

Writer Craig Childs Goes in Search of Prehistoric Life

Where to Get the Best Slice of Apple Pie in Yavapai County

Maryl Miller Interviews Ernest Hemingway ... Sort of

# ARIZONA

## HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE · EXPLORE · EXPERIENCE

JANUARY 2010

# weekend getaways

# 22

OF OUR  
FAVORITE  
WAYS TO  
EXPLORE AZ

**+** Brooke Burke in *Arizona Highways*? Yep!  
**Writer J.P.S. Brown on Booze, Books & Bad Luck**  
A Trip of a Lifetime Into Monument Valley

features

14 WEEKEND GETAWAYS

Catch a glimpse of an endangered species. *Check.* Ride the rails on a route that was defunct for 50 years. *Check.* Eat some of the rarest chocolate in the United States. *Check.* Arizona has a lot to experience — places to go, things to see. This month, we'll tell you about 22 of our favorite adventures.

BY AMANDA FRUZYNSKI & KELLY KRAMER

28 IT WAS A DARK NIGHT ...

Frank Zullo has a flair for the dramatic. He's a photographer by trade, which is pretty normal. But otherwise, he's out there — a cross between Galileo and Indiana Jones. As you'll see, Zullo is fascinated with prehistoric petroglyphs and spectacular star formations, the combination of which is masterfully connected in this month's portfolio.

A PORTFOLIO BY FRANK ZULLO

38 NOT YOUR AVERAGE JOE

J.P.S. Brown is a fifth-generation Arizonan. He's been a boxer, Marine, journalist, cattle trader, rancher, prospector, movie wrangler, whiskey smuggler, fiction writer and lifelong victim of bad luck, most of which came about because of his love for booze. Like so many great writers, Joe was an alcoholic, but not anymore. These days, he's

sober; he's living on a ranch in Patagonia; and he's determined to write at least 30 more books before he dies. By the way, he's 79 years old.

BY KATHY MCCRAINE PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOEL GRIMES

42 IN THE HOLE WORLD

At a glance, they might look like nothing more than puddles — just a splash of water — but in the arid Southwest, water holes are the difference between life, dormancy and death. Stare at these *tinajas*, as they're known in Southern Arizona, long enough and you'll detect a slow haze of motion inside — a microscopic world that's home to thousands and thousands of fascinating creatures.

BY CRAIG CHILDS

48 TRIP OF A LIFETIME

Monument Valley is a mystical place that has attracted artists, Hollywood directors, family vacationers and other vagabonds for years. It also attracted a science teacher in 1946. Equipped with a camera and a 1941 Chevy, Cal Crook began an unforgettable journey into the heart of Navajo civilization. The experience changed his life. Six decades later, his children retraced his footsteps. The car and the camera were different, but the effect was much the same.

BY JANET CROOK PIERSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAL CROOK

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GET MORE ONLINE:

- + In this month's cover story, we feature 22 of our favorite weekend getaways. For more getaways, as well as the best bets for hiking, lodging, dining and so much more, visit our home page.
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▶ A solemn sky provides a stunning backdrop for the red-rock monoliths that surround Sedona. PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE STOCKING

FRONT COVER Brookelynn Carroll enjoys a horseback ride along Cherry Creek in the spectacular and historic landscape of Central Arizona.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN BECKETT

BACK COVER Sculpted sandstone walls rim a pool in Northern Arizona's Paria Canyon.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA



JEFF KIDA

"do you want to go kayaking with Robin?" That's what Keri Rhinehart asked me a few months ago. Keri's the production supervisor for *Arizona Highways Television*, and she wanted to know if I'd be interested in tag-teaming on a story about kayaking the Verde River. Robin and her crew would be there filming it for television; I could be there with a photographer doing a piece for the magazine. A few things went through my head as I thought about her question: *Has anybody ever said NO to Keri? Is this a good story for the magazine? Which photographer should I bless with the assignment?*

The answers, respectively, were no, yes and Jeff Kida. Beyond that, there was the obvious: Kayaking with Robin Sewell is good work if you can get it. As host and executive producer of *Arizona Highways Television*, Robin knows a great travel story when she sees it. Plus, she's smart, she's captivating and I couldn't pass up a chance to see her flip a kayak.

Turns out, she's actually pretty good on the water. We didn't encounter any Class VI rapids, but still, she held her own. You can see the video on our Web site (go to [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com) and click the YouTube link). For the print version, look inside. Our river trip is one of several weekend getaways in this month's cover story.

In all, we'll tell you about 22 of the state's best adventures, including an opportunity to witness the release of an endangered species, a historic railroad that's been resurrected in Globe, and a chocolate shop in Bisbee that's one of only 10 in the United States that makes chocolate directly from cacao beans. If you didn't know, most chocolatiers buy their supplies from large manufacturers, but not the owners of Chocol te. They go through the process of roasting, cracking, grinding, tempering and barring the chocolate themselves. Even if you're not an aficionado, you can taste the difference. But don't take our word for it. Hit the road and experience it for yourself. That's what Janet Crook Pierson did.

Well, she hit the road, anyway. Not for chocolate, though. Her trip was bigger than that. She was on a mission to retrace her father's footsteps in Monument Valley. Cal Crook, a photographer, first visited Northern Arizona in 1946. In *Trip of a Lifetime*, Pierson recounts her father's arrival: "Sand and rock shimmer beneath a frybread sun as Cal Crook locks up his '41 Chevy and trailer and climbs onto a pack mule, embarking on an unforgettable journey into the heart of Navajo civilization. With

special permission and escort from Navajo guide Albert Bradley, he secures his gear, including his trusty Exakta single-lens-reflex camera."

Six decades after that trip, Pierson made her own trek to Monument Valley, hoping for even a fraction of the life-changing experience her father had. As you'll see, the car and the camera were different, but the effect of that spectacular place was much the same. And that's not unusual. There's something special about Monument Valley. There's something special about Joseph Brown, too.

In a state with a long history of mavericks, Brown, a fifth-generation Arizonan, is one of the most madcap individualists you'll ever meet. Although his name may not ring a bell, you might be familiar with his work. When he wasn't busy being a boxer, Marine, cattle trader, rancher, prospector and whiskey smuggler, Brown was writing books, including *Jim Kane*, which was made into the movie *Pocket Money*, starring Paul Newman. Tucson author Chuck Bowden, one of the best writers in America, says *The Forests of the Night*, another one of Brown's books, "is without a doubt the finest novel ever written in our region."

As glamorous as all of that might sound, life's been rough for the 79-year-old. As Kathy McCraine writes in *Not Your Average Joe*: "These days, he often speaks softly, with a humility born of hard knocks, in contrast to his rowdy years when he could drink anybody under the table." Like so many great writers, Brown was an alcoholic and paid a price, but he's sober now, and he's determined to write at least 30 more books before he dies.

When you read our story, you're going to want to buy his books. And you should. According to Bowden, they're classics. They're also perfect companions for a weekend getaway ... the next best thing to kayaking with Robin Sewell.

ROBERT STIEVE, editor



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

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

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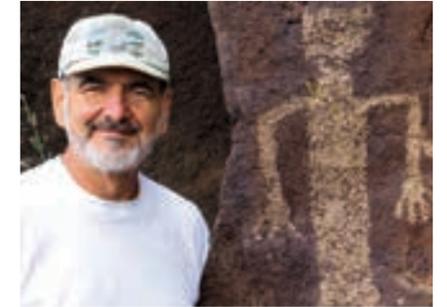
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PRODUCED IN THE USA

## FRANK ZULLO

Photographer Frank Zullo's work first appeared in *Arizona Highways* in 1985, but his interest in Native American rock art began much earlier. However, it wasn't until he moved to the base of South Mountain eight years ago that he began to explore what he calls "some world-class" petroglyph sites within easy walking distance of his home. "That drew me into the world of prehistoric rock art," Zullo says. "Being a longtime sky-watcher, I'd get excited whenever I came across a glyph that seemed to pertain to the sky." Thus, this month's portfolio was born (see *It Was a Dark Night ...*, page 28). "The great thing was that I didn't really have to go far," he says. "Between South Mountain, the Picacho Mountains, Agua Fria National Monument and the many areas along the lower Gila River, starting with Painted Rock Petroglyph Site, I was able to get most of the images."



## JOHN BECKETT & JULIE KOETH

The dynamic duo of photographer John Beckett and stylist Julie Koeth has been working together for more than 10 years, shooting dozens of magazine covers and innumerable national ad campaigns. That said, when it came to shooting the cover for this month's issue, the team got excited for what it considered a "very special assignment." "Shooting magazine covers isn't anything new for us," Beckett says, "but being asked to shoot one for *Arizona Highways* put us in a small and select group of photogra-

phers. It was an honor." Koeth agrees: "It was exciting to shoot this cover because it'll be seen all around the world and will showcase our state. That makes it very special to us, both personally and professionally." The duo also photographed the Cherry Creek Lodge for this month's cover story (see *Weekend Getaways*, page 14).

## CRAIG CHILDS

For writer Craig Childs, his piece on life-giving desert water holes was inspired by necessity (see *In the Hole World*, page 42). "While traveling in the backcountry, I have often

relied on these water holes for drinking. I gravitate toward them naturally, both for their enigmatic beauty and for their survival value," Childs says. "The challenge in researching them, on the ground at least, is just finding them. You get an eye for where water is going to be, the shape of the land that holds it. In some places you are right, and in others all you find is dry ground. What draws me to them more than anything, though, is the sense of mystery they convey. They are like other worlds fallen to the surface of the Earth." In addition to *Arizona Highways*, Childs is a commentator for National Public Radio's *Morning Edition*. He also writes for *Men's Journal*, *Outside* and *The New York Times*.





**FAMILY VACATION**

My wife, my grandkids and I recently visited Arizona. We enjoyed the beauty of the Petrified Forest, the Painted Desert and the Grand Canyon. And we got our kicks on old Route 66, especially in Seligman. We got yummy chocolate malts at the Snow Cap Drive-In, where I fell prey to the fake mustard bottle trick. We met Angel Delgadillo, the driving force behind restoring Route 66. He showed us his visitors' scrapbook — what a delightful gentleman. Later, we stopped at the quirky Hackberry General Store. We also spent time in Tucson, where we got to experience the beauty of the desert. I'm glad we got to show our grandkids the beauty and fun of Arizona.

DAVID BROWN, WHEATON, MARYLAND



September 2009

ning photograph in your photo competition [September 2009]. For a publication known for stunning photos of the beauty of Arizona, your choice of a portrait spotlighting the animal abuse connected with rodeos is disappointing to the core. Of all the wonderful submissions you must have received, why choose one depicting the senseless torture inflicted on animals at modern rodeos? Abuse them, endanger them and throw them away when we are done — make money. Shame on you. I didn't even look at the rest of the issue; it turned my stomach.

MARTI J. THORSON, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN



September 2009

**THE PROS AND CONS**

I just loved the Photo Issue [September 2009]. I especially enjoyed the wildlife photo tips. As an extreme amateur, I hope to enter the photo contest next year. The first thing I'm going to do is change my name to Bev!

TONY LEWMAN, TUCSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: In our 2009 Online Photography Contest, the first- and second-place winners were both named Bev. Good luck Tony ... er, Bev.

I cannot express how extremely disappointed I was with the win-



August 2009

**DOUBLE TAKE**

I was flipping through your *Best of Arizona* issue [August 2009] when I

had to back up a few pages and do a double take! Cutie Roger Clyne looks so much like my dear friend Tim Windwalker, who is also a singer, songwriter, guitarist, drummer and all-around musician extraordinaire. Cosmic twist: Tim and his wife, Mary, are the custom moccasin-makers at the Arizona Renaissance Festival that Roger mentions in his interview. Thanks for the beautiful magazine.

SHEILA DAKINI, SNOWFLAKE

**GRAZING ARIZONA**

My wife and I are both native Arizonans who love to read your magazine every month. We live in Payson where there are no decent places to eat. We're the type of people who like noncommercial restaurant food. Each month we check out *The Journal* page on dining in Arizona. Thank you so much for the spotlight on great restaurants around Arizona. We look forward to trying more restaurants in the future.

JACK LLOYD, PAYSON

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Win Holden, Publisher



GARY LADD

**Here Comes the Sun**

Houseboat, powerboat, kayak ... there are many ways to explore Lake Powell, including Fiftymile Canyon, which is accessed by a tributary of the Escalante arm of the lake. Here, two hikers stand at the edge of a tranquil pool just after sunrise. *Information: 928-608-6200 or www.nps.gov/glca.*



Left to right: Lou Beebe, Betty Grable, Ron Thomas

## The Artful Barber

He looks like Ernest Hemingway, he cuts hair like nobody's business, and he's an accomplished illustrator who was friends with Charles M. Shultz. Yep, Ron Thomas is a total character.

By MARYAL MILLER

TO REALLY GET A feel for who Ron Thomas is — a 68-year-old Phoenix barber whose very being harkens back to the days of Mayberry — throw on some

PHOENIX

Motown and kick back with a long-neck bottle of Coke. Good, isn't it? A classic always is. It's pure and unadulterated, recalling a time when life was a little simpler. The same could be said of this Hemingway look-alike, who's as refreshing as the old familiar scent of Pinaud powder that lingers nostalgically on his stalwart hands.

