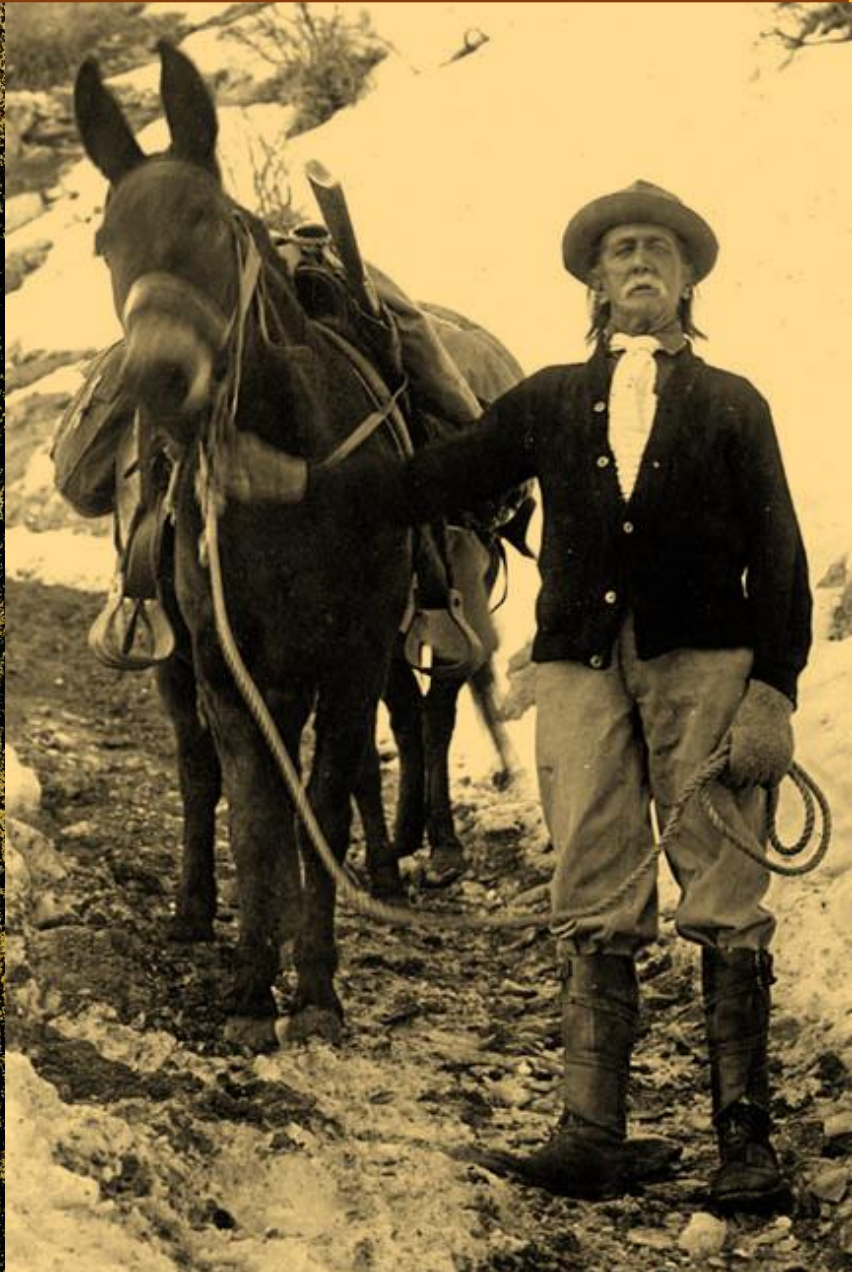
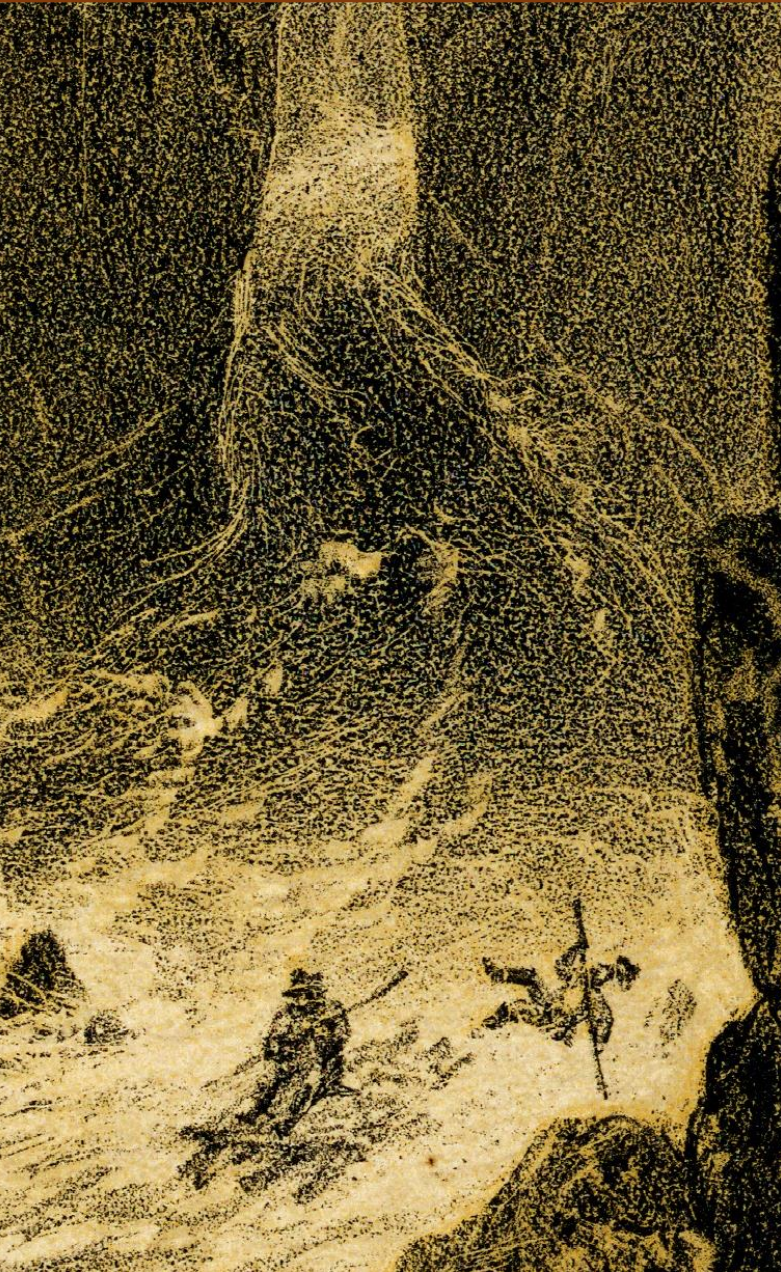


“It was this way...”



The Grand Canyon's Indubitable
James White & John Hance

An Introduction and Annotated Bibliography

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Cover illustrations

(Left) Detail from the illustration, "The Great Cañon of the Colorado," in William A. Bell, *New Tracks in North America* (Chapman and Hall, London, 1869), Vol. 2, facing p. 208.

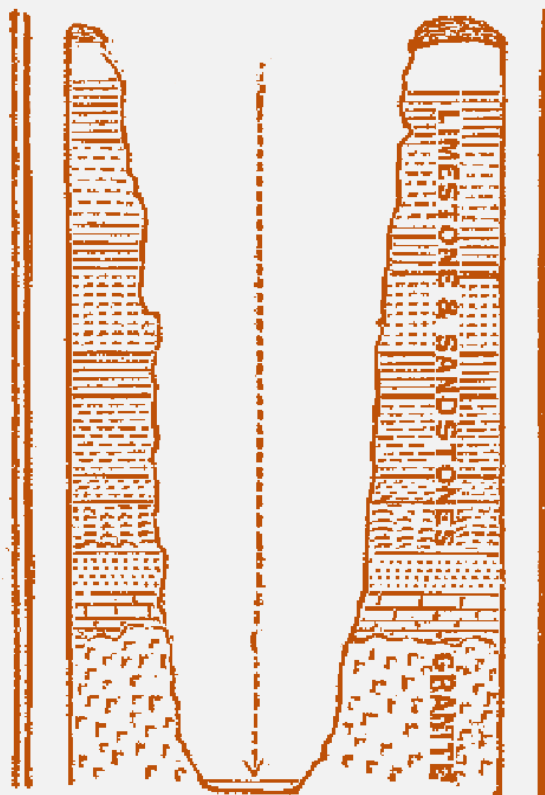
(Right) John Hance on the trail (undated). (See p. 91.)
(Photo courtesy National Park Service, Grand Canyon National Park)

“It was this way...”

John Wesley Powell
Answers a Question from
the Audience



‘Yes indeed . . .



**‘had to dig it all
out just to see the
insides!’**

**A SECTION OF COLO-
RADO CANYON.**

With thanks to Captain Hance for the inspiration!

“It was this way...”

The Grand Canyon’s Indubitable
James White & John Hance

An Introduction and Annotated Bibliography

Earle E. Spamer



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RAVEN'S PERCH MEDIA

Bibliographical and Historical Resources on the
Grand Canyon and Lower Colorado River Regions of the
United States and Mexico

“It was this way . . .”

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Frontispiece illustrations

(Top) “Climbing the Grand Cañon” (*detail*). Sketch by Thomas Moran; engraving by F. S. King. John Wesley Powell, *Exploration of the Colorado River of the West and its Tributaries. Explored in 1869, 1870, 1871, and 1872, under the direction of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution* (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1875), Figure 34.

(Bottom) “A Section of Colorado Canyon” (*adapted*). Albert D. Richardson, *Beyond the Mississippi: From the Great River To the Great Ocean* (American Publishing Co., Hartford, Connecticut, 1867), p. 472. (The stratigraphic column portrayed was taken from the seminal geological survey of Grand Canyon by John Strong Newberry, who was attached to Joseph C. Ives’ Colorado River expedition of 1858; it was a schematic rendering as viewed at Diamond Creek and published in Ives’ 1861 official report, modified by Richardson, and adapted here by removing some of the labeling.)

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“It was this way . . .”

Preamble

IN AUGUST 1869, John Wesley Powell, with five men and two boats, looked forward to reaching the confluence of the Virgin River and civilization again as they drifted through the great portal that the Colorado River has carved into the Grand Wash Cliffs, the river’s exit from the Grand Canyon. It was the conclusion of a monumental expedition from Wyoming, begun with four boats and ten men. En route, four of the crew left the expedition—one not long after they started, and three within just a couple of days of what turned out to be the end of the trip. One boat had been wrecked on the Green River, and another was left behind in the Grand Canyon when the trio departed up a side canyon since named Separation Canyon.

Powell surely was aware of the fact that one man, on a beaten raft, was reported to have unwittingly passed through the Grand Wash portal two years earlier, having bowled through the entire Grand Canyon from somewhere in southern Utah. It may have been a confused tale. No one seems to have known for sure, except for the traveler himself, James White, wrecked by starvation and exposure, and those who had interviewed the man after his rescue at Callville, Nevada, miles below the portal.

However, Powell had to have known, simply because the White story already was known when he was indirectly mentioned in a debate in the U.S. Senate over a joint resolution to authorize the Secretary of War to furnish supplies to Powell’s proposed Colorado River expedition to explore the Grand Canyon. With a vested interest, Powell should not have been oblivious to the proceedings, which are recorded in the *Congressional Globe* for May 25, 1868.¹ White was not mentioned by name. The entire exchange is as follows:

Mr. [Lyman] Trumbull [Senator from Illinois]. . . . The Colorado river, as laid down upon our maps, for some six or seven hundred miles has never been seen by a civilized man.

¹ “Powell’s Colorado Expedition,” in F. Rives, J. Rives, and George A. Bailey, *Congressional Globe: Containing debates and proceedings of the Second Session Fortieth Congress* City of Office of the Congressional Globe (City of Washington), Senate, May 25, 1868, pp. 2563-2566. [The House debate on May 11, pp. 2406-2408, did not mention the White affair.]

“It was this way . . .”

Mr. [John] Sherman [Senator from Ohio]. It was run recently, during the last fall, I believe, by three men to escape the Indians, and one of them got through alive.

Mr. Trumbull. The whole distance?

Mr. Sherman. Yes; to the Great Cañon.²

Mr. Trumbull. I was not aware of it. Is that authenticated?

Mr. Sherman. Yes; the man lives. He went in at one end and came through at the other.”³

Later in the debate, Senator John Conness of California made reference to General William J. Palmer’s “reconnaissance in connection with what is called the eastern division of the Pacific railway route,” noting that the general had “crossed the country from Albuquerque to the Colorado river,” adding that Palmer “furnished me with an article contributed to a magazine, giving an account of what is known of the Colorado river, of the upper part of it, and also an account of the progress of the three men spoken of through a portion of the cañon of the river.”⁴

Furthermore, the secret diaries of a couple of Powell’s crew members, written during the 1869 expedition, mention the White affair; they agreed that it had to have been an impossible journey, which reveals that during the expedition some talk may have come up about White.⁵ How they came to know of the story, whether it was through Powell or one of the other men, though, is not stated. By 1869, writers had already whisked White’s concise story into print, a story that then was gleefully picked up across the country and in Europe—“A Drift for Life,” most of those titles read enticingly. (*See herein the James White annotated bibliography.*) Regardless, Powell never paid White any

² The Grand Canyon has been known by several names. See a summary by Earle Spamer, “Big Canyon, Great Canyon, Grand Canyon: The Mysterious Evolution of a Name,” *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Journal of the Grand Canyon Historical Society), Vol. 33, no. 1 (Winter 2022), pp. 8-18.

³ “Powell’s Colorado Expedition,” p. 2563.

⁴ “Powell’s Colorado Expedition,” p. 2564. The reference to the magazine article surely was the just-published item by C. C. Parry, “Account of the passage through the Great Cañon of the Colorado of the West, from above the mouth of Green River to the head of steamboat navigation at Callville, in the months of August and September, 1867, by James White, now living at Callville. Reported January 6, 1868, to J. D. Perry, Esq., Pres’t of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, by C. C. Parry, Ass’t Geologist, U. P. R. Surv.,” *Academy of Science of St. Louis, Transactions*, Vol. 2, pp. 499-503. The Palmer volume was a privately published work, *Report of surveys across the continent, in 1867-’68, on the thirty-fifth and thirty-second parallels, for a route extending the Kansas Pacific Railway to the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco and San Diego. By Gen. Wm. J. Palmer. December 1st, 1868.* (W. B. Selheimer, Printer, Philadelphia, 1869).

⁵ Michael P. Ghiglieri, *First through Grand Canyon : the secret journals and letters of the 1869 crew who explored the Green and Colorado Rivers* (Puma Press, Flagstaff, 2003). George Bradley makes mention of the affair on August 10, 1869, at the Little Colorado River (p. 200) and again on August 13, at Hance Rapid (p. 205); and Jack Sumner also mentions White by name on August 13 (p. 206).

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mind, then or later. It wasn't an explorer's tale of findings, just maybe a broken survivor's brief, anxious tellings of despair. White, while he seems to have *intended* to go down the river on purpose, in order to escape trouble, was not attempting to chart the river's course and the country thereabout; he was only on the river to find a way to get off of it. To Powell, if the story was true it didn't count.

In the century and a half since, White's story has been squeezed through the wringers of support and denial both—even if by accident, he really did go through the canyon! no way he could have! And in any case, Powell did get through, marvelously—on purpose. The Powell adventure was closely attended to even before he departed from Green River, Wyoming. Once under way, writers awaited with wondrous anticipation and anxiousness for news of the expedition's journey through the Great Unknown (a term used by Powell in his 1875 narrative but thus misattributed to him, having actually been a newspaperman's turn of phrase before the expedition set off⁶). Despite false news items that the Powell expedition had perished,⁷ during his return home through Utah Powell was already lecturing on the successes, deprivations, and sad departures of the expedition. He wrote ahead to eastern newspapers, too; and news quickly spread as far as Europe.

Three Mormon men, Henry W. Miller, Jacob Hamblin, and J. W. Crosby, had also in 1867 drifted down that part of the Colorado from the Grand Wash to Callville, on

⁶ Richard D. Quartaroli explained: “[The term ‘Great Unknown’] is one part of many classic quotes from Major John Wesley Powell, often recited on Grand Canyon river trips as boaters pass the junction of the Little Colorado River tributary with the main Colorado River. Powell wrote this about his 1869 river expedition in an 1875 official report to the U.S. Congress, via Professor Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian Institution, June 16, 1874. This is not a Powell journal entry, and neither he nor his crew mention the term ‘Great Unknown.’ In fact, Powell did not coin the term. It is unknown who did, but it appeared in an unattributed front-page newspaper article in *The Cheyenne Leader* the day after Powell and his nine men launched four boats on the Green River, from Green River City, on May 24, 1869. Powell ‘has started out with the view to exploring, if possible, the great Colorado river. The undertaking is a risky and dangerous one, in view of the fact that each attempt to penetrate the great unknown has proved a failure.’” (Richard D. Quartaroli, “John Wesley Powell and crew’s 1869 Grand Canyon river mapping: What did they know and when did they know it?” [abstract]. *Mapping Grand Canyon Conference : February 28-March 1, 2019 : Arizona State University, Tempe* [Arizona State University, Tempe], p. 16. [Note: At the time of presentation the title had been changed to “ ‘The Great Unknown’ of river mapping: What did Powell and the 1869 crew know and when did they know it?” Video recordings of each presentation at this conference were posted online at this website: <https://lib.asu.edu/mapping-grandcanyon-conference/program> (March 2019) (link not valid on May 10, 2023).] *The quotation here is taken from Quartaroli’s written draft for another presentation.* Quartaroli credits a personal communication from Don Lago for the original information that appeared in *The Cheyenne Leader*, Tuesday, May 25, 1869 (Vol. 11, no. 213), p. 1, column 1 (accessed by Quartaroli online at Wyoming Digital Newspaper Collection, March 18, 2021).

⁷ For example, *The Chicago Tribune’s* July 3, 1869, stacked headlines: “Fearful Disaster. Reported Loss of the Powell Exploring Expedition Confirmed. Twenty-one men Engulfed in a Moment.”

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purpose (and preceding White). They were seeing if a “good road” could be made to the river, and how safely the river ran, which could connect commerce and travel more directly to St. George, Utah, and the remainder of the Mormon country. Their trip was informative and uneventful despite some rapids that were encountered. The scenery did not impress them except perhaps the “gloomily grand part of the river” where it passed through Boulder Canyon on the way to Callville.⁸ If James White’s adventure had been an abbreviated affair—some have suggested he entered the river below the Grand Canyon—it does not explain how he got to be in such bad shape before his rescue from a stretch of river that wasn’t all that bad.

White did nothing to promote the Grand Canyon; but Powell did, to world acclaim. Once the Grand Canyon had become a subject of amazement throughout the reader’s world, curious tourists began to arrive on the South Rim a couple of decades after Powell’s downriver trips. And there, most of them wound up in the accommodation of John Hance, rancher and miner, who had now fancied himself a hotelier. He set up a cabin, tents, and corral at Glendale Springs, on the verge of the canyon’s edge at the head of the side canyon named Hance Creek. He scuttled out a trail of sorts in the side canyon, part of which was in a few years wrecked by the elements (the so-called Old Hance Trail, which is not even a route now). He laid out a better trail in nearby Red Canyon (the New Hance Trail, not maintained). For a fee he guided tourists down his trails; for a bit less, they could try their luck alone, mounted or not. One may wonder just how many times he went down and up his trails, whether to his cabins or mines or as a guide, but his count might not have been precise anyway. No one knows just when he got the idea to spin a tall tale for his canyon guests, but it was a part of his personality. Once begun, like digging the Grand Canyon, he was impossible to stop.

Hance’s reputation preceded him. For some he *was* the destination at Grand Canyon! Once the Santa Fe Railway effectively monopolized the hotelier’s business in the quickly growing village of Grand Canyon, Arizona, in the first years of the twentieth century, Hance moseyed over there at times to continue his made-up ministrations. By 1905 he was embedded in the village (just in time, too, to wander into the lobby of the railroad’s brand new, rustically top-flight El Tovar Hotel). His move was worthwhile; the railroad’s Fred Harvey managers had seen a good thing in the entertaining one-man tourist trap. For most of the rest of his life he was on payroll, with room and board (but not in the comfortable hotel). He was advertised as if he were part of the scenery. “Have *you* ever met John Hance?” travel agents teased. Believe it or not, no visit was complete without Hance.

⁸ Henry W. Miller, “Explorations on the Colorado” in Correspondence [section], *Deseret News*, Vol. 16, no. 27 (July 3, 1867), p. 209 [with editor’s introductory paragraph]. Also reprinted in *Latter-day Saints’ Millennial Star*, Vol. 29 (August 24, 1867), pp. 539-541.

“It was this way . . .”

Have you ever met John Hance? He's a Grand Canyon guide and a teller of stories that might be true, if—

John Hance prides himself on being the most accomplished fiction-ist in Arizona. He has wintered and summered at the Grand Canyon for thirty years. Hamlin Garland, in a delightful study of this pioneer guide, affirms that Hance is a most dramatic raconteur.

It's worth stopping off at Williams, Arizona, on the transcontinental trip, and taking the sixty-five miles' run up to the canyon of canyons, just to meet Hance face to face.

His tales lose their flavor when reduced to print. They require his soft, drawling, high-pitched voice, and awkward gestures. Also they require the canyon environment.

One anecdote concerns the time he escaped a pack of wild wolves by riding full tilt off the rim and jumping unafraid into the abyss. When within a few yards of the bottom, Hance saved his own life by gently leaping from the saddle. The horse met an untimely death on the rocks below. Do you ask for proof? He will show you the stones and the bones!

Story-telling is as old as the race.

The Grand Canyon is older. But what's an eon more or less amongst friends?

The point is, that no matter what the yesterday of this sublime scenic spectacle was, to-day it is the Wonder of the World. To-day happens to be the day you are on earth, too. So why not pack your grip and go there by the first Santa Fe train?

The journey is so easy and the cost so trifling, if taken as a side tour on the way to or from California.

Many travelers say that El Tovar Hotel, managed by Fred Harvey, is sufficient reason for the canyon outing. El Tovar is a home-like inn. Here, in the wilderness, you can get a tub bath, eat grape-fruit for breakfast, and scan a dinner menu that would make Broadway envious. Next door, for contrast, are Navaho hogans and Hopi adobes, housing primitive Indians. Next door, too, is that great gash in the earth, a mile deep, miles wide, and painted like a hundred sunsets.

Three days spent at the Grand Canyon equal three weeks spent anywhere else. That's a modest comparison.

One day can be given to the trail. It zigzags for eight miles down, down, down to the Colorado River. It zigzags the same distance back. You leave in the morning; you get back in the late afternoon. You wear a suit of khaki or blue jeans, or any old thing. You ride a placid mule—though volcanic if disturbed when off duty. The mule seems ninety per cent of the trip, and the canyon the remaining ten. Afterward, in memory, the values are reversed.

Maybe you have not been in the saddle for twenty years. The saddle for you to-day, plus the mule, plus the mile-deep hole. You early learn the mule's name and repeat it often when rounding the steep places. You are one of a little party, in charge of an experienced guide. The guide is used to it; you are not. There's a thrill for you at every turn; the guide is placid. But he knows the way, bosses the mules, and restores confidence.

You reach the river at noon, lunch, throw stones in the rapids, and start back uphill. How far and tall the cliffs are! How distant the hotel on the rim is! You get to the top eventually, tired but happy—happy in having had a unique experience.

Next day ride on the rim boulevard and see the sunset from Hopi Point. The day after, go to Grand View and see an entirely different section of the canyon. Both jaunts in easy coaches.

Stay a few days more and try one of the many camping trips, if time can be spared.

If all this appeals to you, write to Mr. W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager of the Santa Fe, 1064 Railway Exchange, Chicago. Ask him for copy of an illustrated booklet, "The Titan of Chasms." The cover is a four-color reproduction of an oil painting of the canyon by W. R. Leigh. Inside are articles by Powell, Lummis and Higgins, with full information about what to see, what to do, etc.



Fig. A

Santa Fe Railway advertisement, placed widely in magazines around 1913.

“It was this way . . .”

Introduction

Owning the Grand Canyon

WHEN IN 1883 the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad completed its trackway across northern Arizona, its division point at Peach Springs offered the traveling public access to the Grand Canyon for the first time. Julius Farlee was quick to capitalize (somewhat) on this, advertising an imaginative, elaborate stage conveyance into the canyon, which followed Peach Springs Wash and Diamond Creek to the Colorado River. In those days there were no concessionaires, no national park nor monument, and the local Hualapai people at Peach Springs only tolerated the invasion of the railroad and the people who came with it. Tourists, not knowing what to expect, came and went in the wee hours of the night, such was the usual schedule of the once-a-day trains. All of Farlee’s services were rudimentary, to say it kindly. Down along the wash, at the Diamond Creek confluence, he put up a shack of a “hotel,” a claptrap affair without doors or windows; and to get there one bounced in and out of a jarring, springless buckboard, or meandered for miles wearily aboard saddle on an animal that may not have been the best selection for the trip; a few even slogged on foot. “Guiding,” such as it was, was usually left to an employee who could be interested or somnolent. Meals rustled up by the guide were canned, if one was lucky; sometimes they were an afterthought, and the unwitting campers and guide alike scrounged for uncomplementary scraps, and hungered. Once there, they could look at the river, or poke around in the lower part of Diamond Creek, or maybe clamber part way up the canyon walls for a scenic view. Then it was back to the “hotel” or to the thin excuse for civilization at Peach Springs and the railroad depot for the ride away.

A few people in the fledgling town of Flagstaff, also on the railway and more booming because of its lumber businesses, soon capitalized on the presence of the “grander” eastern portion of the canyon nearby. Although the sixty-or-so-mile venture by wagon from the railroad was more ambitious than was the shorter but rocky, dusty, sun-drenched descent into the canyon at Peach Springs, more people began to show up for the more organized adventure out of friendlier Flagstaff. There were at least waystations for the change of horses, where they could grab bites to eat, too (trail fare, but fair).

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance’s cabin and tent accommodations for visitors at the canyon rim—Glendale Springs—was about ten miles southeast of the present-day Grand Canyon village. (We learn—no lie—he could even offer up a properly cooled beer.⁹) So in short order, Hance’s was the favored destination. Sometimes miner Peter (Pete) Berry soon thereafter offered a somewhat more sumptuous, though still rustic, hotel at Grand View, not far to the northwest of Hance’s place. Both places offered conducted trips into the canyon; some visitors experienced both, but most went to Hance’s. His offerings, at least at first, could be downright harrowing, sending his guests in several places down (and necessarily back up) steeply pitched or dangling ropes along Hance Creek. Berry’s Grandview Trail was just plain steep, but it didn’t go all the way to the river, just to his copper mine in the canyon. Later, Hance bumped up his offerings—and stories to go with them. It was a perfect match: Hance, his gully attraction and an uncanny sense for a tourist’s gullibility. His visitors arrived first by wagon directly from Flagstaff. By 1901 they came by rail from Williams to the facilities in Grand Canyon village, so Hance gradually retired from his hotel and sometimes-mines to become the village entertainer who generations of travelers on the Santa Fe came to expect would be on hand. His stories were retold; many of them wound up credulously in print. For recognition, he pretty much eclipsed the Santa Fe’s Fred Harvey juggernaut that encouraged and even advertised Hance’s continued colorful conversations.

When John Wesley Powell, truly the first *explorer* of the Grand Canyon, arrived at Hance’s Glendale Springs with an international group of geologists in 1891—his only trip to the South Rim—neither he nor Hance seemed to have had anything to say about each other. This is unusual. Powell enjoyed promoting his work; Hance regaled in his own experiences, true or pretentious. Powell wrote nothing about his return to the canyon, nor did the press make much out of it, a long fall from the eager attendance to his exploits as the Colorado River’s “conqueror” in 1869 and 1871-2. But Hance’s silence seems to be even more peculiar; his yarns mention only one visiting geology class, and it wasn’t Powell’s. Nor among anyone with the 1891 group was there any report of hearing about the man who, twenty-four years earlier, may have usurped Powell by two years as the

⁹ In September 1895, Hugo Fromholz from Germany, after arriving at Hance’s, “took a late meal, which the friendly wife and two lively daughters of the innkeeper [who leased Hance’s ranchsite] brought to me; but after the exhausting, if not very dusty, journey of twelve hours, it didn’t really taste good. But a bottle of Milwaukee beer, stored in a cool spring [had a] wonderful freshness and such an excellent taste as I seldom found in America, where the beer is enjoyed overly icy and thus spoils the taste.” (Translated here, from Fromholz, *An den Küsten des Pacific. Reisebriefe von Hugo Fromholz* [transl. ‘On the Shores of the Pacific. Travel Letters from Hugo Fromholz ’] [Druck von August Hoffmann, Berlin, 1897], p. 92.)

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first *venturer* on the Colorado River through the canyon—James White, who was fished from the river in 1867, utterly spent, far downstream from the Grand Canyon’s outlet.

While Hance probably did know of the White affair through conversations with his guests over the years, there’s no evidence that he ever spoke about it (or tried to horn in on White’s awarded notoriety); and Powell had been almost silent on the matter ever since his first river expedition. It must be said that White and Hance, despite never having met, would have offered little room for conversation points. The soapbox could not accommodate *two* reputed liars (White is perhaps unfairly so branded, but Hance relished it).

This did not mean that others kept silent. Frederick Dellenbaugh was a seventeen-year-old member of Powell’s second expedition on the Colorado in 1871–2, remaining with the Powell survey for several years during its mapping and reconnaissance phases in southern Utah and northern Arizona. He was for the rest of his life a champion for Powell’s legacy. He wrote in his own 1902 narrative of his river expedition with Powell, *The Romance of the Colorado River*, that White’s account was a “Masterful Fabrication,” “one of the best bits of fiction I have ever read,” and “a splendid yarn,” labeling the man a “champion prevaricator.”¹⁰ (This contrasts directly with John Hance’s *marque*, by J. A. Munk in 1905, as the “Grand Cañon Guide and Prevaricator.”¹¹) Later in the twentieth century, even the magisterial historian Wallace Stegner flatly opined that James White “was one of the West’s taller liars.”¹² Even to compare White to the giant, John Hance, would be fightin’ words.

One might pause to point out that Powell himself is also accused of misleading his audience. It’s well appreciated that his major Colorado River narrative, a well-illustrated government report published in 1875 and rejiggered more commercially in 1895, merges events of his 1869 and 1871–2 river expeditions, eliminates the second expedition’s crew, and hands over very embellished prose about the adventure. Powell in every way (in the Grand Canyon–Colorado River literature at least) has always been bigger than life. He was made out to be a courageous explorer in his day—they all said so—and he was a military hero, too, working now with but one hand, the right one lost in the war, which only on occasion was a hindrance. Not to be outdone by the likes of James White, there is his description (and an artist’s imaginative drawing of the scene, “The Rescue”) of

¹⁰ Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, *Romance of the Colorado River* (G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York and London, The Knickerbocker Press, 1902), pp. 158, 175, 183. Dellenbaugh devoted eight pages of his book to the White affair (pp. 175–183).

¹¹ Joseph Amasa Munk, *Arizona Sketches* (The Grafton Press, New York), p. 143.

¹² Wallace Stegner, *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian* (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1954), p. 33.

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Powell, dangling on a cliff face, being hoisted up by his one hand grasping the drawers a companion who had removed them for the duty (though the illustration shows that man clothed¹³). The incident took place in Desolation Canyon on the Green River in Utah, but to amplify the effect of the story there was yet another incident of dangling, “suspended 400 feet above the river” he said, in the Grand Canyon itself. Not only have we believed Powell, but the “drawers” incident (not to mention the gripping illustration) has been reproduced quite to death ever since.

What appears on the pages that follow is an introduction to Messrs. White and Hance, and the documentation that either backs up or beats down their tales. The texts here and the citations in the bibliographies that follow are restricted mostly to books and magazines; the profusion of widely scattered newspaper accounts are overlooked.

