

The Ol' Pioneer

The Quarterly Magazine of the Grand Canyon Historical Society

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JAN/FEB/MAR 2004



Kolb Studio, 1903

[Photo from GCHS Metzger Collection , Item: 2222
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Kolb Studio, 2003

[Photo by Gus Scott - Prescott AZ, 2003]

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President's Letter

An interesting year! The Grand Canyon Historical Society – formally the Grand Canyon Pioneer Society – will be celebrating its 20th anniversary in 2004. The Kolb Studio at the Grand Canyon South Rim is 100 years old. It will be an interesting year for GCHS – the year's outings are planned around these celebrations.

At the October 2002 Board Meeting and again at the October 2003 Board Meeting many board members and members voiced opinions on how we could raise the level of CGHS visibility. Many of the suggestions centered on increasing membership and attendance at the scheduled outings. Some of suggestions are in the process of being implemented. I will be scheduling a Board working session (all members are welcome) early in 2004. At that time a “game plan” will be developed that should guide the GCHS during the next few months.

The GCHS should be positioned to participate in some of the 100 year celebrations that will take place at the Canyon. The monthly outings for 2004 have been announced. A variety of venues – North Rim, South Rim, Flagstaff, and other locations have been announced. I feel certain that you will discover a number of outings that you will circle on your calendar as “must attend”.

The membership renewal notices that were mailed in December contained a section that highlighted the CGHS Scholarship program. In addition to an explanation of how the scholarship money would be used, a number of past scholarship recipients were profiled. The scholarship is for individuals that are doing research in Colorado Plateau research. Al Richmond continues to handle the process for selection of a recipient for the scholarship. He posts the announcement at NAU, receives the applications, and coordinates the selection of the recipient by the Officers. This research – history, geology, individuals (characters!), and milestone events – adds to the knowledge about the plateau and specifically the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. We have also benefited when the recipients have completed the majority of their research and presented their findings at one of the monthly outings. The membership has responded by sending in a donation for the scholarship program when they send in their annual dues. You may however, donate to the scholarship any time during the year. We are seeing an increase in donations to the scholarship program. I thank you for your participation in this worthwhile society program.

A common thread running through many of the suggestions / comments at the last Board meeting was, “we need to advertise the GCHS Outings”. Keith and Nancy Green have set that effort in motion. As Outing Coordinator and Assistant Outing Coordinator, they will be contacting the news outlets in northern Arizona and placing Public Service announcements. Thank you Green’s for taking the responsibility for this effort.

I pray that you have been with family and loved ones this holiday season and that 2004 will bring your families even closer together.

Lee Albertson

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EDITOR: Diane Cassidy

The Historical Society was established in July 1984 as a non-profit corporation to develop and promote appreciation, understanding and education of the earlier history of the inhabitants and important events of the Grand Canyon.

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Kolb Studio: Images of The Past

The "Kolb Studio: Images of the Past" tour marks the first time the studio's residential area has been open to the public.

The tour chronicles the Kolb Studio's 100-year history and acknowledges the role that the Kolb brothers played in popularizing the Grand Canyon as a tourist destination.

The 100-year-old building stands under the protection of the Historic Sites Act, which prohibits the destruction of any park building over 50 years old.



Tours are available starting at 1:30 PM on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays through February 2004, with reservations made in person at the Kolb Studio on the day of the tour. Because of close quarters, tours are limited to 12 visitors at a time.

The tour takes visitors through a maze of rooms, including the formal living room, kitchen, dining room, bathroom and bedrooms. They also get a glimpse into the darkroom area.

Much of the home has been refurnished by the Grand Canyon Association in a 1930s theme. The only original pieces remaining are a formal dining room set and some light fixtures, along with a fire-place rack, which is on loan from the park for the duration of the tours.

Interpretive rangers Stewart Fritz and Jim Howard provide a narrative of the colorful lives of the Kolb brothers.

[Photos by Gus Scott - Prescott AZ, January 2002]

First View

by John Oesdean – Clarkdale AZ

Without a doubt, everyone can vividly remember the first time they saw the Grand Canyon. One word that comes to mind is awesome. All the other adjectives seem meaningless. We all know that the Canyon is one of the most impressive gorges on earth. No other canyon on earth rivals it yet, when on viewing it the first time, few visitors are immediately able to grasp and appreciate the scene spread out before them.

