



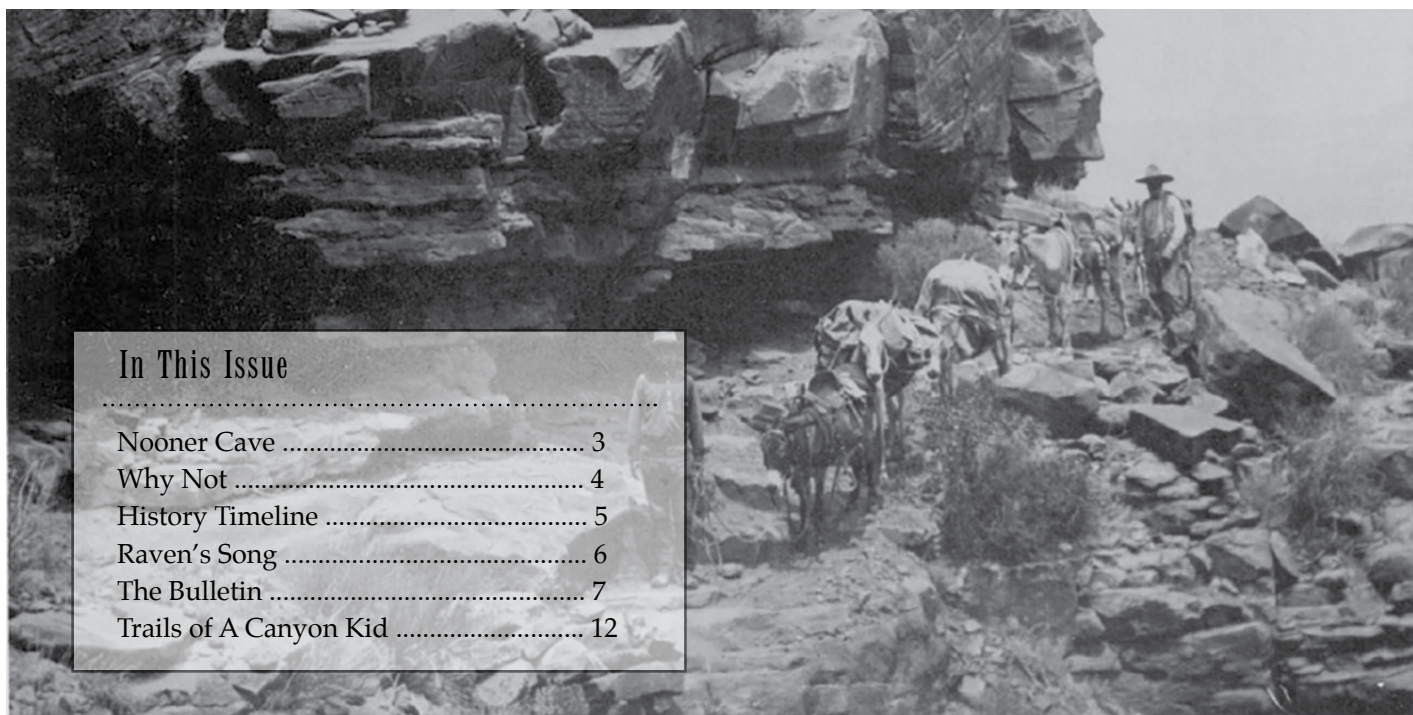
The Ol' Pioneer

The Magazine of the Grand Canyon Historical Society

Volume 30 : Number 1

www.GrandCanyonHistory.org

Winter 2019



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President's Letter

The upcoming February 20–23 5th Grand Canyon History Symposium sold out in just two weeks following the opening of early registration! Two hundred and fifty people will come together at the South Rim for this event that will kick off the 100th Anniversary of Grand Canyon National Park. Ninety percent of attendees will be Grand Canyon Historical Society members, with more on the the waiting list. This letter is a tribute to the foresight and hard work by this all-volunteer organization in making this gathering a reality.

Almost two years ago, Grand Canyon Historical Society met with Grand Canyon National Park staff responsible for planning and coordinating the Centennial activities and requested that the Symposium take place right before the February 26th Founders Day celebration that would mark the beginning of a year long series of special Centennial events and activities.

Many members have volunteered to chair the Symposium committees and assist with other tasks. A variety of tasks have been taking place behind the scenes over the last two years including putting out the Call for Proposals followed by the difficult task of selecting 26 out of the 44 excellent proposals received. Other tasks have been publicity, registration, scheduling presenters, author talks, oral history interviews, tours, and keynote speakers. Volunteers were sought to be moderators for the presentations and nine positions quickly filled. Timers, door monitors and morning check-in volunteers have stepped forward.

The afternoon sessions and tours will be an experiment with a new Symposium format. There are 17 tours planned, 5 author talks and 5 oral history interviews. At the opening evening social attendees can check-in early while mingling with other Grand Canyon history lovers. More volunteers are needed for the Wednesday night and Thursday morning check-ins, so if you're registered for the Symposium and would like to volunteer, please contact me.

First awarded at the last Grand Canyon History Symposium, the Lee Albertson Award will be given to the best paper presentation out of the 26 to be given in the morning sessions. A chair and five judges have been recruited to select the best presentation and the winner of the Lee Albertson Award will be announced at the Saturday night keynote session.

As GCHS President, I will give the opening remarks and the best words I will speak will be, "Let the History Symposium Begin!" As I said earlier, this event would not be happening without the 86+ people who volunteered to make this a reality. Almost all are Grand Canyon Historical Society members. If you are attending the 5th Grand Canyon History Symposium you will see these people helping in many ways. Their nametags will indicate if they are a Symposium Volunteer, a GCHS Board member or Presenter. Please be sure you thank them for their volunteer talent and help.

Dave Mortenson
President
president@grandcanyonhistory.org

There is a link to the full Symposium schedule on our website:
www.grandcanyonhistory.org/2019-symposium

Cover Photo Top: William Bass hauling cabin makings on burros down his trail. Just below the Esplanade. Circa 1906. Kolb Brothers photos. Kolb Collection is held at Northern Arizona University's Cline Library Special Collections. Courtesy NPS.

Cover Photo Bottom: Miners on the Bass Trail. Photographer unknown. Circa 1900. Copyright NPS.

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

The Ol' Pioneer is published by the GRAND CANYON HISTORICAL SOCIETY. An integral part of the publication is an informational section, *The Bulletin*, that updates members on Society activities, programs, events, Board actions and discussions. *The Ol' Pioneer* is a benefit of membership and is open to any person interested in the historical, educational, and charitable purposes of the Society. Membership is on an annual basis using the standard calendar; and dues of \$25 are payable on the 1st of January each year, and mailed to the GCHS Treasurer, PO Box 1667, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023-1667. *The Ol' Pioneer* magazine is copyrighted by the Grand Canyon Historical Society, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or used in any form without permission of the publisher.

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Contact for mailing address (928) 606-9932. Please submit written articles and photos electronically by email if possible. Submissions to *The Bulletin* should be sent to thebulletin@grandcanyonhistory.org

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Nooner Cave

by Robert Lauzon

I truly enjoyed reading the recent article by Earle Spamer, *Demons at Farlee Hotel*. Finding and sharing Grand Canyon history has become for me a very important part of my family's history. For most of us any new experience at the canyon is unique and memorable just as it was for Felix Frederic in 1886, and reading the article reminded me of a canyon event nearly 50 years ago on an encounter with the Bass Trail.

During semester break at NAU in January of 1972, five friends and I went to my family ranch by the south rim and spent several days at Bass Camp. Some of them had never seen the canyon before and others had never seen the canyon without a few hundred tourists being there. We spent the night at the ranch, got up bright and early and headed for Bass Camp. Upon arriving, there were a lot of "oohs" and "aahs." After about an hour at the rim, two in the party decided to explore the Bass Trail. At that time there was a NPS record book to sign before going down; as I remember it had less than 20 names a year entered in for those brave souls that signed the book and hiked the trail.

