

1994 Scholarship Awards

On the 11th, instant, representative members of the Pioneers met with **Dr. Neil Kunze**, Chair of the Northern Arizona University History Department, to present the 1994 scholarship awards to two outstanding graduate students. **Juti Winchester** and **Christopher Johnson** each received an award of \$350.00 from GCPS president **Marie Maiorana**. Secretary **Sibyl Suran**, **Bill Suran**, and **Al Richmond** lent their sup-

port to the august proceedings.

Two previous single awards have been made

by **Al Richmond** be **Mary Jane Colter's** vision of Indians, and how that vision effected the development of selected parts of the Grand Canyon visitor use area. These studies will produce two papers that will be included in the GCPS collection at NAU.

Chris is working on a completely different aspect of Grand Canyon regional cultural history. His subject is **Jacob Hamblin**, a noted explorer and settler of the region. He will look at how the Mormon Church has used **Hamblin's** image to benefit the institution through public representation of him as a larger than life western legend. This study will also result in a paper for the collection.

At some future Pioneers meetings we hope to see presentations by these young scholars on the final products of these studies.



Marie Maiorana presents Juti Winchester and Christopher Johnson checks for the 1994 GCPS Scholarship.

since the inception of the scholarship in 1992. This marked the first time two awards could be made in a single year. The fund is healthy and prospects are good for a similar situation next year.

Juti will utilize her award to continue studies at the Grand Canyon involving early master plans used to develop the Grand Canyon park site for visitor use. Her emphasis will be on cultural ideas that influenced these plans. Included will

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The Pioneers Learn About Changes At Grand Canyon National Park

by Sibyl W. Suran

The April 23 meeting of Grand Canyon Pioneers turned out to be



Brad Traver

one of the most informative and successful we have ever held. After a few brief remarks from **Steve Verkamp** on the history of the Municipal Courtroom where we met, **Brad Traver** of the Park Service gave a well-planned and comprehensive talk outlining some of the projected plans for changing Grand Canyon National Park.

The talk focussed mainly on limiting some of the gift areas, altering some to eating, limiting auto access to the rim (he explained they could take care of the people but not vehicles), expanding the shuttle by adding electric-pow-

ered buses and converting employee dormitories to low-cost rental for groups. Although the plan will not suit everyone it shows much thought on the part of the Park Service and their incorporation of ideas from the public. Some of the members felt that a

change should be effected in the interim to eliminate the congestion soon.

Attending were **Steve and Chris Verkamp; Ron and Carol Werhan; Harry and Ethel Cole; Roy and Marjorie Burris** (who drove from Rio Verde, AZ to be there); **Bill and Sibyl Suran; Mary Ellen Hamilton; Gene and Marvyl Wendt** from

Vail, AZ; **Al Richmond; Dianna Stevens; Jack Davis** (former park superintendent now living in Chico, CA); **Don Jolly; Viola and Jim Shirley; Marie and Paul Maiorana; Fred and Jeanne Schick; Mary Hoover, and Myra Belgaard.**

After lunch we reconvened at Kolb Studio and attended the *Arts for the Parks* show held in the recently renovated auditorium, and were allowed to visit the downstairs areas which have not yet been given the face-lifting by the Natural History Association. I would like to note that just seeing



Jim Shirley, Ron Werhan, Harry Cole.

what is being done with that building is in itself worth a visit.

The Accent Will Be On Fun And Food

If you haven't looked forward to the Grand Canyon Pioneers' trip on **MAY 14**, you should. It will be informative, exciting and above all else just plain fun. **David Barrow** is all worked up about it, and his enthusiasm just plain bubbles over when he talks about leading the Pioneers on a trip to the old John D. Lee house at Moenave.

David, who lived in the Lee house for nine years, has made arrangements for us to visit with the

people there who plan to join in with the fun. The Lee place will be the headquarters and from there we will see what goes on around the area.

As usual on our trips north we will meet in the parking lot at the Cameron Trading Post at 10:00AM and then head on toward our destination in caravan style.

