

### A TRIP TO SHOSHONE

Members of the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society spent a wonderful afternoon at Shoshone Point at Grand Canyon June 12. For a change there was no wind, rain, dust or snow, just a nice cool breeze to invigorate us as we gathered around the grilles and cooked whatever meat we brought. As usual enough food to feed an army of starving Armenians loaded down the table and of course there was little left but crumbs by the time thirty hungry people finished heaping their plates. It was gratifying to have so many members gathered at the canyon rim to enjoy the fun and fel-

lowship. Among those members present were **Jim and Viola Shirley, Fred and Jeanne Schick, Eldon and Maxine Roth, Marie Maiorana, Harvey and Roma Butchart, Jack and Chris Greening, Edwin and Ruth Druding, Linda Wade, Bill and Sibyl Suran, Harry and Ethel Cole, Laura Cole, Steve and Chris Verkamp, Ron and Carol Werhan, Charlie and Ilene Bongo.** We were glad to have **Brian Wade**, visiting from King Salmon, Alaska, **Richard and Barbara Carrington, Tiffany Marlow** from San Francisco and **Robyn Doe** of Flagstaff, join us. Anyone who has attended any

of our outings knows there is seldom a serious moment when we are together, and the gathering Saturday was no exception. **Jack Greening** brought a collection of old photographs taken at the Canyon. And Ron and Carol Werhan showed us the mockup copy of Betty Verkamp's thesis on history of Grand Canyon. The preparation of this has been their project for some time. The Society plans to publish this work in the near future. To make everything legal we had to conduct a bit of business so those members present agreed it would be a good project to



The Grand Canyon Pioneers at Shoshone Point, G.C. Left to right: Seated-Bria Wade. Front row:: Ro Werhan, Steve Verkamp, Chris Verkamp, Carol Furey-Werhan, Tiffany Marlow, Jeanne Schick, Harry Cole, Sibyl Suran, Ruth Druding. Back row: Viola Shirley, Jim Shirley, Barbara Carrington, Chris Greening, Marie Maiorana, Linda Wade, Ethel Cole, Laura Cole, Fred Schick and Edwin Druding.

proceed with preparing an Art Show for public display to benefit the scholarship fund. Marie Maiorana, Linda Wade, and Diane Van Cleave are forming a committee to get things started on this. If you have any expertise to offer give Marie a call; these things take time and we will keep everyone posted on future developments. Tentatively this will be in the summer of '94.

Before the group broke up everyone lined up along the Canyon rim for a picture. Those in the front row displayed posters with big black letters reading PIONEERS. It was one of those photo shots where we asked those on the back row to take one step farther back, but they were contrary and no one did. One by one members said good bye and left with an order to repeat the outing next year.



Harvey Butchart and Jim Shirley talk about old times.



Ethel Cole shows Jeanne Schick and Carol Furey-Werhan pictures of her new grandchild.

#### A GREAT NEW IDEA

Marie came up with a good idea a few weeks ago and suggested we keep a scrapbook and photo album of our trips and meetings. She even went so far as to furnish us with a nice big scrapbook to use for the purpose.

Now all we need is photographs or what ever to put in it. If you have anything you would like to contribute we will be glad to accept it.



The Pioneers find a shady spot to visit and wait for lunch.



## Elden Pueblo

by Sibyl Suran

A small but enthusiastic group of Grand Canyon Pioneers showed up at the east side McDonald's parking lot on the morning of May 22, 1993, ready and anxious to begin a search for knowledge. **Marie Maiorana, Carol Furey-Werhan, Ron Werhan, Fred & Jeanne Schick, Ethel & Harry Cole, Ruth & Edwin Druding, and Bill & Sibyl Suran** made up a caravan and headed north on Highway 89 toward our first stop, Elden Pueblo, an archeological site now in the process of being excavated.

The entire group agreed the day for an outing was superb as there was no wind blowing sand in our eyes, no rain or snow. Then suddenly we were enveloped in a cloud of blowing dust. Looking around we discovered the culprit to be coming from a man dumping a bucket of dirt through a large screen sieve. Moving out of line of fire we asked him about leading us around the site. He set down the bucket and gathered the few Grand Canyon Pioneers to the side of a rock-enclosed cleared spot and began to explain the reason for all the digging and screening.

