

# BEST RESTAURANTS ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE · EXPLORE · EXPERIENCE

APRIL 2010

25 OF OUR  
FAVORITE  
PLACES  
IN ARIZONA

BY NIKKI BUCHANAN

Tinderbox Kitchen  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
PAUL MARKOW

GARY LADD'S LAKE POWELL: A PORTFOLIO  
HIKING ARIZONA'S SECOND-LARGEST CANYON  
ROAD-TRIPPING IN THE HUALAPAI MOUNTAINS



FEATURES

14 BEST RESTAURANTS 2010

From a small BYOB in Scottsdale that serves something called Death by Elvis to a pueblo-inspired hideaway in Greer, there's something for everyone in our third-annual collection of the state's best places to fuel up when you hit the road.

BY NIKKI BUCHANAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL MARKOW

26 A GREAT TAKE ON A GREAT LAKE

There are some things in Arizona that every landscape photographer shoots: the Grand Canyon, Sedona, the saguaros. Lake Powell gets a lot of attention, too, and we see some beautiful photography. No one, however, has mastered the subject like Gary Ladd. No one.

A PORTFOLIO BY GARY LADD

36 ON THE ROADS

Twenty thousand miles. By sundown on April 14, that's the distance the Copperstate 1000 will have covered in the past two decades. The vintage-car road rally follows a 1,000-mile course that takes participants around the state on some of the most beautiful byways in the world. Because we have "Highways" in our name, we sent one of our writers along for the ride.

BY NIKKI BUCHANAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF KIDA

40 WRITING ON THE WALLS

Animal tracks, stick figures, lizard-men, handprints, footprints, geometric forms ... petroglyphs are the main storyline at V-Bar-V Heritage Site in Central Arizona. Not only is it the largest known petroglyph site in the Verde Valley, most of the rock art has remained virtually undisturbed for thousands of years.

BY RUTH RUDNER PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID MUENCH

DEPARTMENTS

- 2 EDITOR'S LETTER
- 3 CONTRIBUTORS
- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

5 THE JOURNAL

People, places and things from around the state, including a café in Southern Arizona where mesquite meal and cholla buds are standard fare, a motor lodge in Prescott that obliterates all stereotypes, and a Flagstaff distillery that's going green.

44 SCENIC DRIVE

Hualapai Mountain Road: Kingman is known to Arizonans as the last "big city" along the road to Vegas, but just outside the city, there's an unexpected mountain retreat that begs to be explored.

46 HIKE OF THE MONTH

Sycamore Rim Trail: Spectacular views of Arizona's second-largest canyon and remnants of frontier history highlight this hike near Williams.

48 WHERE IS THIS?



POINTS OF INTEREST IN THIS ISSUE



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GET MORE ONLINE:

- + Get inside scoops, bonus coverage and other great information from our new blog. This month, check out our Q&A with food critic Nikki Buchanan. Look for the link in Online Extras.
- + For more great restaurants, as well as weekend getaways, hikes and more, visit our home page.
- + Get details on some of this month's biggest events, including the Tempe Music Festival, in the Events Calendar.

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A ringtail sneaks a peek at his Turkey Creek habitat in the Chiricahua Mountains. PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE D. TAUBERT

BACK COVER Ponderosa pine trees dominate the landscape near Pomeroy Tanks in the Kaibab National Forest. PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM BEAN



JEFF KIDA

**P**olaroid cameras? Nope. LEGOs or Silly Putty? Nope. Dairy Queen, McDonald's, Bob's Big Boy? Nope. None of them are older than *Arizona Highways*. Neither are Nike, Funyuns, Mrs. Butterworth, Mr. Coffee, Slinkys, Superman, Snickers bars,

Queen Elizabeth II or 8-track tapes. We're even older than Larry King, who won't turn 85 until 2018. Turns out, we have seniority over all of them. We feel much younger, but the truth is, we're 85 — this month marks eight-and-a-half decades for *Arizona Highways*.

We recognize the significance of that number, but for us, anniversary issues aren't any more important than any other issue. Our goal every month, whether it's a milestone issue or not, is to create an inspiring magazine filled with spectacular photography, excellent writing and beautiful design. That's why our March 1971 and February 1982 issues were just as important as April 1975

and April 2010. That said, we're proud to have been around for so long, and we're extremely grateful for your support along the way. Your subscriptions help us help mom-and-pops around the state. That's our mission, and that's what this month's cover story is all about.

It's our third-annual *Best Restaurants* issue, and like the last couple of years, the 25 places on the list are there for various reasons: charming décor, delicious food, friendly service, great views. Not every restaurant excels in every category, but according to writer Nikki Buchanan, the state's most-respected food critic, they're all worth a visit. One of her favorites is New Jersey Pizza Co. in Flagstaff. "Owners Marco Agostini and Seth Sharkey turn out perfect, golden pies," she writes, "topped with the best ingredients these meticulous foragers can find."

Not far from there is another excellent restaurant called Tinderbox Kitchen. Like the Pizza Co., it's a great place to grab a bite to eat in Flag. At the other end of the

## ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TELEVISION



ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TELEVISION

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](http://www.arizonahighways.com), and click the *Arizona Highways Television* link on our home page.

state, down in Bisbee, Nikki likes Café Cornucopia, and in between, her hit list includes Janos in Tucson, Fornos in Sedona and Atlas Bistro in Scottsdale, which serves something called Death by Elvis. It's made with peanut butter, bacon, bananas and chocolate. When was the last time you saw something like that on a menu? Probably never, but Nikki has a knack for finding the out-of-the-ordinary. She's a gifted writer and a great reporter, which is one of the reasons we gave her two assignments this month — as if a culinary tour of the state wasn't enough, we also sent her on a 1,000-mile road trip to Northern Arizona.

Like *Arizona Highways*, the Copperstate 1000 is marking a milestone this month. It's the 20th anniversary of the renowned road rally, which features some of the rarest and most expensive collector cars in the world. On last year's trip, Nikki tagged along. She was "working," but she did get to ride shotgun in a handful of classics: a 1970 Ford Torino Grand National stock car, a 1959 Aston Martin DB3S and a 1957 Jaguar Cozzi Special.

Even Nikki admits that this kind of assignment is good work if you can get it, but the trip was a little grueling. As she writes in *On the Roads*: "In 96 hours, we covered a dizzying amount of territory — zooming past the hoodoos of Canyon Diablo, climbing through ponderosa pines to Flagstaff, barreling across parts of the Hopi Reservation, and cruising past the hill-town of Jerome." One of the few places they didn't hit was Lake Powell. For that, we called on Gary Ladd.

Even if you haven't been reading us for all 85 years, there's a good chance you've seen Gary's work — we use him all the time. As a landscape photographer, he shoots everywhere, but his favorite place is Lake Powell. He's been shooting there for more than 30 years, and as you'll see in this month's portfolio, no one has mastered the subject like Mr. Ladd. No one. The portfolio is titled *A Great Take on a Great Lake*, and Lake Powell certainly lives up to the billing. Although it's not as old as *Arizona Highways*, or even Bob's Big Boy, it is something special. Check it out sometime. Or, if that's not an option, keep reading our magazine. Over the next 85 years, we're bound to go back. And who knows, at some point, we might even take Larry King.

ROBERT STIEVE, editor

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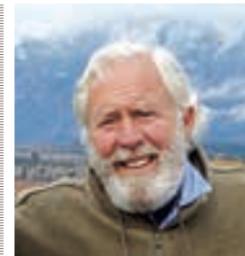
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PRODUCED IN THE USA



### DAVID MUENCH

Photography is in David Muench's blood. His father was Josef Muench, one of America's greatest photographers, and together they traveled across the United States to capture some of the country's most stunning landscapes. This month, in *Writing on the Walls* (page 40), Muench took his talents to the V-Bar-V Heritage Site to explore its ancient rock art. "The images from the people who lived in the area were very beautiful and very quieting for me,"

Muench says. "The images on stone and the reflections on the water had a significant spiritual impact on me." Muench's work has been published in virtually every great photography magazine around the world. In addition, he's had several books published by *Arizona Highways*, including *David Muench's Arizona, Vast and Intimate*; and *Eternal Desert*.

### NIKKI BUCHANAN

In this issue, Phoenix-based writer Nikki Buchanan covered her usual beat — restaurants (see *Best Restaurants 2010*, page 14) — but she was also eager to cover the annual Copperstate 1000 (see *On the Roads*, page 36). "I love a good road trip," she says, adding that she assumed covering the rally would be more vacation and car show than serious work assignment. What she didn't count on, among other things, was the knowledge she'd gain about rare cars and the people who collect and care for them with unswerving devotion. "The Copperstate allowed me a peek into another world, one I can imagine being part of if I had ... say, a hundred grand to spare." Buchanan is an award-winning writer and a member of the Arizona Culinary Hall of Fame.



### PAUL MARKOW

As a born-and-bred Arizonan, photographer Paul Markow (right) says there aren't many roads in the state he hasn't traveled. But shooting this month's cover story (see *Best Restaurants 2010*, page 14) allowed him to see things in a whole new light. "I loved seeing how all of these small, unique and wonderful restaurants have sprouted up all over Arizona," Markow says. "Although I've never been accused of being a foodie, I really ate up this project. From Flagstaff to Bisbee, I was fortunate to meet and photograph a really wonderful group of passionate individuals. I realized that their passion about food is similar to my passion about photography." Although Markow spent most of his time traveling and shooting, he did have time to sit down for dinner at Flagstaff's Tinderbox Kitchen, where, he says, the bistro steak was "quite memorable."



MOLLY SMITH

**OH, DEER**

I enjoy your publication, but found an error in your January 2010 issue. The article *Deer Prudence* states that there are “White-tailed and Coues ...” in the southern half of the state. We have only one subspecies of white-tailed in the state, and that’s the Coues white-tailed. There are no others, although some old-timers still talk about the “Sonoran fantail,” which is the same deer by another name.

KURT BAHTI, PATAGONIA, ARIZONA



January 2010

**DREAM WORLD**

In 1968 my family and I ventured west to visit my brother, who was stationed at an Air Force base in California. Our route took us to the Four Corners Monument. My mom, Trudy, was immediately captured by Arizona’s beauty and bought her first copy of *Arizona Highways* from a local Native American who was selling issues for 75 cents. My mom subscribed for the next 40 years. During each of my visits to her home, we’d sit at the dining room table and peruse the newest copy of the magazine. From 1985 until she passed in 2008, she realized her dream of living in this beautiful state. She always gazed upon the breathtaking sunsets as though she was viewing them for the first time. Your magazine was the start of her dream!

CHAD LECKI, GLENDALE, ARIZONA

**contact us**

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



November 2009

**FRESH MEAT**

We were delighted to find the article about diners and drive-ins [November 2009] because we’re always looking for new/fun places to eat. I know that in articles like this there are always people saying, “You missed (blank),” and because it just opened in October, you did miss a great new one. We’d like your readers to know about Bing’s Burger Station in Cottonwood. The burgers and fries are made with fresh ingredients every day, and the reuse of the old gas station is a perfect setting for this culinary trip down memory lane.

KATE CROWLEY, WILLOW RIVER, MINNESOTA

EDITOR’S NOTE: Thanks for the tip, Ms. Crowley. Coincidentally, we’ll be featuring Bing’s in our September issue.

**EXCHANGE RATES**

I spent my sophomore year as an exchange student with my host family, the McElvains, in Waddell, Arizona. I’m now living in Taiwan, which is on the other side of the globe. *Arizona Highways* is a gift from my dear Arizona host parents, Damon and Liz. Each month when I see your magazine, it automatically takes me back to those “Arizona moments” ... the hikes, the festivals, the huge cactuses ... all that I miss.

