



PIONEERS SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Volume 5, Number 1

January 1994

YOUR FIRST CHALLENGE IN 1994 AS A BONA FIDE PIONEER

We have a real challenge tossed at us by the management of Verde River Excursion Train. They must have reservations for the February 19 train ride by December 31, 1993. (This is usually 60-day advance notice.)

Here are the details: Regular fare is \$31 (usually \$40), seniors 65 years and over, \$28. WE MUST HAVE 20 OR MORE PEOPLE FOR THIS RATE. Reservations due NOW with 50% advance fee shortly thereafter, balance in February. Train departure time from Clarksdale 1 PM, return to same point by 5 PM. If we have several in the party we may be able to get a special treat. (Can't tell you yet!) Al says be sure to tell you that this is the best time in the year for viewing the eagles.

NOW FOR THE CHALLENGE --- Rate yourself by the early pioneer standards. How fast can you make up your mind - and reply? Here's a suggestion - Picture yourself in a wagon train 100 years ago. You see coming over the rise a bunch of wild, whooping Indians, definitely unfriendly. Got it?

Please contact Al Richmond by phone 602-779-0640. Leave a message. Or write Al Richmond, 3529 W. Lois Lane, Flagstaff, AZ 86001. DO IT NOW.

Pot Luck, Talk & Slide Show at the Schick's on January 15

Jeanne and Fred Schick have invited the Pioneers to their home in Oak Creek Village outside Sedona for a pot luck luncheon meeting at 1 PM Saturday, January 15. Each member should furnish a food item to share.

After we have lunch we will be treated to a talk and slide show by Mike Anderson, recipient of our first scholarship fund. Mike generously offered to present the human history of the Thunder River Trail which he produced from the use of the \$250 fund, and which research resulted in the nomination of the trail to the National Register of Historic Places.

The best way to get to the Schick home is from Interstate 17. Exit at State Route 179 marked Sedona, (Exit 298) go about seven miles to the center of Village of Oak Creek. There is a stop light with Bank One on left corner. Turn left onto the Verde Valley School Road; proceed about one mile to Moon's View Street, turn right, go to Miner Circle; turn right and their house is #30, the only house on the right side of street.

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1994 Grand Canyon Pioneers Meetings

As best we are able to foresee, our meetings and excursions for 1994 will be as follows:

January 15 - Pot Luck meeting at the home of Jeanne & Fred Schick in Sedona. Talk and slide show by Mike Anderson. See elsewhere in this issue for further details.

February 19 - Verde Valley Train trip from Clarksdale to Perkinsville. Tickets must be bought in advance. Al Richmond in charge.

March 19 - Inside the Special Collections Cline Library, NAU in the morning. Lunch at Furr's Cafeteria.

April 23 - Tour Kolb Studio at Grand Canyon to view showing of 100 prizewinning paintings of National Parks.

May 14 - Picnic lunch tour of Moenave conducted by David Barrow.

June 11 - Picnic lunch and cookout at Shoshone Point, Grand Canyon.

July 16 - Overnight campout at Young, AZ. for annual Pleasant Valley Days to include tour of museums, houses, rodeo, and dance.

August 13 - Picnic lunch at Rowe Well. Visit to site of Grandview and Hance Hotels. Dedication of plaques on chairs and clock made by Ed Cummings, located at Watchtower.

September 10 - Winslow with lunch at Falcon Restaurant. Visit to Old Trails Museum and La Posado conducted by Janice Griffith.

October 15 - Annual meeting. Time and place not yet determined.

November - Open to suggestions.

December - No meeting due to holidays.

F r o m t h e P r e s i d e n t

by Marie Maiorana

I wish everyone a healthy, happy and prosperous new year. Isn't it great to begin a new year? Even if it's just **one** calendar day removed from the old year, it's a new beginning, even if only in our minds. New beginnings are great; they're fresh; they're another chance, a clean slate.

I wish you **many** new beginnings!

