

The Ol' Pioneer

The Quarterly Magazine of the Grand Canyon Historical Society

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A Gathering of Grand Canyon Historians

Ideas, Arguments, and First-Person Accounts



Proceedings of the Inaugural Grand Canyon History Symposium



Compiled and Edited by
Michael F. Anderson



Wild Jim Dale (Red Wolf), July 4, 1937
Prescott
Courtesy of the Arizona Historical
Society/Tucson, AHS# 19018



Bruce Aiken at
2004 GCHS picnic at Shoshone Point.
[Photo by Diane Cassidy]

President's Letter

Well, here I am with Size 8 feet trying to step into Keith Green's Size 11 shoes. I cannot fill those shoes, Keith, but will do my best with the help of others to hold things together in 2006. Thank you for serving as president in 2005, and thanks to all of last year's officers, our editor Diane Cassidy, and members for another fine year of Grand Canyon history.

You all probably know by now that the proceedings from the first Grand Canyon history symposium in 2002, entitled *A Gathering of Grand Canyon Historians: Ideas, Arguments, and First-Person Accounts* (Grand Canyon Association, 2005) is now on the bookstands. It is a limited edition of only 1,000 copies, so get yours now! I am genuinely impressed by the quality of the publication, and the stories are just as interesting as when presented nearly four years ago. Many thanks to the Grand Canyon Association for such a fine piece of work, and to Todd Berger for his final editing and for naming the volume.

You may also know that the Society is sponsoring a second history symposium for January 2007, with our former president, Lee Albertson, serving as program director. Lee has already put together a steering committee, met with most of the movers and shakers of the last symposium (Xanterra, Grand Canyon Association, and National Park Service), developed a tentative project schedule, and started to raise money. He will keep everyone informed of progress throughout the year, and since such an event takes a lot of work, may even call on you for help.

Although the next history symposium will likely sap a lot of our energy this year, Mike Coltrin, continuing as vice president and outing coordinator, will no doubt come up with a fine schedule of programs in and around Grand Canyon. Like 2005, it will be a year marked by centennials of significant (and obscure) Canyon events, and perhaps one or more of our outings, or articles that members submit to our newsletters, may help us celebrate this history. Off the top of my head, in 1906:

- John Verkamp obtains a permit from the U.S. Forest Service, builds Verkamps Curios, and opens at the South Rim next to the brand new (1905) Hopi House.
- Fred Harvey Company reopens the refurbished Bright Angel Hotel (replaced by the Bright Angel Lodge in 1935) after buying out Canyon pioneer Martin Buggeln.
- Santa Fe Railway develops its illustrated plans for construction of the Fred Harvey livery and mule barn, which still stand along Village Loop Road.
- David Rust completes his trail from the North Rim to the Colorado River and establishes his camp at the mouth of Bright Angel Creek, forerunners of the North Kaibab Trail and Phantom Ranch.
- President Teddy Roosevelt declares Grand Canyon a game preserve, inaugurating one of the great canyon ecological disasters in history—elimination of predators and irruption of the Kaibab deer herd.
- Uncle Jim Owens and Buffalo Jones show up on the Arizona Strip with a herd of bison, which still range the strip and, since the last few years, the Kaibab Plateau.

Who or what did I miss?

Descendents of David Rust plan to celebrate his centennial at Phantom Ranch in August 2006, at last count, about 17 of them. Although it will be hot, and many of our members might not be able to make the trip, wouldn't it be great for some of us to show up at the Ranch to help them celebrate and report back to the membership?! Better start making reservations at Bright Angel Campground as soon as possible—the ranch is probably booked already (by the Rusts)!

So, it looks like an exciting year ahead.

I hope everyone had a merry Christmas, that Santa brought you great happiness, and your new year has begun on a happy note.

Mike Anderson

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EDITOR: Diane Cassidy

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

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.

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Red Wolf

by Dove Menkes – Fullerton CA

I don't recall when I first heard about Red Wolf, but here are some quotes collected over the years that tell the Red Wolf story.

