

# WEEKEND GETAWAYS

# ARIZONA

## HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE • EXPLORE • EXPERIENCE

Our  
Cowboy  
King &  
Steve  
McQueen

## SCENIC SUNDAY DRIVES

### PLUS:

- LONG CANYON
- HARRIS' HAWKS
- ARCOSANTI
- THE HUB
- WILLCOX, AZ
- SLED DOGS
- FRANCES MUNDS
- STOCKTON PASS

"Many a trip continues long after movement in time and space have ceased." — JOHN STEINBECK

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People, places and things from around the state, including Arizona's iconic suffragette; one of the best lunch spots in downtown Tucson; and Willcox, our town of the month.

## 16 ODE TO THE ROADS

A scenic drive isn't about getting from Point A to Point B. It's about the people, places and things that you meet and see and experience along the way. That's what makes *Travels With Charley*, *Blue Highways* and *On the Road* such classics, and that's what we were after when we sent three writers and three photographers out on three of Arizona's best back roads.

BY NIKKI BUCHANAN, KATHY MONTGOMERY AND TERRY GREENE STERLING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES BARBEY, MARK LIPCZYNSKI AND KAREN SHELL

## 42 DOG DAYS OF WINTER

There are many stereotypes about Arizona, including the one about it having only one season: summer. The truth is, there's winter, too. There's even dog-sledding, and the state's premier race takes place this month in the White Mountains.

BY BARBARA YOST  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZANNE STARR

## 46 ON LOCATION WITH STEVE McQUEEN

What started out as a side job for Joe Brown turned into a cameo role in *Tom Horn*, an invitation to go stunt-flying in a biplane, and a personal friendship with The King of Cool that lasted until the actor's untimely death in 1980.

AN ESSAY BY J.P.S. BROWN  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRIS GALL

## 50 MEET THE NEW BOSS

When Jeff Stein was a kid in his 20s, he bought a book by Paolo Soleri. He read it, became inspired and sought out the world-renowned architect, who was creating something called Arcosanti. Four decades later, Stein is the man in charge of Soleri's "urban laboratory."

BY KATHY RITCHIE  
PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WAGNER

## 52 SCENIC DRIVE

Stockton Pass: It's not the longest drive we've ever featured — it's less than 20 miles one way — but mile for mile, this scenic route through the Pinaleno Mountains is one of the most dramatic.

## 54 HIKE OF THE MONTH

Long Canyon: There are many ways to see Sedona and its iconic landscapes. This scenic route into the Red Rock-Secret Mountain Wilderness is one of the easiest.



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### [www.arizonahighways.wordpress.com](http://www.arizonahighways.wordpress.com)

Check out our blog for regular posts on just about anything having to do with travel in Arizona, including Q&As with writers and photographers, special events, bonus photos, sneak peeks at upcoming issues and more.

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### Photographic Prints Available

Prints of some photographs in this issue are available for purchase. To view options, visit [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com) prints.com. For more information, call 866-962-1191.

► The white tips of the San Francisco Peaks rise over a snowpacked field along Garland Prairie Road. | SUZANNE MATHIA  
FRONT COVER State Route 89A shows off its winter coat as it winds through Oak Creek Canyon near Sedona. | DEREK VON BRIESEN  
BACK COVER A husky catches its breath during a break at the annual sled-dog race in Arizona's White Mountains. | SUZANNE STARR

# People. Places. Things.

One man, one dog and a three-quarter-ton pickup named *Rocinante*. Those are the main characters in *Travels With Charley*, one of the best pieces of travel writing ever written. Or maybe it is the best. It doesn't have the life-and-death drama of *Mawson's Will* or *Into Thin Air*, but the prose in *Travels With Charley* is so much better. "This is a book to be read slowly for its savor," Edward Weeks wrote in his review of *Charley* for *The Atlantic Monthly* in August 1962. "The eager, sensuous pages in which [Steinbeck] writes about what he found and whom he encountered frame a picture of our human nature in the twentieth century which will not soon be surpassed."

Believe me, we weren't foolish enough to think we could re-create those sensuous pages in our cover story. No matter how good our writers are — and all three of them are superb — there's only one John Steinbeck, and we didn't have 246 pages to work with. Still, that's what we were going for. *Travels With Charley*, *Blue Highways*, *On the Road ...* We wanted our road trips to capture the people, places and things along the way. And they did.

There are three trips in all: Payson to Springerville, Portal to Patagonia and Prescott to Flagstaff. Normally, for something like this, we put our writers and photographers together in the same car (or three-quarter-ton pickup), because we want parallel experiences. But not this time. For this, we wanted divergence. We wanted as many people, places and things as we could get. And we got what we wanted. In fact, all three writers asked for more words, and all three photographers turned in enough images, individually, to fill 246 pages. Karen Shell is one of those photographers.

I've been admiring Karen's work for

a long time, and so has Photo Editor Jeff Kida, but this was her first assignment for *Arizona Highways*. It's a shame it took us this long to get her into the magazine. She's exceedingly talented, she's creative and she delivered exactly what we were looking for. Her shot of Wayne and Kenyon Peters with their big rig at a gas station in Springerville is a great example. It's a moment in time — ordinary people, doing what they do. The Payson Rodeo photos have the same effect. And then there's the shot of Moriah, the little girl splashing in the waters of Christopher Creek. Initially, Moriah was afraid of the camera, but as you'll see, the curly-headed pre-schooler loosened up. A lot. That's what great photographers do, and Karen's on the list of great photographers.

That shot of Moriah, by the way, was made in late-summer. Obviously, things are pretty quiet in Christopher Creek this time of year. The drive is still beautiful, though. Like all of our road trips, it's enjoyable any time of year. Just keep in mind that what you see in winter may not be what you see in summer, and check the weather and road conditions before heading out. Right now, there's a good chance you'll see some snow between Payson and Springerville. If not, Van Odegaard is probably going stir crazy.

You don't know Van Odegaard. He's a musher, and he's not the only one. "Sled-dog racing in Arizona is a surprisingly popular hobby," Barbara Yost writes in *Dog Days of Winter*. The sport took off here



PAUL MARKOW

in 1977. That's when Odegaard moved to Flagstaff from Minnesota, where he raced Siberian huskies. Today, Arizona is the southernmost state with a significant sled-dog population, and the state's premier race takes place this month in the White Mountains. In our story, you'll learn about the men and women who endure the cost,

the hard work and the often-inhospitable climate to play in the snow. You'll also learn about the huskies, malamutes and Samoyeds that can't wait to get harnessed up and hit the trail. As Barbara writes, "they were born to run." Horses, by comparison, aren't always so enthusiastic, especially on Hollywood movie sets. That's where our cowboy king met Steve McQueen.

J.P.S. Brown is indeed a cowboy, and he might have been the prototype for "the most interesting man in the world." He's done it all — boxer, marine, journalist, prospector, whiskey smuggler — but he's a cowboy at the core, which is why he was hired to teach Steve McQueen how to rope a horse in a corral for the movie *Tom Horn*. The job came and went, but their close friendship lasted until the actor's untimely death in 1980. *On Location With Steve McQueen* is another in our series of wonderful essays by Joe Brown. Read it slowly for its savor, and then get yourself a three-quarter-ton pickup and hit the road. People, places and things are waiting.

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



### JOHN WAGNER

Photographer John Wagner had been to Arcosanti in the past, but he visited the "urban laboratory" a second time to photograph its new president, Jeff Stein (see *Meet the New Boss*, page 50). "I'd been there before, so I had an idea, visually, of what I wanted to do," Wagner says. "It was interesting to have Jeff take me around and point out things; it was nice to see some of the inner workings." Wagner's work has also appeared in *Fortune*. This is his first assignment for *Arizona Highways*.



YINGHUI BAO

### KAREN SHELL

Karen Shell usually travels abroad for photo assignments, but she didn't hesitate when we asked her to photograph the people, places and things along State Route 260, between Payson and Springerville, for this month's cover story (see *Ode to the Roads*, page 16). "So much of my photography is shooting internationally, so this reminded me that I can have an equally rich experience in my own backyard," Shell says. "Everyone was so warm and genuine. I think they were having as much fun as I was." This is Shell's first assignment for *Arizona Highways*.



DAVID ZICKL

### J.P.S. BROWN

Author Joe Brown has fond memories of his friend Steve McQueen, and he celebrates them in his essay about the actor (see *On Location With Steve McQueen*, page 46). "Steve was so open and never boastful," Brown says. "He was just another guy. I never saw him act like a celebrity — not with me or with anyone else." Brown, a fifth-generation Arizonan, is a longtime contributor to *Arizona Highways*. He is the author of more than 10 novels about cowboying and ranching, as well as dozens of essays on the subjects.

— ANDREA CRANDALL

**HIGH PRAISE**

Thank you for *The High Lonesome* by J.P.S Brown in the October 2012 issue. Joe's books inspired me to see Arizona firsthand, and he's my favorite author. His wonderful essay, and the impressive illustrations by Chris Gall, are much appreciated.

Donna Krnak, Richmond, Virginia



October 2012

**THE HIGH LONESOME**

One powerful cowboy illustration reflects on the herded horse in Apache County—the 275-square-mile High Lonesome ranch. Located at an elevation of 2,000 feet, the place is high, wide and dry. For the characters Joe Brown grew up with were full of color.

AN ESSAY BY J.P.S. BROWN  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRIS GALL

**I**n August 1966, the year I turned 15, my parents, Frank D. and Barbara Ann Brown, took me to the High Lonesome ranch in Apache County. I was the only child of the Browns to visit the ranch. The place had been part of the Army Land and Cattle Co. in the 1920s. It was a high, wide and dry place, full of color. The place was high, wide and dry. For the characters Joe Brown grew up with were full of color.

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**FOCUSED ON THE DETAILS**

I enjoyed the “Then & Now” feature in your November 2012 issue, but I do have one question: On page 24, you feature Jerome, circa 1915, and today. If the lower picture is indeed current times, why is the policeman driving what appears to be an early 1960s Ford patrol car? I hope they’ve updated their fleet a little.

Dave Cristofani, Tucson

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our first guess when we saw the old squad car was a resurrection of Barney Fife, but, in fact, it belongs to one of Jerome's many unique visitors. There's no guarantee you'll see that car should you decide to visit, but you will most cer-

tainly have plenty of other things to look at.

I just finished reading the November 2012 issue of *Arizona Highways*, and I must say I'm very surprised. As president of the Douglas Arts and Humanities Association, it's news to me that the Grand Theatre has been “restored to its former glory at an estimated cost of \$9.5 million.” I'm sorry to inform you that the Grand Theatre is nowhere close to being restored.

Dana Northey, Silver Creek, Arizona

EDITOR'S NOTE: We've heard from several of our friends in Douglas, and we apologize for any confusion we may have caused. The restoration of the Grand Theatre is an important project, and we look forward to its eventual completion. For more information about the theater, or to make a donation, call 800-582-1111 or visit [www.grandtheatre.org](http://www.grandtheatre.org).

**ARTIST'S RESIDENCE**

I learned from our mother about your response to a writer in the November 2012 issue that you will be publishing some of Larry Toschik's artwork in a portfolio in 2013. *Arizona Highways* was literally bread and butter for our family through the '50s and '60s, as my dad did the layout each month. I remember riding over to the magazine offices with him sometimes as he delivered his work to Editor Ray Carlson. When the magazine decided to publish an article written by my dad, along with some of his paintings, in March 1967, none of us could have envisioned the transformation that this would bring to our lives. The response

to his writing and artwork from around the world was phenomenal. He rose from obscurity to international recognition as one of the great American wildlife artists. And the magazine went on to publish a number of complete issues featuring his work in the '70s and '80s. Our family will forever be grateful to *Arizona Highways*.

Tom Toschik, York, Pennsylvania

**CYCLE ANALYSIS**

Two years ago, my wife and I honeymooned at the Grand Canyon. As cyclists and hikers, we were quick to explore. Quite by accident, we stumbled upon Bright Angel Bicycles, which was just getting off the ground. We took a chance, rented bikes and explored areas where vehicles aren't allowed. The experience was fantastic, and the shuttle that picked us up was driven by none other than Kyle George, who told us his story as a river runner, his startup business and his vast knowledge of the Canyon itself. His love for this beautiful place was very clear to us. Imagine my surprise when I opened the current issue, and there he and his business partner were [Spokes Men, November 2012], telling the same story Kyle told while shuttling us from our ride. It's a true American success story, and proof that the little guy can still win and fulfill his dreams in our country.

Jim & Cindy Seyer, Wentzville, Missouri

**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](mailto:editor@arizonahighways.com), or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. For more information, visit [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com).

