

REDISCOVER OLD ROUTE 60 • RENDEZVOUS WITH YESTERYEAR ON THE HAUNTED GILA RIVER

POTTERY
AN ANCIENT CRAFT
LIVES ON
IN HOPILAND

IN THE KITCHEN
WITH THE
CACTUS
COOKS

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

FEBRUARY ■ 1996 ■ \$2.50

LOZEN

FORGOTTEN WOMAN WARRIOR
OF THE APACHES



guy Bennett



COVER STORY PAGE 10

Woman Warrior of the Apaches

"Strong as a man, braver than most, and cunning in strategy, Lozen is a shield to her people," is how Victorio, leader of the Warm Springs Apaches, referred to his sister, the warrior and medicine woman history somehow bypassed.

(LEFT) The "inhospitable" desertlands actually shelter a surprising variety of wildlife, including cardinals and other birds. See portfolio on page 26. JOHN CANCELLOSI (FRONT COVER) It was unusual for an Apache woman to fight alongside the warriors. But Lozen was a most unusual woman. GARY BENNETT (BACK COVER) Redrock Cliffs rise above Parker Creek and fog-shrouded Roosevelt Lake. This photograph can be purchased through the Arizona Highways Gallery of Fine Prints; see page 55. RANDY A. PRENTICE

DEPARTMENTS

- Along the Way** It's time for serious tree-talk.
- Letters**
- Wit Stop** You might recognize this Anasazi real estate peddler.
- Friends Travel Adventures**
- Legends of the Lost** Don Joaquin's lost mine may have been found.
- Arizona Humor**
- Roadside Rest** Legendary Levi's — from the Ginza to Soho.
- Back Road Adventure** Tragic history dwells on the road to Young.
- Mileposts/Events**
- Hike of the Month** Eagles soar and history beckons along Lutz Canyon Trail.

TRAVEL

A Journey on the Gila

"I didn't come face-to-face with any ghosts until we wandered into a tamarisk forest," says our author of his Gila River adventure. "Then, all at once, the ghosts thronged about me, whispering my name." PAGE 4

RECREATION

Pinalenos

Round-the-Mountain Trail

Come along on a 50-mile backpacking journey, traversing countless ridges and scrambling through desert rangeland around the base of an eastern Arizona sky island. PAGE 14

TRAVEL

U.S. 60 — The Hidden Heart of Arizona

Called the Trail of Graves in the November, 1933 issue of *Arizona Highways*, a reference to the once waterless track along which pioneers sought El Dorado, today's Route 60 is a free-flowing stream of macadam, where shadows of yester can still be found PAGE 38

PORTFOLIO

Life in the Desert

Cactus critters have found homes among what seems to be unfriendly neighbors: the cacti. To them the desert is not hostile at all. PAGE 26

CACTUS

Harvest of the Desert

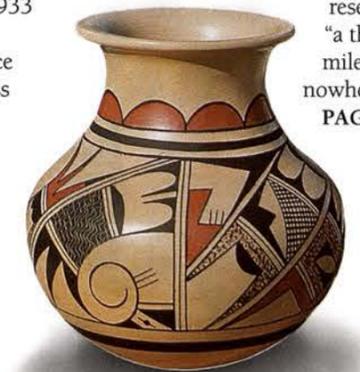
Folks eat cactus in Arizona? Yes, we do. Always did, says our author, who adds that the desert has from prehistory been a smorgasbord for those who wish to partake. PAGE 22

INDIANS

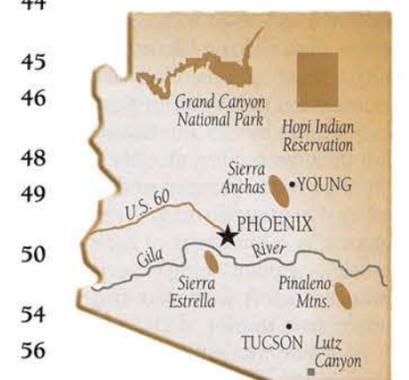
Hopi Potter

Dawn Navasie at Work

Spending a day with the daughter of noted potter Eunice "Fawn" Navasie, our author gets a firsthand look at the making of pottery on the Hopi reservation, "a thousand miles from nowhere." PAGE 32



POINTS OF INTEREST FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE





ALONG THE WAY

TEXT BY JAMES TALLON
ILLUSTRATION BY ADAIR PAYNE

A Little Bit of Plain Tree Talk Brings Results

Remember, it wasn't all that long ago people would tell you it was impossible to send pictures through the air. Yet at this very moment some are passing through your body on their way to somebody's cathode ray tube. And it wasn't all that long ago that skeptic-me believed plants were incapable of thought.

Can anyone forget Clint Eastwood singing "I Talk to the Trees" in *Paint Your Wagon*? And admitting they didn't listen to him?

When my wife, Vicki, and I moved into our new (to us) home in northwest Phoenix, we had nine mature trees on the property, among them a grapefruit tree. I looked at it, put my hands on my hips and said to her, "Wouldn't you know, I love oranges and orange juice, and lemons — especially on the rim of a Margarita glass, or in lemonade — but, ha . . . what do we get? A grapefruit tree." I let the sarcasm show when I said "grapefruit."

Although I gave the yard and trees normal maintenance and care, two years later the grapefruit tree had failed to produce other than a dozen fruits, no bigger than lemons. Then the answer was delivered into my living room by pictures traveling through the air: an expert on plant behavior reported that when he played the grunts, groans, and shrillness of rock music, the plant being experimented upon withered and was certain to die.

As treatment he played classics, such as Tchaikovsky's waltz



from "The Sleeping Beauty." A little Gershwin, perhaps. Chopin? Not only did the plant recover, it thrived in its refreshed environment.

I said to Vicki, "It is time I had a little talk with the grapefruit tree."

Vicki smiled knowingly . . . "Tree," I said, "or should I call you 'Pinky'?" I knew it was a pink grapefruit tree. "I want to apologize to you. I sometimes get carried away with my freedom-of-speech privileges. Anyway, I am going to try to make up for it. From now on, I'm going to trim you artfully and give you all the water you could possibly want. Maybe a shot of iron.

"When I'm around other grapefruit trees, I'm going to

tell them how beautiful you are, and that you are working hard to bring forth for me, your friend. Even hug you occasionally, and periodically I will bring out a tape recorder and play some classics for you." I am paraphrasing here, as the speech was considerably longer, and I cannot remember it all.

"Do you have a favorite composer?" I asked. But, there was no answer.

"How'd it go?" asked Vicki.

"Rather one-sided," I replied. "Whoops, I forgot something."

I raced back out into the yard.

"And if you don't produce," I said to Pinky, "I'm uprooting you and shipping you out of Arizona — off to one of those frozen-waste states like

New York or northern Florida.

I may even cut you down."

Well, as the nonskeptic will suspect, Pinky really did fulfill the following season, producing bountiful and beautiful fruit. It awed me that Pinky didn't, and doesn't — more than 20 years later — topple under the sheer weight of his/her load. I have completely reevaluated the taste of grapefruit, Pinky's fruit anyway. It's terrific, the sweetest I have ever known.

But the element of this saga that amazes me most is two of our mulberry trees died within six months of my lecture. The neighbors blamed it on the trees' age. But I know better: being unable to produce grapefruit and having overheard the consequences, the stress killed them. ■



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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Reunited

I sent in an item that was published in March, 1989 ("Editor's Page"). In it I wrote about a playmate named Mary Saban. We were living in Jerome at the time.

My family left Jerome in 1923, and my little friend and I said good-bye. My father told her we would see each other again.

Some friend of Mary told her about the article, and she wrote to *Arizona Highways* to forward the letter to me. I called her as soon as I received it. She lives in Roseville, near Sacramento.

We've been writing back and forth, but in March of this year I went to see her.

We were about six years old when we parted. Seventy-two years later we did meet again.

Rita Y. Lopez
National City, CA

Ah, the Memories

Kicking back in my rocking chair, I got to thinking about my first traffic ticket.

I had been working all summer selling horse manure for \$1 a gunnysackful. I finally got enough money to buy a 1939 Chevy sedan. It was dentless and a beautiful gray, but no interior. My mother bought some bright red cloth and covered the doors, roof, and seats. It was beautiful.

One day I got a crazy thought and mounted my saddle on the hood and got my rope out. A friend of mine was doing the driving with me in the saddle.

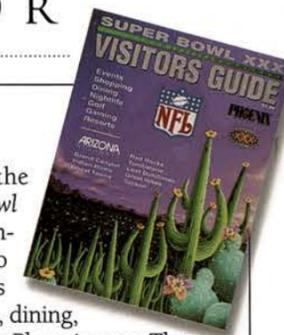
We were having a great time when, all of a sudden, girls were going down the sidewalk.

There they were. And me in the saddle with rope in hand. Not thinking about anything else, down the sidewalk we went with the car, trying to catch the girls before they reached the corner drug store.

But, alas, we didn't make it.

Super Bowl Visitors Guide

A must-read for visitors here for the Super Bowl, the *Official NFL Super Bowl XXX Visitors Guide* is jam-packed with insider tips on things to do and places to go around the state along with suggestions on where to go for the best in shopping, dining, events, nightlife, gaming, and golf in the Phoenix area. The guide, which was produced by *Arizona Highways* in conjunction with *Phoenix Magazine*, costs \$7.95 and is available at retail outlets where magazines are sold. Or it can be ordered (plus \$3.50 for postage and handling) by calling toll-free (800) 543-5432; (602) 258-1000 in the Phoenix area or outside the U.S.



The Tombstone sheriff caught us first. He was laughing at us, but gave us a ticket anyway.

The only good thing was my parents' landlord was the judge. So the ticket turned into a two-hour lecture.

Lawrence W. Fox
Sahuarita

Ghost Town Book

I wish to compliment Philip Varney for his *Arizona Highways* book called *Arizona Ghost Towns and Mining Camps*.

I particularly like his geographic grouping of material so that a driver can make best use of it. Many books arrange material alphabetically by town name, making it difficult to drive from one town to another.

William Dixon
Alexandria, VA

Lifesaver

Just had to write to tell of my having had a very practical use of my favorite magazine.

About three weeks ago, I was about to go out on the screened porch to change my cat's litter box. There Jo-Jo appeared to be playing with a beautiful snake, which was red, black, and yellow striped.

I did not recall the catchy rhyme that I had read on page 17 of the September issue. So I took myself back to the living

room where the magazine was lying opened to that page.

In "boning up" on that cute ditty, I realized my cat's play toy had red next to yellow.

It was necessary for me to call my daughter Mary and my son Larry for assistance. I am incapacitated and use a walker.

When they arrived, Larry thought the snake had gone. I knew better as Jo-Jo was keeping watch on an area of the carpet. Larry pulled it back and there was the snake.

I didn't find out until later just how very potent the venom is.
Gay Danielsen
Longwood, FL

New Cave Park

Was so pleased to see in the September issue that Arizona would be having a Kartchner Cavern park.

We just returned from a train-ride tour of the Harrison Caverns on the island of Barbados. All the visitors wore hard hats, and we thoroughly enjoyed the stalactites and stalagmites.

Hopefully, we also can visit Arizona's new park.

Mrs. Charles L. Vawter
Phoenix

From hearing accounts of those who have been inside Kartchner, we believe those caverns will be a memorable experience as well.

SEARCHING FOR YESTERDAY ON A
*Haunted
River*

TEXT BY PETER ALESHIRE PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB RINK



Clinging grimly to the gunnel of our 18-foot canoe, I pulled the craft through a barrier of tamarisk branches angled like spiked breastworks defending a medieval fortress. At the back of the unwieldy aluminum craft, Gil Shaw grunted and shoved, forcing the loaded canoe forward another two feet across the cobbles armoring the shore of the Gila River just below Painted Rock Dam.

At the water's edge, bracing myself, I continued pulling the canoe through the underbrush toward a ghost river, resurrected for the moment by a record-breaking season of rain. The Gila, which drains half of two states, once nourished ancient civilizations and provided a highway for history. But decades ago, the impassive dams, insatiable crops, and the arrogance of technology turned part of the ancient Gila into dry riverbed.

But in the spring of 1993, floods ram-paged down the Salt and Verde rivers and the Gila converted the normally dry Painted Rock Reservoir into a lake containing more than 2.5 million acre feet of water. The Army Corps of Engineers opened wide the outflow gates, saving the dam but drowning

thousands of acres of farmland between Gila Bend and Yuma. The Gila below Coolidge Dam rose with a liquid gurgle from its dusty tomb and flowed unhindered to the Colorado River for the rest of the year.

The revived river roused other ghosts for me.

My great-grandfather and his brother rafted the Gila from Florence to Yuma in 1906, before the construction of the dams on it and the tributary Salt and Verde rivers so utterly changed the character of the great stream. They committed themselves to its waters to reach San Diego, where two other siblings waited. Katherine and Nettie, teenage Basque sisters, had promised faithfully to marry Richard and Earle Jennings if they would forsake Florence and come to the golden California coast.

Sons of a mining engineer who had been killed by the flu when they were infants, the Jennings brothers worked the mines near Florence, specializing in fashioning the beams that shored up the dark, dank tunnels. All they had to do to seize a new life was cross some of the harshest history-laden spectacularly desolate desert

in the world. So they constructed a raft, determined to ride the spring high water to Yuma.

I'd heard secondhand bits of family lore about that journey. They had hauled huge fish from the turbulent waters, become lost in side channels, discovered scattered remains of wagons and human bones, and happened upon a cliff covered with Indian petroglyphs on which they'd left their own imprint.

They finally reached Yuma, bought bicycles, and toiled on to California. There they married the sisters, built a tuna boat, fished far out to sea, fought wars, reared children, and set in motion the wonderfully complicated human chain of cause and effect that 87 years later brought their distant heir to the banks of that self-same river.

Now helpless to resist the lure of the completed circle, I hauled again at the gunnel of a recalcitrant canoe, a middle-aged man afflicted by a flickering sense of adventure and a suburban estrangement from histories of hardship and loss.

Gil Shaw, who joined me in this search for the lost heart of a ghost river, sometimes rode inner tubes down the tumbles of

the upper Gila, but had dreamed about trying his luck on the historic lower Gila. So he jumped at my invitation.

Wading out into the water ahead of the canoe, I guided the bow through the grasping tamarisk branches, inundated by the rise of the river in the great embayment just below Painted Rock Dam. Gil hopped into the stern as the canoe settled into the water, and I clambered, perilously, into my spot in the bow. In a moment, we were through the screen of branches. Several hundred pelicans rose from a sandbar 100 yards to the south and wheeled in a great white-winged mass above our heads. Farther down the sandbar, a huge squadron of gulls regarded us with suspicion but held their ground. Our delight rebounded when a great burst of long-legged, long-necked egrets exploded from a stand of partly submerged tamarisks 100 yards north.

Beavers, otters, and a host of other animals made their living all along the Gila, as did a succession of ancient cultures, which left behind pottery, arrowheads, and strange geometric designs etched into the sun-bronzed surface of rocks.

The first European explorers reported a thriving succession of groups living all along the Gila. Most were farming cultures, who greeted the early Spanish explorers amiably enough. Outriders for Francisco Vasquez de Coronado explored the Gila, searching for the fabled and completely fictitious Seven Cities of Cibola. Spanish explorer-priests such as Father Francisco Hermengildo Garces and Father Eusebio Francisco Kino traveled often along the Gila, for the most part winning the admiration of the Indians.

Many of the great names of Western history connect at some point with the Gila River. Early trappers quickly converted the Gila's beavers into hats; mountain men like Jedediah Smith, Kit Carson, Pauline Weaver, and John Walker passed repeatedly along its banks; the famous Mormon Battalion hacked out a wagon road; and Gen. Stephen Kearny's Army of the West lugged cannon along its inhospitable banks in an effort to conquer California during the Mexican-American War. The 49'ers rushed along its length toward the goldfields of California; the fabled Butterfield stage plied its banks until shut down by the Civil War; and assorted detachments of cavalry chased the elusive Apaches up and down its broad valley.

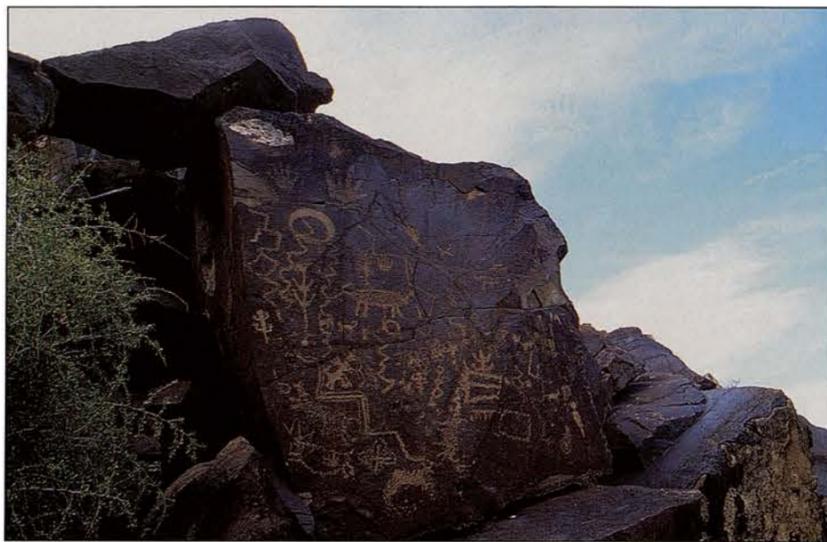
The bluff overlooking the Gila River perhaps 20 miles below Painted Rock Dam also provided the setting for one of the most famous massacres in Western history, when a party of Tonto Apaches killed Royse Oatman, his wife, and four of their children. They left Oatman's eldest son for dead



(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 4 AND 5) Canoeists make their way along the Gila River as a new day dawns, not knowing what adventure lies around the next bend.

(OPPOSITE PAGE) Author Peter Aleshire paddles near the eroded banks of the Gila on a trip of discovery that yields insight if not his final destination. (TOP AND ABOVE) Birdlife abounds along the river. Here mud swallows make their home under a bridge that now spans the Gila, and a red-tailed hawk nests in a secluded spot.





(TOP) This petroglyph panel may have been left by members of the Archaic, Patayan, and Hohokam Indian cultures who lived along the once well-traveled banks of the Gila between 7000 B.C. and A.D. 1450.

(ABOVE) Another of the evocative remnants from the past still visible along the river is this weathered adobe structure.

