

Transcription: Grand Canyon Historical Society Oral History

Interviewees: Martha Krueger (MK) and Pat Loughboro (PL)

Interviewer: Tom Martin (TM), Hazel Clark (HC)

Subject: Stories of their father Robert "Bobby" McKee who hauled water using the burro Brighty

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Method of Interview: In person in cabin at the North Rim of Grand Canyon National Park

Transcriber: Dannie Derryberry

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Keys: William Wallace Wylie, Teddy Roosevelt, Jim Owen, Margaret Henry, Ernest Appleling, John Fuller of Kanab, Robert Wylie McKee, Ann Wylie McKee Scarpet, David Rust, Bright Angel Trail, Prince and Princess of Sweden, Homer Hobbs; Thomas H. McKee, Widforss Meadow,

TM: Today is July 30th, Thursday, 2015. There's a bunch of us here in a cabin at the North Rim of Grand Canyon National Park.

MK: My name is Martha McKee Krueger, like Freddie, but I'm nicer.

TM: So who's with you?

MK: My sister here is with me, Patsy Loughboro.

PL: Hi, I'm Patsy Loughburo, Patsy McKee Loughboro.

HC: I'm Hazel Clark, Tom's wife.

TM: And my name's Tom Martin. So, Martha, actually let's go to Pat, Patsy. You were just telling me about your relationship with your sister and all this information that Martha's put together that you didn't, or can you explain that to me?

PL: Yeah, it's very interesting. I think for a long, long time Martha was the one that had a real interest in this history. She has been collecting materials from our parents long before they passed away. She has continued on through her life keeping track of things, trying to put it together, trying to make sense out of it, I guess. I was older and doing other things so I wasn't really involved with her and we lived so far apart. I'm in California, she's in Colorado, so we couldn't only but talk by phone until we got to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon once a year and then we could talk.

TM: Where did you both grow up?

MK: Pasadena, California.

TM: And what did your parents do there?

MK: Our father worked for the telephone company and mother was in real estate.

TM: Okay. Where did your father grow up?

PL: He grew up in Pasadena, California.

MK: South Pasadena then.

PL: South Pasadena then.

TM: And what did his father do?

MK: His father was a lawyer and went to Columbia Law School in about 1900. He also worked for the Doubledays as their legal editor. He legally edited Upton Sinclair's book "The Jungle," as well as wrote a book called *Cattle Ranch to College*. They encouraged him to write about his life at that age. He got very sick and came down with tuberculosis, which he battled his entire life. However, he did live to be 89.

PL: He was forced to leave New York.

MK: He was forced to leave New York for a better climate because of his illness.

PL: Come to the desert.

TM: Where did your mother grow up?

MK: She grew up in North Dakota, Fargo.

TM: What did her parents do?

MK: They came from Germany. They were immigrants. Her father was a salesman, her mother was a homemaker.

TM: How did your parents meet?

MK: They met while mother worked for her parents. They had since bought a place in California near Long Beach, a store and an ice cream bar. Dad was getting ice cream there and he liked the way mother made the sodas and things (laughter) so that's how they met, we've been told.

TM: That's fun. So in that discussion there of that family tree, I completely missed the Grand Canyon connection. So get me back on track there.

MK: Okay. William Wallace Wylie is my great-grandfather. He's grandmother's father. He started the first tourist camp in Yellowstone in 1882. He was superintendent of schools for the state and he used his teachers to drive the wagons and impart knowledge of the whole area. It was movable camps in the beginning and later became permanent camps along the way. He sold out and got out of the business for a few years. Then he was asked by the railroad to start and to kind of test the tourist waters for an interest in Zion, Bryce, and the North Rim. Someone else did Bryce but he started one in 1916 at Zion and he gave the responsibility to grandmother and grandfather, which is his daughter and son-in-law, the North Rim. He helped them get going on that one in 1916, opening in 1917. Dad was seven years old when 1917 was here and he used... His job was to get water for the business in the small trickle of a stream 200 yards below the rim near the camp.

That first summer was really bad because he used the burro Teddy, and Teddy had been used by Teddy Roosevelt. Teddy was really stubborn and dad had to chase after him in the mornings to catch him and it was really hard. The following summer the burro, Brighty, who was a free spirit in the canyon, was loaned them by Jim Owen. Jim Owen didn't really own him but he was the resident cougar hunter and he knew that Brighty would be there for them. So dad got to use Brighty for three summers starting in 1918. He was eight years old and that's, thus, the wonderful experience with a wonderful burro for three summers. Gosh, he would make several trips a day down to the spring, with Brighty taking his time coming up. Brighty knew where to go and he was very careful where he put his feet, he was very conscious of what hurt and what didn't hurt on his hooves. I do have a story here that I've kind of written and begin writing about that whole era. Would you like me to start reading that?

TM: Sure.

MK: Okay, will do.

"1953 was a good year for me. Not only did I turn ten that year, but while looking for a birthday present for me, my grandmother and grandfather McKee discovered the book *Brighty of the Grand Canyon* by Margaret Henry. It had just come out. Not knowing the whole family history or a story of this great part of the Grand Canyon history I was somewhat aware of my father's acquaintance with the burro Brighty, and dad's early summers spent at the North Rim of the Grand Canyon helping his parents build and run the first tourist camp there. I read the book and was convinced and thoroughly excited that my father had a part in Brighty's life. Mrs. Henry was also excited that she found out that there really was a boy in Brighty's life that could have been the boy, Homer Hobbs, of her story. The McKees ran the Wylie Way Camp, fashioned after the camps that grandmother's father, William Wallace Wylie, had started in Yellowstone in 1882. In 1916 William Wallace Wylie was asked by the Union Pacific Railroad mainly to test the tourism popularity of those areas and to build the Wylie Way Camps at Zion, Bryce and North Rim. Another faction developed Bryce. In 1916 Wylie began developing Zion while the grandparents and my father began construction at the North Rim. They opened in 1917 and the next summer, 1918, they befriended Brighty and Brighty became their main water carrier.

Margaret Henry is the first to write a book, although fiction, using Brighty as the center character. She found an article about Brighty written by grandfather McKee for Sunset Magazine while she was researching her book *Album of Horses* in which she had already researched and wrote about 22 breeds. She needed information about relatives of the horse, such as burros and mules. It was at that time that she was handed grandfather's article by the librarian, Mrs. Lathrop. The article was called *Brighty, Free Citizen, How the Sagacious Hermit Donkey of the Grand Canyon Maintained His Liberty for 30 Years* by Thomas McKee. Margaret Henry tried to contact grandfather through letters and even a visit to the Canyon before she wrote the book. This was in the middle of the 1950s, 23 years since the McKees had left the North Rim. She unfortunately was unsuccessful in establishing any contacts with the McKees but during her visit she found that everyone knew about Brighty and his exploits as a free spirit at the Canyon. With the information she had, she began her novel based on the informative stories she had collected. Once her book was published and grandfather and grandmother bought a copy for my birthday in 1953, many letters and photos were sent back and forth between grandfather and Ms. Henry.

Grandfather's first letter to her, dated December 26th, 1953, read, and I quote, "Dear Madam, In shopping for a book..." I'm sorry [crying] "Dear Madam, In shopping for a book for a little girl who likes animals, my wife came across your story about Brighty of the Grand Canyon. She bought it and

we have read it. It has plenty of pep and the pictures are admirable. It sort of makes us homesick because we are the people who managed the tourist camp you call Wylie's." It is spelled W-y-l-i-e when we use it." She had misspelled it W-i-l-e-y. Grandfather continues, "Brighty was a resident of our camp for several years. Uncle Jim Owen living nearby. Ernest Appleling knew Brighty well. The others you mention on your last page can have known him only from hearsay. He, Brighty, died in December of 1922. I have written him up several times and I suppose you have seen this stuff. Since you mention a gold watch several times, I suppose you have some inkling as to how he got into the canyon. A gold watch was involved. I got all of that story about Brighty's youthful days and the tragedy he probably witnessed when he was left alone down in the big hole. John Fuller of Kanab went down there in 1900 hunting for the remains of Frank Brown who had been drowned upriver 10 years before. Estate matters demanded proof of death and as his body had simply disappeared under the water there was always the possibility of his having survived and sustained life in one of the side canyons waiting rescue. Fuller spent the better part of two summers down there in this quest. He, an old canyon man, was really looking for a skeleton, which he never found." Grandfather continues, "But he found Brighty and the lonesome camp beside which Brighty awaited return of his young masters who never came. I told campfire stories at the Bright Angel Camp, that of Brighty being in the repertoire. I told it in two sections as a sort of serial, the first dealing with Brighty's journey from Flagstaff and into the canyon, and the second about what happened after Fuller found him. Brighty's story went from our campfire to Europe, to Sweden, and to Germany in their languages. Teddy Roosevelt fancied another burro, Jack, not Brighty. Jack became Teddy after the Roosevelt incident. He also served us as water carrier but was not liked as well for a camp companion as Brighty. The latter never dropped any manure in the camp. He had a retiring room for that purpose down in the thicket. Also, he loved children. They would straddle his back from crupper to ears and would wander around with them until he thought they'd had enough when he would saunter under a low tree limb and brush them all off in a jolly pile. Then he would turn around, point his long ears at them, as if saying "How do you like that stunt?" When he had nothing else to do he would go to a stand of his own on the very verge of the canyon, gaze off into the depths, and contemplate. Maybe about the two young fellows who came there with him and did not come out again. I have a picture of him doing just that, as well as a lot of other pictures of him. He was a favorite. But with an artist such as Mr. Dennis you didn't need to use photographs. If you should get to California sometime I should be glad to have you call. Sincerely, Thomas H. McKee."

Now this is me talking.

"I agree with grandfather. Brighty turned out to be a wonderful gift to the McKee family as they were just beginning a business in a remote area with little money or other resources. Grandfather's letter to Margaret Henry also appears in dad's memoirs but I thought it had enough significance to be repeated here. The first summer, 1917, as grandfather mentioned, dad used Teddy. He was very stubborn and hard for a seven-year old to deal with. He'd been used by Theodore Roosevelt in 1913 during his cougar hunting trip with his two sons at the North Rim and in the Kaibab Forest. Jim Owen was the resident cougar hunter and had killed more than 600 cougars in the Grand Canyon and the Kaibab Plateau and had led many others in quests to do the same. This, of course, made the deer population expand to consume more than the area could produce. Seventeen hundred were counted in one meadow in one evening as stated in *National Parks and Wilderness Use* by Ben Thompson. In this document I have included grandfather's true story of Brighty's entrance into the canyon, called *Brighty Discovered: A Saga of the Grand Canyon*, and his story of Brighty's ultimate demise, called *The Passing of Bright Angel: A Saga of the Grand Canyon*. In the middle of these two stories are the North Rim recollections and memoirs by my father, Bobby McKee. In 1988 to '89 Dad wrote his life story and I have included the part of his family's history at the Grand Canyon.

Fortunately I have inherited many of these photos taken of the North Rim mainly by my grandmother, who doesn't appear in many of them." She's taking them. "Dad wrote a story about how he and his dad found a spring near the canyon when they were exploring one afternoon. He received a silver badge at age eleven entering this story in a periodical of the time called St. Nicholas League. Stories were written by the children and entered. Dad's story was called *A Happy Incident of Finding Water* by Robert Wylie McKee, age eleven. There is a mention about this in his memoirs but I will include the story here." And it's a short story.

It starts out:

"At our camp at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado we had not nearly enough water. As our spring was drying up quite fast, we knew we must either give up the camp or find more water. Our spring was down the canyon a way so that we had to pack the water up on a burro and this made it very hard to get. One day as my father and I were walking along a side canyon I said, "Stop a minute. I think I hear water flowing." My father thought that it was only the wind, but I finally convinced him that it was water. The next day we tried to get down to where I heard the noise, but failed. The day after, we had better luck but got into such a jungle of thorny plants and trees we could hardly get through. At last we came upon a beautiful clear stream issuing from a hole in the rock. We went up out of the canyon a different way and ran into a cliff dwelling in which we found many relics, including a skull, a stone hatchet, and lots of pottery. We found pottery at the spring which showed that the cliff dwellers had used that spring many hundreds of years ago. On the way up we found a very easy way to the top of the canyon which the cliff dwellers probably used. The cliff dwelling was hidden so that people could not find it, and they paid me money to guide them to it. This incident brought three happy things, namely a dependable supply of water, an interesting cliff dwelling, and a way of earning money. Dad was very proud to have found such a wealth of something that they really needed at their camp and to be the first people to have seen the spot in many, many years."

That's as far as I've gotten on this.

PL: How old was he when he wrote that?

MK: When he wrote that he was eleven, I think it says.

PL: That's good writing for an eleven-year old.

MK: Yes. Oh, very good, yes, he was a very good writer.

