told Grand Canyon National Park was creating a schedule of events to celebrate the park's 100-year anniversary, and the

park events didn't seem inclusive of Native American perspectives. This is indicative of the institutionalized discrimination that has become a part of the American story line and of the disregard for the Indigenous peoples' land we all live on, as well as our Indigenous thoughts, our spirituality, our traditional government structures that existed for millennia before the arrival of the dominant class. Imagine the legacy of the land, its immemorial request to be taken care of by tribal people, stripped away from your protection; it hurts deeper than you could ever fathom. Indigenous peoples were forced to sit back and watch the land be used in ways we could have never imagined, in ways our people swore to prevent. The cries of our ancestors

are asking us to find modern ways to protect our land from further contamination and destruction.

The activism of the Intertribal Centennial Conversations discussions currently hosted by the Grand Canyon Trust has brought together Indigenous voices from as many of the Grand Canyon tribes as were available to participate. From the very beginning, the group was passionate about creating recommendations to the national park that would help to better educate Grand Canyon visitors about the canyon's original inhabitants: us. We decided unanimously that the tribes are celebrating thousands of years, while the park celebrates its first 100. The Intertribal Centennial Conversations has a vision and a mission we hope to accomplish through the interpretation of our stories.

We strive to provide you with authentic tribal crafts that represent Indigenous economic opportunity at Grand Canyon events throughout the year and to communicate to you our plan for stewardship, the kind that has been protecting the canyon throughout the ages.

The Havasupai actively occupied what is now known as the south rim of the Grand Canyon, with small scattered bands of families living both on the rim and in the canyon, in a location known as Indian Garden. When President Woodrow Wilson turned this area into a national park, the park service restricted the Havasupai to an area now known as Supai Camp. Park employees kept noticing a Native man walking up and down the canyon walls to Indian Garden, and they began to call him Billy Burro. After all, he could hike up and down those walls just like a mule. This man and his family were pushed out of Indian Garden, forced to leave the land they had farmed for generations so the national park could make it theirs. Billy Burro's daily trail was turned into what is most of Bright Angel Trail today.

Nevertheless, throughout the generations, his family members survived racism and displacement. They changed their name to Tilousi, which means "storyteller." Today the family's cherished elder of the tribe, Rex Tilousi, is world-renowned for his efforts against the uranium mining that threatens our lands and our only water source. Locally cherished for the songs he sings and the wisdom he gives, Rex Tilousi worked for years at the park educating tourists about our true history. Maybe you know him? Why hasn't the park offered to rightfully name Indian Garden "Havasupai Garden" after the people who farmed and maintained it, after evicting us from and denying us access



ED MOSS



Rex Tilousi. AMANDA VOISARD

to our homelands? Isn't this the least the park could do to admit how much the Havasupai contributed in land, trails, and labor to the park? This simple renaming would prove the park is an ethical partner to the surrounding tribes and acknowledge our history and our presence. Rename Indian Garden "Havasupai Garden" out of respect for the undue hardship imposed by the park on the Havasupai people.

These words are the truth. I have communicated them passionately to those willing to hear them, and I thank those who have been willing to listen, and those who will be willing to listen. The truth should be passionate, and sometimes passion wears the mask of other emotions only to get the point across. Our story has not ended yet; we still have the ability to work in collaboration, to find compromise for

"We, the descendants of ancestral inhabitants of the Grand Canyon, acknowledge the spiritual pathways of our ancestors by commemorating our indigenous presence and sharing our true history while we begin to heal, build, and strengthen relationships with all people to protect Grand Canyon's heritage."

all parties involved in trying to protect the Grand Canyon from current and future harm. Our voices have not been silenced. We ask for the recognition of all our histories, to collaborate and grow our modern partnerships with you. This is the passion driving all of our participation with the Intertribal Centennial Conversations. Each tribe has a story of its own and the national park has been willing to listen to our suggestions as Native peoples. We ask for your blessings during this project to help guide and support the national park to become a national leader in the ethics of collaborative tribal partnership. ©

Ophelia Watahomigie-Corliss is a member of the Havasupai Tribal Council and holds two bachelor's degrees from Northern Arizona University.

BORDER WARS

Mapping the Grand Canyon

By Roger Clark

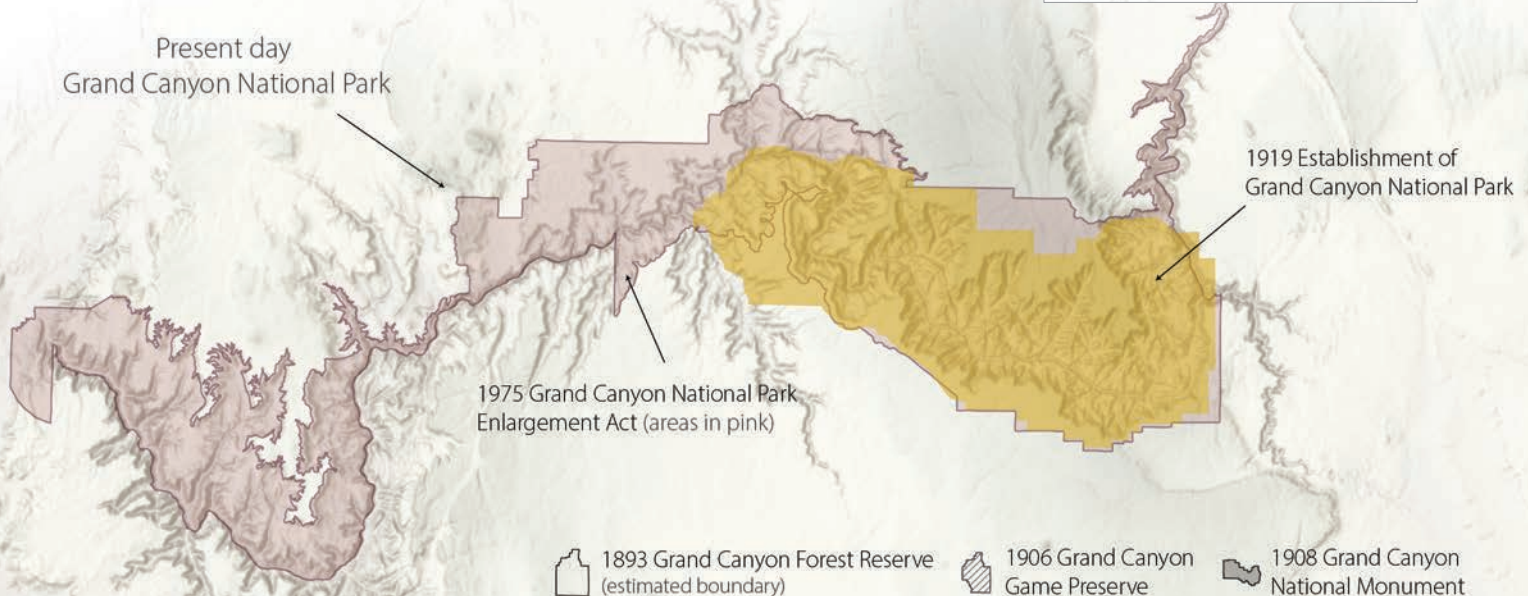
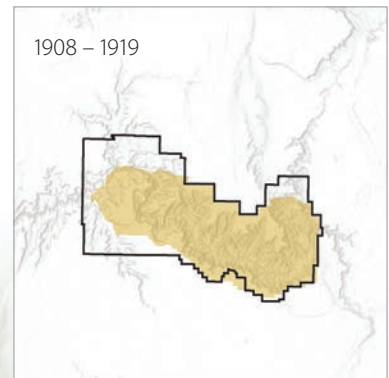
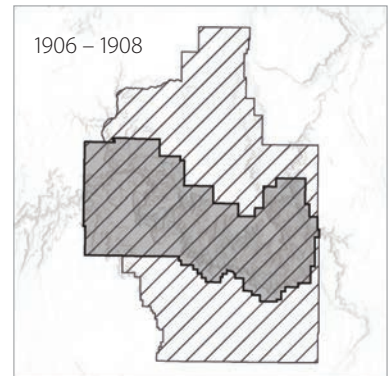
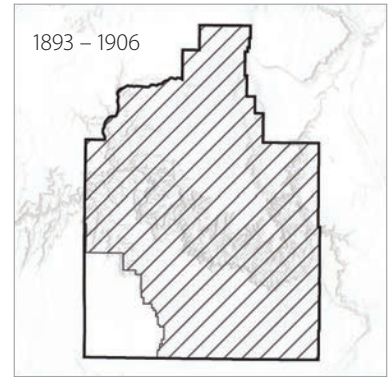
"... the imposition of mapped boundaries occurred only with the expansion of the United States into the [Grand Canyon] area in the mid-nineteenth century. At that point, the story became one of recurrent contests among different interests, all seeking to divide and control the land and its resources according to their own needs or desires and all trying to influence how the area was mapped."

