

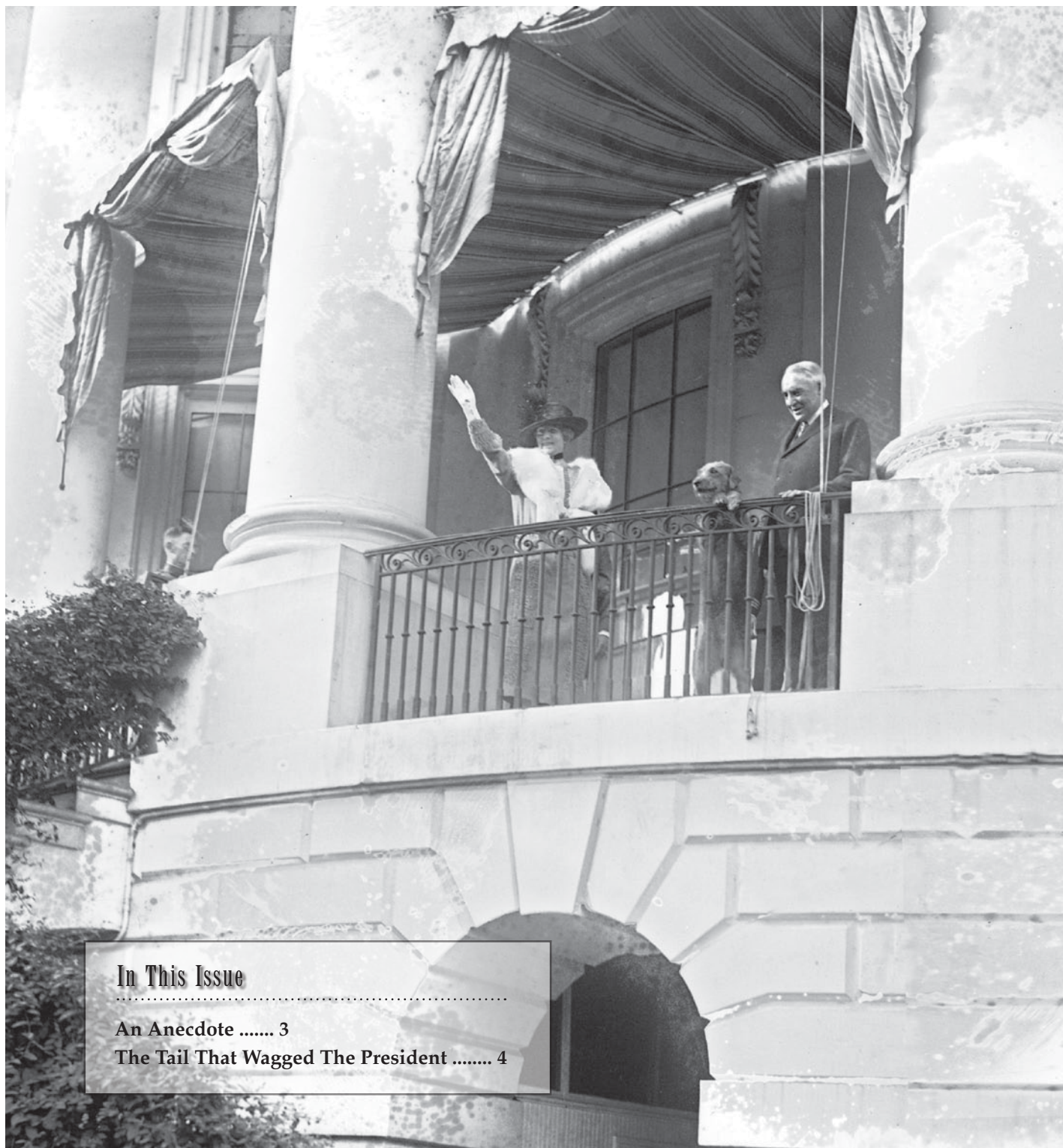
The Ol' Pioneer

The Magazine of the Grand Canyon Historical Society

Volume 22 : Number1

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Winter 2011



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President's Letter

Happy New Year everybody! And a busy year it shall be. Plans and preparations are well under way for the next Grand Canyon History Symposium in January 2012. This symposium is particularly important as it will coincide with the Grand Canyon state's centennial celebration. Look for a Call for Papers later this spring, registration in the fall and more information throughout the year. I would like to recognize Lee Albertson for all of his hard work coordinating activities as well as the numerous other GCHS volunteers that have stepped forward to take on various roles supporting the symposium.

The last year has seen some big changes. At the park, the new Trail of Time geologic exhibit tells the canyon's history on an epoch scale. With the Grand Canyon Historical Society, we have started putting back issues of the *Ol' Pioneer* online for easier access by researchers (the latest hardcopy versions are only available to members) and we have automated the membership renewal process with an online option on our website. As the GCHS President, I welcome and encourage any suggestions, requests or ideas for society activities or ways to make the organization even more active, useful and above all... fun! Feel free to contact me via email at eonweb@cox.net.

Here's to a great new year... see you on the trail!

Erik Berg
GCHS President

Cover: President and Mrs. Harding, and Laddie Boy at the White House, 1923.
All photos from the Library of Congress.

The Ol' Pioneer submission deadlines are going to be roughly January, April, July and October and we will publish either three or four issues a year, depending on content volume.

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

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Submissions to *The Bulletin* should be sent to Karen Greig, kgreig@yahoo.com

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An Anecdote

by Dove Menkes

Eddie McKee (1906-1984) was a ranger at the Grand Canyon. In 1938 he became associated with the Museum of Arizona and later taught at the University of Arizona. In the 1950s he worked for the USGS. He was not only an expert in geology, but in all aspects of Natural History. He wrote hundreds of articles and many books.¹

McKee, of course, knew many Grand Canyon "characters."