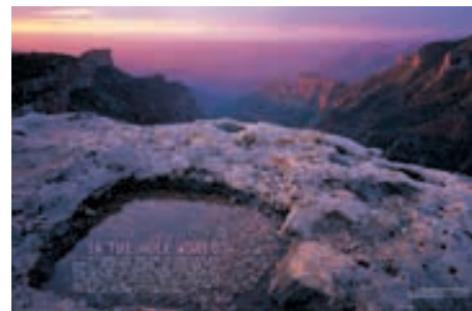
WENDY LIN, TAIPEI, TAIWAN

**TO THE LETTER**

I felt that Marti Thorson’s comment about “senseless torture inflicted on animals ...” in the January 2010 issue [*Letters to the Editor*] regarding the winning image in your photo contest raised a point not regarding the photography, but perception of rodeo

livestock. *Arizona Highways* is not the venue for discussion about animal abuse, but I believe the comment warrants a response. Firstly, as a photographer, I felt your selected image was well-deserving due to the technical difficulty of acquiring the image, as well as the image itself. The fact that it elicited such emotion from Thorson illustrates the power of photography that photographers hope to achieve. I, personally, am not a rodeo enthusiast, but many are, both as participants and spectators. Rodeo livestock are bred and raised to do what they do. Whether a horse is bred to jump, cut cattle, buck or run fast on a racetrack, they are bred to be specialists in different sports arenas. The specialty breeding applies to the cattle, as well. Rodeo livestock are well-fed, well-cared-for, and riders often develop a fondness for particular mounts. There is a shocking amount of animal abuse in backyards where livestock “pets” are poorly fed, pens are not cleaned, vaccinations are not current and so on. The number of horses in overfilled rescue organizations clearly illustrates this neglect and abuse. I applaud *Arizona Highways* for not entirely focusing on the outstanding landscape beauty that surrounds us, but showing the way of life that is part of our landscape.

NITA GULBAS, PHOENIX



January 2010

**THE HOLE TRUTH**

What a beautiful piece of writing [*In the Hole World* by Craig Childs, January 2010]! Worth the entire year’s subscription cost. More please.

FRANK MERCER, MESA, ARIZONA



**Another Canyon**

Located on the Navajo Nation, Canyon de Chelly’s desert-varnished cliffs and grassy meadows make up one of the oldest continuously inhabited areas in the United States. Today, it’s a national monument where visitors can hike, explore ancient ruins and learn about Navajo culture. Information: [www.nps.gov/cach](http://www.nps.gov/cach) or 928-674-5500.

To order a print of this photograph, call 866-962-1191 or visit [www.arizonahighwaysprints.com](http://www.arizonahighwaysprints.com).

TOM BEAN



PETER SCHWEPHER

## Spinning the Bottles

Dave Williamson first changed the law to allow breweries and distilleries to operate in the same building. Now, he's crusading for the environment — one recyclable bottle at a time.

By KELLY KRAMER

DAVE WILLIAMSON JOINED FLAGSTAFF'S Mogollon Brewing Co. in September 2001, wanting to make it the

FLAGSTAFF

No. 1 microbrewery in the state. Six months later, it was.

Although Mogollon was outselling all of the other microbreweries in Arizona — combined — Williamson says he “damn near put the company out of business.

“I didn't realize at the time that we were losing money on every single case of beer we sold,” he says.

After running the numbers, Williamson realized that there was more money to be made in reusable, refillable kegs, rather than individual cases of beer. “If I could have a minikeg, a retail keg, with everything

built in, that would be perfect,” he says.

Although Coors Light and Miller Lite have similar products, Williamson says the concept was so close, yet so far away from being truly environmentally sound. “Those home kegs are disposable. You use them, throw them away and buy more. They missed the entire point.”

Armed with his idea and a background in wholesale liquor distribution, Williamson, whose second company, Arizona High Spirits, distills vodka and whiskey, built a model. It sat on the bar at the brewery until representatives from the city of Flagstaff came calling for a donation of vodka for the 2008 Super Bowl.

“They asked me what the keg was and I told them it was just an idea,” Williamson says. “I told them that the concept was to save money on packaging, but that the keg also eliminates waste.” The representatives were intrigued.

A few weeks later, Williamson met with students and faculty from Northern Arizona University, who crafted a working prototype — a reusable 2.3-gallon minikeg. When the economy tanked, progress on the minikeg stalled.

But Williamson kept thinking, and once again decided on a new idea: reusable wine bottles and refillable wine kegs for retailers, a notion that could

translate easily to the vodka business. It could also reduce waste and costs at one of Arizona's biggest assets — the Grand Canyon. Three hundred gallons of champagne bubble in glasses at the Canyon each year, and according to Williamson's research, the packaging costs for just one case of champagne is \$23.44. With minikegs, those costs would dwindle to just over \$2 per case.

Although he's still waiting on funding for the minikegs, Williamson is moving forward with refillable, returnable vodka bottles, thanks to a partnership with Phoenix-based Hensley & Co.

“I spoke to another distributor first, and that distributor said that if I took the idea of returnable bottles to Hensley, it wouldn't go over.”

But Williamson got the last laugh. Hensley began distributing the vodka in test markets throughout the state in January.

“The consumers are ready for it,” Williamson says. “Retailers are ready for it. Microbreweries and wineries are ready for it. Everybody's ready for it.”

For more information about Arizona High Spirits, call 928-773-8950 or visit [www.arizonahighspirits.com](http://www.arizonahighspirits.com).

PRATT'S

Q&A



Lynda Carter  
Wonder Woman

What do you miss most about Arizona? The sunsets, the smell of the desert and the smell of the ozone before it rains. That's a really, really strong smell. You can have a clear sky, but know that it's going to rain because of that smell and something electric in the air.

Favorite place to visit in the spring? The open desert. We lived near Camelback Mountain, in Phoenix. We had a little house, about a half-mile away, and the wildflowers would always be in bloom.

What five words would you use to describe Arizona? Home. Family. Memories. Grandma. Dreams.

How has Phoenix changed in your eyes? Well, there are certain freeway exchanges I'm not very familiar with. I embrace whatever change the city goes through.

What places do you always visit when you come home? I always visit a Mexican restaurant and I always visit Camelback Mountain. It's not only where I grew up, but it's also where I had my children. I hike it and enjoy the springtime there.

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

## Indigenous Ingredients

Whether it's mesquite meal or cholla buds, every item on the menu at Desert Rain Café includes at least one ingredient indigenous to the Tohono O'odham Nation. It's good, and it's good for you.

By MARYAL MILLER

Sells, Arizona, isn't exactly on the beaten path. In fact, it's so far from the path that the tiny town on the Tohono O'odham reservation isn't really “on the way” to anywhere.

That said, there's a new place in Sells that's ripe for enthusiasts of the road less traveled. It's called Desert Rain Café, and it's open for breakfast and lunch, both of which are worth a try.

The brainchild of Tohono O'odham Community Action (TOCA), the café opened in March 2009 in an effort to combat the growing epidemic of type 2 diabetes, which afflicts the Native American community. The plan was to reintroduce the people to “the bounty of the Sonoran Desert and the many indigenous foods that have been used by the Tohono O'odham people for centuries,” says Mary Paganelli, the café's consulting chef. “Some research shows that the move away from traditional foods and lifestyle has contributed to the epidemic ... many of the Tohono O'odham traditional foods are naturally low on the glycemic index and have blood-sugar-lowering qualities.”

Every item on the menu incorporates at least one such traditional ingredient, some of which might seem a little adventurous to the mainstream, including mesquite meal, prickly pear, agave syrup and the daunting cholla bud. In addition, TOCA's own farm produces the tepary beans and squash for the café, so they go straight from topsoil to table.

But before you succumb to sweat-inducing flashes of Bear Grylls in some inhospitable Venezuelan jungle, downing live slugs for their purported protein value, Paganelli encourages, “Don't be afraid!” The kitchen is manned by some of the most seasoned chefs on the rez.

Once prepared, the offerings aren't at all scary. Mesquite meal is

used in baked treats like the delectable Cinnamon Squash Agave Muffin and the massive Mesquite Oatmeal Cookie, adding a surprisingly pleasant graham cracker-like quality. The pico de gallo, which is prepared by Tucson's Canyon Ranch, uses the texturally intimidating cholla bud to lend a smoky, citrus

SELS  
flavor. It's a recommended must-try. So is the café's fresh Agave Lemonade, which is chilled on ice in a giant jar placed on the front counter. It's sweet, not tart. The tepary bean — reportedly the most heat- and drought-tolerant bean in the world — is found in several selections, like the White Tepary Bean and Short Rib Stew, and the Brown Tepary Bean Quesadilla, one of Paganelli's favorite dishes.

But perhaps the best gift that I'toi — the Tohono O'odham creator god — has bestowed upon diners at Desert Rain are the prices. The most expensive meal on the menu is only \$7.95 (the Prickly Pear Glazed Short Ribs), which makes up for the extra gas money you'll spend getting there. And if that's not enough to inspire you to make a trek off the beaten path, keep in mind that all profits from the café support TOCA's education mission.

Desert Rain Café is located in the Tohono Plaza on Main Street in Sells. For more information, call 520-383-4918 or visit [www.deserraincafe.com](http://www.deserraincafe.com).



EDWARD MCCAIN



NICK BEREZENKO

## The Motor Is Running

Forget everything you've ever heard about motels. The Motor Lodge in Prescott is a midcentury slice of Americana that's more boutique than bad stereotype. Check in and check it out.

By **ROGER NAYLOR**

IF YOU BUILD IT, THEY WILL COME. If you build it fun, funky and friendly, they'll come in droves. At least that's how things worked out for The Motor Lodge in Prescott.

The Motor Lodge is a midcentury slice of Americana that's been completely refurbished and operates as distinctive boutique lodging. Originally built as summer cabins in 1910, the cabins were purchased in 1940, then connected by a common roofline. Thus, a motor court was born. During the ensuing decades, the little inn was dragged through other incarnations, including

### PRESCOTT

a tragic stint as country cottages, dripping in doilies with stuffed bears stacked on beds like cordwood. In 2008, Joe Livingston and Brian Spear bought the place and created a stylish and memorable getaway.

The restored property is a striking balance of eye-pleasing nostalgia and modern comfort. Outside, the exterior resonates with a retro vibe. A dozen units clustered in the shape of a small horseshoe are painted with a snappy color scheme designed to lure weary motorists. The sign is small but appropriately veined with neon.

The rooms themselves aren't as firmly rooted in the past. Spotlessly clean and effortlessly cool, each room sports an eclectic mix of furnishings and art, sampling a range of eras. The Motor Lodge also features amenities akin to those found at far pricier resorts. Beds are luscious stress-swallowers draped with high-thread-

The Motor Lodge is located at 503 S. Montezuma Street in Prescott. For more information, call 928-717-0157 or visit [www.themotorlodge.com](http://www.themotorlodge.com).

count sheets. You'll be tempted to steal the towels until you realize they're too fluffy to fit in your suitcase. By the way, don't even try.

The most pleasant surprise, however, might be the jovial hospitality that permeates the place. It starts with Joe and Brian. They offer a cold beer or glass of wine at check-in, circulate among the rooms with fresh-baked cookies and steer you toward all the great restaurants in Prescott. If you're heading downtown, they'll give you a lift in the official orange Motor Lodge pickup, or you can hop on one of the loaner bikes — including a vintage tandem — and tool around in style.

That friendly spirit tends to be contagious. A small porch fronts each room, and there, guests often gather in the afternoon. Conversations bounce from porch to porch, leading to impromptu cocktail parties and room tours, with guests pointing out the details of their overnight home as proudly as if they'd designed it themselves.

Once upon a time, travel was a journey fraught with discovery, rife with mystery and grace. Thanks to the folks at The Motor Lodge, that experience lives again.

## Q&A: Bruce D. Taubert

Landscape photographers get most of the headlines in this magazine, but it's our wildlife photography that gets the *oohs* and the *ahhs*. We feature some incredible shots, and the man behind the camera for many of them is Bruce D. Taubert.

Interviewed by **JEFF KIDA**, photo editor

**A**s I was getting ready for a daylong photo excursion with renowned wildlife photographer Bruce D. Taubert, the kid in me kicked in. This could be a duel — Nikon versus Canon, a 500 mm auto-focus lens against a manually focused 600 mm. The battlefield? The Riparian Preserve at Water Ranch in Gilbert, where indigenous and migratory birds like to hang out. Taubert is a retired assistant director of wildlife management for the Arizona Game and Fish Department. He holds a doctorate in wildlife management and credits his mother for pushing him into photography, which he uses as a way to celebrate the great outdoors. As we wandered around the park, Taubert discussed his approach to bird photography.

