

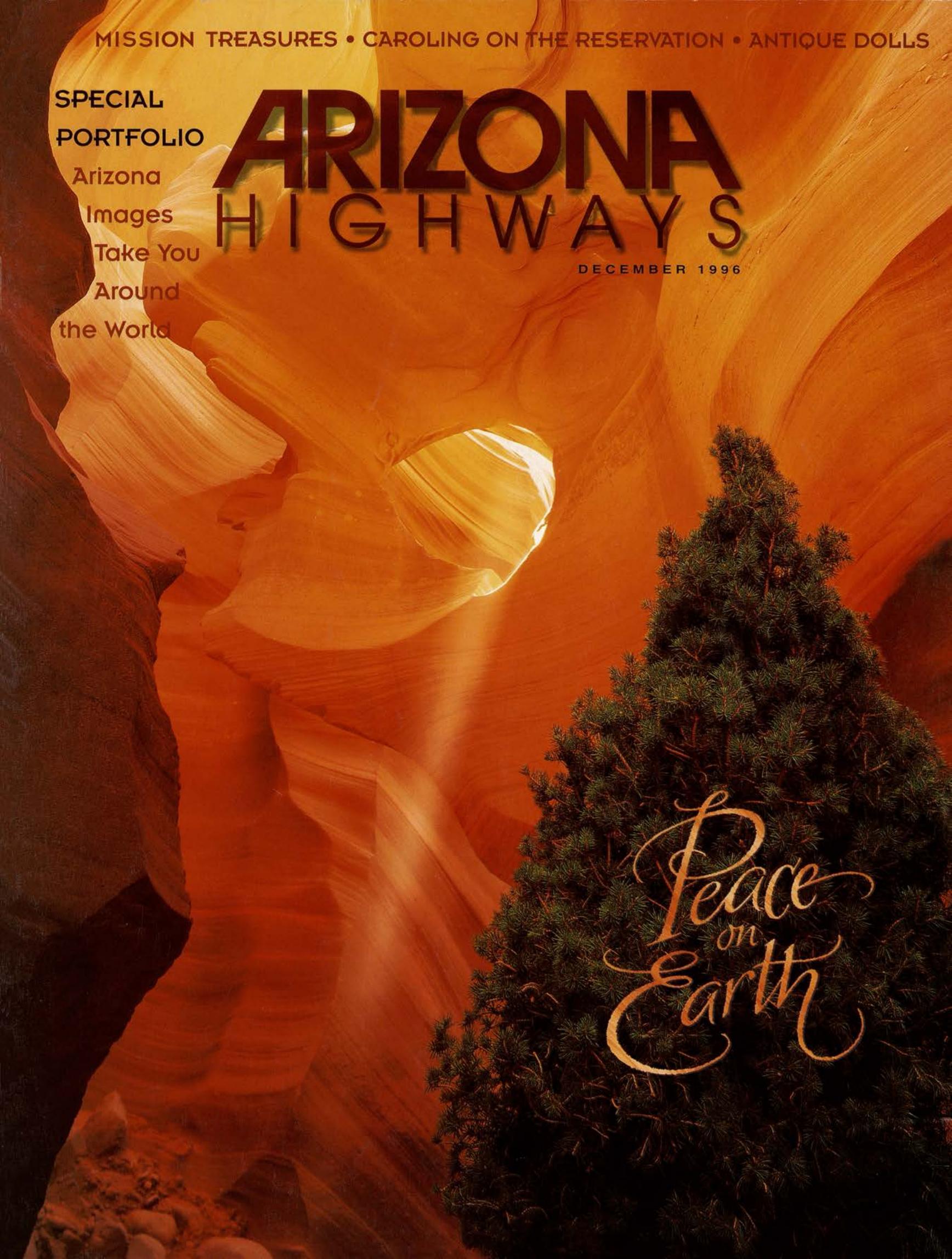
MISSION TREASURES • CAROLING ON THE RESERVATION • ANTIQUE DOLLS

SPECIAL  
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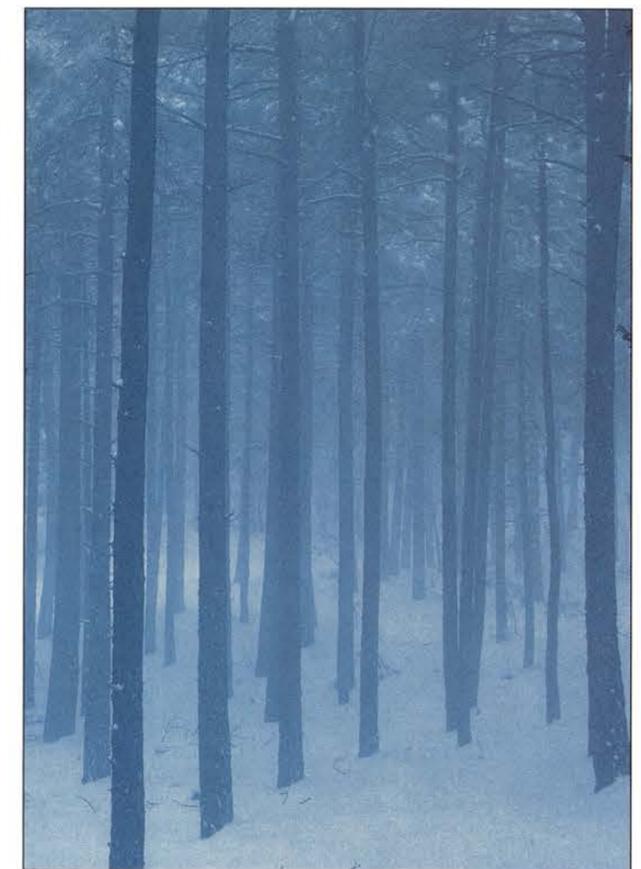
Arizona  
Images  
Take You  
Around  
the World

# ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

DECEMBER 1996



*Peace  
on  
Earth*



**SPECIAL PORTFOLIO** PAGE 18  
**Our Annual Greeting Card to the World**

In this year's holiday photo essay, we present scenes in Arizona that resemble landforms in other parts of the world. It not only shows how diverse the Arizona landscape is, but also how nature's scenic bounty has been spread throughout the world.

(LEFT) A flowering manzanita shelters a century plant which in turn nestles fallen alligator juniper cones, one of the scenic eye-catchers along historic State Route 89. See story on page 46. JACK DYKINGA

(FRONT COVER) It must have been holiday magic that transported what looks like a Christmas tree to the arid but lyrically beautiful slot canyons. LEROY DEJOLIE

(BACK COVER) The lofty snow-covered San Francisco Peaks north of Flagstaff evoke images of Switzerland's majestic Alps. See portfolio on page 18. MARC MUENCH



JACK DYKINGA

**DEPARTMENTS**

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Despite problems, Christmas was still Christmas.
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Are the padres' lost silver bars near Flagstaff?
- Hike of the Month** 56  
Goat Camp Trail shrouds remnants of the past.

**CELEBRATIONS**

**La Posada: the Spirit of Christmas**

"The tradition of La Posada began in Spain and traveled to Spanish America," says author Tom Kuhn. "Then it was trekked into the northern reaches of New Spain by the Franciscans." Come along as we join in this ageless celebration among the Pima Indians. PAGE 4

**AN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS CLASSIC**

**A Foundling in the Wilderness**

She was probably a little more than three years old and could tell nothing of what had happened to the young couple whose bodies lay in the burning wreckage of the lonely roadside camp. PAGE 38

**HOBBIES**

**Doll Collecting Resounds with Echoes of Childhood**

You may not know where an antique doll came from, who made it, or what little girl owned it when it was new, but in the chipped paint on its face you may see history — a hint of a long ago Christmas and the happy cries of a child. PAGE 42

**ART**

**Native American Mission Treasures**

"Tourists will stop outside one of the reservation mission churches and photograph the whitewashed exterior and drive off," says author Sam Lowe, "never realizing how close they were to the treasures turning to dust inside." PAGE 12

**AN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS CLASSIC**

**The Miner's Daughter — a Christmas Tale**

A little girl in territorial days fulfills her dead father's simple wish to present his wife with a Christmas present. PAGE 10

**TRAVEL**

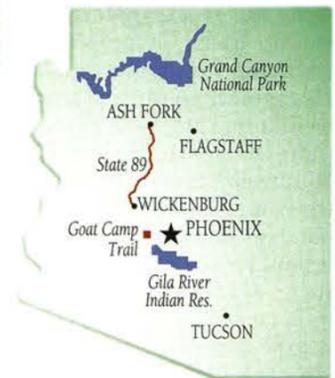
**State Route 89, a Historic Byway**

Legions have traveled this route from Wickenburg north to Ash Fork: Indians, missionaries, trappers, and soldiers. Today the track is smooth-sailing blacktop. It's here you'll experience transformations from desert scrub and grassland to chaparral and souging ponderosa pines. PAGE 46



DON B. STEVENSON

**POINTS OF INTEREST FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE**





# WIT STOP

TEXT BY GENE PERRET  
ILLUSTRATION BY HILBER NELSON

## The Catastrophes of Holidays Past

Every Christmas at our house had a disaster or two mingled with the traditions. Oh, I mean minor catastrophes. Things that were supposed to work but didn't.

For instance, we had a beautiful train set. Our family boasted that it was the finest toy train that Lionel ever made. That might have been family pride speaking, but it was beautiful. It was finely detailed, and the engine, the Pullman cars, the freight cars, and the caboose were all a striking royal blue.

But for as far back as I can remember, that train only ran backward. The light in front never worked, the smokestack never smoked, the whistle never tooted, and the train never went forward.

We put the cars on our wooden platform every year, and they happily circled our Christmas village — in reverse. I don't know who would have ridden a train like this had it been real. Perhaps people who never wanted to leave home in the first place.

We had an even sadder experience on our Christmas platform one year. There was a mechanical conductor who went along with our Lionel train set. He would stay in a little house but come out when the train was coming — or in our case, going — and hold a lantern up to warn people that the train was approaching — or in our case, retreating. One day he came out, threw his lantern arm upward, and it



kept going. It hit the ceiling, fell limply back to the platform, and lay grotesquely across the tracks. It was horrifying.

Yet, even with that disability, our family wouldn't allow him to retire. We faithfully hooked him up each Christmas. As the train backed around the track, he'd come out of his house and jiggle the little pieces of metal that extended from where his arm used to be.

The one Christmas ornament we had that remained pristine December after December was my mother's favorite, the angel for the top of the tree.

"They're always too weak to support the ornaments anyway," he'd say. Then he'd mount the tree in the stand and try to force it upright. He'd get it to only about 65 degrees of perpendicular. It was still four to five feet too tall for the room.

Then Dad would saw off that part of the main trunk that didn't fit. The result was a tree jammed up against the ceiling like the last sardine into the can. Instead of coming to a well-defined point at the top, as Christmas trees are supposed to, ours had five or six branches flailed out against the ceiling. It looked like our house was collapsing, and this tree was heroically trying to keep the upper floor from falling in on our Christmas celebration.

Dad just hung an ornament or two on each branch, draped them with a few strands of tinsel, and stepped back to admire his bargain 14-foot tree.

Mom would sigh and put her angel back into its box. We never did put it on the top of our tree because we never had a top of a tree to put it on.

But each Christmas during my childhood — despite the unidirectional train, the one-armed lantern bearer, and the trees that belonged in a larger house — was filled with love and joy. Even when the accoutrements of the season don't work, the basic message of Christmas still does — peace on earth and joy to those of goodwill. ☐

Dad would never shop for the tree until Christmas Eve. The tree salesman would get desperate and let the evergreens go for 50 cents a foot instead of the usual \$1 a foot. Dad loved a bargain, and he loved big, full Christmas trees.

He'd come home about 11 P.M. on Christmas Eve with a vibrant, breathtaking, 14-foot-tall pine tree. The problem was our house had eight-foot ceilings. That didn't bother Dad. He'd hack several branches from the bottom of the tree.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



## ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

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PRODUCED IN THE USA

## Cactus Gardening

Enjoyed the Trudy Thompson Rice account of the wild cactus harvest ("Winning a Cactus Lottery Has Its Thorny Side," August '96), but when they arose at 4 A.M. to head for Lake Pleasant, wasn't it really 7 A.M. at the home of their West Virginia guests instead of 1 A.M.?  
Duane McKinney  
Apache Junction

*Of course it was. And we have clocks showing the different times in various parts of the country. We think the editor's brain gave out.*

## Dry Heat

Your "Wit Stop" column "Dry Heat: the Great Arizona Cliche" (July '96) had me giggling throughout.

Canadians complain a humid 70° F feels more like 80. But when it's dry at 70, it feels like 50 to me.

Arizonans are fortunate. You can have any climate you want just by going to another area. While I was in Tucson in May, 1991, it was sunny and hot at ground level, but as we ventured up the mountain, we passed from the green of spring to winter snow at the summit. Oh, I envy you so.

Sylvia Dickens  
Lansdowne, Ontario  
Canada

I am continuously extolling the virtues of my home state to coworkers. I also have attempted to explain the concept of dry heat to them on numerous occasions, so I promptly brought Gene Perret's "Wit Stop" column to the office to show them I was acting under "state law" each time I defended my natural habitat.

