

A Trip To The Library

I guess most people when confronted with the announcement that the Grand Canyon Pioneers would make a tour of the Special Collections Department of NAU's Cline

Library figured it would be a mundane experience of walking through stacks of old books and being shown the usual little drawers containing

thousands of cards identifying authors, titles and subjects. Gee! How boring can you get? Then to make matters worse waking up on Saturday morning March 26, and discovering the ground covered with six inches of snow and still snowing you said, "Ah to heck with it," and turned over and went back to sleep. Marie Maiorana, Al Richmond, Mike Gibson, Bill Suran and Mary Ellen Hamilton with her two guests, John and Bridget Claypool, felt it might be worth their while and trudged through the snow to NAU where they were introduced to some amazing wonders.

Karen Underhill, director of the Special Collections Division, in a well planned and organized way led us through a tour of the facilities, first explaining how the new computer technology has made research easier not only in the NAU library but throughout the world. Why,

would you believe that in a very short time you will be able to push a button and view photographs on a computer screen that are almost as good quality as the original housed

in a collection in a library in London?

I have always preached that we keep too many things at home in a shoe box that are of historical value, using the excuse that who would ever want to use

this junk anyway? Maybe the kids will want these pictures of Aunt Mary . . . and the kids could care less. Then the time comes when the house burns down, or you pass away and the shoe box of stuff is thrown in the trash-- perhaps a key point in history is destroyed. Aunt Mary

unknowingly made a statement in a letter that could answer a question some scholar is searching for. Then you think, suppose the library burns down like the one at

Grand Canyon did recently. The stuff I have saved in the shoe box will be destroyed anyway. Not so at NAU.

Karen took us through the lab area where we watched Heather Bell working at preserving some of Flagstaff's 100 year old newspapers. These would be beyond reading soon, but with the modern equipment and techniques used in the lab they will be preserved for years to come. The Lab is one of three in the Southwest that has the equipment to do this preservation.

As for Aunt Mary's letters and pictures-- they are given the same care and stored in acid free containers in a climate controlled storage room where the temperature and the humidity is maintained at a constant level. In case of fire the room fills with a gas that removes all the oxygen preventing the documents and books from burning and saves them from the dreaded water damage that would do as much harm as the fire itself.

Our tour closed in the reading room where Karen brought out the

Metzger collection for us to browse through. John and Bridget were ecstatic over what they found. Bridget is a niece of Art

Metzger and was familiar with many of the pictures. On leaving her comments were: "I've got to come back and spend more time and bring my mother."



Heather Bell at work on 100 year old Flagstaff newspapers.



Karen Underhill explains the computer search.

Secretary Sibyl's Soapbox

I have been amazed lately at the interest in the Grand Canyon Pioneer Society. In fact, just for this month we are sending out an even dozen more newsletters than we did last month! Surprised? Don't be. People are really interested in us, what we do, our aims, our publications, our newsletters, our fun get-togethers, the personal history our members submit in letters, and the hikes in the Canyon.

We are unique! There isn't another Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in the world. Consequently there is no club as closely con-

nected with this well-known scenic phenomenon as we. And no other people have the close knowledge and interest of its history. After all, some of us were born there! And most of us worked there at one time.

Now, I'm sure you already know I am leading up to something. Not asking for money this time either. But, when anyone you meet shows interest in Grand Canyon Pioneers, get their name and address and send it to me, either at the Pioneer post office box (Box 2372, Flagstaff, 86003, or at my home at 386 Owl Place, Kachina Vil-

lage, Flagstaff, 86001). Or if you don't have a stamp handy, call 602-525-1863.

That's all there is to it! I will do the rest, which is - write them a personal letter, send a newsletter and brochure, and invite them to join us. Pretty easy, huh? Thanks much.

Sibyl



A Visit to Wrong Mountain

by Bill Suran

It was eighteen degrees above zero Wednesday morning when Sibyl and I left Flagstaff and headed south on Interstate 17 for Tucson. Oh, how good it would feel to get down out of the snow and cold we thought. Both of us hoped we could get the old Mercury we drive out of the circle that was a solid sheet of ice.

