

Transcription: Grand Canyon Historical Society

Interviewee: Mary Hoover (MH)

Interviewer: Tom Martin (TM)

Subject: Grand Canyon life

Date of Interview: 07/29/2014

Method of Interview: In person at Mary Hoover's home in Williams, AZ

Transcriber: Kathryn Keefover

Date of Transcription: 6/28/2016

Transcription Reviewers: Sue Priest, Tom Martin

Keys:

TM: Today is Tuesday, it's the 29th of July 2014. We're at the home of Mary Kathryn Hoover in Williams, Arizona. My name is Tom Martin and Mary has found a wonderful photograph here of...

MH: The gravestone.

TM: This is the gravestone of...

MH: Olga and Charles Brant. B-R-A-N-D-T.

TM: And on the back of the photograph it says, "Grave of Charles and Olga Brant. B-R-A-N-T. It is off the Western Trail above the first overlook and to the left and above the original Shrine of the Ages site. Their dog Razzle-Dazzle is also buried there. Charles Brant was the first manager at the El Tovar. In this place, doubt is impossible. Else why all the wonders, this surpassing beauty, this grandeur, this deep peace, this confident repose."

TM & MH: [in unison] "Know here is the spirit of God, here one must believe."

TM: Nice.

MH: I thought that was very interesting.

TM: Yeah, it's great.

MH: In Brant Hall, the first apartment house that they had for employees at Grand Canyon was named in his honor.

TM: That's right. So we have Rouser, we have Brant.

MH: Rouser and Brant were the only apartments.

TM: Were the only ones there?

MH: At that time. I think they have some more now. They have Coconino Apartments and there are some other apartments but I don't know who they belong to because I haven't lived up there since they've been built. This used to be my place to go when I wanted to sit in solitude and read. You can look out and see the San Francisco Peaks and the village. It's a beautiful place.

TM: So you would go over to the Brant cemetery and then read there?

MH: Yes. And I always enjoyed that. I found it a long time ago. The original highway went real near there, but they moved it over where it curves up the hill. But it used to come right across.

TM: The original road going out to Hermit's Rest?

MH: Mhm. So this is a little bit different now. It's a different highway.

TM: It is a nice spot.

MH: It is a beautiful spot. You'd see the canyon off this way and the village and the Peaks. It is beautiful.

TM: One of the things I wanted to ask you is can you describe a day/a normal day in the late 40's, of your time at Grand Canyon?

MH: Well, I started to work in 1947 at the laundry. I would get up quite early, sometimes 5:30, 6:00, and I'd go down past the laundry, turn the steam on, go on over and have a leisurely breakfast, and come back in time to open the doors so that everybody could come in and go to work and everything was ready to go.

TM: Where would you have breakfast?

MH: At that time, we were eating at the mess hall. They had built a place for us on the back of the cafeteria that's now Maswik Cafeteria. The old cafeteria was the original cafeteria. It was a very pretty building actually. It had corners of stone, but it was wood. It had a dining room for the guests. We could go through the line and the back dining room was for us. I'd go back there and have a leisurely talk to my friends, run down to work.

TM: What time would you be there to get the doors open for people to show up?

MH: Oh, they started to work at 8:00 so I'd be there a few minutes before 8. At that time, we didn't have time clocks and I had 'em check everybody in and make sure we knew who was there every day and everything. Course, our crew sometimes wasn't very large. In the summer, it was a large crew. In the wintertime, it was a small crew. They had some things to start with right away, they could go right in and work that way. I did the bookwork. I waited on the customers because I was hired as the cashier. I did the office work, too, because cashiering wasn't that fast. In the first year I learned how to run all the machines. I couldn't load all the machines, but I could run them. Sometimes I would train new help, like on presses and how to put pillowcases through the ironer, and things like that. That was more or less my day. We had a 15 minute break in the middle of the morning, and we had a lunchtime from 11 to 12. Sometimes we'd go at 11:30 to 12:30.

TM: Where would you go for lunch?

MH: We went to the cafeteria where we ate breakfast. We had a break in the afternoon from 2 to 2:15, and we got off at 4:30. I think it was 4:30, maybe it was 4:00, I can't remember. We had an hour for lunch. I think it was 4:30 because when the monsoon season came, it managed to rain every afternoon, that first year especially, at 4:00. Sometimes it would stop just in time for us to get off work. Sometimes it kept going a little while longer and we'd stand around and wait for it to quit 'cause we knew it was going to quit. We had some people that started there that left when we left. They closed the laundry in 1975, September 1st of '75. We still had some first-time employees and we had some employees that worked for a number of years. One of the Indian men worked in the washroom and he was there all the time I can remember. He raised a family there. I think he had five or six children. I have some pictures with some of them in it.

TM: What was his name?

MH: Ranspie Kyasyousie. He was a Hopi.

TM: How do you spell that?

MH: K-Y-A-S-Y-O-U-S-I-E. And his first name was R-A-N-S-P-I-E. He was from, I think, Second Mesa. I've only been out to the reservation twice and I'm not very familiar with the terrain there, the names of the villages. Anyway, he was there and when I came he was married. I think they had their first child, Tony, in '47. He died young, but the other children are still living as far as I know. His wife has also passed away I think. When she was having one of the children, she walked from her house down to the hospital and she came to the back door. It was the old hospital. She came to the back door and she said, "I'm going to have a baby." And the nurse said, "Oh, yeah, we know." She said, "No, I'm going to have a baby right *now*." And she did.

TM: Oh my.

MH: She was quite a lady. The next day she got her baby ready and she says, "I go home." She went home. She walked, they didn't have a car.

TM: Wow...

MH: They didn't have a car. He could have said to any of us, "Would you go take my wife home?" We would have done it. I didn't have a car, but I could have got somebody with a car and done it. I thought that was really something. We used to call him our "Happy Hopi" He was usually always happy. I don't think I ever saw that man get really mad or really angry with anybody. He was always a happy person. He worked well with everybody, and everybody liked him.

TM: At the end of the day, then, would you be the last one out and lock up?

MH: Sometimes I was the last one out. Sometimes Buford was.

TM: Turn the steam off on your way out?

MH: I knew how to turn the steam off. We had a funny thing happen later on. It was when I went back up as a housekeeper in the late 70's, early 80's. We had a big, huge boiler and every once in a while... I had a little tiny rod that went out and went over a bulb, and if that flipped up, it was to turn it off. But, all this black smoke would come out. My friend who was the executive housekeeper, her name was Carrie Musser, had a car that she could drive, that was a company car, and she took me down to eat. In the evening we'd eat together. We lived across the hall from one another. We were going down the street and here was this black smoke coming out and I said, "Oh my gosh, that's flipped off again. Let's go over there." They were just ready to turn the cold water hose, the fire hose, onto that boiler. It would have blown sky-high. I pushed a guy in front of the doorway and I went in and I just pushed that little button over there and it quit. When I walked out this ranger said, "Who was *That*?" [laughter] Because it could have blown up the whole back of the laundry.

TM: So you were making your own steam right there in the laundry?

MH: Yeah, we had our own steam. We had a boiler for hot water. It was a huge one. We had shirt presses, pants presses, uniform presses, general laundry presses, irons, steam irons. They were really fabulous, I thought. We had a dry cleaning plant when I first went there it was called a "Band Box" but then we got a bigger one. I don't remember what kind it was. We had a big drier for the dry cleaning. It was a different type than for the regular laundry. It also used steam. And of course the dry cleaning

presses used steam. So we used a lot of steam. When I first went there, the washers and the extractor, everything were real old. In 1962, I think it was, we got all new machinery. Not presses, just the laundry part. The washers, and the driers, and the extractor, and the... We got a big tumbler because when they came out of those huge extractors, everything was so tight that they'd open the bottom of it instead of opening the top. We had a rail up above and they could bring it over on a hoist and drop it into this tumbler. We would tumble it so it would loosen everything up so it was easier to put in to be ironed.

We had two big ironers. One was a 6-roll and then we enlarged it to an 8. And the other was a 2-roll, I believe. I know the old one was a 2-roll. You could fold all the sheets and the tablecloths through the ironer and right through the folder and it would be folded. The only things that didn't get folded were the small pieces like the pillowcases and the napkins. We didn't fold the napkins there. We just put them in piles of 50 and flipped them over, and they went up to the hotel that way. We had to fold all the tablecloths and of course we folded all the sheets. And excepting for the employees' housing, which used the single bed sheets or double bed sheets, we used queens and kings for all the hotels. They didn't have single beds or any double beds. That worked out real great. The El Tovar eventually got a colored sheet, it was a yellow sheet for the king sizes. Eventually I think all of them had yellow sheets, I'm not sure, because it was easier to tell them apart. If they had old white ones they could use back and forth. Anyhow they did change that to yellow. We could put some of the bedspreads through. The ones that were quilted we would dry those in the drier but the others we could put through. Sometimes they had heavy woven ones.