TM: Did Margaret Henry ever meet your grandfather? Did they ever meet? They corresponded...

PL: I wonder if she came out.

MK: They corresponded a lot. No, they never met personally that I know of, no. No, they didn't. That would have been a nice thing to have happened. But it didn't. Dad's memoirs are right over there. Let me grab a copy of those. Of course, I've donated these to the Canyon. If you'd like to grab another one from the black binding there, it has many of the pictures that were taken that I've reproduced with his memoirs. He wrote his memoirs of his whole life. I've just included the ones here of his time at the Canyon.

TM: And the museum collection has a copy of this?

MK: I think they do. I think they do. One of the rangers was speaking about it. There's one here at this level here somewhere. Yeah.

TM: Super. Martha, when was your first visit to the Canyon?

MK: Dad never took us here.

TM: To the North Rim?

MK: Never did when we were growing up. We went to the South Rim one time.

TM: Because you were coming out of Los Angeles and basically it was easier to...

MK: Maybe.

TM: Was that Route 66 you came out on?

PL: Yes.

MK: Probably. Yes.

TM: Okay. Did you come along as well, Pat?

PL: Yes, of course.

MK: It was a family trip.

PL: Three sisters sitting in the back of a...

MK: Our middle sister died in 1911.

PL: Yeah.

TM: Oh, 1911?

MK: I'm sorry, 2011.

TM: Okay. What was her name?

MK and PL: Ann Wylie McKee Scarpet.

PL: It was interesting that we never came here and I've always felt that that was something. Our father loved to travel and as soon as he could get a vacation... He worked for the telephone company. At the beginning it was one week and then it was finally two weeks. My mother would have the car packed up before he got home from work and we'd take off. We would camp, and it was as far as we could get and then get home. I think we could have made it here without a problem at all, but he didn't bring us here.

MK: It was too emotional for him.

PL: I think it was just something he...

MK: Yes, it was too much going back to a very, I think, difficult time for his family that he did not want to relive in front of us, anyway. I'm thinking that's exactly what it was.

PL: This was a hard time for a young boy who didn't... There was never anybody here his age to play with, he was working all the time. Besides getting the water, he had other chores to do. Not a lot of fun, except when his father could take time off, I think, and then go for a hike. So there wasn't a lot of wonderful warm memories he wanted to bring his own daughters to see this place, no, he didn't share it with us.

MK: No.

PL: Nor did he talk a lot about it. He didn't share the story about being here.

MK: Except for writing it down, he wrote it down.

PL: Writing, yes. I think he realized that later in life that he needed to get something down on it.

TM: Did you ever ask him specifically about that?

MK and PL: No, we didn't think about it.

MK: Grandfather McKee lived with us his last four years of life when we lived in San Gabriel, California. Grandmother McKee had died in 1957. Grandfather was with me. I was in high school at the time and I was too interested in my own life to...

PL: We all were.

MK: ...even think about what he had been through in his life. Fortunately he was a writer and wrote so many things that we are receiving now, the gift of his writing.

PL: The history of it.

MK: The history of his life and the history of the West and how the railroads... His father was in the coal mining business for the railroad so they would move as the railroad went east to west. In fact, he has a paper called *A Boy in Bismarck When Both were Young* and it is a true story. It's kind of what you can hang your hat on when you read *Cattle Ranch to College*, the fiction book that he wrote about his life. It is the real stuff that happened and when. I have several copies of that with me today. [laughs] Gosh, there's just so much. It's just hard to think about it all at one time.

PL: You want to take a break?

TM: Well, let's kind of go back just to your history. So dad's working for the phone company, mom's got the car packed, he comes home, you hop in the car, you head east cause you live at the coast. You have to go east. How long would you spend at the South Rim Grand Canyon?

PL: Overnight. We'd camp, yeah, just overnight.

TM: Where else did you go on those trips?

MK: Oak Creek Canyon, Arizona. Oh, we loved that. We had a foreign exchange student live with us from Holland. We took her there and she's never forgotten Oak Creek Canyon. Lots of places. I remember even getting up to Yellowstone. I do remember driving there. Wherever we went we drove.

PL and MK: And camped.

TM: What kind of vehicle did you have, do you know?

MK and PL: Oh, gosh. A Ford.

TM: Four door?

MK: Four door probably. Yes. It overheated a lot and you had to have the heater on.

PL: It was a convertible, Martha, wasn't it a convertible?

MK: Yeah, I think so but it still overheated going uphill. Oh, Borrego Springs, he loved to do down there below sea level, Borrego Springs, and come up. I remember having to have the heater on in the car because it would cool the engine somewhat. We were back there living on the block of ice we had in the back seat. [laughs] Oh, my gosh.

PL: He loved the outdoors.

MK: He did, he loved the outdoors. So that's what's formed us, I suppose, is his influence on us all those years, like any parents influence their kids. His life was so unusual and interesting that he needed us to share some of the hardships that he had gone through [laughs], I think, in order to appreciate life just as much as we have. I've been very, very lucky in my life. My husband out there, he's a retired airline pilot and I flew for Pan American Airlines and I flew the R&R's for the men in Vietnam. I met Peter while he was on one of his R&Rs. That's rest and recuperation flights for the men in Vietnam. We have three great kids, they're all grown up. We have one grandchild. Patsy has how many grandchildren?

PL: Nine.

MK: Nine? Oh, my gosh.

PL: Four children.

MK: Yeah, four kids. I did bring about three or four boxes here with me of the Wylie history. I got these pictures and I don't know if you remember, Patsy, mother had them in an open box in her garage and there's rat stuff in there with these pictures. She just had them in there.

PL: For years.

MK: I said, "Mom, what are you gonna do with these? Can I send them home to myself?" At the time I was living in Colorado and visiting her. So she, "Oh, yeah, take those. That's great." Well, I went through them and I had them all laminated so that they would preserve better. I was teaching school at the time so I could use the laminator at the school.

TM: Did she take pictures of you guys on vacation?

MK: Yes. Uh huh, yes.

TM: Do you have those here?

MK: On vacation? No, I don't have too many, no.

TM: Okay, okay.

PL: I have a couple, I think.

MK: You have a couple in there?

TM: Because, you know, I'll tell you what I'm thinking. I'm thinking a lot of this material that you brought is very well documented but I'm sort of digging for others that might not be so much represented here...

MK: Oh, that's right.

TM: ...about you guys and about how your parents brought you up and that they did take you to Grand Canyon but not to the north side.

MK: Never, never to the North Rim.

HC: Do you think your father ever took your mother to the North Rim?

PL and MK: No.

MK: No, they came here in 1983. That's when that picture was taken. That's his only time he came as an adult here, and then he couldn't believe it. I'll have to read the letter that he wrote to me after his visit here. Okay, I will read that now.

HC: Yes, do.

MK: Oh, yeah, that was one of our trips to Mexico.

TM: So let's talk about this picture for a minute before you read that. Hang on a second. It looks like you guys have a little trailer.

MK: Yes, we had another friend with a trailer, too, the Hibbitt's.

TM: Oh, okay. Is that, there's...

MK: That's dad, that's dad.

TM: There's one, two, three, four, six people.

MK: This is Ann, our sister Ann.

TM: Okay, so who's behind your dad?

MK: That looks like Patsy.

PL: That's me.

TM: Okay. And then?

MK: The little blond one. That's probably me there, I don't know. There was two other little boys from the other family.

TM: Oh, okay. So is this, you think, the mom of...

MK: Yeah.

PL: Yeah, those are the other people with their other camper.

TM: And this is in Mexico. Where did you go?

MK: Oh, we went to Encinitas, Ensenada on the beach.

TM: Okay, so just south of San Diego?

MK and PL: Yes.

TM: Umm hmm, fun.

PL: Any place by the beach.

TM: I'm sorry, what did you have here?

MK: Okay, let me...

[Background conversations going on]

PL: We'd always go hiking. Hiking, hiking. Or swimming in rivers.

TM: So very much an outdoorsman. What did he do for the phone company?

HC: Was he in an office or was he out in the field?

TM: He was in the office?

PL: He started out in the field, going around looking for connections for the phone business. Then he ended up in...I can't think of the word, that's my problem right now, but it's somebody who's in charge of people.

TM: Like a foreman or a manager?

PL: He was the manager of people who worked for the telephone company mainly. A lot of women who did all the technical stuff inside with tickets and all the things that were developed. He didn't like his job.

MK: Peter and I, my husband and I, had just moved to Colorado from the Antelope Valley, California. They wanted to see where we had moved to so they took a trip in their car, dad and mom, Bob McKee and Lucille McKee. This is the map that they, the course that they took. They ended up coming to see us in Colorado. This was in 1983. Dad mentions zigzag, 1983 Western Zigzag, he calls it. That's their little trip by car. He mentions the Canyon, he mentions having stopped here. He says, "You will be neither the first nor the last to observe that the objects could have been connected by a shorter route. A mid-course correction was caused by daughter Martha's arrival in Denver." He's writing this from Sonora July 11th of '83, I think. It says, "Dear Peter and Martha, it was interesting at the Grand Canyon to see two large pictures of Brighty and me prominently displayed, even including my name. They are blown up pictures of family taken by my mother long ago. Although I have determined that I can rent a sixteen," he's talking about the movie now, "although I have determined that I can rent a sixteen millimeter version of *Brighty of the Grand Canyon*, too bad it isn't on videotape." That's what it says here, but it is. "One day maybe when we get together for our 50th anniversary we'll get a machine and show the thing. Mother says two dogs can jump out of the pen. Have been able to drill holes for screws and have raised the gate. Hope things shaping up, including Thomas's ear problem." Thomas is one of our sons and he had to have tubes put in his ears. So that is the only comment I have found about his...

PL: So this must have been when he was there?

MK: Yeah. This is the only time, that picture was taken in 1983. This is the display, what it looked like then. They had these gold panning things here and a little pack thing. The pictures were slightly different than they are now. These are the same.

TM: So your father arrives in '83, sees himself sitting on Brighty.

MK: Yes.

PL: He was surprised.

TM: Was surprised, how did the Park Service get these pictures?

MK: I think they were donated by grandfather, possibly. However, I've replaced this whole thing here about three years ago. So Dad's head is no longer cut off as you can see it is there. This picture's at the top and this one is down at the bottom. Oh, there's a shadow here of grandmother taking the picture, sun being behind her. I had them remove the shadow. [laughs] I probably should not have done that but I did anyway. I had lots of them processed and reframed in Evergreen, Colorado. They did a wonderful job there. So that is the story of that right there.

TM: So how do you think your dad took that? I mean, it sounds like he was surprised, he was kind of miffed but not necessarily...

PL: He didn't talk about it very much, did he? Just a short paragraph about it

MK: Yes. A picture of me. I think he's always downgraded the importance of that time that his family was here developing the North Rim. I really do because they had such a hard time. Then when the time came to build a lodge, they wanted to take bids from certain people or certain factions, but the McKees could not afford to do that so they were bought out for \$25,000. That was a lot of money then, but still that's probably what they had involved in the first place in it, as much money as they had in it. So they accepted. They stayed one more year and ran it while things were going for the lodge, and that was about in 1918.

PL: Oh, it was more than that.

MK: No, '28. Excuse me, 1928. Then, they took that money and they got into the resort business in Mammoth Lakes, California. That was during the Depression so it didn't go real well then either. However, they have Gold Lake Lodge. He built Gold Lake Lodge in the Mammoth Lakes area. Grandfather always had his tuberculosis to worry about. Grandmother did some substituting during the off seasons down in Pasadena and, gosh, grandfather also kept writing. Grandmother substituted and grandmother applied for a job at Mount Wilson Observatory. Because she was a woman, she did not get the job, she feels, because of her...

PL: Being a female.

MK: ...being a female, umm hmm. Anyway, there is so much more to cover.

TM: Did your grandfather work with David Rust?

MK: I don't know. Who was David Rust?

TM: David Rust was a guide.

HC: He started a camp down at the river that came off the North Rim.

TM: Rust Camp, down in Bright Angel Creek, just where Phantom Ranch is today.

HC: Theodore Roosevelt went there once.

TM: Yeah, when Teddy came in Teddy went down there. So I just kind of wondered, he clearly must have known your grandfather.

PL: He probably did.

MK: Umm hmm, probably did.

HC: Yeah, because of that Rust camp. So where do you want to go next?

MK: Well, I would like to look in here. Maybe we should do the cut and I want to read some things out of the memoirs if you don't mind. Would that be all right?

TM: Yeah.

MK: Okay. Thank you. I have to find it first.

TM: No worries.

MK: There's the whole family photo. Patsy mentioned something interesting this morning. Dad decided one time to come back to the Canyon. His school went beyond when they had to open here so he had to come back on his own some summers.

PL: Came by himself.

