

O' PIONEER



O' Pioneer is the Newsletter of the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society

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The Grand Canyon 75th Anniversary

by Jeanne Schick

On May 28 and 29 over two hundred people gathered to celebrate the Grand Canyon National Park's 75th birthday, most of whom were those who worked and lived at the park in the past.

All kinds of activities took place. For those who wanted, or were able, to take part, the NPS scheduled a 10K run, and a wilderness hike. For those who were interested in other activities the school superintendent conducted a tour of the elementary and high schools. Park rangers also gave another interesting tour of the Albright Training Center where rangers from all over the country study for their job.

During the day, Saturday, **Harvey Butchart**, one of the Canyon's greatest known hikers, **Jim Shirley**, manager of Babbitts Store at Grand Canyon for many years and others gave oral history interviews to be placed in the the archives for historical reference.

The activities were climaxed by a barbecue dinner Saturday evening where special guests were acknowledged. The festivities ended Sunday morning with a pancake breakfast after which many old friends parted and returned home.

Note!!

See directions to Young, AZ
on page 2

Shoshone 1994

by Bill Suran

As for the weather, it was in the "80's", but a gentle breeze blowing from the southwest kept us comfortable in the shade of the trees

I just felt in my bones that it would be a a good day to have a picnic, and something just told me there would be a good turnout for the Grand Canyon Pioneer Society's annual picnic Saturday June 11, at Shoshone point. My intuition was correct. Those attending were **Chris and Steve Verkamp** with their guests **Sally Liebig** and **Santiago Griego**; **Janece and Jim Ohlman** and their children, **Chris, Jon, Sara, and T.J.**; **Sibyl and Bill Suran** and their guests **Ron Holtz and Dusty Titmus**; **Jim and Viola Shirley** with their daughter **Marilyn Westerkamp**; **Jeanne and Fred Schick** and their daughter **Barbara Frizzell** and grandchildren **Amy and Jason**; **Nancy and Mike Gibson**; **Ethel and Harry Cole**; **Carol Furey-Werhan** and **Ron Werhan**; **Robyn and Matt Werhan** and their three month old son **Alexander**; **Marvyl and Gene Wendt**; **Chris and Jack Greening**; **Mary Ellen Hamilton** and her guest **Alaina Sun**; **Bernice and Dave Nelson**. **Al Richmond** and his guest **Diana Stevens**.



Amy Frizzell shows her certificate.

Photo by Gene Wendt

close to the Canyon rim.

At a little after twelve, the cars began making their way through the woods beyond the gate and it didn't take long before everyone was visiting and relating stories. As the parking places began to fill more greetings could be heard and some big bear hugs were given.

...continued from page 1.

Some members and guests wandered off at once for a look at the big ditch, myself included.

The Canyon was at its best too. Enough clouds drifted across the sky to cast beautiful shadows on the buttes and temples to give them a constant change of color. Some people even filled their plates with food and sat along the rim to enjoy the view while they ate.

Since this was a picnic, eating was the name of the game (that is the case everytime the Pioneers get together) As usual folks brought enough food to feed Coxy's army, and we tried to eat it all.

While everyone finished their meal **Jeanne Schick**, standing in for president **Marie Maiorana**, read a letter from the Grand Can-



The gang gets busy doing their thing --- EATING.

yon Chamber of Commerce announcing their Board had voted to make the Society an honorary member. This came as a big, and appreciated surprise and received a round of applause.

The high point of the afternoon was the announcement of the winner of our *Name the Newsletter Contest*. This honor was given to **Amy Frizzell** the eleven-year-old granddaughter of **Jeanne and Fred Schick**, Amy is an avid reader of our publication. Her entry, **O'Pioneer** will now adorn the front page of our newsletter. [See story elsewhere in this issue].

Time never allows us to get all the visiting done and before we knew it old friends began leaving with promises to see us again, if not at the next meeting at least next year at Shoshone.

B i t s & P i e c e s

Welcome New Member

We welcome to our membership **John and Linda Verkamp**. This brings the entire Verkamp family into the Society. We are glad to have you join us and hope to see you at some of our outings and get together.

Correction

We must apologize for a gross error in the June issue of our news letter. We stated that **Al Richmond** was 168 years old. Al informed us that he was not but **118**, and he has evidence to prove it. While researching in Washington D.C. several years ago he found the army discharge papers of an **Albert Richmond** who was born on the

same day as he was in 1876. Who's around to argue the point?