The weather should be sunny (we hope) so bring plenty of **sun screen and wear a hat.** You can

even bring a swim suit and take a dip. We all know the main thing with our outings is eating... everyone knows good pioneers must eat so **BRING A DISH TO SHARE ALONG WITH YOUR PLATES AND TABLE WARE.** Don't forget a jug of water in case we wander too far.

So come along and join us and meet the people who live there. **Saturday, May 14** is the day and the name of the game is **FUN!**

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

Welcome New Members.

The Society continues to grow and we are pleased to welcome to our group **Mr. & Mrs Pat Lauzon, Kermit and Julie Smith, Carl and Marietta Jeffers, Malcolm Mackey, Charles Hoffman** of Flagstaff, **Jim Kline** of San Diego, California, and **Elling Halvorson** of Woodinville, Washington. **Col. Walter M. DGLISH** of Sedona, Arizona: **George Steck, Rich Holtzin** of Albuquerque, NM., **M.A. Harrison** of Fair Oaks, California, **Frank and Ina Wilson** of Verona Virginia

Name The Newsletter

We have had good response for our request for names for our Newsletter. Some of our members have really put on their thinking caps and come up with some good ones. It will be hard to choose the best one. The judges will select the name on June 1, 1994 and we will incorporate it in the header of the July Newsletter and announce the winner.

News Item

John Hance was in town this week and said the recent rains in Utah have caused the Colorado River to rise to within two inches of the rim making the river nearly a mile and a quarter deep. He hopes the overflow will not be enough to do damage to the San Francisco mountains, but it is hard to say what will happen.

Coconino Sun, Tue. May 20, 1897

The Scholarship Fund

Our thanks to **Frank and Ina Wilson** for their contribution to the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society's scholarship fund.

Happy Birthday

Happy Birthday to Harvey Butchart on May 10. For those who do not know him, Harvey is the one who has hiked more miles in the Grand Canyon than anyone else. We all wish you the best, Harvey and look forward to seeing you soon.

And At The Grand Canyon

You may wish to mark your calendar for these events at Grand Canyon:

May 28-29 Reunion of present and past employees and residents of Grand Canyon National Park.

July-August: Earll Kingston portrays John Wesley Powell on stage at the Shrine of the Ages auditorium.

September 10-24: Grand Canyon Music Festival at the Shrine of the Ages auditorium.

Oct. 6-8: Grand Canyon Symposium co-sponsored by Grand Canyon National Park and the Grand Canyon Trust.

Oct. 9: Rededication ceremony.

Another Step Forward

We are presently processing the photo collection given to the GCPS by **Jack and Chris Greening**. This collection contains many historical photographs taken during the 1920's in and around Grand Canyon. Some of which have never been seen. Thanks



Ron Werhan installs the historic plaques



The Plaques

Of Raven Locks and the Peach Festival

By Gale Burak

Did I tell you about the time I "scalped" an Indian? And at his request too! It's true! I won't mention his name; he's still working at the Grand Canyon and might feel I'm betraying a confidence. Many of you will know who it is, I'm sure. . . .

In the mid-70s while I was ranger at Indian Gardens, a Supai friend of mine was also stationed there as the maintenance ranger in charge of the old pump house. He and his wife, with their three small children were also neighbors in our trailers in Pinyon Park on the rim. Of an evening, after campground checkup and talk was done, the pumphouse put to bed, the campers had settled down, and the last of the day-hiking stragglers had been seen on their way, he and I would sit on the bench outside the old ranger station to relax, cool off, and chat. One such an evening in late July as we were sitting companionably together, quietly enjoy-

ing the beauty below us: the campground "cathedral" of towering, interlaced old cottonwoods showing pink-hued buttes across the canyon in late-sunset splendor . . . suddenly he said, "Gale, would you mind cutting my hair for me?" Wow! who'd want to chop off any of that rich, thick, raven-black pelt?

He, as did many Park Service and Harvey employees, wore it just below shoulder length in back, Dutch-cut across the brow, and sloping down in back, with a bright red ribbon across his forehead keeping it under control. It obviously was a mark of distinction that we mere whites couldn't begin to emulate even if we had dark hair. Or thick hair. And the Park Service wouldn't let us anyway.

