

Escape to the NORTH RIM

101 THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE NORTH RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE · EXPLORE · EXPERIENCE

RIM SHOTS!

A Portfolio From
the Land of Ahhhs

"I go to nature to be soothed and healed, and to have my senses put in order." — JOHN BURROUGHS

PLUS: MAX ERNST & DOROTHEA TANNING · ASPEN PEAK · SALT RIVER HORSES
BISBEE'S BEST BREAD PUDDING · MOUNT ORD · GREER · RENDEZVOUS DINER

2 EDITOR'S LETTER > 3 CONTRIBUTORS > 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR > 56 WHERE IS THIS?

5 THE JOURNAL

People, places and things from around the state, including some of the best bread pudding in Bisbee; the history of keeping cool in the red-hot desert; and Greer, our hometown of the month.

16 RIM SHOTS!

Of the 5 million people who visit Grand Canyon National Park every year, the majority sets foot on the South Rim. But that's only because it's easier to get to. As you'll see in this month's portfolio, the North Rim of the Canyon and the surrounding Kaibab Plateau are among the most beautiful places in Arizona.

A PORTFOLIO EDITED BY JEFF KIDA

26 NOTES FROM UP NORTH

It's impossible to quantify everything you need to know about the North Rim and the Kaibab Plateau. And even if we could zero in on a number, we don't have enough pages to spell it out. We do, however, have a few pages, and in them, we'll tell you about 101 things that you should know about the North.

BY ROBERT STIEVE

34 THE KAIBAB AND THE NORTH RIM

An excerpt from our May 1957 issue.

BY CHARLES FRANKLIN PARKER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEF MUENCH

40 IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREAM

The Salt River is a source of water for metropolitan Phoenix, and it's a source of recreation in the Tonto National Forest. It's also a watering hole for a band of about 100 horses that live in limbo. They don't belong to anyone, and, unlike other wild horses in our country, they're not protected by the Wild Free-Roaming Horses and Burros Act of 1971.

BY TERRY GREENE STERLING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE D. TAUBERT

46 MAKING THEMSELVES AT HOME

When surrealist artists Dorothea Tanning and Max Ernst moved to Sedona in 1946, it was a small town, home to 500 residents, if that, with a general store, a post office and not much more. But that didn't stop the sophisticated couple from sinking roots and building a home where they could paint and sculpt in peace.

BY NORA BURBA TRULSSON

50 MAIL DOMINANT

Thomas Ratz is an aficionado of Grand Canyon history, and his favorite pastime is collecting correspondence written by park visitors. Letters, postcards, scribbled notes ... it's an impressive collection that offers an intimate glimpse of what people had to say about the park in the first half of the 20th century.

BY ANNETTE MCGIVNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL MARKOW

52 SCENIC DRIVE

Mount Ord: Along with oaks, pines and agaves, this scenic drive off the Beeline Highway offers equally impressive views of the Mogollon Rim to the north and Roosevelt Lake to the south.

54 HIKE OF THE MONTH

Aspen Peak Trail: Although Kingman is best known as a stop along Historic Route 66 and the hometown of Andy Devine, it's also home to Hualapai Mountain Park and a series of scenic trails that lead to Aspen Peak.

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Arizona Highways is on Instagram

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POINTS OF INTEREST IN THIS ISSUE

► Saguaros are silhouetted at sunset in the Superstition Wilderness. | GEORGE STOCKING
CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/80 SEC; APERTURE: F/11; ISO: 200; FOCAL LENGTH: 45 MM

FRONT COVER Evergreens encircle a wildflower-filled meadow on the Kaibab Plateau. | SHANE McDERMOTT

CAMERA: NIKON D800; SHUTTER: 1/40 SEC; APERTURE: F/18; ISO: 800; FOCAL LENGTH: 26 MM

BACK COVER The white bark of an aspen on the North Rim contrasts with the yellow of an aspen sunflower. | JACK DYKINGA

CAMERA: NIKON D800E; SHUTTER: 1/4 SEC; APERTURE: F/16; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 85 MM

Up North

It's hard to imagine the Kaibab Plateau being populated by lions, tigers and other mammals of the Serengeti and the Indian subcontinent, but that's what John W. Young, the son of Mormon leader Brigham Young, had in mind in the late 1800s. His vision was to turn approximately a million acres into a hunting ground where big-game enthusiasts from England could cross a few things off their lists. No doubt, Marlin Perkins would have shown up, too. "Welcome to *Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom*. This week, we'll be heading to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, where I'll be sending Jim into a slippery mud bog to wrestle a baby rhino from its 3,500-pound mother." As preposterous as all of that might seem, it's not the wildest scheme ever concocted on the plateau.

In the early 1900s, in an effort to cut down on the deer population, one desperate rancher came up with the idea of using cowboys and Indians to drive about 75,000 mule deer from the Kaibab Plateau to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. His strategy was to move them down a trail from the North Rim, into the Canyon, across the Colorado River and up the other side. Hundreds of men joined the drive, but not one of them was smart enough — or brazen enough — to point out the absurdity of the plan. Thus, the deer are still there, along with mountain lions, Kaibab squirrels, Merriam's turkeys and even bison. Needless to say, there aren't any tigers.

With hindsight, it's hard to believe that anybody could have been so naive, but at the time, the Kaibab was one of the most remote places in North America, and it was among the least understood. It wasn't even clear who had jurisdiction — both Utah and Arizona claimed it as their own. Today, nobody's jousting at windmills up there, but the plateau is still remote, and it's one of the most beautiful places in Arizona. You'll see for yourself in this month's portfolio, which

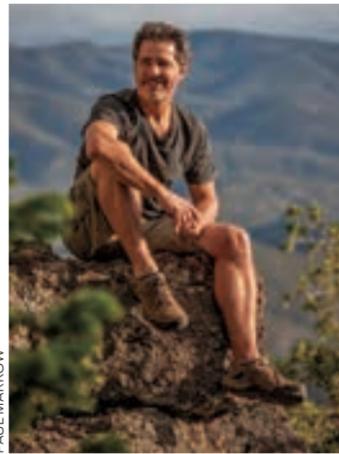
features the photography of Tom Bean, Jack Dykinga and Shane McDermott. It's titled *Rim Shots!*, and it's the only inspiration you'll need to plan a trip. For some background, though, you might want to check out *Notes From Up North*.

The story outlines 101 things you should know about the North Rim and the Kaibab Plateau, including the bit about the lions and tigers and rhinos. There are some other surprises, but most of the notes are about history, geography, geology, biology, etymology ... and there's some practical information, too. No. 31 is a good example: "Rangers give 'Condor Talks' daily at 4:30 p.m. in front of the massive fireplace on the sun deck of the Grand Canyon Lodge." It's the same lodge that Charles Franklin Parker visited in the 1950s.

If you're a longtime reader of *Arizona Highways* — and by longtime, I mean at least 56 years — you might remember Mr. Parker. He wrote a story for our May 1957 issue titled *The Kaibab and the North Rim*. It was a travelogue, not unlike those we do today, about his first trip to the high country.

To complement this month's cover story, we've resurrected *The Kaibab and the North Rim*, which describes, in first person, the drive up north from down south; the people, places and things along the way; and the many natural wonders that exist on the Kaibab Plateau and the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. We've excerpted the text exactly as it appeared in 1957, which means the prose is more formal than in contemporary writing.

"I look out over a wide mountain meadow," he wrote, "where I can see many deer coming out to graze from the



PAUL MARKOW

edges of the surrounding forest of aspen, spruce and pine. Too, over ten species of bird life paused long enough for identification this morning. Just now the woods are full of them, and the merry notes set the tempo of the oratorio of nature's joy and gladness. What idyllic living in this Alpine retreat!"

The writing is flowery and, at times, anachronistic, but that's all part of the allure. Also, some of the names and places have changed over the years, so the excerpt can't be used as a travel guide. Instead, enjoy it as a wonderful trip back in time. One that won't be confused with an African safari or an expedition to the Indian subcontinent.



DAWN KISH

COMING IN JUNE ...

Our annual *Summer Hiking Guide*, featuring some of our favorite trails around the state, including Sandys Canyon (pictured) near Flagstaff.

ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR

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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TELEVISION



ELLEN BARNES

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JEFFRY SCOTT

JACK DYKINGA

The remote nature and lack of development on the North Rim make it Jack Dykinga's favorite place to photograph the Grand Canyon. "It's wilder, purer and more exciting," he says. For Dykinga, the challenge of shooting at the Canyon is that "it's been done by so many great photographers for so long." That makes it

hard to be original, he says. In *Rim Shots!* (page 16), Dykinga showcases some of the remote, primitive areas on the North Rim — places that rarely find their way into photographs. Dykinga is one of three photographers who contributed to this month's portfolio. He's a regular contributor to *Arizona Highways*, as well as *National Geographic* and other magazines. Currently, he's working on an instructional book about nature photography.



NORA BURBA TRULSSON

Writer Nora Burba Trulsson says she was drawn to the story of Max Ernst and Dorothea Tanning "because they chose to follow their passions in a rather staid era." In researching *Making Themselves at Home* (page 46), Trulsson says she was surprised to learn that Ernst, a giant of the art world, had entered a painting and won a ribbon at the Arizona State Fair during his time in Sedona. "It made me laugh," she says, "because Ernst had a subtle, but great, sense of humor." In addition to *Arizona Highways*, Trulsson also writes for *Sunset*.



RICK GIASE

The challenge of driving up Mount Ord was to keep from driving off, says photographer Rick Giase. "The road starts climbing almost immediately," he says. "The challenge is to keep one's eyes on the road while still enjoying the desert vistas to the south and the mountains to the west." Giase, who photographed

this month's *Scenic Drive* (page 52), recommends timing your trip to catch a "drop-dead beautiful" sunset over the mountains on your descent. Giase is a Pulitzer Prize-winning photojournalist whose work has appeared in *Time*, *People* and *Sports Illustrated*.

— NOAH AUSTIN

INDEBTED TO THE CORPS

In 1937, I was a victim of a “cold-water drowning” just outside of Yosemite Valley. I was 5 years old and didn’t know how to swim yet. My oldest brother dumped me off on an air mattress and didn’t tell our parents, who were on the shore. Three young men who were members of the Civilian Conservation Corps saw me lying on the bottom of the river. They jumped in, pulled me out and revived me. They estimated that I’d been on the bottom in very cold water for at least 20 minutes. I’d like to refer you to the short paragraph at the top of page 46 [*Corps Values*, March 2013]: “I’d say 100 percent or maybe 98 percent of the CCC boys will say what I’m saying to you: ‘That’s the best thing that ever happened to me.’”

George Murray, Prescott, Arizona



March 2013

AUGUST 1939

Imagine my family’s surprise when we received the latest edition of *Arizona Highways* and saw an article about the Civilian Conservation Corps (*Corps Values*, March 2013). My father, August Sadorf, has been reading your magazine for decades — ever since he was stationed in Arizona during his time in the CCC. He was just a 19-year-old from Philadelphia when he arrived in Arizona, and he fell in love with the Southwest. He still speaks fondly of his CCC days, when he helped to plant trees, build the road that leads up to Schnebly Hill, and clear the trees to create Arizona Snowbowl. At age 92, he was thrilled to see the photo of Camp F32A in Sedona, where he served from 1939 until his enlistment in the Marine Corps in 1941. He has returned to the area several times since and can’t believe the changes that have occurred [there]. However, the red rocks never fail to astound him, and I believe part of his heart will always belong to Arizona. Thank you for honoring my father and the other men who worked hard, earned valuable skills and gave their best to make the best of the natural resources of this great country.

Brigid Sadorf, South Dennis, New Jersey

CREATING A PHILE

It is eight years now since we became infatuated English “Arizona-philes” after flying to Phoenix and driving to the Grand Canyon and back through Oak Creek Canyon. Every year since then we have meticulously pre-planned and driven motorized scenic-route vaca-

tions through the many beautiful natural landscapes that you spotlight in *Arizona Highways*. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when I opened your magazine and found there and then that you had highlighted three of those that I had already chosen for this coming summer [*Ode to the Roads*, January 2013]. You guys must be mind-readers. Needless to say, every month, everything stops in this house when the morning post includes *Arizona Highways*. Many, many thanks.

Tony Fitton, Shrewsbury, England

BUILDING MATERIAL

As an architect and planner, native of Morenci, Arizona, and co-author (with Ann Patterson) of *Landmark Buildings: Arizona’s Architectural Heritage*, I was delighted with your February 2013 issue. The Morenci-Clifton area (*The Journal/Hometowns*) is one of natural and man-made wonder, deserving of recognition and exploration by your readers. Iconic architecture (*Historic Places*) is as indicative of the distinctive character of our beloved state and its cultural heritage as its natural splendor. Interest in Arizona’s historic architecture is, I believe, at an all-time high, following the recent saga of Frank Lloyd Wright’s David and Gladys Wright House in Phoenix. Kudos for further contributing to that body of knowledge.

Mark Vinson, Chandler, Arizona

NAMING NAMES

I love *Arizona Highways*, and I’ve loved going to Havasu since I was 2 years old. I noticed that in your recent story about

the medicine woman in Supai [*Wherever the Spirit Moves Her*, March 2013] that you said she was standing next to Navajo Falls. Unless they’ve changed the name, those are Havasu Falls, because floods from a broken earthen dam destroyed Navajo Falls in August 2008.

Joslyn Coor Brown, Glendale, Arizona

ONE OF THOSE THINGS

I hope you’ll forgive me this critique. I’m a psychologist with a “thing” for languages, and I taught professional writing for 30 years in a consulting firm. I say this so you may understand my involuntary reflex on this topic. About Camelback [*Hike of the Month*, February 2013], you write, “... it’s one of the most unique urban trails in America.” The venial sin against the gods of prose is that there can be no modifiers of “unique” because it means single, solitary, no other like it. I think most people mean “most unusual” when they use this incorrectly. To my knowledge, there is no satisfactory substitute for “unique,” so using it in a way that takes its uniqueness would be detrimental to the language. By the way, I like your writing, which is pliable, with sufficient color to make it readable and interesting, without detracting from the content. All good wishes, and here’s to clearer, better writing.

Jack Thompson, Tucson

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

THE JOURNAL 05.13

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

ADAM SCHALLAU

SOAR SPOT

A raven soars past the roaring water of Grand Falls on the Navajo Indian Reservation in Northeastern Arizona. The remote waterfall system is famous for its 185-foot height — higher than any of Niagara Falls’ waterfalls — and for its muddy water, which contributes to the opacity of the Little Colorado River, into which it empties. *Information: 928-871-6436 or www.discovernavajo.com*

■ CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/2000 SEC; APERTURE: F/8; ISO: 800; FOCAL LENGTH: 169 MM



MARK LIPCZYNSKI (2)

GREER



GOOGLE "GREER" AND YOU'LL QUICKLY DISCOVER that it's usually referred to as a mountain hamlet. That's fitting, considering the tiny unincorporated town lies at the end of State Route 373 in a pretty, green valley of the White Mountains. Founded by Mormon pioneer Willard Lee in 1879, Greer originally was named Lee Valley. But when town officials built a post office, they needed a shorter name, so Lee Valley was renamed in honor of planner Americus Vespucci Greer. Two summers ago, the Wallow Fire threatened to overtake the town, which has long been a summer travel favorite. Thanks to firefighters and volunteers, Greer was spared, and it remains a popular destination for hikers, anglers, horseback-riders and fans of cool mountain hamlets. — KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

www.greerarizona.com

FOUNDED	AREA	ELEVATION	COUNTY
1879	0.53 square miles	8,500 feet	Apache

local favorites



JULIA ADAMS

RENDEZVOUS DINER Greer

If the Rendezvous Diner feels like home, that's because it used to be one — the log cabin was built in 1909 as a private residence. Now, it's a cozy restaurant with retro décor and hearty, traditional diner food such as burgers, fried chicken, meatloaf, omelets, and biscuits and gravy. Cliff Morang, who's been serving at the diner since it opened 11 years ago, says it's a favorite with locals and tourists alike.

Why is the food so good?

