

Presidents Message

TRAINS

We really appreciate the story contributed by Betty Meyer for this issue, and hope this will stimulated your memories. If you would like to share your memories with the Grand Canyon Pioneers, we will be more than happy to print your account of life and work at the Canyon. How about special occasions, weddings, births, retirements, birthdays, deaths, funerals, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, and even St. Patrick's Day. I'm sure there are a lot of stories out there that ought to be shared and preserved.

I've been trying to find articles about the "miniature horses" of the Grand Canyon. Can anyone give me some help? If you have any personal recollections, no matter how short, that will support or refute the story about the "miniature horses" I will appreciate hearing from you.

I've heard that at one time Fred Harvey kept a coop of pigeons. I've never seen squab on any menus. Can anyone tell me why they kept pigeons?

Our next meeting will be at 4:00 P.M. on January 20, 1990, at the meeting room of WFM Engineers, 210 N. Park Street, Flagstaff. We are planning a potluck dinner. Bring a main dish, a salad, a dessert, your own nonalcoholic drinks, plates and service. The Werhan's will bring a ham. Coffee will be available. Our program will be presented by Ms. Teri Cleeland, Kaibab National Forest, who will present a slide program about the restoration of the Hull Cabin, and other project she has been working on around the Canyon.

Several years ago, Carol and I prepared the enclosed questionnaire on Arizona place names. It has appeared in the Mesa Tribune, and has been used as a test in Arizona History classes in Mesa and Flagstaff high schools, and at NAU. Please bring your completed questionnaire to the January meeting, and we will argue about the correct answers.

I stood beside the tracks waiting to board the train. It hadn't arrived at the station yet, but it was approaching with a tremendous noise. I was standing as close to the tracks as I dare. I knew the train couldn't leave the tracks to get me, but was afraid to stand any closer than I was. The locomotive ran past me, the black cow catcher came first, and then the cylinders with steam pouring and hissing out, then the driving rods pumping back and forth and the giant driving wheels rolling along the bright shiny track. All was noise and motion, heat, terror and excitement as I looked up I saw the engineer looking down at me. He waved as the engine rolled past followed by the tender, then the baggage car and passenger cars. A great mass of motion, noise, energy that you could feel moving past. Energy from the coal fired smoke that came down and burned your nose and eyes and rained cinders down on your head. You could feel the heat from the engine and see the rails move up and down from the load of the train.

The train stopped suddenly and the conductor jumped down with a step in his hand. He set the step on the ground and began helping people off the train. Then it was time for us to get on board. I didn't want any help from the conductor, I was old enough to do it myself, but I was also too small for that long step. The station was on the inside of a curve, which made the train lean toward the station so you were leaning backward as you climbed aboard the train. I couldn't quite make it up the steps, so the conductor helped me anyway.

You had to find a seat quickly because the train didn't stop very long at Long Lake. The train would start with a short jerk and if you weren't in your seat, you'd be on the floor.

The train started to move more quickly as I sat with my nose pressed against the window watching the world pass by, and then I sat back in my seat and listened to the sounds and felt the sudden jerks and swaying of the train as we crossed each joint. Who can forget the click click, click click, click click?

These are my memories of riding the train when I was six or seven years old. The Milwaukee Road ran commuter service through northeastern Illinois where I grew up. We relied on the train, and would often ride to the next town to see the dentist, or to see a movie and the newsreels about the war. My older brother and I would walk the tracks from time to time with a gunny sack to pick up pieces of coal that fell from the train to take home and heat our house. Sometimes we would find a lot of coal, and I often wondered if the fireman didn't spill a little extra just to help us out. Cars, gasoline and tires were hard to come by then, so the train was an important part of our lives.

I still like trains, and it was great opportunity to relive the past on October 22nd when the Grand Canyon Pioneers rode the Grand Canyon Railway. We had a great turnout by Pioneers past and present, and enjoyed a timely presentation by Al Richmond as he told us about the railway, the history, the country and future plans.

If you weren't able to join us then, perhaps we ought to make plans to make this an annual event. Oh yes, I told the conductor I was old enough to do it myself, and I climbed on board without his help.

