

YOU WON'T FIND FLOWERS LIKE THIS IN PASADENA!

7
SIMPLE TIPS FOR
PHOTOGRAPHING
WILDFLOWERS

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS
ESCAPE • EXPLORE • EXPERIENCE

Where to See ...

WILDFLOWERS

FEATURING BARTLETT LAKE,
THE GILA RIVER, PICACHO PEAK,
THE EAGLETAIL MOUNTAINS,
SAN CARLOS APACHE RESERVATION
AND MORE ...

PLUS HAVASUPAI MEDICINE WOMAN BABY SUE • GLEN CANYON • ELF OWLS
WASSON PEAK • THE GHOST TOWN TRAIL • HORSESHOE BEND • THE CCC IN AZ

CONTENTS 03.13

- 2 EDITOR'S LETTER
- 3 CONTRIBUTORS
- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

5 THE JOURNAL

People, places and things from around the state, including the colorful history of the Westward Ho; a look at what it's like to be a cellar rat; and Oatman, our hometown of the month.

16 WILDFLOWERS 2013

The Sonoran Desert is the most biologically diverse desert in North America. The saguaros and ocotillos and chollas make it beautiful all year long, but this month, it gets even better with the addition of poppies, primrose, larkspurs and lupines. There's a lot of color out there, and we'll tell you where to see it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE STOCKING

28 GO! FISH.

Humpback chubs don't have a cool name — not like baracudas or stingrays. And, to be honest, they're kind of ugly. They are, however, unique. Found only in the Colorado River, they're an endangered species as old as the Grand Canyon itself. Sadly, at last count, there were only 10,000 humpbacks left. But, thanks to a team of scientists who are rooting for their survival, the prehistoric species just might survive.

BY TERRY GREENE STERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM BEAN

36 AROUND THE BEND

Where Glen Canyon meets the Grand Canyon, an excerpt from our book *IMAGES: Jack Dykinga's Grand Canyon*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA

38 WHEREVER THE SPIRIT MOVES HER

Dianna Uqualla wears the traditional clothing of a medicine woman. She has a gift, likely passed down from her grandfather, that allows her to see things others cannot. At first her ability frightened her, but now she embraces her gifts and travels the world to share them through ceremonial blessings, sweats, prayers and sacred rituals. She goes, she says, wherever Spirit takes her, but she is happiest at her home in the village of Supai.

BY KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAWN KISH

44 CORPS VALUES

From the rock retaining wall on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon to the intricate trails in Chiricahua National Monument, it's easy to see the positive effects of the Civilian Conservation Corps. But maybe more important was the effect it had on the thousands of young men who enrolled in the program, including Elson Alvarez and the other 41,000 enrollees who worked in Arizona.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY

50 LET ME BEE

Africanized honeybees are the gangsters of the bee world. They're nasty, but Reed Booth isn't intimidated. Known as the "Killer Bee Guy," Booth has been removing hives for more than 20 years, and in that time he's become the local expert on Africanized bees. He's also stockpiled a lot of honey.

BY ROGER NAYLOR
PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WAGNER

52 SCENIC DRIVE

Ghost Town Trail: Just outside Tombstone, in the shadow of the rugged Dragoon Mountains, this scenic dirt road weaves through desert scrub and links the old mining towns of Gleeson, Courtland and Pearce.

54 HIKE OF THE MONTH

King Canyon Trail: There are a lot of great hikes in and around Tucson. This scenic loop in Saguaro National Park is on that impressive list.

56 WHERE IS THIS?



GET
MORE
ONLINE

www.arizonahighways.com

Visit our website for details on weekend getaways, hiking, lodging, dining, photography workshops, slideshows and more.

www.arizonahighways.wordpress.com

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

www.facebook.com/azhighways

Join our Facebook community to share your photographs, chat with other fans, enter trivia contests and receive up-to-the-minute information about what's going on behind the scenes at *Arizona Highways*.

Arizona Highways is on Instagram

Follow us @arizonahighways to see our travel photos from around the state.

► Sunrise creates a burst of light behind one of Monument Valley's famed Mittens.

| DEREK VON BRIESEN

☑ CAMERA: CANON 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/13 SEC; APERTURE: F/22; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 154 MM

FRONT COVER A field of Mexican goldpoppies blooms beneath a group of saguaros at Catalina State Park in Southern Arizona.

| RANDY PRENTICE

☑ CAMERA: CANON 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/90 SEC; APERTURE: F/16; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 24 MM

BACK COVER A Mexican goldpoppy unfolds on the shores of Bartlett Lake. | KIM HOSHAL

☑ CAMERA: NIKON D3X; SHUTTER: 1/500 SEC; APERTURE: F/5.6; ISO: 400; FOCAL LENGTH: 210 MM

Flowers, Fish & Baby Sue

Primrose. Even if you've never seen it growing in the desert in the springtime, you can guess by its name that it's probably beautiful. And it is. The humpback chub conjures up something very different. Something unsightly, like Jabba the Hutt or cauliflower ear or hairless cats. Although the silvery minnows aren't as ugly as any of those things, they're not pretty, and it's the namesake hump that makes them so.

No one knows for sure why it's there, but scientists think it might have something to do with helping the fish maintain balance in the raging waters of the Colorado River. Another theory is that it's there to keep them from being swallowed by bigger fish. Scientists aren't sure about the hump, but they have no doubt about the humpback chub's threatened existence. That's why Randy Van Haverbeke spends so much time on the river.

Van Haverbeke is a 58-year-old biologist for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and along with a long list of others, he's working to keep the humpbacks from going extinct — Van Haverbeke alone has been down the Colorado River more than 150 times. On a recent trip into Marble Canyon, which included several other biologists and four technically savvy boat pilots, writer Terry Greene Sterling and photographer Tom Bean tagged along. The science produced by that expedition will be used to help the U.S. Department of the Interior come up with a 20-year plan on how to protect the endangered species by managing water releases from Glen Canyon Dam.

It's the dam, after all, that created the problem. And it's complicated. As Terry writes in *Go! Fish.*, the plan has to balance "the needs of dozens of Native American tribes, seven thirsty Colorado River Basin states, trout anglers, farmers, river-rafting companies and hydroelectric power users, as well as honor the Grand Canyon Protection Act, which safeguards the Canyon and the threatened and endangered creatures that live there — like the humpback chub."

At last count, there were only 7,560

humpbacks left below the dam, and maybe 10,000 left on the planet. Ugly or not, the fish, which can live to be 40 years old and grow up to 12 inches long, are worth fighting for. If for no other reason, they've been living in the Colorado River for more than 5 million years, which makes them as old as the Grand Canyon itself, and also an integral part of it. The Havasupai people can make a similar claim.

They've been living in the Canyon for centuries, and their unique existence downstream of where the humpbacks congregate has been well documented. In fact, if you're a frequent reader of *Arizona Highways*, you've seen the flamboyant beauty of Havasu Creek and its turquoise-colored waterfalls many times. This month, we focus on the subtle beauty of someone who lives there.

Dianna "Baby Sue" White Dove Uqualla is a medicine woman, of sorts. Her grandfather was one of the last Havasupai medicine people, and Baby Sue inherited an ability to see things that others cannot — to dream things that eventually become reality. She's guided by an entity she calls Spirit, and at first, those conversations frightened her. But not anymore. As Kelly Vaughn Kramer writes in *Wherever the Spirit Moves Her*, Uqualla has "embraced what she now considers to be her gifts and travels across Arizona in pursuit of sharing them with others through ceremonial blessings, sweats, prayers and other sacred rituals."

She's on the road a lot, but Baby Sue is happiest at home. "The canyon calls me back," she told Kelly for our profile. "I hear and smell Supai when we get near the creek, and my heart cries with joy." It's a sentiment that's understandable to anyone who's ever seen Havasu. The water, which Kelly describes as "the mingling of



PAUL MARKOW

absinthe and phthalo blue, lime spilled into sky," is among the most beautiful — and unlikely — spectacles in the world. Arizona's annual explosion of spring wildflowers gets the same endorsement. It's something special, which is why we've been featuring it on our March covers for decades.

This year is no exception. Our 2013 portfolio

features the incredible work of George Stocking, who is one of the best landscape photographers anywhere. But he's not just good with a camera. He also wanders the desert looking for flowers in places that few photographers have ever looked. Places like the Rawhide Wilderness, the Gila River bottom and the Eagletail Mountains. And his efforts pay off. I've seen every one of our wildflower issues, and this year's edition might be the best. The larkspurs, lupines, poppies and primrose have never looked better. Especially the primrose. They're beautiful.



PAUL MARKOW

COMING IN APRIL ...

Our annual roundup of the state's best restaurants, including Pizzicetta in Flagstaff (pictured here). For this year's list, we did something different. We let our photographers make the picks.

ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR

Follow me on Twitter: @azhighways

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

MARCH 2013 VOL. 89, NO. 3

800-543-5432 www.arizonahighways.com

PUBLISHER Win Holden
EDITOR Robert Stieve
MANAGING EDITOR Kelly Vaughn Kramer
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Kathy Ritchie
EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR Nikki Kimbel
PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR Jeff Kida
CREATIVE DIRECTOR Barbara Glynn Denney
ART DIRECTOR Keith Whitney
DESIGN PRODUCTION ASSISTANT Diana Benzel-Rice
MAP DESIGNER Kevin Kibsey
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR Michael Bianchi
WEBMASTER Victoria J. Snow
DIRECTOR OF SALES & MARKETING Kelly Mero
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR Nicole Bowman
FINANCE DIRECTOR Bob Allen
INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY Cindy Bormanis

CORPORATE OR TRADE SALES 602-712-2019

SPONSORSHIP SALES REPRESENTATION Erin Edelstein
 Hennen Publishing & Marketing Group
 480-664-0541
erin@hennenpmsg.com

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR editor@arizonahighways.com
 2039 W. Lewis Avenue
 Phoenix, AZ 85009

GOVERNOR Janice K. Brewer
DIRECTOR, DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION John S. Halikowski
ARIZONA TRANSPORTATION BOARD CHAIRMAN Victor M. Flores
VICE CHAIRMAN Stephen W. Christy
MEMBERS Kelly O. Anderson
 Hank Rogers
 Joseph E. La Rue
 Barbara Ann Lundstrom

Arizona Highways® (ISSN 0004-1521) is published monthly by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Subscription price: \$24 a year in the U.S., \$44 outside the U.S. Single copy: \$4.99 U.S. Call 800-543-5432. Subscription correspondence and change of address information: Arizona Highways, P.O. Box 8521, Big Sandy, TX 75755-8521. Periodical postage paid at Phoenix, AZ, and at additional mailing office. CANADA POST INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS MAIL PRODUCT (CANADIAN DISTRIBUTION) SALES AGREEMENT NO. 41220511. SEND RETURNS TO QUAD/GRAPHICS, P.O. BOX 875, WINDSOR, ON N9A 6P2. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Arizona Highways, P.O. Box 8521, Big Sandy, TX 75755-8521. Copyright © 2013 by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. The magazine does not accept and is not responsible for unsolicited materials.



ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TELEVISION



ELLEN BARNES

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



TOM BEAN

TERRY GREENE STERLING

Award-winning writer Terry Greene Sterling had never seen an endangered humpback chub — until she ventured out with scientists to monitor the population of one of the Grand Canyon's oldest known fish species (see *Go! Fish.*, page 28). "I'd never seen one before, let alone touched one," Sterling says. "The primitive-looking

fish is just awesome to behold. And hold." Although it wasn't Sterling's first time rafting the Colorado River, it was the first time she experienced it during monsoon season. "The storms roared through the narrow canyon with beautiful ferocity, leaving roiling waters and clear skies in their wake," she says. Sterling is a frequent contributor to *Arizona Highways*. Her work has also appeared in *The Washington Post* and *Rolling Stone*.

GEORGE STOCKING

George Stocking's photographs are often featured in our annual wildflower issue, but this year, his images make up the entire portfolio (see *Wildflowers 2013*, page 16). "I feel a strong connection with the land, with the areas not yet developed by man," he says. "I like to pay tribute to the vanishing wilderness." His favorite place to photograph wildflowers is near Bartlett Lake, and his favorite bloom is owl clover. "Those extremely rare occasions when the clover dominates the desert are to me the most special," Stocking says. "I've only seen it once, and I yearn for the replication of whatever natural forces are required to come together to make it happen again." His photographs have also appeared in *Backpacker* and *Adventure West*.



DAWN KISH

Photographer Dawn Kish is no stranger to adventure — she recently climbed El Capitan — so when we asked her to photograph medicine woman Dianna Sue Uqualla in the village of Supai (see *Wherever the Spirit Moves Her*, page 38), she jumped at the chance. "It was one of the best jobs ever, and I was able to connect to an older culture," Kish says. "My mind was blown every second." She adds that she connected with both Uqualla and the environment — Havasu Canyon — during the trip. "It was a very unique experience, and it's definitely one of the most beautiful places in the world," she says. Kish is a frequent contributor to *Arizona Highways*. Her work has also appeared in *National Geographic* and *Sports Illustrated*.



JOHN SHERMAN

— ANDREA CRANDALL

THANKS FOR THE RIDE

I just received the January 2013 issue. I started to glance through it, and then put it down to get busy. But, I got trapped in the photography, and then in the stories of the travels going from town to town [*Ode to the Roads*]. What wonderful stories and photographs — I really enjoyed the trips. Thanks so much for your enjoyable magazine. I enjoyed the ride. A remarkable edition.

Janice Marshall, Redwood City, California



January 2013

ONE FOR THE BOOK

It was great to see JPS Brown's essay on Steve McQueen in the January 2013 issue [*On Location With Steve McQueen*]. I had no idea who Brown was, and I don't read much fiction, but I'm going to pick up his novel *The Forests of the Night* — if Steve McQueen and Sam Peckinpah loved it that much, I'm in for the ride.

John J. Hunt, Rio Rancho, New Mexico

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dear John (I've never written those words before), I shared your letter with Joe, and he's flattered by your intrigue. Rest assured, you won't be disappointed by *The Forests of the Night*. It's one of the best books ever written about our neck of the woods.

HATE TO POP YOUR BALLOON

On page 30 of the January 2013 issue is an excellent photo of what the photographer described as a "weather balloon." Actually, the balloon is much more than a mere weather balloon. It's an aerostat balloon from Fort Huachuca, and it's one of several used to combat cross-border smuggling.

Bill Bryan, Leona Valley, California

KEEP THE CHANGE

Although I now live in New Mexico, which is a beautiful state with much history and natural beauty, I still call Arizona home and always will. For a while, I wasn't sure about the new directions the magazine had taken in the past decade or two, but I know it has to change, just as the times do. For

the most part, I'm not displeased. The state has grown and matured since I first arrived; haven't we all? Yet the wonder still remains, and I cherish it. Keep up the good work and don't be hesitant to go back into the past now and then, as you did with *High Winter* by Raymond Carlson [November 2012]. There are many of us who do recall and appreciate those times. Names like Ray Manley, Josef Muench, Larry Toschik, Barry Goldwater and others who have appeared on these pages are still revered. They're an indelible part of the state that we love and will never forget. Thanks for the frequent reminders, as well as glimpses of the new version!

