

HAUNTED HAMBURGER ...
THE FOOD IS SCARY GOOD

WHY LOY CANYON TRAIL
IS SOOOOO ... BEAUTIFUL

NEVER SLEPT IN AMADO?
THERE'S REALLY NO EXCUSE

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE · EXPLORE · EXPERIENCE

OCTOBER 2009

FALL DRIVES

Looking for Autumn Leaves
and a Cool Breeze? Pick Up
This Issue and Hit the Road!

+

GHOST TOWNS: A PORTFOLIO

THE STORIED HISTORY OF THE ARIZONA RANGERS

A GRAND CANYON ADVENTURE: 4 GIRLS, 2 NIGHTS, 1 TENT

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14 FALL DRIVES

It doesn't matter where you're from, autumn is special. Even people in Vermont get excited about fall color. We're no different in Arizona. The weather is beautiful. The leaves are more beautiful. And the combination adds up to a perfect scenic drive, whether you hop in a car or hop on a bike. Either way, this story will steer you in the right direction. EDITED BY KELLY KRAMER

24 TOWN SPIRIT

Ghost towns are pretty common in Arizona. Not as common as canyons and cactuses, but they're out there. With that in mind, and the fact that Halloween is on tap this month, we decided to send one of our photographers out to capture the spirit of some of the state's most intriguing ghost towns.

A PORTFOLIO BY KERRICK JAMES

32 MAIDEN VOYAGE

About a year ago, our Cronkite intern came to us with an idea: "Send my girlfriends and me to the Grand Canyon. We've never been up there. We'll camp and hike, and I'll write the story from a college girl's perspective." Eventually, we agreed, to which our intern replied, "Oh, by the way, none of us has ever camped or done a major hike before." At that point, we probably should have pulled the plug, but we didn't. BY LAUREN PROPER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER SCHWEPKER

38 TOO TOUGH TO DIE

The catchphrase most often linked to Tombstone works just as well for a group of rugged individuals known as the Arizona Rangers. Now in their fourth incarnation, the current Rangers are more obscure than their predecessors, and instead of enforcing frontier justice, they spend most of their time directing traffic. It's not glamorous, but these folks are keeping alive a legacy that dates back to the 1800s.

BY TERRY GREENE STERLING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOEL GRIMES

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People, places and things from around the state, including an old-time prospector who's still hoping to strike it rich, a hamburger joint in Jerome that's loaded with spirit — or spirits — and the best place to shack up in Amado.

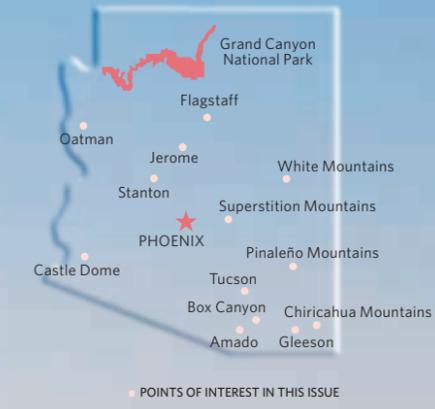
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Box Canyon Road: About four months ago, a lightning fire touched this scenic drive. Turns out, it was just Mother Nature working her magic.

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Loy Canyon Trail: Depending on who you're with, this just might be the most perfect hike in Arizona.

48 WHERE IS THIS?



www.arizonahighways.com [social media icons]

TALK TO US: In this month's issue, we feature a portfolio of ghost towns (see page 24). We're in the process of updating our popular book, *Arizona Ghost Towns and Mining Camps*, and we'd love to hear about some of your favorites. We can be reached at editor@arizonahighways.com.

GET MORE ONLINE:

- + A few months ago, we relaunched our Web site. If you haven't checked it out, you should. The new site is user-friendly and features everything you need to know about travel in Arizona, including more scenic drives, like those in this month's cover story. We also feature hiking, lodging, dining, weekend getaways, photo tips and so much more.
- + Our 2010 online photography contest is under way. Details can be found on our home page.
- + For a daily dose of *Arizona Highways*, visit us on Facebook (www.facebook.com/azhighways), Twitter (www.twitter.com/azhighways) and Flickr (www.flickr.com/photos/arizonahighways).

It rarely happens. The setting sun casts a shadow of West Mitten directly onto East Mitten, while a full moon rises over Monument Valley. According to the photographer, capturing this image required research, trigonometry and some luck. This astronomical event won't occur again until September 10, 2038. PHOTOGRAPH BY TED HENDY

FRONT COVER Quaking aspen trees don the rich colors of autumn, lining a road with shades of gold, bronze and scarlet in Eastern Arizona's White Mountains, near Water Canyon. PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDY PRENTICE

BACK COVER A basalt wall offers an austere backdrop for a vivid display of aspen trees in the Coconino National Forest's Kachina Peaks Wilderness, north of Flagstaff. PHOTOGRAPH BY W.D. WRAY



JEFF KIDA

Today is the 17th day of July. For me, not for you. By the time you get this issue, it'll be sometime in September or October, but as I write my column, it's the middle of summer, the forecast for Phoenix is 112, and I'm looking at a lemon tree outside my window. There's a palm tree out there, too. Make that two palm trees. As much as I'd like to think about fall color — the golden aspens in the San Francisco Peaks or the red maples of the Chiricahuas — it's a stretch.

It's like that every month. In the magazine world, we go to press seven or eight weeks before the date you see on the cover. That means when September rolls around, we'll be writing about the holidays. In August, it's Thanksgiving. And right now, it's fall leaves and Halloween.

This month's portfolio, a series of spectacular ghost-town images by Kerrick James, touches on the latter, at least indirectly, and the fall leaves show up in our cover story, which is all about scenic drives.

Any of the five drives can be appreciated at various times of the year, but autumn is best. Of course, fall color is the main attraction for each, but you'll also be able to roll down the windows, smell the pines and maybe even catch a glimpse of some wildlife. Elk are what you'll want to look for in the San Francisco Peaks.

The route we spotlight winds through Hart Prairie, Lockett Meadow and Schultz Pass. There are no guarantees about the elk, but rarely will there be a time when you won't be exposed to the magnificent golds of the aspens. That's Northern Arizona.

At the other end of the state, we'll tell you about the road from Portal to Chiricahua National Monument. It's a slow road, as any scenic drive should be, with a kaleidoscope of reds and yellows, courtesy of the maples, sycamores, cypress, cottonwoods and aspens. The wildlife is impressive, too. You won't see any elk, but bears, bobcats, mountain lions and deer are a possibility. Don't get your hopes up, but maybe. Either way, this is one of the state's premier road trips. And so is a trek to the Grand Canyon.

In Arizona, there are two kinds of natives: those who have been to the Canyon, and those who have not. Lauren Proper and her three Scottsdale girlfriends are among those who have, but it took them 20 years to get there. Blame it on their parents, or their own lack of ambition, but for whatever reason, these girls had gone their entire lives without seeing the Seventh Natural Wonder. That is, until Lauren

started interning for us last fall.

Interns don't write a lot of feature stories for this magazine, but when Lauren pitched the idea of four girls driving to, camping at, and hiking into the Canyon for the first time, we couldn't resist. We said yes. That's when she said, "Oh, by the way, none of us has ever camped or done a major hike before." At that point, we probably should have pulled the plug, but we didn't.

In *Maiden Voyage*, you'll read about their experience, which, it turns out, required a healthy dose of determination. Kind of like being an Arizona Ranger. Although today's Rangers spend most of their time directing traffic, they're intent on keeping alive a legacy that dates back to the 1800s.

As Terry Greene Sterling writes in *Too Tough to Die*, "Arizona Rangers wear cowboy hats because they model themselves after the historic Arizona Rangers who galloped across the Arizona Territory icing outlaws on the cusp of the 20th century."

It's a fantastic story that's loaded with history, personality and drama, including a killing committed at the O.K. Corral by Terry's grandfather, who was a wealthy rancher and miner. It's true. I won't give you the details, but as you'll see, this is a great story anytime of year. Even when it's 112 in Phoenix.

ABOUT FACEBOOK

A couple months ago, we told you that we'd entered the world of Twitter. Well, since then, we've joined Facebook, too. Although the magazine you're holding now, affectionately known internally as the Mother Ship, will always be our primary focus, social media and our Web site allow us to speak to you directly and immediately. Among other things, our Facebook page contains updates on events that happened five minutes ago, news about the magazine, photos from staff hikes, etc. It's pretty cool. Check it out and become a "fan": www.facebook.com/azhighways.

ROBERT STIEVE, *editor*



If you like what you see in this magazine every month, check out *Arizona Highways Television*, an Emmy Award-winning program hosted by former news anchor Robin Sewell. Now in its sixth season, the show does with audio and video what we do with ink and paper — it showcases the people, places and things of the Grand Canyon State, from the spectacular landscapes and colorful history to the fascinating culture and endless adventure. And that's just the beginning. "For me, the show is about more than just the destinations," Robin says. "It's about the people behind the scenes. It's their stories

that make the destinations so interesting." Indeed, there's a reason this show wins so many awards — it's second-to-none, and we're proud to have our name on it. Take a look. For broadcast times, visit our Web site, www.arizonahighways.com, and click the *Arizona Highways Television* link on our home page.



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MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR

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PETER SCHWEPKER

What do you get when you travel with a group of 20-something girls on their "maiden voyage" (see page 32) to the Grand Canyon? According to photographer Peter Schwepker, it's a great opportunity for some candid photographs. "Because the young women were good friends, they were a lot of fun to photograph and very candid around the camera," Schwepker says. But that's not to say the assignment wasn't without its challenges. After an unexpected late-night camp setup, Schwepker was forced to shoot in the dark. "Use of firelight, flash and headlights helped," Schwepker says. "We had expected to set up camp during daylight, so it presented new problems for all of us." Schwepker's work also appears in *Time*, *Men's Journal* and *The Washington Post*.

TERRY GREENE STERLING

When veteran Phoenix writer Terry Greene Sterling began researching the Arizona Rangers (*Too Tough to Die*, page 38), she once again bumped into the ghost of her grandfather, the colorful Arizona and Sonora, Mexico, pioneer William Cornell Greene. Sterling never knew Greene, who died when his son, Sterling's father, was a toddler. "Writing the Arizona Rangers story taught me a lot about his historic persona, but as usual, I didn't get a window into his heart," Sterling says. "The guy remains a colorful — and distant — character." Sterling, an award-winning journalist, is the writer-in-residence at the Walter Cronkite School of Journalism at Arizona State University. Her profile of Sandra Day O'Connor for this magazine recently won a first-place award from the Arizona Press Club.



KERRICK JAMES

Although photographer Kerrick James doesn't believe in ghosts, he did enjoy photographing their many haunts for this month's portfolio (see *Town Spirit*, page 24). "My greatest challenge in shooting ghost towns was to go beyond merely documenting what remains, after decades of desert sun and storm have taken their toll," James says. "My desire was to make evocative images that had some measure of spirit, of the lives that once inhabited those buildings and townsites ... a hint of the people surviving and searching for their fortunes, far from home and often far from comfort." In addition to *Arizona Highways*, James' work also appears in *National Geographic Adventure*, *Outdoor Photographer* and *Sunset*.

A SALUTE TO THE 1st PLATOON

My name is Thaddeus Montgomery. I used to subscribe to your magazine long ago, and was thoroughly impressed. I was rather young at the time and remember not ever knowing beforehand how many wonders existed in Arizona. It truly was a fascinating magazine to me, and still is. Today I am writing to you from Afghanistan. My unit just recently deployed from Fort Carson, Colorado, to a remote mountainous region of Afghanistan in support of Operation Enduring Freedom. We arrived at our new home in the Korengal Valley in northeastern Afghanistan about a week ago. We are on a small combat outpost by the name of Firebase Vegas. It's a beautiful landscape here, and our outpost is primitive to say the least. Which is the way we like it. I was writing to see if your magazine would be interested in sending us some of your magazines, either current or past issues, so that we can all enjoy them. If you are unable to send anything I understand, but I wanted to ask just the same. If you are interested in doing so, I will provide an address below. You can address anything you send to "The men of 1st Platoon." I appreciate your time in this matter and look forward to reading your issues sometime in the future.

