Newsletter where of the water and the same Grand Canyon Pioneers Society he distance I control than

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Volume 7, Number 7

July 1996

Around and About

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Chara Police because

Trade maintain



must to our latest new members. Welcome to our

chih William C. Hurley of Montgomery, AL, Bill Mullane and Muriel Coll, Jerry L. Korn, of Shainering Manacht, Flagstaff, Julie Marachte Peek, lying on a sin bank by Paradise Valley, AZ, Al Hawkins, Kisasimmee, FL, and Don and Virginia Fisher of Tucson, AZ. We hope you will be able to join us on some of our upcoming outings and most some of your follow Papacers.

on a redit boards 17 areas

STATE OF SHOOT STATE

Seums like July was a busy month for the stork some years ago. So here's a HAPPY BURTHDAY wish to Fred Schick, Bill Suran. Barbara Conley, Richard Quarterelli, Frank, Wilson, Bob McPherson, Earle Spagner Shirley Albertson, Chris Chiman and Tom Klosiewski. We hope you have many more.

JULY MEETING

The only meeting we can hold this month is on Saturday, July 13, a tour of Lowell Observatory. Please make reservations in advance by sending \$3.00 per person (children under 12 years free). This should be addressed to Grand Canyon Pioneers Society, Box 2372, Flagstaff, AZ 86003, so we can make reservations for you. Please arrange to arrive at Steele Visitor Center at 10 AM where we will have a locture and show at the new Starlab Planetarium and will visit the 24-inch Clark telescope.

EMITTED ON POSE

Picture yourself, if you will down at the mouth of Herm It Creek on a midsummer breathlessly lythe on a sift bank by the Colorado River under the "Authority state of a they tamerisk. Tolfre drowsing and dozing with shoes and most clothing pillowing your head as you half listen to the buzzing cicadas in the catclaws and the roar of violent water below the secopth flowing river tongue at hand. That could often hard that

and a book in my day pack together with the usual Park Service supplies and high tail it for the rapids for my "Siesta Patrel". Conservation of the E

rollow in the way not it soud

Se there I lay, that hot day in 1979, half an eye out for either a railing party or a hiker with heaf extiaustion, my heelf that into the damp silt slope, wondering if mother soul in the world was a lucky as I, when: "Here comes a ratt...oh oh. it's a Park Service Patrol boat John Thomas at the oars, and.

by Gale Burak

. 199n A buttoned and buckled, as nonchalant as you please.

Bob, our NPS Archaeologist-anthropoligist, introduced me to the other passenger with him: Doug Schwartz, who in 1966 had started supervising the extensive exploration of the ruins of Bright Angel and Unkar sites along the river. Prior to that he had done much work at Havasu, Nancoweap and on the split Willow Figurines. I'd long wanted to meet him. but not under such undignified tirogestances!

That season, from May. and I this went down the Method trail, loaded with my gent, to late October, was a far cry from the two as ranger pro tem Phantom stations and later at Indian Gardens: It was, and still is, considered a Wilderness Campground Area, and my diggin's sure lived up to the name.

For seven frustrating years Stan Stockton, the Park Service Packer, had tried to convince the "Powers -that -be" of the supervisoral needs at Hermit. With more and Continued on page 2...



summer as ranger in Hermit Carryon! After a patrol in early morning coolness, perhaps the eight mile tour over to Monument's two camping areas and the maintenance of both there and upper Hermit camp sites. I'd take a bit of lunch, water

On migosh, there's Bob Euler in the party, waving atme!" As I thought this I jumped up, retrieved my shirt and was struggling into shorts and shoes. And by the time they'd run the six troughs and crests of the rapid I was sauntering down the beach, all

Ranger, from page 1...

'Oh, Ranger!

There's a dying

man just below the

Cathedral Stairs"

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more hikers and rafters each year came more medical ! emergencies and needs of interpretation and law enforcement. An occasional sunger on put of from the rim was not enough. When Glenn Fuller became Supervisor of Inner Canyon he was able to finally finagle the funds for a primitive shack with its bare "necessities" as well as the pay for a seasonal and ranger to stick out the summer and see of Stan was right. Stan was right!