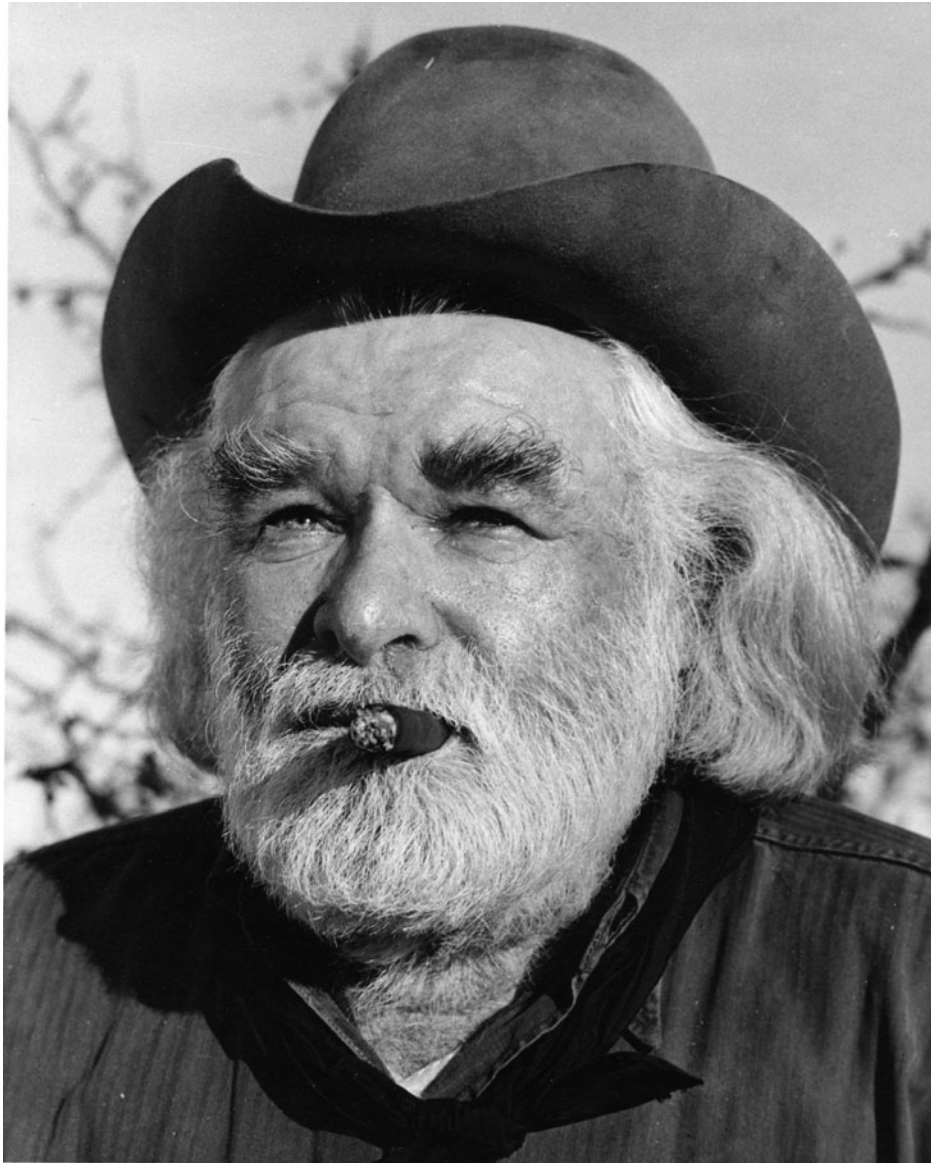
The following is a tale by McKee.²

"The Perfect Combination"

Shorty Yarborough was a long-time mule packer on the trails of Grand Canyon during the tourist season and a prospector for gold, mostly in the Superstition Mountains of central Arizona, in the winter and spring. He understood mules thoroughly and was basically as rugged as a mule, unfazed by heat or storm and at home on the roughest trail. Much of his summer work consisted of packing food and other supplies from the South Rim to Phantom Ranch—the famous over-night resort on Bright Angel Creek at the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

One warm summer evening when I happened to be at Phantom Ranch with a group of geologists, enjoying the breeze around the pool, Shorty took a seat next to mine and soon engaged me in a discussion of gold ore and how it could be recognized. This subject, of course, was high in his interests since part of each year he was engaged in prospecting.

Later the same evening Shorty was talking to my wife, Barbara, and referred to some "pointers" that I had given him regarding the genesis of gold. He stated, "I think that I would be a millionaire if I had his brains and my ability."



Shorty Yarborough, courtesy of Mr. Stimson, who was with the CCC at the Grand Canyon.

¹ For a biography see: Earle E. Spamer, "Rock Stars, Grand Vision of Edwin C. McKee," *GSA Today*, November 1999.

² McKee, E.D. Collection, "Anecdotes," USGS Field Records Library.

The Tail That Wagged The President

by Don Lago

Paddy the puppy ran after his red ball as it bounced toward the trees. Paddy loved playing with his red ball, more than chasing squirrels, bunnies, or birds. Paddy could never catch squirrels, bunnies, or birds, but he always caught—or caught up with—his red ball. And playing with his red ball meant that he was playing with his human, the one who fed him and petted him.

Paddy wished that his human played ball with him more often. It was so sad and boring that his human went away almost every morning and didn't come home until the end of the day. Humans were so strange. They were always coming and going for no good reason. They were always making meaningless sounds. They were always staring at papers full of squiggles. They weren't any good at smelling smells.

Paddy didn't imagine that at the other side of a vast continent, in a white house with columns and a big green yard, men sitting at a big table were discussing him. The president of the United States was discussing Paddy the Grand Canyon puppy. Two members of the cabinet were arguing about what to do about Paddy. Humans were so strange.

On January 13, 1923, in the pages of *The New York Times*, the controversy over Paddy the Grand Canyon puppy became a national news story. *The Times* article was headlined: "DOG IN GRAND CANYON DEBATED BY CABINET: Harding Must Decide if Lone Postmaster May Keep His Pet Despite the Law."

WASHINGTON, Jan 12.—A deadlock resulting from a long controversy between the Post Office and Interior Department occupied the larger share of this morning's meeting of the Cabinet. No agreement was reached, and the matter is now

before President Harding for final settlement.

The Grand Canyon National Park is under the jurisdiction of the Interior Department, which has a strict regulation against all dogs in national reservations, an order designed to protect wild life. There is a postmaster on this reservation. He is a lonely soul who prefers pets more domesticated than coyotes. He brought a dog with him and thus came into conflict with Interior Department authorities and appealed to the Post Office Department for support.

Voluminous correspondence was exchanged between the two departments. "The dog must stay," announced the Post Office Department. "The dog must go: there is the law," said the Interior Department. The matter passed upward from one official to another until it reached the heads of the departments. Today Secretary Fall and Postmaster General Work brought their controversy to the Cabinet.

The Postmaster General argued at length for his subordinate. Recalling the many editorials Editor Harding wrote for *The Marion Daily Star* about a dog's love for his master, he appealed to the sympathy of his hearers and described the lonely plight of the postmaster of Grand Canyon without his dog.

Then Secretary Fall spoke for the Interior Department. He is a lawyer and he based his case solely upon the law. He is fond of dogs, he said, but this is a Government of laws and there is a law against dogs in national parks.

President Harding, whose editorial on the death of his bull

terrier Jumbo is posted in scrap books of many dog lovers, decided in favor of the postmaster retaining his dog, but an exception was taken to this ruling. The President withdrew his decision and announced that he would not settle the dispute until further information about the dog reaches Washington.

Warren Harding was not the most decisive of presidents. According to historians Eugene P. Trani and David L. Wilson in their *The Presidency of Warren G. Harding*, "Harding relied on his cabinet appointments more than most presidents, depending upon them for the operation of the government...Cabinet discussions played an important role in determining governmental policy, and Harding allowed each cabinet officer relative autonomy in his particular sphere, seldom interfering...When they disagreed, Harding was often slow to intervene, because such disputes made him intensely uncomfortable."¹ At this cabinet meeting Harding was also uncomfortable because he was coming down with an acute case of influenza, which would leave him bedridden for weeks.

Two days later *The New York Times* came out strongly in favor of the Grand Canyon dog in an editorial titled "THE POSTMASTER'S DOG":

The dog of the Postmaster of Grand Canyon National Park, which has raised such a rum-pus in the Federal Government and set the Post Office and the Interior Department by the ears, must be like the Old Prospector's dog:

Well, I don't want no better pard

When I tramp up the Great Divide.

