

Missing Rafters in the Canyon:
A Nagging Mystery Since 1928

The World's Top Boot Maker?
The Name's Bond ... Paul Bond

Willa Cather's Life-Changing
Experience at Walnut Canyon

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE · EXPLORE · EXPERIENCE

NOVEMBER 2010

ARIZONA THEN & NOW

An Intriguing Portfolio

GLEN CANYON, 1956

GLEN CANYON, 2010

Plus:
The First-Ever Bike Ride
Through Monument Valley –
and We Were There

GLEN CANYON, 2010

Completed in 1959, this 690-foot-high steel arch bridge spans Glen Canyon. When Glen Canyon Dam was completed in 1963, it began forming Lake Powell, leading to the establishment of Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, which encompasses more than 1.2 million acres. The lake and the recreation area surrounding it are among Arizona's most popular tourist destinations.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF ARIZONA STATE LIBRARY
GLEN CANYON DAM PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY LADD



FEATURES

18 ARIZONA: THEN & NOW

When you've been around as long as we have — 85 years — you see a lot of changes. From the entrance station at the Grand Canyon to the train station in Douglas, things aren't what they used to be. In some cases, the differences are minimal, and in others, like Glen Canyon, they're monumental. Recently, we dug up some "then" shots, shook our heads in wonder, and thought you might like to see them, too, especially as they compare to the "now."

A PORTFOLIO EDITED BY JEFF KIDA & SALLY BENFORD

34 IN REHAB

Arizona isn't exactly the center of the architectural universe. Most of what exists isn't very old or isn't very interesting. However, there are some amazing structures around the state, and many of them are being rehabilitated, including the iconic Mission San Xavier del Bac near Tucson and a scattering of old buildings in the warehouse district of Phoenix.

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

40 O CANYONEERS!

Willa Cather is regarded as one of the great American novelists of the 20th century. Her talent was innate, but it was an extended stay at Walnut Canyon that allowed the Nebraska native to discover herself as both a writer and a person. The natural beauty of the canyon had an effect, but it was a spiritual connection to the ancient people who lived there that changed her the most.

BY JANE BARNES

44 RIDING THE REZ

Throughout history, men and women have crossed the Navajo Nation in a variety of ways — on horseback, in Jeeps and, most commonly, on foot. In October 2009, a new approach was taken. That's when a group of 40 cyclists made the first-ever trek across the reservation on mountain bikes. It wasn't just for the thrill of the ride, though. The Ride the Rez fundraiser generated more than \$775,000 for charity, including \$110,000 for the Navajo people.

BY KARI REDFIELD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF KIDA

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▶ A Mount Graham red squirrel prepares for winter by creating a midden, which it will fiercely defend against intruders. PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE D. TAUBERT

BACK COVER Billowy clouds drift by a piñon pine that clings to the edge of the Grand Canyon's North Rim at Monument Point. PHOTOGRAPH BY SUZANNE MATHIA

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JEFF KIDA

missed all of the dam debate. But not by much. The final bucket of concrete was poured on September 13, 1963, thus completing the construction of Glen Canyon Dam. I was born the next day.

Although I missed most of the fireworks, I've studied both sides of the dispute: the reclamation reasonings of Floyd Dominy and the conservation arguments of David Brower. I've read the books, and I recently made a visit to our own archives — I was curious about how *Arizona Highways* covered the controversial project.

The dam and its progeny — Lake Powell and the city of Page — were the focus of our January 1964 issue. There were a handful of enthusiastic stories, including a



January 1964

piece about the overall impact of the 710-foot-high barrier. *Glen Canyon Dam: An American Triumph* was the headline. Admittedly, I was a little surprised by the praise, especially since most of the images were shot by legendary *landscape* photographer Josef Muench. That said, there's no denying the engineering triumph of the dam itself and the spectacular beauty of the lake behind it. Like-

wise, whether you agree or disagree with the dam's existence, there's no arguing that the landscape was changed dramatically as a result of its construction. Turns out, that's not the only thing that's changed in Arizona.

From the entrance station at the Grand Canyon to the train station in Douglas, things aren't what they used to be. In some cases, the differences are minimal, and in others, like Glen Canyon, they're monumental. In *Arizona: Then & Now*, we take a comparative look at some of the state's evolving landmarks. It's a fascinating portfolio that'll make you think, *Holy Moly!* They're all eye-openers, but the most startling comparison looks at the Babbitt Brothers building in downtown Flagstaff. Along with *Holy Moly!* you'll wonder, *What on earth were they thinking?*

ARIZONA
HIGHWAYS TELEVISION



ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TV

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. For broadcast times, visit our website, www.arizonahighways.com, and click the *Arizona Highways Television* link on our home page.

The old stone building was eventually restored to its original splendor, but that's the exception. Everything else in the portfolio has been altered for good. Or bad, depending on your perspective. One place that hasn't changed — not even a little — since the arrival of man is Monument Valley. That's why Gil Gillenwater was so excited about getting permission to ride his bike into the iconic landscape.

I first met Gil in Mexico at a place called Rancho Feliz. The community, which was conceived and funded by Gil and his brother, Troy, includes 42 homes, a child-care facility and an education center for the underprivileged. To raise funds for the project, Gil, who lives in Scottsdale, organized the first-ever mountain bike ride across Monument Valley. To pull it off, he had to coordinate with 12 chapters of the Navajo Nation, the Navajo Park Service and the U.S. National Park Service. He also had to secure a total of 11 permits. In addition, he had to round up 40 bikers willing to ride 350 miles through inclement weather and raise a minimum of \$7,500 each. He did all of the above, and in the process helped generate more than \$775,000 for charity, including \$110,000 for the Navajo people.

In *Riding the Rez*, writer Kari Redfield and Photo Editor Jeff Kida document the epic tour. It's an interesting story with fantastic photography, but the real payoff comes from the ride itself, which will ultimately change lives, thanks to the philanthropy of the Gillenwaters and the allure of Monument Valley. It was a powerful combination. Not unlike the combination of Willa Cather and Walnut Canyon.

Ms. Cather, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *My Antonia* and *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, was a struggling writer in New York when she ventured west for an extended stay at Walnut Canyon. As Jane Barnes explains in *O Canyoners!*, her talent was innate, but it was the natural beauty of the canyon and a spiritual connection to the ancient people who lived there that allowed the novelist to discover herself as both a writer and a person.

Although a visit to Walnut Canyon may not help you win a Pulitzer or enhance your self-understanding, it's as scenic and spiritual as it was when Ms. Cather arrived there in 1923. If it were dramatically different, of course, it would have joined Glen Canyon in this month's cover story. Fortunately, that's not the case.

ROBERT STIEVE, editor

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PRODUCED IN THE USA

LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

Writer Lawrence Cheek discovered his passion for architecture when he was reporting on a story in Florence, Arizona, for the *Tucson Citizen*. After a day's exploration, Cheek had a newfound respect for the history and culture of the town's architecture. "I love 'reading' a building because it tells me about the people in the town," Cheek says. This month, he showcases some of the state's oldest and most well-preserved historic buildings, including the Arizona Ice and Cold Storage Co. in Tucson, which was built in 1923 (see *In Rehab*, page 34). When Cheek's not writing stories for *The New York Times* and the *Los Angeles Times*, he's busy enjoying his other passion — boat-building — on Whidbey Island off the Washington coast.



KARI REDFIELD

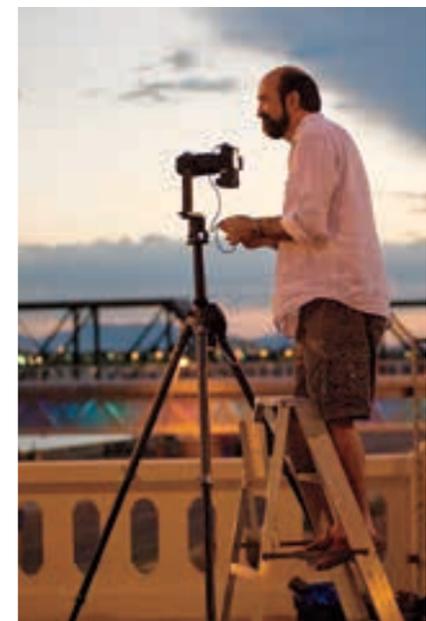
Minnesota-born writer Kari Redfield has been a journalist in Phoenix for 8 years and a bona fide cyclist for 6, racking up more than 6,000 miles in 2009 alone. "Cycling is a sport where you get out of it what you put into it," she says. "You see an amazing gain in a short period of time." Redfield's favorite story assignments center on anything that gives her an adrenaline rush, such as biking for 350 miles across the Navajo Nation (see *Riding the Rez*, page 44). "It was an amazing adventure with a group of people from Rancho Feliz [a charitable foundation], who were all about making it happen for the less fortunate," Redfield says. Redfield has written more than 1,000 articles, which have appeared in publications such as *Sedona Magazine*, *Tailwinds* and *American Fitness*.

CRAIG SMITH

As a child (below), photographer Craig Smith was fascinated by the photos he took with his instant camera, and that preoccupation eventually led him from the East Coast to the Southwest,



where he fell in love with Arizona while pursuing a master's degree in photography at Arizona State University. About the art form he's loved for years, Smith says, "Today, as a professional exhibiting photographer, I'm still drawn to the power and eloquence of photography's ability to reveal beauty where it's unexpected and make what's familiar, unfamiliar." In this month's cover story (see *Arizona: Then & Now*, page 18), he applies that power to some of the state's most familiar places.



MUSIC TO THEIR EARS

In 1999, when I was 24 years old and making a living selling worthless thrift-store junk on eBay, I came across a stack of *Arizona Highways* magazines from the early 1960s. I brought them home, where they became coffee-table reading for my roommates and me. A year earlier we'd started a rock band called Tarantula Hawk, which was named after the New Mexico state insect. Much of our relatively thematic instrumental music was based on the life cycle of said insect, as well as other pertinent desert imagery and literature. The



August 2010

band ran its course and played its last show in 2005. From time to time, Tarantula Hawk has been mentioned in various music rags for one reason or another. But when I received a call a few weeks back from our drummer, saying that we were referenced in the newest issue of *Arizona Highways* [*The Sting*, August 2010], I was elated. We collectively agree that this must be the coolest nod the band has ever gotten, coming from so far outside the music world.

BRADEN DIOTTE, TARANTULA HAWK,
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

GREEN PIECE

I was so happy to see your portfolio [*Green Miles*] featuring Suzanne Mathia in the July 2010 issue. I became aware of her work while paging through the December 2009 issue of *Arizona Highways*. Her picture of "Crowning Glory" took my breath away. I was so taken by it that my husband secretly contacted Ms.



July 2010

Mathia and ordered a print on canvas for my Christmas gift. I picked it up at her home in Scottsdale and lost my breath again when I saw it "unveiled." I proudly display it as the focal point on my living room wall.

JOAN BEERY, SUN LAKES, ARIZONA

SCOUTS HONOR

The July 2010 issue of *Arizona Highways* contains an article about the Boy Scouts of America [*Scouting Report*]. The article points out that 2010 marks the 100th anniversary of the BSA and goes on to state that scouting has "been around in Arizona for 89 years [since 1921]. While it's true that the BSA was incorporated on February 8, 1910, Scouting in Arizona celebrated its 100th anniversary in September 2010. The first two troops



July 2010

in the Arizona Territory were organized in Prescott in September 1910 and in Tombstone at almost the exact same time (Arizona Territorial historian Sharlot Hall was an honorary member of the Tombstone troop). Scouting came to Phoenix in the fall of 1910 and to Bisbee by early 1911. Harold Steele, principal of the then new Tucson High School, organized the first Scout troop in Tucson on April 20, 1911. Camp Lawton,

which is located at an elevation of approximately 7,800 feet in the Santa Catalina Mountains, was started in the summer of 1921 by what is now the Catalina Council. The Otis H. Chidester Scout Museum of Southern Arizona will host a special event on April 23, 2011, to celebrate 100 years of Scouting in Tucson.

JAMES B. KLEIN, M.D., HISTORIAN,
CATALINA COUNCIL BSA, TUCSON



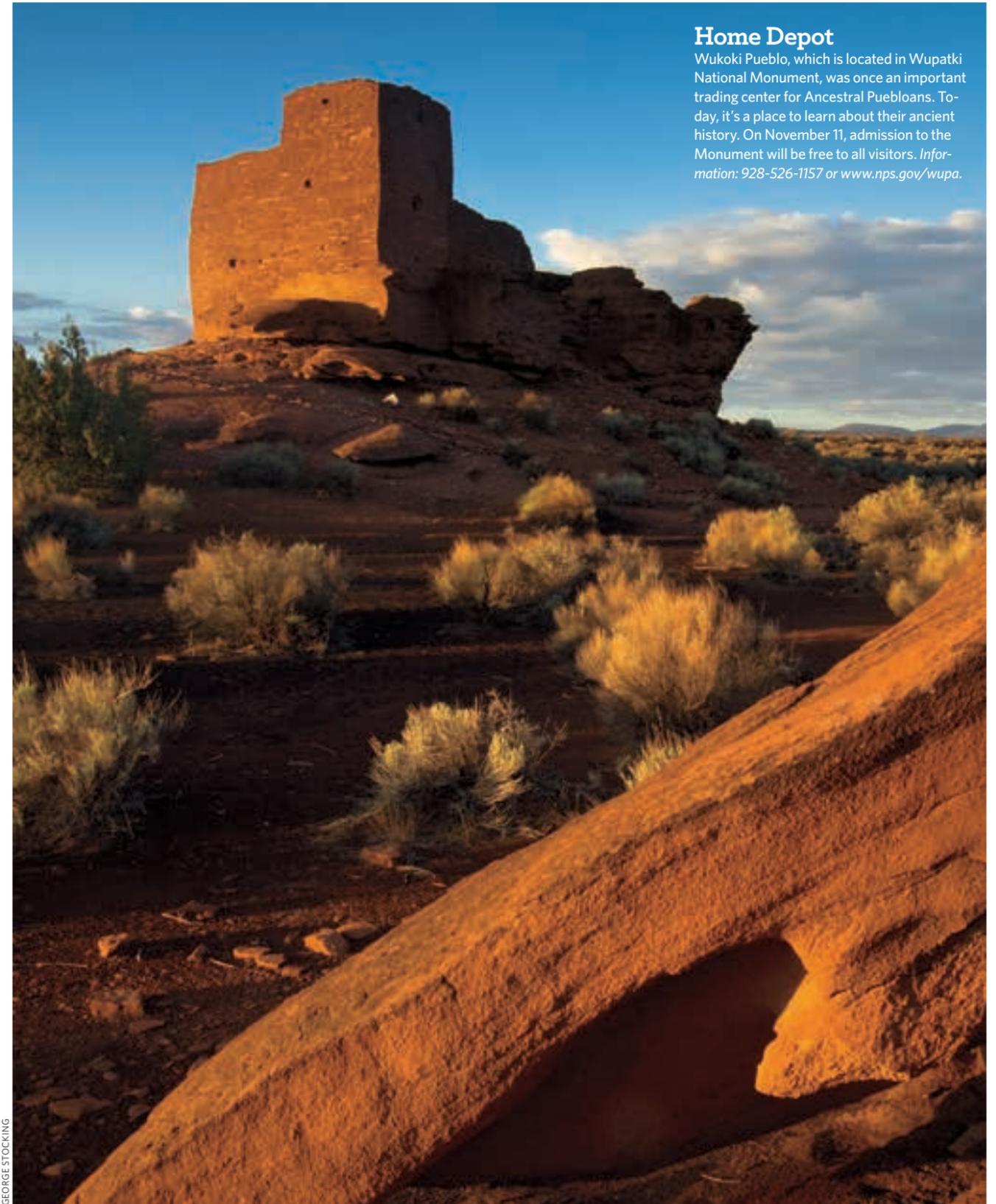
May 2010

WAR STORIES

I read with interest the article about Thunderbird Field [*Home Field Advantage*, May 2010]. My three older brothers were hired as civilian flight instructors when the field opened, and they taught American, Chinese and British pilots until the war ended and the fields closed. They were the Robart brothers — Art, E.A. "Dink," and Paul. Dink was also featured in the February 1938 issue of *Arizona Highways*. He was a bronc rider, and there were pictures in that issue of him riding the bronses. After World War II, Art was the manager of Cessna Aircraft at Sky Harbor for a time. Dink went back to cattle-ranching, and Paul started flight instruction in San Francisco. In 1946, he was hit and killed by a ground-looping plane. I thought this information might be of interest to those who lived in Arizona during World War II.