It's because of Pauline's [Merrill, the owner] eye for detail in making sure that everything is consistent and things are made from scratch. All the soups are homemade. We don't open cans.

What are the customer favorites?

Our peach, blackberry and cherry cobblers. People get their cobbler fix anytime they're in Greer. They talk about how flaky the crust is, and that it's not too sweet, not too sour.

What do you love most about the diner?

The staff — we all have fun working here. We try to keep things lighthearted and happy and make sure everyone has good service. We want people to feel like they're sitting in their own home.

The diner is famous for its meatloaf.

What makes it so good?

It's homemade, right here, and we use fresh herbs. People also love our red chile and our green chile. We're so close to the New Mexico border, so we buy our Hatch chiles there. — KAYLA FROST

Rendezvous Diner is located at 117 N. Main Street in Greer. For more information, call 928-735-7483.

A Cool Story

From sleeping porches to evaporative coolers to the invention of air conditioning, Arizonans have always been looking for ways to keep cool. That's because it's so hot here.

For most Arizonans, temperate, sunshine-filled autumns, winters and springs come at a price: summer. The season can be brutal in many parts of the state, with temperatures soaring into the triple digits and staying that way for months. Fortunately, the invention of evaporative coolers and, later, air conditioning changed how people work, play and live in the desert.

However, long before Phoenix became the "Air-Conditioned Capital of the World," people would sleep on their porches to keep cool. In fact, both the Ford Hotel (pictured) and the Hotel San Carlos accommodated guests on their sleeping porches during the hot months. But thanks to the advent of evaporative coolers, people eventually moved back inside at night.

According to the book *Arizona: A History* by Thomas E. Sheridan, homemade "swamp boxes" — contraptions made of chicken wire, wallboard, excelsior matting, electric fans and water sprayers — sat in the windows of thousands of homes. In an article that appeared in the *Journal of Arizona History*, Bob Cunningham writes that "manufacturers began to displace some of the do-it-yourself swamp box volume by correcting shortcomings of the home-assembled models."



Sleeping porches, such as this one at the Ford Hotel, were an early answer to Arizona's summer heat.

By 1951, five Phoenix-based companies manufactured half of the evaporative coolers produced in the United States. Their popularity not only helped people keep cool, but also spurred the local economy.

However, according to Sheridan, coolers required regular maintenance and weren't effective during monsoon season, when high humidity decreased their cooling capability. As a result, refrigeration cooling, or air conditioning, ultimately topped the evaporative-cooling market. And today, air conditioning is as common in Arizona as stunning sunsets — and both make summer more bearable. — ANDREA CRANDALL & KATHY RITCHIE

this month in history

- A pack of camels begins the Camel Survey on May 1, 1856. The survey tracks the routes for what would become Historic Route 66 and the Santa Fe Railway line in Northern Arizona.
- The USS Arizona Memorial is declared

- a National Historic Landmark on May 5, 1989.
- Three men, using a Nash touring car instead of horses, attempt to rob a train near Tucson on May 15, 1922. It's the last known train robbery in Arizona.
- *The Arizona Republic*

- is founded under the name *The Arizona Republican* on May 19, 1890.
- The Dragon National Forest is established in Southern Arizona on May 25, 1907. It's later absorbed into the Coronado National Forest.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 50 Years Ago



The May 1963 issue of *Arizona Highways* was dedicated to the San Carlos Apache Indian tribe. The magazine highlighted the tribe's history and the traditions of its people and took readers on a photographic tour of reservation land.

IN MEMORIAM: SUSIE YAZZIE February 3, 2013

PHOTOGRAPHER LEROY DEJOLIE REMEMBERS visiting Susie Yazzie in Monument Valley as a young Navajo — long before he ever picked up a camera. He remembers sitting in Ms. Yazzie's hogan, listening to her soothing voice tell of elders and traditional ways. It was natural, he says, because Ms. Yazzie and his grandmother were from the same clan: Bitter Water.

Susie Yazzie passed away on February 3, 2013. Her exact age was unknown.

"She was one of a kind, one of the last connections to old Navajo land," DeJolie says. "Susie lived in *hozho* — balance with nature, life and beauty."

If you're a longtime reader of *Arizona Highways*, you know that Ms. Yazzie was a beloved member of our family and a role model for all of us, a perfect mix of strength and humility. She spent her life raising children, working sheep and weaving on the family homestead in Monument Valley. And she was savvy. Early on, she made a deal with tour operators to bring visitors directly to her hogan to watch her spin wool and weave rugs. Those visitors, in turn, would leave gratuities for the privilege of photographing Ms. Yazzie amid the chiseled buttes of the valley.

No matter who showed up at her doorstep, Ms. Yazzie was a gracious host. Tucson photographer Edward McCain says she was always ready with a smile, and that she seemed to accept photographers as easily as she did the constant winds that blow across the Colorado Plateau.

Her face has graced the pages of our magazine for decades, in portraits by Ray Manley, Josef Muench, Jerry Jacka and others. And even though she spoke only Navajo, Ms. Yazzie was able to share parts of her people and her culture with our readers around the world, and with anyone who was fortunate enough to visit her.

— JEFF KIDA, photo editor



Susie Yazzie poses outside her Monument Valley hogan with her daughter, Effie.
CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D; SHUTTER: 1/60 SEC; APERTURE: F/5.6; ISO: 160; FOCAL LENGTH: 35 MM

PHOTO TIP

Precise Focus

Photographers often are seen contorting themselves into odd positions to get that perfect angle, but

what do you do when you can't look through the viewfinder to compose or focus an image? Many digital cameras now have a function called "live view," which displays a

live, video-like preview of the image on the back digital screen. If you're unable to look through the viewfinder, try using the digital zoom button to zoom in on the preview and

focus the image manually without changing your composition.



ADDITIONAL READING

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





APPLIANCE

ARTIST



Rich Alan, Tucson

ASK RICH ALAN HOW he became the owner of Vintage Appliances and Restoration, and he'll tell you that a friend talked him into it. That was 20 years ago. Today, he remanufactures and reconditions stoves, refrigerators and iceboxes that date from the turn of the 20th century to the late 1950s. Alan first forayed into appliance repair with modern machines, but from time to time, people would donate vintage pieces they wanted to get rid of. He took them, refurbished them and sold them at his shop. Eventually, he purchased 40 antique stoves from "an old guy on Benson Highway who had been doing it for years," created a website and began selling his appliances across the country. Hollywood also is a fan of Alan's work. His appliances have appeared in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*, as well as the upcoming *X-Men: Days of Future Past*. Alan's pieces range from \$2,200 to \$30,000, yet, despite the price tag, he isn't short on customers. "There are a lot of people who love that nostalgic look," he says. "They're really functional pieces of art, and when people buy them, they're so excited about it."

— KATHY RITCHIE

Vintage Appliances and Restoration is located at 3262 E. Columbia Street in Tucson. For more information, call 800-909-6849 or visit www.antiquevintageappliances.com.

DAWN KISH (2)

Market Difference

The cherry-almond bread pudding is one good reason to grab a seat at Bisbee's High Desert Market and Café. But it's only one of many — everything stands out at this small-town gathering place.

THERE'S PLENTY ABOUT BISBEE TO MAKE your heart spin: winding roads, historic charm and just enough quirk to jump-start your creative juices.

bisbee

Then, there's the cherry-almond bread pudding you'll find at High Desert Market and Café.

It's the type of dessert you'd love to call your own — a culinary invention so fine, you might be tempted to trade your firstborn or a minor body part for the recipe. Or just buy it in bulk and serve it on pretty plates with fancy doilies and a *bon appétit* à la Julia Child. Layered with almond slivers and semi-tart cherries, the brick-sized treat should be eaten in phases or with a handful of friends, and it's just one of the amazing menu items at High Desert.

Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner, the market keeps its offerings simple, sticking to simple sandwiches and a slew of creative salads. A selection of savories rounds out the menu, along with nightly dinner specials and a variety of fresh, homemade pastries. But the market's allure also is its ambience.

Nuzzled against the hillside along Tombstone Canyon Road, the market serves as a community gathering space. It's the place local vicars can go to counsel congregants on a random Thursday afternoon, and it's the place where an artist lingers with his sketchpad. Patrons gather in the airy, goldpoppy-colored sunroom or on the market's spacious patio and talk across tables with friendly small-town familiarity.

Maybe it's that ease that keeps the management so cool. You're allowed to linger over your meal, rather than paying at the counter as soon as you order. No receipts. No order slips. No demands to hand over your Visa. Just visit the register when you've finished eating and tell the cashier what you had. The system affords you the opportunity to peruse the market's selection of local and imported treats, from honey-based soaps to European cheeses, and soak in a bit of the local flavor.

High Desert Market and Café does it right. The proof is in the pudding.

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

High Desert Market and Café is located at 203 Tombstone Canyon Road in Bisbee. For more information, call 520-432-6775 or visit www.highdesertmarket.net.



JOHN WAGNER

BEAUTY QUEENS

For just one night a year, and for only 12 short hours, the night-blooming cereus, a.k.a. the "Queen of the Night," blooms, but the timing is unpredictable. Typically, the big show takes place in June or July. After their brief time in the spotlight — or the moonlight, as it were — the flowers wilt as dawn approaches. Searching for the sticklike cactuses, which grow in Central and Southern Arizona, can be tough. They're difficult to spot because they blend in with the surrounding plants and grow under desert shrubs. The flowers are waxy and cream-colored and can grow up to 4 inches wide. They have trumpet-shaped blossoms, which give off a sweet, floral scent that's been known to perfume the air as far as a quarter-mile away. While blooming, they attract pollinators such as the sphinx moth. If the flowers are successfully pollinated, the cactuses eventually will produce scarlet-colored fruit.

— ANDREA CRANDALL



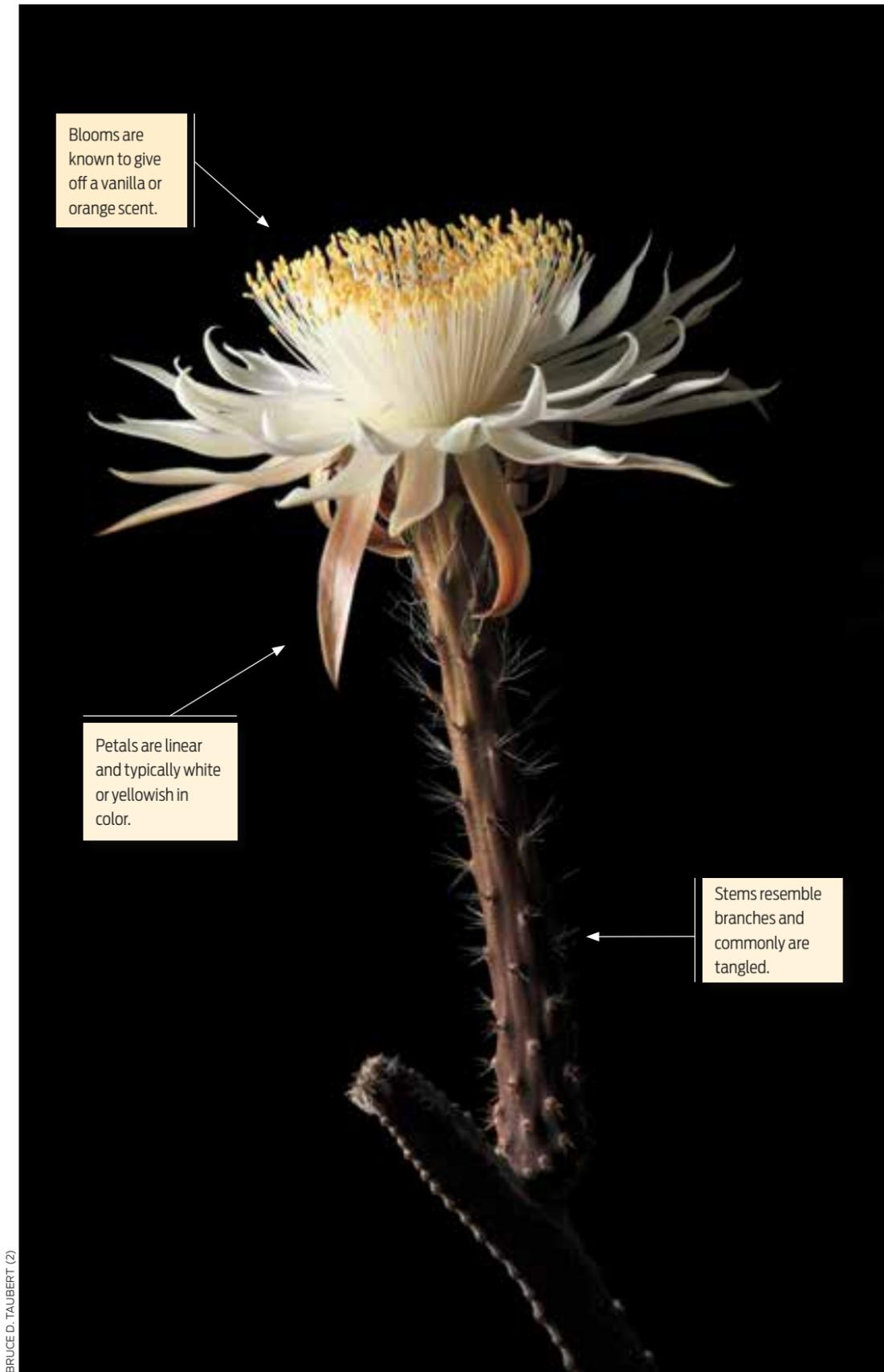
nature factoid

GREAT CRESTED GRASSHOPPERS

Great crested grasshoppers are well camouflaged. With green bodies and brown spots, they tend to blend in with their desert surroundings. Sometimes referred to as dinosaur grasshoppers, the insects are found throughout Arizona in dry grasslands. The males, however, do all of the flying. Females have short wings but are flightless.

— ANDREA CRANDALL

BRUCE D. TAUBERT (2)



Blooms are known to give off a vanilla or orange scent.

Petals are linear and typically white or yellowish in color.

Stems resemble branches and commonly are tangled.



JEFF KIDA

The Lodge at Sedona

IN A TOWN WHERE LODGING options seem endless (and, at times, overwhelming), the Lodge at Sedona offers guests a cozy, friendly retreat from the throngs of tourists and traffic. Built in 1959, the lodge originally was the home of one of Sedona's first physicians, his wife and their 12 children. Today, the beautifully appointed, 14-room bed and breakfast offers guests more than just a cup of joe and a croissant. Located just off State Route 89A, the award-winning property features several secluded areas where you can get lost

sedona

in the beauty of the surrounding red rocks, as well as a meditative walking labyrinth for those in search of Zen. Although the Lodge at Sedona doesn't offer dining options beyond its delicious full breakfast and hors d'oeuvres at sunset, the gracious staff will happily make dining reservations or help you create and book the perfect offsite adventure. — KATHY RITCHIE

The Lodge at Sedona is located at 125 Kall of Place in Sedona. For more information, call 928-204-1942 or visit www.lodgeatseadona.com.

