

Newsletter

PIONEERS NEWS EXCHANGE FORUM / VOL. 4

MARCH 1993

EASTER SUNRISE AT GRAND CANYON

By J. Howard Pyle

The following article is a description of the Easter sunrise at the Shrine of the Ages on the rim of Grand Canyon, Easter Sunday, 1937. The piece was published in the Santa Fe Magazine in May of that year and was submitted to us by Brenda Thowe, one of our new members and an ardent Harvey Girl buff from Topeka Kansas.

We are worshipping together at the Shrine of the Ages on the very brink of the south rim of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. A strange hush has fallen about us. Even nature seems inspired by the prospect of another Easter sunrise. Not wishing you to miss any of the glorious beauty, we take you now to a small overhanging projection of rock jutting out from the very edge of the Canyon rim, whence you will hear a word picture of the rare splendor of the sunrise we are about to see.

Again we are alone with the stillness of Time!

As far as our eyes can see there's not a single suggestion of motion! It's the Grand Canyon—the silent custodian of infinite mysteries—asleep—waiting for the smile of an Easter sun. For thirteen miles straight ahead to the clean cut line of the Canyon's sweeping north rim there's little to be seen but a soft sea of blue haze. What a contrast to the fresh crimson glow that's already streaking its way deep into the dome of the sky.

From the miles of dull twilight at our feet will soon emerge the stern realities of

the Canyon. Great monarchs of stone will lift their grotesque faces from the lingering darkness. A million slopes of crumbling shale will reflect the glory of the sunrise in colors that never fade. Bold and barren cliffs will show the coldness of unfeeling faces. Wind and water swept ledges and plateaus will meet the challenge of the new day determined to cling to their places in the sun in spite of the cruelty of the elements. The blackened granite of the Canyon's titanic inner gorge will come out of the gloom here and there just long enough to remind us that it was here when the world began.

Along the horizon the forces of the sun are gathering rapidly. Drove of little shadow chasers are dropping over the rims of the Canyon into the yawning cracks and crevices to the right and to the left of us. Look at them scampering down the world famous Bright Angel Trail, racing around those tortuous turns as though it were only a hop skip and a jump to the bottom of the Canyon. If we were making the trip over this same trail, a full half day would be required to travel the seven and one-half

miles of this ragged ribbon to the waters edge.

With startling swiftness, tremendous reaches of the Canyon are springing into view. The towering bluntness of an angular hulk of stone comes drifting in and out of nowhere. It's the sprawling battleship formation that has held the fascinated gaze of travelers from all over the world. For centuries it has been anchored here—constantly buffeted by the will of the winds, but always at peace with the world.

Yonder in greater depths loom the dim outlines of a sunken fastness all its own. It is the Bright Angel Canyon—a terrific cut. Sullen pools of night will lurk for hours in shelter of its soaring walls.

This is the handiwork of the Master Builder! His infinite patience is carved into every line of this bewildering monument. Before so magnificent a manifestation of His greatness we are overwhelmed by that eternal question—"What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

The call of the dawn is echoing across the broad expanse of the heavens. The Shrine of the Ages is bathed

in the full richness of a kingly gold. The Grand Canyon is beginning to blaze with the dazzling light of its one ageless inheritance---the sun that has warmed the hearts of these rocks for millions of years. Here is true revelation---the innermost secrets of creation resurrected before our very eyes by the sun of an Easter dawn. Surely there could be no greater inspiration for song and triumph than this. Listen to the winds, wistful vagabonds they are, always chiselling away at the

rocks of the ages. As though to light their busy way, the faithful sun is driving its piercing beams farther and farther into the depths below. As night is rolled away we see the Canyon as an almost unbelievable miracle in weirdly sculptured stone. Scattered abroad throughout this open sepulcher is an endless patchwork of stately turrets and spires, ponderous buttes, gigantic pyramids, temples of such size as to dwarf the world's greatest cathedral. Coloring it all are

the ashes of old ancient fires---a brilliant symphony of vivid reds, greens, blues, yellows and greys. Through it all---more than a mile below the level of the Canyon's north and south rims rolls the mighty Colorado River---even as we now complete our dedication of the Shrine of the Ages by actually rolling away the last stone from this permanent site of our future Easter devotions together. Listen. . . .