One time we had to have some blankets and we needed them right away. We knew this man who had a brother who had a mill up in Utah. So we got a hold of him and he shipped us down a whole bunch of them. But they were wool, so we had to dry clean them, which was sometimes really a hassle because you had clothes to dry clean and then you had to clean out the machine. And then you could do the clothes. After you've done those blankets you always had to clean the machine. So that was a different thing to do.

One time they told me to order pillows. I was so dumb. The pillows were so cheap, but they were in Chicago. So I ordered them, and they came, and the freight on them was more than the pillows cost. They don't ship pillows by the pound, they ship them by the box. We had lots of boxes come in because we really needed pillows bad that year. So we found a man that would come on property and make pillows for you. We did that for two or three years, but the he decided he didn't want to be in that business anymore. So we didn't have him anymore. I really got a scolding about that freight. I didn't even think about the freight. All I was thinking about was "Gee, I'm getting a really good price on this." And it *was* a good price. But then it wasn't when it cost more than twice as much. But those things happen. I'd never ordered a truckload of anything before that. Sometimes we'd run out of laundry soap and we'd call over to Albuquerque. Mr. Gevhart was in charge of the laundry at Albuquerque. If he had some extra he'd holler back at us and tell us, "Yeah you can come over and get some." If not, I don't know what we would have done because you use so much soap in those big washers. But they work well.

TM: How would you go get it? It's in Albuquerque Did you hop on... did you send someone on the train?

MH: Usually Buford would go over. He would drive over overnight and pick it up. Fred Harvey always had a truck available, and we had the laundry truck, so he always had a truck to drive if he needed to.

TM: What route would he take? The interstates weren't built then.

MH: He'd go 66. Route 66 right to Albuquerque.

TM: Got it. That's right.

MH: At one time they built the airport hotel at Albuquerque. I don't know if you are aware that Fred Harvey had airport hotels. They had quite a few of them. It's in one of those books. They also had one back east and I can't remember, it's in Michigan, but I can't remember what town. Sometimes they would call out and have us send washcloths or napkins. Those were the things that always got taken. They couldn't quite keep them together. So we'd send them back there because we always... I used to have a thing that I would double the order for washcloths and I never told anybody. One day the guy that used to drive the truck to Death Valley, Harry Bowman, he was talking to the boss and he said, "They sure need some washcloths out at Death Valley." He [the boss] said, "Well, get in touch with Mary and see what she's got down there in the laundry, or Buford or whoever's there." So Harry came in. In the meantime, this manager had come down, it was Mr. Stiffler, he came down and he said, "I don't know how Mary always manages to have washcloths on hand." Harry laughed and said, "That's because she doubles the order." I could have killed him because the next year he cut the order down. Mr. Whitteborg, when he was there, he'd look at the order and he'd say, "That's too much," and he'd cut it down. Then we were ordering all through the year. The reason that we wanted to order all at one time... We did it in the fall. I don't know if you're aware but there's a tax on stuff you have in your inventory. It's called an inventory tax. The company had to pay inventory tax if you had anything over a certain amount. I think we were allowed three covers or something like that. So we had to think ahead. At that time, we were ordering in October to be delivered about three weeks before Easter. That way mills were busy and they would give us a price on them. We had different weights of sheets for the different beds. The employees was muslin. The other parts of the houses were percale, but they were just regular percale. The El Tovar had sheets that were like silk. They were 440 count thread and they were very fine. They were beautiful. In the '60s along came polyester and they didn't want those kind of ironers. We could put those things through on... I still can't think of that man's name from Hawaii, but when Amfac came in, he said that was nonsense to have those big machines when you could put them in the washer and wash 'em. He's the one that decided we had to wash in each unit. So they did away with the laundry. But then in four years they put it back in because there were too many complaints.

TM: Was that when they built the new laundry building? Was that four years later when they did that?

MH: Mhm.

TM: Okay. And moved you from the building near the power house?

MH: I wasn't in the laundry anymore after that.

TM: Okay.

MH: When I went back up in '78 I went to work as a housekeeper. I was the housekeeper at the El Tovar for 7½ years. I think they thought I was getting too old for it. We were supposed to have our rooms in by 4:00. One evening I didn't have them ready quite at 4:00 because we had a late tour going out and they just weren't ready. The desk was really mad at me. One of the head desk clerks came out and argued with me in the middle of the lobby and I yelled back at him. They didn't say anything to him, *but* I was told that I was going to be moved to one of the other units. They told me to go out and clean up Yavapai, which I did. Yavapai is out in the woods, so there are things like snakes, and there are things like mice, and chipmunks, and when I walked in the linen room I almost fainted. There were mouse tracks. A couple of them ran up the wall right in front of me. One day I stepped out of one of the rooms and I almost stepped on a snake. I'm not friendly with snakes. But anyway, I was a housekeeper out there and I did clean up. The fellow from the Parks Service that was supposed to pick up the trash he said, "I'm not

going to pick up all that trash.” He said, “I’m just supposed to pick up the trash out of the barrels, the regular barrels.” And I said, “Well, they sent me out here to clean up. I cleaned up. And somebody’s gotta pick it up. You’re the trash man so you have to pick it up.” And he said, “I’m going to see my boss.” And he did. I also went and called my boss. He called his boss before he got there and he told him when he came in, “Yes you do have to pick it up.” I think I had 18 bags at one unit. ‘Cause I really got rid of... We really got it cleaned up. And the linen rooms looked so nice. One day I had everyone stay a little bit late and wash all the shelves, take all the sheets off of it, and clean them up really good. I didn’t know it, but the next day we had a health department inspection. I was in the room next to #1 linen closet and I heard this inspector say, “Gee this is the first time I’ve ever come in here and found it this clean. And no mouse tracks!” I was so thankful. I went in saying to everybody as they left that evening that they had nice linen closets because we got a really good report.

TM: Nice.

MH: I think that she’s still up there. Her name was Leta Ebersole. She was married to a... She worked for the Park Service.

TM: Leta? Leta Ebersole?

MH: Yes. She used to be one the inspectors that came through for the Park Service. But anyway, I was sure glad that I got that done that day. But, there were just things. One time we were gonna have a big tour out there and they said, “Make sure all the windows are spotless.” It was one of these really expensive tours and they had taken the place of something that cancelled or something and they wanted to come to the Canyon and the only place they had was Yavapai. This is the old Yavapai. So, this little Indian boy and I were washing windows. I was washing the inside and he was washing the outside. I said, “You got a spot right there.” He rubbed and he rubbed and pretty soon his hand went through the window. It was almost time for the tour so they took a window out of another room and put it in there. But we had to have it done. [laughter] But it got taken care of.

I washed every window in that unit when I first when out there because the maintenance had spray painted on a windy day and they didn’t cover any of the windows. You couldn’t hardly see out of them. There was a young man that was a housekeeper that I was replacing and he said to me, “Well Mary you don’t have to worry I washed all the windows.” He washed ‘em on the inside. He didn’t do anything about the paint on the outside. So I got some window washer, Windex actually, and I didn’t put any water in it or anything. I just used it plain ol’ Windex and scrubbed. I didn’t scrape, I scrubbed. And I got all 10 buildings done. My boss came in and she said, “I heard you were washing windows. I’d like to see one of those windows.” I said, “The room next door is vacant.” So I took her in there and she said, “There’s no window in there.” I said, “Yes there is. Just go up and touch it, there’s a window there.” She said, “The last time I was here I couldn’t even see out these windows because of the paint on them.” The maintenance department was mad because when I put the Windex on, it also took the paint off the windowsill. They had to come out and repaint the windowsills. Maintenance didn’t always get along with me.

When I was in the laundry I even learned to do the little switches on the ironer for the folding, because sometimes maintenance wouldn’t come when you called. The first time I broke my wrist was because nobody came to help me. I had a sheet caught in the folder and I couldn’t get it out. I pulled too hard. There was a metal piece of rod going up in the middle to hold the middle of the table. I pulled so hard I hit my wrist onto that and I broke my wrist.

TM: Did you have to wear a cast?

MH: No. I went home and I soaked it in hot water and cold water and hot water and cold water, went to bed put it up on a pillow. The next day I went to work. We were short of help and I had to fold sheets. All that heat from those damp, wet sheets... it was healing in a week. I never had trouble with it. I could use all my fingers and everything. The second time I broke it, I went to the doctor. That was a mistake.

