

MEMORIES

Jeanne Schick has asked people to jot down some of their favorite memories of their times in and around the Canyon for us all to enjoy. The following stories are the first results. Thanks, Jeanne...and keep em' coming!

GOOD CLEAN FUN AT GRAND CANYON VILLAGE in the 1930'S

By Jack Greening

It was Halloween and I was about 10 years old. Several of us boys, Ernie, Joe and Jerry Kliendienst, Dale Nagle, Gilbert Loya, Freddie Bracco and I decided to play a prank on our neighbors along Avenue A. No girls were allowed as this was "Macho" stuff. One of us would knock on a door - then we would all scatter in the night.

"Trick or Treat" or costumes were unheard of in those days. Well, we had several doors opened that night, and lo and behold, no one was there - kind of Spooky. We would peek out from behind trees or bushes and have a good laugh.

I remember going up to the Metzger house, knocking loudly and all of us running like heck. I ran a little way in back of their house, towards old Babbitt's store and decided to hide behind a pine tree. The rest of the kids were still running and all of a sudden someone grabbed me from behind and in a loud voice said, "Now I've got you and I'm going to take you home and tell your parents." I was so scared I couldn't talk - it was ART METZGER! Where he came from I'll never know. He took me back to his house, gave me a good talking to and let me go. I didn't try to find the other kids after that - just headed straight home.

That was a Halloween I would never forget!

[Jack's dad, Charley, worked for Santa Fe for a number of years, and he and Prebble later bought Moqui Lodge.]

TRAINS

By Betty Kent Meyer

Glad the train trips have been resumed.

I would like to have a quarter for every trip I made on the little 10:00 A.M. train. I did it every payday. Barney, the luggage man, had a little brown house in the "Y". Bill and I bought that and lived there some months until the Park Service made us take it down in 1930.

Red Valentine's house and Joe Reed's were on the other side of the "Y". I had an outside privy and I was always getting caught out there when they backed the sleeping cars on the "Y" in the morning. I would be in my night clothes so didn't want to go in.

[Betty's husband Bill worked for Santa Fe]



INSIDE

Good Clean Fun.....	1
Trains	1
Growing Up at G.C.....	2
A Memory by K. Hart	2
Bunny Hunt.....	2
A Sticky Tale	2
Report on Field Trip	3
Secretary's Report	3
Vice-President's Report....	4
President's Report.....	4
Fish Planting.....	5
Father's Tram Trip.....	5
Trip to Supai	6
Halloween by J. Schick....	6
Things I Remember	6
Trail Reminiscences	7
Field Trip Attendees	7
Correction/Addition	8
Congrats Buford & Myra ..	8

GROWING UP AT GRAND CANYON

By Ethel Moore Cole

As little kids, we had an old English fellow who lived nearby, and he had a car -- a real rarity in those days. On Sunday evenings he'd go around through the neighborhood and pick up all the kids...The Ennises, Billie and Bobby, Jeanne Schick, Pinky and me, the Muller kids, Ruth Stephens (Barbara wasn't born yet), and as many others as he could pile into that car and off we'd go to the El Tovar Soda Fountain for ice cream or sodas. What a treat that was for us all.

Another memory was - my folks liked to square dance and Dad was the "caller." So we'd all go to the recreation hall of the men's dormitory. Someone could always be found to play music, Dad would call, and all our folks would dance. No one left their children with a babysitter - we went too, and when we all got tired, Uncle Tack, who was the caretaker at the dormitory, would put our coats on the stairs up to the second floor and the little ones would go to sleep on the stairs.

As we grew older, we spent a lot of time sleigh-riding on the El Tovar Hill. There wasn't a lot of traffic in those days and we would slide from the El Tovar clear out past the Fred Harvey garage. When we got so cold our feet were numb, we'd gather around the big fireplace in the lobby of the El Tovar and Tommy Parkins, the bartender, would serve us "hot buttered rum" to warm us up. A great time was had by All!



