

A 550-MILE HORSEBACK ODYSSEY CHANGES ONE MAN FOREVER

WE THERE YET?
TOURING TUCSON
WITH KIDS

MUD HUTS
AND SCORPIONS:
SOLDIERING
IN OLD ARIZONA

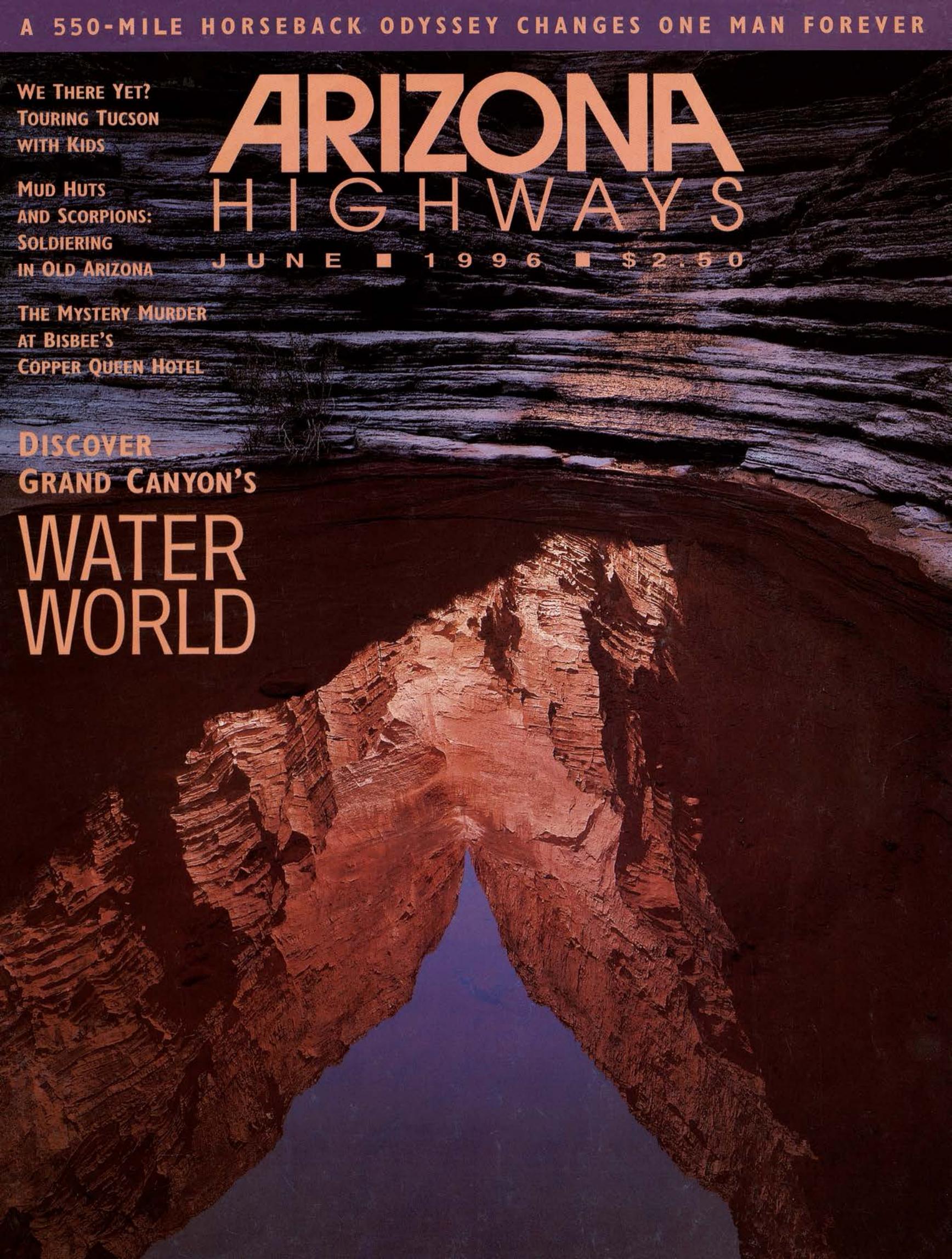
THE MYSTERY MURDER
AT BISBEE'S
COPPER QUEEN HOTEL

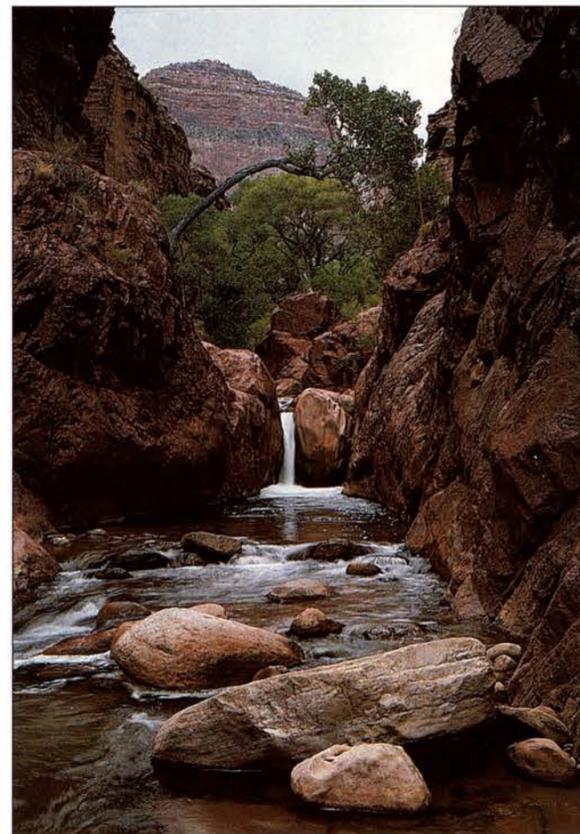
DISCOVER
GRAND CANYON'S

WATER
WORLD

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

JUNE ■ 1996 ■ \$2.50





COVER STORY PAGE 20

The Music of the Waters in the Grand Canyon

Come along on a magic-carpet ride through the grandest Canyon to discover its hidden waters from the Gorge of the Little Colorado to Scottys Hollow. The number of waterfalls, streams, and pools will amaze you.

(LEFT) A waxy bloom tops a saguaro in Saguaro National Park, near Tucson, one of the stops when our author takes a band of small-fry on vacation. See story on page 38.
JACK DYKINGA
(FRONT COVER) The wet, wet water world of the Grand Canyon surprises some visitors. Here a pool reflects a dramatic cliffside along the Colorado River. See story on page 20. GARY LADD
(BACK COVER) Sunlight-dappled Sycamore Creek runs through the Pine Mountain Wilderness. See hike story on page 56.
JERRY SIEVE

RECREATION
Ken Jackson's Life-changing Odyssey
"And he wondered, in this first moment of doubt, whether he'd gotten in over his head, despite his year of planning, his feverish anticipation, and his increasingly desperate need to escape from the hobbles of his life." PAGE 4

ENTERTAINMENT
Sleuthing at the Copper Queen
They came from as far away as New York City to commit murder at Bisbee's Copper Queen Hotel. But don't fret. It was all in fun: a murder mystery weekend in full costume. Guess whodunit? PAGE 10



FOCUS ON NATURE
The Cicada's Song
Take a hot summer day on the desert and listen to the singing of the cicadas.

While all Nature attempts to avoid the scalding heat, cicadas are spurred into song. How do they do it and survive? PAGE 36



TRAVEL
Touring Tucson with Children
Just how much of a problem is traveling with your children? What can you do beforehand to make the trip fun? Where can you take little ones without them getting totally bored and obnoxious? We put our author — along with several kids — on the road to Tucson to find out. PAGE 38

HISTORY
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A soldier's letters to his sister complain about the awfulness of life in territorial Arizona. He can't wait to return home. Then Arizona works her not-too-subtle magic on the private from New York. PAGE 18

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ALONG THE WAY

TEXT BY ANTONY EVANS
PHOTOGRAPH BY DICK GEORGE

My Best Friend and Traveling Companion: the Llama

In the late 1950s, when I arrived in Phoenix, most of the roads were two-lane, the population was less than 200,000, and paving the Black Canyon Highway to Prescott had just been completed.

As a performer on the old "Wallace and Ladmo" TV show (KPHO-TV5) in the 1960s, I traveled Arizona from top to bottom, putting on stage shows for kids in small towns — Tuba City to Pinetop to Nogales to Yuma — all by automobile.

Years drifted by, and I got out of show business, leaving the state and promising myself that one day I would return for a closer look at places I had seen only from a car window (mostly at night). Only the next time I would rent a horse, travel the high country, do a bit of fishing in Hawley Lake, do a little backpacking, and, of course, bring along my newest best friend, Fido. No, not a trusty dog. On this trip, my best friend was to be a llama. Three of them in fact.

If you are a backpacker or hiker, you may already have discovered

this clever animal, which has found its way into our hearts by way of Peru, Bolivia, and Chile. This newfound friend can spit and hit a bull's-eye at 20 feet; carry whatever you want on its back up to 150 pounds for 20 miles and never complain; warn you of danger with its built-in alarm system; require a drink of water only once a day; and eat on the run (or walk), ingesting mostly leaves and grass off the ground (no stopping for lunch or dinner). It's also so gentle and safe you could trust it to lie down next to a child.

The trip began in central California, where several friends and I made plans to transport our trio of llamas by truck to Show Low, Arizona,

where we rented a cabin for a week's stay.

Prior to leaving the llama farm in California, we were given a brief instructional course on how to handle the animals and what to expect. But I should tell you now that you don't need a college education to go backpacking with llamas. They're easy to handle.

They also are terrific pack animals on wilderness trips, such as the one we took into the White Mountains. The llamas carried everything we needed for survival, leaving us free to enjoy the hike without requiring a nightly back rub.

Why do llamas make such great packers?

- They are quiet animals that don't excite easily in unusual situations.

- They are easy to train.

- They are observant. They communicate with a soft humming sound, but if they whinny (much like a horse), that's the alarm signal they may have seen something you haven't, like a bear or mountain lion.

- They have a soft step and will not tear up a trail like a donkey or horse.

- They have a natural ability to climb mountainous areas.

- They belong to the camel family and require very little water. A sip a day keeps you well on your way.

- They are easily transported in a pickup, van, or trailer. Unlike horses, they lie down in transit.

- They are easy to handle and safe around children.

- They are friendly with horses, donkeys, cats, and dogs, as well.

Not only did our llamas tote the heavy stuff, but they were great companions. Obviously, you can't carry on a conversation with a llama, but when you stop to gaze at a magnificent mountain view (and there are plenty in northern Arizona), your four-footed friend will join you in appreciating the sight.

Because of their calm and gentle nature, llamas are virtually defenseless against predators. We were fortunate in not having any close calls on our trip.

About that spitting I mentioned earlier. It is the one bad habit llamas have. They like to spit, and they like to spit with their mouths full of whatever they are eating at the moment. However, they seldom spit at people — just at each other. So if you take more than one llama on your hike into the backcountry, this habit could prove to be the highlight of your trip.

Travelers are always complaining about wanting to do something different come vacation time. What to do? Treat your family or a friend to a llama trip and enjoy the wondrous beauty of the Arizona mountains. Go up to Strawberry and traverse the Mogollon Rim. It's breathtaking. The mountain climate is gentle most of the year, and a trip into the backwoods will give you a different perspective on life.

Think about it. Next time someone in the office tells you to "take a hike," just answer, "don't mind if I do" — and take along a llama. ■



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

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Ben Johnson

Wow. You made my day and then some. Ben Johnson on the cover (January '96).

Even though I can't sit on a horse, I'd ride with him anytime.
Margaret Cox
San Jose, CA

Ben Johnson, 77, died unexpectedly in April while visiting his mother. We had just finished a second story on Johnson which we will publish next year. It deals, fittingly, with a trail ride through Monument Valley, a location in Arizona he helped make famous.

Wyatt Earp

I, too, went to the grave of Wyatt Earp ("Along the Way," January '96) during a recent visit to San Francisco.

What I saw as I approached the grave froze me solid in my tracks. Even though I was well steeped in the Earp history and legend, I wasn't prepared to see what I did sitting on Earp's headstone.

And yet nothing could have been more appropriate. There, in the center of the headstone, someone had placed a spent 12-gauge shotgun shell.

Robert Rands
Peoria

Our Kind of Reader

I have read the January issue from cover to cover and wish there were more. Thanks to you and your staff for hours of delightful reading.

Irene J. Werner
Williams Bay, WI

React to Letters

I cannot believe two of the carping, critical letters in the January issue.

First, the lady who can't stand caves and expects you to deprive the rest of your readers from

seeing photos of them on the cover.

Almost everyone has hang-ups of one kind or another — snakes, bugs, heights, etc. What the lady needs is help for her phobia.

The other was from the lady who had to go back over a year to find one short article about a small town she didn't find worth visiting, and thus conclude the whole magazine has fallen on hard times.

If you want perfection, look in the dictionary under "P"

Doug Fulton
Tucson

I've always thought I would have to be really bored to write to a magazine. However, after reading January's letters I just couldn't restrain myself.

It simply amazes me that people always write as if their opinion is the only one on this Earth that actually is the right opinion.

I'm referring to "Unhappy with Magazine" (about a disappointing trip to Guadalupe). I was at Guadalupe and cherished every moment, but I certainly am not going to scold someone publicly for not agreeing with me.

Julie A. Grandbouch
Ashtabula, OH

History Lesson

Reading your magazine is learning about Arizona, and looking forward to another visit. The more you know, the more you enjoy.

I keep telling people here that the USA has got a wonderful history, different from Europe, but very interesting.

Margriet van Urk
Rotterdam, The Netherlands

Apache Trail

Your article "Backcountry Drive" (January '96) has brought back memories to my wife and

me about our trip over the Apache Trail on November 15, 1984.

I don't suppose it is much different now than it was then. On the whole, it was a beautiful drive (when I had an opportunity to look).

To add to our experience, we met two Brahma steers, which could have been disastrous but wasn't. They went their way along the mountain, and we went ours along the canyon rim.

Russell and Helen Peacock
La Crosse, WI

My first visit to Arizona was as a single woman with my cousin Lynda. We spent an entire day exploring the Apache Trail.

I cringe to think about the condition of the brakes on the rental car we had, as I practically "rode them" the entire way. The drive, though a "white-knuckle" one at times, was our favorite excursion.

My new husband and our four children visited Arizona again just two years ago, but I didn't get to introduce them to the Apache Trail.

The article was all my husband needed to read to convince him that a third trip to Arizona indeed will occur.

Susan L. Stevenson
Fort Benning, GA

Late-night Reading

I feel fortunate to receive your extraordinary magazine.

I stay up nights reading the numerous articles and ahhh over the marvelous photographs. Every time I finish an issue, I can't wait for the next one to arrive.

I have saved every copy, and sometimes I go back and reread the first ones. They are just as wonderful the second or third time around.

Heather MacPherson
Ontario, Canada



FROM PARKER

T O T H E

BLUE

ONE
MAN'S
GRIM
550-MILE
ESCAPE
ON
HORSEBACK

TEXT BY PETER ALESHIRE PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARY JOHNSON

Dr. Ken Jackson barely had time to gasp before Busy Body plunged belly deep into the quicksand trap that lay hidden beneath the shallow, glittering trickle of the Bill Williams River. Acting by reflex, Jackson leapt from the back of his 16-hands-high Tennessee walker. He sank to his boot tops in the wet, yielding sand, floundered several steps forward, then threw his weight against the reins he still somehow clasped in his right hand.

"C'mon Busy!" he yelled, tugging sharply on the reins.

The show horse lurched frantically forward, eyes rolling, nostrils flaring, the liquid sand splashing against her broad chest.

"C'mon!" Jackson screamed, suddenly afraid for his horse.

Busy Body surged forward, great muscled legs treading sand, and found purchase in firmer granules. She hauled herself out of the sucking grave, stumbled forward, and stood shakily on relatively solid ground, her lungs gulping the hot desert air. Jackson staggered forward and cradled her long angular head, caressing the silky, sand-splattered nostrils.

"That's all right, girl," he murmured.

And he wondered, in this first moment of doubt, whether he'd gotten in over his head despite his year of planning, his feverish anticipation, and his increasingly desperate need to stage this great escape from the hobbles of his life.