Gaye M. Walton, Alamogordo, New Mexico

A DECEMBER TO REMEMBER

I've lived in Arizona since 1958 and have subscribed to *Arizona Highways* for a long time. I've never written a letter to the editor before, but the December 2012 issue is the most beautiful issue I've ever seen. While it's Part 2 of the *50 Greatest Photos*, it's still quite extraordinary. Thank you for the photographers, the editors and all the rest of the personnel who were involved in creating this issue.

Ruth DiBene, Surprise, Arizona

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

Thank you for all the excellent reading every month. I've been to Arizona many times over the past 50 years. Recently, because of a stroke, I haven't

been able to visit your beautiful state. Previously, however, I'd spent lots of time there because my uncle and aunt moved to Arizona in the early 1950s, and so it was always determined that we had to make the trip. Over the years, we did make many trips for weddings, for business trips that were elongated into vacations, and finally the best trip of a lifetime: "whitewater rafting down the Colorado River for six days and five nights." I have it all on video, and have shown it many times to family and also to stroke patients at Burke Rehabilitation Hospital. I've also hiked with my cousin, who lives in Tempe. Although, when I hiked, I did go with a pair of snake-resistant pants, because this boy from the Bronx didn't want to take a chance of encountering a rattlesnake. Whenever I receive a new issue it brings to mind my family members who have passed and the wonderful times I've had in Arizona. I've been aggressive in my rehabilitation, and expect to be functional again, and when I do, you can bet that one of my first priorities will be to visit Arizona. So, thanks not only for a magazine that is so well put together, but also for enlightening the senses to the past and future.

Joseph Arlotta, Bronxville, New York

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.



JACK DYKINGA

IN A FOG

As the sun rises softly over lingering fog, a golden light sweeps across Cibola National Wildlife Refuge, the home of great white egrets and more than 200 other bird species. *Information: 928-857-3253 or www.fws.gov/southwest/refuges/CibolaNWR* CAMERA: NIKON D3S; SHUTTER: 1/320 SEC; APERTURE: F/8; ISO: 1000; FOCAL LENGTH: 400 MM



MARK LIPCZYNSKI (2)



PAUL MARKOW

local favorites



**MR. D'Z
ROUTE 66 DINER**
Kingman

Elvis is in the building at Mr. D'z Route 66 Diner, where owners Michelle and Armando Jimenez dish up burgers, barbecue and hot-fudge sundaes, along with music from the 1950s and '60s and plenty of vintage memorabilia. Manager Amber McIntire explains Mr. D'z retro appeal:

How does Mr. D'z pay tribute to Historic Route 66?

We're an old-fashioned diner, and people love the atmosphere. This building has been here since the 1920s, so it's been a part of Route 66 for a very long time. We have a lot of memorabilia — maps and more — and we sell emblems and magnets, too. People stop in, go back home and tell their friends to visit, too.

What are some of the most popular items on the menu?

The cheeseburger. People love that we have homemade root beer, so some people come in just for that. We also make homemade pizza. Our shakes and malts are made from scratch, with real ice cream and fresh fruit.

Oprah Winfrey is a huge fan of Mr. D'z root beer. Have any other celebrities popped into the diner?

Angus T. Jones from *Two and a Half Men* has come in with his grandmother. One of the werewolves from the *Twilight* movies has been in, too. He lives on the Hualapai Reservation at Peach Springs.

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

Mr. D'z Route 66 Diner is located at 105 E. Andy Devine Avenue in Kingman. For more information, call 928-718-0066 or visit www.mrdzrt66diner.com.

OATMAN

NAMED FOR PIONEER-TURNED-INDIAN-CAPTIVE OLIVE OATMAN, this Route 66 survivor is best known for its population of burros. They roam the street willy-nilly, fed by camera-happy tourists. Although Oatman was a booming mining town in the early 1900s, a fire destroyed many of its structures in 1921. Luckily, the Oatman Hotel was spared. The hotel, built in 1902, is the oldest two-story adobe structure in Mohave County, but its biggest claim to fame is its movie-star appeal — Clark Gable and Carole Lombard honeymooned there in 1939. Today, the hotel's most famous guest is its resident poltergeist, Oatie, believed to be the spirit of Irish miner William Ray Flour, who died behind the hotel.

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

Information: Oatman-Gold Road Chamber of Commerce, 928-768-6222 or www.oatmangoldroad.org

FOUNDED	AREA	ELEVATION	COUNTY
1902	15 square miles	2,710 feet	Mohave

A Ho Lot of History

In its heyday, the Westward Ho was the hotel of choice for high-profile guests such as John F. Kennedy, Elizabeth Taylor and others. It was also the tallest building in Arizona. Today, the luster is gone, but it remains one of the most identifiable historic landmarks in Phoenix.

If walls could talk, the Westward Ho's would have quite a story to tell. The hotel opened in 1928, as Phoenix was evolving from a Wild West outpost into a booming city. It quickly became a sophisticated destination for notable visitors, including Clark Gable, Elizabeth Taylor, Martin Luther King Jr. and President John F. Kennedy, who made a campaign speech there during the 1960 presidential election.

Well-heeled travelers were drawn to the glamorous 15-story Spanish Colonial Revival building, with its beautifully decorated pillars, hand-painted watercolor ceiling and lush courtyard. By day, the hotel's swimming pool beckoned guests with its cool, turquoise waters; and by night, guests danced the evening away in the ballroom. In its heyday, the Westward Ho was the city's premier luxury hotel, and everyone wanted in.

It was an architectural marvel, too. In 1949, a steel broadcast tower was mounted on top of the hotel, more than doubling the building's original height. And until 1960, the Westward Ho was the tallest building in the state, featuring magnificent views of Phoenix.



Westward Ho pool, 1970

Unfortunately, time took its toll on the Westward Ho, and, today, it serves as low-income housing for approximately 300 senior citizens. Although it's a shadow of its former self, many of the Ho's original architectural details remain intact, including original stained-glass windows and chandeliers.

— ANDREA CRANDALL

this month in history

- Tempe Normal School for the Arizona Territory is founded on March 12, 1885. Its name is later changed to Arizona State University.
- On March 18, 1901, the saguaro cactus blossom is named the official Territorial flower. It's named the official state flower in 1931.
- John Wesley Powell is born on March 24, 1834. During his three-month expedition down the Green and Colorado rivers in 1869, Powell makes the first known passage through the Grand Canyon.
- Tovrea Castle in Phoenix is added to the National Register of Historic Places on March 28, 1996. The castle is known for its abundant cactus gardens and desert flora.
- César Chávez, an Arizona activist who spent many years working for the rights and welfare of farm workers, is born in Yuma on March 31, 1927.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 50 Years Ago



The March 1963 issue of *Arizona Highways* featured a story about State Route 64, the stretch of highway that runs from Williams to the Navajo Indian Reservation. Photographs of Old Betatakin, Mesa Verde National Park, the Grand Canyon and Monument Valley were also included in the issue.



Doe Mountain Tree, September 2011 ■ CAMERA: NIKON D3S; SHUTTER: 5 SEC; APERTURE: F/18; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 14 MM

Shots in the Dark

For photographer Shane McDermott, the art is all about composition and exposure. Most often, McDermott likes shooting in low-light situations, as was the case with this image. He figures that close to 75 percent of his photographs are made before sunrise or after sunset, and he especially enjoys the quality of ambient light that lingers 20 to 40 minutes after the sun dips below the horizon. The reason? He doesn't have to wrestle with high-contrast lighting conditions that exist during daylight hours. By getting up early and staying out late, McDermott uses his digital camera where its sensor is happiest — in soft, low-contrast light. The other benefit is that the range of brightness between earth and sky is greatly reduced during those hours. The colors are so rich that people often ask McDermott if he's using HDR techniques to enhance his photographs, but he almost never does because it isn't necessary. The amount of time he typically spends working on an image in post-production is two to four minutes.

— JEFF KIDA, photo editor

PHOTO TIP



DEREK VON BRIESEN

Telephoto Compression

When it's time to photograph a distant object, photographers will reach for their telephoto lenses, which

have a focal length of 70 mm or greater. But those lenses aren't just for distance — they can also be used to compress elements in the frame. The narrow angle of view on a tele-

photo lens means that the relative size and distance between objects appears smaller, creating the illusion that elements might be closer together than they really are.

ADDITIONAL READING

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





CELLAR RAT

Kris Pothier, Cottonwood

Kris Pothier likes to get dirty. That's a good thing, considering what she does. She's a cellar rat — that's wine-speak for a person who literally cleans up the cold, wet mess of winemaking. "It's filthy," Pothier says. "It's more wet than filthy. Sometimes it's filthy, and sometimes your shoes are full of wine." Depending on the time of year, Pothier will be racking barrels, topping wines or punching caps (a process through which she pushes down the skins that have gathered near the tops of the fermentation bins every eight hours). "It's physically strenuous, emotionally taxing, but it's really humorous," she says with a smile. "Being covered in water and having just a few hours of sleep makes for leaps of the imagination." Despite the backbreaking work, this is truly a labor of love for Pothier. She, her winemaker husband, Joe, and their two business partners recently released a whole-cluster Merlot under their label Chateau Tumbleweed.

— KATHY RITCHIE

For more information about Chateau Tumbleweed, visit www.chateautumbleweed.com.



DAWN KISH (2)

Here's a Little Secret

Tucked into a grove of grapefruit and orange trees along the base of South Mountain, The House at Secret Garden is one of the best-kept secrets in Phoenix. The house itself is historic, but the menu is contemporary Italian.

IT'S EASY TO DRIVE PAST THE HOUSE AT SECRET Garden. Tucked between a shopping center and a subdivision at the base of South Mountain in Phoenix, the restaurant is screened from the busy road by dense vegetation. But after a few U-turns, you figure out where it is.

phoenix

Moments later, cactus-fig margarita in hand, munching grilled bread topped with smoked trout and lulled into relaxation by the scent of grapefruit blossoms, you're likely to wonder, *Why haven't I been here before?*

The restaurant's hypnotic effect is thanks in equal parts to the talented young chef-owner Dustin Christofolo, the historic house, and the lush 5-acre grounds that serve as a backdrop.

Christofolo, 31, grew up in the food business. His Italian grandfather had a deli and bakery in Tempe, and his mother, Pat, who co-owns the restaurant with him,

founded Santa Barbara Catering Co.

Secret Garden's two-story Spanish Colonial Revival house was built in 1929 for Walter and Blanche Strong. The Strongs planted 100 surrounding acres with grapefruit and orange trees, creating one of the area's largest orchards.

The Strongs sold the house in 1957, and it remained a citrus operation until much of the acreage was subdivided. The property later became known as the Baseline Mansion, and, from 1989 to 1999, residents hosted Earth Mother Mind Jam, an annual music festival heavy on drum circles.

In 2003, Dave Mata was driving by when he saw a small "for sale" sign in front of the property. Despite the home's benign neglect, he and his wife, Nancy, purchased it, cleaned it up, restored the house and created an event and wedding venue with the construction of an adjacent banquet facility. The house was also listed on the city of Phoenix historic registry.

At the Matas' invitation, Christofolo opened the restaurant in 2010 after expanding the kitchen and planting a vegetable garden near a gnarled old carob tree.

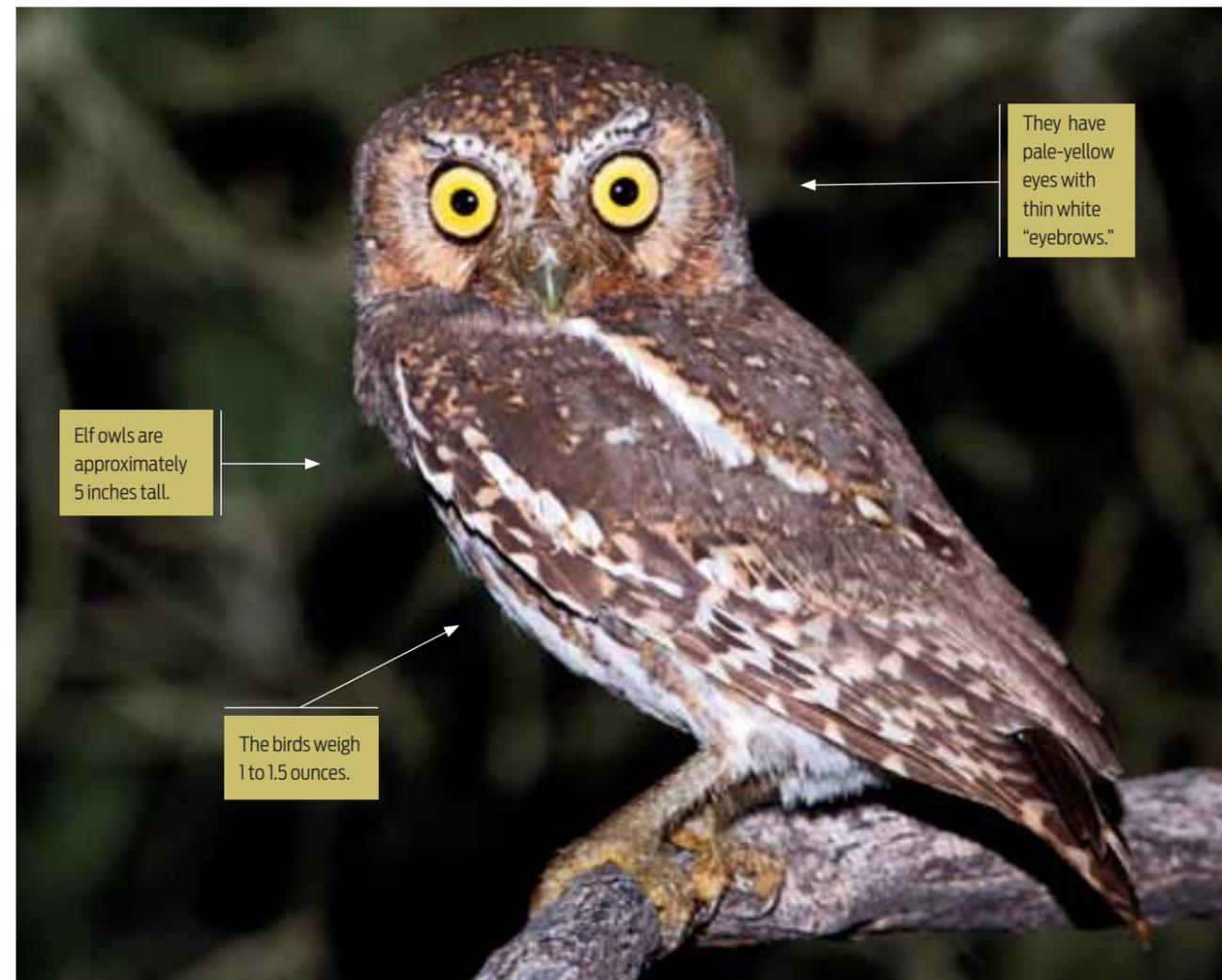
The menu? "It has an Italian backbone, but it's progressive and always changing," Christofolo says. "I like to see what's in my garden or what local farmers have. We'll always have favorites like the pork-belly appetizer, grilled lamb chops, pappardelle and, for dessert, sweet potato cake."