Is Arizona too hot? Not as long as jalapeño peppers constitute the primary cause for perspiration.

Consider this the next time someone asks, "How can you stand the heat?"

After our son was born 17 years ago, we used a diaper service and one day asked the service truck driver, "How can you stand the smell?"

He shrugged and grinned. "What smell?" he asked.

Dan Weinberger  
Buffalo Grove, IL

*That "Wit Stop" column drew tons of mail, once again proving that people like to talk about the weather. Did I tell you about the flood of...*

## Customer Service

Last week I called to tell you that I did not receive my June issue. I'm sorry I don't know the young lady's name, but she must have sent it out immediately. I received it three days later.

I certainly do appreciate receiving it and so quickly, too, since I wouldn't want to miss even one month.

Mrs. Morris B. Rush  
Philadelphia, PA

*Our customer service people pride themselves on great service. They also know what time it is in Philadelphia (see "Cactus Gardening" above).*

## Cover Photo

Wow! Gary Ladd's cover photo on the June '96 issue (of water in the Grand Canyon) is incredible. A great picture like that is one of the reasons I enjoy Arizona Highways so much.

Mark Stevenson  
Tucson

## Tom Horn

Bill Hafford's story "The Life and Legend of Tom Horn" (May '96) was great. Mr. Horn is always a favorite with Western history buffs.

I'm certain there are many Arizona cowboys who use or have used a lariat called the "Tom Horn rattler" or just the "rattler." The rope was designed by Mr. Horn.

If my memory serves me correctly, I believe Tom was a championship roper at one of Prescott's first rodeos.

Ron Donoho, Historian  
Nevada Peace Officers  
Association

## Mug Shots

I have been a subscriber for about eight years now. I love it. Your regular contributors of both the stories and the photographs seem like old friends. Now I would enjoy seeing what they look like.

In the blurb about them at the end of each article, why don't you put a small photo of each?

James P. Charpie  
Orangeburg, SC

*Anybody else think this is a good idea? Almost all are better looking than the editor.*

## Saguaro Blossoms

The picture of the saguaro flower (inside front cover, June '96) is exquisite, and I hope that one day I shall actually see one close up. The issue has brought me immense pleasure.

Joan M. Ellis  
Raumate South,  
New Zealand

## Travel Agenda

When friends hear of me spending my vacations in Arizona they ask, "What's there to do in Arizona?"

That also was my attitude until I discovered your magazine in my local smoke shop.

Now I look forward to your monthly "reminders" of my next annual trip.

William Strahan  
Burlingame, CA



## Caroling with the Pima Indians at Sacaton

TEXT BY TOM KUHN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED GRIFFIN

The Pimas arrived raising dust, with car doors slamming, children laughing, and dogs barking. I had been waiting for them, an invited guest. Everyone bustled over to a small house, gathering before a front door lit by a bare bulb.

Eleanore Jay, 77, had been waiting for their knock. Tinsel and colored bulbs decorated her living room. A corn offering hung on the wall. For her, the ritual of La Posada, a reenactment of the search by Joseph and Mary for

lodging just before the birth of Christ, was an annual custom anticipated with pleasure.

"Ever since it started," she said, "I've been having them come by."

But she was not sure how many more La Posada celebrations there would be for her. On the sixth day before Christmas, she would enter the Gila River Hospital. The prognosis was uncertain.

She worried about her son, Reese, who lived next door. In the time since last Christmas, his wife had died and a daughter had been killed in an auto accident.

(LEFT) Eight-year-old Jessica Thomas, here inside St. Anthony Church, portrays Mary for several days of La Posada in Sacaton, a small community on the Gila River Indian Reservation.

(BELOW) Arlene Schurz, left, John Felix, and Betty Whitman accompany the carolers during the annual ritual.





(ABOVE) George Kyvitan's decorated home in Bapchule welcomes the carolers.  
(OPPOSITE PAGE) In Sacaton, Arlene Anton and Christopher Martin depict Mary and Joseph in the Pima's La Posada celebration.

As we entered her home, I thought about how differently the Pimas observe La Posada compared with the carnivallike celebrations of Mexico. These people were Jay's neighbors, friends, and fellow parishioners. They had come to offer her cheer and hope. They blessed her home. In parting they touched her hand lightly, one by one, as they filed back into the chilly night.

They reenacted La Posada once again at the son's home. Half the singers accompanied by guitars remained outside to begin the refrain, *Two pilgrims we pray you in God's name for shelter, my poor wife is wearing in cold winter weather.* . . .

From inside the group responded until finally came the ritual permission, *We open our door now.* . . . All 18 of us packed the living room, singing carols. Reese Jay looked stricken as the carolers filed past him out the door.

"I do it [La Posada] in my wife's honor," he said. "But it hurts a little, too."

His perseverance touched me. How wonderful to be back for Christmas in a small town like Sacaton where one's successes and sorrows seem to travel on the wind, and where people care. The Pimas pride themselves on caring for neighbors and friends. They have taken in travelers since 1605, when the Spanish arrived and, later, American settlers and adventurers, including legendary Indian scout Kit Carson.

La Posada groups circulate through each of the eight political districts of the rural Gila River Indian Reservation, 30 miles south of Phoenix. During the nine days before Christmas, they perform at more than 425 homes.

On our list was the new tract home of Oscar and Tracy Ortega and their daughter, one-year-old Jasmine. There the news was

good, and signs of prosperity were evident.

Oscar was employed in Sacaton, the Pima government headquarters, where jobs were scarce. Christmas decorations hung from the ceiling, gift stockings from the wall. The home glowed with colored lights.

"This is something we've done for years, since I was a kid," Tracy explained. "But this is the first time in this house," she added proudly. "We asked them to come and bless it. It's a tradition."

The tradition of La Posada began in Spain, traveled to Spanish America, then was trekked into the northern Indian rancherias by Franciscan missionaries. The Pimas adopted the Roman Catholic custom from the Tohono O'odham, close relations whose reservation borders Mexico.

Eighth-grade teacher Holly Antone, a Pima who lives in Santa Rosa among the Tohono O'odham, had driven 90 minutes

over 50 miles of rural road to join the Sacaton carolers. Tohono O'odham groups had brought La Posada to her home. She enjoyed the spectacle and decided to join one in Sacaton, where she was born.

"When I come here," she said, "I know how to do it."

The Sacaton group did not practice beforehand. "We just got together and started singing," said Carol Jackson. "A lot of the adults are in the Christmas choir, and the children learn the same songs in school."

The La Posada carolers crisscrossed Sacaton, home to 5,000 Pimas, night after night, acting out the Holy Family's search for lodging. They were expected. I was a stranger, but welcomed.

Darkness was closing around low mountains to the east when we arrived at the home of Delvin Davis, a tribal substance-abuse counselor, and his wife, Thelma.

**Their house blazed with a  
spotlighted Santa, reindeer cutouts  
pranced on the roof, and dozens of  
colored bulbs blinked along the eaves.  
To the north, Phoenix with its  
high-rise buildings seemed far away.**

Their house blazed with a spotlighted Santa, reindeer cutouts pranced on the roof, and dozens of colored bulbs blinked along the eaves. To the north, faintly glowing on the horizon, Phoenix with its high-rise buildings seemed far away.

The Pimas haven't entirely relinquished symbols of the old ways. Even in a contented Christian home like the Davises' there were holdout signs: a corn offering, a wall hanging of the Pima motif "Man in a Maze," symbolizing man's search for meaning.

We walked in on a strained mood at the home of Ena Blaine. Outlines on the wall revealed where pictures had recently been removed. Blaine, her son, and her daughter sat stone-faced on the fireplace hearth while Christmas carols were sung and the home blessed. Then it was time to leave.

As caroler Elison Elmay reached for Blaine's hand, both suddenly hugged each other and cried.

"We grew up together," Elmay said, wiping away tears. "She's having some troubles now."

The house felt empty after the carolers left. I lingered and asked Blaine why she invited them. "I needed it," she said. "Yes, I needed it."

At Arlene Schurz's home, where three of her 11 grandchildren live with her, a Christmas tree and presents were accompanied by a Man in the Maze hanging. When the singing started, Schurz joined in with her guitar. In keeping with custom, she served cookies and soft drinks before we reentered the night.

Venus hovering in the southwestern sky

provided a stand-in for the Nativity star. The Pima lands recalled the arid grasslands between Bethlehem and Nazareth. Our caravan got under way again.

At a ranch-style house on a paved street in a fenced compound for non-Indian government workers, we called on Grace Hill, an emergency room nurse at the Sacaton Indian hospital, and her mother, Margaret Biser, 86.

"My mom is ill," Hill confided. Betty Whitman, a Pima caroler who worked with Hill, brought La Posada to the sick woman. As the Pimas sang, Mrs. Biser clapped weakly. A liturgy was read, *I will make a new beginning with those who are left.* . . .

I looked around. The carolers were middle-aged, young parents, teenagers, mostly women. Lew Ray, nine, wearing a Santa hat





— — — — —

**The Pimas have broadly adopted Christianity. However, drums sometimes accompany lay services. And some still cling to the traditional spiritual beliefs.**

— — — — —



(LEFT) Sister Ann Fischer enters Sacaton's St. Anthony Church for prayers at twilight. (ABOVE) A statue of St. Anthony holding the baby Jesus greets visitors at the church named for the saint.

with a battery-powered tassel, blinked like a beacon in their midst.

"I had never seen the ceremony before," Hill said. "It's just beautiful."

On another night, we accepted an invitation to join a La Posada group making the rounds in Bapchule from St. Peter's Church and School mission, located in an intensely farmed district where the family of Iwo Jima flag-raiser Ira Hayes once lived. As we set out from the mission, a huge United States Marine Corps standard stood straight out in a Sonoran wind whipping through the Pima cemetery across the street.

Two blocks away, La Posada carolers arrived at the home of Glenn Hayes, a distant cousin of Ira. The family sat arrayed on a couch in the living room. We squeezed in and surrounded them with song. Later I asked about Ira's family.

"They're all gone; they all died," Hayes said. "The [Ira Hayes] place is closed now."

The Bapchule La Posada reenactments stressed ritual more, the carolers sang more songs, and stayed longer. Even more so than in Sacaton, the Pimas at Bapchule are closely tied by marriage and blood kinship. In every house we visited, someone was related to one of the La Posada carolers.

The living room of Henrietta Antone, 63, and her husband, Manuel Hernandez Sr., 59, was brimming with people for La Posada. She had 10 children, 31 grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. Many of them had come for the caroling.

"I would like my house blessed so everything will be all right," Antone said. "It should help us to be better for the next year."

I had always wanted to see inside a Pima "sandwich" house of adobe reinforced

with exterior wood lathes. They are reportedly cool in summer, warm in winter. Melvin Webb, 61, and his wife of 30 years, Elizabeth, 59, invited us into theirs.

Even though their two children were grown, and they now lived alone, La Posada had become an annual affair looked forward to. "We have them [the carolers] come every year, wherever we are," Elizabeth said.

I could smell the delicious scent of gingerbread wafting from the kitchen of Flores Kyyitan before we got inside. Candy-filled stockings hung on the wall. In the living room, regal and seated ramrod straight were George Kyyitan, 83, and his wife, Dorothy, 72. Theirs was the first Indian-sounding surname I had encountered among the Pimas.

Franciscan Sister Juana Lucero, a Pima who teaches the Pima language as a cultural experience class for Bapchule grade-schoolers, resolved the mystery. Missionaries, she said, renamed all the Pimas in 1922.

"They made them go to the headquarters in Sacaton and gave them English names," she said. "The names were put on government lists, and as they baptized the children, they gave them English names. The Spanish were on the south end of the reservation, and those Pimas got Spanish names.

"That's when all the dances disappeared," she lamented. The missionaries "made the Pima women wear Mother Hubbard-style dresses, which made dancing impossible."

The Pimas have broadly adopted Christianity and rituals like La Posada. Catholics, Presbyterians, and Baptists predominate. However, drums sometimes accompany lay services. And some still cling to the traditional spiritual beliefs.

I learned from Sister Ann Fischer, who lives in Sacaton and serves as a Catholic pastoral assistant to the Pimas, that several men still perform smoke blessings and infant initiation ceremonies. Shamans still attract followers.

Such things seemed far apart from La Posada reenactments and houses strung with lights, as the Pimas devoutly celebrated Christmas renewal and hope. But I had not missed noticing that in nearly every house we visited, there were corn offerings to old spirits. ❏

**Author's Note:** When I followed up with Sister Ann Fischer, I was happy to learn that Eleanore Jay had undergone surgery with positive results, and that Margaret Biser was still living with her daughter.

*Tom Kuhn, who lives in Phoenix, usually tackles arduous adventure stories for the magazine, so this article was a change of pace for him.*

*This was Phoenix-based Fred Griffin's first experience with La Posada.*

# The Miner's Daughter and the Night Before Christmas

Text by Don Schellie  
Illustration by Curtis Parker

"Next year," said the mother, "next year Christmas will be different, my child. Why, we'll have *real* presents, not just those homemade things, and we'll have candles for the tree, and for dinner we'll have roast goose with apple stuffing and all the trimmings, and . . ."

"And plum pudding, Mama?"

"Yes dear, and plum pudding." The woman put down her sewing and leaned across the table and placed her hand on her daughter's hand and squeezed it.

