

Transcription: Grand Canyon Historical Society

Interviewee: Shirley Patrick (SP)

Interviewer: Tom Martin (TM)

Subject: Grand Canyon and Phantom Ranch 1949 - early 1950s

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TM: Today is November 12, 2017. This is a Grand Canyon Oral History recording. My name is Tom Martin and on the phone with me today, from San Diego, California, is Shirley Patrick. Today is November 12, 2017. Shirley, may I have your permission to record this conversation?

SP: Yes, sir.

TM: Thank you very much. Could you tell me where you were born?

SP: I was born in Santa Monica, California.

TM: What were your parents doing in Santa Monica?

SP: Well, they didn't live in Santa Monica, they lived in Venice, California, but the only hospital nearby was Santa Monica, California. The reason they were in California at all is because my grandfather and grandmother moved out to Washington state and then down to southern California I think in 1920/1922. Of course when my grandfather moved down, his son/my dad moved down too. Apparently the families of my mother, they were from, I think, someplace in Iowa. I think they came out to Bakersfield and San Francisco at the turn of the century. So, they were kinda pioneers.

TM: What year were you born?

SP: 1927.

TM: Ok. How did your mom meet your dad? Do you know that story?

SP: I have no idea. I don't know very much about my mom and dad because my mother died when I was five years old and had three kids by that time and my dad didn't want to keep the kids. So he got rid of two of us, me and my middle brother.

TM: I'm sorry.

SP: So I don't know anything about, really, about my mom and dad, except my dad was a mechanic and an extremely good one. My mother, she was married when she was 15 and had me when she was 16. She died when she was 21 years old.

TM: Wow.

SP: My dad's mother and dad took me to raise. I'd been with them, apparently, much of the time before my mother died because it was during Depression and times were tough. It was a blessing that they took me because my dad sent my brother off to somebody. Of course, I never did know who the heck they were, somebody he'd heard of. There was a lot of dissension that my dad had with my mother's family because of the way my dad had treated my mother. Of course I was just a kid, so I didn't know anything about it. My grandmother never spoke much about it, of course, because she would be talking about her son. All I know is that the dissension was pretty serious. So he sent off my middle brother to somebody in Illinois. They adopted him as their own. In fact, they never ever "adopted" him. He didn't have a birth certificate, so they just went wherever it was in Illinois, to the courthouse and said they wanted to register the birth of this baby and the woman registered it as her own. He was, I think, pretty close to three years old when that happened. So I know very, very, little about my brother. I know more about my grandma and grandpa, but I don't know much about my mother and dad and their history.

TM: What can you tell me about your grandmother and grandfather? Where did they raise you then?

SP: Well, they raised me in Venice. My grandfather had been an army volunteer in the Spanish-American War.

TM: Wow.

SP: He was a wonderful man. Smartest man I've ever known, had more character and honesty and integrity than anybody I've ever known. I absolutely just adored my grandfather. He died when I was 14. He was only 64 when he died. The veterans from the Spanish-American War were not treated very well, they were kind of ignored.

TM: Oh no, really?

SP: My grandfather came back, he had been sent over to the Philippines during the Spanish-American War and they got into those sloughs and swamps. He got sick with dysentery. They sent him home and he was sick the rest of his life. He had bladder/kidney problems, etc. that all came from his service in the Philippines during the Spanish-American War. There's one other little side note. My grandfather would not have a Hearst paper in the house. He couldn't stand Hearst because Hearst is the one whose statements started the war. He made a lot of money off of the newspapers on the Spanish-American War he generated.

TM: Wow. And your grandmother?

SP: My grandmother was just a very, very sweet young girl from Illinois. She and my grandfather had twin boys and my dad. When she married my grandpa, of course, he had come back from the Spanish-American War. He'd seen Seattle, Washington because apparently that's where the ship left from, as I understand it. You know, people didn't get out West very much in those days. We're talkin' the turn of the century. So anyway, the fact that he went to the Spanish-American War and left from the West Coast, well, that was his first taste of the West Coast, primarily Washington. So after he came back from the war, went back to Illinois and met my grandma. They got married and he decided he wanted to get back out West. So they did and I do have some pictures of the car that they had. You know, they didn't have highways then, they were ruts. And they didn't have gas stations and motels like today. They hardly even had maps. I saw a picture of the car with the isinglass glass windows and the "tarps" that rolled up and down for the windows. He and my grandma and their sons came out in that big old, whatever kind of a car it was, with trunks on the rear and on the sides. Grandpa had to develop and

print his own pictures. He had an old box-brownie. They would stop along the road at night. All I could think of was grandma and how much work it was for her because she'd have to get blankets out for everybody. Then she'd have to cook the meals, and then put everything back in the car, and away they'd go in this old, old car. It's just amazing to see. Every time I see 'em and think about 'em, it makes me so very, very proud of them. People in those days had character. They had character and they had perseverance and they had determination and they were honorable, Christian people. I'm very proud of them.

TM: Yeah, as you should be.

SP: So anyway, that's how they ended up in Washington State. I don't know if he had been around California at all before that, but I know that he loved to get out and see things. So somehow or other they ended up in California for a visit, driving of course. He decided he wanted to move to California. So they went back up, loaded up and came on down to southern California. That was in the early twenties, '22, '23, '24, something like that.

TM: As you were growing up in the 30s and 40s, after the Depression but before World War II, were you in sports? In school at all?

SP: No.

TM: Did you do any kind of camping at all?

SP: No.

TM: Any outdoor recreation?

SP: No.

TM: Did you swim?

