

A Wild Rough Trip To Havasupai Point and Bass Camp

The Grand Canyon Pioneers' outing to Havasupai Point and Bass Camp on September 11 was indeed

an adventure that will long be remembered by all who made the trip. It all began a month before ever setting foot on the canyon rim. We discovered only eleven people in our group could camp there. This information set us

to scrambling to reserve a group site at Ten-X campground south of Tusayan. This out of the way we figured everything would run smoothly. Saturday was a beautiful day and Al Richmond; Marie Maiorana; Fred and Jeanne Schick; Kelly Bloomfield; Linda Wade; John and Rosaline Turnbull; Mary Ellen Hamilton; Jim, Janece, T.J., Christopher, John and Sarah Ohlman; Edwin and Ruth Druding and Bill and Sibyl Suran met at Camp Ground Charlie in Ten-X. Here we set up our tents and waited for others we knew were going to go with us. After deciding they changed their minds we headed toward our destination. Then at the gate of the

campground we discovered Dave and Bernice Nelson and Doug and Diane Van Cleave. Then by some

lack of communication everyone drove off before the Nelsons and Van Cleaves could get settled. Not knowing the way they stayed behind.

After leaving the highway the gravel road at first graded wide and enjoyable. . . then a few ruts and a place or two that the recent rains had washed into gullies. . . so what, it was still

passable. Then the road got narrower . . . ungraded, and rougher until it almost disappeared. The lead car made a wrong turn and we headed off up a hill through low juniper trees and bushes over rocks, stones and boulders, ditches, gullies and any other type of obstruction Mother Nature could throw in our path. Even our guardian Angel had her eyes covered, but somehow we made it to Bass Camp.

All the rough riding didn't hurt the appetite of those hearty pioneers and before everyone was out of the cars lunch bags were in hand. Eating is one of our big things.

In retracing our way one vehicle ran off the narrow path into loose stones and everyone got out to push. Down the road another had a flat tire. As they were bringing up the rear they were left stranded and waited for our return. All this time we kept an eye on two little clouds that we knew would get together and let us have it, but they behaved themselves and allowed us to make our way back to the campground before dark.

Some of us slept, others didn't, some heard the elk make their weird sounds in the woods beyond. Most of us were glad when morning arrived and breakfast ready.

Even with all the mishaps the trip was great. Havasupai Point is without a doubt the prize view of Grand Canyon and was worth all the difficulties we encountered to get there. I for one am glad I went.



Rosaline & John Turnbull, Jim, Sarah, Janece, T.J., Christopher, & John Ohlman, Ruth & Edwin Druding.



F. Schick, M.E. Hamilton, J. Schick, M. Maiorana, & S. Suran

Time to Vote : You have received a ballot to vote for five new board members . PLEASE RETURN YOUR BALLOT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.



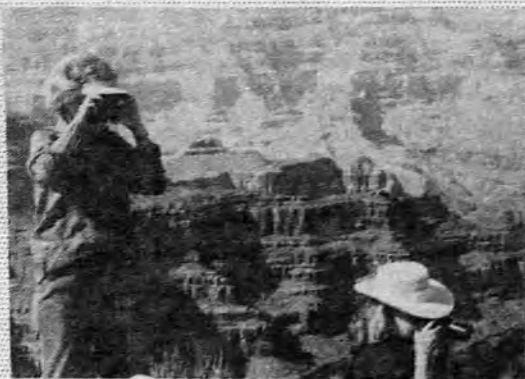
Edwin & Ruth Druding illustrate the proper way to fill their air mattress. He pumps her arm while she blows! Does it really work that way?



The gang breaks out the lunch boxes at Bass Camp. Left to right: Linda Wade, Rosaline Turnbull, Fred Schick, John Turnbull, Jeanne Schick, Mary Ellen Hamilton, & Ruth Druding.



Marie Maiorana photographs the Grand Canyon from Havasu Point.



Everyone takes pictures of one of the most beautiful viewpoints of Grand Canyon. Jeanne Schick and Marie Maiorana click the shutters.



Rosaline Turnbull aims a camera at the Grand Canyon.



The trip was not without mishap... John Turnbull helps change a tire. (Al Richmond kibitizes).

Bits and Pieces

Annual Meeting On October 30

The new board members whom you select will be installed at the annual meeting October 30 held at Moqui Lodge in Tusayan just south of the Grand Canyon National Park entrance. All members have the right to participate in this, so exercise your voting privilege.