MK: Came by himself via the South Rim, hiking down to...

PL: Well, but that's not what he normally did.

MK: Oh, no. He would get a ride from Lund, Utah and then get a wagon ride in.

TM: Lund where the train was?

MK: Yes. He took the train to Lund and then got off and did the rest.

TM: He did that by himself?

MK: Yes, many times.

TM: When? When?

PL: By himself.

MK: That's a good question. I don't know exactly, but when he was eleven and twelve is when he came from the South Rim. He thought he'd do it differently but he didn't tell his parents that he was coming from the South Rim. Walking down he got horrible blisters and it was extremely hot. His lunch, he thought "Oh, I'll just have a little lunch, that'll be just fine, a little water,"

PL: And drank the water.

MK: Barely made it to Phantom Ranch where he... They kept him for a good week or more while he recovered. So needless to say, his mother's a little worried at this time where he is. A new phone had been installed in the trail from the North Rim down, I think it's the Bright Angel Trail. It was called a magneto phone. You had to dial like two longs and one short. He finally was able to walk out. He got as far as that phone and was able to use it. His mother picked it up and there he was on the other end. Anyway, they sent horses down and some riders and they got him that way.

TM: So both of you are parents.

MK: Yes.

TM: I'm just interested because I hear these stories, often it seems, of ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen-year olds, basically running the farm while mom and dad leave or doing these adventures. Okay, mom and dad are here, I'm gonna go do whatever. I'm gonna walk from here to there. As mothers...

PL: We would never have done that.

TM: ...now as grandmothers today in 2015, what are your thoughts about this? I think of child neglect.

HC: Or was it just boys that got to do that?

PL: Yeah, they wouldn't have let a girl go by herself, but the boys, you know... It was unusual for them...

MK: They gave him a lot of room to live. I think it was the standard of the time. I believe that that was just the way you did it. They weren't gonna get along well in life unless you just gave them their freedom.

PL: Boys had to do it.

MK: Oh, my goodness.

TM: Have you tried to import that to your children when you raised them?

MK: No. I wanted to know where they were every single moment of the day. I could not believe that if I didn't know where my grandson was when I'm babysitting for him I would go crazy. I would call the police, you know. I couldn't do that, not in this day and age I guess, oh.

PL: Well, I let the kids go out and play but I'd check on them. [laughs]

MK: Yes.

PL: You couldn't leave the neighborhood.

MK: Right.

PL: We grew up in a totally different not only time but in environment, also. Houses in a community.

TM: Yeah. Yeah. Okay.

MK: Dad also talks in his memoirs about the privy problem, which is the digging of holes for the restrooms. They used a lot of dynamite. Okay? [laughs] So he knows how to use dynamite at a very young age. Would you like me to read that part of his memoirs?

TM: Please.

MK: Okay.

“The camp was still a buildin’ that summer and we already had all the guests we could accommodate. Prior to our arrival there had been only a primitive campground at Bright Angel Point that did not have any minimum sanitary facilities. Provision of privies requires digging holes in the toughest substance I ever encountered for digging short of solid rock. Just a few inches below the surface was a deep layer of hard red clay with big limestone rocks embedded in it, totally impervious to water. Most of the vacant spaces in my daily schedule were devoted to helping to dig these holes, of which there never seemed to be enough. In the beginning there were just two privies but they had to be moved frequently. They were moved for obvious sanitation reasons and because it was impractical to dig a hole deep enough to last more than a few weeks. To combat that problem of flies, which was significant, we added chloride of lime to each privy almost daily. We threw on some dirt now and then, too, thus the interminable need for more holes. The privies had stout foundations and we moved them with rollers, straight round logs just kept up for that purpose. A privy move involved first shoveling the dirt that had been banked up on the outside away. Tip the privy slightly and put the rollers underneath, keeping the privy upright. The move was simple enough over level ground by using a bar of handspike as a lever. Weight of privy was several hundred pounds. There was always a problem with the people from the campground to the north that had that first summer no privies at all. Then later on, facilities that were strictly second class compared to our clean carefully tended two-holers. Signs were inadequate to keep them from using their privies thus tying up these indispensable amenities when our guests needed them. One incident occurred when we were moving a privy clear across to the far side of the camp. Lunchtime came when we had the thing right in front of the guest dining room, which was a big tent with a board floor. We stopped work, cleaned up, and went for lunch in the family dining room near the kitchen. After lunch we returned to the job. Dad put the hand spike under the load, gave a big heave, and the privy tipped a little then moved a head a foot or so. A piercing scream came from inside the structure [laughs]. We stood back, the door opened, and out climbed an embarrassed female from the campground [laughter]. My dad was so furious at what he saw that he was speechless, which was unusual for him.” [laughter] So that is one of the funny stories about the privy-moving odd jobs that they went through.

TM: So Martha, for clarification here, it sounds like your folks were running a dining room, they had a camping area, but there was another camp nearby that others ran.

MK: No, it was just a place you could come and camp. It was a campground north. I think it’s probably where the campground is now. In fact, the building that has the store in it and all that, that’s part of that. It was built then.

TM: Okay. So this would be run by the Park Service.

MK: Yes, probably. Yes, uh huh.

TM: Okay.

PL: But they had to...

MK: But they had to bring their own food and all that stuff.

TM: Yeah, yeah, their own camping stuff.

MK: Yes.

PL: And find their own place for potties and stuff. [laughs]

MK: Yeah, find their own place.

TM: Yeah, yeah. I see.

MK: Okay. All right. All right. [flipping pages] I'm still looking for dad's experience in coming across on his own. I know it's in here. Anyway, go ahead and talk, Patsy, if you would like, telling us anything you know.

PL: Well, I'd be interested to know, from what you've already heard, what you would be interested in hearing or whatever is here.

MK: Oh, that's a good idea.

TM: No, I'd like Martha to keep going with these recollections, what she remembers.

HC: The thing about Tom is he's one of three boys and his parents really encouraged them to be out there on the edge to some degree. They were both university professors but they loved to be outdoors, they loved to do stuff like that. So we're always fascinated by other people's growing up.

PL: We were outdoor, too, and I think that was something that happened to us, yeah, three girls.

HC: But you were girls. Tom...

TM: But your father would... I mean, he'd get home from work and your mom would be ready and out you would go.

PL: Yes. And because she's German, this is the fun part, she'd always be, as we were getting in the car and everything's packed, she'd be cleaning the floor of the kitchen so when we got home we'd have a clean kitchen to walk into.

TM: Oh, my gosh, when you came back. Now, did you mom spend a lot of time out of doors when she was a girl?

MK: No.

PL: No, she worked.

MK: The winters got to them and they moved to California, her family did, yeah.

PL: No, they didn't do outdoor stuff.

TM: They were ranching there?

MK: Huh uh. Yes, I believe they were, yes, because I have a painting that Mother bought a print of that reminded her of her roots in North Dakota cause it's got a farmhouse and a stack of hay, those things.

TM: Yeah. So she would have been very comfortable with the out-of-doors life?

MK: Pretty much. She's the one that kept things going. She's the organizer.

PL: Whatever it was, yeah, she'd organize it and we'd do it.

MK: Umm hmm, she'd think ahead as to what we needed and when. She was the organizer.

Okay. Dad really goes into a lot about the camp here and about Brighty. And I have all the photos. [flipping pages] That's probably one of the... I will show you in a minute the pictures of Gustaf and what's her name? It talks about building a tree house, and then the story the cliff dwelling was found. That's the story I just read you. He said he doesn't feel any deprivation having lived here during those summers in his early life.

PL: I think while she's looking, one of the interesting things was that my grandfather was the writer. I don't know why, but he wanted to write and was asked to write certain things about his past. Then I guess my father decided, too, to write. Now, not everybody sits down and writes these stories about their past. I certainly haven't because mine's not very interesting, I guess. I don't have anything really important to say except for my own children maybe to hear. But the experiences that they had, I think, were really different and special so, therefore, it's good to have it down.

HC: Did he write it mostly just for the children or did he write it thinking it was gonna be...

PL: I don't think he thought it was ever gonna be published. So, it wasn't that, it was for us, for the family.

MK: Umm hmm, for the family, yep. Although he did get half of the... What do you call it when you get money for writing a book?

TM: Royalties?

MK: Royalties on *Cattle Ranch to College*. His publisher got the other half because he put the publisher's name as author because grandfather was not... He put Doubleday's name as author. He wanted to do that because he wasn't a well-known author. But it is his story, it is his life, and he wrote that book. He got half of the royalties.

TM: That seems cruel.

PL: I know. It's weird.

MK: Yeah. Yeah. Okay. Still looking. I found the mention of the phone.

PL: This is one of my favorites.

MK: Yes. Thank you.

PL: It's grandmother. You never get a picture to see her.

MK: Thank you. [pause] Okay, he talks about coming on the train at Lund. "Lund, Utah, at 5 a.m. on a bitter cold, windy morning." He was about ten years old at the time. "That nice warm train took off towards Slat [Salt?] Lake and left me standing there all alone on the track. I can remember watching the last car fade off into the darkness. Also, the wisp of steam that came out of its heating hose and its red and green running lights as it abandoned me there in the cold. I was the only person there and have never felt so lonely in my life." Oh, and he had to wait till around 9 for the stage driver to pick him up.

TM: That could explain why he wasn't real keen on coming back.

MK: Yes. Yes.

PL: It was tough every time, just getting here. I think that's what he remembers is getting here.

MK: Okay, here it is. We start his idea about coming through the South Rim. Would you like me to read that?

TM: Please.

MK: Okay. "Phantom Ranch, a Santa Fe development on Bright Angel Creek, just above its confluence with the Colorado had just been opened up to care for visitors from the South Rim who wanted the full canyon experience. Only a few could pay for it. The suspension bridge across the Colorado was new, too. It had been built by the national park to replace the famous cable that had been used there for 30 years or so. It was essential to see all these wonders of the canyon bottom that I had heard about and which seemed to belong to a foreign country. [laughs] Yet they were so close to our place on the North Rim. There was the powerful urge to see the civilization at South Rim. I had watched their lights twinkle on hundreds of nights and had often heard the faint thunder of the locomotive as it labored up the track towards El Tovar Hotel. We on the North Rim seem so very far from civilization. The railroad in those days seemed to be the end or beginning of the civilized world and we were two long days from the UP at Lund or Cedar City. Yet there at the South Rim only thirteen miles across the canyon in plain sight was a fairyland city. One of the world's finest hotels, electric lights, stores, and a railroad."

PL: Whoo, lights and a railroad. [laughs]

MK: "I was in pretty good shape what with running and boxing competitive in high school." So he must have been in high school. He wasn't eleven like I thought. "I figured I could have make it down the nine miles from El Tovar down to Phantom Ranch in one day and up the 18 mile trail up to the Rim the next day. The train arrived at the South Rim in the evening. I went to Bright Angel Lodge and stayed the night. They made me a box lunch and I took off down the trail after breakfast."

TM: So I'm curious here. He's at the South Rim? No, he's at the North Rim thinking he's gonna hike...

HC: No, no, he's at the South Rim, Tom, to get to the North Rim.

PL: By the train.

TM: So he's at the South Rim where the electric lights are and it's such a civilized place and he's gonna go to the North Rim because it's...

HC: That's where he works. That's where his family is, that's where he's supposed to be.

TM: But I'm confused. How did he end up at the South Rim in the first place?

PL: It was his plan/idea to do this.

TM: Oh, he was simply gonna go up to Lund, get on the train, take the train all the way around?

PL and MK: No, he took another train. He bought his own ticket from Pasadena.

TM: Okay. From Pasadena he's gonna come to the South Rim where the train turns and then hike across.

PL: It was his idea that this is simple, I can do this. It's only nine miles, its da, da, da...

HC: I don't have to tell my parents ahead of time.

TM: No, no, no. Parents aren't there. I'm just trying to figure out the route and the planning.

HC: It's a young, young boy. [laughs]

TM: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Yeah.

MK: "The train arrived at the South Rim in the evening and I went to Bright Angel Lodge and stayed the night. They made me a box lunch and I took off down the trail after breakfast. I carried a pocket knife, a jacket, a canteen, an extra pair of socks, and I was wearing a pair of high, rubber soled tennis shoes. Indian Gardens was the first water. It was about halfway down the trail and only about a thousand vertical feet from the bottom. I stopped and drank copiously out of the little stream and ate a sandwich. The air was hideously hot. I rested a while with my shoes off and then took off down the trail. After a mile or so I began to feel queasy and heaved up the sandwich. I rested until early evening and still I felt rotten. Heat, plus too much water, was probably my problem. It cooled off a little when the sun went down and there was enough twilight to keep going. I arrived at Phantom Ranch after dinnertime, still..." [coughing] excuse me, "...feeling sick. I had kept this South Rim expedition a secret from everybody..." Excuse me while I have a little water. Good suggestion. Thank you, Tom. [pause] One of my sons, one of my twins is Tom. "...including my parents and grandparents, knowing they would put the kibosh on it. When I arrived at Phantom I had to call my folks. I did not have enough money to stay in that expensive place. I did not want to travel the next day since I could not eat so establishing credit was essential. Calling was so simple." I guess he did call from there. "I just stepped up to the big old magneto phone on the wall and cranked out one long, two shorts and a long. Mother answered the first ring and was much surprised and relieved since I was now a couple of days overdue. Mother said, "Sure, stay as long as necessary to get to feeling better," so stay I did. After two days I was eating normally. I was the only guest there and the Harvey people took excellent care of me in that wonderful place.