The four remaining on the rim spent the day exploring Bass Camp. Late in the afternoon our 2 friends who had gone down the trail showed up with stories and great excitement about some cave they had found just below the lip on the Esplanade. To add to their excitement, they produced some loot they had taken from the cave: coffee cans, condensed milk cans and even some traps. Needless to say, the rest of us were excited too. We decided to go back to the ranch and return the next day, and all of us would go down and explore this cave under the rim.

Just to take note, one of the first two adventurers is a longtime friend. Recently over dinner I asked him

how he found the cave and how did he find the trail back up? In 1971 there was no marked trail, especially when you got down to the Esplanade. Figuring out how they found the cave is even more bizarre since back then it was hidden from most every view and there was no path, you just had to stumble on it. Backtracking would seem at best a difficult chore for even a good hiker, let alone these impaired novices. Turns out our dog Mokie went with them, and may have been their salvation in finding their way back out.

Well as the story goes we got up early and headed back to Bass Camp and went down the trail. The first group that went down the day before had just started drifting down the trail with no real intentions of going down to the Esplanade; they got sucked in by the lure of the canyon as so many others have. They had taken no water, no food and were in just t-shirts and jeans on a usually warm January day. This time we were all in with water, food and of course our guide, Mokie.

When arriving at the cave it was just as they had said, a shallow opening under the Esplanade large enough for our party of six with room to spare. With the overhang above, when you looked down Bass Canyon it seemed like all there was was canyon with no sky above to distract. As we started to explore the cave, my family history began to kick in and I remembered stories about the "Nooner" cave that W. W. Bass used for tourists. In the beginning before the trail was complete, Bass would use the cave to provide his guests with coffee and, I am sure, tell some story that was far from true, but his gullible guests were sure to believe. Once the trail was completed to the river, the cave was used as a half-way stop for down and back traffic and likely for my Great Grandmother Ada during her three-day laundry run.

The cave looked just like when Bass sold his interests nearly 50 years earlier and just walked away and left everything in place. It was like a time capsule of Grand Canyon history. Not quite like finding a Native American archeological site, but for our family it was a treasure to behold. It reminded me of the old TV show *Laugh In*, where they would put a message in a sealed jar and leave it on the door step of Funk and Wagnall's to be preserved and opened later. There were about a half dozen cans of Hills Brothers coffee, a dozen cans of evaporated milk, several traps, and tools of all sorts. After about an hour or so we took a few items as souvenirs and headed back up the rim.

The small cans of evaporated milk were so rusty you could just crush them with one hand, as time had done its work. The coffee cans were still solid and I took two cans up with me. That night back at the ranch, I decided to open one of the coffee cans. To my amazement the can "hissed", showing that it had remained vacuum sealed for nearly 50 years. "Wow" I thought the unopened can had to be worth a fortune for a TV commercial (this was when canned coffee was still in vogue and Starbucks was not even a distant thought).

I wrote to Hills Brothers corporate offices in San Francisco and suggested that a TV ad featuring my unopened can of coffee would be a real hit. I imagined the commercial showing the Hills Brothers coffee can and then saying that this was discovered inside the Grand Canyon and was nearly 50 years old. Telling the audience that the vacuum seal process that Hills Brothers used was so good that coffee would keep fresh even after 50 years in the Grand Canyon. The punch line would be to put a microphone next to the can and then open it and have the audience hear the hiss, proving the freshness of the coffee. By the way, I was asking \$50 for the can of coffee.

I wanted to ask \$100 but being an accountant I figured that might be too much, so I settled on \$50 for my asking price, always wondering if I was leaving money on the table.

I heard back from the company historian that they had cans of coffee older than 50 years and they were not interested. I wrote back and reminded them that this can was not just 50 years old, but had been inside the canyon. This can was historic, and may have been there when Henry Ford or William Randolph Hearst had a cup of coffee! Nevertheless, I finally heard back and they said “whatever”, much to my dismay and as well as my pocket book.

My final note to all this is that I was so excited about the can I had opened and heard the hiss that I wanted to make a pot of coffee for my turista friends just like Bass would have 50 years earlier. The next morning I proceeded to carefully take the coffee from the can and make a pot of coffee to serve with breakfast. Hey, I wanted to walk in my father’s footsteps and be that Grand Canyon guide and host like so many of my family had been before. Needless to say the 50-year-old coffee tasted like coffee filtered through old socks. We all took a sip for history and then threw out the rest and made a fresh pot with coffee we had brought with us.

For the next 20 years or so I would always buy Hills Brothers coffee when going to the ranch with friends and family, got to keep the old traditions right? Well the rest of the story is that once I tasted Starbucks coffee, the Hills Brothers tradition went out the window just like my fantasized TV commercial had done.

I traveled down the Bass Trail with family and friends eight years ago (5 generations down the Bass) and found the Nooner cave had turned into Hotel California. It no longer has any resemblance to the cave we had found over 40 years earlier.

Why Not?

by Paul Schnur

Following my junior year in high school, while home from boarding school for the summer, I was working at a bowling alley setting pins. Automatic pin setting machines hadn’t been invented yet. The bowling alley was attached to the Rowe Well Bar, a cowboy bar, located alongside a country road south of Grand Canyon Village.

A cowboy, who seemed to have had a little too much to drink, couldn’t pay his bar bill, so he was offering to

sell his car for \$25. His car was a 4-door 1937 Buick Roadmaster in terrible condition.

I had \$25 in my pocket from tips and thought “Why Not.” So, I bought the car. After work I drove it home.

My stern father was out of town. When he returned home, as I suspected, he was livid. When he calmed down a bit he told me I could keep the car, but I had to pay the maintenance out of my own pocket. The car was badly in need of tires and when I found out the cost would be \$200, I sold the car.

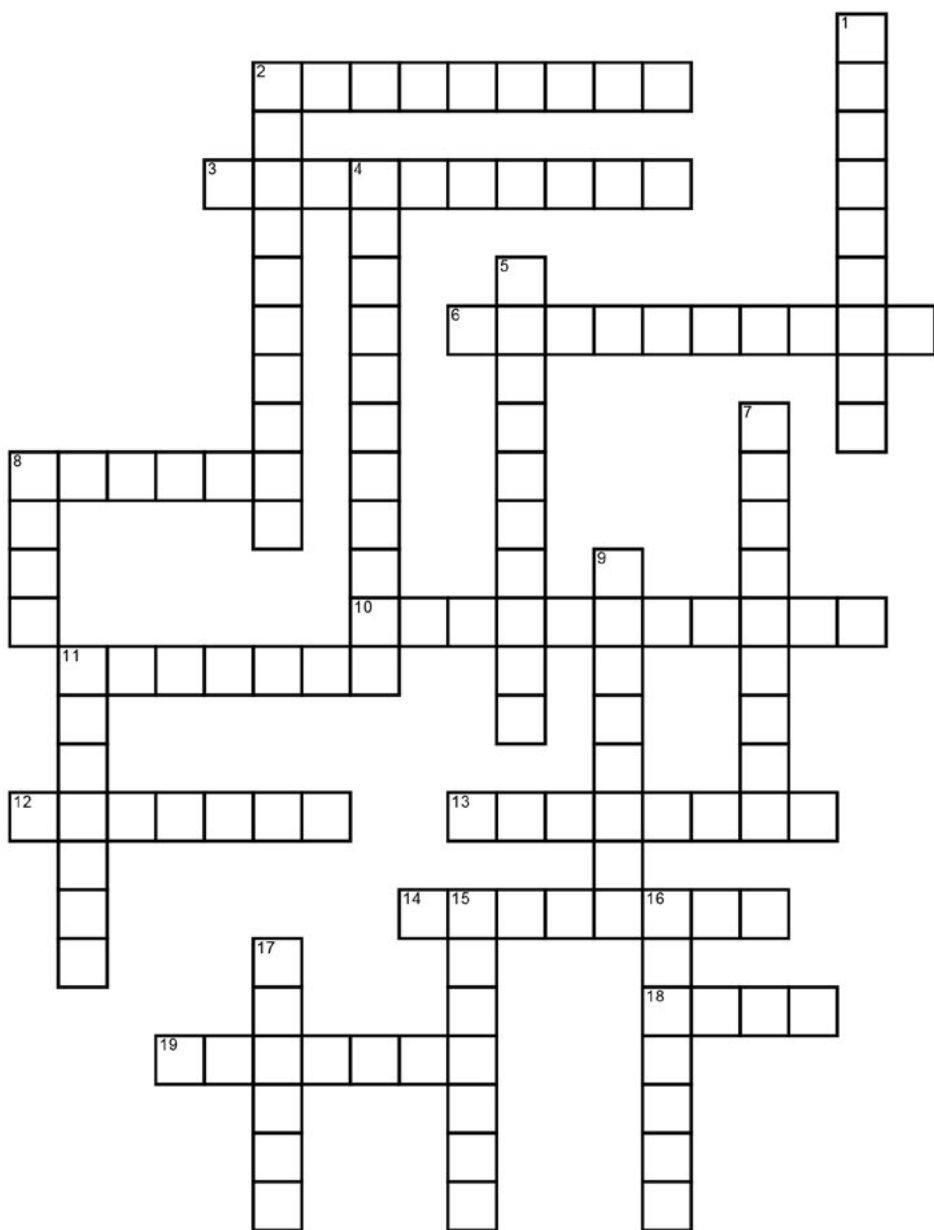
Photos from the estate of Edna Wolfe Gordon

