

The Ol' Pioneer

The Quarterly Magazine of the Grand Canyon Historical Society

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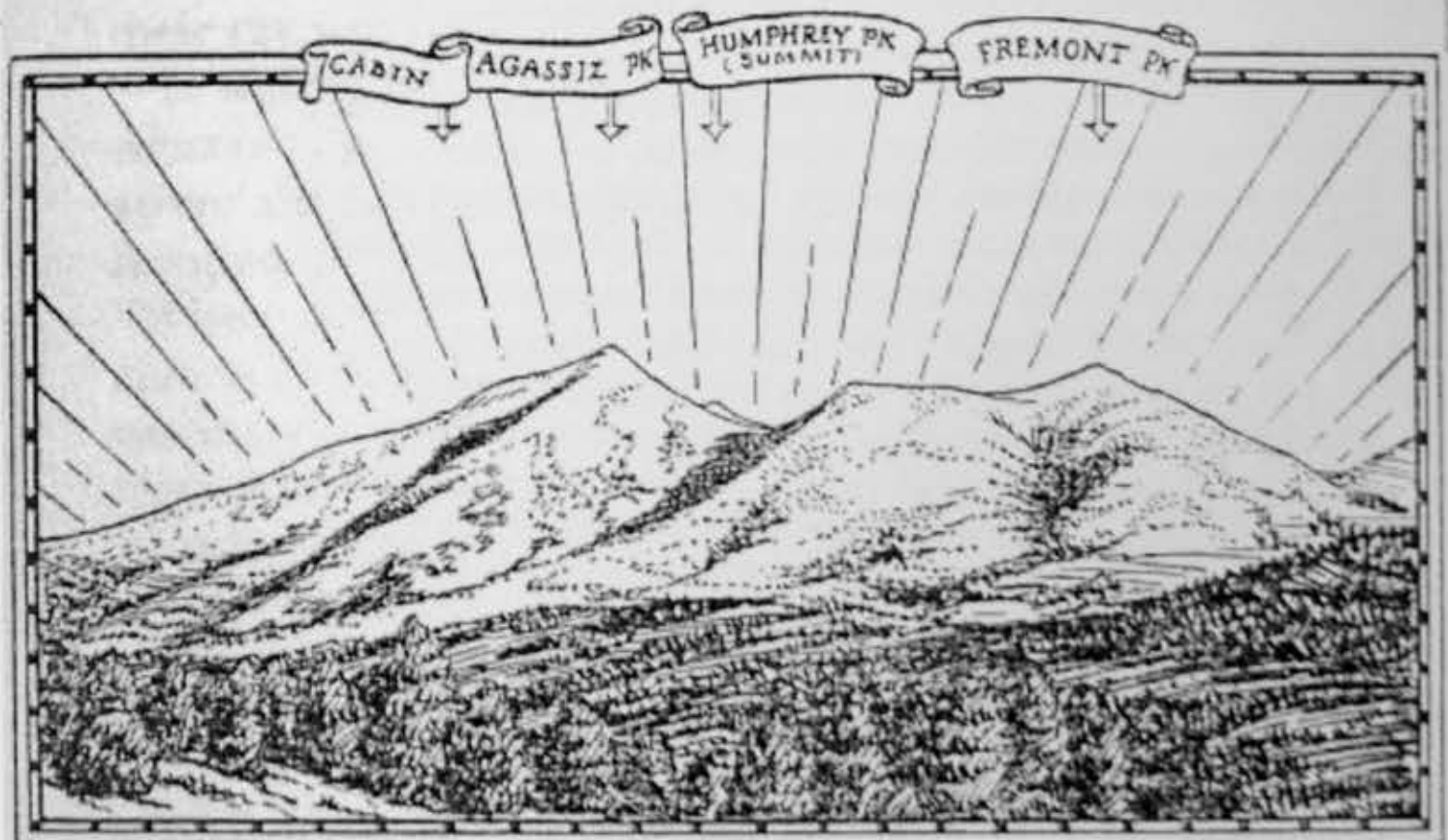
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President's Letter

Again and again I am besieged by another mystery of history. While reading a text, I am confounded by questions of the details of an historical event.

Lately, my extra time has been consumed by an interest in Ralph Cameron. Amongst Park Service circles, he is the universal bad guy. The question arises, "If Cameron was such a scoundrel, why was he elected to the Coconino County Commission and, eventually, the U. S. Senate?" Obviously, many voters liked him for some reason.

Several Havasupai families were farming at Indian Gardens when this became Grand Canyon National Park. That's the reason for the name "Indian Gardens." What happened to these families? The little I have discovered so far sounds as though the forced exodus was a tawdry affair.

I am sure that many such questions have occurred to you. These are the juicy details of history. These details are where the lessons of history reside - where past philosophies and past mistakes are exposed. This is where the answer is as to why things are the way they are. This is why history is so important.

For me, the thrill of the Grand Canyon Historical Society is the exposure of some of these details.

Have you recently learned previously non-researched things about the Grand Canyon or associated areas? Are there details of Grand Canyon history that only you know because of your specific circumstances - details that would die with you unless they are written down or explained in a public forum? Here is your chance to finally research that question you always wanted to know and make the answers a part of the historical record of Grand Canyon.

Grand Canyon Historical Society is sponsoring a History Symposium at Grand Canyon on January 25-28, 2007. Planning sessions have been held and members have taken on major tasks for the Symposium. The "Call for Papers" will be early in 2006. I would encourage you to dust off the research you have done on your favorite Canyon subject and submit an abstract when the Call for Papers has been issued. You will be rewarded and those attending your presentation will also be rewarded.

Well, I guess I better put my money where my mouth is. On which question do I want to present a paper?

This is my last President's Message. I wish to thank everybody for allowing me to serve you as President. I wish I had enough time to do a better job at it. The Society is desperate for active members. If you believe that the Grand Canyon Historical Society is important, please try to attend outings, write papers and articles, and be an active member of our Society.

Keith Green

The Ol' Pioneer

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EDITOR: Diane Cassidy

Submit photos, stories, and comments to the editor of *The Ol' Pioneer* at: Articles@GrandCanyonHistory.org or PO Box 10067, Prescott AZ 86304.

The Historical Society was established in July 1984 as a non-profit corporation to develop and promote appreciation, understanding and education of the earlier history of the inhabitants and important events of the Grand Canyon and surrounding area.

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Hopi Turtle Dance

by Nancy Green – Grand Canyon AZ

Sunday, May 13, 2001

Today we were treated as honored guests to witness the Hopi Turtle Dance on Second Mesa. As part of Keith's annual training, a cultural awareness of the Hopi tradition was planned. Phyllis, one of the rangers with whom Keith works, invited the entire Interpretive Division to her home, and also to her husband's village of Mushongovi for the dance. Except for the fact that we arrived there by automobile, it could have been 1,000 years ago. We left the cars behind, and hiked a trail to where the village is located. The way in which we approached led us to a pueblo rooftop, where we were allowed to stay to watch the dance, as we were invited guests. At first there was an honoring of the mothers of the village, as it was Mother's Day. It was being officiated by the clowns – so the gifts were pretty silly – like a sexy pair of panties for the oldest grandmother of the village! But then the rectangular plaza below us cleared out – except for the crowds on the rooftops like ourselves, or the people along the perimeter of the plaza with their backs against the ancient adobe walls. We had a great view, as we were at the short end of the rectangle. On the far side a drum sounded. From the ladder emerging out of the Kiva came a procession of Kachinas. They were the men of this village, chanting in step with the dancing shuffle they used to go the length of and circle back around the plaza. Each of the 35 or so men had ritualized clothing with individual touches. Each Kachina had a headdress, but the feathers were different – some hawk, eagle, owl or turkey. Each man had the Hopi hairstyle, which meant blunt cut bangs straight across and below the eyes, and then long, sometimes waist-length all the way around. Each man was bare-chested, with arm bands and/or leather wrist cuffs. Each hand held some kind of a rattle – gourd, shell or wooden. The breechclout/pants had fringe dangling and swaying to the