SSG THADDEUS MONTGOMERY,
KORENGAL VALLEY, AFGHANISTAN



began his life as a painter — most of his paintings [see above] were inspired by photos from *Arizona Highways*. Marvin passed away peacefully on January 3, 2009, and the calendar we created of his paintings turned out to be a memorial to Marvin and his work. It is really somewhat of a miracle, because Alzheimer's patients are not supposed to be able to paint with any degree of visual or spatial acuity. His paintings brought great joy, not only to him, but also to all who have viewed them. Once again, I wish to thank all of you at *Arizona Highways* for your part in this amazing process. I am truly grateful.

JOYCE CAMBURN, SCOTTSDALE



Dean Armstrong

THE DEAN OF MUSIC

Today I received my June 2009 edition of one of my favorite magazines, *Arizona Highways*. This one, I have to say, is my favorite of all time, because it has a wonderful article about my brother, Dean Armstrong [*Guitar Hero*, page 6]. It is such a great article. In addition to his musical talents, he is one of the truly nicest people you could ever meet.

LOIS FLORI, OTTAWA, ILLINOIS

A DIFFERENT VIEW

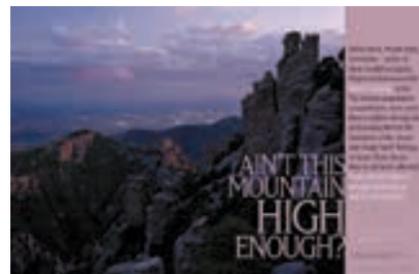
Your article [*A Better View*, May 2009] was really wonderful, pictures and text. Having done the Grand Canyon



May 2009

by helicopter, hiked rim-to-rim, ridden the mules to Phantom Ranch, run the mighty Colorado by rafts, I have to disagree a little. There really is nothing that "weds" one to the Grand Canyon like spending two weeks on the river in the Canyon's innards.

DONNA ANDRESS, NELSON, NEVADA



June 2009

BEGGING FORGIVENESS

Lawrence Cheek ends his article on the Santa Catalinas [*Ain't This Mountain High Enough?*, June 2009] with the reassuring-sounding, "The mountain tells us that as there has been a past, there will be a future and that our mistakes, in the very long view of nature, might be forgivable." Perhaps the mountain will forgive us, but will there be any living humans to forgive us?

ART GLENBERG, TEMPE

CORRECTION: In our July issue, the address and phone number for East Cherry Inn in Flagstaff should have read: 427 E. Cherry Avenue, 928-774-1153. ■



KERRICK JAMES

High Dive

Havasu Canyon has long been one of Arizona's natural wonders. Its majestic waterfalls and turquoise plunge pools draw visitors from around the world. For more information, visit www.havasupaitribe.com.

contact us

If you have thoughts or comments about anything in *Arizona Highways*, we'd love to hear from you. We can be reached at editor@arizona-highways.com, or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. For more information, visit www.arizonahighways.com.

INSPIRED PAINTINGS

A short while ago, I emailed a question to you about a back issue of *Arizona Highways*, as it pertained to a painting done by my husband, Marvin. As you may recall, Marvin had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease in 2005, and at that point



BRENDAN MOORE

Going for the Gold

At 79, Clay Worst doesn't spend much time looking for the Lost Dutchman's gold, but back in the '40s and '50s, he risked his life for the mother lode.

By ROGER NAYLOR

IN 1963, A MINING engineer ventured to the top of Weavers Needle, deep in the sunburned heart of the Superstition Mountains. He'd hoped to verify a rumor that the soaring volcanic plug once served as a sacrificial Aztec altar, and that it was hollow and filled with riches.

SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS

Unfortunately, the engineer fell hundreds of feet to his death. His partner began to go to pieces, yelling at prospectors on the desert floor. Someone needed to make the treacherous climb and calm him down until the search-and-rescue team arrived. That someone turned out to be Clay Worst.

He did what he had to, but don't be fooled into thinking that treasure hunters in search of the Lost Dutchman Mine were always so neighborly. Worst made the climb because he drew the short straw. Literally.

"There was lots of killing in the Superstitions back then, and groups feuding with each other," Worst recalls. "For a while, we averaged a homicide every 90 days. Everyone packed heavy iron and watched their back trail."

That's what happens when a legendary fortune is at stake. The Lost Dutchman story goes like this: Jacob Waltz, a German immigrant forever immortalized as

the "Dutchman," allegedly discovered a staggeringly rich vein of gold, but died in 1891 without revealing the location. Since then, thousands have scoured the mountains searching for the fabled hole.

Worst hit the Superstitions in 1947. Over the ensuing decades, he had a gun pulled on him only once. He talked his way clear. "I was armed, but the fellow had the drop on me. I wouldn't have stood a chance." Another time, Worst acted as the second in a midnight duel, but the opposing duelist never showed. "It was an adventurous time."

Later, Worst became one of the founders of the Superstition Mountain Museum, which is dedicated to preserving the history and folklore of the region.

"We started with \$10,000 in borrowed money, and within six to eight years we had the museum built and stocked, and owned it free and clear. We did it without taxpayer money or public funding. We're very proud of that."

At 79, Worst doesn't search for the Lost Dutchman Mine much anymore. He's too busy working his own mine, part of the original Goldfield discovery. That said, he still keeps a mule handy, "just in case."

Upon reflection, Worst admits he wouldn't change a thing. "My father remembered hiding under the bed when Sitting Bull jumped the reservation, while his father sat up all night with a shotgun. He lived long enough to see a man walk on the moon. Can you imagine what kind of life that was?"

An amazing one to be sure. Like father, like son.

Superstition Mountain Museum is located at 4087 N. Apache Trail in Apache Junction. For more information, call 480-983-4888 or visit www.superstitionmountainmuseum.org.

PRATT'S Q&A



Melissa Luellen Women's Golf Coach, Arizona State University

When you're not leading the ASU women's golf team to a national championship, as you did earlier this year, where do you like to travel in Arizona? My husband and I love the state of Arizona. One of our favorite places is Tonto Natural Bridge. Amazing.

Which course sounds better: cool pines or Sonoran Desert? It really depends on the time of year. Arizona allows you to enjoy perfect weather all year-round.

When you're cruising on your Harley, do you prefer back roads or main drags? We like the back roads, to stay away from the traffic. My husband is an excellent driver.

What are some of your favorite places to grab a bite to eat after playing 18 holes? My husband and I live in Cave Creek. We love Tonto Bar & Grill and Harold's, a Cave Creek favorite!

If you were trying to convince one of the other PAC-10 coaches that Arizona is one of the most beautiful places in the world, where would you take them? I would take them to Sedona. There's no place like it!

— Dave Pratt is the author of *Behind the Mic: 30 Years in Radio*.



BRENDAN MOORE

Scary Good

Whether or not you believe in ghosts, you'd better believe the burgers at Haunted Hamburger in Jerome are very good. Almost as good as the views from the back deck.

By KELLY KRAMER

Harleys. You'll see plenty of them in Jerome, along with artists, psychics, hippies and ghost hunters who head there to scope out spooky landmarks like the Jerome Grand Hotel, the Inn at Jerome and the old mining hub's community center. On a good day — one very lucky day — you might even see Bruce Springsteen, who, during his recent Phoenix concert, mentioned how he loves to cruise the town on a Harley all his own.

Even if you don't catch a glimpse of the Boss, you might work up a boss appetite, in which case the Haunted Hamburger will rock your world.

There are burgers, of course, like the Ghostly Burger. It's nothing too fancy — just a juicy patty smothered in sautéed mushrooms and topped with bacon and surrounded by a buttered, grilled bun — but after a morning hike or a saunter around town, it's tempting, to say the least. A self-service condiment bar means you can pile on as many fresh veggies and sauces as your heart desires, and a full-service bar means you can wash down that monster burger with a prickly pear margarita or an ice-cold brew.

Although burgers are this small restaurant's namesake offering, there are plenty of other options, including salads, soups and a killer chili. Hot dogs, fish and chips, and cheesesteaks are among the other nonburger items on the menu.

No matter what time of day you swing by, it's likely you'll have to

wait for a table, especially if you'd like one outside. The Haunted Hamburger's interior is small, and there's not a lot of wiggle room between tables. There's even less maneuverability inside the restrooms, which are akin to a Manhattan apartment pantry.

The Haunted Hamburger's real gem is its outdoor seating, which comes at a premium, in part because of Jerome's comfortable climate, and in part because of its perch over the Verde Valley. And it's not as though one season is better than another to enjoy the views — or the burgers.

That said, there is one benefit to visiting during the fall. Leaves. They're changing in the Verde Valley, and when you combine that stunning sight with a cold beer, a plate of fries and one of Haunted Hamburger's signature snacks, you'll understand why so many people keep coming back. And if you happen to catch a glimpse of the Boss, don't worry, you haven't necessarily had too much to drink.

Haunted Hamburger is located at 410 N. Clark Street in Jerome. For more information, call 928-634-0554.

JEROME



EDWARD MCCAIN

Southern Hospitality

You won't find sprawling lawns and magnolia trees, but you will get a warm welcome and plenty of pampering at Amado Territory Ranch in Southern Arizona.

By JOBETH JAMISON

THINKING OF INTERSTATE FRONTAGE road accommodations usually conjures thoughts of hotels with numbers in the title or creatively misspelled marquees promising "Free Y-fi" or "Continual Brkfest!"

True, the sprawling acreage of Amado Territory Ranch begins mere yards from Interstate 19, but that only means that travelers are much closer to a Sonoran Desert oasis. Appearing east of the interstate like an Old West movie set with a picture-perfect backdrop of the Santa Rita Mountains, the rustic expanse looks and feels like the homestead everyone dreams of inheriting, but without the "fixer upper" condition that usually comes with it. The beautiful mix of lush-garden and desert landscaping, the inn's lighthearted blend of Southwestern décor and unparalleled Southern (Arizona) hospitality, all work quickly and effectively to make the highway disappear.

Thirty minutes south of Tucson and 30 minutes north of Mexico, Amado (Spanish for "beloved") might appear out of the way on a state map, but it's convenient to just about every site worth seeing in Southern Arizona, including Mission San Xavier del Bac, Tumacácori National Historic Park, Patagonia and Pena Blanca lakes, the Sonoita-Elgin wine region, Ramsey Canyon, Whipple Observatory, Nogales, Kartchner Caverns State Park, the Titan Missile Museum and the neighboring art colony of Tubac.

Getting an art fix, however, doesn't require a road trip. Ranch owners Art and Terry Gould built this place in part to house and showcase artists. One only has to wander the grounds to admire colorful local artwork, including that of resident painter Michael Arthur Jayme and

resident sculptor David Voisard, both of whom welcome visitors to step into their on-site studios and watch them work.

Voisard's charismatic metal creations, including his signature dogs and *The Bird-watcher*, punctuate the footpath that ambles around the property, taking guests past the William H. Kendall cactus garden, handcrafted labyrinths, koi and duck ponds, restaurants, a bookstore, a hair salon, a theater, newly built artist lofts and Jacuzzi suites, and breathtaking views of Elephant Head Rock and the surrounding Santa Rita Mountains. Eventually, the trail leads back to the main guesthouse, where the rooms are inviting and comfortable — several, including the neighboring Hacienda Suite, are both kid- and pet-friendly.

At the helm is innkeeper Betty Hilton, who manages to keep the place running like a Swiss clock, but who will also take time to kick back in a front-porch rocker with visitors before dinner at one of the property's two restaurants, and tell them anything they want to know about the area. In the morning, you'll likely see her again over a delicious and hearty breakfast, reminding departing guests how to get back to the highway. How quickly they forget.

Amado Territory Ranch is located at 3001 E. Frontage Road in Amado. For more information, call 888-398-8684 or visit www.amado-territory-inn.com.

In Memoriam

Robert "Bob" Markow, 1917-2009

By JEFF KIDA, photo editor

"Bob Markow was lucky enough to have made his life and career using the third creation of the universe, light," says longtime friend Abe Orlick. No doubt, Markow would have appreciated those words.