TM: How did you break it the second time?

MH: I used to have a bunch of kids that came in and clean the sidewalks. I'd take them over to the Belgard's apartment building. It wasn't their apartment building, they had one apt in it. I would have them go over there and clean off the parking lot, and around the garbage cans, and up the street around the building.

TM: This is here in town, in Williams?

MH: Yes, this is up in the next block. Was there the garages are. You can see the garages from here, just right across from the post office. Anyway, they were around doing this circle up above and around the actual apartments. I was down below by the garages and this car was sitting there and it had all this snow on top of it. I thought they'll come along and they'll do the pad down below where the cars go into their garages but they won't see that. So I started to clean off the tops of the cars. One place there is really slick and I had forgotten all about it. My feet went out from under me and I went backwards. I hit this on a place where the cement wasn't even, it had a crack in it, and I broke my arm. So I got in the car and drove down to the hospital.

TM: Here in town, in Williams?

MH: Yeah. It was the hospital then. They didn't put it in a cast. They gave me one of those casts you could take off. Then I had to go and have therapy for it. They put that hot wax treatment on it. I could still use it. Sometimes not as well as I could of, but oh well. It's workable.

TM: Yeah. In the evenings, then, I go back to late '40s. You turn the steam on in the morning, you turn the steam off at the end of the day. You go to dinner, sometimes get a ride to dinner. And then how did you occupy your evenings?

MH: Well, I did things like Tuesday I went to the library. One night a month I went to an auxiliary meeting. When we had the BPW there, I went to that meeting. Sometimes I was going to meetings all the time it seemed like. And once in a while I'd go to the Saturday night show. I'd try to go to church, but you never knew where church was going to be at that time, because they didn't have a church. Sometimes it was at the community building, sometimes it was over at the Bright Angel in the big room. Father- what was his name? He was a little old man. He came up from Flagstaff once a month on Tuesday. And we had mass- if you could get off work. Sometimes they'd say, "Oh no we can't let you off today." But it only took like an hour. A lot of times I spent more than an hour overtime on my own when I had something to do I stayed and did it. I wish I could remember his name but I can't. Anyway, he was a very nice priest. He came up from Flag, weather and all, he was there usually. That was the only way that we could go to church because there wasn't any church. And there wasn't any priests there.

They did have a Methodist minister. It's the Church of National Parks. There's some kind of an organization and they had a minister come up. I never went to that church, but my friend Myra went there. That minister came for years because he was one of them that started that. When I was working at the El Tovar he would come in as a guest. He was always given a room on the first floor because he couldn't walk well. He would always come and tell me, "I have all my things packed, I'm ready to go." He

didn't realize that you couldn't release a room, even though it had been clean, because he always put his luggage right by the door. He'd come in and maybe he'd lie on the bed. Sometimes he'd take a shower and of course the room had to be cleaned again. So, he wasn't helping me at all by telling me that he was all ready to leave. Sometimes he wouldn't leave until after I was gone, and I'd have to tell the clerk to get the porter to come in and look it over before he released it. Because you just never knew when he was going to leave. I don't know how he got up there. I think sometimes somebody would drive him down or he would go down on one of the busses or something, because I don't think he drove.

They had a church over at the... Later on it was at the Shrine of the Ages, but at that time it was at the community building. They'd have a show on Saturday night and Sunday morning they had to have it ready for church. Which was okay because they didn't have to pick the chairs up. They'd set them all up for the theater and then they would take them down on Sunday night or Monday morning. I did go to that.

I oftentimes sewed. I had a sister who had lots of children. One year I made 7 little girls three dresses each. One year I had a friend whose, I think it was her sisters, went to school in some mission school in one of the reservations over in New Mexico. All the girls wanted white squaw dresses. I made them white squaw dresses. I think there were like six or seven. I made all those. I used to make a lot of squaw dresses. That was the fashion at the time.

TM: Did you have a company dress code? Did you have a uniform you had to wear in the laundry?

MH: No. You could wear pants, slacks, or you could wear... In the summertime we even let the girls wear shorts if they wanted to 'cause it got hot. But we did have a huge, big exhaust fan. I remember when Buford and Myra were going to have their daughter. He had put in a system for playing records. He had one record that he played over and over again.

TM: This was at work or their house?

MH: At work. Yeah, he put this in so we could have some music while we were working. I still have a lot of records and they have *baskets* full, *boxes* full. In fact, I got two or three boxes out in my garage of their records. And I've got a whole shelf full over there. But anyhow, we played records all day long. "Daddy's Little Girl" he was playing when his oldest daughter was born. He played that over and over again and some of the girls said, "Mary can't we just break that record?" [laughter] They were so tired of hearing it. And of course he'd play all his favorites and sing along, you know, and all that. Sometimes the kids liked songs and they'd sing along with him and sometimes they didn't like 'em so they'd say, "Don't play that one anymore." I didn't always do the playing. Sometimes he did it, sometimes one of the girls did it. We did have music.

TM: Nice.

MH: We used to say, "We swing and sway with Sammy Kaye as we did our sheets through the ironer. [laughter] I have some pictures of those old ironers someplace but I don't know where they are. I haven't found them yet. I still got pictures to go through.

TM: I kinda wanna cycle back around to the Rowe Well and Jack.

MH: Jack.

TM: What do you recall about the first time you went out there?

MH: Oh, I had a good time. [laughter]

TM: What did you do?

MH: We danced all night!

TM: Did you?

MH: Yeah, I used to love to dance. Those dancing days are long over.

TM: What kind of dance would you dance?

MH: Oh, just anything they were playing music to. My favorite was the Veisuviana. I still like to do the little foot, but I can't do it anymore. Those days are gone. But I did like to dance. We just had a good time when we went out there. Sometimes I'd set pins for the guys when they were bowling. We had duck pins and you drew straws to see who was gonna... I always seemed to get the short straw. Usually there were five/six guys, I guess, bowling. Sometimes they'd have dinners out there but not very often. They had a taxi dance out there for the March of Dimes. But I didn't go for that. I think I was working someplace at that time. Probably out at Hogan's place. I know I served dinners out there for the March of Dimes. But by then, Mr. Hogan was gone, and Mrs. Jacobs was gone, and the Barrington brothers owned that property. That's where the mineshaft was for years and years. That's where the Orphan Mine was. Mr. Hogan was the one who started the Orphan Mine. He got that when Teddy Roosevelt came back from the Spanish-American War. He was a roughrider with Teddy Roosevelt. He was a sweet little man. She would call it Grand Canyon Inn and he'd call it Hogan's Place. [laughter] It was still his. But, anyhow, Mrs. Jacobs bought it first from him. Then he and Madeleine didn't get along. So he went down to Flagstaff and lived out his days. He died in Flagstaff. His name was Dan Hogan. He had a hand-hoist and he was mining for I think it was for turquoise or cooper. I think it was turquoise. Anyhow, he'd dig down in the mine, load up this big bucket, go up and hoisted it up. He had a hoist up there and he'd hoist it up and dump it. He'd do that sometimes two or three times in a day. Then he got so he couldn't do that. One time I guess he came into some money or something and he built a big building. They had a restaurant, and a dance hall, and a bar. And upstairs they had a curio shop. Madeleine lived upstairs when she lived there and I guess he did that too.

TM: So they were giving Rowe Well a run for their business?

MH: Excepting that Barrington's bought out Rowe Well from... There were two or three owners in between Jack Harbin and them. Dave and his brother went out and bought out that. They were the ones who sold it to the mine company that came in. That mining company went up to Colorado. I can't think of what they called that mining company. But they're the ones who got it when they discovered there was uranium out there. They used to take the uranium through the village on big trucks with no covers on them. Lots of people got cancer, me included. Just a lot of people did. All but a few of the miners died of cancer. They worked down there with no protection at that time. One of the guys that worked there, his name was Jack Marzo. Jack worked as the carpenter for the mine.

TM: How do you spell Jack's last name?

MH: Marzo. M-A-R-Z-O.

TM: Thank you.

MH: Jack went up to the mine that they bought up in Colorado. I don't know what town that was, but it was up the mountainside from Denver someplace. Of course, Denver is surrounded by mountains. Maurice Castagne was the manager of the one at Grand Canyon, and he went in charge of the one in Colorado. They had this carpenter's building where Jack did his thing and built the set-up for the mine to keep it from caving in, you know? The walls and stuff. He was working in there one day and he leaned over and cut his arm off. [pause] He walked up to the front of the building and he said, "Maurice, I cut my arm off." He leaned over this saw to reach for something and somehow or other he got his arm on the saw. Anyhow, he cut it off. Maurice went running over to him and he started grabbing all the ends and he put the arm there and told somebody to bring it down to the hospital in Denver. He got Jack in the truck and took off down the hill. The ambulance came to meet them. When the ambulance got there, he didn't have the arm. They'd put it in the wrong truck. The guy came down and he didn't have it, so they had to call them up and send them down with the arm. They did put it on and Jack got the use of it back. He couldn't grab something and pick it up, but he could put his fingers around it, like this, and he could pick up a bucket of water. That was just a miracle that he had any use of it.