dance steps. Behind one knee was tied a turtle shell filled with pebbles which kept a syncopated beat along with the rattles and the bells, which were tied to the ankles. The bare feet slapped the dusty, hard-packed earth as had the feet of millennia before. The men on the rooftop with us, who were from neighboring villages, also sang the chant. This created a stereo effect, with the sound bouncing and amplifying on the solid walls below. Circulating among the dancers were the clowns, everyone's favorite, with their white-splotched painted skin, their antennae headdress and their raucous behavior. The mudheads were also there – the perpetual bad guys with their clay pot heads, protruding tubular ears, vacant eyes and their scary behavior. The Owl Kachina made a brief appearance – startling in its beauty with its owl beak, eyes, and the outstretched fan of an owl's wing on each side of the headdress. This ceremony was to awaken the Kachinas' slumber from their winter home at the San Francisco Peaks to begin their summer job of bringing the rain clouds to the Hopi Mesas. As the drama unfolded in the plaza below us, the skies took their cue. A grey cloud to the west coalesced into a thunderhead – spewing forth bolts of lightning and rumbles of thunder. The grey/black veil of rain suddenly was borne directly towards us, pelting the participants and audience with big, fat splatters of rain. It dampened the dust of the plaza, emitting that rich smell that promised a successful harvest to come. The rain passed quickly. The ceremony ended with a distribution of food to the community – corn, squash, fruit, bread, watermelon and even some modern inventions like pies and packages of Cheetos. It was a powerful experience and a privilege to witness this age-old ceremony, unchanged by time, honoring Mother Earth and Her seasons.

"In Our Opinion" Visits the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River

Submitted by Traci Wyrick – Killeen TX

The following is a transcript of the description of the Grand Canyon, made on WJR's "IN OUR OPINION" program Sunday afternoon at 12:30 on April 8, 1951. It was distributed with the best wishes of WJR, The Goodwill Station, Detroit, George Cushing, moderator.

On Sunday, April 8, 1951, *IN OUR OPINION* presented a recorded description of the Grand Canyon – an interview between Mr. Lon Garrison, Assistant Superintendent of the Grand Canyon, and Mr. Louis Schellbach, Park Naturalist. The recording was made in WJR's Mobile studio at Yavapai Point.

The program opens with Mr. Garrison asking Mr. Schellbach to give our listeners a few statistics about the Grand Canyon, here are Mr. Schellbach's opening remarks:

SCHELLBACH: The Grand Canyon from this point is about 10 miles wide and varies from 4 to 18 miles in width. It averages a mile in depth right here in front of us. It is 217 miles long, yet only the eastern 105 miles are within the Grand Canyon National Park. Many people think that the Grand Canyon is in Colorado actually, it is called the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, and it is located in Northern Arizona.

Yavapai Point was chosen for this broadcast because from that one point all the geological story is in one view, where at other points some of the geological story is missing or cannot be seen. So here then at the Yavapai Point, we introduce the visitor to the Grand Canyon story, and that is a terrific story. It is a story that cannot

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be sandwiched within the ordinary time expected by some people. That story is a story of one billion five hundred million years. As we stand here on the Rim and look down, we can see the river one mile below us and three miles away in an air line. We're not very much impressed with that river, but that river was one of the causes for the making of Grand Canyon.

I'm going to explain it in this way. There are five great eras in earth's history, only five. Now, at the close of the fourth great era, the Mesozoic, the land in this region was comparatively low above sea level, not as high as it is now. And through that lowland, there meandered a slow, sluggish, dying, moving river on its way to the sea. Now that was the Colorado River. And geologists tell us that was several million years ago.

And then the land in this region slowly started to rise – oh, so slowly you just couldn't measure it in a human being's lifetime. In fact, it may still be rising here, but we don't live long enough to measure that rise. And that slow rising of the land enabled the river to maintain its original course. You see, if the land would have come up quickly, it would have blocked that river, and the river would have had to flow around the base of this gigantic dome which is Grand Canyon. But the river is not doing that, flowing around the base of the dome, its flowing along the side of the dome, which proves the slow rising of the land.

And as the land came upward, it did something else. It gave speed to that lazy river, and speed, of course, spells power. Now the material that that river was given to carry in the form of sand, silt, gravel, boulders, became the tools that that power used. And as the land came upward, the river cut and pounded, and abraded and scoured down through it until today, she is a mile below the Rims. But don't lose sight of the fact I



told you, at the start, of the close of the fourth geological era. We are now walking on the completion of the third. The fourth was once above our heads, almost again as high as that canyon is deep. Hence, that river has cut through almost two miles of earth crust, exposing to you all of earth's history in this region, for the river down below is cutting through ancient black rocks, the oldest rocks known to man. Wherever they are found on the face of the earth, they're number one, number one in the scheme of things out there. There are no rocks any older beneath those rocks in the bottom of this canyon, for they go down, down to the magma layer, the molten rock layer on which the earth's crust rests.

So you seen then, as you stand here on the Rim of Grand Canyon, and look out over it, with a little bit of inspiration, you suddenly realize you're doing more, much more, than just looking – you're looking back through the ages. Now that's how the river cut the Canyon, but at no time was that river as wide as from this rim to the north rim across the Canyon some 10 miles away. No, the

river probably was not much wider than it is today. It cut a narrow, straight canyon downward, but other forces are at work eating away the canyon walls on the sides and the river carrying it out. So there, then, you have two main forces that made Grand Canyon. The river plus the uplift of the land, the two working in close conjunction with each other made this tremendous spectacle that we see spread before us.

Now, the Canyon means more than that, because here all earth's history is being exposed, it is in perfect order, not distorted and covered by vegetation, for you and everyone to read. The river cutting down through the ancient black rocks in the bottom exposes a thousand five hundred feet of those rocks – that inner gorge – a depth of a thousand five hundred feet. Let's consider a minute – take the Empire State Building in New York State, the tallest structure made by man, 1,250 feet in height. We could take that building, place it down in the inner gorge of Grand Canyon where the river is flowing, and not see it from up here. We could hide that building in the Grand Canyon. And we could place five of those buildings, one on top of the other, and the top of the fifth would not reach the north rim out here. That gives you a concept of the depth of that canyon out there.

Now the ancient black rocks in the bottom of the canyon show no evidences of life. It's not believed that life ever existed at that time. However, though, if it did exist, it would have been completely destroyed due to the terrific pressure and heat to which those rocks have been subjected. But, in the beginning layers of the second geological era, resting smack on the top of those black rocks, there we see the first traces of living things entering earth's picture – a little single-celled plant life known as algae. And then you

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Lillian Wilhelm Smith

by Nancy Green - Grand Canyon AZ

As part of the GCA Community Lecture series, Donna Ashworth made a presentation on May 4, 2005, at Cline Library, NAU. Donna is an Arizona Native who has been a fire lookout on Woody Mountain for 22 years. She has written several books, but the one she was highlighting that evening was "Arizona Triptych: A Story of Northern Arizona Artists." This book is an interesting trio of stories - the first is historical fiction, the second a biography, and the third a contemporary fiction. It was the biography of Lillian Wilhelm Smith which kept us captivated for the next hour.

Lillian's story is a sweeping saga to rival any historical fiction. Her life included struggle, loss, romance, the unbelievable luck to see Arizona at the turn of the century and rubbing elbows with the rich and famous of her day. She was able to see parts of Arizona in its pristine and primitive condition, experiencing the West as a true pioneer. She marched to a different drummer than most women who lived between 1872 and 1971. During 70 of those years, she did what she loved most - art. She made a living at it, but fame eluded her since she was a woman, and chose to live in the place of her heart, Arizona. But, oh - the life she led was a passionate one.