President Harding, beset by numerous and knotty problems,

has had the fate of the Grand Canyon dog added to his burden. To a man who has a soft spot in his heart for dogs of all degrees, and whose pen as an editor has been used in behalf of the four-footed friend, this is no light matter. One can imagine Mr. Harding saying to the obdurate Fall, who points to his regulations: "In these nice quilllets of the law, good faith, I am 'no wider than a daw': let the man have his dog!" There must be some kind of case for the Postmaster, else why the "voluminous correspondence" between the departments and the discussion in the Cabinet? The rule was evidently made only to protect wild life. There are dogs that worry nothing but a bone—well-behaved, meditative, self-respecting dogs, such as a hermit Postmaster might train to share his isolation. The controversy seems to have reached the point of the character of this particular dog. Shall he be saved by a genial interpretation of the rule? There must be room enough for the Postmaster's companion. Are there not something like 2,000,000 acres in the reservation? John Muir says of this sublime depression in the desert that it is about six thousand feet deep and from rim to rim ten to fifteen miles wide. After all, what is a little thing like a wilderness park regulation between a postmaster and his dog? Would the occasional antelope and the prowling mountain lion care? Does anybody hold a brief for the coyote?

Perhaps if Robert Frothingham's "Songs of Dogs" were read to Secretary Fall he would yield. He must be familiar with Senator Vest's address to a jury in behalf of a dog. No one but a dog hater, who is often a misanthrope, can read it without a lump in the throat. And there is Baudelaire's song to "the poor

dog, the homeless dog, the stroller dog, the dog buffoon." Let it be tried on Mr. Fall...If this question were referred to the boys of America, who after all are the best judges of dogs, does any one doubt what the decision would be? "Near this spot," says the inscription on Boatswain's monument in the garden of Newstead Abbey, "are deposited the remains of one who possessed Beauty without Vanity, Strength without Insolence, Courage without Ferocity, and all the Virtues of Man without his Vices." If that is the kind of dog the Postmas-

ter has, some way should be found to keep them united.

Robert Frothingham was a New York City writer whose recently published *Songs of Dogs* was a popular anthology of dog poetry, from which the editorial had drawn. Frothingham's forward started: "Has the dog a soul and does it obtain immortality?" Frothingham seemed to think so. Two days later, on January 17, *The New York Times* published a letter to the editor from Frothingham, headlined "THE POSTMASTER'S DOG. Plenty of Room In the Grand Canyon Without Menace to the Natives":



Laddie Boy, President's dog. Harris and Ewing, photographer.

In regard to your very interesting editorial in *The Times* for Monday, "The Postmaster's Dog," any one who is in the slightest degree familiar with the wild animal life of the Grand Canyon knows that it is confined to the vast forests of the Kaibab Plateau, on the northern rim. Here are found innumerable deer, hundreds of mountain lion, or cougar, not to mention that arch-thief and scavenger, the coyote. There is no animal life worthy of the name on the southern rim of the Canyon. In view of the fact, therefore, that in the vicinity of the Grand Canyon Post Office the Canyon itself is from twelve to sixteen miles wide by a mile deep, it is just a trifle difficult for anybody but Mr. Fall to understand wherein the Postmaster's dog is a menace.

Furthermore—when one considers that the very department over which Secretary Fall presides pays a bounty for the extermination of the cougar, which is the greatest menace to the wild animal life in the Grand Canyon Park, and that he is always hunted by hounds in packs—it would be interesting to know how Mr. Fall reconciles his opposition to the Postmaster's dog with his approval of the transportation of hounds in packs through the depths of the Canyon for the purpose of lion hunting on the other side.

ROBERT FROTHINGHAM,
New York, Jan 15, 1923

President Harding's discomfort over the Grand Canyon dog debate was partly due to who was making the appeal. Albert Fall was one of Harding's closest friends and most trusted advisers. When Warren Harding had arrived in the U. S. Senate in 1915, his desk happened to be next to the desk of Senator Fall of New Mexico. While Harding's life expe-

rience consisted mainly of being a small-town Ohio newspaper editor, Fall was the embodiment of the romantic Wild West. Fall had been a cowboy, a prospector, a hard-rock miner, a rancher, and a roamer of southwestern open spaces that still bore the tracks of Apache warriors. According to one story, Fall had confronted a gun-drawn John Wesley Hardin in an El Paso bar and disarmed him. At the least, as a lawyer Fall had defended the killer of John Wesley Hardin—whose nephew then twice tried to shoot Fall—and the accused killer of Sheriff Pat Garrett. In his legal career Albert Fall had defended fifty-one men accused of murder, and he lost only one case. Fall claimed that he had defended five hundred men accused of cattle rustling and never lost a case. Such were the powers of argument that were now being aimed against the Grand Canyon dog. In New Mexico Fall had usually carried a gun, even while serving in the New Mexico state senate, or carried a cane that he could wield as a sword. With the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Fall became a captain of the Rough Riders, though the war ended before Fall could make it into combat. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, a famous author of western dime novels, used Fall as a character in one novel. Fall's genuine Wild West persona was irresistible to Teddy Roosevelt, and the two became friends and allies, in spite of deep differences over conservation issues. Albert Fall could tell tales of the Wild West with gusto; he wore a black Stet-



Albert B. Fall

son hat and a bushy mustache; and in his poker playing and drinking he could compete with any man.

Warren Harding was fascinated by Albert Fall, and Fall adopted Harding as a protégé. Later they served together on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, where Fall, who acquired and read his own small library of Spanish-language books, was an expert on Latin America and a hard-liner against revolutionaries who were threatening American interests. Fall and Harding became drinking and poker buddies, and later their parties moved into the White House. When Harding received the Republican nomination for president in 1920 and was feeling out of his depth on the national stage, he urgently summoned Fall to help plan his campaign, advise him on foreign policy, and write his speeches: "Really, I very much need to be surrounded by some of the friends whom I trust most fully...I would like exceedingly much to have you here so that I may avail

myself of your counsel and advice.”²

Elected, Harding was eager for Fall to serve in his cabinet. Since the Department of the Interior dealt mostly with western lands, it was important to appoint a western man who understood public-lands issues, and a man Harding trusted. When Harding offered Fall the Interior post, Fall wrote to his wife: “He thinks that the Interior Department is second only to the State Department in importance and that there is more opportunity for graft and scandal connected with the disposition of public lands &c, than there could be in any other Department and he wants a man who is thoroughly familiar with the business and one he can rely upon as thoroughly honest, etc etc.”³ Harding relied thoroughly on Fall. For example, when Fall asked Harding to sign something-or-other about someplace-or-other called Teapot Dome, Harding relied thoroughly on Albert Fall. The idea of doubting or challenging Fall over one little dog at the Grand Canyon would indeed make Harding uncomfortable.

It wasn't that Fall's opponent in the Grand Canyon dog debate carried much weight with Harding. Until recently, Postmaster General Hubert Work had been an obscure doctor in Colorado. Work had dabbled in local Republican politics, and in 1913 he'd become a member of the Republican National Committee. For the 1920 election, Republican Party national chairman Will Hays asked Work to help organize farmers for Harding, and Hays was impressed enough by Work's managerial abilities that when Hays was appointed Postmaster General, Hays selected Work as his deputy. When Hays resigned after one year, Harding appointed Work as Postmaster General. Work was an effective bureaucrat, but he was no match for Albert Fall.