On the surface, Ken Jackson had the success everyone wants. He owned a thriving medical practice in Kingman, delivered hundreds of babies annually, pulled in an income well into six figures, lived in a sprawling house, owned a half dozen Tennessee walker show horses — including a two-time world grand champion — enjoyed the respect of his colleagues and the affection of friends, and could rightly claim success at every endeavor to which he had ever put his considerable intellect and will.

So why did his life seem so hollow? Why did fears lurk in all the shadows? Why could he not shake this tight-chested, fist-clenched, lock-jawed urge to flee his life and his possessions? Why did he feel as if he couldn't get a full breath, or a night's sleep, or an easy smile?

He couldn't say.

So, instead, he'd lavished a year on getting ready for the adventure of a lifetime: riding the width of Arizona from the sun-blasted banks of the Colorado River near Lake Havasu to the pine-scented meadows on the New Mexican border near Alpine. He planned the trip with his typical attention to detail, driving much of the route in his beat-up four-wheel-drive pickup, caching supplies, buying a swath of topographic maps, and walking up to isolated ranches along the projected route to ask permission to pass. The trip became his waking obsession; he was like a man frantically building a rocket ship to flee the world's end.

Now, on the first day of the trip, things already seemed unraveled. Busy Body and his other horse, Promise, floundered through the sand traps of the Bill Williams. The sun bore down with unexpected intensity. But he'd started. Nothing could deter him, not the quicksand, or the exhausted horses, or the rattlesnakes coiled alongside the trail. He had to be gone from his life today.

So began the odyssey of Ken Jackson, in search of himself and some benediction in a language he'd forgotten. Photographer Gary Johnson and I had learned of his journey by roundabout means and determined to document it. We traveled with him four different times on a trek that ultimately spanned some 550 miles, a month of star-drenched nights, and the distance from one life to the next.

He began the journey as a mild stoop-shouldered man. His broad-brimmed hat sat uncomfortably atop his head, and he moved with uncertainty. He seemed to

strain against the bit of his life, like his own Tennessee walker, who held her head always in the poised arch of the show ring, laboring without actually pulling against the reins. Amiable, friendly, interested, Jackson nonetheless seemed preoccupied by some internal debate.

When we joined him on the second day, he was still tired from the long toil up the Bill Williams. We rode with him across 30 miles of blistered desert studded with bristling yucca, gnarled mesquite, and cruel cholla. We climbed up the long slope into the sun-burnished mountains, past the tumbled ghosts of mines, down the crumbled granite slopes, across the sweltering plain, down the shallow, meandering bed of the Big Sandy River, and through the twilight shadows to the corrals of a rancher who had befriended Jackson on one of his scouting trips. We savored our fatigue and the memories of the long perfect day.

We left him then to continue his search. But it seemed he'd unclenched a little. Already the journey seemed less an escape than an exploration.

The next few days tested the searcher severely. He spent much of one day lost, unable to make sense of the topo maps or to use his compass to regain the trail. He finally stumbled back onto the route at the end of 10 brutal hours in the saddle.

That night he wrote in his journal: "I want to live (need to live) with less fear.

(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGE 4) *Stopping near the Big Sandy River to reflect upon his challenging experience, Ken Jackson realizes he's searching for more than adventure on this 550-mile outback trek.*

(BELOW) *Rattlesnakes are just one hazard Jackson and his horses face on the trail.* (RIGHT) *Jackson's dog, Dinah, accompanied him, but hitches an early ride home when her owner's friends arrive with supplies.*

THE NEXT FEW DAYS

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'I'VE ALWAYS HAD
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BUT THE TRUTH IS,
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE
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AT THE SAME TIME
I'VE MISSED THE POINT
OF MY LIFE. THIS SONG KEEPS
GOING THROUGH MY HEAD:
"LIFE GOES ON, LONG AFTER
THE THRILL OF LIVING IS GONE."
I DON'T WANT THAT
TO HAPPEN TO ME.'

Fear of not being perfect. Fear of failure. Fear of financial devastation. Fear of lawsuits. I should write more about Promise, a wonderful horse. I sit atop her and feel her muscles work all day. Isn't it grand to plan something and experience it coming true?"

And so the trip went on. He wandered lost through the mesquite thickets that flanked the Verde River. He encountered a seemingly endless succession of friendly ranchers, cowhands, and wanderers. He sidestepped rattlesnakes, examined bear scat, shivered at the cougar's cry, flushed quail, surprised deer, fretted about vultures, alarmed javelinas, and marveled at the profusion of songbirds.

Gradually, he fell in love with his horses — alternating, one ridden, the other packing supplies. He studied their eccentricities, marveled at their heart, worried about their feet, and replaced their shoes. He learned to detect their mood through his knees. He had pushed them nearly to their limits when crossing the Verde River and then heading up the Mogollon Rim toward Pine, Strawberry, and Payson, where he met again. Slowly, they formed a single unit, communicating effortlessly with a touch of his heel, a tilt of her ears, a cluck of his tongue.

Once they nearly tumbled to disaster. Promise lost her footing on a steep slope, slid off the desperate excuse for a trail, and started a terrifying plunge down the hillside. Somehow Jackson retained his seat and jerked her head around upslope. She shifted and slid and balanced on the precarious edge of gravity. Then she found

(ABOVE, LEFT) *Doug Vandergon, a cooperative Forest Service ranger, pitches in, helping Jackson shoe one of his horses.* (RIGHT) *Jackson leads a pack horse across a volcanic mesa in Bloody Basin in central Arizona.*

strength from some unsuspected reservoir, gathered herself, and leapt back up over the ledge she'd just slid off.

Later he recorded in his journal: "I'm beginning to understand this trip. It's not about escape. It's about fear, particularly the fear of failure. Also about the fear of living my life without fear. Figure that out. Tonight I am alone and lonely. But not afraid. I feel better."

Gary and I had connected with Jackson three more times. Before he crossed the Verde, we rode across a volcanic yucca-studded mesa in rugged Bloody Basin, through a gentle, cleansing rain down into a completely unexpected sycamore-graced canyon, and along the banks of a murmuring spring-fed stream. We were struck by the change in him. The hat now fit him perfectly, the beard had absorbed his worried frown, and he seemed somehow out of place when he climbed down from the saddle. He appeared to have lost interest in the angst of his former life. Now he seemed childlike in his excitement about the beaded Gila monster discovered beside the trail and the oriole's brilliant flash of yellow and black among the branches of the cottonwood overhead. He confided sadly that his marriage had fallen apart, that his untended business had changed, and that he worried



about a return to his former life. But he confessed these things with a curious calm, a certain shrug of his voice that stemmed more from acceptance than indifference.

That night he wrote: "I've always had to be perfect. But the truth is, it's impossible to make a mistake and learn and look good at the same time. I've never had the guts to look bad. Everything turns into drudgery, fear, effort, and worry. I've missed the point of my life. This song keeps going through my head: 'Life goes on, long after the thrill of living is gone.' I don't want that to happen to me."

Later up on the Rim, he spent most of another day lost, seeking the trail. This time, it hardly fazed him.

"Lost again . . . spectacular, beautiful country. Elk. Ponderosa. Oak. Poplar. Fir. Aspen. Ferns. I'm physically exhausted every day and sleeping nine hours at a stretch. I'd forgotten what that feels like. Incredible feeling of balance. Well rested. Weighing less. No stress. What a life. What will I do when I have to go back? One day at a time Today I'm at peace. Lots of birds. I feel that I belong on this Earth, in these woods, across these streams, around these animals — which is not to exclude humanity — the people I love."

We also rode with him at the end in the White Mountains. Bearded, tanned, and relaxed, he seemed transformed. He'd

acquired the wisdom of a shrug, the grace of a laugh, the depth of loss accepted.

A trio of mountain sheep watched his little party ride down the last slope of the last mountain to the Blue River, seeming to offer some silent benediction.

He wrote me after he returned to his life.

"The trip is over, or has it just begun? I did ride across the state, you and Gary documented that. I would not trade it for anything. But I finally figured out what was missing. What a revelation: spend a month riding a great horse clear across the state and find that what you're missing is back where you started. Don't get me wrong, it was the trip of a lifetime. And I know now that to take care of the people

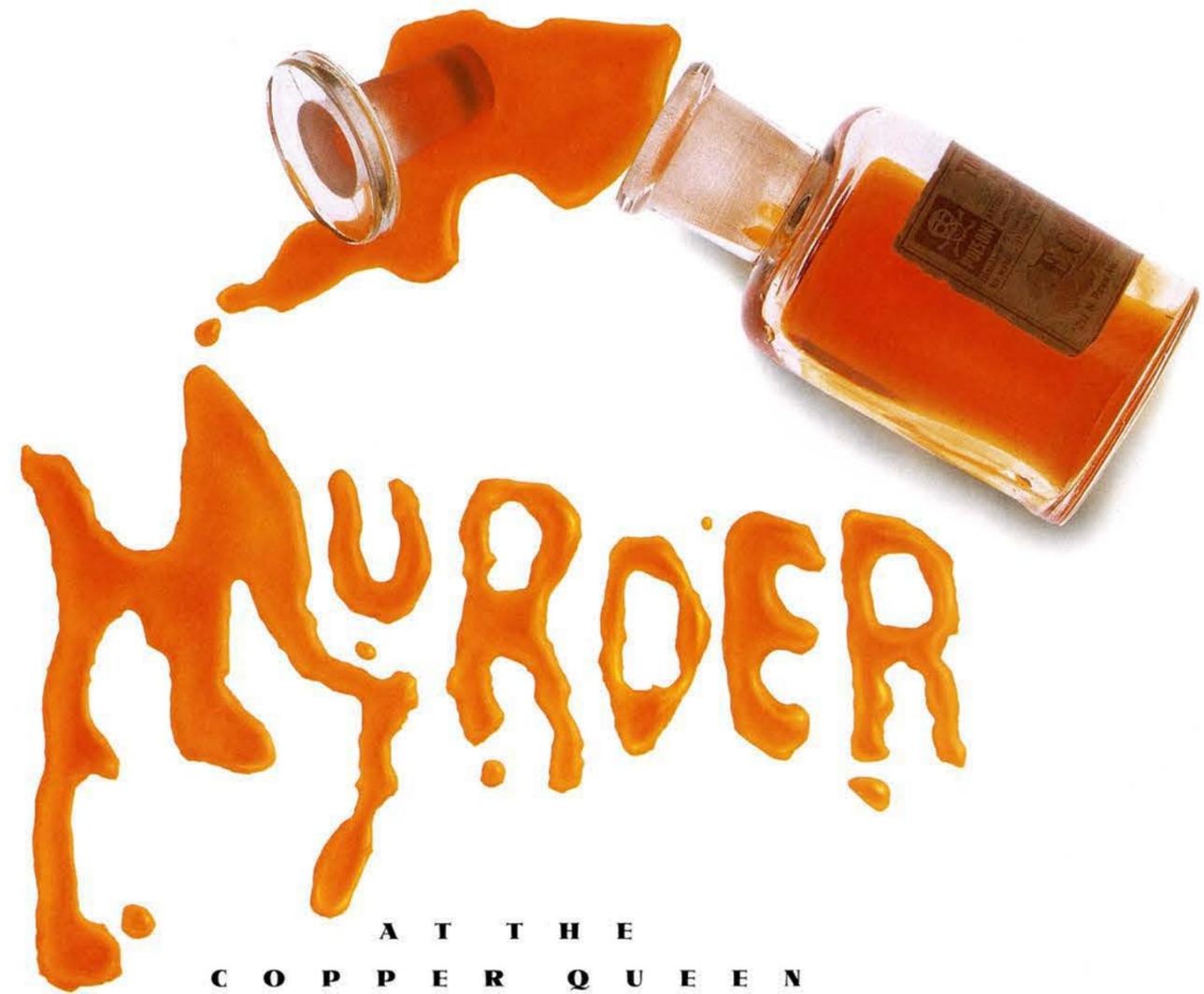
I love, I've got to take care of myself. I'm back at work. Feel at ease. Elated. Perfect. Slowed down. Less frantic. I know now that happiness lies in sharing my life. My only asset, myself, should be distributed freely not protected, isolated, and doled out conditionally.

"What's ahead? Whatever it is, I'll work it out.

"I'm not afraid anymore." ❧

Phoenix-based Peter Aleshire vowed that if he ever treks the width of Arizona, he will either walk his quarter horse or mount a Tennessee walker.

Gary Johnson, also of Phoenix, spent five summers as a wrangler and entertainer on dude rides. He has photographed five horse stories, so far, for Arizona Highways.



**A T T H E
C O P P E R Q U E E N
H O T E L**

Sometimes I think about Shirley Livingston. She was there that weekend when a man was murdered at the Copper Queen Hotel in Bisbee. A few fingers pointed in her direction, but it wasn't her. She was only a girl from Clovis, New Mexico. So she said.

We were both attending the annual meeting of the Southwest Sleuth Society held at the hotel. More than 20 members had made the trip, some from

as far away as New York City. None of us had anything in common, as far as I knew, except for the shared knowledge that there would be a murder that weekend, and for the next 40 hours nothing would be exactly as it seemed.

There were Harvey and

(OPPOSITE PAGE) A whodunit takes center stage at Bisbee's Copper Queen Hotel, and our author's right in the middle of it.

Yvonne, that delightful couple from Reno who played the lounges, he on piano and she in full voice. They weren't from Reno at all. And Sarah was no housewife from Bakersfield. Her husband, Rudy, didn't run the local paper, and Tina and Dean didn't own a motorcycle shop in northern Arizona.

Liars, all of them. And they looked so nice.

We all did. It was so very 1950s: women in calf-length

**Text by Kathleen Walker
Photographs by J. Peter Mortimer**

dresses, white gloves, and heels. Men with short hair and button-down shirts, although two leather garments made an appearance. The biker type was sporting a leather vest, and Rudy the editor wore a leather tie, about as radical as our part of the '50s was going to get.

Dressed to kill, we met for dinner Friday night. Then, after coffee and cake, businessman Bob Collins hit the floor, poisoned, they said, by one of us.

As luck would have it, bad for some, one of Bisbee's finest was already on the scene. Constable Simonson had joined us for dinner and so was able to pick up the pieces, Collins to be exact, and to supervise the removal of the body.

Male members of the society jumped at the opportunity to carry the corpse down the stairs to the hotel lobby. No less blood-thirsty, female members leapt up to yell their encouragement. The diminutive and, up to that moment, charming Yvonne shouted, "Why don't they throw him down?"

At my table, Rudy was warning Sarah not to move, and Jim, who said he ran a hardware store, was cold enough to take notes as murder and mayhem swirled around us. Good grief, what had I gotten myself into? A murder mystery weekend.

Three days and two nights designed and scripted to lead willing participants through a murder and to the murderer among them.

Weeks before the event, players had received brief descriptions of their characters. We could add whatever depth and embellishments we wished. What we were asked not to do was to fall out of that character, not to let our fellow players know who we were in real life.

The request came from Lavonne Seymour, the writer, the director, the deus ex machina of the murder mystery weekends at the Copper Queen.

"Let loose, forget who you really are and where you really came from" she advises anyone who signs on for the game. She also advises to dress the part. We did.

Our mystery took place in the 1950s, and there were times when some of us looked as though the last movie we saw was *Rebel Without a Cause* and the next song we would hum would be "Mr. Sandman."

"It's kinda fun going around trying to find this stuff," reported one of the male guests who had made his preparatory round of the clothing thrift stores, as had so many of us.