She was born to a well-educated mother and a father who was a salesman in Manhattan of luxurious items such as glass. Their brownstone soon contained Lillian and 5 younger brothers. In amongst the hustle and bustle of this busy household, Lillian retreated to art. At age 5 she drew a cup and saucer which were done so outstandingly well that Father hired a private art tutor for Lillian. This was along with the cook, maids, butlers and nannies already employed. There were also many cousins to play with from her Mother's sisters. At age 16 Lillian started a diary which included sketches, and also acquired a sister named Claire. More and more of the household chores went to Lillian as the family grew. At age 20, she started attending the National Academy of Design. Her cousin Lina had taken up with an aspiring author and moody dentist named Zane Grey. In November 1905, they married and



Lillian Wilhelm Smith working near Kayenta.
[Photo from John and Louisa Wetherill collection.]

took a honeymoon to the Grand Canyon and a little logging town named Flagstaff. How profoundly this would affect all involved for the rest of their lives.

In 1907 Lillian attended Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show accompanied by Zane Grey. Lillian was as fascinated as the rest of America with the Western Myth. She received permission to make sketches and paintings of the Indians in the show. Grey also attended a lecture by Charles Jesse Jones on Yellowstone Park. An invitation to travel west was extended to Grey. This trip to the Arizona Strip in the summer to rope mountain lions catapulted Zane Grey into the national spotlight as an author of Western novels. Lillian hung on every word of the stories of his travels and the stories generated by the sights of the West. Zane planned another trip West, and

wanted an artist to come along to illustrate his forthcoming books. His wife had two small children with another on the way, so it was out of the question for her to go. Lillian jumped at the chance to accompany him. For propriety's sake, her cousin Elma Schwartz went along. Apparently that didn't work as rumors abounded that Grey had affairs with both of them. Grey was often heard to say how much he loved the ladies and that he could never be tied down to one woman.

So began an outrageous adventure for a New York lady of that time. It included a 400 mile horseback ride from the rail terminus at Flagstaff to Tuba City, Kayenta, Navajo Mountain and Rainbow Bridge, which had only been seen by a handful of whites at that time. Lillian was stunned by the scenery of Arizona and fascinated by the interplay of light in the bright blue Arizona sky and among the cliffs and buttes. Colors meant so much to her. She met the noteworthy people of that time - Louisa and John Wetherill, Maynard Dixon and his wife Dorthea Lange, Gunnar Widforss, Verkamps, Babbitts and Mary-Russell Ferrell Colton. Al Doyle was their guide. Lillian went back to Manhattan for further training, especially with her astounding memories of the lights and shadows of the Southwest.

New York City was uneasy with people of German descent as the threat of World War I loomed. Lillian escaped by heading west once again with Zane Grey and his entourage. She continued to illustrate many of

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come up to the beginning layers of the third geological era. And now, lo and behold, we see the first traces of animal life entering earth's picture...a little crablike creature known as a trilobite. And then as you come up those canyon walls, layer by layer, higher and higher, you see life becoming higher and higher and more and more complicated, preserved in the rocks in the form of fossils. And you stand back and ponder because you see there's a struggle, a struggle ever upward, upward, upward, but in further pondering, you realize that that struggle was not for power – think some more – not for power, but for freedom. And that should also give us a lesson.

You come a little higher, and now you're finding true fish in the Devonian. You come a little higher, and now for the first time, you're finding land plants, ferns and cones, ancestors to our pine trees. You come a little higher to those layers of hardened river mud out there – and there you find the tracks of those creatures that lived in water and on land – amphibians, they're called. You see where they left the water, climbed up on the muddy banks, left their tracks in the mud which now is hardened and turned to stone.

And then you come up to the fourth chapter of earth's history which once covered our heads, the Mesozoic, and which is represented to the east of us by the Painted Desert. And there you find those gigantic lizards, known as dinosaurs – creatures weighing many, many tons, consuming thousands of pounds of food a day, having enormous tails and little heads. In fact, I've even heard it said that they used over 90 percent of their brain to wag their tail, and didn't have sense enough to live today. Now, here's where I get the kick out of it. There are only five geological eras in earth's history. We just now came up briefly through all four, and not a warm blooded animal has made its

appearance on the face of the earth. It's only in the fifth, and that's the present, that warm blooded animals appeared. It is known as the age of mammals, and now the present sentence, now being written geologically speaking, we – man – first enter earth's picture.

... "Nuttin' but rocks!" ...

Oh, we are the youngest of living things, and I sometimes wonder, should anyone have an inflated ego, either they won't lose that in gazing out over Grand Canyon, and become humble at the story that is unfolded.

Then the canyon has another story. Its 217 miles long, has an average width of 10 and is a mile in depth. What does it mean? It means it's a barrier – not a physical barrier, but a climatic barrier – not only a barrier to us, but to the animals. Before the canyon was cut, the smaller creatures intermingled and were of the same species. But when the canyon was cut, those caught on the North Rim, across the canyon over there, found themselves separated from their brethren on this side. They on the North Rim found themselves a thousand to two thousand feet higher than their brethren on the South Rim – a changing environment over there. Now, they had to adapt themselves to it or die, until today, they have changed. The squirrel on the North Rim has a pure white tail and black belly parts, while that squirrel on this South Rim has a gray tail and white belly parts. The stripes on a chipmunk's back have changed, the porcupines, the pack rats, the pocket gophers, the reptiles. They no longer could cross Grand Canyon; it became a barrier. Yes, and it's a barrier to us

today, for as we stand here and look across the canyon, we can see the hotel, Grand Canyon Lodge, just 10 miles away. Now to get there we have to travel 217 miles by car, or to send a letter over to that hotel in normal times, the letter goes into the state of California, crosses Nevada, goes up into the state of Utah, comes back into the state of Arizona, and takes four days to be delivered – just 10-miles away...this just to give a concept of the barrier aspect.

Then the canyon has another story. It's a mile in depth and 50 miles southwest are the San Francisco Peaks, the highest peaks in Arizona, 12,655 feet in height, and what does that mean? It means just this – that of the seven climatic life zones of the world (there are only seven from the equator to the poles) six of them are represented in the Grand Canyon region. The only one missing is the humid tropical zone of the equator. We have all the rest. Down in the bottom of this canyon, it is always hot, as a rule 20 to 30 degrees hotter than this South Rim, 30 to 35 to 40 degrees hotter than the North Rim. On the North Rim across the canyon, over there we have over 210 inches of snow in the winter time. On this rim, we only have 96 inches of snow, while in between, down in the bottom of the canyon, it never snows. Oh, I might qualify that by telling you that if it happens to be an exceptionally cold winter's night, an unusual one, and snow falls, you might find a little powdered snow on that gray-green platform 3200 feet below us. But by 9 o'clock in the morning, it's all gone. So for ordinary purposes, it never snows in the bottom of the canyon. Very rarely do they have frost down at Phantom Ranch.

Hence, then, the plants and animals that live in the bottom of this canyon are not the plants and animals you'd find living on this rim or the North Rim across the canyon. They are the plants and animals of that dry,

