

## President's Message

We had 15 to 20 people turn out for our January Pot-Luck Dinner. The food was great, and as always, we had a group of interested, and interesting people in attendance. Our thanks to Teri Cleeland who presented a very interesting program and slide show about the Bull cabin.

Fred Schick reports that our bank balance is over \$2,000 with several hundred dollars expected from recent cook book sales.

During the meeting Marie Maione presented several sketches she has prepared for a new GCPS logo. She will consolidate several of the ideas presented for final review by the members during our next meeting. We will use the new logo on our newsletter, stationary and membership cards.

## MARK YOUR CALENDARS

Our next meeting will be 4:00 P.M. on February 24, 1990, at the meeting room of KEM Engineers, 110 N. Park Street, Flagstaff. We are planning a pot-luck dinner again. Bring either a main dish, a salad, or a dessert and your own nonalcoholic beverages, plates and service.

Our speaker at this meeting will be Bill Suran who will present a program about Emory Kolb. Bill has been working for several years on a book about Emory, and he has gathered some very interesting information. I'm sure you will not want to miss this program. Bring a guest.

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I received several responses to my request for information about the "miniature horses" of the Grand Canyon, and also about the Fred Harvey "pigeons". My thanks to Hubert Lauzon, Jeanne Schick, Gale Burak, and Bob Coody who contributed the information and stories included in this newsletter.

We had an interesting response

to our "Arizona Place Names" questionnaire. Fred and Jeanne Schick offered some interesting "alternate" answers that couldn't be denied. If you missed the answers, and still want to know how well you did, bring your completed questionnaire to the next meeting. However, remember, the bus will be waiting to remove you from the state if you don't pass.

Due to the overwhelming response to the "Arizona Place Names", I've enclosed an "Arizona Trivia" questionnaire in this issue. This predates the "trivial pursuit" games, which shows you how truly unimaginative I really am.

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A roster of GCPS members and friends is also included in this newsletter. If you have any corrections or additions, please let us know. This list is also our mailing list. If you know of any prospective members you who would like to receive this newsletter, please send us their names and mailing address.

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We need some ideas about how to reach more people, how to increase participation, setting goals and/or select new projects. We have quite a few ideas for outings as soon as the weather permits. I know that I, among many others are looking forward to some picnics and campouts as we have had in the past.

One idea I have been thinking about recently would be for the GCPS to sponsor an "Arizona History" series in Flagstaff and perhaps in Sedona too. The GCPS has many interesting members who are capable of putting on some very interesting programs. Perhaps we could get some outside speakers also. I'm sure we could find speakers from the National Park Service, Forest Service, State Parks and Arizona Historical Society. This could be a four to six week series of evening meetings. I'd like to see if there is any interest in this idea during our next meeting.

COME SEE THE PYGMY HORSES FROM  
THE LOST MESA IN THE GRAND CANYON!  
ONLY 25 CENTS.

When I was a teen-ager, the Elkhorn, Wisconsin, County Fair was the greatest thing going. My home county in Illinois didn't have a county fair, so if you wanted to go to a real county fair to see all the newest farm tractors and equipment, (look at girls), and get sick eating cotton candy and riding on the carnival rides, Elkhorn was the place to go. Like all carnivals, this one was big, crowded, hot, sweaty, noisy, dirty, and fun. It was complete with all the standard rides of the time, concessions, dare devil motorcycle riders, and side shows.

COME SEE THE PYGMY HORSES FROM  
THE LOST MESA IN THE GRAND CANYON!  
ONLY 25 CENTS.

This sign stood outside one of the tents where a typical carni-man was "hawking" customers. He tried to talk my friend Joe and I into spending our last quarter to go inside, but Joe wanted to see the motor cycle riders, so we spent our last 25 cents there.

I have always wonderred what was inside, and what I had missed not seeing those horses.

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Who hasn't stood on the rim of the Canyon, and while taking in all it's vastness, color and light, wonderred what secrets are hidden in those remote places. In the 1850's Lt. Joseph C. Ives found this region to be "so profitless, that I doubt if it will ever be visited again". Even J.W. Powell thought no one would ever run the river again.