SP: No. [both laugh]

SP: I'll tell you what, Depression was tough times. We were very, very poor. I am very, very proud of how poor we were because of the quality and the integrity inherent in the people in those days. There was no begging. There was no unemployment pay. There were no handouts. FDR was president. Everybody really ridicules FDR, well I can't remember much about FDR except the fact that he made it possible for people to work. Like, for instance, the 3C's. Just a little side note, why I respect so much about Grand Canyon. Predominantly, most all of the buildings there were all rock buildings. Those were all built by the 3C's. Phantom Ranch, the trail, the River Trail, were put in by 3C's, totally. When you realize what those guys had to work with, just picks and shovels, didn't have all this fancy equipment they've got now. I bought the documentary that came out on the 3C's. The one thing that my son mentioned about it, "You know mom," he said, "when you look at all the pictures of the guys, the 3C's, they're all smiling." I forget how many thousands of men there were in the 3C's and most of them were in their late teens up into their thirties. About thirties was about as old as they were. And of course the Army ran it. So anyway, there were thousands of them, all over. They got their board and room, medical care, education, etc. Everything was provided them, plus, if I remember correctly, pay of twenty-five or thirty dollars a month. Twenty-five sticks in my mind, but I'm not sure. Five dollars is what the men got to keep and the other twenty dollars went home to the families.

TM: Oh interesting, yeah.

SP: The interesting thing was, of that \$5 that they got to keep, not a one of them complained. They'd go to the movies and it was a dime. They'd get a pack of cigarettes, maybe it was a nickel. So, they had money. They all had money in their pocket and they got to do what they wanted to do. They never ever complained about only havin' five bucks a month.

TM: Did you finish high school in Venice, then?

SP: Yes, I did. I was, I think, the first one in my family to graduate from high school. Most people didn't. My uncles didn't, my dad didn't, my aunt didn't - none of them did. The kids got to be sixteen years old and had to go to work.

TM: Right, or younger.

SP: Yeah, or younger. They couldn't afford to be in school. They had to get out there and work. And you figure that people were only making ten or fifteen dollars a week - if they were lucky!

TM: Did you stay with your grandmother until she passed away? Or how did you end up at Grand Canyon?

SP: Well, I stayed with my grandma and grandpa. I stayed with both of them until my grandpa passed away in 1942.

TM: He was 64.

SP: He was 64 and died in June of 1942. My grandma lived alone about twenty more years. She died in 1962. Talking about what they gave the Spanish-American War veterans - basically nothing! When my grandfather was ill and couldn't work anymore... He had a huge gallstone which resulted from his Spanish-American War injuries. I can remember he said he went out to the Veterans Administration for care. Since we didn't have medical care in those days, you'd go to a pharmacist, tell him your symptoms and he'd tell you some kind of medicine you could use. You didn't go to a doctor or to a dentist. You'd go to a pharmacist. Whatever little medicine might be on the shelf, that's what you used. So anyway, grandpa went to the Veterans Administration when he got sick and the doctor told him, "You have a gallstone as big as your fist. We can operate." My grandpa said, "What are my chances?" and the doctor said, "Fifty-fifty." My grandpa said, "No thanks. I won't do the surgery." He died six months later. Horrible, horrible, horrible death from that gallstone. But, would you like to know how much "pension" he was receiving from the government due to his army service and his total disability? He was getting...

TM: Sure.

SP: ...one dollar.

TM: Is that right?

SP: That's right. Veterans got nothing. It's disgraceful how the government treated the veterans in those days.

TM: Wow. Yeah. How was it that you... Once you graduated from high school, how did you get to Grand Canyon? When was the first time you went to Grand Canyon?

SP: I graduated from high school in January of 1946. I stayed in Venice, Ocean Park, and Santa Monica; they're all little towns close together. They were little towns then, but now, of course, they're metropolises. I went out there a year or so ago and I recognized nothing. My old grammar school was still there, I recognized that, it was still located on the same spot. My high school, Venice High School, was still there, but everything else has grown up around it. They've built up the school so much. It was built after the big earthquake in the '30s. So many buildings were torn down and rebuilt. Venice High School was one of them, and the same with so many of the municipal buildings. 'Cause I remember that great earthquake, 1932 or '33, in California.

TM: What do you remember about it?

SP: Well, I remember we were living in Venice, grandma and grandpa and me. We were living in an apartment. They weren't like the apartments today. They were like little homes in a building and they called it an apartment building. But, if you couldn't afford a house there were a few buildings they called "apartments". But they weren't the little things they have nowadays. They were like a regular home in an apartment building. We were in this apartment building on Electric Avenue in Venice. I remember the building was shaking and grandpa put a glass of water on the dining room table. He watched that water shake all over the place and he said, "We're gettin' out." He led my grandma and me down a narrow stairway. (We lived on the second floor.) Our apartment building faced the trolley tracks. It wasn't a street, it was just trolley tracks. Of course there were no trolleys running, so we went out onto the tracks. Standing there with that whole place shaking and watched that building just crack to pieces. It stayed up, but it cracked to pieces. It was a big earthquake. I do remember that.

Then shortly after that, we moved to a house in Venice. We were there for quite a few years. But that's how we got to Venice, that's how I got to be with my grandma. In those days, they would build a school within a certain area. Every child in that area went to that school. I'm talkin' about grammar school. The first grammar school I went to was Westminster Grammar School, which was in Venice. It was a little bit closer to the beach. That's when I was in the apartment. When we moved up to the little house, I was in the area to go to Broadway Grammar School. That was a very nice school. You couldn't be bussed wherever you wanted to go. You went to the school that was in your area. I graduated from the sixth grade at Broadway and we were still living in Venice. So, the next school I went to, Venice High School, was both a junior and senior high school, 7th grade through 12th grade. And they were both in the same buildings. Wonderful, wonderful school, best teachers in the world.

I look back on that time, it was very, very happy. Six years in school there and I never, ever once bought my lunch. I saw other kids go to the little cafeteria. You could either go in the cafeteria and eat or you could buy something at the little window, and I never once did. I took my same lunch every single day for the six years I was there. Grandma made me a nutritious bag lunch. You know, I hear about people "being poor". I think just being poor doesn't mean you don't have dignity, don't have good manners, you're not a good person, intelligent person, capable person. It doesn't mean any of that. Now, everything is money. You make a lot of money, you're a good person, and if you don't make much money, you're not very good. We've turned the whole culture around. But anyway, I graduated from Venice High School when I was 18 years old and I knew that I wasn't gonna go to college. So I had to go to work. As it was, I was lucky that I got to finish high school, because none of the rest of my family ever finished high school.

TM: What school classes were your favorites in high school?

