

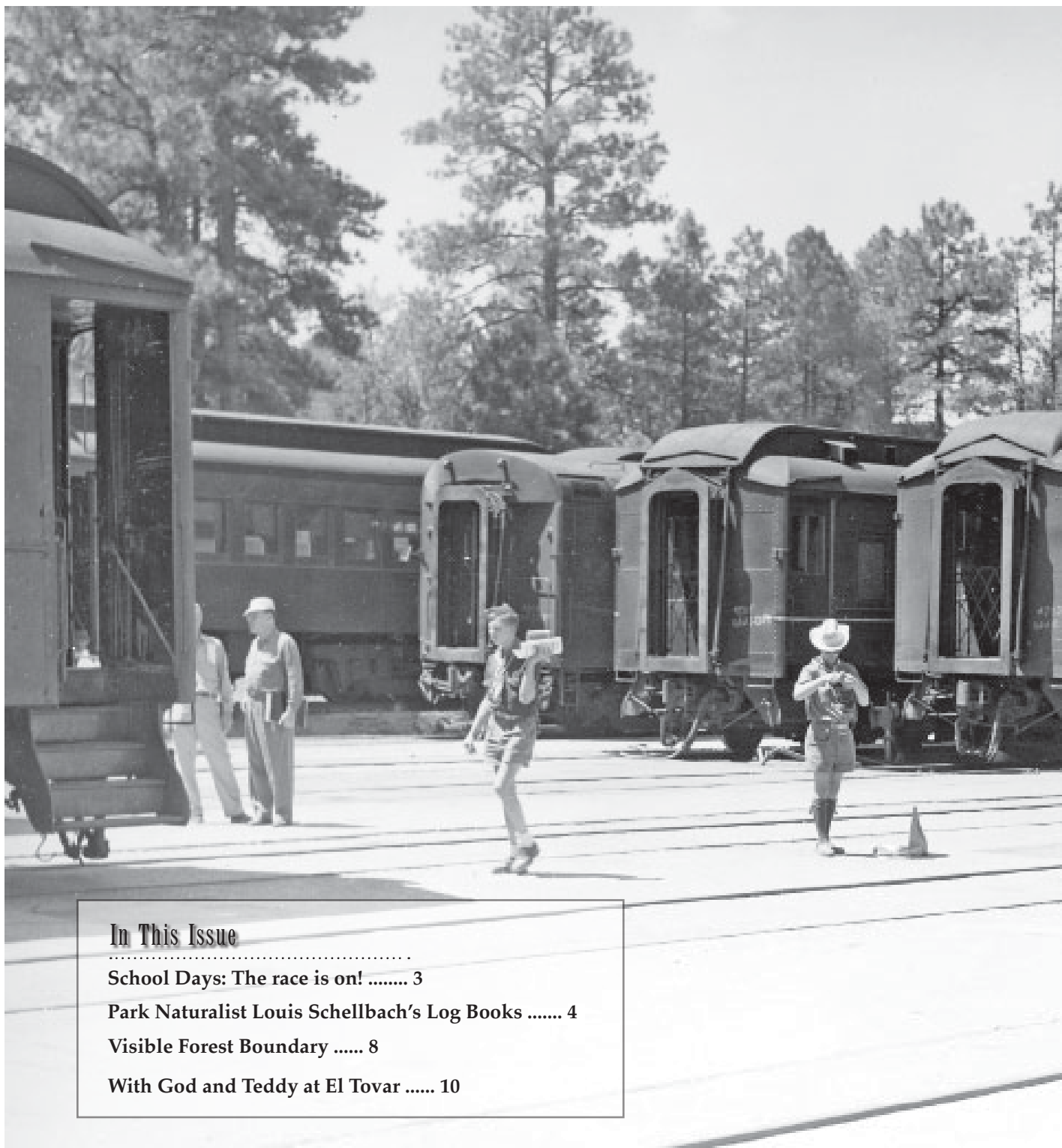
The Ol' Pioneer

The Magazine of the Grand Canyon Historical Society

Volume 21 : Number 1

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Winter 2010



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President's Letter

It is the start of both another year and another decade. A tiny tick in the geologic clock of the Grand Canyon, but a major milestone for us mortals. It is the time of year when we look ahead, set goals, plan big hikes and make resolutions to get back in 'canyon shape' after the excesses of the holiday season.

As we do every year, the board of the GCHS starts to plan out the outings, events and activities for the upcoming year and try to determine what the society can do to benefit the canyon and best meet the needs of its members. Over the last couple of years, we have had a wide range of events including tours of the old Red Butte airfield and the park's historic boat collection as well as talks and programs by a number of noted canyon authors and experts.

There are a lot of things to consider when planning events and activities for the up-coming year, but one of the biggest factors is YOU. What programs would you like to attend? What places at the canyon would you like to visit or learn more about? What ways would you like to see the group support the National Park and its amazing historic legacy? Any organization is only as strong and active as its members. As the GCHS President, I welcome and encourage any suggestions, requests or ideas for society activities or ways to make the organization even more active, useful and above all... fun! Feel free to contact me via email at eonweb@cox.net.

Here's to a great 2010... hope to see you on the trail (and at the gatherings!)

Erik Berg
GCHS President

Spread the Word — Join the Grand Canyon Historical Society!

Membership in the Grand Canyon Historical Society has its benefits:

- Annual subscription to the tri-annual magazine *The Ol' Pioneer*.
- Annual subscription to the quarterly newsletter *The Bulletin*.
- Discount on all GCHS publications.
- Free admission to all GCHS programs and outings, including an annual picnic on the edge of the Canyon.
- Participation in the annual GCHS membership meeting and the election of Board Members.

Membership is \$20 per year (\$25 outside U.S.). To become a member print out the online application at grandcanyonhistory.org or write down your name, address, phone number and email address and send it with your check to the Grand Canyon Historical Society at PO Box 31405, Flagstaff, AZ 86003.

Cover: Trains in depot yard. Detail – ends of trains. July 1953. NPS, Leding.

The Ol' Pioneer submission deadlines are going to be roughly January, April, July and October and we will publish either three or four issues a year, depending on content volume.

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The Historical Society was established in July 1984 as a non-profit corporation to develop and promote appreciation, under-standing and education of the earlier history of the inhabitants and important events of the Grand Canyon.

The Ol' Pioneer is published by the GRAND CANYON HISTORICAL SOCIETY in conjunction with *The Bulletin*, an informational newsletter. Both publications are a benefit of membership. Membership in the Society is open to any person interested in the historical, educational, and charitable purposes of the Society. Membership is on an annual basis using the standard calendar; and dues of \$20 are payable on the 1st of January each year, and mailed to the GCHS Treasurer, PO Box 31405 Flagstaff, AZ 86002. *The Ol' Pioneer* magazine is copyrighted by the Grand Canyon Historical Society, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or used in any form without permission of the publisher.

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

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School Days : The race is on!

by Mike Verkamp

Circa 1952–53

It's five minutes until noon and Mrs. Kimbrell is getting our fifth grade ready to go to lunch. We have to clear off our desks, straighten up the alignment of the desks, and then stand beside them until she is ready to say "Okay." We then file out row by row; everybody remains orderly and calm until we hit the hallway. Once the gates are opened to the main door of the middle school, we all explode out the door and the race is on. Steve's fourth grade class exits another room at the same time. Unspoken...the Anglo kids surge out amongst the Indian kids. The Supai boys yell and laugh and Steve and Mike are right on their tails or often ahead of them as we hurtle towards Babbitts General Store, the center of our community, where most of the Indian kids will have lunch, since they can't go home as we can to peanut butter and jelly, ham and cheese, leftovers or any of the good things we will enjoy. Across the street we know Grannie is probably watching out her 4'x 6' picture window facing the school as we pass beside the corner of her house. She's probably smoking a cigarette and smiling to the background of a Frante and Ticher piano on her 33 rpm record player.

The race crosses Avenue B and turns into a deer trail, turned kids trail. We jump logs, large rocks, as the trail descends the two blocks to the store porch. At the store, some of the Indian kids meet with their folks who have come by truck or on horseback from Supai Camp, two miles west, to visit their youngsters. We're all runners so the advantage goes to the "first out," which varies day to day. Today the Supais, Victory Wtahomigi, Gerry Wescogame, and Walter Uaualla have beaten the Verkamp boys. Steve and I shrug our shoulders. We'll win tomorrow!