Until modern times the Canyon has remained laterally "unexplored" except by a very few. Even now with the aid of helicopters and river boats only a few of it's secrets have been revealed. The splendor of Deer

Creek Falls, the quiet wonder of Elves Chasm, the bewildering walls of Matakatanika Canyon have been seen by many along the river, yet, there must be some unknown, some secret places remaining. What story teller hasn't known that he could conger up a tale about the canyon that few, if any could tell where fiction departed from fact.

The following information has been condensed from several newspaper and magazine articles that were provided by GCPS member, Bob Coody, who works at the NAU Cline Library, Special Collections.

During times both ancient and modern, the canyon has perhaps been best known by the Havasupai who have lived and hunted among its canyons since time has been forgotten.

In the late 1930's it became known that the Havasupai's had several horses in their possession that were abnormally small. The horses had indeed come from some remote section of the Canyon, where apparently due to a lack of adequate feed, they had failed to grow to their normal size. This is where fact leads to fiction.

Maurice Kildare (Gladwell "Tony" Richardson of Flagstaff) writing for a national magazine said, "It is a matter of scientific knowledge, proven by fossil records in the rocks, that the first horses on earth were little bigger than foxes and had three toes. Then something happened that made the mesohippus, as he is called, begin to grow up until he became the single-hoofed big animal of today.

"From time to time there have been stories that "little horses", some of them not much bigger than a fair-sized dog, live in an isolated, almost inaccessible part of the Grand Canyon, and the stories have been repeatedly denied.

".....these little horses were either a remnant of those which had existed millions of years ago, or were "throwbacks" in the field of evolution.....

"But now it appears that there are little horses in the Grand Canyon. Mr. Jack Tooker, anthropologist, explorer and widely known authority on the Canyon, who has made that miracle of Nature a study for thirty years, says that he has penetrated their home, lassoed some and even taken pictures of them".

The article by Kildare was a lead-in to the incredible story told by Jack Tooker, a part of which follows:

"In the Grand Canyon of northern Arizona, world famous for its scenic wonders and mysteries of natural history, lives a herd of Liptiptian horses.

"Few people know about them, and the Indians claim that I am the only whiteman ever to enter their almost impregnable natural prison. They are perhaps the smallest horses in existence, descendants of normal horses of Arabian stock, imported to the southwestern territory some four hundred years ago by the Spanish.

"One hundred and two years ago an Indian whose only name we ever knew was Supai Smiley, left three normal sized horses - a pinto stallion, a buckskin mare and her colt - in a canyon for safe keeping until he could return for them.

"The only entrance or exit to the place, at the time, was a steep, rocky trail. When Smiley finally returned for the horses, he found that the trail leading into the canyon was a sheer wall, at the base of which the horses were trapped beyond recovery. A fault slide has destroyed the only trail that a horse could climb, in or out. This canyon, one of thousands of small canyons that make up the Grand Canyon system,

has been the home of the descendants of those horses ever since".

Jack Tooker's story continues with an account of how he knew "Old Smiley" during the last years of his life, how he had lost his "love" to the Apaches, how he had rescued her, and found the lost canyon while seeking refuge. As it turns out, Jack was the only whiteman he trusted with the location of the lost canyon and it's horses. Jack continues with a daring account of how he found the horses and retrieved several from the canyons. Of course he took pictures of some smaller horses, but the pictures were ruined when the camera was damaged in a fall.

Jack Tooker wasn't the only one to find the horses. Thomas Foley, an old-time northern Arizona cow hand, says that he worked the range on top of National Canyon and saw horses in the bottom as far back as 1899. "I never had any reason to go down into the canyon, and it never looked good for a joy ride".