"Back at my first shop in the early '60s, my partner and I wore suits with houndstooth slacks — the whole getup," Thomas laughs. "That was pretty authentic. I've changed things up a bit, but my methods are exactly the same."

Honoring the fundamentals of yesteryear, Thomas keeps his practice old school, as one of the last masters of the straight-razor barbering profession. At his small shop in central Phoenix, dubbed Occam's Edge Haircutters (after William of Ockham), Thomas has trimmed and shaved some of the city's most notable personalities. And he's been doing so for the last four

decades, in 45-minute, full-service appointments (shoe-shine included), free of any electric assistance, with one of the only women allowed inside the gentleman's guild — his man-manicurist Betty — by his side. "Hey, important men need good-looking hands," she quips.

Although Thomas seldom reveals what goes down inside the man cave, he will divulge a few juicy tidbits. Jerry Colangelo's a longtime client and friend (Thomas attended his induction into the Basketball Hall of Fame).

"I was right here when Jerry fired Wally [Backman]," Thomas says of the former Diamondbacks' manager. Terry Goddard was at Occam's before he was mayor. Thomas misses Cotton Fitzsimmons "like hell," and many of the Phoenix 40 were regulars at the shop. Impressed yet?

If not, consider that at a time when many barbers, no matter the style, are begging for business, Thomas has the privilege of keeping his shop obscure, free of the classic candy-cane pole outside, working on a strict, referral-only basis, with a robust client roster. No, he doesn't chase youngsters away hollering "hooligans," but most of his clients are older, loyal, and have visited since their adolescence — some with weekly standing appointments.

Oh, and Ron's also a seasoned angler, a talented artist working on his fifth book of illustrations, a collector (the walls are covered with original memorabilia any historical museum would envy), and he even won the famous Ernest Hemingway Look-Alike Contest in Key West in 2002. Kind of makes you wonder: *What have I done lately?*

Occam's Edge is located at 4212 N. Seventh Avenue in Phoenix. For more information, call 602-264-2163.

PRATT'S

Q&A



**Brooke Burke**  
Television Personality

When you were growing up in Tucson, what were some of your favorite places? I loved to explore Sabino Canyon, and "A" Mountain was always a big thing for our family. When I got a little older, I liked to hit up Cactus Moon and McGraw's, which was a really simple steakhouse.

If you were trying to show off Arizona to some of your Hollywood friends, where would you take them? Definitely to a country bar. It's hard to duplicate those in other cities. I'd take them to a rodeo and to a place where they could see the Tucson sunset. That's really special.

If you were making a road trip from Tucson to Sedona, how would you like to go: vintage convertible or custom motorcycle? It depends on who's driving, but probably a vintage convertible.

Do you find yourself craving a certain Southwestern flavor or dish?

I'm a big fan of Mexican food. I miss the authenticity that Tucson has by being so close to the border — that really spicy Mexican food.

What part of Arizona do you miss the most? Simplicity. Sunsets. The beauty of the desert.

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

## Rumors Has It

Pork schnitzel, wild Idaho trout, the best apple pie in Yavapai County ... those are just some of the delicious menu items at this unassuming little restaurant in Yarnell.

By KATHY MONTGOMERY

Scottsdale restaurants might get most of the attention, but there are a few places in rural Arizona where it's possible to get surprisingly good food. Some places make sense. Sonoita/Patagonia, for example, could be explained by the concentration of area wineries. But how to explain Yarnell? Nothing about the town that stretches along 9 miles of State Route 89 between Wickenburg and Prescott would suggest a proliferation of good restaurants. Yet there's hardly a bad choice.

For breakfast and lunch, The Ranch House, practically an institution, bustles with big men with big appetites who come for hardy, housemade fare. Ladies who lunch flock to the Cornerstone Bakery with its pretty flower garden, freshly baked goods, soups and sandwiches. Rumors Grill also serves lunch, but for dinner, the restaurant has the town to itself. And that's a good thing.

Siggi Gesser opened Rumors in 2005 in a single room of a former horse stable with just an ice cream case and three or four tables. But the restaurant quickly gained a following for its generously loaded handmade pizzas. In July 2008, Siggi took over the rest of the building, and Rumors now seats about 30 inside, with additional seating on the comfortable patio and live entertainment monthly.

The furnishings are quirky: black metal patio tables with white oilcloth tablecloths and pink paper placemats. Classical music plays in the background and Picasso prints hang on the walls. The wide-ranging menu includes a variety of pasta, steaks, fresh salmon and

Rumors is located at 22720 S. State Route 89 in Yarnell. For information and reservations, call 928-427-4200.

wild Idaho trout. Schnitzel, a house specialty, is served two ways: hunter style, with wild mushrooms, bacon, peppers and onions; and Vienna style, lightly breaded and cooked in lemon butter. The portions are ample and the prices reasonable, from \$8.50 for a burger to \$28 for a chef's choice, five-course dinner. The chef's choice changes daily, Siggi says, "depending on what I have and what I feel like cooking." Though, he admits, no one has ordered one so far.

Siggi immigrated to the United States from Germany in 1961 and has cooked in restaurants all over the West, including Beverly Hills; Vail, Colorado; and Jackson Hole, Wyoming. With a head of white hair and matching beard, he often wanders the dining room wearing his kitchen apron, chatting and joking with customers, many of whom are regulars.

Be sure to order Siggi's signature apple pie. It's homemade and well worth the \$5 price. And if you want beer or wine, take your own. Rumors is BYOB. Forget, and your choice of beer and wine will be limited to the selection at the nearby service station.



RICHARD MACK



JEFF KIDA

## Solid as the Rock

Built with local sandstone in 1902, England House B&B is a lovely old place, stately and utterly unique, just four blocks from downtown Flagstaff.

By NIKKI BUCHANAN

FALLING IN LOVE WITH England House B&B in Flagstaff is inevitable — it's just a question of when. For architecture buffs, simply seeing this two-story Victorian house for the first time might be all it takes. Master stonemason William England (who also oversaw construction of the Coconino County Courthouse) built it in 1902, using Coconino and Moenkopi sandstone to create a striking red-and-white-patterned exterior. It's a lovely old place, stately and utterly unique, situated four blocks from Flagstaff's historic downtown.

When Richard and Laurel Dunn bought the England House in 2003, it still contained the original pressed-tin ceilings ordered from the Sears & Roebuck catalog so long ago, with a different mint-condition pattern found in every room. The Dunns kept the ceilings and the original claw-foot bathtub they found, spending a year and a half restoring virtually everything else. The result is an intimate, light-filled space, furnished with 1870s French antiques that lend warmth and elegance to every room.

Three spacious guestrooms, each furnished differently, are located on the second floor; a tiny fourth — called The Pantry — is tucked beneath the staircase at ground level. Although Wi-Fi is available, the house is otherwise unplugged and blessedly quiet.

When guests arrive, Richard greets them at the door, offering an informal tour of the house before leading them to their rooms. Later, guests sometimes gather for a glass of wine in the parlor, encouraged by the Dunns to help themselves any time of the day or night to the wine, beer and soft drinks stocked in the fridge, as well as to the freshly baked cookies and candies left on the counter.

Clearly, the heart of the house is the gorgeously remodeled country kitchen, where Richard and Laurel can be found making breakfast every morning. It's not uncommon for guests to wander in and pour

themselves a cup of coffee, wearing the plush bathrobes hung behind their bathroom doors. While the Dunns whip up something yummy — maybe bacon, cheese- and apple-stuffed croissants, Victorian eggs or french toast soufflé — guests wisely take advantage of the opportunity to ask them for dining recommendations and travel tips before tucking into a chemical-free, mostly organic breakfast on the cheery sun-porch behind the kitchen.

Although fancy soaps and fresh flowers are telling details, it's the friendly, *mi-casa-es-su-casa* Dunns who make England House so homey. Well, they and their freshly baked cookies.



JEFF KIDA

England House B&B is located at 614 W. Santa Fe Avenue in Flagstaff. For more information, call 877-214-7350 or visit [www.englishousebandb.com](http://www.englishousebandb.com).

## Q&A: Jack Dykinga

If you're a longtime reader of *Arizona Highways*, you're well-acquainted with the work of Jack Dykinga. He's one of the best, and he's always looking for ways to get even better.

By JEFF KIDA, photo editor

Jack Dykinga has had quite a career as a photographer. He started at the *Chicago Sun Times*, where he won the Pulitzer Prize in 1971. He then moved to Arizona, traded in his 35 mm for a 4x5 view camera, and shifted his concentration from people to landscapes. He's had nine books published, including *Images: Jack Dykinga's Grand Canyon* (Arizona Highways Books, 2008), and he's produced dozens of portfolios for this magazine. Through it all, he has never used Photoshop or a digital camera. In fact, according to the photo blogosphere and numerous betting sites in Las Vegas, Jack was *never* going to give up his chrome. Well, over the last year, things have changed at "Dykinga Central Command."

### Is it really true? Have you finally moved into the world of digital photography?

Yes. I consider photography to be a continuum, where engineering anchors one end of the spectrum and art the opposite. In my world, there's always a balance between technology and the aesthetic. In the past couple of years, two things got my attention: Camera manufacturers started making digital cameras that have full-frame sensors with incredible light-gathering capacity. Then, they added an array of tilt-shift lenses

that would allow me to control depth of field in much the same way I do with a 4x5.

### It almost sounds as if you had something in mind, and were just waiting to pull the trigger.

I was out photographing and camping with my friend Jeff Foott some years ago. One evening, long after sunset, we were commenting on how beautiful the desert flowers looked in the moonlight. With slower-speed films, using a view camera, you'd have to make very long exposures, and any sort of wind would blur the flowers. I enjoyed the moment, but kept that image in my head for quite some time. About 18 months ago, I had the opportunity to test-drive Nikon's D3 with a 24 mm tilt-shift lens. I'd heard that this camera was capable of producing amazing results, even at high ISOs. In other words, making images that had very little noise because of a faster shutter speed.

### What do you think after the test drive?

I think it's great. In this case, digital technology has extended image-making possibilities. If you have the ability or can learn to previsualize, the new cameras and software make it much easier to get to where you want to be. Let's be honest, it's very easy to become static or complacent no matter what you do. Now there's really no excuse.

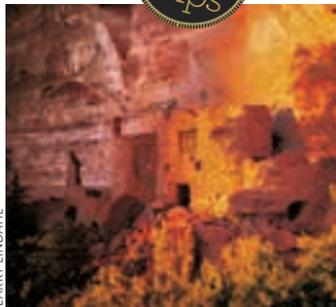
In California's Inyo National Forest, a digital-camera exposure gathered the full moonlight on this bristlecone pine and rocky surrounding, plus a sky full of stars.



JACK DYKINGA

### SO MANY PLACES ...

... so little time. Arizona is blessed with an amazing array of photogenic destinations. How should you decide on a good place for your next photo adventure? Instead of throwing darts at a map, consider this: It's January.



The lower deserts sit quietly in their monochromatic slumber; the colors of fall have long since been scattered; and spring flowers are a distant possibility. Try using the low angle of the sun at this time of year to bring out nature's natural textures. The red rocks of Sedona are perfect candidates. Warm earth tones against winter's azure skies — plus the potential for snow — have an ethereal quality. If that's not enough, the ancient ruins of Palatki and Honanki ruins are beautifully illuminated by winter sunlight.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Look for *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available at bookstores and [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com).

### ONLINE

For more photography tips and other information, visit [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com) and click "Photo Tips."



ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TUCSON

Clockwise from top left: Sister Emmerentia Bonnefoy, Sister Euphrasia Suchet, Sister Monica Corrigan, Sister Hyacinthe Blanc, Sister Maxime Croissat, Sister Martha Peters, Sister Ambrosia Arnichaud.

## Sister Act

It's the stuff that movies are made of: Seven nuns leave Missouri on a mission to the Wild West, where they build a legacy and break a few hearts along the way.

By SALLY BENFORD

THE SEVEN SISTERS OF St. Joseph bid adieu to their fellow nuns in relatively tame Carondelet, Missouri, on April 20, 1870. They were

headed for the rugged Arizona Territory, and they understood that it would be a long and treacherous journey, as well as a permanent assignment. But that didn't matter as they traveled through harsh terrain and the threat of Indian attacks to help civilize Tucson and "rid the town of its wicked ways." They believed they were on a mission from God.

After three weeks of crossing the country by train, covered wagon and boat, the sisters reached Fort Yuma on the Colorado River. There, they quickly learned about life in the Wild West.

According to Sister Monica Corrigan's diary of the trip, *Trek of*

*the Seven Sisters*, the group nearly drowned, suffered from heat and fatigue, and saw the graves of many settlers who had been killed by Indians, including the Oatman family. Once they arrived in Arizona — the most dangerous segment of the trip — the sisters accepted the hospitality of ranchers, but nothing more.

"There were several ranch-men there from the neighboring stations, but no women," Sister Corrigan wrote. "There are few women in this country. After dinner, they became very sociable. Some of them proposed marriage to us, saying we would do better by accepting the offer than by going to Tucson, for we would be massacred by the Indians."

