

The Ol' Pioneer

The Quarterly Magazine of the Grand Canyon Historical Society

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JAN/FEB/MAR 2005

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The Ol' Pioneer

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EDITOR: Diane Cassidy

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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Greenlaw Photo Collection

New to the Grand Canyon Historical Society's web page (GrandCanyonHistory.org) are pages to the Greenlaw Photo Collection contributed by Don Gray, the grandson of Charles A. Greenlaw Jr. and Clara Greenlaw (both now deceased). The photos from family albums are provided under the condition that they are not to be used for profit under any circumstances. They are meant to be shared, viewed and enjoyed by all who wish to do so.

See the photos at <http://www.GrandCanyonHistory.org/Greenlaw.html>

All of the photos (with the exception of those in the folders "Greenlaw Lumber Mill") were inherited by Don and were the former property of Charles A. Greenlaw Jr. and his wife Clara Greenlaw. Don believes (but cannot be certain) all the photos were taken over the years from 1913 to 1940s as indicated by notations (made by Clara Greenlaw) and information in some photos (vehicle license plates).

Don encourages any who may see these photos to enjoy them and if possible contact him with any additional information regarding the content, identity of individuals, locations or other information about the photos.

Charles A. Greenlaw Sr. (born January 22, 1855) worked at the Edward Ayer lumber mill from June 1882 (when he first moved into Flagstaff) until it became the Arizona Lumber Company (bought by Denis Matthew Riordan) in June 1887. The mill burned down on July 16, 1887 and records show



that Charles Greenlaw Sr. and his brother E. F. Greenlaw were running the operation at that time under contract with D. M. Riordan. The mill was quickly rebuilt and upgraded. The Greenlaw brothers continued working in the lumber mill and later started their own mill in what was then known as Cliffs, Arizona. Charles Sr. married Ella Lamport on September 7, 1883, and they had six children (including Charles Jr., born May 7, 1892). Charles Sr. died after suffering a stroke in Phoenix in 1920.

In 1915, Charles A. Greenlaw Jr. met Clara Stork (born 1892) while she worked as a Harvey Girl at the Harvey House in Seligman, Arizona. They married in 1917 and lived at the Greenlaw ranch in Flagstaff where their two daughters (Dorothy and Aleene) were born. About 1924 the family moved to San Pedro, California where Charles Jr. worked for the Hammond Lumber Company. In 1933, he took a position with a lumber company in Brazil where he spent seven years

with his family. His daughter Dorothy returned to the United States in 1938 to attend Flagstaff State Teachers College (later Northern Arizona University) after finishing her high school in Brazil.



Charles Jr. traveled a great deal during his life and took many photos of his adventures. He was living in California during the final years of his life and died in 1974. His wife Clara died in 1979.

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Charles A. Greenlaw's garage and gas station on Railroad Avenue in Seligman, Arizona - circa 1915
(Ladies in photo unidentified - gasoline pump base visible under horse on left)



Mrs. C. A. Greenlaw Sr. (Ella Lamport Greenlaw) at the Greenlaw Ranch in Flagstaff

Big Events Remembered

by Gale Burak - New Hampshire

Kim Besom interviewed Gale Burak in August 1998. During the questioning, Kim asked one question that Gale answered very extensively...Here is the transcript of that part of the interview near the end of Side 5 of the tapes (see page 55 of the Transcript of August 4 and 5, 1998):

Besom: Were there any big events that you remember from your years working in the Canyon?

Burak: (I relate the one fatality, of 1983.)

Where after Besom reiterates that she'd "love" other inner canyon stories, but changes the subject.

Burak: Many more do come to mind, many of which the NPS has details on, but which I will mention later because they were big. A few will be more personal so I will elaborate on those.

