

Around and About



We again put out the welcome mat to our latest new members.

Welcome to our club William C. Hurley of Montgomery, AL, Bill Mullane and Muriel Coll, Jerry L. Korn, of Flagstaff, Julie Maimette Peck, Paradise Valley, AZ, Al Hawkins, Kisasimnee, FL, and Don and Virginia Fisher of Tucson, AZ. We hope you will be able to join us on some of our upcoming outings and meet some of your fellow Pioneers.

Seems like July was a busy month for the work some years ago. So here's a HAPPY BIRTHDAY wish to Fred Schick, Bill Suran, Barbara Conley, Richard Quarberoll, Frank Wilson, Bob McPherson, Earle Spamer, Shirley Albertson, Chris Ohlman and Tom Klosiewski. We hope you have many more.

JULY MEETING

The only meeting we can hold this month is on Saturday, July 13, a tour of Lowell Observatory. Please make reservations in advance by sending \$3.00 per person (children under 12 years free). This should be addressed to Grand Canyon Pioneers Society, Box 2372, Flagstaff, AZ 86003, so we can make reservations for you. Please arrange to arrive at Steele Visitor Center at 10 AM where we will have a lecture and show at the new Starlab Planetarium and will visit the 24-inch Clark telescope.

On Being a Hermit Ranger

by Gale Burak

Picture yourself, if you will, down at the mouth of Hermit Creek on a midsummer breathlessly shimmering afternoon, lying on a silt bank by the Colorado River under the sultry shade of a lacy tamarisk. You're drowsing and dozing with shoes and most clothing pillowing your head as you half-listen to the buzzing cicadas in the catclaws and the roar of violent water below the smooth flowing river tongue at hand. You could often have been

and a book in my day pack, together with the usual Park Service supplies and high tail it for the rapids for my "Siesta Patrol".

So there I lay, that hot day in 1979, half an eye out for either a rafting party or a hiker with heat exhaustion, my heels dug into the damp silt slope, wondering if another soul in the world was a lucky as I, when: "Here comes a raft... oh oh, it's a Park Service Patrol boat John Thomas at the oars, and

buttoned and buckled, as nonchalant as you please.

Bob, our NPS Archaeologist-anthropologist, introduced me to the other passenger with him: Doug Schwartz, who in 1966 had started supervising the extensive exploration of the ruins of Bright Angel and Unkar sites along the river. Prior to that he had done much work at Havasu, Nancowear and on the split Willow Figurines. I'd long wanted to meet him, but not under such undignified circumstances!

Last season, from May 7th, when my son, Lance, and I first went down the Hermit trail, loaded with my gear, to late October, was a far cry from the two years before when I'd served as ranger pro tem at the Phantom stations and later at Indian Gardens. It was, and still is, considered a Wilderness Campground Area, and my diggin's sure lived up to the name.

For seven frustrating years Stan Stockton, the Park Service Packer, had tried to convince the "Powers-that-be" of the supervisory needs at Hermit. With more and

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lying there during my summer as ranger in Hermit Canyon! After a patrol in early morning coolness, perhaps the eight mile tour over to Monument's two camping areas and the maintenance of both there and upper Hermit camp sites. I'd take a bit of lunch, water

On jagosh, there's Bob Euler in the party, waving at me!" As I thought this I jumped up, retrieved my shirt and was struggling into shorts and shoes. And by the time they'd run the six troughs and crests of the rapid I was sauntering down the beach, all



Ranger, from page 2...

paid on the rim, but unless under aggression was shown I just laid down the law and let them worry about varmints all night.

The old telephone lines that once served the old Hermit Camp were long gone. My sole strand of communication with the rim world was a radio. In an emergency my best bet to reach dispatch was either run up the trail to Cope Butte saddle on the Tonto, face east and pray they'd hear me, or dash a quarter mile west on the Tonto to a big rock I could climb on, face east and hope. At times, usually in the evening, I could get reception from my camp, and it was fortunate for one poor fellow that this was so.