In all probability, for those approaching the Grand Canyon for the first time, they may have arrived by car and once through the front door of the Bright Angel Lodge, passed on through the lobby, and wandered across the terrace on the other side wondering as they walked where the Canyon was.

Then, suddenly, they were at the brink with only a low native rock wall between them and the vast, vast abyss. At first glance, the spectacle seems too strange to be real. The spectacle simply does not resist in the brain. The eye

records but the eye looks away because one has never seen anything like it, and because one has nothing to compare it with, it stuns the eye but cannot really hold the attention. Everything is unmatched in its over all vastness, topographic complexity, the striking land form and range of color. The setting is so perfectly situated for the purpose of displaying these qualities to utmost advantage. If the Canyon had been flanked by mountain ranges, its impact would be diminished but, secluded by a gently rolling plateau that forms the rim; it appears deeper, wider and more rugged. Most visitors can give their impression of the sight; some would be eloquent while others, less inclined, would shrug it off.

To the novice sight of this chasm can, in time, be perfectly described but what about ones that never have seen it for the first time? You know, like trying to describe to a blind person the color red or black or brown.

On the roster of the Grand Canyon Historical Society, there are two sisters who, if asked what impression the Canyon gave them, would shrug their shoulders in askance and have a bewildering look on their faces. Pinky Moore Oesdean and Ethel Moore Cole were born and raised on the south rim of the Grand Canyon in the early nineteen twenties. There is no way they can tell you of their first impression of the Canyon. To them it has always been there. It was nothing spectacular until such time went they were removed from its existence. Now, though many years later, they are amused when they have the opportunity to walk the "rim" and listen to the "Dudes" expound untold visions of the beauty in front of them. To Pinky and Ethel it was and will always be home but, though in their eighties, they still get that special feeling when they together visit each winter to go to the Canyon, spend a night at the El Tovar, and see in its winter glory; the way they seem to reflect of it being at its best.



Andy Hall, 1869 Hero of the Colorado River in Grand Canyon

by Michael Ghiglieri – Flagstaff AZ

In May of 1869, eleven men in Wyoming stood beside four moored boats on the Green River where, seven months earlier, the Union Pacific Railroad had bridged it. These men's mission, their goal, and their fates hung on their intent to navigate those four boats down the Green and through the unexplored canyons of the Colorado River downstream a thousand miles to, through, and beyond Grand Canyon. As fortune would have it, 98 days later, only six of those eleven men and only two of those four boats would ride the Colorado past the Grand Wash Cliffs at the foot of Grand Canyon. The stories of these brave--maybe too brave--men and their harrowing accomplishments forms one of the most astonishing epics in the entire exploration history of North America. In *First Through Grand Canyon: The Secret Journals and Letters of the 1869 Crew Who Explored the Green and Colorado Rivers*, for the first time this gripping saga of extreme adventure, optimism, courage, fear, heroism, humor, triumph, treachery, and tragedy is told in full by the men themselves via their unabridged journals and letters--in new and accurate transcriptions--written *during* the expedition.

Of the expedition leader, John Wesley Powell, much has been written, often in heroic biographies characterizing Powell at odds with how most of his crew seemed to have felt about him. Of Powell's 1869 crew, the men who first



rowed the Colorado through the Big Canyon, comparatively little has been written. But each man on this crew proved to be a rugged individualist possessing survival skills and personality traits that would have earned him a place in a Louis L'amour pot-boiler Western--if only L'amour had known of them.

Andrew Hall was the youngest member of this crew. He was also a last minute recruit. "Openings" still existed in Powell's crew as late as the eve of departure because a few of the original members opted out late in the game. Powell spotted Andy Hall sitting at the oars of a homemade boat at Green River City, where Powell had just had his own four new Whitehall boats delivered by the Union Pacific Railroad. Hall had been using his boat for hauling firewood. He appeared to Powell to know what he was doing. Since only two of Powell's other able-bodied crew members--George Y. Bradley and John Colton Sumner--knew anything about boats, Hall must

have seemed a Godsend; 99 days later he proved to be just this.

