

*Holiday Portfolio*

LANDSCAPES THAT MAKE OUR STATE SPECIAL

arizonahighways.com DECEMBER 2004

# ARIZONA HIGHWAYS



4

## HOLIDAY SECTION

### Distinctly Arizona: The Places That Define Us

A diversity of magnificent landscape scenery—canyons, mountains, forests, saguaros and more—stands out as unforgettable symbols of our many geographic personalities. *Arizona Highways* brings you this portfolio of iconic photography as our annual holiday greeting.

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## FOCUS ON NATURE

### A Gathering of Ladybugs

During cold months, the tiny red beetles huddle up in the high mountains to await spring, the time to feast and reproduce.

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## TRAVEL

### Kolb Studio Celebrates 100 Years

The cliffside structure erected at the Grand Canyon's South Rim by photographers Ellsworth and Emery Kolb remains a monument to the brothers' notable images and adventurous character.

[THIS PAGE] Feathery clouds and a fiery sky at sunrise highlight the silhouettes of ponderosa pine trees on the slopes of Sunset Crater near Flagstaff. LAURENCE PARENT

[FRONT COVER] Winter bestows a snowy grace upon one of the West's most recognizable scenes as Oak Creek flows past Sedona's Cathedral Rock at Red Rock Crossing. BOB AND SUZANNE CLEMENZ

[BACK COVER] Roiling clouds at sunset frame saguaro cacti along Finger Rock Trail in the Santa Catalina Mountains north of Tucson. GURINDER P. SINGH

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On a chilly December's eve, about a year after the 1941 bombing of Pearl Harbor, a train station in Ash Fork became a testing ground between hatred and understanding.



## { more stories online }

at arizonahighways.com



### GENE PERRET'S WIT STOP

Sharing a tube of toothpaste is not as easy as border-sharing between states and countries.

### ONLINE EXTRA

#### Settling the Town of Snowflake

In 1878, a tired and hungry group of Mormons found a new home and relief from hardships when they established this place in east-central Arizona.

### WEEKEND GETAWAY

#### Glendale Glitters

At Christmastime, the spectacular lights of downtown Glendale make one of Arizona's largest holiday displays.

### EXPERIENCE ARIZONA

A listing of major events in the state is available online.

## { arizona highways on television }

Watch for the weekly half-hour television show inspired by *Arizona Highways* magazine. Independently produced, the show airs at 6:30 P.M. Saturdays in Phoenix (Channel 12) and Flagstaff (Channel 2) and at 4:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays in Tucson (Channel 9). A Spanish version airs at 5 P.M. Saturdays in Phoenix (Channel 33).

Popular TV news anchor Robin Sewell hosts the show.

### Photographic Prints Available

Each month, prints of some photographs from *Arizona Highways* will be offered for sale. The selected photos will be noted in the picture captions and will be available in two formats:

**Poster Prints:** On heavy premium paper stock, these 22 by 28-inch posters feature the magazine's logo in the border. Suitable for framing. \$29.95.

**Special Edition Prints:** Premium images printed on photographic paper come matted, ready to frame. About 11 by 14 inches, matted to 16 by 20. \$79.95. Prints and a variety of framing options are available online at [www.magazineprints.com](http://www.magazineprints.com). Or call toll-free (866) 962-1191.

**Renewed Friendship**

As a young girl in Fort Smith, Arkansas, I had a subscription to *Arizona Highways*. I loved the magazine then and fondly remember my hours of studying it and dreaming of your beautiful state. I lost track of the magazine over the years.

I went to my doctor's office this morning, and in the waiting room there were several copies of *Arizona Highways*. I was thrilled to see them. The photography was as beautiful as I remember. I have subscribed once again and can't wait to start my tradition of daydreaming all over again.

Amy W. Baker, Collinsville, OK

**Customs Search**

This should warm the cockles of the poor old editor's heart tremendously: The customs officer in Munich, Germany, was so impressed with the pictures contained in my cousin's Christmas present (the bound volume of the year's *Arizona Highways*) that he had to look at all 12 magazines before he let her take it home.

She was still giggling about that when she phoned to tell me how much she appreciates the magazine.

Beats me, though, why this present has to go through customs. I wonder if that government department lies in wait of something to brighten its weary day.

Christa-Maria Dinkelman, Fort Collins, CO

**Timeless Stories**

I read every article every month, and although I'm behind, it doesn't matter. Your material is timeless. Your stories are always fresh. There are other publications that need to be read currently, or they lose significance.

Dean Miller, Raymore, MO

**River Trip**

The article by Brad Dimock and photographer Kate Thompson ("Wooden Boats Plunge Ahead," July '04) gave great historical information and left a modern mystery at the same time. The mystery comes boldly forward in the photographs (close-ups of Dimock rowing through Hermit Rapids) on page 10. Where the heck was Thompson when she took the three embroiled action shots?

C. Kimball Rose, Scottsdale

*Thompson was on shore triggering a remote-control camera mounted on the bow. Thanks for asking.*

One of the things I always thought I would like to do in my lifetime is run the rapids of Grand Canyon. Brad Dimock's exciting story piqued my interest in that dream. I picked up Dimock's book *Sunk Without a Sound: The Tragic Colorado River Honeymoon of Glen and Bessie Hyde*. Wow—a great

mystery! I could feel the excitement and challenge of that trip through the diary left by Bessie and the experiences of Dimock on the river. I think I'll enjoy the Grand Canyon from the rims and save the float trip—maybe in an inner tube—for a less-intimidating river.

Jan Pettit, Cascade, CO

**Verde River**

Rose Houk captures well the beauty found along one of Arizona's last free-flowing rivers ("Verde River: A Treasured Emerald of the Desert," July '04). With water becoming an ever more precious commodity, this treasured jewel is under siege from every direction. To the credit of countless numbers of grassroots organizations working tirelessly for nearly 20 years, we still have this natural wonder to appreciate. With the cooperation of our leaders, perhaps your portfolio of the Verde River will not become tomorrow's "snapshot" of the past.

Marsha Foutz, Clarkdale

**Special Vacations**

In the past, we vacationed in one Northeastern state on the ocean for years. For a contrast, we decided to go to a state with no ocean, and we chose Arizona. Since then we haven't returned to the ocean. *Arizona Highways* still doesn't do the beauty and history justice, though you come close. We plan to have a second home there, but we are afraid we may not return to our primary home in New Jersey once we have it. We are satisfied with the magazine every month and look forward to every delivery.

Bill and Erika Herz, Pompton Lakes, NJ

**State to State**

I don't know when I first saw *Arizona Highways*. It was just always around when I was growing up in the '50s. Later, when I had established my own household, my parents did a "change of address" transferring the subscription to me. I've now enjoyed the magazine for close to 50 years in California, Texas, Ohio and now Carefree, Arizona. Now to find all those places in the state I have yet to visit!

Clyde Kilgore, Carefree

**Longing for the Desert**

I have subscribed to *Arizona Highways* for about eight years. I am originally from Austria. I have been all over the United States and Canada but, to me, Arizona is and always will be my favorite state. I cannot get enough of it. It is really God's country, almost as pretty as Austria. I even subscribe to your magazine for my friends in Austria. I wish I could live in Arizona.

Mitzi Skinner, Muncie, IN

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Riding with the 'Enemy' on a Cold Christmas Night

THERE WAS AN UNSEEN PASSENGER on our crowded Trailways bus as it pulled out of the Phoenix terminal that December day in 1942. His name was Hatred. It had been just one year since the Japanese surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, and anger against the enemy rumbled just below the surface of all our thoughts.

To all appearances, we were in a holiday mood. Our crowded busload of travelers shared lunches and life stories as we rolled slowly northward across the Arizona desert at a less than blazing speed of 35 mph, the mandated speed that was meant to save desperately needed rubber for the war effort. It also meant that the trip home to Flagstaff, my first since taking a teaching position in southeastern Arizona that fall, would be a long, slow one.

It was Christmastime, but it was also wartime. Every seat on that bus held someone who knew someone in a uniform. Those who had not already lost loved ones lived in dread of being next to receive a "we regret to inform you" telegram from Uncle Sam.

I remembered the first boy I ever danced with, now at rest with the sunken battleship *USS Arizona*. I remembered a friend, dear funny Harvey, dead on some forsaken South Pacific island. I remembered that I wouldn't be able to start a family for who knew how many years—if ever—with my soon-to-be husband. He was enlisted already. What if some Japanese sniper killed him?

Somehow, Sunday school admonitions to "love our enemies" didn't seem relevant. We were learning to hide fear with jokes, but jokes couldn't cure the hatred toward those who had caused this terrible disruption to our lives. So, though we laughed and sang as we rode through the sweet-smelling desert, we nursed an undercurrent of anxiety, anger and grief.

The pale daylight gave way to a winter sunset by the time our bus finally worked its way past Wickenburg and mastered the steep hill approaching Yarnell (no convenient freeway from Phoenix to Flagstaff existed in those days).

Finally arriving at the little mountain town of Prescott, we made room for a lively mariachi

band whose music added to the holiday spirit while we continued north to Ash Fork.

The last strains of "Noche de Paz" were just dying out when our bus braked into Ash Fork's old train station where the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway made a stop for passengers taking the Peavine line south to Prescott and eventually Phoenix. Big snowflakes drifted down onto the dirty platform. Pulling our coats around us against the cold, we crawled out. At last we could stretch our legs.

And then I saw her. She had turned her suitcase on its edge to provide herself a seat. There she sat, completely detached from her bleak surroundings, one gloved palm resting in the other, silken ankles crossed, smooth black hair daring the chill wind to disturb it. Dim lights outlined her beautiful, trim little body in its exquisitely fitted blue suit, matching shoes on her tiny feet.