While it has been easy to follow the oscillating arguments about White, for or against as his supporters and detractors have pronounced and harangued over the decades right up to today, Hance’s own stories have been relegated to the capricious banterings of repeaters and hearsayists. There is the story of him and his horse, of course, in one variant of which they leap, falling into the canyon in a grand escape from danger; in another they attempt to jump clear over the canyon (but didn’t make it, in several different ways). And then there was the time he was snowshoeing across the chasm atop a heavy fog, when it suddenly lifted (also with variations). Priceless.

But not for a price have I found many of these versions in *contemporary* publications—and for good reason. Hance didn’t have a script. For that matter, neither did his chroniclers, those who bothered to merrily repeat the man’s anecdotes and eye-squinting whoppers. No story of his was or will be the same; and in fact he never wrote down any of his tellings, leaving it all to others. Copyrights? None are Hance’s; so when the stories were written down, the variations were the writers repolishing something that may not have needed it. We are entirely at the mercy of retellings, which will forever remain uniquely a part of the Grand Canyon. Probably no one will be able to prove any one of Hance’s stories is as he told it that day—maybe even that he never told one or another at all, for all we know. But that’s what he said, so we’re told. Without question, John Hance owned his audiences.

“He said” is probably one of the most powerfully concealing and complicating phrases in historical writing. It is, though, perfect for a general audience who may not have patience for footnotes (and bibliographies!), who may prefer the tidbits served

¹³ Nathan Hale’s young-reader title, the graphic-novel format *Major Impossible* (Amulet, New York, 2019), is playfully a bit more explicit in depicting the scene.

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neatly and without fuss. The relatively few items in print that come down to us from Hance’s time are propped up by a remainder that is dispersed in articles and books that look back on when the Grand Canyon was under Hance’s management. Now, generously salted web pages continue the tradition, sustained by that authoritatively modern form of corroboration, “— what *he* said.”



THERE WERE some parties, too, who did say they (or were said to have) *owned* the Grand Canyon. Their claims were implied if not implausible. But that’s what they said.

Joseph Wild concisely observed, without further remark, “The Santa Fe [Railway] insists you shall see its own private Grand Canyon,” further positing, “The tourist finally wonders if Fred Harvey is the real owner.”¹⁴ If it ever turns out that Hance hid some deed of ownership from his later employer, Fred, it was Edith Sessions Tupper, one of the early writers to come to terms with the *tradition* of John Hance, by which one may contemplate differently:

All the way from Albuquerque you have heard of John Hance. You have read about him in all the guide-books you have bought. People whom you meet tell you about the flapjacks he will cook for you at the cañon camp. You constantly hear references to “Hance trail,” “Hance’s new trail,” “Hance’s old trail,” “Hance’s Peak,” and “Hance’s cabin,” until you wonder if John Hance owns the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River.¹⁵

And this was just when Hance was beginning to ease out of his hotel and supposed mining businesses in the eastern part of the canyon, who in another decade would partake of the *noblesse oblige* of Fred Harvey at the ever-growing, ever more crowded, village of Grand Canyon, Arizona, who by the time the canyon was made a national park would be resting in the Grand Canyon Cemetery (though not as the first interee, as some have it).

There are as well the well-rehearsed retellings about newspaper magnate William Randolph Hearst’s acquisition of rim-side property at Grand View, along with some mining claims in the canyon. There are, too, the contentious claims staked by Ralph

¹⁴ Joseph Wild, “California Rediscovered—1919,” *Commerce and Finance*, Vol. 9, no. 3 (January 21, 1920), p. 113. [The Fred Harvey company managed the Santa Fe’s off-track amenities, as well as aboard the dining cars. See for example, Stephen Fried, *Appetite for America: how visionary businessman Fred Harvey built a railroad hospitality empire that civilized the Wild West* (Bantam Books, New York, 2010).]

¹⁵ Edith Sessions Tupper, “In the Grand Cañon of the Colorado,” *Frank Leslie’s Popular Monthly*, Vol. 41, no. 6 (June 1896), pp. 679-680.

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Cameron, politician and pretend miner, all along the Bright Angel Trail, which conveniently allowed his hooligans to operate it as a toll road and carry out some lucrative private business on the side. Even after Cameron went to Washington as an Arizona senator in Congress, the issue of his ownership of these claims boiled over across the aisles and into the courts, eventually against his favor. Various other private inholdings had been in place along and in the Grand Canyon, but no one, it seems, ever claimed that they owned the *entire* Grand Canyon. Except . . .

There was Solomon Barth, a Polish/Prussian emigrant of Jewish descent who traded, freighted and gambled his way through Arizona during the latter half of the nineteenth century (and was in politics and for two years a convict held in the infamous Yuma Territorial Prison). He supposedly acquired the Grand Canyon in a trade with American Indians in the 1860s. Although a brief scholarly biography of Barth¹⁶ takes no notice of this, read some meager, second-hand bits and pieces in the publications listed below. Although the one by Sol’s great-grandson, Charles B. Wolf, seems to hold promise for documentary evidence in its brief Chapter 2—“1860s: Sol ‘Owns’ the Grand Canyon”—it does little to provide information. The chapter title is based solely on a couple of comments, probably parts of family tradition. Sol is said to have had grazing and trading rights through a “formal treaty” with the Navajo along the Little Colorado River, “all the way to the Grand Canyon.” Wolf declares, without any elaboration or source, “At some point, Sol sold some of the south rim of the Grand Canyon to the Santa Fe Railroad,” which should be an easy thing to substantiate in Santa Fe and county records, but after this remark Wolf proceeds straight to a concluding paragraph about Sol’s birthplace. James White and John Hance redux; maybe truth, maybe not.

Fierman, Floyd S.

1985 *Guts and ruts : the Jewish pioneer on the trail in the American Southwest.* New York: Ktav Publishing House, 217 pp. [See p. 185, note briefly regarding the putative ownership of Grand Canyon by Solomon Barth.]

Koppman, Lion, AND Koppman, Steve

1996 *A treasury of American-Jewish folklore.* Northvale, New Jersey: Jason Aronson, Inc., 390 pp. [See “He Got the Grand Canyon in a Trade,” p. 10, briefly regarding the putative ownership of Grand Canyon by Solomon Barth.]

The Nation of Islam, Historical Research Department

2006 *The secret relationship between Blacks and Jews.* “Internet”: AAARGH Publishing House, 222 pp. [See p. 102, note 532, briefly regarding the putative ownership of Grand Canyon by Solomon Barth.]

¹⁶ N. H. Greenwood, “Sol Barth: A Jewish Settler on the Arizona Frontier,” *Journal of Arizona History*, Vol. 14, no. 4 (Winter 1973), pp. 363-378.

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Postal, Bernard, AND Koppman, Lionel

1978 *Guess who's Jewish in American history*. New York: New American Library, 322 pp.
[See p. 50, note briefly regarding the putative ownership of Grand Canyon by Solomon Barth.]

Rochlin, Harriet, AND Rochlin, Fred

1984 *Pioneer Jews : a new life in the Far West*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Co., 243 pp.
[See p. 78, note briefly regarding the putative ownership of Grand Canyon by Solomon Barth.]

Tigay, Alan M.

1987 (ED.) *The Jewish traveler : Hadassah Magazine's guide to the world's Jewish communities and sights*. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 400 pp. [See under Phoenix, p. 406, note briefly regarding the putative ownership of Grand Canyon by Solomon Barth.]

Wolf, Charles B.

2002 *Sol Barth of St. Johns : the story of an Arizona pioneer*. [No place]: 1st Books, 90 pp.
[An on-demand publication.] [Solomon Barth; book written by his great-grandson. See Chapter 2, "1860s: Sol 'Owns' the Grand Canyon," pp. 4-7.]

Then, perhaps unexpectedly, there is Ernesto “Che” Guevera, the Marxist revolutionary of twentieth century Argentina, who might somehow have nearly been an heir to the whole Grand Canyon.

Che’s great-grandfather inherited, through marriage, the land of Don Guillermo de Castro, which supposedly was geographically broad enough to encompass the canyon. We have this on the say-so of Che’s father, Ernesto Guevera Lynch, who was quoted at the start of a biography of Che by Josef Lavretsky (pseudonym of the Soviet unofficial intelligence agent Josef Grigulevich). The book was published in several languages and is quoted here from the 1976 English translation (see below for listings).

Guevera Lynch said,

As for my grandfather, the marriage made him the inheritor of all of Don Guillermo de Castro’s properties, including the Grand Canyon. I’ll point out right now that all of this land and the Grand Canyon were then deceitfully annexed by the American authorities [through the 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo]. Our family waged a long battle in court. The matter went to the Supreme Court which took the side of the authorities, and we were left with nothing but court expenses, which added up to what was at that time a fabulous sum. However, we won’t make a point of complaining on that score. After all, if they had returned the land to us, who knows, maybe our family’s destiny would have been altered and instead of producing the heroic figure of Major Che, who gave

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his life for the freedom of America, we would have turned out just one more rich and idle lounge to litter the landscape.

- Lavretsky, J. [Лаврецкий, И.] [Lavretsky, Josef]** [*pseudonym of Iosif Romual'dovich Grigulevich (Иосиф Ромуальдович Григулевич)*]
- 1972 *Эрнесто Че Гевара*. Москва: Издательство ЦК ВЛКСМ “Молодая гвардия,” 348 pp. (Жизнь замечательных людей. 1972. вып. 5 (512) [*In Russian.*])
TRANSLITERATION: *Ernesto Che Gevara*. Moskva: Izdatel'stvo TSK VLKSM “Molodaya gvardiya,” 348 pp. (Zhizn' zamechatel'nykh liudei. Seriya biografii, vyp. 5 (512).)
TRANSLATION: *Ernesto Che Guevara*. Moscow: Publishing House of the Central Committee of the Komsomol “Young Guard,” 348 pp. (Life of Wonderful People. 1972. Biographical Series, no. 5 (512).)
NOTE: ВЛКСМ = Всесоюзный ленинский коммунистический союз молодёжи (All-Union Leninist Communist Youth Union [VLKSM], or Komsomol, short for Communist Youth Union).
- 1973 *Эрнесто Че Гевара*. [*Ernesto Che Gevara.*] Moskva: Molodaia gvardiia, 2nd ed., 346 pp. (Zhizn' zamechatel'nykh liudei (“Molodaia gvardiia”), vyp. 512.) [*In Russian.*]
- 1974 *Che Guevara*. (Maria Teresa Rojas, translator.) [Bogotá, Colombia]: Ediciones Suramérica, 414 pp. (Colección América latina.) [*In Spanish.*]
- 1975 *Ernesto Che Guevara*. (Mathias Moll, translator.) Frankfurt (am Main): Verlag Marxistische Blätter, 491 pp. [*In German.*]
- 1976 *Ernesto Che Guevara. I. Lavretsky*. (A. B. Eklof, translator.) Moscow: Progress Publishers, 310 pp., errata slip. [English translation; also reprinted 1985, 1989.] [See pp. 10-11, which quotes Che Guevara's father.]
- 1976 *Ernaṣṭō Cē Kuvērā*. (Cantikāntan, translator.) Chennai: Niyū Ceñcuri Puk Havus, 392 pp. [*In Tamil.* Translated from the English translation, *Ernesto Che Guevara*, which was in turn translated from the original in Russian.]
- 1978 *Ernesto Che Gevara*. Moskva: Molodaia gvardiia, 3rd ed., 346 pp. (Zhizn' zamechatel'nykh liudei. Seriya biografii, vyp. [No.] 9 (512).) [*In Russian.*]
- 1982 *Ernesto Che Guevara : Leben und Kampf eines Revolutionärs : Biografie*. [*transl. Ernest Che Guevara: Life and struggle of a revolutionary; biography.*] Frankfurt am Main: Verlag Marxistische Blätter, 2nd ed., 492 pp. [*In German.*]
- 2002 *Эрнесто Че Гевара*. [*Ernesto Che Gevara.*] Moskva: TERRA-Knizhnyi klub, 334 pp. (Portrety series.) [*In Russian.*]
- 2018 *Che : Devrime adanmış bir hayat*. [*transl. Che: a life dedicated to the revolution.*] İstanbul: Etkin Yayınları. [*In Turkish.*]





To cut to the chase, there never has been anyone who truly “owned” the whole Grand Canyon; only bits and pieces, like the Hearst inholdings and the former claims of mine workers, actual or wishful. But neither should be ignored the several Indigenous tribes who have ages-long traditional associations with the Grand Canyon, which isn't

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“ownership” as insensitively interpreted by a non-Indigenous public; for them the canyon is a source of life through cultural traditions, means of survival, and indeed the very wellspring of their origins.¹⁷

Who, frankly, would want to *own* the canyon anyway? There is the matter of upkeep from erosion, naturally, and the liabilities of all the ways there by which a person can die?¹⁸ But James White hadn’t been killed, nor John Hance (numerous times). The burden of remedial maintenance is one thing, but the canyon also brooks explanations about itself that don’t quite ring true to those that are traditional among non-Indigenous peoples. As a few studies have considered, it’s this way –

Spamer, Earle E.

-  1991 **Preserving the Grand Canyon: Final Report.** *Journal of Irreproducible Results*, 36(5): 4-6. [This was also reprinted with different illustrations in *Nature Notes* (Grand Canyon National Park), 12(1) (1996): 1-3.]
-  1997 **The Grand Canyon—Further final report, and users' guide.** *Annals of Improbable Research*, 3(4): 15-18.
-  2006 **Is the Grand Canyon a fake?** *Annals of Improbable Research*, 12(2)(March/April): 18-22.
-  2010 **What lies behind the Grand Canyon?** *Annals of Improbable Research*, 16(5) (September/October): cover, 1, 6-10.

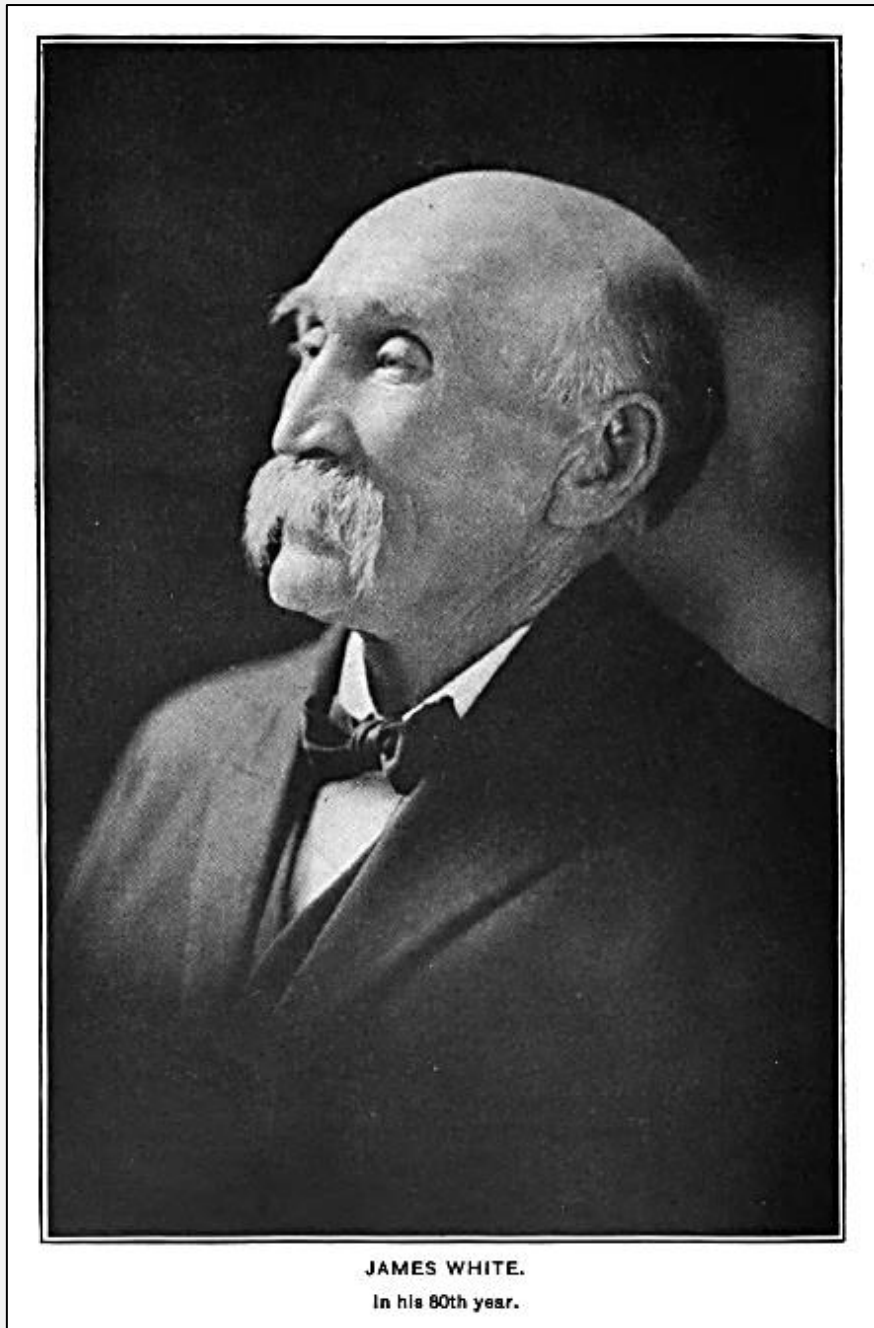
Digital users: Each PDF symbol links to an Academia.edu web page where the item may be downloaded. (Links still valid May 10, 2023.)

¹⁷ For an introduction to resources see Earle E. Spamer, *Bibliography of Native Americans Traditionally Associated with the Grand Canyon* (Raven’s Perch Media, 2nd ed., 2023, <https://ravensperch.org>). The tribal peoples are the Havasupai, Hopi, Hualapai, Navajo (Diné), various Paiute bands, Yavapai-Apache, and Zuni.

¹⁸ Michael P. Ghiglieri and Thomas M. Myers, *Over the Edge: Death in Grand Canyon: gripping accounts of all known fatal mishaps in the most famous of the World’s Seven Natural Wonders* (Puma Press, Flagstaff, 2001; 2nd ed., 2012). See also the interactive map online by Kenneth Field, inspired by *Over the Edge*, <https://carto.maps.arcgis.com/apps/webappviewer/index.html?id=9359a0790ffe4bc09edd6b9c17a43b90> (last accessed May 10, 2023).

Part I

James White



JAMES WHITE.
In his 80th year.

*From Thomas Fulton Dawson, *The Grand Canyon: an article giving the credit of first traversing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to James White, a Colorado gold prospector, who it is claimed made the voyage two years previous to the expedition under the direction of Maj. J. W. Powell in 1869* (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1917) (U.S. 65th Congress, 1st Session, Senate Document 42), facing p. 39.*

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James White

Introduction

JAMES WHITE’S story – among aficionados of the Southwest he really had but one – is perhaps the one bit of Colorado River–Grand Canyon history that is not really understood. What is known – certainly – is that on September 7, 1867, Mr. White was rescued from a crude raft of logs in the Colorado River at Callville, Nevada, miles below the mouth of the Grand Canyon. Suffering severely from exposure and starvation, once a bit recovered he said he had been all the way through “the Big Canon,” the sole survivor of three who had been prospecting above the San Juan River in Utah.

At first, he wrote nothing himself about his adventure. It was immediately broadcast by his interviewers and by those who relayed the story far and wide (polished to bring out the parts that had readers on the edges of their seats). It was good reading; a convincing story for those so receptive to such stories.

So there it was, White’s “drift for life” (as several title-writers promoted the story) that for several years made the rounds to the reading public. The story was authentic one, at least at the start, based on C. C. Parry’s revelation of the events and his adoption of them as true. Also, not long after his rescue, White wrote a brief, very poorly spelled, letter to his brother recounting his misadventure, a letter that survived corroboratively to appear in publications that favored the truthfulness of his account.¹⁹ In 1917, a Colorado historian persuaded his U.S. Senator to publish a detailed congressional memorandum giving some impression of a government validation of the White story – of course in the process waylaying John Wesley Powell and party as the first to “explore” the Grand Canyon. It adds White’s own further elaboration of things, though unsettlingly 50 years after the fact.

Detractors and debunkers have picked away at the great problems that lie in White’s descriptions of things as well as the timing of events (despite allowances for his desperate condition when found). Most venomous among them was Robert Brewster Stanton, who went after the congressional memo, then in 1932 in a book, *Colorado River Controversies*

¹⁹ A photographic reproduction of the letter first appeared in *The Outing Magazine*, Vol. 50, no. 1 (April 1907), pp. 48-49. Today the letter is in the Charles Christopher Parry Papers, Bancroft Library, University of California at Berkeley.

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(reprinted in 1982 with more modern commentaries by Colorado River historians), bringing withering denunciations of White’s observations.

So, even though James White’s Grand Canyon passage seemed now to be very much out of favor, the Colorado River controversy still simmered. One way or the other – he did, he didn’t – the story continued to make the rounds until the twenty-first century, when the facts and times were revisited by a number of people who have brought some favor back into the White camp. A granddaughter, Eilean Adams, produced a book through a university press, and a great-grandson, Greg Adams, displayed for a professional river runners’ meeting a recreation of White’s raft to suggest its riverworthiness (though it was not taken through the canyon).

Nevertheless, there remain the persistent problems of geographical facts and timings. For one thing, White’s description of the confluence of the Little Colorado River is so awry as to dismiss all of his account, as some have done accordingly. Perhaps the greatest point of contention has been the location where he said he had fled into the river in the first place. Some writers have effectually corroborated White’s version of things, fine-tuning their evidence with field work as well as conjecture; others say that he could not have gone in above the San Juan River confluence as he stated; while still others say his journey could not have gone through the Grand Canyon at all, and that, if he had instead traveled farther overland, perhaps the river drift was not anywhere near as long as he said it had been.

In the history of the Grand Canyon, White is conspicuous for having been nearly dead. What if he had healthily survived a Grand Canyon passage? Would he have been acclaimed without argument as the first passenger on the Colorado through the canyon? Could his story still have been dismissed out of hand by those who could see the problems with his remembered scenery and timings? Do we unfairly charge his effective illiteracy against him? One can only dispute.

How much *are* we to allow James White? We must of course give in to the privations he suffered, that he was in fact rescued from the river in bad shape, and the fact that his was not an expedition of exploration but to get away and then get off of the river. The Grand Canyon just happened to be in the way. And he survived . . . something.

For all who are interested in White’s story, the two most essential and current books are:

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James White

Adams, Eilean

- 2001 *Hell or high water : James White's disputed passage through Grand Canyon, 1867.* Logan, Utah: Utah State University Press, 220 pp.

Simmons, Virginia McConnell

- 2007 *Drifting West : the calamities of James White and Charles Baker.* Boulder, Colorado: University Press of Colorado, 210 pp.

Hell or High Water is by White's granddaughter, which expectedly is in his camp. *Drifting West* is well rounded and slants toward disfavoring the events in the Grand Canyon. The James White bibliography that follows farther below records the things that have been published; and they include some shorter, modern items that both support and deny the Grand Canyon adventure.

The controversy, so richly engaged for a century and a half, is bound to continue. At any rate, here in one place is the story that started it all; or rather, variations on the theme, as retold by others.

“It was this way . . .”

James White

1. James White, The Accounts

THE FIRST RECORD in print of the James White affair was a report from William J. Beggs, who had arrived in Prescott, Arizona, from Hardyville, where he had been privy to information brought from Callville by James Ferry and Captain Wilburn of the barge *Colorado*; Ferry had taken care of White after his rescue from the river. A few letters are known that were written in shortly in advance (which appear in Eilean Adams’ book), but the printed record first appeared in a Prescott, Arizona newspaper—surely with editing and embellishment—which sets the stage for decades of discussion, argument, and outright squabbling as to the veracity of the whole White story.

William J. Beggs

1867 Navigation of the Big Canon, a terrible voyage. *Arizona Miner* (Prescott), (September 14): 2.

NAVIGATION OF THE BIG CANON, A TERRIBLE VOYAGE.

Wm. J. Beggs, who arrived here today from Hardyville, brings us the following account of the first passage, so far as is known, of any human being through the Big Canon of the Colorado. He derived the particulars from Captain Wilburn of the barge *Colorado*, who arrived at Hardyville on Monday last, and James Ferry of Callville, who arrived on Tuesday:

In April last a party, consisting of Captain Baker, an old Colorado prospector and formerly a resident of St. Louis, George Strobe [*sic*, Strole], also from St. Louis, and James White, formerly of Penosha, Iowa [*sic*, Kenosha, Wisconsin], and late of Company H, Fifth California Cavalry, left Colorado City [a mile downstream from Fort Yuma] to prospect on San Juan River, which empties into the Colorado between the junction of Green and Grand rivers and the Big Canon. They prospected until the middle of August with satisfactory success, and then decided to return to Colorado City for a supply of provisions and a larger company. They set out to go by the mouth of the San Juan, with the double purpose of finding a more practicable route to Green river than the one they had traversed, and of visiting some localities which Captain Baker had prospected some years previously. On the morning of the 24th of August, while encamped about a mile from the Colorado, they were attacked by a band of about fifty Utes. Captain Baker was

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killed, but Strobe and White secured their carbines and revolvers, some ropes and a sack containing ten pounds of flour, and ran to the Colorado, where they found a few small drift logs, which they hastily lashed together, and embarking on the frail raft, started down the river in the hope of reaching Callville. On the second day they came to the first rapids, in passing over which they lost their flour. On the third day they went over a fall ten feet high, and Strobe was washed from the raft and drowned. White had lashed himself to the raft, which although shattered by the shock, sustained him, and he hauled it up on an island below the fall, repaired it, and proceeded alone. He had not much hope of getting through alive, but he thought his body might go through, and, being found, furnish a clue by which his friends might learn his fate. He describes the course of the river as very tortuous, with a constant succession of rapids and falls, the latter varying in height from four to ten or twelve feet. Sometimes when he plunged over a fall the raft would turn over upon him, and he would have much difficulty in extricating himself from his perilous position. For a few days he found on bars and islands in the river sufficient mesquite to allay the pangs of hunger, but for seven days he had nothing to eat but a leather knife scabbard. He saw a few lizards but was unable to catch them; and he looked from side to side in vain for any mode of egress from the Canon, the perpendicular walls of which were in many places a mile and a half, as well as he could estimate, in height.

He floated on an average, about ten hours a day, hauling up at night on the bars which were formed by the eddies below the falls. For about ten days he was without hat, pants or boots, having lost them while going over a fall. On the afternoon of the 6th inst. he passed the mouth of the Virgin river, and a party of Pah-Utes swam off and pushed his raft ashore. They stole one of two pistols which he had managed to preserve, and he bartered the other to them for the hind quarters of a dog, one of which he ate for supper and the other for breakfast. On the 7th he reached Callville, and was taken care of by Captain Wilburn and Mr. Ferry. He was much emaciated, his legs and feet were blistered and blackened by the sun; his hair and beard, which had been dark, were turned white, and he walked with difficulty, being unable to stand erect. He remains at Callville, and although in a precarious condition, will probably recover.

From his actual traveling time, and the rapidity of the current, it is estimated the distance through the canon, from the mouth of the San Juan to Callville, is not much short of five hundred miles.

Thereafter the story made its way through newspapers and eventually into the journals of eastern societies. The first such record is the now-more famous account by C. C. Parry, who had caught up with White and interviewed him soon after the

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James White

adventure. It was this rendition that was latched onto to develop more variations and opinions of the James White affair.

Charles Christopher Parry

- 1868 Account of the passage through the Great Cañon of the Colorado of the West, from above the mouth of Green River to the head of steamboat navigation at Callville, in the months of August and September, 1867, by James White, now living at Callville. Reported January 6, 1868, to J. D. Perry, Esq., Pres't of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, by C. C. Parry, Ass't Geologist, U. P. R. Surv. *Academy of Science of St. Louis, Transactions*, 2: 499-503. [Published April, 1868 (see date at beginning of signature 32, p. 491 of volume). Delivered to a meeting of the Academy of Science of St. Louis by George Engelmann, February 17, 1868 (see notation p. 584 of volume).]

This is the first widely published record of the James White affair of 1867, taken from Parry's own interview of White in Hardyville, Arizona Territory, as reported in correspondence to John D. Perry, President of the Eastern Division of the Union Pacific Railway. Following the boat expedition under the command of army lieutenant Joseph C. Ives that ascended the lower Colorado River in 1858, this sets the stage for a history and accounts of downriver explorations through the Grand Canyon. White's (and Parry's) geographical descriptions and timings seem somewhat awry – this much is well understood from today's understandings of the contemporary perspectives of the mid-nineteenth century. Later historians have conjectured that other landmarks and rivers may have been meant, if indeed the story is a true one. Parry, it should be kept in mind, also was wholly convinced of the authenticity of White's account, and it is obvious that he polished it into the form that he published, coming across as being very likely far more precise than White's recollections as given to him. White of course had no real way of determining his geographical positions, and one must recall that neither was he in a favorable state of mind and body when he was rescued at Callville. As his journey (wherever that may have been) progressed his abilities and attentions flagged, not to mention his wondering if he would survive. And as always in oral histories, the speaker's and audience's perspectives may not be in tune. White did indeed come down the Colorado River, and was saved at Callville; but where he entered the river has been a point of contention ever since. Nonetheless, this is now a part of the historical record, open to corroboration and dispute alike. Parry's message to Perry begins:

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James White

Sir—The Railroad survey now in progress under your direction has afforded many opportunities for acquiring valuable additions to our geographical knowledge of the unexplored regions of the far West from original sources not accessible to ordinary map compilers. Mining prospectors within the last twenty years, more adventurous even than the noted trappers of the Rocky Mountains, have scarcely left a mountain slope unvisited, or a water-course unexamined, over the wide expanse extending from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. Could the varied and adventurous experience of these mountain men be brought into an accessible form, we should know nearly as much of these western wilds, as we now do of the settled portions of our country.

Among the geographical problems remaining for the longest time unsolved, was the actual character of the stupendous chasms, or cañons, through which the Colorado of the west cleaves its way from its snowy source to its exit into the California Gulf. Within the last ten years public attention has been frequently directed to this subject, and various Government expeditions have imparted reliable information in reference to the upper and lower course of this remarkable river. Lieut. Ives, in 1857-8, made a satisfactory exploration of the navigable portion of the Colorado, extending from its mouth to the Great Cañon, and since then a regular line of light draft boats have been successfully traversing these inland waters. Still the *Great Cañon* remained a myth; its actual length, the character of the stream, the nature of its banks, and the depth of its vertical walls, were subjects for speculation, and afforded a fine field for exaggerated description, in which natural bridges, cavernous tunnels, and fearful cataracts formed a prominent feature. Now, at last, we have a perfectly authentic account from an individual who actually traversed its formidable depths, and who, fortunately for science, still lives to detail his trustworthy observations of this most remarkable voyage. Happening to fall in with this man during my recent stay of a few days at Hardyville, on the Colorado, I drew from him the following connected statement in answer to direct questions noted down at the time.

NARRATIVE

James White, now living at Callville, on the Colorado River, formerly a resident of Kenosha, Wisconsin, was induced to join a small party for the San Juan region, west of the Rocky Mountains, in search of placer gold diggings. The original party was composed of four men, under the command of a Capt. Baker.

The party left Fort Dodge on the 13th of last April, and after crossing the plains, completed their outfit for the San Juan country in Colorado City, leaving that place on the 20th of May. Proceeding by way of South Park and the Upper Arkansas, they crossed the Rocky Mountains, passing round the head waters of the Rio Grande, till they reached the *Animas* branch of the San Juan River. Here their prospecting for gold commenced,

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and being only partially successful, they continued still farther to the west, passing the *Dolores* and reaching the *Manchas* which latter stream was followed down to the main valley of the San Juan. Crossing the San Juan at this point, they continued down the valley in a westerly direction for about 200 miles, when the river entered a cañon. Here they again crossed to the north bank, and leaving the river passed across a mountain ridge aiming to reach the Colorado River. In a distance of 60 miles over a very rugged country, they reached this latter stream, or rather its main eastern tributary, Grand River. At the point where they first struck the river it was inaccessible on account of its steep rocky banks; they accordingly followed up the stream in search of a place where water could be procured. At an estimated distance of 12 miles they came upon a side cañon down which they succeeded in descending with their animals, and procuring a supply of water. They camped at the bottom of this ravine on the night of the 23d of August, and on the morning of the 24th, started to ascend the right bank to the table land. In making this ascent they were attacked by Indians, and Capt. Baker, being in advance, was killed at the first fire. The two remaining men, James White and Henry Strole, after ascertaining the fate of their comrade, fought their way back into the cañon, and getting beyond the reach of the Indians, hastily unpacked their animals, securing their arms and a small supply of provisions, and proceeded on foot down to the banks of Grand River. Here they constructed a raft of dry cottonwood, composed of three sticks, 10 feet in length and 8 inches in diameter, securely tied together by lariat ropes, and having stored away their arms and provisions, they embarked at midnight on their adventurous voyage.

