

*Where to See Wildflowers!*

# ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE · EXPLORE · EXPERIENCE

MARCH 2011

*Our Annual*  
**WILDFLOWER  
PORTFOLIO**

**+10** Scenic Hikes  
for Seeing  
Wildflowers

*and*

THE RIGHT WAY TO  
GO OFF-ROADING

PECAN GROWERS  
IN GREEN VALLEY:  
ARE THEY NUTS?

A WESTERN TALE  
BY NOVELIST  
J.P.S. BROWN

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People, places and things from around the state, including a profile of 90-year-old Lorraine Shankwitz, one of the original Harvey Girls; a look at Arizona's first decade as a state; and The Nature Conservancy's Muleshoe Ranch.

18 WILDFLOWERS 2011

Every March we dedicate about a dozen pages to desert wildflowers. This year, we've added even more. By all means, enjoy our annual portfolio, but if you really want to see lupines and larkspurs, you'll need to go beyond the two dimensions of this magazine. For that, we offer 10 hikes that'll get you within smelling distance.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL GILL & GEORGE STOCKING  
HIKES BY JODI CISMAN

36 THE LUCKY SPURS

A true story about a rancher, a treasure chest, a set of spurs and a table full of cowboys, including a blood relative of the rancher and a surly character named Dink. If this story hadn't really happened, you'd think it originated in the mind of Cormac McCarthy.

AN ESSAY BY J.P.S. BROWN  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND



40 ARE THEY NUTS?

As if planting cotton fields and orange groves in Arizona weren't strange enough, the Walden family went even further out on the limb and planted pecan trees. Although a nut farm is the last thing you'd expect to see in the desert, the Waldens boast the largest irrigated pecan orchard in the world.

BY NIKKI BUCHANAN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MAACK

44 HOME BREW

When the Arizona Brewing Co. began bottling beer in 1933, it seemed unlikely that a local shop could outsell the big boys such as Budweiser and Schlitz. But with the introduction of A-1, its flagship brand, that's exactly what happened. Although the brewery eventually dried up, the brand is being resurrected in Tucson, and the A-1 faithful couldn't be happier.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY

46 OFF THE ROAD

Although Kerouac was preoccupied with being on the road, off-roading is what's hip today. Off-highway driving, which generates \$4 billion annually for the state's economy, is one of the fastest-growing leisure activities in Arizona. That's good news for the bottom line, but the increasing traffic is putting extreme pressure on public lands.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY  
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► A horned lark appears proud to display its namesake feature. | BRUCE D. TAUBERT

FRONT COVER Yellow brittlebush dots the hill-sides of Canyon Lake as the morning sun peeks over the hill. | GEORGE STOCKING

BACK COVER A prickly poppy, also known as a "cowboy's fried egg," shows off its "yellow" against its "white." | PAUL GILL

Photographic Prints Available

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## Cowboys, Cold Beer and Hitting the Trails



PAUL MARKOV

Joseph Brown isn't your average Joe. Not because he's been a boxer, Marine, journalist, cattle trader, rancher, prospector, movie wrangler and whiskey smuggler. And not because his first novel, *Jim Kane*, was made into the movie *Pocket Money*, which starred Paul Newman and Lee Marvin. Or that his book *The Forests of the Night* was described as "the finest novel ever written in our region." What makes J.P.S. Brown so remarkable is that at the age of 80, he's still cranking out some of the best writing you'll ever get your hands on.

*The Lucky Spurs* is the latest example, and we almost didn't get it. Initially, Joe and I were working together on a news profile, but it fell through.

I was disappointed. I wanted Joe's writing in the magazine.

"That's not my kind of story, anyway," he reassured me. "I write about our cowboy, horse and cattle traditions. I started writing for [Editor] Raymond Carlson in the October 1970 edition of *Arizona Highways*, with a story titled *Cowboy 1970*. I can give you something like that if you want."

The answer was yes, of course, and about two days later he sent over *The Lucky Spurs*. It's a wonderful essay about Joe's grandmother, a pair of spurs and an encounter he had at the Montezuma Hotel in Nogales. "The lounge was dark, but a corner booth was full of old-timers I soon recognized," Joe writes. "One was Paul Summers, my father. The others were Dink Parker, Joe Kane and Lonnie Hunt. I was overcome with a feeling of good fortune — I had not seen my flesh-and-blood father since the fall of 1952."

The story, despite being true, reads like a fictional tale from the mind of Cormac McCarthy. It's that good, and as you read it, you'll feel as if you're in the same room with the dusty cowboys at the old wooden booth. Although Joe never mentions what the old-timers were drinking, whiskey was certainly in the mix, and the chaser might have been bottles of A-1 Pilsner. Back then, it was the beer of choice in Arizona, and for decades, it even outsold Budweiser, Pabst and Schlitz. Unfortunately, A-1 started to slip after aggressive pricing by Coors and a lawsuit by Anheuser-

Busch, which alleged that the eagle on the A-1 logo was too similar to its own. Although the Phoenix-based brewery eventually dried up, the brand is being resurrected, thanks to the Nimbus Brewing Co. in Tucson.

In *Home Brew*, Kathy Montgomery tells the story of Arizona's legendary beer and its progeny, which, according to our staff, really hits the spot, whether you're finishing up a cattle drive in Nogales, a four-wheel-drive adventure in Sedona (see *Off the Road*, page 46) or a wildflower hike in the desert. The latter is the focus of this month's cover story.

In all, we dedicate 18 pages to the annual explosion of desert wildflowers. The photos are impressive, but the best way to see the flowers is out on the trail. To get you started, our portfolio includes 10 of our favorite spring hikes. They're rated "E" for everyone. If that's not enough, you might want to pick up a copy of our new book, *Arizona Highways Hiking Guide*. It features 52 of the state's best trails — one for each weekend of the year, sorted by seasons.

It's a book I'm proud to have my name on, but most of the credit goes to the incredible team at *Arizona Highways*, and also to the friends and family who skipped work and tagged along on many of the hikes: Adam, Allison, Amy, Beth, Jackson, Kelly, Leah, Lexi, Lily, Maryal, Molly, Skip and Susan. Thank you.

As you'll see, the book features some great hikes and the best work of our best photographers, as well as the spectacular fine art of our resident mapmaker, Kevin Kibsey. I wish I could say the book is as beautifully written as an essay by J.P.S. Brown, but it's not. Still, it'll come in handy for anyone who feels the need to get off the couch once in a while, and the hikes inside are an excellent way to work up a thirst. Any excuse for an A-1.

ROBERT STIEVE, editor

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800-543-5432  
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WIN HOLDEN

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ROBERT STIEVE

**Senior Editor**  
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KELLY KRAMER

**Editorial Administrator**  
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NICOLE BOWMAN

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CINDY BORMANIS

**Corporate or Trade Sales**  
602-712-2019

**Sponsorship Sales Representation**  
ERNIE MULHOLLAND  
EMM MEDIA SERVICES LLC  
602-971-6260  
[erniem13@gmail.com](mailto:erniem13@gmail.com)

**Letters to the Editor**  
[editor@arizonahighways.com](mailto:editor@arizonahighways.com)  
2039 W. Lewis Avenue  
Phoenix, AZ 85009

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### KERRICK JAMES

Whether he's shooting on foot, horseback, raft or kayak, photographer Kerrick James knows how to capture the perfect shot. "I love the natural world and adventure, and combining those with the medium of photography has been my lifelong love, if not obsession," he says. James studied photography at Arizona State University in the late 1970s, roaming Arizona for inspirational shots. "My favorite spot is the Grand Canyon, which just barely edges out Monument Valley and Emerald Cave," he says. This month, James took to the red

rocks of Sedona to shoot off-road vehicles (see *Off the Road*, page 46). James' work has also appeared in *National Geographic*.

### JODI CISMAN

Roaming the Petrified Forest and sunbathing at Woods Canyon Lake are just a few favorite memories for writer Jodi Cisman, whose Arizona roots run deep. "Forest Lakes in Rim Valley is my favorite spot in Arizona, because my grandfather built a cabin there 40 years ago," she says. Cisman is no novice when it comes to exploring the desert landscape, and she often seeks out some of the state's hidden gems. For this month's issue, Cisman researched the best trails for seeing spring wildflowers (see *Wildflowers 2011*, page 18). When she isn't busy writing for *Arizona Highways* or *West Valley Magazine*, Cisman enjoys solo travel.



### PAUL GILL

Getting down in the dirt with things that bite, sting and poke is all in a day's work for photographer Paul Gill, who specializes in nature photography. Through the use of his trademark macrophotography skills and his keen eye for detail, Gill, along with photographer George Stocking, explores an array of wildflowers for this month's cover story and brings to life a whole new world of color (see *Wildflowers 2011*, page 18). The Arizona native also likes to shoot landscape images, which can be seen in *Nature's Best*. Gill is a regular contributor to *Arizona Highways*. — Interviewed by Allison Oswalt

## ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TELEVISION



ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TV

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





December 2010

**IN SO MANY WORDS**

In your *Editor's Letter* [December 2010], you expressed thanks for the letter that asked for more prose, but if the old saw about a picture being worth 1,000 words has any credibility, then you have produced a 34,000-word masterpiece with your December issue. I got my first look at Arizona in 1952 and wanted to live here ever since. We finally made it in 2004, and I've been thankful every day. Arizona has such a wide variety of beauty that during any season you can go to any special spot and just wallow in the beauty that's there. Your "hikes" and "drives" sections have provided much pleasure, and I can't think of anyplace else where, if the fish aren't biting, I don't care, I can just look around and enjoy. By the way, my word count above doesn't include the front and back covers. The front is worth at least 5,000 all by itself. Thank you for a wonderful job. Now back to the prose.

DALE A. SCHONMEYER, SURPRISE, ARIZONA

Your December 2010 issue was absolutely gorgeous. I particularly liked the comments from the photographers. That was the best.

SALLY GILLILAN, TUCSON

I think I could fill a whole page about your wonderful magazine, describing my feelings after seeing the marvel-

ous scenic photos in your December 2010 issue. I recently spent two fantastic weeks with dear friends in Green Valley, who have been sending me *Arizona Highways* for several years. We visited Sedona, the Grand Canyon, Prescott (in particular the restored Elks Opera House) and Mission San Xavier del Bac, to name but a few. All quite breathtaking! Thank you, Arizona.

ANN WILLIAMS  
BUCKDEN, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, ENGLAND

**ON THE TRAIL**

The author of *Riding the Rez* [November 2010] mentioned that the original Santa Fe Trail went through the Navajo Reservation. The Santa Fe Trail went from Missouri to Santa Fe and ended there.

LEE WINSLOW, FLAGSTAFF

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Good catch. Thanks for steering us in the right direction. The route that goes through Kayenta, Arizona, is part of the original (Armijo) branch of the Old Spanish Trail.



November 2010

**ANGLING FOR CHANGE**

I've written to you in the past about some minor corrections that were needed in your magazine, but now you've gone too far. I used to be a professional photographer. I was certainly not as good as yours, but I have a pet peeve, which applies to many publications, that's exemplified on pages 10 and 11 of the November 2010 issue. Both pages contain excellent photos of buildings. The one on page 11 is very well done. But the one on page 10 has been tilted about 20 degrees off the horizontal. Why? For no reason other than to make it a lit-



November 2010

tle different. When you have a photo that's worthy of publication, don't ruin it by giving it an artificial tilt that adds absolutely nothing to the appeal of the photo, but simply annoys the viewer. I implore you to do away with this pseudo-photographic trick, print level photos on the level, and don't resort to editorial pseudo-license to ruin good photos. Please, keep up the good work and do away with the bad.

CHUCK ROBINOVE, MONUMENT, COLORADO

**DOCTOR'S ORDERS**

Craig Childs' article [*Hearing Voices*, October 2010] is very effective at creating images in the reader's mind. Visions of stone tool-making remnants, potsherds, arrowheads, corn-cobs and other archaeological artifacts were well-described in his story. However, I was very disappointed that the story did not say how important it is for everyone to leave such artifacts where they are found and to not remove them. All of these artifacts, and the locations where they are found, are crucial to archaeologists' understanding of earlier cultures. Federal law protects these artifacts and makes it unlawful to remove them.

DR. JONATHAN UPCHURCH,  
GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Excellent point, Dr. Upchurch. Although we'd like to think it goes without saying, we understand that's not the case. We should have included the warning. Thanks for pointing it out. ■



**DAM!**

On March 18, 2011, Theodore Roosevelt Dam will celebrate its 100th birthday. Located northeast of Phoenix, the dominating structure was once the tallest masonry dam in the world; a recent renovation added another 444,000 cubic yards of concrete — enough to pave a two-lane highway from Phoenix to Tucson. Information: [www.srpnet.com/water/dams/roosevelt.aspx](http://www.srpnet.com/water/dams/roosevelt.aspx)

SALT RIVER PROJECT



PAUL MARKOW

## Girl Schooled

When Lorraine Shankwitz arrived in Williams, she had no idea what a Harvey Girl was, but she quickly learned — firsthand — and her Harvey Girl education helped make ends meet in Arizona for decades to follow.

By RACHELLE SPARKS

WHEN LORRAINE SHANKWITZ left her Chicago home and boarded a Santa Fe Railway train in 1938, she didn't know that those tracks would lead her to the grandest

adventure of her life and into the pages of American history.

In her 18-year-old mind, the West was as untamed as the life she was leaving.

"There was a lot of friction between me

and my dad, and I just had to get away," the 90-year-old Phoenix resident says as she recalls the day she headed to the train depot in the Windy City.

"I said, 'I want a ticket for as far West as this money will take me,'" she says, referring to a \$50 bundle she'd saved and hidden from her parents. "[The ticket agent] counted the money, looked at the schedule, and said it was Williams, Arizona."

