



# PIONEERS SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Volume 4, Number 3

May 1993

## ALL ABOUT A TREE AND A POT

*By Gale Burak*

About thirty years ago, Emery Kolb told me about a ponderosa pine growing in the Inner Gorge that he had first seen around 1915. At that time, he and John Ivers took occasional day trips down the river as far as Granite and Hermit Rapids using a canvas boat they kept moored in an alcove between Pipe Creek and Horn Rapids. Then they would row and pole back up river, climb the steep scree slope to the base of the Tapeats sandstone where the tree grew, then ascend a two foot wide crack to the plateau using chock stones as steps and hike a mile back to Emery's cabin at Indian Gardens—quite a day's feat!

I found the drainage he described, but unfortunately, most of the chock stones in the opening had fallen out, so I had to scout around for another route. West of Plateau Point, in the first main drainage, there was an easy slickrock channel through the Tapeats that brought me past a short stretch of thicket and gravel into an open bowl, its west side strewn with huge boulders and the north edge dropping vertically to the river. The floor was striped with bands of brilliant red granite and contained many pockets of water.

By traversing west below the Tapeats, in contact with the Schist, I hiked out around a point where there was a tremendous view downstream of Horn Rapids and the Inner Gorge. Then scrambling up and down over loose scree a ways, I reached the tree. It was twice the height that Emery had described and had neighbors of a red-bud shrub below it and a small pinon pine sheltered by its shade. Just west of the tree I took pictures showing its relation to Zoroaster and to the wide band of white quartz across the river. Since then I've told many people about the tree, and it now seems to be quite a landmark for river trips.

That first visit was about 1965, but I have been back several times since then. In 1975, on a jaunt as far as the open bowl, I found graffiti at the point overlooking Horn Rapids. On a bedrock panel of the Tapeats is chiseled in script writing, 'Apr. 1890' and on a nearby boulder was 'DV' and 'GE'. Later I read that a George Love

had worked at the Gardens for the Camerons in the 90's, but who was his friend? Does anyone know more about this?

On my way back, poking along above the huge rock chunks, looking for more evidence of Canyon History, I spied a crudely formed spider web bridging a horizontal cavity between the Tapeats and the Schist. It seemed to be a black widow web, so, I gingerly pulled aside a small shrub hiding part of it and bent over to check. Boy, did I catch up on some history!

There behind the bush, lying on its side with its bottom facing me, staring eyeball to eyeball at me, was the corrugated, coiled base of an earthenware jug. WOW! What a thrill! Normally it should not be touched nor taken, but right along that bench between the cliffs I had seen the recent tracks of man-sized boots, traipsing along, that served to remind me that others go far off the beaten trails now too; I didn't dare leave this bit of

*Continued, page 2 ...*

**WE WILL VISIT ELDON  
PUEBLO,  
ANOTHER INTERESTING  
PLACE,  
MAY 22, 1993**

This is a current archaeological site that is still in the process of being excavated. We will meet near the McDonalds in the Ole's/Safeway parking lot on North Highway 89 at 10 AM and proceed from there. There will be people digging at the site and anyone who wishes will be able to partake in this activity. There will be a guided tour to explain what is going on. After touring this site we will picnic at Sunset Crater and visit the ruins at Wupatki. Sibyl advises that she will bring cookies (in self defense).

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history. After checking that Mrs. Black Widow wasn't about, and still gasping with excitement, I carefully drew the pot out. After examining my treasure, I found it was whole and in perfect condition except for a small hole on its down side with a ring of caliche stain around it. The jug was empty with no evidence of a lid, shards, charcoal, etc. and no spider either. It was heavy too, so I was faced with the problem of how in the heck I would get it safely to the Gardens. In my daypack was a long-sleeved cotton shirt and by tying opposite tails and sleeves together I made a fine sling to carry it. It was tricky, swinging it carefully from arm to arm as I scrambled hand and foot up the slickrock gully to the plateau, but at that point I'd rather have broken an arm than that pot. From the top of the opening I still had a mile to go. However, I got lucky. As I trudged up and over the curve of the plateau toward the Tonto Trail I saw Wayne Paya approaching on horseback from a Salt Creek Patrol and I hailed him, "Hey, Wayne, guess what I've got in this shirt." "Oh," he said eyeing the bulge I carried, "Let's see, a gold nugget the size of your

