

40 OF OUR FAVORITE PLACES
TO EAT, SLEEP AND PLAY ON THE WATER

THE
UNDERWORLD
OF WATER
by Craig Childs

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE • EXPLORE • EXPERIENCE

JULY 2012

THE WATER ISSUE

“If there’s magic on this planet, it is contained in water.” — LOREN EISELEY, 1957

PLUS: NORTH RIM BACK ROADS • MOLLY BUTLER LODGE • SNOWFLAKE • LILO’S CAFÉ
PAINTED TURTLES • HISTORIC FLAGSTAFF • NORTH KAIBAB TRAIL • SAN PEDRO RIVER

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People, places and things from around the state, including a piece of Flagstaff history you may have never heard before; the oldest lodge in Arizona; and Snowflake, our hometown of the month.

18 GET YOUR FEET WET

There are several ways to cool off when the summer heat starts getting unbearable: crank the A/C, ride a Zamboni, dip your toes in the water. Because the first option can be expensive, and the second is hard to find, we suggest No. 3. Although Arizona isn't known for its lakes and rivers, they do exist, and they offer all kinds of recreational opportunities.

BY LORI K. BAKER

26 ON THE WATERFRONT

Peanut butter and jelly. Macaroni and cheese. Summer and beaches. Some things just go together. Of course, Arizona doesn't have many beaches, per se, but it does have some breathtaking lakes, rivers and streams, many of which include places to eat and sleep right on the water.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY

30 IT'S MOSTLY WATER

Minnesota has 10,000 lakes. Maybe more. California, Oregon and Washington have impressive Pacific coastlines. Florida has the Everglades. Even Texas has the Gulf of Mexico. Here in Arizona, we have water, too. It's not something we flaunt on our license plate, but the Grand Canyon State can hold its own in the water department.

A PORTFOLIO EDITED BY JEFF KIDA

42 THE UNDERWORLD OF WATER

Many of those who don't live in Arizona, and many who do, see this as a mostly waterless state. It can seem like a parched landscape where even the highland forests are dry, ready to go up in flames at the drop of a match. But those people are only seeing what is on the surface. If they were to go to the right places, they would see what is below the surface.

AN ESSAY BY CRAIG CHILDS

46 CURRENT CONDITIONS

The plight of one of the last undammed rivers in the Southwest has long been recognized. So far, the San Pedro has escaped the fate of Arizona's other great rivers, now dammed, depleted, drying up and desiccated, their once-lush cottonwood and willow forests all but vanished. Will the San Pedro escape such a death? And if it dies, what will die with it?

BY TERRY GREENE STERLING

52 SCENIC DRIVE

North Rim Back Roads: There's no shortage of scenery on the road to the North Rim, but the views are even better along the back roads that lead to Saddle Mountain Wilderness.

54 HIKE OF THE MONTH

North Kaibab Trail: Although this hike can get a little crowded in July, do it anyway. The trek to Roaring Springs is about as good as it gets.



POINTS OF INTEREST IN THIS ISSUE

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► Rafters float at mile 31 of the Colorado River, beneath a wall of red limestone. | TOM BROWNOLD
FRONT COVER Writer Lawrence Cheek navigates Lake Mohave, part of Lake Mead National Recreation Area in Northwestern Arizona. | KERRICK JAMES
BACK COVER The wake from a boat creates texture in the cloud-reflecting waters of Lake Powell. | NICK BEREZENKO

A 17-Foot Grumman Canoe

Once canoed to the Mississippi. It took a week from my boyhood home on the Wisconsin River, which is a mile upstream from Aldo Leopold's place. My brother Jeff sat on a homemade wooden gear box in the middle of our 17-foot aluminum Grumman. My dad was in the back seat, and I was up front. Although it's been almost 40 years, I can still see the shoreline — the willow branches dangling in the water, the bone-white driftwood on the wet sandbars, the black turtles on the black rocks, soaking up the summer sun. As kids, Jeff and I had a lot of Huck-and-Tom adventures, but that long canoe trip was the best. Because of who was there, and because of the river.

Laura Gilpin, one of the premier photographers of Hopis and Navajos in the early 20th century, once wrote: "A river seems a magic thing. A magic, moving, living part of the very Earth itself." I've experienced that magic on the Wisconsin River. I've also experienced it on the beautiful rivers in Arizona: San Pedro, Salt, Colorado, Verde, Black, Blue. Water is to be expected in Wisconsin. Not in Arizona. Still, the Grand Canyon State is a great place to get wet, and that's the point of this month's issue. It's all about our water. Streams, creeks, lakes and rivers.

Of those, the Colorado River is probably most impressive. To see the Canyon from down on the river ranks right up there with climbing K2 and sea-kayaking with humpback whales. But rafting the Colorado isn't cheap, and space is limited. A good alternative is a canoe trip through Glen Canyon — from the dam of the same name to Lees Ferry. It's a 15-mile run over long stretches of calm water, flanked by vertical walls of towering sandstone.

In *Get Your Feet Wet*, we'll tell you about Glen Canyon and 11 other places to play in and around the water. It's a mixed bag of paddling, bird-watching, hiking, biking, fishing. If none of those things float your boat, maybe a creekside cottage at L'Auberge will get your attention. Or gourmet sandwiches in Aravaipa

Canyon. Or afternoon tea at Garland's. In *On the Waterfront*, we feature some of our favorite places to eat and sleep to a natural soundtrack of running water. In *The Underworld of Water*, Craig Childs writes about where that water comes from.

His essay begins with this: "On the driest summer days, I find myself thinking of all the water sitting in silence far underground. This is the water we tap with wells, the labyrinths of aquifers and water tables, subterranean rivers slowly pushing their way through solid stone, and great lakes soaking the spaces between deeply buried sand grains. Some of the water came from glaciers that melted many thousands of years ago, some of it from rain that fell only weeks earlier."

A couple of years ago, Craig wrote another essay for us about water. The subject was *tinajas*, which are small puddles that shelter microscopic worlds of living organisms. Only Craig Childs could make something like that read like Steinbeck. He does the same thing in this month's essay about groundwater. As you read his words, enjoy their poetic nature, think about the importance of what he's saying, and then flip to Terry Greene Sterling's excellent piece on the endangered San Pedro River.

If any river in Arizona epitomizes Ms. Gilpin's magic, it's the San Pedro, one of the last undammed rivers in the Southwest. That's an important distinction, because, as Terry points out, the fates of millions of migratory birds are tied to the San Pedro, as well as hundreds of species of plants, insects, mammals, reptiles, fish and amphibians.

The river is at risk, primarily because of excessive groundwater-pumping in Sierra Vista. Fortunately, most everyone



KRISTIN HAYWARD, KEH PHOTOGRAPHY

involved understands what's at stake and is working to find some kind of solution. However, as Terry writes in *Current Conditions*: "More conservation efforts are needed, and some conservationists believe that without further restoration of groundwater, the river will be dead by 2100. Others are optimistic that the needs of the river, and the people

who rely on its groundwater supply, can be balanced."

Let's hope for the latter. Although the San Pedro won't take you to the Mississippi, it is a "magic, moving, living part of the very Earth itself," and that's worth protecting. Not just for the birds, but for anyone with a 17-foot Grumman canoe.

COMING IN AUGUST

Next month, in our annual *Best of Arizona* issue, we'll be presenting our version of "31 Things to Do in Arizona Before You Die," one of which is Havasu



DEREK VON BRIESEN

Falls (above). Before we tell you about the rest of ours, we'd like to hear about some of yours. Send us an email or visit us on Facebook. [ah](#)

ROBERT STIEVE, editor

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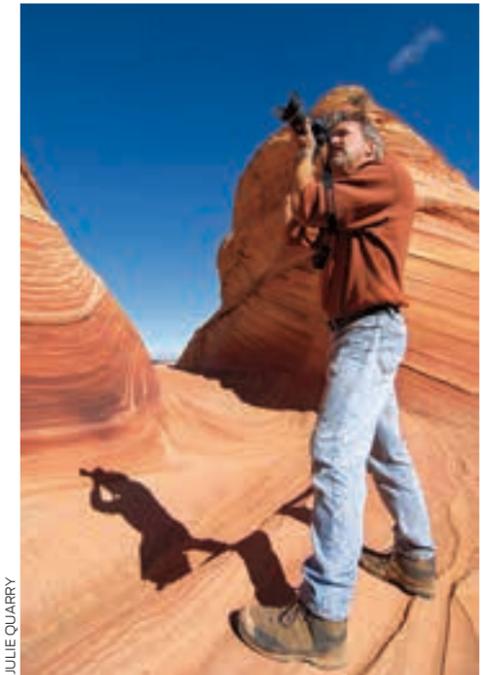
ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TELEVISION



ELLEN BARNES

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, and click the *Arizona Highways Television* link on our home page.

KERRICK JAMES
 Photographer Kerrick James has been admiring nature since childhood, so it's no surprise that his favorite thing to photograph is people exploring the outdoors. "I've always loved nature, as well as trying to convey the feeling of that natural world — exploring it and discovering things in it," he says. "I love to convey that with photography." He shot this month's cover on Lake Mohave, which he finds reminiscent of Baja, California, where "the desert meets the sea." After clambering up a rocky cliff, James made the cover image as writer Lawrence Cheek kayaked below him. James' images have also appeared in *National Geographic Adventure*, *Sunset* and *Condé Nast Traveler*.



JULIE QUARRY



TOM STORY

TERRY GREENE STERLING
 Award-winning writer Terry Greene Sterling has been on many adventures in her career, but the journey she undertook for this month's piece on the San Pedro River (*Current Conditions*, page 46) required a ride atop a donkey named Huckleberry. That was a first. "The river has been restored here largely due to the retirement of irrigation pumping," Sterling says of perhaps the most endangered river in Arizona. "It is now one of the most beautiful spots in the state, with rich cottonwood and willow forests, native grasses, and even a large blue-sky-reflecting beaver pond." Sterling is a regular contributor to *Arizona Highways*. Her work has also appeared in *Rolling Stone*, *Newsweek* and *The Washington Post*.

LORI K. BAKER
 As an Arizona native, writer Lori K. Baker is used to the rarity of water in the Phoenix area. But in writing this month's cover story (*Get Your Feet Wet*, page 18), she discovered there are bodies of water in every corner of the state. "We always go to the places everyone knows about," Baker says. "But it was exciting to find out-of-the-way lakes and rivers where you can have a bit of seclusion and quiet." Baker's first story for *Arizona Highways* — in 2003 — was another story about water, one that detailed the 100-year history of the Salt River Project.

— MOLLY J. SMITH



RICHARD MACK

THE HILLS ARE ALIVE

Thank you for the beautiful issue on the White Mountains [May 2012]. As a child, my parents used to take me camping up there every summer. Like so many other people, I was horrified as I watched the news of the Wallow Fire last year. I'm so relieved to know that not everything was lost. The pictures in your magazine are spectacular. I especially enjoyed Paul Gill's photo of Jacques Marsh. I also enjoyed your reference to Charlie Clark's Steakhouse. I have a lot of great memories of that place.

Kate Richardson, Phoenix



May 2012

WELL PLAYED

Thank you for the wonderful article [The Family That Plays Together, May 2012]. We've gotten the most positive response and genuine interest in a large way. You gave us credibility and respect, and that goes a long way in the entertainment field. Makes me want to write a song about you guys.

Connie Burnett, Flagstaff

OLDS TIMER

On page 41 of the February 2012 issue is a picture taken in front of the Bright Angel Lodge that shows a 1904 one-cylinder Curved Dash Oldsmobile. The owner of that car was George Green, who was standing just behind the car, and his wife Jennie, who was wearing a scarf. They were driving across the United States in 1938, traveling about 7,000 miles round-trip. The Greens lived in Lambertville, Pennsylvania, where George had a small machine shop. One of his specialties was restoring one-cylinder Oldsmobiles built between 1901 and 1907. He purchased that 1904 Oldsmobile in 1907, and used it until his death.

Gary Hoonsbeen, Minneapolis

AN UTTER OPINION

I loved the article [Mini Moos] in the May 2012 issue, but would like to correct the statement about mini moos being the cows of our ancestors. Cows have been traced using DNA evidence to domestication of the wild Aurochs. The Aurochs and early cows were larger

than current cows. I would think that mini moos are more likely the result of recent boutique breeding than the milk-cow breeds that have been bred for production for many generations.

John Trimble, Kingston, Tennessee

Having been a young lad on a Minnesota dairy in the early 1940s, I know that Robyn Hutchison's miniature Jersey cows [Mini Moos, May 2012] are not the size of "regular" Jersey cows at the end of World War II. Although not large bovines (as compared, for example, to Holsteins), the Jerseys on our farm would not be mistaken for the much smaller miniature Jerseys, which, as noted correctly in the article, are "a breed of their own." Originally bred on the English Isle of Jersey, miniature Jerseys were imported into this country as early as the 1600s, and "heritage" (i.e., registered) miniature Jerseys began arriving here in the mid-1800s. And, contrary to the claim in the article that miniature Jerseys "are the cows our ancestors knew," it is likely that more people knew "regular size" Jerseys, as I did as a youngster. The lineage distinction is not an earthshaking historical footnote, but, nevertheless, one I think worth sharing with your readers.

Jim Shaver, Montana City, Montana

PAST ON

I just wanted to let you know that my 1968-1969 copies of *Arizona Highways* are once again in use. After a family

trip out West in 1966, my parents got me a subscription to your magazine. I received the magazine, and faithfully read about and cherished the beauty of your state. Although I dreamed of traveling west and marrying a cowboy, I never made it farther than Indiana. Now my daughter is in graduate school and is planning on moving to Arizona when she graduates. I pulled out my *Arizona Highways* magazines, and she's having a great time familiarizing herself with what the state is/was like. I hope she actually makes it out there so I can come visit again. Thanks for such a wonderful magazine — even if I am 40-plus years late in saying it.

Nancy Wile, West Newbury, Massachusetts

GRAMMAR SCHOOLED

I very much enjoy your magazine and don't want to sound too nitpicky. However, in the article *She's a Fox* [March 2012], the writer uses the phrase "step foot" when describing at what point the kits leave their den. The correct grammar is "set foot." My grammar is not perfect, but I expect close to perfection in articles that appear in *Arizona Highways*. Believe me, I would not even bother to point this out if I had seen it in a lower-quality magazine.

Annette Walker, Avondale, Arizona

contact us If you have thoughts or comments about anything in *Arizona Highways*, we'd love to hear from you. We can be reached at editor@arizonahighways.com, or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. For more information, visit www.arizonahighways.com.

THE JOURNAL 07.12

people > local favorites > odd jobs > lodging > photography
history > hometowns > dining > nature > things to do



JOHN RUNNING

Just Beachy

Flagstaff-based photographer John Running and his daughter, Raechel, were traveling through the Grand Canyon on the Colorado River when instinct and intuition came together to create this photograph. "I saw the light on this little beach and said to Raechel, 'There's a picture,'" John says. He captured the shot, which features his daughter holding an oar, with a 4x5 Crown Graphic press camera. Information: Grand Canyon Backcountry Information Center, 928-638-7875 or www.nps.gov/grca

DRAWING ATTENTION

There are many ways to get on the cover of *Newsweek* — solve pi, become president, capture Sasquatch. Chris Gall of Tucson found another way. He used his talents as an illustrator, which also landed him in *Time*, *Fortune* and *The Washington Post*. And then he started thinking about robot-dinosaurs and a giant green teacher-squid.

Chris Gall's imagination runs full-steam ahead. After years of doing what he does best — creating magnificently bizarre illustrations for clients like New York City's Metropolitan Transit Authority and a very well-known Hollywood producer (who shall remain nameless), and writing and illustrating award-winning children's books — Gall keeps coming up with ideas. Good ideas.

"Ideas are the easy part," he says. His Tucson-based studio, with its vaulted ceilings and skylights, is brimming with inspiration. The walls are covered in his richly hued illustrations. On one hangs *Judgment Day*, from his latest tome, *The PTD Cocktail Book*, a collaboration between Gall and mixologist Jim Meehan. It's the artist's only book for the 21-and-over crowd, and it's so wonderfully disturbing, you'll want a martini to help settle your mind.

Everywhere you look, there's something to occupy the eye and arouse the imagination. Gall's short-wave radio sits in a nearby corner as a "remnant from an old hobby." Old notebooks filled with ideas lie stacked. Model airplanes dangle from the ceiling. A vintage telephone sits on a stool.

Random. Eclectic. Colorful. Gall wants to tap into your imagination with his art. Is something going on beyond what you see? Is there some greater story or reality? It's certainly easy to get lost in the details, but for Gall, the easy ideas come fast and furiously — like the time he was driving on Interstate 10



Among illustrator Chris Gall's creations is a project for New York's subway system.