If he has time, Christofolo will chat with you about his food and the home's history.

If he's busy, have another margarita, order dinner and enjoy the hypnotic, historic atmosphere.

— NORA BURBA TRULSSON

The House at Secret Garden is located at 2501 E. Baseline Road in Phoenix. For more information, call 602-243-8539 or visit www.houseatsecretgarden.com.



They have pale-yellow eyes with thin white "eyebrows."

Elf owls are approximately 5 inches tall.

The birds weigh 1 to 1.5 ounces.

BRUCE D. TAUBERT

THEY'RE A HOOT

Elf owls are aptly named. In fact, they're so small, they can fit comfortably in an adult human's hand. They nest anywhere from 15 to 35 feet aboveground, in saguaros, abandoned woodpecker holes and natural cavities in oak and sycamore trees. Known for "silent flight," they're completely quiet when they approach their prey, which includes invertebrates such as scorpions, centipedes and crickets. Elf owls aren't aggressive, and when captured, they'll play dead until danger passes or their predator loses interest. The world's smallest owls can be found in the desert regions of Arizona, as well as in some of the state's mountain ranges. When it gets too cold, they migrate south to Mexico for the winter.

— ANDREA CRANDALL



nature factoid

MONARCH BUTTERFLY

The monarch butterfly, a.k.a. the "king" of all butterflies, is the only insect to migrate and escape cold weather, sometimes traveling up to 2,500 miles. The orange insects, which feature black-and-white markings on their wings, are found throughout Arizona, in fields, meadows and wherever milkweed is present. Although the butterflies can't harm humans, they are poisonous to predators, including frogs and mice. — ANDREA CRANDALL

BRUCE D. TAUBERT



MARK DURAN



PAUL MARKOW

Big Blue House Inn

On June 3, 1914, José María Ronstadt — better known as “Pepe” — purchased a big blue house at the corner of Tucson’s Sixth Avenue and University Boulevard. As postmaster of Tucson, a county supervisor and owner of the Santa Margarita Ranch, which served as headquarters for the Baboquivari Livestock Co., Ronstadt was well acquainted with the well-heeled Tucson lifestyle. And he decorated his inn accordingly. After Ronstadt died, he left the house to his wife, Hortense, who remained there until her own passing in

1965. After several additional changes of ownership, the Big Blue House ultimately landed in the hands of Leona Marie Ramsey in 2005. Under her careful supervision, the house has undergone several renovations, including the preservation of its door frames and original woodwork, painting, and the restoration of the porch railing. Today, the inn features seven rooms, as well as a separate cottage that’s available for extended stays.

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

Big Blue House Inn is located at 144 E. University Boulevard in Tucson. For more information, call 520-891-1827 or visit www.144university.com.

~ things to do in arizona ~

Parada Del Sol
March 1-3, Scottsdale
Celebrate Arizona’s Wild West heritage and watch as cowboys and cowgirls from across the United States participate in bull-riding and barrel-racing. *Information: 480-990-3179 or www.paradadelsol.org*

Film Festival
March 1-3, Sedona
Catch several domestic and foreign films, including documentaries, animation, features and shorts, at the 19th annual Sedona Film Festival.

Filmmakers will be on hand to introduce their films and host Q&A sessions. *Information: 928-282-1177 or www.sedonafilmfestival.com*

Alcatraz Comes to Yuma
March 1-31, Yuma
A world-class traveling exhibit on Alcatraz comes to the Yuma Quartermaster Depot State Historic Park. With 3,000 square feet of exhibits, this educational display is sure to be a hit with both kids and grown-ups. *Information: 928-373-5198 or www.yumaheritage.com*

Renaissance Festival
March 1-31, Apache Junction
As decreed by the king and queen of this year’s festival, celebrate 25 years of medieval entertainment with a jousting tournament and 12 stages of nonstop live entertainment. *Information: 520-463-2600 or www.renfestinfo.com*

Festival of Books
March 9-10, Tucson
Considered one of the country’s largest book festivals, the Tucson Festival of Books allows bibliophiles to mingle

with hundreds of best-selling authors. *Information: www.tucsonfestivalofbooks.org*

Photo Workshop
April 26-29, Madera Canyon
Join wildlife photographer Bruce Taubert as he leads a photographic study of hummingbirds. This workshop is timed to take advantage of several species of hummingbirds that will migrate from winter habitats to their summer home in Arizona. *Information: 888-790-7042 or www.friends-of-azhighways.com* **AH**

Check Out Our Campsites



Now Available —
Arizona Highways
Camping Guide:
100 of the Best
Campgrounds
in Arizona

SAVE
\$2

From quiet, isolated high-mountain sites to desert locations, *Arizona Highways Camping Guide* features 100 of the best campgrounds in Arizona. This, the newest guidebook in the *Arizona Highways* collection, includes *Arizona Highways*’ iconic photography and is written for car-campers and families.

Was \$22.95
Now \$20.95
ITEM #AGCS3

Order online at www.arizonahighways.com. Call toll-free nationwide 800-543-5432. Use Promo Code **P3C5CG** when ordering to take advantage of this special offer. Offer expires March 31, 2013.

ARIZONA
HIGHWAYS

Wildflowers 2013

THE SONORAN DESERT IS THE MOST BIOLOGICALLY DIVERSE DESERT IN NORTH AMERICA. THE SAGUAROS AND OCOTILLOS AND CHOLLAS MAKE IT BEAUTIFUL ALL YEAR LONG, BUT THIS MONTH, IT GETS EVEN BETTER WITH THE ADDITION OF POPPIES, PRIMROSE, LARKSPURS AND LUPINES. THERE'S A LOT OF COLOR OUT THERE, AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO SEE IT.

BY ROBERT STIEVE & KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE STOCKING

Verbena and primrose blanket the Gila River bottom in Central Arizona.



Lost Dutchman State Park, in the Superstition Mountains, is a hotspot for spring wildflowers like Mexican goldpoppies and lupines.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As you gear up to explore some of the areas featured in the next 10 pages, keep in mind that many of them are remote, and trails might be unmarked and hard to follow. In addition, remember that back-road travel can be hazardous, so be aware of weather and road conditions, carry plenty of water, and let someone know where you're going and when you plan to return. Finally, memorize and adhere to the Leave-No-Trace principles (see page 54).

Rawhide Wilderness

Although it's not as popular as some of the other wilderness areas in Arizona, the Rawhide Wilderness southeast of Lake Havasu City is equally wild, and it's a great place to see spring wildflowers. The wilderness, which was designated in 1990 and comprises 38,470 acres, includes portions of two mountain ranges — the Rawhide Mountains to the north and the Buckskins to the south — separated by 8 miles of the Bill Williams River. More than 5 miles of this perennial stream meander through a 600-foot-deep gorge, and several rocky side canyons with small waterfalls enter the main canyon within the wilderness. The riparian environment supports a variety of plants and animals, including a cottonwood-willow plant community, beavers, raptors, amphibians, reptiles and, of course, wildflowers.

DIRECTIONS: From Wenden, drive north for 38 miles on Alamo Dam Road. The Bill Williams River gorge is located downstream from Alamo Dam. Parking is available at the dam overlook. It's 1.5 miles from the overlook to the bottom of the dam where the gorge begins.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None
INFORMATION: Bureau of Land Management, Colorado River District, 928-505-1200 or www.blm.gov/az

Lost Dutchman State Park

Forty miles east of Phoenix, Lost Dutchman State Park is nestled within the Superstition Mountains, home, legend says, to Jacob Waltz's "lost" gold cache. "The Dutchman," as Waltz was known — despite being a native of Germany — is said to have revealed the location of the treasure before his death in 1890, but it's yet to be discovered. Today, Lost Dutchman State Park is popular among hikers and equestrians and provides a gateway into the Superstition Wilderness, where mule deer, coyotes, javelinas and jackrabbits make their homes amid a variety of desert wildflowers.

DIRECTIONS: From Phoenix, drive east on U.S. Route 60 for approximately 25 miles to Idaho Road and turn left. Go north on Idaho Road for approximately 5 miles, and veer right onto State Route 88 (the Apache Trail). The park is located at 6109 N. Apache Trail, in Apache Junction.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None
INFORMATION: Lost Dutchman State Park, 480-982-4485 or www.azstateparks.com/parks/lotdu



WILDFLOWER VIEWING OPPORTUNITIES:
 ALAMO DAM ROAD,
 LINCOLN RANCH ROAD

Purple owl clover and golden brittlebush explode on a hillside near Alamo Lake (left).



WILDFLOWER VIEWING OPPORTUNITIES:
 NATIVE PLANT TRAIL: 0.25-mile loop
 TREASURE LOOP TRAIL: 2.5-mile loop
 SIPHON DRAW TRAIL: 3 miles one way



Sonoran Desert National Monument

The Sonoran Desert is the most biologically diverse desert in North America, and the Sonoran Desert National Monument protects more than 487,000 acres of that rare landscape. The monument contains three distinct mountain ranges — the Maricopa, Sand Tank and Table Top mountains — as well as the Booth and White hills, all separated by wide valleys. The monument is also home to three congressionally designated wilderness areas, many significant archaeological and historic sites, and the remnants of several important historic trails. What takes center stage in the spring, however, are the wildflowers. Enjoy the scenery, but keep in mind, the desert sun stirs up rattlesnakes and other reptiles as early as February, and flash floods, caused by sudden storms, can be dangerous in washes.

DIRECTIONS: To reach the Margie's Cove Trailhead, drive north from Gila Bend on State Route 85 for approximately 12 miles to Woods Road near Milepost 134. Turn right onto Woods Road, cross the cattle guard, and follow the primitive road to the left around the corner of the right-of-way fence. Continue north, adjacent to the right-of-way fence, for 1 mile, turn right onto the primitive dirt road (BLM Route 8001), and continue east to the trailhead.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: A high-clearance vehicle is required.

INFORMATION: Bureau of Land Management, Lower Sonoran Field Office, 623-580-5500 or www.blm.gov/az



WILDFLOWER VIEWING OPPORTUNITIES:

MARGIE'S COVE TRAIL: 9 miles one way (no trail signs are available along the route)

Goldfields carpet the desert floor at Sonoran Desert National Monument, which contains three distinct mountain ranges.



For more wildflower viewing information, scan this QR code or visit www.arizona-highways.com/outdoors.asp.



Mexican goldpoppies bloom beneath Picacho Peak at Picacho Peak State Park in Southern Arizona.

WILDFLOWER VIEWING OPPORTUNITIES:
HUNTER TRAIL: 2 miles one way
SUNSET VISTA TRAIL: 3.1 miles one way



Picacho Peak State Park

Best known as the site of the only Civil War battle in Arizona, Picacho Peak is also a significant geologic landmark — the 1,500-foot peak was first documented by the Anza Expedition as it passed through the area in the 18th century. Today, the peak is the centerpiece of Picacho Peak State Park, which plays host to a variety of recreational opportunities, including hiking, camping and picnicking. Come spring, the peak is often surrounded by a sea of wildflowers that bloom amid the park’s countless saguaros and chollas, and park rangers lead guided hikes seasonally.

DIRECTIONS: Picacho Peak State Park is located on Picacho Peak Road, 65 miles southeast of Phoenix off of Interstate 10.
VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None
INFORMATION: Picacho Peak State Park, 520-466-3183 or www.azstateparks.com/parks/pipe



WILDFLOWER VIEWING OPPORTUNITIES:
BEN AVERY TRAIL: 10.2 miles one way

Owl clover is prevalent in the Eagletail Mountains Wilderness west of Phoenix, especially after a rainy winter season.

Eagletail Mountains Wilderness

Named for the three stone shafts that resemble the feathers of an eagle, the Eagletail Mountains Wilderness is a magnet for outdoor enthusiasts, including rock climbers. At 3,300 feet, Eagletail Peak is the literal high point of the wilderness, which comprises 97,880 acres, but there’s much more to explore in this protected environment 65 miles west of Phoenix. In addition to wildflowers, there’s the usual Sonoran Desert flora — ocotillos, chollas, creosotes, ironwoods, saguaros, barrel cactuses and mesquites — along with mule deer,

desert tortoises, bobcats, mountain lions and peregrine falcons. There’s rock, too, including natural arches, high spires, monoliths and jagged sawtooth ridges. Courthouse Rock, a huge granite monolith on the northern end of the wilderness, stands more than 1,000 feet above



Mariposa Lily

the desert floor — this is where the technical rock climbers like to hang out.

DIRECTIONS: To Courthouse Rock, from Phoenix, take Interstate 10 west for 63 miles to Salome Road, turn left at the stop sign and make an immediate right onto Harquahala Valley Road. Continue on Harquahala Valley Road for 5 miles to the intersection of Centennial Road and Courthouse Road. Turn right onto Centennial Road and continue west for 6.5 miles to Pipeline Road (unmarked). Turn right onto Pipeline Road and continue for 3.8 miles to backcountry route YE013 (near the wilderness designation sign). Turn left and park near the information kiosk.
VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: A high-clearance, four-wheel-drive vehicle is required.
INFORMATION: Bureau of Land Management, Yuma Field Office, 928-317-3200 or www.blm.gov/az



Bartlett Lake

Created by the construction of Bartlett Dam in 1939, the 2,830-acre Bartlett Reservoir is a favorite among anglers, boaters and wildflower enthusiasts. Located just minutes from Carefree, the lake, named for government surveyor Bill Bartlett, is home to a variety of flora and fauna. In fact, several state-record fish have been caught there, including a 7-pound smallmouth bass and a 37-pound flathead catfish. Following a wet winter, the lake's 33 miles of shoreline bloom with desert wildflowers, including goldpoppies, lupines and scorpion-weed.

DIRECTIONS: From Carefree, drive east on Forest Road 24 (Bartlett Dam Road) for 7 miles to Forest Road 19, turn right, and continue 14 miles to the reservoir.
VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None
INFORMATION: Cave Creek Ranger District, 480-595-3300 or www.fs.usda.gov/tonto



WILDFLOWER VIEWING OPPORTUNITIES:

PALO VERDE TRAIL 512: 2.4 miles one way

Brittlebush and lupine bloom on a hillside overlooking Bartlett Lake.