— Barbara J. Morehouse

A Place Called Grand Canyon: Contested Geographies

WHEN THE UNITED STATES took possession of the Grand Canyon from Mexico in 1848, no one had mapped it. The canyon—including a dusty plateau cut by a big river above it—was terra incognita on the territorial map of the fledgling nation. Three generations later, the Grand Canyon would be crisscrossed by fences and borders—divided to suit its “discoverers” desires. But before individuals could lay legal claim to the land, someone had to map it.

In May of 1869, the Powell expedition arrived in Green River, Wyoming, via the yet-to-be-completed transcontinental railroad. Its 10 men—wearing cork life jackets and rowing four wooden boats—embarked with little inkling of what lay ahead. Three months later, six men emerged from the Grand Canyon carrying the coordinates needed to begin mapping a new territory.



The designations and dispossessions of Indigenous homelands that followed fragmented the Grand Canyon into today's mosaic of jurisdictions and ownerships, loosely governed by an ever-contentious and dynamic battle for privileges.

Congress designated Yellowstone National Park in 1872, the same year that it passed the mining law that encouraged prospectors to claim public land as private property. The Grand Canyon's rich layers of rock were magnets for miners. During the next four decades, several presidential proclamations provided a modicum of protection. But the Grand Canyon's

Two of the earliest conflicts have yet to be settled: the Havasupai Tribe's campaign to recover what was taken from its people and ending mining on public lands surrounding the national park. Both fights rage on.

In 1903, President Theodore Roosevelt rode a new railroad spur to the canyon's south rim. His first sight of the canyon caused him to utter his oft-quoted line about not marring it. He saw how boosters were using fraudulent claims—dismissed during the following decades—to privatize prime locations to build hotels and curio shops between the train depot and the Grand Canyon's breathtaking rim.

The Grand Canyon mineral withdrawal contained in President Harrison's forest reserve ended briefly in 1905 when Congress established the U.S. Forest Service to manage forest



LEFT: The boat, Emma Dean, during the second Powell Expedition with John Wesley Powell's armchair, 1972. CENTER: A Havasupai woman and child in Supai Village, circa 1910. RIGHT: Bright Angel Trail, circa 1910. NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

mining boom left permanent scars and exposed more pieces to fight over.

Following the Powell expedition, mines and mineral claims proliferated throughout the entire Grand Canyon. In 1882, 1883, and 1886, Sen. Benjamin Harrison of Indiana introduced legislation to close the Grand Canyon to mining by designating it as a "public park" within the Arizona Territory. However, vested interests killed the bills and pressured the government to consign the Havasupai Tribe to a 518-acre reservation encircled by mining claims.

After becoming president, Harrison used his authority under the Forest Reserve Act of 1891 to withdraw 1.85 million acres of federal lands from mineral entry and settlement by establishing the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve. Harrison's 1893 proclamation was, at the time, the largest protective action ever, encompassing much of the canyon and the forested plateaus to its north and south. However, it allowed dozens of pre-existing mineral claims and homesteaded properties to flourish within the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve.

reserves as national forests. Mining, grazing, and other uses would now be allowed within the Grand Canyon National Forest under the watchful eye of a new—and locally despised—federal agency.

President Roosevelt, an avid hunter, amended the congressionally established national forest by proclaiming it the Grand Canyon Game Preserve in 1906. This led to a policy that paid federal agents to slaughter predators, which preyed on the trophy herd of Kaibab mule deer. It also continued to permit grazing by cattle ranchers

who had been overgrazing the land for two decades. Significantly, it prohibited prospecting by restoring the mining ban on the previously designated forest reserve. It did not, however, extinguish pre-existing property claims that kept South Rim businesses bustling.

Congress passed and the president signed the 1906 Antiquities Act, giving him broad authority to declare national monuments to protect public lands that held objects of significant historic or scientific interest. Roosevelt waited two years before testing the depth of that authority by proclaiming more than 800,000 acres the Grand Canyon National Monument in 1908 as “an object of unusual scientific interest.” The Supreme Court upheld the proclamation against claims that it exceeded the president’s authority.

Throughout the next decade, ranchers, miners, and local business owners fought federal regulations and repeated attempts to establish Grand Canyon National Park. Arizona’s congressional leaders were slow to see that tourism could compete economically with other uses. While they steadfastly resisted proposals to expand boundaries beyond the existing national monument, they ultimately co-sponsored Grand Canyon National Park’s enabling legislation. It was signed into law on February 26, 1919, encompassing 15 percent less land than the national monument.

The first 50 years of mapping the Grand Canyon’s borders were fraught with wars against Native peoples and marked by raids on the canyon’s natural endowment. Livestock grazing continued within the newly established national park. Disputed terrain drove mapmakers to keep redrawing borderlines between national monument, national forest, and national park through the 1940s.



TOP: Canyon Copper Co. Mine on Horseshoe Mesa, circa 1907. BELOW: U.S. geological surveyors, circa 1902. NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Two of the earliest conflicts have yet to be settled: the Havasupai Tribe’s campaign to recover what was taken from its people and ending mining on public lands surrounding the national park. Both fights rage on. The battle to build dams in the Grand Canyon had yet to be fought.

By the time Arizona gained statehood in 1912, settlers had already set their sights on damming rivers and canyons to irrigate croplands and generate electricity. Under the Newlands Reclamation Act of 1902, President Roosevelt authorized some of the nation’s first federally funded dams that diverted free-flowing rivers to irrigate farmland in Arizona’s south-central deserts. The state’s constitution and federal enabling act reserved governmental authority to build dams whenever and wherever it deemed necessary.

Interior Secretary Franklin Lane was a strong supporter of putting provisions in the enabling act to allow dam-building in Grand Canyon National Park. Before the 1919 law was enacted, a member of Lane’s appeals board wrote Arizona Rep. Carl Hayden to say, “I can see no harm to the park by the creation of either power or irrigation reservoirs in the bottom of the canyon.”

The U.S. Geological Survey’s Colorado River expedition in 1923 mapped 29 of the best locations for building dams in the Grand Canyon. Four decades later, two of those dam sites would spark controversy in a long-sought-after scheme—led by Carl Hayden, by then a senator—to supply hydroelectric power to lift billions of gallons of water uphill from the Colorado River to where politicians wanted it. By 1960, Phoenix and Tucson were pumping water from ancient aquifers to supply suburban sprawl, and they were fighting for a federally funded aqueduct and power source to sustain that growth.

Public sentiment against damming the Colorado River inside the Grand Canyon grew in an era when Congress passed laws to protect clean air and water, civil rights, wilderness, and endangered wildlife. The American conservation movement mobilized national opposition and the clout needed to stop two hydroelectric dams from desecrating the Grand Canyon. It was a significant strategic victory.

The 1975 Grand Canyon National Park Enlargement Act nearly doubled the size of the park from 673,575 to over 1.2 million acres. It stretched park boundaries up and downriver to quash the two proposed dams. Nonetheless, the bill preserved grazing privileges.

With bipartisan support from Arizona’s congressional delegation, and over the objections of federal



Rep. Raúl Grijalva of Arizona announces the Grand Canyon Centennial Protection Act. AMY S. MARTIN

agencies and pro-park activists, the act also returned more than 180,000 acres for use by the Havasupai Tribe, marking a milestone in the tribe's ongoing effort to recover lost land. But it left open to mining more than 1 million acres of surrounding public lands.

Instead of constructing two unpopular dams in the Grand Canyon, the federal government and private investors compromised by building the West's largest coal-fired power plant and evicting thousands of residents to strip-mine coal from the adjacent Navajo and Hopi reservations. Some dam opponents readily endorsed coal as an alternative source to generate electricity cheaply enough to keep water prices low for agricultural and municipal users along the aqueduct. Nearly 50 years later, that coal plant is set to close because it is no longer economical to operate.

As the United States commemorates the centennial anniversary of Grand Canyon National Park, let's not forget how its boundaries were created from the leftovers after dividing and conquering a living landscape. Stitching together the map that created our nation's crown jewel national park happened a century ago, after mining, grazing, and other interests had laid claim to the land. Powell mapped the way for those interests to disarticulate

the land and dispossess its people.

Maps merely reflect what's been decided. Drawing new boundaries begins with a clear and determined vision. For decades, Havasupai families have set their sights on prohibiting uranium mining within their aboriginal homeland, including public lands where contamination could threaten their water supply.