Hall was born at Rocksfordshire, Scotland, and had immigrated to America with his widowed mother, brother, and sister when he was seven years old. Even so, Hall seemed more American than most men who were born here. He left home at age 14 to work as a bullwhacker, mule driver, and Indian scout. He also worked as a guard on wagons hauling freight across the prairie. Hall's on-the-job education made him fit to survive in the Wild West, though perhaps less fit for fitting in back East.

Again, at 19 years old, Hall was the youngest member of the expedition. And he looked the part; he wore his blond hair long and wild, Buffalo Bill style, and seems to have possessed an irrepressible zest for life and an ebullience that bubbled to the surface even when the expedition was under duress. Sumner later called Hall a "rollicking young Scotch boy." Bradley notes in his journal on July 24, for example, that while everyone else was dead tired from portaging boats in the lower half of Cataract Canyon, Andy spent the evening throwing rocks across the Colorado River.

Major Powell wrote, Hall "is nineteen years old, with what seems to us a 'secondhand head,' which doubtless came down to him from some knight who wore it during the Border Wars. It looks a very old head indeed, with deep-set

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blue eyes and beaked nose. Young as he is, Hall has had experience in hunting, trapping, and fighting Indians, and he makes the most of it, for he can tell a good story, and is never encumbered by unnecessary scruples in giving to his narratives those embellishments which help make a story complete. He is always ready for work or play and is a good hand at either."

At the end of the 99-day expedition, Hall, with Sumner, rowed *Kitty Clyde's Sister* all the way to the Gulf of California and then sailed it back upstream to Fort Yuma by rigging a wagon sheet as a sail. For several decades to come, Andy Hall and Sumner would hold the title as the *only* men to have accomplished this feat.

Hall wrote very little regarding this expedition. What he did write consists of three very brief, poorly written, God-awful letters that he sent home, all of which are included in *First Through Grand Canyon*, having been reprinted from the 1948-49 *Utah Historical Quarterly*.

After the expedition, Hall--and William Robert Wesley Hawkins--both settled in Arizona. They were the only two men of the expedition to do so. Hall moved to Prescott in 1874. But whereas Hawkins eventually became a part of Arizona's landed "gentry" south of Phoenix, Hall gravitated back to his profession of staying on the move; specifically by "riding shotgun." Hall moved to Florence where he worked as an express messenger for Wells Fargo on the route from Casa Grande to Globe.

For several decades up to 2001, Andy Hall's death has been erroneously reported by historians to having occurred in something like the

following way. In 1882, Andy Hall was riding shotgun on a stagecoach near Globe, Arizona, and carrying a strongbox of gold. The stage was ambushed, the story goes, by desperados who killed the driver, wounded Hall, then made off with the gold. Hall, wounded, tracked them down and tried to arrest them but was filled full of lead for his troubles and died.

Again, many details of this story are wrong. The reality is far more interesting--and more tragic. And it provides far more insight into the character of one of the first two men in history who boated from Green River City, Wyoming, all the way to the Sea of Cortez just for the hell of it.

First, there was no stage coach. And no riding shotgun. And, tragically perhaps, no shotgun either.

On Sunday, August 20, 1882, 32-year-old Andy Hall watched with one eye as Frank Porter loaded his mule train at Pioneer Pass. In those days, the stage road from Casa Grande ended at the top of Pioneer Pass; from this tiny settlement a pack trail descended the final ten miles to Globe. Porter's

mules regularly carried the mail and express goods that Wells Fargo shipped, once the Wells Fargo buckboard reached the end of the road at Pioneer Pass.

On this particular day, Cicero Grime, a local, poverty-stricken photographer from Globe, was leaning against the Wells Fargo shack. He offered to lend Porter a hand. Grime lifted the heaviest express box to the back of the strongest mule in Porter's train. Meanwhile Andy Hall tried to figure out what was wrong with his shotgun. It obstinately refused to fire. Hall had accompanied the Wells Fargo shipment from Casa Grande by buckboard to here and would continue with Porter, now by mule, into Globe. But Hall knew he would be happier on the narrow trail ahead if his shotgun were working.

After helping Porter, Cicero Grime, unarmed, mounted his horse and cantered down the trail well ahead of the mule train.

