

CHARLES ALFRED BRANT

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

1904-1921



BIOGRAPHICAL TRACES OF A
LEGENDARY INNKEEPER

◀ COVER ILLUSTRATION

“Grand Canyon National Park: Twilight — El Tovar Hotel Entrance” (*detail*)

by Michael Quinn, National Park Service, Grand Canyon National Park, August 11, 2011, 8:10 p.m.

[The specter of Charlie Brant, added here, appears on the porch. See also title-page.]

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FRONTISPIECE ▶

El Tovar, ca. 1905 (*source unknown*)

TITLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS ▶

“The High Priest” from “Charlie Brant Has Gone,” *Santa Fe Magazine*, Vol. 16, no. 2 (January 1922), p. 23. Santa Fe Railway/Fred Harvey (*original source not credited*)

El Tovar entrance signboard (*author’s photo, August 2025*)

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR





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BIOGRAPHICAL TRACES OF A
LEGENDARY INNKEEPER

Earle E. Spamer





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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL RESOURCES ON THE GRAND CANYON
AND LOWER COLORADO RIVER REGIONS

CHARLES ALFRED BRANT, THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

by Earle E. Spamer

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INTRODUCTION

Not many men have had so many friends. Deprecatingly he always called himself an innkeeper. In fact he was a poet and a nobleman.

— Emerson Hough, 1922

CHARLES ALFRED BRANT—Charlie Brant—born in Russia on August 5 or 6, 1859, is almost a specter despite having been globally recognized during his time as the manager of El Tovar. He took over on Tuesday, September 20, 1904, to oversee the hotel’s finishing touches of construction and furnishing, and opened the place to guests on Saturday, January 14, 1905. He hadn’t expected to remain for very long, but 17 years later he died there on Tuesday, December 13, 1921, aged 62. Though he affectionately, respectfully came to be called the “Baron of El Tovar,” the earliest source of the honorific title is obscure; it seems to have been given commonly rather than bestowed by one person in print.

Much of Brant’s life is known only from bits and pieces strewn through many publications. Adding to them, some research has been possible through modern internet resources, including public records. Brant had no family of his own in America, thus we have no such stories. Instead, we rely principally upon the Santa Fe Railway–Fred Harvey family to comprehend what sort of a man he was. Some remembrances are made by those who more intimately knew him, yet largely only through professional interactions. In sum, Brant unequivocally enjoyed his work—and, crucially, *where* he worked. But what made him the man he was, we may never really know.

No matter the social standing or means of whoever came to El Tovar, they were equals; and all the better if they happened to agree with Brant’s devotion to the majesty of the Grand Canyon, by his own admission his “religion.” He also was a lover of all creatures though even he may have been astonished when in 1914 a burro, “Jerry,” registered at the hotel with his traveling companion Miss Margaret Geist of Germany. Not only were they not turned away (Jerry surely was lodged in more burro-accommodating quarters) but Mrs. Brant and others teamed up to repair Miss Geist’s broken-down cart and, after a photo opportunity in front of the hotel, sent them along on the rest of their journey more well provisioned.¹

Here are presented biographical perspectives of Charlie Brant, consolidated for the first time. They may help those who are interested to know more about Brant and will be

¹ “Foraging Their Way,” *The Santa Fe Magazine*, Vol. 9, no. 1 (December 1914), p. 40; with illustration of Miss Geist and Jerry in front of El Tovar (see [p. 56 herein](#)). The trip from New York to San Francisco was a stunt promoted by a syndicate of German newspapers with the condition that, when they stayed at hotels, Jerry would register with his lady companion. Miss Geist would win a substantial cash reward if her venture was successful.

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useful to readers who may not be able to access these dispersed documents and resources. And thus in the spirit of contemporary reading, in the words of those who knew him, and to be able to read the very pages on which he was remembered by the Santa Fe community and others, most items are reproduced in facsimile. Despite some reduction in display quality, transcriptions seemed to be less inspiring. Likewise it is pointless to paraphrase or edit these many reflections when they were so enthusiastically and compassionately written by those who knew the man. So here they are, to be read again and evaluated in their original contexts. When perchance we might someday have a more robust understanding of the man, his family's life in Russia, and more details on his decisions to move about the globe as he did, we could gain a better perspective of how these early affairs formed his passionate last years at El Tovar.

We do fortunately have a few anecdotes about Brant's years before El Tovar, as told by him, though these are as recalled by others. Of his life before America, we have but one brief recollection, one which could only have come from Brant himself but is second-hand in the unsigned memorial in *The Santa Fe Magazine*:

Born in 1849 [*sic*], the son of an officer in a Russian cavalry regiment and of a Swedish mother, at the age of sixteen he entered a military school with the intention of following his father and becoming a Cossack officer. He rebelled, however, at the tyranny and oppression of the czar's government and escaped from Russia on a Danish vessel bound for New York.

The biographical snippets that can be read on the following pages are helpful toward gleaning his professional development; nevertheless we wish for greater details. They are presented as facsimile reproductions to place their content—errors and misnomers included—in an unobjective format for others to use as their needs require. At least they are all in one place here. Nonetheless, to help sort through these entrained texts, a table is attached to this introduction (*facing page*) that comprises a convenient *résumé* made from these notes, bearing in mind that it was not compiled by him.

And Charles Brant even garnered swiftly passing attention on a couple of pages by the memorable writer of sporting stories Charles E. Van Loan—as a race horse named “Baron Brant.”² George Horace Lorimer remembered Van Loan in a posthumously published volume of Van Loan's stories about the filming industry, including anecdotes about the dynamic writer at Grand Canyon and interaction with the actual Baron Brant.³

² Charles E. Van Loan, “Egyptian Corn,” *Collier's*, Vol. 37, no. 10 (May 20, 1916), pp. 5-7, 32-33, 37 (see references to the race horse “Baron Brant,” pp. 32, 34. Also reprinted in Van Loan, *Old Man Curry: race track stories* (George H. Doran Co., New York, 1919); see “Egyptian Corn,” references to the horse on pp. 238, 240.

³ George Horace Lorimer, “Let's go! Let's go!” in Charles E. Van Loan, *Buck Parvin and the movies: stories of the moving picture game* (George H. Doran Co., New York, 1919), pp. vii-xiii (Grand Canyon, pp. ix-xiii). (See more under [Lorimer](#) in “A Baron Brant Buffet” in the present volume.)

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A Charles A. Brant *Résumé* — Derived From Recollections*

1873 Immigrated at New York

New York	St. Nicholas Hotel	kitchen helper, storeroom clerk, assistant kitchen steward, assistant buyer
New York	Delmonico's	assistant to the chef
New Orleans	St. Charles Hotel	head steward
South America and Europe		guide
various locations		hotel steward positions
Detroit	Detroit Hotel	headwaiter

1882

Las Vegas, New Mexico	Montezuma Hot Springs Hotel	maître d'hôtel
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1884

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway		in charge of dining car service
---------------------------------------	--	---------------------------------

1889

Montevideo, Uruguay		under 5-year contract sent to launch a new hotel, thwarted by an international bank failure before opening; returned to U.S.
---------------------	--	--

Mackinac Island, Michigan	Grand Hotel	manager
---------------------------	-------------	---------

Detroit	Cadillac Hotel	manager
---------	----------------	---------

Detroit	Detroit Club	
---------	--------------	--

St. Louis	Mercantile Club	
-----------	-----------------	--

Chicago	Union League Club [3 years]	
---------	-----------------------------	--

Hot Springs, Arkansas	[Park Hotel (winters)** Frontenac Hotel (Château Frontenac) (summers)]	resigned after one year
Québec City, Québec		

St. Louis	Planters Hotel	manager
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1904 - 1921

Grand Canyon	El Tovar	manager
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* Principally from the unsigned memorial, "Charlie Brant Has Gone," *The Santa Fe Magazine*, Vol. 16, no. 2 (January 1922); also personal remembrances from Henry J. Bohn, "A Letter To the Late Charles A. Brant," *The Hotel World*, Vol. 94, no. 5 (February 4, 1922). There may be other positions not recalled, or gaps.

** Not the present historic Park Hotel, which opened in 1930; the original burned in 1913.

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• • • • •

Charles Alfred Brant was born August 5 or 6, 1859, in Moscow, Russia⁴; emigrated from “Riga, Russia” [today Riga, Latvia] on January 5 or March 20, 1873 [dates differ on two separate naturalization papers⁵]; arrived in the U.S. at New York on April 5, 1873, aboard the *City of Washington*; died from pneumonia December 13, 1921, at El Tovar, Grand Canyon, Arizona; and was buried December 16 above the Rim Trail, Grand Canyon. In the 1910 U.S. Census he is indicated to have immigrated in 1875 and was a naturalized citizen, though both of these statements are incorrect. In the 1920 Census he is noted to have immigrated in 1875 and became a naturalized citizen in 1913; neither is precise.

Charles’s wife, Olga Zina Brant (*née* Frappier), was born in 1875 in Bordeaux, France; apparently immigrated into the U.S. as an infant; died December 24, 1920, at Los Angeles, California, from complications of major surgery; was buried in Calvary Cemetery in Los Angeles, but reinterred next to her husband, Charles, at Grand Canyon on January 9, 1922. In the 1910 U.S. Census Olga is noted to have immigrated in 1878 but not noted to be either a naturalized citizen or alien resident; and in the 1920 Census she is noted to have immigrated in 1875 and was a naturalized citizen but no year is given (and naturalization papers have not been located). Her maiden name is variously spelled in records, including in Charles Brant’s will in which among the recipients of his bequests were his

beloved wife’s sisters and brothers, to-wit: Mrs. Olive Arsnow; Mrs. Sophia Champane; Mr. Jos. Freppier; Mr. Adolphus Freppier; Mr. John Freppier; Mr. Lewis Freppier; Mrs. Tillie Kenyon; Mrs. Parnella Tabbert.

However, the Charles Brant Estate papers⁶ include signed receipts for the distributions of bequests. Olga’s brothers all signed “Frappier” (Adolphus was illiterate or incapacitated and signed with a witnessed + mark adjacent to a witness’s insertion of “Frappier”.) Her sisters of course signed with their marriage names.

⁴ Brant’s own public records give both August 5 and 6 as his date of birth. Whether one or the other is a lapsus, or some allowance for calendar adjustments between Russia and the West, is undertermined.

⁵ The discrepancy could be related to Brant’s recollection of leaving home in Russia versus obtaining passage on a ship from Riga “on a Danish vessel bound for New York” (as quoted above; and see Brant’s naturalization papers in the [Public Records](#) section of this volume). One ship by the name *City of Washington*, a Glasgow-built (1855) steamer with sails, was operated by the Inman Line on the North Atlantic, and it is more likely that Brant had sailed from Riga to Denmark or England on a Danish vessel and there went on board the *City of Washington* (https://www.norwayheritage.com/p_ship.asp?sh=ciwas, https://www.norwayheritage.com/p_shiplist.asp?co=inman; both accessed February 2026).

⁶ Records for the Estate of Charles A. Brant accessed via Ancestry.com (“Arizona, U.S., Wills and Probate Records, 1803-1995”, <https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/9043/> [accessed February 2026]).

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The Brants married around 1893 and had no children. He was known as being very caring of wildlife,⁷ and above all the Brants' pet Airedale, Razzle Dazzle; but to call the dog just their pet depreciates the love and recognition he received from El Tovar's visitors and the entire community of Grand Canyon village.⁸ It is well known through other publications that Mr. Brant had included Razzle Dazzle in his will first among bequests, though actually he first instructed that his "just debts and funeral expenses be fully paid"; second, he bequeathed their choice of his acquired oil paintings to the corporate officers A. G. Wells of Chicago (Santa Fe Railway) and Ford F. Harvey of Kansas City (Fred Harvey company); third, a thousand dollars was to be given to each of the in-laws mentioned above; and then, fourth, he bequeathed the "residue and remainder of my entire estate" to Wells and Harvey "in trust to be disposed of for the following purposes"—where *then* he specifies, "(First) I desire adequate provision made for the good care, during its life, of my Airedale [*sic*] Dog, Razzle-Dazzle."⁹

In the Petition For Distribution of Estate, April 23, 1924, the trustees there established

That pursuant to authority vested in your petitioners under the last will and testament of decedent, we hereby set aside and hold as a trust fund for the care during its life of the Airedale Dog of decedent, Razzle-Dazzle, the sum of Three thousand Dollars, (\$3,000.00).

Other records of the estate indicate that Razzle Dazzle had been in the care of Charles D. Frazier, who appears several times in these papers, having submitted occasional claims for Razzle Dazzle's care. A separate memorandum from T. L. Picco, October 26, 1959, based on information from Emery Kolb, Mrs. Catherine Verkamp, and John Cunningham, notes: "... a Negro named Charles Fraser [*sic*], who was a waiter, bartended [*sic*] and fountain attendant, took care of the dog until its death."¹⁰ "Charles Frazier" is recorded in the 1920 U.S. Census for Grand Canyon as a 51-year-old, divorced, Missouri-born Black man, a hotel waiter included on the same sheet on which the Brants are listed first. Thus it appears that Razzle Dazzle remained at the canyon after the baron's death.

⁷ One anecdotal recollection in 1917 implied that he was principally responsible for encouraging Theodore Roosevelt to set aside the Grand Canyon as a game preserve (see "[Baron Brant of Bright Angel](#)," facsimile reproduction herein). In 1914, Brant was recorded as having become a member of the Cooper Ornithological Club, a national organization of professional and avocational birding enthusiasts (see [Swarth](#), 1914).

⁸ "... Razzle has the distinction of being the only dog allowed in any of the national parks. He is the proud possessor of a permit signed by the Secretary of the Interior himself, making an exception in his case." ("Charlie Brant Is Gone," *The Santa Fe Magazine*, Jan. 1922, p. 25).

⁹ "Last Will and Testament" of Charles A. Brant; and "Petition for Distribution of Estate," in the Superior Court of the State of Arizona in and for the County of Coconino.

¹⁰ Memorandum prepared by T. L. Picco, October 26, 1959 (Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection, Brant file; courtesy Kim Besom, Feb. 18, 2026.)

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After Razzle Dazzle died in 1928, a Petition to the Superior Court, April 29, 1930, stated that the remaining sum of the trust for the care of the dog was \$1,858.76, and the trustees requested that the balance be converted to a trust for the upkeep of the Brant graves. The subsequent Order of the court, December 22, 1930, concluded:

NOW THEREFORE, IT IS ORDERED, ADJUDGED and DECREED that the balance of said fund, to-wit the sum of \$1,858.76, be and the same is hereby converted into a permanent trust fund to be used in the maintenance, care and upkeep of the monument and graves of said Charles A. Brant and his wife, Olga G. [sic] F. Brant, and said A. G. Wells as such Trustee and his successor or successors in trust be, and they are hereby authorized and empowered to invest and reinvest said fund from time to time, the income therefore and such part of the principal as may be deemed necessary by said Trustee or his successors in trust, to be used for the maintenance, care and upkeep of said monument and graves of said decedent and his said wife.

The Picco memorandum of 1959 mentioned above informatively mentions, “. . . Mr. John Cunningham, who now cleans up the plot and replaces the stones in the fence surrounding the plot, several times during the year.” Cunningham worked for the Fred Harvey Transportation Department, rising to superintendent of that department.

• • • • •

In the sections and pages that follow are facsimile reproductions of published memorials, obituaries, and public records that fill in what is known about Charles Brant, and to some extent Olga, who was fittingly referred to by one memorialist as his faithful “helpmate.” Though Olga is noticed in the 1910 Census as “Asst Manager El Tovar Hotel,” no doubt she was but the spousal associate to the principal, paid employee, as were numerous other companion–manager teams at sites in the Santa Fe–Fred Harvey system.

The “Memorials” section truly defines what is best known about Charles Brant, as these are contemporary remembrances. They are susceptible, of course, to faulty and perhaps contrived memories, which should be kept in mind as one reads through them. But it is believed here that it is better to reproduce the originals rather than to paraphrase and edit them. No such compilation has been produced before, so this is a comprehensive record.

The “Obituaries” section provides a few further perspectives though through the humbler wording of grief and respect.

The “Public Records” section gives some information from the 1910 and 1920 U.S. Censuses (strikingly, the only censuses in which the Brants have thus far been found), and reproduces in facsimile important papers relating to Charles Brant.

The “Brant Gravesite” section is added by the author based on a visit to the gravesite in August 2025. Although the site is unadvertised by the park, neither is it unknown. Various websites offer photographs and simple directions to the graves, but none of them were

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deemed by the author to satisfactorily illustrate them, nor do they place the graves in a broader historical light. This is remedied here with contemporary and modern illustrations, putting the Brants and their graves in perspective with Grand Canyon's history and the view from their resting place—certainly the most strikingly located graves in any national park. And Razzle Dazzle is not overlooked, either.