She was headed for the Wild West — cactus, desert, open space, cowboys and Indians — just like in the old black-and-white films she'd grown up watching.

"I was very much in love with Hoot Gibson and Tom Mix and all the rest of 'em," she laughs with giddy, girl-like recollection.

After five days and six nights, the steady chug of the train slowed and crept to a halt amid breathtaking, white-tipped ranges.

"There were mountains all around me — and snow," Shankwitz says. "I thought, 'I got off at the wrong stop and the train is long gone. What am I going to do?'"

The question thrills Shankwitz as much today as it did when she was 18. "I've always loved to see what's on the other side of the mountain," she says thoughtfully.

SHE HAD NO MONEY, no plans, nowhere to stay, and the solution to her woes was as unexpected as the mountain ranges that surrounded her. Through the flurries she saw a white, pillared building alive with the sound of chatter and the clinking of silverware.

"And, oh, I needed food," Shankwitz laughs lightly at the memory, a fragile hand resting gently on her stomach.

"I picked up my traveling bag, went inside and looked around," she continues. "I thought, *Hmmm, there are waitresses here.*"

Little did she know that those waitresses were actually Harvey Girls, the pretty faces of the newly civilized West.

"I didn't know anything about Harvey Girls," she says. "If I'd known, I could have ridden in style, free meals, the whole bit."

Entrepreneur Fred Harvey had begun opening high-class restaurants and hotels in the small towns that lined the tracks of the Santa Fe Railway in the late 1800s. He served passengers on fine china and white linen tablecloths.

Ads in newspapers across the country sought young, educated, attractive women to serve as waitresses in these elegant establishments, and while they flocked out West in first class, Shankwitz landed by accident and by chance. The manager of the Fray Marcos Harvey House saw her potential and hired her on the spot.

Shankwitz settled into her second-story room, learned the ropes of maintaining the Harvey Girl image — "Oh, were they strict" — and went to work.

"Every day we came down, and the manager inspected our fingernails, our hair, the seams in our silk stockings," she

recalls, describing the starched, high-collared black-and-white uniforms the girls wore.

For \$15 a week, plus room and board, they polished silverware, buffed imported china and folded monogrammed napkins. "When ranchers and railroaders walked through the doors, we catered to them," she says. "We belonged to them, no matter what, even for a 10-cent piece of pie and a nickel cup of coffee."

Smiles and manners were served with each meal, but in addition, she says, "We were supposed to be such goody-good girls at that time. In front of the patrons, we were goody-two-shoes, but then we took the hairnets off and let our hair down."

Wild nights on the town involved sneaking out their windows and joining local boys for evenings of playing music in the depot, building campfires and horse-back-riding.

She pauses, takes a deep breath and closes her eyes.

"Oh, how I wish I could go back to those days."

Shankwitz worked as a Harvey Girl for a year before heading back to Chicago when her mother became ill. But Arizona never left her mind, and neither did the grand adventure that brought her to the state.

Ten years later, she reconnected with her adventurous 18-year-old self and said to her son, "Frank, honey, we're going to Arizona."

She packed their station wagon and, once again, with no plans and no place to stay, headed West. They wound up in Seligman, "fell in love with that shanty town," and stayed for four years before moving to Prescott.

She made ends meet the only way she knew how — serving in small-town motels and cafés with Harvey Girl style — before moving to Phoenix, where she still lives, more than 70 years after her first trip out West.

Most Harvey Houses across the country have either been demolished or turned into historical sites or museums. Shankwitz says that very few Harvey Girls remain, and she is glad to be among them.

A girlish grin creeps across her face as she recalls the life she's lived. "I'm so glad I lived in that era," she says.

## P R A T T ' S

# Q & A



## Vassily Jirov, Boxer

When you're not training or training other fighters, where do you like to go in Arizona? It's hard to pick a favorite place, because no matter the direction you go, and it doesn't matter how far, you will find beauty in the mountains, the lakes, anywhere. Arizona is a different part of the world, especially in the wintertime. If you want to experience the cold, you can just jump in the car and drive an hour and a half and be in Flagstaff. Then you can come back to Phoenix and walk around in shorts.

Your career has taken you all over the world. What's the most common question people ask about Arizona?

People usually ask me why I chose to live here in Arizona. I was born in a place — Kazakhstan — that's a desert with great beauty. Arizona's desert is the same. You can see a lot of different colors and things here.

Hiking in Arizona is akin to Rocky running the steps in Philadelphia. Where do you like to take a hike?

I love Camelback Mountain, and I'm there a lot. Besides being a great place to work out, it really is a place to get away from life. It keeps your mind sharp.

If you were trying to convince Sugar Ray Leonard that Arizona is a knockout, what would you tell him?

I'd tell him that if he came here for six months, he'd be at a loss for words. The best times to visit are in the spring and fall, and he'd love it. I'd tell him to just come here and see for himself why Arizona is one of the best places in the country.

■ Vassily Jirov teaches a weekly children's boxing clinic at Koncrete Gym in Scottsdale. Information: 480-656-6308 or [www.koncretegym.com](http://www.koncretegym.com).

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



RANDY PRENTICE

squirrels, coatimundis, javelinas, foxes, coyotes, six species of hummingbirds, seven species of owls, and 14 species of hawks and eagles. It attracts humans, as well, and the lucky ones get to spend the night in one of Muleshoe's five casitas.

Any of the rustic rooms will work, but the best option is the Stone Cabin, which stands alone on the north end of the visitors center. It looks like something you'd see in *Little House on the Prairie*, but that's not the reason to book it. Book it because it offers more privacy and closer access to the hiking trails. Plus, coatimundis have been known to stroll past the front door. Inside, things are basic: a double bed in an alcove off of the living room, a double futon in the living room, a full bath and a kitchen. It's not much, but it's enough. You'll see.

The other four casitas surround a grassy courtyard on the opposite end of the visitors center — it's a great place to mingle with fel-

low explorers. The smallest of the courtyard casitas is the Chulo Casita, which is set up like a studio apartment; the bed, kitchenette and dining area are all in the same room. Like all of the casitas, the Chulo has a full, private bath. At the other end of the size spectrum is the King Casita. As the name implies, it's the largest casita, and it includes a bedroom with a queen bed, a double futon in the living room, and a kitchen. The Cypress and Forrestine rooms are somewhere in between. If you have a choice, opt for the Forrestine — it comes with a small fireplace.

Whichever room you end up in, it'll be secondary to the surrounding scenery, the 22 miles of hiking/equestrian trails and the Hooker Hot Springs. Although the ranch is open to day hikers and other adventurers, the springs are for overnight guests only. Like everything else at the ranch, the setup is a little rustic — hot water is piped directly into two tubs made of corrugated metal — but it's pretty impressive for the middle of nowhere, and you can bet Glendy King and Henry Hooker would approve.

Muleshoe Ranch is located 30 miles northeast of Willcox. For specific directions and more information, call 520-212-4295 or visit [www.nature.org/arizona](http://www.nature.org/arizona).

## Hot Spot

Anyplace associated with The Nature Conservancy is going to be a scenic wonder, but throw in some natural hot springs and it gets even better. Exhibit No. 1: Muleshoe Ranch.

By ROBERT STIEVE

IN THE MOVIE *TOMBSTONE* — the 1993 version starring Val Kilmer — Charlton Heston plays Henry Hooker, a wealthy rancher who gives refuge to Doc Holliday while Wyatt Earp rides off for an epic showdown with Johnny Ringo. In real life, Henry Hooker was a wealthy rancher who bought a chunk of land originally homesteaded by Glendy King. King was a pioneer, and also an entrepreneur of sorts. His most notorious vision was to open a spa on his land in the early 1880s, which he did. As unlikely as a spa in the middle of nowhere in the days of Geronimo might sound, the property included a natural hot spring, which was enough to draw people in. However, as in all good Westerns, King was eventually gunned down and his homestead fell into the hands of Henry Hooker.

Today, the Hooker Hot Springs are still enjoyed by guests who make their way to Muleshoe Ranch, which is a cooperative management area owned by The Nature Conservancy, the Bureau of Land Management, Coronado National Forest and some private landowners. Although each of them work together to conserve and enhance this unique ecosystem, it's The Nature Conservancy that serves as host of the property, which sits on 50,000 acres of magnificent Mother Nature that ranges from riparian desert at the lower elevations to pine forests in the Galiuro Mountains.

In addition to the postcard panoramas, the preserve protects seven permanently flowing streams, and the combined 12 miles of running water provides some of the best remaining aquatic habitat in the Southwest. That water, of course, attracts wildlife, including deer,

## In a Favorable Light

When it comes to shooting wildflowers and desert flora, the right lighting can be just as important as finding the right burst of blooms.

By JEFF KIDA, photo editor



Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument | ROBERT McDONALD

IN GOOD YEARS, ONE of the best spots to capture images of desert wildflowers is Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument. Photographer Robert McDonald enjoys creating photographs of the area and notes that, each year, the wildflower bloom differs. As a result, it's important to keep your eyes open and make the best of what's in front of you. "My wife and I were camping in Organ Pipe, and I saw this spot one afternoon," McDonald says. "I knew it would look pretty good when the sun rose the next morning. I think it's an intriguing image when chollas surround a flowering plant. Backlighting really makes those chollas glow, and placing the horizon high in the frame allows the foreground to be the focus."

### A CLOSER LOOK

If you're considering close-up photography, there are at least three different approaches. To test the water and not break the bank, try buying an inexpensive set of close-up filters, which are threaded onto the front of an existing lens to decrease the minimum focusing distance. It's a



good option, but your photos won't be as tack-sharp as with the other two. The second option includes expensive extension tubes, which can be placed between your existing lens and the camera body. Tubes give sharper results than close-up filters. The best option, however, is a macro lens. They come in a variety of focal lengths — from 60 mm to 200 mm — and are designed to be extremely sharp at the closest focusing distances.



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

### ONLINE

For more photography tips, visit [www.arizonahighways.com/photography.asp](http://www.arizonahighways.com/photography.asp).

## Arizona: 1912-1921

Thanks to some legislative trailblazing and a few good men, Arizona proved itself a contender during its first decade of statehood.

By JANA BOMMERSBACH

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** In February 2012, Arizona will celebrate 100 years of statehood, and *Arizona Highways* will publish a special Centennial issue. Leading up to that milestone, we'll present a 10-part history of the state covering a different decade each month. This is Part 1.

IF CONGRESS EXPECTED ARIZONA to sit quietly after being admitted to the Union in 1912, it quickly discovered that the 48th state wasn't about to be a wallflower.

Just nine months after Arizona celebrated its new status, it showed Washington who was boss. Although voters had mollified politicians in the nation's capital by removing the recall of judges from the

state constitution, those same voters reinstated the provision the first chance they got. The November 1912 election also bucked Washington by giving women the right to vote, a full eight years before the 19th Amendment was passed nationwide.

Arizona also surprised the rest of the nation by leading the movement against "demon rum" with the first statewide prohibition against alcohol. That occurred in 1914, six years before the 18th Amendment was passed. The prohibition vote in Arizona was considered shocking for a state where the saloon was sacred.

Meanwhile, the new state's value to the nation became clear during World War I, when Arizona's vast cotton crops proved invaluable. The state also sent more men per capita to the war than any other state in the Union. One of the lesser-known facts about WWI is that Arizona was among the reasons the United States went to war — a coded message known as the Zimmermann Telegram revealed that Germany was trying to entice Mexico to join the German cause by promising a return of Arizona as a victory gift.

Back home, two Democrats were dominating the landscape: Arizona's first governor, George W.P. Hunt, and Carl Hayden, the latter of whom went to Congress in 1912, and later the Senate, and stayed until his retirement in 1968, giving him the second-longest tenure in the history of the nation. Barry Goldwater, who was 3 years old when Arizona became a state, succeeded Hayden in the Senate.

Hayden, who was a water reclamation expert and the father of the Central Arizona Project, would become the single most important figure in shaping Arizona's growth from the Wild West to a modern state. One newspaper wrote that so many other congressmen owed Hayden favors that they'd probably vote to give Arizona a navy if he asked for it. That said, Hayden didn't think of himself as a speechifying kind of guy — he was more of a "work horse" than a "show horse."

Despite the state's many accomplishments in its first decade, Arizona most astonished the nation with its incredible population growth. The East had long feared that nobody would ever want to move to the desert state. In fact, when the last Territorial Governor, Richard Sloan, predicted in 1909 that Arizona would soon "support a population of well over 200,000 people," Easterners hooted in disbelief. But the Territory reached that number by 1910 and never looked back. While the population increased by 66 percent between 1900 and 1910, it grew an additional 63 percent by 1920, reaching a population of 335,000.

As its first decade came to a close, Arizona was showing America that it hadn't seen anything yet.