A MEMORY

by Kay Hart

My father, Harry Hibben, owned a sheep ranch north of Flagstaff in a valley at the foot of Kendrick Mountain. Kendrick Mountain had a crater and was fed by a spring which my father stocked with fish. There were many beautiful large pine trees, and at the foot of the mountain, large quaking aspen trees. There was a large log cabin at the north of the valley, and a spring ran through hewn-out pine logs to a large dam (or tank) on the south side where the sheep watered. The log barn was at this end. They planted winter wheat in the fall and after winter snows, the crop was harvested earlier than the Spring planting. In the Fall the sheep were herded to Willaha, located near the Grand Canyon railroad which ran by our little cabin. They would graze the sheep to Mayer where they would "lamb" and later back to Willaha for shearing. The wool was then shipped on the Grand Canyon Railroad.

One interesting memory was Daddy telling of buying goats in Phoenix country and grazing them to Utah and trading for Angora Sheep. On one such trip, Daddy with his band of sheep (usually 1,000 or more) and a friend, with his band of sheep traveling a distance ahead of Daddy, were on a trip back from Utah. The weather had been very dry and the sheep very thirsty. When they were nearing the Little Colorado River, the sheep sensed the water. Daddy's friend who was still ahead, couldn't control his sheep and they stampeded. Hundreds rushed over the edge of the Canyon. Daddy was very fortunate because he was able to change the direction of his band of sheep and saved them.

BUNNY HUNT

By Betty Kent Meyer

Back in the late 20's when it was necessary to dream up our own entertainment, we had "Bunny Hunts." There were two teams and they'd take a train to Anita, hop off the train there, and shoot as many rabbits as they could. Then all would get on the evening train and come back to the Canyon.

The team that got the least number of rabbits had to clean them ALL, as well as the losing team having to cook the rabbits and furnish all the rest of the dinner for all the winner's families. This would include all the Fred Harvey chauffeurs and guides who lived at the Dormitory. That was the place the Bunny Feed was held.

A STICKY TALE

By Roy Burris

From 1922-25 we lived in a two-room tent back of the original Babbitt Brothers' store, which was located just east of the U.S. Forest Service garage.

One day my mother had some fruit on the table outside the tent and a sheet of flypaper was next to the fruit. A squirrel tried to get the fruit, and got the flypaper stuck to his tail instead. Mother said he spent the rest of the day in the tree over the table, scolding her in a very loud voice.

I used to go over to the Hopi House at times to watch the Indian dances. Once in a while I would bother Hopi Sammy and he would say, "I'm going to scalp you!" That would scare me into running all the way home.

We lived over the "new" store then, which is now the recreation center next to the old Post Office. My Dad was an early manager of Babbitt's.

A R E P O R T O N A F I E L D T R I P T O T H E A N I T A M I N E S

The train from Williams pulled to a stop at Anita, the end of the line. It was March 15, 1900. The few passengers taking the first trip on the new Grand Canyon Santa Fe Railroad stepped down on the dry rocky ground where only a sparse covering of grass grew. No station existed, not even a platform. Nothing was visible except a few head of cattle off to the west that kept their distance from the huffing and puffing man-made monster that encroached on their domain. W.W. Bass, Ralph Cameron and Martin Buggeln were on hand with their stage coaches lined up close to the track to transport the visitors to the Canyon twenty miles up the road. The train made the five and one half hour trip less arduous than the all-day wagon drive from Williams or Flagstaff.

That was ninety-one years ago, and it didn't take much imagination to carry one back those many years when on Saturday April 20, 1991 Al Richmond led the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society on a field trip to Anita Junction and mines. Seventeen members and visitors met at Moqui Lodge just outside the National Park and traveled the old dirt road through the pines and junipers to Anita. We arrived just in time to see the steam locomotive chugging along the track on the way to the Canyon. Here Al told us the story of the mines in the area that brought the railroad about. Close by the track is the only remaining indication of the town, the old loading ramp the mines used to dump the ore into the railroad cars, and just beyond, the cattle pen the ranchers used when they shipped their cattle to market.

Al continued his story of Anita at the William Lockridge cabin where the group sat around in the shade of a juniper tree for a picnic lunch, surrounded by mounds of yellow dirt and rocks, some showing green malachite ore dug from the holes that honeycombed the area. Many of the prospectors and miners used only a pick and shovel to get this mineral out of the ground. It was a sparse living involving hard labor to eke out a bare existence, but during the 1930's this little bit kept the families from starving.