head?" "Better'n that. Look." I pulled the pot carefully out to show him. "How about carrying it back to the Gardens for me?" "Sure, hand it up," Wayne said. I put it back in my shirt and lifted it to him, and darned if he didn't pretend to drop it. My heart dropped too. When I got to the Gardens he and Victor Watahomigi, then the maintenance ranger for the pump house, were still examining it. Victor brought a big carton and several grain sacks from the tack shed, and we packed my find up later that evening. He said he would see that it went out to Bob Euler on the next helicopter, but he didn't. It was three weeks before I saw the pot again; he just couldn't part with it. I really wished I'd have been free to give it to them for

the (then nonexistent) Supai collection of artifacts, as it was probably one of their tribal ancestors who had left it there. A year later Bob hiked to the Gardens with some of us rangers, giving us a day of archeologic background in the area. At his request we went out to the pot site. He determined that this plain old utility jug had lain about 1000 years in that spot and was used as a water storage pot for hunters who had perhaps hidden among the boulders, waiting for a bighorn to come down for water in a tenaja (bedrock pool) among the granite dykes on the bowl's floor. As Bob said, if you find an object that is not extremely unusual, or not in danger of being taken, leave it in place for future experts. The latter seemed the important factor here to me and I am just glad that I was the one to put it the right hands. NOTE: The pot Gale writes about is now on display at Grand Canyon Visitors Center.



Gale Burak with ancient Indian pot. A composite photograph showing the view of Grand Canyon near where Gale found the old Indian pot.

## SALT TRAIL CANYON

*Ron Werhan*

Not being football fans, it had been the custom for many years for my hiking companions to plan a hike over TSuper BowlU weekend. Several years ago, Les Jones, one of the hikers made plans to hike down Salt Trail Canyon to the Little

Colorado, then to the confluence with the Colorado below Cape Solitude. From there along the Beamer Trail to Tanner Trail and then out to Lipan Point. We planned to make the complete trip in four days.

Our excursion began in Phoenix late Wednesday night after a full days work, our six hikers made a rendezvous to consolidate gear and bodies into the two vehicles we planned to take on the trip. One of the vehicles we would leave at Lipan Point and make the trip to the trail head in a Jeep Wagoneer. We stopped in Flagstaff to gas-up and pick up last minute items we decided we had either forgotten or couldn't do without.

I rode in the back of a van, stuffed in among several backpacks, trying to get a little sleep as we turned off US 89 and headed for the Canyon. After a few miles we stopped to look at the stars. There is nothing like seeing them in a moonless winter sky from the darkness of Northern Arizona. Orion was high to the south and there was no doubt about the color of Red Betelgeuse and Blue Rigel. Cygnus was difficult to see against the bright background as it flew along the Milky Way.

At Lipan Point we parked the van, and rearranged the backpacks and the bodies to fit into the Jeep. We stopped again on the Little Colorado River bridge at Cameron and flashed our flashlights down to see if the river was running. Our hike would require crossing the stream many times, so



we were very concerned if it flowed, and if so, how deep. We couldn't see a thing, as our lights were lost in the darkness below the bridge.

We knew our way as far as Cedar Ridge Trading Post on US 89. Beyond there we had to follow the written directions my friend had obtained from the Park Service. The traveling had been smooth as we cruised along the paved highway, but after turning west at Cedar Ridge the road became a series of pot holes and ruts. I sat braced against the window sharing the back seat with two other companions. At every fork in the road, Les read aloud the directions "Mile 3.4 turn right, tree on left," we didn't see a tree. "Mile 4.9 cattle tank on the right", we didn't see a cattle tank. He also read from a narrative of the Salt Trail Canyon Trek. The reading was a little erratic as his seat companion tried to hold a flashlight on the page. The most notable items I recall from the reading were references to "The War Twins", "The Place Where the Mudheads Live" and "The Nose Scraping Place".

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### THE AWARD OF THE GCPS SECOND ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIP

President Marie Maiorana presented a check in the amount of \$380.00 to Susan Olberding Friday morning March 26, 1993 at Northern Arizona University. Susan is working on her master's degree in history and will use the the money in her research on the "Historic Water Use On The South Rim of Grand Canyon". A copy of her work will be presented to the GCPS when completed and placed in the Society's collection at the Cline Library at the University. We extend our congratulations to Susan and wish her the best of luck.





