

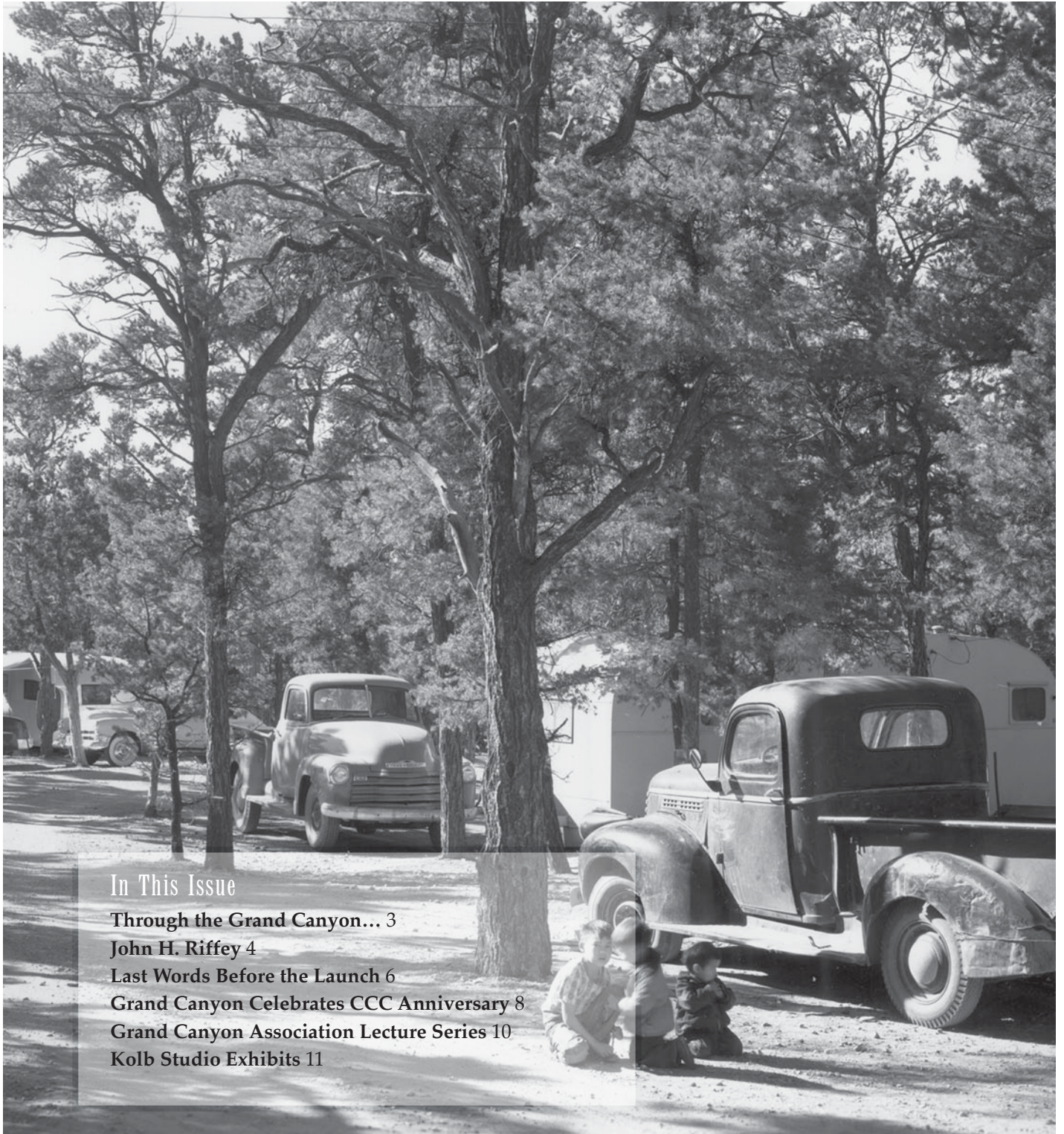
The Ol' Pioneer

The Biannual Magazine of the Grand Canyon Historical Society

Volume 19 : Number 2

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Fall 2008



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President's Letter

October 8, 2008

This year has been fun watching historians interact during our few outings. You should have seen Fred Swanson's face when he saw Dave Rust's collapsible canvas canoe at the NPS boat collection during our September outing. Swanson had just written the definitive biography of Dave Rust. Facts fly – some of which come from personal experience and have never been written down – whenever Historical Society folks get together. It's fascinating.

Now its time for new faces to take over. Those who have been doing the work of G. C. Historical Society are getting tired and at least need a break. We badly need members to take over the organizing role of the Historical Society as officers. Each role needs a person with dedication and energy. We need a President who can keep things organized. This is easy. We need a Vice President to help make sure outings happen. We need a Secretary to record what actually does happen, and we need a Treasurer to keep track of our finances.

If you have felt that Grand Canyon Historical Society ought to do _____, or that this would sure be a better organization if it had _____, this is your chance. You can make this organization whatever you want it to be if you just become an active officer. Your big opportunity will be on Saturday, November 1st, at the East Flagstaff Library, 3000 N. 4th St., beginning at 9:00 A.M. You don't have to be a Board Member to attend or to be an officer. If you can't make it to this meeting but want to be an officer, let me know at kngreen@msn.com or let any other board member know.

There is so much to the human story of the Grand Canyon. Each of you know a part of that story that nobody else knows. That story will become lost to history if you don't put some energy into this organization.

This year's events have been quite interesting. Our meeting with Ruth Baker Stevens' family brought clarity to the Kolb climb up Shiva Temple. Our outing at the Red Butte Airport had me imagining landing there in a Ford Tri-motor. We built the cable car across the Colorado River in the canyon with Dave Rust with the help of Fred Swanson's pictures and description. We discussed new possibilities about Powell and his explorations with Mark Law at the Powell Museum in Page. All have been enlightening experiences in my quest to understand the nuances of Grand Canyon history.