She stared straight ahead, still as a picture in a magazine, dark eyes studying something far, far away to the west. Was she seeing a home she had left behind? There she sat. Totally lovely. Totally perfect. Totally self-contained.

And totally Japanese. The Enemy. Everything I hated.

Yet somehow this enemy didn't seem so evil. I knew she must be one of the Japanese who, in our nation's fear after Pearl Harbor, were being forcibly removed from their homes in California and brought inland for internment. This particular enemy was leaving everything she owned except the clothes she wore, her suitcase and its contents. There was no way for her to know if she would ever be allowed to go back home. Yet there she sat, stoically awaiting whatever was ahead. What would I have done in her place? My problems began to look smaller.

No, I couldn't hate her. Instead, all I could manage was grudging admiration for her courage and self-control under terribly frightening, difficult circumstances. I knew that Ash Fork was where some of the Japanese from California were put on the Peavine train to take them south to Arizona internment camps for the duration of the war. My little Enemy was on her way to prison.

An immaculately dressed Japanese man came and tapped her on the shoulder. She went with him to the southbound train. I crawled back on our bus, not so crowded now.

The Enemy went to an internment camp and I went to my Flagstaff wartime wedding. But as I went, I carried a little less hatred in my baggage. ■





A P O R T F O L I O

distinctly  
**ARIZONA**  
the places that define us

Since the end of World War II in 1945, more than 5 million people have settled in Arizona, many drawn to the state by its reputation for idyllic weather and its majestic and varied landscapes.

So dramatic is the scenery that many areas and images have become identified uniquely with Arizona: the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forest, the red rocks of Sedona, glorious sunrises and sunsets, saguaro cacti, the wonderland of rocks, the Superstition Mountains, Monument Valley. The list goes on and on.

Arizona truly is an inspiring land.

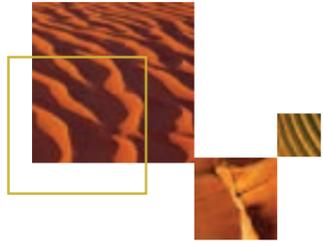
This year, in celebration of the state and as *Arizona Highways'* annual greeting card to the world, we present an expanded portfolio of these magnificent Arizona icons. We hope you enjoy it, and have a joyful and peaceful holiday season.

**First light at Saguaro National Park,  
Tucson Mountain District, near Tucson.  
MOREY K. MILBRADT**



Arizona's iconic saguaro cacti.  
GURINDER P. SINGH

A P O R T F O L I O



## {Saguaro Cactus

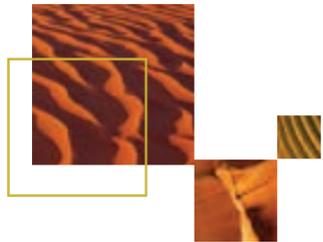
**T**he giant saguaro cactus, especially one standing gloriously in the foreground of an Arizona sunrise, symbolizes Arizona's southwestern lowlands more than any other image. The adult saguaro grows to more than 40 feet tall (record heights are more than 70 feet) and can weigh 2 tons or more. Mature saguaros live in excess of 150 years, perhaps as long as 200 years. Its anthropomorphic arms

make it the subject of myriad photographs and cartoons. So prominent is the saguaro image that readers who will never see the real thing recognize it immediately in magazines, newspapers and brochures. And the saguaro's blossom is the Arizona state flower.

The handsome cactus grows only in the Sonoran Desert, which stretches across southwestern Arizona, reaches slightly into California and flanks both sides of Mexico's Sea of Cortes.

**Springtime in the Tonto National Forest's Superstition Wilderness. DAVID MUENCH**





## { Grand Canyon

**W**hile the saguaro cactus serves as the symbol of Arizona, the Grand Canyon represents the state's majesty. One mile deep, 10 to 18 miles wide and 277 Colorado River miles long, this imposing chasm draws millions of tourists from around the world each year to stand and ogle at its scenic splendor. But only a tiny fraction of those experience the Canyon by trekking its rocky floor, reveling in refreshing waterfalls and streams, braving the frigid Colorado River, laboring with legs aching up its torturous trails, rubbing a hand along 2 billion-year-old slick rock, called schist, or feeling the searing heat of summer or the snowy cold of winter.

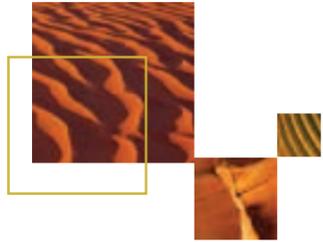
To experience the Canyon means to marvel at its enormity. Or to watch the sunlight play on the shale, sandstone, limestone and other rock formations, causing their colors to change almost minute by minute. Or to admire the redbud trees and coyote willows that hang over beds of watercress and crimson monkeyflowers at Vaseys Paradise. Or to see the plethora of streams, waterfalls and ponds. Or simply to wonder at the creation of this great landform.

The Grand Canyon truly is one of the great natural wonders of the world.

**Clearing winter storm over Grand Canyon near Grandview Point on the South Rim. ROBERT G. McDONALD**



Mexican goldpoppies, lupines and cholla cacti in the Superstition Mountains. TOM DANIELSEN



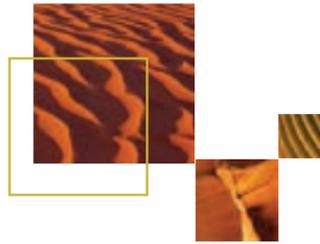
## { Superstition Mountains

The Superstition Mountain range, today an outdoor lovers' paradise east of Phoenix, has a history clouded in mystery. These mountains are the presumed location of the most famous mine legend of the West, the Lost Dutchman Gold Mine, supposedly a rich body of gold ore found and mined by Jacob Waltz, the Dutchman. Waltz and a partner reportedly learned about the mine from a descendant of the mine's original owners, who were killed by Apaches. One day in the 1870s, Waltz went for supplies and when he returned found his partner murdered. Fearful, Waltz hid in the mine's entrance and left, returning occasionally (some say into the 1880s) for more ore. In some versions of the tale, he made a crude map before he died in 1892, but it never helped the gold seekers who tried to follow it.

Whether the story is true, more than 60 persons have died violently trying to find the mine. Today mainly hobbyists search for the mine, but the real value of the Superstitions is their recreational opportunities and scenery. Hikers, backpackers, campers, horseback riders and other outdoor enthusiasts revel in this vast mountain range.

Lowering storm over the Superstition Mountains. ROBERT G. McDONALD





## {Monument Valley

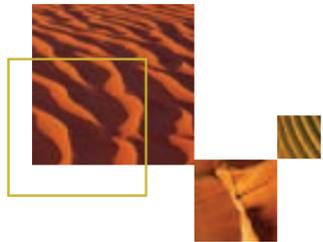
**M**onument Valley on the Navajo Indian Reservation announced itself to the world in director John Ford's 1939 Western movie *Stagecoach*. Coincidentally, that same movie made John Wayne a top box office attraction. The success of *Stagecoach* and its Monument Valley backdrop gave rise to a series of movies, television shows and commercials, spreading the valley's reputation.

And once the world discovered Monument Valley, it came to see the monoliths, hoodoos and other sandstone formations that rise out of the rippling sand in this section of Navajoland. Names of the rocky spires also have become well known: The Mittens, Three Sisters, The Thumb, Camel Butte, Ear of the Wind, Eagle Mesa and Totem Pole among them.

The Navajos recognized John Ford's part in popularizing Monument Valley. In 1955, during the filming of the movie *The Searchers*, he was made an honorary member of the tribe, given the name Natani Nez ("Tall Soldier") and presented a deerskin containing this message: "In your travels may there be beauty behind you, beauty on both sides of you, and beauty ahead of you." Today the area has been designated a Navajo tribal park, and some 200,000 travelers tour the valley each year.

**Yei Bichei rocks at Monument Valley  
on the Navajo Indian Reservation.  
DAVID MUENCH**





White House Ruins in Canyon de Chelly. TOM DANIELSEN

## { Canyon de Chelly

**W**hite House Ruins and Spider Rock in Canyon de Chelly National Monument on the Navajo Indian Reservation represent different tales of the Navajo people in ancient times and frontier days. The ruins, a cliff dwelling inhabited by the ancestral Puebloans from about A.D. 1066 to 1275, are the largest remaining of about 400 such structures constructed in the area. There were about 80 rooms and four kivas where religious ceremonies were performed. Ropes or wooden ladders were used to go in and out.

Spider Rock is a sacred place to the Navajos. Spider Woman, it is said, lives there, and Blessingway ceremonies are performed there. Spider Woman is believed to have taught the people how to weave. There also are those who say mothers warn their children to be good or else Spider Woman will come take them to her home and eat them. The white on top of the 800-foot-tall sandstone monolith supposedly represents the bleached bones of naughty children.

Canyon de Chelly and its companion to the north, Canyon del Muerto, have been occupied by the Navajos for about 300 years. De Chelly is a 27-mile-long gash in the earth with Edenlike beauty. Dominant trees include cottonwoods and willows, both native species, plus Russian olives, tamarisks and peach-leaf willows, exotics introduced for erosion control.

Though located on a remote area of the Navajo Reservation, Canyon de Chelly's scenic beauty attracts hundreds of thousands of visitors each year.