Harvey Butchart's Lecture

Jeanne and Fred Schick, Jim Ohlman, Randy Butler, David Barrow, Bill and Sibyl Suran represented the Grand Canyon Pioneers at the talk **Harvey Butchart** presented at the NAU Cline Library, Saturday afternoon, June 4. Harvey related a number of his hiking experiences and showed a series of color slides he had taken at various times on his canyon hikes. The program was well attended, in fact so many showed up it was necessary to change the location from the Special Collections department on the second floor of the building to the library auditorium on the first floor.

The way to Young Arizona

If you are not familiar with the location of our next outing at Young, Arizona you should make note of this now before you lose it. Young is located on State road 288. If you are traveling from Flagstaff take Lake Mary Road to Payson, turn east on Highway 260 until you come to the 288 intersection then turn south. This intersection is about 3 miles east of Christopher Creek. Keep a sharp lookout for it. If you are coming from Phoenix or points south take highway 60 east to Apache Jct. then take route 88 and catch 288 from there. This is a gravel road but in good condition. A little farther but less dirt road is to head east to Claypool and then turn north on 88 until you come to the junction of 288. Rendezvous at

continued from page 2.

the Antler Cafe where there is room to camp, and rooms for rent, but make advance reservations.

A Special Get Together

It seems as though things fall in place by chance, things that we will have an opportunity to take part in, extra to what we planned last year as we made up the schedule of the Grand Canyon Pioneer outings. Our August 13th trip which originally included a picnic lunch at Rowe Well will be altered so we can participate in a ceremony commemorating the establishment of the first Post Office at Grand Canyon. We will still have our picnic, but it will be moved to the Buggeln Picnic Area just east of Grandview Point. From there we will continue as scheduled.

The first Post Office was established May 10, 1884, at the old Hance Cabin and was named Toll-free. According to **Dr. Robert Bechtel**, Postal Historian at Grand

Canyon, there will be a cancellation ceremony at the Visitors Center with special envelopes printed for the occasion that can be purchased and mailed on the spot. If you are a collector these can prove a valuable addition to your collection.

New Name and Format for our Newsletter

I will have to admit one thing, and that is it was difficult to select



The Hance Cabin as it appeared around 1885.

the name for our Newsletter, and I hope you will agree that we made a good choice. We had good response to our idea of a contest to select a name. We decided on several that included the name "Pio-

neer" and then the real work began. Which one would be the best? The problem was soon solved when we discovered an eleven-year-old girl, who we are told reads our newsletter as soon as it arrives, submitted one of these. That was it—our job was complete, and the honor goes to **Miss Amy Frizzell** of Aqua Dulce, California. Congratulations, Amy. We hope you will continue to enjoy our paper; perhaps its historical articles will be of help to you as you study history in the future.

Marie designed the new banner across the top of the page. We challenged her to incorporate the modern canyon logo with an old time looking type face to match the name. We think it looks pretty neat and is eye catching too.

A hundred and forty copies of *O' Pioneer* are mailed each month, so we try to do our best to make it

look good. We don't want people a hundred years from now asking: "How did this piece of junk ever manage to get into the archives?"

1994 Grand Canyon Pioneers Meetings

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. Dedic-

ation of plaques on Ed Cummings chairs, 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 at Verkamp's store, Grand Canyon.

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

December - No meeting due to holidays.

The Indian Watchtower

Since the Grand Canyon Pioneers will dedicate the plaques on the Ed Cumming's chairs on August 13, it is apropos to include an article about the dedication on May 13, 1933 of the structure itself. This piece is adapted from a story originally written by Sallie Saunders for the July 1933 issue of the Santa Fe Magazine.

Indian Watchtower at Grand Canyon is Dedicated by Hopi Indians

With the marvelous horizontal motion of their bodies, the dancers whirl away from the Canyon rim. The strange staccato chant of the Keeper of the Kiva, thanking the spirits for their presence, pierces the rhythmic rattle of the gourds in the dancer's hands and the soft clatter of the tortoise shells on their ankles pierces the hollow thudding of the tom-toms. Occasionally the chant is interrupted by a cry from the leader of the dancers—a coyote cry, falsetto and unearthly.