Last, "A Baron Brant Buffet" offers a separate annotated bibliography that pertains to the Brants, specially derived from the main bibliography in *Queen of the Rim: El Tovar, Grand Canyon's Legendary Hotel: A Bibliographical Record* (Raven's Perch Media, 2026). Here are highlighted all the references to the Brants that appear within the larger bibliography.

Special thanks to Kim Besom, Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection, for selected photos and information that contributed significantly to this biographical overview. The photos from the Museum Collection credited to the David R. Tankersley collection refer to David Raymond Tankersley (1899–1980), the Fred Harvey mule guide known as Ray Tankersley.

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27

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



Baron Brant of Bright Angel

ALL roads lead to the Grand Cañon, and sooner or later you will go there and meet Baron Brant. A Russian by birth and an American by inclination, he unites in himself some of the best traits of both without the help of a hyphen. Daily he walks to the rim of the Cañon, looks down and sees that it is good—good for other people, because the Baron has always held that a mule was an acquired taste and he has been too busy to acquire it. His lifework is trying to keep the Cañon good.

The Baron loves music. The song of the thrush and that of Caruso both sound sweet to him. When the Colonel was President he sent a little note, and fourteen days later the Hair-trigger One set apart the rim of the Cañon as a bird and game refuge. So now the Baron's beloved birds and four-legged friends can sing and roam through the yellow pine forests to their hearts' content. His human songbirds he keeps nicely canned and labeled in an upper room to which he can steal away occasionally for an hour of grand opera.

One splendid thing about the Grand Cañon is that it was caught young and before a certain breed of Nature Lover, who has expressed his soul accurately in too many of America's high spots, had a chance to beat the Government to it. You can pick up the spoor of this Nature Lover

NOTE

This article, published during Charles Brant's lifetime, is clearly editorial in nature and not necessarily written with his knowledge. The reference to "Baron Brant" is the earliest use thus far noticed of the "baron" title in a regular article, which inferred that it was Grand Canyon residents and tourists who impulsively "elevated him to a peerage," which his Russian accent may have further encouraged. However, "Baron Brant" had earlier appeared as the name of a race horse in a 1916 fictional story written by the dynamic and popular Charles E. Van Loan, an occasional Grand Canyon visitor himself, thus the title was in circulation even then.

For years predating El Tovar the village had often been familiarly referred to as "Bright Angel," corresponding to the name of the tent-cabin hotel originally put up in 1890. There the first Grand Canyon village post office was established in 1902. The use of the Bright Angel name in this article is peculiarly outdated, with the text oddly omitting reference to El Tovar, then in existence for 12 years, while also using a photo of Brant and Razzle Dazzle that was taken on the hotel's north veranda.

Pages 27, 117

The blank spots in this facsimile cut off an adjacent photo and text pertaining to another individual in the "Who's Who—And Why" section of the magazine.

in almost any spot that God made beautiful. It is characteristically marked by sardine cans, pickle bottles, greasy paper, watermelon rinds, and wanton destruction of the young trees and flowers. Some of these Nature Lovers have built for themselves in the wilderness. If you are interested in tracking them down you will find that in a country of rugged pine and fir which God gave them for sturdy log houses they have built of tin and corrugated iron; that in a country of stone they have built of cement blocks, cunningly fashioned into a semblance of a stone that never was. And all around they have left their rusty cans, their dirty papers, their filth and litter, fouling the sweet woods and the clean rocks.

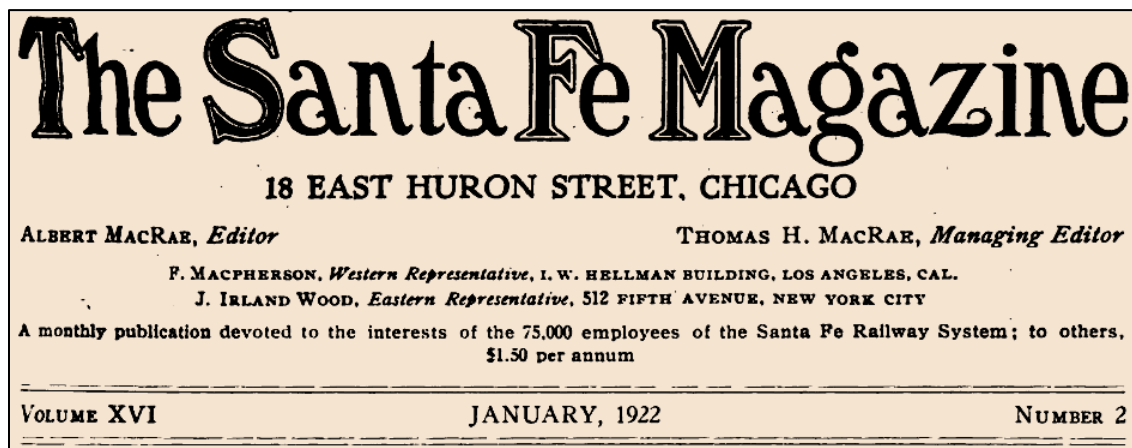
Because the Baron loves both art and Nature and because he understands that simplicity which is both art and Nature, wherever he pioneers he leaves the trail clean and unscarred behind him, and whatever is under his care is kept as much like God made it as is humanly possible.

A wise man once said: "If you want to have friends you must show yourself friendly," and the Baron has shown himself friendly to the birds, to the bears, to Razzle, the dog that lives at his heels, to the little Navajo kids and to a host of less worthy tourists. It was some of these who repaired an oversight of the Czar and elevated him to a peerage.

MEMORIALS

The best perspective we have today of the Baron of El Tovar are several memorials to him published soon after his death. Three appear in *The Santa Fe Magazine* for January 1922,¹¹ and a very personal open letter to the departed Brant in *The Hotel World* for February 4, penned by Henry J. Bohn, President of The Hotel World Interests, Inc., and Editor of *The Hotel World*.

The first Santa Fe memorial is unsigned, followed by a remembrance by George Wharton James, the well-known author of Grand Canyon and other southwestern ventures, and an item by Henry Wickham Steed, editor of the venerable *Times* of London. On the following pages, these all appear as they were published.



¹¹ Fatefully, immediately preceding the three articles in *The Santa Fe Magazine*, is a brief item with photograph on page 22 relating the visit to Grand Canyon by General Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France, which drew crowds. It was from the particularly raw air of this otherwise sunny day that Brant caught chill, contracted pneumonia, and was dead in a week.

Charlie Brant Has Gone



It happened to be in the general offices in Los Angeles when, on December 6, the wires ticked off the message that Charles A. Brant, genial host of El Tovar, High Priest of the Grand Cañon, and one of the most famous hotelmen in America, had been stricken with pneumonia and might not be able to recover. Immediately things stirred. Arrangements were made to rush him by special train to Los Angeles should the doctor at the Cañon feel that by such action his patient's chance for life would be improved. Oxygen was hurried to him from our nearest division shops and a further supply was put aboard the eastbound California Limited, then about to leave.

Everyone realized what Charlie Brant meant to the Santa Fe, with which he had been connected so many years, and appreciation of his services and love for him personally prompted an eager effort to aid him.

But human effort availed not, and on December 13, at the rim of the Cañon he knew so intimately and loved so fully, the "Baron" passed away. His body now lies buried in the little cemetery just east of El Tovar, and here also shortly will rest the charming helpmate who had been so thoroughly a pal to him and who had preceded him to the Great Beyond by just a year, having passed away on December 24, 1920. With beautiful services the body of the only host El Tovar had known since it was builded seventeen years ago was laid away by sorrowing friends. Touchingly simple and sweet were the obsequies among the pine trees that lift their lofty heads above God's masterpiece on earth—and in the radiance of its stupendous beauty those whispering trees will continue to commune with the spirit of him who even in death would not desert them.

Born in 1849, the son of an officer in a Russian cavalry regiment and of a Swedish mother, at the age of sixteen he entered a military school with the intention of following his father and becoming a Cossack officer. He rebelled, however, at the tyranny and oppression of the czar's government

and escaped from Russia on a Danish vessel bound for New York.

His first job in America was that of kitchen helper at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York. Faithfulness to his humble duties was rewarded by promotion to the storeroom. Later he became assistant to the kitchen steward, then assistant to the buyer. Thus began the business career of the young Russian immigrant who later became known to many thousands of travelers and whose name and memory are inseparably linked with the Grand Cañon.

About the time young Brant began working his way up in the St. Nicholas Hotel, Charles and Chris Delmonico were establishing the reputation of the restaurant which later became famous. Here Mr. Brant secured a position as assistant to the chef. Two years later he went to New Orleans and became head steward of the St. Charles Hotel. Subsequent years were spent in South America, in traveling over Europe as a guide, and as steward in many prominent hotels in various parts of the country. In 1882 he first became connected with Fred Harvey, as maitre d'hotel at the Montezuma Hot Springs Hotel, near Las Vegas, remaining until 1884, when he took charge of the dining-car service of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

In 1889 he went to South America. Not long ago Mr. Brant related this adventure: "I signed a five-year contract as manager of a newly built hotel in Montevideo. I selected twenty-one carloads of furniture at a factory in Grand Rapids and shipped it to Uruguay; then went to Montevideo to open the hotel. I took my savings with me, amounting to \$65,000, which I deposited in one of the leading banks. A revolution occurred. Baring Brothers of London failed. Though the hotel was ready to be opened, those who were backing it financially lost their fortunes and the hotel was never opened. I tried to draw my \$65,000 from the bank, but it had suspended, so I agreed to accept eight cents on the dollar, and, with my \$65,000 shrunk to \$5,200, I returned



THE HIGH PRIEST

to the United States, not altogether pleased with my South American experience."

Mr. Brant then became manager of the Grand Hotel, Mackinac Island, later taking charge of the Cadillac Hotel in Detroit. From there he went to the Detroit Club, the Mercantile Club of St. Louis, and the Union League Club of Chicago, where he remained three years.

"All of this time," said Mr. Brant in recounting his experiences shortly before his death, "I was widening the circle of my acquaintances, so that I knew practically all the prominent men in this country. With Mr. Park I leased the Park Hotel at Hot Springs. We operated this in the winter season and the Frontenac Hotel during the summer. I became manager of the Planters Hotel in St. Louis. Then, in the fall of 1904, I became manager of El Tovar and have been here ever since."

Not long ago Irvin S. Cobb, a much-traveled man, wrote in *The Saturday Evening Post*: "The best tourist-resort hotel on this hemisphere is the one conducted by Baron Brant on the rim of the Grand Cañon in Arizona." Deserved as this tribute may be, Mr. Brant—"the Baron," as he was affectionately called by those who knew him well—was more than a capable hotelman, more than an interesting and delightful host. The Grand Cañon, he felt, was his charge; he was a guardian of the shrine.

Years ago, when Roosevelt was president, Grand Cañon guests would cross the Colorado and kill deer, wild turkeys and quail. This wanton destruction of game distressed the kind-hearted Baron of El Tovar so much that he decided to take the matter up with his friend, President Roosevelt. Accordingly he wrote Roosevelt that his furred and feathered friends had appointed him their advocate to intercede against their slaughter. A characteristic Rooseveltian thing happened. Sixteen days after the letter was mailed the Grand Cañon, by presidential proclamation, became a national monument and a game preserve. Years later Colonel Roosevelt visited the Cañon. Seeing Mr. Brant in the crowd that had come down to the platform to welcome him, he called out, "Hello, Brant! How are all your furred and feathered brothers and sisters getting along?"

During Mr. Brant's seventeen years at El Tovar it has probably enjoyed the most distinguished clientele of any hotel in the United States. Scientists, painters, financiers, statesmen and authors—leaders in every human endeavor—have come from

all parts of the globe to view nature's masterpiece. In the West—especially on the rim of the mighty chasm—conventions fade and it is not difficult to make acquaintances. Mr. Brant perhaps knew personally as many renowned men and women as any other one American. Many of them he numbered as his friends.

No small measure of Mr. Brant's success as a host was due to his charming and capable wife. They had no children. Despite the daily inrush and outrush of tourists, most of whom remained at the Cañon for only a day or two, Mr. and Mrs. Brant maintained at El Tovar a homelike atmosphere as delightful as it was unexpected.

A story that Mr. Brant was fond of relating concerns a Grand Cañon visit of that canny Scot, the late Andrew Carnegie.

"He was one of the friendliest and most democratic men I ever entertained," said Mr. Brant. "He had a keen sense of humor, was a good talker and you couldn't help liking him. One day his secretary brought him a letter. He glanced through it and said, 'It's very unbusinesslike. I can't encourage that sort of thing.' Looking up he saw me, and said, 'I have lots of worries of that kind. I refuse to make a decision in this case. I'll leave it for my friend Brant here to decide.' He handed me the letter. It seemed that he had given \$50,000 to a community back in Ohio to build a library. The letter stated they had spent \$3,760 more than agreed upon and they wanted to know if he would not send a check for the additional amount. When I had read it, Mr. Carnegie looked up and with a twinkle in his eye said, 'How about it? The decision is in your hands.' I said, 'Have your secretary make out a check for the amount and send it to them. You can't take your money with you—it would burn up.' He gave me an amused and quizzical look and said, 'I'll send the check, but I want you to understand that I don't expect to go where you think I am going.'

"One evening Mr. Carnegie, Edwin Gould and Mrs. Russell Sage were having dinner together. Mr. Carnegie called me over and said, 'How much water do you use here a day, and what does it cost you?' I told him we hauled all the water a distance of 127 miles and that we used about 45,000 gallons a day. Mrs. Sage was surprised to learn that we had to haul all our water. She gave me no peace until I printed some cards asking the guests not to waste the

water. She dictated the notice and I had it printed."

The setting aside of the Grand Cañon for the use of the American people and its recent adoption into the family of national parks was perhaps due as much to the efforts of Mr. Brant as to any other one man. The first definite step in this direction was taken when, in 1906, he appealed to his friend, President Roosevelt, to pro-

no ragtime music to ruin his comfort at table—and he thanks God for that. There is no tango or turkey trot by night—and he thanks God for that. Surely there is a poet, a man with imagination, in the manager's chair."

Sorrowing alone, and with a deeper sense of his loss because he cannot understand, is poor Razzle, the dog that was always by his master's side. His love for his mas-



MRS. CHARLES A. BRANT

With little Frances Spencer astride Mrs. Brant's horse, and Razzle, ever in evidence

tect his "furred and feathered brothers and sisters."

Of the tens of thousands of visitors entertained annually at El Tovar many come to see the Grand Cañon purely out of curiosity. Others come to test and to wonder. From the vastness of the giant chasm they gather inspiration and get a new perspective on life. To many who understand the Cañon's hold upon those who appreciate it, the Guardian of the Shrine revealed himself as a fellow-worshipper. Reverently he spoke of it, in tones that moved and stirred.

Emerson Hough wrote on a visit to the Cañon: "It may be days before the visitor recalls that he has forgotten to dress for dinner. Gradually he realizes that there is

ter and mistress he demonstrated in innumerable canine ways, and no doggie ever was more kindly treated. While Mrs. Brant lay sick in Los Angeles, Razzle was with her. He refused to touch his food when taken out to be fed. Only when beside his mistress, knowing that she was secure, would he eat at all. He was devotion itself. And poor old Razzle has the distinction of being the only dog allowed in any of the national parks. He is the proud possessor of a permit signed by the Secretary of the Interior himself, making an exception in his case.

When word reached Ford F. Harvey of Mr. Brant's serious condition he immediately hastened to his bedside. Mr. Harvey, in the years Mr. Brant had been in the service, had learned to respect him as an

employe and love him as a friend. Of him he says:

Charles A. Brant was for some seventeen years, or from its beginning, manager of Hotel El Tovar. During this period his high conception of his responsibilities, combined with his fine character and rare personal charm, marked him as a man of unusual attainments. He won the high regard of all who knew him and the deep affection of many. It truly can be said that the charm of his personality vied in interest with the majesty of the Cañon. An impressive example of this is a recent article in the *London Times*, written by its editor following a visit to the Cañon. Half of this consists of a superb tribute to the Cañon and the other to Mr. Brant, whom he was pleased to term its High Priest.

Efficient to a degree, he possessed the sentiment and imagination of a poet. A lover of his work, he had that pride of accomplishment without which high standards are impossible. Apart from sorrowing hearts, when such men go, their places are not soon filled. In the death of his dear wife about a year ago, Mr. Brant sustained a loss from which he never recovered and his grief can be understandingly measured by those who knew her and her value as a helpmate.

They will lie overlooking the Cañon they loved, below them the scene of their fine accomplishments, and in the distance, over the forests, the noble mountains, a fitting resting place for the High Priest of the Grand Cañon and his dear wife, which will be visited by many loving friends as the years go by.

