



O' PIONEER

Newsletter of the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society

A Surprise

Ethel Cole in Williams got out of bed Saturday morning October 15, and looked out the window. "Yes," she said. "This is the day for a Pioneer meeting." Bill Suran in Flagstaff answered the phone at 9:30 that same morning. Marie Maiorana was insisting she come by and pick Sibyl and him up in her 4-wheel drive for the trip to Grand Canyon for the annual G.C.P.S. meeting at the Verkamp's Store.

The reason for all of this was because Northern Arizona was in the midst of a blizzard-like storm. All of us had gone to bed Friday night with a bright moon shining through the bedroom window and not a cloud in the sky and woke up with about three inches of snow covering the ground and still snowing. Snow on the fifteenth of October was unusual, but as Ethel commented it looked like the day for a Pioneer meeting. Regardless of the date we pick the weather usually deals from the bottom of the deck and presents the group with rain, wind, blowing sand, or the hottest day on record (especially when our trip schedule takes us to the lower elevations). Our board meeting was supposed to take place at one o'clock. Sibyl and Marie wanted to arrive at the Canyon around noon to set things in place. We left Flagstaff at ten o'clock feeling we would have plenty of time. It



Marvyl Wendt, Tom, Pam and Amanda Carmony, Mary Ellen Hamilton and Sibyl Suran grab a snack at the Verkamp's meeting room.

Photo by Gene Wendt

took nearly three hours to drive the seventy-five miles.

By two o'clock Mary Ellen Hamilton, Alaina Sun, Gene and Marvyl Wendt, Harry and Ethel Cole, Tom and Pam Carmony with their daughter Amanda and her friend (also named Amanda) Bird, Marie Maiorana, Bill and Sibyl Suran and Mike Verkamp managed to make it to Grand Canyon. A telephone call from Jim Ohlman advised us he and Janice with their youngsters were turned back at Desert View because the East rim road was closed. The storm made driving hazardous on I-40 where several vehicles were off the road including a tractor trailer, so Fred and Jeanne Schick with Barbara Vincent, Jim and Vi Shirley turned back at Williams. Ron and Carol Furey-Werhan got as far as Valle and gave up. Al Richmond with his daughter Karen tried to make it over the mountain on Highway 180 but gave up at Kendrick Park. Steve and Chris Verkamp arrived early but decided they would go home before the roads were ice covered and left.

With all the food and drinks on hand those attending dived in and ate the refreshments and forgot the snow and wind and enjoyed visiting one another. Later President Marie called the meeting to order and we discussed the items on the agenda and voted on those things that the general assembly could approve, (for details see elsewhere in this issue).

While the storm looked as though it was growing worse Marie adjourned the meeting early. Some managed to get rooms at the Canyon and others made their way toward Williams and Flagstaff. By now the roads were clear and traffic moved at a more normal pace. Near Williams the sun peeked through the clouds momentarily

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and then quickly hid its face again. Only a few flurries splattered the windshield of Marie's truck as we headed toward Flagstaff.

Once at home we determined by phone that everyone who left the canyon arrived home safely. Whew! What a day.

All of those attending thank Mike Verkamp for the work and time spent in preparing the upstairs room for our ill-fated annual meeting. He even invited us to do it again.

Bill Suran, Ethel and Harry Cole and Marie Maiorana.
Photo by Gene Wendt



Minutes for Annual Meeting

OCTOBER 15, 1994

Because of inclement weather there were not enough members of the Board of Directors present at the meeting held on the second floor of Verkamp's Store, Grand Canyon, Arizona for a quorum. Board members present were: Gene Wendt, Harry and Ethel Cole, Marie Maiorana, Sibyl and Bill Suran, and Mary Ellen Hamilton. Those present were questioned on issues facing the Board, and later in the evening Fred and Jeanne Schick, Al Richmond, and Carol and Ron Werhan, who were unable to attend were surveyed by telephone.

Results of this survey yielded the following:

Ethel Cole, Ron Werhan, Mary Ellen Hamilton, Steve Verkamp, and Fred Schick were elected to the Board to join Buford Belgard, Harvey Butchart, Harry Cole, Carol Furey-Werhan, Marie Maiorana, Al Richmond, Jeanne Schick, Bill Suran, Chris Verkamp, and Gene Wendt for a total of fifteen Board members.