SP: Well, I knew that I had to work so I didn't take college preparatory classes. A lot of kids did, I didn't. They had shop for boys. They could take different kinds of mechanics and carpentry and all different kinds of shop classes. Then for the girls, they had what they called 'commercial' course. That was shorthand, typing, bookkeeping, and office practice. Then, if you were taking any of those, either shop or commercial, you didn't take college preparatory classes. So, I didn't have to take all the math, science, and chemistry because those classes were taken up by the college "intendees". So, you had a choice. Since I knew that I was not gonna be able to go to college, I'd better have some skills to go to work. So I took the commercial course and I always had good jobs and always made good money, for those days, because of the training. Wonderful training I got in high school.

TM: So this would have been 1945ish?

SP: I graduated in January of 1946.

TM: Ok. So the war had just ended and what happened then?

SP: Well, then I just worked. Then a lot of things happened and I decided I wanted to see Grand Canyon. It was the November holiday, Thanksgiving.

TM: Of 1946?

SP: That was in 1949, that's the first time I was at Grand Canyon.

TM: Ok, 1949.

SP: So in '49, I was 22 years old.

TM: So, from graduating from high school to '49...

SP: I worked. One of the first places I worked was Douglas Aircraft Company, which doesn't exist anymore. Wonderful company. I started out in the 'steno pool' they called it. I was very good at shorthand and typing. So I worked in the steno pool, which means that any office in Douglas Aircraft Company that needed any kind of office clerk or anything like that, they would call the steno pool. The lady who was the head of it, she would send somebody down to work there for the day or the week or whatever they needed. So we went to different offices to work. We were basically temporaries in the various offices but our permanent job was in the steno pool of Douglas Aircraft Company. They sent me down to the vice president's office. I can't think of his name offhand, but it was just two doors from president Donald W. Douglas. I went there and they asked for me to stay. So I said okay. I worked there for, oh, probably a year in the vice president's office of Douglas Aircraft Company. I was always very blessed, I always had really good jobs.

TM: Shirley, what attracted you to, clearly, sounds to me like take the first vacation of your life, if you will?

SP: Yeah, oh yeah, it was.

TM: In 1949, what attracted you to go to Grand Canyon and how did you get there?

SP: Well, I don't remember. I guess, something I'd read about or seen pictures of or something and just wanted to see it. I've got a picture of me feeding one of the deer right there by where the, well it used to be the Superintendent's home.

TM: So there was a photo of you feeding a deer?

SP: Yeah, feeding one of the deer in front of what used to be the Superintendent's quarters. I do have that. That was a big thrill to see the deer. That was just really something.

TM: Did you go out there by yourself?

SP: No, I went with a friend of mine.

TM: Oh, you drove out?

SP: Yeah, drove out there. It was cold, but not that bad. So that's about all we saw, driving from Venice over there. Drove there and saw the Canyon and drove back. That took up most of the three or four days that we had off. The Canyon just really intrigued me. Then I went back in 1952 'cause I wanted to take the mule ride. I went with a couple of friends. We poor ones stayed in the campground, which isn't a campground now. It's a nothing now. The people who had money stayed in the El Tovar. [laughter]

TM: So the campground, now, was that the trailer camp with the tents and the wooden floors over by Maswik?

SP: No, no, no, where I'm talkin' about is where you have the cafeteria now. 'Course that's not the old cafeteria, I think that's the second one that's been built since the one that I was in. I can't remember the manager's name. Right there where the cafeteria is now, that area, as you look toward the rim, the empty area to your left that was the campground. Most of the people had little tents or they slept on the ground, like we did. We just had sleeping bags and slept on the ground. But that was the campground at that time. That was the only campground there was at that time.

TM: When you drove out in '52, what time of year was that, do you remember?

SP: When we went out in '52, was in August, we went there just before Labor Day.

TM: Ok, August.

SP: So the weather was very, very nice. It wasn't raining, it wasn't cold. Of course the Canyon was entirely different. I think of Disneyland when I go there now, relative to what it used to be. It was very rustic. Not a lot of people, like now. There were small crowds. The trails were very, very nice. Didn't go down any of them at that time, except to ride the mules down, but the trails were in good shape.

TM: What do you remember of that mule ride in 1952?

SP: Well, I don't remember the mule's name. I remember that the mule ride was absolutely joyous. It was really great. The trails were good. The interesting thing was, on that trip in 1952, my guide was Ken Patrick.

TM: No kidding!

SP: Mhmm...yep. So that's how I met him, he was the trail guide. So anyway, Phantom Ranch was great, the swimming pool down there was great. We talked about that yesterday.

TM: Well, hang on a second, because I want to make sure that we capture today, or if we do this in a couple parts, this interview, that we capture what we talked about yesterday 'cause that was such a wonderful conversation. So, were you planning to go down to Phantom and spend overnight and come back?

SP: Yeah, in '52. We'd made the reservation. I think the tickets cost \$67.50 each to go down to Phantom Ranch on the mules. Compared to now? I think, what is it now? Five hundred dollars a piece, or something like that.

TM: I'd have to look.

SP: But anyways... \$67.50 I think was what it was to go down to Phantom Ranch. 'Course you got down there and it wasn't anything like it is now. There are a few of the cabins left, but they weren't as modernized as they are now. Of course they had the swimming pool and there was nothing wrong with the swimming pool. It was Bright Angel water coming in at one end and going out back into Bright Angel Creek at the other end.

TM: Did you go swimming?

SP: Oh, everybody went swimming. You couldn't wait to get off the doggone mule, 'cause it was hot! August, going down that trail, down the inner canyon was hot and the people couldn't wait. The corral was the same as the one they still have there. You'd get off your mule and walk up to whatever cabin was yours. Put on the swim suit and go down to the pool and jump into that ice-cold water! [Laughter] It was great! The lodge there, whatever you want to call it, that's the same. They've fixed it different on the inside, but the building outside is basically the same as it was before. The food was absolutely delicious, and lots of it. But it was very low-key, very "western" then. Not modern at all, like now. I mean, you're talkin' the '50s. That's a hundred years ago comparing to how it was then, how the people were. That's the one thing I notice more and more, now, is the people. How the people have changed. The people in those days, they were just so gracious. Everybody gracious, very, very courteous. I mean it was a different world. That's all I can tell you. A different world. Compared to now? I wouldn't trade you straight across, now for then. In fact, I'm always telling my kids, "I'm so happy that I lived when I did." I wouldn't trade straight across for now. The people had character. They were honest. They said they were gonna do something, they did it. Different world, honey, different world, that's all I can tell ya.