**How do you prep for a shoot in an unfamiliar location?**  
I check sunrise and sunset times. Bird photographers should be onsite before daybreak in order to take advantage of good early morning light. Some municipal parks don't open until 8 a.m., so afternoons are sometimes a better option. Many urban settings have strict rules about staying on designated paths. At times this might not seem ideal, but you'll find plenty of photo opportunities.

**You use expensive camera gear: a Canon 500 mm f-4 and a DSLR body. Is there a way to make quality bird photographs and other wildlife photographs on a reasonable budget?**

Absolutely! My first gear for bird photography was a Canon 400 f-5.6 and an old tripod with a video-type head that was handed down from my mother. That 400 mm lens is relatively inexpensive and incredibly sharp. I still use it today. There are many off-brand lenses that are fantastic. An aluminum tripod — even a used one — will do. You'll want to use a ball-head tripod head for bird photography, and there are several brands available for less than you might think.

**Any tips for making photos that are both technical and inspiring?**

There's a book that really helped me: *The Art of Bird Photography* by Arthur Morris. The camera is not a magical tool that captures a good photograph every time; it's a sophisticated piece of equipment that's only as good as its operator. This book, in a logical, systematic way, not only describes how to make a good photograph, but also one that is a work of art. It really helped me turn a corner, but in the end, it's about dedication and effort.



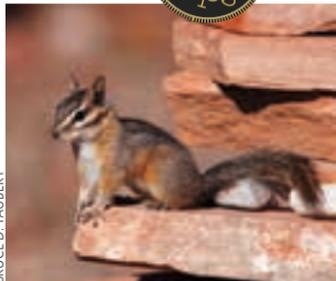
BRUCE D. TAUBERT

### WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHY

7 tips for getting great shots of blue jays, badgers and more.

By Bruce D. Taubert

1. Get out in the field with an experienced photographer.
2. Photograph wildlife when it's most active.
3. The best wildlife photos



are taken when the sun is at your back and reflecting off of an animal.

4. For sharp images, use a tripod, especially when using telephoto lenses.
5. Take photos of wildlife at its eye level.
6. When taking action shots, use a fast shutter speed.
7. Practice, practice, practice.



**ADDITIONAL READING:** Look for *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available at bookstores and [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com).

### ONLINE

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



ARIZONA HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

## The Girls of Summer

The Arizona Diamondbacks may have won the 2001 World Series, but it was the Ramblers, a professional women's softball team, that brought home the state's first national championship.

By SALLY BENFORD

PHOENIX IS ONE OF only a few cities in the country with all four major sports: the NFL, the NHL, the NBA and Major League Baseball. But long before the arrival of the Suns and the Cardinals and sports legends like Steve Nash and Larry Fitzgerald, another sport and its players put Arizona on the map.

Women's softball had a huge following in the 1940s and '50s, thanks in large part to the popularity of two teams: the Ramblers and the Queens. According to sports historian Laura Purcell, both were forces to be reckoned with as Phoenix became known as the unofficial softball capital of the world. "The tradition of Arizona softball began in the early 1930s," Purcell says. "And the games routinely outdrew minor league baseball."

Back then, admission was inexpensive and loyal fans filled the stands. In 1940, the Ramblers won their first national championship — the first national sports championship of any kind in Arizona. The team repeated the feat in 1948 and 1949. And if the Ramblers were Arizona softball royalty, their catcher, Dot Wilkinson, was queen.

Wilkinson joined the Ramblers as a bat-girl in 1933, when she was only 11, and before her first summer was over, she was a regular player on the team. She eventually won 19 All-American awards and helped secure three national championships for the Ramblers before retiring in 1965. In 1970, she was inducted into the National Softball Hall of Fame. Purcell says that many softball aficionados consider Wilkinson the best catcher to ever play the game.

Another Arizonan also played as a young girl. In 1939, Rose Perica left the small town of Globe to play for the Arizona Cantaloupe Queens. She played only one season before moving on to a 49-year career in Arizona state government, a career that included a stint as governor. By that time, however, she was known as Rose Mofford.

Although the Queens and the Ramblers are long gone, local softball fans still have plenty to cheer about. The University of Arizona has won eight NCAA softball championships, and Arizona State University won its first NCAA softball title in 2008.

Purcell believes that today's softball teams have the Ramblers and the Queens to thank. "Everybody loves a winner, and when those women brought the national championships to Phoenix in the '40s, they were heroes. So much of the roots of American softball lead back to Arizona."



ARIZONA HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

Top: The Arizona Ramblers. Above: Queens catcher Charlotte T. "Skip" Armstrong.

## This month in history

■ In April 1928, famed aviator Charles Lindbergh landed at Grand Canyon Red Butte Airport.

■ Flagstaff's first classical music concert took place at Babbitt's Opera House on April 11, 1899, offering a noteworthy addition to the town's cultural offerings.

■ The Steward Observatory, constructed on The University of Arizona campus in Tucson, was dedicated on April 23, 1923.

## Leave It to the Beavers

Although they're usually associated with the great north woods, beavers are right at home in Arizona — cutting trees, building dams ... the usual. By KELLY KRAMER

Way back when, when water was more prevalent in Arizona, so, too, was the *Castor canadensis*, better known to you, me, Ward and June as the beaver.

In fact, there was a time when beavers had strongholds along the San Pedro and Santa Cruz rivers, until habitat loss and heavy trapping led to their decline. Recent reintroductions, however, along with revitalization efforts, have stabilized beaver populations. Today, they can be found along permanent streams and rivers, shallow lakes and even some dirt-lined canals.

The rodents — which are primarily nocturnal and can weigh up to 60 pounds — have adapted to a waterlogged existence, thanks to flattened, oar-like tails that measure

approximately 10 inches in length. Only capybaras in South America are larger than beavers, making beavers the second-largest rodents in the world. Along with a flat tail, they have webbed hind feet and eyes positioned high on their heads, perfect for seeing above water, à la alligators, Nessie and other aquatic fauna. In Arizona, beavers usually have thick cinnamon-colored fur coats.

Male and female beavers don't have distinct physical differences — they're similar in length and weight — and when it comes time for making rodent whoopee, they build dens along the waterways in which they live. The dens, which are commonly lined with cattails and native grasses, are above the waterline and provide a rustic nursery for the kits that arrive two to four at a time in the spring.

As they grow, the little ones snack on the same plants their parents do, mostly the bark of willows, cottonwoods and aspens. They'll also taste-test mesquite and tamarisk, as well as cattail and bulrush roots. And, of course, you'll know where a beaver has been. The constructive critters will fell trees and gather brush to build dams. They'll also build lodges within the dams or as separate vacation homes.

It's illegal to hunt beavers in Arizona, but trapping is not. According to the Arizona Game and Fish Department, the annual number of beavers trapped has declined significantly since the early 1990s. Game and Fish officials attribute the drop to limitations on trapping, as well as limited beaver subdivisions. That's not to say the animals have grown accustomed to a fear-free existence. Startle a beaver while it's in the water, and it'll likely slap the water with its tail and dive quickly beneath the surface, all in an effort to warn its beaver brethren.

## nature factoid



BRUCE D. TAUBERT

## Kings of the Hill

When purple hairstreak butterflies congregate, they often do so on hilltops, where the males fight for dominance by attempting to occupy the highest point. There, the alpha male will flash his iridescent wings in an effort to attract a mate. You'll find the fanciful fliers anywhere their host plant — mistletoe — is found, throughout Arizona and northern Mexico.



TIM FITZHARRIS



## 50 years ago

IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Fifty years ago, the looming largesse of Lake Powell was a hot topic. In our April 1960 issue, we explored the creation of the now-famous landmark, as well as the prospectors who envisioned it. Speaking of Arizona's lakes, the issue also featured a story on the fish hatcheries that had long been stocking the state's waterways.



**Culinary Festival**

APRIL 13-18  
SCOTTSDALE

Celebrate fantastic food at one of the nation's premier culinary festivals. Attend the Great Arizona Picnic, the festival's main event, and sample food and drink from 50 restaurants spanning a variety of ethnic flavors. Watch live cooking demonstrations by local and national chefs and enjoy entertainment on three stages. *Information: 480-945-7193 or www.scottsdaleculinaryfestival.org.*



PAUL MARKOW

JOHN RINEHART

**Photo Workshop**

APRIL 9-10 TUCSON

Longtime *Arizona Highways* contributor Edward McCain will lead this workshop in Tucson's historic barrio neighborhoods. The brightly colored doorways, windows and

entryways, as well as the captivating textures of the barrio buildings, make for wonderful images. Participants will learn how to shoot in an urban area with the varying light and shadows of springtime. *Information: 888-790-7042 or www.friendsofhighways.com.*

**Bluegrass Festival**

APRIL 23-25 BENSON

Take your blanket or lawn chair to Lions Park to enjoy a bit of bluegrass. Performers include Goldwing Express and Cedar Hill, and you'll also find workshops, jam sessions, kids' activities, crafts and food. *Information: www.bluegrassfestival.biz.*



Keith Urban

**Country Thunder**

APRIL 14-17  
FLORENCE

This year's entertainment lineup includes some of country music's biggest stars. Keith Urban, Kid Rock, Miranda Lambert, Willie Nelson and Jo Dee Messina are just a few of the performers who will take the stage during this four-day event. Campsites are available near the festival location. *Information: 877-999-8008 or www.countrythunder.com.*



JEFF KIDA

**Fiesta Days Rodeo**

APRIL 8-11 CAVE CREEK

Whoop and holler at this annual event that proudly honors Arizona's Western heritage. The old-fashioned celebration includes a parade, dance and a PRCA rodeo, with bronc-busting, calf-roping, bull-riding and barrel-racing. *Information: 480-488-4043 or www.cavecreekarizona.net.* ■



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](http://www.arizonahighwaystravelshow.com) or call 480-838-9123.



JEFF KIDA

**Birding & Nature Festival**

APRIL 22-25 COTTONWOOD

Dead Horse Ranch State Park celebrates birds during this Verde Valley event. Stay on-site at the park for workshops, seminars and children-themed programs such as birdhouse building, or sign up for field trips to Flagstaff's volcanic field, Sedona's wetlands or Bent River Ranch, among others. If you're keen for adventure, take a field trip to Fossil Creek to join in cleanup efforts or try a kayak/wine-tasting trip on the Verde River. *Information: 928-282-2202 or www.birdyverde.org.*



ARIZONA  
HIGHWAYS

*b e s t* RESTAURANTS

COLLECTION 2

*From a small BYOB in Scottsdale that serves something called Death by Elvis to a rustic-but-comfy, pueblo-inspired hideaway in Greer, there's something for everyone in our third-annual collection of the state's best places to fuel up when you hit the road.*

BY NIKKI BUCHANAN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL MARKOW

Chef Scott Heinen,  
Tinderbox Kitchen

t's one thing to know where to go skiing, fishing, hiking, golfing or shopping in our state, quite another to know where to eat, drink and be merry before and afterward. To that end, we've searched high, low and in between to bring you 25 noteworthy Arizona restaurants you'll want to try. A few bring history or longevity to the proverbial table; one is so new the paint's barely dry. Some offer big-city sophistication, while others are cozy mom-and-pops brimming with small-town charm. Our third-annual "Best Restaurants" list offers choices — to dress up or dress down, to splurge or save money, to challenge or comfort yourself. So tuck in that napkin and let's get started.

### Angelina's Italian Kitchen Lake Havasu City

DON'T LET THE NONDESCRIPT BUILDING OR OFF-THE-beaten-path location deter you. Cozy, family run Angelina's offers generously portioned, made-from-scratch specialties from Southern Italy and beyond — lasagna, gnocchi, cheese ravioli, cioppino and veal Parmesan, many of them lavished with cooked-all-day red sauce and accompanied by a basket of house-baked, rosemary-topped bread. Red-checked tablecloths and twinkling lights lend this small, crowded local favorite an air of romance and nostalgia (think Lady and the Tramp sharing spaghetti). 2137 Acoma Boulevard West, 928-680-3868.

### Atlas Bistro Scottsdale

BRINGING YOUR OWN COULDN'T BE EASIER AT THIS tiny, romantic BYOB, tucked inside AZ Wine Co., the Valley's best wine shop. Buy a bottle in the shop and the corkage fee at Atlas is waived. Chef Josh Riesner (who changes the seasonal, locally focused menu constantly) is sure to prepare something wine-friendly and shockingly good — maybe a pork porterhouse with pumpkin purée, sauerkraut, bacon and maple demiglace. If Death by Elvis (a ridiculous dessert involving chocolate, peanut butter, bananas and bacon) is available, try it. Or "settle" for sautéed figs with brown butter-almond pound cake and buttermilk panna cotta. 2515 N. Scottsdale Road, 480-990-2433, [www.azcats.com/atlasbistro](http://www.azcats.com/atlasbistro).