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Andy Hall...continued from page 6

In that heavy express box nestled \$5,000 in gold intended as payroll for the workers at the Mack Morris Mine in the foothills of the Sierra Apache beyond Globe.

About four miles from Pioneer Pass, just before Sixshooter Canyon, a gully crossed the trail. On the left side of the trail here the hill rose steeply. And on the right side stood a huge white boulder which obscured the view. Here Grime pulled in the reins of his horse and told an accomplice, Curtis F. Hawley:

"The pack train will be along shortly. I helped lift the box onto the pack saddle, and it is heavy. Porter is unarmed and Hall has only a small revolver. He had a shotgun, but it was out of order and he said he would leave it in the shack." Grime hesitated, then added, "I think we had better give this up and forget it."

Hawley, a big, dark complected man, stepped out from hiding and said, "No! We came out here to get this box and we are going to get it."

A much smaller man, Lafayette (a.k.a. Fate) Grime also had cold feet. He stepped out onto the trail to follow his brother Cicero Grime to Globe. But Hawley turned his gun on Fate and said, "You stay, or else..."

Minutes later, Andy Hall, riding lead, passed this same white boulder. Behind him the mules plodded dutifully. Porter brought up the rear. As the mules entered the gully, rifle fire whizzed over their heads, then a bullet struck the lead mule carrying the strong box.



The other mules panicked and galloped down the trail half a mile.

Finally getting them under control again, Andy Hall dropped to the ground. A bullet had wounded him in the thigh. Ignoring the pain, he told Porter to ride ahead into Globe and round up a posse, while he tried to track the robbers. Then Hall crept back up to the white boulder.

The robbers, arguing, had already shifted the gold from the strongbox into two canvas saddle bags called "catinas." Hawley and Fate, large and tiny, now escaped on foot along the east slope of the Pinals before Hall arrived.

Soon they met a local prospector and druggist, Dr. F. W. Vail, riding and leading a pack horse en

route to El Capitan Mine. Vail asked the pair, why all the shooting?

Hawley told Vail that Indians were raiding again.

Vail nodded, then asked Hawley and Fate to help him unload his pack horse and hide the goods. "We can ride and tie with these two horses into Globe quicker than you two fellows can walk in."

Hawley took Vail up on his offer by riding his horse. But after only a mile Hawley dismounted and told Vail it was his turn to ride. Once Vail remounted, Hawley shot him off his horse. Then Hawley commanded Fate to also shoot Vail two more times. "We are in this thing together and you have got to go as far as I do." Fate then shot Vail twice.

The two robbers then rode off with their loot, leaving Vail for dead.

A mile farther, the two stopped to argue yet again. They stopped here long enough for Andy Hall to catch up with them. At first Hall trained his gun on them. But when he saw that they were familiar white men, he lowered his revolver. "I thought you were Indians," Hall said, surprised. "We had all better get into Globe. There are robbers in these hills."

As Hall talked, he rolled something in his other hand. It was a small caliber bullet that he had pried from his thigh after that barrage during the ambush. Hall's grit in continuing to track robbers on foot for this many miles for Wells Fargo despite a bullet wound in his leg speaks volumes about his tenacity to duty, a firm sense of resolution that likely was instrumental in

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Andy Hall...continued from page 7

creating the success of Powell's 1869 expedition.

The two robbers acted as if Hall's arrival was lucky for them. The three men now continued toward Globe. But soon Hawley and Grime became suspicious of Hall's staring at their heavy catinas. At that point, Hawley dropped to the rear. At the top of the hill overlooking Russell Gulch, Hawley shot Andy Hall in the back.

Hall hit the dirt badly wounded. He drew and tried to aim his own pistol. But Hawley emptied his six-shooter into him. Andy Hall died with one eye closed and with his finger on the trigger, a split second too late to avert the ring of bullets now encircling his heart.

The robbers now abandoned Doc Vail's horses and continued on foot. Then they stopped to split up the gold. Soon they saw two riders below. The two desperados dived into the brush and fled with their loot.

In Globe, Mack Allison, the telegraph operator, noticed Cicero Grime hunched up against the wall of the *Arizona Silver Belt* building. Grime seemed inordinately nervous to Allison as he stood watching the trail entering town.

