



PIONEERS SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

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The following article appeared in the Arizona Daily Sun Thursday, June 24, 1993.

The Grand Canyon

By Paul Sweitzer

The Grand Canyon Pioneers Society will undertake publication later this year of one of the landmark works on the history and establishment of Grand Canyon National Park.

It is the thesis completed in 1940 at University of Arizona by the late Margaret Mary (Peggy) Verkamp. The thesis, despite never having been published, has been kept in bound form in major libraries in the state and is a benchmark reference for anyone doing historical research on Grand Canyon and the park.

Ron Werhan, of Parks, is preparing the thesis for publication, with the

cooperation of Peggy's relatives, **Mike Verkamp** of Grand Canyon ; **Susie Verkamp** of New Mexico; **Jane Pritchett** of Moscow, Idaho; U.S. Judge- Magistrate **Stephen L. Verkamp**; and State Rep. **John Verkamp**, both of Flagstaff; her nieces and nephews; and her brother, **Jack Verkamp**, Prescott.

Peggy's father, **John George Verkamp Sr.**, opened the family's famous "store on the rim" in a tent in 1898, making it the first store in northern Arizona to cater to the wishes of tourists. At the store, however, they always are called visitors.

Peggy, for many years, was part of the management of the store and active in community and civic affairs in Grand Canyon Village. She grew up in Flagstaff, where she was born, and after attending schools in El Paso, Santa Fe and Denver she returned to NAU where she received a teaching degree in 1935.

She was associated with the store from 1937-87. She died Sept. 1, 1987, at her home in Sedona.

Peggy received her master's degree in history from U of A after successfully writing and defending the thesis, but somehow never got around to having it published.

Pioneer Tourists Invade Flagstaff

A horde of unidentified aliens descended upon Furr's Cafeteria around noon, Saturday July 17, 1993. The management of the cafeteria insists the establishment will never

recover from the onslaught. WELL... maybe it wasn't quite that bad... but, if you have ever been to one of the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society's get togethers you have a fair idea of what went on. Really we are not a rowdy bunch, but we do have a good time talking and visiting. Around the table the conversation varied from politics to history while we all prepared ourselves for an attack on the Riordan State Park, The Pioneers Museum, Coconino County Center for the Arts and The Flagstaff Art Barn. Twelve of our hardy pioneers, **Ray Wanek**, **Marie Maiorana**, **Dave** and **Bernice Nelson**, **Jesse** and **Linda Wade**, **Carol Furey-Werhan**, **Diane Van Cleave**, **Mike** and **Nancy Gibson** and **Bill** and **Sibyl Suran** made up the valiant force

that marched up the driveway to the Riordan mansion and demanded the guided tour, paid our three bucks and were promptly led away to the back door of the building. The ranger, **Bill Och**, warned us that anyone caught stepping off the carpet would be consigned to the basement for the duration of the trip. That cooled our ardor enough so we behaved ourselves, and subdued, followed the guide through the rooms of the charming old mansion built in 1904.

Some of us had never visited here before and were amazed at the research and preservation work that has gone on and to hear about the struggle to preserve the beautiful windows in the ball room. These windows consist

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of a series of black and white photographic transparencies that age and the sun is slowly deteriorating them. Our ranger-guide meticulously described the various rooms as we walked through, making the Riordan Family come to life in our imaginations.

At the pioneer museum we were given an introductory talk by **Susan Wilcox**, who explained the history of the building and the exhibits on display. The old building, made of a material called Tufa, was used as a county hospital from 1908 until 1938. For the most part it served as a place where old men who had no place to go and no one to care for them could live. It was here that Captain John Hance passed away in 1919.

After 1938 the building became a boarding house. Then in 1960 the Arizona Historical Society took over, and in 1963 opened it as a museum. Today it houses many artifacts reflecting the history of Flagstaff and the surrounding area. Susan completed

our visit with a short talk of the Doney Cabin located on the museum grounds. The Story of Ben Doney will have to wait as it is a tale in itself.

At the Coconino Center for the Arts, the members viewed the work of a number of native American Artists on display during the Festival Of Native American Arts. The work varied from paintings and drawings to sculpture, basketry, pottery, jewelry and weaving. All beautifully displayed and tantalizing.

