

Grand Canyon Pioneers Society, Inc.
(A Historical Association)
The Bulletin

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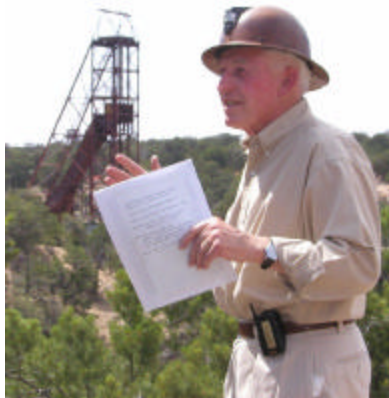
Web Site: www.kaibab.org/gcps

September 2002

Orphan Mine

On Saturday, August 17, the 30 or so Grand Canyon Pioneers once again braved adverse weather conditions. This time it was scorching temperatures and brutally direct sunshine. But listening to Maurice Castagne, former superintendent of the Orphan Mine, was well worth being out in those wilting temperatures.

Maury arrived at the Grand Canyon in 1958. But the mine began its impact on Grand Canyon history in 1903. Dan Hogan had staked a copper claim that year. Being a former Rough Rider, Hogan used his influence with Teddy Roosevelt to obtain a patent in 1906.



The Golden Crown Mining Company took advantage of the nation's craze for uranium production in the 1950s. In 1953 it negotiated for acquisition of the mine, with production beginning in 1956.

The mine operation was impressive and somewhat spectacular due to its unique location. Maury was fond of saying that "Where else could you look at the Grand Canyon **and** go straight down inside of its walls?"

The head frame of the mine was standing over a shaft descending 1,500 vertical feet. There were no pillars or supporting timbers, just a solid rock wall. Two hundred fifty tons of ore were shipped daily to a mill in Tuba City via truck. When that mill closed in 1966, the ore was then shipped 300 miles away to a mill in Colorado by rail. This proved to be more costly than the ore

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GCPS Outings for 2002

September 21: Grand Canyon Aviation History by Ron Warren.

Lunch 11:30 AM (optional buffet for \$8 per)
Program: 1:30 PM
Quality Inn (behind IMAX) **
Tusayan

Ronald L. Warren was general manager of Grand Canyon Airlines from 1980 to 1993, living at Grand Canyon. An Attorney, he now resides in Las Vegas, Nevada, where he divides his time between practicing law, teaching for Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University and the Community college System, and writing on Southwest aviation history. He is a member of numerous aviation and historical societies.

His publications include: Aviation at Grand Canyon, A 75 Year History published in the Journal of Arizona History, Summer 1995.

GCPS Bulletin articles by Ron Warren include:

- September 1993 - How Many Scenic's
- October 1993 - Toll Restricted
- April 1994 - The Second Landing
- August 1994 - Amelia Earhart and Grand Canyon

** Note change of location from previously published notices.

October 19: "Below the Rim & Beyond the Lake" (Two Commanding Canyons-Grand Canyon & Glen Canyon's Lake Powell) slide show by Gary Ladd and **10:00 GCPS Board of Directors meeting.**

Gary Ladd is a free-lance large format photographer specializing on the wilderness interior of Grand Canyon, the pristine sandstone landscapes surrounding Lake Powell and the slickrock terrain of southern Utah and northern Arizona.

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New Member

Terry & Dan Tobin - Grand Canyon AZ

* * * * *

Member Update - Michael Harrison

We received a letter from Vince Lozito (Mike Harrison's caretaker"). You may recall Mike is our oldest member - he will be 105 next birthday. Wow.

Jeanne and Fred Schick
Sedona, AZ
August 3, 2002

Dear Fred and Jeanne,

Thank you for your letter of July 10. I read it to Mike since he no longer can handle his mail. He enjoys hearing from old friends. His condition has stabilized, spends most of his time napping and watching TV. It is difficult to get him engaged in a conversation. He gets confused easily. His once fabulous memory is no more. He needs full help including feeding him, bathing, etc. He is a "tough old bird" as they say but his quality of life is almost nil. His food must be processed through a blender and it is not too appetizing. I'm sure he would love to pick up a barbecued rib in his hands and eat it but he has difficulty swallowing solids. We must be very careful when he is fed.