Spider Rock in Canyon de Chelly.  
CHUCK LAWSEN



A P O R T F O L I O



Petrified log in the Petrified Forest National Park. DAVID MUENCH

## { Painted Desert

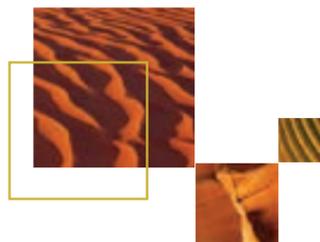
**M**arked by the pigmented badlands of the Painted Desert and one of the world's largest collections of petrified wood, the nearly 94,000-acre Petrified Forest National Park awes sightseers and photographers as one of the most scenic landscapes in Arizona. What appears first as a vast, flat desert opens to a variety of geological formations, crystallized trees and ancient Indian sites.

In the late Triassic period, about 225 million years ago before the great continent split apart, this area in northeast Arizona was located near the equator, a land of rivers and swamps and, in the drier areas, conifer trees up to 200 feet tall. Insects, reptiles and amphibians abounded. Over eons, the uplift of the Colorado Plateau, volcanoes and the vicissitudes of weather transformed the area. Eventually groundwater dissolved silica from the volcanic ash and mixed with other chemicals to create logs crystallized with the rainbow colors of amethyst, quartz and citrine. The three main species of trees, preserved only as petrified wood, are now extinct.

The park's numerous archaeological sites and petroglyphs record more than 10,000 years of ancient cultures who made their homes in this arid desert region.

To add to the enchantment of the land comes a myth—those who dare to steal a piece of the petrified wood, an illegal action in itself, will suddenly find themselves plagued with bad luck. Stacks of confession letters and returned pieces of stolen wood make their way back to park officials every year.

Ives Mesa in the Painted Desert. GEORGE H.H. HUEY



## { Havasu Falls

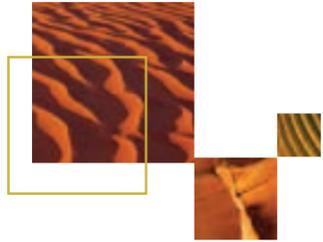
**T**he brilliant blue-green waters of Havasu Falls spill from red cliffs and collect in cool travertine pools far below the rims of the Grand Canyon on the Havasupai Indian Reservation. Despite the 8-mile hike down to the village of Supai, and another 2 miles to Havasu Creek and the campground, visitors flock to the falls each year to enjoy the scenery, to splash around in the creek and to explore the other falls in the area. A high concentration of limestone gives the waters their intense aquamarine color, and the bright sunlight reflecting off the travertine dams that form below make the water appear to glow.

At a year-round temperature of about 70 degrees, the water from the falls makes a popular cooling off spot for summer tourists. The Havasupai Indians have lived in this canyon-bottom paradise for centuries, and their culture thrives on tourism in this hidden land.

**Havasus Falls. RANDY PRENTICE**

*To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.*





## { Kartchner Caverns

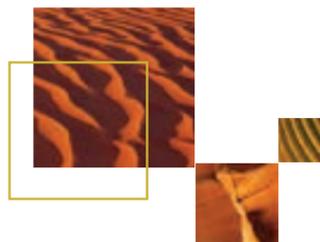
**D**rops of water. Cracks in the limestone. That's all it took to create the living formations that have been growing in Kartchner Caverns for tens of thousands of years. Drip by drip, acidic rainwater dissolved large passages in the base of the Whetstone Mountains. Eventually the water table lowered, exposing caverns hidden below the desert floor. The rainwater, however, didn't stop seeping in, and over thousands of years the dissolved mineral deposits dripped from the cavern ceiling, leaving behind colorful formations in the hollow belly of the mountains.

Kartchner Caverns, now a state park, is visited by thousands of tourists each month and is another in a wide variety of geological formations that comprise the scenic diversity of Arizona. Among the notable formations in the caverns is one of the world's longest soda straw stalactites at 21 feet 2 inches.

These caverns also serve as home to some 1,000 pregnant bats, who arrive in late April. Each female gives birth to one pup and, before the bats leave in September, the colony consumes nearly a half-ton of insects.

While exploring the limestone hills in the Whetstones in 1974, two men discovered a narrow crack from which warm, moist air escaped. After years of exploration, that narrow crack led to what is now the 7-acre Kartchner Caverns State Park.

**Bacon Drapery in the Big Room of Kartchner Caverns State Park.**  
DAVID ELMS JR.



## { San Francisco Peaks

**F**lagstaff, the northern Arizona city nestled in the foothills of the San Francisco Peaks, is among the state's most popular tourist destinations. Humphreys Peak, which at 12,633 feet is usually snowcapped from fall to spring, dominates the landscape and serves as the icon for Flagstaff. The area, at about 7,000 feet in elevation, abounds in aspen and pine forests and cool summer temperatures. In spring the wildflowers blanket the great meadows, particularly in places like Hart Prairie in the mountains' inner basin.

The city, a hub on the old U.S. Route 66, also serves as one of the gateways to both the North and South rims of the Grand Canyon and to myriad other geological and historical sites, including Sunset Crater Volcano, Wupatki and Walnut Canyon national monuments, Lowell Observatory, where the planet Pluto was discovered, Riordan Mansion State Historic Park and the Museum of Northern Arizona. Besides sightseers, Flagstaff draws countless outdoor enthusiasts who come to hike, mountain bike, fish, climb mountains or otherwise enjoy the mountain air. Then, in wintertime as the snow returns, the mountains become a mecca for skiers.

**Sunflowers and Flagstaff's San Francisco Peaks.** ROBERT G. McDONALD  
To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.





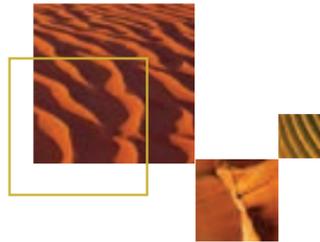
# { Oak Creek Canyon

**F**or a cool, relaxing day of hiking and splashing around in a

creek, residents of north-central Arizona head to Oak Creek Canyon between Sedona and Flagstaff. The winding two-lane highway that runs through the canyon, State Route 89A, has changed little since it was built in the 1930s, and neither has the scenery. Photographs of Oak Creek Canyon adorn books, magazines and calendars published throughout the world because of its lush scenic beauty. Bigtooth maples, sycamores, Emory oaks, ponderosa pines and other trees and shrubs complement the towering outcrops of white limestone cliffs. The West Fork of Oak Creek provides a quiet, peaceful hiking experience enjoyed by both the young and the old, the expert trekker and the beginner.

The streambed adds to the scenic splendor and also provides swimming holes that are visited each summer by tens of thousands of tourists and residents alike. Slide Rock State Park, about 7 miles north of Sedona, is a focal point of such activity.

**Winter along the West Fork of Oak Creek.**  
RALPH LEE HOPKINS



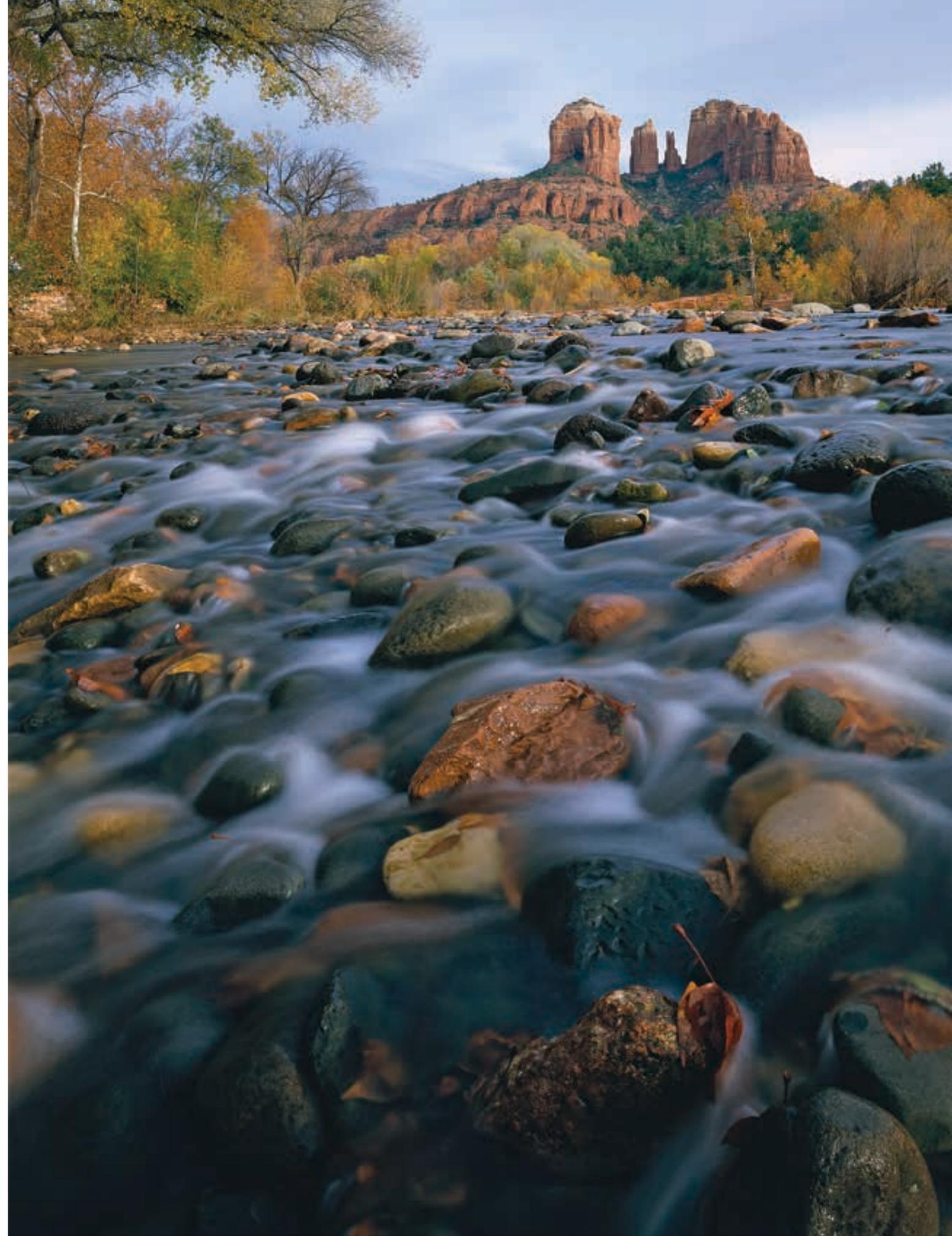
Soaptree yuccas at Sedona's Bell Rock. ROBERT G. McDONALD To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

## { Red Rocks of Sedona

**A**mong the most famous places in Arizona is Red Rock Country near Sedona, which sprang from a tiny farming village in the early 1900s into today's cluster of top-line resorts, fine restaurants and shops. People come for the scenery and they stay for the scenery. Hiking, backpacking and jeep tours among such formations as Bell Rock, Coffee Pot Rock and Cathedral Rock lure tourists year-round to Sedona and its environs.