ESTHER (ROBART) DALEY, CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA

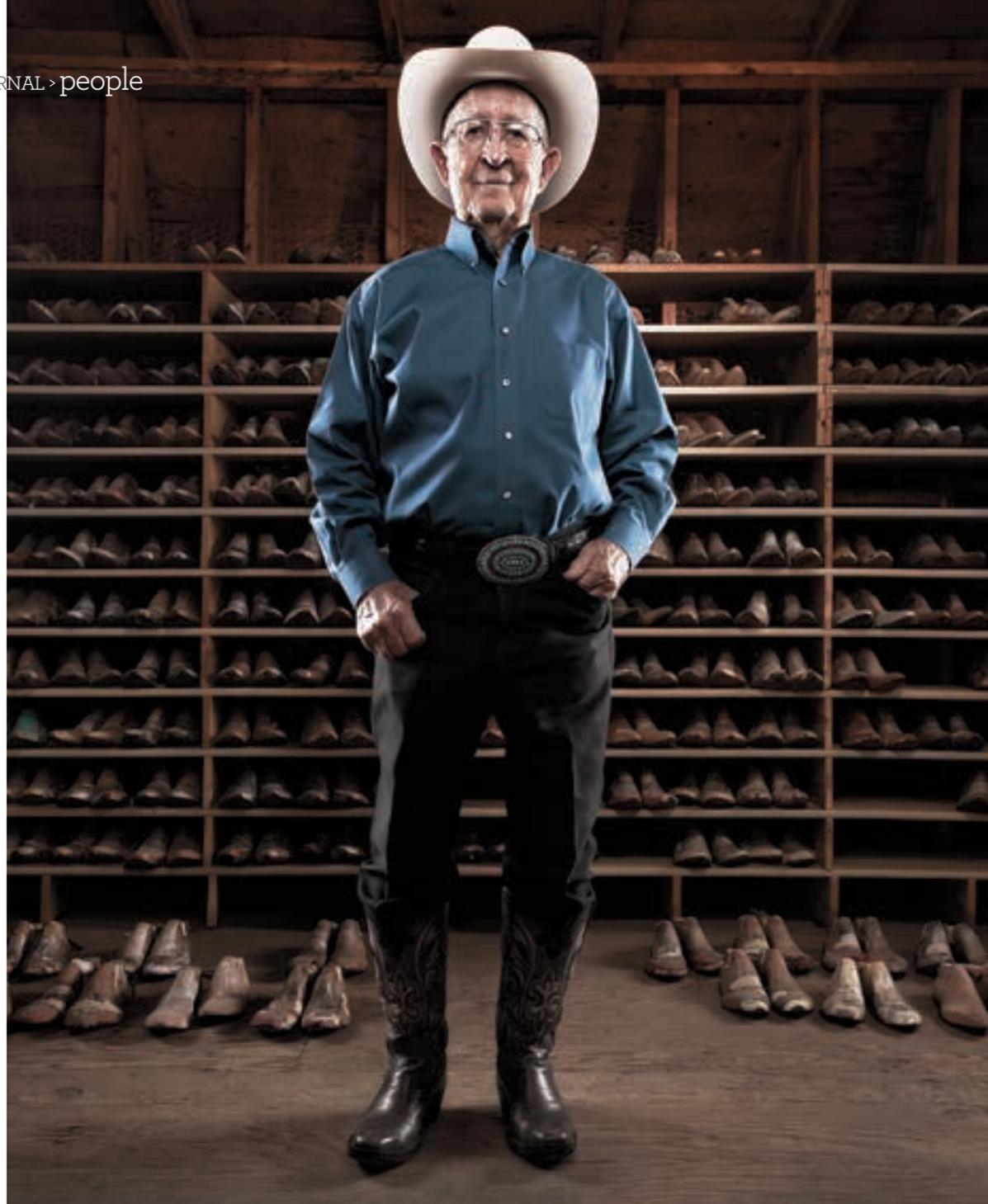
Correction: In our story about photographer Jerry Jacka (*Jerry Duty*, September 2010), we should have credited Neil Koppes for taking the photograph used on our January 1974 cover. ■



Home Depot

Wukoki Pueblo, which is located in Wupatki National Monument, was once an important trading center for Ancestral Puebloans. Today, it's a place to learn about their ancient history. On November 11, admission to the Monument will be free to all visitors. *Information:* 928-526-1157 or www.nps.gov/wupa.

GEORGE STOCKING



JOEL GRIMES

The Name's Bond ... Paul Bond

Even without the sophisticated gadgetry of 007, Paul Bond is a force to be reckoned with. Not as an international spy, but as a 94-year-old boot maker — one of the best in the world.

By KELLY KRAMER

SMELL A SWATCH OF leather and you're likely to experience some sort of olfactory flashback — to the sleeves of a letterman's jacket, the saddle on the back of your horse during some long-ago dude ranch getaway, a

baseball glove. And when you're standing in the middle of Paul Bond Boots, those same scent-memories will probably kick in for a few minutes, at least until your eyes take over and the awe sets in.

Boots. Everywhere.

They're red and royal blue; mottled, mocha calfskin; soft, vampy swaths of sharkskin. One pair is in the image of the Arizona state flag. Another bears a bald-eagle inlay. Still another boasts the brilliant pink petals of a thistle. All of them — every single pair — are the brainchildren of Paul Bond.

At 94, Bond might not be what you'd expect. He plays golf at least once a week and travels, on occasion, to Lake Mon-

tezuma for a tournament or two. He is perfectly pressed. He wears a cowboy hat the way a gentleman wears a cowboy hat, and he tips it just a smidge when he greets a lady.

Slight but strong, he visits the shop every day, overseeing the 12 employees who lovingly refer to him as "Mr. B." He's been making boots for 77 years, and he likes to wear his with his pants tucked in — because that's how real cowboys wear cowboy boots.

"I started making boots for someone else when I was in high school," Bond says. "And I've been doing it ever since."

For almost 60 of those 77 years, Bond has been in Nogales, the town known for its proximity to the Mexican border and named in Spanish for the walnut trees that once grew in abundance there. For a stretch, the business was on the Mexican side of the border, but in 1979, Bond moved it to its current location — a massive, barn-like structure that sits just off Mariposa Boulevard on the Arizona side.

Although he moved to Nogales from Carlsbad, New Mexico, for the ease of finding skilled, dedicated workers, he stayed for the sky and the breeze and the sunshine.

"I came to this little, out-of-the-way place because the freeway was coming through and the business boomed when that happened," he says. "But the climate is absolutely the best there is."

BOOT SHOPS ARE LIKE ice cream shops, at least that's the way Bond sees them. People walk in happy and walk out even happier. Roughly 2,000 pairs of Paul Bond Boots leave the shop every year. That's 2,000 flavors and then some — custom-made and handcrafted for regular Joes and celebrities alike.

In fact, there's been an endless string of cowboys, country-music crooners and movie stars who've come to Bond for boots over the years. Think Gene Autry, Baxter Black, Bart Skelton. Perhaps it's the cowboys to whom Bond best relates. As a teenager, he lived and worked on a ranch, breaking-in cavalry horses. Later, he became a champion bareback and trick rider in rodeos around the Southwest.

"Gee whiz, I liked to show off and I figured I could ride pretty good, so I went off

to the rodeo," he says. "I made it all right for a while, but it's a rather short career as life goes. I still get on a horse pretty regularly these days — a nice, gentle horse. I can play the part of a cowboy."

Clint Eastwood has a pair of Paul Bond boots, and so did Paul Newman — not to mention Frank Sinatra and Steve McQueen. Aerosmith's Joe Perry and alt-country musician Dwight Yoakam have rocked a few pairs. Rodeo clown Wes Curtis' chimpanzee owned a pair of Paul Bond boots, and judging from Bond's laugh, you get the feeling that measuring those ape feet was an experience he hadn't thought of in a while.

More impressive than his knack for simian sizing, however, is Bond's ability to remember the boot sizes of so many of his clients. Take, for example, the Duke.

"John Wayne had a pretty good sized foot," Bond remembers. "An 11E. He used to come down here quite a bit because he had some property nearby, and he and his wife had a lot of friends in the area. He'd always leave with a bunch of boots on order." Johnny Cash was a half-size bigger.

It takes a lot of leather to make all those boots, and Bond and his wife, Margaret, take great pride in selecting it. They travel to market in Boston to meet with tanners from across the globe — from France to Australia and beyond.

"Margaret has done a lot of designing, and when we go to market, she's great with color and texture," Bond says. "Women see things differently. They have a very critical eye." Ultimately, Margaret's eye and Mr. B's craftsmanship don't just create boots, they create art — wearable, enviable, individual works of art.

When they're not researching leather or spending time in the shop, Paul and Margaret Bond are on the road, traveling between Nogales and their second home in Carlsbad.

"I enjoy making boots just about as much as anything else, but we love to drive," Bond says. "We always drive the same roads, but, each time, there's something interesting on them. No matter what, though, I'm always so glad to get back home. That's the best part of the journey."

Paul Bond Boots is located at 915 W. Paul Bond Drive in Nogales. For more information, call 520-281-0512 or visit www.paulbondboots.com.

P R A T T ' S

Q & A



Judge Lynn Toler Television Judge, Divorce Court

What are your favorite places in Arizona? Mesa and Sedona. Mesa because I love the weather and how you can drive two-and-a-half hours and be in the snow. I love Sedona because there's something for everyone.

Where do you like to eat after a long trial? We always have a ball when we go to Sushi Kee and Café Boa Bistro in Mesa. They're wonderful.

What are you doing when you're not settling marital disputes? Mom stuff. I've got a kid on the track team. I go to grocery stores a lot because I never do it right the first time.

What's your favorite Arizona season? Fall — just as it's starting to cool off in September. I sit outside in shorts and sandals, and I call all of my family in Ohio to brag about the weather.

If you were going to take Judge Judy out on the town, where would you go? I'd take her to Wrights at the Arizona Biltmore. I always have a good time there. I love the architecture.

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



PAUL MARKOW

every week sees guests coming back for their second, third or 10th visit. Many visitors even book their next stay before checking out. Now that they've discovered a home away from home, they hang on tight.

Annabel Inn is a small three-bedroom house that seems larger because the lush front patio becomes an extension of the quarters. Umbrella-covered tables line the deck, which is bordered by containers bursting with Annabel's herbs and edible flowers. Almond and pecan trees provide fresh nuts and afternoon shade. The yard is swaddled in greenery with reading chairs strategically placed near a cheerful fountain.

Guests awaken to bed-emptying aromas emanating from the kitchen. Annabel applies her gourmet cooking skills, French heritage and environmental awareness to create culinary works of art that are both deliciously indulgent and healthy. What she doesn't grow, she purchases locally. She also creates many of the things you'll see on the table, like lavender honey and herb butter.

After countless requests for recipes, Annabel finally put together a slender cookbook titled, *One Dozen Little French Breakfasts and the Little Stories That Came With Them*. Included are favorites such as stuffed french toast and a ratatouille omelet.

While Annabel cooks, guests flow in and out of the kitchen, pouring coffee, fetching juice from the fridge or carrying recyclables out to the porch. Not many inns allow such a complete run of the house, but at this B&B it seems natural. Everybody wants to watch Annabel work, or hear more of her stories, for which there's a lot of material.

Among other things, Annabel is toiling on a couple of novels, she travels internationally, she skydives, she takes horseback and motorcycle rides, and she still finds time to organize events in the Old Town galleries and restaurants that are just outside her door. Oh, and by the way, she manages this hectic lifestyle from a wheelchair. Annabel has been paralyzed from the waist down since an auto accident in 1988, when she was 17.

The Annabel Inn draws a mix of international visitors, eco-friendly travelers, chowhounds, bikers, girlfriends on getaways, wine connoisseurs, birders and adventurers. But they share a common trait. They like to stay at a place that feels like home.

Annabel Inn is located at 611 N. Seventh Street in Cottonwood. For more information, call 928-649-3038 or visit www.theannabelinn.com.

Feels Like Home

Guests often refer to the Annabel Inn in Old Town Cottonwood as "home away from home." It's certainly cozy like home, but not many homes come with gourmet French cooking that's deliciously indulgent and healthy, too.

By ROGER NAYLOR

VIRTUALLY ALL B&BS STRIVE to create a sense of hominess. Some succeed, but none make it seem as effortless as Annabel Sclipa, a charming, vivacious woman with a smile so radiant it makes the Cheshire cat look like a pallbearer.

"Feels like home" is the refrain echoed over and over by those who have stayed at the Annabel Inn in Cottonwood, a cozy European-style cottage tucked away in Old Town. Inn guestbooks are stuffed with photos and bubble with sentiment and memories. It's like thumbing through a beloved family album. Open only 3 years,

Subliminal Messages

When shooting architecture, the best shot isn't always obvious, but with a little maneuvering and a few compositional tweaks, a seemingly lackluster scene can turn into a photographer's favorite photograph.