Porter finally arrived in Globe after having followed a roundabout route. Minutes after hearing his report of the ambush of his mule train, a posse raced back up the trail. At dusk, they found the original ambush site. Behind the big white boulder they saw boot prints scarring the soil. Tiny, size-four bootprints.

The posse also found where Andy Hall had blazed his trail away from the ambush site by dragging one boot heel in the dirt at inter-

vals, and then by breaking off small branches and scattering them on his trail. Farther on, where no bushes grew and no soil lay, the posse found tiny bits of Hall's handkerchief torn and dropped to mark his trail.

Just a few miles beyond these, the posse found Doc Vail. Andy Hall, they now discovered, had also happened upon Vail and, seeing him in such critical condition, had taken off his own coat, rolled it up, and placed under Vail's head as a pillow. The prospector/druggist was still breathing, but unconscious. As the men worked on him, Vail awakened and mumbled to posse member Dan Lacey:

"Two men from Globe. One was a big dark complected man, the other a small light complected man."

After uttering these words, Vail lapsed into unconsciousness again, then died.

At the head of Russell's Gulch the posse found Andy Hall dead with eight bullets in him. Beside Hall stood Vail's two horses. The posse took Hall's and Vail's bodies to the Wells Fargo Express Company office in Globe.

Come daylight on Monday morning, Pima County Sheriff W. W. Lowther carefully studied the feet of every citizen he saw. When he saw the feet of Fate Grime, a local dancing instructor, he knew he had a suspect.

The small man's feet were the tiniest of anyone in town. Indeed, it was well known that Fate's feet were so small that he had trouble finding boots to fit him at all. Fate wore size four. But how, the sheriff wondered, could such a mild-mannered young man have murdered Hall or Vail?

Fate left Globe that afternoon to seek work at the Mark Morris Mill in Wheatfields. At the end of his shift, Pete Gabriel, Deputy U.S. Marshall and Sheriff of Pinal County, in Florence, having been alerted by Dan Lacey, who did not trust Sheriff Lowther, arrested Fate Grime.

At stake was justice--and a \$6,000 reward. Lacey and Gabriel wanted some of the former and all of the latter. Under their questioning, Fate broke down and confessed, implicating Curtis E. Hawley and Fate's own brother, Cicero.

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Hawley did not seem a likely suspect either. He ran a small general contracting business supplying timber for mines; he was neither penniless nor desperate. Even so, Lacey and Gabriel, with Norman Slater, rode through the dark that Monday night to Hawley's cabin.

Hawley answered Slater's knock with a gun in his hand. Then, seeing Slater, he explained, "The Mexicans have been bothering me a great deal and I have concluded to stop it."

Marshall Gabriel shoved the muzzle of his Winchester through Hawley's rear window and commanded, "Hands up!"

Hawley submitted to arrest. By Wednesday morning, after some chases by Gila County Sheriff Lowther after Marshall Gabriel and his prisoners back and forth through a saguaro-studded landscape with the issues of custody, jurisdiction, and that \$6,000 reward at stake, Hawley and the Grime brothers, both of whom had now confessed, found themselves back in Globe. In jail.

At sundown on Wednesday an angry mob of citizens gathered at the one-room adobe jail. The mob offered the sheriff two options:

1. give up all three prisoners, or,
2. they would overpower the sheriff and take all three prisoners anyway.

The sheriff countered by saying he would take all three to stand before Justice of the Peace George Allen if the mob would allow a hearing. Soon Hawley and the Grime Brothers stood before Justice Allen in an overflowing Stallo's Hall.

All three prisoners confessed. Then they signed their confessions.

Justice Allen bound the three over to Superior Court for trial. By the way, the three were asked, where had they hidden the \$5,000 in stolen gold?

One share, it turned out, was hidden in Hawley's cabin. Two shares had been sequestered in Fate's, suggesting that Cicero was not at all innocent.

Hawley asked Justice Allen if he could make a will to leave his own personal property, worth \$5,000, to be sent to his wife.