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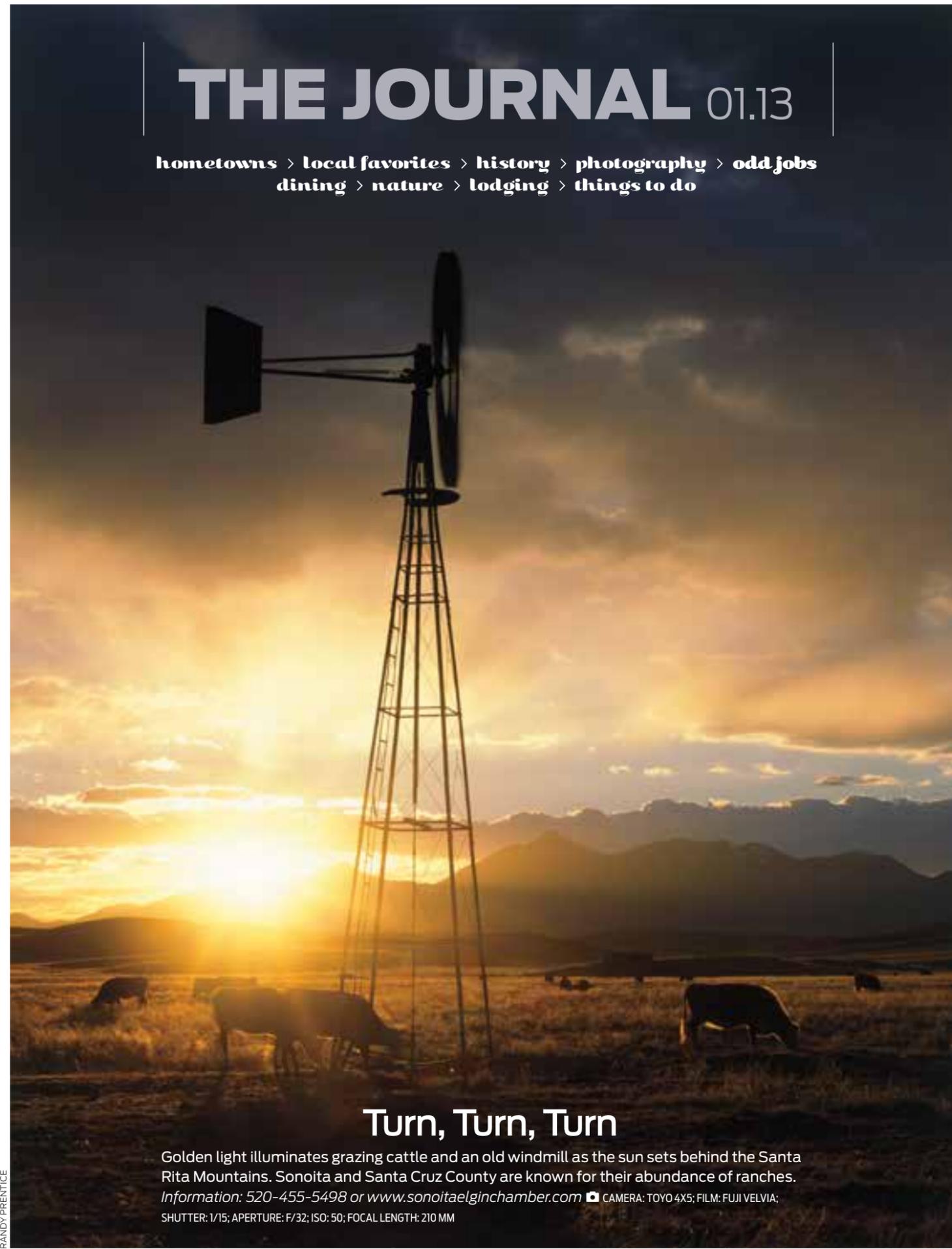
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A. Total number copies printed	143,880	142,736
B. Paid circulation		
1. Outside-county, mail subscriptions	115,079	114,405
2. In-county subscriptions	--	--
3. Sales through dealers, carriers, street vendors, counter sales and other non-USPS paid distribution	11,972	11,810
4. Other classes mailed through the USPS	3,374	3,115
C. Total paid circulation	130,425	129,330
D. Free distribution by mail		
1. Outside-county	162	163
2. In-county	--	--
3. Other classes mailed through the USPS	--	--
4. Free distribution outside the mail	1,320	1,433
E. Total free distribution	1,483	1,596
F. Total distribution	131,908	130,926
G. Copies not distributed	11,972	11,810
H. Total	143,880	142,736
I. Percent paid circulation	98.9%	98.8%

I certify that the statements made by me are correct and complete.  
Win Holden, Publisher



RANDY PRENTICE

THE JOURNAL 01.13

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

Turn, Turn, Turn

Golden light illuminates grazing cattle and an old windmill as the sun sets behind the Santa Rita Mountains. Sonoita and Santa Cruz County are known for their abundance of ranches. Information: 520-455-5498 or [www.sonoitaelginchamber.com](http://www.sonoitaelginchamber.com) CAMERA: TOYO 4X5; FILM: FUJI VELVIA; SHUTTER: 1/15; APERTURE: F/32; ISO: 50; FOCAL LENGTH: 210 MM



MARK LIPCZYNSKI

# WILLCOX

FOUNDED	AREA	ELEVATION	COUNTY
1880	6.1 square miles	4,100 feet	Cochise

ORIGINALLY KNOWN AS MALEY, WILLCOX was incorporated as a stop along the Southern Pacific Railroad line in 1880. After being renamed in honor of General Orlando B. Willcox, the small town in Southeastern Arizona evolved into one of the nation's leading producers of cattle, thanks to the abundance of surrounding

ranch land. But beef isn't the only thing Willcox has produced. "Arizona Cowboy" Rex Allen was born in Willcox, and so was country singer Tanya Tucker, who, in a previous edition of this magazine, said she'd like to take Willie Nelson on a pack trip to look for Cochise's burial site. Today, Willcox is best known for its win-

ter population of sandhill cranes, which will take center stage at the 20th Annual Wings Over Willcox Birding & Nature Festival (January 16-20).

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

Information: Willcox Chamber of Commerce, 800-200-2272 or [www.willcoxchamber.com](http://www.willcoxchamber.com); Wings Over Willcox, [www.wingsoverwillcox.com](http://www.wingsoverwillcox.com)

## local favorites



COURTESY SUNIZONA

### SUNIZONA FAMILY FARMS Willcox

When Janice Smith and her family moved to Southern Arizona from British Columbia in 1996, they wanted to grow their agricultural business. Although they started small — growing Long-English cucumbers in a greenhouse — the Smiths expanded their operations to grow a variety of vegetables. Today, they distribute about 95 percent of their vegan, certified-organic produce in Arizona, Smith says.

#### How is farming in Arizona different from farming in British Columbia?

There's a huge misconception in the North that if you go somewhere with lots of sunshine, all of your problems will be solved. But Arizona is actually quite a difficult climate to grow in. It's dry, it's windy and you have huge temperature swings. So, while the sunshine is wonderful to have, as a farmer, it's challenging.

#### How is organic, sustainable farming good for the state?

We're passionate about this. We're not polluting the environment with so many chemicals. We're working with the environment. We're not farmers to get rich. We're farmers to give people a better quality of life.

#### What are your most popular products?

I do wish we could grow more fruits. Our fruits are seasonal. Right now, we're limited to melons, cantaloupes and honeydews. We started growing raspberries, and they are very much in demand because we don't have many of them. — KATHY RITCHIE

Sunizona Family Farms is located at 5655 E. Gaskill Road in Willcox. For more information, call 520-824-3160 or visit [www.sunizonafamilyfarms.com](http://www.sunizonafamilyfarms.com).

# A Real Vote-Getter

Looking back on the recent election, and the large number of female voters, it's hard to imagine a time when women weren't allowed to cast a ballot. Thanks to Frances Munds, women in Arizona got that right almost a decade before the passage of the 19th Amendment.

In the early 20th century, women in Arizona were treated like second-class citizens at the voting booth. Frances Willard Munds wasn't comfortable with that, and she made it her mission to do something about it.

The former schoolteacher's fight for women's suffrage began in Prescott, where she joined the Arizona Women's Christian Temperance Union. In addition, she became a member of the Arizona Equal Suffrage Association in 1903, later serving as its president. Munds even petitioned the Territorial legislature numerous times and spoke at the Arizona Constitutional Convention.

Though her efforts initially failed, Munds, along with other advocates, continued to fight, and, finally, their determination paid off. In 1912, the same year that Arizona became a state, Munds managed to convince male voters to support an initiative that would put the issue of women's suffrage on the ballot. The initiative passed, and Arizona's female citizenry won the right to vote — almost a decade before the passage of the 19th Amendment.

Two years later, Munds became a senator for Yavapai County in the second Arizona legislature. She was 48. Through her achievements, Munds secured her place in history not only as a game-changer in the women's suffrage movement, but also as the first female state senator — only the second in the United States. Munds died on December 16, 1948, at the age of 82. She was inducted into the Arizona Women's Hall of Fame in 1982.

— ANDREA CRANDALL



COURTESY SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM

## this month in history

■ On January 11, 1908, President Theodore Roosevelt declares the Grand Canyon a national monument.

■ Wyatt Earp, who survived the infamous gunfight at the O.K. Corral in Tombstone, dies in Los Angeles on January 13, 1929, at

the age of 80.

■ On January 25, 1934, Tucson police capture notorious bank robber John Dillinger, along with three of his gang members and several handguns and submachine guns.

■ Amir Saud, the crown prince of Saudi

Arabia, tours the Salt River Valley on January 27, 1947, to study desert agriculture.

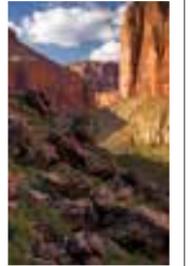
■ On January 31, 1914, President Woodrow Wilson declares present-day Papago Park a national monument known as Papago Saguaro Monument.

### ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 50 Years Ago



The January 1963 issue of *Arizona Highways* featured a story about a long, harrowing train ride to Maverick — a ride that was complicated by snow. The issue also included photographs of winter in Arizona, from snow-covered cactuses to a Grand Canyon blanketed in white.

## PHOTO TIP



### Let's Reflect

Although you can purchase reflectors to enhance the light in your images, don't forget to look for nature's own reflectors. In the Grand Canyon, for example, many of the canyon walls bounce warm light to other surfaces, creating beautiful sunlit walls and shafts of light. In more urban areas, certain buildings — particularly those with large white walls — can reflect light onto nearby structures. Paying attention to your surroundings can help you naturally bounce the sun's rays onto your subject.



JOHN WAGNER

Saguaro, Dreamy Draw Recreation Area

## Wagnerian Proportions

John Wagner feels most comfortable when communicating through photography, and his is an interesting mix of digital and film. Although he usually shoots digital for his corporate jobs, he prefers film for personal projects. And, in most cases, he likes to use a medium-format, twin-lens Rolleiflex. Wagner made this photograph with the Rolleiflex and Kodak T-Max black-and-white film, rated at 100 ISO. Often, when he's in the field, he shoots with the lens wide open or close to it. By doing so, his images have a very shallow depth of field, which is something he emphasizes when he's in the darkroom making prints. He'll look at a negative and ask, "Where do I want to go with this?" There are times, he says, when he makes a test print and is surprised by what he sees. It's as if the negative itself begins to determine the look of the print. Once he's happy with the final image, Wagner uses a mild-bleach solution and, sometimes, sepia toner to complete his vision.

— JEFF KIDA, photo editor



### ADDITIONAL READING

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



# FLY FISHERWOMAN

Natalie Jensen, Marble Canyon

November 7, 1988. That was the day when Natalie "Nat" Jensen fell in love with the Colorado River. Call it a feeling. Call it kismet. Call it what you will, but that was the day Jensen's life changed. Although she'd found her home, her calling wouldn't become clear for another eight years — when Jensen would learn how to fly-fish. She landed a job with Lees Ferry Anglers Fly Shop in 1995 and asked one of the owners how to catch a fish in the river. "She said to me, 'Honey, you need to pick up a fly rod,'" Jensen says. "I practiced every day for many years, just casting." Jensen still works at the fly shop and shares her love of fly-fishing with visitors who want to catch something in the Colorado. "A lot of people have no clue what's in Northern Arizona," she says. "When they love it, it makes my life that much richer." — KATHY RITCHIE

For more information about Natalie Jensen and Lees Ferry Anglers Fly Shop, call 928-355-2261 or visit [www.leesferry.com](http://www.leesferry.com).



DAWN KISH (2)

# Hubba Hubba

It's hard to say what will wow you most at "The Hub" in downtown Tucson — the food, the service, the ambience. All of the above are superb, and then there's the ice cream.

SOMETIMES, IT'S GOOD TO BREAK THE RULES and maybe start your dinner with dessert. Walk into The Hub Restaurant and Creamery, and you'll be tempted to do just that — in large part

because you'll be greeted by a bewitching bevy of ice-cream options. They run the gamut from orange-white chocolate to bourbon-almond brittle, all of them named on a chalkboard and all of them available for sampling. However, if you

choose to follow tradition, avert your eyes and focus instead on The Hub's extensive lunch and dinner menus.

The popular restaurant is located on Tucson's increasingly hip Congress Street and draws a varied crowd — professionals, students and late-night diners who wander in after a show at the Rialto or one of the other downtown venues. That might explain the restaurant's name, as well as such diverse offerings as cheesy tots, described as a "mountain of tater-tots"; corned beef hash, adorned with two fried eggs; roasted corn and avocado salad; big, beefy burgers; and warm lobster rolls.

Equally eclectic is The Hub's drink menu. Whether you sidle up to the wood-topped, stone-sided bar — it faces three televisions and a giant, mirrored wall of alcohol offerings — or linger in one of the restaurant's ample booths, you might be impressed by the more than 20 draft beers, as well as 14 varieties of wine. Cocktails, though, are where The Hub's bartenders shine.

The Under Construction cocktail — which is aptly named, given the recent overhaul of Congress Street — features Maker's Mark bourbon, basil, sugar and freshly squeezed lemon juice. The Presidio, on the other hand, spotlights Milagro Silver tequila mixed with fresh lime juice, grapefruit juice, serrano-spiced agave syrup and maraschino liqueur. The former is a sweet sip, while the latter packs a spicy punch.

Of course, if you followed the rules and avoided dessert before dinner, you'll know how to cool off. Two scoops for good behavior.

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

The Hub Restaurant and Creamery is located at 266 E. Congress Street in Tucson. For more information, call 520-207-8201 or visit [www.hubdowntown.com](http://www.hubdowntown.com).



PAUL MARKOW



The average wingspan of a Harris' hawk is 3.5 to 4 feet.

The birds' bodies range from 18 to 24 inches in length.

Harris' hawks weigh up to 2.5 pounds.

BRUCE D. TAUBERT

## Harris' Hawks

Ornithologist and artist John James Audubon named the chocolate-colored Harris' hawk for his friend, fellow ornithologist Edward Harris. Audubon and Harris met in 1824, and the bird enthusiasts embarked on two expeditions together — one to the Gulf of Mexico in 1837, and one along the Missouri River in 1842.

Although you won't find Harris' hawks along the Missouri, they're no strangers to the arid Southwest, nesting in paloverdes, mesquites and saguaros. You'll also find them in savannas and scrub prairies, and their range extends into Central and South America.

Their brown bodies, rust-painted wings and white-tipped tails help the hawks blend in with the scrub, and menacing talons prove dangerous to the birds' prey, which includes jackrabbits and other small mammals, as well as reptiles.

Social by nature, the birds commonly hunt in small groups, with hunters carrying food back to nestlings. Those young hawks, which hatch in sets of two to four, typically leave the nest within 38 days; they can fly in as little as 10 days after that. Though fledglings are free to roam, they typically stay with their extended families for years.

