



Grand Canyon Pioneers Society - Monthly Bulletin - September 1998

GCPS trip to Toroweap - 9/12/98

Here is information regarding the September 12-13 trip to the Toroweap. The most important thing to know is that there is no water available at the overlook or anywhere along the way. At this time of year it will be hot there and everyone should carry at least one (1) gallon of water per person. You should also be aware that it is 15 miles of highway 389 southwest of Fredonia to the Toroweap dirt road turnoff, then it is 60 miles plus of dirt road through barren land to the overlook. If dry it will be dusty, and if it has been raining the road can be extremely slick and muddy. There are no gas stations or rest stops, so make sure your gas tank is FULL in Fredonia to make the round trip. A good spare tire or two is recommended along with the tools it takes to replace a flat one. The closest towing company is in Fredonia and the charge for towing is \$240 for the 150 miles plus round trip. So please go prepared.

A number of good restaurants are in Kanab, Utah only a few miles north of Fredonia where breakfast and dinner can be obtained. Again there is no Burger King or McDonalds at the Point so a picnic lunch would be advisable and extra food and water just in case.

This is to be a one-day trip and is scheduled to leave the Crazy Jug Motel in Fredonia around 9AM Saturday September 12. We recommend your arriving Friday and spending the night at one of the motels either in Fredonia or Kanab. The Crazy Jug Motel in Fredonia is a nice place, not fancy but clean, and rooms can be obtained for under \$50 per night. Make your own reservations by calling the Crazy Jug at 1-(520) 643-7752 at least a week prior to the trip. Some of you might wish to camp at the point. There are six or eight camp sites available on a first come first served basis.

Gene Wendt has arranged for George Billingsley, a geologist, to talk to us about the area informing us of how and when it was formed. Ranger, Clair Roberts, if available, will tell us some history of this out of the way place.

Those who have never been to Toroweap have missed one of the most beautiful overlooks along the Grand Canyon north rim. It is well worth the hazards noted above to take a gander at this point along the Grand Canyon Rim.

Time permitting we will take a side trip of an extra 20 miles onto Mount Logan overlook into Hells Hollow and cool off at 8000 feet.

COOKIE JAR

by
Sibyl Suran

Since you have all been so good about eating my cookies, whether you like them or not, and devouring my words of wisdom (ahem!) in this column, I will give you my recipe for the most favored cookie I make. Then you too can be a cook of renown and may be able to convince people you are invincible in that field.

After all, we are now it seems, going into Fall weather when the heat from an oven feels good and the product therefrom tastes even better. Are you impressed by this introduction? Gosh, it really got to me!

So here it is: Al Richmond's PACKRAT MIDDEN COOKIE. That isn't the real name but that's what they look like to him. Hope your rendition tastes better than they look or sound.

- 1-1/4 cups flour
- 1-1/2 tsp. salt
- 1-1/4 cups brown sugar, packed
- 1/3 cup melted butter
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1-1/4 cups shredded coconut
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Sift 1 cup flour with salt. Add 1/4 cup brown sugar. Add melted butter, mix until smooth. Press into bottom of greased 8" square pan. Bake 15 minutes.

Prepare topping. Beat eggs, add 1 cup brown sugar, beat until fluffy. Combine 1/4 cup flour with baking powder, add to creamed mixture, beat well. Add vanilla, coconut, and nuts. Spread over pastry, return to oven. Bake 20 minutes or until well browned. Cut into small squares while still warm. Allow to cool, break apart, eat, get fat, and enjoy!

The best part - anyone can make these.

Recuperating

We are glad to receive information that Marvel Wendt is home from the hospital after a serious operation and is doing well. Marv and Gene Wendt are original members of the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society. Keep up the good work of improving Marv, we are all looking forward to your getting back to our outings.

Welcome To Our New Members

Robert M. Anderson, Huntington Beach, CA

H.W. Phillips, LaJolla, CA

Mike Coltrin, Tucson, AZ

Upcoming Outings

Sept. 12-13. Overnight trip to Toroweap Point, North Rim, Grand Canyon,

Oct 17 - Annual meeting

Nov - To be announced

Dec - No meeting

A Deal

A young boy had just received his drivers license. He asked his father, who was a minister, if they could discuss the use of the car. His father took him into his study and said to him. "I'll make a deal with you. You bring home good grades, study your Bible a little and get your hair cut and we will talk about the use of the car." After about a month the boy came back and again asked his father if they could talk about the use of the car. They again went into the study where the father said, "Son, I've been real proud of you. You have brought your grades up, you've studied your Bible, but you didn't get your hair cut." The young man waited a moment and replied, "You know dad, I've been thinking about that. You know Samson had long hair and so did Moses and Noah and even Jesus had long hair." to which his father replied. "Yes, and they WALKED everywhere they went."

Dear Editor

I have greatly enjoyed the Ol' Pioneer and newsletter. They always teach me something new or remind me of a favorite place. I hope we can get together and meet you all for a field trip.