After we stowed away the picnic baskets we traveled to the main Anita mine. Those of us who drove sedans hitched a ride in the four-wheel drive vehicles to make the twenty minute climb to the mine. In the old days it must have taken all day to get a wagon load of copper ore down to the loading ramp at the railroad.

Al explained the main Anita mine was the only one dug as a shaft, the others were tunnels in the hillside or open pit mines. The head-frame built over the mine to lift the ore out has collapsed but the timbers lining the walls of the shaft appear as sturdy and solid as ever, though he said he wouldn't trust them. We listened while Al dropped a rock down the opening. The several seconds before it hit the bottom proved the shaft was 500 feet deep. The more adventurous members of the group wandered down a gully into some of the openings to inspect other diggings before we headed back down the trail and homeward.

To those unfamiliar with the history of Grand Canyon area the outing offered a chance to learn, and to others it was an opportunity to have a good time climbing over the rocks and eating a good picnic lunch with friendly folks.

Bill Suran

F r o m t h e S e c r e t a r y :

Next field trip is on Saturday, 18 May 1991. It will be lead by Val Avery and/or Al Richmond as the fortunes will have it.

We will tour an area near Moenave on the Hopi Salt Trail which has the Hopi clan rocks with their inscriptions. We will also visit Willow Springs, the site of an old trading post and a stop-off on the Mormon Honeymoon Trail complete with inscriptions from these travelers. Then it will be on to Lee's Ferry where we will discuss and view the dugway road, ferry location, remains of the old buildings, the sunken steamboat, "Charles H. Spencer" and homestead called Lonely Dell where we will have lunch. If time permits we may visit Jacob's Pools near the Vermilion Cliffs.

Meet in the parking lot of the Cameron Trading Post between 9:00 and 9:30 AM. We will depart from the parking lot not later than 9:30 so please be on time. Go north on Highway 89 out of Flagstaff about 50 miles and it will be on your left past the turnoff to the Grand Canyon and just before you cross the Little Colorado River. If you wish to eat at Cameron's before the trip please make sure you arrive early enough. If you need a ride, call Al Richmond at (602) 779-0640 or Ron Werhan at (602) 635-9380.
Al Richmond

From the Vice-President:

One of the goals of the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society is to preserve history by collecting and archiving those documents and photographs from the Grand Canyon region which are priceless and irreplaceable.

We are excited about our first large collection to be presented to us by John Turnbull, Art Metzger's nephew. Art collected documents and photographs all of his life and we are thankful he has given them to John, some good friends and ultimately the library. They are now ready for accession into the Grand Canyon Pioneers Collection in the Special Collections and Archives at Northern Arizona University.

Bill Suran has worked tirelessly at his computer and the collection is now in chronological order and cataloged for presentation to the library.

John and Rosaline Turnbull will be here on Thursday, 30 May and we wish to honor them during a GCPS meeting and presentation ceremony at the Special Collections Library. They wish to meet as many of us as possible and you all will find John and Rosaline charming, energetic and vitally interested in our Grand Canyon history. John has completed a biography of Art and Ethel and will be bringing a copy with them.

Please come to the meeting on Thursday, 30 May at 1:00 PM in the Special Collections and Archives Library on the south campus of NAU to meet the Turnbells and welcome them to our group.

Jeanne Schick

Message from the President:

The Grand Canyon Pioneers are receiving so much participation from so many members and friends that it looks as though I'll be able to complete a second year as a do-nothing president. Special thanks to Marie Maiorana for typesetting the newsletter, Al Richmond for printing and mailing, and to all who have so generously submitted their stories and memories to share in our newsletter.

I'm really looking forward to our program of coming events, and I'm sure that you will find them very interesting. Many of us have had an opportunity to preview some of the items from the Metzger Collection, and found it to contain items of great interest and value. We appreciate the thoughtfulness of the Turnbells who have made this collection available for preservation for all the future pioneers of the Grand Canyon.