So WHY?!

It took some persuasion to get him to tell me. I had to threaten not to do it unless he told me why; so

finally, reluctantly, he did. In another few weeks he'd be going down to Havasu. The fruit was ripe and it was Peach Festival time. His wife worked on the rim and couldn't go, though the kids would. It's the big whoop-dee-doo of the summer down there, as you may know: rodeo, swapping, gambling, dancing, and generally acting like a bunch of wild Indians for the tourists who'd have come for the fun. "so . . . why do you need to cut your hair, for goodness sake?"

"We-ell, if I wear my hair long like this all the women will chase me!"

What could I do but cut it? And if you don't believe me, I'll gladly show you the "scalp-lock" of deep glossy black hair I saved, together with a blue-black raven's feather to match. I gather the gals let him alone.

Have Plaque, Will Travel

by Marie Maiorana

When I called **Jeanne Schick** to give her the good news that **Carol Naille** brought me the plaques that she had made for the Pioneers to install on Ed Cumming's furniture at Desert View she told me **Ron Werhan** had tools and knew something about installing such things. Since I needed to pick up some Verkamp books anyway, I took Ron the plaques and told him I'd just written **Bill Bohannon** to ask permission to put them on while we were all at the Canyon on the 23rd. Having carpentry in his blood from generations before him, Ron noted that we might be too hurried on the 23rd, since we had two other activities planned for that day, and that we might need to shape some of the plaques to fit the furniture - some-

thing we wouldn't want to hurry. Ron volunteered to go up on the Sunday before. Later Carol invited me along and said we'd make a picnic of it; then I decided to take Sibyl Suran along because she was getting cabin fever from staying inside because of a cough she'd picked up (I told her to give up cigars). The letter giving us permission came along just in time and with that in hand we proceeded to Desert View; while Ron Werhan did all the work, Sibyl, Carol and I took pictures and Bill Suran took a video. With the work out of the way, as true Pioneers we went off to eat, naturally. We had a wonderful picnic at Buggeln Point, with good wine, good food (yes, Sibyl brought cookies), and good conversation. We then

stopped at Grandview and occasionally even looked at the grand view while we talked and laughed and watched tourists. It was sooooo good to be outside and to be at the Canyon again!

I'm grateful to Carol Naille for having the plaques made. I thank Bill Bohannon for allowing us to give Ed Cummings his credit. I'm grateful that Ed Cummings had Jeanne Schick and that she decided, a few years later, to join a group called the Grand Canyon Pioneers. I'm very grateful to Ron Werhan for always being ready to give assistance, to help things work smoothly, to give up a precious Sunday; I'm thankful he married Carol Furey because she always makes occasions joyful. Thanks to all!

A Romance At Grand Canyon

by Elizabeth Kent Meyer

I arrived at the Grand Canyon on July 4, 1926 in a Dodge touring car driven by my father. When I entered the Bright Angel dining room my old headwaitress from Albuquerque (as I remember she was one of the original Harvey Girls) met me and exclaimed, "You're an answer to my prayers. Can you go to work in the morning?" Since I was mad at my father I said, "Yes."

The next morning I was on the floor at 6 A.M. and what a day it was. A new girl in town was an excuse for every chauffeur and cowboy to have coffee at the Bright Angel to look her over and get a date. I accepted a date with Joe, a drummer in the orchestra for the Saturday night dance.

That same day, Bill Kent and my roommate's boy friend, John, sat on the railing in front of the Bright Angel, their feet hooked around the post and their posteriors hanging over the edge of the canyon. "Who's the new girl?" asked Bill.

John replied, "That's Alice's new roommate ---stick around and when they get off work I'll introduce her to you." After a few minutes, Bill said, "I am going to marry that girl."

He tried to make a date for the dance that Saturday night, but I was dated up for the next two Saturdays. However, a drummer doesn't get to dance much so Bill got his chance.