The following morning, being on the 25th of August, they made a landing, repaired their raft by some additional pieces of dry cedar, and continued on their course. The river here was about two hundred yards wide, flowing regularly at a rate of 2½ to 3 miles per hour. According to their estimate they reached the mouth of Green River, and entered the main Colorado 30 miles from the point of starting. Below the junction the stream narrows, and is confined between perpendicular rocky walls, gradually increasing in elevation. At an estimated distance of 40 miles from Green River they passed the mouth of the San Juan, both streams being here hemmed in by perpendicular walls. From this point the cañon was continued, with only occasional breaks formed by small side cañons equally inaccessible with the main chasm. Still they experienced no difficulty in continuing their voyage, and were elated with the prospect of soon reaching the settlements on the Colorado, below the Great Cañon.

On the 28th, being the fourth day of their journey, they encountered the first severe rapids, in passing one of which, Henry Strole was washed off, and sank in a whirlpool below. The small stock of provision was also lost, and when White emerged from the

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foaming rapids, he found himself alone, without food, and with gloomy prospects before him for completing his adventurous journey. His course now led through the sullen depths of the Great Cañon, which was a succession of fearful rapids, blocked up with masses of rock, over which his frail raft thumped and whirled, so that he had to adopt the precaution of tying himself fast to the rocking timbers. In passing one of these rapids, his raft parted, and he was forced to hold on to the fragments by main strength, until he effected a landing below in a shallow eddy, where he succeeded, standing waist deep in water, in making necessary repairs, and started again. One can hardly imagine the gloomy feelings of this lone traveller, with no human voice to cheer his solitude, hungry, yet hopeful and resolute, closed in on every side by the beetling cliffs that shut out sunlight for the greater part of the long summer day, drenched to the skin, sweeping down the resistless current, shooting over foaming rapids, and whirling below in tumultuous whirlpools, ignorant of what fearful cataracts might yet be on his unswerving track, down which he must plunge to almost certain destruction; still, day after day, buoyed up with the hope of finally emerging from his prison walls, and feasting his eyes on an open country, with shaded groves, green fields, and human habitations.

The mouth of the Colorado Chiquito was passed on the fourth day, in the evening, the general appearance of which was particularly noted, as he was here entangled in an eddy for two hours, until rescued, as he says, “by the direct interposition of Providence.” The general course of the river was noted as very crooked, with numerous sharp turns, the river on every side being shut in by precipitous walls of “white sand rock.” These walls present a smooth, perpendicular and, occasionally, over-hanging surface, extending upward to a variable height, and showing a distinct line of highwater mark thirty to forty feet above the then water-level.

His estimate of the average height of the Cañon was 3,000 feet, the upper edge of which flared out about half way from the bottom, thus presenting a rugged crest. The last two days in the Cañon, dark-colored igneous rocks took the place of the “white sandstone,” which finally showed distinct breaks on either side, till he reached a more open country, containing small patches of bottom land, and inhabited by bands of Indians. Here he succeeded in procuring a scanty supply of Mezquite bread, barely sufficient to sustain life till he reached Callville, on the 8th of September, just fourteen days from the time of starting, during seven of which he had no food of any description.

When finally rescued, this man presented a pitiable object, emaciated and haggard from abstinence, his bare feet literally flayed from constant exposure to drenching water, aggravated by occasional scorplings of a vertical sun; his mental faculties, though still sound, liable to wander, and verging close on the brink of insanity. Being, however, of

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a naturally strong constitution, he soon recovered his usual health, and is now a stout, hearty, thick-set man. His narrative throughout bears all the evidences of entire reliability, and is sustained by collateral evidence, so that there is not the least reason to doubt that he actually accomplished the journey in the manner and in the time mentioned by him.

CONCLUSIONS

The following may be summed up as some of the new facts to be derived from this remarkable voyage, as additions to our present geographical knowledge of the Hydrography of the Colorado River:

1st. The actual location of the mouth of the San Juan, 40 miles below Green River junction, and its entrance by a cañon continuous with that of the Colorado.

2d. From the mouth of the San Juan to the Colorado Chiquito, three days' travel in the swiftest portion of the current, allowing a rate of four miles per hour, for fifteen hours, or sixty miles per day, would give an estimated distance of 180 miles, including the most inaccessible portion of the Great Cañon.

3d. From Colorado Chiquito to Callville, ten days' travel was expended. As this portion of the route was more open, and probably comprised long stretches of still water, it would not be safe to allow a distance of more than thirty miles per day, or three hundred miles for this interval. Thus, the whole distance travelled would amount to five hundred and fifty miles, or something over five hundred miles from Grand River junction to head of steamboat navigation at Callville.

4th. The absence of any distinct cataract, or perpendicular falls, would seem to warrant the conclusion that in time of high water, by proper appliances in the way of boats, good, resolute oarsmen, and provisions secured in water-proof bags, the same passage might be safely made, and the actual course of the river with its peculiar geological features properly determined.

5th. The construction of bridges by a single span would be rendered difficult of execution on account of the usual flaring shape of the upper summits; possibly, however, points might be found where the high mesas come near together.

6th. The estimated average elevation of the Cañon at 3,000 feet, is less than that given on the authority of Ives and Newberry, but may be nearer the actual truth, as the result of more continuous observation.

7th. The width of the river at its narrowest points was estimated at 100 feet, and the line of high-water-mark thirty to forty feet above the average stage in August.

8th. The long continued uniformity of the geological formation, termed “white sandstone” (probably Cretaceous), is remarkable, but under this term may have been

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comprised some of the lower stratified formations. The contrast, on reaching the dark igneous rocks, was so marked that it could not fail to be noticed.

9th. Any prospect for useful navigation up or down this cañon during the season of high water, or transportation of lumber from the upper pine regions of Green or Grand Rivers, could not be regarded as feasible, considering the long distance and the inaccessible character of the river margin for the greater part of its course.

10th. No other satisfactory method of exploration, except along the course of the river, could be adopted to determine its actual course, and peculiar natural features, and James White, as the pioneer of this enterprise, will probably retain the honor of being the only man who has traversed, through its whole course, the Great Cañon of the Colorado, and lived to recount his observations on this perilous voyage.

William J. Palmer

- 1869 Grand Canon of the Colorado. Account of the passage of the Great Canon of the Colorado, from above the mouth of Green River to the head of steamboat navigation at Callville, in the months of August and September, 1867, by James White, now living at Callville. *In*: Palmer, William J., *Report of surveys across the continent, in 1867-'68, on the thirty-fifth and thirty-second parallels, for a route extending the Kansas Pacific Railway to the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco and San Diego. By Gen. Wm. J. Palmer. December 1st, 1868.* Philadelphia: [privately printed] (W. B. Selheimer, Printer), pp. 232-236.

General Palmer was apprised of Parry's account and included it in his volume on the railroad surveys with which he was affiliated.

William A. Bell

- 1869 *New tracks in North America. A journal of travel and adventure whilst engaged in a survey for a southern railroad to the Pacific Ocean during 1867-8.* London: Chapman and Hall, 2 volumes, lxix, 236 pp., 322 pp., map. [True 1st ed.] [Another ed., London: Chapman and Hall, and New York: Scribner, Welford and Co.]

Bell also quickly picked up on Parry's account of White's adventure, here spreading it even more widely, across the Atlantic. See "Passage of the Great Cañon of the Colorado by James White, the Prospector", pp. 199-217.

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- 1870 *New tracks in North America. A journal of travel and adventure whilst engaged in a survey for a southern railroad to the Pacific Ocean during 1867-8.* London: Chapman and Hall, and New York: Scribner, Welford and Co., lxxix, 565 pp., map. [NOTE: This ed. includes “Appendix D. Major J. W. Powell’s report on his explorations of the Rio Colorado in 1869” (pp. 559-563).

The 1870 edition repeated the White account and added “Appendix D. Major J. W. Powell’s report on his explorations of the Rio Colorado in 1869” (pp. 559-563), which is a reprinting, with contrived title, minor editing, and some introduced errors, of Powell’s correspondence to a New York newspaper following his expedition—“Scenery of the Colorado. Interesting report from Col. [sic] Powell. The most wonderful scenery in the world—925 miles of canon and 300 waterfalls—rock walls 4,000 feet high—shooting rapids and cascades—hair-breadth ’scapes—loss of three men—ancient Indian towns—a fascinating story,” *New-York Tribune* (September 30, 1869, pp. 1-2). But Bell did not provide any remarks contrasting the trips made by White and by Powell.

Seneca Ray Stoddard

- 1906 The Grand Canyon of Arizona. *Anybody’s Magazine* (Sacramento, California), 1(3) (July): 17-28.

The Contents page for this issue lists the author as E. R. Stoddard, an error. The article includes (p. 28) a transcription of the letter from James White to his brother, regarding James’ putative trip down the Colorado River through Grand Canyon in 1867. He begins by quoting the account as summarized by C. C. Parry in 1868 and 1869 and concludes with a transcription of White’s letter to his brother about his unfortunate adventure:

Here is the story from the original letter literally as written. Its unconventional directness lifts it above mere polished English; its unconscious strength carries conviction of its truth. Its authenticity is vouched for by John E. Parry, Esq., of Glens Falls, N. Y.: nephew of Dr Parry, quoted above. The letter is shown in its original envelope bearing the old three-cent Government stamp, duly cancelled, with post-mark and date, “St. Thomas, A. T., Oct. 1-67,” written on as was common at small post offices at that time. It is addressed in the same hand as written within, to “Jashay H. White, Kenosha, Wis.”

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Navigation of the Big Canon

A Terrible Voyage

Calluille September 26, 1867.

Dear Brother it has ben some time sence i have heard frome you i got no ancer from the last letter that i roat to you for i left soon after i rote i Went prospected With Captin Baker and Gorge Strole in the San Won montin Wee found very god prospeck but noth that Wold pay then Wee stare Down the San Won river Wee travel down a bout 200 miles then Wee cross over on Coloreado and Camp Wee lad over one day Wee found out that Wee Cold not travel down the river and our horse Wass Sore fite and Wee had may up our mines to turene back When Wee Was attacked by 15 or 20 utes indns thay kill Baker and Gorge Strole and my self took fore ropes off our hourse and a ax ten pounds of flour and our gunns We had 15 millse to Woak to Colarado We got to the river Jest at night Wee bilt a raft that night Wee got it bilt abot teen o clock tha night Wee saill all that night Wee had god sailing fro three days and the Fore day Gorge Strole Was Wash of from the raft and down that left me alone i thought that it Wold be my time next i then pool off my boos and pands i then tide a rope to my Wase i Wend over falls From 10 to 15 feet hie my raft Wold tip over three and fore time a day the thard dav Wee loss our flour and fore seven days i had noth to eat to ralhhide nife Caber the 8 days i got some muskit beens the 13 days a party of indis frendey thay Wold not give me noth eat so i give my pistols for hine pards of a dog i eat one of for super and the other breakfast the 14 days i rive at Calluille Whare i Was tak Caere of by James ferry i Was ten days With out pants or boots or hat i Was soon bornt so i Cold hadly Walk the ingis tok 7 head horse from us I wish I Can rite you halfe i under Went i see the hardes time that eny man ever did in the World but thank god that i got throught saft i am Well a gin and i hope the few lines Will fine it you all Well i send my felt respeck to all

Josh ansee this When you get it

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to Calluille

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James White

[See following W. W. Bass (farther below) for a facsimile reproduction of the letter, and in Bass a transcription that corrects spelling and grammar.]

“It was this way . . .”

James White

Alfred R. Calhoun

[1870s] Passage of the great cañon of the Colorado. *In: Wonderful adventures : a series of narratives of personal experiences among the native tribes of America.* [Various imprints worldwide, without date, but with one of the “second” editions dated Philadelphia, 1874.]

Calhoun liberally recounted and recast the White affair as a grand adventure, extrapolating for an eager audience. A significant part of it is transcribed in Dawson’s 1917 memorandum (see below), though it seems to go too far afield of what even was White’s version of the truth, despite Dawson accepting it on its own merits. And further, Calhoun rewrote and expanded the story for a young-reader audience in 1888, writing the man’s name out of it altogether (*Lost in the cañon. The story of Sam Willett’s adventures on the great Colorado of the West*, A. L. Burt and Co., New York). Accordingly, these titles are mentioned here for their “comprehensive” approach to telling the White story; interested readers can relocate them if desired.

Thomas Fulton Dawson

1917 The Grand Canyon; an article giving the credit of first traversing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to James White, a Colorado gold prospector, who it is claimed made the voyage two years previous to the expedition under the direction of Maj. J. W. Powell in 1869. Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, *U.S. 65th Congress, 1st Session, Senate Document 42*, 67 pp. [including wraps].

This controversial congressional memorandum was a purposeful and detailed attempt to give credit for the first descent of the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon to James White. The document was put together by Dawson, of the Colorado Historical Society, and presented for publication by the U.S. Senate by Senator John Franklin Shafroth, of Colorado. It was presented in several sections: “White’s Adventure,” “White’s Story Attacked,” “White’s Witnesses,” “Dr. Parry’s Paper,” “Calhoun’s Statement,” “Additions to Parry and Calhoun,” “Rocky Mountain Herald Story” (from January 8, 1869), “Corrections By White,” “White’s Own Story” (see below), “Corroborative Testimony,” “On the Way,” “White’s Character,” “But Did He Go Overland?,” “The Probabilities,” “Why the Critic?,” “Did Powell Know?”

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White's long explanation of events, fifty years after the fact:

WHITE'S OWN STORY.

After remaining for a few months on the lower Colorado and after revisiting his old home in Wisconsin, Mr. White returned to Colorado and ultimately located in that State. There he has lived ever since 1878, and there in 1916 he prepared this account of his voyage. He has become an old man, and necessarily the passage of time has had the effect of clouding his memory as to details; but the account is still valuable, because, so far as known, it is the only printed statement signed by him, with the exception of a brief account which appeared in a Wisconsin paper soon after the conclusion of the voyage.

Mr. White writes:

I was born in Rome, N. Y., November 19, 1837, but was reared in Kenosha, Wis. At the age of 23 I left for Denver, Colo., later drifting to California, and there enlisted in the Army at Camp Union, Sacramento, in Company H, California Infantry, Gen. Carleton (some doubt as to the correct spelling of his name) being general of the regiment, and the company being under Capt. Stratton. I served in the Army three and one-half years, being honorably discharged at Franklin, Tex., on May 31, 1865. From there I went to Santa Fe, N. Mex., and then to Denver. In the fall of that year I went from Denver to Atchison, Kans., with Capt. Turnley (some doubt as to the correct spelling of this name) and his family, and from Atchison I went to Fort Dodge, Kans., where I drove stage for Barlow & Sanderson, and there I got acquainted with Capt. Baker, also George Stroll and Goodfellow. This was in the spring of 1867, and the circumstances under which I met them were as follows: Capt. Baker was a trapper at the time I met him there, and the Indians had stolen his horses, and he asked me to go with him to get his horses, and I went with him, George Stroll, and Goodfellow. We could not get his horses, so we took 14 head of horses from the Indians. The Indians followed us all night and all day, and we crossed the river at a place called Cimarron in Kansas, and we traveled across the prairies to Colorado City, Colo.

Before going further with my story I would like to relate here what I know of Capt. Baker's history. He had been in the San Juan country in 1860 and was driven out by the Indians. He showed me lumber that he had sawed by hand to make sluice boxes. I was only with him about three months, and he spoke very little of his personal affairs. When we were together in Colorado City he met several of his former friends that he had been prospecting with in the early sixties. I can not remember their names. The only thing I know is that he mentioned coming from St. Louis, but never spoke of himself as being a soldier, and I thought “Captain” was just a nickname for him. He was a man that spoke

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little of his past or personal affairs, but I remember of him keeping a memorandum book of his travels from the time we left Colorado City.

After reaching Colorado City, Colo., Baker proposed a prospecting trip to the San Juan. There we got our outfit, and that spring the four of us started on the trip and went over to the Rio Grande. At the Rio Grande, Goodfellow was shot in the foot, and we left him at a farmhouse, and the three of us proceeded on our trip. From the Rio Grande we went over to the head of it, down on the Animas, up the Eureka Gulch. There we prospected one month. We dug a ditch 150 feet long and 15 feet deep. We did not find anything, so we went down the Animas about 5 miles, crossed over into the Mancos. At the head of the Mancos we saw a large lookout house about 100 feet high, which was built out of cobblestones. Farther down the canyon we saw houses built of cobblestones, and also noticed small houses about 2 feet square that were built up about 50 feet on the side of the canyon and seemed to be houses of some kind of a bird that was worshiped. We followed the Mancos down until we struck the San Juan. Then we followed the San Juan down as far as we could and then swam our horses across and started over to the Grand River, but before we got to the Grand River we struck a canyon; so we went down that canyon and camped there three days. We could not get out of the canyon on the opposite side; so we had to go out of the canyon the same way we went down. There we were attacked by Indians and Baker was killed. We did not know there were any Indians about until Baker was shot. Baker, falling to the ground, said, “I am killed.” The Indians were hiding behind the rocks overlooking the canyon. Baker expired shortly after the fatal shot, and, much to our grief, we had to leave his remains, as the Indians were close upon us; and George Stroll and I had to make our escape as soon as possible, going back down in the canyon. We left our horses in the brush and we took our overcoats, lariats, guns, ammunition, and 1 quart of flour, and I also had a knife scabbard made out of rawhide, and I also had a knife, and we started afoot down the canyon.

We traveled all day until about 5 o'clock, when we struck the head of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. There we picked up some logs and built us a raft. We had 200 feet of rope when we first built the raft, which was about 6 feet wide and 8 feet long, just big enough to hold us up. The logs were securely tied together with the ropes. We got on our raft at night, working it with a pole. We traveled all night, and the next day, at 10 o'clock, we passed the mouth of the San Juan River. We had smooth floating for three days. The third day, about 5 o'clock, we went over a rapid, and George was washed off, but I caught hold of him and got him on the raft again.

From the time we started the walls of the Canyon were from two to three thousand feet high, as far as I could estimate at the time, and some days we could not see the sun

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for an hour, possibly two hours. Each day we would mix a little of the flour in a cup and drink it. The third day the flour got wet, so we scraped it off of the sack and ate it. That was the last of the flour and all we had to eat.

On the fourth day we rebuilt our raft, finding cedar logs along the bank from 12 to 14 feet long and about 8 or 10 inches through. We made it larger than the first one. The second raft was about 8 feet wide and 12 feet long. We started down the river again, and about 8 o'clock in the morning (as to our time, we were going by the sun) we got into a whirlpool and George was washed off. I hollered to him to swim ashore, but he went down and I never saw him again.

After George was drowned I removed my trousers, tying them to the raft, so I would be able to swim in case I was washed off. I then tied a long rope to my waist, which was fastened to the raft, and I kept the rope around my waist until the twelfth day.

About noon I passed the mouth of the Little Colorado River, where the water came into the canyon as red as could be, and just below that I struck a large whirlpool, and I was in the whirlpool about two hours or more before I got out.

I floated on all that day, going over several rapids, and when night came I tied my raft to the rocks and climbed upon the rocks of the walls of the canyon to rest. I had nothing to eat on the fourth day.

On the fifth day I started down the river again, going over four or five rapids, and when night came I rested on the walls again and still nothing to eat.

On the sixth day I started down the river again, and I came to a little island in the middle of the river. There was a bush of mesquite beans on this island, and I got a handful of these beans and ate them. When night came I rested on the walls again.

The seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth days were uneventful, but still going continuously over rapids, and still nothing to eat. So I cut my knife scabbard into small pieces and swallowed them. During the entire trip I saw no fish or game of any kind.

On the eleventh day I went over the big rapid. I saw it before I came to it, and laid down on my stomach and hung to the raft and let the raft go over the rapid, and after getting about 200 yards below the rapid I stopped and looked at a stream of water about as large as my body that was running through the solid rocks of the canyon about 75 feet above my head, and the clinging moss to the rocks made a beautiful sight. The beauty of it can not be described.

On the twelfth day my raft got on some rocks and I could not get it off; so I waded onto a small island in the middle of the river. On this island there was an immense tree that had been lodged there. The sun was so hot I could not work, so I dug the earth out

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from under this tree and laid under it until the sun disappeared behind the cliffs. This was about noon. After resting there I got up and found five sticks about as big as my leg and took them down to the edge of the island below my raft. I then untied the rope from my raft and took the loose rope I had around my waist and tied these sticks together. I slept on this island all night.

On the thirteenth day I started out again on my newly made raft (leaving the old raft on the rocks), thinking it was daylight; but it was moonlight, and I continued down the river until daylight. While floating in the moonlight I saw a pole sticking up between two large rocks, which I afterwards learned the Government had placed there some years before as the end of its journey.

When daylight came I heard some one talking, and I hollered “hello,” and they hollered “hello” back. I discovered then that they were Indians. Some of them came out to the raft and pulled me ashore. There were a lot on the bank, and I asked them if they were friendly, and they said they were, and I then asked them to give me something to eat, when they gave me a piece of mesquite bread. While I was talking to some of the Indians the others stole my half-ax and one of my revolvers, which were roped to the raft. They also tore my coat trying to take it from me.

After eating the bread I got on my raft and floated until about 3 o’clock in the afternoon, when I came upon another band of Indians, and I went ashore and went into their camp. They did not have anything for me to eat, so I traded my other revolver and vest for a dog. They skinned the dog and gave me the two hind quarters and I ate one for supper, roasting it on the coals. The Indians being afraid of me, drove me out of their camp, and I rested on the bank of the river that night, and the next morning, the fourteenth day after I got on my raft, I started to eat the other quarter, but I dropped it in the water. I floated that day until 3 o’clock and landed at Callville, and a man came out and pulled me ashore.

Jim Ferry or Perry (not sure as to the first letter of this name) was a mail agent at that place. He was also a correspondent for some newspaper in San Francisco. He took me in and fed me. When I landed all the clothing I had on my body was a coat and a shirt, and my flesh was all lacerated on my legs from my terrible experience and of getting on and off the raft and climbing on the rocks. My beard and hair were long and faded from the sun. I was so pale that even the Indians were afraid of me. I was nothing but skin and bones and so weak that I could hardly walk. Jim Ferry or Perry cared for me for three days, and the soldiers around there gave me clothing enough to cover my body.

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James White

I was at Callville about four weeks, and a boat was there getting a load of salt, and I got on that boat and went to Fort Mojave. There I met Gen. Palmer and told him my story.

From Fort Mojave I went to Callville again and there worked for Jim Ferry (or Perry), carrying the mail for three months between Callville and Fort Mojave. Then he sold out to Jim Hinton, and I carried mail for him for a month. He sold out, and we each bought a horse and pack animal and we started from Callville, going to Salt Lake in the spring of 1868. From Salt Lake City we went to Bear River. There we took a contract of getting out ties. Then I hired out as wagon boss. Then I quit and run a saloon. I sold out and then went to Omaha, Nebr. From there I went to Chicago, and from there to Kenosha, Wis., to visit my old home. That was in 1869. From Kenosha I went to Chicago, and from there to Leavenworth, Kans., and later to Kansas City, Kans. From there I went to Junction City, Kans., and then to Goose Creek. I drove stage in and out of Goose Creek for Barlow and Sanderson, for whom I had worked in Fort Dodge. I was transferred from Goose Creek to Fort Lyon or Five Mile Point. From there I went to Bent Canyon, Colo., and kept home station. From there I went to Las Animas, Colo., and minor places, later drifting to Trinidad, where I have lived since 1878.

These are the plain facts. There are many minor points that could be mentioned, but did not think it would be necessary to mention here. I have never been through that country since my experience, but have had a great desire to go over the same country again, but have never been financially able to take the trip.

(Signed) JAMES WHITE

William Wallace Bass

1920 *Adventures in the canyons of the Colorado by two of its earliest explorers, James White and W. W. Hawkins, with introduction and notes by William Wallace Bass, the Grand Canyon guide.* (Foreword by George Wharton James.) Grand Canyon, Arizona: The authors, 38 pp. [Cover title: *Adventures in the Canyons of the Colorado. William Wallace Bass.*]

Bass began:

Personally, I have come to believe White's statements, and here wish to reproduce in facsimile a letter he wrote to his brother, dated Callville, September 26, 1867. Owing to the imperfections in spelling, punctuation, etc., I give a rendition (made by Mr. Dawson) into correct English.

“It was this way . . .”

James White

Neither White’s original letter nor a corrected transcription appear in Dawson’s memorandum (above). From Bass:

NAVIGATION OF THE BIG CANON
A TERRIBLE VOYAGE

Callville, September 26, 1867.

Dear brother :

It has been some time since I have heard from you. I got no answer from the last letter I wrote you, for I left soon after I wrote. I went prospecting with Captain Baker and George Stroll [*sic*, Strole] in the San Juan mountains. We found very good prospects, but nothing that would pay. Then we started down the San Juan River. We traveled down about 200 miles; then we crossed over on the Colorado and camped. We laid over one day. We found that we could not travel down the river, and our horses had sore feet. We had made up our minds to turn back when we were attacked by fifteen or twenty Ute Indians. They killed Baker, and George Stroll and myself took four ropes off our horses, an axe, ten pounds of flour and our guns. We had fifteen miles to walk to the Colorado. We got to the river just at night. We built a raft that night. We sailed all that night. We had good sailing for three days; the fourth day George Stroll was washed off the raft and drowned, and that left me alone. I thought that it would be my time next. I then pulled off my pants and boots. I then tied a rope to my waist. I went over falls from ten to fifteen feet high. My raft would tip over three or four times a day. The third day we lost our flour, and for seven days I had nothing to eat except a raw-hide knife cover. The eighth day I got some mesquite beans. The thirteenth day I met a party of friendly Indians. They would not give me anything to eat, so I gave them my pistol for the hind parts of a dog. I had one of them for supper and the other for breakfast. The sixteenth day I arrived at Callville, where I was taken care of by James Ferry. I was ten days without pants or boots or hat. I was sun-burnt so I could hardly walk. The Indians took seven head of horses from us. I wish I could write you half I underwent. I saw the hardest time that any man ever did in the world, but thank God that I got through it safe. I am well again, and I hope these few lines will find you all well. I send my best respects to all. Josh, answer this when you get it. Direct your letter to Callville, Arizona. Ask Tom to answer that letter I wrote him several years ago.

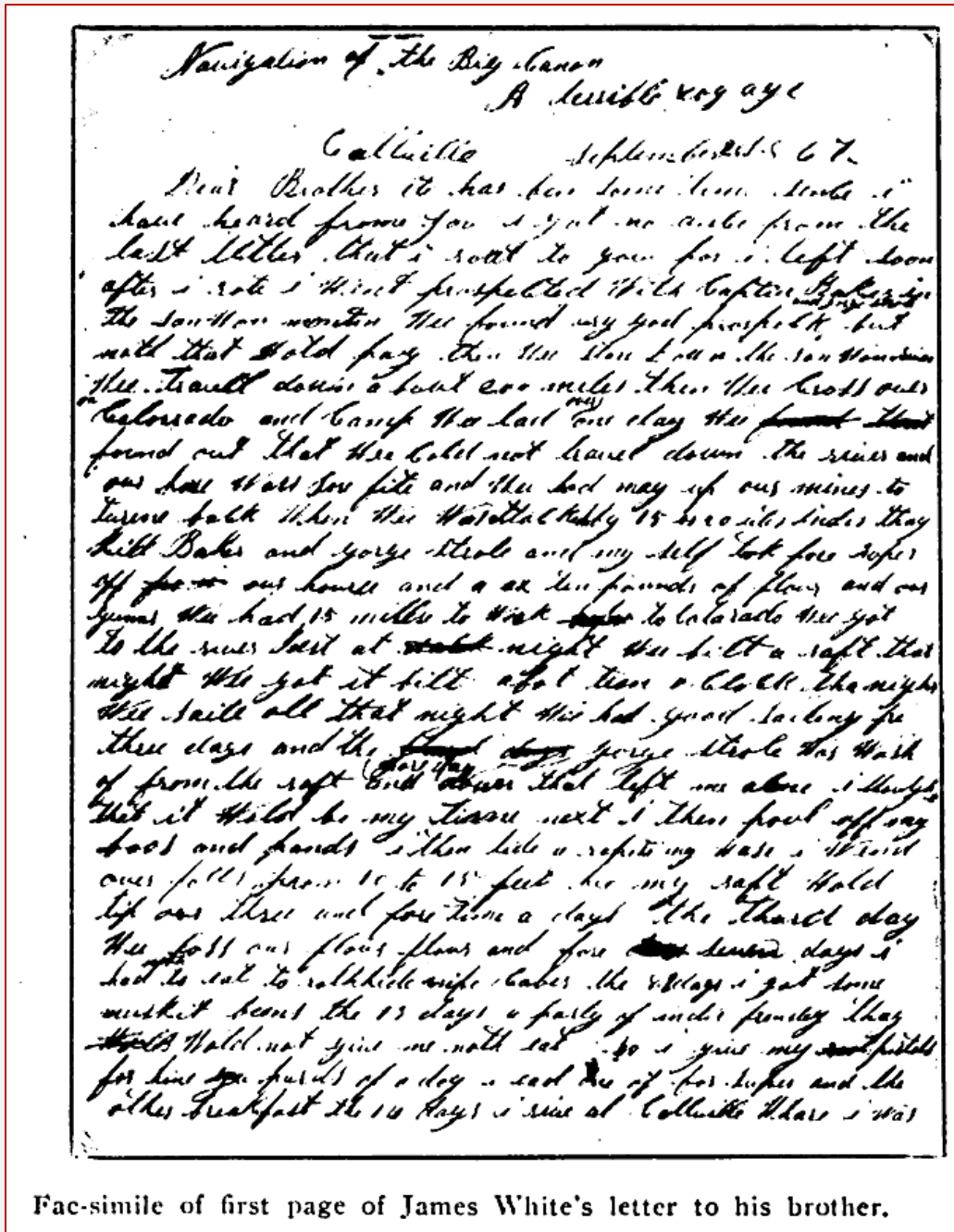
JAMES WHITE.

The letter first appeared photographically in *The Outing Magazine*, Vol. 50, no. 1 [April 1907], pp. 48-49.) The original is today in the Charles Christopher Parry Papers, Bancroft Library, University of California at Berkeley.

"It was this way . . ."

James White

Following (Figs. I-1A, B) are the two pages on which Bass reproduced in facsimile James White's letter to his brother, and its mailing envelope, as they were published in Bass's booklet (pp. 32, 33).