In 1947 Mike Cullen and Bud Linn, two northern Arizona cowboys chased midget wild horses through Mohawk and National Canyons. They captured two of the horses and brought them out to Ash Fork where they sold them to Frank Gum and Fred Nelson. They were said to have measured 42 inches at the shoulder, and were eight to nine years old. Cullen reports that he "was impressed by the lack of forage and water in the dry canyons. He and Linn found moist places in (the) cliff licked smooth by the animals and the mare they captured once was found eating wood chips in Gum's corral. She didn't know about oats and hay then.

"The midget horses were extremely difficult to close in on and rope. They could go right up the face of a cliff like a mountain goat, and jump across holes our horses wouldn't even look down into".

"....The two animals captured were so violent both men had to work together and bring them out separately. Each had to be dragged most of the way to the horse trailer. When the cowboys got them to Ash Fork, they created considerable interest. - only four or five had ever been brought out of the canyons alive before.

"Origin of the horses in the canyon is full of conjecture and few facts. Fiction magazines have made fantastic approaches to the mystery...."

In 1945, the Western Horseman reported that it had "....become necessary to look into the widely circulated story that there is, or was, a race of wild, dwarf horses in a certain part of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. The story, or rumor, of these alleged dwarf horses persisted for several years, and was given much publicity in the newspapers because of its sensational nature. Today the subject has just about died out, except for the still occasional appearance of an alleged "midget horse from the Lost Mesa" in some traveling carnival or sideshow".

The Western Horseman then proceeded to let the truth be known. In early 1938, Superintendent M.R. Tillotson delegated Naturalist Edwin D. McKee, Assistant Chief Ranger Warren Hamilton, and Ranger Bert Lauzon to organize a pack outfit and visit the "Canyon of Little Horses".

The expedition gathered at Hilltop where they were met by Supai Indian guides, Jack Jones and Claude Wathomagie. At the Village they found several that the Supai's had captured several of the horse and that they were in the village pasture. The indians stated that these were the smallest horse any had ever seen. The smallest measured 48 inches at the shoulder and was estimated to be about 11 years old. The other horses were slightly

larger.

Their guides took them east of Supai Canyon, along the benches to Matakamiba Canyon where they encountered other small horses. Near the Great Thumb they caught a small stallion which they brought out. It measured 51 inches at the shoulder. Their guides reported that these were the same horses, and that they covered the exact same territory that they had taken the other whitenan (Jack Tooker).

Naturalist McKee concluded in his report:

1. The size of the horses of this area has been greatly reduced in statements given out concerning the area.
2. The canyon blocked off by landslides in which pygmy horses are supposed to have evolved is a myth.
3. The small horses of the area are the normal results of the environment and are not confined to any one limited area or physical barriers".

So now, thanks to Bob Coady and the stories contributed by GCPS members that follow, I know what I missed at the carnival. The motor cycle riders weren't that great either.  
Ron Werhan

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January 5, 1990

I want to tell you what I know about the little horses of Supai. They did, in fact exist. I saw a few down there in '43, which the Supai dads had rounded up from the remote benches and brought down for the kids to play on and with. They were ugly; big long heads, lean and gaunt bodies, not barrel-ribbed like ponies, and slim long legs, but they seemed healthy enough. The kids would get on 'em and jump off banks into the creek, or race down "Main Street" past the government agency with "Wa

hoos". Some fun.

The winter before, while I was working at the old Harvey Escalante Hotel in Ash Fork, a Bar owner named Frank Gum used to buy the little horses from the Supais and sell them to carnivals and circuses. I remember an article on him about them, with a picture of him holding one, ... probably in the Williams paper, during the winter of 1942-43, if you can track it down. He used to claim that they were throw-backs to the Eohippus!!

Gale Furak  
Moab, Utah

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December 17, 1989

I have quite a bit of information on the "Little Horses". The first publicity concerning the horses was generated by Jack Tooker, an engineer of the Grand Canyon rail line. He was somewhat of a writer but a lot of his stuff was eligible to be placed in the fiction (shelf) of the library. To my knowledge it first appeared in one of the L.A. Times or Examiner.

There were many articles published about the horses - most of them untrue. The latest I saw was in the late '60's in the Page newspaper. I have a few of those in my "fifty years gatherings".

