

The Ol' Pioneer

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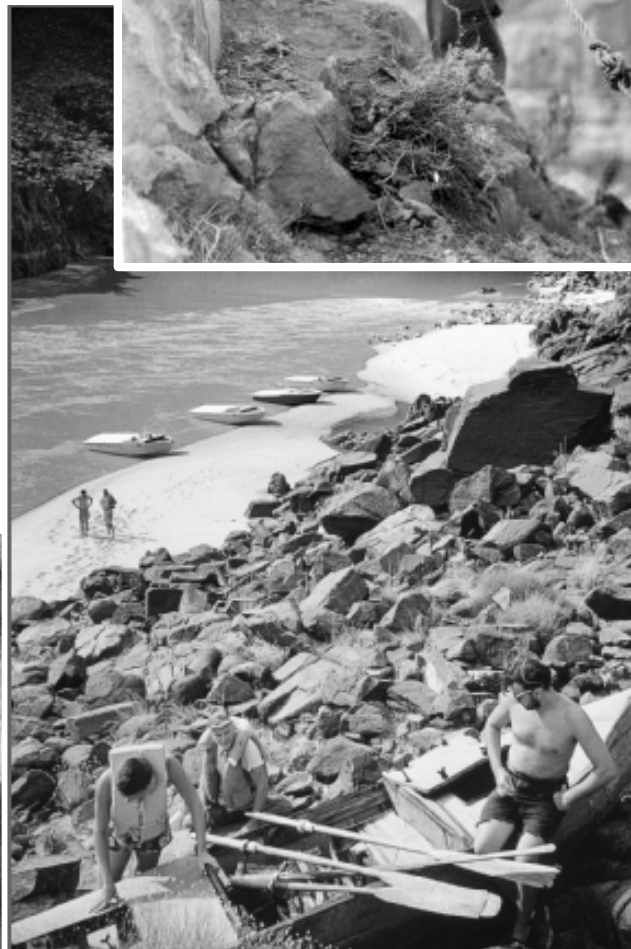
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President's Letter

It was a busy June 19: A Memorial Service, the Annual Picnic, the Presentation of Awards, and a special event – A Condor Over Flight. It was a blue sky day - some may remember a few years ago when the Annual June Picnic was “snowed” out! You can read all about the events and activities of this bus day in the July issue of *The Bulletin*.

In a previous message, it was noted this was the 100th anniversary of the Kolb Studio at the Grand Canyon South Rim. Those who attended the May outing were fortunate to meet “Ellsworth Kolb” and learn from him about living and working at the Kolb Studio / House. One could easily visually Emery Kolb avoiding the Park Service Superintendent by “hiding” in one of the many secrete passages.

It was also previously noted that this is the 20th anniversary of the Grand Canyon Pioneers / Historical Society. This celebration will be July 17, 2004, at the historic Jacob Lake Ranger Station, Grand Canyon North Rim. Activities for the celebration are given in the July issue of *The Bulletin*.

At the Annual Picnic, I gave a short “commercial” about the GCHS. The following are some of the strengths of the organization and are worth repeating, they are:

- Monthly Outings,
- Community Service Projects,
- *The Bulletin* – Monthly Newsletter,
- *Ol' Pioneer* – Quarterly Magazine,
- Pioneer Award – presented at the Annual Picnic,
- Scholarship - \$1,000 to a student at NAU doing research on Colorado Plateau issues, and
- collection of historical and significant documents to be housed at the NAU Cline Library Special Collections.

The following Board Members are serving the last year of a three-year term: Nancy Green, Mary Hoover, Dr. Tom Myers, and Carolyn Castleman. Each one has made a commitment and a contribution to serve in different areas of the GCHS. Each one, if elected, is eligible to serve a second (consecutive) three-year term.

This past year a concept of “shared responsibility” was implemented by the Board. Board members and members worked on assignments as a team to avoid one individual having all of the responsibility. This “shared responsibility” was most visible in the area of arranging for and hosting monthly outings. At the June 19 Annual Picnic many individuals - Board members and members - completed assignments (including last minute changes) to assure a successful afternoon.

I will select a committee to identify individuals who would be willing to serve a three-year term if elected. When you are contacted, please consider the areas you could contribute and then build a stronger GCHS.

Lee Albertson

The Ol' Pioneer

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EDITOR: Diane Cassidy

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Cheyava Falls

by Emery C. Kolb*

As early as 1902, vague rumors were heard of the mysterious roaring of Thunder River far below the western end of the Kaibab Plateau. That the prospectors and miners who circulated the reports never mentioned a similar roaring of the Cheyava Falls at the head of Clear Creek to the east is probably due to the fact that during the long winters, cold weather and blankets of snow always drove both animals and men to lower levels toward the north. These elements likewise prevented their return until after the heavy thaw and therefore after the subsidence of the greater part of the spring run-off. The Cheyava Falls, which gush out of the upper part of the Blue Lime Wall (Redwall), make a mighty roar in the early spring as they pour out from under the western rim of the Walhalla in the eastern section of the Kaibab Plateau.