Tears welled in her mother's eyes, and the girl wished she could reach out and wipe them away forever, and with them the hurt, the loss that were behind the tears.

Too well the girl remembered that September night when the tears began. The terrifying shriek of the steam whistle had awakened her — an accident at the mine — and she had lain sleepless in her bed, knowing, somehow, yet not really knowing, not believing until close to morning when the company men in dark blue suits came to the door.

Cave-in . . . three dead . . . her father. Her father!

Though barely 11, she was the oldest of four children, and on the day they buried her father, her mother took her aside and shared her intention to remain in that house, that town.

"We'll manage," the mother said. "I'll take in laundry, and I'll do sewing. There's no money now for us to go elsewhere, and, goodness knows, Arizona Territory is the only home you children know." Though not a place known for its beauty or charm — mining towns seldom are — it was a pleasant place, built upon mountain slopes and within a few minutes' walk of the copper mine, which was the sole reason for the town's being. And it was home.

So they remained in the small house, and if times had been hard before, they were even harder now. Her mother's hands never were idle, and each day, it seemed, the girl saw new wrinkles in her tired face. But somehow they managed. Each month the rent was paid on time, and though not new, the children's clothes always were clean and mended, and not once had the little ones gone to bed hungry.

The girl helped, too. She worked every day after school, all day Saturday, and sometimes on Sunday for the wife of the mine superintendent. The girl cleaned house and did the laundry and looked after the baby, and when there was nothing else to be done, she helped in the kitchen. The

money she earned she gave to her mother to "help out," save those few coins she secretly held back each week, which she wrapped in a hanky and kept hidden beneath her mattress.

So yes, they had managed; they had made do. But as the days passed and Christmas neared, all of them missed the one who was gone, and now on the night before Christmas, with the little ones in bed, the girl and mother spoke of him.

"I miss Pa," said the girl. "I miss him something awful." Her mother smiled, but there was sadness in the smile.

"So do I, child. We all do. But we have our memories."

"I know, Mama, but that's not the same. It's not like it was when he was here with us." The mother brushed at a curl that had fallen over her forehead.

"No, it's not the same, but we can never have more than that. We must be thankful for those memories."

Memories. The girl had her memories. She remembered how, just a year ago that very evening, Pa brought the family Bible to the kitchen table, as he did every Christmas Eve, and when all were seated, he opened it. Holding it in his hands, he told the story of how the baby Jesus was born in a stable because there was no room for Mary and Joseph at the inn. And he told about the shepherds and the three wise men and about the angels on high. Pa didn't read the story from the Bible — he never learned to read — he told it. Simply having the book open in front of him made the story seem that much more real. Memories. That was a year ago, and on this night her mother told the Christmas story, just as Pa always had.

And now the two sat alone in the kitchen, and the mother cleared her throat and, shaking her head, told the girl she wished there were more presents beneath the tree for her children.

The mother made apologies for the muffler, the sweater, the mittens, the made-over dress. Practical things, homemade things, the fruits of a loving mother's toils. But there would be oranges for the stockings, said the mother, brightening, and a few nuts, a piece of candy, a Christmas cookie.

"But just you wait until next year, child. It'll be *some* Christmas, with real presents — toys and surprises."

The mother sat quietly for a few moments, alone with her thoughts, her memories. Then she rose, kissed the girl, and wished her good night. It had been a long day, she said wearily, and tomorrow would

be a longer one. She asked her daughter to tend to things, to close up for the night, and then she retired.

So the girl sat alone at the table. From the parlor came the flickering glow of the candle the little ones had placed in the front window to light the way for Mary and Joseph. And on the parlor table, beside the Christmas tree they cut and brought down from the mountains above town, sat the cookie and glass of milk her sisters and brother left "for Santa Claus."

Before she went to sleep, the girl would blow out the candle, and she would drink the milk and nibble the cookie, leaving a scatter of crumbs on the tabletop so the little ones would know Santa had enjoyed his treat.

But first there was something else she must tend to. When she was certain her mother was in bed and asleep, she slipped quietly into her own bedroom and got the small package — a present for her mother — from its hiding place beneath the mattress.

Memories. It was one evening not long before he died that she had walked with her father to the mine, and they paused at the display window of the company store to look at the many fine things.

"See that fan?" he said, tapping the windowpane with a stubby finger. "I'm going to buy it for your mother. Christmas present."

The girl's eyes widened as she looked at the fan, an exquisite thing of black lace and glimmering mother-of-pearl. Surely there wasn't anything quite that elegant in the whole town, she thought. In all Arizona Territory, for that matter.

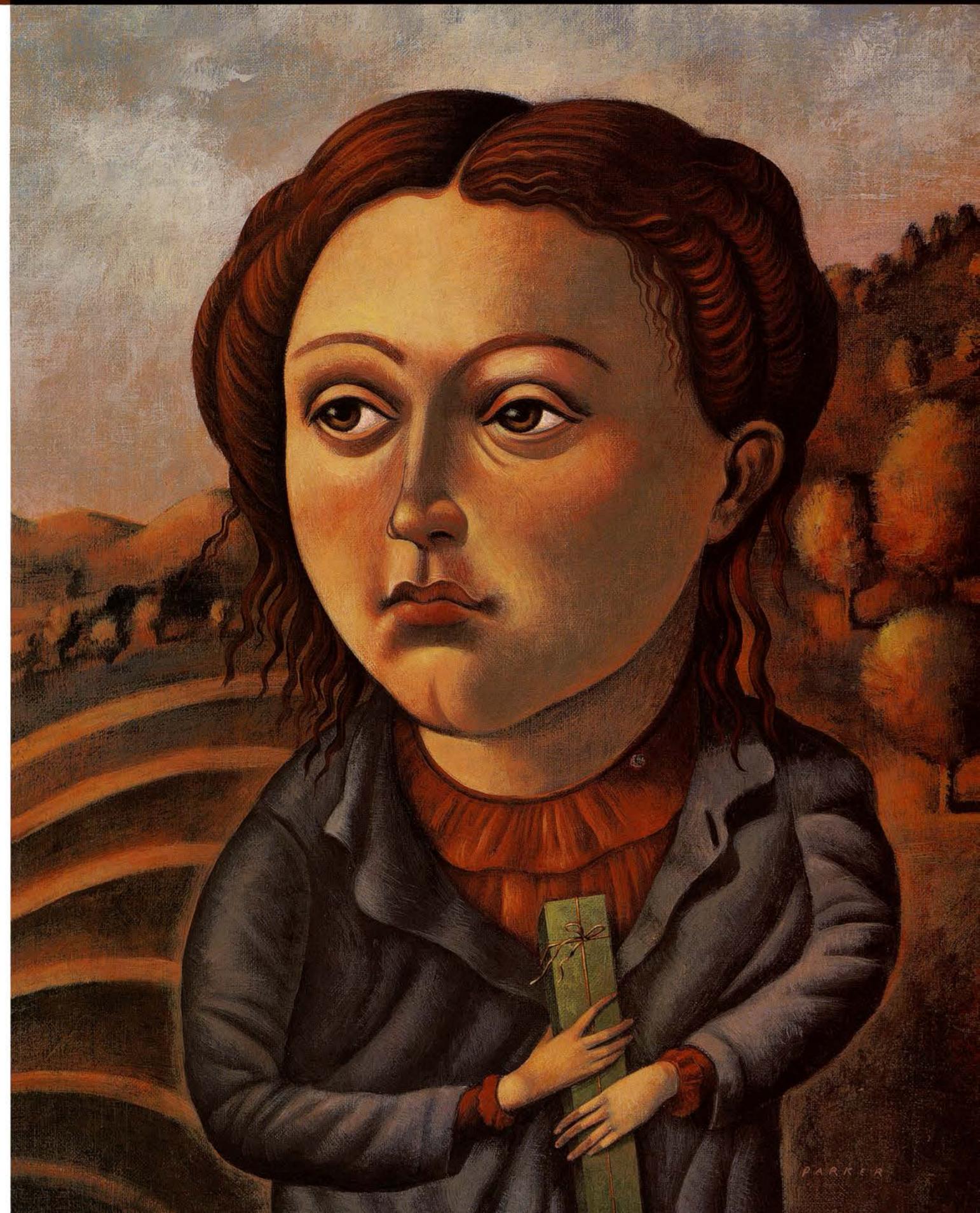
"It's a present fit for a lady," Pa had said, "and there's not a grander lady anywhere than your mother."

The coins in the hanky were not quite enough to pay for the fan, but the store manager had known her father, and he smiled and pushed it across the counter to the girl, and wished her a Merry Christmas.

The girl looked one more time at the card on the package — "From Pa," she had written — and she placed the present beneath the Christmas tree, hiding it under packages that held the muffler, the sweater, the mittens, the made-over dress. ❧

*For two decades, the late Don Schellie wrote humor, human interest, and history stories for The Tucson Citizen. He also wrote numerous books, including Vast Domain of Blood, the story of the massacre at Camp Grant in 1871.*

*Tempe-based Curtis Parker enjoys creating portraits of historical characters.*





# Hidden Art Treasures of the Indian Missions

ST. FRANCIS MISSION CHURCH IS A HIDDEN TREASURE, BUT IT ISN'T HARD TO FIND. TAKE MARICOPA ROAD EAST OFF INTERSTATE 10 SOUTH OF PHOENIX TO AK-CHIN, TURN RIGHT AT THE FIRE STATION, GO DOWN ABOUT A MILE PAST THE POLICE STATION, THEN MAKE ANOTHER RIGHT.

The road is dusty, and the little church sits by itself at the end, just like it always has, stoically resisting the sun and the minions it dispatches to beat down upon the structure with unrelenting intensity.

It's vaguely familiar. A poignant scene, perhaps from one of Sergio Leone's spaghetti Westerns.

Or all of them.

The immediate area probably looks the same today as it did more than 50 years ago. Now as then, the adobe structure huddles close to the earth. But back in the '40s, the casino wasn't here. Now it rises from the desert like a mirage, a glitzy splendor in complete contrast to the tiny church.

There's a curious parallel between them, though, the church and the casino. Sequestered in both are treasures, depending upon your definition of "treasure."

The casino offers the obvious riches, the

kind you roll through your fingers and carry around in a paper cup, seeking a quick return on a minor investment. The treasure inside St. Francis is an intangible, left there a half-century ago by a simple person with strong beliefs.

On the back roads and byways of Arizona, there are these little churches, little "galleries," usually unnoticed, that display the works of Jimmy Stevens. And his son, Bernardo. And Bill Sachno. And Kenneth Chico and Melvin Milda and forgotten artists who are now known only as "some guys from Sells" or "a young man who used to live in Sacaton."

The elder Stevens was an Apache who married a Pima woman from the Gila River Indian Reservation and moved to Bapchule, about 40 miles south of Phoenix. He had displayed a talent for art while attending

St. John's Mission School at Komatke, then at Brophy College Prep in Phoenix. When he settled down at Bapchule decades ago, he received permission to paint large murals inside six mission churches.

According to the October, 1963 edition of *Arizona Highways*, Stevens' first project was St. Francis at Ak-Chin. Henry Unger, who wrote the story, noted that Stevens was "a perfectionist [who] applied paint and removed it, completely dissatisfied with his work. Finally, he stood back and admired the murals of St. Francis and the Blessed

Sacrament, St. Francis receiving the stigma, and other Franciscan scenes."

Over the next few years, Stevens greatly enhanced the interiors of St. Peter's in Bapchule, the Holy Family Mission at Blackwater, Our Lady of Victory at Sacaton Flats, St. Francis Borgia at

*Text by Sam Lowe*

*Photographs by Don B. Stevenson*



(LEFT) Created at the Trappist monastery in Conyers, Georgia, this stained-glass window is one of several at Our Lady of Guadalupe Church in Solomon.

(RIGHT) This statue of the Immaculate Conception was the oldest piece brought to Mission San Jose by Spaniards returning from the Philippines.

St. Anthony's Mission  
displays a wooden chair used  
by Pope John Paul II  
beside an image of I'itoi,  
a Papago and Pima god.

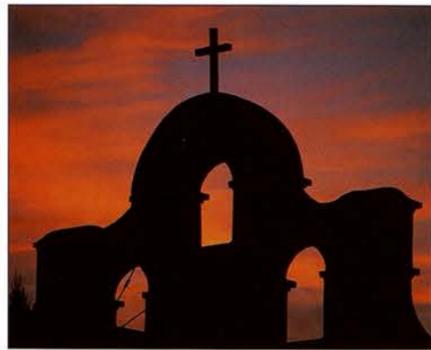
Sacate Village, and St. Augustine's Mission at Chuechu.

Before painting, Stevens had to smooth the rough plaster, repair rain damage, and sketch the work on the bare walls. He often worked at night, without help except for an occasional hand when he had to move scaffolding. Besides painting the murals, he also decorated some ceilings with intricate Native American designs.

His work inside St. Peter's was arguably his best. Across the back of the church, he executed near life-size paintings of Sts. Francis, Joseph, Paul, and Anthony in excellent detail and with great feeling, considering his lack of formal training. In the sanctuary, he placed two large murals. In one, Jesus Christ tells St. Peter to "feed my lambs." In the other, St. Peter struggles in a raging sea while Christ holds out a symbolic hand of salvation.