Much to the credit of the Park Service, in January, 1938, an expedition was organized to go into the canyon and objectively report on the horses. The members of that crew were Eddie McKee, park naturalist, Rangers Warren Hamilton and Bert Lauzon. Two Supai indians went along as guides and packers, and to give the Supai indians a chance to be represented in an expedition into their territory. At that time the horses were all within the Park - that was before the large parcel of Park land was given to the indians. The two Supais were Claude Wathomagie and

Jack Jones.

An official report on this expedition is in the Park Service files. I at one time had Dad's personal day to day diary, but very foolishly let someone get hold of it. I don't remember to whom or under what circumstances I relinquished it. I do have some other factual information concerning the horses but it is not well enough organized at present to record it in its proper format.

I am sure that we know some Park Service person who would be able to retrieve the official report for our scrutiny. Hubert F. Lauzon  
Ash Fork, Arizona

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January, 1990

The "Little Horses" came from near Supai - an isolated canyon above Navajo Falls. Foster Marshall caught and sold one to a circus manager. These horses, when fed and cared for produced normal sized colts. Bill Lockridge had one,

Jeanne Schick  
Sedona, Arizona

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I was a little disappointed to hear that Fred Harvey didn't serve "Squab", but the stories about the pigeons are more interesting than a whole plate full of Squab.

Ron Werhan

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January 19, 1990

You asked if anyone knew why Fred Harvey kept pigeons up at the Canyon. On the (Grand Canyon Pioneers) train ride to the Canyon, I sat with Kay Hart, and she was telling me about back in the early days when there was no means of communication such as telephone, radio, etc., Fred Harvey kept a few pigeons. Their purpose was so that when the Navahopi Tour buses went East - out

to Desert View, Cameron and Tuba City, etc. they would take some pigeons and if they broke down, as they often did, they would have a way to inform the people at the Canyon that they were in trouble.

They just let some pigeons loose, the birds would fly to the Village and then the mechanics, tow trucks, etc would head for the destination of the Navahopi buses.

Jeanne Schick  
Sedona, Arizona

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December 17, 1989

Before the present road to Desert View was completed, the original road ran up through Long Jim Canyon. It was very bad, even for teams and wagons. The Fred Harvey buses, not buses as we know them now, had lots of trouble through Long Jim and beyond. Breakdowns, punctured oil pans, bent tie rods, fenders crumpled. Of course, there were no telephones along the road and no radio communication.

The Fred Harvey Transportation Department conceived the idea of using homing pigeons to bring back messages requesting help. The pigeon loft was located near the entrance to the Harvey garage (presently AMFAC offices). Each driver, before starting on a trip to Desert View or the Indian Country, would pick up a little cage with a pigeon or two.

The pigeon plan didn't work out very well though. Some pigeons returned a day or so later and some never returned at all. No doubt hawks captured some of them and others showed up elsewhere than the pigeon loft.

One afternoon as we kids were on our way home from school we went by the garage and there were several dead pigeons scattered around the area of the loft. We were informed by a "reliable source", the son of

the transportation manager, that some of the crew turned the pigeons loose and used them for live skeet practice with shotguns.

I sometimes have fantasies about a scenario like the pigeon shooting taking place this day within a hundred yard of the Park Administration Building. The SWAT teams would be called in, the place would be swarming with uniforms, radios, shotguns, and perhaps helicopter gun ships.

Hubert F. Lauzon  
Ash Fork, Arizona

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We have not collected dues for some while. In the past dues have been paid on an annual basis, however, the bookkeeping has been a little difficult to keep up. The membership decided to make our dues come due on January 1st of each year. Please show your support for the Grand Canyon Pioneers by filling out the enclosed application and returning it with your dues. Your support helps make this newsletter possible.

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We are looking for new ideas and new articles for the newsletter. Gale Burak will be contributing several articles in the next several months, and we are looking for still more. I know many of you have interesting stories to tell. They don't necessarily have to be about the Grand Canyon. We look forward to hearing from you.

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IN MEMORY OF ART METZGER

JANUARY 1990

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