One participant did complain briefly about her purchases at dinner that first

MURDER

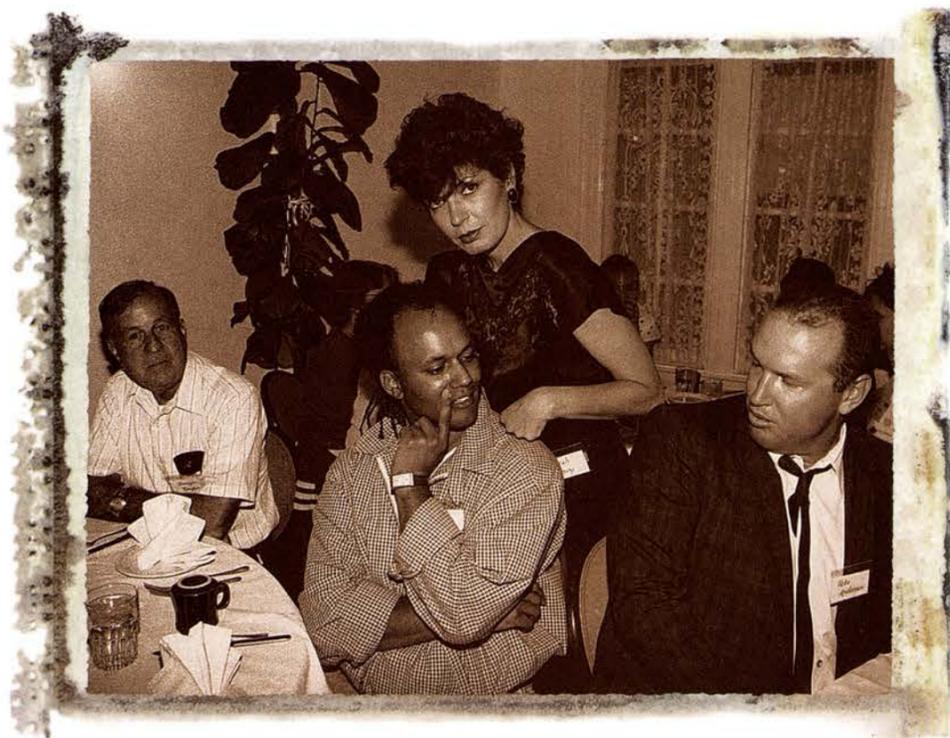
AT THE
COPPER QUEEN
HOTEL



**Under the auspices
of her weekends,
Seymour has sent people
out to the streets of Bisbee
in Victorian splendor,
Roaring '20s flash,
1960s love beads,
and barely a head
has turned.**



(RIGHT) The beguiling Sarah, a housewife from Bakersfield, buttonholes unsuspecting and soon-to-be-dead businessman Bob Collins. Looking on are, left, Dwayne, the man who keeps forgetting who he is, and Pete, a writer from Durango. (OPPOSITE PAGE) Constable Simonson is on the case moments after Bob Collins hits the floor, a victim of poisoning.





MURDER

AT THE
COPPER QUEEN
HOTEL



**We faced the
Saturday morning inquest.
Clues were dropped
right and left.
The real waitress
had disappeared.
Yvonne was married
once before.
Two participants said
they never knew the man.
And this shocker:
Shirley Livingston
once went by the moniker
of Bubbles Ballou.**



night. "I itch," she said, not quite into her role of Susanne Baldwin, a waitress from Santa Fe. "Does anybody else itch?"

Probably. A number of us were wearing other people's clothes, people we didn't know. But, we were cool — or was it hip? Regardless, we took it to the streets. Also advisable, according to Seymour.

"We have always encouraged people, since it started, to walk around in their costumes because nobody cares," she said.

Under the auspices of her weekends, Seymour has sent people out to the streets of Bisbee in Victorian splendor, Roaring '20s flash, 1960s love beads, and barely a head has turned, especially to that last period of apparel.

"You're not even out of place here," she said of the Bisbee of the '90s.

This town has seen it all. It roared through the 1880s, sitting smack-dab on the mother lode of copper in the Mule Mountains of southeastern Arizona. It crossed the decades as the big business town of copper in its prime, full of families, churches, schools. When the ore ran out, the hippies came in, finding cheap housing and business potential.

Now the tourists pour in the way copper used to pour out, and high-class art galleries grace the same streets that once

supported 40-plus low-down saloons. Shocked at a few people wandering around town in poodle skirts and rolled-up jeans? Hardly.

Back at the hotel, we faced the Saturday morning inquest. Clues were dropped right and left. The real waitress, the one who served the cake, had disappeared. Aha. Yvonne was married once before, to Bob Collins. Oh ho! At least two participants said they never knew the man. Not possible. And this shocker: Shirley Livingston once went by the moniker of Bubbles Ballou.

There were other leads to follow. One of the players, Barbara Williams, who claimed she too was from Santa Fe, mentioned she had to go home and walk her dogs. Long trip.

Then there was Dwayne Vaughn. On the first night, he was heard to mumble, "I'm not very good at this." And later he said about the weekend, "I was always forgetting I was Dwayne." Curious.

The lounge act from Reno was seen dining with The Banker and his wife and the bike shop owners. Didn't fit. And then there was the photographer.

Supposedly he was the only one among us who was, just as he said, in town taking pictures of the weekend for *Arizona Highways*. Yet he was seen running after



(OPPOSITE PAGE) Pete, holding onto Bob Collins' arms, and The Banker waste no time removing the *corpus delicti*. (LEFT) Doing their best to look innocent, several of the suspects stick close together. For protection, perhaps? From left, Barbara, from Santa Fe; Shirley, aka "Bubbles Ballou"; Susanne, the waitress from Santa Fe; the mysterious Gloria; and — once again — Sarah.

Shirley Livingston in the streets of Bisbee trying to pass her a note.

Oh, clues abounded but not about the murder. They were evidence to be applied to the other mystery of the weekend. Who were all these people, and how did they end up here?

Certain predictions could be made. "I venture a guess that we've had an attorney in every group," said Seymour. There would be two in ours, but neither managed to solve the murder. Hmmm.

She also remembered the drug dealer character of one of her other weekends. He turned out to be so scary and vicious nobody wanted to be anywhere near him. He also turned out to be a real-life federal judge, retired. No judges in our midst, but there was one high-placed court administrator.

We wouldn't find out any of this until the end of the weekend when we also discovered a cellist among us, Juilliard trained, a retired Navy captain, a loan company account executive, an entertainment lawyer from the biggest theater of them all, New York, and me, a writer from *Arizona Highways*. I was on an undercover assignment. What were their reasons?

Marge the wife of the note taker, saw an ad in the Tucson paper. "I just held on to it saying we've got to do this sometime."

One couple received their weekend as a

gift from a family member. "She thought it would be a fun thing for us to do," Rosemary the wife says of her sister. The husband, it was Dwayne, wasn't so sure.

"We're not really outgoing," he explained. Oh, Dwayne, weren't you the fellow up there belting out a very good rendition of "Your Cheatin' Heart" at the dreaded No Talent Talent Show?

There was a lot of talent evident that weekend, most of it acting, people staying in character. Important, said Jim the note taker when the weekend was over.

"Half the trick of the whole weekend is that you have to get a few in the group who really get into it."

We had them. Yvonne was one, solid in the role of an always-on-stage chanteuse. Sarah was another. Sarah was a free spirit, sassy, loud. She was a pivot on which the attention and the action often turned.

By Saturday, you believed. Sarah, Yvonne, Jim, they were real. Now, did they kill Bob Collins? And, if not, who did?

We met, we talked, we speculated but to no avail. Perhaps we needed the voracity, if not the budget, of a previous game participant. He was the guy who tried unsuccessfully to bribe the hotel busboy.

"Told him he would give him a hundred dollars if he could tell him who did it," remembered Seymour.

MURDER

AT THE
COPPER QUEEN
HOTEL



There was one additional mystery that weekend, the identity of the person who danced down the darkened streets of Bisbee, poodle skirt atwirl. She was one of ours, freed by a weekend of being someone else.



(RIGHT) At the Saturday morning inquest, Constable Simonson grills a nervous Marilyn as Yvonne, one half of a lounge act from Reno, and motorcycle shop owner Tina anxiously await their turns.

(OPPOSITE PAGE)

Everyone is shocked when Constable Simonson arrests Jim, the hardware store owner from Yuma, and Yvonne, the chanteuse.

It's always the ones you least suspect . . . or, as our author wonders, are these the real culprits?



Some people played tough, but we seemed to lean more toward good-natured cynicism. As Yvonne told Marge, "Now remember, this is no big Shakespearean plot."

Maybe not, but it still proved beyond us all. On Saturday night, it was Constable Simonson who had to reveal whodunit and Seymour who had to explain. It was the hardware store owner from Yuma and the singer from Reno. Was the solution clear to me? No, but what I really cared about was the resolution of the other mystery.

It came on Sunday morning with the confessions of true identities. Our sweet-talking Tina was Jana Glasser, entertainment lawyer. Leather-vested Dean was John Reed, recording artist, who served his time in Juilliard. The man with the notes was not Jim but Bill Klein of Tucson, whose description of his work as an electrical engineer in the field of nuclear medicine was so complicated the eyes of listeners glazed. His wife, not Marge but Sue, worked at the University of Arizona College of Agriculture.

Yvonne was Jeanne Acuff of Green Valley. She had played many other roles as a professional actress in New York. Her

husband, Harvey, was Capt. Jim Acuff, USN, retired.

"His men loved him," says his wife of 50 years, in true character at last.

Janna aka Tina was their daughter. James Acuff Jr. aka The Banker was their son and our second lawyer.

Dwayne, who couldn't remember who he was but who probably never forgot a Hank Williams lyric, was Walter Plewa, retired auto mechanic, Tucson.

"I would recommend it," he said of the two-day life change.

The waitress was a student, the librarian was in marketing. Rudy the editor was Pat Jacobs, administrator of the Justice Court of Pima County. And Sarah?

Well, Sarah had slipped out of character once. When the murder was solved, she had slammed handcuffs on the accused with such speed that jaws dropped.

Once he could speak, Jim/Harvey said this about the unveiling of Sarah. "I really don't know anyone personally who carries around handcuffs." He does now.

Sarah was Kim Jacobs, a senior adult probation officer in Tucson. Her clientele:

drug addicts. Would she want to do this again, solve a safe mystery?

"Yes," she states, more Kim than Sarah, "I would."

There was one additional mystery that weekend, the identity of the person who danced down the darkened streets of Bisbee, poodle skirt atwirl, singing to the buildings of that old mining town. She was one of ours, freed by a weekend of being someone else.

It wasn't me. A poodle skirt would never be the style of someone who once answered to the name of Bubbles Ballou. ■

Editor's Note: Characters developed for the Copper Queen Murder Mystery Weekend are fictional. Copyright Lavonne J. Seymour, 1990. To inquire about mystery weekends at the Copper Queen, contact the hotel at 11 Howell St., P.O. Box CQ, Bisbee, AZ 85603; (520) 432-2216.

Tucson-based Kathleen Walker says she was surprised at how easy it is to pretend to be someone else and have everyone believe you.

J. Peter Mortimer, of Phoenix, spent a lot of time observing the weekend actors, but he didn't solve the mystery on his own either.

Dear Gertrude

A SOLDIER'S LETTERS HOME — 1867-70

Fort Yuma, Arizona
February 25, 1867

Dear Gertrude,
In the day time it was hot enough to scald your brain out and at night you could not keep warm with two blankets. I have not slept with my pants off for three months.

... Most of the houses are made of mud and so are all of them from here to Wilmington [California]. The timber is so scarce that it is impossible to build them of wood. I have not seen a tree a foot thick except in the mountains since I left New York. We have been so hard up for wood that we had to burn cow manure.

George

He wrote 18-year-old Pvt. George Cranston to his sister Gertrude on his arrival at Fort Yuma, Arizona. In the fall of 1866, George left New York to join the Army. He quickly discovered Army life wasn't all the recruiter promised when he ended up stationed in Arizona Territory to fight the Apaches.

With elaborate swirls, curls, and misspelled words, Lonesome George's letters home give a comic description of Army life in Arizona just after the Civil War.

March 3, 1867

Dear Sister Gertrude

... It is true that I don't get all I should like to eat and that is saying a considerable bit. I suppose I can live without eating by practice. I think of my complaining of the fare at home but I think I have learned a lesson when I get out of the army I can live on pudding and milk. I should like to have old gray [cow] to milk about now. I would give up writing for a time and go milking until I got my belly full.

Fort Grant

April 27, 1867

Dear Absent Father

... As I expected we started from Fort Yuma on the 11th of March for Tucson, Arizona territory, about 400 miles. Tucson is the largest place that I have seen since I left San Francisco but like all the cities of Arizona that I have seen it is made of mud. There is not a house built of wood in Tucson; they are all built of mud bricks, and I have not seen a house built of wood since I left the Pacific Coast. There is no wood here but little brush called mesquite.

Arizona is the most forsaken looking country that can be made. There is no such thing as raising crops because it is nothing but sand plains, and those sand plains are almost entirely destitute of water.

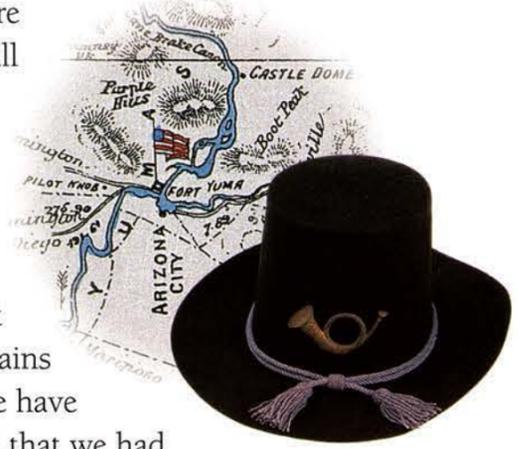
This is where Gertrude could get an assortment of shrubbery if she was here. It makes me almost sick when I think of her trying to raise the prickly pear. There is nothing else hardly but them here.

They are a species of the cactus which grows here in every form. There is some that grow like a tree only they are entirely destitute of limbs. They vary in height from 5 to 50 feet. Covered with long prickles.

While I am talking about prickles I will tell you the fact there is nothing that grows but what has prickles. The brush, cactus, every [sic] even the toads and frogs on the banks of the Colorado and Gila rivers are honestly covered with prickles. Snakes, there is snakes from Yuma to Tucson; just one stream of snakes. We have killed rattlesnakes on the march, from 5 to 30 a day.

There is one pest greater than the snake, that you can't guard against, that is the scorpion. We have to lay on the ground and I have waked up many mornings and found a scorpion in bed with me.

Well let's change the subject. Arizona [is] a miserable place.



On the Ranch
January 9 1870 AT
Dear Sister

You will see by the date of this letter that I am still in A. T. [Arizona Territory]. Christmas I worked hard all day and New years I went on my ranch about 10 miles from camp.

Now I know what you will say. His ranch? He has not got any ranch. But I say I have, though. I paid \$350 New years day for one half of 100 acres as ever was staked in Arizona. A very comfortable house, 2 yoke of oxen, and flour and beans enough to last 4 months. I must tell you that beans is the principle food on the ranchero.

Now Gertrude, I have done better to stay where I am. If I have any kind of luck while I am here, and get out alive, in three years time I can be independent. Whereas if I had went back to NY, I would had to of worked hard all the days of my life.

Now it is about 12 o'clock at night and I am getting sleepy. We sleep in this country the same as they do in the civilized portions of the globe.

Now good night, for I am played out. Write soon. Direct to Camp Crittenden. No company or Reg [iment]. Uncle Sam and I had a settlement, and the upshot of it was he discharged me. Goodbye, Your Brother George

George Cranston spent the rest of his life "trying to get back home to New York." Within a year after buying his Arizona ranch, George sold out and was in Franklin, Texas. Always short of cash, but on the verge of hitting it rich, George spent the next 12 years in Texas and Kansas working on trail drives, raising horses, and running a saloon.

By 1883 George was in Deming, New Mexico, trying to get enough money ahead for a trip home. First he tried the hotel business, then went to work at the Bull's Head Saloon and Lodging House. On May 3, George wrote Gertrude that he was married and had a daughter he had named Gertrude. He must have realized he was never going to make it back to New York, since he asked for some flower seeds from "back home" to plant around his house.

In George's last letter to Gertrude in 1883, he announced the birth of a son and enclosed clippings of the hair of both children. The boy was a redhead like his father. No record exists that George ever returned to New York or that he found the riches that were always just over the next horizon.

Janet Webb Farnsworth, a life-long resident of northern Arizona, lives in Snowflake. She specializes in Southwestern history and travel.

Photo illustration by Judy Miller with photographic contributions by Peter Noebels, Marty Cordano, Paul and Shirley Berquist, Arizona Historical Society, and University of Arizona Special Collections.



W A T E R
W O R L D S
O F T H E G R A N D C A N Y O N

IMAGINE THIS: YOU ARE STANDING UPON A PLATFORM

about five feet square and encircled by a cushioned railing. You are floating high and motionless. The air is cool and sweet; clouds slip by overhead just out of reach.

Down there, spread out like a contour map, is one of Earth's greatest treasures, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. The view is staggering — a desert enclosed in forested rims, strewn with a maze of side canyons and cleaved by a noisy river.

(ABOVE) The waters of the Grand Canyon appear in many guises, from powerful river rapids to quiet pools, delighting visitors in every season. White Creek offers a study in contrast on an early October afternoon.