Bill and I started dating on July 28. Dating was mostly "rimming" and in case you don't know what that was - it's walking along the rim of the canyon by moonlight. There are so many wonderful shelves or cave-like spots where you can sit and hang your feet over the edge,

with a 3000 foot drop below you. It was really an exciting place for spooning.

Bill liked to tell the story of why he married me. We were under the Lookout Studio where one could look at the peaceful moonlight in the big canyon. Now there was a steel railing around that point where people would go for a view. Bill said I proposed there when he had his back against the rail with a 3000 foot drop below. He had to say yes, he explained, because I had said I would push him over if he said no.

On the 10th of August, he offered me a diamond ring that I turned down. I finally accepted him on August 24 and we were married at Rowe Well in the Indian rug room October 6, 1926, sixty-seven- years ago (1993). After the ceremony the gang went to Bert Lauzon's old deserted ranch house and had a party. We even had a wedding cake made by the baker at the El Tovar.

There were no wooden houses at the canyon-- - only a few tent houses, a wood frame and floor with canvas over it. Of course the Bright Angel had wood cabins, with steam heat for the tourists. In November we rented a room at Mr. Clark's, the night watchman. It had an oil stove (Florence), a table, chairs, bed and a dresser. At the time I was a teenager who didn't know how to boil water and at 7000 feet most real cooks didn't know either.

Bill went to a turkey shoot before Thanksgiving and picked the biggest bird of the lot, not realizing he had to kill and dress it. The bird weighed out at 25 pounds, so it wasn't too young. You never saw so many pin feathers when he



brought it into the house. Then, my problem began--- how was I going to cook it? I had no cookbook and there was no one to ask how and no pan to cook it in. Mr. Clark came to the rescue and told me I could use his wife's roaster and use their wood and coal stove that had an oven. Needless to say, it took all day.

In January we rented a 3-room tent house. By that time I had a Searchlight cookbook from Topeka, Kansas, with sea level recipes and I tried a cake which fell flat, but Bill said it was the best macaroon cake he had ever eaten that had no coconut. We survived my learning to cook and Bill never had any stomach trouble.

The Park Service told the owner of the house he would have to tear it down. So by March we had to move back into the Gray Building and sleep on a three - quarter bed and eat at the Bright Angel lunch counter. I went back to work as a waitress. I got my meals and \$35 a month and a few tips. A dime was the usual but a quarter was a big one. Bill ate at

the mess hall, with the guides and the chauffeurs as he was driving extra and managed to be working at the hotel at some meal times.

In October the Santa Fe built some houses on Avenue A, behind the old Babbitt's store. We got one, but couldn't afford to buy much furniture. We sent to Montgomery Ward for a pretty gray enamel cook stove and a congoeum rug for the floor and found a discarded Fred Harvey table and old chairs. Then bought a bed and dresser from Babbitts. The rest of the house we left empty, as that was as far as we could stretch Bill's \$125 a month salary and still eat.

We women rode the morning train to Williams to do our grocery shopping and arrived home at 3 P.M. Our husbands would meet us at the "Y" where the train backed in so they'd be headed out the next morning. This was close to where we lived on Avenue A. For \$10 we

bought flour in 25 lb. sacks, coffee, lard and canned goods. It was all the boys could do to carry the big boxes home. We didn't know what fresh vegetables were, being so far from Phoenix and Los Angeles. Our butter and eggs we bought by the case from Utah. A dairy in Phoenix brought milk and cream in 5-gallon containers once a week. Most of our meat was free as the boys always went hunting in the fall and we always had venison. Sometimes Bill got an antelope and would hang the meat in the ice house under the platform. A couple of years he made a connection for buffalo meat. You may wonder why we didn't buy from Babbitts. It was the cost, as food in the national parks was terribly high and we just couldn't afford it.



What We Hear From Around And About

Ron and Linda Warren were in town from Las Vegas a few weeks ago and we spent a very pleasant evening with them talking about a lot of history of Grand Canyon. Ron is an authority on airplanes and flight history and is in the process of writing a book on the subject.

Had a very interesting telephone conversation with Roy Burris a while back. Roy has been going through a lot of his father's papers and has been forwarding copies of some of the archives for use in the newsletter. [see the April newsletter for the latest].