We hadn't been able to identify anything from the directions for a while so after fifteen or twenty miles, that seemed like 100, we stopped and consulted a USGS quad map hoping to discover where we were. Was it possible we were lost? It was too dark to see any land marks, in fact if it weren't for the stars,

we wouldn't have known what direction we were headed.

**Was it possible we were lost?**

Everyone got out of the car to either offer an opinion, roast Lee for getting us lost, or do other duties that needed to be taken care of after riding so far on a bumpy road. After five or ten minutes of heated discussion it was decided we still had no clue as to where we were (although Lee didn't agree), and that we ought to sleep where we were. Without additional prompting, I got my pack from the Wagoner, pulled my sleeping bag out and crawled in. I watched the stars for fifteen or twenty seconds as my friends continued to argue. I have always been known to be a quick sleeper. I say that is the result of living a clean life and having a clear conscience. Others say I just have a short memory.

I don't know how long the argument continued, but after a short while, someone kicked me awake, to say we were leaving. I gathered up my sleeping bag and stuffed it back into the Wagoner, and we were off again. As the story goes, we drove and drove and drove, I know not where, but we eventually came to a dead end. Les declared, "This is the place," so we rolled out the sleeping bags and hit the sack. It wasn't long until the sky began to turn pink, and we were up before the sun reached the horizon. In the dim light we could see we were on a ridge between two washes. As it grew brighter we could tell we were somewhere east of the Canyon, north of the San Francisco Peaks, and South of Shinumo Altar. This was a good sign. By the time the sun was up we had

finished breakfast and had the maps out trying to determine exactly where we were. Then someone noticed two rock cairns not more than one hundred feet away with a trail between them leading over the edge of a canyon. Much to everyone's surprise, Les had led us to the right place. I am sure it was all accidental, but of course he took full credit.

Salt Trail Canyon is a side canyon that leads into the Little Colorado gorge from the north a few miles above the confluence with the Colorado. There aren't many places between Cameron and the Colorado where the Little Colorado River is accessible. This is the route followed by the Hopi from their villages to gather ceremonial salt and visit the place their ancestors emerged from the earth at Sipapu. I had been to the confluence on a river trip, and even hiked a little ways up the Little Colorado, but I had never been to the Sipapu, the source of the gloriously blue water that is found in the Little Colorado when it is not running in flood. I had wanted to see the Sipapu since the first time I read about it, and this was going to be my chance. We started off the rim into the Salt Trail Canyon, one of the steepest trails I have ever hiked. Actually it was a climb down the first section, picking a route among a boulder field in a steep talus slope. Many times we had to let ourselves down with hand and foot

**...the Salt Trail Canyon, one of the steepest trails I have ever hiked.**

holds. Reaching the bottom we followed the canyon on a well marked trail. I don't know how often this route has been used in recent years, but the Hopi had placed rock cairns along the way that I believe had been some sort of commemorative markers. The rocks were from a completely different area, brought in for the specific purpose of being placed in each cairn. Different types of rocks made up each one, and placed carefully as they are in a Moqui wall.

We followed the stream bed for a mile or two then came to a drop off that

**...came to a drop off that was at least a hundred feet down...**

was at least a hundred feet down with a plunge pool full of water at the base. It

must be quite a waterfall when the stream is running. From the top of the drop the trail followed a narrow ledge along the right side of the canyon wall. The ledge was a notch a couple of feet wide with an overhang four to five feet above. It wasn't level, but sloped out to the edge of a drop off. About half way across there was a break that would require a long step to get across. We studied this obstruction, wondering if we really wanted to go on. Several in our group were not sure and began looking for another way to get around, but without success. One of the group

**We studied this obstruction, wondering if we really wanted to go on.**

is a real acrophobe. I have seen him on his hands and knees crawling

along places that didn't seem too difficult to me. We gave the Wagoner keys to him in case he decided not to go any farther.