Vice-President Wells, long general manager of our Coast Lines, embracing the line to the Grand Cañon, thus expresses his feeling of personal loss:

Charlie Brant, with his charming wife who was always his helpmeet, opened El Tovar Hotel as manager in 1905, since which time I have enjoyed his friendship. He was a wonderful host and a staunch friend. His demise creates a gap in our organization that cannot be filled, and many of us will feel as well a sense of deep personal loss. The Cañon without the Brants will never be the same to me, but if, as I believe, he is now reunited with the gentle-spirited lady who was his wife and who answered the call of her Maker about a year ago, then none of us could be so selfish as to wish him back.

Baron Brant always was considered an asset by the passenger traffic department. He coöperated in every way in making our passengers enjoy their stay at the Cañon. To him they were as personal guests. In appreciation of the departed host of El Tovar, Passenger Traffic Manager Black writes:

Charlie Brant was an asset at the Cañon which I fear it will be hard to replace. He had the faculty of pleasing everyone with whom he came in contact—friends and strangers alike. His list of intimate friends included many distinguished names, both in this country and abroad.

Undoubtedly many travelers returned the second and third time hoping for an opportunity again to hear him describe the beauties and wonders of the great chasm, apparent best to his practiced eye. He never tired in efforts to please visitors, and never seemed at a loss in finding

new features and scenes. He was in love with the Cañon and its surroundings, and was as much a part of the attractions and facilities there as El Tovar itself.

He was an ideal host and seemed intuitively to know the wants of strangers. Genial at all times, humorous to a marked degree, well posted on all topics, including literature, it will be hard to find a successor with as many attractive qualities. Those who have visited the Cañon regularly will miss him more than words can tell.

Many there are who could write in glowing terms of Charlie Brant. One, whose writings we all have read, was stopping at the Cañon when Mr. Brant died. From him we have received an expression of appreciation—he writes for all the galaxy of brilliant men who knew the High Priest of the Cañon:

Charles A. Brant—

An Appreciation

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author of "In and Around the Grand Cañon," "Arizona, the Wonderland," "New Mexico, the Land of the Delight-Makers," Etc.

FOR thirty-five years I knew Mr. Brant, and the more I saw of him the more I learned to love and respect him. If one word were needed to describe him I should choose the word "loyal." To best serve his employers was his everyday desire, his constant thought, "How can I make myself most serviceable to them?" Hence he devoted himself, as also did his wife, while she lived, to making El Tovar one of the best conducted hotels in America. No detail was too small to engage their attention, no hours of work too long to produce this desired effect.

But there were other ways in which he most materially proved his loyalty. He was a man of deep thought and feeling, a student and a poet, and when men of brains, of intellect, of imagination, of power to describe the Cañon, whether by the spoken word, the writing of the poet, the essayist, the humorist, the scientist, or the artist in portrayal, or the painter, the etcher or the photographer, visited him, he set himself to make those men know and love the Cañon as much as he knew and loved it—where possible—that their words or pictures might not be merely mechanical or perfunctory presentations but words and pictures of love, of passion, and therefore of power. And the result was that a score or more of our leading writers and orators, painters and photographic artists used to love to go to the Cañon, not only for its own sake but in order to hear Brant talk about it in his quiet, simple and unassuming but wonderfully interesting and effective fashion.

Nor was this all. His loyalty was shown in that he always sought in every way to please every patron the Santa Fe, or Fred Harvey, sent to him.

How many employes remember all the time that an impatient word, a cross answer, an impertinent reply, a *smart* remark may make an enemy of a sensitive man or woman? Granted that it ought not to do so, the fact remains that it does. Hence the employe of every great cor-

poration who honestly seeks to work for its interests learns lessons of self-restraint, of extra courtesy, of self-control, in order that no word that may offend or hurt will be let slip.

Statler, the great eastern hotelman, has learned the lesson and sought to teach it to his employes in the slogan he has adopted: "The patron is always right." Don't argue with him, irritate, annoy or offend him, for if you do you are likely to lose a customer for the future, and furthermore you send a man away as an enemy instead of as a friend, one who is knocking against you instead of boosting for you.

And all this can be done without truckling or losing one iota of one's manhood. Indeed, experience teaches me that it requires a great deal more of the real stuff that makes men to control myself than it does to let slip any angry, saucy or irritable word that rises to my lips.

Brant was a master in satisfying people. He studied to make them friends of his employers, and thus he made friends for himself; for everyone who knew Brant really love him. Even his dog is now wandering about in a way to bring tears to one's eyes. He is an airedale named Razzle-Dazzle, and he goes in and out of the office, the lobby, the newsstand, the art-room, the music-room, looking, looking, ever looking for the

form of the man he loved, the master whose voice he will never hear again.

And the first item in Mr. Brant's will clearly shows the tender heart he possessed. He had no relatives to leave his money to, only friends, but before he says a word about them he leaves an adequate sum of money to be spent in caring for his dog friend so long as he shall live.

And he always used to say to me that he never cared to go to any heaven where his horses and his dogs, that had been faithful friends to him on earth, were not admitted. I agreed with him.

So when he was buried today, knowing how I felt and how his dog felt, I was not surprised to see a bunch of Indians of several tribes—Havasupais, Navahoes, Hopis, Walapais and Apaches, with Mexicans, Italians and every race under the sun, together with some of the finest people of the land, come to pay their last respects to his memory.

No man has a more wonderful place for his tomb. It is on the rim of the Cañon, overlooking the great abyss and the hotel where he lived and worked so long. Here his friends intend to place a fine monument in order that his memory may never be forgotten by the traveling public whom he served so well.

SILENT GODS

The Grand Cañon—a Timeless Ecstasy of Contemplation

[This appreciation of the Grand Cañon was written by Henry Wickham Steed, editor of the great London "Times," and appeared as a special article in that paper. Many of our readers doubtless would recognize, without being told, that the High Priest mentioned by Mr. Steed was the late Charles A. Brant, manager of El Tovar. We had this article in type prior to Mr. Brant's demise, intending to run it as a tribute to the living—instead it now appears as a requiem over the departed.—THE EDITORS.]

FOR a space—it may have been hours, it may have been days, time mattered not—I have lived among the silent gods, in an ecstasy of contemplation. I have tasted of eternity and have seen the works of the Almighty.

The broad Atlantic, the broader Pacific, the majestic Rockies, the vast sweep of the prairies, the wildernesses of stone, and the boundless primeval forests, none of these compels the mind to awe and worship as does the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. All of them man has conquered, tamed, or put to service. Upon all of them his hand has wrought, turning to utilities some aspects of their seeming purposelessness. But the Grand Cañon serves and can serve no human end. It is sublime, majestic, indomitable, indescribable—and inaccessible save to those who humbly own its transcendent power to bring the reverent soul into communion with the Spirit of the Universe.

Men crawl like ants down its stupendous

sandstone flanks to the tawny torrent that rages through gorges of Archæan rock five thousand feet beneath the Rim. Some seek thence to scale the gigantic terraces which bear the temple-crowned heights that rise as many thousand feet above the rushing waters. Vain sacrilege! The major heights have never yet been trodden by foot of man, the exalted sancity of their isolation never violated by human rashness. The feeble-minded have, indeed, sought to put upon some of them a name, such as the Temple of Isis, the Temple of Vishnu, the Temple of Zoroaster, the Table of Odin, Thor's Hammer, and the like. The unimaginative have squinted at them with puny cameras. Painters and poets have wasted upon them pigments and wordy rhapsodies. None has ever yet achieved more than a semblance or expressed more than a frail notion of their ineffable sublimity. How can man grasp and render a scene that could not be grander had it been fashioned by the Almighty as a place of rest wherein the

tired and outworn deities of other faiths and other ages might await in silence the fullness of His Time?

THE HIGH PRIEST

As I gazed in wonder across the miles upon miles of enchantment—tens, in some directions, scores in others—I chanced upon the High Priest of the cañon. To many he is known, though not by that name. His dwelling is not far from the house of refreshment for wayfarers, where the worthy and the unworthy alike may repose and rejoice, Giacomo Boni, who, in years gone by, tore from the bosom of the Roman forum the secret of its being, used to divide men into three categories—those worthy not to take a wife, those worthy to take a wife, and those unworthy to take a wife. Some such classification might apply to those who approach the cañon. Some are unworthy of it. They look, see not, and blaspheme. Others see, understand not, ride, in simian glee, or needless fear, astride intelligent mules down and up its sides and depart unblest. To others who stare not, but adore, the Spirit of the cañon speaks, and to such the High Priest may discover himself.

Never, in outward guise, was priest less priestly. Nothing, in his daily task, suggests a sacerdotal function. Yet priest he is, and guardian of the shrine. Many there are more

learned, many better versed in the catechism of the true scientific faith. But he has *the faith*. Not for him the subtleties of geological Pharisees or the pedantic certainties of the Scribes of the erosion theory; to him the cañon is a living miracle of a God whose name is above every name. Years ago he came for a brief season, the cañon knew him for its own, gripped him, and has

held him fast as its devout servant. He speaks of it with bated breath, in tones that move and stir. In him the blood of the Cossacks of the steppe mingles with the blood of the Norsemen. He has ranged over the wide world, from China to India, from Russia to Egypt, from Scandinavia to Rome, and from Japan to Mexico.

"When I came here," he said. "I was an atheist. The cañon has made me a believing pagan. Of religions and mythologies, ancient and less ancient, there are few I have not probed. Among the most beautiful are the mythology and the religion of our Indians, the Navajo and the Hopi. Yet they suffice not. At night, when winds blow and the voice of the river is strong, I sometimes hear the cries of the Valkyrs as they bear the souls of heroes to yon Valhalla. At times the deep tone of the Great Spirit speaks to me, when sunrise gilds the pinnacles of the temples or when they grow blood-red and purple at the coming of eve.



LOVING, AND BELOVED

Mr. Brant here is shown with little Frances Spencer, daughter of F. C. Spencer, manager of Hopi House, Grand Cañon; and Razzie-Dazzie, the alre-dale, first to be remembered in Mr. Brant's will.

But more often does this scene appear to me as the very gate of paradise, which, if immortality be not the veriest myth, I shall one day enter with my faithful dog at my side, and whither my wife, my friends, and my hunters have gone before to await me.

"Once there were here two eminent prelates of the Roman Church. I asked them whether they believed in such a heaven, and whether they thought that I and my wife, my friends, my horses and my dog would enter it.

"We think there is a good chance for your wife and your dog," they answered smilingly, "but we are doubtful about you."

brance of Don Pedro del Tovar, who was one of the first, if not the first, of the Spanish conquistadores to see the cañon in the earlier half of the sixteenth century. He was a lieutenant of the Conquistador Coronado, who came up from Mexico before 1540 in search of gold and, especially, of the far-famed seven cities of Cibola, which legend described as so rich that the most ordinary utensils in them were made of gold and silver. Don Pedro del Tovar apparently led a party in search of Cibola, but was stopped by the Grand Cañon. He sent back messengers to say he had found the earth rent asunder, the cleft being so



EL TOVAR HOTEL AND THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

Afterward they confessed that they, too, believed in such a paradise and hoped to enter it.

"How can I doubt?" continued the High Priest. "In this place doubt is impossible. Else, why all these wonders, this surpassing beauty, this grandeur, this deep peace, this confident repose? No, here is the Spirit of God, here one must believe."

DON PEDRO DEL TOVAR

"Why," I asked, abruptly forsaking his high theme, "have these names been given to the temples and to the various points on the rim? Why, for instance, is the house of refreshment called 'El Tovar'?"

"Some names are Indian, some Spanish, and some arbitrary," he returned. "The name 'El Tovar' was chosen in remem-

deep and so wide that he could not cross it. He therefore continued his search in another direction and ultimately discovered Cibola, the present Zuni.

"As to the meaning of the name 'Tovar,' I made, years ago, some inquiries with a curious result. At the end of the fifteenth century, it appears a famous armorer and swordmaker of Toledo had a son of a roving disposition. This son took ship for the Indies and brought back with him some strange weapons, among them a heavy curved sword or knife called a *turvar*. On returning to Toledo he made a number of these swords; and, in the fighting against the Moors, used one of them to such effect that he was knighted on the battlefield with it. The Spaniards called it a *tovar*, and gave him the name of Don Pedro del Tovar.

Whether it was he or his son who discovered the Grand Cañon, I cannot say. Some years ago a descendant of the Tovar family was still living at Pisa, in Italy. It is from him that I have the story."

Thus, on the rim of the cañon, in sight of the glowing Temples of the Gods, with their sage-green *glacis*, their blood-red terraces, their ivory platforms, each a good thousand feet in height, surmounted by their massive pyramids and pinnacles, towering against a background of azure haze, did ancient romance blend with religious awe. Deep in its chasm, a full mile below, roared the ochre torrent. From peak to peak a golden eagle sailed in effortless flight. The world of things and men appeared *sub specie aeternitatis*.

And, beside me, the High Priest, communing with the Spirit of the Cañon, mused on the paradise he would fain enter with wife, friends, horses and his faithful dog. "Ah," he exclaimed, "If there be no such paradise, I care not for immortality." As we turned toward the House of Refreshment, Renan's words came back to me: "*Combien de ceux qui doutent de l'immortalité mériteraient une belle déception!*"

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**PRIEST HE WAS, AND
GUARDIAN OF THE SHRINE.**

Page 1

Seldom has the death of any private citizen of the United States evoked as wide attention or caused as much sorrow and regret as did the passing of Charles A. Brant, manager of El Tovar Hotel at Grand Canyon, Arizona, which occurred on the 13th of last December.

From all parts of the country there have come to the editor of the NATIONAL HOTEL REPORTER, expressions of admiration and love for the man, and sorrow because of his death.

Several of our correspondents have expressed regret that there was no good portrait extant of Mr. Brant. Fortunately this want has been supplied through the courtesy and thoughtfulness of Mr. Ford Harvey of Kansas City, who has sent us a snap-shot photograph of Mr. Brant and his famous dog, "Razzle Dazzle", taken on the portico of El Tovar, not many weeks prior to his death. This lifelike and impressive portrait is herewith reproduced, and to it we append the tribute of Professor George Wharton James, traveler, historian and lecturer, the man who bears the distinction of having first brought the attention of the outside world to the wonders and glories of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Writing to the NATIONAL HOTEL REPORTER on December 16, the date of the funeral services held for Mr. Brant, Professor James said: "Today on the Rim of the Grand Canyon the most remarkable honor ever paid to a man in Arizona was ac-

(continued)

(continued)

corded to Mr. Charles A. Brant, manager for seventeen years of Hotel El Tovar at the Grand Canyon, who died on Tuesday last. * * * * *

"It may well be asked why was this marked consideration accorded Mr. Brant. The reason is clear to those who knew him. Hotel man, competent, thorough, careful, tactful, suave, he was; but more—he was a poet and a deep and true religionist. Simple in manner, yet he impressed such men as Roosevelt, King Albert and other eminent statesmen and notables; Thomas Moran and a score of others of the world's most famous artists; George Horace Lorimer, Lyman Abbott, Robert Underwood Johnson, Samuel G. Blythe, Irvin Cobb, Charles Van Loan, George Ade, Hugh Wiley, Stewart Edward White, Peter B. Kyne, Emerson Hough, and a hundred other editors, poets, humorists and writers, with his deeply poetic and essentially religious nature. Lacking in verbal felicity to express himself in choice phrase, such was his personality that it spoke effectively for him and led such a man as Steed, editor of the London "Times" thus to express himself:

"Never, in outward guise, was priest less priestly. Nothing, in his daily task suggests a sacerdotal function. Yet priest he is, and guardian of the shrine. Many there are more learned, many better versed in the catechism of the true scientific faith. But he has *the Faith*. Not for him the subtleties of geological Pharisees or the pedantic cer-

tainties of the Scribes of the Erosion theory; to him the Canyon is a living miracle of a God whose Name is above every Name. Years ago he came for a brief season. The Canyon knew him for its own, gripped him, and has held him fast as its devout servant. He speaks of it with bated breath, in tones that move and stir. In him the blood of the Cossacks of the Steppes mingles with the blood of the Norsemen. He has ranged over the wide world, from China to India, from Russia to Egypt, from Scandinavia to Rome, and from Japan to Mexico.

"When I came here", he said, "I was an atheist. The Canyon has made me a believing Pagan. Of religions and mythologies, ancient and less ancient, there are few I have not probed. Among the most beautiful are the mythology and the religion of our Indians, the Navajo and the Hopi. Yet they sufficed not. At night, when winds blow and the voice of the river is strong, I sometimes hear the cries of the Valkyrs as they bear the souls of heroes to yon Valhalla. At times the deep tones of the Great Spirit speak to me when sunrise gilds the pinnacles of the temples or when they grow blood-red and purple at the coming of eve. But more often does this scene appear to me as the very gate of Paradise, which, if immortality be not the veriest myth, I shall one day enter with my faithful dog at my side, and whither my wife, my friends and my hunters have gone before to await me.

"How can I doubt"? continued the High Priest. "In this place doubt is impossible, else, why all these wonders, this surpassing beauty, this grandeur, this deep peace, this confident repose? No, here is the Spirit of God, here one must believe!"

