

## OLD SMOKEY AND THE DEER PATROL

by Ethel A. Metzger

About 1927 the village of Grand Canyon, in Grand Canyon National Park, was forced to adopt a most unusual safety measure, a deer patrol, for the protection of children going to and from school. The Boy Scouts acted as patrols. The scout group was very small but it was alert. Each scout had a certain number of children for whose safety he was responsible in going to and from school.

Old Smokey was the cause of all this care and protection. Old Smokey was one of the fauns--grown to full stature-- that Chief Ranger Brooks had flown from the North Rim to the South Rim of the canyon in a Scenic Airways plane about 1926.

All are legends now. Scenic Airways conducted the first air trails over the canyon; Old Smokey necessitated the first deer patrol; Chief Ranger Brooks, who retired from the National Park Service about ten years ago, originated the system.

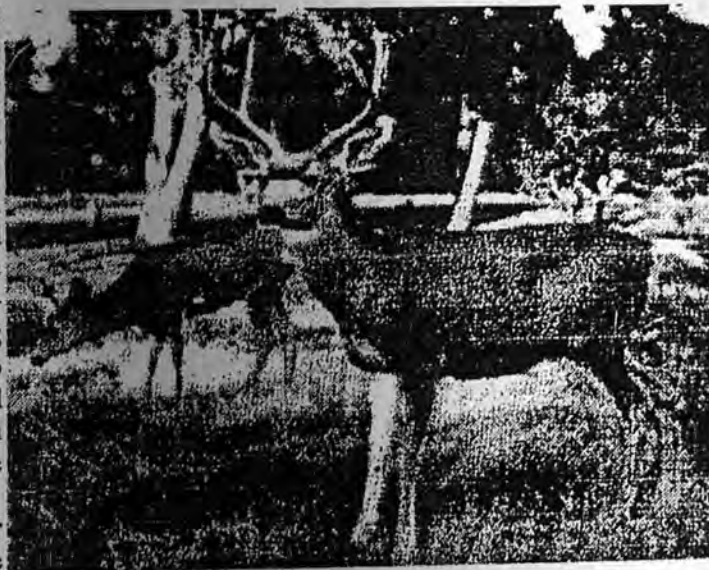
The deer thrived in their new surroundings and were greatly admired by the tourists, who fed them everything from crackers to cigarettes and cigars. The deer also called at the village homes for handouts. The home of Chief Ranger Brooks was a special favorite, be-

cause Mrs. Brooks fed them cornbread!

One day Old Smokey sampled some woolen blankets on the Brooks' clothesline. They were delicious! Then, in another part of the village, he thoroughly enjoyed a red silk dress. It may have been the gasoline imbibed from that red silk dress that started Old Smokey on his downward career, that and the fact that he was King of the Herd. He began chasing people. Some of the adults could not be bluffed, but

Smokey's horns. That was a mistake. Antlers and hoofs were Old Smokey's weapons of defense, and he proceeded to use them. At that time the schoolhouse (now the Natural History workshop of the National Park service) was located on the hill above the garage.\* One of the bus drivers, hearing the teachers' cries for help, came to their rescue, and Old Smokey was vanquished.

It was then that Chief Ranger Brooks decided that Old Smokey must be disarmed. He was trapped and dehorned--those beautiful spreading antlers, his pride and glory, were cut off! But even that did not daunt Old Smokey. His head might be bloody, but it was still unbowed, and, whatever would run from him, that would he chase. Since this was against all rules and regulations, Old Smokey was deported to some unknown spot in the Kaibab forest. His memory lingers. None of his descendants ever achieved his vim, vigor and vitality. It may be due to the refining influences of civilization. The deer patrol is a thing of the past.



Photograph courtesy Kolb Bros. Studio, E.A.M.

the children ran!

Then one day, Old Smokey chased the teachers. Miss Brown was knocked down. Miss Rice, who came to her rescue, grabbed Old

\*FredHarvey Garage. (Editor's note. This was a handwritten explanation by Ethel.)

## B O B   E A R N S   A   H O L I D A Y

"Yes sir, that's the most honest horse I've ever seen," drawled Uncle Ed.

"What do you mean 'honest horse,' Uncle Ed, how can a horse be honest?"

"Wal, now, that may be just an old cowpuncher's expression, but I never knew Bob to shirk his work. He always gave all he had. I do believe if anyone had asked him to move a house, he would have tried it without a murmur."