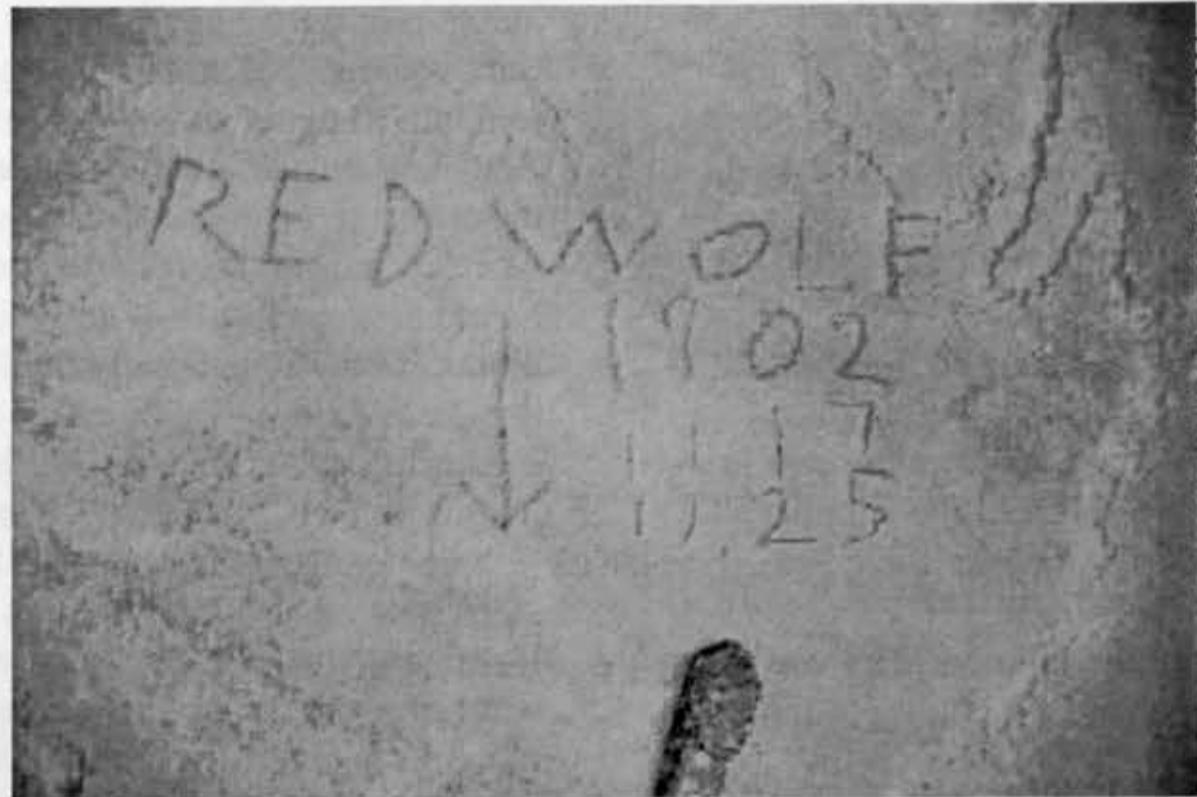
Harvey Butchart told me he heard "about a man called Red Wolf from Ruth Baker when she was running the Cliff Dweller's Lodge. He had spent some time at Lees Ferry and was rumored to have been over quite a bit of the Grand Canyon."

PT Reilly wrote to me in 1986 that "Red Wolf or Golden Jesus was an old poacher who lived in the Outlaw Shack at Lee's Ferry. He was invited to 'visit me at my ranch' by Jerry Johnson. His real name was Willard Dale. He wore dirty buckskins, thick glasses, was a prodigious walker, a fine shot. Poached deer and lived off the country. Would join the Paiutes at Hurricane for their two-week powwow and dance with them. Claimed he walked the entire North Rim from Grand Wash to Lee's Ferry – obviously a lie; he died 10 to 15 years ago."

Arizona Strip old timers recalled Red Angel, also known as "Golden Jesus." If children misbehaved they were told "Red Angel would get them." Also that "he made little things and sold them..."

Earl Johnson recalled that Red Wolf was "an old guy who hung around Lees Ferry in the 50s. Red hair or beard... stayed down there with the boys in the old shack..."

In 1986, I visited **the Johnsons of Moccasin** who recalled: "We knew Red Angel. Had a camp down in Kanab gulch there and when he went down ... he'd go down there to camp and he had a big old dog and he'd tie a pack on the dog... and I don't know what all he had on but a canteen and a few things... As far as I know he never did have a horse but he camped down in that canyon for a long time; mostly in the winter time. When we were going down there we stopped at the old Red Angel camp quite often... It's kind of an over-



"Red Wolf" inscription in Kanab Canyon, November 17-25, 1902.
[Photo by Dave Mortensen]

hanging ledge there and one can get back in there out of the weather... It's a nice camp... There's just a whole wall of Indian writings... Her brother (Mrs. Johnson's), one time... just a young kid ... his folks ran cattle... in Hacks Canyon. He was down there alone one time and he got up early one morning and he was going to ride up into Hacks... to check some cattle and he come around the bend and here this old long-whiskered fellow was coming down the trail and the sun was just shining in his eyes – and this old fellow was looking like this he could hear him coming but the sun was right in his eyes he couldn't see him too good... but anyway... he'd heard a lot of stories about old Red Angel. He just turned right around didn't even stop to pick up his calf... he headed for home... rode half the night! He wasn't going to stay another night with that old fellow down there! (Laughter.) Kind of a weird old fellow. I don't suppose he was dangerous... Never had his hair cut. Last time I saw him was when I was going to school in Fredonia (probably the 1920s) ... He stayed in Fredonia a

day or two... he had an old clunker car then... an old pickup car..."