On February 26, 2019—100 years to the day that the national park was established—Arizona Congressman Raúl Grijalva introduced the Grand Canyon Centennial Protection Act. The law would ban mining on more than 1 million acres of public lands surrounding the national park. After a 5-year fight, the secretary of the interior ordered a temporary ban in 2012. This bill to make it permanent has a broad and growing base of support and a fierce coalition committed to the multi-year fight ahead.

It's time to erase mining from the Grand Canyon's next generation of maps. Today, the much maligned canyon has become a unifying force for tossing out harmful privileges of the past and creating a more precautionary path to the future. ©

Roger Clark directs the Grand Canyon Trust's Grand Canyon Program.

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Become a new member of the Turquoise Circle today and receive Pete McBride's extraordinary photo-essay book, *The Grand Canyon: Between River and Rim*.

Please join us in celebrating the Grand Canyon by joining the Turquoise Circle today.

Obiter Dicta

(*ˈōbitər ˈdiktə*), n. pl. [Latin “something said in passing”] **Incidental remarks.**

By Aaron Paul If you want to know how Grand Canyon National Park began, you have to read about the bill that created it. But since it’s no holiday to pore over the Congressional Record of the 65th Congress, the floor debate, I assure you, went about like this:

THE SENATE. May 16, 1918. *The bill (S. 390) was considered as in Committee of the Whole.*

Mr. Thomas of Colorado. Didn’t we already make the Grand Canyon a national park?

Mr. Ashurst of Arizona. Nope.

Mr. Thomas. You sure?

Mr. Ashurst. Yep, I grew up pretty close to it. It’s a national monument.

Mr. Thomas. Well, you don’t say. It’s a great plan. Count me in. *The bill was read a third time and passed.*

THE HOUSE. January 20, 1919. *The title of the bill was read.*

Mr. Stafford of Wisconsin. I’m all for this national park idea. But why does this bill let the Interior Secretary run a railroad through it?

Mr. Hayden of Arizona. The train would go from Utah to the North Rim. The views beat the south side, if you can get there. Without a train.

Mr. Stafford. They can’t put a railroad through the canyon proper?

Mr. Hayden. Are you joking? It’s pretty steep.

Mr. Stafford. I see. What about a dam? Can they put one of those in the Grand Canyon?

Mr. Hayden. You bet.

Mr. Stafford. Would you be up for capping the maintenance budget for the park?

Mr. Hayden. No.

Mr. Stafford. Then how about we take over Coconino County’s toll business on the Bright Angel Trail? Open it up to everybody, for free.

Mr. Hayden. No.

Mr. Stafford. Okay, whatever. Can’t win a vote back home either. I’ll just sit down.

Mr. Anthony of Kansas. Hey, I’ve heard the Railroad Administration is rationing tickets to visit the Grand Canyon. What gives?

Mr. Hayden. News to me.

Mr. Anthony. Yeah, some developers who have sights on the canyon complained. I was at a loss.

Mr. Hayden. Seriously though, I have no clue what you’re talking about. I’ll ask around.

Mr. Speaker, can we consider this bill in the House as in Committee of the Whole?

The Speaker (Mr. Clark of Missouri). The Clerk will report the bill. *The Clerk read the bill and a half-dozen committee amendments.*

The Speaker pro tempore (Mr. Raker of California). Are we good with all those amendments?

Mr. Madden of Illinois. Not me. Can someone tell me why it’s a good idea to give the Interior Secretary the power to route a railroad through the park?

The Speaker pro tempore. You’re out of line, Madden. We’ll have to take the amendments one by one.

Several amendments were read and passed. The clerk read another, about park concessions.

Mr. Treadway of Massachusetts. Wait, this part here about concessions, aren’t we setting visitors up to be gouged?

Mr. Hayden. No, we’ll give the contract to the best bidder, not necessarily the highest one.

Mr. Treadway. But all else being equal, the man who bids high will get the contract, and he’ll have to charge more to make a profit, no?

The Speaker pro tempore. Time’s up, Treadway. Close your trap.

Mr. Tilson of Connecticut. Hold up. So someone who’ll pay us \$1,000 for the contract could be outbid by someone who’ll pay us \$500?

Mr. Hayden. Bingo. Am I going to have to repeat this again?

The amendment was passed. The clerk read the next, which would empower the Interior Secretary to authorize a rail line through the park.

Mr. Madden. Now, just a minute. It seems fishy to me to let the Interior Secretary run trains through the park. Why can’t we leave it for Congress to figure out?

Mr. Hayden. Look, it’s a simple deal. There’s a boatload of timber in the North Kaibab. If we let a railroad sell some of it, they’ll run a line right down to the park so that folks can take a look. Nobody’s going to mess up the scenery with a choo-choo.

Mr. Madden. Oh yeah, how do you know what the Interior Secretary’s going to do in a hundred years?

Mr. Hayden. Well, I know for sure how much more time we’ll waste bickering about trains if we leave it up to Congress.

Mr. Madden. I move to strike the part about railroads.

The Speaker pro tempore. The question before the House is the committee amendment.

A voice vote was taken.

The Speaker pro tempore. Sounds to me like the noes had that one.

Mr. Hayden. No way. Count heads.

The House divided—ayes 18, noes 7.

The Speaker pro tempore. Whoops. Ayes it is. The amendment stands.

Mr. Madden. I can't believe there are only 25 people here while we're giving handouts to the railroads. So pathetic.

The next amendment was read. Madden and Hayden squabbled over hunting in the park. Madden capitulated. The bill was read a third time.

Mr. Graham of Illinois. Hey, I have some questions. There is a tribe of Indians in this park called the Hopi Indians?

Mr. Hayden. Wrong. Havasupai.

Mr. Graham. Gotcha. They're covered by the part in the bill about Cataract Creek?

Mr. Hayden. Yup. Where it talks about the Havasupai Tribe. Covered right there.

Mr. Graham. Right. So, I've got an idea. Do you think Coconino County would donate that Bright Angel Trail to us so that we can run it?

Mr. Hayden. Seriously? We've covered this already. The County's making \$2,000 a year out there. Let it go.

Mr. Graham. Fine. But what's with this section that outlaws building anything between the rim and nearby private property?

Mr. Hayden. That's for the chap who owns the Grand View Hotel. Turns out, his property line is a lot farther from the rim than he thought. He doesn't want to have to change the hotel's name.

The Speaker pro tempore. This whole line of questioning is out of order. Can we just pass this thing already?

Mr. Graham. But I have more to ask.

The Speaker pro tempore. You have to get permission, Graham.

Mr. Graham. Just five minutes. I swear.

There was no objection.

Mr. Graham. So, how much private land is there on the rim? Are we creating a monopoly?

Mr. Hayden. It's just El Tovar, Grand View, and a little plot that belongs to the postmaster. No monopolies, I assure you.

The Speaker pro tempore. Okay, let's vote, for crying out loud.

The question was taken, and the bill was passed.

THE SENATE. January 21, 1919. *The President pro tempore laid before the Senate the amendments of the House.*

Mr. Ashurst. Hey fellas, we finally got our Grand Canyon bill back from the House. Should we make a law?

The motion was agreed to.

And lo, on February 26, 1919, the act was signed into law by the President of the United States. @

Aaron Paul is a staff attorney for the Grand Canyon Trust. Have an idea for his next column? Send it by post attn: Obiters Dicta, Advocate Magazine, Grand Canyon Trust, 2601 N. Fort Valley Rd., Flagstaff, AZ 86001.



ALWAYS ABOVE LAVA

By Cyd and Steve Martin



We are packed into the cab of a truck big enough to move a three-bedroom house, loaded with gear for a 16-day river trip through the Grand Canyon. On the 45th anniversary of our first Colorado River trip, we have come full circle and are once again running baggage boats, this time for OARS Grand Canyon Dories. The guides we'll follow are some of the best—Río, Howdy, John, and Bram have done this hundreds of times. Together with fellow baggage boaters Zach and Mallory, we are the domestiques.

Lees Ferry

Our truck rolls into Lees Ferry, and we swing into action, unloading a mountain of gear, inflating and rigging our boats. We work all afternoon, our boat the usual jumble of bags, buckets, boxes, coolers, and helmets.

We row upstream as it gets dark, tying off to a large motor rig so we'll be in the deep water overnight. (Water is released from Glen Canyon Dam in response to electricity demand from Phoenix, so the river level fluctuates daily. At Lees Ferry, 15 miles from the dam, the water drops during the night and can leave unwary boats high and dry by morning.) This is our first reminder of human impacts on the Grand Canyon. With three rafts and two dorries snuggled up to the motor rig, we eat dinner, watching the crescent moon

slide behind the Vermilion Cliffs, yielding the sky to the glowing band of the Milky Way.