"His story? Let's see, Bob came up here from Colorado in 1917 when he was six years old. Uncle Henry broke him in for a stage horse to carry dudes along the rim of the Grand Canyon, and no one ever drove Bob after that but Uncle Henry -- even when we had to use Bob for hauling. It was in 1919 that they started to use the new fangled horseless carriages on this road and we had to put Bob to hauling coal and such. It might have been considered a 'come down' to some, but good old Bob didn't complain. I reckon as how he must have many times thought of the days when he and his mate - each with shining harness, coats slick and wellgroomed - were pulling a yellow stage, with probably some celebrity or titled guest who would be sure to admire the fine horses. And Bob was a beauty in those days - dappled gray coat, and plenty of pep, too. He still has for that matter, -- why that horse doesn't even know he is old now!

"Where is he? Well, you see Bob is the last of the stage horses used on the Rim drive. This picture was taken down at Phantom Ranch, that haven of rest a mile below the Canyon Rim, where Bob was sent in 1927. He is still there, enjoying his well-earned holiday and permitted to roam around at will and visit where he chooses. Uncle Henry? Yes, Uncle Henry is gone now, but I think his spirit still hovers around that horse. I have never seen a man so devoted to any animal and Bob knew it -- he would follow him around like a dog. No, that's Sammy with Bob - one of the new guides, fond of him as all the rest. He says Bob just about owns Phantom Ranch.

"Now there is one thing Bob does object to - and that is being a saddle horse. The ranch gardener found that out one day when he hopped on his back. Old Bob would not buck with him - not Bob - he slowly reached around and took hold of the gardener's pants legs with is teeth and firmly pulled him off.

"Bob's only playmates now are the mules bringing dudes down to Phantom Ranch, and he always waits at the end of the trail, knowing when the mules are turned loose, they'll have a good play. I've seen those mules have many a fight with each other but not with Bob - somehow they respect him just as we do.

"But even on his holiday, Bob won't play all the time. He never was a lazy horse and he wouldn't be content unless he could do his bit about the place, so twice a week or so he is hitched to the two wheel cart and hauls the wood and anything else that's asked of him - even the garbage. And then there's the spring and fall plowing and I do believe Bob knows he's helping take care of the orchard and prepare for a new garden crop.

"You bet he's a great pet. You can count on finding him at the back door teasing for apples most any time. Does he get them? Well, now I'll just leave that for you to guess."

Submitted by Jeanne Schick: I don't know who wrote this but it was sent to me by Sam Fenner. The "Uncle Ed" referred to is my Dad, Ed Cummings. I remember Bob as so many of us do and would see him when I went to Phantom. He was kind of the mascot down there over the years.

### Grand Canyon Pioneer Makes Good!

It may be that serving as the statutory agent to the Grand Canyon Pioneers was just a stepping stone for Steve Verkamp on his way to becoming appointed Flagstaff's first permanent U.S. Magistrate. Congratulations Steve, may you have an interesting and rewarding term.

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February 5, 1991

Dear Ron and Carol,

Attached is a letter I received the other day from Emery Kolb. If you think it is worthwhile you may use it in a newsletter. Bill Suran

Dear Friends:

I want to tell you about some of the things that have happened since I last saw you in 1975 that you might be interested in hearing. I guess a lot of you are surprised to hear I am here. Well, the truth is I had a little trouble getting in. I arrived early that December morning from the hospital in Flagstaff and when I got to the Pearly Gates I saw Ralph Cameron had filed a claim on the area and had his toll booth set up to collect tolls from everyone coming up the road to Mt. Zion on their mulegels. He recognized me and allowed me to come in free. I went to the Harvey Hotel where all the newcomers go to sign in and have their credentials checked by St. Peter.

Fred Harvey spied me waiting in the lobby and went straight to St. Peter and told him that I should not be permitted to enter. St. Peter looked up my name in the big record book and said he could see no reason why, I had a very good record on earth. Then Harvey informed him that I was bad competition and he wanted no competition in heaven like he had below. Gabriel listened to the argument and sided with Harvey. St. Peter advised me that until they settled the matter with the H.T. (that's what we call the Holy Trinity up here) that I would have to remain outside at the head of the Zion Trail.

While I waited I saw no reason for sitting idle and asked Cameron if I could build a studio on his claim. Ralph told me that I had always had my studio on earth on his claim and he saw no reason why I couldn't do it here. The argument between Harvey and St. Peter went on for a good while and finally God said that it had to stop so they could have peace and

quiet there like it was before I arrived or he would throw the whole bunch of us out. Then J.C. said, "Pa that's the way they lived on earth and that is the only way they are happy."

In the meantime I saw Captain Hance wandering in front of the Hotel and told him my problem. He advised me not to worry because he had trouble getting in himself. Said that St. Peter turned him down flat because of all the lies he told at the Canyon and sent him down below. When he got there the devil said his quota for liars was full and wouldn't take him in either. Hance said he wandered around outside for a good long time and then one day discovered a hole under the fence around in back of mt. Zion and sneaked in. He offered to show me where it was but you know Hance -- you never know when you can believe him. I decided to wait since I was doing right well taking pictures at my studio.