Officers elected were:

Carol Furey-Werhan, President
Marie Maiorana, Vice-President
Jeanne Schick, Secretary
Fred Schick, Treasurer

Bulk rate non-profit mailing to go into effect in January 1995 was approved.

Tom Carmony volunteered to take over the work on a membership drive for the year 1995.

Sibyl Suran volunteered to work as meeting coordinator for 1995.

Gene Wendt proposed that the club use some of its money to replace the deteriorating headstones in the Pioneers Cemetery at Grand Canyon. Discussion of this resulted in its being put on "Hold" for the present.

Ron Werhan, contacted by telephone reported that we have 931 cook-books still in stock and 384 Verkamp *History of the Grand Canyon* books unsold.

Al Richmond, contacted by telephone said the two scholarship recipients were "moving right along" on their

projects. During the meeting, the general membership voted to continue offering scholarships to graduate students in the History Department of Northern Arizona University for the year 1995.

The Treasurer's report for the year 1994, received by mail, is attached.

With weather still deteriorating, the meeting adjourned.



Jeanne Schick, Secretary

To the New President

I had really looked forward to turning over the high office with **dignity** in an *official* ceremony at the annual meeting, but alas, our new president didn't quite make it...even though she has a rugged jeep...ahem. Well, I had the *prestigious, coveted* "gavel of authority" (see November '92 newsletter if you forget what this coveted object of authority looks like) ensconced in a lovely wooden box (I took it upon myself to empty the Rocky Mtn. Chocolate Factory box...though a great sacrifice...well, at least to my waistline). This appropriate symbol (which **Ron Werhan** initiated, as you might remember...) seems to me to convey accurately the seriousness, dignity and...uh...solemnity of our entire group and I wish Carol well in shouldering the **heavy** weight of the high office.

(If you aren't laughing, or at least, smiling, then you must be a new member who doesn't yet know us!)

Marie

Around & About

The ballot return for the election of board members for 1995 has been exceptionally good this year. It has been an interesting election. Of course the usual tendency is to reelect the members retiring from their three year stint, but with two individuals declining the nomination it left the gate open for two new nominees. The total votes on these bounced back and forth between one and then the other. As noted elsewhere in this issue **Steve Verkamp** and **Mary Ellen Hamilton** came out the winners. Congratulations to you both.

After the GCPS trip to the Grandview and Hance hotel sites **T.J. Ohlman** requested a photo of the old hotels. We sent a print of the Hance and Buggeln buildings and he sent this thank you note:

Dear Bill
I thank you for the card and picture.
I am in the third grade now. It was nice seeing you in Winslow
Sincerely,
T.J. Ohlman

Robert L. McPherson of Black Canyon City AZ wrote a note on his returned ballot; "Good Luck to all. I

worked for Emery Kolb in the 1930s and enjoyed the Canyon for 4 years."

It is always a pleasure to hear from our members Thanks for writing.

Received a nice letter from **Randy Butler**. Randy has been busy working in the Secondary Education program at NAU as well as teaching history classes. As he spends a great deal of time out of town he says he has not forgotten the GCPS but hopes to be able to attend some of our get togethers in the future. He closes his letter with "My compliments on a great masthead/banner for the newsletter—it looks really great!"

Thanks Randy you made our day. We have still other plans in mind that we hope will make it even better.

We received information that **John Turnbull** had open heart surgery on October 14 and that he is recovering satisfactorily at the Kaiser Sunset Hospital in L.A. We all wish him the best for a speedy recovery.

The latest letter from **Brenda Thowe** informs us that **Kirby** is making good progress from his serious accident in August. It has been a long hard struggle

for both. Keep up the good work Kirby we are all pulling for you.

Those who attended the annual meeting October 15 got a chance to sample **Sue Tyler's** "Outhouse cookies". Just why she called them thusly I can't explain, but here is the recipe for those who might wish to try them.