> क सार्थक हर A Young Adult **Conservation Corps** (YACC) team assembled the frame, lower sides and floor for a wooden shack, with a tent roof which was lowered by helicopter to its site by an old corralabove the campground. It had no

of their inquisitive activities I moved out.

One of my bare necessities was an old carved -up plenis-table bench combo Dragged out in front, leveled up with rocks, and under my floppy awning it erved as my bed all summer (a bunk had not been considered essential).

Lance, helping me get settled, found a small pile of wood trimmings by the corral, and used every scrap as shelves, bins, nooks braces and rod for my clothes. Before he left for the rim I introduced him to my domain, from creek mouth to rapids to the old terraced Hermit Campsite that had predated Phantom Ranch. and sand

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vocally to the ravens, squirrels, rocks, even to the river. However, when, after another week they started ... answering me, I panicked and took a thirteen fittle patrol across the Tonto Plateau to Indian Gardens so Lookid rejoin the human

By early June the picture changed: Hermit Call on and I were no least a son The peneral public, fellow rangers and Harvey employees all descended in overlapping hordes, and an interesting summer ensued.

I learned to take night patrols all over the place. Any flat spot that wasn't already occupied by prickly pear or other deterrent was apt to be the site of ap exhausted or illegal hiker's camp. If I forced them to head up to the rim it'd just mean that they'd bed down on the trail aways up, and my camperound was usually full by nightfall, so what do you do Well, two things: first read the riot act and make 'em get up, pack up, and come back with me to my camp. The old corral was comparatively free of mule or burro buns, but it did have an active population of mice, rock squirrels, and one small rattlesnake, all living in the rock walls of the corral. I seldom saw the rattler and he never bothered me, but the hikers didn't know that, and I'm afraid I made a point of telling them of their. numerous neighbors when I showed them where to sleep. Next time maybe they,'d get a permit to camp legally! I also was supposed to cite them for a fine to be Continued on page 3...



Gale Gurak and park service friends at Gale's Hermit Camp in October 1979

door nor windows and was sure airy. I thought of the putting a sign by the step; "To AH Critters: Skunke, Squirrels, Mice and Snakes: Come on in, the Pickin's fine!". They didn't need the sign. After a few rights

rafters would ply me with questions and oarsmen often invited me to breakfast. They never knew where I'd show up next, which was fine with me.

After the first week or two alone I found that I tended to direct my thoughts'

Ranger, from page 2...
paid on the rim, but unless unduaggression was shown I just laid down the law and let them worry about varmints all night.

The old telephone lines that once served the old Hermit Camp were long gone, My sole strand of communication with the rim world was a radio. In an emergency my best bet to reach dispatch was either run up the trail to Cope Butte saddle on the Tonto, face east and pray they'd hear me, or dash a quarter mile west on the Tonto to a big rock I could climb on. face east and hope. At times, usually in the evening, I could get reception from my camp, and it was fortunate for one poor fellow that this was so.

My first report of his problem was a hiker who dashed into camp saying, "Oh, Ranger! There's a dying man just below the Cathedral Stairs" (the set of switchbacks through the Redwall cliff, a few miles above camp). "He's out of water and is lying there against his pack mouning" A few more facts convinced me that I'd better take a gallon of water, my emergency kit, and get going. Sure enough, lying by the trail, weakly gasping and moaning, was a big bruiser

of a man with a huge backpack beside him, I pleading for water. First I cooled him outside with some, then let him drink slowly. It seemed as if he'd never quit, and when he did he was too weak to carry his pack. I ended up with a 2-ton pack on my back, with him leaning on one arm and my pack with



water, etc., over my other arm for the last mile and a half to my camp. Ernie Kuncel, our paramedic on the rim answered my plea for help, and after my detailed description of the situation told me that he must have Diabetes Insipidus. As late and dark as it was by then I'd have to keep him over night, but a helicopter would get him first thing in the morning. "Keep piling liquids in: tea, juice, water whatever you

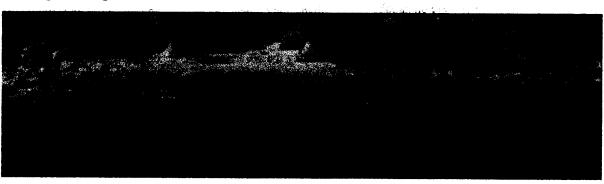
have." Well it meant a quick trip with my waterbags down to Hermit Creek to get a nights supply for him. Not much sleep for me all night, either, as he was an awful baby, for all his six foot massive size. "Ranger, I'm thirsty: Ranger, I can't see to go pee: Ranger.