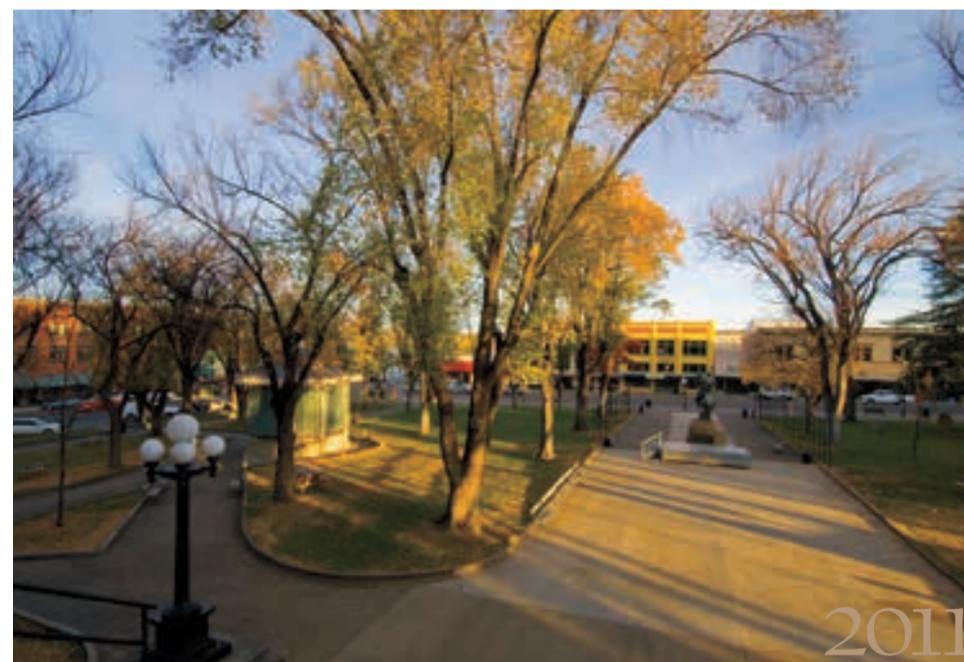
### DID YOU KNOW?

- The price of a first-class postage stamp was only 2 cents in 1912.
- In 1919, the price of a matinee movie ticket ranged from 10 to 20 cents per person.
- Between 1912 and 1921, the average price of a brand-new roadster was \$1,385.
- In 1921, a 1-ounce bar of Hershey's chocolate was 5 cents.
- The daily newspaper cost only a penny.

Tennis aficionados enjoyed a lighted court at Morenci in 1915. | ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TUCSON



ARIZONA HISTORICAL FOUNDATION



NICK BEREZENKO

## ARIZONA: THEN & NOW

CROWDS TURNED OUT IN droves on February 14, 1912, for Arizona Statehood Day. In Prescott, people packed the town plaza for the planting of the Statehood Tree (above). Elsewhere around the state, railroad whistles, dynamite blasts, cannon shots, bells and sirens sounded in universal celebration. At 10:23 a.m., a telegraph in Phoenix clicked out the official message from President William H. Taft: "I have this morning signed the proclamation declaring Arizona to be a state."

## IN THE NEWS

Headlines from *The Arizona Republican*, 1912-1921

February 14, 1912

"Arizona Will Don the Garb of Statehood: Glorious Climax of Long Fight Will Come With Signing of Proclamation Today."

November 5, 1912

"Progressives on the Map of Arizona: Strong Showing Made by the Young and Vigorous Party in the First Presidential Election Held in the New State."

November 25, 1914

"Coliseum Once More Favorite: Original Vaudeville and Picture House of Phoenix Reopens to Capacity Audiences with Excellent Acts and Pictures."

June 19, 1915

"With Water and Wine the Arizona is Formally Dedicated to the Waves." [The \$13 million battleship *U.S.S. Arizona* is christened with a bottle of the first water to flow over Theodore Roosevelt Dam.]

December 24, 1915

"Seaport for Arizona May Be Secured: Young Men's Business Association Takes up Campaign to Annex Strip of Mexico."

July 12, 1917

"Bisbee Summarily Deports I.W.W. Agitators, Thousands of Armed Citizens Round Up Undesirables, Send Them on Way to New Mexico."

April 30, 1920

"Governor Will Be Chief Speaker at Canyon Dedication."

EDITOR'S NOTE: "100 Years, 100 Ranchers" has been designated an official Centennial Legacy Project. Every month, we'll be featuring one of the ranchers. It's part of our own Centennial coverage, which will continue through February 2012. For more information about "100 Years, 100 Ranchers," visit [www.100years100ranchers.com](http://www.100years100ranchers.com).



## THE Y-CROSS RANCH, EST. 1897

*Eagar, Arizona*

BY KELLY KRAMER | PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT BAXTER

Although Sam Udall's family has raised Hereford bulls and horses on the Y-Cross Ranch in Eagar since 1897, Scott Baxter made this photograph of Udall during an August 2005 ride along the bottom of the Little Colorado River Canyon in Apache County. Notes from Baxter's journal speak to the friendship between the two men, as well as the influence Udall has had on Baxter's children, Lily and Creighton: "Sam — friend," Baxter writes. "Lily and Creighton first rode with Sam. Sam gave Lily her first roping dummy for her 11th birthday.





JEFF KIDA

## Breakfast in Red

Most people head to Sedona for Mother Nature, but grandma's cooking is another good reason to go. Specifically, you'll want breakfast, and one of the best places to get it is the Red Rock Café.

By MARYAL MILLER

SOMETIMES, IT'S THE SIMPLEST things in life that are the sweetest. Like sitting down on a quiet morning and leisurely noshing on a warm, home-cooked breakfast. But when calendars and cell phones and the everyday dramas of adulthood get in the way, buttermilk

pancakes, fresh fruit and steaming maple sausages are often replaced by rabid caffeine hunts and handfuls of dry cereal plucked straight from the box.

### SEDONA

Enter the breakfast-lover's salvation: Red Rock Café, a veritable rehab for those who've fallen prey to the morning fast-food meal routine. It's the fix you're looking for, and fittingly, it's nestled in the mother of all healing havens: Sedona.

"Our motto at the Red Rock Café is 'Food so good, you'll plan your day around it,'" says owner Kathy French. "And we stand by it every day." Productivity junkies may scoff at the notion of planning a scenic Sedona adventure around something like hash browns and home fries, but that's just the addiction talking. French and her husband, Bill, are ready to stage an intervention.

So, instead of throwing on the backpack at 4:05 a.m., cutting off little old ladies and trampling small children in an effort to hit Slide Rock before the crowds, take the first step toward recovery and allow yourself the indulgence of a quiet table at the Frenches' cozy café.

"Our menu goal was to serve a variety of selections and make them home-cooked, just like mom or grandma used to," French explains.

Mission accomplished.

As you inhale a cornucopia of heavenly aromas from the thick slices of cinnamon-sprinkled french toast, plates of hearty grilled corned beef hash tossed with bell peppers, every variety of fresh veggie-and-cheese-packed omelet imaginable, and trays of colossal, hot, gooey cinnamon rolls, don't be surprised if you find yourself curling up in the fetal position and crying for mama. Remember, you're detoxing, and it hurts so good.

If none of the above is enough to curb your breakfast cravings, fear not, Red Rock has a more powerful fix. A sweet sip of the café's popular 99-cent mimosa, along with blue-corn huevos rancheros, Southwest-style chicken-fried steak with sharp cheddar cheese and scallions, and a build-your-own breakfast burrito — all topped with Red Rock's special spicy Ranchero sauce — should cleanse the senses. And to ensure maximum impact, the friendly café staff has been known to hug it out with recovering rush-breakfast addicts.

Welcome to a whole new you.

Red Rock Café is located at 100 Verde Valley School Road, Suite 107, in Sedona. For more information, call 928-284-1441 or visit [www.facebook.com/theredrockcafe](http://www.facebook.com/theredrockcafe).

## Royal Pain

Although Queen butterflies are regal and seemingly delicate, looks can be deceiving. These fluttering insects have the ability to inflict injury on would-be predators, and even make them sick.

By AMANDA FRUZYNSKI

Queen Elizabeth I fought off predators (would-be suitors) so that she could wear the crown herself. The queen in a game of chess devastates opponents with superpowers that only she possesses. And the Queen butterfly, a member of the milkweed-eating family of fluttering insects, keeps predators at bay with her own set of defense mechanisms.

In most cases, insects avoid milkweeds because the milky insides of the plants will often glue a predator's mouth shut, and the plants' poisons will turn away those intruders that get past the sticky latex. But, according to Ron Rutowski, an Arizona State University biology professor, Queen caterpillars have developed a system of biting the plants so that the "milk" drains out, thus allowing the

insects to consume the plants and store their poisons into adulthood. As a result, Queen caterpillars, which are white with yellow spots and black stripes and three pairs of black prongs, emerge from their cocoons with a built-in defense to fend off predators.

When birds and other animals try to eat the adult Queens, they experience a putrid taste that sometimes leads to vomiting. That experience isn't soon forgotten, and Queen butterflies are typically left to flutter safely throughout the southernmost parts of the United States. But there's more to a Queen butterfly than its ability to outsmart milkweed plants and predators, and it's related to reproduction.

The only difference between males and females is a small brown circle on each of the

lower wings of the males. Those circles come into play during the species' intricate mating dance. According to Rutowski, that courtship is perhaps the most unique thing about Queen butterflies. The males, he says, must ingest alkaloids from certain plants, and then transfer those alkaloids to females from tiny hairs in the brown circles.

Although you may never witness this unique courtship, Queen butterflies are common in Arizona. According to Adriane Grimaldi of the Central Arizona Butterfly Association, they can be found near gardens year-round — adults gather nourishment from verbena and lantana plants — but their numbers decrease in the coldest months of winter, and Queens tend to avoid the mid-day heat in the summer. They're around, but don't get too attached to any one butterfly. After royally outsmarting predators, Queens live for only one or two months as adults.

## nature factoid



BRUCE D. TAUBERT

### MASKED MARAUDER

The dark eyes of the white-breasted nuthatch stand out against its unmarked white face. Paired with a long, slightly upturned bill, the combo makes this inquisitive bird appear to be ready for anything, but it doesn't explain the bird's unusual behavior of creeping headfirst down tree trunks in search of insects and other foods. The nuthatch is a frequent visitor to backyard feeders, where sunflower seeds, peanut butter mix, suet and berries provide an avian feast.

BRUCE D. TAUBERT





YUMA CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

**Lettuce Days**

MARCH 11-13 YUMA

Sure, Arizona is known for copper, citrus and cotton, but it's also the Winter Lettuce Capital of the World. This weekend festival takes place at Yuma Quartermaster Depot State Historic Park, and showcases Yuma's agricultural heritage through a variety of culinary festivities. This year, celebrity chefs will attend, and cooking demonstrations will run throughout the weekend. *Information: 928-783-0071 or www.visityuma.com*

**Friday Evening Star Talk Lecture Series**

FRIDAY EVENINGS APACHE JUNCTION

Amateur astronomer Bill Dellings returns for the 14th year to present his 45-minute astronomy lectures at Lost Dutchman State Park. Held on Friday evenings in March at 7:30 p.m., the informal lectures include information about constellations, star lore and interesting facts about the night sky. Dellings also provides a small telescope so participants can explore the universe before or after the sessions. *Information: 480-982-4485 or www.azstateparks.com*



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, TONI FRISSEL COLLECTION

**Fashion Independent**

MARCH 1-MAY 22 PHOENIX

The Phoenix Art Museum offers this fashion-forward exhibit, which celebrates the unique style of sportswoman and American tastemaker Ann Bonfoey Taylor. Featuring more than 60 full ensembles and accessories, the exhibit pays homage to a woman admired by renowned fashion editor Diana Vreeland, who wrote, "I can remember years ago when you were in a marvelously creative mood, which has never ceased, and you just wanted everything and you just wanted everything to be right." *Information: 602-257-1222 or www.phxart.org*



TUCSON FESTIVAL OF BOOKS

**Festival of Books**

MARCH 12-13 TUCSON

The Third Annual Tucson Festival of Books will be even more exciting this year, as more than 450 authors and presenters are scheduled to attend the weekend event, which takes place on the University of Arizona campus. New festival draws include a special e-book-only area, a children's breakfast, a character parade and a Green Eggs & Ham brunch based on the works of Dr. Seuss. *Information: www.tucsonfestivalofbooks.org*

**Stagecoach Village Arts Festival**

MARCH 18-20 CAVE CREEK

Join some of the Southwest's most accomplished fine artists and craftsmen for this weekend event, which also features wine-tastings, food-sampling and plenty of high Sonoran Desert scenery, as well as live music, artist demonstrations and a slew of

sculptures, paintings, glasswork and photography. *Information: 623-734-6526 or www.vermillionpromotions.com*



CHUCK LAWSEN

**Photo Workshop**

APRIL 26-30 CANYON DE CHELLY & MONUMENT VALLEY

Hosted by professional photographer Chuck Lawsen, this workshop takes place among the dramatic landscapes of Monument Valley and Canyon de Chelly. Ancient wind-swept mesas, rippled sand dunes and iconic rock formations are the focus of the first part of this workshop, which includes two private Navajo-guided tours that will allow participants to capture the remarkable subjects of Monument Valley. Another guided tour at Canyon de Chelly will take participants to Ancestral Puebloan ruins. *Information: 888-790-7042 or www.friends-ofazhighways.com*



**How I Spent My Winter Vacation**

Take a little piece of the desert home with you in an Arizona-inspired pendant, exclusively at French on Main. Designer/owner French Thompson provides an ever-changing and plentiful array of the exotic, sure-to-be-noticed work of award-winning artists in this jewel of a jewelry store in downtown Scottsdale.

**FRENCH DESIGNER JEWELER**

7148 E. Main Street, Scottsdale, AZ 85251  
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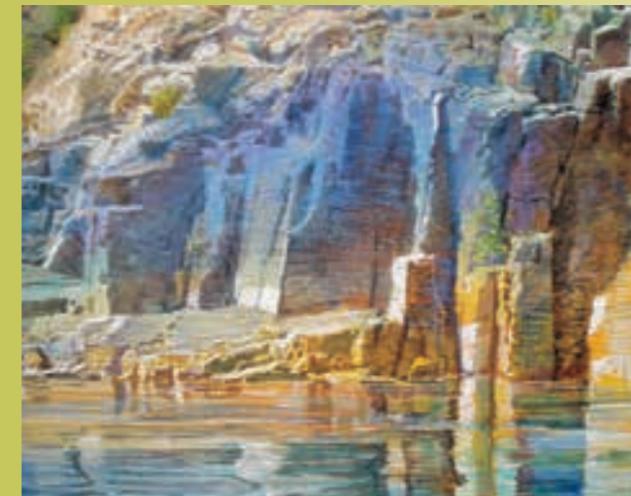


**Scottsdale ArtWalk**

The art is magnificent. The entertainment is unexpected. The people watching is unsurpassed. It's Scottsdale ArtWalk — since 1976 one of the Valley's greatest cultural traditions — every Thursday from 7-9 PM.

