

10 OF THE CANYON'S BEST-KEPT SECRETS!

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

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MAY 2010

THE INSIDERS' GRAND CANYON

featuring
Hiking, Biking & More

PLUS

KEN BURNS ON THE
STATE OF THE PARK

TREKKING TO
PHANTOM CREEK

VOLUNTOURISM:
HOW TO SIGN UP

AND

PAGES & PAGES OF
BREATHTAKING
PHOTOGRAPHY

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14 Off the Beaten Paths

Every year, 5 million people visit Grand Canyon National Park. Of them, about 4,999,999 go to Mather Point. It's a beautiful overlook, but we thought you might like to try something away from the crowds. So, we dug around and came up with 10 of the Canyon's best-kept secrets. Enjoy the solitude. BY KELLY KRAMER

20 Ken Burns: Take 1

With classic films such as *Baseball*, *Lewis & Clark* and *The Civil War* under his belt, Ken Burns is easily the most successful documentarian of all time. Recently, he took a break from promoting his latest epic, *The National Parks*, to chat with us about the greatest park of all. INTERVIEWED BY KELLY KRAMER

22 Natural Wonder

It's impossible to know how many photographs have been taken of the Grand Canyon. Millions for sure. Maybe even billions. If you're among the many who have tried to capture the Seventh Natural Wonder on film or digitally, you know it's not easy. That's what makes this month's portfolio so impressive.

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"Off and on in my life, I have walked it, been there in summer heat, camped in deep winter snow. Seen the water low and high. And I know nothing I did not know before I first came. Except this: How little I know or will ever know." AN ESSAY BY CHARLES BOWDEN

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For most people, even just a weekend at the Grand Canyon can be a life-changing experience, so imagine what it's like for the lucky ones living on the North and South rims. We talked to seven of them, and the general consensus is: "There's nowhere else I'd rather be." BY KELLY KRAMER PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATTY DIRIENZO

44 Just Another Day at the Office

Sally Underwood used to be a veterinarian, but she wanted a bigger office. So, she sold her business, followed her heart and now leads rigorous, multiday backpack trips into the Grand Canyon. On a recent trip to Phantom Creek, she took one of our writers to work with her. BY LARRY LINDAHL

48 Down by the River

Although most of Glen Canyon was drowned by Lake Powell, what's left below the dam features a glorious stretch of the Colorado River. It's accessible, it's user-friendly and, thanks to a promising restoration project, it's recovering some of its vital pre-dam natural habitat. BY MARY ELLEN HICKEY PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATE THOMPSON

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Bill Gray-Sycamore Loop: Literally, this route crosses a scenic valley ringed with mountains and mesas; figuratively, it goes back in time to the days of miners and pioneers.

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Groom Creek Loop: Located a stone's throw from Prescott, the highlight of this hike is the panorama at its summit.

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▶ A pair of bighorn sheep navigate the rocky cliffs above Willow Beach on the Lower Colorado River in Northwestern Arizona. PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCED, TAUBERT

FRONT COVER The Colorado River snakes through the Grand Canyon below Ancestral Puebloan granaries near the junction of Nankoweap and Marble canyons. PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY LADD

BACK COVER Bright pink verbena blooms add a spot of color to the arid grasslands of Rancho Esmeralda near the Arizona-Mexico border. PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA

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Friend us on Facebook and get a behind-the-scenes look at *Arizona Highways*, along with exclusive photos, trivia contests, quirky news and more.



JEFF KIDA

We're inherently biased ... those of us at *Arizona Highways*. But it's not just us. The Grand Canyon measures up well beyond the borders of our state. Not only is it one of the Seven Natural Wonders of the World, it's one of the only landmarks that can be seen from outer space, it's a World Heritage site, and it sits at the top of virtually every "life list" — those rankings of "things to do" and "places to see" before you die. No wonder Las Vegas promotes the Canyon as its own, as if it were just down the street, at the end of The Strip. And no wonder every sitting U.S. president since Ronald Reagan, with the exception of George W. Bush, has visited the Grand Canyon. It's beyond compare and second to none. It's also the theme of this month's issue.

The Canyon, naturally, gets a lot of attention in our magazine. We've even done theme issues like this in the past. Nevertheless, no matter how many times you visit the Grand Canyon, there's always something new to experience, and that's the gist of our first feature, *Off the Beaten Paths*. It's a story about getting away from the crowds. As Kelly Kramer writes: "About 5 million people a year visit the Canyon. Most of them hit the hotspots — Mather Point, El Tovar, Bright Angel Trail — but despite all the traffic, the Grand Canyon still has her secrets."

The Pioneer Cemetery is a good example. Few, if any, of the millions of visitors to the South Rim ever set foot at this historic site, but there it is, just beyond the mass of humanity. It's an interesting place, where some of the headstones are etched with iconic Canyon names, including Emery Kolb and John G. Verkamp. In all, we'll tell you about 10 of the Canyon's best-kept secrets. It's not every secret, not even close, but it's a start. For a more comprehensive list, you might want to touch base with Judy Hellmich-Bryan. She's the chief of interpretation for the national park.

Among other things, she oversees the park's educational programs for school groups, as well as park publications and exhibits. In *Living on the Edge*, you'll meet Hellmich-Bryan, along with six other people who live (or have lived) at the Canyon. All of them were photographed by Patty DiRienzo for the park's Artist-in-Residence Program. The photos, which were created through a process known as Polaroid image transfer, are fascinating, and so are the people in them. People like Hellmich-

ARIZONA
HIGHWAYS TELEVISION



ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TV

If you like what you see in this magazine every month, check out *Arizona Highways Television*, an Emmy Award-winning program hosted by former news anchor Robin Sewell. For broadcast times, visit our Web site, www.arizonahighways.com, and click the *Arizona Highways Television* link on our home page.

Bryan and Brian Dierker, a river guide who's been running the Colorado for 40 years. I'm not sure if he's the guide who gave Ken Burns a lift downstream, but somebody did. Burns, as you probably know, was at the Canyon last year to film his latest epic, *The National Parks*.

Recently, he took a break from promoting the film to chat with us about the park system's crown jewel. "If anybody is not blown away by the Grand Canyon," he told us, "they won't be blown away by Judgment Day, either. To spend the night on rocks that have been warmed to 120 degrees by the sun, to feel the incredibly insistent and very dangerous Colorado River rush by you, to be down in the depths of the Grand Canyon with no one around you but your own party, you begin to feel your own insignificance. At the same time, you are made larger by that realization."

His words are thoughtful, insightful and on a level with those of Charles Bowden, whose essay, *All My Grand Canyons*, is the *pièce de résistance* of this issue. When I asked Chuck if he'd be willing to write about the Seventh Natural Wonder for us, he thought about it for a few hours, and then, a few hours after that, he turned in what I think is a brilliant piece of writing — it's the kind of thing we're used to getting from Charles Bowden. Like the Canyon itself, his essay more than measures up. Of course, we're inherently biased at *Arizona Highways*, but still, it's very, very good. You'll see.

WE'VE GOT JACK!

For more on the Grand Canyon, pick up a copy of our award-winning book, *IMAGES: Jack Dykinga's Grand Canyon*. It's a unique portfolio that features Jack's spectacular photography from 35 different viewpoints around the Canyon. For more information, call 800-543-5432 or visit www.arizonahighways.com.



ROBERT STIEVE, editor

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KATE THOMPSON

The graphic interaction between people and their environments drives photographer Kate Thompson. "I think it can offer momentum to the work we do as humans, and give us hope to not abandon our work," she says. Although studying the reflected light in the depths of Glen Canyon was fascinating for Thompson (see *Down by the River*, page 48), she says she was particularly impressed with the Grand Canyon Wildlands Council workers and volunteers, who work to replant large areas of the canyon with native willows and cottonwoods. When she's not shooting for *Arizona Highways*, Thompson is busy documenting the con-



servation work under way in Colorado's Dolores River Canyon, where she lives with her husband, her dog and two whitewater dories.

PATTY DIRIENZO

Photographer Patty DiRienzo spent three weeks living among the 1,600 people who make up the Grand Canyon community as part of the National Park Service's Artist-in-Residence Program. Her time there allowed for an opportunity to meet a variety of people and experience the Canyon at every hour of the day (see *Living on the Edge*, page 36). One evening on her way home from a shoot,



DiRienzo made a detour to an overlook and was struck by the quiet beauty of the Canyon. "As I made my way down the icy stairs to the overlook, I looked up and saw a gorgeous full moon rising over the Canyon rim with a backdrop of soft pastel clouds," she says. DiRienzo lives in Washington State with her daughter and is writing a book that profiles Arizona's historic locations.



CHARLES BOWDEN

Although Charles Bowden has traveled to the Grand Canyon more times than he can remember, he says he knew more about the landmark when he was a child than he does now. "The more you go, the less you have to say," he says. Although that might be true for the average writer, Bowden is anything but average (see *All My Grand Canyons*, page 32). Bowden, who moved to Arizona from Chicago when he was 12, has been exploring the Canyon for decades and discovering what he calls the multiple personalities that exist within its walls. "It's beyond language, either visual or verbal," he says. When he's not on the road writing or



researching his critically acclaimed books, Bowden lives in Tucson. "I live by my wits," he says. "It's a hell of a handicap." Bowden's latest book, *Some of the Dead Are Still Breathing: Living in the Future*, is available at bookstores and www.amazon.com.



November 2009

IN A RELATED STORY

The caption about the photograph on the front cover of your November 2009 issue says that the Snow Cap Drive-In in Seligman was opened by Juan Delgadillo in 1953. Then, on page 6, the article titled *Guardian Angel* details how Angel Delgadillo saved Route 66 and has had businesses in Seligman. Are these two Delgadillos related?

RALPH FISLER, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

EDITOR'S NOTE: Great observation, Mr. Fisler. Yes, they're brothers.

AND THAT'S THE WAY IT IS

Years before I'd even visited Arizona, I'd buy an occasional copy of *Arizona Highways*. The photography was spectacular and the articles made me want to visit Arizona. Now my wife and I spend the winters here, and we use the magazine as a primary source for ideas on where to visit. We visit the parks you write about, eat at the restaurants, hike the trails. But the letter you printed with the cheap and irrelevant shot at Walter Cronkite was such a disappointment [*Letters to the Editor*, February 2010]. Cronkite couldn't remember who bought him subscriptions to your magazine? So what? He died when he was 92. He was a man rich in experiences and friendships, and I suspect that a subscription to *Arizona Highways* was a small detail in his life, despite what a fine publication the magazine is. I suspect age and fullness of life had a

lot more to do with his forgetfulness than did his politics. Ronald Reagan died in his 90s and, by the accounts of family and friends, he couldn't remember the names of even those closest to him. Was that because he was a conservative?

DALE CHESNUT, APACHE JUNCTION, ARIZONA

CLIMBING THE LADDERS

This letter is in response to Dixie Hoffpauir's letter [*Letters to the Editor*, February 2010] called "Castle in the Sky"; also item 1, page 16, of the same issue, concerning the two mummified corpses of infants found at Cottonwood Wash [*What's With the Names?*]. At Montezuma's Castle in or near 1937, six or seven of us pre-teen boys climbed the ladders to take a look at what was there. We were astonished at what we saw. On a raised, flat surface there was a mummified baby girl. She must have been about 18 months old when she died. She was beautifully dressed in clothes that appeared to be tribal in origin. Does anyone today know what happened to her? Is she still there?

ARCHIBALD ORBEN HALLER, PROFESSOR EMERITUS, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON



February 2010

CAPITAL LETTER

First of all I'd like to commend you on the very interesting article in the February 2010 issue about how the cities and various places in Arizona got their names [*What's With the Names?*]. Fascinating information and wonderful trivia! However, for Tucson, I believe you made a little

boo-boo when you wrote, "From 1867 until 1877, Tucson was the state capital." Shouldn't you have written that it was the Territorial capital, since Arizona wasn't a state until 1912? I should know, I live in the Prescott area, the first Territorial capital!

TRISHA BRASHER, PRESCOTT VALLEY, ARIZONA

TO THE RESCUE

Great photography, great issue [*December 2009*]. I've been ignoring your resubscription mailings because lately, frankly, the photography has been quite mediocre. This issue alone makes it worthwhile for me to re-up for another year. Gary Ladd and Jack Dykinga are heroic photographers to me. And Suzanne Mathia is the best new talent I've seen in a long time. The cover shot is brilliant. Thanks for rescuing me.

MARK ANDREWS, LAS VEGAS



December 2009

We've been admiring, loyal subscribers for many years, but this time you good folks have outdone your unblemished record for excellence. If I had to choose one word to describe my reaction to your 2009 holiday issue, "magnificent" would be my choice. While I rarely read the *Editor's Letter* in any magazine (sorry about that), this time I did. The tone of your message, your choice of words, and your recognition for the commitment of our armed forces all combined to make it a fitting preamble. This was a class act from cover to cover.

RICHARD DAY, NICHOLS HILLS, OKLAHOMA



GARY LADD

BRIDGING TIME

Hundreds of millions of years in the making, Rainbow Bridge is the world's largest known natural bridge. One hundred years ago this month, on May 30, 1910, President William Howard Taft proclaimed the site a national monument. Throughout the year, the National Park Service will commemorate the monument's 100th anniversary. Information: 928-608-6200 or www.nps.gov/rabr.



Helen Walker (left) and Jan Kaplan

Field Tested

If you want to escape the crowds and go beyond the obvious at the Grand Canyon, book a trip with the Grand Canyon Field Institute. That's what Jan Kaplan and Helen Walker did. Many, many times.

By KELLY KRAMER

THE FIRST TIME JAN KAPLAN saw the Grand Canyon, she stood on its rim and cried. It was 1975, and she'd been working at an outdoor education center in Colorado. One of the perks, she says, was being led on a two-week camping adventure around the Southwest, which included a trip to the Canyon.

Helen Walker doesn't exactly remember the scenario that led to her first visit, but she does recall the effect of the Canyon: "Awe. Absolute awe."

Those reactions aren't extraordinary, but for Kaplan and Walker, they've certainly endured. Unlike the millions of people who visit the Canyon once, file their photos in an album, and schedule their next vacation to wherever, this pair keeps returning for more, thanks in large part to the Grand Canyon Field Institute.