(OPPOSITE PAGE) Tiny islands jut out of the reservoir behind Painted Rock Dam, swollen with spring run-off from eastern Arizona and western New Mexico.

and abducted his two young daughters, Olive, 16, and Mary Ann, 10. Mary Ann succumbed to the rigors of captivity, but Olive was recovered five years later, having been sold to a band of Mohaves. The sensational case made national headlines and provoked at least one tabloid-style book, fixing a lurid image of the Gila River in the nation's psyche.

This rich mixture of national and personal history overlay the somnambulant flow of the present-day river, as we paddled down the Gila on our own small journey of discovery. Sometimes we paddled at a brisk pace, savoring the sound of the bow sluicing through the dark waters. More often we ambled, gradually adjusting our internal chronometers to the river's pace.

I'd hoped that the floods and the months of reservoir releases would revive the cottonwoods and willows and bulrushes. It did, to a degree. But mostly the sandbars and shoreline had been claimed by millions of tamarisk seedlings, that bane of Southwestern waterways. Tamarisks grow like weeds, spring back after fires, thrive in soils rendered salty by upstream flood control, drive out competitors, and spread like chicken pox. They've mostly elbowed the native willows and cottonwoods aside, and laid long-term claim to the Gila.

We slept where sunset found us, generally covering 20 to 25 river miles daily. The floods had left the banks littered with uprooted tamarisks, providing plenty of grist for campfires. We developed a certain languid routine, beaching the canoe on a likely sand dune, spreading our gear, gathering up wood, then watching the last light fade from the river's surface. After wolfing down thin soup, hot dogs, or some other campfire concoction, we would wander down to the river and listen to its mumble secrets in the dark. In the blackness, we could imagine the robbed Father Garces lying without a blanket, listening to the murmur of the river, and we could almost sense the Apaches somewhere just out of earshot, listening, like us, to the coyotes.

But I didn't come face to face with any ghosts until we wandered off into the tamarisk forest.

It seemed a sensible enough notion at the time.

The river swirled around a bend and entered a narrow pass with rearing black volcanic cliffs on both sides. We decided to hike up to a mesa, hoping to get a glimpse of the river ahead. The base of the cliffs looked to be no more than a quarter-mile from the river's banks.

Dumb idea.

We immediately plunged into a tamarisk

forest, not knowing that the line of trees along the bank extended all the way back to the bottom of the cliff.

Crawling on our hands and knees to get through snarls, we finally reached the base of the cliff, only to find ourselves blocked by a deep, swampy channel filled with fetid water. Turning, we struggled upstream through the undergrowth until we found a place to cross the channel.

"Look at that," Gil said, gesturing through a break in the trees.

I looked up the slope, tumbled with gigantic sun-bronzed boulders. Ancient hands had almost completely covered the surface of a huge boulder with an astonishing assemblage of petroglyphs. The rock contained several enormous hands, a welter of abstract designs, a series of concentric circles, snakes, several seemingly human figures with elongated fingers and enormous sexual organs, several sheeplike animals whose horns curled in the wrong direction, a coyote, and a strange figure that looked like a gigantic ant with antlers. Some of the glyphs appeared relatively fresh, some had nearly faded back to the color of the unmarked rock, suggesting

that they could be thousands of years old.

"Wonderful," whispered Gil.

I stared, open-mouthed, for some while before I noticed the initials.

On the uppermost section of the rock, someone had twice etched the initials K.J. To the side, appeared a date. It looked like 1916. But it might have been 1906.

We scrambled up the slope toward the rock, as I calculated the odds. K.J.? Katherine Jennings? A declaration of love, left alongside pleas to the spirits of the bighorns and a lost cosmology?

We reached the base of the rock panel, breathing heavily. Looking upslope, I could see that the rocks along the base of the cliff were covered with petroglyphs.

Then I sat in the sun on a rock and stared out across the Gila River where the Hohokam prayed to forgotten gods; Father Kino sought a treasure in souls; Kearny cursed his ponderous cannon; the Oatmans met their bleak fate; the Butterfield stage outran the Apaches; and two brothers gambled on the next bend of the river.

And all at once, the ghosts thronged about me, whispering my name softly in an unknown tongue. ■

Afterword: In the end, we duplicated only a small section of my ancestors' journey, partly because of the deadlines and demands of modern life, and partly because of the changes in the river.

We continued on down the river for several days after finding the rock art and the initials carved in stone. The river spreads out once it leaves that canyon, braiding into many small channels. We wandered back and forth across the floodplain, trying to keep to the main channel, but often grounding out and pulling our canoe down shallow inclines. We finally elected to give up the struggle where the road from Dateland crosses the river. We were weary of the shallows — which also exasperated Kearny's column and everyone else who ever tried to move freight up the Gila.

Besides, our brides were waiting back home in Phoenix, not at the end of a long journey toward an unguessed future.

Phoenix-based Peter Aleshire made it safely home and is studying topo maps to find a way to take his sons back to the painted rock beside the ghost of the Gila River.

Bob Rink, also of Phoenix, has run most of the major rivers of the West.



LOZEN

Apache Warrior,
Holy Woman, and a
Shield to Her People

TEXT BY SUSAN HAZEN-HAMMOND • ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY BENNETT

In May, 1877, Indian Agent John Clum and a unit of Apache police, acting on orders from the Indian Commissioner in Washington, D.C., marched 453 Warm Springs Apache men, women, and children 250 miles from their home at Ojo Caliente in southwestern New Mexico to old Camp Goodwin on the San Carlos Reservation, along the Gila River of eastern Arizona. There they suffered from smallpox and other diseases and sometimes went hungry. They quarreled with their neighbors. They longed for freedom, and they vowed that if they ever escaped, they would never return to Camp Goodwin.

Finally, early in September, about 300 of the Apaches splashed through the Gila River and fled north into the mountains, stealing horses as they went. One of the fiercest and most determined of the escapees was Lozen, sister of the Warm Springs leader Victorio. First she helped the women and children cross the water, then she rode off to join the warriors.

From that time until Geronimo's surrender in August, 1886, Lozen and her people were often on the run, traveling thousands of miles on foot and by horse across Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and the Mexican states of Chihuahua and Sonora.

To the male-oriented soldiers who pursued them, Lozen was just a woman, someone they noticed so little they didn't even learn her name. But to her people, she was a warrior and a powerful medicine woman. "Lozen is my right hand," Victorio said. "Strong as a man, braver than most, and cunning in strategy, Lozen is a shield to her people."

Most of the fragmentary stories and anecdotes about Lozen come to us from the eyewitness accounts of Apaches, recorded earlier in this century.

There was the time, for instance, when the Warm Springs Apaches were once again fleeing soldiers who wanted to deliver them back to the San Carlos area. This time about 40 Apache families bolted eastward. When they reached the Rio Grande, the muddy water was running hard and rising fast, and their horses refused to cross. Finally Lozen rode up on a magnificent black stallion. Holding her rifle high, she kicked the horse's right shoulder hard. He plunged in and swam across, and other horses followed.

Another time, Mexican troops attacked some Apaches Lozen was traveling with. The warriors scattered, leaving behind a pouch containing 500 cartridges. Soon the Indians were trapped and running out of ammunition. Lozen crawled back through the crossfire and rescued the cartridges, saving her companions.

At the battle of Cibecue, when Apache scouts turned their guns on the cavalrymen, Lozen rode into the Army's camp while the shooting raged and drove off most of the soldiers' horses.

Other stories say that Lozen knew how to heal wounds and determine the direction from which enemies might come. But the most detailed story, and the one that shows Lozen's character best, recounts an episode from the summer of 1880, when Lozen was probably near 40.

For months the Warm Springs Apaches had been hiding in the mountains of Chihuahua, south of Texas. But finally Lozen, Victorio, and other warriors met in council and decided it was time to sneak home to Ojo Caliente. Parents tied small children onto

their backs or atop horses, and the worn-out band of youngsters, women, and men crossed the Rio Grande and headed toward a spring hidden in a canyon.

They didn't know the cavalry was hiding at the spring. But before the soldiers could ambush the Indians, a wagon train approached, and the cavalry rushed out to protect the travelers. The Apaches galloped back toward Mexico with the soldiers chasing them.

One of the women, a Mescalero Apache, was having strong labor pains and couldn't go on. Lozen pulled out of the line of riders with her and dismounted. Gathering up blanket, knife, rifle, cartridge belt, and a little food, Lozen sent their horses off with the others so the soldiers wouldn't discover anyone had stayed behind.

Lozen and the suffering woman had just enough time to hide in the brush before the soldiers rode past. Then Lozen found a safe hideout and helped deliver the baby.

The next day, the two women walked to the Rio Grande, carrying the newborn in their arms, and hid near the banks. They needed food, but Lozen didn't dare fire her rifle at game for fear their enemies would come. She waited until a herd of longhorn cattle came to the river to drink. Using nothing but her knife, she killed a longhorn, and the two women cut the meat into strips and dried it.

They knew they had to leave the river, but they had no water carriers, and it was too far between water holes to walk without water. They needed horses.

Lozen cut a bridle from the longhorn's hide and waited until dark. Leaving everything behind except knife and bridle, she crept to the riverbank. Just then some Mexican soldiers arrived on the opposite bank and set up camp. They had what Lozen needed: horses. But they also had guns. She waited until the men fell asleep by the fire, then she swam across the river and moved silently toward their camp, hoping not to alert the horses or the guard, who walked back and forth between the soldiers and the hobbled animals.

When the guard turned back toward the fire, Lozen cut the hobbles of the strongest-looking horse, leapt onto its back, and charged toward the river. The soldiers woke up and fired at her, even shooting across the river, but Lozen got away. Within minutes, she and her two charges



When her hands tingled and her palms turned purple, she knew she was facing the direction from which soldiers were approaching.



were galloping westward in the night on the north side of the border.

When they reached the first water hole, soldiers were guarding it. Unseen, the two women slipped past, sucking thirstily on prickly pear fruits until they found water.

For weeks the women traveled slowly, stealthily, sometimes on this side of the border, sometimes on the other. Lozen made a water carrier from the stomach of a calf, but it was too small. And they needed another horse.

Finally one day, the women followed three vaqueros to their camp. Leaving the young mother and her infant a little distance away, Lozen sneaked into the corral and stole a horse before the men knew what was happening. Then the women galloped away.

After that, Lozen killed a cavalryman and took his rifle, ammunition, and canteen. Well equipped now, the two women traveled to the Mescalero reservation in southern New Mexico, and Lozen delivered mother and child to their people.

There Lozen learned that Victorio and 175 other Apache men, women, and children had been attacked in Mexico, with 78 killed — including Victorio — 68 captured, and 30 escaping with their lives.

Again Lozen set out, this time alone, hunting for survivors. First she rode westward toward Ojo Caliente, then south into Mexico. Always alone, she dodged cavalry on both sides of the border.

Meanwhile Lozen's people were hiding in the wild country along the western slopes of the Sierra Madre, south of the Arizona border. Nana, a crippled but inexhaustible warrior in his 70s, led the survivors of the attack.

One day a young Mexican captive came running in to tell Nana that someone was riding toward camp, trailing a pack horse. The rider, who was heavily armed and appeared to be a woman, was analyzing the brush for signs of the well-concealed encampment.

Nana realized it must be Lozen, and he rode out to meet her. When Nana found Juh, Geronimo, and other Apache leaders at their camp, the people gathered around the fire, and Nana said of Lozen, "There is no warrior more worthy than the sister of Victorio."

Lozen was an expert roper, which made her an invaluable asset to the band when they were stealing horses, and she was a good rifle shot who often served as rear guard when her people were fleeing enemies.

But what made her most valuable to the tribe was their belief that she had a power to locate the enemy. To do this she held out

her arms while walking in a circle and praying to Ussen, the Life Giver or Creator. When her hands tingled and her palms turned purple, she knew she was facing the direction from which soldiers were approaching. Some said she could even divine how far away they were.

Many of her people believed Victorio would not have been killed had Lozen been there to warn him of the enemy.

Afterward when Nana and others called war councils, Lozen sat with them. When Nana and others slaughtered settlers to avenge their relatives' deaths, Lozen rode with them. And always she supported, guarded, protected, and healed the Apaches she lived and traveled with, no matter what band they belonged to.

It is said that when Geronimo decided the Apache men, women, and children who still remained free would be better off if they surrendered, Lozen carried messages for him and helped arrange meetings and the terms of defeat.

With Geronimo, Lozen surrendered. With him, on September 8, 1886, almost nine years to the day since she had fled from Camp Goodwin, she boarded a train as a prisoner at Bowie Station in southeastern Arizona and traveled toward Florida and exile.

White guards did not record Lozen's death, but Apaches recalled that she succumbed to tuberculosis in a prisoner of war camp at Mt. Vernon Barracks near Mobile, Alabama.

During her wanderings throughout the Southwest, Lozen probably came to know the southeastern corner of Arizona and the land north of it well. So after reading every scrap I could find about her, I crisscrossed Cochise, Graham, Greenlee, and Apache counties and surrounding areas where Lozen may have traveled, imagining her life.

One day I drove north along U.S. Route 191, climbing its twisting switchbacks, and pictured Lozen and her people fleeing on horseback and on foot across these rugged canyons, hills, and mountains in 1877.

One night I hiked by myself, without a flashlight, in the Chiricahua Mountains, imagining what it must have been like for Lozen when she traveled alone in the dark. True, she could read clues to animals and humans that I wouldn't notice even in the daytime, and she undoubtedly stumbled less often than I. But the melting snow that dripped from the branches overhead would have dripped onto her, just as it did onto me. And the wind that blew among the oaks, junipers, and rocky pillars, pushing at my back like a giant

icy hand, would have chilled and hurried her, just as it did me. I had a car to return to. Lozen would have had to search for a cave or a dry spot among the patches of melting snow where she could lie down and sleep.

I also visited the Apache village of Bylas, which straddles U.S. Route 70 near the Gila River, about where Camp Goodwin once sat. San Carlos Apaches live there now, and none of those I talked to had heard of Lozen. But one of them, Wheeler Grimes Jr., agreed to ride with me out into the countryside. He saddled two horses, and we forded the Gila and rode up into the hills where Lozen and her people fled.

As we trotted among the greasewood and cacti, Wheeler talked about old weapons caches and old graves that Apaches from Bylas have found in the hills. He said that when he was a boy playing cavalry and Indians with other Apache boys, everyone wanted to be in the cavalry because the cavalry won.

Meanwhile, the hooves of our horses clanked across rocks, and powdery dust rose around us. I smelled the horse and my own sweat and thought about Lozen.

Coming from another culture, and another time, I don't understand Lozen completely. But I've seen enough, and hurt enough, to imagine the pain she must have felt in the bloody, violent decade before her surrender. It was such a turbulent time that another Apache, James Kaywaykla, who was a little boy then, said, "Until I was about 10 years old, I did not know that people died except by violence."

It's not too hard to feel, vicariously, some of the contradictory emotions Lozen may have felt when people told her Victorio and the others would not have died if she had been there.

Or to imagine her uncertainty or despair as the train pulled out of Bowie Station and she looked at the Chiricahua Mountains for the last time.

Or to picture how she suffered in exile, in a humid climate where even the air that went in and out of her lungs was so different from what she had breathed all her life and where Apache babies died, not in battle, but of mosquito bites.

Scholars wrangle about many details of Lozen's life, but I believe it is true, as the son of a Chiricahua scout once told historian Eve Ball, "To us she was as a Holy Woman." ■

Santa Fe, New Mexico-based Susan Hazen-Hammond frequently writes on history topics for Arizona Highways. Gary Bennett, a freelance artist, is a former creative director for Arizona Highways.



Imagine being one of the first to explore a mountain range where every footstep brings a new sensation, whether an unmapped vista or an undiscovered plant; where any sign of travelers before you, whether human or animal, leads you to ponder their experience. Imagine such a trip, leaving you far richer than before you took your first few brave steps into the unknown:

A PINALENO MOUNTAIN

O D Y S S E Y

TEXT BY JULIE L. ST. JOHN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER NOEBELS

“As we traverse the heights and depths of this range, our bodies strive to meet the challenge of unforgivingly dry desert heat, the chill ridge-top winds. Damp fecund vapors draw us to basins where we slake our thirst in refreshing snowmelt, and always our spirits are lifted by musical murmurings of wind agitating leaves; secrets whispered by water coursing over rocks, roots, and fallen timber; underfoot the crunch of cones, shush of needles, crackle of fallen branches, grind of slate and gravel; the pervasive welcome of gentle breezes and dappled warmth



from sweet-scented ponderosa pines. Vantage points grant panoramas of over 100 miles; our imaginations have been captured by other islands adrift on this desert archipelago. We are torn between all we seek on this island and everything beyond our ken on the next.” — Journal entry, May 3, 1994
Such was the backpacking journey that friends Peter Noebels, Mike “Huck” Huckabee, and I took in May around southeastern Arizona’s Pinaleno Mountains, commonly referred to as Mount Graham: north, traversing countless ridges to the

(LEFT) Outdoor recreationists flock to the Pinaleno Mountains to enjoy the scenic views, hiking, camping, picnicking, and fishing.
(ABOVE) Author Julie L. St. John keeps a journal of her adventure in the mountain range, a trek that combined sublime beauty with challenge.

mountaintop; west, dropping 4,000 feet on a steep pack trail; south, scrambling through desert rangeland along the base of the mountain; and east, climbing to the top for one last breathtaking view before descending to our journey's end . . . and its beginning. Shaking off the dust of seven days and 50 miles, we unshouldered our backpacks and leaned our bodies against Peter's truck in the Round the Mountain trailhead parking lot off State Route 366. We were serenaded by thoughts of mariachis and Mexican food in Tucson, 125 miles to the west. The truck, however, heard different music, and when Peter turned the key, the vehicle remained silent. Mount Graham wasn't ready for us to leave. I wasn't either. I had fallen under its spell.

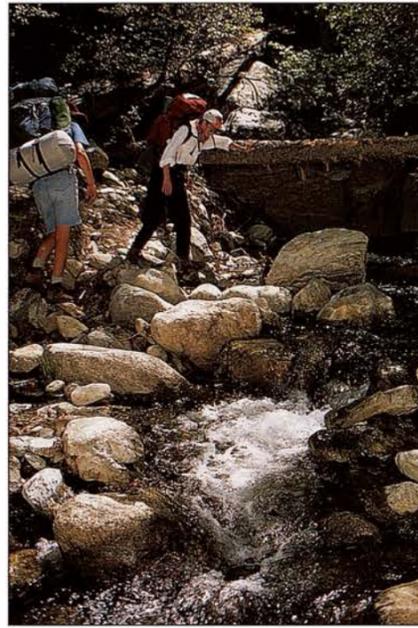
I had good company. John Muir, visiting the area in 1905, reveled, "I never breathed air more distinctly, palpably good . . . It fairly thrills and quivers, as if one actually felt the beatings of the infinitely small vital electric waves of life and light drenching every cell of flesh and bone." The range has

**DURING THE NIGHT,
I SUDDENLY AWAKENED,
SENSING THERE WAS A BEAR
WITHIN THREE FEET OF ME.
I SENT A TELEPATHIC MESSAGE
THAT I WAS ITS FRIEND,
THEN CLOSED MY EYES AND
PRETENDED TO SLEEP.**

a profound effect on all of its people, from the Apache who seek to preserve the home of their mountain spirits and spiritual traditions to the people who look to it daily and, as nearby Bonita resident Dotty Dubois phrased it, "have seen it in all its colors and no colors at all."

