

GCPS OUTING TO HULL'S CABIN

It wasn't the first time the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society visited Hull's cabin and it likely will not be the last, but it was an interesting trip and everyone enjoyed the get-together on June 6. Ron Werhan, Carol Furey-Werhan, Fred and Jeanne Schick, Steve and Chris Verkamp and Bill and Sibyl Suran along with guests Bob and Patty Richards and Mary Ellen Hamilton all met at Moqui Lodge and took the back road from Tusayan through the tall pines to the cabin. The trip was well worth the effort as the road wound through pine and oak trees. The forest was a luscious green with wild flowers in bloom everywhere. We stopped several times just to look and spotted a beautiful bull elk at one place. The old fellow didn't appreciate all the attention and took off into the depths of the forest before we could take his picture.

The U.S. Forest service has recently restored the Hull cabin by replacing the logs, siding, and shingles that years of exposure had damaged. They used the same type of material Hull and his brother Phillip used in

1884. After inspecting the old buildings the group relaxed in the shade of a tall pine and ate a picnic lunch. Ron read a paper written by Teri A. Cleeland entitled "To Hull and Back" that gave us the history of Phillip Jr. and William Francis Hull. Teri has done considerable research and gave some enlightening information about the entire area. We have little knowledge of the Hulls who established the ranch

arrival of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad through Northern Arizona changed their way of life. They started a stage line to Grandview. Once there Hance housed their guests in an array of tents at his site on the rim and used his cabin as a dining room where he served good wholesome food. Hance offered guided tours into the gorge. Edward E. Ayers and his wife were the first tourists to make the trip to the foot of his trail near Hance Rapids.

Hull's cabin, storage shed and barn stand in an open meadow surrounded by virgin pines close to a water tank constructed in 1888 that supplied water for both livestock and tourists. According to old documents the Hulls reworked a pond used by the Anasazi Indians but there is no indication today that the Anasazi were



Hull's cabin as it looks today

just south of the Grand Canyon but they, like John Hance, W.W. Bass and Pete Berry were an integral part in the canyon's early history. William Hull and his brother at first kept cattle at the ranch but later raised sheep. The

there.

Ron, Carol and Bob climbed to the top of the Grandview fire lookout tower on the old stage road close to the cabin before we continued our journey to Grandview Point. Here we dis-

cussed the pollution of the Canyon and what should be done about the problem. That conversation somehow or other turned into a debate on Christmas trees.

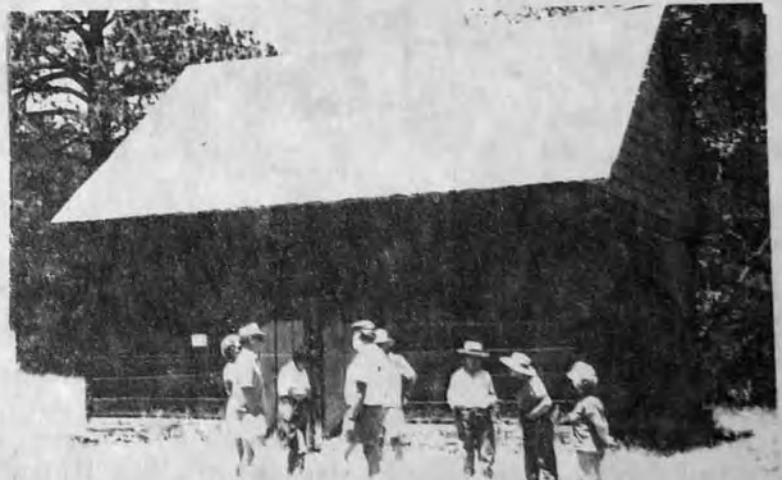
As always the trip was fun, fattening, and interesting.



The gang enjoys a picnic lunch at Hull's cabin



Sibyl Suran and Chris Verkamp play on a makeshift see-saw



The Pioneers inspect the old barn at Hull's Ranch

The following story tells something about what the writing on the rock walls at House Rock Springs divulges. This is not all. We are still working on the list of names to see what else the names can reveal.