In early May of 1903 William Beeson, now of Flagstaff, who was then driving a tourist conveyance from the Cameron Camp on the South Rim of Grand Canyon, reported seeing from O'Neil (Yavapai) Point a huge sheet of ice, estimated to be several hundred feet in length, glistening over the wall a dozen miles away across the Canyon. Our experiences within the canyon led my brother and me to believe that it would be impossible for ice to withstand the warmth of the canyon walls so late in the spring. Searching with a powerful glass from the veranda of our studio, furthermore, we were repaid by finding that instead of ice, the glistening we could see was the top of a high falls of sparkling, clear water pouring out of the sheer wall. From then on, each spring, generally beginning the middle of April, this was one of the major attractions to be pointed out from O'Neil Point, from where it shows to best advantage.

An urge to visit and photograph the remote and undiscovered sections of the Colorado River canyons was early acquired by my



Cheyava Falls
Photo by E. Kolb ©

brother and myself but it was not until the spring of 1908 that opportunity to visit upper Clear Creek Canyon presented itself. It came with the development of a cable crossing over the river, and establishment of a tourist camp near the mouth of Bright Angel Creek. The camp was then known as Rust's Camp, later as Roosevelt Camp, because Colonel Roosevelt spent a night there in 1913, and still later as Phantom Ranch. Obtaining the services of one of Mr. Rust's employees, Mr. Israel Chamberlain of Kanab, Utah, my brother Ellsworth prepared for a mad dash out of the Granite gorge and eastward across the Tonto bench to photograph Cheyava Falls. Since the climb and hike of over ten miles was made with heavy plate cameras and with canteens of water, it was impossible to carry blankets so the men spent long nights shivering in the gusts of cold wind off the high plateau. Furthermore, rations were necessarily extremely light and were soon exhausted. My brother and his companion, nevertheless, were gone four days and returned with excellent pictures.

My first visit to Cheyava Falls was by a different but more dangerous route. A friend, Milton Madden, and I rowed and dragged an open fourteen-foot canvas boat with our cameras and luggage, upstream from Bright Angel Creek to Clear Creek. At the mouth of Clear Creek we camped two nights. The trip to the falls and the return to the river occupied a full day. Over this route only cameras and lunch were carried, thus eliminating the weight of our beds. It was all hard work, nevertheless, though thrilling to the utmost. The return trip to Bright Angel Creek down the river was made in only an hour for we were caught in a fast rising river which gave us no little alarm and necessitated quick thinking and quick action.

Since my first trip to Clear Creek, while much thought may have been given to the place by various people, little more was heard about this region until Chief Ranger Brooks, with his aids, planted the stream with trout in 1929. Mr. Brooks reported finding considerable evidence of ancient Indian occupation there. Whether the Indians had access from the Kaibab Plateau at the head of the canyon or followed the tortuous Tonto Bench above Bright Angel Creek and around Brahma and Zoroaster Temples, is a question still to be decided.

Although a topographic map embodying this region was made near the start of the century, not until 1923 was the Clear Creek waterfall marked on U.S. Geological Survey maps. At this time, Colonel Birdseye, then Chief Topographic Engineer, requested my brother and me to give the falls an Indian name. My brother chose Cheyava, meaning in Hopi, intermittent river, which at the time we thought applicable. Upon later investigation we found that our supposition that the water dried up entirely during part of the year was probably incorrect.

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Cheyava Falls...continued from page 3

In the middle of September 1930 when my brother and I thought the falls to be entirely dry, we decided to explore the cave. To our disadvantage on the one hand and delight on the other, we were surprised to find considerable water, undiscernible at a distance at that time of year, running through crevices and brush at the mouth of the cave. This led us to believe that there is some perennial water at the falls.

Reaching the cave at the head of Cheyava Falls was no minor undertaking, although through our telescope it appeared to us that the 2000 foot descent to the top of the Blue Lime Wall could be reached without much rope-work. A final 200 foot sheer drop over this wall to a projection underneath the cave was anticipated.

My brother drove around to the North Rim equipped with ropes, pulleys, beds, etc., to search for the nearest approach by road to a place from which we could make the descent to Cheyava Falls. When this was located, he phoned that all was in readiness. Then to curtail the absence from my daily lectures on the South Rim and thinking the job might be done in about one and a half days, I flew across. My brother met me at the air field and we slept in the pines in order to make a fairly early start in the morning.

At the rim of Grand Canyon where we descended, a huge cut or slide had been formed through the entire Kaibab formation and almost to the bottom of the usually perpendicular Coconino Sandstone cliff. Through the telescope the cut had appeared to be complete, but arriving near the bottom of it with our load of ropes, cameras, food, and other equipment, we were stopped by an eighty foot precipitous drop. Our loads were lowered to the bottom of it with a rope. Then we found a route for ourselves provided by several fir trees which were growing twenty to twenty-five feet from the base of the cliff and which extended up to



*Boom & Pulley Operated
by Emery Kolb*

the ledge on top. The upper part of one of these trees was snared. The other end of the rope was then fastened around a huge rock and over the rope and down the tree we climbed, over-coming our first difficulty.

At the base of the Coconino cliff food was left for our return. No hats or coats were taken. Our sacks, canteens and huge coils of dangling rope gave us enough trouble in the thick brush. About 400 feet below, another ledge - this one with a drop of about forty feet - was passed with the aid of a wire, which we left there. Then about halfway down the red Supai wall, a huge fir tree which had been stripped of its limbs by rocks, was slid down three hundred feet and over another 40 foot drop. The small end of the tree flopped down first, making the pole difficult to "coon".