~ things to do in arizona ~

Route 66 Fun Run
May 3-5, Seligman
 Travel the Mother Road at this annual event, which is open to all street-legal rides. The run starts in Seligman, and there will be plenty of action along the way, including Native American dances, barbecues, music, street dancing and, of course, cruising. *Information: 928-753-5001 or www.azrt66.com*

Cinco de Mayo
May 4, Sedona
 Celebrate this colorful fiesta while enjoying mariachi music, folklorico dancers and Mexican cuisine from El Rincon Restaurante at Tlaquepaque. *Information: 928-282-4838 or www.tlaq.com*

Celebrate Wildlife Day
May 18, Grand Canyon
 Learn about the diverse wildlife at the Grand Canyon

as you join Canyon rangers and wildlife biologists for several special programs, interactive exhibits, hands-on activities and more. *Information: 928-638-7789 or www.nps.gov/grca*

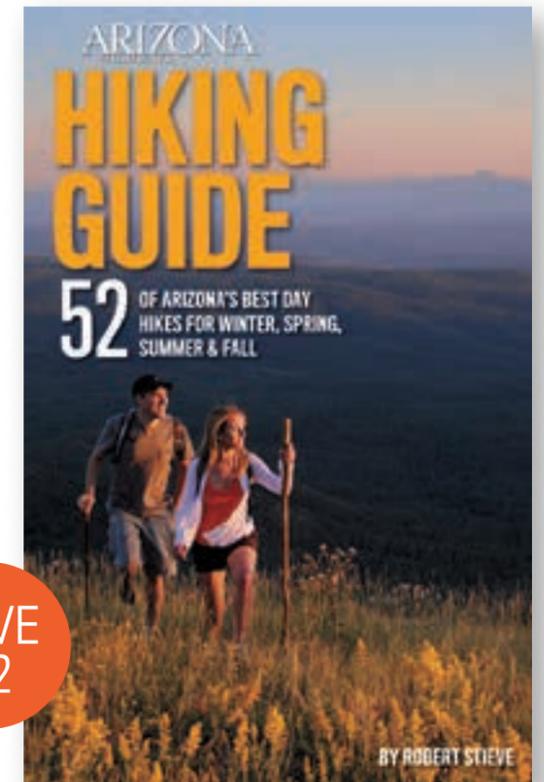
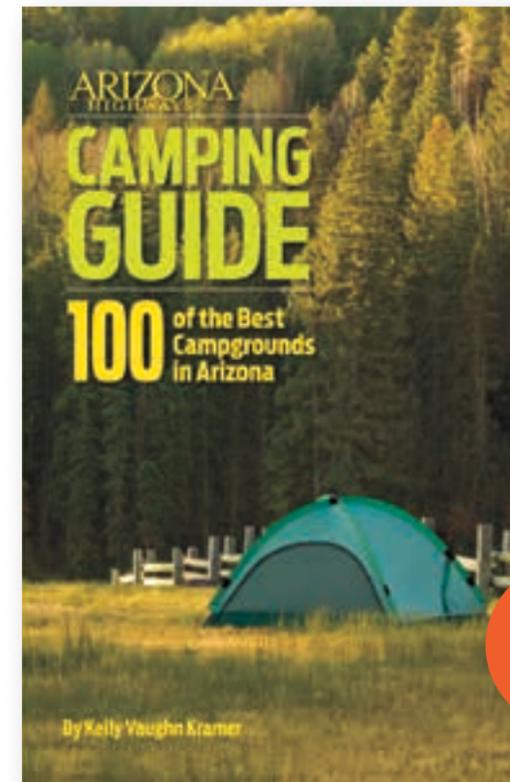
Historic Home Tour
May 18-19, Jerome
 Visit several of Jerome's historic homes and buildings at this 48th annual event. *Information: 928-*

634-2900 or www.jeromechamber.com

Wyatt Earp Days
May 25-27, Tombstone
 Travel back in time and discover what life was like for Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday and their contemporaries. Complete with hangings, gunfights and more, this annual event is a Tombstone favorite. *Information: 520-457-3511 [AH](#)*

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A PORTFOLIO
EDITED BY JEFF KIDA

RIM SHOTS!

Of the 5 million people who visit Grand Canyon National Park every year, the majority sets foot on the South Rim. But that's only because it's easier to get to. As you'll see in this month's portfolio, the North Rim of the Canyon and the surrounding Kaibab Plateau are among the most beautiful places in Arizona. Or, more accurately, in the world.

Sunrise reflects off a pond in DeMotte Park, which is located in the Kaibab National Forest. | JACK DYKINGA
CAMERA: NIKON D800E; SHUTTER: 1/15 SEC; APERTURE: F/11; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 45 MM



LEFT: Indian paintbrush and lupine cloak a North Rim meadow in dazzling color. | JACK DYKINGA
CAMERA: NIKON D800E; SHUTTER: 1/4 SEC; APERTURE: F/22; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 85 MM

ABOVE: Lupine breaks through a sea of ponderosa pine cones near Tiyo Point. | JACK DYKINGA
CAMERA: ARCA SWISS 4X5; SHUTTER: 6 SEC; APERTURE: F/45; ISO: 50; FOCAL LENGTH: 75 MM



Trees emerge from the fog in DeMotte Park south of Jacob Lake. | TOM BEAN
CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/350 SEC; APERTURE: F/10; ISO: 400; FOCAL LENGTH: 260 MM



ABOVE: A mule deer pauses to drink at Greenland Lake. | JACK DYKINGA
CAMERA: NIKON F3; FILM: KODACHROME;
SHUTTER: 1/125 SEC; APERTURE: F/6.3; ISO: 200;
FOCAL LENGTH: 560 MM

RIGHT: In morning light, young ponderosa pines and firs mingle with a grove of aspens in the Kaibab National Forest. | JACK DYKINGA
CAMERA: NIKON D800E; SHUTTER: 1/15 SEC;
APERTURE: F/16; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 85 MM



"A few minutes ago every tree was excited, bowing to the roaring storm, waving, swirling, tossing their branches in glorious enthusiasm like worship. But though to the outer ear these trees are now silent, their songs never cease." – JOHN MUIR



Sunset glows over Steamboat Mountain, as seen from Timp Point. | SHANE McDERMOTT
CAMERA: NIKON D800; SHUTTER: 4 SEC; APERTURE: F/8; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 17 MM [AH](#)

NOTES from UP NORTH



It's impossible to quantify everything you need to know — or want to know — about the North Rim and the Kaibab Plateau. And even if we could zero in on a number, we don't have enough pages to spell it out. We do, however, have a few pages, and in them, we'll tell you about 101 things that you should know about the North.

BY ROBERT STIEVE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Several sources were used in compiling this information, including our own archives, the National Park Service, the U.S. Forest Service, the Grand Canyon Association and Stewart Aitchison's book *Grand Canyon's North Rim and Beyond*. The latter, by the way, is a must for anyone planning a trip up north.

1 U.S. Route 89A, the road that leads to the Kaibab Plateau from the east, follows the old Mormon Emigrant Wagon Road (a.k.a. "the Honeymoon Trail") and crosses the Navajo Bridge at Marble Canyon. Despite the name, which was given by Major John Wesley Powell, there is no marble in Marble Canyon, but rather polished limestone.

2 Europeans didn't visit the North Rim until 236 years after visiting the South Rim, when Father Silvestre Vélez de Escalante made his way north.

3 The Kaibab Plateau is a subdivision of the Arizona Strip, which comprises 5 million acres in Northern Arizona. Its land area is equivalent to that of Massachusetts.

4 Point Imperial is the highest viewpoint on the North Rim. It sits at an elevation of 8,803 feet.

5 Entrance fees to Grand Canyon National Park will be waived on August 25 (the birthday of the National Park Service), September 28 (National Public Lands Day) and November 9-11 (Veterans Day weekend).

6 What visitors often mistake for chipmunks on the North Rim are actually golden-mantled ground squirrels. The latter are bigger and don't have stripes on their faces.

7 Guests of the Grand Canyon Lodge sleep in cabins that are located along the rim in different clusters. The Western Cabins are premier, but reservations in that cluster must be made up to a year in advance. Even then, there are no guarantees. For reservations, call 877-386-4383 or visit www.grandcanyonforever.com.

8 The word "Kaibab" translates as "mountain lying down." It's likely derived from the Southern Paiute word *Kaivavitsets*.

9 Campfire talks take place nightly at 7 p.m. at the North Rim Campground Amphitheater. Topics are posted daily at the campground, lodge and visitors center.



10 Kaibab squirrels, which have tasseled ears and bushy white tails, are native only to the Kaibab Plateau — because of their rarity, they've been designated a National Natural Landmark. They're extremely shy, which is why they're nicknamed the "Silver Ghosts of the North Rim."

MARTY CORDANO

11 On February 20, 1893, President Benjamin Harrison set aside most of the Kaibab Plateau (and much of the Grand Canyon) as the Grand Cañon Forest Reserve. The reserve swapped "Cañon" for "Canyon" in 1906 and was renamed the Kaibab National Forest in 1908.

12 The canyon that falls below Cape Royal is called Unkar, a Paiute word describing the bluish color of the rock that exists down there. The Grand Canyon's largest known prehistoric settlement stands on the Unkar Delta.

13 From July 12 to 16, the Grand Canyon Field Institute will offer its North Rim Trail Sampler, which takes participants to some of the area's most interesting trails. For more information, call 866-471-4435 or visit www.grandcanyon.org/fieldinstitute.

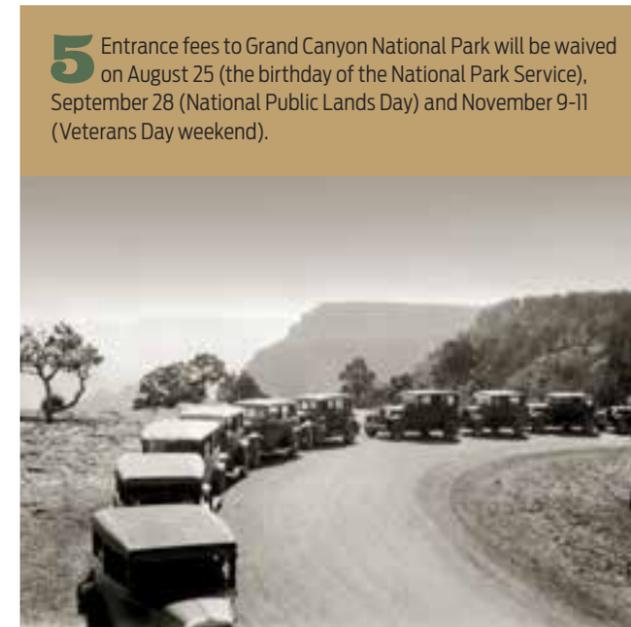
14 The coldest temperature ever recorded on the North Rim was -22 degrees Fahrenheit.

15 The Grand Canyon Lodge was commissioned by the Utah Parks Co., which was the North Rim's concessionaire at the time and a wholly owned subsidiary of the Union Pacific Railroad. Today, the concessionaire is Arizona-based Forever Resorts.

16 The distance from the North Rim of the Grand Canyon to the South Rim is 10 miles (the way a condor flies). On foot, the distance is 22 miles, and by road, it's 204 miles.

17 The North Kaibab Trail is the only regularly maintained trail that runs from the North Rim to the Colorado River. It's 14 miles (one way) to Phantom Ranch. The distance to Roaring Springs is 5 miles (one way), and that segment can be done as a day hike. Day hikes to the river are not recommended.

18 Parts of the North Rim's forests are pockmarked with sinkholes. They are topographic forms known as karst.



COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE



JACK DYKINGA

19 Point Sublime (above) is the westernmost viewpoint in Grand Canyon National Park. The 18-mile (one way) drive out there requires a high-clearance, four-wheel-drive vehicle.

20 Mule trips on the North Rim do not go to the river. One-hour rides along the rim and half-day rim or inner canyon trips usually are available on a daily basis. Prices start at \$40 per person. For reservations, call 435-679-8665.

21 Pets, except service animals, are not allowed on any trails in Grand Canyon National Park. In addition, they're not allowed in the lodge, and there's no kennel on the North Rim.

22 On May 1, 2013, sunrise on the North Rim will be at 5:35 a.m.; sunset will be at 7:17 p.m.

23 The Widforss Trail begins at Harvey Meadow and ends at Widforss Point, which sits at an elevation of 8,094 feet. The trail (10 miles round-trip) is named for Gunnar Widforss, a Swedish-born artist who painted extensively in the national parks of the American West. He's buried in the Pioneer Cemetery on the South Rim.

24 Architect Gilbert Stanley Underwood designed the North Rim's original Grand Canyon Lodge, which was built in 1928. Steven Mather, the first director of the National Park Service, requested a "rustic" national park lodge.

25 For more than 30 years, artist Bruce Aiken lived at the Roaring Springs pump house along the North Kaibab Trail. When he wasn't fixing and operating the pump, he was creating what are arguably some of the most spectacular paintings ever made of the Grand Canyon. To see his work, visit www.bruceaiken.com.

26 On November 28, 1906, President Theodore Roosevelt declared portions of the Kaibab Plateau a federal game preserve.

27 Elizabeth Wylie McKee and her husband, Thomas, opened the first tourist facility on the North Rim at Bright Angel Point in 1917.

28 Bright Angel Point is located a quarter-mile from the Grand Canyon Lodge. It sits at an elevation of 8,148 feet and can be reached by a short trail.

29 The Kaibab Plateau has one of the most extensive tracts of old-growth ponderosa pines in the Southwest.



TOM BEAN

30 The Uncle Jim Trail, which is 5 miles round-trip, is named for Jim Owens, who was a game warden on the Kaibab Plateau.

31 Park rangers give "Condor Talks" daily at 4:30 p.m. in front of the massive fireplace on the sun deck of the Grand Canyon Lodge. The lectures are free of charge.

32 By the late 1880s, there were approximately 20,000 head of cattle and 200,000 sheep grazing on the Kaibab Plateau.

33 There are many scenic drives on the Kaibab Plateau, and three of the most scenic lead to Parissawampitts Point, North Timp Point and Timp Point on the west rim. For directions and road conditions, call 928-643-7395 or visit www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab.

34 Geologist Clarence Dutton named Cape Final, which sits at an elevation of 7,916 feet on the Walhalla Plateau. The hike to the point is 4 miles round-trip.

35 In 1908, President Theodore Roosevelt designated the Grand Canyon a national monument.

36 Cliff Spring, which flows intermittently on the North Rim, can be reached by a 1-mile (round-trip) trail that takes off from the road to Cape Royal.

37 "Uncle" Jim Owens, who is best known as the man who allegedly killed 300 mountain lions on the Kaibab Plateau in an effort to beef up the deer population, has another legacy. In 1906, he and some of his colleagues brought bison to the Kaibab Plateau. The herd's descendants still live in House Rock Valley.

38 A shuttle to the North Kaibab Trailhead is available daily at 5:45 a.m. and 7:10 a.m. Sign up at the front desk of the Grand Canyon Lodge. The shuttle leaves from in front of the lodge. Reservations are recommended at least 24 hours in advance.

39 Jacob Lake, which is named for Mormon pioneer Jacob Hamblin, is located about a mile from the Jacob Lake Inn on Forest Road 461.

40 State Route 67, the North Rim Parkway, was designated a National Scenic Byway in 1998. It runs for 43.4 miles from Jacob Lake to the entrance of Grand Canyon National Park. The road usually is closed from mid-November through mid-May because of heavy snowfall.

41 On June 8, 2006, a lightning strike ignited the Warm Fire, which burned nearly 60,000 acres between Jacob Lake and DeMotte Park. Remnants of the fire still are visible today.

42 Early settlers referred to the Kaibab Plateau as Buckskin Mountain because of the high number of mule deer living there.

43 On September 1, 1932, fire destroyed the original Grand Canyon Lodge. The only inhabitants — the lodge manager, his wife and the maids — were asleep on the top floor of the auditorium when the fire broke out. Everyone survived, and only two of the surrounding cabins were lost.



44 Pearl Grey, better known as author Zane Grey, explored the Kaibab Plateau in 1907. His book *The Last of the Plainsmen* was based on his experiences there.

45 Toroweap Overlook, which is located west of the North Rim, features a sheer, 3,000-foot drop to the Colorado River. It's also the starting point for the Lava Falls Trail, one of the most difficult hikes in the Grand Canyon.

46 The North Rim features one of the darkest skies in North America, which makes it an ideal place to view the Perseid meteor showers in July and August.

47 In the summer of 1913, after losing the presidential election of 1912, Theodore Roosevelt, along with his sons Quentin and Archie, spent two weeks hunting on the Kaibab Plateau.

48 In July 1996, Roosevelt Point was dedicated on the North Rim's Walhalla Plateau in honor of President Theodore Roosevelt. Surprisingly, it was the first landmark named in honor of the man who deserves much of the credit for preserving and protecting the Grand Canyon. A short (0.2 miles round-trip) trail loops through the woods to the point.