TM: Wow.

MH: But, anyway, that was one of our big mishaps to a friend. He was a character. He came by and showed us what he could do one time after we moved down here. That was before '73, because we came down here in '73.

TM: What do you remember of Jack Harbin?

MH: He was a tall, big-boned man. He was really friendly and yet he wasn't. He used to tease me when I'd go out there. He had a daughter and he would let her skate, I think I told you that, but he always made her leave. They had a little restaurant there.

TM: She would roller-skate inside the dance hall?

MH: Uh-huh. Everything was pine. They had pine walls and pine big ol' logs holding the middle up, and everything.

TM: Who built that building?

MH: I don't know.

TM: Okay.

MH: I don't know if Mr. Hamilton owned that before Jack did, I doubt it. But he owned the property right next to it and he had a house and he had a barn. I don't know that he owned that land. Jack and Gladys had cabins out there. You could rent a cabin. Sometimes the railroaders that came in and stayed overnight, instead of staying at Fred Harvey's, they stayed there. They'd have a car up there and they'd drive out there. It was about six or seven miles out to Rowe Well. Some of them stayed at the Brown Building, which is now part of the Coconino apartments, I think. They moved the Brown Building, but the railroaders could get a room in there if they told them ahead of time and they could stay there. But some of the railroaders had houses up there. I know one of the engineers did because his wife used to babysit another engineer's daughter. This little girl wouldn't go to sleep for her and she called me up and asked me to come over and put her to bed. So I go over and put her to bed, 'cause I used to come down here and babysit. When her mother wanted to go something and I had a day off, I'd come down here and babysit the little girl.

TM: Do you remember when Jack left? He and his wife and his daughter?

MH: Jack and Gladys I think divorced. She left and he stayed there for a while and I don't know when. It must have been when he sold to the Barrington's, but I don't know exactly when that was. I'm not good on dates, I forget. But I do know that he was there up until then. And then I don't know where he went.

TM: And then he committed suicide in California?

MH: Yeah.

TM: Do you know why he might have done that?

MH: He probably was one of these guys that didn't wanna grow old. And he was getting old. He was in the first World War and then he was trainer in the second, and he just was feeling his years. I didn't talk to him a lot and I didn't care for Gladys. I thought the little girl was cute though. [laughter]

TM: So when they divorced did the little girl go with her mom?

MH: Yeah. She did, once in a while, see Jack because he was up there once and said something about he had been to see her or something. Buford talked to him all the time. They were good friends. He had a lot of friends. I guess he was good about lending the guys money once in a while and holding a tab on them and stuff. I don't actually know that he did that, but I know some of them didn't have any money between paydays. I imagine they went out there and they partied. So they must have had borrowed it from somebody and I imagine it was him.

They had a kind of a stretch car that Red Wright would drive out there at night. Anybody that wanted to go out there. He'd stop at each of the dorms and pick up anybody that wanted to go out to Rowe Well and then he'd bring them home at night. I used to ride it once in a while because I didn't have a car. He met Maggie Wright, I think. I don't know if they're on this one or not. I think they went to Flagstaff. I think they might have been buried at Grand Canyon, because I know at one time he wanted to be. But I don't know if it was ever done. Anyway, Red would drive everybody out and then he'd take you home. But when Maggie was there, if somebody got in the...

TM: There's a Ken B. and Margaret.

MH: We called her Maggie.

TM: What do you remember about them?

MH: He was just a real nice, ol' pleasant guy. He was in the war.

TM: First World War or Second?

MH: I think he was in the Second. I'm not real sure of that, but I'm fairly sure of it. He was a rock mason.

TM: For Fred Harvey or Park Service?

MH: He was for the Santa Fe. He worked at Grand Canyon and then after he quit Santa Fe he just worked up there. I think he worked probably with maintenance, I don't know if it was for the park or for the Fred Harvey.

Maggie worked in the office some place, I can't remember if. She ended up being in charge of the Chamber of Commerce over in Flagstaff. When it was built there by the Santa Fe railroad. She was the first one in charge of that I think. She was a very smart lady. But if you got in the car and sat next to Red, she'd say, "That's my place." [laughter]

TM: She wasn't jealous, was she?

MH: No she wasn't. [laughter] Red was a nice guy. And his name was Kenneth. I can't think if he was a prisoner of war. But it seemed like in the back of my head, I have that in my head. So it would have been the Second World War.

We have another guy that worked for the maintenance that worked for Jack Verkamp and was a friend of Jack's. He worked with him sometimes. His name was what? [shifting papers] He was Quincy Coatney. Quincy was a German prisoner of war. During the Second World War he was in a concentration camp in Germany.

TM: Right there... C-O-A-T-N-E-Y. Quincy... What did Quincy do?

MH: Well, he came up to work for Jack to do some building for Jack.

TM: For Jack Harbin?

MH: No, for Jack Verkamp. They were good friends. He worked for the Park Service some, and he worked for Fred Harvey some. His wife was a waitress for Fred Harvey. Her name was Bernice? Dee something Coatney. Her real name was Blanch, but he always called her Dee. Everybody else that knew her for a long time... We knew her as Blanch Ferguson first. When I first knew her she was a waitress, and her name was Blanch Ferguson. Pretty soon they kept talking about Dee Coatney. They said, "Oh you know her! You work with her." I had no idea who she was. One day she came in and I said, "Hi Blanch." She looked at me and laughed and said, "Nobody calls me that anymore, Mary, they call me Dee." [laughter] I got reacquainted with her. She had a home down in Phoenix. When they retired they went down there. I can remember one time when she was waitressing, and I don't know how she did it, but she broke her arm. That woman worked all day with a broken arm. She went to the doctor, and at that time our X-ray machine at the Canyon was nothing. You couldn't get a picture on it that was readable. They told her that she didn't have a broken arm. It hurt and hurt, so she said, "I'm gonna go down to Flagstaff and get an X-ray." And she did. And she did have a broken arm. They couldn't see it on that up there. So anyway, that was Dee. She worked for Fred Harvey and he, like I say, he worked a lot for Jack Verkamp. Whenever he could do something for Jack he always did. And of course, he helped with a little bit of the upkeep, I think, on Muz Verkamp's house. But we'll get back to Verkamp's later on.

TM: I wanted to finish up with Jack Harbin. The one thing that's kinda left with him was committed suicide. One thing you mentioned yesterday when we talked on the phone, was that you thought maybe he had been sad over the loss of Rowe Well to the Park Service.

MH: Uh-huh.

TM: You'd mentioned one of the superintendents that was adamant about burying that place.

MH: That was H.B. Bryant, Harold Bryant. He always wanted to get rid of that. And finally the government did take it over. There were several owners between Jack and the time that... I don't know all those owners because I quit going out there. When I was young, I did drink. But, when I got older I came to my senses. That was a waste of money to me. [giggle] Time and money. So I quit. I came from a

family that my father would have a drink, everybody in the house could have a drink. If you were two years old, you could have a drink. And you had to drink it straight. So I learned to drink it straight.

TM: When the land went to the mine, and the mine shut down, that would have been when the Park Service would have taken over.

MH: Most likely. They did have a camp for the miners out there. There was also one out at Tusayan. Right there where the big theater is now, up to the north of that, they had rooms in there. They were just little flat buildings, but they had some rooms in there.

TM: And they also had rooms out at Rowe Well?

MH: Yeah. I don't know how many people lived out there, but some of them had trailers and some of them had... They had to just have trailers cause that was all that was out there. But anyhow, they finally tore the old building down. It was kind of a nice building. Like I said, it was all pine.

TM: With rockwork on the corners.

MH: Yeah. It was a nice old building. And they had a whole bunch of little cabins.

TM: So that kinda catches us up from last time. The questions that I wanted to drop in and ask you. There were two other questions I was gonna ask you when we finished up last time. One was about Les Kennedy. I'm sorry, you've got...

MH: This is my clock. I'm not gonna talk to you forever. [laughter] I'm not going to keep you overtime.

TM: No, no, no. We've got another hour to go. But I was just thinking, Les Kennedy. You'd mentioned Les just as we were wrapping up last time and the clinic.