In arguments, Albert Fall combined his skillful marshaling of facts, his personal charm, and a ferocious aggressiveness. In 1923 the *Bulletin* of the National Parks Association reported on the negative encounter that one parks advocate had with Fall in

the Interior Department:

His forceful, picturesque personality carries far, and he uses it to the limit in gaining his objectives. His speech is fast, his manner is impetuous, and he becomes instantly aggressive at opposition. At these times his powerful face clouds to sternness, he sits forward in his chair, and pounds his statements home with gesticulation; or he throws his head back till he faces the ceiling while roaring with laughter at his opponent's replies. He does not argue, because he does not listen. He controls absolutely the attention of all hearers, and deeply impresses many with his impetuous advocacy and assertion.⁴

Back in New Mexico Fall hadn't been content to pound his opponents with gesticulations. On two occasions, once on the floor of the state senate and once at the state constitutional convention, Fall became so angered in debates that he physically struck his opponents. In debates in the U. S. Senate, Fall would point his finger at opponents as if it were a pistol. It was a notable event, then, that the humble Hubert Work would challenge Fall and that President Harding would rule against Fall, at least for a moment.

Fall's real opponent in the Grand Canyon dog debate wasn't Hubert Work, but someone else who often attended Cabinet

meetings, sitting in a wooden chair carved just for him. This person wasn't a member of the cabinet, and in fact he wasn't even a person. He was Laddie Boy, Warren Harding's Airedale dog.

Warren Harding and his wife Florence had always been dog lovers, but their love of dogs had been scarred by tragedy. When Warren was a child he'd had a black-and-tan mongrel, and one day his great-uncle Perry arrived in the Harding's barn and announced that Warren's dog was mangleing his sheep, and Perry picked up Warren's dog by the legs, whirled it about, and smashed its head against a post. The bloody horror of that moment left Warren with a lifelong tender heart for mistreated animals. One time when Warren saw a man with a crate crowded with doves, Warren bought the crate, carried it to the roof of his newspaper office, and released the doves. When a homeless, scruffy Newfoundland dog wandered into the office, Harding let him live there



Hubert Work

for years. The famous Harding dog editorial referred to by *The New York Times* was written upon the death of the Hardings' Boston terrier, Hub, who followed Harding to the newspaper office every day. Then someone had poisoned Hub; Harding was convinced it was motivated by dislike of Harding's editorial stands. This was the second time Harding had lost a dog to poisoning, the first being his mastiff Jumbo. Harding wrote an editorial eulogizing Hub, in which Harding contrasted a dog's trusting friendship with the dishonesty and cruelty of humans: "One honest look from Hub's trusting eyes was worth a hundred lying greetings from such inhuman beings, though they wore the habiliment of men."⁵ The murder of Hub was so upsetting to Florence Harding that she swore she'd never get another dog, and she became deeply involved in the rising movement against animal cruelty. One time when Florence saw a man whipping his fallen horse, Florence rushed out and grabbed the whip away from him and declared it should be used against him. The fight against animal cruelty would become Florence's cause as First Lady.

Upon Harding's inauguration, someone gave the Hardings a high-bred but scruffy six-month-old Airedale, and the Hardings decided to keep him. Laddie Boy received some of the affection of a family member. Laddie Boy also became the mascot of the Harding administration. Just as editor Harding had taken his dogs to the newspaper office every day, President Harding took Laddie Boy to the Oval Office and to cabinet meetings. Laddie Boy was given his own chair in the cabinet room. Photographs of Harding at work and at play often showed him with Laddie Boy, and the public took notice. Previous presidents had enjoyed their pets more privately, but this was now the age of movie newsreels, glossy photography magazines, and celebrity gossip reporters, and soon Laddie Boy became the first presidential-pet national celebrity. Reporters were in-



Laddie boy's dog biscuit birthday cake, 7/25/22

vited to Laddie Boy's birthday party, which featured a huge cake made out of dog biscuits. Visitors to the White House were happy to shake hands with Laddie Boy and to pose for photos with him. Laddie Boy started receiving fan mail and being invited to public events. Before long, Laddie Boy was answering his mail, and granting "interviews" to newspapers, actually written by Warren Harding. In one missive, Laddie Boy talked candidly about the president:

Sometimes the Chief acts as though he would like to sit down when he and I can be alone, and I can look at him with sympathetic eyes, and he fixes his gaze on me in a grateful sort of way, as much as to say, "Well, Laddie Boy, you and I are real friends, and we will never cheat each other." When the Chief looks at me this way, I know that he feels that I will never find fault with him, no matter what he does, and that I will never be ungrateful or unfaithful.⁶

Laddie Boy's celebrity made him a valuable symbol in Florence Hard-

ing's campaign against animal cruelty. Laddie Boy led the Humane Society's "Be Kind to Animals" parade through the streets of Washington D. C.. But celebrity has its drawbacks. When a Denver dog was dragged into court for killing chickens, and when a New York dog was accused of street fighting, the dog owners claimed immunity on the grounds that their dog was the secret son or brother of Laddie Boy. After Harding's death, 19,314 newspaper boys donated pennies that were made into a copper statue of Laddie Boy, now in the Smithsonian.

The *New York Times* article didn't mention whether Laddie Boy was present at the cabinet meeting that debated the Grand Canyon dog. If he was, it's likely that Warren Harding glanced in his direction, and with Harding's literary imagination for Laddie Boy's thoughts and feelings, it's quite possible that Harding would have received Laddie Boy's answer to Albert Fall. Laddie Boy's ears would have risen and he would have said to his Chief: *Surely you would never break the heart of a dog who is so loyal to his lonely human. Surely you would never value wicked, food-stealing squirrels and crows over an innocent, noble dog.*

The Grand Canyon may be deep, but it's not as deep as a dog's love. Even if Laddie Boy hadn't been present, Warren Harding would have thought of him, and thought of his wife Florence, and thought of what Florence and her small army of animal-cruelty activists would say if Warren committed such cruelty against a dog. Warren Harding did appreciate the national parks; he and Florence had honeymooned at Yellowstone National Park, where he'd been awed by Old Faithful. But dogs were even more faithful than geysers.

Yet it seems that Albert Fall refused to accept the president's decision, and made such "an exception" to it that the president retreated into befuddled indecision.

Albert Fall knew how much Warren Harding loved dogs, knew that he was making the president uncomfortable, making himself unwelcome. What was Albert Fall's motivation? It wasn't any love of wildlife. Albert Fall was no conservationist.