Ron Werhan

The Vice-President's Message

In most areas, be it business, government, or whatever, the Vice-President is either silent, doesn't do much or doesn't have any responsibility. So, in order to dispel that concept, here is a word from our Vice-President.

We feel good about Ron as President and are looking forward to his strong leadership and programs under his guidance. We all know he has large shoes to fill, but also know he will do the job well. Thanks, Ron, for accepting the office.

One of the things which has been most enjoyable as an activity of the Pioneers is the area of field trips. We've had many and are looking forward to many more.

For those of you who are newcomers or haven't joined us for the field trips, here are some of the great trips we've taken.

- Pete Berry Ranch site
- Buggeln Ranch site
- W.W. Bass White House
- Rowe Well site
- Hull Cabin
- Bass Point campout
- Havasu Point
- Lauzon homestead & picnic
- Anita, Apex & Emerald mine
- Phantom Ranch mule trip
- Grandview Hotel site
- Tour - Museum of Northern Arizona
- Visit to the Kolb Studio
- Grand Canyon Airlines and talk by Ron Warren
- Grand Canyon Railway trip
- Shoshone Point picnic with Jack and Bobbie Davis
- Ten X campout

Now we are asking for suggestions for future field trips. If you have any ideas, would you call or write me so that we can either "scout" them or plan for such an outing. We realize weather will dictate when these can be planned.

A suggestion has been made for a hike down the Hermit Trail to Dripping Springs, it's a short and very beautiful. Also, Grand view Trail - even if we don't go the entire distance.

Fred is treasurer so the receipts on the cookbook go through his hands. The response and sales have been incredible. We still are amazed at the sales and dollar amount. We all thank our editor, Carol, and can't say enough about the good job she has done with the help of Marie and Paul Maiorana.

Thanks Carol, Marie and Paul.
Jeanne Schick

LIFE IN THE GRAND CANYON
In The Twenties And Thirties
By Elizabeth Meyer

I arrived at the Grand Canyon July 4, 1926 in a 1920 Dodge touring car driven by my Father. When I entered the Bright Angel dining room I was met by my old headwaiters from Albuquerque, (I had been a Harvey girl there), who said, "you're an answer to my prayers, can you go to work in the morning?" I said yes.

The next morning I was on the floor at 6 a.m. and what a day it was. A new girl in town was an excuse for every chauffeur and cowboy to have coffee at the Bright Angel and look her over and ask for a date. I was lucky because soon I was pretty well dated up for the month. I accepted a date with Joe, the drummer in the orchestra, for the Saturday night Dance.

The first day I worked, Bill Kent and my roommate Alice Cunningham's, boy friend were sitting on the railing in front of the BA with their feet hooked around the post and their posteriors hanging over the edge of a canyon with a 3,000 ft. drop.

Bill asked John, "who's the new girl?"

John said "that's Alice's new roommate, stick around and I will introduce her to you when they get off work at 8:00 p.m."

After about 10 minutes Bill answered, "I am going to marry that girl."

He tried to make a date for the dance but I was dated up for the next two Saturdays. But then, a drummer does not get to dance much, so Bill and I did. I started dating and "riming" with Bill on July 28th. On the 10th. of August he offered me a diamond ring which I turned down, but finally accepted on August 24th. We were married Oct. 6, 1926.

We were married at the Grand Canyon at Rowe Well in the Indian Rug room by Justice of the Peace, Hamilton. After the ceremony the gang went out to the old deserted ranch house of Bert Lauzon and had a party with a wedding cake baked by the baker at the El Tovar.

There was only about 200 permanent employees in the Canyon at that time, and not too many tourist cars came to the canyon because the road up was dirt and the dust was about a foot deep.

The trains brought most of the tourists and most were accommodated at the El Tovar for meals.

The trains came in a 7:00 a.m. with breakfast served at the El Tovar. They took a bus trip to Hermit's Rest at 9:30 which stopped at all points of interest. Coffee, tea, punch and cookies were served at Hermit's Rest. The bus returned to El Tovar for lunch and then left at 1:30 p.m. for the 25 mile trip to Desert View. That is where the Indian Watch Tower is now. From the top of the tower, the tourists looked across the desert for miles to see the Little Colorado, Painted Desert, and most of the Indian Reservation.

