



All Aboard!

It's 9:15 at the train station in Williams, AZ. Guess who is ready to go? It's a little chilly. Once on board the temperature is much more livable. The train will be headed 65 miles north toward the Grand Canyon. The original route was started back in 1901, but discontinued later. In 1989 the line was reopened.



The train departs through the town of Williams.



I was lucky enough to get the very front seat in the dome car. That provided an opportunity to get some good photos.



The vegetation on the early part of the trip seems to be junipers, and pinon pines. As we gain altitude the vegetation thins out to lowly scrub brush.



The sign of modern times.





As we continue to climb in elevation, pine trees become more prevalent. The train also snakes up through a canyon until it reaches the station.



We passed several isolated ranches that were located near the tracks



After 2 hours and 10 minutes we arrived at the Grand Canyon.



You might ask how do they turn the train around for the trip home? Well, I could tell you they pick the entire train up with a giant crane and just turn each car around. I'll bet you wouldn't believe that! Actually there is a why and then they back the train into the station. I might add that's how they turn the train around in Williams.



The Grand Canyon station. It's only a few steps up to the overlook into the canyon.

This is the original station. It was pointed out that the words "Grand Canyon" are made from pure copper.



It was NOT a good day for photographing the canyon. The weather was overcast, windy, and cold. I took an escorted bus tour for the 3 hours the train was at the canyon. We visited two of the best sites for viewing the canyon AND to see the river at the bottom. With a little creative editing I was able to show some of the various colors.



A big red bird landed on the overlook.



If you go any further out, you are IN the canyon!



If you look closely you can see the Colorado River far below.



Look closely again. That light colored ribbon, far below, is the trail to the river.

Ah! That brings back fond memories. It was 60 years ago, as a Boy Scout, that I rode one of those mules down to the Colorado River, and back again. It was a most excruciating day!



Looking WAY down! Needless to say I held on tightly to the protecting rail! Part of the Bright Angel Trail far below.



Thanks for coming along with me. Bye for now - - Earl