In recent years, Sedona also has become a haven for New Agers who believe spiritual energy is concentrated in some of the red rock vortexes. And, drawn by the rich reds of the unusual landscape, fine artists have migrated to Sedona, causing a blossoming of art galleries and other high-end shopping.

Red Rock Crossing and Cathedral Rock. JACK DYKINGA





Reflecting pool in Marble Canyon.

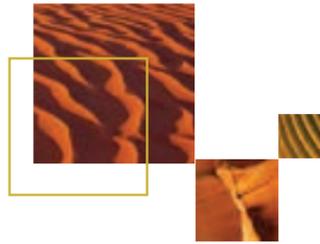
## { Colorado River

**T**he Colorado River not only provides life-sustaining water for the desert Southwest through the creation of reservoirs and irrigation channels, but it also makes possible recreational opportunities that draw visitors from around the world every month. The river was a main force in forging the Grand Canyon and provides the water for Lake Powell, Lake Mead, Lake Havasu and other reservoirs as it reaches from northern Arizona into Mexico.

Rafting the Colorado through the Grand Canyon remains one of the world's great river trips and is so popular that applicants wait years to obtain rafting permits. Houseboating vacations on Lake Mead and Lake Powell attract everyone from jazz bands to extended families. Boating on Lake Havasu and the lower Colorado runs the gamut from waterskiing to canoeing and kayaking. Fishing, of course, is world class in many areas of the river.



Colorado River  
from Redwall  
Cavern.  
BOTH BY LARRY  
ULRICH



Chiricahua National Monument and the Dos Cabezas Mountains. JACK DYKINGA

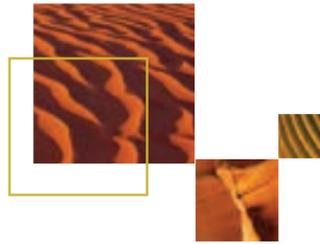
## { Chiricahua Mountains

There is a saying in Arizona that if the balanced rocks, spires and hoodoos of the Chiricahua Mountains were in any other state they would be among the most-visited sites in the country. But their popularity has become dwarfed in Arizona by the Grand Canyon and our other scenic wonders. Located in the southeastern corner of the state, the Chiricahuas were formed by a slow uplift that fractured the volcanic rock, creating a wonderland of rocks with names like Punch and Judy and Kissing Rocks. In 1924 President Calvin Coolidge signed legislation making a large portion of the range a national monument.

Cochise and his band of Apaches used the Chiricahuas as their home ground, employing the serpentine rock pathways as ways to escape pursuing soldiers. Many of those same pathways today have become hiking trails valued not only for their unusual landscapes but also because of the flora and fauna that can be seen in the area, such as white-tailed deer and the rare elegant trogon.

A narrow road crosses the mountains, winds through lush green forests and leads to the tiny hamlet of Portal. This roadway, often closed by heavy snows in winter, draws birders from around the world because of the great number of avian species to be found there.





## { Slot Canyons AND Sand Dunes

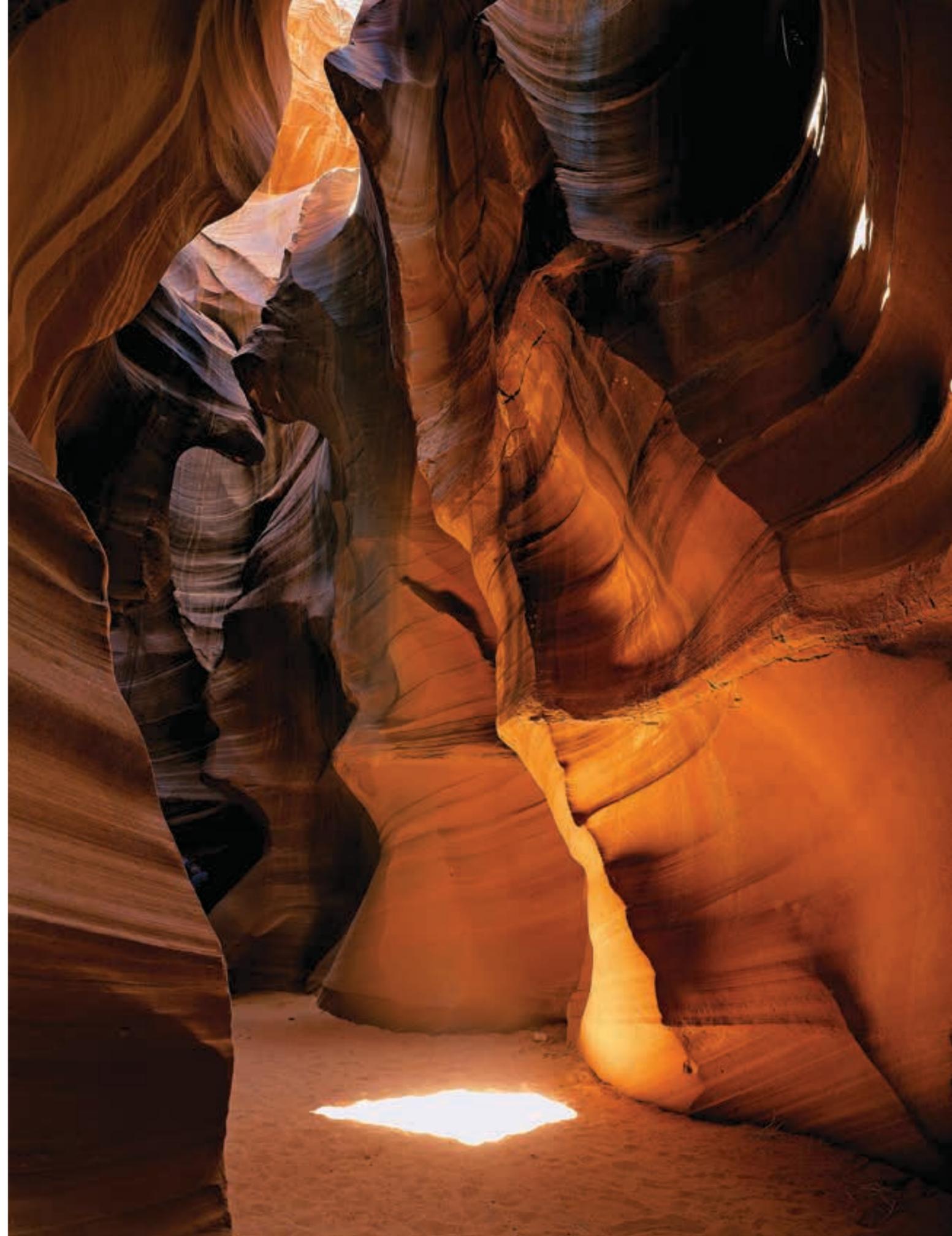
**M**any people who have only heard about Arizona believe it is a desert lowland with enormous sand dunes and little in the way of greenery. In fact, Arizona contains eight life zones and has everything from sandy bottoms to mountain pine forests. There are some windswept sand dunes, though, near Yuma and on the northeastern section of the Navajo Indian Reservation. But those are relatively small areas. Most of our desert contains greenery such as cacti, creosote bushes and other shrubbery, flowers like evening primrose and purple sand verbena, plus trees, including paloverdes and manzanitas. The Southwest deserts, though hot and dry, bear little resemblance to the barren deserts of the movies. First-time travelers to Arizona often are amazed by the lushness of our deserts.

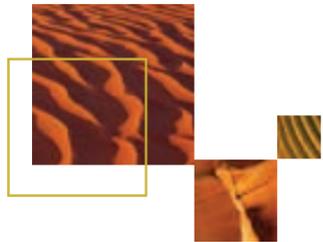
Another geologic feature that surprises visitors and newcomers alike are the slot canyons of northern Arizona. Slot canyons, found in and around Lake Powell and along the Arizona border with Utah, are crevices sculpted by water in sandstone. The slots display a full range of colors as sunlight seeps into them, highlighting the various shades

of sandstone. Because they are very unusual geologic features, camera buffs from around the world come to photograph them. Upper Antelope Canyon, the most famous one, has appeared in photography magazines and scenic coffee-table books again and again. Visitors find lower Antelope Canyon intriguing as well.