THE CHAIRS AT THE WATCHTOWER AT DESERT VIEW.

By Jeanne Shick

Most people are unaware that the chairs located in the Kiva area of the Watchtower at Desert View were made by my father. Even though you may have looked at them and admired them most likely you never studied them or wondered whose hands crafted them. During the winter months in the 1930's when things were slow at the Canyon, my father, Ed Cummings, made some furniture for Hermits Rest, Phantom Ranch, Bright Angel Lodge and the Watchtower. At this time he worked closely with Mary Jane Colter, Fred Harvey Company's architect who thought the items unique. The ones at the watchtower are made of rustic wood and covered with rawhide. They are fascinating because the art

of working with rawhide is almost lost. During the same year Dad scouted the woods of the area and discovered a huge tree root that looked to him like the head of an owl. When he showed the piece to Mary Jane she was very excited and suggested they place pieces of turquoise in the indentations for eyes. The old owl still sits in the tower gazing down at the visitors everyday. Dad also played a part in constructing the fireplace in the History Room at the Bright Angel. Here he combined his background in geology with Dr. Ed McKee, NPS Geologist, and Mary Jane. The fireplace is constructed of rocks representing the various strata in the Canyon that they gathered and laid up showing how the layers in the

gorge appear. In keeping with the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society's creed for the preservation of history, the club is looking into the possibility of placing small plaques on the items indicating that Ed Cummings made them thus recording the information permanently. I am working on that now.



RECOLLECTIONS OF EMERY KOLB PART II

by Harvey Butchart

This is the conclusion of the article we ran in the January Newsletter.

When I talked to Emery Kolb in 1937, he told me how Harold Anthony, curator of mammalogy for the American Museum of Natural History, had rejected his offer of guiding the museum's expedition to climb Shiva Temple. Emery had in the past achieved some prominence with canyon boating, his trip to Alaska and his lectures in the east. Apparently Anthony did not care to share the glory of climbing Shiva with anyone who might steal his show.

Shiva had been separated from the north rim of the Canyon for nearly 30,000 years and some scientists thought that in that time there might be some evolutionary changes to the animal life living on top of the monument that would be different from that on the rim. According to E. D. McKee, the park rangers had suggested the project of making a study of this possibility. Anthony took up the idea enthusiastically and made plans for the trip. Journalists gave these ideas worldwide notice and the park rangers, especially Superintendent Tillotson, were in full support.

After Anthony's rebuff, Emery suggested to McKee that they do a sneak climb of Shiva before the official party. McKee replied that if they found out it would mean the loss of his job. Emery proceeded to climb Shiva twice without trying for immediate publicity. Had the park officials discovered his trip they could have closed his business down.

When I asked Emery if he had left any signs of his preceding the scientists to the top of the temple, I was expecting him to mention the empty Kodak cartons as he told Edwin Corle. Instead, Emery said they had left rock pile cairns on each of the four corners of Shiva. When Allyn Cureton and I climbed the monument, we looked for these on two of

the four corners and found none. The Anthony party could have scattered these rocks. Emery spoke to me with assurance that his recollection was clear, but he wasn't straight on who his companions were on these two trips. He told me that his daughter went with him on his first trip and another young woman for the second. Something that had impressed him was a nearly fatal accident. While he was climbing he caught hold of a 200 pound rock that came loose and nearly took him along as it crashed down the cliff.

