

Transcription: Grand Canyon Oral History Interview

Interviewer: Tom Martin

Interviewee: Dick Hingson

Subject: In this first of a ten-part interview, Dickson "Dick" Hingson recounts five years working summers at the North Rim Lodge beginning in 1958. In later interviews, he then recounts working a summer at Zion National Park in 1963, rafting the Canyon in 1971, and working on the Grand Canyon overflight issues beginning in the late 1980s.

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Transcriber: Dardina Camaj

Transcription Reviewers: Sue Priest, Nancy Brian, Tom Martin, Dick Hingson

Keys: Arthur E. Stoddard, North Rim, North Rim Lodge, Grand Show, organ, washing dishes, trans canyon hike, Grand Canyon Airport, flying over the river, Point Imperial, Red Butte, Colorado River, North Rim Meadows Airport, Yellow Bus, Mariba Judd, Brother's Brother Foundation

TM: Today is Thursday, August 29th, 2019. This is a Grand Canyon Oral History Interview with Dick Hingson. My name is Tom Martin, we are at my house today. Dick, thank you very much for your willingness to do this oral history here. I want to start out with the first question, what year were you born?

DH: 1942.

TM: Where?

DH: New York City. Staten Island.

TM: What were your parents doing there?

DH: My father was working in the United States Marine Hospital as a physician in the department of obstetrics and anesthesia, he was an obstetrical anesthesia specialty. My mother was a housewife.

TM: How did they meet?

DH: They met while they were both students in Georgia. She at a Georgia College for women, and he a medical student at Emory University in Atlanta. She was in (?) so they met somehow in the late '30s that way.

TM: Cool. Fun. What were they doing in... was your father from Georgia?

DH: From Alabama.

TM: Alabama. Okay, alright. How did he end up in New York City after he graduated?

DH: He was in the Coast Guard and was on a ship involving the...to Norway. This was at the time of all the U-boats and the Germans, and he had the fortune to render some assistance to a Navy soldier who had this rather spectacular condition as can happen with the unexpected, injected fuel into his hand by accident... So that was one thing, but he was also drawn to the attention of Henry Morgenthau, who was an important officer in the Roosevelt cabinet. I can't remember what secretary exactly, we'd have to look that up, but it was Henry Morgenthau. And he wound up getting recommended to the United States Public Health Hospital, otherwise known as the Marine Hospital, in Staten Island. And was then positioned there beginning soon after he had married my mother, and from about 1940 on, he was stationed at that Marine Hospital. On Staten Island.

TM: Okay, did you have any brothers and sisters?

DH: Yes, there was a younger sister and three younger brothers, but I was the first and only one in New York. The others followed over the next ten years. So, there was next a sister, Roberta, born in...I was born in '42, the sister was '45, Drew was born in '46, and Ralph in '48, and Luke in '52. So, it went like that.

TM: Cool. And did you stay there in Staten Island or did your family move on?

DH: We moved on after another couple of years because around the end of the war, he was stationed in Philadelphia, and then he had three years there. And then we were in Baltimore, at Johns Hopkins, he had a position at Johns Hopkins Medical School, and then another three years and he's a professor of anesthesiology and chair of the department at Case Western Reserve University, although then it was just called Western Reserve University Medical School in Cleveland.

TM: Is that where you went to high school then? Ohio?

DH: Oh yeah, that. I went to high school, junior and senior high... end of elementary and junior and senior high school while we were living in Cleveland, or Cleveland Heights.

TM: Did you get out? Did you guys go on your typical family vacations, put the kiddies in the car and go for a road trip? Did you guys...?

DH: Well, yes. I mean, yes, that was the attraction to someone of that sort had mobility and a car. So, in terms of a long trip, yes. The first really long one that I'd had with them was, I mentioned it because it was the one on which I first saw the Grand Canyon, I was only eight but my father drove an old Kaiser and family members across the country on, some of it on the old Route 66. In the end of June of 1950, we got to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon and also my

father gave a talk at what was then called the Arizona State Teachers' College, now NAU in Flagstaff, so there's vague memories of that, but that was the first long, that was the trip West, that was the exposure to the... all the way out to California and then up to the Pacific Northwest and back across the country to Baltimore in 1950, and then the next...well there were many travels at once...

TM: So, I'm gonna jump in here, Dick, and ask you, do you remember what your father was talking about to the Arizona State College about?

DH: I don't have a direct recollection of that...

TM: Okay. I mean, you were eight, but I just...if the family lore carried that on...

DH: We can... It might well have had to do with his invention of continuous caudal anesthesia in childbirth that just would've made his fame. It might have had to do with that, but I could not document that.

TM: So, you were eight. Do you remember anything about that road trip? I mean, you would've been in there with your younger sister and your two brothers...

DH: Or some of them, not the sister...two were left in with the caretaker. But two of them, two brothers were with me and one hadn't been born. But.... A couple, yeah. Younger brothers, and yes quite a bit. I actually kept a very detailed diary, or a good... a little diary for an eight-year-old. A small little diary. And so, yes, I've kept kind of a day by day record of where we were on each day on the thoughts that an eight-year-old would apply. So, it makes a nice little record.

TM: And all the way to California and back?

DH: All the way to California up the coast to, you know, Washington State and then all the way back through the Badlands and Kansas and so forth. So yes, I have a diary.

TM: Okay. Did that impact your parents as far as, this time they're in Cleveland, were they thinking "Wow, maybe we wanna move west?" or...