Had another interesting conversation with an old timer at G.C. recently. **Mike Harrison** was a ranger at the Canyon from the early 1920s to 30s. Mike, who is 94

years young, remembered a lot of the folks from that time and offered some input on some of my research on Ralph Cameron and Emery Kolb. He now lives at 7440 Alexander Court, Fair Oaks, CA 95628 and has placed his papers in the Michael and Margaret B. Harrison Western Research Center, University Library University of California, Davis.

Easter Sunday we had a delightful visit over lunch with **Jeanne and Fred Schick**. As usual we ironed out all the world's problems. Now if only they would listen to us.

Had a surprise call from **Joe Tyler** in Manchester CT. He and Sue have been in the process of moving and their new address is

165 Oak Forest Drive Manchester CT 06040.

Got a letter from **Gale Burak**. She has spent the winter shoveling snow in New Hampshire and now says she is tired of wading mud. She plans to visit Arizona this year, even though Alaska is tempting. She will be present at the Old Timers reunion in September.

Al Richmond has been in Washington D.C. helping to run the government---have 'nt seen any improvement though yet.

Letters To The Editor

2/18/94

Dear Bill

... A short comment in connection with the last sentence to the article on the Bridge of Sighs. Robert Dawson didn't know it, but I had already discovered the route down to the river from the east. When we were told where to leave the west rim to get down as far as the supai, Jorgen Visbak, Ed Herrman, and I decided to try to get a good view of the Bridge of Sighs from above looking down from the rim of the redwall. We didn't get down far enough in the right ravine and missed seeing the bridge. We did notice the route down through the redwall across the river from the bridge. I already had Jan Jenson's opinion that one could get off the west rim down Tatahatso Canyon to the redwall. The way at the top took a bit of study, but the rest of the route clear to the ruin on the left bank of the river directly across from the Bridge of Sighs, was routine. After my original visit to this site, other hikers got down here at least twice before Dawson discovered the interesting passage ways on the west side of the river.

Sincerely,
Harvey Butchart
Sun City, AZ

Dear GCP:

I want to thank you folks for the very nice send off you gave me and Five Quail Books in the March Issue of the Newsletter. It was greatly appreciated.

My printer says I should have Catalogue Eight in hand early next week. The minutes they arrive, I will get them into the mail to the Pioneers. They will all go first class.

I enjoy the Newsletter so much. Your members sound like wonderful people.

Dave Hellyer
Spring Grove, MN

We have received the catalog and have already drooled. —Editor

Dear Friends;

I would like to have an index of the contents of the past issues of the Newsletter. Thanks for putting a little part of my Christmas letter in the paper.

Geraldine Ray
Delta CO.

Dear Sirs:

I recently received a copy of the *History of Grand Canyon National Park* by Margaret M. Verkamp from Miss Georgia Penn in Sedona, AZ. I found the history fascinating, and so well done and I want to commend your society publishing this important segment of Arizona History.

Fortunately, I met Miss Verkamp in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, in 1988 when she was vacationing there. She was a remarkable woman.

Sincerely,
Willis H. Miller
Hudson Wisconsin 54016

GCPS:

... Regarding a recent article in the Newsletter, could the G.M. Wright found inscribed on Canyon walls be George Melendez Wright, the philanthropist who funded a national wildlife survey in the 1920s and 1930s?

The newsletter you publish is always delightful and I enjoy reading it as soon as it arrives. I hope to attend a meeting, but the third Saturday's are often already scheduled for me I am plan-

ning on the August meeting, for sure though.

Very truly yours,
Susan Olberding
Flagstaff, AZ 86001

Dear Bill:

Interesting letter from Jim Ohlman. I don't profess to be an expert on the TWA/UAL mid-air, but maybe I can add a little bit.