Dick McClaren, head of Search & Rescue, the Fire Department and old "Fly-boy" friend of John Riffey, the ranger at Toroweap, was flying trail-head patrol during the mid-70s, both to keep track of late backpackers and to keep up the necessary flying miles each month to retain his license. He and Riffey were WWII Air Force buddies, and Riffey each morning would give not only his weather data to dispatch, but data for the "fly-boys" as well. He had named his little single-wing plane "Pegasus."

On a day off in July 1975, I took advantage one morning of Dick's offer to go on patrol with him. He flew from Tusayan to the Hermit Trailhead, then turned west out over Great Thumb past the Topocoba Hilltop to the Hualapai Hilltop, looking for parked cars that would indicate hikers who should have come out. We found none. Then he flew on, for me, down to the River, over Supai, which was a thrill having worked down there in 1943 at the mine. At the River he went on downstream, crossing fairly low over Lava Falls, to see a party going through. At Riffey's, he wagged his wings and headed east to cover the North Rim trailheads. We had the most air disturbance over the Kaibab

Forest, from Powell Plateau, past Big Spring, until we got to the Canyon's edge near Marble Canyon. No problem there, either. Dick left for Sequoia NP soon afterwards. He and his wife were well liked at the Canyon.

The roundup and disposal by sales of the burros in the Canyon was sure a big event. I was in Cottonwood Camp Ground that year and so missed seeing the whole thing, but I sure heard a lot on my radio. I even got a few calls on my phone from around the country from potential buyers, thinking that my camp was where the inner canyon units were operating out of. Of course, they were unaware that the operation was centered in Cottonwood Canyon on the South Rim side. I had the telephone number of the "Save the Animals" outfit in New York City, which I'd give them. One fellow in Tennessee was most indignant, thinking I was putting him off. (P.S. It did end the burro population in Grand Canyon!)

Another rare but quite regular "big event" would be Missing Hikers. This necessitated a lot of work and expense as well as strain on us all, of course. Usually they were found, safe and apologetic, but a few stood out for me. One was in 1980, my first year at Cottonwood, when Glenn Fuller was Inner Canyon Head. It was when Jerry (Feldman, I think it was) went down the Tanner and was to come out the Grandview (which I had done myself so knew what was involved). They really worked hard on that one, as they found his pipe, a matchcase, blood where he'd stayed a while; lots of clues, but no person. It was summer heat, and therefore just so much time to find him before too late. And they never did find him, or his pack. The other and bigger one to

me, as I was personally and vitally involved was when Abdul Balsharoff disappeared in 1983. (See the GCPS newsletter of Spring 1998, where I've written it up as an article.) That one hurt.

Once, heading to Phantom on the River Trail with Dave Buccello (then head ranger at Phantom), we found a little pile of clothes and a pair of boots, with a sheet of paper attached. The note indicated a planned suicide, with the river below as the means. "Life is too much, etc..." Looking over the edge of the 60 or so foot drop-off we realized he never could have jumped and made it. No sign of blood, shreds, disturbed soil or growth... and exposed river rock deposit at the bottom, before the water ran by. Fake? Yes. He was found later, after involved investigation, up at a commune in Washington.

It was exciting when the single-wing plane hit the Mule Bridge with a strut and pin-wheeled into the bushes on the east side of B.A. Creek mouth. I happened to be down at Phantom from Cottonwood, so got in on the affairs. That was 1980. Buccello was there, and while neither the pilot nor the plane's owner on board were hurt (just a cut on one arm) much legal work ensued and the pilot had the book thrown at him.

I was down at the river, too, in 1982 when the big yellow rafts came down from Lee's Ferry carrying all the vehicles and heavy gear to create the new (and much needed) sewage plant. They had a back hoe, a jeep, generators, a little truck, etc. It was fun to see them set up a ramp and just drive 'em off. I can't say I approve, but improvement on the system was sure badly needed. They'd made the river trip in just one none-stop day, and were sure proud of themselves.