By JEFF KIDA, photo editor

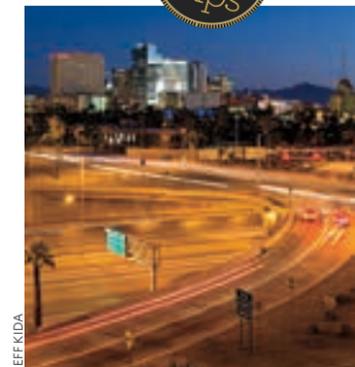


Tombstone Courthouse State Historic Park
PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MAACK

RICHARD MAACK HAD TO solve a few problems before capturing this image of the gallows at the Tombstone courthouse. Working within the limited space of a walled courtyard and dealing with an uninspiring sky were two of the obstacles he overcame in creating this image, which is one of his favorites. "I use this image as an example in photo workshops, not only because of the physical difficulty of the shot, but because it illustrates many visual and compositional techniques that I hold dear," Maack says. "Shadows create drama. Diagonals create motion. The eye will follow a diagonal. Framing devices help contain the eye, and the eye goes to the brightest part of the scene. As photographers, these are some of the tools we can use to subliminally direct the viewers while creating an image that's not only interesting, but also enjoyable to look at. The net result is a photograph that takes the eyes on a little joyride, but always brings them back to the scene."

PERFECT TIMING

For people who like to shoot images of cityscapes, the most important factor is timing. Your best results will often happen 20 to 30 minutes before sunrise or after sunset. During that time period, there's a brief window



when faint daylight balances with the electrical grid. At sunset, try shooting just as the sun goes down, and then make a new exposure every couple of minutes thereafter. Check your camera's LCD to get an overall feel for your composition, and be sure to check the histogram for proper exposure.



ADDITIONAL READING: Look for our book, *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."



NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY CLINE LIBRARY

Neither Hyde nor Hair

There are many mysteries associated with the Grand Canyon, including how it was formed. One of the modern mysteries is the disappearance of Glen and Bessie Hyde, an adventurous couple who vanished while running the river on their honeymoon in 1928.

By SALLY BENFORD

ON NOVEMBER 16, 1928, Emery Kolb opened the door of his photography studio, which sat — and still sits — on the literal edge of the Grand Canyon's South Rim, and met a young couple who had just hiked up the Bright Angel Trail from the Colorado River. Glen and Bessie Hyde were on their honeymoon, and they'd sought out the most famous river runner in the country to discuss their current adventure.

The Hydes talked about how they'd spent the past 26 days running the Colorado River in their homemade scow from Green River,

Utah, to the area near Phantom Ranch. Impressed, Kolb spent the day with the couple, having lunch, showing them around the South Rim and photographing them. Glen and Bessie discussed the few problems they'd had on the first part of their trip, and how they intended to follow the river all the way to Needles, California, making Bessie the first woman to raft the entire length of the Canyon. They expected to seek their fortune by writing a book based on Bessie's journal notes and photographs, and by discussing their Grand Canyon experience on the lecture circuit.

On November 17, after their time with Emery Kolb, the couple left the South Rim and spent the next two days visiting Phantom Ranch and negotiating Horn Creek Rapid. On November 18, they stopped at Hermit Camp for lunch, after which they hiked a mile back to the river and cast off toward Hermit Rapid at Mile 95. It was the last time they'd ever be seen.

By December 12, when the couple hadn't reached their takeout point at Needles, Glen's father, R.C.

Hyde, gathered a search party that included Emery and Ellsworth Kolb. On Christmas Day, the Hydes' scow, which was filled with their supplies and Bessie's journal, camera and rolls of film, was found floating in an eddy on the river just above Mile 237. The final entry in Bessie's journal read: "November 30, Ran 16 rapids today."

Although it's presumed that the Hydes died along the river, their disappearance remains a mystery.

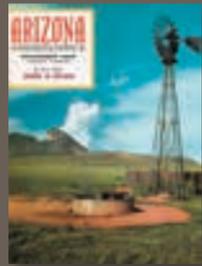
This month in history

■ In November 1850, U.S. Army Captain Sam Heintzelman established Fort Yuma to protect immigrants trying to cross the Colorado River.

■ On November 10, 1899, paleontologist Lester Frank Ward began a thorough study of a petrified forest north of Holbrook. Ward recommended that efforts be made to preserve the region from destructive influences.

■ Percival Lowell, founder of Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, died from complications of a stroke on November 12, 1916. He was buried on Mars Hill at the observatory.

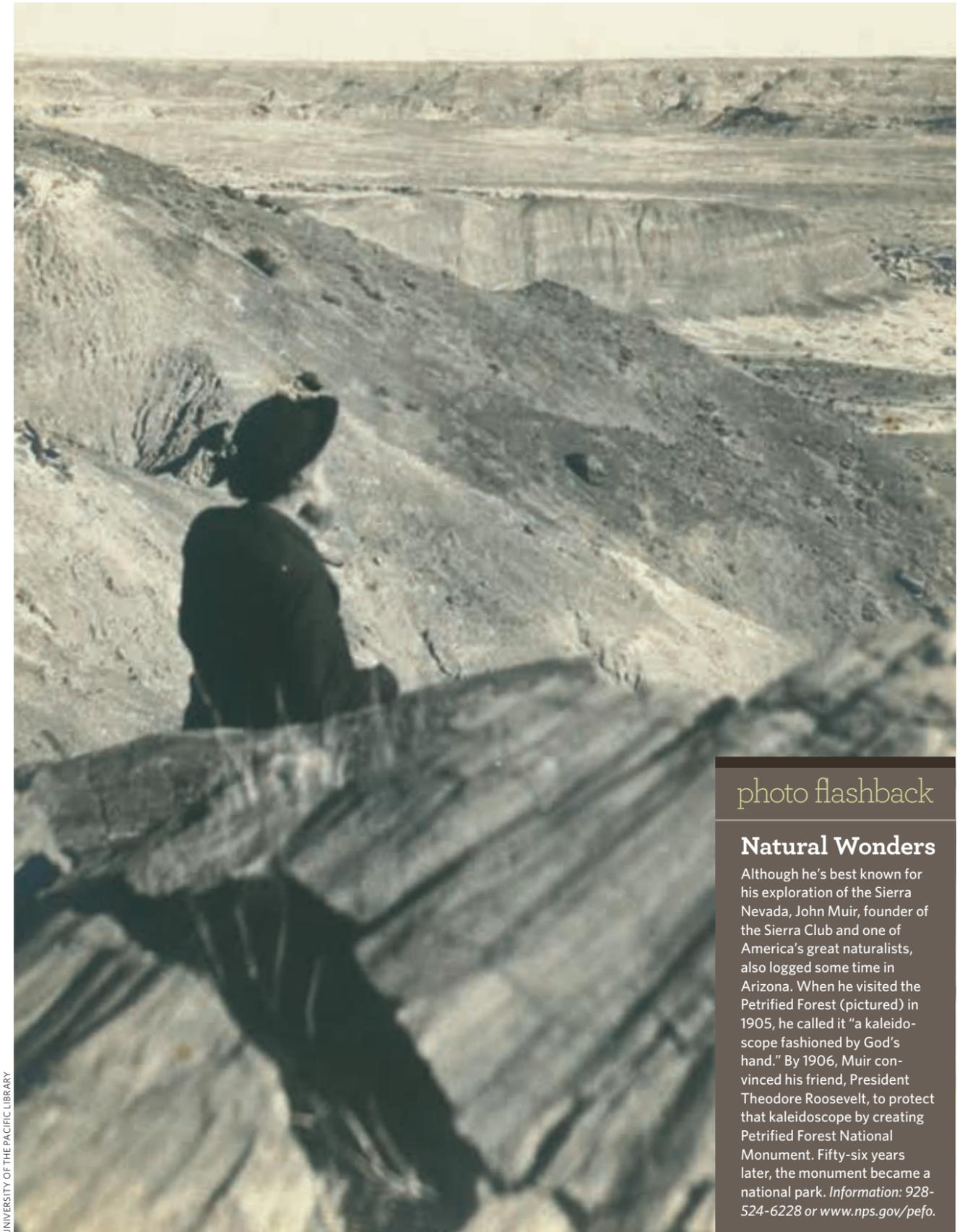
To learn more about the mystery, read *Sunk Without a Sound: The Tragic Colorado River Honeymoon of Glen and Bessie Hyde* by Brad Dimock.



50 years ago

IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Cattle left a mark on our November 1960 issue. At the time, almost 13,000 different brands were used to distinguish cattle ownership among the registered ranchers in the state. The issue also included stories about copper, Arizona's not-so-hidden treasure, and a mining bonanza that took place on the state's desert land.



UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC LIBRARY

photo flashback

Natural Wonders

Although he's best known for his exploration of the Sierra Nevada, John Muir, founder of the Sierra Club and one of America's great naturalists, also logged some time in Arizona. When he visited the Petrified Forest (pictured) in 1905, he called it "a kaleidoscope fashioned by God's hand." By 1906, Muir convinced his friend, President Theodore Roosevelt, to protect that kaleidoscope by creating Petrified Forest National Monument. Fifty-six years later, the monument became a national park. *Information: 928-524-6228 or www.nps.gov/pefo.*



PAUL MARKOW

The Second Course

Although Casa Antigua has moved to a new location, it remains a place where hungry patrons can enjoy delicious Mexican food at equally palatable prices.

By LEAH DURAN

FOUR YEARS AGO, CASA ANTIGUA opened its doors in a two-story building that once served as a saloon and bordello, and later as the Montezuma Inn. The restaurant, of course, wasn't anything like a cathouse, but it was just as popular, and quickly became known as a place where hungry patrons could enjoy delicious Mexican food at great prices. Although the restaurant recently moved to new digs — a hideaway storefront at the east end of the Bashas' shopping center — the allure remains the same.

It all begins with owner Jose Rivas and his wife, Floridalma. They're hands-on hosts. In fact, don't be surprised if Jose personally mixes you a margarita and serves you dinner. "You don't enjoy just the food, but the atmosphere," he says. "It's a good feeling in here."

Rivas, who had never owned a business and has never set foot in Mexico, stumbled upon the restaurant's original location by chance while visiting a friend. Within a month, he bought the property, moved from Chicago and revamped the menu. He also changed the name. Casa Antigua, or "old house," commemorates the original restaurant's history while also honoring a city (Antigua) in Rivas' birthplace of Guatemala, a country he regards as his "old home."

As he did with the restaurant's name, Rivas put a lot of thought into his menu. "For every item we have, there are different tastes," Rivas says. "You can tell right away, and I think that's authentic Mexican food."

Start with the self-serve chips and salsa in an old-fashioned cart that trusts the customer to "take only what you need." The thick, golden crisps are fried on-site and pair per-

fectly with all three flavors of homemade salsa. Wash them down with "the coldest beer in Arizona" from a bottle wearing a necklace of thick frost.

Casa Antigua features daily specials like Taco Tuesday, when tacos cost \$1. Rivas labels himself as curious, which might explain the potato taco, an uncanny but satisfying mix of french fries, cheese, tomatoes and lettuce. Other house favorites include enchiladas and chimichangas. (Psst: If you ask nicely, you can get the latter filled with fish, even though it's not on the menu.)

Rivas prides himself not only on service, but also on freshly made dishes like the Seven Seas Soup. This legendary hangover cure includes a nutritious mix of scallops, octopus and calamari sure to please your palate and your wallet.

"My work is to make you happy," Rivas says. "I want to make sure that every customer who comes here is going to come back."

Casa Antigua is located at 422 Finnie Flat Road in Camp Verde. For more information, call 928-567-6300.

Eats Like a Bird The scaled quail has a diverse meal plan. In the fall and winter, it forages for seeds like many other birds, but in spring and summer, the chickenesque resident of the Chihuahuan Desert also feeds on a steady diet of ants, desert termites and beetles. By KELLY KRAMER

When it comes to fight or flight in the face of danger, the scaled quail will always choose flight, but not in the way you might imagine. Rather than taking wing away from its predators, this chickenesque resident of the Chihuahuan Desert prefers to use its sturdy legs and run.

It's an instinct that serves the quail well, particularly as it darts in and out of its preferred habitat — the dry grasslands of Southeastern Arizona, near the state's borders with Mexico and New Mexico. When searching for a place to roost, the scaled quail has three contradictory criteria: cover, concealment

and wide-open spaces. It's drawn to areas that contain plenty of mesquite, saltbush, yucca and skunkbush. It's also fond of native bunchgrasses, like switchgrass, tobosa and little bluestem.

The quail uses the cover for foraging and wintering, as well as a means of escape from hungry predators. It roosts on the ground and usually forages in the early morning and late evening, searching for thistle, snakeweed, mesquite, pigweed, flax and ragweed seeds. In spring and summer, the quail likes a steady diet of six-legged crawlers: ants, desert termites and beetles. It supplements that protein with plants, including Christmas cactus

and prickly pear fruit.

Even more impressive than its diverse meal plan is the quail's early aptitude. Within hours of hatching, baby quails are up and walking, following their parents. Hours later, they can forage for themselves, scoot away from predators and find their parents with calls of *paycos, paycos, paycos*. Within a month, the young quails are capable of flight.

As winter coveys form, family bonds are broken and the quails begin to seek out mates. Male members of the species produce a raspy mating call and effect a pretty posture, complete with erect yellow-brown feathers. Once a female answers the call, the pair ventures off to nest, usually beneath cactuses or dense brush. Breeding begins in early spring and continues through September, but the quail produces only one brood of five to 22 cream-colored, brown-speckled eggs per year.

nature factoid



BRUCE D. TAUBERT

Meet the Beetles

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out why long-horned beetles are called long-horned beetles. Known for their lengthy antennae, the beetles are common in Arizona — specifically the paloverde borer and cactus borer beetles, which burrow into their respective host plants. The paloverde borers, which measure up to 6 inches in length, feed on the roots of distressed trees and shrubs.