Abruptly, all is silent. The dance is over, the ceremony complete. The visiting "spirits" depart, their rattles and shells faintly jingling. Down the steep trail over "the edge of the world" they go. The watchtower and Kiva are blessed.

The dance that blessed the Kiva of the Indian watchtower; the dance done for the first time in the Hopis' long history away from their villages on the heights of the second Mesa lying far off to the east. Their brothers and hosts, the Hopis of the Grand Canyon, who have shared in the months of toil as the Watchtower and Kiva grew miraculously up from the brink of the chasm are delighted. Now all will go well with the Tower: deeper and more lasting will be the understanding be-

tween the white man and the Indian.

Twenty-six miles away from the point where the world approaches the south rim of Grand Canyon, the white man chose the place for the Watchtower. For years the officials of the Fred Harvey System had planned to give the ever-increasing stream of people coming

Desert View—from which one looks directly down a mile to see the Colorado River deep within the canyon carrying on its powerful work of irrevocable erosion. One looks from it to the east far into the pale blues and saffrons of the Painted Desert where the horizon runs away to melt into the sky. To the west one sees the Canyon in its tortured, sculptured majesty, its superb colors, at once vivid and remote. To the south, the pure horizon is seen over the dark Tusayan Forest. To the north appears the pristine forests crowning the high plateau of the North Rim.

Towers of this type were used by ancient Indians for years—a lookout for enemies, perhaps; more likely, for gazing into the inviolate, beautiful landscape, in communion with the lovely space about them. The ideal spot for the white man to come, too, they agreed. On this spot, the Tower and the Kiva grew slowly. Strong, bare and proud, they grew, wonderfully molded into the skyline, in outline suggesting something remote from our modern centuries.

Intelligence, mechanical skill and sound historical sense went into their creation. Seventy feet high reaches the Tower, graceful in form and appearing miraculously indigenous. The Hopis who worked on the tower, the artists.



Watchtower at Desert View under construction.

to Grand Canyon the opportunity to look upon its length as well as its breadth. For years they had known of this particular spot—

engineers and archaeologists gathered together for its construction, know this miracle. They know it was built with patience, sincerity and integrity. The results solid and everlasting.

For many years J.F. Huckel, vice president of the Fred Harvey System has loved and understood the Southwest.

The design of the Tower fitted in with one of his long cherished dreams. Backed by the resources of the Santa Fe Railway, he was fortunate in being able to entrust the carrying out of his vision to Miss Mary E. J. Colter, the designer who has achieved so successfully in several Harvey hotels along the Santa Fe System the difficult synthesis of Spanish and Indian architecture as applied to modern buildings.

Everyone connected with the Tower knew it must be completely right. Time, the lost principle in much modern construction, was taken to select each rock for the outer walls. Authentic pictographs were introduced into the inner walls—rocks on whose surfaces the Indians, in far-off time, had etched or pecked messages to other passing tribes or to their gods in the universal language of line. Amusing, vivid little caricatures, some mysterious in their significance, others tying directly into everyday life of the Pueblo Indians.

The log ceiling of the Kiva adjoining the Watchtower was patterned after one of the ingenious engineering feats of primitive man that result in a certain unpremeditated beauty. These dark old timbers are laid about in what appears to be an unsupported whorl. Imagine, if possible, a



Hopi Indians at dedication of Watchtower 1933.

graceful circular treatment of massive beams; it was this Kiva in which the dance, blessing the structure was held.

Designed chiefly as an observatory, the Watchtower, as it neared completion, assumed another significance. It was to become a housing place for some of the finest Indian Paintings in existence, and it was to shelter an altar, the Snake Altar of the Hopis. Kabotie, a slender, modest young Hopi artist, was allowed a free hand in decorating the room in which the altar was placed. He used his interpretations of Hopi legends and religious symbols in the decorations on the walls of the Watchtower and with a combination of skill and inspiration that makes the true artist has painted these symbols sacred to his people. In the white man's

building for white men to see, he has wrought them.

Seldom has any building stood so concretely for the recognition of an intangible thing—the relation between the white men and the Indian. The thousands visiting the Tower will carry away with them the precious gift of understanding upon

which true culture rests. From Kabotie's painting, from the sincere, soft spoken Hopi guides there to interpret them, they will learn more about the Indian and his way of life than they could gain from years of library research. The views they see from the high tower will surely take on a new significance; for the Indian religion and legends are supremely re-

sponsive to this land in which they have endured.