TM: Did you strike up a conversation with that mule wrangler?

SP: Yeah, a little bit. The wranglers name was Ken Patrick. His father was Slim Patrick. He wasn't at Phantom Ranch in '52 when I was there. I know he wasn't, because I met Dotty Patrick accidentally at the El Tovar. She was a clerk in the El Tovar Indian goods store, where they used to have the nice jewelry and the really beautiful things. Now they've got nothing. I could go to the dime store and get the stuff they've got up there now. In those days, they had beautiful Indian-made things. The jewelry was just stunning. She worked there. I happened to be looking at things there and struck up a conversation with her. Said something about I was gonna be going down in the Canyon on a mule trip. She made the comment, "Oh," she says, "Well then you may get my son, he's a guide!"

TM: Oh my gosh!

SP: Yeah! I said, "Oh, really?" She says, "Oh, yeah." That's when she told me that her son's name was Ken and he was a guide on the trail. So she mentioned then somehow in the conversation that yes, she was his stepmother. That she had recently, within probably the previous year or so, married Slim. My impression was that they hadn't been married a long time. Maybe a year, not much longer than that, to my knowledge. She was a truly wonderful person.

TM: What can you tell me about her?

SP: Oh, there wasn't anything she couldn't do. She always had a smile on her face. She was kind to everybody, thoughtful to everybody, helpful to everybody. I never heard her say a bad word about anybody. She took care of Slim when Slim wasn't well. They later managed Phantom Ranch. They got that job after I went down there on the mules. In those days, it was the man and his wife who were the managers. So they got the job down there. Later I went down to Phantom to work. There were only five employees down there to tend the ranch. I'm trying to think of the name of the other couple. I can't think of the names right now, I'll think of it. (Bea and Joe Erickson)

TM: You know what, hang on a second, I'm gonna back up a bit. Did you exchange addresses with Ken and then start corresponding back and forth?

SP: No.

TM: Or did you just say, well I'm going back to Douglas and go back to work, and that's that.

SP: Yeah. I went on back to work and I decided, you know, I can't stand California, I want outta here. I loved the environment at the Canyon. I loved the peace, I loved the quiet, I loved the way the people were. Because I had been in Santa Monica, worked in Santa Monica, and been in Venice and Ocean Park, and L.A., and I was sick of it. When I went to Arizona, I thought this is it. This is the place for me. So I went back there, then, for a visit. I went by myself. I have to tell you one thing. One building that was there, they called it the Brown Building, have you ever heard of it?

TM: Yes.

SP: Ok. The Brown Building was here then. During the summer time, they rented out those rooms, 'cause they were rooms with wash bowls. I can't remember whether they had a toilet or not. But that was just a room, the beds, usually twin beds, and a wash bowl. Then you went down the hall for a shower. But anyway, Canyon rooms were pretty scarce. So when I decided I wanted to go back there and have a vacation of a few days, the only room available was in the Brown Building at two dollars a night. So I stayed in the Brown Building.

TM: What year was that? Was that '52 as well?

SP: That was in 1952. That's when Bright Angel Lodge had a live band under the leadership of a man named Trammel Bowman. Remember, I mentioned him to you.

TM: Yes.

SP: Trammel Bowman, he was one of the managers with Fred Harvey. He was the person, I think, who did a lot of the buying of the Indian goods for Fred Harvey at Grand Canyon. In other words, he was not just a clerk, he was a supervisor/manager of some kind, and he was a fiddle player. I don't know how

many summers it happened, I never did ask and I never heard, but during the summer time, he would get a 5-piece band together that played at Bright Angel Lodge during the summer. He played the violin and Ken played guitar. Ken had taught himself to play guitar when he and his dad were caretakers on the North Rim a couple of winters before that. Now that's when they had live caretakers that went there and stayed all winter long. What they did was shovel snow off of the roofs. That was when Utah Parks had the North Rim. So anyway, Slim got the caretaker job. Ken had quit school. He was sixteen or seventeen years old. He'd quit school 'cause his mom and dad had split up and he was torn between his mom and dad all the time. He wanted to be with his dad but his mother didn't want him to be with his dad. It was a horrible life for him. So anyway, as a young kid, he was out working with men, logging. Then they got this winter job caretaking on the North Rim when it was under Utah Parks. They were there all winter, just the two of them. Well, if they wanted any mail or to get away at all, you'd have to hike from the North Rim down to Phantom Ranch. Well, that was what Ken did. That's when he taught himself to play guitar, in winter on the North Rim. I guess he basically drove Slim crazy.

[laughter]

SP: So anyway, they'd get kinda sick of each other after a while, so Ken would hike from the North Rim down to Phantom Ranch to pick up their mail. You know how it used to snow on the North Rim. Now, if you can imagine going down the North Rim to Phantom Ranch in the snow. You couldn't tell where the trail was.

TM: Yeah.

SP: That's what he would do. He had tremendous abilities, he really did. So anyway, he'd go down to Phantom Ranch, pick up the mail, stay there a day or two, and then hike on back up to the North Rim. Dotty was working at Phantom Ranch at the time. She wasn't the manager. Now, what year that was... In probably '50, I don't know exactly, when Ken would go down and visit with Dotty - oh, what a wonderful person, I can't say anything but glorious comments about Dotty Patrick. He got well acquainted with her. I guess Ken must have asked her, "Would you like to go up and meet my dad?" Somehow or other she hiked up to the North Rim with Ken and met Slim. That's how they met.

TM: Wow - oh, that's cool!

SP: Yeah. So she turned around and walked back down and finished up at Phantom Ranch. That was how the relationship started. I don't know when they got married. They had been married a while, maybe a year, maybe a little longer, I doubt it, when I met her in August of 1952.

TM: So you came back later in '52.

SP: Yeah, I came back later, I was there...