### Blue Buddha Sushi Lounge Page

ALTHOUGH LAKE POWELL IS JUST A STONE'S THROW away, a sushi bar isn't the sort of restaurant that springs readily to mind when you're in Page. But yes, Virginia, it's possible to find ultrafresh sushi in this town, and it's delivered by a jolly fat guy in blue. Just as unlikely, BB sports the trendy good looks of sushi bars in larger cities, which is surely why it's the hangout du jour for Page's twenty-somethings. Elaborate sushi rolls star here, but teriyaki and noodle dishes, a kid's menu and Yum Yum Bombs (tempura-fried Oreos with ice cream) prove that the Buddha loves us all. 815 N. Navajo Drive, 928-645-2161.

### Café Cornucopia Bisbee

TOURISTS AND LOCALS ALIKE LOVE THIS BUSTLING, cheerful café — considered Bisbee's best lunch spot — for a whole host of reasons, most of them edible. First, there's the freshly baked rolled-oats-and-honey bread (delivered to the table warm and fragrant). Then there's the eclectic selection of homemade soups, hefty sandwiches and quiches, including the much-loved Hatch green chile-and-cheddar. Although regulars wax rhapsodic about house-baked raspberry scones and lemon bars, the tart-sweet treat that puts this mining town gem on the map is fresh-squeezed lemonade infused with fruits of the season — peach, strawberry or maybe tangerine. 14 Main Street, 520-432-4820.



Café Cornucopia

### Café Poca Cosa Tucson

CHEF-OWNER SUZANA DAVILA MOVED HER LEGENDARY RESTAURANT to sleek and sexy new digs a few years ago, but the venue change hasn't changed the high priestess of *alta cocina Mexicana* one whit. She's still dishing out her own delicious version of gourmet Mexican food (no burritos in sight) listed on a portable chalkboard changed twice daily. Outpacing the regional Mexican trend by 20 years, Davila doesn't hesitate to use obscure chiles or to add yet another exotic molé to her prodigious repertoire (30 and counting). If you don't know *pollo chilindron* from *pastel de elote*, just close your eyes and point, saving room for cinnamon-sparked Mexican chocolate mousse. 110 E. Pennington Street, 520-622-6400, [www.cafepocacosatucson.com](http://www.cafepocacosatucson.com).

### Cucina Rustica Sedona

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE TELLTALE RED ROCKS NEARBY, CUCINA RUSTICA could pass for an elegant villa on the Mediterranean. Trickling fountains, rustic doors, gilt-framed pictures, glowing scones and a massive hearth create Old World ambience counterbalanced by a modern, Southwestern-edged menu drawing heavily from both Italy and America. Grilled artichoke with lemon pesto aioli, rigatoni tossed with chicken and mushrooms in chipotle cream sauce and grilled pork tenderloin, served with red onion confit and roasted potatoes, are a few luscious possibilities. And the wine selection is impressive too, which is why *Wine Spectator* gave the restaurant an Award of Excellence in 2007. Tequa Plaza, 7000 State Route 179, Suite 126A, 928-284-3010, [www.cucinarustica.com](http://www.cucinarustica.com).





Macarons, Essence Bakery Café



Essence Bakery Café

### Cuveé 928 Flagstaff

WHEN YOU'RE IN THE MOOD TO RELAX AND WATCH the world go by, there's no better place in Flagstaff than Cuveé 928, a handsome wine bar sporting picture windows and a patio, both overlooking Heritage Square. Of course, paying close attention to anything beyond the expertly crafted food and drink is easier said than done — considering an urbane collection of panini and small plates, as well as an affordable wine list (25 global selections by the glass and bottle, as well as a handful of flights). Imagine melon, fennel and duck prosciutto salad or brisket panini with caramelized onion and blue cheese. Then imagine caring about much of anything else. 6 E. Aspen Avenue, Suite 110, 928-214-9463, [www.cuvee928winebar.com](http://www.cuvee928winebar.com).

### Enzo's Ristorante Italiano Snowflake

TAKE YOUR OWN BEER OR WINE TO ENZO DIMARTINO's snug, eight-table restaurant, where tablecloths, warm colors and Italian background music create a welcoming, upscale ambience. Although the menu features Neapolitan-style pizza, north-

country customers usually prefer sophisticated offerings such as fettuccine Alfredo, shrimp fra diavolo, penne arrabiata and pesto chicken — sauces, breads and most everything else made from scratch. The place opens at 4 p.m. and closes at 8:30 p.m., Wednesdays through Saturdays, so plan ahead, knowing the philosophy is first come, first served. 423 W. Snowflake Boulevard, 928-243-0450.

### Essence Bakery Café Tempe

UNLIKE KERMIT, CHEF-OWNER EUGENIA Theodosopoulos finds it easy being green at her cute, green-designed café, where she makes elegant breakfasts using house-baked breads, free-trade organic coffee (locally roasted, of course) and the eggs of cage-free, vegetarian-fed chickens. Lunch selections feature grass-fed beef, free-range chicken and local, organic produce, all of it featured on recycled paper menus. But don't think for a minute that virtue trumps

taste. This École Lenôtre-trained chef, who deftly incorporates the Greek specialties of her childhood, knows a thing or two about decadence — as her French pastries and incredible *macarons* (almond-meringue sandwich cookies) deliciously prove. 825 W. University Drive, 480-966-2745, [www.essencebakery.com](http://www.essencebakery.com).

Chef Eugenia Theodosopoulos,  
Essence Bakery Café



## 2009 WINNERS

**Barrio Café:** 2814 N. 16th Street, Phoenix, 602-636-0240 or [www.barriocafe.com](http://www.barriocafe.com)

**BeDillon's Restaurant:** 800 N. Park Avenue, Casa Grande, 520-836-2045 or [www.bedillons.com](http://www.bedillons.com)

**Bisbee Breakfast Club:** 75 Erie Street, Bisbee, 520-432-5885 or [www.bisbeebreakfastclub.com](http://www.bisbeebreakfastclub.com)

**Brickman's Grill:** 1450 E. White Mountain Boulevard, Pinetop, 928-367-7400 or [www.brickmansgrill.com](http://www.brickmansgrill.com)

**Canela Bistro:** 3252 Highway 82, Sonoita, 520-455-5873 or [www.canelabistro.com](http://www.canelabistro.com)

**El Conquistador:** The Gadsden Hotel, 1046 G Avenue, Douglas, 520-364-4481 or [www.hotelgadsden.com](http://www.hotelgadsden.com)

**Elote Café:** 771 Highway 179 (Kings Ransom Sedona Hotel), Sedona, 928-203-0105 or [www.elotecafe.com](http://www.elotecafe.com)

**Fiesta Mexicana Family:** 125 S. Lake Powell Boulevard, Page, 928-645-4082

**Firehouse Kitchen:** 218 W. Goodwin Street, Prescott, 928-776-4566

**Gerardo's Italian Bistro:** 512 Beeline Highway, Payson, 928-468-6500

**Hubb's Bistro:** 315 E. Andy Devine Avenue, Kingman, 928-718-1800 or [www.hotel-brunswick.com](http://www.hotel-brunswick.com)

**Josephine's:** 503 N. Humphreys Street, Flagstaff, 928-779-3400 or [www.josephinesrestaurant.com](http://www.josephinesrestaurant.com)

**Julieanna's Patio Café:** 1951 W. 25th Street, Yuma, 928-317-1961 or [www.julieannaspaticocafe.com](http://www.julieannaspaticocafe.com)

**Kai:** 5594 W. Wild Horse Pass Boulevard, Chandler, 602-225-0100 or [www.wildhorsepassresort.com](http://www.wildhorsepassresort.com)

**Libby's El Rey Café:** 999 N. Broad Street, Globe, 928-425-2054

**Los Dos Molinos:** 900 E. Main Street, Springerville, 928-333-4846 or [www.losdosmolinosaz.com](http://www.losdosmolinosaz.com)

**Molly Butler's:** 109 Main Street, Greer, 928-735-7226 or [www.mollybutler-lodge.com](http://www.mollybutler-lodge.com)

**Rancho Pinot:** 6208 N. Scottsdale Road, Scottsdale, 480-367-8030 or [www.rancho-pinot.com](http://www.rancho-pinot.com)

**Shelby's Bistro:** 19 Tubac Road, Tubac, 520-398-8075

**Tanuki Sushi Bar & Garden:** 1221 E. Fry Boulevard, Sierra Vista, 520-459-6853

**The Asylum:** 200 Hill Street, Jerome, 928-639-3197 or [www.theasylum.biz](http://www.theasylum.biz)

**Twisters 50's Soda Fountain:** 417 E. Route 66, Williams, 928-635-0266 or [www.route66place.com](http://www.route66place.com)

**Vogue Bistro:** 15411 W. Waddell Road, Surprise, 623-544-9109 or [www.voguebistro.com](http://www.voguebistro.com)

# 2008 WINNERS



Seared mahi-mahi, Fournos

## Fournos Sedona

IN EARLY 2009, WELL-KNOWN PHOENIX CHEF IVAN Flowers bought Fournos, a Greek restaurant almost as ancient as the Parthenon. He kept the name but changed everything else — elevating the décor, creating an eclectic, French-inspired menu and transforming a tired mom-and-pop into an intimate, chef-driven venue. Sedonans and vortex visitors swoon over his inspired, Mediterranean-inflected menu, boutique wines and ultrapersonal service. Try the rack of lamb with garlic-basil persillade or the diver scallops bathed in buttery vanilla sauce and see why Flowers bills his place as “the little restaurant with big flavor.” 3000 W. State Route 89A, 928-282-3331.

Molly Smith at Fournos

## Janos Restaurant Tucson

JAMES BEARD AWARD-WINNER JANOS WILDER IS Tucson’s most celebrated chef, the first in Arizona to marry French technique with indigenous ingredients back in 1983. Twenty-seven years later, the granddaddy of Southwestern Cuisine is still knocking ‘em dead, offering dazzlingly inventive dishes that place the cooking traditions of the Southwest in a modern context. His daily changing, seasonal menu (which incorporates cholla buds, mesquite flour and heirloom beans) also shows his wilder side, featuring ... say, apple cider and fennel soup, floated with blue-cheese mousse and minted jalapeño syrup. The toughest thing about dining at elegant Janos is ruling out what you can’t have

because you’ll want it all, including the signature dark chocolate-jalapeño ice cream sundae. *The Westin La Paloma Resort & Spa*, 3770 E. Sunrise Drive, 520-615-6100, [www.janos.com](http://www.janos.com).

## Los Manjares de Pepe Yuma

JUST IN CASE YOUR SPANISH IS RUSTY, LOS MANJARES de Pepe means “the dishes of Pepe” or “Pepe’s food.” It’s a modest name for a modest place, and it doesn’t begin to convey how down-home and altogether satisfying the dishes of Pepe Jimenez really are. Imagine crisp, house-made chips, vibrant salsa made from fresh-roasted jalapeños, creamy refrieds, fragrant rice ... and these are just the supporting

players! As for main courses, Pepe enthusiasts cite a long list of favorites — carne asada, carnitas, pollo al carbon, chipotle pork, chile relleno — which means only one thing: *Todo es bueno*. 2187 W. Eighth Street, 928-782-2366.