The first one to cross was Binachi, a short, wiry Italian, then O'Neill, a tall Irishman. They had no problems, so I went next. I had to crouch down with my face to the wall and step sideways to my left. In this position my backpack stuck above my head and shoulders so I had to be careful not to bump myself off balance as I took each step. The gap appeared to be two feet wide when I reached it, but fortunately there was a convenient hand hold on each side and I could step across without losing my balance. A few more shuffling steps and I had made it past the ledge and onto a wide portion of the trail. There was no doubt in my mind that I had just passed the "Nose Scraping Place."

*Continued, page 5 ...*

The acrophobe was still sitting on a rock on the other side when we started down the trail and around the corner. We didn't know what to expect, but we didn't want to pressure him, because he is otherwise a very "macho" man. We passed other rock cairns as the trail went down the canyon. We soon reached the stream bed again. To the left of us we saw two almost identical spires that stood away from the face of the cliff. Were these the "War Twins?" I've no doubt that they were. The canyon bottom widened and flattened out and we hiked along a sandy gravel trail and came to a place where many huge rounded boulders had rolled down from above, some even had faces on them that looked exactly like the "Mudhead Kachinas".

We eventually reached the Little Colorado River that rushed between steep talus slopes extending from the bank high up the canyon wall and ran full with muddy red water. However, down stream to our right, the river beat against a vertical wall. There was no way to get above the wall, but we could see the trail across the river and continuing down stream from where we stood. The water ran fast and looked cold, with a choppy surface, and to river-runners that meant the water wasn't very deep. As we looked and studied, wondering how difficult it would be to cross, and thinking of how many times we would have to cross it before we reached the Colorado our acrophobe friend suddenly appeared. When we asked him how he made it around the Nose Scraping Place, he just said, "with a lot of caution."

We decided to send the minoritie, Binachi and O'Neill,

across first. We all wore leather hiking boots, but brought tennis shoes to wear when crossing the river. They changed shoes and waded into the water and were soon up past their knees. Since no one had brought extra dry clothes, they turned around and stripped to the waist; from the shoe tops up. It was a funny sight to see the backpacks held up by a set of bare buns as they slowly picked their way across the rocky stream bed. Fortunately for them, this is probably the only hike I've ever been on that I didn't take a camera. After they reached the other side they shivered from the wet and cold.

As we reached the river the wind came up, the sky turned gray and it looked as though it might rain or snow. In order to stay on schedule we had to reach the confluence before dark, and it didn't look as though we could possibly make it. We decided to camp for the night where we were and head back out the next morning. The Italian and the Irishman were not too happy about having to come back across the river until they saw we had a nice warm fire on our side.

The rest of the day we spent telling hiking stories and trying to stay out of the wind that blew the fine silt from the beach onto and into everything. And some great hiking stories they were. Many of us had hiked together for several years and had stories to tell on each other, like the time we hiked down the South Kaibab and Les stumbled on a

rock and went headlong almost over the precipice. He got up, his hands, knees and chin bleeding and everyone said, "no cutting switch-backs, Les." Then the time we tried to see if we could drink

all the beer at Phantom Ranch. We made a valiant effort, but were not successful. On our way back to the camp ground we decided we could cross Bright Angel Creek at Phantom rather than go all the way down to the bridge and back to camp. We all fell in the creek and had to crawl the rest of the way, a cold sobering experience.

The next morning we hit the trail again and made it back to the car in early afternoon. Everything packed we drove back to Cedar Ridge and the highway. It was interesting to see the country we drove through in the dark the night before. At Lipan Point the wind was blowing a gale with a light snow falling. We transferred the gear from the Wagoneer and I can't remember ever being so cold before.

And that was not the end of my adventure. We arrived in Phoenix just at dark Friday evening. At home in Mesa I parked the car in the carport and let myself into the house. The door was locked and all was dark. I went to the bathroom, got a coke from the refrigerator. Then checked to see if Carol had gone to bed. She hadn't. Supposing everyone to be in the basement watching TV, I headed down stairs. Everything was dark there. As I reached the bottom step, a flash of lights and a bunch of people all armed with baseball bats greeted me. Carol and the kids weren't expecting me until Sunday night and when they heard someone walking around upstairs and flushing the toilet, they knew it must be an intruder.

I still have not seen the Sipapu.