One more "big event" and I'm done. In 1978, I was working at the Gardens, and word was sent down that the Governor, Bruce Babbitt, was to be there with his wife Hattie, and son Alex, aged about 2, accompanied by Ben Avery (an old friend of Governor Babbitt and then sports editor of the Arizona Republic), as well as two Secret Service men and an Arizona Highways photographer! This on top of the usual crowd...as it was for the 4th of July weekend! I had a capable little SCA on hand to help, and Victor Watahomagi was the Maintenance and Pumphouse man, so had coverage. I saved a good (and big) site for the party, near the ranger station, under the tall Cottonwoods, and where I could keep an eye on things. I had my SCA, Karen Hughes, lead the men on a tour one day to see as much as possible from there. They went up east on the Tonto Trail to an old abandoned trail down the next drainage. It's easy to find, though not used at all, down to some ruins up in the cliff to the left, about 1/3rd of a

mile, after which she led them up over a low shoulder and down to the B.A. Trail near the trail crossing of the creek, where there's a storage ruin just over the trail,...and so on back up to camp. I'd taken her on that circuit before, as she was eager to lead a walk on her own...but she never thought that the state governor would be on their first venture! They all did well. Ben Avery was an old Canyon hiker, so took them out to Plateau Point, etc., and was actually introducing the governor to the interior of the Canyon on that trip. I enjoyed getting acquainted with the little family, and the "professional men" were low key, which helped.

A year or so later I helped out at the Gardens over the 4th of July holiday again; was the only ranger there at the time, too, when I was awakened around 10 PM with the terrifying word "Fire." One look out the door showed a glow, just below the campground, so my first reaction was to let dispatch know. My second was to assemble all the equipment I

had, and the third was to go down through the campground rousing all the "able-bodied" men in their sacks. By then, too, I was in touch with the rim. Tim Mann, our NPS archivist, was out at Yavapai Point, and someone else out at Hopi Point, in the tower who, with me, could triangulate the fire source as being off west, down the Plateau Point trail a little ways. The fire was getting bigger, in all the dead grass around, but was in amongst rough boulders and rocks, off the trail. With water packs, tools, and plenty of bodies handy we got it out, but I sure watched it most of the night. It proved to have been started by one of my enthusiastic fire-fighting campers who had brought some fireworks to camp and set them off for the benefit of friends up on the rim. When it got away from him he came hurrying back to camp and at least had the sense to alert us. What a scare!

That's it. I'm sure there were many more, but those stand out now.

The Old Geezer Hike

by John S. Azar – Fredonia AZ

An era of Grand Canyon backcountry hiking ended in 2004 with the death of George Steck. The Grand Canyon hiking community lost John Harvey Butchart in 2002, so the two backcountry explorers that discovered so many remote areas of our national treasure are now gone. The efforts they put forth in the post World War II era are significant for today's Grand Canyon backcountry users. Butchart often hiked alone; Steck almost always with companions. Butchart traveled with a light pack in a rapid manner covering long distances in short forays. Steck executed long loop hikes sometimes taking weeks, or months. Both men had one thing in common -- they shared their discoveries with other Grand Canyon hikers through their books and countless personal correspondences.

In August 2002, George Steck telephoned and asked if I would go along on what he referred to as his "old geezer hike." Specifically, a difficult midwestern Grand Canyon hike down to the bed of Tuckup Canyon and on to the Colorado River. Following a downstream riverbank traverse to the mouth of Stairway Canyon, we would ascend Stairway Canyon to the Esplanade. The Esplanade is a broad bench land formed by the top layer of the super group of Supai Sandstones. We would then backtrack to our vehicles on the rim. I told George I would think it over and get back to him in a week. I thought it over. My back was still sore from 80 days of hiking earlier that year and I remembered that contouring the Tuckup Drainage was one of the most difficult sections of our Long Walk through the Grand Canyon. I called George back a few days later and told him I would bow out on his invitation.