We awake to a chilly morning. The ducks, who talked loudly amongst themselves all night, are finally quiet and the Paria Riffle rumbles downstream, reminding us that the river won't stay glassy and calm for long.

Our passengers arrive and dubiously eye our baggage boats, mounded with gear, sitting next to the sleek dorries. The guides review river protocols and safety. We help our guests adjust their life jackets, and then we push off.

We slide down the deep-green river and take a long breath. After 45 years of doing other things, we feel lucky to have returned to the canyon, rowing the same currents we encountered when we met while working on the river in 1973. Having worked in national parks across the U.S. and the world, we know how amazing this park and river are. Our river careers included commercial river running in the early 1970s and then six years as park rangers at Grand Canyon National Park, helping develop and manage the river program. Much is the same: the geometry of cliffs, reflections of orange walls wavering in the currents, the sound of oars lifting from the water, the liquid descent of the canyon wren's song.



Just before lunch, the first tendrils of an upstream breeze stir, then gusts rush up to meet us, ruffling the water in silvery sheets. The wind is a formidable element here. A whole range of superstition has grown up around it in the rowing community. Otherwise rational people refuse to say its name, lest they call it down on themselves.

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Rowing any boat against the wind is difficult, but a high-profile, heavily loaded baggage boat is especially so. We strain at the oars. It feels like rowing through peanut butter. Sometimes it blows us upstream. We just hold onto the oars, keeping them in the water, until the worst passes.

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We pull in to our first camp above House Rock Rapid, and immediately the beach looks like a combination construction site and military landing zone. The guides organize camp and start dinner. The golden evening light settles on the cliffs, and sounds of moving water and birds filter into our awareness.

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Downstream, we muse about how things have improved over the last 45 years. Beaches that were gray with ash from cooking fires now gleam pristine and pale against the shadowed cliffs. Trees and shrubs no longer hide caches of toilet paper, and the sandy dunes around the camps smell

sweetly of riparian life instead of reeking of urine. In the mid-1970s, the park service implemented rules to correct the degradation. It established the first guide training program, and, working with the guides, initiated a program to clean up beaches, haul out human waste, construct trails to popular attractions, and stabilize archaeological sites. It is satisfying, after so long, to return and find the canyon cleaner than it was—more pristine and wild, in spite of increased visitation. This success is due to the continued efforts of the river community.

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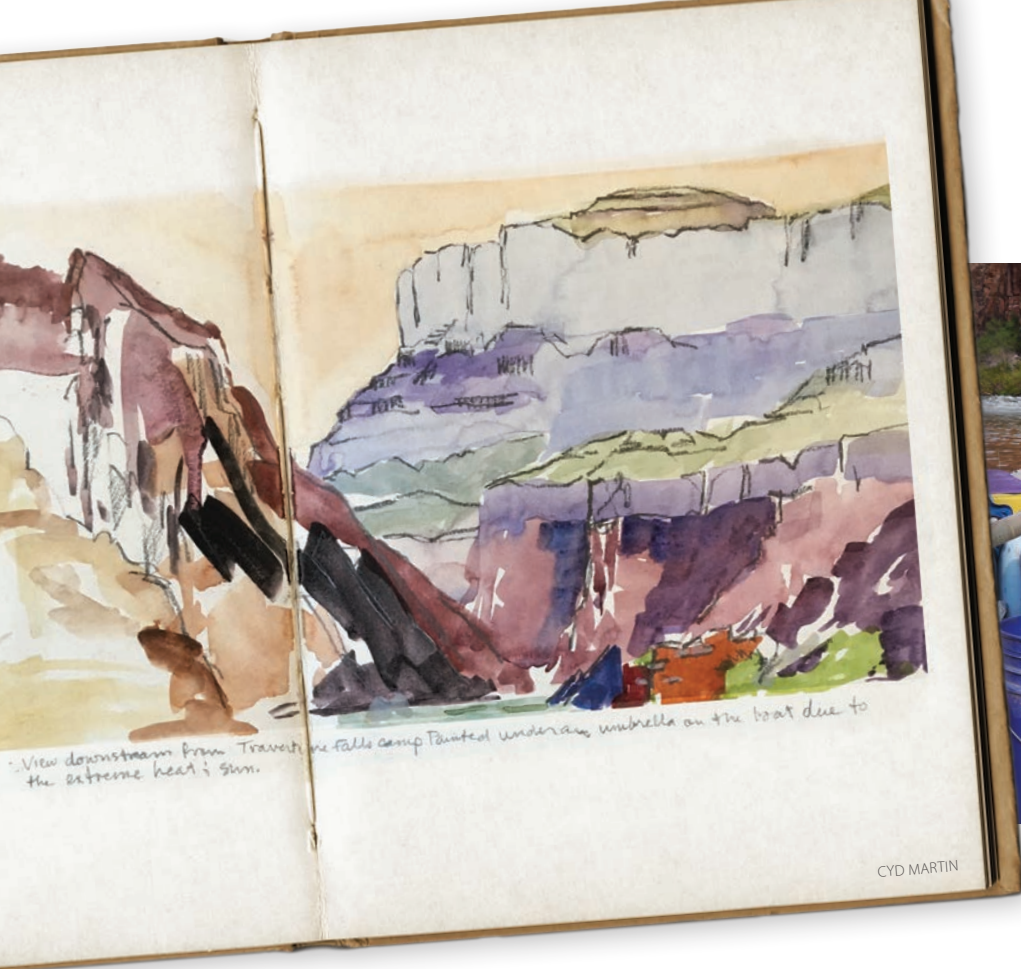
We float down to Fence Fault and climb up the broken limestone ledges to the top of the Redwall, traversing a few miles into Silver Grotto Canyon. It is a lovely basin of polished limestone sculpted into U-shaped declivities hiding pools of water and multitudes of pollywogs and jewel-like red-spotted toads.

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Returning to the boats, we jump in the river to lower our body temperatures. It's good to get off of the river sometimes and walk to measure the canyon and humbly accept your place in it.

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In this era of climate change and water scarcity, it is a particular gift to float by tiny springs dropping into the



river from the base of the Redwall. As these small crystalline springs robed in emerald vegetation fall straight into the river, their splashing is a counterpoint to the cadence of our oars. What will become of these unique systems if climate change continues?

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We camp at Nautiloid, named for cone-shaped relatives of the nautilus that lived hundreds of millions of years ago. Finding their fossils here helps us contemplate geologic time and the diversity of life represented in the canyon.

Marble Canyon

There may be nothing better in this world than getting on the river in the morning in the middle of Marble Canyon. The sun hasn't reached the river yet, but the upper cliffs are lit orange and pink and throw reflections down to the water. Even the few riffles are hushed. We feel we are in an immense cathedral.

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Rowing by the proposed site of the Marble Canyon Dam, through rippling reflections of cliffs and sky, we contemplate all that would have been lost had the dam been built. The entire world along the river would have been wiped out—no wrens, no willows, no rapids, no magical living river. The effort to stop Marble Canyon Dam is one of the

great conservation stories—people taking action and prevailing, in spite of what seemed like insurmountable odds—a good lesson for today.

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We head down to hike Saddle Canyon. The huge boulder that was the gatekeeper to the waterfall—requiring visitors to climb a tricky route around it—was in place as long as we'd run the river. Yet three years ago, a flash flood swept the boulder away. The flood cleared the side canyon's channel and lined its floor with gravel. Now boaters can simply stroll up the canyon to the waterfall. Change in the canyon is ever-present.

The Confluence

We float down to the Little Colorado. It's running pretty muddy, so we run our filter system to fill our water jugs. Though the river in its natural state, before Glen Canyon Dam, was full of sediment, we've gotten used to the clear green water—easy to drink, and to cook and wash with.

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Here at the junction of the Little Colorado and the main Colorado, sacred to the Hopi, Navajo, and other Native peoples, it's hard to imagine what it would look like if the Escalade project to build a tram from rim to river had gone through: serene beauty overwhelmed by the commercial

infrastructure of mass tourism. Grassroots tribal activism helped derail the project, protecting tribal sovereign lands and the national park from inappropriate development.

Granite Gorge

Running Granite Gorge is always a rush—starting with Hance Rapid and its chaos of huge waves and pour-overs, on through Sockdolager and Grapevine, until we float under the Black Bridge to arrive at Phantom Ranch. The trip has gotten into a rhythm, and arriving at the relative civilization of Phantom is a bit of a shock. We try to fill our water jugs at the park service faucet but find that the pipeline that carries water from Roaring Springs to the canyon’s 6 million annual visitors is once again broken. The park’s maintenance backlog is more than \$300 million. Why it is so hard to get Congress to understand the value of parks?