MH: He worked at the Bright Angel. He ran the Bright Angel. They had a hotel manager and then they had a dining room manager. Les Kennedy was there for 49 years, he worked at Grand Canyon for 49 years. 'Course he was in the War. He left, well I can't remember, Mus Verkamp was still living. He was so nice to me. I had a brother who died and I wasn't working for him anymore. I had to go on the train and I called down and I said, "Would you take a check?" And they said, "Oh no we don't take checks." This was the Santa Fe. I said "Well, I'll have to find somebody to cash a check, 'cause I don't have that much money." So I went down to the Bright Angel and I asked if Mr. Kennedy was still there. He'd gone home, gone to his apartment and gone to bed. So, I said, "Well, I have a problem. I need to cash a check. I'm just desperate to cash a check." They said, "We'll call him." And they did. He got dressed and came right up and he was so nice to me. He put his arm around me, on my shoulders, and he said, "Mary, if you need any more money send me a telegram, call me, do whatever you need, I'll send you anything you need." He said, "If I can help you any way, let me know." He was just a kind man. When I had trouble with my friend Odessa, he stuck up for me. He would help us at night. We had wood tables that did not have varnish on them, they were *waxed* with hot linseed oil. You rubbed it, and you rubbed it. He would never allow the help to put the hot linseed oil on the tabletops, *he* would do it because he didn't want anybody to get hurt. I remember one night, we'd been so busy I think they used every dish in the building, the dishwasher broke. He went out and he hand-washed dishes. We dried and stacked. He hand-washed the dishes. 3:00 in the morning we got done.

TM: A real hands-on manager.

MH: He was. One time one of the girls was waiting on this couple and the man was very intoxicated. He had little kids that had no discipline. I don't think they'd ever been in a dining room before. They put the cream in the sugar and they put the salt and the pepper together and... They were just making a big, ol' mess. It took this girl a little while to get the dinner together. She brought it in and he was, "What do you have to do around here to get service? We're gettin' rotten service." She said, "Sir, if you would straighten up and straighten your children up, you would get fast service." He said, "Well, I wanna talk to the manager." Mr. Kennedy was in that day. She said, "His office is right down that hall, right past the desk on the left-hand side, go right in. Say what you just said to me." He came up and he said, "Well you know Alice, that wasn't very nice of you to say that to them. They are our guests. If you'd have them in your house, would you say something like that? If they were your friends?" She said, "Yes I would. But these weren't friends." He said, "Well, they are our guests. And when they're our guests, we have to kinda cool it and not get angry with them and stuff." He was real nice. He had the bluest eyes and when he'd get tickled about something, they'd twinkle. She said his ol' eyes were just ready to pop out. And she said, "He said, 'But I'm glad you told them off,'" and he turned around and walked away. [laughter] That's the kind of sense of humor he had, and he stood by his people. He had a heart attack when he was there 50- 49 years. He wanted to finish his 50th year so bad. I never knew this man drank, but he did. But he was always the pleasantest person. He always kind and he'd help you any way he could. When he retired he went down and he stayed at the Arizona Inn, I think it is, in Phoenix. Peg Verkamp and her mother Muz went down and they had dinner with him. They said, "We're gonna drive home tomorrow so we better go and get some sleep." And he said, "That's what I'm gonna do, too." Well, the next morning when the maid walked in, he was sitting in his bed with the light on and a paper in front of him and she went over to him and he was gone. He had died in his sleep. But wasn't it nice he had an old friend with him that evening before.

TM: Yeah.

MH: They were always good friends. In fact, there's one place in the Pioneers Publication, they have it down that it was Mr. Harvey in the background but it's actually Les Kennedy.

TM: Is that right?

MH: Yeah. That was not Mr. Harvey. I don't know if anybody else noticed that or not, but I did. I almost said something to Al about it, but then I forgot about it when I talked to him the next time. If I could find that again, I'll probably show him someday. Anyhow, maybe somebody did it as a joke, I don't know. See how many people knew that. Anyway, that was Mr. Kennedy. He did have a friend, she was... Her husband had been an auditor. He died quite suddenly. She stayed there and she was a hostess for a long time. They ate together sometimes and sometimes they'd go in and have a drink together. But they never got married or anything. They were friends for a long time. Anyhow, I sure liked him. And nobody could've ever been kinder to me than he was.

[long pause]

I don't think people have been unkind to me, because they haven't been over the years. I think that's about all I know about Mr. Kennedy.

TM: Okay. Then we were thinking about the clinic. What do you recall about your first visit to the hospital, which is in today's Grand Canyon Association as in that building? A long building with nice steps going out.

MH: The old hospital with a million steps.

TM: The old hospital.

MH: But you could go around the street and come in the back door if you couldn't do steps. That old hospital was really an old one. It was funny, the first time I went in there I had just gotten to the Canyon and Bill Henry had just come out of service. Dr. Henry was a good friend. I never called him Dr. Henry, I always called him Bill. We were good friends. And the Belgard's were... Everyone was good friends to Bill. He was one of those kind of people.

Anyhow, I went in because I had to have a test so I could get my health card. To be a waitress, you had to have a health card and you had to have an exam. I went in, and I don't remember who the nurse was, but she tried to draw blood. That was part of the test at that time. She stuck the needle in three or four times, and she couldn't get any blood. So Bill said, "I'll do it." He went over and he got a fresh needle and he came over and he poked it in. I was sitting there with my arm on this gurney and he poked it in and nothing came out. So he said, "Well, I guess this must be the needle." He walked across the room to get another needle, and about that time blood just squirted out all over the place.

TM: [robust laughter]

MH: He said, "Oh you're one of *those* people!" [laughter] But anyhow, that's how I met him. He had two boys. He had a very nice wife. She didn't like Grand Canyon. She died when the second boy was born, when young Bill was born. She was given the wrong sedative or something when they put her under. She died from the sedative. It always worried him so he went back to school and learned to be a, what do you call it when they give you your...?

TM: Anesthesiologist?

MH: Yeah, he became an anesthesiologist. He was very smart. He had been in the Army. He was fresh out the Army when he came up there. He had Charlie and he had Bill Jr. Well, he stayed there for a while and then they left. Then he came back later on, and he had married again. She didn't like it up there. There wasn't enough things that she liked to do. She was younger than Bill. They went down through Phoenix and they got this nice home. Charlie was older then, I think he was a high school senior or maybe a freshman in college. He started riding with the police at night. They were trying to pick up people selling drugs and stuff, and he would ride with them. One night he didn't come home. Bill went out to get his car and when he opened the garage door to back out, Charlie was laying on the ground. He had been shot. They think that somebody that he had fingered for drugs had killed him. Anyhow, it broke Bill's heart. And then later on, Bill got a divorce. I was in the hospital and he was at Good Sam at that time. He gave me the anesthetic, so it was after he had taken that course. He was telling me a joke when I went under. When I came out Karen Belgard, was Buford and Myra's daughter, was there. She was taking nurse's training. I didn't come out of it right away and she was pinching my shoulders to try to wake me up. I could hear her and I could hear her, but I couldn't say anything. All of a sudden I yelled, "Karen I *hear* you!" Bill came in a little while later and said, "I knew you were okay, I heard you hollerin' at Karen."

There was a little girl down there from the hospital at Grand Canyon, she was also a nurse. She was taking some special courses and she'd come down there for a month or something. She and Karen would come in every morning to see me. The nurses there would say "Are those your daughters that are always here in the mornings and how do you know Dr. Bill?" I'd say, "Oh, I knew him from Grand Canyon." They'd say, "Oh." Anyhow, after this gal and he split up, he went... He had a bad back. Somebody convinced him he should have surgery on it. Wrong thing. He said, "Mary, *never* have surgery on your back. *Never* have that done." I think he's right. Don't touch my back. I've got two places in my

back that kill me sometimes. Other times they go on forever. But he said, "Don't ever have surgery." So, he couldn't be a surgeon anymore. His hands shook so bad, they'd done something to a nerve in his back or something. Anyhow, he couldn't do that. So he went to teaching. He *hated* teaching. He just hated it.