One hundred and twenty-five feet of rope were left at a still lower point over a series of sheer ledges. From there on, having nothing but a rough slope to contend with, we were able to climb down to the top of the blue lime without the aid of ropes. The amount of rope

distributed over the ledges for our return left us but 400 feet of one half inch line for our block and tackle - just half the amount needed. Darkness was now upon us so we covered ourselves as best we could with knapsacks and whiled away the hours until daylight. We were by this time without food and water, so leaving our cameras and other equipment, we climbed out to obtain more rope and provisions.

On the North Rim about 200 feet of three eighth inch rope was all we could secure, but we decided to make the final 200-foot descent with this addition. The following noon we "topped-off" again, taking what we thought to be sufficient food and water and leaving another cache at the base of the Coconino. It was too late to accomplish much that evening so another night was spent just above the cave. A miserable night it was - no shelter.

My brother and I worked all the following morning constructing a boom over the ledge to attach our pulleys to. The brush hampered our work in stringing out the 600 feet of rope, and it was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when we were ready for the final descent. A heavy storm was brewing, but as we were out of food and water, Ellsworth decided to take the canteen and make the drop anyway to the sparkling water, 200 feet below us.

Sitting in a loop, down my brother started. As I handled the slack end of the rope, I could peer a thousand feet below the Clear Creek Canyon. Ellsworth was just half way down to the cave when we were caught in one of the most terrific rain and hail storms I have ever experienced. The lightning struck close by many times. So strong was the wind, I had fear of being blown from the cliff.** I withdrew from the edge, tying the rope to a small Pinyon pine, leaving my brother dangling in the air, and since the cliff receded below, he was prevented from steadying himself against the wall.

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Cheyava Falls...continued from page 3

This permitted the wind to whirl him round and round until the three wet ropes became one.

When the storm abated some, I dropped a pole to my brother on a thin line, and he used it to gradually unwind himself. It was a long task but finally the rope slackened. Then inch by inch I let him down.

The cave exploration was necessarily cut very short since we had no lights, also because 200 feet of loose rope had to be untangled from small trees and brush on the ledge below and the hour was growing late. My brother filled the canteen, then I began pulling his 165 pounds of weight up with the three-way rope system which necessitated much more effort than the usual four-way block and tackle. Ellsworth dropped his pole and again the rope spun, but by dark I had him up.

I was exhausted. The strain of pulling my brother up had been such that I developed an uncomfortable rupture and this caused no little annoyance in the climb back over the ropes. Ascending in total darkness, we reached the cache at the base of the Coconino where we remained even though it rained the whole night through.

At the break of day, my brother and I climbed the tree and "cooned" the rope to the base of the big talus slide. Without further delay we "topped-out" reaching our car about 10 a.m. My condition prevented further immediate attempts at the cave, and I could not then either walk or ride across the canyon by trail, so my return to the South Rim was made by airplane. The trip had lasted six days instead of the allotted one and a half.

At a later time, with the aid of a helper to handle the ropes at the pulley, my brother made two more attempts to reach the cave. A weighted wire was dropped beside the ropes, preventing them from spinning. But not until the third attempt, when he took a twenty-foot ladder to get over rocks in the cave, did he make any real ingress.

The cave as described by my brother is approximately 60 feet high at the entrance, with the lower opening blocked by huge rocks which have fallen from the ceiling. Inside, the ceiling extends upward in the shape of a dome, 100 to 150 feet in height. The width is about 100 feet and a lake extends 600 feet back. This is divided by a huge rock or ledge necessitating the use of a 20 foot ladder. There are no stalactites of importance but many lime crystals and incrustations are in evidence.

Except across 75 feet at the end of the room my brother found no wading necessary. At that point the ceiling tapered down to within two feet of the water. A cataract could be heard beyond, but he made no attempt to duck under the ceiling and examine further.

A fine trail is now being constructed from Bright Angel Creek to the base of the Clear Creek waterfalls, but there is still opportunity for the adventurous person to further explore the cave. Our boom yet hangs over the cliff, patiently waiting for the next explorer.

*Editor's Note: The Author of the above article is one of the early explorers of the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon. The experiences of his trip of 1911 are interestingly described in his book "Through the Grand Canyon From Wyoming to Mexico."

**Extremely violent storms of short duration, often accompanied by strong winds are not uncommon at the Grand Canyon. On Feb. 25, this year, a storm broke at Clear Creek with such violence that several well put-up and anchored tents at a C.C.C. fly camp which was established there, were blown down, and effects of the camp were widely scattered.

[Reprinted by permission of the Grand Canyon Association from *History and Exploration of the Grand Canyon Region*. Natural History Bulletin 2, Grand Canyon, Arizona: Grand Canyon Natural History Association, 1935, pp.10-17.]

Great-granddaughter proud of Kolb legacy

by Jackie Brown

Associate Grand Canyon News Editor

Anyone who's taken the Kolb Studio tour has wondered what it's like to live in a home with one of the most spectacular views in the world, in the company of one of Grand Canyon's most colorful characters.

Jennifer Draper doesn't have to wonder. From the time she was very young, until her great-grandfather Emery Kolb died in 1976, she spent a good deal of time in the unusual building perched on the Canyon's edge.

Draper is the granddaughter of Emery's daughter Edith and her husband Carl Lehnert. She was born and raised in Flagstaff and now lives on a ranch in Montana with her twin 15-year-old daughters, where she works as a freelance writer and photographer. She tries to come back every year or two, and recently visited the Canyon for the "Mule-abration" which celebrated 100 years of mule trains and the studio's existence.