There are those, however, who see the Pinalenos from a different perspective: as a perch for University of Arizona observatories. Two telescopes have already been built near Emerald Peak; the university, wanting its third on the peak, had razed about 250 old-growth trees from what Tom Waddell, a former Arizona Game and Fish Department warden who spent 26 years in the Pinalenos, described to me as "a cathedral of three-foot-through spruce, with a velvet green carpet and white rocks."

Peter, Huck, and I knew little of the controversy and even less about the range itself when we left Peter's truck Saturday morning and began climbing the first of many ridges along the Round the Mountain Trail.



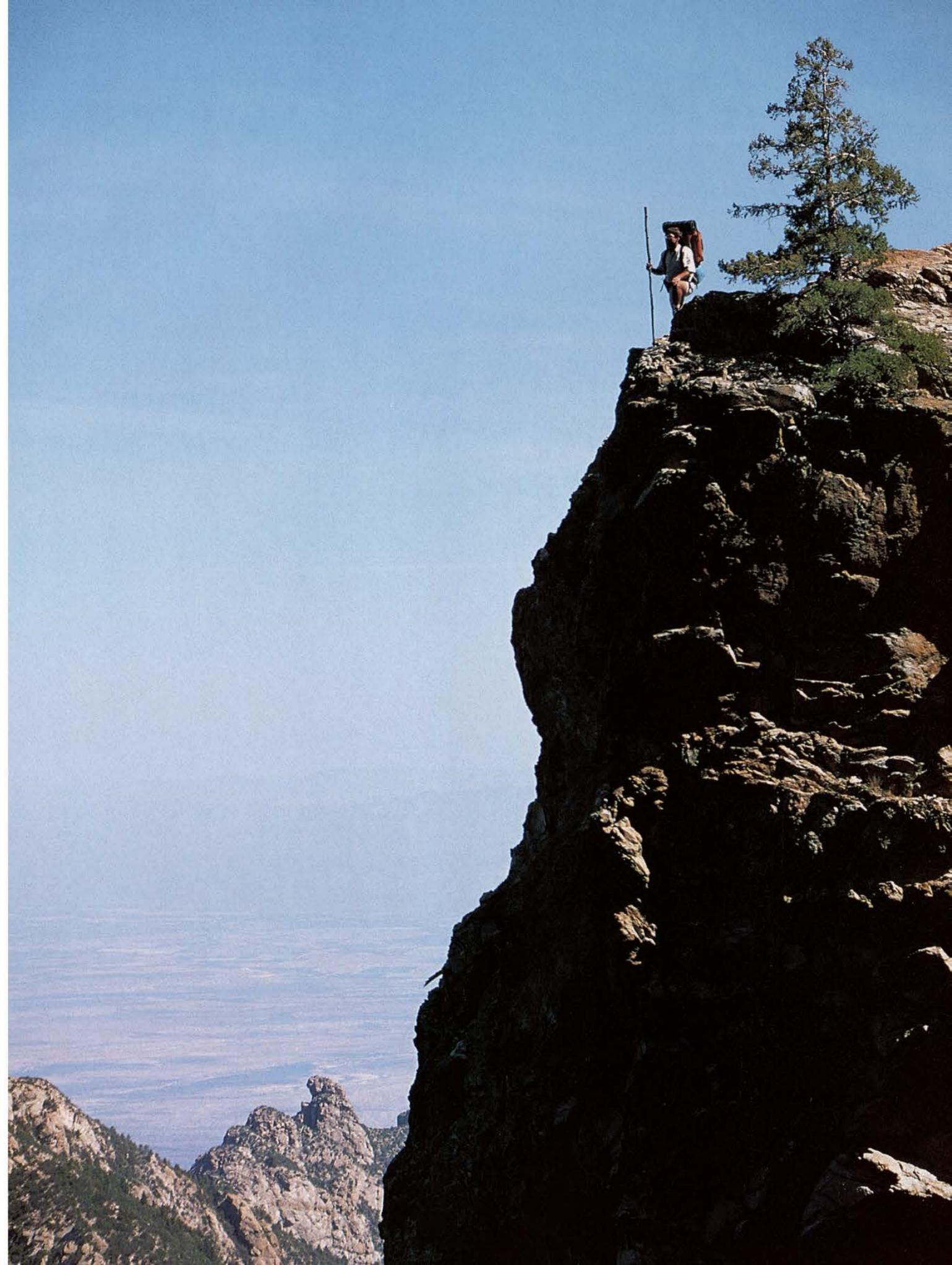
(LEFT) Roseann Hanson, left, and St. John prepare to cross rushing Marijilda Creek, using a fallen tree for balance.

(BELOW) A rocky slope on the west side of the Pinalenos offers Mike Huckaby, left, and our author a downhill breather on their sometimes arduous hike.

(RIGHT) After making his way to this towering vantage, Huckaby takes a few moments alone to savor the scenic rewards.

Only after the trip did I discover that we had been wandering through a biologist's paradise. According to University of Arizona research biologist Peter Warshall, an archipelago of 27 sky islands — mountain ranges surrounded by desert rather than sea — extends from the Mogollon Rim to Mexico's Sierra Madres, and of these, Mount Graham is the biotic crown jewel. In addition to supporting both the southernmost spruce-fir forest and northernmost Sierra Madrean habitats, it boasts the most biotic communities and perennial streams as well as 18 endemic plants, mammals, and insects.

After hiking 10 miles into the range from the trailhead, we'd seen enough bear sign that we were prepared for a visit Sunday evening. We set up camp on a finger of land sandwiched between the streams in Frye Canyon and were lulled to sleep by the water's musical meanderings. During the night, I suddenly awakened, sensing there was a bear within three feet of me. I sent a telepathic message that I was its friend (it works on dogs, so why not bears?), then closed my eyes and pretended to sleep. High on adrenaline, my mind raced — had I actually seen a bear? — but second-guessing ceased the





moment I heard deep guttural breathing. I played possum until I became aware of silence. I opened my eyes: no bear. I've never been happier to be near-sighted, overly-imaginative, and sleeping near a guy who snores.

The next morning, Huck and I played amateur archaeologists in logger middens from turn-of-the-century Chlarson Sawmill. Wherever we found evidence of a camp, we scraped away a few inches of the loosely packed earth. Our efforts uncovered a ceramic-glazed coffee pot, a copper tub, and many tin cans. We guessed the contents by the way they were opened: two small triangles meant milk, two perpendicular slashes with the points bent back from the center, beans, and small round holes, target practice.

As we began climbing our last ridge to the mountaintop, we entered what Huck called the "horizontal forest" — whole trees felled by windthrow from a '93 ice storm. Even if no one had been in the forest to hear, what a mighty sound the trees must have made as they lurched, crashed, and barreled down the mountainside. Leaving

WHEN WE CROSSED OVER THE RIDGE TO THE NORTH SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN, WE STOPPED, AWESTRUCK — RIDGES, VALLEYS, AND DISTANT RANGES LAY BEFORE US, WASHED GOLD BY THE LATE AFTERNOON SUN.

the horizontal forest was like wandering out of a Grimm fairy tale into Oz, a few steps out of the gloom and we were walking on a sunlit trail through grasses, cacti, and oak. When we crossed over the ridge to the north side of the mountain, we stopped, awestruck — ridges, valleys, and distant ranges lay before us, washed gold by the late afternoon sun. From our camp on a rock outcrop, blasted by howling, altitude-chilled winds, we watched the twinkling lights strung along State Route 70. It was comforting to know that a few thousand people shared that river valley while just three of us shared our mountain aerie.

Tuesday morning we left Round the Mountain Trail and followed Old Columbine Road to the Swift Trail, which is actually State Route 366. That's where we ran into a University of Arizona red squirrel biologist on her way back to her research camp. We followed, eager to catch a glimpse of one of the most endangered mammals in the United States. Marooned



(OPPOSITE PAGE) Just off Grant Creek on the west side of the Pinalenos, our hikers come upon a tumble of giant boulders nestled in a grove of oak trees. (LEFT) The Inception area is where our hikers find the old Chlarson sawmill, and discover artifacts — which were left in place — from logging days. (BELOW) The endangered red squirrels that live on Mount Graham need time and uncommonly good luck to ensure their future in the range. JOHN CANCALOSI

on its sky island for 9,000 to 11,000 years, the Mount Graham red squirrel is a victim of dwindling habitat. Before telescopes were a twinkle in the university's eyes, the squirrel had already lost more than half of its old-growth spruce-fir forest to logging and clearing; the observatories lie within the remaining 600 acres.

Peter Warshall worries that there is already too little habitat, and only a complete absence of setbacks — tree disease, fires, windthrow, and drought — will allow the population to keep its tenuous hold until the forest is reestablished 125 years

from now. Such concern prompted the university to pay for a red squirrel study for as long as the telescopes are in operation, a coup for biologist Paul Young and his crew as studies are typically funded for only a few years. Young seemed true to his specific science — why look at stars when you could observe squirrels? — even though he answers to the same vice president of research as the astronomers. Happy to oblige our curiosity, he gave us a tour of the study area and even tried to summon a squirrel by entering its midden, scratching a nearby tree and clucking — fightin' words



in squirrel-speak — but the savvy critter didn't take the bait.

We left the mountaintop Wednesday morning and began zigzagging down the western slope on a seven-mile-long pack trail connecting Soldier Creek Campground to Fort Grant State Prison 4,000 feet below. It's hard to imagine that escaping prisoners have actually chosen to flee up this steep, easy-to-lose trail, rather than cut across the valley. When a disembodied voice drifted up the canyon from the prison's PA system, I wondered if, 100 years ago, when Fort Grant housed soldiers, we could have heard revelry. Or "Taps" 50 years ago in its incarnation as the Arizona State Industrial School for juvenile offenders. Bone-weary from our trip's first daylong exposure to the sun, we set our alarms for 3 A.M. We had a long, even hotter day in front of us, bush-whacking 10 miles around the base of the mountain, and we wanted to get a cool head start.

By sunrise we had crossed several barbed-wire fences, hopped a quarry's



(LEFT) Huckaby and St. John, nearly hidden behind him, head into Grant Canyon along an easy stretch of trail.
(BELOW) Looking to the west, Huckaby, using his binoculars, and St. John get a good view of Fort Grant below.
(RIGHT) A blooming prickly pear seems to lure our party up another rough hillside leading to the western horizon.

AT THE TOP, WE FOLLOWED THE SWIFT TRAIL TO LADYBUG PEAK, WHERE WE ALLOWED OURSELVES THE PLEASURE OF A PANORAMIC VIEW BEFORE BEGINNING WHAT I CALLED THE DEATH MARCH: SEVEN KNEE-GRINDING, BLISTER-POPPING MILES BACK TO THE TRUCK.

worth of boulder-size rocks, maneuvered around blooming hedgehog cacti and cow pies, and tried not to appear to be on the lam: the prison has the best search and rescue team in Arizona. After Peter stopped midmorning to immortalize some photogenic blooms, we rested under the shade of a lonely mesquite, munching, quenching our thirst, absorbing the unobstructed view of the valley spread out before us. Later we took advantage of some siesta-size alligator junipers until it was time to locate one of the springs on our map. Saddened that this was our last night, our conversation left the mountains and returned to Tucson. We consoled ourselves by planning a celebratory dinner of Mexican food.

With 2,700 steep feet ahead of us in the morning alone, we loaded up with water and began our four-mile climb up the Shake Trail. At the top, we followed the Swift Trail to Ladybug Peak, where we allowed ourselves the pleasure of a panoramic view before beginning what I called the Death

March: seven knee-grinding, blister-popping miles past Veach Ridge to Angle Orchard and the truck. Along the way I tried to enjoy the views, but I was growing tired and obsessed with the tiny white dot in the parking lot, waiting almost 3,000 feet below.

We reached the truck just after sunset, but it wasn't until dark that the mountain relinquished its hold on us, coughing up two teenage boys with a truck who pulled us out of the parking lot. We coasted down the moonless mountain road — sans headlights — and rolled into the parking lot of a business at the junction of State Route 366

and U.S. 191. Two hours later, we were on the road to Tucson — and our much anticipated feast of Mexican food — thanks to the Arizona Automobile Association. ❧

Editor's Note: Snowfall in the Pinalenos may extend to April or May. Before planning a trip, ask the Safford Ranger District Office of the Coronado National Forest, (520) 428-4150, about weather conditions, appropriate maps, and supplies.

Tucson-based Julie L. St. John is a professional environmentalist.

Peter Noebels, also of Tucson, says this trip circumnavigating Mount Graham was a two-year dream.





TO MANY THEY ARE A BIT OF A GIMMICK, THOSE LITTLE JARS OF

CACTUS JELLY, THOSE PINK DOTS

OF CACTUS CANDY. TASTY PERHAPS, A STRAWBERRYLIKE FLAVOR, but a gimmick none the less. Of course, those folks have never seen the excitement in Natalie McGee's blue eyes as she puts a bottle of her prickly pear syrup on the table and says, "This is the real stuff."

Few have moved into the desert with Cheryl Romanoski as she checks the ripening fruit of the prickly pear cactus, tests the sugar content. As would a vintner among the vines of

Elgin, Arizona, she mulls over what 12 months of Nature have meant to this year's crop.

Later in a small building in Tucson, she works over and around a six-burner stove, baby Alexander on her back, customers on her mind.

"We just got an order yesterday from Japan," she reports. "South Africa is interested," comes the next update.

Meanwhile, up in Phoenix, David Simpson is processing 100,000 pounds of prickly pear fruit to meet the demands of his own customers. "I grew

THE CACTUS COOKERS

SERVING UP
THE FRUIT
OF THE DESERT

TEXT BY KATHLEEN WALKER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. PETER MORTIMER

up eating this stuff," he says of a product line that began in 1949 and now stretches from jelly to barbecue sauce.

They are the cactus cooks of Arizona, the people who make the fruit of the desert palatable. They are responsible for those thousands of jars and boxes that have been carried home by visitors or sent to family and friends by residents. It is their product lines, found in gift shops, catalogs, health food stores, that give validity to the rumor that folks eat cactus down in Arizona.

Yes, we do. Always did.



(LEFT) Like the Indians of long ago, savvy cooks today know that the fruit of the prickly pear cactus makes a tasty contribution to the culinary arts.

(ABOVE) Cindy Wicker, Kent Jacobs, and Mary Erickson prepare cactus fruit for cooking at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum.

From prehistory to the present, the Sonoran Desert has been a smorgasbord for those who choose to partake. There may not be a pool of lifesaving water waiting in the innards of a barrel cactus, but there has always been a punch to be made from the flowers of the ocotillo, wine to be made from the fruit of the saguaro. Buds, seeds, stems of various cacti can be and have been boiled, fried, sliced, dried, and ground — and that's just for the appetizers.

"There are hundreds of edible desert plants, some scientists estimate over 350," states Ruth Greenhouse, exhibits coordinator of the Desert Botanical Garden in Phoenix. She says most visitors to the garden have the preconception that this is a barren land, a desert of sand.

"And they are surprised to learn that these plants have been able to support human life for thousands and thousands of years."

The ancient people of the desert knew that the plants that seemed to work so hard at surviving were, in fact, the key to survival. They could provide not only food but materials for shelter and medicine.

Descendants of the first people on this land still turn to the desert. Every summer the Tohono O'odham go into the great stands of saguaros near Tucson for the ritual harvest of the ruby-lipped fruit. Newer residents of this land go out as well, on trips organized by the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum.

On museum land they learn how to use the long poles made from saguaro ribs to knock loose the fruit 30 to 40 feet above them on the arms and the crowns of saguaros. Raw, the fruit is sweet and tastes like warm watermelon. It was a natural choice for people who had no access to sugar.

The seeds could also be used, ground into meal and "used in gravies or porridges or bread or other recipes," explains Greenhouse. Syrup made from the fruit could be turned into jam or wine. However, at the museum they estimate that it takes three five-gallon buckets of fruit to make one quart of syrup. That may be after hours of cooking.

"For the amount you get, it's tremendously labor-intensive," says museum docent Lois Jean Baker in classic understatement.

The modern-day harvest of the pads of prickly pear, a plant much closer to the ground than the saguaro, offers its own challenges. There often are long lethal spines to avoid, and tiny hairlike spines, more difficult to see, but providing endless hours of itching once embedded in the skin. Gloves, tongs, and tweezers are standard field gear when around these plants. When



(ABOVE) Sheila Nylund, left, and Shanon Paul collect ripened prickly pear fruit outside Tucson. (BELOW) A picker uses a long stick, called a *kuipad* by the Tohono O'odham Indians, to pick the fruit atop an arm of a tall saguaro.

McGee picks, she adds knee-high plastic protectors to fend off the strikes of disturbed or disgruntled snakes.

Spines and serpents aside, the prickly pear is a highly accessible cactus. It seems to grow most everywhere. Like many Arizonans, McGee has a yard full of it, backyard, front yard, every yard of her family's massive cattle ranch north of Green Valley. It was a supply waiting for a demand. That came in 1991 when McGee took a batch of jam made with prickly pear down to the local fair. It sold out.

"I think we've got something here," she said and went about the business of making more.

Romanoski's start in the commercial production of cactus foods began in the mid '80s when a neighbor asked why she didn't try to sell the jelly she made from neighborhood



plants. Now 10 tons of the fruit are picked for her by a team working 10 to 15 hours a day during the summer weeks when the crop is ready to harvest.

David Simpson is the veteran of the three cooks. In 1973 he took over the business started by Mabel and James J. Cahill, his aunt and uncle. Cahill was a retired Wall Street stockbroker. His wife earned her apron in the laboratories of General Foods.

Coming to Phoenix after World War II to start a business, they visited the same Desert Botanical Garden, which four decades later still introduces new arrivals to the bounty of the land. It was there Mabel Cahill chose their future.