He had met a new lady-friend, and he had invited her for Christmas... Before that, he had come up with her to Grand Canyon. He was so happy when he was up there she said, "You know I haven't seen Bill this happy in a long time." All his friends were there, you know, but he had a beard. And Buford said, "What did you do, forget how to use a razor?" He said, "You know Mary, my hand shakes so bad, I can't shave every day. So I go to a barber." And he said, "I have to go quite often 'cause it grows pretty fast." But he said, "I go because I can't shave myself anymore." Anyhow, he left there, hit a deer on the way out of the Park. Had to have his car fixed. But he got home and I think he was married in September or October. Anyhow, he got home and at Christmas he had asked her to go out to some place for dinner, for Christmas dinner. She rang and rang and he didn't answer the phone. So she went up to his apartment and he had shot himself. He committed suicide. She said he was so depressed when they got back there, that he didn't care anymore. He didn't. He hated teaching, wasn't what he wanted do. His boy was gone. The other one inherited his money and he took off. He was gonna go down the West Coast and around to the East Coast in a boat. I don't know if he had somebody with him or not. He told Buford that he'd see him when he got back. And we've never heard from him. So I don't know what happened to him. But, Bill was a great person.

He would stay up all night. One night he delivered a baby. He had had surgery the evening before, and then he delivered a baby, and then he had surgery in the morning. We had a girl that was sick at work. I don't know if she had appendicitis or something, but anyhow he had to take care of it right away. He had the nurses cancel his afternoon people, and he took care of her. He called Buford up and said, "Will you come and help me put her to bed?" She was one of our employees and so of course Buford went right over to help him. He would have gone anyway. He was really good with people.

He took care of Hank Draper, he took care of Mary Verkamp, and he sent them home. He sent Mr. Draper home and Hank was in bed. He went over to check on him, couple days later and he was in bed. Hank got up to straighten his bed up. All he had to do was get the telephone and say, "Send the maid down." But no, not Hank. He made it up himself. Bill was sitting there talking to him. Then he left. Before he got from the Bright Angel over to the old hospital, Hank had died. He had gotten back into bed and had another heart attack. Mary was there, and Mary went into a convulsion and died. Mary Verkamp. Bill said to me, "You know, when you live in a city and you're a doctor, you have patients. When you live in a small town, you have friends." And he said, "I can't see any more of my friends die. I'm leaving here." And that's why they went to Phoenix, actually. Was because of that. He just couldn't face seeing somebody else die.

I walked in on him one morning and I had, I guess it was 24 hour flu. Oh, I was so sick. It was about 11:00 and Edna Hunter came by to pick up her dry cleaning. She had a car. That was the day Shorty Yarberry was buried. Edna picked me up and said, "You're going to the doctor." So I locked the office door, I had the office door key and the cash register key on my arm. I went out, I didn't say anything, I got in the car and just let her take me to the hospital and I walked in and passed out. They put me to bed and the next morning I woke up and I felt *good*. I really did. I don't know what he gave me the night before. He said, "I'm gonna keep you a day in the hospital." I said, "No you're not. I'm going to work." And I went to work. He said, "You can't go to work." I said, "Yes I can. Don't give me that." So I went to work that day. I went up to the dorm and changed my clothes, I was still in Colter Hall then. I just walked up the hill and changed my clothes and went to work. It was real funny because I didn't say anything to anybody. I just walked out. Buford and Myra came back and said, "How come the office door is open? Where is Mary?"

Did she take the key with her? Where'd she go?" Somebody said, "Oh I saw her ride away with Edna Hunter." So he called up Edna, she was a hostess some place. She told him that she'd taken me over to the hospital. So he came over there and got the keys. He thought he was gonna have to have somebody else open up the next day. But I came to work that day. I really always have been healthy. I just have accidents once in a while. Or things that you can't help like cancer and stuff like that.

TM: What else do you remember about the clinic?

MH: About the clinic? Well, we had some great doctors. We had some doctors I never saw. I didn't always have to go to the doctor. We had Dr. Schnur. He was really good. He was very serious. He had a very different way with you than Bill did. But I always felt he was a friend too. In fact, I even went down to their house a couple times. They had a beautiful house right on Oak Creek. I guess the son still has it. Anyway, Eileen, Eileen was her name. His wife was a nurse. The old hospital was kind of a rambling old building, it still is probably a rambling old building. Where his office was, was right off the waiting room. One day Myra was expecting, I don't know which... I think she was expecting Karen 'cause he delivered their daughter Becky, who's my goddaughter. Anyhow, he had three girls waiting for him. Two other girls and Myra. Well Myra was the third one, so she had to sit out there and wait. The first one went in, and she had a lot of marital troubles. Myra heard a lot of them. The next one when in, all the marital troubles from her went through. The doctor gave her some consoling advice and sent her on her way. He walked to the door and said to Myra, "Do you want Mr. Anthony or do you want Dr. Schnur?" Myra said, "I'd prefer Dr. Schnur." So she went in. He delivered Becky in the evening. Becky was born on the 30th of October at 10 o'clock in the evening, I think it was. And at 10:15 he left to go to Sedona. They had to have somebody from Williams on call if he went out of town. So he took off and went down to Sedona and somebody was on call from down here. Now wouldn't that be a lot of help, 'cause it takes almost an hour to get up there? But he had good nurses. He had Gibby, he had Ellen Goza. Billy Weaver was one of the first ones I remember. Her dad was a rancher someplace toward the reservation, some place out there. She came in and she was our nurse. There was Ellen Goza, Jo Shire, Gibby. Gibby was a good nurse. She rode with Dr. Henry one time. There was a baby born and they needed an incubator. They only had one at Flagstaff at the time, and it was in use. Grand Canyon didn't have one, so Bill decided to take this baby down to Cottonwood. I think it was born prematurely. He had Gibby go with him and Gibby held the baby. She said, "I'll never ride with that man again."

TM: [laughter]

MH: She said, "The police chased us and they couldn't even catch us, and we went down that hill so fast," she said, "I almost put my foot through the footboard in car." She said, "He drove so *fast*, I didn't think that we'd make those curves." [chuckle] He made it but the baby didn't survive. The mother and dad couldn't stay at the Canyon. They just couldn't stay there, so they left. I don't know where they buried the baby. I think they took it to wherever her family was, because it's not buried at Grand Canyon. I can't remember their name anymore. The name is not on this list, 'cause I looked when I was going through it. I was sure that it wasn't on there, but I looked anyway. It was like two days/three days old and they decided it needed an incubator badly. Flagstaff didn't have the big hospital then, it was just a little hospital. Like the one that used be here on the corner, where the insurance guy is. That used to be our hospital at Williams. They built that nice, beautiful hospital out there at the Canyon. Buford and Myra's granddaughter was one of the first babies, I think the first baby born there.

TM: Is that right?

MH: Her name is Deannamarie Fanero Moore. She was born out there. Now it's an office building more or less and a little clinic. Have they put anything else in it besides the offices in the back there in the clinic?

TM: It's just the Grand Canyon Association. You mean the old hospital building?

MH: No, the new hospital.

TM: Oh, the new one.

MH: The dentist used to come up there; I went to the dentist there.

TM: Mark Draggles was there.

MH: He was out the south road here.

TM: Right. When I left, by that time, the entire east part of the building, where the cafeteria would have been in the hospital, where the medical surgery area was, where the overnight's beds were, all of that has been taken over by the emergency services people. They have the dispatch in there for Wupatki and Grand Canyon and a number of different parks. They run the dispatch out of there. Big towers they built out there for the radar communications. So all that whole part of the hospital has been taken over them.

MH: Huh, I haven't been in it since I went to the dentist.

TM: To see Mark.

MH: I liked Mark so well I kept going up there and Buford and Myra did too. Excepting that Buford made a mistake. He went to Flagstaff to have his dentures done. Whoops. Wrong doctor. He never could hardly wear them. They were always... Well, he lost weight, and so did Myra. They were both sick.

TM: Did you know Dr. Garbayo?

MH: Oh I *loved* Dr. Garbayo. [chuckle] I had kidney stones and I was so sick. Margery Laff was going to have her little baby, Sugar. I can't think of her real name. She was named for her aunt, but I can't think of her aunt's name. Anyway, she was at one end of the hall and I was at the other end. I was supposed to be giving her a baby shower with Myra. We were gonna give her a baby shower that night. I got sick so I drove myself into the hospital, and... What was her name? McMullin. She was the nurse on duty.

TM: Is she buried in the cemetery?

MH: No, her husband is. She's still living.

TM: What's her name?

MH: Clara McMullin.

TM: What's his name?

MH: Bill, I think... Bill McMullin. Seems like.

TM: And what did he do?

MH: He was a ranger.

TM: Okay.