Brittlebush



Saddle Mountain

Desert bighorn sheep, Gila monsters, kit foxes, Cooper's hawks, prairie falcons and golden eagles are among the 162 wildlife species that make their home on Saddle Mountain, 50 miles west of downtown Phoenix. The volcanic mountain rises 3,037 feet above the Harquahala Plain and features unique archaeological sites and spectacular cliffs, spires and buttes tinted by andesite, rhyolite and basalt. And there are wildflowers, too. As a whole, Saddle Mountain offers a rare opportunity for solitude on the outskirts of the sixth largest city in America, which is one of the reasons the Arizona Wilderness Coalition, the Tonopah Area Coalition and the Friends of Saddle Mountain are asking the Bureau of Land Management to set aside Saddle Mountain and its special secluded environment as a Wilderness Study Area, with the hope that someday it will be fully protected as designated wilderness under the Wilderness Act.

DIRECTIONS: From Phoenix, drive west on Interstate 10 for 50 miles to Tonopah (Exit 94), turn left onto 411th Avenue and continue 2 miles to Salome Highway. Turn right onto Salome Highway and continue 4 miles to the access point (there are no established trailheads).

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None

INFORMATION: Bureau of Land Management, Lower Sonoran Field Office, 623-580-5500 or www.blm.gov/az



WILDFLOWER VIEWING OPPORTUNITIES:

Guided hikes are available through the Friends of Saddle Mountain, 602-370-8062 or www.saddlemountain.org.

Mexican goldpoppies and fiddle-necks bloom amid owl clover near Saddle Mountain, west of Phoenix (above).



The desert of the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation bursts with Mexican goldpoppies and lupines.

San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation

From Point of Pines to San Carlos lakes and the Upper Salt River Canyon, the San Carlos Apache Reservation is chock-full of recreational opportunities. There, you'll also find a variety of wildlife, including bighorn sheep, elk, antelope and migratory birds, as well as the world's largest deposit of peridot, which local artisans craft into jewelry and collectibles. San Carlos is also a great place to see spring wildflowers, particularly along U.S. Route 70, which runs east-west across the reservation. Permits from the San Carlos Apache Tribe are required for recreation and fishing on the reservation.

DIRECTIONS: From Globe, go east on U.S. Route 70 for 24 miles to the turnoff for Point of Pines Lake (Indian Route 8).

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None

INFORMATION: San Carlos Apache Recreation & Wildlife Department, 928-475-2343 or www.sancharlosapache.com

WILDFLOWER VIEWING OPPORTUNITIES:
U.S. ROUTE 70,
INDIAN ROUTE 8



The Apache Trail runs along hillsides of bluedicks, lupines and brittlebush.

Apache Trail

As it winds through the Tonto National Forest, the 48-mile-long Apache Trail (State Route 88) passes a chain of manmade lakes, Canyon, Apache and Roosevelt. Built to transport supplies through the Superstition Mountains during the construction of Roosevelt Dam at the turn of the 20th century, the road features a number of switchbacks, a few harrowing climbs and descents, and some pretty impressive views of the surrounding wilderness, including a proliferation of spring wildflowers. The route also includes a number of tourist attractions, including Goldfield Ghost Town and Tortilla Flat.

DIRECTIONS: From Apache Junction, drive north on the Apache Trail (State Route 88) for approximately 48 miles to Roosevelt Lake.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: A high-clearance vehicle is recommended.

INFORMATION: Mesa Ranger District, 480-610-3300 or www.fs.usda.gov/tonto



WILDFLOWER VIEWING OPPORTUNITIES:
APACHE LAKE,
CANYON LAKE

7 SIMPLE TIPS FOR SHOOTING WILDFLOWERS

by George Stocking

1

Use a diffuser when shooting close-ups to turn harsh sunlight into an attractive glow. Place the diffuser between the sun and your subject, and control the glow by varying the distance from the subject to the diffuser.

2

Spring wildflowers are dependent on winter rains. For instance, Mexican goldpoppies require that the pattern of rainfall remain consistent. If the time between strong rainfalls exceeds two or three weeks, poppies in those areas will be weak come spring. Watch rainfall patterns in desired locations throughout the preceding winter.

3

Photographers should be aware of the tendencies and behavior of their subjects. For instance, it helps to know that Mexican goldpoppies open only under direct sunlight and only if the air temperature remains warm enough. So, when planning morning or evening shots, keep in mind that the poppies will open about 45 minutes after the sun rises and close 45 minutes before the sun sets. Primroses bloom at night.

4

Any predator knows better than to sit and wait for prey to just walk by—the enterprising predator knows to go where the game hangs out. Flower hotspots will remain consistent from year to year due to seed distribution and a variety of other factors. Photographers should make a list of well-known flower locations and keep a detailed GPS record of how to return.

5

Use large apertures to create a blurry background. Large apertures, such as f/1.4, f/2.0 and f/2.8, will help create a painterly blur as you move your camera closer and closer to your subject. Use small apertures, such as f/16 and f/22, to keep everything sharp.

6

Look for flowers in unique groupings with dissimilar elements. What we call “intimate landscapes” often make better images than shots of like flowers in groupings of the same. Possibilities might include wildflowers intertwined with a prickly pear cactus or growing between the ribs of a fallen saguaro.

7

Try to emphasize color contrast. For instance, photograph a lone owl clover (magenta) against a background of brittlebush flowers (yellow), or a single lupine (blue/purple) against a sea of Mexican goldpoppies (orange). [AWW](#)

GO! FISH.

Humpback chubs don't have a cool name — not like barracudas or stingrays. And, to be honest, they're kind of ugly. They are, however, unique. Found only in the Colorado River, they're an endangered species as old as the Grand Canyon itself. Sadly, at last count, there were only 10,000 humpbacks left. But, thanks to a team of scientists who are rooting for their survival, the prehistoric species just might survive.

**BY TERRY GREENE STERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM BEAN**

Volunteer Ed Janik, fish biologist Bill Persons and boatman Peter Weiss pull a hoop net from the Colorado River during a humpback chub monitoring trip in the Marble Canyon area of Grand Canyon National Park.



ABOVE: Water jets from outlets below Glen Canyon Dam during a controlled flooding experiment on the Colorado River.

OPPOSITE PAGE: U.S. Geological Survey fish biologist Bill Persons measures a humpback chub pulled from the Colorado River in Grand Canyon.

It's September. Slate-gray monsoon clouds hunch over Northern Arizona's Vermilion Cliffs, bruising the red bluffs with their shadows. In the valley below, a strange convoy roars down a narrow road that blades through sand and rock toward the Colorado River.

The four-vehicle convoy consists of a passenger car, a pickup towing a small Osprey motorboat, and two large stake-bed hauling trucks. One stake-bed carries a second Osprey motorboat in a metal cage. Both stake-beds haul long trailers. Latched onto each trailer is an inflated white-and-black rubber raft measuring more than 30 feet long. Each raft has a yawning belly lined with metal war-surplus ammo cans, set like crooked teeth.

The vehicles brake to a halt near historic Lees Ferry, where 19th and early 20th century settlers once ferried across the Colorado River. Clad in sandals and loose-fitting clothing, several men and women jump out of the convoy and expertly ease the two large rafts into the river. Ten people — four fisheries biologists, two volunteers and four technically savvy boat pilots — are assigned to this expedition, which is overseen by the U.S. Geological Survey (USGS) Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center in Flagstaff and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The expedition is tasked with documenting the effects of Glen Canyon Dam on the river knifing through the Grand Canyon by monitoring populations of the humpback chub, an endangered fish species as old as the Grand Canyon itself.

Humpback chubs are found only in the Colorado River Basin, and mostly in the Grand Canyon.

For four days, photographer Tom Bean and I will join the expedition as it studies this species. We'll be dropped off downstream near Phantom Ranch, and hike out via the Bright Angel Trail.

Today, the Colorado River at Lees Ferry is the color of Chinese jade, slightly redolent of algae, and very cold. When early settlers ferried across here, the river was warmer, more temperamental and scented by the silt thickening its waters. What changed? The Glen Canyon Dam, about 15 miles upstream, was completed in 1963. The dam plugged the Colorado River, creating Lake Powell, a reservoir that now provides drinking water to 25 million people and banks water for droughts in compliance with multistate water pacts. Glen Canyon Dam churns out 5 billion kilowatt-hours of hydroelectric power each year as it hurls the Colorado River back into its downstream channel. Colder, clearer water released in unnatural sequences from the depths of the

reservoir now feeds the river, altering downriver plant and animal habitats.

The science produced by this expedition will help inform the U.S. Department of the Interior as it comes up with a plan in the next two years on how best to manage water releases from the dam over the next two decades.

In deciding how to release water from the dam in the next 20 years, the department must consider how to account for the needs of dozens of Native American tribes, seven thirsty Colorado River Basin states, trout anglers, farmers, river-rafting companies and hydroelectric power users, as well as honor the Grand Canyon Protection Act, which protects the Grand Canyon and the threatened and endangered creatures that live there — like the humpback chub.

The "Law of the River" dictates that water will be delivered from the dam. But Congress requires that the entirety of "resources" in the Grand Canyon — including the river and the creatures that rely on it — be protected, restored and improved by the way in which the water is released from the dam.

The Grand Canyon Trust, a conservation group that aims to protect and restore the Colorado Plateau, recently responded to an environmental impact statement that will help guide the department. The flows must be changed, the Trust writes, because under current dam releases, "cultural sites have lost much of their foundations; beaches have shrunk; many native plants and animals have been reduced in number; and 10,000 endangered humpback chubs compete for limited food with over 1 million trout."

Loss of sediment under "current dam operations" has "resulted in fewer and smaller beaches." It has also "eliminated significant critical habitat for native fish. Sediment deposits create complex shorelines and underwater features that are used by native fish for spawning and rearing."

The Trust wants the federal government to require two types of releases from the dam in the future: "regular high flows" to restore beaches and "seasonally adjusted steady flows" based on the natural rhythms of the pre-dam river, which would preserve beaches, protect native fish habitat and stabilize centuries-old cultural sites.

Reconfiguring dam flows can be expensive, though, and hydroelectric power users prefer to keep costs low.

In deciding how to regulate dam flows, the department will rely on a growing body of science, such as the findings soon to be produced by this raft expedition at Lees Ferry.

The crew checks on the rafts, now tethered to metal pounded into the buff-colored sandy beach. The crew lashes a long pontoon onto each side of each raft and inflates each pontoon with air. The two small Osprey motorboats bob in the river, tied to the rafts.

Carolyn Alvord, a former racehorse jockey from Connecticut and longtime Colorado River boat pilot, jumps on the kitchen raft. Short, sturdy and strong-minded, she checks the cargo of

cast-iron pots, portable stoves, grills, soap, condiments, coffee, Turtles candy, knives, forks, spoons, cups, ice, 14 filled 5-gallon water jugs and enough food to sustain 12 people for nearly three weeks. Alvord will pilot the kitchen raft and command the kitchen.

Shane Murphy is a 65-year-old mustachioed guidebook writer and biographer of Grand Canyon pioneer and storyteller John Hance. Murphy has piloted 128 trips down the river, explaining its wonders to tourists. After a stint guiding tourists in the Antarctic, he returned to Arizona, and the river. Now he's in charge of the large, awkward science raft, which can buck dangerously in rapids. Among other things, the science raft carries buckets, a giant winch for boat repairs, dozens of heavy nets (seine, trammel and hoop), notebooks, maps, a large bag of Aqua Mix fish-



food pellets, half-inch-long "pit tags" containing microchips to be injected into fish for monitoring purposes, scanner wands to detect and read tags in fish that have already been injected, fish-measuring boards, a well-equipped first-aid kit, a plastic bladder of red wine, bright-yellow waterproof "dry bags," camping equipment, folding chairs, a sun-and-rain shelter, extra Honda boat motors and two guitars.



It's midmorning, and as we float downstream the sky is so clear I can see the moon overhead. The green river darkens in cliff shadows. Two big rafts follow the two noisy Ospreys, making good time in a 30-foot-deep river that travels into the Grand Canyon at about 4 miles per hour. The water is released from the dam today at about 8,000 cubic feet per second, a relatively slow flow that makes for a pleasant ride.

On the science raft, Randy Van Haverbeke takes in sights as familiar to him as breathing: the crimson cliffs; the seep willow, saltbush and snakeweed clinging to small sandy beaches; the lone blue heron fishing in shallows; the driftwood on cliffs high

Researchers and volunteers gather at Rattlesnake Camp along the Colorado River during a Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center trip.



above the river, signaling a raging pre-dam flood.

Van Haverbeke is 58 years old, a man of average height and build who wears aviator glasses and tucks his wavy gray-blond ponytail through the back slot of his ever-present baseball cap. He's a Copenhagen-dipping jokester who appreciates human company, but he's also a loner, and likes to let a big landscape swallow him. As a teenager, he began exploring the Grand Canyon, and he respects its power. As a committed fisheries biologist, he's traveled the river or its tributaries more than 150 times, studying humpback chubs.

Geologists figure the Colorado River began creating the Grand Canyon between 5 and 6 million years ago. Fossils suggest humpback chubs lived in the Colorado River Basin at least 5 million years ago, according to the 2008 book *Late Cenozoic Drainage History of the Southwestern Great Basin and Lower Colorado River Region: Geologic and Biotic Perspectives*.

This species could be as old as the canyon it evolved in.

For millions of years, these silvery minnows, which can live to be 40 years old and can grow to be more than a foot long, survived floods and drought that ravaged the Colorado River Basin. Their namesake hump, which grows as the fish ages, remains a mystery. It might have evolved to help the fish balance and navigate in the fast water. Or it might have developed to prevent the fish from being swallowed by other giant minnows that once populated the Colorado River Basin.

No one knows how many humpback chubs existed in the Colorado River Basin prior to the construction of Glen Canyon Dam, but scientists estimate that the species now occupies about 68 percent of its original habitat. Cold dam water and introduced predators like trout have decreased their numbers.



Fish biologists Randy Van Haverbeke (left) and Bill Persons use a seine net to gather humpback chubs at Eminence Backwater, on the Colorado River.

Today, scientists estimate there may be 10,000 to 11,000 adult humpback chubs in the *entire* Colorado River Basin. (About 2,000 to 3,000 live in the Upper Colorado Basin, upriver of Glen Canyon Dam. Another 7,650 or so live in the Colorado River and its tributaries downstream from the dam.) The Grand Canyon, according to USGS supervisory biologist Scott Vanderkooi, is a "stronghold" for the species.

In 1989, scientists estimated that between 11,000 and 12,000 humpback chubs lived in the Grand Canyon; by the year 2000, their numbers had fallen to 5,000 to 6,000.