TM: In the Brown Building.

SP: ...Labor Day of '52 and then I turned around and I went back. I just loved it so much. I mean, I loved the Canyon and of course I fell in love with Ken immediately. I just adored him. So anyway, I went back there and had the few days I spent there. Then I went back to my job. I had a very, very good job. Made good money for those days. I left that job to go back to Grand Canyon, 'cause I had decided that's where I wanted to be. I got a job at the old cafeteria. I can't remember the manager's name, he was a real sweetheart of a guy. Used to be, when you came to the Canyon and you wanted a job, you'd come in

there like I did. They'd come and say to somebody there, "Hey I want a job, who do I have to see about a job?" "Oh, go see so-and-so." So I went to see so-and-so, whoever it was, and said, "You can (I think I told ya) you can go to work the laundry." I said, "Hell, no, I'm not going to work at the laundry." They said, "Well, if you'd like, you can go to work at the cafeteria." "Oh, ok, I'll work in the cafeteria." So I worked in the cafeteria and I met the two greatest people there. Bradford, I think was their... Yeah, Elmer Bradford, and I can't think of her name - Veda. Veda. Elmer and Veda Bradford. They were from West Plains, Missouri.

TM: Hang on a second. Before you tell me everything you can remember about Elmer...

SP: They were from West Plains, Missouri, and they were...

TM: Hang on, hang on, hang on. I want to back up a minute and make sure I get this story right. When you went back for just a couple days in '52, Labor Day, and went over to the Bright Angel there was a band playing over there and Ken was... Was Ken playing guitar and did you recognize...

SP: Yeah, he was playing guitar.

TM: ...he's the guy that I went down the trail with? Did you guys exchange addresses then, or just pleasantries?

SP: No. No, that's when I came back, then, and went to work at the cafeteria.

TM: Ok, alright. So then you went back to L.A. and said, "That's it, I'm outta here." Loaded up everything, went back to Grand Canyon?

SP: Yeah, that's right. I said, "I'm outta here." And I never had a desire to go back either. I loved the Canyon. And, of course, I dearly loved Ken.

TM: Ok. Great. So you got there, they give you a cafeteria job, and then you met Elmer and Veda?

SP: And, let me tell you, the women's dorm was in the El Tovar hotel, as I recall.

TM: Ok. Was in the hotel?

SP: Yeah, a certain part of the rooms were set aside in the El Tovar for the women's dormitory.

TM: Not on the south side across the street?

SP: No, no - in the El Tovar, itself, that's where the women's dorm was. Then they had the married dorm, which was across from and a little bit west of what they called the Community Building.

TM: Ok.

SP: Ok? There was a married dorm there and there was a men's dorm there. Then there was the cowboy dorm, which was right across... well, there used to be a Babbitt's store there, you know that. The Babbitt's store was right across the street from the administration building for the Park.

TM: Right. Park headquarters, you bet.

SP: Alright? The post office was there, with Art Metzger. He was a saint, I dearly loved Art Metzger. He was great. In the Babbitt's store, there was a fountain. Everybody used to go there and get some ice cream or something. One of the people I remember there, when Ken would go in... They were so polite and so courteous and nice. There were two women working there. The only name I can think of now is Miss Ida, they called her. Well that was Ida Cummings. She worked there in the fountain at Babbitt's...

TM: Ok, hang on a second, back up. We're gonna put this machine in reverse and we're going to go back a bit to Elmer and Veda Bradford.

SP: Elmer and Veda, V-E-D-A. Elmer and Veda Bradford.

TM: Thank you, V-E-D-A. What can you tell me about Elmer and Veda?

SP: Well, they were ranchers, kind of. He was. He came out to the Canyon and he was a mule guide. His wife, Veda, worked in the cafeteria where I did. That's how I met them. They had a little girl by the name of Jaqie. Sweet little girl, she was probably four years old, not much older than that, as I remember. Right between the railroad tracks and the old cafeteria there were a whole bunch of little old cabins. That's where Elmer and Veda and Jaqie lived. Well, you know, it was poor times. So, for Veda to work, they had to have childcare. Well, in those days, everybody took care of everybody else's kids. So Veda would go to work and Jaqie would be left with a neighbor next door until Veda got home from work. People who didn't live in those times don't realize how tough times were. Yet - yet, you never met better, more honest people in your life than in those days. That's the difference. The quality of people was so superior to today. Honest as the day is long. So anyway, somebody always took care of Jackie while Veda worked.

TM: Elmer was on the trails.

SP: Elmer was a wrangler.

TM: Was workin' with Ken.

SP: Yeah, he worked with Ken.

TM: What was Ken's day like? I mean, what time would he get up in the morning? And he's gotta tend...

SP: Oh, I don't know, because I was in the women's dorm. I started to tell you, they had a cowboy dorm and the cowboy dorm was at the end of/vertical to where the post office and Babbitt's were. Babbitt's was in the east building and the post office was in the other (west) building. That's where Art Metzger was, sweetheart of a guy. The cowboy dorm was vertical to the post office. I don't know what they do now there. But anyway, that was the cowboy dorm. Then right across the street from the cowboy dorm was the mule barn. (They've changed it. The mule barn they have now moved closer to the cafeteria.)

TM: So I wonder if the cowboy dorm is the building that is now the Zanterra HR building? I wonder.

SP: I don't know. The building I'm thinking about, where Zanterra is, used to be the garage.

TM: Right, no. I know where that is. That's up the way, but this is kind of a real square kind of boxy building.

SP: Yeah, it's very boxy, but it's rectangular.

TM: Yeah, but that...

SP: It's a rectangular building, yeah.

TM: Yep, that's the cowboy dorm. Ok, got it.

SP: Yeah, that was the cowboy dorm at that time. The cowboys had their own place. They weren't in the men's dorm. The other employees that worked for the Park were in the men's dorm. Of course, you have to realize, too, that there was quite a separation, you know, between the different employers at that time. You had the Santa Fe and you had the Fred Harvey and you had the Park Service. They were all segregated.

TM: How so? Tell me.