Albert Fall embodied the Manifest Destiny vision of the American continent as a vast treasure chest, a gift to a chosen people. America's natural resources, its forests, waters, soils, minerals, coal, oil, and wildlife, were meant to be exploited to enrich the nation and to make America the dominant world power. There was no need to worry about tomorrow because, as Fall declared, "Man can not exhaust the resources of nature and never will."⁷ The men who were bold enough to find and develop America's natural resources were national heroes and deserved to become rich as a reward. But only if they were white men. Fall favored abolishing Indian reservations and opening them to white settlement and resource extraction; when oil was discovered on Navajo lands, Interior Secretary Fall stripped the Navajos of any rights to it. Hispanics too should get out of the way of Manifest Destiny, whether they were New Mexico peasants practicing the old Spanish notion that water was a communal resource, or the Mexican government interfering with American mining

and oil projects in Mexico—for which Senator Fall advocated war against Mexico. As a lawyer, Fall had become rich representing mining and railroad corporations, and then he bought a 750,000-acre ranch, the same size as Yosemite National Park. Fall favored abolishing national forests and other federal lands and turning them over to the states for development. As a rancher, Fall had used subterfuge to exceed his grazing allotment in a national forest, and when he was caught he fired off an angry letter to Forest Service director Gifford Pinchot saying that the Forest Service would "rue the day" it had crossed him. The idea of conservation was an irrational betrayal of three centuries of American

progress. Conservation "would convert the Western settlers into a lot of peasants."⁸ Nearly a decade before becoming Secretary of the Interior, Fall had called for the abolition of the Interior Department. On the subject of wildlife, Fall was proud of having killed a mountain lion by clubbing it with his rifle butt and then shooting it with his pistol. In his first speech as a U. S. senator, Fall declared: "The conservation of the natural resources in New Mexico means a restriction upon the individual; means that he must not acquire a homestead in the most habitable portion of the State; and means that upon such forest reserves and Indian reserves the gentle bear, the mountain lion, and the tim-



ber wolf are conserved, so that they may attack herds, his cattle, and his sheep.”⁹ Twenty years of conservation and progressive politics led by Teddy Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson seemed lost on Fall. He was the right man for Warren G. Harding’s “Return to Normalcy,” a normalcy in which old national myths still worked, in which the endless frontier and individual initiative would reward the worthy, solve all problems, and bring national greatness.

When Harding appointed Albert Fall as Secretary of the Interior, conservationists were horrified. Gifford Pinchot declared: “It would have been possible to pick a worse man for Secretary of the Interior, but not altogether easy.”¹⁰ Pinchot began a vigorous campaign to oppose Fall’s policies, but Pinchot was rowing against a conservative tide. At the National Park Service, which had been established only five years previously and which was still struggling to establish its authority, Director Stephen Mather feared that Fall’s appointment would mean the annihilation of everything he had worked for. Assistant Director Horace Albright said: “When [Harding] announced as his nominee his old Senate crony Albert Fall, gloom settled over all of us in the National Park Service...[Fall] was known to have personal interests in mining, stock-raising, and ranching and, as far as we knew, had no leanings toward protection of national parks. It looked like very bad news indeed.”¹¹

Mather and Albright were greatly relieved when their new boss told them he had no intention of firing them or of interfering with the National Park Service. But Stephen Mather decided to take the offensive and win Albert Fall’s support for the national parks. That summer Mather escorted Fall on a grand tour of the national parks, including Yellowstone, Yosemite, Rocky Mountain, Mesa Verde, and Zion. Mather showed Fall the grandeur of the parks, bombarded Fall with his considerable powers of persuasion, and introduced Fall to prominent businessmen who were strong supporters

of the parks and could recite the economic benefits of parks. Mather also pointed out threats to the parks, such as how proposed reclamation projects would flood part of Yellowstone National Park.

Fall spent a whole week in Yellowstone, where he enjoyed riding a horse and camping out in the mountains with Mather and Albright. “Secretary Fall must have felt he was among friends,” wrote Albright in his memoirs, “for over the campfire one night he poured out his troubles to us.” One of those troubles was a place in Wyoming called Teapot Dome, which held vast oil reserves that were controlled by the U.S. Navy. “He believed they belonged under Interior, and he was going to try to get them back and open some of them to exploration and development.” Albright continued:

I summoned the courage to argue that even if the oil reserves were turned back to the Interior Department, they should be kept “locked up.” Secretary Fall replied: “Albright, I’m surprised at you taking that position. You are a western man; you know how important oil is. We must be sure we have enough of it going into production to prevent any slowing up in our industrial growth.”

I couldn’t let that pass. “Oh, but you see, I’m a confirmed conservationist,” I said, “and I want to see our resources protected for the future.”¹²

If only Albert Fall had listened to Horace Albright about Teapot Dome that night.

Albert Fall’s tour of the national parks did make an impression on him. Albright recalled: “I don’t know how much the Secretary knew about conservation when the tour started, but by the time he headed back to Washington, he had become a parks enthusiast.”¹³ Fall soon put a stop to the reclamation projects that were threatening Yellowstone. To the delight of Stephen Mather, who had



Stephen T. Mather

spent years fighting Arizona’s Senator Ralph Cameron over Cameron’s private land holdings, development schemes, and political interference at Grand Canyon, Albert Fall publicly denounced Ralph Cameron.

This didn’t necessarily mean that Albert Fall had been converted to the idea of conservation. In everything he did, Albert Fall loved to build empires and to fight and win turf wars. As a New Mexico politician Fall had built a political machine that included squads of armed men at polling places and open violence; when Fall’s big rival had disappeared mysteriously, many people assumed that Fall had arranged an assassination. Fall was determined to build a ranching empire, even if he couldn’t afford it and had to use dishonest tactics. As a lawyer Fall had helped mining and railroad corporations build monopoly empires, and he acquired many mining claims for himself. Fall had campaigned relentlessly to achieve statehood for his home turf, New Mexico. As a U. S. senator, Fall was most proud of helping the United States seize its destiny as a world empire. In the Harding cabinet Fall sought to enhance his Interior Department by seizing assets from other agencies. His effort to transfer the



Horace M. Albright

Forest Service from the Agriculture Department to the Interior Department infuriated Agriculture Secretary Henry C. Wallace and started an intense conflict, including debates in cabinet meetings; former Forest Service director Gifford Pinchot sent letters to 6,000 newspapers to mobilize conservationists against Fall's grab-and-loot plan. Fall wanted to have the vast natural resources on Alaska public lands placed under Interior Department authority. And yes, Fall did succeed in having the oil at Teapot Dome transferred from the navy into Fall's control. When Fall secretly signed an exclusive, no-competitive-bid deal with Harry Sinclair to drill at Teapot Dome but a small oil company refused to give up its existing claims there, Fall sent in the U. S. marines to squash the leech on the Sinclair dinosaur. Albert Fall was no conservationist, but no matter what else it was, the National Park Service was now part of Albert Fall's empire, Albert Fall's power.