MH: She was the one on duty that night. And poor Dr. Garbayo, I was screaming and Margarie was screaming and he went back and forth from one to the other of us. Pretty soon he came in and he said, "Mary, I'm just gonna give you a shot and put you out." The next morning I felt fine. So, I went to work and worked all day. Went to the library the next day. When I got to the library, about halfway through my time at the library, I got so sick again. They couldn't find out what was wrong. Up until that time, they never had a good x-ray machine at Grand Canyon. So, the fifth day they sent me down to Flagstaff. I had x-rays for an hour and a half. Every five minutes in a different position. They finally found them. Both my ureters were plugged up with stones. So they flew me down to Phoenix and Dr. Henry gave me the anesthetic. That's when he gave me anesthetic. Dr. Osborne was my doctor. I really liked him, too. He was very nice. He took care of me and I got along pretty good. I got back to the Canyon and I had all the same pain again. Dr. Garbayo said, "We'll send you back down." Karen was home and she was driving back down there so I rode back with her. She took me to the hospital and I had adhesions. So they had to clean those out. So I was down there for five days. Bill Henry's son came and got me, 11 o'clock at night, when I got off the plane the first time. And the second time Karen just took me right to the hospital. They put me out. They had bought Angel's Hospital or Little Angels or something hospital. It was a different hospital for Good Sam. Anyhow, they had bought it. It was a small hospital. And Dr. Osborne came and he took care of me. They put me to bed and the nurse said, "Be sure to drink all your water." She moved the table away from me and walked out of the room. The next day they said, "You didn't drink your water last night and you were told that you had to drink all that water." I said, "Yes, but I couldn't reach it." Had all these tubes in me, I couldn't get out of bed. She said, "Well why didn't you ring the bell?" I said, "There's no bell on this bed." She said, "Oh there certainly is." She walked around it and she said, "Well there isn't. I wonder how that happened." And she walked out. I never saw that one again. Then I had a real nice little girl that came in and she took care of me from there on in. I thought, "Better that I went home."

A few years later, I had them again, and again, and again. The last time I went to Dr. Benson over in Flagstaff. He didn't operate. He just made me drink a lot of water and do all this other stuff. So, I got through that. Dr. Osborne was at Dr. Henry's funeral. Dr. Henry was from Wickenburg. When they buried him, they buried him at Wickenburg.

TM: Dr. Henry was bald. Was he bald with hair on either side? What did he look like?

MH: I don't know if you would have known him. Unless you knew him from down there or something.

TM: No, no, no, I didn't know him. In the physical therapy department we had a couple photographs of one of the physicians from the '40s-ish time, and he had hair over his ears, but bald in the middle.

MH: I'd have to see that.

TM: Yeah, the picture was there. It's actually a photograph in special collections.

MH: I don't remember anybody that looked like that. You know, we had doctors up there that I never saw 'cause I didn't go to the doctor very much. Unless they brought clothes down, I didn't see 'em. But we had Dr. Lacy, we had Dr. Schnur, we had Dr. Garbayo, we had... I have no idea who we had.

TM: What do you remember of Dr. Lacy?

MH: He had a family. The kids went to school with Buford and Myra's kids. Jane was a tall girl. She was the drum major and I had to lengthen her pants she was so tall. And then they put this big, tall hat on her. She was way up here and all the other kids were way down here. I don't think I ever went to Dr. Lacy, actually. I went to Dr. Schnur one time to have my tonsils out. I had an infection around 'em and I wasn't 21 yet. He said, "Mary, you've gotta have this infection cleared up first." He said, "When you get it all cleared up, you come to see me." Well, my birthday came, and I was 21. Then it was January and I went to see him. Dr. Schnur had gone on a vacation to Israel. So I had this old doctor, I have no idea what his name was, but he was a grumpy old man. He took my tonsils out. He told me to be there promptly at 8 o'clock in the morning. I was there promptly at 8:00. He took my tonsils out. At 4 o'clock he came in and he said, "Do you have somebody you can call to take you home?" So I called my friend Jo. She came over and got me and took me home and fixed me some soup, some Jello. All this good stuff that they give you. My tonsils kept bleeding and bleeding. A week went by and they were still bleeding. My friend Mrs. Smith said, "Mary, go back and tell him you need help. Nobody's tonsils should bleed that long." So I went back over and said, "Doctor, my tonsils are still bleeding." He said, "Didn't you put ice around your throat?" I said, "Nobody ever told me anything like that. You just told me I could go home. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I went home." He said, "Well, you should have enough sense." I said, "You know, I've never been a patient in a hospital before, this was my first time." I was quite put-out with him, and he was quite put-out with me. Anyhow, I did it and it went right away. I guess the blood wasn't congealing or something and it just kept bleeding. But, I had them out. Before I had it, Dr. Schnur told me, "You can't have it until you're 21, anyway, because you're not old enough to sign the insurance papers." I said, "Dr. Schnur, I paid for my insurance ever since I went to work."

We used to pay \$1 a month for our insurance. In Kansas I paid \$1 a month and I think when I came to Grand Canyon it was like \$19 or \$18 or something like that. It was in the teens anyway. When I left it was going to change to \$59, I was paying \$39. It was supposed to change the day I left, they said it was gonna be \$59. I've always had insurance and I've had supplemental insurance. So I was always fortunate. I never paid any insurance. I got a bill the other day saying, "This is not really a bill, you might have to pay this amount- you *might* have to pay." It's a hundred some dollars, I've never paid a hundred and some dollars in all these years. It's just strange to me because I pay a lot of money out from my supplemental insurance, but I'm glad to pay it because it's taken care of me and I've had some serious operations and I was always covered. When I went to Dr. Osborne down in Phoenix, there was a Mr. Flick? ...no that's not right... he used to have a liquor distribution over in Flagstaff. Anyhow, he had bought into I think the Good Samaritan hospital, he had something to do with it anyway. A friend of mine was the controller down there. Grant said, "Don't pay any of these bills, 'cause I know you have good insurance and I don't want to have to make out a bill to refund to you." So I said, "Ok I won't send the money." Well, I got this nasty, nasty letter. They were going to take me to court, and make me pay, and all this stuff. So I paid 'em. Grant called me up and said, "Why did you pay that bill? Your insurance is going to pay it and then I have to write you another check and send it up to you." I said, "Well, I'll send the letter down that I got from them." It was a nasty letter. I sent it down to him. He quit. He went in and told this guy off and quit.

TM: Is that right?

MH: He was so mad that they had done that. He said he told all of them that our insurance was good at Grand Canyon and if we had supplemental that paid everything, you didn't have to worry about it, it would get there. I have AARP. When they send the thing to Medicare, they just put on there "AARP" in a certain place and it goes right through. I don't know what this guy was thinking of. He was money-happy I guess. But anyway, I got through that one.

The time that I was in the hospital, when I was at the hospital, the old hospital, Dr. Garbayo was there. My friend Jo was there, Jo Shire. She was one of the nurses. She was from Kansas too. We used to drive back to Kansas together. She was there and Dr. Garbayo was filling out papers because nobody had brought my papers up to date at the hospital. I guess they didn't have to, I hadn't been in there in a while. Anyway, she was standing there and he said, "What is your mother's name?" and I told him. He said, "Is she living?" I said, "Yes." He said, "What is your father's name?" My father had died, and I started to cry, and I couldn't quit. I had never cried for my father, because I was so lucky to have had him for 30 years after he almost left us. I just felt that every day we had him was a pleasant present from God. So I never cried for him, but I couldn't quit crying. That's the only time I ever cried over my father. Like I said, I just felt I was so lucky to have him. Dr. Garbayo said to Jo, "She must have just lost her father." Jo said, "Oh no, he died a long time ago." No nonsense Jo. She had no sympathy when you were in that hospital bed, it was "you're my patient. Stay over there in your bed." [laughter]

Myra and Jo and I used to drive to Kansas because we were all from Kansas. Jo was from a little town outside of Dodge City. It's called Spearville. It's been in lots of Western movies. Myra was from Newton and Hutchinson. Buford's family was in Hutchinson and her family was in Newton. Mine was in Kansas City, so I got to drive. Sometimes I'd leave the car there and get on a plane or train and go the rest of the way. Sometimes I'd drive through by myself. I think just one time, Jo and I drove through together. Jo was a nurse all the way. She got up *real early* in the morning. Earlier than I did. I came down from Kansas City one morning, and she was at her mother's house. The family still had her mother's house. Her mother had passed away. Anyhow, we were at her house and she said, "Mary, the coffee's on and there's a roll on the kitchen table, let's get started." So I got up, and I had my roll and a cup of coffee. I got out and got in the car and we started to drive. I thought, "Gee what time is it?" It must have been 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning. We got all the way to Kofa. I didn't get there until 10 o'clock at night the night before. I drove all way over to Colorado. We were inside the state of Colorado someplace and she said, "Well, should we stop and really have a breakfast?" And I said, "Okay." I drove all the way back to the Canyon.

TM: Wow.