"Such then", says Professor James, "was Charles A. Brant. These men learned to love to come to the Grand Canyon not only for its own sake, but because of the fellowship they enjoyed with this man, whose eyes often filled with tears, and whose voice was hushed or made deeply vibrant as he spoke of the Canyon. The combination of man and divinity made scene was irresistible and only those who fell under his spell can understand or comprehend it.

"One single item—the first, by the way, in his will—will help reveal the tender nature of the man. After requiring that his debts be paid, before considering any human beneficiary, he sets aside an adequate sum of money for the care, so long as he may live, of his pet Airdale dog, "Razzle Dazzle", that now wanders about the hotel and its premises, vainly and sadly seeking the master whose voice he will never hear again.

"No site could have been better chosen for his resting place. It overlooks the scene of his labors as well as the canyon he loved, and there, ere long, his friends will place a suitable monument so that his memorable services to traveling mankind may not be forgotten".

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

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Portrait displayed as a full-page illustration on page 8 of this issue of *The Hotel World*



SOME SIDE LINES FROM THE MORGAN PARK DESK

A Letter to the Late Charles A. Brant, for Seventeen Years Manager of the Famous El Tovar Hotel at Grand Canyon, Arizona

Letter to a Dead Friend:

*Charles A. Brant, Grand Canyon—
My Dear Charles:*

In yonder far fair field where golden poppies bloom, where soft winds whisper and purple sunset shadows linger, where flows the Eternal River that hath neither source nor terminous, I see strolling hand in hand through Elysian glades, with wide wondering eyes for every blossom and attuned ear for every bird, you and your fair Olga—she of the raven hair and hazel orbs, heritage of that famed Marseilles southland where she was born, and you with the fair hair and eyes of your northland Russian-German ancestry—two lovers straying amid the scenes they will eternally worship.

They tell me you are dead, Charlie Brant! No!—you are not, you cannot be, you never will be dead to me, until I pass on—for friendship cannot die. And so I am writing you this letter, Charlie, and you cannot deny me! You know Andrew Lang says in his letter to the departed Thackeray: "There are many things that stand in the way of the critic when he has a mind to praise the living." Here am I, cooped in my room and bed for the day at "Bonheim," and fully realize what Socrates says when he speaks of "The Immortality of the Soul," that "The body is a source of endless trouble to us by reason of the mere requirement of food; and also is liable to diseases which overtake and impede us in the search after truth, and by filling us so full of loves, and lusts, and fears, and fancies, and idols, and every sort of folly, prevents our ever having, as people say, so much as a thought." But my momentary ills cannot prevent me, dear friend, from having thoughts of you—and on the wall opposite my bed hangs a picture of your good self as it has hung for years to remind me of the long time we have been friends; and farther along on the wall hangs a pretty colored Italian tint of the Castle of Chillon on the shores of Lake Geneva, recalling to me my youthful schooldays when Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" aroused my imagination, and reminds me how I was thrilled one beautiful midsummer Sunday afternoon in 1907 as my wife and I and friends sailed away from Montreux across the blue waters of Geneva, and looked back on

this famous ancient castle and prison and majestic Mont Blanc beyond, just as they appear in this picture. And a bit farther along on the wall hang photographic pictures of the ancestral homes in Thuringia of my father and mother. So you see, Charlie, though "cooped in" for the nonce I live in a larger sphere—with you and my environment of the wider world, for after all, my dear old friend, we abide in a house not made with hands, but the House of Sentiment—the House of the Mind and Heart. And you recall that the immortal Ingersoll, the finest orator America has yet produced, declared: "Life without sentiment is like an orange with the juice squeezed out of it—nothing but bitter rind."

But now I am going away back, Charlie, among the biographical facts, some of which I learned long ago about you and others in after years. You were born in faraway Moscow, land of ice and snow and mosques, your father a Russian nobleman and mother a German lady. And when you came to America you did a wonderfully sane and sensible thing, though you were but a lad. You once said to me: "My father's name was one of those Russian names that cannot be spelled, pronounced or remembered; my mother's maiden name was Brandt, so I adopted that, and to make it still simpler I dropped the 'd,' and," you added with that quaint humor with which you have always been so ready, "I am now a full-fledged member of the Duck family."

And as a stripling you went to sea and became a "steward," or what in hotel parlance we call waiter. And after a term at sea you landed in New York and became a waiter at the St. Nicholas Hotel on lower Broadway when that was the finest hotel of Gotham. And while there Madame Blavatsky, the notorious Russian woman, the "Mother Eddy" of theosophy, was a guest of the hotel and as you could use the Russian tongue you were assigned as her private waiter. And you have told me that she did not only use profanity like a sailor but she cared not whether she had any garments on or not when you appeared in her room with her meals. But with her theosophic doctrines and not with her garments or habits she interested you, and you bought her books and other books on

theosophy.

Now let me get down to a date fixed in my memory. Charlie, and I wonder can you recall it? I was a guest of the famous old Michigan Exchange Hotel in Detroit, in September, 1879, years after the Hawley and Farnham Lyon regime, when Charlie Eaton and Will Beyers were clerks. I recall as yesterday the headwaiter as I studied him from my seat in the dining room. He had but twenty years back of him; a bit above medium height; the blondest of pompadour hair; eyes as blue as the sky above alpine heights on a sunny day; rosy cheeks and skin as fair as a schoolgirl's. It was you, Charlie, headwaiter of an important hotel at the age of 20!

It was in 1880 or 1881 that the beautiful Montezuma Hotel was opened at Las Vegas Hot Springs in New Mexico. Several employes, headed by Will P. Beyers, left the Detroit hotel and became attached to the Montezuma and you were among the number, my boy, becoming headwaiter of the swagger resort hotel of the southwest. And when the house burned down a year or so later you were not only out of a job but out a library valued at five thousand dollars! You have never told me a word about it but I know the facts. You, a "kid" of 21, owner of a library of rare philosophical works! Were you an exceptional young man? I'll say you were.

And the years went by and I saw and heard little of you. One day in the latter part of the eighties, you, having in the meantime wedded your dear sweet Olga, came to my office in the Exchange building at LaSalle and Van Buren, and as you sat down at my desk, you burst out: "Say, Mr. Bohu, I am probably the worst scared man today in Chicago!" "What have you done?" I asked. "I have contracted to go to Montevideo in South America to manage a new million dollar hotel to be built there." "O pshaw!" I replied, "go to it—you know more than all South America about running a hotel." And I'll bet you don't remember this: you threw three ten-dollar bills on my desk. I exclaimed, "What are these for?" You replied: "Of all the many letters I sent down there yours did the most to get that job." "But," I demurred, "we are not running an employment office, and I have no wife or children to give such

windfalls to." You refused to take the bills back.

Via London—as we Americans chiefly traveled to South America—you sailed with Olga for Montevideo. But alas! in the middle of the hotel construction came the great Baring Brothers failure and currency dropt in one day to two and three cents on the dollar, your money in bank was lost, the hotel construction was dropped, you and your wife made some tours into the heart of

a new committee and you decided he was "impossible." Then followed a four-year term at the Mercantile Club in St. Louis, and then a four-year term at the Union League Club in Chicago, experiences filled with many interesting club stories, some of which I may relate through the "Side Lines" some time. Resigning from the Union League you went into partnership with James R. Hayes in the Park Hotel at Hot Springs, Ark. But Hot Springs patronage was

the El Tovar at the Grand Canyon in Arizona. Never before was there so fitting a selection for hotel management as when the Harveys and Benjamins selected you and Mrs. Brant to be host and hostess of this unique inn on the rim of the world's greatest wonder. Here was your natural home; here your throne; here your happiness; here came men and women of your mental, moral and cultural calibre, who could appreciate the fine and beautiful and marvelous in nature—not merely the winers and diners of city club and hotel life. Here, my dear Charles, you revelled with your Olga not only with the gods of pinnacles, peaks and pines, but in the ripeness of your years and experience came the wisdom of your long and deep reading of the thoughts of master minds.

"They" have been saying much, Charlie, recently about your "religion." They say you have lately said that you came to the canyon an atheist and you had become a "believing Pagan." O Boy! that is a subtle religious philosophy! Who would not be a "believing Pagan"? How often have you and I discussed these questions! Do you recall sitting in my home and reading with me an article in the Popular Science Monthly magazine by that fine philosopher and scientist, David Starr Jordan, entitled "Is There Life After Death?" We had finished when you exclaimed with a dubious shake of the head, "I don't



"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung."

Two views of the burial place of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Brant

the continent and then returned to the good old U. S.

It was in that now long ago time, my wife and I were making a trip to California—a sort of belated wedding trip! After a stay at Salt Lake City I wired you at Ogden, where you were managing the Depot Hotel for the U. P. road, that we would stop over one train. When we arrived you and your wife made us take your own suite of rooms and held onto us for three days. And what never-to-be-forgotten days were those three days for the westward tourists! To walk with you and talk with you and dine and wine with you and your sweetheart wife was a mile-post along the pathway of life.

Then next you took the stewardship of the Grand Hotel at Mackinac Island for a season, after which you assumed the management of the Detroit Club at Detroit and remained four years. Each year you wrote me after the club election, stating you had a new house committee and that "only God knows what a new house committee will do and he won't tell," so not to overlook any new job! And finally Newberry (was it Truman H.?) was elected chairman of



"The canyon holds its breath: no leaf
Of all its pines is twirled;
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world."

not your kind of folks socially or intellectually and you retired after a season.

Then that great and good thing happened—17 years ago—the building of

like that article!" "Why?" I asked. "Because it is too confounded convincing," you replied. Jordan had analyzed human life and destiny by the laws of nature, making man at one with and a part of the cosmic law, and did it so clearly and simply that it seemed impossible to deny his conclusions. You never were an atheist, Charles, but an

agnostic like myself, affirming nothing and denying nothing about the unknowable but disagreeing in toto with the unethical, cruel, obscene dogmas, doctrines and recitals of the old Hebrew bible. Ah, yes, my friend, you are a "believing pagan" with a thousand wonderful, and beautiful and beneficent gods; to you a heaven without your faithful horse and dog, without a million birds and billion blossoms and emerald forests, would not be a paradise but a hades. The Grand Canyon was paradise to you until Olga passed away a year ago, and then "in loneliness and sorrow you could see no bright to-morrow."

My mind runs back now to 1910—our last meeting—when our Chicago Special H. M. M. B. A. train for California stopped with you a few hours to view the Canyon—when our mutual friend George Wharton James, who has written so beautifully of your departure, came on from the coast to address us on the geology of the great abyss. Alas! how fast the days have gone! Little did I think that I should not see you and Olga again. But

Friend after friend departs—

Who hath not lost a friend?—

There is no union here of hearts

That finds not here an end!

But, my dear good friend of the long years, while I recall your kindly courtesies to myself, my wife and my little ones, your thoughtful generousities and many long and lovely letters, your always modest desire not to be newspaperized, I too reflect what a lovely success you have made of life! how you have been a model for your employes and associates; ever firm but always kind; the very soul of honor and honesty; gentle, loving spirit you have been, Charles, dwelling with your Olga in a beautiful world of mind and heart apart from the lower world, and yet so human, so cordial, that the great and the small have loved you; the great artists, authors, scientists, world tourists who came to study and to see, and you have been their counselor, guide and friend in beholding nature's most wonderful specimen of her handiwork. What a tribute these great ones have paid you, my blue-eyed boy from Russia! They buried your casket in flowers and your memory extolled in sweet acclaim. Only in September did the editor of the great *London Times* visit the Canyon and you were his guide and on the editorial page of his world-famed paper he headed a column "The Silent Gods," and one-half described the "gods" of the canyon and the other was a tribute to the High Priest of the canyon—you, Charles, tho your name was not used.

And now you and Olga are laid to rest on the brink of the mighty canyon you have loved and cherished: there your ashes will rest from time to eter-

nity; your shrine will be a mecca for your friends and lovers; and for a thousand years to come in this great government park your tomb will be pointed out and the story of Mr. and Mrs. Brant and their worship of the canyon told to coming generations. And over your resting place will be placed an enduring monument by your generous employers and friends. You have in your days traveled the world over, but you could have selected no more fitting place for your last long sleep. So in closing this letter may I express this prayer, dear friend, that peace be forever unto your ashes and your memory live unto the coming generations.

HENRY J. BOHN.

The Brant Obsequies

The recent passing away of Charles A. Brant, manager of the Hotel El Tovar, Grand Canyon, Arizona, was the occasion of the most striking and notable funeral obsequies that have ever taken place for any individual in the Great Southwest. Through the thoughtful courtesy of Mr. Ford Harvey, head of the great Fred Harvey System, operating the vast system of railway hotels and eating houses and including the El Tovar, the editor received photographic views taken at the time of the funeral on December 16th, and while the pictures do not lend themselves well for newspaper reproduction, they make a valuable and enduring memento of the memorable occasion.

The funeral services and ceremonies took place both at the hotel and under the trees at the brink of the canyon where his remains were laid away. Distinguished people came from near and

far, among them the author and lecturer, George Wharton James of Pasadena, who spent six seasons in the canyon and has given the world the most important volume descriptive of it. And among the noted who were present were also the Indians and Cowboys of Arizona, who all loved and admired Mr. and Mrs. Brant, and with bared heads out under the pines they listened to the last words spoken over the remains of this exceptional hotel man and saw him consigned to the bosom of the earth at the spot he loved so well.

Upon the announcement of his death, telegrams poured in from near and far, three cables from London ordering flowers, and of floral tributes, here in the desert, where no flowers bloom in December, the casket was engulfed with a wealth of the rarest blossoms. It was such an ovation as any king might wish for from his people. Mr. Brant has often spoken to the editor of *THE HOTEL WORLD* of the great kindness and consideration bestowed on himself and wife by Mr. Harvey and his associates, and in this last sad year of his life during which Mrs. Brant passed away in a hospital at Los Angeles, there was nothing that loving thought and human hands could do that was not done by these worthy employers of a loyal employe. To adequately and appropriately complete the wonderful testimonial to Mr. and Mrs. Brant whose remains rest on the rim of the Great Abyss, a monument will be erected as a shrine that will symbolize to all coming generations the love and loyalty of this charming man and woman. And may an artist be found who can put into the marble the spirit that typified these two great lovers of nature.

See pp. 42, 43 in the present volume for better-resolution copies of the two photos of the Brant grave that are shown in this article.



In Memory of Mr. and Mrs. Brant

The boulder that marks the grave of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Brant on the South Rim of Grand Canyon, Ariz., is inscribed:

"In this place doubt is impossible, else, why all these wonders, this surpassing beauty, this grandeur, this deep peace, this confident repose? No, here is the Spirit of God; here one must believe."

Mr. Brant was an agnostic before going to Grand Canyon; but the majesty of the canyon affected his life, and he said at one time to the writer: "I am going to stay here as long as I live. This canyon is my religion."

OBITUARIES

THE DAILY
National Hotel Reporter

FIFTIETH YEAR

CHICAGO, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1921

VOL. L, NO. 9

Page 1

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Charles A. Brant, Wife of El Tovar's
Well Known Manager, Expires
In a Los Angeles
Hospital.

The friends among the hotel fraternity and travelers (and their name is legion) of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Brant of Hotel El Tovar, Grand Canyon, Arizona, will be shocked to learn of the death of Mrs. Brant, which occurred a few days ago in a hospital at Los Angeles, Cal., following a major surgical operation.

For years genial Charley Brant and his faithful wife have worked together, side by side in the hotel field, and the death of this most estimable woman will prove a crushing blow to her devoted husband, who is himself ill and recently the inmate of a hospital.

Ever since its inception, the now nationally known Hotel El Tovar, has been most capably conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Brant, and the couple have long been held in the highest esteem by the officers of the Fred Harvey system, of which this famous resort hotel is one of the most prominent and profitable plants.

Mr. Brant is understood to have acquired a handsome competency and he and his wife were looking forward to a retirement from active pursuits in the near future and hoped to settle down in a comfortable home somewhere in California for the balance of their lives. The sympathy of hundreds of warm and admiring friends will go out to Mr. Brant in his great affliction.

Note: Regarding the reference to Charles Brant's hospitalization, the following also had appeared:

"Brant—Many friends in the hotel fraternity will regret to learn that Mr. Charles A. Brant, manager of Hotel El Tovar, Grand Canyon, Arizona, from its inception, is now in Los Angeles, Cal., where he is the inmate of a hospital. Mr. Brant has been quite ill for several weeks and his physician advised a change to a sea coast level."

—National Hotel Reporter, December 21, 1920, p. 1

CHARLES A. BRANT, FAMOUS HOTEL MAN DIES AT CANYON

The great southwest lost one of its truest and best friends in the death of Charles A. Brant, which occurred at Grand Canyon Tuesday afternoon at 3.50. He was taken with pneumonia about a week previous to his death. All efforts to save his life were without avail and he passed on to join his beloved wife, who preceded him on the long journey last Christmas Day, 1920, in Los Angeles. His life seemed devoid of all he loved best since the death of his wife; struggle as bravely as he would, the loss was always uppermost in his thoughts.