(OPPOSITE PAGE) A springtime trek leads to this reflecting pool and chute in the north part of the Canyon.

Hear it? The roar of the rapids often reaches the Rims. And on a calm day, even the clouds are bathed in the tumultuous music of the river as it rails against the boulders that dare stand in its way.

Let's go for a spin. Our mobile platform will slip from location to location virtually silently and with a swift but prudent speed. Keep

B Y G A R Y L A D D





your eyes peeled for hidden waters ("burbles," I call them) and hold onto your hat.

Allow me to make some location suggestions. First let's cruise on over to the gorge of the Little Colorado River.

As we go, take a peek down to your right. See those occasional brilliant flashes below the South Rim? They're sun reflections. As we sweep by, each seep, creek, and water pocket winks its presence. There are scores of them. Each is a sparkling hidden oasis tucked into the immensity of the Grand Canyon.

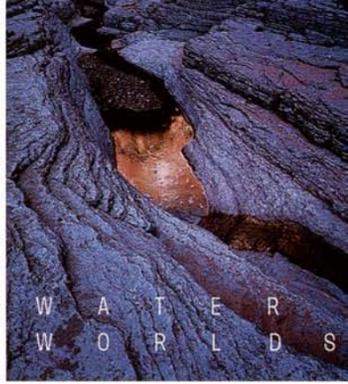
Here's the gorge of the Little Colorado River. And there is Blue Spring. A vigorous flow spills from the foot of a cliff even when the upper Canyon is mud-cracked and adrift in dust. Blue Spring and other lesser springs nearby spin out a ribbon of aquamarine. Look at those travertine dams! Each inhibits the flow just enough to create a shimmering liquid bead of turquoise. It's extraordinary. But watch out. That incredibly beautiful stream is spiked with salts and minerals. I've had to drink it, and it is positively ghastly. Go no closer. Dodge that spray.

Now let's take a look up north. Yes, maneuver a little to the left and . . . hold it. That is Vaseys Paradise. When explorer John Wesley Powell first saw Vaseys on August 9, 1869, he wrote, "The river turns sharply to the east and seems enclosed by a wall set with a million brilliant gems On coming nearer we find fountains bursting from the rock high overhead, and the spray in the sunshine forms the gems which bedeck the wall."

One hundred twenty-five years later, today's river runners come upon the same glorious surprise.

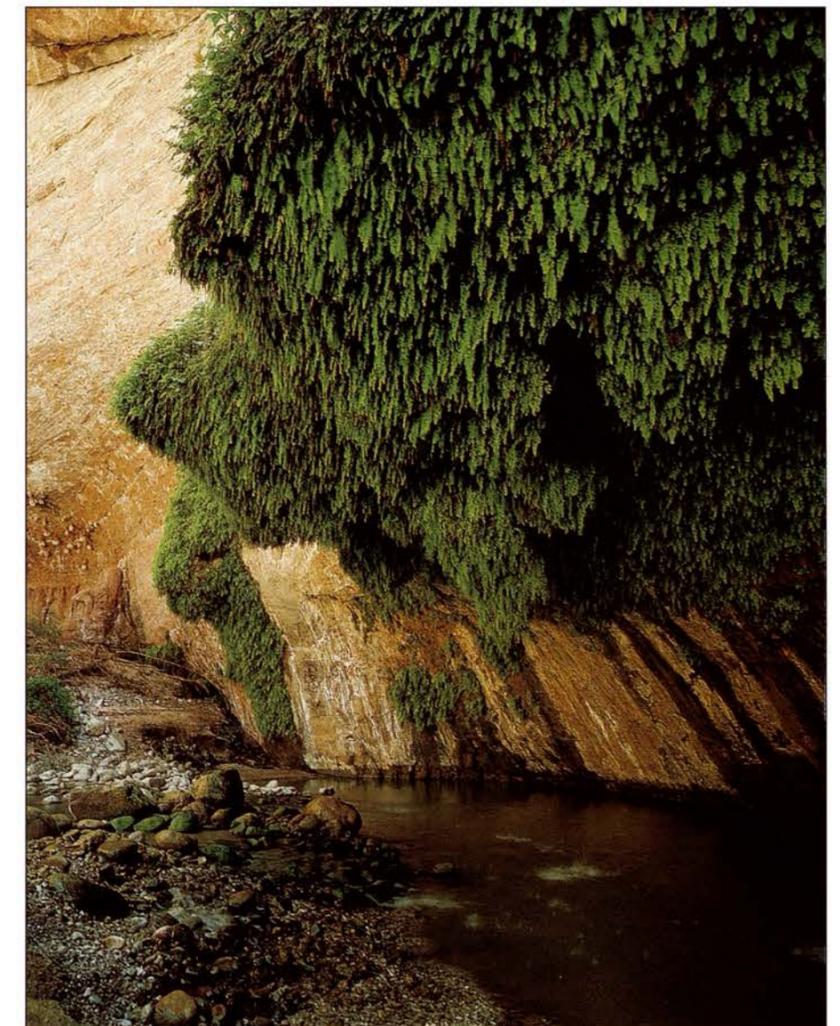
Drift southward, now westward. Good. You'll notice flashes of water in many of the side canyons below the North Rim. A few years ago, I was a member of a backpacking group looping from Nankoweap Canyon to Phantom Ranch. We dropped into Vishnu Canyon in early afternoon and immediately began a water search. A tiny pool was discovered near an alcove. It was an encouraging but insufficient

Text continued on page 26

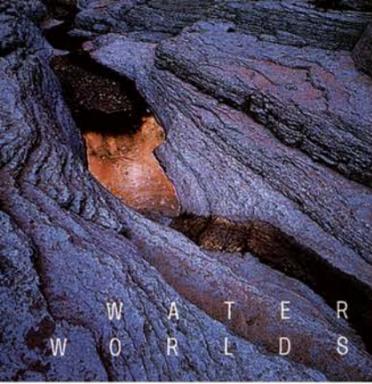


(OPPOSITE PAGE) In spring cascading waterfalls and lush vegetation decorate enchanting Elves Chasm, near the Colorado River.

(BELOW) Before summer's arrival, maidenhair ferns hang in profusion from seeps above Bath Spring in Kanab Canyon.





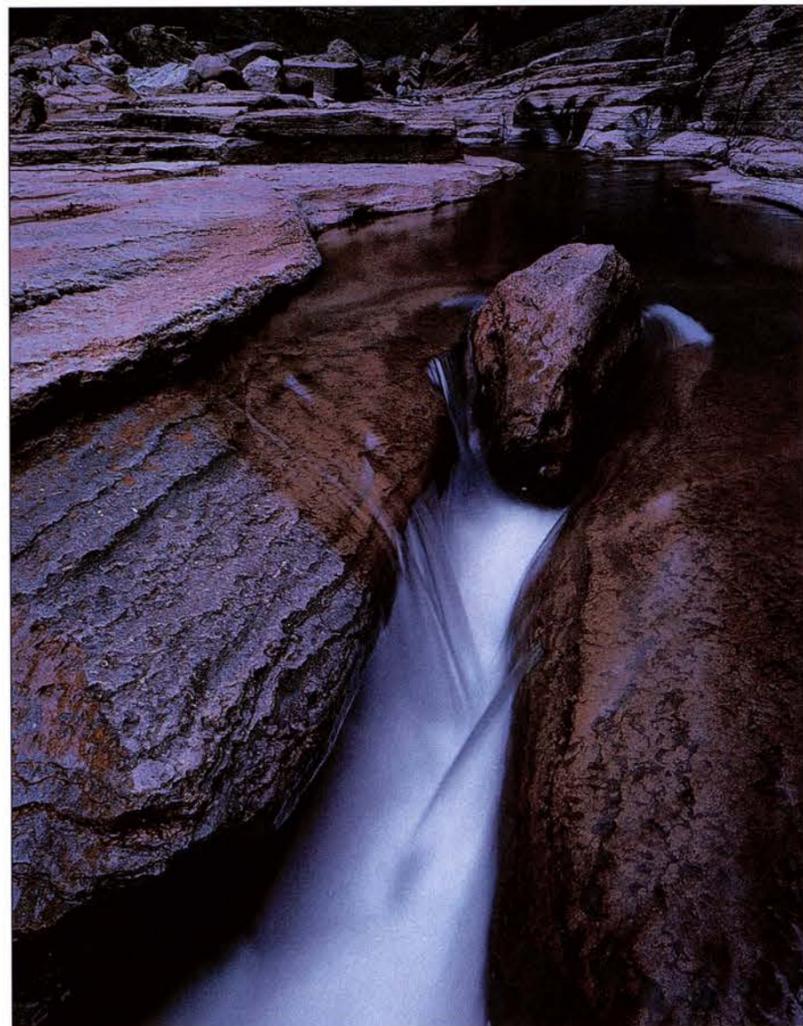


((PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 24 AND 25)

In late June, the sound of Havasu Creek rushing past the rocky terrain can be heard long before the stream is seen.

(BELOW) In late fall, Kanab Creek becomes a quick-change artist, manifesting itself in boulder-choked narrows and chutes, cascades, and quiet pools.

(OPPOSITE PAGE) A plunge pool in Olo Canyon whiles away a summer afternoon playing games of reflection.



Continued from page 23

amount. We searched farther up the canyon.

It was late June. Air temperatures reached 110° F, even 115°, with daily numbing regularity. The cliffs of the Grand Canyon, so perfectly magnificent, gracious, and noble when viewed with full canteens, turn utterly compassionless when water bottles go dry.

Nearly an hour later, we discovered a modest flow through the gravel just below a cottonwood tree. Water! Enough to top off the empty bottles and quench our anxiety. I carefully collected a share of the liquid and pondered how odd it is to find such a precious commodity just lying around on the ground.

There are a number of excellent streams west and south of Vishnu Canyon: Clear Creek, Bright Angel Creek, Pipe Creek, Hermit Creek, Crystal Creek, Shinumo, Royal Arch, Tapeats, Matkatamiba. Each is a world in itself, a private garden within a great national park.

Shinumo Creek is burble-rich. River runners often pull over for a swim in a pool alive with caressing bubbles. But the source of Shinumo lies miles to the north. Along the way, the stream frolics between ancient walls and polished boulders, chattering and giggling in the short hours before it merges with the Colorado River.

Down the Canyon in Conquistador Aisle, I and my fellow boaters were once caught in a sudden summer cloudburst only minutes after arriving in camp. We alternately were sprayed with sand, hosed by downpours, and riddled with wind-driven rain bullets as we chased our cartwheeling lawn chairs and tents up and down the beach.

But when the storm subsided, we received a consolation prize: a spectacular waterfall burst from the cliff top, plummeted 500 feet, tumbled through a chaos of limestone and sandstone boulders, and spilled, blood-red, into the Colorado. Soaked, sand-encrusted, and smiling, we watched, privileged to participate in such a grand event.

Explorer Powell witnessed a similar sight just below Vaseys Paradise.

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Continued from page 26

He wrote in awe, "As the storm comes on, the little rills increase in size, until great streams are formed . . . and now the waters, loaded with these sands, come down in rivers of bright red mud, leaping over the walls in innumerable cascades."

Train your sights on Kanab Creek now. Here is a truly wonderful canyon. When the creek is not in flood, its floor is a series of cascades, boulder-choked narrows, pools, chutes, and cobble-lined corridors. Miles from the boisterous Colorado, hikers, if they're lucky, will tiptoe into Whispering Falls Canyon and through the columbine-decorated pool chambers of Scottys Hollow. Both are sequestered in the labyrinthine twists and turns of Kanab Canyon.

Let's try just one last niche. It's called Big Point Canyon, and it lies just this side of Lava Falls.

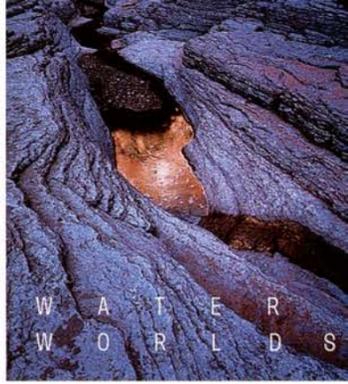
Look there, just above a rockfall and beyond a garden of sacred datura. That low cliff is a highly emotional piece of rock. It weeps unceasingly onto a stairway of ledges. Some teardrops patter into tiny water pockets, some explode on glistening wet rock, some belly flop directly into pools, some slide down wisps of maidenhair fern, some fall and vanish into hummocks of brilliant green moss.

Listen. Each seep is an instrument. To hear the patter of the drops is to listen to the living canyon.

The music of the hidden waters was not lost on Powell. He caught their hushed tones and wrote, "The Grand Canyon is a land of song. Mountains of music swell in the rivers, hills of music billow in the creeks, and meadows of music murmur in the rills that ripple over the rocks. Altogether it is a symphony of multitudinous melodies. All this is the music of the waters."

Powell was a perceptive observer. Despite the hardships of the river journey and the din of the rapids, he was alert to the quiet voices whispering from the wings, the tinkling in Elves Chasm, the showering of Deer Creek, the tittering in Big Point. Powell was attuned to the sound of creation.

Text continued on page 34



(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 28 AND 29)

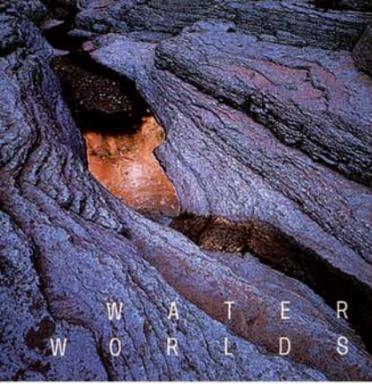
In early summer, upstream from the Salt Trail in the Little Colorado River Canyon, the stream cascades over travertine dams on its way to the Grand Canyon.

(OPPOSITE PAGE) Crimson monkeyflower flourishes in early May, set against the backdrop of a cascade in Matkatamiba Canyon.

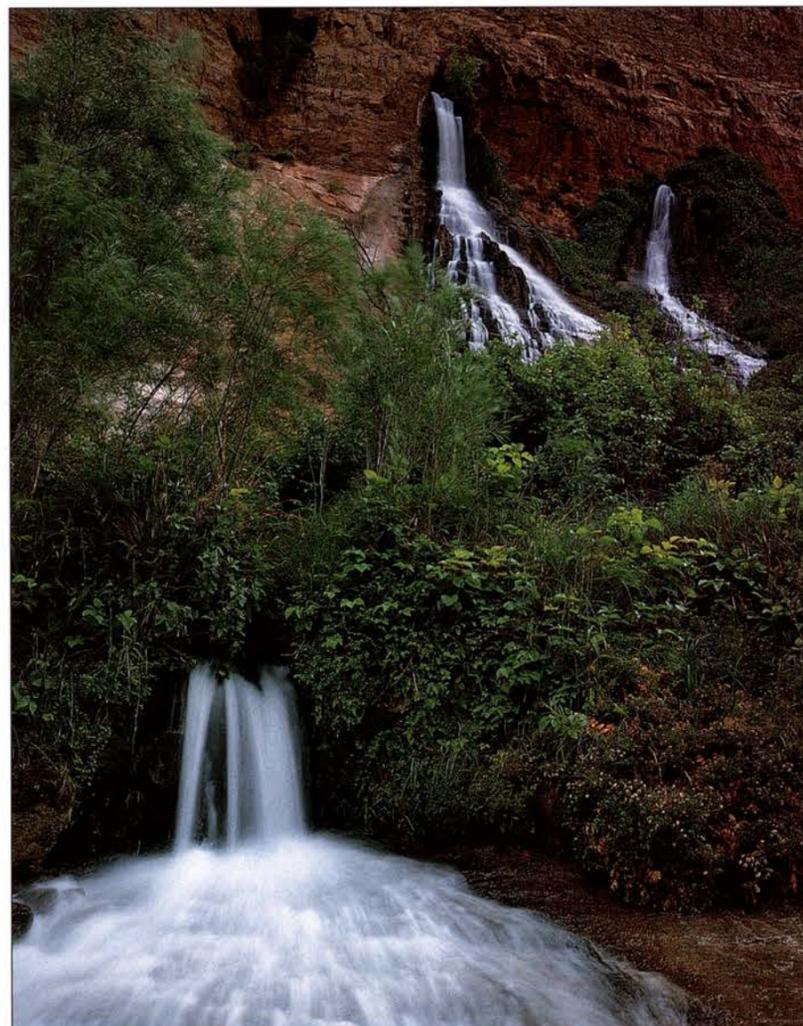
(BELOW) Windblown dead grass at the base of a quiet waterfall foretells the coming of winter in the Canyon.