"She decided that maybe they should get into the jelly business," says nephew Simpson.

The kitchen part of the business would seem familiar to anyone who has ever tried a hand at making jellies. At Romanoski's, it is still so down-home, so hands-on, she is often covered from fingertips to elbows with the vivid magenta stain of the cactus fruit.

The fruits are steamed, chopped, and strained, and the resulting juice is frozen until further processed into jellies, syrups, candies. Sugar is an important ingredient in that final step as it has traditionally been with many jellies and jams.

"Three parts sugar, one part prickly pear and lemon juice," is how McGee recalls her

own family's home creation. She chose a different direction, making her cactus products without sugar, using natural fruit sweeteners instead.

It is not surprising that this type of product would appeal to those on sugar-restricted diets. But McGee was shocked at the reaction of some of those customers.

"Letters kept coming from people noting a decrease in their cholesterol levels," she says. Then there were calls from diabetics claiming a decrease in their dependence on insulin.

"It doesn't happen once in a while," says McGee. "It happens all the time." And Romanoski says she has been getting calls as well.

None of this comes as a surprise to David Eppele, director of Arizona Cactus and Succulent Research, Inc., an educational and desert garden facility south of Bisbee.

"I've known people all of my life who have said that," he proclaims of a possible impact of prickly pear on diabetes.

He points out in his writings and discussions what students and survivors of the Sonoran Desert have known for centuries. The prickly pear, like many other desert plants, has both the potential of a future supermarket and a drugstore.

The Spanish conquerors of Mexico



(LEFT) Dr. Maria Luz Fernandez, a nutrition scientist at the University of Arizona, studies the effects of prickly pear pectin on insulin-dependent diabetics. (BELOW LEFT) Natalie McGee shows off some of her cactus-cooking products at a booth at the Tempe Arts and Crafts Festival.

recognized the benefits of prickly pear as a partial cure for the scurvy that plagued their sailors. "Vitamin C was the active ingredient," explains Tom Sheridan, curator of ethno-history at the University of Arizona's Arizona State Museum. According to Sheridan, Spanish ships would stop off the coast of Baja to pick up a supply of the pad-shaped plants.

Of course, the native people of Mexico were already familiar with the benefits of the prickly pear. The Aztec leader Montezuma may have been sipping chocolate and eating quail when the Spanish arrived, but there was probably a plate of nopals, the pads of the prickly pear, somewhere in his kitchens.

States Dr. Maria Luz Fernandez, nutrition scientist at the University of Arizona, "Even since the time of the Aztecs, before the Spanish people came to conquer Mexico, they said prickly pear was good for any kind of disease."

The scientific investigation of that broad statement has been going on in Mexico for years. Fernandez is involved in her own study of the effects of diet on cholesterol metabolism, research which includes the use of prickly pear pectin. Pectin is a glutinous substance found in some fruits. Fernandez uses it in powdered form.

"We're seeing a decrease in plasma cholesterol, which is mainly a decrease in low density lipoprotein," states Fernandez. In lay

terms: a decrease in the "bad" cholesterol. She also says studies in Mexico have shown some "improvement" with insulin-dependent diabetics. "What's happening is those people are decreasing their shots."

But why, or how, or even if the prickly pear can make a real medical difference are questions still in the research stage. So are questions concerning the medical and dietary benefits of other desert plants. There may be hope, but there are no clear answers, yet. And the cactus cooks do not presume to theorize at length.

"None of us knows what the benefits are," says Romanoski.

"It's a food," says McGee moving away from a medical discussion. "I'm selling food."

Down in Bisbee, Eppele is doing some selling as well, selling farmers on the potential of the prickly pear as a crop. Consider the benefits he's pushing for those people who work the land: a crop that may require no water other than what falls from the sky, one that thrives on dust and sun.

Based on his research, he says he can tell farmers, "Hey, you know what, you can row crop prickly pear cactus in Arizona for free." In addition, one animal-friendly variety he's working with comes with the promise of providing 10 tons of feed per acre per year, with no supplemental water necessary. And, he says, that is a conservative figure.

It is all out there, ripe for the pickin'. The jams, the jellies, the candies, the medicines of the future. It is a desert offering us proof that Arizonans — two-legged and four-legged — do have a tendency and the good sense to picnic on their landscape. ■

Tucson-based Kathleen Walker has started adding half a teaspoon of prickly pear syrup a day to her diet. Phoenix-based J. Peter Mortimer says he's spent more time photographing cacti than eating them — but after this story, that may change.

WHEN YOU GO

To learn more about the Arizona desert and its native plants, contact or pay a visit to:

Arizona Cactus & Succulent Research, Inc.
8 S. Cactus Lane, Bisbee, AZ 85603;
(520) 432-7040.

Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum
2021 N. Kinney Road, Tucson, AZ 85743;
(520) 883-2702.

Desert Botanical Garden
1201 N. Galvin Parkway, Phoenix, AZ
85008; (602) 941-1225.

Producers of Arizona cactus food products include:

Arizona Cactus Ranch
P.O. Box 8, Green Valley, AZ 85622;
(520) 625-4419, (800) 582-9903.

Cheri's Desert Harvest
1840 E. Winsett St., Tucson, AZ 85719;
(520) 623-4141, (800) 743-1141.

Sunrise Desert Foods
490 E. Pima St., Phoenix, AZ 85004;
(602) 254-4624.

Judging from its abundance, desert wildlife has long been attuned to its environment. The great irony of the Sonoran Desert is that what appears to be such hostile habitat is so replete with life. Desert animals have turned what seems to us adversity to their own advantage.

C A C T U S C R I T T E R S

Perhaps the most striking example of this is the association of desert animals with their ubiquitous and seemingly unfriendly neighbor, the cactus. They perch on it, eat it, and mate and nest in it — all to my photographic delight.



A Harris' antelope squirrel perches on a prickly pear cactus, being careful to avoid the aptly named plant's fierce stickers.

I felt privileged to share the lives of various "cactus critters," and, as a result, I feel more attuned to the desert, myself. I hope the following photographs reflect that.

A P O R T F O L I O B Y J O H N C A N C A L O S I



A common screech owl finds shelter in a saguaro cactus.





C A C T U S C R I T T E R S
P O R T F O L I O

(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 28 AND 29) *A red-tailed hawk feeds its chicks in a cactus nest.*
(LEFT) *The fruit of a prickly pear makes a meal for a desert tortoise.*
(BELOW, LEFT) *The Gila monster is rarely seen in the wild as it spends most of its time underground.*
(BELOW) *The sharp stickers of a prickly pear cactus hold no terror for a regal horned lizard.*





"I'M A THOUSAND MILES FROM NOWHERE; time don't matter to me." Dwight Yokum's lament flowed from a tape as our four-wheel-drive rig did a tango along the narrow "mud" road on the Hopi Indian Reservation southeast of Keams Canyon.

**A DAY
WITH
HOPI/TEWA
POTTER**

My photographer husband, Jerry, and I were driving toward Bluebird Canyon with potter Dawn Navasie to gather clay as her mother and great-aunt, Hopi/Tewa potters Eunice "Fawn" Navasie and Joy "Frog Woman" Navasie, once did. Later we would spend the day photographing Dawn at work.

At Hopi, the feeling of being "a thousand miles from nowhere" can be very real. The

Dawn Navasie



seclusion and quietness blend with the slower pace and the ancient traditions to give the sensation of stepping back into the past.

That feeling intensified as we approached Dawn's old family home, which stood amid scattered juniper trees and dwarfed piñon pines. The peach trees in the orchard were bare, and the dried cornstalks in the field rustled in the chilly breeze of the January morning.

Patches of snow covered the ground, and the thermometer hovered near 45° F beneath a pale, watery sun. Each gust of wind seemed to send the temperature plummeting.

Dawn moved to the nearby clay "pit" carrying her shovel. I followed and looked down into a broad, shallow depression where a vein of gray clay ran through the red dirt about 12 inches beneath the topsoil. As I shivered in my Hi-Tec hikers, Dawn remarked that we were lucky "it turned out to be such a nice day."

She dug her shovel into the native clay, then bagged it, explaining that she usually gathers about 25 pounds at a time, enough to make approximately 50 pots of various sizes.

Fortunately for my Sonoran Desert-climatized body, she didn't plan to dig much clay

(OPPOSITE PAGE) *One of Dawn Navasie's pottery jars rests next to two small polishing stones and two large stone pallets she uses to prepare paints from natural materials. Her brushes are made from strips of the yucca plant.*

**TEXT BY
LOIS ESSARY JACKA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JERRY JACKA**



'THE PAINTING WAS THE HARDEST PART WHEN I FIRST BEGAN MAKING POTTERY. MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME HOW TO MAKE IT, BUT SHE SAID THE ONLY WAY TO LEARN TO PAINT THE PIECES WAS TO DO IT. SO THAT'S WHAT I DID.'

this time. We soon began the "slip and slide" journey back across Antelope Mesa to her late mother's home where Dawn's pottery is fired.

Awaiting us was her husband, Don Mahkewa, who helps with the pottery-making, except the painting.

Dawn opened the bag of clay, and using her fingers she formed the base of a pot. With a small wooden scraper, she worked the base as Don shaped the first coil. With speed and dexterity, she added one coil after another then pinched and smoothed the pot into shape.

"I guess I've never really thought much about the ancient potters or the long tradition of making pottery," she said as she worked the clay. "I just know what my mother taught me — and my grandmother."

I was reminded of a recent visit with the daughter of another Tewa potter, the late Helen "Feather Woman" Naha. Unlike Dawn, Rainy Naha expressed a keen interest in ancient pottery.

"I majored in archaeology at Brigham Young University," she had said. "I have a degree, but now I just make pottery. My archaeology background does help me, though. When I see a pottery shard, I can picture the structure of the piece in my mind and know where it would probably be placed on the pot. I've chosen to keep the traditional designs my mother left with me. I make mostly black and white pottery with just a tiny bit of color. I like that. It's like adding a little lipstick to liven the face."



Hopi artists are innumerable and prolific, producing all types of art — kachinas, baskets, jewelry, paintings, and pottery. Their Anasazi ancestors created beautiful pottery that has endured for hundreds of years, and their skills and talents have been passed down through the generations.

Many Hopi potters like Dawn Navasie, are descendants of Tewans from the Rio Grande pueblos of New Mexico who sought refuge with the Hopis following the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. They were granted sanctuary and settled in the village of Hano after defending the Hopis during a Ute raid.

Intermarriage with the Hopis was common then and now, but the people of Hano are still usually referred to as Hopi/Tewa. Though the two cultures blended, Tewans have preserved their language and heritage and have been a major influence on the pottery-making tradition. Some of the most recognized names among Hopi potters are descendants of the First Mesa Tewans: Nampeyo, Navasie, Naha, Huma, Chapella, Quotskuyva, Tahbo, Sahnme, Namingha, Youvella, Polacca, and others.

Dawn Navasie carries on her Tewa tradition along with her sisters, Fawn Garcia and White Swan.

"The three of us divided up our mother's polishing stones," Dawn said as she polished a pottery jar. "And we find others in the riverbed."

Setting the jar aside, she brought out her few painting supplies: yucca brushes and

(OPPOSITE PAGE) The yellow paint Dawn uses on her pottery comes from native clay, the dark from beehplant or mustard weed. (ABOVE) This pottery by Dawn ranges in diameter from 2 3/4 inches to 10 inches. POTS COURTESY MCGEE'S BEYOND TRADITION GALLERY, HOLBROOK

sandstone palettes for mixing the natural paints. "I use only two colors," she explained. "Black and red. The red color comes from yellow clay mixed with water. It turns red during firing. It was Bruce McGee [a trader] who helped me with the color. He told me that if I polished the pottery more, the red color would be brighter, and it worked."

"It takes a lot of time to make the asa [the black]. The leaves of beehplant or mustard weed are boiled until a sap forms. It hardens and is wrapped in corn husks. When I'm ready to paint, I break off small pieces and soak them in water."

As she readied her materials, Dawn held the small yucca strips in her mouth to soften them, then drew them through her teeth to shred the ends. With a steady hand, and without a pattern, she began painting intricate lines on the pot.

"The painting was the hardest part when I first began making pottery," she said. "My mother taught me how to make it, but she said the only way to learn to paint the pieces was to do it. So that's what I did."

Then it was time for the firing. The sun had come out, and I could almost agree that



'THEY MUST BE COMPLETELY COVERED SO THE FIRE WON'T BURN THE POTS,' DAWN EXPLAINED. 'IF WE LEAVE A SMALL HOLE, ESPECIALLY ON A WINDY DAY, THE FLAMES WILL LEAVE "CLOUDS" ON THE POTTERY.'

it was a nice day. However, I eyed the storm clouds to the southwest warily. It looked suspiciously like snow coming from those clouds, and they weren't all that far away.

Accompanied by Western music from the radio in his pickup, Don laid a circle of cedar wood on a platform of concrete blocks then piled smaller chips and kindling in the center and added pieces of dry sheep dung.

"He does all the dirty work," Dawn said, grinning as she added more wood and sheep dung to the fire. They put large shards of broken pottery beside the fire to warm.

When the fire burned down, small dung chips were sprinkled over the coals and larger pieces were placed in a circle around the outer edge. A grate covered with tin was set over the fire, and large, flat pottery shards were laid on the tin.

The pieces to be fired, which Don had placed in the kitchen oven to preheat, were brought out, and Dawn placed them on the flat shards. As Don added pieces of sheep dung to the outside circle, Dawn balanced large, curved shards against and over the newly made pots.

"They must be completely covered so the fire won't burn the pots," Dawn explained. "If we leave a small hole, especially on a windy day, the flames will leave 'clouds' on the pottery."

Many potters find natural beauty in the "fire clouds," but Don and Dawn try to avoid them by adding bent pieces of tin that completely enclose the pots. This is



then covered with a mound of sheep dung, stacked symmetrically and precisely so the fire can breathe as it slowly burns from bottom to top.

Don sprinkled dried cedar sprigs around the bottom of the fire to purify the pottery, while Dawn placed four plain walnut-size pots in the fire, one in each of the four directions. "We do this if something has been going wrong with the pottery or there has been a death in the family," she explained. "It is done for a blessing or to cleanse."

It was all over now but the waiting, and it would be four or five hours before we would know the results of the firing. In the meantime, Dawn showed us the broken pieces of a huge pottery wedding vase that she had made for the Santa Fe Indian Market. The pot had been preheated but had cooled before it was placed on the rack for firing. Consequently, when the heat began to penetrate, the pot simply exploded.

"That's the heartbreaking part of making pottery," Dawn said. "But that will teach us not to be in such a hurry."

Pottery-making requires patience, a trait that is sadly lacking in me. However, as we waited for the fire to burn down, I had time to ponder this ancient craft and the incongruity of such beautiful objects being formed from raw earth, polished with stones, and fired with sheep dung.

Finally, came the moment of truth. We waited in hushed anticipation as Dawn used a long pair of tongs to gently lift the tin, then the pottery shards off the newly

(OPPOSITE PAGE) Dawn and her husband, Don Mahkewa, place large pottery shards around the vessels to protect them from direct flames during firing.

(ABOVE) Dawn watches Don put sheep dung around the pots before firing.

fired pots. They were perfect. The swirling gust of cold wind that scattered the ashes seemed to echo our collective sigh of relief. All was well.

Too soon it was time for us to leave. It would be long after midnight before we reached our Phoenix home. The air was crisp and cold as we drove down the now-frozen track toward the highway. The storm had passed, and millions of stars twinkled in a jet-black sky. The night was still and quiet, and the snow sparkled in the glow of the headlights as we crept along.

"A thousand miles from nowhere . . ." ❧

Author's Note: Hopi pottery can be purchased directly from some potters at First Mesa on the Hopi reservation, 65 miles north of Winslow. However, museum shops and reputable galleries normally have a good selection and may be the better choice, especially for the novice buyer. One may expect to pay from under \$100 to several thousand dollars for a single piece of pottery, depending upon its size and quality and the reputation of the potter.

Lois Essary Jacka and Jerry Jacka have visited the Hopis for 40 years, photographing and writing about their culture and their art.

L O O K I N G
F O R
T H E P A S T
A L O N G

U.S. Route 60

TEXT BY CAROL ANN BASSETT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERENCE MOORE

Moonrise
over the
Hieroglyphic
Mountains. I sit on a rock just outside Wickenburg watching the cacti turn blue. Stars pierce the darkness one by one until constellations emerge. Along with the moon, these stars were the only light guiding the Apaches, the prospectors, and the settlers who once passed through this region. Their presence is all around me, in the petroglyphs etched into these lava-capped mountains, in the ramshackle homesteads, and in the deserted mine shafts perforating this country.

Here, in the stillness of the night,





U.S. Route 60

it's difficult to imagine the frantic activity that pervaded the territory: the clink of picks, the pounding of ore mills, the clanging of stew pots in the boomtowns that sprang up almost overnight: Vulture City, Harqua Hala, Polaris.

I wanted to know more about the history that shaped this region, so I headed into the central highlands of Arizona on U.S. Route 60, from Phoenix to Ehrenberg on the Colorado River.

Long before U.S. 60 became a highway, it was a dirt trail imprinted only by deerskin moccasins and the tracks of wild animals. In the 1800s, it became a deeply rutted wagon route for pioneers seeking the New Frontier, prospectors, and Army troops. (See *Arizona Highways*, May '56.)

Today the road runs the entire breadth of America. It originates in Newport News, Virginia, and passes through nine states before terminating in Los Angeles. In Arizona, U.S. 60 begins near Springerville, snaking down through the White Mountains and cutting west about 400 miles to the Colorado River.

My journey began near Morristown, once known as Castle Hot Springs Junction. A former railroad siding, the town was the vacation jumping-off point for the great families of the Victorian Age: Cabot, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt.

Seeking refuge at a remote hideaway called Castle Hot Springs Resort, they traveled west in private railroad cars. Guests arriving at the junction stayed in a small hotel before embarking into the mountains on a grueling five-hour stage-coach ride to Castle Hot Springs Resort

which required three changes of horses.

Established in 1896 as Arizona's first luxury resort, the three-story hotel had a golf course and a theater. But its real attraction was rare mineral hot springs that bubbled out of the earth at 120° F.

After a fire destroyed one of the main buildings in 1976, the resort closed permanently. A protective fence now keeps visitors out.

Whizzing down the highway at 55 mph, it was difficult to imagine that seas of native grass once filled these valleys, and the hills were fat with silver and copper. When gold was discovered in the Vulture and Bradshaw mountains in the 1860s, prospectors began pouring into the region and setting up makeshift camps along the Hassayampa River. Where one man found riches, another's fate was a lonely death in this unexplored wilderness.