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER



## nature factoid

### DATURA

Datura is a common sight along roadways and in desert gardens. Sometimes known as Jimson weed, the plant can grow up to 2 feet high. Its stalk is fuzzy, and its gray-green

leaves are covered in white "hair." Datura blooms as a white, trumpet-shaped flower. But don't get too close — the weed is poisonous. If ingested, it can cause severe delirium.

— ANDREA CRANDALL

BRUCE D. TAUBERT

~lodging~



TIM FULLER

## Guest House Inn

In 1925, a guesthouse was built for company directors and visitors to the New Cornelia copper mine in Ajo. Newspapers reported that the house — designed by renowned Phoenix architectural firm Lescher & Mahoney — would have “all the modern conveniences.” It would feature a large dining room, four spacious bedrooms with private bathrooms, sleeping porches and a cook’s room. The mine closed years ago, but the house remains. Today, it’s a bed and breakfast appropriately called the Guest House

Inn. The sleeping porches have been converted into sunny, window-lined hallways that run along two sides of the house just outside the guestrooms. They serve as shared sitting rooms, where neat stacks of magazines teeter on every surface. Another holdover is the demonstration cactus garden behind the house. It’s planted with mature saguaro and organ pipe cactuses similar to those found at nearby Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument. — KATHY MONTGOMERY

Guest House Inn is located at 700 W. Guest House Road in Ajo. For more information, call 520-387-6133 or visit [www.guesthouseinn.biz](http://www.guesthouseinn.biz).

## ~ things to do in arizona ~

### Polar Express January 1-3, Williams

All aboard the *Polar Express*. On this one-hour journey to the “North Pole,” guests can enjoy treats, hot chocolate and a reading of everyone’s favorite classic, *The Polar Express*. Best of all, Santa will board the train to hand out gifts. *Information: 800-843-8724 or [www.thetrain.com](http://www.thetrain.com)*

### 20th Annual ZooLights January 1-8, Phoenix

If you haven’t yet experienced

the magic of ZooLights, now is the time to be dazzled. Thanks to the 600 illuminated sculptures on display at the Phoenix Zoo, this annual tradition will leave you awestruck, and your kids will love it. *Information: 602-273-1341 or [www.phoenixzoo.org](http://www.phoenixzoo.org)*

### 22nd Annual Red Rock Festival January 1-5, Sedona

Nearly a million holiday lights will be on display during this delightful, family friendly

festival, creating a magical winter wonderland. *Information: 877-444-8044 or [www.redrockfantasy.org](http://www.redrockfantasy.org)*

### Barrett-Jackson January 13-20, Scottsdale

The world’s greatest car auction is back and better than ever — especially if you’ve had your eye on the legendary 1968 Shelby prototype called “The Green Hornet.” This classic muscle car is slated to cross the auction block, so, bidders, on your mark.

*Information: 480-421-6694 or [www.barrett-jackson.com](http://www.barrett-jackson.com)*

### Watson Lake: Rocks & Reflection January 19-20, Prescott

Photographer Colleen Miniuk-Sperry leads this photo workshop, which explores the rock formations around Watson Lake. She’ll share her tricks of the trade for photographing this otherworldly landscape. *Information: 888-790-7042 or [www.friendsofhighways.com](http://www.friendsofhighways.com) [AH](#)*

# 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](http://www.arizonahighways.com) and click the license-plate icon on our home page. Proceeds help support our mission of promoting tourism in Arizona.

ARIZONA  
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SERVICEARIZONA



# ODE TO THE ROADS

A scenic drive, whether you do it on Sunday, Monday or any other day of the week, isn't about getting from Point A to Point B. It's about the people, places and things that you meet and see and experience along the way. That's what makes *Travels With Charley*, *Blue Highways* and *On the Road* such classics, and that's what we were after when we sent three writers and three photographers out on three of Arizona's best back roads.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The following road trips are enjoyable any time of year, but because Arizona does, in fact, have four seasons, you'll want to check the weather and road conditions before heading out. Also, what you see in winter may not be what you see in summer. One more thing: In the interest of maximizing the number of observations along the way, we had our writers and photographers travel separately. Each had unique experiences, which is why the photos and the narratives don't always overlap. Collectively, they covered a lot of ground. Here are their stories.

"I came across this shot as I left Springerville and headed back toward Show Low," says photographer Karen Shell. "A powerful monsoon storm had just moved through, so everything was wet. I pulled over because I loved the shape of the road as it lay across the landscape, and the asphalt had a beautiful sheen to it."  CAMERA: NIKON D3; SHUTTER: 1/60; APERTURE: F/22; ISO: 400; FOCAL LENGTH: 130 MM

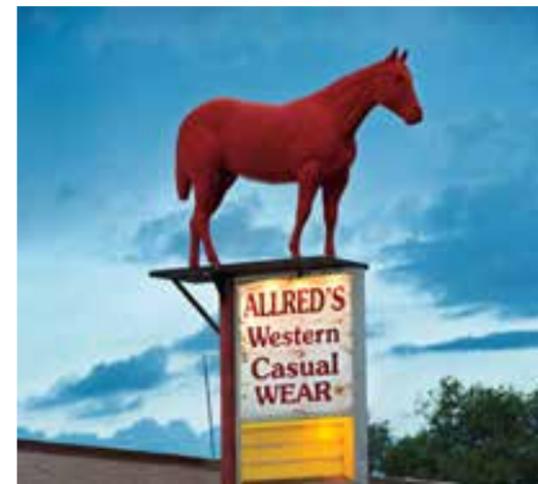
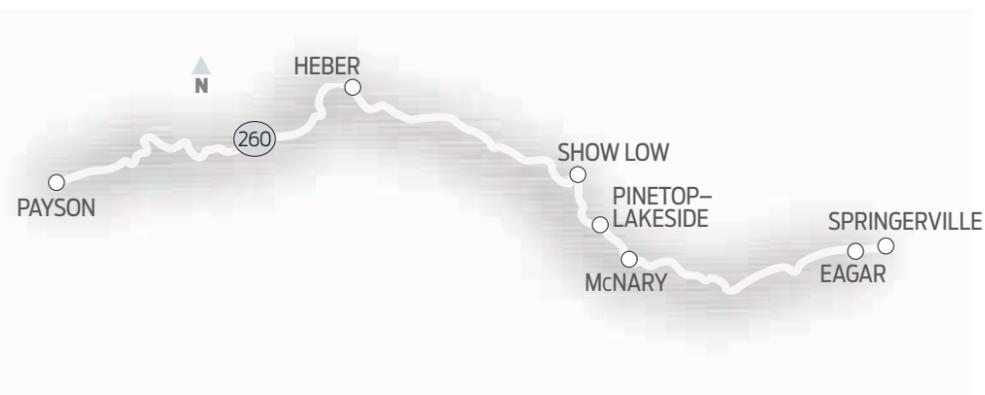
# PAYSON TO SPRINGERVILLE

BY NIKKI BUCHANAN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN SHELL

Because a road trip wouldn't be a road trip without a hearty breakfast right out of the gate, my buddy and I pull into Miss Fitz 260 Café, about a half-mile from the junction that puts us on the long and winding road to Springerville. We've whizzed past Payson's fast-food joints to find this: a red-and-white building with wooden silhouettes of a cowboy and cowgirl at the front door and a sign advertising pies and cinnamon rolls.

A gray-haired, pony-tailed fellow in a loose-fitting tank top, scuffed cowboy boots and a billed Confederate-flag cap with "Rebel" written across the front holds the door open for the two of us, making a slight bow and an ushering gesture with his left hand. He heads for a booth, while my friend and I grab a couple of red swivel stools at the counter. Our pretty, just-past-middle-aged waitress, June, flashes a smile and asks me what I'd like to drink, calling me "hon" in our first exchange and two or three times thereafter. And she isn't resurrecting kiss-my-grits Flo from Mel's Diner. She means it.

When I mention to her that the place looks clean and cozy, a far cry from the grimy, down-at-the-heels joint I visited some 10 years ago, she explains that it was bought last year by Diane Fitzpatrick, her chef-son Jeremy and her friend Kathy Bickert — who all worked together at the Chaparral Pines club in Payson (as did she). The partners scrubbed the place, hung pictures of Jesus and made it a thriving concern. We wolf down fluffy omelets, all the while talking to June and "Rebel" Jim, who's moseyed over to join the conversation. He's lived in Payson 15 years and tears up when he talks about his wife, who passed away two years ago.



**ABOVE:** "I was looking for something interesting along State Route 260, when I saw Rocking J RV Park, in Forest Lakes," Shell says. "I focused on this trailer because it was surrounded by a beautiful garden and birdhouses. It seemed so charming."

**CAMERA:** NIKON D3; **SHUTTER:** 1/15; **APERTURE:** F/22; **ISO:** 200; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 26 MM

**LEFT:** "I was drawn to the fact that there was a giant red horse in the sky in Springerville," Shell says. "No one was around, and it was dusk. Everything looks great against a dusky sky, especially a red horse. I don't know anything about the store, but it was certainly interesting."

**CAMERA:** NIKON D3; **SHUTTER:** 1/50; **APERTURE:** F/10; **ISO:** 800; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 200 MM

Back in the car, we ease down into Star Valley (a highway town that survives on speeding tickets), driving through rolling hills of scrub pine and juniper, then climbing in altitude until both sides of the road are thick with tall pines. Pulling off at a visitors center for a scenic overlook of Rim Country, we count seven layers of mountain ranges that must stretch back a hundred miles, finding Mount Ord and Four Peaks in the hazy



distance. I've lived in Arizona most of my life, and this spectacular, far-as-the-eye-can-see kind of view reminds me why I do.

We get back on the road, watching as shade and thicket give way to sun and meadow — fenced green patches where cows and horses graze. Neatly kept farms dot the highway, many of them anchored by two-story homes with wrap-around porches. They look modern, most of them, not like the homes of hardscrabble pioneers.

We eventually hit Show Low and stop along the main drag to see what the Trailblazer Trading Post might be all about. As we peer in the window, Chuck Spurgeon, a Vietnam vet and lifelong,

**LEFT:** "This is in Springerville at the XA Saloon," Shell says. "It has some interesting history. It was built in 1947, and is a bit of a historic icon. John Wayne used to have a ranch in Eagar, and, apparently, he frequented the saloon. There's a mural inside that gives a visual history of the XA. It was painted by locals in 1949." **CAMERA:** NIKON D3; **SHUTTER:** 0.6 SECONDS; **APERTURE:** F/4.5; **ISO:** 800; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 60 MM

**BELOW, LEFT:** "I was trying to find something interesting in Show Low and came across El Milagrito restaurant," Shell says. "It looked like it might have been an old house, and I thought I could find something interesting inside. I met Michael Smith, the restaurant's chef and co-owner. Everything there is homemade, and it seemed like El Milagrito is an authentic small-town business." **CAMERA:** NIKON D3; **SHUTTER:** 1/50; **APERTURE:** F/2.8; **ISO:** 500; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 110 MM

**BELOW, RIGHT:** "Apparently, the Oxbow Saloon in Payson is 'certified haunted,'" Shell says. "It has live music on Friday and Saturday nights. I was there on a Saturday before I went to the Payson Rodeo. It was too early for it to be jumping, and the music hadn't even started as I was leaving." **CAMERA:** NIKON D3; **SHUTTER:** 1/25; **APERTURE:** F/2.8; **ISO:** 800; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 42 MM



ALONG THE WAY

- **Payson**
- **1.** Tour Zane Grey's Cabin in Payson, 928-474-3483, [www.rimcountrymuseums.com](http://www.rimcountrymuseums.com)
- **2.** Grab a cheeseburger at Al & Diane's Red Onion in Heber, 928-535-4433, [www.redoniononline.com](http://www.redoniononline.com)
- **3.** Visit the Pinedale School bell off State Route 260 in Pinedale
- **4.** Look for elk at Jacques Marsh Wildlife Area near Pinetop, 602-942-3000, [www.azgfd.gov](http://www.azgfd.gov)
- **5.** Hike the Mogollon Rim Overlook and Nature Trail off State Route 260 near Pinetop, [www.wmonline.com](http://www.wmonline.com)
- **6.** Order a slice of caramel apple pie at the Greer Café, 928-735-7406, [www.thegreercafe.com](http://www.thegreercafe.com)
- **7.** Check out the Madonna of the Trail statue on East Main Street in Springerville
- **Springerville**



resident of Show Low, gives us a friendly wave. At first blush, the place looks like a man cave, every glass case and shelf neatly arranged with knives, sharpening stones and scissors. Spurgeon, who wears a beard and wire-rimmed glasses, his long white hair pulled back in a ponytail, unsheathes a beautiful, hand-carved blade from its leather holster, explaining that the man who made this one-of-a-kind knife is a local artisan. We poke around a bit more carefully and find jewelry, vintage dinnerware and other treasures a woman might like. Spurgeon explains that he doesn't want pawn, but rather rare and beautiful things he can sell or trade.

"What about the Jim Morrison poster?" I ask, "Is that for sale?" Spurgeon shakes his head ruefully and says, "Nah, I love my Jim Morrison," which launches a discussion of our favorite '60s-era bands. We're two aging hippies, happy to

reminisce about Hendrix and the rest. He tells us that his granddad was a railroader, and his dad brought natural gas to the White Mountains. He's clearly sorry to see us go.

Entering Lakeside, I'm sidetracked by a lovely old whitewashed building with porticos at either end. *What was it before*, I wonder, as I stick my head into Interior Complements — an art gallery and framer on one end of the building — to find out. Bonnie Peterson, a tiny, sweet-faced woman, probably in her mid- to late-60s, is busy measuring a frame, but she's not too busy to talk to me. She points out the punched-tin ceiling and shows me the fireplace, made of petrified wood. She explains that the structure, which dates to 1938, was formerly the lobby of a lodge, a gathering spot for card games and socializing. "I love this old building," she says. "It makes me feel good."