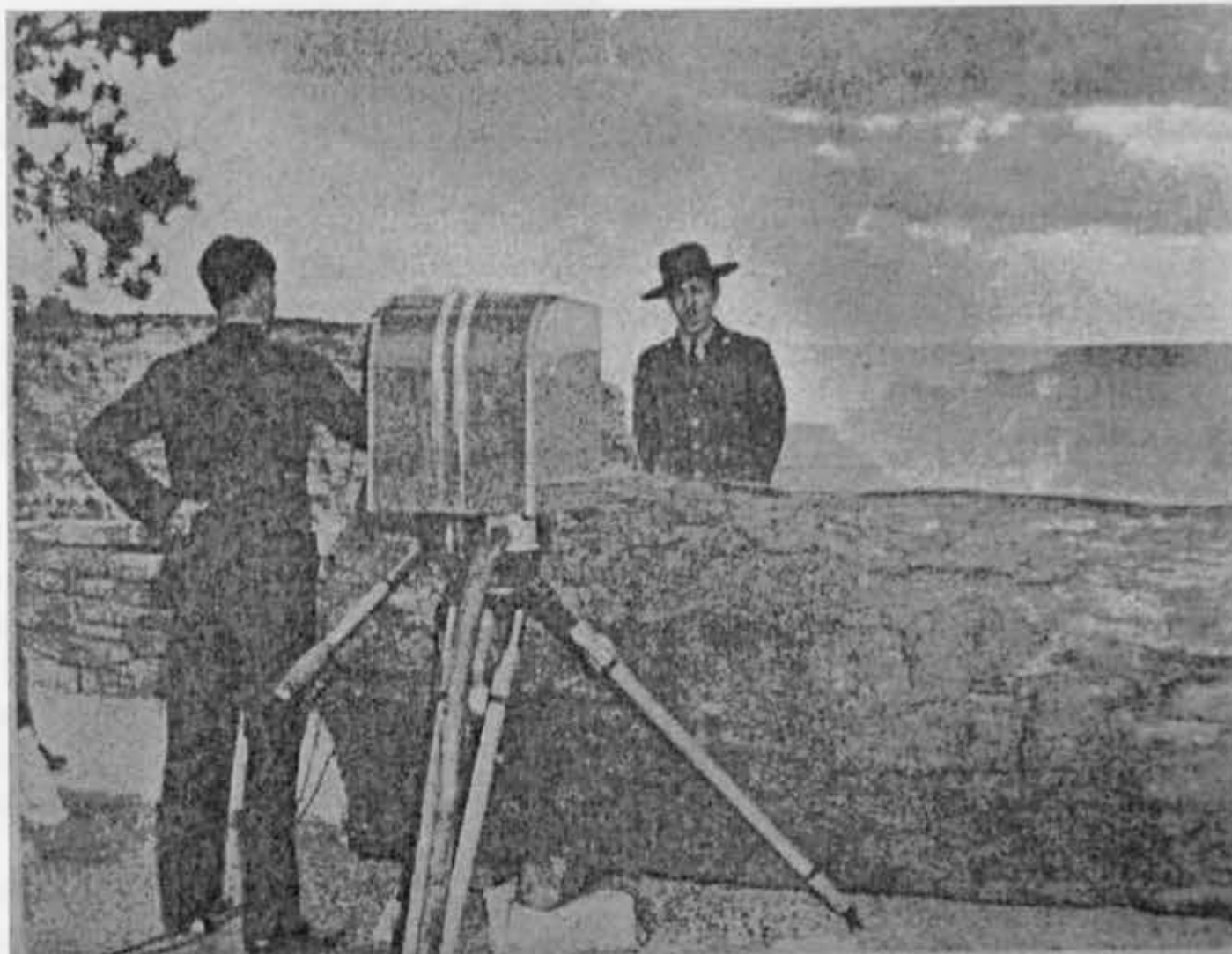
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hot arid region of Sonora, Mexico. They are the catclaw, the mesquite, the narrow leaved Yucca, the salt bush, the chuckwalla lizard, the pink rattlesnake. Well, that forest you see across the canyon on the top over there is not the forest we are traveling through and walking through on this side. That forest over there is a forest of Canada – fir, spruce and quaking aspen. Now, listen, it's only 14 miles by trail from the bottom of the canyon to the top of the North Rim – yet, if you wished to travel through those climatic life zones at sea level, you would have to travel from Central Mexico to Southern Canada to pass through them, where here you can do it by 14 miles of trail. And if that doesn't satisfy you, just 30 miles south of the rim are the foothills of the Frisco Peaks. You go up into those foothills, and there you get a Hudsonian life zone – just like the Hudson Bay region of Canada. Or up in the San Francisco Peaks at Flagstaff, 50 miles south of us above timber line, and there you get an arctic alpine zone – just like the Arctic Circle...right within a radius of 50 miles. So you see, there are stories behind Grand Canyon, and I believe all visitors should grasp them.

It doesn't require the mind of a scientist to grasp the big implications that are on view out there. In other words, I think you'd get the philosophy of the Indian who lives out here. He doesn't have that superiority complex. He calls himself brother, brother to the birds of the air, the animals, the trees, the flowers, and that Indian points to the earth and says, "Mother earth, on whom we live, from whom we get our sustenance, we thank you." There's nothing superior about that.

And another implication smacks one between the eyes. That's a young canyon out there, just several million years old. Down below we can see that great unconformity where the second geological era has been



Louis Schellbach, commentator with the Park Service, facing the RCA television camera for a lecture on Grand Canyon when the General Motors Previews of Progress televised the "big hole" for the first time in history.

completely worn away and the third rests smack on the first, an absence of 500,000,000 years. The archean rocks in the bottom of this canyon, according to Yale University, by radioactive disintegration of metals in one billion five hundred million years. And then when you pause and think of your three score and ten, one suddenly realizes that truly our lives are just like the click of a camera shutter, in the scheme of things out there.

In fact, with a little bit of inspiration, you suddenly begin to realize that time just never, never was. Really, that there is no such thing as time. You think it over, you begin to realize that time is a man-made tool. Man invented time so that he might write history. But as far as the forces are concerned that are at work out there, they know absolutely nothing of time. Relentlessly, they work on, and we are the youngest of living things. In fact, man had to change his time many times, didn't he? Didn't fit...doesn't even fit today, does it? Every four years we have to

put another day to February to make it come out even. Then, when he speaks of astronomy, he speaks in terms of light years. What do you mean by time...solar time, cosmic time, azonic time, standard time, daylight savings time? So don't worry about your birthdays – who cares? Although last week when I told a group that, in the group was a GI and he blew up. He said, "Yeah, you can't get away with that at the draft board." So you, as you stand on the rim of Grand Canyon, pause for a moment. Get a little bit of inspiration, and I think you'll carry something home with you that will last with you as long as you live.

GARRISON: Yes, that's certainly true, Louis, particularly if the visitors would only stay long enough to really look at the Grand Canyon and get some understanding of it. These fellows who are trying to cover 500 miles a day and take in two national parks on the way really don't have a whole lot of opportunity to get

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much inspiration as they go. Now, Louis, a while back you mentioned the climatic barrier that the canyon is, and the differences between the North and South Rim, particularly in the squirrels and animals. Could you tell us a little bit more about that, particularly the squirrels?

SCHELLBACH: Well, on the North Rim over there, Lon, we have the white tailed squirrel known as the Kaibab squirrel. It's the only place in the world he's found, and he's caught over there. Grand Canyon is a giant dome surrounded by low, hot desert country. And he is caught in the Canadian one up there on the North Rim, between 8,000 and 9,000 feet. Now, he's a victim of his environment and a creature of habit, even as you and I. He's caught over there, and every time I say he's caught over there, people say to me, "What do you mean caught? He's got four feet. Why can't he get down?" Why of course he can get down, but let's pause a minute. Let's suppose he starts down to visit his cousin on this side. He climbs through the Kaibab formations, goes over the Coconino sandstone, goes through the thousand and more feet of Supai formations and reaches the red wall half way down into the canyon.

Now, if you have any imagination at all, you can hear him start to complain, "My, it's terribly warm down here. Don't see how any squirrel can live in a climate like this, a country like this." He's uncomfortable. Then suddenly he realizes he's hungry. Now he lives in and on the Western Yellow Pine on the North Rim. He runs out to the end of a branch of the pine tree, chews off the needle plume, it falls to the floor, then he chews off a stick three or four inches long behind that plume with the young tender bark growth on it. Then he holds that stick in his paws and he eats that tender bark off much like you eat corn off a cob. When he has the stick perfectly peeled, it falls to the floor, or to the ground, and he

runs out to another branch and does the same thing. Well, now, he's down here on the red wall, and he's hungry. So he looks around for the Western Yellow Pines, and the Western Yellow Pines don't grow down there. It's too warm for them, not enough moisture. And if you have any imagination at all, you can hear him start to complain, "No decent restaurants." And he's very, very uncomfortable. So he turns around and starts back up again where he finds himself used to his environment and his climate, and there you have that life zone in which he is an indicator.