In virtually every canyon where gold glittered in rivers or in veins of quartz, a mining camp sprang to life. Many of these

camp grew into towns. Some even held the promise of becoming cities. One such camp was Vulture City, about 15 miles southwest of Wickenburg.

Legend says that in 1863 while searching for gold, an Austrian immigrant named Henry Wickenburg found a quartz outcropping laced with the precious metal. Another story has it that while reaching down to examine a vulture he'd shot, gold nuggets caught the miner's eye.

Whatever the case may have been, Henry Wickenburg set off a gold rush centered around a new boomtown called Vulture City. Within a few years, the new town of Wickenburg grew up around the mills, becoming the third largest in Arizona and nearly gaining status as the territorial capital in 1866.

That same year, Henry Wickenburg sold four-fifths interest in the Vulture Mine to Benjamin Phelps of New York City. Though the mine produced millions of dollars in gold, none of that bounty ever made it into Wickenburg's pockets. Soured on mining, the immigrant retired to an old adobe cabin on the Hassayampa River and began farming.

In 1890, when the Walnut Grove Dam gave way a few miles upriver, Wickenburg's fields were buried beneath tons of silt. About five years later, despondent and nearly penniless, he was found lying near his cabin with a bullet hole through his head and a Colt revolver by his side.

On the outskirts of Wickenburg, I pull over at a weathered building with bright red gas pumps from the 1930s. The screen door squeaks as I enter Hank's Antiques.



(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 38 AND 39) Once an Indian trail, then a wagon route for pioneers and Army troops, U.S. 60 became a superhighway in the 1970s. Travelers in a hurry today stick to Interstate 10, but those with time to spare — and a curiosity about the countryside and towns along the way — quickly fall under its spell.

(TOP, LEFT) The breakfast crowd gathers at 6 A.M. at Wickenburg's Horseshoe Cafe & Deli.

(TOP, RIGHT) A hand-painted map of Arizona rests against an old building in Ramsey, between Hope and Quartzsite.

(ABOVE) The neon sign advertising the Burro Jim Motel lights up the night in Aguila.

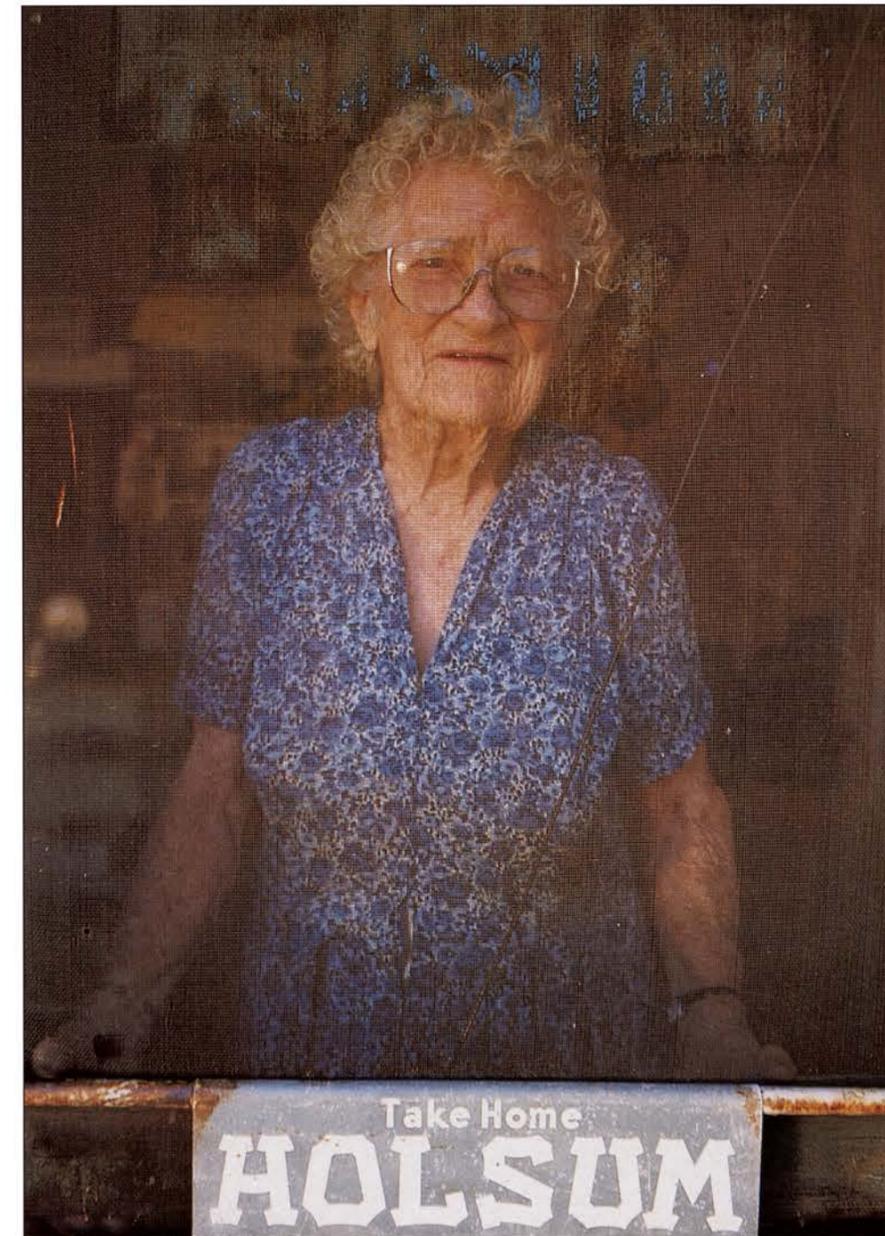
Inside, dusty shelves display remnants of a long ago era. There's a rusted ox shoe, wagon wheels, and a curious knife and fork combination for a one-armed man. Elsie Brumm, the 90-year-old proprietor, appears in a faded cotton dress.

Elsie and her husband, Hank, moved here in 1933, raising chickens and goats and selling goods from their small general store. "Wasn't nothin' here except a mesquite thicket," she recalls. "Back then, U.S. 60 was only a single lane road. There was a gravel pit just down the way where the

kids used to play. We'd watch those big machines come in here and grade the road every time the [Hassayampa] river overflowed its banks. It filled our store once with six foot of water."

I can still see the watermarks along the walls.

In the morning, I drive into the Hassayampa River Preserve across the highway from Elsie's store. The preserve was established in 1986 by The Nature Conservancy to protect rare plant and animal species, such as the Gilbert skink.



In Apache, Hassayampa means "river that runs upside down." The aptly named stream flows underground for most of its 100 miles, but here it emerges aboveground for five miles, supporting cottonwood groves and more than 200 species of birds.

I kick off my shoes and wade through the ankle-deep water, watching raptors glide through the trees. Surely this river must have been an oasis for the thousands of settlers who pressed through this region.

In 1868 Culling's Well, 38 miles west of the Wickenburg Stage Stop, was established by an Englishman named Charles Culling. Located in McMullen Valley, it became one of the most famous stations on the Ehrenberg to Prescott run. Culling had gained notoriety by digging a well 240 feet deep. A reporter in 1900 wrote that the well provided the only water for 30 miles in any direction:

"By the well passes the old Ehrenberg Road, once the great highway in Arizona, and there concentrate roads leading to the Great Harqua Hala and many other important mines of western Arizona. It has been said that the road from the Hassayampa River to the well is blazed by the graves of those who have died of thirst upon their way."

One such victim was a lone prospector who was found dead within rifle shot range of Culling's Well. Alarmed by what was becoming a common occurrence here, the station keeper fashioned a "lighthouse" for future travelers by hanging a lantern from a tall cottonwood pole. It came to be known as "the Lighthouse on the Desert."

Time and the elements laid waste to Culling's Well. Love is gone. So is Forepaugh. Like most ghost towns along the highway, they appeared to simply blow away on the wind.

The sun ducks behind clouds as I head westward down this "trail of graves." To the north beyond McMullen Valley, rain hangs like cobwebs over the Harcuvar Mountains. There's not much traffic on this highway, just a truck full of hogs bound for Salome and a trailer full of horses.

(LEFT) Proprietor Elsie Brumm, age 90, looks out the door of Hank's Antiques at the traffic on U.S. 60, east of Wickenburg, something she says she's been doing and enjoying for some 60 years.

U.S. Route 60

About 50 miles west of Wickenburg, Wenden appears. In 1955 this small town was a stockpiling depot for one of the largest supplies of manganese ores in the United States. At one time, more than 150 mine owners hauled the mineral into Wenden from nearby Bill Williams River and other locations. Most residents envisioned a modern-day boomtown until the government stopped buying the mineral.

But it isn't mining that interests me in Wenden. It's an old-timer I've heard about who still drives a 1930 Model A Ford down U.S. 60. I find him at his trailer near the outskirts of town. A button on his baseball cap reads: "Don't Tell Me What Kind of Day to Have."

I ask 78-year-old Dan Rohrig about his car, but he's less interested in talking about it than he is in taking me for a ride. I gladly hop in, marveling at how the windshield opens like a window. "Natural air-conditioning," he says, turning onto the highway. The engine purrs like a contented feline. A boyish grin appears on his face as he shifts into third.

With its shiny chrome gadgets, this is a far cry from a jalopy. The car is a vintage model. Along the road, neighbors honk in greeting from their pickup trucks. I ask whether the car can make it to Wickenburg. "Sure," says Rohrig. "I wouldn't be afraid to drive this to New York and back."

By the time I arrive in Salome, the sun hangs like a great lantern over the Harcuvar Mountains. Shadows creep through the cotton fields like snakes.

How this place got such an exotic name is somewhat surprising. Pronounced SALOME by the locals, the town's name does not honor Herod's daughter — the femme fatale who danced for John the Baptist's head — but a pioneer resident named Grace Salome Pratt.

I stop at what was once the Laughing Gas Station, named by the town's founder, Dick Wick Hall. Considered the Mark Twain of the Southwest, Hall was a satirist who wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post*. He made the town famous with stories about a canteen-toting frog who never learned to

swim. (See *Arizona Highways*, April '89.)

But beneath his off-the-wall humor, there was a serious side to Hall. He once wrote that Salome was a place where he could get acquainted with himself and "maybe find the something which every man in his soul is consciously searching for — himself."

Just south of the old town jail, a dirt road runs for about 10 miles to the ghost town of Harqua Hala. Gold was discovered here in 1888, setting off yet another rush. Saloons sprang up like mushrooms around the Bonanza and Golden Eagle mines. The first bar was a tent where whisky was peddled out of a five-gallon jug. Soon the amenities included a stage line, general stores, and a newspaper called the *Harqua Hala Miner*.

From Salome, Route 60 climbs steadily through Granite Pass. The desert changes from creosote flats to saguaro, cholla, and ocotillo before dropping into Hope. The town itself is nothing more than a wide spot in the road where, at the edge of an RV park, a misspelled sign proclaims: Your Now Beyond Hope.



Soon I'm descending through the volcanic rocks of the Plomosa Mountains. Beyond a lone windmill at the Timbuktu Garage near Brenda, Interstate 10 comes into view. I can hear it before I see it.

Huge trucks whiz by at 65 miles an hour. Blinking signs advertise gas for "low, low prices." Gone are the adobe cafes, truck stops, and weigh stations. Rest areas have taken their place.

I exit at Quartzsite, once known as Tyson Wells on the Ehrenberg-Prescott stage route. The town, originally spelled Quartzite for the rock, was respelled by the post office in 1895. The community attracts thousands of rock hounds every winter. According to one brochure, the motor homes they come in turn the desert into "a sea of aluminum."

In the old cemetery along the highway, a metal camel rises from a stone pyramid. This is the tomb of Hi Jolly (his real name was Hadji Ali), a Syrian camel driver brought over by the U.S. Army in the 1850s. Hi Jolly and his camels were part of an ill-fated experiment to improve transportation in the arid Southwest. When the strange beasts proved less than promising — nipping and spitting at the packers — most of them were sold off or turned loose to wander in the desert.

So was Hi Jolly, who took up prospecting. No doubt he must have followed the stage road down to the Colorado River, a major source of transportation during the gold rush days.

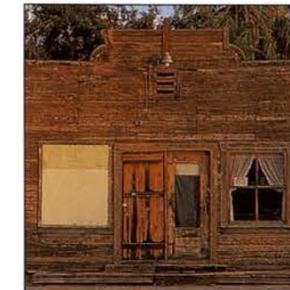
As I pull off I-10 into Ehrenberg, it's hard to believe that this sleepy town was a major steamboat landing in the 1870s. It was named after Herman Ehrenberg, a German

miner, surveyor, and hero of the Texas war of independence.

The town of Ehrenberg (about two miles north of present-day Ehrenberg) generally made a bad impression on early-day visitors. Martha Summerhayes, wife of an Army officer, wrote of the port: "I did not go ashore. Of all the dreary, miserable settlements that one could possibly imagine, that was the worst."

Like many steamboat crossings along the river, Ehrenberg was a rough town of desperadoes, dance hall girls, prospectors, and gamblers, some of whom were shot to death when a game of poker got out of hand. One historian wrote: "Ehrenberg in the 1870s provided many avenues by which one might acquire six feet of space in boothill."

Of the 200 or more graves in the old cemetery, scarcely a dozen markers bear legible epitaphs; most are now nameless mounds. In 1935 the State Highway Department commemorated these early pioneers by fastening old mining implements into a small monument in the graveyard.



(LEFT) Dan Rohrig, known as Uncle Dan to folks around Wenden, put a lot of miles on his 1930 Ford coupe driving along U.S. 60.

(TOP, LEFT AND RIGHT) A sign at the Salome Restaurant keeps customers chuckling with its reference to the whimsically named Laughing Gas Station.

(ABOVE) Though it looks deceiving, this old building in Salome is still occupied.

Just beyond the cemetery lies the Colorado River. I park my car high above the river and scramble down a rocky bank. A fish jumps from the shallows, leaving circles in its wake. Mud swallows build nests beneath the steel bridge leading to Blythe, California.

I dive in and float in a back-eddy, gazing at the billowy clouds that tumble over the mesas. They're like ghost riders galloping down to stake their claims. ❏

Editor's Note: For more information on the communities along U.S. Route 60 between Wickenburg and Ehrenberg, contact the Wickenburg Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Drawer CC, Wickenburg, AZ 85350; (520) 684-5470, and the Quartzsite Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 85, Quartzsite, AZ 85346; (520) 927-5600.

Super Bowl Visitors Guide: A must-read for the Super Bowl, the *Official NFL Super Bowl XXX Visitors Guide* is jam-packed with insider tips on things to do and places to go around the state along with suggestions on where to go for the best in shopping, dining, events, nightlife, gaming, and golf in the Phoenix area. The guide, which was produced by *Arizona Highways* in conjunction with *Phoenix Magazine*, costs \$7.95 and is available at retail outlets where magazines are sold. Or it can be ordered (plus \$3.50 for postage and handling) by calling toll-free (800) 543-5432; (602) 258-1000 in the Phoenix area or outside the U.S.

Tucson-based Carol Ann Bassett's travel stories have appeared in *The New York Times*, *Condé Nast Traveler*, and numerous other national publications. She has lived in Arizona for 25 years.

Terrence Moore, also of Tucson, has long dreamed of traveling U.S. Route 60 from coast to coast.





WIT STOP

TEXT BY GENE PERRET
ILLUSTRATION BY JERE SMITH

The Real Estate Broker of Betatakin

Carved into the wall of Tsegi Canyon in the Navajo National Monument are the ruins of Betatakin, a cliff dwelling that was home for about 150 Anasazi from around A.D. 1250 to A.D. 1300.

Gazing at these ancient, primitive abodes fills the tourist with wonder. For instance, I wondered whose idea it was to carve a residence into the side of a mountain? Who determined which family got which suite of rooms? Did they buy through a real estate agent? Was there an Anasazi broker whose melodic tribal name translated to "One Who Is Not Worth the Six Percent Commission"?

I pictured a young Anasazi couple guided through the cliffside condominium by One Who Is Not Worth the Six Percent Commission. The husband and wife would be wary, questioning, skeptical. The real estate person would be positive, enthusiastic, a total win-win salesperson.

The broker asks, "What do you think of the place? Perfect, isn't it?"

The young husband says, "I don't know. It's a lot of steps to climb."

Not Worth says, "True, but it's great exercise and look at it this way: you'll only be here for 50 years, tops."

The young wife asks, "Why up so high?"

Not Worth answers, "It's for protection, Honey."

She says, "Who wants to live in a neighborhood where

you have to climb halfway up a mountain to be safe?"

Not Worth doesn't reply. She adds, "Besides, wouldn't it be easier to just put a sign outside the entrance that says, 'This abode protected by armed response?' This Anasazi woman was hundreds of years ahead of her time."

Then she spots another sign of a deteriorating neighborhood: graffiti. She expresses her concern to Not Worth, who says, "Honey, this is not graffiti. Heavens no. These are petroglyphs."

"What are petroglyphs?" she asks.

Not Worth says, "They're ancient carvings in the face of a cliff or a rock. Very valuable."

She says, "They look like they were carved yesterday."

Not Worth says with a touch of annoyance, "They're not petroglyphs yet. Give them a chance. All ancient carvings have to be new sometime."

Mr. and Mrs. Anasazi look around a little bit more. Not Worth says, "Maybe I shouldn't put my two cents worth in, but I think you can be very comfortable and content here."

She says, "Do they come in any other colors? I've never been crazy about sandstone red."

Not Worth patiently explains, "Look, you're going to have children. Everything around here is red sandstone. If you do the place in saguaro green or Colorado River blue, you're going to regret it. You'll have red footprints all over the house. The furniture will be covered with bright red smudges. Trust me, go with the sandstone red."

Do you notice how Not Worth the Six Percent Commission has a response for everything? Things haven't



changed much in 700 years. My bride and I recently shopped for a new home. Our real estate agent was Jane Doe. We didn't want a home carved into the side of a canyon wall, nor did we want one that was 700 years old. So Betatakin was out.

We definitely did want a full dining room, a fenced yard, and a swimming pool. Of course, we also established a price range.

Jane showed us plenty of places that fulfilled none of our requirements. Finally she called and said, "Come into the office. I have the perfect place for you."

We went. Jane was on the phone, asked us to wait, and handed us an information sheet on the place we were going to tour. It had no swimming pool.

When she got off the phone, I said, "I don't see a pool in these plans. Does it have one?"