49 The Kaibab Plateau has one of the densest populations of northern goshawks in North America.

50 In 2003, National Park Service biologists at Grand Canyon National Park initiated a radiotelemetry study of mountain lions in and around the park. Much of their work is centered on the North Rim. Keep your eyes peeled.

51 The North Rim gets an average of 142 inches of snow annually.



COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE



JACK DYKINGA

52 Flower lovers will appreciate the fields of oxeye daisies (above) that grow in the grassy, aspen-lined meadows near Dog Point, which is accessed along the East Rim Drive.

53 The Kaibab Plateau Visitor Center, which is operated by the Kaibab National Forest and the Grand Canyon Association, is located at the south end of the Jacob Lake Inn parking lot. Books, maps and other items are available. For information, call 928-643-7298.

54 In 1923, Harold and Nina Bowman opened a gas station near Jacob Lake. A few years later, that operation would expand into the now-iconic Jacob Lake Inn. For reservations, call 928-643-7232 or visit www.jacoblake.com.

55 The North Rim of the Grand Canyon is approximately 1,000 feet higher than the South Rim.

56 In addition to its idyllic setting, Jacob Lake Inn is known for its homemade cookies. The chocolate chip is a great option, but for something deliciously different, try the lemon zucchini.

57 In 1926, 14,500 people visited the North Rim of the Grand Canyon.

58 Although Gunnar Widforss is considered one of the great painters of our national parks, he's received limited exposure and remains somewhat obscure. Prior to an exhibit at the Museum of Northern Arizona in 2010, there hadn't been a major Widforss exhibit since 1969.

59 Point Imperial and Cape Royal can be reached by a winding scenic drive. Exploring both points, with short walks at each and several stops at pullouts along the way, can take a half-day. From the lodge, Point Imperial is 11 miles one way; Cape Royal is 23 miles one way.

60 In 1919, the Grand Canyon was designated a national park.

61 In 1937, the Utah Parks Co. opened a second Grand Canyon Lodge using the same floor plan as the first. The new edition featured sloped roofs, which were better able to shed the heavy snows that hit the area. That structure still stands today. Interestingly, there are no lodging facilities within the lodge itself. Instead, guests sleep in the surrounding cabins. Breakfast, lunch and dinner, however, are served in the lodge. For reservations, call 877-386-4383 or visit www.grandcanyonforever.com.

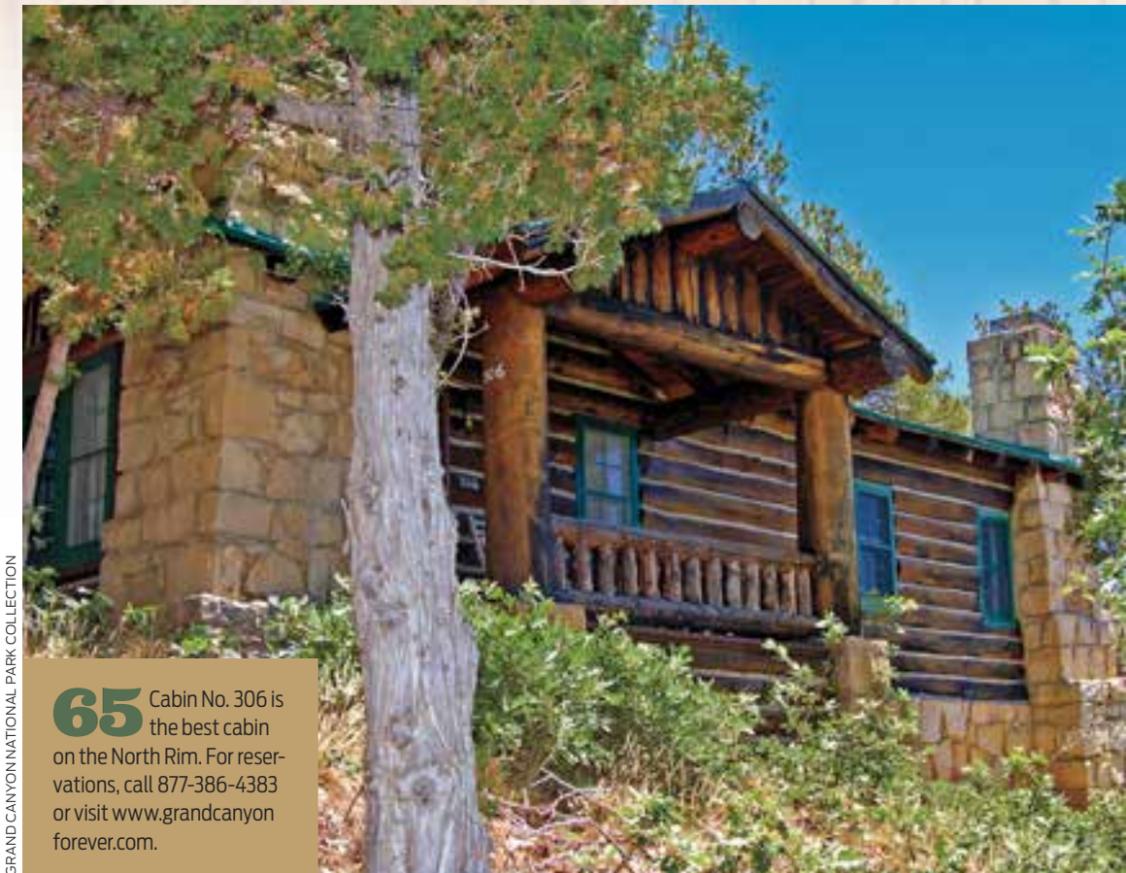
62 In 1911, Arizona historian Sharlot Hall spent two months on the North Rim recording its natural resources, talking to its residents and chronicling its history.

63 Backcountry permits are required within Grand Canyon National Park for overnight hiking, overnight horseback-riding and overnight camping at rim sites other than those in developed campgrounds. The North Rim Backcountry Information Center is open daily from mid-May to mid-October. For information, call 928-638-7875.



GARY LADD

64 In May 2000, the Outlet Fire burned more than 14,500 acres near the border of Grand Canyon National Park and the Kaibab National Forest. Remnants of the fire still are visible today.



GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK COLLECTION

65 Cabin No. 306 is the best cabin on the North Rim. For reservations, call 877-386-4383 or visit www.grandcanyonforever.com.

66 The Kaibab Lodge is located 18 miles north of the North Rim. It's open from mid-May to early November and features a nice restaurant. For reservations, call 928-638-2389 or visit www.kaibablodge.com.

67 Along with mule deer and Kaibab squirrels, Merriam's turkeys are a common sight on the North Rim. The birds, which are similar in size to turkeys in the East, are named for C. Hart Merriam, who was the first chief of what later became the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

68 The North Rim Campground, which is located within Grand Canyon National Park just a few miles from the lodge, features shady and spacious campsites. There are also RV sites, a general store and laundry facilities. For information, call 928-638-7888 or visit www.nps.gov/grca.

69 Fuel is limited on the North Rim and the Kaibab Plateau. It can be purchased at the Jacob Lake Inn, at the North Rim Country Store (6 miles north of the park) and next door to the North Rim Campground. Prices, as you'd expect, are well above average.

70 The Grand Canyon's 23rd Annual Star Party will be held on the North Rim June 8-15, 2013. Telescopes will be set up on the sun deck at the Grand Canyon Lodge.

71 Longtime *Arizona Highways* contributor and Pulitzer Prize-winning photographer Jack Dykinga describes the view from Toroweap Overlook like this: "The view in any direction is beyond belief. It is at once both exhilarating and terrifying — like standing on the wing of an airplane. No other place provides this perspective." Dykinga's work can be seen in this month's portfolio (*Rim Shots!*, page 16), and also on our back cover.

72 Point Sublime offers a 270-degree panorama of the Grand Canyon — it's one of the few places where visitors can get great views of both the North Rim and the South Rim at the same time. Getting out to the point, however, requires a rugged two-hour drive.



COURTESY KAIBAB NATIONAL FOREST

73 The original cabin for the Jacob Lake Ranger Station, which was built in 1910, still stands in its original location near Jacob Lake. It's listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

74 Forever Resorts, which is the concessionaire for the North Rim, recycles 75 percent of its trash, and all laundry is done off-site, thus helping to preserve the area's most precious resource of all: water.

75 Prior to the 20th century, both Utah and Arizona claimed ownership of the North Rim and the surrounding Kaibab Plateau. It wasn't until 1912, when Arizona was granted statehood, that the issue finally was resolved.

76 DeMotte Campground, which is located 7 miles north of the entrance to Grand Canyon National Park, sits at an elevation of 8,700 feet. It features 38 campsites, picnic tables, fire pits and grills, as well as easy access to Timp Point, Parissawampitts Point and other scenic lookouts. For information, call 928-643-7395 or visit www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab.

77 On the floor of the canyons below Cape Final lie the remains of long-dead volcanoes. Hundreds of millions of years before the Grand Canyon came to be, veins of molten rock broke through ancient bedrock and are now seen as black, skeletal dashes in the Canyon walls.

78 Bright Angel Point on the North Rim lies due north of Shoshone Point on the South Rim.

79 The most snow ever recorded on the North Rim was 272 inches in 1978.

80 A trans-Canyon shuttle runs between the North Rim and the South Rim once a day, in each direction, between May 15 and October 15, with a limited schedule between October 15 and October 31. The travel time is approximately four and a half hours, one way.

81 In 1953, Marguerite Henry wrote the book *Brightly of the Grand Canyon*. The book's protagonist is a burro who lived at the Canyon from 1892 until 1922. In the summer, he carried water from Roaring Springs to the early tourist accommodations that were located on the North Rim.

82 The Kaibab Plateau is home to two wilderness areas: the Kanab Creek Wilderness on the west end of the plateau, which ranges in elevation from 2,000 feet to 6,000 feet; and the Saddle Mountain Wilderness, which is located along the east end and ranges in elevation from 6,000 feet to 8,000 feet.

83 Angels Window, a natural arch created by erosion, can be reached by a half-mile hike from Cape Royal. Geologist Clarence Dutton named Cape Royal in 1882.

84 Mountain short-horned lizards can be found on the North Rim. The spiny reptiles are members of the iguana family and are cold tolerant, which allows them to survive at the high elevations of the Kaibab Plateau.

85 In 1979, UNESCO recognized the Grand Canyon as a World Heritage Site.

87 Uncle Jim Point, which is located at the apex of the Uncle Jim Trail, offers some of the best views on the North Rim. Embedded in the rock there are fossils that are 250 million years old.

88 The Roughrider Saloon, which is located in the Grand Canyon Lodge, is open from 11:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.

89 Park rangers offer one-hour nature walks daily at 8 a.m. The walks begin at the North Rim Visitor Center and wind through the pine and aspen forest along the rim.

86 DeMotte Park, which is a beautiful meadow located about 5 miles north of the entrance to Grand Canyon National Park, is named for Harvey C. DeMotte, a friend of John Wesley Powell's.



TOM BEAN



SHANE McDERMOTT

90 From the East Rim Viewpoint (above) on the North Rim, the 7-mile North Canyon Trail drops 3,000 feet through mixed conifers, oaks and the Saddle Mountain Wilderness to House Rock Valley.

91 A full moon will shine over the North Rim (weather permitting) on May 5, 2013.

92 The North Rim lies in what's known as the boreal zone.

93 Jacob Lake Campground is located across the highway from the Jacob Lake Inn. It features spacious sites and basic amenities. For information, call 928-643-7395 or visit www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab.

94 Today, approximately 500,000 people visit the North Rim annually. More than 4 million visit the South Rim.

95 Grand Canyon Lodge was designated a National Historic Landmark on May 28, 1987.

96 The Arizona Trail arrives on the North Rim via the North Kaibab Trail and continues across the Kaibab Plateau for nearly 80 miles. One of the most scenic segments is Passage No. 40 (Kaibab Plateau South), which heads north for 21.4 miles from the park boundary.

97 Summer temperatures on the North Rim range from the 40s to the 70s. Afternoon thunderstorms often occur during July, August and early September.

98 In the late 1800s, John W. Young, a son of Mormon leader Brigham Young, envisioned turning the Kaibab Plateau into a hunting ground by releasing African lions and other big-game mammals into the area. His plan, obviously, was never realized.

99 In an effort to reduce litter and protect the environment, water packaged in individual disposable containers is not sold in Grand Canyon National Park. Instead, conveniently located filling stations in high-traffic areas on both rims provide fresh Grand Canyon spring water to visitors at no charge.

100 To learn more about the Grand Canyon, including its history, culture, geology and archaeology, visit the Grand Canyon Association Bookstore, which is located in the North Rim Visitor Center, just a few steps from Grand Canyon Lodge.

101 For more information about the North Rim of the Grand Canyon and the recreational opportunities of the Kaibab Plateau, contact Grand Canyon National Park at 928-638-7797 or www.nps.gov/grca; or the Kaibab National Forest at 928-643-7395 or www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab. **AH**

AN EXCERPT FROM OUR MAY 1957 ISSUE

THE KAIBAB AND THE NORTH RIM

BY CHARLES FRANKLIN PARKER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEF MUENCH



A cabin — possibly an old Mormon homestead — and log fence highlight the rural isolation of life in the Kaibab National Forest in the early years of settlement.



EDITOR'S NOTE: Fifty-six years ago this month, we published the following story about the Kaibab Plateau and the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. As you'll see, it describes, in first person, the drive up north from down south; the people, places and things along the way; and the many natural wonders that exist in what is arguably the most beautiful place in our state. We've excerpted the text exactly as it appeared in 1957. That means the prose is more formal than contemporary writing, and words like "travelers" and "buses" are spelled "travellers" and "busses." They're not incorrect, but they're anachronistic. And there are a few mistakes, too. For example, Englemen spruce are actually Engelmann spruce. Keep those things in mind, and remember that some of the names and places have changed over the years, so this excerpt cannot be used as a travel guide. Instead, enjoy it for what it is: a wonderful trip back in time.

I had lived in Arizona for fifteen years before I made my first trip to the Kaibab National Forest and the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. What I had missed! How much richer the intervening years might have been had the loveliness of that region come into my experience earlier. As I write today at Kaibab Lodge I look out over a wide mountain meadow where I can see many deer coming out to graze from the edges of the surrounding forest of aspen, spruce and pine. Too, over ten species of bird life paused long enough for identification this morning. Just now the woods are full of them, and the merry notes set the tempo of the oratorio of nature's joy and gladness. What idyllic living in this Alpine retreat!

To reach this place of summer superbness in Northern Arizona you follow U.S. 89 north from the junction with U.S. 66 east of Flagstaff (or as I did to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon via Williams, thence east from El Tovar to Desert View and on to the junction south of Cameron). From the junction with 66 the road points north through a farming area of rich volcanic ash, climbing on to a high ridge of great ponderosa pine forest, passing, to the right, a distinct cone-shaped mountain, now Sunset Crater National Monument, one of the most recent active volcanos of the region.

After gaining the height of the divide, one gains a view of a wide, colorful terrain sloping to the Little Colorado River, from which, too, one glimpses the mesaland of the Hopi villages and the first view of the Painted Desert. One clearly sees the vast tableland out of which the canyons of the Colorado River have been formed. Driving down this lovely, long slope one notices a sign pointing to Wupatki National Monument, a well preserved, ancient ruin, some fifteen miles to the east.