Time went by and in early September George called and again



George and Allen Steck

[Photo by Sally Underwood]

invited me to accompany him on the hike. His plans now called for young strong-bodied men that he referred to as sherpas. They would carry the load for the old timers. He decided that I wouldn't have to be a "sherpa" but I wouldn't qualify as an "old geezer" either. All I would have to do is carry down the first night's dinner and my own gear and water. Then he mentioned that his brother Allen and author Craig Childs were both going to join the group. That was the clincher. I had for years wanted to hike with Allen, and I had previously hiked with Craig and his wife Reagan on a rugged hike down into Marble Canyon with fond memories. I agreed to join the group. The sherpas would be Allen's son Lee, Don Mattox's son Kyle, George's son Michael, and Michael's friend Ronnie Campbell. They would carry the gear and food for the old geezers. A friend of Allen's from Manhattan and Craig's friend Colin Wann would round out the group of eleven.

October soon arrived and we met at my place in Fredonia on the Arizona Strip. We gathered up our food and gear and headed out onto the Toroweap

Road for the turn-off (1057) to the rim descent that leads down to Schmutz Spring. After two hours of dusty dirt roads we were happy to finally arrive at the rim overlooking the impressive Tuckup drainage. We donned our packs and headed down what's left of Schmutz' trail down into Tuckup Canyon. This area gets little visitation by man and I wasn't surprised to find a rattlesnake at our first rest stop under a huge block of stone we refer to as Cowboy Rock. It was used by Native Americans hundreds of years ago and by cowboys

ranging their steers down in the area in the 1950s and 1960s. There is the usual cowboy junk lying around and if you look closely one can find the evidence of the earlier inhabitants. After saying goodbye to the rattler, we walked east along the top of the lava flow to the escarpment that rises above the bed of Tuckup. I had used this route earlier in the year and so led the group down the cliffs to the bed. I was a bit concerned with George and Don but we all made it down and looked for water in the bed...one ten gallon pocket of leftover rainwater. We soon made camp and enjoyed the group dinner that I was carrying.

...continued on page 7



Lee and Allen Steck

[Photo by John S. Azar]

The Old Geezer Hike...continued from page 6

The second day, I marveled at Allen Steck's climbing ability as we descended Tuckup towards the Colorado River. We had arrived at a typical Canyon pour off that required the usual bypass, this time on the right side. As I prepared to take the bypass, Allen called down to his son Lee and asked him how it looked from below. Lee muttered something like "there's a couple of footholds," and to my disbelief Allen immediately down climbed an improbable cleft on the left side of the 30 foot drop. I stood there amazed, and then took the bypass. Later, after getting past the last obstacle before reaching the river, I marveled at Allen's effortless style. He seemed to "float" along above the terrain. Where the average hiker struggles, Allen uses the minimum amount of energy covering the same ground.

It was along the river traverse from the mouth of Tuckup down stream to Stairway when Don Mattox started feeling pain. He was having trouble catching his breath and was quite red in the face. Only two years earlier, Don underwent bypass surgery and we all obviously became alarmed. Fortunately, a boat party with a paramedic came by in time to give Don a ride down to Stairway, check his vitals, and question him about his medications. After an hour or so, he was feeling better and we set up camp at the mouth of Stairway. The river party offered to take Don down the river with them but Don refused the offer. He was determined to finish the hike!

I woke up at first light with a feeling of dread. All my worst fears had been affirmed yesterday with Don's physical problems. The ascent up Stairway Canyon is one of the most difficult routes through the Redwall Limestone and Supai Sandstone in any part of the Canyon. Even with the sherpas carrying most of the weight, I figured we were in for some serious trouble. As we worked our way up through the lower formations, my anxiety grew. I worried about Don as well as George. George's eyesight had