Our field trip on May 18th will be a visit into several time periods in the past that are hard to imagine when compared with our modern modes of transportation. The Hopi clan rocks commemorate trips made from the Hopi villages to the Grand Canyon. These were pilgrimages to gather salt used for ceremonial purposes, and a visit to the "Sipapu", where their ancestors emerged from the underworld. I have hiked down Salt Trail Canyon into the Little Colorado gorge and experienced other places commemorated during the salt trek, including rock carvings, "the place where the Mud Heads live", "the War God Twins", and the "Nose Skinning Place".

The Mormon inscriptions at Willow Springs commemorate the passage of colonizers and the newly married from Utah to Arizona. Beginning in the 1870's many Mormon families moved to Arizona to homestead irrigatable land in our several river valleys. Until the Mesa, Arizona Temple was consecrated it was necessary that the newlyweds travel to the Temple at St. George, Utah to have their marriage sealed. Thus, the "Honeymoon Trail."

Lee's Ferry will always be one of my favorite places, and Carol and I have visited there many times. Here J.W. Powell wrote, "With some feeling of anxiety, we enter a new canyon this morning." Almost any day of the week during the summer months, Colorado River float trips begin here with an electricity of excitement, anxiety and adventure that will be remembered for a life time. This is a place where it's impossible to remain detached from history for very long. A few steps beyond the parking lot will take you back to a time of exploration, discovery, lost fortunes, remarkable industry, and heart breaking sorrow. (Suggested reading: Desert River Crossing, W.L. Rusho and C. Gregory Crampton; A Crossing on the Colorado, Lee's Ferry, Evelyn Brack Measeles; John Doyle Lee, Juanita Brooks.)

Ron Werhan

FISH PLANTING BY MOONLIGHT IN BRIGHT ANGEL CREEK

By Tex Worley

Among my fondest memories of G.C. days (or nights) was the occasion of planting fish in the Bright Angel Creek during the summer of 1938.

The fish were to be delivered in late afternoon to Yaki Point, so those of us who were to take part began to make plans to take the fish down by mule during the cool of the night, plant them in Bright Angel Creek in the cool of the early morning hours, and return the following day.

I was one of five assigned to this duty. We had determined that it would be a moonlight ride down the south portion of the Kaibab Trail, so we sort of made a picnic out of the occasion by having our wives make a picnic meal and bring it to the head of the trail, where they could "watch us off." After the meal, we began to load our fish for the pack trip. Each of us had five mules. Each mule was loaded with a ten gallon milk can of fingerlings (iced), on each side. When all was ready, we started down the trail.

By now the moon was well into the sky and the Canyon was almost as light as day...a beautiful sight to see. The trip down was made without incident and we arrived at the river about 3 A.M. We crossed over the suspension bridge, made our way to a point about a mile above Phantom Ranch where we led our mules into the water and released the fish. When that was over we returned to Phantom, unsaddled, fed our mules, took a short plunge in the swimming pool, had a couple of hours sleep, then returned to our starting point - Yaki Point.

It was a beautiful experience for me which I shall never forget.

[Tex Worley was a Park Ranger]

MY FATHER'S TRIP ON THE TRAM

By Margaret Nelson Thune

This is an account of my father's trip on the tram operated by the maintenance crew for work at the Old Hermit Creek Camp when that guest facility was to be abandoned after the construction of Phantom Ranch.

Park regulations required that all evidence of man's occupation be removed, and the natural landscape be restored when buildings were removed. Hermit Creek Camp was built by the Santa Fe in 1911, serving as an overnight resort for guests going in by muleback. There were eleven tents accommodating thirty persons. Tents had pine floors and sides. It was camping out "deluxe" with restful beds, rugs and other conveniences. There was a central dining hall and kitchen facilities -- also stables. Nearby was Hermit Creek with a plentiful supply of water and opportunity for bathing.

My father, Elmer Nelson, supervised the destruction and removal of the camp in 1936 and here is what he wrote to his family:

"Hermit Creek Camp was, but is no more.

November 10, 1936. Yesterday after running here and there, I finally managed to get away about 10:00 A.M. Joe Reed took me out to the tram and when we started it, we found we were out of water, so had to go back to town for some. Joe got back about 11:00 A.M. and finally got things running as they should. I hopped in the Box with Roy's little Kodak, and down I came taking pictures as I went. The scenery is wonderful from the tram. I think this is the only way to see the Canyon! I have made every effort to save it but with no effect.