DH: I think it opened the door for some future important travel, for sure, because it would've been an eye opener experience, for sure. That they'd.... that they'd had successfully gotten that trip done and so the next time that they had come up with something like that it was in the form of a family... the last family trip together, all together, on a Union Pacific National Parks special train in 1958, at the end of August. Which train travel would've started in Chicago and led to Ogden, and then up to the parks north of there, such as Yellowstone, Grand Teton, several days there in those parks, in those lodges. I assume they're still there. They're in the diary, I saw them.

TM: So, this would be the Zephyr? The California Zephyr? And they're coming to Denver and then out through along the Colorado River there?

DH: It's...was the route, the west bound was through Laramie.

TM: And on to the Salt Lake?

DH: The west bound was through Ogden. We would've gone on that route that goes along the Platte River and then through Laramie, Wyoming and over to Ogden.

TM: So, further north?

DH: A little further north. It's not now used for passenger travel as it was then. Salt Lake.... Well, into Ogden. North to West Yellowstone. Where the Union Pacific had a dining—a major dining hall for the tourists and then, through those parks of West Yellowstone and Grand Teton and then back to the West Yellowstone Dining Hall and then the planned itinerary was back to tour Salt Lake City, and then through, I think, Denver and that southern route you were speaking of. That was the intent, although there was a train accident that changed the last part of that. What happened was that after we finished the last meal in the National Parks at West Yellowstone on the night of supper on August 29th of 1957. Today is the 62nd anniversary. We had the family dinner in the Union Pacific Dining hall and then boarded Pullmans for the trip to Salt Lake City and by 8:00, we were falling asleep after all that nice food and activity and around 10:00 or 10:30, there was a pounding on the doors of all the sleeping cars. The conductor and the tour staff of the railroad insisting to everyone that there had been an accident, that we had to immediately pack our bags and be off the train within thirty minutes. And so, the entire train was evacuated onto a totally dark, wild part of the route. And they built railroad ties into, like, pyres so they can light them. There was some warmth, some smoke that came from all of that. While they tried to figure out what to do. The train had been in a mudslide, it hit the train-- irrigation ditches have gotten out of control, apparently. And swept heavy, all of a sudden, heavy mudslides that slammed into the front two cars and the baggage car, knocking them off the track. And the rest of the train, they didn't know whether it would really go the same way or not. But they got us all out as quickly as they could, and then we had to be shuttled over the course of the night, down that track in little, you know, shuttle cars to Ashton, the nearest railroad station. My father was recruited, being a doctor and with certain amount of medical equipment to assist with the people that were needed to be bedded back down in the back car, because of being very elderly or people with altitude problems or stress or whatever it was, so he was kept with the train for a while, while the rest of the family was shuttled down to Ashton, Idaho with most of the people, and he came on later. And then, we, after being in that station for some hours, we were put into another train to wait for further developments right there outside the Ashton, Idaho station and until they—another passenger train, a regular passenger train, could be brought in there to get us on back to Salt Lake City. And the family split up at that point because I had to go back to start high school, another year. So, my mother and I and, I think it was just my mother and I, went back to this more direct route out of Salt Lake back to Omaha. Without more touring, my father, however, lingered. Rented a car out of Salt Lake City

and drove it down to the southern Utah parks and the North Rim of the Grand Canyon and, for the first time, saw those lodges down there and then, some days later, re-joined us in Cleveland and out of this, because my father had rendered significant services to the railroad, we had the situation that the railroad president, who was A. E. Stoddard, and the president of the Union Pacific, wanted to know what my father's fees were for all these things that he did for people, and my father said "No, there's no fee for anything like that, but I've learned from looking at these lodges that the Union Pacific has staffed these National Park lodges with young people", and he wondered whether I could be placed at one of these lodges, and that would be a very satisfactory in kind donation, and the president of the railroad said to him, "Name your park." And so, after a little more review and discussion about that, we decided that it would be right. I would be just sixteen in time for the 1958 park season, and they hired boys at sixteen and girls at eighteen, but the boys being at sixteen, that was a perfect fit. I could maybe go to one of these at the start of that summer vacation, so we chose—I guess you could say we--the North Rim of the Grand Canyon that is Grand Canyon Lodge.

TM: So, did your Dad choose that, or your Dad and Mom, or did you...?

DH: I would say it was a collaborative discussion. But, I remember, they thought that Yellowstone was too cold--would be too cold. And so, they, the situation was cast more towards a choice for the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, which would be warmer, although he asked if the environment had similarities and parallels with the Yellowstone environment, but it was decided that it would be North Rim.

TM: So, by this time you were sixteen. Were you doing any canoeing or camping? Were you--- did you enjoy the outdoors? Or what, also, I ask a lot of loaded questions here. What were your favorite topics in school at the time?

DH: Well, as far as the activities, I was in Boy Scouts, and you know, Order of the Arrow... You know, I had some Senior Patrol Leader, it was a church Boy Scout troop in Cleveland Heights, and so I had some exposure that way to the out of doors, but not a whole lot of backpacking or serious camping experience. The most demanding might've been the Order of the Arrow Expedition, but other than that, lots of travel and knew what it was to be out in the new things, and so that was the—about the kind of camping, only through the Boy Scouts. My mother wouldn't have anything to do with going on anything other than to the finest hotels, and therefore my father was somewhat constrained, though he liked the outdoors and outdoor activities just fine but that led to the north. Anyway, I was set up in that sense for the North Rim.

TM: Okay. And then—gonna go back to the—at that--you're only sixteen. You've got, what, a couple more years to go in high school...

DH: That's right.

TM: What were your most enjoyable studies at that time?