Left: Sonny Lehnert, Right: Christmas 1942 Sonny and parents Carl & Edith Lehnert, Below: Sonny’s B-day - Shoshone Pt - 1930s (Sonny is 2nd from L)



History Timeline

Haley Johnson



Across

- 2 Split twig _____ were uncovered in redwall cliffs in the 1950's
- 3 2019 is Grand Canyon National Park's _____ year
- 6 Annual _____ was 44,000+ in 1919
- 8 He was possibly among the first mountain men to reach the Canyon around 1826
- 10 By the early 1990s more than a million _____ visited the park each year
- 11 Last name of young Mormon Missionary sent to locate easy river crossings in the Canyon
- 12 Grand Canyon _____ reached the South Rim in 1901
- 13 Name of the steamboat Lt. Joseph Christmas Ives attempted to take up the Colorado River in 1857
- 14 Geologist attached to Lt. Joseph Ives' expedition
- 18 In 1955, Beer and Daggett became the first to _____ through the Canyon
- 19 William Wallace Bass built a camp north of the river along this Creek

Down

- 1 This ceased operation in 1968 but was restored and reintroduced in 1989
- 2 Company that developed facilities on the South Rim for tourists
- 4 His painting "Chasm of the Colorado" was bought by US Congress and hung in the lobby of the senate in 1874
- 5 He drove the first automobile to the South Rim in 1902
- 7 In 1776 two Spanish Priests, Dominguez and _____ traveled along the North Rim in search of a route to California
- 8 Achieved National _____ status in 1919
- 9 In 1872 he established a ferry service at the confluence of the Paria and Colorado Rivers
- 11 Signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe _____ ceded Grand Canyon to the United States in 1848
- 15 Luxury hotel built in 1905
- 16 First afforded federal protection in 1893 as a Forest _____
- 17 Rim-to-Rim access was established in the late 1920's by a suspension _____

by Frederick Meyer

RAVENS SOAR at ease in the Grand Canyon,

the heat from the sun-baked ancient sands and stones radiate—lifting them on waves of rising thermals on air so hot you can see it. There on flat wings they appear to sail effortlessly.

THERE WERE TWO... I watched them with my powerful field glasses at their eyrie below. The canyon sheered away below them too, as we were on the face of a deep chasm, plummeting a thousand feet, to more landscape unbounded, to the maw beyond. You can feel the immensity unlocking your spirit—the scale without frame of reference.

It was quiet out there, I was in their domain. I peered at them from my perch at the rim.

“CAW—CAW—CAW---CAHR”

I croaked at them in a crude imitation I learned as a boy from my father. Only we were mimicking their smaller cousin crows of the Midwest.

“CAW---CAW---CAR—KAHR”

I called again and sound without echo was lost in the vastness of the canyon below.

I WORE A BLACK Captain’s cap, fit firmly on my head hung over the edge, laid flat on my stomach on top of practically a pinnacle on an area barely the size of a small room. I looked down on them, hundreds of feet below.

I was beyond the rim—physically and spiritually—had stepped over a ‘threshold,’ onto an outcropping jutting out into space, separated from the rim’s edge with sheer cliff on three sides. There, settling down, gripping the extremities of my space, felt the isolation from the real world... suspended in my imagination... with this huge chasm all around me, stretching away in timelessness, in scale, in depth.

“CAW ... CAW---CAH”

I continued my imitative calls.

C-r-r-r-u-u-k ... kraaak ... cr-r-ruck ... prruk

My ears perk up, one has finally replied. I squawked again quickly.

“CAW ... CAW---CAW”

C-a-w ... c-a-w ... kraaak ... cr-r-ruck

ONE LIFTED OFF their perch—suspended in space, buoyant, seemingly weightless ... then the other. Slowly they began to circle below—answering my caws.

I looked out and beyond, and saw another RAVEN in the distance, wending its way, joining the pair in their circle... then another. On they came, then two more.

They were all talking to each other and back to me now as they circled below, and I watched with fascination and wonder. Their caws now animated as we talked to each other.

From far away another RAVEN was coming over to join the fuss, to see what’s happening? They were gathering to check out this alien caller in their midst. From below, all they saw was my black capped head.

Now there were seven. This was getting interesting.

I WATCHED THEM—circling—circling... on an invisible merry-go-round. In my round, bounded view through the lens, with my eagle vision, I isolated one from the rest. I seemed to be moving in the air with a RAVEN—following lilting movements, the flicking of wing fingertips, ever so slightly, subtly adjusting to the wisps of wind, to stabilize, to turn... taking it where it wished.

It seemed a movie—an illusion... a dream... sailing freely on wings, in the midst of walls sheer and tumbling; my old college watercolor palette bursting forth: walls of burnt and raw umber—siennas, ochers, and creams too.

SPIRALING UPWARD—up they came.

“CAW—CAW... CAW—KAHR”

C-a-w... caw—caw—caw

This was magic... an aesthetic experience, a moment of suspension of time, at ‘one with the Universe.’ We called to each other... we communicated. They climbed higher and higher, soon we were eye to eye—then above me, the spiral turning to a circle once again.

I could study them in detail. They’re big—over 2 feet long with a 3 foot wingspan, wedge-shaped tail, scruffy neck feathers—shaggy ruff at the throat, with a thick bill—that great, heavy ‘Roman nose.’ They’re beautiful of course, their shiny black feathers glistening in the sunlight, painting the air with wings, their tail acting as rudder, subtly reading the currents.

They leveled off, circling a few times... peering at me with piercing eyes, so much confidence. This was their domain... and I was making a disturbance in it, still calling to them all the while. They were curious, now looking down at me... gazing at me with wary and intelligent eyes... insightful eyes, probing me. They were not impressed.

ONE BY ONE they peeled off... soared away as easily as they had come, save one, which lifted higher on powerful wings and circled one more time around. As he passed before me, tucked his wings close to his body and turned a somersault—spread again his wings to flight, in an instant tucked them once more, and did it again... and sailed silently away.

And as graceful as the magician had appeared... drifted off to amuse perhaps another.

I FELT the RAVEN in me stirring...