Another story about Red Angel was **told by Otto Fife to Sharon Lunt in 1948**, when discussing the history of southwestern Utah Mountains. Fife said: "There was another fellow that was called Red Angel... The guy wasn't making much money, so Harry Thorley gave him a job and that's when I got acquainted with him and I worked for Harry that year. I was about 13. That was way back in about 1913. So we were together a lot and that when he told me some of these crazy stories. Well he had a good job and he liked it. It was the first time he had any extra money when he would get paid. Harry would pay him for trapping coyotes as well as helping with the sheep. He took his one outfit along; his own little tent. One day this Red Angel came and he always wore moccasins. He told old Karl Parson about a fabulous place out in Nevada where he could pick gold nuggets up as big as marbles. He said he was headed there and that there were cougars up in the hills, and it was a

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After 33 years, Aiken to retire

by Jackie Brown, Associate Grand Canyon News Editor
Reprinted with permission from Grand Canyon News, December 3, 2005

Artist Bruce Aiken knows that the Canyon has been very good to him. Though no earth has ever been more stubborn about giving up its raw wealth, for more than three decades, he's mined its riches, joining a tiny society of successful prospectors within an already small circle of true Canyon dwellers.

"The Canyon has been a source," he said, referring to the successful and unique livelihood he established there. "I recognize that."

It's not that living in the Inner Canyon has made him more prolific he admits that he would likely have produced triple the volume of work had it not been for his parallel career overseeing the Park's water supply at Roaring Springs.

But as he retires from the job that he held for 33 years, and has already moved out of the home where he raised three children more than 3,000 vertical feet down from the North Rim, he has no sense of regret.

"I feel like one of the very lucky ones," he said. "I kept my eyes wide open. I looked and looked and never passed anything by. I always stopped to investigate."

While he first visited the Canyon with his mother and grandparents when he was four years old and again when he was 12, it wasn't until his third visit at age 19 that his love for the place was kindled. It was the first time he had ventured to the bottom.

"It was my first visit to Phantom Ranch. It had a huge impact," he said. He returned in 1972, when he was 21, and during that visit, he had an epiphany.

"I embraced the concept that I didn't have to just visit; I could live here," he said. "I saw others who were doing it."



Bruce Aiken
[Photo courtesy Grand Canyon News.]

He found work in Tusayan, on the construction crew building the Squire Inn. When that job wrapped up, he filled out an application with the Park Service "and never looked back," he said.

His first job for NPS was with a trail crew on the North Kaibab during that time, he developed the habit of always carrying a camera and sketchbook in his pack. That was followed by a stint as a seasonal maintenance worker on the North Rim.

Then, in 1973, he took the job as operator of the Roaring Springs pump house, overseeing water distribution for the park. He moved his wife and infant daughter Mercy to their new home, five miles down the North Kaibab Trail.

"There are very few opportunities to live in the Canyon," Aiken said. "You could work at Phantom Ranch but those jobs are very hard to get and don't come open often. I could have worked as a ranger but I wasn't interested in being one."

For the first three years, instead of settling down to paint, he studied all aspects of the Canyon geology, botany, biology, history and lore

while continuing to take photos and make sketches.

In fact, before he established his reputation as an artist, he was known as the guy who lived at the bottom of the Grand Canyon a distinction that earned him media attention and a spot on the old game show, "To Tell the Truth." He said it wasn't unusual for people to call asking about weather conditions or for late night radio talk show hosts to dial him up for an on-the-spot report from the depths of the Canyon.

In 1976, he experienced a breakthrough and began to produce. A year or so later, he sold his first Canyon painting and by 1980, his standing as an artist began to eclipse his status as the man with one of the most amazing back yards in America.

He, however, says he always thought of himself first and foremost as an artist, even though it was more than a full-time job to maintain the pump house, built in the late 1920s by the Union Pacific Railroad, requiring mechanical aptitude and resourcefulness.

"It had a continually morphing job description," he said. "I had no clue early on how difficult it would be."

While raising a growing family in the Inner Canyon was tricky, the difficulties were mostly logistical. Groceries had to be ordered by phone and flown in by helicopter. Mercy was followed by sister Shirley and brother Silas; all three were educated through a combination of home schooling and time at Grand Canyon School when Aiken was on furlough.

The perceived isolation, however, was never a problem. The Aiken home was to become a way station for hikers over the years.

"Everyone says 'but you have no neighbors' like it was a big issue," he said. "We had plenty of human

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A Gathering of Grand Canyon Historians

*A monograph of the Proceedings of the Inaugural Grand Canyon History Symposium, January 2002
published by Grand Canyon Association, 2005*

In January 2002, nearly 200 historians, witnesses to history, park employees, and others with a passion for Grand Canyon history gathered on the South Rim for the inaugural Grand Canyon History Symposium. Nothing like that had ever been attempted before, and the resulting presentations, discussions, and storytelling sessions generated lively discussions among the attendees.