A Gift of Value

At the annual meeting of the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society, October 30, our guest speaker, **Pam Frazier**, from the Grand Canyon Natural History Association, presented the society with the *Bibliography of The Grand Canyon and the Lower Colorado River*. This book contains the names of authors and titles of every article and book written about the Colorado River and its canyon, whether it is history, geology, geography, biology, or archeology and will be an important and helpful aid to any member interested in research. The work compiled by Earle E. Spamer, with a forward by Louise M. Hinchcliffe was originally published by the GCNHA as a monograph in 1990 and has been recently updated to contain articles and books published up until 1993.

While the volume is not one you would want to sit down and read from cover to cover it does hold a fascination. It is like eating peanuts, once you begin looking through it you can't resist reading one entry after another creating a feeling of wonder about the tremendous amount of written material that exists about the Canyon and the amount of research that has gone into the preparation of the *Bibliography* quickly overwhelms you.

Spamer's bibliography is available to the members of the Society at any time for research by contacting the secretary, Sibyl Suran, the editor of the Newsletter, Bill Suran, or Al Richmond. It will be available at all meetings of the Society (outdoor outings not included).

Our thanks to The Grand Canyon Natural History Association for this useful and wonderful gift.

THEY'VE GOT A TIGER BY THE TAIL

by Bill Suran

Those of us who visit Grand Canyon regularly realize something needs to be done about the traffic congestion. The problem lies from Mather Point west to the Village. Visitors from large metropolitan areas may not seem to notice the mass of people crowding to get a view of the famous work of nature at Mather, or Yavapai Points. Perhaps they are accustomed to pushing and shoving their way and do not object to driving a considerable distance to find a place to park. They may complain about waiting an indeterminate length of time to eat at El Tovar or Bright Angel restaurants, but we know this is not the way of life at Grand Canyon.

The grandeur, the feeling of peace and solitude, that warm comfortable feeling down inside you is destroyed by the smell of exhaust fumes and the sound of running motors and generators. It is not the impression strangers should have when they leave the National Park. But what can be done to correct the problem? It is unfair to tell those who have traveled halfway around the world they cannot go through the gates. Nor is it fair to make them park ten miles outside and wait for slow-moving electric buses or an expensive train that would consume much of their time.

At the beginning the Park founders could not envision five million people passing through the gates to visit Grand Canyon, thus the centerpiece, situated around the hotels and railway station that make up Grand Canyon Village, was designed to handle perhaps only a few thousand visitors. To be

blunt, Grand Canyon National Park has outgrown its britches.

The Park Service is not unaware of this condition and is working to rectify the situation by studying the best way that will work and be acceptable. Their plan, entitled the *General Management Plan* was presented to the public late in October and early November last year. There are four alternatives from which to choose, that can be altered and changed in any way that will best suit the needs of the public. Briefly these are as follows:

Alternative 1 would continue the present course of action but allow some necessary changes in traffic patterns to protect park resources. In other words do nothing.

Alternate 2 would minimize development in the park and prohibit cars on the south and east rims. Under this plan a new entrance station would be constructed at Grandview and visitors would park their cars at Tusayan, Grandview and Desert View transit centers and take a bus or a train into the park. State highway 64 would be closed and rerouted on forest roads 302/307 to connect with US 64 outside the East entrance.

Alternative 3 would seek a compromise between resource management and visitor convenience. Visitors would drive to the main orientation center near Mather Point where parking would be provided. Private vehicles would be restricted in the village and on the West Rim Drive. The East Rim Drive would be closed to traffic at Mather Point once existing parking at the overlooks neared capacity, but access from Desert View to the west would not be

limited. Shuttle buses would distribute visitors around the designated closed areas.

Alternative 4 would allow visitors to drive to the Mather Point staging area. The village and the West Rim Drive would be restricted as in Alternative 3. A secondary orientation center would be provided at Desert View and a small park entry station constructed at Grandview. The use of cars on the east rim would be limited and parking provided as needed.