I had business to attend to in Tucson and at the same time we wanted to have a visit with Frank and Ina Wilson, Sibyl's brother and his wife, who live there, and with Gene and Marvel Wendt at the Wrong Mountain Wildlife Preserve, a visit that was an enjoyable experience we will remember for a long time.

The Wendts picked the four of us up at 2:00 PM Friday and headed east. First we drove on the interstate, then turned onto a paved county road that reminded us of a roller coaster with dips and rises following in rapid succession. Gene then turned off the paved route and traveled over a graveled road into the cactus and mesquite covered desert. He drove a course that wound around and up and down for about two miles and came to an abrupt halt at a gate. A short distance farther along another gate blocked our way. Then up a slight

incline. Here we got our first view of Gene and Marvel's home---the headquarters for the Wrong Mountain Wildlife Preserve, and what a view it was.

Gene explained the mountain received its name back during the days when the U.S. Government made a survey of the area. It seemed the men were instructed to climb Rincon Peak and set up their equipment. They hiked out, possibly following animal trails or making a trail of their own when necessary. Late in the evening they arrived at the top ready to begin work. Much to their surprise the following day the head of the survey crew arrived. He was not too happy. With disgust he exclaimed in a loud voice, "You stupid idiots there is Rincon peak over there---you climbed the wrong mountain." So it was the name Wrong Mountain stuck.

The Wendt home is constructed of concrete block with windows on the west side that look out across the valley high above the city of Tucson. On the east a large picture window views the mountains. Here is a bird feeder and water supply for their wildlife. We watched various birds, some of which we had never seen before, help themselves to the seed Gene generously

supplied. Chipmunks also made themselves at home and filled their cheeks with grain before they scurried away.

We were not privileged to see Gene's coyote or the deer the Wendts say sometimes come close to the house. Nor did we get a chance to meet Ole Broken Tail, the rattlesnake that lives down by the garage.

Being the good hostess she is, Marvel brewed up a big pot of coffee and we all sat around the dining room table looking out over the valley while we visited and indulged in some delicious homemade cookies.

It seems that when you are with such good company in pleasant surroundings time runs out before you are ready for it and we had to head back to Tucson. Before leaving the Preserve, mother nature had to show off a bit. She painted the western sky with one of the most beautiful sunsets we had ever seen. All in all the place kind of made you want to just stay there and never come back to civilization. I sort of wished it was I who that lived there on that mountain looking out over the valley miles away from the noise and fast living of town below.

The Dedication of Grand Grand Canyon National Park

Adapted from an article in the June 1920 Santa Fe Magazine

The formal dedication of the Grand Canyon as a national park took place on April 30, 1920, before a large assemblage of interested visitors and ended a forty year fight to acquire the area for a peoples playground. A two mile pilgrimage from in front of El Tovar Hotel to the Powell monument by 250 canyon visitors began the ceremonies. Here a group of Hopi Indians arrayed in serapes, buckskin, chintz and battle feathers and visiting members of the Brooklyn Eagles lined the cliff edges around the alter-like sandstone stairway that commemorated John Wesley Powell, the great explorer, who twice risked the lives of his men and himself to explore the treacherous Colorado River.

Stephen W. Mather, director of the National Park Service substituted for Frederick Dellenbaugh, a member of Powell's second trip in 1872, who originally was to preside over the ceremonies, and introduced Col. H. C. Rizer of the Geological Survey as the first speaker. Rizer told the story of Powell's struggles to accomplish the feats of traversing the Grand Canyon.

"He was a man just a bit ahead of every other man in his day in finding what people should have," he said. Rizer continued by announcing to the public Congress' appropriation of \$5,000 twelve years before for the construction of the great monument on which they

stood. "And it is only lately that Mr. Mather has succeeded in completing it by obtaining donations from patriotic private citizens."

Supervisor Frank C. Pooler told of the long struggle of the forestry bureau to secure land titles within the 600,000 acre reserve. Mr. C. D. Mahaffie, representing the Secretary of the Interior, then gave some history of how President Ben Harrison had tried to create the park in 1886 and how Senator Ashurst of Arizona succeeded in having Congress pass the bill only a couple of years ago.