Keith Green

Cover photo: Grand Canyon National Park Employee Campground – circa 1952

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Submissions to *The Bulletin* should be sent to Karen Greig, kgreig@yahoo.com

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Five Generations Down the Bass

Robert Lauzon

Over Thanksgiving I had the opportunity to hike the South Bass Trail with three of my four children. They represented the fifth generation of Bass' that have traveled from rim to river. W.W. Bass was their great great Grandfather and although they knew much of the family history they had not experienced it. We hiked it with some good friends, one of which had hiked with me in 1971 down to the Esplanade and found the old "Nooner" cave used by Bass. At that time we found old coffee cans, canned cream and traps. I had not been back since so this was a chance to experience the vastness of the canyon again.

We spent the first night on the Esplanade exploring that area and revisiting the cave. All artifacts have been removed and it looked more like Hotel California, from the places that hikers have made to sleep on so as to not roll off the 1000-foot drop off. After dinner I went with my two daughters (Sarah 24, Leah 17) and sat on a large rock overlooking Bass Canyon and ate milk and cookies while watching the sunset. For me this was the highlight of the trip, as we looked out and talked about spiritual matters and wondered about creation. I am sure that W.W., Ada, Edith, Bert and others must have done the same from time to time, of course without the milk and cookies. The next day we started down to the river and my son, Michael and his friend Joe Loverich caught up with us. They had brought down a turkey breast, and instant potatoes for Thanksgiving dinner at the river. That night we camped on the sand bar at the foot of the South Bass and had a real Thanksgiving dinner topped off with a fresh baked Boy Scout cake in a pan.

We explored the area and thought about what life must have been like back in the 1880s and decided that the good old life may have not been quite



Thanksgiving dinner with family and friends. From left to right back row is: Ike Ulylot, Leah Lauzon, Sarah Lauzon, Joe Loverich, Robert Lauzon, Front row: Michael Lauzon, Ike Ulylot.

so good as we imagined from books, T.V. and movies.

No rafts were camped on the North side so we were not able to cross over and explore Shinumo Creek. We will be doing a rafting trip in July and plan on stopping and to see that side as well.

Sarah dipped water from the river for doing dishes after dinner, not much different than Ada must have done over 100 years earlier, but we were not doing the three-day "laundry duty" that she had to do.

We hiked back to the Esplanade and ate spaghetti that we had stashed on the way down and had one more chance to realize the vastness of the canyon and what must have drawn W.W. and Ada to this spot. We hiked out the next day and ate Oreo cookies and Doritos in celebration

of our amazing feat, realizing of course that on a scale of 1 to 10 we had the difficulty of a #2, compared with others who had gone before us.

Five generations have now traveled down and back, hopefully there will be more to carry on the family history.



Family outing at the old river. Left to right: Robert Lauzon, Sarah Lauzon, Leah Lauzon, Michael Lauzon (me and my three kids)

King of the Road

by Don Lago

It was the height of the British Invasion. If Roger was playing his radio as he drove into Grand Canyon Village, chances are he was hearing the Beatles or another British band. It seemed that rock and roll was taking over the musical world, sweeping aside folk, jazz, country, Broadway, and crooners—even Sinatra was worrying. But not Roger.

He drove past the old Motor Lodge with its campground where he had lived one summer a dozen years before. He had worked “two hours pushin’ broom” to live in a “trailer for rent,” about “8 x 12.” The trailer had “no phone, no pool, no pets.” He had been “a man of means, by no means.” But he was seventeen years old, seeing the country for the first time, having a great adventure. The trailer was tiny and rundown, but it was on the rim of the Grand Canyon.

He had lived beside the railroad tracks, right where the trains slowed down and turned around. Even in 1953, well after the high tide of Great Depression homeless men riding the rails, a hobo would occasionally ride a freight car into Grand Canyon Village (in 1953 most food and supplies still came by train) and hop out of the “third boxcar.” It’s not likely that any of these hobos were hopping the “third boxcar; midnight train; destination Bangor, Maine,” but hey, what are you going to rhyme with “train”? “Williams” just doesn’t cut it.

Roger may have had a chance to meet some of the hobos and hear about their life on the road. If the hobos tried to bum cigarettes off Roger, he may have told them “I ain’t got no cigarettes.” He was “a man of means, by no means.” But in his job he did spend a lot of time cleaning cigarettes and cigars off the ground, and being next to the El Tovar parking lot, he had plenty of chances to “smoke old stogies I have found, short but not too big around.” At least he didn’t have

to “pay no union dues.”

Roger also had a chance to “know every engineer on every train, all of their children and all of their names.” Just like today, when passenger trains parked at the canyon station their crews would wander up the hill to get coffee at El Tovar or a candy bar at the shops.

Driving past the Motor Lodge, (which later would be replaced by Maswik Lodge), Roger didn’t see his old “trailer for rent.”