DH: I would say I was pretty good in English. I would get compliments in there. I—yeah, I—as far as, strictly speaking, high school, I guess I have some of the more positive memories of English. Maybe, maybe history. It was all good, it was good grades. I mean, everything worked pretty well, but I just remember certain compliments or recognitions that would apply to that the most.

TM: Nice. And then, the plan was to send you to the North Rim for the summer?

DH: That's right, for the summer of '58.

TM: So, this is not like a two-week summer camp, you're going to be employed out there in the middle of nowhere...

DH: That's right.

TM: ...for the whole summer.

DH: That's correct.

TM: Now, I would think that, as a sixteen-year-old, this would be a great adventure.

DH: Oh, yes. Absolutely.

TM: So, tell me more about that.

DH: Alright, I will. The first part of the adventure was you got a railroad pass from Omaha, and so I had to be gotten, somehow, combination of, I guess, plane and secondary railroad to Omaha, and then I had a sleeper car to go back along that same line that we had been as a family as far as Ogden, but then I was put on another train, a regular passenger train heading towards Los Angeles, but which let me off in the early sunrise hours at Lund, Utah, and that's the traditional embarkation point for the Union Pacific's Grand Circle tours, and I was met at—I still remember being met by a railroad delegation at the Lund, going off the train because I was considered this very important person. (laughs) So, the general manager of the Utah Parks company met me as I got off the train, and they made sure I was escorted properly onto a short-connecting train from Lund to Cedar City, and then, in Cedar City, we boarded the traditional yellow buses that were used in those days to transport all of their National Park tourists, so I had this amazing day long trip with lunch at Zion, and a hike after lunch or on the Zion Narrows trail, just as amazed as I could be that there was anything like that. I knew I was in the wild West then, and then back on the bus and through Kanab and the long, long ride up on the Kaibab Plateau into what seemed like the end of the world by then, (laughs) and finally wound up at the North Rim lodge by five o' clock in the afternoon. I was assigned a bed space which had been kept in the men's dorm, room, I think, it was in Room 400, I believe. I was a little late, I mean, I didn't—season only started and started there, in those days, about June

10th. Very late. Short season, high altitude. And I came in a few days later and just, by chance, was assigned in with the two garbage collectors and so, I just remembered that I--and then I had the job as kitchen help, which I thought maybe would be--was going to be a little higher level. I had envisioned stuff like pantry and dessert preparation, but it turned out that the job "kitchen help" actually meant dishwasher. So, I had started at the bottom, and that's what I did. I worked as a dishwasher. The only other service you were expected to do beyond all of that--and by the way, I counted up the number of dishes, it was about 200,000 that I personally handled, I figured, in the course of the summer—but the other expectation was to take part in what was called "The Grand Show," which the Utah Parks companies were supposed to participate in one way or another, but The Grand Show was department by department, so you sang a song. You sang songs appropriate to each department about the life in that department, so the kitchen help had a song that started with "We know a dark, secluded spot; where kitchen help can eat a lot." It's called "Fernando's Hideaway" ! and that was the beginning of the kitchen help song. So, that was the first summer I had to be in The Grand Show, and perform only in that particular.

TM: And that Grand Show happened when the yellow buses were taking people away from the lodge, they'd load their suitcases...

DH: No, that show was evening. Those were part of their evening series of entertainment by the employees.

TM: Okay, and so each department would sing about their department?

DH: Yeah, they would sing some song that was connected in some way...

TM: Okay.

DH: That's right.

TM: And what else were they doing for evening entertainment?

DH: Oh, they did other things, too. I mean, you would have people with instruments, you know, they could perform and sing special duets or solos or sometimes little skits or something like that that varied with night, what it would be. They also had a---the dining room had an organ, an electric organ, and so one employee was hired to play that organ. And, in fact, in my final, when I was there, I wound up unexpectedly--luck, I think, rooming with that organist. By then, I've been promoted to assistant manager of the lodge five years later, I--that was summer of '62. And so, once you got--you got out of the dorm if you were promoted to what was called staff, and in the last...

TM: Hang on, now. We made a big jump...

DH: Yes, that's a jump in time...

TM: We made a five-year jump. So, I'm gonna pull you back...

DH: Yeah, that's fine. '58. It was—summer of '58. It was the first summer.

TM: What was life in the dish pit like?

DH: Kinda grubby, and kinda, you know, steamy...

TM: When did you go to work in the morning? When did you get off work in the evening?

DH: You go to work at the—early. If you were going to do breakfast, you were there not long after the bakers got in. I mean, it would be six AM, and you were on for eight hours, and then that shift would usually end about two, and it would rotate in a certain fashion, so sometimes you were on six AM to two. I guess there was a midday shift, there was another one from two to ten, so you could wash all the evening dishes. It would be rotated like that, with a day or two off. You could get a couple days and by trading, maybe make it three days.

TM: And what did you do, that first year, on your days off?

DH: Yeah, well the--some of them were just, kinda hanging out and resting around there. You know, short walks and sitting out on the veranda, and just looking at the Canyon or taking short trail hikes, that would be one common thing you might do. (laughs) Getting sunburned, you know, hanging out in the sun too long by noon. But the other, the really big hike or trip would be the cross-canyon trip, and most of the employees tried to do that. So, I actually wound up with days off where I got to hike across the Canyon.

TM: So, this is a rim to rim to rim?

DH: North Rim to South Rim, and it was in August. Which was, in retrospect, something of a mistake. (laughs) But August is very hot for somebody only sixteen who's never done anything like this. But I did a trans Canyon hike in early August of 1958. In fact, I think, with the two garbage men, they were—we were teamed up and hiked across the Canyon. And then, at the end of this very difficult, tough hike, we got-- hitchhiked down to the old Grand Canyon Airport landing strip, the dirt strip right down by Red Butte, and got—bought into a tour--well, a plane that would fly us on what was then simply a transportation route north across the canyon to the North Rim meadows, just north of the entrance gate of the North Rim.