"The canyon is common property of all the people of the nation, where God has opened wide a place to make plain the process by

of the canyon by Gardennas of the Coronado expedition in 1540, and of later visits by Franciscan fathers, such as Garces who later suffered martyrdom for his efforts on behalf of the people of the wild land.

The program ended with a tribute given by George Warton James of Pasadena commemorating those men who had conquered the land: to the early padres who offered their lives, and to such men as Powell, who had dared so much for the enlightenment of the world.

The dedication ceremony continued during the evening in the lobby of El Tovar Hotel with speeches by Mr. Mather, Governor T.E. Campbell and State Historian, James M. McCormick. A closing

address by Hopi Chief, Sacahuku, in his native tongue with interpretation, welcomed the paleface to his domain. He later directed a number of Indian campfire dances symbolic of peace and good will in a special ceremonial to mark the dedication of the park. The

invitation was accepted on behalf of the paleface population of the country by Governor Campbell and Stephen Mather.

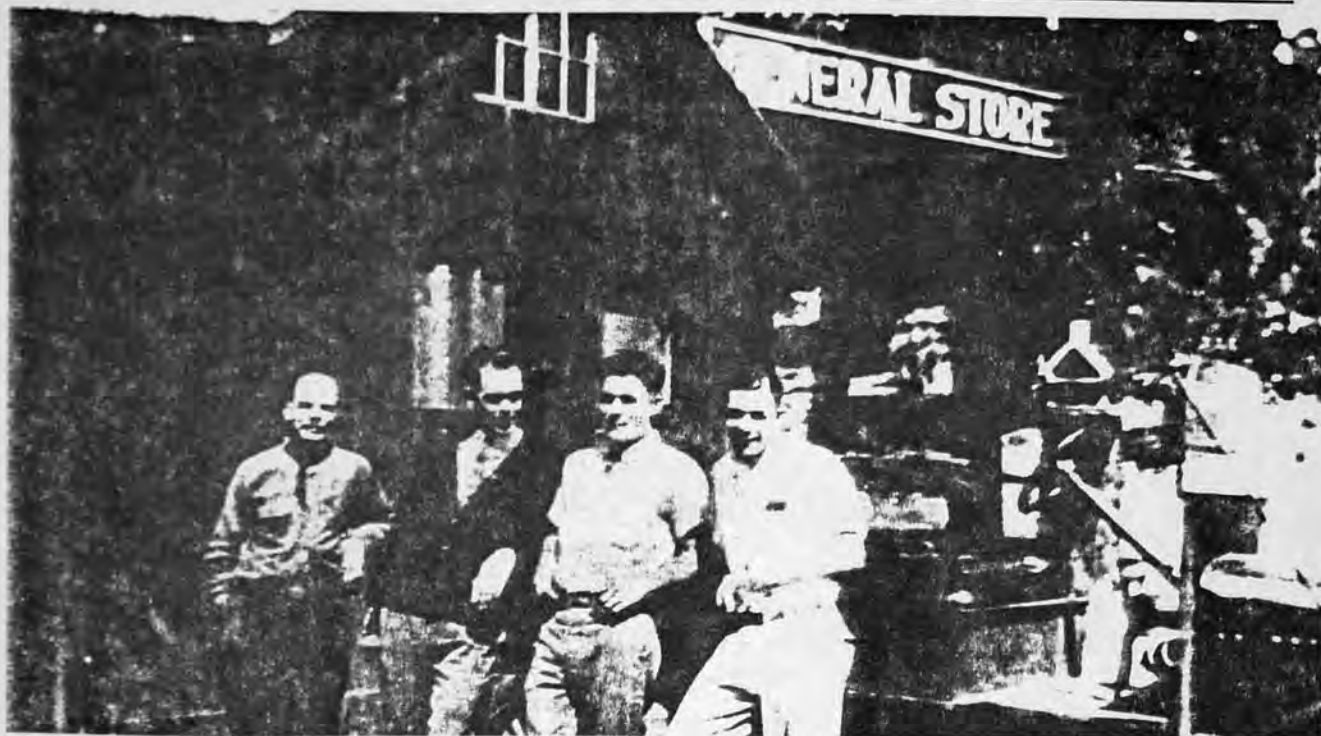


Photo courtesy GCNP #9609

The Powell Memorial at Grand Canyon

which the world had been created," former Congressman Edward M. Bassett said as he stood before the plaque on the face of the monument listing the names of the Powell expedition. Mather then introduced Rev. Cyprienne Vadre of Flagstaff who told of the discovery

B i t s a n d P i e c e s



Roy Burris sends this photo that is of interest to the old timers of the Grand Canyon. The photograph taken ca. 1923 shows from left to right: Mr. Shirley, Roy Burris, O'Brian, and Joe Shirley in front of the old Babbitts store at Grand Canyon. Thanks Roy.