The BULLETIN



Calendar of 2019 Centennial Dates at or Near Grand Canyon National Park

Monday January 21 Martin Luther King Jr fee-free day

February 20-23 Grand Canyon History Symposium

February 22 6 p.m. - 9 p.m. 2019 Grand Canyon National Park Centennial Community Event for employees and community members

February 26 9 a.m. - 9 p.m. Founders Day/100th Birthday Celebration: cake and a concert, special evening program

February 28-March 1 Mapping Grand Canyon Conference, Arizona State University, Tempe

April 18-20 Geoscience Public Symposium (see article in this issue)

April 22 Earth Day 49th Anniversary, fee-free day

June 22-29 Centennial Star Party

August 8-9 North Rim Native American Heritage Days

August 23 - Sept. 7 Grand Canyon Musical Festival

www.grandcanyonmusicfest.org

October 23-26 Gathering of Colorado River Historians, Kanab, UT

November 9-10 9 a.m. - 4:30 p.m. Native American Heritage Month Celebration (South Rim, Shrine of the Ages)

- Check the Park web site for updates to NPS events at: nps.gov/grca/getinvolved/centennial
- Let us know about other Centennial events: thebulletin@grandcanyonhistory.org

2019 GCHS EVENTS

JANUARY

ANNUAL BOARD MEETING

Saturday January 26, 2019 1:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m.
Flagstaff Public Library

FEBRUARY

GRAND CANYON HISTORY SYMPOSIUM

February 20-23

JULY

ANNUAL PICNIC AT SHOSHONE POINT

Saturday July 13, 2019

NEWS

Board Election Results

I would like to thank all the members who cast a vote to elect the board. We are truly fortunate to have an engaged membership. You are so engaged, in fact, that we saw a 30% increase in the number of ballots cast from the most recent election!

To keep GCHS relevant, follow our strategic plan, and further support the overall GCHS mission, the board adopted a change to the election procedure: the president creates a Nominating Committee to shepherd the election of the board. The Committee discusses the immediate and future needs of the organization and selects fabulous candidates with an eye on 'taking us to the next level'.

Thank you to all the candidates! The following were elected to the Board and are eager to apply their skills and experience to our Outings; the Symposium; our Publications; robust Oral History programming; and developing our Grant program.

Nikki Cooley

Jill Staurowsky

Haley Johnson

Rich Turner

David Schaller

Board Officers will be elected on January 26, 2019, at the Annual Board Meeting.

Submitted by Jack Pennington, Secretary

Research Grant Application Announcement

WHAT: The Grand Canyon Historical Society will be awarding a \$1,500 grant for support of research involving history, historic or environmental preservation in the Grand Canyon region which includes, but is not limited to, both the north and south rim and areas adjacent to Grand Canyon National Park.

WHO: Any independent researcher, student enrolled at an Arizona university or college, any NPS, USFS, USGS, BLM, state agency professional, or historian working in the above fields of research is eligible to apply.

ELIGIBLE PROJECTS: Any work that results in original research concerning historical individuals, events, sites, organizations, businesses or environmental issues in the Grand Canyon region.

Any efforts that result in original research that supports or leads to historical preservation of any historical site, photographs, documents, or diaries with origins in the Grand Canyon region.

REQUIREMENTS: In order for your project to be considered complete, one or more of the following end products must be included:

- Submission of a paper suitable for publication to the Society not later than 1 February 2020.
- Presentation of a paper at a legitimate conference with a copy of the paper to the Society. The copy must be presented to the Society not later than 1 February 2020 with presentation scheduled at the earliest possible meeting of the conference.
- A thesis or dissertation of which component parts resulted from the research with copy of the included work presented to the Society not later than 1 February 2020.
- Historical preservation of photographs, documents or diaries requires at least delivery of a photocopy of the items in question to the Society not later than 1 February 2020. Preservation of actual items is preferred.
- Site research requires a completed nomination or submission of material to the Society not later than 1 February 2020 for inclusion in a nomination of the site to the National Register of Historic Places.

Papers and/or items submitted as a result of research will become a part of the Grand Canyon Historical Society Collection in the Special Collections and Archives of Northern Arizona University's Cline Library for use by anyone doing research in those subjects involving the Grand Canyon region. The author will receive full credit for any material used in publication.

TO APPLY: Submit a **ONE-PAGE letter** application to the address below that includes a short biography with your name, address, phone number, and if applicable, undergraduate and/or graduate degree(s), and current degree program, department and advisor. Or, for agency or non-agency applicants, include the name of your agency, department or office, and applicable professional background. Also, describe in a short paragraph the project to which the grant would be applied and include a proposed budget of how you will utilize the \$1500 award.

WHEN: **Applications must be received not later than 30 March 2019.** The \$1500 award will be made by the Society in early May, 2019.

WHERE: Submit application to:

Grand Canyon Historical Society Scholarship and Research Grant
c/o Margaret Hangan
PO Box 1667
Grand Canyon, AZ 86023

Or to:

Scholarships@grandcanyonhistory.org

For information contact Margaret Hangan at Scholarships@grandcanyonhistory.org

Seeking Nominations for 2019 Pioneer Award

Nominations are now being accepted for the 2019 Grand Canyon Historical Society Pioneer Award. The Society wants to honor/recognize a living individual who has made a significant contribution to the understanding of and knowledge about the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

The individual should have made a significant contribution in areas such as the natural sciences, photography, river running, backcountry hiking, history, Park Administration, art, etc.—any area that advances the knowledge of the Grand Canyon.

Past recipients of the Pioneer Award and their knowledge of the Grand Canyon can be found at the Grand Canyon Historical Society web site at www.grandcanyonhistory.org

When submitting a nomination provide sufficient detail such that a non Grand Canyon enthusiast can judge those nominated:

- Does the individual nominated have a significant understanding of and knowledge about a specific area(s) of interest (see paragraph #2 above)?
- Is the individual nominated recognized as an "expert"?
- What credentials does the nominee have?

The Pioneer Award is presented to the individual at the Historical Society Annual picnic at the South Rim.

To make a nomination, submit the individual's name, their accomplishments, and/or contributions (submitted as an email attachment or surface mail) by March 1, 2019 to:

Wayne Ranney, Pioneer Award Chair
628 N. Apollo Way
Flagstaff, Arizona 86001
Phone: (928) 779-1596
email: wayneranney17@gmail.com

It's Here! The Fifth Grand Canyon History Symposium!

After more than a year of planning, preparation and hard work, the February 20-23, 2019 5th Grand Canyon History Symposium is almost upon us. Due to limited seating in the Shrine of Ages, the Symposium sold out during early registration with 90% of the spots filled by Grand Canyon Historical Society members. If you missed out, the proceedings will be published at a later date.

Tips for those attending

- Early check-in will take place at the Wednesday evening Social Reception from 5 to 7 p.m. in the Maswik Santa Fe Room. Avoid the check-in lines Thursday morning and join us at this fun gathering!
- Thursday morning check-in will begin at 7 a.m. at the Shrine of Ages for those not checking in Wednesday evening.
- The morning programs will start promptly at 8 a.m. and all start times will be strictly followed. Late entry into the auditorium will only be allowed between presentations.
- No food or drink except water in a water bottle (preferably reusable) is allowed in the Shrine Auditorium.
- Your name badge/lanyard must be visible for entry into Symposium events.
- There won't be time for Q&A during the morning presentations, so find the presenters during the breaks. Most presenters will be attending all three days of the Symposium.
- All presentations will be in the Shrine of Ages except for tours. It is open seating, so show up early to get a good view of the speaker and screen.
- All meals are on your own except for appetizers at the Wednesday evening reception.
- Plan on cold weather and bring appropriate clothing, especially for the outdoor tours.
- The year you first visited the Grand Canyon will be on your badge. Ask others to share their story and please share yours. This will be a great way to break the ice with fellow Grand Canyon enthusiasts.

- For further details to help your planning, check the Grand Canyon Historical Society Symposium website at: <http://www.grandcanyonhistory.org/2019-symposium>
- Printed programs will be provided at check in.
- For more information on S. Rim dining, etc go to the park website at: www.nps.gov/grca

Symposium Highlights

Morning Presentations

- 26 selected papers will be presented over the three mornings of the Symposium between 8 a.m. and 12:15 p.m.