I got in here at noon just in time for lunch. After lunch we moved out bag and baggage up on a hillside where we have our outside camp. Bed on ground and dutch ovens all around the fire. Last night at 9:15 P.M. we set the place on fire, and the lights from the Rim indicated that there were many out (in cars) to see the last of Hermit Camp. After the cottages started to burn, the Canyon lighted up, so we could see the walls all the way to the top, and it was a beautiful sight to behold. Two hours after we had started it, it was burned to practically nothing.

This morning when we woke up and looked down over the place, it was a sorry sight. Now nothing remains but to clean up the ground and start removing the cable from the tram. Now there is only one hope of getting out, and that is by walking. So if all goes well we will start out tomorrow morning and should be on top before night."

[Margaret Nelson Thune's father, Elmer Nelson, was Chief Engineer for Santa Fe.]



A TRIP TO SUPAI

By Roy Burris

In 1944, when I was on leave from the Navy, my parents arranged a camping trip to Supai Canyon. Also invited were my sister, Ethel Metzger and my high school sweetheart, Marge Cody.

On the trail down, we passed a very old Indian who was walking up and leading his horse. Dad stopped to talk to him, and later said that it was Chief Watahomagie, who had been the Supai Chief when we lived at the Canyon in the 1920's. Dad said that he thought the Chief had to be at least 95 years old and here he was walking up and out of the Canyon.

One evening Marge and I were by the stream above Havasu Falls, washing the dishes. Marge was holding onto my belt so I would not fall in and go over the falls. About that time, she said I asked her to marry me, but my version of the story is that she said, "Marry me or I'll let you go."

One night we were all in our sleeping bags when something spooked the Supai horses. They came running right through our camp. Dad said to lie still and they would think we were logs and would not step on us. Guess he was right!



HALLOWEEN

By Jeanne Schick

I remember Halloween at the Canyon with several different incidents.

First of all, we didn't seem to be very original for we did the same things each year. After dark we went to the school house and "pulled" Miss Brown's swivel chair up the flag pole and so when she came to school the next morning, lo and behold her chair was up at the top of the flagpole. Strangely enough, she didn't see any humor in this.

One year, the "older" boys cut the tails off several of Mr. Shirley's (Fred Harvey's) prize horses. This was devastating for all until it was made known that Mr. Shirley's own son Jack was in on the prank. Nothing much was said of it after that!



THINGS I REMEMBER

By Roy Burris

In 1929, we walked down to Phantom Ranch. I was five and my sister was three. Except for about a mile where Dad carried my sister, we made it all the way on foot. Mother said she thought we were the youngest to ever walk down. After spending a couple of days fishing, Dad arranged for mules for us to ride back out.

One of my favorite occupations when I was about six years old was to go down to the mule corral. One mule, I think named "Buckskin" was gentle enough for me to jump from the fence onto his back and ride bareback around the corral. Unfortunately there was another mule that looked very much like him, but had a much worse temperament. Every once in a while I would jump onto the wrong mule, which always resulted in my getting bucked off.

I remember the two-room school house. It is now an office building. We had four grades in one room and four in another. Each student had a desk, arranged by grade. We stayed at our desks to study and do assignments. When it was time for a classmate to recite, he went up to a row of chairs behind the teacher's desk and in front of the blackboard. Each student took turns, standing and reading or answering the teacher's questions.

If you remember all that, do you remember the name of the boy next to me who put a tack on my seat when I was standing to read?
I can't remember his name, but I sure got his point!

TRAIL REMINISCENCES

By Gale Burak

Having told you about experiences at the Havasu Lead and Zinc Mine in 1943, I am moved by Jeanne's plea for material to write about the summer before then which led to going down to hike in Supai.

In May of 1942, after several happy months at the ranch of a school friend of mine out east of Springerville, I decided that the west was for me but I wanted to go out and see more, and headed for Grand Canyon. One look from the rim, plus a jaunt across the canyon to the still-snowy North Rim was all I needed. I phoned mama, back in Boston, and said, "send me my clothes and bike; I've found Utopia."