It was for this the Watchtower was built. It was for this the handsome chief man, Nuvamsa, led his dancers to Desert View for the ceremonial Dance. It was for this that Kabotie painted with infinite patience, the sacred Hopi figures on the Watchtower walls.

Editor: It is too bad the purpose of the building, as stated in Saunder's description of the dedication of the Desert View Watchtower, has been lost, pushed aside for today's commercialism, concealing the beauty and solitude that could be obtained by a visit to the magnificent structure on the brink of nature's greatest creation.

Dana Butte

by Jim Ohlman

On Saturday May 14, Ron Lucas, Marty Borges and I met at the Grand Canyon National Park Backcountry Rangers Office prior to making a hike into the canyon to explore a strange masonry bin on top of Dana Butte. These two fellows were old hiking buddies of mine and had made a number of trips into the Canyon in the past.

Ron and I encountered several delays that morning (stopping for gas and munches and an occasional deer that ran across the road in front of us) causing Marty to wait about thirty-five minutes for us to show up. Marty wanted to inform us that some last minute personal business would prevent him from going along. I told him (with tongue in cheek) that it was okay with me if he didn't go because all I wanted to have him along for was to carry 165 feet of climbing rope we would need for the climb to the top of Dana Butte.

Ron and I began the hike at 10:20 that morning, later than we had planned. All three of the morning mule trains had departed ahead of us so they did not detain us. We did meet and pass several dozen hikers, and some of them were just as difficult to get around as the mules. We eventually ran out of steam near the base of the Redwall Limestone and stopped to rest. Here Marty caught up with us. He had a chat with his lady friend and she finally agreed that he should go on the trip or she would never hear the end of it.

At Indian Gardens we spent thirty minutes feeding our faces and tanking up on water before the next leg of our journey over to Horn Creek. Ranger Chavez gave us the latest report about water sources he had received from hik-

ers two weeks prior, and at that time Horn Creek was supposedly dry. With that news in mind we each carried two plus gallons of water with us.

We were glad to find that the spring in the creek bed below where the Tonto Trail crosses the Horn Creek drainage was flowing with frogs croaking when we arrived. After setting up our camp in a grove of hackberry trees and hanging our packs so the daytime wrecking crew (squirrels and ravens) couldn't completely destroy our food and gear, we took off for Dana Butte.

It was already unseasonably warm (read that as HOT) when we arrived at Horn Creek at 1:30, but by the time we reached our take off point from the Tonto Trail at 3:05 we knew the heat might well be the determining factor in the success of our project. We left the Tonto Trail in a small side drainage, due east of the lowest point in the saddle between Dana Butte and the outlier knob with an elevation of 4720 feet. The outlier is

Upon reaching the north buttress, we broke out our climbing equipment for the first time.

sometimes called "Little Dana Butte", and Harvey Butchart spent several trips attempting to reach this peak, only to find out that what he took to be the main summit was actually a lower, albeit more impressive looking subsidiary summit.

In 1978 I with four other climbers reached the summits of both Dana and Little Dana Buttes on a long day hike from the South Rim. The lower summit didn't require ropes and climbing equipment,

but the main summit of Dana Butte requires the use of a rope for protection, especially on the descent.

All of this was ahead of us as we first had to reach the connecting ridge between the two buttes. Marty and I had a little trouble ascending the talus leading up to the steep east ridge, but given the heat and our lack of being in shape, all three of us started to "age segregate" ourselves along the talus: Marty the youngest led, I lagged behind by perhaps a minute as we neared the top of the talus. Ron the oldest brought up the rear some five minutes behind me. By the time Ron caught up with where we were resting in the shade of a boulder, he had already decided to let us youngsters go on ahead without him, as the heat and his fifty-one years would prevent him from enjoying the trip, and could put us in jeopardy. We all agreed that the climb was difficult enough without additional problems. Marty and I headed up the ridge while Ron played photographer. The one kicker in all this was that Ron had the only camera and I was unable to take photos of the ascent or summit of Dana Butte.

In reaching the saddle between the two buttes we had to ascend a series of short ledges and small ravines. We were impressed with the views toward the west. Granite Rapids and a stretch of river above Boucher Rapids were clearly visible, as well as the vast panorama of buttes and temples, side canyons and terraces of west-central Grand Canyon.