Now we're on to Harvest Moon in Lakeside, a

"This is a father-son team of truckers, Wayne Peters [right] and Kenyon Peters," Shell says. "I had pulled into Springerville after a really long day of shooting, and I'd timed it because dusk is such a great time to make photographs. I drove by a gas station, saw the truck and pulled over. The men were getting into the truck, but I begged them to stop. They were wonderfully cooperative and patient." **CAMERA:** NIKON D3; **SHUTTER:** 1/60; **APERTURE:** F/6.3; **ISO:** 800; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 60 MM



"I explored the Payson rodeo grounds high and low, trying to come up with something interesting," Shell says. "It was nighttime, and the light was poor. I climbed onto some scaffolding near where the announcer was. I was drawn to the graphic nature of the horse's mane, the fence and the rider's hat." ■ CAMERA: NIKON D3; SHUTTER: 1/50; APERTURE: F/2.8; ISO: 800; FOCAL LENGTH: 70 MM

hewn-log cabin, built in the 1920s, its bright-red, corrugated-steel roof dotted with cow skulls. Outside the entrance lie arrangements of sun-bleached bones, antlers and rusty tools. Inside, the place smells heavenly, and when I comment on it, owner Kurt Augustine, another ponytailed guy in an expensive red shirt, leads me to a display of native herbs, including bundled sage and Apache tea. "An Apache woman brings these to me," he says, pointing out the jewelry, guns and rows of Navajo rugs he often takes as pawn. This store is cool, and Augustine knows it, closing his eyes and basking in the attention as he talks at length about Arizona history like the school-teacher he used to be.

We're planning to head straight to Springerville, but in McNary, a town inhabited mostly by Apaches, we spot a yellow sign with an arrow that reads "Perry's Frybread." Turning down a residential street, we find a weathered shack with three picnic tables in the front yard of a very humble house. "Who is Perry?" we ask the frail, black-haired woman behind the counter. "It's our family name," she says, explaining that she opened the shop to have something to do after her parents died. Waiting for the fry bread, we



"The light was still working against me, so I tried to make shots from the rodeo interesting by looking for different angles," Shell says. "I knew I wanted to bring a little extra to this photograph by shooting through something. The cowboys sitting on the fence added something interesting, so I positioned myself and waited for the cowboy, Tony Buckman, to move between the boots." ■ CAMERA: NIKON D3; SHUTTER: 1/25; APERTURE: F/2.8; ISO: 800; FOCAL LENGTH: 52 MM



hear Serena Perry and her girls in the back of the shack, talking and laughing together.

With fry bread in hand, we race toward Springerville before darkness falls and spot two elk grazing in a shaft of sunlight along the road. Hawks hunt overhead, and the setting sun softens the surrounding hills to velvety-looking mounds. With its historic houses set back from the road, Eagar looks romantic in fading light. We snap a picture of a lovely old barn before heading down the main street that ties Eagar to Springerville. By now, we're starving, and The Roost, a wood-floored cottage-restaurant with a fenced yard and tall trees, looks cozy and inviting — a good place to end a long but interesting day.

**ABOVE:** "I found this scene just as I was leaving Payson," Shell says. "It was sunrise, and I pulled over to the side of the road because I was drawn to the light coming through the trees. Then, as I stopped and explored a little more, I loved how it was backlighting the flowers." 📷 CAMERA: NIKON D3; SHUTTER: 1/13; APERTURE: F/18; ISO: 200; FOCAL LENGTH: 20 MM

**OPPOSITE PAGE:** "This little girl, Moriah, was in Christopher Creek with a few other children," Shell says. "At first, she refused to be photographed, but when the other children agreed, she did, too. I told her to splash in the water, and she went nuts." 📷 CAMERA: NIKON D3; SHUTTER: 1/250; APERTURE: F/2.8; ISO: 200; FOCAL LENGTH: 185 MM

# PORTAL TO PATAGONIA

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK LIPCZYNSKI

Portal Store, Café and Lodge is the only storefront in Portal. It's the picture of a country store, with wooden screen doors, an ice machine and a phone booth. Owner Mitch Webster worked here when he was a kid. Now, he runs the place with his wife, Loni. The building, he says, was purchased from a Sears Roebuck catalog and assembled in 1927, '28 or '29. "There's confusion about that."

The store carries everything from hummingbird earrings and nature guides to wine and canned goods. A display of cobblers sits near the register, next to spiral-bound phone books.

"No one liked the regular phone book," Mitch explains. "This town's pretty ambitious. So they created their own. Kind of like they created their own fire department. They don't get any tax money. They just donated money and built it."

Mitch tells my husband and me the town founders named Portal while sitting on the bench in front of his store.

"Portal was just an entry into Paradise," he says. "Paradise was the big mining town," which is just up the road about 5 miles.

These days, Portal Lodge attracts naturalists of all stripes who come for the area's diversity, plus a surprising number of nature-film crews.

"Sometimes, we have two or three film crews," Mitch says. "We have to keep them separated, because what they're working on is proprietary."

That's where Barney Tomberlin comes in.

"Barney takes some one way. I take some the other way," Mitch says.

You can find Barney in the back-room café for breakfast three or four days a week. "Just tell him my usual," he tells the waitress, who charges it to his tab.

Barney wears a T-shirt spattered with pictures of insects. He bats at a fly as he explains how he parlayed a survey job with the New Mexico Department of Game and Fish into a business collecting bugs and snakes for universities and natural-history



"I woke up at the Copper Queen Hotel and walked across the street for some coffee and to grab some shots of downtown Bisbee in the morning light," says photographer Mark Lipczynski. "I spotted a Jeep with the back hatch open and two dogs sitting in the back. I didn't pay it much mind until one of the dogs — the black one in the background — jumped out and bolted up a hill into the woods. I went into the coffeeshop and asked if the owner of a Jeep and two dogs was in the house. A man acknowledged me, and I told him what had happened. The dog had come back by the time we went back outside, so the man opened the back of the vehicle all the way and let the dog back in."

■ CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/100; APERTURE: F/4; ISO: 200; FOCAL LENGTH: 85 MM

museums. He keeps 40 species on hand. He also does a lot of rattlesnake relocations.

There are hunters who see a snake and want to kill it, because they've done that all their lives, Barney says. "We don't do that here. Most of us just want to put it off the road."

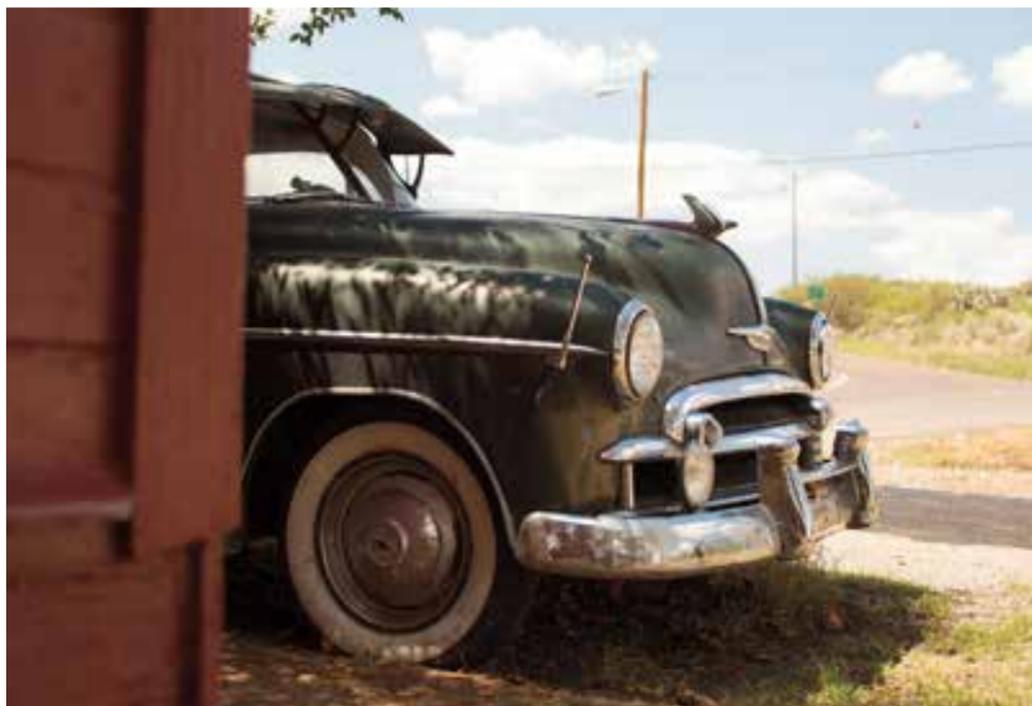
Barney excuses himself to grab a fly swatter. "Sorry," he says. "I can't stand flies around. If I get this, he'll either leave or he'll be dead."

On our way out of Portal, my husband and I take a short detour onto Foothills Road to glimpse white domes in astronomy village, where people have built observatories adjacent to their homes, then head for Paradise, only to find there isn't much there. It's now home to just four full-time residents, according to Jackie Lewis at the George Walker House (bed and make-your-own breakfast), who welcomes birders to her feeders.

Our time for Paradise is short, so we push over Onion Saddle into Pinery Canyon, where blackened sticks from the Horseshoe 2 fire contrast strikingly with a blaze of wildflowers. Past Chir-

**BELOW:** "This classic sits outside the Portal Peak Café like a marquee, and it has the café's logo painted on the driver's-side door," Lipczynski says. "The little town of Portal itself looks as though it hasn't changed much since that car rolled off the assembly line. I like places that look as though time stands still there. This is where I started my road trip. It seemed appropriate to kick it off with a shot of a car."

📷 CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/320; APERTURE: F/4; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 45 MM



icahua National Monument, the landscape changes from forest to prairie, giving way to fields of corn and modest homes with American flags and pickup trucks. By late afternoon, we pass through downtown Douglas, looking like a 20th century movie set, then head to Bisbee for the night.

Once famous for its eccentrics, Bisbee feels more upscale than funky, with luxury suites, high-end boutiques and contemporary restaurants.

The most colorful character on Main Street is the "Killer Bee Guy," Reed Booth, who sells honey from hives people paid him to remove. Wearing a camo hat and T-shirt, he keeps up a steady patter outside his tiny shop, a former stairwell.

"Get a free taste of honey, honey! Have fun buzzing around!"

Nearby Lowell feels more like the Bisbee of old. Sitting at a curvy Formica counter at The Breakfast Club, we contemplate pies with mountains of whipped cream and a busboy with piercings and bright-red lips tattooed on his neck.

Lowell has a retro feel with its old, brick buildings and 1940s- and '50s-era cars lining the street. This suburb of Bisbee was once a sizeable mining town. All that's left is a block of Erie Street. The theater marquee advertises Mile High Enterprises. The display cases

## ALONG THE WAY

### ● Portal

1. Tour the Faraway Ranch House at Chiricahua National Monument, [www.nps.gov/chir](http://www.nps.gov/chir)

2. Grab a cup of joe at Hotel Gadsden in Douglas, 520-364-4481, [www.hotelgadsden.com](http://www.hotelgadsden.com)

3. Find a treasure at Finders Keepers Antiques in Bisbee, 520-432-2900, [www.fkeepers.com](http://www.fkeepers.com)

4. Commune with Mother Nature in the Ramsey Canyon Preserve, 520-378-2785, [www.nature.org](http://www.nature.org)

5. Eat something fresh and healthy at Canela Bistro in Sonoita, 520-455-5873, [www.canelabistro.com](http://www.canelabistro.com)

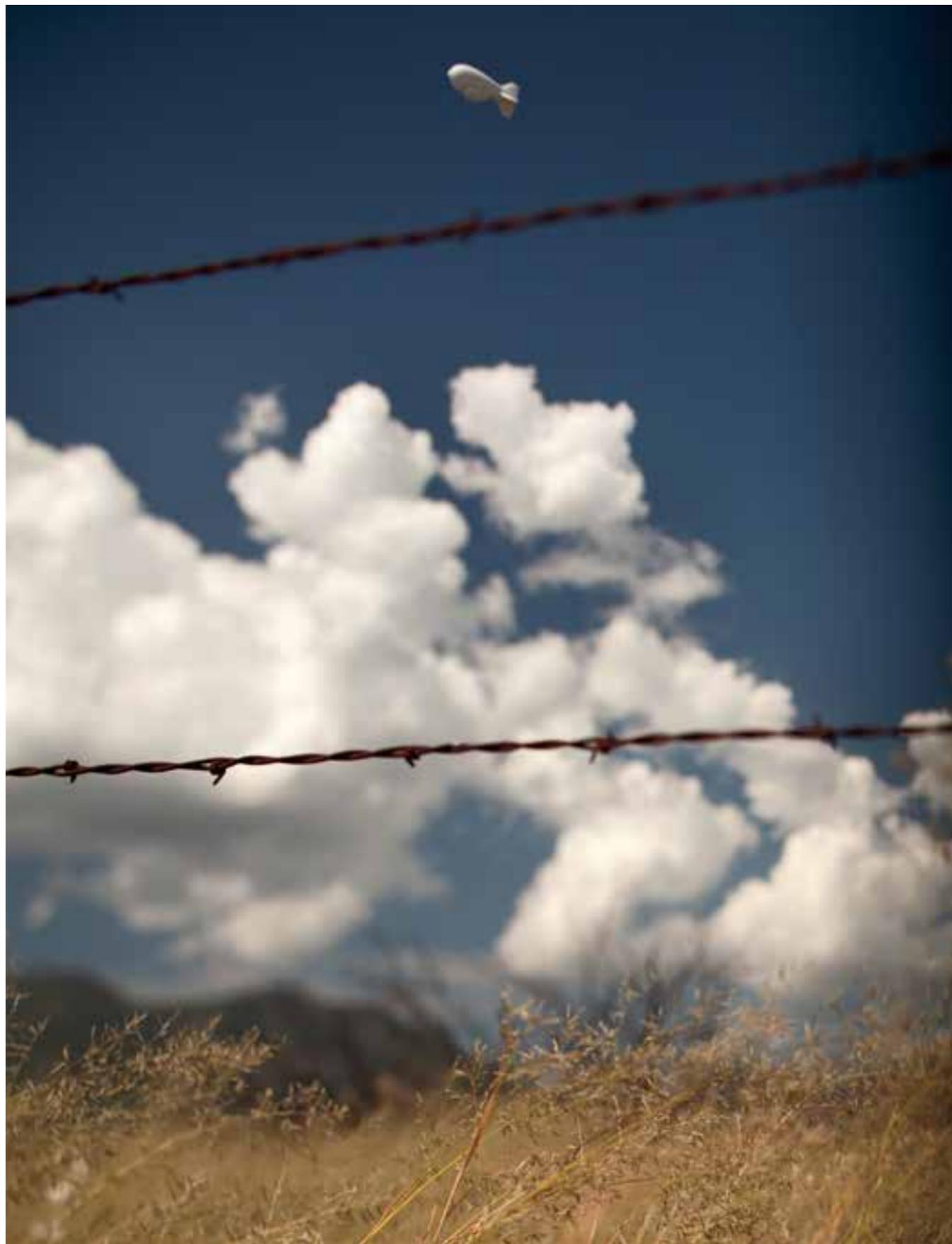
6. Eat something not so healthy (fried chicken) at Sonoita Mercantile, 520-455-5788

7. Explore the Patagonia Walking Trail, 888-794-0060, [www.patagoniaaz.com](http://www.patagoniaaz.com)

### ● Patagonia

**RIGHT:** "After I left Portal, I drove over the Chiricahua Mountains on a precarious, unmaintained road that, at some points, turned so sharply and came so close to the edge of a sheer drop-off that I had to slow to a crawl," Lipczynski says. "It was a beautiful but treacherous drive that curled around and up and down for 20 miles at an average speed of about 20 miles per hour. That makes for a long ride, but luckily the views were fantastic. I stopped frequently to get out and look around." 📷 CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/640; APERTURE: F/4; ISO: 200; FOCAL LENGTH: 45 MM





**LEFT:** "During my trek through the Chiricahua Mountains, I stopped many times to soak up the untamed natural beauty and to stretch my legs," Lipczynski says. "At one point, a deer darted out in front of my vehicle some distance ahead. I thought it would make a nice addition to the series of photographs I was making on my road trip."