...in 1540, white man set eyes on Grand Canyon...

GARRISON: Can you tell us a little bit about when the Grand Canyon was discovered; the first white man that saw it. We know there've been Indians here for many, many centuries.

SCHELLBACH: That's right. If you stop and think, you find out white man writes the history books. He has an egotistical idea that nothing has been discovered unless the white man saw it. The Indians were here long before the white man. But Grand Canyon was discovered in 1540. Now, that's less than 50 years after Columbus discovered America. And we think of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Jamestown, Virginia, and St. Augustine, Florida – yet way out here in these so-called trackless wastes, in 1540, white man set eyes on Grand Canyon. A little band of Spanish explorers came up from Mexico in search of the seven fabled cities of gold. They reached the Zuni Indian villages in southwest New Mexico, and there, instead of cities of gold, they found cities of mud and

stone houses. They were disappointed but the Zuni Indians told them of villages further to the northwest. And they reached the Hopi Indian villages just southeast of the park here, and there again, instead of cities of gold, they found cities of stone and mud houses. Now, they were terribly disappointed. You see, nothing mattered with those fellows. All that they were thinking of was gold. But the Hopi Indians told them of a mighty river and a mighty canyon. And so Tovar sent his lieutenant and 12 men to find that river and that canyon.

They, I suppose, reached the rim of Grand Canyon somewhere to the east of us between Grand View and Desert View. And as that little band of Spanish explorers stood on the rim of Grand Canyon, looking out over it, they were fooled and deceived, even as you and I today are fooled and deceived as we stand on the rim and look out, for we have no yardsticks out there that we are familiar with whereby we can measure what we're looking at. They sent three of their men down – they disappeared from view. They almost lost their lives in trying to climb out. There were no trails at that time. And when they reached the rim, they said that the rocks they saw from above, that looked no taller than a man, proved to be taller than the Great Tower of Seville.

GARRISON: That's interesting, Louis, and in reading the history of the Grand Canyon, I'm amused by the report made by one Lieutenant Ives in his upriver expedition in 1857 when he concluded by saying, "My eyes have been the first and will doubtless be the last to view this profitless waste." That was less than a hundred years ago, yet, last year we had over 650,000 visitors to Grand Canyon National Park, and I've been here for five years now, and in that period of time, every month there have been visitors from every state in the union

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In Our Opinion

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and as many as 19 foreign countries represented on our registers. Don't you have one good story, Louis, which we can conclude with here?

SCHELLBACH: Well, after all I've told you so far, let's wind it up with this: I was on duty one afternoon here at this station. It was rather warm. Very few people were around, when suddenly I heard a car coming up through the forest south of us. You could hear the throb of that fellow's motor. I'll swear he was doing 80 or 90 miles an hour and I thought to myself, "He's going someplace!" When suddenly he realized he was at the end of the road – here was this loop out here. He had all he could do to make the turn, he was going so fast. In fact, you could see him try to bend the car around the road as he made the turn. Just as he made the turn, the trees opened up. He got a glimpse of the canyon, and he got all excited. Then a sign popped up – "Parking on the left." He swung into park, parked, forgot to throttle down, put his foot on the brake, stalled the motor, skidded into the curb, knocked the curb over, jumped out of the car all excited, left the door open, ran to the rim, looked out over the canyon in amazement, and then turned to me and said, "Nuttin' but rocks!"

GARRISON: Well, thank you, Louis Schellbach, and there, Mr. Cushing, is one billion five hundred million years of time crammed into your *IN OUR OPINION* microphone in 25 minutes. We have given you a word picture of the Grand Canyon. We invite you all to come and look at it for yourselves. One nice thing about it, you can't wear out the Grand Canyon by looking at it. It will still be here when you arrive. We hope to see you at Grand Canyon.

Editor's Note: Traci Wyrick is the daughter of Jo Schellbach, who married Don Schellbach, the son of Chief Park Naturalist Louis Schellbach III, of which Schellbach Butte, west of the main corridor on the river's north side, is named.

On Arizona's San Francisco Peaks

by Gale Burak – North Woodstock NH

Originally published in *Appalachia Mountain Club* semi-annual magazine in 1943. Noting: "At present studio assistant for the Curry Company in the Yosemite National Park, Dorothy May Gardner has previously been a hotel clerk in the Fred Harvey system. She has spent two years roaming the deserts and mountains of the Southwest. Her note, 'Crossing the Grand Canyon on Foot,' *Appalachia*, December 1942, tells of one of her adventures."

My restless feet impelled me last summer to Arizona's highest peak, San Francisco Mountain, some 12,700 feet above the hot, shimmering desert. Until on gaining the summit I found the stained register in an old coffee can buried among the rocks of the cairn monument, I did not realize that I should be the first since the previous November to ascend the queen of our western volcanic majesties.

Jogging along the hard tar road out of Flagstaff in mid-July, with a full pack board pushing backbone into hip sockets, I was thinking of the grandeur which soon would be spread before me when I reached Arizona's highest point. I did wish, however, that I had had enough sense to start over this hot, straight stretch before the heat of the day had set in. Even a dude would know better than to start in midmorning. No cars were coming out from town, either, though plenty were going in. Just my luck, for a lift now would take me to the foot of the mountain within six miles of my home-to-be for the next few days: a ski cabin perched at 10,000 feet among the spruce, just below timberline. And there was that old mountain, looming and beckoning way up ahead of me several foothills distant, hinting at all the enticing mysteries I was about to explore. No wonder that I was impatient to be rid of this monotonously level road and all the people gaping back at me from their car windows.

It wasn't until after I'd stopped at the Museum of Northern Arizona three miles out, for a drink and chat with the Hopi attendant there, that a pickup truck finally showed up and

stopped. A round, jolly Chinese face popped out and smiled at me. "Where you from, Missy? Where you go? Why you walk? Want ride t'ree-four mile? O.K., hop in back." Which I did, and proceeded to bounce around on sweet, prickly bales of hay while clouds of white dust rolled out behind us from the now wash-boardy corduroy road.

The ride rested me a bit, though, and did wonders for my morale, for when he let me off at a ranch by the side of the valley, there was the mountain directly ahead and above me. There, too, was the new mountain road leading to the Flagstaff Ski Lodge which I was to follow up part way to an old tote road heading straight up to a chain of steep meadows below Spruce Cabin, my objective. Well, I did tramp along it for a mile or so while it headed uphill, but when it started looping in loose tedious switchbacks meant for autos traveling under winter's icy conditions, I welcomed an old overgrown wagon trail veering up the slopes.

One old road led to another, with enough breaks in the trees to enable me to keep track of where I was going by sighting on a ridge of the mountain above me. While all the roads going up could lead only toward the one set of peaks, it would be very easy for a person to get high on the wrong ridge while still among the trees. They were lovely old meandering roads, with grass in the middle. Sometimes they were built up on one side with lichen-covered stone or half-decayed mossy logs; sometimes they were hardly more than a

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faint set of lines on a carpet of pine needles. I felt like a frontiersman following a worn old Indian trail through the forest, so that even week-old tracks of a shod horse didn't prepare me for a gray, weathered sign saying "Deerwater Ranch" and indicating a low roof or two up to the right among a grove of aspen.

I laid my pack by the sign base with a sigh of relief and walked up to explore a bit. Several low buildings in various stages of dilapidation and a good-sized tumble-down corral were in view. Not a sign of life was to be seen anywhere, and the layout didn't look like a regular ranch at all. The mystery was cleared up by another old sign lying against one of the cabins saying, "San Francisco Mt. Ranger Station and Bird Sanctuary."

I wondered where the rangers had gotten their water. I couldn't believe that they'd carried it out from town as I had so grudgingly done. The only water on this side of the mountain that I had been told about was a stagnant sheep tank down past the ski lodge. The very name "Deerwater" suggested a local supply of some kind, so I set about looking for it. Sure enough, against a low cliff beyond the buildings lay a small built-up pond of fairly fresh-looking water. And over under the cliff itself was a tiny, stone spring house with a deep concrete basin inside its cool walls to trap the water as it bubbled out of a cleft in the rock. Any kind of water is so rare around those parts that finding this oasis was better than anything else I could have asked for. The dust and sweat of all my miles dissolved in its reviving refreshment and were forgotten.