**SCOTTSDALE ARTS DISTRICT**

www.ScottsdaleGalleries.com



"River Architecture" 16" x 20" acrylic on canvas

**Duley-Jones Gallery**

March 17 - April 6: Merrill Mahaffey "Formations"  
Artist's Reception: Thursday, March 17, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.  
Merrill Mahaffey's luminous paintings of the Grand Canyon masterfully capture its sensuous beauty and magical light. "Light is almost a poetic science to me," Mahaffey says. "I've studied light my whole life. There isn't a moment in the day that I'm not aware of where the sun is."

**DULEY-JONES GALLERY**

7100 E. Main St., Scottsdale AZ 85251  
480.945.8475  
www.DuleyJones.com



**Celebration of Fine Art**

The Celebration of Fine Art is the place for art lovers and artists to connect. 100 juried artists come from around the country make the signature big white tents their temporary home for 10 weeks each year. The relaxed atmosphere and quality art work is sure to please any art lover.

**CELEBRATION OF FINE ART**

January 15 through March 27, 2011  
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# W I L D F L O W E R S 2 0 1 1

*Every March we dedicate about a dozen pages to desert wildflowers. This year, we've added even more. By all means, enjoy our annual portfolio, but if you really want to see lupines and larkspurs, you'll need to go beyond the two dimensions of this magazine. You're not on your own, though. Along with the colorful photos you'll see inside, we offer 10 hikes that'll get you within smelling distance.*

*Photographs by* PAUL GILL & GEORGE STOCKING  
*Hikes by* JODI CISMAN



## HIKES to See Wildflowers

### BAJADA NATURE TRAIL |

*McDowell Sonoran Preserve*

The half-mile Bajada Nature Trail is a relaxing, easy path that's mostly level and quite broad. It takes about 30 minutes to hike the route, which is ideal for hikers of all ages, and it's wheelchair-accessible. The trail includes a self-guided interpretive walk with identification signs. In addition to wildflowers, many desert plants can be seen on the trail, including paloverde and mesquite trees, several varieties of cholla cactuses and saguaros. A free trail guide is available at the trailhead.

*Directions:* From Scottsdale, drive north on State Route 101 to the Pima Road exit (Exit 36) at Princess Drive and turn right. Drive north to Legacy Boulevard and turn east when you reach the dead end at Thompson Peak Parkway. Turn south and travel a half-mile to the gateway trailhead, which will be on the left.

*Information:* 480-998-7971 or [www.mcdowellsonoran.org](http://www.mcdowellsonoran.org)

**PRECEDING PANEL:** *Dewdrops clinging to a Mexican goldpoppy refract the image of a saguaro cactus.* | PAUL GILL

**ABOVE:** *At night or in cold, windy weather, the goldpoppy closes its leaves tightly.* | PAUL GILL

**RIGHT:** *Lupines and brittlebushes dominate the hillsides above Bartlett Lake.* | GEORGE STOCKING



**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Because Mother Nature has a mind of her own, Arizona's wildflower season varies from year to year. Without winter rain, spring color can be hit or miss. At press time, we had no idea how much rain we'd get — if any — but by the time you read this, we'll have a much better idea. That's where our website comes in. For the latest information on where to find wildflowers, visit [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com) or pick up your

smart phone and scan this code. If you haven't used 2D bar code technology, here's how to get started:

1. On your iPhone, download the application called Quickmark (for the Droid, download ScanLife).
2. Launch the application and position the barcode within the viewfinder on your phone — it'll automatically connect you to [www.arizonahighways.com/outdoors/wildflowers.asp](http://www.arizonahighways.com/outdoors/wildflowers.asp).





*“I cannot pretend to be impartial about colors. I rejoice with the brilliant ones,  
and am genuinely sorry for the poor browns.” – WINSTON CHURCHILL*



## HIKES to See Wildflowers

### **CANYON LOOP TRAIL |**

*Catalina State Park*

Canyon Loop is a scenic, moderate hike along a well-marked trail. Hikers will spot not only cholla, prickly pear and saguaro cactuses, but also marigolds, poppies and lupines, all of which make an appearance after spring showers.

*Directions:* From Tucson, drive north on Oracle Road for approximately 13 miles to the park entrance on the right.

*Information:* 520-628-5798 or [www.azparks.gov/parks/cata](http://www.azparks.gov/parks/cata)

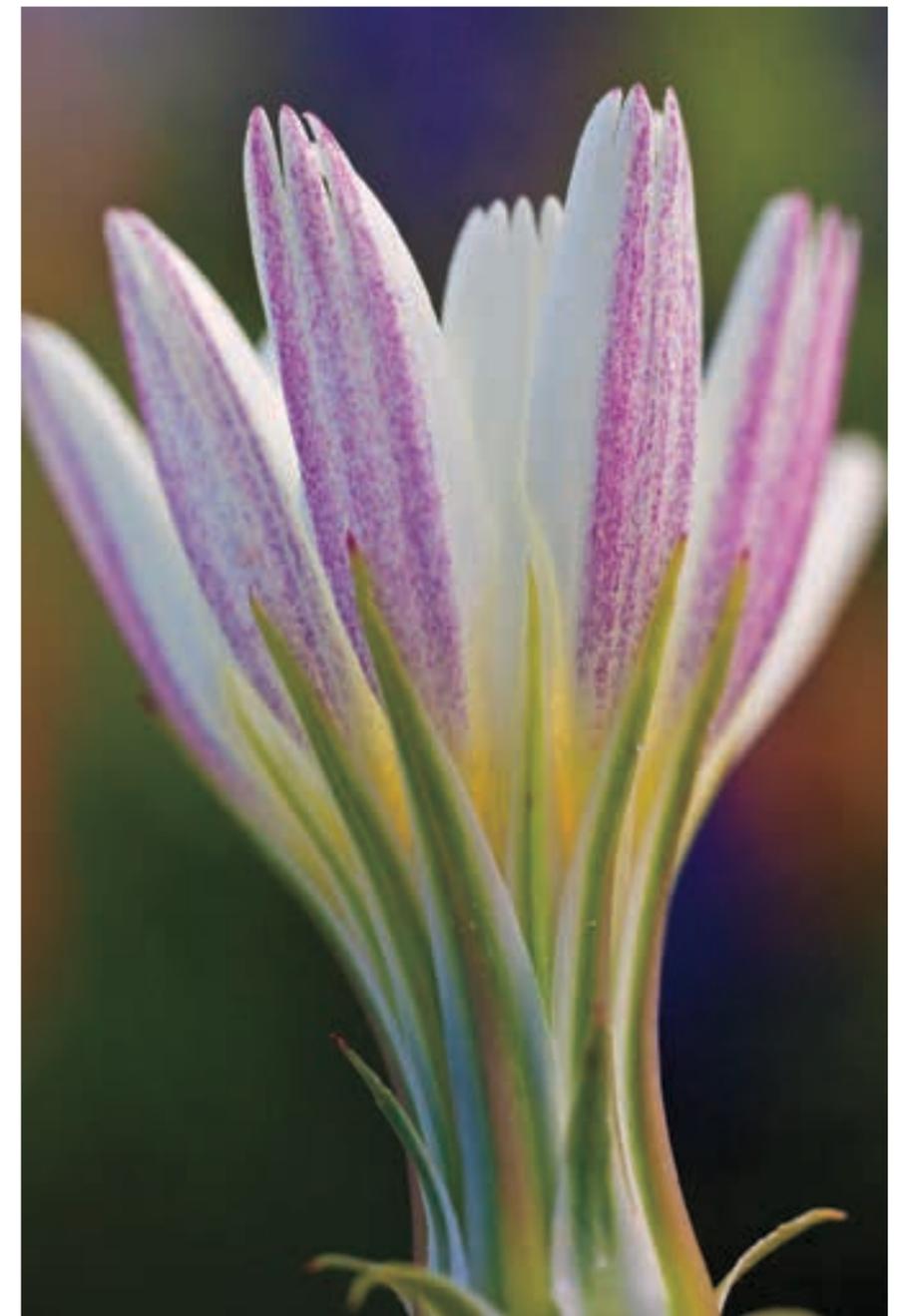
### **FOUR PEAKS WILDERNESS**

**AREA |** *Tonto National Forest*

Four Peaks Wilderness Area, with its four mountain peaks rising more than 7,600 feet above sea level, is one of the most recognizable landmarks in Arizona. Because of the elevation, a variety of flowers come to life during peak seasons, including hedgehog, saguaro and prickly pear cactuses. The wilderness area offers multiple wildflower-abundant trails, including Cane Spring Trail 77, Soldier Camp Trail 83 and Brown's Trail 133. Another option is the Chillicut Trail on the east side of the range (see *Hike of the Month*, page 54).

*Directions:* From Mesa, drive north on State Route 87 for approximately 27 miles to Old Bush Highway. Turn right and continue north for approximately 5 miles to Forest Road 143. Travel 3 miles to a fork in the road, veer south on Forest Road 401 and follow the signs to the trailhead.

*Information:* 602-225-5200 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto)



*PRECEDING PANEL: Desert globemallow spreads profusely on Black Mesa in the Mazatzal Mountains northeast of Phoenix. | PAUL GILL*

*ABOVE: White tuckstem is a native Southwestern desert plant that blooms after plentiful winter rains. | PAUL GILL*

*OPPOSITE PAGE: Banana yuccas bloom under rain clouds in the Dragoon Mountains. | GEORGE STOCKING*



## HIKES to See Wildflowers

### HUNTER TRAIL | Picacho Peak State Park

A short, strenuous hike (4.2 miles round-trip) leads to the summit of this isolated desert peak, but along the way you'll be treated to blankets of poppies and bursts of blooming magenta hedgehog cactuses. Expect short, steep sections of trail that require hand-over-hand climbing aided by steel cables and handrails. When you arrive at the summit, you'll be rewarded with 360-degree views of the surrounding Sonoran Desert. Picacho Peak has been used as a navigational landmark for centuries, and it abounds with petroglyphs from the prehistoric Hohokam people.

*Directions:* From Phoenix, drive south on Interstate 10 to Picacho Peak Road (Exit 219), turn right and follow the signs to the state park entrance.

*Information:* 520-466-3183 or [www.azparks.gov/parks/pipe](http://www.azparks.gov/parks/pipe)

### RED ROCK STATE PARK |

*Sedona*

Red Rock State Park offers a variety of trails and scenic drives that take you into wildflower country. Just a few of the flowers you'll spot along the trails are paintbrushes, penstemons, blackfoot daisies, larkspurs and Gooding's verbenas.

*Directions:* From Uptown Sedona, drive southwest on State Route 89A for 5.8 miles to lower Red Rock Loop Road, turn left and continue 3 miles to the entrance gate, which will be on the right.

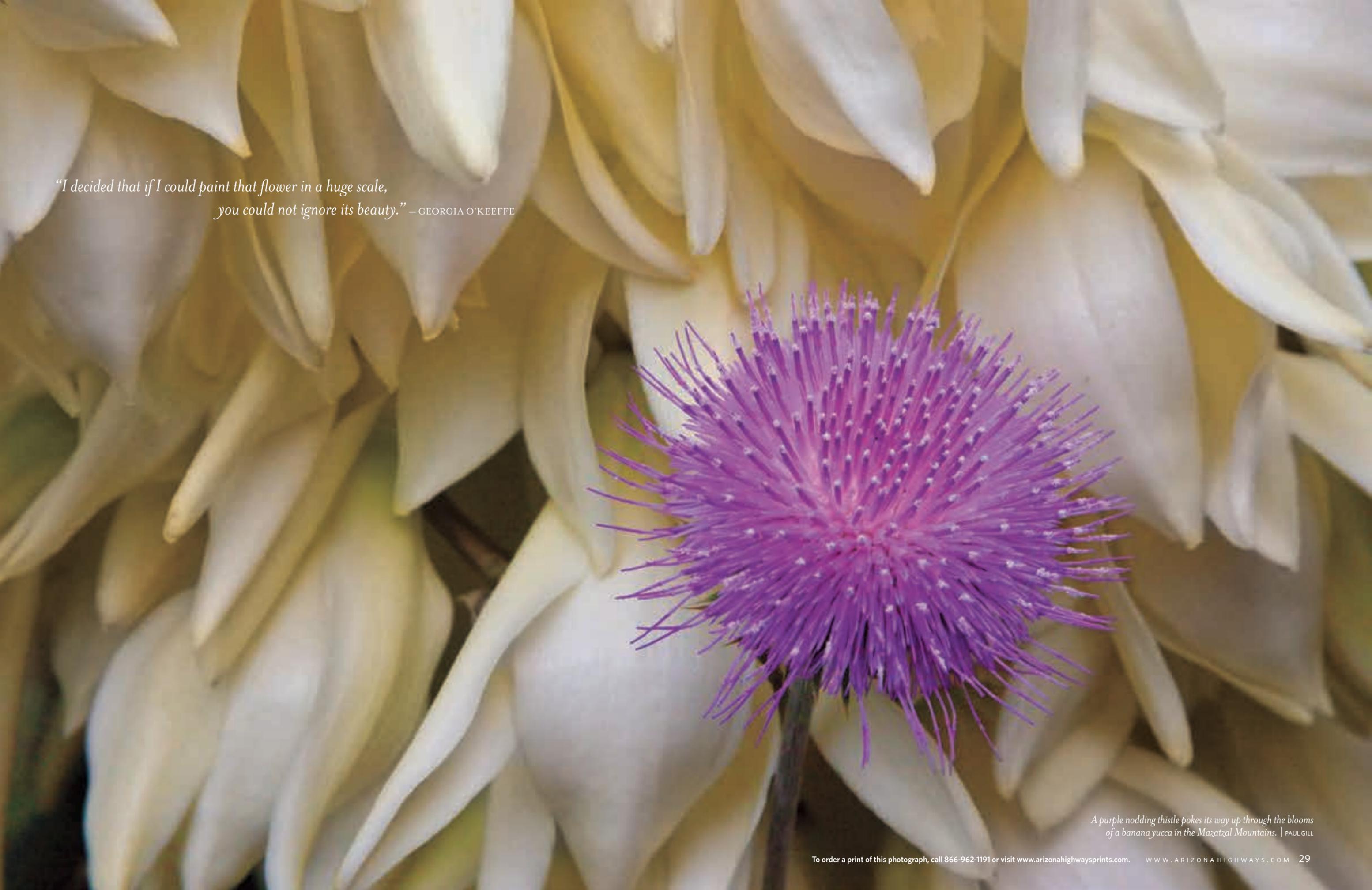
*Information:* 928-282-6907 or [www.azparks.gov/parks/rero](http://www.azparks.gov/parks/rero)