As you may recall, the mid-air collision between the TWA Super Constellation and the United Airlines DC-7 took place at 11:30 AM on June 30, 1956. The two flights (TWA flight # 2 and United Flight # 718) departed Los Angeles at 10:01AM and 10:04AM, respectively, TWA bound for Kansas City and United for Chicago. Flight paths diverged for the first 100 or so miles out of LAX, then came together as the planes headed for their destinations. United was cleared to 21,000 feet. TWA was cleared to 19,000, but about 10:30 asked for 21,000 also. The higher altitude was denied by En Route Air Traffic Control on the basis the UAL plane was already cleared at 21,000. There was no en route radar. At 11:30 AM, a garbled radio call was received in UAL's dispatch centers in Salt Lake and San Francisco to the effect "Salt Lake . . . United 718 . . . we're going in . . ." About noon, a park visitor told a Park Ranger at Desert View that he saw smoke and fire in the Canyon. The Ranger didn't follow up right away. Palen Hudgin of GCA saw smoke in the area a little after Noon as well, but like everyone else at the Canyon, knew nothing about any missing planes.

The rest is history: 128 dead; worst air disaster in commercial aviation history; attributed to human

error; apparently TWA Flight # 2 drifted higher. A year later, Congress funded en route radar for airlines. As has been said, "out of headstones come milestones."

Recovery of seventy-some of the bodies went quickly, but 55 were still unaccounted for after almost a week until an Army H-21 chopper "perched" on a small ledge near the main part of the UAL wreckage, a very difficult site to get to. By the time the Swiss mountaineers who had been called in to help arrived, much of their work had been done for them by the Army.

Here comes the interesting part. During the initial investigation, only a few pieces of the wreckage were removed from the site. When it was felt that all of the bodies had been recovered, it seems everyone just "went away", leaving the bulk of the wreckage there at Temple and Chuar Buttes.

Neither airline was willing to make the first step toward cleanup for fear of compromising their respective legal positions. The Park Service complained loud and long, but still nothing got done. True that some wreckage had come out during the initial efforts, but nothing afterwards ... for almost 20 years!

In September 1976, the two airlines finally got together and hired Rudy Schlesinger Jr. of Van Nuys, California, to finish what had started 20 years

earlier. Schlesinger's firm specialized in removal of downed aircraft wrecks. Using a Bell Jet Ranger helicopter (some 70 trips in and out) and three mountaineers from Sequoia National Park, they finally got the job done by mid-October, 1976. The 35,000 to 40,000 pounds of scrap aluminum were trucked to a Tucson reclamation plant.

If I had to guess, I'd guess that Jim may have discovered where this 1976 crew staged their recovery. Since the site he described is outside the Park boundaries, Joe Miller's (Park Chief Maintenance in 1976) statements to the press in '76 that the site was clean would still be technically accurate.

Now, as to the second story, the gory one about the ring, all I know is that there was a hiker, not a member of the cleanup crew, who scrambled into the crash site after hearing about the accident. His name is in Park Service files at Grand Canyon so I won't mention it here. Since the area was made off-limits by the Park, he was detained and questioned at length by rangers and the FBI; ultimately, he was released. But, that seems to be where the stories about the ring got started. I have not personally found anything in Park records to indicate that human remains were disturbed, but the rangers sure had some strong suspicions. Really a bit macabre.

That's it. All in all, it was a sad 20 year legacy

to a sad time for the families of 128 innocent people.

Ron Warren

Editor's note: See also GCPS Newsletter Vol.IV- No. 8 page 5 and No. 9 page 8.

Dear Editor:

Thank you for including in the March 1994, GCPSNL, the announcement for the Easter Sunrise Service at Columbus Point.

It was a most rewarding experience for myself and others. The Sunrise Service was a simple one. The absence of sound and the first rays of sun added a whole new dimension in celebrating the "Greatest Day in History." At Columbus Point we could see, and hear the Colorado River, view the lower trail into Hermit Camp, the Temples, Buttes, and drainage areas north of the river. God's work at its best.

It was most fortunate that Jim Ohlman and his son TJ were part of the group. Jim's sharing his knowledge of the Canyon-History, Geology, the Indian Nation, Fossils, Flora and Fauna, Animal life---made the backpacking trip more enjoyable.

TJ was the first one out of the Canyon Sunday. In fact, TJ--- age seven, was ahead of his Dad by 23 minutes! Jim may tell you a different story.