Then, in 2009, the Grand Canyon populations made a modest comeback — up to about 7,650 or so. That's still lower than the 1989 estimate, but scientists say the species continues to make modest gains in the Grand Canyon.

Van Haverbeke figures the population uptick was probably caused by several factors. Humpback chubs need to live in water of at least 61 degrees Fahrenheit or higher in order to spawn and grow normally. Dam-released Colorado River water usually registers 46 to 54 degrees Fahrenheit — too cold for the fish to thrive.

But in 2000, a low release from the dam warmed the Colorado to about 56 degrees. In other years, the waters released from a shallower Lake Powell were warmed even more by drought. What's more, the humpback chubs' predators, like trout, declined throughout the river for unknown reasons between 2000 and 2007. And for three years, from 2003 to 2006, authorities removed close to 80 percent of the trout hoping to make a

meal out of baby humpback chubs near a critical spawning area — the warm Little Colorado River, which spirals into the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon.

This expedition will monitor known populations of humpback chubs, which explains why, in the late afternoon, we tie up at our first campsite — an uncomfortable rocky beach near loud rapids. Here, small pockets of the river are warmed by springs with bathtub-temperature water. The warm water attracts humpback chubs. One tiny population has spawned here.

Thirty hoop nets and eight trammel nets are loaded into the Ospreys. Hoop nets are meshed collapsible cylinders about the size of a garbage can. Attached to long cords tied onto boulders or branches, the submerged hoop nets contain bait that lure fish into their cavities. Once in, the fish seldom escape. The large trammel nets are more problematic. They traverse wide stretches of river and can stress fish trapped in their web. For fish safety, trammels must be checked three times this evening and removed at 11 p.m.

Boatmen Peter Weiss and Scott Perry, both technically trained in data collection, pilot the boats. Van Haverbeke; Robin Osterhoudt, an Arizona Game and Fish Department Colorado River researcher; and Mike Pillow, a fisheries biologist with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, join Anya Fayfer, a Museum of Northern Arizona field and lab technician who has volunteered her time to the expedition on the Ospreys. This team will set the trammel nets, and throughout the night they will check for fish, measuring those caught in the trammel nets before releasing them into the black water. They

catch three adult humpback chubs in the trammel net.

In the darkness, Osprey motors whine as they push through loud, roiling waters.

In the morning, it's time to check and collect the hoop nets. By a warm spring seeping from fragrant, fern-laced umber-hued limestone, there's a very small humpback chub spawning area.

This little population seems to be holding on.



After the nets and gear are stowed, we glide downriver, passing a bank of mauve-tinted limestone. We tie up at a large sandbar, about 80 yards long. The tan sand has the consistency of brown sugar, and a recent nameless visitor scrawled FREEDOM RUNNERS across a narrow part of the sandbar. Between the sandbar and the bank of gray boulders interspersed with sandy expanses of grass, Van Haverbeke and expedition co-leader Bill Persons, a fisheries biologist for the USGS, drag a seine net to see if they can find baby humpback chubs in the backwater.

Persons, 61, is a longtime fisheries biologist who has always loved rivers. He's a tall, even-tempered scientist with a tidy beard. On river trips, he wears a wide-brimmed straw hat that shades his shoulders. He wears it as he wades into the backwater carrying one end of the net and sinks to just above his shoulders, struggling for footing in deep muck. Brown silt billows up from the bottom, staining the green water. Persons balances himself, then drags the net with Van Haverbeke, who holds the other end and stands on the sandbar in his canary-yellow life jacket. They catch about 20 fish, mostly trout. No humpback chubs. They repeat the sequence, with Van Haverbeke in the muck this time.

Pillow carefully helps pluck fish out of the net.

Still no baby humpback chubs.

The water is too cold.



"It's cold," I say when I gently lay my index finger on a humpback chub for the first time.

We're about 2.5 miles upstream from the Little Colorado River spawning grounds now. In the two days we camp here, at the confluence of Awatubi Creek and the Colorado River, the crew nets, measures and documents the presence of more than 100 adult humpback chubs.

The fish I touch is a big silver female, perhaps 25 years old, with graceful fins and a strong tail. Her small head extends quizzically from beneath her large hump. She has circular eyes that don't see very well, but well-developed senses of vibration and smell help her survive in silty waters. Her well-defined nares, or nostrils, sit on top of her dome-shaped snout. She has a large mouth. And no teeth.

She doesn't resist human handling when her eyes are covered with a cupped hand (Pillow's technique) or her belly is gently stroked (Van Haverbeke's technique). And when she slides back into the Colorado River, her silver body disappears in sun-silvered water.

"A really cool fish," Weiss later says of the entire species. "They developed in this place, they're part of it."

So is Weiss. At 58, he's spent most of his life as a boatman. First, he piloted tourist rafts. Now, he mans science-expedition boats. He's a quiet man who understands the river, and knows

exactly where to find humpback chubs.

“They like quiet places,” he says.

“Maybe we should all like quiet places.”



Thunder tumbles through the Little Colorado River canyon and into the Grand Canyon. The rain-swollen Little Colorado races toward the Colorado River, depositing Colorado Plateau souvenirs — rocks, logs, silt, fragments of petrified wood — on its banks and in the Colorado River.

From our camp on the Colorado River, Ed Janik and Bill Persons take an Osprey down to the Little Colorado River confluence, where muddy water stains the mother river a chocolate brown. An experienced expedition volunteer who lives in Phoenix and works at a high-tech company, Janik helps Persons check fish-monitoring equipment. The Little Colorado is the richest known spawning area for humpback chubs, and scientists often helicopter down here to monitor the fish at one of several Little Colorado “fish camps.”

In the summer, state and federal scientists net juvenile humpback chubs here and gently transport them in barrels via helicopter to the top of the plateau. From there, they’re chauffeured to a New Mexico fish hatchery, where they’re kept in warm water and fed for a year. The next summer, the tagged fish are chauffeured back to Arizona and released in Shinumo and Havasu creeks, two warm tributaries of the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon. Since the program began in 2008, about 1,400 fish have been “translocated,” with a nearly 100 percent success rate, thanks to gentle handling, Van Haverbeke says.

Tom Bean, Van Haverbeke, volunteer Anya Fayfer and I hike up the Little Colorado to take Persons and Janik sandwiches and cookies. As they eat, the Little Colorado’s banks begin to swell with silty water. Thunder’s *basso profundo* warns us of a serious storm. Avoiding quicksand, we hike past layered sandstone rich with salt. Downstream on the Colorado River, rain washes over sacred, centuries-old Native American salt mines.



In the evening, a giant boulder calves off a canyon cliff and careens into the Colorado River.

A few hours later, boatman Perry navigates the Osprey through roiling holes in the swelling river. Van Haverbeke checks the trammel net, and Perry steers the boat back toward camp. The fog is so thick, Perry’s light is useless, so he navigates the rapid in the dark. In the blind, fog-thickened night, he avoids the deadly boulder and returns safely to camp.

The Little Colorado is running at 8,000 cubic feet per second now, doubling the flow of the big Colorado River and washing countless young humpback chubs downstream to an uncertain future.

As the Colorado River swells with muddy water, it threatens to wash away the expedition’s kitchen on the beach. In the rain, we take the kitchen apart and relay pots, pans, tarps, food, tables, chairs and dishes to safer, higher ground.

Van Haverbeke and Osterhoudt, a former medical secretary who changed her life to become a river biologist, dash into Perry’s Osprey and quickly dismantle the trammel net in seething dark water.



► Early morning light reflects in the muddy Colorado River as it runs past Rattlesnake Camp.

BELOW: Biologist Randy Van Haverbeke releases a humpback chub at Awatubi Camp along the Colorado River.



In the morning, the sky is blue and the Colorado River is the color of Dutch cocoa. After hours of hoop-net collecting and fish monitoring, the science expedition drops us off near Phantom Ranch, then floats downriver.



As I hike out of the Grand Canyon, I take one last look at the Colorado River. I think back to an earlier conversation with Dave Uberuaga, the superintendent of Grand Canyon National Park. He described humpback chubs as part of the Grand Canyon itself.

But how do you explain the plight of a creature hidden in waters at the bottom of the Canyon to the millions of people at the top of the canyon?

A canyon wren sings. I’m standing on a sandy ledge, and the river is so far below me I can’t hear its roar. Down there, I know, the scientists are setting their nets, looking for humpback chubs in the quiet places.

POSTSCRIPT

Seventeen days after it left Lees Ferry, the scientific expedition ended at Pearce Ferry, near Lake Mead. The crew had captured and monitored hundreds of humpback chubs, including 42 young fish that had traveled to and from the New Mexico fish hatchery and were thriving in their new homes.

As I write these words, the scientists have yet to complete the inputting and crunching of the data that will reveal insights into the condition of the Grand Canyon humpback chub populations.

Randy Van Haverbeke offers an educated hunch: The populations, for now, are stable. The species remains on the endangered list, though, and its long-term future is uncertain.

For more information about humpback chubs and the scientific studies that will help inform the U.S. Department of the Interior as it decides on future water releases from Glen Canyon Dam, visit the websites of the Grand Canyon Monitoring and Research Center at www.gcmrc.gov and the Glen Canyon Dam Long-Term Experimental and Management Plan Environmental Impact Statement at <http://ttempeis.anl.gov>. 

AROUND THE BEND

Where Glen Canyon meets the Grand Canyon,
an excerpt from our book
IMAGES: Jack Dykinga's *Grand Canyon*

"All places, big or small, have a beginning, and the Grand Canyon has its rather humble origin at a small spot on the map called Lees Ferry. Here, the Colorado River undergoes a quick transition from the sandstone enclosure that was Glen Canyon (before the creation of Lake Powell) to a multitude of other rock formations that will, in short time, compose the steep walls of the Grand Canyon. The top layer throughout the Canyon is Kaibab limestone. When this stratum makes its discreet appearance above the river at Lees Ferry, the Grand Canyon officially begins. Here, the great gorge can be measured in only a few feet or even just inches, but because of what the Canyon will soon become, it's a wry thought to imagine such beginnings." —Wayne Ranney



Horseshoe Bend: "Now a favorite photographer's viewpoint," Jack Dykinga says, "Horseshoe Bend offers an intimate insight into the river's power to slice rock. Eons of time and countless tons of silt have turned a simple bend in the river into a steep, rounded work of art." From Horseshoe Bend, the Colorado River winds toward Lees Ferry and makes the transition from Glen Canyon to the Grand Canyon. 📷 CAMERA: ARCA SWISS FIELD VIEW; SHUTTER: 1/2 SEC; APERTURE: F/32; ISO: 50; FOCAL LENGTH: 80 MM (SCHNEIDER SUPER-SYMMAR)



IMAGES: Jack Dykinga's *Grand Canyon* is a portfolio featuring more than 35 of the most scenic and remote viewpoints surrounding one of the world's seven natural wonders. To order a copy, visit www.arizonahighways.com/books.



Wherever The Spirit Moves Her

Dianna Uqualla wears the traditional clothing of a medicine woman. She has a gift, likely passed down from her grandfather, that allows her to see things others cannot. At first, her ability frightened her, but now she embraces her gifts and travels the world to share them through ceremonial blessings, sweats, prayers and sacred rituals. She goes, she says, wherever Spirit takes her, but she is happiest at her home in the village of Supai.

BY KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER || PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAWN KISH

Havasupai medicine woman Dianna Baby Sue White Dove Uqualla stands atop Navajo Falls in Havasu Canyon.



WHEN THE WIND STIRS THE COTTONWOODS in Havasu Canyon, it sounds as though it's come off the ocean. Impossible, considering that it's 543 miles to the Pacific. The wind pushes the smoke of burning sage through the air, curling it up and outward until it disappears over a sandstone lip, hundreds of feet above.

Dianna Baby Sue White Dove Uqualla keeps her senses tuned to the singing of that wind. To the secrets of the birds. To the way light plays through the leaves of the cottonwoods. She pays attention, she says, because that's how Spirit speaks to her.

She answers with a warrior's cry.

It comes at the end of a ceremonial blessing, after the chanting of songs that reverberate across the canyon like a pulse.

Uqualla's conversations with the entity she calls Spirit began decades ago, after her mother died. Her father, unsure of how to raise a daughter alone, sent her to a boarding school far from the Havasupai Reservation. There, while her classmates slept, Uqualla was fraught.

She dreamed things that would eventually become reality. Songs raced through her imagination without explanation. The experiences frightened her — until a fortuitous meeting.

"One day, I was wandering around on the reservation near Peach Springs," says Uqualla, called "Baby Sue" because of her youthful character. "It was cold, and I saw smoke coming from a chimney, so I went over and knocked on the door, and an elder woman opened it."

The woman invited Uqualla in and asked her what she was doing in the cold. She unfurled her troubles like a sail.

"I told her that different things were happening to me — told her about the dreams," she says. "When I finished talking, the elder looked at me and said, 'I am your mother's best friend.'"

The elder went on to tell Uqualla that her grandfather, her mother's father, was one of the last Havasupai medicine people.

"She told me that the medicine people went on to become the chiefs, the chairmen," Uqualla remembers. "She said, 'I think your grandfather is a part of you.'"

From that moment, Uqualla embraced what she now considers to be her gifts and began traveling across Arizona in pursuit of sharing them with others through ceremonial blessings, sweats, prayers and other sacred rituals. She goes, she says, wherever Spirit takes her, but she is happiest at home in the village of Supai, where she greets a group of visitors on a warm November afternoon.

Uqualla wears the traditional clothing of a medicine woman, from the eagle feather in her hair to the bag of herbs that hangs from her neck. Turquoise rings — traded with the Hopi — adorn fingers thick and square from working in her garden, from building the ceremonial space in which she stands. Her dress is kiwi green, striped with blue and white and topped with a multicolored shawl. It honors, she says, the changing of the seasons. Red ochre, drawn from the earth and crushed into



TOP: Dianna Uqualla descends the Havasupai Trail, near Navajo Falls, as a group of tourists begins the 8-mile journey out of the Grand Canyon.

ABOVE: Uqualla chants and drums during a ceremonial blessing at her home in Supai.

the grit of passersby for hundreds of years, and after miles of rock and dirt and only the occasional spot of shade, it's plain to see that you're standing someplace special.

Havasus Creek appears around a bend, though it's heard first — the rushing of that impossible ocean, so many miles away. Lined by cottonwoods and the sandy trail that leads to the village, the creek is more than just blue-green, as the Havasupais' nickname, "People of the Blue-Green Water," would have you believe. It's the mingling of absinthe and phthalo blue, lime spilled into sky. Clearer than a swimming pool and cold as Lake Superior in the spring, the creek and the waterfalls it feeds — Upper Navajo and Lower Navajo, cut into the earth between the village and the campground, 2 miles downstream; and Mooney, Havasu and Beaver, beyond the campground — are the lifeblood of the tribe. Tourism is its primary source of income, even after the 2008 flash flood that washed away the pools below Mooney Falls and closed the campground for nearly a year.