Stephen Mather and Horace Albright may have done too good a job at selling Albert Fall on the economic benefits of national parks. Soon after Fall returned from his national parks tour, he sprung on Mather a plan for a national park in New Mexico, a

park shaped like a horseshoe, wrapping around Albert Fall's Three Rivers Ranch. Some of the sections of Fall's park had genuine value, such as White Sands, but most of it was average western scenery, and one section, Elephant Butte Reservoir, was mainly for recreation. Fall would call it the "All-Year National Park" to emphasize its winter resort qualities. In his national park Fall proposed to sanction mining, timber cutting, grazing, hunting, and water reclamation projects. Stephen Mather and Horace Albright were horrified. They had worked for years to set high standards for the national parks, and now Fall was undermining everything. Yet how could they oppose their boss? Fall held the fate of the National Park Service in his hands, and it seemed like suicide to oppose him. Albright recalled:

Mather, in a gloomy mood, poured out his feelings about how grotesque Fall's park scheme was, and showed me a penciled draft of the memorandum he had been writing to the Secretary, reporting negatively on the project. But he had been agonizing over whether to send it. He had spent many months trying to educate Fall on the national park concept, and had carefully built a good relationship that had benefited the parks despite this crazy scheme. Now, if he sent the negative report, he would put all that in jeopardy. Yet he could not let this travesty of a park go unchallenged.¹⁴

Stephen Mather was prone to severe depressions and nervous breakdowns, requiring long stays in sanitariums. Now, trapped in a no-win disaster, Mather's spirits failed him again, and he checked himself into a sanitarium and disappeared for six months, which at least had the advantage of freeing him from publicly opposing Fall. Fall then turned to Albright and told him to come to New Mexico to write a report approving

his park, but Albright was serving as superintendent of Yellowstone, so he too had a good excuse for not showing up in New Mexico. Undeterred, Fall wrote his own report approving the park and raced a bill through the U. S. Senate with little scrutiny. But then Fall's bill had to get through the House of Representatives. A House committee scheduled its hearing on Fall's bill for January 11, 1923. Albright described the drama:

No representative of the Park Service was present...Mather was by this time in Chicago, completely recovered and ready to return to work, but I had advised him to stay away from Washington until after the hearings. We did not want him to come back and face the choice of resigning or writing the report on the all-year park. We also believed that Fall's days as Secretary were numbered. There were indications that his rumored participation in the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills oil leases, being investigated by Senator Tom Walsh, was about to explode into a scandal.

The hearings opened with the big guns of the conservation movement loaded for action...

After lunch, Secretary Fall arrived to testify, having been summoned hastily by a despairing park advocate who perceived that the entire committee appeared to be against it...All of the committee members asked Fall tough questions, and he was driven during three hours of testimony to abandon point after point in the bill...until nothing was left except New Mexico gaining the status of having a national park. The committee seemed ready to compromise by making it a recreational area under the Indian Bureau, but Secretary Fall stuck to his original concept, and would not accept anything less than a national park.

The opposition by conserva-

tionists and the lack of a report by the National Park Service kept the bill from being reported out by the committee so it could come to a vote in the House.¹⁵

When Secretary Fall walked into the cabinet meeting the next morning, he was probably feeling defeated, humiliated, and angry. Albert Fall loved to fight and win turf wars, and this war had been in the heart of his turf: his department, his Park Service, his state, his ranch. At least there was one turf war that Secretary Fall could win today. Secretary Fall launched into an attack on some stupid little dog at the Grand Canyon, who was trespassing on Albert Fall's turf.

So what if President Harding was squirming with discomfort. Back in 1909 when President Taft had stopped in New Mexico and attended a VIP banquet, Fall had stood up at the podium and lambasted the president for not giving enough support for New Mexico's bid for statehood. The crowd was shocked; President Taft was shocked and angry. Taft wrote to his wife: "He seemed to be a man who likes to cultivate notoriety by saying something rude and out of the ordinary rules of courtesy, and I had to take him and spank him, which I think I did pretty successfully...He has had aspirations for the Senate, upon the inauguration of statehood, but I don't think those aspirations are likely to be gratified." On the contrary, Fall's boldness with President Taft made Fall a hero to New Mexicans. Warren Harding was too weak a man to spank Albert Fall. Harding was no Teddy Roosevelt. Besides, Fall was resigning from the cabinet, getting out while the going was good. He had nothing to lose now.

When in the morning *The New York Times* published its article on the Grand Canyon dog debate, its rival newspaper, *The New York World*, sent a telegram to the newspaper in Flagstaff, Arizona, to get more information. In its next issue, January 19, 1923, the *Coconino Sun* ran the front page headline: "GRAND CANYON BULL PUP CLAIMS ATTENTION

[of] PRESIDENT'S CABINET". The phrase "bull pup" may not mean a bulldog: a few days later in a brief follow-up article, the *Coconino Sun* identified the dog as an "Airdale bull pup." Perhaps "bull" was a now-discarded word for "male." The January 19th article included three locally-drawn cartoons about the Grand Canyon dog, and the dog in the cartoons was not a bulldog, but a generic mutt. The captions in the cartoons include: "Well, I'll be dog-gonned. Them fellers in Washington are talking 'bout me." If the Flagstaff newspaper was correct that Paddy was an Airedale, he was the same breed as Laddie Boy, though there's no sign that "them fellers in Washington" knew this.

Whereas *The New York Times* treated the whole story as a curiosity, the Flagstaff newspaper suggested that a longstanding political rivalry was behind the controversy:

"Paddy," bull pup belonging to Charles M. Donahue [actually: Donohoe], postmaster at Grand Canyon, has suddenly become famous...

The story seems to be this:

A female dog brought to Grand Canyon National Park a few months ago by a tourist selected the park as an ideal place to raise a family. Her owner gave the family to a resident of the park. The latter still has part of the family carefully locked up at his home, but one of the pups he gave to Mr. Donahue.

The latter was recently made postmaster following the resignation of L. L. Ferrall.

The park regulations prohibit dogs. That is so that the rabbits, squirrels and other small game will become tame.

Mr. Donahue's ownership of "Paddy" seems to have caused some comment and to have been reported at Washington. Just how it got to the attention of the cabinet is uncertain.

But there is no love lost between U. S. Senator Ralph H. Cameron of Arizona and Direc-

tor of National Park[s] Stephen Mather. Mr. Donahue is a protégé of the senator—in fact, before becoming postmaster at Mr. Cameron's recommendation, was working for Mr. Cameron and Mr. Stetson at their mining property at the Canyon. Also, the postoffice building belongs to and sets on land belonging to Senator Cameron.

Possibly Mr. Mather stirred up the tempest that assumed sufficient proportions to be the subject of discussion at a cabinet meeting. It isn't hard to believe he would take a crack at the senator, even over some one else's shoulders, if opportunity offered.

Of course, "Paddy" is a poor dog.

There is another dog at Grand Canyon that is allowed to stay there by special permit granted by Mr. Mather. That is "Razzle Dazzle," the Airedale to whom the late Charles A. Brant, former manager of El Tovar hotel at Grand Canyon, left \$5,000. "Razzle Dazzle" has a colored groom, and Mr. Mather granted him domiciliary rights in the national park.

"Paddy" has no inheritance. He's a darned nice dog, but he made the mistake of being born poor and then of picking his friends from among those who are not loved by the big boss of all the parks.

Charles Brant, the longtime manager of El Tovar Hotel, had died in 1921, a year after his wife Olga. They were buried in a private, rock-rimmed graveyard with a good view of El Tovar. Razzle Dazzle lived until 1928, and then he joined his masters in their graveyard and even got his own tombstone that said "Faithful and Beloved Pet," a measure of how popular Razzle Dazzle was with Grand Canyon residents. Stephen Mather would have made himself unpopular with canyon residents if he had banished Razzle Dazzle from the park, and



President Harding with pet dog Laddie, being photographed in front of the White House.

since by the time Charles Brant died, Laddie Boy was becoming a national celebrity, Mather probably wouldn't have risked Harding's displeasure at Mather's evicting an Airedale from its home.