Steve and I continue on past the NPS Park Office, across the bridge over the drainage ditch which parallels the train tracks, jog up through the Depot, run up the hill below the road to the El Tovar Hotel area, scale an 8-foot wall below the busy road, continue further up the hill past the two Navajo hogans, and finally arrive at the Store—our home. We have about 35 minutes to eat before heading back. Sure enough there's crunchy peanut butter and grape jelly along with mayonnaise and butter and white bread, and chocolate covered marshmallow cookies—which we called "Commandos" because of their domed shape—followed by large glasses of milk.

On the way back we're feeling feisty and decide to run through the ten-car train in the railroad yard. The trains arrive early in the morning and leave at 8:00 p.m. During the day the porters sleep and lounge in the Pullman cars. We enter the train at about the midway point through the side door. The odor of sewer and steam, combined with the creosote of the old wooden rail ties, is strong alongside the trains as we start the gauntlet through porters who are reading magazines and newspapers or sleeping. We definitely disturb their peace

and they begin yelling and chasing us down the center aisles. We're laughing and breathing hard and trying to stay as cool as possible. The porters are cursing at us. A huge man yells out to me "What the hell are you kids doing?" I respond with, "He's chasing me!" We proceed; this is a total rush! At the point where the bridge intersects with the pathway, we bail out a side door, but continue running as we look over our shoulders and see the porters flailing their arms, throwing their hats and screaming at us. We're fine. We're gone. We catch our breath at the store and walk and laugh the rest of the way back to school in time to hear the five-minute bell ring. The Santa Fe power house whistle blows, sounding like a river boat, at exactly 1:00. We're back in class. We have two more hours ahead including social studies and history, and then get turned loose in P.E., during which we'll do some calisthenics and running, then spend most of our time throwing rocks off the dirt football field.

Life is good.



Pullman cars make a tempting destination for exploration.

Park Naturalist Louis Schellbach's Log Books

by Traci Wyrick

The following are diary entries I have selected from the log books of my grandfather, Louis Schellbach III; beginning with his first book when he became the Park's Naturalist in 1941. Schellbach's daily recordings often reflected the routine nature of his job, therefore I focused on printing entries that would hold a greater interest for the reader. Given this, my grandfather did reference many names in his diaries. I have printed a list of these names and with my dad's and uncle's help, I tried to determine who was who. I left a question mark where I was unsure. Hopefully some of our readers will help clarify or correct me where needed.

My grandfather wrote in a brown, 5 x 7 Cross Section Book 375SA (aka surveyor's field notebook). He likely chose this type of book due to the well-bound pages and quality paper. I've recorded his entries as originally written. I will write a general overview of each log book and try to explain anything that might be vague in his writings.

Schellbach's youngest son, Preston, recalls his dad keeping a diary for possibly two reasons. Schellbach's wife, Ethyl, kept a diary which likely influenced him as he embarked on a new career. Also, Park Superintendent, H.C. Bryant, required regular reports from the department heads.

Louis Schellbach became Grand Canyon's Park Naturalist on Monday, March 3, 1941. He had just returned from annual leave and had previously been the Assistant Park Naturalist since April 15, 1940. Before that, he was

a Ranger-Naturalist, dating back to 1933, where in December of that year, he wrote "Indian Use of the Pinyon Pine in Grand Canyon" for Nature Notes vol. 8 no. 9.

The following diary entries are taken from his "March 3, 1941 to October 31, 1944 log book. For this issue of *The Ol' Pioneer*, the diary selections are from the years 1941 and 1942, yet my overview will cover the entire log book. Overwhelmed with work, my grandfather had very few entries for the year 1942.

Saturday March 15th, 1941

Notified that Stephens College group trains would arrive at 8:00 am and first group would arrive at Yavapai at 9:15. Weather raw, and snowing, Presented three station lectures in succession for the groups kept piling in before hand, due to cold on the trail.

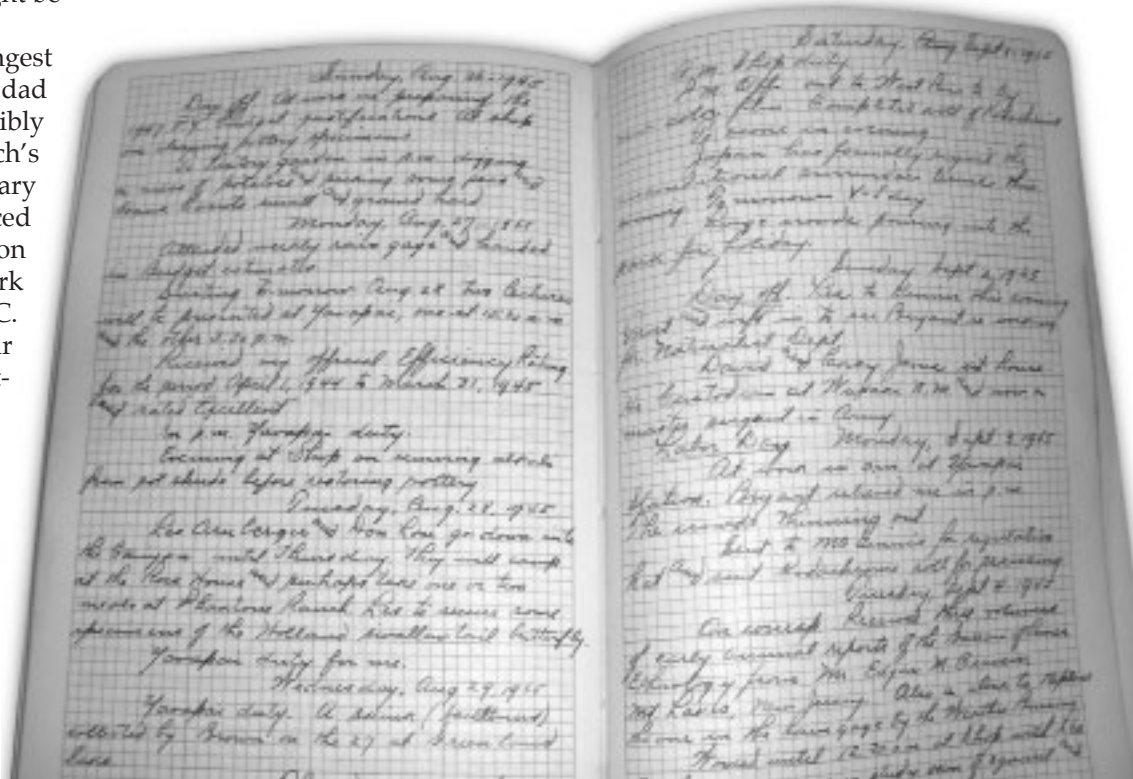
Two girls fainted from cold and exhaustion and were taken care of in

back office. McKee arrived and assisted with talks later in the morning. Last group to arrive at Yavapai was at 3:30 pm with 33 in party. Total number of lectures presented was five, with a total attendance of 318 out of the entire group of 700—very poor proportion, due evidently to overdoing activities in the morning by taking them to the west. Presented regular visitors lecture at 4:30 pm.

Lodge talk in evening—no relief.

Wednesday April 16, 1941

Regular duty at Yavapai. Noticed butterflies, all of the same species flying north, all day today. Did not see on alight. Noticed this at Yavapai Point, also along the highway and in the village. Seemed to be a regular migratory flight. Tried to capture some specimens without success.





Tuesday April 17, 1941

Flight of butterflies continued all this day. Captured ten specimens and identified them as *Vanessa cardui* (L.). Spread same this evening for study collection.

~

Monday May 26th 1941

A.M. correspondence and work shop. Inaugurated inventory of publications sold by GCNHA. P.M. Yavapai duty. Waesche on inventory. AT 4:20 pm four Texas cars arrived at Yavapai, one badly battered as if it had left the road and turned over. Occupants of all four cars, students from some school in Texas. The instructor of group complained to me about closing Yavapai at 5:00 p.m. Said they had speeded from Gallup, N.M. in time to get here, yet they had stopped off at Petrified Forest and Painted Desert. Told him if he had written a letter telling us of his arrival arrangements would have made to take care

of his group. He thought never the less that the station should be kept open as long as there was daylight. Told him of our shortage of men and the hours we had to put in as it was and that we also had families that would also enjoy our company for a while. He said he'd write to some higher-up about it. I also told him I had to be on duty again at 7:20 PM to give the lecture at the Lodge and probably would not get home until 9:30 tor 10:00 PM.