"I wanted to be everything: a spy, an astronaut, a geologist, an undersea explorer."

MARK LIPCZYNSKI

and conceptualized his book, *Dinotrux*. Just like that.

"I saw these giant earth movers making all of this noise and it reminded me instantly of dinosaurs," he explains. "What if they were dinosaurs? What if, unbeknown to mankind, trucks weren't trucks, but instead they evolved from a primitive species?"

Gall came home, Googled his idea, and determined that no one had thought to write a children's book about bionic dinosaurs. The book hit shelves in 2009, and its sequel, *Revenge of the Dinotrux*, came out last May.

Call it the Chris Gall effect. As a kid growing up in Phoenix, he dreamed of doing it all. "I wanted to be

everything," he says. "A spy, an astronaut, a geologist, an undersea explorer." He also liked making something out of nothing. In college, he would spend weekends looking for "weird things" in junkyards. After graduating from the University of Arizona, Gall took a job at an advertising agency, and also freelanced as a cover designer for *Tucson Weekly*.

Although the side gig didn't pay much, it gave him the chance to experiment with different styles. "They let me do whatever I wanted," he says. Eventually, a cover for *Newsweek* earned him an award

As Gall's career soared — his work has appeared in *Time*, *The New York Times*, *Fortune* and *The Washington Post*, as well as at Phoenix Sky Harbor Airport's east economy parking lot and on labels for Tucson-based Nimbus Brewery — he rediscovered another passion: writing. Gall had a strong literary influence when he was a child. His grandmother was a librarian and a good friend of Maurice Sendak's, so he had a smorgasbord of books — including Sendak's — to devour. In college, he took up creative writing and, years later, pursued stand-up comedy.

"I was really enjoying writing all of this funny stuff. [The process] got me thinking about what I could do with it."

Gall's first book was inspired by a poem written by his great-great-aunt Katharine Lee Bates. The poem was *America the Beautiful*.

"Getting published is difficult, but I came up with this idea to do an illustrated book to the words of *America the Beautiful*," he says. "It was a good hook for publishers, and an interesting angle to reinterpreting the poem."

The book was a success. *Publishers Weekly* named *America the Beautiful* one of its best children's books of 2004. Gall went on to produce *Dear Fish*, *Substitute Creacher*, *There's Nothing to Do on Mars* (inspired by Sedona's red rocks) and his *Dinotrux* series. He has at least three other books on the horizon, including *Awesome Dawson*, about a boy with MacGyver-esque abilities. It's due in 2013.

Gall can't imagine running out of ideas. After all, he's the kind of artist who understands the importance of taking a concept and turning it on its head.

"Everything has been done," he says. "Everything has been thought of. How are you going to make a meaningful statement?"

Gall is straddling two very different worlds, and he wouldn't have it any other way. "I love that I'm still, in some weird way, being a third-grader. I'm creating things. I'm putting something together from nothing that other people notice. And it's a career."

— KATHY RITCHIE

For more information about Chris Gall, visit www.chrisgall.com.

local favorites



MOLLY J. SMITH

ARIZONA SPICE CO. Mesa

Though Debbie Roberti has been cooking for 30 years, it wasn't until 2008 that she opened Arizona Spice Co. A lifelong fan of bold flavors, Roberti wanted to provide all-natural fresh spices to customers. And with the company's own food-processing facility next door to the store, freshness is guaranteed throughout its line of salsas, relishes and meat rubs, as well as its soup, spice and barbecue mixes.

What inspired you to start your company?

Mainly my love for Southwest flavors, and the fact that you couldn't find many high-quality chiles in the area. And when you did find them, they were expensive. I also can't take MSG and food additives very well, so all of my products are MSG-free.

What kinds of spices do you sell?

We sell chili powders, which are the bases for most of our mixes. We have mild, medium, hot, chipotle, green chile, etc. — I typically name them all in accordance with the main ingredients. I have a popular jalapeño mix for fish and poultry, and a barbecue mix that's good on everything. I have bean mixes and soup mixes, too.

What's your favorite flavor?

The Green Ghost seasoning is my favorite. I use that, and I have it sitting on my dinner table with salt and pepper. When guests are over, they always use it. It's the hottest seasoning I make, but it helps enhance the flavor of anything you put it on. — MOLLY J. SMITH

Arizona Spice Co. is located at 909 E. Main Street in Mesa. For more information, call 480-632-2168 or visit www.azspiceco.homestead.com.

MARIACHI

Leticia Elias, Chandler

Leticia Elias is something of a pioneer in the arena of girl bands. In 1989, Elias, her sisters and a cousin founded Mariachi Las Perlitas Tapatias, an all-female mariachi band in Guadalajara, Mexico. "We had a love for mariachi since we were little," Elias says. Despite growing up with the sounds of mariachi all around them, the girls hadn't touched musical instruments until they started the group. And if that weren't daunting enough, they faced another hurdle: breaking into a world dominated by men. "We had a hard time at the beginning," Elias admits. "Now, the men recognize our work." Today, Elias lives in Chandler with her husband and two children, and she directs another group called Mariachi Tierra Linda. "We have boys, too," she points out. An older sister keeps the Las Perlitas torch lit. "Music for me is everything; it's my therapy," Elias says. "When I sing and play and I see the people's faces, I am so happy."

— KATHY RITCHIE

For more information about Mariachi Tierra Linda, call 480-227-4062 or visit www.mariachitierralinda.net.



DAWN KISH



DAWN KISH

The Butler Does It

John Wayne slept here, but that's not why Molly Butler Lodge is so popular. It's a favorite because of its rustic accommodations, beer, pool, gossip, Wednesday-night poker and hearty, comfort-food dinners. And it's in Greer.

Molly Butler Lodge, which officially opened in 1910, two years before statehood, is the oldest continually operating lodge in Arizona. And get this: John Wayne slept here. Teddy Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover and Zane Grey also bunked with Molly and family, alongside legions of frontiersmen who came to the White Mountains to hunt, trap and fish in the early 1900s.

Back in the day, the tiny Mormon settlement (later known as Greer) in which the Butlers lived offered pristine woodlands, verdant meadows and the Little Colorado River, which teemed with trout. But the town offered little in the way of creature comforts, so visitors agreed to do chores around John and Molly Butler's homestead in exchange for a hot meal and a roof over their heads. In 1910, Molly's enterprising daughter, Hannah, suggested the family start charging visitors 25 cents per meal. The Butler Lodge was born.

Molly passed away in the 1960s, and Hannah built an updated but still rustic structure on the site of the original family home a decade later, creating two dining rooms, a bar, a cozy fireplace-furnished anteroom and four small guestrooms. She renamed the business Molly Butler Lodge.

When Allan Johnson bought the property five years ago, he soon learned that the lodge remained the heart and soul of this small community (population 147), which explodes to between 2,500 and 3,000 heat-crazed people come summer. These days, locals still drop in for beer, pool, gossip, Wednesday-night poker and hearty, comfort-food dinners (including exceptional prime rib chili, culled from the White House cookbook Hoover left to the Butlers as a gift).

Visitors are more likely to be lured by the shaded front deck, which boasts a massive stone fireplace and spectacular views; the game room, featuring competition shuffleboard and a 64-inch TV with Nintendo Wii;

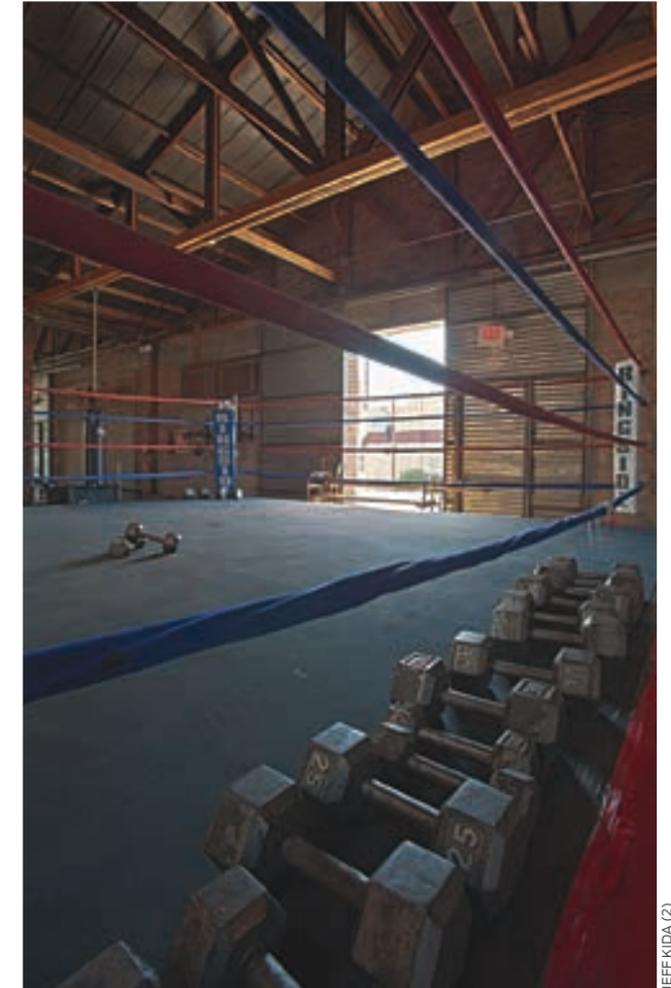
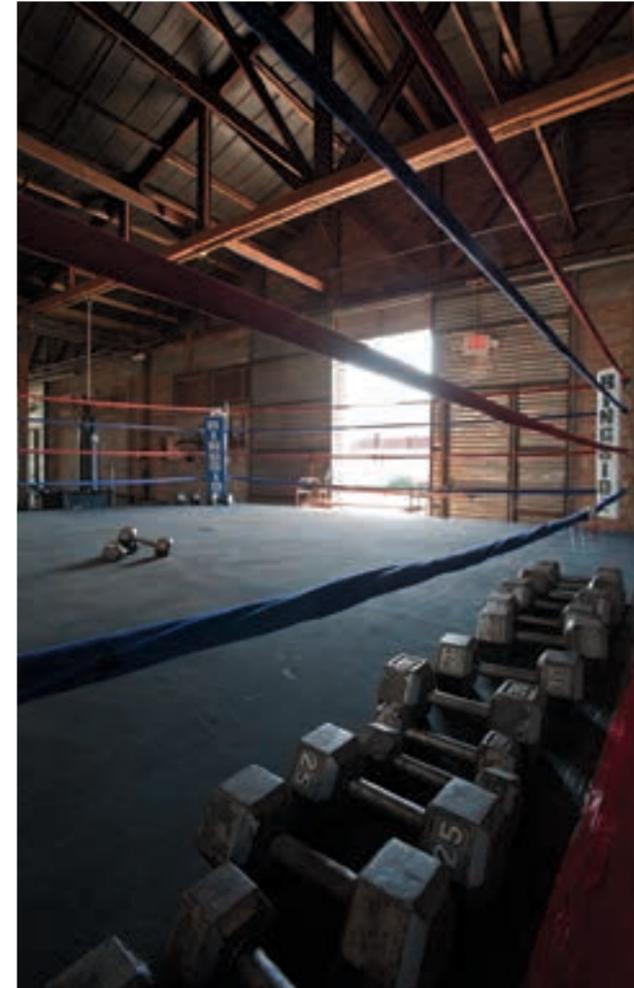
and a never-ending roster of events, including live music every weekend. For folks who relish being in the thick of it, the cowboy-chic guestrooms attached to the lodge are irresistible (\$75-\$125). Decorated with reclaimed wood, cowboy artifacts, pressed-tin ceilings, trendy lamps and plush retro pillows, they're snug, hip and dangerously convenient to the bar. For lovers of peace, quiet and privacy, the lodge also offers 50 anything-but-cookie-cutter rental cabins — some small and rustic, others commodious and luxurious (\$95-\$595). By the end of 2012, renovation of The Longhouse (one of the original buildings) will be complete, offering four luxury suites decorated in period style. Wouldn't Molly be proud?

— NIKKI BUCHANAN

Molly Butler Lodge is located at 109 E. Main Street in Greer. The Lodge Chop House, open every day but Thanksgiving and Christmas, serves dinner only, starting at 5 pm. For more information, call 928-735-7617 or visit www.mollybutlerlodge.com.



TIM FULLER



JEFF KIDA (2)

The photo at left is a single image made in RAW. The image at right was made in HDR and RAW, created from three separate photos.

The ABCs of HDR

We get a lot of questions about the use of HDR (high dynamic range) in photography. This shooting style has been around for a while, and is getting more popular. To achieve the look, most photographers take several photos of the same scene, using — at a minimum — three exposures: one stop overexposed, one stop underexposed and a correct exposure. The images are then merged into a single photograph using software such as Photoshop, Photomatrix or Nik. The resulting image features a wider range of tonal values over that of a single digital capture. If you want to try this technique, think about photographing something that doesn't move, like landscapes or architecture. Then look for a scene with a huge range of contrast — lots of shadows and highlights. Use a tripod for best results, and if your camera allows, capture your photographs as RAW files rather than JPEGs. Doing so will result in more tonal range with every image. — JEFF KIDA, PHOTO EDITOR

PHOTO TIP

Locked On

Some cameras have up to 51 focus points that can be individually selected, allowing you to focus on almost any part of the frame. But, sometimes even these don't cover the

area you would like, or your camera doesn't have 51 points. This is where focus lock comes into play. If you place a focus point over your subject and press the shutter button halfway, the camera will focus on that point but won't take a photo. While

holding the button halfway, recompose your photo, then push the button all the way down to make your image. Alternately, focus the image and hold the "AF-L" button on the back of the camera to stay locked on while you recompose.

Enter our monthly caption contest by scanning this QR code or visiting <http://bit.ly/ahmcaptioncontest>.



ADDITIONAL READING

Look for our book *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available at bookstores and www.arizonahighways.com/books.



Making a Name for Itself

Because of its proximity to the Grand Canyon and its address on Historic Route 66, Flagstaff is well-known around the world. There was a time, however, when it took hyperbole to get people to the Northern Arizona town with the unusual name.

You might say Flagstaff was built on exaggerations. In 1876, a man named Samuel Woodworth Cozens wrote a book titled *The Marvelous Country*. “You’d call it a travel book today,” says Leslie Roe, director of the Pioneer Museum and Riordan Mansion in Flagstaff. Unfortunately, the book was more fiction than fact. “It made a lot of claims and he told it in the first person, as though he experienced it,” he says. It later came to light that Cozens had never visited Northern Arizona. Despite that, the author ventured to cities like Boston, where he promoted his book. His wild claims eventually lured one group — the Boston Party — west.



Flagstaff, circa 1883

NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY, CLINE LIBRARY

in the growing season it was a dismal failure,” explains Joe Meehan, curator of the Pioneer Museum. The party, however, left its mark. To commemorate the country’s centennial, they stripped a pine tree and raised a flag. Some say that’s how the town got its name.

Years later, nearby Antelope Springs was intended to be the railroad stop for the area. But because it was built on a

slope, trains going west couldn’t gain enough momentum to go uphill, so the railroad placed the stop 1 mile east.

When a post office was established there, it was given the name “Flagstaff.” As the railroad boomed, so did the town’s population, and today, Flagstaff is one of the premier tourist destinations in the state.

— KATHY RITCHIE

this month in history

■ Warren Earp, the youngest of the infamous Earp brothers, is killed in an Arizona saloon by a man named John Boyett on July 7, 1900.

■ Billy the Kid, who spent time in Arizona, is fatally shot by Sheriff Pat Garrett at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, on July 14, 1881.