We ask the present members of the board to gather in the **Ponderosa** room downstairs at 1:30 that afternoon to transact what little business is necessary. The regular meeting will begin at 2:00 PM. **Pam Frazier** will be our guest speaker for the occasion and it should be an interesting afternoon. We will have free goodies furnished by the club. **WE NEED TO KNOW IF YOU WILL ATTEND.** Please either write or telephone Marie at 526-5172 or Sibyl at 525-1863.

When the meeting adjourns about 5 PM those who wish can stay for dinner at 6:00. This meal will be each member's responsibility. The management has offered us special rates for those who wish to spend the night (\$50). Ask for Sue Finley or Dick Desmond when you call and state that you are a member of the Pioneers. If you wish to get that rate after you get there, it will be only on a "space available" basis, so try to plan ahead.

November Get Together

The last get-together for 1993 will be on November 20, 1993 at 2:00 PM. Mark your calendar. We will visit the old Fort Verde at Camp Verde. This is now an Arizona State Park and there is an entrance fee of \$2.00 for adults and \$1.00 for 12-17, under 12 free. While the fort is a

little out of the Grand Canyon area it is still a part of the history of Arizona and should not be neglected. As it may be too cool for a picnic we will meet for lunch at 12 noon at Bo's Ranch Restaurant, formerly the Valley View Copper Room, located in downtown Camp Verde, and travel from there to the site. Those who prefer may join the group at the Fort Verde State Park at that time.

The Mail Address

You may not have noticed on the September issue of the Newsletter that we now have a new address. For your record you might make note that all mail should be addressed to:

**Grand Canyon Pioneers Society
P.O. Box 2372
Flagstaff, AZ 86003-2372**

This change will eliminate the delays we have sometimes experienced in the past because we were not able to make regular trips to the Canyon to pick up the mail.

We should make it known that in the past **Buford Belgard** has run this errand for us. But now that he has sold his business and retired he no longer makes his weekly trips from Williams. We all thank you, Buford, you did a bang-up job, and now we hope you can relax and enjoy your retirement.

Next Newsletter

The next Newsletter will come to you the last of November and will continue on a bi-monthly basis until further notice.

Footnote To History

During her seventeen years at the barbershop at the Bright Angel Lodge, **Bernice Winsor-Nelson** (Whom many of you may remember as Bernice Winsor) kept a guest

book. She asked those visiting her shop to sign their names. People from all over the world autographed her spiral note book, some famous others just plain Joes and Janes. One entry in particular may be of interest:

September 14, 1976. H.R. Raymond-Co Pilot of Ford Trimotor that landed where the present Airport is. Landed in a snow storm with a load of passengers, on a deer and buffalo (sic) hunt just before Xmas about 1928. No one hurt; Took off the next day and landed at our regular airport the (Scenic Airways Airport) picked up our passengers and continued our trip across the Canyon to Fredonia on our buffalo and deer hunt which was a success.

Thank you Bernice for sharing this tidbit of history with us.

Harry Cole,

we hope your back is feeling better!

Happy birthday Jeanne Shick!

The GCPS Collection Grows

The Grand Canyon Pioneers Society recently placed in the Northern Arizona University's Cline Library, copies of the papers pertaining to Harvey Butchart's 85th birthday party hosted by the Grand Canyon National Park. The papers concerning this celebration were donated by **Lee Albertson** who conceived the idea and made the plans for the party. Our collection at the library continues to grow.

Another Rare Find

Back in 1942 there was no Anthropologist, no Archeologist, and only one Naturalist: Eddie McKee. There were no regulations regarding where you went, how long you stayed, what you might pick up, nor what you did with it, other than to leave it at the Canyon. So when I wandered one day among the ruins at Upper Ribbon Falls and poked into a packrat midden at the back of a deep storage shelf, finding an old stone and wood, obviously human-wrought object, I brought it down with me to Phantom to show Phil and Em Poquette, then the managers there.