been impaired with failed cataract surgery and he had trouble seeing the ground below him...not good for climbing up cliffs in the Grand Canyon. The heat of the day complicated the situation and when we stood below the last main barrier to the top of the Redwall our group huddled in the shade. Above us loomed the talus, in full sun, and beyond the climb up the steep cap of limestone. The old geezers sucked it up and relied on years of desert hiking and climbing. Allen, of course, looked like he had just sauntered out of an REI catalog, I didn't worry about him...but the other older men looked like they were out of steam. I waited for 30 minutes and then decided to begin the strenuous ascent up the sun-baked talus. The others followed and we found our sweaty selves perched below the final portion of the climb. As Colin rigged a rope on the face of the cliff that faces west, I remembered the crack we had climbed down a few months earlier. I wiggled up the crack with my fifty foot strap around my neck, then lowered the strap with a carabiner tied in and asked Don to clip in my pack. It was then that I knew Don would come up my way and forget the roped ascent. The others had ascended the roped route with packs on their backs...Don couldn't and wouldn't do that.

That evening, we listened to the sweet sounds of Craig and Kyle's flutes reverberating off the surrounding stone walls. Allen added his yodeling and it was a great concert. It was Mike Steck's turn to cook and he came up with a tasty ham and potato dinner. Some of us found a nice spot at the base of the Supai Sandstone near the last pool of water we would see in Stairway Canyon. With the strenuous efforts of the day we slept soundly until first light.

A humorous incident occurred the next morning as we were topping out the head of Stairway onto the

Esplanade. A hiking party, with George's *Grand Canyon Loop Hikes* in hand, were having trouble finding the descent point into Stairway Canyon. They didn't recognize George and were complaining to us about his descriptions in the book. There were some red faces and apologies when they realized they were talking to the author. George straightened them out on the route and we moved on to Cottonwood Canyon, a tributary of Tuckup. There's a reliable spring at Cottonwood along with some mining relics and unusual Native American rock art. Near the spring is an old gathering site complete with a large mesquite pit and an interesting boulder where they sharpened their spear points. The next day, much to my relief, we all made it on our own power back to the vehicles. After a toast with cold drinks, we motored to Fredonia and the comforts of city life.



Sharpening Rock in Cottonwood Canyon
[Photo by John S. Azar]

I would hike just one more time with George and Allen. In November 2003, Grand Canyon hikers and river runners would gather on the south rim for a celebration and awards ceremony sponsored by Grand Canyon National Park in honor of George. After the festivities on the rim, some of us hiked down to Indian Garden for a week of day hiking, conversing, and relaxation.

A few months later, in the Spring of 2004, George Steck left this world behind.

How Pipe Creek Received Its Name

by Ranger Naturalist Hugh H. Waesche *

It seems strange that the name "Pipe" should be given to any body of water, yet examples of this are found in Arizona. They are Pipe Spring and Pipe Creek. Pipe Spring, now a National Monument, is famous for its connection with early Mormon history. It is located in northwestern Arizona near the Utah line. Pipe Creek is a tributary of the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon and is seen daily, yet seldom given any particular attention. Indeed, there is nothing unusual about this small canyon-bound stream. It is the origin of its name which adds the touch of human interest.

Many of the names given to features of Grand Canyon and surrounding country are legacies left by some early explorers, trappers, or prospectors. These men either named the objects concerned directly, or the name became attached through some anecdote. Pipe Creek is no exception.

Some of the early pioneers in Grand Canyon country were certain that such a wonderful natural phenomenon as the Canyon must contain vast riches in valuable ores, so much prospecting for gold, copper, lead and zinc was a natural result. The large number of prospect holes to be found at several locations along the Canyon walls is mute evidence of

their activities. These men often traveled along the Tonto Platform which was the only practical way to follow the course of the Colorado without resorting to the plateaus along the rims. Good showings of copper were discovered in the Red Wall limestone near Grandview. Considerable prospecting was done at a locality near what is now known as the "Corkscrew" on the Bright Angel Trail.