**We all fell in the creek and had to crawl the rest of the way, a cold sobering experience.**

**...we had to reach the confluence before dark, and it didn't look as though we could possibly make it.**



## A TRIP TO SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM

By Bill Suran

Even though mother nature tried hard to keep us away from Prescott's **Sharlot Hall Museum** Saturday March 27, there were fifteen hardy members attending who braved snow, rain, sleet, fog and a strong cold wind that blew up Gurley Street like a whirling dervish. **Steve Verkamp, Bernice and Dave Nelson, Mary Ellen Hamilton, Eldon and Maxine Roth, Fred and Jeanne Shick, Marie Maiorana, Al Richmond, Jack Verkamp, Ron and Carol Werhan, Bill and Sibyl Suran** met at a nice warm restaurant called **Greens and Things** for a tasty lunch.

**Al Richmond**, as a railroad historian, briefed us on Prescott's favorite son, **Bucky O'Neill**. Bucky acted as mayor, sheriff and newspaper editor in the city near the end of the nineteenth century. He was a miner who staked claims south of Grand Canyon and in the canyon itself, and was instrumental in getting the railroad from Williams to Grand Canyon. Fate, and a bullet at San Juan Hill kept him from seeing the completion of this brainchild.

A few blocks farther south, we visited the **Sharlot Hall Museum**. Through the courtesy of the Museum we

were given a grand tour led by two knowledgeable docents, **George and Lucy Geib**, who guided us through the **Sharlot Hall building, the old Governors**

panorama of Arizona History through explanation of the well planned exhibits.

**Sharlot Hall** lived in Prescott during the early part of the 1900's and feared that Arizona History was being destroyed and carried away. She was the first woman to serve in the Arizona Territorial government as Territorial Historian. She collected artifacts from all over the area at her home at Orchard Ranch just outside of Dewey and through her efforts managed to save and preserve the original log Governor's mansion where she established the museum. **Sharlot Hall** was a writer and

poetess; she fought for more equality for women in the territory, and was a delegate from Arizona, presenting the electoral vote to the United States Senate to elect **Calvin Coolidge** President.

With all of her activities the museum at Prescott was her first love, and here she worked using her own resources to maintain and build the collection in now houses. **Sharlot Hall** died in 1943 leaving behind a legacy of Arizona history in the museum that bares her name.



**Mary Ellen Hamilton, Carol Furey Werhan and Al Richmond talk about Arizona history outside the Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott, Arizona**

Mansion, the **John C. Fremont House**, the **Transportation building** and the **William Bashford House** unfolding a



**Carol Fury-Werhan, Sibyl Suran, Eldon Roth, Fred and Jeannie Schick in the Transportation Building at the Sharlot Hall Museum.**

## B I T S      A N D      P I E C E S

*This is from a church paper:*

Lighten up, earthlings! Do not feel totally, personally irrevocably responsible for everything. That's my job. Signed God.

### NEW ADDITION TO GCPS COLLECTION AT NAU

The Society has been presented with another collection to place in the GCPS collection at Northern Arizona University's Cline Library. This is a collection of about 460 color slides of various areas in the Southwest taken during the 1940, 50, and 60's by Gladys Virginia Broderon. These slides were given to Gale Burak a number of years ago. They will make a valuable addition to our collection.

### NEW MEMBERS

Welcome to **Ronald L. and Linda Warren** who have joined our group. The Warrens, formerly of the Grand Canyon Airlines, now live in Las Vegas.

**Linda Howland** of Grand Canyon. Linda is a decendent of the Howlands who traveled down the Colorado River with John Wesley Powell.

**Dorothy A. House**, has joined our group. Dorothy is the librarian at the Museum of Northern Arizona and was a member of the GCPS several years ago and we welcome her back.

### THE SCHOLARSHIP FUND

The GCPS scholarship fund continues to grow. We have received contributions from **Gale Burak, John and Rosaline Turnbull, Roy and Marge Burris, Irene, Michael and Ann Ennis, Steve and Chris Verkamp, Mike and Nancy Gibson, Linda Howland and Harvey Butchart**. Our thanks to all of you.

### CORRECTIONS

We failed to note that the cartoon in the March 1993 Newsletter was the work of former Park Service Ranger **Jim Stiles** a few years ago. **Gale Burak** wrote to inform me that the article on the flood at Cottonwood Campground was not written by Glenn Fuller but was sent to her by him and was excerpted from a National Park Service publication.