Until recently, coming back has been difficult. "It was heartbreaking to see how the studio was abandoned after (Emery's) death," she said. "I loved that building. But when I came back in 1991, the pipes were broken, the building was vandalized, and the hardwood floors were rippled. That was heartbreaking."

She and her family are grateful to the Grand Canyon Association for its efforts to restore the building and return it to service for Park visitors. "The GCA has done a remarkable job," Draper said. "They would consult with us and ask, 'Does that look like it did then?' I never saw the studio look better." Much of the restoration had to be guesswork, especially the colors since most of the photographic record was in black and white, but the dining room set is the same used by the family.

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Ross Wheeler Update

by Richard Quartaroli – Flagstaff AZ

According to David Lavender in *River Runners of the Grand Canyon*, in 1914 Bert Loper built the boat *Ross Wheeler* for an ill-fated trip with sometime friend Charlie Russell, and named it after a friend who had recently been murdered. Somehow Russell took the iron-clad boat away from a Loper acquaintance in Green River, Utah who was acting as the boat's guardian. The Russell party, after many a momentous event into the next year, ran the *Ross Wheeler* into the Grand Canyon to River Mile 108, walked out the Bass Trail, and left "the *Ross Wheeler* rocking gently at the margin of the river ... Deciding

that the *Ross Wheeler* might come in handy some day, John Waltenberg, William Bass's occasional employee and partner, winched it up the bank out of reach of floods."

Since 1915, the *Ross Wheeler* has resided in this general area, on the talus slope, river left above Bass Rapid. The position of the boat has varied over the years. In addition, many associated artifacts are now missing: a cork life jacket; three oars with oarlocks; all but one of the hatch latches; a heavy rope bowline; and a block and tackle. Around 1984, Kim Crumbo and the River Unit found the *Ross Wheeler* rolled upside down once in an apparent attempt to move it toward the River. Crumbo said the boat was heavier than it looked and it



Bill Belknap photo, NAU.PH.96.4.95.68, taken in 1960, of the Loper boat "Ross Wheeler."

took all they could to right the boat; Subdistrict Ranger Charlie Peterson then chained and bolted it to the granite.

In July 2002, Tony Anderson, while doing two back-to-back trips, noticed that the *Ross Wheeler* was in a different position and notified Ranger Dave Desrosiers, who contacted all hiking and river parties during that period. According to boatmen, this was a period of huge winds. Desrosiers noticed some apparent new and relocated rocks in the vicinity that looked like they came from above. The hatches were on and everything looked OK except some evidence of rolling. Desrosiers concluded that the wind had flipped the boat and torqued the bolt out of the rock, though GCNP Cultural Resources

Chief Jan Balsom debates this interpretation. Ranger Brenton White re-chained the *Ross Wheeler*.

In late February 2004, Balsom and crew "found an inflatable raft and oars stashed inside the back compartment. Duct tape and all. Not an appropriate use for this historic craft." White has found a beer stash in the *Ross Wheeler* and, on this year's GTS trip, he reported that "someone had rigged a pull string firework under the front and back hatches, duct taped into place. Neither detonated. The new position of the boat allows water to collect and remain standing in the cockpit accelerating the rust."

With discussion ongoing, what possible options does the river

community now have? Education is a first step: these articles, besides appearing here, will also be printed in *The Waiting List: Newsletter of the Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association* and will be submitted to *Footprints: The Newsletter of the Grand Canyon Hikers and Backpackers Association*; a series of pamphlets on each of the historic boats is being designed, including both Loper boats, and the pamphlets will be made available to all river and backcountry hiking parties; positive peer pressure to refrain from "simply messing about with [these] boats" and other historic artifacts; and eternal vigilance.

No Boat Left Behind?

by Grand Canyon Historic Boat Project Advisory Committee

The Grand Canyon National Park Foundation, its advisory committee, and the Grand Canyon National Park continue to make progress saving boats that have contributed so richly to the human history of Grand Canyon.

The three "Galloway boats" (Stone's of 1909, Kolb's 1911 *Edith*, and the USGS -So Cal Edison 1921 *Glen*), which were moved from the old Visitors' Center courtyard last July 23, have now been professionally cleaned and are housed temporarily in the Conservation Workshop. The Georgie White boat and the Marston Sportyak, along with the Kirschbaum kayak and Zee Grant's *Escalante*, all smaller boats, have been moved into the old NPS warehouse. Scheduled for removal from the courtyard in mid-June are the bigger boats: the *WEN*; the *Esmeralda II*; and the *Music Temple*, which are all wider than

the building's courtyard and entry doors. The procedure for removal is still being brainstormed. Current preferred option includes the temporary removal of the glass partitions and doors leading out of the building.

"SAVE THE BOATS!" fliers were available at the Grand Canyon River Guides GTS for handouts to your friends and fellow boaters. Fund-raising posters and brand-spanking new t-shirts allow you to be artsy and fashionable as well as support a grand cause. Brad Dimock is researching and writing four pamphlets, each highlighting one colorful boat and the Save The Boats project.