*"Colors are the smiles of nature."* – LEIGH HUNT



ABOVE: *Sego lily blossoms in the Mazatzal Mountains.* | PAUL GILL

OPPOSITE PAGE: *Three sego lilies nestle down with their magenta-colored neighbors, strawberry hedgehog cactus blooms.* | PAUL GILL



*“I decided that if I could paint that flower in a huge scale,  
you could not ignore its beauty.” – GEORGIA O’KEEFFE*

*A purple nodding thistle pokes its way up through the blooms  
of a banana yucca in the Mazatzal Mountains. | PAUL GILL*



Blue Coulter's lupines mix with Mexican goldpoppies and other cactuses on slopes near Superior, Arizona (above), and on a hillside at Gonzales Pass, west of Superior (right). | PAUL GILL

## HIKES to See Wildflowers

### **SIPHON DRAW TRAIL** | *Lost Dutchman State Park*

This strenuous hike passes through Lost Dutchman State Park, then ventures into the more rugged Superstition Wilderness, where the once well-marked dirt path evolves into a rocky, less clearly defined trail. The scramble is worth it, though, especially as you arrive at a large stone basin. There, a seasonal waterfall marks the official end of the Siphon Draw Trail and makes a great place to take a breather among some of the season's prettiest blooms.

*Directions:* From Phoenix, take

U.S. Route 60 east to Tomahawk Road, turn left and continue on Tomahawk Road for approximately 3.1 miles to State Route 88 (The Apache Trail). Turn right onto SR 88 and follow the signs to the park.

*Information:* 480-982-4485 or [www.azparks.gov/parks/lodu](http://www.azparks.gov/parks/lodu)

### **ROUND MOUNTAIN PARK** | *Globe*

Round Mountain Park near downtown Globe has five loop trails that range from easy to difficult. Along them, hikers can enjoy wallflowers, bladderpods, desert onions, sego lilies and

hedgehog cactuses. For fans of lupines or spurge, head for the Ice House Trail or Six Shooter Trail, both of which are located in the nearby Pinal Mountains.

*Directions:* In Globe, drive to the north end of South Street.  
*Information:* 928-425-7146 or [www.globeaz.gov/departments/recreation/round-mountain-park](http://www.globeaz.gov/departments/recreation/round-mountain-park)

### **SAGUARO NATIONAL PARK EAST** | *Tucson*

To hit the mother lode of wildflowers, rangers of the Rincon district of Saguaro National Park East recommend taking the Cactus Forest Drive, which leads to

several hikes in the area. Along the trails, hikers will be dazzled by the fire-engine-red blossoms of ocotillos and the misty-pink blooms of fairydusters, as well as daisy-like brittlebush flowers. In addition, look for goldpoppies, bahias, filarees, zinnias, twist-flowers and wild hyacinth.

*Directions:* From Tucson, drive east on Broadway Boulevard to the Old Spanish Trail, turn right and follow the signs for approximately 6 miles to Saguaro National Park East. Cactus Forest Drive loops through the park.  
*Information:* 520-733-5153 or [www.nps.gov/sagu](http://www.nps.gov/sagu)





*“The Amen of nature is always a flower.”* — OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

**PRECEDING PANEL:**  
*Blue Coulter’s lupines and Mexican goldpoppies near Superior.*

| PAUL GILL

**RIGHT:** *An inchworm pays a visit to a sego lily in the Mazatzal Mountains.* | PAUL GILL

**LEFT:** *A patch of blooming brittlebushes overwhelms a teddy bear cholla near Bartlett Lake.*

| GEORGE STOCKING



## HIKES to See Wildflowers

### **THUMPER TRAIL** | *Dead Horse Ranch State Park*

As you approach Dead Horse Ranch State Park in Cottonwood, you begin wondering whether or not you’re in the right place. *Is this really a good spot to see wildflowers?* It is. The Verde River runs through the park and gives life to such beautiful blooms as golden smokes, freckled milkvetches, Parry’s penstemons, desert mari-golds and asters. The Thumper Trail is part of a 7-mile loop that winds around the state park.

*Directions:* From Interstate 17, drive west on State Route 260 to

Main Street in Cottonwood (State Route 89A), turn left and continue through Cottonwood as the street gradually curves to the left. Turn right onto North 10th Street and follow the signs to the park. *Information:* 928-634-5283 or [www.azparks.gov/parks/deho](http://www.azparks.gov/parks/deho)

### **WHYTES RETREAT TRAIL** | *Cattail Cove State Park*

Cattail Cove State Park, which sits near Lake Havasu City, is an outdoor enthusiast’s paradise, thanks to riverside fishing and camping. Visitors to the park can also enjoy wildflowers on the

Whytes Retreat Trail, which is an easy, 1.5-mile stretch along the shoreline of Lake Havasu. The McKinney Loop portion of the trail provides hikers with glimpses of purple scorpion weeds, yellow cups and Mexican goldpoppies. The beautiful blooming cactuses you’ll see are courtesy of the volunteers who maintain a cactus garden at the park.

*Directions:* From Lake Havasu City, drive north on State Route 95 to Lake Shore Boulevard, turn right and follow the signs to the park. *Information:* 928-855-1223 or [www.azparks.com/parks/caco](http://www.azparks.com/parks/caco) ■

# The Lucky Spurs

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A RANCHER, A TREASURE CHEST, A SET OF SPURS AND A TABLE FULL OF COWBOYS, INCLUDING A BLOOD RELATIVE OF THE RANCHER AND A SURLY CHARACTER NAMED DINK. IF THIS STORY HADN'T REALLY HAPPENED, YOU'D THINK IT ORIGINATED IN THE MIND OF CORMAC MCCARTHY. **An Essay by J.P.S. Brown**  
**Illustrations by Brad Holland**

**My Grandmother Sorrells was born** Maude Jane Bergier on the Salmon River in Idaho. She came to Arizona on a wagon in 1896 when she was 10. She made the last half of the trip in great pain after a wagon wheel rolled over her arm and broke it. She raised her little brothers, Bob and Pete Bergier, after her parents, sisters and youngest brother went on to California and left her in charge of their homestead at La Noria, on the Mexican border. She married Bert Sorrells when she was 15, and they had three sons and two daughters. To her great sorrow, she outlived her husband, one daughter and all three of her sons. She died in 1972.

I had been ranching in Sonora, Mexico, for 15 years when Granny Sorrells died. She left her belongings and small, well-kept house in Nogales to me. Her memorabilia was a treasure that I shared with my cousins and my mother. I saved only her cedar chest for myself, the one treasure that I had coveted, but had never been allowed to touch.

In that chest I found Native American beaded buckskin moccasins and gauntlets that had been made especially for her by someone who

lived and traded on the Salmon River. They still smelled smoky. I also found a complete set of Blue Willow china and, deep in a corner, I found a tiny, tarnished cowbell that Granny had worn for every meeting she attended of the Arizona Cowbells since its founding in the early 1940s.

**In the very bottom of the chest**, I found a pair of Chihuahuan spurs that rang like silver bells when I picked them up. They looked handmade, and I couldn't find a trademark on them. I thought they might have been made by my uncle Buster Sorrells, a fourth-generation Arizona rancher who was as good with fire, bellows, anvil and iron as he was at herding cattle, training horses, running wild and serenading his friends with mariachi music.

I took the spurs down to my ranch at Chihuahuita, Sonora, to use and to enjoy the music they made. I particularly liked their weight and balance, and their humane effect on horses and mules. I kept them in my pickup. It wasn't easy to walk anywhere with them on, because they dragged the ground and made too much noise. When I didn't want them to drag, I pulled them around so that they rode on my instep. Their six-spoke rowels were more than an inch long, a quarter-inch wide and so blunt they could never hurt a horse. To start an animal, all I had to do was touch the side of a rowel against his side, or rattle it, to make it ring.

EDITOR'S NOTE: J.P.S. Brown is a fifth-generation Arizonan. In that time, among other things, he's been a boxer, Marine, journalist, cattle trader, rancher, prospector, movie wrangler, whiskey smuggler and fiction writer. His first novel, *Jim Kane*, was made into the movie *Pocket Money*, which starred Paul Newman and Lee Marvin, and his book *The Forests of the Night* was described by acclaimed writer Charles Bowden as "the finest novel ever written in our region." At the age of 80, Mr. Brown is still writing, and we're proud to have wrangled one of his most recent essays.



A few years later, I came out of Mexico with steers for export at Nogales. After we shipped the cattle to filaree pasture at Gila Bend, my partner, the late Del Brooks, and I went to our favorite watering hole at the Montezuma Hotel. The lounge was dark, but a corner booth was full of old-timers I soon recognized. One was Paul Summers, my father. The others were Dink Parker, Joe Kane and Lonnie Hunt — his lifelong friends. I was overcome with a feeling of good fortune — I had not seen my flesh-and-blood father since the fall of 1952, before I joined the Marine Corps. Rancher Joe Kane was my godfather. I had seen rancher Dink Parker from time to time on my visits to Nogales, because he always watered at the Montezuma when he was in town. Dink wanted little to do with me, because I had allowed my stepfather, Vivian Brown, to adopt me and change my last name to Brown when I was 9 years old.

Del Brooks and I threw right in with them, in spite of Dink's icy looks. Lonnie Hunt and I had been friends a long time. We'd sat in

the Montezuma and shared stories about Paul and my Sorrells uncles every time I was in Nogales. All four of those old-timers loved my people.

That day, Paul, my father, told stories about the Rock Corral Ranch that he and my mother had owned during the Depression. That reminded me of those relic spurs in my pickup. I brought them in and laid them with all their musical accompaniment and great weight on the center of our table. Dink and Joe twirled their rowels and hefted them. Lonnie picked them up, laid them down, and smiled.

Paul had only glanced at them once since I laid them on the table, but I could see by the look in his eye that he recognized them and probably knew more about them than I did.

"They don't match," he said.

I had never noticed any real differences between them.

Paul picked up the spurs and turned their silver adornments toward me. "See, they're different. I know these spurs. They're mine."

"How don't they match?" I asked. "They look the same to me."

He showed me that each spur was adorned with two silver bars, but the bars on one were thinner than the bars on the other.

"I lost track of them when your mother and I separated," he said. "I asked her for them once, but she said she didn't know anything about them. That surprised me, because they have a history that she knew as well as I did."

"Your mother and I had only been married a year and she was carrying you. We bought the Rock Corral with her inheritance from Bert Sorrells, but, as luck would have it, we didn't have to buy one single cow to stock it with. We stocked it with wild cattle that I caught in the Tumacacori Mountains on our west side."

"I liked to ride up high and drive downhill to my traps on the flats," Paul continued. "I had pretty much cleaned the country of young bulls, cows and calves, but a whole lot of old ladinos and maverick bulls still ran up there. The ladinos were big steers that had gone wild after they'd been branded and cut. They were wise to the ways of mankind, plenty bronco and plenty fat."

"I had seen a big steer near the top of the mountain several times. He was branded with your grandfather's 7X, so he had to be at least 12 years old. He was tall as a saddle horse, looked like he weighed about 1,500 pounds, and could run like a deer. Every time I saw him, he had the advantage on me and was able to get away over to the other side of the Tumacacoris."

"One day I made it up to the spine of the mountains about the middle of the afternoon," he said. "I surprised the big steer and started him down."

"He was too smart to try to outrun me, and I was too smart to let him lead me down into a canyon or a draw, then rim out on me. We played around awhile, until I caught a lucky break and he tried to rim out when I had the advantage. His climb to a ridge where he could get away was steeper than mine, and I beat him to the top, roped him and tied him to a tree."

"I didn't want to try to lead him down to headquarters as late as it was and as big as he was, so I tied him so the base of his horns would get sore overnight and I could lead him down the next day."

"I still had enough time to get home before full dark, but as I turned my horse off the mountain, I saw that I'd lost a spur."

"I was awful high on these spurs," Paul admitted. "I didn't even really mind dragging them across the corral, or across a porch, or patio, because when they were in the stirrup, no other spurs could match them for balance, music and gentleness to a horse. A horse soon learned to start when the music started in one or both of my spurs."