I can remember a wonderful party we had in about 1932. Our gang really celebrated the opening by having a New Year's party in the Kiva, and the boys who were sober enough, climbed to the top with their shot-guns to welcome in the New Year.

Back to the ride to Desert View. We had open-air white busses, and if you have never ridden on a dirt road, with trees still growing in the middle of the road, and a wild kid at the wheel who had to make time so he could get his people back to the canyon by 5:30 p.m. to see the Indian dances at the Hopi House, you have missed a thrilling ride.

The train left at 8:00 p.m. so all of the employees were free shortly after. Since there was no entertainment in the village we had to make our own.

The National Park Service had built a community building in back of the Fred Harvey garage, so all social activities were held there.

We had Sunday School in the morning and went to church if there was a traveling minister there, which was mostly Mormon and Episcopalian. Later we had a group (I was one of the organizers) which formed a church board. We had a minister from Williams and one from Flagstaff who came up one Sunday a month. The Santa Fe gave them

a pass on the train. We paid what we could, but it was mainly their love of God that caused them to help us. The Catholics had regular Mass every Sunday at the El Tovar music room. Sunday night was movies -- not the latest silent black and white either. Fred Harvey rented them and one of the chauffeurs ran the projector. Saturday night was the dance night and was really crowded. A group of Guides and chauffeurs organized an orchestra. The hall was small about 100 ' X 50' with 4 posts 12 X 12 that held up the upstairs where Sunday School and the Masons had their meetings.

If the hall could have told stories about the parties we held there!..

Millie and Johny Schmidtkie were married and a big party was held. Since the punch bowl was by the open window, by 10:30 the punch was pure moonshine and bootleg whiskey. You could have found a bottle in anyone of the trees around the hall if one had wanted some anyhow. It was a good thing that we had the big posts because we were so crowded that when Bill and Millie fell down, everyone kept dancing over them. Bill was my husband by then and I had to clean his suit so I know how many feet had stepped on him.

Dating was mostly "riming", and in case you don't know what that was, its walking around the rim of the Canyon by moonlight. There were so many wonderful shelves or cave-like spots below the rim, where you could sit and hang your feet over the wall with the 3,000 foot drop. It was really an exciting place for spooning.

Bill always told the story about why he married me. We were under the Lookout Studio that had a stone bench where one could look on the peaceful moonlight of the big canyon. Now there is a steel post railing built on that point where people go for the view. But back to Bill's story. He said that I proposed, and with his back to the canyon, and a 3,000 ft. drop, he had to say yes because I had said I would push him over if he said no.

There were no wooden houses at the canyon, only a few tent houses; canvas over wooden frames. Of course the BA had them and they has steam heat so the tourists

were warm. About Nov 15th., we rented a room at Mr. Clarks, the night watchman. His wife was away to have a baby. It had an old oil stove (Florence), a table, chairs, a bed, and dresser. I was a teen-ager and did not know how to boil water, and, at 7,000 ft. altitude, most real cooks didn't either.

Bill went to a turkey shoot and picked the biggest bird, not realizing that he had to kill and dress it. You never saw so many pin feathers, and it weighed out at 25 pounds so it wasn't too young either. So now my problem began. How was I going to cook it? I had no cook book and no one to ask. Mr. Clark came to the rescue and told me I could use his wife's roaster and cook it in their wood and coal cook stove. Needless to say it took all day. We survived my learning to cook and Bill never had any stomach trouble.

In January we were able to rent a three room tent house because the contractors had finally finished building the big power house that made our electricity and had an ice house that Bill, my husband, ran. They had almost finished the coal cook stove too as the grates were burned out, and I just couldn't keep a fire going in it. Bill used to come home at noon to find me in tears trying to fry and egg burning kindling. We had a pot bellied stove for heat in the front room and you burned your front while freezing your rear.

By that time I had a Searchlight Cook Book from Topeka, Kansas with sea level recipes. I tried a cake which fell flat, but Bill said it was the best Macaroon Cake that he had ever eaten that had no coconut.