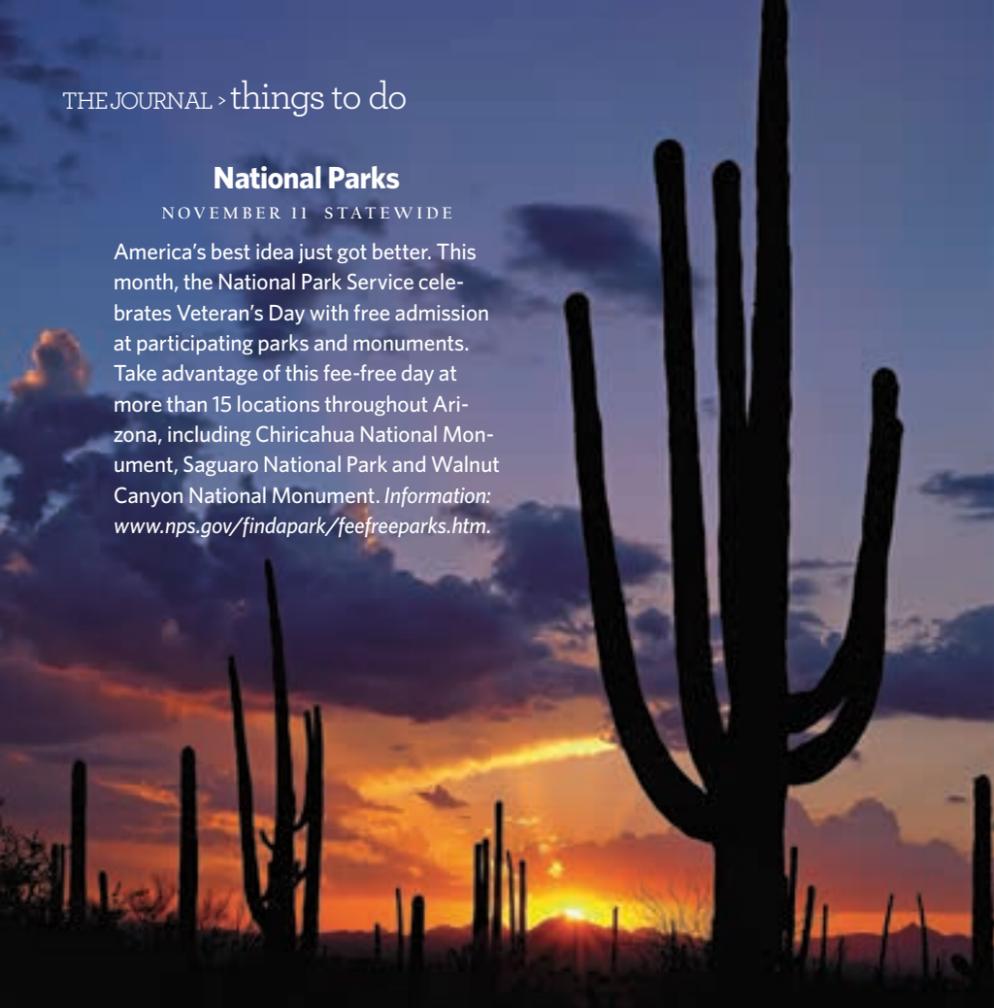
TOM VEZO



National Parks

NOVEMBER 11 STATEWIDE

America's best idea just got better. This month, the National Park Service celebrates Veteran's Day with free admission at participating parks and monuments. Take advantage of this fee-free day at more than 15 locations throughout Arizona, including Chiricahua National Monument, Saguaro National Park and Walnut Canyon National Monument. *Information:* www.nps.gov/findapark/feefreeparks.htm.



JACK DYKINGA

Fine Art & Wine

NOVEMBER 19-21 PHOENIX

Head to CityNorth for one of the best art fests in the country. This annual event boasts more than 165 artists offering 5,000 original works of art in various media, including sculptures, photography, etchings, paintings and drawings, batiks, enamels, jewelry and more. Sip fine wines as you peruse the artwork and listen to live music. *Information:* 480-837-5637 or www.thunderbirdartists.com.

Zootique

NOVEMBER 13 PHOENIX

This annual fundraiser sponsored by Phoenix Zoo Volunteers features unique holiday gifts, from pottery and jewelry to dolls, home decor, photography, wall art, holiday cards and more. Meet local artisans, purchase raffle tickets, find a good used book, or participate in the auction. *Information:* 602-273-1341 or www.phoenixzoo.org.



KAREN ZELLER



RANDY PRENTICE

Poetry Reading

NOVEMBER 7 TUCSON

Former U.S. Poet Laureate Billy Collins and other celebrity guests, including actress Patricia Clarkson, playwright Howard Altmann and political cartoonist David Fitzsimmons, will read their favorite poems at Centennial Hall in celebration of The University of Arizona Poetry Center's 50th anniversary. *Information:* 520-626-4310 or www.poetrycenter.arizona.edu.

Holiday Walking Tour

NOVEMBER 27-28 PATAGONIA

Dozens of unique artists open their galleries on the weekend following Thanksgiving for a walking tour and movable feast. Featured local artists include toy makers, potters, gourd artists, weavers, painters, watercolorists and quilters. Various local restaurants will also participate, and refreshments will be available. *Information:* 888-794-0030 or www.patagoniaaz.com.

Photo Workshop

GRAND CANYON

January at the Grand Canyon is a great time to capture the natural wonder at its finest. Cool crisp air provides crystalline light — the kind that photographers crave — and shorter daylight hours create a lower angle of the sun, meaning there are more hours of that sweet light. Join renowned photographer Peter Ensenberger for our Winterscapes workshop, which takes place January 15-17. *Information:* 888-790-7042 or www.friendsofhighways.com.



SUZANNE MATHIA

HELP US ... HELP OUR STATE PARKS!



Slide Rock State Park in Sedona. Photograph by Derek von Briesen

Like every other state in the country, Arizona is dealing with a budget crisis. As a state-owned publication, *Arizona Highways* has felt the impact, and so have our Arizona State Parks. In an effort to weather the storm, we're teaming up with our park colleagues to help ensure that Arizona, through the pages of our magazine and the state's 30 parks, remains open and accessible to residents and visitors alike.

For more information and park-specific promo codes, call 800-543-5432 or visit www.arizonahighways.com/stateparks.html

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN HELP:

For every \$24 subscription (1 year) to *Arizona Highways*, we'll donate \$5 to the Arizona State Parks Foundation!

It's easy, and it *will* make a difference.



**EL TOVAR LODGE,
SOUTH RIM, GRAND CANYON**

Part Swiss chalet and part Norwegian villa, the El Tovar Hotel has played an important role at the Grand Canyon since it opened in 1905. Constructed by the Santa Fe Railway to lure tourists to the Grand Canyon, the building is reminiscent of an Old World hunting lodge, with massive wood beams, stone fireplaces, mounted animal trophies and, of course, incredible views of the Canyon. The El Tovar celebrated its 100th anniversary with a \$5 million renovation, and it's one of only a handful of historic Harvey House facilities still in operation today.

1930



GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK MUSEUM COLLECTION



TOM BEAN

**A R I Z O N A
T H E N & N O W**

A PORTFOLIO EDITED BY
JEFF KIDA & SALLY BENFORD

When you've been around as long as we have – 85 years – you see a lot of changes. From the entrance station at the Grand Canyon to the train station in Douglas, things aren't what they used to be. In some cases, the differences are minimal, and in others, like Glen Canyon, they're monumental. Recently, we dug up some "then" shots, shook our heads in wonder, and thought you might like to see them, too, especially as they compare to the "now."

EL PASO & SOUTHWESTERN RAILROAD DEPOT, DOUGLAS

1910

The El Paso & Southwestern Railroad Depot in Douglas illustrates early 1900s railway building architecture. Named for mining pioneer James Douglas, the town was established in 1901 as a smelter site for the Bisbee copper mines. Now used as the Douglas police station, the former depot is just one of this Southern Arizona town's 400 buildings that are listed on the National Register of Historic Places.



NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY CLINE LIBRARY

ARIZONA STATE LIBRARY



1942

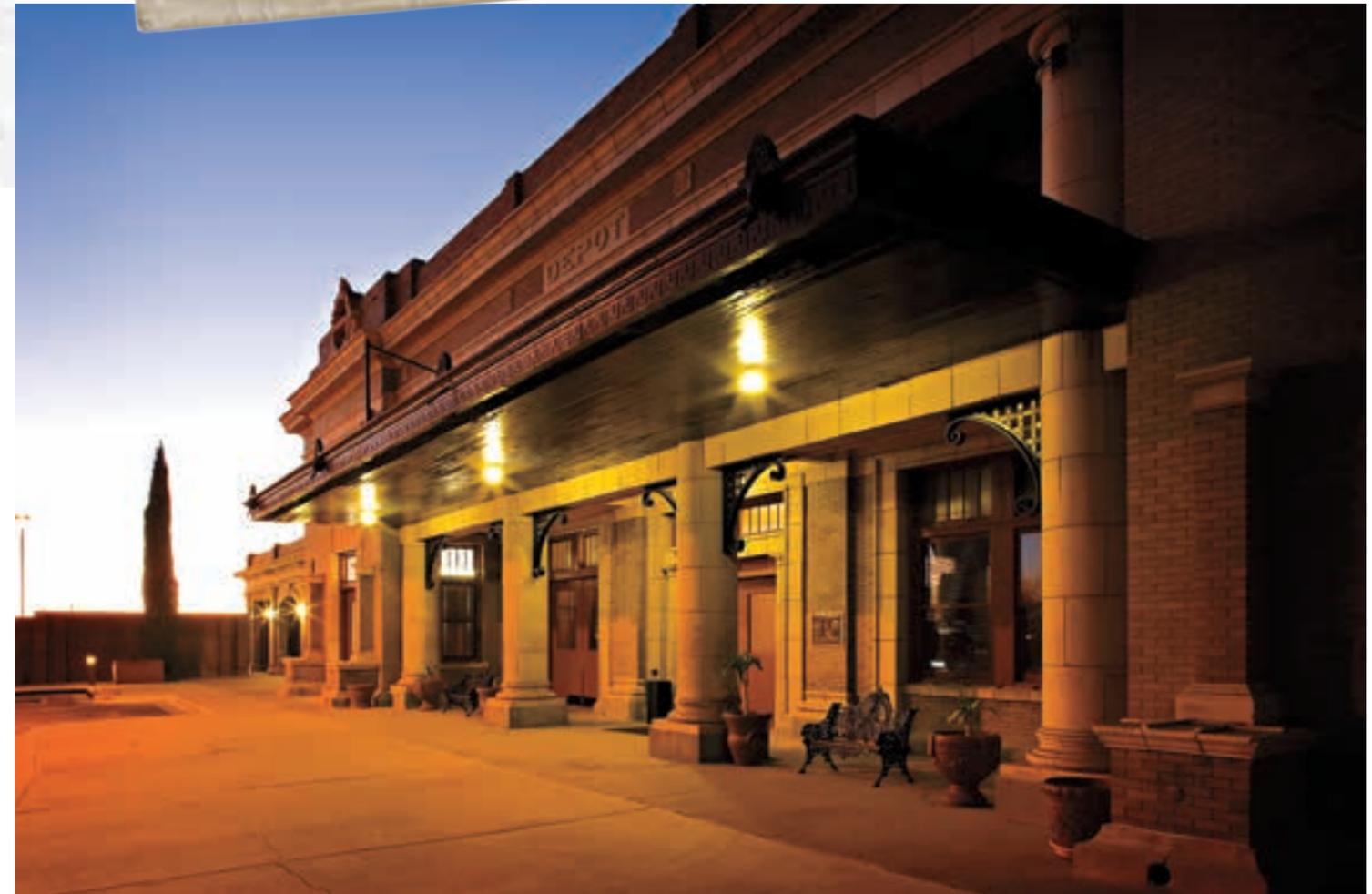
SNOWBOWL, FLAGSTAFF

Although a couple of Norwegian brothers introduced snow-skiing to Flagstaff in 1915, the sport's popularity really caught on with the establishment of the Arizona Snowbowl in the 1930s. Workers with the Civilian Conservation Corps constructed roads, ski runs and lifts within the San Francisco Peaks, and in 1941, a lodge opened. The original lodge burned down in 1952, but that's not the only change. Along with Snowbowl's modern amenities, you'll find both skiers and snowboarders plowing down the popular ski area's powdery slopes.



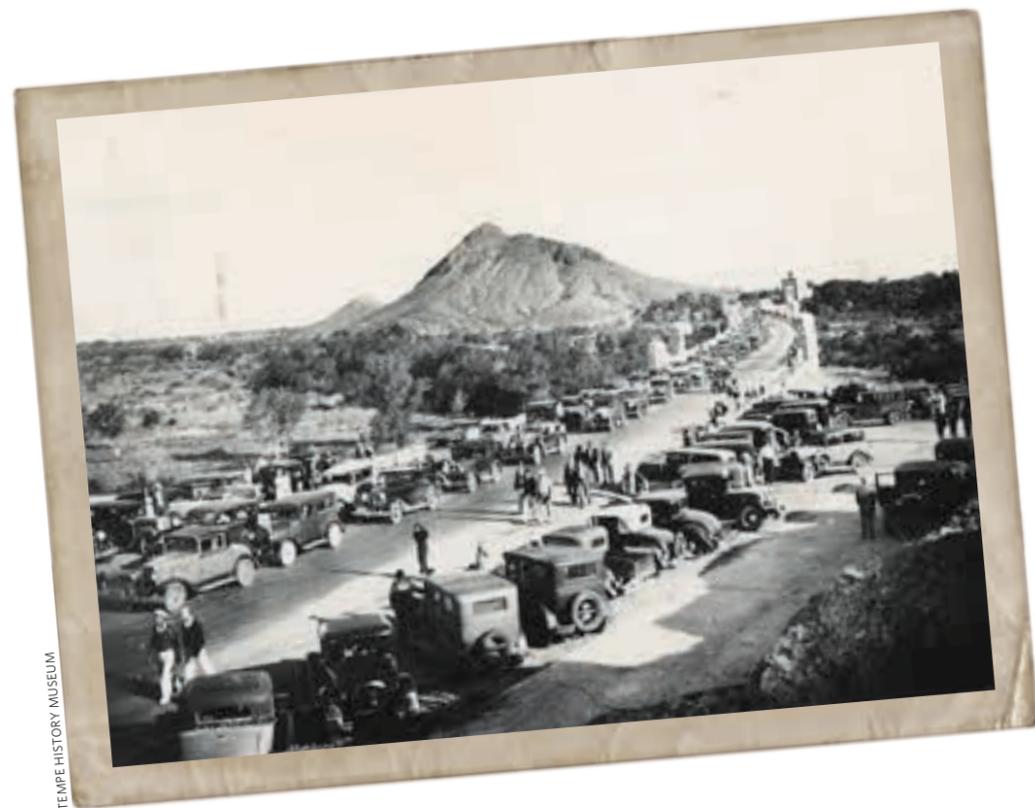
TOM BROWNOLD

RICHARD MAACK





CRAIG SMITH

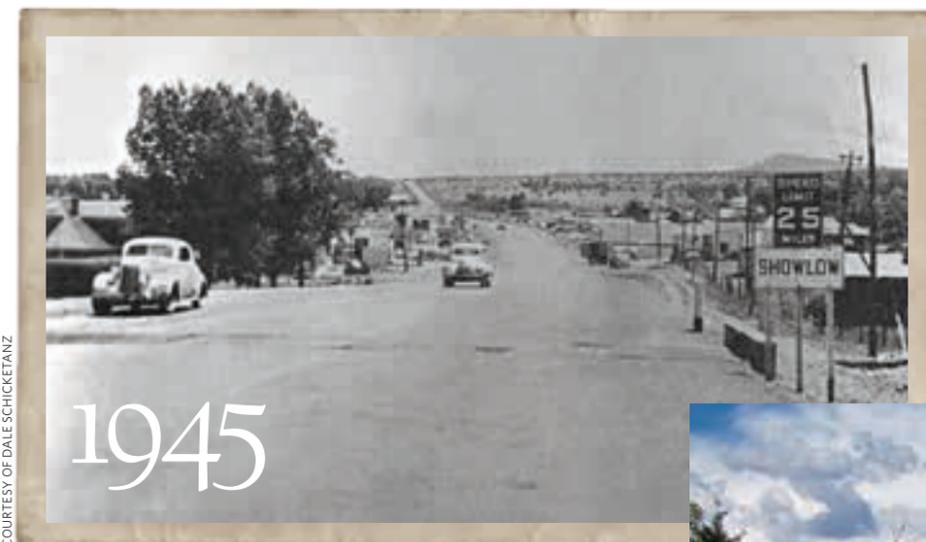


MILL AVENUE BRIDGE, TEMPE

When Tempe's Mill Avenue Bridge was dedicated on May 1, 1933, Valley residents turned out in droves to celebrate the reliable automobile bridge over the Salt River, which replaced a smaller wagon bridge on nearby Ash Avenue. Throughout the years, when floodwaters swelled the Salt River, wreaking traffic havoc, the 1933 Mill Avenue Bridge provided the most dependable means to cross the river. Today, the bridge spans Tempe Town Lake, a popular spot for recreational activities and annual events.