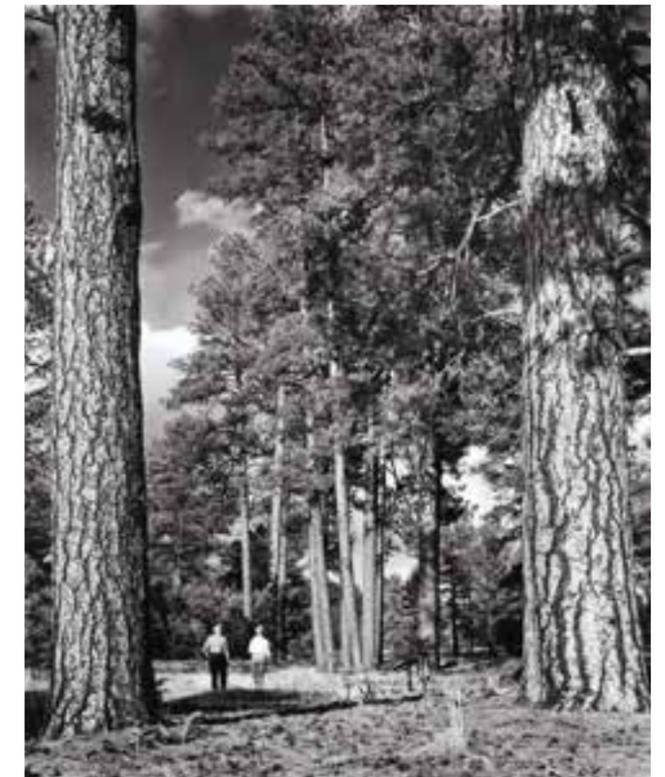
Continuing over the great plain you come to several interesting trading posts such as Gray Mountain, all of which are exciting

interludes, and since they all have modern gas stations add security to travel along this route. Just a short distance south of Cameron the road traversing the South Rim of Grand Canyon meets highway 89. Cameron is an oasis in the desert, on the bank of the Little Colorado, where the highway crosses the canyon of this stream via the world's highest regular highway suspension bridge. Crossing the bridge is itself a thrill of no small shiver.

On you go, climbing from the Little Colorado into a western portion of the Painted Desert, a magically colored wonderland of forms of ancient sand dunes, now eroded and displaying the eons of deposited sand turned to stone under the weight of later deposits, as the area has risen and fallen to rise again in the millions of years of the earth's history. Here for a distance of twenty miles you will see on the western horizon, Shadow Mountain always appearing draped in shadows at its summit, and long a landmark in this land of many terrors to early travellers.

Passing through the Painted Desert to approach the foothills spotted with junipers (wrongly called cedars by many) and soon you will see the isolated Navajo hogans and these nomadic peoples, tending the small bands of sheep grazing along the washes and arroyos. In July the life of these people, since most of their activities are out-of-doors, is easily viewed by the traveller. Along the roadside one notes small fields of Indian corn on each of the sandy bars of the washes (dry creek beds that at certain seasons carry large volume of water). You should notice that these fields are carefully designed and that the corn has been planted in large hills of several stalks each. Your knowledge of corn planting, if you are from the "corn belt," will question this method of planting. However, the Indian is wise to the ways of a dry, wind-swept land, and so his

Ponderosa pines — or "giant western yellow pines," as photographer Josef Muench called them — frame an inviting forest walk in the Kaibab National Forest.



planting method is for a distinct purpose. These hills of corn are six feet apart in each direction. Each hill is circular in form with the outer stalks surrounding a center stalk. The arrangement first is to adequately distribute the planting in arid ground, and second the hill pattern is for the purpose of giving protection from the cutting, sand-carrying wind to the center stalk, which is the only one counted upon to bear a yield.

In the midst of this fascinating land one comes upon a couple more trading posts — The Gap, with very inviting accommodations for meals and lodging, and Cedar Ridge with the Navajos gathered around the post most of the time. A short or extended pause will be rewarding.

Progressing toward Marble Canyon of the Colorado, Echo Cliffs come into view and a moment's pause by the roadside for a vocal ejaculation over the thrill thus far experienced will tell you that these cliffs are properly named. Now you approach Navajo Bridge spanning Marble Canyon, which in a real sense linked together the state of Arizona, replacing the old Lee's Ferry and the Colorado "dug-way." After crossing this high, narrow bridge you will desire to stop at the parkway and look down into this infant tributary canyon of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which you will see later from points on the North Rim. Just beyond the parkway is Marble Canyon Lodge with its inviting hospitality and reasonable rates.

Some will desire to take the short side trip of six miles to old Lee's Ferry on the very banks of the Colorado River. The stories about the old Ferry and of John D. Lee are legend, and this place was one of great importance in early Mormon and Arizona history. Passing alongside the brilliant Vermilion Cliffs one comes soon to the Cliff Dwellers, where Art Greene welcomes visitors in unique lodgings nestling near the Cliffs. Incidentally, Art is the fellow who directs boat trips up the Colorado, and time permitting, this could be a delightful side excursion included in your visit.

Continuing along the colorful cliffs one moves toward beautiful, pastorate House Rock Valley where the range is shared by a state owned buffalo herd and many head of Hereford cattle. You may be able to see some of the buffalo but at times they drift far from the area traversed by the highway.

Before reaching House Rock Valley you will cross, almost unnoticed, two little creeks. One is called Badger Creek and the other Soap Creek.

The little creeks are not very important save for a good story that relates to the incidents of their naming. It seems that many years ago this region was grazed by some very large bands of sheep. Since the range was isolated it would be long periods between times when the supply wagons would come along to replenish the needs of the herders. At this particular time two herders had been without beans and bacon for a long time, and had, of course, been eating mutton, the only commodity they had in abundance. One day, as they approached a little wash, they came upon a badger, and immediately decided that even this would be a change in diet for a day. They killed and dressed the badger and put him in a pot to boil. They boiled it all day, but at evening the badger was still too tough to eat. The next morning they moved camp, and determined to have something to eat besides mutton, they carried the badger along for another attempt at boiling. This day they made camp at

another creek where there was a water supply. They immediately filled the pot and put the badger back on the fire to boil. As the water boiled low during the day they added more from the creek. The badger had been very fat, and the water supply was loaded with gypsum. At night the herders made a terrific discovery. Upon taking the lid from the pot they found it filled with soap. The fat of the badger and the gypsum of the water had produced this phenomena. Thus one creek even today is known as Badger Creek and the other as Soap Creek, and there are men alive who affirm this story of the naming of the creeks.

From House Rock Valley you ascend through the junipers and pinons to the Kaibab Plateau. The tall western yellow (ponderosa) pines dominate the scene, with the open spaces indicating an old, virgin forest. You now want to know (everyone asks it), "What does Kaibab mean?" Kaibab is a Paiute Indian word meaning "mountain resting" or "mountain lying down." The region is well named since it is a very large plateau forty miles east to west and sixty miles north to south, and rises far above all the surrounding country to an altitude of 9,100 feet.

Here on the Kaibab Plateau is the largest virgin forest remaining in the United States (probably the world), and this forest shelters the largest herd of mule tail deer in the world, numbering thousands of head. You can now joyously anticipate the rapture that is to be yours in the Kaibab.

Soon you are at Jacob Lake where Bowman's commodious Jacob Lake Lodge, equipped to serve all the traveller's needs, invites you and where the scent from the ponderosa pines fills your nostrils with a wholesome head-clearing aroma, and you breathe in deep and full. Here Highway 67 beckons you southward into the very heart of Kaibab National Forest and to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon.

While there are no large lakes in the area, the entire region is underlain with limestone, and thus there are many lime sinks, that in turn form the basins for many small natural bodies of water. These are often nestled among the trees or on the meadows in such a way as to make settings of great beauty as the wild animals come to them "as harts panting after the water brooks."

Leaving Jacob Lake on Highway 67 you continue to drive along aisles cut among the ponderosa pine, and as you gain altitude you will

come to stands of aspen (the nurture cover for the evergreens), the blue and Engelman spruce. Soon the panorama of tall white aspens flanked by the more towering spruce weaves for you a pattern of spectacular fantasy. Driving here one night after a heavy rain and with some lingering fog, the head lights of the car gave to these spruce a phosphorescence that made the land a Christmas fairyland with deer darting in and out the shadows. Then there breaks through, as you approach a hillcrest, an enthralling vista of a mountain meadow of lush grass, the green carpetry against which appear patterned splotches of various colored flowers — the red paintbrush, purple asters, white and pink mountain daisies, the yellow flowers of a rubber plant, and the blue pentstemon and lupin. I found twenty varieties in a ten minute walk one July afternoon. All of this view leading away to a jutting meadow enclosure of the intermingled white, green and silver-blue of the aspens

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Three riders stop to rest among the aspens in Billy Sink, a low-lying basin of the Kaibab Plateau near Jacob Lake.

and the spruce.

As you drive the length of these Alpine parks you will gain added pleasure of seeing graceful deer pause in the daily activities of life in this mountain Eden, to give you an honest, inquisitive glance; or startled leave the scene with stiff-legged bounding grace that so elegantly characterizes its nature. Lovely in its natural setting, but forlorn in a zoo is the deer of the forest mountains.

On the old V. T. Meadow, about twenty-five miles south of Jacob Lake, is a cluster of buildings to the right, nestling at the edge of the forest. As you approach this place you may find that meal time has come, we did, and the urge to eat and the inviting quiet beauty of Kaibab Lodge will lure you to stop and bide awhile. Birds will greet you with a song. A playful chipmunk will entice your interest. The deer may be seen from the dining room windows as you eat a delightful repast in these pleasant surroundings. You will want to linger here in this place of natural recuperative quiet, and when you leave it will be with a promise to yourself to return, after you go on to see the greatest natural panoramic wonder of the world — the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Five miles from Kaibab Lodge is the North Rim checking station for the Grand Canyon National Park. There you will be courteously received by a Park Ranger. For another twelve miles you will pass through old Robbers Roost Canyon, over Lindberg Hill, and through Thompson Canyon until you near the North Rim. Here the Utah Parks Company maintains very excellent accommodations for travellers. Grand Canyon Lodge on Bright Angel Point, with the big sun room that is projected out to the very edge of the Canyon Rim, will give you your first glimpse of the vast array of colorful

mountains submerged within the gorge of this vast river canyon. You will pause with a thrill, whether or not you have seen the Canyon before, and you will soon go out on the adjacent porches to gain other perspectives of this spectacle of awe and inspiration. It is best not to attempt a description of Grand Canyon, because it eludes words. You are engulfed with a feeling no words can relate.

Your stay at the North Rim will be enhanced if you will go on the guided nature trip in the morning, where the ranger-naturalist will give you information of vital concern, if you are to understand the "hows and whys" of the area. Too, you should drive to Imperial Point and Cape Royal, twenty-three miles from Grand Canyon Lodge over a very good paved road and through the ever beautiful forests, where you gain another fine vantage point from which to view the Canyon of wonders and changing hues. Here a naturalist gives an excellent talk on the geology of the Grand Canyon. You will profit by a trip to the Museum where you will be acquainted with the fauna and flora of the Park. Each evening the naturalist gives an interpretive talk, following the showing of motion pictures of the area by the Utah Parks Company, and afterwards the Collegiate Show is presented by the Lodge employees, college students employed there for the summer season to do almost all of the work at the Lodge. Of course, we are reminded that the North Rim is accessible only during the period from May 15th to November 15th each year, while the South Rim is open to visitors the entire year. This summer season arrangement lends itself to the employment of college students, who give fine service to all at Grand Canyon Lodge as well as furnish excellent entertainment each evening.

The Park abounds in wild life. Only here is found the white-



A solitary two-lane road snakes through the dense trees of the Kaibab National Forest. The area remains relatively isolated today.

NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY CLINE LIBRARY

tailed Kaibab squirrel. If you are one who will venture from paved roads, Point Sublime offers you another gorgeous panorama of the Canyon at a more westerly observation point. This road, some sixteen miles long, leads from a point near the checking station through the vast forest of ponderosa pine, aspen and spruce. The road is narrow and winding purposely. It is to make available a road in the Park maintained at as near a primitive state as possible and yet afford safe travel. The deer and other forms of wild life here are abundant. Here I saw the finest specimens of great antlered buck, who since the area is protected, are not easily frightened. Along the way we found seven older bucks with antlered heads grazing in one small meadow.

This is a good place to point out that all driving in the entire area must be done with caution. The deer may cross your path at almost any place. To collide with one is not only wantonly destructive of wild life, but can be exceedingly costly in delay and repairs. Such an affair invariably brings considerable damage to the car. Drive carefully in Grand Canyon National Park and Kaibab National Forest — the signs you see are reasonable and obeying them will make your trip more enjoyable.

Your stay at Grand Canyon can be prolonged with pleasure as long as your time will permit, but the time will come when you must depart. Then, as the collegians sing to the Dudes (those who travel via Union Pacific busses) when they depart, and as you will long recall, “memories will linger always.”

In our own case we established headquarters at Kaibab Lodge and spent ten days in the area. In this way we became alive not alone to Grand Canyon but to the whole vast region. At night, sitting in front of the mammoth fireplace piled high with burning

logs (it is always cool enough for a fire at night), we learned some of the interesting facts from Carl Cox, who as a ranger and operator has been here thirty years. During the days we could drive to remote places, become familiar with the bird life, look for flowers in the meadow, and watch the doe bring the fawn out from the woods to play as the sun rays pushed out long finger-like shadows to blanket the meadow.

Near Kaibab Lodge is a forest road leading to Big Springs and an old log cabin where Theodore Roosevelt lived while hunting with Jimmy Owens, during his years as President of the United States when he came to the Kaibab. This cabin reminds us of the fine hunting in the Kaibab and of Uncle Jimmy Owens. This is a mecca for hunters out after the deer. Here there are few disappointments for the hunter, because the deer are numerous and the terrain not impossible for man. Though the Kaibab is a natural habitat for them deer have not always been numerous here. This fact brings us again to Uncle Jimmy Owens, trapper, hunter, and friend of Theodore Roosevelt, who in turn was a dynamic friend of the western conservationists and wild life enthusiasts.

When the cattlemen of House Rock Valley first began using the Kaibab as a summer range it was discovered that the loss of calves to the cougar was considerable. These same cougar in the days before the cattlemen had been attracted to the area and had, by their killing activities, kept the deer herds comparatively small in the area. Now, at the behest of the cattlemen, the United States government hired Jimmy Owens to hunt and trap the cougar. In a few short years he had been so successful as to almost eliminate the cougar from the Kaibab, much to the satisfaction of the cattlemen. But now developed an unforeseen event. The killing of the cougar

took away the enemy of the deer and they increased in numbers so fast that soon it became necessary to reduce the number of cattle permitted on the Forest due to the limitation of vegetation. The cougars were gone. The deer increased. The whole affair threw the natural balance of economy off, and thus the abundance of deer in the Kaibab. At the present time the cougar are on the increase, though rare is the visitor who sees one. Bears are unheard of here, due to the desert region surrounding the Plateau which makes travel to reach it too difficult for them.

The deer became so numerous in the Kaibab and at the same time so scarce on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon National Park, that it was decided it would be a good thing to deplete these numbers by moving some of them to the South Rim. The United States government offered \$5.00 per head for deer thus re-located. One cowman conceived the idea, that could have made him a millionaire, since there was need to move 75,000 deer, if only the deer had co-operated. His idea was to gather cowboys and Indians on the North Rim area and to stage a deer drive. The deer would be driven to the trail at the North Rim, drive them down into the Canyon, swim them across the Colorado River there, then herd them up the Canyon on to the South Rim. For more than two weeks the crowd gathered to join in the drive. The day to begin came. Men were placed within view of each other, some had guns, others pans or most anything with which to make a noise to scare the deer. Hundreds of men participated, but when the drivers came to the Rim there was not a single deer to herd into the Canyon. About the only lesson learned seems to have been that deer cannot be driven where they do not want to go. Thus the deer are still in the Kaibab, to intrigue the hunter each fall when the open season permits hunting in the Kaibab.

In the midst of the Kaibab, at the V. T. Meadow, the Forest Service has set aside some lots for the use of those desiring to build private summer cabins.

Near these cabins is a trail leading into a remote, unconquered part of the Kaibab. The trail leads to Thunder River. This trail can be manipulated only on foot or with pack train. The trip requires two days down and two days back. Only the hardest should attempt it, and only then with a good guide and complete equipment. Once there, on the banks of Thunder River, you will make your catch of fine trout in a matter of minutes. This haven of the wily trout is probably one of the few streams in all of Arizona that is not over fished. For the out-of-doors man of hardy endurance Thunder River will be a feat and a thrill.