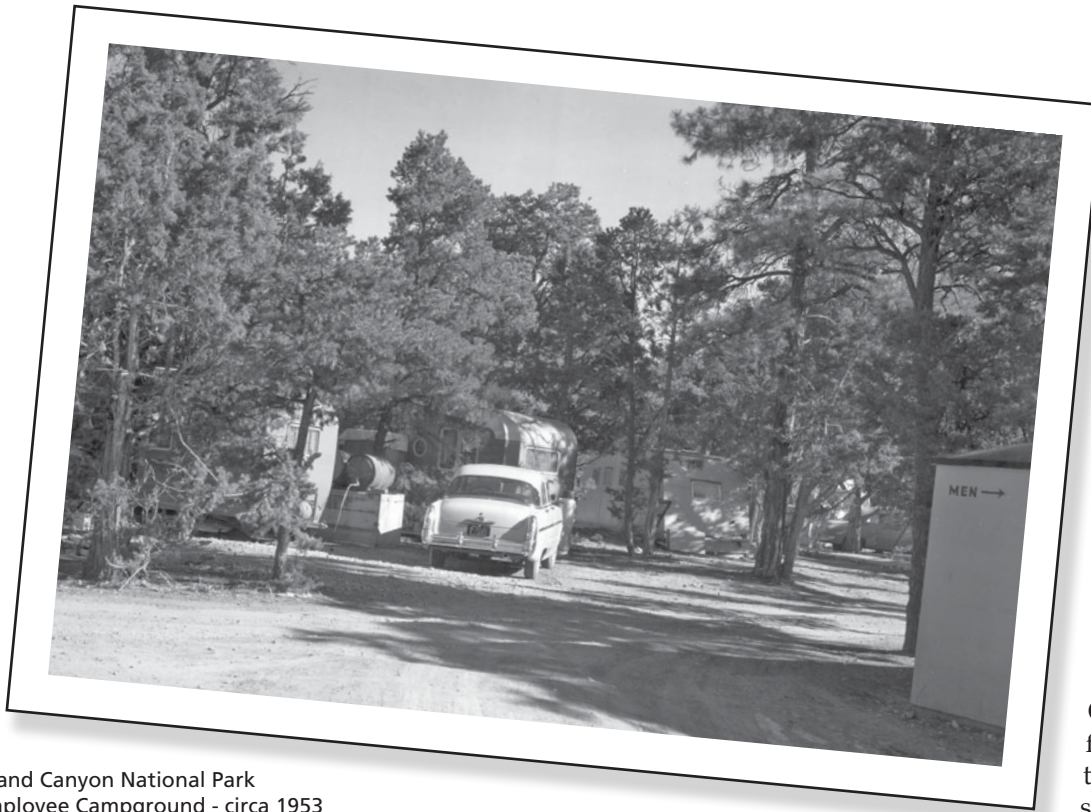
Roger drove up the hill to Verkamp’s. He walked inside and asked if his old boss, Jack Verkamp, was still there. Jack Verkamp came out, pretty surprised that Roger Miller would visit him now that Roger was a huge star. Especially since Verkamp had fired Roger Miller and kicked him out of his “trailer for rent.” But at least Roger always had a good sense of humor about things.

Roger’s sense of humor had helped make him a star. The songs he wrote were popping with clever, humorous wordplay. Roger’s success also came from his ability to blend musical styles. Twenty years later, in 1985, Roger would win a Tony Award for writing *Big River*, a hit Broadway musical about Huckleberry Finn. Roger was the only country music star ever to win a Tony Award. The producer of *Big River* drafted Miller to write its music, convinced that Miller was the only person who could combine the folksiness of Mark Twain’s voice and Huck Finn’s life with a musical style that would satisfy sophisticated Broadway audiences. This blending of folksy material and beyond-country musical style produced Miller’s biggest hits, allowing him to compete with the Beatles. In 1964 and 1965 Miller won eleven Grammy Awards, more than the Beatles at their peak, a record that would stand for two decades.

Roger’s biggest hit was “King of the Road,” which won the 1965 Grammy Award for best song in

both the country and rock-and-roll categories, beating out the Beatles’s “Yesterday.” It even hit #1 on the pop charts in Britain. “King of the Road” resonated with the long American love of the open road, a theme that ran from Daniel Boone through Whitman and Steinbeck and that in the 1960s was practically the only theme that appealed equally to hippies and rednecks. The song’s imagery of a down-and-out hobo roaming the country was right out of the folk tradition of fellow Oklahoman Woody Guthrie. But the words were set to music that was much more upbeat, its syncopation more like jazz than country. The song’s mood too was upbeat. Though the hobo’s clothes are threadbare and he is picking up “old stogies” off the ground, he knows his way around; he has friends along the way; he is having a good time. He is the king of the road. This mood was an expression of Miller’s upbeat personality, and it also fit the times—the swinging 60s—better than did Woody Guthrie’s despairing victims. Miller had taken an old folk image, kept the poignancy, yet given his hobo a long-running American optimism.

If Jack Verkamp was surprised to see Roger Miller walk through his door a dozen years after he fired Roger, it was partly because Verkamp hadn’t realized what the job had meant to Roger. Roger had grown up along Rt. 66 in Oklahoma, the mother road, the queen of the roads, and he had watched real Joads living the Grapes of Wrath, overloading their old trucks and heading west for a better life in California. Later on, in better times, Roger saw tourists heading into the mythic West, the land of cowboys and Indians and Grand Canyons. Roger had loved playing cowboy. And now here he was, in the real West, looking out over the Grand Canyon every day, living in a place those tourists were merely visiting. He was living out American myth; he was the king of the road.



Grand Canyon National Park
Employee Campground - circa 1953

Now Roger had even more reason to appreciate his time at the Grand Canyon. He had just achieved a huge hit with “King of the Road.”

“He ended up at the railroad depot,” Jack Verkamp explained about how Roger Miller came to work for him in 1953 [Jack Verkamp and his wife Betty were interviewed in 1995 by GCNP archivists Carolyn Richard and Mike Quinn], “and Sam Turner was the agent at that time. He went in there and hit him up for a job. Sam didn’t have anything for him but he did call me. I said, ‘Well, I might be able to put him on as a clerk.’ So he came up and we happened to have a little old trailer over in the old Auto Camp.”

Betty Verkamp added: “Just big enough for one person.”

“Kind of a travel trailer,” continued Jack Verkamp. “So I put him over there. He worked out pretty good until this big influx of Boy Scouts came in.” Verkamp was referring to a 1953 invasion of the South Rim by trains carrying 20,000 Boy Scouts to a national Boy Scout Jamboree. When the Boy Scouts swarmed the store like locusts, “I saw him leaning on the counter top talking to a couple

of the young girls we had working there, and these guys, they were just all over the place, so I got him out of that deal. Then after lunch, same thing happened. I said, ‘Roger, you’re fired.’ These old gals were just working their butts off and he was [makes jabbering sound] with these young girls. So I just fired him right on the spot. He used to come back and see us. First time he came back he says ‘I got something to thank you for. I wrote that “King of the Road” when I was in that little trailer. I want to thank you for getting me started on my road.’ ”

Roger’s ‘road’ forced him to finally get serious about his musical career. He soon headed for Nashville.

This, at least, is what Roger told Jack Verkamp about “King of the Road.”