1933

TEMPE HISTORY MUSEUM



COURTESY OF DALE SCHICKETANZ

SHOW LOW

Named for the turn of a card in a game of poker, the town of Show Low sits on the Mogollon Rim in Arizona's White Mountains, a popular destination for outdoor enthusiasts. For years, U.S. Route 60 has carried travelers to the area, and as the road enters town, it becomes Deuce of Clubs Boulevard, recalling the famous card.



DALE SCHICKETANZ



RICHARD MAACK

SAN FRANCISCO RIVER, CLIFTON

From its headwaters near Alpine, the San Francisco River winds its way through New Mexico and back into Eastern Arizona, where the Chiricahua Apache Indians once roamed. In the 1870s, a town sprang up along the river's banks and was named for the high red-rock cliffs that surround it. Cliff Town, now known as Clifton, is a starting point for the Coronado Trail Scenic Byway.

1880



ARIZONA STATE LIBRARY

THE N & NOW



1897

REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION FROM IMAGES OF AMERICA: FLAGSTAFF BY JAMES E. BABBITT AND JOHN G. DEGRAFF III

BABBITT BROTHERS BUILDING, FLAGSTAFF

The name Babbitt is practically synonymous with the city of Flagstaff. Since the late 1800s, the family has operated businesses and ranches in Northern Arizona, including successful retail operations. In 1889, they established the Babbitt Brothers Trading Co., and opened a retail mercantile at the corner of Aspen and San Francisco streets. Although it's had a few facelifts over the years — the most recent, a return to its original façade — the building is still a downtown Flagstaff landmark.



1990

TOM BEAN



2010

TOM BEAN

CURLEY SCHOOL, AJO

Once little more than a scattering of mining claims, in 1911, the land surrounding the small town of Ajo was on the verge of a major economic boom. Colonel John C. Greenway, along with Mike Curley, developed the New Cornelia Copper Mine, turning Ajo into a company town. The Curley School opened in 1919 to serve the miners' children, and today, it's the pride of the town. The former school stands as the centerpiece of preservation efforts that have transformed the abandoned Spanish Colonial building into a thriving artists' enclave.

1920



ARIZONA STATE LIBRARY



RICHARD MAACK



JEFF KIDA

**ARIZONA FALLS
ON THE ARIZONA CANAL,
PHOENIX**

In the late 1800s, the Arizona Falls along the Arizona Canal served as a local getaway for Phoenix residents to picnic and socialize. Nowadays, this concrete park, situated along Indian School Road between 56th and 58th streets, combines history, architecture and technology with public art. The structure houses a hydroelectric plant that doubles as a neighborhood gathering place where visitors can enjoy the cool and soothing sounds of flowing water in the middle of the desert.

1900



ARIZONA STATE LIBRARY

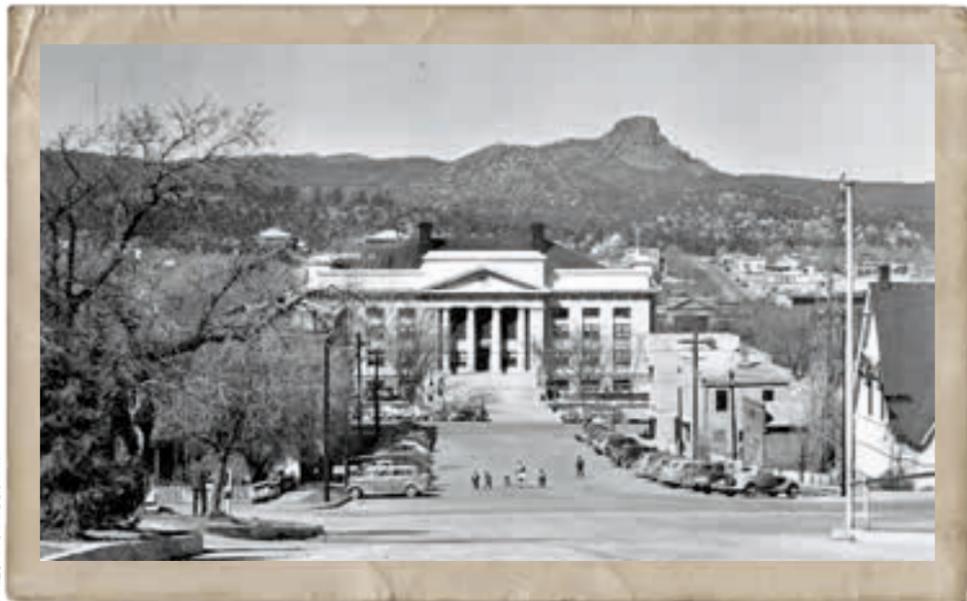


NICK BEREZINCO

YAVAPAI COUNTY COURTHOUSE, PRESCOTT

There's no mistaking the stately Classical Revival architecture of Yavapai County Courthouse in downtown Prescott, once the Territorial capital. Yavapai was one of the original four counties created by the first Territorial Legislature in 1864. In 1916, the granite courthouse was erected in the town plaza, and today it still anchors the town's vibrant and historic center. Prescott holds almost all community events — concerts, arts-and-crafts fairs, exhibits, antique shows and seasonal celebrations, including the popular Christmas Lighting Ceremony — at Courthouse Plaza, just as it has since its completion.

1940



ARIZONA STATE LIBRARY



CRAIG SMITH

CHAPEL OF THE HOLY CROSS, SEDONA

The dramatic red-rock landscapes of Sedona make a perfect backdrop for a simple chapel built on a hill. It was the dream of Marguerite Brunswig Staude, who, in 1932, first envisioned a cruciform-style cathedral in New York City or Europe as a place to find God through the arts. When she and her husband purchased a ranch near Sedona in the early 1940s, Staude revised her idea, picturing a chapel constructed among the region's stunning rock formations. Completed in 1956, Chapel of the Holy Cross remains one of Sedona's most revered landmarks.

1960



NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY CLINE LIBRARY

OCEAN-TO-OCEAN HIGHWAY, YUMA

Prior to May 1915, if you wanted to cross the lower Colorado River at Yuma, you had to take a ferry. The first vehicle bridge to span the lower Colorado, the 336-foot-long structure provided a safe and reliable means for vehicles to cross the river for the next 73 years, before it closed in 1988. In 2001, the bridge was renovated and, in 2003, it received an award from the Arizona Preservation Foundation. Since then, the structure has been added to the National Register of Historic Places.



ARIZONA STATE LIBRARY

1915

CRAIG SMITH



JEFF KIDA

WASHINGTON STREET AND CENTRAL AVENUE, PHOENIX

By 1940, Phoenix was home to a bustling downtown business district, as seen in this photograph of Washington Street and Central Avenue. In the decade following World War II, the population of Phoenix nearly doubled, resulting in the development of outlying suburbs. Over the next several decades, the Valley's population exploded, and suburban sprawl created growing problems with air quality and gridlock. Enter light rail. Today, Valley Metro trains run through the heart of downtown Phoenix, carrying passengers through the central corridor and beyond.

1940



ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

**SOUTH RIM ENTRANCE,
GRAND CANYON**

During the heyday of automobile travel, a stone monument near Williams and U.S. Route 66 beckoned tourists to visit Arizona's No. 1 attraction: The Grand Canyon. Possibly constructed by CCC workers in the 1930s, this sign pointed the way to the South Rim. The sign was taken down when Interstate 40 diverted traffic from Route 66, but visitors still flock to the national park through the South Rim Entrance Station at the end of State Route 64.

1940



ARIZONA STATE LIBRARY



TOM BEAN



CRAIG SMITH

**PIMA COUNTY
COURTHOUSE, TUCSON**

In its third incarnation, the Pima County Courthouse in Tucson offers a classic example of Spanish Colonial Revival architecture, which includes stucco, red-tiled roofs, arches opening onto a central courtyard and a dome covered with ceramic tile. Built in 1928, the courthouse occupies land that was once part of the old Tucson Presidio. Today, it functions as a county office building. Visitors can see both the courthouse and a reconstruction of the Presidio San Agustin del Tucson along the Presidio Trail, a historic downtown walking tour of the Old Pueblo. ■

1930



ARIZONA STATE LIBRARY

A photograph of the Mission San Xavier del Bac in Tucson, Arizona, captured at sunset. The building's white stucco walls and domes are illuminated by the warm, golden light of the setting sun, creating a dramatic contrast against the deep blue twilight sky. The architecture features intricate details, including a prominent bell tower with a cross on top and various decorative elements like scrolls and finials. A dashed white line runs horizontally across the middle of the image, separating the title from the main text.

IN REHAB

Arizona isn't exactly the center of the architectural universe. Most of what exists isn't very old or isn't very interesting. However, there are some amazing structures around the state, and many of them are being rehabilitated, including the iconic Mission San Xavier del Bac near Tucson and a scattering of old buildings in the warehouse district of Phoenix.

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK



“You have to think of the structure of San Xavier as a living organism. It needs to breathe.”



Real craftsmanship, they say, belongs to the past. Fine detailing by meticulous hands, especially in architecture, is a vanished art, rendered obsolete by mass production and modern builders' relentless scramble for profitability.

If you believe that, look closely at the flouncy garland accenting the lower west façade window of Mission San Xavier del Bac, Tucson's incomparable architectural treasure. A contemporary craftsman named Danny Morales sculpted this baroque eyebrow from a putty of lime and sand and cactus mucilage, using trowel and eye to re-create the ancient ornament, the original nagged into ruin by two centuries of rain and wind.

Real craftsmanship, in fact, is entirely alive and finding fresh ways to preserve Arizona's architectural heritage. Sometimes it's applied

toward preserving the splendor of the past, as in San Xavier. At its opposite pole, in Phoenix's tattered warehouse district, it's more the craft of imagination, with startling makeovers generating new lives for early 20th century buildings. In between lie many thorny challenges and quiet success stories. Arizona has a richer architectural heritage than many of its own residents realize.

“Most Arizonans have come from somewhere else, so their heritage is somewhere else,” says Jim Garrison, the state's historic preservation officer. “Preservation has been kind of a tag-along to environmental consciousness. We now think of preserving buildings as the greenest thing you can do. There's not as much impetus for preserving buildings for their cultural importance or beauty as there should be.”

There's also not as much official aid now as there used to be. Since

1990, the state's Heritage Fund had been handing out \$1.7 million a year in matching grants for preservation projects, but in 2010 that fund was diverted to state parks operations. When the economy is strapped, history has to compete with current needs, and history may not seem as compelling — until you take a close look at a place like San Xavier.

The mission, completed in 1797, has been assaulted by the elements and good intentions throughout its long life. An early preservation effort in 1898 sheathed the walls and roof in Portland cement. Eighty years later, the roof got a layer of modern acrylic sealant. As well-meaning as those efforts were, they were the wrong prescriptions. As the building warmed in the sun and cooled at night, the new skin and old fired-adobe brick underneath expanded and contracted at different rates, inviting cracks that admitted seeping water. In the 1990s, preservation architect Bob Vint discovered, to his alarm, live lichens inside the walls. Whenever a building has organic materials thriving within it, that means they're eating it.

The fix turned out to be an ancient formula: a covering mortar of lime, sand and prickly pear cactus juice. It was probably devised by the Moors, and then transplanted to Mexico in the 17th or 18th century. The juice — more precisely, mucilage — is extracted from the cactus by boiling. It's elastic, which allows the mortar to flex.

“You have to think of the structure of San Xavier as a living organism,” Vint says. “It needs to breathe.”

Vint has been overseeing the restoration for 20 years, substantially longer than the 14 years the original construction took. It isn't finished yet. A team of meticulous Italian art restorers spent 5 years repairing and cleaning the dazzling cavalcade of statuary, paintings

PRECEDING PANEL: Work to repair, restore and preserve historic Mission San Xavier del Bac has been ongoing for 20 years.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MAACK

LEFT: Scaffolding filled San Xavier during a major interior preservation effort in the 1990s.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DON B. STEVENSON

ABOVE: An art conservator undertakes the painstaking task of removing the scars of time from a painting inside San Xavier. Through much of the 1990s, conservators worked to return the mission's art to its original splendor.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DON B. STEVENSON

and architectural ornament. The west bell tower was finished in 2005 after another 5 years of work. Not everything is as it was in 1797 — the emphasis is on practical, not purist, preservation. The pointy finials were originally brick, then concrete, and now fiberglass replicas, though you can't tell unless you rap them with a knuckle. “We were worried about concrete falling in an earthquake,” Vint explains. Inside, in unfrequented places like the tower stairwells, 19th century graffiti endures. The idea, increasingly accepted in preservation circles today, is that a building forms a narrative of the culture that uses it. If that use includes abuse, well, it's part of the story.

Vint grew up in Tucson in the 1960s, an era when the city furiously bulldozed its heritage so it could begin acting like a modern American city with freeways and shopping malls. He says that's part of the reason he became an architect, stayed in his hometown and specialized in preservation. He's brought abandoned adobe and brick houses back from the dead, designed a respectful addition for Linda Ronstadt's 1928 Tucson house, and renovated parts of the 1941 train depot into a restaurant. The east bell tower of San Xavier, now looking forlorn next to its resplendent sister, is praying for a financial angel, and when restoration funds appear, Vint will oversee that project, too.

About the danger of fatigue from the mission's endless demands, Vint says: “Oh, no. It's meaningful work — what we all hope for in life.”



ABOVE: Residents of Florence are working diligently to raise the estimated \$5 million required to renovate the second Pinal County Courthouse. PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF KIDA

OPPOSITE PAGE: Once the Brunenkant Bakery, this stand-alone building now serves as the visitors center for the city of Florence. PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF KIDA

San Xavier is Arizona's highest-profile preservation project, but one of the increasing pleasures of prowling the state is stumbling across fine old buildings doing new work — in unlikely places. Prescott's lovely Victorian core is rightly celebrated, but check out Ajo, a retired mining town 120 miles west of Tucson. Its downtown is an architectural delight designed along the principles of the City Beautiful movement: a central plaza framed by a Spanish Colonial arcade, with spoke-like streets radiating into the neighborhoods. Curley School, the 1919 high school, was transformed into 30 live-work artists' apartments, and in 2008 the project won the Governor's Heritage Preservation grand prize (see related story, *Then & Now*, page 18).

"It was really an economic development effort," says Tracy Taft, execu-

tive director of the International Sonoran Desert Alliance, which purchased the school and drove the \$9.6 million renovation. With mining gone, Ajo needed an infusion of working people, and, of course, artists readily respond to the allure of cheap rent. Curley School's former classrooms, now sunny apartments ranging from 720 to 1,500 square feet, go for \$375 to \$650 a month. Taft says the school is full.