They'd never seen anything like it, but realized it must be a tool: a chisel, chopper, scraper or knife. As they had a small glass-topped display case in the lodge dining room with potsherd, rocks and broken points in it, I told them to keep it there on exhibit where it might be identified. For some years

that is where it stayed. However, Phil had a heart attack in the late '40s and Fred Harvey moved them up to be caretakers at Hermit's rest. They felt that my find was rare enough so that it shouldn't be left to the whim or appropriation of their successors, so sent it to me in California where I was busy having babies. On my next return to the Canyon (which was as often as possible) I brought the piece with me. But what to do with it? It never occurred to me to bring it to Eddie, in the old Naturalist Workshop, above the Harvey Garage. Instead, I visited Dr. Bryant, the Park Superintendent, whom I'd known casually. He got quite excited. He'd never seen a tool like that either, but said that he'd have it investigated and would surely let me know the results of his inquiries. And he did.

It turned out to be a skin-scraper of the Anasazi period, and one of only three that at that time had ever

been found with the wooden handle still attached; one in Oregon, and the other unknown. You can see it today! It's on exhibit in the Visitor Center Museum's Indian display, as it has been for years.

It really is fortunate that the Park Service expertise has been expanded and branched to include knowledge and protection of those rare and precious signs of early Canyon residents; especially now that the rim and inner canyon areas have been so extensively trekked, tramped, camped and explored of late years. And how lucky, too, were we who knew the canyon when you could wander as had the "old ones"; undiverted by planes, rafters or other passers-by from the awesome ageless oneness with the Canyon. Do you suppose that the woman who knelt, scraping her deer hide a thousand years ago, felt that too?

By Gale Burak

Letters to the Editor

Dear Bill;

... The article about Gunnar Widforss in the September Newsletter was interesting. I have a painting of his of the Canyon, made from just above the rock where my folks used to sit in the evening to watch the sunset before I was born. The spot on the rim (about 1/4 mile East of the Hopi House) opposite where the original Babbitts store was located, which was east of the old garage at the intersection of the Rim Road and the road that used to be the park

entrance road. The two room tent we lived in was just East of the old store. The "new" store next to the Postoffice, where we lived upstairs and which is now the recreation building was built about 1925.

The picture was painted at my Dad's request, and given to my mother for her birthday on November 14, 1929. A card to Dad signed by Widforss, is attached to the back. Unfortunately the painting has faded considerably due to the fact that the

backing on the frame was of paper with high acid content.

Sincerely,
Roy Burris

Dear "Editor-Bill",

Loved the Widforss article; it was the most interesting since the 3-part Havasupai story by Gale Burak! You did a great job of editing from the long version; did you ever work for Readers Digest Condensed Books?

With great respect,
M. Maiorana

Bits and Pieces, cont...

Christmas Again

Before everyone gets carried away with the holiday spirit we would like to have some stories about

Christmas at the Grand Canyon for our December Newsletter. We know some of you that lived at Grand Canyon can relate some interesting tales. If you feel like you can't write

well enough, don't worry, maybe we can doctor it up so it will look good and maybe even sound just like you wrote it. Be sure to use the new address.

Toll Restricted

For three weeks following the 1958 mid-air collision of two airliners at Grand Canyon, the CAA (Civil Aeronautics Administration) and the Air Force, invaded the Grand Canyon Airport at Red Butte some seven miles south of Grand Canyon Village. The massive military style operation to investigate the crash displaced the Hudgin families who owned the tiny grass covered airfield. Even the hanger was taken over to begin the grisly job of gathering evidence. The Government was only half the invading force . . . a second army of reporters and journalists completed the takeover. Members of the press wandered impatiently behind the government barricades, feeding off one another's stories, each reporter looking for "the story" that would make his or her career.

About the only part of the airfield not overrun by the government and the press was the Hudgin's small office alongside the hanger. That one bastion of privacy, they steadfastly refused to give up. After all, they had effectively been put out of business for the duration of the seizure.

Inside the small office was the only telephone at Red Butte . . . a hand crank relic installed in the 1930's . . . and connected only with a companion model in the family home a few hundred feet away. But the phone was in clear view of the reporters milling around outside the office door . . . and all of them wanted to use it.

Patiently at first, the Hudgins explained the phone only connected the hanger office and their home. After what seemed like a million or

so explanations their patience wore thin and requests to use the phone were met with a terse "it won't call out."

It was too much to believe. A place with a telephone that only went a few hundred feet that you couldn't make a long distance call on! Rumors circulated that the Hudgins were lying . . . they weren't being "cooperative" with the press . . . that was it! After all, this was the 1950's. Everyone had a telephone service . . . didn't they?