She came very close to my wife and me and whispered as if the information were extremely confidential. She said, "No, it doesn't have a pool. But the people next door have a pool, and they don't mind at all if you use it. So you see, you don't really need a swimming pool."

I got very close to Jane Doe and whispered back at her, "If the people next door have a dining room, then maybe we can use that, too . . . and their kitchen . . . and their bathroom . . . and their bedroom . . ."

On the drive home, my wife and I called Jane Doe several intriguing and creative names, all of which, in the aggregate and given the kindest of interpretations, translated to "One Who Is Not Worth the Six Percent Commission." ❏



FRIENDS TRAVEL ADVENTURES

Explore the Beauty That is the Delight and Challenge of the Slot Canyons

In the far northern part of the state, the blue waters of Lake Powell lap against soaring red sandstone cliffs that hold within their labyrinthine range not only the secrets of ancient deserts and oceans but also a scattering of unique formations called "slot canyons."

Formed during a cycle of erosion that began many millions of years ago, the slot canyons are the destination of a Friends of *Arizona Highways* Photo Workshop scheduled for May 17 through 20 and led by Michael Fatali, an expert on the

slots (see *Arizona Highways*, January '91) who has a solution for every photographer's puzzle they contrive.

In addition to sharing a pro's tips on solving the problems of photographing the slot canyons — metering, reciprocity failure, contrast control — Fatali will critique workshop participants' work and introduce them to some of his favorite spots discovered over the years, his "mystery canyons," remote and unnamed fissures and defiles not found in any guidebook.

Other highlights of the workshop include spectacular Antelope Canyon, a hike through the narrows at Waterholes Canyon, and a trek to Buckskin Gulch, a tributary slot canyon that feeds into the stunning Paria Canyon Wilderness.

Following are other trips in upcoming months.

Photo Workshops
Monument Valley/Canyon de Chelly; February 20-24; Jerry Sieve.
Ghost Towns & Missions; March 6-9; J. Peter Mortimer.
Photosampler Tours
All trips visit the Grand

Canyon, Monument Valley, Lake Powell, Canyon de Chelly; April 24-28, June 5-9, October 9-13.
Backpacking with the Friends
Paria Canyon; April 27-May 2.
Grand Canyon Rim to Rim; May 15-19.

WHEN YOU GO

Friends of *Arizona Highways* offers a variety of ways to explore the wonders of Arizona. **Photo Workshops** led by our master contributing photographers provide picture takers of all skill levels with hands-on instruction to help them take photos like those in the magazine. New **Photosampler Tours** visit a greater number of scenic spots than Photo Workshops, offering plenty of tips from the accompanying photographer. **Friends Backpacking Tours** focus on Arizona's most popular destinations. **Scenic Tours with Ray Manley** are organized primarily for mature adults.

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For more information, call the Friends' Travel Office, (602) 271-5904.

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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS
Exploring the wonders of Arizona



LEGENDS OF THE LOST

TEXT BY BOB THOMAS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATERI WEISS

Don Joaquin's Lost Gold Mine May Have Been Found by Accident in the Rugged Estrella Mountains

I was sidehilling one of the big canyons of the Sierra Estrellas, the knife-edged mountain range 15 miles southwest of Phoenix, when I first found it: an ancient man-made trail hacked into the side of a nameless ridge.

The discovery amazed — and pleased — me. For once on my arduous two-week hike of the treacherous range, I had an easy, safe place to walk. However, there wasn't supposed to be a trail there. Before making my hike, I had studied maps of the Estrellas and could find no listing of such a trail.

The lack of trails and the incredibly difficult and dangerous slopes found throughout the length of the 25-mile-long range make the Estrellas some of the least visited mountains in Arizona, even though they are on the very doorstep of metropolitan Phoenix and its 2.3 million residents.

It was obvious when I first found the trail more than 20 years ago that it had been made a very long time before then. Many thick-trunked paloverdes and mesquites, slow-growing desert trees, had become rooted in the pathway.

I had struck the trail about two-thirds of the way up on the Rainbow Valley side of the Estrellas. Since the trail led vertically up and down the mountain, and I was more interested in exploring the length of the range, I was able to follow it for

only a short way before it left my intended route of travel. At the time, I did not know where the trail began below or its destination above.

I had almost forgotten about the old trail until I read the story of Don Joaquin Campoy's lost gold mine in the Estrellas, written by the late John D. Mitchell, who spent most of his life searching for lost mines and treasures in the deserts of Arizona, Southern California, and Sonora, Mexico.

Mitchell wrote that a party of Mexicans from Guadalajara discovered and worked the mine with the cooperation of the friendly Pima and Maricopa Indians who lived along the Gila River east of the Estrellas. Then, in 1847, the Indians told the miners of the approach of Stephen Watts Kearny and his American Army of the West on their way to California. Fearing the Americans, the miners hurriedly abandoned their works and left for Mexico.

Their leader, Don Joaquin, loaded 15 burros with 50 bars of gold and 30 bags of gold nuggets and with the aid of an aged Maricopa Indian buried the treasure in a cave in a box canyon at the southeast end of the Estrellas. Don Joaquin then clubbed the Indian to death and buried his body on top of the gold.

What intrigues me about Mitchell's account is his mention of the burros following "a zigzag trail" on the west, or Rainbow Valley, side of the Estrellas.

Could I have discovered this old trail on my hike? Could I find it once again after so many years had passed?

I didn't know exactly where I was when I stumbled onto the trail. At the time, I was more concerned with trying to find a way through the tortuous



terrain without breaking a leg than I was with ascertaining landmarks.

Since I hiked them, the Estrellas have been made into a Bureau of Land Management Wilderness Area. The range, which runs northwest by southeast, is shared by the Gila Indian Reservation and the BLM, with the Indian land making up about one-third of the southeast end.

No motorized vehicles may enter a Wilderness Area, so I had to examine the distant canyons and ridges through binoculars while driving the power line road that parallels most of the west side of the range.

While searching I found a dirt road that led toward the mountains and ended at a little parking area where a BLM register proclaimed it to be "Quartz Peak Trailhead."

I was disconcerted. Was this the trail I was looking for, or was it a new BLM recreational trail? A few minutes into the hike convinced me it was indeed my old trail, now christened with an official name.

A BLM spokesman said they, too, had not known the trail existed. A BLM employee

accidentally stumbled upon it during the Wilderness study, and it was adopted as a BLM hiking trail.

As I climbed, I found the trail to be as I remembered: wide with easy gradients, well engineered to take every advantage of the terrain, and blocked in places by big trees and shrubs.

Everything bespoke antiquity. There was no evidence that the builders used explosives or modern equipment to carve a path through the rocks and cliffs. Instead it looked as if the workers used just picks and shovels. Rocks small enough to be levered aside became support for the trail. Bigger rocks were left in place and the trail built up around them. Small retaining walls of stone were laid over the bad places. Steep sections had switchbacks.

It was easy to see that the trail was originally intended for the use of heavily laden burros or mules. Men on foot did not require the gentle grades found throughout the trail.

As I climbed, following the trail's twists and turns, I assumed that it would lead into a canyon and eventually cross through a saddle at the top of the razorback ridge that runs the entire length of the Estrellas. Instead the trail zigzagged up canyonsides on a direct route to the white outcropping that gave Quartz Peak its name.

And then another surprise. The trail ended abruptly a half mile below 4,119-foot Quartz Peak at a flat clearing just big enough for a few bedrolls or a string of hobbled burros. Recreational hikers wishing to reach Quartz Peak itself find they have to make a tough climb, bushwhacking through rocks, cacti, and brush, to reach their goal.

Puzzled, hot, and thirsty after the three-mile climb, I sat

down and tried to figure out why the trail builders stopped their work at this spot.

Why would someone go to all the trouble of building a trail only to leave it uncompleted? Was the trail work interrupted by something? By hostile Indians perhaps?

The more I thought about it, the more I became convinced that the trail ended there because that was the mine site. Not a mine with a mine shaft, but a place where gold-bearing quartz rock lay on the surface of the ground. As I looked around, I could see bits of quartz rock scattered on both sides of the ridge and on the steep slopes below Quartz Peak.

Quartz, as miners know, is often associated with gold. Arizona history is replete with tales of early prospectors finding quartz ledges laced with gold.

If my guess is correct and gold-bearing quartz was found on surface outcroppings, all the miners had to do was shatter the larger pieces of quartz with a sledgehammer, pile up the gold-bearing rock, and wait for the string of burros to arrive. Very probably the burros packed water and food up the mountain and carried the ore on the return trip.

There is no reliable water source at all in the entire length of the Estrellas. The miners may have found a pool of water in the network of washes below in Rainbow Valley, or they may have hauled water from the Gila River to the north.

Someplace on the flatland below, if my theory is correct, the miners probably had a base camp where they crushed the ore by grinding it in arrastras (an ancient method in which ore is ground between two large flat rocks, the upper one turned by tethered burros walking in a circle). The pulverized ore is then washed to separate the heavier gold from the waste rock.

The gold could then be melted and formed into bars, or if gold dust it could be packed in leather bags.

But what about Mitchell's account of a treasure cave containing gold bars, leather bags of nuggets, the bones of the murdered Indian?

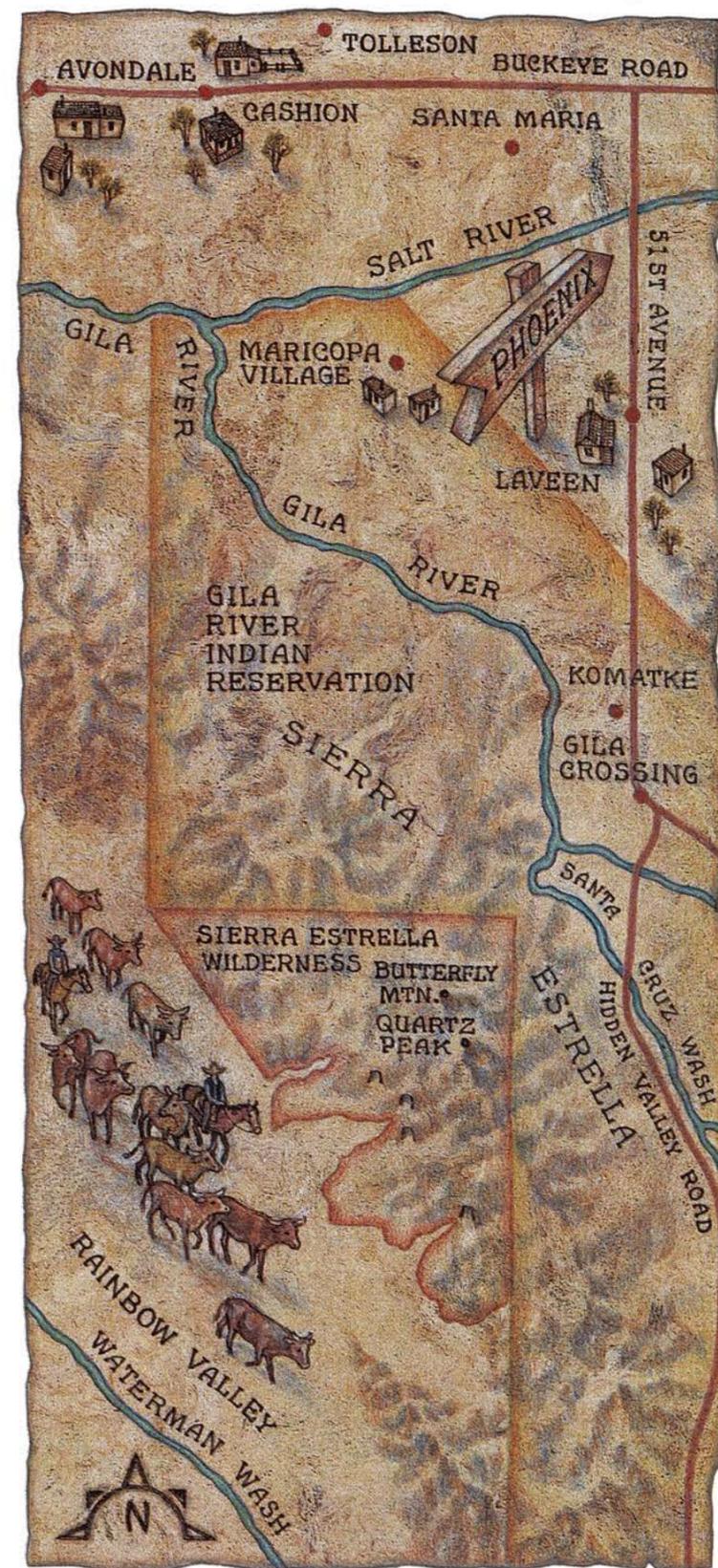
Consider this: in the 1930s, long before Mitchell's story was published, older residents of Avondale and Litchfield Park at the northern end of the Estrellas had heard of the cave.

Tom Hilton, a former reporter for *The Arizona Republic* in Phoenix, wrote a story about it. According to his account, during the Depression two Mexican-American cowboys in Rainbow Valley were working cattle in the foothills of the Estrellas when a savage summer storm struck.

Seeking shelter from the rain, the two saw a small cave in a canyon and dismounted. Inside they found a human skeleton and rotting leather bags filled with gold. As the storm waned, the two resumed their cattle roundup, intending to come back later with the means to carry away the gold.

Yes, you guessed it. When they tried to return, the rain had wiped out their tracks, and they couldn't relocate the cave.

Maybe you can. ■
Author's Note: Before visiting the Sierra Estrella Wilderness, contact the Bureau of Land Management, Lower Gila Resource Area, 2015 W. Deer Valley Road, Phoenix, AZ 85027; (602) 780-8090. Some access is across private land and is not available to the public. When visiting the federally protected Wilderness, leave the area as you find it and leave no trace of your visit. It is illegal to disturb, dig, uproot, change, modify, or extract the landscape, flora, or fauna. There is no water in the Estrellas, so take at least a gallon per person per day, more in the hotter months of the year.





ARIZONA HUMOR

Who's Cheatin'?

A high stakes poker game was in progress in Tombstone's Alhambra Saloon on Allen Street. The players around the table were a tough, hard-bitten assortment of individuals. The game was fast, and money and chips were piled high in the center of the table.

Suddenly the dealer threw the cards at one of the players and went for his pistol shouting, "Gypsy Jack is cheatin' us boys! He ain't playin' the cards I dealt him!"

Ben T. Traywick
Tombstone

Chew on This

One evening, during a visit to my parents in Tucson, my mom made tamales for dinner. My husband, who had never seen tamales before, began eating heartily, chewing, chewing, and chewing.

Finally, my father remarked, "They're easier to eat when you remove the husk."

Piper Sangston-Jurdy
Seattle, WA

Literal Translation

I lived in Apache Junction with my daughter, who always told my seven-year-old grandson to be home before dark. One evening he got caught up playing with a neighbor boy, and he came in after dark.

"Couldn't you have looked up at the sun to see it was getting dark?" his mother scolded.

"Well, no, Mother," he responded, wide-eyed. "You told me never to look at the sun because it would hurt my eyes."

Sunny Barber
Apache Junction

Recruiting Specialist

The town of Morenci used to recruit schoolteachers for its schools from across the country. Some came from as far away as New York.

The nearest railhead in Lordsburg, New Mexico, was the logical place for them to gather to make the trek up the mountain to Morenci. Jesus Munoz was usually enlisted to collect the new teachers.

Yet once, after a particularly

well-qualified candidate had been notified by telegram to make the trip to New Mexico, Munoz returned from the train station empty-handed. The telegram had read, "Jesus will meet you at Lordsburg."

Ross O. Bridewell
Wilmore, KY

The Mind of a Child

On the way home from dropping Grandma off at the airport, Nathan, our inquisitive three year old, asked how she got to fly on the airplane. I explained she used money to buy a ticket, and she gave the ticket to a man who then put her on a plane bound for Tucson. Nathan thought it was a great way to go.

Half an hour later, we passed two cars pulled over by the side of the road — one with tell-tale flashing red lights. Nathan wondered why they were stopped, and I answered, "The driver was probably going too fast, and the policeman was giving him a ticket."

"Is he going to Tucson, too?" Nathan asked.

Jack Harrison
Boise, ID

Murder Mystery

My sister, my son's girlfriend, and I were lamenting over Willcox's lack of entertainment, all repeating the phrase, "There's nothing to do here."

Then I asserted that "Willcox was dead," to which my three-year-old grand-niece replied, "Aunt Lucy, who killed Willcox?"

Lucy B. Catano
Willcox

Conserving Water

Our 14-year-old daughter and 10-year-old son were very respectful of water usage while visiting their grandparents in Mesa after learning of

the need to conserve water in the desert.

While on a midafternoon bike ride during July, when the temperature soared well in excess of 100° F, they stopped at the retirement center for a drink. The children thought nothing of the 25-cent charge posted on the machine, and after my daughter put the quarter in, she told my son to be ready to drink so as not to waste anything.

But when she pressed the button, the water came out of the bottom, not the top, so my son stuck his whole head into the machine and let the water pour into his mouth — expecting a short drink. Trying his best not to waste any of the water he gulped and gulped, but water was soon spilling out of his mouth, onto his face, and all over everywhere.

Some passersby stopped and watched in amazement, and my daughter began to laugh.

The children finally realized the machine was for one-gallon refillable containers.

Terry Johnson
Gig Harbor, WA

TO SUBMIT HUMOR

Send us a short note about your humorous experiences in Arizona, and we'll pay \$75 for each one we publish.

We're looking for short stories, no more than 200 words, that deal with Arizona topics and have a humorous punch line.

Send them to Humor, *Arizona Highways*, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009. Please enclose your name, address, and telephone number with each submission.

We'll notify those whose stories we intend to publish, but we cannot acknowledge or return unused submissions.



ROADSIDE REST

TEXT BY DON DEDERA
ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD POST

Levi's—The Pants that Won the West

Given that most childhoods lurch from one mortifying but quickly forgotten moment to the next, this embarrassing episode made a lasting impression upon me. More than five decades later, it is as if it happened an hour ago.

I begged to take the bus, but Mom insisted on squandering two precious gallons of rationed gasoline to chauffeur me to register as an underclassman at Casa Grande Union High School. Little Lord Fauntleroy would have approved of her selection of my attire: starched white shirt and striped tie, thick wool herringbone suit, burnished wingtips.