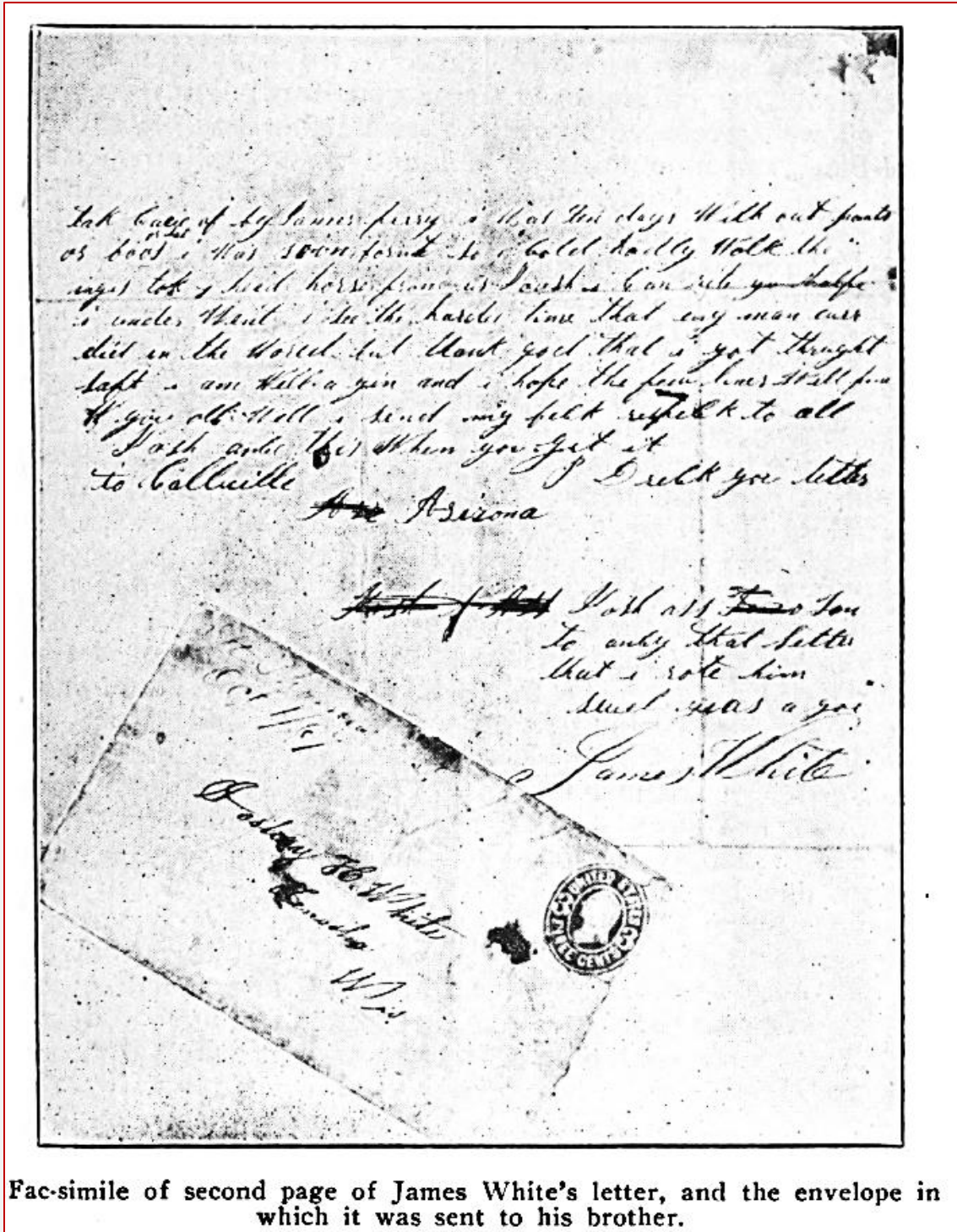


Fac-simile of first page of James White's letter to his brother.

Fig. I-1A

"It was this way . . ."

James White



Fac-simile of second page of James White's letter, and the envelope in which it was sent to his brother.

Fig. I-1B

“It was this way . . .”

James White

2. James White, the Illustrations

ONCE THE JAMES WHITE affair reached the attention of the public, the prolific illustrators of the period grasped the imagined imagery as tightly as White had held onto his raft. See the bibliography farther below for full citations of the publications in which these illustrations appear.

“It was this way . . .”

James White



Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

THE GREAT CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

Fig. I-2A. William A. Bell's *New Tracks in North America* depicted James White's raft in the defile of the Grand Canyon, at the moment when his companion, George Strole, was lost overboard in a rapid. (A detail of this lithograph appears on the cover of the present bibliography.)

“It was this way . . .”

James White

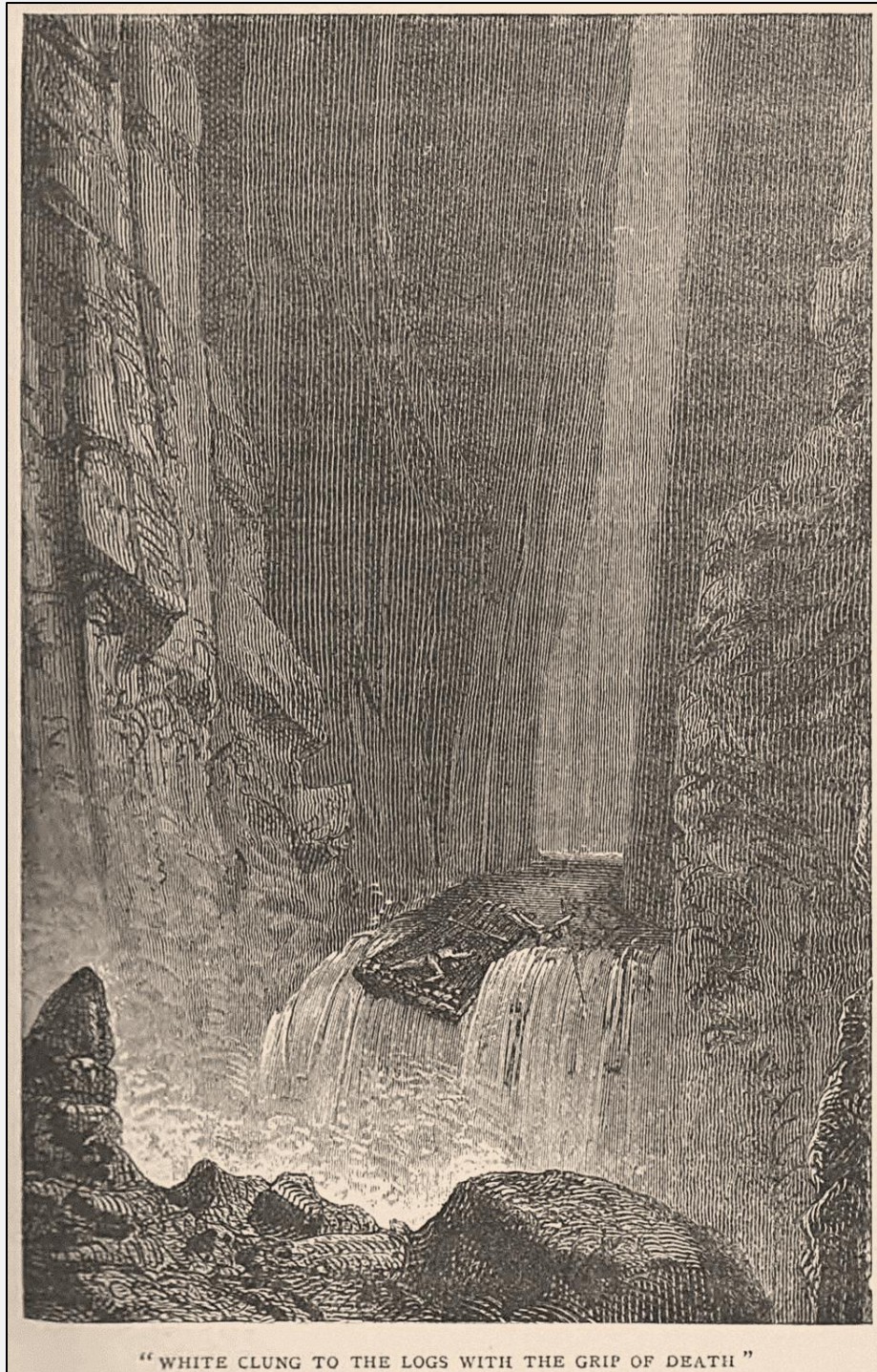


Fig. I-2B. The same scene was poorly and even more gloomily refigured for Alfred R. Calhoun’s chapter in *Wonderful Adventures*.

“It was this way . . .”

James White

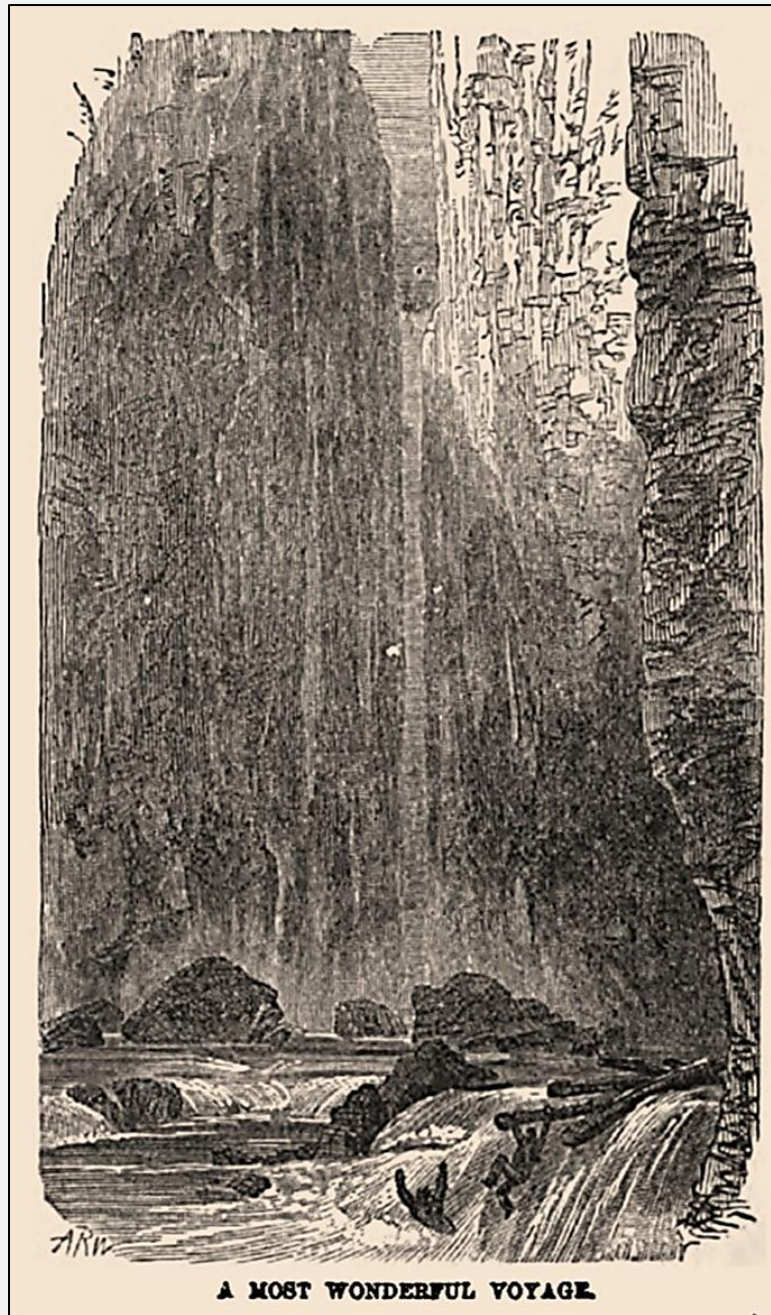


Fig. I-2C. In this crude version for Albert D. Richardson’s *Beyond the Mississippi*, with its mighty peculiar legend, White’s raft has fairly disintegrated and both men are precipitated into the maelstrom. The route through the gorge has effectively disappeared, unless the weird, faint waterfall-like feature in the center is meant to be the improbable course of the unfortunate rafters. (The artist, A. R. Waud, and the engraver, J. T. Speer, are credited on p. viii of the volume.)

“It was this way . . .”

James White

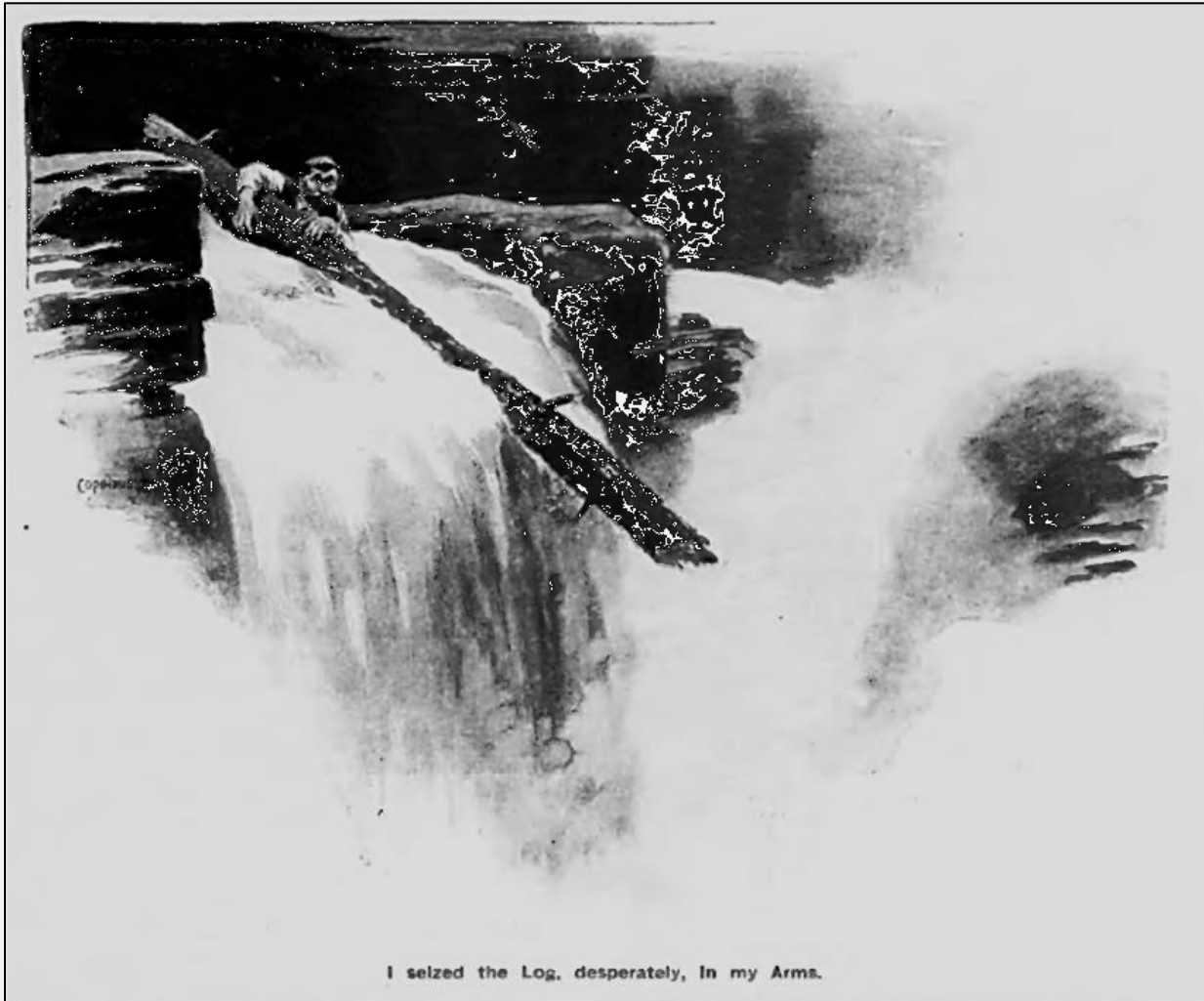


Fig. I-2D. “Down the Grand Cañon,” a young-reader tale by A. Ellbrace, in all probability fashioned after the James White account, was published in three installments in *The Youth’s Companion* in 1894. The series was illustrated with imaginative scenes of action such as the one here, where the hero, “George Robinson,” is reduced to grasping a single log. (The artist may have signed, in tiny lettering midway on the left, “Copeland.”) (See the annotated citation in the next section, “James White, the Inspirations.”)

“It was this way . . .”

James White

3. James White, the Inspirations

SEVERAL PUBLICATIONS since the time of the White affair have, or seem to have, taken inspiration from it.

Calhoun, Alfred R.

- 1888 *Lost in the cañon. The story of Sam Willett's adventures on the great Colorado of the West.* New York: A. L. Burt and Co., 267 pp. [Series titles vary?]: (Boy's Home Library, Volume 1, No. 12) (The Alger Series for Boys). [Young-reader fiction. Reminiscent of the James White affair, about which Calhoun did write in *Wonderful Adventures* in the early 1870s (see above).]

Ellbrace, A.

- 1894 Down the Grand Cañon. *The Youth's Companion* (Boston), 67 (July 12): 319, (July 19): 327, (July 26): 335. [A young-reader title. Written as if non-fiction, this is the telling of a passage through Grand Canyon on the Colorado River made by "George Robinson" in 1867; seemingly fictionalized based on the James White affair. Robinson, said to have been with Ellbrace before his adventure, is noted to have conveyed this record when Ellbrace reencountered the presumably lost Robinson just prior to the 1869 Powell expedition. Ellbrace concludes (p. 335): "Thus Robinson ended a story, which, as he said himself, seemed incredible. But it can, I believe, be substantially verified by the records of Fort Mohave during the summer of 1867." Includes contrived illustrations.]

Hood, J. E.

- 1869 Lost and found in the Rocky Mountains. *The Western Monthly* (Chicago), 2(7) (July): 11-20. [Recounting of a raft trip by "Karl" on the Colorado River through Grand Canyon, prior to the supposed passage by James White. In all probability fictional.]

Marin, Norman E.

- 1987 First (?) down the Colorado: An "interview" with James White. *Wildwater*, (Spring): 31-32. [Historical fiction; a contrived interview by *Wildwater* with James White, regarding White's purported passage through Grand Canyon in 1867.]
- 1987 Liar! They said. *Wildwater*, (Summer): 30-33. [Historical fiction; a contrived interview by *Wildwater* with Robert Brewster Stanton, Lewis R. Freeman, Julius F. Stone, and Frederick S. Dellenbaugh regarding James White's purported passage through Grand Canyon in 1867.]
- 1987 James White: First down the Colorado. *Wildwater*, (Winter 1987/1988): 10-17. [Historical fiction; a contrived interview by *Wildwater* with Thomas F. Dawson, William Culp Darrah, Richard E. Lingenfelter, J. Cecil Alter, Charles C. Parry, William Wallace Bass, George Wharton James, Barry Goldwater, Georgie Clark, and Otis "Dock" Marston.]

“It was this way . . .”

James White

Möllhausen, Balduin [Möllhausen, Heinrich Balduin]

- 1904 *Bilder aus dem Reiche der Natur* [*transl. Scenes from the Realm of Nature*]. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer (Ernst Voheen), 175 pp. [*In German.*] [Highly romanticized description of events during Möllhausen’s travels, embodying the exploits of others as well, including the Southwest and the Grand Canyon. The Colorado River is noted in various places. A narrative of a raft trip through the canyons of the Colorado River (“Das Schwarze Cañon” [The Black Canyon], pp. 98-114) is reminiscent both of the James White affair and the expedition(s) of John Wesley Powell, although no characters are identified by name. Perhaps better identified as historical fiction.]

Moss, John

- 1877 Through the Grand Canyon on a raft. *Weekly Arizona Miner* (Prescott, Arizona), (Supplement), 14(18) (April 20): [1], (May 4): . [With editor’s introductory paragraph, followed by a first-person retelling of a solo raft trip in Summer 1861 from Lees Ferry through Grand Canyon, in four days to Fort Mohave on the lower Colorado River. Although written in the first person, it begins with a parenthetical “. . . (said Captain Moss to his listener).”] [Fiction, of course, but listed in this bibliography inasmuch as are also all accounts of James White’s descent of the river in 1867.]
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“It was this way . . .”

James White

4. James White: An Annotated Bibliography

Anonymous

- 1867 California matters. *The New York Times*, (October 24): 2. [See “A Perilous Voyage.” Brief notice of the James White affair.]
- 1868 The Colorado River. *The Circular* (Oneida, New York), 5(11) (June 1): 87-88. [Credited to *American Examiner and Review*.] [Includes James White affair.]
- 1868 [Notice of “A Terrible Voyage” in *Lippincott’s*.] *In*: The Magazines for December [SECTION]. *The Nation* (New York), 7(178) (November 26): 441. [Refers to Clerke (1868).]
- 1868 [Record of meeting of February 17, 1868.] *Academy of Science of St. Louis, Transactions*, 2: 584. [“Dr. Engelmann read a paper, communicated from Arizona, by Dr. C. D. Parry, being ‘An Account of the Passage through the Great Cañon of the Colorado River, by Mr. James White, with Geological Remarks,’ which was referred to the Committee on Publication.” (ENTIRE ITEM)]
- 1869 Voyage through the Grand Canon of Colorado [*sic*]. *In*: Reviews [SECTION]. *American Naturalist*, 2(12) (February): 655-656. [James White affair; an abstract of a portion of the item by C. C. Parry (1868).]
- 1869 A romantic voyage. *The Round Table* (New York), 9(217) (March 20): 180-181. [Refers to “narrow canyons” of western rivers. “These fissures have not been scooped out by the watercourses, but are apparently the result of some titanic convulsion of nature which has rent the mountains asunder, and made a highway for the rivers to pass through. Of all these remarkable natural curiosities none exceeds in grandeur or extent the great Canyon of the Colorado, a region as little known to science as the interior of Africa, or the neighborhood of the North Pole. * * * On our best maps much of its [the Colorado River’s] route is still a blank space; but a scientific party, mostly young men from Illinois, headed by professor Powell, is now on an exploring expedition, partly to enlarge their knowledge and recruit their health, but mainly to solve the mystery of the Upper Colorado and its wonderful canyon, by attempting to pass through it in boats or rafts—a passage which has as yet only been successfully accomplished by one man, whose adventures in the gorge form one of the most fascinating stories of peril and hair-breadth escapes we ever remember reading.” Concludes with remarks on the James White affair.]
- 1869 Passage of the great canon of the Colorado. *Brooklyn Monthly*, 1(2) (April): 157-163.

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James White

- 1869 The Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Remarkable voyage by an exploring expedition in 1867—An interesting narrative. From the *Chicago Times*, July 5. *The New York Times*, (July 7):.
- 1869 “New Tracks in North America.” By William A. Bell. *The Pall Mall Budget* (London), 3 (October 8): 26-27. [A substantial portion of the short summary of Bell’s new publication is devoted to the account of the James White affair on the Colorado River.]
- 1869 Eine Fahrt durch die Grosse Felsenschlucht des westlichen Colorado [sic]. [*transl.* A trip through the great canyon of the Colorado of the West.] *Mittheilungen aus Justus Perthes’ Geographischer Anstalt über Wichtige Neue Erforschungen auf dem Gesamtgebiete der Geographie von Dr. A. Petermann* [Petermanns Geographische Mitteilungen], 15: 19-21. [*In German.*] [An abstract of the item by C. C. Parry (1868).]
- 1869 Ueber eine Flossfahrt durch den grossen Cañon des Colorado. [*transl.* About a raft trip through the great canyon of the Colorado.] *Gaea—Natur und Leben* (Köln), 5: 317. [*In German.*]
- 1869 Floßfahrt auf dem Großen Colorado des Westens. [*transl.* Raft trip down the Great Colorado of the West.] *From:* Revue der Erd- und Völkerkunde. *In:* Chronik der Gegenwart [SECTION]. *Unsere Zeit* (Deutsche Revue der Gegenwart), New Series, 5(1): 633-639. [*In German.*] [Item title from contents page, p. 955.] [Includes a significant portion relating to the James White affair. Information is credited to “Major Calhoun” [Alfred R. Calhoun (see in this bibliography)] of the Corps of Engineers. The Powell expedition is not mentioned. Also notes that the Colorado River rises in Idaho.]
- 1869 Half a mile below ground. Thrilling adventure of a party in the great canon of the Colorado. *The Christian Pioneer* (London), 23: 101-103.
- 1870 A drift for life. *All the Year Round*, New Series, (58) (January 8): 132-135.
- 1870 A drift for life. *Littell’s Living Age*, Series 4, 16 (February 12) (1341): 424-427. (“From All the Year Round.” [*i.e.*, Anonymous, 1870].)
- 1870 Eine Floßfahrt auf dem großen Colorado. [*transl.* A raft trip on the great Colorado.] *In:* Feuilleton [SECTION]. *Troppauer Zeitung* (Troppau, Austrian Silesia), 1870(52) (March 4): [2]-[3], (53) (March 4): [3], (54) (March 7): [3]-[4], (55) (March 8): [3]. [*In German.*] [*NOTE:* Troppau is the German name for Opava, which in 1870 was a part of Austrian Silesia; today it is Opava, Czech Republic.]
- 1870 “New Tracks in North America.” By W. A. Bell. *In:* Contemporary Literature [SECTION]. *The North British Review* (London), 52 (New Series, 13)(103) (April): 213, 289-290. [A substantial portion of the short summary of Bell’s new publication is devoted to the account of the James White affair on the Colorado River.]

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- 1870 “New Tracks in North America.” By W. A. Bell. *In*: Contemporary Literature [SECTION]. *The North British Review (American Edition)* (New York), 52(103) (April): 111, 150-152. [A substantial portion of the short summary of Bell’s new publication is devoted to the account of the James White affair on the Colorado River.]
- 1870 A drift for life. *Friends’ Intelligencer* (Philadelphia), 27(11) (May 14): 170-172, (12) (May 21): 189-190. (“From ‘All the Year Round.’” [*i.e.*, Anonymous, 1870].) [James White affair.]
- 1870 Adrift for life [*sic*]. *The Gentleman’s Journal* (London), 1(34) (June 1): 539-540. [A drift for life.] [*NOTE*: Issue numbers 1(31)-1(34) all are dated June 1.]
- 1870 “Illustrated Travels: a Record of Discovery, Geography, and Adventure. Edited by H. W. Bates, Assistant Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. (pp. 378.) London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. 1870.” *In*: Reviews, Notices, &c. [SECTION]. *The Educational Times* (London), 23(New Series, 110) (June 1): 58. [A substantial portion of the short summary of Bell’s new publication is devoted to the account of the James White affair on the Colorado River.]
- 1870 Bell’s travels in North America. *In*: Notes [SECTION]. *The Nation* (New York), 11(283) (December 1): 371-372. [Review of “‘New Tracks in North America. By Wm. A. Bell.’ London: Chapman & Hall. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1870.” (*i.e.*, Bell, 1870 and Bell, 1871, respectively).] [Review includes (p. 372) note of “the so-called Grand Cañon of the Colorado, far exceeding in height and savage grandeur the well-known gorges of the Tamina and Trient in Switzerland. This wonderful gorge was explored involuntarily, in 1867, by James Baker [*sic*, James White], a ‘prospector,’ swept down on an improvised raft in his attempt to escape from Indians. His account is one of the most wonderful stories in the book; but is confirmed in all essentials by the report of Major J. W. Powell, who explored it with a party in 1869.”]
- 1871 Ein Passionsfahrt durch die Unterwelt. [*transl.* A passionate ride through the underworld.] *Klagenfurter Tagespost* (Klagenfurt, Austria), 1871(36) (May 1): [1]-[2]. [*In German.*]
- 1871 Eine entsetzliche Fahrt. [*transl.* A horrible ride.] *Roman-Magazin des Auslandes* (Berlin), 5(2nd Quarter): 236-239. [*In German.*]
- [1890] *A drift for life*. [London and Brighton]: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 15 pp. (Penny Series of Popular Tales.)
- 1892 A drift for life. *Ballou’s Monthly Magazine*, 77(2) (August) (452): 143-145. [James White affair.]
- 1907 The story of James White; first explorer of the Grand Cañon. *In*: Outdoor Men and Women [SECTION]. *Outing Magazine*, 50(1) (April): 46-49. [Includes transcription and first facsimile reproduction of James White’s letter, pp. 48-49.]

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- 1913 [Notice of James White affair.] *In*: Some Publications [SECTION]. *Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, 11(2): 282. [“In the *Rocky Mountain Herald*, published at Denver, Colorado, on January 11th there is an interesting article on *The Grand Cañon of the Colorado*, by Will C. Ferril, in which is told the story of the adventures of James White while exploring the cañon in 1867.” (ENTIRE ITEM)]
- 1916 First explorer of Grand Canon living. *In*: Cabinet of Miscellaneous Information [SECTION]. *The Mining American* (Denver), 72(1772) (January 29): 4. [“James White, the Colorado pioneer, who in 1867 made a voyage on a raft through the Grand Canon of the Colorado, about two years before its exploration by Maj. J. W. Powell, is still living and now resides at Trinidad, Colorado.” (ENTIRE ITEM)]
- 1917 First explorer of Grand Canyon. Achievement of James White set forth in Senate document. Made the voyage in 1867. Nearly starved, was rescued from the raft upon which he lived for fourteen days. *The New York Times*, (October 14) (Section R): 78. [Notice of Dawson (1917).]
- 1918 Through Grand Canyon on a raft. *In*: Field Sports, Motors, and Travel [SECTION; Elon H. Jessup, ed.]. *Outing*, 72(2) (May): 128, 130. [James White affair, including excerpts from U.S. Senate Document 42 (see Dawson, 1917).]
- 1919 [Notice of publication.] “Dawson, T. F. The Grand Canyon: An article giving the credit of first traversing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to James White, a Colorado gold prospector, who it is claimed made the voyage two years previous to the expedition under the direction of Maj. J. W. Powell, in 1869. 67 pp.; ill. Senate Doc. 42, 65th Congr., 1st Sess., Washington, D. C., 1917.” *Geographical Review*, 7: 351.
- 1920 Grand Canyon National Park. *The Golden West* (Los Angeles), 1(24) (May 15): 7. [Dedication of national park. Item includes transcription of James White letter regarding his putative 1867 trip down Colorado River through Grand Canyon.]
- 1958 Through Grand Canyon rapids on a log raft? *In*: Books of the Southwest [SECTION]. *Desert Magazine*, 21(10) (October): 43. [Review of R. E. Lingenfelter’s *First Through the Grand Canyon*, with a focus here on the James White affair.]
- 2017 [Photo.] Greg Adams, the great-grandson of James White, celebrating the 150th anniversary of James White being plucked from the river near Callville, Utah, having presumably floated through the Canyon two years before John Wesley Powell. Greg is on his replica of White’s boat, which he built at the GTS. *Boatman’s Quarterly Review*, 30(2) (Summer): 48. [Actually a four-log raft.] [Guides Training Seminar.]

Adams, Eilean

- 2001 *Hell or high water : James White’s disputed passage through Grand Canyon, 1867*. Logan, Utah: Utah State University Press, 220 pp. [Hardbound and paperbound states.]

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James White

Bancroft, Hubert Howe

- 1891 *Chronicles of the builders of the commonwealth : historical character study. Volume 5.* San Francisco: The History Company, 694 pp. [Includes notice of the James White affair, pp. 157-158.]

Bartlett, I. S.

- 1918 (ED.) *History of Wyoming. Volume I.* Chicago: S. J. Clarke Publishing Co., 667 pp. [See “Exploring the Grand Canyon,” pp. 618-619; “Maj. J. W. Powell,” p. 620; “James White,” p. 620; “Miscellaneous Expeditions,” p. 621; “Kolb Brothers,” pp. 621-622.]

Bass, William Wallace

- NO DATE *Adventures in the canyons of the Colorado.* [No place]: CreateSpace, 32 pp. [Typographically reset, with illustrations.] [An on-demand publication.]
- 1920 *Adventures in the canyons of the Colorado by two of its earliest explorers, James White and W. W. Hawkins, with introduction and notes by William Wallace Bass, the Grand Canyon guide.* (Foreword by George Wharton James.) Grand Canyon, Arizona: The authors, 38 pp. [Cover title: *Adventures in the Canyons of the Colorado. William Wallace Bass.*] [Bass, pp. 8-14, 30-31, 34-38; Hawkins, pp. 15-29 (including facsimiles of original journal pages); White, pp. 32-34 (including facsimile of original letter); James, pp. 5-7.]
- 2011 *Adventures in the canyons of the Colorado by two of its earliest explorers, James White and W. W. Hawkins, with introduction and notes by William Wallace Bass, the Grand Canyon guide.* (Foreword by George Wharton James.) Lexington, Kentucky: Dunda Books, 43 pp. [Cover title: *Dunda Books Classic. Adventures in the Canyons of the Colorado. William Wallace Bass.*] [Text reset, with illustrations; original title-page reset, p. 2. Bass, pp. 7-14, 16, 34-35, 39-43; Hawkins, pp. 15, 17-33 (including facsimiles of original journal pages); White, pp. 36-39 (including facsimile of original letter); James, pp. 3-6.] [An on-demand publication.]