Mr. K. brought in a Forestry professor and wife from U. of C. at Berkeley at 4:35. Gave them special attention and closed station at 5:25 PM, 25 minutes late. At B.A. for lecture in evening and then home to work on monthly report.

~

Wednesday August 5th 1942

Correspondence. Ordered material needed for library etc. Completed Reading List for Information manual.

Preparing for Campfire Talk. Norman Nevills as guest speaker and will show colored motion pictures of the Colorado River Trip. Supt. H.C. Bryant to also show some of his kodachrome stills of the trip.

Preparing for North Rim Trip tomorrow. Rain at campfire. Att. 286 trans to Kolb Studio.

~

July 9th, 1943

At workshop on reptile collection, saving specimens that have become dried and adding preservative to specimens. Jar tops corroded and specimens have to be replaced in new containers. Treating pickled insects.

H.C. Bryant relieved me from duty at Yavapai. Recorded yesterdays rain to weather bureau. Did not use gov't car this day because of duty at Hdq. Inf desk short \$1.50 in book sales.

Captured 37 insect specimens this day at shop. Since rain yesterday afternoon and sun this day, great

swarms of termites emerged from the ground and as the sun dried their wings they flew off only to be devoured by dragon flies. There were swarms of large black ants emerging from the ground, numbers of them having wings.

Captured 24 winged termites
8 winged ants (same sp)
5 ants without wings (same sp)
2 dragon flies

Prepared same and labeled

Cliff Presnall of the Wildlife Div. of U.S.D.I. in this p.m. At work this evening at shop from 7:00 pm to 10:00 pm. Noted that top drawer of butterfly cabinet was disarranged and believe that someone had pulled it out and let it fall to the floor. Specimens were broken and the repellent box knocked out and in among the specimens. Labels askew.

~

August 12, 1943

A.M. to shop to get Mrs. Collom started. Attended rain gauge and then to Yavapai. Mrs. Frank Osler out this a.m. and visited with her. She is to go to the work shop this p.m. with Mrs. Noordayis and Mrs. Van Kleek. Dr. Bryant conducted them through shop. Caught two rare butterflies this day at Yavapai. Evening at shop preparing butterflies and labeling 19 insects, locality and collectors labels.

Change Vireo's nest data to Gray Vireo instead of Western Warbling Vireo upon information of H.C.B. 7:30 to 10:30 p.m.

~

Saturday Sept. 4, 1943

Consulting with Mrs. Collum (botanist) and Supt. Bryant on how to get Mrs. C. to the North Rim for some Fall collecting of plants. Informed by Supt. Bryant that he has to conduct church services tomorrow—hence will not be relieved for my day off. Will have to open Yavapai and take on duty until 1 p.m. when he will relieve me for the afternoon. Picnic with Bills at Shoshone and then to show.

Captured several more butterflies

at Yavapai this day and prepared some this evening.

~

Sunday Sept. 5, 1943

Out to Yavapai to open up and attend same during a.m.. Supt. Bryant to take over at 1:00 p.m.. To El Tovar for dinner with Mrs. Collom.

~

Labor Day Monday Sept. 6, 1943

Attended weekly recording of rain gauge for weather bureau at Shop and then to Yavapai. Captured 4 entomological specimens.

~

Tuesday Sept 7, 1943

At workshop on monthly report and preparing entomological specimens. Notified Asst. Supt. Davis that I am to take over Yavapai for the p.m. so as to deliver lecture to an Admiral of Navy and staff. Prepared some entomological specimens 7:30 p.m.

~

Wednesday Sept. 8, 1943

Mrs. Rose Collom, botanist working on the Park Herbarium left 8:30 a.m. for her home in Payson, Ariz. Expects to be back in November. Open Yavapai 9:00 a.m. Department held meeting at Headquarters.

Italy unconditionally surrendered this a.m. George Scheck, a Grand Canyon resident is listed as missing in the South Pacific. He is a member of the Sea Bees of the Navy. No details have been given. Travel continues despite the war and the passing of Labor Day.

~

Thursday Sept. 16, 1943

Yavapai duty this day. First buck seen, with velvet rubbed off antler. They were still reddish from blood. G.C. vill. at house. Arriving at Yavapai found the front door open and exhibits vandalized. Exhibit

changed about, labels disarranged, some cover glass broken and heavy stone exhibits carried from their resting place and places elsewhere. Reported it tot the Supt, Asst. Supt and to Chief Ranger. Chief ranger made inspection and the Supt. And Asst. also arrived to view the mess. It was the consensus of the group that it was the work of pranksters, as so far nothing seemed missing.

Capt. J. Gates Clark, entomologist of the U.S. National Museum, arrived in the Park, 8:00 p.m. on his way to California, to report for duty there with the Quartermaster Corps. Called me up and we spent the rest of the evening until 11:00 p.m. at the Workshop. He was greatly impressed with the Workshop set up and the study collections. He said he hoped to return after the war and do some research in the Park and spend much time here.

The beach head in Italy made by US Forces is holding the German attempt to drive them back into the sea failed. The Russians also are continuing to drive the Germans back. The 3rd War Loan drive seems to be making progress.

Overview:

I am not sure what line "Att. 286 trans to Kolb Studio" meant in the August 5th 1942 entry, other than 286 people attended the motion pictures and they had to transfer some of them to Kolb studio.

Schellbach's entries from 1941-44 referenced his daily work which included his main duty of operating the Yavapai Observation Station, working in the Naturalist's Workshop and general Interpretive department activities, including correspondence, phone calls, and equipment ordering and repair. He also assigned work for the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) enrollees, and selected temporary ranger-naturalists. He gave campfire talks, nature walks, collected specimens, checked the rain gage, cleaned buildings and grounds, arranged exhibits, conducted research, drew illustrations, and assisted park

visitors to enjoy the geological, historical and wildlife stories of the Park. He prepared the annual report for the Grand Canyon Natural History Association, (today's GCA), and held meetings for the association at his house.

Schellbach was swamped with lectures during this period. Along with hearing him unfold the history of the Grand Canyon daily at Yavapai, audiences well over 100 people gathered nightly at the Bright Angel Lodge to hear him talk several times a week. Post-lecture questions often kept him from getting home until well after 9 p.m..

He gave speeches for groups such as the Women's Club at Grand Canyon. He often hiked with college and high school geology classes from schools as far away as California, and gave a talk when they reached Phantom Ranch. He entertained and hiked with Eddie McKee's geological group on what they called the "Yaki" trail then, (today's South Kaibab). He was called into work many times on his day off, and when he had a day off, you would likely find him busy in the Naturalist Workshop. He wrote often about the lack of funds which handicapped the Naturalist Program. He writes "wartime" when referring to the time. During WWII, President Roosevelt mandated the use of the Daylight Savings time throughout the country, beginning in early 1942 through the fall of 1945.

Abundant rainfall was noted in Schellbach's entries during the months of Sept. and Oct. 1943.

People mentioned in the 1941-42 entries:

McKee – (Eddie McKee)

Grand Canon's first Park Naturalist. H was referred to as "assistant director" by Schellbach. He and Schellbach corresponded regularly and sent items to each other. Schellbach mentions that McKee left for 3 weeks to undertake geological work in Grand Canyon National Monument.

Waesche – (Hugh Waesche)

Possibly a CCC employee? He helped Schellbach on inventories and at the Naturalist workshop.

Norman Nevills

Renowned river runner.

H.C. Bryant

Grand Canyon's Park Superintendent. Among his more important duties, he enjoyed capturing insects for the Naturalist's department.

Mr. K – (Kitteridge)

Possibly a superintendent from another National Park?

Ralph White

A Guide. He filled in at the Naturalist department between the time when McKee left and Schellbach began the job. HE was Schellbach's assistant.

CCC enrollees

They arrived at the Canyon on May 29, 1933 and left in mid-1942.

Roy James ?

In April 1941, he rode on mule with Schellbach to Phantom Ranch. My family recalls James having two children, Lee and Larry.

Gordon Cox

Chief clerk

Lou Gastellen -? (Gastellem)

A clerk

Natt Dodge

Regional Naturalist for Region 3, Santa Fe

Turner

Railroad station agent. Sam Turner's father.