My first report of his problem was a hiker who dashed into camp saying, "Oh, Ranger! There's a dying man just below the Cathedral Stairs" (the set of switchbacks through the Redwall cliff, a few miles above camp). "He's out of water and is lying there against his pack moaning" A few more facts convinced me that I'd better take a gallon of water, my emergency kit, and get going. Sure enough, lying by the trail, weakly gasping and moaning, was a big bruiser

of a man with a huge backpack beside him, pleading for water. First I cooled him outside with some, then let him drink slowly. It seemed as if he'd never quit, and when he did he was too weak to carry his pack. I ended up with a 2-ton pack on my back, with him leaning on one arm and my pack with



Photo from Gale Barak Collection

water, etc., over my other arm for the last mile and a half to my camp. Ernie Kuncel, our paramedic on the rim answered my plea for help, and after my detailed description of the situation told me that he must have Diabetes Insipidus. As late and dark as it was by then I'd have to keep him over night, but a helicopter would get him first thing in the morning. "Keep piling liquids in: tea, juice, water whatever you

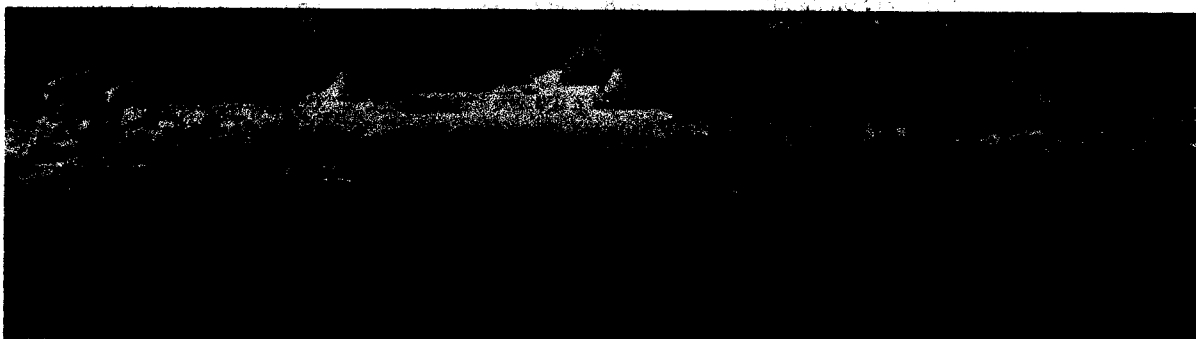
have." Well it meant a quick trip with my waterbags down to Hermit Creek to get a nights supply for him. Not much sleep for me all night, either, as he was an awful baby, for all his six foot massive size. "Ranger, I'm thirsty. Ranger, I can't see to go pee: Ranger . . ." I was sure relieved to hear the chopper at 7 AM next morning!

The next time I was on the rim I asked Ernie, "How come you sent him out so early that morning?" Ernie said, "I worried about your situation that night. That problem is nothing to take chances on. Besides, the whole darned canyon had to listen to that guy's urinary problems long enough..ugh!" So I looked it up: "Diabetes Insipidus is a disorder of the pituitary gland, characterized by intense thirst and by the excretion of large amounts of urine." Yes sir

Fortunately the summer held challenges and pleasures of a goodly variety too that I'd enjoy sharing with a subsequent installment.



"...the whole darned canyon had to listen to that guy's urinary problems long enough. ugh!"



A Wild and Woolly Town

Back a 130 years ago prospectors discovered silver in a low hill a few miles west of the Colorado River and it wasn't long before a mining camp came to life at the base of what is called Silver Hill. The place took the name of Chloride and like all

The miners were not the first to visit the area. Anasazi and Aztec Indians used the valley as a trade route. They left their petroglyphs on the rocks indicating where water could be found and the trails across the mountains. After them came the Spaniards with their horses, and some of which still roam the barren mountains that surround the valley.

shaft and to bring back the ore. The contraption was unusual, for the carriage ran on top of two cables, rather than being suspended below. It must have taken guts to travel to work in the little cart that had to be wrenched up the steep incline. Once the miners went down into the shaft they stayed there during their twelve hour shift.