Take A Hike?

Jim Ohlman writes that he is looking for hiking partners interested in making some Canyon hikes with him. One is an overnight trip that he has park permits to make over the weekend May 14th and 15th A camp at Horn Creek with a climb of Dana Butte and possibly the Battleship.

He has permits for a second trip on June 8 -13 [the trips will not necessarily take this full time] for Lava Canyon to Walahall Glades via the "high" route over the Lava-Unkar and Unkar-Vishnu saddles. Jim is full of plans that sound intriguing. If anyone is interested drop him a line. His address is: Jim Ohlman, P.O. Box 1451, Kayenta, AZ. 86033.

Welcome New Members

Our group continues to grow and we welcome **Jeff Koch** of

Flagstaff, **Robert L. McPherson** from Black Canyon City, Arizona.

GCPS Scholarship Fund.

Our thanks to **Irene Ennis**, and **Bernice Meadows** for there gift to our Scholarship fund.

At The Canyon

Special Memorial Day weekend Reunion party at Grand Canyon to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the Park. Come and see old friends and meet new ones.

There will be a cookout (hamburgers/hot dogs) Saturday evening followed by an old fashioned street dance. Sunday morning there will be a pancake breakfast. Other activities are planned that will be of interest on both days. The reunion registration fee is ---1 person \$10. 2-3 persons \$15 (rooms not included). Please mail your check to Grand Canyon Reunion c/o Albright EDC, P.O. Box 477

Grand Canyon, AZ 86023 Reservations must be in by **May 1**.

Hope to see you there.

An Invitation From the Grand Canyon Field Institute

Members of the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society are invited to attend a class taught by **Mike Anderson** entitled, The History of the Grand Canyon: From 1540 to the Present.

This class is about the people behind the events of the Canyon History, who by force of personality shaped the history of the area. The Canyon has been a home to Indians, a barrier to travel and exploration, an enticement for prospectors, and mecca for tourists. Put yourself in the place of these early inhabitants and travelers, and imagine what the canyon was like to them. We will
...continued on next page bottom.

A November Visit To The Paracamp.

by John S. Azar

On June 20, 1944, the three airmen of a B-24 bomber after being ordered by their pilot to bail out at 12,000 feet above sea level just west of Prescott, Arizona, were blown by strong winds northward into the Grand Canyon. It was after midnight, cold and dark, when they landed near the vicinity of Tuna Creek. Second Lt. Charles Goldblum's parachute snagged on the Tapeats Sandstone cliffs above the flood-swollen Colorado River, suspending the bombardier in midair. He hung there until the first light of dawn, when he was able to climb up the shroud lines of his chute to join his comrades on the benchlands of the Tonto Plateau above. It would be 10 days before the three men would finally be rescued.

In May of 1993 Jim Ohlman and myself met at Harvey Butchart's birthday celebration at South Rim Village and discussed the plight of three members of the B-24 flight crew, and decided to visit the Grand Canyon Parachutist's Camp (Paracamp). We agreed to enter the Canyon down a route near Point Sublime which I had used in 1991 when first visiting the site. Then after spending a few days exploring the general area of Tuna Creek, we would exit the Canyon by way of Grama Point, the route that A. A. McRae and E. Lawes, the rescuers, used to evacuate the airmen on June 30, 1944. Jim had come up this route with Harvey Butchart in the late 1970s.

With a longtime hiking buddy of mine, William "Billy" Driscoll, we learn in a mixture of classroom time and walking tours at the South Rim. Join us for this fascinating look back.