Charles A. Brant was born August 6th, 1859, at Moscow, Russia, and he came to America, landing in New York, April 5, 1873. During his life he held many high positions in the hotel world, and in 1904 was selected by the Harvey Company as manager of the El Tovar hotel, which had just been completed and opened to the public. The fame of the El Tovar and its genial manager spread to all parts of the world through the friends he made.

In the earlier part of his life he visited Europe several times and South America and Africa.

While one of the most highly honored of all the Fred Harvey forces, he did not confine himself to that work alone, but was an enthusiastic co-worker with all the agencies which went toward the making of the Grand Canyon one of the greatest show places in the world; rich or poor were treated alike by this big-hearted, nature loving man. Right was right and wrong was wrong with him whenever or wherever perpetrated and during the early period of the settlement of the canyon, when there were many contending elements, he was a great harmonizer of all interests.

The funeral services were held this morning at 10:30 at the Grand Canyon, conducted by Rev. Father Vabre, and the remains interred just west of the Bright Angel camp along the rim of the great canyon he loved so well.

The following tribute to Mr. Brant was written by Rev. Father C. Vabre. Trust in the Lord, and do good: and dwell in the land, and thou shalt be fed with its riches. (Psalm 36, 1, 3.)

Another span of human life has been added to boundless eternity. In space it reached from the shadows of the Kremlin to the rim of the Grand Canyon, and in time it started on the 6th of August, 1859, to end on the 13th of December, 1921. Within those two points and those two dates was encompassed the career of the dear departed. Its milestones are

(Continued on Page Seven)

The Coconino Sun

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1921

Pages 1, 7

(Continued from Page One.)

fittingly marked out by the words of the royal seer in praise of divine Providence. Our friend trusted in the Lord, and did good and dwelt in the land of his adoption, and was fed with its choicest blessings.

Charles A. Brant knew this world as few men ever did, and human nature held few secrets from his penetrating mind. His travels had taken him to all parts of four continents and his keen observation served by a retentive memory made him a walking compendium of world-wide information. Hence the peerless host to the throngs of visitors who these seventeen years have flocked to the sublime rim of this titan of chasms. The artist, the writer, the philosopher, the theologian, the thinker, the business man, the cowboy, the child and the sophisticated globe-trotter found in Charles A. Brant a most congenial and entertaining sympathizer. To all he threw wide open the gates of his unsurpassed hospitality. For only one kind of person did he ever show contempt. He had grown to love and worship as it were this sublime manifestation of divine omnipotence. The Canyon was the shrine of which he was the high priest. For dogmatic pronouncements he had little use and deplored the bitterness of feeling often engendered by intolerant doctrines. But to anyone failing to share his worshipful admiration for the grandeur of the Canyon he would unsparingly give the lash of his stinging reprobation. On the other hand, he would readily warm up to the visitor who joined in his religious contemplation of nature's masterpiece. No wonder that such a man reckoned his friends by the thousand among the people who have come and visited the Grand Canyon.

Many of those were treated to another side of the versatile mind of the high priest. It was when after a strenuous day of sight-seeing the fortunate tourist was admitted into the inner circle of the cosy corner and was allowed to listen to the tales of that most skillful raconteur. The fatigue from a ride down the trail or a drive along the rim would easily yield to the refreshing charm and enchantment radiating from the host's personality.

As he often remarked, Charles Brant came to the Grand Canyon with a mind imbued with the sophistries of unbelievers. Ere long those foggy tenets of groundless atheism ceased to have any hold on him. This new book of revelation spread out at his feet engrossed his religious mind, and he felt bound to proclaim repeatedly his belief in the God whose almighty power was so evidently displayed in the splendor of the Canyon.

Another distinctive trait of that richly endowed nature was its untiring kindness for the little ones and the helpless creatures of God. He has been known to rise from his bed and throw open the gates that kept the thirsty cattle from the forbidden waters of the reserve. He could not stand to see any living thing suffer and would not hesitate to transgress man-made regulations when no other way could be found to bring the needed relief.

A heart so tender and so kind to animals could not very well remain deaf to the call of distress from human beings. Hence when the world conflict broke out and left a trail of crying misery in its wake he spared not his efforts nor his riches to go to the relief of the widow and orphan. His deeds along that line are known only to Him who scrutinizes the hearts of men. The acts of charity and kindness performed by our departed friend were not to be recorded on the scrolls of worldly fame.

Now, dear friend, thou hast left us, but the noble example of thy life will be enshrined in our hearts. We pray that the God of love who makes the love of our neighbor the touchstone of our love for Him may be lenient and have thy soul in His keeping. May He who was so kind to thee in this valley of sorrow admit thee into the company of His elect where, we, thy sorrowful friends, hope to join thee when our race is run and the hand of time bids us pass from the shadow of death to the splendors of eternal light.

The Williams News

WILLIAMS, COCONINO COUNTY, ARIZONA FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1921.

Page 1

CHARLES A. BRANT DIES AT CANYON

Chas. A. Brant manager of the El Tovar Hotel at Grand Canyon, since that house was first opened, died at his home there on Tuesday afternoon. He contracted pneumonia about a week previous to his death. The most expert medical aid was called to treat him but all efforts to save his life were of no avail. Mrs. Brant his beloved wife, preceded him almost a year and since her death he had lost his old keen interest in life. He found life robbed of its zest without his wife beside him and he could not overcome a longing for the day when he should be called to join her.

Funeral services were conducted this morning at 10:30 at Grand Canyon, by Rev. Father Vabre. Burial was made on the top of El Tovar Hill. It is probable that the remains of Mrs. Brant will be brought from Los Angeles and laid at rest beside her devoted husband.

Charles A. Brant was born in Moscow, Russia, August 6th, 1859. He came to America in 1873. Here he engaged in hotel work and during his life held many high positions. He was chosen to take charge of the El Tovar when it was first opened in 1904, and he continued to hold that position until his death. He was as solicitious of the comfort and welfare of those of moderate means as those of the wealthy and this made him generally beloved. He did not confine his efforts merely to the fulfillment of the duties incumbent upon him thru his position, but was mindful of every opportunity to upbuild the name and fame of the Grand Canyon before the nation and the world. In his death the great Southwest has lost one of its most ardent friends.

THE DAILY National Hotel Reporter.

FIFTIETH YEAR

CHICAGO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1921

VOL. L, NO 296

Page 1

OBITUARY.

Death Of Charles A. Brant, Manager,
From Its Inception, Of The Famous
Hotel El Tovar At Grand
Canyon, Ariz.

Charles A. Brant, who passed away on Tuesday last at the famous hotel of which he was the manager, was one of the most unique characters in the American hotel world. Born in a foreign country, but living nearly all his life in America, he spoke the English language with a foreign accent, which only served to add to the interest felt in his conversation.

During his long and busy life, Mr. Brant had varied experiences. He was for several years the very popular manager of the Union League Club in Chicago. At one time he managed the restaurant in the station of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at Milwaukee. He was a partner with James R. Hayes in the Grand Hotel at Mackinac Island, Michigan, and the Park at Hot

Springs, Ark. He was at an earlier period in his life connected with the Montezuma Hotel, Las Vegas Hot Springs, New Mexico. He once went to South America under contract to manage a big hotel, which was never erected. When the Hotel El Tovar was built at Grand Canyon, Arizona, by the Santa Fe Railroad, Mr. Brant, who was already in the employ of the Harvey system, was requested by Mr. Harvey to furnish and organize the new hotel. He went there, not expecting to remain, but he continued the manager of that now famous hotel, from the day of its opening until his death.

Mrs. Brant, who was a helpmeet to her husband in the fullest sense of the term, died several months ago, and Mr. Brant, who was even then in poor health, has since continued to fail, until death called him hence.

As stated at the beginning of this brief obituary, he was a unique character, and it should also be said of him that he was an extremely lovable man and highly respected by all who knew him.

THE DAILY National Hotel Reporter.

FIFTIETH YEAR

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1921

VOL. L, NO. 308

Page 1

SARCOPHAGUS FOR BRANT

Is Hewn Out of the Solid Stone And Overlooks The Canyon That He So Loved And Worshiped.

There has never been a death in the hotel fraternity of the United States that has attracted wider attention or caused more universal sorrow than that of Charles A. Brant, manager for 16 years of the Hotel El Tovar at Grand Canyon, Arizona, which occurred December 16.

Concerning the funeral services held at Grand Canyon, Mr. Ford Harvey, head of the Harvey system, which operates Hotel El Tovar, writing to the editor of the NATIONAL HOTEL REPORTER says:

“There must have been three hundred friends in attendance and included among them were leading officials of the railway company, of our organization, distinguished artists, employes, representatives of three or four different tribes of Indians and old pioneers, making a

scene that I shall always remember.

“His final resting place is ideal. I am sure just as he would want it. Mrs. Brant was buried in Los Angeles, but her remains will be brought to the Canyon to lie by his side. They blasted out of the solid rock, an excavation eight feet square which will provide a resting place for both, and I have it in mind to improve the same in a way that will appeal to the hearts of those who loved him and his dear wife”.



Volume 30 No. 346
JANUARY, 1922

Page 57

OBITUARY

Chas. Brant's Grave on Grand Canyon's Rim

Charles A. Brant, manager of the El Tovar Hotel, Grand Canyon, Arizona, died December 19, and is buried on the rim of the Canyon.

Mr. Brant was a remarkable man in many ways. First of all he was a hotel man, courteous, able, and one who loved his occupation. He had been manager of El Tovar for seventeen years and during that time had met many thousands of visitors to this wonderful chasm, and never tired of telling of its influence on his life and on all who have consciousness of a soul. "This Canyon is my religion" he once said to the writer, "I shall live and die here."

Two years ago the editor wrote Mr. Brant that he hoped to pay him a visit, coming by way of Salt Lake City and the North Rim, and crossing the Canyon on the cable at the foot of Bright Angel Trail. He replied to our letter, "Frankly, I do not think the cable safe for crossing. . . . I regret exceedingly having to tell you this. . . . I would not advise you to undertake the crossing. . . . I would certainly not care to have you, my dear Mr. Willy, cross on what we consider a precarious cable. Trusting you will come up here by a less hazardous route. . . ."

So it was, his considerateness; he would not have a friend's life endangered in making him a visit.

His funeral was remarkable from the large number of races who mourned him—Indians, Europeans, Asiatics, Africans, men of note in politics, business, science, who journeyed far to honor the last rites; and messages of appreciation and sympathy were cabled from many parts of the world.

PUBLIC RECORDS

Data are transcribed here from records viewed at Ancestry.com in 2026. Discrepancies between registers may be noted, as users of such records often encounter.

United States Censuses

[transcriptions of selected data, thus]

U.S. Census: 1910

Brant, Charles A., aged 50, married 17 years
born Russia, father born Russia, mother born Sweden
immigrated 1875, naturalized [dates of naturalization not given in 1910; but compare 1920]
occupation General Manager, El Tovar Hotel

Brant, Olga Zina, aged 35, married 17 years
born France, father born France, mother born France
immigrated 1878; not naturalized
occupation Asst. Manager, El Tovar Hotel

U.S. Census: 1920

Brant, Charles A., aged 61, immigrated 1875, naturalized 1913
born Russia, father born Russia, mother born Russia
occupation Manager Hotel

Brant, Ololga [*sic*], aged 45, immigrated 1875, naturalized
born France, father born England, mother born France
occupation "None"

Thus far Charles Brant has not been located in Censuses for 1880 or 1900 or in early immigration records. Olga (Frappier) Brant has likewise not been located.

Other

An "Inward Passenger List" recorded in Honolulu, October 8, 1910, for the S.S. *Mongolia* (E. P. Kitt, Master), lists among those in "Cabin for San Francisco" Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Brant, aged 45 and 40 years [*sic*], respectively, traveling with nine pieces of baggage (accessed via Ancestry.com). The Brants' holiday to the Orient was mentioned in corporate news notes in *The Santa Fe Employes' Magazine*, Vol. 4, no. 10 (September 1910), pp. 76-77, and no. 12 (November), pp. 81-82.

Charles Brant's Naturalization Records

The significant portions of the various forms and communications are in facsimile, but cropped, derived from the Public Domain content posted to Ancestry.com. Brant had intended to pursue naturalization in 1906 but did not in fact become a citizen until 1914.

In the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the Territory of Arizona, in and for Yavapai County.

Declaration of Intention to Become a Citizen of the United States.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, Territory of Arizona, County of Yavapai, ss.

I, Charles Brant, do declare, on oath, that I was born August 5th 1859, in the City of Moscow, Russia, that I came to the United States and landed at the Port of New York, N.Y. on the 5th day of April 1873, that it is bona fide my intention to become a citizen of the United States of America; and that I do absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign Prince, Potentate, States and Sovereignty, whatsoever, and particularly to the Emperor of Russia of which I am now a subject. So help me God.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3 day of March 1906

Seal Charles Brant
J. M. Watt Clerk.

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

PETITION FOR NATURALIZATION

Socket No. 160.

In the matter of the petition of Charles Alfred Grant U.S. District Court of 4th Judicial District of Arizona, Prescott, Arizona. to be admitted a citizen of the United States of America.

To the U.S. District Court of 4th Judicial District of Arizona.

The petition of Charles Alfred Grant respectfully shows:

First. My full name is Charles Alfred Grant

Second. My place of residence is number street, city town of Grand Canyon, Arizona

Third. My occupation is Manager of Hotel 'El Tovar' Arizona

Fourth. I was born on the 5th day of August, anno Domini 1877, at Merceux, Russia

Fifth. I emigrated to the United States from Riga, Russia on or about the 5th day of January, anno Domini 1878, and arrived at the port of New York, N.Y. in the City of Washington

Sixth. I declared my intention to become a citizen of the United States on the 3rd day of March, anno Domini 1906, at Prescott, Arizona in the District Court of Yavapai County, Arizona

Seventh. I am married. My wife's name is Olga Trupiec Grant She was born in Bordeaux, France and now resides at Grand Canyon, Arizona I have 2 children and the name, date and place of birth, and place of residence of each of said children is as follows:

Eighth. I am not a disbeliever in or opposed to organized government or a member of or affiliated with any organization or body of persons teaching disbelief in organized government. I am not a polygamist nor a believer in the practice of polygamy. I am attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and it is my intention to become a citizen of the United States and to renounce absolutely and forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty, and particularly to Nicholas II, Emperor of Russia of which at this time I am a subject, and it is my intention to reside permanently in the United States.

Ninth. I am able to speak the English language.

Tenth. I have resided continuously in the United States of America for a term of five years at least immediately preceding the date of this petition, to wit, since the 7th day of April, anno Domini 1873, and in the Territory of Arizona for one year at least next preceding the date of this petition, to wit, since the 20th day of September, anno Domini 1904.

Eleventh. I have not heretofore made petition for citizenship to any court. I made petition for citizenship to the U.S. District Court of 4th Judicial District of Arizona at Prescott on the 2nd day of June, anno Domini 1905, and the said petition was denied by the said Court for the following reasons and causes, to wit, that the verifying witnesses had not known the petitioner for full five years, and the cause of such denial has since been cured or removed.

Attached hereto and made a part of this petition are my declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States and the certificate from the Department of Commerce and Labor required by law. Wherefore your petitioner prays that he may be admitted a citizen of the United States of America.

Dated September 8th, 1908.

Charles Alfred Grant (Signature of petitioner.)

Territory of Arizona } as:
County of Arizona }
Charles Alfred Grant

being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the petitioner in the above-entitled proceeding; that he has read the foregoing petition and knows the contents thereof; that the same is true of his own knowledge, except as to matters therein stated to be alleged upon information and belief, and that as to those matters he believes it to be true.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of September, anno Domini 1908.

J. M. Watts, Clerk

* If the alien arrived otherwise than by vessel, the character of conveyance or name of transportation company should be given.

Declaration of Intention and Certificate of Landing from Department of Commerce and Labor filed this 8th day of September, 1908.

J. M. Watts, Clerk

(continued)

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

(continued)

ORDER OF COURT ADMITTING PETITIONER

Upon consideration of the petition of....., and affidavits in support thereof, and further testimony taken in open Court, it is ordered that the said petitioner, who has taken the oath required by law, be, and hereby is, admitted to become a citizen of the United States of America, this..... day of....., A. D. 19.....

(It is further ordered, upon consideration of the petition of the said....., that his name be, and hereby is, changed to....., under authority of the provisions of section 8 of an act entitled "An Act to establish a Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization, and to provide for a uniform rule for the naturalization of aliens throughout the United States," approved June 20, 1906.)

By the Court:

....., J.....