TM: Did you have a camera? Were you taking pictures?

DH: Yes, I have—There's a few pictures. Yeah, there's one black and white of me somewhere on the **S** Kaibab suspension bridge. As we, in high noon, getting ready to hike out (laughs) and so, yeah, there were a few pictures, not for that many that I have or remember where they are, but I remember that one and then, there's a few pictures like that, and must've been a few from

the plane...

TM: Did you spend the night—So, you were going to hike across the Canyon, that's...

DH: Right.

TM: fourteen miles down...

DH: Yeah.

TM: And seven miles up...

DH: Yeah.

TM: And then, did you spend the night and then fly back the next day?

DH: The logistics of that were to leave the North Rim at 2 am. hike down in the early morning hours, all but fourteen miles stretch to Phantom Ranch. Getting into Phantom Ranch in late morning, and swimming in the unforgettable-- swimming in that swimming pool, which was active then, so a lovely place. And resting a bit. And then but forced by our schedule to move on. And so, crossing the bridge at noon and then, fortunately, the river was—it was... the river was warmer than these post-dam days, and it was warmer and muddy. And so, you could---the way you got through the river trail part then and survive, is what we did, which is to take frequent breaks and get back in the water, and just hang out at eddies, and either get to the struggle up that awful Devil's Slide part of the lower Bright Angel Trail in the heat. And, yeah, it was rough. We got into Indian Gardens in the late afternoon, and somehow rested and then had to start continuing because of the pressure, but I remember we didn't get out until sunrise on the South Rim, and that was just at that point by far the hardest thing I've ever done.

TM: So, did you just sleep out on the trail then?

DH: We just took naps, I mean rest houses were there... The three mile, The mile and a half. So, you go in there and just catch breath, and maybe get a little bit of a nap or something, or maybe you could probably stretch out and not that many people were there, and we, you know, in fits and starts, and then finally struggled up and out in the early sunrise.

TM: Okay, then. So, overnight on the trail?

DH: Yeah, that's right. That was my first exposure to trans Canyon hiking.

TM: And then, '58, flew back across, the air strip was just outside the park. Was that right?

DH: Yeah, well the South Rim, you flew from Red Butte there's a landing strip there and the North Rim side has a—two or three miles north from the park boundary, and it can still be seen

today, although it has been largely grassed over, but it can still be seen today easily. There was a Forest Service landing strip there, and then the trick there was to just go and hitchhike and get somebody to take you in back to the lodge, which back in those days wasn't very hard. So, we always did the trip that way.

TM: Did you do that more than once that first year?

DH: Only time that first year, that was the only time on that one. Now, there were other excursions we would do. You know, like, you could ride the yellow bus for free. On the--That they did around the afternoon trips, like you go out to Cape Royal with the paying passengers for free. Anytime you wanted, you could take that for free, and I'll never forget too that the Christian Minister, there was a Christian ministry in the national parks, had organized some event that first year there we got to go see a sunrise at Point Imperial. Very impressive experience to do that for a sixteen-year-old. So, you could get—you know, there were, here and there, you would get some excursions like that.

TM: Did you get out to Point Sublime at all that year?

DH: Not the first year, but the knowledge of it was instilled because the Union Pacific had one program once a week where they showed—there were two nights that featured movies. One, the employees would have a weekly night where they had a film brought in, but the Union Pacific would entertain guests on one night with some kind of a movie about other parts of the Canyon. And one of the things that I have learned early on was that you could--there was a some kind of primitive road by which you could go seventeen miles and get to Point Sublime, and the film talked about the loveliness of that road and of that point and the—as the leaves would turn in early October, and showed pictures of flaming aspens. And so, I knew that was something I wanted to do. Didn't stay long enough to get a trip to Point Sublime that year, I got it for next year. At the second summer, when my father came back out with the car, and we took a trip out there to Point Sublime.

TM: So, let's finish off what is 1958. It sounds like you had a good summer.

DH: Yeah, I would say that was, largely speaking, a good summer. You know, I mean, very rich and experiencing the monsoons, which were fabulous for the North Rim. All the sounds of thunder, lightning, some of these years blurred, which one was which. I remember, you know, things like as adventurous as going out in a thunderstorm out the door, the lodge walking out of the Bright Angel Point trail, and all of a sudden it was like this hand rushing through my hair, hair standing on the end warning, a lightning strike might be imminent. So that was a very powerful kind of exposure. But, for me, in that first summer, all the parade of afternoon monsoons in August with all the thunder and lightning storms, was a very powerful and beautiful memory.

TM: Nice, who was the North Rim Lodge manager at that time?

DH: Well, there was a T.E. Murray, and maybe he was the one in that year, I—You know, this could be researched.

TM: What do you remember about him? Was he a good to work for?

DH: I remember that they were all okay for that level I was at. You know, at that level, you didn't get to fraternize with what they call "the staff" that much. But he was alright. I don't remember issues or incidents, positive or negative, with the management from that summer.

TM: So, I'm not sure when this started, but basically, the job that you started with there, you could climb up in pay over time, but if you shifted to another job, you would lose that pay increase and go back to the base wage. Was that the case then?