THE STORY THE ROCKS CAN TELL

The horses were tired and so were the men who rode them. It had been a hard day for both. The bearded men broke camp early that morning under leaden skies, fixed their meager breakfast, packed their belongings and headed east through a thick pine forest. The leaders of the expedition had drawn straws to determine if they would continue on their westward trek to seek the Pacific Ocean or turn back toward the Moqui Indian villages and home. The short straw determined they would head for home.

The rain began early and turned to snow before noon. The horses bent their heads and trudged slowly through the forest. The men remained silent most of the way. For nearly a year they had traveled through the wilderness hoping to find a route to the Pacific Ocean, but failed.

By late that afternoon they reached the valley, the rain had stopped but the wind was cold and biting. Scouts sent ahead to reconnoiter the area reported a spring with fresh sweet water ahead. Here they camped and rested for several days. During this period they explored the valley and made their way back into a side canyon to the source of the spring. The wind had blown the clouds away but the winter chill hung on. On the ledge leading to the source of the spring fifty feet above the canyon floor a padre stopped, the rock wall before him was smooth. Only a little lichen grew on the upper part of the stone. "Give me your dagger," he said to the soldier with him. Asking no questions the armored man removed the steel

weapon from his sash and handed it to the priest. Using the sharp point he scratched a drawing of four fish on the stone, two facing each other nose to nose, repeated directly below. "A sign that Christians were here," he said and handed the knife to his associate. Both men crossed themselves and continued on. This was November the year 1776. The men were Spanish and the leader of the expedition was Franciscan Silvestre Velez de Escalante.

The Spaniards left the marking on the rock behind. As time passed the lichen spread, covering two of the fish, almost obliterating them from view. Wind, sand and water helped to dim the drawing through the next eighty years.

The valley remained quiet and undisturbed. Only the Indians used the spring and as time passed a few wandering explorers or mountain men stopped to water their horses and fill their canteens before they continued on. Possibly they never noticed the fish high on the wall such things held little interest for them.

In 1858 Jacob Hamblin came to the valley with orders from Brigham Young to visit the Hopi Villages. At least two of his men left their names, J. A. McConnell and William Maxwell. No record exists to say they noted the four fish; probably not, because by now the lichen and erosion had dimmed the outline drawing more.

Traffic through the valley became steady by 1876 with the Mormon migrations to Arizona to settle along

the Little Colorado River. Mormon history helps tell the story of many of those who scratched or carved their names. Bishop Lorenzo Roundy, who signed his name in what was now known as House Rock Valley gives a hint of what the rocks can tell. Bishop Roundy came on April 1, 1876. After leaving the valley he and his party made their way beneath the Vermilion Cliffs to Jacobs Pools. When they arrived at

Lee's Ferry they found the river flooded. In spite of warnings by young Billy Lee, Jacob

Hamblin, the leader of the expedition insisted on loading three wagons onto the flat-bottomed boat. In the middle of the river the boat capsized. They lost everything. Billy Lee's quick action saved all the men except Roundy. Before he reached him the thick silt-laden water had sucked him under and carried him downstream.

By 1880 the Mormon people traveled both ways through the Valley. Young married people made their way back to St. George to seal their vows in the new temple. They carved their names in the fall of the year after the crops were in at home or on the return trip in the spring after the weather had turned better for traveling. The dates tell the story.

After the railroads spanned the nation, travel through the area tapered off. In the early 1900s the names of a few visitors appear on the walls; some came to study what was there, some to deface and destroy. The four fish remain now nearly hidden under the lichen growth, but they are still there, a reminder of 250 years of history.

Bill Suran

"Give me your dagger, he said to the soldier..."

...the boat capsized. They lost everything.

A LETTER FROM JOHN TURNBULL

May 17, 1992

To all the Staff of the G. C. Pioneers Newsletter:

I received our copy of the May 1992 Newsletter yesterday and when I started reading it I couldn't put it down. I can't begin to tell you how happy I am to have had an uncle that was so closely involved with the beautiful state of Arizona and Grand Canyon and on his passing to have come in contact with so many friends of his, residents and former residents of the Canyon that are doing so much to record history of that wonderful area.

I am thrilled that such a library as N.A.U. exists and proud that **Art Metzger** has become a part of what you are doing. I agree with your front page headline "The Grand Canyon Pioneers Come of Age."

Your outing at the Glen Canyon Dam brings back memories of a trip my folks and I took into the bowels of Hoover Dam. Although we seemed to have toured every nook and cranny of the dam it was like a walk in the park compared to all you saw and crawled through on your trip. . . .