**CAMERA:** CANON EOS 5D MARK II; **SHUTTER:** 1/1250; **APERTURE:** F/4; **ISO:** 200; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 280 MM

**OPPOSITE PAGE:** "A weather balloon caught my eye soon after I rolled into Sierra Vista," Lipczynski says. "I drove back roads trying to get a closer look at the balloon and came to a point at the end of a road where I couldn't go any farther. A barbed-wire fence paralleled the road. I kept the car running as I got out to get some shots of the balloon, keeping in mind that other vehicles might arrive and want to get through. By getting low to the ground with my camera, I was able to use some of the groundcover in the foreground to help isolate the balloon. I used the barbed-wire fence to break up the frame and add some tension to the composition."

**CAMERA:** CANON EOS 5D MARK II; **SHUTTER:** 1/1600; **APERTURE:** F/4.5; **ISO:** 200; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 45 MM

in the old five-and-dime stare vacantly, and the pool hall, "Pool, Snooker, Libations, est. 1940," is boarded up.

But a man lifts weights inside the Lowell Gym, "a private club" with its vari-speed belt massager displayed in the window. A karate studio posts a current class schedule. Across the street, a dog tied to a rusting 1950s Studebaker truck stands in the center of a blue plastic wading pool, lapping water.

Signs for Gulf and Harley-Davidson hang from the storefront behind. Jim Danylko leans against the doorframe wearing a sleeveless T-shirt. He tells us the dog's name is Wateo, and that she's wolf and coyote. Jim's former girlfriend, a Navajo, owned the wolf mother.

"She went into heat and the coyote got her," he said. "I think it had a little dog in it, because I don't think wolf and coyote will breed. Not sure how that works."

Jim came to Lowell in 1994 from Tucson. His shop, Arizona Thunder, does motorcycle repairs.

"When I moved here it was totally dead," he says. "There was a VFW bar on the other side of the street. I can't think of anything else."

It helped when The Breakfast Club opened in 2005. "The buildings started getting bought up and people started doing stuff with them."

Jim and two other residents bought and hung old signs advertising Indian Motorcycles and Greyhound. He found old gas pumps inside the building and put them out front.

"That Texaco sign was already up," he says, ges-

turing across the street. "We took from pictures and tried to find the right ones. We just kinda put the stuff back out."

Back on the road, we head out State Route 80, passing a roadside shrine and a defunct motel flying a pirate flag. A string of fat cottonwoods lining the San Pedro River marks our approach to Sierra Vista. We pass the Buena Performing Arts Center, advertising country music night, and the world's first McDonald's drive-through, originally built in 1975 to serve soldiers from Fort Huachuca who couldn't enter stores wearing fatigues. Then we head south on State Route 92 to spend the night in Hereford.

The next morning, we head to Coronado National Memorial, which is thick with grasses and blanketed with wildflowers. Pausing at Montezuma Pass, with its sweeping views of the "Devil's Highway," we brave the bumpy gravel road descending into the San Rafael Valley.

This is the landscape that author Jim Harrison once called "preposterously beautiful," with oaks and yuccas dotting a sea of tall grasses blowing in waves, and thunderheads, like drifts of whipped cream, piling up overhead.

About 14 miles from Montezuma Pass, we stop at Parker Canyon Lake, taking advantage of the rest facilities and lime-green marina store before continuing on paved State Route 83 for the remaining 28 miles into Sonoita.

Taking a slight detour through Elgin, we tour some of the area's wineries, arriving at Sonoita



**ABOVE:** "I stopped in Douglas to scope out the border situation," Lipczynski says. "I unintentionally hung out across the street from a ballet studio, waiting for something to happen as an instructor led a group of little ballerinas into class. I forged on, thinking I might swing back to get some shots of actual dancing. Later, I approached the dance studio and caught a glimpse of a young lady peeling back the curtain to look at me. In the fraction of a second that it took me to put my camera up, she disappeared. Apparently, she told a friend I was outside, because another little girl did the same thing, and I got the shot I wanted." **CAMERA:** CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/320; APERTURE: F/4.5; ISO: 200; FOCAL LENGTH: 85 MM

**LEFT:** "This was the first thing that piqued my interest when I rolled into Sierra Vista," Lipczynski says. "The sign marked a trailer park on the edge of town. I made a mental note to return to photograph it after I wandered around town. To my benefit, it was a spectacularly cloudy day, adding more meaning to the message on the sign. The irony of the photograph is that the physical condition of the sign and the message that it conveys are in conflict with each other. That tension makes it interesting to me." **CAMERA:** CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/250; APERTURE: F/8; ISO: 200; FOCAL LENGTH: 45 MM

Vineyards in time for "Lunch at the Winery." Sonoita, the state's oldest winery, feels the most exciting, with its kitschy wine-themed gift shop.

But the most ambitious tasting room belongs to Kief-Joshua Vineyards, a huge Tuscan affair with travertine floors, granite counters and a glass chandelier. At odds with this setting, winemaker Kief Joshua Manning looks like a college kid, with sideburns and a backward ball cap. He carries a baby wallaby, wrapped in a Cabbage Patch blanket, that sleeps in a crib with a pouch.

Driving into Sonoita, SR 83 is clogged with cars and people headed for the Labor Day Rodeo. Women push strollers. Men in plaid shirts tote toddlers with too-big cowboy hats, while teenage girls in too-short shorts sport Tony Lama boots.

Just 12 miles past, Patagonia feels like another planet. Skeletons sit behind the wheel of a VW bus outside the Dia de los Muertos Museum, the word "truth" is stenciled on the door of the Velvet Elvis Pizza Co., a pig adorns the wall of the Politically Incorrect Gas Station, and what appears to be a private home displays a sign saying "Camel Parts."

Inside the Wagon Wheel Saloon, the namesake wheel dangles a prop plane fashioned from beer cans. We sit at the bar, across from a taxidermied coyote howling in an illuminated shadow box.

Tonight is "Karaoke with Rikki Tikki" and the bar is full.

A muscle-bound man sipping from a saguaro-themed margarita glass and a man in a ball cap drinking Bud Light compete for the attention of a blonde with a shoulder tattoo. There's a woman wearing tie-dye, a timid-looking lady in a scarf and a man in a cowboy hat. A guy wearing a thick gold chain glares at us. The woman next to him empties a packet of sugar into her mouth and washes it down with beer.

"I'm a solo jukebox waiting for someone to push the buttons," Rikki Tikki says with a little eye roll.

A woman sitting alone sings *Lost in Love* from her seat. The timid-looking woman belts out Bob Dylan. Gold-chain guy takes the microphone, then loses his nerve.

When Rikki sings *Amarillo by Morning*, cowboy-hat guy gets up to two-step with a platinum blonde. Then a man with silver hair and glasses that recall the 1950s sings *El Rey* in Spanish. People whoop and laugh, and everyone in the joint joins in.

The next morning, we mean to have breakfast at the Ranch House in Sonoita, hoping to meet the waitress who tells dirty jokes to retirees from Green Valley. But the only place serving breakfast is the gas station. The Fuel Stop is out of gas, but we eat pancakes loaded with pine nuts at a table decorated with an inflatable palm. Then, having filled up, we head home.

# PRESCOTT TO FLAGSTAFF

BY TERRY GREENE STERLING  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES BARBEY

On road trips, my husband, Walt, attaches himself to his iPhone map in order to reach his destination quickly and efficiently. I'm his counterbalance, compelled to stop at historical markers, pie joints, swimming holes, good hikes, detours, and anyplace that invites a snapshot, which is practically every place.

By necessity, we're good compromisers. On this morning, as we swallow waffles in Prescott, I pitch a compromise. We're about to drive up one of Arizona's iconic roads: State Route 89A. It's the road less taken from Prescott to Flagstaff, largely because it snakes over oxygen-depriving Mingus Mountain, slows to a crawl as it meanders through Jerome and Sedona, then zigzags up between the cinnamon- and buff-tinted sandstone walls of Oak Creek Canyon to the vanilla-scented edge of the Colorado Plateau. A succession of Native Americans, mountain men, soldiers, traders, miners, prostitutes, ranchers, farmers and mid-century tourists and artists have traveled this road and taken in the changing scenery. *But who takes SR 89A now, I wonder. And what do they see?*

So I ask Walt: "Wouldn't it be interesting to stop at every scenic-view pullout on the right side of 89A and talk to people?" If we only stop on one side of the road, I reason, we'll

satisfy our disparate road-trip needs. Walt goes for it. He drives. I rubberneck.

"STOP HERE!" I shout after we've been in the car for a few minutes. There's a scenic-view pullout in front of Watson Lake, a large reservoir with gentle cerulean waters that lap at ancient wheat-colored granite rocks hunched by time. Early pio-



**ABOVE:** "I tried to photograph the gentleman in the center a week earlier and it didn't work out," says Jacques Barbey. "He wasn't crazy about having his photograph made, but when I saw him again — this time with the guy on a motorcycle, I said, 'OK, I'll shoot it.' This was a gimme, a lucky moment."

**📷 CAMERA:** CANON EOS 5D MARK II; **SHUTTER:** 1/500; **APERTURE:** F/5; **ISO:** 100; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 190 MM

**RIGHT:** "I caught this shot at the turnoff above Jerome, coming off of Mingus Mountain," Barbey says. "I sat and listened, and if I heard a biker, I'd get ready. I sat for about 30 or 40 minutes before I made this photograph."

**📷 CAMERA:** CANON EOS 5D MARK II; **SHUTTER:** 1/400; **APERTURE:** F/6.3; **ISO:** 100; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 34 MM



ALONG THE WAY

- **Prescott**
- **1.** Order a lemon bar at Pangaea Bakery in Prescott, 928-778-2953, [www.pangaeabakery.net](http://www.pangaeabakery.net)
- **2.** Look through the kaleidoscopes at Nellie Bly in Jerome, 928-634-0255, [www.nellieblyscopes.com](http://www.nellieblyscopes.com)
- **3.** Study history at Tuzigoot National Monument, 928-634-5564, [www.nps.gov/tuzi](http://www.nps.gov/tuzi)
- **4.** Buy a Grateful Dead album at Ye Ole Hippie Emporium in Old Town Cottonwood, 928-634-1970, [www.yeolehippieemporium.net](http://www.yeolehippieemporium.net)
- **5.** Eat a green-chile-and-cheese omelet at the Coffee Pot Restaurant in Sedona, 928-282-6626, [www.coffeepotrestaurant.com](http://www.coffeepotrestaurant.com)
- **6.** Have a picnic at Grasshopper Point in Oak Creek Canyon, 928-203-7500, [www.fs.usda.gov/coconino](http://www.fs.usda.gov/coconino)
- **7.** Learn something interesting at Museum of Northern Arizona, 928-774-5213, [www.musnaz.org](http://www.musnaz.org)
- **Flagstaff**



**ABOVE:** “Robert [Stieve] told me about the farmer’s market in Flagstaff,” Barbey says. “I went, and there was a young man named Cody Bayles buying flowers with his wife. I loved the sunflowers and Cody’s sunglasses. They created something really optical and eclectic.” **CAMERA:** CANON EOS 5D MARK II; **SHUTTER:** 1/125; **APERTURE:** F/4; **ISO:** 160; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 115 MM

**RIGHT:** “This is another shot that came just from sitting,” Barbey says. “I was at the Denny’s in Cottonwood, and I looked over to see the man on the right sitting with his family, and the other man watching television. But their hands were the same. I thought it was a nice composition.” **CAMERA:** CANON EOS 5D MARK II; **SHUTTER:** 1/60; **APERTURE:** F/5.6; **ISO:** 100; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 45 MM



neers swam, picnicked and partied here, but today only Bonnie Pranter is taking in the sights. She’s a slender, friendly 65-year-old birder clad in sun-protective clothing. She peers through binoculars in hopes of finding migratory Philaropes. No luck finding the shorebirds today, so she glasses a raptor soaring above us. This tranquil road stop is a birder’s paradise, but Pranter slips back into her car and drives off when Steve Veach roars up on his Hog. The 61-year-old veteran has a gray ponytail, goggles atop his head and earphones in his pocket. (He listens to Celtic music via Pandora when he’s on the road.) He unhinges a crate strapped securely to the back of the motorcycle and gently pulls out a blue-eyed dachshund named Frankie. He leashes the dog, kisses her, then sets her on the ground and lets her “get her old smells back” near a cluster of sunflowers. The two have logged 14,000 “touring miles” on the bike, but often return to Prescott and this scenic view. Why? “Just to take a look and consider life a little bit.”

From Watson Lake, SR 89A gallops through golden grasslands until it zips up Mingus Mountain. As the road winds

down toward Jerome, there’s an awesome scenic-view pullout that serves as a “break room” for Kevin Carnes, a self-described 57-year-old local artist. He wears paint-spattered work boots. He’s holding a cup of Starbuck’s coffee. He peers through binoculars trained on a young red-tailed hawk. Driven from its nest, the hawk perches near an old sluice that once carried drinking water from a spring on the mountainside to Jerome, back when it was a successful mining town. Carnes will talk — about how Jerome folks stopped at the drinking-water spring to bathe, about how SR 89A linked once-bustling Jerome to Prescott, about numerous fatal rollover accidents on the curving road, about how he likes to skateboard down SR 89A by himself. He’d talk more, except Roger and Lizzy Harrison from York, England, pile out of their rental car, squinting. They’re both in their 60s, retired, and touring the American West. Roger is sunburned. Lizzy surveys the view and deems it a beautiful moonscape, or perhaps southern Spain multiplied by a hundred.