In an effort to bring the ideas, arguments, and first-person accounts from that event to a larger audience, historian Michael F. Anderson, PhD, has assembled *A Gathering of Grand Canyon Historians: Ideas, Arguments, and First-Person Accounts*, a collection of essays based on the presentations at the history symposium. The resulting volume is diverse, thought-provoking, entertaining, and controversial. The essays and contributors included in this 200-page illustrated book are:

- The 1919 Transcanyon Aerial Tramway Survey by *Jim Ohlman*
- Rails at Both Rims by *Al Richmond*
- Kolb Airfield 1926 by *Lee Albertson*
- Grand Canyon National Park Toll Roads and Trails by *Mike Anderson*
- Whatever Happened to Jazz? by *George Steck*
- Grand Canyon's Railroad Culture by *Al Richmond*
- The 1898 Diary of Zella Dysart by *Mona Lange McCroskey*
- Mary Elizabeth Jane Colter, Grand Canyon Architect: Stories in Stone by *David Frauman*
- Bert Lauzon's Grand Canyon by *Bradford Cole*
- Buckskin Mountain by *John Azar*
- The Grand Canyon and Colorado River on Postage Stamps by *Bill Bishop*
- Grand Canyon Summer of 1897 by *Mary J. Straw Cook*
- The Photographs of Robert H. Kuhne: Grand Canyon National Park in Its Infancy, 1920-23 by *Mona Lange McCroskey*
- The Civilian Conservation Corps' Role in Tourism: The CCC's Retooling of Arizona's Natural Resources by *Peter MacMillan Booth*
- Civilian Conservation Corps Company 818: Building the Colorado River Trail by *Louis Purvis*
- A Hard, Rocky Road to Nowhere by *Roy Lemons*
- Blue Denim University: The Civilian Conservation Corps' Retooling of Arizona Youth by *Peter MacMillan Booth*
- Geology in the American Southwest: New Processes, New Theories by *Gretchen Merten*
- Scenery versus Habitat at the Grand Canyon by *J. Donald Hughes*
- A Little Knowledge Goes a Long Way: A History of Archaeological Research at the Grand Canyon by *Janet R. Balsom*
- Environmental History of the Colorado River: The Changing Focus of Science by *Emma P. Benenati and Joseph P. Shannon*
- Historic River Running by *Bonnie Brune*
- GPS in 1869: The Geographical Powell Survey by *Richard Quartaroli*
- George Young Bradley: Chronicler of the 1869 John Wesley Powell Expedition down the Green and Colorado Rivers by *Michael P. Ghiglieri*
- An Appointment with Death: The Howland-Dunn Tragedy Revisited by *Frank M. Barrios*
- Hard Hulls, Hard Knocks, Hard Heads: The Evolution of Hard-Hulled Rowboats in the Grand Canyon by *Brad Dimock*
- Evolution of the Printed Colorado River Guide in Grand Canyon, Arizona by *Richard Quartaroli*
- Hydropolitics in the Far Southwest: Carl Hayden, Arizona, and the Fight for the Central Arizona Project, 1952-68 by *Jack August Jr.*
- *Parens Patria*: Issues Relating to the Colorado River Boundary between Grand Canyon National Park, the Hualapai Reservation, and the Navajo Nation by *Andrew Majeske*
- Casinos of Stone: Monsoon Gambling and Playing the Slot Canyons by *Tom Myers*

The book also includes appendices of the symposium participants, a reprint of the schedule and registration guide, and a brief biography of each of the contributors. The book is \$15 available from the Grand Canyon Association bookstores and web site (www.GrandCanyon.org).

Editor's Note: The timing of the release of this monograph is perfect. The 2007 Grand Canyon History Symposium is in the planning stages and a review of what was presented at the inaugural symposium should help everyone with organizing the event and selecting presentations. So now is the time to dust off those notes and photographs on the Grand Canyon in the back of your file cabinet. Did you meet an individual at a Canyon overlook who talked about living at the South Rim when a youngster? Did your grandparents know the Kolb brothers? Do you have a picture of a slot canyon from one of your hikes long ago? Please take the time to look in that file folder marked "Grand Canyon Historical Stuff" and see if you have a story to tell at the 2007 symposium.

A Grand Canyon Christmas

Reprint of Chapter VII in *I Married A Ranger* by Dama Margaret Smith (Mrs. "White Mountain"), originally published by Stanford University Press in 1930

In 1921, Dama Margaret Smith--then living in Wash. D.C.--learned of a clerical vacancy at Grand Canyon, and applied for the job. Until then, no woman had ever been hired for a Park Service job at the Canyon. But an exception was made, and she became the first female Government employee at the Canyon. There she met "White Mountain Smith," chief ranger, and the rest of their story is told in the delightful book, *I Married A Ranger*.

Funny how one can never get over being homesick at Christmas. Day and weeks and even months can pass by without that yearning for family and home, but in all the years since I hung my stocking in front of the big fireplace in the old home I have never learned to face Christmas Eve in a strange place with any degree of happiness. I believe the rangers all felt the same way. Several days before Christmas they began to plan a real "feed."

We had moved into our new house now [at the Canyon], and it was decided to make a home of it by giving a Christmas housewarming.