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We troop up to the ranch for ice-cold lemonade and postcards. We can stamp our cards with “mailed at the bottom of Grand Canyon” and drop them in an old leather pannier to be carried out by the mules that haul visitors and supplies in and out.

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After Phantom we continue through the gorge, running Horn Creek with its elegant slick of steep water plunging over the rocks, through Granite Falls’ chaotic mishmash of diagonal waves and Hermit’s gigantic roller coasters. We camp at Crystal.

The Gems

It’s a sparkly bright morning, and busy, starting with a left-hand run through Crystal and on down through the gems—Agate, Sapphire, Turquoise, Ruby, Serpentine. Enormous blocks of pink granite and polished black schist catch the slanting light. The sun is already hot, the river still celadon, even after the rain.

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We run Sapphire, and at this low water level, the hole beside the big hole is huge. It pops under our front left tube, sending a waterfall over the boat and washing Steve into the rapid, pulling the oar out of the oarlock as he goes. He pulls himself back in. We are fine, both soaked and humbled. The guides call out that Steve is the first member of the Canyon Swim Club for the trip—they have all been there. We stay wet, but warmed by adrenaline, as we run the rest of the gems.

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Steve and Cyd running Upset rapid at river mile 150.

DON LEWIS

Dune Camp, on river right below Elves Chasm and above Blacktail Canyon, is a lovely, expansive camp tucked under purple and tan sculpted Tapeats ledges. The sunset illuminates the cliffs so that they appear to glow with an inner light. People play bocce as we cook green-chili pork and cornbread. A small rapid roars downstream, tiny bats flutter overhead, and the evening is alive with laughter, water, and light. It is ridiculously beautiful.

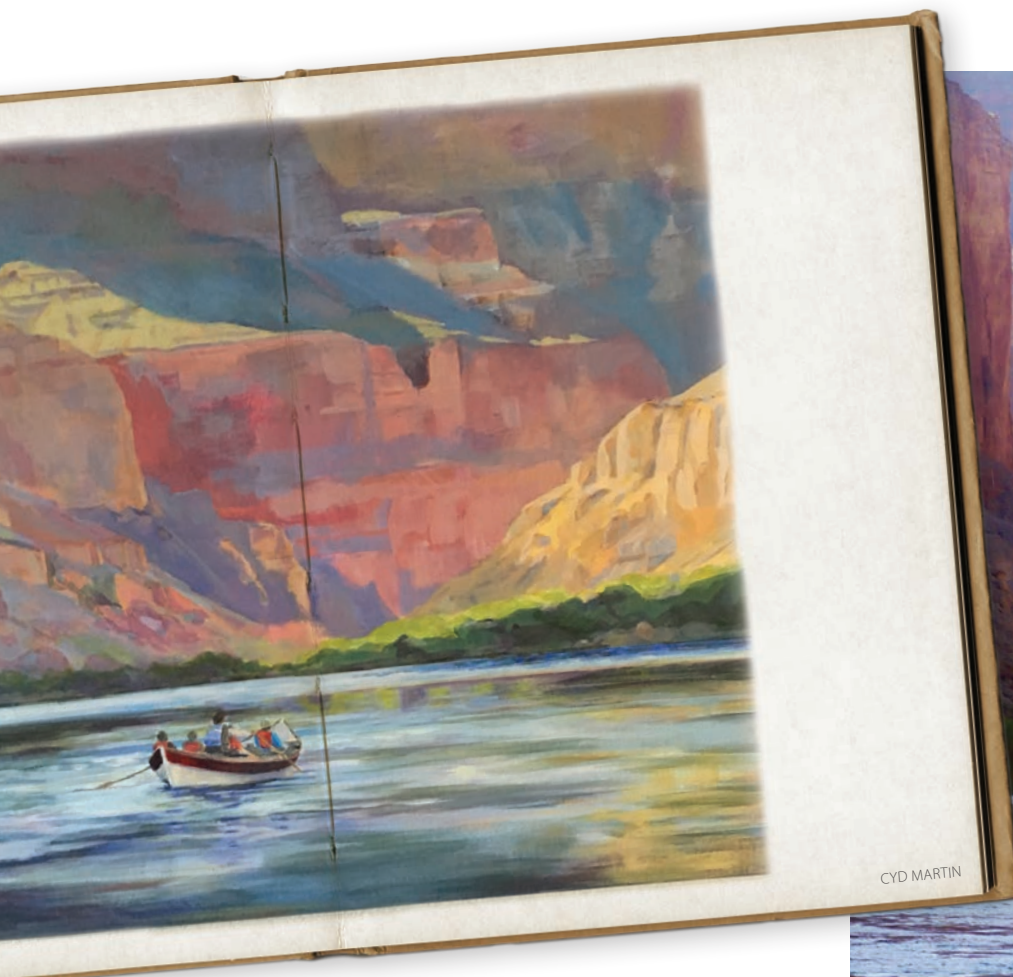
The Great Unconformity

The river gets a bit muddier overnight, going from light green to weak coffee tan. We walk up Blacktail Canyon in the morning, out of the already hot sun and rushing river noise into the cool, still space between Tapeats walls. Blacktail is so narrow and buffered by overhanging ledges that it generates its own quiet, absorbing extraneous sounds and packing them like grains of sand into the sandstone shelves. The Great Unconformity here is 1 billion years of missing rock between the lowest Tapeats beds and the scoured surface of the Precambrian basement

rocks, an eon of sediment gone. We contemplate what this line means; it is not just missing rock but the evolution of life, the passage of time, and the transformation of the Earth. We touch it reverently and then walk back into the sun.

Deer Creek

Our passengers are hiking here from a spot upstream, so we hike back the opposite direction to shuttle the boats. We climb up to the canyon floor above the falls, called the Patio, then head upstream, cutting in and out of small drainages. We pass Puebloan ruins built into a cliff base—our route obviously much-used for centuries, connecting the water-rich drainages of Tapeats and Deer creeks. We see some of the tools of these past residents—an arrowhead, a mano, and a lovely black metate made from the fine-grained diabase sill that forms a distinctive layer in this area. The Grand Canyon is significant to Native Americans, as homeland and sacred landscape. Almost anywhere we travel in the canyon we see the art, artifacts, or structures of prehistoric peoples, signs of thousands of years of continuous Native American presence.



Below Lava

For days above Lava Falls the tension builds, getting to the point where none of the guides will talk about the rapid. We scout it, climbing up the steep trail to gaze at the giant waves that form and crash back on themselves endlessly. We plot what we hope is our route through, confirming again the path of wavy burbles that leads to the ideal entry. Then back to the boats to put on helmets, tighten life jackets, and push out onto the still surface above the rocks that form the rapid. It is the quiet water above a waterfall.

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One by one we drop in, each boat charting its own course through the waves—frontward, backward, sideways—but below, all whoop with excitement and relief at making it through unscathed.

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We camp downstream on the right, especially festive after running the huge rapid. It is hard to describe the euphoria that prevails after running Lava. The glee and merriment last through the night, resurging in the morning with Bram

playing guitar and singing ballads by a breakfast table brimming with hot biscuits and gravy, potato pancakes, bacon, and fruit salad.

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We all know that the rapid will cast its spell on us again soon. Once through, we are already anticipating our next run. Someone says, as we celebrate, “We’re always above Lava.”

Diamond Creek

Floating down toward Diamond Creek, we travel through some of the most beautiful and exotic desert landscapes in the world. Remnants of huge lava flows cascade over the canyon rim. Some dammed the river, but the river prevailed and continued sculpting the canyon. This reminds us that current dams and other human impacts will not last.

Separation Canyon

At Separation Canyon, three members of the Powell Expedition that traversed the canyon 150 years ago walked out, never to be seen again. Powell spent a lifetime thinking about his journey and the arid West, predicting that water would be the ultimate problem.

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At Separation Canyon, we see the accuracy of his prediction. Here climate changes have dried up Lake Mead. Towering silt banks squeeze the river, jungles of tamarisk choke the shore, and the dancing river flattens to a braided backwater full of sandbars.

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This night is our last on the river. In this day and age, 16 days in the wild is significant. People are mesmerized by the last sunset rays sweeping up the walls, boisterously recalling shared adventures, and, of course, hugging. We hope that the experience gained and the lessons learned will stay with us as we reenter the “real” world. ©

Grand Canyon Trust Board Chair Steve Martin is former superintendent of Grand Canyon, Denali, and Grand Teton national parks. Cultural anthropologist and artist Dr. Cyd Martin was Director of Indian Affairs and American Culture for the Intermountain Region of the National Park Service (NPS), and the first female boatperson for the NPS at Grand Canyon National Park.