The four alternatives would also change the patterns of visitation at the North Rim, Tuweep, and the Corridor Trails, none of which are mentioned here, but included in the management plan. The public meetings in Kanab, Utah, Tusayan, Flagstaff and Phoenix, Arizona opened discussions on what people who attended thought. They made many suggestions--some practical, some bizarre.

The National Park Service is to be commended for their work. Taking the information received at the public meetings, the Park Service will draft a plan to fit the times and will submit it to the public a year from now. They have not solved the problem yet, but the plan is moving forward. It will take time and money to work out whatever they come up with. It is no simple task for with a situation such as this they've certainly got a tiger by the tail.

What's in a Ditty Bag?

It was an interesting experience when Sibyl & Bill Suran, Mary Ellen Hamilton, Fred Schick, Carol Furey-Werhan, Ron Werhan, David Barrow, Harry & Ethel Cole and Ruth & Edwin Druding encountered Private Duke at Fort Verde State Park at Camp Verde, Arizona on Saturday afternoon November 20th. We toured first the administration building and then stepped back a hundred years in time in front of the old Commanding officers quarters. . . .



Private Duke (Ernie Cummings) removed his blanket from over his shoulder and threw it on the ground. The U.S. Army issued a foot soldier only one blanket. The government figured he didn't need but one for two reasons, one-

it was hot in Arizona, and two-he always had someone to sleep in the same bunk with him. "Yes sir," he said, "us enlisted men sleep over yonder in the barracks where we have bunk beds with two men to a bunk. That way we get to share our body heat and all other communicable things."

He leaned against his rifle with his arms folded. "Things are pretty tough on enlisted men. We get one uniform from the government when we enlist and wear it until it falls apart. Been wearin' this same one now fur two years. It gets pretty warm here in the summer time 'cause it's all wool and 'sides that we have to wear wool underdrawers too. When we're out in the desert scouting for them blame Apaches in this summer heat we sometimes get to smellin' pretty bad. But the government, they thought of

everthin'." Duke pulled open his ditty bag that he wore on a strap slung around his waist and pulled out a bar of lye soap. "We're supposed to use this here soap to take a bath with oncet a week. I generally go down to the Verde River over there and do that little job. The rules say the soap is for taking a bath but it doesn't say we have to use it. My wife who does all the laundry for everybody keeps the clothes pretty clean.

"Most of the enlisted men here at the fort are single men, I got my self hitched a couple of years ago. Her first husband was kilt one day by an Injun. We took him over to the buryin' ground jest over there beyond the hill and on the way



Ernie Cummings as Pvt. Duke.

back from the cemetery she had three proposals. It's the rule that to stay here she had to remarry in thirty days. I guess I was just lucky-

-maybe." He unhooked his tin cup from his belt, wiped the dust out of it and poured some water from his canteen in it and drank. "We got this canteen here-it holds a quart and that there is all the water we get for a day when we go out scouting, that is unless we come across a spring or stream. We learn to go pretty easy on it. When

we git a chanct we build us a little fire and make us some tea." Duke rummaged through his ditty bag and pulled out a small square block that looked like a hunk of chewing tobacco but was tea. "The Chinese discovered they could ship more of this stuff if they compressed it into blocks 'stead of sending it loose. We shave a few slivers off into a cup of hot water and stir it around a bit and we have tea. The quartermaster issues up a smidgen of coffee too." Finding a small bag tied with a string he displayed it. "Usually have it fer breakfast. 'Course eatin' around here is not like most folks would call the best. We git issued a square of hard tack," he said as he took it from the bag and beat it against the side of his cup where it

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Dee Adams, the Dr.'s wife.

...continued from page 4.

made a dull thudding sound. It never phased the morsel but come nearer denting the cup. "This we soak in a little water and then we can chew it. If you soak it longer



Members of the GCPS listen to Pvt. Duke's story.

you can eat it with a spoon. We al'ays git a ration of salt pork too. Hard to tell how long this has been in the quartermasters place. It's al'w'y covered with weevils and has maggots in it. We brush the weevils off, but eat the maggots 'cause they ain't got no taste and gives us a little fresh meat.