One day in 1894, four of these hardy prospectors came along the Tonto Trail from Grandview, headed for the "Corkscrew" locality. The names of all these men have since become very familiar in the vicinity of Grand Canyon. They were: R. H. Cameron, his brother Niles, James McClure and Pete Berry. R. H. Cameron, for some reason, went on ahead of the other members of the party. When he reached the point where the stream now known as "Pipe Creek" is located, he discovered an old Meerschaum pipe lying on the ground. He picked up the pipe and scratched on it a date about one hundred years previous, then placed it on a willow twig in such a way that the members of the party following could not miss it as they came by. His little joke worked perfectly since the three others

discovered the pipe when they came along. One can well imagine the speculation as to how the pipe got there and what the fate of the original owner might have been. It seemed that there had been some traveler along that very route many years before. Cameron enjoyed the joke by himself for a while, but it was too good to keep so the story finally leaked out. It was this little incident which was responsible for the name, Pipe Creek, which the stream continues to bear.

Pipe Creek flows into the Colorado River from the south side of the Grand Canyon, nearly opposite Bright Angel Creek. It may be seen from the Yavapai Observation Station as the canyon directly below and to the right--the next tributary canyon east of the one containing Garden Creek.

*Information obtained from
Mr. Emery Kolb, Grand Canyon.

* Reprinted by permission of the Grand Canyon Association from *Grand Canyon Nature Notes*, Volume 8, Number 3, June 1933, pp. 155-156.



Padre Garces' "Puerto de Bucareli"

by Jim Knipmeyer – Lees Summit, MO

Many writers and historians have expounded upon the first European sighting of the Grand Canyon by Garcia Lopez de Cardenas and his men in 1540, and most have speculated upon the location of this initial view, commonly held to have been on the South Rim somewhere in the vicinity of Desert View. However, only a comparatively few scholars have written about the *second* European visit to the Canyon by Padre Francisco Garces over two centuries later, and but a scant handful have put forth their opinions on just where this encounter may have been. Those who have placed it on the South Rim anywhere from Point Quetzal, overlooking Royal Arch Creek and Aztec Amphitheater, to as far eastward as Grandview Point.

In an attempt to pin down Garces' first viewpoint more precisely, I turned to the good father's own diary. Garces was journeying from the lower Colorado River region eastward to the Hopi pueblos and his excellent journal faithfully records daily directions and distances of travel. Comparing his descriptions with the present-day landscape and geography should provide a fairly exact location. For this purpose I used the translation done by John Galvin in 1967.

The first problem encountered was to convert Garces' distances, which were in leagues, to modern-day miles. To this end I turned to Ted J. Warner, who in 1976 had edited the 1776 journal of Padre Velez de Escalante. Therein he states: "A Spanish league in the eighteenth century was the equivalent of 2.63 U.S. statute miles today. Eighteenth-century travelers calculated a league as the distance traveled for one hour on horseback over level terrain at a normal gait."

Padre Garces and his Native American guides left the Havasupai village in the depths of Havasu Canyon on the morning of June 25, 1776. In his diary entry he says: "Accompanied by five Indians I went two leagues south and east with much difficulty, partly on foot, partly on horseback (they had taken our animals out by another path), and halted on the way up the heights at a watering-place with scant supply."

I have interpreted this passage to mean that Garces and his companions traveled two leagues, or some 5.26 miles, south, and then turned east. This would have taken them from the Havasupai village, which at that time was located near the mouth of Hualapai Canyon, up Havasu Canyon itself and put them at or near the mouth of Lee Canyon. The party "then turned east" up Lee Canyon, which does trend east-northeast.

The party was now on foot following the historic Topocoba Trail, which was not improved for horseback travel until the end of the 1800s. Their horses were probably taken out by way of the so-called Moqui Trail farther to the south. That the padre was in fact following the Topocoba trail is further borne out by his mention of "a watering-place with scant supply," a good description of Topocoba Spring.