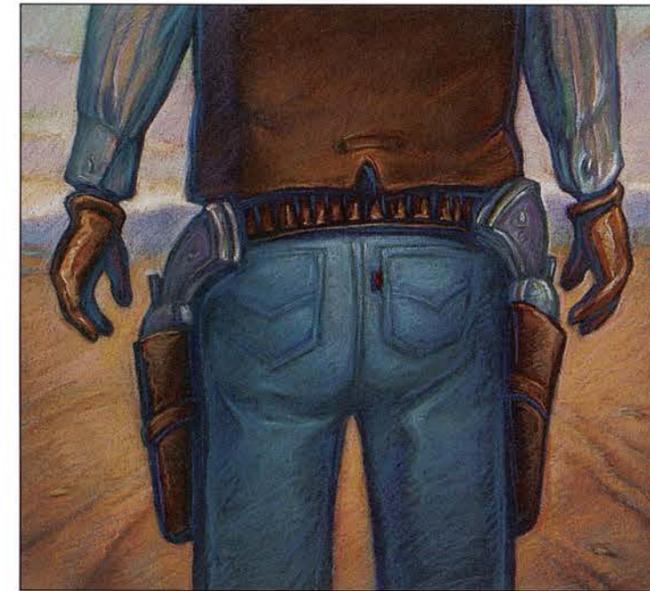
When the old Plymouth halted near the school's main entrance, I jumped out.

And . . . so did she.

"Hey, I can sign up by myself!"

She would not be dissuaded. Together (but, *gracias a Dios*, not holding hands) we newcomers to Arizona strolled through a gauntlet of smirks on the suntanned faces of boys lolling about the front lawn. Each and every one of them wore Levi's pants. Just as Winchester was the Gun That Won the West, Arbuckle's was the Coffee That Won the West, and Stetson was the Hat That Won the West, Levi's were the Pants That Won the West.

That afternoon I rode the school bus. A scuffed knee peeked through a tear in my wool trousers, and the suit coat bore bloodstains from a cut lip. At home, Mom sized up the situation in an instant, and we expended another two gallons



of fuel to shop for a few pairs of Levi's. Miraculously, the fist-fights stopped. The Pants That Won the West prevailed, once again.

Blue jeans are truly a Western invention.

And Levi's are an enduring legend, that is, "a nonhistorical or unverifiable story handed down by tradition from earlier times and popularly accepted as historical."

In this instance, the legendary Levi Strauss, 20-year-old Bavarian immigrant, went to California in 1850 to pan gold. As his grubstake, he brought by ship around Cape Horn a bundle of canvas to peddle as tents and wagon covers.

Just about the first man Strauss met in San Francisco was a prospector complaining about how "pants don't wear worth a hoot up in the diggin's." Strauss had a tailor make up two pairs of jeans, one for his miner friend and one for himself. Thereafter, demand for the sturdy britches was always well ahead of the supply.

More legend. The hidden brass rivets in Levi's began with

a character named Alkali Ike. Like most prospectors of that day, Ike stuffed his pockets with tools, bullets, and ore samples which no mere stitch could long contain. A Nevada tailor had the idea of reinforcing the pockets with brass rivets.

Strauss acquired a patent for this product and advertised his pockets as rip-proof. They were, but the exposed metal scratched saddle leather and furniture. Strauss began shielding the rivets within the pocket seams.

Tough. That was the characteristic of Levi's that appealed to cowboys, freighters, and railroaders in the rough-and-ready West. In 1889, 10 miles from Flagstaff, Arizona, a wood-burning locomotive was pulling seven log cars when the coupling snapped between the tender and the first car. Fireman Charles C. Ashurst later declared to the press: "Our engineer — wearing Levi's pants — as did all men in Arizona at that time — took off his Levi's, soused them in the water tank, twisted them into a rope, tied them into a link connecting

the engine with the train and proceeded on the journey to Flagstaff . . . negotiating several heavy grades." End legend.

Closer to truth, Strauss didn't reach San Francisco until 1853. He did bring a stock of dry goods, which helped him establish a series of retail and wholesale operations. One of his customers, Reno tailor Jacob Davis, invited Strauss to patent Davis' line of riveted, heavy denim pants.

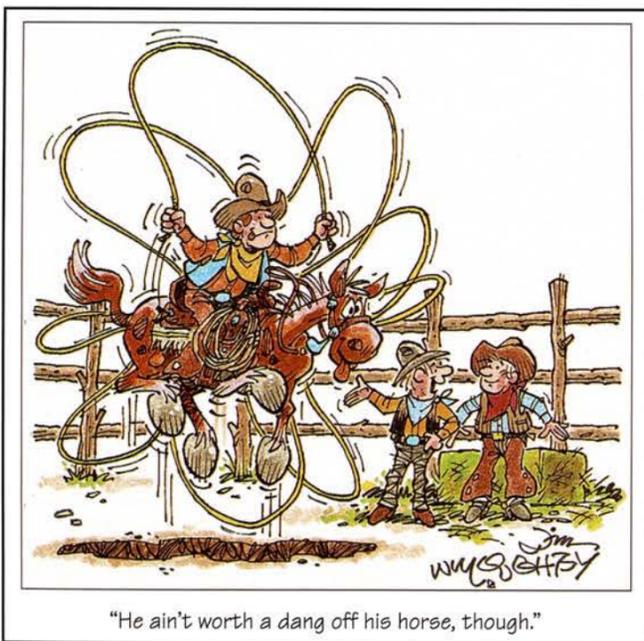
They gained popularity from the start in 1873, first among the miners and later with railroad builders, loggers, ranch hands, and the Dalton Gang, neatly laid out dead in their Levi's. A switch from original canvas to a sturdy but somewhat more comfortable fabric loomed in Nimes, France, *serge de Nimes*, gave birth to "denims."

At last count, the classic 501 style had sold 2.5 billion pairs worldwide.

In our high school subcult, owners wore their new denims into a hot shower bath and walked around in them till dry. They shrank to fit like a coat of blue paint. But beware! Don't stand too close to a campfire, else an overheated copper rivet might brand a tender place.

Grade-B Westerns. Big-time rodeo. Dude ranches. World War II's Rosie the Riveter. GIs returning to college. James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*. Marlon Brando in *The Wild Ones*. The '60s Flower Children. Designer jeans. All played a role in making denims the informal dress of choice from the Ginza to Soho, the global vestment expressing freedom and individuality.

But enough of truth. If that engineer had been wearing Dockers, his train would still be stalled 10 miles from Flagstaff. ■



"He ain't worth a dang off his horse, though."

JIM WILLOUGHBY



BACK ROAD ADVENTURE

TEXT BY SAM NEGRI
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANDY A. PRENTICE

Discover the Blood-soaked History of the Pleasant Valley War on the Road to Young

The back road that winds through the rugged Sierra Anchas climbs from the lush desert east of Roosevelt Lake to forests thick with sycamore, oak, and pine trees before dropping into the rich pastures of Pleasant Valley and the tranquil community of Young. Today Pleasant Valley is an appropriate name for a place where roughly 700 people, most of them ranchers and retirees, seem to live in relative harmony, but just over 100 years ago Pleasant Valley was a sort of oxymoron. It was a nice setting in which to get yourself killed.

Separated from any major population center by the precipitous cliffs and canyons of the Sierra Anchas on the south, the nearly impenetrable Mazatzal Mountains on the west, Apache country on the east, and the high country of the Mogollon Rim on the north, the valley became a haven not only for honest ranchers but for horse thieves and cattle rustlers as well. Before the age of automobiles and the construction of decent roads, Pleasant Valley was an isolated enclave where differences of opinion were often settled violently.

A sign along the road provides a pregnant clue to the area's past: Pleasant Valley — First Settlers Arrived Here in the Early 1870s. This Was the Scene of the Pleasant Valley War Created by the Bitter Graham-Tewksbury Feud 1887-1892.

Zane Grey wrote a fictionalized account of the feud in his book *To The Last Man*. Former *Arizona Highways* Editor Don Dederer wrote a nonfiction account of it in *A Little War of*

Our Own, published in 1987, and a detailed feature story in the magazine's August, 1984 issue. Historian Marshall Trimble, who interviewed the son of one of the lawmen involved in the prolonged battle, included an account in his book *Arizona Adventure*.

The principals in this feud were John Tewksbury, his

four sons, and brothers Tom and John Graham. In 1879 the Tewksburys started ranching on Canyon Creek in Pleasant Valley. Three years later, the Grahams also started ranching in the area. It would take someone with the wisdom of Solomon to sort out precisely who did what to whom, but the simple version is this: Tom Graham's men were stealing cows. One of the Tewksbury boys had been working for Graham, and when he told his brothers

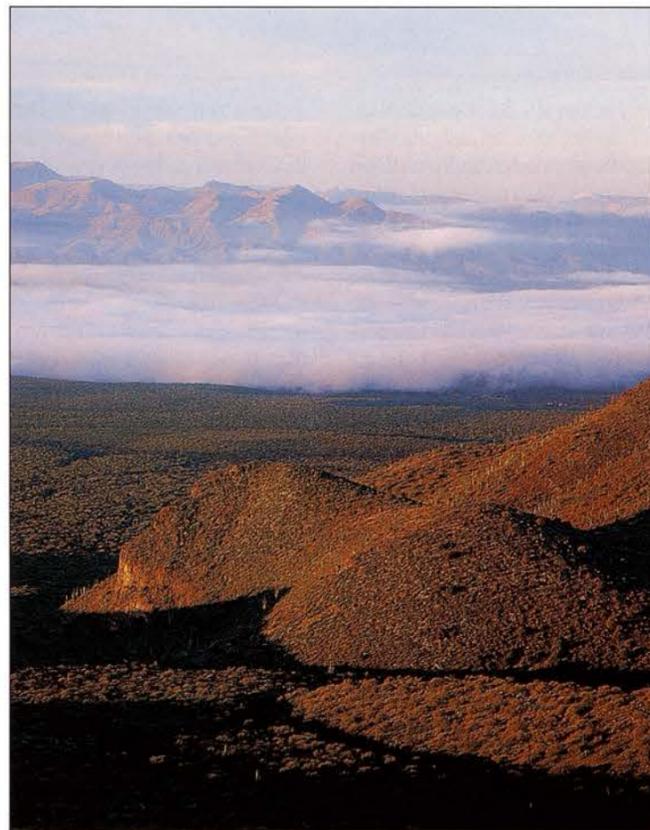
about the rustling activities he had seen, they urged him to quit. That created hard feelings between the Grahams and Tewksburys, a situation that was exacerbated when another rancher, Jim Stinson, accused the Tewksburys of stealing his cows.

In the course of the five-year feud, some 30 people — members of both families and their respective supporters — were killed, and not a single person was convicted of any crime. Never before had the theft of cows produced such vicious and prolonged bloodshed. Because of the area's isolated location, its vast hidden canyons and caves, the few lawmen sent over from the county seat at Prescott accomplished nothing.

In 1892 the last shot was fired in the bloody range war. Ed Tewksbury ambushed and killed Tom Graham near Tempe. After a lengthy trial, he was released on a technicality and became one of the few participants in the saga to die peacefully at home.

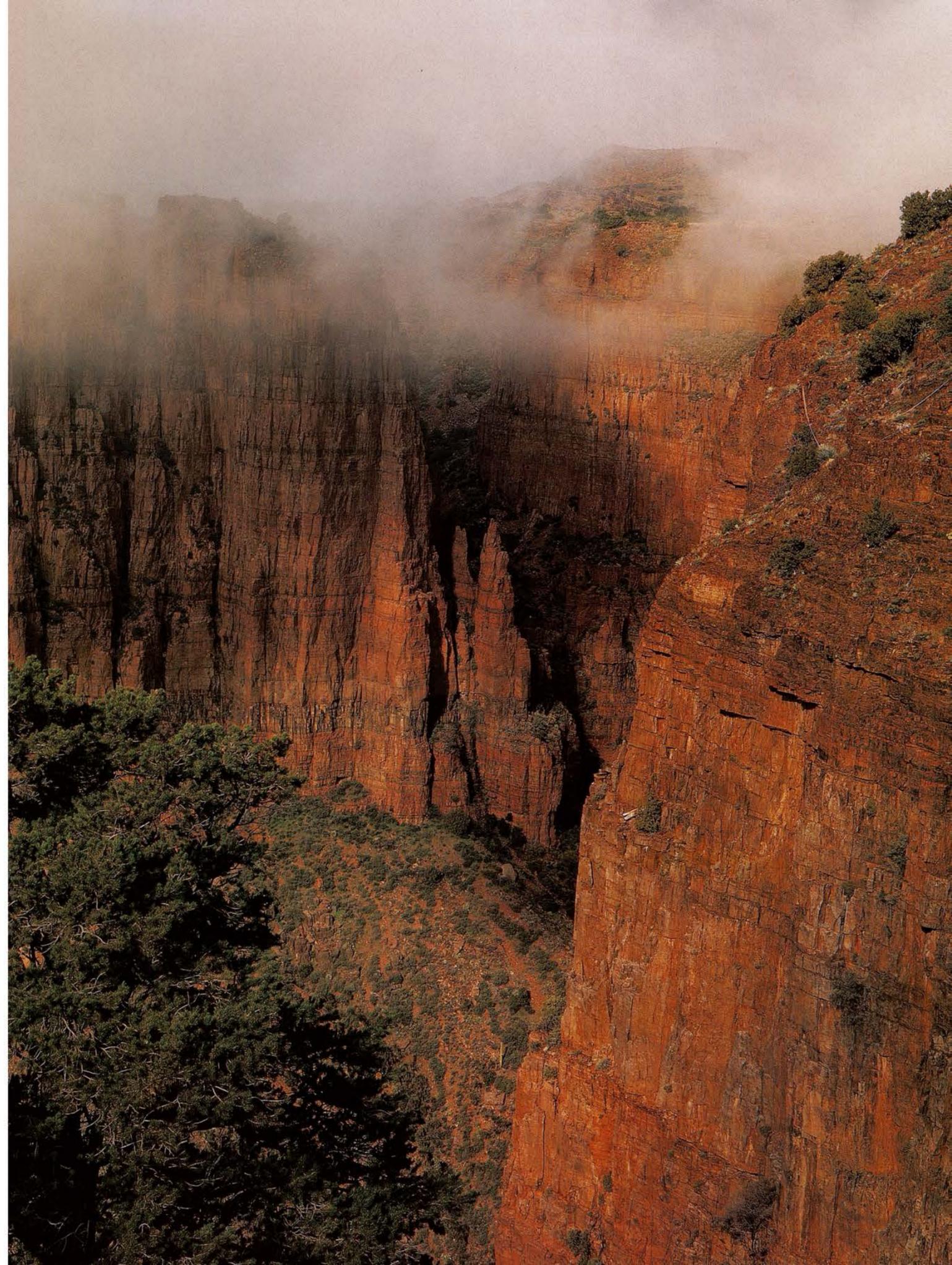
Fortunately today there isn't much to worry about in the area unless a rattlesnake happens to crawl into your sleeping bag. The journey from the Globe-Miami area to Pleasant Valley and Young is now one of the state's more enjoyable excursions, meandering through a natural paradise of sparkling desert and towering cliffs, a good place for hiking, camping, bird-watching, or loafing. Most of the route is within the Tonto National Forest.

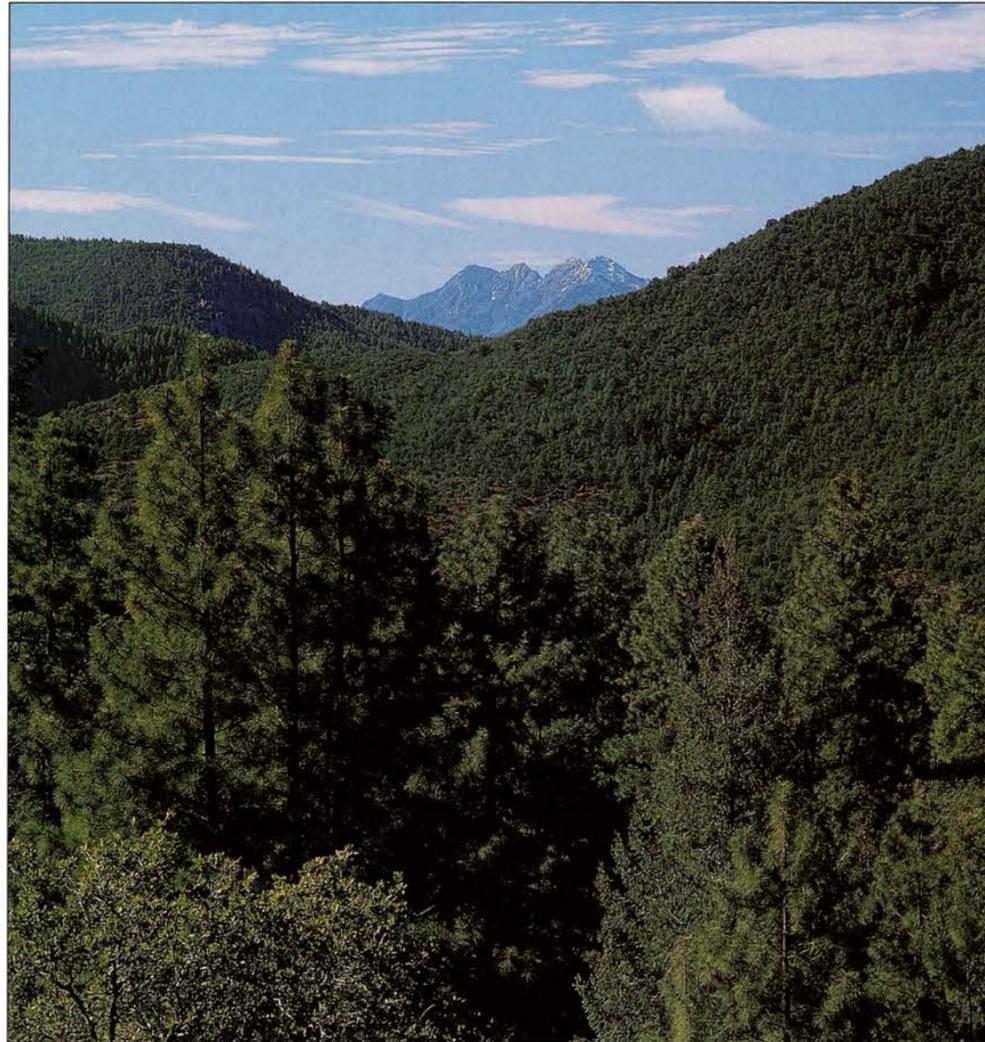
To begin this trip, drive 112 miles north of Tucson or 85 miles east of Phoenix to the central Arizona copper-mining town of Miami. At Miami leave State Route 60 and head north on State 88 toward Roosevelt Lake. You'll get your first view



(ABOVE) Saguaros cover the foothills of the Sierra Anchas below Young, as fog obscures Roosevelt Lake. The peaks of the Superstition Wilderness can be seen on the horizon.