Aside from replacing the decayed roof and windows, the Alliance rightly left the building's exterior alone. It's the Spanish Colonial Revival in full cry, with a guardian owl perched over a second-story portal and a dome swirling with scrolls and urns and decorative fandangos. As with many of Arizona's early 20th century public buildings, it was a way of investing the fledgling frontier state with the veneer of sophistication — and the imagined romance of the Spanish Colonial life that had passed through a century or two earlier.

Another surprising small town stuffed with historic buildings is Florence, far off to the side of the arterial freeway linking Phoenix and Tucson and, until recently, bypassed by the mainstream economy. As preservationists know, this is typically a quiet blessing for a town's architectural heritage: Developers and bulldozers aren't lined up, itching to knock things down and replace them with big, bland and profitable modern buildings.

Slowly but determinedly for 30 years, Florence has been plugging away at rehabbing ruins and stripping mid-20th century remuddlings off its 19th century downtown buildings, and now has some successes to show off. The 1885 Clarke House, an intriguing architectural mongrel that grafted Victorian details onto a Sonoran adobe, had huddled in ruin for decades. Now it serves as the local newspaper's office. The Brunenkant Bakery, a skinny brick box with a wistful echo of the Italian Renaissance in its decorative lintels, now houses the town's visitors center. Compared to the exuberant 19th century architecture of Boston or New Orleans, the details of these buildings seem modest indeed. But you can read an entire culture's history in them — the story of a small desert town's determined efforts to dress for success.

Florence has one building that's more than aspirational, an example of architectural dazzle that would have been right at home in the New England of 1890 — and it's in trouble. The Second Pinal County Courthouse, a wonderful pile of Victorian extravagance built in 1891,

was vacated in 2005, and Pinal County is looking for an estimated \$5 million for a renovation. The decades haven't treated it kindly. There are holes in the plaster; the once-elegant wainscoting is gouged and stained; too many coats of paint blunt the woodwork. An unused building deteriorates rapidly, and Florence hasn't figured out a new use for this one yet.

Overlooking the state's preservation efforts from his Phoenix office, Garrison sees many successes despite difficult times. "We often say poverty is one of the better forces for preservation," he says, and explains how a school district equalization law has led to several excellent adaptations for old school buildings. The rule demanded that all buildings within a district meet equal standards, and the cost of renovating some old buildings prompted districts to close them — which spurred recycling efforts. Florence's 1916 high school became the school district's new headquarters. Casa Grande transformed its high school into a proud-looking city hall, and Phoenix Union High School became the Phoenix branch of the University of Arizona's College of Medicine.

Most of these renovations incorporate some new construction, and there's a sharp and obvious distinction between old and new. Preservationists consider it dishonest to try to hide a renovation by dressing additions in historic style. The best of all worlds is to preserve the spirit of the original while boldly expressing its new function.

Other success stories are, of all things, urban warehouses. It's a surprise because Arizona, never a heavy-industry state, doesn't have a great archive of 19th century industrial buildings. But one of the wonders of preservation is in taking a type of building that has gone unnoticed and neglected, and turning it into something spectacularly useful and interesting.

Michael Levine is doing this, again and again. He arrived in Phoenix a couple of decades back with a wildly scattered résumé in design and contracting and welding, and a craving to create large-scale metal sculpture. He chose Arizona because he discovered that the two cities with the largest budgets for public sculpture were Phoenix and Seattle, and "in Phoenix the art doesn't rust."

In 1991 Levine bought the first in a string of dilapidated warehouses south of the tracks and downtown Phoenix — "bulldozer bait," he calls them. Where other developers envisioned parking lots for U.S. Airways Center and Chase Field, Levine saw a cultural heritage that begged to be saved. He bought one industrial building after another, peeled off paint and resealed wood, converting them to surprising new uses — one became a high-end art gallery — and manically dug into their histories as he proceeded.

"The only philosophy was to be true to the building and the builders, and to find out what the occupants were doing with the building, and try to do something that honored them," he says.

That doesn't mean returning the building to anything like its original use or architectural form. Essentially, Levine and his partner, Angela Paladino, hollowed out the shells, reinforced structures where necessary, and crafted new spaces to accommodate 21st century activities. And honored the ghosts. About cleaning up the Karlson Machine Works building, which eventually won the Governor's Heritage Preservation grand prize in

2007, Levine says, "We found all these beautifully machined aluminum parts, pins and gears and hubs, just leftover pieces. So I made the windows raw, nonanodized aluminum as my ode to Mr. Karlson." The building now accommodates an artists' co-op, a wedding paraphernalia supplier and events. Levine isn't picky about new uses. "I save the buildings, first and foremost," he says. "Build it and they will come."

In Tucson, architect Rob Paulus has been not only repurposing buildings, but also, with remarkable imagination, their pieces. When he converted the 1923 Arizona Ice and Cold Storage Co. into condos, the old refrigeration piping became the pool fence. Five lineal miles of wooden boxcar siding enclosed the courtyard. Refrigeration machinery has been left on display as industrial sculpture. Completed in 2005, the project sold out almost before it was finished. Paulus thinks one word explains that success: "authenticity."

More than anything else, that's the point of historic preservation and reuse. Civilization is messy, inconsistent, forever in the throes of change and adaptation. Our buildings rightly reflect that. The only tragedy is throwing them away. ■





O CANYONEERS!

Willa Cather is regarded as one of the great American novelists of the 20th century. Her talent was innate, but it was an extended stay at Walnut Canyon that allowed the Nebraska native to discover herself as both a writer and a person. The natural beauty of the canyon had an effect, but it was a spiritual connection to the ancient people who lived there that changed her the most.

by Jane Barnes

"MY DEAR WILLA," wrote author Sarah Orne Jewett in December 1908. "I cannot help saying what I think about your writing and its being hindered by such incessant, important, responsible work as you have in your hands now. ... When one's first working power has spent itself, nothing brings it back just the same, and I do wish in my heart that the force of this very year could have gone into three or four stories."

Jewett, an author from New England, touched a nerve in the writer from Nebraska. Willa Cather was 34, living in New York City. Though she had published a book of poetry and a handful of stories, her demanding editorial job at *McClure's* magazine left her little time for her own work. She knew her fiction was not improving.

The fact that the distinguished older writer, then nearly 70, took the time to tell her so gave Cather a motive to change. In her long response, Cather wrote that Jewett's reproof made her "willing to begin all over again and try to be good," the way whippings had when she was a child. Slowly, over the next 4 years, Cather laid the groundwork for her withdrawal from magazine editing.

She began by pushing herself to complete a novel in the midst of her duties at *McClure's*. In 1911, *Alexander's Bridge* (set in London and New York) was published as a three-part serial in the magazine and then as a book. On the basis of this accomplishment, she went on extended leave, first to rest and write in upstate New York, and then to vacation

with her younger brother, Douglass, who was working for the railroad in Winslow, Arizona.

Initially Cather found Winslow ugly and complained about her brother's roommates.

The stunning backdrops and vanished civilization of Walnut Canyon inspired writer Willa Cather during a 1912 trip to Arizona.
PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM BEAN

But as things began to happen, she shed her defenses and became astonishingly open to this new world. Though she never took notes, the vivid impressions of the next few months provided her with enough material for several novels.

Accident shaped her itinerary in Arizona, taking her to the Grand Canyon, the Painted Desert and to the missions. Her travels culminated at Walnut Canyon (now a national monument), where she signed in as “Miss Cather” on the visitors’ register on May 23, 1912.

The canyon is striking for its depth and elevation. Its life began millions of years ago when a small stream first started to flow through the rock. The water took millions of years to carve out the first 200 feet of the Kaibab limestone at the top of the canyon. It took millions more years to cut through the layer of Coconino sandstone with its taffy swirls and cross-bedded striations that form the lower walls. Gradually, wind, rain and snow worked on the bands of vulnerable sandstone and carved out a continuous line of caves suitable for human life.

Around A.D. 600, Puebloan Indians began to live on the top of the canyon. Some 500 years later, possibly to extend their own farmlands, possibly for defense, they moved down into the cliffs’ caves. And then, after only another 200 years, they vanished. The surviving pieces of their pottery indicate a high level of art in their everyday objects, as well as a developed ceremonial relation to life and death.

Amid the ancient dwellings, Cather knew she had “got to a place where she was out of the stream of meaningless activity and undirected effort,” as she later wrote.

In 1912, a ranger’s cabin stood a couple of miles west of the current visitors center. To reach it, visitors rode the train from Cliffs, and scrambled over fallen rocks to gain access to more dwellings than today’s visitors see. For Cather, the tumbled rocks added to the purity of the experience — the sense of being the first person to come into communion with the vanished civilization, of being its direct modern heir.

And she was more modern than she liked. In spite of her forceful pursuit of an education and a career at a time when it was unusual for a woman, there was much she found confusing, even frightening in herself. In her novels and public statements, Cather gives the impression of a stately monumentality — as if the irreducible forms of cubism came to her effortlessly. Without her letters (from which her will prohibits extensive quotation), we would not know how much turmoil, anxiety and self-doubt she had to control.

In her reply to Jewett’s gentle challenge, for instance, Cather wrote that magazine work made her feel “dispossessed and bereft” of herself. Unfortunately, she was good at it. She was better at learning what was needed at the office than she was at learning how to develop her own work. She was such a good executive that her boss, the charismatic S.S. McClure, told her to concentrate on that because she “would never amount to much as a writer.”

After Cather arranged the Southwestern trip, so that she could think about her work, she panicked in another way. In letters to her friend Elizabeth Sergeant, Cather wrote with apprehension about “the bigness of the West.” She swept Ari-

zona up into one great terrifying image of her home state of Nebraska and described how she had always been afraid of “being swallowed up by the distances.” She felt “paralyzed,” though she disparaged this in herself as completely unsuitable for “a person who wanted to write about the country.” By “country,” Cather meant America, but in her malaise, she failed to distinguish between the Midwest of her youth, where “the wind was a soporific,” where she had fears of “dying in a cornfield,” and the Southwest, which was still unknown to her.

As it turned out, it was the place where she became known to herself. At Walnut Canyon, Cather finally found her own center. She was surrounded by civilization, but free from its demands. She was alone in a great space, but the cliff dwellers had domesticated it so she did not feel overwhelmed. In *Song of the Lark*, a novel based directly on Cather’s experience in Arizona, the heroine, Thea, stays at a nearby ranch and visits the canyon by day. It’s not clear if Cather had a similar arrangement or camped in the park with her brother. Thea is a singer in the novel, but she reflects Cather’s own unfolding as an artist. “What I cared about, and still care about, was the girl’s escape,” Cather wrote in 1932. Both women found the fictional and the living means of their escapes — their transformations, really — in a room in the long horizontal groove of caves. “This was her old idea: a nest in a high cliff, full of sun.” Within this niche in the “everlasting” rock, out of time and perched above the world, these artists opened themselves to their gifts.

All her life she had been hurrying and sputtering, as if she had been born behind time and had been trying to catch up. Now, she reflected, it was as if she were waiting for something to catch up with her. Willa’s determined, often anxious, ideas of what “art” should be dissolved, allowing for a new spontaneous flow. As she let herself expand in the solitude and silence at Walnut Canyon, Cather’s powers bubbled up like a spring, fresh and full of delight.

Cather wrote this about her character, Thea, at Panther Cañon (the fictional name she used for Walnut Canyon): “Her power to think seemed converted into a power of sustained sensation. She could become a mere receptacle for heat, or become a color, like the bright lizards that darted about on the hot stones outside her door; or she could become a continuous repetition of sound, like the cicadas.”

Cather associated her own self-discovery with specific aspects of the Southwestern landscape: color, light and rock. Again and again, as her descriptions developed in her novels *Song of the Lark* and *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, these elements are associated with heightened



OPPOSITE PAGE: With her brother, Douglass, Willa Cather sits near an Ancestral Puebloan ruin in a Walnut Canyon alcove. PHOTOGRAPH FROM ARCHIVES AND SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA-LINCOLN LIBRARIES

ABOVE: Today, visitors can experience the ancient cliff dwellings along the Island Trail within Walnut Canyon National Monument. PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM BEAN

artistic consciousness. What was monotonous or repetitious about the Southwest did not threaten Cather the way the drowsy wind, rich earth and greenness of Nebraska did. For her, the monotony in the landscape was simplifying — like Indian drums accenting basic rhythms.

While she did not actually hear drums, the Indian presence was indistinguishable from the physical experience of Walnut Canyon. Cather could reach up and pick off the cave ceiling carbon flakes left by smoke from the Indians’ cooking fires.

Pieces of pottery still littered the ground, intimately conveying a sense of what she had previously known only from her reading. Cather admired the mixture of modesty and aspiration in the Indian artisans’ products that functioned both as common utensils and as sacred vessels. Not surprisingly, she was alert to the fact that women performed the potter’s most honored task. “All ... their religion went back to water. The men provided the food, but water was the care of the women. The stupid women carried water; the cleverer ones made the vessels to hold it.”

One morning, as Thea bathes in the stream at the bottom of the canyon, she is struck by a vision. “The stream and the broken pottery: what was any art but an effort to make a sheath, a mould in which to imprison for a moment the shining, elusive element which is life itself — life hurrying past us and running away, too strong to stop, too sweet to lose?” For Thea, a singer, the “sheath” or vessel is her voice. For Cather, it was her writing. In this vision, the long perspectives afforded by geology and vanished history collapse into urgencies of the present moment. Relevance is brief, and the living artist must produce while there is still time.

The insight galvanizes Thea, who soon decides to go abroad to

study, while the future author of *O Pioneers!*, *My Antonia* and *Death Comes for the Archbishop* returned to New York City and finally severed her ties with McClure’s, in order to write the novels which would later bring her acclaim.

O Pioneers! was the first book she finished after she returned from the Southwest. She described its creation as effortless compared to that of *Alexander’s Bridge*, written when she still thought an author had to be “interesting.” *O Pioneers!* was something she wrote for herself, she said. “But I did not in the least expect that other people would see anything in ... a story concerned entirely with heavy

farming people, with cornfields and pasture lands and pig farms ... not only about Nebraska farmers; the farmers were Swedes!”

Another way Cather’s meditation in the cliff dwellings clarified her artistic aims was her discovery that she was not Henry James — not a novelist of manners. She had something completely her own to contribute to American literature, and the Indians of Walnut Canyon furnished her with a simple model for it.

The Puebloans had come into the canyon for a time. The way they lived and handled their necessities — what they created — were direct results of their relationship to that particular landscape. The meaning of the Indians’ experience would change for Cather over the years, and she wrote about it differently at different times. But in 1912, the ancient Indians helped her understand the pioneers of Nebraska.