For Uqualla, the creek means she's home.

"Every time I go somewhere, the canyon calls me back," she says. "I hear and smell Supai when we get near the creek, and my heart cries with joy."

ATRIBUTARY CANYON OF THE GRAND, HAVASU IS THE 518-acre ancestral and modern home of its namesake people. There, the Havasupai had little interaction with European or American explorers until the late 1770s,

when Spanish missionary Francisco Garcés rode in. His journals later revealed Havasupai outposts as far east as the Moenkopi Wash, near Tuba City. Indeed, the tribe once ranged from the Grand Canyon to Bill Williams Mountain to the Little Colorado River.

When Teddy Roosevelt determined that the Grand Canyon would become a national park, he demanded that the Havasupai move from their traditional spring and summer home at Indian Garden, where they had harvested beans, squash, melon and corn for generations.

By the time Woodrow Wilson signed Senate Bill 390 to authorize the designation in 1919, many Havasupai had already ventured out of the Canyon and into surrounding areas. One man, known by his Anglo name of Billy Burro, refused the president's order and remained at Indian Garden with his wife, Tsoojva, until the National Park Service forced the couple out in 1928. There were others like Billy and Tsoojva — men like Yavñimi' Gswedva, who, instead of moving out of the park, moved into a cave higher up the Bright Angel Trail.

The Havasupai were relegated to Havasu Canyon until 1975, when Congress restored an additional 185,000 acres of canyon and rim territory to the tribe.

"In our canyon home and up on the plateau, there are places where my ancestors stayed and survived," Uqualla says. "I go to these places and I sing to the mother, to the Earth. It is told through our elders: *You sing four songs, you give them to the land.*

"At one point in our history, many of the medicine people were shunned [by the tribe]. ... But the tribe didn't realize that those medicine men had fathered children, that the bloodlines remained. Now, I have to carry on the tradition. It's not a position of power. It's the acknowledgment of how we treat Mother Earth, how we treat the human people."

fine powder, lines her cheeks, symbolic of the tears of her people. The thick red line below her bottom lip is a reminder of balance.

When she speaks, it is in the hushed, soft tone of someone at peace.

"We are blessed that you are here," Uqualla says. "You have walked where my ancestors walked. You have moved through spirits to get here."

There's no telling, really, how many people have walked the 8 miles from the Hualapai Hilltop to the village of Supai. Remote and exposed, the trail begins in a series of switchbacks, descending more than 1,500 feet in less than a mile. Trains of pack animals, horses and mules, run roughshod, wrangled by Havasupai *vaqueros* — modern-day Gus McCraes in Nike T-shirts.

Sometimes, when the mule trains ride past, the air grows so thick with dust you can't see but a few feet in front of you. After it clears, though, settling on boulders and in crevices that have worn

If You Go

DIRECTIONS: The Havasupai Trail is accessed via the Hualapai Hilltop. From Historic Route 66 in Peach Springs, travel north on Indian Route 18, which is paved, for 65 miles to a public parking area and the trailhead.

TRAIL LENGTH: 8 miles to the village of Supai, plus an additional 2 miles to the campground.

TRAIL DIFFICULTY: Moderate

LODGING: Overnight accommodations are available in the Havasupai lodge, which is located in the village, or in the Havasupai campground, 2 miles beyond the village. Reservations must be made for either destination.

FEES: There is a \$35 fee for entry into the village, and an additional \$22 fee per person for camping. Lodge rooms begin at \$145 per night. All visitors must check in at the tribe's tourism office upon arrival in the village.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: The trail is exposed and rocky, so plan accordingly. Wear sturdy hiking shoes and pack more water than you think you'll need. Temperatures in the Canyon during the summer can exceed 100 degrees. Although Fern Spring, in the campground, provides fresh water, it's unwise to drink from Havasu Creek unless you've boiled the water or run it through a water filtration system. You must pack out what you pack in and observe all tenets of the Leave-No-Trace principles, outlined on page 54. Campfires are prohibited.

INFORMATION: Havasupai Tribe, 928-448-2121 or www.havasupaitribe.com

Everywhere I go, I leave these songs. I say, 'Yes, I remember you. I remember the Native people. I am thankful that you are still here.'

Uqualla travels, on occasion, with the Thirteen Grandmothers, women representative of global indigenous tribes — the Maori, the Cheyenne, the Mazatec among them. Together, they speak on behalf of not only their people, but also humankind.

"We have to come together in a peaceful way," Uqualla says. "It can be done. We have to slow down and get back into the balance of the world."

One such trip took Uqualla to the Middle East. She hadn't a plan or a plane ticket, just a calling, she says, from Spirit. So, she hitchhiked from the Hilltop to Kingman. From there, she rode a bus to Las Vegas. That's when she received word from the organization she traveled with that a plane ticket was waiting for her. So she flew — for the first time ever — to Israel. From there, she visited Gaza and Jordan, as well.

"I was honored to be there on behalf of my elders," Uqualla remembers. "We went to all of the places in the Bible, and for me that was significant because even though I practice a traditional way of life now, I was raised Christian."

And she wasn't afraid, not even when escorted by armed soldiers into Gaza.

"You have to have faith," she says. "No matter how extreme a situation is, challenges can become lessons."

RIGHT: A raven soars between the sandstone walls of the Grand Canyon, over the Havasupai Trail.

BELOW: Light filters through the canvas walls of Uqualla's ceremonial space as she looks up toward the Canyon's rim.



AT 53, UQUALLA HAS LEARNED MORE THAN A FEW LESSONS of her own. Though she doesn't divulge details, she says that she lived a hard life before she settled in Supai, before her conversations with Spirit became everyday occurrences.

She bore a son but didn't stay attached to his father. As she aged, her health declined. Once an avid equestrian, she weeps over the loss of her ability to ride, the result of a recent lupus diagnosis. Now, instead of journeying into and out of the canyon on horseback, she's forced to ride in one of the helicopters that carry supplies and tourists several times each week. They land adjacent to her home, kicking up dust and the sweat and stench of grazing mules with a whirring so loud, the violent grind of it echoes long after the chopper has moved up and away.

She's watched the young members of her tribe turn to iPods and satellite television for entertainment, watched as they shed their traditional clothes in favor of hoodies, baggy jeans and baseball caps. Some of them have given up their native language in favor of the Anglo slang they learn at boarding school and from movies. She served as a probation officer; she taught Havasupai youth; and she slowly gained respect for her spirituality among tribal elders,

eventually becoming an elder herself.

"At one point in our history, many of the medicine people were shunned [by the tribe]," Uqualla says. "But the tribe didn't realize that those medicine men had fathered children, that the bloodlines remained. Now, I have to carry on the tradition. It's not a position of power. It's the acknowledgment of how we treat Mother Earth, how we treat the human people."

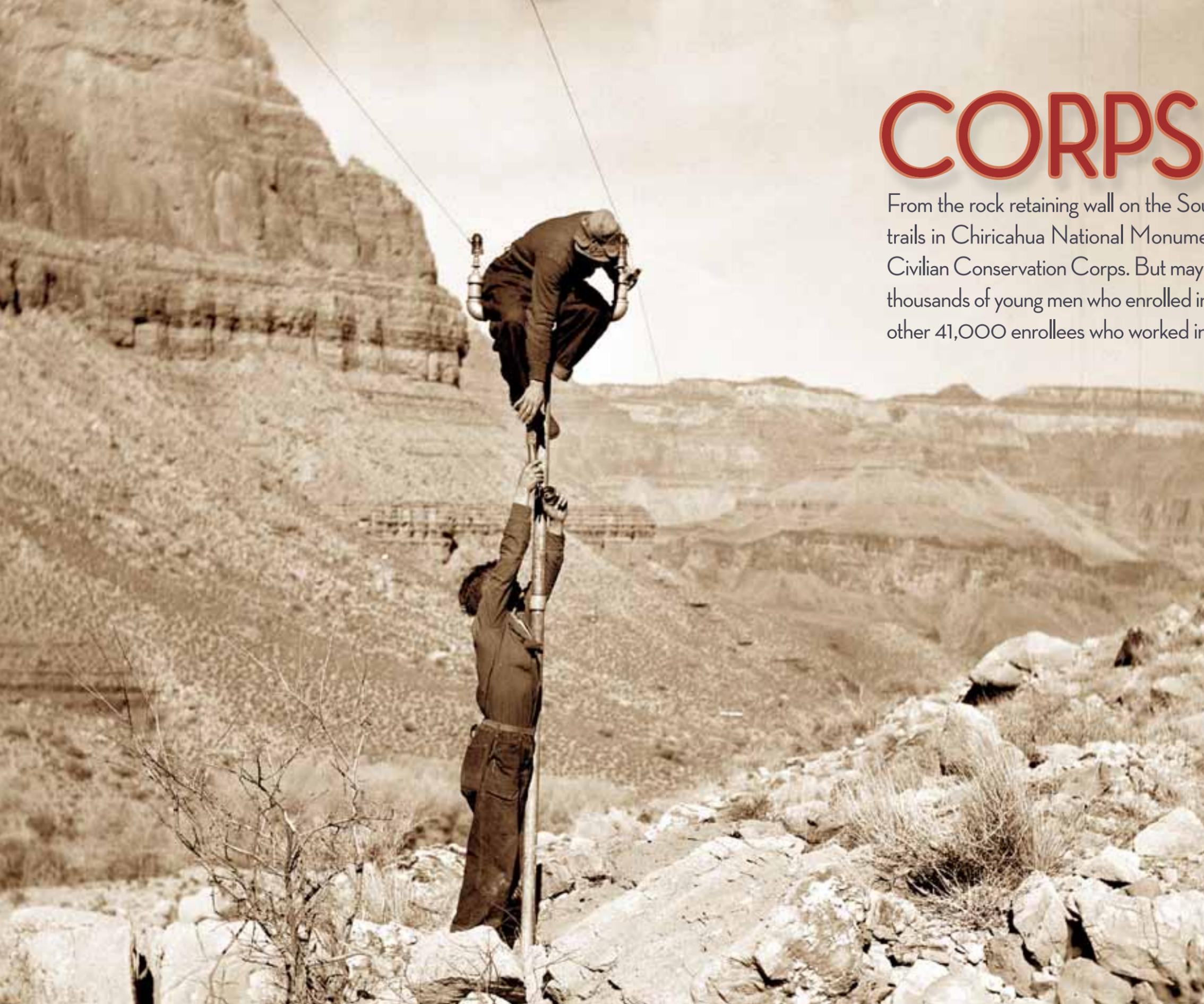
She believes, too, in innate human goodness, in finding peace, although she knows it doesn't come easy.

"Spirit is waking up the people," she says. "It is telling us that we have to love and help each other. Look at what happened after Hurricane Sandy. There could have been [more] looting, but people helped each other."

Uqualla is quick to cry. Her eyes well, then close, leaving the sheen of salt and water in her lashes as a tear runs parallel to the ochre on her cheek.

"We need that in this world — understanding," she says. "We need to understand the value of a touch, a laugh, that it's OK to cry."

As her words drift away, a bird calls another across the canyon. The wind rouses the sage smoke again. And Dianna Baby Sue White Dove Uqualla smiles. **AH**



CORPS VALUES

From the rock retaining wall on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon to the intricate trails in Chiricahua National Monument, it's easy to see the positive effects of the Civilian Conservation Corps. But maybe more important was the effect it had on the thousands of young men who enrolled in the program, including Elson Alvarez and the other 41,000 enrollees who worked in Arizona. **BY KATHY MONTGOMERY**

Elson Alvarez saw electric lights for the first time in the Civilian Conservation Corps. He was 19. Now 96, Alvarez looks over the land where his final camp stood. The site in Flux Canyon is not far from his home in Nogales.

"See that building over there?" he says. "That used to be clothes and shoes and all that stuff. It's still there."

Not much else is left of the sprawling camp that housed 200 enrollees: a few concrete foundations, a fire pit and a rock-and-mortar trough built to store coal. If you look closely at the trough, you can just make out a worn inscription on a stone plaque with the company and camp number.

Many of the enrollees who served here were farm boys who hadn't finished high school. Alvarez had an eighth-grade education. His father was growing cotton in Texas when the Great Depression hit.

"We just couldn't make it," Alvarez says. "We had frijoles three times a day for about two weeks one time. So I joined. April 23, 1936."

In all, Alvarez spent five and a half years with the CCC working on a survey crew, first in St. David, then at this camp near Patagonia. He helped build dams and stock tanks, ran phone lines and cut roads.

The CCC changed his life. His family back in Texas built a home with the money he earned. During his time in St. David, he met a young Easterner named John F. Kennedy, who was

Civilian Conservation Corps enrollees attach wire to a telephone line in the Grand Canyon in 1935.

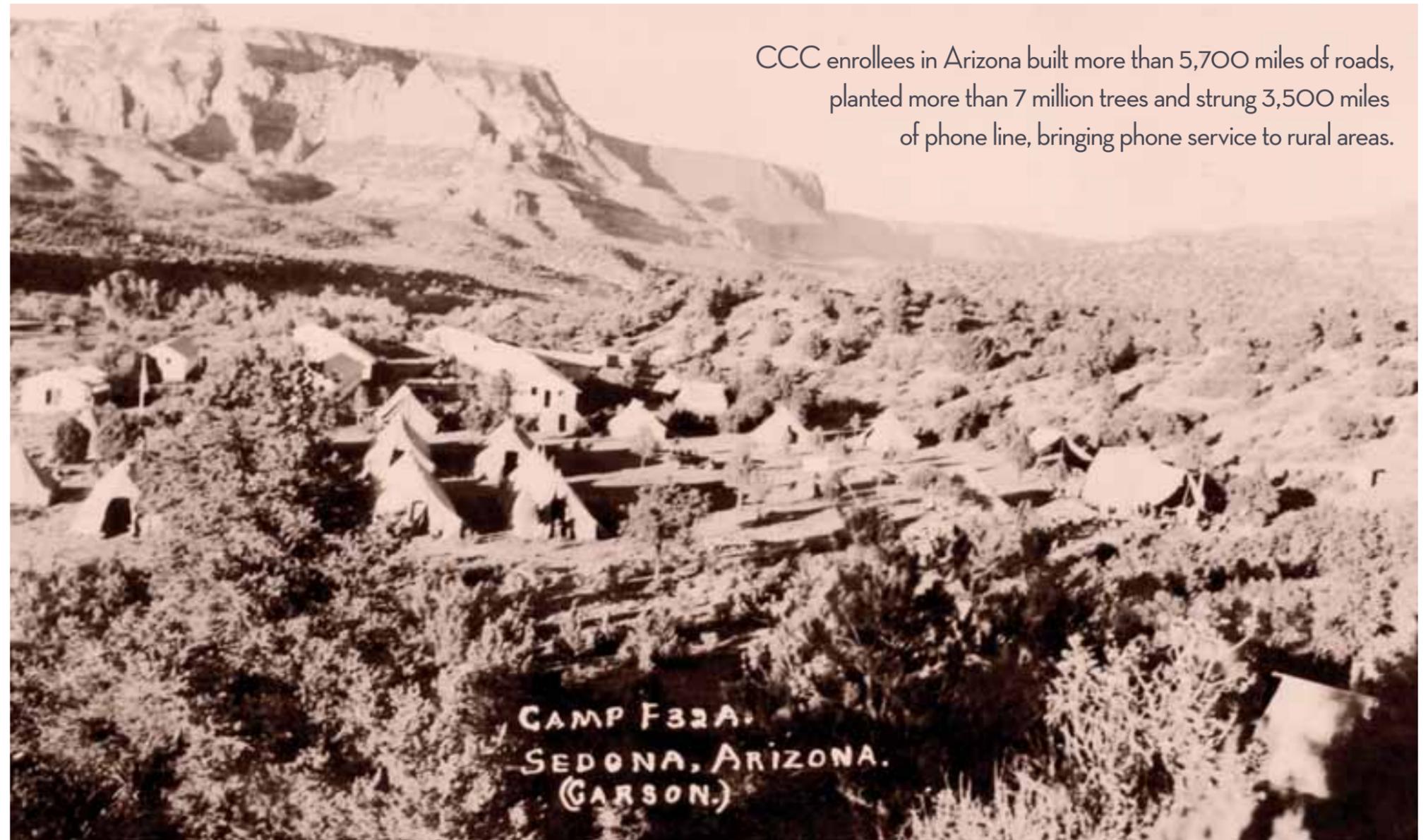
COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

working on the J-6 Ranch where Alvarez's crew was surveying. While living at Flux Canyon, Alvarez met his wife. The CCC gave him an education and job skills.