Incidentally, I read Jeanne's article about Emery Kolb in the recent issue of "The Old Pioneer," the magazine of the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society. I will try to read it to Michael at the earliest opportunity.

Again, thanks for your letter. It would be helpful if you could pass the word about Michael to his many friends out your way.



Respectfully,
Vince Lozito for Michael
July 23, 2002

2002 Outings ...continued from page 1

November 16: Beamer's Cabin and Boucher's Camp stabilization projects by Amy Horn, archaeologist for Grand Canyon National Park. Presentation at Cline Library at 1:30 PM.

December: No meeting.

* * * * *

Sharp

Robert K. Sharp died July 14, 2002. He born Nov 2, 1932 at the Grand Canyon the son of Grover and Maud Sharp. He was a Korean War Veteran and lived in Eugene Oregon for fourteen years where he had a ranch. From there he moved his wife and three sons to Qusnell BC Canada where he purchased a ranch and lived out the rest of his life in the wilderness he loved on a place called Nazko far off the beaten path. [Note: Betty Waterman (his sister).]

* * * * *

Harvey Butchart Remembered

I first met him in the spring of 1958, shortly after arriving in Flagstaff. I considered myself quite a chess aficionado at the time and was looking for a challenge, or at least someone to play. I learned that Harvey was the faculty advisor to the Chess Club at the Arizona State College at Flagstaff, and the local chess master. One evening I gave him a call and he invited me over to play. Shortly after we sat down to play, his wife passed through the living room on her way out the door saying "I'm leaving now." Harvey said, "Okay" without even lifting his head or acknowledging that she was in the room. I wondered many times thereafter whether this was typical of their relationship.

Oh yes, I did win the first game, but not many later on. I became kind of an "outside" member of the chess club and continued to play at his home for another year or so until I started playing with a fellow at work. We ended up hating each other after playing every lunch hour

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was worth, causing the cessation of mining activity in 1969. In its heyday, the mine was netting \$280,000 per month. Fans kept 42,000 cfm of air ventilating the shaft and work areas to keep the radon gas levels down. It cost \$1,000,000 to sink the shaft. The Hermit shale proved the most difficult to drill, limestone the next hardest, and sandstone being the most forgiving. High-grade ore was all that was taken out, with the waste being dumped in the Kaibab Forest nearby. All the ore taken from this mine was for nuclear power plants, not weapons. Thirty miners made up each crew. One death occurred during Maury's time. The 49-year-old miner died from injuries sustained in a mine accident, but away from the mine. As Maury said, "You don't go to a uranium mine for your health." The Supai Layer was where the actual mining took place. With the interior of the shaft a pleasant and constant 56 degrees, the miners actually enjoyed being in the mine.

The anecdotal stories Maury told brought to life this timeframe of Canyon history. The tram was the most eye catching and popular part of the operation. Emory Kolb was given a ride in the 1,100 vertical foot drop, 1,800 feet of tram line hoist. His comment after returning to the top was "Boy, I sure could have used one of those!" Maury reminisced that one day the sun shone directly all the way down into the Glory Hole. He was shocked at its immensity since he had previously only seen the interior with his little miners' headlamp. Tusayan was where the miners and their families lived. Water was hauled from Williams. Maury and his wife Lorraine had six children. They were active in the community through the Rotary Club, PTA, and Cub Scouts. Christmas was celebrated uniquely with the head frame of the mine being lit up with Christmas tree lights.

It was a great pleasure and privilege to have Maurice Castagne and his wife Lorraine share with the Grand Canyon Pioneers this interesting slice of Grand Canyon.

Article submitted by Nancy Green



Maury and the Pioneers at Maricopa Point.

*** NEW BOOK COMING OUT SOON ***

"Grand Canyon Orphan Mine" by Maurice Castagne

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for more than a year, then decided mutually decided to quit to restore peace and tranquility. Also, twenty-five years later, I met two of the other members of the chess club. They were math professors at Northern Arizona University then.