Read their full account of 16 days on the river and see more of Cyd’s sketches at grandcanyontrust.org/steve-and-cyd



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RICK GOLDWASSER

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SINCE THOSE EARLY DAYS, the Trust has used science, advocacy, and the law to stand up for the Grand Canyon on the ground, in court, and in the halls of Congress, and gratefully earned support from you and others like you across the country. All of us are united in our resolve to keep the canyon grand.

THIS YEAR, 2019, marks the 100-year anniversary of the establishment of Grand Canyon National Park. To commemorate the occasion and ensure that the Trust’s critical work will be sustained into the future, the board of trustees has approved the establishment of a **Grand Canyon Endowment**.

THE GOAL, according to Steve Martin, board chair and former superintendent of Grand Canyon National Park, “is to grow an endowment to generate annual operating revenue necessary to address the most pressing conservation issues of the day. The canyon endures and so must the Trust’s essential work.”

IN RESPONSE to the board’s decision, Ethan Aumack, the Trust’s executive director, remarked, “Our job at the Trust, each and every day, year after year, is to safeguard this remarkable place for future generations. A **Grand Canyon Endowment** will help us do just that.”

OVER THE NEXT FIVE YEARS, we aim to grow the endowment to at least \$5 million. As you contemplate the Grand Canyon’s future, won’t you please consider making a meaningful gift to the **Grand Canyon Endowment** today?

To learn more and contribute, please contact
Libby Ellis at (801) 541-3722 or lellis@grandcanyontrust.org



TIM PETERSON



POSTCARDS from the FIELD



STAFF HEADSHOTS
BY TIM PETERSON

NATIONAL MONUMENTS Canadian mining company backs off

Fans of Bears Ears and Grand Staircase-Escalante national monuments take heart—your voices have been heard!

Faced with slumping financials and public backlash, a Canadian company has scrapped plans to mine copper and cobalt from lands President Trump removed from Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument.

Our new Congress is also hard at work advancing bills to restore both monuments and investigating what led to the largest elimination of public lands protections in American history.

By the time you read this, an oversight hearing probing the president's monuments review and the subsequent reductions will have been held in the House Committee on Natural Resources.

Two bills have been introduced that would restore and expand Bears Ears, one of which would also restore Grand Staircase-Escalante. The bills, the BEARS Act and the ANTIQUITIES Act of 2019, deserve your support—please urge your members of Congress to co-sponsor these important pieces of legislation.

Tim D. Peterson

Tim Peterson
Cultural Landscapes Program Director

VOLUNTEER POWER Bringing willows back to Rosilda Spring

Drills buzzed and rebar clacked at Rosilda Spring, on the Kaibab National Forest. Before my eyes, volunteers from Friends of Northern Arizona Forests, veteran fence-builders, sank T-posts into the ground, evenly spaced around the perimeter, then quickly unrolled wire mesh fabric and secured it with corner brackets. The final touch? A beautiful painted-wood sign.

The next morning, graduate students from Northern Arizona University arrived, and together with TerraBIRDS, a nonprofit dedicated to empowering youth through gardening, planted 50 native willows within the area now protected by the fence. The fence doesn't block all water access but will keep the hungry mouths of sheep and cattle away from the green, leafy willows that only thrive close to water. Springs are small but critical water sources, and we look forward to watching the willows grow and seeing the variety of native wildlife that will come back to use this spring.

Lisa Winters

Lisa Winters
Research and Stewardship Volunteer
Coordinator



U.S. FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE



JAKE HOYUNGOWA

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If you have named the Grand Canyon Trust in your will or estate plan, please let us know. We'd like to honor you as a member of the Legacy Circle.

For more information, contact Libby Ellis at lellis@grandcanyontrust.org

UTAH FORESTS

Pinyon pine and pinyon jay

The Colorado Plateau's pinyon-juniper woodlands are home to a fascinating story of evolutionary cooperation between the pinyon pine and its resident jay. Pinyon jays rely on nutrient-dense pinyon pine seeds for food, caching them in the ground for later. Buried seeds, if forgotten, can germinate as new pinyon pine. This relationship of mutual dependence took ages to evolve. Yet an estimated 85 percent of pinyon jays have vanished since 1970, and pinyon pines are especially susceptible to droughts associated with climate change.

Researchers believe a major reason for pinyon jay decline is the widespread destruction of pinyon-juniper forests, often to increase forage for livestock. The Bureau of Land Management recently proposed tearing pinyon-juniper out of 120,000 acres in Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument alone. The Grand Canyon Trust is working to ensure that the long lines of evolutionary history in pinyon-juniper forests remain intact in southern Utah and advocating for pinyon jays and pinyon pine in a changing climate. The pine and jay need each other, and they both need our help.

Mike Popejoy
Research Associate

YOUTH LEADERSHIP

New mural calls for water justice

In early September, 10 high school students journeyed to Kane Ranch, a remote homestead overlooking the Vermilion Cliffs, where they spent five days listening, telling stories, connecting with the land, and crafting one of Flagstaff's boldest pieces of public art.

After returning home, these students joined hands with their peers and local artists to tell their story through a mural that calls for water justice on the Colorado Plateau. Their piece, titled "Water is Life," honors traditional ways of using and living on the land. It also illuminates the threats posed by extractive industry, colonialism, and greed, encourages resistance, resilience, community, and hope, and calls for bold action to solve our region's water crisis.

"We are your next politicians, public speakers, and activists," one student called out to a large crowd that gathered to learn about the mural at its public unveiling. "You have a future generation to believe in. I know I do."

Maria Archibald
Youth Leadership Program Manager

REIMAGINING

THE NEXT **100** YEARS OF GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK



TIM PETERSON

In 2019 the National Park Service is celebrating the centennial of Grand Canyon National Park. For the majority of people, this 100th anniversary may not mean much. But for those of us who have a deep love and affection for the Grand Canyon, this moment matters.

As a Navajo woman working on the Colorado Plateau for almost 15 years, my work has been fueled by love and passion for my land and people. My primary focus has been on partnering with tribal communities and governments to initiate large-scale land-protection initiatives, as well as driving culturally compatible economic initiatives in the region. For me, the Grand Canyon is a source of strength, as it holds the stories of our people and will carry these stories into the future.

Hearing about each tribe's unique connection to the land and the Grand Canyon is one of my favorite aspects of the work I do. For example, traditional Hopi people believe they emerged into the world from the Sipapu, located deep in the Grand Canyon. They still make pilgrimages to its location to offer prayers and place prayer feathers. Traditional Southern Paiute people believe they will return to the Grand Canyon after they pass, just as some people believe they will go to heaven. The Zuni people believe they emerged from the womb of Mother Earth through Ribbon Falls. For every tribe, there is a rich and elaborate history that has

bonded them to the Grand Canyon since ancient times.

Before the Grand Canyon was bestowed to Americans as public land and designated as a national park, its original stewards were the regional tribes.

These tribes include the Havasupai, Hopi, Hualapai, Diné (Navajo), Kaibab Band of Paiute Indians, Paiute Indian Tribe of Utah (representing the Shivwits Paiute), Las Vegas Paiute, Moapa Band of Paiute Indians, San Juan Southern Paiute, Yavapai-Apache (representing the White Mountain, San Carlos, Yavapai, and Tonto nations), and the Pueblo of Zuni.

These tribes lived on and roamed the land, and when outsiders like John Wesley Powell explored and navigated the area, the tribes were relied on for help and guidance. Today, people still learn about the region and the canyon from Native tribes. That's why tribes will continue to be critical to the stewardship and protection of the Grand Canyon.

Right now, key tribal individuals and community members are working closely with the National Park Service to create a joint vision for the park's next 100 years, which will largely be



ERIN WHITTAKER, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

focused on stewardship, economics, and storytelling.

Tribes' traditional values are steeped in stewardship, and, because of this, many have been entangled in decades-long legal battles and grassroots campaigns to prevent uranium-mining contamination, exploitation, water shortages, overgrazing, and resource extraction, both in and around the canyon.

Tribes and tribal leaders are often spearheading these efforts against powerful interest groups and people with deep pockets. Looking ahead, it will be important for the park service to develop intergovernmental agreements that enable it to work alongside tribes to better manage and fight key threats.

In the future, we must also ensure that tribal people are able to participate in the robust economy created by the canyon.

In 2017, Grand Canyon National Park hit 6 million visitors for the first time. Additionally, a 2017 park service report showed that people spent \$667 million in communities near the park. Yet, because it has been virtually impossible for tribes and tribal people to partner with the park service, they

have largely been unable to directly benefit from park traffic.