In one of our conversations Emery told me how he had volunteered to deliver a cablegram addressed to a millionaire tourist who was on a guided horseback trip to the North Rim. It was conjectured that some big financial deal might depend on the prompt delivery. Emery volunteered to take the message. At that time there was only a cable car crossing the Colorado River at the foot of Bright Angel Trail and when Emery arrived the car was on the north side. Attracting someone's attention at Rust's Camp to aid in getting the car to the south bank of the river was impossible. Emery found some canvas bands used in securing the load of a packhorse and made a sling with a loop to sit in to fit over the cable. Moving and sliding along in this manner would be slow and hard enough, but the metal wire stretched across the river was too hot for his bare hands. Emery solved this difficulty by removing his shoes and using them for gloves. He hung with one hand inside a shoe, while slipping the band a few inches. It took time to cross, but Emery made it. He was crestfallen when the millionaire glanced at the cablegram, stuffed it into his pocket and went ahead with his trip with no big reward for Emery.

I checked with Emery three other times. On one occasion four of us had made our way from the rim to the river at the foot of Sockdolager Rapid. We thought the Kolbs might have landed there on their 1911 trip and hiked back later. When I asked Emery whether they had been there on foot, he replied he hadn't but that he thought Ellsworth had. I got precisely the same reply when I later checked to see if the Kolbs had been to the top of Diana Temple before I climbed it. This gave me the impression that Ellsworth must have been on quite a few hikes without Emery.

Another time that I was inspired to check with Emery was when Allyn Cureton found a daring climber's route to the south side of the river at Horn Creek. A forty foot fall about a quarter mile from the river stopped me and ranger Dan Davis, who for nine years was the foremost park service hiker. When I asked Emery whether he had ever been to the bench at the mouth of Horn, he snapped back "That's impossible." I explained that Cureton had soloed a way down starting with a move where it was necessary to trust to the friction of his shoe soles to cross a sloping slab, a move that I had rejected. I produced my pictures to show that Cureton had guided me down to the beach.

One other time Emery knew exactly how to help me. I had been looking for some pictographs mentioned by G.W. James and located under a ledge that he named "Mallery Grotto". I had been looking under overhangs all the way to Maricopa Point. Finally I thought of asking Emery. I first asked his Hopi workman sweeping the sidewalk in front of the studio. He told me about some petroglyphs about 40 feet up from the trail perhaps 200 yards below the top water

station. I found these later, but they were not under an overhang. Emery told me right away where to look, but he thought the prehistoric pictures might be completely gone. I came down from the railing at the head of Bright Angel Trail and found them exactly where Emery said they would be. Quite a display of deer pictures remained though some irresponsible tourists had visited the site with cans of spray paint leaving graffiti on the wall.

In 1966 the park superintendent organized a birthday dinner honoring Emery's 85th birthday. It was held at the community center and attended by Grand Canyon buffs from all over. I remember that Otis (Doc) Marston a noted river runner and historian from Berkely, California, and Bill Belkamp, another river runner, from Boulder City, Nevada, were present. A representative of the National Geographic Society presented Emery with a special bound copy of the August 1914

issue of their magazine featuring Ellsworth's article on their 1911 river trip through the canyons of the Green and Colorado rivers and their trips to Supai and the Little Colorado River Gorge. During the same evening the president of the company installing the pipeline from Roaring Springs to Indian Gardens presented Emery with a voucher entitling him to a helicopter ride to wherever he wanted to go over the canyon.



Edith Kolb, Gordon Berger, Ruth Stevens Baker, and Ralph White on top of Shiva Temple.

It was regrettable that Emery's talk accepting these honors was hesitant and faltering. His voice would trail off

in the middle of a sentence and his daughter Edith had to prompt him.

In addition to expressing his appreciation for the verbal and other tributes he contributed his unsolicited opinion of various park superintendents, but not by name. He said that the park had had some fine heads but there had been some very unreasonable ones. Also unsolicited was his rendition of Lincoln's Gettysburg address. He seemed a little proud that he could still get through it without faltering.