## Manzanita Restaurant Cornville

IN THE HEART OF THE VERDE VALLEY’S WINE COUNTRY stands Manzanita (Spanish for “little apple”), housed in a quaint adobe and beloved — believe it or not — for its German specialties. Besides the sauerbraten and schnitzel, this gracious, candlelit outpost offers classic dishes (dare we call them Continental?) that are nearly impossible to

- Bin 239:** 239 N. Marina Street, Prescott, 928-445-3855 or [www.bin239.com](http://www.bin239.com)  
**Binkley's:** 6920 E. Cave Creek Road, Cave Creek, 480-437-1072 or [www.binkleysrestaurant.com](http://www.binkleysrestaurant.com)  
**Brix:** 413 N. San Francisco Street, Flagstaff, 928-213-1021 or [www.brixflagstaff.com](http://www.brixflagstaff.com)  
**Café Roka:** 35 Main Street, Bisbee, 520-432-5153 or [www.caferoka.com](http://www.caferoka.com)  
**Cha-Bones:** 112 London Bridge Road, Lake Havasu City, 928-854-5554 or [www.chabones.com](http://www.chabones.com)  
**Charlie Clark's Steakhouse:** 1701 E. White Mountain Boulevard, Pinetop, 928-367-4900 or [www.charlieclarks.com](http://www.charlieclarks.com)  
**El Rancho:** 200 S. Beeline Highway, Payson, 928-474-3111 or [www.elranchorestaurant.net](http://www.elranchorestaurant.net)  
**El Tovar Dining Room:** South Rim, Grand Canyon National Park, 928-638-2631, ext. 6432  
**Feast:** 4122 E. Speedway Boulevard, Tucson, 520-326-9363 or [www.eatatfeast.com](http://www.eatatfeast.com)  
**Flatiron Cafe:** 416 Main Street, Jerome, 928-634-2733  
**House of Tricks:** 114 E. Seventh Street, Tempe, 480-968-1114 or [www.houseoftricks.com](http://www.houseoftricks.com)  
**L'Auberge Restaurant on Oak Creek:** 301 L'Auberge Lane, Sedona, 928-282-1667 or [www.lauberge.com](http://www.lauberge.com)  
**Lon's at the Hermosa:** 5532 N. Palo Cristi Road, Paradise Valley, 602-955-7878 or [www.lons.com](http://www.lons.com)  
**Lutes Casino:** 221 N. Main Street, Yuma, 928-782-2192 or [www.lutescasino.com](http://www.lutescasino.com)  
**Mattina's Ristorante Italiano:** 318 E. Oak Street, Kingman, 928-753-7504 or [www.mattinasristorante.com](http://www.mattinasristorante.com)  
**Piñon Bistro:** 1075 S. State Route 260, Cottonwood, 928-649-0234  
**Pizzeria Bianco:** 623 E. Adams Street, Phoenix, 602-258-8300 or [www.pizzeriabianco.com](http://www.pizzeriabianco.com)  
**Plaza Restaurant:** 1190 W. Rex Allen Drive, Willcox, 520-384-3819  
**Rancho de los Caballeros:** 1551 S. Vulture Mine Road, Wickenburg, 928-684-5484 or [www.sunc.com](http://www.sunc.com)  
**Red Raven Restaurant:** 135 W. Route 66, Williams, 928-635-4980 or [www.redravenrestaurant.com](http://www.redravenrestaurant.com)  
**Rendezvous Diner:** 117 N. Main Street, Greer, 928-735-7483  
**The Dam Bar & Grille:** 644 N. Navajo Street, Page, 928-645-2161 or [www.damplaza.com/dambar.html](http://www.damplaza.com/dambar.html)  
**The Turquoise Room:** 303 E. Second Street, Winslow, 928-289-2888 or [www.theturquoiseroom.net](http://www.theturquoiseroom.net)  
**Velvet Elvis Pizza Co.:** 292 Naugle Avenue, Patagonia, 520-394-2102 or [www.velvetelvispizza.com](http://www.velvetelvispizza.com)



MartAnne's

find anywhere else: escargots in mushroom caps, fillet of sole bathed in lemon wine sauce, grilled lamb chops served with mint jelly. Nightly specials might include buffalo medallions, venison, stuffed quail or hasenpfeffer, while Manzanita's signature dessert (which references the name) is good old American apple crisp. 11425 E. Cornville Road, 928-634-8851, [www.themanzanitarestaurant.com](http://www.themanzanitarestaurant.com).

### Munich Haus Restaurant Pinetop-Lakeside

SQUINT YOUR EYES A LITTLE AND YOU CAN pretend this snug, wood-trimmed German restaurant is a chalet in the Alps. Or you could just be happy that warm pretzels, German beers on tap and sturdy German specialties such as sauerbraten, rouladen and Wiener schnitzel make this friendly mom-and-pop the next best thing. An inexpensive, American-accented children's menu keeps the *kinder* happy, as does scrumptious apple strudel. Meanwhile, summer evenings on the deck overlooking Fred's Lake (technically, a duck pond) are blissful, especially at sunset. 1443 E. Fir Lane, 928-367-4287, [www.munichhausrestaurant.com](http://www.munichhausrestaurant.com).



### New Jersey Pizza Co. Flagstaff

GARDEN STATERS BEWARE: THE thin-crust, stone oven-baked pizzas served at this tiny, Tuscan-inspired pizza place probably won't transport you to the Pizza Belt of your youth. But owners Marco Agostini and Seth Sharkey turn out perfect, golden pies just the same, topped with the best ingredients these meticulous foragers can find — snappy fennel

sausage from Schreiner's in Phoenix, Chino Valley jalapeños, Point Reyes blue cheese. You'll overeat, no doubt, but try to save room for something simple and true-flavored from Sharkey's rotating dessert selection — maybe farmhouse ricotta cannoli, Valrhona chocolate truffles or orange blossom-honey gelato. 2224 E. Cedar Avenue, 928-774-5000.

### Pangaea Bakery Prescott

PANGAEA IS THE NAME FOR THE SUPERCONTINENT of the Mesozoic era, later broken up into smaller continents by plate tectonics. But

forget science. It's the culinary arts that drive this sleekly designed super-bakery, which is home to homemade soups, gourmet sandwiches (such as Brie with fig and apple on freshly baked, artisan bread), organic coffee, organic espresso and made-from-scratch pies, éclairs and brownies (and that's just scratching the surface). If good food is good medicine, could it be that Pangaea is the panacea? 220 W. Goodwin Street, 928-778-2953.

### Quiessence Restaurant & Wine Bar Phoenix

ENSCONCED IN A RENOVATED OLD FARMHOUSE surrounded by the trees, flowers and organic gardens of the iconic Farm at South Mountain, Quiessence could easily get by on charm alone. Lucky for us, chef-owner Greg LaPrad — who takes the locavore movement to loco extremes — would never stand for that. His sophisticated American comfort food is made from pristine ingredients sourced from local farmers and ranchers or prepared in-house from scratch. LaPrad makes his own pasta, his own charcuterie, his own bread (in an outdoor hearth), his own pickles, even his own vinegar. He also butchers hogs fed to his specifications. Apparently, the only thing he doesn't do is sleep. 6106 S. 32nd Street, 602-276-0601, [www.quiessencerestaurant.com](http://www.quiessencerestaurant.com).

### Randall House Pine

WHEN BARBARA FRAZIN-O'CONNOR AND HER husband, Patrick, bought and converted the historic Randall House to a restaurant, they restored the wood floors, exposed parts of the original log and adobe walls and used Mary Ellen Randall's doilies on their glass-topped tables. More importantly, they continued her tradition of hosting the townspeople of Pine. Locals (and lucky tourists who stumble upon this charming place) are treated to homemade soups, made-from-scratch pies, fancy salads and fluffy pancakes chock-full of blueberries. Last year, the O'Connors began offering Saturday night dinners, too, featuring prime rib plus a nightly special. Mary Ellen would surely approve. 3821 N. State Route 87, 928-476-4077.

### MartAnne's Flagstaff

GIVEN THE WEEKEND LINES OUT THE DOOR, can this funky, art-filled breakfast-and-lunch spot possibly be worth the hassle? "Oh my, yes!" declares what might be the entire population of Flagstaff. The chilaquiles, lavished with super-spicy green chile (a house favorite called Fratelliquiles) or red and green chile combined (called Christmas in the parlance of New Mexico) are the stuff of legend — as are gargantuan portions, crispy hash browns and excellent coffee. 10 N. San Francisco Street, 928-773-4701.



Tinderbox Kitchen

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### Raven Café Prescott

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SURE, ITS WOOD FLOORS, HIGH CEILINGS AND POLISHED bar tops hearken back to Prescott's rough-and-ready past, but this comfy, come-as-you-are café and watering hole housed in a historic building has a distinctly modern edge. It's a gathering place for customers of every stripe, there to sip wine, drink beer, listen to local entertainment, watch a classic movie, grab a bite or ... save the planet (that would be Wednesday night's environmental awareness program). Like any good 21st century saloon, this one keeps its worldly clientele happy

with a menu that ranges from burgers to beet-chevre salad. 142 N. Cortez Street, 928-717-0009, www.ravencafe.com.

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### St. Francis Phoenix

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CHEF-OWNER AARON CHAMBERLIN HAD A HIT ON his hands from the instant he opened his doors last fall. It's impossible to pin the monstrous buzz he's received on any one thing when so many things are so right. Who doesn't love the '50s-era, Wendell Burnett-designed space, warmed up with wood and original brick, opened up by pivoting doors

that pull the outside in? Much of Chamberlin's simple, seasonal menu is built around a massive, wood-fired brick oven, issuing forth flatbread topped with mission figs and arugula, seafood soup (think bouillabaisse) and crispy roasted chicken. For dessert, sticky toffee pudding with sweet cream gelato is completely over the top. 111 E. Camelback Road, 602-200-8111, www.stfrancisaz.com.

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### Stables Ranch Grille Tubac

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TUBAC GOLF RESORT & SPA SITS ON WHAT

was once a 400-acre, Spanish land grant ranch, and the property's flagship restaurant is named for the stables that housed the horses of Spanish cattlemen and soldiers long ago. This wonderfully atmospheric place evokes Tubac's Iberian roots, boasting original stone floors and ceiling beams, as well as a commanding stone fireplace. A contemporary, Spanish-inflected menu incorporates wild game and Southwestern ingredients, while the wine list earned an award from *Wine Spectator*. Here, Cave Creek's Eric Flatt (of Tonto Bar & Grill and Cartwright's fame) conjures the romance of Colonial Spain and celebrates the natural beauty of Southern Arizona. *Tubac Golf Resort & Spa*, 1 Otero Road, 520-398-2211.

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### The Peaks at Amberian Lodge Greer

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ALTHOUGH MANY RESTAURANTS ON THE mountain serve hearty American dishes for a boisterous après-ski crowd, this rustic-but-comfy, pueblo-inspired hideaway overlooking Greer Valley offers a more subdued, upscale experience. The seasonal, global menu might include wild Alaskan cedar plank salmon, pesto-rubbed Tuscan ribeye or Moroccan barbecue pork chop, but the signature dish is surely the creamy, herb-flecked lobster pizza. Monday wine tastings have become a huge hit, but no matter what the month, day or hour, call ahead. When the lodge hosts weddings and retreats, it's closed to the public. One Main Street, 928-735-9977, www.peaksaz.com.

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### Tinderbox Kitchen Flagstaff

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SIMPLY READING CHEF AND CO-OWNER SCOTT Heinonen's mouthwatering menu is enough to make the hearts of serious food-lovers skip a beat. Smoked salmon-deviled eggs with fried capers and red onion; barley malt-glazed Berkshire pork chop with buttered hominy and slab bacon-braised greens; spicy sausage links (made in-house) with creamy blue cheese grits and fennel slaw; duck confit with buttery, bread crumb-crust, jalapeño mac-n-cheese ... Heinonen calls it American Comfort Food Redefined. The rest of us just call it fabulous. Everything about this clean-

lined, contemporary space (including its informed servers) says Big City — except, of course, the prices. 34 S. San Francisco Street, 928-226-8400, www.tinderboxkitchen.com.



Tucson Tamale Co.

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### Tucson Tamale Co. Tucson

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FROM THIS SPARTANLY FURNISHED TAMALE shop and factory come the biggest, most interesting tamales in the state. Chef-owner Todd Martin, a tamale freak with a penchant for the exotic, draws inspiration from Spain, Italy, the Southwest, Midwest and Mexico — offering his lard-free, gluten-free, hand-rolled creations from a rotating portfolio numbering more than 25. Everybody loves the AZ (slow-roasted sirloin with smoky chipotles), the Santa Fe (green-chile pork with cheddar) and the signature Tucson (a four-cheese blend with roasted jalapeños), but adventurers hold out for specials such as barbecued pork with pineapple or turkey with cranberry, wrapped in sage-dusted masa, which replicates the whole Thanksgiving shebang in one bite. 2545 E. Broadway, 520-305-4760, www.tucsonamalecompany.com. ■



# A GREAT TAKE ON A GREAT LAKE

There are some things in Arizona that every landscape photographer shoots: the Grand Canyon, Sedona, the saguaros. Lake Powell gets a lot of attention, too, and we see some beautiful photography. No one, however, has mastered the subject like Gary Ladd. No one.