SP: Well, on "Avenue A", there isn't "Avenue A" anymore, I think they put some name to it, which is sad, but anyhow, Avenue A had really nice houses. I don't know whether they were built by 3C's or built before it, but they were very, very nice. Most of them were rock houses. The one wonderful person that I dearly loved - dear god, I won't be able to think of his name - anyway, he was the blacksmith.

TM: Oh, yeah. Mary talked about him some.

SP: Yeah, blacksmith, wonderful guy. His wife worked at the hotel and she was the head of the curio shop. She outlived her husband quite a while, but she died at the canyon. I remember when she had breast cancer. She had to have both breasts removed. I was pretty young at that time. They're both buried at the Canyon. I can't think of their names offhand, I'll know it if I hear it.

TM: Yes. Let's go back for a minute to Art - Art Metzger.

SP: Art Metzger. He's the postmaster, sweetheart. The guy that worked there was really a great guy. He lived with his mother up in Park housing. His name was Freddy Bart. He was the full-time postal employee that worked with Art Metzger in the post office. The Park was very segregated. Santa Fe, they were a special group of people. A Santa Fe family lived down at the west end of the block, right down near where the cafeteria was. Some of the finest people you'd ever want to know. I can't think of their names. I'm really gonna have to start checkin' some of my old stuff to find out their names.

TM: Ok, so, Freddy worked for Art at the post office.

SP: Freddy Bart, yes, Freddy Bart worked for Art Metzger.

TM: So, they would have been employees of the U.S. Post Office, is that right?

SP: That's right. They were the Postal Service. And Art Metzger had a ranch.

TM: Ok, where was that?

SP: That was west of the village. I don't remember how far out, it was quite a ways out. Oh, dear god, I saw the name the other day.

TM: It's not Rowe Well. It would've been...

SP: Oh, no, way past that. Rowe's Well was right off of...you're going up the hill going west toward... Oh, what's that viewpoint out there, at the far west?

TM: Out to Bass, out to the South Bass area?

SP: Out to where?

TM: South Bass.

SP: Well you're talkin' about a trail, I'm talkin' about... What's the building that's out there at the end of the west...

TM: Oh, Hermit Rest.

SP: Hermit's Rest. Ok, you go out the road like you were going to Hermit's Rest and you only went a little ways. Just a few feet and then you made a left hand turn to get out to Rowe's Well. Beyond that was where - you mentioned it, the name, yesterday, you asked me about him - they had their ranch out there. The mother used to have to come in and get her license or whatever it was from the Park Service for the cattle that they had out there.

TM: This wasn't the Lauzon's?

SP: Yes, Lauzon's. The Lauzon place was beyond Rowe's Well.

TM: Was Metzger's place out by Lauzon place?

SP: Metzger's place was out beyond there someplace. I was never out there. Ken knew where they were. I didn't. Lauzon had a place out there, Metzger had a place out there... Rowe's Well was a wonderful restaurant and dance hall. Everybody went there. It was more fun than a barrel of monkeys to go there. It was great. I'll have to tell you one little story.

TM: Please.

SP: One little story. This happened in '52. When I first got there in late September '52, everybody would go out to Rowe's Well. They'd get sick of Fred Harvey so they'd go out to Rowe's Well. They could dance and have something to eat out there. Very, very nice. I can't remember, they musta had a band out there. I don't remember it being recordings. But anyway, they would dance. One time I remember I was dancing, I forget who it was that was dancing with me. Everybody was very gentlemanly, you know. You didn't have any of this rough-rowdy stuff. They were very gentlemanly, very courteous. So I was dancing with this one, a cowboy I guess you'd call him. I forget who it was who came up. The cowboy was wearing his hat when he was dancing with me. This guy came up - oh gosh, I wish I could think of his name - he came up and he tapped him on the shoulder. He says to him, "You are dancing with a lady out here and you have a hat on. That's unacceptable." He jerked off his hat and knocked him down. You know, there were certain manners. Nobody got mad at him, nobody kicked him out of the building, anything like that. He had done something that was just absolutely unacceptable in that area at that time. A gentleman did not wear a hat when he was dancing with a girl at Rowe's Well. Knocked him for a

loop. So anyway, that's what I have to say. They were gentlemen. They may have been kinda rough looking, but when it came to manners, they had 'em. In spades.

TM: So, in 1952, I'm thinking about Rowe's Well, was that when the big, some sort of big car was taking people back and forth from...?

SP: I don't know about that.

TM: Or was that later? There was a car that used to cruise through the dorms and the residence areas that was headin' out to Rowe's Well.

SP: I don't know.

TM: People would get in the car?

SP: I don't know. I don't remember that when I was there.

TM: Mary had talked about that.

SP: During '52, I was only there for a relatively short period of time. Then I went back, stayed with my grandmother for a while in California. Then I went to Las Vegas for a while and stayed with friends of my stepmother's. I had a real good job there. I was secretary to the president and general manager of the CBS affiliate station in Las Vegas. Then I decided I wanted to go back to the Canyon. It just happened that Slim and Dotty were managers of Phantom Ranch at that time. That was in 1953. So I went back there. It must've been in March. I worked down there for about three months with them.

TM: That was 1953?

SP: In 1953, yes. I'm trying to think of the name of the couple down there. (Bea and Joe Erickson) I've got her name 'cause I've got a recipe from her. She made the best chocolate pie you ever ate. Her and her husband and me and Dotty and Slim Patrick, that's all there were to run that place in those days.

TM: So, tell me about that operation at Phantom Ranch in 1953. What was your day like?

SP: Then we had the guy named Red who came down with a mule train practically every day to bring supplies. He also had to take out to the laundry all the bedding. It was our job to go to all the cabins and remove all the linens (towels and sheets), remake the beds, and clean the rooms and get 'em ready for the next mule riders that were coming down that afternoon. They had to have oil/fuel oil to run the generators down there. Slim had to do all the maintenance on the equipment and do the maintenance on whatever system that needed work. He helped with the cooking, but Dotty did most of the cooking and most of the waitressing. I did not waitress, I cleaned the rooms and helped with the dishes and clean-up in the kitchen.

TM: How did you do the laundry, did that happen down there?