Kaplan and Walker first became acquainted with GCFI in 1999, when director Mike Buchheit arranged a private excursion for the couple and their friends to celebrate Walker's birthday.

"It was fantastic," Kaplan says. "It became the hallmark in our minds of everything that GCFI is about and the quality of its product. The trip was transformative in many ways. Most of the folks on the trip had never even camped before, much less had the multiple stimuli that the trips bring about in one packed week — a mix of hiking, river life, natural history, human history, geology, aesthetics, outdoor etiquette, camaraderie and teamwork."

Since then, Kaplan and Walker, both medical professionals who moved to Phoenix from Minnesota in 1996, have been on "five or six" trips with GCFI,

including two river trips and several backpacking and hiking excursions. They've seen a lot, but they can't pick a favorite place in the Canyon.

"It's a place of self-revelation and unpredictable temperament," Kaplan says. "It brings out the best and worst in people. When you're there, you have to focus internally. The place you always come back to is inside yourself."

Walker agrees, although she does have an affinity for the Colorado River. "Being on the river is such a different experience from being on the trail," she says. "But my favorite place is always the spot where I'm standing at any given moment."

For more information about the Grand Canyon Field Institute, call 866-471-4435 or visit www.grandcanyon.org/fieldinstitute.

PRATT'S Q&A



Steve P. Martin
Superintendent,
Grand Canyon
National Park

Do you have a favorite spot in the Canyon? I don't. It's such a remarkable place and really so varied. The Grand Canyon is one of my favorite spots in the world.

How is the Grand Canyon experientially different from other national parks? It's one of the most unique landforms in the world. At the North Rim, you'll find plants and animals that you'd find in Canada. At the Canyon's western side, you have desert systems representative of the ecosystems of Mexico.

Five words on the Grand Canyon. Go. Immensity. Solitude. Connectivity. Geologic time.

If you could say something to the Canyon, what would you tell it? We appreciate the opportunity to try to live up to the task of being good stewards of the Canyon.

If you only had an hour to spend at the Canyon, where would you go? I'd find one of the trails and just spend an hour hiking it. When you walk, it has a way of embedding you in the size and space of the Canyon for a personal and unique experience.

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

A Place to Meat

Sure, brown rice and broccoli are good for you, but sometimes you need something to sink your teeth into. That's where The Sausage Shop Meat Market comes in. This Tucson deli is a carnivore's horn of plenty.

By KELLY KRAMER

If you're of the vegetarian persuasion, stop reading here and turn the page. If you continue to read this, you do so at your own risk — this writer assumes no responsibility for your falling off the wagon.

Tucson's Sausage Shop Meat Market is really no place for herbivores. As its handle implies, the shop is a place where Cajun andouille, salami, bratwurst and hot Italian links reign supreme, and where slices of some of the most righteous deli meats in the city grace sandwiches that are as cleverly named as they are belly-busting.

Reuben — grilled corned beef, Swiss cheese, sauerkraut and thousand-island dressing piled high on toasted rye bread — stars as himself at The Sausage Shop, but several oddball relatives also make appearances. Ralph, "Reuben's ugly brother," features pastrami and all the fixings, while Randi, "Reuben's hot sister," opts for turkey.

Extended family members include Spanky, which erupts with salami, ham, capicola, provolone and bell peppers; the Blue Ox, which oozes with sliced smoked brisket smothered in blue cheese and barbecue sauce; and Tubby, andouille sausage, smoked brisket, grilled onions and peppers, Creole mustard and hot-pepper cheese on whatever bread you select to try to harness all the stuffing.

The Sausage Shop Meat Market is located at 1015 W. Prince Road in Tucson. For more information, call 520-888-1701.

While you'll likely be stuffed after eating one of the shop's sandwiches, chances are you won't be able to sit down and enjoy yourself there, unless you snag a spot at the picnic table outside. There's no indoor seating at The Sausage Shop, and that's because the spartan storefront focuses on what it does best — just being a deli, plainly and simply — instead of focusing on fancy accoutrements.

Located in an industrial area on Prince Road, off Interstate 10, The Sausage Shop caters to the workingman lunch crowd, with \$5 daily specials that include a sandwich, chips and drink. It's also a great place to stop on your way home. Specialty sausages, like green onion and chorizo, are available to take with you for your own decadent culinary creations. And if you need sandwiches for a party or a tailgate, or if you just want to have a sandwich a day for the next three weeks, The Sausage Shop can do that, too. Just give them 24 hours' notice.



Laura O'Brien (left) and Kent Koecheler



RANDY PRENTICE

Sleep Upstairs

Located on the second floor of an old brick Victorian, Letson Loft in Bisbee is so tastefully appointed it could be mistaken for an elegant private home.

By NIKKI BUCHANAN

LETSON LOFT HOTEL IS a misnomer for this lovely B&B, situated on the second story of the oldest brick Victorian building on Bisbee's Main Street. It's a nest-like urban loft, to be sure, but it lacks the scale of a hotel, as proved by the small house door, painted red and kept locked, that marks the unobtrusive entrance from the street. The steep, narrow stairs beyond it lead directly to a cozy reception area and eight guestrooms, each so tastefully appointed they resemble the confines of an elegant private home.

Although the building, which formerly housed the Goldwater-Castaneda Mercantile, The Turf Saloon and the Mansion House Hotel, has a rich history, owners Ken and Patsy Walker wisely eschewed frilly Victorian trappings when they meticulously restored the old place in 2006.

Naturally, they kept all of the important architectural and design features — 11-foot ceilings, hardwood floors, bay windows and skylights — while artfully exposing the original brick and adobe walls. But they also imbued each room with the sophisticated elements that would make their historic space feel old and new and timeless, all at once.

Carved wooden headboards, pretty lamps, heavy rugs and fresh flowers are the most obvious touches, but every spacious room has its own visual treats as well — maybe stenciled wallpaper, a beveled mirror, feminine writing desk or cleverly constructed metal "closet." One suite has a small eat-in kitchen, another a snug little parlor. All of them come stocked with Wi-Fi, flat-screen TV/DVD players, luxurious bathrobes, hairdryers, irons and bottled water.

A neatly kept nook near the back entrance contains a computer, phone and printer for working folks, and a recently completed private lounge downstairs may be rented for receptions or business gatherings. Meanwhile, concierge service can arrange an in-room massage, dinner reservations, tee times or just about anything else the R&R-ready or romance-inclined might require, including flowers, chocolates and cocktails.

Letson Loft puts a lot of emphasis on that first B, boasting deluxe pillow-top mattresses covered in expensive linens, goose-down comforters and plush pillows. The second B is a continental breakfast, offered in the reception area and built around locally roasted coffee, tea, juice, fresh fruit, sliced cheese and yummy house-baked muffins. Small trays are provided so that guests may carry breakfast back to their quarters or to the peaceful, plant-filled sunroom at the rear of the building.

Because the loft sits in the heart of Bisbee's historic downtown, quaint boutiques, antiques stores and art galleries are just steps away. And somebody — usually Ken, Patsy or receptionist Liz — is always on hand to offer advice about hikes, good local restaurants, Copper Queen Mine tours or visits to the Bisbee Mining and Historic Museum. Of course, some of Bisbee's most fascinating history hangs right there in the hallways of this B&B. Given that Café Roka, one of Bisbee's best upscale restaurants, is right across the street, it's possible to get a delicious Bisbee experience without ever starting the car.

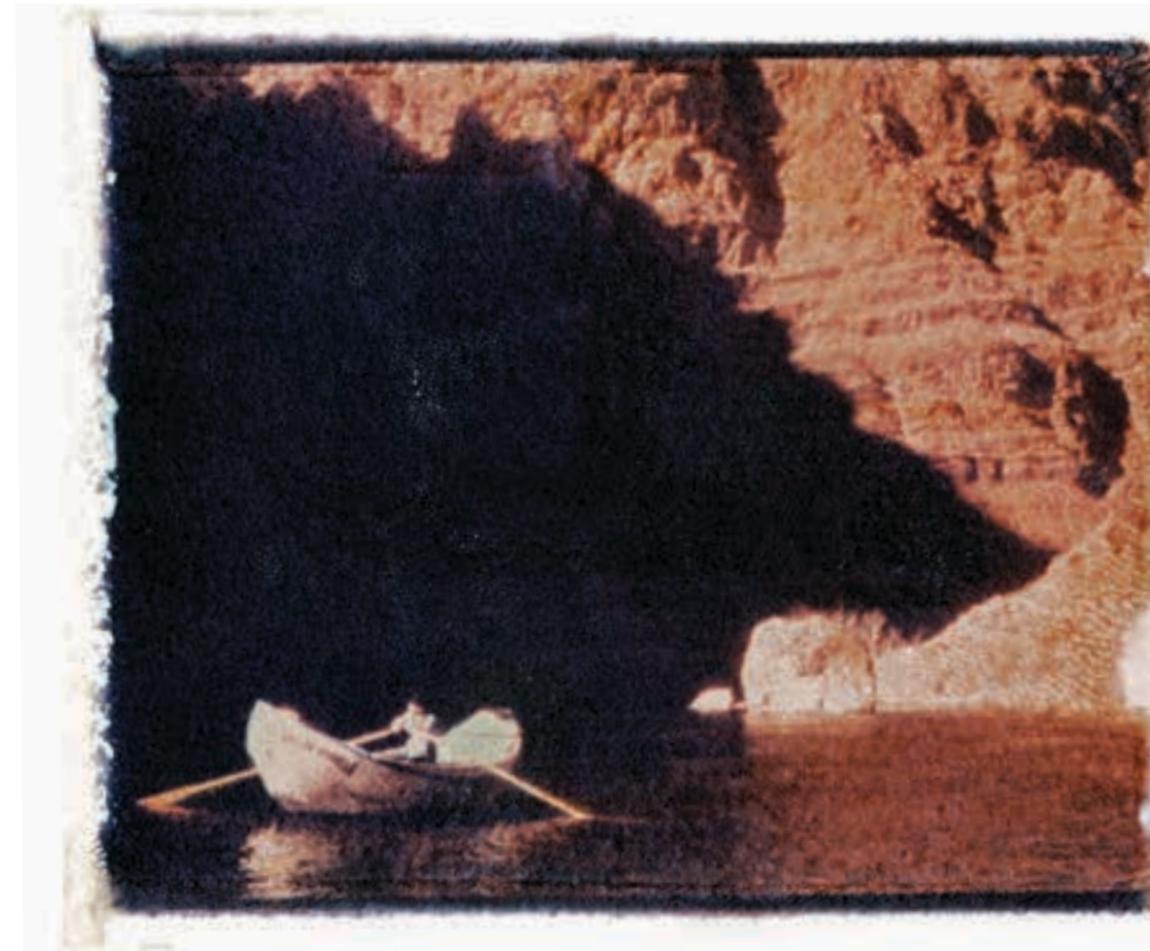
Letson Loft Hotel is located at 26 Main Street in Bisbee. For more information, call 877-432-3210 or visit www.letsonlofthotel.com.

ONLINE For more lodging in Arizona, visit our "Lodging Guide" at www.arizonahighways.com.

A Soft Touch

Patty DiRienzo has come a long way from her days as a photojournalist at *The Virginian-Pilot*. These days, the hardcore realism has been replaced by an old-school look that reflects the pastel tones of soft, ethereal light.

By JEFF KIDA, photo editor



PATTY DIRIENZO

TRADING IN THE GRAINY, cold tones of Tri-X film for the Polaroid image transfer process, Patty DiRienzo's recent work is reminiscent of a 19th century photograph, reflecting pastel tones and illumination from a soft, ethereal light source. (See *Living on the Edge*, page 36.) To accomplish this look, DiRienzo uses a digital camera to capture her images, the same way any photographer would. She then has a film transparency made. Using an enlarger, she projects that slide-image onto a sheet of Polaroid film in a darkroom. Next, DiRienzo uses the negative side of the Polaroid and carefully presses it against a dampened sheet of watercolor paper. The dyes from the Polaroid film are transferred onto the art paper and separated after a period of several minutes. DiRienzo completes her vision by using paints, pastels and watercolor pencils to add detail.



JEFF KIDA

KEEP IT SIMPLE

One of the best ways to present a clear message in a photograph is to keep the composition simple. The fewer elements you work with, the easier it is to design a pleasing image and orchestrate the viewer's eye movement. One way to accomplish this is to move closer to your subject, either physically or by using your zoom lens. Getting closer to your subject allows you to fill the frame, while paring down the composition to its essential elements. Using this technique will also remove unwanted visual distractions and defocus the background, immediately drawing attention to your subject.



ADDITIONAL READING: Look for *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available at bookstores and www.arizonahighways.com.

ONLINE

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



Thunderbird Field 1

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN SWOPE. COURTESY JOHN SWOPE TRUST

Home Field Advantage

Because of its proverbial sunshine and never-ending open space, Arizona was the logical choice for a World War II training facility, where more than 16,000 Allied pilots learned to fly.

By SALLY BENFORD

IN 1940, AS THE WINDS OF WAR were blowing across Europe, an isolated piece of desert land, about 20 miles northwest of downtown Phoenix, was poised to play a major role on the world stage.

It was around that time when General Henry “Hap” Arnold, commander of the Army Air Corps, realized that the United States needed to increase its air power in case the country were to enter the war. He believed the U.S. had to act quickly, so he recruited some patriotic entrepreneurs — Hollywood heavy-hitters — who had the money and the desire to build air-training fields. Hollywood agent and producer Leland Hayward and former pilot John Connelly, the founders of Southwest Airways, joined forces with pilot and *Life* magazine photographer John Swope to secure investors for the project. The star-studded list included Jimmy Stewart, Robert Taylor and Henry Fonda.

Arizona, with its clear skies and scattered population, proved the perfect place for an airfield. So, with nothing more than a memo and a handshake, construction of Thunderbird Field I was launched

on January 2, 1941. The field was designed by well-known artist Millard Sheets to resemble a mythical Thunderbird as viewed from the air. Meantime, Southwest Airways provided top-rate instructors, including founder John Swope.