Across the way we called on the Flagstaff Art Barn to view the work of Flagstaff's local talent and visit with

the artist in residence, John Maginnis, while he worked on a sculpture of an Indian head that would later be cast in bronze.

No Pioneer outing is complete



Carol Furey-Werhan studies an old road sign at the Pioneer Museum.

without eating. After all, how else can we be hardy Pioneers unless we're well fed? A few of us hurried through town to Swenson's and ended the day with a big ice cream sundae.....Um-mmmmm!



Sibyl Suran, Marie Maiorana, Bernice and Dave Nelson, and Linda Wade at the Pioneers Museum.



Carol Furey-Werhan, Marie Maiorana, Mike and Nancy Gibson at the Pioneer Museum.

SECRETARY'S BRAG SECTIONby *Sibyl Suran*

I hope you will forgive me, but I am SO proud of us that I just have to publish it. First of all, look at the gorgeous, new brochure which is enclosed. It has been YEARS since we had a brochure to give anyone wanting info about our club and now that we have it, let us know if you want extra ones to give to prospects for joining us. Hope you like it as much as we who worked on it do.

You can see in another section of this newsletter a writeup by Paul Sweitzer taken from the Arizona Daily Sun telling that the thesis written about Grand Canyon so many years ago by Margaret M. (Peggy) Verkamp is ready to go to press, thanks to Ron and Carol Werhan. Now all we need for it is a publisher.

And we hear that the plaques for the chairs made by Jeanne Schick's father, Ed Cummings, have been delayed by an accident to the man who was designing them. Therefore, these will not be attached for yet a while, but they are in the running too.

Also, there is a short note in this newsletter from Bill Suran telling of his work in regard to the names found on the rocks at House Rock Valley. We feel sure these were put there by the very first Mormons sent to settle along the Little Colorado River way back in 1876.

We are glad to have so many new members joining us and the enthusiasm being generated to attend the outings and meetings. We now have around 125 paid up members and send out close

to 100 newsletters every issue.

And here is what we have in mind for meetings the rest of this year: On AUGUST 21 at 1 PM we will have an informal get together at the home of Marie and Paul Maiorana, at 4020 N. Fribourg Way, Flagstaff. At the moment we have no planned program unless some of you can think of something you would like to present. So just bring a covered dish to share and we will sit around and eat and visit.

On SEPTEMBER 11 we will have an overnight campout at Bass Point. More news about it in the September Newsletter.

During our annual meeting OCTOBER 30 we will elect some new members of the Board who in turn elect a new set of officers.



For NOVEMBER we have what we think will be a very special outing at the Museum of Northern Arizona when Dottie House has promised to take us through the back rooms to view things not shown to the general public. Makes you feel real privileged, doesn't it?

That's all for now. Hope to see you soon.

President's Commentsby *Marie Maiorana*

Ditto to Sibyl's report!

Oh, ... well, ...I guess I can't leave it at that; what with the way I have to fight with the editor for space....

I would like to express thanks to Bill Suran for designing the brochure on his computer, even if he IS stubborn when we disagree on the pictures... and thanks to Sibyl & friends for the words. Good job!

Sue Finley, (the present G.M. of Moqui Lodge) has generously offered us the use of the Ponderosa Room, downstairs at Moqui, to hold our annual business meet-

ing; it seems appropriate to me that it be held near the Canyon. If anyone wants to stay for dinner and the night, the dining room opens at 6:00 and she's giving us a special room rate. If you ask for Lynn Ailes (one of our members) or Sue Finley (not yet a member but I'll work on it), and tell them you're a G.C.P.S. member, you'll get \$26 off the regular \$76 rate and you can stay for a cool \$50 (I know, I know, you can remember when it was only \$2, or \$10, etc.).

Sue would also like to know if any member has any old pictures of Moqui; if so,

please contact her at P.O. Box 369, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023.