Mark Hanner

Ranger-naturalist 1942 who became a lieutenant in the Armed Forces.

Art Brown

Chief Ranger. My family recalls he had a son named Lance, and daughters Pat and Beverly. Brown was a very popular ranger.

Ed Eiles

Mechanic?

Les Kennedy

Ranger

W.B. Collum – (Bert)

Of Payson, AZ. Rose Collum's husband. He was a miner.

Rose Collum

Botanist, oversaw the Park's Herbarium. She studied plants on both rims and often took specimens back

to Payson for her flower club. Many plants in the canyon are named after her, such as "rananculus collomea".

Dr. Carson

Canyon's doctor

McDougall ?

A botanist and close friend of Schellbachs who gave a talk at Yavapai.

Koons ?

Gave talks at Yavapai and helped at the workshop.

Fancher ?

Canyon's mechanic

Judd ?

Possibly a CCC enrollee.

Ralph Redburn

Ranger-naturalist in 1931, who went into the Armed Forces as a Major.

Mr. & Mrs. Edgar Craven

A painter and house guests of the Schellbachs.

Mr. Tucker ?

Bob Tucker's father. He had visited Schellbach in his office.

Dr. Longwell ?

Castro ?

A park employee who gave some talks at Bright Angel lodge.

The Petersons

From New Jersey, house guests at the Schellbachs.

Davey & Corky Jones

Of Wupatki National Monument, house guests of the Schellbachs.

Mr. Curry ?

From Death Valley

Starett ?

A junior naturalist

Frank Wood and wife

Schellbach showed them around. Wood was Western Director of the National Wildlife Federation.

Jack Looker

A canyon resident

The Patti Party

Schellbach mentions them because he was working on a historical exhibit of the Patti Party. They were beaver trappers in the Grand Canyon in 1827.

Look for more of MR. Schellbach's diary entries in future issues of *The Ol' Pioneer*.

The Visible Boundary Between the Forests of Kaibab National Forest and Grand Canyon National Park

A REVIEW by *Keith Green*

One would expect the difference between two forests to be fairly subtle, but, between Kaibab National Forest and Grand Canyon National Park's forest on the North Rim there is a noticeable difference. Take a look at Figure 1 above. This photo, taken from space, shows an obvious boundary between the two forests.

Why. That is the subject of last year's research and a Master's Thesis by Christopher Holcomb, a graduate student at Northern Arizona University. He defended his thesis to his committee and other interested parties on December 9, 2009. This presentation was of special interest to the Historical Society because our 2009 scholarship had been awarded to Mr. Holcomb last Spring. The title of his thesis is, "Ecological divergence across a jurisdictional boundary and the need for cooperative management, Kaibab Plateau, Arizona..

Christopher covered the forest management history of Kaibab National Forest and Grand Canyon National Park. He noted that Kaibab National Forest and Kaibab Industries of Fredonia, AZ had practically clear cut many sections of the national forest. Holcomb hypothesized that the main reason for the lower density of trees in Kaibab National Forest was extensive timber sales and clear cutting in the past. Meanwhile, Grand Canyon National Park had protected its forest especially from fire. Any fire, caused by lightning or humans, was put out immediately. Not until the 1980's did the park foresters realize that fire is an important component of forest health. Without fire, the park's forest had become so dense that plant and animal diversity had suffered. A fire management plan was developed which included prescribed burning.

This history, Mr. Holcomb believes, created very different looking forests, even though the two are adjacent to each other. The forests in Kaibab National Forest are more open, more patchy, have younger trees, and have much more aspen. Aspen are often the first trees to grow back after fire, an avalanche, a windstorm, or sometimes even after logging. The forests in Grand Canyon National Park are more dense and homogenous, with fewer disturbances from fire or logging, with older trees and much more shade-tolerant fir trees that were killed by fires in the past. This also means that the national park has greater danger of serious fires because of the fuel build-up.

Mr. Holcomb collected data at 76 plots randomly selected within half a kilometer to either side of the boundary. In each plot, he measured such things like tree density and tree type. He used computer models to compare conditions on each side of the boundary fence.

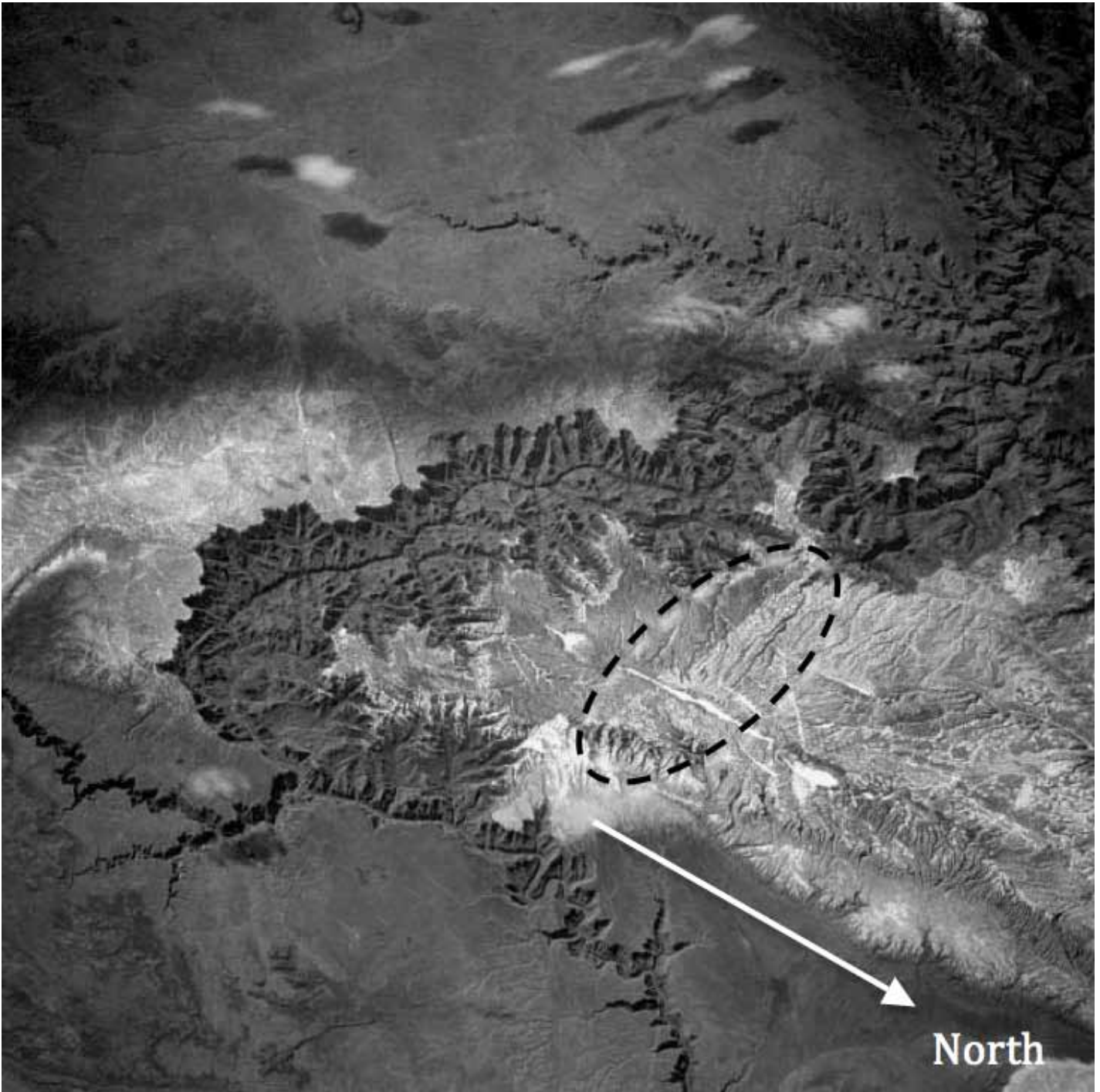
Christopher also explored the possibility of managing both forests in a more consistent way. He highlighted cooperative efforts between Kaibab National Forest and Grand Canyon National Park especially in terms of fire management. Their fire management philosophies seem to be converging. He believes that the agencies now have more similar goals for their forests than at any time in the past, in terms of restoration for fire. This, he hopes, will lead to closer coordination.