How the pioneers lived and what they had created also directly resulted from their relation to a particular landscape. Cather had watched a generation of immigrants transform the frontier, yet she hardly touched this material until she returned from the Southwest. The distinct example of the Puebloans’ long history taught her to appreciate the meaning of the pioneers’ short one. In Arizona, Cather found the clarity to see not just where she wanted to go, but from where she had come, as well. ■

RIDING THE REZ

Throughout history, men and women have crossed the Navajo Nation in a variety of ways — on horseback, in Jeeps and, most commonly, on foot. In October 2009, a new approach was taken. That's when a group of 40 cyclists made the first-ever trek across the reservation on mountain bikes. It wasn't just for the thrill of the ride, though. The Ride the Rez fundraiser generated more than \$775,000 for charity, including \$110,000 for the Navajo people.

By Kari Redfield
Photographs by Jeff Kida



On the third day of a grueling journey, Gil Gillenwater stood at the edge of a cliff. Below him, Canyon de Chelly National Monument beckoned. Waiting with him were 40 mountain-bikers, plus 30 support crew and Navajo guides. Gillenwater didn't have the necessary tribal permit.



They'd come so far for this charity ride, which Gillenwater coordinated with 12 chapters of the Navajo Tribe, the Navajo Park Service and the National Park Service. In the process, he'd obtained 11 permits.

Many months of preparation and scouting had brought them to this point — a pivotal moment in the Ride the Rez fundraiser, which generated a record \$775,000 for Rancho Feliz, a charitable foundation that does work in Mexico and donates money to the Navajo Nation. Gil and his brother, Troy, had driven and ridden hundreds of miles, from the northern part of the Navajo Nation near Mexican Hat, Utah, to the southern part of the reservation near Winslow. This would be a historic event — the first time the Navajo Nation would be crossed on mountain bikes. Gil had made his decision: They'd descend into the canyon, even under the threat of arrest.

Minutes later, a Navajo guide came galloping up on horseback to deliver the news: Gillenwater's friends, Redwing Ted Nez and Justin Tso, had driven to the tribal capital in Window Rock, where

they'd met with Patrick Sandoval, the tribal chief of staff, who had ordered that the permit be issued.

Relieved, Gillenwater led his group of riders down into the canyon. They dropped 1,200 feet in elevation, carrying their bicycles every step of the way as they tried to find footing on the rocky and narrow dirt path that meandered to the canyon floor. The journey was well under way, but it began long before that difficult moment.

In a sense, it started one impulsive Thanksgiving Day in 1987. Gil and Troy felt compelled to celebrate the holiday by giving back, so they drove from Scottsdale to Agua Prieta, Mexico, with a truckload of food to be donated to those in need. After they crossed into Mexico, the world changed. Just 200 miles from Scottsdale, cardboard-and-pallet shacks with blankets for doors lined bumpy dirt roads. The Gillenwaters pulled up in a new red Jeep Cherokee, and people invited them in for coffee. The seed of inspiration for Rancho Feliz was planted.

By October 2009, when the volunteers, organizers and visionaries of Rancho Feliz embarked on their bicycling adventure, the organization had built an entire community and paid for 60 children to attend a top private school in Agua Prieta. The effort had grown mightily, and over the years, the organization took on more challenges. The Ride the Rez fundraiser would pay for the education of the 60 children, and it would also benefit other projects, both in Mexico and on the Navajo Nation.

On Monday, October 19, 2009, the group of mountain-bikers took off from Mexican Hat, Utah, and I felt fortunate to be among them. All around was beauty and sand, and off in the distance stood the backside of Monument Valley. After 13 miles on sandy washboard roads, the landscape changed into a world of dunes,

making our tire tracks barely visible. The thick sand made it impossible to ride any longer, so we had to walk our bikes. With each step, I sank in above my ankles. I stopped several times to empty sand from my shoes, pull off my socks, and empty them as well. Two hours later, walking the entire time, the sand eased and we came to a dirt road.

I rode with Dan Clasen, my new friend, into a 30 mph headwind. Clasen was 41 and from Chicago. Having done very little cycling in his life, he'd trained for three years for this ride and, like all of the riders, raised at least \$7,500 for the cause and had taken a week off to donate his time, sweat and effort.

We took turns "pulling," then riding right on the wheel of the front cyclist, which, when done right, cuts the wind resistance considerably. Clasen's eyes stung from the sand that was being blown into them, and he couldn't see very well.

After 7 hours of riding the bike and walking it, I sat on the support bus eating a snack, waiting for the other riders to catch up. I wondered what I'd gotten myself into. *If a 43-mile day was this difficult and took 7 hours, how long would tomorrow's 81 miles take?*

At the end of that first day, we arrived at Monument Valley. One rock mammoth after another stood hundreds of feet tall in an otherwise flat and barren landscape. Film director John Ford made them famous in Hollywood Westerns, and now the images are recognized around the world.

As a kind of reward for a hard day's work, Navajo guides James

PRECEDING PANEL: Cyclists and Rancho Feliz co-founders Gil and Troy Gillenwater ride past Monument Valley's majestic stone spires.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Towering cliffs north of Monument Valley dwarf a group of cyclists. Well-maintained dirt roads give way to deep, sandy washes during this leg of the ride, prompting riders to name the stretch "Little Libya."

BELOW: Troy Gillenwater climbs one of the many rocky hills in the Little Painted Desert, north of Winslow on the Navajo Nation.





CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: Staff and volunteers greet a cyclist at the Bitahochee Trading Post, one of the key beneficiaries of the charity ride. A flat tire is no cause for alarm as cyclists assist one another. Riders congratulate each other after a long stretch during the second day.



Goodman and Redwing Ted Nez drove me around the 17-mile Monument Valley loop and told stories as we traveled. Both men were intimately familiar with this area — their grandfather Teddy Nez had once been an interpreter for John Ford.

At the end of the loop, I stood for a long time near the visitors center at Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park looking at three famous — and gigantic — rock formations: West Mitten, East Mitten and Merrick Butte. Each rose more than 1,000 feet. Dozens of other massive buttes rose from the ground. The starkness and flatness of the desert floor made them even more breathtaking.

That night, a local medicine man — a friend of Redwing's and the man chosen to perform traditional prayers and rituals for his people — blessed us and chanted for good weather. We stood in a circle and listened. His words were a song, beautiful and soothing. And the weather held for the rest of the ride.

Tuesday, our second day of riding, was an 81-mile day. Dan Clasen rode up the blacktop highway, his knobby mountain-bike tires making a rhythmic rubbery sound. His back, legs, neck and wrists hurt. The highway stretched out in front of him, challenging him with a long climb and a headwind.

All of his hard work was about a child, a girl whose photo I could see on a button pinned to the strap of Dan's CamelBak. Because of Clasen, she would now have an opportunity for an education and a different life.

Just keep pedaling. Clasen told himself. *If you can finish today, you can finish the other days. Keep going.*

Finally, the hill broke. *Yippee!* He crested it and shot downhill, hitting more than 40 mph on that stretch of highway, tucking low against the sting of the powerful crosswinds.

The route turned off the pavement and onto dirt. We tried to imagine which parts of it belonged to the original Santa Fe Trail, and how this land had looked to the settlers. We pedaled on, through a day that would burn about 5,000 calories and take 8 hours to complete.

At 7 a.m. Wednesday, the third day of the trek, our group of endurance riders, dubbed Guardian Warriors by the Rancho Feliz folks, ground their way uphill into a strong headwind for 15 miles. The temperature had dropped and continued to fall the farther we went. Cold numbed my gloved fingers.

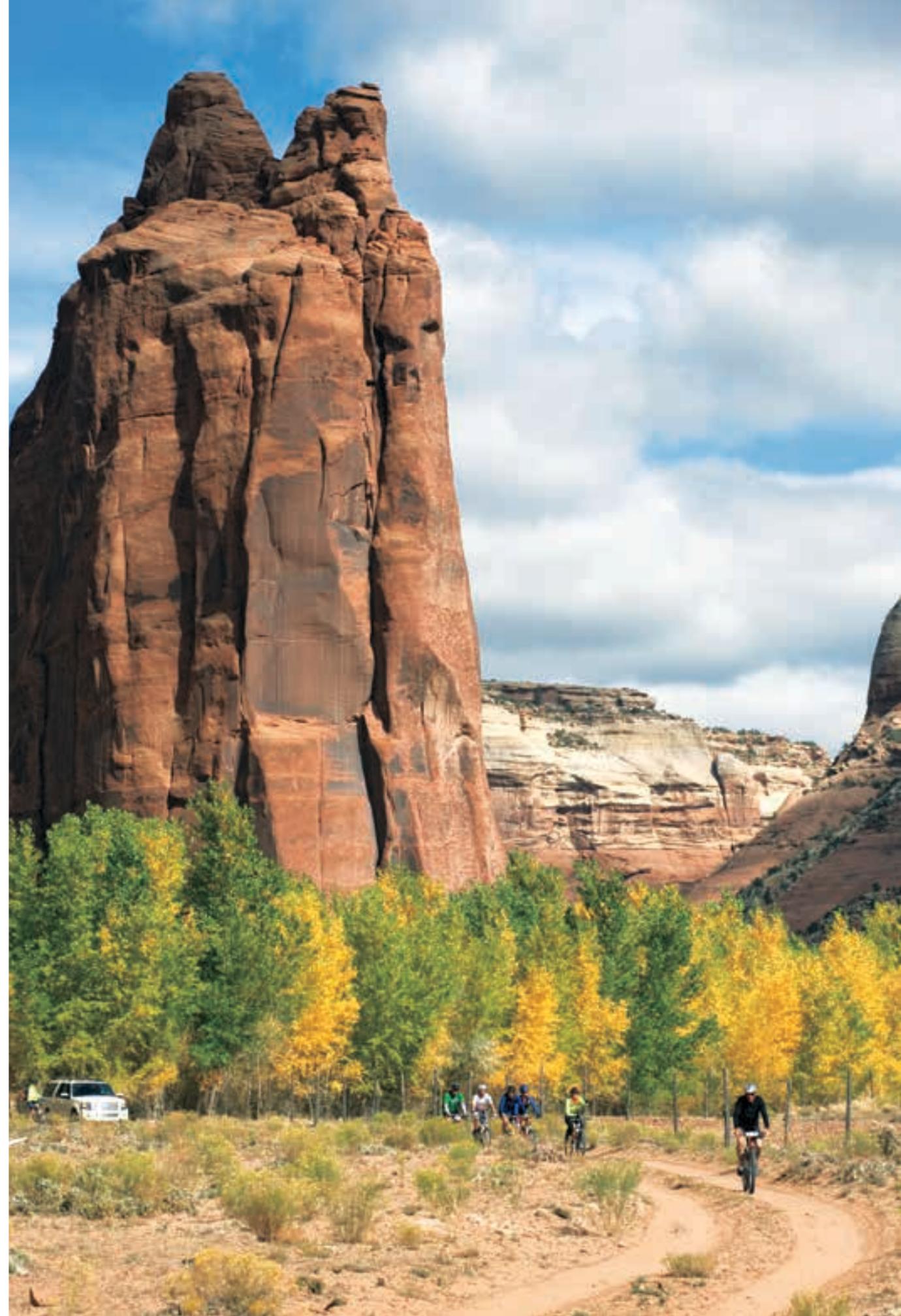
At the top of the hill, we waited at a little grass turnout, not yet knowing about the permit drama, shivering and clenching our teeth in the 28-degree air. Finally, we rode to the edge of Canyon de Chelly and carried our bikes down the rocky path. We descended the same trail that a few hundred Navajos had used in 1864 to escape capture by Kit Carson. As more and more of the canyon came into view, I stopped and took in the sight of the canyon floor, hundreds of feet below. It was huge at the bottom — one-eighth of a mile wide — and it sheltered a prairie of grass, cottonwoods and a stream.

I began riding along a narrow dirt path amid long grasses and

RIGHT: Varnished sandstone spires and salmon-colored canyon walls mix with the greens and golds of cottonwoods to create a color palette unique to Canyon de Chelly.

BY THE NUMBERS

- 40: Number of riders on the Ride the Rez fundraiser bike trip
- 30: Number of support members
- 2: Number of Navajo medicine men who blessed the trip
- 5: Number of ham-radio volunteers supporting the trip
- 350: Number of miles completed by the endurance riders
- 63: Age of Bennett Dorrance, the oldest rider to complete the full 350 miles in 5 days
- 26: Age of Dan Wolski, the youngest rider to complete the full 350 miles in 5 days
- \$7,500: Minimum amount each rider had to raise (plus expenses)
- \$2,000: Minimum amount each crewmember had to raise (plus expenses)
- \$775,000: Funds generated by the Ride the Rez fundraiser
- 16,916: Feet of elevation climbed by the endurance riders throughout the ride
- 4 a.m.: Hour that the support team members had to start setting up supplies for the riders on the longest days
- 50: Number of children sponsored through public school by Rancho Feliz
- 60: Number of children enrolled in a private school and sponsored by Rancho Feliz
- \$28,800: Cost to put a child through 12 years of education at a private school in Mexico
- 1st: Grade school year the kids learn to speak English
- 3rd: Grade school year the kids at the private school learn how to use PowerPoint
- \$25,000: Funds raised to initiate the One Heart International, Tarahumara Pregnancy & Village Outreach Program in Copper Canyon, Chihuahua, Mexico
- \$100,000: Funds raised to establish the Educación sin Fronteras (Education Without Borders) Educational Endowment
- \$110,000: Amount of revenue the ride generated for the Navajo Nation
- \$10 million: Donations raised by Rancho Feliz over the years





crossed the water several times. Ahead was a downed tree. Beyond it was a beautiful 60-foot-tall oak tree, golden in the October climate. The horizontal branches grew toward the cliff. The leaves fluttered in the sunlight.

Sheer cliffs hundreds of feet tall surrounded the canyon, some a shale-gray-and-black with brownish streaks. Many were the color of Zion's walls, full of black and just as enormous. In some places, Sedona-red dominated the walls' colors. Dozens of golden trees swayed in the distance, and up ahead, the walls enclosed the canyon, narrowing it to 300 yards wide.

I listened quietly, feeling small and insignificant among the giant cliffs, but full of peace and awe. "Seeing it will rebalance your life," Gil had promised the night before. "You can hear the whispers come off of the canyon walls."

As we rolled under arches made by cottonwoods along a narrow wash, I thought I saw a coyote cross our path, far ahead. Around every bend in the canyon, the cliffs themselves changed. Some sloped downward while others bulged out and still others stood straight up. The canyon opened up wider and the vegetation changed to grass, yellow sagebrush and prickly pear cactus, creating a montage of color and texture. The wind picked up and rustled the trees.



ABOVE: Deep sand and aching muscles prompt a rider to walk for a stretch in Canyon de Chelly, while a Navajo guide on horseback serves as a safety escort.

ABOVE, LEFT: Riders carefully navigate Canyon del Muerto, which drops 1,200 feet in less than a mile.

We came upon some cliff walls that held ruins. There we picnicked, staring high up the wall at the city-stronghold known as Mummy Cave. The dwelling sits on top of a mound of clay, dirt and rock that juts out from the wall at a slope. The structure is believed to be the last pueblo the ancestrals occupied before leaving the canyon around A.D. 1300. Hidden from our view was Massacre Cave, where the Spanish massacred Navajo Indians in 1805. The petroglyphs and ruins remain.