Afternoon Tours – All 17 scheduled tours are currently full.

- If you registered for tours, you will receive an email with meeting place, etc.
- Some tours will be outside, so dress appropriately for late February.
- Should you decide not to attend a tour you registered for, please notify a volunteer so we can offer the space to others.
- If weather conditions are determined to be too harsh or unsafe, the tour may be canceled. The afternoon Shrine presentations will be open for all registrants to attend.

Afternoon Shrine Presentations

- Each afternoon will have four different presentations hourly beginning at 1:30 p.m. Each session will have a moderator and some sessions will have time for Q&A.

Two Feature Shrine Presentations

- Thursday Feb 21, 1:30 to 2:20 p.m. - Panel Presenters Peter Runge, Robert Spindler, and Ed Oetting will explain and demonstrate the *100 Years of Grand: The Grand Canyon National Park Centennial Digitization Project*.
- Saturday Feb 23, 1:30 to 2:20 p.m. - Jonathan Upchurch will present: *Kaibab Trail Suspension Bridge: A National Historic Civil Engineering Landmark*. (Note: Plaque Dedication at 3:00 p.m. will be held outdoors with detail provided at the Upchurch presentation)

Five Shrine Author Talks – Books can be purchased at the Shrine with author signing available.

- Thursday Feb 21, 2:30 to 3:20 p.m. - Author Jerry Dickey - *Rock Art of the Grand Canyon Region*. Added Comments from Jason Nez on significance of rock art to native people.
- Thursday Feb 21, 4:30 to 5:20 p.m. - Author Wayne Ranney - *Carving Grand Canyon and Ancient Landscapes of the Colorado Plateau*.
- Friday Feb 21, 1:30 to 2:20 p.m. - Author Fred Shaw - *False Architect: The Mary Colter Hoax*.
- Friday Feb 22, 3:30 to 4:20 p.m. - Author Lindsay Leard-Coolidge - *Printmakers of the Grand Canyon*.

- Saturday Feb 23, 2:30 to 3:20 p.m. - Author Kevin Schindler - *Images of America: Northern Arizona Space Training.*

Five Shrine Oral History Interviews

- Thursday Feb 21, 3:30 to 4:20 p.m. - Jason Nez: *Personal Reflections on Grand Canyon National Park Archaeology and Fire.*
- Friday Feb 22, 2:30 to 3:20 p.m. - Chris Clark: *Personal Reflections on Grand Canyon National Park Trail Work and Mule Packing.*
- Friday Feb 22, 4:30 to 5:20 p.m. - Loretta Andrews Talas: *Meaning of Grand Canyon to a Native Tribe Member.*
- Saturday Feb 23, 3:30 to 4:20 p.m. - Robert Arnberger: *Personal Reflections on Grand Canyon National Park Superintendency.*
- Saturday Feb 23, 4:30 to 5:20 p.m. - Elvira Arnberger: *Personal Reflections on Grand Canyon National Park Community.*

Evening Keynote Presentations (in Shrine of Ages)

- Thursday, February 21, 7:00 to 8:30 p.m. - Nationally noted author John F. Ross on his newest book: *The Promise of the Grand Canyon: John Wesley Powell's Perilous Journey and His Vision for the American West.*
- Friday, February 22, 7:00 to 8:30 p.m. - Highly acclaimed Impersonator Gib Young as Teddy Roosevelt. *Theodore Roosevelt - Wilderness Warrior - Returns to Grand Canyon.*
- Saturday, February 23, 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. - Keynote Program. **Lee Albertson Award** for 2019 best paper presentation, announced by 2016 winners Lois and Steve Hirst.
 - Award winning author Kevin Ferdarko - *Beneath the River of Shooting Stars: Beauty, Austerity, and Grace in the Grand Canyon*
 - Closing Remarks by 2019 GC History Symposium Co-chairs Slim Woodruff and Dave Mortenson

Grand Canyon Geology and Geoscience Public Symposium

This event is in honor of Earth Day 2019, Grand Canyon National Park's Centennial celebration, and the 150th anniversary of John Wesley Powell's 1869 pioneering Colorado River exploration. It will take place April 18-20, 2019 at the South Rim in the Shrine of Ages. The objective is to provide an update on research progress and on innovations in geoscience education that have taken place at Grand Canyon to promote a next century of geologic research and outreach in this region.

Agenda

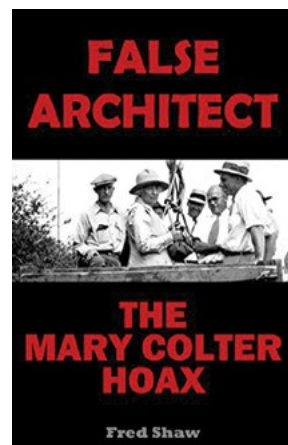
- Friday April 19, 2019: 8:30 a.m. – 4:30 p.m. Geology of Grand Canyon
- Saturday April 20, 2019: 8:30 a.m. – 12:30 p.m Geoscience Education, and 2-5 p.m. walk the Trail of Time with geologists.

Free and open to the public as well as the geoscience community. For more information, contact Karl Karlstrom kek1@unm.edu

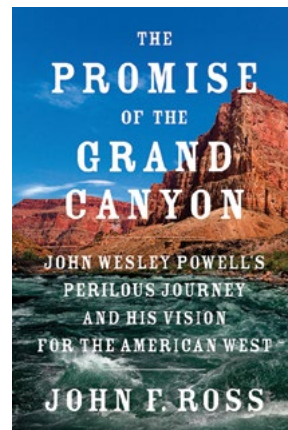
New Books & Maps

The two books highlighted below will be featured at an author talk and an evening keynote during the upcoming 5th Grand Canyon History Symposium. And there's a new map to add to your collection!

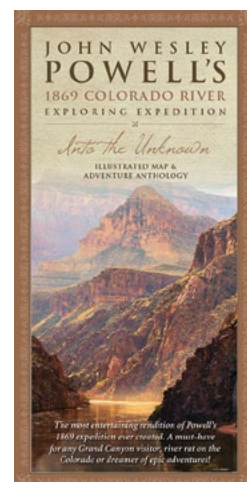
False Architect: The Mary Colter Hoax, Fred Shaw, c. 2018, 943 pages, digital only readable on Kindle or with Kindle app, \$12.95. Read and decide for yourself if Shaw's research supports his claim that Mary Jane Colter has been erroneously credited with designing numerous buildings at Grand Canyon and throughout the Southwest. This book has sparked a lively controversy; Shaw's author talk at the Symposium should be lively as well.



The Promise of the Grand Canyon: John Wesley Powell's Perilous Journey and His Vision for the American West, John F. Ross, c.2018, Viking, 381 pages, \$30. Another addition to the John Wesley Powell biographical literature incorporating new research and reminding us of Powell's warnings regarding development of the arid West.



John Wesley Powell's 1869 Colorado River Exploring Expedition, Illustrated Map And Adventure Anthology, c.2018, Time Traveler Maps, <https://timetravelermaps.com>, \$19.95.



More First Grand Canyon Visits

It's not too late to submit your First Grand Canyon Visit stories. The guidelines are repeated below:

Grand Canyon Historical Society is asking that you tell the story of your first visit and how it may have influenced your life. Your stories will appear in upcoming issues of the Ol' Pioneer. We hope to receive many personal accounts. Everyone is welcome to participate!

Guidelines:

- A maximum of 150 words
- State the year of your first visit followed by your name.
- Include your age at the time of the visit in the account (optional).
- Option – Tell your GC experience since that time (part of the 150 word count).