**Rippling sand dunes near the Lukachukai Mountains on the Navajo Indian Reservation. DAVID MUENCH**

**Upper Antelope Canyon near Page. MARC MUENCH**





## {Lake Powell

**L**ake Powell was created by a 710-foot-high dam on the Colorado River that was completed in 1963 across Glen Canyon at the east end of the Grand Canyon. It has more water storage capacity than any other artificial lake in the United States except Lake Mead, which impounds the Colorado at the western end of the Grand Canyon. Lake Powell has a shoreline of nearly 2,000 miles and is a boater's paradise. Kayakers especially find the lake appealing because of the myriad side canyons that can be explored. Accessibility to side canyons changes depending on the water levels in the lake, making no two experiences alike.

But houseboats also are dominant on Lake Powell as large groups meander the lake amid the cliff-side splendor, pulling smaller boats for waterskiing and fishing. Sandy beaches provide ideal camping spots.

Like most rock formations, Lake Powell's sandstone cliffs, arches and natural bridges display a variety of colors as the sun moves across the horizon. Hanging gardens of maidenhair ferns, columbines and other water-loving plants can be found in the sandstone alcoves.

Lake Powell is the centerpiece of the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, which covers 1.25 million acres spreading from Arizona into Utah. Rainbow Bridge National Monument, about 50 miles from the dam, protects the world's largest natural bridge, a sacred site to the Navajo Indians. The bridge can be reached by hiking or by boat. ■■■

Lake Powell from Romana Mesa. MARK LARSON

# A GATHERING OF LADYBUGS

IN COLD HIGH-MOUNTAIN ELEVATIONS,  
THE LITTLE RED BEETLES HUDDLE  
TO WAIT FOR SPRING

**H**UNDREDS OF LADYBIRD BEETLES cruise this way and that way, high and low, as they cross a clearing in the pine forest near Barfoot Lookout in southeastern Arizona's Chiricahua Mountains. The little dots of red on the go appear to be the product of a random-movement generator designed to catch and befuddle the eye of an observer.

And so it takes some time for me to realize that the flying ladybirds are just the tip of the iceberg, so to speak, a deep orange-red iceberg composed of thousands upon thousands of ladybirds festooning the branches and bunches of needles on certain of the pines surrounding the glade. Armies of ladybirds (or ladybugs as they are often called) also coat some fallen limbs as well as entire pine seedlings on the edge of the clearing while smaller clusters have even formed on the yellow daisies that are now in bloom in the late summer.

A closer look at the beetles blanketing one plant reveals that some individuals are moving about a bit restlessly, but many simply hold their place, each beetle adding its dot of color to the mosaic of reds. Here and there a pair of beetles mates, the male holding on precariously to the

smooth rounded back of the female.

Having done a little reading on ladybirds, I know that many of the 400 or so species of ladybird beetles get together in big conventions in the late summer and fall. In the West, some species assemble on hilltops and mountain ridges where they pile in side by side, forming groups of a few dozen to many thousands of individuals. There they sit, cooling down as winter approaches, generally under the cover of boulders, limbs, dense pine branches and other protective materials. When winter really comes,



the beetles take cover under a blanket of snow that offers some insulation against killing deep freezes that would destroy those fully exposed to the mountain air. The beetles sit in the dark, thoroughly chilled, their metabolism shut down, their bodies conserving valuable energy and water until the spring arrives.

A beetle lands on me and I brush it off. The insect responds by releasing a sharp acrid odor. The unpleasant smell of ladybirds is really an advertisement of the fact that they contain assorted defensive chemicals, among them toxic alkaloids that induce illness and vomiting in animals unwise enough to ingest them. I am not tempted to snack upon the beetles, but some birds and ants eat a wide range of insects, which has led to the evolution of toxicity and warning odors and colors in a host of potential prey.

The ladybirds of Arizona's mountains come out of suspended animation with the advent of warmer temperatures, which melts the snowpack. The beetles bask in the sun before lifting their bright wing covers and exercising their leathery wings, which carry them away from their high elevation "hibernation" sites and downslope to places where they can find aphids and other small insects to eat and places where they can lay eggs. When the larval ladybirds hatch, they look like

miniature Gila monsters as they crawl along stems, chomping through one aphid after another.

The fondness of many ladybirds, young and old alike, for aphids and other agricultural pests has led to the wholesale capture of adults by entrepreneurs eager to sell the beetles as aphid-eaters to commercial and suburban gardeners.

Although ladybirds sometimes do what they are asked to, namely to remove as many as 5,000 aphids per beetle from crops or gardens, the released predators often simply take off in search of hunting grounds more to their liking.

We do not need a strictly economic reason to admire the ladybird. It is enough for most of us just to watch these trim little insects as they turn August into Christmas at Barfoot Lookout, painting the pine trees in the cheerful colors of the ladybird. **AH**

*John Alcock is regents' professor of biology at Arizona State University in Tempe. He studies the behavior of a whole range of Arizona insects and has a warm spot in his heart for the ladybird beetle.*

*Paul and Joyce Berquist of Tucson were actually looking for butterflies to photograph when they happened upon masses of ladybugs.*



[LEFT] Ladybird beetles, also called ladybugs, serve farmers and gardeners by consuming large volumes of aphids and other plant pests. During the Middle Ages, they were thought to be a gift from the Virgin Mary, hence the name ladybird.

[RIGHT] Large aggregations of ladybugs converge in mountain areas to hibernate up to nine months, from May to February, returning to the same locations year after year.

Text by JOHN ALCOCK  
Photographs by PAUL AND JOYCE BERQUIST

# GRAND CANYON'S KOLB STUDIO

CELEBRATING 100 YEARS OF PHOTOGRAPHY ON THE EDGE

TEXT BY GARY LADD PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MAACK



Dramatically situated on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, the Kolb brothers' historic studio provides a window into the storied lives of two of the Canyon's early pioneers.

[INSET] A wild sense of adventure and a great love of the Grand Canyon marked the Kolb brothers' photographic exploits. EMERY KOLB COLLECTION/CLINE LIBRARY/NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY

**S**TANDING GUARD AT THE HEAD OF THE BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL on the Grand Canyon's South Rim, Kolb Studio defies gravity. Like so many of the Kolb brothers' photographic exploits, their studio defines remarkable.

From outside, the building appears small and frail. From inside, however, a maze of rooms cascades down the cliff face partway into the Canyon. Stairways zigzag hither and thither. Rooms bright with startling views of the Canyon connect with claustrophobic chambers carved from cool bedrock. There

are low-ceilinged basements and bedrock-floored subbasements.

The building that looks so small from the outside measures 105 feet long by 30 feet wide and nearly 50 feet tall. It encloses 6,000 square feet of floor space. The scale of the Grand Canyon camouflages the size of the studio.

The story of Kolb Studio began in 1904 when two brothers from Pennsylvania, Ellsworth and Emery Kolb,

erected the first segment of the structure that with the passing of the years would become a highly treasured shrine.

Prior to 1901, tourist visitation at the Canyon's South Rim was sluggish, and the approach road from Williams was rough



[RIGHT] Author Gary Ladd focuses his view camera on the Bright Angel Trail from the window of the Kolbs' workroom (the bottom window in the photo on the previous panel), recreating Emery Kolb's daily practice as he photographed mule trains descending into the Canyon.

[BELOW] Period furnishings add authenticity to the warmth of the upstairs parlor. Throughout the Kolbs' private quarters, large windows offer panoramic views of Emery and Ellsworth's beloved Grand Canyon.

and troublesome. But when a spur of the Santa Fe Railway reached the Rim in September 1901, tourists flooded the area. With them came Ellsworth Kolb, a 25-year-old adventure-seeker from Pennsylvania,



who got a job at the Bright Angel Hotel.

Although the Grand Canyon was not yet a national park and Arizona was not yet a state, the future of Grand Canyon Village seemed bright. Ellsworth, while chopping wood and lugging suitcases, considered how he might take better advantage of this boom in the wilderness.

Emery Kolb, Ellsworth's junior by five years, was still in Pennsylvania when he caught the photography bug. Finding the craft fascinating, he bought a 5x7 camera. When Ellsworth returned home for a family visit, the two boys found themselves discussing a crazy idea—maybe they could open a photography studio at the Grand Canyon.

In October 1902, Emery left Pittsburgh to follow his brother to the Canyon. He arrived by train in Williams, and while waiting for his Grand Canyon Line connection, he wandered into a photography shop—and, like lightning, an idea struck. By the next evening, Ellsworth and Emery owned the photo shop, lock, stock and barrel.

Emery took over the photo operation, but on weekends he and Ellsworth explored the Canyon. They quickly learned much

about photographing the Canyon and even more about its topography.

In 1903 the brothers opened their first Grand Canyon photographic studio on a mining claim owned by Ralph Cameron. Like some of the “rooms” offered by the rapidly expanding hotels, Kolb Studio was not a building but a tent. The first darkroom was a nearby cave sealed with a blanket. The Williams photo shop closed.

The following year, the brothers obtained permission to build a permanent structure at the head of the

Blanche Bender, a woman he spotted stepping off the train in Williams. At first they lived in a South Rim tent, later moving into the studio. A daughter, Edith, was born in June 1908. Blanche operated the studio's gift shop and kept the business books. Unlike the often-abrasive Emery, Blanche was well loved by everyone at the South Rim. She was always ready to offer a helping hand.

South Rim life was in some ways hard on the Kolbs. The Fred Harvey Co., a pioneer in the tourism and hospitality industry in the West that managed utilities at the

**F**ROM THE NEW STUDIO, EMERY WOULD PHOTOGRAPH TOURISTS AS THEY BEGAN THEIR JOURNEY DOWN THE BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL ON THE BACKS OF MULES.

Cameron-owned Bright Angel Trail. It was this wooden-framed building that became the nucleus of today's Kolb Studio and the headquarters of the Kolbs' many Grand Canyon adventures.