(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 32 AND 33) *In full summer, Havasu Creek roars along its rocky course, spilling over boulders in a show of raw power. (BELOW) Stepped and free-flowing waterfalls cascade from the cliffs in Vaseys Paradise in late May. (OPPOSITE PAGE) A rosey Echinocactus polycephalus perches on a Redwall rim high above the Colorado River in early spring.*



Continued from page 31

We've ranged far and wide on our platform. Now, as we watch from near Mather Point, dark clouds sweep across and engulf the Canyon. A thunderstorm soon trails rain curtains into the depths. Then suddenly the sun breaks free of the mists in the west, and a brilliant rainbow convenes in the east. It arcs up from O'Neill Butte, soars high over Desert View, then plunges down into the piñon-juniper forest. A promise.

The rains will nourish the seeps and creeks. And the seeps and creeks will speak and sing anew in a thousand secret corners of Powell's, Arizona's, and our Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. ■

Page-based Gary Ladd has piloted his wooden dory through the big water of the Grand Canyon several times. He hasn't flipped yet but notes that his passengers once hustled to the far end of the boat fearing an imminent collision with a sturdy cliff. "It was no problem," Ladd says, "we missed it by more than a paint thickness."

WHEN YOU GO

While the South Rim of Grand Canyon National Park is open year-round, the North Rim is open to automobiles from about mid-May to mid-October.

The Inner Canyon offers a range of rugged, scenic terrain for day hikers and backpackers. But nearly all foot travel within the Grand Canyon involves large elevation changes, very limited drinking water availability, and extreme heat during summer. Permits are not required for day hikes. All overnight hikes into the Canyon require a permit from the Backcountry Office, Grand Canyon National Park, Box 129, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023; (520) 638-7888.

The interior of the Grand Canyon also may be reached by whitewater boat. Twenty commercial companies offer trips from a few days to more than two weeks. For a list of the companies, write Grand Canyon National Park, River Permits Office, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023.





FOCUS ON NATURE

TEXT BY TOM DOLLAR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTY CORDANO

It's No Time for Insects When the Cicadas Sing



Cicadas are singing in the leafy cottonwood canopy above Cienega Creek. Already at 11 A.M. it's hot, miserably hot, and I'm plotting the next move of my camp stool into the deeper shade at creek side.

Overhead the cicadas buzz incessantly. It's mid-June; no rain has fallen in three months, and the monsoons, if they come this year, are weeks away. A hot, dry wind kicks up. The cicadas sing. I check my thermometer: 96° F in the shade, heading past the century mark for the seventh day in a row. No birds call; nothing stirs in the ground litter. But hidden among gray-green leaves of cottonwoods high overhead, increasing many decibels in volume, it seems, with each degree of Fahrenheit, the singing of cicadas rises to a strident chorus.

The "singing" is actually a pulsing, high-pitched buzzing, more nearly drumming than singing, produced by a couple of platelike vibrating membranes in a cicada's thorax. And the two-and-a-half-inch-long singer I'm tuned into, a big guy as these insects go, is the dog day cicada. His scientific name is *Tibicen canicularis*, literally "tibia player of the dog days," so named, no doubt, when it was

widely accepted that cicadas produced sound by rubbing their forelegs together.

My use of the masculine gender here is no grammatical lapse: only male cicadas buzz, a fact that inspired Greek historian Xenophon to observe, "Happy are the cicadas, for they have voiceless wives." The male cicadas' singing signals their availability to females. Sometimes the males even fly around a bit, buzzing all the while, until they've attracted mates.

Meanwhile, female cicadas also may be airborne, homing in on calls of males. After mating, female cicadas insert rows of fertilized eggs just beneath the bark of slender twigs.

Mind you, all this is going on during fierce heat and drought, the "dog days," which arrive early in Arizona's deserts. Birds, rodents, lizards, and other insects retreat to shady copses or into underground burrows to escape the broiling heat. But cicadas, if anything, are spurred toward greater activity. How do they do it without overheating and dropping dead?

The answer to the cicada puzzler came to me by luck months later. I happened upon an article in *Natural History* by Eric C. Toolson that discusses research by himself and entomologists at Arizona State University on evaporative cooling in desert cicadas.

Toolson and the ASU researchers found that cicadas extract water from their blood and move it through a system of ducts out to their body surfaces

where it evaporates and cools. Like humans, in other words, they sweat. In this way, some cicada species are able to reduce their body temperatures by as much as 10 to 15° F. below the surrounding air.

This sweating takes a lot of water, up to 35 percent of a cicada's body stores. But by using water sucked from xylem, the moisture-conducting tissues of vascular plants, cicadas replace lost fluids. It's an amazing adaptation to heat. Most insects cannot endure losses beyond 20 percent. Meanwhile, the cicada replaces water lost through sweating merely by sucking on moist twigs; in fact, it has water to spare. For a long time, cicada researchers have reported a fine spray beneath trees full of cicadas. Now they know that the mist is really surplus water excreted by cicadas.

Okay, that answered my first question, but raised another: what possible evolutionary advantage is there for cicadas to mate and reproduce in searing heat, all the while singing their little thoraxes off? Oddly, the answer may be that a lot of creatures find these chunky insects quite tasty.

Early one cool summer morning, I watched a curve-billed thrasher repeatedly bash a cicada against a rock before gulping the morsel for breakfast. Ringtails and racoons eat them, so do snakes and lizards, and there's even one species of wasp that preys on them.

Other animals have learned silence or stealth to avoid being

(LEFT) Among cicadas, it is only the males that sing, a mating signal for nearby females. (RIGHT) Adult cicadas will soon emerge from these nymph stages.

found out and eaten by predators. But not the desert cicada. Instead it developed an ability to sweat, rare in insects. Thus, during periods of extreme heat when most would-be predators are holed up conserving their energy reserves and water stores, cicadas remain prodigiously active, singing, buzzing around, copulating, and laying eggs.

When the eggs hatch, the nymphs drop to the ground and burrow among the roots of trees. In the Southwest, cicadas live as nymphs for up to three years, not the 13 to 17 years of some of the northern species, then emerge at night to climb onto the trunks of trees where the last metamorphosis takes place.

Flexing its body, the nymph splits its hard shell and begins to crawl out. Then, very slowly, it begins to unfurl its wings, which lie like tightly folded buds atop its thorax. As the wings open, petal by diaphanous petal, gradually becoming rigid, the cicada abandons its old skin entirely. By dawn it's ready to fly higher into the trees and begin the cycle of singing and mating anew. ■

Tom Dollar finds wildlife adventures throughout southern Arizona, often in his own Tucson neighborhood. Marty Cordano is a former wildlife biologist for the BLM.



YO-YOS AND MOUNTAIN YAMS

Traveling with Kids
Is Always
an Adventure.
If You've Done It,
You Know It.
If You Haven't,
Read On . . .

"Mom said we're going to have fun in Tucson. What's a Tucson?"

Traveling with kids can be anything from the most fun you've ever had (watching their little faces light up when they spot a hummingbird's nest at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum) or sheer torture (searching desperately for a rest room with a chocolate-covered 30-pound toddler under one arm and a six year old making increasingly urgent pleas). It's exhausting; it's exhilarating; and it's an adventure.

We set off — two moms, a dad, a set of grandparents, and a bachelor photographer — equipped with enough kids, snacks, sunscreen, and toys to both torture and exhilarate us for a week.

By the second day, the kids

were having a ball; the snacks were gone; the littlest one had proved himself violently allergic to the sunscreen; and the toys had been locked in the trunk of the car as a last-ditch attempt at peacemaking.

Here are the high — and some of the low — moments of the trip. (*The italicized quotes are unedited comments from the little folks.*)

Before we left Phoenix, we gathered ideas from Tucson kids and their parents about their favorite activities. The list was a long one:

Gaslight Theatre — it offers great hot-weather entertainment because its old-fashioned melodramas are geared to children, and it's indoors.

Reid Park Zoo — kids love zoos, and this is a good one.

Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum — is world-renowned



TEXT BY TRUDY THOMPSON RICE

for its native habitat exhibits, and adults will enjoy it as much as kids.

Sabino Canyon — take a picnic lunch and spend the day.

Pima Air & Space Museum — the older kids will like it, and the grandparents will love it.

Tucson Children's Museum — participatory exhibits keep everybody busy — and it's cool inside.

Arizona Children's Theatre Company — it presents imaginative productions just for kids.

Downtown Saturday Night — take the stroller and hit the streets for entertainment and food.

Kitt Peak and the Flandrau Science Center and Planetarium — this is a must for the big kids and anybody who's interested in the stars and planets.

And, last but not least, were persistent rumors about a "yo-yo factory" that welcomes kids.

We made a preliminary scouting trip with a 14 year old and an eight year old as our guides. They made their mark in Tucson, added their own editorial comments on the list (the eight year old scrawled "no giant roller coaster") and went back home to Tulsa, satisfied that their mission had

been accomplished. Then we confidently presented the list to our hearty crew and imposed the harsh reality that whatever fun we had in Tucson must occur within the next three days. In a trip planning session, we let the kids set the agenda. Well, okay, we influenced them somewhat with a few comments like, "There are some great souvenirs at the ball park." Upon which one kid remarked, "What are souvenirs, and why do you want me to have one?" (She found out, and now her parents' vacation budget is forever wrecked.)

We drove from Phoenix to Tucson by way of Saguaro National Park, spreading a

lunch across a picnic table and letting the kids climb rocks. This is where the fateful sunscreen application occurred, triggering a series of events that landed us in the first-aid room (it's well-equipped, by the way) of the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. Once that excitement was behind us, we learned why this place ranks high on most kids' — and parents' — lists. It's fun, it's educational, and it's a place where a family can spend an entire day. There are free strollers available; the rest rooms are clean and equipped with changing stations; and there are snack treats as well as food. The exhibits are well done, and most of them

(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 38 AND 39) *The youngsters accompanying our author on her vacation to Tucson discover plenty to hold their interest — sometimes they are even quiet. Five-year-old Wyatt Wilkinson seems mesmerized by a sunset viewed from a perch in Saguaro National Park.*

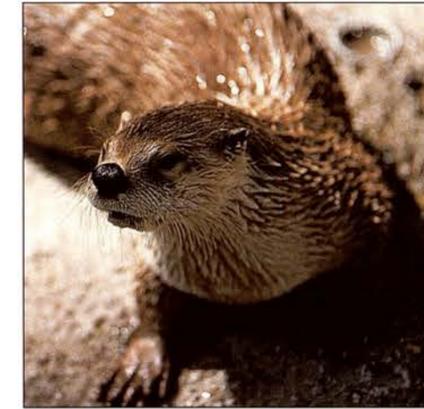
(BELOW) *Yucca plants are silhouetted against the sky at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, which despite its name really is as much zoo as museum, according to the kids. (OPPOSITE PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) The animals at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum fascinate the youngsters, especially the hummingbirds and the otters. Three-year-old Cailin Wilkinson takes a rest break. Seven-year-old Jordan Stinson finds a quiet, shady spot to escape the hubbub of travel and to spend some time with her coloring book.*

were built with the 36-inch-tall individual in mind. The snakes, scorpions, and other critters hang out at eye level behind a glass wall, and the desert cats crawl into a special sleeping spot that is separated from pint-size visitors only by glass.

"Why don't you like the giant hairy scorpion? It's the best thing here."

"I liked that big ol' bird with the little mouse in its mouth. That was cool."

The hummingbird exhibit was definitely a hit, especially with the older kids. The plastic flaps keeping the hummers inside the exhibit were a source of endless fascination for the littlest ones. When the vigilant



we get to see one of those mountain yams.
"They're not yams. They're rams."
"No they're not."
"Are too."
"Are not . . ."

Meantime the photographer among us, always on the lookout for a flaming Arizona sunset, instructed the driver (through a mouthful of candy) to park the van. He saw his picture. The only catch was that the wind was howling; the temperature was dropping; and the best shot was to be had right up there with the climbers. The kids, fired up by the challenge, were up the butte and in photography position in no time.



(but gentle) docents convinced the tots that playing with the flaps could possibly harm the birds, we unsuccessfully tried to sign them up as chaperons for the rest of the trip. The birds were busy building their nests, and they favored the bright-red hair on one good-humored little boy.

Leaving the museum and heading back to Tucson via Gates Pass Road, the kids spotted some hikers winding their way to the top of a craggy butte, and at least one of the moms lectured on the dangers of climbing to such dizzying heights.

"Look at these big mountains. I sure hope



(Getting down was another matter, but we'll skip that part.)

"What's so special about the sun going down?"

"Why do people throw trash in the park instead of a trash can?"

A too short visit to the Pima Air & Space Museum only whetted the kids' appetites for more of its 180 vintage airplanes. Driving to the museum past the graveyards of hundreds of old military aircraft, the tax-paying adults in the caravan were open-mouthed. We were separated from the planes by razor wire topping tall chain

link fences. The kids were more impressed by the experience at the museum itself. Going through the indoor portion of the museum with little kids is a challenge because there is a lot to see, read, and comprehend. Touring the outdoor exhibits of the planes, some of which you can actually board, is more fun for them.

"I want to ride this airplane. I think we can if we ask that lady."

"Lookit those little animals crawling in the hole. I like them better than the airplanes."

Whizzing past the Reid Park Zoo before

the kids figured out what it was, was, indeed, a coup. We had heard wonderful things about the zoo, but time was short.

Speaking of eating . . . the kids really enjoyed a meal at Carlos O'Brien's because of the balloon artist who fashioned an "Arielle" who looked for all the world like she had just emerged from the set of Walt Disney's modern animation classic *The Little Mermaid*. They did, however, note that Tucson doesn't have nearly enough McDonald's to suit them. (One on every corner would be about right, they agreed.)

Next stop was the yo-yo factory, complete with a personal yo-yo lesson from Don Duncan, son of the founder of the original Duncan YoYo's company. Some of the kids missed this leg of the trip because school had started for them back in Phoenix. The rest of us kids — big and little — hung out with Duncan and added such phrases as "World on a String," "Punching the Bag," and "Rocking the Baby" to our vocabulary, if not to our repertoire of yo-yo tricks.

Duncan, a modest gentleman who could double as Mr. Rogers, showed us around

(BELOW) Carl Thompson carries his grandson, two-year-old Jonathan Rice, through the exhibits at the Pima Air & Space Museum.

(RIGHT) Jordan Stinson tries out a technique she picked up at Don Duncan's Tucson yo-yo "factory."

his tiny "factory" and taught the kids how to wind a yo-yo properly, how to shorten the string to accommodate little folks, and how to do your basic yo-yo moves. After the television set in his office survived an



encounter with an errant yo-yo, he calmly, in his best Mr. Rogers voice, showed a seven year old how to identify the "circle of danger" that surrounds every yo-yo.

We had a lot of fun in Tucson. We saw a lot of cool stuff and made plenty of notes for "next time." It's a kid-friendly (and parent-friendly) destination with a mix of indoor and outdoor activities that defy almost any tricks the weather can play.

We asked the kids for their vote on the best part, and we should have been ready — but we weren't — for their reply:

"Getting home and ordering pizza." ❏

Additional Reading: To discover more about the attractions of Tucson for youngsters and grownups, we recommend *Tucson to Tombstone*, a guidebook by Tom Dollar. The author shares his storehouse of knowledge — both fact and legend — as he treks from the desert floor to riparian canyons and alpine forests atop majestic mountains. The 96-page softcover book features 128 full-color photographs, maps, and travel tips and costs \$12.95 plus shipping and handling. To order, telephone toll-free (800) 543-5432; in the Phoenix area or outside the U.S., (602) 258-1000.

Phoenix-based Trudy Thompson Rice is a veteran of road trips with kids. Although her first such outing involved a brand-new 1976 Mustang and a carsick six year old, she maintains that any trip is more fun with people under the age of 12 along.

Jeff Kida lives in Chandler, is unmarried and has no children, so this excursion was "a real eye-opener" for him.

WHEN YOU GO

When planning a trip to the Tucson area, check with the Tucson Convention and Visitors Bureau, (520) 624-1817, or toll-free (800) 638-8350. The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum can be reached at (520) 883-2702. For information about taking your kids into the "land of Yo," call Don Duncan's Yo-Seum at (520) 322-0100.