Finally I turned back toward the old road again, realizing that the afternoon couldn't promise too many more hours and that I wasn't even sure where my cabin would be. Then suddenly I thought I heard a tinkle. I couldn't have; but yes, there was another, a lower one, and still another. My curiosity was too much

for me; time be hanged. I was sure that no one was living at Deerwater—I'd peeked into all the cabins. Having hitched my pack on again with grunts and contortions, I sneaked through the underbrush and trees toward the sound, and, topping a little knoll, found myself face to face with seven fat burros, one carrying water kegs

*There before my
wind-blurred
eyes was spread
the whole of
north-central
Arizona.*

and another carrying their swarthy Mexican driver. I don't know who was more surprised, I'm sure, but he at least recovered first. He swept off his battered sombrero with a smiling "Bueno, señorita; these wan fine water here, is it not? You maybe...lost, no?" Oh no, I said, I was camping up on the mountain with friends, and was meeting them there that night. A little white lie seemed wise until I had some idea of what he was doing up there. His story came out in short order, too, with a rush of broken English and gestures interspersed with flashing eyes and teeth.

"Me an' my ponder, we herding the ships 'bout wan mile," and he pointed diagonally up the mountain toward the good road. That was where I should be heading, I knew; he evidently realized it, too, for with a look at the size of my pack and me carrying it, he said with raised eyebrows, "You just' wait, si? I feel these an' these," gesturing toward burros and water kegs alike, "an' we

have plenty room for all to riding. Ees wan long hard mile up; ees getting late, an' you leetle bit tired maybe, no? These leetle mare, she so fat, but she ride good..." He prattled on while untying his burros, filling his kegs, and fashioning me a rude halter from a bit of handy rope. Here was the aristocracy of old Mexico in person, temperamentally happy whether in rags or in riches.

Soon our procession up the shoulder toward the road was under way. My new friend and I, with our feet dragging in the grasses, were each leading a burro, mine carrying my pack and his having the water kegs bobbing about on its back. The rest wandered along behind us at their own pace, tinkling with each step and nibble of grass. My mare was so chunky that the only way I could keep from sliding right off her tail every time we hopped up a steeper bit was to sit up on her shoulders. If Juan hadn't already been looking so discreetly amused, I'd have leaned forward even farther and either grabbed her jack-rabbit ears or hung on for dear life around her neck. As it was, I tried to appear nonchalant and comfortable perched there on her shoulder blades while actually squeezing her ribs with my knees and legs.

The second-growth hemlock and aspen with deep, lush beds of ferns, flowers, and grasses in the draw we were ascending were lovely at this height. The mountain drainage is evidently very near the surface here. Higher up, the slopes are too steep to retain the moisture for long; below us, it seeps still deeper into the earth, as the slopes gradually level out into the plains. The life both above and below is consequently more sparse and tough, one being subject to excessive heat, the other to year-round cold.

Juan's chatter filled the woods around as we jogged along. It's a good life for a man there on the

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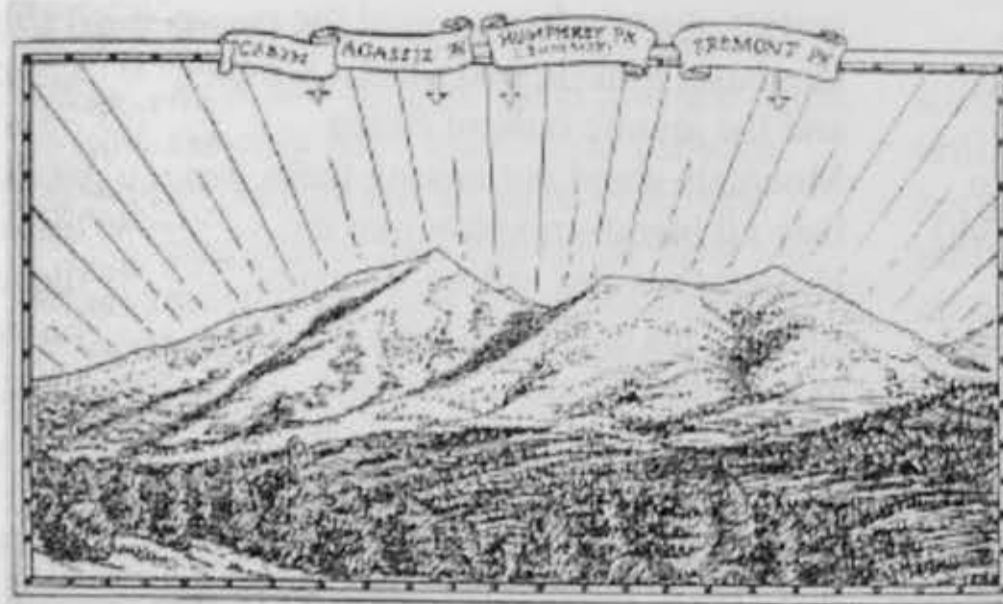
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mountain, he said; lonely, to be true, but sheep are easy animals to get along with. He and his "podner" herded over a thousand sheep there on the lower mountain flanks, moving every few days to new grazing grounds. Had I known the trail on up to the cabin, I might have accepted their repeated urge to stay for supper in their neat, cozy

camp and enjoy an evening of songs from Old Mexico. But it was already five o'clock, and I knew that the next few miles would be tiring and difficult to find after dark. Promising to stop in on my way back to town, I set off. Juan insisted on coming as far as the old road that leads up to the meadows below the cabin and carrying my two-gallon canteen, now filled with Deer-water instead of the "tap juice" from Flagstaff. It wasn't far for him to go, and after thanking him most sincerely for his kindness to me, with a last "Hasta luego,"... "uenas noches, señorita," I turned alone up the mountain toward my cabin.

It seemed an interminable time before the switchbacking mile of road dwindled into a narrow path criss-crossing up through the vertical fields. My pack had acquired a ton of lead from somewhere, and the unaccustomed altitude made it necessary for me to stop at the end of every turn to catch my breath and let my heart slow down. Up and up through the grass clumps I plodded, turning time and again to absorb the view of the sweeping forest now spreading out below me.

When the white-trunked aspens gave way finally to hemlock groves and spruce on either side of the meadows, I knew I hadn't far to go. Sure enough, there was the end of the last meadow merging with the pine border. And here through the trees was a shiny spot of tin roofing. Standing in the center of a small, lupine-filled clearing was the cabin, a little bleak



and lonely, perhaps, but with a welcoming door sagging wide to greet me. It looked as forlornly weather beaten and battered as any of the ski cabins and old A.M.C. shelters that I know and love in the White Mountains back East.

There wasn't too much time before dark now, so I went afield with my hatchet to cut a deep springy mattress of hemlock boughs that converted the rough, boarded bunk shelf into a bed fit for a queen. After that it was the work of but a few minutes to open out my bedroll, empty the pack, and get ready for supper. The meal was a meager affair; I felt much too sleepy to bother with a fire in the stove, though when I'd finished and cleaned up, something drew me down to the upper edge of the meadow to gloat over my domain.

The spell of mountain peace was deep within me. This was what I had come seeking, and I was content to sit in the last few sunlit minutes midst the alpine glow, watching a vivid sunset bathe earth and sky alike in flaming brilliance, then pass from the plains up my mountain and be gone.

A small pack of coyotes, resenting my intruding spoor, sat on their haunches low in my meadow and voiced their sentiments in discordant outcries to the sky. I love to hear them, too, whether on the desert where the wind makes eerie cadences with their lament, or in the strangely echoing depths of a forest. Many a night I've lain in bed at the Grand Canyon and heard a pack in full tilt after a fawn.