Mix together thoroughly:

3/4 cup shortening (margarine or butter)

1 cup brown sugar

1/2 cup granulated sugar

1 egg

1/4 cup water

1 tsp. vanilla

Sift together and stir in:

1 cup flour

1/2 tsp. baking soda

1 tsp. salt

Stir in:

1 cup chopped baking dates

2 cups rolled oats

1/2 cup chocolate chips (optional)

Sibyl prefers using 1 cup pecans or walnuts.

Spoon onto cookie sheet—leave room to spread. Bake for 9 minutes at 350 degrees.

Ummmmmm!

A Note From The Editor

It is difficult to believe that another year has come to an end (at least as far as the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society is concerned). According to the rules this is supposed to be the last issue of *O' Pioneer* for 1994.

Of course you have noticed the changes during the year. Marie and I have batted the format of the paper around like a baseball but have at last more or less settled on the present style. The new name indicates something old and we searched for a type face for the headings that would reflect that idea. Since our logo has a modern appear-

ance that had to be incorporated into the layout too. Now in January we will present our final piece. I am not going to mention what it is.

The entire newsletter would never come to pass if it were not for those members who have contributed to it. Our thanks to **Gale Burak**, **Roy Burris**, **Ron Warren**, **James Knipmeyer**, **Steve Verkamp**, **John Azar**, **Jim Ohlman**, **Al Richmond**, **Marie Maiorana**, **Elizabeth Kent Meyer**, **Ron Werhan**, **Susan Olberding**, **Jeanne Schick**, **Harry Cole**, **John Turnbull**, **Gene Wendt**, and **Dick Brown** for their contributions. We also

thank all those who have written letters or sent notes that we could incorporate into *Bits and Pieces*, *Footprints*, and *Around and About* columns. Also we must not overlook the photographs submitted by **Gene Wendt**, **Jim Knipmeyer**, **Marie Maiorana** and **Jim Ohlman**.

From that list you can see that it takes a lot of people to get together the *O' Pioneer*. I as editor thank everyone of you for your time and effort and look forward to receiving articles and letters from those who have contributed in the past and new members during the coming year.

Bits & Pieces

Welcome To New Members

We are pleased to extend a welcome to **Charles and Beth Tolfree** and **Larry and Laura Barton** of Bakersfield, California **Dorothy Hunt** of Winslow, Az. and **Charles A. Hale** of Williams who have recently joined the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society. We hope you will be able to attend some of our outings and meetings in the future.

Old Timers Meeting

by Bill Suran

Friday September 23 people began to congregate at the Grand Canyon Squire Inn for the 1994 Old Timers Reunion. The lobby buzzed with conversations as old friends met once again. The reunion is held every other year and offers a chance for those who worked at the canyon to keep in closer touch.

There were a lot of Pioneers present too. We will make no attempt to name them here, for in a crowd that size some would surely be overlooked. Needless to say Sibyl and I were glad to meet a number of them that we have talked to on the phone and written to for several years. It makes us feel even closer.

Tex Worley, a former Park Ranger, the master of ceremonies at the Saturday night banquet introduced **Jim Shirley** and **Sam Fenner** who related stories of their days at the canyon. **Gale Burak** followed this portion of the program with a fascinating and delightful slide presentation of her days at Supai in the 1940s. The evening's program ended with some good old fashioned music played by **John Bradley** playing the Guitar and **Sam Fenner** on the fiddle. The Audience kept time with their feet.

Sunday morning those attending still a little sleepy-eyed, straggled in to the coffee shop for breakfast and good byes. The sad part of the whole thing was that this was to be the last Old

Timers Reunion. Perhaps someone will pick up the thread and carry on. The only thing we can do is hope.



Christmas Time Again

It seems like we just carried out the Christmas tree a few days ago. But a look at the calendar tells us that it is nearing that time again. It would be a wonderful idea if you started your shopping list right away and head it up with giving the Grand Canyon Pioneer Society's books as a gift. You will not only give a worthwhile gift, you will also help the society. All proceeds from the sales of these go toward our scholarship fund. This in turn helps a student at NAU to do research on the area in and about the Grand Canyon.

Our books are:

The Grand Canyon Pioneers Cookbook. Members price is \$8.95 plus \$1.50 postage.