On June 11, 2009, Robert "Bob" Markow, the dean of Phoenix photographers and a longtime contributor to *Arizona Highways*, passed away. He was 91.

Markow's first photographs of Arizona came during his military assignment to Thunderbird Air Field in Phoenix, which began on a sweltering afternoon in July 1942. Despite the heat, the tall man from the Bronx stayed long enough to enjoy the cooler months and was soon convinced that Phoenix would become his post-war home.

Meantime, Markow's military service fast-tracked his photography career. A graphic designer before he enlisted, Markow knew cameras well enough to be assigned the duty of base photographer at Thunderbird and Williams Air Force bases. Without any formal photographic training, he studied and practiced the art

form, which had him shooting everything from aerials to portraits. He was soon charged with assembling and designing books for each of the graduating flight classes, and the more he was exposed to, the more enamored he became with Phoenix and photography.

The love affair continued when Markow asked his New York sweetheart, Bea, to join him out West. They were married in 1943, and eventually built a family and a career together. Like so many people at the time, they started with very little, and after the war, worked out of their Central Phoenix home. Their son, Paul, remembers having a basement darkroom and, at the age of 5, sitting in an oversized sink, rocking a tray filled with Dektol developer. The young Markow, it seems, was charged with evenly processing his dad's prints.

Markow worked constantly to improve his skills and involved every member of the family. Vacations became photographic outings, and Sunday drives turned into all-day excursions because Markow would constantly stop the car at the discovery of new photo opportunities. As early as 1946, the Markows were collaborating on stories for *Arizona Highways* — Bob would shoot and Bea wrote copy. Shortly thereafter, they started their family.

The business grew steadily and in step with the growth of Phoenix. Today, looking through Markow's archives is like stepping into a time machine. His aerial photographs reveal rapid changes in the state's post-war boom years. And his commercial images reflect a talent pool that would surprise even the most jaded of New York agencies: Ronald Reagan, Dinah Shore, John F. Kennedy, Richard Nixon ... they're all fixtures in the Markow collection.

The Markows built their first Phoenix studio in 1956, and then acquired a separate building suitable to set up a lab. Next came a new location and a larger studio, then a larger processing facility, followed by a photographic retail store. By the late 1970s, Photomark had become the ultimate one-stop photography shop in Arizona.

Not long ago, I asked Paul — himself a successful photographer — what his father's greatest gift to him was. His answer was simple: "He was patient with me in my deciding what to do with my life," he said. "He

also reminded me that if I did go into photography, my most difficult task would be to distinguish good from better."

It was profound advice from the master of photography.

The Markow family requests that any memorial donations be made to Hospice of the Valley, 1510 E. Flower Street, Phoenix, AZ 85014.



PAUL MARKOW

IN THE SHADOW

Bob Markow made a career out of shooting aerial photographs, but you don't



have to rent a helicopter to take advantage of his time-tested techniques. If you're a hiker who keeps an early schedule and likes overlooks, such as those along the Mogollon Rim and Monument Valley, take your camera. The long shadows generated by the low angle of the sun at sunrise will reveal a wonderfully textured palette and myriad possibilities.



EDITOR'S NOTE: Look for *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available at bookstores and www.arizonahighways.com.

ONLINE

For more photography tips and other information, visit www.arizonahighways.com and click "Photo Tips."



COURTESY OLD TUCSON STUDIOS

John Wayne Was Here

Although it's not as busy as it was in the heyday of Westerns, Old Tucson Studios is still a great place to get a taste of the Old West. Hollywood's version, anyway.

By SALLY BENFORD

IN THE HEYDAY OF Westerns, you could always spot the good guys. They usually wore white hats, and they always rode off into the sunset — alive and well after whatever gunfights might have occurred. Matt Dillon, Bret Maverick, the Lone Ranger ... they were among the good guys. And they were television heroes, too, made famous, in part, because of Old Tucson Studios.

With its endless blue skies, mountain landscapes and stately saguaros, Southern Arizona offered a perfect backdrop for Westerns, whether they appeared on television or the big screen. In 1939, Columbia Pictures became the first Hollywood studio to

take advantage of the area when it built a replica of 1860s' Tucson for a movie called *Arizona*. Although the set sat empty for a few years after the film was finished, Hollywood eventually came back, and Old Tucson became a favorite filming location.

In the 1950s and '60s, Western film stars such as John Wayne, Glenn Ford, Jimmy Stewart and Kirk Douglas all walked the dusty streets of the studio's Southwestern town. And the list of movies filmed on the site is just as impressive: *Rio Bravo*, *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*, *Winchester '73*, *McLintock!* and *3:10 to Yuma*. On the small screen, those same sets served as stand-ins for Dodge City in *Gunslinger*, Kansas Street in *Little House on the Prairie* and a cattle ranch in *The High Chaparral*. In all, from 1960 to 1995, 194 movies and television shows were filmed at Old Tucson.

Despite the success, Old Tucson's owner, Robert Shelton, saw the studio as something more than a Hollywood set, and in 1960 he opened it to the public as a tourist attraction. It was an inspired idea. At one point, Old Tucson was Arizona's second most popular tourist attraction — after the Grand Canyon. People would come from all over the world to see a romanticized version of the Wild West. That is, until 1995, when a devastating fire swept through the studio, destroying most of the buildings, costumes and memorabilia, including the hat worn by Hoss in *Bonanza* and a dress worn by Laura in *Little House on the Prairie*.

Undeterred, Shelton rebuilt the studio two years later, and today, the Old West lives on at Old Tucson — even if it is only make-believe.

This month in history

■ The Battle of Naco occurred just south of the U.S.-Mexico border during the Mexican Revolution in October 1914.

■ In early October 1938, Hollywood director John Ford began filming his classic Western film *Stagecoach* in Monument Valley. John Wayne starred as the Ringo Kid.

■ On October 15, 1956, construction began at Glen Canyon Dam amid controversy over damming the Colorado River. The dam created Lake Powell, a popular Arizona destination.

Fans of the television series *The High Chaparral* can relive the Western's glory days October 16-18, during the High Chaparral Reunion in Tucson. The event includes a tour of Old Tucson Studios with the show's cast members. Information: www.thehighchaparralreunion.com.

Pale in Comparison

Although pallid bats aren't flashy — thus the name — they stand out as one of only two bat species immune to scorpion venom. If you hate scorpions, you'll love pallid bats.

BY KERIDWEN CORNELIUS

If pallid bats could be kept as pets, they'd be all the rage in Arizona — despite the creepy claws, vampiric reputation and complete dearth of cuddliness. Because what they can do — very well — is eat scorpions. And centipedes, cicadas, crickets, beetles, lizards and even mice.

The pallid bat is one of two known bat species immune to scorpion venom. And it's the only bat species that snatches the majority of its prey from the ground. In fact, they've been known to get caught in mousetraps.

Pallid bats prey on a documented 54 species of creepy crawlies. Every night, they can devour up to half their weight in insects. A mother nursing her young can consume her entire body weight in insects.

Not that they're heavyweights. Their wingspan can stretch up to 16 inches, yet they tip the scale at less than an ounce.

As the name suggests, the pallid bat has pale fur that ranges from beige to butter-scotch. If you get up close and personal, you'll notice its horseshoe-shaped snout. You might also get a whiff of the skunk-like odor it emits from its nostrils as a defense mechanism.

Pallid bats rely less on echolocation than other bats, using low-intensity sonar so they can silently sneak up on prey. They're not particularly adept fliers, but they can walk. And they're equipped with eyes and ears so oversized and fine-tuned they can actually hear the pitter-patter of insect feet.

Like many of Arizona's 28 bat species, pal-

lid bats pollinate cactuses. Unlike other bats, it's believed they only do this incidentally — they're probably after the insects inside the flowers, not the nectar.

Pallid bats range from southern Canada to northern Mexico. In Arizona, they inhabit elevations up to 6,850 feet in summer, but they remain only in the warmer southern region during winter, when they go into torpor.

Sociable creatures, pallid bats roost en masse with both their own and other bat species. They're quite sensitive to temperature swings, humidity and noise, so they gravitate toward rock crevices, mines, caves and hollow trees. They might even make your home their home, roosting in attics or overhangs in roofs — which, if you have a scorpion problem, is great news.



BRUCE D. TAUBERT

nature factoid

Seeing Red

Red-spotted toads are pretty crafty. In Arizona, they make their homes in places like Saguaro National Park, where rain is sparse. That's appealing to these docile, red-spotted amphibians because they prefer an arid climate, needing rain only for the puddles it creates — perfect places to lay eggs and launch new generations.



BRUCE D. TAUBERT

50 years ago
IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Our October 1959 issue was all over the map — literally and figuratively. Among other things, we explored the (then) new U.S. Naval Observatory in Flagstaff, as well as the art of Ted DeGrazia and R. Farrington Ewell, the Grand Falls of the Little Colorado River and Southern Arizona's "Mountains in the Sun."



LARS MARSHALL

Fall Festival

OCTOBER 10-12 PATAGONIA

Jump-start your holiday shopping with an impressive selection of fine arts and crafts. More than 125 vendors will offer gifts ranging from custom mosaic furniture and silver jewelry to handmade soaps and chile ristras. Festivities include a children's carnival, food booths, blues, jazz, folk and country music, as well as dancers celebrating the cultural diversity and ranching history of the region. *Information: 888-394-2575 or www.patagoniafallfestival.com.*

Peralta Stone Maps

OCTOBER 1-31
APACHE JUNCTION

Their secrets have never been revealed, but the Peralta Stone Maps are thought to show the location of the Lost Dutchman Mine in the Superstition Mountains. Do they hold the key? Decide for yourself during a two-year exhibit of the original maps at Superstition Mountain Museum. *Information: 480-983-4888 or www.superstitionmountainmuseum.org.*



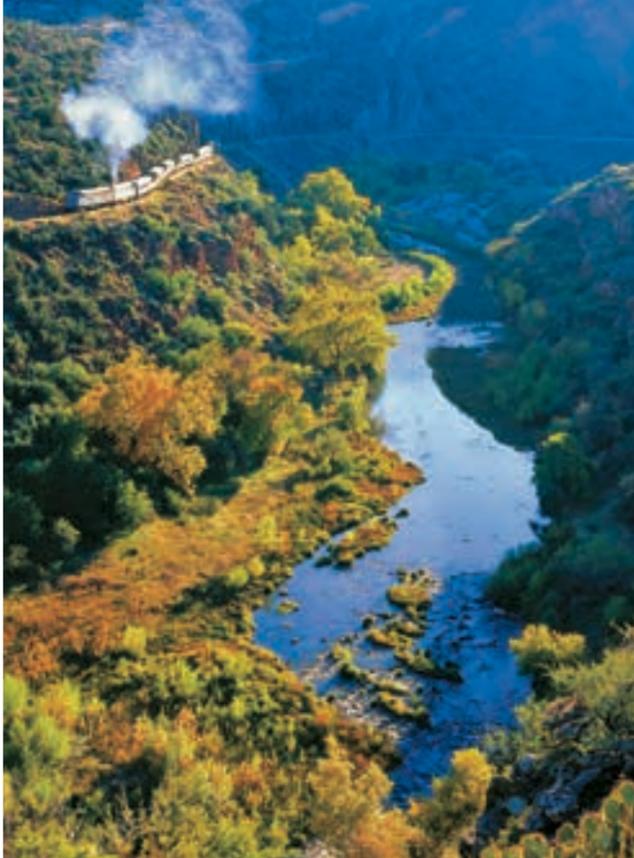
Classic Car Show

OCTOBER 17 TUCSON

Check out a collection of classic Woodies, street rods, Mustangs, European sport coupes, Corvettes, T-Birds and other cars at this annual show sponsored by the Tucson Rotary Club. Proceeds benefit Reading Seed, Pima County's children's literacy program. In addition to 500 vintage automobiles, the show features entertainment, food, raffles and merchandise. *Information: 520-721-9628 or www.tucsonclassicscarshow.com.*



JON WANG



Ales on Rails

OCTOBER 3-31 CLARKDALE

Feast on bratwurst, pretzels and strudel each weekend this month at Verde Canyon Railroad's Oktoberfest Beer Garden. Then, climb aboard the train and sip ales from local microbreweries as you watch for wild-life on the ride through Verde Canyon, which will be ablaze with fall color. *Information: 800-320-0718 or www.verdecanyonrr.com.*

Photography Workshop

Capture Lake Powell's red-rock towers and shimmering water during our "Lake Powell by Houseboat" photo workshop with *Arizona Highways* contributor Gary Ladd, November 14-18. Houseboats serve as base camps while participants travel the lake's picturesque side canyons and broad bays, which are usually quiet this time of year. *Information: 888-790-7042 or www.friendsofahighways.com.*



RICHARD MAACK

Rex Allen Days

OCTOBER 1-4 WILLCOX

Celebrate Willcox's favorite son during this annual event, which includes a parade, rodeo, car show, country fair, Rex Allen film festival and turtle race, as well as golf and softball tournaments, cowboy dances and a country music concert featuring Rex Allen Jr. *Information: 520-384-2272 or www.rexalldays.org.*

WINTER, SPRING, SUMMER OR FALL ...
If you think Arizona has only one season, think again!