According to a February 11, 2004 article in *The Grand Canyon News*, the previously known Heritage Education Campus now "bears the working title Village Interpretive Center," comprised of six buildings southwest of the

railway depot. "The laundry building will house the Canyon's historic river boats and other interpretive content highlighting the river experience, as well as a small cafe and seating area." The Advisory Committee will be recommending no food in the river running museum. This laundry building renovation will be launched after the boat conservation is complete and is subject to available funding. All concept plans will have to clear a design review board.

The Save The Boats Advisory Committee presently include: Brad Dimock, Dave Edwards, Fran Joseph, Tom Moody, Richard Quartaroli, Jack Schmidt, Cameron Staveley, Gaylord Staveley, Ellen Tibbetts, Deborah Tuck, and most recently, Roy Webb. The committee would like to have at least one additional member from an "upper river" state.

Move the Boats -- Phase Two

Photos by Gus Scott - Prescott AZ

On June 8, phase two of the Grand Canyon Historic Boat Project was completed. The three remaining historic boats were moved from the old visitors' center to an NPS warehouse near the conservation workshop. The boats will be cleaned, evaluated and conserved so that the public can once again enjoy the history of these boats through stories associated with their use on the Colorado River. [For more information on the Historic Boat Project and NPS photos of this event, see: www.nps.gov/grca/media/7jun04.htm]



The *Esmeralda II*, designed and built by Ed Hudson, was the first power boat to run the Grand Canyon.



The *WEN*, a cataract boat built and used by Norm Nevills between 1938 and 1949.



The *Music Temple*, a classic dory based upon the McKenzie river hull design, was originally owned by river historian P.T. Reilly and later by Martin Litton.

The Future of the Canyon's Boats

Brad Dimock & Tom Moody – Flagstaff AZ
for The Grand Canyon Historic Boat Project

Floating below Buck Farm most of us point out the barely perceptible remains of the *Grand Canyon*, Bert Loper's last boat. It often triggers a story about Bert, about his boat, about how the weather and visitation have reduced it to dust.

Downstream, as we enter Bass Rapid we see another Loper-built boat, the *Ross Wheeler*, lying on the granodiorite

slope above the river. Unlike Bert's plywood boat, the *Ross Wheeler* appears immortal and timeless on the slope, and triggers its own story of Charlie Russell's ill-fated trip and how this was the last boat floating of five boats launched.

These two boats epitomize one of the tougher questions we must ask about our river heritage: should they be removed to the South Rim for protection, stabilization, and eventual display in the new River Running Museum? Or should they stay in place to become one with the Canyon?

In the early years after Bert Loper's death, Ken Sleight lobbied hard to remove and preserve Loper's plywood boat. No decision was made to remove it, however, and to this day, right or wrong, the boat continues to decay and crumble.

The *Ross Wheeler*, too, has suffered over the decades—oars and oarlocks have vanished, the boat has twice been dragged or rolled toward the river, and the bottom has rusted through in several places. As timeless as it may appear from the river, the *Ross Wheeler* is quite mortal.

Passions on this issue are strong. Some feel that we owe it to



PT Reilly photo, NAU.PH.97.46.121.76, taken in 1949, of the Loper boat "Grand Canyon"

posterity to preserve these unique and significant vessels as part of the heritage of the river—that it is selfish to keep the experience of seeing it to ourselves, while leaving an increasingly degraded (if any) resource to future generations.

Others feel that it would be blasphemous to remove them—that these boats are as much a part of the Canyon as Elves Chasm. To float by these spots and have no boat there would trouble many people deeply—especially with no museum yet in place for the boats to be displayed. The boats lie where the pioneer boatmen left them, some say, and that is where they belong until there is naught but dust remaining.

To many folks' way of thinking, Bert Loper's *Grand Canyon* is now beyond saving. But perhaps in the case of the *Ross Wheeler* there is a middle ground—perhaps the rust could be stabilized and the boat anchored firmly enough that it would remain indefinitely. In this scenario the boat could be re-evaluated periodically and could always be removed if decay or damage began to exceed acceptable bounds.

Another thought is to build replicas of each boat to either

display on the Rim for posterity, or to replace the boats now along the river while the originals are archived. These are but a few of the viewpoints and options, and there is no right or wrong.

As part of the *Save the Boats* project we are dedicated to protecting and exhibiting the boats already off the river, but individually we are torn by these same issues. We have discussed the

issue with the National Park Service and they are torn as well. In as much as these boats belong to the public, we'd like to open a discussion on their fate. This is not a vote, so much as it is a request for feelings and ideas on the future of these boats and other perishable artifacts that remain in the Canyon. Think about what they may mean to you, and what our action or inaction will mean for future generations. Please take the time to drop a line or email—your ideas will help us and the National Park Service find the way through these tough decisions. Thanks for your concern—

Write:

c/o Grand Canyon National Park
Foundation
625 North Beaver Street
Flagstaff, AZ 86001

or Email: fran@gcnpf.org

American History with Fire in its Eye

Presentation by Stephen Pyne

by Nancy Green – Grand Canyon AZ

On Thursday, January 29, 2004, I was fortunate to attend a lecture by Dr. Stephen Pyne, the West's foremost authority on fire. If you've ever read any of his books, you will know that attending his lectures are like getting hit over the head with a Webster's Third New International Dictionary. He is so scholarly and erudite, but also captivating and riveting. I will make a puny attempt to sum up his incredible talk.

Dr. Pyne discussed three types of fire: industrial, imperial and national. Industrial refers to the use of biomass, be it wood or fossil fuels from our geologic past. Imperial refers to the British model employed while settling the sub-continent of India, using slash and burn tactics. National refers to methodologies used in the early 20th century in this country.