The park service told the owner of the house he would have to tear it down, so by March we were back in the gray building sleeping on a three quarter bed and eating at the Bright Angel lunch counter. I was pregnant by then, and used to lose my breakfast on the way back to the room. I expect the dudes got a kick out of that. In May I lost the baby because I had an infantile uterus and could not hold it.

In Oct., the Santa Fe built some houses on Avenue A in back of the old Babbitt's store. We got one but couldn't afford to

buy much furniture so we sent to Montgomery Ward Catalog for a pretty gray enamel cook stove and a congoleum rug for the floor, also gray. We found a discarded Fred Harvey table and old chairs and bought a bed and dresser from Williams, Arizona Babbitt's. The rest of the house was left empty, but that was far as we could stretch Bill's \$125.00 a month and still eat. So I went back to work at the BA as a waitress and I got my meals and \$35.00 a month and a few tips; a dime was usual, but a quarter was a big one. Bill ate at the mess hall with the chauffeurs because he was driving extra and managed to be working at the Hotel at some meal times.

I did not get to work there too long because the number of tourists dropped off with the coming of heavy snows. Shortly thereafter there was an opening at Babbitt's store, so I went to work clerking in the dry goods department.

By that time the Community Hall had burned down, so the Park Service built us a new large one that is still in use today. We had dances, parties, and plays there. We also held regular church services and I was in charge of music and some of the plays. There was no such thing as baby sitter or Drive-in Bobs or any other eatery, so everyone brought their kids to the hall and put them on pallets in the cloakroom. After a dance there was no place to go to for something to eat, so we would go to one another's houses, and whoever had baked fresh bread or had an extra butter, eggs, pie, or cake would bring them over and we would have a party. This was when I had my first sandwich of rye bread, raw hamburger, and sliced onion.

All Santa Fe wives met their husbands at the depot on payday, the 6th and 21st of the month. The husbands cashed their checks and we got our \$20.00 and left on the 10:00 train for Williams to buy groceries. We shopped at Pay and Take It and they would deliver our groceries to the vestibule of the train. We left Williams at 3:00 p.m. and arrived at the Y where the train backed in, because was no turntable there to turn them. This way they would be

headed out the next morning. Our husbands met us there because it was close to avenue A where we lived.

For the \$10.00 we spent, it was all the boys could do to lift the big boxes and carry them home. We bought a 25 pound bag of flour, coffee, lard, and canned goods. We did not know what fresh vegetable were since we were so far from Phoenix and LA. We got our butter and our eggs by the case from Utah, and our milk and cream in 5 gallon containers from Phoenix once a week. Mrs. Stephens got hers free for sending the money and dividing it all up.

You may wonder why we did not buy from Babbitt's. It was the cost. Food in the national parks was terribly high and we just could not afford it — and we had free passes on the RR. Babbitt's had to pay the government for the concession and transportation was awfully high.

Most of our meat was free because the boys always went hunting in the fall and we always had venison. Sometimes Bill got an antelope and would hang the meat in the ice house under the platform. A couple of years Bill made connections for buffalo meat.

On Sundays the fellows would have a rabbit hunt. They caught the little train at 10:00 a.m. to Anita where about 30 of them would get off the train and form two teams with their shotguns, gunny sacks and a sack lunch to hunt for about 3 hours. Then they caught the little train back to the canyon. When the counting was through, the losing team had to clean and cook the rabbits for winners and their families, and any one else in the town at the Fred Harvey mess hall. Fortunately Bill was always on the winning side so I never had to help. I never knew there were so many ways to cook wild rabbit — stewed, fried, a la king... I have never liked rabbit since.

Very few people remember that we had a trail at Hermit's Rest that went down to Hermit Camp. We took mule trips and could stay over night. It was a much shorter trip than to Phantom Ranch. There was a tram-way that was used to bring food and supplies to the camp.

The way that the tram worked, it was as much up as down and at that speed no human being could ride it. For some reason that was not a popular trip with the tourists, so it was closed.

I shall never forget the night that we all went out to Pima Point to watch the burning of the camp. The canyon was lit up like day. When they chopped the cable of the tram it was like a huge snake, and really vibrated as it hit the canyon walls.

The Bright Angel Trail was owned by Coconino County and a \$1.00 was collected from every person using the trail. In the late 20's the U.S. Government and the county made a trade: the B.A. Trail for a paved highway to Williams.