Carl Bowman
Grand Canyon

Dear Friends

I was mentally reviewing my own association with the August 1 retirees and their impact on my subsequent life. I was transferred from La Posada in Winslow and assigned to the front desk at Bright Angel. Eventually I was named Reservations Manager and came to know Buford and the laundry staff as well as Jack Verkamp and family for whom I "baby sat" when Jack and Mary needed get away time. In my four years (1949-1953) I engaged in a variety of social, political and cultural relationships with these honorees. I culminated

when I was drafted into the army in 1953. All of these folks participated in my "send off" into military service along with a litany of Grand Canyon Villagers who gathered for a steak fry at the Legion Hut. They stayed in touch with me while in service almost as family.

On completion of Korean Theater service I returned in the summer of 1955 and for three summers thereafter for Harvey Company while attending ASU. Buford signed me into John Ivers Legion Post 42 and interestingly enough 3 Canyon Legionnaires became State Commanders, Buford, myself and "Pappy" Patton.

Verkamps encouraged me in use of the GI Bill at ASU and I became Asst. Supt. of Glendale Union HS District with 20 thousand Teens.

Beyond the Legion, the Verkamp image combined with Art Metzger, Walt Roozer, Henry Stephens, Leo Schwor, Emery Kolb, Harold Bryant. Lon Garrison, Howard Strickland, Louis Schellback and a host of lesser known (including repeat guests such as Barry Goldwater) all encouraged in my quest for career.

To be present at this honor gathering is a truly appreciated opportunity to show our collective thanks and admiration for these "backbones" or "stabilizers" in a rapid turnover community. To many of us they were the "constant ones" who gave continuity to a flow of memorable personalities that are such an important element in lifelong recollection.

If there is a "Hall of Names" in the history pages of the Canyon--they surely belong. See you August 1, with my wife Dr. Mary Alice Murphy

Ron Murphy
Proud Canyon Alumni

Grand Canyon Pioneers Society's Excursion To Jumpup Cabin

**by
Gale Burak**

Eight intrepid Pioneers convened at the old Jacob Lake Ranger Station (1910) in time for a sumptuous pot luck lunch served under the tall pines. Connie Reid, Forest Service Archaeologist, led an historic tour of the old station, which our "Fearless Leader", John Azar has been renovating this summer. This was followed by a few leisure hours of nibbling, planning future adventures, and deciding when to head for Jumpup Cabin (1906).

John had cleared out, stabilized, painted the inside and outside of the cabin with the help of the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society's contributions and friends a few years ago, so it is a welcome little jewel of refuge to see at the edge of Jumpup Canyon when you round the curve of the road.

Five vehicles drove the thirty some miles over forest roads, past shallow canyons and far vistas, dropping by burnt-over ridges of pinyon and juniper where prickle-poppies shone white against dull ashes and blackened tree trunks. One car returned that afternoon to spend the night at Kanab, but the rest of us happily set up camp and relaxed in the sunset before the steaks were grilled.

After a convivial evening 'round the embers we hit the sack. John, having a priority on the cabin slept on the bare coils of the only bed. Gale claimed the kitchen floor with her pad and bag; Jim Ohlman preferred the back of his truck and the rest pitched their tents.

A bountiful breakfast, provided for the most part by John, found us eager to head down the quarter-mile trail to a grove of box elder trees and the spring. Halfway, John, leading the group yelled back to beware of a sizable Prairie rattler he'd roused. So we edged past the low trailside ledge he lay under, buzzing a warning, and had no problem.

Near the spring and its large trough, we climbed the talus of cliffs across the canyon to see the varied pictographs and petroglyphs lined along the face. John insisted we go down canyon below the spring, to see an "upside-down flag" pictograph he'd found. Neo-Nazi work?

No rattler seen or heard on the way out, but sun was getting hot, so resources were pooled for a very adequate lunch and a rest on the shady side of the cabin. Two more cars left by late afternoon. The remaining two with the last five die-hards decided there was enough food and water for one more night, so we burned the last log during the last lovely sunset and found plenty more tall tales to tell 'til bedtime.

Mary Watahomoge

by
Ronald Glen Thomas

Mary Watahomoge, a Havasupi, was brought into hospital ER (back in 1966 we used old ranger barracks on loop) by her slightly inebriated husband, Ralph. According to him Mary had fell and broken her right arm and he wanted \$200. At that time the Supai's were paid certain "disability payments" for broken bones... I think a leg was \$300. Anyway, I told Ralph, although the arm was swollen, an x-ray was necessary. It was done and no fractures were found much to Ralph's dismay. They left but returned only a half hour later with the same complaint. This time Mary's arm was shaped like a U and was definitely badly broken. I took her into the x-ray room by herself and patiently inquired how this injury took place. Quietly she revealed Ralph beat her arm between two parking lot posts with a log because he needed "drinking money". I angrily called the rangers, told Ralph to wait, and then set and casted the arm. Ralph got 2 weeks in the cooler and I told Mary to go buy herself a new dress with the money. The odd thing is Mary never expressed any feelings either during or after this fiasco. I guess they just went back home and I never saw either again. I imagine she removed the cast herself (or Ralph did with his trusty log).

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