It turns out that over the years quite a few stories arose about the origins of “King of the Road,” some of them encouraged by Roger Miller. In 2005 Lyle E. Style published an oral biography of Roger Miller, *Ain’t Got No Cigarettes*, in which he interviewed many of Miller’s friends and musical colleagues. Style continued hearing different stories about “King of the

Road,” and at one point he interrupted an interview and said, “A lot of people have mentioned that song and how it came to be written, and every story has been different!”¹ In a personal communication to me, Style said, “There could be a documentary done on that song and what the real story is.”

But some things ring true about “King of the Road” being inspired by Roger Miller’s time at the Grand Canyon. One line after another fits his circumstances at the canyon. I’ve contacted several sources about this possibility, including

Roger Miller’s wife and son, the Roger Miller Museum in Erick, Oklahoma, and Miller’s biographer, Lyle Style, and as far as anyone could tell me, this was the only time Roger Miller lived in a trailer and earned it by “pushin’ broom.” The hobo’s happy-go-lucky attitude in the song sounds just like Miller working at—and getting fired from—Verkamp’s. Miller was surrounded by trains, and he would indeed have had a chance to “know every engineer on every train,” a line that doesn’t actually make sense for a hobo’s life, since hobos tried to stay invisible from railroad crews.

Were there actually hobos at the Grand Canyon? I asked Grand Canyon railroad historian Al Richmond about this, and he said: “Although I have never heard any stories of them I am sure some must have made their way to the canyon on the occasional freights. The passenger trains would have been almost impossible to hop a ride without detection.” Grand Canyon historian Mike Anderson added: “I don’t know of any specific mention of people riding the rails to the canyon, but I wouldn’t doubt it.” Anderson said that during the Great Depression, many Grapes of Wrath



Grand Canyon National Park
Employee Campground - circa 1953

refugees heading for California came up to the South Rim, camped in the forest, and often found work inside the park. "NPS documentation," said Anderson, "indicates there may have been as many as 500 of them there during the 1933-35 period." Twenty years later there weren't so many hobos, but freight cars were still free, and even hobos can be curious to see the Grand Canyon.

To gather more background on Roger Miller's time at Verkamp's, I spoke with the kids of Jack and Betty Verkamp, Susie, Steve, and Mike, who grew up in the house above the store and who were six to eleven years old when Roger Miller worked there. Steve Verkamp remembered Miller as "a character," a skinny kid who would bring his guitar into the store and play it, mostly strumming chords, when he was supposed to be working. Miller was already a good musician, but Steve didn't think he ever tried to play in public at the Bright Angel Lodge, which was the main entertainment venue on the South Rim. Steve said that his father repeatedly had to tell Roger to stop playing his guitar and get back to work. Susie remembered Roger playing the "drums": "He

drove my father nuts beating out rhythms on the glass display cases." Miller's job included quite a bit of "pushin' broom," certainly the two hours worth mentioned in the song. Miller was almost the only male in the store, and pushin' broom was a man's job, and a constant job, since the store was only sixty feet from the rim, and updrafts blew dust out of the canyon and into the store all the time. Steve Verkamp said that his father was "a fanatic" about keeping the store clean. Miller also had to clean off the front porch, where tourists often sat and smoked, and the grounds of the store, including the space between the store and the rim, though this was Park Service property. Miller was actually getting paid to pick up the "old stogies I have found" in the song. Steve Verkamp said that the trailer in which Roger Miller lived was "really shabby, about 12-feet long," exactly the length in the song. Mike Verkamp recalled Miller as "a very attractive and social guy with probably more charisma than ten regular blokes." Miller didn't have any trouble getting dates for the nightly dances at the Bright Angel. Miller seems to have been practicing for a future incident in

which he fell asleep right in the middle of a meeting with top record company executives, which convinced them that Miller was a worthless slacker: one day Jack Verkamp carried some new merchandise into the basement, only to find Roger sleeping on a box of merchandise. Both Mike and Steve Verkamp remembered Roger Miller returning to the store after he was a star and talking with his dad as his dad ate a peanut butter sandwich. Miller had come back to say thanks.

The problem here is that Miller's time at the Grand Canyon has been forgotten by everyone except the Verkamps. No source I

contacted was aware that Miller had ever worked at the canyon, and no one ever heard him attribute "King of the Road" to his time there. In his public performances Miller often dedicated the song to the town of Boise, Idaho, where he supposedly saw a sign that said "trailer for sale or rent," the first line of the song. There were no trailers for sale at the Grand Canyon. Miller's wife has the airline ticket envelope on which Miller wrote the lyrics to the song. Thus it doesn't seem likely that a seventeen-year-old Miller wrote the lyrics in his trailer at the Grand Canyon. It's unimaginable that a struggling songwriter would have sat on such a good song for a decade. But it is plausible that a "trailer for sale or rent" sign would have brought back memories of when Roger Miller had rented a trailer by pushin' broom; when he was young and free; when train whistles constantly played the song of the open road; when he was far along the mother road; when he was feeling that he was the King of the Road.

¹. Lyle E. Style, *Ain't Got No Cigarettes: Memories of Music Legend Roger Miller* (Winnipeg, Canada; Great Plains Publications, 2005), p. 229

Dave Rust: A Life in the Canyon

GRAND CANYON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PRESENTATION BY AUTHOR FRED SWANSON
ABOUT HIS NEW BOOK "DAVE RUST: A LIFE
IN THE CANYON" SEPTEMBER 13, 2008

by Nancy Green

The Society was pleased once again to have author Fred Swanson discuss with us his latest book. Dave Rust was a pivotal figure in canyon history, and little has been written in depth about him until now. Fred did some incredible research to show us the scope of this remarkable man's life. Dave Rust was one of the first guides to take people into the Needles District, Canyonlands, the Maze, Waterpocket Fold, Zion Canyon, Bryce Canyon, as well as the Grand Canyon and the Indian lands. He understood the value and importance of the entirety of the Colorado Plateau.