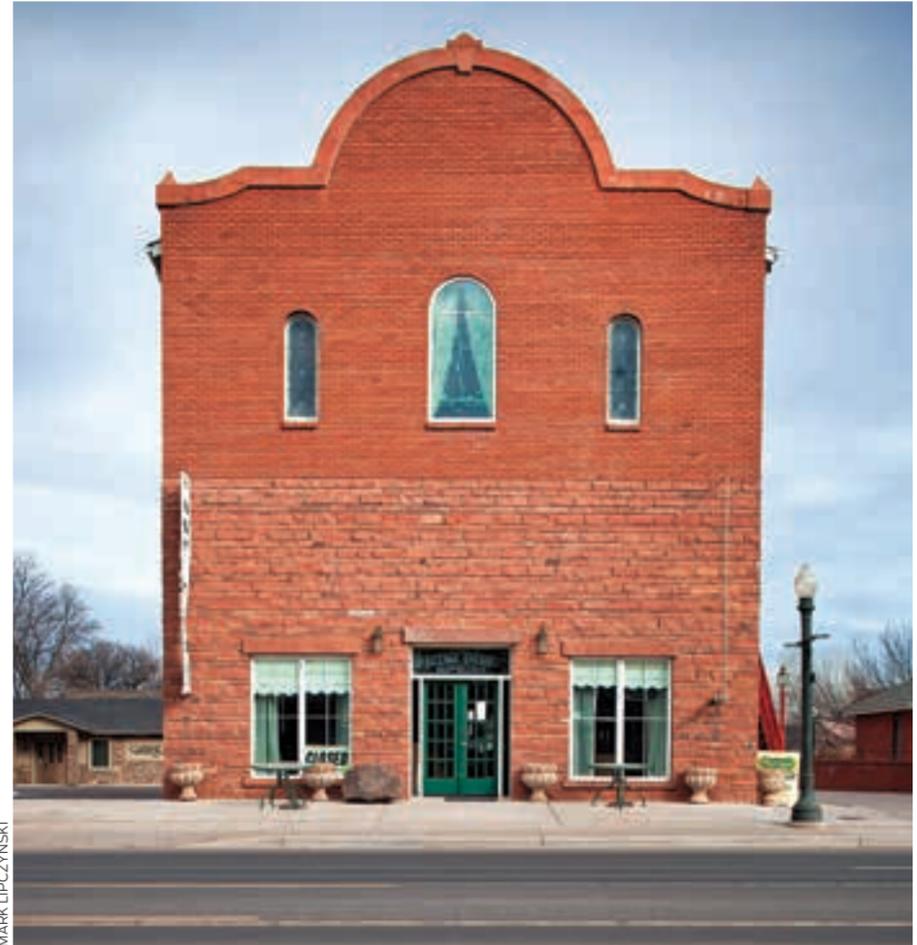


■ Outlaw gun-fighter John Ringo (pictured) is found dead in Turkey Creek Canyon, on July 14, 1882. Several men step forward to claim responsibility, but the truth about how Ringo died is never discovered.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 50 Years Ago



The White Mountain Apaches were the focus of our July 1962 issue. Apaches from the Fort Apache Indian Reservation had recently begun encouraging tourism in the area. Our issue reported on their new source of income, along with the history behind the tribe.



MARK LIPCZYNSKI

Heritage Antiques

SNOWFLAKE

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HOUSES IN SNOWFLAKE resonates with JoAnne Guderian, owner of the Heritage Inn. They remind her of home. “Being British, I really recognize the English feel that these homes have,” she says. “They’re built with brick, and they even have white picket fences. People enjoy the mature trees and green grass and the horses grazing in the fields.”

Indeed, Snowflake retains a certain bucolic charm, thanks in large part to its Mormon heritage. Founded by settlers Erastus Snow and William Flake in 1878, the town is home to historic pioneer homes — Stinson, Flake and Freeman, to name a few — as well as a massive Latter-Day Saints temple.

“I think what visitors love is the history here, the pioneer spirit that lives on,” Guderian says. “Think: Just over 100 years ago, back in the late 1870s, nothing existed in the Silver Creek Valley, and now we have a thriving community.”

— KELLY KRAMER

FOUNDED	AREA	ELEVATION	COUNTY
1878	30.9 square miles	5,600 feet	Navajo

INFORMATION: Town of Snowflake, 928-536-7103 or www.ci.snowflake.az.us; Heritage Inn, 866-486-5947 or www.heritage-inn.net; Heritage Antiques, 928-536-3741

Hubbub and Grub

Things can get loud at Lilo's Café — clattering plates, rattling cups, table-to-table conversations — and that's the way the hordes of hungry tourists like it. They like the homemade food, too, especially the burgers, sauerkraut and towering slabs of carrot cake.

IF YOU PREFER TO DINE in a quiet, meditative space, better keep looking. Westside Lilo's Café treats mealtime as a celebration, to be enjoyed in a bustling, convivial atmosphere.

Seligman

The clatter of plates and rattle of cups add percussion notes to the chorus of table-to-table conversations and echoing laughter.

Local ranchers and townsfolk chatter back and forth and banter with the friendly staff. Seems like everybody knows each other. Then you catch the flurry of accents — even different languages — adding to the general hubbub. Jackets worn by a group of bikers indicate they're from France. A couple from Australia poses with the mounted elk head. And the Japanese family breaks out in shrieks when giant plate-draping cinnamon rolls are brought to their table. Everyone is local at Lilo's, even if they traveled across the globe to be there.

A small town set amid the high plains of Northern Arizona doesn't seem a likely spot for a family restaurant to grow into an internationally known eatery. Yet that's the story of Westside Lilo's Café.

Of course, it helps that the small town is Seligman, birthplace of Historic Route 66. Since the preservation movement of the iconic highway began here, Seligman has become holy ground for legions of travelers.

German-born Lilo Russell slings the kind of homemade grub that keeps everyone coming back for more. She opened the restaurant in 1996 with the help of her husband, Patrick, and daughters, Brenda and Nancy.

Burly breakfast platters, fork-tender steaks and juicy Black Angus burgers fill the menu, along with some surprises. The nachos are a spicy avalanche of pork, green chiles and cheese atop fresh-cut tortilla chips. Lilo's sauerkraut is made in-house with juniper berries and displays a

sassy tartness that prompts customers to bring in glass jars for take-home portions.

Yet the restaurant might be best known for its decadent desserts. Lilo bakes an assortment of cream pies daily, using mascarpone cheese — the same cheese used in tiramisu — infusing them with a defiant silkiness. Unlike some cream pies that quiver and collapse at the first touch of a fork, Lilo's are as luxurious in texture as they are in taste.

The carrot cake proves to be her masterpiece: a towering slab, incredibly moist, flavorful and packed with enough carrots to make Bugs Bunny swoon. There's been so much demand it can now be purchased online. Imagine that: a sweet taste of the open road delivered right to your door.

— ROGER NAYLOR

Westside Lilo's Café is located at 22855 W. Route 66 in Seligman. For more information, call 928-422-5456 or visit www.westsidelilos.com.



PAUL MARKOW



The amphibians feed on insects, crayfish, frogs and aquatic plants.

Western painted turtles can grow as long as 10 inches.

Females may lay as many as four clutches of 25 eggs per season.

TOM BRENNAN

Western Painted Turtle

You don't have to travel to the wilderness to see a Western painted turtle. These aquatic creatures, indigenous to the Lyman Lake area of Northeastern Arizona, are now found in canals and reservoirs near Phoenix, Tucson and Cottonwood.

Western painted turtles spend their days basking on rocks, logs and mudbanks in bales, or groups, of a dozen. Temperature regulation via sunlight helps support digestion. Similar to most water turtles, Western painted turtles have a fixed tongue that requires them to catch and eat food underwater.

Bright red and yellow

markings adorn this olive-green turtle. The edges of its flat, smooth shell shine with both hues. Yellow stripes cover its head, while red stripes line its legs. Males are smaller than females.

These turtles are most active from March to October and mate in the spring and fall. Each season, females can lay as many as four clutches of eggs. Shallow nests dug into pond banks protect the eggs.

Human actions, including development and pesticide use, threaten to harm Western painted turtle habitat. This vibrantly colored species is also sometimes exploited in the pet trade.

— LEAH DURAN

nature factoid



TED MACRAE

TIGER BEETLES

There are more than 1,500 known species of tiger beetles, and more than 40 of those species reside in the Sulphur Springs Valley of Southeastern Arizona. Generally, you can identify tiger beetles by their large eyes, 11 antennae and sickle-like mandibles. Their colors range from gray and black to brilliant green, violet and orange. The insects are commonly found in sandy riparian areas or mudflats.

july



JAMES FAIN

Prescott Rodeo

June 29-July 4, Prescott

Prescott will be teeming with cowboys and cowgirls ready to show off their skills as the World's Oldest Rodeo marks its 125th birthday. After checking out the rodeo, stop by the 32nd Annual Prescott Rodeo Days Fine Arts and Crafts Show, which features artisans from across the state and the Southwest. *Information: 928-443-5220, www.worldsoldestrodeo.com or www.prescottdowntown.com*



STEVE BURGER

Grand Canyon Photo Workshop

August 12-16, Grand Canyon

The Grand Canyon's spectacular vistas have inspired artists and photographers for more than a century. Now, join Photoshop expert Steve Burger and former *Arizona Highways* photo editor J. Peter Mortimer for a chance to photograph one of the Seven Natural Wonders of the World. This workshop offers an opportunity to learn how to capture professional photos and turn them into magazine-quality shots using Photoshop. *Information: www.friendsofhighways.com*

Art in the Park

June 30-July 2, Flagstaff

Celebrate America's independence at this juried fine arts and crafts show. Enjoy live music, food booths, children's activities and more. *Information: 928-556-9498 or www.flagstaffartinthepark.com*

High Country Hummers Festival

July 28, Eagar

This annual nature festival is designed to educate the public about the history of hummingbirds in Arizona's higher-elevation forests. In addition to interacting with hummingbird researchers, visitors can browse exhibition booths, enjoy a bird walk, watch slideshows, explore wildlife habitats and more. *Information: 928-367-4281*

Sounds of Kingman

July 1, Kingman

Listen to the sweet sounds of summer at this annual summer concert series, during which musicians from all walks of life gather at Metcalfe Park to perform live for the public. Sounds of Kingman is a not-for-profit group dedicated to cultivating live entertainment and supporting the arts. *Information: 928-530-6731 or www.soundsofkingman.com*

Chili Cook-Off

July 14, Pinetop

Chili is a big deal in our state, and the best way to sample it is to attend a cook-off. More than 45 chili cooks are expected at this event, where they'll be offering visitors samples of some of the best chili around. Besides good eats, plan on local arts and crafts vendors and live music. *Information: 480-299-6738 or www.chilicookoffinthepines.shutterstock.com*

National Day of the Cowboy

July 28, Cottonwood

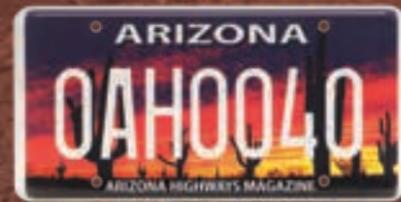
Celebrate the heritage and history of the cowboy and the American West through re-enactments, storytelling, period costumes, artifacts and props. Visitors can also enjoy blacksmithing, leather-crafting and knife-making demonstrations. *Information: www.nationaldayofthecowboy.com* 



For Independence Day events across Arizona, scan this QR code or visit www.arizonahighways.com/extras/events.asp.

Mind If We Tag Along?

The state of Arizona gave us our own license plate, and we'd like you to take us for a ride.

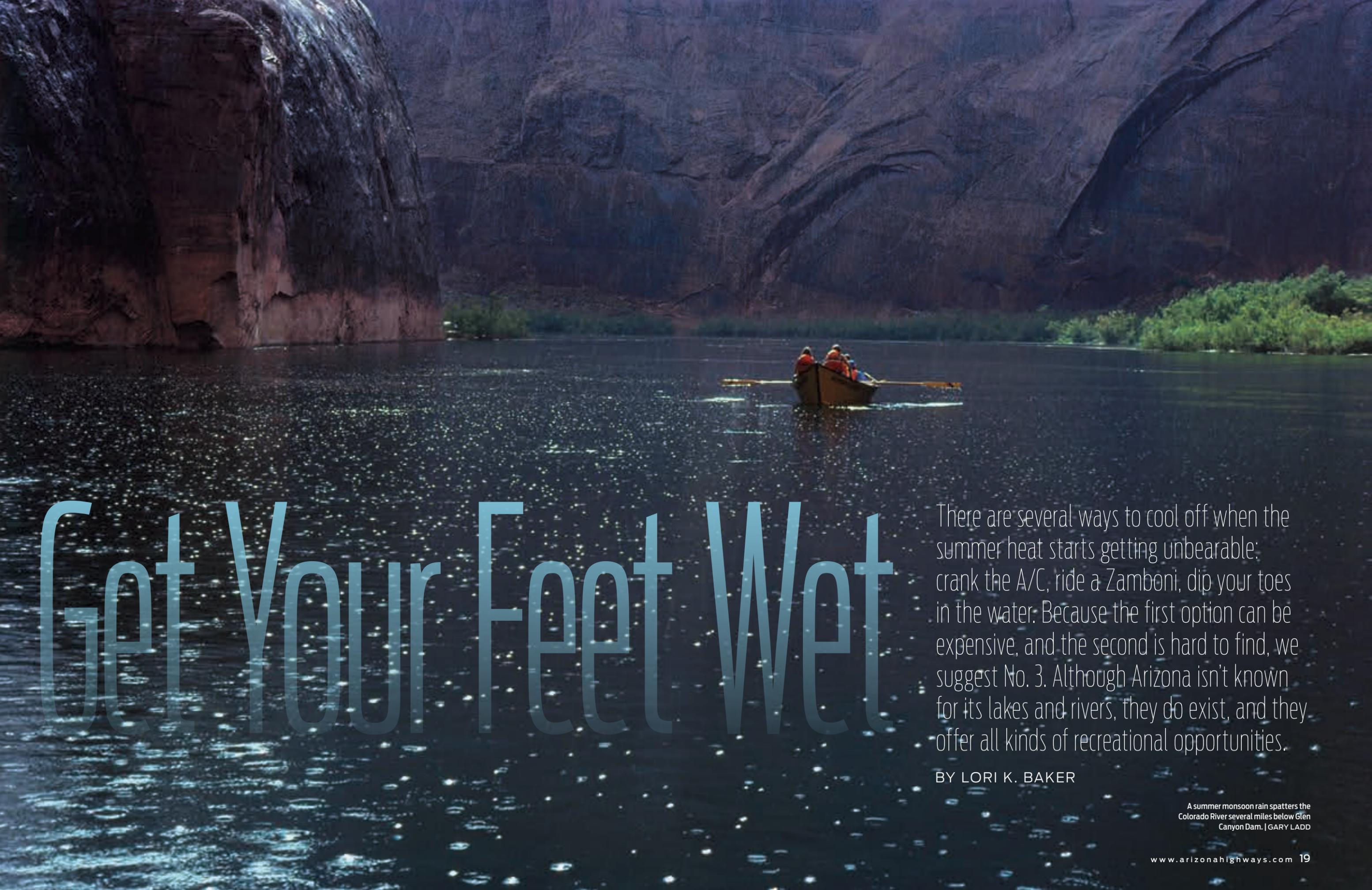


To order an official *Arizona Highways* license plate, visit www.arizonahighways.com and click the license-plate icon on our home page. Proceeds help support our mission of promoting tourism in Arizona.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS



SERVICEARIZONA



Get Your Feet Wet

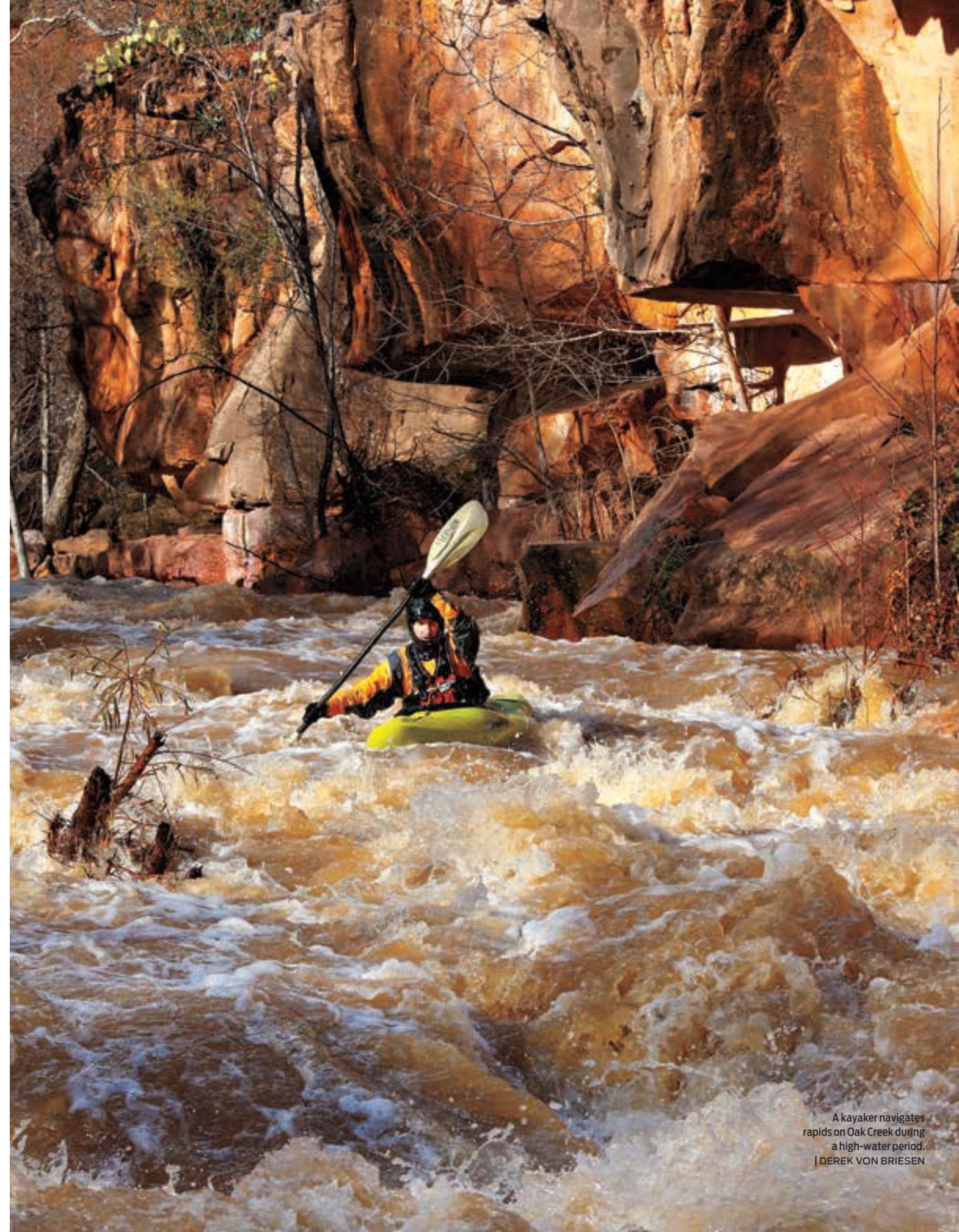
There are several ways to cool off when the summer heat starts getting unbearable: crank the A/C, ride a Zamboni, dip your toes in the water. Because the first option can be expensive, and the second is hard to find, we suggest No. 3. Although Arizona isn't known for its lakes and rivers, they do exist, and they offer all kinds of recreational opportunities.