An explosion of tourist development sprang up after the railroad spur arrived. Both the 100-room El Tovar Hotel and the Hopi House opened in January 1905. President Theodore Roosevelt visited in 1906. Naturalists John Muir and John Burroughs came in 1909. The Kolbs photographed them all.

The railroad brought another big change to the Kolbs' operation. In October 1905, Emery married

Canyon in conjunction with the railroad, refused to sell them electricity and water. The company, not inclined to appreciate the beauty of competition, even went so far as to block the trail that led to the Kolb Studio. Emery was tenacious in his defense of the business, but Ellsworth tended to let things slide. He was a soft-spoken explorer, not a businessman.

Both men, however, were physical powerhouses. From the new studio, Emery would photograph tourists as they began their journey down the Bright Angel Trail on the backs of mules. With the exposed film in a light-tight container, he'd run down the trail 4.5 miles to Indian Garden, easily passing

[ABOVE] The downstairs parlor opens into a windowed sunroom where Emery and his wife, Blanche, would often aim a telescope at the celestial display framing the nighttime Canyon.





the mule train along the way. There, in a darkroom constructed in 1906 and using Indian Garden's clear spring water, he developed the negatives, made prints and high-tailed it back to the South Rim, 3,000 feet above. When the mule train returned to the Rim, Emery greeted riders with a proof print and an order book. Not until 1930, when water was piped to the Rim from Indian Garden, was film processing performed routinely in the studio.

The brothers explored farther and deeper into the Canyon labyrinths. In September 1911, aided by a hired man, they launched two boats at Green River, Wyoming. They planned to row 1,400 miles down the Green and Colorado rivers to the Sea of Cortes. And they would make the first motion pictures of the treacherous river run through the Grand Canyon. With no white-water boating experience and with virtually no moviemaking experience, the three men embarked on an epic adventure.

When they entered the depths of Lodore Canyon in northwest Colorado, the mood of their hired man turned from merry to melancholy to fearful. Finally, he lost his nerve altogether when confronted with yet another rapid. The early years of Green and

Colorado river float trips were spiked with tension—some people thrived under the pressure, others wilted. The hired man begged to leave. The Kolbs continued without him.

There were mishaps, but the brothers arrived at the foot of the Bright Angel Trail in mid-November. There they stopped to prepare for the last leg of the expedition. During the hiatus, the brothers resupplied their boats and hired a new man to help on the river. They launched again a week before Christmas.

It was bitter cold, and there were more small catastrophes, but somehow, with daring, wit, care and luck, they carried it off to become the eighth expedition to successfully navigate the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon and only the fourth expedition to run the gauntlet of canyons between Green River, Wyoming, and the Virgin River of Nevada. They concluded their run at Needles, California, 200 miles short of their destination, after toiling 101 days on the river, traveling 1,200 miles and descending more than 5,000 feet in elevation. The new hired man, Bert Lauzon, later recalled that during their entire journey,

**[ABOVE] In a scene repeated every morning for more than 100 years, the Kolb brothers' studio greets another Grand Canyon sunrise. GARY LADD**

**[OPPOSITE PAGE] A vintage photograph displays the studio's remarkable perch on the Canyon's edge. EMERY KOLB COLLECTION/CLINE LIBRARY/NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY**

no one at any time lifted his voice or spoke harshly.

The 1911-12 river run brought the Kolb brothers a fair measure of fame, at least a little money, contacts with influential people and the possibility of more adventures.

The movie of the adventure became part of an illustrated lecture. Because Kolb Studio was not large enough for such presentations, the brothers scouted around the South Rim for another venue. The Forest Service, in charge of South Rim operations at the time, would not allow them to use any other facilities, so the lecture went on tour.

Until they expanded their studio in 1915, the movie was not screened at the South Rim. It was shown exclusively on tour. One of the greatest triumphs took place in Washington, D.C., when Emery lectured for members of the National Geographic Society. In addition, Dr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor, then president of the society, asked the brothers to write a story for the

society's magazine. Eighty-five pages of the August 1914 issue of *National Geographic* were devoted to the Kolbs' river story with Ellsworth and Emery as authors.

Ellsworth also completed the Kolbs' original river-running plan by rowing on down the Colorado River from Needles to the Sea of Cortes. This accomplishment led to the publication of *Through the Grand Canyon From Wyoming to Mexico*, a book sold in the Kolb Studio for decades.

More adventurous trips were organized by the brothers in the following years, most of them in the Grand Canyon region. Meanwhile, the movie had become a hit with the public. The studio's theater and living quarters were expanded again in 1925; commercial electricity was added in 1926.

Ellsworth had an interest in flying and, in 1922, climbed into the cockpit of an airplane flown by stunt pilot R.N. Thomas. The two men became the first to land an aircraft inside Grand Canyon.

In spite of their varied enterprises, the Kolbs' lives were not without grief. Emery tangled with the National Park Service and the Fred Harvey Co. for years. The Park Service repeatedly threatened to demolish the studio, a plan that was foiled when Congress passed the Historic Sites Act of 1935, and the studio reached 50 years old in 1954.

Various disagreements concerning the studio's operation gradually soured the once-peaceful relationship between Emery and Ellsworth. Ellsworth, the adventurer, eventually married, but the union lasted only two months.

Emery and Blanche were nearly forced to close the studio during the dismal days of World War I and the Great Depression. During the Depression years, the studio's daily take dropped to as little as \$2. And while Emery remained with the studio and gloried in the fame of the Kolb brothers' exploits, Ellsworth passed away in relative

obscurity in 1960—having long since sold his share of the studio to Emery based solely on the flip of a coin.

Emery died in 1976 at the age of 95. He was buried near Blanche and Ellsworth at the South Rim's Grand Canyon Pioneers' Cemetery.

After Emery's death, the National Park Service took possession of the Kolb Studio, which the federal government bought in

history of American motion pictures.

Kolb Studio reopened in 1990, restored and revitalized. Today the building serves again as a center of South Rim life. The old auditorium has become an art gallery and special exhibit space, and there's a remodeled bookstore on the premises.

In celebration of the studio's 100th anniversary, tours of the Kolbs' living quarters will be offered to visitors on a limited basis



**O**N FOOT AND BY BOAT, SOMETIMES HANGING FROM ROPES, SOMETIMES TEETERING ON LEDGES, CAMERAS ALWAYS AT HAND, ELLSWORTH AND EMERY HAD THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES AT THE GRAND CANYON.

1962. For the first time in 72 years, the studio's doors were shuttered.

The Kolbs' flickering, oft-spliced movie had evolved into a conglomeration of the historic, the amazing and the amusingly quaint. Even by the 1960s, it was less the documentary's original death-defying thrills and more its antiquated ambiance that attracted an audience. After being shown for more than 60 years, the Kolbs' groundbreaking film likely holds the record for the longest continuously running movie in the

during December 2004 and January and February 2005.

In the early years of the 20th century, the Kolb brothers were young, smart and audacious. They arrived at the Grand Canyon in an age of great explorations and adventures in the wild West. On foot and by boat, sometimes hanging from ropes, sometimes teetering on ledges, cameras always at hand, Ellsworth and Emery had the time of their lives at the Grand Canyon.

Now the Kolb Studio has stood for 100 years as a monument to their noteworthy achievements. **AH**



**LOCATION:** 81 miles northwest of Flagstaff.

**GETTING THERE:** From Flagstaff, take U.S. Route 180 northwest to State Route 64. Turn right (north) onto SR 64 and proceed to the south entrance of Grand Canyon National Park. The Kolb Studio is located near the west end of South Rim's Grand Canyon Village between the Bright Angel Trail trailhead and the Bright Angel Lodge.

**HOURS:** 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily.

**FEES:** Admission to Grand Canyon National Park is \$20 per vehicle.

**ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:** Special tours of the Kolb Studio living quarters, led by a National Park Service interpreter-ranger, are scheduled for December, January and February. Check *The Guide*, the official park newspaper, for days and times. Tours are free but limited to 12 people by reservation only. To reserve a place, visit the Kolb Studio Bookstore the day before or the day of the tour you wish to join. For trip planning information, contact Grand Canyon National Park; (928) 638-7888.

*Gary Ladd of Page wishes he could have accompanied the Kolb brothers on some of their wild exploits but wonders how wise that would have been, because he hates swimming in icy waters, an activity they seemed to relish. He felt honored to have his photography exhibited in the Kolb Studio auditorium during the summer of 2003.*

*Photographing the Kolb Studio provided exciting insights into the pioneer photographers' lives and techniques for history buff Richard Maack, Arizona Highways photography editor.*

**SIGN OF THE TIMES**

We went camping a few months before the holidays and saw a sign in a yule tree lot that said, "Do your Christmas chopping early."

JOHN KRIWIEL, Oak Lawn, IL

**TIME FOR DINNER**

My husband, a Northern Arizona University graduate who moved East to work, constantly talked about how wonderful Arizona was.

On our first trip to Flagstaff together, we decided to have dinner at the Cracker Barrel Old Country Store. We put our names on the list for a table and waited, along with other parties, for our

**early day arizona**

An old man who had led a sinful life was dying, and his wife sent for a preacher to pray with him. The preacher prayed and talked, and finally the old man said, "What do you want me to do, Parson?"

"Renounce the devil!" replied the preacher.

"But Parson," protested the dying man. "I ain't in position to make any enemies."

Courtland Arizonan, APRIL 8, 1911

name to be called. Then the hostess announced over the paging system, "Saint Paul, party of 12, your table is ready."

My husband turned to me, grinned, and said, "See! I told

you this was God's country."