More amused than insulted, the sisters continued on their journey, past the Gila River, where soldiers escorted them for the final 75 miles, including a harrowing ride through the mountain pass at Picacho Peak. On May 26, 1870 (Ascension Thursday), the seven sisters arrived in Tucson, where 3,000 citizens greeted them with a grand reception.

It didn't take long for them to make their mark on the Old Pueblo. Within a few days, the nuns had opened the doors of St. Joseph's Academy, which was immediately filled to capacity with eager students. When they weren't teaching, the sisters walked the dusty streets of Tucson, carrying medicine and supplies for the poor and sick. In 1880, they opened St. Mary's Hospital, the first hospital in Arizona.

Today, the legacy of the seven sisters of St. Joseph lives on. In all, the Tucson diocese is home to 26 schools, three hospitals and more than 60 parishes and missions.

## This month in history

■ Responding to recent attack, a group of trappers that included James O. Pattie and Ewing Young retaliated against 200 Maricopa Indians, killing more than 100 of the tribe's warriors in January 1826.

■ On January 11, 1900, the *Jerome Reporter* ran a story that Maricopa County grossed a total of \$60 for marriage licenses during the month of December.

■ A record low temperature of -30 degrees was recorded at Flagstaff on January 22, 1937.

## Deer Prudence

There are three species of deer in Arizona — mule, white-tailed and elk. Although they're distinct, they can be confused, so read this piece to avoid sounding like a tenderfoot the next time you're in the woods. By KERIDWEN CORNELIUS

If you're like many Arizona travelers, this might be a familiar scenario: You're driving through the forest when someone yells, "Deer!" You pull over so everyone can ooh and aah, then inquire, "Is it a mule deer?" "I think it's an elk," someone says. "It might be a white-tailed," another ventures. And everyone nods silently, because you're all agreeable, and no one wants to admit they couldn't tell an *Odocoileus hemionus* from an *Odocoileus virginianus* and wouldn't know a *Cervus canadensis* if it introduced itself.

Fortunately, Arizona is home to only three species of deer, and they really are quite distinct, once you know what to look for.

First, consider your location. If you're in the far north, it's probably a mule deer, which ranges throughout Arizona and the Western United States. White-tailed and Coues (a white-tailed subspecies) roam the

southern half of the state, and elk, a swath that sweeps through the center toward New Mexico.

Second, evaluate its size. Mule deer are middleweights, weighing in at 150 to 440 pounds; white-tailed are lightweights, at 125 to 300 pounds (Coues white-taileds are even smaller); and elk, the biggest species of deer aside from moose, are heavyweights, tipping the scales at 700 to more than 1,000 pounds.

Clearly, there is overlap in both heft and habitat, so you can't be sure until you inspect the tail. Mule deer have black-tipped white tails that they keep down while running. White-tailed tails are brown-topped and often flip up while they run, revealing the white underneath. Elk have tiny brown tails and large beige rumps.

Once you're certain it's a mule deer, you can impress your companions not only with your identification

skills, but also with nature show-like factoids: "Note the large, mule-like ears that give the deer its name.

And the gray-brown hide, compared with the white-tailed's and elk's warmer, tan color. Though I must admit it was the dark, V-shaped patch between the eyes that told me definitively we were in the presence of *Odocoileus hemionus*. Observe the large feet, which allow it to dig as deep as 2 feet to find water."

If the deer runs away, you can take the opportunity to wow your mates again: "Mule deer have an unusual, stiff-legged gait called stotting, wherein they land on all fours. They can reach speeds of up to 45 mph. It helps them escape predators in rough terrain, see above bushes, and even make a U-turn in a single bound. It reminds me of the Thomson's gazelle of the Serengeti."

Settle down there, Marty Stouffer. It's just a deer.

## nature factoid

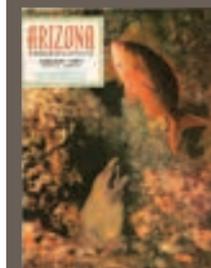


BRUCE D. TAUBERT

## Dabbling Ducks

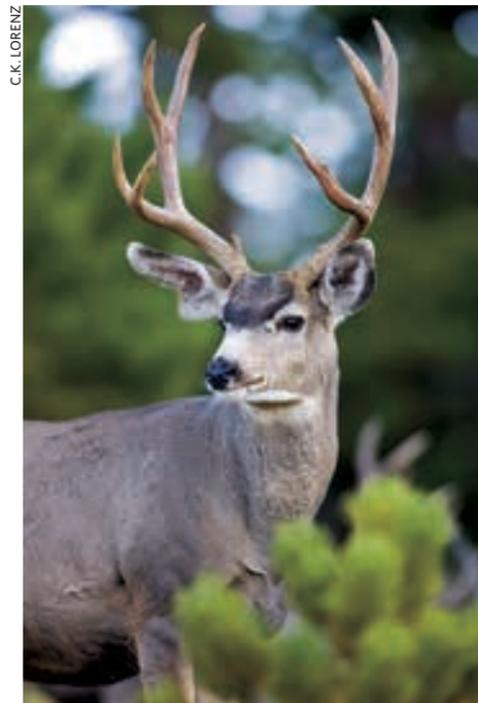
Although wigeon might rhyme with pigeon, these feathered fowl are actually members of the duck family. Known for having steep foreheads that are best described as bulbous, wigeons — both American and American/Eurasian hybrids — are common in Arizona in the winter months. Most frequently, you'll find them in urban ponds, fluffing their gray-orange plumage and whistling whee-*WHOO*-who.

## TUCSON



## 50 years ago IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

In January 1960, we visited the Sea of Cortes off Baja, California, to photograph the region's tropical fish and coral reefs. We also featured Phoenix's Little Theatre — one of the oldest arts institutions in the state — and showcased a vein of natural, glowing, phosphorescent rocks in Arizona that had mystified researchers for years.



C.K. LORENZ

Mule deer



C.K. LORENZ

Elk



GEORGE ANDREJKO

White-tailed deer

## All Spruced Up

The U.S. Capitol has looked especially spiffy this holiday season, thanks to Arizona's homegrown gift to the nation — a stunning 85-foot-tall blue spruce.

By SALLY BENFORD

Arizona has been well represented in the nation's capital this holiday season. All because of an 85-foot blue spruce. The tree, which came from the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, has been on display in front of the U.S. Capitol for several weeks. Here are a few facts about this very special spruce:

- Twenty-one other states have supplied Christmas trees to the U.S. Capitol.
- Arizona's Carl T. Hayden, who served in Congress for a record 56 years, lit the first Capitol Christmas tree on December 18, 1964.
- Renowned conservationist Aldo Leopold started his Forest Service career in Arizona's Apache National Forest in 1909, when the tree was just a sapling.
- The tree is approximately 125 years old — older than the state of Arizona.
- Arizona students used eco-friendly materials to create 5,000 handcrafted ornaments to decorate the tree.
- The ornaments filled a full-sized semi-trailer, which transported them to Washington, D.C.
- Federal officials escorted the tree during a three-week tour of the United States.
- Arizona culture, including cowboy poetry and Native American dance, was highlighted during the official lighting ceremony.
- The tree was scheduled to be lit every night from dusk to 11 p.m. through January 1, 2010.



WARREN FAIDLEY

## Storm Chasing

JANUARY 25 PHOENIX

Learn what it takes to follow inclement weather during a lecture by photographer and storm-chaser Warren Faidley. Sponsored by *Arizona Highways* and Desert Botanical Garden, the event features Faidley's storm-chasing adventures throughout Arizona and the United States, as well as his photographs of Mother Nature's fury. *Information: 480-941-1225 or www.dbg.org.*

## Hi Jolly Daze

JANUARY 3 QUARTZSITE

Each year this quirky Western Arizona town honors one of its most famous citizens, Haji Ali (nicknamed "Hi Jolly"), a Syrian camel herder who worked with the United States Camel Corps in the 1850s. Fittingly, the Hi Jolly Daze festivities at Town Park include a camel parade, live entertainment, a fiddler's contest and a gemstone scoop. *Information: 928-927-6159 or www.quartzsite tourism.us.*



## Holiday Lights

JANUARY 1-31  
FLAGSTAFF

The woodlands of Flagstaff become a winter wonderland at Little America Hotel during this festival, which displays more than a million colorful, twinkling lights. *Information: 800-435-2493 or www.littleamerica.com.*



## Barrett-Jackson

JANUARY 18-24 SCOTTSDALE

Automobile enthusiasts from all over the world will congregate this month for the 2010 World's Greatest Car Collector Event. During this weeklong auction, some of the world's most desired and collectible vehicles, including a 1956 Chrysler Phantom Custom Wagon (pictured), will go to the highest bidder. Along with the main event, this year's auction includes live demonstrations, gourmet food, entertainment ... and if that isn't enough, chances are there'll be a celebrity or two in the crowd. *Information: 480-421-6694 or www.barrett-jackson.com.*



KEVIN KIBBEY

## Old West Roundup

JANUARY 22-24 TUCSON

If you collect Old West memorabilia, you'll want to head to the Pima County Fairgrounds this month. Cowboy and Indian collectibles such as boots, hats, spurs, art, blankets, leather goods, beaded and silver jewelry, and one-of-a-kind pieces will be offered during this show and auction, lauded by *American Cowboy* magazine as one of its best Western events. *Information: 406-834-3603 or www.roundupproductionsllc.com.*



RANDY PRENTICE

## Photography Workshop

JANUARY 16-18 GRAND CANYON

Take advantage of the slower pace of winter at the Grand Canyon. It's the perfect season to capture the drama of the Canyon as the cool, crisp air provides crystalline light and the lower angle of the sun provides longer hours of that sweet light photographers crave. Join Peter Ensenberger for this two-day Arizona Highways Photo Workshop. *Information: 888-790-7042 or www.friendsofhighways.com.*



# WEEKEND GETAWAYS

Catch a glimpse of an endangered species. *Check.* Ride the rails on a route that was defunct for 50 years. *Check.* Eat some of the rarest chocolate in the United States. *Check.* Arizona has a lot to experience — places to go, things to see. In the next 12 pages, we'll tell you about 22 of our favorite adventures.

BY AMANDA FRUZYSKI & KELLY KRAMER



## CENTRAL ARIZONA

### SEDONA MAGO RETREAT CENTER

*Sedona*

Not all visitors who gaze at Sedona's red rocks can fully comprehend their magical properties, but the staff at Sedona Mago Retreat Center is ready to share its wisdom of the rocks' hidden wonders. Located not far from Sedona's main drag, on a red dirt road between Sedona and Cottonwood, the retreat gives visitors a different perspective on the area. There is a variety of retreat packages and wellness programs available, as well as meditation, an organic garden tour, exercise classes, and even a free tour that focuses on Sedona's unique geology and vortexes. In addition to all of the greenery outside, Mago is pretty green inside. The center uses water conservation techniques, creates compost for its organic garden, serves vegetarian food in the dining hall, and plans to change its linens to those made of recycled fibers.

*Information: 800-875-2256 or [www.sedonamagoretreat.org](http://www.sedonamagoretreat.org).*

### PARK OF THE CANALS

*Mesa*

It might sound a little surprising that 34 acres of ancient Hohokam canals sit rather inconspicuously in the midst of a longtime neighborhood park in Mesa. Park of the Canals, which also provides visitors a playground and picnic tables, houses the ruins. The park went through a period of downtime, but efforts are under way to raise funds for new playground equipment. Meanwhile, visitors can still make use of the historic park, which is on the National Register of Historic Places. When you're there, check out Brinton Desert Botanical Gardens, which is also located on the grounds. *Information: [www.parkofthecanals.org](http://www.parkofthecanals.org).*

### COPPER SPIKE RAILROAD

*Globe*

Formerly known as the Arizona Eastern Railway, the new Copper Spike Railroad is officially riding the rails — 50 years after its predecessor's last trip. Almost a century ago, travelers passing between New Orleans and Los Angeles hopped this railroad route to experience the Apache Trail. Today, passengers take the Copper Spike to the Apache Gold Casino & Resort. The train features 1950s-era domed rail cars with glass roofs, as well as restored 1950s Pullman railcars that were originally built for the Long Island Railroad. The train departs from the original historic railway depot on Broad Street in Globe, and tours run four times daily between November and May. *Information: 928-645-6996 or [www.copperspike.com](http://www.copperspike.com).*

### MARK YOUR CALENDAR

#### WICKENBURG GOLD RUSH DAYS

*Wickenburg*

Although most of the gold was plucked from the hills 100 years ago, there are still plenty of ways to catch gold fever during Wickenburg's celebration of the town's early days. Would-be prospectors can take their time and enjoy gunfights, an old-fashioned melodrama, one of Arizona's largest parades and even some good old-fashioned gold panning. This year's celebration takes place February 11-14.

*Information: 928-684-5479 or [www.wickenburgchamber.com](http://www.wickenburgchamber.com).*



**PRECEDING PANEL:** Young cowboy Colton Carroll is unfazed by the bellows of cattle and the swirl of dust at the Tilting H Ranch near Young, home to the Cherry Creek Lodge. PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN BECKETT

**ABOVE:** A major restoration project may have revitalized Globe's Broad Street railroad station, but it certainly hasn't detracted from its historic charm. The Copper Spike Railroad departs from the station four times a day, headed for the Apache Gold Casino & Resort. PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK BEREZENKO

**OPPOSITE PAGE:** A wan full moon peeks between the terra-cotta spires of Sedona's Cathedral Rock. PHOTOGRAPH BY DEREK VON BRIESEN



# CHERRY CREEK LODGE

Luxury accommodations, gourmet food, spectacular scenery, a stable full of horses ... that's just the beginning. The Cherry Creek Lodge also offers a unique dose of history — one that's riddled with gunfights, lynchings and cattle rustling.

