

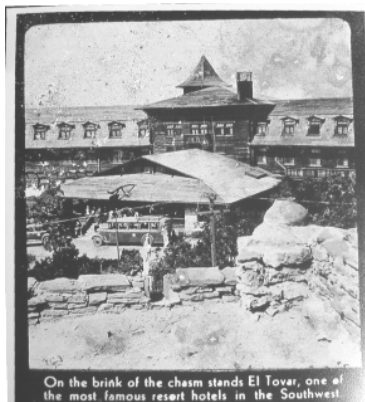
The Ol' Pioneer

The Quarterly Magazine of the Grand Canyon Historical Society

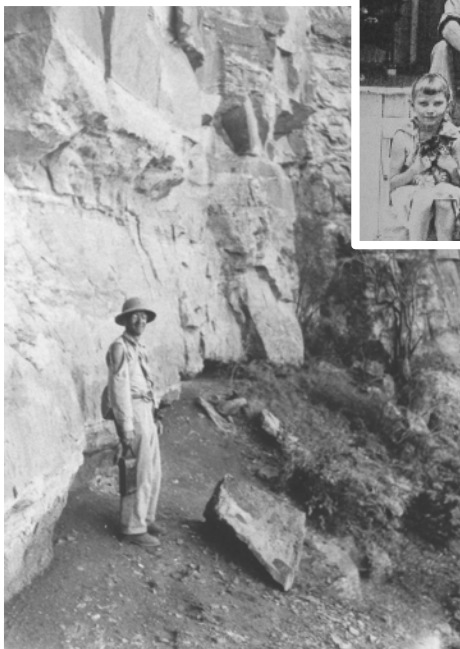
VOL. 15 - NO. 4

www.GrandCanyonHistory.org

OCT/NOV/DEC 2004



On the brink of the chasm stands El Tovar, one of the most famous resort hotels in the Southwest



In This Issue

PRESIDENT'S LETTER 2

FAMILY TREASURERS 3

A PIONEER IN THE CANYON
by Merrel Clubb..... 4

GEORGIE -- AS A CLIMBER
by Bob Cates and John Ripley 6

GRAND CANYON EVENTS..... 7



Still on the way to NEW YORK BUTTE 4/29/51

Front: E. Pierce, G. White, F. Pierson, F. Sanborn, L. Ames.
Rear: D. Kenyon, L. Johnson, L. Werner, B. Roditti, K. Rich, B. Hatch,
H. Murdock.

President's Letter

Grand Canyon Historical Society...It is a good match...It is a good fit.

If you peruse, or scrutinize, past *The Ol' Pioneer* quarterly news magazine and the monthly *Bulletin* you will discover that nearly all articles are historical type "stuff." Some are third person after careful research and some are first person – "I was there." Some of the articles are by previous contributors others are first time contributors. Many of the GCHS members are involved with Grand Canyon research; which results in books published about individuals, or events, or research on specific topics, or stories told by pictures continue to appear on the book racks for purchase. Yes – the four words, Grand Canyon Historical Society, are a good fit.

At the June Memorial Service / Picnic / Award Presentation, I made an "unadvertised" thank you award presentation to Diane Cassidy, Editor of *The Ol' Pioneer* and the monthly *Bulletin*. I did not do justice when I said a few brief words about Diane's contribution to the GCHS. It turned out to be (using today's technical terminology) a seamless transition from the previous editor, Bill Suran, to Diane. In addition she has introduced a number of cost saving and efficiency steps to streamline the delivery of *The Ol' Pioneer* and monthly *Bulletin* to the membership. It is interesting the way she will take "raw" material and transform it into a polished product. In addition she has developed a GCHS web page. She is always finding ways to expand it and thus provide more information to our members and those who "surf." Thanks, Diane.

At the October 2003 Board Meeting, we discussed how to distribute the responsibility for coordinating monthly outings. Individuals were designated as outing leaders responsible for planning, making reservations, and providing information for the monthly bulletin. The Outing Coordinator, usually the Vice President of GCHS, provided overall guidance to the outing leaders. This change in planning the monthly outings resulted in a shared responsibility and allowed a coordinated effort. This is a definite plus for the organization.

I also thank the 2004 Board of Directors for their participation during the year. On a number of issues, the Board was contacted to provide direction and solicit their comments.

A special thanks to the Officers: Linda Anderson, Treasurer (made sure we operated in the black); Keith Green, Vice President and Outing Chairman (implemented the shared responsibility for managing the monthly outings); and Nancy Green, Secretary and Assistant Outing Chairman (outstanding write ups of the monthly outings).