Pa Shirley found me a "hashing" job at the Motor Lodge cafeteria, working with Sam and Jeannie Bracco. Those dear people saw to it that I always had enough days off in a row to run down to meet Norm Nevilles' monthly river trip with its big party at Phantom the first night; or a 3-day hike over to Clear Creek to catch hellgrammites under the wet rocks for Byron Harvey's annual fishing (and "lost") weekend party. Sometimes I'd pop down to Phantom after work for an exploring trip up Phantom Creek, up to the Utah Flats, or the North Rim for a few days. Phil and Em Poquette ran the ranch with only a maid to help during the busy season. The old generator was turned off at 9:00 P.M. so by the time I arrived it was usually dark. So I'd take a cooling dip in the pool and roll out on my ground cloth by the Rec. building til morning.

Hiking up the old B.A. Trail from Phantom was sure fun, too. Em would see that I got a chunk of cheese, a few left-over hotcakes from breakfast, and an apple or two, and loan me a blanket if need be. There were no Box Canyon bridges then, so I had three crossings on foot. Eventually my feet got so tough that I'd just go barefoot between them, with not only my boots but most of my clothing slung over a shoulder. After all, I was one of the few nuts who hiked during those war years, and unless a lone fisherman surprised me I had the canyon to myself. Bliss!!

During those years the Hermit Trail was closed. A webbing of barbed and hog wire had been stretched across the trail in the Hermit Shale just below the Dripping Springs turn-off, but it was easy to pull it aside enough to wriggle through. I'd swing on down the long traverse, the Cathedral Stairs, and the hot switchbacks to the old terraced camp site in time for a dip in the lovely pool just upstream. And after lunch, a snooze, and a visit with a few curious burros I must head up to Hermit's Rest again, with a nice downhill bike ride back to the village in time for supper.

Even though I often ate at the Motor Lodge, it was more fun to have dinner at the Transportation dining room in back of the E.T. There I could sit and listen to the wranglers trying to out-do each other with "trail tales". Shorty Yarberry sat off by himself usually, chomping on a huge onion (no wonder he was alone!) listening too; but most of the boys grouped together, comparing the day's tribulations, some funny...some not. And when I'd meet them on the trail invariably they'd turn to their string of dudes and say in a loud stage whisper, "here's that doggone crazy Pigtails gal again; you just never know when you're gonna meet her down here!" Boy, was I proud to be accepted!

So really, it's no wonder that when my family had grown and didn't need mom at home, I came out and joined the Park Service at the canyon. Imagine getting paid to do what you like best and the best place in the world to do it in!



April 20th Field Trip attendees: Al Richmond, Val Avery, Fred and Jeanne Schick, Paul and Marie Maiorana, Doug and Diane Van Cleave, Bill and Sibyl Suran, Mary Reinche, Lois Leman, Ron Werhan, Edwin and Ruth Druding, Matt and Robyn Werhan.

CONGRATULATIONS BUFORD AND MYRA!

On April 20th Grand Canyon Pioneers Buford and Myra Belgard celebrated their 50th anniversary in Williams where they received friends and acquaintances.



CORRECTION/ADDITION to the last newsletter: The picture showing the ancient rig used in the Canyon Dimes Drive should have had the caption: The March of Dimes campaign at the Grand Canyon is aided by the historic old rig. For 20 years, from 1899 to 1919, it hauled visitors at Arizona's world wonder along the picturesque rim drives. One passenger was President Taft, pictured in a framed photo on the side of the rig. In the driver's seat is Ed Cummings, (Jeanne Schick's father) a Grand Canyon guide for many years (Virgil Gipson Photo).

GCPS Newsletter is published bimonthly, almost, by the **Grand Canyon Pioneers Society**,
P. O. Box 14, Grand Canyon, Arizona 86023

Editors: **Ron Werhan** and **Carol Furey-Werhan**

Compiled by Marie Maicrana, using Ventura Publisher. All inquiries, comments, submissions, **FEAGST** may be sent to the above address. Annual membership fee is \$10 individual, \$15 family.

Grand Canyon Pioneers Society
P. O. Box 14
Grand Canyon, AZ 86023

Bill & Sibyl Suran
386 Owl Pl
Flagstaff

AZ 86001