The first class of 59 candidates started training on March 22, 1941, a little more than eight months before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Shortly thereafter, Southwest added two satellite airfields: Falcon Field in Mesa and Thunderbird Field 2 in Scottsdale. From 1941 to 1945, more than 16,000 Allied pilots from 26 countries, including hundreds of Chinese pilots who served under Chiang Kai-shek’s army, were trained at the Thunderbird fields.

After the war, the federal government decommissioned the training base and sold it to Lieutenant General Barton K. Yount, a retired commander of the Army Air Forces, who used the site to establish the American Institute for Foreign Trade.

Today, the former airfield, which is located at 59th Avenue and Greenway Road in Glendale, is known as the Thunderbird School of Global Management, one of the top-ranked international business schools in the world. Although modern students aren’t learning to fly, remnants of the airfield still remain, and last fall, the air-control tower was targeted for restoration. The refurbished building will reopen in fall 2011 as a social center, with facilities for dining, shopping and socializing. In addition, World War II memorabilia will be displayed in the hall.

This month in history

■ An earthquake with a magnitude of 7.2 was felt in Southern Arizona on May 3, 1887. The quake’s epicenter was in Mexico, southeast of Douglas. Other Arizona cities that sustained moderate-to-heavy damage included Tucson, Bisbee, Tombstone, Willcox and Fort Huachuca.

■ On May 15, 1886, Captain Charles A.P. Hatfield and his 4th Cavalry troops engaged in a battle with Apache Indians led by Apache leaders Naiche and Geronimo near the Mexico border.

■ The first issue of the *Holbrook Times* newspaper was printed on May 17, 1884. The paper’s editor was Henry Reed.

For more information about Thunderbird School of Global Management, call 602-978-7000 or visit www.thunderbird.edu.

The Coyote (*Aepitius giganticus*) Although *Looney Tunes* are on the verge of extinction, wily coyotes are not. Just look around, they’re everywhere, including urban backyards, where they’ll eat just about anything. By KELLY KRAMER

Coyotes have a special place in Southwestern kitsch. They’re often depicted on screen-printed souvenir-shop apparel, howling at a Swiss-cheese moon. Neither nightlights nor lampshades are immune to the appeal of a barking ‘yote, and calendars and postcards are plastered with them. Coyotes, it seems, are all over the place, and that’s appropriate, considering they’re all over Arizona.

Although most coyotes prefer to travel and hunt alone or in pairs, you might see larger groups of them, particularly where food is abundant. It’s not uncommon to find the wily mammals in urban areas, where refuse and fruit trees provide easy access to

a quick snack. They’re also known to sneak a drink from swimming pools and pets’ water bowls, and they’re notorious for seeking out a meal of unattended, unsuspecting dogs and cats. In the wild, coyotes subsist on small desert animals, snakes, lizards and wild fruit.

Among the shelters coyotes seek are storm drains and anything dark and cavernous, like abandoned buildings, dirt trenches or rocky, shaded outcroppings along urban trails.

You’ll know a coyote when you see one. Most have gray coats that are painted with rusty highlights. Black patches on their tails distinguish them from an average dog, and they range in weight from 20 to 30 pounds. They’re fast, too — coyotes can

run upward of 40 mph.

The Arizona Game and Fish Department classifies coyotes as “curious, clever and adaptable,” all great attributes if you’re not a pet named Fluffy, Fifi or Spot.

If you encounter a coyote near your home, Game and Fish recommends that you take action. Ignoring it could cause the animal to lose its natural fear of humans, making it more ornery and more likely to hunt near homes. Instead of doing nothing, the department suggests that you make loud noises, wave your hands or objects like sticks and brooms, throw small stones or cans, or spray the coyote with a hose.

If a particularly aggressive coyote refuses to take off, maintain eye contact and don’t turn away. Some animals might view that as an opportunity to give chase, which is fine if you’re feeling like a roadrunner, but if you’d like your coyotes on tchotchkes and not in your backyard, call animal control.

nature factoid

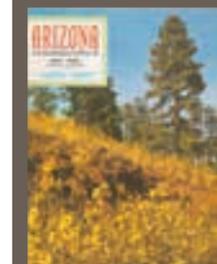


BRUCE D. TAUBERT

Red in the Face

Maybe it’s because of the degradation of their habitat, or maybe it’s because they’re just ... well, bashful. Whatever the reason, red-faced warblers are known as some of North America’s most vibrant birds. Fans of high elevations, warblers breed in fir, pine and pine-oak forests, and are easily identified by their orange-red and scarlet heads and breasts, as well as black “bonnets” and white napes.

BRUCE D. TAUBERT



50 years ago IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Our May 1960 issue showcased the heart of Arizona: Yavapai County. From Sedona to Prescott, Yavapai County attracted gold miners to its canyons and explorers to its pine forests. Many Arizona residents call this booming area their “home away from home,” though the Hohokams are believed to be the first people to inhabit the region.



Hummingbird Banding

MAY 8, 15, 22, 29
SIERRA VISTA

Head south to San Pedro House for an up-close view of some of the 10 hummingbird species that use the San Pedro River as a migration route. Watch bird researchers capture, band and measure the tiny fliers before releasing them. *Information: 520-432-1388 or www.sabo.org/index.htm.*



PETER ENSENBARGER

Photography Workshop

AUGUST 4-8 WHITE MOUNTAINS

The White Mountains in Eastern Arizona offer a retreat from the summer heat with cool temperatures, clean mountain air and afternoon monsoon storms. Join former *Arizona Highways* Director of Photography Peter Ensenberger for a "Summer in the High Country" photo workshop. Based out of the historic Molly Butler Lodge in Greer, workshop participants will explore pine and aspen forests, lush meadows, babbling streams and placid high-country lakes. *Information: 888-790-7042 or www.friendsofhighways.com.*

KATHLEEN REEDER



Everything you need to know about travel in Arizona

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TRAVEL SHOW

The Arizona Highways Travel Show features the latest information on Arizona destinations, including Tucson, Sedona, Grand Canyon and Lake Powell, as well as photography demonstrations and hiking workshops. Get the lowdown on lodging, dining, scenic attractions and more.

May 22-23, 2010
10 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Phoenix Convention Center Hall F

Admission: \$5 at box office, day of event

For more information, visit www.arizonahighwaystravelshow.com or call 480-838-9123.



Native American Arts Auction

MAY 8 GANADO

Relive a bit of history during this arts-and-crafts auction at Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site. Native American rugs, baskets, pottery, kachina dolls, jewelry and more go on the block for this semiannual affair. The event promotes Native American arts and crafts, and proceeds from the auction benefit a Navajo and Hopi college student scholarship program. The auction preview runs from 9-10 a.m., and bidding begins at noon. *Information: 928-755-3475 or www.friendsofhubbell.org.*



JERRY JACKA

Arizona Highways Travel Show

MAY 22-23 PHOENIX

Visit more than 150 exhibitors during this show, which is sponsored by *Arizona Highways*, the state's travel authority. Whether you're planning a day-trip, a weekend getaway or a camping vacation, you'll learn about the newest lodging and dining destinations, interesting attractions and more. The event also includes hiking and photography seminars. *Information: www.arizonahighwaystravelshow.com.*



TOM BEAN

Community Market

MAY 30 FLAGSTAFF

The last weekend in May marks the first weekend of the city's farmers' market, which runs through October 10. Each Sunday morning, small and medium-sized independent growers and producers gather in the parking lot at Flagstaff's city hall to sell their wares — everything from apples to zucchini. Stock up on fresh, regionally grown produce, plants, honey, eggs, flowers and more. *Information: 928-774-7781 or www.flagstaffmarket.com.*



Folk Festival

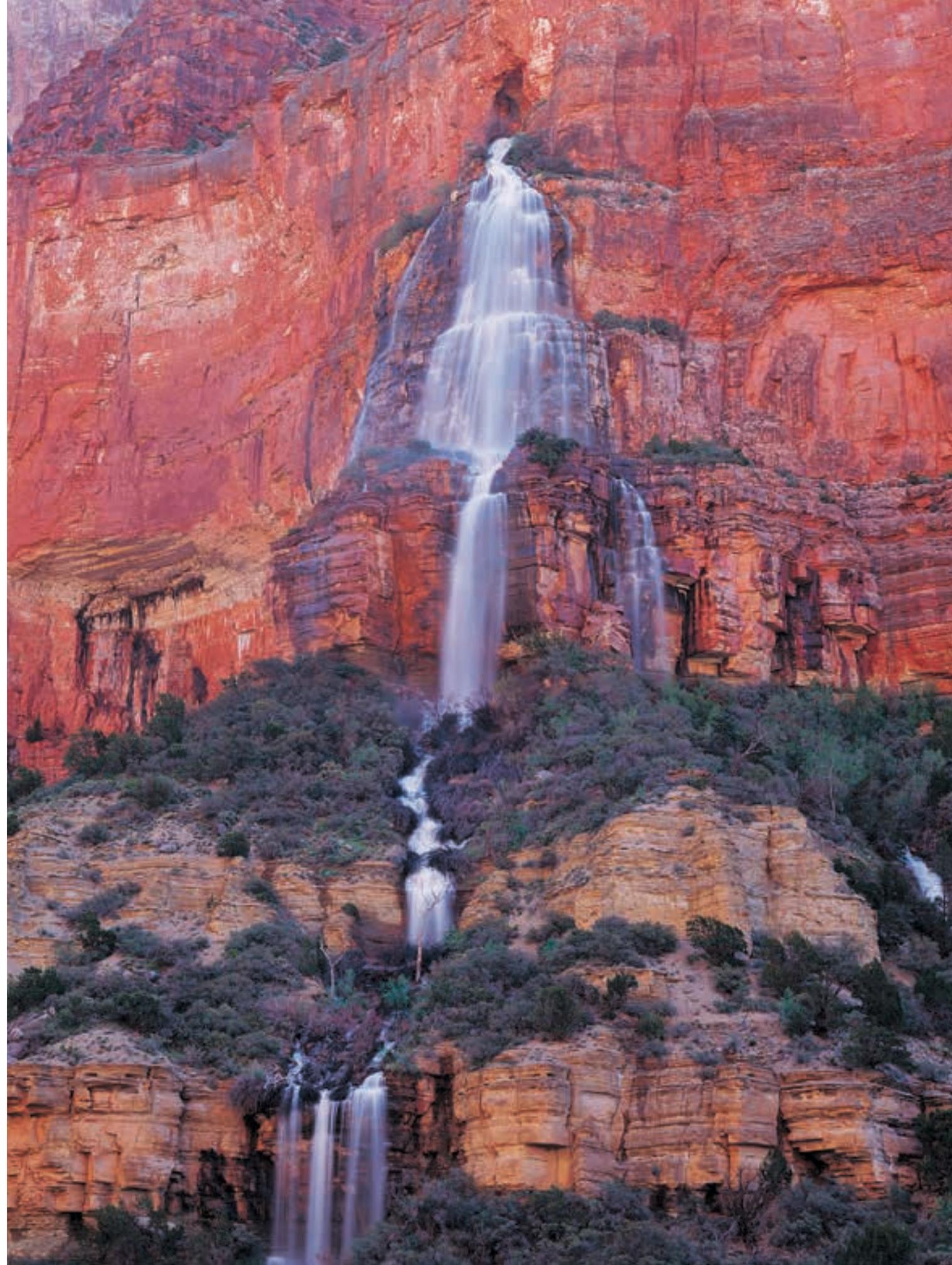
MAY 1-2 TUCSON

More than 100 local, regional and national acts perform blues, Celtic, bluegrass, folk-rock, gospel and Cajun music on five stages at this free, family-friendly festival. Held at various venues in downtown Tucson, including El Presidio Park and the Tucson Museum of Art, this year's headliners are Chris Hillman and Herb Pederson. *Information: 520-792-6481 or www.tkma.org.*

Off the Beaten Paths

Every year, 5 million people visit Grand Canyon National Park. Of them, about 4,999,999 go to Mather Point. It's a beautiful overlook, but we thought you might like to try something away from the crowds. So, we dug around and came up with 10 of the Canyon's best-kept secrets. Enjoy the solitude. **BY KELLY KRAMER**

The Grand Canyon means different things to different people. To some, it's the photographable representation of majesty — God's, Mother Nature's, the universe's. For a select group of others, it's a bucket-list destination, a place to visit before they graduate, get married, turn 30 or die. It's a whisper, a scream, a beginning, the end. It's life and death. It's a million different emotions and experiences rolled up into one giant 1.2 million-acre gorge. About 5 million people visit the Canyon each year. Most of them hit the hotspots — Mather Point, El Tovar, Bright Angel Trail, to name a few — but despite all the traffic, the Grand Canyon still has her secrets. Here, we share 10 of them. The rest you'll have to discover on your own.