His rendition of the Holy Family fleeing to Egypt at the church in Blackwater was his largest mural. It measures 10 feet by 30 feet and covers the entire back wall. Behind the altar, he painted the family in a relaxed atmosphere on one side and young Jesus preaching in the temple on the other. Then he added a colorful design to the ceiling and symbolic borders along the walls.

Jimmy Stevens



(LEFT) St. Peter's Church adds to the beauty of a sunset at Bapchule on the Gila River Indian Community.

(RIGHT) Sanctuary murals of St. Peter and Christ decorate the interior of St. Peter's.

was undoubtedly the most well-known of the artists whose works appear in these "galleries," but he wasn't alone. All across the state, in missions and chapels, artists — from here and elsewhere — used their talents to beautify churches.

In Solomon, a small community east of Safford, the stained-glass windows in Our Lady of Guadalupe Church are exceptional examples of craftsmanship. The church was erected in 1878, then rebuilt in 1911 after a fire. The windows, leaded gothic stained-glass representations of a variety of saints, were designed and created at the Trappist monastery in Conyers, Georgia.

About three miles away, north and east of Solomon, off U.S. 70, Mission San Jose features a trove of religious art, some of it 18th-century Spanish Colonial from the Santa Fe School by Vivianne Duran Prelo, a New Mexico painter. A statue of Our Lady of Lourdes was made in Rome; one of St. Isadore, patron saint of farmers, was made in Portugal; and the figure of an infant Jesus was made in Spain.

And the crucifix is a splendid work, a relief carved into two wooden planks by artisans from Holy Trinity Monastery, a cloistered community at St. David, Arizona.

Many of these exhibits are eclectic collections combining church art

with Native American symbols. St. Anthony's Mission at Sacaton, for example, displays a wooden chair used by Pope John Paul II during a visit to Arizona beside an image of I'itoi, a Papago and Pima god. An oil painting of Kateri Tekawitha, a Mohawk Indian now being considered for canonization in the Roman Catholic Church, hangs next to a woven *ojo de Dios*, "God's eye." The ceiling over the altar encompasses a design of squares, possibly by Bernardo Stevens, who took up his father's work in the 1960s. And the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary wears a beaded Pima Indian crown.

Most striking, however, are the Stations of the Cross. Each is an individual oil painting in a figurative expressionist style of bold strokes, exuding a feeling of Mexico.

But there are obstacles in the way of those who would view these treasures.

Some of Jimmy Stevens' work has already been destroyed. St. Francis Borgia Mission at Sacate is in ruins after a fire. Services are no longer held at Our Lady of Victory Mission at Sacaton Flats because the roof leaks. Time and rain damage are gradually but definitely eroding the murals in St. Francis at Ak-Chin. Already, the face of St. Francis is peeling. Already, large pieces have fallen away from the murals. The Church of the Holy Family at Blackwater is used for services only once a month and is locked the rest of the time because of concern about vandals.

Fortunately there are men like Bill



The church's Stations of the Cross, framed by saguaro ribs, have not been affected by the elements, and that is fortunate because they are masterpieces of native art.

Sachno, Kenneth Chico, and Melvin Milda who try to repel the cruel advances of time and the elements.

Sachno, a retired postal worker from Phoenix, has dedicated the past decade to restoring and adding to the collections. Some of his best work appears in St. Francis Church on the Salt River Indian Reservation east of Scottsdale. He painted his version of "the Pima Madonna" on the rear wall, restored many of the intricate designs that border the walls, then added some of his own to serve as frames around the alcoves where the icons sit.

Sachno researched Indian symbols and developed a series of stencils to create the repetitive borders. Other times he improvised, doing freehand tortoise symbols, peace signs, and basket patterns in the churches at Bapchule, Sacaton, Blackwater, and up in Maricopa County.

He makes weekly visits to at least one of the churches, always carrying a brush and a supply of paint.

Kenneth Chico stood atop a step ladder in St. Catherine's Mission Church at Topowa, on the Papago reservation west of Tucson, repairing water damage to a representation of I'toi painted on the wall many years ago by "some guys from Sells." Time and again, Chico dipped his narrow brush into a bucket of brown paint, then painstakingly retraced the lines of the maze to restore it to its original condition.

"No, I am not an artist," he said. "I try to

be, but I am not." And he returned to his work because it had to be finished before an upcoming feast day.

Rain also has damaged two large murals in the rear of St. Catherine's. One is of Our Lady of Guadalupe; the other depicts Native American men at work. White splotches of new plaster cover the bad spots. Kenneth Chico would try to match the original work with his brush, buckets of paint, patience, and sincerity.

The church's Stations of the Cross, framed by saguaro ribs, have not been affected by the elements, and that is fortunate because they are masterpieces of native art. Like those in St. Anthony's in Sacaton, they are colorful works, almost portraiture, that trace the final days of Christ. The artist is unknown. If you ask, the answer will probably be, "Some man who doesn't live here anymore."

St. Peter's at Bapchule has escaped many of the ravages of time, however, because it is adjacent to St. Peter's Mission School where Melvin Milda is a custodian, handyman, and artist. Not only does he make constant repairs on the church to assure its future, he also paints colorful Indian designs on the trash cans, pillars, and buildings that surround it.

They make their

mark, men like Bill Sachno, Kenneth Chico, and Melvin Milda. When held against the massive project at Mission San Xavier del Bac, Arizona's most famous church, they win minor victories in lesser skirmishes. There are no funds for restoration. There's hardly enough money to keep the tiny mission churches operating. An artist who looked at the damage at St. Francis in Ak-Chin said putting the murals back in shape would cost far more than the building itself is worth.

So it may already be too late for some of them. For St. Francis at Ak-Chin. For the Church of the Holy Family at Blackwater. For Our Lady of Victory at Sacaton Flats.

Tourists will still stop outside one of these mission churches and take photographs of the whitewashed exterior against a dazzling blue sky and wonder who goes to church there, then drive off.

And never realize how close they were to the treasures turning to dust inside. ❧

*Sam Lowe, a columnist for The Phoenix Gazette, occasionally searches for treasure on Arizona's back roads.*

*Phoenix-based Don B. Stevenson has been exploring missions since he first moved to Arizona in 1971. His photographs of the extensive project at San Xavier del Bac south of Tucson appeared in the December, 1993 issue of Arizona Highways.*



(LEFT) Paint peels from the inspiring crucifixion mural at St. Francis Mission.  
(RIGHT) A carving of the suffering Christ on the cross highlights the art work at Mission San Jose.

# A R I Z O N A

A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYWHERE



## SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS "Carpathians, Romania"

As dawn's gentle light awakens the snow-covered San Francisco Peaks north of Flagstaff, the mountains evoke comparison to the Carpathians of northern Romania. The range runs through central and eastern Europe, linking the Alps to the Balkans. ROBERT G. McDONALD

FOR MORE THAN 70 YEARS, WE HAVE DEDICATED OUR December issue to the universal nature of the season. In this year's holiday portfolio, discover with us the wonderful diversity of Arizona.

All the images were taken in our Grand Canyon State, but they will take you on a journey around the world as our geography is amazingly similar to places far beyond our borders.

Travel with us around Arizona to places that resemble such exotic locales as the Nile River Valley of Egypt, the Outback of Australia, the Highlands of Venezuela, the Black Forest of Germany, and the savannahs of Kenya.

As Editor Raymond Carlson wrote 50 Decembers ago in *Arizona Highways'* first all-color issue, "This is the festive season, the season of family and friends, the season of home and fireside. This is the season when, if we are wanderers in the world, we think of familiar faces and familiar places, and our thoughts travel the intervening miles."

Merry Christmas! Happy Hanukkah! *Feliz Navidad! Prosit Neujahr! Joyeux Noël! Fröhliche Weihnachten! Se Novim Godom!* Happy New Year and Peace on Earth!

—Jeb Stuart Rosebrook

A P O R T F O L I O



OAK CREEK CANYON  
"Angel Falls, Venezuela"

After a summer rain, a waterfall in the north country's lush Oak Creek Canyon is reminiscent of Venezuela's Angel Falls, the highest in the world. ROBERT G. McDONALD



PALM CANYON  
"Mt. Sinai, Egypt"

The oasis in Palm Canyon of the Kofa Mountains in western Arizona could be a welcome sight to a traveler crossing the desert near Mt. Sinai in Egypt.

DAVID W. LAZAROFF



SOUTHEASTERN ARIZONA  
"Southwestern Kenya"

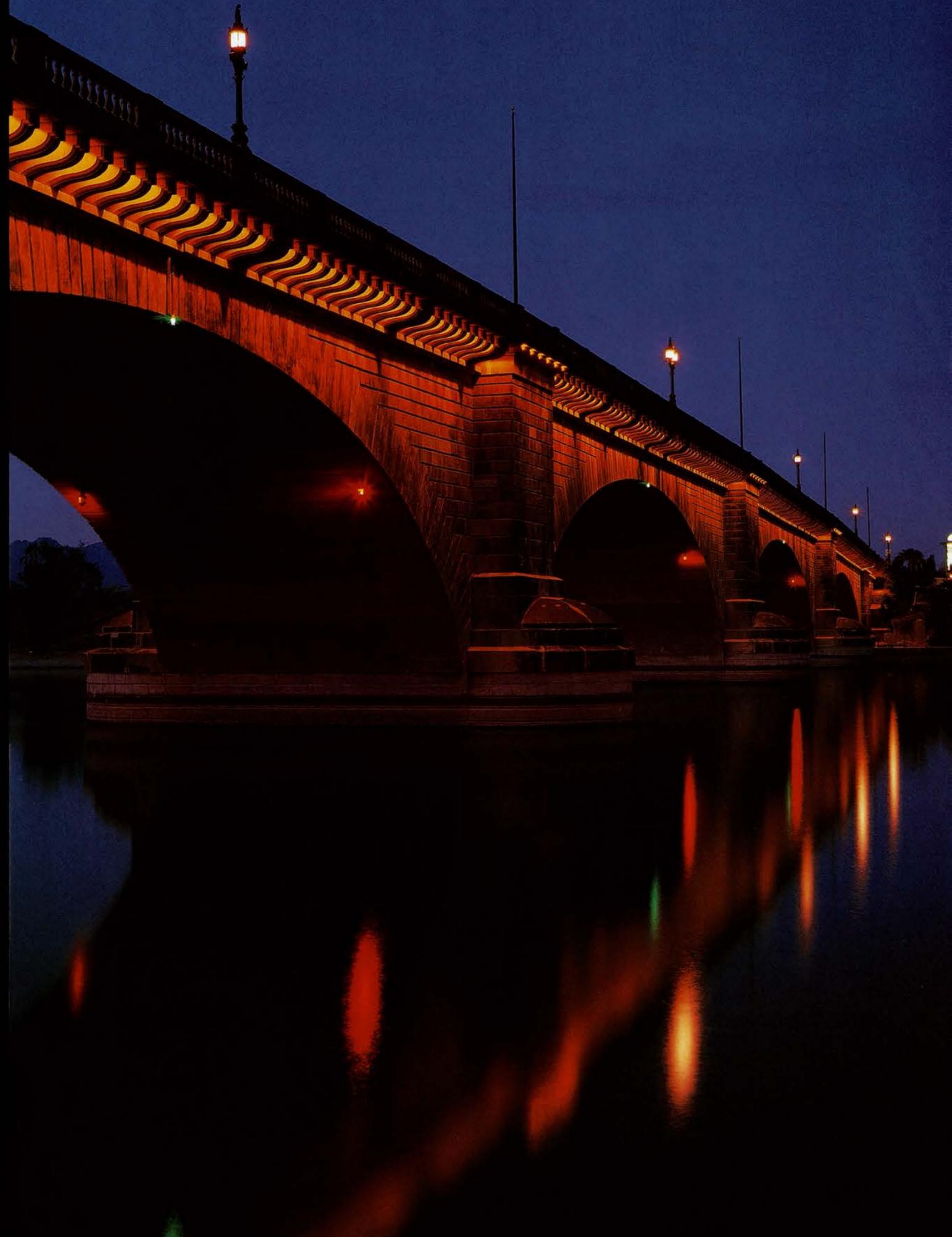
The grasslands of southeastern Arizona are much like the savannah of  
Kenya's Masai Mara. RANDY A. PRENTICE



TUCSON  
"Dome of the Rock, Jerusalem"

The Pima County Courthouse in Tucson bears a striking resemblance to Jerusalem's Dome of the Rock. Now a Moslem mosque, the Dome of the Rock previously served as a Christian church, a temple of Jupiter, and a Jewish temple.