DH: Well, you would—actually, kitchen help was, seemed to me, all you got was about thirty-two cents an hour, I mean, it was a very, very small amount of money. You were paid whatever was the pay for that job. Some jobs had tips, and you would get tips, and people wonder why I given my pull, what they call a pull with the railroad, why I didn't choose something higher where you get more. Any job that had tips would be more lucrative. That included the waitresses and the bell hops, especially. Although, the busboys got a portion of the waitresses' tips. So, that gives an example of what I didn't get the first summer, I just got the room and board, and maybe—it was just sixty cents an hour, something like that. Right, there was no change, that I cannot answer.

TM: As it is today, the tip jobs are the better jobs, that's still true.

DH: That would be—in a situation like that where the rather flat low base rate. Then, if you had one of those jobs where you could make tips, you'd be better off.

TM: Right. So, in the fall of 1958, when you went back to what would be your junior year in high school?

DH: Let's see, that was the fall of '58. Yeah, I'm starting the second, for me, the second half, the second semester of eleventh grade. Was the way that was, and what was the question?

TM: The question is, did you appreciate you had changed over that first summer in any way?

DH: Oh, yes. I mean, I had been given an exposure to something that was mystical, a very extraordinary depth and breadth of culture as well as geography. Culture, I should say, was also exposure to the employment community, of being mostly kids, ninety percent under twenty-one, and ninety percent—eighty five percent Mormon. So, I had been given that, and that was pretty important because you, all of a sudden, you're a minority living with everything that that represented. So, I mean, that, of course, can be expanded on because it was a recurring theme, but it was—I would say that was important. The Mormon thing was, far along actually (from) the last bit of my train derailment year in '57, because the last events we'd had there while we

were still in Salt Lake would be here, they were in the Tabernacle, which for me is very powerful. I like things like that, that kind of music, it was very beautiful. And so, you know, you understand in fact—and some of the Mormon hymns, which are different from what I've ever been exposed to, and the theology of them. One with an eye-opening theology was the Mormon hymn "*Oh My Father*", in which the idea of a heavenly mother is posited, that God had a wife, and that there was a heavenly mother. And so, I, you know, I first heard that hymn played, with the words provided, on that Tabernacle organ. Salt Lake. And then, of course, The Mormons were definitely into hymn singing. I notice also, into tears, testimonies given in that lodge auditorium on Sunday mornings, the Rec Hall...oh you had a lot of--there was crying went on with these testimonies, I had never seen that before. So, this was part of my experi... you know, you'd remember things like that. But I stayed out of that pretty much because I come up from Southern Baptist—American Baptist tradition, and I already had my Bible, so what's this about another bible? You know, they had this other one. But, I didn't...that was, to me, too much to investigate.

TM: So, would it be fair to say you weren't converted, but you were inspired?

DH: Yes, I was inspired by certain things that they had. You're, you know, people who were that moved by something, you were going to their kids. You know, the boys getting ready to go on the missions, all that talk about going on missions. Yeah, it's impressive.

TM: But it can be very isolating as you say because you're a minority...

DH: I'm a minority.

TM: ...and you're not a member.

DH: That's correct, that's right. So, I was pretty isolated. Certainly, there were a number of reasons I was isolated socially. The point was making up for it. Though, you know, just the camaraderie of work, the lodge, veranda and maybe some people you got to meet or talk to, or the hike sometimes or that sort of thing.

TM: And, the garbage guys...

DH: The garbage guys were friends. I identified them as friends. And, in fact, I remember the second summer, when I went back, I initially---maybe I roomed with them a while and they got fired for some reason. And, I remember, I had a crisis the second summer over that. It was an emotional crisis over that.

TM: So, let's approach that by going back to school for the—to graduate out of the eleventh grade, starting your...

DH: Twelfth Grade!

TM: ...High school. Were you thinking about college at that time?

DH: Yeah. Well, you would be. And so, the beginnings of talk about that would've, of course, been going on, and so, yes, tentative decisions had to be made about where to apply. And so, along this line, I wound up applying to... well, Johns Hopkins was where my father had been a professor in the late forties, and for that reason, I was eligible for tuition exchange which meant, because of his service to the university in those days, if you were eligible, you got that one and a certain list of them tuition-free, you could go tuition-free. But the choice might've been other ones like Ivy League or Harvard, my mother was very oriented towards the very best, you know? And so, we had to choose over time about whether I'd go to those schools or not, but I wound up at... the path of least resistance, in some ways, of doing Hopkins.

TM: And what was your—what were you thinking, I mean—I would... assume, which is always dangerous, that the pressure would've been to go to med school?

DH: Yes, that's correct. That's not a wrong assumption. Yes, because I was the oldest and my father was the physician and the famous doctor. So, that's right I was only to a point. And I, in fact, knew that, you know, I had other--another side of me that might not worked so well with—actually, with science at that time. I was more like... I would've been a Humanities, history, major or an English or something like and so on. But Hopkins had a good Liberal Arts program and it had a lovely campus, Georgian style buildings and trees and elegance like that, Homewood Campus. So, I... it was, you know, given very powerful drift of family and certain circumstances, I just wound up at Johns Hopkins.

TM: So, that sets the stage of...kinda future goals, but, in the meantime, coming back to 1959. You knew about the isolation, not only physically but mentally at the North Rim. And yet, it still attracted you to come back in '59.

DH: Oh, yes. Oh, yeah. All of that was very...

TM: What were the attractions that brought you back?

DH: Well, I would just say... let's see, the second year. One, of course, was gonna be that I could get a better job.

TM: Did they offer you that when you left in '58, saying "if you come back in '59..."

DH: I think it was suggested what I could do. The one I chose was busboy.

TM: Okay.

DH: In the white, white uniform. Busboy, in the dining room, which, of course that put you out there in the Canyon.

TM: Oh!

DH: With the big windows.

TM: So, you're no longer in the dish pit with no view...