BY ROBERT STIEVE 🏠 PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN BECKETT

Waylon Jennings never sang about the Grahams and the Tewksburys. When it comes to feuding families in this country, the Hatfields and the McCoys get most of the attention, as they did in *Luckenbach, Texas*, Waylon's hit from 1977. Here in Arizona, however, bragging rights — if there is such a thing — go to the Grahams and the Tewksburys. No one knows for sure what started what is now known as the Pleasant Valley War, but accusations of rustling, bloody gunfights, lynchings and multiple courtroom dramas were certainly part of the equation, and in the end, anywhere from 17 to 28 people were killed, depending on which account you read.

Today, the war is over and the Tewksbury land is part of the Tilting H Ranch, which is home to the Cherry Creek Lodge. Not only can you visit the property without fear of being lynched, you'll drive away with a good understanding of why somebody might risk his or her life for this piece of land. The setting is spectacular, and the accommodations at the lodge are equally impressive. In fact, whatever preconceived notions you might have about the word "lodge" should be left in Phoenix, Las Vegas, Los Angeles or wherever else you might be coming from.

Cherry Creek Lodge is indeed a lodge, but owners Sharon and Michael Lechter operate it more like a B&B, which means some meals — the most delicious food you'll ever eat — are included and guests are invited to make themselves at home. Come to think of it, you should probably set aside your thoughts about B&B's, too. Cherry Creek is unlike any bed and breakfast you've ever experienced. As you'll see, this B&B/lodge/ranch/historical site will forever change your impression of "roughing it." And it all begins in the main lodge, known as "the commons."

Inside there are five rooms that sleep 16 people — the adjacent bunkhouse can accommodate even more. The Owner's Hideaway is the most spacious room in the big house, and you'll want to reserve it if you can. It features a king-size bed, French double doors that lead to a private redwood deck, a stone fireplace, a plasma-screen TV and free Wi-Fi. Not that you're going to feel like surfing the Net or watching television while you're on the ranch. There's too much to see and do.

Although the Grahams and the Tewksburys were likely fighting over cattle or



ABOVE: The concept of roughing it goes out the window when it comes to dining at Cherry Creek Lodge, where guests who help ranch hands brand cattle are treated to a regal spread.

OPPOSITE PAGE: "Warm" might best describe the great room at Cherry Creek Lodge, where co-owner Michael Lechter's prized elk holds court.

BELOW: Colton Carroll (right) has some big boots to fill as he earns the right to call himself a cowboy by learning the ins and outs of life on Tilting H Ranch from ranch hand Paul Westbrook.

sheep or maybe even a woman, they could have easily been clashing over the landscape. The area is one of the most beautiful and least-visited places in Arizona. The closest town is Young, and that's barely a town — certainly nothing that'll ruin the effect of getting away. The ranch is a few miles down the road, and it's surrounded by rolling grasslands, ponderosa pines, rocky valleys and endless open sky. There's a gorgeous creek, too. Naturally, this kind of environment attracts a wide variety of wildlife: elk, mule deer, mountain lions, black bears, turkeys and javelinas. There are a couple ways to experience the Mother Nature, including hiking and horseback riding.

Hitting the trail with your own two feet is always a good option in Arizona, but in this neck of the woods, considering the history of the ranch and the open sky, you really should saddle up. The ranch is home to several horses, including a few suited to beginners, a few more for intermediate riders and a couple of feisty horses for experts. Whichever group you're in, the ranch hands will make sure you're on the right horse. These folks have been around horses all their lives, and they know what they're doing. Rest assured, you'll be in good hands. Or, if you have your own horse, take it along; there's plenty of room inside the stable.

Either way, you'll want to pack some warm clothes. This time of year, the daytime highs barely hit the mid-60s, and nighttime temperatures can dip below freezing. Not only that, it's not unusual to get a dusting of snow in January and February. If it happens, consider yourself lucky. The snow only makes an already gorgeous landscape that much more impressive. It won't be as blustery as a scene from *Currier & Ives*, but it will make you appreciate the warmth of the fire in the great room of the main lodge.

It's hard to adequately describe the cozy grandeur of the great room, but imagine Ralph Lauren meets Ben Cartwright with Julia Child whipping something up in the background. The lure of Mother Nature and the luxurious guestrooms will be strong, but the great room, with its plush leather furniture and knotty-pine decor, will put up a pretty good fight of its own. Once you're settled in with a good book or a good conversation, it's hard to leave, which is exactly what the Lechters are striving for. The minute you walk in the door, their home becomes your home. It's a neighborly approach that hasn't always existed in these parts.

Cherry Creek Lodge is located on Forest Road 54 in Young. For more information, call 928-462-4029 or visit [www.cherrycreeklodge.com](http://www.cherrycreeklodge.com).



**HISTORIC HARQUAHALA OBSERVATORY**

*Harquahala Mountains Wilderness*

There might not be a better place to record solar activity than sun-drenched Arizona, which is why in the 1920s, leaders in Washington, D.C., sent a group of scientists and burros to the Harquahala Peak Smithsonian Observatory. For many years, the scientists lived on Harquahala Peak, gathering data and sending it back east to be used in weather forecasting. Of course, it wasn't easy getting there. After an hour's drive from Wenden, the scientists used the burros to carry supplies and delicate laboratory equipment during the three-hour hike up the peak. Burros no longer make the trip to the abandoned observatory, but visitors can use four-wheel-drive vehicles to see the historic site. *Information: 623-580-5500.*

**MARK YOUR CALENDAR**

**LAKE HAVASU ROCKABILLY REUNION**  
*Lake Havasu*

London Bridge is at its hippest when the rockabillies come out. Circa-1950s hair, a pre-1968 car show, pinup girl and pinstripe contests, and a portable drive-in transform Lake Havasu into a rocking reunion for the weekend. This year's Rockabilly Reunion takes place February 12-14. *Information: 928-230-6719 or [www.myspace.com/rockabillyreunion](http://www.myspace.com/rockabillyreunion).*

**PALM CANYON**

*Kofa National Wildlife Refuge*

The palms that sway in the ravines at Kofa National Wildlife Refuge have the distinction of being some of the only palm trees native to Arizona. Although the tropical-looking trees seem to line every street and backyard in the state's desert cities, Palm Canyon's are believed to be descendants of those that grew in Arizona during the last North American ice age. To see them, you'll have to do a little work. After crossing a 9-mile dirt road off of U.S. Route 95, there's a half-mile hike to the canyon. Getting to the trees themselves involves a more difficult climb. Be sure to take extra water — there aren't any services nearby. *Information: 928-783-7861 or [www.fws.gov/southwest/refuges/arizona/kofapalm.html](http://www.fws.gov/southwest/refuges/arizona/kofapalm.html).*

**SANGUINETTI HOUSE MUSEUM**

*Yuma*

The history of the lower Colorado River is more than just a record of floods. The Sanguinetti House tells the story of the river's impact on the Arizona Territory and life during the late 1800s. It does so through artifacts, exhibits, photos and even the house itself. Pioneer merchant E.F. Sanguinetti bought the home in the 1890s, 20 years after it was built. He then expanded the adobe building into his own Italian retreat, with gardens and aviaries that are still maintained today. *Information: 928-782-1841 or [www.arizonahistoricalociety.org/museums](http://www.arizonahistoricalociety.org/museums).*

A blooming ocotillo and teddy bear chollas stand sentry at the entrance to Palm Canyon, in the Kofa National Wildlife Refuge. The canyon's namesake trees are some of the only palms native to Arizona.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM DANIELSEN

# WATER TO WINE TOUR

Kayaking down the Verde River is nothing new. Ending the trip with a wine tasting, however, is a fresh twist — you'll want to get in line for this one.

by  
**ROBERT  
STIEVE**



**W**ater, wine and one of the best hotels in Sedona. That's the gist of this weekend getaway — one that can be done in the summer as a package deal, including accommodations, or individually whenever you feel like it. The water, which takes center stage, is in the form of the spectacular Verde River; the wine comes courtesy of Alcantara Vineyard, which has more than 13,000 vines and features 12 different varietals; and the hotel is the Sedona Rouge, one of that city's most luxurious properties. Any of the three rate as worthy weekend getaways on their own, but the combination is even better. Tying them all together — the captain of the cruise — is Sedona Adventure Tours, a relatively new outfitter that's impressing people left and right with its expeditions in Sedona, Oak Creek and the Verde Valley.

The Water to Wine Tour lasts about three hours and begins with a shuttle ride from the hotel to the river — that's where the funyaks (a more stable version of a kayak) are waiting. The ride down the river takes about an hour, and along the way you'll see why the Verde has been designated a National Wild & Scenic River. You might see wildlife, too, including eagles, beavers and maybe even bobcats.

The river portion of the tour comes to an end at Alcantara, which is where the wine tasting begins. And what a beginning. The Tuscan farmhouse is the first winery on the Verde, and it's quickly being regarded as one of the best in Arizona. That's because owner Barbara Predmore comes from a winemaking family with vineyards in the Paso Robles region of California. She knows everything there is to know about wine, and it shows in her award-winning varietals.

From there, whether you're staying at the hotel or not, the shuttle will take you back to Sedona Rouge, which is a great place to kick back, relax and reflect on the trip. The hotel is beautiful, and the views of the surrounding red rocks from the observation terrace are incredible. Even better, there's a full-service spa, in case your muscles are sore from all the paddling. Or the wine tasting.

*The Water to Wine Tour is \$129 per person, not including hotel accommodations. For details, call Sedona Adventure Tours at 877-673-3661 or visit [www.sedonaadventuretours.com](http://www.sedonaadventuretours.com). For summer package deals including hotel accommodations, call Sedona Rouge Hotel & Spa at 866-312-4111 or visit [www.sedonarouge.com](http://www.sedonarouge.com). For winery information, call Alcantara Vineyard at 888-569-0756 or visit [www.alcantaravineyard.com](http://www.alcantaravineyard.com).*

Arizona Highways Television host Robin Sewell negotiates the swift current of the Verde River. PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF KIDA

## EASTERN ARIZONA

### HASHKNIFE PONY EXPRESS RUN Holbrook

It's not too late to get mail delivered first-class by a rider on horseback. Really. The Hashknife Pony Express makes a yearly trip from Holbrook to Scottsdale, running 200 miles on horseback to deliver first-class mail in one of the oldest officially sanctioned Pony Express revival events in the country. In February, visitors will have an opportunity to meet the Pony Express riders and watch as they're sworn in as honorary mail messengers. The highlight, however, is watching as they begin their gallop toward Scottsdale. *Information: [www.hashknifeponyexpress.com](http://www.hashknifeponyexpress.com).*

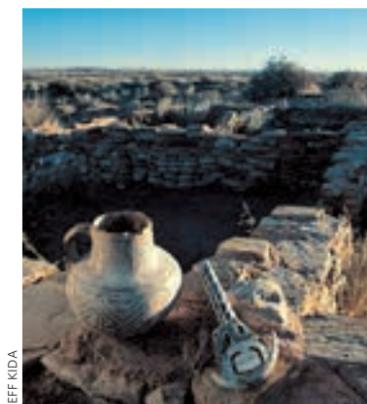
### CASA MALPAIS Springerville

The name might sound foreboding — Casa Malpais translates to "House of the Badlands" — but this is one very good place to see the intricate and detailed architecture of the ancient Mogollon people. The complex includes underground rooms, petroglyphs and basalt staircases, all surrounded by volcanic rock.

The Great Kiva and the ancient astronomical observatory have led archaeologists to believe the area was once a ceremonial center. Travelers must call ahead for guided tours, offered Mondays through Saturdays at 9 a.m., 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. *Information: 928-333-5375.*



TOM DANIELSEN



JEFF KIDA

### PUERCO PUEBLO SUMMER SOLSTICE PROGRAM

*Petrified Forest National Park*

Celebrate the true coming of summer and the longest day of the year as ancient civilizations did — by examining the solar calendar that's etched into the petroglyphs at Petrified Forest National Park. The park is home to the largest known number of such calendars, and rangers are on hand during the week surrounding the summer solstice (June 21) to teach visitors about the sun's interaction with the unique rock etchings. Among other things, visitors can learn about how sunlight illuminates the petroglyph at Puerco Pueblo. *Information: 928-524-6228 or [www.nps.gov/pefo](http://www.nps.gov/pefo).*

### MARK YOUR CALENDAR

#### SHOW LOW DAYS Show Low

After the winter snows melt, the residents of Show Low come out to celebrate. Show Low Days includes an arts and crafts fair and the "Still Cruizin'" car show, among other things. Show Low Days takes place June 4-6. *Information: 928-537-2326 or [www.showlowdays.com](http://www.showlowdays.com).*



  
**SOUTHERN ARIZONA**

**HAL EMPIE STUDIO**

*Tubac*

Hal Empie wasn't one for an art class, and it didn't really matter. You see, he was the youngest pharmacist ever certified in the state of Arizona, as well as a self-taught Western artist. He passed away in 2002, but before that, the 93-year-old became famous as the creator of Empie Cartoon Kards, which were published for many years in *Arizona Highways*. Today, visitors to Tubac can stop by Empie's studio and gallery, a wonderful place that's lovingly run by his daughter and son-in-law. While you're there, peruse the artist's spectacular paintings — yes, he painted, too. *Information: 520-398-2811 or [www.halempiestudio-gallery.com](http://www.halempiestudio-gallery.com).*



**ABOVE:** Empie Cartoon Kards were published in *Arizona Highways* for years, including these, which appeared in June 1988. Today, visitors to Tubac can explore artist Hal Empie's studio and gallery.