An issue that occurs to me and which Mr. Holcomb did not approach is this. Which forest is the most like a natural forest should be. It is a difficult question since both forests have changed so much due to human activities, whether fire suppression or logging. The suggestion could be made that the closest example

of what a natural forest would be is from those photographs and descriptions of Northern Arizona's forests in the 1880's. Since then, national forests and national parks have been managing their forests in different ways. Evidence seems to indicate that trees at that time, both north and south of the canyon, were generally further apart than they are now because of more frequent fires.

Captain John Hance said he could ride a horse at a gallop through the forest because the trees were so far apart. Of course, John Hance was famous for exaggerating!

Christopher Holcomb combined our scholarship donation of \$1000 with some other sources to enable rather extensive research on his topic which created more extensive knowledge of Grand Canyon's forests. Grand Canyon Historical Society definitely made a good investment with Mr. Holcomb.



Divergent forest conditions along the administrative boundary between Grand Canyon National Park and Kaibab National Forest on the North Rim are visible from space (see arrow on above image).

With God and Teddy at El Tovar

by Don Lago

For the first tourists who stepped off the Santa Fe Railway at the South Rim in 1901, Grand Canyon was a startling new experience. Grand Canyon had not yet become a ubiquitous image in calendars, postcards, and advertising. While a handful of cultural pioneers like Thomas Moran and Clarence Dutton had offered important interpretations of Grand Canyon by the 1880s, it was only in the 1890s that popular writers began seeing the canyon and offering the public clues about how they might experience it. The expectations of the average tourist of 1901 may have been formed only by a few black-and-white photographs and by Santa Fe Railway advertising flyers. There was plenty of room for surprise, for tourists to figure out the canyon for themselves.

Someone at El Tovar Hotel seems to have recognized the value of tourist reactions to Grand Canyon. For a decade after it opened, El Tovar offered guests a log book in which they were invited to record their reactions. At the top of each page was printed: "IMPRESSIONS OF THE GRAND CANYON. Guests are respectfully invited to record their impressions of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, signing name, also giving home address and date." These *Impressions* books offer a rich record of Americans trying to grasp the meaning of the canyon. Their comments reflect the broader historical and cultural currents of the time, a time of expansive national pride, a time when the modern conservation ethic was taking shape, and a time when science and religion were contending to be the highest authority for explaining the world. One of the strongest themes running through the *Impressions* books is whether Grand Canyon should be attributed to God or to Nature, and sometimes this theme breaks out into open debate, with guests writing

critical comments about each others' impressions.

The *Impressions* books were probably inspired by a log book kept by John Hance at his tourist camp near Grandview. In 1899 G. K. Woods, the manager of the Grand Canyon Stage Coach line, which ran from Flagstaff to Grandview, compiled eight years of comments from Hance's log books, starting in 1891, into a real book titled: *Personal Impressions of the Grand Canon of the Colorado River, Near Flagstaff, Arizona, as Seen Through Nearly Two Thousand Eyes, and Written in the Private Visitors' Book of the World-Famous Guide Capt. John Hance, Guide, Story-Teller, and Path-Finder*. Woods may have intended this book to promote his stage coach line, but it has served as a valuable source for historians. It gave us a few often-repeated comments about the canyon, such as Buckey O'Neill's "God made the canyon, John Hance the trails. Without the other, neither would be complete." The El Tovar *Impressions* books offer an even richer source of reactions to Grand Canyon.

We can begin with some basic sociology about who was visiting Grand Canyon from 1906-1915. It seems that some of the *Impressions* log books have been lost, as there are several gaps in the record. The earliest book is from 1906, the year after El Tovar opened. The surviving *Impressions* logs include 1,718 entries, of which nearly 1,500 include an address. Only 6% of visitors—or at least log entries—came from outside the United States, two-thirds of these from Europe. Germany, England, and France each contributed about a dozen entries. Canada recorded a dozen entries, and Latin America eight. Asia made only six, Australia and New Zealand four, and the only Africans to make entries were four from South Africa.

There are 1,379 entries that give American addresses. They reveal the economic divisions of American so-

ciety in the first decade of the 20th century. Two-thirds of visitors, or 895, came from Northern states (the Northeast, Great Lakes, and Midwest states), while Southern states made only 146 entries, and only 76 if you subtract Texas, which made 70. Ohio alone made more entries, 78, than eleven Southern states combined, not including Texas. El Tovar opened only forty years after the Civil War, and the South was still impoverished, while the North was now the world's industrial powerhouse. New York State made 157 entries, Pennsylvania 87, and Massachusetts 57. By contrast, Georgia made 11 entries, Virginia 7, and Louisiana 3. It's likely that El Tovar patronage exaggerated economic disparities, as the less affluent were staying at Bright Angel Lodge. If the *Impressions* book was kept in the El Tovar lobby then non-El Tovar patrons could have had access to it, since plenty of tourists wandered into El Tovar. Yet we don't know exactly where the book was kept. The limited numbers of photographs showing the El Tovar lobby from that period, photos that offer limited views, don't show the *Impressions* book. If the book was kept on the registration counter or in one of the activity rooms, then it was less likely to be used by outsiders.

Another demographic void is from the mountain West. With the exception of Colorado, which made 48 entries, very few visitors came from other mountain states: only 2 from Montana, 3 from Utah, 4 from Oregon, none from Nevada. It's likely that people from these states, thinly populated to begin with, were visiting their local wonders, such as Yellowstone and Zion. Arizonans, who made 64 entries, took advantage of proximity to Grand Canyon.

Being on the Santa Fe Railway line also boosted totals. Missouri made 86 entries, but the further north people lived, the more they were in the realm of the Northern Pacific Railway, which was promoting Yel-

lowstone and its own newly-opened Old Faithful Inn; thus Iowa made 28 entries, and Minnesota, the head of the Northern Pacific line, made only 19. Likewise, Kansas made 33 entries, while Nebraska made 14, and South Dakota and North Dakota combined made only 5. The states at either end of the Santa Fe line made two of the three highest totals, Illinois with 142 and California with 187—the highest total. California's top rank makes a curious contrast with Arizona's eastern neighbor, New Mexico, which was also on the Santa Fe line but which made only 7 entries. This contrast may again point to the importance of affluence in Grand Canyon tourism, especially in El Tovar patronage. As of 1910 California still had a smaller population than Wisconsin or Georgia, so its top rank wasn't guaranteed by mere numbers. But the specific addresses recorded by Californians tend to represent the more affluent cities, such as Pasadena and San Francisco. New Mexico was generally a poor state. Since affluence tends to correlate with educational levels, the affluence of Grand Canyon visitors probably contributed to making the entries in the *Impressions* logs richer in intellectual and literary content.

The entry writers were roughly equal between male and female.

While Grand Canyon may seem timeless, the *Impressions* entries did reflect a particular time in history. It was, above all, the time of Teddy Roosevelt. Even after Roosevelt left the White House in 1909 he remained a dominant figure in American life, and not just as a politician; he exemplified the American spirit at a turning point in American history. America had become one of the world's leading economic powers and was eager to be respected for it. With the Spanish-American War and the Philippines conquest, America had ventured into competition with European empires. With the Panama Canal, America had crowned an age of heroic technology. Teddy expressed an exuberant pride in America, a pride that included America's natural won-

ders. Several *Impressions* entries simply used Teddy's favorite exclamation to describe the canyon: "Bully!" Teddy had made it okay for even macho hunters to gush purple about natural wonders. The *Impressions* contains plenty of purple gushing and national pride, and just enough mentions of Teddy to see him lurking in the background. A man from Houghton, Michigan, called Grand Canyon: "The greatest freak of nature except Teddy." Several people paraphrased Teddy's now-famous speech about leaving the canyon for your children and your children's children. Someone called the canyon "A bigger bluff than T. Roosevelt," a line which another person crossed out. A man from New Jersey said: "It's a bigger ditch than Panama, and must make Teddy jealous."

At the same time, Teddy Roosevelt was worrying about the loss of the endless frontier, and advocating a new ethic of protecting America's natural wonders. The *Impressions* logs show the stirrings of new attitudes about conservation and economic development, as we'll see below. Teddy was also worried that the transformation of America from a frontier and rural society into an urban society would zap the American character, and he was urging Americans to pursue a life of vigorous outdoor adventure, for which Grand Canyon was one of his favorite stages.