July 9 1959
Cont'd to Nov 1st 1959

Feb'y. 14th 1910

Upon request of petitioner, it is ordered that the foregoing petition be dismissed without prejudice,

Alonso M. Diaz Judge

PETITION FOR NATURALIZATION

In the matter of the petition of Charles Alfred Brant, Superior Court of Arizona, to be admitted a citizen of the United States of America.

To the Superior Court of Arizona: The petition of Charles Alfred Brant respectfully shews:

First. My full name is Charles Alfred Brant. Second. My place of residence is number ... street, city, town of Grand Canyon, Arizona.

Third. My occupation is Manager of Hotel. Fourth. I was born on the 6th day of August, anno Domini 1859, at Moscow, Russia.

Fifth. I emigrated to the United States from Riga, Russia, on or about the 20th day of March, anno Domini 1879, and arrived at the port of New York, in the United States, on the ... day of ... City of Washington.

Sixth. I declared my intention to become a citizen of the United States on the 3rd day of March, anno Domini 1906, at Prescott, Arizona, in the District Court of Arizona.

Seventh. I am married. My wife's name is Olga B. Frysziere, she was born in Bordo, France, and now resides at Grand Canyon, I have two children, and the name, date and place of birth, and place of residence of each of said children is as follows:

Eighth. I am not a disbeliever in or opposed to organized government or a member of or affiliated with any organization or body of persons teaching disbelief in organized government. I am not a polygamist nor a believer in the practice of polygamy. I am attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and it is my intention to become a citizen of the United States and to renounce absolutely and forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty, and particularly to Nicholas H. Emperor of all the Russias of which at this time I am a subject, and it is my intention to reside permanently in the United States.

Ninth. I am able to speak the English language. Tenth. I have resided continuously in the United States of America for a term of five years at least immediately preceding the date of this petition, to wit, since the 5th day of April, anno Domini 1891, and in the Territory of Arizona for one year at least next preceding the date of this petition, to wit, since the 20th day of September, anno Domini 1904.

Eleventh. I have not heretofore made petition for citizenship to any court. (I made petition for citizenship to the U.S. District Court of Prescott, Arizona, on the ... day of ... anno Domini 1908, and the said petition was denied by the said Court for the following reasons and causes, to wit, witnesses not sufficient and petition dismissed upon motion of petitioner, and the cause of such denial has since been cured or removed.)

Attached hereto and made a part of this petition are my declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States and the certificate from the Department of Commerce and Labor required by law. Wherefore your petitioner prays that he may be admitted a citizen of the United States of America.

Dated September 2nd, 1913. Charles Alfred Brant (Signature of petitioner)

State of Arizona } ss: County of Coconino } Charles Alfred Brant

being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the petitioner in the above-entitled proceeding; that he has read the foregoing petition and knows the contents thereof; that the same is true of his own knowledge, except as to matters therein stated to be alleged upon information and belief, and that as to those matters he believes it to be true.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of September, anno Domini 1913. Chas. H. Adams, Clerk.

By ... Clerk. * If the alien arrived otherwise than by vessel, the character of conveyance or name of transportation company should be given.

Declaration of Intention and Certificate of Landing from Department of Commerce and Labor filed this 2nd day of September, 1913. Chas. H. Adams, Clerk.

AFFIDAVIT OF WITNESSES

In the matter of the petition of Charles Alfred Brant, District Court of Arizona, to be admitted a citizen of the United States of America.

State of Arizona } ss: County of Coconino }

H. E. Paddock, occupation Banker, residing at Flagstaff, Arizona. and R. O. Raymond, occupation Physician, residing at Flagstaff, Arizona.

Each being severally duly, and respectively sworn, deposes and says that he is a citizen of the United States of America; that he has personally known Charles Alfred Brant, the petitioner above mentioned, to be a resident of the United States for a period of at least five years continuously immediately preceding the date of filing his petition, and of the Territory in which the above-entitled application is made for a period of five years immediately preceding the date of filing his petition; and that he has personal knowledge that the said petitioner is a person of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and that he is in every way qualified, in his opinion, to be admitted a citizen of the United States.

H. E. Paddock R. O. Raymond

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of September, anno Domini 1913. Chas. H. Adams, Clerk.

By ... Clerk.

1913

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

~~EL TOVAR~~
EL TOVAR
Grand Canyon Ariz

Feb 4 1914

Mr. Chas. H. Adams,
Clerk of the Superior Court,
Flagstaff.

My Dear Mr. Adams:

Regret having to trouble you so much. Thanks for your wire received in answer to mine of yesterday, your wire reading as follows: "Naturalization examiner here on sixth only if continued may not be heard until August. Come if possible."

Regret exceedingly having to postpone the matter but it is impossible, on account of business, for me to be away from here on the sixth as we have some very important matters here at that time; hence I will have to ask for a postponement until August. Will you kindly have this postponement filed and have me notified of the hearing in August when I trust I shall have no difficulty in getting away.

I beg to remain,

Respectfully yours,

A. Brewster

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION OF

Charles Alfred Brant
TO BE ADMITTED A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Filed Sept 2, 1913.

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE

I hereby declare, on oath, that I absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty, and particularly to Nicholas II the Emperor of all the Russias of which I have heretofore been a subject (and that I further renounce the title of _____, an order of nobility, which I have heretofore held); that I will support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same.

Charles Alfred Brant

[SEAL.] Subscribed and sworn to before me, in open Court, this 7th day of August, A. D. 1914.

Chas. H. Adams, Clerk.

By M. Brooke, Deputy Clerk

ORDER OF COURT ADMITTING PETITIONER

Upon consideration of the petition of Charles Alfred Brant, and affidavits in support thereof, and further testimony taken in open Court, it is ordered that the said petitioner, who has taken the oath required by law, be, and hereby is, admitted to become a citizen of the United States of America, this 7th day of August, A. D. 1914.

~~(It is further ordered, upon consideration of the petition of the said _____ that his name be and hereby is, changed to _____, under authority of the provisions of section 6 of an act entitled "An Act to establish Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization, and to provide for a uniform rule for the naturalization of aliens throughout the United States, approved June 29, 1906.)~~

By the Court:

Fred. W. Lind, Judge

Form 221b.

(To be pasted on the back of the petition below the order of court admitting petitioner. See Rule 19, Naturalization Regulations.)

Petition No. 26

AFFIDAVIT OF WITNESSES

Court Superior Court of Arizona

In the matter of the petition of Charles Alfred Brant to be admitted a citizen of the United States of America.

State of Arizona }
County of Coconino }

Rev. Cyprian Valere, occupation Priest, residing at Flagstaff, Arizona
and Joseph P. Wilson, occupation Bank Cashier, residing at Flagstaff, Arizona

each bring solemnly, duly, and respectively swear, depose and says that he is a citizen of the United States of America; that he has personally known Charles Alfred Brant, the petitioner above mentioned, to be a resident of the United States for a period of at least Five years continuously immediately preceding the date of filing his petition, and of the Territory in which the above-entitled application is made for a period of Five years immediately preceding the date of filing his petition; and that he has personal knowledge that the said petitioner is a person of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and that he is in every way qualified, in his opinion, to be admitted a citizen of the United States.

[AFFIX SEAL]

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of August, Anno Domini 1914.

Joseph P. Wilson

Chas. H. Adams, Clerk.

By M. Brooke, Deputy Clerk.

11-2579

Certificate of Naturalization, No. 302458, issued on the 7th day of August, A. D. 1914.

11-2527

Charles Alfred Brant Death Certificate

FILL OUT ALL BLANKS. PHYSICIANS should state CAUSE OF DEATH in Plain Terms, that it may be properly classified. If any item can not be obtained, insert word "unknown". Make every effort possible to secure this information. Incorrect certificates will be returned for correction.

PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS		MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH	
PLACE OF DEATH County <u>COCONINO</u> District <u>WILLIAMS</u> Town <u>Grand Canyon</u> Or City <u>Grand Canyon</u>		ARIZONA STATE BOARD OF HEALTH BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS State Index - No. <u>275</u> County Registered No. <u>119</u> Local Registrar's - No. _____	
ORIGINAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH No. _____ (If death occurred in a hospital or institution, give its NAME instead of street and number.)			
FULL NAME <u>Charles Alfred Brant</u>			
SEX <u>Male</u>	Color of Race White <input type="checkbox"/> Indian <input type="checkbox"/> Black <input type="checkbox"/> Chinese <input type="checkbox"/> Mexican <input type="checkbox"/>	MARITAL STATUS SINGLE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> MARRIED <input type="checkbox"/> WIDOWED <input type="checkbox"/> or DIVORCED <input type="checkbox"/>	DATE OF DEATH <u>12-13</u> 192 <u>1</u> (Month) (Day) (Year)
DATE OF BIRTH <u>Aug-6</u> 185 <u>9</u> (Month) (Day) (Year)		I hereby certify that I attended deceased from <u>Dec 6</u> 192 <u>1</u> , to <u>Dec 13</u> 192 <u>1</u> ; that I last saw him alive on <u>Dec 13</u> 192 <u>1</u> and that death occurred on the date stated above at <u>3:45</u> P.M. The DISEASE or INJURY causing death was as follows:	
AGE <u>62</u> yrs. <u>4</u> mos. <u>7</u> days If less than 1 day hrs. or min		<u>Pneumonia</u> (Duration) _____ yrs. _____ mos. <u>8</u> days	
OCCUPATION (a) Trade, profession or particular kind of work <u>Manager of Hotel</u> (b) General nature of industry, business, or establishment in which employed or (employer)		Was disease contracted in Arizona? <u>yes</u> If not, where? _____	
BIRTHPLACE (State or Country) <u>Russia</u>		CONTRIBUTORY (Duration) _____ yrs. _____ mos. <u>8</u> days	
NAME OF FATHER <u>Don't Know</u>		(Signed) <u>R. O. Raymond</u> <u>Dec 14</u> 192 <u>1</u> (Address) <u>Flagstaff</u>	
BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER (State or Country) <u>Unknown</u>		*In death from violent causes state (1) means of injury, and (2) whether Accidental, Suicidal, or Homicidal.	
MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER <u>Unknown</u>		LENGTH OF RESIDENCE At place of death <u>17</u> yrs. _____ mos. _____ ds. In Ariz. <u>17</u> yrs. _____ mos. _____ ds.	
BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER (State or Country) <u>Unknown</u>		Former or Usual Residence _____	
The Above is True to the Best of My Knowledge.			
(Informant) (Address) _____		Filed <u>12-27</u> 192 <u>1</u> <u>C. D. Jeffers</u> Local Registrar.	
PLACE OF BURIAL OR REMOVAL <u>Grand Canyon</u>		DATE OF BURIAL OR REMOVAL <u>Dec 16</u> 192 <u>1</u>	
UNDERTAKER <u>Edgar Whipple</u>		ADDRESS <u>Flagstaff</u>	
		Filed <u>Jan 6</u> 192 <u>2</u> <u>S. H. Manning</u> County Registrar.	

Note: The attending physician, R. O. Raymond, was a well respected Flagstaff doctor. See Susan Johnson, "Dr. R. O. Raymond—the Most Memorable Man in Flagstaff," *Arizona Daily Sun*, July 26, 2023. See also brief notes and a photo in Tim Wilson, "Someone call for a doctor?" *Grand Canyon Physicians and Nurses, 1890-1940*, pp. 57-62 in *Those Who Made a Difference: Proceedings of the 6th Grand Canyon History Symposium, Grand Canyon, Arizona, November 1-4, 2023* (Earle E. Spamer, ed.) (Grand Canyon Conservancy, Grand Canyon, 2025).

THE BRANT GRAVESITE

The Brant gravesite in Grand Canyon National Park holds the remains of Charles A. Brant (1859–1921), his wife, Olga (1875–1920, reinterred from California after the death of her husband), and their Airedale pet, Razzle Dazzle (d. 1928). There is no signage to this place, and it is not included in the national park’s own guides. The approach to it is not regularly maintained.

There are a number of internet sources, including Find a Grave, that present a few photographs of the gravesite, and an online video by one traveler takes the viewer there. These show only highlights. The following pages present a more comprehensive guide to the Brant gravesite. The present-day photos by Earle Spamer serve also as a record of conditions as of August 2025. More than a century after the Brants’ deaths, their graves are well maintained.

A memorandum from T. L. Picco notes that information from Emery Kolb, Mrs. Catherine Verkamp, and John Cunningham indicated that “[Charles Brant] and his wife considered the view, just west of the Village, to be one of the finest, and therefore, they made arrangements to be buried on the rim, before the area became a National Park. They also made arrangements to have their dog buried on the same spot.”¹² This site also takes in a view of El Tovar.

It is clear that visitors do come to this little cemetery, as stones have been left on the graves and monuments. Even the grave of Razzle Dazzle has been adorned—with sticks.

Records from the Brant Estate¹³ include a creditor’s claim for \$300 from J. E. Shirley for . . . services of self and necessary workmen and equipment for excavation for interment of Mr. and Mrs. Brant, size of excavation 12 ft. by 12 ft. by 7 ft. deep, in solid rock at Rim of Grand Canyon, and for work in building division wall in excavation and for filling graves and removing debris.

James Earl Shirley (who went by Earl Shirley) was the livery manager for Fred Harvey at Grand Canyon. An additional creditor’s claim in the estate papers notes: \$10 “To cash advanced Bill Bump for running compressor for drilling and digging grave.” Another claim, submitted from David Babbitt of the Flagstaff Undertaking Parlors, records that Charles

¹² Memorandum prepared by T. L. Picco, October 26, 1959 (Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection, Brant file; courtesy Kim Besom, Feb. 18, 2026.)

¹³ Estate records from the papers of the Superior Court of Arizona for Coconino County, accessible online through Ancestry.com (*see Note 6*).

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

Brant's casket was of copper and bronze; cost \$1,200. The claim also notes a "Vault Burglar Proof Steel" in which the casket was placed. (See photos on the following pages.) Charles Brant's death certificate notes that the undertaker was Edgar Whipple.

Dama Margaret Smith, wife of Grand Canyon's Chief Ranger (Charles Jerod Smith, "White Mountain"), recollected the night when the grave was having to be unexpectedly prepared:

The tomb had to be blasted from solid rock. All night long the dull rumble of explosives told me that the rangers, led by the wearer of the Croix de Guerre [a ranger, not identified by Smith, who had been decorated with the French medal for valor during the First World War], were toiling away. The first snow of the season was falling when the funeral cortège started for the grave. White Mountain and other friends were pall-bearers, and twenty cowboys on black horses followed the casket. Father Vabre read the burial service, and George Wharton James spoke briefly of the friendship which had bound them together for many years.¹⁴

Rev. Cyprian Vabre was the Catholic rector of the Church of the Nativity in Flagstaff, and George Wharton James was the well-known author of Grand Canyon and other Southwestern ventures. Both were good friends with Brant, and the father also was a witness for the hotelman's naturalization as a U.S. citizen. Fr. Vabre also presided over the reinterment from California of Olga Brant three weeks after her husband's interment.

¹⁴ Dama Margaret Smith (Mrs. White Mountain), *I Married a Ranger* (Stanford University Press, Stanford CA, 1930), p. 37.