In millennias past, humans watched in amazement as lightning sparked fires, and desired to wrest control of ignition from nature. It all depended on the receptivity of the landscape at hand. Abusive burning was used as a way of clearing an area or flushing out game. There was no thought given to the ecosystem. This is still being employed today. A dramatic satellite photo showing Europe and Africa at night depicted brilliant clusters of lights all across Europe. This displayed the use of industrial fire. But, across the wide part of Africa burned a glowing red swath showing the open burning cycles still used by indigenous peoples.

During the 1880s in this country, public lands were designated in the huge, scarcely explored West. Indian reservations, national forests, national parks and grazing districts were carved into the landscape. It was in 1886 that the U. S. Cavalry was sent to manage Yellowstone, which was the first time a paramilitary management was used in a national park area. It was a pretty easy step from that to have the foresters become fire fighters--soldiers of the state against a common, frightening enemy--the forest of nature. It was the moral equivalent of war.

There are rhythms of fire in 20, 30 and 60 year cycles...1910 became known as the Big Blowup--the famous one where Ed Pulaski

held his fire crew at gunpoint as the fire passed over them. The fire fighters' indispensable tool is named after him.

There was a huge policy debate. The government was looking at Indian uses of fire, which was called light burning. This involved small fires to rid an area of duff or burn off some grassland.

State monies are what mostly were used for fire protection.

Railroads were notorious for starting fires, so vehicular means were created to follow behind the trains, putting out fires along the way. In fact, the early writing of the West was due to ways to communicate about fire protection along the train tracks.

Early uses of the Army Air Patrols were to fly over a fire area, and then wrap notes in rocks and heave them out of the plane to communicate about fire. An interesting side note to reach southern residents about fire was a brief presentation of the Dixie Crusaders, a team sent out to "evangelize" against uncontrolled open wood burning.

A period of fire fanaticism arose in the early 1930s, when EVERY last spark was put out. There was a huge drought at this time. The Civilian Conservation Corp was created, and put to work fighting fires. In 1939 came the beginnings of the smoke jumpers and a 40-man crew, the predecessor of today's hot shot crews.

Gus Silcox was the Chief Forester of the Forest Service at this time. He instituted the "Control by 10 am" policy, meaning a fire discovered one day would be out by 10 am the following day. Also at the same time was the discovery and use of Smokey Bear, and the introduction of Disney's Bambi

with the clear message to every child that Fire Is Hostile.

Military technology was borrowed from World War II and applied to fire fighting. Thus began the mechanization of fire fighting.

By 1970 challenges were being made to fire policy. A new argument was to clear an area of the people who were causing burns and manage the area, and the incidence of fire should go down. In other words, pull suppression out of the cycle.

The National Park Service instituted prescribed fires over 35 years ago. So, why don't we have more to show for it today?

Dr. Pyne suggests that putting fire in is not like taking it out. He used the great analogy that we should reintroduce wolves. However, we should probably not drop them in the middle of Arrowhead Mall in Phoenix. Undoubtedly, this was part of their historic range, but a few things have changed there which would not be conducive to wolf pack survival. Same with fire. It totally depends on the current environmental conditions.

There has been a spate of "Celebrity Fires," beginning with the Yellowstone Fire of 1998, Southern California in 1993, and more recently and closer to home, the Rodeo Chedeshy fire in the White Mountains of Arizona in 2002.

So, what are our options? Dr. Pyne outlined some scenarios:

1. Leave it to nature, and realize that loitering fires can wreak tremendous havoc.
2. Suppress fire, and institute a declaration of martial law.
3. Do the burning ourselves, and have to deal with issues such as: How much smoke will a

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Writing Down the River: Into the Heart of the Grand Canyon

by Nancy Green – Grand Canyon AZ

On Thursday, May 20, 2004, the Grand Canyon Association and the Cline Library at Northern Arizona University presented Writing Down the River: Into the Heart of the Grand Canyon. This project was the brainstorm of Kathleen Jo Ryan, a photographer and writer in her own right. Although she lives in the San Juan Islands off the coast of Washington State, she has had quite a love affair with the Grand Canyon. She describes her first encounter with the Colorado River as a life-defining moment. There is a book by this same title (published by Northland Press in hardback and Grand Canyon Association in paperback) and there is a VHS and soon to be DVD featuring the PBS special that was filmed based on the book. There is currently an exhibit at Sky Harbor Airport in Terminal 4 Level 3 from now through October. This exhibit also will be at the Kolb Studio at Grand Canyon, South Rim from November through January. This book has won the Willa Cather Literary Award.

How this all began was with Kathleen writing and photographing for a book in 1985 about Ireland. The premise was that she would gather a group of notable Irish writers and discuss Irish Traditions. This worked well enough that Kathleen tried it again using the theme of Ranching Traditions. This time she gathered 12 writers of the West who gave their literary impressions. She worked on this project in 1989 and again met with success.

In the meantime, a boatman friend invited her on a Colorado River trip. She describes her experience by saying that "... when I got into the Grand Canyon, the Grand Canyon got into me." I'm sure that many of us so addicted can relate to her statement. Using her successful format on her other books, Kathleen chose 15 women writers in 1997 to take a trip on the Colorado through the Grand Canyon. The writers then wrote approximately a 1,000 word essay describing their feelings and impressions on the 277 mile journey.