.." I was sure relieved to hear the chopper at 7 AM next morning!

The next time I was on the rim I asked Emic."How come you sent him out so early that morning?" Ernie said, "I. worried about your situation that night. That problem is nothing to title chances on Besides. the whole darged canyon had to listen to that guy's urinary problems long enough..ugh!" So I looked it up: "Diabetes Insipidus is a disorder of the pituitary gland, characterized by intense thirst and by the excretion of large amounts of urine." Yes sir

Fortunately the summer held challenges and pleasures of a goodly variety too that I'd enjoy sharing with a subsequent installment. "...the whole darned canyon had to listen to that guy's urinary problems long enough. ugh!"





A Wild and Woolly Town

Back a 130 years ago prospectors discovered silver in a low hill a few miles west of the Colorado River and it wasn't long before a mining camp came to life at the base of what is called Silver Hill. The place took the name of Chloride and like all



Grand Canyon Ploneers enteh up on the news at Chloride, AZ

"The train was called the Back and Forth, because only one track existed and there was no place to turn around."

old mining camps it was a rough place. Prospectors began wandering all over the mountains that surrounded the valley and soon mine shafts and tunnels were being dug everywhere. Most of these miners stayed pretty much alone at their claims except when they came to town to bring their ore to market. Then the camp became a beehive of activity. Saloons and gambling places along with a goodly supply of ladies were on hand to offer entestainment and to take the cast of the hard-working men. After all their money was gone they meandered back to the claim to work and obtain enough to repeat their trip to town.

The miners were not the first to visit the area.

Anasazi and Aztec Indians used the valley as a trade route. They left their petroglyphs on the rocks indicating where water could be found and the trails across the mountains. After them cannot the Spannards with their horses, and some of which still rountains that surround the valley.

When the Santa Fe reached Kingman a spur line ran to the mining camp. The train was called the Back and Forth, because only one track existed and there was no place to turn around. More people arrived with the sailroad and by 1890 approximately 2500 people lived in Chloride. It was a busy place. No one knews for sure the exact number that actually lived in the village for women and prostitutes were not included in the census, and it wasn't possible to count the miners at the mines. Even at the turn of the century it was a wild and rough place. Prospectors dug more mines, and copper and silver as well as gold brought riches to the lucky few. Today over 250 mine shafts and tunnels cover the area.

Getting the ore to the train brought some ingenious methods. One prosperous mine built an aerial tramway from the village to the top of the mountain to haul the miners to the

shaft and to bring back the ore. The contraption was unusual, for the carriage ran on top of two cables, rather than being suspended below. It must have taken guts to travel to work in the little cart that had to be wenched up the steep incline. Once the miners went down into the shaft they stayed there during their twelve hour shift.

Things have changed today. Chloride is now a peaceful village with around 450 permanent residents that live and work at various jobs. There are still three mines that operate nearby when the price of copper is high enough to make it profitable. The village surrounds a block square park with playground equipment for kids of all ages; a barbecue pit and picnic tables. Three restaurants and several bars line up along the main street. Once each year the townspeople get together and put on what they call Old Miners Day ... And it was this big celebration that brought 17 Pioneers to the northwest corner of Arizona. We congregated on the front porch of Sheps Of Chloride Bed and Breakfast and from there at noon watched the parade. We visited the booths lined up and down the main street, and poked around in the permanent shops. Some could not resist the temptation to buy while others just looked and maybe wished.

Wild, from page 4...

There were several shootouts, a hanging of one poor entire, and banks robbery (there hasn't been a bank in Chloride for fifty years).