Lee Albertson
Tempe, Arizona.

Pleasant Valley-Not So Pleasant

BEREAVED WIDOW BRANDISHES GUN IN COURTROOM!

Mrs. Graham's attempt to murder husband's assassin foiled.

Mrs. Graham was sitting beside her father near the reporter's table. Suddenly she put her hand into her dress, pulled out a .44 caliber revolver. She sprang towards the prisoner with the avowed intention of "Putting out his light." She would have succeeded had not her father held her.

"Let me shoot him; for God's sake let me shoot him," she screamed. Porter Moffat threw a chair between Mrs. Graham and Rhodes which undoubtedly saved Rhodes' life, as in another minute the pistol would have been discharged. Mrs. Graham was led from the room by her father, still crying out in a loud voice: "Let me kill him, let me kill him; they will turn him loose."

This is how the last chapter of the Pleasant Valley War began in a Phoenix courtroom on a sweltering day in August 1892. The scene was repeated a number of times since then, but has never achieved the world wide sensation as this event. The civilized world was shocked on August 2, 1892, when Tom Graham, Tempe resident, father of a young family, and the last of the Grahams of Pleasant Valley was cruelly shot in the back as he drove a wagon load of grain from his Tempe farm to the Hayden flour mill.

According to many historians, this act proved

to the rest of the nation that Arizona was still an uncivilized territory of cutthroats, murderers, thieves and wild Indians, an opinion that kept Arizona from becoming a state until 1912.

Pleasant Valley is almost as remote today as it was in the 1880s. Located below the Mogollon Rim on State Route 288 in Gila County, the valley can only be reached by driving several miles of unpaved highway from either State Highway 260 between Payson and Forest Lakes, or from State Highway 88 between Globe and Roosevelt Lake.

While the drive from State Route 288 is far shorter than the alternate, the route from State Route 88 takes the traveler through the high pine covered Sierra Ancha Mountains, and will allow you to place yourself in the proper mood to step back into time and experience the wilderness and isolation that existed when our story took place.

Take out a map of Arizona and locate Young. Now locate Prescott, Flagstaff, Holbrook, Globe and Tempe. In the 1880s Pleasant Valley was located in Yavapai County, and the sheriff was located in Prescott. Flagstaff was the headquarters for the Daggs brothers who were major sheepman at the time. The headquarters for the Arizona and New Mexico Land and Cattle Company, "The Hashknife Outfit" were located in Holbrook. Now imagine riding horseback overnight from Young, down Cherry Creek to the Salt River, and on into

by Ron Werhan

Tempe, shooting a man, then returning the same route in less than twelve hours as Ed Tewksbury did on that fateful day in August 1892.

Was the Pleasant Valley War a battle between sheep and cattle range as some contend or was it a battle between iron-hard men determined to keep what they considered was theirs? I'm not going to spoil the story by telling you how it began, or how between 20 and 100 men met their death in this bloodiest of feuds. The story was told best by Zane Grey in his novel, *To the Last Man*. The facts of the story, as well as they are known, are related in, *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground*, by Earle R. Forrest and, *A Little War of Our Own*, by Don Deder. The last two books are not just recommended reading. They are **REQUIRED** reading by all GCPS members and guests who intend to participate in our July 16th trip to Young.

I do want to wet your appetites a little by telling you a bit of the story by quoting Earle Forrest who wrote, "The tragedy of August 2 was witnessed by three children: **Ed Cummings**, then a lad of twelve; his sister Molly, whose father lived two miles from the Graham farm; and a girl named Betty Gregg." Ed Cummings was the father of GCPS Vice President, **Jeanne Schick**.

Happy reading!

1994 Grand Canyon Pioneers Meetings

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 Restau-

rant. Visit to Old Trails Museum and La Posado conducted by **Janice Griffith**.

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

November 19 - Tour of Grand Canyon Museum archives at Grand Canyon with curator **Carolyn Richards**.

December - No meeting due to holidays.

Mark your calendar so you will not miss any of these trips.



The Dancing Moose- by William D. Berry.

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