Mike Anderson is a doctoral student at ASU and has written

donned our backpacks on November 10, 1993 and left Jim's Isuzu Trooper parked around the bend in the road near Point Sublime. At this time there was no snow on the ground of the Kaibab Plateau. Six days later we watched with concern from within the Canyon as the dark clouds obscured the rim from view, knowing that it was snow, not rain. When climbing up to Grama Point on the snow-covered cliffs of Coconino Sandstone, Toroweap, and Kaibab Limestone, we might have guessed that it was the heaviest November snowfall in recorded history. More snow had fallen on the Kaibab Plateau than we were equipped to deal with.

We slipped and slid in Jim's Trooper for twenty miles, but at 8800 feet we bogged down to a halt. On the high road between Tipover and Browns Canyons we were obliged to set-up a winter camp. After an uncomfortable night sleeping (?) in the vehicle with our packs, we decided to build a "poor man's igloo", better known as a "Quin-zhee". A Quin-zhee is built by shoveling a big pile of snow, tamping the pile and then digging out the room. The entry door is carved lower than the sleeping loft so that the coldest air settles down and out. A standard rule-of-thumb holds that the temperature inside a snow structure will be 25 degrees warmer than the ambient outside air temperature. By cooking the evening meal inside and burning a couple of candle lanterns, a Quin-zhee can be quite comfortable. Fortunately, we had left extra fuel and food in the vehicle.

numerous papers on the pioneer histories of Arizona. He is currently writing a book on Grand Canyon Pioneers for the Grand Canyon Natural History Asso.

On the morning of the second full day in the camp, we were preparing to abandon the vehicle and "fence-pole" our way eight miles to VT Ranch. We were surprised to look up and see the N.P.S. helicopter circling in the sky above us. It was sure a welcome sight! The snow was too soft for the pilot, Jerry Bonner, to set the copter down, so Rangers Nick Herring and Jeff Kracht lowered themselves down with ropes from the hovering craft some one-quarter mile from our camp. While Jerry took the copter to the south rim for refueling, the rest of us stayed warm by "stomping out" a helipad. It was not long before Jerry was back and could land.

On the way to the North Rim Ranger Station, the views of the snow-clad forests were breathtaking. Upon landing at the station heliport, Ranger Judy Bartzatt greeted us warmly. She had already arranged a ride for us to Jacob's Lake where Billy and I had first connected with Jim and had left my truck. Jim stayed behind at VT Ranch to arrange for a snowcat to retrieve his vehicle.

All in all it was a happy ending to what could have become a serious predicament for the three of us. Hiking from our camp to VT Ranch would likely have spanned two days and surely have taken its toll. Many thanks to the Search and Rescue team for sparing the three of us the opportunity of finding out how much.

The classes will be held May 29-30, August 13-14, October 15-16. The fee \$95. For more information write GCFI, P.O. Box 399, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023; or call 602-638-2485. Fax number 602-638-2484.

The Bridge of Sighs

by Robert Dawson

Ellsworth Kolb mentions in his book, *Through The Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico* ". . . Then came a gloomy, prison-like formation, with a 'Bridge of Sighs' two hundred feet above a gulch, connecting the dungeon to the perpendicular wall beyond; and a hundred cave-like openings in its sheer sides like small windows, admitting a little daylight into its dark interior. . . ." In this Ellsworth refers to the Bridge Of Sighs in Venice, Italy, that prisoners passed under in route from the dungeon to the ducal palace to be tried.

Robert Dawson wrote the following article on Ellsworth's Bridge in Grand Canyon on August 11, 1987 and presented it to Harvey Butchart. (Editor)

For at least 4000 years, Indians have hiked in the Grand Canyon, and they continue to do so today. Their efforts to get from rim to river, were, and are, limited largely by the scarcity of breaks in the Coconino sandstone and redwall limestone. While little is known of the routes used by Desert Culture people thousands of years ago, there is an abundance of evidence of routes used by another group circa 1100 AD.

This Indian culture usually referred to as the Anasazi, but more appropriately, the Hi sat se nom, left a legacy of rim-to-river routes which are being rediscovered as modern explorers probe more and more of the Canyon's secrets. Since the Hopi Indians of today are the direct descendants of the Hi sat se nom (our people who lived here long ago), it is distressing to them to continually hear others use the Navajo term, Anasazi (the old ones who used to live here--but not anymore). This is

a subtle, but rather important difference.