The remarkable thing about this encounter with Harvey was that the only thing that was ever discussed during any of these club sessions was chess. I never had any idea that he was a Canyon hiker, the subject just never came up. During that time, I was very interested in hiking the Canyon, but quite frankly was afraid to give it a try. Hiking equipment at that time was almost non-existent. Backpack frames were made of steel or wood, packs were heavy Army surplus canvas ruck-sacks. Same with tents and sleeping bags, weighing ten pounds or more and 12-inches in diameter when rolled up. Food and food preparation was another thing to consider. Anything preserved came in a can. Small, two-burner, white-gas Colemans were about as light a stove as you could find and the pots were mostly all steel. There were no such things as nested aluminum cook kits and really small, light weight, compact one-burner stoves.

Then there was the Canyon, that massive, "great unknown" hole in the ground. I asked around among the people I knew in Flagstaff and none of them had ever hiked the Canyon, but they all knew someone who did, they got lost, got hurt, starved and they almost died. Between 1958 and 1966, I made many trips to the Canyon. At that time, you could walk out the back door of the Bright Angel Lodge and stand on the rim, contemplate the river, the canyon and spires, the clouds and shadows, and the few trails that could be seen, all in complete solitude. I'd walk passed the Kolb Studio, a few times seeing Emory standing there dressed in his green jodhpurs hawking his movie. I never went in. I'd hike down the Bright Angel Trail a ways, down the long switch-back where the little known trail took off to the Orphan Mine. There was a trail registration board there, all you had to do was to sign-in, name and date and when you expected to return. That's all there was to it. I met a few hikers on that section of trail. They all looked haggard, head down, slowly pacing one foot in front of the other, never seeming to be inclined to talk about their experience. But I could see from the expressions on their faces that they weren't having a good time. The stories must be true.

Years later when I did start hiking the Canyon with several friends, Harvey had published his first book about Canyon trails and his experiences. What a surprise it was to me. I thought he only played chess and taught math. Often during camp the subject of

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Harvey and his exploits would come up. Of course, everyone had read his book (later books) and had an idea about what to expect. One of the favorite stories that we often discussed was the time he and Alan Cureton hiked up from Indian Gardens to the rim, hitch-hiked part way to Hermit's Rest, down the Hermit trail to the Tonto and back across the Tonto to Indian Gardens. "It was a long day" was Harvey's comment. I've hiked the same trails, not in the same order, but it took me three or four days to cover the same territory.

One of Harvey's secrets, aside from being a small wiry man who had no body fat and was in excellent condition, was that he only carried a small day-pack, a sheet for a ground cloth and cover, some bread, cheese and a canteen that he filled at a spring or seep whenever he had a chance. No fancy foods, no food preparation, no sleeping bags or tents, just the very barest of essentials.

The next time I saw Harvey was the day Carol and I decided to drive out to Bass Point on the west Canyon rim. I had read and heard about W.W. Bass, his camp and tourist business but had never been to the site. Just as we arrived at Bass Point and walked over to the head of the Bass Trail, Harvey emerged from the Canyon. He had just hiked down to the river and back to celebrate his 79th birthday!

I was fortunate to get to know Harvey over the next several years through our mutual association

with the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society. Harvey was a very faithful member, often driving from his home in Sun City to attend meetings in Flagstaff, the Grand Canyon and numerous field trips to and around the Canyon. I was also fortunate to interview Harvey on video tape when he discussed some of his hikes and his trip through the Canyon when he ran every rapid, on an air mattress! Harvey hadn't listed the air mattress as an item of equipment that he carried along with the sheet and canteen, but he did often carry one. He used it to cross the Colorado River to reach otherwise inaccessible portions of a trail he was exploring.

There is no doubt that Harvey was an indomitable man. How else would he have been able to explore the Canyon and trails has he had. Many people have their hip joints go out on them, well it happened to Harvey too. It was sad to see him in later years, his slow, labored pace, walking with a cane, but to me these were a badge of honor. Because he came by it honestly, he wore out his hips by hiking all those miles in the Canyon!

His contribution to the history and knowledge of the Canyon was commemorated a number of years ago by the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society and a plaque honoring him is now on display at the National Park Service Visitors Center.

I'm glad that I had a chance to know him.

Ron Werhan - Kamiah, Idaho
June 8, 2002

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The Bulletin welcomes comments, stories, or reflections and remembrances. Please send them to Diane Cassidy at 2112 Demerse Avenue, Prescott, AZ 86301; email: GCPioneers@yahoo.com.

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