Temptation, and the mania to file a "scoop", overcame one newswoman for a national news syndicate. Perhaps anxious to prove herself to her predominantly male counterparts, but more likely because she was just a pushy reporter, she charged into the small office, physically shoving Henry Hudgin aside, and cranked furiously on the telephone handle.

"Operator . . . Operator. I've got to place a long distance call," she screamed at Margaret Hudgin who'd answered the ring at her house a few hundred feet away.

"This phone won't call out. It only connects to the hanger," Margaret tried to explain.

"I know better," the newswoman snapped. "Now connect me with long distance or I'll see to it you're fired."

"I told you, this phone can't call out," Margaret responded. "If you want to complain to my boss, he's probably standing right beside you." As an afterthought, Margaret added "I'd be glad to get fired today.

by Ron Warren

You can come up to the house and do the housecleaning."

Confused by the operator's last comment, but certain that some kind of conspiracy to frustrate the press was being carried out, the newswoman slammed the phone onto the hook and stomped out of the hanger office declaring aloud that even the operator wouldn't place her call.

After a few days the government put up a temporary line from Tusayan to Red Butte, but that was only for official business . . . no press allowed. It wasn't until a year later in 1957 that the Hudgins strung their own telephone line from Tusayan to Red Butte and the field had telephone service to "call outside".

As late as 1985 there were only fifty telephone lines serving all of Tusayan, and many areas around Grand Canyon remained without telephone service until the advent of cellular phones in the late 1980's.

One can only wonder whether the pushy newswoman ever got her story filed.

The story was told to me by Palen and Henry Hudgin and their wives, Margaret and Ellen. It seems to be one of the few to escape the attention of the media following the 1956 mid-air collision at the Canyon.

The Hudgin family owned Grand Canyon Airlines from 1951 to 1969. Until the new Grand Canyon Airport was built near Tusayan in 1966, they operated from the Red Butte airfield.

William Wallace Bass (1849 - 1933)

William Wallace Bass was born in Shelbyville, Indiana on October 2, 1849. His father sailed around the Horn to join the California Gold Rush, but died of yellow fever in a mining camp on the Sacramento River. Bill, his mother and sister moved to New Jersey where he attained the sixth grade in grammar school. When his mother remarried he lived for a while with an uncle.

At age 17 he learned the carpenter trade and telegraphy, and joined the Erie Railroad as a conductor. By his own admission he was never very strong or robust and possessed an extremely nervous disposition. While working as a dispatcher on New York's elevated railroad his health deteriorated. His doctors found a heart aneurysm and told him he was beyond relief but that he might live a few more months if he moved to the arid Southwest.

Thus it was that a slight 27-year old man, standing five feet six inches and sporting his trademark moustache went West and spent the early 1880s in southwestern New Mexico and southern Arizona. He also abided for a time in Chihuahua, Mexico before finally settling in July 1883 near Williams, Arizona, a frontier town with 30 saloons along the tracks of the A&P Railroad.

Bill Bass sought employment in the railroad yards and worked several odd jobs for two months including house construction, fiddling at dances, and serving as deputy sheriff. With marked improvement to his health and enough money

saved for a grubstake he went into cattle ranching on the Scott Ranch while he lived in a cave seven miles north of town.

He first encountered the Grand Canyon when Havasupai Indians guided him to the rim in the autumn of 1883, and began homesteading near Havasupai Point in the spring of 1884, erecting a small cabin on the rim and exploring and prospecting in the Canyon. After a Supai chief showed him a reliable water supply below the rim he with two Supai Indians improved an Indian



W. W. Bass talks to a Supai Indian friend. ca. 1900.

track as the Mystic Spring Trail.

With several months supplies and books on geology he studied all winter in nature's college. His rustic camp on the rim served as a haven for photographers, artists, writers and geologists. Another camp under an overhang at Mystic

by Dick Brown

Spring became a base for visitors exploring the Esplanade. Later he and three hired hands improved an old Indian path to the river which afforded tourists the total rim-to-river experience. About this time he began using the title of Captain and like Captain Hance, established a river camp with a rock cabin and boat crossing called Bass Ferry at a placid location below some rapids, building a crude wooden boat from lumber packed in on burros. On the north side of the river at Shinumo Creek he cultivated a garden and an orchard from where he built a trail leading to the North Rim.