Editor's note: Emery made his first trip to the top of Shiva Temple with an employe and avid hiker Gordon Berger. Berger worked with Emery in the summer and sang with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. The second trip his daughter Edith, Ruth Stevens, Gordon Berger, and Ralph White accompanied him. Ruth was the first white woman to reach the top. Before leaving, according to Ruth Stevens Baker, they left three Kodak film boxes, empty tomato cans, and tissue with lipstick on it.

THE FLOOD AT COTTONWOOD CAMPGROUND

The following article by Glenn Fuller appeared in the NPS magazine and was submitted by Gale Burak.

A flash flood on Bright Angel Creek at about 7:00 PM on September 15, 1992 struck the Cottonwood back country campground that was occupied by twenty-seven people at the time. No injuries occurred, but some of the visitors lost property in the flood. The campground toilets were damaged, six campsites were washed away and six others were damaged. Park personnel were flown to the campground to clean up the area and pick up eight campers who lost sufficient equipment to preclude their hiking out. . . . The trail in the immediate vicinity of the campground was washed out, but adequate detours around the area were available. The trail to Phantom Ranch below Cottonwood had mud several inches deep in places but was passable. The storm that caused the flood dropped nearly two inches of rain on the North Rim, most of it falling within a period of forty-five minutes. A smaller amount of rain on the South Rim caused a failure in the parks centralized telephone system. . . .

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Grand Canyon Pioneers Society met at the home of our new president, Marie Mariorana and her husband, Paul, on Saturday, Jan. 23 with the following members and visitors attending: Carol and Ron Werhan, Mary Ellen Hamilton, Evelyn and Garland Downum, Don Lyngholm, Al Richmond, Steve and Chris Verkamp, Esther Meyers, Doug and Diane Van Cleve, Maxine and Eldon Roth, Fred and Jeanne Schick, Sibyl and Bill Suran, and new members Bob and Patty Richards and their young sons, Devin and Adri. It is quite possible that this large attendance was due to two factors, the sunshiny weather after so much rain and snow, and the fact that it was a pot luck lunch where everyone presented his/her greatest food. Business conducted is discussed by Jeanne Schick and Carol Furey-Werhan in this issue.

We saw photoprints that Gene Wendt took at the annual meeting last October and enjoyed looking at slides taken by Jeanne and Fred Schick's son

at the Kolb Studio before Emery Kolb died in 1976. Ron Werhan showed a video tape of an outing at Anita. All in all it was fun - you should have been there!

Interest in the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society has reached an all-time high lately. We are getting more and more new members, several as the result of the nice letter our Vice-President, Jeanne Schick sent to the Old-Timers after their gathering at Tusayan in September, and others from various sources. It's wonderful!

We are proud to say that to date we have nearly \$100 from individual members toward the Scholarship Fund which will be awarded to a deserving student at Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff for research involving history or historical preservation in the Grand Canyon region. This \$100 plus any additional amount we receive before the scholarship is awarded sometime this month, March, will be added to the original \$250 from our general fund up to a total of \$500.

By Sibyl Suran

Anything received after this award will be held in our treasury to apply to next year's scholarship, or scholarships if we decide to award more than one.



Now for the bad news - it's time to pay your yearly dues, or as we like to say, dues are due. Don't you hate dunning letters threatening to cut off your water, lights, electricity, or stop your subscriptions? We just want to say - if you enjoy the newsletter let us have your \$10 for an individual or \$15 for a couple, or \$40 for a business. There's a handy form at the end of this Newsletter to fill in and send with your check.