CHERYL BENZE, Raleigh, NC

**NO RUSH JOB**

Several weeks after Christmas, I took my Santa Claus suit to the local dry cleaners. The young blond girl behind the counter hung up my suit, handed me a claim ticket, looked me in the eye and asked, "Santa how soon do you need this?"

DALE KEYROUSE, Phoenix

**GIFT GIVERS**

When two brothers who were majoring in computer science at the university decided to surprise their parents with a visit during the Christmas break,

they first went shopping and bought a lot of things they knew were hard for mom and dad to find in their remote desert home.

Their mother, hearing the sound of footsteps on

the porch after a car drove up, called out, "Who's there?"

There was silence for a moment and then a man's voice replied, "We're geeks bearing gifts."

RUTH BURKE, San Simon

**IT'S SNOW JOKE**

by Vicky Snow



"My dad says that Rudolph's nose is red because he never uses sunscreen!"

**PERSPECTIVE**

**UNUSUAL**

There are places in Arizona named Christmas and Santa Claus. Just to prove we are an equal opportunity state, we also should have a Bah-humbug.

—Linda Perret

**SMALL TOWNS**

We asked readers to send us small town jokes. Here is a sampling of what we got:

Our town is so small that our mayor only has to walk for re-election.

JERRY HARVEY, Pasadena, TX

One nice thing about small towns is you don't have to walk too many feet to get away from it all.

WILLIAM MCINTIRE, Aurora, CO

A small town is where after you dial a wrong number, you may end up talking for 30 minutes anyway.

BOTH BY RUTH BURKE, San Simon

One of the best things about small towns is that people can be so helpful. For instance, while you may not always know what you're doing, everyone else in a small town does.

CARI JACKSON, Phoenix

You've heard of small towns where everybody knows what everybody else is doing? The town I grew up in was so small that everybody knew what everybody else was thinking!

BARBARA GREISSING, Aguila

Do they have driver education in your town?"

"They did for a while, but then the mule died."

ART WERNER, Lander, WY

My hometown was small and stayed small. The population never changed. Every time a baby was born, someone left town.

BEN NICKS, Shawnee, KS

A small town Arizona newspaper once carried an editorial that bluntly stated that half of the city council's members were crooks. Under threat of a lawsuit, the editor issued the following retraction: "Half of the city council's members AREN'T crooks."

HERM ALBRIGHT, Indianapolis, IN

My town is so small that every time I turn on my electric razor the street light dims.

You know a town is small when its marching band is a kid with a kazoo.

You know the town is small when the entire zoo is a stray cat.

BOTH BY TOM PADOVANO, Jackson Heights, NY

Our town is so small that our general store is an avocado tree and the honor system.

JUDE TULLI, Tonopah

My town is so small that if I want to dish out the latest gossip I have to develop multiple personalities.

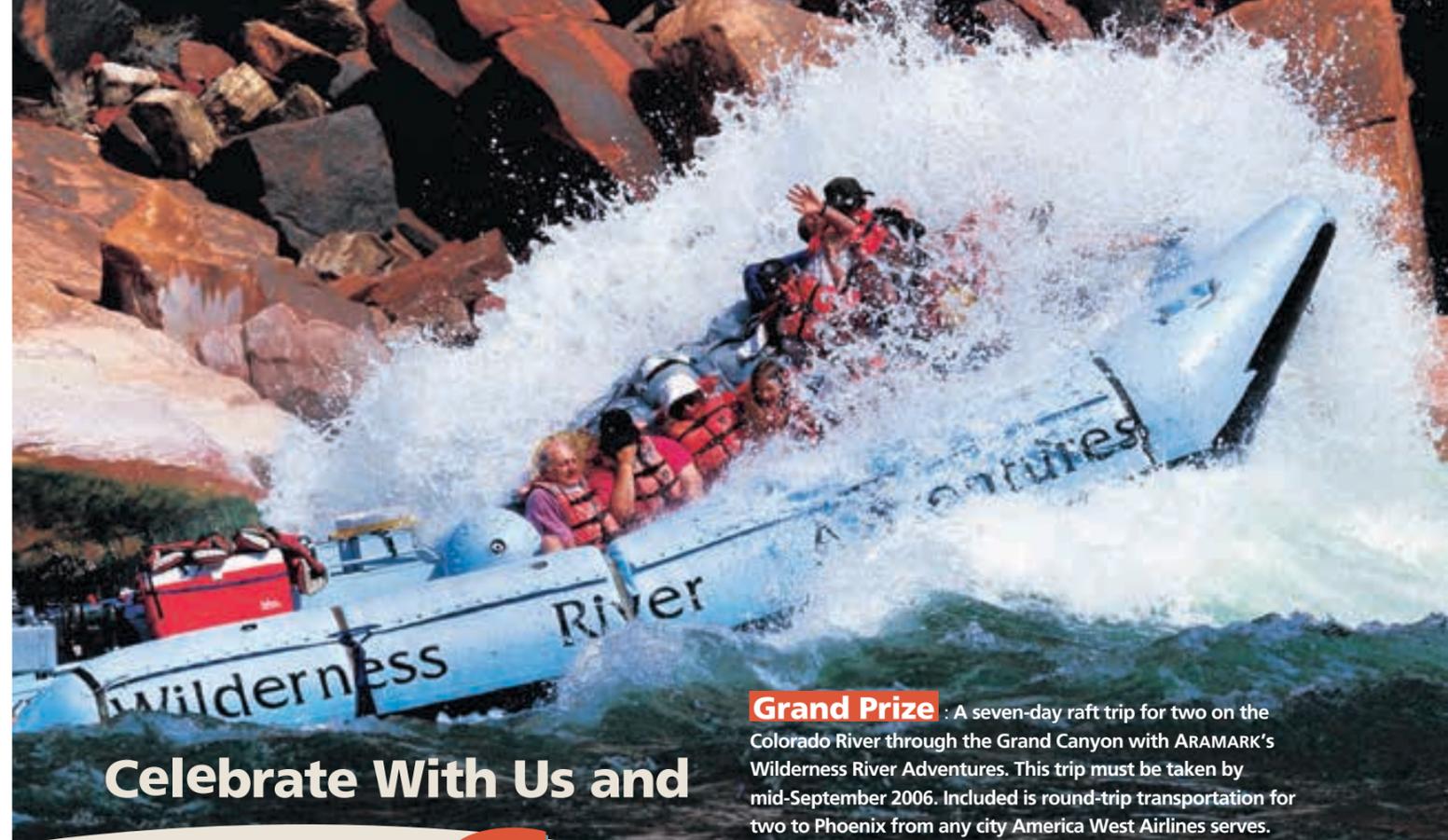
SEAN MILLER, Fort Dix, NJ

**reader's corner**

Prairie dogs live in organized societies broken into males and females. The dominant male gains control by challenging other males, but there is no dominance hierarchy among the females. See, we are more like prairie dogs than we thought. The men go out and try to be "top dog" while the women get all the work done.

Send us your **animal jokes**, and we'll pay \$50 for each one we publish.

**TO SUBMIT HUMOR:** Send your jokes and humorous Arizona anecdotes to Humor, *Arizona Highways*, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009 or e-mail us at editor@arizonahighways.com. Please include your name, address and telephone number with each submission.



**Grand Prize:** A seven-day raft trip for two on the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon with ARAMARK's Wilderness River Adventures. This trip must be taken by mid-September 2006. Included is round-trip transportation for two to Phoenix from any city America West Airlines serves.

# Celebrate With Us and Win Great Prizes!

Thanks to the support of hundreds of thousands of subscribers who read our magazine each month, *Arizona Highways* will celebrate its 80th anniversary in April 2005.

To show our appreciation, the poor old editor has devised a contest — which will appear in the April anniversary issue — to hand out some great prizes and to have a little fun.

To win, answer 20 questions correctly and your name will go into a drawing for the prizes. There's nothing to buy.

**Here's a sample question:**

Which one of these is not the name of a place in the Superstition Mountains?

- A** The Flatiron
- B** Siphon Draw
- C** Musk Hog Canyon
- D** Pike's Peak



**Two First Prizes:** Six-night accommodations for two, including all meals, at the Rancho de los Caballeros guest ranch in Wickenburg. Or a seven-night stay for

two, including meals and horseback riding, at Kay El Bar Guest Ranch in Wickenburg. Visits must be taken by May 1, 2006. Included with both prizes is round-trip transportation for two to Phoenix from any city America West Airlines serves.

**Ten Other Prizes:** Coffee-table, children's, travel and other books published by *Arizona Highways*.

**Watch for our contest in the April 2005 issue**

**CONTEST RULES:** In the April 2005 issue of *Arizona Highways*, we'll pose 20 multiple choice questions about Arizona. If you answer all questions correctly and give us your name, address and daytime phone number, we'll enter you in a drawing for the prizes listed above. The drawing will be held in May 2005. There is no obligation and nothing to buy.

Certain date restrictions apply on the prizes. Winners must call for availability.

Persons 18 years old or older are eligible. We can accept only one entry per person, and entries must be postmarked no later than April 30, 2005. Winners are subject to state and federal tax regulations. Employees and vendors of *Arizona Highways* and their immediate families are not eligible. Answers will be published in the June 2005 issue. Winners' names will be published in the September 2005 issue.

## Phoenix's Heritage & Science Park Gets Festive for Holidays

**F**OR MANY, A DELIGHTFUL old-time Christmas would be a Victorian Christmas—one filled with greenery and fancy ornaments, surrounded by antique children's toys and every nook of the house decked to the hilt.

The closest some ever get to that traditional image is a picture in a magazine, unless you are in Phoenix in December. Then, a real Victorian Christmas can be an up-close and personal experience.