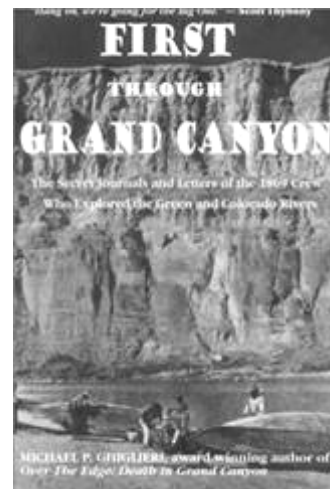
Late that night, now early Thursday morning, August 24, the lynch mob took control. They led Hawley and both Grime brothers through the light of a full moon to the big sycamore tree growing in front of the Saint Elmo Saloon. This tree had a stout horizontal branch growing about fifteen feet above the dusty street. The hangmen dropped nooses over the heads of all three. Volunteers then hauled the three murderers off the ground and tied the ropes to the sycamore's trunk.

Hawley's noose had been set too loose when the volunteers yanked him off the ground. The mob could hear him for several minutes, even from a block away, strangling.

Andy Hall, the good-hearted prankster on the 1869 expedition who was loyal to Powell, who named Lodore Canyon after a poem he'd heard as an orphaned child in his native Scotland, who was one of only five men with Powell willing to row through Separation Rapid on Day #97 of the first descent of the Colorado, and was one of only two men who made the entire journey from

Wyoming to Mexico, had been avenged.

Even so, I find myself wishing that his humorous yells still echoed off that long wall of sandstone at the confluence of the Green and the Yampa and that he had lived to toss stones again across the Colorado in Cataract Canyon.



Editor's Note:

Article is excerpt from *First Through Grand Canyon: The Secret Journals and Letters of the 1869 Crew Who Explored the Green and Colorado Rivers* (Puma Press, 2003) by Michael Ghiglieri, who also is the author *Over the Edge: Death in Grand Canyon* (along with Dr. Tom Myers, Puma Press, 2001), *Canyon* (University of Arizona Press, 1992), and others.

First Through Grand Canyon is available from Puma Press in hardback for \$23.95 and paperback for \$15.95 (which is a 20% discount to GCHS members). Write or call Puma Press at P.O. Box 30998, Flagstaff AZ 86003 or 928-714-0305.

Ode to the Canyon

by Sibyl Suran – Flagstaff AZ

After residing in the Deep South for over thirty-some years, Bill and I had enough eternal sunshine with its accompanying cockroaches, centipedes, flies, and other bugs as well as mold and mildew on any clothing not used for as long as a week, and we opted to make a change. A side trip from Phoenix on a visit to San Diego firmed this resolve. The brief sight of Northern Arizona gave us renewed desire to move, and we vowed to return. We had found our Shangri-La.

As a result we moved here twenty-five years ago, and since then we have tried to educate people still living in the East to the wonders of the West, especially Grand Canyon.

We watch the expression on each face as they first viewed the "big ditch" and the most common reaction is one of awe. Almost everyone has trouble talking for the space of a few seconds while they attempt to say what they feel. One of our daughters immediately took the Canyon to her heart and it became HERS with no hesitation. She put it into words when a man turned to her and said, "Doesn't do much for you, does it?" She gave him a look of disdain and, studying his camera, replied, "Not when you are looking at it with a 200-millimeter

lens and trying to take a picture of a puissant on the North Rim."

The other extreme arose when we took an in-law to the Canyon for a day. She stood at the overlook turning her head from side to side and finally turned and walked into the gift shop. Later I asked what she thought of it. Her reply was "I am not impressed." I was so astounded that luckily I could not say a thing. Bill saved me by quietly advising, "Keep peace in the family." For once, I did what he asked. She later explained that it just overwhelmed her.

All our spare time is spent at the Canyon. Unfortunately, we did not come here while we still had the stamina to hike so we have seen it only from the rim. But we read about it and talk with others who go into it often. We read the history of the early settlers, especially the Kolb stories. We envy Emory being able to live on the rim and to have his study where it hung out into the Canyon void itself.

We watch the little animals scurry about searching for food or building their dens, or begging visitors. We watch the birds as they glide over the depths. It is such a peaceful place to recover from worries; or forget the daily

existence. To either sit and look, and dream, or use our muscles and walk in the clear, clean air. We breathe in renewed energy in an uncluttered spot.