The things you are doing with **Mike Anderson** and his research on the Canyon trails sound fantastic. It is so great that there is such a group as GCPS that has the interest to seek out and preserve the important Canyon history.

. . . Your trip to House Rock Valley brings back fond memories that date back to 1939 and 40 when I worked during my high school summer vacations for **Joe Sharber**, the Texaco Distributor in Flagstaff. I worked in his station at Flagstaff and swamped on gasoline hauls to various Texaco stations. . . . After I learned the ropes Joe sent me to Marble Canyon to work at the station there and help at the lodge. When his truck driver hauled 33 gas to us he would have gas or diesel fuel for the road construction camp between Jacobs Lake and Fredonia and sometimes they sent me along to help out. We tried to make our deliveries at meal time. I loved eating at the road camp because the food was great and in quantities only a growing boy could appreciate. If we arrived at House Rock Valley at dusk or near daybreak we could usually see a large herd of Buffalo. The driver learned not to drive through them if they were on the road for if you hit one they could cause a lot of damage to the vehicle. I saw several trucks going at a good rate of speed hit one of the animals and they needed a new grill, grill guard, headlights, fenders and the works. They also had to remove a lot of Buffalo skin.

. . . While I worked at Marble Canyon I hiked down to Lee's Ferry on my time off and became acquainted with the fellow who gauged the river. His son and I even fished in the Colorado River.

In 1940 I worked just south of Cameron at the **Betty Zane Rogers'** station near the junction of Highway 64. During that summer I never got more than a mile up the road to the Canyon. . . . When we visited the Canyon with **Jeanne** and **Fritz Schick** in June of 1991 we returned to Sedona by way of highway 64 to Cameron. . . when I realized I had worked there 51 years before it made me wonder where the years went. At Cameron I noticed the Flagstaff paper dated May 31st with the picture and story on the front page relating to the presentation of Art's papers to the library. . . . I mentioned to a lady who worked there that I had worked at Betty Zanes Rogers' place and found that Betty was living in Page, Arizona. It seemed I was living a lifetime in a few moments. . . .

The one thing I wanted to do after I retired was to photograph the beautiful Arizona countryside. Thus far I have not accomplished what I look forward to doing. . . .

Most sincerely,

John Turnbull Sr.

THE HARVEY GIRLS

Maxine Edwards, Curator of the State Museum, Department of Library Archives and Public Records, contacted us recently wishing to interview Fred and me about the early days at Grand Canyon. Her main area is stories and memorabilia of the **Harvey Girls**. She is collecting information of those times and has traveled over the state to contact former Fred Harvey employees. She visited at our home and we gave her some pictures and items for the museum. Ms. Edwards also contacted and interviewed two of our GCPS members **Betty Meyer** and **Pinky Oesdean**, both former Harvey girls. Betty reports that she donated pictures and an old skillet used at El Tovar and some fabric purchased at Babbitts that had a Grand Canyon scenic pattern.

As a representative of the Museum, Ms. Edwards invited us to a reception in Winslow at the La Posada Hotel on May 16 that eight 33 een ex-Harvey girls attended. The media took pictures, recorded stories and **Georgia Metzger**, Mayor of Winslow, welcomed those who attended. Arizona State Senator, **Karan English**, Arizona State Representative, **Polly Rosenbaum** and **Michael Carmen**, Division Director of the Museum greeted us and the Historical Society of Winslow served refreshments. It was a memorable and nostalgic afternoon.

My mother, **Ida Goodman**, one of the "typical" Harvey girls, answered an ad in the Chicago paper that sought "...attractive and intelligent young women of good character..." to work for the Fred Harvey Company. When she left Chicago, she paid her way to Kansas City, then Harvey sent her West. The girls each signed a contract stating they would work a year without marrying. The salary was \$17.50 a month, plus tips. During that time mother worked along the Harvey line at La Fonda (Santa Fe, N.M.) El Navajo (Gallup, N.M.), La Posada (Winslow, Az), and at Harvey houses in Seligman, Ashfork and Belen, N.M. Finally Harvey sent her to Grand Canyon to work at El Tovar and Bright Angel. After being at Grand Canyon for a short time she met my dad, **Ed Cummings**, and married there.