WIT STOP

TEXT BY GENE PERRET
PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER ENSENBERGER

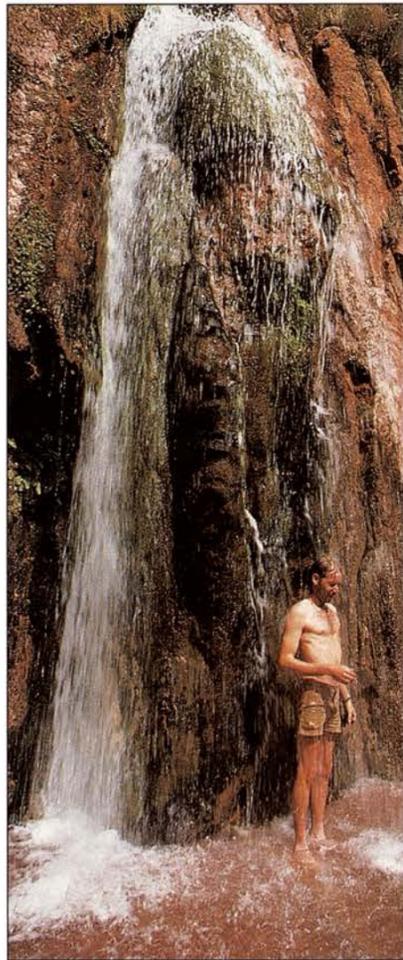
There's More to a Shower than Water

Waterfalls can be therapeutic. Watching the water cascade in torrents, plummet in a natural free-fall, and be greeted with a welcoming splash by the pools waiting eagerly below.

In Havasu Canyon, just downstream from Supai village, there are four glorious falls plunging over cliffs of Redwall limestone in one two-mile stretch. There's the 75-foot-high Navajo Falls, which breaks out into several widely spaced branches; Havasu Falls, which dives 100 feet into a beautiful turquoise-colored pool; Mooney Falls, which plunges 196 feet and which the Havasupai named "Mother of the Waters." Finally there is Beaver Falls, whose water cascades into inviting travertine pools before setting out on the four-mile journey to join the mighty Colorado River.

It's an awe-inspiring hike for me because I love waterfalls. By extension, I think waterfalls also are why I enjoy showers.

To me, travel is exhilarating, but also exhausting. When I arrive at my destination, I find a shower is not only cleansing but rejuvenating. I love showers. Unfortunately, some of the people who design shower heads don't.



Dave Smith, refreshing himself at the Grand Canyon's Walthenberg Creek Falls, could have told our author there's more than one way to take a shower.

Call me a traditionalist, but when I take a shower, I like to get wet. Not long ago, I arrived at a certain hotel, weary from my journey. I unpacked and began my showering ritual. First, run the water into the tub allowing time for it to turn hot. Then delicately adjust the temperature of the water. Then comes my personal piece de resistance. In one sweeping

motion, like a rhythmic golf swing, I switch the water flow from the faucet to the shower head and also pull the curtain closed, making sure that the bottom folds are completely inside the tub.

When I settled under this particular shower, I noticed that I wasn't getting wet. The water was running. It was flowing out of the shower head, but in some water-conserving pattern that sprayed water everywhere except on me, the presumed target of the spray.

I stood there with my dry body, holding a tiny dry bar of soap, while water splashed all around me. Oh, I could get a little on my hand if I reached out a bit. If I stood on tiptoes and pushed my face against the nozzle, I could get a spritz. I couldn't get a shower, though.

I tried to adjust the head, but it wasn't adjustable. Its direction was fixed, and its spray pattern was immutable. I struggled to alter the flow, arm wrestling with it to turn the shower head in a different direction. It's the first time I ever worked up a sweat while taking a shower.

If you're too cold in a hotel, you can always call housekeeping for more blankets. If the pillows are not fluffy enough, you can call housekeeping and ask for extras. So I called housekeeping.

"Housekeeping. Can I help you?"

"Yes," I said. "This is Mr. Perret in 441. I'd like more water."

"This is housekeeping. You want room service." Click. Dial tone.

Finally I convinced the front desk to send up a maintenance man. He came into my room with a toolbox in one hand and a sizable monkey wrench

in the other. I wore a robe.

"You're not getting any water in the bathroom?" he asked.

"No, I'm getting water, just none on me when I take a shower," I explained.

"Which way are you facing?"

"Look, I know how to take a shower. I've been taking showers all my life."

"Congratulations," he said.

"Come into the bathroom, and I'll show you."

He hefted his trusty monkey wrench.

In the bathroom, there was water everywhere — on the floor, the walls, the mirror.

"Looks like you've got plenty of water," he said.

"Yes, but none of it comes near me."

"Maybe you needed a shower worse than you thought," he joked. I hope he joked.

He fumbled with this and fiddled with that, but finally said, "There's nothing I can do. That's the way this shower head works, and it's not adjustable. Sorry."

"Sorry?" I shouted. "This is my one pleasure after a tough road trip, and now I get here and find . . ."

"Hey, pal," he said, "take it easy. Take a nice warm bath and relax. That's what I always do."

"Warm bath. That's it. Thank you."

He said, "No problem," and let himself, his toolbox, and his monkey wrench out.

I disrobed and began to run some water in the tub. There was no stopper.

I ran to catch the maintenance man. "Hey, there's no stopper in the . . ."

That's when I heard the room door click shut behind me.

I would have given anything at that moment to be in Havasu Canyon watching the peaceful, inspirational falls. ❏



FRIENDS TRAVEL ADVENTURES

Discover the 'Other' Canyon

At the remote North Rim of the Grand Canyon — some 1,300 feet higher than the South Rim with its shuttle buses and millions of visitors — a giant hush cloaks the chasm, enveloping the vistas that inspired early-day explorers to enshrine the majesty of its buttes and monuments with such names as Zoroaster Temple and Vista Encantadora and Angel's Window.

This is the quieter other face of the Grand Canyon with its magnificent vistas, sparsely traveled roads, dense forests, and expansive meadows. This is where deer browse undisturbed, wild turkeys hide in the tall grass, and white-tailed Kaibab squirrels scamper and chatter.

This other face is the focus of a Friends of Arizona Highways Photo Workshop, July 16 to 20. The workshop will be led by Pulitzer Prize-winning photographer Jack Dykinga.

Guided by Dykinga, workshop participants will explore a myriad of photographic possibilities, including how to capture superb sunrise images with stops at Point Imperial, the highest viewpoint on either Rim, and Cape Royal, where they can peer across one of the Canyon's widest expanses. And during a sunset session at breathtaking Bright Angel Point, participants may hear the sound of Roaring Springs far below, convinced that they have joined those pioneer explorers on their own trek of discovery in a pristine wilderness of awesome wonders.

Following are other trips in upcoming months.

Photo Workshops

Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo; July 4-7; Ken Akers.
Grand Canyon River Rafting; August 8-16; David Muench and Marc Muench; September 1-9; Gary Ladd.
Grand Canyon North Rim; October 1-5; Christine Keith.

Arizona Photo Sampler Tour

Visit the Grand Canyon, Monument Valley, Canyon de Chelly, and Lake Powell; October 9-13.

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 in-depth hands-on instruction to help them take photos like those in the magazine. Arizona Photo Sampler Tours visit more scenic spots than Photo Workshops, and they offer plenty of tips from the accompanying photographer. Friends Backpacking Tours focus on Arizona's most popular destinations. Scenic Tours with Ray Manley are designed primarily for mature adults.

Assistance is provided by Nikon, Hasselblad, Fuji, and Image Craft.

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

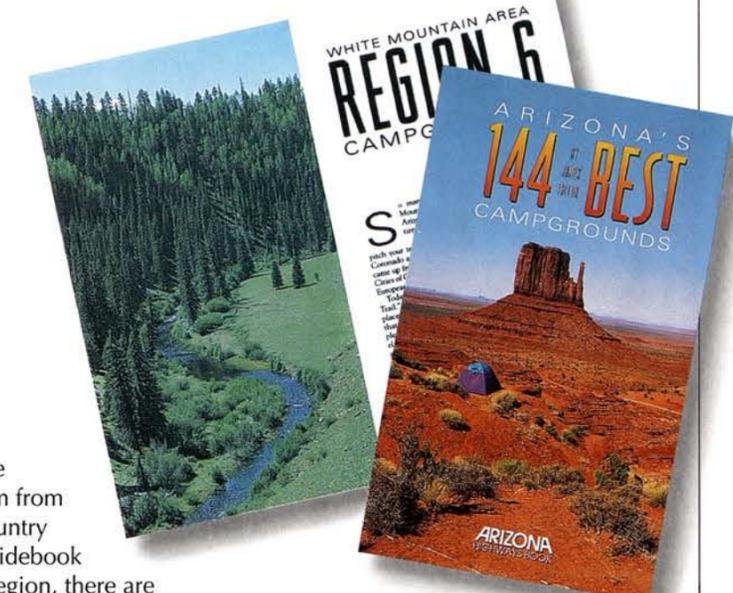
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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS
Exploring the wonders of Arizona

LEGENDS OF THE LOST

TEXT BY JAMES E. COOK
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATERI WEISS

The Lost Petauge Mine Exists Somewhere in the Salt River Canyon, Say Several Accounts

By custom, lost mines choose the most difficult regions in which to become lost. Salt River Canyon is just difficult enough to be intriguing. Its Lost Petauge Mine not only chose a spectacular location, but engaged some colorful characters from Arizona's frontier days.

The Black River and White River rise in the forested White Mountains of eastern Arizona and merge to become the Salt River, lifeline of the Phoenix metropolitan area. On its way to Phoenix, the river carved spectacular Salt River Canyon.

The scenic gorge amazes travelers who come upon it suddenly, and whitens the knuckles of nervous drivers who dislike twisting mountain roads. U.S. Route 60 winds down the precipice on one side, crosses a curved bridge, and climbs out the other side.

The highway was not even dreamed of in 1879, when a rich vein of silver was discovered in the canyon, then lost again. One of the men who coveted the silver called it the Lost Petauge Mine, but I haven't figured out why. The word isn't in any of my dictionaries. Perhaps it was the name of the elusive Apache who brought the mine to the attention of Anglos.

The story begins in McMillenville, at that time a silver-mining boomtown between Globe and Salt River Canyon. Prospector Charles McMillen and his partner, Theodore "Dore" H. Harris, had discovered the Stonewall Jackson Mine in 1876. Legend says

that McMillen had been roaring drunk the night before in Globe, itself a raw new silver mining boom camp. Harris was a teetotaler. While he waited for McMillen to sleep it off under a juniper tree, he idly tapped a flaking stone ledge with his partner's prospecting hammer and found some sticky ore. It turned out to be silver, of course. Harris didn't recognize it, but when McMillen came out of his stupor, he knew they had struck it rich.

The lode was on the San Carlos Indian Reservation. That did not stop Anglos from mining it, while Congress was quickly removing it from the reservation and putting it back into public domain.

Other mines were located at McMillenville, which grew to more than 1,500 population, larger than Globe. The



Stonewall Jackson's shaft was a refuge for miners and their families in July, 1882, when renegade Apaches led by Nahtiahtish broke out of San Carlos and raided a number of places, including McMillenville.

The mines petered out by 1890. The town had a single resident then. McMillen had long since drunk himself to death. Harris, who had lost his new fortune on the San Francisco Mining Exchange, was washing dishes in a Globe restaurant.

When I first poked through the ghost town a quarter of a century ago, several rickety buildings remained. Now, however, there is only a historic site marker beside U.S. 60 to remember its location.

Charles M. Clark was sometimes a telegrapher and sometimes a miner. He also was a writer, and a 1927 article for a Phoenix newspaper told of his visit to McMillenville in 1879. He had gone there to visit Keystone Clark, superintendent of the Stonewall Jackson Mine. Charles Clark didn't say whether he and Keystone were related.

"An Apache came to the cabin where I was quartered and held out a piece of ore, practically clean silver sulphide," Clark wrote. "The sample was about the size of one's fist, cut with a clean fracture on all sides, showing it had been broken from a larger piece, or that the vein from which it was broken was considerably wider than the sample."

Clark excitedly asked the Apache where the silver came from. The man signed that the spot was three days away from McMillenville, and to the northeast. Clark offered the man \$10 to bring back a larger sample, and he agreed.

After the Apache left, the two Clarks sent to San Carlos for a Yuma Indian tracker who was living there. Did they intend to steal the Apache's silver mine? Only if they could. That was, regrettably, standard business practice in 1879.

The Apache returned with a sample barely larger than the first. Charles Clark paid the \$10 but sent the man back to bring the larger sample for which he had contracted. The Yuma Indian was assigned to trail the Apache and learn the location of the silver.

The Apache returned three days later. Clark paid him for more silver samples. He said the Indian bought some calico and other supplies and returned to his home on the San Carlos reservation.

The Yuma tracker returned a couple of days later and said he had lost the Apache in the depths of Salt River Canyon. If you have seen that rugged gorge, you can understand how hard it would be to trail someone there.

The story took on a little more glamour at this point, because Ed Schieffelin came into the picture. Schieffelin was one of those footloose prospectors who were always searching for gold and silver, but not much interested in mining.

In 1877 Schieffelin had gone from Mohave County in northwestern Arizona to Cochise County in southeastern Arizona in the company of soldiers. That was a prudent way to travel for Apaches were violently resisting the white man's invasion of their world.

From near Camp Huachuca, Schieffelin eyed some low hills to the northeast. Dan O'Leary, a colorful scout for the Army, had warned Schieffelin that if he wandered away from the



Army outpost alone, he would find only his tombstone.

The prospector went out on his own anyway, and soon discovered a rich vein of silver. With tongue firmly in cheek, he named his find the Tombstone Mine. That was the origin of legendary Tombstone, a raucous town best known for the fabled O.K. Corral gunfight.

By 1879 Schieffelin took to roaming the hills again, while

others got rich at Tombstone. Clark wrote, "Ed Schieffelin was at this time visiting some friends in Globe. I had known Schieffelin in Tucson, but Keystone had known him intimately, and had grubstaked him in Mohave County before he discovered Tombstone."

The Clarks told Schieffelin everything they knew about the mine. Schieffelin concluded, "It's about a day and a half

travel out from here in a general northeast direction. I'll go out, and if I get into a country where that ore could be, I'll know it. Then I can prospect for the vein."

"Schieffelin put in the balance of the season, about three months, prospecting for that silver vein," Charles Clark wrote, "but never did succeed in finding it, nor has anyone else found it to my knowledge.

"Somewhere in the vicinity of the river, about 40 miles from McMillenville, in a general northeast direction, there is a vein of mighty rich silver sulphide, found by that Apache in 1879, and never found since."

Clark wrote his story nearly 70 years ago. There have been other kinds of mines in the vicinity of Salt River Canyon, but I find no reports of anyone finding silver there. ■



ARIZONA HUMOR

Dude Hikers

Riding toward First Water at the end of an extended Superstition Wilderness backpack trip, we encountered a small group of hikers wearing little more than sunglasses going the other way.

Wes Hunter, an Apache Junction resident and probably the most experienced of those who have searched the Superstitions for gold, contained himself till the bikini-clad hikers moved out of earshot.

Then he mused aloud, "I wonder how long folks like them wait after they get up in the morning before they put their clothes on."

Bud Brown
Prescott

Kids and Kites

One windy day, my brother took his three-and-one-half-year-old daughter to fly a kite in the Tucson desert. About 15 minutes after launch,

my brother asked her for the string so he could make the kite go higher. But he lost control of it, and the kite flew off over the mountains.

Hoping to distract her and keep her from crying, he said, "Oh, look honey. Let's sit and watch the pretty sunset."

"Okay, Daddy," she replied, "I'll sit here and watch the pretty colors while you go buy me a new kite."

Pamela McCann
St. Petersburg, FL

Desert Trek

A tourist impressed with the wide expanse of Arizona desert pulled his car over to the side of the highway and struck out across the sand, wishing to experience the terrain close up. He soon became lost.

A state trooper found the vehicle and saw tracks leading into the desert. After searching briefly, he radioed for help. Three long days later the

unfortunate tourist, barely able to walk, lumbered helplessly in the sand.

One of the searchers spotted him and ran over, shouting, "Hello! Hello! I'm from the American Red Cross!"

The tourist, using the last of his strength, responded, "I gave at the office."

Byron Boyett
Longview, TX

Too Cheap

Some of the national parks in Arizona charge a quarter for five minutes of hot water in the public showers. The cold water is free, but it is very cold.