The most fascinating thing about the *Impressions* logs is watching people attempting to come to terms with what they were seeing. The first Grand Canyon visitors showed a sense of genuine and deep astonishment that seems less common today. Visitors conscientiously tried to figure out what the canyon meant. Some visitors tried to compare Grand Canyon with other natural wonders. Many tried to figure out how the canyon fit into their theology or philosophy. Others tried to come up with images that did justice to the canyon.

Comparisons with other famous places focused on a few of the world's iconic natural wonders: Niagara, Yosemite, Yellowstone, the Alps, or Ve-

suvius. A few people compared the canyon with famous human-made landmarks. Nearly 100 people made such comparisons, a large majority favorable to Grand Canyon.

In an entry titled "Mt. Vesuvius Vs. Grand Canyon," Reverend S. M. Bernard of San Dimas, California, wrestled with his impressions, describing his climb up and into Vesuvius: "It was grander to me than Grand Canyon but not so beautiful. The view of Grand Canyon from the open space just below the half-way house is the most picturesque natural scenery I have ever observed, and I have traveled in 13 foreign lands." Another visitor, who signed himself simply 'One Who Sees,' added a note alongside Reverend Bernard's entry: "I also have seen Vesuvius, which is positively devoid of color. There is no comparison." Jules Hexter of Victoria, Texas, compared: "I thought Yellowstone, the so-called home of the devil, was beautiful, but the Grand Canyon beats it to smithers, for this is the ideal place for the angel's dwelling." Julia Randall tried to share the glory: "The Yosemite is the palace of the gods, Yellowstone park their playground, and the Grand Canyon their tomb." But A. E. Ballard held that: "Grand Canyon is all right but the Grand Canyon of Yellowstone can go it one better." A man who signed himself only as "a guide at Yellowstone park" admitted only: "She sure is some hole." J. W. Flood of Louisville, Kentucky, compared the canyon to another hole: "Who would have thought that Mammoth Cave can be seen out here with the 'lid off'." A New Yorker compared the canyon to the skyscraper canyons of New York City. No one compared the canyon to an iceberg until after the sinking of *Titanic* in 1912, and then Mr. and Mrs. R. Samuel of New York City found it "awe-inspiring as a mammoth iceberg." An Englishman compared it to: "the deep and wonderful subterranean passages of the ancient temples of Thebes and Karnak of the upper Egypt region." Reflecting a time when many Americans felt that touring Europe was obligatory to be-

ing sophisticated, M. J. McLean of the U. S. Forest Service in Washington D. C. complained: "Many Americans who visit and revisit the toy scenery of Europe have never seen the Grand Canyon." Agreeing with him was Robert Miller of Lancaster, Pennsylvania: "After seeing the natural wonders and man-made wonders of Europe, Asia, and Africa, I feel that it is but a fitting climax to my travels to view the greatest wonder of God's handiwork—The Grand Canyon of Arizona." A bit more provincial was Charles Peacock of Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois: "As compared with Randolph Street, Chicago—well—forget Randolph Street." Twelve-year-old Thomas Moronly reached deep into his experience of grandeur and exclaimed: "I loves you Coney Island, but oh! you Grand Canyon."

Such comparisons were often contaminated by a national inferiority complex and by sectional pride. Over 30 Americans made comparisons with Europe, such as Celeste Nellis-Ryns of Los Angeles, California: "There is nothing in all Europe to compare with this 'Titan of Chasms'. I am proud it is in America." HRL of St. Paul, Minnesota, was ready to die for Grand Canyon: "When there is war, be patriotic and remember that the Grand Canyon is only one of the many things that we should fight for." Sometimes sectional pride was debatable, as when Alexander Warner of San Francisco said: "After seeing the Grand Canyon, see Yosemite. Grand Canyon is the tail to the kite. Yosemite beats it out of sight for sure," but another San Franciscan answered: "I am a loyal Californian, but I must in all justice, place Yosemite second to Grand Canyon." Sometimes sectional pride was silly boosterism about Indiana corn, New York products, or Texas size, but Fairfax Lee Carter of Virginia set off a nasty exchange when he declared: "The Grand Canyon is a keen disappointment. It does not compare with some of the sublime scenery of the Grand Old Blue Ridge. After all Virginia is the finest state in the union and produces the best ham." To which some-

one answered: "He is one of those damned old 'You Alls'." To which 'a little rebel from Georgia' answered: "The above lines were written by a negro loving blue bellied Yank." To which there were three more retorts. An Englishman got tired of American bombast and complained: "If the absolute silence so noticeable in the Grand Canyon had been preserved as regards the majority of these 'advertising personal impressions,' the book would be worth reading and the grandeur of the canyon not have been vulgarized."

Many people offered mainly adjectives, especially "Sublime," "Beautiful," and "Wonderful." Two people just made a line of exclamation marks. Dr. Boning of the University of Pennsylvania made a line of question marks. About ten people imitated the fancies of Romantic poetry, seeing the canyon as the work of giants, elves, and fairies. Al Vaughn of Peoria, Illinois, saw: "A wonderful old fortress city, captured, and then deserted, ages and ages ago." W. H. P. MacDonald of San Francisco marveled at: "What pranks the elves have played among these dismal chasms. The awful silence makes the beating of the heart sound like the thumpings of a tortured monster, and ones breathing like the groans of the restless sea."

Dozens of people came up with original images and comments. Frederick Gunster of Birmingham, Alabama, saw: "The setting of an opera, the music of which will never be written." Dr. Harry Watson of New York City preferred silence: "It is more expressive than words and more silent than the Sphinx." Several people found themselves in dreamland, such as Helen Lincoln of Santa Barbara, California: "I feel like a child, who has had a wonderful dream and on awakening, found it true." A school teacher from Commerce, Texas, became a student: "I feel like a child grappling mentally with an arithmetic problem that is beyond him. It's too big for me—I can't grasp it in its entirety, but get only occasional glimpses of light." Charles May from

Peoria, Illinois, claimed he had conducted a test of the canyon's size: "Yesterday...I accidentally dropped a new hat over the edge. I watched it fall for a few minutes, then went in and ate dinner, borrowed a telescope and went back and watched it fall all afternoon." Someone from Livingston, Montana, may have been waiting for dinner when he wrote: "The world's greatest commissary of food for the human mind." George Fredric Wheeler of "Everywhere" saw: "My first impression was that all the vari-colored tents of the Arabs had been pitched here and the gray dust of ages had settled over all." A politically incorrect lady from Kansas City, Missouri, saw: "It looks like Sambo had been here making funny noises with a pick and shovel." Otie Doak said: "It looks like the hole feels after your tooth has been pulled." Arthur Fisk of San Francisco said: "Looks almost as big to me as my first week's salary did." Several people from Missouri, the Show-Me State, said that the canyon had "shown them." A man from Los Angeles admitted that the canyon was better than a movie theater. Florence Richardson of Brookline, Massachusetts, may have been admiring El Tovar's arts-and-crafts style when she wrote: "To my mind the Grand Canyon is an exhibition of the arts and crafts of Nature." The men guests often found more manly comparisons. H. M. Johnson of Boston saw: "A royal flush, can't be beat." Two men projected a "sporty" golf course onto the canyon. A man from Paris imagined the canyon filled with champagne; a man from near New Orleans imagined it as a container for a "New Orleans gin fizz"; and a man from Wisconsin said: "The Grand Canyon looks greater to me than 1,000 barrels of Munich beer in the middle of the Sahara Desert." But for Ben Benson of Kalamazoo, Michigan, the canyon was sobering: "After once the canyon's walls you see/ you will surely decide not to go on a spree." J.W. Brook preferred another poison: "I always thought Star Tobacco was the finest thing on earth, but this comes up to it." B. M. Terry

of Coffeyville, Kansas, saw: "Some irrigation ditch." At least Paul Smith Livermore of Ithaca, New York, felt a twinge of poetry: "If the baby did not need shoes, and the Ithaca Gun Company my valuable presence, I would spend the rest of my days gazing at the most wonderful sight on Earth—the Grand Canyon." But for some, like Florence Tyler of Chicago, one visit was satisfying enough: "A wish of my life has been granted, to visit the Grand Canyon."