"When I'm out scoutin' I usually have a chew of 'backy. Don't like to strike a Lucifer-- gives the Apaches a chance to spot ya. Do like to have a smoke though here at the fort. Made this here pipe myself. Sawed about an inch of the doc's chair leg one day when he was gone, hollered it out--made a durn good pipe. We get a twist of tabacky rationed to us."

Private Duke rummaged around in his ditty bag for a few minutes and came up with what he

called his housekeeping kit. It consisted of needles, thread and some buttons all wrapped up in a couple of squares of wool the same blue as his uniform. "This here wool comes in mighty handy if we tear our pants or coat. I git my wife to do the patchin', but most have to do their own stitchin'."

As he pulled out a little bottle he explained, "This here is our first aid kit. Its got our liver pills in it. They're good for what ails you and will cure a toeache, backache or indigestion. Got my teeth here too in case I need 'em.

"Got paid this afternoon." Duke pulled out some bills.

"I got \$1 to pay for my wife doin' my laundry and \$1 for the hospital in case I git sick. Here's \$10 I got to pay fer my fine. I got drunk last week in town and the captain busted me from Sargent down to private and fined me. That'll leave me a dollar fer spendin', which is enough to get drunk on as beer is only five cents in town. If I run



The comanders office at old Fort Verde.

low maybe I can find where my wife hides her money.

"The captain (Thomas Fuller) here spent the night, on his way

from Ft. Apache to Ft. Whipple. He rode on horseback and this here is his striker (servant) (Bob Coody) who accompanied him, he walked."

The doctor's wife (Dee Adams) out for an afternoon stroll came by dressed in her hat and gloves, everything she wore was all cotton, her pantaloons, slip, stockings and floor length dress. She lifted her skirt just enough to show her high



Bob Coody, the Cpt.'s "Striker".

top shoes, black and laced up the front as she stepped up on the porch of the bachelor officers quarters. "It takes me about a half hour to dress out here since I have no maids to help me like I had back east. I have to put on my hose and shoes before I fasten my metal-boned corset-- with it on I can't bend over. Of course a lady never goes out in public without her hat and gloves, and always with an escort, even on the post."

The Secretary of the Interior And A Jar of Blueberry Jam

by Gale Burak

Fifteen years ago Bruce Babbitt, Hattie, their two-year old son, Alex, and Ben Avery, his close friend the lead sports writer for the Arizona Republic, plus a couple of script-photographers from the Arizona Highways magazine, all came down to the Indian Gardens where I was then in charge, for the long 4th of July weekend. That in itself is another story...!

Through the years, though we've kept up a sort of intermittent contact; when Bruce compiled his Grand Canyon Anthology he sent me a copy, I had made suggestions about Emery Kolb's pictures for the next addition and wrote up the work on it. My husband, Ted and I saw him here and there, like at the St. Pat's Parade in Sedona. When he became the Secretary of the Interior last spring I wrote a note which he nicely answered.

So here I was in Alaska last summer, cabin sitting near Fairbanks for a niece going on a botanizing field trip in eastern Russia, and Bruce came up for a three week whirlwind coverage of all the controversial aspects: mining, fishing, lumber, oil (including the Big Spill battle), conservation, natives, etc. . . . plus seeming to have a wonderful time.

It was August when he came up, and I was busy picking and preserving berries like mad. Two weeks into his stay he came for a day or so at Fairbanks, and according to the paper and radio, wanted to take time to listen and talk to the "common folks" (hopefully without gripes, I am sure). And I thought "now's my time." I was staying about twelve miles from the University of Alaska where he was to hold forth; right on my way to the post office and town, so I picked out a jar of my (in)-famous blueberry jam and went in. The place was mobbed. No way was I going to park within a

quarter mile of the auditorium, and I was a bit late already, so I gave up and went home.