BY LORI K. BAKER

A summer monsoon rain spatters the Colorado River several miles below Glen Canyon Dam. | GARY LADD



Hawley Lake is one of the White Mountains' coolest spots, at 8,200 feet in elevation. | PAUL GILL



A kayaker navigates rapids on Oak Creek during a high-water period. | DEREK VON BRIESEN

◀ Colorado River

Riding in a rubber raft as it smashes into roiling whitewater isn't everyone's idea of a good time. For everyone else, there's a gentler side to the Colorado River, and it's located along a 15-mile stretch that runs from Glen Canyon Dam to Lees Ferry. (There's no put-in at the dam, so you'll have to launch at Lees Ferry, and then get a tow upstream, either from friends or the outfitters at Colorado River Discovery.) As your kayak or canoe plies through long, placid stretches of flatwater, flanked by vertical walls of ancient Navajo sandstone that towers 1,200 feet high, you'll discover the glories of the intricate, multihued Glen Canyon — 1,000-year-old petroglyph panels of the Anasazi, waterfalls tumbling out of rock walls, and hanging gardens of spring-fed plants clinging to vertical cliff walls. While the Lees Ferry Campground offers picnic facilities, the River Trail provides a quick jaunt along the water, and also serves as the starting point for the Spencer

Trail, a challenging, 2.2-mile hike that includes a rocky climb up several switchbacks. **Directions:** From Flagstaff, drive north on U.S. Route 89 for approximately 110 miles to U.S. Route 89A, turn left, and head toward Marble Canyon. Continue 1 mile past the Marble Canyon Bridge, turn right onto Lees Ferry Road, and follow the signs to the boat landing.

Vehicle Requirements: None
Information: Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, 928-608-6200 or www.nps.gov/glca; Colorado River Discovery, 888-522-6644 or www.raftthecanyon.com

Hawley Lake ▲

For anyone in need of a summer respite, nothing beats an afternoon along a pristine body of water like Hawley Lake, which is considered one of the coolest spots in the state. The lake is located on the White Mountain Apache Indian Reservation, where a boat dock with boat rentals sets the stage for exploring the area.

Directions: From Pinetop-Lakeside, drive southeast on State Route 260 for approximately 11 miles to State Route 473, turn south, and continue 11 miles to the lake.

Vehicle Requirements: None
Information: White Mountain Apache Tribe, 928-338-4346 or www.wmat.nsn.us

Oak Creek ▶

Beyond Sedona's artsy glitz and New Age allure are some of the world's most impressive natural wonders, including Oak Creek Canyon, a creekside habitat where Arizona sycamores, cottonwoods, willows and pines wrestle for water rights alongside manzanitas, scrub oaks and silk tassels. One of the best stretches of the creek is the Indian Gardens run. On those rare days when the creek transforms into a river (optimally 400 to 600 cubic feet per second, or cfs), the run offers paddlers an opportunity to test their mettle with Class IV full-on adventure. The put-in at Indian Gardens is located just downstream from

the confluence of Munds Canyon. Below Trout Farm Bridge, the route cuts through Compound Fracture, where the creek drops and makes a short right turn against a rock wall. The creek then splits at Supai Surf and leads to a forested gravel bar nicknamed Pick Your Poison, before arriving at the take-out in Sedona at the State Route 179 bridge. Picnic facilities are available at nearby Grasshopper Point, and area hikes include Casner Canyon and Wilson.

Directions: From Sedona, drive north on State Route 89A to Indian Gardens, which is 4.6 miles north of the SR 179 bridge.
Vehicle Requirements: None
Information: Coconino National Forest, 928-203-2900 or www.fs.usda.gov/coconino

Kinnikinick Lake

Ever wonder how Kinnikinick Lake got its name? A forest ranger told us it's named after a type of plant that's native to the area — one that's rumored to have strong medicinal powers. Surrounded by a juniper forest

with long views of the San Francisco Peaks, Kinnikinick Lake is an ideal spot to fish for trout or tool around in a kayak, canoe or low-horsepower motorboat. If the trout elude you, Mother Nature might reward you with glimpses of ospreys, great blue herons, bald eagles, elk or antelope.

Directions: From Flagstaff, drive south on Forest Highway 3 (Lake Mary Road) for 30 miles to Forest Road 125. Turn left onto FR 125 and drive 4 miles to Forest Road 82. Turn right onto FR 82 and continue 5.5 miles to

the campground and boat ramp. **Vehicle Requirements:** None **Information:** Coconino National Forest, 928-526-0866 or www.fs.usda.gov/coconino

Carnero Lake ▼

Although it's not as secluded as Atlantis, Carnero Lake is still a great place to escape the crowds and enjoy a little peace and quiet. The lake is tucked away on the northern edge of the White Mountains, where its stillness attracts birds and elk to its marshy shores. On most

days, you'll be outnumbered by wildlife as you kayak, canoe or boat (electric motors only) on this shallow mountain lake, which sits at an elevation of 9,033 feet.

Directions: From Pinetop-Lake-side, drive east on State Route 260. Three miles past the turnoff for Sunrise Park, turn left onto Forest Road 117, and continue for 2.5 miles to Forest Road 117A. Turn right onto FR 117A and continue 3 miles to the turnoff for Carnero Lake, which is on the right side of the road.

Vehicle Requirements: None

Information: Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, 928-333-4301 or www.fs.usda.gov/asnf

Virgin River ►

After spring runoff and summer thunderstorms, the Virgin River's whitewater rapids require a little faith — in your kayak, your paddles and maybe yourself — as you plunge through a spectacular gorge on the Arizona Strip, an area north of the Grand Canyon. The river cuts through dark limestone cliffs, red

sandstone buttes and slopes of Joshua trees as it offers white-water kayakers and rafters Class II and Class III thrills, mostly formed by boulder gardens. A standout rapid called Big Ten (Class IV at some cfs levels) is followed by a series of rapids called the Back Nine as the river weaves beneath Interstate 15 in a tight canyon. Next comes a significant drop at the mouth of the gorge called Let's Make a Deal. A minimum flow for the run is about 400 cfs, with the ideal being from 800 to 1,500 cfs. In addition to a wild ride, the



Virgin River Canyon Recreation Area offers some great spots for picnicking, as well as a short interpretive trail that circles the day-use area.

Directions: Access to the Virgin River Canyon Recreation Area is located off Interstate 15, about 20 miles west of St. George, Utah. Take the Cedar Pockets exit.

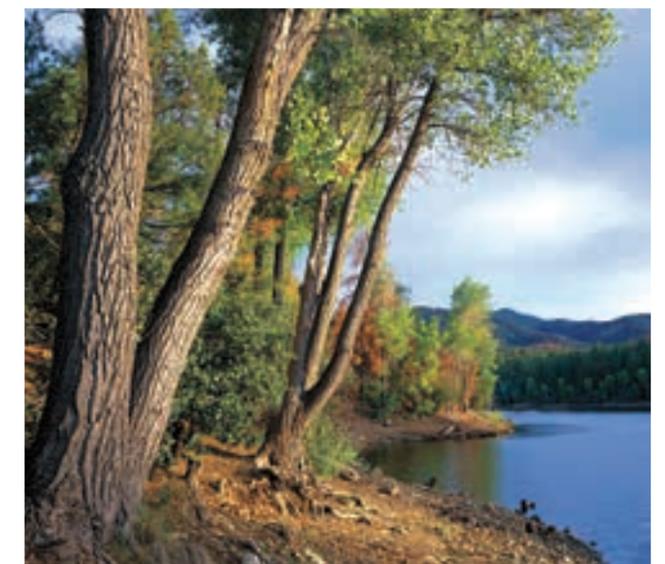
Vehicle Requirements: None **Information:** Bureau of Land Management, 801-628-4491 or www.blm.gov/az

Lynx Lake ►

A picture-postcard panorama of towering ponderosas and piñon pines awaits visitors to Lynx Lake in the Prescott National

LEFT: Carnero Lake is a shallow, weed-filled site where anglers are known to catch big fish. | RORY AIKENS **ABOVE:** After heavy rains, the Virgin River plunges through a major gorge, offering a challenge to kayakers and rafters. | TYLER WILLIAMS **RIGHT:** Lynx Lake, near Prescott, features a 2-mile perimeter hiking loop. | JERRY SIEVE

Forest. The 55-acre lake beckons hikers, canoeists, anglers and bird-watchers to explore the area. Canoes and rowboats are available for rent at the Lynx Store and Marina, while a 2-mile loop around the lake, which is paved and wheelchair-accessible on the west side, invites a casual stroll through the trees. **Directions:** From Prescott, drive south on Walker Road and



follow the signs to the Lynx Lake boat landing.

Vehicle Requirements: None **Information:** Prescott National Forest, 928-443-8000 or www.fs.usda.gov/prescott

Willow Springs Lake

Woods Canyon Lake gets most of the attention on the Mogollon Rim, but Willow Springs is equally appealing to kayakers, canoeists and motorized boaters (10 horsepower or less) who want to chill out in a cool ponderosa pine forest. The lake can also be enjoyed along the Willow Springs Loop, a relatively short, easy hike or mountain-bike ride through thickets of ponderosa pines and quaking aspens.

Directions: From Payson, drive east on State Route 260 for about 30 miles to Forest Road 149. From there, turn left onto FR 149 and continue for 1 mile to the lake, which is where the trailhead and boat landing are located.

Vehicle Requirements: None **Information:** Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, 928-333-4301 or www.fs.usda.gov/asnf





Luna Lake

Reminiscent of a place you might see in the Alps, the small mountain town of Alpine rests in a wide, grassy valley (elevation: 8,030 feet) that brims with wildflowers in the spring and summer. Nearby Luna Lake, which is located 3 miles east of town, offers quiet opportunities to escape the shoreline in a nonmotorized or low-horsepower boat. While enjoying the stillness of this 120-acre lake, keep your binoculars handy — you never know when one of the resident bald eagles might swoop down and catch an unsuspecting fish. After returning to shore, stroll the 8-mile Luna Lake Loop, or enjoy the picnic facilities at Luna Lake Campground.

Directions: From Alpine, drive east on State Route 180 for 4 miles and follow the signs to Luna Lake, which is located on the north side of the highway.

Vehicle Requirements: None
Information: Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, 928-333-4301 or www.fs.usda.gov/asnf

◀ Patagonia Lake

Located in Patagonia Lake State Park, which sits in the shadow of 9,453-foot Mount Wrightson, about halfway between Patagonia and Nogales, Patagonia Lake offers chance encounters with more than 275 bird species, including rare birds such as elegant trogons and vermilion flycatchers. It also offers high-adrenaline adventure on the side of the lake that's open to speedboats, and serenity on the no-wake side, where thickets of cattails grow along the shoreline. Off the water, the park features a picnic area with ramadas, tables and grills, and a creekside



trail that could lead to more rare birds: towhees, Inca doves, black vultures or one of several species of hummingbirds.

Directions: From Patagonia, drive southwest on State Route 82 for 11 miles to Patagonia Lake Road, turn right and follow the signs for 4 miles to the park.

Vehicle Requirements: None
Information: Patagonia Lake State Park, 520-287-6965 or www.azstateparks.com/parks/patagonia

Reservation Lake

You might think you're in Canada when you get to this out-of-the-way lake in the White Mountains. To get there, though, you'll need a high-clearance vehicle. Located on the southern flanks of Mount Baldy and surrounded by a green canopy of Engelmann spruce, blue spruce and quaking aspens, Reservation Lake fits snugly into a geographic region known as the Canadian Zone. While throngs of Arizonans head to Big Lake in the summertime,

this lake offers rich rewards of seclusion and serenity to those kayakers, canoeists and boaters (small electric motor trolling boats, but no gas engines) who are willing to fight through a few bumps in the road to get there.

Directions: From Pinetop-Lakeside, drive east on State Route 260 for 24 miles to State Route 273. Turn right onto SR 273, continue past the Lee Valley Recreation Area, and turn right onto Forest Road 116, which is located at the edge of the Big Lake Recreation Area. Continue on FR 116 for another 11 miles to Reservation Lake.

Vehicle Requirements: High-clearance vehicle
Information: White Mountain Apache Tribe, 928-338-4346 or www.wmat.nsn.us

Riggs Flat Lake ▲

Set in an alpine forest and surrounded by a gorgeous meadow, 11-acre Riggs Flat Lake is more than just a destination, it's the culmination of an adventurous

trek up the Swift Trail, a scenic road that winds to the top of the Pinaleño Mountains. The drive alone is worth the trip, and it's cool up top. In fact, when it's 100 degrees in the valley at the base of the mountain, it might only be 70 degrees at the lake, which is open to small boats. If you don't have one of those, a nice trail leads into the surrounding forest and out to a scenic overlook. Another option is to enjoy a picnic at one of the nearby campgrounds.

Directions: From Safford, drive south on U.S. Route 191 for 8 miles to State Route 366 (the Swift Trail). Turn right onto the Swift Trail and continue 29 miles to the Columbine Work Center. From there, follow Forest Road 803 and Forest Road 287 for approximately 5 miles to the campground. The last 12 miles of this route are narrow and winding.