Judging from the large number, and often precipitous prehistoric trails in the Canyon, it seems likely that few possible routes went undiscovered. Why rim-to-river travel was undertaken, and to what extent, must be determined on scant evidence.

There is evidence that some agriculture occurred at Nankoweap and Unkar beach areas. Granaries and mesquite pits are found throughout the Canyon. Pictographs and petroglyphs suggest hunting activities within it. Perhaps at least some journeys were for no more urgent purpose than to explore the environs. For whatever reason the Indians traveled in and out of Grand Canyon, it seems of some value to document known routes.

Perhaps the most recently discovered route, is at the Bridge of Sighs, and was first noted in May 1984 by Dave Dawson while on an expedition led by Steve Emslie in search of pleistocene condor remains in the heretofore unexplored caves of the redwall limestone. Steve and Larry Coates had gone to the top of the Redwall just opposite Redwall Cavern and traversed downstream to Bridge of Sighs Canyon, where they dropped a fixed rope down the drainage in the redwall and then walked back to the boat. The group camped at a small beach at approximately 35.5 mile. The next day the group walked down river to Bridge of Sighs Canyon, where Steve and Larry jumarrated up the fixed rope to look at some caves. While standing on some boulders under the bridge, Dave looked up on the north side of the canyon and saw poles sticking out from the canyon wall. He observed that they were too high to

be driftwood and perhaps were evidence of a trail. He, Jim and Emily Mead jumarrated up the rope and found that the sticks in the rocks were, in fact part of a route to the river that Dave used on his way down to the boats.

In May 1985, Dave and I hiked the route from the rim to river down 36.8-Mile Canyon. Harvey Butchart described a way to the top of the redwall but had not done the rest of the trip. We were able to follow his description to the top of the redwall, then headed up river until we found the Bridge of Sighs. It is understandable why Butchart didn't find a way through the redwall at this insignificant canyon, as it appears impossible looking down from the top.

At this point the route was familiar to Dave, and I was treated to a storybook descent, Bridge of Sighs Canyon is only about 150 yards long and runs more or less east and west through the redwall. We entered the canyon on the south side, got into a bed of drainage and descended about 50 feet. We got out of the drainage on the north side and descended along the base of a cliff to a small cave about five feet high and three feet wide.

We turned on our headlamps and followed a trapezoidal tunnel which went straight into the redwall about 50 feet. An opening on our right led 20 feet to a small chamber about 15 feet in diameter. On the floor of this chamber was a tube 20 inches in diameter which spiraled counterclockwise. We raised our arms over our heads and slid down this nearly vertical tube for about 15 feet and dropped about four feet to the floor of another small horizontal cave.

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Here we could see daylight filtering in and crawled on hands and knees about 50 feet out to the face. Here we found the wooden pegs, about three inches in diameter and 30 inches long, solidly placed in cracks. We noticed five of these pegs leading up the face and concluded that the Indians chose to continue as an alternate to the cave system route. We found good hand and foot holds to help our descent about 80 feet down the face to the drainage bed. From here it was just a scramble with a short section of chimney down to the river.

Standing on the right bank, one can look across the river and see a small one-room ruin just above the old high water line. One can walk down river on the right bank about 100 yards and find a similar ruin.

Dave and I did the route again in October 1986 and had a much easier time finding our way through the supai. This time we made the

round trip in under eight hours. In July 1987, I enrolled in a NAU class on geology and biology of Grand Canyon. The course included an eleven-day river trip through Grand Canyon and required a research project. I felt this would be a fine opportunity to further document this unique prehistoric route. I enlisted the aid of our two boatmen, Brian Dierker and Lisa Long, to help.

We paused at the wooden pegs and for the first time I noticed how intricately the trail had been constructed. About an eight-foot section remains in almost perfect condition. On top of the pegs running at about a 20-degree slope, the trail is constructed of large flat rocks covered with smaller rocks and dirt.

Returning through the cave complex and going up the tube is considerably more difficult than going down because the tube has few hand and foot holds. Lisa and I had little trouble, but Brian, who is

6'6", found it difficult to bend his knees backward in the spiraling tube.