Ellsworth and J. Wesley Powell keep talking about a trip down to Cloud Nine but the H.T. has refused to give them permission. They said that place was reserved for living human beings for special purposes and once angels got there they had no way of getting back.

Blanche is happy she found a group of lady-angels here and they have a good bridge club going. They use a funny deck of cards though -- they are the same on both sides. She tells me it makes the game more interesting as you have to figure out what you are playing. I am glad I never cared much for the game anyway.

The head angel came by last week and said the council of Saints had made a decision about Harvey's and my problem and that Harvey would have to relent and let me come in, but the studio would have to remain outside the gates. Also Cameron would have to turn all of the tolls he collected over to the H.T. so they would have funds to do something about the mess that everyone had

created on earth with the environment as that would be the only way they could balance the budget. Things seem to be pretty bad everywhere.

But the thing I wanted to tell you about was that since I left the canyon and maybe since some of you have been there things have changed. For one, like I kept telling the Park Service, my studio would draw a crowd after I was gone. They have finally come to their reason and allowed the Grand Canyon Natural History Association to open the studio for a bookstore. The plan is to use the auditorium again for park interpretive work. All proceeds from books sold in the studio will go toward the renovation work. Another good thing that I wanted to have done for eight-seven years is they have installed signs to the studio and show it on the maps of the canyon. Still having trouble getting a sign up here. Mr. Tilliston, who has charge of that still keeps promising. Coming this spring the Park Service will have a ranger explaining all the history of the village and Canyon. It will help a lot of people who would like to know what went on in the old days. The credit for all this change goes to park Superintendent Jack Davis and I take my halo off to him. There have been a lot of other changes too so next time you want to get away go see for yourself.

Since the direct line is always busy here I probably won't hear from you and due to budget cuts I understand the postal service is not delivering here any more so I will have to wait till you get here to find out the news from there, but take your time, this isn't a good season to come. I have to go and polish my halo and tune my harp, and have to give a talk to the Heavenly Rotary Club about Ellsworth's and my trip up the back side of Mt. Zion.

Best Regards,  
Emery C. Kolb  
Head of Zion Trail  
Heaven Above



## January Meeting Notes:

January 26th the Grand Canyon Pioneers met for lunch at Furr's Cafeteria in Flagstaff followed by a tour of the Special Collection's Library at Northern Arizona University. Those attending were: Ron Werhan, Diane VanCleave, Esther Meyers, Garland Downum, Harvey Butchart, Marie Malorana, Harry Cole, Ethel Cole, Fred Schick, Carol Furey-Werhan, Sibyl Suran, Bill Suran, Jeanne Schick, and Al Richmond.

Dr. Randy Butler and Rahim, a research assistant, met us at the library where they explained their activities and plans for the future expansion of the facilities. They were patient enough not to throw us out even though they had spent a couple of hours with us when it was time for the tour to be over. We were still looking, asking questions, oohing and ahing, and we all could have stayed a few days, but that would really be pressing our luck. It was very generous of them to give up their time when the library is normally closed, and we extend our thanks again for a very interesting afternoon.

One of the collections they displayed was the Grand Canyon Pioneers' Collection. We've made a very creditable start of this collection. An interesting item of discussion was the idea of making personal contributions to the collection. We often think that we have to be some famous person or have some note worthy items to be worth collecting. However, this is not the case at all. It has often been true that the old box of junk up in the attic has proved to be a treasure to historians. (One man's trash is another man's treasure). If you happen to have one of those boxes in your attic, or you have old photographs, letter, post cards, brochures, maps to lost treasures, would you be interested in donating them to the Grand Canyon Pioneers for inclusion in the special collection? If so, please contact us.



Submitted by Jeanne Schick. My Dad, Ed Cummings is in the driver's seat of the rig and the little people in the back are the Jack Verkamp's children.

## N E X T M E E T I N G

Al Richmond has volunteered to take us on another unforgettable tour of the Anita Mining District. The Anita district is the location of the copper mines that brought the railroad to the Grand Canyon area. Mark your calendars for

Saturday, April 20th. We will meet at the Moqui Lodge parking lot at 10:00 AM and car caravan back to the mining area. Bring a lunch and drinks for a picnic under the pines and junipers.

## REMINISCENCE

At a Grand Canyon Pioneers meeting, Ron Werhan suggested a great story for an upcoming edition of the newsletter would be one written by those who either grew up at the Canyon or lived there during the "good old days."