(OPPOSITE PAGE) The fog lingers over the dramatic red rock cliffs and spires of the Sierra Anchas.





of the huge lake as you come over a hill 12 miles north of the junction of 60 and 88.

State Route 288, the road to Young, begins as a paved highway 15 miles from the junction in Miami. The road will remain paved for the 11.1 miles, wandering through a desert that in late spring is bright with blossoming palo verde trees and saguaro cacti. Cross the Salt River near Klondyke Butte 5.6 miles beyond the start of State 288 and begin climbing the narrow winding road until the pavement ends.

The unpaved portion of the road, which begins in the vicinity of Willow Springs, can be handled with an ordinary car,

though in places the hard-packed ground is rippled like a scrub board. At Parker Creek, 26.5 miles from the beginning of State 288, the vegetation changes abruptly to a thick forest of gray-flecked sycamore trees and huge oaks in a carpet of graceful ferns. The remainder of the route offers spectacular views of rocky pinnacles, ponderosa pines, and other conifers, but the hairpin curves along the road make it dangerous to spend much time gawking at the scenery. Stop at one of the many pull-outs and get out to enjoy the fragrant surroundings.

A couple of miles beyond Parker Creek, you can camp or

picnic in the pines at 5,400 feet at Rose Creek Campground or the Workman Creek Recreation Area. There are numerous dirt roads that take off from State 288, but visitors should exercise caution as many are steep and not entirely predictable.

One of these roads, 9.5 miles north of Workman Creek, leads to a place called Malicious Gap, a low spot between Bear Head and Copper mountains. The Forest Service didn't know how the place acquired its name, but Frances Conway, whose husband owns a ranch near the gap, said it got its name by mistake.

"My husband's out rounding up cattle or he'd tell you himself," she said, "but what he

(ABOVE, LEFT) *McFadden Lookout in the Sierra Anchas affords an excellent view of Four Peaks.* (ABOVE) *The town of Young sits in Pleasant Valley, a bucolic spot that belies its history as the site of some of the bloodiest fighting in the Graham-Tewksbury range war.*

always told me was that some old fellow came through there and stopped for a drink of water, and he said, 'Oh, this is delicious water!'"

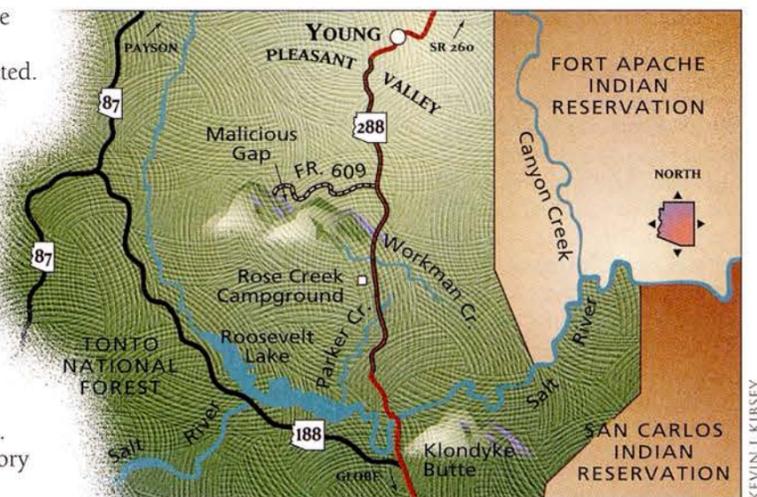
How *delicious* became *malicious* is something you can

think about during the 12.5 miles that separate the Malicious Gap turn-off from a rustic watering hole called the Antler Cafe in Young, where you'll suddenly encounter a paved road again. If you have time, ask at the local Forest Service office for a map of nearby feud battle sites and wander through the old cemetery, where you'll see some familiar names.

The road remains paved for seven miles through Young. If you continue north, it's another 23 miles of dirt before the pavement resumes at State Route 260 on the Mogollon Rim. Payson, the nearest large town, is 33 miles to the west on State 260. ■

TIPS FOR TRAVELERS

Back road travel can be hazardous if you are not prepared for the unexpected. Whether traveling in the desert or in the high country, be aware of weather and road conditions and make sure you and your vehicle are in top shape and you have plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone at home know where you're going and when you plan to return. Odometer readings in story may vary by vehicle.





MILEPOSTS

EDITED BY REBECCA MONG
ILLUSTRATIONS BY PATRICIA ROMANO MCNEAR



Driving Tour Cassette

A driving-tour cassette focusing on southern Arizona and narrated by singing cowboy star Rex Allen is available from the Sierra Vista Chamber of Commerce/Tourist & Visitors Center at no charge. (The chamber does request a \$3 donation to help defray postage and handling costs.) Throughout the 90-minute "Getaway Adventure Driving Tour," Allen recounts tales of the Old West as you motor past the scenic spots where it all happened. Tour highlights include Sierra Vista, site of historic Fort Huachuca; Tombstone, Wyatt Earp's old stomping ground; the picturesque old mining town of Bisbee; and bucolicly scenic Sonoita. A free guidebook accompanies the cassette. To obtain the cassette and guidebook, stop by or contact the chamber at 77 Calle Portal, Sierra Vista, AZ 85635; toll-free (800) 288-3861. ♪

Steaks and Chops, a Cold War Legacy

The food served at the Burro Inn in Tubac needs no explanation, but the restaurant itself has an intriguing history. The

eatery is built on what was once a Titan missile site, one of 18 that surrounded Tucson and Davis Monthan Air Force Base, the former Titan Command Post. The missile system was dismantled in 1981 (one remains as a museum in Green Valley), and workers filled in the underground launch complex that housed the 110-foot reentry rocket where the restaurant now stands. The place's name comes from a pet burro called Louie that grazes outside, as unaware of the chilling reminder of the Cold War as most travelers to Tubac, the oldest European settlement in Arizona. To reach the restaurant from Interstate 19, take Exit 40 and follow the signs to 70 W. El Burro Lane; (520) 398-2281. — Ron Butler ♪

Wickenburg B&B

A home-cooked breakfast served on a sunny lanai is just one lure of Vista del Oro, a California Mission-style hacienda bed and breakfast inn just five minutes from the Old West attractions of downtown Wickenburg. The inn was built in the early 1940s amid three formal courtyards and surrounded by grass, flowers, and old trees. Its accommodations include large rooms with private baths, a suite with a large sitting area (all non-smoking), a swimming pool, and lounge area. Your hosts at Vista del Oro are Roxie and Rome Glover, and they'll be happy to help you arrange desert tours, horseback riding, and other excursions. To inquire, write P.O. Box 3191, Wickenburg, AZ 85390; or call (520) 684-3827. ♪

Traveling through Time

Adults and youngsters nine years old and up can take part in one-, three- and nine-day archaeological digs at the Sabino Canyon Ruin, one of the largest ancient Indian villages in the Tucson area. Inhabited by Hohokam Indians from at least as early as A.D. 1100 to 1300, the ruin contains remnants of architectural features and painted pottery as well as stone artifacts and shell jewelry. The programs, put on by the Old Pueblo Archaeology Center, are taught by professional archaeologists and offer the chance to learn to process, classify, analyze, and interpret artifacts and other recovered materials while discovering a long-gone culture. A free tour of the ruin will be available on Saturday, February 24. Call to reserve tickets. For program details and other information, write the center at P.O. Box 40577, Tucson, AZ 85717-0577 or telephone (520) 798-1201. ♪

Dude Ranch Guide

A free brochure available from the Arizona Dude Ranch Association offers information about some of the state's premier guest ranches, including ranch resorts and real cow outfits. The brochure has a grid showing each ranch's amenities, a map with driving times to nearby attractions, plus ranch telephone numbers. To obtain a copy, write P.O. Box 603, Cortaro, AZ 85652. ♪

Grand Canyon Accommodations

A recently opened 166-room Holiday Inn Express at Tusayan has increased the overnight accommodations for visitors to the Grand Canyon, Arizona's most popular attraction. The tiny community of Tusayan sits in the ponderosa pines of the Kaibab National Forest about two miles from the South Rim entrance to Grand Canyon National Park. Guests of the Holiday Inn Express can drive to the lookout points along the Rim or be picked up at the hotel for one of the guided park tours. The inn is conveniently located for access to Grand Canyon Airport, park transportation, the IMAX Theater, gasoline, grocery shopping, and restaurants. To inquire, call (520) 638-3000; for reservations, call toll-free (800)-HOLIDAY. ♪

Hiking Miracle Hill

A path that's just a short walk from downtown Bisbee leads to a shrine with a 10-foot wooden cross, grottoes with statues of the Blessed Virgin, and, as a bonus, a panoramic view of Old Bisbee and the Mule Mountains. Fearing he was losing his eyesight, retired copper miner Adolfo Vasquez and his wife, Mary, built the shrine in 1980. Adolfo trudged up the steep hill by his small home to what locals call Miracle Hill, carrying bags of cement, bricks, buckets of paint, flowers, and finally the statue of the Blessed Virgin into a small whitewashed grotto.

Adolfo didn't lose his sight, and he and others continued to tend the shrine. Other grottoes have been added over the years, many festooned with plastic flowers and mementos left by the faithful.

To reach the shrine, hike up OK Street until it dead-ends against the mountainside. A small sign that says To the Cross marks the start of the rocky trail; follow this to the top of the ridge, then take the path to your left (east) to the summit. Allow about an hour for the round-trip. — Molly Sweeney ♪

Free Tempe To-Do Guide

To obtain the 43-page, full-color 1995-96 Tempe Visitors Guide at no charge, contact the Tempe Convention and Visitors Bureau at 51 W. Third St., Suite 105, Tempe, AZ 85281-2833; (602) 894-8158 or toll-free (800) 283-6734. ♪

EVENTS

Historic Florence Tour

February 3; Florence
This yearly salute to Florence's past highlights a tour of fascinating old private homes and august public buildings. Trolley transportation is provided. Admission of \$7 for adults and \$3.50 for kids includes entry to the Pinal County Historical Society Museum with its diverse exhibits and McFarland State Park. For old-time Western fans, if you want to see where movie-star cowboy Tom Mix cashed in, head south of town on U.S. 89 to the spot where a memorial statue stands. Information: (520) 868-5889, ext. 20.

Hoop Dance Championship

February 3-4; Phoenix
Top Native American dancers from the U.S. and Canada convene at the prestigious Heard

Museum to vie for the title of World Championship Hoop Dancer. If watching others expend calories makes you hungry, try the Indian fry bread and Mexican dishes that will be available. Admission is \$1 to \$3. Information: (602) 252-8840.

Renaissance Festival

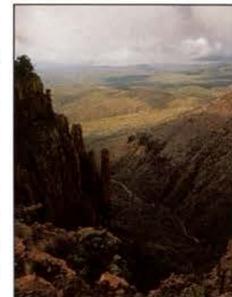
Weekends, February 3-March 24; Apache Junction



Brave knights joust, fair ladies swoon, and visitors travel back in time to a raucous 16th-century European market fair to revel in a swirling mix of pageantry and fun: tests of skill, equestrian events, lively tournaments, concerts, storytelling, strolling musicians, dancing, and more — including the rare opportunity to walk around munching on a giant turkey drumstick. The festival grounds are seven miles east of Apache Junction on U.S. Route 60 past Gold Canyon Ranch. The festival also will be open on Presidents Day, Monday, February 19. Admission is \$4.95, children five to 12; \$11.95, adults. Information: (520) 463-2700.

Gallery of Fine Prints: The Rugged Sierra Anchas

Randy A. Prentice's back cover photograph of the cliffs and spires of the Sierra Anchas in central Arizona is this month's offering through the Arizona Highways Gallery of Fine Prints.



The unmatted color print is produced under the supervision of master printer William Nordstrom at the EverColor DyePrints's custom lab in California.

To order the print, call toll-free nationwide at (800) 543-5432. In the Phoenix area, call (602) 258-1000.

The sizes and prices of the print are:

- #A99SA16: Approximately 14" by 17" \$175
- #A99SA26: Approximately 16" by 20" \$225
- #A99SA36: Approximately 20" by 24" \$275

Tucson Gem and Mineral Show

February 8-11; Tucson

This internationally acclaimed show at the Tucson Convention Center lures thousands of visitors — including fine jewelry gemstone buyers from around the world — with its spectacular mineral specimens from leading mining and mineral museums and private collections, as well as displays of gems, jewelry, lapidary, and fossils. Exhibits, lectures, and demonstrations by artisans round out this mega event. Call for admission. This show is part of the entire Tucson Gem and Mineral Showcase, which began January 28. Information: toll-free (800) 638-8350 or (520) 624-1817.

Gold Rush Days

February 9-11; Wickenburg

Relive the days of yesteryear at this old mining town's annual bow to its past.

You'll have to pick and choose, or stoke up on calories to do it all: a two-day seniors pro rodeo,



gold-panning contest, carnival, Western dance, arts and crafts, a barbecue, "mucking and drilling" contest, parade, melodramas, and a beard-growing contest. There will be an admission charged for some activities. Locations include the Community Center/Library lawn and the rodeo grounds. Information: (520) 684-5479 or toll-free (800) 942-5242.

Yuma Crossing Days

February 24-25; Yuma

There's a passel of activities planned to celebrate Yuma's history, including historical reenactments, kids' games, food booths, crafts, and rides on the Yuma Valley Railroad. Activities take place at various sites: Yuma Crossing Quartermaster Depot Historic Site, Yuma Territorial Prison, the Century House, and Fort Yuma Museum. There will be an admission charged for some events. Information: (520) 329-0404 or 783-2423. ♪

Information is subject to change; telephone to confirm before planning to attend events. For a free Arizona travel kit and a calendar of events, telephone the Arizona Office of Tourism toll-free at (800) 842-8257.



H I K E O F T H E M O N T H

TEXT BY ROSEANN HANSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTY CORDANO

The Huachucas Remain One of Arizona's Least Traveled History-Rich Mountains

Like good highland whiskey, some mountains gain character with age, taking on the qualities of those things with which they come into contact — and just as scotch glows golden from oak barrels and smoky from peat fires, a mountain's flavor can be enhanced by the people who lived and died amongst its deep canyons and high crests.

The Huachucas are like that, I thought as I passed the umpteenth agave plant squatting like a head of lettuce beside Lutz Canyon Trail. My mind always wanders when I hike, and the agaves sparked the liquor metaphor. For centuries certain species of the spiky-leaved woody plants (not cacti) have been harvested for both food and to produce that infamous hooch known as mescal. Along the



(ABOVE) This spotted owl is one of many kinds of wildlife sheltered within the Huachuca Mountains.

(OPPOSITE PAGE) One of the range's toughest hikes cuts through Lutz Canyon.

lengths of Ash and Lutz canyons are signs of the vigorous mining activities dating from the Spaniards of the 1700s, and I could easily imagine the miners taking advantage of the local mescaleros' brew.

The four of us — my husband and me and our friends Marty and Annette from Bisbee, rounded yet another switchback and came upon the rusted hulls of an old engine

and ore processor. The two or so centuries of mining have permanently changed many of the canyons of the Huachuca Mountains, though not as negatively as one would fear. This is partly because the Forest Service has removed all but the largest of the mining trash and partly because the mountains themselves have a remarkable ability to reclaim the land.

What remains is just enough to hint at the legends and truths of centuries past: a pass, just wide enough for a man on horseback, that led through the mountains but was destroyed by an 1887 earthquake; a huge underground reservoir known as Huachuca Lake; a 13-ounce gold nugget found in Ash Canyon in 1911; and a cave that exited on the other side of the mountains and was used by the Apaches to escape Fort Huachuca's cavalry.

We poked around the huge equipment, most likely hauled up the steep canyon by mules, and were grateful for the 1984 Act of Congress that safeguarded 20,000 acres of the Huachucas as the Miller Peak Wilderness and silenced those great pounding machines.

During our morning of hiking

the short (2.3 miles) but very steep trail, we saw no one, a fact I found amazing given its quiet beauty and nearness to Sierra Vista's 32,000 people.

Our plan was to hike to the Black Bear Mine Tunnel, a 600-foot-long horizontal shaft dating to 1879, but we had dallied too long at various historic sites and stopped often to scan the high cliffs for golden eagles. We had to turn back less than a mile short of the mine in order to get back to Tucson in time for a dinner date.

The descent to the trucks was swift but enhanced by the incredible vistas: the San Pedro Valley 4,000 feet below and the eastward march of the mountain ranges like the Pedregosas, the Chiricahuas, and Sierra San Jose of northern Sonora.

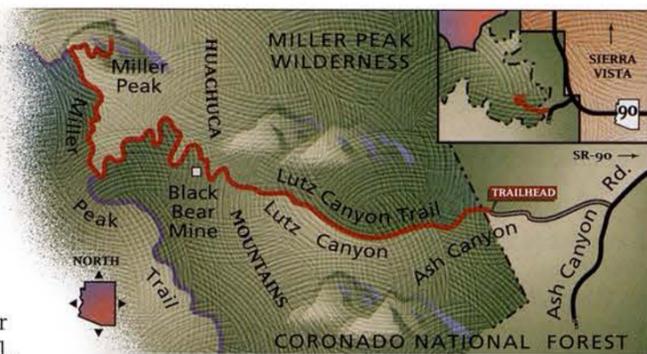
As we drove north on State Route 92, skirting the eastern edge of the range, we took closer notice of its landform. The Huachucas are not a big range, but they are very steep and the canyons numerous and dramatic. And now we looked on them with the flavor of their past. I knew we'd be back, too, to savor more of one of Arizona's most interesting and least traveled mountains. ■

WHEN YOU GO

To reach Lutz Canyon Trail from Tucson, take Interstate 10 east to the Sierra Vista turnoff. Head south on State Route 90, which becomes State Route 92 after Sierra Vista. About 11.5 miles south of the Routes 92/90 intersection, turn right onto Ash Canyon Road. At 1.5 miles, this passable dirt road forks — take the right and at about .6 of a mile, park at the remains of a stone cabin; the trailhead is just up the road beginning at the Wilderness boundary fence.

This is a steep and dramatic trail that gets very narrow as it climbs up to meet Miller Peak Trail. The hike to Miller Peak, the high point of the Huachucas at 9,466 feet, is 4.5 miles and 3,500 vertical feet from the Wilderness boundary fence.

To inquire, contact Coronado National Forest, Sierra Vista Ranger District, 5990 S. Highway 92, Hereford, AZ 85615; (520) 378-0311.



KEVIN J. KIBSEY