Moving forward, it will be important for the park service to adopt strong policies of equity and inclusion that will allow for a more diverse group of people to participate in the local economy. For example, in the coming years, I'd love to see a guiding company owned and operated by tribal people lead expeditions into the canyon. I'd love to see restaurants and tour companies owned by tribal people feed the busloads of people who come to experience the Grand Canyon each year. I'd love to see tribal people taking lead positions within the National Park Service. But first, the opportunity and space must be created by the agency to allow for this. As tribal people, we want to remain in our homelands, and we can only do this if we can actively participate in the economic benefits of the park.

Lastly, we need to tell a different story about Grand Canyon National Park. It is only through sharing stories that we build understanding and learn from each other. The forced removal of tribes from the Grand Canyon is a story that must continue to be

shared, and it's a story that remains largely untold by the park service. This is the starting point for creating a strong partnership and shared economic vision for the next 100 years of the park.

I feel inspired when I think about the future of Grand Canyon National Park. Over the years, I've been lucky to hear impassioned stories from river runners, tribal elders, and park service staff about the canyon and the land. Sometimes these stories are funny, sometimes sad, and other times upsetting. But the common thread between these stories is that they are fueled by a deep love for the Grand Canyon. It's this love for the canyon that's going to allow this national treasure to thrive. It's the love for the canyon that will guide us in the years to come. @

Natasha K. Hale is Navajo and Saudi Arabian, and was raised in the community of Twin Lakes, New Mexico on the eastern side of the Navajo Nation. Until 2018, she directed the Grand Canyon Trust's Native American Business Incubator Network. This story originally appeared on the OARS blog at www.oars.com.



TROUBLED TRAILS

By Ellen Heyn



Bright Angel Toll Road. NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

WE ALL GO TO THE GRAND CANYON in search of something—beauty, solitude, a check off our bucket list. Rafters see the canyon as the ultimate river trip, a chance to dance with whitewater. It's a racetrack for ultrarunners chasing rim-to-rim-to-rim records, and it's the backdrop of casual park-goers in pursuit of the perfect selfie. Gazing into the Grand Canyon is a bit like looking into a mirror—its terraced cliffs reflecting our personal dreams and aspirations.

But where most people see inherent values of preservation and collective good glinting off the canyon walls, others see opportunity. For in its wrinkled shadows hide darker desires—fame and profit.

The canyon has seen its fair share of crazy schemes throughout the years, from Charles H. Spencer's failed gold-mining attempt at Lees Ferry, to Robert Brewster Stanton's dream of building a rail line at river level. The harsh realities of doing business in the Grand Canyon quashed the worst ideas, but that didn't stop early profiteers from making a buck off the canyon.

Grand Canyon National Park's history is as layered with complexities as the mile-deep geologic wonder itself. Footprints of Indigenous people, developers, mules, and park visitors are compacted into the canyon's tread.

Explore these storied routes and you find cautionary relics—rusty tin cans, cracked cement foundations, and abandoned mining tools scattered throughout the canyon—reminders that everyone has a stake in protecting the canyon for generations to come.

This centennial, join us on the trail as we recognize the past and step forward into the next century of Grand Canyon National Park.

RALPH CAMERON AND THE BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

Today, more than 6 million tourists visit Grand Canyon National Park in a year, and where do the bulk of them end up? The ice cream shop and the first 300 yards of Bright Angel Trail (purely a guess). Most park visitors who dip below the rim shuffle down a switchback or two then return (to get the ice cream). Hikers who continue deeper into the canyon hit rest houses, water spigots, restrooms, and eventually Indian Garden, a shady respite 4.5 miles down the trail and 3,000 feet below the rim. Farther still, is the mighty Colorado River.

Bright Angel Trail is the most popular rim-to-river route, but gear-clad hikers are only recent arrivals to the Grand Canyon. Humans have occupied the canyon for centuries, and the Havasupai people were living and farming in the Bright Angel tributary when Anglos arrived in the late 1800s.

Ralph Cameron and his mining partners were among the first opportunists to set up camp on the South Rim, originally scouting for mining claims. But Cameron quickly realized

Protecting the Grand Canyon is easier than you think

when you make a gift of stock or mutual funds to the Grand Canyon Trust.

Donating appreciated stock or mutual funds can provide you with significant tax benefits while having an immediate impact on the places you love.

Contact Libby Ellis at
lellis@grandcanyontrust.org

The Grand Canyon Trust cannot offer tax or legal advice. Please consult with your qualified financial advisor about your situation before making a gift.

BACKPACK THE TONTO TRAIL



Escape the South Rim hubbub and spend your days contouring along the Tonto Trail instead. Just be sure to save enough energy to huff it back up to the rim. Oh, and don't drink the water in Horn Creek. It's radioactive.

DISTANCE: 25-mile loop via the Bright Angel, Tonto, and Hermit trails

NUMBER OF DAYS: 4

RESTRICTIONS: This route requires a backcountry permit (suggested campsites include BL4, BL7, and BM7).

More information at grandcanyontrust.org/hikes/tonto-trail-bright-angel-hermit

tourist lodges, not ore, held the wealth he was seeking. He widened the natural route along Bright Angel Fault that Indigenous people had long used, charging \$1 for passage, and built tourist camps at Indian Garden and on the rim. Though his toll-road registration expired in 1906, Cameron ignored the park's trespassing charge and refused to leave. He went to great lengths to keep the route his own, using his newly acquired Senate seat to retaliate against the park service and cut its operating funds. The park service finally gained control of the Bright Angel Trail in 1928, after which it forced the last Havasupai out of the



newly appropriated Indian Garden. And today the Bright Angel Trail is the launching point for many a Grand Canyon adventure.

ORPHAN MINE AND THE TONTO TRAIL

Haul yourself and your gear through the Grand Canyon on a backpacking trip, and you become intensely aware: water is life. Sure it's a common adage in the Southwest, but it's true, down to the last drop.

The Tonto Trail is one of the few in the canyon that snakes in and out of drainages rather than plunging thousands of feet to the Colorado

River. Perched 1,300 feet above the main waterway, suspended between river and rim, springs along the Tonto Trail are liquid gold.

One drainage downstream of Bright Angel Creek is Horn Creek. At the turn of the century, prospector Dan Hogan laid claim to a copper mine near what's known today as Maricopa Point. Hogan, like Cameron, quickly discovered that tourism proved more profitable than mining and built a trading post, cabins, and a saloon on the South Rim. But when new ownership discovered it was sitting on some of the richest uranium deposits in the Southwest, it dusted



DAY HIKE THE BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL



ED MOSS

Nothing puts the size of the Grand Canyon into better perspective than a jaunt below the rim. You might have trouble walking after your hike, but the soreness will fade. Memories though—those last a lifetime.

DISTANCE: 9 miles (roundtrip) to Indian Garden

HOURS: 6

RESTRICTIONS: None, but know before you go: Hiking in the canyon is unforgiving. Bring more food and water than you think you'll need.

More information at grandcanyontrust.org/hikes/bright-angel-trail

off the mining equipment. By the late 1950s, Orphan Mine was producing 9,000 tons of ore a month. But where the uranium deposits extended onto National Park Service land, an invisible boundary stood between the mining company and even greater riches.

The mine owners essentially blackmailed Congress, threatening that, if they weren't allowed to follow the ore, they would build an 18-story hotel cascading into the canyon instead. Congress granted them permission to expand operations. When Orphan Mine closed in 1969, it had produced 800,000 tons of ore, 60 percent of which came from inside park boundaries.

Meanwhile, radiation had leached into Horn Creek and contaminated its waters. The company predictably declared bankruptcy and left the government to foot the bill. Today, the park service warns hikers: "There is water in the bed of Horn Creek about half the time, but unfortunately it is radioactive so don't drink it unless death by thirst is the only other option."

The toxic legacy at Horn Creek is permanent, but the future contamination of these precious lifelines is preventable. One of the biggest conservation wins in the last century was the 20-year ban on new uranium

claims—but it's temporary, set to expire in 2032 if political whim doesn't blow it away sooner. Now we have the opportunity, with the Grand Canyon Centennial Protection Act, to put our best foot forward and make the ban permanent.

We can't right all the wrongs of the past century, but we can read the lessons left behind on the canyon walls. May we tread more lightly into the second century of Grand Canyon National Park. ©

Ellen Heyn is the Grand Canyon Trust's communications manager and writes for the Colorado Plateau Explorer.