"I didn't intend to go home without that spur," Paul recalled. "I backtracked all the way to the place I first sighted the steer and then tracked back to the steer again, but didn't find it."

"By then it was too dark to make it down the trail to home. I didn't

want to spend the night beside the darned old ladino, so me and my horse felt our way down the other side of the mountain to the camp of that man who now sits on the other side of this table grinning at me — Lonnie Hunt.

"I hollered hello when I rode into his yard, and it was so dark I couldn't find the ground when I stepped off my horse. Lonnie came out and helped me unsaddle and put my horse away. I cussed and complained about losing that spur every step I took as we walked up to his camp in the dark."

"I kept it up while he made me supper. I knew I was being a big crybaby, but I just couldn't stand the loss of that spur, nor could I stop yow-yowing about it."

"Lonnie didn't say a word through the whole harangue. Finally, I shut up, came up for air and said, 'What can a man do with just one spur?'"

"Lonnie got up from the table, walked over to his locker box, took out a spur, and dropped it in my lap."

"There, now you have two," he said matter-of-factly.

"That's the right spur of this pair you're looking at," Paul said. "Way out where the sun had set between me and Lonnie and town, I found a darned near perfect mate for my spur the night after the same day I lost it out on the trail. That kind of good fortune wouldn't happen again in a million years."

**What are the odds** that I would have those spurs in my truck when I encountered the only two men in the world who knew their history, at a place that I visited just every six months from 400 miles away? Paul had

not been to Nogales for 20 years, and would never visit there again. What are the odds that I would find those spurs in the bottom of my grandmother's cedar chest and bring them back to the light of day?

**I didn't think to ask Paul and Lonnie** to give me the name of the maker. We broke up late that night and went our separate ways, so I lost that chance to learn the origin of the spurs from them.

Then, one day, a woman who was a complete "dude," who didn't know a stirrup from an elevator, but did know how to identify Western artifacts, showed me the trademark on my spurs. Faintly stamped beside the button of each spur was: "K. B. & P."

She told me that those letters meant Kelly Brothers and Partners. I won't venture to say it's true, or what the value of my spurs might be to a collector. I do know that the spurs are a lot older than I am, and that I know their value to me. I got them from my pioneer grandmother and a pair of lucky cowboys who would never have lived as long as they did if they had not been lucky. I'm at least that lucky, and that kind of luck can't be sold. As for me, I'm 80 now, and feeling very fortunate myself. And I still can't get over the music my spurs make on both sides of a horse. ■



# ARE THEY NUTS?

**As if planting cotton fields and orange groves in Arizona weren't strange enough, the Walden family went even further out on the limb and planted pecan trees. Although a nut farm is the last thing you'd expect to see in the desert, the Waldens boast the largest vertically integrated facility in the U.S. and the largest irrigated pecan orchard in the world.**

By NIKKI BUCHANAN

Photographs by RICHARD MAACK

Dick Walden and his wife, Nan Stockholm Walden, are president and vice president, respectively, of The Green Valley Pecan Co.



Every elementary school student in Arizona learns the five C's of the state's economy — copper, cattle, citrus, cotton and climate — but ask them about the local pecan industry and they might look at you as if you're nuts. Ditto for their parents. Most of us associate shady pecan trees with southern states such as Georgia and Texas, and while those praline-loving places surpass Arizona in overall production, they don't have one thing we do: The Green Valley Pecan Co., which boasts the largest vertically integrated facility in the U.S. — meaning it does everything from growing pecans to shipping them — and tends the largest irrigated pecan orchard in the world.

Located 15 miles south of Tucson in the once sleepy but rapidly growing farm community of Sahuarita, The Green Valley Pecan Co., a division of Farmers Investment Co. (FICO), might sound like a multinational conglomerate, but it is and always has been a family owned and operated business.

Its founder, R. Keith Walden, grew up in California, where he had begun farming with his father and brother at an early age. But as land prices rose there in the 1940s, Walden took the advice of Arizona businessman Kemper Marley and moved to Arizona, buying the 10,000-acre Continental Farm, nestled in the Santa Cruz Valley.

Even then, the farm boasted a rich history of ownership. The Intercontinental Rubber Co., founded by legendary financiers J.P. Morgan, Joseph Kennedy and Bernard Baruch, had bought the land and established Continental at the outset of World War I, growing guayule, a latex-producing plant used to make rubber. There was fear at the time that the German navy would cut off shipping lanes, blocking rubber imports from the Far East. When the war ended, the guayule project was abandoned, and the Continental Farm was eventually sold to Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who rented it to cotton farmers for 25 years. During World War II, German POWs interned in a nearby camp worked in Continental's fields. In 1948, the farm went on the market again.

Walden bought the land in 1949, continuing to grow cotton on it but also planting alfalfa, corn for silage, wheat and barley. In the early days, Walden also raised 9,000 head of sheep and 20,000 head of cattle, closing the feedlot in 1976 when its operations became incompatible with a rapidly growing roster of residents in Green Valley. At the same time, Walden continued to buy

Pecans are harvested annually by machine between December and February.





**T**O THE UNINFORMED, IT MIGHT SEEM THAT PECAN FARMING IS AS EASY AS ... WELL, PIE. BUT THE PROCESS IS A BIT MORE INVOLVED THAN JUST WATCHING TREES GROW.

**LEFT:** The orchards are pruned, fed and irrigated every two weeks.  
**BELOW:** After chilling in cold storage, the pecans go through a variety of cracking and sorting processes before final packaging.

nearby, where they're immediately stored at 24 degrees. After chilling out in cold storage, the nuts go through a series of baths to raise their moisture content, making it easier to separate the meat from the shell. Then they're sent to an automated cracking machine, an automated shelling machine, a gravity table (which further separates pecan pieces from shells), a dryer and then various electronic sorters and belt machines, which separate the pieces by size, color and quality.

The final step requires the eagle eyes and quick hands of human sorters, who remove any pieces with sprouts or other flaws. After that, the pecans are bagged in various sizes (1- and 2-pound cello bags for grocery stores and 30-pound boxes for bakeries, candy companies, ice cream manufacturers and a gigantic European market that's interested almost exclusively in the organic line). The 30-pound boxes carry the name Green Valley Pecan Co., but Green Valley pecans are also sold at Bashas' and AJ's Fine Foods, as well as at Costco, under the Kirkland brand.

The plant operates 24 hours a day, five days a week, shutting down for cleaning every weekend and for repairs two weeks out of the year. The rest of the time, it hums with three and four generations of modern equipment and two to three generations of employees, turning out a dozen 2-pound bags of pecans per minute and processing more than 20 million pounds of in-shell pecans per year.

To the side and front of the processing plant stands a cute little pecan store, filled with Arizona-made jams, jellies, honeys, hot sauces and the like, as well as every imaginable permutation of the pecan. Besides natural pecan halves and pieces, there are chocolate-covered pecans, turtles, pecan pralines, cinnamon pecans, hot and spicy pecans, pecan brittle and even pecan meal, which is quite popular in Europe and makes a yummy addition to pancake, waffle or cookie batter. Pecan gift baskets are available in-store and online at [www.thepecanstore.com](http://www.thepecanstore.com).

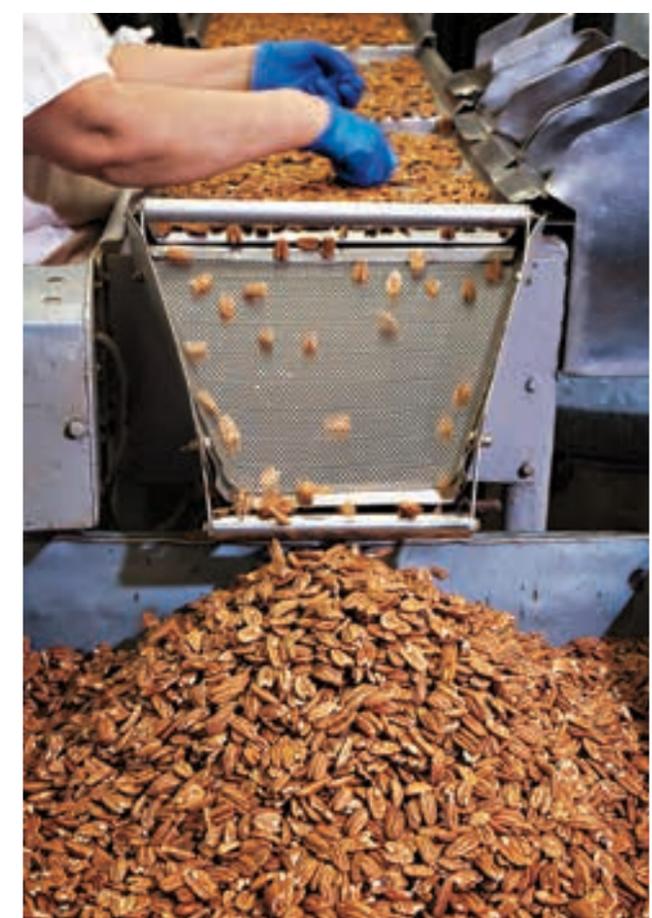
Deborah Walden-Ralls, Dick's daughter and the company's director of marketing, points out that it's the imaginative little extras (such as Green Valley Pecan Co.'s pecan festival in November) that keep the business viable. Nan agrees, adding that every successful family farm in Arizona has learned to adapt in order to survive.

Nan is also quick to point out that the modern farmer is a far cry from the stereotypical hayseed in overalls. Today's farmer must find new markets and become something of a PR wizard, all the while remaining a botanist, biologist, accountant, engineer and steward of the land.

Agriculture has gone global, and nuts are an important export crop in many far-flung countries. As a result of their nutty business, the Waldens have traveled the world, attending meetings in Istanbul, Beijing and Buenos Aires, sitting on various national and global food councils and routinely visiting annual food shows that alternate between Paris and Cologne.

Sounds pretty glamorous, doesn't it? But Dick happily admits that when he was a boy, his makeshift schoolhouse boasted three rooms and an outhouse, the school bus was a pickup truck with rows of benches in the back, and driving to Nogales meant bumping along a narrow, two-lane dirt road.

The world has changed, farming has changed and, yes, Dick Walden has surely changed, too. But for the hardworking, entrepreneurial Waldens, two principles are timeless: family and working hard at being the best. And there's nothing nutty about that. ■



more land around the state, including the Sahuarita Farm, which lies adjacent to Continental.

Walden's son, Dick, who became the company's president and CEO in 1983, recalls how FICO got out of cotton and into pecans. "Dad was concerned that companies like Dupont and Union Carbide were heavily invested in developing synthetic fibers that might replace much of the market for cotton," he says. "So Dad began to experiment methodically with different crops."

Walden planted stone fruits, all of the tree nuts and a dozen varieties of grapes. Grapes and pecans thrived equally well, but Walden settled on pecans because they have a longer harvest window and can be harvested by machine.

Keith Walden started planting pecan trees in 1965 (Dick swears people thought his dad was cracked), choosing two varieties — the Wichita and Western Schley — for their larger size, thinner shells and abundance of meat.

Pecan trees, which are native to North America, don't produce for the first five years; but unlike citrus trees, which have a production lifespan of 35 years at most, pecan trees (particularly managed ones) can bear quality pecans for centuries. FICO's first trees started producing pecans in 1970; they're still quite young in the scheme of things.

To the uninformed, it might appear that pecan farming is as easy as ... well, pie. But the process is a bit more involved than just watching trees grow. FICO manages 5,900 acres of orchard and approximately 106,000 trees, which must be pruned, fed and irrigated every two weeks and kept pest-free.

Although Arizona's dry soil and abundant sunshine keep fungus at bay, a minimal amount of fungicides and pesticides is used on the farm's conventional crops. Nevertheless, Dick — who is as progressive a farmer as his dad was — uses biological controls as much as possible, maintaining that it's better for the trees and the land. "You get super-insects by using pesticides," he asserts. "We let nature balance itself out rather than trying to manipulate nature."

Dick's wife, Nan, the company's vice president and general counsel — she holds an undergraduate degree in environmental studies and a law degree from Stanford — explains their practices this way: "Agriculture is the art of observation. We are super-observers."

The Waldens have long been major players in the organic movement, beginning the stringent, three-year process of converting a portion of their conventional orchards to certified organic orchards in 2000. As of 2011, their organic orchards (certified by Oregon Tilth) span 1,200 acres.

Additionally, Dick and crew work hand in hand with state universities, doing field research on nut varieties, soil and water use — clearly, a job for brainiacs who don't mind getting their hands dirty.

But if all this sounds scientific and methodical, consider harvest time — a frantically paced seven weeks falling between December and February. Ideally, temperatures are cool, and the orchard floors are dry, not muddy from winter rains.

When the conditions are right, the pecans are mechanically shaken from the trees, machine-swept into windrows, picked up by a harvester, then trucked to FICO's 120,000-square-foot processing plant

# HOME BREW

When the Arizona Brewing Co. began bottling beer in 1933, it seemed unlikely that a local shop could outsell the big boys such as Budweiser, Pabst and Schlitz. But with the introduction of A-1, its flagship brand, that's exactly what happened — A-1 dominated the market until the 1950s. Although the brewery eventually dried up, the brand is being resurrected in Tucson, and the A-1 faithful couldn't be happier.

By Kathy Montgomery  
Photography by Robert Markow



In its heyday, the A-1 beer company's production line (above, circa 1954) strove to make the best brew in Arizona. Now, after years of inactivity, A-1 is back with a new recipe and new marketing.

In the 1940s and '50s, Budweiser aspired to become the king of beers in Arizona, but A-1 was No. 1.