DH: Not in the back. Now, you're in the view room (laughs). And, that's a pretty good benefit of having worked in a place like that.

TM: Well, you got to share tips.

DH: And the tips as well. That's right, and to talk to the guests. You had—now, you had exposure to people from all over the world and country, you know? And some of them were fairly upper-crust people, you know?

TM: Were you good with languages?

DH: Well, I knew some. I did not have that much fluency beyond English, but I knew—I had some French. And a little bit of Spanish. So, there were encounters out there, in the dining room that were remarkable. And, one of them, probably the most remarkable one, was when I was waiting on the table of Latin Americans from, I think it was Venezuela, I'm pretty sure it was in South America anyway, and I liked them. We had this very nice talk, and, of all things, you come back a year and a half later, and they're in my father's house. My father's entertaining these same people.

TM: How did that happened?

DH: Coincidence. But, the connection had to do with visiting a doctor, you know maybe in itself it was that conversation in the first place, but the—somebody wanted to do training with my father. And so, I wound up having this amazing circle closed in our family dining room...

TM: Oh, that's wonderful.

DH: You know, a year and a half later. So, there were things like that, you know, that were unexpected bonuses. So, the other thing was, of course, the...I wouldn't say that more than just the fascination of the Canyon was just driving in that wilderness. I mean, that drove me as much as anything just to be able to walk those trails over from the Lodge to Bright Angel Point. And, once I got over the busboys, I mean the garbage men leaving, and that was very depressing for me personally. I almost wanted to go back, I had clinical depression for a few days. But something happened that changed it. I forget what exactly, but then all the light came back, and sitting out there again having the same old good feeling that got through it.

TM: Do you remember why they got fired?

DH: No, I don't. It's an interesting question, and, I've thought about that, and I do not remember what in the world happened. There was a common list of things of potential things with that age group, but I don't know.

TM: Regardless, these were friends you connected with a year before...

DH: That's right.

TM: They were back, you were back...

DH: The security rooming with them...

TM: Rooming together again...

DH: But they were, all of a sudden, ripped out or something. But it turned out to my advantage, in that then I got re-roomed with some people that I think I wanted to be with more. And that, there was a spare bed in another room, and there now, I'm in there with the senior desk clerk and the baker and I'm more into the, and this was the Mormon too, I was more into the Mormon circle in that room. So, yeah, I felt elevated in the higher rapport situation intellectually than I was with the garbage men. And then I realized sometimes that what might seem like a bad thing could turn out to be a better thing.

TM: So, were your shifts like they were in the dish pit days, where you'd work from six to two, and then you would work maybe a lunch shift and maybe an evening shift? Or were you assigned a meal, a breakfast, and that's what you bused?

DH: No, you rotated those meals like you did in the kitchen, so you wound up some breakfasts, some lunches and some dinners. And I went from the bottom to the top in there because, you know, my very first meal in serving—you know, bussing trays, I remember, I didn't know yet how to maintain the balance the big oval aluminum serving tray, and, in my very first meal, a big plate of bacon and eggs slid right off the end of the tray and was caught by a waitress in her lap. (laughs) So, I didn't know if I was going to be hanging onto that job or not, you know, that was scary, yes, that's right there in the dining room. But I wound up told I was one of the best busboys in the place by the end. I really got it down.

TM: So, if you kept the tables cleaned and reset fast enough...

DH: Yes, that's right. You had to move.

TM: The servers would be happy...

DH: Yeah, that's right, that's right. One waitress gave me all her tips that night because...

TM: Because the tops would move...

DH: That's right, that's right.

TM: The tabletops would move.

DH: I was recognized for being very good by the end.

TM: And you would move as soon as people left. You would gather up all the dishes, take them out. Did you...

DH: All, all those big trays, you learn how to do it

TM: And then you would come back in with a clean set for the table?

DH: Yes, and set the table. And then, you'd be properly set up.

TM: And then, move off to the next table that needing to be either set or cleaned.

DH: Yeah, you had a quadrant of the dining room where you were responsible. There was another job, though, which I didn't know much happened later with me.

TM: One quadrant, or were there four different areas?

DH: I think they probably divided it into four, maybe six different areas for busboys, maybe four quadrants of that great dining room. I think that's right.

TM: And you had the white pants, white shirts.

DH: A white uniform...

TM: A white coat?

DH: A white shirt, it was a white tunic, and white trousers. That was the busboy uniform. The waitresses were in a green dress. Pale green and white. But the boys were dressed in all-white.

TM: Were there any men that were waiters?

DH: No, in those days, it was segregated, so it was all-male bus crew and all-female waitresses. And the dining room host, a wise and older man named Al who knew what he was doing, he ran that dining room to a T. So, you had him, and you had the dining room organist, and that was the crew in there.

TM: Okay, do you remember Al's last name?

DH: I wish I could.

TM: So, some of the best experiences were meeting, again, the Venezuela table, saw them again. Any other experiences that come to mind, from '58, about bussing?

DH: Bussing...let me think a minute...a waitress—well, I mean, to finish a thought. One night, I remember, just a delight and a pat on the back when one waitress gave me all her tips because she thought I was such a good busboy. I got all her tips, so that was reinforcement. And she was pretty important, she was in a top social circle. Mariba Judd, Judd being famous Mormon family. So that mattered. It was just that I got off on, you know, on a high level of confidence as I was able to reach, and some of the conversations with people at the table, so you... generally tips would go better, and you had a better time anyway when you had a conversation with people. I could do that because we were kind of a cosmopolitan family, my father had people from all over the world coming into the home as part of his professorship, and work on—he, I might say about him and parents that is an important part of that history if I may go to the '58 summer particularly. In the '58 summer, I was the only one receiving, in my mail, a regular stack of newspaper clippings about my parents. And this would've provided things to show people and talk about, because my father was on his first great 'round the world journey and medical service. You know. It led, eventually to his foundation called "Brother's Brother Foundation" but he was accompanied by a newspaper reporter from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* on the whole trip. So, I was getting, unlike anybody else, I was getting regular mail packets with clippings of places from pretty exotic family travels.