Grand Canyon Pioneers catch up on the news at Chloride, AZ.

When the Santa Fe reached Kingman a spur line ran to the mining camp. The train was called the Back and Forth, because only one track existed and there was no place to turn around. More people arrived with the railroad and by 1890 approximately 2500 people lived in Chloride. It was a busy place. No one knows for sure the exact number that actually lived in the village for women and prostitutes were not included in the census, and it wasn't possible to count the miners at the mines. Even at the turn of the century it was a wild and rough place. Prospectors dug more mines, and copper and silver as well as gold brought riches to the lucky few. Today over 250 mine shafts and tunnels cover the area.

Things have changed today. Chloride is now a peaceful village with around 450 permanent residents that live and work at various jobs. There are still three mines that operate nearby when the price of copper is high enough to make it profitable. The village surrounds a block square park with playground equipment for kids of all ages; a barbecue pit and picnic tables. Three restaurants and several bars line up along the main street. Once each year the townspeople get together and put on what they call *Old Miners Day*. And it was this big celebration that brought 17 Pioneers to the northwest corner of Arizona. We congregated on the front porch of Sheps Of Chloride Bed and Breakfast and from there at noon watched the parade. We visited the booths lined up and down the main street, and poked around in the permanent shops. Some could not resist the temptation to buy while others just looked and maybe wished.

"The train was called the Back and Forth, because only one track existed and there was no place to turn around."

old mining camps it was a rough place. Prospectors began wandering all over the mountains that surrounded the valley and soon mine shafts and tunnels were being dug everywhere. Most of these miners stayed pretty much alone at their claims except when they came to town to bring their ore to market. Then the camp became a beehive of activity. Saloons and gambling places along with a goodly supply of ladies were on hand to offer entertainment and to take the cash of the hard-working men. After all their money was gone they meandered back to the claim to work and obtain enough to repeat their trip to town.

Getting the ore to the train brought some ingenious methods. One prosperous mine built an aerial tramway from the village to the top of the mountain to haul the miners to the

Wild, from page 4...

There were several shootouts, a hanging of one poor enter, and a bank robbery (there hasn't been a bank in Chloride for fifty years).

That afternoon the citizens entertained us with an old time burlesque show complete with a sing along and comedy skits in one of the town bars. At three o'clock, "Lucky" Gitting, the fire chief of the town's volunteer fire department gave us a talk on the history of Chloride and then a tour to the town's old jail and down the street to the one and only bank.

The Bank of Chloride was operated by a man and his wife. The story goes that one afternoon in the 1940s the man's wife went home to prepare dinner and there waited for her husband. After a time she got worried and went down the

street to see what happened. The old boy had taken the funds and left. The law caught up with him in San Francisco, but it was too late to retrieve the funds. The bank closed after that, the woman willed the building to the Kingman Cancer Society with a stipulation that the place could not be sold or torn down. It stands today as it was left showing evidence of decay and neglect.

Purcell returned to the project and redid the work with paint.

After eating a hefty dinner at Sheps we gathered again on the porch at the Bed and Breakfast and visited until



Jack, Chris and Charles Greening relax at Chloride, AZ.

The end of the tour took us into the mountains to see the murals. Here on the rocks, Roy Purcell in 1966 constructed a surrealistic picture from pieces of glass, time and the elements, as well as tourists, soon caused the work to disintegrate. In 1975

bed time. It was a busy day, but those who went were not sorry they made the trip. A ready plans were being formed for a trip again next year. So if you didn't make it this time you will have another chance.

Pioneer Footprints

A Brave Adventuresome Woman

The Coconino Sun ran the following story on May 23, 1885 that is interesting in that the date commonly given for the incident is 1884. Perhaps this will set the record straight.