For its location with only pack mule transportation, this was one of the wonders of the hotel world. Most of my four days there I spent exploring the banks of the Colorado, particularly a little delta where Bright Angel Creek enters the river. That was the place that Brighty had been found grazing so many

years ago by Uncle Jim Owen.” I guess that’s what he thinks. Okay. “I guess it is one of the most romantic places I have ever been, and it was all mine. The whole canyon was deserted except for the crew of two at Phantom Ranch. I swam luxuriantly in clear water, clear Bright Angel Creek, and in the muddy Colorado and in the light milk chocolate water where they mixed. No one there at Phantom had ever walked the trail to the North Rim, and I had no advice except to say until I felt able to travel. The heat down there in that gorge was incredible and took some getting used to. Finally I had no excuse for staying any longer. My hosts had packed me a good lunch and I took off at daylight. The first five miles of the trail were virtually all in the water of Bright Angel Creek. I had heard vaguely about the box canyon where the creek was the trail, but since people never walked that trail it had not sunk in on me what it meant. By the time I got to Ribbon Falls, a little beyond where the trail leaves the creek bed, my feet were already blistered from walking in those wet shoes. There was no sense in turning back so I did the best I could. First I took the required ceremonial shower under the falls, and then lay down on the bank to let my shoes dry out. Well, they did not dry much in that high humidity though I stayed there about four hours. I put on the dry socks and started out again. After a couple more fords of the creek, which I simply could not negotiate barefooted, my feet were bleeding badly. I had to keep going since apparently there was not another soul in the canyon. Finally I arrived at the place near the confluence with the Transept, known now as Government Camp. This was a little more than a stop by the creek for resting animals but there spiked to a tree was a telephone. It was in a black cast iron box that was locked. I got a good sized rock, smashed the cover on the iron box and cranked up the good old long, two shorts and a long. Dad answered. I described my condition and he told me to wait there and someone would come for me the next day. It was evening then but then there was no problem since I had some of my lunch left and the air was still terribly hot. The next day one of the packers came down with a horse for me and I rode the last eight miles or so. Such was the ignominious ending of my daring effort to conquer the Grand Canyon on my own two feet. It was a couple of weeks before I could walk properly.”

HC: Poor kid.

MK: So he was about thirteen when he did that.

TM: Pat, what were you thinking?

PL: What was I thinking?

TM: Well, when we were reading this it looked like you were pondering some things.

HC: The pain.

PL: I think that he explained it later in life as he wrote about it.

MK: It was hard for him to do that.

PL: The more positive thing. I think it must have been horrible.

HC: To be all on his own.

PL: All on your own. But then that being on your own, he was kind of used to because his parents both left anyway. He had to stay back and then he had to come by himself. I think that being alone was okay,

but I don't think... If that had happened to me, I put myself in it, I think, oh my God, I don't know if I'd ever be able to write about it, I mean, or I would have died there. I don't know that I would have survived. I don't think that I could have done it. I don't know.

MK: I think since it was expected of him, that he thought, well, I can do this.

PL: That's right.

MK: They have confidence in me to do this big job.

PL: In those days that was it. And then, of course, he had no other way of getting out but taking himself out. There was nothing else.

TM: And in a way, it was the gear that let him down. He had the ability to do it. I mean, it was just, it's the journey and maybe drank too much, didn't eat enough, got too hot.

PL: I keep wondering if that water that he drank coming down was terrible water and got him very sick and caused the whole problem all along.

TM: Umm hmm, umm hmm, possible.

MK: This is the picture of the entourage that came with the Prince and Princess of Sweden when they came to visit in 1926. I do have their signed photo in there, I can show you.

TM: And this shows some very powerful looking touring automobiles.

MK: Yes, very powerful.

TM: Two of them there. I just wonder about the drive from points north out here. Today we're just in our car and its asphalt and we watch bison out there.

MK: Oh, yeah.

PL: Its dirt roads.

MK: I have some pictures of the Kaibab Plateau road that is beautiful trees on either side, but it's a dirt road.

TM: Yeah, yeah, one lane.

PL: Yep. Show her this.

MK: There's another copy in there. I've built several of these and I've sold some to some rangers, but I've given some away, too. I figured it's a good thing to...

TM: Absolutely.

PL: There's a lot of really beautiful history in this. Photos, too.

MK: There's a lot of... And I also... Here's the article in Sunset Magazine that grandfather wrote. Now, I'm not sure about how the attitude would be about finding the real reason, what really happened to the burro Brighty. Okay?

PL: We know.

MK: We know what happened but whether or not they want everybody else to know, because of the wonderful display here in the North Rim of Brighty.

PL: We should tell them, they have to know.

MK: Brighty became, well... Grandfather's story was told him by the people who were involved around the campfire of the passing of Bright Angel. That story is in here, I should go look for it. Anyway, Brighty was captured by two men who were stranded in the canyon in the winter. One of them was a good guy, he was a Marine, and the other guy was a thief. They found the cabin down there and Brighty, they also found Brighty who was a free spirit. They ended up having to kill Brighty for food cause they were stuck down there several months. So that is how the end of Brighty really happened. It's the VT ranch house, wherever that is. Jim Owen, I think, owned that house.

PL: Was it on the top of the canyon here that that happened or was it in the bottom of it?

MK: No, it's not the bottom, about half... I don't know where.

PL: Thinking about snow and it was cold.

TM: The VT ranch is out on the Marble Platform at the base of where the road comes around and starts going up to Jacobs Lake, but its further south of that, but it's on that monocline.

MK: All right.

TM: So it's not in the canyon, but it's at the top of the Marble escarpment there.

MK: I could be wrong then.

TM: If they got snowed in there, they would have been looking for food, there would have been no place to go.

MK: There was no place to go.

TM: Okay.

HC: What is the sanitized version of Brighty's passing?

MK: Oh, there is none. There is no version that's out there. Brighty was just a wonderful burro. Know what Margaret Henry was asked? I have a book by Margaret Henry, it's called *Dear Margaret Henry* and it's wonderful. She explains in here all the letters that she got from all of her animal stories. She wrote a book about trying to answer some of those letters.

TM: Oh, that's fun.

MK: And this was really, this is really neat. Here, of course, is the Brighty part.

HC: We're gonna have to go back and read Brighty. We have a nice copy at home.

MK: Oh, do you? Okay. Let's see. I'm going to not start at the beginning but I will start at the part where someone asks the poignant question about how she found Brighty.

"Dear Margaret Henry: Did you know Homer Hobbs very well?" That's the little boy in her story.
"From Kenneth Mills, Denver, Colorado."

"No, and yes. There is a minor miracle to tell you about the boy, Homer Hobbs. No sooner was the book of Brighty published than a startling letter arrived from Alhambra, California, and it said..." This is grandfather's letter. "...Dear Madam," and I've already read this but here it is in a book, "in shopping for a book for a young person who likes animals my wife came across your storybook about Brighty of the Grand Canyon. We have read it and it makes us homesick cause we are the people who managed Wylie's Camp on the North Rim. Brighty was a summer resident of our camp for several years. When he had nothing else to do, he would go to a parapet of his own, a very verge of the canyon, gazing off into the depths and meditate, maybe about Old Timer..." She tries to include some of the characters that she had in her book. "...the prospector who came there with him and did not come out again. I have a picture of Brighty doing just that which I'm enclosing," grandfather says, "and now the words fairly shouted themselves across the page. Sitting on Brighty's back is his loving companion, my son, Bob. I knew in a twinkling that he was the Homer Hobbs of your story. Sincerely, Thomas McKee." Now Margaret Henry goes on to say, "Can you imagine how exciting it was to find out that a character you thought you had invented turned out to be real? Of course I wrote Mr. McKee at once to thank him and almost by return mail came another note and a whole flurry of snapshots fell out. Theodore Roosevelt with Brighty setting out to hunt a lion; Uncle Jimmy Owen, the government lion killer, with Brighty; Brighty and a pack of hounds; and several of him with the 10-gallon water tanks on his back." Mr. McKee goes on to say, "Brighty was quite a character. He never dropped any manure in the camp. He had a retiring room for that purpose down in the thicket, and he loved children. They would straddle his back from rump to ears and would jog around with them until he thought they had had enough. Then sauntering under a low limb of tree he would brush them all off in a jolly pile. Then he would make a kick turn, point his long ears at them as if asking how did you like that. You'll be interested," the letter went on, "to know about the water packing routine. Without any lead rope Bob led Brighty down to the spring below the rim 150 yards, mighty steep ones, from our camp, filled the tanks, sent Brighty up and then emptied the tanks with a siphon at the top. Near the kitchen was a pine tree furnished nice shade. Here Brighty insisted on standing while the emptying process went on, he always being careful of his health and comfort." Dad was asked "Which is boss, you or Brighty?" a girl asked Bob. "No one's boss," Bob said, "we're partners."

PL: Aww. [laughs]

MK: That answer made me realize how much Homer Hobbs and young Bob McKee were alike." Then she goes on to talk about Theodore Roose... She has a question from Karen Austin from Lincoln Nebraska "Did President Theodore Roosevelt really go to the Canyon to hunt with Uncle Jimmy Owen and Brighty?"

I hope he did.” “You’ll be pleased to know,” she says “that the President Roosevelt did go to the Canyon and he did hunt cougars with Jimmy Owen, the government lion killer, and Brighty. It was while he was there that he wrote in his book.” This is Theodore Roosevelt’s quote that she used from his book, “The Canyon fills one with a sense of awe. Under the naked sun every tremendous detail leaps into glory. Dawn and evening twilight are brooding mysteries over the abyss. Night shrouds its immensity but does not hide it and no one and to none of the sons of men, is it given to tell of the wonder and splendor of sunrise and sunset in the Canyon of the Colorado.” In other words it’s very hard to describe to the average person who’s never been there.

PL: The person that he is to have written like that with such incredible purpose.

MK: She goes on to talk about how she went on location to do research to write the book. This is what she did. She said, “Dear Miss Henry, I read the book you wrote about Brighty and I have two questions. How did you write it? And did you see all of this happen?” from Brian Michener, Vienna, Virginia. “Brighty was a book I had to write on location. I wanted to recreate all the adventures that Brighty might have had so I rode down the north wall on mule back, dismounting often to drink the water of Bright Angel Creek as he himself had done once. I wanted to know just how cold and delicious it was. I sampled the burro browse that grew in sprigs up through rocks. I had to know how it would taste. I hiked part of the way, making believe I was Brighty. One dark blowy night I slept in the vast cave where President Roosevelt, Uncle Jimmy Owen and Brighty had spent the night. The park rangers had warned me to listen for whimpering cries, almost like a baby’s. That will be a mountain lion, they said, but if you lie motionless he will not harm you.” [laughter]

PL: Yeah, right.

MK: Yeah. [laughter] Well, she lived through it, I guess. “In the dead of night I heard that whimper followed by cat feet thudding to earth from a blanched tree trunk at the edge of the cave. Terrified, I dived deep into my sleeping bag like a headless turtle. I had come especially to see a mountain lion but I was too much of a coward to look. The next morning I took pictures of the paw prints in the wet sand around the pool within the cave. They were lion tracks. He had merely wanted a drink. It was easy to write that scary mountain lion chapter the next morning.” This book is available to anybody. I’m sure you can find it on Amazon. Anyway, lots of letters about the book and how she wrote it, and her story.

TM: And the title is?

MK: The title is *Dear Margaret Henry: Behind the Scenes with Margaret Henry and her Books*.

TM: Thank you.

MK: She wrote *Misty of Chincoteague* and *Justin Morgan Had a Horse*, all these books for kids who loved horses. I had a horse all through high school. I loved horses. Anyway, I was lucky to have had that. I would like to look for some things in these files if you don’t mind.

TM: Please. Absolutely. Please, please.

HC: I’m really enjoying this.

MK: You are?

HC: Oh, yeah.

MK: We're enjoying having you, too. I love you intersperse at the right time. You're good, that's really good. I call this File X because it doesn't have any particular order.

TM: The X-Files.