Bates, H. W.

- 1870 (ED.) *Illustrated travels : a record of discovery, geography, and adventure.* London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, 378 pp. [Includes notice of the James White affair.]

Beggs, William J.

- 2020 James White; *Arizona Miner*, September 14, 1867; Navigation of the Big Cañon, a Terrible Voyage. *From:* Almanac [SECTION]. *In:* Dundas, Zach (ed.), *Grand Canyon : “the ages at work.”* Austin, Texas: Wildsam Field Guides, p. 44. [Excerpt (though not so indicated) from newspaper article concerning James White’s account of passing

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through the Grand Canyon on the Colorado River. The newspaper article (p. 2 of that issue) begins with an editor’s paragraph introducing the Beggs communication.]

Bell, William A.

- 1869 *New tracks in North America. A journal of travel and adventure whilst engaged in a survey for a southern railroad to the Pacific Ocean during 1867-8.* London: Chapman and Hall, 2 volumes, lxix, 236 pp., 322 pp., map. [True 1st ed.] [See Volume II, “Passage of the Great Cañon of the Colorado by James White, the Prospector,” pp. 199-217.]
- 1869 *New tracks in North America. A journal of travel and adventure whilst engaged in a survey for a southern railroad to the Pacific Ocean during 1867-8.* London: Chapman and Hall, and New York: Scribner, Welford and Co., 2 volumes, lxix, 236 pp., 322 pp., map. [See Volume II, “Passage of the Great Cañon of the Colorado by James White, the Prospector,” pp. 199-217.]
- 1870 *New tracks in North America. A journal of travel and adventure whilst engaged in a survey for a southern railroad to the Pacific Ocean during 1867-8.* London: Chapman and Hall, and New York: Scribner, Welford and Co., lxix, 565 pp., map. [See “Passage of the Great Cañon of the Colorado by James White, the Prospector,” pp. 435-453.] [NOTE: This ed. also includes “Appendix D. Major J. W. Powell’s report on his explorations of the Rio Colorado in 1869” (pp. 559-563), a reprinting, with minor editing, of Powell’s correspondence to the *New-York Tribune*. Appendix D is added to the 1870 ed.; not present in 1869 ed. Also note that by the inclusion of Powell’s use of “Grand Cañon,” this ed. of Bell is the only contemporary publication to use all three early names for Grand Canyon, also using “Great Cañon” and “Big Cañon.”]
- 1871 *New tracks in North America. A journal of travel and adventure whilst engaged in a survey for a southern railroad to the Pacific Ocean during 1867-8.* New York: G. P. Putnam and Sons, lxix, 564 pp., map.
- 1965 *New tracks in North America. A journal of travel and adventure whilst engaged in the survey for a southern railroad to the Pacific Ocean during 1867-8.* (Foreword by Robert O. Anderson.) Albuquerque: Horn and Wallace, lxix + 565 pp., map. [Facsimile reprint of 1870 ed.]

Bulger, Harold A.

- 1961 First man through the Grand Canyon. *Missouri Historical Society, Bulletin*, 17(4) (Part 1) (July): 321-331. [James White affair.]

Calhoun, Alfred R.

- NO DATE Passage of the great cañon of the Colorado. *In: Wonderful adventures : a series of narratives of personal experiences among the native tribes of America.* London, Paris,

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and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co., pp. 3-24. [Bottom of p. 313: “Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., Belle Sauvage Works, London, E.C.”]

NO DATE Passage of the great cañon of the Colorado. *In: Wonderful adventures : a series of narratives of personal experiences among the native tribes of America.* London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell and Co., Limited, pp. 3-24. [Bottom of p. 313: “Cassell & Company, Limited, Belle Sauvage Works, London, E.C. 20,191.”]

NO DATE Passage of the great cañon of the Colorado. *In: Wonderful adventures : a series of narratives of personal experiences among the native tribes of America.* London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne: Cassell and Co., Ltd., pp. 3-24. [Bottom of p. 313: “Cassel & Company, Limited, Belle Sauvage Works, London, E.C. 30,388.”]

NO DATE Passage of the great cañon of the Colorado. *In: Wonderful adventures : a series of narratives of personal experiences among the native tribes of America.* Philadelphia: William B. Evans and Co., pp. 3-24.

NO DATE Passage of the great cañon of the Colorado. *In: Wonderful adventures : a series of narratives of personal experiences among the native tribes of America.* Philadelphia: William B. Evans and Co., 2nd ed., pp. 3-24.

1874 Passage of the great cañon of the Colorado. *In: Wonderful adventures : a series of narratives of personal experiences among the native tribes of America.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co., 2nd ed., pp. 3-24. [Bottom of p. 313: “Cassell, Petter & Galpin, Belle Sauvage Works, London, E.C. 373.”]

1888 *Lost in the cañon. The story of Sam Willett's adventures on the great Colorado of the West.* New York: A. L. Burt and Co., 267 pp. [Series titles vary?]: (Boy's Home Library, Volume 1, No. 12) (The Alger Series for Boys). [Young-reader fiction. Reminiscent of the James White affair, about which Calhoun wrote in *Wonderful Adventures* (see above).]

Campbell, J. F. [Campbell, John Francis]

1876 *My circular notes. Extracts from journals, letters sent home, geological and other notes, written while travelling westwards round the world, from July 6, 1874, to July 6, 1875. Vol. II.* London: Macmillan and Co., 331 pp. + advertisements. [See pp. 255-257.] [NOTE: Refers, p. 256, to the James White story (but not by name) and without note of Powell's 1869 and 1871-1872 expeditions: “After flowing more than 600 miles through a very dry country, the waters escape from the mountains into Californian plains through a winding cañon, which is said to be 6,000 feet deep, and little wider than the water way. I have not seen this Grand Cañon, but I have spoken with many who have explored it as far as they could get. They say that it would be as possible to shoot Niagara and live, as to descend the Colorado.” [with associated footnote:] “A book has been published in which a circumstantial account of the descent of the Colorado by a

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miner on a raft. Certain recorded events appeared inconsistent with each other, and I suppose that the story is mythical.”]

Clerke, John [pseudonym] [Beggs, William J.]

1868 A terrible voyage. *Lippincott's Magazine*, 2 (December): 588-594. [Author is indicated in volume contents, p. 4.]

Davis, William Morris

1919 The alleged journey of James White through the Grand Canyon in 1867. *Geographical Review*, 8: 355-356.

Dawson, Thomas Fulton

1917 The Grand Canyon; an article giving the credit of first traversing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to James White, a Colorado gold prospector, who it is claimed made the voyage two years previous to the expedition under the direction of Maj. J. W. Powell in 1869. Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, *U.S. 65th Congress, 1st Session, Senate Document 42*, 67 pp. [including wraps]. (“Presented by Mr. Shafroth. May 25, 1917.—Referred to the Committee on Printing.”) [Senator John F. Shafroth, of Colorado.]

1919 More light on James White’s trip through the Grand Canyon. *The Trail* (Society of Sons of Colorado), 11(9) (February): 5-14.

2001 *The Grand Canyon : an article giving the credit of first traversing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to James White, a Colorado gold prospector, who it is claimed made the voyage two years previous to the expedition under the direction of Maj. J. W. Powell in 1869*. Phoenix: Five Quail Books, 67 [76] pp. [including wraps]. [First printing.] [Facsimile reprint of Dawson (1917), “with the addition of a bibliography of books, periodicals, newspapers, and unpublished works.” Page [76] (rear wrap) notes: “Reprint by [colophon] Five Quail Books[,], Phoenix, Arizona[,], with the addition of a bibliography of books, periodicals, newspapers, and unpublished works. September 2001[.] 150 copies in wraps[,], 50 copies in boards[.] A special thank you to our friends for their assistance.”] [NOTE: All but one of the stock in boards, plus five additional in slipcases, was lost to theft before distribution (see the publisher’s “Addendum” laid in with the 2nd printing (Dawson, 2002). With the exception of a single copy in boards held by the publisher, surviving copies of this first printing will only be with self-wraps, side-stapled.]

2002 *The Grand Canyon : an article giving the credit of first traversing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to James White, a Colorado gold prospector, who it is claimed made the voyage two years previous to the expedition under the direction of Maj. J. W. Powell in 1869*. Prescott, Arizona: Five Quail Books, 2nd printing, 67 [81] pp. [2nd printing varies from the 1st.] [Facsimile reprint of Dawson (1917), “with the addition of a

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James White

bibliography of books, periodicals, newspapers, and unpublished works.” Dated November 2002. “25 copies in boards, 5 copies in slipcase” [dark green buckram boards and slipcases green]. Includes facsimile reprinting, on one folded leaf tipped in at rear, of the article by C. C. Parry (1868): “Account of the passage through the Great Cañon of the Colorado of the West, from above the mouth of Green River to the head of steamboat navigation at Callville, in the months of August and September, 1867, by James White, now living at Callville. Reported January 6, 1868, to J. D. Perry, Esq., Pres’t of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, by C. C. Parry, Ass’t Geologist, U. P. R. Surv.,” published in *Academy of Science of St. Louis, Transactions*, 2 (April): 499-503 (Parry, 1868).] [NOTE: This 2nd printing issued with publisher’s “Addendum” (1 leaf, verso blank, laid loose), which states: “This is the second printing of Dawson’s 1917 Senate Document No. 42 in hardback by Five Quail Books. The first printing, fifty copies in black buckram plus five in slipcases, were stolen; only one copy survived. The others have not been found as of this date and are presumed to have been destroyed. The first printing lacked the tipped-in item from *The Transactions of the Academy of Science of St. Louis* and had not been numbered or signed. This new printing has additions to the bibliography plus this addendum.” Also, the Addendum leaf includes additional bibliographical citations. The 2nd printing in boards is bound in dark green buckram, with matching slipcase for those so distributed. All copies are signed “Dan Cassidy” (proprietor of Five Quail Books).] [1st printing, Phoenix (see Dawson, 2001); 2nd printing [this citation], Prescott.]

- 2010 *The Grand Canyon: An article giving the credit of first traversing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to James White, a Colorado gold prospector, who it is claimed made the voyage two years previous to the expedition under the direction of Maj. J. W. Powell.* [No place]: Nabu Press, 74 pp. [Reprinting; an on-demand publication.]

Dellenbaugh, Frederick S.

- 1909 Historical diagram of the Grand and other cañons. *American Geographical Society, Bulletin*, 41(12): 761-762. [Item signed “F. S. D.” Dellenbaugh here includes note of the James White affair; of course, unfavorably.] [The diagram referred to is Robert Brewster Stanton (1908), *Diagram showing the history of the exploration[,] navigation and survey : Grand and other cañons of the Colorado River of the West from 1540 to 1908*. New York: Robert Brewster Stanton, 1 sheet. Thereon are the notations: “Special Note. The complete record of the navigation of the Lower Colorado River, below the Grand Cañon, is not intended to be given here. The records of Alarçon, Johnson and Ives are only given as they were the most prominent.” and “This diagram does not attempt to give the names of every trapper or hunter that has been to the Colorado, but only the REAL EXPEDITIONS that have Explored, Surveyed & Navigated the River in Boats THROUGH THE GREAT CAÑONS.”)]
- 1987 Dellenbaugh’s letter to W. W. Bass. *Wildwater*, (Fall): 30-31, 33. [With editor’s introduction.] [Letter from Frederick S. Dellenbaugh to William Wallace Bass, August 19, 1920, regarding the second Powell expedition and the James White affair.]

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James White

Didier, L. [Didier, Louis-François]

- 1898 *L'Amérique : anthologie géographique. [transl. America: a geographical anthology.]* Paris: Librairie Ch. Delagrave, 572 pp. [In French.] [See p. 120, “Explorations scientifiques,” noting *in passing* the explorations of Sitgraves [*sic*, Sitgreaves], “un mineur James White,” Yves [*sic*, Ives], and Powell.]

Dimock, Brad [Dimock, Bradford]

- 2002 White lies, Major distortions, and several new stabs at the truth—8 recent publications on James White and Major John Wesley Powell. *Boatman's Quarterly Review*, 15(1) (Spring): 20-26. [Essay.]
- 2007 James White did float through Grand Canyon in 1867 [ABSTRACT]. *In*: 2007 History Symposium. *The Ol' Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), 18(1) (January/March): 9-10.
- 2008 The James White debate. *In*: Berger, Todd R. (ed.), Reflections of Grand Canyon historians; ideas, arguments, and first-person accounts. *Grand Canyon Association, Monograph 14*, pp. 123-124. (2nd Grand Canyon History Symposium, January 25-28, 2007, Grand Canyon National Park.)
- 2008 The case for James White's raft trip through Grand Canyon: The story of White's story. *In*: Berger, Todd R. (ed.), Reflections of Grand Canyon historians; ideas, arguments, and first-person accounts. *Grand Canyon Association, Monograph 14*, pp. 131-136. (2nd Grand Canyon History Symposium, January 25-28, 2007, Grand Canyon National Park.) [For counterpoint see Myers (2008).]

Euler, Robert C.

- 2001 A letter to the editor. *The Ol' Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 12(3) (July/September): 11. [Regarding the article on James White by Bill Suran (2001).] [See also Eilean Adams (2001), which includes the chapter, “Bob Euler and Square One.”]

Farquhar, Francis P.

- 1950 Did James White precede Major Powell through the Grand Canyon? *In*: Kipp, J. B., *The Colorado River*. Los Angeles: private press of Muir Dawson, pp. i-vi. [See Kipp (1950) for notes regarding the volume.]

Findlay, Alexander George

- 1870 *A directory for the navigation of the North Pacific Ocean : with descriptions of its coasts, islands, etc., from Panama to Behring Strait and Japan, its winds, currents, and passages. Second edition.* London: for Richard Holmes Laurie, 1,007 [1,008] pp. [Cover title: *North Pacific Directory*.] [See “The Rio Colorado,” pp. 131-133. Includes

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note of “that most wonderful natural phenomenon—the Grand Cañon,” which is “quite useless to man”; also with a footnote mentioning the James White affair.]

Hale, Nathan

- 2019 *Major Impossible*. New York: Amulet (Harry N. Abrams, Inc.), 127 [128] pp. (Nathan Hale’s Hazardous Tales.) [Cover includes sticker: “NHHT A Grand Canyon Tale.”] [Hardbound. Young-reader title; comic book format. Regarding the Powell Expedition of 1869, with historical flashbacks in Powell’s life. Adds (pp. 124-125) “Navigation of the Big Canon: A Terrible Voyage. The perilous journey of James White—in his own words and spelling” (likewise in comic book format); and (pp. 126-127) black-and-white reproductions of watercolor art made by the author during Colorado River trips in Grand Canyon.]

Hyatt, Alpheus

- 1868 The chasms of the Colorado. *St. Louis Medical Reporter*, 3(16) (November 1): 526-533. [From *American Naturalist*, “with some additions” that include notice of the James White affair as reported in the *Transactions of the Academy of Science of St. Louis* (Parry, 1868). The original *American Naturalist* item is 2 (September): 359-365.]

Jones, Calico

- 1967 First through the Grand Canyon. *Real West*, 10 (May): 27-29, 72-74. [James White.]

Kipp, J. B.

- 1950 *The Colorado River*. Los Angeles: private press of Muir Dawson, [iii], vi, 7, [i] pp. (“180 copies printed at the private Press of Muir Dawson. 45 in wrappers for presentation and 135 in boards for sale. June, 1950[.]”) [Regarding the James White affair, a communication by Kipp from Hardyville, September 10, 1867, contributed by “Mr. Wolff, of Wolff & Folks” of San Bernardino, California. Text originally printed in *The San Bernardino Guardian*, September 21, 1867.] [Introduction for the Muir Dawson printing by Francis P. Farquhar (who notes the James White affair).] [Various paginations for the volume have been noted. Full collation from a hardbound copy, by Spamer, here: [flyleaf]; [blank leaf]; [iii], [iv] blank; Farquhar introduction, i-vi; Kipp text title, [verso blank]; Kipp text 1-7, [8 blank]; Bibliography title, [verso blank]; Bibliography [iii] pp., [iv] blank; [production information, [i], verso blank], [blank leaf], [flyleaf].]

Lago, Don [Lago, Donald Russell]

- 2001 The James White conspiracy. *Boatman’s Quarterly Review*, 14(2) (Summer): 40-41.
- 2008 Wanted: James White. *Boatman’s Quarterly Review*, 21(4) (Winter 2008-2009): 18-19.

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Lappin, Roy

- 1953 James White's river trip. *In*: Letters [SECTION]. *Desert Magazine*, 16(8) (August): 25. [Regarding the writer's personal contact with Robert Brewster Stanton, pertaining to the James White saga. Includes editor's comment.] [See also letter from Otis Marston in October issue.]

Lavender, David

- 1982 James White: First through the Grand Canyon? Mystifying tale of hardship and death. *The American West*, 19 (November/December): 22-28, 30.

Lingenfelter, Richard E.

- 1958 *First through the Grand Canyon*. (Foreword by Otis Marston.) Los Angeles: Glen Dawson, 119 pp. (Early California Travels Series, 45.) ("300 copies composed and printed by Paul Bailey at his Westernlore Press[;] Bound at the Silverlake Bindery.") [Includes the James White affair.]

Marston, Otis Reed "Dock" [Marston, O. Dock] [Marston, Dock]

- 1953 James White's voyage. *In*: Letters [SECTION]. *Desert Magazine*, 16(10) (October): 26. [Letter in response to the letter from Roy Lappin in the August issue.]
- 1965 The points of embarkation of James White in 1857 [*sic*]. *The Branding Iron* (The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral), (75) (December): 1, 3-6. [Date correctly given in article as 1867.]
- 1973 The reluctant candidate—James White, first through the Grand Canyon? *In*: Ellis, George M. (ed.), *Brand Book Three : a collection of smoke signals*. San Diego, California: San Diego Corral of the Westerners (Arts and Craft Press, San Diego), pp. 166-176.
- 1982 Commentary on Part One, James White's raft journey of 1867. *In*: Stanton, Robert Brewster, *Colorado River controversies*. Boulder City, Nevada: Westwater Books, pp. 233-250. [The main part of the volume is a facsimile reprint of Stanton (1932).]

Martin, George W.

- 1906 Thomas Allen Cullinan, of Junction City. *Kansas State Historical Society, Transactions*, 9: 532-540. [Memorial. Includes note of 1860 trip with companions who "explored the [upper] Colorado River eight years before Major Powell" and confronted by Utes (pp. 534-535). The author adds in note (p. 535), "But for the Ute Indians, Thomas Allen Cullinan would have been the first explorer [*sic*] of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado." James White is also mentioned in the note.]

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Martinori, Edoardo

- 1888 Sulle Montagne Rocciose; viaggio in ferrovia (Settembre 1887). [*transl. On the Rocky Mountains; railroad trip (September 1887).*] *Club Alpino Italiano, Sezione di Roma, Annuario*, 2 [for 1887]: 7-32, Plates 1-6. [*In Italian.*] [See “Gran Canon del Colorado,” p. 23. Includes note of “White e Powell” (James White and John Wesley Powell) as first records.]

McConnell, Virginia

- 1971 Captain Baker and the San Juan humbug. *The Colorado Magazine* (State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver), 48(1): 59-75. [Relating to incidents that precipitated the James White affair.]

Moncrieff, A. R. Hope

- NO DATE *The world of to-day : a survey of the lands and peoples of the globe as seen in travel and commerce. Volume VI.* London: Gresham Publishing Co., 380 pp. + advertisements. [*Ca. 1907.*] [See p. 39, brief mention of Grand Canyon, including John Wesley Powell and the putative journey of “an ignorant trapper” (James White, though not noticed by name).]

Myers, Tom [Myers, Thomas M.]

- 2007 Why James White’s 1867 raft trip doesn’t float (James White through Grand Canyon) [ABSTRACT]. *In*: 2007 History Symposium. *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), 18(1) (January/March): 9.
- 2008 Why James White’s 1867 raft trip doesn’t float—at least through Grand Canyon. *In*: Berger, Todd R. (ed.), *Reflections of Grand Canyon historians; ideas, arguments, and first-person accounts. Grand Canyon Association, Monograph 14*, pp. 125-129. (2nd Grand Canyon History Symposium, January 25-28, 2007, Grand Canyon National Park.) [For counterpoint see Dimock (2008).]

Parry, C. C. [Parry, Charles Christopher]

- 1868 Account of the passage through the Great Cañon of the Colorado of the West, from above the mouth of Green River to the head of steamboat navigation at Callville, in the months of August and September, 1867, by James White, now living at Callville. Reported January 6, 1868, to J. D. Perry, Esq., Pres’t of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, by C. C. Parry, Ass’t Geologist, U. P. R. Surv. *Academy of Science of St. Louis, Transactions*, 2: 499-503. [Published April, 1868 (see date at beginning of signature 32, p. 491 of volume). Delivered to meeting of Academy of Science of St. Louis by George Engelmann, February 17, 1868 (see notation p. 584 of volume).]

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- 1869 Grand Canon of the Colorado. Account of the passage of the Great Canon of the Colorado, from above the mouth of Green River to the head of steamboat navigation at Callville, in the months of August and September, 1867, by James White, now living at Callville. *In*: Palmer, William J., *Report of surveys across the continent, in 1867-'68, on the thirty-fifth and thirty-second parallels, for a route extending the Kansas Pacific Railway to the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco and San Diego*. By Gen. Wm. J. Palmer. December 1st, 1868. Philadelphia: [privately printed] (W. B. Selheimer, Printer), pp. 232-236.
- 1869 [Correspondence, January 6, 1868.] *In*: Schofield, J. M., *Report of the [U.S. Army] Chief of Engineers to the Secretary of War, for the year 1868*. Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, Appendix X1, pp. 1191-1195. (Volume *U.S. 40th Congress, 3rd Session, House Executive Document 1, Part 2, Volume 5, Serial 1368*.) [James White affair.]

Richardson, Albert D.

- 1869 *Beyond the Mississippi: From the great river to the great ocean. Life and adventure on the prairies, mountains, and Pacific coast. With more than two hundred illustrations, from photographs and original sketches, of the prairies, deserts, mountains, rivers, mines, cities, Indians, trappers, pioneers, and great natural curiosities of the new states and territories. New edition. Written down to Summer of 1869.* Hartford, Connecticut: American Publishing Co., Newark (New Jersey) and Toledo (Ohio): R. W. Bliss and Co., Chicago: F. G. Gilman and Co., Cincinnati: Nettleton and Co., and San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft and Co., 620 pp. ["Big Canyon," see pp. 473-474, 575-578, 610-611; on fold-out map as "Great Canyon." Map title: "Map 1869. of the region between the Mississippi and the Pacific. to accompany Richardson's 'Beyond the Mississippi.'" [See pp. 575-578, with illustration ("A Most Wonderful Voyage," p. 576), which recounts the James White affair.]
- 1885 *Beyond the Mississippi: From the great river to the great ocean. Life and adventure on the prairies, mountains, and Pacific coast. With more than two hundred illustrations, from photographs and original sketches, of the prairies, deserts, mountains, rivers, mines, cities, Indians, trappers, pioneers, and great natural curiosities of the new states and territories. New edition. Written down to Summer of 1869.* Hartford, Connecticut: American Publishing Co., 620 pp. [Reprinting. "Big Canyon," see pp. 473-474, 575-578, 610-611; on fold-out map as "Great Canyon." Map title: "Map 1869. of the region between the Mississippi and the Pacific. to accompany Richardson's 'Beyond the Mississippi.'" [See pp. 575-578, with illustration ("A Most Wonderful Voyage," p. 576), which recounts the James White affair.]

Simmons, Virginia McConnell

- 2007 *Drifting West : the calamities of James White and Charles Baker*. Boulder, Colorado: University Press of Colorado, 210 pp.

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James White

Smith, Brad

- 2001 *First to journey through the Grand Canyon: the life story of James White.* Cochise, Arizona: Brad Smith, 28 pp. [“First edition. First printing. Limited to 100 signed and numbered copies.”]

Stanton, Robert Brewster

- 1919 The alleged journey, and the real journey of James White, on the Colorado River, in 1861 [sic]. *The Trail* (Society of Sons of Colorado), 12(4) (September): 5-26. [NOTE: The text does refer to the correct year, 1867.]
- 1932 *Colorado River controversies.* By Robert Brewster Stanton (1846-1922). Edited by James M. Chalfont. Foreword by Julius F. Stone, author of “Canyon Country.” New York: Dodd, Mead and Co., 232 pp.
- 1982 *Colorado River controversies.* (James M. Chalfant, ed.; foreword by Julius F. Stone.) Boulder City, Nevada: Westwater Books, 261 pp. [Volume is facsimile reprint of Stanton (1932), with added commentaries by Otis R. Marston and Martin J. Anderson.]

Stoddard, S. R. [Stoddard, Seneca Ray]

- 1906 The Grand Canyon of Arizona. *Anybody’s Magazine* (Sacramento, California), 1(3) (July): 17-28. [Includes (p. 28) a transcription of the letter from James White to his brother, regarding James’s putative trip down the Colorado River through Grand Canyon in 1867.] [NOTE: The Contents page for this issue lists the author as E. R. Stoddard, an error.]

Strasnitzky, Ed.

- 1871 Geographische Arbeiten in Nordamerika. [transl. Geographical work in North America.] *In:* Notizen [SECTION]. *Kaiserlich-Königlichen Geographischen Gesellschaft in Wien, Mittheilungen*, 14(3): 155-157. [In German.] [Yearly summary from the American Society for Geography and Statistics. See p. 157: “Beschreibung des Colorado Canon von Jves [sic] und Newberry, dessen Entdecker Herr White and wissenschaftlicher Erforscher Coloril Pawell [sic] gewesen” (ENTIRE NOTE). (transl., corrected, Description of the Colorado Canon by Ives and Newberry, whose discoverers were Mr. White and scientific explorer Colonel[?] Powell.) Take notice here that James White is credited with the discovery of Grand Canyon.]

Suran, William C. [Suran, Bill]

- 2001 Who first ran the Colorado River? *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 12(2) (April/June): 5-7. [James White.]

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James White

Ule, Otto

- 1874 *Die Erde und die Erscheinunge ihrer Oberfläche in ihrer Beziehung zur Geschichte derselben und zum Leben ihrer Bewohner. Eine physische Erdbeschreibung nach E. Reclus von Dr. Otto Ule. I. Theil.—Das feste Land. [transl. The earth and the phenomena of its surface in relation to its history and to the life of its inhabitants. A Physical Description of the Earth by E. Reclus, of Dr. Otto Ule. Part I.—The solid land.]* Leipzig: Verlag von Paul Froberg, 512 pp. [In German.] [Colorado River, see p. 83. Regarding “Cañons” (pp. 111-112), remarks include the Ives expedition and the James White affair; Powell is not mentioned.]

U.S. Senate

- 1868 Powell’s Colorado expedition. *In*: Rives, F., Rives, J., and Bailey, George A., *Congressional Globe: Containing debates and proceedings of the Second Session Fortieth Congress . . .* City of Washington: Office of the Congressional Globe, (Senate, May 25, 1868), pp. 2563-2566. [Regarding a “House joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to furnish supplies to an exploring expedition.” See p. 2563, reference to the White affair, though without name. “Mr. [Lyman] Trumbull. . . . The Colorado river, as laid down upon our maps, for some six or seven hundred miles has never been seen by a civilized man. [¶]Mr. [John] Sherman. It was run recently, during the last fall, I believe, by three men to escape the Indians, and one of them got through alive. [¶]Mr. Trumbull. The whole distance? [¶]Mr. Sherman. Yes; to the Great Cañon. [¶]Mr. Trumbull. I was not aware of it. Is that authenticated? [¶]Mr. Sherman. Yes; the man lives. He went in at one end and came through at the other.” (ENTIRE NOTE)]

White, James

- 1870 Passage of the Great Canyon of the Colorado. *In*: Bell, W. A., *New tracks in North America : a journal of travel and adventure whilst engaged in the survey for a southern railroad to the Pacific Ocean during 1867-68.* New York: Scribner, Welford and Co., pp. 435-453.
- 1920 Navigation of the Big Canon; a terrible voyage. *In*: Bass, William Wallace, *Adventures in the canyons of the Colorado, by two of its earliest explorers, James White and W. W. Hawkins, with introduction and notes by William Wallace Bass, the Grand Canyon guide.* Grand Canyon, Arizona: The authors, pp. 32-34.
- 1992 Passage through the great cañon of the Colorado (1867) (as told to Dr. Charles C. Parry and Alfred R. Calhoun). *In*: Carmony, Neil B., and Brown, David E. (eds.), *Tough times in rough places : personal narratives of adventure, death and survival on the western frontier.* Silver City, New Mexico: High-Lonesome Books, pp. 148-161.
- 2001 Passage through the great cañon of the Colorado (1867) (as told to Dr. Charles C. Parry and Alfred R. Calhoun). *In*: Carmony, Neil B., and Brown, David E. (eds.), *Tough times*

“It was this way . . .”

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in rough places : personal narratives of adventure, death and survival on the western frontier. Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, pp. 148-161.

- 2011 Navigation of the Big Canon; a terrible voyage. *In*: Bass, William Wallace, *Adventures in the canyons of the Colorado, by two of its earliest explorers, James White and W. W. Hawkins, with introduction and notes by William Wallace Bass, the Grand Canyon guide.* Lexington, Kentucky: Dunda Books, pp. 36-39. [An on-demand publication.]

Willson, Roscoe G.

- 1964 Evidence strong James White first through Grand Canyon. *Arizona Days and Ways*, (August 16): 22-23.
- 1975 Was White first? *Arizona* (November 30): 48-49. [James White.]
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Part II

John Hance

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance



John Hance’s fish story on the Colorado River. (From a lost film by Burton Holmes; see p. 71.)

God made the cañon, John Hance the trails. Without the other, neither would be complete.

Wm. O. O’Neill, January 25, 1893

Next to the Grand Cañon, Captain John Hance and his trail are two of the greatest wonders of the world. The half was never told.

J. P. Campbell, Ashland, Kans., May 31, 1897

El Cañon Grande de la Colorado is, in my judgment, one of the greatest wonders of the world. Captain Hance, the modern path-finder, well deserving the title.

M. C. Campbell, Wichita, Kans., June 7, 1897

[Excerpts from George K. Woods (compiler), *Personal impressions of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River near Flagstaff, Arizona, as seen through nearly two thousand eyes, and written in the private visitors’ book of the world-famous guide Capt. John Hance, guide, story-teller, and path-finder* (Whitaker and Ray Co., San Francisco, for G. K. Woods, Flagstaff, Arizona Territory, 1899).]

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

Introduction

JOHN HANCE’S story — *stories*, actually — in contrast to James White are much more well known, even if so much of his life has (until recently) been blended well in the shaker of misremembrance, or shrouded from truth outright. Truth be told, though, people came from far and wide to *see and hear* John Hance. For a couple of decades at least he was the human embodiment of the Grand Canyon. After all, by his own admission, he had dug out the canyon in the first place.

For anyone interested in Hance’s own history, there are a variety of retellings and mistellings about his life before and after arriving at the Grand Canyon. The stories kept being retold, revised, condensed, elaborated, and passed along again. Fortunately, one biographer, Shane Murphy, has managed to barge through the decades of bluster and confusion to present the first comprehensive and meticulously, correctly researched history of John Hance, bursting many of the time-honored (read “time-worn”) essentials and statistics about Hance’s life before the Grand Canyon, about when he may have arrived at the canyon in the first place, about all those mines he owned (he mostly didn’t), and so on and on. And perhaps with some relief, Murphy has paid relatively little attention to the distracting tall tales for which Hance is more giddily remembered by writers, editors, and online blog posters.

Murphy, Shane

- 2015 “I’ve got to tell stories”; separating fact from fiction in the life and legend of Grand Canyon pioneer John Hance. *Journal of Arizona History*, 56(4) (Winter): 425-458.
- 2020 *John Hance : the life, lies, and legend of Grand Canyon’s greatest storyteller*. Salt Lake City, Utah: University of Utah Press, 230 pp.