Sunday May 10 Mr. Ayer, with his wife and daughter, Henry Ayer, Miss Sturges, Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, Major Minor and Dr. Lightfoot started from Flagstaff for the Grand Canyon, and were five days at that popular resort, returning to this place on the 19th. They had two four-mule teams beside the ambulance taking five men

as crew consisting of drivers and cooks. The journey over and back was replete with pleasure but Grand Canyon scenery to them was of that nature that filled them with wonder and awe. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Ayer and Henry Ayer went down to the bottom of the canyon and were three days making the trip. Mrs. Ayer is the first

lady who ever attempted the trip and she stood the terrible journey as told by her companions even better than those accompanying her. It was a great undertaking and she is deserving of credit.

"Mrs. Ayer is the first lady who ever attempted the trip and she stood the terrible journey... even better than those accompanying her."



"...our own show and tour that will include an exhibition of the new Starlab planetarium."

Just a note to tell you all thanks for the great job you are doing on *The Ol' Pioneer*. The new look is so nice. We have always enjoyed the bulletin and read it from cover to cover, and a special thanks to you for printing Al's eulogy to Harry and the article on Emory Shurtz. Both will be treasured. Am having copies of these made to send to my boys. Keep up the good work. I'm sure none of us realize

Dear Editor

how many hours of your time are devoted to the printing, etc. of the bulletin. We appreciate it all.

The credit for the new look of the *Ol' Pioneer* all belongs to Emory. He designs it, prints it and folds it ready for mailing. That is true devotion.

Congrats on the new look with color! Very effective, and how very right to have a fine inner canyon picture to start off with. I'm proud

of you. You're digging out some real good material. I heard Boston Holmes on the stage in Boston in the late 20's. My mother took me to see his slides and hear him. He had a fine stage presence, voice and I guess good pictures, but I've no idea where he had been to get them. He and Emory Kolb were good friends.

Gale Barak
N. Woodstock, NH

The April issue with the story of the 1898 trip to G.C. brought memories of living at the canyon since 1926 and I married Bill Kent at Rows Well and lived there for over 25 years. So the Canyon is really where I came from.

SOMETHING SPECIAL

Here's something you won't get a chance to do everyday. On July 13 Grand Canyon Pioneers have at Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, our own show and tour that will include an exhibition of the new Starlab planetarium.

And since it is set up especially for us we must make reservations. This will entail a charge of \$60 for the club which we can cover by paying an entrance fee of \$3.00 per person. So please mail your check right away made out to Grand Canyon Pioneers Society, P. O. Box 2372, Flagstaff, AZ 86003-2372.

Ron Werhan is in charge of making arrangements and has engaged Bill Buckingham to give us the show and tour that will include the Steele Visitors Center and the 24-inch Clark telescope.

To get there, go west from downtown on Route 66 until you reach the underpass, continue straight ahead on West Santa Fe Avenue and on up Mars Hill. Park in the parking lot and go into the Visitors Center. Please be on time so you won't miss any of the program. Try to get there by 10 AM as the program starts promptly at 10:30.

Can Anyone Help?

Will anyone out there admit they have seen this picture I took in November 1975 - or am I getting forgetful in my old age?

I took this photo while on a trip to Huethawali, Spencer & Huxley Terrace, a trip that I planned for a number of years. With the decision finally made I applied for a permit with the Park Service backcountry office and wandered around to Huethawali and Spencer Terrace where I had the chance to photograph some excellent views of Grand Canyon. There I had a sense of being nothing larger than a minute particle of dust in this the greatest of all chasms.