Completing his entry for June 25, Garces says: "In the afternoon I got to the top of that most painful ascent (its precipices are horrifying), and after a further three leagues southeast and south over land with much herbage, junipers, pines, and so forth, I arrived at a Jabesua rancheria..." "Three leagues southeast and south" would have been some 7.89 miles and placed the party in the immediate area of present-day Mexican Jack Spring on a northern branch of Pasture Wash. Garces' description of the surrounding landscape is very

accurate for the Coconino Plateau, and his term "Jabesua" is simply the Spanish rendering of the word Havasu.

The next day, June 26, the padre begins by saying: "Four more leagues southeast and south and I stopped in sight of the succession of very deep gorges among which flows the Colorado River." This 10.52 miles from Mexican Jack Spring would put them in the vicinity of the head of today's Turquoise Canyon. From this vantage point the Colorado River itself cannot be seen, Garces himself in describing the "gorges" saying only that "among which flows the Colorado River." He does not say that he saw the actual waters of the stream itself.

Garces continues: "From here I saw that in a very large mountain range extending from southeast to northwest and blue with distance a deep passage was cut, steep-sided like a man-made trough, through which the Colorado River enters these lands; I called it the Puerto de Bucareli." This "mountain range" is today's Kaibab Plateau, which when seen from the head of Turquoise Canyon does indeed trend southeast and northwest, centering upon present Point Sublime. The name bestowed by Garces on the canyon was in honor of Antonio Maria de Bucareli y Ursua, in 1776 the Viceroy of New Spain.

The June 26 description finishes thusly: "Although to my sight it seemed quite near, it was very hard to reach on account of the canyons in between. It lay to the east-northeast from where I looked. I saw toward the north some puffs of smoke which I was told were made by the Payuchas, who dwell on the other side of the river."

Once again, Garces' description is completely accurate. His "Puerto

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Padre Garces...continued from page 9

de Bucareli,” today’s Grand Canyon, is in fact some four miles from the head of Turquoise Canyon; it is “blocked” by the intervening gorge of Turquoise Canyon; and it does lay to the northeast. To the north of the Colorado River was indeed the historic homeland of the Kaibab band of Paiute Indians, Garces’ “Payuchas.”

After determining, in my mind at least, that Padre Garces’ viewpoint of “Puerto de Bucareli” could very well have been from the head of Turquoise Canyon, I was therefore pleased to find this past spring, in the Special Collections of Flagstaff’s Northern Arizona University, a corroborating document written by Colorado river

historian and author P. T. Reilly. In it he and inveterate Canyon hiker and explorer Harvey Butchart had also concluded that what he termed “Turquoise Bay” was the likely place that Garces first saw the Grand Canyon itself.

Garces’ viewpoint at the head of Turquoise Canyon is not difficult to reach today. Fellow Grand Canyon Historical Society member Mike Ford and I made our way there this past fall to see it for ourselves and take photographs. From the Pasture Wash Ranger Station, alongside the road leading north to Havasupai Point, a narrow route posted with a National Park Service “Road Closed” sign extends nearly arrow-straight to the

southeast, eventually joining the northwest-southeast alignment of the boundary between the Kaibab National Forest and Grand Canyon National Park. Some 2 1/4 miles down this bull-dozed route a former 4-wheel drive track, now blocked off by the park service to motorized travel, winds about a half-mile northeast to the rim of Turquoise Canyon at Bench Mark 6514 on the old U.S.G.S. 15’ Havasupai Point map. It only takes an hour or so to walk from the ranger station out to the overlook, but be sure to allow an ample amount of time to linger and enjoy Padre Garces’ wonderful viewpoint!



Turquoise Canyon - October 2004

[Photo by Jim Knipmeyer]

Grand Canyon Events

In cooperation with the Grand Canyon Association, we will publish in *The Ol' Pioneer* a list of events and activities at the Grand Canyon to keep all of you abreast of what's happening, especially because of several anniversaries that will be celebrated over the next year (El Tovar Hotel and Hopi House will be 100 in early 2005.)

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.

January 16

Artist and longtime inner-canyon resident Bruce Aiken will discuss the *History of Grand Canyon Art*. The lecture begins at 1:00 PM in the Exhibit Hall at the Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott.