Rust was an educator by heart and by profession. He began as a teacher in many of the small towns, and worked his way up to superintendent. But his deep love of the outdoors made that his classroom as well. When he guided a trek, he didn't feel his job was merely to get his clients from one point on the map to another. He felt compelled to impart information on the geology, natural history, flora and fauna, as well as take in the scenery. He always carried with him a small reference library consisting of the works of Dutton and Powell, two of his explorer heroes. He expected his clients to fall in love with his arena just as he had. So many of us today hold this same value about this remarkable canyon country in which we live.

Growing up in Caineville, Utah with the Waterpocket Fold as his backyard, Rust found much pleasure in the great outdoors. But he knew that the only way up in the world was to get an education. He made some money as a placer miner so that he could go to college. He went

to then Brigham Young Academy in Provo, forerunner of today's BYU. He also attended Stanford. He married Ruth Woolley of Kanab, Utah. His father-in-law, Edwin D. (Uncle Dee) Woolley was an influential citizen of Kanab with a longing eye cast on the nearby Kaibab Plateau. He viewed the landscape as ripe for tourism. Southern Utah had long eyed the Arizona Strip region as an area which should belong to Utah. Many felt that the Arizona Territory border should end at the Colorado River. Several years after forming the Grand Canyon Transportation Company in 1903, Woolley tapped the talent and enthusiasm of his son-in-law to begin a task that makes us gasp today. Simply – build a trail, by hand, across the Grand Canyon's north side, and establish a tourist camp by the river. Oh, and – you will need to erect a cable car to get the tourists over the river from the south side. Astoundingly, Rust did just that. He started scratching out what became the Old Bright Angel trail with just a small team of workers with pickaxes and shovels in the summer of 1906. All materials had to be brought by horseback from Kanab, 100 miles away.

Even when building the apparatus for the cable car, that had to be brought down, and then brought across the river in small canvas canoes – first a small cable, then the bigger, heavier cable. After a great deal of heaving, they got the cables strung, and then ventured out in a painter's harness to have a look at things. To their horror, they discovered that the cable was beginning to fray. All their hard work of that summer had to be laid aside until the next year.

In 1907, the new cable was strung, and the cable car was in place. A load of rocks was sent across for a trial run. Kersplash – the cable car landed in the river, which Rust noted had proven to be a monster. Finally operational, the hoped for rush of tourists never

materialized in the volume which Rust had hoped for. Trickle of groups did come down, but Rust turned his attention to guiding.

Some of the clients were hunters. But many were well-to-do, educated, curious Easterners who clicked with Dave's abilities to not only be guided, but educated and found that their horizons were expanded. This suited Dave much more than staying in one place and running a tourist camp.

Automobiles were trying to make inroads on the North Kaibab Plateau, but the problem was – there weren't any real roads. Rust much preferred horses and mules to the noisy machines, but realized they could play a part in his guiding practice. He jokingly told his clients that he was an MD – which stood for "Mule Driver." He was always more comfortable pushed back in a saddle than the seat of a car. 1909 saw the first automobiles making it to Bright Angel Point on the North Rim, after quite an arduous journey.

In 1923, Rust explored Glen Canyon in the same kind of small, collapsible canoes that he had used to help string the cable car. Interestingly, Rust couldn't swim, but felt comfortable traveling through the gentle backwaters of the Glen. He had, in fact, turned down an invitation to accompany the Kolb Brothers on their famous 1911 river trip through the Grand Canyon.

Dave Rust passed away in 1963. Passing with him was an era when intrepid explorers could still see the Great American Southwest where the hand of man had never set foot.

Thanks to Fred Swanson for his great representation of this remarkable Grand Canyon Pioneer, Dave Rust.

Fred's website is www.fredswansonbooks.com

A Hardy Welcome

by Don Lago

When the first Powell expedition emerged from the Grand Canyon in September of 1869 they encountered two prominent individuals who wrote accounts of their meeting with the expedition, accounts that have been overlooked by historians. The first of these accounts, written by James Leithead, leader of the Virgin River Mormon settlements, was published in the Fall 2007 issue of the *Ol' Pioneer*. The second encounter was with William H. Hardy, who reported on the Powell expedition in several letters to General William J. Palmer.

William Hardy is best remembered as the founder of Hardyville, an important early ferry crossing and steamboat port on the Colorado River, located on the present site of Bullhead City. William Hardy lived out a classic story of the Wild West, chasing adventure and finding abundant opportunity. He was drawn west by the California gold rush of 1849, but he soon realized that there was less profit in mining than in owning a store selling supplies to miners. When mining started booming in Arizona, Hardy moved to Arizona and located the northernmost steamboat-navigable spot on the Colorado River and established Hardyville there, building a store, hotel, saloon, ferry, a road to Prescott, a stage and freight line to Prescott, and a store in Prescott. Hardy knew that a railroad would soon be built across Arizona, and he was hoping it would cross the river at Hardyville. This put Hardy in touch with William J. Palmer, who was in charge of surveying the Southwest for the Kansas Pacific Railway. Palmer needed the knowledge and logistical support of local leaders like Hardy. They began corresponding.

An important unanswered question in 1869 was the commercial potential of the Colorado River. There were those who believed that the

Colorado River might be—or could be engineered to be—navigable far beyond Hardyville, even through the Grand Canyon and all the way to Colorado. Historians of the Colorado River have chosen to treat proponents of this idea, such as Sam Adams, who launched an expedition down the Grand River in 1869, as utter crackpots. But in fact there were intelligent, respected western leaders who held out high hopes for the Colorado River. This was what drew William Palmer's keen interest in the arrival of James White at Callville in 1867. Palmer and his survey's head scientist, Charles Parry, became the leading advocates of James White having indeed run the Grand Canyon. This is also what made Palmer eager to see how Powell's expedition came out, and what it had to report. In the summer of 1869 Palmer wrote to Hardy asking about Powell, and on August 5th Hardy replied:

"Neither of the two parties that have undertaken the exploration of the Colorado River have made their appearance at this place yet and as the river is low I hardly believe that one soul of either party will come out safe but I believe that all have perished. Both Adams and Powell are crazy and know not what they were doing."

William Hardy does not sound like a believer in the navigability of the Colorado River.