RANDY A. PRENTICE



LAKE HAVASU CITY  
"London, England"

The London Bridge in Lake Havasu City lights up the Colorado River like dawn breaking across the Thames in London, England. RANDY A. PRENTICE



**SAN XAVIER  
INDIAN RESERVATION  
"Greece"**

With its whitewashed walls and Mediterranean appearance, Mission San Xavier del Bac — sitting like an island unto itself south of Tucson — evokes the Old World churches of the Greek Isles. **JERRY SIEVE**

**THE PAINTED DESERT  
"Spanish Badlands"**

The Salina sandstone formation known as the Seven Sisters in northeastern Arizona's Painted Desert could easily be mistaken for the badlands along the northern slope of the Sierra Nevada in southeastern Spain. **DAVID H. SMITH**





SABINO CANYON  
"Monteverde Cloud Forest Reserve, Costa Rica"

The thick riparian canopy of Sabino Canyon in the Santa Catalina Mountains north of Tucson is as inviting a bird sanctuary as the Monteverde Cloud Forest Reserve in Costa Rica. DAVID W. LAZAROFF



NAVAJO INDIAN RESERVATION  
"Simpson Desert, Australia"

A sandstone monument standing sentry in the Painted Desert area on the Navajo Indian Reservation in northeastern Arizona suggests Chamber's Pillar in the Simpson Desert, Northern Territory, Australia.

ROBERT G. McDONALD

THE LUKACHUKAIS  
"Nambung National  
Park, Australia"

The red rock buttes of the Lukachukai Mountains region of the Navajo reservation have withstood eons of erosion like their Southern Hemisphere lookalikes in Western Australia's Nambung National Park. DAVID MUENCH





MOUNT LEMMON  
"Black Forest,  
Germany"

A blue fog casts an eerie  
shroud around the trunks  
of ponderosa pine trees  
on Mount Lemmon north  
of Tucson like the winter  
mists of Germany's  
fabled Black Forest.

RANDY A. PRENTICE



**EAST FORK OF THE BLACK RIVER**  
"Gunma, Ozegahara, Japan"

The East Fork of the Black River in eastern Arizona boasts a lushness that is found along the streams of Gunma, Ozegahara, Japan. JERRY SIEVE

**COCONINO  
NATIONAL FOREST**  
"Quebec, Canada"

Aspens turned golden light up the verdant conifers of the Coconino National Forest, inviting comparison to Quebec's Riviera du Loup region in the crisp days of autumn. TOM DANIELSEN





GRAND WASH CLIFFS  
"Ethiopia"

Joshua trees in the Mohave Desert  
frame the Grand Wash Cliffs in  
northwestern Arizona, evoking the  
harsh beauty of Ethiopia's western  
highlands. BRUCE GRIFFIN

NEAR WINSLOW  
"Egypt"

At sunset, a lone pinnacle in the desert dunes north of  
Winslow resembles the Pyramid of Chephron at Giza  
near Cairo, Egypt. JERRY JACKA



# A Foundling in the Wilderness



*This story was first published  
by Arizona Highways in February, 1936.*

It was Christmas Day sometime in the 1870s. The west-bound mail stage swung around the point of a ridge 100 yards east of Horse Head Crossing, Arizona. There, about two miles east of Holbrook, was an early-day stage station and Navajo trading post on the line of the overland mail route from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Prescott, Arizona.

As soon as the dust from the stage was seen, the station awakened. The handful of loafers in the saloon sauntered out onto the brush-and-dirt-covered porch to watch the arrival of the stage, which was, in fact, the event of the day, and everybody about the place, even the dogs, came to life.

The station was on the north side of the Little Colorado River just below the point where the Rio Puerco — Spanish for

“dirty river” — joined it from the east. It was made up of a general store, the inevitable frontier saloon, the stage station, a post office, corrals, together with half a dozen rough adobe dwellings scattered around in a grove of grand old cottonwood trees.

Off to one side were a few Navajo hogans, used by the Indians when they came in from their reservation to trade with the storekeeper and sell their wool and blankets.

The so-called “stage” actually was a rickety yellow buckboard drawn by a couple of broncos. It was piled high with mail sacks and baggage. A single weary, dust-covered passenger climbed down from its seat.

The driver tossed the reins to a Mexican who, having unhitched the animals from the buckboard, led them off to a

Text by Will C. Barnes  
Illustrations by Bob Lemler



corral for water and feed. A fresh team would take their place when the westward journey was resumed.

The passenger followed the driver into the station, where dinner was ready in the dining room. A blue-eyed, golden-haired young girl waited on them. The passenger watched her with deep interest. The station keeper, Bernardo Fraye, who sat with his guests, called her "Cris-mus."

The passenger looked inquiringly at the man. "Odd name, that," he remarked. "How come?" The girl had disappeared into the kitchen.

The station keeper smiled. "Bout eight years ago, the eastbound stage found the burned remains of a buckboard standing beside the road on the west side of the Leroux Wash, 'bout four miles west of here. As the driver pulled up his team, a couple of ravens rose into the air with shrill and noisy 'caws.'

"A man and a woman, both almost naked, lay dead near a cold campfire. All signs pointed to either Indian or white outlaws. Their two horses had been killed and the camp looted, and what things the murderers couldn't carry off with them had been thrown on the campfire and burned to ashes. Even the buckboard had been partially burned.

"A short distance from the camp, under a bunch of ironwoods, where the dead ones had evidently made their bed, lay a piece of heavy canvas. The driver lifted one corner of it and there lay a child — a little girl — sound asleep, evidently worn out from crying and hunger.

"Just why she had been spared we have never been able to discover. She was possibly a little over three years old and could tell us nothing of what had happened or who the people were whose dead bodies lay in the lonely roadside camp.

"After a hurried examination, the stage driver brought the little one here, where we did everything we could to comfort her. She soon forgot the terrible experience she had been through. Possibly she was asleep through it all and never knew just what had happened.

"Of course, as soon as the stage left we went back to the deserted camp to bury the dead and, if possible, discover something as to their identity; but though we searched for hours in and around the deserted camp, not a single shred of evidence could we find as to who they were, where they came from, or where they were going. Everything had been burned.

"We buried the two in one grave and put over it a large cross made from the tongue of the buckboard, which had not

been completely burned. You will see the grave close to the road just after crossing the wash on your way west. My wife and I adopted the little one and named her 'Christmas' for the day she came to us. We couldn't love her more if she was our very own flesh and blood.

"A few days later two hard-looking hombres rode into the station. They were well mounted and led a heavily loaded pack mule. They put their stock in the corral and announced they would stay for the night. They both seemed rather sullen and uncommunicative and evidently were not seeking human companionship. They did manage to inform us that they came 'from over Prescott way' and were going to New Mexico, but that was all we learned about them. That evening over at the bar, after

**'NOPE, WE NEVER TOLD THE  
LITTLE GIRL WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THE FOLKS SHE WAS WITH.  
MEBBESO NEVER WILL.  
ANYHOW, NOT TILL SHE'S  
OLD ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND  
WHAT IT ALL MEANS TO HER.'**

tanking up pretty plenty, the two picked a quarrel with the barkeep. Old Bill was ordinarily peaceable enough but a mighty hard man to put anything over on. Also he was sure quick on the trigger.

"When we got there, the two bad men were lying on the floor deader than Julius Caesar, and the barkeep had a big hole in his left shoulder from a .45 bullet, which went plumb through and come out the other side. We did some rough-and-ready surgery work, stopped the flow of blood, an' inside of a month Old Bill was almost as good as ever. Barkeepers were mostly built that way in them days.

"In the outlaws' pack we found all the evidence we needed to prove they were the chaps who had killed the man and woman an' burned their outfit an' camp over on the Leroux Wash. But here again we were plumb stumped for, believe it or not, there wasn't a single thing to show who the dead man and woman were; an' by the same token, there wasn't a shred of evidence to identify the two murderers. We went

through their stuff with a fine-tooth comb but not a thing in the outfit told us a word.

"They had quite a wad of money with them which, with their horses, saddles, bedding, and other plunder, we turned over to the sheriff, who happened along a few days later. The sheriff didn't have any better luck than we did in finding out who the two chaps were, so after keeping the horses and other plunder for a year, the stuff was sold by the probate judge, according to the laws of Arizona. With the money found on the two men and what came from the sale of their effects it made quite a nice little sum, which was turned over to me as the girl's legal guardian and foster father.

"I put the money in the bank at Albuquerque in her name and someday, mebbeso, it will come in handy to buy her a wedding outfit. You will see the graves of the two men over there in the sage flat yonder. We planted them there after the shooting.

"Nope, we never yet have told the little girl about what happened to the folks she was with. Mebbeso never will. Anyhow, not till she's grown up an' old enough to understand what it all means to her. You can see the grave about half a mile west of the wash goin' up the slope. Mean to put a regular stone marker over it one of these days when some stonemason chap comes along."

The grave where the young couple was buried lies close to the old Holbrook-Winslow wagon road on the west slope of Leroux Wash. Some years later, a plain slab of red sandstone from a nearby cliff was set up over the grave as a marker, but nothing was carved on it. ❏

**Editor's Note:** After the Santa Fe railroad reached Holbrook, a post office was opened there on September 18, 1882. This caused the abandonment of the old stage station and post office, which was first established about 1870.

Bernardo Fraye, or "Old Man Bernardo," as he was best known, then closed down his business and moved to Albuquerque. Presumably he took with him the young girl of the story, but what became of her the writer has not been able to learn, although diligent inquiry has been made from time to time. All that remains of the incident is the lone headstone on the west side of Leroux Wash, a few miles west of Holbrook.

*Will C. Barnes came to Arizona in 1880 as a U.S. Army private. In later years, he became a cattleman, politician, and an inspector of grazing for the Forest Service. His work on the U.S. Board on Geographic Names led to his book Arizona Place Names. He also wrote Apaches and Longhorns, and his articles appeared in many periodicals. Barnes died in 1936.*

*Phoenix-based Bob Lemler is an oil painter who specializes in fine art gallery works.*

# antique dolls

## Evoke Bittersweet Memories of the Frontier West

TEXT BY ANNE STEPHENSON

PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL LOVEN

*I*MAGINE A CHRISTMAS MORNING 100 YEARS AGO IN THE SOUTHEASTERN ARIZONA SETTLEMENT OF PIMA, WHERE A LITTLE GIRL NAMED ANNIE LAURA WHIPPLE SAT IN A WHITE FRAME HOUSE, HOLDING A NEW DOLL IN HER ARMS.

The doll was the image of a child about Annie Laura's age. Her head and hands were unglazed porcelain. Her eyes were brown, her complexion the color of sweet cream, her cheeks the pink of a rose. There was a dimple in her chin. She was nearly two feet tall, and she wore a pink and green dress with a matching hat and black velvet shoes.

No one knows what the doll's hair looked like when Annie Laura first held her. In those days, dolls' "wigs" were often changed or replaced. Years later, when the doll was donated to the collection of the Arizona Historical Society in Tucson, she wore a wig made of cuttings from Annie Laura's own dark brown hair.

Annie Laura took good care of her doll, no easy task in a house filled with children. She was the fifth child of William and Polly Ann Whipple, pioneers who farmed at Pima in the Gila Valley before moving to Clifton to run a dairy. In those days, families were large but fragile. The Whipples had nine children, but only three lived to adulthood. Annie Laura died of a heart disorder when she was 13, and her younger sister, Flossie, inherited the doll.



For more than 70 years, Flossie Whipple Hagan kept a record in her head and in her heart of her family's history, and of the sister she had lost. When she gave some Whipple heirlooms to the historical society in 1974, she turned over many mementos of Annie Laura: records of her birth and death, a few photographs, and a doll with a pink and green dress and dimpled chin, which had once delighted a little girl on Christmas morning.

Imagine, now, another special day, this one in 1881. It was the ninth birthday of Addie Slaughter, daughter of the famous Cochise County sheriff and cattleman John Horton Slaughter. Her father's gift to her was a bit of elegance in the rough country of southeastern Arizona: a doll made in France, dressed in a silk gown trimmed with satin and lace and fastened with tiny silk-covered buttons.

The doll was the likeness of a young woman. Her hair was blond, her face full, her skin translucent. Her placid eyes were an icy, otherworldly gray.

Addie's toy was what modern doll collectors call a "fashion doll." Her body was made of leather (her hands



(OPPOSITE PAGE) A typical French doll, created circa 1885-'89 by Pierre Francois Jameau still rests in its original box. (ABOVE) Antique German dolls seem to listen attentively to their teacher in this reproduction of a 1912 classroom. All the dolls shown in the story were displayed at the Arizona Doll and Toy Museum in Phoenix.

had individually sewn fingers that looked like oversize gloves), and it was disproportionate. In eastern cities of the United States, fashion dolls with their elaborate gowns and accessories were a luxury, kept on shelves and played with only under adult supervision.

Addie's doll, however, lived on the Slaughters' vast San Bernardino Ranch or in Tombstone. It was rough country, and no one had time to supervise a little girl's play,

"Many of them probably had bodies made out of old feed sacks and buttons for eyes," says Mark Santiago, collections manager at the historical society in Tucson. "They were loved and played with until they disintegrated. We'll never know about them because they served their purpose so well."

Perhaps most importantly, Addie's and Annie Laura's dolls have stories. We know who owned them and how they came to be where they are today. That's not true of most

Collectors might appreciate a doll because it's rare or costs a certain amount of money, but the simple pleasures you get out of them are really what it's all about."

If that doesn't make sense to you, come to the Arizona Doll and Toy Museum, located in a tiny historic house at Heritage Square in downtown Phoenix. Almost without exception, visitors exclaim with surprise when they walk through the door. They expect to see dolls, but they are not prepared for the expressive eyes that look back at them, eyes that seem to follow them as they move from room to room.