Email your first visit story to:

myfirstGCvisit@grandcanyonhistory.org

1957: Barb Carver

I started going to Grand Canyon as a baby. My mom, Jeanne Cummings Schick, grew up at GC and my grandmother, Ida Cummings, still worked at Babbitt's store so we visited often throughout my childhood. I have such wonderful memories of those frequent visits. My brother and I went to the trailhead in the mornings to see the mules leave for Phantom Ranch, watched Hopi dancers outside the Hopi House, walked rim trails, went to the shops in the village and visited Emery Kolb (my parents' good friend). My grandfather, Ed Cummings, was a trail guide for 30 years. I wish he had still been alive on my 12th birthday when our family went to Phantom on the mules. The beauty of the Canyon and my family heritage continues to draw me back with much anticipation and always a tear in my eye to see that amazing sight once again!



1960: Arnie Richards

I was 11 years old. My parents had planned a family trip to the Grand Canyon and now we were driving across the desert. We didn't arrive until after dark, and it wasn't until the next morning that we strolled to the rim and got our first look: my knees immediately went weak. This thing was HUGE. I lost all perspective. I had never seen anything so enormous and utterly vast, and I suddenly felt insignificant. The next day we walked a half mile or so down the Bright Angel trail. Climbing back up the steep trail nearly did me in. The following day I watched in amazement as two hikers climbed out under full backpack. How could anyone hike that far? Well, I'm now approaching 70, and I've made 47 trips into the Canyon. I guess I've learned that it can be done.

1966: David Schaller

That May I reported for the first of two summers of NPS seasonal work at Grand Canyon. My initial, mesmerizing view of the Great Unknown was from the patio overlook at Bright Angel Lodge. I spent those college summers living in the old Labor Cabins on Tonto Drive where I joined a dozen or more lucky college-age guys actually getting paid to work at Grand Canyon -- cleaning campgrounds, hauling garbage, working trails, and picking up litter shamelessly tossed from rim overlooks. Little did I know these early experiences were a precursor to a career as an environmental scientist at EPA. In the 1990s I returned to Grand Canyon to conduct EPA solid and hazardous waste training for NPS rangers at the Albright Center. As I told the rangers, who better to instruct on new rules for operating the Grand Canyon landfill than one who helped fill it years before.

1986: Thomas Sulpizio

As the son of one of the 1956 United - TWA crash victims (Thomas J. Sulpizio), I first visited the Grand Canyon in November 1986 with my mom, Mrs. Sulpizio, widow of the crash victim, with the primary purpose to pay our respects at the 1956 Crash Monument in the Grand Canyon Cemetery. See the photo of me making an impression of the stone engraving of my dad's name. We also visited the Desert View Tower to catch a glimpse of the crash site.



This occurred well before the National Historic Landmark designation in 2014, and the excellent placards which the Park Service has now posted. We could only look out into the distance and imagine where the United flight crashed.

The visit was not entirely a memorial, and we enjoyed the natural splendor of the vistas, and man-made attractions of Grand Canyon Village, and hiking part of Bright Angel Trail.

1995: Margaret Hodgkins Mason, Tour Guide-ess, Marvelous Marv's Grand Canyon Tours

My mother had passed the previous September from a long battle with Alzheimer's, my brother was lost at sea five years earlier and Dad was drifting. As I sat in my office in "beautiful" downtown Hammond, Indiana, I looked at my National Parks calendar. It was a photo of Nankoweap. I drew a stick figure of me in a granary. I called Dad back in Maine and asked if he would like to take a vacation. He agreed. I booked his airfare to Chicago, then two first class tickets on Amtrak's Southwest Chief to Flagstaff, Ariz. That is how catharsis begins.

We tried to fathom the inscrutable abyss. We marveled at the strata that is ancient ocean. As a commercial fisherman in Maine, Dad understood there are mountains under water. I too understood.

Thank you, Grand Canyon, for guiding me.

Annual Renewals Were Due 1/1/2019

Membership is on an annual calendar year basis with dues payable on the 1st of January. New members who joined after 7/1/18 are paid up through December 2019 and do not need to renew until the end of this year.

A renewal email was sent out on December 24th to those members who had not already renewed. Only two members do not have email addresses and paper notices were mailed to them.

If you haven't already renewed, the easiest way to renew is via **PayPal** using the link at: www.grandcanyonhistory.org/membership.html. You do not need to have a PayPal account to renew online, the PayPal link will let you renew using a credit card.

Send membership questions to: membership@grandcanyonhistory.org

The Bulletin welcomes comments, stories, reflections and remembrances. Please send them to Karen Greig at thebulletin@grandcanyonhistory.org.

The Trails of an Early Canyon Kid

by Barbara Stephens Odderstol

My "Trails of An Early Canyon Kid" end in March 1951, strangely enough, on a cloudy, slushy, late afternoon on the banks of the still-frozen Hudson at West Point in the middle of Grant Hall when a tall, good-looking cadet said to me, "You live where? Down at the bottom or on top?" I chuckled, never dreaming that conversation would signal the end of one journey and quickly propel the beginning of another.

That first journey began in 1920 when my father, Judge Stanley G. Stephens, accepted a summer job as a book-keeper with Fred Harvey and moved my mother, Lil, and my two-year old sister, Ruth, from San Diego to the scrap of a Grand Canyon village. They moved from a comfortable home into a tent house with a wood-

en floor, complete with outdoor facilities, and no electricity or running water, into this village and lived there for ten years until Fred Harvey built the company house which still stands. This new house coincided with my birth and #5, Avenue A (Apache) was my home for the next 22 years. My father became a cog in the wheel that brought together the National Park Service, the Santa Fe Railroad, and the Fred Harvey Hotels into the village we know today. (The Kolbs — River Explorers, Verkamps — Ranchers, and Babbitts — Merchants, were already there.) My story tells about the paths I meandered or created during my life at the Canyon.

One of my earliest memories involves a terrifying trip on a sled down Hopi Hill, piloted by Emery Kolb, who was known for his rather reckless driving of any kind of con-

veyance. Another early memory is one of a chilly Easter Sunday when I was carried by my father to reach for baskets that were hung in trees to prevent the deer from getting them first. Then, there were the many trips of ferrying the coal scuttle back and forth to the coal shed to provide coal for the kitchen stove. Everyone walked everywhere and since our family did not have a car until the late 30s, trekking back and forth to our one-to-three room school house created a very vivid pathway for me. I did, indeed, plough through the snow up hill, a mile each way, every day, and on one unfortunate day, Jean Shirley saw me wandering joyfully through the deepest drifts in front of her house. She dutifully reported this to my mother, because if one's woolen snow suit got wet on the way to school, chances were that it would

still be wet at noontime when it was time to walk home for lunch. In addition, I was thoroughly intimidated by Smoky the Buck, with his several racks of antlers, and so I often ran much of the way, wishing I could be sledding instead on the hill that was sometimes closed off and ran in front of Doc Carson's house. I believe my first attempt at testing the limits of parental control was when I chose snow drifts over ploughed streets and I soon learned that it wasn't worth it to "break the rules". I know I was truly raised by "A Village," because when my father was the Justice of the Peace, my whereabouts were invariably public knowledge. The only benefit of being the "daughter of" was later when I felt I could park a car wherever I pleased.

Our wonderful "One Room School House," with about 60 students, had all the advantages and successes of many new educational theories that have been planted and withdrawn several times in the United States. Indeed, we had 'open classrooms', integrated core studies, individual and independent studies, and racially integrated classes. Hopi Indians, Mexicans, and all ranks of Caucasians were gathered together without comment or discussion. We all played together in and out of class. Also, in those days, only unmarried teachers were hired and they had to be willing to live in the 'Teacherage' located next door to our house. As long as I can remember, my father was a fixture on the school board. In 7th and 8th grades, my favorite teacher, Pat Perkins, who taught me everything I ever needed to know about English, kept the secret that she'd been divorced, and only divulged this to me after I was in college. I don't think I ever told my dad. I remember my teachers from grades 1, 2, 6, 7, and 8 and several children who were contemporaries, but not necessarily classmates. Many more of my sister's generation were considered the original "Canyon Kiddies" and named after a comic strip written in the 30s.