I have written many friends and asked for stories of reminiscences of the days they lived there. Those stories could be of pranks played on halloween, those played on newlywed couples, and other great stories which would be interesting to the group, since most of the members have never lived at the Canyon.

At so many meetings the question has been asked, "what was it like to have lived at the Canyon?" Well, this is our opportunity to dig back into our minds and come up with some great stories. Hope lots of you will send in some stories to me. Have received quite a few, but would appreciate more.

Jeanne Schick

F r o m   t h e   S e c r e t a r y

Dues are coming in slowly with a few more to go. We have some new members:

Jack & Chris Greening	Catherine Hart
1294 Palmwood	2002 W. Sunnyside
Boulder City, NV 89005	Southgate Bldg, Apt 1309
	Phoenix, AZ 85029

We have sort of lost Gerry Ray. She no longer drives the shuttle buses at Grand Canyon. We are now the proud acquaintance of NPS RANGER Gerry Ray of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument, Colorado. We got a great letter from her informing us of her new status as "Grandma Ranger" (per her grand kids). We also got some nice photos of her at her new home and place of employment. The uniform looks great! One photo has her arm-in-arm with a fellow who looks an awful lot like Dennis Weaver--Chester in Gunsmoke, etc. She invites us all to come see her at the park. New address: 239 Grand Ave., Delta, CO 81416

Al

Get Well Soon!!

Betty (Kent) Meyer just had knee surgery and is doing fine. Best wishes from all of us Betty.



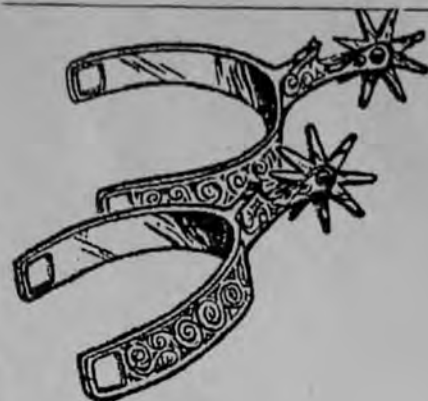
G R A N D   C A N Y O N   P I O N E E R S  
S O C I E T Y   1 9 9 0   F I N A N C I A L  
R E P O R T

Checking Balance on 01-Jan-90		\$2,624.02
INCOME - Dues	\$ 225.00	
Cookbook Sales	1,589.52	
INTEREST ON CD'S	83.48	
		1,898.00
EXPENSES		(390.32)
TOTAL		\$4,131.70
ASSETS		
Checking Balance	\$1,048.22	
Certificate's of Deposit	3,083.48	
TOTAL		\$4,131.70
LIABILITIES		\$0.00

Fred

## WATAHOMIGIE AND THE SILVER SPURS

For 59 years, Watahomigie, Chief of the Havasupais, and Ed Cummings, a Grand Canyon Guide, perpetuated a friendly feud - each vowing he would some day own the other's most prized possession. Much money was bet and advice given, but Ed never managed to acquire the chief's hand-tooled saddle...or the chief, Ed's silver spurs. Watahomigie's death in 1947 brought white and red together to honor his memory. As the first shovelful of earth fell into the grave, Ed Cummings stepped forward and dropped in his silver spurs -- his tribute to a life-long friend and respected adversary.



### NOTED COUNTY LAWMAN, COLE, DIES AT 80

Former Coconino County Undersheriff Clarke Cole, a legendary northern Arizona lawman and a 72-year resident of Williams, died March 1 at his home. He was 80.

Prior to his retirement in 1973, Mr. Cole served 18 years as undersheriff of the county. In that role, he was the first person to discover wreckage in one of the worst commercial air disasters in history; he regularly was assigned to guard dangerous defendants during court appearances and he was the living symbol of the law and law enforcement for residents of Williams.

Mr. Cole was born April 20, 1910, in Shenandoah, Iowa, and came to Williams with his family in 1918. He was a graduate of Williams High School. He and his wife were married Feb. 28, 1933 in Winslow. During World War II, he worked in the aircraft industry in Burbank, Calif.

He gave many hours to youth work in Williams, as a Little League volunteer, as a member of the "chain gang" at Williams High School football games and as an umpire for summer softball and baseball.

His brother, Harry, is on the Grand Canyon Pioneers Board of Directors.

GCPS Newsletter is published bimonthly, almost, by the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society,

P. O. Box 14, Grand Canyon, Arizona 86023

Editors: Ron Werhan and Carol Furey-Werhan

Compiled by Marie Maiorana, using Ventura Publisher. All inquiries, comments, submissions, etc. may be sent to the above address. Annual membership fee is \$10 individual, \$15 family.

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