Kathleen then dimmed the lights and began her photographic

journey which accompanied the women writers' words. She chose passages from the different authors to accompany her photos. Gretel Ehrlich described necks of rocks towering above. Kathleen wrote about the exhilaration of rampaging water. Paige Lambert found the Canyon able to "glimpse the tender places of my soul." Linda Ellerbee pondered the ancient graffiti written on the rocks, wondering "do the stars know where they went?" Evelyn C. White saw the river as a tribute to Tina Turner, with a raucous chorus of "Rollin' Down the River." (As a side note - the year these women went down the river was 1997 with 28,000 cfs -- obviously pre-drought flows.) Brenda Peterson said her skin was scrubbed and cleansed by the River. Teresa Jordan stated that the Canyon is so magnificent that surely nothing could be more beautiful. But, a few miles later, the Canyon would prove her wrong, again. Denise Chavez spoke to the elements of the Canyon, the rocks, the waterfalls, the river itself, asking to be allowed to pass through this beauty unharmed.

Kathleen had some exceptional shots which needed no narration - Martin Litton rowing his dory, Sequoia. A spectacular double rainbow, with a bird positioned exquisitely between the two arches, with the brown river below, the towering rocks above, and a boat pulled along shore, tiny and insignificant compared with the striking drama being played out all around it.

Kathleen concluded by musing the changes in the Canyon. They are constant, be they from monsoon storms which sweep the area every summer, or debris flows down side canyons into the River, changing the current and the scenery, or fallen boulders altering the flow. The Canyon is made new again and again.

Are we also changed by the storms of life or the unexpected push of a flash flood or a sudden boulder in our path? If nothing else, a river trip allows you to pause and reflect, gather strength from the time and ages surrounding you, and compare your own insignificance against the cliffs and the powerful rapids. In today's insanely busy world, I think everyone needs a river trip.

American History with Fire *...continued from page 9*

population center tolerate...Can you control the number of escaped suppressed fires as well as controlled burns? Or:

4. Take a broader tactic and change the combustibility of the landscape. This would require using a combination of the above, plus intense human power and effort, with intensive, precise management.

Dr. Pyne summarized with a look to our geologic past as it influences our future. Anthropogenic (or native burning) of fire will not disappear. The United States of the 1880s mirrors Brazil and the burning of the rain forest today. But, there is hope. Organizations like the Nature Conservancy are doing experiments because they own

large sections of land. Fire isn't a disturbance, it's biology.

Stephen Pyne received his Ph.D. from the University of Texas at Austin. He worked for 15 seasons as a fire fighter at the Grand Canyon's North Rim. He spent 3 months in Antarctica and wrote a book about his experiences there. Dr. Pyne's presentation was part of the Spring 2004 Canyon County Community Lecture Series sponsored by the Grand Canyon Association, the Grand Canyon Semester and Cline Library of Northern Arizona University.

Kolb's Great-granddaughter ...continued from page 5

"I remember that dining room set," Draper said. "It still has the sawblade marks that my brother put there with a toy saw."

She has many fond memories of growing up at the studio. While the old home was noisy as old houses are, with clanking pipes and creaking floors, she believes there was something more. "The house has always had its own spirit," she said. At night, she made sure she closed the curtains overlooking the Canyon for fear the spirits of the people who died there would come up and look at her. And, she said, the scent of the lavender sachets her great-grandmother used lingered from the time of her death until the day that Emery Kolb died.

While her memories center on him as an elderly man, she recalls "He was definitely a character. I remember one time, he was in his 80s and he was terribly upset because the doctors told him he had to stop taking the steps two at a time. He did eventually – but not right then."

Some of her earliest memories surround being photographed with and by her great-grandfather for publications and for the family scrapbook. "The first photograph of me was taken by him," she said. "It was a family portrait when I was less than a year old."

As she got older, she visited during the summer and vacations, helping out (she characterizes it as "more like pestering") in the gift shop. And, like many other people around Emery Kolb, she grew up watching him perform.

"He grew up in the vaudeville era," she said. "That was how he attracted business. It was very vaudevillian. He loved curtains – now you see him, now you don't. He would slip in and out of the auditorium into a room where he hid during the show and reappear when it was over."

His eccentricities have become "part of the family lore. We grew up with the stories. His favorite stories were about famous people. He loved his guest books and his

historic photos. He had one of Theodore Roosevelt with a small, blond boy sitting in his lap. That was my father. He thoroughly enjoyed the famous visitors."

"I get asked a lot if certain stories are true," she said. For example, the tale of the famous falling out between Emery and Ellsworth over Ellsworth's book on the brothers' river running experiences is mostly true, except that she doesn't feel that Emery was slighted in the book. "There are different perceptions," she said. "He felt he wasn't given enough credit. But Mr. Kolb liked being center stage and he didn't feel he was center stage in the book. The book brings in a lot of different people."

His ongoing struggle with the Park Service is also accurately told. "The battle was epic," Draper said. "There were many people in Park Service who swore they were going to push the studio off the rim of the Canyon. He was determined it would stay. His greatest pleasure is that he lived long enough to have part of the studio declared a historic monument so the Park Service couldn't tear it down. He's pleased at how things turned out for the studio."