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That afternoon the citizens entertained us with an old time burles que show complete with a sing along and comedy skits in one of the town bars. At these o'clock, "Lucky?" Gittings the fire chief of the town say volunteer fire department gave us a talk on the history of Chloride and then a tour to the town so old jail and down the street to the one and only bank.

The Bank of Chibride was operated by a man and his wife. The storage cost that one afternood in the 1940s the man's wife went blome to prepare dinner and there waited for her husband.

After a time slarget worther worther and went down the

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street to see what happened. The old boy had taken the funds and left. The law caught up with him in San Francisco, but it was 150 late to retrieve the funds. The bank cheek after that, the woman willed the

after that, the won willed the building to the Kingman Cancer Society with a stipulation that the place could not be sold or torn down. It stands today as it was left showing evidence of decay and neglect.

Purcell returned to the project and redid the work with paint.

After eating a hefty dinner at Sheps we gathered again on the porch at the Bed and Breakfast and visited until



Jack, Chris and Charles Greening relax at Chloride, AZ.

435.2

The end of the tour took us into the mountains to see the murals. Here on the rocks, Roy Purcell in 1966 constructed a surrealistic picture from pieces of glass. Time and the statutists, soon caused the work to disintegrate. In 1975

bed time. It was a busy day, but those who went were not sorry they made the trip. Already plans were being formed the a trip again next year. So if you didn't make it this time you will have another chance.

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Pioneer Footprints

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A Brave Adventurasame Woman

The Coconino Sun ran the following story on May 23, 1883 that is interesting in that the dute commonly given for the thickent is 1884. Perhaps this will set the record straight.

Sunday May 10 Mr. Ayer, with his wife and daughter, Henry Ayer, Miss Sturges, Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, Major Minor and Dr. Lightfoot started from Flagstaff for the Grand Canyon, and were five days at that popular resort, returning to this place on the 19th. They had two four-mule teams beside the ambulance taking five men

as crew consisting of drivers and cooks. The journey over and back was replete with pleasure but Grand Canyon scenery to them was of that nature that filled them with wonder and awe. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Ayer and Henry Ayer went down to the bottom of the canyon and were three days making the trip. Mrs. Ayer is the first

lady who ever attempted the trip and she stood the ferrible journey as told by her companions even better than those accompanying her. It was a great undertaking and she is deserving of credit.



"Mrs. Ayer is the first lady who ever attempted the trip and she stood the terrible journey... even better than those accompanying her."



Keep up the good work.

I'm sure none of us realize

and you have Dear Editor

how many hours of your time are devoted to the printing arc of the bulletin. We appreciate it all.

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of the Oliver and all belongs to the designs it, prints it and folds it ready for mailing. That is true devotion.

Roy Pet of the Block Cathern o**d again**ealliste Cathern Dryk pieves of

Congram on the new look? with solor! Vary effective, and how very right to have a fine miner canyon picture to start off with. I'm proud

of yas Youteh digging out of some real good materials. I heard harma violents on the stage in Boston in the late 20's. My mother took me to see his slides and a flar and stage presence, wetch and nit. I guege good pictures, and had been to get them. He and limitary kalb were and fined a flar and limitary kalb were and good friends.

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N. Woodstock NH and the

The April issue with the story of the 1898 trip to G.C. brought merries of living at the canyon since 1926 and married Bill. Kent at Rows Well and lived there for over 25 years. So the Canyon is really where I came from.

"...our own show and tour that will include an exhibition of the new Starlab planetarium."

her.

SOMETHING SPECIAL

Here's something you wan't get a chance to do everyden. On July 13 Grand Canyon.

Pioneers have at Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, our own show and tour that will include an exhibition of the new Starlab planetarium.

And since it is set up especially for us we must make reservations. This will entail a charge of \$60 for the club which we can cover by paying an entrance fee of \$3.00 per person. So please mail your check right away made out to Grand Canyon Pioneers Society, P. O. Box 2372, Flagstaff, AZ 86003-2372.

Ron Werhan is in charge of making arrangements and has engaged Bill Bucklingham to give us the show and tour that will include the Steele Visitors Center and the 24-inch Clark telescope.