**Bill Aten**, a weekend volunteer training to be a field technician at this Forest Service site on the east edge of Flagstaff, became our guide for the morning. He, his wife and his sister were all happily working away with a handful of others, moving dirt and gravel which have covered the area over the hundreds of years since the Sinagua Indians abandoned the village.

And how are they moving all this dirt? With a backhoe, shovel, pick, or crowbar? No... with a small trowel, whiskbroom and dustpan! No kid-

ding. I watched a teen-aged boy carefully whisk away some dirt covering a small potsherd, then dig gently with the trowel and lift it out and place it in a pile with similar pieces. Brushing the dirt he disturbed into a dustpan, that in turn he placed into a bucket to be poured over a screen to separate any small potsherds or other artifacts that he possibly overlooked. The operation of excavating is a slow tedious task, but from the meticulous work archeologists are able to piece together the story of how these people lived centuries before the white man invaded their lands.

Had the young men I watched uncovered a burial site or anything that could have been a ceremonial object



he would have stopped his work; leaving it intact until an elder of the Hopi Indians could inspect it, for this is an ancient Hopi gathering place that dates back possibly to 800 AD.

A portion of the ancient village was first excavated by an early archeologist by the name of **Jesse Fewkes** from the Smithsonian Institute. The current work began in 1977 under the supervision of **Peter Pilles**, Archeologist for the U. S. Forest Service, and has continued during the spring,

summer and autumn months with work being done by NAU students and Forest Service personnel with the sometime help of volunteers from all over the country.

First the area is surveyed and laid off in grids of one meter by two meters. Digging is begun working a long row of one-meter widths, skipping one width, and working another until a rock enclosure marking a living, storage, or ceremonial site begins to show up. The area is cleared down to a clay base, exposing the rock walls of these surprisingly large rooms. Dating has been done from finds of Jedito, late Angel brown, Flagstaff black and white, and Walnut pottery which indicate continuous occupation from approximately 1066 to 1250 AD.

Mr. Aten would not make a guess as to the extent of this site, but he said a portion of the area was traded in 1943 for land in Texas and that the RV and mobile home park to the west covered part of it. If you are looking for a good hobby this would be a likely place to

start. Apply at the nearby Forest Service office just off Route 89 on the east side of town.

From Elden we drove north to Sunset Crater National Monument. And of course as soon as we sighted picnic tables we were immediately assaulted by an irresistible hunger. That sated, we entered the Visitors Center to see our recent earth-shaking tremors recorded on tape from the seismograph.

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Our next stop was beside the lava flow still appearing recent after 900 years. We attempted to get Harry Cole to volunteer to walk barefoot on the sharp black projectiles, but for some reason he refused. From there we drove to the cinder hills overlook where some of us attempted to photograph the painted desert showing in the distance. We visited the Visitor's Center at Wupatki and walked to the overlook of the ruin behind that building. Our president, Marie voiced a desire to get a picture of the San Francisco Peaks with a ruin in the foreground so we continued our

drive. Her interest satisfied, we held a conference and had 100 percent agreement that it was approaching time to eat again. So, onward, brave Pioneers to Cameron for mini Navajo tacos! As usual, the tour was fun. Contrary to Alexander Pope's opinion that "a little learning is a dangerous thing" we don't think the smattering we got will harm us.



Measurements are taken and recorded of the little horses before they are lifted out of the box canyon where they have lived for over a hundred years.

## THE LITTLE HORSES

by Bill Suran

Back when I was a boy--- and that was a long time ago--- it was always a delight in the summer when the carnival came to town. How well I remember the smell of pop corn, cotton candy, hotdogs and hamburgers cooking, the merry-go-round, the side shows and the chance to win a prize by throwing a ball at a plaster milk bottle or pitching pennies onto a board marked off in squares. One thing that comes to mind about those carnies was the time I stood in front of the sideshow tent and listened to the barker extoll the greatness of the Little Horses of Grand Canyon. "See this greatest marvel from the wild west," he called out through his megaphone.

Some said these animals were descended from the original mesohippus of prehistoric times that had not changed over the thousands of years of evolution. Others felt the whole thing to be a farce. Regardless, the stories of the "Little horses" seemed to persist.