Into this land of enchantment came Zane Grey. From its bosom came two of his renowned stories, “Man of the Forest” and “Robbers Roost.” Robbers Roost Canyon is so named, according to stories still prevalent here, because in a bygone time there was a group of robbers who used the canyon as a hideout. It is told, that during the months of the open season they would gather in sufficient supplies to carry them through the winter fastness, that after all these stores were taken to the cabins in the forest canyon, that they

would fare forth into southern Utah and there in a few days go on a rampage of looting and bank robberies. Soon they would be lost and would “hole up” for the winter in this canyon. By spring the trails of the robbers would be dim, and the passing time would have removed some of the ardor of the posses, and they could drift back into the life of the region. This was done, or so it is said, year after year with apparent success. The now fallen cabins lie in decay, but among the growing aspen is the mute testimony of a chapter in northern Arizona history now forgotten.

Coming back to the moment, I look out to see giant thunderheads rolling in above the forest, indicative of the July-August rains. The pictorialists would warm to the opportunity today with these clouds adding to the beauty of the green and white studded landscape. Just under my window the birds are rioting around a bird bath of natural God-hewn stone. Yesterday I noted the Western Tanager, Western Evening Grosbeak, Mountain Blue Bird, Clark Nutcracker, Hermit Thrush, Purple Finch, Pine Siskin, Audubon Warbler, Steller's Jay, Western Robin, and Crossbill, as well as the hawks “that circle down the breeze,” and the large raven on the meadow. Here, also, are Swifts, later in the season Juncos, Yellow

headed Blackbirds, sparrows — including the beautiful Gambel Sparrow — and the winter Chickadees. Adding another note to the cheerfulness of this place are the tree squirrels that chatter at you from the limbs of the spruce, the smaller ground squirrels that play around the corners, and the saucy little chipmunks that tease you with their coy friendliness. Adding a lament to the night enfolding the day is the call of the coyote from a distant hill.

With the coming of the rains the meadows will change in color weekly, from blue to purple to yellow, as the various summer flowers come to full bloom. In September the aspen add their glorious golden glow to the landscape. Thus from May until the coming of the snows in November this paradise of color and wild-life calls to the lover of nature to come and bide awhile.

I can readily understand and sense the poignancy of the incident told me by Carl Cox, as we sat and watched the birds and looked out upon the peaceful meadow. Some years ago he had a letter from a woman living in California requesting him to advise by wire at the time the aspen would be at the very height of their glorious fall display. As that time came he sent

her word. Soon she arrived by car. She told this story. She had earlier visited the area with her family at a time when she was blind. She had heard the description of the idyllic setting, and their futile attempts to picture the beauty and glory of the fall in the Kaibab. She recently had regained her sight. The one thing she wanted to see most and to behold with her own eyes was this scene. She came and was thrilled as she had anticipated. As she was leaving she said this, “I am certain to lose my sight again, but I have seen the aspen of Arizona in glorious fall array. I am going now to see some other places before it is too late, but having seen this I can carry it with me to lighten my way when the darkness again overtakes me.” **AH**

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IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREAM

The Salt River is a source of water for metropolitan Phoenix, and it's a source of recreation on the Tonto National Forest. It's also a watering hole for a band of about 100 horses that live in limbo. They don't belong to anyone, and, unlike other wild horses in our country, they're not protected by the Wild Free-Roaming Horses and Burros Act of 1971. Their future is uncertain, but they're not without advocates.

**BY TERRY GREENE STERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE D. TAUBERT**

Photographer Bruce Taubert spotted this young horse from a bridge over the Salt River. "The horses are pretty much restricted to a small corridor" by fences and dams, Taubert says. "This animal was just out there grazing among those river rocks. After he finished taking a drink, he swam across to the other side."



A white stallion stands knee deep in the shallows of the Salt River, plunging his muzzle into the algae-scented water. In a few seconds, he pulls out a mouthful of dripping river grass. The stallion chews contentedly. Not 12 feet away, two kayaks bob in the ripples.

In the first kayak, a slender woman dressed in a cowboy hat, a striped T-shirt, a short floral skirt and boat shoes paddles by. She's got the looks of a runway model (which, she says, she once was) with long, straight blond hair, blue-gray eyes, and an exquisitely proportioned face. Her name is Simone Netherlands. She's 41 years old, a horse trainer, and an impassioned advocate for the Salt River horses.

Born in Amsterdam, she eventually settled in the United States and began importing and training horses. She became a horse advocate seven years ago, when she looked for a horse at an auction, couldn't find it and was told by a buyer that the horse was probably on its way to a slaughterhouse. Now she campaigns against irresponsible "puppy mill" horse breeders who produce too many horses, against federal officials who round up wild horses from public lands, against horse slaughter, and for the safety and protection of all horses, including the Salt River horses, which she and other horse advocates fear may be rounded up and sent into uncertain futures.

This explains why, for months, she's driven her black Chevy Silverado pickup from her Yavapai County home to the banks of the Salt River near Mesa, where she unloads her kayak, hops in and paddles along the river to check on the well-being of about 100 horses divided into several bands.

The horses on the Salt River are accustomed to admiring, camera-clicking tourists floating past them, so they're easy to observe when they stand in the river to cool off on warm afternoons. "This is an ideal life for a horse," Netherlands says. She's making a documentary about the horses, and she knows them well. She notices the white stallion — she calls him White Lightning — is blind in one eye. Today he's got a companion — a sorrel mare belonging to an established band dominated by a more powerful, older stallion she calls Floyd. White Lightning has trailed Floyd and his herd for months, Netherlands tells me, perhaps hoping to lure away a mare and start his own band.

I'm perched in a two-seat inflatable kayak. Scribbling notes, I'm happy that Sebastian Pisa, a 39-year-old commercial airline pilot from Argentina who loves to photograph the Salt River horses, has

Are the Salt River horses an expensive nuisance to be disposed of? Or are they a moneymaking tourism draw that could help public land managers? Are they feral pests? Or are they a living link to the Wild West, a heritage to treasure and pass on to future generations?

ABOVE: "During the cooler months, especially when it rains, the horses leave the confines of the river to feed on vegetation," Taubert says. "This one just happened to turn and look over its shoulder at me."

RIGHT: Two stallions fight for dominance. "Horses have this hierarchical herd mentality," Taubert says. "The one on the right is the dominant animal. After they had this little tiff, they went about their feeding, but every time these two got close to each other, the dominant one would give a little look and a whinny and scare the other one off."





1971 report the horses “were always there.” Espinoza was born about the same time the federal law was signed, and she remembers, as a small child, delighting in seeing established bands of horses along the riverbank.

Officials from the two Native American communities, the forest and state agencies are meeting to figure out what to do with the horses. Some insist the horses are feral, not wild, and consider them a nuisance. The animals, Hanna points out, defecate along the riverbank, blaze trails in the desert, occasionally wander on public roads and compete with cattle and wildlife for limited food in a drought-devastated landscape.

Hanna is in a difficult spot because he must take into consideration the concerns of all the stakeholders in his district bordering the Salt River, including ranchers and birders and bureaucrats — who view the horses as removable pests — and tubers and kayakers and hikers and photographers and campers who treasure them.

The 1971 federal law, in the meantime, has been watered down in ways that harm the wild horses it was intended to protect, the investigative-journalism website ProPublica reported in the fall of 2012. Wild mustangs thought to be protected under the 1971 law are competing with cattle for limited water and grass on public lands, and tens of thousands have been rounded up by federal officials at great expense and penned and adopted out or sold under suspicious circumstances, ProPublica reported.

“For the humans involved, it’s a sweetheart deal: fewer wild horses drinking less water!” Andrew Cohen wrote in a 2012 article in *The Atlantic*.

OPPOSITE PAGE: When the sun is at its hottest, the horses stay near the cool water of the river, but Taubert says this group wandered about a half-mile from the water to graze on an ironwood. “They seem to feed mostly on the trees,” he adds.

BELOW: A mare and her foal feed on desert vegetation. Taubert saw the foal nursing before he made this photo, “so I knew they were related.”



volunteered to paddle me down the river. Just hours ago, Pisa had met another kayaking Argentine who had come to photograph the horses. The two men grew up in the same Buenos Aires neighborhood. They’d never met before, but their admiration of the Salt River horses put them at the same place — a boat launch on the river just a few miles north of Mesa, in the Tonto National Forest — at exactly the same time.

The Salt River is a water source for the Phoenix metro area. It’s also the national forest’s biggest tourist draw. The Salt River horses play a key role in river tourism — thanks to word of mouth, Facebook and YouTube, tens of thousands of people all over the world are Salt River horse fans. Many visit the river to see them.

Pisa happened upon the horses by chance. Like so many kayakers, tubers, fishermen, campers and hikers who are mesmerized by the horses, he’s returned to the river again and again to observe the animals and take photographs. On one trip, he met Netherlands’ son, who explained his mother’s efforts to protect the horses. After that, Pisa began kayaking with Netherlands herself, absorbing her knowledge of the bands.

“They should put horses on postage stamps,” Netherlands tells Pisa as he pilots our kayak.

We hear a whinny.

It’s Floyd, the older stallion from the established band, ordering the sorrel mare to return. He’s offshore, camouflaged by lush cottonwoods. The mare ambles back in his direction. Abandoned, White Lightning paws the river, spraying silver water in the air. Pisa takes his picture.

The river carries us past two mallards resting in a shaded backwater, past a granite boulder blanketed with blue graffiti, past a pebbled sandbar thick with reeds.

The white stallion vanishes from our sight.

Today, the Salt River horses roam freely between the Tonto National Forest, the Fort McDowell Yavapai Nation and the Salt River Pima-Maricopa Indian Community. But neither the Indian communities, which are sovereign nations, nor the U.S. Forest Service claim the horses.

They are nobody’s horses, and they’re vulnerable.

Their plight forces us to ask serious questions about ourselves, and about the management of public lands in the American West. Are the Salt River horses an expensive nuisance to be disposed of? Or are they a moneymaking tourism draw that could help public land managers? Are they feral pests? Or are they a living link to the Wild West, a heritage to treasure and pass on to future generations?

As a nation, we first tackled this question, more broadly, in 1971, when Congress passed the Wild Free-Roaming Horses and Burros Act to protect “all unbranded and unclaimed burros on public lands in the United States.” At the time, hundreds of thousands of America’s beloved wild mustangs — descendants of animals ridden by Spanish conquistadors and padres, by Indian warriors and cavalry soldiers, by miners and outlaws and cowboys — were rounded up on public lands and slaughtered for profit and pet food.

The 1971 federal law declared that wild horses and burros on public lands were worthy of protection because they were “living symbols of the historic and pioneer spirit of the West” that “enriched the lives of the American people.”

That same year, 1971, the Tonto National Forest conducted a survey and claimed there were no free-roaming wild horses on the forest, says Gary Hanna, the district ranger for the Mesa District of the forest. Today, the current Salt River horses are not protected because their ancestors were not tallied in the 1971 survey.

Selena Espinoza, a member of the Salt River Pima-Maricopa Indian Community, says community elders who were around in

For America’s wild horses, Cohen writes, “it’s a looming catastrophe.”

The ProPublica series has sparked an ongoing federal investigation of wild-horse management on public lands. But as the investigation continues, the problem balloons. Federal officials have rounded up so many wild horses that more of these animals exist today in pens and corrals than roam free on public lands. And because penned animals are far more expensive to care for than free-roaming animals, there’s been a budget crunch and a push to reduce the population of penned wild mustangs. According to a loophole in the 1971 law, wild horses that have been offered for adoption three times and, for various reasons, have not been adopted can be sold by federal officials for \$10. Horse advocates fear that despite assurances by buyers to the contrary, many of America’s “protected” wild mustangs have been slaughtered.

In 1995, the Salt River Pima-Maricopa Indian Community passed its own ordinance to protect its wild horses from “capture, harassment, starvation or death” and maintain them as an integral part of the natural system on community lands. The law provides for humane thinning of the wild herds (euthanasia of the sick animals, adoption to carefully selected homes and birth control of mares) if overpopulation is a problem. The wild horse numbers have been reduced from about 400 to 180, according to the community newspaper. Unlike the Salt River horses, this group of protected horses doesn’t crisscross borders.

The Salt River Pima-Maricopa Indian Community doesn’t protect the itinerant Salt River horses that are the focus of this story unless these horses wander onto community lands. The moment the Salt River horses leave community lands, they are no longer protected.

As my kayak tour with Netherlands and Pisa draws to a close just above Granite Reef Dam, the water is shallow and still. Cicadas sing as we paddle toward the shore. I ask Netherlands why she cares so much about the horses, and she says: “They enrich our lives.”

I think back to a moment on the river, when we saw a man loaded with camera equipment standing on a bluff.

“Any good pictures?” I called up to him.

He seemed jubilant.

“Eagles and horses,” he called back.

Netherlands and Pisa say goodbye, and Netherlands stows her kayak in her truck. She munches pensively on some dried Trader Joe’s coconut, then walks toward the river. She picks her way through a thorny mesquite thicket, a metaphor, I think, for the path Netherlands has chosen as an activist. Her activism is tinged with her sense of urgency. In the early 1900s, she says, Arizona was home to some 20,000 wild horses, but now their numbers have dwindled to about 500. She has rescued a few wild horses, gentled them and adopted them out. She says she doesn’t seek donations for her advocacy group, Respect 4 Horses, and funds her activism with her rental income from real-estate properties.

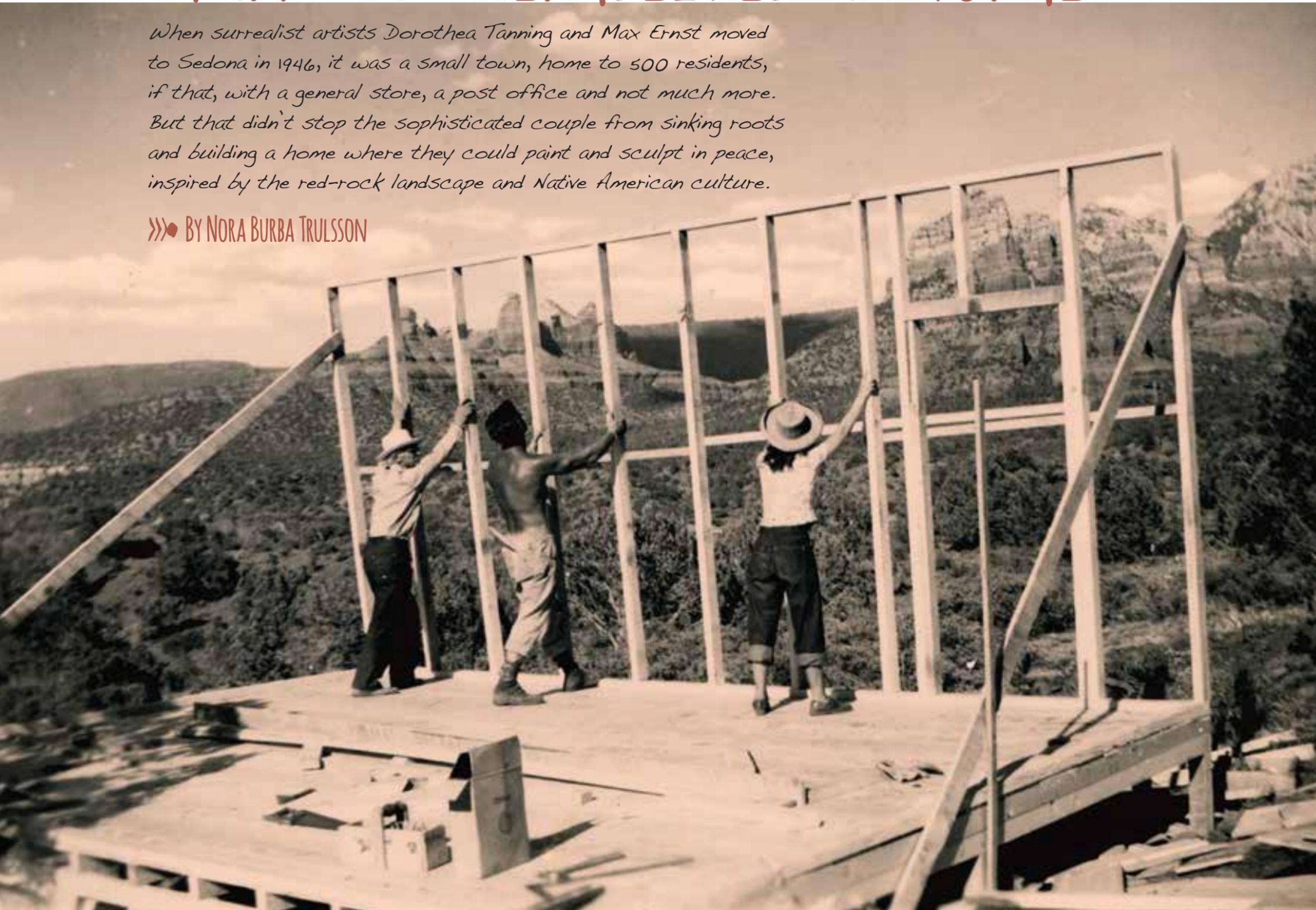
We stand on the sandy riverbank, and Netherlands spots another band of horses wading on the opposite side of the river. In the gold patina of late afternoon sunlight, the Salt River horses snort with contentment.