Vehicle Requirements: None
Information: Coronado National Forest, 520-388-8300 or www.fs.usda.gov/coronado **AH**

LEFT: Patagonia Lake has a no-wake zone for quiet paddling and fishing, and another area for speedboats. | GEORGE STOCKING
 ABOVE: Riggs Flat Lake is a favored destination for small boats and cool camping in the high elevations of the Pinaleño Mountains near Safford. | RORY AIKENS

ON THE WATERFRONT

Peanut butter and jelly. Macaroni and cheese. Summer and beaches. Some things just go together. Of course, Arizona doesn't have many beaches, per se, but it does have some breathtaking lakes, rivers and streams, many of which include places to eat and sleep right on the water. What follows are a few of our favorites.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY

L'Auberge de Sedona offers dining along Oak Creek. | JEFF KIDA



Aravaipa Farms

Winkelman

Aravaipa Creek flows like a ribbon through Aravaipa Farms, a desert oasis planted with orchards of peaches, apricots and pears. Scottsdale/Phoenix Culinary Hall of Fame inductee Carol Steele added a chicken coop, greenhouse and organic garden to supply three meals a day for the "reverse B&B" she envisioned as a culinary experience with dinner as the centerpiece. Five mesquite-shaded casitas decorated in "primitive chic" make liberal use of Saltillo tile, bent-wood furniture and folk art. Steele stocks these daily with healthful breakfast foods, including her award-winning coffee cake, and provides picnic lunches with gourmet sandwiches and house-made cookies. Dinner, served at a long table in a renovated barn, might feature salmon topped with tomatoes, chiles and lime, or roasted chicken. It's all simple, artful and down to earth, an exquisite expression of Steele's nature. *Information: 520-357-6901 or www.aravaipafarms.com*

Blue Ridge Campground

Coconino National Forest

This tiny campground on the Mogollon Rim is located on a dirt road near the Arizona Trail, a few miles from Blue Ridge Reservoir. Phelps Dodge built the reservoir in 1965. Surrounded by thick stands of pines and canyon-like formations of limestone, sandstone and soapstone, the trout-stocked reservoir is narrow and winding. It feels more like a river than a lake, and without currents and rapids, it's a kayaker's dream. The Blue Ridge Campground is open from May through Labor Day. Its 10 primitive sites, nestled among ponderosa pines, got a facelift in 2004. Improvements include fire rings, grills and uniform, level tent pads held in place by posts made from compacted recycled cars. If that doesn't make you feel thankful, perhaps the sight of the turkeys that frequent the campground will. *Information: 928-477-2255 or www.fs.usda.gov/coconino*

Cattail Cove State Park

Lake Havasu

Those who love Lake Havasu but not the party scene will appreciate this clean, well-maintained jewel of the Arizona State Parks system,

located about 15 miles south of Lake Havasu City. The campground is in a lovely spot, with views of the Whipple Mountains, a swimming area, boat dock and hiking trails. The 61 camping and RV sites feel intimate. There's no food service in the park, but neighboring Sandpoint Marina has a café within walking distance. If you want to feel closer to nature and farther from your fellow campers, boat out to one of 28 primitive campsites that lie along the shoreline 6 miles in each direction. The sandy, tree-shaded sites are accessible only from the lake, so the only party on your little stretch of sand will be your own. *Information: 928-855-1223 or www.azstateparks.com/parks/caco*

Garland's Oak Creek Lodge

Oak Creek Canyon

In many ways, Garland's represents the sophistication of an earlier age, with no TV, telephones or cellphone service. Sixteen simple but graceful cabins dot the 10-acre property, which is carpeted with lush lawns, overflowing gardens and fruit orchards. Tea is still served every afternoon; cocktails are at 6 p.m., preceding an elegant, multiple-course dinner in the historic lodge. All meals are prepared with organic fruits and vegetables grown on the premises, with family recipes that have been perfected over generations. It's Oak Creek, of course, that created the stunning canyon that cradles the property, with its red rock and deep, green pines. The creek still nourishes the grounds and gardens,



and provides the trout that's a staple on the breakfast menu and the soundtrack that lulls Garland's guests to sleep at night. *Information: 928-282-3343 or www.garlandslodge.com*

Greer Lodge

Greer

Originally built as a church retreat, the Greer Lodge evolved and expanded over six decades to include 60 guestrooms and cabins scattered throughout the cool, high-mountain hamlet of Greer. Today, it offers something for everyone, from inexpensive, log cabin-style motel rooms to luxurious, private cabins on 1-acre lots. Many of them enjoy a view of the Little Colorado River or one of the lodge's five private ponds. All of them come with resort amenities that include free mountain bikes, kayaks, fly-fishing tackle and instruction. Sadly, the historic lodge for which the resort is named and the original 373 Grill burned to the ground a little over a year ago. The restaurant reopened in its current location on Main Street, while the site of the former lodge awaits its promised resurrection. *Information: 928-735-7216 or www.greerlodgeaz.com*

Havasu Campground

Havasu Canyon

Located 10 miles from Indian Road 18, down a steep, often sun-exposed trail, Havasu Campground is not easy to reach, but is well worth

the effort. Near the western edge of Grand Canyon National Park, the famously turquoise waters of Havasu Creek flow through Havasu Canyon, threading lush green foliage around a series of five magnificent waterfalls. The campground is located between the largest two: Havasu Falls, with its resort-like swimming hole, and Mooney Falls, which, at nearly 200 feet, drops farther than Niagara Falls. Campsites offer few amenities beyond a picnic table, spring water and composting toilets, but are situated along a lovely, cottonwood-shaded stretch of the creek. The flash floods of 2008 changed the falls somewhat, but the Havasupai Tribe has done a good job of refurbishing the campground and rebuilding some retaining walls until time and nature can restore them. *Information: 928-448-2141, 928-448-2180 or www.havasupaitribe.com*

Heat Hotel

Lake Havasu City

Situated at the foot of the London Bridge, Heat Hotel is built to party, with a 4,000-square-foot bar with shaded cabanas, daily drink specials and live music. And the boutique hotel rooms make perfect places to continue the party. The 800-square-foot Inferno Suites are the newest additions. A study in white, with accents of red, gray and black, they contain a sitting room, bedroom and bathroom separated by white floor-to-ceiling curtains. Modern, with glass and chrome lit by recessed L.E.D. lighting, they feature low-slung, geometric furniture, 42-inch flat-screen TVs and sliding-glass doors that open onto the promenade at water level. A dramatically lit tub fills from the ceiling, and the frosted glass "party" shower is the size of a small amphitheater, the perfect setting to belt out your own rendition of *Smoke on the Water*. *Information: 888-898-4328 or www.heathotel.com*

L'Auberge de Sedona

Sedona

When it comes to L'Auberge, it's tough to say which is more spectacular, the setting or the food. Located on 11 meticulously landscaped

Five mesquite-shaded casitas make up Aravaipa Farms in Winkelman. Aravaipa Creek runs through the property.

| RANDY PRENTICE



acres along the leafy banks of Oak Creek, it's hard to imagine a more heavenly location. Lodging options at the AAA four-diamond resort include creekside cottages nestled among the cottonwoods and sycamores, and newer vista cottages that yield floor-to-ceiling views of Sedona's Giant's Thumb and Elephant Rock. On the other hand, L'Auberge Restaurant was included in *Condé Nast Traveler's* top 10 restaurants in the Southwest for good reason. Lucky for you, you don't have to choose. Summer is the perfect time to dine on the creekside

patio, where you can enjoy the best of both worlds. *Information: 800-905-5745 or www.lauberge.com*

Mormon Lake Lodge

Coconino National Forest

Mormon Lake Lodge is part resort, part Western family theme park. Its Old West-style post office, store, saloon, steakhouse and Zane Grey museum are surrounded by the largest

Cattail Cove State Park features a swimming area and boat dock, in addition to views of the Whipple Mountains. | KERRICK JAMES

continuous stand of ponderosa pines in North America. For the kids, there's a small trout pond and a petting zoo with buffalos, turkeys and barnyard animals. The whole family can enjoy horseback-riding and hay-wagon rides, with free roping competitions on the Fourth of July and Labor Day. Camp in the 74-site RV Park and Campground, or choose from lodging that ranges from motel-style rooms to family cabins. The lodge is named for nearby Mormon Lake, one of Arizona's few natural lakes. The small, shallow lake fluctuates with weather conditions, sometimes drying up completely. But Lake Mary, just 16 miles away, is a good place to hit the water if playing cowboy doesn't float your boat. *Information: 928-354-2227 or www.mormonlakelodge.com*

Phantom Ranch

Grand Canyon National Park

Phantom Ranch is one of the most surprising places on Earth. Dirt footpaths wind through knee-high grasses, and light-green cottonwoods create a soft contrast to towering, 2 billion-year-old schist. The Colorado River and Bright Angel Creek have drawn people to this spot at the bottom of the Grand Canyon for more than 1,000 years. Pueblo Indians, explorers, miners and tourists all left their marks. The Fred Harvey Co. hired Mary Colter to design the original lodge (now the cantina and restaurant) and guest cabins in 1922. The Civilian Conservation Corps planted most of the cottonwoods. Since the 1980s, the National Park Service has planted hundreds of ash trees, box elders and seep willows to provide shade and privacy for the campground that stretches along cool, clear Bright Angel Creek. The guest cabins are primitive, but Phantom Ranch is the only place in the Canyon you'll find hot water, cold beer and air conditioning. And with average daily temperatures around 106 in July, that's an unexpected delight. *Information: 888-297-2757 or www.grandcanyonlodges.com* 



For summer travel ideas, scan this QR code or visit www.arizonahighways.com/travel.asp.



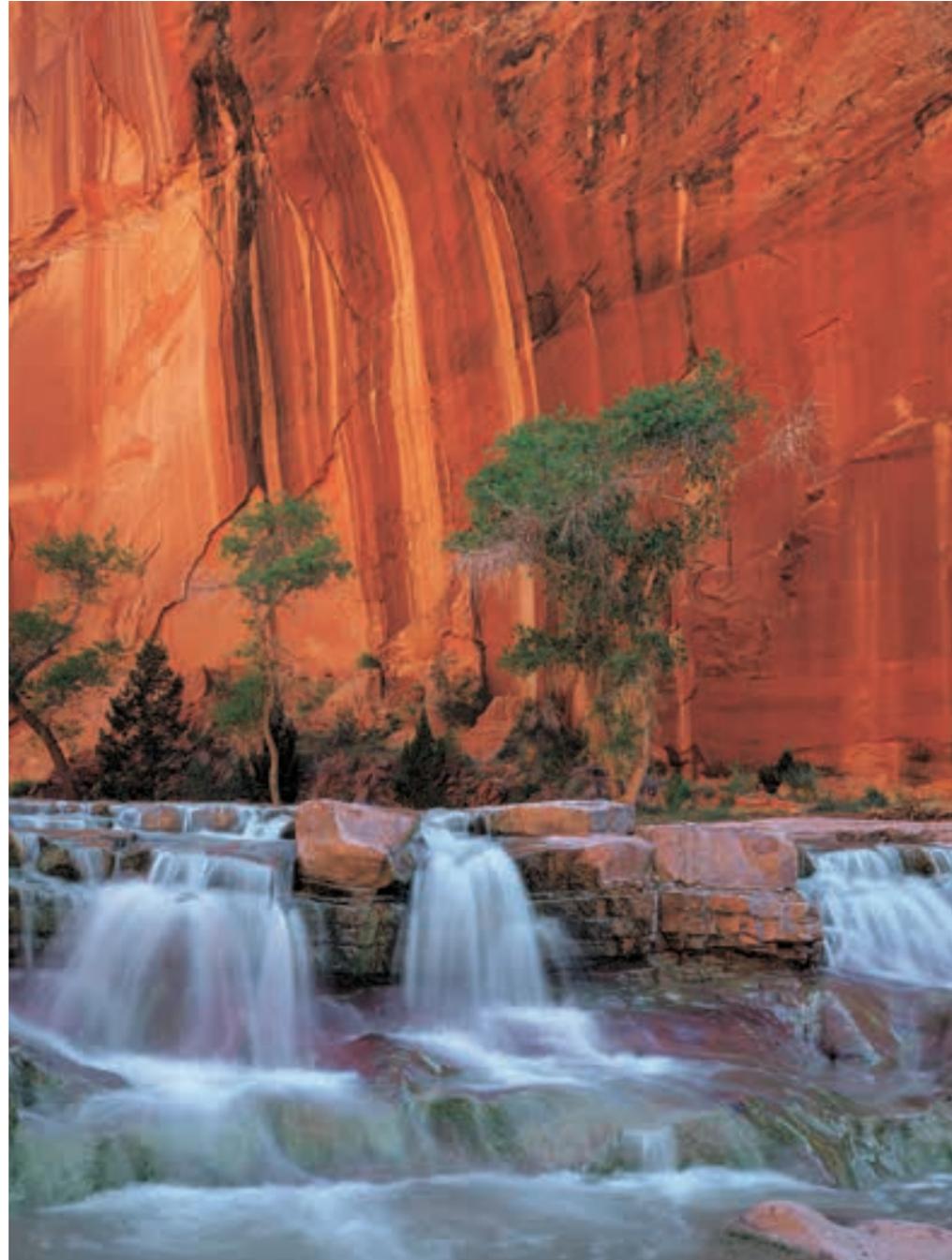
IT'S MOSTLY WATER

Minnesota has 10,000 lakes. Maybe more. California, Oregon and Washington have impressive Pacific coastlines. Florida has the Everglades. Even Texas has the Gulf of Mexico. Here in Arizona, we have water, too. It's not something we flaunt on our license plate, but the Grand Canyon State can hold its own in the water department. Lakes, rivers, streams ... this month's portfolio is all about our water supply.

A PORTFOLIO EDITED BY JEFF KIDA

PRECEDING PANEL: Tree limbs emerge from the still waters of Catfish Paradise in Havasu National Wildlife Refuge near Topock.

📷 **DEREK VON BRIESEN**



Small waterfalls spill over the red-hued rocks of Powell Canyon.

📷 **GARY LADD**



Lake Mary, near Flagstaff, captures first light over a conifer forest.

📷 **RANDY PRENTICE**

Early morning clouds reflect in Canyon Lake, located along the Apache Trail in Central Arizona.

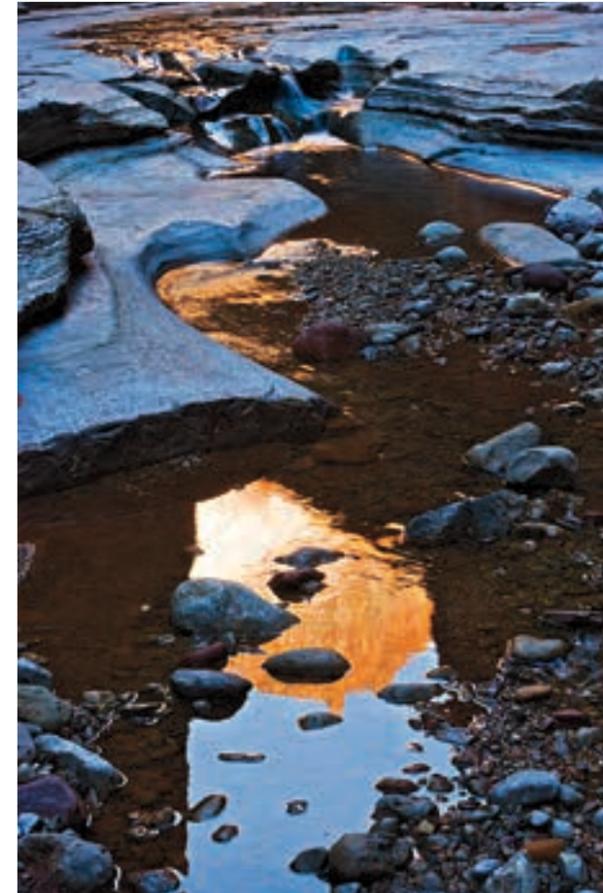
📷 **GEORGE STOCKING**





Dawn illuminates
Gunsight Butte, beyond
the sandy shoreline of
Lake Powell.

📷 **RANDY PRENTICE**



Late-afternoon sun and
the walls of National
Canyon reflect in the
Colorado River at mile 167.

📷 **SUZANNE MATHIA**



“The mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that W-A-T-E-R meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, joy, set it free.”

— Helen Keller

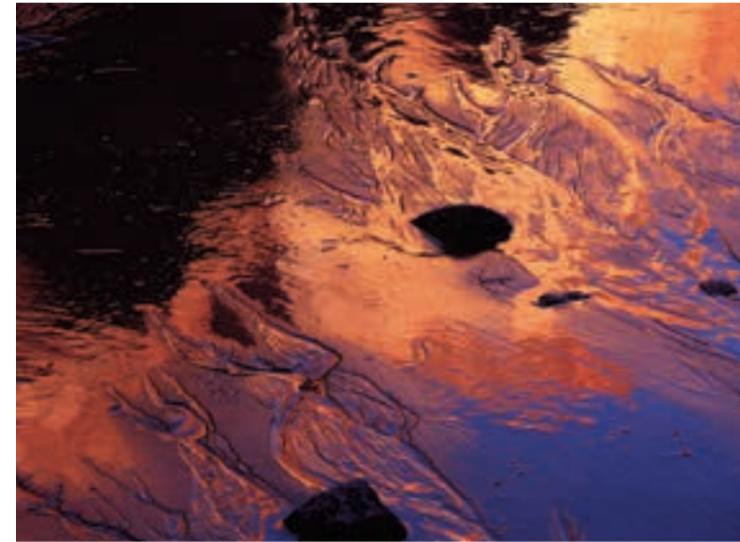
PRECEDING PANEL: Cattails emerge from the Verde River in Dead Horse Ranch State Park, near Jerome.

📷 **DEREK VON BRIESEN**



Water and red mud create an intricate pattern on Lake Powell's shoreline.