We have seen the Canyon in any number of moods from early morning light when the sky is still a pure, pale pink and yellow from the emerging sun to late afternoon as it disappears in a grand finale of reds, purples, blues, and gold. We have seen it in clouds so thick that it is possible to believe we could walk on them. And in rain pouring in one area while sunshine is lighting another. We have sat watching as shadows build near the mountains sunken in the depths. Each expression is to be savored for itself. It is a reminder of how lucky we are and to humbly thank God.

We blasé Americans need the Canyon as an antidote to our ordinary existence. There are few challenges in our lives. We routinely perform the same tasks in our work places day after day. We watch TV and boring sitcoms. We are satisfied to exist rather than to live. We need a challenge. We need to get out and do something on our own – something different – we actively NEED the Canyon. Pray that we will always be privileged to have it and be allowed to use it for our pleasure and renewed life.



Grand Canyon Events

In cooperation with the Grand Canyon Association, we will publish in *The Ol' Pioneer* a list of events and activities at the Grand Canyon to keep all of you abreast of what's happening, especially because of several anniversaries that will be celebrated over the next year or two (Kolb Studio is 100 years old in 2004, the El Tovar and Hopi House also will be 100 in early 2005.) If you have any questions about the events listed on this page, please write Grand Canyon Association at PO Box 399, Grand Canyon AZ 86023 or GCAssociation@GrandCanyon.org or call 928-638-2481.

December through January:

Kolb Studio: Images of the Past tour. Kolb Studio, built in 1904, spills five levels down the canyon wall. The Kolb brothers played an integral role in the early years of Grand Canyon, photographing countless visitors as they began their mule trips. Join a ranger in the art gallery for a closer look at Kolb Studio and the fascinating time in which the Kolb family lived there. Tours are on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays starting at 1:30 PM, limited to 12 visitors for each tour.

January:

The first of the Grand Canyon Association's lecture series in Flagstaff, presented in partnership with Cline Library at Northern Arizona University, begins with a talk by Stephen Pyne, author of *Fire on the Rim: A Firefighter's Season at Grand Canyon and How the Canyon Became Grand*. Pyne will speak about fire management. The lecture begins at 6:30 PM at Cline Library on the NAU campus. [Editor's note: Please check with the Grand Canyon Association or NAU Cline Library for date.]

January 18:

Grand Canyon Association author and Grand Canyon National Park Trails Historian Michael Anderson will deliver the inaugural lecture of Grand Canyon Association's lecture series in Prescott. Anderson is the author of several books on Grand Canyon, including *Along the Rim*, *Polishing the Jewel*, and *Living at the Edge*, all published by the Grand Canyon Association. The lecture begins at 2:00 PM at the Sharlot Hall Museum.

January 15 through March 31:

Opening of *Paint It as It Is: The Canyonland Watercolors of Allan J. Schultz* at Kolb Studio. *Paint It as It Is* showcases the late Schultz's magnificently detailed paintings of Grand Canyon and southern Utah. With some of the pieces as large as seventeen feet in width, viewers often feel the details captured by Schultz's brush are more intricate than photographic images. Admission is free.

February 19:

As part of Grand Canyon Association's lecture series in Flagstaff, author Rose Houk and Flagstaff-area photographer Michael Collier will discuss their work. Collier and Houk collaborated on *The Mountains Know Arizona: Images of the Land and Its People* and several other books. Houk is also the author of *An Introduction to Grand Canyon Ecology*, published by Grand Canyon Association. The lecture begins at 6:30 PM at Cline Library on the NAU campus.

January							February							March						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		1	2	3	4	5	6
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29							28	29	30	31			



GCHS 20th Anniversary

The Grand Canyon Historical Society was founded in 1984 in Flagstaff. Originally called the Grand Canyon Pioneers Society, the name was changed in 2002. The Society is a non-profit corporation whose mission is to study and preserve the history of sites, historical photographs and artifacts of Grand Canyon and surrounding areas; and to support the restoration of sites and buildings at Grand Canyon National Park.

Thanks to all you pioneers (early Grand Canyon residents and Harvey Girls) and relatives of pioneers, and to the historians, hikers, writers, and photographers, and to all of you who send in your stories and photos, and to all those generous individuals who contribute to the Scholarship Fund: We thank you all for your support of the mission of the Grand Canyon Historical Society.

Grand Canyon Historical Society

P.O. Box 10067

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01-04

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