A few weeks later Powell's boats arrived at Hardyville. By now there were only four crew members; three had left at Separation Rapid, and Powell and his brother Walter had left with James Leithead at the mouth of the Virgin River. Hardy talked with one of Powell's men, though it's not clear who this was. It couldn't have been George Bradley, for Bradley was in the boat that the speaker describes lowering over Lava Cliff Rapid. This leaves Andy Hall, Jack Sumner, and Billy Hawkins. The speaker describes himself as a former bull wrangler,

which suggests Andy Hall, the only crew member known to have driven bulls, but then the speaker says that three others on the crew had once driven bulls. According to an 1897 letter that Hardy wrote to professor George Davidson, Hardy later hired Andy Hall to drive his stage between Hardyville and Prescott. Perhaps this connection was made in the meeting Hardy described in his 1869 letters. In any case, Hardy's letters to Palmer make it clear that Hardy was not too impressed by the Powell expedition.

Hardy wrote run-on sentences, so I have supplied some punctuation and capitals to make reading easier.

Hardyville
September 20, 1869
Gen Wm J. Palmer

Dear sir,

Since I last wrote I have had an opportunity to converse with one of the men that came through the great canyon with Maj Powell.

To numerous questions that I asked he said:

There was but one of our party that had any experience with a boat. He was not an expert. As to me I used to drive bulls as did three others of our party. We soon learned to roe but we were afraid of the water, would get frightened in passing over the rapids.

The journey was a lonesome monotonous and hard one and money would not hire me to try the trip over again. We found sand bars on one side or the other of the river nearly all the way. The walls of the canyon was not perpendicular as had been described but benched off or flared out at the top and generally was two or three miles across at the top of the mountain. We found different kinds of rock. One place the bank was marble, again volcanic lava, finally all kinds of rock was passed in making the ascent but

little timber was noticed except on the high mountains near the San Juan and Grand rivers.

One time I undertook to lower one of our party over the worst rapid and the rope slipped and down he went sideways all right and we took the chances and followed. Here our boats took in some water but not bad.

(Note:) From this man's description I would think that a man used to running the rivers of Maine or Wisconsin would make sport of the worst falls encountered by this party. First their boats were not properly constructed but were the common square end short skiffs. Should have been of the bateau pattern and thirty feet long.

Mr. Powell took the barrings of the canyons and can make a perfect chart of the whole river. We see more indications of mineral along the banks, no valuable agricultural land in sight.

It would cost more to make this river navigable than it would to build a Pacific railroad across the continent. The fourgoing is all that I could learn of this man that seemed to be important.

Maj Powell sent a copy of his report to have it signed by the commander of the post but I did not learn of this until it had been sent away or I would have got a copy of it—however it will be published soon and then we can learn all about it...

The Colorado River is very low and will probably be lower in December than it has been in years...

Yours truly,
Wm H Hardy

Hardyville
Sept. 28, 1869
Gen Wm Palmer

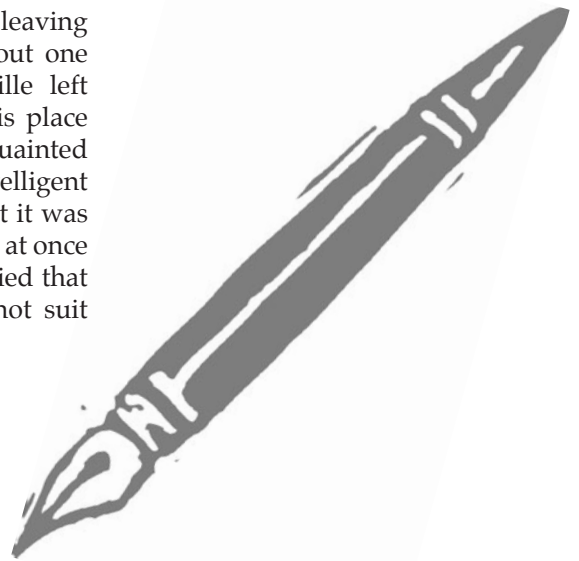
Dear General,

Your letter of the 16th of Aug came to hand per last mail. I have written all the facts connected with the Powell expedition that I could gather. The fact of Powell's leaving the party

at Callville and three others leaving the expedition at a point about one hundred miles above Callville left none of the party to pass this place that were reliable or acquainted with exploring to give an intelligent report. I learned however that it was the intention of Prof Powell to at once publish his report. I am satisfied that the lay of the country will not suit you or help your enterprise...

Wm H Hardy

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Colorado Historical Society*



Historic Boats Tour

GRAND CANYON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OUTING ON SEPTEMBER 13, 2008 LED BY
JANET BALSOM, DEPUTY CHIEF OF SCIENCE
AND RESOURCE MANAGEMENT, AT THE
GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
MUSEUM COLLECTION, SOUTH RIM.

by Nancy Green

We were so fortunate to have Jan lead this tour, as she was very knowledgeable and had been working on this project since 2003. Also on our tour was Gaylord Staveley, board member of GCHS, and an advisor for the conservation project for these historic boats. A definition of this project is necessary for understanding. To restore something is to make it new. This is not what is going on with these boats. They are being conserved. The work is painstaking and slow, as each boat bears the passage of time and use. All of the boat cradles and platforms were custom made for each boat by Brad Dimock, a river relic himself.

No loss of life is associated with any of these boats in the collection. All boats have had a significant impact on river running history in the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River.

The "Edith", "Glen", one of the Stone expedition boats from 1909,

and the sport yak were originally all displayed at the former Visitor Center, which is now designated as Park Headquarters. All of these boats were outside in the courtyard, and had definitely been exposed to all kinds of weather and the tossing of visitors' trash.

Julius Stone had hired Nathaniel Galloway to take 4 boats down the Colorado River in 1909. Stone rowed his own boat, guided by Galloway. Stone left one boat at Hite, and another boat had been donated to the Ohio State Museum. Another boat was in the custody of the Stone family, and the final boat has been lost to history. In 1950, the Stone family and the Ohio State Museum donated those two boats to Grand Canyon National Park. These boats were made out of rubberized canvas and muslin, with a canvas splash guard. When they were donated, they were complete with lots of nicks and bumps, but with the original rope left intact. These boats were relatively light, weighing in at 243 lbs. unloaded.