As it happened, Bruce went on to Denali National Park that afternoon, and I left Fairbanks the next day to stay with Park Service friends who live near the park entrance, on my way to Eagle River and eventually out of the state (though I had another two weeks of adventures before finally leaving Alaska). When I got to their home they were all excited and just dressing to go to a big pot-luck bash for . . . you guessed it: Bruce. They were all apologies; they'd made reservations for this weeks before and no way was I going to be permitted to attend; space was limited, other guests than Park Service people were coming, food had been figured out, etc. . . . That was okay by me, but I did want to have just a touch of contact with him: two Arizonans meeting up in the Arctic, you know, so I asked the gal, Lois, if she'd hand Bruce my jam and explain. Better yet, I wrote a note and wrapped it around the jar. At the first opportunity she introduced herself and gave it to him. "You mean Gale's up here?" he asked.

"Yes, she's at our place, only about three miles from here."

"Well, go get her!"

When she returned home where I was just finishing a big sandwich in my van and I thought "I wonder what she's forgotten to bring?" She came rushing over, told me the story, and said "Change your pants and shoes quickly and come on!"

As we came into the huge open, but covered area (it was autumn-cool, even in mid-August, you know) with crowds milling around, food being set out on a dozen tables, drinks being served, and such a cacophony as you never heard, Bruce saw me, came forward and threw his arms around me. Overwhelming! So what could I do

but hug back, right? I told him he'd gained weight. He said he was getting middle aged. Then we talked of the canyon, Ben Avery, Hattie and his sons, etc., for a bit before someone else drew him. Off'n on we had snatches of light talk, and that was it. I met an old canyon pal too, who was a VIP in Back Country Reservations Office in '74 when I was there, and we had lunch together the next day before I left for the Anchorage area.

To make this story shorter, after several fun excursions I flew over to Kodiak Island ten days later to spend a long weekend with my niece who had finally left Russia and got that far back home. Her car was on Kodiak, so we were to take it back to the mainland on the ferry after she took me around the northeast end of the island where the only roads are. We stayed with friends of hers, and in the course of the evening, talked about Bruce being in Alaska (Hattie and one of their two sons came over for the last several days of his visit so they could have a private time, fishing and resting wherever they chose 'til they left for D.C.) So of course I had to tell of my contact with him at Denali.

The wife of the couple works as executive director of the Ofognak Indian Association, and she burst out with "Oh! Are you the lady that scared the security police out of their minds?" It seems she'd heard about some gal who at the Denali party, threw her arms around the Secretary, and I guess they expected the worst. Well my rejoinder was only that he'd hugged first, so what else could I do? Did they think I'd stab him in the back?

I guess it's nice to be famous, but I was certainly impressed that news can get around so fast. I had better get permission before I get familiar with any more dignitaries . . .

B i t s a n d P i e c e s

Our thanks to **Harry and Ethel Cole; John and Rosaline Turnbull; Irene, Michael, and Ann Ennis** who have contributed to the 1994 Pioneers' Scholarship fund. This will be held in the treasury and in our October 1994 meeting the club will add money obtained from the sale of the Grand Canyon Pioneers' Cookbook to it to make a sizable scholarship award to a NAU Graduate student doing research work on Grand Canyon and the surrounding area. We will award two scholarships this year in the amount of \$350 each. We have come a long way since the \$250 award two years ago.

New Members

Seems we have neglected to welcome our new members for the past few months. So, we start the new year off by welcoming **Bill Hurley** of Montgomery, Alabama; **Mike and Lin Anderson** of Scottsdale, Arizona; **Gary Cummins, Mike Quinn and Doug Brown** of Grand Canyon; and **Chris Coder** of Flagstaff, Arizona. Hope to see you at some of our meetings.