State Route 89A slows to an agonizing crawl and becomes “Main Street” as it winds through Jerome, a mining metropo-

lis that turned into a ghost town before it became an artist colony. Jerome locals have their own secret scenic-view pullout: the “Town Bleachers.” The tiered concrete steps were built in 1933 by the WPA as part of what looks like a retaining wall to keep the hill from caving onto SR 89A. Mark Hemleben, a 51-year-old artist who’s taking in the scenery, paints a lot here. He likes the way the town’s ancient buildings on Main Street intersect with Jerome Avenue and frame the view of the sandy valley and plum-hued Sedona rocks in the far distance. Sitting nearby, city worker Wally Coates says he spends his lunch breaks here, just to take in the sights. The most interesting view he’s ever seen: a naked octogenarian driving down Main Street on a motorcycle.

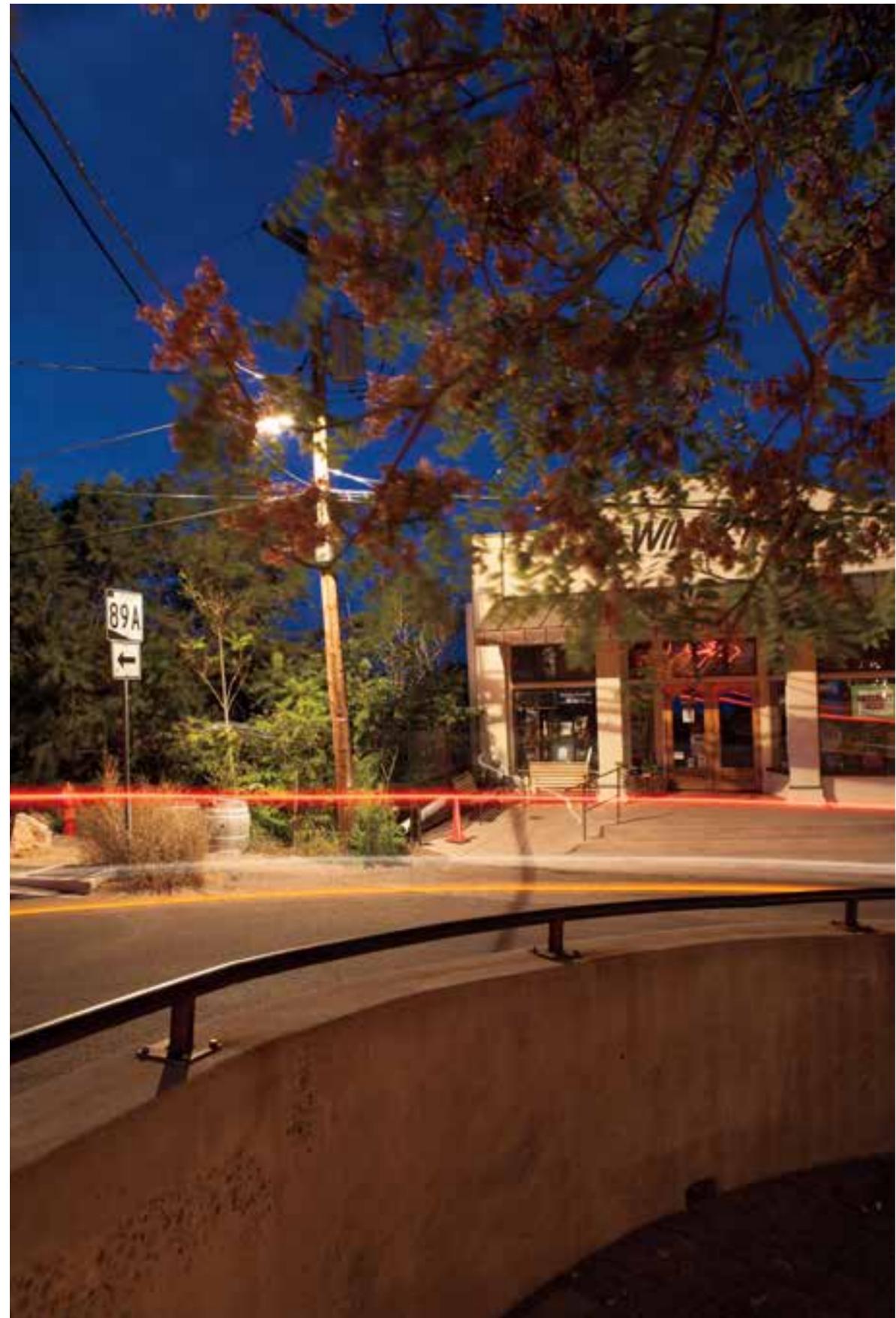
“That’s an urban legend,” says Hemleben.

“But I saw her,” says Coates.

From Jerome, SR 89A careens us down a mountainside and glides through Verde Valley towns and over the life-giving, cottonwood-lined Verde River before we spot another scenic-view pullout near Dry Creek Road. No one’s here, except for the soul of a dead man. He’s nameless, but his daughter Melissa erected

a wooden cross so that it faced a stunning panorama of red rock spires fringed by distant cornflower-blue mountains. The note Melissa wrote about her father is deteriorating now, but pieces of it remain in a plastic sandwich bag secured by a rock at the base of the cross. Melissa wrote that her father was her best friend, he loved to hike and ski and be outside, and he faced his final hours bravely. She wrote: “He’s seen some stunning views, views most people only see on a calendar.”

Reluctantly, SR 89A slows down long enough to pass through gift-shop-lined urban Sedona and then picks up speed as it reaches its most iconic stretch — through Oak Creek Canyon. The road mesmerizes highway travelers with views of the creek’s deep emerald pools, and with vistas of piñons and pines impossibly tethered to the craggy beige canyon walls. Side roads lead to campgrounds, inns and hiking paths. But I’ve promised to stop only at designated scenic-view pullouts on the right side of the road, and I can’t find any. Finally, we stop at an undesignated pullout where Kenneth Vernes takes a photo. He’s from the Netherlands, where he works for the Department of Agri-



culture and Economics, and he says SR 89A is famous in the Netherlands. He says: "This is the Wild West."

Shortly before SR 89A winds up into Flagstaff, there's a scenic-view pullout that's hard to beat. Its parking lot accommodates tour buses, and Native Americans sell turquoise and silver jewelry here. The coveted booths are meted out by a strict lottery system, and most vendors come here just a few times a year. It's the luck of the draw, and today there hasn't been much traffic, and few sales. Still, Jerry Anderson, a Navajo vendor who is 53 and once worked for the Environmental Protection Agency, says he likes taking in the view of the tourists taking in the view. They walk along the horseshoe-shaped overlook and peer down on Oak Creek Canyon and SR 89A itself, which from here looks like a toy train track. Marcus (he would not give his last name) and Randolph Walter, both young professional Germans in their early 30s, stand slack-jawed. Several times, Marcus says the landscape sig-

**TOP, LEFT:** "This young woman was talking to her date at Mountain Oasis in Flagstaff," Barbey says. "Her curls mirror the curls of the leaves, so I thought this was kind of scenic. I also made the photograph horizontally because I liked the way her forearms mirrored the forks. That's what really drew me in. She was very Renaissance — like a Botticelli." 📷 CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/80; APERTURE: F/2.8; ISO: 160; FOCAL LENGTH: 80 MM

**ABOVE, LEFT:** "This is back at the Denny's in Cottonwood," Barbey says. "This little girl came in to visit her mom, who's a cook at the restaurant. She was waiting on breakfast. The rose in her hair and her sandals were just ... cool." 📷 CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/30; APERTURE: F/2.8; ISO: 2000; FOCAL LENGTH: 35 MM

**ABOVE, RIGHT:** "These bottles were in the same place I found the Botticelli," Barbey says. "I was drawn to the colors and the caps, and then it was just a gimme of finding someone walking by with a cap on his head. It's just an eccentric thing. I'm too detail-oriented for my own good." 📷 CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/125; APERTURE: F/2.8; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 145 MM

"This is just traffic," Barbey says. "I was trying to make a strong vertical shot, so I used a time-delay exposure of brake lights going by." 📷 CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 30 SEC; APERTURE: F/11; ISO: 200; FOCAL LENGTH: 25 MM



nifies “freedom.” Walter replies: “Distance is much bigger here.” Marcus says a German coworker was so taken with Oak Creek Canyon that he named his daughter Sedona.

The highway will travel a few more miles before it ends near Flagstaff, but this marks the end of our scenic-view pullout stops. En route to our car, I pass a park bench with a view, dedicated to the late landscape architect Fred Guirey, who, in the 1930s, created rest areas along Arizona’s highways. The bench plaque dubs him “Father of Our Roadside Rests.”

Thanks, Fred.

**TOP:** “This is a detail shot from Flagstaff,” Barbey says. “I loved the Lady of Guadalupe with the pink. I’m a Catholic — we believe in signs. The pink wheel made this for me. I was all about the pink wheel.”

**■** CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/200; APERTURE: F/5; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 70 MM

**ABOVE:** “This is Dan Tierney, and on the day I made this photograph, he’d turned 57,” Barbey says. “Dan was doing a ‘century ride,’ in which you ride 100 miles, and I saw him right outside Prescott. He was waiting for his wife to pick him up.” **■** CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/400; APERTURE: F/5; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 155 MM



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“I was chasing balloons all day near Sedona, looking for a good storytelling shot that had that Arizona *je ne sais quoi*,” Barbey says. “There’s something about a balloon soaring over a highway.”

**■** CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/640; APERTURE: F/7.1; ISO: 200; FOCAL LENGTH: 200 MM **AH**

# Dog Days of Winter

*There are many stereotypes about Arizona, including the one about it having only one season: summer. The truth is, there's winter, too. There's even dog-sledding, and the state's premier race takes place this month in the White Mountains, where Siberian huskies, Alaskan huskies, malamutes and mushers will compete in Arizona's version of the Iditarod.*

*BY BARBARA YOST // PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZANNE STARR*



A MIST HAD SETTLED over Rogers Lake the morning Frank Engelhardt ran his team of Siberian huskies along a trail of thick, packed snow just west of Flagstaff. Temperatures hovered around 20 below.

Fog muffled all sound except the *huh-huh-huh* breathing of his dogs as they sprinted across the dry lakebed. Engelhardt stood on the runners of his sled and peered into the blanket of mist, the outline of his team barely visible. When he'd finished the run, his dogs were covered in frost from their snow-white muzzles to the tips of their bushy tails. Man and beast were spent. The peace and quiet of the moment and the communion with his dogs had left the man sighing with deep emotions.

"It was my best day of sledding," Engelhardt recalls.

Sled-dog racing in Arizona is a surprisingly popular hobby among mushers who endure the cost, the hard work and an often-inhospitable climate. A Siberian husky, one of the most common sled dogs, begins to wilt at temperatures over 60. Wearing a double coat of fur, he thrives when the mercury plunges below zero.

That makes Southern Arizona the place to train and Northern Arizona the place to race.

Come summer, dogs in both hemispheres become "couch potatoes," says one musher. But as soon as temperatures dip, Siberian and Alaskan huskies, malamutes and Samoyeds sniff the frosty air and rev their engines. These dogs were born to run.

"Arizona is the southernmost state with a significant sled-dog population," says champion musher Bruce Lee. Lee, who lives in Alaska and New Mexico, has run Alaska's Iditarod, the premier dog race, seven times. He's been a guest musher at Winterfest, the festival of sled-dog races held for the past 10 years at Sunrise Park ski resort on the

*Alina Ramsey Wright races her team of sled dogs during Winterfest at Sunrise Park Resort in Eastern Arizona's White Mountains.*



*Mikaila Kartmann, left, and Malakila Waldo race to the finish at Sunrise Park Resort.*

White Mountain Apache Reservation.

Winterfest takes place every January and gives Arizona dogs a chance to test their mettle and defy geography. Mention sled-dog racing, and most people think of frigid climes. Dog-sledding in a state better known for sunshine and cactus?

When Flagstaff dog racer Gery Allan races his malamutes out of state, mushers gawk at his license plate, he says. “They’re like, ‘Arizona?’”

Allan, a professor of genetics and molecular biology at Northern Arizona University, has been racing for 10 years. He has 20 dogs, four of which are retired from the sport. While Arizona teams usually number three to six dogs, Allan has raced as many as 12, feeling the power of a dozen muscular malamutes carrying him on runs that can span 100 miles.

“It’s just something that captivates you,” he says. “It’s interacting with another species,” a species born not only to run but to pull things. Malamutes originally were bred as working dogs by the Mahlemut tribe of northern Alaska.

One of the events at Winterfest is, in fact, the weight pull, where dogs in different weight classes compete for most pounds pulled on a cart. The sport harks back to the days when dogs were used to haul freight. Allan once had a 6-year-old malamute that pulled 2,300 pounds.

“We were amazed,” he says.

Dog-sledding in Arizona dates back four decades. Arizona mushing pioneer Van Odegaard came to Flagstaff in 1977 from Minnesota, where he raced Siberians. By then, races were active in Alpine and Greer. Odegaard resumed his hobby but found that his genial Siberians fell short of expectations for speed. He

turned to the roguish Alaskan huskies.

Alaskans are not a breed of their own but a mix that can include Siberians, German shorthairs (known for their energy) and even a little bit of greyhound — those swift stars of the dog track. Alaskan huskies traditionally win such races as the Iditarod, pounding the trail with unmatched intensity.

“They’re twice as fast as Siberians,” says Odegaard. “They’re built to race. Siberians have the heart but not the body.”

Odegaard lives on 5 acres of land outside of Flagstaff and has a kennel housing 34 dogs that he shares with his son, Charlie, another top musher.

Denise Edwards is a mushing friend who has been racing in Arizona for 20 years. Like Odegaard, she swears by Alaskan huskies. Edwards keeps 13 at her Flagstaff home, where she works as a farrier. Twenty years ago, she started racing mutts, the first one rescued by a client who found the pup at a trash dump. After acquiring two more dogs, Edwards began racing.