Many of the dolls in the museum were manufactured between 1860 and the turn of the century, during the heyday of European dollmaking. In France the competing family firms of Leon Casimir Bru and Pierre Francois Jameau produced exquisite bisque dolls with inset glass eyes. In Germany companies such as Simon and Halbig, J.D. Kestner, and Armand Marseille made dolls that were popular throughout Europe and the United States.

"You get so that you can tell the difference," says Inez McCrary, curator of the museum. "See the eyebrows on the French dolls? How heavy they are; how they almost meet in the middle? Some people, when they first see them, say, 'Oh, why would anyone want that doll?' But they grow on you with their wonderful eyes and features that are so delicate. They're often dressed more elegantly than the German dolls, which were of the working class, while the French dolls were the elegant ladies."

Not all of the dolls at the museum date from before the turn of the century. In one room, a 1920s' "boudoir doll," made to ornament a woman's bed, lounges on a miniature fainting couch. Nearby sits a collection of Shirley Temple dolls, one of which belonged to McCrary when she was a child. After her mother's death, she found the doll in a trunk, carefully wrapped and dressed in its original dress, shoes, and stockings. "I didn't even know my mother had saved her," says McCrary. "It made me think she must have liked dolls, too."

In another room is a set of Dionne Quintuplets, made by the Alexander Doll Company of New York after the real quint — Cecile, Annette, Emelie, Marie, and Yvonne — were born in Canada in 1934. The dolls are one in a progression of sets produced as the real-life quintuplets grew from babies to toddlers to little girls. The five figures are identical, but each wears a different colored dress and a tiny pin engraved with her name.

The quintuplets are part of the museum's collection, but most of the dolls there are

Not all of the dolls at the museum date from before the turn of the century. A 1920s' 'boudoir doll' lounges on a fainting couch. Nearby sits a collection of Shirley Temple dolls.



so the doll spent more time in Addie's arms than on a shelf.

Several years ago, some important items from the estate of John Slaughter were donated to the Arizona Historical Society. Included in the bequest were his badge, his guns, the bedroom suite used by Slaughter and his wife, Viola, and an elegant French doll with icy gray eyes.

The dolls that belonged to Annie Laura Whipple and Addie Slaughter are special in many ways. They are not only well-preserved but still have their original clothes and accessories. Made in Europe, they were brought to America when the West was still a frontier. It wasn't until the coming of the railroads in the late 19th century that pioneers in southern Arizona had easy access to European goods. Before that most children played with dolls made of simpler stuff.

antique dolls because they were brought to Arizona by modern collectors, not by pioneers. It's a charming twist of their hobby, however, that if a doll doesn't have a story, a collector is free to imagine one.

"There's a lot of emotional gratification to it," says Fran Oakland, who owns nearly 200 dolls, including two valuable fashion dolls that are posed — with their armoire, gowns, and accessories — on a shelf in a walk-in closet. No one but Oakland sees them, but she enjoys it that way.

"I love it when I come in and get dressed, and my dolls are getting dressed, too," she says. "Actually, they're probably packing for some wonderful voyage to someplace far away. They have a lot of romance about them, and elegance."

"I think it's important to remember that dolls were made to be enjoyed as playthings.



on loan from collectors (the museum is sponsored by doll clubs throughout Arizona). One collector who helped start the museum six years ago is Helen Boothe, who bought her first Shirley Temple doll when she was 40 years old. Most of her collection is made up of miniature dolls

like the ones she played with when she was a child during the Depression.

Back then Boothe's family did not have enough money to buy toys, but two dolls were given to her by friends. They were tiny bisque figures, about four inches tall, that sold for 29 cents with clothes and 19

(OPPOSITE PAGE, LEFT) This 36-inch-tall French doll, from Bru Ine circa 1880, still has all of its original accessories.

(OPPOSITE PAGE, RIGHT) An American papier mache baby doll made by Leo Moss around 1900, is one of six that he created to resemble his own children. Only 28 Moss dolls are known to exist today.

(ABOVE) Lady Grace, a reproduction of a French Bruwig mannequin, takes a J.D. Kestner baby doll from Germany, circa 1910, for a ride. The wicker carriage is from Heywood and Wakefield in England, circa 1890. Another Kestner doll, also circa 1890, appears to be tugging at the mannequin's skirt.

cents undressed. They were fragile, modest toys, but Boothe loved them. Today they are very rare.

"Miniature dolls were really played with," she says. "They were cheap, and they were loved, and when they broke they were thrown away. That's why it's difficult to put a collection together because there's just not very much out there anymore."

Luckily Boothe has been collecting for years, and some of what once was "out there" found its way into her hands. The "doll room" of her house is full of toys in various stages of repair. She likes fashion dolls because of their accessories, which are wondrous in scale and detail.

The crowning glory of Boothe's collection stands against one wall of the room. It is a cabinet, six feet high and six feet wide, divided into 21 rooms filled with antique dollhouse furniture and dolls.

Boothe collected the contents of the cabinet, piece by piece, during the last three decades. She began assembling the rooms four years ago. So far, six are complete. Before she is finished, she will hang wallpaper, run electricity to chandeliers and sconces, and set tiny bricks in mortar for the floor of a stable on the lowest level.

There will be a music room, a laundry, a country store with an antique cash register made of pot metal, a bathroom, a dining room in which a turkey is served at a table imported from England, a kitchen, a dressmaker's room, and what Boothe calls her "sentimental" bedroom with a magnificent set of rose furniture and tiny tin chests filled with beads she played with as a girl.

There are miniature photographs hanging on walls, tiny quilts and embroidered samplers, flowered Limoges plates barely an inch in diameter, even a Santa Claus paying his annual visit. And there are dolls, including several rare African American figures.

"Look at this one," says Boothe. "It took me 15 years to get her. I wrote to every dealer I knew and said I wanted a black dollhouse lady. This is the only one I've ever seen. She's very old. She must be close to 100."

Boothe does not know where the doll came from, who made it, or who owned it. But in its face, and in the chipped paint of the tiny kitchen chairs, she sees history — a hint of Christmas mornings long ago and the happy cries of children like Annie Laura Whipple and Addie Slaughter. ❧

Phoenix-based Anne Stephenson grew up playing with Barbie. This story was her introduction to antique dolls. Paul Loven, also of Phoenix, digitally altered the images in this story to create a dreamlike effect. Loven's ethereal style is to be highlighted in ZOOM magazine, an international photographic publication produced in Milan, Italy.



# STATE **89** ROUTE

SCENIC TRAIL OF PIONEERS

I'M DRIVING ALONG STATE ROUTE 89, A HISTORIC 101-MILE STRETCH FROM Wickenburg north to Ash Fork known at different times as the Hassayampa Trail, the Sunset Trail, and the White Spar Road.

It's one of the prettiest, curviest roads in the state. It's also one of Arizona's "proto" roads — a route defined by the earliest travelers in the Southwest — and a lot of history was laid down along and across its path.

Following the route out from Wickenburg, I realize that it is a corridor of time, a well-worn path traveled by people from prehistoric to modern cultures. From Sinaguans to Americans, people have struggled, fought, and died to control this land, putting down their roots where there was water and settling into encampments that sometimes grew into towns and villages, some of which — like Prescott, Yarnell, and Wickenburg — survived.

TEXT BY TOM DOLLAR  PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK DYKINGA

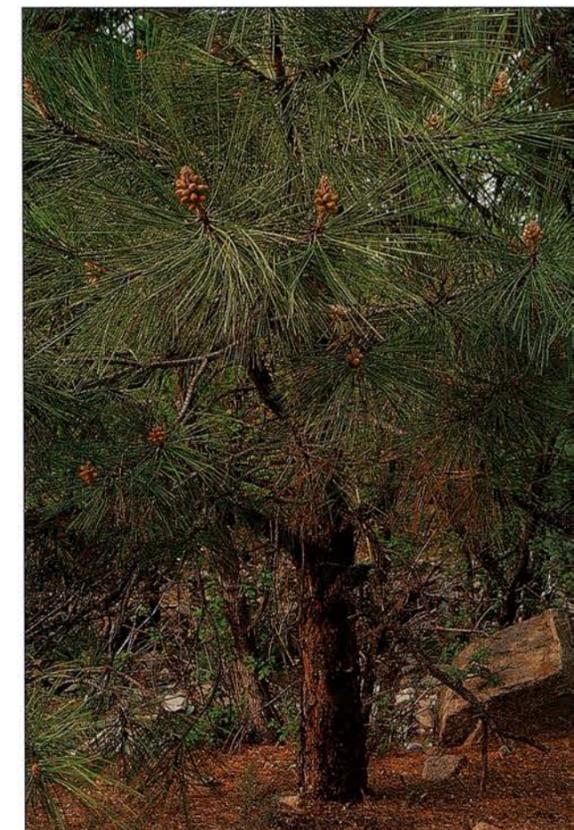
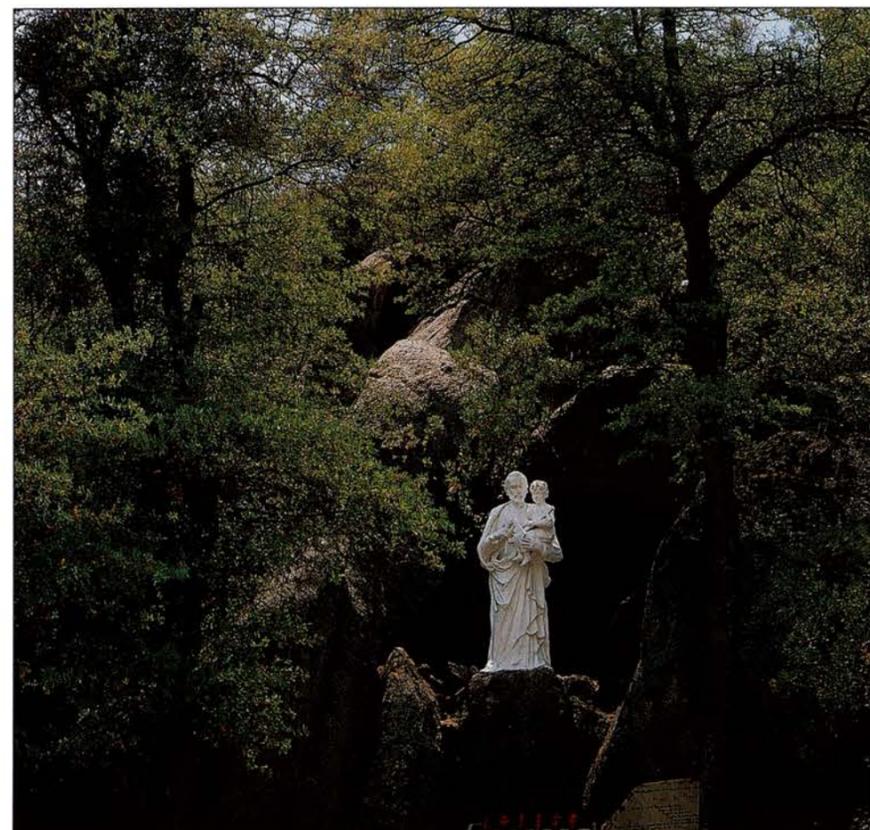
Like many of Arizona's highways, State 89 parallels an Indian trade route, this one up the Hassayampa River, a trail kept secret from Europeans and Americans until 1863. Spanish conquistadores and missionaries followed these ancient trails in their quests for legendary cities of riches or for souls to save. However, there is no evidence that any Europeans or Americans traveled this route until a Mojave Indian guide helped lead the Joseph Walker Party up the Hassayampa to the goldfields near Prescott in 1863.

The first Americans in the Bradshaw Mountains were trappers and prospectors, tougher than wet cowhide, mountain men like Bill Williams, Paulino Weaver, and James

Local folklore  
suggests  
a drink of the  
Hassayampa's  
waters  
will turn you into  
a lifelong liar.

Ohio Pattie. Some of them later guided military expeditions over the same routes. The military men surveyed the trails, smoothing the rough edges off the terrain for subsequent wagon roads and railroads. Many years later, after the arrival of the automobile, the route was moved from its original path up the Hassayampa to its current roadbed.

Before driving north, I had stopped in Wickenburg for a sandwich. That is an old community, established in 1863 and named for Henry Wickenburg, who discovered a rich lode of hard-rock gold nearby, which became the famous Vulture Mine. It's a pleasant town, spread out along the banks of the Hassayampa, a name probably derived from a Mojave word meaning "gliding water"



or "smooth-running water." Local folklore suggests a drink of the Hassayampa's waters will turn you into a lifelong liar.

North of Wickenburg, the landscape along State 89 is littered with names left by Arizona's earliest Anglo travelers: Weaver Peak, Peeples Valley, Walker Gulch, and Kirkland, a town named for William H. Kirkland. It's said that Kirkland and his wife were the first white couple married in Arizona Territory.

The road is blacktop, well-maintained, and smooth sailing at 55 mph. For the first 10 miles, all the way up to Congress, the grade is gentle.

The beauty of driving anywhere in Arizona is seeing the landscape transform itself

as you climb and descend. That's true elsewhere, of course, but nowhere more dramatically than in this wide-open country. Beyond Wickenburg, at about 2,000 feet, the terrain is covered with desert scrub and a lot of creosote, mesquite, and cactuses. Gradually I move up through rolling grasslands toward chaparral.