History of Grand Canyon National Park by Peggy Verkamp. Members price \$5.95 plus \$1.50 postage.

Both of these books can be ordered direct from The Grand Canyon Pioneer Society, P.O. Box 2372, Flagstaff, AZ 86003 -2372.

An Interesting Photograph

Gene and Marvyl Wendt while searching for the head of Grandview Trail discovered this inscription under an overhang below the rim near the site of the old Grandview Hotel. It is written in what looks like charcoal and reads:

Miss Kerby Bell [The name "Belle" appears above the name "Kirby" and the two names are circled.]

Miss Hachet

[The two names are bracketed on the right with the word Brooklyn following.]

T. Harris Boughton

Evertt Graham

Rex Mackenzie

[the three names bracketed with the word Chicago following.]

Beneath the names is the date July 12, 1899.

A large bracket on the left ties the entire inscription together.

The group was probably visitors at the Grandview Hotel and possibly on a hike to Horseshoe Mesa to visit the Last Chance Mine site. It would be interesting to see Pete Berry's hotel register for that time and see if the names appear there. Thanks Gene.



Bee-Deviled

by Art Metzger, submitted by John Turnbull

Tom Hinton was an ancient mariner of the desert with a pair of eyes that seemed to pierce the rock in his search for gold. He never found much of it, just enough to keep him in beans. But what made him a prospector deluxe was his fruit trees, patch of alfalfa and bees. The place on the edge of a little desert settlement was an oasis of the area.

When the town burned one windy day, Tom's shack and most of his fence posts joined the fun. All he had left was his two burros, his bees, his alfalfa patch and his fruit trees. But don't get the idea that Tom plays much of a part in this yarn. He is just necessary back ground. The bees and the burros put on the show.

At the start of the conflagration in the settlement the two Jenny Hintons high tailed it there to see what all the ruckus was about. When everything had been practically razed to the ground, in spite of the best efforts of the frantic humans, the two decided to go back home and see what happened there during their absence. For company they brought thirteen other brays with them. None of the thirteen had ever been in the alfalfa patch before. But now with the wires on the ground in places where the fence posts had been burned out the alfalfa looked like burro heaven as compared to desert browse. And for grazing, burro heaven it was.

But enough of the grazing. The shade under the fruit trees looked mighty restful. After all the excitement, followed by a full stomach, what could be better.

A line of white bee hives under one row of trees took the strangers' eyes. Never had they seen anything like that before, so an investigation was in order. Big burros, little burros, old burros, and young burros, and burros of all colors edged up to the hives with heads outstretched. Eyes registered inquiry, noses sniffed for information, ears adjusting one way and another to pick up something meaningful, and tails gently switched back and forth as one idea after another was conceived, considered

and discarded for lack of substantiating evidence. The hives were under cross examination, but as yet the bees didn't know it.

Not many humans know much about bees and possibly burros know less. But there is one thing about a burro, he is willing to learn, provided the learning is not FORCED on him. The apparently meaningless traffic in and out of the hives had a strange fascination for the investigating committee. United States Senators could have shown no more zeal for sticking their noses into places where they are not wanted. And like that of a senatorial investigating committee, the final report of Jackasses, Inc. in this case would probably have summed up something like this: "We don't know just what it is all about, but no doubt certain corrective measures should be undertaken and we recommend thus and so be taken up at the next Jackass Congress." Had this action been taken, all would have been well, but . . .

As the answer to the riddle grew more and more elusive, one young mother's son, out to make a record, grew enthusiastic in his endeavor to solve the problem for the benefit of all. His inquisitive muzzle touched the hive. The faint odor of paint was inconclusive. He pushed. The hive hit the ground. A bee uproar of protest announced the attack by strategic penetration. Bees bored in to anything showing movement.

Burro eyes registered pained surprise, heads shook and ears flopped, tails switched industriously, hides twitched and burro feet stamped anger. Finally grandpa burro gave forth a piercing, screeching squall as of confidence betrayed. It was followed by other squalls by other burros each seeming to outdo the others, and each willing to call it a day, but somehow feeling that the whistle hadn't blown for quitting time.