"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.'"

When Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected in 1933, the country was in the grip of the worst economic depression in the nation's history. More than 25 percent of adult males were unemployed, 40 percent of the nation's mortgages were in default and the entire U.S. financial system was in disarray. Also, the land had been devastated by the drought that created the Dust Bowl.

In his first 100 days in office, Roosevelt launched what would become the Civilian Conservation Corps. Intended to conserve the country's natural and human resources, the CCC was open to single men ages 17 to 28. They were given "three hots and a cot" and paid \$30 a month, \$25 of which was sent home to their families. In the nine and a half years it existed, the "Three C's" became the largest peacetime mobilization of young men in U.S. history. And it's hard to overstate its impact. Eighty years since its creation in April 1933, hardly a town exists where the CCC's projects do not survive.



CCC enrollees in Arizona built more than 5,700 miles of roads, planted more than 7 million trees and strung 3,500 miles of phone line, bringing phone service to rural areas.

Enrollees arrived at Arizona's first two camps in May 1933: one near Globe, the other near Safford. In all, Arizona would be home to 50 camps, located in every part of the state.

A rural economy and an abundance of government-administered land made the young state of Arizona an ideal place for CCC projects. And unlike many other states, enrollees in Arizona could work year-round, with many companies rotating from the desert in the winter to the northern forests in the summer.

The CCC put more than 41,000 Arizona men to work. Supplemented by men largely from New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma and Pennsylvania, CCC enrollees in Arizona built more than 5,700 miles of roads, planted more than 7 million trees and strung 3,500 miles of phone line, bringing phone service to rural areas. Their

ABOVE: In Sedona and Oak Creek Canyon, the CCC built trails, campgrounds and fences, and worked to control erosion. Years after the camp featured in this photograph was abandoned, it was used as a set for Hollywood films.

NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY,
CLINE LIBRARY

OPPOSITE PAGE: The Colossal Cave camp featured four barracks, including this one, which housed 50 men.

COLOSSAL CAVE MOUNTAIN PARK

allotments sent more than \$3.5 million home to their families, and the purchase of food and other supplies pumped nearly \$59 million into the state's economy.

Eighteen of the camps in Arizona were U.S. Forest Service camps that built fire towers, roads, trails, ranger stations and campgrounds. They opened up the White Mountains to tourism and helped develop Flagstaff's Snowbowl ski resort.

Next were the 15 Soil Conservation camps, like the one near Patagonia, which worked to conserve water and soil and improve rangelands.

A handful of camps operated in parks and monuments. CCC companies developed Colossal Cave Mountain Park and made significant contributions to Chiricahua National Monu-

ment, Saguaro National Park, South Mountain Park in Phoenix and Hualapai Mountain Park near Kingman, among others. Enrollees from the Mt. Elden camp worked on Wupatki and Walnut Canyon national monuments.

Four CCC companies completed as many as 250 projects at Grand Canyon National Park. CCC enrollees built the rock retaining wall that runs from Verkamp's Visitor Center to Lookout Studio, rerouted and widened the Bright Angel Trail, and built rest houses. They cleared Bright Angel Campground (the former CCC camp) and planted the cottonwoods that give the area much of its character.

The CCC's most impressive achievements at the Canyon include the construction of the Colorado River Trail and the trans-canyon phone line, which replaced the old tree-to-

See More of the CCC

To hear presentations by CCC historians and see photos, artifacts and camp newspapers, make plans to attend the *Civilian Conservation Corps Recognition Day: Honoring the Work of the CCC in Arizona*. The event takes place on Saturday, April 6, from 3 to 6 p.m., at the Coconino County Public Library, 300 W. Aspen Avenue, in Flagstaff. For more information, call 928-779-7670.



tree system with permanent metal poles. The 25-mile-long phone line used 592 poles, whose installation required men to dangle from 300-foot ledges in places. It became the first phone line to receive a National Register of Historic Places designation.

Construction of the 2-mile-long Colorado River Trail, which connects the Bright Angel and South Kaibab trails, was a hazardous undertaking that required 40,000 pounds of blasting powder to carve the trail from solid rock.

Living and working in “the hole,” as enrollees at the bottom of the Grand Canyon called it, was no easy task. They crossed the Colorado River on a tram that stopped 75 feet above the ground. From there they had to scramble to the ground on a ladder.

Supplies had to be carried or packed in by mules — an estimated 30,000 pounds each week. Medical evacuations took place by “ambulance mule,” a four-hour ordeal that some compared to driving fast on flat tires.

Even recreation required work. To get a pool table, 25 men dismantled a table at the rim and carried it down in pieces, including three 150-pound sections of slate. And one enrollee claimed it was part of his job to buy liquor for the officers, a task that required him to hike out the South Kaibab Trail, hitchhike to the village for 12 pints of Old Corky, and return to camp by 4 p.m.

A separate branch of the CCC operated on Arizona’s Indian reservations, where conditions had become severe. By 1933, per capita income among Indians in the Southwest had dropped to \$81 per year, leaving many on the brink of starvation. Conditions on Indian lands became more difficult as tribal members living off the reservation returned when they couldn’t find work. Meanwhile, the landscape suffered from overgrazing by expanding herds of sheep, goats and horses.

Roosevelt approved the CCC-Indian Division in April 1933, with 43 camps planned for Arizona and New Mexico. The CCC-ID performed much of the same work as the rest of the CCC, but operated under the Bureau of Indian Affairs with very different rules. While most CCC enrollees signed on for six-month commitments, Indian workers had no con-



tracts. Camps were smaller than the typical 200-man camps. Some were family camps, and many tribal members lived at home and commuted to work. Also, while enrollees had to be free of communicable diseases, age and disability did not automatically disqualify them.

Participation was particularly high among Navajos, who filled their quotas, while many other tribes failed to fill half of their positions. Much of the work on reservations involved soil and water conservation. But CCC-ID workers also built roads and trails at Canyon de Chelly National Monument, constructed a home for the first permanent ranger at Navajo National Monument and built the Navajo Nation Council Chamber, using a design based on the hogan.

On the Fort Apache Reservation, tribal

ABOVE: CCC enrollees construct a trail to the Colorado River within the Grand Canyon in 1934.

COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

OPPOSITE PAGE: CCC blacksmith John Pritchett (left) in his shop at Colossal Cave with an unidentified fellow enrollee. COLOSSAL CAVE MOUNTAIN PARK

members helped excavate and restore Kin- ishba Ruins and built a small museum and residence there.

Like the rest of the CCC, the CCC-ID shifted its focus to national defense in later years, with enrollees studying trades such as radio operations and sheet-metal work. By the end of 1942, of 11,000 Indians in the armed forces, 6,400 were former CCC-ID enrollees. Another 8,000 took jobs related to war production.

Education became an important component of the CCC. Few enrollees had completed high school, and as many as 2.5 million were illiterate. Eventually, every camp received an educational advisor,

often an unemployed teacher or professor.

It was his job to set up classes based on the needs and desires of the men in his camp. Enrollees could take academic classes, as well as a variety of vocational courses intended to help them find work as civilians. At Walnut Canyon, enrollees could take courses in carpentry and bricklaying. At the Grand Canyon, they studied the Canyon’s biology and geology, in addition to trades like auto mechanics.

It was the educational opportunities that kept Elson Alvarez in the program.

Dinner was served at 5 p.m. From 6 p.m. to 9 p.m., he attended classes.

“Whatever we wanted to take,” he recalls. “I wanted to learn more surveying, you know? So I became an assistant leader. I just kept studying and I became a leader — the survey crew leader.”

With each promotion, he earned more money. He took photography classes and opened a camp photography concession, which gave him income on the side.

As the CCC was winding down during the buildup to World War II, it was a letter of recommendation signed by the camp engineer and project superintendent that got him a job with Citizens Utilities Co. in Nogales. He worked there for 40 years, retiring as power plant superintendent.

Like many of his fellows, Alvarez also went on to serve in World War II. His first drill instructor was a CCC alumnus, actor Robert Mitchum.

“He was showing us how to fix up beds,” Alvarez says. “So when he saw me fixing up the bed, [he asked], are you an ex-soldier or a Triple-C boy? I told him, and then he shook my hand and we sat together and talked for about an hour and a half.”

Alvarez used the photography skills he learned in the CCC in the Army Air Corps, serving in Panama as a press photographer. He believes the war would have lasted longer had it not been for all the CCC enrollees who served.

“We were very famous during the Great Depression,” he says. “Then World War II broke out and we became obscure. But now it seems people are moving to tell what happened and why. Who was responsible and why the Great Depression was over.”

For more about Elson Alvarez and to view a video of his CCC experience, visit www.arizonahighways.com/extras.asp.

LET ME BEE

Africanized honeybees are the gangsters of the bee world. They're nasty, but Reed Booth isn't intimidated. Known as the "Killer Bee Guy," Booth has been removing hives for more than 20 years, and in that time, he's become the local expert on Africanized bees. He's also stockpiled a lot of honey.

BY ROGER NAYLOR ◊ PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WAGNER



IF YOU'RE EVER IN SOUTHERN ARIZONA and see something strange — perhaps a riding lawn mower that's going around in circles with no one aboard — you can expect to see Reed Booth at any moment.

Better known as the "Killer Bee Guy," Booth has been removing hives of Africanized bees for more than 20 years, and in that time, he's received all sorts of frantic phone calls.

"A man's out mowing and gets into a hive," says Booth, who's seen his share of "ghost" mowers. "He leaps off the mower and runs for the house. Or someone's operating a backhoe or a weedwacker, or they're just out walking. It doesn't always take a lot to set the bees off. They're agitated by noise, vibration and smell. They hate cologne. Old Spice, in particular, it seems like."

Booth inadvertently stumbled into this curious career. He was a home brewer who made mead, or honey wine. A friend gave him a gunnysack of bees, and he began a self-education process. Pretty soon, he was removing killer bee hives for neighbors in his hometown of Bisbee. Word spread. Today, he does most of the killer bee removal for Cochise County and much of Southern Arizona.

"All wild honeybees in Arizona are now Africanized," Booth says. "It's a done deal. And with the average hive containing 40,000 to 60,000 bees, they're not something to mess with. When I show up, I let everybody know I plan to make this as uninteresting as possible. It doesn't always work out that way, but that's the goal."

"Killer bees" is the headline-grabbing nickname for a human-designed species of honeybee. In 1956, large and more aggressive African bees were taken to Brazil so that scientists there could breed them with European honeybees to create a bee better adapted to tropical climates. Anyone who's ever seen a science-fiction movie can probably guess what happened next: In 1957, some of the African bees escaped and began breeding with the locals. Hybrid Africanized honeybees have been making their way north ever since, arriving in Arizona in 1993.

The sting of the Africanized bee is no more potent than your garden-variety honeybee, but their tough-guy attitude makes them more dangerous.

They're the gangsters of the bee world, more easily provoked and quick to swarm. They attack in greater numbers and pursue their victims for greater distances.

"Each hive has guard bees," Booth says. "Their only job is to protect the hive. Once they decide you're a threat, they'll sting you, then pheromones kick in and they all want to sting you, so they come pouring out. It feels like hail when a swarm is bouncing off my bee suit, and I can smell the venom in the air."



OVER THE YEARS, Booth has gained a reputation for the careful removal of the hives, relocating them to a safe environment whenever possible. Pretty soon, Booth was collecting so much honey that he began bottling and selling his own brands. Killer Bee Honey, a high-desert wildflower blend, was the first and remains the most popular. Then, he began producing honey butters and honey-based mustards, both whole seed and smooth. They're all-natural and the flavors range from roasted garlic to chipotle to Radical Raspberry, perfect for grilling or marinades.

In 1997, Booth opened the Killer Bee Guy Store. The sliver of a

building, a mere 175 square feet in size, is tucked between galleries in downtown Bisbee. The store always has an array of free samples, with pretzels on hand for dipping. As a chef, Booth takes great pride in the vibrant flavors of all his products.

Besides its taste, honey is one of nature's superfoods, with a long list of health benefits. Honey offers antiseptic, antioxidant and cleansing properties for our bodies, and many people believe that eating local honey relieves allergies by working much the same as allergy shots. Also, honey aids in digestion, provides an immediate energy boost and is used to treat everything from minor burns to sore throats to arthritis.

"It's something everyone should try," Booth says. "It's good for your stinger."

Booth gained a measure of notoriety in 1998, after one of the worst recorded stinging incidents. On that particular day, someone decided to spray a can of Raid on a beehive that had been around as long as anyone could remember in the Brewery Gulch neighborhood of Bisbee.

Within seconds, bees boiled over from the hive and assailed everyone in the vicinity. People ran through town covered in bees;

cars jumped onto sidewalks.

"When I got there it looked like a war zone," Booth says. "Cars were parked every which way in the middle of the street, doors open. There was clothing scattered all over the place, blouses, shirts and shoes. And it was eerily silent."