MK: Yes, the X-Files. All righty. This is *The Passing of Bright Angel*. This is *Notes on Brighty the Burro*, and this is *Brighty Discovered*, and *The Passing of Brighty*. Right in here.

HC: Really?

MK: Yes. The real stories that grandfather wrote, yeah. I'm a messy person so...

HC: Oh, no, you're quite organized.

MK: They went home one time over Lees Ferry and across the Painted Desert that way in their Model-T Ford.

TM: Wow.

MK: They did. It was really bad. There's a picture of, grandmother took it, of Lees Ferry and the horses that pull the car up on the other side. The picture was taken October 3rd of 1918. "The trip was to be made at the close of the business that year. It is thought to be the first car to travel from House Rock ranch house to the ferry. There was continual inquiry about the possibility of taking a car through there by people who wanted to get from Bright Angel to the southwest. I had no information except from horsemen and had found that such chaps had very poor ideas as to where a car could and could not go. So I tried it myself." This is grandfather McKee talking. "The party was self, wife, son Robert, and Margaret McCartney, who was a matron at Yellowstone camps for a generation. Robert can be seen on the boat, though his face is hidden by the railing. Mrs. McKee operated the camera just before the start across. Our chief difficulty was sand. There were many wheel tracks. They were of wagon width and so kept at least one wheel in soft sand. In one 20-mile stretch we labored hard from noon to 8 p.m. Most of the way through the sandy stretches there were no tracks at all due to the recent winds. We were four and a half days on this trip to Flagstaff."

TM: Oh, my gosh. Do you have those pictures?

MK: I do have that picture.

TM: I'd love to see them.

MK: Look in there.

TM: Wait, wait don't just say look in there. There's two or three boxes here. Oh, you mean in here?

MK: Yeah. I got it in the memoirs. It's definitely in there, kind of towards the back.

PL: Is this...?

MK: Lees Ferry crossing. That's the buffalo, Jim Owens' buffalo. Those are letters, so it's before that. I didn't notate this one too well. One more... that's the camp. I just had it there for a moment. I know it's in there. Okay, here we go. [flipping pages] There's lots of explanations in these writings about dad and Brighty and what is his duty was. That's once they got across.

MK: I'm sure it's here. There it is.

TM: Okay. So this picture shows a horse and the car and a couple, three, four people. Yeah.

MK: Dad is kind of behind the railing. You can't really see him too well. A horse, and they're starting across before grandmother probably hopped on.

TM: Where is this original photo now?

MK: The original? Right there.

TM: Okay. Great. Great. It's a great shot.

MK: It is a good... The Lees Ferry crossing was...

TM: It shows the high cable here. The crossing here is actually up around the corner at Lees Ferry here with these hills really close. [flipping pages]

MK: Yes. It's probably at a different place than it is now. There were two bridges built, weren't there?

TM: Yeah.

PK: Is this it? No.

HC: The next one.

TM: That's a great shot.

MK: There, it is. Umm hmm. [pause] Immediately when I got these stories I had some of them retyped.

HC: This is the Brighty...?

MK: This is *Brighty Discovered* and this is *The Passing of Bright Angel, The Saga, The End*. The *Brighty Discovered* story is shorter. Would you like me to read some of it?

TM: Please.

MK: Okay. I shall. *The Passing of Brighty* is about three times as long as is *Discovery*.

TM: Okay.

MK: Some of this I've already mentioned in some of the writings that I've already read but this is the story that grandfather wrote that's out there that I would like to get published.

"The peal of a sorrowing woman in doubt as to whether she were a wife or widow induced John Fuller to that trip into the Grand Canyon over half a century ago and an eventful journey it turned out to be. John then, in the year 1900, was a young herdsman raising stock in the Kaibab Forest, his cabin standing at the head of Bright Angel side canyon where the creek of that name takes off from the Kaibab Plateau on its precipitous," however you say that word, "course to the river 15 miles away. To this day his name survives in the area where his cabin then stood, affixed to Fuller Spring and Fuller Canyon, and later a deep surface depression near his cabin. Fuller was seen as the right person for the adventure, he being then on the rim and known as an experienced canyon and river man. She was Mrs. Frank Brown of Denver. Her husband, a civil engineer and contractor and spying out a railroad route to the coast, had attempted the hazardous journey down the river through the canyon." So that's why they were down there. "In Marble Canyon he had been thrown from a capsized boat that had been swept downstream by the yellow torrent. Three days after that, two other men of the same expedition met a like fate. Almost certainly the three men had been drowned, but there remained, especially in the mind of Mrs. Brown, a scintilla of hope that they had reached shore further downstream and in an even more miraculous way had escaped starvation during the intervening year. She could picture them, or some of them, now wandering around in the canyon depths awaiting rescue. Only a fond woman unfamiliar with the harsh environment could harbor such a hope but she held to it. Experienced canyon men gave little credence to this, though of course, they had to admit that the seemingly impossible sometimes happens. Of the finding of the bodies or some of them, John had a vestige of hope and even this confirmation of death would have brought a sad sort of consolation to her anguished mind."

"At least she would know the truth and would have peace of mind in the thought that she had done all possible. Choosing a companion and mounting two good horses, John, unable to resist a grieving woman's plea went more from a sense of duty than from hope of success. Fuller's difficulties in traversing the so called trail down Bright Angel Creek were many. They picked their way over the only foot track used then by the cliff dwellers of old and such wild animals as sought the warm canyon's depth for winter. A drenching rain caught them halfway down from tent to creek. Within a few minutes both horses had lost their footing and plunged to their deaths over a cliff. On reaching the dead horses the men found most of their provisions lost or destroyed. They salvaged what they could and proceeded on foot. Darkness was upon them when they reached the upper end of the little sand flat on which Phantom Ranch now stands. There, to their astonishment, they found a gray burro placidly grazing and near him a canvas lean-to tent. Otherwise the place was silent and unoccupied. Fuller and mate, having been wet by the rain as well by the scores of fording the creek, built their fire to dry out near the tent and spent the night, occasionally expecting the tent owners to appear. But the night passed and not one came."

"Fuller viewed the vacant encampment though rather hastily, he, of course, intent on his difficult errand. The remains of the stranger's fire seemed about a week old. Near it stood a small pack saddle and Dutch oven, its cover weighted down with a big rock, probably to keep the burro out of it. The oven contained part of a camp-made loaf. The spore of horses and men about the place indicated that two men with saddle animals had spent a week or ten days there. On peeping into the tent, Fuller saw a gold watch hanging to one of the uprights, some clothing, two camp beds, toothbrushes and shaving stuff. Fuller was especially interested in the foodstuffs there, he being short thereof due to the incidents of the journey down. If these men could spare some supplies Fuller would be able to stay longer than otherwise in his search for the drowned men. But to his

disappointment the tent contained very little food so Fuller passed on down to the river margin to begin what proved to be a four-day fruitless quest after which hunger compelled return to the plateau. On the way up the creek they made strict search in and about the tent to find out, if possible, who these people were. Anyone coming into the canyon from the north would have had to pass Fuller's cabin. No such party had passed. In fact, it would have been almost impossible and suicidal for the strangers to attempt the perilous route by which Fuller had come there. So it was evident that these men had come down from the South Rim, swam the river and ridden up to this favorable camping place. In the sandy ground foot and hoof prints showed clearly. In reading these John, adept at such work, saw that two men had mounted two horses and while leading a burro had ridden toward the river edge where sandy patches made the tracing easy. John surmised they entered the water for the swim across. There the horse tracks ended."

"The lack of provisions in the tent suggested that their later trip was planned to gather provisions at the South Rim. Conditions in the tent and around it suggested that only a short absence was intended. The leaving of the watch was a natural act because protecting a watch from water in swimming is not easy. The men knew they were alone in the canyon and seemingly expected to return the day following their departure. In recounting the incident afterward, Fuller stated positively that these strangers had entered the river at a spot much too low downstream to permit passage of the stream. Though the river was crossed by swimming in this area the custom among guides and other men was to go far up the stream so as to allow plenty of leeway in reaching the opposite shore in calm water and before the rapids below could grip the swimmer to carry him on down and probably to death. This lack of caution seemed to be borne out by what afterward came to light, for John's forebodings were probably well founded. Fuller then went back to the tent, entered it, hunt for the clues, nothing in it or in the clothing there gave any hint as to what the men might be. But on searching the area around about he found two pieces of paper, both incomplete parts of longer writings. On one was the printed heading of Babbitt Brothers Merchants of Flagstaff. It contained a list of goods bought from that firm, but a preceding sheet which probably had existed was not found, much to Fuller's regret, for it might have given a name, but no written name was found. The other paper piece was a letter sheet. It also seemingly was part of a letter of at least three sheets, this being an inside one bearing no name or address. John, with his companion, taking these writings trudged back up Bright Angel Creek to his cabin on the plateau." Let me have a little aqua, por favor. Thank you.

"This fragment of letter invites some comment here. Written in a woman's hand on both sides of the paper, the quality of the latter being an expensive kind seldom seen in canyon camps. I told that its writer expected shortly to become the wife of the recipient. In a happy, joking vein she told that her friends were teasing her saying that her fiancé had fled to the wilds of Arizona to escape her matrimonial clutches. His retorts were set out and some details of the intended wedding recited. She warned him against recklessness, telling him that he had new responsibilities now. At first glance Fuller sent the two paper fragments to Babbitt's at Flagstaff. A long, long journey a letter had to make in those days to reach that destination. The first 300 miles by horse power then to either San Francisco or Denver areas to reach the Santa Fe before landing in Flagstaff. In due time the Babbitt reply came back verifying Fuller's forebodings. A few weeks prior to Fuller's discovery of the silent tent, two men had bought a bill of food and camp equipment at the store. The printed bill having been used in the transaction. They were Chicagoans on an outing into the Grand Canyon wilds. They rode two horses and led two pack burros, one black and one gray. They rode away, appeared at the head of the canyon and descended. They were never heard from again. Frantic friends had come to Flagstaff and had instituted a wide but fruitless search. The group had been

seen passing down the trail from the El Tovar area later to be known as the Bright Angel, though ten only reaching part way down. From the gardens downward it was pretty rough going so the searchers had not only gone down this trail to the river but had crossed the river itself. No trace of the missing men was found. He couldn't explain this failure to two causes, the horse tracks being in sand had blown away before the seekers got there and the tent standing protecting bushes had not been seen. A third surmise was that the searchers got tired and did not make the trip across the river at all." They couldn't find that where Fuller found.

"Due to an elapsed time before this answer came to Fuller he had left the plateau as was necessary for winter. As the new season for plateau grazing came, he was again implored by the widow to try again. He did so and found the camp of strangers just as he had left it six months before. Not a thing had been touched. Extended search for the missing bodies of both Brown party and the owners of the tent failed again but the little gray burro was there as before and friendly. This time he followed Fuller to the top and thereafter annually came to live on the plateau in summer and to seek the warm depths of the canyon as autumn chill came to the higher region." And we know he did that for 30 years. "This he did for 20 years." Well, dad says 20 but it's 30. "His custom broken only when he was captured by those," this is grandfather, "who wished his services as a pack animal." I could be wrong on that 30. I've heard different things in different writings. "For this he proved of little value for would skillfully rub off any pack saddle on his back and at camp of Jim Owens always hung around in summer. Of course, he could not get the pack saddle off but he knew that Owens would help relieve him. Jim said laughingly that Brighty just about kept his outfit supplied with pack saddles. Almost exactly 20 years after, on July 11th, 1921, John Fuller then residing in Cedar City, Utah stood at the Wylie campfire and told this story at length. Others had told me outlines of the case but that evening we got it firsthand. Brighty lived with Fuller first and then with the outfitter Jim Owen for 20 years. His fate is told in another story." And that story's long, really long.

TM: So that would be 1900 because if Mrs. Brown had come looking for help 10 years after her husband disappeared.

MK: Yes, that's right. 1900. Umm hmm.

TM: The Rust cable was built in '06 or '03, something like that, so that would make sense.

MK: Brighty helped build that. Not the cable, the first suspension bridge.

TM: Oh, the bridge was in '27, '26?

MK: Yes.

TM: Somewhere in there, '24.

MK: Right. And then Brighty's surmise was in 1922 because just as his article in Sunset Magazine went to print, there's a little teeny paragraph at the end that says, "Just heard Brighty is no longer." So that is also in that Sunset Magazine article. I want to put dad's memoirs between these two things. Brighty still being the center of the stories. Then I will write that little bit of introduction. I'll hear in August sometime. We'll see. I don't know if they really want the real story of Brighty out there because it's just...

TM: So in the '70s the park did an effort to remove burros from the canyon.

MK: Yes, I remember that, uh huh.

TM: What are your thoughts, how did that hit the family? Was that...