From Congress I ascend the steep, winding road to the village of Yarnell, which sits at nearly 5,000 feet. Antique shops line State 89, the main drag through town, but it's the Shrine of St. Joseph I'm looking for.

I find it, about a half mile off the main street. Set amid enormous granite boulders in an oak woodland, the shrine was built to honor Joseph, head of the Holy Family. Its main feature is the Way of the Cross, with life-size figures arranged along a winding pathway. Indian paintbrush and lavender asters bloom beside the path. The air is cool in this sylvan setting, and I pause beside a lichen-encrusted boulder to listen to cicadas thrum from the canopies of giant cottonwoods strung along a dry wash down below. (See *Arizona Highways*, June '88.)

Leaving Yarnell I drive four miles north to Peeples Valley, an area of rich grassland cupped in a shallow basin beneath Weaver Peak. The valley was named for Abraham Harlow Peeples, who came to Arizona with

Paulino Weaver in 1863 in search of gold. Behind white fences, beautifully conditioned thoroughbred horses gambol across rolling green terrain. Except for the Italian cypresses planted around ranch buildings as windbreaks, Peeples Valley reminds me of the Mexican highlands south of Sonoita.

At Wilhoit, six miles north of Kirkland Junction, State 89 climbs through the Prescott National Forest toward Prescott, Arizona's first capital and one of my favorite places. As the roadway ascends, it contours the terrain, switching back and forth, providing curves aplenty. It's slow-going at 15 mph. The piñon-juniper woodland begins to give way to ponderosa pines. At intervals there are broad pullouts where I park and step out to gaze down through long draws and folded hills. The nippy air becomes deliciously pine-scented. Tonight I'll sleep beneath soughing pines on the edge of Prescott.

In the morning, I decide to take a back road side trip. I leave Prescott heading west-southwest on Iron Springs Road to drive 15 miles to Skull Valley. The road is Yavapai County Route 10. All the road signs crossing this remote terrain are bullet-riddled.

There are two explanations for the name Skull Valley. The first is that bones were left

(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 46 AND 47)

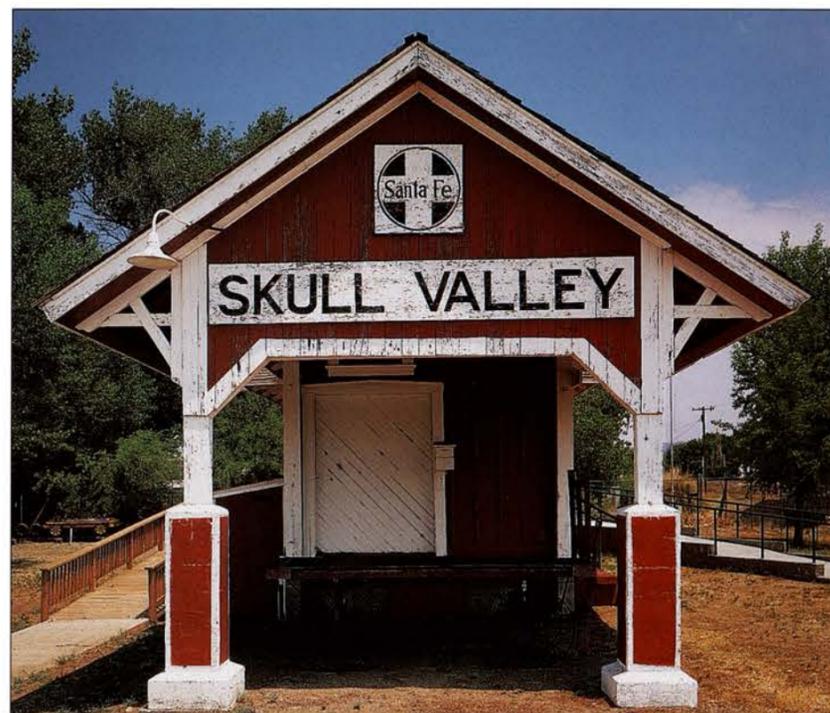
*The last light of day illuminates two cars making their way toward Yarnell.*

(LEFT) *Lined with cottonwoods, watercress, and cattails, the Hassayampa River winds its way through its namesake preserve.*

(ABOVE, LEFT) *A larger-than-life statue of St. Joseph is one of several sculptures at the Shrine of St. Joseph near Yarnell.*

(ABOVE, RIGHT) *Ponderosa pine trees cover the slopes of the Prescott National Forest.*

Following the skirmish, the bodies of 35 Indians were left to bleach in the sun. For years travelers passed by the skeletons of the dead.



there from a fight between Yavapai and Maricopa Indians in the 1850s. They were, the story goes, discovered in 1864 by a troop of soldiers escorting the governor to Tucson.

The other explanation is that the area became known as Skull Valley in August,

1864, after a battle pitting soldiers and civilians against Tonto and Yavapai Apaches. Following the skirmish, the bodies of 35 Indians were left to bleach in the sun. For years travelers passed by the skeletons of the dead.

The Santa Fe, Phoenix & Prescott Railroad

once stopped in Skull Valley on its way to Prescott. Today the railroad avoids the tough grades of the Sierra Prieta and bypasses Prescott to haul freight north to Ash Fork. The old railway depot now is part of the Skull Valley Museum.

No matter where I travel in Arizona, it seems, I cross the path of Sharlot Hall. A Prescottian, Hall was a doughty traveler. As official historian of Arizona Territory, she traveled extensively by horse-drawn vehicle in the early 1900s, when many Arizona roads were still only wagon ruts. Without her firsthand knowledge of the terrain and untiring efforts as a lobbyist, the Arizona Strip, north of the Grand Canyon, might now be part of Utah.

I like best the story of how she almost singlehandedly assured that mountain man Paulino Weaver would be remembered. Collecting pennies from Arizona

(LEFT) Yellow roses accent the Sharlot Hall Museum's Bashford House in Prescott.

(ABOVE) Formerly a stop on the Santa Fe, Phoenix & Prescott Railroad, Skull Valley's train depot now serves as part of a museum.

(OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP) A roadside plaque at the Hell Canyon bridge marks the 35th parallel.

(OPPOSITE PAGE, BOTTOM) A flagstone sign welcomes travelers to Ash Fork, the northern end of State Route 89.



schoolchildren, she saved enough money to remove Weaver's remains from California and bring them to a grave on the grounds of the old Governor's Mansion in Prescott at what is now the Sharlot Hall Museum. There, a bronze plaque celebrates Weaver as the area's first settler.

You can get a pretty good capsule version of Arizona history from State 89's roadside markers. A sign announces "Historical Road Marker Ahead," so I brake and pull to the side of the road where State 89, the 35th parallel, and the Hell Canyon Gorge converge north of Chino Valley. Past legions traveled this route: Indians, missionaries, trappers, and Army troops. In 1851 Capt. Lorenzo Sitgreaves led an Army survey team through here; that same year, Lt. Amiel W. Whipple commanded another party searching for a railroad route to the Pacific.

The marker's last notation captures my fancy: in 1857-'59, I learn, Lt. Edward F. Beale scouted for a wagon road along the 35th parallel, using camels as beasts of burden. I try hard to picture camels here. His men disliked the beasts, but in his journal Beale praised their endurance, unfussy eating habits, and drought hardiness. His expedition was dubbed "the camel corps."

Then I head on toward Ash Fork where State 89 dead-ends. The grade of the Santa Fe Railroad parallels the highway, and at 55 mph I easily pass a long line of freight cars lumbering uphill to Ash Fork.

A stage line between Prescott and Ash Fork also operated along this route, and Del Rio Springs out in Chino Valley was a stage stop. But Del Rio Springs was more than that. For five months, early in 1864, the offices of Arizona's territorial government were run out of tents and log cabins



right there at the original site of Fort Whipple before it was moved to a spot just outside Prescott.

On the town's outskirts, a sign proudly announces: "Ash Fork . . . Flagstone Capital of U.S.A." I drive past the yards of the Dunbar and Western States Stone Companies, where pallets are piled high with Coconino and Kaibab flagstones mined from the Blue Bird Quarry north of town. "If It's Stone We Have It," a sign says.

In its heyday, Ash Fork was on the main line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and an opulent Harvey House hotel and restaurant near the depot here catered to rail passengers. Today Main Street is pretty quiet. But the 66 Cafe and a few other older businesses recall a time when Ash Fork was a bustling way station for motorists heading west along old Route 66.

I drive west along Main Street and loop back past the post office, the busiest place in town, on Lewis Avenue. Back on State 89, heading south to Prescott, I cruise beneath an overpass carrying cars speeding along Interstate 40. Nowadays Ash Fork is merely a blip on the landscape. Roads change, inevitably, and with them the fortunes of people who live along their paths. ■

**Travel Guide:** For more about the great

variety of places to enjoy in Arizona, we recommend *Travel Arizona*. Our best-selling travel guide and its easy-to-read maps lead to such popular destinations as the Grand Canyon, Lake Powell, Tombstone, and Mission San Xavier del Bac, as well as out-of-the-way gems you may never have heard of. The 128-page softcover guide costs \$10.95 plus shipping and handling. To order, telephone toll-free (800) 543-5432; in the Phoenix area or from outside the U.S., call (602) 258-1000.

Tom Dollar lives on the outskirts of Tucson, and though he spends most of his time in the southern part of the state, he is not immune to the attractions farther north.

Jack Dykinga, who also lives in Tucson, welcomes the opportunity to travel along State Route 89.

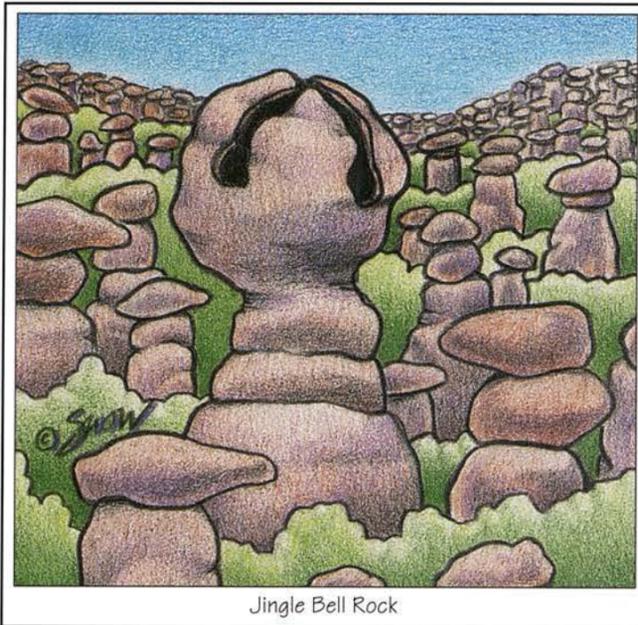
#### WHEN YOU GO

For more information about the attractions along State Route 89, call chambers of commerce in Wickenburg, (520) 684-5479, and Prescott, (520) 445-2000.





## ARIZONA HUMOR



Jingle Bell Rock

VICKY SNOW

## Strange Ways

My grandmother, who lived in Tucson, would go out on the front porch and yell, "Praise the Lord!" Her next door neighbor would shout back, "There ain't no God!"

During those days, my grandmother was very poor, so the neighbor decided to prove his point by buying a large bag of groceries and placing it at her door.

The next morning, Grandmother went to the porch and, seeing the groceries, said, "Praise the Lord."

The neighbor then stepped out from behind a tree and said, "I bought those groceries, and there ain't no God."

Grandmother replied, "Lord, you not only sent me food but you made the devil pay for it."  
Arlan Lewis  
Vallejo, CA

## Oasis

My wife and I were part of a group hiking in the Superstition Mountains. When we reached a water hole, our

guide carefully made an opening in the greenish scum and scooped up water for us to drink. He offered a drink to my wife, but she, being a fastidious woman, took one look at the appearance of the water hole and refused it.

"Will the water be different at the next hole?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," the guide replied. "But you will."

Thomas M. Smith  
Pocatello, ID

## Room Service

I worked the night shift at a Chicago airport hotel back in the 1960s. One evening a distinguished gentleman with glasses came in and asked for a room. His flight had been cancelled, and the airline sent him to our hotel to rest before his rescheduled flight some five hours later.

He was quite calm despite the fact that it was 3 A.M. and snowing heavily outside. I gave him a key and bid him good night.

However, he came back a few minutes later and handed

me the key. Graciously, he said, "Miss, I really would like a room of my own."

Red-faced with embarrassment, I realized I'd sent Barry Goldwater to a room already occupied by a honeymooning couple.

Diane Fenlon  
Tucson

## Silent Stage

Last Christmas I took my six-year-old daughter to see her first ballet, *The Nutcracker*, at the Chandler Center for the Arts.

At the end of the first scene, in which a festive Christmas party takes place, I asked her how she was enjoying the performance.

She was obviously thrilled, and replied, "Mommy, it's wonderful. But why is everyone so shy? No one's said a word yet."

Susan Ricq  
Mesa

## Mountain Time

My husband and I recently completed a second home in Pinetop. On one of our many summer trips back to Phoenix along State Route 260 near Heber, we were stopped by a Navajo County patrolman.