Our newest book, *Arizona's Scenic Seasons*, dispels the myth that this state is nothing but a barren wasteland baking in the sun. Indeed, there are four very distinct seasons, and we have the photographs to prove it.



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LEAVES:

Something to Be Desired

It doesn't matter where you're from — Alabama, Oklahoma or British Columbia — autumn is special. Even people in Vermont get excited about fall color. We're no different in Arizona. The weather is beautiful. The leaves are more beautiful. And the combination adds up to a perfect scenic drive, whether you hop in a car or hop on a bike. Either way, this story will steer you in the right direction. Pack a sweatshirt, and don't forget your camera.

■ EDITED BY KELLY KRAMER ■

LEFT: Reflecting a crisp autumn sky, an ephemeral pool and a scattering of bigtooth maple and Arizona sycamore leaves paint the Chiricahua Wilderness in hues of blue and gold. PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA



RIGHT: A smear of golden leaves flutters in the breeze, breaking the vertical backdrop of a mature aspen stand in Lockett Meadow in Northern Arizona. PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT McDONALD

Portal to Chiricahua National Monument

As a general rule, we limit our travel advice to the state of Arizona. We're *Arizona Highways*, after all. That said, this scenic fall drive requires a brief venture into New Mexico. Not to worry, though, you won't need a passport, and it's a beautiful state, too. Eventually, you'll make your way to Portal, a delightful little village at the mouth of Cave Creek Canyon in the northeastern quarter of the Chiricahua Mountains. That's where the drive begins. By the way, if you're in a hurry, skip this route. It's a slow road, and that's the way it should be. The views are too good to go racing by. The main attraction, beyond the fall color, is the mountain range itself. The Chiricahuas are one of several "sky islands" in Southern Arizona. The term refers to those mountains that rise from a desert floor and reach heights that allow for several climate zones. As it is with most sky islands, the Chiricahuas are home to an array of wildlife, including numerous bird species (elegant trogons and hummingbirds, among others) and all kinds of mammals, ranging from black bears, mountain lions, bobcats and gray foxes to deer, raccoons and chipmunks. Of course, there are no guarantees you'll see wildlife, but you will see fall color. In these mountains, autumn brings out the reds and yellows of maples, sycamores, Arizona cypress, cottonwoods and, of course, aspens.

GETTING THERE: From Douglas, drive about 50 miles northeast on State Route 80 (through Rodeo, New Mexico) to the Portal Road turnoff and turn left (west). Go west on Portal Road for 7 miles to Portal and turn left at the junction of forest roads 42 and 42B. Follow FR 42 for about 21 miles to a paved road that's about 4 miles east of the junction of state routes 181 and 186. Turn right for a brief ride to the entrance of Chiricahua National Monument. The road ends in about 13 miles at Massai Point. Backtrack to the junction of 181-186 and turn right onto SR 186 for a 35-mile drive to Interstate 10 in Willcox.
INFORMATION: 520-364-3468 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado

Swift Trail & Beyond

For desert dwellers in Southern Arizona, the surrounding mountains are like manna from heaven. The Pinaleno Mountains are no exception. They're cool, they're inviting, and this time of year, they offer something different. Fall color. Located in the Coronado National Forest near Safford, the Pinalenos have attracted Sunday drivers for decades. But here's the thing: You can count on one hand the places where most of those drivers will congregate; you can count on one finger the place where few will ever go. It's a road that meanders through a forest of pines and aspens. Riggs Lake, according to most maps, appears as the end of the road. It's not. In fact, the dirt road leads to a ridge where the tall trees open up to offer breathtaking views of the surrounding valleys. Two miles after passing the turnoff for Riggs Lake, look for a cement slab on the left. Again, this appears to be the end of the road, but, again, it's not. Not far from the cement slab is a dirt road that leads to an alpine paradise where the aspens stand like armies of white broomsticks at the *(Continued on page 20)*





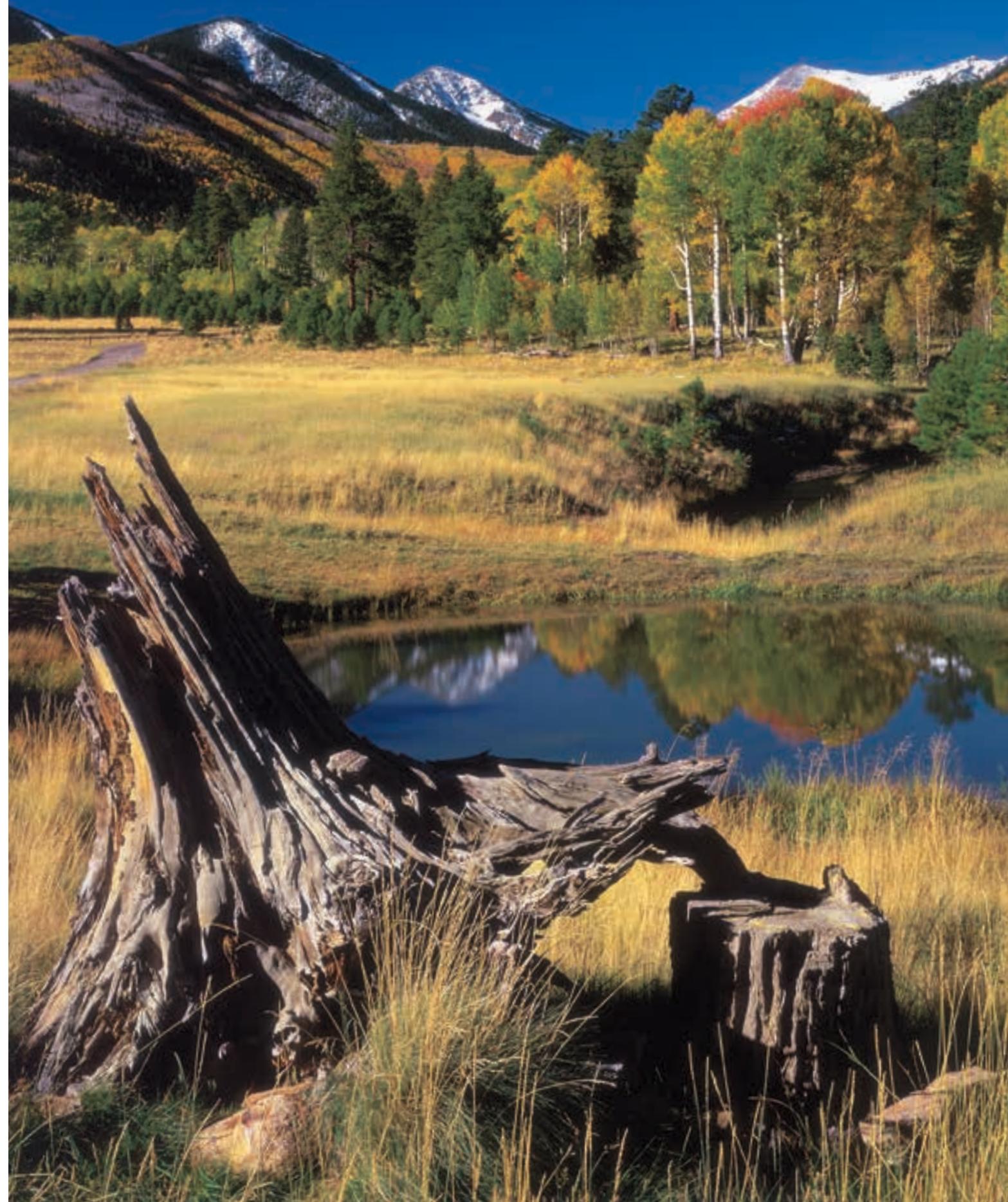
▶ Autumn comes to the Chiricahua Mountains, where the scarlet leaves of bigtooth maples frame the banks of the South Fork of Cave Creek in Southeastern Arizona.
PHOTOGRAPH BY MOREY K. MILBRADT



fall
drives

► A brief window of sunlight during an autumn snow-storm warms a stand of snow-dusted aspens in Hart Prairie. PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDY PRENTICE

RIGHT: The remnant of a fallen tree trunk leans toward a stunning display of changing aspen trees at the foot of the San Francisco Peaks. PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE STOCKING



(Continued from page 16) edge of emerald meadows. The road forms a crescent that will return to the Swift Trail. When you get there, turn right, and you'll be on the direct route down the mountain to Safford.

GETTING THERE: From Phoenix, follow U.S. Route 60 to Globe and then U.S. Route 70 to Safford. From Safford, take U.S. Route 191 south to Swift Trail Parkway (State Route 366) and turn right.
INFORMATION: 928-428-4150 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado

Snowbowl Road

Sure. This one's obvious. But in the same way you watch *It's a Wonderful Life* every December, Snowbowl Road is worth a visit every October. It's scenic, of course. That's a prerequisite for every one of the drives in this story. But it's also one of the most accessible fall drives in Arizona. Whether you drive a Hummer, a Honda Accord or a Harley, this road is a must. By the way, it's also great for touring bikes or mountain bikes or a pair of New Balance running shoes. However you choose to cruise, before you get there, make it a point to stop at the Peaks Ranger station in Flagstaff, which is located on U.S. Route 89, across from the Flagstaff Mall and just north of Railhead Avenue. It's open Monday through Friday, 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. The folks there are friendly, but more importantly, you can purchase maps and get information on trails, road conditions, weather and seasonal highlights, including fall colors. From there, all you have to do is sit back and enjoy the ride. The paved route, also known as Forest Road 516, winds for 8 miles from U.S. Route 180 to the Arizona Snowbowl ski resort. Along the way, you'll pass through a dense belt of ponderosa pines, groves of aspens, then spruce and fir trees as you approach the high meadows near the

lodge, which sits at an elevation of 9,500 feet. The views from the top are among the best in the state. To the west are rolling prairies, thick forests, the Hochderffer Hills and 10,418-foot Kendrick Peak. With binoculars you can scan the horizon above the treetops along the north side of the meadows and catch a glimpse of the Grand Canyon, and turning to the mountain, you'll see the succession of forested belts: Spruce-fir interspersed with aspens, the timberline zone, and the alpine tundra zone where only hardy ground-hugging plants survive. The color, of course, is the highlight in October, but everything about this scenic drive is special. Even if you have been there before.

GETTING THERE: From Flagstaff, drive 7 miles north on U.S. Route 180 to Snowbowl Road (Forest Road 516) and turn right. The road winds for 8 miles to the Arizona Snowbowl ski area.
INFORMATION: 928-526-0866 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino

San Francisco Peaks

Think of this route as a country-mouse cousin to Snowbowl Road. While the latter takes you into the heart of the San Francisco Peaks, it does so with pavement and accommodations for multiple vehicles. In other words, you probably won't be alone. This route is different. Although there's no guarantee of total solitude, it's unlikely you'll have any bumper-to-bumper frustrations. That's because this drive is more remote, and the majority of it takes place on dirt roads, all of which are accessible by passenger vehicles. Of course, the traffic is a little heavier during peak fall-color weekends, but still. The route winds around the San Francisco Peaks, through Hart Prairie, Hochderffer Hills, Lockett Meadow and Schultz Pass. Rarely will there be a time when you won't



LEFT: A forest road coated with golden aspen leaves winds through the White Mountains near Alpine in Eastern Arizona.
PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY JACKA



fall
drives

see the magnificent golds of the stately aspens. The views from the car are exceptional, but if you need to stretch your legs, there are several hiking trails and picnic spots along the way.