Lee Albertson

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EDITOR: Diane Cassidy

The Historical Society was established in July 1984 as a non-profit corporation to develop and promote appreciation, understanding and education of the earlier history of the inhabitants and important events of the Grand Canyon and surrounding area.

The Ol' Pioneer is published quarterly by the GRAND CANYON HISTORICAL SOCIETY who also publishes THE BULLETIN, a monthly newspaper. Both publications are a benefit of membership. Membership in the Society is open to any person interested in the historical, educational, and charitable purposes of the Society. Membership is on an annual basis using the standard calendar; and dues of \$20 are payable on the 1st of January each year.

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Submit photos, stories, and comments to the editor of *The Ol' Pioneer* at: Articles@GrandCanyonHistory.org or PO Box 10067, Prescott AZ 86304.

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Here is a photo of the Tidballs and Rueschs taken at Roaring Springs on or about 1953-1954.

Traci Wyrick
Killeen TX

Top L/R:
Harmon Rusch, *unknown*, Den Tidball (with
measuring device).

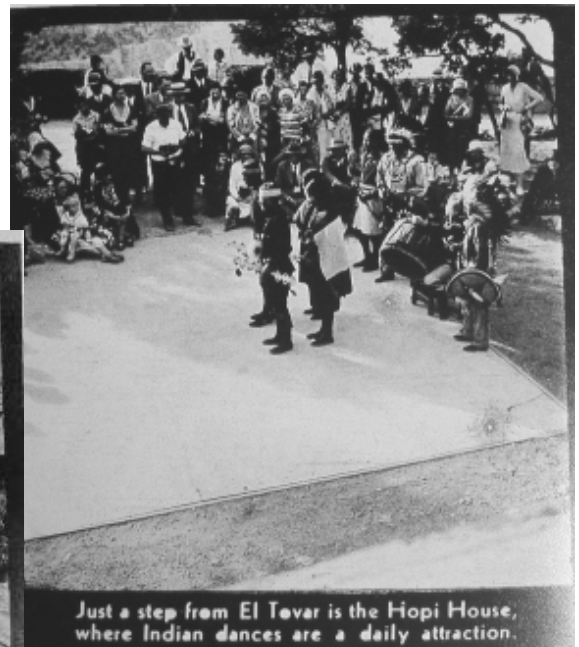
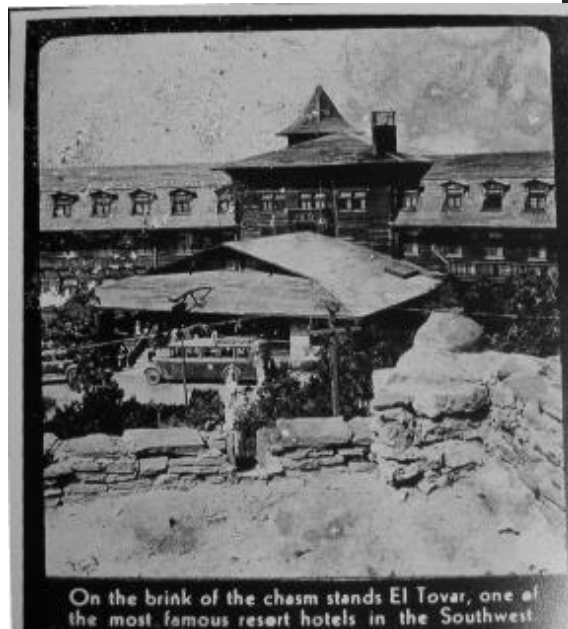
Bottom L/R: Ruesch's daughter (*name
unknown*), Sadie Ruesch, Edna Tidball and
Dawn Tidball-Myers.



Greetings:

I found these slides among some "family stuff" recently. A friend made the prints I thought you might want them as they might be of some historical interest. Can you date them? I hope so.

Cynthia Lorch
4809 N. 29th St.
Tacoma WA 98407



A Pioneer in the Canyon

by Merrel Clubb (submitted by Dove Menkes)

Merrel Dare Clubb was probably the first recreational hiker to explore remote, off-trail areas. Some of his trips are documented in correspondence and a few newspaper articles. He prepared a rough draft of one hike – a delightful read.