So, the pages that follow try to make up for the lack of a documented compendium of Hance tales. As many as possible have been culled from periodicals and books of Hance’s lifetime, which thus offer a *bit* more credibility as to the authenticity of the stories. The remainder come from less contemporary sources, long after Hance’s time. All of them, though, experienced editing in the retellings, which of course probably would have suited Capt. Hance very well. After all, he himself stood the stage, with one of the most dramatic backdrops ever; and his tellings changed for each audience.

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

One may mark the omission of most references to newspapers herein. Not only does a lot of Hance history (correct or not) appear in contemporary newspapers – with all the caveats that must accompany those venues – but so there also appear numerous renditions of his tall tales. The reason for the omission of newspaper citations in the present bibliography is that it focuses on books and serials. But for the fact that there are *so many* records, over a long period of time, in geographically dispersed papers that may or may not have been digitized (and even if they have they are not always easily readable), a compendium of the newspaper accounts will have to be a separate, very ambitious project for someone with a lot of time. One has only to check the notes and citations in Shane Murphy’s *John Hance* to witness the profusion even there, from local sources in Arizona, of what surely is a far larger sampling far and wide. And in *John Hance*, Murphy has kept back from rattling off Hance’s tall tales except on occasion to embellish a topic then on the page; for example, the tale quoted at length (Murphy, pp. 78-79) regarding rattlesnakes drilling for water (credited to the *Arizona Republican*, October 10, 1901) or the putative origin of the applied name “Bright Angel” (*Coconino Sun*, December 27, 1902), neither of which are compiled into the present volume because they come from the gushing fount of newspaper accounts.

But even the tellings assembled here, mostly from reliably cited sources, can’t be said to have weathered either ill or well the passage of time, because they were never out in the weather long enough to be worn out. As Lon Garrison observed, “Most of them changed from day to day – almost hour by hour.” So, to seek out and spend an hour with John Hance was, and still is, something new, even if the anticipation is only for a good-old yarn told again (but differently). There are more Hance tall, fish, and waggish stories, each one edited contrarily for each telling; but, this being principally an annotated bibliography, a lot more stories, like those in the newspapers, will have to be chased down another time – a very long chase likely only to turn up things mostly already told, with tweaks.

Read on, though! We can imagine John Hance, straight-faced, with a twinkling eye.

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

1. A John Hance Sampler

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER, at least by 1896, was already steeped in the John Hance tradition:

All the way from Albuquerque you have heard of John Hance. You have read about him in all the guide-books you have bought. People whom you meet tell you about the flapjacks he will cook for you at the cañon camp. You constantly hear references to “Hance trail,” “Hance’s new trail,” “Hance’s old trail,” “Hance’s Peak,” and “Hance’s cabin,” until you wonder if John Hance owns the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. When you get to Flagstaff the air is still filled with confused murmurs of Hance. You come to have a sort of “See-Hance-and-die” feeling, and are a little uncertain whether you have come thousands of miles to see the Grand Cañon or John Hance, of Arizona.

I was warned before I left Flagstaff: “Hance will tell you some awful stiff yarns, but be sure and get him to tell you about his horse that jumped into the cañon.” It appears that, once on a time, a pack horse belonging to a cowboy backed off the trail, and falling about eighteen hundred feet into the cañon, was left there. Hance, finding the carcass, immediately set to work on a tale to fit the scenarium. The one he concocted has been repeated so often that it has become famous throughout the southwest. And I really have no doubt that Hance has come to believe it himself.²⁰

But what probably is Hance’s biggest whopper seems to be a tradition passed along without much attention to an original source. He said he had dug out the Grand Canyon. Although the claim has been repeated, often, it had been making the rounds at least since 1903, a known story already when it was mentioned as an aside in an anonymous writer’s complaint about the arrogance of people: “A western guide is accustomed to respond to the enthusiasm of tourists by saying, with a comprehensive sweep of his hand toward the Grand Cañon, ‘I dug it myself!’”²¹

In the twenty-first century the fabrication even appeared on the Grand Canyon National Park’s own website:

Did You Know?

John Hance, early Grand Canyon guide and storyteller, said of the Canyon, “It was hard work, took a long time, but I dug it myself, with a pick and a shovel. If you want to

²⁰ Edith Sessions Tupper, “In the Grand Cañon of the Colorado,” *Frank Leslie’s Popular Monthly*, Vol. 41, no. 6 (June 1896), pp. 679, 680.

²¹ Anonymous, “Municipal Art,” *The Chautauquan*, Vol. 36, no. 5 (February 1903), p. 527.

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

know what I done with the dirt, just look south through a clearin' in the trees at what they call the San Francisco Peaks.”²²

The files of the Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection have a clipping from which the “Did You Know?” item probably was edited, reading:

It was hard work and took a long time but I dug it myself, with a pick and a shovel and a wheelbarrow, and if you want to know what I done with the dirt, just go out east here and look south through a clearin' through the trees and you will see it, stacked up about 50 miles away. I wheeled it over there in my wheelbarrow and stacked it up nearly 13,000 feet high so as it wouldn't clutter things up here on the canyon rim; and you might not believe it, but they call that pile of dirt and rocks the San Francisco peaks nowadays.

Some readers will recall another variation or two, which relays the information that Hance, after declaiming his feat, had been asked by a little girl (it's always a little girl, to convey innocence) where he had put all the dirt; and, supposedly, Hance was for the first time in his life, stumped. Again, these are retellings, reprinted, again and again; and just where they originated is obscured. There are more stories that have been retold, but for which contemporary publications detailing them have not been found; what seem to exist are those that have been relayed over the years, without original sources. What follows here are some of the stories that were printed in Hance's own time, or shortly later. Following them are some later compilations. Surely there are more, but this sampler will serve well.

When writers have repeated Hance's tales in numerous publications, often they are without credit. But those that do credit their sources seem to rely on two reliable workhorses:

Garrison, Lon [Garrison, Lemuel A.]

1949 John Hance; guide, trail builder, miner and windjammer of the Grand Canyon. *Arizona Highways*, 25(6) (June): 4-11.

Lockwood, Frank C.

1942 More Arizona characters. *University of Arizona, General Bulletin*, 13(3) (July). [See “III Captain John Hance and the Grand Canyon” (pp. 41-52).]

²² <http://www.nps.gov/grca/parkmgmt/statistics.htm> (link connects with the *current* National Park Service, Grand Canyon National Park, “Park Statistics” web page, which is frequently changed; the original posting is no longer accessible but had been captured February 17, 2008 via the Wayback Machine online, <https://web.archive.org/web/20080217092320/www.nps.gov/grca/parkmgmt/statistics.htm> (accessed April 1 [really], 2023.)

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

It was Garrison who outlined his objective, which also reflected upon the sheer paucity of reliable information about Hance’s own history (p. 43):

Fearing that the Hance tradition might not long survive in its purity unless someone wrote down the actual facts concerning him, so far as they could be ascertained, and at the same time recorded with meticulous veracity the best of his authentic tall tales, a few years ago I set about accomplishing that task. Fortunately, many of his intimate friends still survived. Several of these I interviewed. Three were, too, among my associates eminent men of science who had met him at the Grand Canyon almost fifty years ago, had talked often with him, and were willing to repeat some of his most picturesque falsifications for for me. . . . so I count it a piece of rare good fortune to have received from them Hance classics just as they dropped from his own lips more than a long generation ago.

So as it turns out, it has been strangers who have contributed an abundance of recollections and recitations about Hance’s short encounters with the traveling public; nothing has ever been from Hance’s pen, only from his mouth (or rather, the mouths of others). He was, after all, an entertainer, not a historian – not even a lecturer. At any given moment he had a captive audience, and some of his comments (as remembered) are not as politically or socially correct as they were held to be in those days. Far be it for me to put different words in Hance’s mouth, or to say he never said such things.) He was a conversationist with an agenda: bewitch and bemuse, at the turn to the twentieth century.

Other than Garrison’s barracks for Hance stories, there has never been a concerted effort to completely cite the documentary evidence for one story or another, or at least a sampling from among their innumerable variants. The roundup that follows herein arranges quotations from Hance’s time first, then from later times when the attributions are less straightforward. Fortunately, to accommodate this second group, the Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection holds a file on Hance (GRCA 75929), which includes copies of some published material as well as manuscript drafts, which are cited as appropriate herein.

And so John Hance’s tradition clomps along. Following these retellings, see herein, perhaps with bemusement, “Hance Buys a Mule.”



“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

John Hance, In His Words, As Retold

(a semi-bibliographical gathering)

I casually asked: “Captain, what was the greatest peril of your life?” Hance reflected a moment and then said, with the utmost composure and *sang froid* [sic]: “I reckon ’bout as near as I ever come to going to glory was when my hoss jumped clean over the rim of the cañon and fell three thousand five hundred feet with me on his back.”

Then there was an awful silence for a minute, and then I said: “And didn’t it kill you?”

“Naw,” drawled Hance, “I reckon I hain’t got sense enough to git killed. It was just up above here, not more’n a quarter of a mile. I’d been hunting and was coming back, when my hoss got scared at a lot of mountain sheep an’ bolted. Right straight he went toward the rim. I see I couldn’t hold him, an’ I sez ‘John Hance, I reckon your time’s come!’ But, all the same, I was a-calculatin’ how I could git off with no bones broken. Wall, I jest give him the spur, and Lord! how he r’ared up right on the edge, and then over he went, an’ down right through the air. Now, mark ye, while he was a-fallin’ I was a’riding, and jest before he struck bottom I jest jumped off and landed right side up, none the worse for wear.”

“How did you feel when you were going through the air?” I asked.

“Oh, ’twas pleasant,” replied Hance, smiling, graciously.

I waited a moment, and then remarked:

“Now, captain, I know just as well as you than I am a tenderfoot, but you cannot expect me to believe any such story as that.”

“I never tell no stories I can’t prove,” replied Hance, promptly. Then, rising, he stepped out his cabin door. “Come right here now,” he called. I obeyed. “Look right down thar in the cañon,” he commanded; “do ye see somethin’ white way down thar, next the trail?” I acknowledged that I did. “Wall,” with a triumphant sweep of his arm, “that thar white pile is the bones of that hoss of mine a-bleaching.’ Now, sir, John Hance may have very little sense, but he don’t never tell no stories he can’t prove.”

—Edith Sessions Tupper, “In the Grand Cañon of the Colorado,”
Frank Leslie’s Popular Monthly, Vol. 41, no. 6 (June 1896), pp. 680-681



“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

Captain Hance is an entertaining raconteur and he spins many interesting yarns for the amusement, if not the edification, of his guests. The serious manner in which he relates his stories makes it sometimes hard to tell whether he is in jest or earnest. His acknowledged skill in mountaineering, and felicity in romancing has won for him more than a local reputation and the distinguished title of Grand Cañon Guide and Prevaricator.

He relates how “once upon a time” he pursued a band of mountain sheep on the rim of the cañon. Just as he was about to secure his quarry the sheep suddenly turned a short corner and disappeared behind some rocks. Before he realized his danger he found himself on the brink of a yawning abyss and under such a momentum that he could not turn aside or stop his horse. Together they went over the cliff in an awful leap. He expected to meet instant death on the rocks below and braced himself for the shock. As the fall was greater than usual, being over a mile deep in a perpendicular line, it required several seconds for the descending bodies to traverse the intervening space, which gave him a few moments to think and plan some way of escape. At the critical moment a happy inspiration seized and saved him. On the instant that his horse struck the rock and was dashed to pieces, the captain sprang nimbly from the saddle to his feet unharmed. To prove the truth of his statement he never misses an opportunity to point out to the tourist the spot where his horse fell, and shows the white bones of his defunct steed bleaching in the sun.

—Joseph A. Munk, *Arizona Sketches*
(The Grafton Press, New York, 1905), pp. 143-144



Jim Hance [*sic*], who is one of the good things that go with the Grand Cañon of Arizona, likes to fill the wondering tourists with tales of the enormous dangers of that great fissure.

He was talking to some people who intended to go down the Bright Angel trail.

“You must understand,” said Jim, “that when you get down to the bottom of the cañon and reach the shore of the Colorado River, it is very warm, desperately warm. You cannot imagine how hot it is. Why, I’ll give you my word, I have been down there when it was so hot it melted the wings off the flies.”

“But,” put an incredulous lady from New England, how do the tourists stand it?”

“Madame,” Jim replied, “I have never yet seen a tourist with wings.”

—“The Wings of the Tourist,” *in* Sense and Nonsense [section],
The Saturday Evening Post, Vol. 180, no. 10 (September 7, 1907), p. 21

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance



Mr. Hance showed us a rifle with which he said he had killed a deer so far off that the meat spoiled before he could get to it.

—C. H. Tyler Townsend, “A wagon-trip to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River”
Appalachia, Vol. 7, no. 1 (February 1893), p. 60



When tourists are thick Jim [*sic*] rides over to the hotels and talks to them. He has marvelous tales to tell. One day, he was standing by the top of the Bright Angel trail, with a few pieces of meat in his hand.

“What are you going to do with that meat, Mr. Hance?” asked a pert tourist lady from Boston.

“Why, I’m goin’ down to feed my pet fish with it.”

“Your pet fish? Have you a pet fish? Oh, tell me about it!”

“Wal,” said Jim, “it was this way: One time, some years ago, I was fishin’ down there in the cañon in the Colorado River. I wasn’t havin’ much luck, but, all of a sudden, I seen a commotion in the water and a tolerable-sized fish riz up and looked at me. I seen the fish was angry and, as there ain’t anythin’ much more desprit than a mad fish, I ducked. I was just in time, for the fish leaped out of the water and straight at me. He’d ‘a’ speared me sure if it hadn’t been fer that duck of mine. As it was, he went clean over me and landed in a pool in the hollow of the rocks behind me, where there was a considerable pond of water. He couldn’t get out, and he’s there yet. Him and me is fast friends now, and I go down twicet a week and feed him.”

“How long ago was that?”

“It was seventeen year ago.”

“The fish must be quite large by this time.”

“Oh,” said Jim, “not so much—not so much. Last time I put the tape on him he was only twenty-seven feet long. He ain’t got his full growth yit.”

—“Another Nature-Fakir,” in *Sense and Nonsense* [section],
The Saturday Evening Post, Vol. 180, no. 10 (September 7, 1907), p. 21



“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

Burton Holmes relates, “We made a motion picture of the Captain telling of his famous experience with a big silver salmon in the river.” (The film seems not to survive.)



The Captain loves to fish ; he also loves to doze, and so one day he tied his line to his left leg and settled down upon the river brink to snooze ; a big fish took the bait, jerked slumbering Hance into the flood, and towed him rapidly down stream. “I didn’t mind the rapids or the rocks,” the Captain tells us ; “but I was afraid that when that darn old fish came to a deep whirlpool, he’d sink down to rest in quiet waters at the bottom, and I knew the line wa’n’t long enough to let me stay on top. And that’s just what he done, pulling me down after him. Of course I didn’t want to lose my line, so, seeing there was no other way, I clim down that line hand-over-hand till I reached Mr. Salmon. I whips out my knife, cuts off the line right by his mouth, and giving him a big kick square in the face, I swum ashore, and I never see that fish again.”

Fig. II-1. Film stills and associated text as they appear in Holmes.

—Burton Holmes, *Burton Holmes travelogues : with illustrations from photographs by the author. Volume Six* (McClure Co., New York, 1908), pp. 171-172



“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

[The following fish story, though published three years after John Hance’s death, is nonetheless suspiciously a rehash of one of his own stories. He might agree. The “newcomer,” not identified, might have been a plant by the Fred Harvey firm after Hance’s death in 1919, to re-engage tourists who once had arrived hoping more to see John Hance than the canyon – or maybe he was there to make them believe they *had* met John Hance.]

At the Grand Cañon in Arizona it has ever been the custom of the Fred Harvey Company to employ an official and professional romancer whose duty it is to hang about and stuff the visiting Eastern tourist with weird wild yarns to match the weird wild surroundings. For years the principal entertainer was an ancient gentleman with long white whiskers whose fictions were almost as majestic and awe-inspiring as the cañon itself. Lately another aspirant has turned up in the person of a venerable retired prospector, and he is giving the incumbent a close race for first honors.

The newcomer has a natural sense of drama. He knows how to invest his creations with effective byplay and bits of local color. First he murmurs, “Excuse, please,” then he squirts a stream of tobacco juice into space, repeats his apology, tugs at the ends of his long drooping mustache, gives the cowboy hitch to his belt and is ready to unfold a dream tale.

Here is a quaint bit of folklore which he unloaded the other day upon a guileless group of visitors from the Atlantic Seaboard. One of the party asked him whether there was any fishing in the turbid, yellow Colorado River, which they could see foaming over its rapids a sheer mile below them at the bottom of the cañon.

“Oh, yes,” he said, “But I ’low I’m about the only man in Arizony who knows how to ketch them fish. Them fish is peculiar, same as everything else in this part of Arizony. One curious thing about them fish is that they always swim backwards.

“Why do they do that?” inquired one of the audience.

“To keep the mud from gittin’ in their eyes. But it’s easy enough to ketch ’em if you know how. Them fish is all plumb crazy over eatin’ tobacco; so when I aim to go fishin’ I take a club and a ten-cent plug of eatin’ tobacco and I go down to the bottom of the cañon and I pick me out a nice shoal place where I can see the fish as they come swimmin’ upstream tail first; then I take my pocket knife and I cut the plug up into little pieces, and I wade out a ways and spread the bait on the water. The fishes grab it and go down to the bottom and start chewin’. Purty soon they get to hankerin’ to spit. Not even

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

a fish can spit under water, so when they come up to the top to spit I haul off with my club and hit 'em over the heads.”

—“Fishing à la Grand Cañon,” *in* Sense and Nonsense [section],
The Saturday Evening Post, Vol. 194, no. 41 (April 8, 1922), p. 48



Jim Hance [*sic*], the Baron Munchausen of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, was sitting on the porch of the El Tovar one day, retailing his marvelous adventures to a party of gaping tourists. Jim has lived on the rim of the canyon for nearly half a century.

“Yessum,” he said to an inquiring lady. “I can shorely say them trails down to the bottom of the canyon is dangerous. Of course, they’ve got them fixed up in these days, so it is comparatively safe, but, when I began to go down, I took my life in my hand every time. It is plumb nervous to be ridin’ along the edge of one of them gorges an’ lookin’ down three thousand feet below to nothin’ but jagged rocks.”

“Oh, Mr. Hance,” broke in a sweet young thing, “did you ever fall over?”

“Once,” Hance replied — “only once. It was this way: I was ridin’ along by a chasm four thousand feet deep. My mule was an old circus mule, and I, careless-like, began to whistle ‘Turkey in the Straw.’ You see, that mule had been trained to dance in the circus to that tune, and she began to dance right there on the edge. The natural result was that we both went over the edge, plumb down four thousand feet to the sharp and cruel rocks.”

“How did you escape?”

“Oh,” replied Hance nonchalantly, “I kept my wits about me. When we was about twenty-five feet from the bottom, after fallin’ 3,975 feet, I picked out a nice, smoot[h] spot and jumped off the mule. I landed on my feet, safe and sound.”

“But the mule?”

“Oh, the mule! Why, I gathered up what was left of the mule and put it in my lunch-basket and gave it a Christian burial.”

—Anonymous, *in* Personal Views on Current Events [section],
The Gateway (Detroit), Vol. 9, No. 4 (November 1907), p. 26



Jim Hance [*sic*] is one of the characters who go with the Grand Cañon of Arizona — part of the general plan, so to speak. Jim has a ranch about fourteen miles from the chief hotel, and he comes over there at times to talk to the tourists.

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John Hance

Jim like to tell stories to the tourists. He thinks he has a copyright on all the tales of the region, and, in fact, considers himself one of the guardians of the cañon.

A woman from Boston was quizzing him one day. “How does it come, Mr. Hance,” she asked, “that you never married.”

“Oh,” said Jim, “I had a wife once, but I lost her.”

“Lost her! How was that?”

“Why,” said Jim, shedding a tear, “I married a girl out here and she was the prettiest thing you ever saw. I took her over to the ranch to live, and we were very happy. She always wanted to go down the cañon on my trail, but I kep her from it until one day when she wouldn’t be put off no longer. So I took her. I mounted her on a dandy mule and we started. On the way down, just at the worst point, with a narrow trail and a sheer drop of three thousand feet on the other side, a bee stung the mule on the flank. The mule rose up and my wife fell off and over into that awful abyss.”

“What happened?” exclaimed the Boston woman.

“Why,” said Jim, “my wife fell into the most inaccessible part of the cañon, and it took me two days to get down there. When I did get there I found her. She had broken one of her legs.”

“Well?” gasped the Boston woman.

“Oh,” said Jim, as he moved away, “of course, I had to shoot her.”

—Anonymous, in “Who’s Who—and Why:
Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great” [section],
The Saturday Evening Post, Vol. 179, no. 52 (June 29, 1907), p. 19

[In other versions, Hance would pause for effect, and then calm down his anxious listener who by then had exclaimed, “You shot your wife!?” “Oh, no,” he jumped in, “I was talking about the mule!” And in yet another rendition, it was his wife who wore the rubber boots and bounced up and down and up and down and had to be shot (*find the rubber-boots tale farther below*).]



Guide Sharkey has a fund of stories with which he seeks to revive the drooping spirits of timid explorers whom he daily conducts down Bright Angel Trail. The following is one of them:

A party of tourists stood gazing over the rim, down into the awful depths below. Among them was a learned divine, who silently contemplated for some moments the

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immense chasm, then, with outstretched arms and upturned gaze, solemnly declared: “Marvelous are the works of the Almighty.”

In the same party was a cowboy, who gazed even more silently and longer into the cañon, then slowly shook his head and said, “This sure is some darn big hole.”

To illustrate the depths of the cañon Sharkey tells the following [stolen from Hance, maybe]:

A horse one day grazed too close to the brink, missed his footing and rolled down the cliffs. The natural query is, “Did the fall kill him?” and the answer comes, “No, he starved to death before he reached bottom.”

—“Heard at the Grand Canon,” in *Some Santa Fe Smiles* [section],
Santa Fe Employes' Magazine, Vol. 5, no. 6 (May 1907), p. 72



John Hance was in town this week and said the recent rains in Utah have caused the Colorado River to rise to within two inches of the rim making the river nearly a mile and a quarter deep. He hopes the overflow will not be enough to do damage to the San Francisco mountains, but it is hard to say what will happen.

—*Coconino Sun* (Flagstaff), May 20, 1897



Hance was a humorist of rare degree. From the brink of the abyss he used touchingly to show the whitened skeleton of a horse a mile below, and tell a marvelous tale. Riding one day along the Rim, he was attacked and surrounded by Navajo Indians, who barred every ordinary way of escape. Spurring on his horse, therefore, he took a hazardous leap into the Canyon. Near the bottom, however, he had the presence of mind to slip to the ground, suffering some bruises, of course, but saving his life, though at the cost of a faithful animal.

On another occasion (so he said) he was down by the river, angling for the Squawfish of the Colorado—*Ptychocheilus lucius*—a huge chub three or four feet long. But as it naturally gets very hot on the canyon floor during the middle of the day, he lay in the shade of a *mesquite*, tied the line to his boot, and promptly fell asleep. Soon there came a mighty tug, and before he could lift a hand an enormous fish had hauled him bodily into the stream! Perceiving at once that it was making for deep water with plain intent to drown him, but wishing to save as much of his line as possible, he went down with it, hand over hand, almost to the hook. Then taking out a knife, he cut loose, gave the fish a

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kick in the jaw, and swam back to shore. At this point in the story he pensively observed: “There is nothing so desperate as an angry fish.”

A third egregious yarn related to his perilous encounter with an infuriated bear from which he escaped by climbing a tree. The harrowing details have slipped from my mind, but I distinctly recall the solemn manner with which he pointed out the identical tree as evidence of good faith.

—David Starr Jordan,

The days of a man : being memories of a naturalist, teacher and minor prophet of democracy. Volume One, 1851-1899 (World Book Co., Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York, 1922), pp. 624-625

[The following quotations are culled from the Hance file in the Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection (GRCA 75929), with credits and notes added here as appropriate. The richest source is an August 1968 typescript, “John Hance’s Canyon Tales,” by J. Donald Hughes, who seems not to have included much of it in his historical work, *In the House of Stone and Light: A Human History of the Grand Canyon* (Grand Canyon Natural History Association, 1978). He noted, “This is a fairly complete collection of those of John Hance’s stories which have been remembered or written down.” A few stories that do not reflect on the Grand Canyon are not included here. Hughes’s note serves, too, as a disclaimer, that the stories vary from those that may have already been mentioned above, and surely they varied from Hance’s originals in the authors’ retellings even though Hance himself never told the same whopper twice the same way. Take note that *Hughes*, too, reformatted some of the renditions that were themselves only reminiscences in his sources. Used courtesy of GRCA Museum Collection, with Hughes’ sources credited, checked, and annotated here. In the Hance tradition of narration, Hughes welcomely alters a story on the fly.]



One evening when John Hance was sitting with some eastern tourists around a campfire near the canyon rim, one of them asked, “Captain, how do you think this great canyon came into being?”

Very modestly, Hance gave his standard reply, “I dug it.”

“How did you do that?” the tourist said, somewhat taken aback.

“Well, continued John, “I was trying to dig out a pesky prairie dog that had kept raiding my garden. I saw him go down his hole, so I started digging after him, but that

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John Hance

little rascal kept tunneling deeper and deeper, and when I finally caught him, I looked up and discovered that I had dug the canyon.”

That was enough explanation for the gentleman, but not for his daughter, a little girl named Alice.

“What did you do with all the dirt?” she asked.

“Oh, I threw that down by Flagstaff, and today they call it the San Francisco Peaks.”

—Hughes typescript, crediting

Edwin Corle, *Listen, Bright Angel* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, 1946), p. 210; and Alice Taylor Vis, letter to editor, *Arizona Highways* (October 1949)

Corle's version varies: “Children loved John Hance, and to them he always explained how the canyon came into being. ‘I dug it,’ he would say simply. This story worked well for years until one little four-year-old girl asked seriously, ‘And where did you put the dirt?’ Hance had no ready answer; he never used the story again. but it bothered him the rest of his life, and when he was dying he whispered to his waiting friends, ‘Where do you suppose I could have put that dirt?’”

Vis's version (found here on p. 36 of the *Arizona Highways* issue) testifies that she had heard the story first-hand during a visit with Hance; it was the prairie-dog-and-Peaks variant.



[One day] the canyon happened to fill up with a heavy fog that stretched completely across the gorge from rim to rim. The tourists who were staying with John Hance were extremely disappointed, because instead of seeing a grand view of the depths, they looked out across a shining white layer of cloud resembling a level field of snow.

Noticing this, John went into his cabin and took his snowshoes off a peg on the wall. The tourists watched him with admiration as he walked back to the rim, strapped on the snowshoes and dangled one foot over the edge.

“What are you doing, Captain Hance?” asked an elderly visitor.

“Well, when the canyon fills up with clouds like this, I like to take the opportunity to walk over to the North Rim. It’s just about right to cross now.”

“What do you mean?”

“Why, I will walk across on top of the fog.”

“I can’t believe that, John Hance.”

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

“You just watch. I’m going out on Bissell’s Point now to get a good head start. Tonight, you look across to the North Rim and you’ll see my light.”

Hance was gone all night. The next morning he came clumping into camp on his snowshoes, clear out of breath. The tourists were waiting for him.

“We didn’t see you light on the North Rim las night, Captain,” said a smart young man.

“That’s funny,” replied Hance, “I didn’t see yours, either. The clouds must have risen up higher in the night and blocked our view.”

“We we came out early this morning, and we didn’t see any clouds at all.”

“Yes indeed, and that reminds me of the last time I tried it before this. I got across to the north all right, but when I tried to come back, I hand’t even gone halfway when the fog began to thin out. I had to jump from one patch of it to another. Finally, I hit a hole in the fog and was marooned on a pinnacle out in the canyon. Well, I had to sit it out there until the fog came in again and I could walk out, and I didn’t have anything with me to eat but a few handfuls of parched rice, and no water at all. The fog that came in was only a light fog, but I was lots lighter by then, too! Even so, I had to be careful not to let my full weight down for fear of breaking through. I sure did fill up with grub when I got back to this side again. You can see the pinnacle where I got marooned, away over there below the Greenland Plateau.

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Corle, pp. 211-212;

Lemuel A. Garrison, “John Hance: Guide, Trail Builder, Miner and Windjammer of the Grand Canyon,
Arizona Highways, Vol. 25, no. 6 (June 1949), p. 9;

Frank C. Lockwood, “More Arizona Characters,” *University of Arizona Bulletin*, Vol. 13, no. 3 (1942),
p. 47

Corle’s version moderates. Hance said, “It’s a lot shorter if I start from Yaki Point.” And as for seeing his fire during the night, “Once in a while somebody would say yes, and Hance would merely nod matter-of-factly.” But when the fog had risen up then started to clear, and he tried to get back, Hance said, “Just like walkin’ on a featherbed only worse. Plumb wore myself out gettin’ back. You want to try it some time. Stay around a while and I’ll lend you my snowshoes next time she fogs good and solid.”

Garrison’s and Lockwood’s versions are briefer.



“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

Hance pointed toward a likely formation in the canyon, and as he did so, a lady tourist noticed that the tip of the Captain’s right index finger was missing.

“How did you lose the tip of your finger, Captain Hance?” she asked.

Hance looked at his right hand for a moment, but was quick with his answer.

“Well, Ma’am, I gradually wore it off in forty years of standing here on the rim of the Grand Canyon, pointing at the scenery.”

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Garrison, p. 4

Garrison’s version has the question posed by “a visiting ‘dude,’” with the thought, “Undoubtedly he had never before considered what capital he could make of this slight deformity.”



“It certainly is beautiful scenery to admire,” [a] lady remarked, “I envy your ability to live here at the Grand Canyon and see it year after year in all its changes.”

“Yes, it certainly does change from one year to the next,” Hance agreed.

“In what way?”

“Why, the colors start to fade and get dingy after a time, so I have to go down and give it another good coat of paint. And another thing, the canyon keeps getting filled up.”

“Well, that’s interesting, Cap, how does that happen?” interrupted one of John’s old prospector friends who had come up for a visit.

“Oh, these silly tourists that I take out to see the canyon throw so many rocks into it that they’re filling it clear up.”

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Lockwood, p. 50 (as related by D. T. MacDougal)

In Lockwood, Daniel Trembly MacDougal told that he had run into Hance in town and casually asked how the canyon was. Hance replied that “those damn tourists that I take out kick so much gravel that they’re filling the thing up.”



“Has anyone ever fallen over the edge?” inquired a nervous visitor.

“Why yes, just last month a tourist person was here and went out to look at the canyon on a rainy morning. Since it was wet, he wore his fancy new rubber boots, but he leaned out a little too far and fell right into the canyon. He was able to keep in an upright

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

position as he fell, so his rubber boots hit the ground first, and he bounced. He came right up past the rim again, as you might expect, but he couldn't grab hold, as he was too far out. So he bounced again. We tried to reach out to him with tree branches and ropes, but he kept bouncing just beyond reach.”

“My goodness, what happened to him?”

“In the end we had to shoot him to keep him from starving to death.”

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Lockwood, pp. 45-46

In Lockwood, the story was related by Godfrey Sykes, but more briefly. And leading into it Sykes recalled that a lady amateur botanist mentioned to Hance,

“You know, Mr. Hance, the tree is a wonderful organism—it really breaths.”

“Why, yes, it does. You know, that explains something that has puzzled me a long time; I used to make camp under a big mesquite tree, and night after night that thing would keep me awake with its snoring.”



“One day I was riding [my old white horse] Darby a few miles south of the Canyon, when he began to snort and sort of paw the ground. I knew he sensed Indians, for that horse can tell an Indian ten and a half miles away. Soon I heard a war whoop and knew they were on our trail. I tried to go east, but there was a war party of them coming from that way, too, and another from the west. I headed Darby north, straight toward the canyon rim, with the Indians in hot pursuit, firing arrows at me and yelling bloody murder.