**OPPOSITE PAGE:** Southern Arizona's verdant Muleshoe Ranch Preserve is more than just a sanctuary for a delicate ecosystem. It's also home to some of the last constantly flowing natural springs in the region. PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD MCCAIN

**MULESHOE RANCH PRESERVE**

*Willcox*

There's nothing like slipping into a natural hot spring after a long day of exploring riparian habitat. That's what makes Muleshoe Ranch so special. Crisscrossing this Nature Conservancy preserve are some of the last natural, permanently flowing streams in Southern Arizona. A delicate ecosystem of wildlife depends on this flowing water, as did early Arizona pioneers. The preserve also bubbles with hot springs, and visitors to some of the onsite casitas have access to the rejuvenating waters. Check in at the visitors center for details, maps and information about overnight stays. *Information: 520-212-4295 or [www.nature.org](http://www.nature.org).*

**MARK YOUR CALENDAR**

**ARIZONA RANGER TERRITORIAL DAYS**

*Benson*

Arizona is known for its rough-and-tumble early days, and it likely never would have become a state without the order imposed by the Arizona Rangers (see our story, *Too Tough to Die*, October 2009). Celebrate their statehood efforts and their continued volunteer law enforcement with a mounted shootout, dancing, a model-airplane tour through the Benson Municipal Airport, and a carnival. Donations help support the Rangers. This year's event takes place February 13-14. *Information: 520-586-0952.*

**CHOCOLÁTE**

*Bisbee*

Bisbee is becoming a chocolate mecca, at least in Arizona, with the addition of Chocoláte. Pronounced like the Spanish word for chocolate, the little shop is one of about 10 in the country that makes chocolate directly from cacao beans. While most chocolatiers buy their supplies from large manufacturers, the owners of Chocoláte go through the process of roasting, cracking, grinding, tempering and barring the chocolate themselves. The owners swear that visitors can taste the difference — even the region the beans come from. The shop is closed during the summer because warmer temperatures affect the chocolate-making process. This time of year, however, conditions are perfect and the chocolate tastes especially good. *Information: 866-221-9722 or [www.spiritedchocolate.com](http://www.spiritedchocolate.com).*

**CALIFORNIA CONDOR RELEASE**

*Vermilion Cliffs*

California condors are imposing creatures — they're the largest flying land birds in North America and they're capable of gliding up to 50 mph on a good updraft. They're also endangered. Catching a glimpse of one of these majestic birds in the wild is, at a minimum, extremely lucky. Watching one being released from captivity is also something special. Since 1996, the Peregrine Fund, which is in charge of all condor population recovery efforts in Arizona, has reintroduced several condors into the wild near Vermilion Cliffs National Monument. The condors' release, which is a public event, gives visitors an up-close look at these rare, regal creatures. The next release takes place in early March. *Information: 208-362-3716 or [www.peregrinefund.org](http://www.peregrinefund.org)*

**MARK YOUR CALENDAR**

**GLEN CANYON CHRISTMAS BIRD COUNT**  
*Glen Canyon*

Although many birds in the northern hemisphere lie low between December and January, Arizona birders shouldn't do the same — now's the perfect time to get moving and check out the fliers in the northern part of the state. Each winter, teams set out by water (Lake Powell and the Colorado River) and by land to photograph the North American bird scene. This year's bird count will take place January 5, and participants will meet at the Glen Canyon Visitors Center. *Information: 928-608-6267 or [www.nps.gov/glca](http://www.nps.gov/glca)*

**FLAGSTAFF LOOP TRAIL**

*Flagstaff*

Flagstaff is making it easier to explore the area. After a lot of planning and a lot of hard work, many of the city's major outdoor landmarks have been linked together in the form of the Flagstaff Loop Trail. The trail, which underwent initial construction in fall 2008, is a 42-mile path that surrounds Flagstaff and features various access points from within the city. Whether you're a hiker, biker or walker, the trail provides entrée to places such as Mount Elden, Route 66 and Observatory Mesa, as well as terrain that varies from easy to strenuous. The loop, which is still under construction, combines Forest Service trails, abandoned roads, the Flagstaff Urban Trail System and more to create a single multipurpose route that's divided into eight passages, all based on specific geography and attractions. *Information: [www.looptrail.org](http://www.looptrail.org)*

**PARIA CANYON ADVENTURE RANCH**

*Page*

Hostels aren't just for youthful adventurers on European backpacking trips anymore. Paria Canyon Ranch melds the group atmosphere of a hostel with a true ranch experience. Visitors can stay in the 14-bed bunkhouse hostel or do some bonding in the group campground. Located about 30 miles from Page, the ranch is one of the best launch points for a horseback ride into Paria Canyon. Along the way you'll get stunning views of the vibrantly colored Vermilion Cliffs. *Information: 928-660-2674 or [www.pariacampground.com](http://www.pariacampground.com)*



A pair of California condors preens on a rock outcropping at Vermilion Cliffs. The endangered birds were first reintroduced into the wild in Arizona in 1996. PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN CANCALOSI

# It was a DARK NIGHT...

frank ZULLO has a flair for the dramatic. He's a photographer by trade, which is pretty normal. But otherwise, he's out there — a cross between Galileo and Indiana Jones. As you'll see, ZULLO is fascinated with prehistoric petroglyphs and spectacular star formations, the combination of which is masterfully connected in this month's portfolio.

— a portfolio by frank ZULLO

In this composite image, Hohokam rock art is illuminated against a Milky Way backdrop in Southern Arizona's Picacho Mountains. The long swath of dots may symbolize the universe, along with other sky objects and serpents, which are thought to represent prayers being carried to the gods.

Venus and a crescent moon set in a sky barely touched by dawn, while a Hohokam cross — a symbol for Venus — illuminated with a flashlight, brightens a rock outcropping at South Mountain Park in Phoenix.



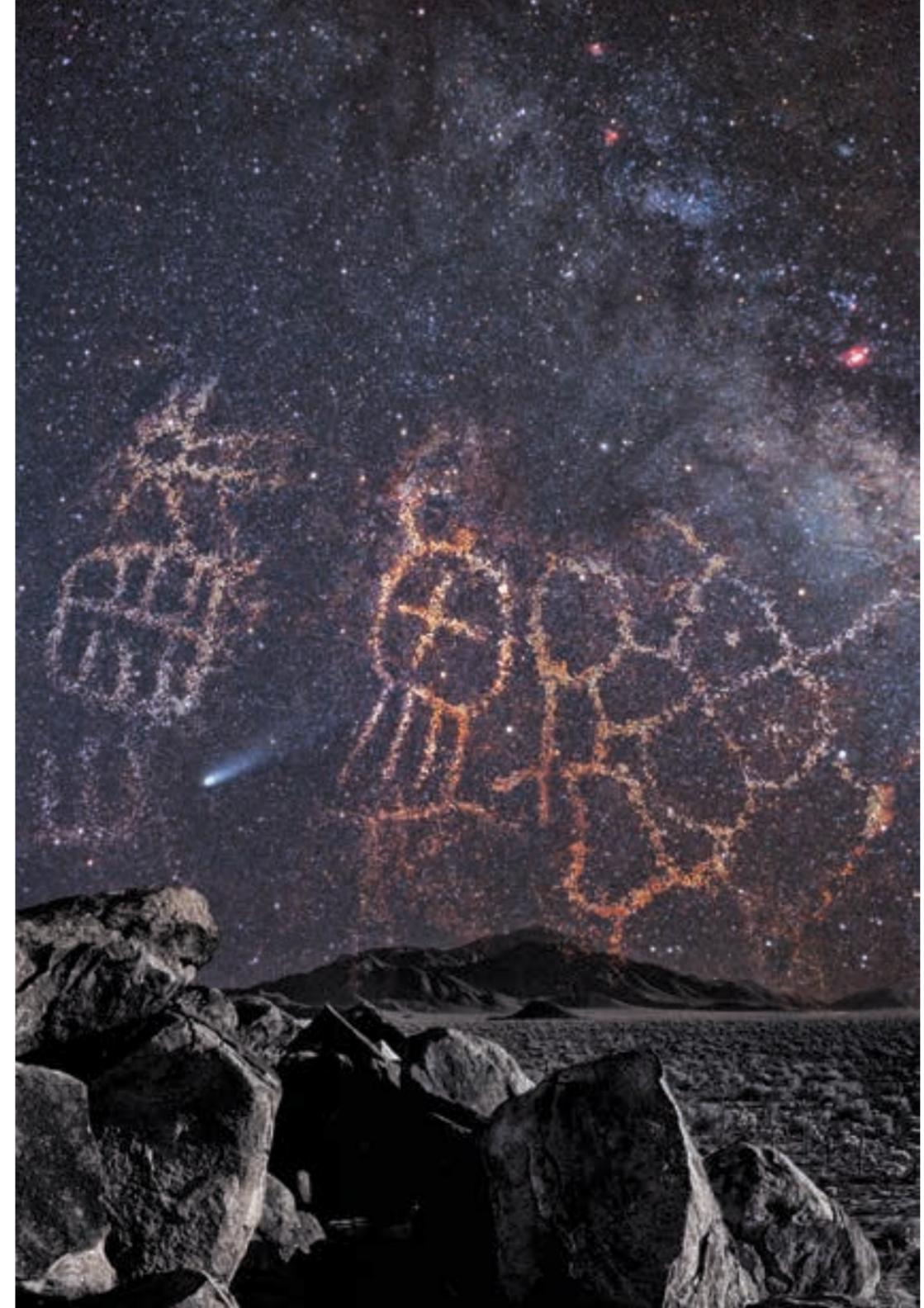


**above:** These pictographs, found on a cliff overhang at Penasco Blanco, Chaco Culture National Historical Park in New Mexico, are thought to record the supernova of July 5, 1054.

**left:** This composite image combines Comet Hale-Bopp, as photographed on April 6, 1997, and Hohokam petroglyphs depicting the passage of a great comet.

This panel, found at Sears Point along the lower Gila River and believed to represent a meteor shower, is combined with a sky scene from the 2001 Leonid meteor shower. A prior Leonid storm might have precipitated the creation of the Sears Point petroglyphs.





**above:** Halley's Comet appears in the predawn sky of March 21, 1986. Superimposed onto the celestial scene are petroglyphs from a Hohokam rock art panel in Southern Arizona, which includes a possible comet symbol (center).

**left:** On the winter solstice, the last rays of the setting sun stream through a notch in the Sierra Estrella Mountains, as viewed from a prehistoric Hohokam sun-watching shrine. The highlighted shrine, marked by a lone lizard petroglyph, appears on a monolith at South Mountain Park in Phoenix. ■

# Not Your Average JOE

J.P.S. Brown is a fifth-generation Arizonan. He's been a boxer, Marine, journalist, cattle trader, rancher, prospector, movie wrangler, whiskey smuggler, fiction writer and lifelong victim of bad luck, most of which came about because of his love for booze. Like so many great writers, Joe was an alcoholic, but not anymore. These days, he's sober; he's living on a ranch in Patagonia; and he's determined to write at least 30 more books before he dies. By the way, he's 79 years old.

By KATHY MCCRAINE  
Photo illustrations by JOEL GRIMES



Joe Brown has done it all, including authoring several popular Western novels.

**J.P.S. Brown** likes to tell stories. And this Arizona author has many to tell, particularly about his escapades trading cattle in Mexico. Once, he rented a plane in Tucson to rush medicine to a herd of sick cattle he'd corralled in Navojoa, Sonora. On the return trip, the plane's engine quit. With only 12 seconds to make a decision, Brown landed the plane on the freeway below, right behind a Volkswagen.

"I was going to eat the Volkswagen," he says, "so I veered off the road down a sharp incline, clipping one wing on a telephone pole. That Volkswagen never had a clue. He just kept on going."

It took hours for the Mexican police to arrive.

"Why did it take you so long?" he asked.

They shrugged. "Because, you know, whenever we get called on a deal like this, all we ever find is *chicharrón* [fried pork rind]."

Brown escaped without a scratch, one more close call in a lifetime of risky exploits.

The Mexican people of the Sierra Madre call him *El Mostrenco* — The Unbranded One.

a bantam rooster, and his carefully creased Silver Belly Stetson perched on his head in a cavalier cowboy style. For luck, he attaches a turquoise tiepin to the front of his crisp white shirt. Yet Brown has seen little luck in his lifetime. Like the single-engine aircraft he often piloted in his Mexican cattle-trading days, his life has been buffeted by updrafts and down-drafts, as if set on autopilot for self-destruct.