WATER TOWERS

It's not easy to get to Cheyava Falls, and that's a shame, considering the 800-foot waterfall is the tallest in the Canyon. First documented in 1903 by prospector William Beeson, the falls didn't get a name until years later, when photographers Emery and Ellsworth Kolb explored the area. Ellsworth named the falls for the Paiute word meaning "intermittent waters," because of the falls' fickle flow. Indeed, water only flows there after a particularly wet winter. In drier years, it doesn't flow at all. Hikers can reach the falls via Clear Creek Trail, although the hike is strenuous and requires an additional 5-mile (one way) trek from the Clear Creek camping area. The Backcountry Information Center encourages hikers to allow at least a full day to explore the area, and cautions that very few segments of the trail are shaded. *Information: 928-638-7875.*

For a few weeks in the spring, Cheyava Falls tumbles into Clear Creek Canyon within Grand Canyon National Park. PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY LADD

FINAL FRONTIER

Cape Final, the easternmost viewpoint on the Grand Canyon's North Rim, is accessible via a moderate 2-mile hike. Although the North Rim doesn't get as much foot traffic as its sister to the south, this less-traveled trail leads to spectacular views of Juno and Jupiter temples, Unkar Creek and Freya Castle. And the views along the way aren't too shabby, either. Climbing at an easy clip among the pines, the trail is soft as it meanders into a shallow basin, and then heads north toward the edge of a plateau. There, you'll be treated to a feast of vermilion vistas before the trail turns away from the rim and winds through an expanse of smaller trees and brush before reaching the viewpoint at Cape Final. *Information: 928-638-7875.*

TWO-WHEEL DRIVE

Bicycles are prohibited on most trails inside Grand Canyon National Park, including the Rim Trail. However, they are allowed along Hermit Road. On the road, the Green-

way Trail segment provides a haven for cyclists away from the hustle and bustle of the main drag. Following the 1912 alignment of Hermit Road, the 2.8-mile trail features six overlooks, including Pima Point and Monument Vista, as well as resting areas. In addition to accommodating cyclists, the trail also caters to hikers and visitors in wheelchairs. *Information: www.nps.gov/grca/planyourvisit/bicycling.htm.*

HIGH-GRADE HABITAT

The Tonto Trail is daunting, most notably for its lack of potable water. But for hikers prepared to conquer its 95 rugged miles, which run between Red and Garnet canyons, it's also well worth it. You will find water if you eschew the more popular trek between the Bright Angel and Hermit trails and hike instead to Horn Creek — just don't drink from it. Thanks to a deposit of high-grade uranium in a collapsed cave system nearby, the water in the creek is radioactive. Yellow stains on the rocks at the creek's head bear witness to the presence of unusual miner-

als. In fact, the deposit at Orphan Mine was mined as late as 1969, producing some of the highest-grade uranium ore ever recorded in North America. *Information: 928-638-7875.*

BACKCOUNTRY BATTLEGROUND

While you're visiting the Grand Canyon, it's now possible to become a steward of the national park, thanks to "voluntourism" opportunities offered through the Grand Canyon Trust. Primarily dedicated to the management of tamarisk, a particularly invasive species that's overtaken the area's native plants (see related story, page 48), the trust also works to survey wildlife, assess and restore native habitat, and restore cultural treasures. The trips are a serious commitment and aren't recommended for the faint of heart. Or health. Hiking, climbing, camping and general backcountry survival are part of the excursions, but you won't be alone — each trip is led by an outdoors expert. *Information: 928-774-7488 or www.gcvolunteers.org.*



Famous aviator Charles Lindbergh (center) visited Grand Canyon Airport at Red Butte on April 20, 1928. COURTESY GRAND CANYON N.P. MUSEUM

AIR SPACE

Long before Canyon visitors started flying into the modern Grand Canyon Airport at Tusayan, famous aviators like Charles Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart parked their cars with wings at the original Grand Canyon Airport at Red Butte. The brainchild of aviation magnate Parker VanZandt, the airport opened in 1927. VanZandt's vision was to connect every national park in the United States via an air tour service. Although that didn't happen, the airport remained in service until 1960. Today, the hangar, several outbuildings and a bungalow remain. The airport at Red Butte is accessible from Forest Road 305, east of State Route 64. *Information: 928-635-2443, www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai or www.harrietquimby.org/pages/redbutte.html.*



COURTESY GRAND CANYON N.P. MUSEUM

Once the home and operating base of early Grand Canyon pioneers and photographers Ellsworth and Emery Kolb, Kolb Studio is perched on the edge of the South Rim.

Kolb Studio is one of the most popular tourist destinations on the Grand Canyon's South Rim, and with good reason — it was once the home and office of famed Canyon photographers Emery and Ellsworth Kolb. The Victorian-era building has been carefully restored and is home to free art exhibits, which are open to the public, and the brothers' living quarters, which are normally off-limits. In the winter, however,

HOUSE DIVIDED

don't have as many visitors," says Libby Schaaf, a supervisory park ranger. "Plus, what a great way to learn about some of the earliest Grand Canyon residents." *Information: 928-638-7888.*

tours of the private side are available by appointment and are limited to no more than 12 people per group. "The tours of Kolb house provide us with a great opportunity to offer a winter program when, traditionally, we



RICHARD MAACK



RESTING PLACE

It took countless pioneers to make Grand Canyon National Park what it is today, and many of them are buried in the Grand Canyon Pioneer Cemetery on the South Rim. Walk among the headstones and you'll see some familiar names: Emery Kolb and curio shop owner John G. Verkamp, to name a couple. Some of the interred, however, aren't as well known. John Hance is on that list. One of the first South Rim residents, Hance was a prospector and tourism operator. He's also the first person to have been buried in the cemetery. You'll find gravesites marking the remains of 29 of the unidentified victims of the June 30, 1956, airline collision over the Canyon's eastern edge, as well as those belonging to William Henry Ashurst, a Flagstaff resident and prospector who died in a landslide near the Colorado River, below Grand Canyon Village. *Information: 928-638-7888 or www.nps.gov/grca.*

A memorial to those who lost their lives in the June 30, 1956, airliner crash over the Grand Canyon stands at Grand Canyon Pioneer Cemetery. COURTESY GRAND CANYON N.P. MUSEUM



The views from Kelly Point include a 270-degree panorama of the Grand Canyon.



PANORAMIC VISIONS

The road to Kelly Point is rough. It's not for those who are short on time, traveling solo, unfamiliar with backcountry travel, under-prepared or, for that matter, faint of tires — you'll need big ones. In fact, rangers recommend the use of ATVs instead of passenger vehicles because none of the roads into Grand Canyon-Parashant National Monument are paved. But there's something special about Kelly Point. It's isolated on the far western edge of the Canyon's North Rim, and its views can only be described as ... well, awesome. Think of a 270-degree panorama of the Canyon, plus a turn of the Colorado River. Rangers recommend planning for a multiday excursion to Kelly Point and caution that there's no cell phone service or nearby amenities. *For more information prior to visiting the overlook, call the Interagency Information Center in St. George, Utah, at 435-688-3200, or visit www.nps.gov/para.*

Horn Creek Rapid runs muddy in mid-September, after monsoon storms cause side canyons to flood. PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY LADD

SIDE WALKS

Check out a Grand Canyon topographical map and it's easy to see that there are countless side canyons to explore. Among the best, says historian and former river runner Richard Quartaroli, is Vishnu Canyon. "When you're running commercial trips, you're on a tight schedule, but you always want to fit in new things,"

Quartaroli says. "When you're making lunch, it's a good opportunity to tell people that they have 20 minutes to explore the various side canyons. There's no real destination because you don't know what's around the corner." Permits are available for single and multiday commercial and noncommercial rafting trips along the Colorado River. *Information: 928-638-7843 or www.nps.gov/grca/planyourvisit/whitewater-rafting.htm.*



GREAT LATITUDES

The National Geographic Society recently released a new series of illustrated maps for Arizona — four for

the Tonto National Forest and three for the Grand Canyon. Previously, there was only one Canyon map, which covered the central portion of the park. The new maps include "Grand Canyon East," "Grand Canyon

West" and a more detailed version of the old "Grand Canyon" map, which features Grand Canyon Village, the North and South rims, and Bright Angel Canyon. The maps (\$11.95) can be purchased online at

www.natgeomaps.com/ti_arizona. Proceeds help support National Geographic Society's mission of increasing global understanding through exploration, geography education and research. ■



Ken Burns and cinematographer Buddy Squires on location at Grand Canyon National Park while filming the PBS series, *The National Parks: America's Best Idea*. PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRAIG MELLISH

KEN BURNS: TAKE 1

With classic films such as *Baseball*, *Lewis & Clark* and *The Civil War* under his belt, Ken Burns is easily the most successful documentarian of all time – he’s the Steven Spielberg of the real world. Recently, he took a break from promoting his latest epic, *The National Parks*, to chat with our associate editor about the greatest park of all. Here’s what he had to say. INTERVIEWED BY KELLY KRAMER

The world beats a path to the Grand Canyon, and with good reason. It is the grandest canyon on Earth. It’s just so immense, so big. Think: It takes hours to drive from the South Rim to the North Rim, or vice versa. You have to go so many hundreds of miles out of your way. The Canyon is so flabbergastingly, mind-bogglingly big that it dwarfs everything else. We seem like fragile little ants scurrying along the edge of the Rim, or down along the river. The Canyon has swallowed people, literally — they’ve just disappeared. If anybody is not blown away by the

Grand Canyon, they won’t be blown away by Judgment Day, either.

“There are elemental forces in our lives that most of civilization disguises or hides from us. When we submit to the natural world, we have experiences that are literally indescribable. To spend the night on rocks that have been warmed — in some cases — to 120 degrees by the sun, to feel the incredibly insistent and very dangerous Colorado River rush by you, to be down in the depths of the Grand Canyon with no one around you but your own party, you begin to feel your own insignificance. At the same time, you are made larger by that realization. It’s the greatest paradox of the national parks — they perform a kind of open-heart surgery on a person.

“The parks are the democratic expression — the Declaration of Independence — applied to the landscape. Like liberty, they require eternal vigilance. We can’t take our eyes off them. At the beginning of the 20th century, there were people who wanted to put dams in the Grand Canyon. People wanted to build platinum mines there. You just have to think for one second what the landscape would be like if there was no national park at the Canyon. The rim would be entirely filled with the houses of the very wealthy, and none of us would have a view of one of the most spectacular — if not *the* most spectacular — places on Earth.

“The issue of funding is critical for our national parks. I’ve heard by one account

that during the last administration, there was more than \$8 billion in deferred maintenance projects at the national parks, but that has started to change. The parks got a boost; they got stimulus money. At the end of the day, we, as citizens, and because there’s such a democratic experience, have to add our voices to this issue. We have to contribute. We have to support our parks. We have to, more than anything else, go and visit and experience the Grand Canyon. Once you do, whether the only exercise you get this year is to step off the tour bus and walk the few yards to the rim and go, “Oh my God,” and get back on, you’ll be a park convert. That’s what the Grand Canyon and all national parks need.” ■

Natural Wonder

It's impossible to know how many photographs have been taken of the Grand Canyon. Millions for sure. Maybe even billions. If you're among the many who have tried to capture the Seventh Natural Wonder on film or digitally, you know it's not easy — it's too extensive, too grand, too much. That's what makes this month's portfolio so impressive. Although nothing compares to seeing the Canyon with your own two eyes, the work of our photographers will still take your breath away.



“I’ve spent more than 400 days in the bottom of the Canyon on river trips and hikes, but I’d have to say that one of the most profound sunsets I’ve experienced happened just recently. It was on the new trail between Hermits Rest and the Village. As you go past Hopi Point, there’s a view of the river. This was right after a summer monsoon, so we had all the colors of the sunset, plus air that was clean, having just been scrubbed by the rainfall. There were clouds hanging in and around the buttes. It’s interesting because you can be out on the rim sometimes after a sunset and there will be hundreds of people. They’ll clap because they don’t know what else to do. People become hushed as the sun makes its final descent, almost as though they’re in an auditorium or a cathedral.”

— Steve Martin, superintendent, Grand Canyon National Park

PRECEDING PANEL: Sunset paints monsoon storm clouds in shades of pink and violet as they burst over the Grand Canyon near Enflade Point. PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVE EDWARDS

ABOVE: Water swirls around a rock along the banks of the Colorado River, creating a twisted image of the Grand Canyon’s sandstone cliffs near Fern Glen Canyon. PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA

OPPOSITE PAGE: At sunset, an ephemeral stream reflects the amber-colored cliffs of National Canyon within Grand Canyon National Park. PHOTOGRAPH BY SUZANNE MATHIA



A rainbow emerges from the sky near Horseshoe Mesa along the Grandview Trail. PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVE EDWARDS



“If I could paint from only one spot at the Grand Canyon, I would choose a place in Upper Bright Angel Canyon, near the confluence with Roaring Springs, at the base of the Muav limestone — looking south, 30 minutes before sunset. There, the magnificent shapes of Deva and Brahma temples dominate the horizon with evening glow.”

— Artist Bruce Aiken, who lived at Roaring Springs in the Grand Canyon for more than 30 years

Early morning light casts a golden glow on the turquoise water of the Little Colorado River near its confluence with the Colorado River. PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA

To order a print of this photograph, call 866-962-1191 or visit www.arizonahighwaysprints.com.



“I was 6 or 7 years old the first time I saw the Grand Canyon. We had gone to Flagstaff, then to Cameron, then we drove up and walked out to the rim right there at Desert View Watchtower, where you could see everything. Even at that age, I still remember the experience. As a young child, I was amazed by the size and scope of the Canyon. I felt a connection with the whole landscape. It has that effect on people of all ages — gives them a remarkable sense of time and space.”

— Steve Martin, superintendent, Grand Canyon National Park ■

ABOVE: Storm clouds drift over the Grand Canyon at Point Imperial on the North Rim. PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM BEAN

OPPOSITE PAGE: Angel's Gate is a breathtaking backdrop for a lone rabbit bush growing along the Canyon's North Rim near Cape Royal. PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA



“Off and on in my life,
I have walked it,
been there in summer heat,
camped in deep winter snow.
Seen the water low and high.
And I know nothing I did
not know before I first came.
Except this: How little
I know or will ever know.”

*An Essay by Charles Bowden
Photographs by Gary Ladd*

All My Grand Canyons



My first Grand Canyon is a license plate on a parked car in Chicago in the '50s. It is afternoon, the car is black and the Arizona plate announces "Grand Canyon State." Apartment buildings line the street and I only know one person that even owns a dog, the old man who lives next door and whittles all day on his front porch. The license plate feels like a message from a distant planet. My second Grand Canyon comes to a room in the newer wing of a junior high. In the fall of 1957, it is the one section of the school that has a swamp cooler. The rest of the building in Tucson has ceiling fans and large windows that open to the desert heat. The teacher places a record on the turntable, demands silence, we all dutifully put our heads down on the desks and suddenly a *hee-haw* knifes through the room. The piece is by Ferde Grofé, a name as strange to my ears as the bray of a mule. A few years later, my family made the obligatory drive, paused on the edge of the Canyon, and looked. Then, like almost all visitors, we did not know what to do next.

I've spent my life going in and out and up and down in the Canyon and I've learned what we make of the Canyon hardly touches whatever the Canyon may be.