We hear the sound of hooves on river rock. **AH**

MAKING THEMSELVES* AT HOME

When surrealist artists Dorothea Tanning and Max Ernst moved to Sedona in 1946, it was a small town, home to 500 residents, if that, with a general store, a post office and not much more. But that didn't stop the sophisticated couple from sinking roots and building a home where they could paint and sculpt in peace, inspired by the red-rock landscape and Native American culture.

»»» BY NORA BURBA TRULSSON



THE HOUSE IS still there, down the twists and turns of a narrow road, within walking distance of uptown Sedona. You can't see much of it from the street. Junipers and brush hide the house, and it looks much different now than it did when it was built in 1946. It's been sold numerous times, expanded, modernized. The studio's long gone.

The house, though, is a special site, a vortex of history and art, built by surrealist artists Dorothea Tanning and Max Ernst as a retreat where they could paint and sculpt in peace, inspired by the red-rock landscape and Native American culture.

The couple's path to Sedona, a place they first visited in the summer of 1943, has as many twists and turns as does the road to their home. Their trajectory zigzags between the Midwest and war-torn Europe, then ricochets from New York to Los Angeles. Their sojourn to Sedona also is the story of two very strong individuals who were meant to be together.

Born in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1910 as the middle of three sisters, Tanning had, by all accounts, a solidly middle-class, Midwestern upbringing. At a young age, she aspired to be an artist, and she once rented a cabin by a lake so she could be alone with her art — a decision that no doubt raised eyebrows in the 1920s, especially in a town dotted with churches. Her family went along with her headstrong proclivities. "The family believed that art and culture were important," says Tanning's niece, Mimi Johnson, a New York-based performing-arts administrator. "They were supportive. Her father, who was a postal worker, sent her money when he could."

After a stint at Knox College, Tanning headed to Chicago, where she spent hours at the Art Institute. "She was a sponge," Johnson says. "Dorothea absorbed everything, observed everything and spat it back in her work." By 1936, Tanning was in New York, working as a commercial artist and pursuing fine art, when she saw an exhibit of dadaism and surrealism at the Museum of Modern Art. The show changed her life. "Here in the museum, is the real explosion, rocking me on my run-over heels," she wrote in her autobiography, *Between Lives*. "Here is the infinitely faceted world I must have been waiting for."

In 1939, on the eve of World War II, Tanning traveled to Paris to meet some of the surrealists, taking letters of introduction to artists Yves Tanguy, Pablo Picasso and Ernst. Because of the annual summer exodus and wartime anxiety, Paris was empty. Tanning returned to New York without meeting the artists, but her luck changed when she signed with the Julien Levy Gallery, a cutting-edge firm known

Sedona is a long way from Germany or Chicago, but that didn't stop Dorothea Tanning and Max Ernst from settling down there — in a house they built themselves — after World War II.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE DOROTHEA TANNING COLLECTION & ARCHIVE

for representing avant-garde artists.

While Tanning was exploring her earliest artistic expressions, Ernst already was a star — first in the dada art movement, then in surrealism. He was born in Brühl, Germany, in 1891 to a devoutly middle-class Catholic family. Inspired by his father, an amateur artist, Ernst took up painting at a young age, then studied art history and psychology at the University of Bonn. He served in World War I, married and had a son, Jimmy Ernst, who emigrated to the United States as a young man and also became an artist.

Always a bit of a rebel, Ernst left for Paris in the early 1920s and became immersed in the bohemian lifestyle of artists, writers, poets and filmmakers, working and socializing with a circle that included Joan Miró, André Breton, Paul Éluard, Alberto Giacometti, Luis Buñuel and others. His work was exhibited widely.

With piercing blue eyes, Ernst was charming, handsome and mesmerizing, which didn't make for great husband material. He had numerous affairs, many with boldface names of that generation: singer/actress Lotte Lenya, Gala Éluard (who later married Salvador Dalí) and artist Leonora Carrington. "My grandfather loved beautiful women," says Amy Ernst, Jimmy Ernst's daughter, also an artist in New York. "He put women on pedestals." It was yet another lover, arts patron and heiress Peggy Guggenheim, who helped Ernst come to New York in 1941. They married a year later.

New York during the early 1940s was a hotbed of exiled European artists and intellectuals, many of whom orbited the Julien Levy Gallery, where Tanning showed. Guggenheim, with a major collection of modern art, also was part of the scene, but on a whim, she decided to search for a locale besides New York to house her collection.

With Ernst and his son, Jimmy, in tow, she headed for San Francisco and Los Angeles. Driving back, they crossed Arizona, where Ernst bought every kachina at a Grand Canyon trading post. In his autobiography, *A Not-So-Still Life*, Jimmy Ernst wrote: "On a late afternoon, we got out of the car to watch a gigantic rattlesnake crossing U.S. 66 just outside of Flagstaff, Arizona. As Max looked up at nearby San Francisco Peak [sic], he blanched visibly, his face muscles tightened. The mountain's green tree line abruptly gave way to a band of bright-red rock beneath a peak cap of sun-created pure magenta. He was staring at the very same fantastic landscape that he had repeatedly painted in Ardèche, France, not very long ago, without knowing of its actual existence. That one look was to change the future of his life in America."

The trio returned to New York, where Guggenheim decided to curate an exhibit of work by women artists, enlisting Ernst to help find the artists. In 1942, he went to see Tanning's work at her studio for inclusion in the show. They played chess. He came back to Tanning's with a suitcase. Guggenheim was not amused.

Tanning and Ernst took a trip to Sedona in 1943, inspired by Ernst's previous visit to Arizona. "They each rented cabins in Oak Creek Canyon," Johnson says, "because they were not married at the time." In fact, both still were married — Ernst to Guggenheim and Tanning to her first husband. Guggenheim, to partially assuage her humiliation at her impending divorce, penned a scathing memoir with thinly veiled references to Ernst and Tanning that was widely read in New York art circles. Between the memoir, a bout of encephalitis that Tanning suffered and a desire to live in the West, Ernst and Tanning moved to Sedona for a fresh start in 1946, subletting her New York apartment to Marcel Duchamp. As

soon as their divorces were finalized, the couple got married in Beverly Hills in a double ceremony with photographer Man Ray and dancer Juliet Browner, longtime friends.

At the time, Sedona was a small town, home to 500 residents, if that, with a general store, a post office and not much more. Shopping or going to the movies meant trekking to Flagstaff or Cottonwood. Sedona's appeal as a tourist destination was yet to come, and Ernst and Tanning, along with artists Robert and Mary Kittredge, essentially made up the town's nascent art colony.

Using Tanning's savings, the couple bought land from Charlie Brewer and began building a modest cabin, naming the property Capricorn Hill. There was no water or electricity at the time. They chased off Brewer's cattle and dealt with rattlers, scorpions and oppressive heat. "I've always thought of my aunt as so sophisticated and glamorous," Johnson says. "It's hard to imagine the woman I knew basically camping there in Sedona, but all they needed was love."

Eventually, electricity and water came to the house, which they expanded. Ernst had a small studio in the back; Tanning painted in the main house, listening to Igor Stravinsky on their phonograph. Their work took inspiration and hues from the desert landscape, as well as from Native American imagery. The house was adorned inside and out with bas-relief sculpture, paintings and collections of indigenous art. Tanning did one of her most famous paintings there, *Self-Portrait*, an image of a small figure in a vast desert, while Ernst also created his most iconic sculpture, *Capricorn*, in Sedona.

When they weren't immersed in artwork, they explored, boating the Colorado River or traveling to the Hopi mesas. They were also visited by friends from the art world, passing through on their way to New York or Los Angeles. Visitors included artists Tanguy and Duchamp, choreographer George Balanchine, and photographers Lee Miller and Henri Cartier-Bresson. The poet Dylan Thomas became enamored with the Bridgeport Tavern in Cottonwood when he visited Ernst and Tanning. The couple also participated in Hans Richter's avant-garde film *8 x 8*, which was partly filmed in Arizona.

Ernst and Tanning mingled in the local scene, mentoring sculptor Nassan Gobran, who came to teach at the Verde Valley School and later founded the Sedona Arts Center. Ernst and Robert Kittredge — perhaps on a lark — entered artwork in the 1951 Arizona State Fair. Each took home a ribbon.

"They liked their anonymity in Sedona," says Amy Ernst of her grandfather and Tanning. "They stayed there because they were fascinated by primitive cultures and by the landscape. For them, the Southwest was a mystical place."

During the years they lived in Sedona, they made numerous trips to New York with a trusty Ford and a trailer filled with art. They also spent time in France, a place where both felt their art was most appreciated. In 1957, they decided to move to France permanently. It was there that their artwork received even more international recognition.

They sold the Sedona house to Jimmy Ernst, who lived there with his family in the early 1960s. "My father worked in the studio out back," Amy Ernst says. "At one point, the federal government told him that the studio's broom closet was on government land and they wanted him to move the studio. Dad refused and simply chopped off the broom closet."

Tanning gave a piece of the land to her sister, Mary Louise John-



"We had a wonderful life there," Ernst, with Tanning at Capricorn Hill, said of the couple's time in Sedona. PHOTO COURTESY OF THE DOROTHEA TANNING COLLECTION & ARCHIVE

son, Mimi Johnson's mother, who built a house there. Ernst and Tanning visited together at least once, in 1973. After Ernst's death in 1976 in France, Tanning moved back to New York to pursue her art, which began to include sculpture and, later, poetry and writing. She visited her sister several times in Sedona, usually accompanied by Mimi Johnson. "I think the last time she visited was 1998 or 1999," Johnson says. "She used to say that the rocks were in the wrong places because there was no Interstate 17 or Highway 179 when they lived there. They used to come in through Jerome or Flagstaff." Tanning died in New York last year, at the age of 101.

Ernst summarized their years in Sedona in Peter Schamoni's 1991 documentary film *Max Ernst*. "We had a wonderful life there," Ernst says. "It was absolutely marvelous. Words fail me when I try to describe it. The climate was wonderful. The people we met there were so different from the sophisticated New Yorkers. They were simply terrific cowboys or artists."

The Phoenix Art Museum has several pieces by Max Ernst in its collection. *Sedona Relief*, a 1948 bronze, currently is on display. For more information on Dorothea Tanning, visit www.dorotheatanning.org. For more information on Max Ernst, visit www.maxernstmuseum.lvr.de. [AH](#)

MAIL DOMINANT

Thomas Ratz is an aficionado of Grand Canyon history, and his favorite pastime is collecting correspondence written by park visitors. Letters, postcards, scribbled notes ... it's an impressive collection that offers an intimate glimpse of what people had to say about the park in the first half of the 20th century.

BY ANNETTE McGIVNEY // PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL MARKOW



LONG BEFORE Instagram, Facebook and Twitter, visitors to Grand Canyon National Park shared their experiences with people back home the only way possible — through handwritten messages. They sent postcards purchased at hotel gift shops or letters penned on hotel stationery. This aspect of Grand Canyon history could have been all but forgotten, gone the way of cursive, if not for Thomas Ratz.

A longtime resident of the South Rim, Ratz has worked as a server at El Tovar for 33 years, and he's obsessed with collecting correspondence. As a result, he's assembled an extensive archive of postcards and letters that provides a unique and intimate glimpse of what people in the first half of the 20th century had to say about their time in the park.

Ratz purchased his first vintage Grand Canyon postcard at an antiques store in 1983, and he says he's been "drawn to collecting" ever since. That's an understatement. His Grand Canyon postcard collection — perhaps the largest of its kind — numbers more than 1,600 cards, all sorted and meticulously filed in archive boxes. He's amassed the largest known collection of letters sent from the Grand Canyon, which are preserved in acetate sheets and sorted in binders. He also collects El Tovar menus, photos and brochures, as well as the hotel's signature china.

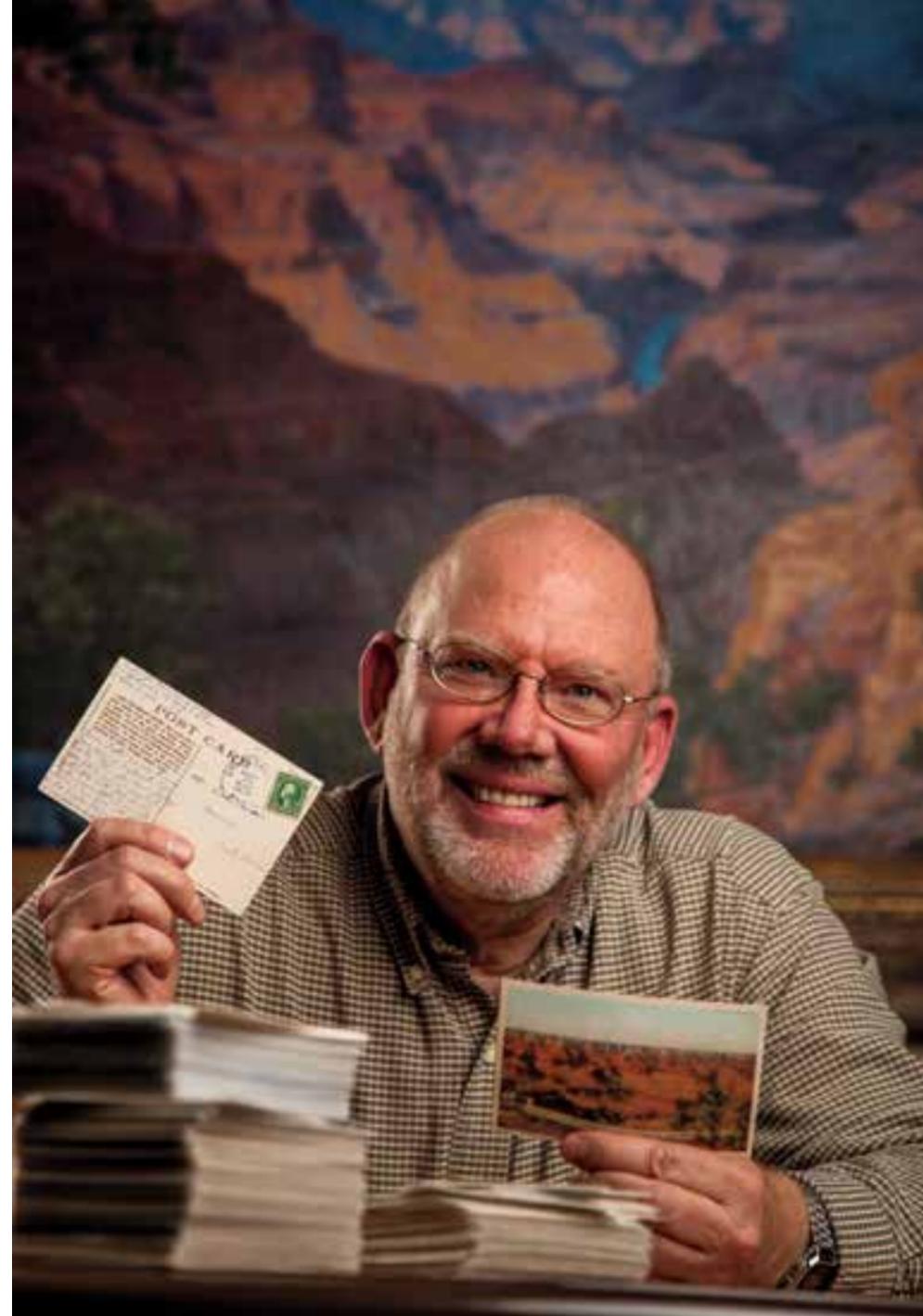
"I like to find out what life was like for guests staying at the hotel in the early days, and to see how things have changed," he says. "People were just as amazed by the Grand Canyon as they are today, but, in the early 1900s, women going down Bright Angel Trail wore special bloomers."