Last summer I was parked near a bathhouse when I heard a loud scream come from within it. Jumping from my car, I was rushing for the entrance when a woman stopped me. "Don't worry," she said, "it's just my husband saving another quarter."

Thomas LaMance
Prewitt, NM

Sticky Affair

I had a painful splinter in my finger, so I called to my five-year-old daughter, Susan, to bring me a needle. "How many, Mommy? One, two, or three?" she asked.

"I don't care how many," I replied. "Just hurry. It hurts."

Five minutes passed, and finally she returned. I thanked

her, but told her I'd already pulled the splinter out.

"Would you please put those back where you found them?" I asked her. She sighed and said slowly, "I will try my best . . ."

The next morning as I left the house, I noticed a large bald spot on my favorite cactus. At the bottom of the cactus lay a tweezers and about 20 cactus needles.

Jennifer Swier
Glendale

Burned Ego

A forest fire near Stoneman Lake had just been brought under control after an all-night battle. I was leading a relief crew of mostly forestry students from Northern Arizona University. As we climbed a hill, we met a crew coming down, blackened with soot and dirt, and exhausted from 12 hours on the line. The crew leader, an acquaintance and friendly rival, looked over my young, clean crew and asked, "Are you taking these Boy Scouts on a hike?"

Stung, one of my crew members called out, "Mister, you're looking at the best fire crew in Arizona."

"That's too bad," the veteran muttered, stumbling off down the line. "We held that contest last night."

Dean Cook
Glendale



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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 DOUG HORNE

Early-day Arizona Makes Momentous Forensic History through the Barrel of a Pistol

A century or so ago, the theory and practice of law in Arizona was something of a joke. (No contemporary partisan remarks, please.)

Judge John J. Hawkins deserves a historical footnote for presiding over Arizona Territory's briefest mistrial. All in the courtroom respectfully stood when the judge arrived. And when the judge took his seat at the bench, all but one person sat down.

"Are you the defendant in this case, sir?" asked the judge. "No, Judge," replied the accused, "I'm the guy who stole the horse."

Our point being that early Arizona was not noted for its influence upon the refinement of American law. That changed. Today both the chief justice of the United States and the Supreme Court's first woman hail from Arizona. And few TV cop shows could manage without a reference to the Miranda decision, an Arizona case reinforcing the rights of criminal suspects.

Yet there was another development, long ago, that profoundly affected investigations all around the world. The landmark case was Arizona vs. Hadley in 1922. The trial resulted in the first conviction for first-degree murder in the United States obtained by photographic evidence of land-and-groove markings on the bullet from the murder gun.

Only local publicity attended the episode. Nobody much believed that cow-country Arizona — only a decade into statehood — could establish a legal precedent. The details: on an evening in the autumn of 1921, an elderly couple named Johnson picked up hitchhiker Hadley at a Tucson service station. Hadley had gained the Johnsons' trust with a plausible but false tale. He said he needed to take some engine parts to where his car was broken down on the desert. As the Johnson car sped westward into the night, without warning or provocation, according to Johnson later, Hadley fired seven shots from the back-seat. Four bullets struck Mrs. Johnson and three hit her husband. Johnson jammed his foot on the accelerator and Hadley fell or jumped from the car.



Despite his serious but not fatal wounds, Johnson pressed on to the tiny railroad hamlet of Stoval. Mrs. Johnson was dead on arrival there. Hadley was taken into custody when he casually walked into Stoval.

At his preliminary examination, Hadley claimed that he and the Johnsons had been ambushed by bandits. He said he had returned their gunfire. Because Johnson could not swear he saw Hadley fire the fatal bullets, it was the sort of story that a young, personable hitchhiker might sell to a jury.

To A.J. Eddy of Yuma, the case seemed just right for testing some of his theories. In Hadley's possession when arrested were a .32-caliber Spanish Mauser automatic pistol and a supply of Remington UMC cartridges.

A correspondence school lawyer, Eddy occasionally assisted the county attorney in preparing criminal cases. Eddy and others had been experimenting with comparison tests of differing guns and bullets. The twisted grooves that imparted stabilizing spin to a bullet also left distinct markings that could be recorded photographically.

Eddy believed that a bullet fired from a gun barrel was unique. No two guns produced

identical markings. Thus bullet scratches could be equated with human fingerprints as acceptable criminal evidence.

Eddy worked with a bullet recovered from the body of Mrs. Johnson, with the murder weapon, with Hadley's ammunition, and with an assortment of other weapons.

The testimony of Eddy, supported by remarkably clear enlarged photos, was received with some skepticism by a Tucson judge and jury. Then, in a dramatic moment, the defense attorney dropped a spent bullet into Eddy's palm. The bullet was from another pistol, of the same make and caliber as Hadley's.

"Is this, or is it not, a bullet fired from the Hadley gun?" the defense demanded.

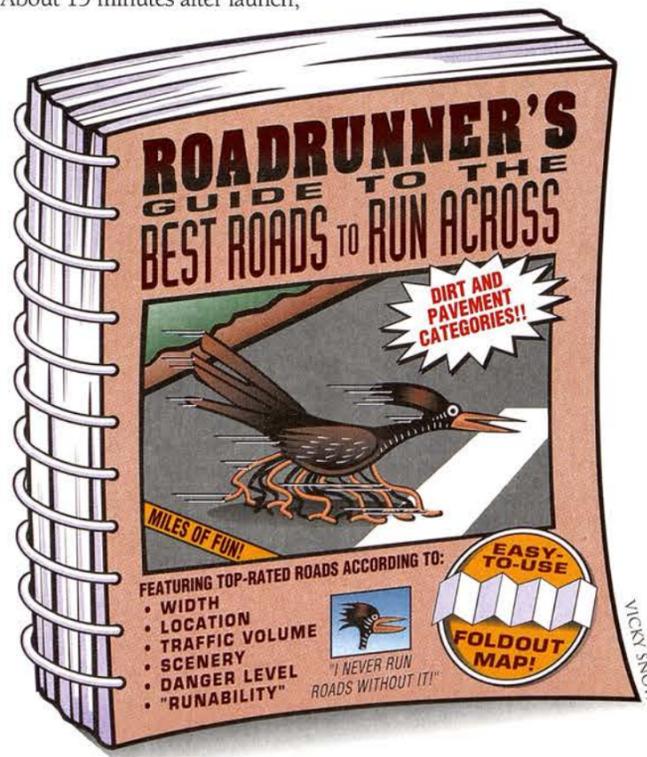
Eddy scrutinized the bullet and declared:

"No, sir, but it was fired by a gun with the same twist."

Hadley's conviction was upheld by the state supreme court, and he was hanged. The science of forensic ballistics was formally recognized.

The means of presenting and interpreting ballistics evidence improved in subsequent years. The adaptation of the comparison microscope in 1925 assisted the identification of fired bullets and cartridges. The device makes possible the simultaneous study, through the same eyepiece, of an evidence bullet and a test bullet.

Arizona has come a long way since vigilantes dragged suspected robber John Heath from his jail cell and hanged him from a telegraph pole outside the Tombstone Courthouse. The frontier coroner's jury took note of the high altitude and attributed the death to "emphysema of the lungs, self-inflicted or otherwise." ❧





BACK ROAD ADVENTURE

TEXT BY SAM NEGRI
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID H. SMITH

Take Scenic Route 5 in Yavapai County from Seligman to Prescott

For as long as Arizona has been inhabited, people have been trying to find a way through the omnipresent mountains. It doesn't matter whether you're in the rolling deserts in the south or the high plateau country of the north, if you're moving from one place to another in Arizona, sooner or later a jagged mountain with deep canyons and too many creeks or arroyos will stand between you and your destination.

Because I've spent more than 20 years being lost, found, stranded, and generally perplexed in many of these ranges, it always surprises me to find that one of our ancestors who didn't have an airplane or sophisticated reconnaissance equipment managed to discover what appears — even today — to be the perfect route through a particular block of mountains.

That was, more or less, the deepest thought I could conjure while driving a back road that connects the old railroad town of Seligman with Arizona's territorial capital of Prescott. I kept thinking: this road will eventually do what every other unpaved back road has done to me. It's going to be smooth and gentle just long enough for me

to get overly confident, and as soon as I give it the gas and move faster, it's going to turn into the road from hades with potholes and ruts and little peaks of frozen mud.

Happily, I can tell you that never happened. The scenic Yavapai County road between Seligman and Prescott, though mostly unpaved, can be comfortably driven in any ordinary sedan. It's a road characterized by large graceful curves and some gentle hills meandering through a portion of the Prescott National Forest, where cattle and horses graze across grasslands sprinkled with juniper, oak, and cottonwood trees.

I started this trip in Flagstaff and drove 74 miles west on Interstate 40 to Exit 123 in Seligman. At the bottom of the exit ramp, you can turn right and drive a few miles into the small town of Seligman, where food and lodging are available, or

turn left and go under the highway and follow the signs for Walnut Creek and Prescott.

If you turn left and go under the highway, turn right at the frontage road (alongside a Mobil station). The frontage road swings south and becomes Yavapai County Route 5, an unpaved track that leads to Walnut Creek and the old frontier town of Prescott. The entire route, including a little side trip to the ranger station at Walnut Creek, covers 72 miles one-way, and 50 of those miles are unpaved. But most of the unpaved portion is so well-maintained that it's almost as good as the paved road.

After leaving the Mobil station at Exit 123 in Seligman, continue south 10 miles to where the road comes to a fork. Take the right fork and continue through the junipers and rolling hills. Four miles beyond the fork you'll come to Yavapai

Ranch, a working cattle operation. Bear left and you'll see a sign informing you that you've entered the Prescott National Forest. Twelve miles beyond Yavapai Ranch, a corral and chutes appear on the left. At about the same point, a good dirt road runs off to the right. Don't turn. Continue straight on Yavapai 5, and six miles beyond the corral a sign appears telling you that Prescott is 38 miles straight ahead and Walnut Creek Ranger Station is two miles to the right.

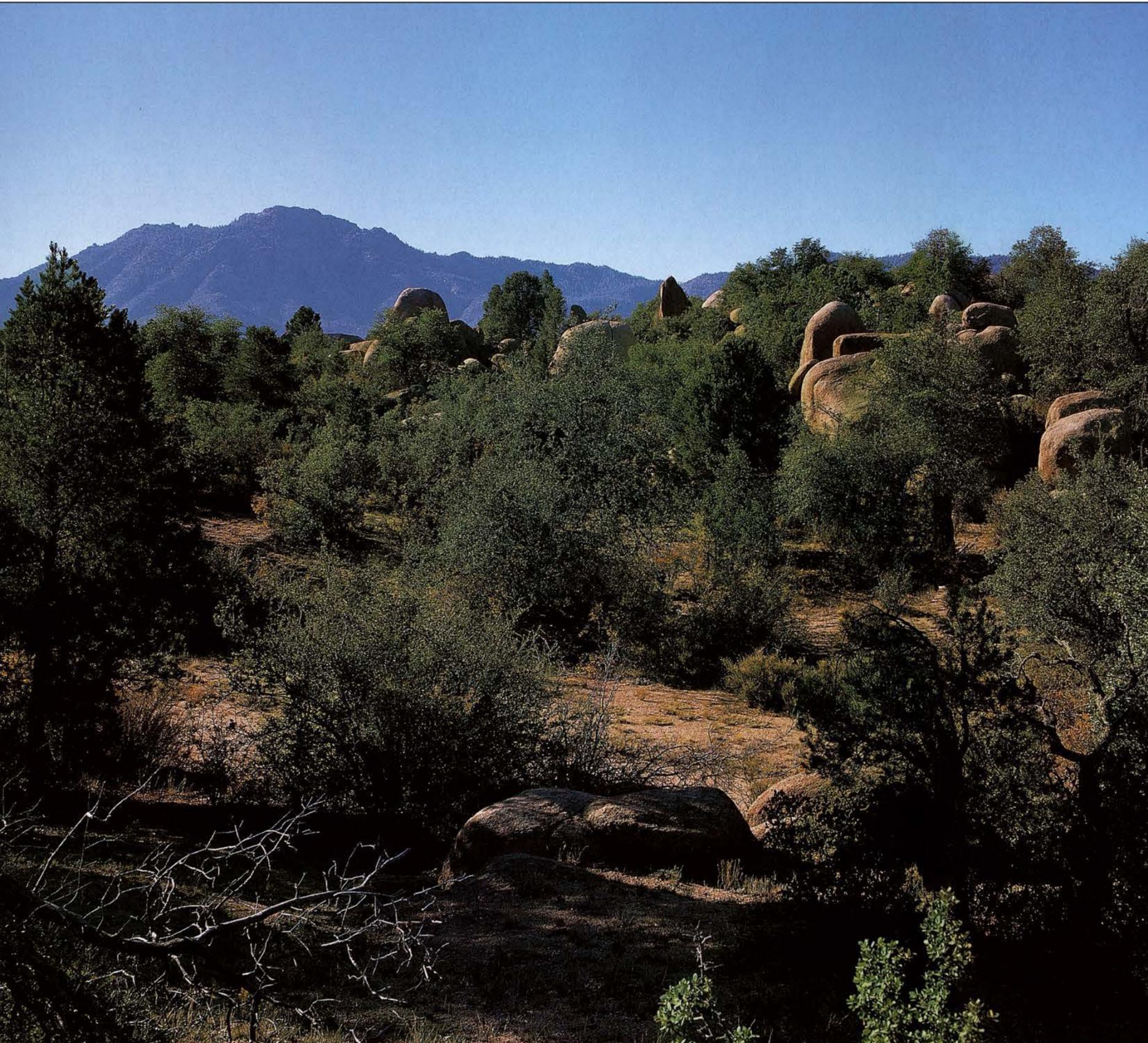
If the ranger at Walnut Creek is available, he can point the way to the site of Camp Hualpai, a onetime cavalry post. Established in 1869 as Camp Devin, then Camp Tollgate, it was finally renamed Camp Hualpai in 1870. The post was located on a mesa above Walnut Creek along the so-called Hardyville Toll Road, one of Arizona's early stagecoach



(RIGHT) Hilly countryside abounds along the back road between Seligman and Prescott. This rough terrain is near Walnut Creek.

(OPPOSITE PAGE) This section of the road leads to the Walnut Creek Ranger Station.





routes that connected Hardyville on the Colorado River (where Bullhead City is today) with Prescott and Fort Whipple. Camp Hualpai was abandoned August 27, 1873.

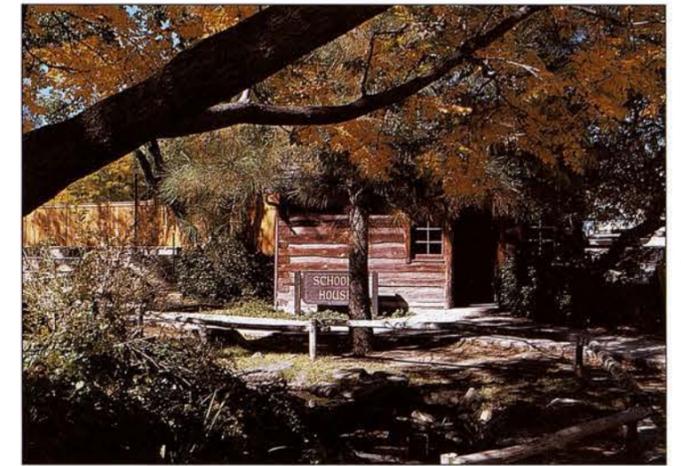
The Hardyville Toll Road apparently continued to be a major transportation route until railroad lines were completed in 1881. After that most of the freight and passengers were carried on the much faster and more comfortable trains. While they lasted, though, toll roads were a good thing for their owners.

Arizona historian Jay J. Wagoner wrote that the first territorial legislature granted liberal franchises to six toll road companies. These companies charged very high rates, but some of them also incurred very high costs in building and maintaining the finicky routes through very rough terrain. Wagoner dug out the following information about the cost of traveling one of these toll roads in the 1860s:

"The toll rates established by the legislature ranged from one-eighth cent per mile for each sheep, goat, or pig to four cents per mile for each wagon drawn by two horses, mules, or oxen. There was an extra charge of one and a half cents per mile for each additional span of animals. For each rider on horseback, two and one half cents per mile was assessed."