Grofé first saw the Canyon in 1916 when he drove out from Los

Einstein got off the train, had a photograph taken with a group of Hopis who worked at the Canyon's Fred Harvey lodge and was renamed by them The Great Relative. Or that's how the story goes. In the photograph, he wears a Plains Indian headdress, clutches a big peace pipe and says nothing that is reported. Once while at sea in a severe storm, he wrote in his diary, "One feels the insignificance of the individual and it makes one happy." I'd like to think that was in his mind as he first stared into the Grand Canyon.

The Grand Canyon has been song, scored music, drawings, paintings and photographs. Various adventurers have wandered its entrails, left journals and barely scratched the rocks. Dams now stem the major author in the area, the Colorado River. And yet all these efforts to capture the Canyon or know the Canyon or maim the Canyon seem barely a second in the time that slaps one in the face at first glance. The Canyon is too big, or too deep, or too old, or too long, or too overwhelming to submit to human efforts to either capture it or destroy it.

Off and on in my life, I have walked it, been there in summer heat, camped in deep winter snow. Seen the water low and high. And I know nothing I did not know before I first came. Except this: How

"I've spent my life going in and out and up and down in the Canyon and I've learned what we make of the Canyon hardly touches whatever the Canyon may be."



Angeles with some friends and camped. He thought it was the primeval world, even though trains had been dumping tourists on the Rim for 15 years. At dawn, he noticed birds and other sounds slowly emerging as the light came on and felt words couldn't nail what he felt. He came from a long line of musicians and by age 16 was honing his skills in a San Francisco warehouse. He became the arranger for Paul Whiteman's jazz orchestra and took George Gershwin's two piano composition and wrote it out for all the players of the orchestra. The piece was *Rhapsody in Blue*.

But the Canyon bedeviled him. He had a few sketches of something about that sunrise and in the late 1920s sat down to puzzle out five movements he called *Grand Canyon Suite*. He got the *hee-haw* I first heard in that classroom one day when he was pushing his son down a New York street in a baby buggy. Pile drivers were pounding out the footings for a new building, the wheels on the buggy had a squeak — the clop of the mules, the bray of their cry. On his honeymoon, he was trapped in a Minnesota outhouse during a cloudburst — the sounds of the *Cloudburst* section were born. Such are the origins of the piece, one played endlessly to schoolchildren. Like all of us, he found his Grand Canyon by bringing his life to it and then pouring fragments of his life into this gigantic hole he could not really describe but could not stop feeling.

He is not alone in being tongue-tied by the abyss. In 1931, Albert

little I know or will ever know. Einstein with his notions of relativity and space and time imagined a universe that bends in on itself, a kind of impossible thing to imagine with curved edges, a place where my everyday feel for time and space proved an illusion when the big picture hove into view.

I have read his theories for most of my life and still as soon as I close the book I seem unable to hold them in my mind.

That's the Canyon.

The land rose, a river cut, the entrails of the Earth came into view, time beyond human comprehension loomed up like a wall and the hand could rub and feel billions of years.

The night stars come out. A ringtail keeps trying to steal my food. I am 40 or 50 miles downstream from the Bright Angel Trail where Ferde Grofé heard that *hee-haw* in 1916 when he was a young guy sensing a new music called jazz. The mules gave him a sound he could not wrap his mind around until he pushed his son in the baby buggy amid the pile drivers of New York. The storm moved off yesterday, that thing like being trapped in a Minnesota outhouse. The ground is fairly dry now but still smells of life. I can watch the path of jetliners and satellites scratch the sky in the darkness.

The Canyon is all around me and the river purrs just 50 feet from where I sprawl on the sand. I guess I could say the Canyon is timeless or eternal or the face of God or the beauty of nature or a national treasure or maybe even a photo opportunity.

A year before he ever saw the Grand Canyon, Albert Einstein put down a credo, "What I Believe." He wrote, "The most beautiful emotion we can experience is the mysterious."

I think I should shut up.

And listen. ■

PRECEDING PANEL: The long rays of morning sunlight pierce monsoon clouds over the Grand Canyon's South Rim, southeast of Shoshone Point.

LEFT: Within the Grand Canyon, Shinumo Creek spills into the Colorado River at Mile 108.6.

To order a print of the photograph on opposite page, call 866-962-1191 or visit www.arizonahighwaysprints.com.

Living On the Edge

BY KELLY KRAMER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PATTY DIRIENZO

For most people, even just a weekend at the Grand Canyon can be a life-changing experience, so imagine what it's like for the lucky ones living on the North and South rims. We talked to seven of them, and the general consensus is: "There's nowhere else I'd rather be."

EVERYONE TAKES PHOTOS OF THE GRAND CANYON. It's impossible to cast a glance at its vermilion walls without wanting to capture them on film or in pixels, and photographer Patty DiRienzo is no different. She ventured to the Canyon about a year ago as part of the National Park Service's Artist-in-Residence Program. For three weeks, she stayed in Grand Canyon Village and walked among the roughly 1,600 people who live and work there.

"Besides experiencing firsthand one of the most incredible places on Earth, I found myself surrounded by a new generation of pioneers who live life by their standards," DiRienzo says. "I was inspired by their talent, depth of character, and sense of adventure. Occasionally, it was challenging to photograph these pioneers because of their demanding schedules, but more often it was because of their private nature. To them, their lifestyle is nothing unusual — they're just doing what comes naturally."

What follows are the stories of just a few of the pioneers — seven men and women who call the Canyon home.



THE GUIDE

Havasupai guide and backcountry permit ranger Shanna Watahomigie began working for the National Park Service 10 years ago, making her the first Native American to become a ranger and river guide in a national park. She worked for a time with native plants, then, later, on the Colorado River. Now she spends most of her days issuing permits and assisting law enforcement with searches for lost backpackers.

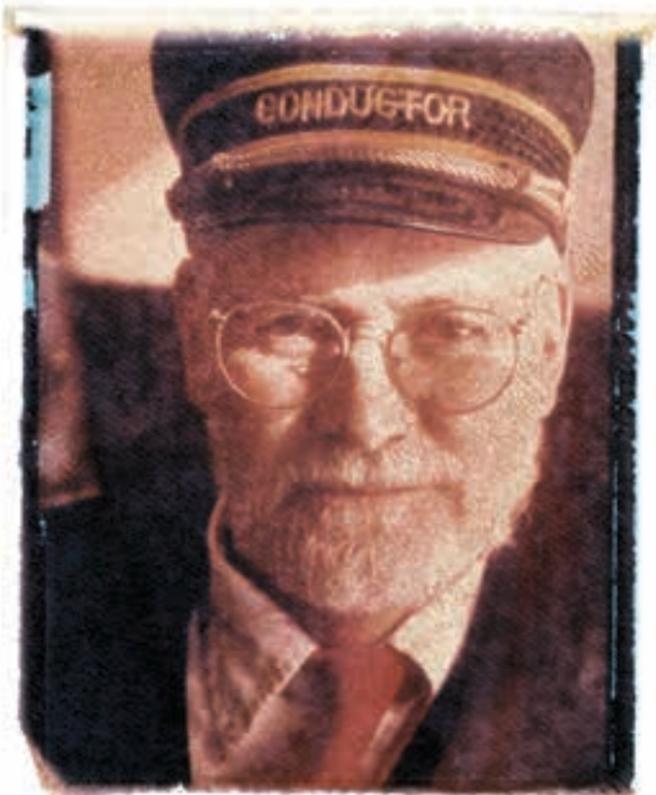
"It can be very hard — very competitive — to get a permit in the spring and fall, and sometimes we have a line that winds outside," Watahomigie says.

Recently, Watahomigie took some time off to work on a film with Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and his daughter, Kick, as well as renowned anthropologist Wade Davis and his daughter, Tara. *Grand Canyon Adventure: River at Risk* explores issues of water conservation and the importance of clean water to people worldwide.

"I worked on the movie for about three years, and it's getting a great response," she says. "The film has done really well. I've even started to get fan mail."

Although Watahomigie hasn't led a river excursion in more than a year, she says it's only a matter of time before she goes "back home."

"I spend a lot of time on the river by myself. I feel my instincts and feel what's right," she says. "The river brings the best person out of me — innocent and spiritual. I have so much respect for it."



THE CONDUCTOR

Ed Greer's grandfather worked as a baggage man on the railroad in Williams, and when the grandson traveled to the area for a visit, he saw the Grand Canyon for the first time.

In fact, Greer comes from a whole family of railroaders, and he worked on the tracks, as well, until he decided to try his hand at teaching school.

"The longer I stayed away from the railroad, the more I started missing it," he says. Seven years ago, Greer returned to the railroad and became conductor of the Grand Canyon Railway, which runs one trip a day from Williams to the Grand Canyon's South Rim.

"Officially, my duties are just to be in charge of the train," Greer says. "It's a public relations job. The train is like my family." Although Greer's title is conductor, he says he's more about making memories than he is about the machinery.

"I really appreciate the passengers," he says. "We meet people from all over the world. I spend most of my time talking to them, and that's the best part of what I do. I really enjoy interacting with the kids and taking photos with them."

After seeing *The Polar Express*, a 2004 film based on Chris Van Allsburg's classic Christmas story, Greer was inspired to change his role from conductor to onboard hero.

"When I think back to my childhood, I can remember people who helped create really positive experiences for me. They were older and really loving. That's what I try to be," Greer says. "I want to be a positive, lifetime memory for kids and not just an authority figure who's looking over them."

THE RANGER

Phyllis Yoyetewa-Kachinhongva has nine grandchildren. Seven of them live at the Grand Canyon, just as she and three prior generations of her family have. A Hopi of the Eagle Clan, born for the Bear Clan, Kachinhongva worked as a fee collector at the Canyon for 13 years. "I remember when the fee to enter the park was just \$2," she says.

Eventually, the superintendent moved her to interpretation.

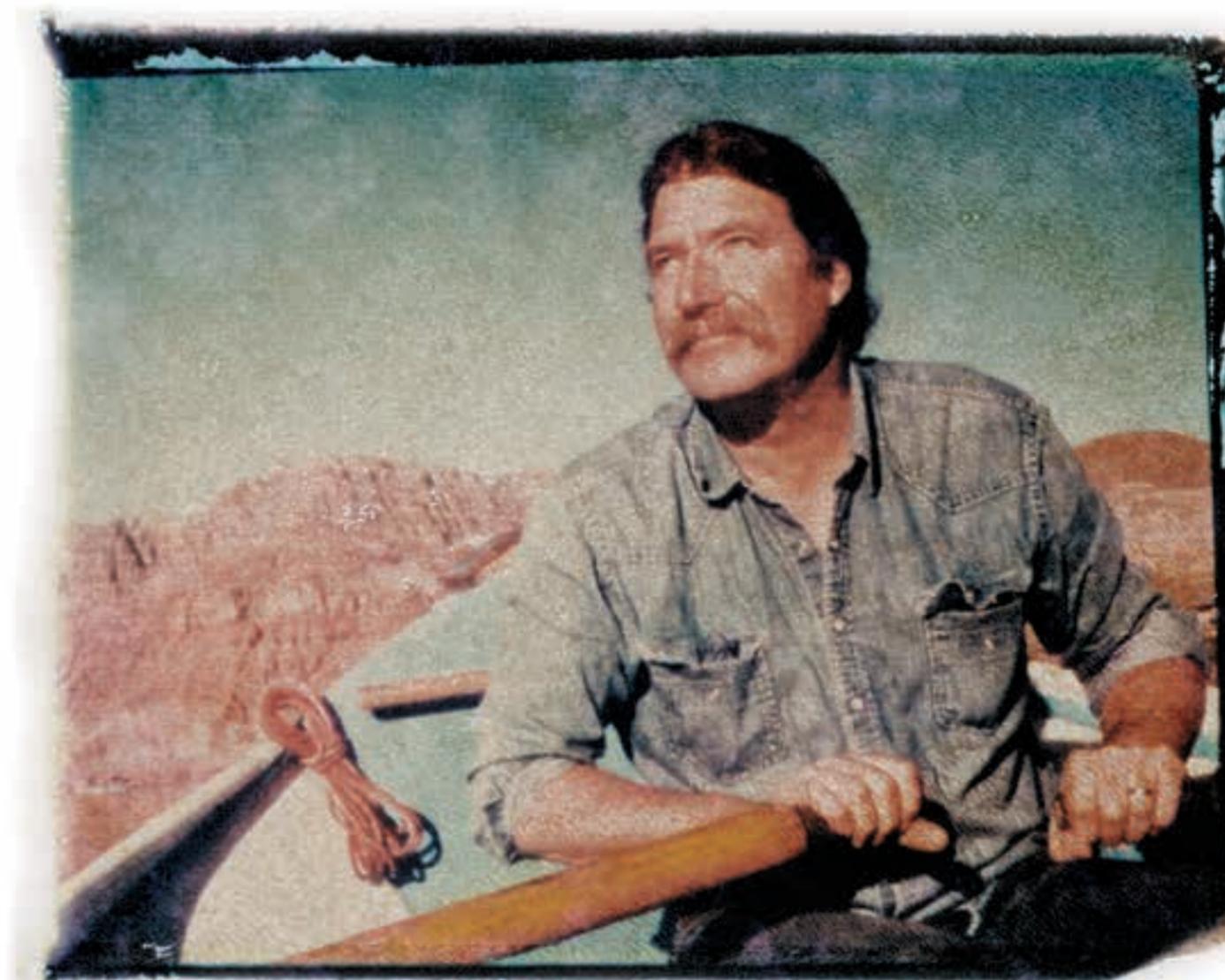
"I talked to visitors about geology, history and my culture. I talked a lot about plants and the Native American uses for those plants," Kachinhongva says. "Then I talked more about my culture and my background."

Having spent part of her childhood at Hopi House on the South Rim, the former ranger had a lot to say.

"I grew up in my grandparents' house behind Verkamp's Carrier Shop. My grandfather worked for Verkamp's for 34 years," she says. "We only had one bed for me, my brother and my grandparents. One day, Joe Ernest, the manager of Hopi House, came over and told my grandparents: 'She needs a room. She needs her space.' I moved into Hopi House when I was 13 or 14 and stayed awhile. But I still went home to eat."

Although Kachinhongva retired for medical reasons in 2008 — after working at the Grand Canyon for 23 years — and moved to Shongopovi, Second Mesa, she still considers the Canyon home.