MK: Yes. Was that in the '70s or '80, in '81? '70s?

PL: To remove what?

MK: The burros. Well, they certainly got a lot of money by concerned people to helicopter them out and then put them in places where they could survive. They were not indigenous to this area and I know they're very conscious of what grows and what doesn't grow and what was natural and what isn't natural.

PL: That's about the time they started doing that.

MK: Very conscious. Finally. We don't kill mountain lions otherwise your deer population goes crazy. But they didn't realize that because people loved the deer so much. Oh, those cute little deer, the awful mountain lions are eating. But we eat deer, you know, we're not so bad. [laughs] Anyway, the moral of this story is that they did, in fact, they removed the display there at the North Rim here and put the statue on the place where the bookstore is. The whole story and everything, I don't know where it went. If you go into the rangers' headquarters closer to the campground, there's another picture of dad and Brighty in there they didn't want to put on the display I let them have. Dad's looking at Brighty and Brighty's looking at dad. It's very, oh, it's very emotional. Last time I've been in there, it was there. The old pictures that were up there before we replaced the display, I do not know where they are. I said just keep them, just put them somewhere in the artifacts.

TM: It is interesting to note that the burro population in the western Grand Canyon on the south side of the river is in good shape.

MK: It's in good shape?

TM: It is.

MK: Okay. Are there still wild burros?

TM: You bet.

MK: Great. I didn't know that.

PL: But none over this side?

TM: Not on this side.

MK: None on this side? Huh.

PL: That's Indian reservation on that side, it's not national park. So the Indians, can do what they want.

MK: They do what they want. All right. Let's let them do that. How long have I been boring all of you with this?

TM: It isn't boring at all.

MK: [laughs] Well, I'd like to show you a couple pictures if you don't mind.

TM: Please.

MK: Okay. Let's see if I can find it. There's tons in here, too. My husband went down to the little stream where the water was emitted...

TM: The spring. The spring. Uh huh. Uh huh.

MK: The spring where they've got water.

MK: ...and took pictures. You're not supposed to go off the trail, I know, but...

HC: You can go off the trail if you're going somewhere specific. What they don't want you to do is when you're going down the trail to shortcut because that's what does the damage. If you're on the trail and you want to go somewhere specific you can do that.

MK: Okay. Oh, that's nice to know.

HC: Yeah. People will shout at you sometimes and you're just like, no, that's not what they're trying to stop you doing.

MK: Oh, good. Oh, I'm so glad to know that.

HC: They just don't want you rolling stuff down onto the people coming uphill.

TM: This is great. Someone built a little concrete rock structure to catch the water. This is wonderful.

MK: Yes, umm hmm. [going through pictures]

TM: This is the spring that your father found?

MK: Well, no, that one was there. That's not the one they went one afternoon over to Transept Canyon.

TM: Okay. All right.

MK: This is the king and queen. They later became the king and queen, I think. But, they were over here visiting for this centennial, whatever 1926 was in our history, or our country's...

HC: 150th.

MK: Yeah, 150th, that's what it was. That's their real signatures there. And there's a letter here from...

TM: Says Western Union to T. H. McKee.

MK: This was in Grandmother's, one of her albums that broke apart. When our sister Ann was born, that was on the other side of this, the king and queens...

TM: Ann... McKee age three hours, sending greetings, all okay.

MK: That's how they communicated in those days.

TM: That's gorgeous.

MK: Okay. Would you like me to read this letter from Sven Hedin to grandfather McKee?

TM: Please.

MK: "My dear old friend, Thomas H. McKee, I was very glad indeed to get your letter of April 28th," and this was written in Stockholm in '59, would you say those dates say '59, 1959?

TM: Yes.

MK: The fifth month? Yeah, the fifth month, the 28th day and 1959. Okay.

MK: "I have just published a new book on Silhouette celebrities and kings whom I have met and known during my long life. Of course, I remember our drive to Cape Royal, the Santa Fe Railroad had invited me to a three-week stay at the Grand Canyon and I told them that I was going to write a book about my experiences after my return home, and so I did. My book is called *Grand Canyon*, was published in Stockholm and Leipzig 1925, but unfortunately not in English. It is a book of 295 pages. It is illustrated with my own sketches, ten of which are in colors. From page 250 to the end, I describe the journey together with you and your son. On page 252, I introduce you with the following words: Mr. McKee was an unusually, clever, intelligent, and charming man and the days I enjoyed his companionship belonged to my best remembrances of America. I tell a lot of wonderful stories or rather quote the stories you told me and which are to be found in my book. On the 35 last pages of my book you play a most important part and I say a lot of very nice things about you in connection with our journey, the first days of July 1923." That's when they were here. "It is a great pity that my book was not translated into English and published in the U.S.A for it is full of admiration of those grand and wonderful landscapes and it would have been an excellent advertisement for travelers to El Tovar and the Northern Rim. I had seen the Himalayas, the Transhimalayas, my own mountains where nobody had ever been before and me, and I say in the book that the only landscapes that can be compared to the Grand Canyon, to the Grand Asiatic sites, is the Grand Canyon, though in Asia you have to look upward and Grand Canyon downward for enjoying the beauties of the earth's surface. I will send you a copy of my book as ordinary mail so it will take some time to get it over there by sea, it comes on a boat. Perhaps you know some publisher who would be interested in publishing it. A description of the Grand Canyon can never be antiquated. The temples of the Brahma and the Zoroaster and the views of Navajo Point will remain the same for millions of years. The attractive thing with my book on the Grand Canyon would be that it is written by one who has discovered some of the most wonderful secrets of Asia and compare the beauties of two continents with one another. After you have got my book please let me know what you think about it. With hardy thanks for the charming days of long ago, I thank you for your kindness, not to

have forgotten me, and with hardiest greetings to all members of your family. Yours forever faithfully,
Sven Hedin.”

HC: How do you spell Hedin?

MK: H-e-d-i-n, Hedin.

HC: He’s pretty famous.

MK: Is he? Sven Hedin?

HC: Yeah. Yeah. He was an explorer.

TM: Yeah.

PL: It sounds like he’s an explorer. He’s everywhere.

MK: Well, this is a copy.

HC: I don’t know anything more than that.

MK: I don’t know where the real letter is.

HC: He’s somebody for real, yeah.

MK: Grandfather probably copied the letter.

PL: That’s really interesting.

MK: Isn’t that interesting?

PL: Yeah.

MK: I love that part there. Let’s see. [leafing through pages] Here is their entourage again, and I think grandfather wrote on the back of that one. [pause]

TM: So at North Rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona, Crown Prince of Sweden about to enter car, Princess inside, Swedish flag on the building.

MK: Yes. Grandfather donated the Swedish flag to the organization here.

TM: Oh, fun. [pause] Wonderful shot.

MK: Great. That’s a good one. Have you seen that one?

PL: Oh, we just saw that one. You have that picture. It’s not as clear as this, though.

MK: That’s the original.

HC: Yeah, cause this one you'd have to get blown up, those were amazing cars.

PL: They are, they're gorgeous.

MK: Don't we wish we had a couple of those now.

MK: Well, let me get the other pictures out for you that I'm interested in you seeing and then I won't push anything more on you.

TM: No, no, no. So all this goes back in here?

MK: Yes, let's put it in that. Yeah, try to put it back in there.

TM: Let's do this right now. [shuffling papers]

MK: Thank you.

PL: I feel like I'm hearing so many nice things that people write and say about nature and places out here.

HC: I think cause there weren't so many people here.

[sorting papers and background conversation with HC]

MK: Section 9, 10, and 11. I'll get those out. These are taken by, oh gosh, Mark Twain's cabin.

HC: While you're looking at that I'll just mention Dave Rust. One of the things that we got out of the book and that is that he and his father-in-law were trying to get a rail spur from Lund and the North Pacific down to the North Rim of the canyon and that's why they wanted the camp at the bottom. Your grandfather...

MK: He would know about that.

HC: ...thinking, oh, well, I'll build my thing here because there might be a lot more business on this side of the Rim... [both talking].

MK: Well, they encouraged him to do that.

HC: Right. So there would have been overlaps from those kind of people, too.

MK: Yes. There would have been. These are all dad at the North Rim with his cat; here we are at the spring; preparing lunch at the springs; this is a picture of Hurricane, as you come up out of Hurricane. Look at how much it's changed.

PL: Oh, from the highway looking down?

MK: Yes. Uh huh. The windy road you go on?

PL: Yeah.

MK: Hurricane from the top of the hill; and this is Frank Winess, one of the rangers. Excuse me, I'll just let you look at these. Okay? Don't worry about handling them carefully.

TM: Head ranger at Bright Angel, 1926. That's such a great shot.

MK: It's a good one.

PL: Oh, I've never seen that one.

TM: Wearing knee-high leather boots.

HC: Who's that?

MK: Frank Winess. He was one of the rangers that grandfather dealt with.

PL: Oh, oh, oh.

TM: 1925 Cliff Springs; Cape Royal; Robert and grandpa at North Rim Grand Canyon; Hurricane from first uphill drive out of Fredonia; Frank Winess, story of him; and prints in envelope with Prince and Princess of Sweden.

PL: You got all these from mother?

MK: Most of them.

PL: That dad had gotten from his dad?

MK: Yeah. And then passed down. Mother had them in the open box with rat poop in it.

TM: So this is your father with his cat, is that right?

MK: Yes, uh huh.

PL: Yeah, he had a cat.

MK: He had a little pet here.

MK: [pause] So they took many side trips for people. Point Imperial. Oh, grandfather named Angel's Window because he thought it had more romance. It used to be just Hole in the Wall, but he put the name Angel's Window and it stuck. So he's responsible for that.

HC: Nice.

MK: This is his aunt and his cousins; Bobby and Teddy.

TM: Bobby and Teddy, age seven, says very old.

PL: I have not seen some of these, Martha.

MK: I know. You didn't look, you know that box was in there for years. Anybody could have gotten...

PL: I didn't even know it was there, though.

MK: I know.

PL: I had no clue.

MK: I just happened upon it and I said "Mom, what..."

PL: You discovered it.

MK: "...what are these?" I love these old negatives. They're so funny, aren't they?

TM: So this is the positive here and that's the negative.

MK: That was when dad was seven, and that's grandfather's writing.

TM: Robert and Ted. Bringing water to camp at Bright Angel. [pause]

PL: My gosh.

HC: Laminating was a good idea.

TM: Yeah.

MK: Well, I thought it was, too, and I had access to a laminator. I was teaching music.

PL: These are all laminated, huh?

MK: Music, K through 5.

HC: Yeah, so you don't have to worry about fingerprints or people pouring tea on them.

MK: I don't know if you're supposed to do that with old things but, oh well, what the heck.

HC: They're your photos.

PL: You can put these all in an envelope for Bobby and Teddy.

MK: No, they're sectioned out. This has the road to the North Rim I think. These are old photos.

[all passing photos around]

TM: So in this picture the road is going through a stand of aspens. It's a one-lane road, the ruts are about six inches deep. There's a car in the distance approaching. You can see here that if two cars were to approach each other there would be room to bump out of the main roadway and the two cars could pass and then you'd bump back in again.

MK: Umm hmm. Let's see what it says. Nothing. Just says Kaibab.

PL: Is the road coming into the North Rim?

MK: Yes. Yes, it is.

HC: That looks so much like the road out to Shiva Point or somewhere like that.

MK: Uh huh.

TM: This says Kaibab Vista on the back of this one.

MK: Okay. That is Grandmother's writing. And they all go in that envelope there, the Kaibab ones.

TM: The view into the canyon from Bright Angel Point, North Rim. That's gorgeous. Black and white photo. Zoroaster Temple.

[background conversation]

MK: Grandfather, of course they stopped in interesting places to and from here. One of them was Mark Twain's cabin, the remnants of it which were left.

PL: What was that?

MK: This is THM holding the coffin tops and bottoms at Aurora, Nevada, taken in 1927. This one has a big thing on the back of this. Main Street Aurora, 1927. Mark Twain's cabin at right of larger building. MT's (Mark Twain's) cabin became an annex and stood behind the larger buildings. It's the remnants of it, or whatever.

PL: Oh, boy, that's out in the desert.

MK: Yeah. I think of the town of Aurora now...

HC: Look at the angle on that one where it's kind of leaning.

PL: Yeah, it's not straight up and down.

HC: No. I love going to those old mining towns and...

MK: Oh, I know, and we love doing it, too. We as kids, we were, of course, always doing stuff like that.

PL: Our parents were always taking us through those. Well, I'm experiencing what you're experiencing here. For me some of this is all brand new. It's good. Glad I'm here, Martha.

MK: Yeah. This is Bobby and Brighty. It has the old negative that goes with it.

PL: Oh, for heaven's sakes. Oh, my gosh.

[Still flipping through photos]

PL: That's a precious one.