Just visit the Rosson House in the Heritage & Science Park, a two-block downtown complex of antique and modern buildings that marry a variety of family oriented activities, from a historical museum to a science museum with

more than 300 interactive exhibits and a five-story theater screen.

A centerpiece of the park is one of Phoenix's only authentic Victorian homes, a three-story mansion built in 1895 by Phoenix Mayor Roland Lee Rosson, a physician who also saw patients in his at-home office. But the family moved on and their house fell into disrepair. In the early 1970s, a newspaper article bemoaned its demise, and the city bought the house in 1974. The Junior League of Phoenix took on the task of restoring it to its turn-of-the-last-century splendor.

A house that had originally taken six months and \$7,500 to build took six years and \$750,000 to restore, but when it was finally opened to the public, visitors could see what upscale Victorian life was really like in the early 20th century. Each year the house is festooned for Christmas, the work of the Heritage Square Foundation and Guild.

Just before Thanksgiving, a dozen or so guild women transform the house into a Christmas wonderland from the mountain of carefully marked Christmas boxes stored in the attic.

"We get to play," says Barbara Clayton, who has chaired the decorating committee for a decade.

But everything is authentic, thanks to hours of study at the public library. "That's why there are candles, not electric lights, on the tree," Clayton explains. "That's why there's so much greenery—greenery was the big thing in a Victorian home."

The point becomes obvious the minute you walk in the front door during the many tours offered throughout the holiday season.

The front entrance includes a curved staircase that is beautiful when unadorned, but becomes even more striking when decorated by Susan Fulsome, the docent in charge of this showpiece.

By the time her all-day project is done, there are six layers of decoration, starting with green garland and then ivy, gold beads, purple berry garlands, swags of greens with fruit and pinecones and Victorian candles.

Meanwhile, Clayton takes charge of decorating the dining room, including the green swags on the ceiling that go from each corner to the chandelier in the center. The silver is polished, the Christmas dishes are taken out of storage, the table is set as if for a grand feast.

Another group of women puts up the tree in the parlor with its hundreds of ornaments, many handmade in the Victorian tradition; upstairs,



the "children's tree" is decorated, as are each of the bedrooms. Antique toys await in the baby's room; the dolls wear red velvet dresses and sit ready for a tea party in the daughter's room.

It might seem like too much at times, with no surface left undone, but then docent Marilyn Estrada jokes, "If it's excessive clutter, it's considered [authentic] Victorian."

A local utility company and handymen string the lights outside the four-gabled house and along other buildings in the square, including several more modern houses moved to this site to save them from destruction.

Then the Heritage & Science Park starts celebrating. Docents, in authentic dress and manner, lead "Step Back in Time" tours of the festooned Rosson House, a draw for all the holiday events.

The day after Thanksgiving, a Candyland Concert includes the lighting of the tallest Christmas tree in the state on the square, while children have hands-on activities and a visit with Santa.

But the biggest event is the Victorian Holiday Celebration on the second Saturday of December, when the entire square seems transformed into a Victorian village. The Lath House—an open-air pavilion—is filled with arts and crafts, the brick courtyard has food and music, bands play and Victorian carolers stroll through the crowd. Mr. and Mrs. Claus are in attendance, and if you've never tasted chestnuts roasted on an open fire, here's your chance.

The celebration attracts families that find they can span an entire century by visiting the attractions on this one pedestrian square.

The Phoenix Museum of History tells the story of a dusty camp that has become the nation's fifth-largest city. Next door rises the Arizona Science Center, devoted to educating children about the wonders of science (although

adults also are easily seduced by its interactive exhibits, its giant screen theater and its state-of-the-art planetarium).

Not only do the three main attractions of the square differ in purpose, their architecture gives a quick lesson: The Rosson House includes at least four different styles of architecture popular at the time, from Eastlake to Italianate; the Phoenix Museum of History is a low-slung sweep of glass, while the Arizona Science Center is an exposed concrete modern sculpture.

Heritage Square and the museums are among the key attractions in downtown Phoenix. At Christmastime, the Victorian-era Rosson House makes it that much more of a special place to visit. **AH**



**LOCATION:** Heritage & Science Park, 115 N. Sixth St., Phoenix. The park spans Fifth to Seventh streets between Monroe and Washington streets.

**HOURS:** Rosson House, Wednesday through Sunday, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sunday, noon to 4 P.M. Arizona Science Center, open daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., except Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day. Phoenix Museum of History, Tuesday through Saturday, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

**FEES:** Rosson House, \$4, adults; \$3, seniors and students; \$1, children 6 to 12 years; free, 5 and under. Arizona Science Center, \$9, adults; \$7, children. Phoenix Museum of History, \$5, adults; \$3.50, seniors, students and military; \$2.50, children 7 to 12; free, 6 and under.

**EVENTS:** November 26, 3 to 8 P.M., Candyland Concert, tree-lighting and photographs with Santa. December 11, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., Victorian Holiday Celebration.

**TRAVEL ADVISORY:** Two parking garages serve the complex. One is at the southeast corner of Fifth and Monroe streets, the other at the southwest corner of Seventh and Washington streets.

**ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:** Rosson House, (602) 262-5029, www.rossonhousemuseum.org; Arizona Science Center, (602) 716-2000, www.azscience.org; Phoenix Museum of History, (602) 253-2734, www.pMoh.org.



[OPPOSITE PAGE, ABOVE] A 50-foot Christmas tree in front of the Arizona Science Center adds bright color to Phoenix's Heritage & Science Park. [OPPOSITE PAGE, BELOW] With outdoor lights provided by Arizona Public Service enhancing its Victorian charm, the Rosson House offers special evening visiting hours on Candyland night.

[ABOVE, LEFT] Scottsdale-based Dickens Carolers stroll and sing during the park's Victorian Holiday Celebration. Performers include (left to right) Jonathan Seger, Sandra Ueber, Kristan Jakubczyk and Dan Palmer.

[ABOVE] Portraits of Roland Lee Rosson and his wife, Flora, flank a lace-curtained window of the formal parlor featuring antique dolls and toys on loan from the nearby Arizona Doll and Toy Museum.



## Sinagua Indians Made Themselves at Home at Brazaletes Pueblo Ruin

**A**LL THE ROOMS AT Brazaletes Pueblo Ruin have a view. You can enjoy the sights after a short climb on a good trail leading from Horseshoe Dam Road in the Tonto National Forest 40 miles northeast of Phoenix.

Make this a family outing. The reward for following the easy, less-than-a-quarter-mile trail

up is a big-sky panorama that takes in the whole Mazatzal Mountains range to the east and a huge chunk of the Verde Valley to the north.

The ruin site straddles a rocky knob of St. Clair Peak, actually little more than a hill at 4,230 feet. Visitors have treated the ruin with respect to preserve its archaeological value. Potsherds and chips from tools still litter the site and are protected by federal

law. More than 600 years ago, Sinagua Indians inhabited the structure, which had 70 to 100 rooms and probably served as an outpost along the main trade route along the Verde River to tribal settlements in the north.

St. Clair Spring bubbles from a copse of scrub oak in the shallow valley behind the ruin. A trail about 100 yards south of the ruin parking area leads to the spring with its cowboy bathtub, or swimming hole. This dependable source of water made St. Clair an important stop for ancient people, but the residents probably occupied it only during cooler months.

Around mid-May, biting flies called buffalo gnats take over, and summer temperatures prove just too hot.

In early April, Edward H. Steidle of Prescott, Rita Gosnell of Carefree and Madelyn Bell Bales of Imnaha, Oregon, ate a picnic lunch spread out next to a remnant of an

unmortared stone wall. The three ride mules together, but that day they were on foot.

Bales pointed toward the location of Club Cabin, a rough shelter used by hikers on the western flank of the Mazatzals, 10 miles across open space from where they sat. The earthworks of Horseshoe Dam created a broad lake 3 miles away.

But a month later, when Charles and Linda Slinghoff of Scottsdale sat in the same spot, temperatures were steamy. The reservoir had drawn down to nearly empty and has remained dry because of the extended drought. Swarms of gnats probed eyes, noses and mouths for moisture. With their hands waving like windshield wipers, the Slinghoffs tried to chase them away, but the bugs finally won.

"I've had enough," Charles declared, and set off back down the hill.

To enjoy the Brazaletes Pueblo Ruin, go between late September through April, and don't forget to take a picnic lunch, water, binoculars and a book on Sinagua ruins. **AH**



**LOCATION:** Approximately 40 miles northeast of Phoenix, near Carefree.

**GETTING THERE:** From downtown Phoenix, drive north on State Route 51. Exit on State Route 101 and turn right; travel east to the Scottsdale Road exit. Drive north on Scottsdale Road to Carefree; turn right onto Cave Creek Road. Drive east for approximately 6.5 miles and turn right onto Bartlett Dam Road. After 6 more miles, turn left onto Horseshoe Dam Road. Drive about 4 miles, watch for a short but steep pull-off on the east side of the road and park there. The trail begins at the top of the gravel road.

**ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:** Tonto National Forest, Cave Creek Ranger District, (480) 595-3300.



KEVIN KIBSEY

[ABOVE] Cloaked in thousands of barbed spines, teddy bear chollas glisten in early morning light on a ridge below St. Clair Peak overlooking the Verde River Valley in the Tonto National Forest northeast of Phoenix. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Rays from the sun rising over the distant Mazatzal Mountains illuminate teddy bear chollas, saguaro cacti and other desert vegetation near the Brazaletes Pueblo Ruin.

Before you go on this hike, visit our Web site at [arizonahighways.com](http://arizonahighways.com) for other things to do and places to see in the area.