The route from Walnut Creek (Yavapai County 150) back to the main road to Prescott (Yavapai 5) more or less parallels the old toll road. When you get back to Yavapai 5, the road swings east and south over a trestle bridge. Fourteen miles later, the pavement resumes,

(LEFT) It almost seems that giant boulders are trying to hide among the bushes in the foothills of Granite Mountain. (ABOVE, RIGHT) An old school sits on the grounds of Prescott's Sharlot Hall Museum.



and small settlements begin to appear.

Twenty-two miles after the pavement begins, Yavapai 5 comes to a T at Iron Springs Road. Turn left through a commercial district until you see the county hospital, where the road is Willow Creek to your left and Miller Valley Road to your right. Turn right (away from the hospital) and continue to the intersection with Gurley, where the road once

more forms a T. Turn left again and you're a few blocks from the Sharlot Hall Museum and Prescott's central plaza.

A visit to the Sharlot Hall Museum will round out the historical picture of the cattle and gold mining region you just drove through. More information on the terrain and recreational opportunities can be obtained from the headquarters of the Prescott National Forest on South Cortez Street. ■

TIPS FOR TRAVELERS

Back road travel can be hazardous if you are not prepared for emergencies. Whether you are 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 automobile.

KEVIN J. KIBSEY



MILEPOSTS

EDITED BY REBECCA MONG
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN J. KIBSEY

Pleasant Cruising

One of the best ways to enjoy the calm blue waters of Lake Pleasant and the surrounding cactus-studded Sonoran Desert is on a cruise aboard the luxurious *Desert Princess*. The 90-foot yacht sails out of Pleasant Harbor Marina on Lake Pleasant, about 30 miles northwest of Phoenix.

Pleasant Harbor Cruises offers sight-seeing cruises (\$18) on Friday afternoons, lunch cruises (\$39.95) on Saturday and Sunday, and dinner cruises (\$49.95), Friday through Sunday. To inquire or make reservations, call (602) 230-7600.

Stamp of Approval

All that most folks care about when it comes to stamps is that the price not go up again. But for philatelists, there is much more to the tiny collectibles than how much they cost — and they're the ones who will be fascinated by a Tucson museum devoted to postal history, publications, and much more. Exhibits at the Postal History Foundation, 920 N. First Ave., include the entire turn-of-the-century Naco post office, which was dismantled and reconstructed inside the museum in 1978. Also displayed are postal memorabilia, photographs of old post offices, and photocopies of government documents.

The museum, (520) 623-6652, is open weekdays, 8 A.M. to 2 P.M.; admission is free. — Ron Butler

Braking for Coffee in Payson

Folks who stop in at the tiny Pony Espresso Coffee Bar and Gift Gallery on State Route 87 across from the Swiss Village Lodge in Payson may happen upon some locals playing checkers at one of the few tables. For sure they'll find all kinds of specialty coffees, iced drinks, and other tempting refreshments, along with a small display of gifts, including such off-beat items as the "Bug Connection" (\$12), a gussied-up wood and screen contraption which was irresistible even to those not fond of providing housing for creepy critters. The place has got printed menus, but it's more fun to make your selection from the items listed on one of the inside doors.

Museum Adventure Trips

Each June through August, the Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff offers its Summer Adventure trips for adults, hikes and van tours that combine the attractions of the Colorado Plateau with educational programs on the area's geology, natural history, and native cultures. For a free brochure with details about the trips, and to ask about special outings for youngsters, contact the museum at Route 4, Box 720, Flagstaff, AZ 86001; (520) 774-5211.

Patagonia's Prize Park

In the rolling grasslands of the southern part of the state at an elevation of 3,750 feet, Patagonia Lake State Park attracts visitors year-round with most of them showing up spring through fall.

The park offers plenty of recreation, including swimming, boating, picnicking, fishing (largemouth bass, crappie, sunfish, bluegills, catfish; rainbows in winter), and camping. The 265-acre reservoir has a marina with a boat ramp, rentals (canoes, paddleboats, rowboats), and gas.

It's located 12 miles northeast of Nogales via State Route 82; watch for the turnoff sign. To ask about restrictions on jet-skiing, other activities, amenities, hours, and fees, call (520) 287-6965.

Wagner's Ring Cycle

Opera lovers from throughout the country and the world will converge on Flagstaff's Ardrey Auditorium this month when Arizona Opera presents Richard Wagner's monumental *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Only four other opera companies in the United States (The Metropolitan Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, San Francisco Opera, and Seattle Opera) have performed



the daunting 16-hour work. Not only does the opera put great demands on performers' voices, its staging is challenging to say the least. The opera encompasses three worlds: the underground caverns of the dwarves, the lofty heavens of the gods, and the mortal world of humans. And all is ended with an apocalyptic conflagration, and the universe is destroyed.

The Ring will be presented in four parts over the week-long festival, with two "cycles," June 3 to 8 and June 10 to 15. To inquire, contact Arizona Opera, (602) 266-7464.

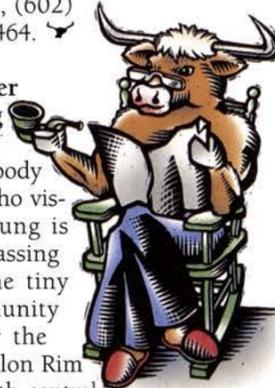
Forever Young

Nobody who visits Young is just passing by; the tiny community below the Mogollon Rim in north-central Arizona is too remote. You have to be going there. And, especially for history buffs, there's reason enough to make the trip over a stretch of unpaved road to what's been called one of the state's "last cow towns." Nestled in Pleasant Valley, the site of some of the bloodiest fighting in the Graham-Tewksbury range war of the late 1880s, Young's a pastoral spot with a population of folks who like living away from it all.

Ask at the local Forest Service office for directions to nearby battle sites, wander through the town cemetery — where members of the Graham faction found their final rewards — and don't miss the Antler Cafe, a local watering hole with a decor that can best be described as "rustic eclectic." For camping, fishing, and other information, call the Pleasant Valley Ranger District Office, (520) 462-3311.

St. Michael's Remains

St. Michael's Mission — what's left of it — is worth a side trip for those traveling in the Sacaton area on the Gila



River Indian Reservation, just south of Phoenix. Nobody's sure of the exact date the church was built, but it was probably in the 1920s when several other small missions were established on the reservation by the Franciscans. Only the mission's bell tower remains standing, keeping lonely watch over the surrounding flatlands.

The church was razed in the 1950s, and a new one went up a couple of miles away. But the tower was spared under the assumption that old age and the elements would finish it off. Maybe, but not yet. It's still there, deteriorating but erect.

To reach St. Michael's, take State Route 287 east of Sacaton and turn north at Hashani Kehk Road. To inquire, call (520) 562-3716. — Sam Lowe



Chiles, Spice, and Everything Nice

The huge red chili sign in front of the Santa Cruz Chili & Spice Company really isn't necessary: we could smell the store's spicy wares from the road. By the time we walked inside the store, we'd started to salivate and our eyes were beginning to tear.

Inside the family-owned shop, on Interstate 19 at Tumacacori, a few miles north of the Mexican border, we wandered the aisles filled with boxes, bags, jars, and cans of everything from salsas, chili pastes and powders to spices, peppers, barbecue sauce, and such finds as jalapeño mustard and mesquite liquid smoke. A small gift shop on the premises caught our attention (it's never too soon to think Christmas) as did the store's Western museum. Worth a stop — even if all you do is inhale the aromas. — Ron Butler

EVENTS

Old West Celebration and Bucket of Blood Races

June 1; Holbrook

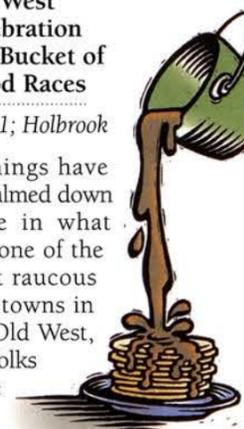
Things have calmed down some in what was one of the most raucous cow towns in the Old West, but folks there still know

how to kick up their heels. This annual bow to a storied past promises a pancake breakfast and barbecue, arts and crafts, kids' games, a horse-drawn vehicle show, and the namesake Bucket of Blood Races (a reference to gambler Frank Watron's notorious saloon), actually a comparatively tame 10K and two-mile foot race, plus a 20-mile bicycle race from the Petrified Forest to Holbrook. Admission is free. Information: toll-free (800) 524-2459 or (520) 524-6558.

Sweet Onion Festival

June 2; Rock Springs

The folks around this community at the foot of the Bradshaw Mountains and New River Foothills know their onions, especially the big sweet-tasting Vidalia varieties local gardeners have been raising since a resident brought back some seeds from Hawaii a few years ago. This yearly celebration of the lachrymal bulbs promises a zesty competition for the biggest and best onion, an onion recipe cookbook, plus live music, arts and crafts, a play area for kids, and more. The fun takes place at the Rock Springs Patio. Free admission. Information: (602) 465-9256.



Gallery of Fine Prints: Grand Canyon Waters

The spectacular Gary Ladd image of the Little Colorado River cascading over travertine dams on its way to the Grand Canyon (see pages 28 and 29) is this month's color print offered for sale through the Arizona Highways Gallery of Fine Prints.



These handcrafted color prints are produced for Arizona Highways by EverColor DyePrint's custom lab, using the latest in digital technology.

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

The sizes and prices of the Grand Canyon Waters print are: #A99CW16: Approximately 14" by 17" \$175 #A99CW26: Approximately 16" by 20" \$225 #A99CW36: Approximately 20" by 24" \$275

Prescott Valley Days

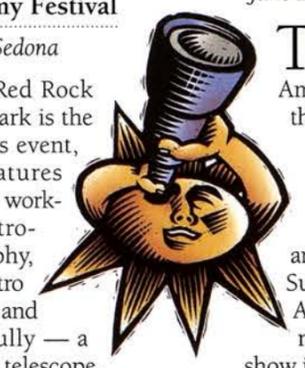
June 6-9; Prescott Valley

A hot-air balloon fest, parade, talent show, carnival, live entertainment, and food booths are the lures at this annual celebration. Free admission. Information: (520) 772-8857.

Astronomy Festival

June 7-8; Sedona

Scenic Red Rock State Park is the site of this event, which features stargazing, workshops, astrophotography, a "giant astro platform," and — hopefully — a new solar telescope. There will be a park admission fee. Information: (520) 634-7332 or 282-6907.



Territorial Days

June 8-9; Prescott

The mile-high town's Court House Plaza is the picturesque and nostalgic setting for this yearly event, which features

the Southwest Artists Association & Mountain Artists Guild exhibit, arts and crafts, and live entertainment, including folk dancing. Admission is free. Information: toll free (800) 266-7534 or (520) 445-2000.

Indian Arts Festival

June 29-August 11; Flagstaff

Traditional and contemporary works by Native American artists highlight the 1996 Festival of Native American Arts at the Coconino Center for the Arts. The exhibit itself opens June 28, 7 P.M., and runs Tuesday through Sunday, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. An added bonus at the annual juried invitational show is an outdoor market on July 6 and 7. Free admission to the public. Information: (520) 779-6921.

Information, including dates, prices, specific activities, 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.



HIKE OF THE MONTH

TEXT BY TOM KUHN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY SIEVE

Nelson Trail Is a Lush Entry Point to the Secluded Pine Mountain Wilderness

All around, the woods celebrated with an excess of color before the snows. Suddenly, movement caught my eye. In a shallow creek gilded with autumn leaves, a small trout pricked the mirror surface with its snout.

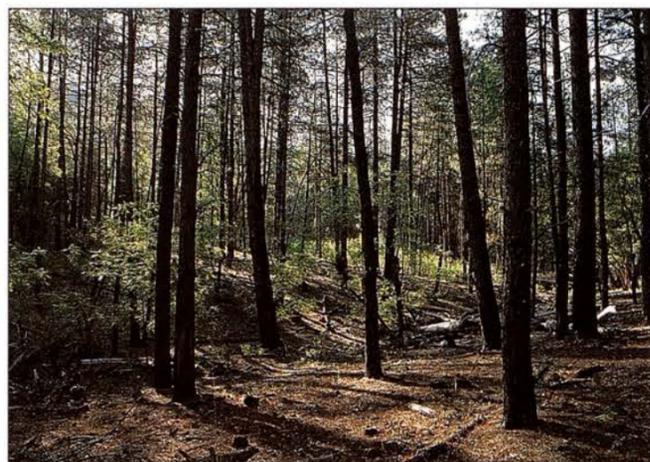
Through binoculars, the trout grew eight sizes, revealing a stripe along its side of the same deep vermilion as the sumac that lined the lower end of the Nelson Trail leading into the Pine Mountain Wilderness, 80 miles north of Phoenix in the Prescott and Tonto national forests.

"Is this place what you expected?" my guide, public defender Curtis Beckman of Phoenix, asked.

Not a bit. To get to the Wilderness, we had crept over 19 miles of rough road through juniper hills and grassland. About the last thing I expected to see at road's end was a pine tree or a trout.

Set aside as a Wilderness in 1972, the area protects 20,061 acres of virgin ponderosa pine. A network of trails took us to overlooks 2,000 feet above the Verde River canyon.

Nelson Trail begins at a Forest Service campsite with latrines, crosses frequently dry Sycamore Creek, and goes on past a spot called The Nelson Place, which doesn't exist anymore. The first four miles were easy going up a gentle grade past stands of large pine and sycamore, maple, and oak.



I spotted a suspicious heap of rocks. Closer inspection revealed the tumbled foundations of apparent prehistoric Indian shelters. We speculated Indians lived there part time, coming to gather meat where the forest is fed by year-round springs. Acorns still attract deer to the spot.

The remaining two miles to the 6,814-foot top of Pine Mountain were steeper, but our reward was a vista eastward to the ramparts of the Mogollon Rim and south to the landmark Four Peaks of the Mazatzal range. Notes found in a Forest Service ammo box at

the summit attest to Pine Mountain's popularity with hikers.

This was Beckman's second trip to Pine Mountain in less than two weeks. Rain chased him off the first time. Perfect weather favored us on this trip. We left the summit down switchbacks that took us to the Willow Springs Trail and a different way back to the Nelson trailhead.

Willow Springs Trail tunneled through a canopy of leaves kissed blush and gold by early frost. Blood-red maple leaves stood poised for the plunge inside the dim V-shaped canyon. Yet at our feet, miraculously

(LEFT) Early morning light illuminates the Nelson Trail in the luxuriant Pine Mountain Wilderness. (RIGHT) Morning sunlight bathes boulders along the Verde Rim in a golden glow.

spared by the cold snaps, were violet-colored flax blossoms. Brown and white butterflies wore perfect camouflage for an autumn life cycle.

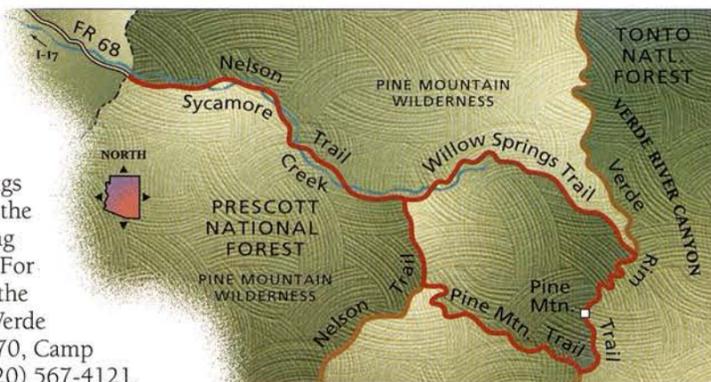
We passed other day hikers and serious backpackers headed for high ground. I suppose you could hike the Pine Mountain Wilderness year-round, but autumn is special and springtime must be truly something to see.

I was glad I remembered to bring my camera. A topographical map helps but isn't necessary because Pine Mountain Wilderness trails are signed and easy to follow.

Keep a watch for foul weather, however. Rain or snow could easily turn the graded dirt road into a broth of gummy clay. We drove the road in a sedan, but a high-clearance or four-wheel-drive vehicle would be better. ■

WHEN YOU GO

To reach this trailhead from Phoenix, take Interstate 17 north to the Dugas-Orme exit and drive east on FR 68 through Dugas, a cluster of weathered-wood buildings and a ranch house. Follow the Forest Service signs marking the way to Pine Mountain. For more information, contact the Prescott National Forest's Verde Ranger District, P.O. Box 670, Camp Verde, AZ 86322-0670; (520) 567-4121.



KEVIN J. KIBSEY