The pot luck on the 21st of August was conceived as a barbecue on the deck, but I know we're tempting the monsoons. If it doesn't rain, we'll have hot coals for you to kill some meat beyond recognition, OR, if it looks like rain, we'll either try to convince Paul to cook under an umbrella, or we could "nuke" some hot dogs in the microwave! ...whatever...., we always have fun!! (...but if you get too rowdy [see report of 7/17 outing, pg. 4], I'll show "home movies" of



past windy trips) (could be almost any of 'em, eh?! (or I'll show slides of my fungus collection... that'll slow things down... yawn!).

Stay well & happy!

The Two Guns Trip

by Eldon Roth

May 8, 1993, the Grand Canyon Pioneers took a field trip to Two Guns, Arizona. We found it surprising that there could be so much history connected to what most of us considered to be just another Route 66 clip joint. Indeed, that is just what the place was for years. It was amazing to hear about, and see the artifacts of all the changes that took place in the area during the time it existed.

We met at the gift shop and gas station which is operated today by Howard Armstrong, who purchased the entire historic property and is restoring parts of it for a tourist attraction depicting the past.

Two Guns has had other names, but I can't remember what they were. Our first stop was at the part that existed from 1938 until 1971. We had no idea of the size of the place. The establishment during this time stood along the last two lane version of Route 66, before it became I-40. Below and behind the main buildings, a motel and an old gas station, was the zoo that in the old days housed southwestern animals. The zoo was the only thing that escaped the ravages of the fire that destroyed everything in 1976. The fire was so fierce that metal and even glass melted before fire fighters could arrive from Winslow.

From there we drove south across the one lane bridge of Route 66 and parked to look at an earlier incarnation of Two Guns. At the south end of the bridge stands the ruin of a large building that apparently housed the first tourist stop at the only natural crossing of Canyon Diablo. Horse drawn vehicles could descend a gap in the rock wall of the north side of the canyon, cross it and ascend the sloped south side beside the store. Here, according to the story, the original owner and builder, a man named Crittendon, was shot and killed by Two Guns Miller. The altercation was supposedly about the attentions

being paid to the wife of one of the principals (I wasn't clear about which one). The day after the shooting, before the authorities could investigate, the building mysteriously burned to the ground destroying all the evidence. At any rate Two Guns Miller was exonerated at the trial, and later became the owner and operated the Apache Death Cave on the north side of the Canyon as a tourist attraction. Back in our cars we drove about two blocks west to the next oldest version of Two Guns (1922-28) located along the south side of an older alignment of Route 66. This section was at least as big as the 1938 site. The buildings were constructed of hand laid stone, and the ruins stretch for over 200 feet along the old highway and included a zoo like the newer Two Guns.

The present owner had a few pictures showing the front of the old place but still needs more that could possibly identify the many rock foundations around the area to give him an idea about the looks or use of the buildings. His plans are to restore one or two of the old structures at each site for his new attraction.

When the highway was realigned in 1938, this older Two Guns was abandoned and rebuilt on the other side of Canyon Diablo.

After this visit we returned to our cars, and stopped at the Apache Death Cave. This was a bit difficult and dangerous to enter as the previous owner had tried to fill it up. The cave got its name from an event in 1878 when a raiding party of Apaches hid out inside and their victims, the Navajos, spotted them and burned and stoned them to death. The cave was big enough to hide forty-two Apaches and their horses. Apparently the Navajos saw smoke coming from the cave and located the raiders. When Two Guns Miller cleaned out the cave he found the bones and skulls



of the victims which he sold for three dollars apiece to the tourists who also paid three dollars each for their tour of the site.

It was lunch time when we left the cave and drove back to the now abandoned KOA office and store, which with the filling station and gift shop now comprise present day Two Guns. There we ate our sack lunches inside out of the terrific wind which plagued us all day.

After lunch we again took to our cars and drove over a rough dirt road to the ruins of the Canyon Diablo Trading Post and the big bridge that takes the Santa Fe trains across the canyon. At this point the canyon is about 600 feet across and 300 feet deep and the current bridge is the third one that has occupied this spot.

Except for the wind, this was a wonderful and really interesting trip.



The following story is taken from John A. Turnbull Sr.'s biography of James Arthur Metzger who was postmaster at Grand Canyon from 1928 until 1963. He died January 18, 1990. The biography and the Metzger papers are now part of the GCPS' collection at Northern Arizona University's Cline Library-Special Collection department, Flagstaff, Arizona.