A person who knows well the great 50' contour map of the Grand Canyon would hardly expect to discover a new perennial stream in a vast area. A new seep-spring, a new Indian sight, new Indian trails going all over the place, yes; but a new water course – well hardly! Yet so far as the writer can learn, he has found just such a stream, i.e. a gross topographical feature tucked away in a side canyon, which Matthes and Evans could not have seen. The circumstances leading to it are, in fact, decidedly quaint.

Every one who has been following the course of Grand Canyon exploration (after all these years exploration still has areas to work in) is familiar with Sen. Goldwater's dramatic discovery of the Natural Bridge which he most fittingly states should be named for Emery Kolb. In 1954, I had the incomparable pleasure of taking Emery down to see his bridge. The years and a series of physical attacks made it a tough climb for the mighty trailsman and pathfinder; but, well over 70, he made it down and up (we were benighted, too, and got through the night, unhappily, shivering in no more cover than our shirts); and at the climax he looked down on a gem of natural bridges, which it will be a bureaucratic slip, or crime, not to be named as Sen. Goldwater suggests.

Later, the drama of the bridge caused *Life* to send a photographer down to do the bridge from below, with grand results. Somebody mentioned to me that this intrepid individual had left some 75' of nylon rope down there alongside of the bridge and in 1957, just for a lark, I thought I'd go down and retrieve it. So down I go, and it's no trip for the normal hiker. Well, traversing to the right side of the upper approaches and piecing

together all the old hemp rope I had (sending bad rope, as it were to retrieve good rope), I ran short of enough rope to get to the 75' of really good rope.

To keep the climb from being something of a fiasco and make it all worth while, I decided to work my way 500' sheer down both sides, way out along the ridge, from Woolsey Pt. toward Bourke Pt.

(maybe a new route down into Nankoweap, that huge desert drainage area – no soap there as it developed: the ridge ended for me at a 50' sheer cut in the Redwall). At a nice distance out, I got a picture of the Kolb Bridge, which has a symmetry even the *Life* photographer didn't see.

But something still more exciting occurred. About 1/2 way out to the point where I was faced with the drop-off, I heard sounds down the north side of the ridge. Such sounds can be most deceptive in the Grand Canyon. I once heard the night wind rushing down a long, remote side canyon, producing for all the world, the effect of the descent of mighty waters – it was only the wind. This time, though, it was broad daylight – there could be no mistake. There was no wind. It was water music, where no water should be. I looked down and back over the cliff and, sure enough! A sizeable stripe of water appeared and a rather huge forested triangle nourished by it down the talus slope – one more water in the desert land – of no use to men but having nourishing concerns of its own – maybe another cave source like Roaring Springs on a smaller scale. Down in the dry steam-bed, which the



map showed, I could not see a stream, in spite of the gleaming cottonwoods; so I supposed that the cascading stream just immediately dived underground, with the historic éclat one comes to expect in the Canyon.

So I had a project for another year. In the last week of August 1959, I loaded up the backpack to hit that old man-and-beast-crusher the Nankoweap Trail. (I now know there is a shorter, more direct route, but let that pass; it's no milk for babes in backpacking).

I seemed determined to run low on water on this grind of a trip – seeking water. At noon the next day, with drop-less canteen, I reached the thread like Nankoweap Creek and until 5 PM alternately rolled in the little channel and parched under a little cottonwood (washing all my clothes except trousers). At 5, I repacked, filled the gallon canteen and set out upstream, branching off into the ____

...continued on page 5

Pioneer in Canyon...continued from page 4

mile dry streambed which runs between Bourke Pts. and Tilted Mesa. It was as gentle stream-bed travel nearly as one can hope for. Just at dark, I found myself on a high tongue where the 2 upper branches join with sounds of wind or water in the night and slept by a mighty boulder. By 6:30 next morning, I was ascending the left branch Bourke and Seiber Pts. For 1/2 mi. the stream bed looked like any other of the countless dry channels that in rain time feed the Colorado's tumbling course. Then symptoms of dry algae and moss began showing on the pebbles and a gentle little stream appeared (it was dry when I returned in early evening), continued some 200 yards upstream, then went under again – a temporary water course, clearly, like segments of desultory White Creek far down in the west. But there were cottonwoods, and the temporary thread must have a feeder. What form was my new live creek going to take?

After a gap of some dry hundreds of yards, a stream appeared which meant more business. No gap now, after I had followed it up awhile.