Brown first became famous in 1970 when his novel *Jim Kane* was published at the beginning of America's urban-cowboy craze. The book chronicles the adventures of Brown's alter ego, Jim Kane, who ranched and traded cattle in the wild Sierra Madre of Mexico. Hollywood turned the book into the movie *Pocket Money*, starring Paul Newman and Lee Marvin.

Brown then wrote *The Outfit*, about gathering wild cattle on a vast Nevada ranch, and after that, he wrote *The Forests of the Night*, the story of a Mexican rancher in pursuit of a killer jaguar.

Tucson author and longtime *Arizona Highways* contributor Charles Bowden first met Brown in the early 1980s when Bowden was editing *City Magazine* in Tucson. After read-

due to the Depression and alcoholism, a family curse that Brown inherited.

Brown's father, Paul Summers, was "wild as a wolf," a cowboy who lived, played and drank hard. At age 5, Brown accompanied his dad from their Nogales, Arizona, ranch to a cow camp in Mexico, where he got an early start cowboying. On the trail, Summers gave his son shots of mescal "to freshen your horse."

When Brown was 9, his mother divorced Summers and married another cattleman, Vivian Brown, who adopted the little boy, making him Joseph Paul Summers Brown. After attending a Catholic boarding school, J.P.S. Brown graduated from the University of Notre Dame, where he found his gift for writing.

After a hitch in the U.S. Marines, Brown returned to the borderlands to ranch and trade cattle. "I was happiest in the Sierra Madre," he says. "The minute I got on my horse and started up the trail from San Bernardo, I was home."

In those craggy mountains, Brown came to know the country in much the same way as the wild cattle and jaguars that roamed it. He formed lasting friendships with the *campesinos*

## "I'd use the whiskey to keep me going when I was writing."

It's their affectionate name for someone they'd like to claim. In his heart, Joe Brown is as Mexican as he is American. After a lifetime on both sides of the border, he still sometimes resembles a renegade maverick bull, tearing through life with reckless abandon. But there are many sides to Joe Brown. These days, he often speaks softly, with a humility born of hard knocks, in contrast to his rowdy years when he could drink anybody under the table and would start a fistfight "just to see things come apart."

His life has brought him some fame, but little fortune. He calls himself "a gambler." He's been a boxer, Marine, journalist, cattle trader, rancher, prospector, movie wrangler, whiskey smuggler and fiction writer — but, above all, a cowboy. Brown writes mostly about cowboys because it's the life he knows. "People should know about the real animals, men and women who make their living alone in vast country, doing work that takes risk, instinct and courage," he says.

His relationships with women have been tempestuous. One of his five wives, for instance, poisoned him.

At 79, Brown still stands tall and straight at 6 feet 2 inches, his chest puffed out like

ing Brown's first three books, Bowden made a point of meeting Brown.

"He's the only writer I ever sought out in my life," Bowden says. "I think *The Forests* is without a doubt the finest novel ever written in our region, and the botanical accuracy of it is stunning. All three of those novels are literally classics. If he never writes another word, he's still created a better body of work than anybody else in the Southwest."

Brown has won several literary awards, but despite the accolades and Hollywood success, he's been sabotaged by hard luck and his own behavior. His publishing house went under, the nation's infatuation with cowboys faded, and Brown refused to cater to either the publishing world or Hollywood.

**J**oseph Paul Summers Brown is a fifth-generation Arizonan. Both sides of his family homesteaded Southern Arizona in the 1850s. By the time Brown was born in 1930, his extended family owned 26 ranches and ran more than 30,000 head of cattle on both sides of the border. The clan would eventually lose it all

or farmers. But as much as he gloried in that country, it never rewarded him with riches. As Brown hints in *Jim Kane*, dishonest traders, drought, disease, capricious Mexican regulations and problems legally crossing cattle at the border left him frequently broke and frustrated.

Brown didn't begin writing in earnest until 1964, when he contracted hepatitis in Mexico and went to his grandmother's house in Nogales to recuperate. Unable to work, he thought he could support himself through writing. It took six years before these early stories, which became *Jim Kane*, were published. By then Brown was as hooked on writing as he was on whiskey.

"I'd use the whiskey to keep me going when I was writing," he says. "I'd get into this groove where I didn't stop working except to eat and sleep. Pretty soon I wouldn't be sleeping, and then not eating, and then I'd just drink until I crashed."

The Hollywood life and parties during the making of *Pocket Money* exacerbated the alcoholism. Paul Newman insisted that Brown be present during the filming. Brown pushed to have parts of the movie filmed in Navojoa, Mexico. When Brown and the movie com-



Brown finds peace on the open range at his ranch near Patagonia.

pany jetted to Navojoa, the whole town turned out and threw a grand fiesta. But the director decided to shoot the movie in Zacatecas and revised the script so it no longer conformed to the book.

"By then I was through with them," Brown says. "I got really mad and told them all off one morning in Zacatecas. I told them they were a bunch of sorry SOB's. I made myself unpopular with the movie people and it just flattened my career."

Marital problems also plagued Brown.

He barreled through three wives from 1952 to 1965. His third "wife" was actually his mistress, a Zapotec Indian who'd been kidnapped and forced to work in a Navojoa whorehouse. Brown paid the madam 10,000 pesos for the woman and set her up in Navojoa, to house-keep and look after his two kids from a previous marriage. The former prostitute learned of Brown's plans to marry Arizona author and journalist Jo Baeza. The mistress became furious and she tried to shoot Brown. The gun misfired. Next, she laced Brown's stew with strychnine. He survived.

"She was actually a good person," he says. "It was just her nature, and she had a right."

Brown's 1965 marriage to Baeza, another longtime *Arizona Highways* contributor, lasted eight years and was equally turbulent. During the fervently creative period when Brown wrote his first three books, on the rare occasions that he was home, he read aloud to

Baeza. She critiqued each chapter. But after eight years, the marriage unraveled due to Brown's drinking.

"I still love Joe. I always will," Baeza says. "Our marriage was great, but I just couldn't live with him."

After not speaking to each other for some 30 years, Baeza and Brown began to correspond. Their renewed friendship resulted in Baeza's editing of *The World in Pancho's Eye*, Brown's 2007 novel based on his Southern Arizona childhood. Of all her ex-husband's books, *Pancho's Eye* is Baeza's favorite.

Brown's marriage to his fifth wife, Patsy, has lasted 34 years.

Brown got sober in 1992, but it took his mother's death to bring him to his senses. He knew his mother was dying, but he was stuck on the border at Calexico trying to cross a bunch of quarantined cattle.

"I could have found somebody to take care of those cows," he says, "but I also couldn't get away from that bottle. My mother died on the same day my cattle crossed, and I came to her funeral drunk."

Patsy told her husband: "You've got to grow up. You're going to kill yourself, or kill me, or just drink yourself to death."

Something finally sank in. Brown quit drinking for good.

But drinking wasn't his only challenge. In 1987 he suffered his first heart attack, and since then his blocked arteries have caused six more

coronaries. Brown nearly died after a massive heart attack in 1999. His heart stopped, and he recalls going to a "very pleasant place."

"I had this great feeling of immensity," he says. "I began to examine my conscience, but every time I began to accuse myself, a voice reminded me that I'd done something good to balance the scale. Then all of a sudden it was over and I was back in the ICU."

Brown last suffered a heart attack in 2005, after a 66-day writing binge that created his latest novel, *Wolves at Our Door*, which brings Jim Kane back as a 70-something borderlands rancher who faces off against drug lords and smugglers.

**B**y the 1990s, Brown had lost two ranches and a fine Tucson home after rolling the dice and borrowing against movie contracts that never materialized. In 2002, he and Patsy retreated from Tucson to Patagonia, where they now live at the Rocking Chair Ranch on Harshaw Creek.

Brown's goal is to write 30 more books — "If God gives me 15 more years," he says.

"I'm going to turn my talent into another cow ranch," he adds, "so I can raise and trade cattle until all the money I make from my writing is gone again — even if it finally kills me." ■



## IN THE HOLE WORLD

At a glance, they might look like nothing more than puddles – just a splash of water – but in the arid Southwest, water holes are the difference between life, dormancy and death. Stare at these *tinajas*, as they're known in Southern Arizona, long enough and you'll detect a slow haze of motion inside – a microscopic world that's home to thousands and thousands of fascinating creatures.

By Craig Childs

A weathered rimrock basin holds rainwater along the edge of an overlook at Grand Canyon's Saddle Mountain. PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA

When I was a child, I went with my family to visit a water hole in the desert outside Wickenburg. The lonely hole was in a narrow, rocky arroyo, and several of us waited in the rocks above as the sun set. Dusk heat radiated from the ground, and maybe we talked, or maybe we were silent, I do not recall. What I do remember is birdcalls closing in around the hole – quail cooing at each other beneath the tender whine of phainopeplas. Black-winged bats flitted in and out, and in the brush animals darted, small sounds of sniffing and moving. It seemed like a secret life the desert had.



A tadpole and three *Triops* share a receding mud puddle on the Willcox Playa (above). PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDY BABB

An early winter storm leaves behind reflecting pools in the main section of The Wave in Vermilion Cliffs National Monument (right). PHOTOGRAPH BY DEREK VON BRIESEN



More than anything, I recall the water hole itself, an indigo circle of evening sky shimmering in the bottom of an arroyo. That circle inscribed itself in my mind, the serenity of water in the desert, the night filled with life. What could possibly be more beautiful, more strange, than a bit of water sitting still in a hot, dry land?

I grew up to become a water hunter. I walked back and forth across the state marking water holes on maps, sometimes staking my life on them. In the southern part of the state, where water holes are known as *tinajas*, you find them hidden in the declivities of dry, thorny mountains. They are situated where thunderstorm floods sometimes rage, scouring bowls and plunge pools from the bedrock. Water collects in these holes and slowly evaporates until weeks or months later all that remains is a dark, bubbly film, and then finally a green parchment of dried algae. For drinking, the earlier side of the cycle is preferred.

Looking for water in the long desert of the Cabeza Prieta National Wildlife Refuge, I once followed bees. One by one they shot across the desert, coming and going from somewhere in particular. Jags of granite, bone white in the sun, stood around me, and I followed the bees up to a crack. Bees foamed around the mouth of a shadow, and as I leaned in close I could see a dark mirror inside, a pool hidden from the sun. Reaching a metal cup through bees, I took just enough to soothe my throat, like drinking baptismal water.

Stare at these pools and you will detect a slow haze of motion inside. They are home to a wealth of tiny crustaceans: little pea-shaped creatures known as ostracods, and clam shrimp with their soft bodies tucked into their own translucent shells. Few are bigger than a pinhead or a fingernail. In every other canyon or so, you will find fairy shrimp, their long, ghostly bodies cruising through shafts of light sometimes hundreds of miles from the nearest permanent water.

Some of these holes are so populated they look like zoos, and with every gulp, you ingest 10,000 living things. How did they get there? They blew in on the wind, or tucked in bird feathers, or were shat out as eggs of larvae by bighorn sheep or coyotes stopping by to drink.

Water-hole ecology is ruled by an array of uncanny adaptations. Invertebrates dwelling in ephemeral pools have the ability to determine exactly how long water will last. Because they have complicated life cycles, they have got to time it just right so that they can either get out as a winged adult or make themselves into seed-like eggs before the pool dries. Each pool and each storm requires distinct calibration, some keeping water for months, and some losing it within a week.

One observer visited an Arizona stock tank for the 19 days that it held water after a heavy summer rain. Nearly 20 species of invertebrates and amphibians appeared during this time, and he took note of each. Predaceous beetles, *Eretes sticticus*, hatched by the thousands from eggs laid by adults that flew in from unknown water sources. Their development followed the stride of this slowly vanishing pool. On the 19th day, at 10:30 in the morning, the pool came very near to drying. En masse, the beetles, which had only recently reached their adult phase, suddenly produced an intense, high-pitched buzzing sound. Then, as the researcher stood watching, the entire group lifted into a swarm and set off to the southwest, disappearing at the horizon. Within an hour, the pond went dry.

My own adjustments are simple calculations. I trek across the desert feeling the changing weight on my back, water supplies dwindling by a few quarts a day. When the lightness becomes disconcerting, I start scanning the horizon for a likely canyon or wash, any rain-catching topography. Finally finding the place, a circle of water, I sit at the edge and become one of the desert creatures that come out for *tinajas*.



**I**n the north of the state, water holes are very different. They lie in beds of sandstone, and after a heavy rain it seems as if you are walking across the sky. There are places beneath the dome of Navajo Mountain where these holes grow as large as swimming pools and you count them by the hundreds. They are called waterpockets or kissing pools.

After a summer deluge, I went to one of these places, a terrain of sculpted rock, and in every dip there was water. Some holes were far deeper than others, thousands of gallons socked down into rock that looked like giant egg crates, water in each hold. In the deeper holes were troops of crustaceans known as *Triops*. These look like small horseshoe crabs, one or two inches in length, shield-like carapace mounted with two poppy-seed eyes, and a fleshy little rat tail at the end. They are, indeed, prehistoric; exactly matching their fossils of around 400 million years ago. They were sea dwellers back then, but when bony-mouthed fish evolved, *Triops* vanished from the sea and those that survived took up new lives in these far-flung water holes where fish cannot reach.