After checking out our identification and insurance, he

Donald Radina  
Pomona, KS

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asked how we liked the White Mountains. We extolled the area's many virtues, and he listened for several minutes.

Then, handing me a ticket, he nonchalantly said, "Well, if you like it up here so much, why are you in such a doggone hurry to leave?"

Marj Sherman  
Phoenix

## Going Up

As the owner of a gift shop in Sedona, I am generally not surprised by questions visitors ask. But one day a tourist approached me and asked, "What is the elevation of Sedona?"

"About 4,500 feet," I replied.

"Does it go up much during the tourist season?" he asked. "No, it stays pretty much the same," I said.

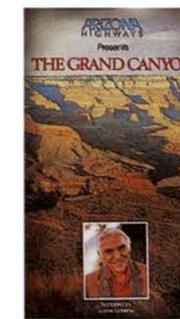
Don Corsette  
Sedona

## Confusing

When we visit my mother-in-law in Phoenix, it is not always easy to communicate because she speaks mostly Spanish. I once sent my young son Aaron into the house to get the car keys. Every time he told her, "Nana, I need the keys," she gave him a peck on the cheek.

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# LEGENDS OF THE LOST

TEXT BY BILL BROYLES  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATERI WEISS

## Look to the Sierra Sinagua for the Padres' Lost Silver Bars

The wind blows coldly across the crest of the cinder cone. The few junipers do nothing to blunt its bite. Shielding my eyes and scanning the horizon, I look for ghosts and try to put myself in their place. If I can, I'll be richer by three tons of silver. But I don't even know who "they" were.

Legend has it that they were packing bars of nearly pure silver across difficult country

while dodging hostile people. Their vellum map and snippets of a diary surfaced in 1902, and the style of it indicated a time before 1846 when the Spanish still claimed the Southwest.

They rated a military escort, and the story identifies them as padres, or working for some padres — or even impersonating padres. The silver was mined in southwestern Colorado, where lodes with names like Silverton were worked even before the earliest Europeans arrived. They were now returning home and taking their bounty with them.

From my cone, I can see halfway to tomorrow — landmarks

on the skyline stand 100 miles away. A likely route followed the ancient Indian trails that still web the Four Corners country. It may have sliced north of the Hopi mesas and followed Dinnebito Wash before crossing the Little Colorado River near Grand Falls and then gone on to the San Francisco Peaks, the fabled Sierra Sinagua.

This trail avoided rocky canyons like Diablo — which had so thoroughly stymied explorer Antonio de Espejo in 1583 that he named it after the devil — and it offered rest, pasture, and clear water at the foothills of Sierra Sinagua, the dominant landmark in northern Arizona.



When seen from the Hopi mesa villages such as Oraibi, the snow-tipped peaks appear white in the morning and blue in the afternoon. In 1629 the Franciscans had rechristened Sierra Sinagua as San Francisco to honor their patron, St. Francis of Assisi.

What I can't see is why this caravan veered so far westward instead of southward along the Rio Grande to El Paso and then to Mexico City. Was it the Zuni and Hopi rebellion of 1680, which killed or evicted many Spanish clergy and colonists? Or the French looters of the 1750s, who roamed far and wide pirating whatever they could from the Crown? Or Spain's 1767 expulsion of all Jesuit padres from its territory? Or was the pack train just trying to dodge the king's tax man? The story is unclear, and unless additional text is found, we won't know. But someone did ship a pile of silver, secretly, at grave risk, and their misfortune is our opportunity.

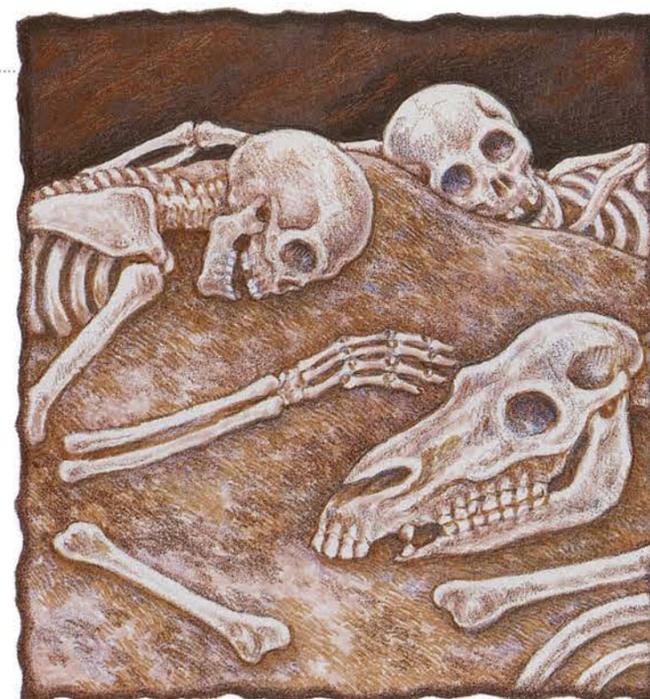
Much of this country is open,

flat, and nearly treeless, so a pack string would have had little cover. The "padres" diary never names the pursuers. Were they highwaymen, Indians, rivals, soldiers of the Crown? The shadowed pack train made it through the Painted Desert, a land of grand colors but little water, and across the sometimes dry Little Colorado River. I would like to imagine that they came past my crater, but it's only one of 600 in this vast volcanic field near Flagstaff.

By the time it reached Bonito Park, the pack string started to unravel. It was July, hot and dry. The mules were heavily laden and the terrain open but broken. The column marched onward, suffering repeated assaults. When a mule was lost, its load had to be repacked. If a man was lost and his horse survived, it became a pack animal.

They moved on slowly, too slowly, so hourly they drew fire from musket balls, arrows, or lances. The end was near. One morning the hostiles attacked in force, killing eight of the party and several of the mules. The survivors straggled onward. Low on food and unable to pack much water, they weakened.

I leave my nameless cone and follow them through Bonito Park south to the tall timber of Mount Elden. Towering basalt cliffs with immense boulders may have sheltered them while they drank from cool springs, but they couldn't linger. They traveled maybe another day, maybe two. They were desperate. They knew they could no longer carry the silver — their wealth had become their curse. So they buried it, trampled the ground over it, and made the vellum map. It depicted a lava dike, a mushroom rock, a mountain with a red blotch, and a flat-topped butte. And a side note . . . proclaiming an



unlikely large stash of "96 bars of silver."

It would have been a hurried map, one intended to guide back a survivor who already had the spot in his mind's eye, but not one good enough to direct anyone who hadn't already wagered his life for the silver.



Before sunup the party split into two groups of five and departed, one group with the map traveling light and afoot, the other with the mules to decoy the attackers. They trusted their fate to God. At least one of the party must have eventually made it to safety since their map turned up in an archive at Santa Fe. In 1910 a shepherd found a bar of silver near Bonito Park. The bar, weighing 63 pounds, was displayed in a Flagstaff store window. That's the story.

But it was convincing enough that several Flagstaff old-timers, bitten by the silver bug, spent the balance of their lives shoveling cinders in a mad attempt to unearth the hidden treasure. In 1909, one of them, Benjamin Doney, was hired to guide the treasure hunters who uncovered the original map and diary. After several fruitless and frustrating expeditions, they gave up, but Doney didn't. He made it his life's work to stir every cinder and probe every fissure. The modern names of Doney Park, Little Doney Craters, and Big Doney Crater honor his stubborn quest.

Some believed that Doney looked too far north. One surmised the cache of bars was not at the figure on the map but beyond it, somewhere within a 20-mile arc to the south. He traced a route from Bonito Park to Mount Elden and on toward Padre Canyon, where someone had found old bones of humans huddled beside their horses. But he found no silver.

My breath clouds in the frosty air. Snow crackles underfoot, and ice glazes both pools of a spring. Tall ponderosas stand like sentinels. This is a dark place in deep shade, even though the Gambel oak thickets are leafless. I swing my arms to keep warm, but cold stirs the brain. My mind struggles to reach far back into memory for a story from an old book about how a prospector named Teller shared a campfire with a family of Havasupai Indians that lived west of Sierra Sinagua.

In the firelight, he admired their silver jewelry, and they confided their source: a hole in a mountain on the sunrise side of the peaks, a spot they occasionally visited to find pure silver which needed no fire. Teller persisted, and the Havasupais explained that the mountain had springs, which Teller took to be those of Elden. He never found their supply, and we're left to wonder if they had found the pack train's lost bars.

We may never know. Even though Flagstaff is one of Arizona's most-populous towns, the silver cache has yet to make local headlines. I turn my back to the icy wind and imagine how it must have strewn ash and cinder over those dead "padres" and their horses and mules, burying their mission and their memory. Then I smile. Those same winds may one day sweep clean a corner of a hidden silver bar, leaving it to wink in the sun. Maybe one of us will be lucky enough to smile back. ❧





# HIKE OF THE MONTH

TEXT BY MARILYN TAYLOR  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LES MANEVITZ

## Goat Camp Trail Is Short but Sweet

Linda Schucker and I have drawers filled with T-shirts commemorating the dozens of 10K runs we've known and, speaking strictly for myself, hardly loved. Through the 28 years we've been best friends, life has taken us in wildly different directions, and we've made the 6.2-mile paved-road races the "thing" that routinely brings us together.

One weekend last winter, Linda and I gave up the flat paved road in favor of a different kind of 10K — one that put us on the same ground as ancient Indian tribes and Basque shepherds, one that set us to imagining we were idling on the banks of the Nile. We hiked Goat Camp Trail.

Not as secret and remote as you might think, Goat Camp Trail is only 45 minutes northwest of Phoenix. It runs through the bottom of one of the many minicanyons in the White Tank Mountains, a rugged range incorporating a regional



(ABOVE) Watch for this petroglyph when walking the Goat Camp Trail. (OPPOSITE PAGE) The blossoms of saguaros and foothills paloverdes brighten a hillside along the trail.

park operated by the Maricopa County Parks and Recreation Department.

Goat Camp Trail is three miles in and three miles out, which should hardly be challenging to two women who regularly run six-mile stretches. But consider this: the elevation at the trailhead is approximately 1,400 feet. In no more than three miles, the often-vertical trail ascends to an elevation of nearly 4,000

feet. For two flatland runners, therein lay the challenge.

But the work was worth it. Shelley Rasmussen, an archaeologist and park volunteer, told me ancient desert nomads likely roamed through Goat Canyon, and there are indications the Hohokam lived, farmed, and hunted there. From all accounts, Goat Canyon got its name from Basque shepherds who camped in the canyon with their sheep and goats. You

can see the remains of temporary stone walls the shepherds built on the mountainsides to contain their herds.

"There's a petroglyph rock along the trail," Rasmussen said. "I hiked that trail for years and never saw it. Then, suddenly, there it was, right in front of me. I couldn't believe I ever missed it. As you go in, half a mile up the trail, keep your eyes on the right when you get close to the wash. You'll see a large boulder on the other side of the wash, and there, on top, you'll see the petroglyphs."

Even with those directions, we never saw the rock art, but our disappointment was quashed by the exotic spring at the end of the canyon. We sat on a rock and lunched, serenaded by birds and bubbling water. Completely hidden by thick reeds and cattails, it was easy to imagine we were on the banks of the Nile, waiting in secret to watch Pharaoh's daughter rescue a woven basket from the river's hold.

We didn't get any T-shirts at the end of this run, but, finally, I have one that goes down in my books as loved. ■

## WHEN YOU GO

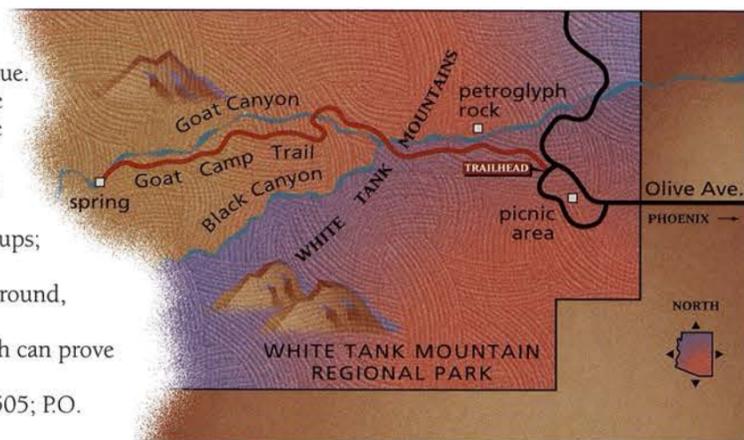
To reach White Tank Mountain Regional Park from Phoenix, take Interstate 10 west to Exit 124 (Cotton Lane). Turn north (right) and go seven miles to Olive Avenue. Turn west (left) onto Olive, travel four miles, and you'll see the park entrance. Goat Camp Trail is among several in the park, and all are easily identified and well-marked.

The cost for day hiking is \$2 per vehicle. You can camp overnight in designated areas on a first-come, first-served basis. The camping fee is \$8 each day. There are no hook-ups; however, water is available as are toilets and hot showers.

White Tank Mountain Regional Park is open daily year-round, 6 A.M. to 8 P.M.

The cool months of the year are best for this hike, which can prove difficult if you're not in the best of shape.

For more information, contact the park at (602) 935-2505; P.O. Box 91, Waddell, AZ 85355.



KEVIN J. KIBSEY