As the family's historian, she has come to know her great-grandmother Blanche through the many letters now in her safekeeping. Emery's wife, she said, brought a civilizing influence to the Kolb legacy. "She was the calming influence in his life," she said. "She probably kept him in business, both by being able to mediate and being the business head."

"My great-grandfather loved my great-grandmother and mourned her until the day he died," Draper added. "She was a smart woman. She did the books, and he was the front man with all the razzle-dazzle. She was the business head. She balanced the books, managed the money and put up with him. He couldn't have been an easy man to live with." She said Blanche brought elegance and civility to the studio, serving tea from a silver tea

set and giving formal dinners.

She believes she inherited some of her great-grandfather's nature. Like him, she seized the opportunity to run the Colorado River and admits she shares his tendency toward his love of theatrics. One of her dreams is to revive the Kolb brothers' mule photo business. "I'd like to see the mule photos again," she said. "It was an idea I pitched to the Park Service several years ago. I told them I was interested in pursuing it and doing it out of the studio. I've been told I bear a strong resemblance to my great-grandmother, so I'd like to set it up as a living history display. I think it would be a unique and interesting thing. I wouldn't just be a historic reenactor but someone who grew up with history in a small way." And, she added, "It must be the Mr. Kolb in me, looking for an opportunity to bring in more tourism."

She and her family have worked to preserve the legacy they've inherited. They cooperated with PBS on the Kolb documentary that aired a few years ago and are working to create a CD-ROM based on the kiosk exhibit at Kolb Studio. They would also like to release a CD-ROM of screen savers featuring Kolb images.

While in many ways she cherishes the rich past of her family, in one regard it's a burden as well. "I'm a photographer in my own right, and a writer," she said. "As long as I stay out of the state of Arizona, it's fine. But it's a little tiresome to hear all the time that I inherited my talent from my great-grandfather. It may have come from there but I developed it on my own."

She said that in the last 10 years, the Kolb legacy "seems to be growing, as legends do." "That," she said, "would please him to no end."



Grand Canyon Events

In cooperation with the Grand Canyon Association, we will publish in *The Ol'Pioneer* a list of events and activities at the Grand Canyon to keep all of you abreast of what's happening, especially because of several anniversaries that will be celebrated over the next year or two (Kolb Studio is 100 years old in 2004, the El Tovar and Hopi House also will be 100 in early 2005.) If you have any questions about the events listed on this page, please write Grand Canyon Association at PO Box 399, Grand Canyon AZ 86023 or GCAssociation@GrandCanyon.org or call 928-638-2481.

June 19 through October 16:

Exhibit at Kolb Studio: ***In the Fifth World: Portrait of the Navajo Nation***, an exhibit of photographs depicting a broad spectrum of contemporary Navajo life. The exhibit, based on the book of the same title, features black-and-white portraits and color aerial views from across the Navajo Reservation.

The images were created by Kenji Kawano while he was a photographer for *The Navajo Times*, and the Navajo tribal official photographer, and Adriel Heisey, when he was a pilot for the Navajo Tribal Government. The mixture of portraits of the Navajo people and aerial images of the Navajo landscape creates a compelling portrayal of life on the reservation.

The exhibit is circulated by the Arizona Commission on the Arts.

Entrance to the exhibit is free and is located at the Kolb Studio at the head of the Bright Angel Trail.

July 22:

Canyon Country Community Lecture Series in Flagstaff: ***The History of Grand Canyon River Running*** presented by Brad Dimock. For the last 25 years, Brad Dimock has worked as a commercial boatman in Grand Canyon and on the rivers of Utah, Alaska, Mexico, Guatemala, Chile, Ethiopia, and Tanzania. He is the author of several Grand Canyon-related books, including *Sunk Without a Sound: The Tragic Colorado River Honeymoon of Glen and Bessie Hyde*. The lecture begins at 6:30 PM in the Cline Library at Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff.

August 19:

Canyon Country Community Lecture Series in Flagstaff: ***Grand Canyon Women: The Quiet Pioneers*** by Denise Traver. Most Grand Canyon aficionados are familiar with pioneers J. W. Powell, Emery and Ellsworth Kolb, as well as many of the other male pioneers who explored or settled at Grand Canyon. What has gone under the radar and escaped the attention of so many historians and authors are contributions of the women who made their quiet mark on the park and the region. Come learn of the accomplishments and contributions some of these women have made to the community--and our nation. The lecture begins at 6:30 PM in the Cline Library at Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff.

September 19:

Canyon Country Community Lecture Series in Prescott: ***Fur and Feathers - A Snapshot of Grand Canyon Wildlife*** presented by R. V. Ward. Ward is a wildlife biologist at Grand Canyon National Park and formerly a wildlife biologist for the Tusayan Ranger District of the Kaibab National Forest. Ward also served as an interpretive ranger at Grand Canyon National Park for a number of years. The lecture begins at 1:00 PM at the Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott.

October 17:

Canyon Country Community Lecture Series in Prescott: ***A Drop in the Bucket - Springs and Water Sources in Grand Canyon*** presented by Steve Monroe. Monroe has been hiking and floating the canyons of the west for more than 25 years. He holds an M.S. in Forestry from Northern Arizona University and is currently a hydrologist with the United States Geological Survey. Monroe has worked on water issues in numerous western states and a focus of his research has been the hydrology and ecology of springs in the Grand Canyon. The lecture begins at 1:00 PM in the Exhibit Hall at the Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott.

Grand Canyon Historical Society

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