The rangers all helped to prepare the dinner. Each one could choose one dish he wanted cooked and it was cooked, even if we had to send to Montgomery Ward and Company for the makin's. Ranger Fisk opined that turkey dressing without oysters in it would be a total loss as far as he was concerned, so we ordered a gallon from the Coast. They arrived three days before Christmas, and it was his duty to keep them properly interred in a snow drift until the Great Day arrived.

Ranger Winess wanted pumpkin pies with plenty of ginger; White Mountain thought roast turkey was about his speed. Since we would have that anyway, he got another vote. This time he called for mashed turnips and creamed onions. The Superintendent, Colonel White, being an Englishman, asked plaintively if we couldn't manage a plum pudding! We certainly managed one just bursting with plums. That made him happy for the rest of the day.

I didn't tell anybody what I intended to have for my special dish, but when the time came I produced a big, rich fruit cake, baked back home by my own mother, and stuffed full of nuts and fruit and ripened to a perfect taste.

All the rangers helped to prepare the feast. One of them rode down the icy trail to Indian Gardens and brought back crisp, spicy watercress to garnish the turkey.

After it became an effort to chew, and impossible to swallow, we washed the dishes and gathered around the blazing fire. Ranger Winess produced his omnipresent guitar and swept the strings idly for a moment. Then he began to sing, "Silent Night, Holy Night." That was the beginning of an hour of the kind of music one remembers from childhood. Just as each one had chosen his favorite dish, now each one selected his favorite Christmas song. When I asked for "Little Town of Bethlehem" nobody hesitated over the words. We all knew it better than we do "Star Spangled Banner!" I could have prophesied what Colonel White would call for, so it was no surprise when he swung into "God rest ye merry, gentlemen, let nothing ye dismay." Fortunately, most of us had sung carols in our distant youth, and we sang right with the Colonel.

Someone suggested that each one tell of the strangest Christmas Day he or she had ever spent. For a while none of us were in Arizona. Ranger Winess was in a state of siege in the Philippines, while the Moros worked themselves into a state of frenzy for the attack that followed; Ranger Fisk scaled Table Mountain, lying back of Capetown, and there picked a tiny white flower which he had pressed in the Bible presented to him there that day; each sailor in port had received a Bible that day with this inscription: "Capetown, Africa, Christ's Birthday, December 25, 19--." White Mountain snowshoed twenty miles in Yellowstone to have Christmas dinner with another ranger, but when he got there he found his friend delirious with flu. "Did he die?" we questioned anxiously. Ranger Winess and the Chief looked at each other and grinned.

"Do I look like a dead one?" Ranger Winess demanded.

"I couldn't let him die," White Mountain said. "We had just lost one Government man, mysteriously, and hadn't any more to spare. So I got his dogs and sledge and hauled him into Headquarters."

Of course we wanted to know about the "lost" ranger. It seemed that there had broken out among the buffalo herd in the Park a strange malady that was killing them all off. An expert from Washington was en route to make a study of the ailment, and was due to arrive just before Christmas. Days passed into weeks and still he didn't show up. Inquiries to Washington disclosed that he had started as per scheduled. Tracing his journey step by step it was discovered that on the train out of Chicago he had become ill with flu and had been left in a small town hospital. There he had died without recovering his speech, and had been buried in the potter's field!

"Well, then what happened to the buffalo?"

"Washington sent us a German scientist. We loved that nation just about that time, and on his arrival diplomatic relations were badly strained. He was too fat and soft to use snowshoes or skis, so we loaded him on a light truck and started for the buffalo farm. We stalled time and again, and he sat in lordly indifference while we pushed and shoveled out. We seemed hopelessly anchored in one drift, and from his perch where he sat swaddled up like a mummy came his 'Vy don't you carry a portable telephone so ve couldt hook it over the vires and call for *them* to come and pull us out?' One of the rangers replied, 'It would be nice for us to telephone ourselves to please pull us out. *We* are the *them* that does the pulling around here.'

"The old boy mumbled and sputtered but rolled out and put a husky shoulder to the wheel, and we went on our way rejoicing. He won our respect at the buffalo farm for he soon discovered the germ that was killing our charges, and he prepared a serum with which we vaccinated the entire herd."

"Wow!" Colonel White exclaimed. "I think I'd rather fight Moros than vaccinate buffalo." He, too, had spent years in foreign warfare; his experiences are graphically told in *Bullets and Bolos*.

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Christmas...continued from page 8

While we heard about the buffalo, one of the rangers left the room. He came back presently, and White Mountain said to me: "Don't you want to see your Christmas present?"

I looked across at my proud new riding-boots, with their fancy stitching, and funny high heels just like those the rangers wore. "I'm crazy about them," I said.

But the whole bunch were laughing. White Mountain led me to the door, and there I had my first glimpse of Tar Baby! He was a four-year-old horse that had spent those years running wild on the range. A few months before he had been captured and partly tamed. But he was hard-mouthed, and stiff-necked and hell-bent on having his own way about things. I didn't know all that when I saw him this Christmas Day. To me he was perfect. He was round and fat, shiny black, with a white star in his forehead, and four white feet. One eye was blue, and the other one the nicest, softest, kindest brown! He was just that kind of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde horse, too! He was fitted out with a new saddle, a gaudy Navajo saddle blanket, and a bridle with silver inlaid fittings. The spade bit was necessary. I found that out later, also.