Fellow traveler Highly Falkner, an excellent mountain-biker and a great guy, advised me that I needed to lower the air pressure in my tubeless tires to 8 psi to ride in the deep sand we now faced.

A couple of miles later, we spotted Antelope House Ruin. From the other side of the canyon, we could glimpse the ancient dwellings deep inside a massive cave. Spectacular sheer cliffs overwhelmed it, all but obscuring the small city perched partway up a thousand-foot wall of rock.

According to the Navajo Tribe, more than 2,700 archaeological sites remain in Canyon de Chelly National Monument's many side canyons, though only 13 of the 700 standing ruins are stabilized and reinforced.

Highly and I finished the day's ride together and exited the canyon past the horse stable that belongs to Justin Tso, a Navajo who was born

in the canyon, and whose family has lived in it, or at its edge, for generations. He guides tours from the Chinle side of the canyon where he lives with his children and 29 grandkids. That night, he and his family hosted a barbecue with traditional foods — Indian tacos and frybread — and shared stories about the canyon and his growing-up years.

Thursday, our fourth day out, was a 93-miler. The first half was a mix of rocky and sandy dirt roads that took us past the Hubbell Trading Post, a National Historic Site. On the right side of the road, beautifully colored bluffs gave me a place to focus as I concentrated on the quiet, on my pedal stroke and the joy of riding with such an inspiring group of people.

The last 17 miles were washboard. "Good thing I already had kids," Highly said as he dismounted his bike afterward.

The ride took us to the historic Bitahochee Trading Post, which was built as an outpost in the 1800s for the U.S. Cavalry, and is now very much in need of restoration — part of the funds raised by Ride the Rez will do just that.

That night, the sky dazzled with millions of stars on a big, beautiful suck-you-in black background. And the air. How pure and refreshing. Looking up, I realized that the next day would be the last day of this adventure, and I felt sad. I could truly call my adventure mates some of my dearest friends. They inspired me, centered me and delighted me. I didn't want to stop riding through such beautiful land, and I didn't want to part from my newfound friends.

BY THE LAST DAY OF THE RIDE, the cumulative mileage had a tiring effect on Troy Gillenwater. Friday's first 17 miles to the "support-and-gear" stop led him uphill on a comfortable stretch of pavement and then onto more punishing washboard-like sandy roads.

Predawn light illuminates a low-lying fog that hovers in the badlands south of Chinle.



It was challenging, but the next 24 miles through the Hidden Painted Desert inspired him. Though his back and feet hurt, and the first two hills required him to use his "granny" gear, it was the landscape that took his breath away. Troy could only describe it as "lunar, painted all different hues of red."

He rode up onto some of the hoodoos and watched his brother try to go up a steeper one. Gil fell over backward on his bike, laughing. As he took in another stunning vista of the sand hills in all directions, Troy forgot his body's exhaustion.

The riders and crew gathered for lunch and a celebration at the Painted Desert overlook. Below, as far as the eye could see, miles of multicolored ridges enthralled the onlookers. At lunch, there was dancing, eating and face-painting, with Gil, his nephew Jay, and Kevin Johansen, sporting new Mohawk haircuts. In full regalia, the group then began the trip's final segment, calling it the "Mojo Ride," majestically conquering the last windy 17 miles into downtown Winslow.

In town, we regrouped for a victory ride. During the wait, our eight Mexican riders donned their wrestling masks and entertained the crowd. They'd ridden for their hometown of Obregón in Sonora, Mexico, raising \$61,000 for the construction of a safe-home dormitory for Rancho Feliz's college-bound students.

Friday's 58 miles should have felt easier than the rest of the week, but instead, Troy was glad to finally dismount his bike for the last time during the trip. Emotions swept through him: relief, pleasure, humility, kinship and much more. We'd done it. We'd traveled 350 miles by mountain bike and came away better for it, having raised more than \$775,000 dollars to educate children, build a community and change lives.

"It is over," Redwing said to the group. "It is done."

Of course, we knew that so much more had only just begun.

■ For more information about Rancho Feliz, visit www.ranchofeliz.com. ■

PROVIDING OPPORTUNITIES

Rancho Feliz is not about welfare, says founder Gil Gillenwater. It's a redistribution of opportunity.

"We should have opportunity," he explains. "All of us. That's what we provide in our programs."

The key is education. Putting children into a school that's on par with the best schools in Arizona provides a way out of poverty for the kids, and their kids, and their kids.

Part of it works because of the community built by Rancho Feliz. It's made up of 42 homes, a child-care center and an education center that sit on 3.5 acres. The project, which began in 1999 with donated land, requires that each resident pay \$75 per month for his or her home. In addition, they must keep it up, maintain jobs, send their kids to school and perform 250 hours of volunteer work per year. Some of the children living in these homes are sponsored through educational

scholarships.

Agua Prieta is a city where the average worker makes just \$250 a month, and where many residents live in *colonias* — neighborhoods that lack proper electricity and are made up of houses constructed of salvaged corrugated metal, wood pallets and cardboard. On the border, food prices aren't much lower than they are elsewhere.

The day-care center has implemented the learning philosophies of the Phoenix-based New Directions Institute. Approximately 150 children, from 43 days old to 4 years old, attend. The day-care center employs 36 people from five neighborhoods, and it pays for itself.

As part of Rancho Feliz's Return to Reality program, American student volunteers stay in Mexico for a weekend. They build homes and distribute food. There, they see a world very different from their own, and it changes their perspectives.



ROUTE 66

There's nostalgia at every turn on the Mother Road, but the section from Kingman to Oatman is more about scenery.

BY ROGER NAYLOR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
LARRY LINDAHL

Known as the “Main Street of America,” Route 66 conjures up images of mom-and-pop filling stations, diners where the waitress calls you “hon” and motel rooms shaped like tee-pees. While all that and more can still be found along Historic Route 66 in Arizona, there's one section that invokes less nostalgia and more of a heady mix of soul-squeezing scenery and heart-leaping terror.

West of Kingman, Route 66 climbs from the desert floor through the torturous Black Mountains in a twisted spiral of brake-searing curves with views that roll all the way across state lines.

Begin your journey at the Powerhouse in Kingman. Built in 1907, the hulking concrete structure fueled the energy

needs of the town and surrounding mines until being eclipsed by Hoover Dam. Today, the Powerhouse serves as a visitors center and houses the Route 66 Museum and the Historic Route 66 Association of Arizona. It's a perfect place to garner perspective on the significance and history of what John Steinbeck called the “Mother Road.”

Turn left out of the parking lot and follow the signs toward Oatman. You'll curl through the fringes of Kingman, paralleling train tracks before crossing under Interstate 40. A scattering of homes and ranchettes dot the landscape, but soon are a wisp in the rearview mirror as the road streaks across an expanse of creosote-dotted sand flats.

At 20 miles, you'll reach Cool Springs, one of the joyous success stories of Route 66 revival. Perched on a bluff below Thimble Butte, Cool Springs was a gas station built in 1926 and later expanded to include tourist cabins. Traffic dwindled with the advent of interstates, and in 1966 the camp burned down, leaving only a stone foundation. After decades of neglect, Cool Springs was purchased in 2001 and rebuilt in strikingly precise detail atop the original foundation. It operates as a gift shop, museum and

essential roadside attraction.

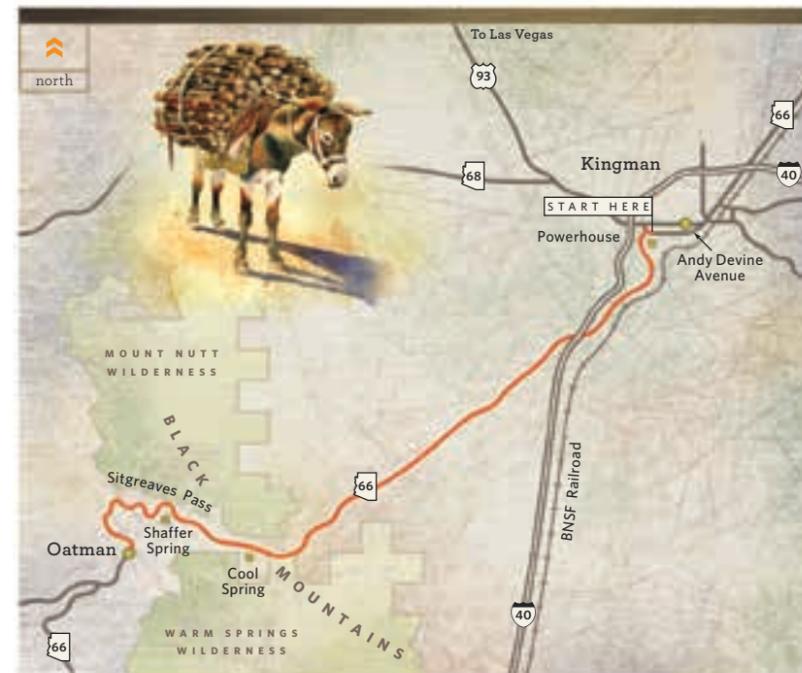
From there the road careens up the mountainside in sharp-edged switchbacks. The Black Mountains are a convulsed jumble of volcanic remains adorned with Joshua trees and spiny yuccas. As you climb toward Sitgreaves Pass, toothy, broken country shambles away in all directions. This series of hair-pin curves and steep drop-offs so intimidated early travelers that many hired locals to drive their cars up the grade or have them towed to the summit.

About a mile shy of the pass, watch for a flight of ghost steps carved from the rocky hillside. These lead up to Shaffer Fish Bowl Spring, a natural spring that collects in a man-made concrete bowl and is often stocked with goldfish. It's also a popular watering spot for wild burros.

Pull over at the pass to let the blood rush back to your white knuckles and to soak in the views that stretch into California and Nevada. The road writhes down through lava-capped hills for another three miles into Oatman. The former mining town — nestled among craggy hills — has reinvented itself as a quirky destination where gunfighters still shoot it out and wild burros mooch carrots, all to the delight of tourists.



ADDITIONAL READING: 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.



KEVIN KIBSEY

BELOW AND RIGHT: Historic Route 66 still provides surprising scenery and quirky adventure, especially along the stretch from Kingman to Oatman.



tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

LENGTH: 28 miles, one way, from Kingman to Oatman

DIRECTIONS: Begin the drive at the visitors center in Kingman, which is housed in the old Powerhouse at 120 W. Route 66, also known as Andy Devine Avenue.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None; accessible by all. Trailers over 40 feet long are not permitted.

WARNING: Back-road travel can be hazardous, so be aware 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: Powerhouse Visitor Center, 866-427-7866; or Historic Route 66 Association of Arizona, 928-753-5001, www.azrt66.com

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



BUTTERFLY TRAIL Despite a fire that scorched the area in 2003, this hike is still a great way to experience the Santa Catalinas.

BY ROBERT STIEVE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANDY PRENTICE

Weldon Heald, a writer, artist and photographer, coined the term “sky islands” in 1967. He was referring to those mountain ranges that are isolated from one another by vast expanses of desert and grassland plains. There are approximately 40 sky islands in the Southwest, and the Santa Catalina Range near Tucson, which tops out at 9,157 feet, is the third highest. There are numerous hikes in the Catalinas, and throwing a dart at the map is as good a way as any of making a choice. However, when it comes to biological diversity, the Butterfly Trail might outrank them all. It’s so diverse that a portion of the trail has been designated a Research Natural Area.

There are two places to pick up the trail: the Palisade Visitors Center or a trailhead 4 miles up the highway near the access road that leads to Soldier Camp. Because the facilities are better at Palisade, you’ll want to start there. Among other things, the rangers stationed at the visitors center can answer any questions and get you pointed in the right direction.

The trail begins at the north end of the parking lot across the road from the visitors center. You’ll see a sign for the Bigelow Trail, which is where you begin — the Bigelow overlaps the Butterfly for the first 15 minutes. It’s a nice stretch through ponderosa pines and Douglas firs. In some places, there are so many pine needles on the ground they actually blur the trail. Pay attention. From the point where the Butterfly and the Bigelow split, it’s 5.2 miles to the Butterfly’s upper trailhead. In between the two points, you’ll be treated to not only evergreens, but



RIGHT: Cerro hawthorn blooms along the north section of the Butterfly Trail in the Santa Catalina Mountains.

BELOW: Panoramic vistas await along the Butterfly Trail.



also box elders, bigtooth maples, alligator junipers, various species of oaks and even yuccas in the drier areas.

For the first hour or so, the trail leads downhill and offers tremendous panoramic views, both east and west. Unfortunately, you’ll also see the remnants of the Aspen Fire, which ravaged tens of thousands of acres in the Catalinas in 2003. The trees are unliving proof of what can happen when lightning strikes or ignorant smokers toss their cigarette butts out the window.

Eventually, about halfway through the hike, you’ll start to head into a valley thick with maples and oaks. This is probably the most beauti-

ful part of the trail. It can be tricky to follow in places, especially where it crosses a wash at the bottom — look to your right for the retainer logs installed by the Forest Service, and the cairn by the old barbed-wire fence. A little farther along, you’ll hear a creek. The butterflies for which the trail is named often congregate in clusters within this moist ravine.

The rest of the route climbs gradually past an expansive garden of ferns, one of the largest ponderosa pines you’ll ever see — unfortunately, another victim of the fire — and an intersection with the Crystal Springs Trail. About 3 hours after you’ve started the hike, you’ll come to an old jeep road that leads to the upper trailhead. From there, you can either hike back the way you came, or follow the Catalina Highway to the Palisade Visitors Center. Ironically, the latter option is uphill most of the way, but it’s only 3 miles, compared to 5.7 miles on the trail. No one will fault you if you take the easy road, but rest assured, Weldon Heald would have opted for the woods. There’s much more diversity there.

trail guide

- LENGTH:** 11.4 miles round-trip
- DIFFICULTY:** Moderate
- ELEVATION:** 6,505 to 8,263 feet
- DIRECTIONS:** From Tanque Verde Road in Tucson, drive northeast on the Catalina Highway for 4.2 miles to the Forest Service boundary and continue 19 miles to the Palisade Visitors Center.
- SPECIAL CONSIDERATION:** A \$5 day pass is required.
- VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** None; accessible by all vehicles
- DOGS ALLOWED:** Yes (on a leash)
- USGS MAP:** Mount Bigelow
- INFORMATION:** Santa Catalina Ranger District, 520-749-8700 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado
- LEAVE-NO-TRACE PRINCIPLES:**
 - 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 KIBSEY

where
is this?

Then & Now Extra

BY SALLY BENFORD

Although this isn't your typical whistle-stop, if you listen closely, you might hear a faint *click-clack* along the tracks. The site, which debuted in 1930 at an eye-popping cost of \$2 million, was shuttered 27 years later. Today, after extensive restoration, it's once again offering R&R to road- and railroad-wearied travelers.



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NICK BEREZENKO

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