I am not sure of the year, but it sure made it easier for us to go to Williams for groceries because by that time the little train had been discontinued.

By then some of us had enough money to buy cars. I can remember that we had a 1929 Chevrolet Caberlett. Since it was a demonstrator we only paid \$500.00 for it and we almost lost it because in 1930 the Santa Fe put us on 3 1/2 day a week and \$125.00 a month. Half pay was not enough to make a \$25.00 a month car payment. I was working extra for 20 cents an hour at the telephone company and Bill drove extra on the bus trips for Fred Harvey, and, since there were few tourists, that wasn't much.

The mule trips down the B.A. trail passed Kolb's Studio and he took the pictures and had them developed by the time the trip returned in the evening. Emery and his brother took the first US Government people down the river through the rapids in wooden boats which may still be seen at the Grand Canyon. They took moving pictures of the trip, and Mr. Kolb showed his movies and gave lectures twice a day at his studio until he died at the age of 94.

The park service thought that they would get his movies and photographs, but he fooled them and left them to a museum in Flagstaff. All the park service got was the empty house at the head of the trail, and the wooden boats.

Water was a very scare item at the canyon because all water had to be brought in by freight train from Del Rio, Arizona, where the Fred Harvey Co. had its farm. This is where they pastured their mules in the winter and every day during the summer. We had to be careful with water because we were charged 15 cents for a hundred gallons. We put brick in the toilet and saved the bath water to fill the tank. Bill took his showers at the Power House and I took spit baths only, and took a tub bath once a week.

In 1936 the government decided that the springs at the Indian Gardens were sufficient enough to supply the Grand Canyon with water. In my book there are pictures of the cart they made to carry the first part of the machinery down the trail. Some pulled and the others held the cart back. They built a tramway and work began on the longest one-lift pumping operation in the world. I believe it still is. When it was completed it was controlled by the power house engineers where the electricity and ice was made for the town.

Spiders loved to play at the pump house and many times they built a web in front of the electric eye of the pump. So Bill would have to get on a mule and hurry down and clean it out because the town would be low in water.

This water system lasted until the 70's when a pipe line from Roaring Springs on the North Rim was connected to the Indian Garden reservoir. It is still very expensive and there is not enough to supply the millions who come to the Canyon every year. Tusayan, the community that you pass before you get to the canyon, still has to haul water from Williams by truck.

One year on the North Rim there was a great bunch of motherless fawns, so a truck was sent over and they were brought to the South Rim and a pen was built for them near the hospital. They were bottled fed and hand fed so they became very tame. They were turned loose, and soon there were deer everywhere. I have lots of pictures of them in the the book. The dudes loved feeding them and cigarettes became their favorite food. They were rely moochers,

and you would find them in your back yard, and if you weren't careful, they would follow you into the house. But one must remember that deer are still wild animals, and people being human, got to teasing them when they offered them food. Eventually someone got hurt. So the deer were rounded up and taken out many miles from the National Park.

The next hunting season Bill went hunting as usual. About five miles outside the park area he spotted a beautiful buck and as he was sighting in for the kill, the buck saw him and started running toward him crying "me eme me" begging for a cigarette. Naturally Bill came home without a deer.

In about 1932, the park service built a new administration building across from the new Babbitt's store. They had a naturalist office upstairs and had some wild animals on display temporarily. The telephone company had opened their office next to the naturalist office. Since this was a contract office she had living quarters and was on duty 24 hours a day. I went to work for Aggie Walker as a relief operator and the telephone office was the hub of the town, because we took care of all emergency calls such as keeping track of the doctor in the evening. We also kept track of the department heads, got help for accidents, got the volunteer fire dept rolling for fires, and contacted the power house to blow the whistle to call them. We also got help for the forest lines that ran to the North Rim and Phantom ranch. When people were stranded on the canyon trails they used the emergency telephones and we had to locate people for drag outs.

One night I was working relief while Aggie had some time off at 20 cents an hour for me, when to my amazement the door of the naturalist's office was cracked and a big 6 ft. snake crawled out and into the phone office. I did not know what kind it was so the telephone service was completed on top of the switch board while I called the rangers.