I would have stood there speechless with admiration the rest of the day, but the others reminded me it was time to light the big tree we had planned for the children in the Park.

The rangers had brought a slender fir into the Information Room and we had it trimmed within an inch of its life. Cranberries and popcorn ropes festooned its branches, and again Montgomery Ward and Company's catalogue had been searched for treasures to load it with. Every child in the Park, regardless of race or color, was remembered. Little brown brothers, whose Filipino mothers worked in the laundry, found themselves possessors of strange toys; Navajo babies and Hopi cupids from the Hopi House were well supplied. One small Hopi lass wailed loudly at the look of the flaxen-haired doll that fell to her lot. She was afraid to hold it--she wouldn't let anybody else touch it--so she stood it in a corner and squalled at it from a safe distance. When the party was over, an older sister had to carry it for her. I suspect she much preferred her native dolls.



After the tree was bare, we all went down to the Fred Harvey Recreation Room and danced the rest of the evening away.

I could hardly wait for morning to go for a ride on Tar Baby. Ranger West brought him down to the house to saddle him. While I dressed up in my new boots I overheard the conversation between the ranger and the horse. It was a rather one-sided talk, but quite interesting.

"Whoa there, Tar Baby!" very firmly and casually. "Stand still now!"

"Hey, now, you black devil, don't you try bitin' me again! Yes, he's a nice baby horse," this last remark quite saccharine. A slight silence fell while the cinches were being tightened, then—heels beating a tune on the side of the shed, and sultry, sulphuric remarks being fitted to the tune. About that time I was ready to go out.

"Have any trouble with Tar Baby?"

"No, oh, no. None whatever. Ready to go?"

Every morning as soon as I was in the saddle we had the same argument. Would he go where and as fast as I desired, or would he run as fast and as far as he pleased? Sore wrists and a strained disposition were the price I paid for winning the battle. He just went wild if he could race with another horse. Of course White Mountain put his foot down on such racing, and since the rangers were such good sports their Chief never learned that racing was part of the daily program!

One day, when some of the Washington officials were there, the Chief borrowed Tar Baby to ride. He said it took him half a day to get him to stay on the ground with the other horses. He came home fully determined that I must trade my Christmas gift for a more sensible horse. Tears and coaxing availed nothing, but I did win his consent to one more ride before I gave him up.

Ranger West was going to ride the drift fence and I started out with him. Tar Baby was a handful that day, and I was having all I could do to control him. We passed a

bunch of tourists having lunch out of paper sacks, and one of the men had a wonderful idea. He said something to the others, and while they giggled he blew one of the bags full of air and exploded it right under my horse. Of course Tar Baby bolted, and even as he ran away I admired his ability to keep ahead of Ranger West, who was running full tilt after us. It was five minutes before I could get the bit out of his teeth and bring the spade device into play. I had to choke him into submission.

Ranger West and Ranger Fisk conducted those tourists out of the Park, and they had to leave without seeing the Canyon.

"Ve drove here from New York to see the Canyon," one complained, and made wide gestures with both hands.

"It wouldn't do you any good to see it," Ranger West told him grimly. "You'd probably push somebody over the edge to have a little fun."

I was sure the Chief would take Tar Baby away after that. But I guess he thought if the horse hadn't killed me with such a good chance as he had, I was safe. He never said another word about selling him.

Several Indians were camped around the woods near the Park, and we visited them quite often. An Indian has as many angles in his make-up as a centipede has legs. Just about the time you think you have one characteristically placed, you put your finger down and he isn't there. Charge one with dishonesty, and the next week he will ride a hundred miles to deliver a bracelet you paid for months before. Decide he is cruel and inhuman, and he will spend the night in heart-breaking labor, carrying an injured white man to safety.

I suggested hiring a certain Navajo to cut some wood, and was told that he was too lazy to eat what he wanted. In a few days this same brave came to Headquarters with the pelt of a cougar. He had followed the animal sixty miles, tracking it in the snow on foot without a dog to help him.

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Grand Canyon Association Events

The Grand Canyon Association has produced *Canyon Country Community Lecture Series*, a series of lectures held in Flagstaff and Prescott. **Prescott lectures** will be held at Sharlot Hall Museum, 415 W. Gurley (two blocks west of Courthouse Plaza). Space at the Prescott lecture series is limited; please call (928) 445-3122 to inquire about seating. **Flagstaff lectures** will be held at Cline Library, at the intersection of Knoles Drive and McCreary Road on the NAU campus. Parking is available to the west of the library (Lot P13 on Riordan Road). All lectures are free and open to the public. 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 (800) 858-2808 or visit www.grandcanyon.org.

Sunday, January 15: *History of Phantom Ranch* by Marjorie Woodruff.