TM: And your father, let's back this up, he was a specialist in anesthesia for women...

DH: Obstetrical anesthesia, yes. He was head of the anesthesia department.

TM: Okay, and during childbirth. I mean, anesthesia's a very touchy science. It's very easy to hurt people badly.

DH: Oh yes, that's true.

TM: And I would've imagined that the dangers were more... ever present sixty years ago than they are today.

DH: Yes, you could kill people. I mean, there was risk in surgery.

TM: Alright. But he was clearly good at it.

DH: And he was good at it, and a good teacher.

TM: And so, what was the foundation again that he developed?

DH: He developed Brother... became "Brother's Brother Foundation," BBF. Based in Cleveland through the sixties and then moved to Pittsburgh. In fact, my youngest brother is still executive director of that. I got to go on all kinds of travel in subsequent years because of that foundation. Things were in the works that would, in fact, come right after the Grand—the national park summers. That were, then didn't completely lose out, because now I was gonna get these international...

TM: Different types of travel?

DH: Hell yes! That's right, that was coming. I'm just giving you the context.

TM: Yeah, yeah. No, that's great. So, I'm thinking, 1959...

DH: That was the busboy summer.

TM: The busboy summer. It was good when you worked hard, you were rewarded for your hard work. Besides the trash boys leaving, what were some of the harder things that you dealt with that summer?

DH: The...well, let's see...that was the crisis. I mean, that was the one. I mean, it was interesting... emotionally, that stood out as the place where I wanted to leave actually for a couple of days. That was clinical depression. But, other than that, I can't honestly think of any particular thing other than what ordinary teenagers were dealing with. I mean, it's not like today, you're in a, a kind of... the mores and the Mormons together at those times were pretty confining. The business of temptations of smoking and drinking were not things I dealt with because that would've come with the Baptist practices of my parents, and the same thing, probably, with all kinds of puritanical matters having to do with sex because the Mormons were probably flooded with that. And so, all the same barriers that don't exist so much anymore were in full play there for everyone. So I can't remember any particular... having to wrestle with any particular incidents or things that, you know, like... beyond just what any kid seventeen years old would have in that environment. Nothing that is probably worth time beyond just the ordinary.

TM: Yeah. Did you cross the canyon hiking on foot again, like you had done the year before?

DH: Yeah, I did that. This time, with, of course, knowing more about it and how to do it right.

TM: So, how did you do it differently?

DH: Well, this time, you wound up so that you would—I had one every summer, but, I think I learned by this summer was that the idea was to leave Phantom Ranch in the pre-dawn hours or at dawn, and you're stronger because you knew what it was. I mean, you're not only a year older but you know what this entails. And so, yes, it was much easier the second time.

TM: Did you do it yourself or did you go with others?

DH: You always went with some other employees.

TM: Who did you go with this time? Did you remember?

DH: Well, you're... I mean... I have... you mean in the second summer?

TM: Second summer.

DH: It's hard to sort them out by summers sometimes. I just...you know, some of those summers stand out more than others. I just remember than one of them was with say... generally, you were with other males. Those groups were not usually mixed. And so, I do remember just, you know, going out with people I had decent, pretty decent affinity with, liked being with. It was nice socially. I can't remember all these names well.

TM: And so, if one wanted to leave Phantom Ranch heading south up the seven miles of the Bright Angel trail...

DH: ...ten miles...

TM: Well, seven miles because you gotta add the river miles. So, yeah, about nine, whatever it is. That hike to start early in the morning meant that you had to get there either late at night ...

DH: Yes, that's right.

TM: Or the afternoon before and you have to spend the night at Phantom.

DH: Something like that. I... that's right... what...I'm trying to think how these would work. But you would be—yes, you would have to be—you don't have to take a lot with you in August or July—I mean, a sheet. So, it was not a really big deal. I don't remember ever staying in a cabin at that time, though you would just bed down somewhere, must've been maybe where the present campground is or something, but we... I can't remember...

TM: And as an employee, you had some street credentials with the people at Phantom because you worked at the North Rim.

DH: Oh yeah, I mean, that's right. So, you got in there and maybe got to get a meal, that's right. Or you get a breakfast out of it, or you... and you were carrying some food. And...but I don't have—other than just it was a remarkable place. I don't have stand out things that struck me beyond just having experienced it five times.

TM: And then did you do the same as you done in '58, get out to the airport and fly back across...?

DH: Yeah, I did. Each time, you had to do the same drill. I remember it was not so hard as the first time. That first time, I remember, I had a hike with those garbage men; we were tired of each other and it was some time before we got picked up and that was getting testy, but after that, we somehow got out there in a better way, and on one trip, it was either the fourth or the fifth summer, we paid the pilot more, and... because he said, "I can take you on quite a trip if you pay me more." And so, I remember, we all forked over another what, fifteen to twenty dollars each. And that one, I'll never forget because he flew us down to the Colorado River, way below the rim and we flew for at least four miles just fifty feet above the rapids. For four miles, I was in front of the plane, taking pictures right out the front window like in a car.

TM: Do you have any idea of what section of the river you were flying over?

DH: Yes, that would've been near Unkar somewhere.