📷 **GARY LADD**

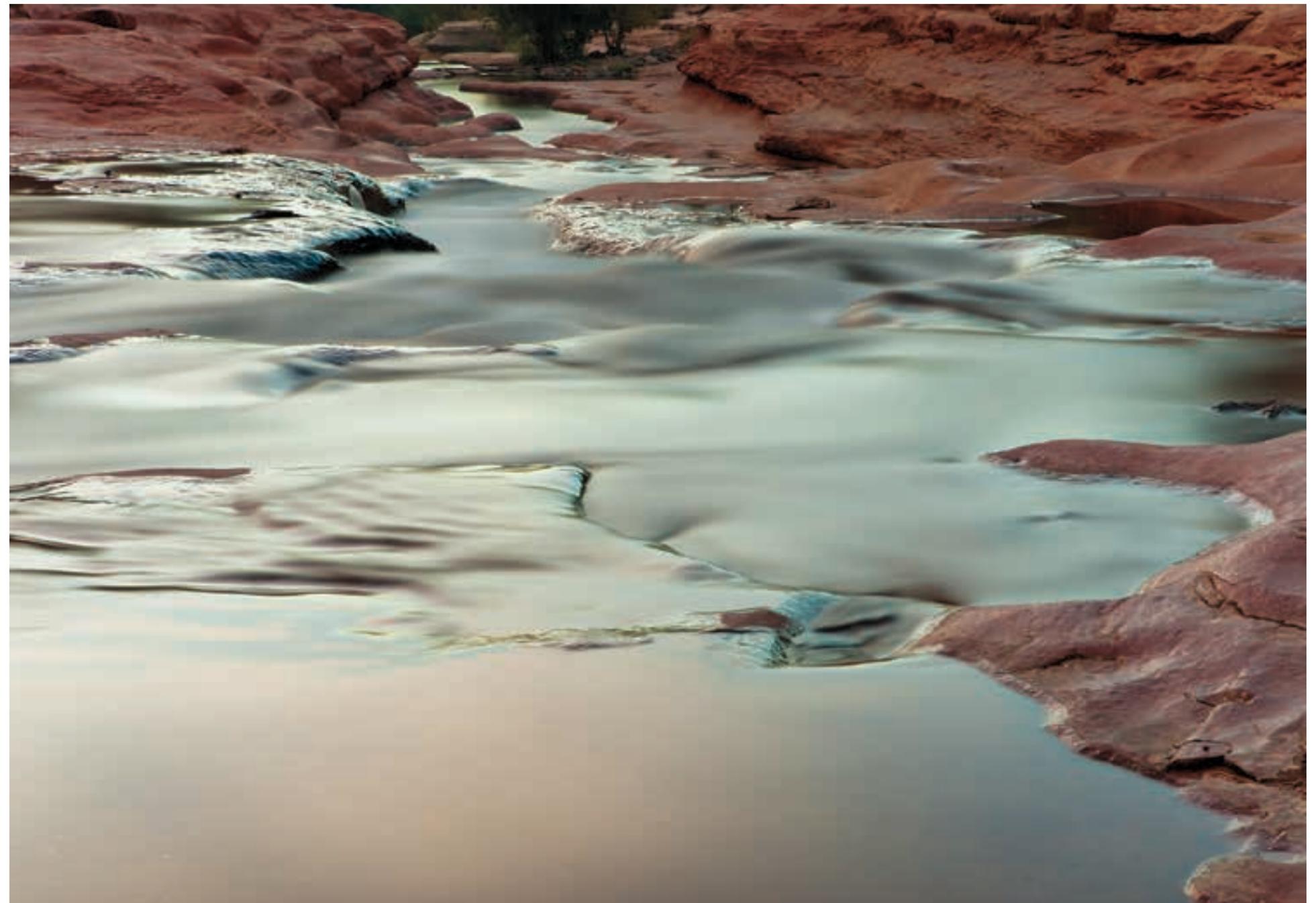


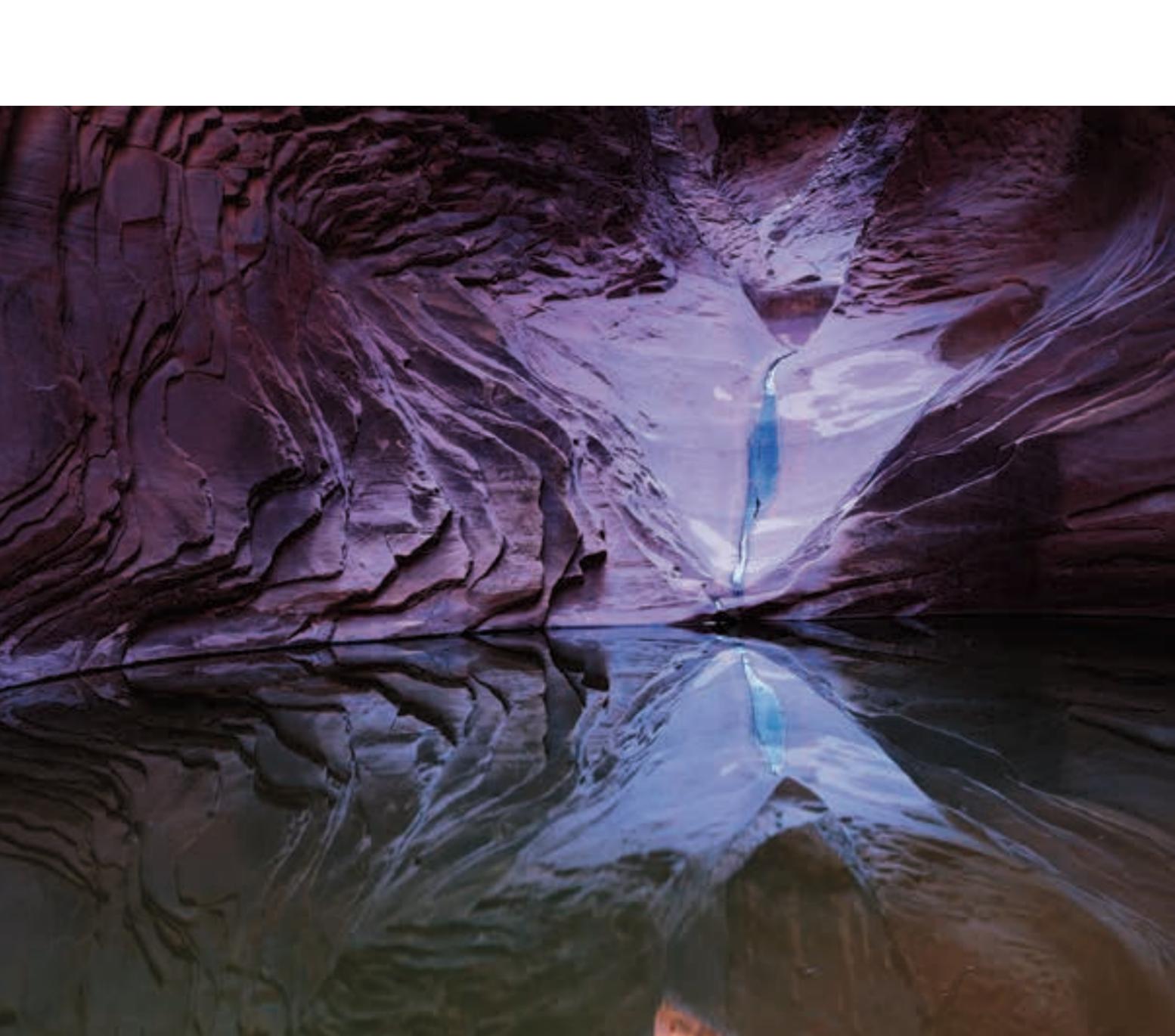
Water seeps from the beach sands of the Colorado River, near mile 168, downstream from Fern Glen Canyon.

📷 **GARY LADD**

Metallic-hued pools form over red earth at Dead Horse Ranch State Park.

📷 **DEREK VON BRIESEN**





ABOVE: A trickle of water reflects blue sky above North Canyon in Grand Canyon National Park.

📷 JACK DYKINGA [AH](#)

LEFT: The cobalt waters of Upper Lake Mary, near Flagstaff, create a mirror for a cluster of smartweed.

📷 RANDY PRENTICE



Elves Chasm, a notable Grand Canyon stopping place for rafters on the Colorado River, gives up the water stored in deep underground spaces.
| SUZANNE MATHIA

the UNDERWORLD *of* WATER

Many of those who don't live in Arizona, and many who do, see this as a mostly waterless state. It can seem like a parched landscape where even the highland forests are dry, ready to go up in flames at the drop of a match. But those people are only seeing what is on the surface. If they were to go to the right places, they would see what is below the surface.

AN ESSAY BY CRAIG CHILDS

On the driest summer days, I find myself thinking of all the water sitting in silence far underground. This is the water we tap with wells, the labyrinths of aquifers and water tables, subterranean rivers slowly pushing their way through solid stone, and great lakes soaking the spaces between deeply buried sand grains. Some of the water came from glaciers that melted many thousands of years ago, some of it from rain that fell only weeks earlier. This is the water that comes out of your tap, drawn up by pumps or leaked into surface-rivers and reservoirs and carried to you by gravity.

My dad used to take me to this place in the highlands of east-central Arizona, where in the side of a canyon he'd lift away a rock and show me a tiny, trickling stream hidden

below. The rock concealed a small spring tucked in moss, a place where groundwater touches the surface. He'd found it because the ground was bright green, standing out among dry ponderosa slopes and rocky outcrops. It was our own place, a secret in the land, where in the heat of summer we'd gather around the softball-sized hole like supplicants. Every time we went there, we got down on our knees and drank.

I would imagine where this water came from, its journey through fissures and faults coming to a brief window where a canyon had cut far enough into the ground to reveal this little passage.

Many of those who don't live in Arizona, and many who do, see this as a mostly waterless state. It can seem like a parched landscape where even the highland forests are dry, ready to go up in flames at the drop of a match. But those people are only seeing what is on the surface. If they were to go to the right places, they would see what is below the surface.

Arizona is also a state of incisions. Erosion is naturally rampant. The rock-hard earth is constantly being exposed, canyons cutting deeper as plateaus and humble mountains push upward from below. Where the ground opens, water stored deep inside comes out. You can hardly find a canyon without at least a moist rock face you can kiss for its moisture.

The deeper the land cuts, the more water comes out. So if you want to see the



Spring-fed water flows through The Patio at Deer Creek, another popular visitation site on Colorado River trips through Grand Canyon. | DEREK VON BRIESEN

most dramatic gushers and leaks, look for the deepest incision. That would be the Grand Canyon. The place of springs.

Hundreds of tributary canyons feed into the Grand Canyon, and in every one is a spring, some dribbling slowly, some thundering or welling up at 100,000 gallons per minute. This mile-deep crack of a landform acts like a giant well tapped into the tilt of the Kaibab Plateau. Because of this tilt — higher in the north than the south — springs on the north side of the Grand Canyon tend to gush, while those on the south are more dribblers and drippers, their water waiting longer to come out. Some of these South Rim springs are so old they do

not carry background levels of radioactivity you often find in underground water collected after mid-20th century nuclear testing.

The North Rim is frequently flushed, springs sometimes changing with the weather. Floating down the Colorado River, you'll notice that most of the running tributary water comes from the right side, the north. In the limestone corridors of Marble Canyon, you'll see springs opening from bare rock and pouring down into gardens of maidenhair ferns. Rowing a raft with kayaks fishing around you, keep your eye along the cliff-edge bank through Marble Canyon. There is a place where a small grotto is wormholed into the base of a riverside cliff. The hole is bearded with moss and ferns. If you cut the oars just right and slide along the wall, you will hear a waterfall inside this hole. And if the river is at the right level, you'll glide by close enough to glimpse inside this small cavern. Lean as far out as you can, and you'll see a waterfall inside. It disappears into a dark underworld, water plunging below river-level.

About 400 million gallons of water, not including the Colorado River, spill out

of the walls of the Grand Canyon every day. I once traveled to one of the larger springs, a place called Thunder River. Backpacking down from the North Rim side of the Grand Canyon, I came with a friend and some rope. We climbed along the ledge to a 400-foot waterfall cascading down stair-stepped cliffs, what looked like an entire river emerging from a limestone face and flowing into a tangle of cottonwood trees below. Spray twirled up around us in the wind. The entrance into the spring was a cave, a dark mouth in the cliff. This was where water met daylight, the falls surging out as if ecstatic to meet the world. I entered first, and my partner behind me, our hands braced against the rough rock walls so the flow didn't shove us back out and over the edge. Wearing wetsuits, our bodies split the stream as we pulled ourselves into complete darkness and the claustrophobic roar of spring water.

The cave system carried us through low passages and broken-down boulders with water pouring over every surface. An hour later, climbing and half-swimming, we reached a yawning cavern, our headlamps tracing faint circles over waterfalls and subterranean pools around us. It was the belly of the mother, interior of the planet, everything around us dark, dripping. The tunnel-fed roar we had climbed through earlier was replaced by quiet, everything dripping and burbling.

I don't usually think of groundwater this way. When I envision the drenched world below our feet, I think of it packed tight into tiny seams under the immense weight of rock pushing down on rock. But there are places down there where spaces open up. I know. I saw it. As far back as we could go in this cave, I imagined thousands of feet above, where you might stand on bare rock of high desert looking out at the palisades and plunges of the Grand Canyon, never thinking there was water beneath you.

When we returned to the outside, soaked and shivering, it was like crawling out of a dark cathedral into blinding daylight. The cliff fell beneath us, waterfall sailing and crashing. We stood on the ledge, amazed as tiny midges darted around our heads.

Not all good springs come off the North Rim. The South Rim has plenty, less theatrical, not as gushing, but certainly worth the trip. These small but reliable springs — slow drips and pools in the back of almost any large canyon

It was our own place, a secret in the land, where in the heat of summer we'd gather around the softball-sized hole like supplicants. Every time we went there, we got down on our knees and drank.

— sometimes have a bitter taste of minerals from having sat for so long underground. Even among these withered and wet-stained sources, there are some springs that run sweet to taste (at least flavorless as a good spring should be). Now and then you'll even find a clutch of tiny orchids growing among moss and maidenhair ferns, places that seem drawn from some Irish fairytale.

Elves Chasm, a favorite stopover for river travelers, lies on the south side, down from the Bass Trail. A cool stream falls and splits between massive blocks of boulders tumbled as if from some ancient city. You climb through elegant sculptures of travertine, with water rushing around you, as if from burst plumbing. It pours over your bare skin, drapes of algae brushing through your hair.

A decade and a half ago, I came to Elves Chasm in the late fall, not by river, but by foot. I spent Thanksgiving with a few friends camped above the chasm in the soaring arch of a canyon. The next day, we roped off a cliff-edged rim, and below, we ducked into the incision of Elves Chasm. If it had been summer, we would have stripped and climbed waterfalls, but it was late November, an overcast day, and we wore wool caps. Still, we entered a thigh-deep pool just above river level. Tired of eating rice, beans and anything else dehydrated, we used backpack raincovers to scoop up 17-inch non-native rainbow trout (the same species being eradicated by the Park Service for threatening endangered native fish). Slithering and splashing, we managed to capture three of them, our fingers forked through their gills. We cooked them up right there, our clothes wrung out and drying around a driftwood fire while our creek flowed into the downstream roar of the Colorado River.

I used to number those springs on maps, places to return to, burbling hollows where a cup could easily be filled. The smallest ones were sometimes the most important, a little dripper on a summer day where you could drop to your knees with a hallelujah.

One September day, coming out of the long, rocky sweeps of Tanner Canyon, I found a shady alcove with a seep in the back, one of these beautiful, nameless springs. There was enough water to touch your lips to. If you really needed to drink, you could at least suck on sponges of moss. Drops of water beaded above and fell from the ceiling. They landed in random syncopation, sounding like a forest after a rain.

Waiting for a warm day to pass, enjoying the view out my cliff-side window, I remained in that alcove for hours listening to drips. I pulled out a pocket watch and a pad of paper and began timing the drops. One fell every four and a half seconds, and the space between drips never varied by more than a tenth of a second. A few hours later, its timing still had not changed. Another one fell every four minutes, varying by no more than a few seconds each time. Every drip that I timed was equally accurate, time being kept with the steadiness of an hourglass.

As I sat in the alcove timing the drips, I wondered about the paths water was taking to get here. Was this South Rim snowmelt percolated down from many winters ago, dates possibly going back to before nuclear testing? I let my mind travel into the ground, following cracks and lines, spaces between rock thinner than paper. I pictured the water world within stone, spaces between sandstone grains wet and flowing. Somewhere, there might be an opening, a chamber no one will ever see. There, I imagined a gentle pool big enough that I could row across it in a small boat. With my eyes closed, the only sound I could hear inside the rock was the purling of my wooden bow, and delicate drips chiming away in the dark. 