To get there, go west from downtown on Route 56 until you reach the underpass, continue straight shead on West Santa Fe Avenue and on up Mars Hill. Park in the parking the mass go into the Visitors Center. Please be on time so you won't miss any of the program. Try to get there by 10 AM as the program starts promptly at 10:30.

Canalanyone Relp?

Will anyone out there admit they have seen this picture 1, took in Navember 1971—47, am I getting forgetful in mys, old age?

Printe way on starts subtil

ton 16 - K. Check I took this ghote while on az trip to Huethawall, Sponger: & Huxley Terrace, a stip was that I planned for a number of years. With the denision finally made I applied for any permit with the Park Service back country office and wandered around to Huethawali and Spencer Terrace where I had the chance to photograph some excellent views of Grand Canyon. There I had a sense of being nothing larger than a minute particle of dust in this the greatest of all chasms.

I searched for Mystic

Spring in the area noted on
my topic map and found
nothing more manuscure
(water stains on the rad rock.

Out on Spencer Terrace I
located a spring beneath a
large rock overhang that

was cold adding that required about longuinutes to fills 33 min film contince.

acre. Selfancedos finas

Further wanderings led me to the train point of this story. Engraved on the red rock wang these words "MONTE MIDEO" . by Come Wendt

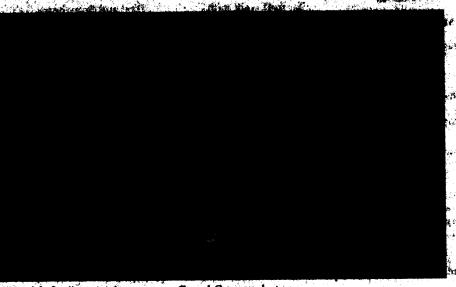
the reference a second time. I was certain it was in one of freergo.

Whatter fames volumes and a seatched each one without success. I have had conversations with many avid histers of

"I took this photo while on a trip to Huethawaliss Spencer & Huxley Terrace..."

Meridia at

TO MORE TO THE PARTY OF THE PAR



(Spanish for "mountain view"). I found a note concerning this in one of the books in the Arizona Library. But so help me I have been unable to locate

Grand Canyon, but up to now have found no one who has seen this engraving.

A STREET

It Happened Again

It seems like the weatherman has put a jinx on the GCPS when it comes to our outings. Last year we were snowed out of three trips and this year it is the lack of snow and rain that has done us in. Northern Arizona at this writing is in the midst of the longest dry spell we have ever had.

With only a little over two feet of snow last Winter in place of our usual 10 to 12 feet, and no rain at all this Spring it has caused the forests to be extremely dry. This along with the high winds make forest fires an extreme danger. For the protection of all of us the National Forest Service has closed the forests off to all hikers and campers. Consequently we had to cancel the outing Mike Gibson planned to lead to Leroux Springs on May 18th and the bird watching jaunt with Ron and Carol Werhan on June 8.

None of us would want to pay the \$5000 fine imposed on those caught violating the closure, and besides, a forest fire is the last thing we want if it can be avoided. Maybe we will have better luck next year.



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Grand Canyon Pioneers Society Board of Directors:

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996 Meeting

July 3 - Dedication of Roosevelt Point at North Rim Lodge: 50 14 34 र्ज है से स THE July 13- Tour of Lowell

Observatory in Fluxstaff. beginning at 10:00 AM. See Around and About inside for details. There's like with

Aug. 17 - Downtown Flagsteff welk with

Sept. 5 - Thursday, 100th anniversary of the post office at Supai: If you wish to attend please contact Bob Bechtel, Box 40725, Tucson, AZ 85704, Ph/(520) 85740725

Sept. 14 - Mike Aliderson will lead a trip through Pine and Strawberry

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Committee of the State of the S

CONTROL OF STREET

Lodge where we will meet at 12 Noon. with street could supply to the

Oct. 19 - Annual meeting at La Posado, Winslow. AZ. W. S. S. M. M. C. F.

Nov. 16 - Richard Strange, Photographer of Grand Canyon will give us a talk in Flagstaff.

Dec. No meeting this month.

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