"I miss the pine trees and the cool air," she says. "Every day, the Canyon will give you a different picture. For me, it was just home. It gave me a spiritual feeling — that *ahhh* feeling."



THE BOATMAN

Brian Dierker is a little bit famous. Not in the George Clooney sense of the word, but he has worked with Sean Penn — and that's saying something.

A Colorado River guide for roughly 40 years, Dierker has seen his share of the Canyon, and all of that experience means that he was a shoo-in to work as a consultant on the 1994 film *The River Wild*. Then, when it came time for Sean Penn to cast actors and consultants for 2007's *Into the Wild*, Dierker was an obvious candidate. In addition to consulting for the movie's river scenes, Dierker also starred as the lovable hippie Rainey.

Despite the film credits, Dierker spends most of his time off the silver screen, and it's his work as a guide on research expeditions that he finds most fulfilling. That all began in 1984, when the government contracted him to provide logistical support for scientific work being conducted in the Canyon.

"Having grown up in Flagstaff, I hiked into the Canyon as a Cub Scout," Dierker says. "I knew from the second I laid eyes on it that it was phenomenal, even though I was ... say, 8 years old. I wanted to hike all the trails, and then, when I got into the river-running, I discovered that I wanted to be a professional guide. The Canyon has always had a tremendous hold on me. It used to be that I'd cry at the end of a river trip because I didn't want to leave the place, or I wouldn't be able to sleep the night before because I'd be so excited."

Currently, Dierker runs trips on behalf of the Bureau of Reclamation, which oversees Glen Canyon Dam, to conduct environmental assessments along the river, investigating everything from fisheries and native plants to sand. Although he's most often surrounded by teams of researchers, he occasionally finds himself in the enviable position of being alone on the water.

"There are times when I sit in a boat at the bottom of the Canyon and it's just me," he says. "That solitude has such a sacred, pristine quality."



THE WRANGLER

On any given day, Frank “Pancho” Bush finds himself among jackasses. Sort of. Bush is the livery manager at the Grand Canyon mule barn, home to 170 head of *Equus mulus*, the offspring of male donkeys and female horses.

Bush, who grew up in Alpine, moved to the Grand Canyon area in 2004 and worked as a guide before being promoted to assistant livery manager, and then manager. He considers the Canyon “the best office in the world.”

“The first thing we do every morning is call up to the transportation desk to find out how many people have registered for a ride,” he says. “Then we wrangle the mules, groom them, saddle them and move them into the corral. We pair the animals up with the dudes, then they ride down into the Canyon.”

Although the mules don’t work every day — they’re sort of like Major League pitchers — they do eat. A lot. On average, the hungry herd plows through 60 tons of alfalfa cubes each month. And occasionally, the mules bite the hand that feeds them, so to speak.

“All of the animals have pretty distinct personalities,” Bush says. “Snoopy isn’t very nice to me at all, but we still get along OK. Little Jed is my favorite. He’s been with me for four years and we’ve built up the best rapport.”

When it comes to the toughest part of his job, Bush says it’s managing the eight guides he supervises, not dealing with occasionally ornery animals.

“I just love to be around the mules, the horses and the cattle,” he says. “All my family was in the business. I guess I’m used to it.”





THE TEACHER

Having spent the majority of her National Park Service career on the East Coast, Judy Hellmich-Bryan vows she'll never go back, especially now that she's worked at the Grand Canyon for more than 9 years.

As chief of interpretation for the park, Bryan's role is to manage the staff that provides all of the programs to Canyon visitors. She also oversees the park's visitors centers and the planning of educational programs for school groups, as well as park publications and exhibits.

"I wanted to work at the Grand Canyon simply because it was the Grand Canyon," she says. "I had visited over the years while working as a trainer for the Park Service, and I just fell in love

with it. When the opportunity came up to move here and work, I decided to apply and was honored to get the job."

A Florida native, Bryan first saw the Canyon in 1992, when her mom took her to Desert View Watchtower and blindfolded her. When she removed the blindfold, Bryan says she cried. She now interacts with thousands of Canyon visitors each year, and says that many of them have the same question: "I only have a day to spend at the park, what should I do?"

For Bryan, the answer is simple: "Spend as much time as you possibly can on the Rim," she says. "Watch the light change throughout the day — I call it the cloud dance. As the light shifts and goes through the clouds, it looks different. The view is never the same."



THE BOSS

Mark Wunner's wife wanted to return to the Grand Canyon. So they did. After the couple lived there in the mid-1990s — Wunner worked in the interpretation department — the couple moved to Yellowstone for a stint. Having worked a series of seasonal jobs at places like Mirror Woods and Alcatraz, Wunner was no stranger to the National Park Service, but he always wanted to work at "one of the great Western parks." The Grand Canyon was the first to offer him a job, and the couple returned in 2000.

Now he supervises the park's backcountry office and relishes in raising his family at one of the great wonders of the world.

"I really enjoy raising my daughters in a national park, as well as being involved in backcountry planning and backcountry hiking," Wunner says. "I cherish those juxtaposed roles. I have a wonderful family and two girls. I love to garden. Then I go to work and explore the wilderness and fulfill my love of backpacking. I work to leave no trace. I love the idea of melding my two separate worlds."

As for the day-to-day in the backcountry office, Wunner says he serves, basically, as "air-traffic controller."

"After I drop my daughter, Willa, off at school, I ride my bike down the hill to the office," he says. "Like most other work units, we all get together to see who made it to work, then we open up the river permit office and assist people with river-related questions." Afterward, Wunner and his staff open up the front of the building, raise the flag and see if any Canyon visitors want to go hiking. "I have a classic supervisor quality-control role. We hire good people and are able to open up our shop to help people plan safe, appropriate trips into the backcountry."

Although Wunner is hard-pressed to identify his favorite spot at the Canyon, he does have a special fondness for Indian Garden.

"I feel a special relationship with Indian Garden because I've been asked to cover that duty station," he says. "I've had the privilege to stay in the ranger station there, and it looks out over cottonwoods and past the campground to Buddha Temple. When you're done with your day, you come back to this little cabin perched up high. It gives you a great sense of calm." ■



JUST ANOTHER DAY at the office

Sally Underwood used to be a veterinarian, but she wanted a bigger office. Much bigger. So, she sold her business, followed her heart and now leads rigorous, multiday backpack trips into the Grand Canyon, where she's an instructor for the Grand Canyon Field Institute. On a recent trip to Phantom Creek, she took one of our writers to work with her.

WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY
LARRY LINDAHL

A half-mile up a boulder-choked ravine, dubbed Piano Alley for the size of the rocks, our instructor stops and unbuckles her heavy pack. The six of us try hard to catch our breath. Heart pounding, I look back down toward Phantom Ranch — hidden among spring-green cottonwoods — where we'd camped the night before. For many hikers, taking the trail to Phantom Ranch means they've "hiked the Canyon." For us, it's only the beginning.

On Day 2 of our six-day adventure, our group, which includes Al Astorga, Liz King, Jan Moses, Don Quinn and me, begins a loop hike around Phantom Creek Canyon to ancient Puebloan sites tucked among an oasis of springs, swimming holes and waterfalls. But for now, we must tackle this steep east-facing ravine, carrying all our gear in packs weighing from 40 to 65 pounds. Our muscles, stiff from hiking down the South Kaibab Trail the day before, feel the strain.

Sally Underwood decided in midlife to turn her world inside out. Former rural veterinarians, she and her husband found the courage to sell the business they'd worked more than 20 years to build. That move allowed her, an enthusiastic, third-generation Arizona native, to follow her heart.

Now, Sally leads rigorous, multiday backpack trips into the wilderness. As an instructor for the Grand Canyon Field Institute, she teaches botany, geology, archaeology and birding while hiking the Canyon. She works in her favorite place, and couldn't be happier.

Today, Sally leads our group to see Utah Flats, find Upper Phantom Creek, and then set up camp under a sheltering overhang. Tomorrow, we plan to explore Haunted Canyon, hiking under cliffs



OPPOSITE PAGE: Grand Canyon Field Institute instructor Sally Underwood blazes a trail along Piano Alley in Grand Canyon National Park.

ABOVE: Bright green cottonwood trees line Phantom Creek, which runs through its namesake canyon.

below the North Rim. Then, weather permitting, we'll wade and swim several miles down Phantom Creek Canyon, returning four days later to Phantom Ranch. On the last day, we'll hike up the Bright Angel Trail to our cars at Grand Canyon Village.

Hoisting our gear, we scramble toward a notch, snagging our packs on a tangle of vegetation as we travel rough Tapeats sandstone. In 45 minutes, Piano Alley gives way to a valley, and after climbing more than 1,300 vertical feet in less than a mile, we drop our packs. Overheated and out of breath, we take a break, catch our breath, drink water and munch trail snacks.

"Remember, lunch starts right after breakfast and continues until dinner," Sally says between bites. "We need to keep our energy up."

Revived, we cross over a knoll into magical Utah Flats. Al stops suddenly and then shoots a photo of the wide-open amphitheater. Among chile-red basins and striated hills sit eroded odd-shaped pancakes giving a playful feeling like the slick-rock of southern Utah. Sally explains: "This unique section of Tapeats sandstone formed where beach sand once lapped against islands of resistant Shinumo quartzite 580 million years ago."

On a slope near an overhang, hundreds of gray flakes litter the red soil. Our instructor picks one up. "These concentric patterns show percussive fractures from one rock striking against another," she says pointing to its surface. "Ancestral Puebloans left behind these discarded flakes while making projectile points. This is one of the largest concentrations of what archaeologists call lithic scatter in the Grand Canyon."

I envision an apprentice toolmaker, nearly a thousand years ago, perhaps ruining his first arrowhead, and grumbling under his breath.

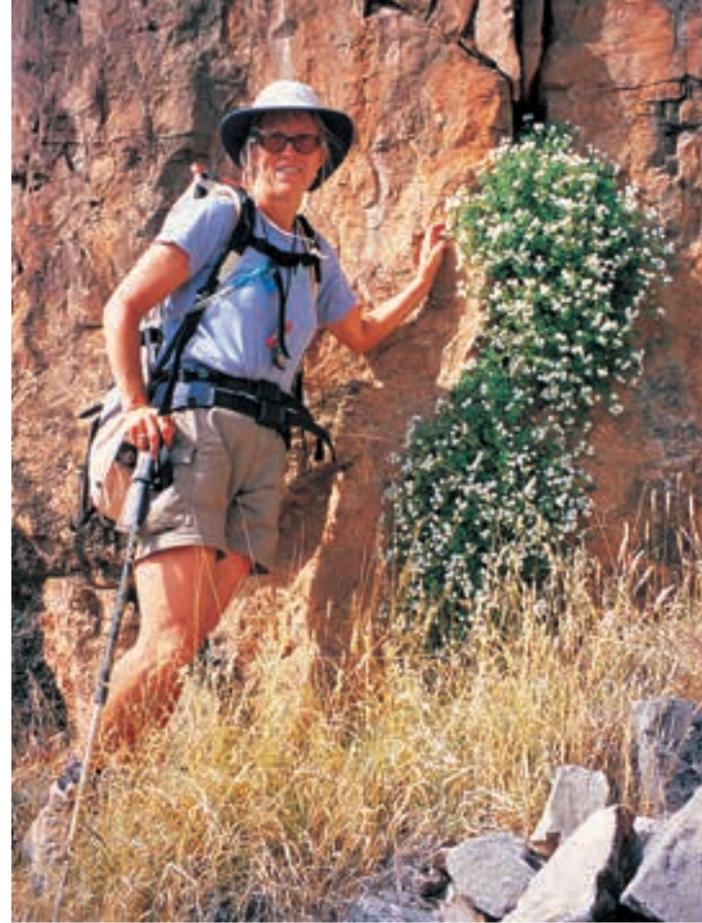
Surrounded by immense openness, we trek northward around Cheops Pyramid, an imposing 5,392-foot mountain of stone. Miles in the distance, a thin ribbon of green reveals Phantom Creek, the mystifying place said to have disappeared when mapmakers charted this section from the South Rim.

Picking up a game trail, we follow a jagged traverse around dry gulches and draws until our route drops down a deep-cut wash plunging precariously toward the glistening stream below. Staggering under a canopy of shade along the babbling oasis, we collapse and unlace our hot, dusty boots. Don, a physician assistant from Birmingham, Alabama, slides his feet into the water.

"I wonder why this wasn't the kind of classroom they put us in to study history back in school," he jokes to no one in particular.

After some lunch and a quiet rest, we lazily saunter downstream to an enchanted glen. Hidden there in a long pocket of water-carved stone waits a secret swimming hole. We splash, jump and slide in, recharging weary muscles in the deep, clear pool.

Strapping on packs, the troops ramble 45 minutes upstream, setting base camp under a huge sand-floored rock alcove. Faded pictographs look down as I cook my dinner of dehydrated mashed potatoes. Liz and Jan, portrait photographers from Virginia, gaze into the night sky as Sally points out Arcturus, the brightest star.



ABOVE: Sally Underwood stands beside a cascade of wildflowers that grows in a Redwall limestone crevice.

In the great outdoors,
we have opportunities
to expand our courage.
And with courage,
we can transform our lives.

She gives them a tip: "Follow the arc of the Big Dipper to find Arcturus."

Sally pulls out a book of nature essays. Warm night air softly moves through our camp. Pale blue veils begin draping the massive buttes and canyons surrounding us. A round moon breaks over a cliff. She reads to us about life in our modern world, and how it's often filled with an overriding avoidance of risk. But in the great outdoors, we have opportunities to expand our courage. And with courage, we can transform our lives.

The next morning, a hidden bird sings a three-part melody, and we learn the song of a black-throated sparrow. As Sally discusses the uses of native plants by the ancient people, we come to recognize the lemonade bush with its tart berries. After hiking several more miles up Phantom Creek, we see Haunted Canyon opening to the right. Sally leads us to a cluster of agave plants at the confluence. "Does anything seem different about these?" she asks, gesturing to the tall stalk and spiky ball of daggers.

"The flowers grow out from longer branches," Don observes.