**A PORTFOLIO BY GARY LADD**

**THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS** The calm water of early morning (preceding panel) captures a magnificent mirror image of sunrise shadows on the red rocks of Lake Powell near Fence Canyon.

**SWIRL POOL** A houseboat's wake distorts the reflection of the lake's sandstone walls and a brilliant blue sky.





**PUZZLE PIECES** Seen from above, Fifty Mile Canyon forms a jigsaw jumble of rock and water (above). After winter's low water, mud cracks shrivel Lake Powell's shoreline at Labyrinth Canyon as Tower Butte rises 1,500 feet in the background (right).





**STUDY IN RED** In spring, bright pink redbud blooms splash across the scarlet cliffs of Waterholes Canyon, a short walk from the Colorado River.

To order a print of this photograph, call 866-962-1191 or visit [www.arizonahighwaysprints.com](http://www.arizonahighwaysprints.com).



**PLACID LAKE** Sunset paints the slickrock and cliffs brilliant red along the shoreline of a tranquil Padre Bay. ■



EDITOR'S NOTE: For more spectacular photographs of Lake Powell, order a copy of our new book, *Lake Powell* by Gary Ladd. The book, which is part of our "Scenic Collection" series, features more than 80 photos of both the great lake and the surrounding Glen Canyon National Recreation Area. To order a copy, call 800-543-5432 or visit [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com).

# ON THE ROADS

**Twenty thousand miles.** By sundown on April 14, that's the distance the Copperstate 1000 will have covered in the past two decades. The vintage-car road rally, which benefits the Phoenix Art Museum, celebrates its 20th anniversary this year. It's a great cause, but the real draw is the route: a 1,000-mile course that takes participants around the state on some of the most beautiful byways in the world. Because we have "Highways" in our name, we thought it made sense to send one of our writers along for the ride.

BY NIKKI BUCHANAN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF KIDA



Theodore Gildred and Chris Dugan cruise past Bell Rock, near Sedona, along State Route 179, in a 1956 Jaguar XKD.

# W

hen I was 16, I took an interest in cars. Or rather, I took an interest in a boy who took an interest in cars, learning just enough lore and lingo to get his attention. I could tell a '56 Chevy from a '57, knew that Mopar was a term for anything Chrysler, and drooled over "mags" as much as charm bracelets.

But as I stood on Tempe Diablo Stadium's Field of Dreams last April, ogling the elegant entrants in the 19th Annual Bell Lexus Copperstate 1000 Road Rally — a vintage-car road rally that covers 1,000 miles of Arizona scenery and history in four days — I realized that whatever paltry car knowledge I once claimed had vanished long ago. Here, among the Corvettes, Mustangs, Shelys, Porsches, Bentleys, Jaguars, Aston Martins, Mercedeses, Alfa Romeos, Ferraris, Lamborghinis and Maseratis — some extremely rare, others crazy-fast, most ridiculously expensive — I was out of my league, an outsider in an elite and insular world.

Who was Pininfarina anyway? And what did it mean when a Lamborghini was called a Zagato or a Mustang GT350 was also a Shelby? And I couldn't help wondering, were all the women sitting shotgun truly interested in cars or were they just along for the ride, so to speak.

Turns out, women are at the root of the rally, a group of them having worked as docents at the Phoenix Art Museum for many years, where their husbands were often prevailed upon to help out in various ways. Eventually, the men banded together to create the Men's Arts Council and, later, the Copperstate.

Twenty years later, the rally is considered one of the best in the world, attended by car enthusiasts from all over the United States, as well as across the pond. Its popularity and status among collectors (especially those who enjoy driving their cars, not storing them) is no accident. After all, what other state offers such spectacular scenery in such diversity, where the palm trees and balmy weather during lunch give way to towering pines, patches of snow and jackets by suppertime? In four activity-packed days, Copperstate drivers typically see it all: mountains and meadows, desert, grasslands and forest, funky small towns and vast tracts of windswept country, desolate and moon-like.

Because so many participants come back year after year, rally organizers change the itinerary every spring, keeping each trip fresh and interesting. Rally books not only outline each day's course, but also provide geographic and historical information about the roads, towns, landmarks and regions the road warriors will see along the way.

In addition, Copperstate participants have great things to say about Arizona's rally-perfect roadways, which offer changing grades, varied speed limits, long stretches of straightaway and the hairpin turns that make handling a horizontal rocket so much fun.

Of course, not every car in the rally was built for speed. To qualify, vehicles must be at least 25 years old and categorized as either sports, racing or grand touring vehicles. Scattered among the sleek and sexy beasts are roomy, graceful older models. Convertibles abound.

Each in its own way is gorgeous, and at the end of every day, as these beauties glide into the hotel parking lot, a small-but-exclusive car show is created for the other lucky hotel guests who happen to amble by. Fastidious drivers haul out rags and dusters to take off the day's grit, while gear-heads tinker under the hoods. The majority, however, gather together to relax and chat, freely admitting that the Copperstate is as



much about camaraderie as it is about cars.

It goes without saying that most of these folks are wealthy, some of them owning 60 or 70 collector vehicles. A handful of them boast surnames you'd recognize; a few bring their own mechanics, who are full-time employees. But rather than being a snooty soirée for the rich and famous, the Copperstate is more like a casual, curtailed vacation for car buffs who enjoy talking the talk with like-minded people.

# T

he first day out, we pulled into a reserved rest stop for a catered lunch overlooking Theodore Roosevelt Lake. The setting was perfect — cloudless blue sky and azure water, the surrounding mountains dotted with saguaros and the bright yellow wildflowers of spring. While we ate and admired the views, the men at my table discussed tire pressure.

When I asked one of them how long he'd been a car nut, he said, "I came to it late in life ... like, 6." It's a story, with variations, I would hear again and again — boys spending their youth under the hoods of cars or discovering the joys of the open road with fathers, uncles and grandfathers.

Clearly, hitting the road is what Copperstater live for. The 2009 rally looped from Central to Northern Arizona and back, and in 96 hours we covered a dizzying amount of territory — zooming past the hoodoos of Canyon Diablo and the mining towns of Eastern Arizona, climbing through ranchlands and ponderosa pines to Flagstaff, barreling across parts of the Navajo Nation and Hopi Reservation, as well as the edge of the Painted Desert, eating a terrific lunch in the Turquoise Room at the historic La Posada in Winslow, snoozing amid the vortexes and red rocks of Sedona, cruising past Tuzigoot National Monument, Northern Arizona wine country and the hill-town of Jerome, lunching at the Planes of Fame Air Museum in Williams, then soaring over the Grand Canyon in a historic plane before returning to Sedona for dinner and drink-induced karaoke. Whew!

The final day, we skirted Prescott and took the back roads to Yarnell's Hidden Springs Ranch, a training center for thoroughbred horses that sports the white fences and verdant lawns of Kentucky. After a breezy *al fresco* meal, we toured the ranch, watching a group of mares race across the pasture, each with a leggy colt trotting alongside. This is tourism on the fly, no question, but attentive rally participants probably know more about Arizona than most of us who live here.

As much as I loved the scenery, the highlight of the trip was actually riding in a handful of hot cars. Our third day out, a young guy with a household family name invited me for a spin in his 1970 Ford Torino Grand National stock car. It's an atypical car for Copperstate, this growling orange-and-white NASCAR racer, entered by crawling through the windows *Dukes of Hazzard*-style. With Stuart's help, I snapped five safety harnesses into place and popped in a set of earplugs as we rumbled out to a stretch of empty highway. Each time the speedometer climbed 10 miles per hour, Stuart gave me a hand signal. I won't tell you how fast we went, but I will say my heart was thundering almost as loudly as that 427 engine.

No less thrilling were the short runs I took in a 1959 Aston Martin DB3S and a 1957 Jaguar Cozzi Special, both of them dazzling, unique cars raced extensively in former lives. I was beginning to understand deep and abiding car-love, as it was so eloquently described to me by Arizona artist Ed Mell, who designed the cover of 2009's rally book and brings his '62 Corvette to the event every year. "It's the whole package," Mell said. "The sound, the smell, the way they look and drive. For



**OPPOSITE PAGE:** Late-afternoon sunlight casts shadows on a 1970 Ford Torino navigating the switchbacks on State Route 89A, near Oak Creek.

**RIGHT, ABOVE:** Drivers stop for an oil-check on a 1966 Shelby Cobra 427.

**RIGHT:** An exotic lineup of automobiles adds to the view of Hidden Springs Ranch in Yarnell.

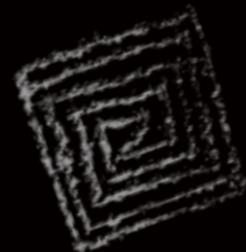


inanimate objects, they've got so much life. Masculine or feminine, raw or refined, they're symbols of freedom and self-expression." Boy, howdy.

The last day of the rally was the best day because I spent all morning in Bill Jacob's 1952 Tojeiro MG sports racer, a silver streak of a convertible I'd picked out as a favorite early on. It's a car you sit deep in, legs extended in front of you, the vibration of the engine coming up through your feet and spreading across your back. As the wind whipped my hair around and the sun warmed my face, my usually frazzled mind settled into blissful blankness. Mountains, trees, sky, road all felt so close and I was part of it. I breathed in the good green smells and mused, *Who knew a road rally could be such a sensual, back-to-nature experience?* Later, when a low-slung black car streaked past us, I said, "There goes the Maserati." Bill raised his eyebrows and grinned. "Good girl!" he said.

Guess I've still got it after all.

**INFORMATION:** The 20th Annual Bell Lexus Copperstate 1000 Road Rally takes place April 10-14, 2010. Participants must apply and qualify. The Field of Dreams Car Show takes place on Saturday, April 10, 10 a.m.-4:30 p.m., at the west parking lot of Tempe Diablo Stadium. The car show is free and open to the public. For more information, call 602-307-2060 or visit [www.mensartscouncil.com/cs](http://www.mensartscouncil.com/cs).



# Writing on the Walls

BY RUTH RUDNER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
DAVID MUENCH



Animal tracks, stick figures, lizard-men, snakes, dog-like quadrupeds, deer, horned animals, herons, turtles, handprints, footprints, geometric forms ... petroglyphs are the main storyline at V-Bar-V Heritage Site in Central Arizona. Not only is it the largest known petroglyph site in the Verde Valley, most of the rock art has remained virtually undisturbed for thousands of years.



*A single dried blade of grass floats down Beaver Creek. Clear, mirror-still water reflects cottonwoods along the far bank, and displays moss-covered rocks on the sun-streaked creek bed. Small ripples splash upstream from the flat red rock where I sit. It is the only sound.*

Photographer David Muench and I are touring the V-Bar-V Heritage Site with Forest Service archaeologist Peter Pilles. An almost pristine petroglyph site on an erstwhile ranch, the V-Bar-V is managed by Coconino National Forest, which obtained it in a 1994 land exchange. The petroglyphs, protected over centuries — first out of respect and custom, later, by private ownership of the land — remain essentially untouched. The largest known petroglyph site in the Verde Valley, the Forest Service documented it, instituted protections for it, and then opened it to the public in 1996.

As we cross an open meadow leading to the site, I imagine the invitation this fertile land, watered by perennial Beaver Creek, offered early communities. “People have been here since the beginning,” Pilles says about evidence of the Clovis culture, the earliest inhabitants of this continent.

The V-Bar-V guidebook dates the “first definitive human presence here” to the Archaic Period (1,500 to 9,000 years ago), but Pilles’ information puts people in the Verde Valley 4,500 years earlier. So, there were Clovis and Archaic hunter-gatherers, then Sinaguans, farmers, Yavapai and Apache Indians, Anglo ranchers and, finally, the Forest Service. The ranchers came in the 1860s. The Sinaguan people, credited with most of the rock art, appeared about A.D. 600 and stayed until the 15th century.