My aim was tough, to reach its ultimate source hundreds of feet, up towards the base of the Redwall. How near, I didn't yet know since my vision of it in 1957 was obscured by the bush growth on the talus. Suddenly, a dry main drainage channel appeared to the left, and dry channels are normally easier travel. This one went up steeply and I hoped it would take me high with less labor than bush-crashing up an open talus slope; and so it proved. But still which of the ravines in the talus slope would be the live one? Leaving the dry tributary, I worked across one dry ravine after another, brush, brush, brush (picture my ancient dress shirt by now) – no sound of any source of water – and I was too high to hear the quiet stream now far below. I was getting up near the Muav limestone, basing the 500' Redwall.

As it proved, I was getting too high – but who cared?...climbing is always easier to go down. At last, over a ravine hump, just as 2 yrs earlier – water music below. Down through the conifers and brush, easy going on a still-dry ridge, and there it was, my streams of water!! All mine! And by now, I was dry and like the heart panting for the waterbrooks, I pushed aside the creeping vines and broke off the dead brush and drank of the cascading water, bathed my face, dowsed my head, and laid my cheek against the green moss.

But I was too low for the true sources, as men always are. Maybe a cave-source like that of Modred Abyss creek (haunted spot, if there ever was one on this planet). So on up, now, for 200' or so, clawing through tripping vines and scratched by wild-rose trailers, until I saw water no longer in the ravine above. And there was the source issuing from no cave but rather quietly from under rocks, in two branches 10' apart, the miracle appeared. Tenderly, I broke all the dead brush away and pushed away the living vines and now at last drank of the source which the great cartographer could not have seen.

It was well up in the Muav, with the vast Redwall towering above – all looked dry above, but from other more minute and hidden sources right up to the base, the insistent roots of the firs and spruces found their waters knowing how.

For a mere man, it only remained to follow the exquisite stream down, which demanded a good deal of tripping & tumbling & sprawling. The stream was an unbroken sequence of falls – happy, happy cascades over black rocks and green moss – until – a brink of Shinumo quartzite or Tapeats (stratigraphy is rather jumbled in Nankoweap) how deep in hundreds of feet was not clear – suicidal depth anyway.

Around to the right, though, by going up over a shoulder then down it, was a way – and there was a fall,

at least 250', higher than Mooney Falls in Havasu. The water stole down a mossy slide, then jumped free, sprayed on a sloping cliff-surface (breeze blew it into air), collected itself for another short plunge, then continued with its chiming little falls as above. Now for me the brush, alive and dead, was harsher, but I crashed it, with the stream on my left, until at last I worked my way through and saw it join the hitherto dry main drainage channel by some lovely little cascading falls over mossy rocks, still almost as cold as when it issued from its birth-rock 500 ft. above.

As we have seen, its life from here was short as distances go in the Grand Canyon but the stream didn't die there. Later as I walked down the now-silent bouldery channel, I knew my stream was below. It appeared awhile, a little sadly, and warm now, went under again and by its own devices, found the main Nankoweap, which was then smaller than it had itself been issuing from its natal rocks. Blending, on it went to the purple portals of Nankoweap, into the Colorado into Mead, into the Gulf. (Purple when the evening light is right.)

Finding an unimagined live stream from below to be even more thrilling than when sighted from high above leaves one nothing except retracing steps. I slept near the same Nankoweap cottonwood as under which I had alternately bathed and parched for hours before. Next morning, up the cruelest portion of man-made trail in the Grand Canyon (how the horse-thieves ever drove "stock" up it is beyond me). At 7:00 in the morning, it begins with the easiest walking I can remember – all boxed in tight in the shade of box-canyon walls, over the softest of sands, then jumps right out on an endless ridge. South-exposed, there is no mercy from the pounding of the sun – no time of day is right for it except before sun-up. After sun-

...continued on page 6

Georgie -- As A Climber

by Bob Cates and John Ripley (submitted by Dove Menkes)

I only met Georgie White once. It was in Los Angeles at a hearing whether to eliminate motorized rafting on the river. Georgie gave a low-key, but impassioned talk in favor of maintaining motorized rafting. (David Lavender gave a very aggressive in favor of abolition.)

Over the years, I had met old-time Sierra Club members who recalled Georgie. She was also a member of the Rock Climbing Section (RCS) and went on mountain and rock climbing trips. Georgie was considered a good climber and a "Boone companion." All these old-timers are now gone.