Since I had been up this butte before I knew the route and knew what we could expect in the way of loose or rotten rock, but I was not mentally prepared for the "airy" nature of the ridgeline. Somehow

—continued from page 6.

I had forgotten just how much work was involved in traversing this ridge up to where it intersects the north buttress of Dana. There are numerous places where we could stand (or crouch if you preferred) with arms outstretched to either side and drop a rock from each hand and not hear the return echo striking below for three or four seconds. We eased our way up doing a little housekeeping along the way by moving smaller rocks aside so they wouldn't roll out beneath our boots and ceremoniously nudging larger ones to a position of lower potential energy.

Upon reaching the north buttress, we broke out our climbing equipment for the first time. The difficult section of the climb ended just short of the top of the Redwall Limestone, where we left our equipment for the return trip. It was 5:10 PM when we reached the mushroom-shaped summit where we spent 10 or 15 minutes enjoying the view before setting off to locate the masonry bin I had noted on my 1978 ascent.

The bin consists of a rectangular, single-wall structure composed of loosely fitted blocks of local rock surrounding an open interior. A pack rat had taken up residence inside and I disrupted its nest in order to determine if any of the original contents remained beneath. They didn't. I found no evidence of a top or covering so I can only assume it was taken off or discarded, hopefully by those who warranted the bin's contents. The cracks between the basal tier or course of the masonry bin are

filled with soil which is partially covered by lichen and moss. I've seen hundreds of similar structures in the canyon, and would estimate that this structure predates any recent activity. It is clearly not ancient enough, however, to be an Anasazi ruin.

The actual purpose is unknown but a reasonable guess would be it was used as a cache for food or supplies by a 1919 survey party, that was locating tower sites for a proposed cross-Canyon aerial tramway. The details of this project are fairly well buried in the annals of time.

...engineer ...came up with the idea of linking the two canyon rims via an aerial tramway.

It seems that around 1916 a San Francisco engineer by the name of George Davol (possibly spelled De Foe) came up with the idea of linking the two Canyon rims via an aerial tramway. The tram would have a series of stations atop several of the Canyon's buttes, including Dana Butte. The project received wide local backing, and in 1919 Davol hired a team of surveyors to scout out locations for suitable tower sites, anchorages, and transfer stations. All went well until Stephen Mather got wind of the proposal, and by 1920 the project was officially rejected.

Descending the butte, a gusty breeze caught Marty and me along the ridge line and we had to crouch low and move slowly to keep from being blown off. We retraced our ascent path down. All went well until Marty decided

to use an agave plant as a handhold near the top of the talus, and ran spines into his finger and wrist. We met up with Ron again along the Tonto Trail.

Back at camp Ron and I spent nearly 45 minutes attempting to remove the spine which had nearly pierced Marty's finger, but no success. The other spine had entered his arm just above his wrist. This one we decided to leave for the experts at the Clinic on the south rim. Marty didn't think he would have any problem staying the night (after taking 5-6 aspirin), and he especially wanted to see the ponderosa pine in the lower gorge that we scheduled as a side trip for the next day.

On Sunday the 15th we started hiking toward Indian Gardens. Enroute Marty mentioned that he thought he would forego the visit to the pine tree, so I took Ron and him down a short ravine which ends at the Tapeats pouroff where there is a nice view looking into its top branches. On my last visit in September 1988 the tree appeared to be in very poor shape, having suffered through several long drought years, but now I am pleased to note, it is doing just fine. For a complete story on this famous tree one should read Gale Burak's account in the May 1993 issue of this newsletter.

After a brief stop at Babbitt's grocery we headed home, stopping at Cameron for an enjoyable dinner and a short chat with Ken Walters, an old climbing buddy of mine who is now leading photography workshops in and around the Grand Canyon.

What We Hear From Around And About

Received a note from **Barbara McKee** stating she is recuperating from a broken hip in a health care center. Hope this finds her well on the way to recovery.

She also informed us that a point west of Toroweap had been named for Edwin D. McKee. We feel that is something that should have taken place a long time ago.

John Turnbull writes that he has been under the weather with a blood clot in his right arm. The obstruction was successfully removed and he is again up and at 'em.

Had a nice long conversation with **Dave Beatty** recently. Dave and I are Emery Kolb buffs and got to know each other some years back while looking through the Kolb Collection at NAU's Special Collection Library. You should hear him do his imitation of Emery's lecture.