SP: All we had to do was pack it all up. Then Red would haul it out to the laundry. He would leave Yaki Point at dark with a string of mules to bring down all the supplies. Everything that went down, all the clean laundry, canned goods, eggs, went down on mule back. Red would load up the mules very early in the morning. He'd start down to Phantom at dark and he'd be down there by 9:30 in the morning.

TM: He would start at dawn. He'd start at dawn then?

SP: Oh yeah. Just before dawn he'd start out with a string of mules. It was just him out there at Yaki Point. He took care of the mules, he took care of all the loading - tough guy. Really nice guy, though. He would come down and I would be, of course, working out on the cabin. He would unload the mules and Dotty would fix his breakfast. He liked steak and eggs so she would fix him steak and eggs every morning. Every time he'd come down, that's what he wanted to eat 'cause that was really his lunch by the time he got down there and finished unloading the supplies.

TM: The crew of five at Phantom plus Red...

SP: Was the packer.

TM: Right, but I'm thinkin' the support for Phantom. Meaning Slim ran the generator, did the maintenance stuff; there was another couple down there; Dotty was cookin'; you were doing the cleaning of stuff; and then the packer. That would be Red was sort of the head packer and he was supplying Phantom.

SP: He was the only packer!

TM: Oh, *only* packer, ok.

SP: He was the only packer.

TM: So he's bringing in food...

SP: Yeah he lived up at Yaki Point. He was a Fred Harvey employee at Yaki Point and his job was packing. Taking the stuff down to Phantom Ranch and back. That was his job.

TM: What did you do with your trash?

SP: Well, that's a sad part of it. Used to be dumped in the Colorado River.

TM: Ok. Off the bridge or how'd you do that?

SP: Oh no. Slim would have to load it all up. They had a cart and a mule down here. He'd load it up 'till the cart was full and then he'd hook up the mule and they'd go down to the river. They have a little corral down there now, they didn't used to, but he'd go down to the mouth of the Bright Angel Creek, whatever part he could get to, and he'd dump the cart. He'd dump it into the river. That's what they used to with it. They finally had to quit dumping and had to haul it out to the rim. I don't know what they've done the last forty years, but...

TM: Sure, sure, no no, you're giving me a great snapshot of Phantom Ranch in 1953. So the next question is the generator. Was the generator going just for breakfast or dinner, or were there lights out? How did that, when did it start the day?

SP: The generator had to run. Everything ran off the generator. That was Slim's job to keep that going. And, of course, all of the fuel for it had to be packed down on mules. There was a lot of stuff to bring down. You figure, he took dirty laundry out all the time, brought the clean laundry down, brought all the

food down, brought all the fuel oil down. He had a string of probably five/six mules. Maybe more, but about that many.

TM: In the kitchen, was Dotty cooking on a wood stove or was that a gas or electric?

SP: Fuel oil.

TM: Fuel oil! Ok, alright.

SP: Fuel oil stove. Slim did most of the cooking, she did all the baking. The other thing that I always helped her with was to make lunches for the mule riders going back up the next day. We made the lunches down here. She used to bake cupcakes and then we'd make the sandwiches and pack them. They were doggone good... This stuff they have nowadays isn't worth anything. We made those lunches fresh for the dudes to take out when they went back out the Kaibab Trail the next day. They got sandwiches and fruit and a cupcake. Really, really great lunches. But we made them. Dotty baked cupcakes every day for them to take. We always made some lunches for the hikers that would come by and want to buy a lunch.

TM: Were you romancing with Ken by that time?

SP: No, he wasn't there. By that time he was in the Air Force. He went in the Air Force in about January, 1953.

TM: Ok, I'm gonna put "approximately" there. Then you came in and started working for Dotty and Slim. What else can you tell me about Phantom Ranch, just general operations?

SP: General operations...it ran like a clock. Dotty was a tremendous person. Slim did all he could do and she took care of everything else. I wish I could think of the other couple's name. (Bea and Joe Erickson) They were wonderful people. They were from California, from L.A. someplace. They were just absolutely terrific people. We were busy. Our days started early and we probably worked until early/midafternoon. Then we'd have our rest time until dinnertime would come. Then dinnertime, everybody had to get in there and do dishes. We had to do 'em by hand. There were no dishwashers down there.

TM: Did you work seven days a week? How did your schedule work?

SP: We were workin' seven days a week. Then they got to where you only had to work six days a week, apparently, because of whatever the laws there were. But you didn't get to go anyplace unless you wanted to hike out and get back in one day. So you used to just stay down there. You kinda didn't have to get up as early, but you still helped out all the time. What else was there to do, you know? So yeah, they got to where I think they were working six days a week, but you couldn't get out of there. They wouldn't give you any mules to go out with. Fred Harvey was pretty tight that way. But, anyway, that's the way it was. They finally got it to where it was six days a week. Your pay was a hundred dollars a month for working six days a week. That, of course, got your board and room. A hundred dollars. That was the pay.

TM: Yeah. You musta looked at that and said, "Well gee, I was makin' really good money there as a CBS affiliate there in Las Vegas."

SP: Oh yeah, I was, I was making good money. I had very, very good jobs. I made good money. It got to the point where money didn't make that much difference to me. I mean I really did love Ken Patrick, I did. Loved him with all my heart. So, it didn't make any difference. I had no sense of, you know, I'm too good for this job. I never did feel that way.

TM: Right. Or that...

SP: I was just very happy.

TM: ...they weren't paying you enough and so you were gonna head back to Vegas.

SP: Oh, no, no. The fact that they gave me a place to live and enough money to buy gas for my car, I was happy. Because I was happy to be there.

TM: Nice. Before we leave Phantom, I wanna mention that...

SP: We've been doing this over an hour, you know!

TM: I know and we're gonna wrap this up here pretty quick. I just wanna finish up with Phantom. There would have been somebody working for USGS there.

SP: Oh yes, Dean Tidball.

TM: Oh my gosh - alright. We can either pick this up for the next interview and start off talking about Dean, or you can tell me about Dean now. What would you like to do?

SP: Your call - your call, not mine.

TM: Oh, well tell me!

SP: Oh, Dean Tidball was one of the finest people I've ever known.

TM: How do you spell his last name?