In 1911, using the blueprints from the Stone boats, the Kolb brothers commissioned 2 boats to be built in Racine, Wisconsin. They were named the "Edith" (after Emery's daughter) and the "Defiance".

During 1921-1923, the United States Geological Survey took an expedition down the Colorado River. The "Glen" was the cook's boat for this trip. It is interesting to note that the USGS boats weighed 800 lbs unloaded.

In 1941, river legend Norm Nevills took the first kayak down the river. This was built out of balsa wood as a collapsible model.

This conservation work is being co-sponsored by the Grand Canyon River Outfitters Association, the National Park Service, the Grand Canyon Association and the Stone Family, using conservators out of Tucson. One of the biggest stumbling blocks in this project was the liberal use of linseed oil. Up until about 20 years ago, linseed oil was thought to be the way to treat boats. Unfortunately, it collects dirt badly. So the conservators have been working painstakingly slowly to remove each layer and steam the canvas parts.

Dock Marsten was a former Nevills boatman who became obsessed with river history. He took a sport yak down the Colorado in 1963 to observe the post-dam conditions of the river. He was a very controversial character. To obtain his oral histories, he would set up adversarial scenarios between other river characters and let them go at it. He earned the nickname "Little Stinker" which he proudly had painted on his sport yak, accompanied by a cartoon of a skunk. This boat looked for all the world like a large bathtub, albeit with oarlocks and a splash guard. The rower would get very wet, ending up with LOTS of water in the lap. Interestingly – the more the boat filled with water, it actually became more stable. Marsten's historical records are housed at the Huntington Library.

Much to the delight of our visiting author, Fred Swanson, Dave Rust's original collapsible canoes had recently been acquired by the Park Service. These were made by the Kalamazoo Boat Company in Michigan. Rust used these to ferry people and supplies across the Colorado before completion of his cable car system. Ken Sleight had acquired these from

Dave Rust. In 1923, Rust ordered more of these kinds of boats for his journeys in Glen Canyon. These were well-suited to the gentle conditions there. The only significant obstacles for those 170 miles of river were some limestone ledges. Rust would ship these by mail to Hite where he would begin his trips. Mail in those days was hauled by wagon to Hite. One of these boats was lost in 1926 when a sandwave flipped it end to end and it sank. Hinged planks were laid on the bottom of the canoe to encourage stability. Steel rods were horizontally placed on the sides for reinforcement. Dave Rust, interestingly, could not swim, but was not a believer in life preservers. He would carry an auto tire tube stashed in the boat. But – one wonders how quickly that could have been accessed in an emergency.

One of Georgie White's famous rubber rafts is also in the collection. In 1954 Georgie changed forever the face of river running by buying 3 World War II surplus rafts and tied them together for a large group river trip. This one was donated in 1960.

Martin Litton's wooden dory, the "Music Temple" (1960) is also in the collection.

The "Esmeralda II" from 1949, was the first gasoline powered boat to attempt the Colorado River. Ed Hudson had made an "Esmeralda I" for quiet water, and made the second boat for an uprun attempt on the Colorado. The boat made one and a half trips. First, they tried to go upstream, which didn't work. So, they went downstream, which they were able to accomplish. The boat was abandoned alongside the river, so the Park Service acquired it. This boat weighs one ton, with a 125 horsepower in-line 6 engine.

In 1960 there was still uprun fever on the river. New Zealander John Hamilton piloted the "We Red" Buehler Turbocraft upriver. This boat had been housed at Wahweep in the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, and was transferred to Grand Canyon. It took 3 days to get up Lava Falls, most of which was filmed. The crew was battling many odds, one of

which was that the river was dropping dramatically as they were running the river. The "We Red" did finally make it—the only successful uprun. An identical craft, the "We Yellow" was lost in Grapevine Rapid after it sank. The Park Service has now outlawed any further such uprun attempts.

Many thanks to the National Park Service for the fine work being done to conserve this unique collection, and for letting us borrow Jan Balsom for the informative tour.

It Happened at Grand Canyon

GRAND CANYON COMMUNITY BOOK CLUB
DISCUSSION OF "IT HAPPENED AT GRAND
CANYON" BY TODD R. BERGER, SEPTEMBER
30, 2008

by Nancy Green

We were pleased to have Mr. Berger facilitate our discussion, after a little coaxing from us. Todd explained that he had been doing some freelance work for Globe Pequot Press since 2002. They own the rights to the "It Happened at..." series, which also includes a book about Yellowstone National Park. Since Todd lives and works at Grand Canyon for the Grand Canyon Association as managing editor, it seemed natural for the press to ask him if he was interested in writing a similar book about Grand Canyon. It took two years of hard work doing the research and writing, but the result is a fine recording of interesting historical events about the Grand Canyon.

Todd reported that as a function of his work, he spends quite a bit of his time reading, researching and fact checking for works which cross his desk at the Grand Canyon Association. Once he was approached about doing this specific book, he relied on some work he had already done, and took time to research and write about much more. Going back to a journalism class he took in college, he remembered the assignment was to compare and contrast different news source coverage of the same event. He chose the 1956 air crash over the Grand Canyon as his topic. His sources were the Arizona Republic, the Arizona Daily Sun, and the New York Times. He found the best coverage of that event was by the Flagstaff Arizona Daily Sun. Noting that proximity did play a part in providing the best story, Todd used his Grand Canyon residency in combination with lots of research. Bibliographies were a great starting place for him to continue

digging deeper. Todd found that Google, along with more traditional research at the National Park Service Library and Cline Library, Northern Arizona University helped to pull the facts together. Berger said that after becoming saturated with research, he needed to just sit down and write.

He began with a long outline of proposed topics. In fact, there originally were about twice as many topics as what ended up in the book. Todd's editor gave him an exact number of expected chapters and word count. Todd wryly noted that he went well over that.