TM: Okay, that's a big wide open section.

DH: That big wide-open space... He flew us down that, and somewhere I have pictures. But yeah, I been taking pictures out the front window, at fifty feet above the water or less.

TM: In 1959, there was a Disney film on the river filming for the movie "Ten Who Dared". Did you have a concept in '59 that there was a river down there that boaters were actually on?

DH: No. The only river like...river adventure that I remember that did happen was actually in the '58 summer where somebody got stranded, but must've somehow a lost hiker or something stranded on there, eating mesquite beans for ten days before being rescued. And, but I do not remember much though, or seen anything about rafters or boat trips as being other than the kind of tale they told at the Kolb Studio or something. I knew, that's all I knew. There was not much discussion about boating...

TM: And you mentioned in '59 your father drove out?

DH: Yeah, they drove out unexpectedly in the end of August.

TM: Is this your Mom and Dad?

DH: Yeah, they picked me up. I remember I had mixed feelings they picked me up before the end of the season. It wasn't long before, but no notice or not much notice that I had to go. You know, and so that did happen. They came and got me.

TM: And were you sad to leave that summer?

DH: Yeah, I was—but—I was—Yes, I was sad. I mean, I would have liked to have gone at the end of the season. That was the summer though that, because they came we, I got my first trip to

Point Sublime. Because we drove the Point Sublime road in a Chevy.

TM: Chevy what? Four door?

DH: It had to have been a four door, my father would not have less than that. Four door Chevy sedan. And we drove out to Point Sublime, and they had my little brother and another brother. There's this great picture of my father and we formed this bridge with the hands above our heads above the—bridging the Colorado River. That segment that can be seen from Point Sublime.

TM: Oh, that's cute.

DH: Yeah, we got that Point Sublime. So that was my—that was a great triumph, to finally get down there.

TM: What was the road like then?

DH: Rough. But, you could get there in a sedan of those years, which had higher clearance if you didn't go too fast, and my father got us out there. Stick shift, you know? All that, so we got out there.

TM: Got you out, and got you back.

DH: The road was okay. There were no incidents with the road. It's so... Anyway, that was a nice—a very nice thing that would not have happened had they'd not shown up. So, other than that, I didn't have a particular reaction about having to leave a few days early.

TM: And then, you would've completed your last fall semester of high school?

DH: Yeah, and then you come back after that one, and now you've got the graduation semester. We were in the odd graduation cycle there. In January, graduation, but we finished it and I went on to a semester right there at Western Reserve University, tuition-free. It's the easy thing to do in a graduation year like that. Getting ready to go back to the Canyon though for the third summer, based on that, but I did have the first semester of college under my belt by the time I got to the third year at Grand Canyon Lodge.

TM: And now you're eighteen, nineteen?

DH: Now I'm eighteen, starting eighteen, and I've applied this time to be a desk clerk. So, I'm a desk clerk. Front desk.

TM: You know what we should do now, Dick? We have been yik-yaking a whole hour and fifteen minutes according to this, isn't that time flies, huh?

DH: Yeah, it does.

TM: This might be a good place to stop this first part of this oral history...

DH: Oh, true.

TM: ...because we can pick it up again in 1960 with the desk clerk...

DH: It would be '60, yeah.

TM: Yeah... position. Does that sound like a plan?

DH: Oh, that's all fine. I mean, it's just logical.

TM: Great. So, as we wrap this up, is there anything else you want to mention at this point looking back in the spring of 1960 or summers starting where you're gonna come back to the park again, anything else you want to add anything to this interview that we're wrapping up here?

DH: Yes. One thing comes to mind here, because it did have to do with that first semester at Case Western Reserve. I took a course in speech, and I, I made an A for the course, and the grand speech that I made for that was the Grand Canyon speech, of course. And that was one of Cleveland's leading news broadcasters teaching the course. So, I had a success, you know. And I remember quoting from Joseph Wood Krutch "Grand Canyon, Today and All Its Yesterdays." Very powerful lines...

TM: Can you repeat it right now?

DH: We could get the book and I can find it.

TM: Nah, I was...if you remember...?

DH: But he had a section there where he took off on the business of the airplanes that had collided over the Canyon and he would...

TM: 1956.

DH: Yes, but it was in the very powerful section in his book. That recognized the growing problems of aviation over the Canyon, and the people trying to do everything in a hurry, and speed, noise. And I can't remember this from memory, but it would be easy to research and get that into this history, if we want, or find it. But I just remember that it was a very—you know I kept wanting to talk about the Canyon, in this... I gave more than one talk on the Canyon. There were people in that course wondering why I wanted to keep talking about the Canyon, but I wanted to talk about the Canyon because I knew that was the most remarkable thing. And

then, that came the speech where I got to quote from Krutch's book as the climatic speech. So, I got to—I definitely had an A for that course. They gave very good grades. If I could think of his name, I'll give it to you. [NOTE ADDED 2/16/20 BY DICK HINGSON

"Grand Canyon: Today and All Its Yesterdays", Book written by Joseph Wood Krutch, WESTERN RESERVE UNIV. SPEECH PROFESSOR: Name was Warren A. Guthrie: (name comes up easily, online)]

TM: It is interesting to see that, in 1959. Or 1960, the spring of 1960.

DH: Yeah, Spring of '60. That's right, the Spring of 1960, that's right.

TM: That concept of travel and haste, speed...

DH: That's right. There was a... Krutch had gotten his book out and I found it.

TM: Nice, Alright. Well, with that, this will conclude part one Grand Canyon Oral History interview with Dick Hingson. My name is Tom Martin, and Dick, thank you very much.