Will Rogers once said "Fred Harvey kept the West in food and wives." If it had not been for him many a proud family of old Westerners would not exist, for it was he, in his role as provisioner of hungry train passengers, who brought respectable pretty girls from homes in the east to the Wild West to serve as waitresses in his eating establishments. One legend has it that 20,000 of these girls wound up as brides to western ranchers, cowboys or railroad men. Some consider Fred Harvey the greatest civilizing influence of the time.

Jeanne Schick

NOTES ON 1944 PLANE CRASH IN GRAND CANYON

Jeanne Schick sends us a story submitted by Roy Burris that recalls a bit of Canyon history. Roy lives in Schenectady N.Y. and Arizona in the summer. His Dad was a manager of Babbitts Store a number of years ago.

In 1944 an Air Force plane crashed in the Grand Canyon just as we were preparing for a camping trip to Supai and three Air Force men bailed out over the canyon. The plane ran out of gas and the three landed on the north side of the river about thirty miles south of Grand Canyon Village. One man almost landed in the river and the other two were on a bluff several hundred feet above. They managed to get together and spread their parachutes out as a signal to search planes. We saw the chutes from the lookout point west of the Village as we started on our trip.

The Air Force spotted them and dropped supplies by parachute. No one knew how to rescue them for at the time no helicopters could operate at that elevation and in the air currents around the canyon. Finally they sent a Coast Guard crew down an old mining trail on the south side of the river. They hoped to shoot a line across to them but they found the trail washed out and the plan failed.

Emery Kolb offered to run the river in a boat, but the Forest Service decided he was too old for that kind of activity and looked for another means of rescue. A ranger on the North Rim 33 thought he knew of some trails on that side of the Canyon that would lead to the men. With the ranger's help they managed to reach them.

The ranger had just rescued the men when we returned from Supai. While we had dinner at the El Tovar, Howard Pyle interviewed them on the radio.

Roy Burris.

BITS AND PIECES

by *Jeanne Schick*

Those who did not read the note above the address label in the May newsletter might be interested in knowing that this was the first time the Newsletter has been typed at one place and transferred electronically over the telephone to another, where Marie Maiorana put it in the final form. Our thanks go to Paul Maiorana for his help in accomplishing this miracle of modern science. As Marie noted "it took a lot of technical stuff" and a lot of Paul's know-how.

Gale Burak is out of the depths of Grand Canyon where she spent the winter and has now wandered back to New Hampshire for the summer. Her address is R.F.D. Box 85 Linclon N.H. 03251 if anyone would like to send her a card.

Don't forget the Old Timers Reunion at the Squire Inn in Tusayan September 25. If you have not sent in your reservation be sure and do so before August 30, 1992.

Summer is a busy time for many of our members as they take off for here, there and yonder. **Ethel and Harry Cole** have gone to Alaska and on their way stopped to visit Jack and Chris Greening in Boulder City, Nevada. **Jim and Vi Shirley** attended the graduation of their grandson at Stanford and from there to Northern California for a family visit. **Carol Furey-Werhan** and **Ron Werhan** have gone to Oregon to attend the wedding of their son Tim. **Bill and Sibyl Suran** stayed closer to home and toured southern Utah and northern Arizona with family from Alabama. A family reunion attracts **Jeanne and Fred Shick** as they head for West Virginia for the biannual affair. **Val Avery** roamed to Montana to visit family and **Al Richmond** heads for Baltimore and Washington D.C. to combine a family visit with research at the Capitol City.

Did you know that **Jim Shirley** speaks Supai? The Schicks ascertained this when they accompanied Jim and his family to a luncheon at Enchantment Resort in Sedona. He was anxious to meet James Uqualla, the concierge there as he knew other members of the Uqualla family from his days as manager of Babbitt's store at Grand Canyon. The two gentlemen carried on a conversation in Supai though Jim insists he doesn't know a lot of the language, but James said Jim's pronunciation was perfect and his vocabulary was outstanding.

This GCPS Newsletter was edited by Bill Suran,

compiled by Marie Maiorana, using Ventura publishing software.

All comments, submissions and suggestions are welcomed at the address below.

Membership, including bi-monthly newsletters, is \$10 individual and \$15 family annually.

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