The portent of the dead silence following the last anticipatory bark always made me shiver a little in sympathy with the poor doomed thing. Tonight I was meeting them on their own ground, and all they were bold enough to do was to protest pettishly from a safe distance. Even after I'd gone to bed and snuffed out my candle, their howls and barks came up from the meadow, but I didn't hear them for long.

It was good to snuggle deep down into my bedroll and relax every tired muscle on the sweet-scented boughs. One blissful sign and even the wind was quiet. At least, the next thing I heard was a sassy squirrel on my roof scolding a timid but curious deer at the edge of the clearing. It was morning, and in no time I was up. Outside in the tingling air I could see the long triangular shadow of the mountain spread out for miles into the sunny forest to the west. With the showdown drawing shorter and near all the time, I realized this delicious coolness would soon be simmering heat, and so I got underway. It wasn't much after eight when, with lunch in kerchief and canteen on belt, I started up behind the clearing for the top of Agassiz Peak.

No trail at all leads up the sloped from the cabin. The skiers who utilized the cabin in winter go down from there, not up, and but few trampers seem to use this route even in summer. I found that the only thing to do was to pick the path of least resistance up. And up it was, practically, a hand-and-foot proposition over malpais rock and slippery forest floor. An hour of puffing and scrambling brought me to the timberline, that storm-battered borderland of tortured and twisted spruce that must resist the yearly round of spring gales, summer lightning, and winter blizzards.

As it was impossible to force a way through the stunted trees, I had either to crawl beneath them or detour

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around the interwoven clumps in order to reach the final and toughest stretch, the talus of naked rock heaped in promiscuous ridges up to the cone rim at Agassiz Peak (12,340 ft.). Here it was necessary to take great care with each step lest any of the many precariously balanced boulders be carelessly sent careening and start a whole slope moving with it. More than once a lichen-covered slab that looked settled would teeter violently underfoot and slide a few feet down as I'd wildly lurch off to another "solid" rock.

Another hour, however, found me on the pin-point summit, where I promptly forgot all my puffing and sweaty discomfort. There before my wind-blurred eyes was spread the whole of north-central Arizona. How truly a queen the mountain is, majestically isolated in the midst of all this splendor! Inside the broken circle of the mountain rim, the concave slopes dip in a smoothly steep talus arc from cinder-crusting crest to meadowed crater floor, two thousand feet of sweeping drop. On the outside slopes, which are visible for a hundred miles or more, the convex flanks fall in symmetrical forested folds to the Coconino Plateau, five thousand feet below my peak. Clustered groups of ranch buildings with their squares of tilled fields and pasture land dot the distant fertile flats. But in spite of its proximity to town, ranches, and through high way, the mountain is little frequented until winter snows are heavy on the trails and "Ski Hell!" rings across the bowl. It seems incredible to me that more people don't come to witness the magnificent panorama visible in every direction from this throne. My eyes swept the circle of a hundred-mile radius, and then re-swept it more slowly to absorb and place the landmarks that I knew so well from my explorations on the plains.

Like pilgrims kneeling at their shrine, more than three hundred red cinder hills, blowholes, and small

craters cluster close around the mountain base. Pink-lipped Sunset Crater and the granite bulk of Elden Mountain stand out among them, but they all blend smoothly into the cleared flats and rolling sweep of forest. This in turn recedes from the axis of the mountain in every direction and is broken only by the edge of the plateau's irregular rim circling the peaks fifty miles away. Just visible beyond the eastern border of the plateau at Canyon Diablo is the circular splash of Meteor Crater, its ridged rim but slight relief on the rolling barren plains extending past it to the New Mexican border. The Painted Desert's streaked and vivid wastes bound the plateau to the east and north.

Emerging from the northern edge of peach-colored haze, a thousand-foot ribbon of cliff winds first south then west through the Kaibab Forest and disappears into the plains toward Boulder Dam. That wide white band of sandstone is the North Rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, spectacular even when viewed from my remote promontory. The Canyon always dominates every scene of which it forms a part; each new phase in which I encounter it is one to be treasured.

Suddenly in the midst of my day-dreaming, the ominous rumblings of local showers gathering in on every side of the mountain grew more persistent and sent a cool wind up across the peak. I came to with a start. Before getting rained off the heights or enveloped by clouds I wanted to make the circuit of the rim a mile around to Humphrey Peak, the true summit of the mountains (12,794 ft.). As the crow flies it is north of Agassiz. My route though seemed to lead in every direction but north. Loose cinders and clinkers, jagged pinnacles of harder rock, and little saddles full of dirty, granular snow all conspired to delay progress, though at times, when I could find it, I followed

a slight trace of trail circling around just off the outside edge of the rim.

A passing cloud spat down on me as I clambered up the last nubble to the highest point in all Arizona. Only those who have heard the call of mountain peaks and glory in the struggle of ascent can know the thrill I felt standing completely alone on the very cap of the state, a spot trod by but few of the hordes passing by.

The wind was now strong and sharp with impending rain. Looking around for shelter from the elements about to burst upon me, I found that some persevering climbers had built a three-sided windbreak of rough stone slabs just inside the lip of the rim away from the prevailing winds. By anchoring a few broken boards from the cairn across the top of one corner, I made a cozy, protected nook and curled up inside for warmth. Lying there, I watched a few strands of cloud veer across the open side. A beetle clumsily and laboriously crawling over one boot fell on his back with legs flailing. Then my eyes closed.

I had a comfortable little doze, relaxing just on the borderland of consciousness while I listened to the rain patter and the wind howl around me. In half an hour the storm was over, and a wide ray of sun shone tentatively on the glistening rocks and rivulets. For a while I just stood there and watched the storm dissipate while I deliberated on which route to take back to the cabin. Though there were still several hours till suppertime, other showers were gathering all the while, and it seemed advisable to get down into timber before another deluge hit. The ski lodge, trails, and practice slopes are at the bottom of the banned-out bowl between the main ridges of Agassiz and Humphrey, and so I decided to hit right off down the blanks of Humphrey and cross over to see the skiing setup before climbing up through the meadows toward my

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cabin. Down I tore at a running schuss over sliding scree and almost vertical fields of clumpy grass, bouncing, balancing, and braking first to one side and then the other in a series of christies and tempo turns, flying into the floor of the bowl on pogo sticks instead of skis. Part way down the slope a slight shower made me retreat to the lee of a Douglas fir, where I settled myself comfortably and very thoroughly on a big gooey blob of pitch. I just took my seat of pine needles with me when I started off again, and from then on until I had a chance to change trousers I had to scrape myself clear of everything I sat on.

The ski club trial crew has built a short tow on their main practice slope, the only one I know of in the state. Arizonans are not spoiled as New Englanders are. The lodge itself is a sumptuous, new log-cabin mansion built down where the aspens and meadows level out into the valley.

Going up the wooded ridge toward camp, the windfall was so heavy that I found it easiest to jump from log to log, running up the length of one and crossing to another, working up the slope all the time without even touching the ground. It was good to see my tin roof shining among the trees. Not that I was so very tired or hungry; no, it was just good to feel that this was home and where I belonged.

After supper I sat a while in the silent peace of my meadow to watch a brilliant red ball of sun dip over the horizon, and to think a bit before turning in. Faint baas and bells wafted up on stray breezes from Juan's flock at pasture far below. A million stars came out to glitter low over the tree tops like sequins on a black-velvet sky. Still I sat on, feeling a little subdued by the grandeur that I'd seen, yet satisfied and exhilarated by being at one with the mountain, whose vast red-clinkered cone forms a shrine for the Hopi cochina gods, a home for perpetual snows, and a haven for good mountaineers.



[Photo by Diane Cassidy, 1986.]

Lillian Wilhelm Smith...continued from page 5

his books. In 1917, Lillian moved permanently to Arizona. She spent the winters near Phoenix in what is now Scottsdale on 20 acres of land she purchased in her own name with money from Grey. Like a moth to the flame, she traveled extensively in the summers to all the places she loved - Rainbow Bridge, Monument Valley, Walpi, Chaco Canyon, Grand Canyon and Betatakin to continue with her art. She had a brief marriage to Westbrook Robertson, and divorced after 5 years. She erased all traces of him ever being in her life immediately after the divorce.