All told, 17 people were stung that day, and eight were hospitalized. Booth sealed off the hive and waged a long battle with the remaining bees. The incident attracted national attention, which ultimately led to the Killer Bee Guy being featured on the History Channel, Discovery Channel and the Food Network.

So, what to do if you're attacked by Africanized bees?

"Cover your head and head for cover," Booth says. "They like to sting the neck and head, so try to protect yourself. The main thing is get out of there fast. And no zigzagging around — run in a straight line. If you do get stung, don't pinch the stinger to pull it out. That will inject more venom. Scrape it off."



The Killer Bee Guy Store is located at 20 Main Street in Bisbee. For more information, call 877-227-9338 or visit www.killerbeeguy.com. [AHJ](#)

Ghost Town Trail

Just outside Tombstone, in the shadow of the rugged Dragoon Mountains, this scenic dirt road weaves through desert scrub and links the old mining towns of Gleeson, Courtland and Pearce.

BY ROGER NAYLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANDY PRENTICE

History can be fickle. Long after the last gunfighter was planted on Boot Hill, Tombstone survived to grow into an international tourist attraction. Yet neighboring towns with pasts nearly as colorful have faded into oblivion, leaving behind faint scars on the landscape.

Just outside Tombstone, a lonely dirt road weaves through desert scrub, in the shadow of the rugged Dragoon Mountains, and links three former mining communities. Gleeson, Courtland and Pearce are strung along the length of the aptly named Ghost Town Trail, a drive blending scenery and history in one outing.

Follow the signs to Gleeson from Tombstone and you soon exchange boardwalk streets for a sprawling sky

and cloud shadows wafting across rolling hills. Just before reaching Gleeson, take a quick detour to the most unusual gift boutique in Arizona. Makeshift signs for Rattlesnake Crafts lead down a side road to where an old trailer is surrounded by an astounding collection. Antiques, artifacts, rusted tools, old guns, bottles and minerals are displayed in open-air “rooms,” piled atop weathered shelves or mounted on fences. The trailer is packed with handcrafted items like wallets, belts, knife sheaths and cell-phone cases made from rattlesnake leather. If you want to make a purchase and no one is around, drop the cash in the wooden mailbox.

Next stop is Gleeson, once home to the Chiricahua Apache tribe that mined turquoise for jewelry and trade. After

the tribe’s members were either killed off or relocated, prospectors continued mining turquoise, but when a man named John Gleeson discovered a large copper deposit, the town boomed.

During its heyday, Gleeson reached a population of more than 1,000. Today, about five people live in or near the town limits. Although few, they’re an energetic bunch. A couple of residents have purchased and completed restoration of the 1910 Gleeson Jail. It’s now open the first and fourth Saturdays of each month, and other times by appoint-

ment. Inside, you’ll find artifacts, memorabilia and a map for a walking tour where you can see the cemetery and remnants of the schoolhouse and hospital. The Bono Store and Saloon also still stands. Peek inside to see a mural painted in 1982 that depicts the townsfolk.

A mile past Gleeson, turn left onto Ghost Town Trail Road and continue to Courtland, a fleeting boomtown.

Starting in the early 1900s, big companies sank shaft after shaft at a fever pitch, encouraged by high-grade copper findings. The population swelled to 2,000, and the town boasted a newspaper, movie theater, ice-cream parlor and auto dealership, among its many businesses. Then the ore pinched out and the mines closed around 1920. During the ensuing decades, the desert reclaimed the town, leaving only scattered founda-

tions and crumbling ruins, including the unrestored twin of the Gleeson jail.

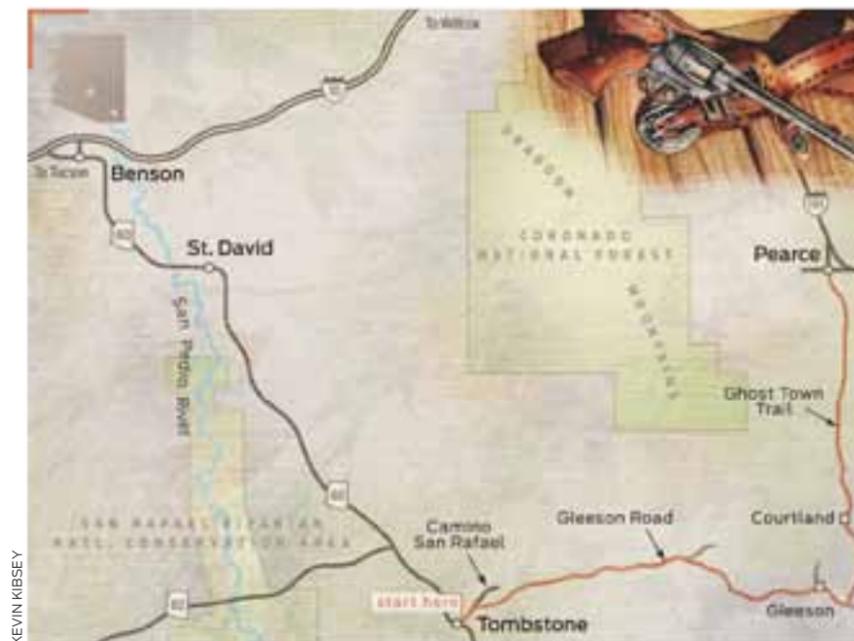
Nearby Pearce replaced Tombstone as the local Wild West town. When gold was discovered in 1896, many families and businesses relocated from Tombstone, where the mines had flooded. The Alvord-Stiles Gang, responsible for numerous robberies and shootings, operated out of Pearce. The town prospered into the 1930s before emptying. Yet sitting

on U.S. Route 191, Pearce survives. Several historic buildings are intact, and a couple of shops are open for business.



BELOW: Last light paints the Dragoon Mountains as seen from Gleeson Road, part of the Ghost Town Trail.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Gleeson’s historic jail was built in 1910. Now restored, it’s open to the public on the first and fourth Saturdays of each month.



KEVIN KIBSEY

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.arizonahighways.com/books.



tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

LENGTH: 34 miles one way

DIRECTIONS: From Tombstone, drive east on State Route 80 to Camino San Rafael. Turn left onto Camino San Rafael, drive 1 mile, and turn right onto Gleeson Road. Continue for about 14 miles. Turn left at Ghost Town Trail/Gleeson-Pearce Road.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None

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

INFORMATION: Rattlesnake Crafts & Rocks, 520-642-9407 or www.rattlesnakecrafts.com; Gleeson Jail, 520-508-1802 or www.gleesonarizona.com

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

King Canyon Trail

There are a lot of great hikes in and around Tucson. This scenic loop in Saguaro National Park is on that impressive list.

BY ROBERT STIEVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANDY PRENTICE

James Taylor has a brother. Actually, he has two. And a sister. They've all been in the music business, on and off, and his brother, Livingston, is still performing. He's a wonderful singer, but he's overshadowed by his older brother.

The King Canyon Trail on the outskirts of Tucson suffers a similar fate: It's an excellent hike, but it has a hard time measuring up to the more alluring trails in nearby Sabino Canyon. Nevertheless, it offers the same Sonoran Desert flora and fauna, an equal opportunity to see owl clover and Mexican goldpoppies, and spectacular 360-degree views from the summit of Wasson Peak. It also offers a chance for a little solitude — something the rock-star trails of Sabino Canyon cannot.

The 7.8-mile loop, also known as the Wasson Peak Trail, is a series of connecting trails and adjacent jurisdictions that begins in King Canyon, about 100 yards from the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. The first stretch heads up a rocky hillside for about 20 minutes and then winds slightly downhill toward the Mam-A-Gah picnic area, which stands out on the left. About five minutes later, the route crosses from Tucson Mountain Park into Saguaro National



ABOVE: An abandoned stone structure lies within the Mam-A-Gah picnic area, along the King Canyon Trail.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Saguaros blanket the desert beneath Wasson Peak.

Park. Although you might see horses up to this point, they're not allowed in the national park. Ditto for dogs.

A few minutes beyond the boundary, the trail drops into a wash and splits. Go right and follow the manmade steps that lead out of the wash. What you'll see when you top out is classic Sonoran Desert, dominated by the saguaros for which the park is named. One of the most impressive, which is loaded with arms pointing downward, shows up about 45 minutes into the hike. From there, the trail makes a gradual climb that passes through a small section of State Trust land and arrives at an inter-

section with the Sweetwater Trail. It's usually windy at this juncture, but you'll want to stop long enough to enjoy the views of Tucson to the east and the Red Hills to the west. It's also a good place to catch your breath before beginning the 1.2-mile ascent up Sweetwater to Wasson Peak.

This is the most strenuous segment of the loop, but it's only moderately difficult — the switchbacks on Sweetwater are nothing like those on the Old Baldy Trail to the southeast. After a half-hour of climbing, you'll come to an intersection with the Hugh Norris Trail. Wasson Peak, the highest point in the Tucson Mountains, is a short detour (0.3 miles) to the right. Make the trek, bag the peak, and then retrace your steps to the Sweetwater-Hugh Norris intersection. It's all downhill from there.

Almost immediately, a team of 15 to 20 switchbacks, some short, some long, will lead you down the mountain to a place where things level off a little. Along the way, the saguaros, which disappeared as the trail gained altitude, reappear and dominate the landscape. You'll see a lot of saguaros on this hike. You'll also see several abandoned mine shafts. They're cordoned off, but be careful nonethe-

trail guide

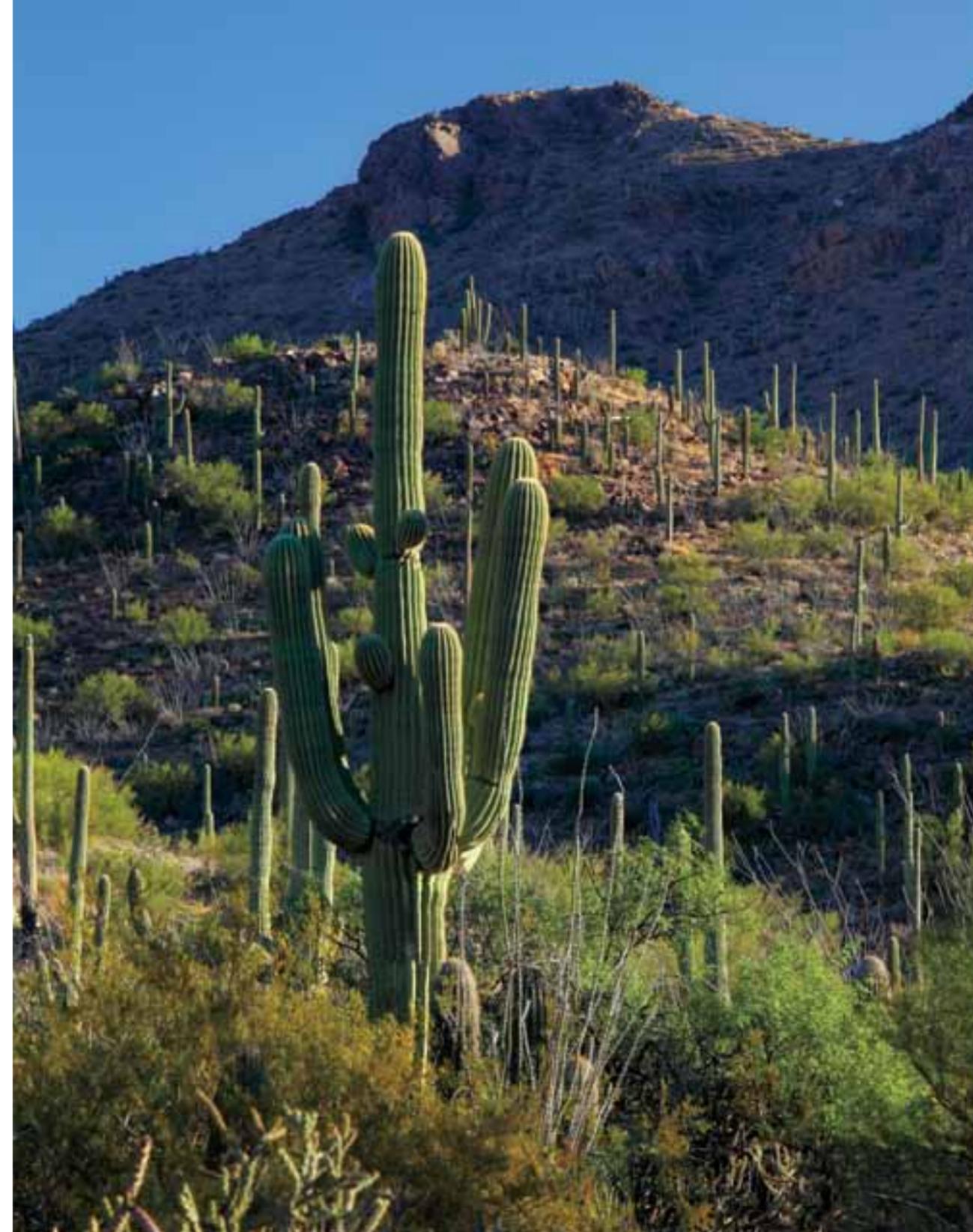
LENGTH: 7.8 miles round-trip
DIFFICULTY: Moderate
ELEVATION: 2,915 to 4,687 feet
TRAILHEAD GPS: N 32° 14.833', W 111° 10.032'
DIRECTIONS: From Interstate 10 in Tucson, go west on Speedway Boulevard for 12 miles to Kinney Road. Turn right onto Kinney Road and continue for 2.5 miles to the trailhead, which is located on the right-hand side of the road, just beyond the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum.
VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None
DOGS ALLOWED: No
HORSES ALLOWED: No
USGS MAP: Avra, Brown Mountain
INFORMATION: Saguaro National Park, 520-733-5158 or www.nps.gov/sagu

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.



KEVIN KIBSEY



less. Not far from the final mine, around the two-and-half-hour mark of the hike, you'll come to yet another intersection. This time it's with the Sendero Trail. Turn left, hike about a mile to the Gould Mine Trail, turn right, and complete the loop back to the trailhead.

As you make your way to the end and start looking back — both figuratively and literally — you'll be glad you tried something other than Sabino Canyon. It's so impressive, you might even be inspired to download a song or two by Livingston Taylor. [AH](#)

ADDITIONAL READING:

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



where is this?



In the Shadow

The bell tolls on the hour, every hour, at this place of worship, where, for centuries, the locals have watched the sun cast shadows across its west wall. Today, the Spanish Colonial landmark is open for tours. **CAMERA:** CANON 5D MARK II; **SHUTTER:** 1/90 SEC; **APERTURE:** F/22; **ISO:** 100; **FOCAL LENGTH:** 105 MM

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

January 2013 Answer & Winner

Gila River bridge.
Congratulations to our winner, Theresa Morris of Scottsdale, Arizona.



MOREY K. MILLBRADT

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