Bee reinforcements were coming in fast. Now there are certain tender spots even on a burro, and 50,000 bees couldn't overlook them all. Grandpa honked his bray of terror, leaped high

and twisting and hit the ground running. He was joined by fourteen other brays in torment. A bee hymn of hate traveled right along with the burro honks of horror. The haunting evening song of the desert canary had become a song of the haunted.

The herd hit the fence line. Where the wires were down they went on through. Where the wires were still up some went on through by the force of impact. A few were knocked down, got their feet tangled in the wire and lay there squealing and kicking and fighting while bees bored in with gusto.

With tails straight behind them the footloose picked them up and laid them down with a concentrated intensity that left no room for idle thought. With heads swinging from side to side and braying at every jump, they swung in a half mile circle around the center of disaster. Gradually the attackers left them. Gradually the victims' speed slackened. Gradually thoughts other than go-places took shape in their minds. They circled closer with cautious pace. On the last round the leader crossed in front of the herd and turned them toward the center. All pulled up short facing their Waterloo, and stopped in line like a bunch of trained seals. Thus they stood, gazing at their fallen brethren and beyond them the scene of the inquisition. Now and then a tail switched, a hide twitched, a head shook flopping its ears.

Their curiosity was till unassuaged, but experience had tempered it. Eyes that had once registered curiosity with devilment, now registered curiosity with resignation. They again crossed the down fence onto the green alfalfa. Bees again buzzed in warning, but stingers refused to work. The warning however was sufficient. No longer now was a beehive a thing of mystery to be investigated. The brays tangled in the wire had finally kicked loose and joined their brothers on the far side of the alfalfa patch. Live and let live was now the order of the day.

Pioneer Footprints

Different in Those Days
Early trip to Grand Canyon, Story of Travail

by Helen Pearson

Today it is possible to cruise along in Grand Canyon National Park and absorb its scenic beauty without ever leaving your automobile. There was a time however, less than 50 years ago, when reaching the canyon in an automobile was an accomplishment in itself. Early day automobile trips, besides being hazardous, were almost history-making events in themselves.

At 2 PM January 4, 1902, a party of four, including a guide and chauffeur, left Flagstaff for a trip to the canyon. A crowd gathered to see them off, predicting the ninety-mile trip would take "six hours to six days." Winfield Hogganboom of Los Angeles, a member of the party, recorded the difficulties of the trip and later sent his story to the Williams News.

According to Hogganboom, the group's "machine," steam-propelled vehicle, operated fine for the first ten miles. Then the luggage trailer began bearing down too hard on the axle. They remedied this and continued for an-

other two hours, until dark, and the guide suggested they stop for the night. The party had made no provision for camping out, but were able to bunk with the cowboys at "Muderbachs."

Things went well the next day, for about ten more miles. Then the machine suddenly was enveloped in a cloud of steam. This was the first of several breakdowns that lasted until midnight and the party bedded down in a stand of cedar trees. The next day, Hogganboom wrote "For breakfast, we each had a look at the automobile and a smoke."

The guide estimated that Pete Berry's accommodations at Grand Canyon were about eighteen miles away. He lighted a fire under the boiler, got up a head of steam, and the party puffed off for two more miles. After this breakdown they walked until noon when they sighted a sign that read "6-3/4 miles to Grand Canyon."

Hogganboom and the guide left the others and proceeded on foot. A half-mile on, the guide collapsed and Hog-

gaboom continued alone. "After about eight miles," he wrote, "I happened to think of that sign that said '6-3/4 miles.' By 4 PM I had covered 18 miles of those six."

Tired, footsore and angry, he walked until he saw a clearing in the trees. "I wobbled up a little hill and beyond that hill was the grandest most awe-inspiring sight in the world—the Grand Canyon of Arizona," he wrote. Twenty minutes later, Hogganboom staggered into the Grandview Hotel and sent aid to the other members of the party.

When landlord Pete Berry asked what he'd like, Hogganboom replied: "All I want is food and water and the address of that man who put up the sign."

The same trip is a little easier today.