Marie Maiorana, Sibyl and I made a second trip to Grand Canyon to have a look at the balance of the *Arts For The Parks* paintings. Those that failed to see this

exhibit at the Kolb Studio missed a wonderful experience.

Seeing the results of the Grand Canyon Natural History Association's work at restoring the Kolb Auditorium was also a treat. What a wonderful job they have done. Emery Kolb is probably sitting up there on his cloud with a big grin on his face.

Jim Ohlman failed to get the hoped for photographs on his recent Canyon hike to Dana Butte but did get some measurements of the stone structure there (see April 1994 Newsletter as well as his story in this issue).

Got a nice letter from **Harry & Ethel Cole** in Williams stating they had a great time at the GCNP's 75th anniversary. They got to see and visit with many old friends, some they hadn't seen in many years.

Jim Knipmeyer writes and says he will spend some of his summer in southern Utah searching and photographing rock inscriptions. His goal is to locate and photograph various names and dates

that he has either heard or read about. This year he will be searching for about sixty different ones and the trip will involve a lot of hiking and four wheel driving. His longest hike will take him into Grand Gulch for three days. Keep us posted, Jim.

Harvey Butchart was honored at the Grand Canyon National Park's 75th birthday celebration. He at long last had the opportunity to meet **Ruth Stephens Baker** who climbed Shiva Temple with Emery Kolb. While there he made a very important oral history interview that will be available for researchers in years to come.

We spent a delightful afternoon and evening with **Fred and Jeanne Schick** Saturday June 4. After attending the **Harvey Butchart** lecture at NAU we paid a visit to the Museum of Northern Arizona for a look at the new **Clay Locket** exhibit. It is always a pleasure to spend time and chat with members of the society. There never seems to be time to do this at our meetings and outings.

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

It's really exciting to me that we will be able to hold our annual meeting at Verkamp's historic store at Grand Canyon, thanks to **Mike Verkamp** and his family. I believe it's important to have meetings at our namesake location whenever possible.

Thank you Verkamp family!!

Also I was very pleased that **Barry Goldwater** took the time to write and compliment us on our newsletter. **Bill Suran** does such a fine job with the editing that he

deserves all the compliments he so often gets.

Anyone interested in going to Havasu Canyon in March contact **Sibyl Suran** at 525-1863. You can hike or take a horse (if you don't weigh more than 150 lbs. as I understand it). The entry fee is \$12 if going to the lodges and \$8 to the campground payable at the time you register at the Tourist Office in Supai. The cost for a round trip on horse is \$70 and the cost for the motel is \$50 for two people. Departure times for horse trips are

8:00 and 10:00 a.m. from Hualapai Hilltop. If there is sufficient interest in this trip, we will have more info. in future newsletters.

And speaking of the newsletter, thanks to everyone who has been sharing stories and letters with us; I'm proud of our newsletter, and all of you who are sending us interesting historical tidbits and hiking stories are making this newsletter what it is becoming. Your stories will go down in history for future reference. **Thank you all!**

Marie Maiorana

L e t t e r s T o T h e E d i t o r

Dear Bill:

I really was particularly intrigued by Ron Werhan's story about *Pleasant Valley-Not So Pleasant*. I even did as he suggested and got out my Arizona map and located everything he mentioned except Cherry Creek. That Ed Tewksbury must have been one fast horseman to ride 70 plus miles a round trip, have time to shoot a man and be back home in 12 hours. They must have had better horse trails in those days and no 55 MPH speed limit.

After reading about your planned outing on May 14th to John D. Lee's house at Moenave you got me all interested in your visit and while I had the Arizona map out I started looking from Cameron north to see if I could see were you were going, but I never could find Moenave....

John Turnbull
Hawthorne CA

Editor: Moenave is located off highway 89 between highway 160 and Willow Springs, and is jammed up against the Echo Cliffs. Not enough there to show on a map.

Dear Bill:

What ever Sibyl has been teaching you really is showing in the quality and quantity of the GCPS Newsletter. I realize it may be her regular supply of cookies that nourish the body and the mind. I look forward to the diversity of articles as well as the various opportunities to socialize with the organization. What a wealth of history and experience is represented within the group!

Keep up the good work Bill. And keep him supplied with those brain food cookies Sibyl.

Edwin Druding
Glendale, AZ

Editor: I don't deserve all the credit, Marie Maiorana, Al Richmond and Sibyl as well as those members who contribute, do their share of work too. Without them it would never be published.