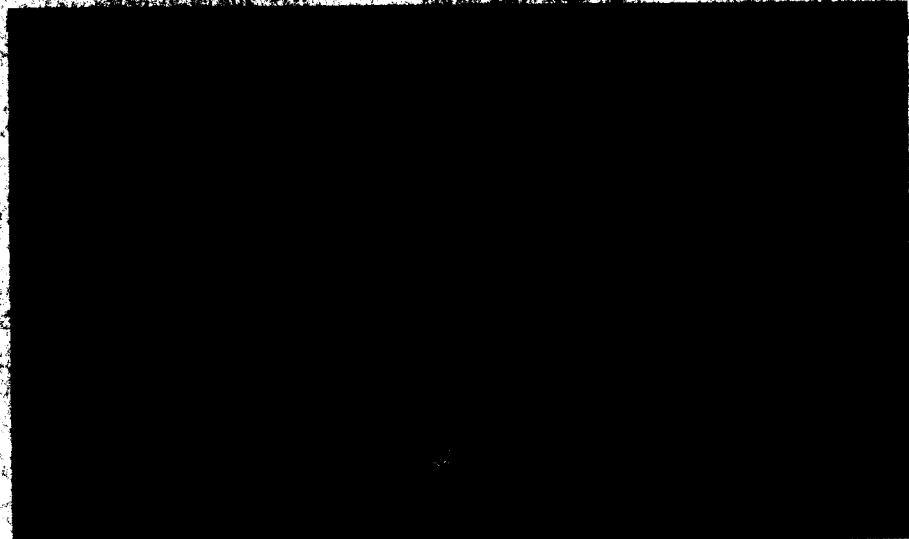
I searched for Mystic Spring in the area noted on my topo map and found nothing more than some water stains on the red rock. Out on Spencer Terrace I located a spring beneath a large rock overhang that

was only a drip that required about ten minutes to fill a 55 mm film canister.

Further wanderings led me to the main point of this story: Engraved on the red rock were these words "MONTE VIDEO"

by Gabe Wendt the reference a second time. I was certain it was in one of George Wharton James' volumes and I searched each one without success. I have had conversations with many avid hikers of

"I took this photo while on a trip to Huethawali, Spencer & Huxley Terrace..."



(Spanish for "mountain view"). I found a note concerning this in one of the books in the Arizona Library. But so help me I have been unable to locate

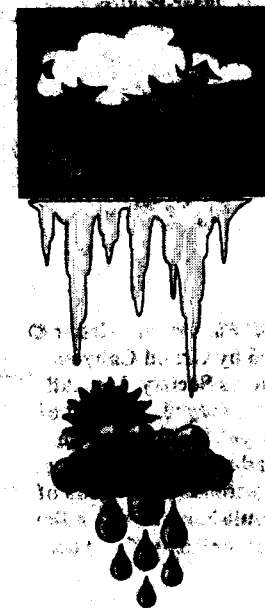
Grand Canyon, but up to now have found no one who has seen this engraving.

It Happened Again

It seems like the weatherman has put a jinx on the GCPS when it comes to our outings. Last year we were snowed out of three trips and this year it is the lack of snow and rain that has done us in. Northern Arizona at this writing is in the midst of the longest dry spell we have ever had.

With only a little over two feet of snow last Winter in place of our usual 10 to 12 feet, and no rain at all this Spring it has caused the forests to be extremely dry. This along with the high winds make forest fires an extreme danger. For the protection of all of us the National Forest Service has closed the forests off to all hikers and campers. Consequently we had to cancel the outing Mike Gibson planned to lead to Leroux Springs on May 18th and the bird watching jaunt with Ron and Carol Werhan on June 8.

None of us would want to pay the \$5000 fine imposed on those caught violating the closure, and besides, a forest fire is the last thing we want if it can be avoided. Maybe we will have better luck next year.



1996 Meetings

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July 3 - Dedication of Roosevelt Point at North Rim Lodge.

July 13 - Tour of Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, beginning at 10:00 AM. See Around and About inside for details.

Aug. 17 - Downtown Flagstaff walk with Strawberry Museum at 10:00 AM. Meeting at Visitor Center (Amtrak Station).

Sept. 5 - Thursday, 100th anniversary of the post office at Supai. If you wish to attend please contact Bob Bechtel, Box 40725, Tucson, AZ 85704, Ph: (520) 857-0725.

Sept. 14 - Mike Anderson will lead a trip through Pine and Strawberry visiting the Strawberry building with lunch before lunch at Strawberry.

Lodge where we will meet at 12 Noon.

Oct. 19 - Annual meeting at La Posada, Winslow, AZ.

Nov. 16 - Richard Strange, Photographer of Grand Canyon will give us a talk in Flagstaff.

Dec: No meeting this month.

Grand Canyon Pioneers Society

P.O. Box 2872

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