"Leave it as it is. You cannot improve on it.
The ages have been at work on it, and man can only mar it."
—Theodore Roosevelt

COOKBOOK UPDATE

The sales from *The Grand Canyon Pioneers Society Cook Book* are a major source of funding for society projects. The cookbook has recently gone into its second printing, our treasurer says that sales are going well, and all publishing costs are paid. At our last meeting at Marie and Paul Maiorana's home the question was asked about making changes, adding new recipes, stories, etc. The answer to the question is one that we have thought about before and have come to the conclusion that we have a ready and salable product now. Any changes to the cookbook would not only cost extra money at the printers, but would take extra time and some pretty fancy footwork to change:

Not many people know about it, but the cookbook was created using three different software programs, five different computers and at least four different printers. At the time I did not have my own publishing software on my home computer, so while the book was "under construction" I went to Ron's office at night when the (IBM) computers were not in use (I said good morning to Ron on my way home as he began his work day). Sometimes the printers were running an engineering project overnight so I used whatever one was free. Paul and Marie Maiorana owned the publishing software program I used, and often met me at Ron's office in the evenings to help me out while I learned its intricacies. During the daytime hours I sometimes went to Al Richmond's office to use his computer (Macintosh) and a different software program. The final draft was completed on Paul's laser printer. The goal was to have a "camera ready" copy for the printers so that we did not have to pay for typesetting costs which would have cost us much additional cash.

So when someone suggests updating the current cookbook you can understand that it would be impossible to do without a lot of extra work. It would be easier to create an entirely new

volume...and that is what we would rather do. As Jeanne Schick said, "What about a *Grand Canyon Pioneers Society Cookbook Volume II*?"

Now I have everything I need at home (computer, laser printer, and publishing software). I would not have to go to town - about 17 miles away - to use Ron, Al, or Paul's equipment. However, I am missing one ingredient (pun intended). I need RECIPES from you.

Sibyl Suran said that all members should "dig around in their mother's, grandmother's, or their own recipe records and see what can be found. We need all kinds -- desserts, casseroles, varieties in cooking meats, salads, and vegetables." Other ingredients in our style cookbook include pictures, stories behind the recipes, stories about yourself at Grand Canyon, or information you think might be good to include.

Bill Suran, editor of the newsletter said he would be glad to include recipes in it as space permits so you won't have to wait for the new edition to be printed before seeing your recipe/story in print. It will probably be a couple years when we have enough information gathered and enough cash on hand to cover the printing of a new volume. We have already started collecting recipes, and if we don't have yours, please send it to me:

Carol Furey-Werhan
P. O. Box 22220
Flagstaff, AZ 86002.

GCPS has grown in membership since the first cookbook went out so I would like to explain how we got the money to pay for the printing when we had no budget at all: Al Richmond and Jim Babbitt covered the expenses, charging no interest, taking no signed notes for repayment, and giving us no time limit to repay. Try getting a deal like that from your banker! They just had faith. I only hoped we could pay them back. The rest is history. The book did sell, and they got their money back. One other thing I

By Carol Furey-Werhan

would like to mention is how the cookbook cover was done. The printer told us it was critical to have a cover that would "grab" a potential buyer's attention and cause them to choose to pick up the book. We had several ideas but finally decided upon the idea of a Railroad Man and a Harvey Girl. Carol Naille supplied the dress that was used in the 1944 movie, "HARVEY GIRLS" starring Judy Garland. Betty Bartlett supplied the cups and saucers (some her mother had saved from the time she was a Harvey Girl). Al provided his own railroad uniform. His cap belonged to Sam Turner who had been an agent at the Grand Canyon from 1940 until his death in 1957. If you look closely at the cover you might detect another secret: Al and I look as if we are relaxing with a cup of tea at Shoshone Point. The truth is that he had made about 25 to 30 runs back and forth between his camera on the tripod (resetting the timer each time) to the spot trying to get just the right shot. We were laughing so hard by the 30th time or so we were lucky to get one that would work for the cover. I would look at his gloves and crack up, and once I start laughing it is hard for me to be serious at all. Al could hold his composure but I couldn't, so when the slides were developed I was shuffling them back and forth trying to pick one of them, and I remember saying to Al, "I just can't make up my mind which photo to use." He replied, "This one". The decision process was over.