SP: T-I-D - T as in Tom, I, D as in dog, B-A-L-L.

TM: So, tell me about Dean.

SP: Oh, Dean was a saint. He was a USGS guy. That is when they had to go out—I guess he went out, I can't remember if it was every day, but it seems to me it is pretty doggone often—he'd have to go out on a cart that was on a wire that was east of the old bridge. I call it the old bridge now 'cause I know they've got a new one down there. But east of the old bridge, just a few yards. He'd go out on that cart and he'd have to take milk bottles. At certain spots along the way he'd have to dip those bottles down in the river and then bring them back up. What he was doing was measuring the silt so that they would get advanced information to Boulder Dam so they knew how much silt was coming down the river.

TM: Did you get a chance to ride out on those carts?

SP: I did, one time.

TM: Did you? What was that like?

SP: Oohhh, it was great. What happened, you'd get in... It was just a little cart. It had a little bar seat on one end of it and then one bar seat on the other end of it. End meaning the seats were parallel to the river. He'd let the cart go all the way to the rock on the opposite side of the river. Then he had a hand crank that would work the cart back along the cord/the wire/ whatever you wanna call it. He'd work it back to certain points, stop, and put his bottles down, pull 'em back up, and then work some more and pull 'em back. He'd work his way all the way back to the north side of the river. Then he'd take all of his bottles to the house he had, which was right down there at the mouth of the Bright Angel Creek. He had to cook out the water so he could do the measurements to send to Boulder Dam.

TM: Ok. Did he eat with you all or did he have his own food and residence?

SP: Oh no. He had his own residence down there, but he'd come up to Phantom Ranch every night. We were all great friends. I've never had any happier time in my life than with those people at that time.

TM: Fun. So this was after you guys had done dishes and he was done with his work for the day, you all would get together a little bit?

SP: Yeah. We'd all sit outside the kitchen door. There were chairs out there and there'd be a little fire there. We'd sit out there and, of course, Slim played guitar. He played a fiddle a little bit. We'd just sit out there and chip our teeth and sing songs. Sometimes the dudes would come and sit up with us. We didn't go out to them, they came up and sat with us. We didn't go out and commiserate or anything like that with the dudes. They came up to where we were out of pure curiosity, I'm sure, after our day's work was done. The dudes would be there and they'd come up and sometimes they'd sing along and chat a bit and then they'd go on to their cabins. That was fun. I never ceased to enjoy it. It was so nice.

TM: Nice. Was Dean married at the time?

SP: Who?

TM: Tidball.

SP: Oh yes. His wife was a schoolteacher. Wonderful woman. They had three daughters. I'm sure you've got a lot of this information, you should have.

TM: Well, I'm just cross-checkin' all this stuff. His wife is a school teacher. Where was she working?

SP: I guess she was a teacher in Flagstaff. When I was down there in that February/March/April timeframe in 1953, his wife and the girls, when school was out, would all come and stay with him down there. They had to hike down and hike out. No mules provided! His wife - wonderful woman - she'd come down and stay there, too. They'd spend their summers with Dean in that cabin.

TM: Ok. So, this may be putting something together for me that I've always wondered about. I have a picture of a 1950 river trip at Phantom and there's a small girl there. She must be five or six, she's wearing a little dress. I'm like, how'd that girl get there? Whose kid is that?

SP: If she's a girl by herself it may have been his oldest daughter. Her name was Dawn, D-A-W-N. The other two girls he had were a year or two younger and they were twins.

TM: Ok. Are they still alive, do you know?

SP: Oh yes, so far as I know. I communicated with the twins until just a couple of years ago but not with the older daughter.

TM: Not Dawn?

SP: We just never ever got around to that, but the twins and I kinda kept up. Now, though, the person that I'm communicating with is the daughter of one of the twins. That's the daughter that I was telling you about, had the Schellbach information that she's been providing to the old-timers, or whatever you call it. She's been providing that for years, she's been going through all of his diaries. Dean Tidball was her grandfather.

TM: Yes, right. Ok. Anything else about Dean? 'Cause I'm thinkin' we'll wrap this up now. I'm thinkin' what else about Dean?

SP: Oh well, it may be an interesting topic about Dean. He got a transfer to Marble Canyon. That's when he left Phantom Ranch. Ken and I stopped by to see them the latter part of 1954. Anyway, we stopped by to see Dean and Edna who was no longer teaching. Apparently she'd retired or whatever and they were out at Marble Canyon. He was still working for Reclamation or whoever it was.

TM: USGS, yeah, USGS.

SP: Yeah, he was still working for them and doing all the checking at Marble Canyon.

TM: At Lees Ferry?

SP: There was a USGS house there that they lived in and Edna was there. Then I heard, I don't know how many years later, they retired. I think they were from Montana. They retired and went up home to Montana. Then the next thing I'd heard they'd both passed away.

TM: Ok, ok. Wow.

SP: Dean was a wonderful man. Honorable, honest, so much integrity. His wife was just really a wonderful person. Anybody that had her for a teacher was very, very blessed. She was a wonderful woman. They were just a terrific family. So that's about all I can tell you about Dean. They'd come up and visit with us at Phantom Ranch.

TM: Would he bring the girls up, when he had them?

SP: Sure, when the summertime came, everybody came up. The girls would come up and swim in the pool all the time. Oh yeah, it was great, it was wonderful.

TM: Fun.

SP: You couldn'ta had a better life than that, in those days. You really couldn't. I look back on it now and I think, gee, if I wasn't lucky to be there, even though I was there a short time. The wonderful times that I had during those early times at Grand Canyon.

TM: Excellent.

SP: Great people. So, anyway, does that cover Dean Tidball? Wonderful guy.

TM: Yeah, it does. You know what, we've been at this now an hour and twenty minutes. Let's call it good for today. I'm gonna turn this tape recorder off and then we'll schedule up our next call. Today is November 12, 2017, this is a Grand Canyon Oral History with Shirley Patrick, P-A-T-R-I-C-K, and this is Tom Martin. To be continued, Shirley, so, stand by.

SP: Ok honey, you just give me a call when you want to chat some more and we'll get on it!

TM: Ok, well hold the line for a minute, just a second.