Now *Triops* survive by moving from one temporary water hole to the next, waiting out dry times in the form of eggs as parched as dust. It is a process known as anhydrobiosis — *anhydro* meaning *without water*, *biosis* meaning *life*. It is life without water, the only way to make it from one dry spell to the next out there. Anhydrobiosis is an adaptation common to many water-hole creatures. It is a form of existence in which all measurable life processes are shut down. Basically, these animals die but can, under the right circumstances, come back to life. Many invertebrates living in ephemeral water sources rely on anhydrobiotic stages to bridge the long, desiccating periods between rains. In their larval or egg form, they are able to withstand incredible pressures and doses of radiation that would quickly kill the adult phases.

Unprotected cysts taken by a space shuttle to outer space and exposed for prolonged periods to cosmic radiation were still able to come to life when added to water back on Earth. Like pollen grains, the cysts of each species are uniquely shaped, with hooks or wings that grab onto passing animals or catch the wind in search of the next rain, the next water hole. They are models of physical endurance and patience.

When the rains come and the holes fill, life quickly springs from (or into) the water. The aquatic backswimmer *Notonecta*, a predator that the crustaceans would rather not encounter, flies in search of water holes. It seeks polarized ultraviolet light reflected from smooth bodies of water, the same method used by water striders and dragonflies. Ultraviolet sensors are located in the lower portion of its compound eyes.

*Notonecta* flies with its body tilted 15 degrees to the horizon, placing these UV sensors at a level that will be struck by polarized light off a flat surface, initiating a dive-and-plunge response. Sometimes you hear them pinging off of your car hood at night because they think it is a water hole. Once, sitting in the desert with a cup of water in my hand, I was bombarded by backswimmers. Five of them made a bull's-eye into the cup, its mouth just 4 inches wide. I was holding their entire water hole in my hands.



An early morning thunderstorm heads for the petrified sand dunes of Vermilion Cliffs National Monument (left) in Northern Arizona.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA

In Southwestern Arizona, a *tinaja* (opposite page) offers life-giving water in its namesake location, the Tinajas Altas Mountains.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT MCDONALD

**O**ften in the summer, the waterpockets are dry. Sandstone becomes a bare face burning in the sun. During such a summer day, I stopped by a hole I had used in past years, and no matter how dry the season had ever been, I had always found water there. Not this time. The land was absolutely parched.

I set a camp on a whaleback of sandstone, and in the evening sat with my knees curled up watching thunderstorms on the horizon. They rolled off the Kaibab Plateau over the Grand Canyon and fanned into the surrounding desert. Bellies flashed with lightning, each storm trailing sheets of rain. A few lucky places were drinking, I thought. I laid back and fell asleep facing the sky, no need for anything but a wool shawl underneath me.

In the middle of the night, I awoke to a white bolt burning into my eyelids. I sat up in a restless wind just as the air ruptured with thunder. Half the sky was black, a thunderhead passing overhead. Within a minute, rain hammered the ground. I stuffed my gear into a protected nook and sat it out. The night was plenty warm, rain a relief on my skin, soaking through my clothes. It began to strike so hard I covered my face, head between my knees, my back a wet shield against the sky.

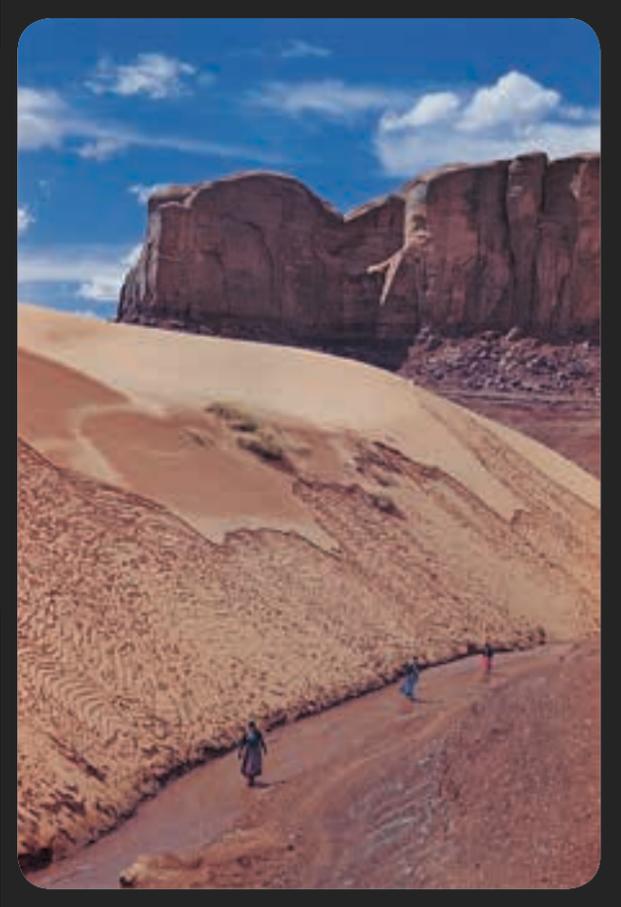
When the rain let up a half-hour later, I lifted my head. Water ran out of my hair, down my face, into my mouth. In the coming quiet, I heard burbling and grumbling as water sheeted across bare ground, overtopping holes, looking for places to stop. After an hour, the sound dwindled into drips that sounded like chimes on the rock.

In the morning, I awoke to water in every hole. Deeper holes were filled with hundreds of gallons of greenish-red fluid that would eventually settle and become clear. I knelt at one of these deeply colored pools, cupped my hands, and drank. It tasted of everything living and dead in the desert, the land washed clean. Drinking such freshly scoured water was not necessarily a wise thing to do, but it seemed like such a blessing, I could not help myself.

Life zinged in my stomach and I cramped into a knot. The pain took a minute to pass, a jolt of pure water-hole ecology. These holes had been waiting, floors packed with cysts silently prepared for any touch of moisture. When the water came, life erupted and I could feel it in my body, the sharp taste of the desert being born again. ■



**TRIP OF A LIFETIME** Monument Valley is a mystical place that has attracted artists, Hollywood directors, family vacationers and other vagabonds for years. It also attracted a science teacher in 1946. Equipped with a camera and a 1941 Chevy, Cal Crook began an unforgettable journey into the heart of Navajo civilization. *The experience changed his life.* Six decades later, his children retraced his footsteps. The car and the camera were different, but the effect was much the same. **BY JANET CROOK PIERSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAL CROOK**



In 1946, members of the Cly family (preceding panel) from Monument Valley, who befriended Cal Crook, trek across sand dunes near Yei Bichei and Totem Pole rocks.

Among the images Crook captured more than 60 years ago are (clockwise from bottom left): Crook's '41 Chevy and its trailer; members of the Cly family preparing fibers for weaving; Hunts Mesa creates a stunning backdrop as family members follow in each other's footsteps; a young boy poses with boxes of food. Retracing their father's journey, Janet Crook Pierson and David Crook pose with the rug the Cly family made for their father.

COURTESY JANET CROOK PIERSON



COURTESY JANET CROOK PIERSON

Cal Crook's adventures weren't limited to Monument Valley. In 1925, he hiked Washington's Mount Rainier.

# In

2000, at the age of 96, Cal Crook laid down his camera and tripod forever. But he is not gone. His rich photographic archives unravel stunning images of a people who live quietly, without pretense.

I won't forget him. I lost touch with my father after the divorce, but once I'd married and had children of my own, we reconnected. Gradually he began to interact with his four children, his grandchildren and, eventually, his great-grandchildren. I shared in his final years, driving back and forth across the state so we could crawl under fences or down creek beds to get that perfect shot.

He remained single and became a local legend, loved as a friend and sought-after as a photographer. The striking black hair turned gray, but his clear blue eyes still crinkled with the same light and energy that set him apart. Summer after summer, we loaded his little blue-green Honda Civic with his photography and traveled to area shows and festivals. He insisted on driving. His "New York, London, Paris, BZ Corner" bumper sticker reminded the lineup of cars behind him to slow down, smile and enjoy the scenery.

We matted and framed photos in the simple house he built in the Mount Adams countryside near BZ Corner. It wasn't always easy to find BZ Corner, but Cal's reputation grew and people eventually found him when they crossed the Little White Salmon River and spotted "Crooked Lane," marked by a handcrafted sign that was nailed to a tree.

Last summer I walked down Crooked Lane to see if his roses and lilacs were still blooming, and if there were going to be apples in his rundown orchard. I wondered if the deer were still coming through to share the bounty, if the ladybugs were still nesting in his old boots. My eyes welled up, but they were glad tears. He'd photographed them all. He loved them.

He loved life. I can still hear his words: "Listen to your heart. It takes more than luck to get a good photo. Sometimes you need to leave the road and do some walking." Even near the end of his journey, he refused to use a cane, gripping his sturdy walking stick instead.

Crooked Lane. Monument Valley. My heart. Some footprints in the sands of time and memory will never disappear. ■

**T**oday my brother David and I are standing together facing the Yei Bichei rocks near where our father photographed a Navajo family more than 60 years ago. A biting dust storm slows us down as we search for the family's descendants and ponder Dad's journey by pack mule into this land where an enduring culture understood life and nature far better than this sister and brother standing by the roadside.

Photographs in hand, our search for the unknown family ends when, at last, we find some of the grandchildren: Jerry, Genevieve and Lorraine. Lorraine Cly Black greets us from the shelter of her Diné Trail Ride Tours stable at John Ford Point. Clinging tightly to our photographs flapping in the gritty wind, we talk and laugh and listen as she finds the familiar face of her now-deceased grandmother, Happy, and ponders some of the other family members, wondering which aunt or cousin each might be.

"That looks like my grandfather Willie standing there under the shadehouse," she says, pointing to the silhouette of a slender figure in a cowboy hat leaning against a timber. "And I think that's Aunt Mary weaving."

She tells us that her grandparents had 11 children, some of whom were deceased before she was born. I show her a photo of the rug my father purchased from the family. She's not familiar with the pattern, but believes it resembles the "eye dazzler." She is close. Dad gave me the rug many years ago and it still dazzles my eyes, but also my heart. My father is here with us at this moment in time — with us at this stable, near these rocks, under this sky. I hold the photographs in my hand and remember his words: "Take care of these images, Jan. One day people will know what I have done."

I exchange addresses with Black and promise to send some of our father's prints to her and her family. My photographer brother captures images of the smiling woman against the backdrop of horses and saddles and sand. He's smiling, too. David's lively steps and bright, crinkly eyes tell me he'll be returning with his camera. The shutter clicks and captures one last shot of Willie and Happy Cly's granddaughter standing with me beneath the shelter at John Ford Point.

Can Cal Crook's son follow in his father's footsteps? Can I? I shield my eyes from the dust storm and walk back to the car with my brother. Our footprints already get lost behind us.

Footprints. Footsteps. I'm thinking about a pack mule now — a pack mule carrying a man who held on to his dreams in spite of the storms.

Dad...

MONUMENT VALLEY, JUNE 1946: Sand and rock shimmer beneath a frybread sun as Cal Crook locks up his '41 Chevy and trailer and climbs onto a pack mule, embarking on an unforgettable journey into the heart of Navajo civilization. With special permission and escort from Navajo guide Albert Bradley, he secures his gear, including his trusty Exakta single-lens-reflex camera, tripod and telephoto lens.

"There was no road, only a trail into this fascinating land of red rock and sand," he writes in a makeshift journal. "We soon came upon some girls returning to their family after enjoying the water in a nearby streambed." The Navajo, or the Diné (the People), as they call themselves, welcomed this sojourner — a teacher on his summer break.

Cal walked and talked with them, photographing them grinding their corn and coffee, carding sheep and goat wool, spinning and weaving on the looms against a backdrop of the Yei Bichei rocks where sky and sand wove an even more magnificent tapestry. The family shared food and coffee beneath the shadehouse, exchanging gifts and friend-



**MESCAL ROAD** Located to the east of Tucson, this scenic drive offers a bonanza of sights, from an old movie set to several creek crossings.

BY KELLY KRAMER  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK DYKINGA

Tucson is one big city — not as big as Phoenix and nowhere near as big as L.A., but big enough. That's why it's so surprising that Mescal Road, a nearly 16-mile stretch of scenic byway, is so close to the city limits. Literally, it's just over the creek and through the woods.

The drive begins on Mescal Road, about 40 miles east of Tucson, off of Interstate 10 at Exit 297, and meanders past a few small private properties before opening onto fields of yucca and fragrant creosote. After approximately 2 miles, the paved road crosses a set of railroad tracks, and then becomes rockier as it approaches an Old West town after another mile. It's not a real town, just a replica that Old

Tucson Studios used as a set for the last few episodes of *Bonanza* and for movies like *The Quick and the Dead*. Although the set is closed to the public and visitors are forbidden from approaching for a closer look, it's easy to use your imagination and picture gunfights and sarsaparilla-slinging.