Stephen Mather was no hater of animals or pets. He not only allowed one Grand Canyon ranger to keep a pet fawn named Chummy, Mather had Chummy sent to Washington D. C. to serve as a Park Service mascot at a VIP banquet at the Willard Hotel. The Willard was famous for its cuisine, but someone forgot to feed Chummy, who headed for the salad of Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover and gobbled it down. Then Mather had Chummy sent to Philadelphia for a banquet that George Horace Lorimer, the publisher of *The Saturday Evening Post*, was giving for National Park Service leaders. Mather kept Chummy corralled in a bathroom, and when Chummy was brought out, he headed straight for Lorimer's salad. Before Mather could send Chummy back to the Grand Canyon, Chummy came down with a spinal ailment. Mather called in the best veterinarians, even a chiropractor, but Chummy died. Mather felt deeply guilty that someone's pet had died while in his charge. This was the

decade when the North Rim of the Grand Canyon was grossly overpopulated with deer, yet Mather couldn't bring himself to support proposals to cull the deer population. When the Forest Service began transferring North Rim deer to other places, Mather adopted two fawns, shipped them to his home, and kept them as pets.

Stephen Mather's persecution of Paddy contained a logic and a motive that even the Flagstaff newspaper didn't glimpse. For twenty years Ralph Cameron used the Grand Canyon post office as a weapon in his war against threats to his Grand Canyon interests, including threats from Stephen Mather. From 1907 to 1916 the postmaster was Louisa Ferrall, the wife of L. L. Ferrall, who was Cameron's chief henchman at the canyon. From 1916 to 1922 L. L. Ferrall was postmaster. At a time when there were few community centers at the canyon, the post office was a gathering place and gossip place—perfect for gathering intelligence for Ralph Cameron. After the election of 1908, when Cameron was first elected to the U. S. House of Representatives as Arizona's Territorial delegate, Louisa wrote to Cameron scoping out the "7 votes against you in this

precinct...I am quite sure I have four of the others spotted."¹⁷ Ralph Cameron's papers contain many letters on stationery that says "Louisa Ferrall, Postmistress, Grand Canyon, Arizona Territory," but most of these letters are from L.L. Ferrall and Niles Cameron, Ralph's brother, and are about protecting Cameron land claims and evicting rivals from claims. Ralph Cameron was so confident of his power that he tried to stop the Santa Fe Railway from building the Hermit Road and Trail since they would cross Cameron land claims. When Stephen Mather became the first director of the National Park Service in 1916—the same year L. L. Ferrall became postmaster—and set out to evict Cameron from his land claims, Mather found that his letters to the superintendent of Grand Canyon National Park were not being delivered. In an interview with Grand Canyon National Park archivists, Horace Albright stated that he and Mather were positive that L.L. Ferrall was intercepting and no doubt opening Mather's letters. Mather resorted to sending his letters in plain envelopes addressed to the wives of park officials, and then to sending telegrams in code. This continued for years under Charles Donohoe's successor, James Kintner, also a Cameron man. Here's one telegram that Superintendent Tillotson sent to Mather in 1927: "Person mentioned last paragraph my letter November sixteenth entirely satisfactory but SASAPJOB ILBOYHUM in DYBACK TENCO-DADAEM with ITIFFEGY who indicates he will SASBYEED ILBOYHUM if held stop Personally NYADIFAB to DYBACK VAMDMOL and feel that his GHANTJUG in OACINIZE will not be HUMPYELM interests of RYNKIHUM your previous information to contrary notwithstanding."¹⁹

Stephen Mather's biographer somehow got the idea that L. L. Ferrall was Ralph Cameron's brother-in-law, and this claim was repeated by Ken Burns in his PBS documentary *The National Parks*, which highlighted the fight between Mather and Cameron. However, Ralph Cameron's papers contain dozens of letters between the



Ralph H. Cameron

Ferralls and Cameron, and they contain no sign of their having any family connection. In his letters to L.L. Ferrall, Cameron says "Dear Sir," and never mentions Louisa, and in his letters to Cameron, L. L. Ferrall barely mentions "your wife," and not by name. The possibility of any sibling relationship between Ralph Cameron and Louisa Ferrall is discouraged by the census fact that Louisa was born in Missouri of German-born parents, while Ralph Cameron was born in Maine, with a non-German name. If Stephen Mather had gotten the mistaken idea that L. L. Ferrall was Cameron's brother-in-law, this would only magnify Mather's loathing of the Grand Canyon post office.

Charles Donohoe succeeded L. L. Ferrall as postmaster in 1922. The turf war between Donohoe and the Park Service included a lot more than just a dog. In 1920 the U. S. Supreme Court had ruled that Ralph Cameron's land claims were invalid, declaring his land to be U. S. Government property. This included the old Cameron Hotel, now the post office,

and the land around it, which held the postmaster's residence. Park superintendents repeatedly asked postmasters to obtain a park permit for living there, but Ferrall, Donohoe, and Kintner adamantly refused. In September 1922, after Donohoe told Superintendent W. W. Crosby to "go to hell," Crosby wrote to the Postmaster General, care of the director of the National Park Service, to complain about it.²⁰ In November Donohoe distributed a leaflet to 800 Grand Canyon tourists, representing himself as the "Friends of the National Parks," but as Superintendent Crosby told his boss in Washington: "...the matter in it is anything

but friendly to the present administration of the Park... This Donohoe... is extremely hostile to the local organization of the Park Service at Grand Canyon."²¹ On December 5th a ranger caught Donohoe cutting firewood inside the park without a permit, and when the ranger told Donohoe to get a permit, Donohoe refused and said he would "take this up with Washington by cable."²² Superintendent Crosby also complained to Washington: "In this particular case of Donohoe's, it is absolutely for the interests and future of the Park Service here to have him recognize the authority of the Park Service in this Park... So long as the Post Office Department shall continue as its representative here, an individual who persists in exhibiting contempt for the Park Service and the Department of the Interior, and who is actively hostile to both, and who takes advantage of his connection with the Post Office Department to add weight to his words and actions as an individual it is apparently necessary that we should afford him no advantage in his course by our failing

to protect the Service and our own position here by proper action."²³

It was five weeks later that the dog controversy reached the cabinet. Poor Paddy was just another pawn in the battle to make Donohoe "recognize the authority of the Park Service." Stephen Mather wouldn't have imagined that his move to deprive Donohoe of his dog would end up being decided by the president of the United States.

As far as we know, President Harding never did make a decision about Paddy or pet policies in the national parks. Right after that cabinet meeting, Harding was hit so hard by influenza that he was knocked out of action for weeks. By the time Harding was out of bed, Albert Fall was on his way out of the cabinet. The fate of Paddy and all future dogs in all the national parks would be decided by a larger Fate, by the turns of history, by events that were larger than even a president of the United States.