When tourists arrived at the Grand Canyon often their first thought was, "I want to go down there. I'm not sure why: I just do". Turn-of-the-century entrepreneurs helped satisfy this yearning with tourists camps and later, cabins. One of the most well-known is Phantom Ranch.

John Wesley Powell was the first Anglo to visit Bright Angel Creek, but humans have lived in the area for thousands of years. From the Ancestral Puebloan to Mary Jane Colter to the modern backpacker, we shall explore the uses and abuses of this oasis in the desert in a talk on the human history of the Phantom Ranch area.

Marjorie "Slim" Woodruff was born in Arizona. At an impressionable age, she came into contact with the Northern Arizona University Hiking Club and spent much what was supposed to be her university education wandering in and out of the Grand Canyon. She did somehow manage to acquire a Master's Degree in Art and a PhD in Instructional Technology. She naturally spent the last thirty-five years working in the outdoor recreation/education field. She has been an instructor for the Grand Canyon field Institute for the past four years. Her first experience with Phantom Ranch was as a college student when she was chased off the premises by an overzealous watchman. Visits have gone better in more recent years.

This **Prescott** lecture begins at 1:00 PM at Sharlot Hall Museum.

Wednesday, January 25: *Mining the Grand Canyon to Save It: The Orphan Lode Uranium Mine and National Security* by Michael Amundson.

Along Grand Canyon National Park's West Rim drive sits the old Orphan Lode Uranium Mine. Surrounded by a tall chain link fence, the site is ringed by small "Caution: Radioactive Area" signs. These warnings only hint that the Orphan once was one of the nation's richest uranium mines, operating on an inhaling within the national park. But during the months prior to the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1962, the Orphan became the focal point of an unusual lobbying effort that united northern Arizona boosters, Navajo leaders, and environmentalists urging congress to allow expansion of the mine into the national park itself to ensure uranium supplies for national security, economic well being for northern Arizona, and, ironically, scenic protection for the Grand Canyon.

This unusual story represents several important themes in the Cold War American West including the changing role of national security, the complexities of nuclear politics, resource exploitation in national parks, and the ongoing debate between preservation and remediation of atomic sites. As the debate increases over opening the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge for oil exploration, the lessons learned from the Orphan Mine further grow in their importance.

Michael Amundson is an associate professor of history at Northern Arizona University where he teaches courses on the American West, the Southwest, and recent American history. His recent publications include *Yellowcake Towns: Uranium Mining Communities in the American West* and *Atomic Culture: How We Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*.

This **Flagstaff** lecture begins at 7:00 PM at the Cline Library.

Wednesday, February 15: *Inspiration from Landscapes* by Shonto Begay – Diné artist; Maternal Clan: Bitter Water Paternal Clan: Salt Clan

Born on a Navajo reservation sheep camp to a weaver of Tonalea storm patterns and a respected medicine man, as a boy Shonto was removed from his hogan home and forced to attend a government boarding school away from his family and culture. Now he reclaims his identity through his art, balancing the harsh realities of reservation life with the amazing beauty found among its canyons and mesas.

Shonto's images include truck beds full of families, hitchhikers and mesas that seem to go on forever. From first light upon the red earth to images of Manhattan, his impressionistic brushstrokes depict moments in time that pay homage to his memories or state his concerns about the environment and encroaching development.

A professional artist since 1983, Shonto spends his time painting and speaking to audiences of all ages. His art has been shown in more than 50 galleries and museums including the Museum of Northern Arizona, the Wheelwright Museum of the American Indian in Santa Fe, the American Indian Contemporary Arts Museum in San Francisco and the Phoenix Art Museum. Shonto attended Bureau of Indian Affairs boarding schools all over the Navajo Reservation and high school in Kayenta. He received an Associate's of Fine Art degree at the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, and a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from California College of Arts and Crafts. He worked as a National Park Service ranger for ten years at Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming and at Navajo National Monument in Arizona.

This **Flagstaff** lecture begins at 7:00 PM at the Cline Library.

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contact. The North Kaibab Trail delivered us the world every day. We had a big dining room that could seat 14 for dinner, and it was filled on a regular basis with interesting people."

While the Canyon has been his primary subject for three decades and more than 350 works, he doesn't characterize himself as a Grand Canyon, or even a Southwestern artist. He's drawn inspiration from travels all over the world, and even worked for NASA for a time, rendering space shuttle launches and landings on canvas. One such work hangs in the library at Grand Canyon School. The Canyon, however, is an irresistible draw.

"The Canyon has been my main subject for several reasons," he said. "It's absolutely the most dynamic, most unique thing on the planet. It's a deep and wide source of inspiration and the topics never cease."

In his retirement, Aiken will pursue those topics more in depth, in a pair of books he plans to write. Mary Aiken also has a book in mind, about the struggles and joys of raising a family in such a unique and challenging environment.

They are building a home in the Vermilion Cliffs area; Aiken said that will serve as a home base.

His decision to retire now, at 55, results from a promise he made to himself some time ago.

"This has nothing to do with changes in the park service," he said. "It has everything to do with the promise I made to myself. I didn't want to be like Roy Starkey, who had to be carried out."