Beyond the movie set, the pavement ends, but the road is still passable in a standard-clearance vehicle. As it continues, the creosote thins to make way for thick stands of

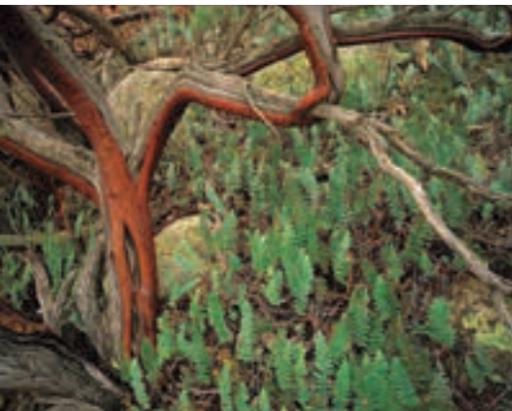
wild grasses, particularly as the road becomes hillier at approximately 4.7 miles. Later, cottonwoods, sycamores and manzanitas will become visual staples. Five miles in, you'll encounter your first water crossing — one of many, as the road traverses both Ash and Paige creeks. Here, the city seems more distant than it is and the road continues past a cattle pen — where the cows are more than happy to oblige a photo opportunity with moos and cud-chewing — and Ash Canyon Ranch.

Past the ranch, the road is at its rockiest and, in fact, its steepest. It tops out at mile 7 and becomes smooth again. After another mile, it's possible to pull into a rustic campsite, where a downed tree provides the perfect perch for a picnic. Sadly, you might discover the remnants of someone else's party, as some visitors find this an appropriate place to bid farewell to their garbage. On a happier note, you might also happen upon a horse that's wandered from the nearby B&D Ranch. Or maybe some deer.

Just beyond the halfway point, it's possible to be in two places at one time. At nearly 9 miles down the road, you'll straddle the line between Cochise and Pima counties, where stands of ocotillos appear along the roadside like cryptic fingers emerging from the boulder-strewn soil. From there, the road becomes — in parts — patchy and occasionally turbulent, but remains passable.

After another 3 miles, the road once again climbs, this time up a hill that provides a spectacular view of the Little Rincon and Galiuro mountains, as well as Happy Valley. At the bottom of the hill, the road cuts through a grassy pasture and past several ranch properties. One-tenth of a mile beyond the pasture, you'll see the sign for the Miller Creek Trailhead. The path, which is part of the Arizona Trail, winds to the edge of Saguaro National Park. There, the road ends, but another great picnic spot lies just a few hundred feet from the trailhead. ■

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



**ABOVE:** A thicket of ferns and manzanitas prospers at the edge of Miller Creek.

**OPPOSITE PAGE:** Paige Creek is squeezed into a rivulet as it flows across granite boulders dotted with Indian paintbrush.

tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

**LENGTH:** 16 miles one way (paved/dirt)

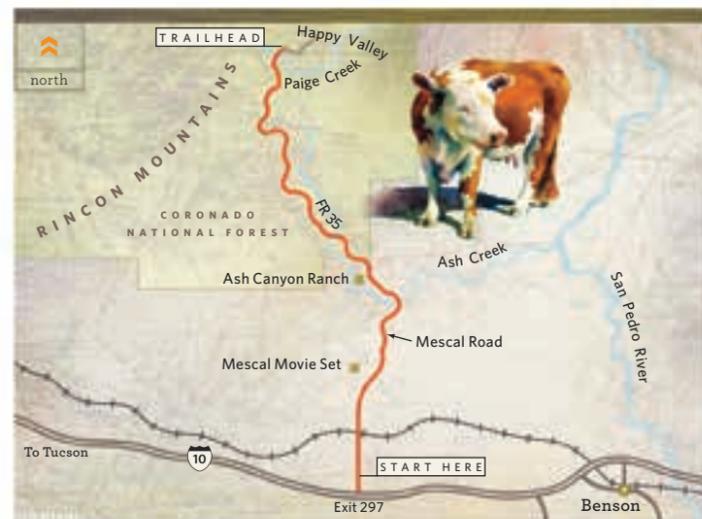
**DIRECTIONS:** From Tucson, head east on Interstate 10 to Mescal Road (Exit 297) and turn left (north). After 2 miles, the road crosses railroad tracks. Continue for 5.5 miles to the Ash Canyon Ranch turnoff, but stay on Mescal Road and proceed another 8 miles to the Miller Creek Trailhead.

**VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** Accessible to all vehicles

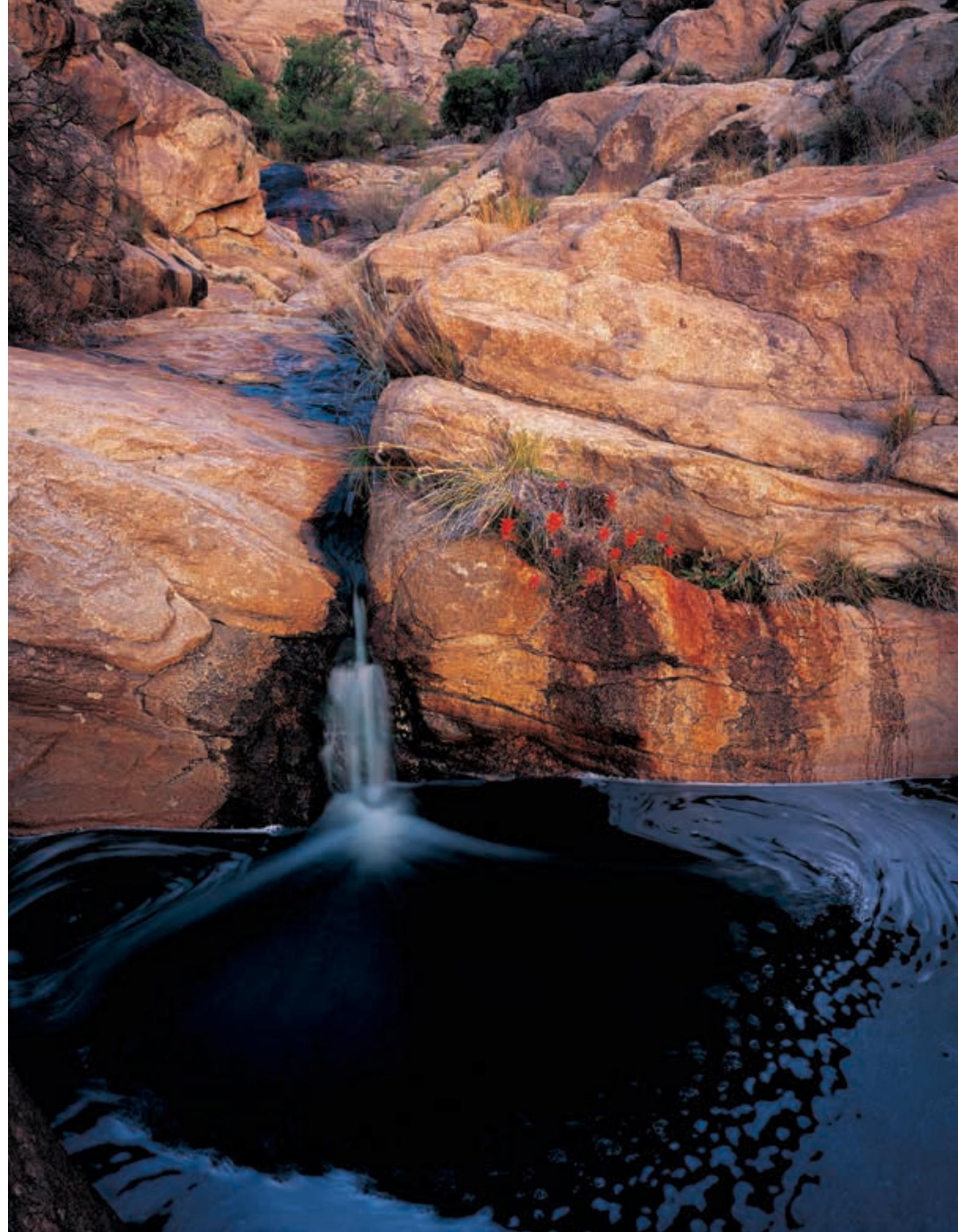
**WARNING:** Back-road travel can be hazardous, so beware of weather and road conditions.

**INFORMATION:** Santa Catalina Ranger District, 520-749-8700 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado)

Travelers in Arizona can visit [www.az511.gov](http://www.az511.gov) or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more.



KEVIN KIBSEY





**WEST CLEAR CREEK** Water is a rarity on most hikes in Arizona. That's why this scenic beauty is so special.

BY ROBERT STIEVE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE BRUNO

The centerpiece of this hike, and the body of water for which it's named, is West Clear Creek, an idyllic stream that winds for nearly 40 miles through some of the most-scenic and least-visited terrain in Arizona. And it's true, the creek itself is very clear, but, ironically, some of the directions you may have seen for the trail are not.

The Forest Service directions, for example, suggest you begin the hike at Clear Creek Campground. Technically, that's not wrong. In the same way you could start the hike in Flagstaff



and traipse down Interstate 17 to the water, you could also kick off this trek at the campground, but you'd have to do a lot of bushwhacking, and you don't want to do that. Instead, begin the hike at Bull Pen Ranch at the end of Forest Road 215.

Not only will this plan spare you a lot of cuts and bruises, the scenic drive to the old ranch is an added bonus. Although FR 215 is a little rough in places, if you go slowly, a sturdy sedan will do. Of course, high-clearance is always the best option on back roads in Arizona. Either way, the road offers terrific views of the canyon into which you'll be hiking. As you look down, your Lewis and Clark impulses will shift into overdrive.

From the trailhead, the route passes under a canopy of impressive sycamores (you'll also see cottonwood, Arizona walnut, willow and ash trees along the creek). Initially, the trail piggybacks an old ranch road on the north bank of the creek. Then, after about a mile, it cuts south for the first of four stream crossings. Throughout most of the year, other than the wet season, it's a simple hop, skip and a jump to other side. In fact, if you're even mildly agile — you don't have to be one of the Flying Wallendas — you can maneuver the rocks and logs without getting wet. Be careful, though, anything you step on will be slippery.

Heading east on the south side of the perennial creek, the trail meanders through a lush riparian forest and quickly comes to the second creek crossing, followed by the official boundary of the wilderness area. Looking around, you'll understand why Congress designated more than 15,000 acres as the West Clear Creek Wilderness in 1984. From the soaring cliffs of Coconino sandstone to the hanging gardens of maidenhair fern and other vegetation, West Clear Creek is a natural wonder that attracts not only humans, but also bears, deer, mountain lions, badgers and birds galore. Keep your eyes peeled.

Eventually, after 5.5 miles and a fourth creek crossing, you'll come to a point where the trail veers north from the creek. This is our recommended turnaround point. Just retrace your steps. If, however, you're in excellent condition and you want to extend the hike, follow the trail north through a draw that climbs 1,800 feet in 2 miles. It's strenuous all the way to a trailhead on Forest Road 214A. From there, it's possible to return to your car by following the forest road for 1.3 miles to the upper end of the 2.5-mile Blodgett Trail, which completes a 15-mile loop. Whichever route you choose, in the end, you'll be glad you started at the ranch — that extra bushwhacking is for the birds.

▶ A hike along West Clear Creek (left and above) provides views of towering sandstone walls and pine-covered slopes, as well as possible wildlife sightings.



ONLINE For more hikes in Arizona, visit our "Hiking Guide" at [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com).

trail guide

**LENGTH:** 11 miles round-trip (along the creek only)  
**ELEVATION:** 3,700 to 4,100 (along the creek only)  
**DIFFICULTY:** Easy (strenuous if you complete the loop)

**DIRECTIONS:** From Interstate 17 at Camp Verde, go southeast for 6 miles on State Route 260 to Forest Road 618. Turn left and continue 2.2 miles to Forest Road 215. From there, turn right and drive approximately 3 miles to the Bull Pen Ranch Trailhead.

**USGS MAP:** Walker Mountain, Buckhorn Mountain

**INFORMATION:** 928-282-4119 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino)

- LEAVE-NO-TRACE ETHICS:**
- Plan ahead and be prepared.
  - Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
  - Dispose of waste properly and pack out your trash.
  - Leave what you find.
  - Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
  - Be considerate of others. ■

where  
is this?

## Old Paint

BY KELLY KRAMER  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
NICK BEREZENKO

This colorful equine wouldn't be of much use to a real cowboy — it's too rusty to round up cattle or ride off into the sunset. Not that the horse is looking for a rider. It seems content grazing the prairie grounds outside an Arizona landmark named for a different kind of cowboy, one who preferred a paintbrush and canvas to a lasso and spurs.



October 2009  
Answer: Madera Canyon. Congratulations to our winner, Dan Bird of Plainwell, Michigan.



November 2009  
Answer: Fort Bowie. Congratulations to our winner, Les Marriage of Waitakere, New Zealand.



**Win a collection of our most popular books!** To enter, correctly identify the location featured above and e-mail your answer to [editor@arizonahighways.com](mailto:editor@arizonahighways.com) — type "Where Is This?" in the subject line. Entries can also be sent to 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. Please include your name, address and phone number. One winner will be chosen in a random drawing of qualified entries. Entries must be postmarked by January 15, 2010. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our March issue and online at [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com) beginning February 15.

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