We have been advised of two mistakes in our Membership Roster sent with the last Newsletter. Please make these corrections to your copy:

**Elizabeth Kent Meyer's** address is 5401 W. Dailey St. Apt. 3032, Glendale, AZ 85306-9972 and **Richard A. and Carol A. Naille's** address is 7950 N. Koch Field, Flagstaff, AZ 86004

### CHEYAVA FALLS

**Steve Verkamp** reported that Cheyava Falls is running at Grand Canyon and is visible with the naked eye from Yavapai Point. If you are not familiar with this phenomenon, Cheyava is the highest waterfall in the state of Arizona. The falls starts from a cave a thousand feet below the north rim and drops another thousand feet into Clear Creek Canyon. Cheyava was first noted in 1903 by William Beeson an employee of Ralph Cameron. While the falls runs the year around it is only visable from the south rim in the spring after the snow begins to melt on the north rim of Grand Canyon.

*We received the following letter from Ronald L. Warren that is of interest.*

Mar. 4, 1993

Dear Pioneers:

As some of you may have already heard, Linda and I will be leaving Grand Canyon Airlines as of the end of March of this year after thirteen years with the company. In some measure, the Pioneers Society had something to do with our decision.

Some years ago, GCA hosted one of the meetings and those attending were unfortunate enough to have to listen to me recount a bit of GCA's history. Afterwards, someone made the comment that I should put it in writing. The idea stuck in a little corner of my grey matter but could never quite escape from the day to day grind of running a business, particularly a growing business. Well, the time has come to see if I can "put it together" and turn an idea into reality. For the next year or so, I intend to dedicate my efforts to completing enough research to at least form the basis of a book on air touring at Grand Canyon and, perhaps, to get it published.

All of which brings me to a request

....  
If anyone has information regarding commercial flying around GC during WWII, I'd really appreciate hearing from you. I've got a black hole in my research starting about 1941 and running through 1948. I guess the war was on everyone's mind.

Since I am asking for help, I guess it would be proper to apply for a couple of membership for Linda and I and enclose our check for \$15. I'd like to be able to say we will make your meetings, but as you know, if you don't work for a business at the Canyon, you generally don't get to live at the Canyon.

As of April 1, 1993, our address will be: **Ronald L. and Linda Warren, 979 Bel Air Circle, Las Vegas, NV 89109 (702)369-2312**

## JOHN HANCE

*We have all heard the wild stories John Hance told during his time at the Grand Canyon, but here is one that seems to have slipped by that I have never heard before. The story was in Burton Holms' Travelogues Vol. 6 page 172, published in 1898. The book was from the library of Mary Ellen Hamilton.*

### THE STORY OF THE SILVER SALMON

Old John Hance says "One day I decided to go fishin' in the Colorado River down at the end of the trail. I tied my line to my left leg and settled down on the bank. Now tryin' to ketch a fish in that river can take a long time sometimes so I thought I would take myself a little snooze. Just after I dozed off a big fish took hold of my bate and jerked me off the bank afore I could git my wits about me. That fish towed me right out into the middle of the river and headed for the rapid downstream. I didn't mind the rapid or the rocks so much, but I was

afereed that when that dad-burned fish come to a deep whirlpool he'd settle down to rest in the quiet water at the bottom. I knowed that fishin' line of mine warn't long enough to let me stay on top and I'd be pulled down with him. That's just what he done, pullin' me down after him. Of course I didn't want to lose my line, so seein' thar was no other way, I climbed down that line hand over hand 'til I reached Mr Salmon, then I whips out my knife, cuts off the line right by his mouth and givin' him a big kick right square in the face, then I swum



**NOTE:** The outing to "Two Guns" that was scheduled for April 24 was postponed until May 8th; hope you all received that notice and hope to see you on the 8th!

### Happy 86th Birthday, Harvey Butchart!!

The Grand Canyon National Park is hosting a luncheon for Dr. J. Harvey Butchart on his 86th birthday, May 10, 1993, at the El Tovar Hotel. Following the luncheon will be an open house reception from 1:30 to 3:30 at the National History Association Conference Room (old park hospital).

Best wishes, Harvey, from all of us in G. C. P. S. and many returns of the day!

### 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.

Grand Canyon Pioneers Society

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