Georgie was voted into the RCS on October 8, 1950. Her climbs included:

- 05-15-49: Pacifico Mountain
- 07-17-49: Stony Point
- 09-03-49: Whitney and Russell, Sierra Nevada
- 10-02-49: Tahquitz
- 04-03-50: Pacifico
- 10-08-50: Pacifico
- 08-18-51: Piute Crags, Sierra Nevada
- 05-03-53: Pacifico



Sierra Club group taking a break on climb of New York Butte, April 29, 1951. Georgie is second from left.

[photo by Niles Werner]

Note: Stony Point is a bouldering area in northwest Los Angeles; Pacifico is in the San Gabriel Mountains.

Pioneer in Canyon...continued from page 5

down the rocks have stored up the blaze of the canyon day. By 10 o'clock, the heat-exhaustion gripped me. By ingenious excuses, I began anticipating the gallon of my harbored source water and after a balmy night "on the red" (the Supai sandstone) toiled my pack along the last miles of the "red" with restoring cooling halts, naked on rocks still cool, sun sheltered around the bends, out on the incredible small Coconino plateau behind the Rostrum (if they don't name it for Fr. Matthes on the map – it has to have a name), reduced down to a swallow of the source-water now, and finally up along the Park Boundary, and for twenty-four hours gallons and

gallons of undehydrating liquid – none of them so sweet as my new source-water.

After an experience all thematically interwoven with water, the gentle reader may wonder what explanation can account for the great cartographers omission of the unbroken blue line for a perennial streams where I found one.

The explanation is simple and wholly to their credit. Working mostly from the Rims and from the trails accessible in those days, they could not have seen it – only its results could they have seen: the conifer slopes, & they might easily have missed these. Walk the entire decrepit Nankoweap Trail or peer

down from the North Rim; where my stream and/or its source simply are not visible anywhere, as I verified, watching carefully on my return. One either has to get out on the Woolsey-Bourke ridge and look down, or go up the dry channel and find it where it is. Once one has found it lurking unsuspected in the great map, one will never forget such sweet water bursting with a song from under the natal rocks.

Ref: The Grand Canyon's Hidden Wonders, *Life*, May 14, 1956.
The Kolb Natural Bridge, by Bill Suran, *The Ol' Pioneer*, July/Sept 1999.

We thank Dr. Merrel Clubb, Jr. for sharing his father's Canyon adventures.

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.

October 6

Canyon Country Community Lecture Series in Flagstaff: ***Sandstone Seduction: Rivers and Lovers, Canyons and Friends*** presented by Katie Lee. Author-activist Katie Lee reads from her newest book, "Sandstone Seduction: Rivers and Lovers, Canyons and Friends." In both spoken word and song, this group of stories tells about becoming who we are. Here we find a life pieced together with songs and a range of personalities that are hard to imagine in one lifetime. If we do nothing else with our time on this fair planet we should take it upon ourselves to actively protect what we love and respect. Otherwise, why are we here? The lecture begins at 6:30 PM at the NAU Cline Library

November 21

Canyon Country Community Lecture Series in Prescott: ***Carving Grand Canyon: The Evolving Landscape*** Presented by Wayne Ranney. Wayne Ranney earned his M.S. in Geology from Northern Arizona University. He is a former Grand Canyon National Park ranger, and a popular teacher of field-based educational programs for the Grand Canyon Field Institute and the Museum of Northern Arizona. The lecture begins at 1:00 PM in the Exhibit Hall 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. Steve Monroe has been hiking and floating the canyons of the West for more than twenty-five years. He holds an M.S. degree in Forestry from Northern Arizona University and is currently a hydrologist with the U.S. Geological Survey. Steve has worked on water issues in numerous western states with a focus on 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.

December 19

Canyon Country Community Lecture Series in Prescott: ***Glen Canyon Adaptive Management Plan from the Inside Out*** presented by Andre Potochnik. Dr. Potochnik's research includes the history of the uplifting of the Colorado Plateau and landscape evolution in the Grand Canyon vicinity. Andre has been a guide on the Colorado Rivers since 1975, and has been active in river management issues for decades. He is co-author of a chapter on side canyons in *Grand Canyon Geology*, published by Oxford University Press, and is a contributor to *Colorado River: Origin and Evolution*, a monograph recently published by Grand Canyon Association. The lecture begins at 1:00 PM in the Exhibit Hall at the Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott.