I can't finish this story without telling you about Christmas in the Canyon.

We always had Christmas Caroling through out the town, and in 1944 we had a cart with a real yule log burning. Pictures were taken by Phoenix papers while we were stopped at the Bright Angel Lodge. We then went to the community hall for Santa Claus.

The Indians from the reservation came in wagons and camped out for three days so that their youngsters could see Santa Claus, and get an orange, apple, and a sack of hard Christmas candy. It was such a wonderful treat that they came every year.

As for us locals, after thirty minutes in the small hall with about 300 people and all of the village children, the smell of the camp fires, and heavy sweaty clothes, we were glad to get out into the fresh cold air.

There are so many other memories but I think I have reminisced long enough.

Betty Meyer
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HAPPY HOLIDAY TO EVERYONE!

ARIZONA PLACE NAMES

By Ron Werhan & Carol Furey-Werhan


The following clues are definitions, puns, and historical facts which will lead you to the name of an Arizona town. How well do you know Arizona?

1. _____ Map of the world.
2. _____ Table lands.
3. _____ Big house.
4. _____ When you give your child his allowance.
5. _____ Un-speedy victory.
6. _____ A card game.
7. _____ What we hope next year will be.
8. _____ Unexpected.
9. _____ Alfalfa and a lair.
10. _____ Unbranded calf.
11. _____ Memorial to the dead.
12. _____ Fabulous bird.
13. _____ Snake house and a small stream.
14. _____ A wise king.
15. _____ A Biblical dancer.
16. _____ An indian tribe.
17. _____ Pole for hanging a banner.
18. _____ Light from the sun.
19. _____ Residue from burned wood and an eating tool.
20. _____ Better than most.
21. _____ A former President.
22. _____ A former member of the U.S. Supreme Court.

ARIZONA PLACE NAMES

23. _____ Apex of a conifer.
24. _____ Lumber and a house covering.
25. _____ Part of a book.
26. _____ Mrs. Schnebly
27. _____ The name you're not supposed to forget on "Route 66".
28. _____ Governor McCormick's sister.
29. _____ Frozen vapor.
30. _____ A dealer in ship's equipment.
31. _____ A form of corporal punishment.
32. _____ H.G. Wells' pastoral people in Time Machine.
33. _____ Blissful woodcopper.
34. _____ Highest office in the city.
35. _____ The Pythoness was one.
36. _____ Archaic name of southern Argentina
37. _____ An idiot plus Mexican affirmative.
38. _____ Vends.
39. _____ Euphonium-ville.
40. _____ Extinct pachyderm.
41. _____ Brilliant idea.
42. _____ House of Representatives & the Senate.
43. _____ Holey boulder.
44. _____ Hollow tube and a fruit.
45. _____ Precipice and a heavy weight.
46. _____ Sell your poker chips.
47. _____ Male deer and ocular.

ARIZONA PLACE NAMES

48. _____ Open place in wood plus valley.
49. _____ Fourth Apostle's
50. _____ Winston's great uncle.
51. _____ Coronation.
52. _____ City of a Thousand and One Nights.
53. _____ Straw roofer.
54. _____ The bee will sting if you.....
55. _____ Ra's blossom.
56. _____ Not your shortest son, your.....
57. _____ Small meadow.
58. _____ Apache chief.
59. _____  sticker.
60. _____ Not old.
61. _____ Apache summer home.
62. _____ A question.
63. _____ A Commercial insect.
64. _____ Unconcerned.
65. _____ Group of eight musical notes.
66. _____ Pushing down on your bed.
67. _____ He wrotethe words to H.M.S.
Pinafore.
68. _____ Ambulator.
69. _____ Parts of a chain + a large pond.
70. _____ Auto valet.
71. _____ Ardent - desirous.
72. _____ Defeated by Truman.

ARIZONA PLACE NAMES

73. _____ What you use to cultivate a garden
74. _____ Encountered young bull.
75. _____ Robert Franklin.
76. _____ Sol Town.
77. _____ Twin boys.
78. _____ Fabric fiber plus tree.
79. _____ February 14th.
80. _____ Muddy swimming hole.