According to the tale old Uncle Jim Owen's---the old time lion hunter who lived on the North rim of Grand Canyon---related, the horses lived in a box canyon not far from the Supai reservation. His story goes that in the early days some Indians in southern

Utah were driven from their homes by the white settlers, and seeking safety they headed into the Canyon. Riding their horses down the trails and into a box canyon they found a quiet pool of water and enough deer to sustain them. The secluded canyon offered them a place to live quietly without fear. Here the Indians remained for a couple of years.

Feeling it would be safe to return to their home in Utah they left their horses and returned home with the idea of returning for their horses later. That winter the snowfall was exceptionally heavy, and when they returned to the Canyon in the spring they found the extremely cold weather and the snow had created a rock slide that destroyed the narrow trail---the only access to the canyon---leaving only a sheer rock wall. With no way to reach their animals they turned back. Over the next hundred years the horses multiplied and each generation was smaller in size.

Like all stories this one grew with each telling, and each person that heard the tale wondered if it was true. Jack Tooker became intrigued by the tale and set out to explore the area and see if he could prove once and for all if little horses actually existed. He

found what he looked for: the trail and the sheer wall that blocked his passage.

Using a rope he let himself down to the floor of the canyon and located the pool of water Uncle Jim Owen mentioned. Near by, he found tiny hoof tracks. Hiding downwind Tooker waited. . . knowing the animals would eventually come for water. . . seven of the little animals awarded his patience. Two of them were not much larger than dogs.

Once more the skeptical public disbelieved that such miniature horses lived. In December 1937 the National Park Service made an investigation of the canyon to determine the facts and on January 22 they found the horses captured some of them and managed to measure them. The official report settled the question of the Little Horses existing.

After this the little animals began to appear in side shows as attractions. Once brought out of the canyon where they existed for over one hundred years on the sparse vegetation of cactus and a few pine needles, the horses regained their natural size and the little horses of Grand Canyon ceased to exist.

## THE GRAND CANYON PIONEER CEMETERY

by Dick Brown

In the early days, there was a little cemetery hidden in the forest east of the El Tovar Hotel, near the canyon rim. Shadowed by sentinels of ponderosa pine, the place came to be known as Grand Canyon Pioneer Cemetery. Today it can be found among the same pines immediately west of the Shrine of Ages Chapel, adjacent to the Park Visitors Center.

Before being officially sanctioned by the federal government, and just before the Grand Canyon attained national park status, the venerable John Hance was interred in the cemetery. At that time, there were but a few unmarked graves scattered beneath the pines. The wind carried a chill that day in early January 1919 when canyon residents gathered for the grave side ceremony to say farewell to their ornery old friend. A month or so later, President Wilson signed legislation creating Grand Canyon National Park. In early March of the same year Ralph Berry, the only son of canyon pioneer Pete Berry, died of influenza and was buried near John Hance. The two new graves were soon joined by a third, thus establishing the formal beginnings of the Grand Canyon Pioneer Cemetery.

In late November 1923, Park Superintendent W.W. Crosby reported to Pete Berry that his staff had completed some work on the cemetery, including the hauling of some gravestones to Ralph Berry's plot. Although the cemetery contained less than a dozen graves, it was now officially recognized and maintained by the park. When William Bass' daughter died unexpectedly in September 1924 following complications from surgery, she too was buried at the cemetery. By the time Edith Bass Lauzon was interred, the inner core of the cemetery exhibited some semblance of order and reverence. The National Park Service seemed to be conceding that the canyon pioneers and their

families needed and deserved an honorable resting place near the Canyon they so dearly loved. The Pioneer Cemetery was there to stay and in time other rim side graves would be relocated to this sacred place among the pines.

The John L. Ivens Post of the American Legion constructed the rustic stone gateway for the cemetery and dedicated it on Memorial Day in 1928. Since then, the Post has performed periodic caretaking functions in cooperation with the National Park Service. Pete Berry's wife, Martha, passed away in January 1931 and was buried next to her stepson. Pete Berry, a canyon resident for nearly half a century, died in September 1932 and was interred in the Berry family plot. Twenty years later the Cameron family plot was established next to the Berrys, and Pete's longtime friend, Ralph Cameron, was laid to rest, bringing the two pioneers together again near the brink of the Canyon which had consumed so much of their lives.