I am looking forward to receiving your recipes for *GRAND CANYON PIONEERS SOCIETY COOKBOOK, VOLUME II*.



BITS AND PIECES

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember when:

Halloween night was just tricks and no treats?

You bought milk or pop in a bottle that you returned to the store?

When the ice man delivered ice for the ice box in the kitchen and you had to empty the pan everyday to keep it from running all over the floor?

Going to the store and buying a loaf of bread for a nickel? And that bread was not sliced.

The first bar of Lifebuoy soap and the ads talking about BO?

When the family gathered around the radio and listened to Amos and Andy and Lum and Abner?

When you ran your laundry through a roller wringer that you turned by hand?

When you put bluing in the final rinse water?

When you hung the clothes on the line in January and they froze? The first freeze dry.

Taking your date to the show on Saturday night, paying a dime for the ticket; after the show had an ice cream sundae at the drugstore on the corner before you walked home hand in hand?

If you remember any of these you are as old as I am. I can remember them but I prefer to forget and look toward what will be ahead in the years to come.

G.C.P.S. ARCHIVE COLLECTION

The papers and photographs belonging to Ethel Cole's mother, Grace Moore, have been inventoried and turned over to the Special Collections Library at Northern Arizona University. These will be included in the Society's Collection and will be available for researchers seeking information on Emery

Kolb, early pioneer and photographer at Grand Canyon.

Many people have photographs and papers recording the past tucked away in boxes and drawers they feel would be of no interest to anyone, but they are wrong. It is amazing what even a sentence in an old letter will do in answering a question that has long puzzled researchers.

These little pieces of information are like the missing pieces in a jig-saw puzzle. Once the information is lost the solution will never be found. If you have old papers or pictures stored away consider placing them in the archives of a local museum or library or in the Society's collection at NAU.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS.

We have four new members in the society from different parts of the nation. We welcome **Bob and Patty Richards** of Flagstaff, Arizona; **Brenda Thowe** of Topeka, Kansas and **Marnette Reed Good** of Rogue River, Oregon. We are glad you joined us and look forward to your visiting us when you are in the area of Grand Canyon.

THE SCHOLARSHIP FUND

The Pioneer's Scholarship fund is growing. Some of the members have contributed to it and it is now stands at \$91.85. Those who have sent a check are Harry and Ethel Cole, Marie Maiorana, Al Richmond, Bill and Sibyl Suran. Thanks.

OBITUARY

The members of the Grand Canyon Pioneer Society extend their sympathy to the members of the **Hubert F. Lauzon Family**. Hubert, a true pioneer of the Canyon, passed away January 18, 1993. Hubert was a frequent supplier of

articles to the Pioneer's Newsletter giving us a wealth of information on the early days at Grand Canyon. He was born August 15, 1917 in Williams, Arizona. His father was Bert Lauzon an early homesteader at the canyon and

his mother was Edith Bass Lauzon, the daughter of W.W. Bass. Hubert worked for the Bureau of Reclamation at Page and Grand Canyon for twenty-two years and served in the U.S. Army during World War II.

STEAM POWER RETURNS TO THE SANTA FE RAILWAY

By Al Richmond

In August and September 1992, railfans and a wide variety of people with dim memories of the great steam giants that patrolled the mountains and plains of the Santa Fe route between Los Angeles and Chicago welcomed the return of steam motive power to the line. A cooperative effort between The San Bernardino Railroad Historical Society and the AT&SFRy resulted in the "Employee Recognition Special" headed up by ex-Santa Fe steam locomotive No 3751, assisted by three new 800 class diesel locomotives in traditional warbonnet livery.