GETTING THERE: From Flagstaff, go northwest on U.S. Route 180 for 10.8 miles to Forest Road 151. Turn right (north) and continue on FR 151 for 12 miles to Forest Road 418. Turn right (east) and go 16.4 miles to Forest Road 552, and turn right again for an optional trip to Lockett Meadow below Sugarloaf Peak. Return to FR 418 and follow the signs to Forest Road 420 (Schultz Pass Road). From there, continue southwest for 11 miles to U.S. 180. At U.S. 180, turn left to return to Flagstaff.

INFORMATION: 928-526-0866 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino

Sunrise to Whiteriver

Most people head to Sunrise in the winter. And why not? When it comes to skiing in Arizona, Sunrise Park Resort is the crown jewel. Turns out, it's equally impressive in the fall. This scenic drive, which begins at Sunrise, meanders through alpine meadows and tall forests and past a chain of scenic lakes. Before you get started, you'll need to purchase a back-road driving permit from the White Mountain Apache Tribe at the store in Hon-Dah. Begin your drive there, at the intersection of State Route 260 and State Route 73, and drive east on SR 260 through the old timber camp at McNary until you reach State Route 273, the turnoff for Sunrise Park Resort. When you get to Sheeps Crossing, which is located on SR 273, you'll be at one of the most beautiful spots in the White Mountains. As you'll see, it's an ideal place to park the car and enjoy the views. At that point the road becomes Forest Road 113. Six miles beyond Sheeps Crossing, keep your eyes peeled for a right turn onto Forest Road 116, which leads to Reservation Lake on the Fort Apache Reservation. You'll be heading into an area of dense aspens, and therefore, a place loaded with fall color. The road, which suffers from a washboard effect in the first 4 miles, winds around for 10 miles before it reaches a turnoff for the lake. At this point, you can turn right and go to the lake or keep going straight. The two roads will eventually come together as Indian Route Y20. About a mile beyond Reservation Lake, a sign indicates that it's 8 miles to Pacheta Lake, but it's not a straight shot. Four miles beyond the sign, you'll come to Drift Fence Lake, which, like so many other places along this route, is ideal for parking the car and pulling out the camera.

GETTING THERE: Begin in Hon-Dah at the junction of State Route 260 and State Route 73. Travel east on SR 260, through McNary, for 20 miles to State Route 273. Turn right (south) and continue on State 273 for about 4 miles to the turnoff for Sunrise Park Resort. Leaving Sunrise, continue southeastward on 273 for 6 miles to Sheeps Crossing. En route you'll cross into the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests. Leaving Sheeps Crossing, continue southward on Forest Road 113 for about 6 miles to Forest Road 116. Turn right onto FR 116 and within 10 miles you'll cross back onto the reservation. From there, follow the road to the right for Reservation Lake. When FR 116 crosses onto the reservation it becomes Indian Route Y20. Leaving Reservation Lake, continue southward on Y20 for about 8 miles to a turnoff for Pacheta Lake, just off Y20. Leaving Pacheta Lake, return to Y20, turn left, and continue a short distance on Y20 to Y55. From there, turn right for a 34-mile drive to Whiteriver.

INFORMATION: 928-333-4372 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf ■



TOWN SPIRIT

Ghost towns are pretty common in Arizona. Not as common as canyons and cactuses, but they're out there. With that in mind, and the fact that Halloween is on tap this month, we decided to send one of our photographers out to capture the spirit of some of the state's most intriguing ghost towns.

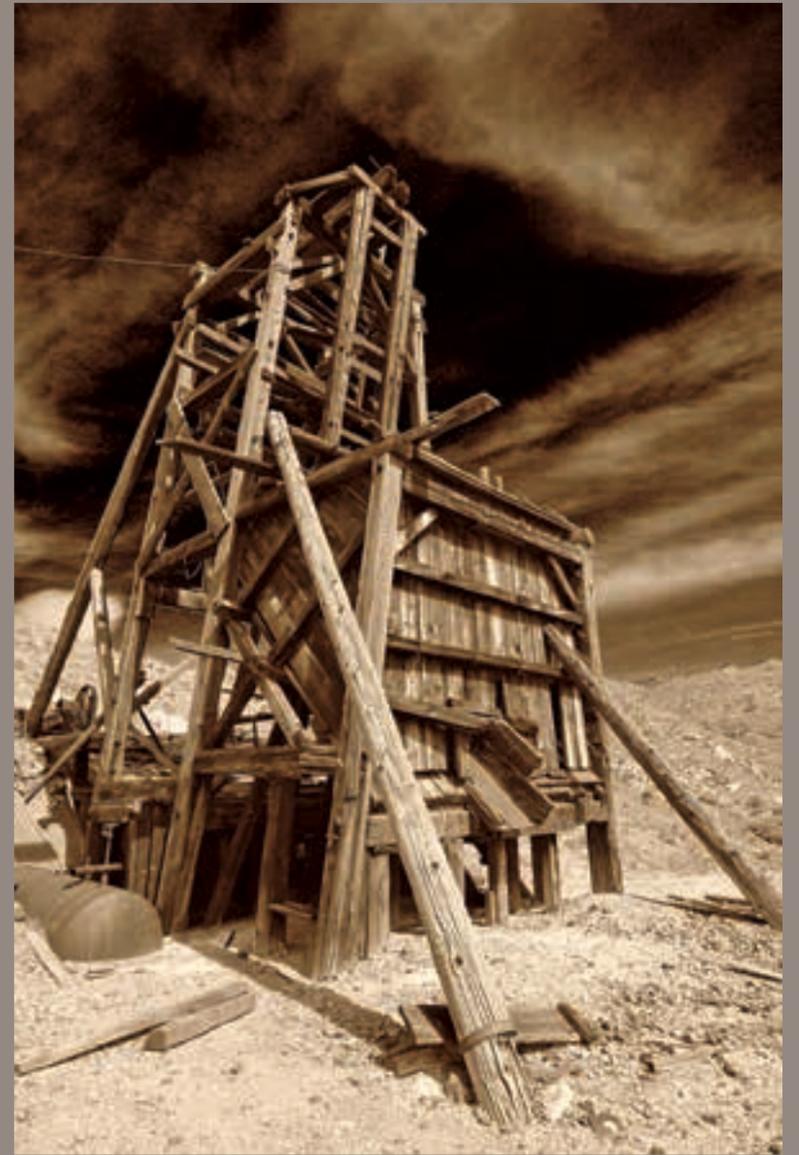
A P O R T F O L I O B Y K E R R I C K J A M E S



preceding panel | In 1864, prospectors started Castle Dome Mine in the same area where they had found evidence of mines thought to be worked by the Spanish. Producing silver, and later lead, the mine didn't last long. Today, replicated mining-camp buildings at the former mine's location make up the Castle Dome Mining Museum, northeast of Yuma.

left | Situated 15 miles east of Tombstone, the ghost town of Gleeson was named for John Gleeson, who opened the Copper Belle Mine there in 1900. The town was once home to almost 500 people and now holds the ruins of a hospital, saloon, jail and village school, as well as the Gleeson Cemetery.

below | Cerbat was settled in the 1860s near the mining camps of Chloride and Mineral Park in Western Arizona's Cerbat Mountains. The headframe and mill from the mining camp's Golden Gem Mine still stand there.



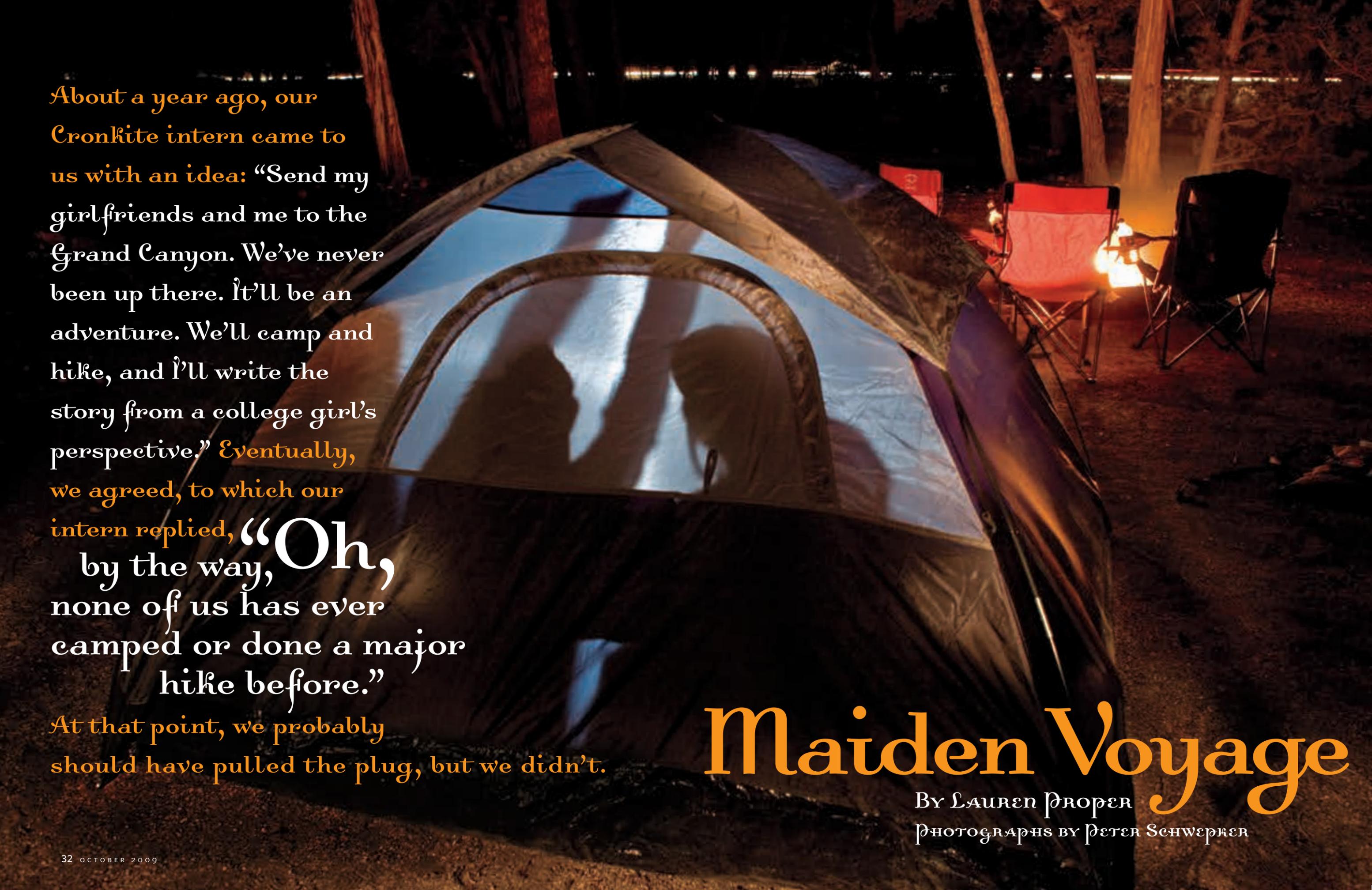
► Originally a stage station, the building that once housed the Hotel Stanton has stood at the base of Rich Hill in Central Arizona for more than 100 years. Named for Charles P. Stanton, a corrupt character who controlled the town, the site is now owned by the Lost Dutchman Mining Association.





left | Once a raucous mining town, the former ghost town of Jerome is now an arts community — one of the most popular destinations in Central Arizona. At one time, the Bartlett Hotel offered the town's finest accommodations.

below | With a long and storied history, Oatman sits below a quartz outcropping known as Elephant Tooth, which, back in the day, prospectors saw as a sign that read, "Look for gold right here." Today, the quirky town, situated along Historic Route 66, still welcomes visitors to experience its Old West hospitality. ■



About a year ago, our Cronkite intern came to us with an idea: “Send my girlfriends and me to the Grand Canyon. We’ve never been up there. It’ll be an adventure. We’ll camp and hike, and I’ll write the story from a college girl’s perspective.” Eventually, we agreed, to which our intern replied, “Oh, by the way, none of us has ever camped or done a major hike before.” At that point, we probably should have pulled the plug, but we didn’t.