Dubbed "Arizona Bud," A-1's advertising touted the beer as "The Western Way to Say Welcome" and incorporated some of artist Lon Megargee's

most iconic artwork. A-1 signs proliferated along bar fronts throughout the state. There were A-1 teams. A-1 jingles flooded the airwaves.

A-1 hasn't been brewed in decades and memory of the brand has faded, but among the faithful, its spirit never died. An A-1 sign still hangs in front of The Palace Bar in Prescott. And A-1 memorabilia has become highly collectable, with 80 members comprising one of the most vibrant chapters of the Brewery Collectibles Club of America.

Now, A-1 beer is back. And in an era when even a brand as American as Budweiser is owned by a foreign company, A-1 is still Arizona through and through, thanks to a Southern Arizona businessman and Tucson's Nimbus Brewing Co.

Founded in 1933, the Arizona Brewing Co. opened shortly after the repeal of Prohi-

bition. Located at 12th Street and Madison in Phoenix, the young brewery struggled at first, changing ownership three times in less than 10 years.

It wasn't until Joseph F. Lanser bought the brewery out of bankruptcy in 1942 that the company's fortunes changed. A big part of the brewery's success was the introduction of a new flagship brand: A-1.

Riding a wave of growth following the end of World War II, Arizona Brewing Co. beer sales grew faster than any brewery in the country, thanks largely to A-1, which dominated sales in Arizona into the 1950s.

Jobs at the company were hard to get, says Ed Sipos, who researched the brewery as part of an upcoming book on the history of brewing in Arizona. Employees didn't want to leave. They called themselves the A-1 family and held annual picnics until just a few years ago.

But the brewery began to struggle during a wave of consolidation in the 1950s that created brewing behemoths like Anheuser-Busch, Pabst and Schlitz.

A-1 struggled, in particular, against aggressive pricing by Coors. Then, in 1957, Anheuser-Busch filed a lawsuit alleging the eagle on the A-1 logo was too similar to its own.

"They were just trying to put A-1 out of

business," says Nimbus owner Jim Counts. "That lawsuit nearly took them down."

Arizona Brewing Co. changed the beer's name to Lancer's, created a new logo and tinkered with the recipe. And that began a long slide.

Quality slipped following Lanser's death in 1963. Cost-cutting and a series of corporate buyouts finished off the brand for good.

The G. Heileman Brewing Co. of Lacrosse, Wisconsin, which bought the brewery in 1979, closed it in 1985. The building was torn down in 1993.

There were a couple of attempts to revive A-1. Carling Brewing Co., which bought the brewery from the Lanser family, tried in the 1970s. But the quality wasn't the same.

In the 1990s, Eli Drakulich approached Heileman about producing A-1 for Beverage House, his Southern Arizona liquor store chain. "I thought, *this is a piece of Arizona history and I want to save it*," Drakulich says.

Heileman produced one batch of A-1 for Beverage House. Drakulich was in the process of trying to buy the rights to the A-1 brand when Stroh Brewery Co. bought Heileman. Stroh eventually did sell the rights to Drakulich and business partner Kirby Davis.

"That started a long road of disappointment," Drakulich says. "Because I was in

retail, I couldn't do anything with the trademark. So I sat on it."

In May 2009, Drakulich sold his last retail store, which left him free to pursue his plans. Drakulich wanted a premium beer that would reflect the brand's former glory, so he approached Nimbus about producing a handcrafted microbrew.

Family members of former A-1 employees offered recipes, but "what we made of them didn't taste very good," Counts says.

Instead, Nimbus brewmaster Lijah Forger started from scratch to produce a high-quality pilsner that would reflect the spirit of A-1. The new brew rolled out last August. Among the first to get it were The Palace Bar and Megargee's former guest ranch, the Hermosa Inn.

Drakulich believes he will succeed where others failed. "It's now a high-quality pilsner, which is what A-1 was," he says. "When it tried to come back [before], it was trying to go head to head with the big breweries. We're bringing it back as a craft brew. We don't need a big market share."

Besides, profit was never his motivation, Drakulich says. "I'm happy that Arizona's got its beer and its history back. If I don't make a penny on this, I'm satisfied. I accomplished my goal." ■



# OFF THE ROAD

Although Kerouac was preoccupied with being on the road, off-roading is what's hip today. Off-highway driving, which generates \$4 billion annually for the state's economy, is one of the fastest-growing leisure activities in Arizona. That's good news for the bottom line, but the increasing traffic is putting extreme pressure on public lands.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERRICK JAMES

*"Only those who will risk going too far can possibly find out how far one can go." —T.S. ELIOT*



*“It’s the way you ride the trail that counts.”* — DALE EVANS

appropriate areas,” says Robert Baldwin, recreational trails grants coordinator for Arizona State Parks, which distributes funding for land management to the Forest Service and Bureau of Land Management. “[The trails are] not designed to avoid low spots. So you get down in the forest and, on a dry day, there’s a nice trail there, but all of a sudden it collects water. People try to go through there and they go around it. So your 50-inch trail becomes 20 feet wide. That route should not have been put there in the first place.”

In her experience as a former guide, Barlow has seen how seemingly insignificant damage plays out over time. “This is unnecessary,” she says, braking her Jeep just past Submarine Rock and pointing to the roadside. “Obviously, there’s a nice, established pullout right here. And then for whatever reason, there are tracks up that bank, right across the shrubs, right across the cryptobiotic soil.”

Cryptobiotic soils, which are alive with cyanobacteria, lichens and mosses, are ecologically important in arid environments.

“In the desert, it takes about 200 years to grow nice and thick like that,” Barlow says. “[The cryptobiotic soil] holds the moisture in. It holds nutrients in. It keeps the topsoil from washing away. But you step on that or drive a bike across it, or a Jeep, and it crushes it.

“Now that becomes an erosion path. So that bank will very rapidly erode with just that one track there.”

Most people want to do the right thing, Barlow says. They just don’t know what that is.

Blame advertising, Barlow says.

“[Off-road vehicle] marketing is horrendous,” she says. “I shudder every time those commercials come on. So we try to tell our students, ‘Number one: Don’t drive like you see in the four-wheel-drive commercials. Number two: Around here especially, you can’t go too slow.’ The Jeep just walks through, and if you’re bouncing and throwing rocks and spinning tires, you’re not only being hard on your vehicle and your passengers, but on the terrain. No one comes out here to hear revving motors and spinning tires.”

Off-roading is probably as old as the car, but recreational four-wheeling likely dates to the 1940s, when returning World War II veterans started taking their Jeeps into the woods. Still, as late as 1960, when the first national recreation survey was taken, off-highway driving wasn’t even on the radar.

The latest national survey, published in 2005, found that nearly a quarter of Americans 16 and older had participated in some form of off-highway driving during the previous year. In the West, the rate was 27 percent. Sales of OHVs have skyrocketed. In Arizona, off-highway motorcycle and ATV

sales grew 623 percent from 1995 to 2006.

In the 1970s, the federal government started taking notice. Presidents Nixon and Carter signed executive orders requiring federal agencies to identify areas on public lands where vehicles were permitted to drive off the paved roads. At the time, many offices simply identified areas where use would be prohibited and classified the remaining lands as open.

In Arizona, most four-wheeling takes place on the more than 22 million acres of Forest Service and BLM land. The National Park Service limits access. The 9.3 million acres of State Trust land also see a lot of off-highway traffic.

Both the BLM and Forest Service are in the process of

**PRECEDING PANEL:** Off-highway driving is on the increase, but there’s pressure to be gentler to the land, including places such as Chicken Point on the Broken Arrow Trail.

**OPPOSITE PAGE:** A Jeep motors slowly along a trail near Sedona.

**BELOW:** Descending “the stairs” requires care on Broken Arrow.



**“W**atch this guy spinning his tires,” says Nena Barlow, pointing to a Jeep Rubicon in front of us. Barlow has driven me out to Sedona’s popular Broken Arrow Trail to demonstrate the basics of environmentally responsible off-highway driving. The driver attempting to climb a rock ledge inspires our first lesson.

“When we do Jeep school, one of the things we try to teach is reading the terrain and applying the right amount of movement,” Barlow says. “For most people, it’s like, ‘When in doubt, gas it.’ That’s generally not the right response.”

After a moment, the Jeep gains traction and eases slowly up and across the ledge. Barlow decides the driver is doing a fairly good job.

“We teach people the one-second rule,” she explains. “If you sit in one place spinning tires for more than a full second, you need to do something different.”

A former Jeep tour guide, Barlow now operates Sedona Jeep School and owns Barlow Jeep Rentals. She has a unique perspective on one of the most significant trends in recreation. Off-highway driving is one of the fastest-growing leisure activities in the country, particularly in the West. In a 2009 survey, nearly 2 million Arizonans said they went four-wheeling in the past year. That’s a boon to the state’s economy, to the tune of \$4 billion a year. But the increasing traffic has also put pressure on public lands.

To protect fragile resources, the federal government is

in the process of issuing new rules for driving an off-highway vehicle (OHV), which includes Jeeps, four-wheel-drive trucks, ATVs, etc. But keeping the land in good condition begins with drivers. That’s what Barlow tries to get across to the tourists who rent Jeeps and to the commercial clients who take classes. User-created trails present the biggest challenge for land managers.

“That’s really our problem,” says Brady Smith, public affairs officer for Coconino National Forest, about the need for the new rules. “A lot of roads out there were made by people who just go off the track ... we just can’t keep up with them.”

Driving off established roads can damage the soil, destroy native plants and create erosion. Studies of high-use OHV areas recorded vegetation loss at more than 90 percent. Efforts to restore it aren’t always successful.

Desert soils are particularly vulnerable. Even a single pass with a vehicle can destroy soil components, which take decades or centuries to recover.

Off-highway driving can also affect wildlife by destroying habitat, crushing burrows and damaging streams. Noise from motor vehicles can make animals flee their homes, become confused or suffer hearing loss.

Ranchers and property owners complain that OHV users trespass on private property, cut fences, and use windmills, signs and other property for target practice.

“A lot of it happens because trails are developed in inap-

Views along Broken Arrow Trail are spectacular, but drivers are urged not to deviate from existing, well-established paths.

**“The Jeep just walks through, and if you’re bouncing and throwing rocks and spinning tires, you’re not only being hard on your vehicle and your passengers, but on the terrain.”**



evaluating routes to determine their suitability for off-highway driving. Each of Arizona’s six national forests is developing its own guidelines to be published in the form of motor-vehicle-use maps. The guidelines will include which roads and trails are open to motorized vehicles, and any restrictions such as class of vehicle or season. To date, only Prescott National Forest has completed the process. More are expected this summer.

The BLM has designated about 10 percent of its estimated 31,000 miles of primitive roads and trails in Arizona for off-highway driving, and closed nearly a third of them in the process. The agency hopes to have all roads signed and designated, with printed access guides available, by 2015.

“You’re not going to see humongous open areas anymore,” says Bill Gibson, BLM’s trails and travel management coordinator in Arizona. “Environmentally, socially and politically, that’s not going to happen.”

Instead, he says, the goal is to concentrate use in certain areas so that the BLM can fulfill the need for motor-vehicle

recreation while protecting areas that need protection.

At the state level, Arizona legislators have tried to address the phenomenon. An OHV Recreation Fund was signed into law in 1989 and amended in 1991. The law mandates that 0.55 percent of annual state fuel tax revenues be used to finance the fund. Arizona State Parks administers 60 percent for trail development, enhancement and maintenance. Thirty-five percent goes to the Arizona Game and Fish Department for information, education and law enforcement. The Arizona State Land Department receives the remaining 5 percent for OHV-related activities on State Trust lands.

A 2007 law meant to address particulate pollution restricted OHV use in some areas on high-pollution advisory days. And in 2008, the Legislature passed a law requiring an OHV decal for most off-highway vehicles under 1,800 pounds that displays equipment requirements and guidelines for safe, ethical and responsible operation. The \$25 decal generates more than \$1 million a year. Seventy percent of decal revenues feed the OHV Recreation Fund. The remaining 30

percent goes to the Highway User Revenue Fund.

The OHV Recreation Fund has been subject to legislative sweeps, but the money has provided valuable services and education.

“I think it’s a very good idea,” says Rebecca Antle, president of the Arizona State Association of 4-WD Clubs. “The money does come back and benefit those who use the trails.”

Back at Broken Arrow Trail, Barlow observes that in the past few years, information about responsible off-highway driving has become much more readily available. Arizona State Parks maintains a comprehensive website, with a map of trails and contact information for managing agencies. Arizona Game and Fish, the Forest Service and the BLM also maintain OHV-related information on their websites.

“With all the information on the Internet, there’s not the excuse we had even 15 years ago about, ‘Oh, I didn’t know this was closed or those were the rules,’” Barlow says. “You don’t have to look very far.”

Ultimately, land managers can do only so much, particu-

larly when budgets are strained.

Organized OHV groups stand in the gap by offering training and volunteering for trail maintenance and trash pickup. This year, an OHV Ambassador pilot program run by Arizona State Parks that trains volunteers to provide a presence in high-use area is expanding statewide.