When the word got out that Secretary Fall had taken control of navy oil reserves at Teapot Dome, Wyoming, and Elk Hills, California, reserves deemed essential to national defense, and had opened them to oil companies for private profits, there were objections from conservationists, admirals, and everyone in between. A senate committee started hearings, but they dragged on slowly and seemed to be hitting a dead end: Albert Fall had good explanations for everything. But then one of Fall's old enemies in New Mexico happened to see Fall's ranch, which only a few years previously had been dilapidated, and now it was booming with expensive improvement projects. Where had Albert Fall suddenly gotten so much money? Not from his modest government salary. The senate hearings continued twisting and turning through a maze of leads and disclosures, and it turned out that Albert Fall had accepted over \$400,000 in bribes from two oil men, Harry Sinclair and Edward Doheny, money delivered in cash in a black suitcase. Not to mention many thousands of dollars Sinclair had deliberately lost



Harry Sinclair

to Fall in poker games. Sinclair and Doheny received exclusive, no-bid rights to extremely profitable oil supplies. Albert Fall went to prison, the first cabinet member in U. S. history to go to prison for a crime committed in office. Harry Sinclair went to prison. Attorney General and old Harding crony Harry Daugherty was forced to resign for obstructing justice. Navy secretary Edwin Denby, who went along with Fall's transfer of the oil, was forced to resign. The Teapot Dome Scandal became the greatest scandal in American history. It permanently branded the Harding administration as a failure, one of the worst in American history, which might be a bit unfair to Warren Harding himself, since apparently his only crime was that of trusting his buddies, and Harding never had a chance to react to the scandal. On a long summer trip around the western U.S. and Alaska, Harding suffered a heart attack and died. Eight years later, when now-president Herbert Hoover spoke at the dedication of the Harding Memorial in Ohio, he declared that Harding had also died of a broken heart, that Harding was "a man whose soul was being seared by a great disillusionment," by the betrayal and corruption of his best friends.²⁴Historians are still debating how much Harding knew at the time of his death, but Hoover's scenario has become the prevailing image of events: the

York Times ran the letter from Robert Frothingham denouncing Albert Fall over the Grand Canyon dog, it also carried the headline: SINCLAIR EXPECTED FEDERAL OIL LEASE, and described Harry Sinclair's first, defiant testimony before the senate investigative committee. The sub-headline read: "Adjournment Comes Just as the Listeners' Expectations of a Sensation Are Highest." The drumbeat of scandal sensations would torment Albert Fall. "I saw a man crumble right before my eyes," wrote his friend Evalyn Walsh McLean. "Drinking had changed him from a virile, sharp-witted man into a trembling wreck."²⁵ At the time he resigned, Fall claimed he was leaving to make some good money as a private consultant to Harry Sinclair and Edward Doheny, which he did, for awhile.

Now that Albert Fall was leaving, Warren Harding needed a new Secretary of the Interior. Several men began openly campaigning for the post. The state legislatures of Nevada and New Mexico passed resolutions recommending former Arizona governor Thomas Campbell. Maybe it was true that Harding needed a western man. But Harding was sick of the ferocious controversies Albert Fall had stirred up over western resources. Harding wanted a man who, while pro-business, was ready to join the conservation movement. Harding wanted a plodding bureaucrat, not an arrogant,

flamboyant, power-grabbing turf fighter. Harding wanted someone with a heart. Just maybe: someone who wouldn't dream of taking away a man's dog. Harding looked across the cabinet table and saw the right man: a doctor, a man from Colorado, a humble bureaucrat: Hubert Work. The Postmaster General.

Warren Harding appointed Hubert Work his new Secretary of the Interior. The man who had argued that dogs should be allowed in national parks was now in charge of all the national parks. Was Hubert Work going to suddenly reverse his position and do Albert Fall's corrupt work for him? No way. That rule was a dead letter. There was no Laddie-tude on that one. As long as Hubert Work was Secretary of the Interior, which would be another five years, there seemed to be little danger of dogs being evicted from national parks. Stephen Mather wasn't fussing about it anymore either, for not long after the Paddy controversy blew up in the newspapers, Charles Donohoe resigned as postmaster. By 1932, if not earlier, the official rules of Grand Canyon National Park allowed residents to own dogs, but "subject to such further conditions...as may be determined by the superintendent."²⁶ As it turned out, superintendents would choose to maintain a dog ban for decades to come. Was this a legacy of the great Grand Canyon dog debate?

In any case, today there are numerous backyard dog pens in Grand Canyon Village, full of happy dogs playing with bouncing balls. Today Razzle Dazzle looks down from his grave at all the happy dogs going for walks on rim trails—on leashes, of course. The ghost of past Airedales smiles.

¹Eugene P. Trani and David L. Wilson, *The Presidency of Warren G. Harding* (Lawrence, Kansas: Regents Press of Kansas, 1977) p 44-45.

²Quoted in Laton McCartney, *The Teapot Dome Scandal: How Big Oil Bought the Harding White House and Tried to Steal the Country* (New York: Random House, 2008) p 44.

³Eugene P. Trani and David L. Wilson, *The Presidency of Warren G. Harding* (Lawrence, Kansas: Regents Press of Kansas, 1977) p 44-45.

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³ Quoted in David H. Stratton, *Tempest Over Teapot Dome: The Story of Albert B. Fall* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1998) p 197.

⁴ Quoted in Stratton, page 28. However, this same quote appears in another book, *The Two Alberts: Fountain and Fall* by Gordon Owen, and is attributed to another source, a Santa Fe New Mexican article from Feb. 22, 1892. Because David Stratton is an academic historian, he receives the benefit of the doubt for the source of this quote.

⁵ Quoted in Francis Russell, *The Shadow of Blooming Grove: Warren G. Harding in his Times* (New York City, McGraw-Hill: 1968) p 96.

⁶ Quoted in Joe Mitchell Chapple, *The Life and Times of Warren G. Harding: Our After-War President* (Boston: Chapple Publishing, 1924) p 142.

⁷ Quoted in Stratton, p 214.

⁸ Quoted in Stratton, p 110.

⁹ Quoted in Stratton, p 112.

¹⁰ Quoted in Stratton, p 211.

Horace M. Albright, *The Birth of the National Park Service: The Founding Years, 1913-1933* (Salt Lake City: Howe Brothers, 1985) p 125.

¹¹ Ibid, p 127.

¹² Ibid, p 127.

¹³ Ibid, p 131.

¹⁴ Ibid, p 135.

¹⁵ Quoted in Stratton, p 95-96.

¹⁶ Ralph Cameron papers, University of

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Arizona Library Special Collections, Box # 4.

¹⁷ Grand Canyon National Park Study Collection, taped interview with Horace Albright, Tape 2, Side 1.

¹⁸ Superintendent Miner Tillotson to director of NPS; December 17, 1927; Grand Canyon National Park Study Collection, Post Office File, Catalog # 75981

¹⁹ Ibid. Letter from W. W. Crosby to Postmaster General, Sept. 1, 1922.

²⁰ Ibid. W. W. Crosby to director of NPS, Dec. 1, 1922.

²¹ Ibid. Quoted in letter from W. W. Crosby to director of NPS, Dec. 6, 1922.

²² Ibid. W. W. Crosby to director of NPS, Dec. 6, 1922.

²³ Quoted in Stratton, p 332.

²⁴ Evalyn Walsh McLean, *Queen of Diamonds: The Fabled Legacy of Evalyn Walsh McLean* (Franklin, Tennessee: Hillsboro Press, 2000) p 276.

²⁵ Rules and Regulations, Grand Canyon National Park, 1932, p 37.