We noticed a thick coating of soot on the ceiling of the upper cave, suggesting the Indians either lived in it or used torches to light their way (or both). We continued to the top of the redwall and then returned. Upon entering the tube, Brian noticed a flash of light reflecting off a one-inch rectangular calcite crystal embedded in the limestone just above the entrance, giving the whole experience a "Raiders of the Lost Ark" touch.

Brian pointed out that often the Hi sat se nom routes that go down from one rim, link up on the other side of the river to a route out to the opposite rim (i.e. the Anasazi Bridge route and the Eminence Break route). The Bridge of Sighs route seems to fit that pattern, but the route from river to rim on the left bank remains to be explored.

The Airline Crash of 1956

by Jim Ohlman

I am writing regarding the debris pile across from Cape Solitude on the north rim of the Little Colorado River Gorge that was apparently left from the 1956 TWA/UA crash. I wonder if any members know more than I about that site? During the past few years I have made a total of four trips to the promontory which I refer to as Cape Solitude North (x6061 on the 15' GC Topo), and on each trip I noted an interesting debris field at the intersection of two roads, approximately 3/4 mile west of the benchmark denoted "Cardenas, x6129", and perhaps 1/8 mi. north of the rim. There are remnants of fuselage, window glass, cables, electrical parts and the better part of a wheel off some large aircraft. In 1987 there was a suitcase with cold

cream jars, etc, but in February 1994 all that remains is some broken white glass and a woman's eyelash curler. A former reclamation worker for Peabody Coal, whose family maintains a sheep camp near the rim of Horse Canyon, told me he thought the debris was left from the first salvage attempt on the two airliners in 1956. He gave me the impression that the wreckage was first helicoptered out of the Canyon to a staging area on the rim (the debris site), looked over by the FAA inspectors, and then hauled out to Highway 89 aboard flatbed trucks. If this was the case, then, somebody decided to quit work early, as there is yet another good load in need of hauling out. Does anybody know the scoop on that story?

A second story concerning the 1956 plane crash has to do with someone reportedly involved with the original cleanup detail. A few months before he died, Melvin McCormick of Flagstaff told me that a certain, then prominent Flagstaff resident, working on the cleanup crew found a woman's severed finger with a diamond ring still attached. Apparently this guy was soon-to-be -married, and also somewhat in need of a ring for his fiancee, so he had the found ring cleaned up and reset, and that's what he gave his gal at their wedding! Melvin gave me a name, but it's probably best not to spread it around!

1994 Grand Canyon Pioneers Meetings

April 23 - Tour Kolb Studio at Grand Canyon to view showing of 100 prizewinning paintings of National Parks. Talk by **Brad Traver** "The Plans For Grand Canyon's Future" at **Steve Verkamp's** courtroom

May 14 - Picnic lunch tour of Moenave conducted by **David Barrow**.

June 11 - Picnic lunch and cookout at Shoshone Point, Grand Canyon.

July 16 - Overnight campout at Young, AZ. for annual Pleasant Valley Days to include tour of museums, houses, rodeo, and dance.

August 13 - Picnic lunch at Rowe Well. Visit to site of Grandview and Hance Hotels. Dedication of plaques on chairs and owl made by Ed Cummings, located at Watchtower.

September 10 - Winslow with lunch at Falcon Restaurant. Visit to Old Trails Museum and La

Posado conducted by **Janice Griffith**.

October 15 - Annual meeting. Time and place not yet determined.

November 19 - Tour of Grand Canyon Museum archives at Grand Canyon with curator **Carolyn Richards**.

December - No meeting due to holidays.

Mark your calendar so you will not miss any of these trips.

The GCPS April 23 Meeting

The April meeting of the Grand Canyon Pioneers is one everyone should plan to attend. Brad Traver, Chief, Division of Professional Service with the GCNP, will talk to us about the New Management Plans

for the National Park. The plan concerns the management of the environment and protection of the Park. We will meet at Steve Verkamp's court room at 10:30. After lunch break at The Bright

Angel we will visit the newly refurbished Kolb Studio to view the prize winning paintings of the National Parks.

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Our Youngest Member

Matt and Robyn Werhan became the proud parents of Alexander on March 12. If the

youngster is anything like his dad and granddad, he should start hiking the Canyon any day now.

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