"That's right," she says. "This is the abandoned crop of a non-indigenous species planted by Ancestral Puebloans. They would cook agave in roasting pits, then spread the sweet, calorie-rich heart meat into sheets to dry and roll for storage. The original fruit leather snack."

"My friends Wendy Hodgson and Liz Slauson discovered this ancient agricultural site," she adds. "The two scientists work at Desert Botanical Garden in Phoenix, and named the newly found species *Agave phillipsiana* to honor Grand Canyon botanist Art Phillips. *Agave utahensis*, or Utah agave, is the common species in the Grand Canyon."

We turn into Haunted Canyon and crisscross a stream. In a few miles, it abruptly ends at a spring with a charming little waterfall spilling over mossy rocks into a shaded pool. High above the pool, an ancient dwelling stands. After wetting my shirt in the cool water, I join a few others to climb an oven-hot slope to the cliff face. We scramble onto a narrow ledge. Challenged by fear, hovering 35 feet above the slope, we inch out. Even with all this effort, the hand-built walls fortifying the alcove deny us access.

Returning to the dry canyon floor, we rock-hop and meander several more miles in the incessant heat. The canyon then dead-ends against the massive architecture of Redwall limestone. Towering against the bright sky, Widforss Point defines the North Rim. Silently, I take in the pure and magnificent stillness.

In the gray dawn of Day 5, everyone lines his or her backpack with a heavy-duty garbage bag. Packing up camp, we begin our long return to Phantom Ranch by hiking down-canyon. After only an hour, a foreboding waterfall chasm blocks our route.

We face two choices: Either hike two or more hours on a hot and dry bypass high above or climb down a 25-foot rope beside the rushing falls into Phantom Creek Canyon. We contemplate our situation. Each person knows his or her limitations, and the calm morning air conceals the anxiety. Talking it over, we eventually make our decision. Tension mounts. And the group gets ready to climb down the knotted rope.

We find a way to lower the heavy packs. Then, one by one, each with a different technique, we climb down the rope. With teamwork and encouragement, we overcome a few tense moments, and everyone gets to the bottom safely. Our team shouts together a heartfelt and triumphant yell of gratitude.

Dense black walls squeeze us into a narrow hallway. White veins of granite swirl through the polished stratum of primordial Vishnu schist. We walk in moving water as it glides over strangely beautiful 2 billion-year-old bedrock as the slot canyon tightens and then plunges 15 feet into a deep, dark pool.

Sally scouts the drop, and then pulls out her climbing rope. While this descent is not as bad as the rope-climb into the canyon, it appears as challenging to shuttle our gear down. She hands the rope to Al. Then, sliding cautiously down the waterfall chute, she disappears into the icy pool and resurfaces with her eyes wide open. Don follows and the relay team is set.

Friction dragging the rope around his back, Al lowers our packs down to Don, who unclips them, and we swim our floating packs ashore. As the day unfolds, we repeat the process

RIGHT: Hikers waded in thigh-high water as they trek through Phantom Creek Canyon.

again and again. In between, speckled dace, butterflies, tadpoles and hummingbirds delight us, and a fresh-cut stump tells of a hidden beaver.

Worn out by a long day of wading and swimming, we thankfully find a bypass trail to the bottom of the last waterfall. Below the dancing cascades, the canyon opens. We stop, remove our packs and capture the beauty with our cameras.

Tired and content, our leader lays her head down on her pack like it was an overstuffed pillow. With one day to go, she feels relief in knowing that we have safely conquered the most dangerous part of our six-day canyoneering adventure.

Looking back on the journey, I realize that each day I faced different fears, gathered more courage and learned new things. I remember an inspiring essay read on that moonlit night. Courage does transform life. And, within me, an ever-deepening appreciation of the Grand Canyon has grown from studying in this wilderness classroom, instructor Sally's favorite place.

For more information on classes offered by the Grand Canyon Field Institute, call 866-471-4435 or visit www.grandcanyon.org.



DOWN BY THE RIVER

Glen Canyon is most famous for what it was — a place some say was even more spectacular than the natural wonder downstream. Although most of Glen Canyon was drowned by Lake Powell, what's left below the dam features a glorious stretch of the Colorado River. It's accessible, it's user-friendly and, thanks to a promising restoration project, it's recovering some of its vital pre-dam natural habitat.

BY MARY ELLEN HICKEY PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATE THOMPSON

W

hen Mother Nature doled out her gifts, Arizona won a hefty share of the geography lottery. Chief among the riches was the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon. Today it's known as one

of the world's great river trips. But it takes a serious commitment of time, resources and skill — either yours or an outfitter's — before the first paddle is dipped.

So, after 40 trips downstream from Lee's Ferry as a Grand Canyon river guide, I finally head upstream to experience a different slice of the Colorado River: Glen Canyon. On this toasty summer Saturday, my husband, Sean, our 7-year-old daughter, Mia, plus a group of friends and I have assembled with our pile of river gear for the "backhaul" up to Glen Canyon Dam. This service is provided by Colorado River Discovery — its guides give daily raft tours down this 15-mile stretch of the river. We load our gear onto their 22-foot motorized rafts and sit back for the 90-minute speed ride to the dam, where we'll launch our two-day, flat-water river trip.

"If you're there for the sheer beauty, this is the place," describes Scott Seyler, co-owner of Colorado River Discovery. "In Grand Canyon, you have to pay attention. Here, you can stop and look around, relax. That's a rare treat for boaters. The water is crystal clear. And because it's a national recreation area, rather than a national park, the restrictions are lighter."

Add to that the towering red sandstone cliffs, the ancient rock art, the California condors, the fabulous hikes and renowned trout fishing, and you'll understand the sentiment. In this post-dam era, it's the only slice of superb Glen Canyon left in its nearly natural and undrowned state, and it's high time I see it.

The crew drops us within sight of the massive concrete cork that is Glen Canyon Dam. Obviously, the dam significantly altered the Colorado River upstream by submerging it under Lake Powell, the second-largest reservoir in the country. But the sediment-trapping dam, with its controlled, cold-water releases, has changed the river environment below it as well. Many species of native plants have been outfoxed by invasive tamarisk trees, also known as salt cedars. A mature tamarisk can release 2 million seeds annually into the spring winds, ensuring its dominance. "Amazingly, in the Southwest, riparian areas account for less than 1 percent of the land, yet over 65 percent of the wildlife depends on these lush habitats," says Kelly Burke, executive director of the Grand Canyon Wildlands Council.

Among other projects, the nonprofit organization is currently partnering with the National Park Service to restore native habitat in the Grand Canyon eco-region. Back at Lee's Ferry, we were impressed with the results of the group's pilot project, which eight years ago replaced 10 acres of tamarisk with native willows and cottonwoods. On this trip we plan to explore the first native-plant restoration site in Glen Canyon, some 9 miles below the dam.

Cottonwood and willow trees thrive at Lee's Ferry, thanks to the efforts of the Grand Canyon Wildlands Council and the National Park Service to restore the region's natural habitat.



agreement. Despite its short span, this is one of the most relaxing river trips we've ever taken.

Why haven't we done this river trip before, we ask each other. It fits plenty of criteria: highly scenic, feasible with young children, no long shuttle, no permit necessary, uncrowded. Ours is the only raft trip we see in two days, other than the Colorado River Discovery day trips, plus a handful of fishermen and their motorboats. There are even clean, roomy composting outhouses, eliminating the need to haul your own "groover." Now that's an easy river trip.

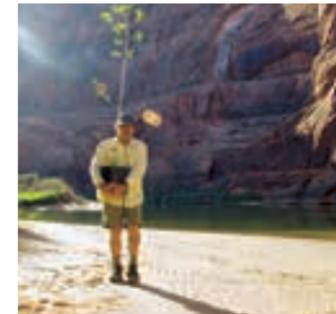
After a few hours, we float up to Hidden Slough, a gorgeous site where a spectacular waterfall leaps from a hanging canyon during summer's monsoon rains, creating a rare persistent backwater, a habitat rich in biodiversity. But today I'm riveted by the stark images of destruction and renewal playing out against the backdrop of the canyon's crimson walls. The gentle dunes are dotted with the charred stumps of mature tamarisk trees. The 6-acre site is freshly planted with young Goodding's willows and Fremont cottonwood trees, surrounded by protective fencing and irrigation piping.

"Last year it was an overgrown maze of tamarisk, a huge, dense stand with some trunks over 2 feet in diameter at the base," Burke says. Unlike the road-accessible Lee's Ferry site, where a bulldozer did the dirty work, Hidden Slough was tackled via hand-to-hand combat with chain saws. After the slashing, dragging and piling, came the

LEFT: Slash piles of invasive tamarisk trees burn at Hidden Slough in Glen Canyon National Recreation Area.

RIGHT: After the burn, native vegetation is planted to restore the riparian habitat within Glen Canyon.

BELOW: A member of the Zion National Park fire crew monitors the burning of tamarisk trees at Hidden Slough.



Excited to begin our float, we load our raft and two inflatable kayaks, and head downstream. I've always loved rowing rafts, but inflatable kayaks are a revelation to me on this float. A loaded 16-foot raft is an SUV — a trusty, smooth ride useful for hauling lots of gear and folks, but not the lithe little sports car of an inflatable kayak. "Kayaks give you the freedom to paddle up to tiny seeps and springs leaking from the sandstone," Sean says, as he and Mia float beneath an overhanging cliff, spying on a dozen tiny lizards at an oasis of ferns.

This time of year, swimming stops are mandatory every few hours. A dip in the 48-degree river delivers instant brain-freeze, but it's worth it, as our friend Emma points out. "Look at the heat shimmering off the surface of the water," she says as she jumps into an eddy. "It's gotta be 105 today."

The shallow gradient of the riverbed hardly produces a riffle, let alone any rapids, providing the perfect classroom for the kids to learn the art of paddling.

After 4 serene miles filled with a half-dozen great blue heron sightings, we pull into Ferry Swale camp on a high dune, on the recommendation of Gerry Nealon, a river guide for Colorado River Discovery. "You wake up there in the morning and there's not much to complain

about — it's a beautiful site," he says.

The evening's complimentary entertainment is provided by a trio of rock climbers scaling the sheer cliffs just across the river. We set up the beach chairs and the requisite cooler and cheer them on as the sun retires, with not much to complain about ourselves.

Kaaa, kaaa, kaaa. Flap, flap, flap. The next morning's wake-up call blessedly comes not from a clock radio, but a pair of ravens buzzing our tent on their breakfast scouting trip. The *Wild Kingdom* show continues as we sip our coffee. "I saw something *move*," says 10-year old Lindon, pointing frantically. "There are animals over there!"

Sure enough, three bighorn sheep exit the shadows across the river onto a sunlit stage. They appear to be watching us as intently as we are them, although not one of them goes fumbling for a camera as we do. Their fascination quickly wanes as they bounce down sandstone blocks on their way to the river to hydrate for the day. We reluctantly change the channel to begin prepping our own breakfast.

Floating just 15 miles in two days allows us a lazy, midmorning start. "That sound was so nice this morning," sighs Sean, paddling quietly. "What sound?" I ask. "The *lack* of sound. I found my own little piece of quiet," he answers, smiling like the Cheshire Cat. I nod in

biggest bonfire Glen Canyon has likely ever seen. A fire crew from Zion National Park torched and then monitored the 7-foot piles as smoke plumes billowed beyond the canyon's 1,000-foot walls. Meanwhile, a makeshift nursery at Lee's Ferry nurtured the native saplings that were transplanted at Hidden Slough in May 2009.

"After clearing, it looks like a war," Burke says. "It's humiliating. You have to tear it up to put it back together. Then these miracles start happening. There's explosive growth of lush wetland plants in the slough that are no longer shaded by tamarisk. Then you find other natives, like prince's plume and datura, regenerating. Hopefully, like the Lee's Ferry site, the birds will be next.

"Visitors to Glen Canyon are going to watch this place transform," Burke adds. "Cottonwoods and willows are a lot more pleasant to hang out under than gnarly old tamarisks. The site will be monitored constantly and beaver-fencing will be added to each tree to thwart Mr. Bad, a big ol' beaver who lives at Hidden Slough."

As we explore the site, Mia and Lindon are thrilled to discover Mr. Bad's beefy footprints along the damp shoreline.

It's encouraging that after all the changes humankind has perpetrated in Glen Canyon, we can also begin to repair some of the damage. "We are at the beginning of the Park Service's 20-year plan to remove all tamarisks from this stretch of Glen Canyon," says Burke, who hopes another clearing project will begin sometime this year. "Wouldn't it be amazing someday if we were having lunch under a huge, shady cottonwood?" asks Nealon, who has guided this stretch for eight years.

Leaving Hidden Slough, we float downstream to Water Holes Canyon, its entrance guarded by graceful 9-foot cattails. The short, scenic hike provides some much appreciated afternoon shade. Following lunch and a final spirited water fight, we dawdle back to the boats, reluctant to finish the remaining 4 miles of the trip.

Seems the river has similar thoughts. The wind makes an abrupt appearance, temporarily blowing us upstream amid whitecaps and spray. *Oops ...* did I mention that one side of my kayak is rapidly deflating? And that Lindon's favorite hat has just flown into the river, barely surviving our flailing rescue attempts? "It's the river!" shouts Emma, above the wind. "It doesn't want us to leave!"

And so we are reminded that despite the river's concrete gatekeeper upstream, Mother Nature is still in charge here. As every smart boatman knows, "the river always wins." The wind subsides, and an hour later, wind-burned, scruffy and de-stressed, we paddle up to Lee's Ferry. ■

When You Go

Directions: From Flagstaff, take U.S. Route 89 north to Bitter Springs for 105 miles. Turn left onto U.S. Route 89A and proceed 14 miles to the Lee's Ferry Road turnoff. Turn right and continue 5 miles, ending at Lee's Ferry and the Colorado River.

Warning: When hiking, boating or just visiting this area, a hat, sunscreen and a lot of drinking water are essential. Be aware of changing weather conditions, including monsoon activity. Any river trip can be hazardous; hire an experienced, professional outfitter for assistance.