“Suddenly I saw the canyon right ahead. There was no chance to hide—no chance to get to the trail—no chance to stop. The only thing to do was to jump the Grand Canyon, so as we came up to the rim I yelled ‘Jump, Darby!’ and Darby jumped. He made a magnificent leap, way out, up and over the canyon, but about halfway across to the North Rim, I saw we weren't going to make it.”

“Goodness, Captain Hance, what happened then?” inquired his young listener.

“Well, I yelled, ‘Whoa, Darby!’ and Darby whoaed right there, and then he turned around we came back. By then the Indians were so far down the trail after me that I was clear out of sight before they could get back out.”

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Prescott Morning Courier, November 2, 1895

Garrison, incidentally, tells that Darby could detect Indians at forty miles, that Darby fell only three thousand feet, and that sometimes Hance would be caught.

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance



Yet another time, Darby managed to leap as far as an inaccessible cave under the North Rim, where he and his master starved to death. But Darby’s most acrobatic leap was probably his last. This time his jump took him clear to the bottom of the canyon. Knowing that Darby would obey any command, Hance waited until he was a yard or so above the rocks, and yelled, “Whoa!” Darby stopped right there, and Hance jumped softly to the ground just below. But Darby had fallen 5,000 feet, and was killed.

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Garrison, pp. 5-6



Once, over by the Bright Angel Hotel, one of the mule-skinners named Curley had just finished telling two school-teachers from Indiana that the trip into the canyon was perfectly safe, and that there had not been any serious accidents for along time. The ladies were not satisfied, however, so they turned to John Hance for advice.

“Is it really safe to ride the trails, Captain Hance?”

“Oh, my dear ladies,” said Hance in horrified tones, “you must avoid that by all means. It is just about the most dangerous thing you can ever do! They have lost six people just this week, and if I recollect correctly, sixteen have been killed so far this month.”

“There, you see,” said one of the ladies to the other, “I knew all the time that other guide was lying to us.” Of course, neither of them went on the mule trip.

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Garrison, p. 9

According to Garrison, the recount by “Curly” (spelled there thus) was four killed this week and fourteen in the month; and Curly finished, “There wasn’t a thing I could do about it. But those two sure didn’t take the mule trip!” Hughes added the “Indiana” reference, too.



At one point along the Old Hance Trail, there is a narrow passage between two boulders which [Hance] named “Fat Woman’s Misery.” While being guided past this point by Hance, a man from the East laughed heartily at the name and asked the Captain to explain it.

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

“Well, sir, I was guiding a bunch of tourists on mules along this trail. There was one uncommonly plump woman seated on the last mule, and when she came to this cleft in the rocks, she stuck tight while the mule continued on. We tried to pull her through, but that only wedged her tighter. We tried to push her back, but that was no use either. Finally I had to tell her that there were only two choices – to be left there until she starved enough to get loose, or to be blown loose by dynamite with one chance in a thousand of getting out alive. The choice was an easy one for her. Rather than having to stop eating, she chose to try the dynamite blast.

“We sent a man back up to the cabin for a charge of dynamite, set it under the rocks, and lit the fuse. There was a tremendous explosion. We came back and found that the blast had freed the woman, who was unhurt, without so much as a visible scratch, though she looked a bit shocked. I asked her if she felt all right. ‘Yes, sir,’ she said, ‘I’m perfectly all right, except that the explosion seems to have loosened one of my teeth.’”

—Hughes typescript, crediting

Joseph A. Munk, *Arizona Sketches* (The Grafton Press, New York, 1905)

Munk’s relation (found on p. 144) ends, “‘Madam, how do you feel?’ She looked up shocked but evidently much relieved, and replied ‘Why, sir, I feel first rate but the jolt gave me a little toothache.’”



One morning John Hance was standing by the canyon rim, musing to himself, when a tourist approached to ask a question.

“Is that the Colorado River down there?”

“Sure is,” answered John, pointing to the brownish-red ribbon in the inner gorge.

“It doesn’t look very big,” commented the tourist.

“Not from up here.”

“Does it ever flood?”

“Why, yes, it certainly does flood. You have never seen a river that floods like the Colorado.”

“How high up does it get?”

“Well, during flood stage, I have often ridden my horse up to the place where we’re standing, and watered him right here from the rim.”

“It looks pretty muddy from here,” the tourist commented after a moment’s reflection.

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John Hance

“Oh, it is so thick with mud,” continued Hance, “that it is just a little too thin to plow, and just about too thick to drink. I’ve only tried to drink it once, myself. I had nothing to sip the water with, so I lay down on the bank to take a drink. I was so thirsty that I paid no attention to the taste of the water, except that it was wet. But the mud was so thick that it soon got balled up in my mouth, stuck fast in my throat, and threatened to choke me. I tried to bite it off, but my teeth have been poor since I was young. At last I became desperate; I pulled my hunting knife from my belt, cut myself loose from the river, and saved myself from drowning.”

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Garrison, p. 8; Lockwood, p. 45; and *Prescott Morning Courier* (no date)

Garrison’s version of the Colorado’s flooding is much more concise; *Lockwood’s version* of the muddy Colorado is greatly abbreviated.



Whenever a lady would ask him, “Captain, are there any snakes in the canyon?” he had a ready answer.

“Why, Ma’am, the canyon is full of rattlesnakes! When we go down the trail, we have to watch out, because there is usually at least a pair of them around every bend. Many’s the time I’ve seen packs of them hunting mountain sheep along the precipices.”

“You mean they actually hunt in packs?”

“Oh yes, Ma’am, packs of rattlesnakes. And when the mountain sheep try to get away from them by jumping across a deep chasm, the rattlesnakes follow by forming daisy chains, each snake hanging on to the one ahead. That way, there’s no chasm too deep and no cliff too steep for them!”

“My goodness, Captain Hance, I don’t think I want to go down your trail if it is infested with so many rattlesnakes.”

“You needn’t worry. There aren’t nearly so many as there used to be, thanks to me. You know, a snake will follow music anywhere. So a while back, I took my fiddle down in the canyon to a place where there were about 500 snakes. I started playing a nice round dance, and the snakes formed a big circle, each one following another single file, going round and round. Well, pretty soon the snakes got hungry and each one started to swallow the tail of the snake in front, and they all kept on crawling, crawling and swallowing. Well that ring of snakes kept getting smaller and smaller. Pretty soon it was

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just half size, and they kept on. In less than an hour they were all gone. They had eaten each other all up.”

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Garrison, p. 5 (after E. O. Messimer)

Messimer’s version has 400 snakes at Indian Garden (Havasupai Gardens).



“Is there any good fishing in the river?”

“Excellent,” the Captain said, “there are sure a lot of fish in the river, some of the biggest ones I ever saw. One time, down in Sockdolager Rapids at the foot of my old trail, I saw one swimming upstream just about breakfast time. Around noon, I remembered that fish and went back to look again. The middle of the fish was just going through the rapids. Just at sundown, I looked again and sure enough, there was the tail going by.”

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Garrison, pp. 8-9



“I imagine you do have to live off the country here, Captain Hance, and catch your own food?” asked a lady.

“Yes, Ma’am, and I’ve saved by life that way several times. Once I remember when I was caught down in the canyon by a flood. The rising river waters forced me back into a box canyon where there was no way out, and trapped me for eleven days. The only things I had with me were my knife and a plug of chewing tobacco. I looked around me, found an old mesquite tree, and cut me a good heavy club from the roots. Then I cut chewing-size pieces of tobacco and threw them into the water. After a while, the fish came up to spit, and I clubbed them one after another. So I had enough to eat until the water went down.”

—Hughes typescript, crediting an [Emery] Kolb interview



“In all your years of hunting bears and such animals, you must have had some hairbreadth escapes,” said an admiring eastern lady one evening, as she sat with Captain Hance and some others on the porch of his rude forest cabin.

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

“Ma’am,” Hance snorted, “If there have been any hairbreadth escapes around here, the bears had them, not me! But I do remember a time when one came pretty close to me. I was out looking for some lost burros of mine over near Great Thumb Point, when I came across a hunting party of Havasupai Indians on horseback. They had lots of arrows, and I think they were looking for deer or mountain sheep, but they ran into a great big black bear instead. The first Indian shot an arrow into that bear from behind, and the bear took out after him. Then the second Indian rode up and fired another arrow into the bear, and the bear turned to chase him instead, but then the third Indian shot him, and so on. They kept this up until the bear looked like a giant porcupine with all those arrows stuck in him. He was bellowing and foaming with rage.

“In all this commotion, I forgot how close I was. Suddenly, I saw the bear coming right at me. I did my best to get out of his way, but he kept chasing me. I could feel his breath, and I thought he’d have me by the seat of my pants any minute. Then I looked up ahead and saw a big pine tree with a bare limb sticking out about 30 feet above the ground. I knew my only chance was to jump for it. I didn’t want that bear to get me. So I gathered up all my strength and jumped for that limb as hard as I could. Never jumped so high in my life before.”

“Did you manage to catch hold of the limb?” asked the lady.

“No, Ma’am, I missed it completely – on the way up, that is, but I caught it on the way down!”

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Lockwood, pp. 48-49

Lockwood’s version is more abbreviated, with the picturesque interjection by Hance, “Every minute I thought he’d get me by the Levis.”



“Say, Captain Hance, does it rain enough here to give you a good crop every year?”

“Oh, no,” answered Hance, “it is extremely dry here, and I have to irrigate.”

“Is that so? Where do you get the water?”

“Why, from the river, right down there in the canyon.” Hance pointed at the Colorado River, a vertical mile below in the depths.

“How do you get it up here? Do you pack it up in barrels, or what?”

“Nothing as difficult as that. When it’s time to water my garden, I just get out my trusty binoculars and take a look at the river. They’re very good glasses, and they bring

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

the river up so it looks like it’s only three inches below the rim of the canyon. I can easily rig a siphon to get it over that.”

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Garrison, p. 11 (after Emery Kolb)

In Kolb’s version it was six inches.



Once he was guiding a party of geology students into the canyon. Their teacher was an eminent professor of geology, who was using the canyon rocks to demonstrate the principles of geology to his students. As they reached a particularly good view of Coronado Butte, one of the students asked, “How was that large butte formed?”

The professor gazed up at the huge formation, and was just about to give an answer composed of theories on faults and erosion, but Hance interrupted him.

“I’ll tell you how Coronado Butte was formed. It stands right below the place where I used to have my garden up on the rim. One year there was a lot of summer rain, and with the rich soil here at the canyon, the pumpkins grew bigger than ever before. They grew extra big and extra fast. In fact, the vines grew so fast that they dragged the pumpkins along the ground, and the friction heated them up so much that they would often explode. One day, one of the smaller ones blew up with such great force that one of the pieces was blown right into the canyon by the explosion, and now they call it Coronado Butte.”

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Garrison, p. 11 (after “Dr. [Wallace W.] Atwood”)

In Atwood’s recollection it was squashes, and the story was around the evening campfire on the Tonto Plateau.



“Do you ever get snowed in?”

“Oh, yes,” Hance began, “the snows are very deep here in some winters. Once I went down to my cabin in the canyon just to spend the night, and when I woke up the next morning, I found that a big snowstorm had blocked all the trails. What is worse, when I searched the cabin, I found that all there was left to eat was a half a jar of sorghum molasses and a box of Babbitt’s Best Soap. The snow continued for four days, so I was desperate. I sliced up the soap into the frying pan in small pieces, adding the molasses and a few shavings of the leather from an old boot to give body to the mixture. After I

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

had simmered it for an hour over a slow fire, I ate it. That dish was all I had to eat for an entire week, until the snow melted enough so I could get out. Well, you know, ever since then I have strongly disliked the taste of soap.”

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Lockwood, pp. 44-45

In Lockwood's reminiscence the recipe held that the soap was sliced into flakes and the boot-leg shavings were added to make it “as tasty as possible.” And his stranding took place not after having gone into the canyon, but having attempted to snowshoe his way to Flagstaff on split pine branches, hurting his ankle in the process, and, retreating, “managed some way to work my way back to the cabin.”



One day a stranger came up to his cabin and asked, “How’s the deer hunting up here at the Grand Canyon?”

“Best there is,” answered Hance, “Why, just this morning I shot three of them myself.”

“I reckon that is pretty good hunting,” the stranger remarked. “Do you know who I am?”

“No, sir, I haven’t had the pleasure of meeting you,” Hance admitted.

“Well, I’m the new state game warden, and from what you say, you’ve broken several of the game laws!”

“I guess you don’t know who I am, either,” countered Hance.

“I can’t say that I do,” said the game warden.

“Well, I’m the biggest consarned liar in the State of Arizona!”

—Hughes typescript, crediting
Garrison, p. 7 (after Homer Wood)

Other than a variation in language, Wood had Hance conclude, “I’m the biggest so-and-so liar in Arizona!” It may be more accurately, perhaps even still restrained, relayed as with Shane Murphy’s “damned liar” (*John Hance*, p. 168).

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance



Fig. II-2A. Captain Hance and now-anonymous admirers at the Buckey O'Neill cabin in Grand Canyon village, July 1903.

(From the few leaves surviving from a tourist's album of Grand Canyon and Southwest photographs and ephemera, July 1903. [Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection.] A Miss Gardner could have assembled the original scrapbook, about which see farther below.)

(Left) It is unclear whether the tip of Hance's right index finger is missing, or if it wasn't quite yet enough worn away.

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

Hance Buys a Mule
(a verifiable, even if made-up, tale)

“Captain,” asked a nurse from New York City, “why aren’t you healthier, with all your going down and up the trails all day?”

“Well, Ma’am,” said Hance, “it’s true, I’m not as spry as I used t’ be – why, once upon a time I could run clear to the river down my trail, and back up, whenever I needed a drink o’ water. But I got me some help now.”

“If you can’t run up and down as easily anymore,” she replied with concern, “how do you even work your mines, in your condition? What sort of help do you have?”

“Oh,” Hance responded ruefully, “them mines warn’t such a burden at first. The mules were used to packin’ heavy sacks of ore. Yet there came a time when they couldn’t keep up with me. Every now and a while I’d have to take the mule’s sack and carry it myself. Like them, though, I ’ventually give out, too. Now I rely on my best mule, Octavia.”

“That’s a most unusual name for a mule.”

“It was my luckiest day, I tell you. A few years back, I was moseyin’ ‘bout in Flagstaff buyin’ supplies, and here a-come a mule salesman. Told me he had an eight-legged mule on his hands, but if I wanted a deal I had to act quick.”

“An eight-legged mule?! Why, I never –”

“Yes, Ma’am. Eight legs. Jus’ what I was lookin’ fer! So not wishin’ to miss out I snapped ‘er up on the spot – sight unseen, too.”

“Surely, you were fleeced!”

“Naw! Was just as advertised. Eight legs. An’ good condition. I figger’d if four legs wore out on the trail the other four could take over. Save me a lot of bother.”

“ – oh, I don’t believe that for a moment, sir.”

“I figger’d you wouldn’t, Ma’am, not that I could doubt your insight into things. But I never tell no stories I can’t prove, and I got here a photo of me *and* my eight-legged mule.”

See Hance and Octavia in the cover illustration of the present volume.



“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

Readers who might be interested in first-hand impressions published by tourists to Hance’s accommodations, and who took excursions on his trails, can find them throughout the Raven’s Perch Media release, *“My God, there it is!” The World Encounters the Grand Canyon, 1540-1926* (Earle E. Spamer, compiler, ed., Raven’s Perch Media, 2022). This digitally produced volume (PDF) can be downloaded at <https://ravensperch.org>. Texts that are in languages other than English are translated; and pp. 33-48 therein comprise a table that serves as an index in which one may find which of the hundreds of quoted accounts pertain to visits to Hance’s. These transcriptions omit most of Hance’s tales because they are not the writers’ personal impressions of the canyon. Hance’s tales, though, are the subject of the present volume.

The compilation cited above can also be downloaded from Spamer’s academia.edu account at

https://www.academia.edu/88360450/_My_God_there_it_is_The_World_Encounters_the_Grand_Canyon_1540_1926_Compiled_and_edited_by_Earle_E_Spamer_

(Links were still valid as of May 10, 2023. These and other Raven’s Perch volumes produced as PDFs may also have been acquired by libraries and incorporated into their digital products collections. Raven’s Perch does not require any logins, does not track usage, and all products may be downloaded free of charge.)

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

2. About Miss Gardner’s (?) Scrapbook

A thin remnant of scrapbook that I acquired in 2001 preserves views from a group of travelers in 1903 (including that on p. 86 herein). It is a snippet of Grand Canyon history, which I donated to the Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection in 2015 (accession no. GRCA-05781).

The scrapbooker’s group had arrived at Grand Canyon just a few weeks after President Theodore Roosevelt’s visit to the canyon, when he had delivered the speech that contains his oft-quoted declaration that the Grand Canyon is one place that every American should see, encouraging all to visit the canyon, and admonishing us to “Leave it as it is.”²³ Also included in the scrapbook are a few postcards and clippings from magazines of the day. The scrapbook’s few words sound a faint voice; they speak from a time now measured in centuries. Mostly pictures, these carefully pasted scraps deliver images of original presence.

This is one ordinary person’s record of what it is like to go to and experience the Grand Canyon – John Hance, too – in 1903. The Santa Fe’s rails had just arrived there two years earlier; things were still being planned and built. The places and some characters are familiar, but the scrapbooker is anonymous – a great loss – yet their identity might be teased out of the meager clues left behind. We have a few photographs, and fewer still of this person’s own brief words on two postcards, along with other words borrowed from period magazines. From more than a century ago they allow us to participate in their experiences.

Our scrapbooker’s party traveled by train from the East, stopping en route to see the bare, sun-washed petrified forest along the Santa Fe Railway. Later they refreshed themselves trackside in the cooler mountain clime of northern Arizona, and they rode the new rail line from Williams to Grand Canyon. El Tovar Hotel was still a couple of years in the making, and these tourists probably stayed at the Bright Angel Hotel or the

²³ Roosevelt’s gave his speech on 6 May 1903. A reporter’s on-the-spot transcription was printed in *The Coconino Sun* (Flagstaff, Arizona), 9 May, p. 1. The text differs somewhat from official versions and also from some later editorially altered quotes. See also, for example, two contrasting texts in full in: “I have come here to see the Grand Canyon . . .” (by Theodore Roosevelt, introduction by Earle Spamer), *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), Vol. 8, no. 7 (Summer 1997), pp. 12-15.

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

Cameron Hotel. Modest as these facilities were then, they were the only accommodations that could take in this many people—18, more or less²⁴—about half of whom were women. The party went on foot and on mules down Bright Angel Trail to Havasupai Gardens, and on to the Colorado River. Probably no one walked back up.

This much we gather just from a railroad timetable, a few photographs, postcards (two of them mailed), and some clippings. We see people’s faces, we see some of what they saw, but we do not know who they were, these men and women. Perhaps someday, serendipitously, a family historian may offer some answers (but see farther below for a few possible clues).

One postcard, depicting northern Arizona’s San Francisco Peaks, was originally sent to Dr. Julia McNutt,²⁵ 265 Lexington Ave., New York. Its postmark is partly unprinted, but reads “& Ash Fork,” dated 12 July 1903 – mailed from the Santa Fe train that was on the way to the west coast, before the party left for Grand Canyon. Its brief message:

July 11, 03

On our way to Grand Canyon, Arizona. Moonlight nights and such air and good times. J.G.G.

We gather from the real photographs in the scrapbook that the group went down the Bright Angel Trail. There are other photos, too, but these are the postcards and clippings from magazines; they include views on other trails, Hance and Grandview. The postcard of “Hance’s Trail” had been mailed at Grand Canyon on 18 July 1903, addressed to Mr. Frank L. Gardner of Poughkeepsie, New York.²⁶) Its message :

²⁴ A different number of people appear in each group photo. We do not know whether one of their group was the photographer, or whether someone else tripped the shutter for any of the group views.

²⁵ Julia McNutt and her sister, Sarah, were physicians graduated from the Women’s Medical College in New York; Sarah in 1877, Julia in 1883 (*Medical Directory of the City of New York*, 1900). In 1887, the Drs. McNutt established the Babies’ Hospital in New York, and in 1889 both resigned from that institution to take up positions in the New York Post-Graduate College, where Julia began the Training School for Female Nurses (Sydney A. Halpen, *American Pediatrics; the Social Dynamics of Professionalism, 1880-1980*, University of California Press, Berkeley, 1988, p. 180; “News Items,” *The Medical News* (Philadelphia), December 21, 1889, p. 706; Louisa C. Drouillard, “Women in the Medical Profession,” *The Medical and Surgical Reporter* (New York), Vol. 72 (June 22, 1895), p. 890). The “two sister doctors” even had been noticed as far away as New Zealand (“Women as Successful Physicians,” *Tuapeka Times* (Lawrence), February 18, 1888, p. 6).

²⁶ Probably the Frank L. Gardner of Poughkeepsie who was in the New York insurance business and who later, 1916-1921, was a Republican member of the New York State Assembly.

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

July 14 – All serene. Father and I walked down the trail to the Colorado River – wonderful scenery – and rode back – Both feeling fine! J.G.G.

Presumably, home for J.G.G. was the vicinity of New York City, as both of the mailed postcards were sent to the same area and, reacquired from their addressees, were placed in the scrapbook. But because I received the scrapbook in a fragmentary condition, we have no idea what may be missing from it—more clues, perhaps: the last of the surviving leaves shows that there had been two items pasted down, now gone.

In the photographs there are group pictures and views on the trail, one at the Colorado River. Those that focus on individuals all show just women. Alas, whether J.G.G. is one of them we do not know. That the scrapbooker is probably J.G.G., and is likely a woman, is surmised here on the basis that one of the cards was sent to Dr. McNutt, in the women’s medical practice. The messages to Dr. McNutt and to Mr. Gardner in Poughkeepsie are not too personal, just keeping in touch. Whether the doctor was a professional or personal acquaintance cannot be said, but both cards seem to have been expected since there is no salutation and are signed only with initials.

We do not know J.G.G.’s identity; a relation of Frank L. Gardner maybe. Perhaps J.G.G. was *Miss Gardner*, traveling with her father. In the group photograph with John Hance at the Buckey O’Neill cabin, one older, bearded man seated toward the right has every air of being the master of the trip. If J.G.G. had instead been a *Mrs. Gardner* she makes no reference to a husband in her cards; only “Father” in the one card to Mr. Gardner. Further suggesting, subjectively, that J.G.G. was a woman is the writer’s voice of more tenderly reflective phrases, *viz.*, “All serene” and “Moonlight nights and such air and good times.”

The scrapbook fragment includes a number of items other than the Grand Canyon photographs: two photos apparently taken at Petrified Forest; a series of unmailed Detroit Photographic Co. postcards of the Grand Canyon, from copyrighted issues of 1900, 1901 and 1902; clippings of photos from unidentified magazines; and a Santa Fe Railway timetable. One magazine clipping in the scrapbook recounted a writer’s visit to the canyon and expressions of awe. I identified it as an item by Benjamin Brooks in the October 1903 issue of *Scribner’s Magazine*, thus obviously it was read after the canyon trip by J.G.G. and party.²⁷

²⁷ I am compelled to include a note that testifies to one of the great boons the modern Internet is to bibliographers and other researchers. The selection that was clipped from an unidentified magazine included a peculiar phrase, which I thought could be identified. The author was commenting on his recollections of the Grand Canyon, in his mind’s eye. He said he saw it still, “and mayhap always will in the future.” I typed this phrase into the search screen on GoogleBooks online. A single return

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

In the *Scribner's* clipping, the train's “wooden-legged engineer”²⁸ turned to traveler Brooks:

“Ever been out to the Cañon before?” asked he.

No. I never had. I had seen Switzerland, and the Canadian Rockies, which are better, and the Yosemite, which is better yet, but never the Grand Cañon.

“Well, sir, when you get out there this afternoon, you'll see the — the damnedest sight you ever saw in your life!”

The scrapbooker agreed, cutting the passage from the magazine. One wonders if they thought the comment pertained to their enthusiastic traveling group, too!

And then there is also the photograph of legendary John Hance, the man who dug out the Grand Canyon — a hitherto unknown portrait, a treasure, added here to the ever-growing historical portrait of the Colorado River and its Grand Canyon.

Sample leaves and photographs are illustrated on the following pages

pointed to the article by Benjamin Brooks, “The Southwest From a Locomotive,” in *Scribner's Magazine* for October 1903, page 437; a so-called “serendigital” discovery (or in this case, recovery). I cannot imagine how this could have been identified in the days before digital resources, except through a resounding, personally-acquired command of the literature and its resources and perhaps a very keen eye for typography. Of course, the GoogleBooks resource does not include every item ever published (hardly!!); and this item might not have been digitized in the first place thus never found online. Should one wonder whether the occurrence is coincidental, by comparing the clipping against the typography and lines in the original publication one finds they are exact, positively identifying the source.

²⁸ I had hoped to learn something of a “wooden-legged engineer” on the Santa Fe Railway, but learned instead that a wooden leg was not unique in this line of work. But we cannot know whether his injury was due to a railway mishap, other accident, medical procedure, or war wound.

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance



Fig. II-2B

Photographs en route to the Grand Canyon; locations not indicated.

(See next page for details.)

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

“On our way to Grand Canyon”



Details from Fig. II-2B

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

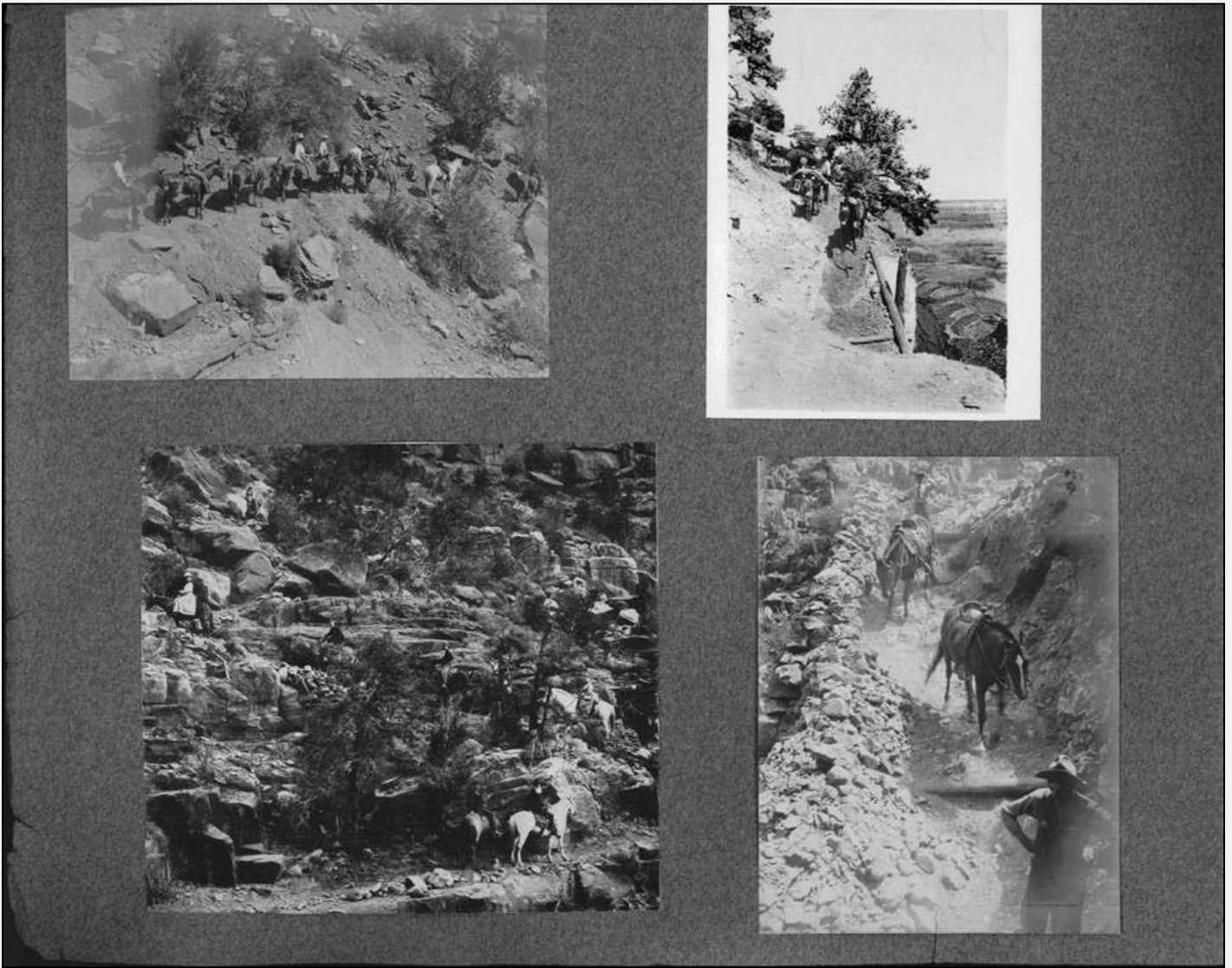


Fig. II-2C

(top left) Group photograph on Bright Angel Trail

(top right) Postcard view of Grandview Trail

(bottom left) Picture cut from an unidentified magazine

(bottom right) Trail photograph

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance



Fig. II-2D. Photographs.

(Above: Detail from top-right photo, at Havasupai Gardens.)

(Bottom right: Photograph at the Colorado River, foot of Bright Angel Trail.)



“It was this way . . .”

John Hance



Fig. II-2E

(left) Picture cut from an unidentified magazine

(top right) Bad photo of the canyon

(lower right) Group photo with John Hance at the Buckey O'Neill cabin. (See p. 88 herein for an enlargement.)