The Arizona Republic
April 15, 1965

Letters To The Editor

Grand Canyon Pioneers Society,
My family and I were greatly appreciative of the warm welcome we received from your group as well as the delicious lunch.

We received a copy of *O' Pioneer* which we enjoyed reading. I do wish to correct an error that appeared. I am the grandson of Charles Edward Tolfree, the brother of Lyman (who operated the hotel) and James (who was the owner of the hotel).

Unfortunately my information about my grandfather and his brother's activities is very limited. The only thing that I do remember were conversations with Lyman's daughter, Edith. She would reminisce about life in the Canyon—trips down to the bottom, leading tour-

ists, and her encounters with the "Moki Indians. . ."

One of the things that I can remember from my conversations with Edith was that they also had a hotel in Williams which later burned.

Again thank you for your hospitality and interest.

Charles H. Tolfree
Bakersfield California.

Dear Bill:

My summer's work with old, historic inscriptions of the Colorado Plateau region yielded great results. A friend and I spent three weeks, mostly in San Juan County, Utah, tracking down inscriptions that I had either read about or people had told me of. We also man-

aged to find some new ones, or at least that were unknown to me.

We started up in the Book Cliffs area north of Moab and gradually worked our way down to Mexican Hat on the San Juan River. We visited thirty-one different sites and I recorded and/or photographed some seventy-eight inscriptions. The majority of these were dated prior to 1900, with the remainder from the early 1900s.

Perhaps the most interesting inscription we found was in a small cave/alcove in one of the upper branches of Cottonwood Wash. It read "T. M. Click June 1881." This undoubtedly belonged to one Tom Click, a prospector from Dolores, Colorado who was a member of a "posse" of cowboys and miners who were chasing a band of renegade Ute

Indians. On June 15 he was one of ten members of the posse that were killed when they were ambushed by the Utes near the La Sal Mountains in southeastern Utah.

Next summer I hope to be a little closer to the Grand Canyon area, recording and photographing the old Mormon inscriptions along the Echo Cliffs south of Lee's Ferry. There are



John Hance in front of his barn.

also some right around Lee's Ferry itself that I would like to find!

Jim Knipmeyer
Lee's Summit, MO

Dear Pioneers:

Thank you very much for your generous donations to La Posada Foundation and the Old Trails Museum. It is most gratifying to have your support and enthusiasm for what we are doing to help Winslow.

I've been taking people through La Posada for years now, and I honestly don't remember ever enjoying a group so much as yours. Your obvious ap-

preciation for the experience was very rewarding to me.

As for the museum, all I can say is thanks for all the nice comments and encouragement. I firmly believe that people like each other better after learning a little about their history. Little museums are always fun . . . all are different but project the same pride. So glad you liked learning more about Winslow.

It's good to be associated with all of you and I plan to come along on some of your trips. Come back again for another visit!

Janice Griffith
Winslow, Arizona



GRAND CANYON PIONEERS SOCIETY
FINANCIAL REPORT AS OF SEPTEMBER 30, 1994

BEGINNING CASH BALANCE		\$2,605.38
Income:		
Dues	\$ 950.00	
Book Sales	2,218.35	
Donations	<u>195.80</u>	<u>3,364.15</u>
		\$5,969.53
Expenses:		
Postage, printing, etc.	1,521.18	
Scholarships	<u>700.00</u>	<u>2,221.18</u>
BANK BALANCE AS OF 9/30/94		<u>\$3,748.35</u>
C.D.# 3099777 matures 11/21/94		\$2,244.43
C.C.# 3054365 matures 12/14/94		<u>1,152.29</u>
		<u>\$3,396.72</u>

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GCPS Newsletter:

Editor: Bill Suran
Designer: Marie Maiorana
Printer: Kwik Kopy

Do you think we dare make another try to hold a meeting at Grand Canyon?

Our November meeting is scheduled for Saturday the 19th at 2 PM when Carolyn Richard will give us a tour of the Museum at Grand Canyon.

It should prove to be an interesting experience. The museum is located at the visitors center. If the weather doesn't play tricks on us we can then head for Cameron for a Navajo Taco.

This is the last meeting for 1994 so be a real PIONEER and don't let Ole Man Weather keep you away.

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