CURRENT CONDITIONS

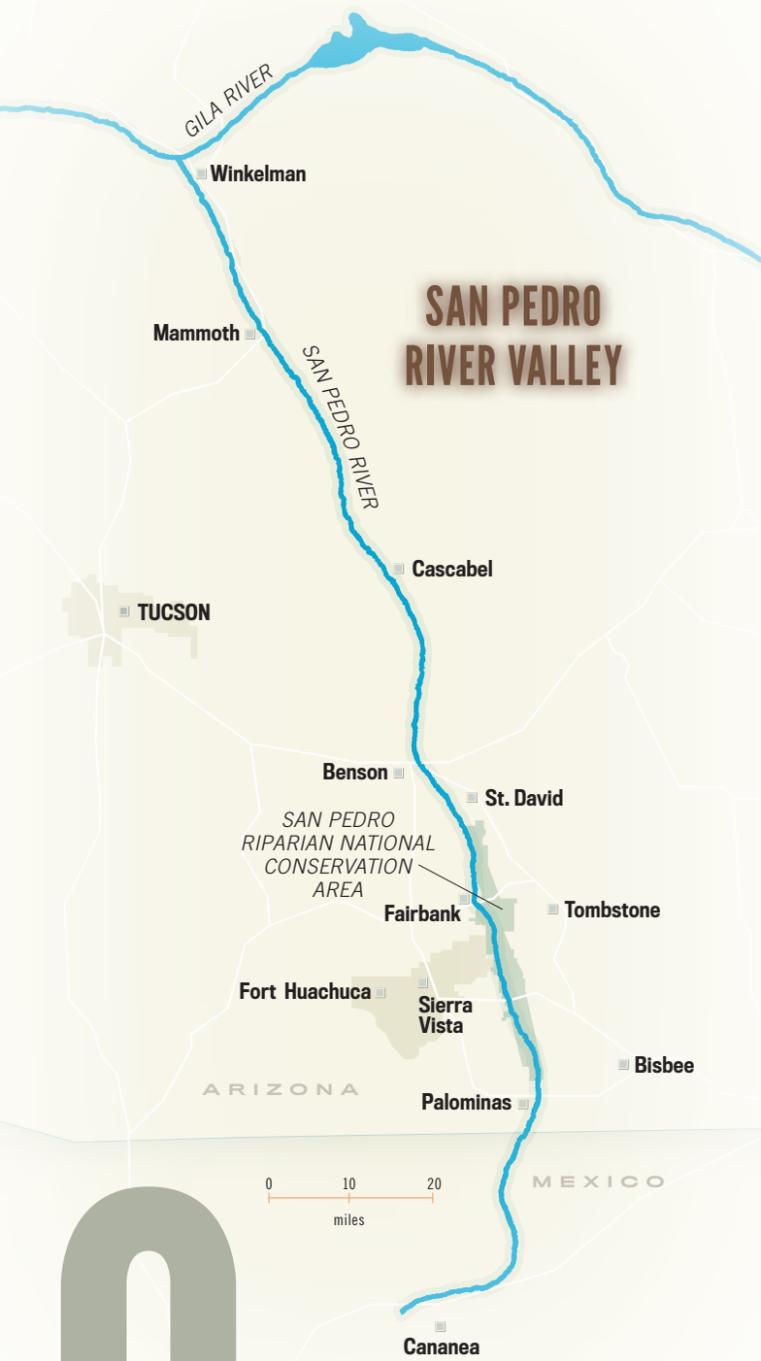
The plight of one of the last undammed rivers in the Southwest has long been recognized. So far, the San Pedro has escaped the fate of Arizona's other great rivers — Salt, Gila, Santa Cruz, Colorado — now dammed, depleted, drying up and desiccated, their once-lush cottonwood and willow forests all but vanished. Will the San Pedro escape such a death? And if it dies, what will die with it?

BY TERRY GREENE STERLING

A south-facing aerial view of the San Pedro River, taken north of the ghost town of Fairbank, shows the cottonwood-lined banks where the future of the historic waterway is in peril.

RANDY PRENTICE





MICHAEL NEWHOUSE

O

N A WARM WINTER morning, Holly Richter guides her quarter-horse mare down the steep, sandy banks of the San Pedro River, just a few miles north of the U.S./Mexico border. You can tell a lot about a woman by how she handles her horse.

Richter, a 51-year-old river ecologist for The Nature Conservancy, who has devoted much of her professional life to saving the San Pedro River, is a gentle and capable rider. I trail along behind her, mounted atop Huckleberry, a good-hearted blue-roan donkey whose hardy ancestors carried prospectors through the American West. Huckleberry intuitively avoids quicksand and donkey-leg-snapping badger holes, so I relax. A red-tailed hawk soars over the canopy of

giant cottonwood trees. The gentle San Pedro riffs over rocks. In the 16th century, when Spaniards first laid eyes on the San Pedro, it was a different river. It didn't have so many cottonwoods, and floods hadn't sliced and deepened much of the channel. The river was mostly marshier, wetter, wider — perennially flowing through Sacaton grasslands and boggy marshes. Then fur trappers, miners, soldiers, ranchers, farmers and developers came in successive waves, transforming the river and threatening its future.

The plight of one of the Southwest's last undammed rivers has long been recognized. So far, the San Pedro has escaped the fate of Arizona's great rivers — Salt, Gila, Santa Cruz, Colorado — now dammed, depleted and desiccated, their once-lush cottonwood and willow forests all but vanished.

Will the San Pedro escape such a death? And if it dies, what will die with it?

Tied to the San Pedro's survival are the fates of millions of migratory birds that, absent other Arizona rivers, have come to rely on the San Pedro as a stopover or breeding ground.

Also at risk are other harbingers of our own survival — collectively hundreds of species of plants, insects, mammals, reptiles, fish and amphibians. If you travel the length of the San Pedro, from its headwaters in the grasslands of Sonora, Mexico, to its confluence with the Gila River near Winkelman, you might see vermilion flycatchers, yellow-billed cuckoos, summer tanagers, green-tailed towhees, golden eagles, myriad hummingbirds, endangered Southwestern willow flycatchers, threatened native fishes called Gila topminnows, threatened Chiricahua leopard frogs, black bears, beavers, deer, coyotes, javelinas, perhaps even a thirsty jaguar.

The river's rich biodiversity, and its iconic importance to Arizona and the nation, have spurred notable efforts to save it. Formed in 1998, the Upper San Pedro Partnership is a group of stakeholders that includes conservationists, agency officials, government officials and a representative of Fort Huachuca, the Army base adjoining Sierra Vista. The two communities, with their large population bases, have been blamed for significant degradation of the groundwater aquifer beneath Sierra Vista. The partnership has voiced a commitment to reaching a voluntary "sustainable yield" — restoring the upper San Pedro watershed near Sierra Vista so that water supplies meet both human and ecological demands and replenish historic aquifer dewatering. The partnership didn't meet its sustainable-yield deadline of 2011, but it's made progress.

"The fact of the matter is that for a small community, we have done more to protect this water resource than any other place in the state," says Pat Call, the partnership's chairman and a Cochise County supervisor.

But many more conservation efforts are needed, most everyone agrees, and some argue that not enough is being done soon enough. Some conservationists believe that without further restoration of groundwater that is the river's lifeblood, the river will be dead by 2100. Others are optimistic that the needs of the river, and the people who rely on its groundwater supply, can be balanced.

In 1988, the federal government formed the San Pedro Riparian National Conservation Area, a 56,000-acre federal preserve that stretches from the U.S./Mexico border at Palominas to St.

David. In the conservation area, the river sustains about 350 species of birds, 80 species of mammals, 40 species of amphibians and reptiles, and two species of all-but-vanished native fish.

The river within the federal conservation area, managed by the U.S. Bureau of Land Management, runs wet for most of the year. That's due to diverse conservation approaches funded by public and private dollars.

In 1994, the Center for Biological Diversity, a conservation nonprofit, filed the first of many lawsuits against the Department of Defense and Fort Huachuca, forcing a reduction in groundwater usage. "The problem with the San Pedro is it is an extinction in progress," says the center's co-founder, a Flagstaff emergency-room doctor named Robin Silver. "Without aggressive mitigation, the river is history. The rate of withdrawal is exceeding the rate of replenishment."

Without the center's litigation, Silver says, there would be little mitigation of the Upper San Pedro. He understands Fort Huachuca is the key economic engine of Cochise County, but for the river's sake would like to see staffing levels at Fort Huachuca reduced. Humans can choose where to live and work, he notes, but "the San Pedro and the wildlife can't choose where to be."

The town of Sierra Vista does not own a water utility; the utility is relegated to private companies. The town recharges some of its treated effluent near the river, although the actual long-term effect on the river is open to debate.

The pragmatic Nature Conservancy has long partnered with public and private groups to restore the Upper San Pedro. These efforts include the capping of industrial-strength irrigation wells and retirement of irrigated farmlands, and a creative new project: the transportation of storm water and runoff collected from rural residential areas to a recharge site near the river at Palominas. Cochise County and Fort Huachuca partner with The Nature Conservancy for this project.

All of this explains why Richter, the Nature Conservancy river ecologist who lives near the river and loves it dearly, has lent me Huckleberry and guided me to a magical place on the San Pedro that few know about.

"There's got to be hope for the San Pedro," she says.

After wading in the river, our mounts climb a cinnamon-hued riverbank and stop beneath gray-naked limbs of a sprawling 100-year-old cottonwood tree. Richter points to a series of Z-shaped blockades of wood and twigs — beavers have dammed this small stretch of the river, creating a blue-sky-reflecting pool about 100 feet in diameter.

It may seem like just a pond, but it's actually a healthy home for insects, fish, turtles, amphibians and aquatic plants. This pool of life offers a good food source for birds that eat insects or tiny fish. The beaver pond helps sustain the river by retaining water longer in the river channel, helping to store the river's

lifeblood, groundwater, in the stream banks.

More than a century ago, the San Pedro was called Beaver River. The industrious rodents were key to the river's survival — their dams created a healthy, marshy, self-sustaining river that was wide and shallow and surrounded by lush grasslands. But drought, grazing practices, historic woodcutting and beaver slaughter all played a part in the eventual loss of marshes.

In the early 19th century, the popularity of beaver hats prompted mountain-men trappers to slaughter most of the San Pedro beavers. Absent the animals, the river began flooding, carving out a deep channel that was more amenable to cottonwood and willow forests than wetlands. The beavers on the Upper San Pedro today likely hail from a group reintroduced more than a decade ago by the BLM and the Arizona Game and Fish Department.

For thousands of years, this desert stream has ensured the



Rancho Los Fresnos sits amid rolling grasslands of Sonora, Mexico, near the headwaters of the San Pedro River. JACK DYKINGA

survival of human beings. If you hike the well-maintained trails of the conservation area, you'll see historic sites that document the story. It begins about 13,000 years ago when Clovis hunters killed mammoths not far from where we ride. Hohokam Indians, those irrigation experts, farmed near the San Pedro. Next came trappers, followed by a few hardy ranchers and miners who battled the Apaches, followed by an onslaught of ranchers and miners and merchants who were encouraged to settle the area after the Apache Indians were driven out by the post-Civil-War Army. Fort Huachuca bears witness to that historic military presence.

Richard J. Hinton's 1877 *Handbook to Arizona* is a boosterish guidebook of the Arizona Territory; it encourages ranching, mining and development, in keeping with the federal government's wish to settle the land.

"Of Camp Huachuca and vicinity, it is reported that the country is rapidly settling up for miles around the point where the troops are stationed," Hinton wrote. "Here, nature has placed side by side one of the richest valleys and mineral-producing

belts in the Territory, so that miner and farmer may walk hand in hand.”

Here’s where my DNA splices into the San Pedro narrative. My grandfather, “Col.” William Cornell Greene, a poor Quaker boy from Duck Creek, Wisconsin, made his way west and built a fortune ranching and mining in the San Pedro Valley about 120 years ago. (He died more than a century ago, when his son — my father — was a toddler.) A BLM flyer dubs my grandfather a “copper and cattle baron, and grand promoter of the American Southwest, with significant ties to the New York Financial District.” He once dammed the San Pedro. When a rival, Jim Burnett, blew up the dam, the river flooded, killing my aunt and another child. My grandfather shot and killed Burnett near the OK Corral in Tombstone, was acquitted by a local jury, and went on to develop a copper mine in Cananea, Sonora, near the headwaters of the San Pedro.

Up until the 1950s, my progenitors owned ranches on both sides of the border. In the 1940s, the family used commercial pumps to extract river water for their Palominas alfalfa fields. Cattle crossed over from the family’s Mexican ranch. They grazed and rested at Palominas. Then they were herded to Hereford where they were shipped by rail to California. Our old Palominas spread is now part of the conservation area.

Sitting atop Huckleberry, gazing at a river that my own DNA cherished and degraded, I’m happy the beavers are back.

Huckleberry is Holly Richter’s donkey and her preferred mount during the annual wet-dry mapping day — a sear day in June when Richter oversees a group of scientists and volunteers armed with GPS devices. To document where water flows in the San Pedro, and where it does not, volunteers trudge over every publicly owned inch of the 173.6-mile river that begins in Mexico and empties into the Gila. What’s more, mappers measure some privately owned stretches of the river and several tributaries in Mexico and Arizona.

In 2011, the last year for which statistics are available, Richter’s team surveyed 134.5 miles of the San Pedro. Forty-four miles contained water. The remainder was dry.

Groundwater is the lifeblood of the San Pedro, but it is more difficult to measure than the surface water of the river itself. Still, you can’t save a river unless you understand the impact of groundwater pumping on river flow. And it’s tricky to measure it, because it moves at a glacial pace. If you pump water from wells a few miles away from the San Pedro’s banks — in the town of Sierra Vista, for instance — you’re still taking water out of the aquifer feeding the San Pedro, but it might take decades for the river to feel the results. The San Pedro’s aquifer is geologically complex and vast. River restoration requires thorough long-term groundwater monitoring to deliver critical data, but long-term public funding for the necessary data collection is uncertain, according to Jim Leenhouts, the associate director of the U.S. Geological Survey’s Arizona Water Science Center.

Today, conservationists must also factor in the effects of an ongoing drought that has diminished rainfall and snowmelt. The drought is likely associated with climate change, most scientists agree.

Juliet Stromberg, a life-sciences professor at Arizona State

University who co-authored a book on the river, remains guardedly optimistic about the San Pedro’s recovery. “We need to do a better job of figuring out how to produce our food and sustain our cities while maintaining riparian forests,” she says. Still, the multiple studies and conservation efforts focused on the San Pedro give her hope. If we shower so much attention on restoring the San Pedro, could we not use it as a role model for restoring our other great rivers?

Like Richter, ecologist Jesus Antonio Esquer Robles has devoted much of his professional life to restoring the San Pedro. He has worked for Mexican conservation groups and several years ago signed on as a Nature Conservancy staffer specializing in northern Mexico grasslands conservation. I meet Esquer and Daniel Toyos Martinez, a Mexican conservationist based in Sonora, in Cananea, a little town about 40 miles south of the Arizona border. We meet at “La Casa Greene,” our former family headquarters, a green-and-white mansion now owned by the Mexican government. From the porch, you can eyeball the giant copper mine that my grandfather developed for a brief period, amid much controversy. It is now owned by Grupo México.

The mine is a mixed blessing, just like Fort Huachuca. It is the economic engine that Cananea relies on, but it extracts massive amounts of groundwater from the San Pedro aquifer.

We pass several industrial-sized groundwater extraction wells as we head out of Cananea into a vast grassland where five tributaries converge to form the San Pedro. This sky-island vista consists of mountain ranges jutting up from desert grasslands; it’s a landscape shared by Sonora and Arizona, just like the San Pedro.

The Mexican side is less populated, a network of privately owned cattle ranches and *ejidos*, communal ranches. (I should add that this landscape was owned by my grandfather in the last century.) Mexican conservationists like Toyos, who grew up on an *ejido*, partner with local ranchers to restore grasslands, enrich the San Pedro aquifer beneath, and protect native species like the black-tailed prairie dog. We stop at one busy colony — marked by telltale mounds of coffee-colored dirt, and listen to a sentinel “bark” warnings of our arrival. Prairie dogs are key to grassland (and aquifer) health; their little homes aerate the land and give runoff a pathway to the aquifer. In Arizona, the animals were regarded as a leg-breaking danger to livestock, and slaughtered. Now, the Sonoran government helps Arizona repopulate its black-tailed prairie dog population.

Mexico’s San Pedro headwaters are blessed with intact natural marshes, which explains why The Nature Conservancy helped a Mexican conservation organization acquire the 10,000-



Dawn’s pink light silhouettes cottonwood trees along the San Pedro River.

JACK DYKINGA

and lower stretches. Molly Hanson, a 38-year-old former hot-shot crew firefighter from Washington state, manages many of these projects. After earning a master’s degree in geography, she worked for the Forest Service. Three years ago, she was drawn by The Nature Conservancy’s collaborative approach, and began working on the San Pedro because “this is where the most impact happens.”