BE THE CHANGE

Building a new economy on tribal lands

By Heather Fleming



RAYMOND CHEE

IF YOU'VE EVER DRIVEN THROUGH the Navajo and Hopi nations, you've seen fast-food joints, gas stations, maybe a few motels. What you don't see from the road are the hundreds of small local businesses—from cafés to barbershops—that we need to create lasting jobs and opportunities for our people.

But just because you can't see small business owners doesn't mean they aren't there. Although they might not have a shingle or a storefront, our communities are full of creative, hardworking entrepreneurs. Take fashion designer Marisa Mike, who integrates traditional woven Navajo textiles into high-end evening wear, or chef Carlos Deal, whose food truck in Tuba City draws crowds craving his sushi and stir-fries. From cutting hair

to chopping firewood to designing websites, almost everyone on the reservation does something to put food on the table.

If you've ever started a business, you know it means late nights and early mornings, and though most startups fail, there's nothing more satisfying than beating the odds and seeing your idea take flight. I started my career in Silicon Valley, and though that was tough, I can honestly say I don't think there's a harder place to start a business than on the Navajo Nation.

Of course, there's a reason for that. Early tribal economic-development models weren't set up to help small businesses flourish. Instead, they were designed to make it easy for corporations to extract natural resources, like coal, from tribal lands. Tribal

governments made agreements with multinational companies in hopes of bringing jobs and economic opportunity to their communities. And those activities have brought jobs and revenue to the tribes, but they've also caused harm to cultural and traditional practices, and damaged our air, water, and land. And, when those natural-resource jobs go away, we don't have a strong corps of other employers ready to help us absorb the blow.

To build a strong small-business sector, you need infrastructure—not just buildings, but electricity, internet, and running water, all things that can be hard to come by on the reservation. Navigating the steps to obtain land to run your business on the Navajo Nation can become a full-time job. Add to that a history of exclusion and the absence of mentors to turn to when you need help, and getting a business off the ground starts to feel almost impossible. But small businesses drive healthy economies. If our people want to succeed, we need to grow hundreds of them.

In response to this need, the Grand Canyon Trust established a virtual business incubator—called the Native American Business Incubator Network—to support Native entrepreneurs based in and around the Colorado Plateau. For years, the incubator team coached Native-owned small businesses, helping them navigate regulations, permits, and financing options, and create a network to support and uplift one another.

By 2017, the Trust's virtual incubator was providing trainings to over 40 businesses, had helped seven new companies get off the ground, and had an additional 17 Native companies in incubation.

Along the way, the incubator formed alliances with organizations and individuals developing novel programs

of their own, including the organizers of the Navajo Nation's first chamber of commerce. In 2014, the incubator partnered with my organization—Catapult Design—to host what we billed as the Navajo Nation's first entrepreneurship and innovation event—a daylong conference filled with hands-on workshops and one-on-one mentoring sessions to help kickstart business ideas. We weren't sure if anyone would come. We called the event "Change Labs," and we were floored when it sold out. The Shiprock Dine' College library auditorium was filled with Native people of all ages hungry for change in their communities and seeking peers and guidance to help make their business dreams a reality.

Catapult Design and the Grand Canyon Trust have co-hosted Change Labs every year since, using the annual event as an opportunity to listen to Native entrepreneurs describe the challenges they confront every day. Most communities on the reservation don't have internet access, making it difficult to start and run a business in this digital age. Many homes on the reservation don't have physical addresses, making it hard to apply for a tax identification number. Together, we mapped the challenges Native entrepreneurs face, revealing an ecosystem of hurdles unique to tribal lands. Once we saw it laid out visually, it was crystal clear where the virtual incubator and our Change Labs events were falling short. We needed a stable physical location where business owners could access the tools and the resources they needed. To make the change we wanted to see required a significant shift.

So, in 2019, the Trust and Catapult Design took the first steps to spin out Change Labs into its own Native-led and Native-controlled organization

with a mission to empower Native American families to define and expand their own livelihoods. Change Labs will be the Navajo Nation's first center for coworking and business incubation, providing the necessary workspace, tools, resources, know-how, and financing mechanisms that cater to the unique needs of Native entrepreneurs.

Our 4,000-square-foot brick-and-mortar location in Tuba City will provide all the necessary business building blocks, such as desk space, internet and software access, on-site business counseling, and classes in website design and financial planning. Change Labs will work with the Navajo and Hopi nations to increase the number of successful small businesses operating on their lands.

"Projects like Change Labs are an important part of the long-term solution to building our economy," Navajo Nation President Jonathan Nez said recently. "The hundreds of small businesses that Change Labs will serve are key to our nation's long-term job growth and prosperity."

Creating opportunities for local job creation is a sincere path to increasing household incomes, improving health outcomes for families and children on tribal lands, and reducing reliance on destructive industries like mining and industrial tourism. In short, Change Labs provides a rare opportunity to improve and provide sustainable economic solutions in one of the most remarkable landscapes in the United States.

I hope you'll visit nativestartup.org to learn more and find out how you can be part of the change. ©

Born for the Bitahnii clan, Heather Fleming is the founder and former CEO of engineering and design firm Catapult Design. She now serves as the executive director of Change Labs.

Change Labs will be the Navajo Nation's first center for coworking and business incubation, providing the necessary workspace, tools, resources, know-how, and financing mechanisms that cater to the unique needs of Native entrepreneurs.



JAKE HOYUNGOWA

Hopi cycling instructor Samuel Shingoitewa helps others meet their fitness goals with his mobile fitness equipment repair and maintenance business, Sunbear Fitness and Repair Services.



JAKE HOYUNGOWA

Marisa Mike of Marisa Mike Designs has created a buzz on fashion-show runways in Arizona with her evening wear, which incorporates authentic woven Navajo textiles.

The Condor

How the Grand Canyon got its stripes.

The stories and histories of the Grand Canyon, as lived and told by Native people, are vital to understanding this sacred place. Last fall, at the start of storytelling season, medicine man and wisdomkeeper James Uqualla took a few minutes to share a little-known story of one of the Grand Canyon's most majestic winged inhabitants.

Where are you from?

I'm a member of the Havasupai Tribe, from the bottom of the Grand Canyon. The Grand Canyon is considered one of the "master altars" throughout the area.

What is a story that most people don't know about the Grand Canyon or Havasupai history?

Storytelling is the way in which our people shared the traditions. Our traditions are oral. We are now entering into the storytelling season, so this a time where we get a chance to share information of what our ancestors have gone through.

The Grand Canyon—not many people are aware that within this master altar, one of the most



beautiful, prolific, winged ones lived. And that winged one today we know as a condor.

The story is that the condor landed at the bottom, allowed for the people to get upon its back, and it flew up. The condor flies counterclockwise, and each time it circles it goes higher and higher. Once out of the canyon, it allowed for the people that were on its back to get off. Landing in the east some got off, landing in the south some got off, west, north, again, others got off. And that, then, began the peoples going out into the various cardinal directions.

What people don't realize is the striations in the Grand Canyon were all the marks from the tips of the condor's wing as it flew around and around, higher and higher.

As a master altar, the Grand Canyon allows for the beginning of life for all that is around. The Havasupai people are a people that have been birthed to be guardians, watchers, sentinels of this master altar. I say this with great humility. We must remember, though the cardinal directions are separate, they all meet on Mother Earth. The children of Mother Earth, all the two-leggeds, regardless of color—red, yellow, black, white—they are meant to be in unity, as a unified force. They allow for the survival of all that is two-legged, as well as the continued life of all that is our relationships with Mother Earth. ©

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Hear James Uqualla tell the story of the condor at grandcanyontrust.org/uqualla

Members Make Our Work Possible

MARY KAY CRITTENDEN

From: Coalville, UT

Member since: 2008

The Grand Canyon is a special place for me. My family lived at the canyon from 1976 to 1981 while my dad worked for the park service. I spent time hiking in and out of the canyon with my friends and rafting the river with my dad, and I remember feeling so connected to its beauty. My husband and I got married at Shoshone Point, and we have taught our two sons about the love of parks. I'm grateful for the National Park Service. I can't imagine where we'd be without some space saved for peace.

WHY I GIVE TO THE TRUST

I feel strongly about supporting the Trust. It's frightening what can happen to these rare landscapes. Once you lose it, you can never get it back. Living at the Grand Canyon instilled that feeling at a young age. These places are impactful.



STEPHEN TRIMBLE

Give Back to the Grand Canyon This Centennial Year.

The Grand Canyon Trust was born out of love for the Grand Canyon. Since 1985, members like you have invested your hearts and dollars with the Trust to help safeguard it. Consider making a gift today to commemorate the canyon and achieve enduring protections for the next 100 years and beyond. **Donate now at grandcanyontrust.org/donate**