Information: Colorado River Discovery in Page offers daily guided raft tours of Glen Canyon, May through November, and can provide backhauls up the river for experienced boaters. The company can be reached at 888-522-6644 or www.raftthecanyon.com. For Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, call 928-608-6200 or visit www.nps.gov/glca/planyourvisit/kayaking. For more information on the restoration projects of the Grand Canyon Wildlands Council, call 928-556-9306 or visit www.grandcanyonwildlands.org.



BILL GRAY-SYCAMORE LOOP Literally, this route crosses a scenic valley ringed with mountains and mesas; figuratively, it goes back in time to the days of miners and pioneers.

BY ROGER NAYLOR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY LINDAHL

On a map, this route appears as a misshapen loop — lumpy in spots, like a poorly planned balloon animal. There's no way of knowing until your tires hit the gravel that the little road showcases a mix of dazzling scenery and intriguing history, with additional adventures lurking down side roads.

From Cottonwood, head east on State Route 89A for about 2 miles, turning left on Bill Gray Road. You won't have trouble spotting Bill Gray. It squeezes between the Immaculate Conception Catholic Church and Mago Earth Park, which is populated by a cluster of fanciful statues.

After the paved entryway, Bill Gray, also known as Forest Road

761, turns to gravel. In spots, the road can be as washboarded as a Depression-era laundromat or as smooth as a sidewalk in Sedona, depending on when the grader last passed. Either way, you'll have no problem in a passenger car.

The road stretches across the valley floor, ringed with mountains and mesas. To the northeast rise the salmon- and ivory-hued sandstone buttes of Sedona. Vegetation is lanky and leggy, exhibiting the spindly defiance common to sun-gnawed lands.

At about 2.8 miles, a small brown sign marks where the Lime Kiln Historic Wagon Trail crosses the road. This was once the main route used by Sedona pioneers to sell their goods to miners in Jerome. In 2006, the Lime Kiln reopened as a 15-mile multiuse trail connecting Cottonwood to Sedona.

As you curl deeper into the outback, vistas stretch in all directions. The humped ridgeline of Casner Mountain guards the border of Sycamore Canyon. Waves of grass crash against low-shouldered hills. Keep an eye peeled for pronghorns, which like to graze this scenic savanna.

After nearly 11 miles, you'll pass through an isolated section of private property, and pass by a few homes and horse ranches tucked among thickets of mesquite and juniper. Just beyond the ranches, FR 761 ends at a

junction with Forest Road 525C. Bearing right leads to SR 89A, but hang a left if you're looking for extra adventure.

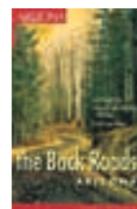
The road rambles 6 miles to Sycamore Pass, the main access route to this portion of Sycamore Canyon, a spectacular deep-cut cleft with high red walls. Sycamore Canyon is a wilderness area and may be entered only on foot or horseback. The road ends at a small parking area for the Dogie Trail. You'll want a high-clearance vehicle for the last mile.

From the junction with FR 761, FR 525C traverses rolling countryside for about 3 miles, ending at Forest Road 525. Once again, an intriguing side trip awaits. Turn left on FR 525, also known as Red Canyon Road, to see some of the area's best preserved prehistoric ruins: Palatki and Honanki. Carved out of scarlet cliffs, the ancient Sinaguan ruins offer impressive displays of rock art dating back 6,000 years. Reservations are recommended for Palatki.

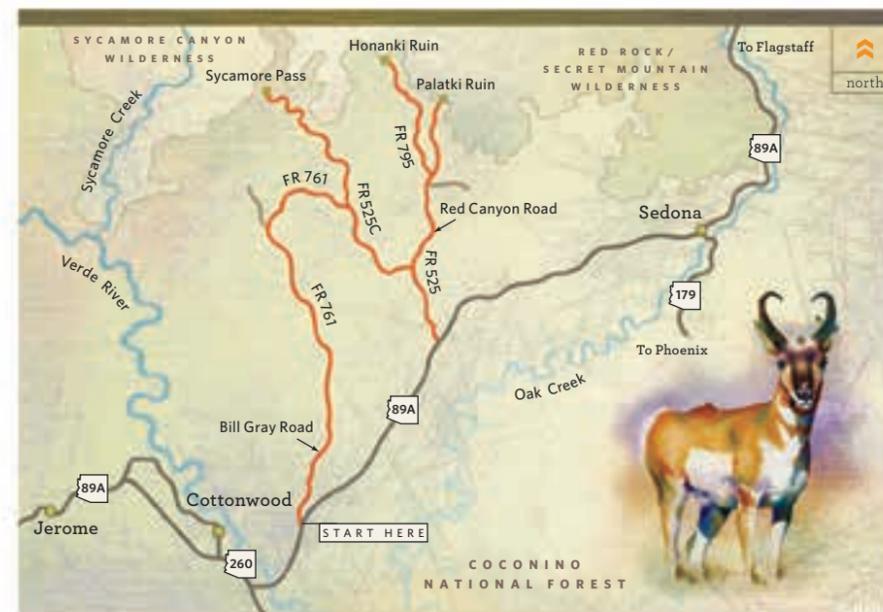
After returning from the ruins, Red Canyon ends at SR 89A, 5 miles southwest of Sedona, where you'll find a few more world-famous adventures.

BELOW: Sycamore Pass offers access to Sycamore Canyon Wilderness in North-Central Arizona's Coconino National Forest.

ABOVE RIGHT: Horses roam the scrubby grasslands of high-desert stretches between Cottonwood and Sedona.



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



KEVIN KIBSEY

tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

LENGTH: 19 miles round-trip

DIRECTIONS: From Cottonwood, head east on State Route 89A for approximately 2 miles. Turn left onto Bill Gray Road.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: Accessible to all vehicles; however, roads may not be passable following a heavy rain. If driving the Sycamore Pass spur, a high-clearance vehicle is recommended for the last mile. A Red Rock Pass (or equivalent) is required on any vehicle parked at the heritage sites.

INFORMATION: Red Rock Ranger District, 928-282-4119 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino; Palatki Heritage Site, 928-282-3854 (reservations are recommended).

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





GROOM CREEK LOOP Located a stone's throw from Prescott, the highlight of this hike is the panorama at its summit.

BY MARYAL MILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTINE KEITH

Resting peacefully within the Prescott National Forest, long after its gold-mining heyday, Groom Creek seems content to remain a quiet place in the woods — not a canyon on a list of the world's Seven Natural Wonders. Besides, it has plenty of panache of its own, including the surrounding Bradshaw Mountains (one of the most mineralized ranges in the world) and the popular Groom Creek Loop, a tranquil 8.7-mile circle on Spruce Mountain that comes with an eighth-wonder-worthy panorama at its summit. And there's plenty to see before you get there.

Beyond the summit, this trek is teeming with trees, including ponderosa pines (severely thinned due to a bark beetle epidemic in 2002 and 2003), cottonwoods, oaks, junipers and, yes, *some* spruce. The mountain gets its name, however, from the firs that are found at the higher elevations. The trees were mistaken for spruce more than a century ago.

Once you've come to terms with that forestry foible, head off in a clockwise direction from the trailhead. Along the way you'll pass through the upper Wolf Creek drainage and encounter two massive granite boulders before the trail treats you to a rare vista where the canopy untangles, revealing an awe-inspiring view of Mount Union to the south. Savor the moment, because until you

reach the mountain's citadel, you'll seldom breach the forest's cover. Of course, if you venture out on a drizzly day, that overhead protection comes in handy.

Minutes later, on your left, you'll pass two robust alligator junipers (distinguished by their scale-like bark) that are big enough to hide Pooh and his entire band of woodland cronies. Speaking of creatures, you might see a horned toad or a cone-nosed kissing bug on the trail. They're curious little creatures — cute in a Quasimodo sort of way.

After about an hour of hiking, the trail steepens significantly for a good 30 minutes. Endure. And keep your eyes peeled for the remains of an old abandoned mining cabin. It's easy to overlook this little piece of tangible history. Trust us. Several switchbacks later, you'll spot the Spruce Mountain Lookout Tower, which marks the completion of an impressive 1,300-foot climb.

A clearing with picnic tables makes this an ideal site to refuel and revel in the accomplishment. To the left of the tables is the tower. Erected in 1936, and manned from May to October, it's open to the public when the ranger is around. Inside, check out the old-school Osborne Fire Finder and, if he happens to be on duty, introduce yourself to Space, the resident watchdog.

If you skip the tower, you'll miss one of the highlights of the hike. By climbing the ladder, you'll fully experience the crisp air, the vacant whisper of the wind sifting through the open windows, and the ethereal views of hilly Prescott Valley, Mingus and Granite mountains, and the San Francisco Peaks to the north.

From the picnic tables, it's a peaceful 5.7-mile descent to the trailhead. Although the eighth-wonder panorama will be behind you, the scenery ahead is abundantly scenic, especially if you appreciate the peaceful nature of trees. Spruce not included. ■



Views from the Groom Creek Loop (above) include panoramas of the lush landscapes of Prescott National Forest (opposite page).

trail guide

- LENGTH:** 8.7-mile loop
- DIFFICULTY:** Moderate
- ELEVATION:** 6,400 to 7,693 feet
- DIRECTIONS:** From Prescott, take Gurley Street east to Mount Vernon Avenue (Senator Highway, Forest Road 52). Turn south and drive approximately 6.4 miles to the trailhead, which is on the left side of the road.
- VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** Accessible to all vehicles
- USGS MAP:** Groom Creek
- INFORMATION:** Bradshaw Ranger District, 928-443-8000 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/prescott
- LEAVE-NO-TRACE ETHICS:**
 - Plan ahead and be prepared.
 - Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
 - Dispose of waste properly and pack out your trash.
 - Leave what you find.
 - Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
 - Be considerate of others.



KEVIN KIBBEY

ONLINE For more hikes in Arizona, visit our "Hiking Guide" at www.arizonahighways.com.



where
is this?

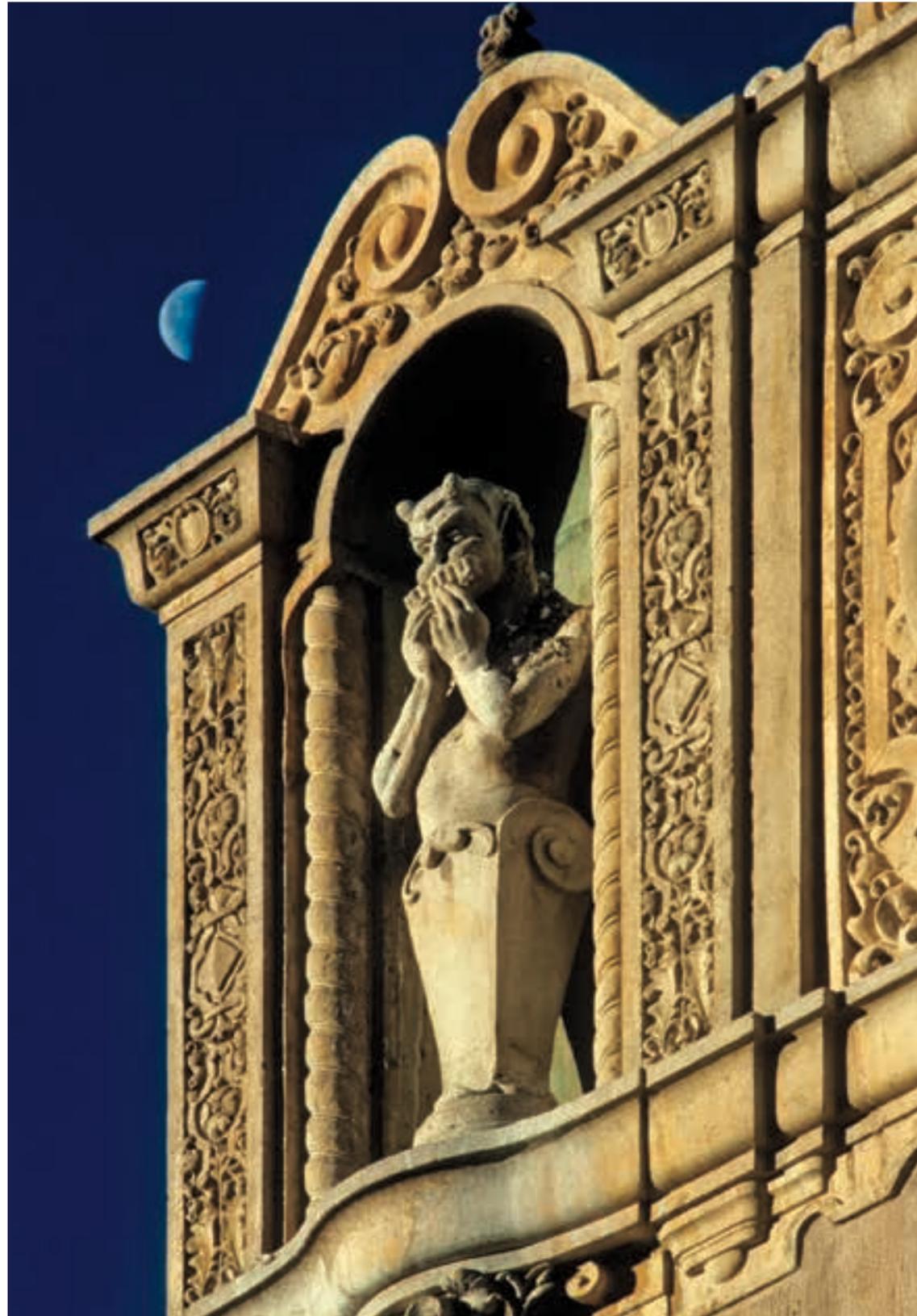
Rock God

BY KELLY KRAMER
PHOTOGRAPH BY
RICHARD MAACK

It's a pity that passersby can't hear Pan playing his pipe, but visitors to this urban landmark can get a cultural fix inside. Constructed as a movie theater and vaudeville house in 1929, this vintage building has been through several reincarnations. Today, it's a historic landmark and the last remaining example of theater-palace architecture in a city that's so big Pan's pipes would be drowned out by the rock 'n' roll of daily life.



March 2010 Answer: Arcosanti. Congratulations to our winner, Diana Westover of Snowhomish, Washington.



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

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