On a late-winter morning, we cross the San Pedro’s graffiti-scarred bridge near Benson. The river here is bone dry, its sands carved by all-terrain vehicles. We bear left onto Pomerene Road, driving north past dairy farms and irrigated fields, paralleling the San Pedro. Our first stop is Three Links Farm, a former 2,209-acre cotton and alfalfa farm bordering the river that reportedly pumped 1.1 billion gallons of water out of the aquifer annually.

The Nature Conservancy purchased the land in 2002 and immediately retired the irrigation wells and fields, secured conservation easements on the land to prevent development, and divided the land into five large parcels to sell to private owners. Two have been sold.

There’s a large house on one of the unsold parcels, and from there we walk to the restored river, 2 miles of shallow, clear stream passing through healthy cottonwood and willow forests. The sounds and scents of the river rippling over sand and rocks give testimony to the river’s resilience.

From Three Links, we drive north past the little community of Cascabel, through a forest of healthy saguaros. Hanson points out other conservation projects — a restored marsh, a ranch where water-conserving native grasses feed fat cattle, the largest mesquite forest in the American Southwest, a 6,900-acre river preserve that was once a catfish and pecan farm.

An adventurous midcentury teacher named Eulalia “Sister” Bourne lived near the San Pedro near Mammoth and wrote about her beloved “moody river” on these pages 42 years ago. Then, as now, this is copper-mining country that relies heavily on the San Pedro’s lifeblood — groundwater. Bourne reported the smelter at San Manuel used “five tons of water to every ton of ore, and almost 40,000 tons of ore a day are processed.”

Near Winkelman, we trudge along the San Pedro’s parched rocky streambed, past a tire, a T-shirt and a white sock.

The San Pedro is a dry scar where it empties into the dammed, tamed Gila, at least on this winter day. Surely the drought has a lot to do with its condition, but staring at the pink-gray rocks, I know we all have a hand, either directly or by association, in the condition of Arizona’s rivers. We drink and bathe in water drawn from their aquifers, eat hamburgers and steaks, wear leather shoes, enjoy cars and computers made of minerals mined from the earth, munch vegetables from fields irrigated with their waters, wear clothes manufactured from cotton. If we all work together, can we restore a river that’s given us so much?

My thoughts are interrupted by a breeze that bends coyote willows on the San Pedro’s banks.

They cling to life. **AH**

acre Rancho Los Fresnos in 2005. Here, snowmelt and runoff from Arizona’s Huachuca Mountains feed a pretty stream called Los Fresnos, which meanders through marshes and grassy valleys dotted by oak trees until it joins the San Pedro. Los Fresnos is a nature preserve, an aquifer-restorer and river life-giver, a guest ranch and sustainable-ranching learning center.

Without Los Fresnos, the San Pedro’s prognosis would be more dire, but distant drug wars have caused donors to stop supporting it. Absent adequate funding, the future of this preserve is uncertain.

The San Pedro runs north, from Sonora through the Upper San Pedro Conservation Area, which ends at St. David. From here to its confluence with the Gila, it often runs dry. Irrigation, mining and overgrazing have exacted harsh tolls on the river, which writer Barbara Kingsolver once called a patient saint.

The Nature Conservancy and various public and private partners have 11 separate conservation projects on the middle

North Rim Back Roads

There's no shortage of scenery on the road to the North Rim, but the views are even better along the back roads that lead to Saddle Mountain Wilderness. **EDITED BY ROBERT STIEVE | PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK DYKINGA**

Despite its remote location and broad expanse, most of the scenic back roads on the Kaibab Plateau are within striking distance of the North Rim Country Store, a good backup for deficiencies in planning. Three of those roads combine to make up this month's *Scenic Drive*.

The first, Forest Road 610, starts less than a mile to the southeast of the store, via Forest Road 22. The road runs in two directions (left and right), and before the day is done, you'll go both ways. How-

ever, begin the day by taking the south-east leg to the right, which intersects the Arizona Trail and passes the trailhead for the hike to Point Imperial, for several miles to the point where it dead-ends at the Nankoweap Trailhead. Both of those hikes head south into the park.

The last few miles of FR 610 are reminiscent of a sandy road in Maryland or South Jersey. Unlike the high, mixed conifer settings of the West Kaibab viewpoints, some of the roads on the east side — FR 610 included — are

lower in elevation and hemmed in by locust trees and young aspens. According to Forest Service officials, FR 610 was built wide so land managers could fight and then clean up the 1960 Saddle Mountain Fire. The northern end of the road was made for logging, along with Forest Road 219.

FR 219 — the second of the three back roads in this piece — shoots north from FR 610, about halfway between the store and the road's southern end, and winds for about 3 miles to Marble Viewpoint.



LEFT: An aspen flanked by a field of oxeye daisies catches the sun near Dog Point. **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Cloaked by the conifers of Kaibab National Forest and the Saddle Mountain Wilderness, Dog Point juts into North Canyon.



The road ends at a wide, grassy knoll overlooking the Saddle Mountain Wilderness. There, a two-track road shaded by huge overhanging firs meanders to a long sloping meadow and more views of the wilderness. The road isn't suitable for passenger cars, but over the years people have worn rough paths around the tree-falls. Use caution, and keep in mind that back-road travel, including the southern end of FR 610, requires some common sense.

The third road in this North Rim triumvirate is Forest Road 611, which

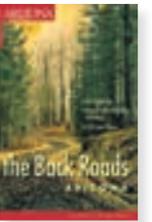
begins just beyond the intersection of FR 22 and FR 610. This leg winds for 4 miles through a cool alpine forest to the East Rim Viewpoint. From the parking lot, there's a short, wheelchair-accessible trail that leads to the rim of North Canyon and the boundary of Saddle Mountain Wilderness. The views of the canyon and House Rock Valley below are among the best on the Kaibab Plateau. For even better views, the North Canyon Trail takes off from the viewpoint. Because the trail drops more than 2,600 feet in its 7 miles, you won't have time to fit the

entire route into your day's agenda, but it is possible to hike for an hour or so before returning to the scenic drive.

The final leg of the day is a return to FR 610. After backtracking on FR 611, take FR 610 (a.k.a. Dog Point Road) northeast for approximately 6 miles toward an overgrown dead end. Just before that point, look for a small road to the right — it might be marked with a cairn. The road leads to an incredible overlook into Dog Canyon. Arguably, it's the best viewpoint on the East Rim. What's more, even in the middle of summer, you might have the place to yourself. Enjoy the solitude, and remember: Although it'll feel like you're in the middle of nowhere, the North Rim Country Store is just down the road. That's the beauty of the Kaibab Plateau.

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.



KEVIN KIBSEY

tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

LENGTH: Mileage varies depending on which routes are taken.

DIRECTIONS: From Jacob Lake, drive south on State Route 67 for approximately 30 miles to the North Rim Country Store. From there, drive south for 1 mile to Forest Road 22, turn left, and continue 1.3 miles to Forest Road 610, which connects with all of the back roads in this *Scenic Drive*.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: A high-clearance vehicle is recommended.

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

INFORMATION: North Kaibab Ranger District, 928-643-7395 or www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab

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

North Kaibab Trail

Although this hike can get a little crowded in July, do it anyway. The trek to Roaring Springs is about as good as it gets. **BY ROBERT STIEVE | PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM BROWNOLD**

There are some great hikes on the North Rim, but most of them stay up top and stick to the woods. You'll get some great views of the Canyon along the way, but those trails won't take you down. The North Kaibab Trail is the exception. If you really want to experience the Seventh Natural Wonder, and see what it's like to look up for a change, this is your best option. But before you get started, you need to understand something: Even though this trail winds for 14 miles to Phantom Ranch, the farthest you should ever go on a day hike is to Roaring Springs. It's a 10-mile round-tripper, and like all Canyon hikes, the trek down is easy, but coming out ... well, the North Kaibab

will kill you, but what a way to go. The trailhead is located a couple of miles north of Grand Canyon Lodge. Unlike its sister trail to the south, the North Kaibab begins with big trees, including Douglas firs, Engelmann spruce and ponderosa pines. You'll be tempted to look up, but keep your eyes on the trail. Specifically, watch out for the mules and their unpleasant deposits. Mule trains have the right of way in the Canyon, and when you encounter one, step aside and await instructions from the wrangler. After about 15 minutes of switch-backing, you'll come to the Coconino Overlook. If you haven't taken the time to gaze at the wonder before you, now is

a good time. What you're seeing is Roaring Springs Canyon, one of the many side canyons in the Grand Canyon. When you're hiking back up, but still a few hundred yards below this overlook, you'll hear the voices of people standing at the overlook. There's an echo phenomenon that'll make you think there are people right behind you on the trail, but they're actually up above. Heading downhill, you'll come to a restroom and a water fountain, followed by a 20-foot tunnel. After the tunnel, the switchbacks continue, but the trees are

OPPOSITE PAGE: The North Kaibab Trail. **BELOW:** Roaring Springs is 5 miles from the trailhead. The uphill hike includes a difficult 3,000-foot elevation gain.

left behind. The makeup of the trail itself changes, too. Above the tunnel, the ground is sandy. Below the tunnel, it starts getting rocky. It'll stay like that all the way to the bridge, which you'll cross about an hour into the hike. After the bridge, there's a rare uphill climb in the Canyon — rare on a downhill hike, that is. The rise takes you to the southwest wall of the canyon, where the trail follows a long ledge with steep drop-offs to your left. It's along this stretch that you'll first hear the springs. About 15 minutes later, you'll catch your first glimpse of the water.

Eventually, about two hours from the trailhead, you'll come to the mouth of the canyon and an intersection. To the right is the route to Cottonwood Camp and Phantom Ranch. To the left is Roaring Springs, which is 10 minutes away. At this point, you'll have dropped almost 3,000 feet in elevation. There are some picnic tables and a rest-

room at Roaring Springs. You should use the facilities, but you should also take off your backpack and enjoy the surroundings. When you're in Maui, you expect waterfalls like this, but not in the Grand Canyon. It's spectacular. Drink it in, and remember: You still have 5 miles and 3,000 feet between you and the trailhead.



ADDITIONAL READING:

For more hikes, pick up a copy of *Arizona Highways Hiking Guide*, which features 52 of the state's best trails — one for each week-end of the year, sorted by seasons. To order a copy, visit www.arizonahighways.com/books.



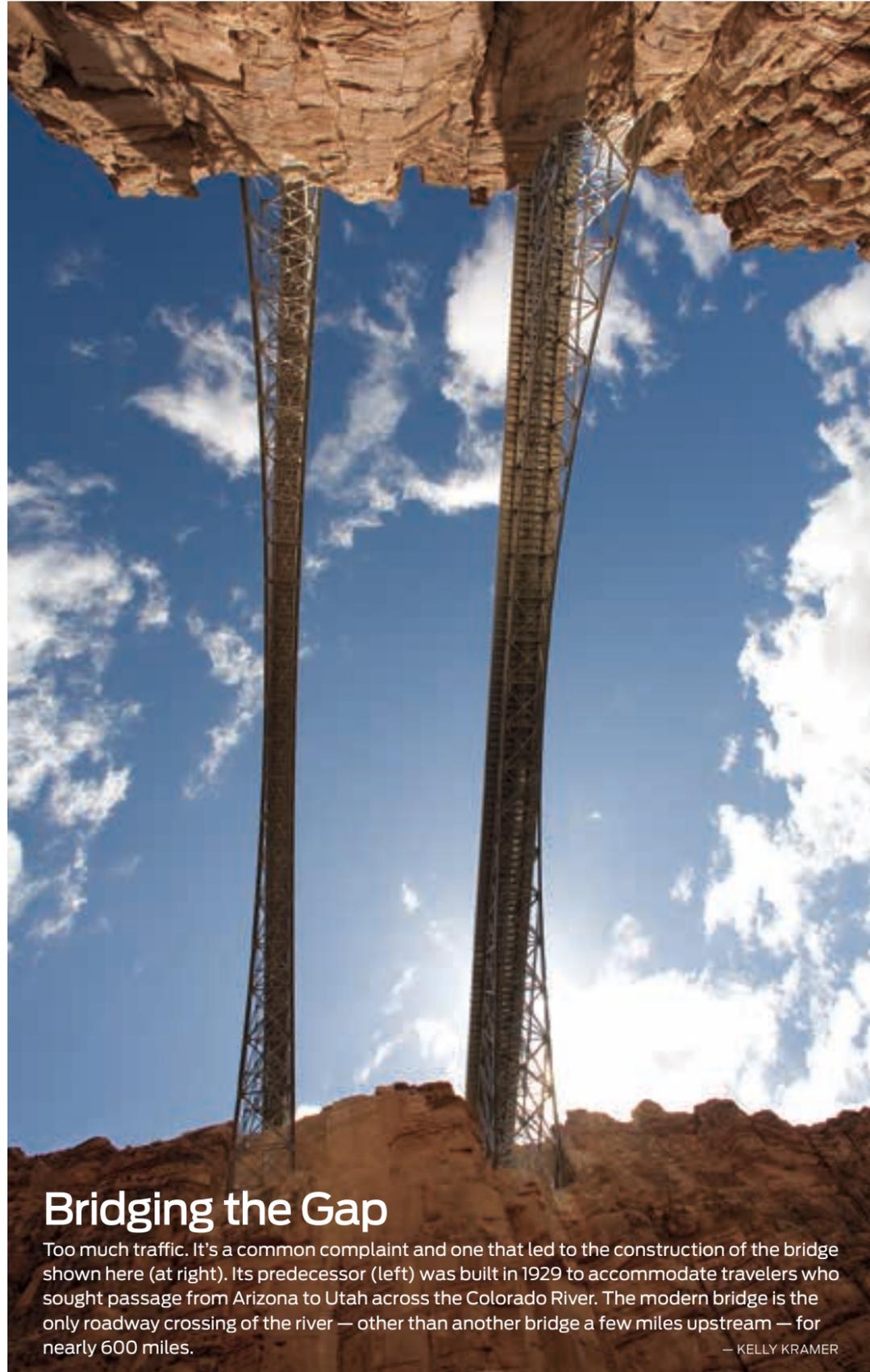
trail guide

- LENGTH:** 10 miles round-trip (to Roaring Springs)
- DIFFICULTY:** Strenuous
- ELEVATION:** 8,225 to 5,221 feet
- TRAILHEAD GPS:** N 36°13.020', W 112°03.395'
- DIRECTIONS:** From the Grand Canyon Lodge on the North Rim, drive north for 2 miles to the signed right turn for the North Kaibab Trailhead.
- VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** None
- DOGS ALLOWED:** No
- HORSES ALLOWED:** No
- USGS MAPS:** Bright Angel Point, Phantom Ranch
- INFORMATION:** Backcountry Office, Grand Canyon National Park, 928-638-7875 or www.nps.gov/grca

LEAVE-NO-TRACE PRINCIPLES:

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

where is this?



Bridging the Gap

Too much traffic. It's a common complaint and one that led to the construction of the bridge shown here (at right). Its predecessor (left) was built in 1929 to accommodate travelers who sought passage from Arizona to Utah across the Colorado River. The modern bridge is the only roadway crossing of the river — other than another bridge a few miles upstream — for nearly 600 miles.

— KELLY KRAMER

May 2012 Answer & Winner

Vulture Mine, Wick-enburg. Congratulations to our winner, Carolyn Goff of Sun City, Arizona.



KERRICK JAMES

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To enter, correctly identify the location pictured at left and email your answer to editor@arizonahighways.com — type "Where Is This?" in the subject line. Entries can also be sent to 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009 (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 July 15, 2012. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our September issue and online at www.arizonahighways.com beginning August 15.

TOM BROWNOLD



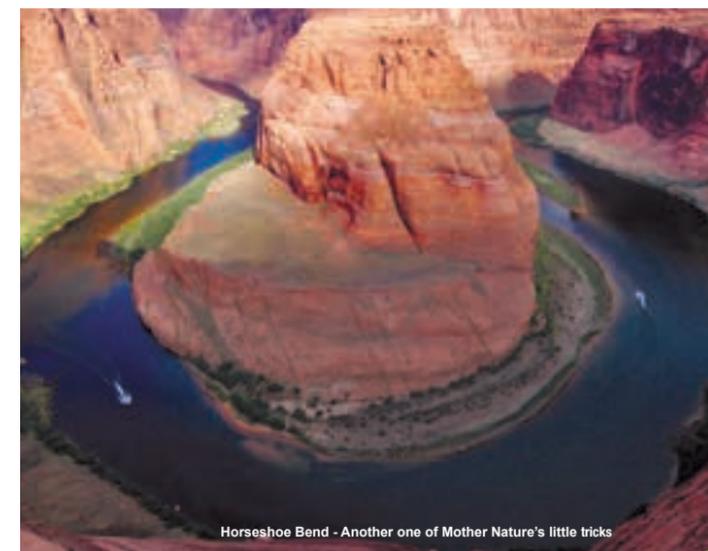
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