As her skills and interest increased, Edwards got serious. “I started continually getting better dogs,” she says. That meant Alaskans.

Competing at Winterfest 2012, her team lounged around her truck, waiting for its race to begin. Cheddar, a gold-colored Alaskan, curled into a ball on a bed of straw that Edwards had put down over the snow. He dozed. But when called to the starting gate, dogs explode in a mass of energy, yelping and straining at

their harnesses, pawing the air, tongues lolling, eager to break into a fury of galloping dogflesh.

In the 1980s, Arizona Mountain Musher was formed. Edwards is now president of AMM, which has about 30 members from around the state.

Debra Carson is one of several regular mushers from Southern Arizona. She lives with eight Siberian huskies on 5 acres south of Green Valley — “on a cattle trail in the middle of nowhere.”

Carson’s interest in Siberians began in childhood. While other girls played with dolls, she dreamed of huskies. Her dogs are athletes, pets, friends and family. She calls herself the “octomom” of Siberians and usually races five at a time. In 2013, Carson plans to race a seven-dog team in Idaho and Colorado.

During much of the year, Phoenix and Tucson mushers train with “dryland” techniques. Dogs pull a cart, scooter or ATV on grass. A popular sport in California, dryland mushing is ideal for Southern Arizona.

When it’s time to race for real, Carson packs up her dogs and heads north, where she and her team feel the exhilaration of sprinting across fresh snow. Her magic moment is rounding the last bend on the trail, sighting the finish line: “I think, *It can’t get any better.*”

Alina Ramsey Wright is a fellow Tucson musher. When Wright’s mother died, Wright acquired her kennel of Samoyeds, elegant but strong bundles of snow-white fur. These are no puffballs, though. Samoyeds are among the oldest dog breeds, bred in Siberia to herd reindeer and pull sleds.

Wright has been racing in the desert for two years. “People say to me, ‘You’re in the wrong state.’”

Like Carson, she trains her dogs on wheels and grass before switching to runners and snow. Wright has a house in Pinetop where she gives her Sammies a chance to run in cooler climes.

Once, competition in Arizona almost died out when races in Alpine and Greer were discontinued. Then Anne Groebner created Winterfest. While studying at Vermilion Community College in Ely, Minnesota, Groebner had made sled dogs her work-study program.

In 1996, Groebner moved to Arizona and eventually got a job as the marketing director for Hon-Dah Resort-Casino, which is operated by the White Mountain Apache Tribe. She began looking for a spot to host a winter festival. Ten years ago, Winterfest began with two days of races and now it has a top prize of \$1,000.

“It’s cool for tourism,” Groebner says.

To the spectator, sled-dog racing looks like a joyride. But it’s not for the fainthearted. Humans are not just along for the ride and must be as fit as their dogs. Climbing hills, the musher hops off the sled and helps push.

“I ain’t no Santa Claus,” Carson says with a laugh, wearing sturdy boots and thick overalls for her five-dog Winterfest race.

Even living with Siberians is a challenge. Though the dogs aren’t large, averaging 35 to 60 pounds, they have keen minds always seeking activity. That can mean mischief — digging,

chewing — and shedding mounds of fur, called “blowing.”

“They’re high-energy dogs,” says Mary Uhlir, a Tucson musher who has 13 Siberians.

Even old age doesn’t quell their energy. Allan’s malamutes have raced at 8 years old. Siberians can run — and win races — when they’re 10, even 14 years old. Think of a human athlete competing at 98.

While sled-dog racing in Arizona still sparks passion, the economy has taken its toll. Asked to estimate the cost of keeping sled dogs, Engelhardt cites the price of feed, a truck outfitted with kennels, gasoline, sleds (\$500 to \$1,200 each), harnesses and lines that connect the dogs, veterinary bills and vaccines. Incalculable.

It’s expensive enough to keep one dog or a small team. The Engelhardts have 24 Siberians. For committed mushers, “It’s a way of life, not a hobby,” says Frank’s wife, Cheryl.

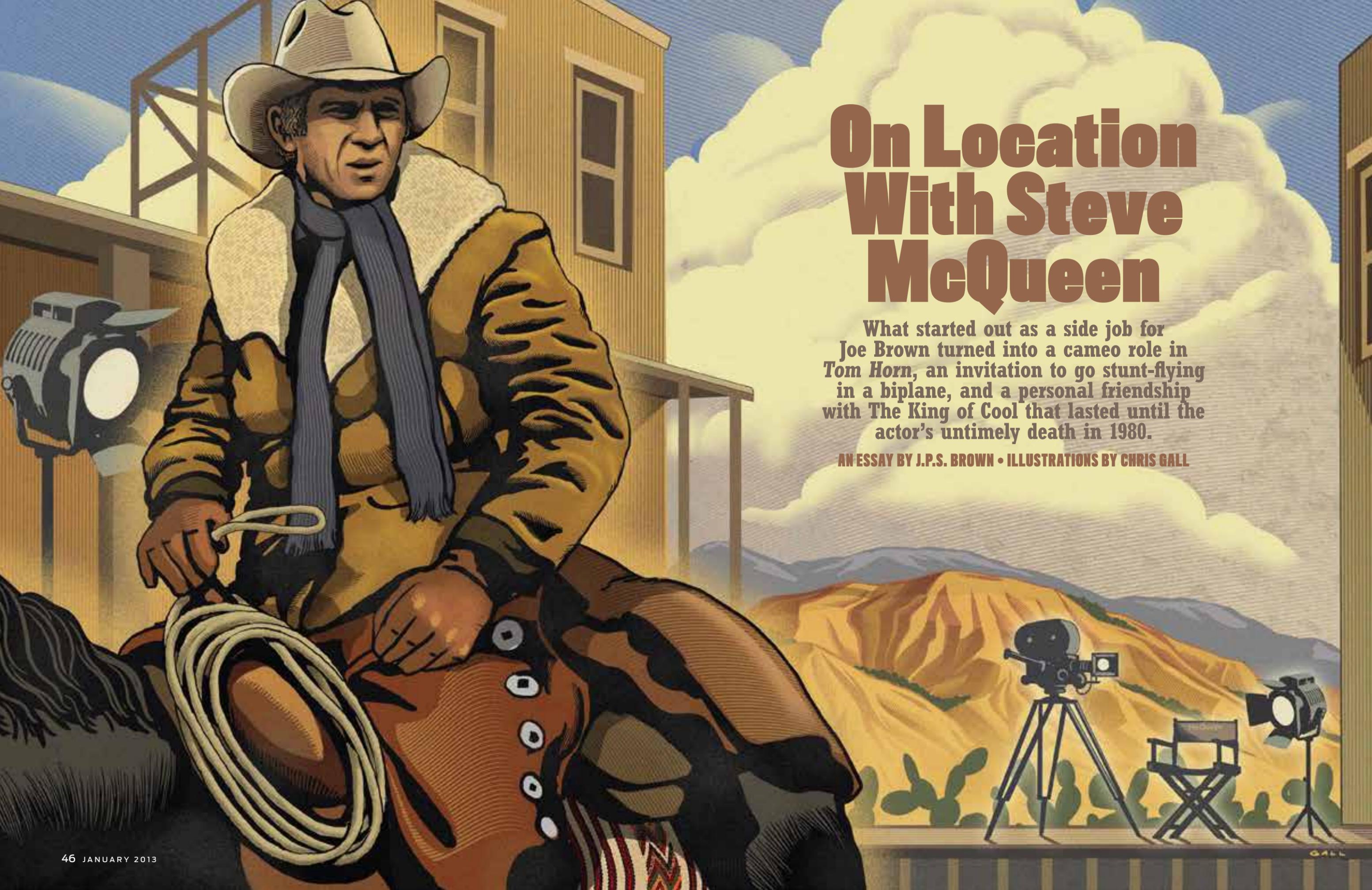


*Siberian huskies can run races into old age. Some even compete up to age 14 — that’s 98 in human years.*

With the price of dog food and fuel rising, Charlie Odegaard sees mushers cutting back. Traditional prize money has dropped from \$3,000 and \$4,000 to \$1,000. Even the Iditarod has cut its purse in recent years due to loss of sponsors.

In addition to rising prices, Arizona’s ongoing drought has diminished not only rain, but also snow, Odegaard notes, leaving dog teams high and dry. “A lot of people have sleds in their attics,” he says.

Four decades ago, dog-racing enjoyed a renaissance as snowmobiles began to replace sled dogs in the Arctic and mushers worked to preserve tradition. Now, the sport needs another rebirth, Odegaard says. If the economy improves and the drought lessens, “it would come back.” **AH**

An illustration of Steve McQueen in a Western role, riding a brown horse. He is wearing a tan cowboy hat, a blue scarf, and a brown jacket with a white fur collar. He holds a coiled rope in his right hand. The background features a wooden building, a large yellow cloud, and a desert landscape with mountains and cacti. In the foreground, there is a camera on a tripod, a director's chair, and another light fixture. The overall style is reminiscent of classic Western art.

# On Location With Steve McQueen

What started out as a side job for Joe Brown turned into a cameo role in *Tom Horn*, an invitation to go stunt-flying in a biplane, and a personal friendship with The King of Cool that lasted until the actor's untimely death in 1980.

AN ESSAY BY J.P.S. BROWN • ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRIS GALL



**I** MET STEVE MCQUEEN in 1978, when he filmed *Tom Horn* in Tucson. I worked as a wrangler and supplied livestock for that production. That year, the Tucson Teamster wranglers were given all the work we could handle.

To my surprise, Rudy Ugland, the head wrangler for the production company, hired me — at Steve’s request — 10 days before filming began. My duties were to teach Steve how to rope a horse in a corral. I reported to work every day and practiced my hoolihan loop, but I only saw Steve from afar. His camp, at the east windmill of the San Rafael Ranch, was close to the corrals where I waited, but he stayed away.

I met his wife, Barbara, on the day the company began filming. She always kept her camera ready. We visited often on the set, and have been friends ever since. She took the photograph of me that was used on the jackets of my books *Steeldust* and *Steeldust II*.

“Our camp, way out in the middle of the gorgeous San Rafael Valley, was the greatest place ever,” she said.

“Our motor home suited us just fine. The production company had reservations for us at the Hilton in Tucson, and also rented a house with a swimming pool for us there, but we spent most of the time at our camp. Steve could practice his shooting out there, and we enjoyed being alone and at peace together.

“We hardly ever went to town,” she added. “Once in a while, we went into Patagonia for a Mexican breakfast at the Stage Stop Hotel restaurant, and we visited Nogales once.”

**A**FTER filming began, I assumed my regular duties with Rudy Ugland’s wrangler crew, and my son, Billy Paul, doubled as Steve for the scene in which Tom Horn roped his horse. The company couldn’t seem to settle on who would direct the film, so Steve took on the role himself to keep everybody moving. He made sure company indecision didn’t waste time. Filming happened on schedule. Steve and John Alonzo, the cinematographer, brought the company together every morning before the first scene and kept it busy until the film wrapped.

On one of the first days, Steve appeared at my side at the coffee urn, introduced himself, shook my hand, and walked me away from the company. I thought I was about to earn my pay as his teacher, but we talked about books instead. He said that he and Sam Peckinpah agreed that my novel *The Forests of the Night* was the best book they’d ever read. We talked about my experience in writing it, and his in reading it, then he went back to his work on the set.

Steve and I didn’t talk again until the company moved to Mescal for the last segment of the filming — the scenes in the jail and the execution of Tom Horn. One day I was in the wrangler van about to leave the set, when Steve sent word that he wanted me to stay and visit with him.

He and Barbara waited for me on a raised boardwalk outside Mescal’s main building. We talked about *The Forests of the Night* and cowboying in general for about an hour. Then he said he wanted me to play Father Brown, the priest who stood by to give Tom Horn the last rites in the jailhouse, before Tom’s last walk to the gallows. I told him I was no actor. He said, “Leave that to me.”

Wardrobe dressed me in the cassock of a priest, and I stood by every day for a week. Then we did the scene in two takes. That wasn’t because I was such a good actor. After the first take, Steve walked over to me and whispered that my leg had shook all through the scene.

“Relax,” he said. “Don’t let me down. I went to bat for you to do this.” Our next take was good enough to print.

After the company wrapped and left Tucson, I figured that

was all for me and Steve McQueen, but we began to take turns telephoning one another.

One day, he said he was at an airport and about to go up in his biplane and practice stunts. He knew I was a pilot and invited me to come to California and fly with him. For me, an airplane has usually only been a vehicle to get me from one place to another in straight and level flight. I declined. Another time, he asked me if I’d like a part in *The Hunter*, the last picture he made, in Chicago. I said I wouldn’t.

We continued to phone each other through the trials and treatments that he underwent during his fatal illness. I couldn’t help him, except to talk to him. I sent him herbs that I believe might have helped him, but they never got past the buffer zone that surrounds actors of Steve’s caliber.

The more I visited with him on the phone, the more I became aware of his down-to-earth integrity and sincerity. I didn’t have much regard for the actors I knew before him. Most could do nothing except imitate the character of men and women who had accomplished real things. Because of their fame as actors, they came to believe that they were the last word in everything from rocket science to horsemanship. They weren’t able to talk about anything but themselves and the way they felt.

Steve changed my opinion of actors. I learned that to be admired, actors only have to ply their craft well. They give us the great joy of movie entertainment. But Steve shared the special joy of adventure he found in making pictures. He knew better than most how to do that because he was an adventurer in real life. He showed me that acting can be an adventure, too.

He was a man of his word, unassuming and unaffected by his fame. To me, he became a respectful friend, the kind that a man can talk to as a brother. He knew his business, and when he worked, he tried for perfect performance. He made no excuses and suffered none from others. In my short association with him, he always comported himself as the same man, whether he talked about books, granted a favor, prepared to fly high in a stunt plane, or stood up to face the final, most difficult and most futile fight for his life.

Some men are ordinary and some are not. Some have great style, some have none. All good men are extraordinary and glow with style. Steve’s glow is still bright.