The Road To Cameron

J. E. Shirley, the Transportation Manager for Fred Harvey at the Canyon, offered me a job running a road gang on the Navahopi Road along the Little Colorado from the Sanford Rowe Ranch in Coconino Basin to Cameron. Rowe had put in the road that previous year (1924) which was the first means for car travel from Grand Canyon to Cameron.

It was hot out there. We had a tent but couldn't keep it up. During the day when we were out on the job, sudden gusts of wind would level it. We first camped at Red Hill about eleven miles from Cameron and hauled water from Tappan Springs. This water is now piped to Cameron. But we had to hand pump it fifty feet into barrels on a hard rubber tired White dump truck. Our four big Harvey mules drank lots of water out there. Our four mules were at a manger in front of us.

We were camped at Wagon Box Canyon (now called Dead Indian) and had from ten to eighteen Navajos working when one evening after supper, John, one of our Navajo laborers, started to talk in Navajo to a group of us. He talked for some time and when it was evident he had finished I turned to Gene Gordy, a Navajo who spoke fair English, and asked, "What did John say?"

"John says, 'A long time ago there was a mean dam chief. He stole cattle, horses, sheep and women.' John says, 'if he was alive now, he would have those mules out there and you fellows would all be dead.'" He meant, of course, me and the three other white men, Dad Strong, the cook, Joe Evans, Bud Lockridge and my self.

Red Hill, that I mentioned, was composed of heavy, rather soft moen-copi formation. Just east of it was a strip of very loose sand. Shirley wanted this surfaced with heavy material from Red Hill. So he sent out a bunch of old railroad timbers and plank to design something so we could build a trap line to sit over a truck, and runways above it so that teams and fresnos could go up the incline and dump into the bin. Dumping the fresnos at the top was a little tricky. A lift on the handle would do the job, and a rope on the end of the handle would keep it from hitting the mules after the trip. Gene Gordy said he could do this. But in his first trip he neglected to turn loose of the handle as it tripped. It threw him off the trap and down about ten feet. He landed next to the truck. I saw it happen. He lay on the ground unconscious and his legs twitching. The first thing he said when he came to was, 'I might have been hurted.'

Gene's home was across the gorge, his wife was blind. During the summer his son was struck and killed by lightning and Gene wanted a white man to dispose of the body as no Navajo would do so. Someone from Cameron did this. Gene was a good man and all regretted such a tragedy to him.

During the summer we had four passersby who stopped and worked a few days. The first was a professor at a midwestern college who evidently was just on a prowl in the west. He only stayed two or three days. He quit when he got his lungs full trying to siphon water out of a barrel on the truck. The other three were young

by James Arthur Metzger
fellows, who were on a trip to keep them away from trouble. They had got into trouble in Chicago where the father of one was a judge and sent them west until things smoothed over. They stayed about a week.

The biggest one, while on the job, promoted a wrestling match with a Navajo who was much smaller. He couldn't throw him and began to get mad, so I stopped the match, the three left very soon after. They got some of the wrinkles out and gas to move on, which was their reason for stopping. There was nothing wrong with their work though.

One of our jobs was constructing a bridge over a deep sandy wash. It was wonderful to travel over until a summer gully-washer hit up near the peaks and it took it out completely. It also took out our pump at Tappan Springs and left only one piece of pipe twenty foot up on the lava wall. After that we got water from a steel barrel, with both ends out which we sank in the sand above. This then was strictly a bailing job.

It was a tough hard-working summer and fall. But I did enjoy the occasional Sunday dinners and conversations I had with Stanton and Ida Mae Brown, managers at the Cameron Trading Post. A gracious couple. We moved back to the Canyon the middle of December and disbanded. Stayed one night at the Hance Place.