MK: This is the North rim family and the negative, the original.

TM: This is a wonderful picture. There's one, two, three, four, five people in the back line and there's one, two, three people in the front line.

MK: Yeah, that's our famous family.

TM: And in the middle, between the back line and the front line, in the middle of all the people is Brighty.

MK: This is grandfather McKee, this is grandmother McKee, and this is our dad, Robert McKee.

TM: Okay. Do you know who the rest of these people are?

MK: They referred to them as the Mormon people that helped them run the camp.

PL: The people that worked here. They were from the Mormon area.

TM: Richard Baker, Portland, Oregon. Camp family at Bright Angel Point, 1918, question mark. That's a great shot.

MK: It's always in the newspaper that you get at the gate.

PL: I know, but I like the picture.

MK: You asked me about that and I'll get you one. Yeah, we'll do it.

PL: To send down to my side of the family so that they have it also.

[Still flipping through photos]

PL: I love that picture of grandfather.

MK: I have a feeling that this is the car that dad drove to get the water after Brighty was phased out. And there was a new, maybe it was at the new...

PL: Yeah, the spring.

MK: ...spring that they found. It was in what is now Widforss Meadow. That's Robert and Thomas.

TM: Maybe a Model T truck here with the wooden spoke wheels. This would be your father and his father?

MK: Umm hmm, yes. Dad's the younger one [laughter].

TM: Yeah, yeah, your father standing and his father sitting on the running board of the truck there, the cab.

MK: It's a Model T, I believe.

TM: It sure looks like it. That's great.

MK: This next one is the one that was given by Teddy Roosevelt to Jim Owen of their hunting trip here in 1913, and then it was given to grandfather by Jim Owen. Now, grandfather calls Jim Owen, without an s at the end. I've heard his name spelled O-w-e-n-s, I've heard it O-w-e-n. Even grandfather has spelled it two different ways and so we don't really know how it's spelled, but its okay. All right. This is the actual photo that was given by Teddy Roosevelt. On the back of that grandfather actually wrote, little teeny pieces of paper that he paper clipped onto that. His old paper clips left marks which are so funny. And this is said endorsed and original, "Roosevelt party: The Colonel, Old Pot, and Uncle Jim in center. Others: Archie and their cousin Nicholas Roosevelt. Quinton is at the camera." His son Quinton, took the picture. "This photo sent by Theodore Roosevelt to Jim Owens and by the latter given to me. THM"

HC: Should take it on Antique Road Show sometime and see what it's worth.

MK: I'd love to. Yeah. 10 million? Okay. [laughter]

HC: Maybe a couple of thousand for that. Even so, that's fun. At the history symposium, they have one every five years or so at the Grand Canyon...

MK: Oh, yes, I heard about, I read about that, yeah.

HC: It's a lot of fun.

PL: Wow, this should go there. Yes.

TM: Absolutely.

HC: Yeah, you might consider presenting sometime.

TM: You could do a presentation there easy.

MK: Really?

TM: Oh, yeah.

HC: Easy, easy, easy.

TM: You've got all the source material right here. Next year there will be a symposium. Hint, hint.

PL and MK: Where is it being held?

TM: It will be at South Rim probably, most likely.

HC: It's going in November, isn't it?

TM: Yeah.

MK: Isn't this amazing? I'm sorry that Teddy Roosevelt did not sign the back of that. Wouldn't that have been nice?

PL: Oh, this is Teddy Roosevelt in the middle, I think.

HC: But somebody gave a talk about...

TM: About that expedition. About trying to get to the North Rim from Flagstaff. It took them days to get across the desert and to get to Lees Ferry and across and around and up. It was quite the journey.

HC: I don't know if this picture's in it or not, I can't remember, cause they had a bunch of pictures in there. I remember Nicholas and Quinton's names. You'll have to have a look in there.

PL: Yeah, I'd love to come to that myself.

MK: Oh, I would, too, just to learn more. Gosh, I would certainly be open for it.

HC: Do you have an email address.

MK: Oh, of course.

TM: Well, we'll connect you up that way.

MK: Okay, that would be great. And this is the negative. I don't know if grandfather had that made or if that, see, it's got the little paperclip mark on it.

TM: Yeah. Right. It may be the negative of the positive.

MK: I've seen this picture or one similar to it in many publications, but that particular photo is the one that was sent by... Okay, let's see what else is here. This is really the most interesting picture wise that I have. This is the Roosevelts.

TM: LA Times, April 22nd, 1951. Family portrait. From 1903, I see.

MK: Let's see what else we have here. Okay. Mark Twain's cabin, we already looked at that. Very interesting. The Franklin agent, we saw him. Elephant feet in Arizona. These are just sites on the way here or on the way away.

MK: Excuse me. It's easier if only one person talks at one time.

PL: Yes, it is. I'm sorry. It's my fault.

TM: If there's gonna be a transcriber for this, it's very, very difficult when you have two groups talking. So these elephant feet, is this on the road to Kayenta?

MK: What does it say on the back?

TM: It says near Red Lake...

HC: Red Lake Trading Post is on that road.

TM: ...Canyon. So, that's indeed where it is. That's amazing.

MK: Look at the old car. That's probably their car.

TM: Again, single track, deep rut.

MK: Umm hmm. That's a copy. This is more Brighty, pictures.

TM: Brighty alone with... What's that say?

MK: We called those tanks alfoges. I think they were made of canvas in the beginning and then they used gas tanks that were clean to carry the water.

TM: Right, so there'd be one on either side.

MK: Yes.

TM: Well, that would be a lot of weight. Very fun. [Still flipping through photos]

MK: This is the photo that hangs at the North Rim display. Now, do you see grandmother's...

TM: Shadow there, yeah.

MK: ...shadow? I had that removed. Actually we cut her off, I think is what we did. This is another not excited, no smiles picture of Robert McKee.

HC: He was working, though. That was work.

MK: Working. It's work. He said he developed such good lungs by being up here and doing all of this walking around at this level, that he did very well when he went to high school and college in track. He was a track star. But he attributes it to his...when really your blood is part of the reason. The average width of your red blood cells increases when you need more oxygen. You either smoke or you live at a high elevation when you're average width, cause I know a little bit about that. When you go down to a lower elevation, your blood gets rid of those extra things you don't need, so coming back up is more difficult.

TM: That's right. [Still flipping through photos]

MK: Really fun to go to sea level. Whoa, that's fun. Coming back is not so fun. This one was in grandmother's album. You can see this paper that she, it's almost like it just fell apart.

TM: Yeah, the blacking paper. That's a great shot.

MK: That's the one.

TM: Bobby on Brighty.

MK: That is a picture of a picture of the picture, the original.

TM: Is it? Okay.

HC: He doesn't look very comfortable sitting on her.

MK: No, he doesn't. Okay, let's see what else is here. I don't really remember. Mark Twain's cabin; Franklin agents; that's the ferry building. Grandmother went to Wellesley, right?

PL: Uh huh.

TM: I'm gonna sneak in here, old ferry building?

MK: Old ferry building in east, somewhere where she went to college. I'm not sure.

TM: Oh, this looks like Boston or New York.

MK: Boston, yes.

HC: Wellesley is not far from there.

MK: This is, dad's aunt came to visit. This picture was the one that was hanging in the ranger station.

TM: Which shows two small children. So would this...

PL: They're our cousins.

TM: Your cousins, okay, are sitting on Brighty and there's your father on the right?

MK: That's him, yes, and that's Aunt May with the hat on. Here's another photo of her. Wasn't too happy. And that's Brighty the burro.

TM: Aunt May Wylie and Robert at BA camp. Brighty, our water carrier, Robert at the rope, aunt May at the back.

MK: Umm hmm. So that's all grandfather's writing, I can tell his writing. Grandmother has a different script altogether so it's easy to... These are just copies of photos. Okay, this is when they moved to Alhambra. This is their photo when they had their 50th wedding anniversary at our house. This is Ann and me, Patsy's not in that one.

HC: Did they get the 16 millimeter film to watch?

MK: No. Which one? We didn't watch any movies.

HC: You had said on one of the earlier ones that there was a 16 millimeter movie of Brighty of the Canyon.

MK: Oh, yes, that was in the '80s. My daughter had said that to dad. This is for grandfather's 50th and grandmother's 50th. It was at our house, the McKee house. There's grandmother and grandfather sitting together.

TM: Yeah, they're smiling. That's nice.

MK: Yes. It's a very nice photo. I must have this picture somewhere because this is his friends, he's having his friends sign something there. So they did move to Alhambra, near Pasadena. That's where they were until grandmother died and then grandfather moved in with us in Pasadena. Lived with us for four years. Patsy wasn't there, Ann wasn't there. I remember his having difficulty walking down the hall, holding onto the wall. He never was on oxygen. He should have been on oxygen, but they didn't know that in those days, I suppose. He lived very long with the TB, till 89. He was 89.

TM: Oh, good for him.

HC: Amazing.

MK: He really did. All right, thank you. Family pics. If you're getting tired you just let me know.

TM: No, no, no, we're good.

MK: All right. This is the Wylie group. There's William Wallace Wylie who started the first tourist camp in Yellowstone. There's our grandmother McKee, and these are relatives: Thomas McKee and some of Bobby's cousins, there's our father and his cousins, I think that's Aunt May Wylie. No, this is May. She's the one that came to the canyon. It says something on the back. There's a lot of stuff, yeah.

PL: There's names on the bottom.

MK: Umm hmm. Let's see what's in here. Grandfather in his office, his law office in New York. The same photos that we've just looked at. Oh, here's our family photo. Isn't that neat?

PL: Yeah, I got that.

MK: You have that one?

PL: Umm hmm.

HC: That beard is something else.

PL: Yes, yes, yes. Who's that?

MK: It must be a Wylie. Yes.

PL: You say this is...

MK: That's William Wallace.

PL: William Wallace Wylie.

MK: Yep. W-y-l-i-e. I think that's at either our house or at grandmother and grandfather's house.

TM: So this is your grandfather?

MK: Grandfather, grandmother.

TM: There's your father.

MK: That's our dad. That's Ann, Patsy, Martha and Lucille.

TM: And Lucille is your mother?

MK: Yep. Our mother. Umm hmm. Ann passed away from a bad back problem in 2011. She had Syringomyelia, which is the development of cysts on the spinal column that has had too much trauma to it. It's a rare thing but it finally took over her entire spinal column and her brain stem.

TM: That's a great shot.

PL: She was between us in age.

MK: She was the middle daughter. Okay. Grandfather at his office in...

[Someone enters cabin]

TM: In law office in New York City.

MK: Yes. Let's see what else is in here. [going through photos] These are North Rim structures.

TM: Wylie Way structures. Whole camp taken from the top of fire inspection tower. A view of the rim, Bright Angel Point, Bobby on Brighty.

MK: Famous photo, looking over the canyon. Those would be the originals of those I think. And then these are just copies.

TM: That's a pretty extensive camp. There's...

MK: It was. It became very extensive.

TM: ...maybe a dozen buildings. This is sort of the small cabins and...

MK: Yes.

TM: ...clearly the initial concept for what is mapped out today.

MK: It was patterned after the same type of camp that William Wallace had started in Yellowstone.

HC: Like the camps in Yosemite where you have the bases, Tom?

TM: Yes. Yeah. Basically a canvas top but a wooden bottom with wooden sides.

MK: Yes, exactly, and striped tent.

TM: This is a very nice picture. Bright Angel Point camp taken from the top of the ranger fire inspection tower, which shows heavy forest and again a cluster of buildings scattered out. I can appreciate why there was a sanitary problem and people got to go to the bathroom and dragging that around and digging holes.

MK: This picture occurs right in the parking lot out here on the big covered billboard thing that they have there before you cross the final road to come to the buildings here. This is the one.

TM: Yeah, cause it really gives an idea of what was here. It says "Camp at..."

MK: Bright Angel.

TM: ...Bright Angel", umm hmm. "Your summer home at Grand Canyon" it says.

MK: What? (laughs)

TM: It says "Your summer home at Grand Canyon." Those are great.

MK: Did we look in there?

TM: This is your dad on Brighty at the rim.

MK: That's an original. Great. Okay. Good.

TM: It's wonderful your mom kept these.

MK: She didn't want to go through them. It was too overwhelming to her.

TM: That's normal.

PL: It's too much.

MK: So I've had nothing but time since I've been retired from teaching.

TM: Perfect, perfect.

MK: So that's most of the interesting ones. There's more but it would go all day. And there's a lot of Yellowstone history in these boxes here today. I've tried to put them so that they would be more accessible to me [laughs]. They used to be in a drawer in a file cabinet, on the top and just were put in there in a file. I tried to identify each section but I needed something better and I needed to spread them out more.

TM: No, this is great how you've done this with the folders.