Maiden Voyage

BY LAUREN PROPER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER SCHWEPKER

“You know you’re from Arizona when ...”

I’m on Facebook, one of many social networking Web sites, when I come across a checklist. I think, I’m from Arizona! and open the page. The list includes things such as: “You have no idea why 48 other states insist on changing their clocks twice a year” and “A rainy day puts you in a good mood,” to which I silently nod.

Then I read another one: “You’ve lived in Arizona your entire life and have never been to the Grand Canyon.” That’s when I realize I’m a typical native Arizonan. I’m embarrassed, and in an effort to make myself feel better, I start sending messages to friends who were born and raised in the state, asking if they’ve ever been to the world-famous landmark.

My best friend, Lexi, whom I’ve known for the past 13 years, says no, and so do a couple of other friends. I’m glad I’m not alone, but I’m still embarrassed. So, in yet another attempt to make myself feel better, and escape any further persecution — self-inflicted or otherwise — I decide that the girls are taking a road trip. To the Grand Canyon.

Unfortunately, it’s July when I make my proclamation — too hot to do a big hike — so we start looking at dates. Lexi can’t do it the weekend of her 21st birthday. Lyndsay and Misha don’t really care, as long as it’s not too hot. Eventually, we settle on the second weekend in October, an “ideal” time, we’re told. “You won’t die of heatstroke or freeze to death in a snowstorm.” Uh huh. The plan is to pitch a tent on the South Rim at Mather Campground.

The next time the four of us are together is two days before the trip. We’re in my living room trying to set up my new tent, and it’s not going well. Frustrated, we give up and talk about what we’ll need to pack: food, water, sleeping bags, hiking boots, warm clothes. Temperatures in Scottsdale have been in the 90s, but the first cold weekend of the year is expected, and on television, April Warnecke’s snowy forecast for the Canyon warns of freezing nights and a possible storm. The news is unsettling, but we need to get back to the tent.

After one last attempt, we finally get it. Although it’s designed to sleep three, we decide that spooning will help keep us warm. As a test run, we climb in — shortest (me) to tallest (Lexi) — and lie down side-by-side. It works, and the girls head home feeling less stressed about the whole thing. Our parents’ fears, however, are as strong as ever.

I talk to Lexi’s mom on the phone, assuring her that I’ve carefully planned the weekend and that we’ll all come home alive. I talk to my mom, too. The night before we leave, she’s terrified that the 80 mph wind gusts projected for the weekend will blow my 95-pound body over the rim and into the depths of the Canyon. “It’ll be OK, Mom,” I say.

On Friday morning, I scramble to make sure everything’s taken

care of. I set up a time to meet up with the photographer who will document our trip. I text-message the girls, telling them to head over as soon as they’re done with their classes at Arizona State University. And I start packing the car. My only goals are to leave the city before rush hour and make it to the Canyon before it gets dark.

By noon, Lexi and Lyndsay are nowhere to be found, and Misha is waiting patiently for us to pick her up. Finally — after Lyndsay showers, blow-dries and straightens her hair — the two girls show up and we hit the road. Unfortunately, the rocky start only gets worse. Traffic is already backed up on Interstate 17, and the girls are already fighting over who will share Lyndsay’s queen-sized air mattress. Lexi and Lyndsay claim the first night. “I want to be comfortable,” Lexi says. “Or at least as comfortable as I can be.” They offer me a spot that I decline, citing my desire for a more authentic camping experience.

Our first and only stop is the Walmart in Flagstaff, where we hook up with photographer Peter Schwepker, and stock up on supplies. On my shopping list is a box of firewood. For the other three, it’s several copies of *US Weekly* and *People* magazines.

We roll into the campground well after sundown. I set up the tent while Misha and Lexi get a fire started. Lyndsay plugs a pump into the car’s cigarette lighter and blows up the air mattress. Somehow, she manages to fit it into the tent, leaving just enough room for the two outcasts to squeeze in next to it. That is, if we don’t lie on our backs.

Lexi hunts around our barren campground for a stick to cook some turkey sausage, while I sit back and eat one of my peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. The fire doesn’t exactly keep us warm, and before long, we’re lured into our sleeping bags. One by one, we get ourselves situated, leaving our shoes outside to make more room.

“God, I hope there aren’t bugs in my Uggs!” Lexi shrieks.

Over-concerned, she unzips the tent and pulls our boots inside. As we settle in, each of us is getting nervous about our first night in the woods. The girls, who watch too many Stephen King movies, even



PRECEDING PANEL: Four Canyon novices huddle inside their tent during a cold night at Mather Campground on the Grand Canyon’s South Rim.

ABOVE: Lexi Hofmann, Misha Zelechowski, Lyndsay Martindale and Lauren Proper (left to right) warm their hands by the fire after preparing dinner over an open fire (below).



start worrying about serial killers and bear attacks. Half-joking, I tell them the only real danger is the wind blowing embers from the campfire toward the tent, setting it on fire. Lexi doesn’t appreciate the humor. “I’m not going to die in this tent!” she screams. A half-hour later, they’re too tired to worry about anything, and we all fall asleep.

For some reason — a bad omen? — our campfire reignites around dawn. Lyndsay wakes us up, but nobody wants to be the one to put it out. I’m freezing, and the other girls are convinced that a serial killer has come into our campsite to warm himself by the fire. Lexi mumbles something incoherent. Nobody moves, and by the time I’m fully awake an hour later, the fire is out and we haven’t burned down the Kaibab National Forest.

It was a successful night, but it’s still early, and the girls grumble about not remembering the last time they were awake at this hour. No matter, Peter is on his way, and we’re about to erase our scarlet letters

by hiking into the world’s Seventh Natural Wonder.

We bunny-hop out of the tent, grab our toothbrushes and makeup (we’re from Scottsdale, after all), and pile into the car, which is dead. Only a tiny clicking sound emerges from underneath the hood of my mother’s SUV. Needless to say, none of us has ever even changed a tire, so I run to Peter’s car as he’s pulling away. He gives me a lift to the home of campground host Kim Ross, who gives us a jump. Meanwhile, my friends — who have been sitting in the car the whole time — rejoice as hot air begins flowing through the vents.

“You’re my hero right now,” I tell Kim.

Finally, we make it to the bathroom, get ready and drive to the Bright Angel trailhead. It’s just after 10 a.m., and we walk to the edge of the Canyon together. Earlier, we’d been talking excitedly; now, we’re completely silent. We marvel at the depth, the seemingly infinite chasm before us, the coming challenge and the scope of our own insignificance. In a word, we’re overwhelmed. Peter snaps away as we stand there mesmerized.

Hiking down to Indian Garden takes longer than we expected, which means there’s no way we’ll make it to the river and back today. We could make a shorter trek out to Plateau Point for our first glimpses of the Colorado River, but we opt for lunch instead. Indian Garden, which is the half-way point to the river, features several picnic tables surrounded by lush vegetation and huge cottonwood trees, signs of life that are barely visible from the rim.

Since the day we planned this trip, everyone told us that going down is deceptively easy, and they were right. Within a quarter-mile of our hike back out, we start to lose Lyndsay. Misha, Lexi and I wait every so often to make sure she doesn’t fall too far behind. The breaks become less frequent, though, as the wind picks up and the temperature drops.

At the 3-mile rest area, we decide to stop until we see Lyndsay again. While we wait, I read to my friends some of the information that park rangers and volunteers have put on a bulletin board. My favorite is an ominous warning: “If you plan on hiking to the bottom, prepare to suffer the following.” The list includes several extreme consequences, including brain damage. Most of the information pertains to summer hazards.

Finally, we spot Lyndsay’s fiery red hair and pink scarf, stretch, and continue up the trail. The sun is still shining, but a few ominous clouds, armed with what I know must be snow, have begun working their way over the northern part of the Canyon.

As we inch closer to the final mile, we pick a place to sit and wait. Again. After 15 minutes, Lyndsay is still nowhere in sight, and we’re starting to get cold. We talk about leaving and getting out as quickly as possible. We talk about staying and getting colder. And just as Lexi mentions sending down a mule, our redheaded friend reappears.

Each step hurts a little more than the one before, and now it's my turn to fall behind Misha and Lexi. My frequent pit-stops only exacerbate the fatigue. Still, I force one foot in front of the other until I catch a glimpse of Kolb Studio's brown exterior. I stop and turn around to face the Canyon. It is grand, that's for sure. I look down at the tiny green oasis of Indian Garden. I smile. Pride and a sense of accomplishment are a part of it, but mostly it's the view and how striking the gorge looks to me now.

It's colorful, full of life; it represents the classic struggle of man versus nature. Despite the 5 million visitors who invade this national park every year, I feel like I'm the only person here; the only person who has ever hiked into the Canyon to learn its secrets and become a part of its mystique.

The sound of fellow tourists speaking foreign languages snaps me back into the real world, and my aching legs somehow feel rejuvenated as I walk up to Lexi and Misha. The sky isn't dark yet, but the sun is obscured by light-gray puffs that suggest there isn't much time left for Lyndsay to finish. Inside Kolb Studio, we thaw out and weigh our options. After about a half-hour, Lexi and I decide to change clothes and move the car a little closer to the trailhead.

Before we finish dressing, we see Lyndsay's plaid outfit. Whew. We pick up Misha and head to nearby Tusayan for a hot meal. It's pitch black outside. And cold. Freezing cold.

We pull into the first restaurant we see. The booth is cramped, but it doesn't matter. We're warm, and we s-l-o-w-l-y finish our veggie burgers



(Clockwise from above) Lauren Proper stands inside her sleeping bag to keep warm, while Lyndsay Martindale greets a cold morning at the Canyon. Proper leads the group down Bright Angel Trail. Lexi Hofmann yawns, half-asleep and shivering, and later, wide awake, she turns her camera toward Bighorn Sheep Canyon.



The girls are still nervous about sleeping outside, and again, I'm forced into a corner, while my girlfriends, each of whom is at least 6 inches taller than me, stretch out. Of course, this means that all of our shoes end up at my head, along with other random items that have found their way into the tent: Cheez-Its, bug spray, water bottles.



and quesadillas. No one wants to go back outside. Nevertheless, we know we will have to endure another night in the tent.

When we get back to the campground, we decide that it's too cold to even build a fire, so we pile into the tent. The girls are still nervous about sleeping outside, and again, I'm forced into a corner, while my girlfriends, each of whom is at least 6 inches taller than me, stretch out. Of course, this means that all of our shoes end up at my head, along with other random items that have found their way into the tent: Cheez-Its, bug spray, water bottles.

Several times throughout the night, I wake up to a cuddling Lexi, who wakes up to Lyndsay falling on top of her, who wakes up to Misha inching her off the air mattress. One last snuggle from Lexi ends the night. It's morning, and both my hair and my blanket are moist.

My first thought is that snow must be melting through the tent's ceiling and protective fly. Instead, the sides of the tent are melting after having been coated with ice during the night. Despite the polar conditions, we're all alive. No one has hypothermia.

I stir the girls, who are genuinely surprised that nothing terrible has happened. Shivering, Lyndsay deflates her air mattress and begins systematically loading things into the back of the SUV. Lexi and Misha roll up the sleeping bags, and I take down the tent.

It's still early when we pull out of the campground and hit the road. Per Peter's advice, we take U.S. Route 180 into Flagstaff. This, he says, is the scenic route. And it is. Endless forests of evergreens with intermittent clusters of aspens line the road. It's beautiful.

Despite my pleas to go straight home, the girls want fast food in Flagstaff. We have enough leftovers in the car to feed the Donner party, but my girlfriends need chicken fingers and french fries. I guess they've earned them. Two hours later, we're in Scottsdale. Each girl lumbers painfully out of the car, but with triumphant smiles on their faces. The scarlet letters are gone. We're now among the natives who *have* seen the Canyon. We're no longer embarrassed. And there's even a sense of pride.