But the bottom line is personal. “Once people leave the pavement, they think it’s OK to drink ... it’s OK to let an 11-year-old kid drive,” Barlow says. “No. It’s still a public road. We all have to be more responsible. The lessons we learned the hard way, the next generation has to be taught right off the bat. I think we’re taking steps in the right direction, but we’ve got a long way to go.” ■

## OFF-ROADING RESOURCES

- The Arizona Department of Environmental Quality website includes a map of the areas affected by OHV restrictions on high-pollution advisory days. For information, visit [www.azdeq.gov/environ/air/prevent/index.html#ohv](http://www.azdeq.gov/environ/air/prevent/index.html#ohv).
- ADEQ offers free High Pollution Advisory text message alerts. Sign up for this service at [www.azdeq.gov/subscribe.html](http://www.azdeq.gov/subscribe.html).
- Arizona Game and Fish Department offers an online OHV education course. For information, visit [www.azgfd.gov/outdoor\\_recreation/off\\_highway.shtml](http://www.azgfd.gov/outdoor_recreation/off_highway.shtml).
- Arizona State Land Department controls State Trust land, which is not public. A permit is required to camp, hike or travel on State Trust property, though users with an OHV decal are permitted to use existing roads and trails. For information, visit [www.land.state.az.us/programs/natural/recreation\\_permit.htm](http://www.land.state.az.us/programs/natural/recreation_permit.htm).
- Arizona State Parks has extensive information on its website for off-highway enthusiasts. For information, visit [www.azparks.gov/ohv](http://www.azparks.gov/ohv).
- For information on Arizona State Parks’ OHV Ambassador program, visit [www.azparks.gov/ohv/ambassadors](http://www.azparks.gov/ohv/ambassadors).
- Find OHV-related information for land managed by the Bureau of Land Management at [www.blm.gov/az/st/en/prog/recreation/ohv](http://www.blm.gov/az/st/en/prog/recreation/ohv).
- Tread Lightly! is a national nonprofit agency that offers guidebooks, an online awareness course, educational materials and material for children. For information, visit [www.treadlightly.org](http://www.treadlightly.org).
- Find published Forest Service motor-vehicle-use maps at [www.fs.fed.us/recreation/programs/ohv/ohv\\_maps](http://www.fs.fed.us/recreation/programs/ohv/ohv_maps).



## ALAMO DAM ROAD On a list of unlikely places to see water and wildflowers, this drive might be at the top.

BY ROGER NAYLOR  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
LARRY LINDAHL

It seems like a joke — as if someone's pulling your leg — as you drive deeper into the sparse, sun-slapped hills. Despite the road signs asserting that this is the way to Alamo Lake State Park, you begin to wonder whether this country could actually shelter a body of water — certainly not one big enough to lure bald eagles and be regarded as one of the state's premier bass-fishing spots. But because it's a haunting, mesmerizing drive, you're willing to play along, even if it is a gag.

Alamo Dam Road launches from Wenden, a wisp of a town strung along U.S. Route 60 between Salome and Wickenburg. At first you'll pass a few modest residences, then fields of lush crops. Yet as soon as those rows of leafy greens are in the rearview, the desert — held briefly at bay by irrigation apparatuses — closes in around you.

The road climbs through Cunningham Pass, as the rocky hills of the Harcuvar range shoulder in close to the pavement. Beyond the pass, you drop into a broad valley, and views extend across the hardscrabble panorama, serving as a reminder that no lake lurks nearby. Saguaro dot the slopes among scrubby paloverde trees and creosote bushes. Sunlight splinters among the teddy bear chollas, fuzzy with tight clustered spines.

Wildflowers suddenly burst across the landscape. Brittlebushes, California poppies and desert marigolds predominate, but there's also owl clover, desert chicory, scorpionweed and

Arizona caltrop mixed in. The wetter the winter, the more dramatic the display. The peak season is March and April.

Finally, the road rises off the basin floor at a gentle tilt and curves for the first time in many miles. More curves and dips follow as you glide through soft, rolling hills. Then, as you top a ridge, two things happen simultaneously. You spot a sign for the Wayside Inn and, beyond that, in the distance, a shimmering finger of water curled along the base of stark mountains.

Wayside Inn is a combination bar/restaurant/store/pool hall that sits 3 miles down a dirt road. It's a great place to snag a juicy burger on your return. But first, let yourself succumb to the siren song of improbable water. As you travel the last couple of miles to the park entrance, Alamo Lake comes into focus.

Fed by two intermittent rivers, the Big Sandy and Santa Maria, Alamo Lake was formed to provide flood control of the Bill Williams River that flows into Lake Havasu downstream. An earthen dam was completed in 1968. Alamo is a lanky piece of water sprawled at the feet of the Rawhide and Artillery mountains. Don't be surprised to see the lake dotted with boats — anglers vie for large-mouth bass, channel catfish, black crappie and bluegill, and fishing tournaments are common in spring.

The journey ends at the dam, where an overlook offers wide vistas. Seeing the lake from this perspective, nestled against the mountains with cactuses lining the shores and the picturesque desert scene reflected on the surface, it's almost impossible to imagine it existing anywhere else in Arizona.

No joke.



**RIGHT AND FAR RIGHT:** If winter rains cooperated, springtime drivers to Alamo Lake will see owl clover and Mexican gold-poppies, in addition to other wildflowers.



**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, visit [www.arizonahighways.com/books](http://www.arizonahighways.com/books).



KEVIN KIBSEY

## tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

**LENGTH:** 38 miles one way (paved)

**DIRECTIONS:** From Wickenburg, drive west on U.S. Route 60 for 48 miles to Wenden and turn right onto Alamo Dam Road (also called Second Street).

**VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** None

**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:** Alamo Lake State Park, 928-669-2088 or [www.azparks.gov/parks/alla](http://www.azparks.gov/parks/alla)

**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. ■



## CHILLICUT TRAIL The Superstitions get most of the attention when it comes to wildflowers, but there are other options, including the east side of Four Peaks.

BY ROBERT STIEVE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK BEREZENKO

Most people in metropolitan Phoenix can point out the Four Peaks — it's the most prominent landmark looking east, and collectively, the peaks mark the highest point in the Mazatzal Range. Few people, however, have any idea what the individual peaks are named. And there's a reason for that: Three of the four summits *aren't* named. Brown's Peak, which is the highest (7,657 feet) and northernmost summit, is the only one with a name of its own. Fortunately, that won't affect your ability to enjoy this hike. The only thing that'll get between you and a perfect ending is the elevation gain of more than 3,700 feet.

The journey begins along Rock Creek on the east side of Four Peaks. For the first few minutes, the trail is ill-defined as you work your way across the creek and up a short, rocky slope. Cairns are in place to help you along, and before you know it, you'll be on an old jeep road, marked as the Baldy Trail on USGS maps.

The Chillicut Trail follows the road for about 30 minutes, and it's all uphill. Where the jeep

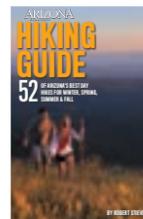
road ends, the trail veers left and cuts across one of the many small canyons you'll encounter before reaching Baldy Canyon, the main gorge on this trail. Although strenuous hikes require a certain determination and a plodding-on mentality, do yourself a favor and turn around from time to time. When you do, you'll get some great views of the Mogollon Rim to the north and Roosevelt Lake to the east.

Moving on, about an hour into the hike, you'll encounter a few creek-crossings and some ups and downs. The water, if there is any, won't be an issue, and the inclines and declines vary in length — kind of like having your StairMaster set on "random." The trail continues this way for about an hour, at which point you'll come to a set of very steep switchbacks that lead into Baldy Canyon. There's a creek in the canyon, and on the other side you'll see a sign announcing the Four Peaks Wilderness Area. This kicks off the best part of the trail.

In addition to the stream, the canyon features cottonwoods, willows, sycamores and the kind of lush vegetation that's typical of a riparian area, which provides habitat for the resident wildlife. Among the usual suspects are deer, skunks, javelinas, mountain lions and coyotes.

Heading upward, the trail bridges the creek several more times, the canyon narrows, the underbrush gets thicker and the trail gets a little harder to follow. It also gets steeper, and more than once you'll equate the trail to the Energizer Bunny: *It just keeps going and going and going.* Eventually, though, you'll pass Chillicut Spring and arrive at an intersection with the Four Peaks Trail, which also marks the summit of Buckhorn Mountain.

If, by this time, your legs and lungs haven't already convinced you that you've made a long haul, the surrounding pine trees will. Their presence is what makes this hike unique. In a matter of miles, the Chillicut Trail goes from saguaros to ponderosas. It's a little mind-boggling, and it's a lot of work. Fortunately, it's all downhill from there. And better yet, for peak-baggers anyway, the summit has a name — something to write in a journal. That's not the case with three of the Four Peaks.



**ADDITIONAL READING:** For more hikes, pick up a copy of our newest book, *Arizona Highways Hiking Guide*. The book (\$24.95) features 52 of the state's best trails — one for each weekend of the year, sorted by seasons. To order a copy, visit [www.arizonahighways.com/books](http://www.arizonahighways.com/books).



**BELOW AND RIGHT:** Winter hikers on the strenuous Chillicut Trail may be treated to a cover of snow or a fiery-looking sunrise storm over Brown's Peak.



### trail guide

**LENGTH:** 11 miles round-trip

**DIFFICULTY:** Strenuous

**ELEVATION:** 2,852 to 6,582 feet

**DIRECTIONS:** From Claypool (near Globe), drive north on State Route 188 for 36 miles to Forest Road 445 (Three Bar Road). Turn left onto FR 445 and drive 3 miles to Forest Road 445A. Turn left onto FR 445A and continue a quarter-mile to the trailhead.

**VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** High-clearance recommended

**DOGS ALLOWED:** Yes (on a leash)

**USGS MAP:** Four Peaks

**INFORMATION:** Tonto Basin Ranger District, 928-467-3200 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto)

**LEAVE-NO-TRACE PRINCIPLES:**

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

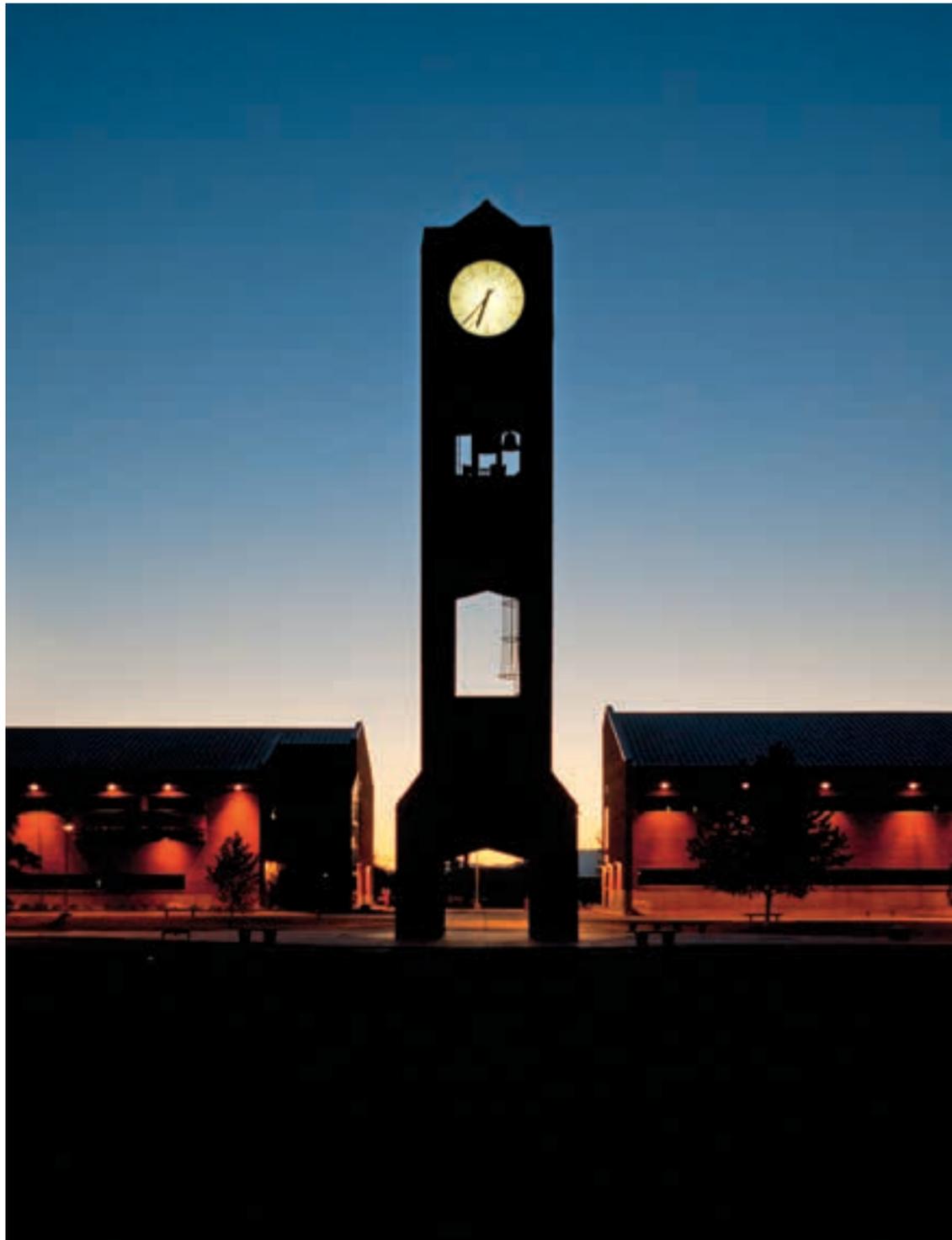
where  
is this?

## Like Clockwork

BY KELLY KRAMER  
PHOTOGRAPH  
BY JEFF KIDA

Since 2003, the clock atop this 76-foot tower has ticked away the minutes for students who while away the hours in classrooms, labs and lecture halls.

Named for a famed alumnus, the tower is decorated in bronze reliefs that commemorate the community's four "pillars": veterans; pioneers; families; and faculty, alumni, benefactors and taxpayers.



January 2011 Answer: Jerome. Congratulations to our winner, Mary Hamilton of Walnut Creek, California.

**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 (write "Where Is This?" on the envelope). 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 March 15, 2011. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our May issue and online at [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com) beginning April 15.



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