More on the Salt Trail Canyon

By Harvey Butchart

First let me say that I enjoyed Ron Werhan's account of his trip to the Salt Trail Canyon. He has a real writer's ability to make simple facts interesting. His story stirred old memories of my trips to the Salt Trail. I had heard about it in an article published in the *American Anthropological Journal* and in the book by Simmons on the life of a Hopi elder called *Sun Chief*. The trail was shown on the map of the Little Colorado from the USGS in 1926. I asked Harold Colton, director of the Museum of Northern Arizona, if he knew anyone who had been down Salt Trail Canyon. The only thing he could tell me was that he had heard that one man had tried to go down it but that he found it too hazardous and gave up.

My first attempt to learn more about that area was a hike down the Tanner Trail and then up river toward the mouth of the Little Colorado. When I got along the river bank to the Palisades Creek, about a third of the way to the confluence of the Little Colorado and the main river, I decided to stay along the lower level instead of going above the Tapeats cliff which loomed ahead. When I had followed the bank over half the way to the confluence, the Tapeats cliff came straight into the water stopping all progress there. When I had returned to Palisades Creek it was late enough to camp. The next morning I got an early start and found a trace of a trail above the Tapeats so that I could get to the con-

fluence and take a few pictures. I had to get home that night so I had to turn around. I was able to get back to my camp site, pick up the pack and make it along the river and up the Tanner Trail. This day's walk might match anything in my hiking career.

My next try was also down the Tanner and up to the confluence the first day. On the second I followed the bank, mostly on the south side to the mouth of the Salt Trail Canyon at mile 6-1/2 measured from the mouth. I had been so busy watching my footing that I had walked right past the Sipapu without noticing it. I knew I would have a hard time getting back to my pack at the mouth if I tried going to the top of Salt Trail Canyon, but I decided to at least go partway. When I passed the reputed hard place in the Redwall, I decided to press my luck



The cataracts in the Lower Little Colorado River

and go the rest of the way to the top. When I got to the cairns marking the head of the trail, I walked on up the grade to the road so that I could see the Echo Cliffs. The ruggedness of the trail impressed me and I wondered how the Hopis found the route. Possibly some hunter was after a bighorn sheep. As Ron said there were a lot of cairns and two piles of chert fragments piled on big rocks as if each pilgrim over the centuries had left his calling card. There were some rather obscure places in the trail and I know some hikers who have been off the most approved route. I don't remember very well the place that caused Ron's party the hesitation. I think I had a safe bypass by going higher on the slope. I have to confess that I missed the place where one should start down the Redwall. I overshot and went too far along the rim wasting perhaps 15 minutes.

I was right in thinking that I would not be able to reach the confluence before dark. As I concentrated on my footwork along the bank formed by broken rocks covered with a lot of brush, I walked past the Sipapu again without seeing it. Dan Davis, a ranger who had been over it in a helicopter, told me what to look for, and my next trip was to see it. This was also down

Tanner Trail. Many people now know that the Sipapu is a cone of travertine with a morning glory pool in the center of the top. The diameter of the base is about 75 feet and the top is about 25 feet across. If Ron expects a large flow of water from this spring, he will be disappointed. When the Little Colorado is flowing clear from the springs, most of the water comes from Blue Spring at 13-1/2 miles above the confluence. The highest permanent water starts at 21 miles up river and other springs above Blue Spring flow much more water than Sipapu. In fact only a trickle comes from Sipapu. More gas bubbles up than water.

I was intrigued by the Werhan party's difficulty in following the park service information on how to follow the reservation roads to the head of the trail. When I had only been up from below and looked around, I volunteered to lead a professional writer and photographer down to the bottom so that Arizona Highways could do justice to the lower gorge. I hadn't figured on breaking my wrist 11 days before the scheduled date. Still with my arm in a sling, I went ahead

with my offer. Ron's driver would be glad to know that in broad daylight, I missed my way and wasted at least twenty minutes going up to an empty hogan and turning around. I had to be super careful not to step on a loose rock and fall. Wayne Davis, the photographer, had hired a BYU stu-

we had to wait so long that we finally went back to join them. We found them eating lunch, and then they told us that they had decided that it would be too much work to come up the trail. Jo Jeffers and her husband were supposed to come back to the car with me that same day. The abdication of



dent to come along to carry quite a few pounds of photographic equipment. Wayne was carrying their bedding and food to stay overnight so as to wait for the best light. The 33 year old writer, Jo Jeffers, and her rancher husband formed the rest of our party. The 20 year old student with about 40 pounds on his back and I soon found that we were able to walk away from the other three. We would wait for them and then proceed. About now

Davis and Jeffers from this project is the reason R a m o n d Carlson asked me to write an article on the lower gorge of the Little Colorado. It appeared in the September 1965 issue of the Arizona Highways with a number of my very amateur pictures.