Lexi sums it up best: "We came, we camped, we conquered." ■

TOWN TOO TOUGH TO DIE

THE CATCHPHRASE MOST OFTEN LINKED TO TOMBSTONE WORKS JUST AS WELL FOR A GROUP OF RUGGED INDIVIDUALS KNOWN AS **THE ARIZONA RANGERS**. NOW IN THEIR FOURTH INCARNATION, THE CURRENT RANGERS ARE MORE OBSCURE THAN THEIR PREDECESSORS, AND INSTEAD OF ENFORCING FRONTIER JUSTICE, THEY SPEND MOST OF THEIR TIME DIRECTING TRAFFIC. IT'S NOT GLAMOROUS, ESPECIALLY BY HOLLYWOOD STANDARDS, BUT THESE GUYS TAKE THEIR WORK SERIOUSLY. **THEY HAVE A JOB TO DO, AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, THEY'RE KEEPING ALIVE A LEGACY THAT DATES BACK TO THE 1800S.**

BY TERRY GREENE S+ERLING
PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOEL GRIMES



century ago, Tombstone was a raw, angry town. Today, the Town Too Tough to Die resembles a Western movie set. This is especially true if you visit Tombstone during Helldorado Days, the town's annual autumn gala. Almost everyone wears a 19th century Western costume, and hundreds of tourists wrapped in their private Wild West fantasies parade down the boardwalk. The guys often pack guns and favor Wyatt Earp-like overcoats, which hide their love handles. Middle-aged women pretend they're ladies of the night.

I'm here because somewhere in this crowd, a bunch of Arizona Rangers are on duty. Normally it would be easy to spot an Arizona Ranger — most wear a gold badge, black hat, black shirt, black pants and black boots. But today, the Rangers will surely be camouflaged in this crowd of wannabe gunslingers and madams.

Modern Arizona Rangers wear cowboy hats because they model themselves after the historic Arizona Rangers who galloped across the

Arizona Territory icing outlaws on the cusp of the 20th century.

You may have watched a 1950s TV show about the Arizona Rangers called *26 Men*, or listened to a Marty Robbins country hit titled *Big Iron*, which chronicles an Arizona Ranger's run-in with an outlaw named Texas Red. If you're an extreme Arizona Ranger freak, you've probably read *The Arizona Rangers* by Bill O'Neal, written in 1987 and regarded as the bible of Arizona Ranger history. The Arizona Rangers also have a Web site (www.arizonarangers.org) and a museum in Nogales, open only on Saturdays. There's even an Arizona law that honors the Rangers.

There have been four incarnations of Arizona Rangers. The first group didn't last long and disbanded before the Civil War. The second group was formed in Tombstone in 1882, but broke up pronto because they weren't paid. The third group was the most famous, lasting from 1901 to 1909. This incarnation was created by the Arizona

OPPOSITE: Standing at the ready, Arizona Ranger Eddie Resner volunteers for various forms of community service throughout the state, including traffic control, crowd security and assisting law enforcement officers.

Territorial Legislature. Those Rangers were on the Territory payroll and focused on subduing killers, rustlers and criminal gangs mostly on the borderlands.

The current Arizona Rangers, who do not have arrest power, are a lot more obscure than their vibrant predecessors. Today, there are about 300 Arizona Rangers — mostly older guys and gals who get paid absolutely nothing to provide various forms of community service





THE KEY IS NOT TO LOOK AS IF YOU'RE AWARE, EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE. IT'S EXHAUSTING.

Dressed in the Arizona Rangers' black-on-black uniform, James "Spud" Hester offers a stark contrast to Mission San Xavier del Bac, Arizona's White Dove of the Desert, near Tucson.

like subbing for school crossing guards or directing parking during an event. Sometimes, Rangers are called in by law enforcement agencies to assist with things like guarding perimeters. As the economy shrinks and police agencies freeze hiring plans, this isn't a bad idea. Rangers free up the real cops to chase the bad guys.

Just a few days before this Helldorado extravaganza, bikers and locals brawled in a Tombstone bar. The town marshal called in several Rangers to help with directing traffic and keeping an eye out.

I want to know why in the world these Arizona Rangers spend their spare time outfitted in cowboy hats doing things cops don't want to do. I want to know if they're frustrated retired cops or fringy dudes on power trips who get off on wearing the gold badge. Are modern Arizona Rangers parodies of the historic Rangers they reportedly emulate? What's with these guys, anyway?

And why am I so fascinated by them? Part of the fascination, I know, stems from my grandfather's link to the Arizona Rangers. I'm reminded of Gramps when I pass the O.K. Corral.

The famed gunfight at the O.K. Corral did not take place there; the Earps and Clantons et al. apparently did battle on a nearby street. But

the O.K. Corral is the site of another murder — it's the place where my grandfather William C. Greene whacked Jim Burnett.

"Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord!" Gramps bellowed as he gunned down Burnett in 1897.

Gramps shot Burnett because he blamed Burnett for dynamiting a dam on the San Pedro River. The resulting flood altered a swimming hole where my grandfather's daughter and a friend swam, and the children drowned. I don't know if they were sucked away by a strong current, or if they were weak swimmers who couldn't navigate an unexpectedly deep pool. I do know that my popular grandfather was acquitted of murdering Burnett.

A wealthy and colorful miner and rancher, Gramps figured prominently in the political and economic landscape of the Arizona Territory from the late 1800s until his death in 1911. It made good business sense to rid the borderlands of ruffians, which explains why he helped persuade his pal Bert Mossman to head a new state law-enforcement group, the Arizona Rangers, in 1901.

I never knew Gramps. He died when my father, the youngest of six children from my grandfather's second marriage, was just a baby.

Historians either glorify Gramps as an entrepreneurial visionary who launched one of the most productive copper mines in the world or a diabolic capitalist whose greed set off the Mexican Revolution. His 1974 biography, *Colonel Greene and the Copper Skyrocket* by C.L. Sonnichsen, doesn't probe his character to my satisfaction. So, when I run into a piece of Arizona linked to Gramps, like the O.K. Corral or the Arizona Rangers, I'm reminded that I know precious little about the man.

I'm jolted back into my hunt for Arizona Rangers by the Helldorado Days sounds of laughter, jangling spurs, honky-tonk piano, snorting horses, and the *pop pop pop pop pop* of mock gunfights.

On Allen Street, I finally spot two Rangers strolling down the boardwalk. Sergeant Cliff Cudney and Lieutenant Walter "Butch" Smith of the Arizona Rangers Sonoita Company are dressed in black from head to toe, and each has a big

gun strapped to his hip, along with handcuffs, collapsible baton, pepper spray and a radio. From behind their reflective sunglasses, Smith and Cudney scan the crowd for scofflaws, ne'er-do-wells, drunks, brawlers and other outlaws.

"The key," says Cudney, "is not to look as if you're aware, even though you are. It's exhausting."

Cudney is 69, and a retired movie stuntman. If you check the International Movie Database, you'll see he performed or coordinated driving stunts for 41 films and TV shows. But he'll tell you that online list of kudos is incomplete. He was a stunt man for Gene Hackman in the 1972 movie *The French Connection* and Jake Gyllenhaal in the 1999 film *October Sky*, he says. He was also the thrill driver "Al" in the Uniroyal ads of the 1970s. If you look at those old ads, Cudney hasn't changed all that much. He's still tall (6 feet 4 inches) and slender (240 pounds) with blond hair and hazel eyes. These days, he advises university film students and helps attorneys in vehicle accident lawsuits. He has grown children and a 10-year-old son and a wife who understands he's just got to be an Arizona Ranger.

You'd think the former stuntman would be bored, just walking around Tombstone keeping an eye out, but he's OK with it. Being an Arizona Ranger is his way of giving back to the community. "I didn't sign up for this just for the ice cream and cake," he says.

Cudney's friend Butch Smith is a former accountant for an Indian community in Minnesota. He retired to Arizona in 2002, and is now 61 years old. He's the kind of guy who adopts mutts from the Humane Society and drives elderly folks to medical appointments and the grocery store. He's a self-described "liberal-thinking individual," which shatters my preconception of all Rangers as fringy neo-cons.

I follow Cudney and Smith past crowded bars exuding a moist whiskey-infused aroma, past troupes of dancers with names like "Trashy Women of Cochise County," past a fellow who bee-bops while he twirls his guns, past an Elvis impersonator dressed like a cowboy, past a guy carrying a Chihuahua in doggie Western wear, past gunfight re-enactors and little kids in cowboy hats. There doesn't seem to be a single real outlaw in the crowd.

"You can get bored," Smith allows, "but you have to be ready to respond to something right away."

Cudney leaves Smith and strolls down Toughnut Street, where we step aside for a woman dressed like Annie Oakley who yips "Cowgirl up!" and urges her paint horse into a reluctant trot. Cudney meets up with Master Sergeant Terry Schonert, who stands by a traffic barricade.

The two Rangers take a break in the shade.

A small boy in camouflage pants and a cowboy hat points a toy gun at Cudney, who throws up his hands.

Suddenly, a squawking radio alerts Schonert an ambulance might be coming through. Schonert moves the vehicle barrier, but the ambulance doesn't come, so Schonert sits down again.

Schonert, 68, is a retired Canadian bush pilot, and when he sits down on the curb his knees creak. That may be because once, when he was flying fuel to commercial ice fishermen, he crashed his DeHavilland Otter. He was picked up by a rescue plane a few hours later, and then that second plane ran out of gas and crashed. Schonert and the pilot crawled out of the wreckage, cut spruce boughs to make a mattress, lean-to and a big fire. They survived the night in minus 41-degree weather.

"It wasn't too bad," Schonert says.

A huge percentage of people don't even *know* about Arizona Rangers," Lieutenant David Bruce laments. We're sitting in my office in downtown Phoenix. It's a couple of weeks after the Tombstone gala. I expected Bruce to show up in his black Arizona Ranger uniform. But instead, he wears casual slacks and a Hawaiian shirt.

Bruce and his friend, Lloyd Glassbrook, the director of the Rangers' office of administration and internal affairs, have brought me packets of material on the Arizona Rangers. Glassbrook, a 64-year-old retired assistant director for security and law enforcement for the U.S. Department of Energy, explains that the Rangers donate about \$100,000 a year to kids causes. Sometimes, Rangers provide security or direct traffic for events like *quinceañeras*, and people who hire Rangers donate money to the Arizona Rangers' nonprofit, which in turn donates the money to worthy causes.

Bruce has been an Arizona Ranger since 1990, and today is the legislative and law-enforcement liaison for the Rangers. He is 65 years old, and wears thick glasses. He has a metal plate in his forehead, which he got when he was a cop in the Midwest after a bad guy crushed his skull with a lamp. He says he served on Henry Kissinger's security detail for the State Department, and he taught criminal justice courses at Pima Community College in Tucson for 32 years.

Now Bruce devotes himself to the Arizona Rangers. In his 18 years as a Ranger, he estimates he's put \$60,000 of his own money into travel expenses. Like other Rangers, Bruce has had to buy his gun, uniform and all the trappings. An incoming Ranger might expect to spend

Lloyd Glassbrook directs the group's office of administration and internal affairs. The Rangers donate about \$100,000 each year to kids causes.



from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per year, he guesses.

To qualify to be a Ranger, Bruce says, applicants must pass a background check. They can't be felons and have to be at least 21. They must be voted in by all members of the company, undergo a probationary period, and train for at least 50 hours initially, with an additional 24 hours of training each year. They must pass proficiency tests on everything from guns to pepper spray to baton use.

Law enforcement officials have mixed views of the Rangers. Some big-city cops consider Rangers to be trigger-happy posers, and potentially dangerous. Some small-town cops view the Rangers as indispensable assistants. And others see the Rangers as living history.

Gramps mined and ranched on both sides of the Arizona-Mexico border. Bandits frequently crisscrossed the borderlands, rustling cattle, robbing and killing. Powerbrokers like Gramps wanted to rid the borderlands of bad guys by enacting the Arizona Rangers into law in 1901. It's no coincidence that the Rangers were always headquartered on the borderlands.