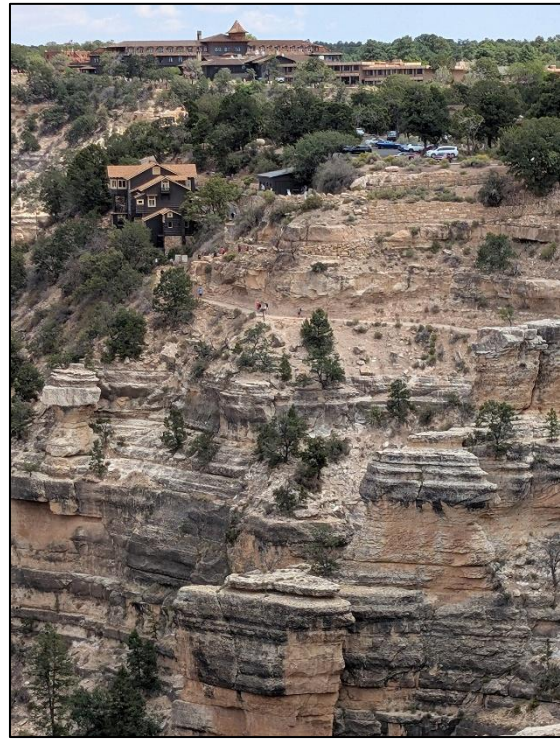
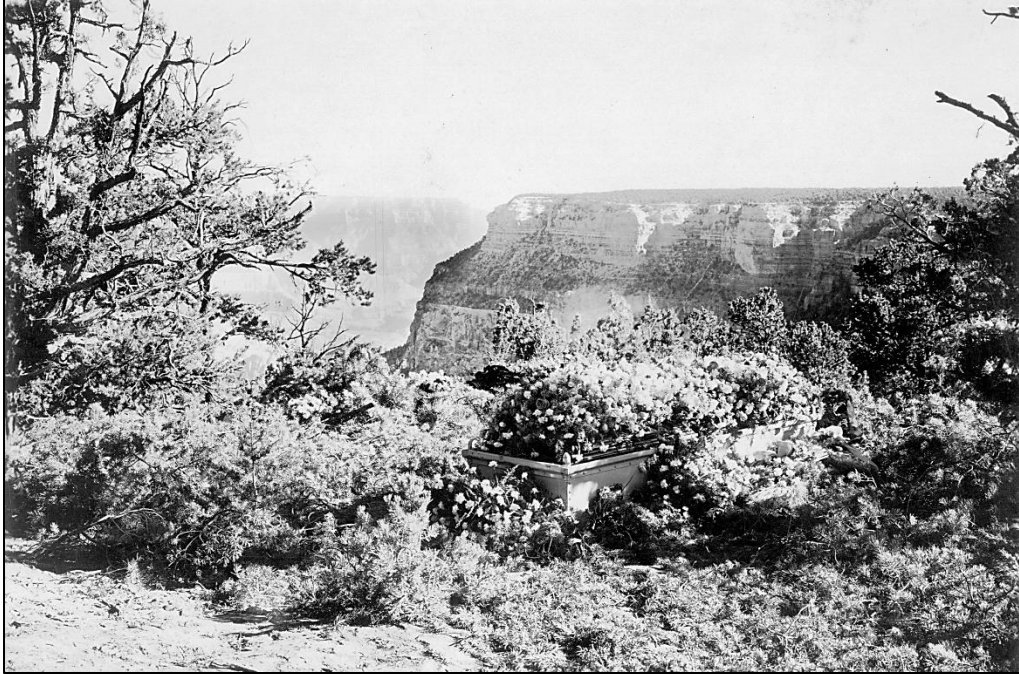
THE BARON OF EL TOVAR



Charles A. Brant lies in repose in the Music Room of El Tovar.

*David R. Tankersley collection,
Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection*

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR



Top: Photo at the time of the grave services for Charles A. Brant, December 16, 1921. The casket rests inside the steel vault mentioned in the undertaker's invoice for services (see also a detail photo farther below). The view in this photo does not take in El Tovar. (David R. Tankersley collection, Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection. This is the same photo as which appears in *The Santa Fe Magazine*, Vol. 16, no. 3 [February 1922], p. 20, and in *The Hotel World* for February 4, 1922, p. 21.)

Left: August 26, 2025, the graves of Charles Brant (nearest to the viewer) and Olga Brant (who was reinterred from California after Charles's burial), from nearly the same perspective as the top photo.

Right: El Tovar can be seen through the two trees shown in the left-hand photo. The view in this photo is from a slightly lower elevation nearby (see next page for the view from the gravesite).

(All present-day photos in this section by the author, August 25, 2025)



El Tovar and other village structures, and part of Bright Angel Trail, as viewed eastward from the Brant gravesite.



Enlarged detail from the photo above showing El Tovar (compare illustration below).



A second illustration from the burial of Charles Brant. El Tovar can be made out at left (compare center photo above). Compare also in top and bottom photos the growth of the trees over a century. This is the same photo as which appeared in *The Hotel World* for February 4, 1922, p. 21. (David R. Tankersley collection, Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection.)

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR



Above — Charles Brant's casket rests in the steel vault at the burial site.

Below — Funeral service, though it is uncertain whether this was the interment of Charles or Olga Brant, which took place on December 16, 1921, and January 9, 1922, respectively. (Both photos from David R. Tankersley collection, Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection.)



THE BARON OF EL TOVAR



The graves of Charles and Olga Brant after both had been interred. Olga's reinterment from California was on January 9, 1922, but the date of these photos is not known. Note that the rock wall has not yet been constructed around the gravesite and the plaques on their headstone and gravestones have not yet been placed. (Below, the photographer must have climbed into a tree.) (Both photos from David R. Tankersley collection, Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection.)



THE BARON OF EL TOVAR



Detail views of Charles Brant's casket laid in the steel vault, which would be capped prior to burial. (*Enlarged from photos in David R. Tankersley collection, Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection.*)



THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

To locate the Brant gravesite, proceed west a couple of hundred yards on the Rim Trail from the Hermit's Rest Interchange and head of Bright Angel Trail. Pass by the one-time "worship site" on the rim to reach a more sudden upward incline. Watch the trail for markers that are part of the geological Trail of Time. At the 3310 Million Years Ago medallion, face left (southward) to view the faint trace that leads up to the gravesite. Take time to imagine the affectionate devotion of the pall-bearers who carried the bronze and copper casket.



(Above) Embedded in the paved Rim Trail is a medallion marking the geological Trail of Time.

A curve in the paved Rim Trail is seen here →



The faint trace leading away from the viewer leads to the gravesite (occluded by trees from this perspective). View is generally southward. The gravesite is approached from its rear and side (see p. 50).

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR



The gravesite viewed westward from the side facing the rim.

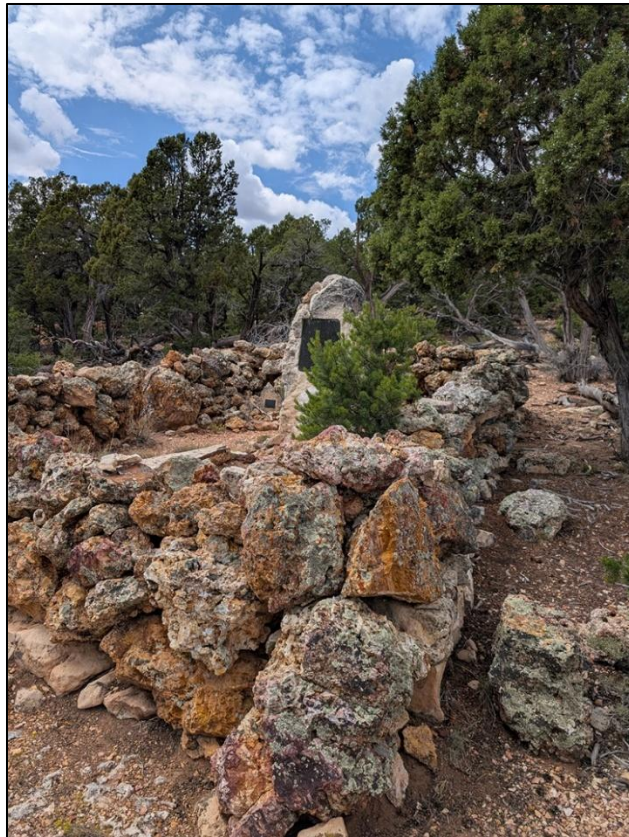


View northward of the left side of the gravesite.

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR



The gravesite viewed southward from the right side.



View northwestward of wall construction from front-right corner; composed of rough blocks of Kaibab Limestone perhaps derived from the excavation of the graves.

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR



The gravesite viewed southeastward from behind.
Enlargement below: The San Francisco Peaks can be described on the horizon.



THE BARON OF EL TOVAR



The graves of Charles Brant (*left*), Olga Brant (*right*), and Razzle Dazzle (*background, left*). Note the collections of stones left by visitors.



THE BARON OF EL TOVAR



Headstone for Charles and Olga Brant.
(Headstone for Razzle Dazzle at far left.)

Plaque on the Brants' headstone

"In this place doubt is impossible. Else, why all these wonders, this surpassing beauty, this grandeur, this deep peace, this confident repose? No, here is the spirit of God, here one must believe."

- C. A. Brant

The quotation from Brant first appeared in print in an article about the otherwise unnamed "High Priest" of the Grand Canyon by Henry Wickham Steed, "Silent Gods," in *The Times* of London for September 12, 1921, and reprinted as a eulogy to Brant in "Charlie Brant Has Gone," *The Santa Fe Magazine*, January 1922.



THE BARON OF EL TOVAR



Razzle Dazzle's grave
with sticks left by visitors



Plaque on Razzle Dazzle's headstone

A BARON BRANT BUFFET (AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY)

These citations are re-presented in orderly form from the comprehensive El Tovar bibliography, *Queen of the Rim* (Raven's Perch Media, 2026).

Unsigned

- 1904 [Charles A. Brant.] *In*: About Hotel Men [SECTION]. *The Hotel Monthly* (Chicago), 12(138) (September): 19.
"Brant, Chas. A., will have the management of the new El Toro [*sic*] at Grand Canon, Ariz." (ENTIRE NOTE)
- 1904 [El Tovar.] *In*: New and Remodeled Hotels [SECTION]. *The Hotel Monthly* (Chicago), 12(141) (December): 24.
"Ariz.—Grand Canon: **Charles A. Brant** expects to open the new El Tovar in February. It will be one of the handsomest and best appointed tourist hotels in America." (ENTIRE NOTE)
- 1908 The Baltimore Life Underwriters' Association. *In*: The Companies [SECTION]. *Baltimore Underwriter* (Baltimore, Maryland), 80(12) (December 21): 184-185.
Principally regarding the association's participation in the 19th annual convention of the National Association of Life Underwriters in Los Angeles. Includes remarks on trip to Grand Canyon (p. 184): "At Williams, Ariz., the special train bearing by this time all delegates and guests east of this point, was greeted by a delegation from Los Angeles and San Francisco and deluged with oranges and flowers from sunny California. Running up to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, two days were spent 'mid the scenes and enjoyments of this indescribably beautiful and marvelous work of nature, this wonder of wonders, a mighty chasm more than a mile in depth, thirteen miles across from rim to rim and two hundred and seventeen miles long. The service and hospitality of El Tovar was most perfect, and **Mr. Brandt** [*sic*], the genial host, will long be remembered for his unflinching courtesies and delightful entertainment extended the entire party during these two memorable days." (ENTIRE NOTE)
- 1922 [Notice.] *The Daily National Hotel Reporter*, (January 14): 1.
"Beneditto—Mr. S. L. Beneditto, for some time past manager of the Hostel Casteneda at Las Vegas, New Mexico, for the Harvey system, with which concern he has established a fine reputation, has been given marked promotion by the appointment as manager of the famous Hotel El Tovar at Grand Canyon, Arizona, which has been so ably conducted since its opening by the late **Charles A. Brant** of blessed memory." (ENTIRE ITEM)

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

1914 Foraging their way. *Santa Fe Magazine*, 9(1) (December): 40.

Miss Margaret Geist of Germany, and burro, "Jerry", registered at El Tovar during their cross-country trip, New York to San Francisco, a stunt (with conditions) promoted by a syndicate of German newspapers.

". . . during the week before Thanksgiving Miss Margaret Geist and 'Jerry' registered at El Tovar, en route on their 5,000-mile cross-country hike from New York to San Francisco

"Jerry is the burro who hauls the two-wheeled cart in which Miss Geist rides when she isn't walking. [. . .] They must reach their destination not later than February 5, 1915. If successful Miss Geist gets \$5000 from a syndicate of German newspapers, who will publish the account of her trip. One condition is that she is to make the journey, foraging, as it were, on the country, without funds or food excepting as picked up on the way; and another is that the burro must register in wherever she does

"Just before reaching El Tovar Miss Geist's cart broke down completely, and she only had a few raw potatoes on hand for food. When she left—thanks to **Mrs. Charlie Brant** [Olga], Walter Hubbell, et al[.]—her cart had new yellow wheels, Jerry had a new harness and she was amply provisioned for a long cruise."



▲ "Leaving Grand Canyon. This photo shows Miss Geist and 'Jerry' in front of El Tovar Hotel, about to leave on the last long lap of their 5,000-mile journey." (*Santa Fe Magazine*)

1916 New pets at Grand Canyon. *Santa Fe Magazine*, 10(11) (October): 38.

Refers to Olga and Teddy, bear cubs on caged display outside Hopi House at Grand Canyon. NOTE: Olga named for **Olga Brant**, wife of El Tovar's manager, Charles A. Brant; Teddy of course for Theodore Roosevelt.

1917 **Baron Brant** of Bright Angel. *In*: Who's Who—and Why; Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and Near Great [SECTION]. *Saturday Evening Post*, 190(10) (September 8): 27, 117.

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

- 1918 A clean sweep. Uncle Sam finds even the canyons of the wild and I [sic] west in search of soldiers. Twenty-six out of one-fifty called from El Tovar Hotel at Grand Canyon. *The Hotel World* (Chicago), 87(1) (July 6): 24.
Chiefly quoted from hotel manager **Charles A. Brant**, including, "Uncle Sam made a clean sweep of our front and back office"
- 1918 Office [NEWS]. *The Hotel World* (Chicago), 87(24) (December 14): 16.
Includes: "Charles H. Inglis, recently of the St. Francis office staff, San Francisco, Cal., is now connected with the Hotel El Tovar staff, Grand Canyon, Ariz., as assistant to manager **Brant**." (ENTIRE NOTE)
- 1919 An echo of the Greeters' excursion. *The Hotel Monthly* (Chicago), 27 (August): 74-75.
American Greeters organization. "It was a pretty hot ride thru Needles, but more comfortable as the high plateau of Grand Canyon was reached. The party spent a day at El Tovar. Some took the Bright Angel trail to the river; others made excursions on the rim. Manager **Chas. A. Brandt** [sic] of El Tovar, whose religion is the canyon, explained the wonders of this very wonderful place." (p. 74) See also p. 75, menu, "Typical American plan dinner \$1.50 at El Tovar, Grand Canyon, Ariz."
- 1920 Chicago. *In: Among Ourselves* [SECTION]. *Santa Fe Magazine*, 15(1) (December): 70-71.
Includes note: "We regret to learn that **Charles Brant** of the El Tovar Hotel, Grand Cañon, has been seriously ill for some time, although he continues to be active. Mrs. Brant, who was for some time treated at the Mayo Brothers Hospital in Rochester, Minn., also is still far from well. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Brant all over the system extend best wishes for their early and complete recovery."
(ENTIRE NOTE)
- 1920 [Notice.] *The Daily National Hotel Reporter*, (December 21): 1.
"Brant—Many friends in the hotel fraternity of the country will regret to learn that Mr. **Charles A. Brant**, manager of Hotel El Tovar, Grand Canyon, Arizona, from its inception, is now in Los Angeles, Cal., where he is the inmate of a hospital. Mr. Brant has been quite ill for several weeks and his physician advised a change to a sea coast level." (ENTIRE ITEM) [Note: At this time, his wife, Olga, was also in a California hospital, where she died on December 24.]
- 1921 Obituary. Death of **Charles A. Brant**, manager, from its inception, of the famous Hotel El Tovar at Grand Canyon, Ariz. *The Daily National Hotel Reporter*, 50(296) (December 16): 1.
- 1922 **Charlie Brant** has gone. *Santa Fe Magazine*, 16(2) (January): 23-26.
Memorial to and biography of Charles A. Brant, late manager of El Tovar Hotel.
- 1922 Obituary. **Chas. Brant's** grave on Grand Canyon's rim. *The Hotel Monthly* (Chicago), 30 (January): 57.

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

- 1922 Beneditto. *In*: Personal [SECTION]. *The Hotel Monthly* (Chicago), 94(3) (January 28): 14.
"Beneditto—Mr. S. L. Beneditto, for some time past manager of the Hotel Castenada at Las Vegas, New Mexico, for the Harvey system, has been appointed manager of the famous Hotel El Tovar at Grand Canyon, Arizona, which has been so ably conducted since its opening by the late **C. A. Brant**." (ENTIRE ITEM) Sydney L. Beneditto.
- 1922 The last resting place of **Charles A. Brant**. *Santa Fe Magazine*, 16(3) (February): 20.
Photo of the gravesite with coffin covered and surrounded by flowers, with extended legend. Canyon view, but not toward El Tovar. Photo not credited.
- 1922 [S. L. Beneditto.] *The Hotel Monthly* (Chicago), 94(5) (February 4): 21.
Photograph with legend: "Mr. S. L. Beneditto, who has succeeded the late **Charles A. Brant** in the management of the El Tovar Hotel, Grand Canyon, Arizona, is another example of the Fred Harvey system of advancing its employes when the opportunity presents. Mr. Beneditto has been managing the Hotel Castenada, Las Vegas, N. M., for some years, and has long been with the Harvey system." Sydney L. Beneditto.
- 1922 [Notice.] *The Daily National Hotel Reporter*, (February 8): 1.
"Brant—The finest portrait yet published of the late **Chas. A. Brant**, recently deceased manager of El Tovar, Grand Canyon, Ariz., appears in the current issue of the 'Hotel World', of Chicago." (ENTIRE ITEM) ["Portrait" pertains more probably to the very personal reminiscences by Henry J. Bohn, which happens also to be prefaced with a photographic portrait of Brant. See H. J. Bohn (1922).]
- 1922 A Harvey-Brant monument suggestion. *The Hotel Monthly* (Chicago), 30 (March): 27.
Proposal for monuments to be placed on the rim of Grand Canyon, commemorating **Charles A. Brant**, former manager of El Tovar, and Fred Harvey.
- 1924 In memory of **Mr. and Mrs. Brant**. *The Hotel Monthly*, 32(370) (January): 72.
Includes the inscription on the grave of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Brant at Grand Canyon.