There is one thing he shares with Starkey though. Starkey was hydrographer at the Bright Angel Gage until that function was automated in 1977, then performed maintenance at Phantom Ranch.

There will be no operator to replace Aiken; the pump house operations are also being automated and will be operated from the Rim.

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We knew where he took the trail and where it ended. He killed the big cat, skinned it, and carried the pelt back to the Canyon. You won't find many white men with that much grit! A tourist from New York saw the pelt and coveted it. He offered twenty-five dollars. Neewah wanted fifty. The tourist tried to beat him down. There wasn't any argument about it. The whole conversation was a monologue. The Indian saw that the tourist wanted the skin badly, so he just sat and stared into space while the tourist elaborated on how much twenty-five dollars would buy and how little the pelt had cost the Indian! The buck simply sat there until it was about time for the train to pull out, then he picked up the hide and stalked away. Mr. Tourist hastened after him and shelled out fifty pesos. I expect he told the home folks how he shot that panther in self-defense.

Ranger West did shoot a big cougar soon afterward. Not in self-defense but in revenge.

Not many deer lived on the South Rim then. That was before the fawns were brought by airplane across the Canyon! The few that were there were cherished and protected in every possible way. A salt pen was built so high the cattle couldn't get in, and it was a wonderful sight to see the graceful deer spring over that high fence with seemingly no effort at all. Ranger West came in one morning with blood in his eye—one of his pets had been dragged down under the Rim and half devoured by a giant cougar. A hunt was staged at once. I was told to stay at home, but that didn't stop me from going. Ranger Fisk always saddled Tar Baby for me when everybody else thought it best to leave me behind. So I wasn't far away when the big cat was treed by the dogs. He sat close to the trunk of the dead tree, defying the dogs and spitting at them until they were almost upon him. Then he sprang up the tree and lay stretched out on a limb snarling until a rifle ball brought him down. He hit the ground fighting, and ripped the nose of an impetuous puppy wide open. Another shot stretched him out. He measured eight feet from tip to tip. His skin was tanned by an Indian and adorns a bench in the Ranger Office.

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Sunday, February 19: *The Last Wagon Train: The Hole-In-The-Rock Expedition* by Stewart Aitchison.

In 1879, 230 settlers in southwestern Utah heeded the call from the leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to pull up stakes and move to the distant San Juan River country of southeastern Utah. Their six-month-long journey became one of the most extraordinary wagon trips ever undertaken in North America. Their trail is one of peril, difficulty, and spectacular scenery.

The expedition was the last major wagon train in the U.S., the only emigrant train to go west to east, one of the few that actually gained in numbers (two babies born along the way survived), and one of the slowest (with a daily average of less than two miles, even slower than the Mormon handcart companies that crossed middle America from Iowa and Nebraska to Utah). And though the trail that these devoted pioneers scratched from the raw frontier was used for several years afterward, no highway was built over most of the route because it was deemed just too rugged for modern vehicles.

Stewart Aitchison is a zoologist and geologist by training and a naturalist by passion. He has been exploring, photographing, teaching, and writing about the natural world for 40 years, 10 of those as a field biologist for the Museum of Northern Arizona. Since 1981, Stewart has been leading trips primarily for Lindblad Expeditions in the American West, Alaska, Mexico, Central America, Western Europe, the Baltic, and Scotland. Occasionally, he also escorts educational excursions for National Audubon Society, Smithsonian, National Geographic Expeditions, Grand Canyon Field Institute, Elderhostel, American Orient Express, and other educational groups.

This Prescott lecture begins at 1:00 PM at Sharlot Hall Museum.

Kolb Studio Exhibit

January 17 – March 12

Serena Supplee -- Inner Gorge Metaphors

Twenty-five years of loving and experiencing the Colorado River is inspiration enough for lifetimes of work. Serena Supplee, one of the most prolific artists in the Southwest, draws from this current. Her oil paintings and watercolors reveal the depth of her intimacy with the river and its canyons.

In the summer of 2003 Serena began a series of watercolor and oil paintings depicting the inner gorge and rapids of the Grand Canyon. This project is the fulfillment of a long-term goal to interpret the canyon from the perspective of the river.

Inner Gorge Metaphors is a testament to her mastery of motion. It elicits the sensation of water currents—trickles and torrents—the fluidity of earth, the force of erosion, and the movement of one's soul as it encounters something initially incomprehensible to the mind.

The Colorado River is the lifeblood of the Grand Canyon and has become a personal analogy for Serena's own life. Looking at the river as a metaphor for her life path, with rapids or obstacles of many sizes and the gentle meanders of braided channels, Serena knows what it is to be pulled in many directions, to move through rough stretches, or to just glide in one direction—and smile—with a focus of energy and intention.

Reminder - Time to Renew

Membership dues are payable on the 1st of January of each year. The month and year printed above your name on the address label below indicates when your membership expires (as of the date this magazine was mailed). If you see 2005, please mail your \$20 check today to:

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