About ten people wished that some famous artist, writer, or musician had seen the canyon. W. Miller said: "A great pity Dante did not see the Grand Canyon from the rim, or go down the trail to the Colorado River before having written the *Inferno*." Henry Doggett of Evanston, Indiana, said: "If Doře had visited this place before he painted his pictures of Dante's *Inferno*, he would have obtained many more impressions of sublimity than he did out of his own brain." Others who should have seen the canyon included Jules Verne, Charles Dickens, Edgar Allen Poe, Coleridge, Schiller, Beethoven, and Raphael.

In the absence of Dante, over 75 people tried writing their own poems about the canyon. They range from sunset-purple prose to silly doggerel to the genuinely imaginative. H.P. tried his own Dante in "The Canyon So Grand":

When Lucifer, god of the morning,
fell
From Heaven in fiery flame,
Condemned forever to Hell,
To hide forever his shame,
Then interposed Mother Earth,
Her broad loving bosom to save;
She clasped him, not heeding the
breath
That seared, burning deep, till a
grave
Was made for the god on her
breast;
And where once was smiling green
land,
He laid himself down and found
rest,
Where now lies the Canyon so

Grand.

With a bit less polish, M & J too saw the devil's mark:

The canyon is a fearsome place, Is't
not?
Damned spot
Devil's grot
Rimmed rock
Imps lot
And yet the fool contends the
devils not.
What! No Devil? When the wind
blows weird?
Nay but I saw him grin
When I looked in.

More people saw God in the canyon, such as Leigh Hodges:

I stood upon the outer rim and
said,
There are no words this majesty to
laud,
And then some spirit brushed my
soul, and led
My faltering tongue to lisp—"A
Living God."

Also, E. R. Hyatt from Brooklyn, New York:

We did not need this lesson,
Lord, to make us bend the
knee,
For everything that moves
and breathes proclaims thy
majesty;
But *here* where in the ages past
the Red Man owned thy
sway,
We thank thee God! *Our* eyes
have seen thy wondrous
works this day.

But another Brooklyn poet wasn't so serious:

The Canyon simply baffles all
description.
It's like a nightmare, which
some old Egyptian
Of high degree, commanding
countless folk
Compiled in this abyss, just for
a joke.

Then there was:

There was a young lady
named Hasdum
Went to view the big chasm,
She looked long at it,
Then fell in a fit,
And had spasm, pon' spasm,
pon' spasm.

One person played it safe and simply quoted Shakespeare, and a man from Scotland quoted Homer—in Greek.

But far more people gave up trying to describe Grand Canyon. The largest single response in the *Impressions* logs, given by about 220 people, was to declare the canyon to be indescribable. Several people broke off in mid-sentence and made declarations like: "—oh hell, what's the use." Many people said "You have to see it to believe it." Yet people did try to describe why the canyon was indescribable.

Samuel Steiner of Newark, New Jersey, said: "There is only one word which gives a description of the canyon and that word is 'indescribable'." Gary Sparkes of Prescott, Arizona, said: "You never realize how incomplete Webster is until you visit the Grand Canyon." Several people proposed inventing new words to do justice to the canyon. Mrs. Henry Lustig of Kansas City, Missouri, proposed: "There should be more than one Grand in the name of the canyon." Alfred Bernheimer of New York City said: "The following lines by my pen describe the unrivaled grandeur of the canyon as adequately as any which I have read: [he leaves the line blank]." No sucker said: "No one but a Barnum's circus press agent would dare to try to describe the Canyon." After Dr. Gillard of Port Clinton, Ohio, said: "No words can describe the grandeur of the canyon, particularly when mounted on a donkey," M. W. Stanton of San Francisco critiqued his sentence structure: "Atlas carried the World on his shoulders, but behold! Ohio's poet mounts the Grand Canyon on a donkey." After D. J. K. McDonald of Prescott, Arizona, said: "The Grand Canyon, like

the women and the soul of man, defy the brush and pen," a wag added: "Why, wouldn't she receive your letters?" Helen Lowenthal of New York City said: "It is an eternal model for the 'impressionist,' an everlasting despair for the 'expressionist.'" But J. A. Laird of New York City wasn't impressed: "There have been 57 varieties of language used to describe the Grand Canyon, but after all *it's* only a big hole."

The question of whether Grand Canyon was just a big hole or a work of God engaged about one out of six writers, and 217 of them, or 78%, attributed the canyon to God, while 62 people attributed it to nature, although often a capitalized Nature, which in the Romantic mind could be a disguise for God.

Many believers simply quoted Bible verses, such as "In the beginning God created..." or "Behold what God hath wrought." Others worked harder at canyon theology. C. W. Leffingwill of Knoxville, Illinois, said: "Looking into the Grand Canyon is like facing eternity—and conversing with the infinite, 'Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for this is holy ground'." H. G. James of Independence, Kansas, said: "When God looked out upon the earth and pronounced it good, methinks He stood in the Garden of Eden on the brim of the Grand Canyon, looking down into its marvelous depths and beauty." On the other hand, Joseph Rout of Kansas City, Missouri, saw: "The Grand Canyon was once the city of Sodom; the Lord left it beautiful." Homer Humphrey of Boston preferred the Book of Revelation: "A fitting scene for a Last Judgment." LeRoy Anderson of Prescott, Arizona, was typical of many in saying: "This is the one thing in nature that *compels* man to know that there is a God." William Hall Moreland of Sacramento, California, said: "The Grand Canyon ranks next to the Incarnation itself as a revelation of God. It is a sacrament of the Divine wisdom and glory." For Sophia Wolf: "The Grand Canyon is God's seal of approval on a beautiful world." For R. C. Graves of Oklahoma City: "God's autograph on

nature's page." For Elizabeth Moore of Topeka, Kansas: "God's own cathedral." Another person from Topeka declared: "If heaven is like the Grand Canyon, I want to go there." Ed Robinson of Mansfield, Ohio, declared: "To the omnipotent mind—which the universe is but a thought—All Hail!" A few people tried to draw moral lessons, such as George Robertson from California: "Here we learn God was never in a hurry." And for H. C. Bradley of Waterbury, Connecticut: "Yield not to temptation—a man can sink to greater depths in the Grand Canyon than any other place I know of."

There were some friendly doubters, such as E. Weber from California: "It seems to impress the majority as resembling either heaven or—the other place. Seems to me it's a bit desolate for the first, and as for the second—I've never heard that it snowed in Hades." And leave it to children to question the Emperor's new theology. Dorothy Wilson, age five, asked: "What did God dig such a big hole for." And Emerson Miller, age four, from Needles, California, asked: "Why did the dear lord make it so big?"

A child from New York City offered the simplest statement of the alternative to canyon theology: "It certainly is a swell bunch of rocks." More sophisticated attributions to nature include J. M. Jamison of Phoenix, Arizona: "The monument to the remains of the greatest of titanic struggles between nature's forces." Carl Bruce of Chicago saw: "A large impression in this earth of indefinable forces of centuries ago." A New Yorker saw: "Nature's greatest battlefield!" W. S. Lowell of Honolulu, perhaps considering Hawaiian volcanoes to be greater battlefields, said: "Tis but a wrinkle on the cheek of our aged Mother Earth." But a Californian saw: "A bleeding wound on the bosom of Mother Nature." Many people saw nature as titanic and violent forces; fewer offered pretty images such as that of Robert Burns of Cambridge, Massachusetts: "Nature, all dressed up in her Sunday gown." Mrs. Bessie Knox of Clinton,

Iowa, saw Nature violated: "Some titanic surgeon of prehistoric times cut deep into the bowels of old mother earth (looking for her appendix?). Frightened at the bleeding wound he left his work incomplete. The blood still flows (in the Colorado River) and that is the reason why the wound never healed."