1994 Dues are Due

The dues for 1994 remain the same as in the past: \$10 for single membership and \$15 for a family membership. The GCPS board voted several years ago to make payments fall due the first of January each year to eliminate the extra bookkeeping required to keep up with who paid when. It is your dues that pay the costs of the newsletter. PLEASE send your check as soon as possible so you will not miss any of the up-coming issues. From the looks of things they will be packed with interesting bits of history about the Grand Canyon and the people who lived there.

You might also want to add extra dollars for the scholarship fund while you are at it.

Letter to the Editor

We received a nice long letter from pioneer, Geraldine Ray, that included a picture of her and her friend Smokey Bear. The letter is much too long to include more than a few paragraphs. For those who knew Gerry when she worked at Grand Canyon and would like to read her letter we will be glad to send you a copy. She writes in part:

"... Another year is almost gone and another Christmas is very near, so you are probably thinking- oh dear, no doubt another long letter from Geraldine and maybe wonder who she will find to be with her in a picture. Well as you can see it is Smokey Bear, no less. I have always wanted to see him because I got to see the forest where they found him in the Lincoln National Forest in the Capitan Mountains in New Mexico where he survived a forest fire.

"I got to work at Black Canyon National Monument again last summer and that made me happy and I enjoyed the season a lot. Got off work September 16th and one of my Grand Canyon friends who now lives in West Virginia came September 20th and I took her on a trip to the Grand Canyon for about a week. It was so good to see some of our old friends and other favorite things there, but as usual, didn't have enough time to do everything we would have liked to. . . ."



Geraldine Ray and Smokey Bear.

Index for GCPS Newsletters

Those who saved all the past issues of the GCPS Newsletters might be interested in having an index of the contents. We have prepared this covering Volumes I through IV that consists of 16 pages. It is amazing how much history we have covered, consisting of tidbits you will never find in the history books. . . that is what makes the newsletter interesting. If you would like a copy of this just drop us a card to: GCPS, P.O. Box 2372, Flagstaff, AZ 86003-2372.

The following article appeared on the editorial page of the *New York Evening Journal*, Monday, March 8, 1926 and was submitted by Roy Burris.

AN ARIZONA BABY

Everything Grows Well in That Wonderful State

The boy in the air is Roy E. Burris Jr.; his father below is giving him a little exercise, throwing him into the outstretched hands of a friend who does not appear in the photograph.

This champion Arizona baby, living at an altitude of 7000 feet above the ocean, breathing the most marvelously pure and invigorating air, was one year old when this photograph was taken. He was two years old the day when the writer saw him walking down to the general store near the Grand Canyon rim to get himself an apple. He wore overalls, such as locomotive engineers wear, and was as strong as a young colt, more like a boy of seven than an infant two years old. When asked "How old are you?" he replied "All right."

A huskier, stronger boy with redder cheeks, clearer eye, a more defiant manly voice, coming from his deep little chest, never was seen.

The picture will interest mothers, and some of them will ask, "How

could a father throw him through the air in that way, so dangerous? It might frighten the poor little thing to death." It may be a little risky; rough



handling isn't a good thing even for the most powerful child. But Mr. Burris seems to understand his own boy. And as for fear in the child's mind look at the smile on his face. It tells you that being thrown ten feet through the air seems to him a perfectly pleasant and natural thing.

You pick up this small Grand Canyon boy and find him as solid as any athlete, and hard to hold when

he makes up his mind to get down and resume his walk.

Is this an unusual baby? Not at all. Arizona and others of our Western States are producing thousands of such healthy, powerful children. They can STAND anything, EAT anything, the older they get the stronger they get. A great place to bring up children, those Western States-- Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, California.

Roy also sent xerox copies of the original photographs which do not reproduce well. Stamped on the backs of these are the words: **HERMIT TRAIL STUDIO**. Order duplicates by number and date found stamped below. Address all communications to **HERMIT STUDIO, Grand Canyon, Ariz.**

Roy asks if anyone remembers such a business or knows who operated it? If you do drop us a line. There may be some interesting history there.

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