During this time he located several asbestos and copper claims on both sides of the river and over the years hauled enough ore from his mine in Copper Canyon to fill two railroad cars.

Bill Bass constructed a road from Williams to his camp on the South Rim and in 1891 began operating the first stage line between points, buying Nelson Miles' old four-horse coach and running two trips weekly. To accommodate his visitors he upgraded his rimside cabin as a permanent home and a tourist camp. During its 36-year history several thousand visitors registered there including such names as George Wharton James, Zane Grey, artist Thomas Moran, naturalist John Muir, industrialist Henry Ford and Army Lieutenant Joseph Ives.

As part of his tourist enterprise he guided parties on trails other than those he had established, west to Cataract Canyon and east to

Continued on next page...

W. W. Bass, continued...

Grandview and Desert View. He guided the first geological survey at the Canyon.

He built 35 miles of stage road from Ash Fork, a way station with general store and corral and opened a second line in 1892. This same year he guided a party of two men and three women from Prescott. They stayed at Bass Camp on the rim, ventured down the trail to Mystic Spring and another day visited the waterfalls near Supai Village. A young music teacher named Ada Lenore Diefendorf was in the party, and with common interests in nature and music a romance soon blossomed. They were married in Williams, Arizona in 1894. She was a devoted frontier wife, hostess and business partner and often guided guests to the river.

After the arrival of the railroad at the Canyon he discontinued both stage lines and met train passengers at Bass Station about five miles southwest of El Tovar Hotel from where he carried them by buggy or coach 20 miles to his camp.

In the late 1890s he and Ada moved to New York where their first two children, Edith and Hazel were born, followed later by Mabel and William. During their time in the East Bill used lantern slides to illustrate lectures on the Grand Canyon. Within a few years the family returned to Bass Camp where Bill authored a book, *Adventures in the Canyons of the Colorado*. He published several booklets, one intended to dissuade visitors from patronizing Fred Harvey Company, called *A Few Plain Truths Plainly Stated for Grand*

Canyon Visitors. Another advertised Bass Camp, and several contained his canyon poems.

A great friend of the Havasupai Indians, he went to Washington several times to lobby for Congressional action on their behalf, and was able to obtain a school and teacher, post office, medicine and farming assistance. For four years he carried the mail pouch to Supai Village.



The earliest transportation to Grand Canyon. ca. 1895.

In 1906 he completed construction of a cableway across the Colorado River at the foot of Bass Trail. He ferried tourists, animals, hunting parties, and asbestos from his mines across in a rickety wooden cage suspended on four steel cables.



The old Bass Hotel at Bass Camp. ca. 1890.

He became intensely interested in the boundaries of Grand Canyon National Park and in preserving the miners' interests within the park.

He was instrumental in establishing the first school at the Canyon in 1911. He erected a 12-room Bass Hotel at the Village but was ordered to remove it when the South Rim concession was awarded to the Fred Harvey Company. In 1912 Bill bought a seven-passenger Studebaker automobile for \$1,500 and with this newfangled mode of transportation, some additional buckboards and carriages, grossed \$21,000 in 1915, the biggest year on record for Bass Camp.

Son Billy helped drive ore-laden burro pack trains to the rim, and daughter Edith helped guide tourists on the trails. In September 1923 the family hosted their last paying guest at their time-honored resort and moved to Wickenburg, Arizona. There Bill spent his days gardening, writing, prospecting and operating a small campsite for tourists.

In February 1926 the Santa Fe Improvement Company purchased all the Bass properties at the Canyon for \$25,000 and transferred them to the government in accordance with the move to rid the park of pockets of privately held land. Mrs. Bass refused to sign the papers until she received \$10,000 in her own name.

On March 7, 1933 at age 84 Bill Bass died of a cerebral hemorrhage in Wickenburg, Arizona. Funeral services were held at the Wickenburg Presbyterian Church and his body cremated in Phoenix. As he had requested, his ashes

were scattered by plane over Holy Grail Temple which stands in

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W. W. Bass, continued...

prominence and reverence over the section of the Canyon he had explored.

In honor of the grizzled trail builder, settler, miner and promoter

who spent 40 years of his life at the Canyon his name has been branded on several Canyon features, including Bass Trail, Bass Canyon, Bass Rapid, and Bass Limestone. The name "Bass" can never be erased from the pages of Canyon history.

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