Clearly, people were struggling with the mismatch between Grand Canyon and their expectations about natural beauty, expectations defined by a century of Romanticism. For the European and the New England romantics, natural beauty was a rolling green countryside with lakes and sheep and ruins and perhaps distant—safely distant—mountains. Even Thomas Moran had misled visitors by censoring the canyon's geological strata and true colors, instead giving his canyon the pleasant golden glow of J. M. W. Turner's Italian countryside. Now visitors were discovering that Grand Canyon lay beyond the end of the spectrum of Romantic experience, the Sublime, an experience set in alpine chasms that might be inhuman but which still held water, trees, familiar colors, and familiar—if pagan—gods. Grand Canyon was a very different realm, a wasteland of desert rocks and dryness and decay, of weird colors, weird plants, and tribes with weird religions. The absence of life seemed to bother people the most, such as Marguerite Baumann of New Jersey: "A vulgar display of rock!" And EWF of Rockford, Illinois: "Lifeless, supporting no life in its terrifying depths, the Grand Canyon repels me beyond expression. I can see nothing but its desolation and waste." Hildah Devlin found it: "The most terrible thing nature ever did. It hurts one to look." George Baird of Chicago couldn't quite decide: "A monstrous freak of Nature. Awful! Stupendous! Grand! Indescribable!" C. Schoen of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, found that the canyon explained: "... why the Indians formed such a weird and superstitious religion." Sherwood Chapman struggled to find the Christian God in the wasteland: "The Grand Canyon seems to represent

God's own monument to the battles and conflicts through which this world has gone—a region magnificent in its dignity; certainly not to be gushed over or called beautiful! It has all left too great an impression of majesty and awesomeness upon me for me to view it in any spirit of 'scenery'. It is dead—nothing could be more lifeless—and being so completely estranged from the living world, makes one think—and try to discern a hidden Voice."

The distance between Grand Canyon and the Garden of Eden encouraged freethinkers to dismiss the many testimonials to God, as with Carla: "This natural phenomenon is certainly far greater than our wildest imaginings regarding the works of any divinity." Or E. H. de Smet, Veteran of the 9th Minnesota Volunteer Infantry: "We do not think a god had anything to do with it." After Pat Marion McCarthy of Boston wrote: "A Masterpiece by the Great Architect of the Universe," the next entry—on the same date—was from Louis McCarthy of Boston: "A Grand, Awful, and Peculiar Masterpiece of Nature's two most powerful elements, Fire and Water." Someone who signed as 'Non-Sentimental' said: "Truly wonderful, but only a ditch on a large scale. Water, earth, rock and time are the forces at work, and that have always worked. It is foolish to talk as if it is a work of God, Infinite, etc." Several people wrote retorts to this, one calling the author an "idiot." After Benjamin Franklin Marx of New York City exclaimed: "Throne of the Infinite!," someone retorted: "Would you put Him in a hole?" Someone who signed as 'Scientific' wrote: "It is foolish for as wonderful things as man finding God in a big ditch. Let him consider himself. Don't be superstitious." After Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wescott wrote: "A greater sermon than was ever preached by man," someone scribbled: "Oh, bunk!" Some Christian testimonials included arguments such as that of C. J. Jones: "Some say the canyon was made entirely by erosion. Nonsense. It is the moulds in which God made

the mountains." Yet Thomas Hogan of Boston found God in erosion: "Carved from the most stubborn substances by the most yielding and facile of elements, it is God's greatest lesson teaching us the potentiality of existence." Someone who signed as 'Aint it the Truth' said: "The lad who was talking the most about this 'wonderful work of the Almighty' on the way down the trail was swearing the loudest at the mule on the way up."

One thing that Christians and atheists agreed upon was that the canyon inspired humility. About 40 people offered expressions of humility. K. P. Hooper said: "I have been in many places but until *ascending* Bright Angel's trail I have never before fully realized the infinitude of nature and the helplessness of man." For E. Mayer: "Here one feels as if a voice had said 'Stand back, you are nothing'." Ed Wolff of San Antonio, Texas, said: "It is the muffler of infinity on the vocal exhaust of human presumption." To which someone added: "Toot! Toot!" For Ida Smutter of Buffalo, New York: "This is the veil through which I cannot see. There is much of the Grand Canyon and little of me."

Humility was not always so obvious when it came to American attitudes about land use. It was still the age of Manifest Destiny. One person scoffed: "Why all this bosh about the canyon. It is crude, massive, and unnecessary. A drainer of the life giving waters for all vegetation and an impediment to travel. The present age would appreciate something one quarter as large." Several people reacted against this, one of them saying: "I'll bet this sucker loves money." A man from Greeley, Colorado, loved how canyon acreage: "...could be watered by the Colorado River and made good irrigated potato land. At \$50 per acre this would be \$80,000,000 per year from potatoes—not to say what sugar beets would do. El Tovar may have 50 guests paying per day at \$3 each—profit of \$150 per day—\$4,000 per month—\$50,000 per year—Just compare with the potato crop!" Mr. Old from Galway, Ireland, said: "The canyon would be a good place to dig

for building material." Leon Jewett from Los Angeles saw: "A splendid place for a bill board." W. C. Harrison from Painesville, Ohio, said: "Uncle Sam owes to its citizens a railroad on the edge of its rim," but someone answered: "NEVER." The visionary J. R. Haskin of Los Angeles knew that the future lay not in railroads but in flight: "Come back in 1920...and you will go down in an air ship." For Anna Kaufmann of San Antonio, Texas, the canyon proved: "...the power of man. Man has conquered this Grand Canyon, by scaling its walls and exploring its bottom." Herman Gillette of Dighton, Kansas, was already counting the profits: "We need something like the Grand Canyon to draw people to Kansas."

But others were worried about the American fondness for money. F. W. from Los Angeles said: "The Grand Canyon is all right but don't let the Los Angeles boomers know it, or you will lose it." J. D. Eastin of Emporia, Kansas, said: "The wonder is that some man from Los Angeles don't buy it and subdivide it." They weren't entirely joking about Los Angeles attitudes; one man from Los Angeles wrote: "Grand Canyon does not express it. Wonderful. Glorious. But why in this far away country—it should have been near Los Angeles." A. W. Daniels from Boston said: "Perfectly wonderful! Hope nobody removes it before I can come again." This was, after all, the age of the Panama Canal, of moving mountains for human progress and national glory. Jerome Twitchell of Kansas City, Missouri, said: "Should have moved this down to Panama." Yet for more people, like F. Graham of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the Panama Canal was a lesson in humility: "The Grand Canyon makes the Panama Canal, the greatest work man ever accomplished, seem like a child's plaything." M. D. Austin of Chicago said: "No *graft* in the digging of a bigger ditch than Panama." Nature was also superior in the arts, according to W. E. Cleary of Brooklyn, New York: "The Grand Canyon is a great illustration of the superiority of

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natural grandeur and beauty over the artificial. Majestic nature disappearing into insignificance the noblest artistic artificial productions of man." Yet, surprisingly, not one person ever mentioned the need to protect Grand Canyon as a national park or monument. Perhaps the *Impressions* book for 1908 included some discussion of Teddy Roosevelt making the canyon a national monument that year, but this volume has been lost. At the least, a number of people advocated that the canyon should be considered one of the seven wonders of the world.

There was also a discussion about El Tovar and the Fred Harvey Company, with most people pleased with them. But Mrs. G. R. Brubaker of Los Angeles complained:

The El Tovar may be a "holdup"
The "Hopi House" a bluff,
But of this grand old canyon,
I can never get enough.

Another lively topic of discussion

was the adventures and misadventures people had on the Bright Angel Trail. B. E. Dutton said: "The trip down to the river is best of all and after seeing the Corkscrew one might imagine that they had seen the Bottle too." Harry Zellinger of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, said: "The modern 'Cliff Dweller' who spends his days in a tall office building and his nights in an equally tall apartment house will find the journey down the trail to the pre-historic dwellings of his ancestors a stimulant to his jaded imagination and a constant succession of emotions and thrills." As ever, three guys bragged about their fast time hiking to the bottom and back up. But S. J. Carter of Houston, Texas admitted: "I came, I saw, I was conquered and fatigued by the trail to the Colorado River." J. K. Turner of Cleveland, Ohio, moaned: "The first hour I was afraid the mule would slip & fall down the precipice—the last hour I wished he would." J. Weaver of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, offered: "Advice:

Get a short mule. Every turn & Molly turned either her head or tail hanging over. Not for the faint hearted." A Texas family ran into a landslide and proclaimed: "It was the devil's trail instead." Maurice Caton of Chicago said: "Not for a \$1,000 would I miss 'Bright Angel' to the river and not for another \$1,000 would I repeat it."

As the years went by, people mentioned that they were making their second or third visit. This included Andrew Carnegie, who said: "Farewell, there is no farewell to scenes like these." A few other famous names appear in the logs. There was John Jacob Astor, who wrote: "It's a cute little ditch." At least, someone wrote this—a few months after John Jacob Astor drowned on the *Titanic*. Also of dubious authenticity, but summing up both the Grand Canyon experience and the humor of El Tovar guests, was a comment from Helen Keller: "It's the best place I've ever seen."