Ratz learned about the bloomers from a 1911 letter. Like most of the letters in Ratz's collection, it's written in cursive with a fountain pen on El Tovar's hotel stationery. "I'm all rigged up with divided skirt and bloomers ready to go down the mule trail," a woman wrote.

Another letter was authored by a mule skinner to his family in 1909. "He mainly talks about how he's homesick," Ratz says. "And he's very focused on how much things cost." A letter from 1919 shares news about a drowning in the Colorado River. "Someone attempted to swim the rapids," it reports. "The Indians [watching] all shook their heads and said 'no use.'"

"Sometimes, I come across love letters, but people mostly wrote about their travels and what they did at the Grand Canyon," Ratz muses as he flips through the binders. "El Tovar was a good place to stop in the middle of the long journey by rail to California."

When El Tovar opened its doors in 1905 — 14 years before Grand Canyon National Park was officially designated — the hotel was owned by the Santa Fe Railway and billed as a luxury resort destination. The railroad company sought to attract visitors to the Canyon with the prom-



Three decades of working at El Tovar have given Thomas Ratz time to assemble perhaps the world's most impressive collection of Grand Canyon correspondence.

A 1919 letter from Watkins to her family reads, in part: "We have the Russian composer S. Rachmaninoff registered. Goodness! I hope someone will ask him to play." In a 1921 letter she writes: "Madame Curie was here. We saw very little of her. She was ill and looked very frail." Watkins also writes about a 1920 visit from the Prince of India and, in 1926, one from the Prince of Sweden.

As the unofficial historian of El Tovar, Ratz is the go-to guy for guests seeking information about the hotel's past. He also authored a book, *Grand Canyon National Park*, which was published in 2009 by Arcadia Publishing as part of its Postcard History Series. For Ratz, the collections of postcards and letters sent from Grand Canyon are his legacy and a significant contribution to the national park's history. But there's also a deeply personal connection to the past that drives his fascination.

"Some days, I'll just sit and read the letters," he says. "[They're] like messages in bottles from the people who wrote them. I can hear their voices."

ise of opulent accommodations perched on the edge of the South Rim. Ratz's collections document not only what visitors did while staying at El Tovar, but also the ways the resort sought to please its guests, who apparently spent a lot of time sitting in the hotel writing letters and postcards.

"There was a solarium room for the ladies, and also a smoking lounge on the mezzanine level," Ratz says. "Fresh food was brought in daily on trains so that the restaurant could offer a different chef's special every day. The food was kept cool in troughs in the basement."

Because Ratz has been a server at El Tovar's restaurant for more than three decades, he knows the difficulty of providing fine dining at a remote place such as the Grand Canyon, and he's fascinated with the menu options from earlier times. A 1908 El Tovar dinner menu features lamb's tongue. For breakfast, the offerings included sirloin steak, veal cutlets and pork with fried apples. In 1909, dinner choices included prime rib and prune soufflé. During World War II, food rationing resulted in patrons being limited to one pat of butter each.

Of all the correspondence that he's amassed, Ratz's favorite is what he calls the Grace Watkins Collection. The set of letters, which he purchased online for \$60, was written by Watkins between 1916 and 1932, when she worked as a clerk at El Tovar's art gallery and gift shop. "She was such a name-dropper," Ratz says. "The letters show all the famous people who came to the Grand Canyon during that period."

For reservations at El Tovar, call 928-638-2631 or visit www.grandcanyonlodges.com/eltovar. **AH**

Mount Ord

Along with oaks, pines and agaves, this scenic drive off the Beeline Highway offers equally impressive views of the Mogollon Rim to the north and Roosevelt Lake to the south.

BY KATHY RITCHIE PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICK GIASE

Some scenic drives require a certain amount of commitment. Whether it's time, vehicle requirements or sheer guts, you often have to give a little in order to get Arizona's spectacular views in return. Fortunately, the drive to Mount Ord is the exception. No sacrifice is required. In fact, this drive is more about bang than buck, so to speak. The views are breathtaking, the trip itself is quick and the fist-clenching moments are few and far between. Really, this drive is ideal for out-of-town visitors on the go — or in-laws in need of entertainment.

From Fountain Hills, take State Route 87 (the Beeline Highway) northeast toward Payson. Turn right (east) at the

clearly marked turnoff for Mount Ord, Forest Road 626, near Milepost 223. The road goes from pavement to graded dirt in a matter of seconds. Although it's well maintained, there are a few bumps in this road, and a standard SUV is your best bet. In inclement weather, a high-clearance vehicle is an absolute must.

Heading uphill, it isn't long before you'll be treated to gorgeous views of the Mazatzal Mountains. Tight switch-backs and no guardrail give thrill-seekers a temporary rush as the road climbs steadily — steeply in some parts.

At Mile 1.6, there's room to pull over and enjoy the beauty. Despite how easily accessible FR 626 is, it's remarkably quiet. There's only the hum of Mother

Nature in the air. In less than a mile, the landscape — dotted with scrub oaks, piñon pines and agaves — dramatically shifts, and you'll be lost in a forest of pine trees.

As the road continues to climb, a real "wow" moment occurs near the 3-mile mark. A dramatic, panoramic view of the Mogollon Rim reveals itself, and from this vantage point, you can clearly see the sheer cliff face that is the southern-most edge of the Colorado Plateau. It's an impressive sight that will leave even the

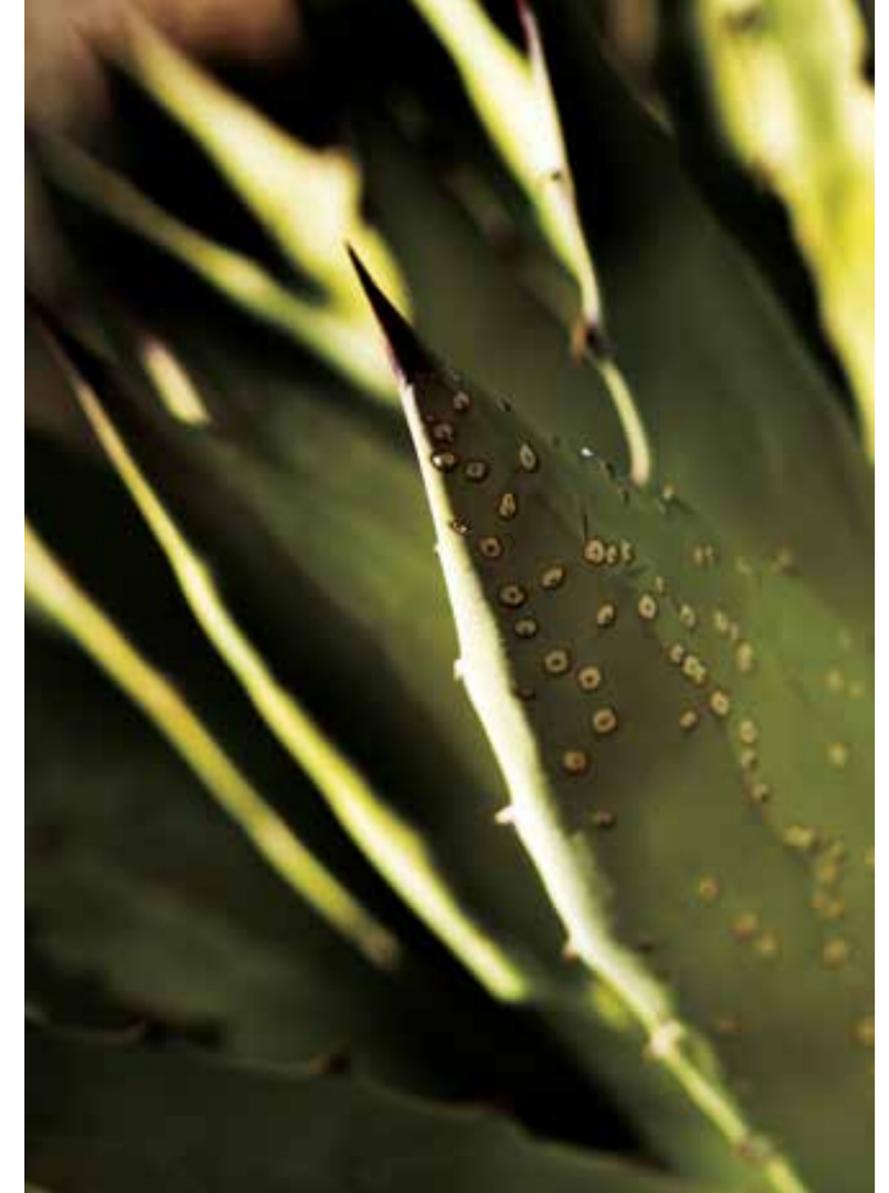
most impatient passenger in awe.

Continuing on, the road eventually hugs the back of the mountainside, where you'll be treated to another amazing view: Roosevelt Lake, which looks like a glittering shard of glass from this elevation. The end of the road comes at Mile 6.1. A metal gate blocks the road to the very top of Mount Ord, where several communication towers are located. Only authorized vehicles are allowed to continue on. Return the way you came. The drive back to State Route 87 moves quicker than the climb up, so proceed with caution — you never know who or what is right around the next switch-back. As you reach the highway, take a moment to gloat, especially if you're playing tour guide for the day.

BELOW: From near the top of Mount Ord, Roosevelt Lake glitters in the distance. OPPOSITE PAGE: Agaves, along with scrub oaks and piñon pines, dot the road up Mount Ord.

ADDITIONAL READING:

For more scenic drives, pick up a copy of our book *The Back Roads*. Now in its fifth edition, the book features 40 of the state's most scenic drives. To order a copy, visit www.shoparizonahighways.com/books.



tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

LENGTH: 12.2 miles round-trip (Forest Road 626)

DIRECTIONS: From Fountain Hills, drive north on State Route 87 for 33 miles to Milepost 223. Turn right onto Forest Road 626 and continue for 6 miles.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: A high-clearance vehicle is recommended.

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

INFORMATION: Payson Ranger District, 928-474-7900, www.fs.usda.gov/tonto

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

Aspen Peak Trail

Although Kingman is best known as a stop along Historic Route 66 and the hometown of Andy Devine, it's also home to Hualapai Mountain Park and a series of scenic trails that lead to Aspen Peak.

BY ROBERT STIEVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELIAS BUTLER

Even if your idea of heading into the backcountry is going from Park Avenue to Central Park, you can handle this trail. It's not as easy as walking down the sidewalk, but in terms of "roughing it," this is about as benign as it gets.

Although this hike is listed as the Aspen Peak Trail, it's really a combination of three trails: Aspen Springs, Potato Patch Loop and Aspen Peak. To get to the trail that takes you to the top, you'll first have to navigate the other two. But that's not a hardship. Overall, the three trails pass through four different life zones: chaparral, pine/oak, mixed conifer and fir/aspen.

The trek begins with the Aspen Springs Trail in Sawmill Canyon, a lush riparian area of Arizona walnuts, canyon maples and various species of oaks. The climb is gradual, with mild switchbacks and a wide path that accommodates horses. A few minutes into the hike, you'll notice a significant depression in the hillside above. This is a remnant of the old Silver Bell Mine, which first was worked by prospectors in the 1870s and eventually shut down in 1994. Just beyond the mine is a spot known as the Kingman Overlook, from which you can see the city below and the distant Cerbat Mountains.

Along with the panoramas and the

rocks and trees, you'll notice that this trail often parallels and intersects a dirt road. Don't be confused. The dirt road is not the trail. It's used for horses and high-clearance vehicles. Stay on the trail, which, at this point, climbs through an open forest of ponderosa pines, New Mexican locusts and Gambel oaks. Then, as the Aspen Springs Trail approaches its intersection with the Potato Patch Loop, you'll start seeing Douglas firs and white firs. Massive granite boulders also are among the highlights as you make your way uphill.

At the intersection of the Aspen Springs Trail and the Potato Patch Loop, turn right and follow the loop in a coun-

terclockwise direction — the Aspen Peak Trail is still about a mile away. After 10 minutes, you'll come to a giant evergreen lying on its side. From there, the loop continues uphill, past the Music Mountains Overlook, to a point where it joins the dirt road. The trail parallels the road for about 100 yards to its intersection with the Aspen Peak Trail, which is a short (0.6 miles) side trip that leads to the Dean Peak Overlook.

Enjoy the views, then retrace your steps back to the Potato Patch Loop. When you get there, turn left and continue in a counterclockwise direction. Within a short distance, the trail joins the dirt road again. The route gets a little tricky at this point. Look left for a large concrete-block building, and follow the road that leads to it for about 15 minutes, until it reconnects with the loop trail.

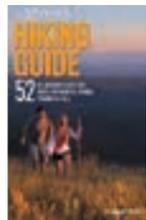
Back on the trail, you'll notice that the vegetation has changed once again. Because this is the south side of the mountain, things are drier, which means ponderosas, Gambel oaks and manzanitas predominate. It's prime habitat for mule deer and elk, so have

your camera handy. Eventually, the Potato Patch Loop circles back to its connecting point with the Aspen Springs Trail, which takes you to the trailhead. By the time you get there, you'll feel a little burn in your legs and your lungs, but nothing too severe. This is, after all, just a walk in the park.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Picturesque resting spots make Hualapai Mountain Park's Aspen Peak Trail ideal for casual hikers. **RIGHT:** At the trail's higher elevations, dense forest gives way to breathtaking views.



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.shoparizonahighways.com/books.



trail guide

- LENGTH:** 5.5 miles round-trip
- DIFFICULTY:** Moderate
- ELEVATION:** 6,710 to 7,919 feet
- TRAILHEAD GPS:** N 35°05.795', W 113°53.378'
- DIRECTIONS:** From Kingman, drive east on Interstate 40 for 6 miles to Exit 59. From there, drive south on DW Ranch Road for 4.5 miles to Hualapai Mountain Road, turn left and continue 4 miles to the Hualapai Mountain Park Ranger Station. The trailhead is just off the main park road, about 0.75 miles inside the park. Ask the ranger for details.
- SPECIAL CONSIDERATION:** A \$5 per vehicle entrance fee is required.
- VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** None
- DOGS ALLOWED:** Yes (on a leash)
- HORSES ALLOWED:** Yes
- USGS MAP:** Hualapai Peak
- INFORMATION:** Hualapai Mountain Park, 928-681-5700 or www.mcparcs.com
- LEAVE-NO-TRACE PRINCIPLES:**
 - Plan ahead and be prepared.
 - Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
 - Dispose of waste properly and pack out all of your trash.
 - Leave what you find.
 - Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
 - Be considerate of others. **AH**

where is this?



PAUL MARKOW

Grand Opening

These ruins stand close to a group of sandstone rock formations that photographer Paul Markow describes as “a mini-Monument Valley.” Another nearby landmark is the 900-foot steel arch bridge that provides a vital roadway link between the Arizona Strip and the rest of the state.

📷 CAMERA: CANON MARK III 1DS; SHUTTER: 1/200 SEC; APERTURE: F/8; ISO: 200; FOCAL LENGTH: 40 MM — NOAH AUSTIN

March 2013 Answer & Winner

Mission San Xavier del Bac. Congratulations to our winner, Sarah Nelson of Oceanside, California.



RANDY PRENTICE

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

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.



ARIZONA
HIGHWAYS

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