MK: Yeah, and made my own little directories.

PL: A, B, and C?

MK: A, B, and C. So let's see what is in C here. [deleted an irrelevant section] This is a lot and the file sees a lot of internet articles on them. The history, Bob's Yellowstone Park history, pictures; camping spots in Yellowstone; the Wylie document great-grandfather wrote, his story. A couple of copies of that. And then newer internet articles on certain sites. Widforss letters. We did inherit a lovely painting by Widforss. However, I sold it. [laughs]

TM: Did you?

MK: Yes. Letters to me by me or to Jane Bach. She was the popular arts, Entertainment America's Notorious Animals producer.

TM: So did Gunner come over and stay at the cabins here or did he know your father then? How did that work out?

MK: Yes. Yes. He was here and there's pictures of him on some of those far reaching precipices out here. He's identified by what he's wearing. There's a couple of those in here and Widforss sighting.

TM: Can you find those easily?

MK: Well, let's look through here. Okay?

TM: They would be fun to see.

MK: It would be fun to see those pictures, yeah. I think it's in the earlier, the A or B. [flipping through photos] Pictures, Wylie camping spots in Yellowstone. Not this one. Let's look into our directory for part... I will put these away later. This is Box B. I got tired of going A, B, C so I said X-file for the final one. All right. Three copies of Elizabeth McKee in her wedding dress; Yellowstone; family farm, we have farm pictures; her Wellesley class picture; and various photos of them in California; Wylie as a child; Yellowstone; Thomas McKee; letter by T.H.M. to Mr. Carlson; Kangaroo Rat Story that grandfather wrote; bear story that he wrote; *The Deer and His Horns* by grandfather; *Old Man Indian* by T. H. McKee; a letter to Margaret Rose, the librarian, probably to me or from me; letters of appreciation from the

Department of Interior for donation of the Swedish flag, and the actual letter is laminated; Thomas McKee's own writing in reference to his relation to John Witherspoon. His grandmother, her maiden name was Witherspoon. So she is related to John Witherspoon.

TM: Witherspoon? Help me out.

MK: John Witherspoon signed the Declaration of Independence.

TM: Thank you.

MK: Umm hmm. He came from Scotland.

PL: I have to be reminded of that every time I hear that.

MK: Reese Witherspoon also said that she was related to him but she found out that she is not. A lot of people have that name so... Then I have lots of Margaret Henry correspondence. Lots of letters from Arizona Highways to grandfather.

PL: What was he asking for?

MK: He was asking for the portrait of Widforss. Copy of passing of Brighty; dad's memoirs and the passing of Brighty story; W. W. Wylie's letters to Mary; write up on WWW; autobiography write up; U.S. Department of Interior National Park Service Grand Canyon letter to Martha Krueger, September 7th, 1995. This is a letter by grandfather from Gold Lake Lodge trying to get his birth certificate. He needed a copy of that for the Bureau of Census. Handwritten stuff. It's not in File B.

File A. It's probably here. Hopefully. I don't know where I put the directory for A. Here's one. Hopefully it's in here. I think it probably is. North Rim camp photos; Jim Owen, Bobby and Brighty; Buffalo Owens, McKee and Winess; THM looking over the rim; touring cars; Cliff Springs; WW camp from Tovar; camp North Rim; Jim Owen hunting camp Bobby McKee in the raincoat and Jim Owen making lunch; Jim Owen with his dogs on his porch; North Rim vista; Bobby with Brighty and alfogoes about 1918; a family photo with Brighty; dad on Brighty; Wellesley College Hall; dad with cat; Brighty with alfogoes; Brighty and Bobby Mutual Admiration Society; Aunt May Wylie; Bobby's cousins; Bobby, Cliff Spring headquarters; North Rim after the storm; THM and Jim Owen; Roosevelt hunting party at North rim; dad with cat; dad and Thomas McKee and Mrs. Bedstetter; employee after Lees Ferry crossing; Lees Ferry crossing; camp with car; cougar South Rim; tower by Forest Service North Rim; Jim Owen on his porch; Thomas McKee standing on the rock point, Bright Angel North Rim; view from North Rim; Angel's Window named by THM. That story is very interesting. Yellow Roosevelt hunting party; dad on Brighty, famous real photo; North Rim family, Brighty, grandmother, grandfather, dad and savages. They referred to them as savages. Kaibab squirrel; Jim Owen on front porch with skins; camp photos; Bobby McKee; Wylie Way Camp North Rim; Bobby McKee early Gold Lake Lodge; gun book reviews. Oh, grandfather wrote a book, *Gun for Boys and Men*. It's really very popular and very hard to find nowadays. A new display donation receipt from the National Park Service of women on the edge. Thanks to Mike Anderson for picture donations for the above book. He thanked me. Lincoln picture photo and copies. Oh, yes, we inherited a picture of Lincoln, it was one of those kinds of pictures because I've talked to the people about that that you just carry in your wallet in those days. Even though it said A. Lincoln that was not his handwriting. Original photo of Boulder dam; North Rim negative; Bobby and Brighty; Teddy Roosevelt's original photo; camp Thomas. Gosh, I have no idea where it is but I know it's in here. Mark Twain's cabin; Jim

Owen alone; buffalo; Jim Owen hunting camp; Jim Owen's Bar Z Camp and negative; hunting camp; cougar hunting camp; Frank Winess; Vantage Press; preparing lunch at Cliff springs; Winess cougar harvest; Hurricane; in suit Robert and THM guests at Cliff Spring. There's some postcards, some very old postcards, with these pictures. You could have postcards made of your photo if you wanted.

TM: Yeah.

MK: THM viewing landscape with Widforss sighting, postcard. Okay, let's look there. 14a, I think. I think we found it.

HC: Are any of your children interested in their history?

MK: No, I loved getting them here last summer and that was about it.

PL: I don't think we've really introduced them to this, or really sat and listened to any of it or the pictures.

MK: No. Here's something, I think we looked at these. This is the crossing story of Lees Ferry the first time. There's a lot of repetition in here if you've noticed. That was one of the William Wallace Wylie pulled by horses that grandfather... Actually grandfather was one of those people he hired to drive the rig and to impart knowledge about Yellowstone cause grandfather was in Montana at the time.

TM: Says Wylie Merchant Camps, painted on the side of this wonderful surrey which has a rider's box up high and then three rows of seats here. I imagine at least two horses are gonna...

MK: Yes. At least two.

TM: ...gonna need to pull this.

MK: What happened is that he eventually married the boss's daughter, is what finally came to fruition there, and he wanted to make something of himself. That was another motivation. They thought law school...

PL: Who was that?

MK: Grandfather.

PL: Grandfather married the boss's daughter? That's how we got the Wylies. That's how we got involved in all of this cause it was the father of the daughter that was about to get out of the...

MK: This Jim Owen. (pause) [still flipping through files]

HC: Must be a surrey.

PL: With the fringe on top.

TM: This is a picture of Jim Owen with two mules, one of which is loaded quite a bit down with gear and it looks like the other one is, too, but...

MK: With the women on top there.

TM: Oh, that's right. I didn't even see them. That's not loads of gear, that's two women sitting there.

MK: That's two women. [laughs]

HC: And they did call them baggages.

MK: Women and a burro. I'm not sure what burro that is. Let me keep looking. There's more of Sven.

TM: Prince of Sweden. Someone at the North Rim with people who work there.

MK: Oh, these are great of Jim Owen and his whole deal.

TM: Sightseeing car, North Rim Grand Canyon. [still flipping through things] It really is fascinating thinking about this as we basically close in on a hundred years.

MK: Oh, right.

PL: Yeah.

TM: And so, you know, Hazel and I, we just hop in our automobile and we think, okay, in three hours, three and a half hours maybe, we're gonna be at the North Rim.

PL: They couldn't do it.

TM: Which we're talking three and a half hours to get from Jacob's Lake at a fast clip to get to here.

MK: Yes. I know.

TM: It is interesting to think about the change in time...

PL: Oh, yeah, it is, very interesting.

TM: ...from a hundred years, technology...

MK: I'm not sure where that sighting of Widforss is. I'm sorry. I've been looking but I don't see it in this.

TM: It's in here somewhere.

MK: Yeah. It is definitely in here.

HC: But he was quite distinctive because he always had those jodhpurs on.

MK: Yes. Yep. He was.

PL: Wonder what they did with all their time in the traveling. It took so long to travel by a slow car or by a wagon or whatever. What did they do with their time?

MK: They just expected it would take a long time. They didn't go to town very often. [laughs]

PL: Now, you know, the people in the car.

TM: Well, they would have looked out the window. They would have watched the scenery go by.

MK: Watch the deer and the buffalo play.

PL: The deer?

HC: I made Tom laugh cause I had a quotation from a guy who said, "It's ridiculous all these people racing around in carriages. They don't see, they miss so much compared to going around just riding on a horse."

PL: Okay, that probably says it all.

MK: Those people are in the family photo. This gal is one of their helpers. She's in the photo of Brighty in the middle and the savages around the edge.

TM: Okay. There's eight people here, there's a vehicle right behind them, there's one boy on the right, one boy in the middle and a bunch of girls either side.

MK: And that's Sven Hedin in the middle, that's the Swedish prince at the time.

TM: Oh, okay. King Gustav at the North Rim, 1926. Oh, fun. [pause] That's a great shot.

PL: Did they all work here, work for the Grand Canyon?

MK: Yes they did.

TM: Just like the Harvey girls on the south side.

MK: Yes, that's exactly right.

PL: They had something called Harvey girls over there?

MK: Yeah.

TM: But this would have been the Wylie girls.

PL: The Wylie girls. The Mormons must have a long history of being in this area down here because...

MK: This is grandmother McKee. I'm not sure where this is. She's holding a bird, a fledgling... That occurs in Mike Anderson's book *Living on the Edge*.

TM: Okay. Great.

MK: Cause there are so few pictures of her I put that one in.

TM: That's wonderful.

MK: I'm sorry I can't produce that picture.

TM: No worries.

MK: My son did a lot of nice things, he backed up many of our pictures. I thought that was nice.

TM: So they're backed up electronically.

MK: Yes.

TM: That's wonderful.

MK: Uh huh. [still flipping through things] This is also a backup of National Park Service and the museum collections. We went up there and went into the museum and they...

TM: Great. Great.

MK: They also did that for us. That was nice, very nice. Let's see. I can't find it. I am sorry but I don't see where it is. That's it. [still flipping through things] Well, do you guys want to take a break and we can go to lunch or something or what do you want to do?

TM: Yeah. Before we wrap up this interview is there anything else you'd like to bring into this before we close this down, something you were thinking about "no, I wanted to make sure I mentioned so and so?" If not...

MK: That's a good question.

TM: ...then not, but if there is...

MK: How about you, Patsy?

PL: Well, let me think about it. I just heard that.

MK: I think I want to become more organized. That's my goal. More organized.

PL: This is quite organized. You've done a lot of work to do that.

MK: Yes, I know.

PL: There's much here that I haven't seen before nor have I heard of because she hasn't sat down with me being there, or with anybody else really, to talk about what she's done. So I think this is kind of like the first and I'm really happy to be here and to be able to hear what you are doing.

MK: Things are only organized to a certain extent in that I can find things by looking at what I've written down as what is in each file. However, there's no rhyme or reason to the order of those events. So I would like to get things in the proper order.

TM: Chronological timeline.

MK: Chronological order, and would that help? That would help a lot. Is there anything more you would like to see or ask me? My brain is kind of gone here. Maybe I need lunch. I don't know.

TM: Hazel, do you have anything? No? Okay. Well, thank you so very, very much for...

MK: Oh, you're welcome, dear.

TM: ...for your time.

MK: Oh, no problem.

TM: I look at this and go this is incredibly well organized.

MK: Oh, thank you.

TM: You're doing a great job pulling this together.

MK: Well, how nice.

TM: Most people do not do this. Most people are not even where your mom was to get it all in a box.

MK: I know. That's true.

PL: And keep it in a box.

TM: So you've done much more beyond that is to start to protect this material.

MK: I mailed it home. I didn't take it home with me on the airplane. I went to the local Pack and Mail and I said, "This is very important. This needs to get home," so I did.

TM: Great. Well, thank you so much for your time and...

MK: Oh, thank you. It was so nice to meet you.

TM: ...we really appreciate it.

PL: Thank you for coming. It was wonderful. I wouldn't have had the opportunity to hear this if it hadn't been for your coming and asking.

MK: Well, thank you for letting me read a few things because certainly I can't speak off the top of my head as well as the letters that have been written.

HC: The letters are great, really.

MK: Can't think of it all at one time.

HC: I thought that was great. I'm really glad I came.

MK: Well, thank you, dear. Thank you for coming.

PL: Pleasure to meet you.

TM: Okay, I'm gonna turn this off.