Ball, Jack

- 1923 Jack Ball's impressions. *National Hotel Review*, 18(2) (October 13): 41-42.
Pertains to the conclusion of a 23-day trip by special train from New York and return for the purpose of commemorating the opening of the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. See p. 42: "The awe with which one is inspired in viewing the Grand Canyon in Arizona is well exemplified in the words of **Charles A. Brandt** [*sic*], for several years manager of the El Tovar hotel on the rim of the Canyon, as follows: 'In this place doubt is impossible, else why all these wonders, this surpassing beauty, this grandeur, this deep peace, this confident repose? No, here is the spirit of God, here one must believe.'—C. A. Brant, 1921; Olga, his wife, 1920." (ENTIRE NOTE) [Quote taken from the Brants' gravesite headstone.]

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- 1923 Jack Ball's impressions. *In*: Ball, Jack (ed.), *The Los Angeles Biltmore Souvenir Supplement to the National Hotel Review*. *National Hotel Review*, (December 15, Section 2).

Pertains to the conclusion of a 23-day trip by special train from New York and return for the purpose of commemorating the opening of the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. See p. 42: "The awe with which one is inspired in viewing the Grand Canyon in Arizona is well exemplified in the words of **Charles A. Brandt** [*sic*], for several years manager of the El Tovar hotel on the rim of the Canyon, as follows: 'In this place doubt is impossible, else why all these wonders, this surpassing beauty, this grandeur, this deep peace, this confident repose? No, here is the spirit of God, here one must believe.'—C. A. Brant, 1921; Olga, his wife, 1920." (ENTIRE NOTE) [Quote taken from the Brants' headstone.]

Bohn, Henry J.

- 1922 A letter to the late **Charles A. Brant**, for seventeen years manager of the famous El Tovar Hotel at Grand Canyon, Arizona. *In*: Some Side Lines from the Morgan Park Desk [COLUMN]. *The Hotel World* (Chicago), 94(5) (February 4): 20-22.

See also portrait of Charles A. Brant (1858-1921), p. [8]. And see also "The Brant Obsequies" [by Bohn], p. 22, which notes that the photographs of the Brant grave overlooking Grand Canyon (p. 21), taken just after the funeral on December 16, were sent by courtesy of Ford Harvey. Both photos show the coffin covered and surrounded by flowers; one, aligned with the length of the coffin and looking toward the canyon, takes in El Tovar (though a little hard to see), and the other photo, more from the side, takes in a better canyon view.

Bohn, John J.

- 1911 The Imperial City of Silence. *In*: James, George Wharton, *The 1910 trip of the H. M. M. B. A. to California and the Pacific Coast*. San Francisco: Bolte and Braden Co., pp. 43, 45-46, 49, 51-52.

Bohn reflects, at length, on the 1910 Grand Canyon visit by conventioners of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association. "It is noon time. The train has been groaning up the grades and curves to the El Tovar. **Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Brant**, host and hostess, are there to meet any special guests, and all are welcomed to—not a hotel, but what at a glance seems a great art studio, with possibly a hotel plant attached somewhere in the rear."

Chapple, Joe Mitchell

- 1906 At the Grand Canyon. *The National Magazine* (Boston), 24(2) (May): [unpaginated section], [5 pp.].

Apparently this is final chapter of a much longer, serialized piece, "A Month in Mexico", which relates to the widely advertised commercially conducted tours managed by Charles H. Gates. See p. [4]:

"What a contrast all this solitary grandeur was to the cheery gaiety of the hotel! **Mr. C. A. Brant**, the manager of the hotel, has not the only reputation of being one of the the best hotel men of the world, but has experience reaching from Montevideo, in South America, to Peoria, and the Union League, in Chicago and New York City. In addition to all this he is a man thoroughly in love with the Grand

THE BARON OF EL TOVAR

Canyon and all its beauties, and never can the hospitality of Mine Host Brant and his good wife be forgotten.

Cobb, Irvin S.

- 1919 Confessions of a platform weevil. (Illustrated by Herbert Johnson.) *Saturday Evening Post*, 191(45) (May 10): 8-9, 80, 83.
Regarding the writer's hotel stays. See under "The Best and the Worst" (p. 80) the brief comment, "The best hotel in any small town in America is in Bend, Oregon, just as the best tourist-resort hotel on this hemisphere is the one conducted by **Baron Brant** on the rim of the Grand Cañon in Arizona." (ENTIRE NOTE)
- 1919 The superlative in hotels. *The Hotel Monthly* (Chicago), 27 (July): 78.
". . . the best tourist hotel on this hemisphere is the one conducted by **Baron Brant** on the rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona." (ENTIRE NOTE) General item with credit as "Irvin Cobb in Saturday Evening Post."

Hough, Emerson

- 1914 Made in America. What Uncle Sam offers to Europe's tourist trade. *The Saturday Evening Post*, 187(24) (December 12): 16-18, 40-43.
"There is nothing like the Grand Cañon in all the world for subduing human egotism. The **hotel manager** tells you . . . , 'The Cañon takes all that out of them.'"
- 1922 The President's forest. *Saturday Evening Post*, 194(29) (January 14): 6-7, 65, 69, 72, 75; (30) (January 21): 23, 57-58, 60, 63.
Regarding the Kaibab Plateau, but contains various remarks concerning El Tovar and Charles Brant. On the North Rim, Hough comments on the perceived superiority of scenery and ambiance on the north over the south rim. "Even our friends whom we met fresh from El Tovar admitted that the North Rim views were wider, if not more bold, and that the foliage coloration made it all more beautiful. When one says this one feels the need of apology to **Baron Brant**, the stalwart manager at El Tovar, who has made more map for the Grand Cañon than all other human agencies. It seemed hard to be within twelve miles of the baron and not see him, but I sent my card across the gap by his assistant, Mr. Inglis, who was over on foot. [¶] More the pity that we could not call upon the baron. Two months later came the painful news that Mr. Brant had passed away, forever, from the scenes he so long had loved in which it is only fair to say he had been so great a factor of success. Not many men have had so many friends. Deprecatingly he always called himself an innkeeper. In fact he was a poet and a nobleman." (January 21, p. 57)

James, George Wharton

- 1922 **Charles A. Brant**—an appreciation. *Santa Fe Magazine*, 16(2) (January): 26-27.
Memorial to Brant, late manager of El Tovar Hotel.

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Kennedy, Robert J.

1923 Pilgrims praise hosts as great trip ends; Los Angeles Biltmore pilgrims back home after memorable journey—declare affair was unprecedented success—fine receptions en route to New York. *National Hotel Review*, 18(21) (October 20): 39-47.

See note on p. 47: "V. Patrosso, manager of the El Tovar (who succeeded S. L. Benedito, now of the Schenley, Pittsburgh), extended every courtesy to the visitors and afforded them every facility for viewing the Grand Canyon that was possible in one day's stay. His assistant, C. H. Ingels, was with the organization in **Charley Brandt's** [sic] time, and recalled the visit of several members of the party in previous years." (ENTIRE NOTE)

Lorimer, George Horace

1919 "Let's go! Let's go!" in Charles E. Van Loan, *Buck Parvin and the movies : stories of the moving picture game* (George H. Doran Co., New York, 1919), pp. vii-xiii. [An introduction to a Van Loan memorial edition.]

See pp. ix-x: ". . . I like best to remember the days when we were out-of-doors together at the Grand Canyon. Van needed a mountain, a horizon-meeting desert or a canyon to set him off and give him room to play. At the Grand Canyon one can walk a few hundred yards in any direction from the hotel and find himself in a great pine forest, or a pathless desert, or the solitudes of the Canyon itself. It was there we met for a fortnight once or twice a year.

"Van's coming always made itself felt far down the line beyond Williams, when the trainmen began dropping back to the smoker to hear him talk. Last year a brakeman called up to me from a station platform: 'Van went through yesterday on number three,' and a little later our conductor stopped and, smiling reminiscently, exclaimed: 'That Van Loan is sure a case!'

"**Baron Brant**, the Hopis, the Navajos and all the old-timers were usually at the station to meet him, and as the train pulled in his long wolf howl went up in greeting. Then some way the Canyonside, that had been drowsing in its hushed, age-long way, woke up for an hour, with Van getting acquainted again and apparently in twenty places all at once. Over at Hopi house [sic] the drums beat louder and the Navajos danced more furiously; down at the corral the guides yelled their welcome; in the hotel lobby the **Baron** alternately beamed at Van's affectionate epithet, 'miserable old man,' and winced under the heavy hand [shake] of his friend; from the floor above, dignified old Thomas Moran, irreverently dubbed Kid Moran by Van, left for a moment the picture he was painting; and along the rim the tourists received priceless, if somewhat fanciful, information in reply to their questions. [. . .]

"Last summer I went back to the Canyon and everyone talked a good deal about Van—that is, everyone except the **Baron**. At first he looked at me a little mistily, and I think he was recalling the last time when Van was there, too, slapping him on the back and jovially greeting him as a 'miserable old man.' I wished that I could make him beam and wince again in the old way, before he began to shake hands decorously with his rather conventional guests, but that was 'Van's stuff.' So I shook hands like any proper tourist and went out to the rim . . ."

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Mugan, Esther L.

- 1910 (ED.) In the Harvey Service [SECTION]. *Santa Fe Employes' Magazine*, 4(10) (September): 76-77.
See p. 76: "**C. A. Brant**, manager at the El Tovar, accompanied by his wife, is enjoying a trip through Japan, Hawaii and the Philippines, taken largely for the benefit of Mr. Brant's health. During his absence R. K. Starkweather is acting as manager." (ENTIRE NOTE)
- 1910 (ED.) In the Harvey Service [SECTION]. *Santa Fe Employes' Magazine*, 4(12) (November): 81-82.
See p. 81: "**C. A. Brant**, manager of the El Tovar, at the Grand Cañon, who recently returned from a trip to the Orient, promises that after he has celaned [sic] up the work that accumulated during his absence, and the events of his delightful journey have resolved themselves into classified memories, he will try to give us something interesting for our readers." (ENTIRE NOTE) [Apparently nothing produced?]
[An "Inward Passenger List" recorded in Honolulu, October 8, 1910, for the S.S. *Mongolia* (E. P. Kitt, Master), lists among those in "Cabin for San Francisco" Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Brant, aged 45 and 40 years [sic], respectively, traveling with nine pieces of baggage. (Accessed via Ancestry.com)]

Steed, Henry Wickham

- 1921 Among the silent gods: The Grand Canyon. *The Times* (London), (September 12): 9.
See remarks with Steed (1922) reprinting.
- 1922 Silent gods. The Grand Cañon—a timeless ecstasy of contemplation. *Santa Fe Magazine*, 16(2) (January): 27-30.
This item is published as a memorial to Charles A. Brant, late manager of El Tovar Hotel. Preceded by the *Santa Fe Magazine* editors' note (p. 27): "This appreciation of the Grand Cañon was written by Henry Wickham Steed, editor of the great London 'Times,' and appeared as a special article in that paper. Many of our readers doubtless would recognize, without being told, that the High Priest mentioned by Mr. Steed was the late **Charles A. Brant**, manager of El Tovar. We had this article in type prior to Mr. Brant's demise, intending to run it as a tribute to the living—instead it now appears as a requiem over the departed." [The article first appeared as "Among the Silent Gods: The Grand Canyon", *The Times* (London), September 12, 1921, p. 9.]
(The illustrations accompanying this item were added editorially by the *Santa Fe Magazine*.)

Swarth, H. S.

- 1914 Minutes of Cooper Club meetings; Southern Division. *The Condor*, 16(4) (July/August): 190-191.
See April meeting (p. 190), including among the new members elected, "**C. A. Brant**, El Tovar, Grand Canyon, Arizona". (The Cooper Ornithological Club, a national organization of professional and avocational birding enthusiasts.)

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Willy, John

1919 A journey to North Rim of Grand Canyon. The editor rides for a thousand miles in George Relf's car thru desert, oases and forest and sees many strange sights. Travel adventures away from railroad, telegraph and modern conveniences. A wayfaring that brings few disappointments and many delightful surprises. Opening a book of new pictures to delight those who travel with the glad eye. Pioneering the coming scenic resort of the world—a combination of mountain, valley, desert, forest and canyon; of the cultivated and the wild; of the new and the old—the climax capped with a penetration of the greatest and most beautiful of natural forests, and the greatest and most wonderful of chasms. *The Hotel Monthly* (Chicago), 27(319) (October): 45-64.

Author credit given only as "the Editor". Retells in detail the events of a trip in an 8-cylinder Hollier automobile, leaving Salt Lake City on September 3 [1919], to the Grand Canyon and return.

See the section, "**Mr. Brant's** religion" (pp. 54-55): "Some years ago we saw the canyon at sunset from Hopi Point on the south rim, and ever since that time this Grand Canyon of the Colorado River has been a magnet. It has drawn us to the rim with its magic for the third time; and it will continue to draw as long as we shall live. Mr. Brant, who manages the El Tovar on the south rim, said to the writer, some years ago, that the Grand Canyon is his religion, and that he expects to end his days in this sublime wonderland." (He did in fact; he, his wife, Olga, and their faithful dog, "Razzle Dazzle" were in their due times buried in a secluded spot overlooking—more probably continuing to oversee—El Tovar. Charles died December 13, 1921, and was buried here on December 16; Olga had died December 24, 1920, in California and was reinterred here on January 9, 1922; Razzle Dazzle died August 16, 1928.)

1928 Fred Harvey's facilities and service at the Grand Canyon. El Tovar Hotel and Bright Angel Camp—the public camps—transportation facilities—a visit to the tomb of **Charles Brant**. *Santa Fe Magazine*, 23(1) (December): 23-30.

Byline notes that the author is "Editor and Publisher of The Hotel Monthly".



J. J. YOUNG, from a sketch by H. B. MÖLLHAUSEN.

Lith. of Sarony, Major & Knapp, 440 Broadway, N.Y.

CAMP — COLORADO PLATEAU



The RAVEN'S PERCH MEDIA colophon recalls this bird's habit of gathering and caching objects. Derived from original artwork by Balduin Möllhausen, it is a fine detail from the lithograph delineated by J. J. Young that is "General Report Plate VII" in Joseph C. Ives' *Report Upon the Colorado River of the West, Explored in 1857 and 1858* (Washington, 1861), which depicts a wintry camp just south of the Grand Canyon. The scene was sketched and described by Möllhausen on April 10, 1858, while he was perched in a nearby tree. He noted (in translation here), "a couple of ravens [*paar Raben*] croaked morosely on the bare branches of a dried-up fir tree as they waited impatiently for our departure, so that they could scout around the abandoned campsite for fat morsels." (Möllhausen, *Reisen in die Felsengebirge Nord-Amerikas bis zum Hoch-Plateau von Neu-Mexico, unternommen als Mitglied der im Auftrage der Regierung der Vereinigten Staaten ausgesandten Colorado-Expedition*. Hermann Costenoble, Leipzig, 1861, Vol. 2, p. 83.) Möllhausen's original watercolor painting is now in the Amon Carter Museum of American Art (Fort Worth, Texas; <https://www.cartermuseum.org/collection/character-high-table-lands-1988146>).

The Raven's Perch Media imprint was created in 2010 (website in 2018), but Möllhausen's remarks on this very scene were not discovered until the translation was made for *Balduin Möllhausen's Grand Canyon* (Raven's Perch Media, 2022).



H-1934 THE RENDEZVOUS, EL TOVAR HOTEL, GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK, ARIZONA

ABOVE

“The Rendezvous, El Tovar Hotel, Grand Canyon National Park, Arizona”

Undated Fred Harvey postcard; postmark September 20, 1945, mailed to San Francisco. Message on reverse: “Hello there! All set for the donkey ride. The place is beautiful, glad we didn't pass it up. Enjoying every bit of sunshine too. El & Michael” (This view had been in use long before 1945.)

BACK COVER

“Hotel El Tovar, Grand Canyon, Arizona. Fred Harvey.” Postcard, “Copyright, 1905, by Detroit Photographic Co.” Postmark February 8, 1906; mailed to Rock Island, Illinois.

View of the west (rear) side. Note the former water tower. Message written on front: “Feb. 8” 1906. We can look down here 5255 feet to the river-bed. Leave tomorrow A.M. for Colorado Springs, Belle”. (On early postcards the reverse was reserved only for the address.)

(Cards illustrated from the author's collection)

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7999. HOTEL EL TOVAR, GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA.

FRED HARVEY.

Feb. 8" 1906. You can look down here
5255 feet to the river-bed. Leave
tomorrow a.m. for Colorado Springs.
Bible



RAVEN'S PERCH MEDIA