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

3. John Hance: A Truthfully Annotated Bibliography

Anonymous

- 1900 [Photo.] Hance’s Trail, Grand Cañon [*sic*] of the Colorado. *International Passenger and Ticket Agents’ Journal* (Philadelphia), 7(10) (July): 31. [No pertinence to any article in this issue.] [Photo depicts John Hance with burro and dog at the head of his trail.]
- 1901 [Note of John Hance.] *In*: Mining Summary [SECTION]. *Mining and Scientific Press*, 83(22)(2158) (November 30): 235. [“J. Hance of Flagstaff is now Supt. of the asbestos mines in the Grand canyon. He will start work at once and during the winter will employ twenty men. No asbestos will be shipped at present.” (ENTIRE ITEM)]
- 1903 [Grand Canyon asbestos.] *In*: Western Mining News of the Week. *Pacific Coast Miner* (San Francisco), 7(8) (February 21): 145. [“Asbestos is now being mined in the Grand Canyon by the Hance Asbestos Company. About twenty men are employed. The mine is down in the canyon, and the asbestos has to be packed on mules’ backs to the rim. A mile of elevation has to be gained in about five miles of climbing.” (ENTIRE ITEM)]
- 1904 [John F. Shea.] *In*: About Hotel Men [SECTION]. *The Hotel Monthly* (Chicago), 12(132) (March): 34. [“Shea, John F.[,] is appointed auditor for Grand Canon Hotel, Williams[,], Ariz.[,] the Bright Angel Hotel of Grand Canon, and the Hance Ranch Hotel of Hance. His headquarters will be at the Bright Angel Hotel.” (ENTIRE NOTE)]
- 1905 Coconino County. *In*: Mining Summary [SECTION]. *Mining and Scientific Press*, 90(24) (June 17): 396. [Notice of activity of “Hance Asbestos M. Co. of New York City” and access to railroad.]
- 1905 [Hance asbestos mine.] *In*: Mining News from Busy Mining Camps [SECTION]. *The Mining World* (Chicago), 23(18) (November 4): 506. [“A force of men has been put to work on the Hance asbestos mines in the Grand canyon. Twelve thousand dollars is to be spent this year in development. This work is preliminary to obtaining patents on the claims. The asbestos is of excellent quality and the only drawback to the successful working in the past has been the inaccessibility, but since building the railroad to the Grand canyon, this has been in a measure overcome.” (ENTIRE NOTE)]
- 1906 [Grand Canyon asbestos.] *In*: Metallics [SECTION]. *Engineering and Mining Journal*, 82(7) (August 18): 308. [“The most successful development of chrysotile, or sereperntine, asbestos in this country is the one at the bottom of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, operated by the Hance Asbestos Company. Practically all other asbestos mined in this country is of the amphibole variety, which is inferior, for many uses, to chrysotile. The Canadian output, on the other hand, is almost exclusively of the serpentinous variety.” (ENTIRE ITEM)]

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

- 1906 Hance Asbestos Company. *In*: Mining News [SECTION]. *Mining Reporter* (Denver), 54(13) (September 27): 320. [“Coconino County. Hance Asbestos Company.—It is reported that this company will resume operation at its mines in the Grand cañon about October 1st. A force of about twenty men will be employed.” (ENTIRE ITEM)]
- 1907 The only thing to do. *Saturday Evening Post*, 179(52) (June 29): 19. [“Jim Hance” anecdote about wife falling into Grand Canyon.]
- 1907 Another nature-faker. *Life*, 50(1304) (October 24): 498. [Anecdote about “Jim Hance.” John Hance; pet fish story. Item credited to *Saturday Evening Post*.]
- 1907 [Anecdote about “Jim Hance.”] *In*: Personal Views on Current Events [SECTION]. *The Gateway* (Detroit), 9(4) (November): 26. [“Turkey in the Straw” mule anecdote. John Hance.]
- 1907 [Anecdote about “Jim Hance.”] *Shields’ Magazine*, 5(6) (December): 403. [John Hance; tourist wings story. Item credited to *Saturday Evening Post*.]
- 1908 The wings of the tourist. *In*: Facetious [SECTION]. *The Railroad Telegrapher*, 25(1) (January): 52. [“Jim Hance” anecdote, from the *Saturday Evening Post*.]
- 1908 He fell slow. *Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters’ Journal* (Chicago), 13(1) (January): 6. [“Turkey in the Straw” mule anecdote from “Jim Hance.”]
- 1908 No winged tourists. *Santa Fe Employes’ Magazine*, 2(9) (August): 694. [Anecdote about “Jim Hance” no-tourists-with-wings story. Uncredited.]
- 1909 Asbestos. *Mining Science*, 60(1535) (July 1): 12. [Includes Hance Asbestos Co. of Grandview, Ariz.]
- 1911 Heard at the Grand Canon. *In*: Some Santa Fe Smiles [SECTION]. *Santa Fe Employes’ Magazine*, 5(6) (May): 72. [“Guide Sharkey” at Grand Canyon tells his tourists a humorous story of a horse, falling over the edge, that starved to death before reaching the bottom. Likely a John Hance tale.]
- 1912 A chat with Mr. David Horsley; by our roving commissioner. *The Moving Picture News*, 5(5) (February 3): 18-20. [Regarding the visit by the Nestor Co. (founded by Horsley) to Los Angeles. En route to California Horsley stopped at Grand Canyon to take some motion picture films. Item includes photo of John Hance, mounted, with a canyon view, with legend, “Captain John Hance, the first white man to enter the Grand Canyon of Arizona” (p. 19), and photo of Indian seated on canyon rim, with legend, “View in the Grand Canyon of Arizona appearing in a future Nestor release” (p. 20).]
- 1917 The Spectator [COLUMN]. *The Outlook* (New York), 116 (August 15): 581-583. [Column by “Spectator.”] [See p. 581, recommendation from a traveler, “If it comes to a choice

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

between seeing the Grand Canyon and seeing San Diego, my friends, I advise you to pass up the Grand Canyon!"; and see p. 583, comments about John Hance and Grand Canyon.]

- 1922 Fishing à la Grand Cañon. *In*: Sense and Nonsense [SECTION]. *Saturday Evening Post*, 194(41) (April 8): 48. [Tale told by a "professional romancer" who is "[t]he newcomer" hired by the Santa Fe Railway, who is not identified. Apparently he was a decade-late "replacement" for John Hance, though neither is Hance's name mentioned. Tale pertains to Colorado River fish that swim backwards to keep the mud out of their eyes.]
- 1948 Park Service takes Hance ranch. *In*: Here and There on the Desert [SECTION]. *Desert Magazine*, 11(12) (October): 27. ["Grand Canyon—Historic Hance ranch, last privately owned land on the East Rim drive, has been purchased by the national park service from Mrs. Eva Buggelin [*sic*] Moss, long-time Grand Canyon resident. The 160 acre ranch was taken up by Captain John Hance in 1883. Hance operated the first tourist camp and first tourist guide service into the canyon. His log cabin, first to be built on the rim of Grand Canyon, still stands and the park service expects to preserve it.—*Gallup Independent*." (ENTIRE ITEM)]
- 1957 Grand Canyon country . . . the Grand Canyon's paid prevaricator. *Scenic Southwest*, (January): 12, 14. [John Hance. Ellipsis is part of title.]
- 1974 Hance's register. *Grand Canyon Sama*, 1(3) (May 12-26): 4.
- 1975 Some stories of Cap' Hance. *Grand Canyon Sama*, 1(13): 1, 2. [Portions reprinted from Lockwood (1968).]
- 1994 News item. *Grand Canyon Pioneers Society, Newsletter*, 5(5): 3. [From *Coconino Sun*, May 20, 1897; visit from John Hance, who noted that the Colorado River had risen to within two inches of the rim.]
- 1994 [Photo.] John Hance in front of his barn. *O' Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 5(11): 7.
- 1996 Captain John Hance, 1838-1919. *Northerner* (Northern Arizona University), (15), p. 3. (Research gathered by Art Welsh.)

American Museum of Natural History

- 1906 Department of Mineralogy and Conchology. *American Museum of Natural History, Annual Report for 1905*, pp. 73-. [See p. 73, Mineralogy—By Gift, "Hance Asbestos Company (through S. W. Fairchild), New York City. 2 Specimens of Asbestos (Chrysotile), associated with Serpentine, from the Grand Cañon, Colorado [*sic*]." (ENTIRE ITEM)]

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

Arizona News Service

- 2008 John Hance, canyon pioneer. *In*: Arizona Capitol Times (compiler), Barry Gartell (ed.), *Times past : reflections from Arizona History*. Phoenix: Arizona Capitol Times, pp. 184-185. [Originally published in *Arizona Capitol Times*, March 21, 1990.]

Austin, Lon

- 2017 John Hance lizard pie. *West Side Storytellers* (Glendale, Arizona), 33(21) (Special Liar’s Edition!) (October): 3. (“From Lon Austin’s collection of little-known recipes of the Arizona Frontier.”)

Austin, Noah

- 2019 “Captain” John Hance. *In*: Journal [SECTION]. *Arizona Highways*, 95(1) (January): 8.

Azar, John S.

- 2000 Captain Hance. *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 11(2) (April/June): 12.
- 2000 Captain Hance. *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 11(2) (July/September): 6.
- 2000 Captain Hance. *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 11(4) (October/December): 12.
- 2001 Captain Hance. *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 12(2) (April/June): 8.
- 2001 John Azar’s John Hance tale. *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 12(3) (July/September): 11.

Bentz, Donald N.

- 1976 John Hance of Grand Canyon; this burro man was boss of the “biggest ditch in the world.” *Old West*, 13(1) (Fall): cover, 2, 10-12, 45-46.

Brown, Dick

- 1995 Sights, sounds and thoughts of Hance’s old river camp. *O’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 6(8): 10-11.
- 2017 A curious tale: Niles Cameron and Captain Hance. *The Bulletin* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), 21(2) (Spring): 4. [Brief. Regarding a duel (of sorts) between Niles Cameron and John Hance.]

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

Burak, Gale

- 2002 Excerpts from John Hance’s “Canon Hotel” guest book. *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 13(2) (April/June): 9-12.

Cook, James H.

- 1919 Wild horses of the plains. *Natural History*, 19(1) (January): 104-110. [See p. 104: “Recently, while on a visit to the Grand Cañon, I met an old resident who told me that during the past few years he had seen several small flocks of passenger pigeons in the timber of the mesa lands along the Colorado River. He said he had seen and killed many ‘back East’ when he was a boy, and that he knew well the difference between the ‘banded tailed’ or ‘wood pigeon’ of the West, and the passenger pigeon.” (ENTIRE NOTE)] [John Hance?]

Davis, W. L.; Koontz, Margaret A.; AND Prout, Thomas

- 1911 Topeka. *In: Among Ourselves* [SECTION]. *Santa Fe Employes’ Magazine*, 5(9) (August): 108, 110. [See pp. 108, 100: “Dr. R. S. McGee, eye and ear specialist for the company, in his wanderings to and fro upon the face of the earth fell on the self same day into the lure of the Grand Cañon and Colonel [*sic*] Hance [Captain John Hance], whose reputation for yarn spinning is proverbial. Dazed by the big picture show, the Doctor fell an easy victim and took some tall lessons in improvising, so that by the time he reached the ‘Big Sea Water’ he was assuring your correspondent that the schools of mackerel, which hastened to meet him, were wearing bifocal lenses and were winking at him, as they quarreled for places of honor on his lines.” (ENTIRE ITEM)]

Dedera, Don

- 1997 John Hance’s deepest tall tales are masterful visual adventures in the Grand Canyon. (Illustration by Tim Racer.) *Arizona Highways*, 73(11) (November): 49.

Diller, J. S. [Diller, Joseph Silas]

- 1918 Reclamation and asbestos in Arizona. *Reclamation Record*, 9(12) (December): 571-572. [Focuses on the Salt River area, but map also depicts “Hance Asbestos Mining Co.” and “W. W. Bass Prospects” in Grand Canyon.]
- 1921 Asbestos. *In: Mineral resources of the United States, 1918. Part II—Nonmetals.* Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, pp. 545-556. [Grand Canyon, pp. 545-546; Hance and Bass asbestos claims.]

Edwards, Charles H.

- 1940 [Letter.] *In: Letters* [SECTION]. *Desert Magazine*, 3(10) (August): 45. [Regarding John Hance, in response to the article by Frank C. Lockwood (1940).] [“It was my privilege

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to visit Grand Canyon during November, 1909. I contacted Capt. Hance, whom Dr. Lockwood wrote about in the July number, a few minutes before entraining for Williams. [¶] He was talking with several men and laid a five-dollar bill on the table and said: ‘Will anybody cover that to say that more than 20 people will arrive on this afternoon’s train?’ [¶] There was no response. Then he said: ‘Well, I am game. Will anybody cover it that less than 20 people will come?’ [¶] There were no takers either way. The picture on page 16 looks exactly as I remember him.” (ENTIRE ITEM)]

Engineering and Mining Journal, Editorial Staff

- 1905 *The mineral industry during 1904. Volume XIII.* New York and London: The Engineering and Mining Journal, 589 pp. (“The work on this volume has been more particularly under the supervision of Edward K. Judd.” [title-page]) [See under “Asbestos,” notice of “Hance Asbestos Co. at Grand View, Ariz.” (pp. 19-20).]

Fay, W. W.

- 1918 A record trout. *The American Angler* (New York), 2(12) (April): 658-659. [Includes a John Hance tale.]

Garland, Hamlin

- 1902 John Hance: A study. *In: The Grand Canyon of Arizona : being a book of words from many pens, about the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona.* [Chicago]: Santa Fe, Passenger Department, pp. 106-109.
- 1906 John Hance: A study. *In: The Grand Canyon of Arizona : being a book of words from many pens, about the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona.* [Chicago]: Santa Fe, Passenger Department, pp. 106-109.
- 1909 John Hance: A study. *In: The Grand Canyon of Arizona : being a book of words from many pens, about the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona.* [Chicago]: Santa Fe, Passenger Department, pp. 106-109.

Garrison, Lon [Garrison, Lemuel A.]

- 1949 John Hance; guide, trail builder, miner and windjammer of the Grand Canyon. *Arizona Highways*, 25(6) (June): 4-11. [See also letter from Alice Taylor Vis in October issue (1949).]

Gillmor, Frances

- 1945 Old-timer yarns and sayings. *University of Arizona, Bulletin*, 16(1) (January): 5-9. (*University of Arizona, General Bulletin* 9.) [Includes John Hance.]

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John Hance

Gratacap, L. P.

- 1908 Department of Mineralogy. *American Museum Journal*, 8(2) (February): 25-26. [“. . . a characteristic chrysotile from the Grand Canyon of the Colorado was received from the Hance Asbestos Mining Co.” (ENTIRE NOTE) (p. 26).]

Hahn, Mannel

- 1940 Liars—unlimited. *The Rotarian*, 57(6) (December): 22-24. [See p. 24, brief notice of a story that is unattributed but surely from John Hance.]

Hance, John *see also* Woods, G. K.

- 1993 The story of the silver salmon. *Grand Canyon Pioneers Society, Newsletter*, 4(3) (May): 8. [Introduced by an anonymous paragraph under the title, “John Hance,” which explains that this is quoted from “Burton Holms’ (*sic*, Holmes) Travelogues Vol. 6 page 172, published in 1898.”] [The year is erroneous, perhaps a copyright year.; he did not begin to publish volumes with his Grand Canyon lecture until 1901. The quoted passage is truncated, omitting the end of the sentence (as compared to Holmes’ published volumes; see Holmes herein).]
- 1995 The brightest angel. *In*: The Rapture of the Wild [FEATURE]. *Backpacker*, 23(6) (August) (143): 99. [“Hermit John Hance, 1907, on how the Bright Angel Trail, located in Arizona’s Grand Canyon, got its name.” Source uncredited.]

Harvey, Jim

- 2013 Arizona—web of time. *In*: The Arizona Trail [COLUMN]. *Territorial News* (Apache Junction, Arizona), 20(5) (March 6): 2. [Includes brief note of John Hance “offering sightseers mule rides to the bottom of the Grand Canyon north of Williams,” in 1887.]

Heathcote, Waldemar

- 1915 [Captain John Hance.] *In*: Interesting Westerners [SECTION]. *Sunset*, 35(4) (October): 760.

Hefley, Jack

- 2000 The biggest liar. *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 11(2) (April/June): 6. [John Hance. See also letter from Morton Thomas in July/September issue.]

Hill, Marion

- 1898 A lesson in reporting. *The Editor* (Highland Falls, New York), 8(5) (November): 392-395. [An exercise in the recording of facts, based on an encounter with John Hance. No “Hance stories,” though.]

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John Hance

Hogaboom, Winfield C.

- 2012 The Bright Angel—John Hance tells Winfield Hogaboom how that place in the Grand Canyon got its name. *Boatman’s Quarterly Review*, 25(1) (Spring): 13. (“W. C. Hogaboom, in the *Los Angeles Herald* via *The Coconino Sun*, December 27, 1902.”)

Holder, Charles Frederick, AND Jordan, David Starr

- 1909 *Fish stories alleged and experienced : with a little history natural and unnatural*. New York: Henry Holt and Co., 336 pp. (American Nature Series. Group V. Diversions from Nature.) [See pp. 14-15, John Hance; 195, “Colorado salmon” and squawfish.]

Holmes, Burton

- 1908 *Burton Holmes travelogues : with illustrations from photographs by the author. Volume Six*. New York: McClure Co., 336 pp. [See “The Grand Cañon of Arizona,” pp. 113-224.] [Volume includes: “The Yellowstone National Park,” “The Grand Cañon of Arizona,” and “Moki Land.”] [Grand Canyon lecture includes the “fish story” and stills from a motion picture film of Hance (supposedly) telling the story while standing at the side of the Colorado River.]
- 1993 John Hance. *Grand Canyon Pioneers Society, Newsletter*, 4(3): 8. [Excerpt about the “silver salmon,” indicated to be from Holmes (1898, p. 172) but apparently from Holmes (1908).]
- 1998 A visit with Cap’n Hance. *Boatman’s Quarterly Review*, 11(4) (Fall): 32. [Without credit but without citation, excerpt and illustrations from Holmes’ Travelogue. Illustrations also appear throughout the issue, on pp. 4, 5, 7, 11, 12, 17, 29.] [John Hance.]

Ingalls, Frank S.

- 1904 Report of the Surveyor-General of Arizona. *From*: Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office. *In*: Annual reports of the Department of the Interior for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1904; Report of the Secretary of the Interior; Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office. *U.S. 58th Congress, 3rd Session, House of Representatives, Document 5*, pp. 661-668. [Includes boundaries related to the claims of P. D. Berry and John Hance (p. 662).]

Ingalls, Walter Renton

- 1906 (ED.) *The mineral industry : its statistics, technology and trade during 1905. Volume XIV, supplementing volumes I to XIII*. New York and London: Engineering and Mining Journal, Inc. [See “Asbestos,” pp. 32-37; specifically pp. 32-33, notice of “Hance asbestos mines” in Grand Canyon. Some parts of volume are separately authored, but this one is not credited.]

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John Hance

- 1907 (ED.) *The mineral industry : its statistics, technology and trade during 1906. Volume XV, supplementing volumes I to XIV.* New York and London: Hill Publishing Co., 954 pp. [See “Asbestos,” p. 54 and following; specifically pp. 55, 57, notice of “Hance Asbestos Company.”]

Jaffe, Matthew, AND McCauley, Adam

- 2022 The tale of a donkey. It’s hard to stand out in a place that bigger than Rhode Island. nevertheless, there have been a handful of colorful characters in the history of the Grand Canyon, including John Hance, Mary Jane Colter and a burro named Brighty, whose life is immortalized in a children’s book, a feature film, and the pages of *National Geographic, Sunset* and *Arizona Highways*. *Arizona Highways*, 98(1) (January): 36-41.

James, George Wharton

- 1895 Hance, and the Grand Canyon. *Southwestern Empire*, 1 (May): 35-37.

King, June O’Neill

- 1986 John Hance/legend maker. *Northern Arizona’s Mountain Living Magazine*, 4(5): 16-17.

Lago, Don [Lago, Donald Russell]

- 2010 The yellow brick road. *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), 21(2) (Spring): 6-12. [Historical notes regarding yellow fired brick from John Hance homestead site at Grand Canyon.]
- 2010 Tall cliffs and tall tales: The origins of John Hance. *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), 21(3) (Summer): 1, 2, 5-12.

Lockwood, Frank C.

- 1940 Captain John Hance; he built trails and spun yarns at Grand Canyon. *Desert Magazine*, 3(9) (July): 15-18. [See also letter from Charles H. Edwards in August issue.]
- 1942 More Arizona characters. Captain John Hance and the Grand Canyon. *University of Arizona, General Bulletin* 6, pp. 41-52.

Monroe, Harriet

- 2017 The Arizona pioneer. *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), 28(1) (Winter): 7. [John Hance.] [Item submitted by Shane Murphy, with credit: “*The Topeka State Journal*, July 2, 1903. Citation reads: ‘Harriet Monroe in New York Journal.’”]

“It was this way . . .”

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- 2018 The Arizona pioneer. *The Ol' Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), 29(3) (Summer): 5. [John Hance.] [Item submitted by Shane Murphy, with credit: “*The Topeka State Journal*, July 2, 1903. Citation reads: ‘Harriet Monroe in New York Journal.’”]

Munk, Joseph Amasa

- 1905 *Arizona sketches*. New York: The Grafton Press, 230 pp. [See “Canyon Echoes,” pp. 130-150, which includes remarks on John Hance, where (p. 143) he is called the “Grand Cañon Guide and Prevaricator.”]

Murphy, Shane

- 2013 Captain John Hance, first Grand Canyon tour guide. *Fort Delaware Notes* (Fort Delaware Society, Delaware City, Delaware), (February): 31-35.
- 2015 “I’ve got to tell stories”; separating fact from fiction in the life and legend of Grand Canyon pioneer John Hance. *Journal of Arizona History*, 56(4) (Winter): 425-458.
- 2016 A few words from Cap’n Hance. *The Ol' Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), 27(3) (Summer): 1, 4-7.
- 2016 A few words from Cap’n Hance. *Boatman’s Quarterly Review*, 29(2) (Summer): 27-30. [See notice in 29(3) (Fall): 29: “Ahem. An article appearing in the last BQR by Shane Murphy (A Few Words from Cap’n Hance) was originally submitted for sole publication in *The Ol' Pioneer*, the quarterly journal of the Grand Canyon Historical Society. The editors of the BQR regret this mistake. All future citations of this article should note its original published location as appearing in *The Ol' Pioneer*, vol. 27, #3; Grand Canyon Historical Society. Thank you.”]
- 2016 Old Hance Trail. *The Ol' Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), 27(4) (Fall): 11-14.
- 2016 Concerning Havasupai Point. *Boatman’s Quarterly Review*, 29(4) (Winter 2016-2017): 18-21. [William Henry “Bill” Ashurst, Godfrey Sykes, John Hance, William Wallace Bass, and others. Grand Canyon mining routes. Includes Morse’s Ferry, Cañon City Toll Road.]
- 2017 John Hance’s asbestos mine. *Boatman’s Quarterly Review*, 30(2) (Summer): 23-26.
- 2017 The death of John Hance. *The Ol' Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), 28(4) (Fall): 3-7.
- 2018 John Hance and the dovetailed joints [*sic*, joins]. *The Ol' Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), 29(3) (Summer): cover, 2, 3. [NOTE: This item as published underwent editorial changes not seen by the author (*fide* Shane Murphy, August 15, 2018).] [See also “Correction,” 29(4) (Fall): 16: “The editor mis-identified the image

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John Hance

above, on the cover of the Summer 2018 *Ol' Pioneer*, as Hull Cabin, when in fact, the real Hull Cabin is to the left. You will notice the saddle notched joins referenced in the article about John Hance in the real Hull Cabin.”]

- 2018 Julius Farlee, John Hance, W. W. Bass, and the birth of Grand Canyon tourism, 1883-1893. *In*: Quartaroli, Richard D. (compiler, ed.), *Celebrating 100 years of the National Park Service, November 2016 : a gathering of Grand Canyon historians : ideas, arguments, and first-person accounts*. Grand Canyon, Arizona: Grand Canyon Association, pp. 27-31.
- 2020 John Hance’s Glendale Springs. *Boatman’s Quarterly Review*, 33(1) (Spring): 30.
- 2020 *John Hance : the life, lies, and legend of Grand Canyon’s greatest storyteller*. Salt Lake City, Utah: University of Utah Press, 230 pp.
- 2020 Hance Trail tells Hance tales. *In*: Quartaroli, Richard D. (compiler, ed.), *Celebrating 100 years of Grand Canyon National Park, February 2019 : a gathering of Grand Canyon historians : ideas, arguments, and first-person accounts*. Grand Canyon, Arizona: Grand Canyon Association [and Grand Canyon Historical Society], pp. 41-45.
- 2021 John Hance’s visitors’ book(s). *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Historical Society), 32(1) (Winter): 13-14.

Nering, Doug

- 2013 Exploring the John Hance Inner-Canyon Toll Road. *In*: Quartaroli, Richard D. (compiler, ed.), *A rendezvous of Grand Canyon historians : ideas, arguments, and first-person accounts : proceedings of the Third Grand Canyon History Symposium, January 2012*. Flagstaff, Arizona: Grand Canyon Historical Society, pp. 59-64.

Nichols, J. Marvin

- 1906 Inaccessible wealth. *The Christian Register* (Boston), 85(34) (August 23): 933. [Inspirational message beginning with remarks on “Old Capt. Hance” at Grand Canyon.]

O’Connell, James

- 1902 Across the Rockies. *International Association of Machinists, Monthly Journal*, 14(10) (October): 654-659. [Part of a serialized article. See pp. 656-657, the retelling of a story heard at Grand Canyon; surely a John Hance story.]

Perkins, Lucy Fitch

- 1903 Municipal art. *The Chautauquan*, 36(5) (February): 516-527. [See p. 527: “A western guide is accustomed to respond to the enthusiasm of tourists by saying, with a

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John Hance

comprehensive sweep of his hand toward the Grand Cañon, ‘I dug it myself!’”
(Reference to John Hance, without identification or further remark.)]

Pratt, Joseph Hyde

- 1904 Asbestos. *In*: Day, David T., *Mineral resources of the United States : calendar year 1903*. Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, pp. 1111-1116. [Grand Canyon, see pp. 1112-1113; Hance Asbestos Co.]
- 1905 Arizona asbestos deposits. *The Mining World* (Chicago), 23(1) (July 8): 17. [Hance Asbestos Mining Co.]

Richardson, Gladwell

- 2001 John Azar’s John Hance story. *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 12(4) (October/December): 12.

Ries, Heinrich

- 1910 *Economic geology : with especial reference to the United States*. New York: Macmillan Co., new and revised ed., 589 pp. [See p. 214, brief note of “remarkable occurrence” of asbestos in Grand Canyon, which from its description is the Hance asbestos claim.]

Santa Fe Railway

- NO DATE *Captain John Hance : a romantic character of the early days of the Grand Canyon of Arizona*. [No place]: Santa Fe Railway, by arrangement with the University of Arizona, 8 pp. [July 1933 date mentioned in the text, p. 5.]
- 1913 Have you ever met John Hance? *The World’s Work* (New York), 26 (May). (The World’s Work Advertiser.) [Volume of advertisements; likely other issues as well.]

Scott, W. A.

- 1921 Asbestos industry on Pacific coast. *Engineering World*, 18(3) (March): 173-175. [See p. 174: “The earliest discoveries of asbestos in Arizona were in the Grand canyon of the Colorado river. It occurs there in a serpentine gangue within limestone. The deposits outcrop on both sides of the canyon, near Grand View, at a level of about 4000 ft. below the rim of the canyon, and 1000 ft. above the bed of the stream. However, the cost of operating in that locality has been excessive, and production is limited.” (ENTIRE NOTE)]
[NOTE: The geographical description of the locale seems to confuse the Hance asbestos works on the north and the Grandview copper mine on the south.]

“It was this way . . .”

John Hance

Stevens, H. B.

- 1918 Camp cookery. *American Cookery*, 23(2) (August/September): 95-97. [Grand Canyon, pp. 95, 97. See p. 97, description of “a wonderful Mulligan stew, prepared down Grand Canyon by a famous guide of Northern Arizona.” (Probably John Hance.)]

Stevens, Nina Spalding

- 1911 A pilgrimage to the artist’s paradise. *Fine Arts Journal*, 24(2) (February): 105-113. [The contents page for the February issue misprints the volume number as 25.] [This was the trip on which five prominent artists were the guests of the Santa Fe Railway. Includes several photographs of some of them at the Grand Canyon.] [Thomas Moran, Elliott Daingerfield, Frederick Ballard Williams, DeWitt Parshall and Edward Potthast.] [Some of the party went down into the canyon on Bright Angel Trail and met John Hance; and again they met him at his cabin. There is one photo with Hance, and another of the group at Hance’s cabin.]

- NO DATE *Souvenir of a journey to the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the artist’s paradise : a story of a pilgrimage from New York City made by five artists and their friends, November, Nineteen Hundred and Ten. Written by Mrs. Nina Spalding Stevens.* Chicago: Print of the Fine Arts Journal Press, paginated 105-117. [Apparently an offprint of Stevens (1911), with addition(?).]

Thayer, George A.

- 1922 [Brief from Association of Asbestos Mines of Arizona, Globe, Arizona.] *From*: Statement of Hon. Henry F. Ashurst, United States Senator from Arizona. *In*: *Hearings before the Committee on Finance, United States Senate, on the proposed Tariff Act of 1921 (H. R. 7456) : Schedule 13, Papers and books : revised and indexed.* Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, pp. 4377-4380 [Ashurst statement, pp. 4377-4381.] [Includes notice of Bass Asbestos Co. and Hance Asbestos Co., *in passing*, p. 4379.]

Thomas, Morton

- 2000 [Comment on Jack Hefley story on John Hance.] *The Ol’ Pioneer* (Grand Canyon Pioneers Society), 11(2) (July/September): 6. [Letter.]

Townsend, C. H. Tyler [Townsend, Charles Haskins Tyler]

- 1893 A wagon-trip to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. *Appalachia*, 7(1) (February): 48-63. [A stay at Hance’s and a trip down his trail.]
- 1998 Looking back/1898 [*sic*]. *The Waiting List* (Grand Canyon Private Boaters Association), 2(1) (February): 2. [Selections from Townsend (1893), including a John Hance tale.] [This item was originally submitted as an e-mail message from Earle Spamer to Tom

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John Hance

Martin (name misspelled Spammer in acknowledgment). The publication date of 1893 is noted correctly in the introductory paragraph.]

Trimble, Marshall

- 2007 Trimble’s tall tales. *In*: Off-Ramp [SECTION]. *Arizona Highways*, 83(6) (June): 7. [John Hance tale.]
- 2016 John Hance, Grand Canyon’s windjammer. *True West Magazine*, (August 19):.
- 2017 John Hance. *West Side Storytellers* (Glendale, Arizona), 33(21) (Special Liar’s Edition!) (October): 7. [With editor’s introduction.] [Credited to *True West Magazine*; apparently actually to Trimble’s blog posting, “John Hance, Grand Canyon’s Windjammer,” <https://truwestmagazine.com/john-hance-grand-canyons-windjammer-2/>, August 16, 2017 (accessed November 22, 2017). Trimble also had an earlier posting, “John Hance,” July 8, 2015, <https://truwestmagazine.com/john-hance/>, July 8, 2015 (accessed November 22, 2017).] [Links not valid on May 10, 2023.]

Underhill, Lonnie E.

- 2015 (ED.) Hamlin Garland’s “A Night in the Grand Canyon.” *Journal of Arizona History*, 56(3) (Autumn): 353-376. [Garland’s unpublished manuscript, “A Night in the Grand Canon. Hance’s Tent. Grand Canon, August 25, 1896,” transcribed, pp. 359-363, 365-372.]
- 2015 *Hamlin Garland, John Hance and the Grand Canyon*. Gilbert, Arizona: Roan Horse Press, 87 pp.

Viele, Cathy [Viele, Catherine W.]

- 1981 Pioneer. John Hance: Yarn spinner. *In*: Stories from the land. *Plateau*, 53(2): 28-32.

Vis, Alice Taylor

- 1949 Hance legend: continued. *In*: Yours Sincerely [SECTION]. *Arizona Highways*, 25(10) (October):36. [Letter, regarding John Hance and his brother Jim, in response to the article by Lon Garrison in the June issue (1949).]
- 2000 John Hance and his brother Jim. *In*: On the Road [SECTION]. *Arizona Highways*, 76(9) (September): 5. [Letter, reprinted from October 1949 issue.]

Willey, Day Allen

- 1910 Hance of the Grand Cañon. *Outing Magazine*, 56(1) (April): 30-31.

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John Hance

Winter, Larry

- 1997 John Hance. *In*: Farrell, Robert J. (ed.), *Arizona Highways : they left their mark*. Phoenix: Arizona Highways, Book Division, pp. 68-73.

Woods, G. K. [Woods, George K.]

- 1899 (COMPILER) *Personal impressions of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River near Flagstaff, Arizona, as seen through nearly two thousand eyes, and written in the private visitors' book of the world-famous guide Capt. John Hance, guide, story-teller, and path-finder*. San Francisco: Whitaker and Ray Co., for G. K. Woods, Flagstaff, Arizona Territory, 164 pp. [Cover title: *Personal impressions of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado*.] [Photographic illustration pages are not numbered but continue the pagination of the book uninterrupted. There is evidence for there being two states: edges gilt and edges not gilt. The cover ornamentation stamping may be gilt or black. No evidence is thus far had as to which state may have been first.] [NOTE: There are frequent instances where the names, transcribed from handwriting, have misspellings; perhaps most notably, John Wesley Powell's signature is misspelled "Powers."] [The original visitors' book is in the Arizona Historical Society, Tucson (MS 0054 (Rare); see repository's description online at https://www.arizonahistoricalsociety.org/wp-content/uploads/library_Hance-John.pdf) (last accessed May 10, 2023).

Captain John Hance, a genius, a philosopher, and a poet, the possessor of a fund of information vastly important, if true. He laughs with the giddy, yarns to the gullible, talks sense to the sedate, and is a most excellent judge of scenery, human nature, and pie. To see the cañon only, and not to see Captain John Hance, is to miss half the show.

August 26, 1898. Chester P. Dorland, Los Angeles, Cal.

[from Woods]



John Wesley Powell
(ca. 1869)

Wondering who was first on the
Colorado River through the
Grand Canyon