Life was much more formal in those days: neighbors addressed

each other by titles of Mr. and Mrs., but often forgot them during the close camaraderie of their PTA plays, bridge games, pranks on newcomers, (such as badger hunts---there was no such thing as a badger), or Shiverrees--- which kept the newly married couples apart by nefarious methods. I used to beg Tony Albert, the hotel gardener, for a few flowers whenever mom had the bridge group. The flowers were grown in a green house in back of the El Tovar which was one of only three green spaces in the town due to the fact that water was precious as it had to be pumped up from Indian Gardens. My mother's bridge club, I swear, is still bidding wherever it's allowed. Barbara McKee was another of my mother's age group and I took piano lessons from her until the time I left for San Diego.

The next trail took me to San Diego and back. Since our Grand Canyon schooling ended at the eighth grade, all of us "kiddies" had to depart and live with relatives somewhere else or go to Wasatch Academy in Utah. Thus, my mother took me and my sister (after she'd spent her high school years with relatives) to live in a family house in San Diego while my sister finished college and I attended grades 3, 4, and 5. In the meantime, the new Grand Canyon school house had been built with eight full grades and approximately 60 students, with eight in my 8th grade graduating class. I remember playing complicated rounds of jump rope and hiding in and around the old bleachers which were slowly decaying from times when there were rodeos and Indian pony races at the Canyon. I had one best friend, Frances Schmidtke, even though she spent the winters in California for school and attended Grand Canyon for just the first grade.

During the pre-war and pre-teen years, life was simple with picnics at Shoshone, sledding, reading books from our tiny library tucked into a corner of the Community Building, roller-skating, bike-riding, games of kick-the-can, Red Rover, and hide-an-peek with first kisses in the scratchy,

big cedar tree in our front yard. We learned to shoot 22s and go rabbit hunting, dressed up for Halloween, enlisted in the summertime NPS nature walks, participated in the annual PTA fairs, played Bingo at the Community House, and anxiously awaited the Christmas lighting of the very tall pine next to the Administration building. For several years, a horse-drawn wagon or sleigh pulled us through the snow, around the village, stopping at the bon-fire with a Yule log. Harold Bryant, Superintendent of most of my years at the Canyon, started this tradition with the local Indians providing the chanting and dancing. I daresay, the ancient Celts could not have been more enthusiastic! Afterward, the wagon crowd, and the whole town trooped to the new Community Building where, after a short musical program, Santa would appear with goodies for all. The program consisted of Christmas Carol singing with additional solos sung by Mrs. Schellbach for some years. (Myth has it that son, Donny, was seen covering his ears whenever this took place). Then, later, I was asked to do the honors for several years. Sonny (Emery Carl Lehnert) Kolb also sang. (Many years later, 'Sonny' was stationed at Ft. Monmouth, NJ and sang at my wedding in Ruth's home in January of 1952. Peggy Nelson Thune, one of my sister's closest friends was also there and later became my youngest child's god-mother.) One New Year's Eve, Wayne Bryant (who had often accompanied me on the piano), and I were invited to Fred and Jean Schick's for an evening of card games and Monopoly. It was bitterly cold, snowy, and slippery and on the way home from Yavapai, the car stalled. With much pushing, shifting of gears and prayers, the engine finally caught, but the hour neared 3:00 AM! The raised eyebrows that Mrs. Bryant sent my way the next afternoon at her annual Open House caused me to blush.

The summer of 1937 is significant for my sister: Ruth climbed Shiva Temple with Emery Kolb in 1937, and she met her future husband, Albert Baker

who was a temporary Ranger. Al's father happened to be a close friend of Horace M. Albright (Former Director of the NPS) and Albright later became the godfather of Ronni Baker Taylor, Ruth and Albert's daughter and my niece. As well, in 1937, although I was only seven, I vividly remember being sworn to secrecy during the planning and execution of the climb of Shiva Temple. There are several myths, but the facts as I know them (just having re-read my sister's recorded account) are as follows: Emery Kolb asked to be included in the expedition of Dr. Harold E. Anthony of the American Museum of Natural History, (in coordination with the NPS), to climb Shiva Temple in September of 1937, but he was refused permission to join the group. (This was undoubtedly because of considerable acrimony between Emery and the Park Service due to land rights. Emery had homesteaded in 1906; the Park was established in 1916.) Therefore, in August of that same year, Emery, being the determined and feisty individual he was, formed his own group that pre-empted the Arnold expedition while Blanche Kolb secretly sewed parachutes made of burlap to hold the heavy cans of food and crackers that would be dropped by plane to the climbers. On a clear, late afternoon, Edith Lehnert, (Kolb's daughter), Ruth, Gordon Berger, Ralph White (photographer), and Emery flew in a small plane across the Canyon to Point Sublime on the North Rim. [Editor's note: they actually landed and spent the night near Tiyo Point.] They camped for the night and started out early the next morning for the 'saddle;' they then climbed to the top of Shiva by noon and reported hearing the noon whistle from the Power House. (The whistles blew on a daily basis at 8, 12 noon, 1, and 5 — working times). Ruth wore a red shirt so that the pilot could see where to drop the burlap parachutes and there are, indeed, pictures of Emery climbing up a pine tree to rescue the bags. Ruth was, absolutely, the first white woman to reach the top of Shiva and had the honor of being boosted to the

very top since she was the youngest. She and Edith decided to leave "their mark" and did so by imprinting a lipstick mark on a piece of paper and leaving it partially hidden under a rock. In addition, they placed a burlap flag on an old agave stalk and left some film boxes to insure that their early visit was recognized. I can't recall the public reaction to this unauthorized climb, but Emery did not show the pictures to Ruth until 20 years later. As was fitting, a final celebration on Shiva for my sister occurred in June 2008 when her three children, two grandchildren, and six others carried her ashes to the top of Shiva and scattered them into the many wind currents of the Grand Canyon. I'm sure Emery was smiling!

In the fall of 1942, I started school at Wasatch Academy in Utah and since gas rationing was seriously in place, those of us from the hinterlands (many from New Mexico) were picked up at certain outposts by a Santa Fe Trailways Bus. My stop was at Cameron Trading Post, at a wee hour in the morning with a further drive of 500 miles. We students returned home at Christmastime for three weeks and again in May for the summer. My mother worked at the Kolb Studio to pay for my tuition and continued working there until she and my father retired in 1957. Wasatch Academy was the best part of my teen-age years in every way. Our teachers were Presbyterian missionaries who had returned, because of the outbreak of WW II from every corner of the world. Of course, we teenagers did not take advantage of our world-travelers and their experience; however, I know much of what we gleaned was anchored in their teachings from former lifestyles and cultures. We were a small and enthusiastic student body of 8-12 grades with approximately 250 students with my graduating class of 46 students. The rules were strict and rather unbending and there were not any second chances. (No smoking, no drinking, no climbing out of windows at night!) We were assigned monthly duties and kept busy with

all the chores and maintenance of the school. The girls did the lighter tasks of dining room duties and dish washing and cleaned all the faculty apartments and dorm hallways. The boys stoked the coal furnaces, shoveled snow and washed the pots and pans. We all learned table manners and serving with proper conversation and the boys learned how to carve a roast and a turkey. I have fond memories of Thanksgiving dinners and the fabulous Christmas decorations that filled every nook and crevice — every holiday occasion was also accompanied with music, in which I played (sang) a great part. We were not allowed to "ballroom dance" during my first two years because of a stipulation in a wealthy donor's will, so we square-danced with great zeal! This dancing led to an invitation to the teen-agers from a nearby Nisei Camp (those Japanese families who had been routed out of their homes in California, and interned in desolate desert encampments) to visit and learn how to square dance. (Such a sad blight on our country's history!) Wasatch is still thriving with a slightly larger student body and with a spectacular group of multi-national students.