In the mid-thirties, the Civilian Conservation Corps made improvements to the Grand Canyon Pioneers Cemetery. The loop road was planned so as to encompass general use blocks 1 through 6 of the partially occupied central part of the Cemetery. Block 7 was designated as Catholic while block 8 was set aside for general use. Block 9 was reserved for veterans. Block 10 was allocated for indigent and block 11 was designated as Masonic. A pole fence was constructed around the perimeter. At the request of Park Superintendent M.R. Tillotson and Senator Henry Ashurst, a grave and headstone were prepared for Henry's father, one of the Canyon's earliest pioneers. William Ashurst had done much in opening the Canyon for others, but lost his life in a rock slide in 1901. The remains of William Ashurst were relo-

cated from a grave near the head of Bright Angel Trail and given a final resting place in block 2 by the National Park Service.

Today the cemetery holds 305 plots, most being suitable for two burials. Occupants include Canyon pioneers, war veterans, Havasupai Indians, and employees of the Santa Fe Railway, the Fred Harvey Company, The U.S. Forest Service and the National Park Service. Ten plots have been reserved. There are many unmarked graves, and some have been lost in obscurity. Information on some interments in block 6,7, and 10 is missing so the identities of several time-ravaged graves remain unknown. The cemetery has reached 55 percent of its current capacity. Burials are limited to bona fide NPS employees and their immediate families, employees of government concessions operating in Grand Canyon National Park and former residents of three years or greater and their families. Exceptions can be made by the Park Superintendent for persons whose work contributed significantly to the development of Grand Canyon National Park or to the public knowledge, understanding or appreciation of its resources.

With the heavy snowload of the past winter and the recent series of earthquakes at the Canyon, several graves of our canyon pioneers have sunk an inch or two. Could it be that some of the old timers are trying to get our attention?



## JULY MEETING

### WANT TO PLAY TOURIST?

With all the entertainment and travel we have locally, the Pioneers don't want to lag behind, so on July 17 we too will join the ranks of camera-toting, shorts-clad visitors. As tourists we will need to carry some cash as everything costs money.

So, with that in mind we will meet for lunch at 11:30 AM at Furr's Cafeteria on Milton Road in Flagstaff all set to act as though this is a strange town and we are viewing the "sights". At 1 PM we will cross Riordan Ranch Road back of the cafeteria and spend about 45 minutes on a guided tour through the Riordan Mansion at the cost of \$3 each.

At 2:15 PM we are scheduled to be shown through the Pioneer Museum located on Rt. 180. From there we can walk to the Coconino Center for the Arts which will be showing the Festival of Native Artists. Next door we can visit the Art Barn with an artist in residence. Neither place charges admittance but both ask for donations.

If you have never "done" the local scene you will be surprised at what you have missed. So this is your opportunity for a "mini-vacation". We think you will enjoy it.

### AN ARIZONA SUMMER

Submitted by Gene Wendt  
( Author unknown)

The devil wanted a place on earth  
Sort of a summer home,  
A place to spend his vacation  
Whenever he wanted to roam.

So he picked out Arizona  
A place both wretched and rough  
Where the climate was to his liking  
And cowboys hardened and tough.

He dried up the lakes in the valleys  
Then burned and scorched it all,  
He dried up the streams in the  
canyons  
And ordered no rain to fall.

Then over this barren desert  
He transplanted shrubs from hell.  
The cactus, thistle and prickly pear  
The climate suited them well.

Now the home was much to his liking  
But the animal life he had none.  
So he created crawling creatures  
That all mankind would shun.

First he made the rattlesnake  
With its forked poisonous tongue.

Taught it to strike and rattle  
And how to swallow its young.

Then he made scorpions and lizards  
And the ugly horned toad.  
And he placed spiders of every  
description  
Under the rocks by the side of the  
road.

Then he ordered the sun to shine  
hotter,  
Hotter and hotter still,  
Until even the cactus wilted  
And the horned toad looked ill.

Then he gazed on his earthly  
kingdom  
As any creator would.  
He chuckled a little up his sleeve  
And admitted it was good.

It was summer now; and Satan  
Lay by a prickly pear to rest.  
The sweat rolled off his swarthy brow  
So he took off his coat and vest.

"By golly," he finally panted,  
I did my job well.  
I'm going back to where I came from,  
Arizona is hotter than Hell.

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All comments, submissions and suggestions are welcomed at the address below.  
Membership, including newsletter subscription, is \$10 individual and \$15 family annually.

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