Some stories Todd had a passing acquaintance with, such as references to Dave Rust, Rust camp, and the work on the cable car. He went far back into his own reading memories by using "Hiroshima" by John Hershey to help introduce the chapter on uranium mining in the Grand Canyon. But it was the little nuggets of detail which Todd unearthed which made reading this book so much fun for Grand Canyon residents and history buffs. Like the selling of uranium samples to the tourists while the mine was in operation! Or the archaic name for Arizona—Pimeria Alta. Berger showed an emotional component to famous artist Thomas Moran by noting that although Moran never returned to Yellowstone once his artist work was done there, he returned time and time again to the Grand Canyon. Many of us share that emotion with Moran.

Thank you, Todd for sharing history in an interesting book which also subtly suggests the essence of the humor that we locals have come to expect from you.

Grand Canyon Association Lecture Series Calendar

Sunday October 19, 2008

Prescott

'Ain't It Purty?': Tourist Impressions of the Grand Canyon

Paul Hirt and Yolanda Youngs

Wednesday, October 22, 2008

Flagstaff

'Ain't It Purty?': Tourist Impressions of the Grand Canyon

Paul Hirt and Yolanda Youngs

Sunday November 16, 2008

Prescott

Tracing the Ancient Landscapes of the Colorado Plateau

Ron Blakey and Wayne Ranney

Wednesday November 19, 2008

Flagstaff

Tracing the Ancient Landscapes of the Colorado Plateau

Ron Blakey and Wayne Ranney

Wednesday December 3, 2008

Flagstaff

Canyon Experiences: Sublime to Silly

Gary Ladd

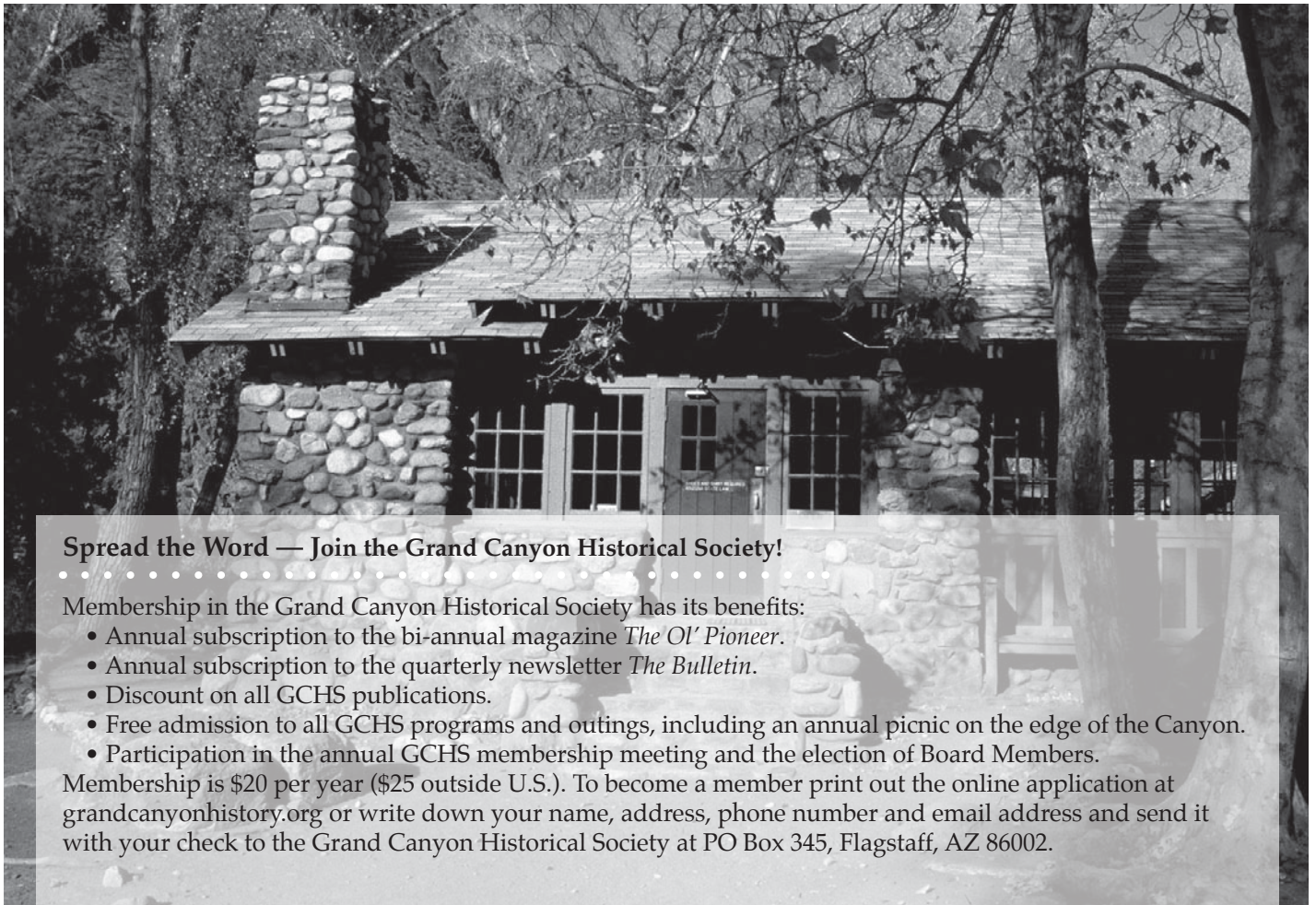
Sunday December 21, 2008

Prescott

Stories Among the Aspen: An Archeologist's Perspective on the Ranching History of the North Rim and North Kaibab

Amy Horn

For detailed information visit:
www.grandcanyon.org



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Membership in the Grand Canyon Historical Society has its benefits:

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- Discount on all GCHS publications.
- Free admission to all GCHS programs and outings, including an annual picnic on the edge of the Canyon.
- Participation in the annual GCHS membership meeting and the election of Board Members.

Membership is \$20 per year (\$25 outside U.S.). To become a member print out the online application at grandcanyonhistory.org or write down your name, address, phone number and email address and send it with your check to the Grand Canyon Historical Society at PO Box 345, Flagstaff, AZ 86002.

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