Meanwhile in 1942, with all the shortages and rationing and priorities, Fred Harvey and the NPS shut down a considerable portion of the Park with only Verkamps, Kolbs, and the El Tovar operating during the war. Many people left the Park when their jobs evaporated and most of the able men went into a Military Service. The train, which was the main conveyance for tourists, was used mostly for nearby troops seeking some respite; and obviously there was no gasoline for touring. At the Canyon, the remaining men were put on Air-Raid Patrol and they dutifully scanned the heavens each night. We were under some black-out conditions because of a large number of air fields in Arizona and because of the location of Boulder Dam. The ladies knitted and rolled bandages for the Red Cross. Everything was rationed!! Gasoline, tires, shoes (all leather goods), butter, sugar, meat, and liquor, candy: all

required stamps from ration books. I remember going down to the "General Store" with ration book in hand, to buy meat for dinner — meat and fresh vegetables were on the left, boots and Levis were on the right, the ice cream fountain was in the middle with Supai Mary sitting on the steps outside. To supplement food supplies and also to be patriotic, most everyone had a Victory Garden near the tennis courts behind the new school; but that was a problem because of the scarcity of water. This was before a system was devised to pump water from Bright Angel Creek. Before that, I understand, water was brought in by a railroad tank car for the whole village.

My next trail, at fourteen, was to seek employment other than baby-sitting. Thus, I followed in my sister's footsteps, and worked at the Kolb Studio (14 cents an hour) for a summer after my first year at Wasatch. That summer I met a young Navy pilot (still in training) with whom I corresponded all through the war. He was stationed on a carrier in the Pacific and shot down and rescued twice. (Currently, I've just finished the book, *Unbroken*, and I still wonder how he fared after he returned.) The next summer I looked for a better job and I sought out Frank Spencer, manager of the El Tovar newsstand and Art Room. He hired me for 17 cents an hour to do some bookkeeping and attend to newsstand sales and thus began a happy career of summertime employment for the next eight summers at the El Tovar and the Hopi House. I thoroughly enjoyed meeting and visiting with all types and sorts of people who traveled here from all over the world, especially after the war. My father, as JP, often was asked to perform a marriage ceremony on the Canyon rim and one of the notable couples was Tyrone Power and Anna Belle Lee, movie stars of the 1940s. My sister said that Dad also performed the ceremony for Elliott Roosevelt and movie star Faye Emerson.

During the war, with the Bright Angel Lodge closed, any informal

dancing was held with a juke box at the Community Building, but it just wasn't the same as the old cowboy band (which did return after the war). John Bradley and Sam Fenner and others at the "B.A." had formed a wonderful, hokey cowboy band for dances usually held in the evenings two to three times a week for the "dudes" and locals — everyone was welcome and many a romance blossomed, in summer and otherwise, in that big room off the Bright Angel Lobby. When the dances ended at 10:00 PM, going "rimming" was the natural thing to do. I'm sure many visitors and residents know that one of the most romantic sights in the world is the Grand Canyon in moonlight, in summer, with a new romance, (or old one) and with enough breezes to require a borrowed jacket or arm across the shoulders. The moonlight was bright enough to turn off the car lights and drive on off-beaten roads; but, surely, nothing can compare to walking along the brightly moonlit rim of the Grand Canyon with someone you care about at any season of weather or any season of life!

Along the roadways of Northern Arizona there was another trail. At fourteen I learned to drive a stick-shift on an old panel truck that my father used on business trips to the Del Rio ranch near Ashfork where the trail mules were wintered. At first I was just a passenger, then, eventually I could drive the truck. We always counted the cars heading to the Canyon as we drove and on a real heavy day there would be 60-70 cars for the 66 miles. I loved going to the ranch and spending the day with the Converse kids. Dad's license number on the family car was P21; I don't remember the truck.

Most of my teen-age summers included a trip to Phantom Ranch. The glorious swimming pool was still there and was nirvana to an aching and dust-covered body. I dearly loved Phantom and I made the trip for every summer that I was home. I also loved to ride and I could usually wheedle a horseback ride away from the village on a non-busy afternoon. I

learned to deftly handle a horse and I could find my way home from all locations. My one best friend, Frances, and I were both duly employed at the Hotel all those summers: she at the Transportation Desk and I at the Newsstand and Art Room across the way; thus, we collaborated on many activities — mostly allowed, some not. I remember many games of ping pong in the closed-off soda fountain area of the El Tovar with bell boys who were not busy at the time. And, I remember listening on the balcony to a pianist who was a tour director when I was supposed to be selling. Adam (Japanese) of long-standing was a bellhop fixture at the El Tovar — always with a smile and nice greeting. Young Hopi Indian boys were also hired as bell boys and were dressed in velveteen shirts, white pants, concho belts, and head scarves. They giggled at everything!

Before the war and some years after, we knew summer had arrived when the O'Learys from Long Island appeared. The boys were bell hops at the "B.A." and the girls were maids or waitresses. Their tip money would handsomely pay for the next year's college tuition. All these jobs were highly sought after, and anyone lucky enough to be hired for one season returned for as many summers as possible. I don't know how many romances bloomed amongst the O'Learys, but one did blossom and stayed: Mary O'Leary met and fell in love with Jack Verkamp, oldest son, and they married and raised five children, one of whom, Mike, eventually took over the business from his dad. The Verkamp Store was in business for 105 years but unfortunately closed in 2008.

The war ended the summer I graduated from Wasatch in 1946. Shortly before the Japanese surrender, I remember being awakened by an early morning earthquake, which we subsequently discovered really was a test Atomic bomb in Alamogordo, 500 miles a way. I clearly remember VE Day when the whistle blew continuously and everyone piled on the fire engine as it clanged around the vil-

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lage time after time. Soon, many people who had been away returned and the hotels opened for business once more. I couldn't wait to work in the Hopi House again, alongside Hopi, Porter Timeche, selling the best of Indian silver, blankets, baskets, and curios. The resident Navajo silversmith created his works of art again, and the Hopi Indians danced again on the Rim at 5:00 PM. One of the special people I met shortly after the hotels re-opened was the well-known architect, Mary Jane Colter. Ms. Colter had designed the Watchtower at Desert View and was also hired by Fred Harvey to design the new Bright Angel Lodge in 1935. A little known fact is that she and Fred Kabotie, of the Hopi Indian Tribe, met after the War and launched a plan that evolved into a major jewelry business for the Hopi Tribe. Heretofore, this tribe had depended on farming and some basket weaving for livelihood, but Fred Kabotie wanted a better foundation

for his people. He knew the Navajos had the traditional silver and turquoise market, so he and Mary Jane devised a method of design overlay on silver that relied on basket patterns. Thus, we have a treasure trove of unique Hopi silver today.

The end of the war also brought special groups of tourists such as: the Shriners, on their special trains, who paraded for us; the Michigan State Marching Band who was on its way to the Rose Bowl Parade; and the Banner Tours who would arrive with four or five trains at one time and cause havoc for the day. I'd get up at 5:00 AM in order to open the newsstand before the crowds of 100s and would sneak into the kitchen for a hot cinnamon roll and the famous Fred Harvey coffee before opening. It seems "backwoodsy," but one of the pleasures of being a local was going to welcome the train in or to see it go out! One morning I do remember shaking Dwight Eisenhower's hand when he

toured prior to his run for president. Also, Barry Goldwater often visited and he and my father became friends through Rotary Club, claiming that they were the only two Republicans in Arizona. Goldwater, in fact, discovered an uncharted arch near the North Rim on one of his solo flights over the Canyon. In all the years I went back and forth to Utah, I'd never been to the North Rim — nor had my mother! Therefore, the summer after I was married, when my husband was in Korea, Mom and I and several of the 'bridge group' drove to the North Rim for a weekend. Such beauty! The aspens had just turned, making a golden frame against an evergreen background bordering the wide meadows. That was my one and only trip to "the other side." I believe my father made the trip at some time, but I'm not sure when.

Continued in the next issue...