By A.D. 1300, the Beaver Creek area was a link in a series of ancient pueblos established at intervals of 1.8 miles along major waterways throughout the Verde Valley. Perfectly located to take advantage of lowland agricultural sites, upland food resources and available wild foods, each pueblo had its own identity, each traded for the goods of other pueblos. Surplus food produced by Beaver Creek settlements was a vital trade item. Archaeologists have found remains of what they traded for — ornaments of Pacific coast shell, New Mexico turquoise, red argillite from Chino Valley, pottery from the Hopi, Little Colorado River and White Mountains areas. In return, the Sinaguans provided malachite, azurite, salt and other minerals from nearby mountains, and woven cotton textiles — considered to be the finest textiles ever produced in the Southwest — made by the Sinaguans and their neighbors to the east, the Salado Indians.



*Did those early people gaze into the creek as I do? What Clovis, Archaic, Sinaguan woman coming to the stream for water contemplated the mystery of reflection from this rock? Did she consider how it happens that a tree, a rock, a person is upside down? Did someone wonder how it is that what is known in one universe is presented upside down in another? Was it the creek, the life-giving water, that ordained that the spirit world be the opposite of this world? How, for instance, does the sun come to live beneath the water? If sun and water give us life, what happens when they merge — as now, this instant, in this stream?*

A high fence safeguards the petroglyphs when no host is present. We enter the site and walk up sloping red earth toward the rock panel. Several large trees shade it. A rope in front of the panel keeps visitors back, protecting the petroglyphs from a human urge to touch, to take, to engage with archaeological sites in ways that can destroy them. In my more charitable moments, I name that urge to add our own mark as some ancient — if misguided — impulse to connect. In other moments, my language is less polite.

We are transfixed by the richness of the panels, a phenomenal display pecked into rock walls over centuries. There are animal tracks, stick figures, lizard-men, snakes, dog-like quadrupeds, deer, horned animals, herons, turtles, handprints, footprints and geometric forms. Symbols appear singly, in pairs, linked by meandering lines, “as if,” Pilles wrote in a 1996 paper presented to the American Rock Art Research Association, “to link them together into some story line or relationship.” All these symbols — from those who lived there, farmed there, performed shamanic rituals there, hunted in that valley, journeyed through on their way to other places — tumble across the rock like a thousand simultaneous voices in a room. Standing before them, you see symbols, but you hear voices.

“Everybody asks what rock art is about,” Pilles says. “What does it mean?” But you’re asking the wrong question. You have to be brought up under a particular culture to know what these elements are about. If not, you can only speculate.”

Without intimacy with a culture, Pilles insists, we cannot know the



meaning of its symbols. Because a figure looks like a deer, a sheep, a man or a giraffe does not give it literal meaning as that thing. It only says, *this represents something*. Sometimes a particular design appears again and again, from site to site, even continent to continent. When this happens, archaeologists know the design represents something universal, even if they do not know *what*.

“So the real question is, ‘What part of the culture does this pertain to?’ Everything people do could be rock-art related,” Pilles says. “The imagery of dreams is not secular, not limited by boundaries. You’ve got to forget the axiom ‘It looks like ... so it must be,’ as in, it looks like a hunting scene, so it must be a hunting scene. Instead, the killing of a deer may be a shamanic metaphor for ‘killing the rain beast’ as a prayer for rain.”

The spirit world is the exact opposite of this world, Pilles tells us, explaining that oral tradition is instructive in our understanding of shamanic tradition. Large petroglyph sites are portals to the spirit world. Cracks in the rocks are the gates, the various creatures emerging from them linked to shamanism. Some, such as insects, snakes and others, are liminal creatures that can easily slip back and forth between the spirit world and this one.

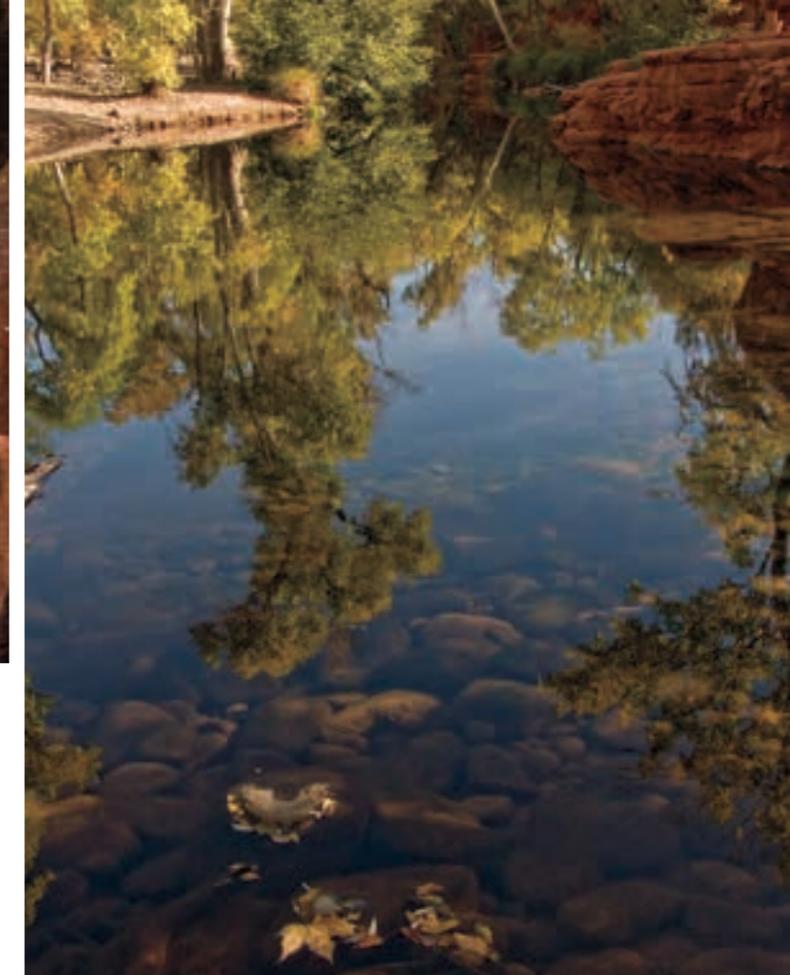
Several test pits excavated at the bottom of the panel by Arizona Archaeological Society teams trained by Pilles produced evidence of human activity as long ago as A.D. 900 and probably earlier. While the pecking style of the art on the panels has been estimated to date from the 1100s to the 1400s, this new information indicates a need for a second look at that dating. Pilles thinks it unlikely that, with so perfect a place to produce petroglyphs, no one did so until the 12th century.

“When we record petroglyph sites and say we’re finished, we know that’s not true,” Pilles says. “We know we’ll see something new the next time.”

*Ripples move across the water. The light changes. Morning advances. Would a Sinaguan woman have paused to consider the shadowed places and the light?*

**PRECEDING PANEL:** Petroglyphs carved by the Sinaguan people adorn the sandstone walls of the V-Bar-V Heritage Site.

Algae and lichen cover ancient rock art (above) near Wet Beaver Creek (right), which runs through the Verde Valley.



*Moss and the reflection of still-green leaves glitter like emeralds, jade, malachite. There is such magic in the Earth.*

Afternoon sun slides down the top of the walls. A squirrel scampers on the rocks, across boulders at the foot of the cliffs, and then crosses the red earth on which we stand and disappears into the forest. A canyon wren sings. Light washes the large panel on the left so that images dance across it. Centuries are represented on the panel. This work, created over so much time, contains time. It offers time. ■

#### WHEN YOU GO

**GETTING THERE:** From Phoenix, take Interstate 17 north to Exit 298. The V-Bar-V Heritage Site is 2.8 miles east of the junction of I-17 and State Route 179, which becomes Forest Road 618. Pass Beaver Creek Campground and cross the Beaver Creek Bridge. The entrance is on the right, less than a half-mile beyond the campground.

**VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** Accessible to all vehicles

**FEES:** A Red Rock Pass is required to park at the site.

**HOURS:** Friday through Monday, 9:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. Arrive no later than 2 p.m. to allow enough time.

**TRAVEL ADVISORY:** Pets are not permitted at the site. Groups larger than 14 must make advance reservations by calling 928-282-3854. The V-Bar-V Heritage Site Tour Guide pamphlet, sold at the visitors center and all Forest Service welcome centers, presents a good overview of the site. Please read the Archaeological Site Etiquette Guide available at the visitors center or online ([www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino/recreation/red\\_rock/arch-site-etiquette](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino/recreation/red_rock/arch-site-etiquette)) and follow its recommendations. It is unlawful, punishable by imprisonment and fines, to harm fragile cultural sites in any way.

**INFORMATION:** Red Rock Ranger District, 928-282-4119, 928-282-3854 or [www.redrockcountry.org/recreation/cultural/v-bar-v](http://www.redrockcountry.org/recreation/cultural/v-bar-v)



**HUALAPAI MOUNTAIN ROAD** Kingman is known to Arizonans as the last “big city” along the road to Vegas, but just outside the city, there’s an unexpected mountain retreat that begs to be explored.

BY KELLY KRAMER  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
ROBERT G. MCDONALD

The next time you’re on your way to Las Vegas, you might want to stop for a breath of fresh air in the mountains near Kingman. That’s not a slam against Sin City; it’s just a suggestion, especially if you’re planning to spend more than a few hours in front of a one-armed bandit.

The Hualapai Mountains, southeast of Kingman, are a great place to stretch your legs

and fill your lungs with a big gulp of mountain air. It’s also a perfect place to fill your eyes with a healthy helping of gorgeous scenery. Named for its former inhabitants, the Hualapai (“Pine Tree Folk”) tribe, the Hualapai range varies in elevation from just shy of 5,000 feet to roughly 8,400 feet. The peaks and valleys are just part of what makes this scenic drive so unexpectedly spectacular.

Begin at Exit 51, off Interstate 40, in Kingman. Travel south on Stockton Hill Road, which becomes the paved Hualapai Mountain Road. After approximately 11 miles, you’ll reach the headquarters and ranger station for Hualapai Mountain Park. Developed by the Civilian Conservation Corps in the 1930s, the 2,300-acre park boasts 10 miles of developed hiking trails, recreation and picnic areas, as well as campsites, stone cabins and pavilions that are available for rent. There’s even a teepee, which sleeps four, for rent.

The ranger station is stocked with information about the area, and if the air is brisk, you might consider stopping by just to see if there’s a roaring fire,

by which you can chat with the friendly park staff.

Leaving the ranger station, continue on Hualapai Mountain Road for approximately 1 mile, past the fire station, to a fork in the road. There, turn right onto Flag Mine Road, an unpaved, one-lane doozy of a stretch. This is not a route you’ll want to travel in a Camaro, but a high-clearance vehicle will do.

The road climbs from high desert to pine forest, through eroded cliffs lined with exposed tree roots, past a subdivision. Then, as quickly as the houses come into focus, they’re gone again as the road opens onto a spectacular view of the expansive valley below. Spruce, aspens and granite boulders as big as pickup trucks blanket the hillsides. Looking out, you’ll feel as though you’re staring at a layer cake of pine-covered hills. It’s quiet along this road — a far cry from the Route 66 hoopla of Kingman and the *ding-ding-ding* of Vegas farther on — except for the rousting of a bluebird or the cry of one of the hundreds of other birds that populate the area.

Moving on, follow the signs toward the Wild Cow Springs Recreation Site, about 5 miles up Flag Mine Road. Approximately halfway to the turnoff for Wild Cow Springs, you’ll come to the abandoned Flag Mine. More than a hundred years ago, this mine was responsible for most of the high-grade silver that came out of Mohave County.