The initial run began on 30 August at Hobart, CA, arrived in Chicago on 9 September and returned to Hobart the evening of 16 September. Certainly slower than the runs she made at the point of such famous trains as the Chief, El Tovar, The Grand Canyon Limited, and the Scout, 3751's trip never had been conceived as a speed run. Santa Fe employees joined the train at scheduled stops along the way and rode segments in the districts within which they work. Buses returned them to their point of origin when they completed the ride designed to repay them for their years of service to the company. Overnight stops for servicing, crew rest, and the Topeka

Railroad Days also caused a more leisurely pace.

Originally built in 1927, No. 3751 joined Santa Fe's extensive stable of power for a total cost of \$99,712.77. Out of service in 1953, she languished in a San Bernardino park until the SBRHS bought her in 1985 and began the restoration project that culminated in this trip. Exact figures are not available, but a reasonable estimate of the rebuilding cost is somewhere around \$500,000. Quite a difference in the original price tag. Rebuilt in 1941 with roller bearings and 80" drivers, No 3751 delivered 66,000 pounds of tractive effort and ran at speeds up to 103 mph. Although considered by many to be a beautiful lady, she weighs in at a hefty 874,346 pounds with 7101 gallons of oil and 20,000 gallons of water on board. During this trip she relived the days of

...she relived the days of yore... trailing a gleaming stainless steel consist of vintage streamliner cars.

yore in the 70 to 80 mph range trailing a gleaming stainless steel consist of vintage streamliner cars. Following immediately behind the diesels, the consist included two baggage cars, six Regal series sleeping cars, the dining car "Fred Harvey", Club Lounge car #62, Dome Lounge car #60, and bringing up the rear, Theater car #89 "William Barstow Strong". Built between 1940 and 1962, these cars

roamed the western rails on several of the famous name trains, such as the Super Chief, and have been maintained since by Santa Fe for the exclusive use of the railroad on specials such as this.

As she sped across Arizona, battalions of railfans chased alongside on the roads (usually old Route 66), throngs of well-wishers gathered at the stations or draped themselves on overpasses along the way, and heartily welcomed No 3751 and her crew. This may have been a once-in-a-lifetime event but there is every reason to believe

...battalions of railfans chased alongside...

we will have other opportunities to relive the days of steam locomotive power in

the coming years via this wonderful rebirth. Sounds of hissing steam and rhythmic pumps, along with the sight of a billowing smoke plume and feel of power which a diesel cannot begin to impart, are all part of the nostalgia most of us feel when in the presence of one of these magnificent machines. No 3751 lives on and trails our history behind her as she once again travels familiar routes. For many years Santa Fe's advertising department billed the entire system as "The Grand Canyon Line". Maybe 3751 will again ride the rails north to the AT&SFRy's namesake Canyon as she once did at the head of El Tovar. One can hope.

Grand Canyon Pioneers Society
P. O. Box 14
Grand Canyon, AZ 86023

Please continue my membership in the Pioneers.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Enclosed \$10 _____

\$15 _____

\$40 _____

Individual

Couple

Business

Contribution to Scholarship Fund _____

MARCH GET -TOGETHER

Since Old Man Winter may still be around in the Flagstaff and Grand Canyon area during March we plan to go south and pay a visit to Prescott. While this fair city on the surface appears to have had little to do with Grand Canyon,

down in the pages of history it played a part. We will attempt to uncover some of this buried evidence when we meet on March 27th. We will meet at the old courthouse on the Gurley Street side (by the band stand) between 10:30 and 11:00, have

lunch at a cozy restaurant Greens and Things across the street and then visit the Sharlot Hall Museum and other places of interest. Those who want to travel together from Flagstaff should meet in Long's parking lot on Milton Street at 9 AM.



Pioneers group at the home of Marie & Paul Maiorana 1/23/93.

This GCPS Newsletter was edited by Bill Suran,
& compiled by Marie Maiorana, using Ventura publishing software.
All comments, submissions and suggestions are welcomed at the address below.
Membership, including bi-monthly newsletters, is \$10 individual and \$15 family annually.

Grand Canyon Pioneers Society
P. O. Box 14
Grand Canyon, AZ 86023