January 26

Arizona Highways Magazine photo editor Richard Maack will discuss *How to Tell Engaging Stories with Compelling Photographs*. The lecture begins at 6:30 PM at the NAU Cline Library.

February 16

Folklorist Hal Cannon will present *Songs and Stories of the Grand Canyon*. The lecture begins at 6:30 PM at the NAU Cline Library.

February 20

Grand Canyon Field Institute instructor Sally Underwood will give an overview of the *Diverse Plant Communities* found in the park, including their ceremonial and healing uses by indigenous peoples from past to present. The lecture begins at 1:00 PM in the Exhibit Hall at the Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott.

March 16

Oral and public historian Rosemary Diaz will discuss *Growing Up in Flagstaff as the Daughter of Mexican American Immigrants*. The lecture begins at 6:30 PM at the NAU Cline Library.

March 30

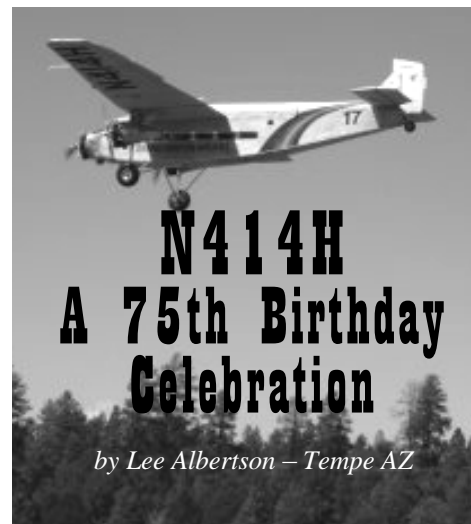
Archaeoastronomer Bryan Bates will discuss the centuries-old traditions of several Colorado Plateau American Indian tribes of *"Reading" Celestial Objects* to determine the timing for such critical societal functions as planting, harvesting, and ceremonial gatherings. The lecture begins at 1:00 PM in the Exhibit Hall at the Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott.

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Kolb Studio Exhibit Schedule

Now to February 20

Writing Down the River: Into the Heart of Grand Canyon. *Writing Down the River* captures in lavish color photography and eloquent words the experience of a whitewater adventure through Grand Canyon on the Colorado River. Fifteen of America's best women writers write of their life-changing experiences in the heart of the Grand Canyon.



The Ford Tri-Motor N414H had a 75th Birthday on Saturday, September 4, 2004. "The Ford Tri-Motor celebrated by giving rides to the young and old at the Grand Canyon Airport."

N414H was washed and waxed, the interior was "like new," the windows were "squeaky" clean, the crew – pilot and co-pilot – were ready for the occasion, and those wanting to take a ride were lined up across the tarmac.

No flight attendants today or yesterday. No in-flight meals or beverages. No in-flight movies. No overhead luggage bins. No lines for the rest rooms (no restrooms!).

N414H rose to the occasion. Straight down the runway for a take off. The pilot eased back on the stick, the aircraft rotated, and N414H was in its element – flying over northern Arizona. N414H will not do a cross Canyon scenic flight this day. Maybe the proud bird will do that on the 100th Birthday!

The approach for landing was picture perfect. All eyes were fixed on N414H. Some of those on the tarmac wiped a tear and others marveled at the graceful touch down. Those pilots in aircraft waiting for takeoff and watching N414H were probably thinking – "Those were the good old days - flying by the seat of your pants."

Bill Stout designed the Ford Tri-Motor. He was an aviation pioneer. The Honorary Co-Pilot for this 75th celebration flight is Bill Stout's granddaughter, Barbara Shelton.

Grand Canyon Airways, owners of the Ford Tri-Motor, arranged the celebration and barbeque. Thanks, Grand Canyon Airways, for this opportunity to witness N414H flying over northern Arizona.



XXXXX



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