Dear Ms. Maiorana:

Please convey my thanks to the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society for the generous scholarship they chose to award me. I am looking forward to presenting the results of my research to the society at a future date.

Once again, thank you.

Juti A. Winchester
Flagstaff, AZ

Dear Bill:

... We are getting ready to leave for Schenectady N.Y. for our summer visit to see our daughters and grandchildren. We will be back on October 19.

We did enjoy our visit to the Canyon last month, and thought that the Park Service did a good job in describing some of the current problems with all the increase in tourists and no increased revenue.

It was not a happy sight, however, to look at the burned out ruin of the old Babbitt Bros. store; since that was our home from 1925-1930.

Have a good summer.

Roy Burris
Rio Verde, AZ

Dear Friends:

Will you please send me two of Peggy's books, "*History of Grand Canyon National Park*." She and my sister, Mildred, were very close friends.

I do enjoy the newsletter and wish I were closer to attend all the exciting things you do. Dad and Mother moved to Grand Canyon in 1920.

One of these days I will meet you all.

Love to all of you,
Marnette Reed Good
Rogue River, OR



The Santa Fe baseball team at Grand Canyon. Sam Bracco, Eddy Newman, Elmer Nelson, Art Metzger, Indian John, George Schick, Dick Bosley, and one unidentified man. around 1926. **From the Jack Greening Collection.**

PIONEER FOOTPRINTS

In respect for those who have gone on in the past and pioneered this great state, there is still the pioneer spirit prevalent in many of our residents. Footprints are evidence of life in the past, just as the dinosaur prints near Tuba City testify of earlier life. The footprints may have been in search of food, a new life or location. In any case, they lead somewhere or nowhere, adding to speculation and folklore to fill the gap. A great deal of history is loaded with folklore and speculation where facts are missing. I feel that the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society is dedicated to preserving both history and folklore. We will be leaving footprints for others in the future to see and perhaps to speculate. Remember there are even footprints on the moon.

by Edwin Druding

Editor's note: This is the first of a new column to appear in the O Pioneer under the heading of Pioneer Footprints. The column will consist of bits of history our members submit from time to time, some too short to make a full length article but too interesting to pass over and forget. Every bit of history is important and as our newsletter is now preserved in several libraries and mu-

seum archives it is in itself a part of history.

A Little White Lie

by Michael Harrison

Michael Harrison submitted this interesting story about the Hyde couple who disappeared while making a honeymoon trip down the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon in 1928.

... I have read *The Kolb Brothers of Grand Canyon* with much interest. It gave me an opportunity to recall some very pleasant memories of my almost ten years there. Of special interest was your account of the visit of the Hydys and their subsequent loss on the river, and the efforts made to locate them, an affair in which I participated.

When the Hydys did not appear at the appointed place and the appointed time, Glen's father came to the Park asking if a search party couldn't be put on the river. A staff meeting was held in the Park Service office, attended by Miner R. Tillotson, P.P. Patraw, Clark Carroll, Glen Sturdevant, James P. Brooks and I, Jimmy Brooks. Chief Ranger was to head the party together with Emery Kolb. Sturdevant volunteered to accompany the party to which I objected, pointing out that Glen was a married man with family, where as I

was single and "a champion swimmer, with a trunk full of medals." The meeting broke up soon thereafter. Brooks and Mr. Hyde left in the Park's official car (an Essex) and I drove Mr. Kolb in my Buick coupe.

Upon our arrival at Peach Springs we checked into the local hotel and we were asked if Michael Harrison was in the party. When I identified myself, the clerk handed me a telegram from Tillotson ordering me not to go beyond Peach Springs, but to return immediately, which I did. Emery then wired to his brother Ellsworth who was living in Los Angeles to replace me, which he did.

Thus I lost an opportunity to be on the river in 1928, not knowing that in just a few short months I would have that opportunity in February 1929, when I went upstream from the foot of Hermit Trail to Phantom Ranch with Bob Mueller, Bob Francey and Ray Tankersley, searching for the bodies of Frank Johnson and Glen Sturdevant who were lost in Horn Creek Rapid. Upon my return from that trip and reporting to headquarters, Tillotson told me he had learned that I didn't have "a trunk full of medals for swimming" because I couldn't swim a stoke. As a matter of fact, I still can't swim.

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