MH: I seem to be the chauffeur all the time whenever I finally started driving. I drove all the time. When we drive back, we usually went up through Durango, Colorado and that way. That made it a long stretch up there. There's one long, long stretch on that highway. I don't even know the highway's number anymore. But, anyhow, I would fight to stay awake, 'cause everybody would go to sleep in the car and here I was trying to pin my eyes open so I could see. We'd go all the way across. One time I drove home by myself and I stopped and visited a friend in Denver. I got on 70 Highway, and I got to Topeka and I thought, "Oh I'm almost to Kansas City. I can drive the rest of the way." Oh, that last miles to Kansas City were the longest miles I've ever seen. 70 Highway is very boring. There's nothing on it. I got home, it was real late, and my mother said, "Did somebody come with you?" I said, "No, I drove all the way by myself." They were still up, it was probably 10:30 or so. I had started real early. My friend didn't even get up when I left. I woke up and I was ready to go. I went in the kitchen, fixed some coffee, and got in the car. Wrote her a little note and left. I got home okay, but my folks were still sittin' up waiting for me.

TM: How often would you drive back to Kansas? Would you do that...?

MH: I used to go see my folks every year. I promised them I would try to do that. There were very few times I missed. My mother and dad were both gone when I quit going. The reason I quit going is I broke my hip and I didn't think I could ride that far. I know I couldn't now, for sure. Anyway, I just quit going. My niece says, "Oh, Aunt Mary I'll come out and rent a car and come up and get you and take you down

to Phoenix to catch a plane back. It'll only take a couple hours to fly home." Well it takes about three, I think. But anyway, I never did do it because I didn't think I could sit on a plane for three hours. I could sit like two hours like now, but when you don't move your feet or get around or anything, I just can't do that. Even going up the Canyon is hard for me. When I came back from the picnic, I went to bed. Slept 'til 9 o'clock the next morning. It wears me out to ride. So I just don't do it anymore. Anyhow, I did always go back and see my folks 'cause I promised them. My sister was always there. She was 60, 70 miles away, 50, 60, 70. Not too far away. Her kids all lived around Kansas City. They had a lot of family there.

My oldest brother and I and one nephew really left home. My oldest brother went to Alaska, I came out here, and my nephew when to Colorado and he's still there. My oldest brother passed away.

TM: Would your family come visit you sometimes?

MH: Some of my nieces and nephews, but not very many of them. I have one nephew, he's my brother George's boy, he calls me about once a month. "Hello Aunt Mary, you know who this is?" [chuckles] And of course I know who this is. But anyway, he does call me.

TM: That's nice.

MH: He tells me about the whole family. He kinda keeps track of all of them. Excepting he doesn't go over to my brother's because my brother gives him a lecture. Because my nephew likes to party. He doesn't do it every weekend, but some weekends he parties. My brother doesn't like that. So he doesn't get along with him very well. I enjoy his talk anyway. He always tells me about people I used to know, and some I didn't know that he knew. He keeps track of a lot of people. He lives in a little town called Gardner, but he did live in Kansas City for years. He doesn't live there anymore. He moved. One of my nieces just moved down there. She said it's such a nice little town. She lived in Olathe. Olathe is a little bit bigger, probably quite a bit bigger. I can remember when Gardner was... The highway went around it and there was a big curve that went around it. My brother Al took a door off of a car one morning. We were going home. We'd taken my dad up to Kansas City. Dad was working in Kansas City and we hadn't moved up there yet. This car went by us and the passenger side door came open and Al hit it. I mean, we were on a curve and he couldn't do anything. It was all so sudden and everything. He wasn't very old. That was back in the late 30's, early... He was old enough to drive a car.

TM: '41 maybe? If your dad was working.

MH: Al went into the Service in '41. So it was probably '40 or '39. He had just started back to work. He hadn't worked at that job for a long time. He just started up that job, and we took him up there that morning. First time I went in a restaurant outside of the one in Greeley that I worked in when I was 6 years old. That's another story for another time.

TM: You mentioned Jo's husband worked for the Park Service?

MH: Jo Shire?

TM: Is that right?

MH: Yeah. Her husband worked for the Park Service.

TM: What do you remember about him?

MH: He was in World War II. He's a tall man and I think he was from Colorado. They had twin boys when they first came. They had Michael and they had Donny. Donny lives over in Flagstaff. When they first came up there, they had twin boys and they died at birth. The next year she had twin boys again. They were David and Dale. Dale has passed away. He worked for the Park Service. I think he did electrical work and he used to put a piece of wire in his mouth because he was trying to quit smoking. It was lead and he got lead poisoning. Eventually he... I guess he actually had a heart attack when he died. But, he was with his family.

[papers shuffling]

MH: I was trying to see if someone was related to somebody else or something.

TM: Those were the plane crash people.

[papers shuffling]

TM: There it might be.

MH: S-C-H-E-I-E-R

TM: Carl, Charles, and Dale... S-C-H-E-I-E-R.

MH: This is Carl. These are the twins that died. And this is the second set of twins. He died. He's the one that had lead poisoning. Actually, Lawrence is buried out there. I think there's a head... Actually, he isn't buried out there. But I think there's a headstone up. [long pause]

TM: So Dale was the father?

MH: No. His name was Lawrence and his name isn't on here.

TM: Hmm.

MH: I didn't realize that.

TM: Ok, so Carl and Charles were the twins?

MH: The first twins. And Dale and David were the second. David lives in Page. And they had a little sister named Mary. So there was two, four, six, seven... Seven children in that family.

TM: And Dale worked for the Park Service?

MH: Mhm. And David did, too, I think. And so did Lawrence. But I know there's a headstone up there. Maybe they didn't get permission to put it up there.

TM: I don't know, but I'll ask Kern about it.

MH: I know they took Jo's ashes when she died and put them on the grave. It's by a tree when you go in and you turn to the right. It's right down there. And the twins are underneath that tree or right next to it. It's a big tree. 'Course there's a lot of big trees.

TM: When did Jo die?

MH: Hasn't been too many years ago. I ran across her obituary thing when I was going through pictures, but I didn't take it out. She was 90 years old when she died. No, she had her 90th birthday and I was invited to it. I had the invitation to that, but then I had her obituary, too. I think she was with Mary when she died. Mary lived up in...

TM: If you see that again, I'd like to take a picture of it.

MH: Okay. I have to get back in that big box over there. [chuckling] I need to get in that big box anyhow 'cause I still haven't found that picture of Mr. Rouser. I *know* it's in that box and I've had it out twice but I never did get to the bottom because somebody came in and I just dumped everything back in and pushed it. I didn't push it back. I can't push it back. Julie pushed it back for me. I can get it out, but I can't push it back. No handle. I have to have a handle to pull on it. Anyhow if you want this picture, you're welcome to it. I don't know if you want it.

TM: Sure. Again, anything you give me is gonna go to the Park.

MH: That's fine. I have another of these. It's not quite as big but I have another one.

TM: Thank you.

MH: Did you ever go up there?

TM: Yes, oh yes. Yeah. Looks nice with the nice chains, goes all the way around it. It's a nice place.

MH: They left money to have that taken care of. It was \$10 a year. Mr. Metzger took care of it until he got the point that he couldn't do it, so he asked the Legion to do it. I think the Legion got the \$10 from the estate for maybe 10 years? Then the money ran out. Dick Patton and those guys used to go up there and clean it until they left. And then they left up there. Then, even when they were having ceremonies for Memorial Day out at the cemetery, some of them went up there and cleaned it. All the ones that did that are gone now. Dick lives down in Chino Valley, but he's not well. He can't get around anymore. I think he's on oxygen all the time. I haven't seen him for a while. I haven't been down that way. I've been down there once since Julie's been running me around doing things. I only stopped to leave off some stuff for Maggie and that was it. I did stop there. I think I went in the front porch of their house and that's as far as I went.

TM: I haven't been to the Bryant's cemetery area for maybe 5 to 10 years. It was in good shape when I was there.

MH: Well at least somebody is taking care of it. I hope so. Because it's such a pretty place.

TM: Yeah. Yeah. It certainly is.

MH: And now it's 11:00.

TM: Well, thank you.

MH: I brought the clock in so I wouldn't keep you too long.

TM: No worries, no worries. Thank you again. Can we come visit on Thursday?

MH: Yep. That's fine. I have no place to go.

TM: Aright. Maybe on Thursday we could talk about the Verkamp's.

MH: Okay. I have a lot of information on the Verkamp's. I knew them too, so...

TM: Or unless there's something else you'd like to talk about.

MH: No, Verkamp's is fine.

TM: Okay. Alright. Thank you.

MH: Uh-huh.