Today, Barbara lives alone in Ketchum, Idaho. She remembers her last good time with Steve in Southern Arizona. “My childhood dream was to be a cowgirl,” she said. “Every day, after the cast and crew left the set and returned to town, I mounted a horse, rode out on the broad San Rafael and pretended I was something. Steve made that kind of adventure happen for me every day of our life together. He was so good at that.” **AH**

# MEET THE NEW BOSS

When Jeff Stein was a kid in his 20s, he bought a book by Paolo Soleri. He read it, became inspired and sought out the world-renowned architect, who was creating something called Arcosanti. Four decades later, Stein is the man in charge of Soleri's "urban laboratory" — the student picking up where the master left off.

BY KATHY RITCHIE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WAGNER



In 1970, it looked as if the world were coming to an end. America was fighting a polarizing war in Vietnam. The Ohio National Guard shot and killed four students at Kent State University. And *Apollo 13* barely averted disaster. Dreams were at a premium, and even the American Dream seemed to be dissolving into the ether. But high atop a high-desert mesa 70 miles north of Phoenix, something was happening. An idea was taking shape, and it would eventually become a beacon for a disillusioned generation.

The place was Arcosanti, an "urban laboratory" designed by the internationally renowned architect Paolo Soleri. His brainchild would ultimately serve as a school, a home, a commune, a church and a family for the nearly 7,000 individuals who would cross its threshold. It was Soleri's life work, but in 2011, some 40 years after breaking ground on Arcosanti, he decided to retire at the age of 92. His departure marked both the end of an era and the beginning of another.

Jeff Stein never wanted to be boss. In fact, the former dean of the Boston Architectural College, who appears more at ease in chinos and a pressed, button-up shirt, hardly looks the part in a place where Birkenstocks are clearly *de rigueur*. But when Soleri decided to step away from the day-to-day business of running Arcosanti — effective immediately — the Cosanti Foundation's board of trustees, of which Stein was a member, had to make a choice. And fast.

"The board members looked at me and said, 'You could do this,'" Stein says. "I said, 'Maybe I could.'" He left his post and never looked back.

Jeff Stein was a kid in his early 20s when he came across Paolo Soleri's book *Arcology: City in the Image of Man*. "It was 50 percent off," Stein says with a smile. In the book, Soleri had intricately illustrated entire super cities based on his "Arcology" philosophy. The idea behind Arcology, which merges the words archaeology and ecology, is that a densely packed population can live in harmony with its surrounding environment.

Or, as Soleri put it: "I am advocating a Lean Hypothesis about reality and a Lean Alternative to our materialistic culture. With the lean urban development, I put tangibility to my conjecturing. Years ago, I declared that Leanness is frugality fraught with sophistication. The gazelle is lean, i.e. frugality wrapped in grace."

For Stein, everything about Arcology and Soleri's vision of what the world could be was mind-altering.

"It was fascinating stuff," Stein says. "In his drawings, you can see a jazz club on the 50th floor. Or sometimes there was a note by Paolo that read, 'Leonard Bernstein's apartment.' He was beginning to humanize this stuff."

Intoxicated by Soleri and the glimmer of possibility, Stein quit his job at a small architecture firm in the Midwest and moved to Soleri's desert utopia in 1975. There, he joined others like him, pouring concrete to help bring the vision to life.

Architect Jeff Stein oversees Arcosanti, the Paolo Soleri-designed "urban laboratory" located 70 miles north of Phoenix.

"I was building some of the most interesting buildings I'd ever seen with people from all over the world," Stein says. "I got a sense of what architecture could be."

For the past 30 years, Stein has supported Soleri and the Cosanti Foundation, editing and illustrating books, working on museum exhibits, and translating Soleri's ideas into graphics.

"I was learning every day," Stein says. "And yet, there were times when I would argue with Paolo — he takes his work very seriously, and he's open to other ideas. Of course, every now and then, he would tell me [I was] fired. Obviously, that wasn't exactly the case."

Situated on 15 acres of land, Arcosanti is composed of several grayish-brown concrete structures that, together, look more like a derelict spaceship than a gleaming city on the hill.

Although Arcosanti is not off the grid, it has significantly minimized its environmental footprint simply by facing south. In the winter months, Arcosanti fills with light, while in the summer months, it's covered in shade.

Besides dishing up meals for residents and visitors, the café serves as a *de facto* homeroom. Living quarters were designed to face public spaces in an effort to increase community interaction. And work zones, called the Foundry Apse and Ceramics Apse, where some residents craft Soleri's famous windbells, are located nearby, so Arcosanti, and other Arcologies like it, can remain car free.

Inside Soleri's former residence, Stein proudly shows off his new home. The apartment is small, but spacious enough. The walls are spartan — no photographs of Stein's wife or son, no artworks by Soleri. Fortunately, a massive circular window occupies the east wall, providing endless views of the high desert and a turquoise pool that glimmers beneath the wall. Despite being shaded, the apartment feels warm, but that's part of the Arcosanti experience.

"We're willing to take off a few clothes in the summertime," Stein confesses.

The kitchen features a square stainless-steel sink, and an old copper coil above it serves as a dish rack. A tea kettle sits on one of two antiquated cooktop burners. With the exception of Stein's flat-screen television, his Bose sound dock and his Macbook, the place looks a lot like Soleri left it. And that's just fine with Stein.

"I'm not confined to my apartment," he says. "The entire village of Arcosanti is my home. Sometimes, I'm up at 3 a.m., and it's so terrific that I can open my door and take a walk outside underneath the stars. I can go anywhere, and I know my neighbors. It's safe, it's wonderful."

Although Arcosanti might look like it's crumbling from the inside out, it is, in fact, alive and well and open for business, thanks to Stein's own vision, enthusiasm and mentorship of a new generation of seekers who crave something other than the status quo.

"I want to instill in them a worldview about who they might be and what they might do with these ideas now that they've come into contact with them," he says. "How can they go out and become citizens of the world? You know, Arcosanti is a multicultural place, which is a particularly American idea. Arcosanti is a great American success story."

For more information, including visiting hours, call 928-632-7135 or visit [www.arcosanti.org](http://www.arcosanti.org). **AH**

# Stockton Pass Road

It's not the longest drive we've ever featured — it's less than 20 miles one way — but mile for mile, this scenic route through the Pinaleno Mountains is one of the most dramatic. **BY ROGER NAYLOR | PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANDY PRENTICE**

Sometimes, big things really do come in small packages. And big scenery often comes on little roads. State Route 266 is one of the shortest state highways in Arizona — with just under 20 miles of pavement cutting across the rugged rangeland south of Safford — but every mile dishes up dramatic vistas as the road rambles westward along the fringe of the Pinaleno Mountains, making this quick journey a big one for memories.

The Pinalenos are sudden mountains,

an abrupt and brutish thrust. They rise in a cloud-piercing hulk from the desert floor with more than 7,000 feet of vertical relief — more than any other mountain range in the state. Yet SR 266 doesn't venture into the higher reaches like some tortuous switchbacking mountain roads in Arizona. Instead, it rambles across the broad flanks of the hills in a relaxed and easy drive of swooping curves and gentle terrain.

About halfway in, the road climbs over Stockton Pass at 5,600 feet and

drops into the Sulphur Springs Valley. It then passes through a jumbled cluster of boulders and enters the Coronado National Forest. Ocotillos march up the slopes, limbs raised in a sort of spindly celebration. After crossing Gillespie Wash, you'll begin seeing the scars of a lightning-sparked fire that

**BELOW AND OPPOSITE PAGE: Low-desert yuccas and the high ridgelines of the Pinaleno Mountains make up the rich scenery along State Route 266, south of Safford.**

burned in 2012. The blaze turned out to be a fortuitous one, as it struck an area slated for a prescribed burn. Overgrown chaparral was cleaned out, and the big cottonwoods and sycamores canoping the wash were spared. Good monsoon rains rolled in on the heels of the fire, and the restoration of native grasslands is well underway.

The views at this point include the Galiuro Mountains as the road descends through the grassy savanna and past the turnoff to Fort Grant State Prison. As

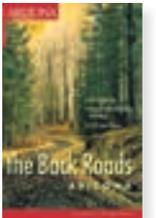


you approach the small ranching outpost of Bonita, a few cottonwoods crowd in. The pavement ends at Bonita, in front of the shell of the old country store, which was built in 1882.

It's the end of the pavement, and the end of SR 266, but a dirt road continues, stretching across the valley. Those with a real taste for adventure can keep driving to the eastern entrance to Aravaipa Canyon, a perennial stream that's carved out a trough up to 1,000 feet

deep in the Galiuro Mountains. Be sure to check road conditions before attempting. Otherwise, it's a short but scenic drive back to the main highway.

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



## tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

**LENGTH:** 20 miles, one way

**DIRECTIONS:** From Safford, drive 17 miles south on U.S. Route 191 to State Route 266 and turn right.

**VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** None

**WARNING:** Back-road travel can be hazardous, so be aware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where

you are going and when you plan to return.

**TRAVEL ADVISORY:** A permit is required to hike or camp in Aravaipa Canyon. Only a limited number are issued each day, so plan ahead. For more information, contact the Bureau of Land Management at 928-348-4400.

**INFORMATION:** Safford Ranger District, 928-428-4150 or [www.fs.usda.gov/coronado](http://www.fs.usda.gov/coronado)

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

# Long Canyon Trail

There are many ways to see Sedona and its iconic landscape. This scenic route into the Red Rock-Secret Mountain Wilderness is one of the easiest. **BY ROBERT STIEVE**

If you've ever hiked in the Grand Canyon or Sycamore Canyon or Aravaipa Canyon, Long Canyon won't strike you as all that long. And its eponymous hike is even shorter. It's only 6 miles round-trip, with no significant elevation change. That means it's easy, and unlike those other marquee canyons, this one can be explored on a whim, without a lot of prep work — no training hikes, no topographic maps to study, no power diets. All you have to do is roll out of bed and hop in the car.

The trail begins just off the paved road that leads to the luxurious Enchantment Resort. But don't let the neighborhood give you the wrong idea. This is a wilderness hike, and all signs

of civilization disappear quickly, leaving you alone with a contingent of Sedona's iconic red rocks, including Wilson Mountain, Maroon Mountain, Steamboat Rock, and a number of unnamed cliffs, spires, windows and arches. As you might expect, the panoramas are spectacular.

You'll see that firsthand within the first few minutes of the hike. You'll also see manzanitas and junipers along the path, which is red dirt and easy to follow. After about 5 minutes, you'll come to an old jeep road. Turn right, hike another 30 yards, and follow the trail to the left. This stretch can be a little confusing, but a few minutes later, you'll come to a sign that confirms you're on

the Long Canyon Trail — there's no signage at the trailhead. About 15 minutes later, after passing an intersection with the Deadmans Pass Trail, you'll arrive at the boundary of the Red Rock-Secret Mountain Wilderness.

All wilderness areas are special, but this is one of the crown jewels. Within its 43,950 acres, you'll find everything from banana yuccas, agaves and junipers to

cottonwoods, bigtooth maples and ponderosas. Badgers, bobcats, mule deer and mountain lions are in there, as well, along with ravens, red-tailed hawks, Steller's jays and a litany of other plants and animals. And, of course, the red rocks.

Just beyond the wilderness boundary, the trail dips into a small wash, on the other side of which the trees start getting taller. At the 45-minute mark, you'll see your first ponderosa, which is surrounded by a cluster of alligator junipers. Big gators. From there, the trail winds through a small drainage. The drainage is usually dry, but it still supports a community of water-loving vegetation, including a number of Arizona cypress trees, which are easily

recognized by their shaggy bark and round, gum-ball-sized seeds. As the elevation climbs, oaks and other deciduous trees start showing up. The trail is well shaded along this stretch. That's not a selling point in January, but other times of year, it's a relief.

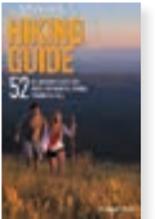
The topography remains about the same for the rest of the route, although, the walls start closing in and the ponderosas start getting bigger. The vegetation gets thicker, too, and the cairns start to pile up. Technically, even cairns are a violation of the Leave No Trace principles, but in the interest of "safety first," they do come in handy. As a general rule, be religious about what's best for Mother Nature, and respect the uto-

pian ideals of our wilderness areas.

The trail ends after 90 minutes at a sandstone wall where there are a few small Indian ruins and some primitive pictographs. If you're lucky enough to find them, leave them alone — it's illegal to disturb them. Instead, take a look around, enjoy the moment and the solitude, and then begin the short walk out of Long Canyon. **AH**

#### 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 weekend of the year, sorted by seasons. To order a copy, visit [www.arizonahighways.com/books](http://www.arizonahighways.com/books).



The 6-mile round-trip Long Canyon Trail leads into the Red Rock-Secret Mountain Wilderness.



KEVIN KIBSEY



MARK FRANK

## trail guide

**LENGTH:** 6 miles round-trip

**DIFFICULTY:** Easy

**ELEVATION:** 4,551 to 5,379 feet

**TRAILHEAD GPS:** N 34°54.722', W 111°49.544'

**DIRECTIONS:** From the roundabout intersection of State Route 179 and State Route 89A in Sedona, drive west on SR 89A for approximately 3.1 miles, turn right onto Dry Creek Road, and continue 2.8 miles to Long Canyon Road (Forest Road 152D). Turn right onto Long Canyon Road and continue 0.8 miles to the trailhead on the left.

**VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** None

**DOGS ALLOWED:** Yes

**HORSES ALLOWED:** Yes

**USGS MAP:** Wilson Mountain

**INFORMATION:** Red Rock Ranger District, 928-203-7500 or [www.fs.usda.gov/coconino](http://www.fs.usda.gov/coconino)

#### 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.

# where is this?



MOREY K. MILBRADT

## Play Bridge!

This trestle bridge, constructed by the Southern Pacific Railroad, spans a river known by many names, including *Akee-mull*, *Apache de Gila* and *Hah-quah-se ell*. It's made of steel and located just north of a Pinal County town named for an American president. — KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

### October 2012 Answer & Winner

Bisbee. Congratulations to our winner, Eileen Shapiro of Sun Lakes, Arizona.



TOM STORY

### November 2012 Answer & Winner

Prescott-White Spar Highway. Congratulations to our winner, Chip Fouquet of Tucson.



PAUL GILL

### Win a collection of our most popular books!

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 January 15, 2013. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our March issue and online at www.arizonahighways.com beginning February 15.

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Background: Jon Dixon; Left to Right: John Morgan, Ivan Martinez, Ambika Balasubramanian, Suzanne Mathia

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