On a parallel path destined for collision with Lillian's, Jess Smith was working on the Hashknife Outfit. This was one of the largest ranching operations in Arizona in the 19th century.* Jess had been born in 1886 to a family which traveled west in a covered wagon from Iowa to Denver. In true Western tradition, he herded cattle and captured wild horses. He had an invitation to join Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show at age sixteen, but his mother refused to let him go because he might learn bad habits. Jess later became a pattern for the model cowboy in some of Zane Grey's novels. Jess went off to World War I and returned to Arizona to work for John Wetherill.

Zane Grey and his entourage, including Lillian, returned to Monument Valley to watch the filming of one of his books. Jess was on this expedition employed as a packer. Lillian and Jess spent 27 days in the saddle together. They married as she turned 42 and when he was 36. Their 35 years of love can be chronicled through her paintings - always Arizona, always together. They had the orange groves of Scottsdale as their home base, but were happiest roaming the northern Arizona spectacles of nature. They were witness to the infamous deer drive on the North Rim. Lillian drew the first painting ever of Navajo Falls at Havasupai. She also incorporated

Navajo rug designs onto chinaware. Jess worked for a time in the Prescott National Forest near Crown King. Lillian was content to be on the move as long as she was with her cowboy, in her precious Arizona and she could paint. Jess was a CCC crew foreman in the Bradshaws, which suited Lillian fine. She could live in the fire lookout where she could paint Thumb Butte and the surrounding beauty. Lillian was constantly trying to get her art into shows and galleries. When they wintered in Scottsdale, Lillian was able to be the artist in residence at the Biltmore Hotel.

Lillian and Jess lost their hearts completely to a little known area called Oak Creek Canyon. They sold their place in Scottsdale for a place along quiet Oak Creek formerly owned by the Schnebleys. Shekayah Guest Ranch could accommodate 10 guests at a time, which was just enough to keep Jess and Lillian busy. About the time that electricity became available in Sedona, they lost their ranch due to a loophole in the law which reverted ownership back to the Schnebleys, who then sold it to relatives. It would have hurt Lillian to see what her quiet oasis has become today - Los Abrigados and Tlaquepaque.

Lillian and Jess never recovered from the loss of their paradise in Oak Creek Canyon. They were offered a job as caretakers at the Amerind Foundation, where they stayed for a couple of years. It was noted that in 1953 Jess was at the Cottonwood Hospital for surgery. Jess was checked into the Veteran's Hospital at Fort Whipple outside of Prescott in 1959. Lillian rented a tiny house on Beach Street behind Sharlot Hall Museum, where she could be close to him.** The great man of the western frontier, who had ridden horses, herded enormous cattle drives and worked with his hands on

the range his whole life, died in 1960 as John F. Kennedy began using television to reach the American people. Jess was 73 years old.

In 1968, with her heart failing, Lillian moved into the Arizona Pioneer's Home in Prescott. Her friend until the end, Kay Manley, sat by Lillian's bedside. Their conversation was always about Jess. "Soon you will be with him," Kay offered. "Thank God," was Lillian's response. The phenomenal story of Lillian Wilhelm Smith ended on February 22, 1971. Her ashes were placed in Jess's grave at Fort Whipple.

* The Grand Canyon Historical Society had a fabulous outing to Rock Art Ranch near Winslow, where the last remaining bunkhouse of the Hashknife Outfit stands in full restoration.

** In 1988, Keith and I rented a "tiny house on Beach Street behind Sharlot Hall." Perhaps this is why the story of Lillian and Jess - the times they lived, the amazing sights they were among the first to see and their deep love for the wide open breathtaking scenery of Arizona - has affected me so strongly.



Lillian Wilhelm Smith in Navajo clothing at Kayenta.

[Photo from John and Louisa Wetherill collection.]

Grand Canyon Association Events

The Grand Canyon Association has produced *Canyon Country Community Lecture Series*, a series of lectures held in Flagstaff and Prescott. **Prescott lectures** will be held at Sharlot Hall Museum, 415 W. Gurley (two blocks west of Courthouse Plaza). Space at the Prescott lecture series is limited; please call (928) 445-3122 to inquire about seating. **Flagstaff lectures** will be held at Cline Library, at the intersection of Knoles Drive and McCreary Road on the NAU campus. Parking is available to the west of the library (Lot P13 on Riordan Road). All lectures are free and open to the public. If you have any questions about the events listed on this page, please write Grand Canyon Association at PO Box 399, Grand Canyon AZ 86023 or GCAssociation@GrandCanyon.org or call (800) 858-2808 or visit www.grandcanyon.org.

October 16

Life Zones of Living Crust: Natural History Stories from the Plateau.

Using C. Hart Merriam's groundbreaking theory of life zones as a backdrop, author and naturalist Stewart Aitchison will share his extensive knowledge of the diverse plant and animal communities on the Colorado Plateau. Tales of a number of landmark scientific expeditions and resource-management experiments will illustrate humankind's influence in the recent past, and provide lessons for the future. This **Prescott** lecture begins at 1:00 PM at the Sharlot Hall Museum.

October 26

Lift through Time in Grand Canyon

Biologist and former Grand Canyon National Park ecologist Larry Stevens, Ph.D., will trace the history of life at Grand Canyon—from the single-cell organisms of our primordial past to the slightly more evolved river runners of today. This **Flagstaff** lecture begins at 7:00 PM at the Cline Library.

November 16

The Painted Desert: A Lost Landscape.

Writer Scott Thybony will present stories and images from northern Arizona's intriguing Painted Desert. He will focus on a corner of this landscape—a hoodoo land of wind-carved cliffs and shifting dunes lying at the heart of the desert—where explorers once feared to go and early scientists found fascinating. The story is told through the lives of an eccentric anthropologist, a pioneering biologist, a movie star, and a half-crazed prophet who believed he had discovered the construction site of Noah's Ark. This **Flagstaff** lecture begins at 7:00 PM at the Cline Library.

November 20

The Painted Desert: A Lost Landscape.

See description above. This **Prescott** lecture begins at 1:00 PM at the Sharlot Hall Museum.

December 18

Historical Mining at Grand Canyon.

For over a century the lure of fast riches has drawn numerous miners and entrepreneurs to Grand Canyon. From uranium to bat guano, the canyon has witnessed a number of boom and bust cycles. Geologist and Grand Canyon Field Institute instructor Jack Pennington will bring to life the extractable minerals that have been found in the world's most famous chasm, and the colorful tales of those who negotiated its harsh environment in their pursuit. This **Prescott** lecture begins at 1:00 PM at Sharlot Hall Museum.

Kolb Studio Exhibit

October 14 – January 3

A Legacy of Grand Canyon Art, a collection of original artworks inspired by the Grand Canyon to be enjoyed by park visitors today and generations to come. This collection is being shown in its entirety for the first time along with selected artworks from Grand Canyon National Park's Museum Collection and Artist-in-Residence program. Admission is free.

Lillian Wilhelm Smith Exhibit/Sale

October 8 - November 27
Revisiting the Rainbow Trail
Lillian Wilhelm Smith/Zane Grey Art Show
Blue Coyote Gallery
6145 E. Cave Creek Road
Cave Creek, Arizona

The Arizona Historical Art Museum in Sedona will loan the Blue Coyote Gallery several of Lillian's paintings for the exhibit. The Rim Country Museum in Payson will also loan several Zane Grey related artifacts for the exhibit. A percentage of the proceeds will be donated to the Zane Grey Cabin Foundation to help fund the replication of Grey's Arizona cabin.

For more information, visit the "Events" pages on the websites for:

Arizona State Committee of the National Museum of Women in the Arts at www.aznmwa.org
and
Blue Coyote Gallery at www.bluecoyotegallery.com.

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