November 17

Canyon Country Community Lecture Series in Flagstaff: ***Carving Grand Canyon: The Evolving Landscape*** Presented by Wayne Ranney. Geologist and author Wayne Ranney, Professor of Geology at Yavapai College in Sedona and Research Associate at the Museum of Northern Arizona, will explain in words and pictures the story of what we know and don't know about the origin and evolution of our planet's most recognized canyon. His story relates how rivers carve canyons, why here in northern Arizona, and details everything from Indian legends to the most recent scientific discoveries. His lecture will introduce his upcoming book, "Carving Grand Canyon." The lecture begins at 6:30 PM at the NAU Cline Library.

* * * *

Kolb Studio Exhibit Schedule

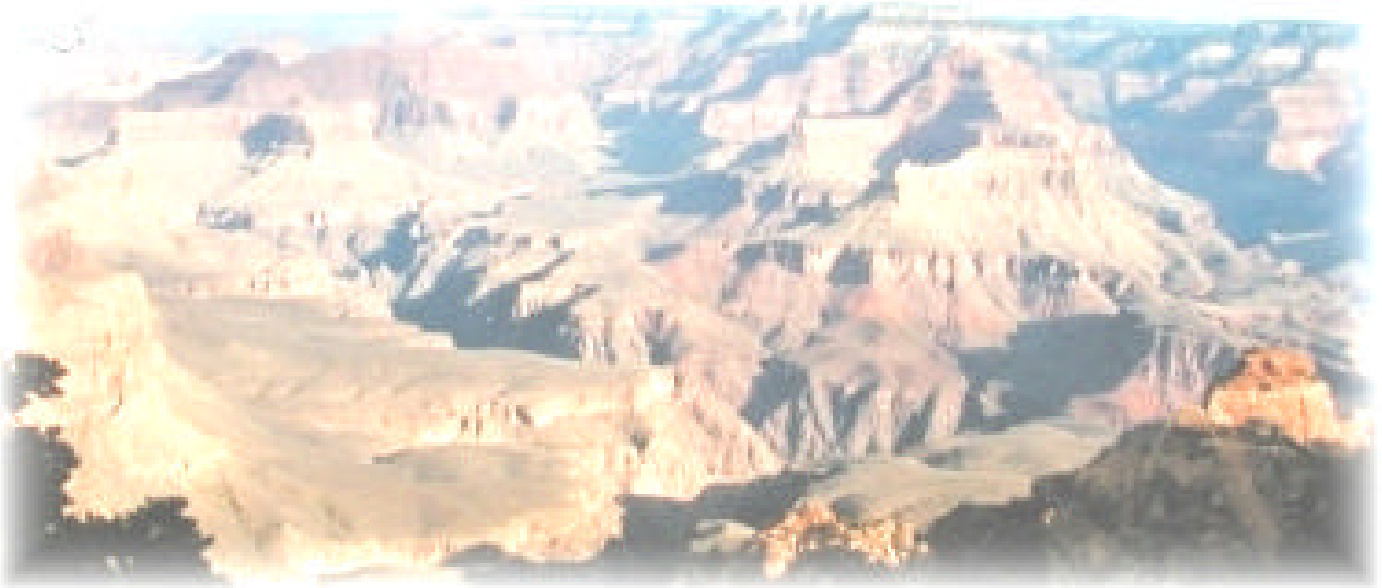
Now through October 16
In the Fifth World: Portrait of the Navajo Nation. A portrayal of contemporary life on the Navajo Reservation through photography with intimate portraits by Kenji Kawano and stunning aerial shots by Adriel Heisey.

November 3, 2004
to February 20, 2005
Writing Down the River: Into the Heart of Grand Canyon. *Writing Down the River* captures in lavish color photography and eloquent words the experience of a whitewater adventure through Grand Canyon on the Colorado River. Fifteen of America's best women writers write of their life-changing experiences in the heart of the Grand Canyon.

GCHS Past and Future

The Grand Canyon Pioneers Society was incorporated 20 years ago as a non-profit corporation to develop and promote appreciation, understanding and education of the earlier history of the inhabitants and important events of the Grand Canyon and surrounding area. The name was changed in 2002 to Grand Canyon Historical Society to place more emphasis on the purpose of the corporation.

Membership in this corporation is open to any person interested in the historical, educational, and charitable purposes of this corporation. Your Grand Canyon stories or those of family members are a part of the Grand Canyon history and are a part of the GCHS's future. Please do your part to preserve the history of Grand Canyon by volunteering to give a slide show for one of the monthly outings, helping to coordinate the next history symposium, or contributing an article and photos for publication in *The Ol' Pioneer*.



Grand Canyon Historical Society

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04-04

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