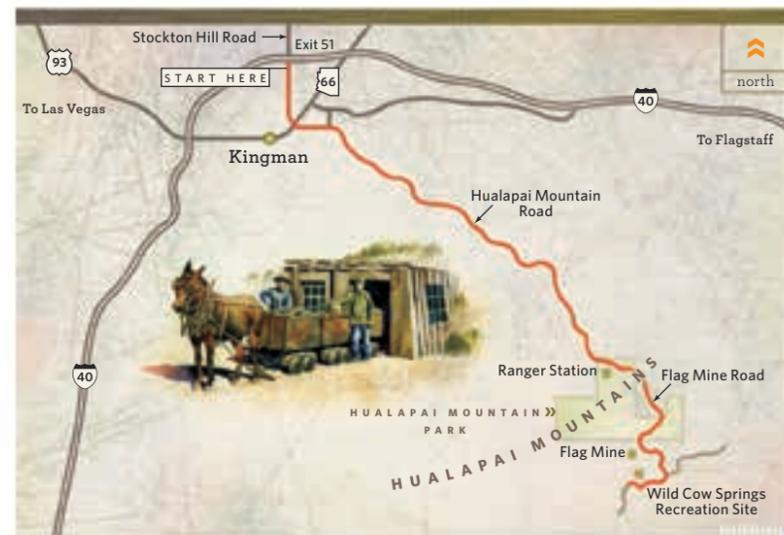
Because Hualapai Mountain Park is so popular, Wild Cow Springs — easily accessible by following the signs along the road — is far less traveled.

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



**LEFT:** Large granite boulders sit atop Aspen Peak, near Hualapai Mountain Park.

**ABOVE:** Goldenbush blooms in a meadow below the Hualapai Mountains as storm clouds gather overhead.



Note: Mileages are approximate.

**LENGTH:** 17 miles one way (paved and rustic)

**DIRECTIONS:** Begin at Exit 51 on Interstate 40 in Kingman. Head south on Stockton Hill Road, which becomes Hualapai Mountain Road. Continue for 11 miles to the ranger station. Leaving the ranger station, drive uphill (technically south) on Hualapai Mountain Road for approximately 1 mile to the turnoff for Flag Mine Road. Follow Flag Mine Road to the right for approximately 5 miles toward Wild Cow Springs.

**VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** A high-clearance vehicle is recommended.

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

**INFORMATION:** Hualapai Mountain Park, 928-681-5700 or [www.mcparcs.com](http://www.mcparcs.com)

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



## SYCAMORE RIM TRAIL

### Spectacular views of Arizona's second-largest canyon and remnants of frontier history highlight this hike near Williams.

BY LEAH DURAN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM BEAN

Sycamore Rim Trail's key offerings — spectacular views peppered with frontier history — start long before the actual loop hike. They come in the form of Forest Road 56, which glides through the wavy grasses of Garland Prairie. Ranchers William Garland and James Dow homesteaded there in the 1870s. Watch for cattle crossing the open range, a rare vestige of the Old West.

At the trailhead, take the clockwise route toward Dow Spring. An easy half-mile mosey through yellow-tipped mullein, dwarfed by ponderosa pines, leads to the ruins of an early 18th century sawmill. A lichen-covered stone wall and scattered wood and metal scraps — including a rusty pipe protruding into the trail — are ghosts of the Williams area's logging boom.

The beautiful stroll continues to hollow cabin foundations near Dow Spring, where 10 soldiers guarded cattle and supplies during the month of December 1863. Historic

pollution comes in the form of miscellaneous glass: blue, purple, brown and broken. Flattened, brittle tin cans are camouflaged by the trail's dark mahogany dirt.

You won't get lost on this wide path, which is marked

by giant cairns as it moves from historic treasures to natural ones. Following meadows and marshes, the trail passes small pools, where lily pads rest on reflections of cattails, wildflowers and vibrant green grasses. Compressed patches reveal the resting spots of deer and elk.

After an hour, the trail intersects an old logging road. Stay to the right, and then head left as the trail forks and begins to follow Sycamore Canyon, the second-largest canyon in Arizona. Listen for water murmuring along the canyon floor as it progresses from a grassy ditch to a gaping slice where pines climb the rock walls.

As the canyon grows wider and deeper, the flat, exposed trail skirts the edge of the Sycamore Canyon Wilderness, one of Arizona's first officially designated wilderness areas. At the halfway mark of Vista Point, take a long look at the sprawling expanse of pine-topped ridges. The trail soon departs from the rim and descends into the cool shade of several Gambel oak copses. Near the three-hour mark, hop gingerly across two dry creek beds before reaching Pomeroy Tanks, year-round natural water sources that host small fish and insects.

After another quarter-mile, the path crosses the Overland Trail and bursts into a sun-scorched field of jagged volcanic rocks. Beyond this post-apocalyptic scene, the next 2 miles are the most work you'll do over the entire trail. The forested path, speckled with alligator junipers, climbs steadily up KA Hill, a misleading name compared to the effort of ascending its 7,287-foot peak. The top's narrow strip gives a nearly 360-degree view that includes the San Francisco Peaks and Mogollon Rim.

Pine-needle padding cushions the steep switchbacks as the path winds back down toward the same trailhead you left more than four hours earlier. As you head back to your car, think about the 11-mile walk you just traced through history and beauty, and contemplate the tangible meaning of the adage, "Life's a journey, not a destination." ■



ABOVE: A hiker walks through the ponderosa pine forest along the Sycamore Rim Trail.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Pomeroy Tanks is a natural water source for Kaibab National Forest wildlife.

## trail guide

**LENGTH:** 11-mile loop

**DIFFICULTY:** Easy

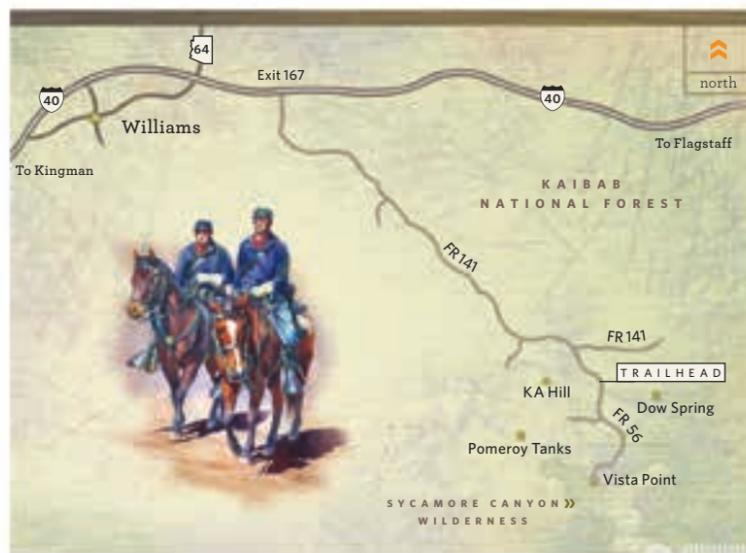
**ELEVATION:** 6,700 to 7,287 feet

**DIRECTIONS:** From Flagstaff, go west on Interstate 40 for approximately 25 miles to the Garland Prairie Boulevard Exit, turn left and go south on Forest Road 141 for approximately 12 miles to Forest Road 56. Turn right (southeast) onto FR 56 and continue 1.5 miles to the trailhead parking lot.

**VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** Accessible to all vehicles

**USGS MAPS:** Bill Williams Mountain, Sycamore Point

**INFORMATION:** Williams Ranger District, 928-635-5600 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai)



KEVIN KIBSEY

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



where  
is this?

## Peace

BY KELLY  
KRAMER  
PHOTOGRAPH  
BY JEFF KIDA

When a renowned priest blessed this site in ... well, a long time ago, he foresaw a place of spiritual life in an otherwise foreboding, frightening landscape.

Molded from adobe blocks by local Indians, the mission was perched on the east side of a nearby river until 1751, when Spanish missionaries moved the structures across the water and re-Christened them under a different name.

Now, the site is a study in contrasts — adobe and plaster, light and dark, earth and sky, a respite in the desert.



February 2010 Answer: Tucson Depot. Congratulations to our winner, Gail Johnson of Peoria, Arizona.



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

I N M E M O R I A M

## SSG THADDEUS MONTGOMERY

September 21, 1980–January 20, 2010

You see it all the time in movies. And the scene is always the same: A wife or a father or a mother gets a knock on the door, and standing outside are two stoic men in uniform. There’s a formal introduction and a brief exchange of words, but the dialogue isn’t necessary. The wife or the father or the mother know exactly what’s happened. It’s the worst possible news.

On January 20, 2010, a woman named Debra Hays received that devastating knock on her door in Florence, Kentucky. A few hours later, at 9:13 p.m. MST, I got a phone call with the same tragic news. Sergeant Thaddeus Montgomery, the son of Ms. Hays and a well-respected friend of *Arizona Highways*, was killed overseas. He was serving his country from a place called Camp Vegas, which is located in the Korengal Valley of Afghanistan. As I write these words, I’m quietly awaiting the final details of his regrettable death. Meantime, through the shock and the sadness and the shortness of breath that comes from losing a friend, I’m reflecting on the past six months.

If you’re a regular reader of our magazine, you may recall that last fall I got an e-mail from Sergeant Montgomery. He was requesting some copies of our magazine — something that he and his fellow soldiers could use as a respite from the horror around them. Prior to that e-mail, I’d never heard of Sergeant Montgomery, Camp Vegas or the Korengal Valley. But a lot can happen in six months. In that short period, I learned a great deal about all of the above, and along the way, Sergeant Montgomery became an inspiration to everyone at *Arizona Highways*. In addition, he became the face of all the servicemen and women around the world.

It’s a role he never expected and never wanted. He had no interest in the spotlight that we were shining on him. All he wanted was some magazines. What he didn’t realize was that in the process of reaching out to us, he was connecting an otherwise disconnected group of Americans with a world that seemed a million miles away. Through Sergeant Montgomery, our staff and many of our readers gained a new perspective on the war, and also some degree of enlightenment. Of course, that perspective and enlightenment came with an overwhelming cost. Without Sergeant Montgomery’s face and his name and our personal relationship, the news of his death wouldn’t have felt any different than the thousands of deaths that preceded his in Iraq and Afghanistan and Vietnam and all the rest. But as it is, the shocking reality of his death is hard to comprehend. For us, Thaddeus Montgomery wasn’t just a name in a newspaper. Thaddeus Montgomery was a human being, and more importantly, he was a part of our family.

Like other families, we’d been aware of the realities. War zones are not playgrounds. They’re extremely dangerous places, but we never dwelled on that. Instead, we focused on the seemingly trivial things. Things like sending the soldiers beef jerky and Cracker Jacks. It was the least we could do. That said, we



know how meaningful it was to the 1st Platoon at Camp Vegas. In fact, shortly after our first shipment of comfort food arrived, I got an e-mail from Sergeant Montgomery. He wrote:

“I just want to thank you, Mr. Robert Stieve, and the rest of the folks there at *Arizona Highways* for the many packages that have begun to arrive here at COP Vegas from the editorial staff at your magazine. Originally, I had asked only for a few magazines that the soldiers here could enjoy thumbing through, and about a week ago boxes began to arrive with tons of good stuff in them. I can’t thank you all enough for the kindness you have bestowed upon our platoon. As for the packages, everything you all sent was absolutely awesome. It didn’t take long for everyone to grab a handful of the things they wanted. Thank you *Arizona Highways*! We are all grateful for everything you have done to help us while we are away on this deployment. If there is anything I can do in return, please don’t hesitate to ask.”

When I opened that e-mail, I smiled at the humility of the sergeant’s last line: “If there is anything I can do in return, please don’t hesitate to ask.” As if risking his life wasn’t enough. That smile has since turned to sadness and regret. I can’t read his e-mails without the regret of knowing that I’ll never have a chance to shake Sergeant Montgomery’s hand and thank him for his service to our country. Although we never met in person, I did have an opportunity to interview him live via satellite. It was an interview that took place on Channel 3 here in Phoenix. Like other military scenarios, there was a formal introduction and a brief exchange of words. We talked as long as we could, but after an hour, the audio portion of the satellite feed cut out, and we never got a chance to finish our conversation. I could see my friend talking, but I couldn’t hear what he was saying.

Later that day, in a subsequent conversation with Sergeant Montgomery’s mother, she told me that her son wasn’t much of a talker, but once he got beyond his natural reticence, he usually said something profound. Sadly, I missed out on the profound dialogue he might have been sharing that day. But I can live with that, because I’m well aware of the profound sacrifice he made on behalf of his country. He gave his life so that magazines like *Arizona Highways* can enjoy the freedom of speech. I will never forget that sacrifice, and I’ll certainly never forget Sergeant Montgomery.

On behalf of everyone at *Arizona Highways*, our condolences go out to Ms. Hays and her family. On January 20, 2010, we lost a friend, a son and an American hero. It was the worst possible news.

—Robert Stieve, editor