I have been down and up Salt Trail Canyon two or three more times, but Ron has written a better story about the adventure than I could. It is true that the tourist who has had one mule trip to Phantom Ranch can write a better account of the trip than a guide who has done it over and over.



A number of folks asked for the recipe on how to fix the dish Charles and Ilene Bongo brought to the Shoshone outing on June 12, so from the Bongo's kitchen we give you:

WHEAT BERRIES, WILD & BROWN RICE POT

- 7 Cups water.
- 1 Cup wheat berries
- 1 Cup wild rice
- 1 Cup brown rice
- 1 Package "Long Grain & Wild Rice with sauce" LIPTON ORIGINAL

Put wild rice and wheat berries in large covered pot with cold water. Bring to a boil over high heat. Reduce heat and boil for about a half hour. Add brown rice and boil until water comes to the top of rice. Add rice mixture and reduce heat to low and continue to boil until the water is almost dried up. Turn heat off and keep covered until rice is completely cooked and all water is gone.

Can be stored in refrigerator for a few weeks or frozen for longer.

B I T S A N D P I E C E S

Welcome to New Members.

We welcome into our club **Jesse** and **Linda Wade**, **David Barrow**, of Flagstaff and **Jim** and **Janece Ohlman** of Kayenta, Arizona, and **Karen L. Taylor** of Grand Canyon. We hope to see you at our meetings and outings.

An Update on the inscriptions at House Rock Springs.

By **Bill Suran**

On April 24-25, 1992 members of the G.C.P.S. visited House Rock Springs, a short distance from the North Rim of Grand Canyon, and listed the inscriptions found on the rocks. At the time, I became intrigued with the historical significance of these names. From the dates inscribed with the names it was evident that many of the people were early Mormon pioneers that settled along the Little Colorado River in north-eastern Arizona. I began tracing the names back to see if I could determine anything about these people were who passed through the valley--- and where they went.

Since our visit to the site, I have scoured the Flagstaff library, the LDS

Family History Centers in Flagstaff and St. Johns, talked to LDS members and visited museums searching diaries, genealogies and books. At the present I have identified with fair certainty thirty-three percent of the 275 inscriptions. I have succeeded in finding thirty percent more of the names, but cannot positively say they are the ones who signed the rocks, i.e. duplicate names of several settlers. Fifteen percent of the people left only initials and there is no way of tracing who they were. Three percent gave dates from 1900 to the present. These were probably tourists wandering through the canyon, leaving no record other than their names making it almost impossible to check them out.

Resources still exist to check that I intend to look into in the future. As the project progresses I will keep you informed.

A Letter From NAU

The GCPS received a letter recently from the History Department of Northern Arizona University asking that we sponsor a "best paper" award on behalf of the 1993 Graduate Student Interdisciplinary Symposium that will feature graduate students from all over the country and some foreign students. The

sponsorship would necessitate our giving a \$200 stipend as the prize.

This information was presented to the members of the Board of the Society for a vote. Although we felt this to be a worthwhile project the general opinion of the members was that it would be in our best interest to continue awarding our own scholarship under our present terms.

Oops

Somehow we managed to make a mistake.... In the July Newsletter we referred to **Peggy Verkamp** as Betty. We apologize. There were other errors in the same issue too, but there was really no excuse for this one.

Mark Your Calendars Now!

The next get together of the GCPS will be Saturday, August 21 at 1:00 PM at Marie and Paul Maiorana's home, 4020 Fribourg Way. This will be a covered dish-pot luck affair. Bring your favorite dish to share with the rest and be prepared for a good talkfest.

ALSO: Remember September 11, we will visit Bass Camp on the Canyon Rim for an overnight campout. More on that later.

GCPS Board of Directors:

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