The first Rangers' captain was Mossman, Gramps' friend. The second was Mossman's friend Thomas Rynning. In 1906, during Rynning's reign, Gramps cashed in a little political capital.

That June, a miners' strike broke out in Cananea, Sonora, Mexico, about 50 miles south of the Arizona border. The mine was owned by a company controlled by Gramps. He lived in Cananea, and soon found



A volunteer since 1990, David Bruce stands against the background of Empire Ranch, located in the same region where, in the early 1900s, Rangers tried to "rid the borderlands of bad guys."

himself and his family surrounded by thousands of Mexican miners who demanded to be paid as much as American miners. (Although the Mexican miners in Cananea did get paid the highest mine wages in all of Mexico, historians say, American miners earned a much higher wage.) Mexican strikers felt they deserved equal pay, better bosses and an eight-hour workday. When they didn't get it, mayhem broke loose. Gramps believed outside agitators intent on dethroning President Porfirio Diaz were to blame for the riot. Shots were fired, people on both sides were slaughtered.

"For God's sake, send us armed help," Gramps wired officials in Arizona.

Arizona Territorial Governor Joseph Kibbey forbade the Arizona Rangers from providing that armed help, but several Rangers, including Rynning, went to Cananea anyway. They led a substantial posse, and were joined by Mexican forces. The strike ended, but the event was one of the precipitators of the 1910 Mexican Revolution, historians say.

The event also precipitated the resignation of Thomas Rynning; he handed over the Arizona Rangers captainship to Harry Wheeler in 1907.

Wheeler was a little guy with a chiseled movie-star face who didn't let his men drink or gamble. He suffered three wounds and went on several "expeditions" to Mexico to root out bad guys. He was a consummate record-keeper and was given to typing long letters to the governor and the governor's secretary. Once, Wheeler stopped a train from Cananea from entering the United States. Wheeler contended the train was loaded with fake voters meant to rig an election. Shortly thereafter, the Legislature disbanded the Rangers. Wheeler became a Cochise County sheriff, and to his dying day believed the Rangers were broken up in part because he stopped the train full of bogus voters.

The fact that the Legislature ended the Rangers didn't displease Gramps' friend, Mossman, the first Rangers' captain. He thought the Rangers had gotten too full of themselves. "After my day, the Rangers wore distinctive garb — wore conspicuous badges, bristled with weapons, and were so widely and systematically press-agented, they soon achieved a dubious fame with the old-timers and passed on to a natural and inevitable Falstaffian reward," Mossman wrote in 1935.

I read Mossman's words on microfilm housed in the Polly Rosenbaum Archives and History building in Phoenix, shortly after returning from Tombstone. If humility is a criterion for Mossman's approval, surely he'd approve of Arizona Rangers like former bush pilot Schonert, former stunt driver Cudney and former accountant Smith. They don't get off on wearing their black uniforms and badges, and they'd really prefer not to use the big irons on their hips. They just want to give back a little bit.

I call them one afternoon to see how they're doing. They say Hell-dorado Days was uneventful. They volunteered for eight-hour shifts for two days, and at night returned to their Southern Arizona homes. Each night, Cudney changed into his black sweatshirt, sweatpants and slippers and relaxed with his family. Each night, Smith soaked his feet. Each night, Schonert fed his two mules.

I ask Schonert what the old-time Arizona Rangers would think of their tamer, modern descendants.

"I suppose," he says, "they'd be happy it's still going on." ■



BOX CANYON ROAD About four months ago, a lightning fire touched this scenic drive. Turns out, it was just Mother Nature working her magic.

BY ROBERT STIEVE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
RANDY PRENTICE

The Melendrez Fire was started by lightning. Not a cigarette butt. It's an important distinction. One source, of course, is natural; the other is not. In either case, the effects of fire can be devastating. But not



always. As you make your way along Box Canyon Road, you'll see that in some cases, when fire is allowed to run its natural course, it can make an already scenic drive even more beautiful. This is one of those cases.

Although Box Canyon Road comes with a lesson in fire management and ecology, it still meets our prerequisite of being scenic. It also offers a nice contrast to the "fall drives" in this month's cover story. The all-dirt road begins about 3 miles north of the entrance to Madera Canyon, which ranks as one of the most spectacular places in Arizona. Among other things, the canyon features four life zones and is home to more than 250 species of birds — even if you lean more toward Miss America than Miss Hathaway, you'll be impressed. Make time if you can. If not, the road awaits.

Heading east, the 14-mile route (washboard all the way) parallels the north side of the Santa Rita Mountains, and almost immediately, you'll see the effects of the fire, which burned 5,800 acres in late May. In particular, you'll see a sea of green. According to Heidi Schewel of the Coronado National Forest, the fire burned at a low intensity, which was very good for the landscape.

"There was little tree mortality," she says, "and the dried grass and brush was burned off. The resulting ash will act as a natural fertilizer. Remember Science 101 and photosynthesis? Living plants take in

moisture from the roots and carbon dioxide through their leaves, and use sunlight and chlorophyll to produce energy. This energy is locked up in the biomass. When a fire of this sort burns through, those nutrients are returned to the soil and made available. Add a little rain and the grasses will flourish."

The sea of green notwithstanding, it's the mountains that stand out most on this scenic drive. The Santa Ritas are an impressive range, with plenty of oaks and cottonwoods, so you should see some fall color if you look to your right. To your left, the views will include the road's namesake, as well as open grasslands and impressive groves of enormous ocotillos.

After about 5 miles, you'll leave the Santa Rita Experimental Range (a project of the agriculture department at the University of Arizona) and enter the Coronado National Forest. The road along this stretch is narrow, winding and without any guardrails. Go slowly, and plan on stopping for photos. Eventually, after about 10 miles, the road reaches the top of its climb, where the views are dominated by grasslands that stretch as far as the eye can see. It's vintage Southern Arizona.

The road ends a few miles later at its intersection with State Route 83, just north of Sonoita. At this point, most people continue north toward Tucson, while some head south to grab a bite at Canela Bistro in Sonoita. Either way, it's an opportunity to think about where you've been, and how fire, when orchestrated by Mother Nature, can make an already scenic drive even more beautiful.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For more scenic drives, pick up a copy of our book, *The Back Roads*. Now in its fifth edition, the book (\$19.95) features 40 of the state's most scenic drives. To order a copy, call 800-543-5432 or visit www.arizonahighways.com.



Goldeneye (above) flourishes in the grasslands beneath the Santa Rita Mountains and the hills surrounding Box Canyon (left), offering a lesson in fire management and ecology.



tour guide 

Note: Mileages are approximate.

LENGTH: 14 miles one-way (all dirt)

DIRECTIONS: From Tucson, go south on Interstate 19 for 24 miles to Continental Road (Exit 63). Turn left (east) and continue for 1 mile to Whitehouse Canyon Road (look for the signs to Madera Canyon). From there, turn right (east) and drive 7.3 miles to the intersection of Forest Road 62 and Forest Road 70. Veer left on FR 62 and begin the drive.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: Accessible to all vehicles.

WARNING: Back-road travel can be hazardous, so beware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you are going and when you plan to return.

INFORMATION: Nogales Ranger District, 520-281-2296 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado

511 Travelers in Arizona can visit www.az511.gov or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more. ■

KEVIN KIBSEY



LOY CANYON TRAIL **Depending on who you're with, this just might be the most perfect hike in Arizona.**

BY LEAH DURAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY LINDAHL

Sedona's Loy Canyon Trail borrows its name from the Samuel Loy family, who used this 5-mile path during the 1880s to transport cattle. These days, you won't see cattle, but you might spot deer darting between the junipers and roadrunners scuttling across the entrance to the trailhead, a red-dirt road that mirrors the burnished ruby sandstone cliffs. The mild, meandering ascent to the top is well-rewarded by fantastic views of the Red Rock/Secret Mountain Wilderness.

The first half-mile follows the edge of Hancock Ranch, bordered on the left by barbed wire and gnarled juniper posts. The copper bark of nearby manzanita mimics the rust coloring of this historic fence. Follow the path as it dips gently and crosses into velvet sand that glints golden. You might think you're at the beach, save for the canyon walls rising out of the tree cover to the left. Water's influence in this arid area takes the form of dry, rocky creek beds that crisscross the first few miles of the trail.

After 20 minutes, you'll see a gigantic ponderosa pine, a sure sign that the sun-dappled path is gradually climbing to higher elevations. Crunch through pine cones to Alligator Alley, where the colorful purple-

blue berries of alligator juniper trees litter the ground. To the left, just past a stone wall, plum-hued prickly pears grow out of a fallen log. Did the tree make a noise when it fell? Birds claim the only sound, as this route is mostly vacant even on a Saturday. Pause to listen to their songs and shake the sand out of your shoes.

Pass next through a 6-foot-high manzanita grove, followed by an open area. Here, lizards scamper across mint-green lichen amid a graveyard of disintegrated white rocks and dead tree limbs. The standing remnants of wood — sculptures of history — are as impressive as their healthy neighbors. Sweet scents of fresh pine needles permeate the trail as the scenery moves from cactuses to stands of tall, thin pines interspaced by fluffy grasses.

Enjoy this cool, breezy pathway before it ends abruptly in steep switchbacks at about the 4-mile mark. You can start complaining, but you might want to save your breath, because the trail climbs 1,000 feet in the next mile. The forested zigzag bursts into exposed sandstone steps. A quick, 10-minute ascent reveals green robes covering red-rock peaks that stretch to the cerulean sky.

As you continue up the outcrop, be wary of prickly overgrowth and stray barbed wire. Squeeze carefully through the narrow pass until you reach a shady saddle between two trails: Loy Canyon and Secret Mountain. This is the two-and-a-half-hour mark, and a possible turnaround point. But you've made it this far, so why not push up the last ridge? Look for the wooden sign for Loy Canyon and continue several hundred yards to a clearing of ponderosas surrounded by a carpet of soft needles.

The hike may not end with the typical panoramic view, but it does offer the perfect place for a picnic — or a relaxing nap — before climbing back down. The entrance sign to Hancock Ranch near the beginning of the hike encourages visitors to "Walk in Beauty." Take a hike on Loy Canyon Trail, and you'll do just that. ■



► The trail wanders past historic Hancock Ranch (above), and an ancient Sinaguan ruin (opposite page) overlooks the lush panorama of Loy Canyon.

trail guide

LENGTH: 10 miles round-trip

ELEVATION: 4,720 to 6,400 feet

DIFFICULTY: Moderate

DIRECTIONS: From Sedona, go south on State Route 89A for 5 miles to Forest Road 525. Turn north (right) on FR 525 and continue 9.3 miles to the trailhead.

INFORMATION: 928-282-4119 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino

LEAVE-NO-TRACE ETHICS:

- Plan ahead and be prepared.
- Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
- Dispose of waste properly and pack out your trash.
- Leave what you find.
- Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
- Be considerate of others.



KEVIN KIBBEY



where
is this?

Think Inside the Box

BY ROBERT STIEVE
PHOTOGRAPH BY
BRUCE GRIFFIN

Clearly, this isn't the Manhattan skyline, but it is considered a high-rent district, at least in the animal kingdom. The wooden structures you're looking at provide a safe haven for as many as 15 different species. Renowned for its ecosystem, this neck of the woods attracts people from around the world — people with binoculars, checklists and aspirations of seeing something elegant.



August 2009 Answer: Little Colorado River. Congratulations to our winner, Jami Broecher of Rapid City, SD.



Win a collection of our most popular books! To enter, correctly identify the location featured above and e-mail your answer to editor@arizonahighways.com — type "Where Is This?" in the subject line. Entries can also be sent to 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. Please include your name, address and phone number. One winner will be chosen in a random drawing of qualified entries. Entries must be postmarked by October 15, 2009. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our January issue and online at www.arizonahighways.com beginning November 15.

Mind If We Tag Along?

The state of Arizona gave us
our own license plate, and we'd
like you to take us for a ride.



To order an official Arizona Highways license plate, visit www.arizonahighways.com and click the license plate icon on our home page. Proceeds help support our mission of promoting tourism in Arizona.



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