

HART PRAIRIE
Mountain Hideaway

**LAKE
PLEASANT'S
NEW LOOK**

**LOST SHIP
IN THE DESERT**

WHIP SCORPION
A Bug with a
Secret Weapon

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

AUGUST ■ 1996 ■ \$2.50

IT MUGS YOU
THEN LULLS YOU
YOU GOTTA LOVE

THE
MIGHTY
COLORADO
RIVER



COVER STORY PAGE 4

Patrolling the Colorado with the Ecology Cops

Riding herd on backcountry pilgrims who wander by the thousands down to the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon takes our author on a rafting adventure. But it's hard to avoid having fun while tracking the river to its farthest lairs.

(LEFT) Young aspens turn golden with the change of seasons near Hart Prairie, a lush grassland in the San Francisco Peaks near Flagstaff. See story on page 38.
DAVID H. SMITH
(FRONT COVER) The half-hour ascent to the site of an Anasazi granary rewards climbers with a spectacular view of the many-faceted Colorado River. See story on page 4.
RICHARD L. DANLEY
(BACK COVER) This view of Sugarloaf Hill is one of Jerry Jacka's favorite pictures. For more, see portfolio on page 24.
JERRY JACKA

TRAVEL
Arizona's Other Great Lake

Massive improvements at Lake Pleasant Regional Park — including the New Waddell Dam — have enlarged the lake, created a new marina and RV park, and added a new dam overlook. And much more still to come. **PAGE 16**

HUMOR

Getting a free saguaro is not all it's cracked up to be, especially if you have to dig it up and haul it home by yourself. **PAGE 22**

HISTORY
Bundyville, the Wind-grieved Ghost

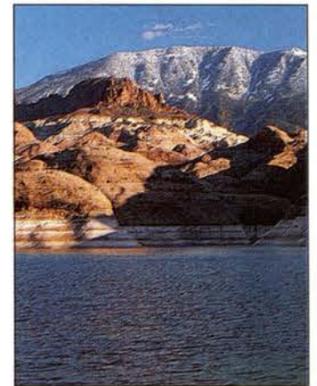
No paved road led to old Bundyville. Electricity never illumined its shacks. Water there was not. The community was literally lost in the middle of nowhere. Yet, says our author, "virtually all who lived there recounted treasured memories." **PAGE 34**

TRAVEL
A Pilgrimage to Hart Prairie

Only lately removed from the grasp of a developer, Hart Prairie is a great bowl of grassland flowing down from the dark



evergreen forests of the San Francisco Peaks. And it changes faces with each season. **PAGE 38**



PORTFOLIO
Jerry Jacka's Favorite Places

"My favorite spot often depends on where I am at the moment," claims our much-traveled photographer. And here are a host of them, some seen for the first time anywhere. **PAGE 24**

FOCUS ON NATURE

Beware the Whip Scorpion

A nightmare out of the late Paleozoic, the scorpionlike creature has huge pincers and douses enemies with vinegar. But its bite is harmless . . . if its looks don't get you first. **PAGE 14**

DEPARTMENTS

Along the Way	2
When fly fishing, heed the advice of the trout.	
Letters	3
Wit Stop	44
It's astounding what can be crammed into a small space.	
Legends of the Lost	46
Is there a sailing ship marooned somewhere in the desert?	
Arizona Humor	48
Roadside Rest	49
The olden days were not so golden.	
Back Road Adventure	50
Visit Navajoland's incredible White Mesa Arch.	
Mileposts/Events	54
Hike of the Month	56
The bull elk's call beckons in the San Francisco Peaks.	

POINTS OF INTEREST FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE





ALONG THE WAY

TEXT BY PETER ALESHIRE
ILLUSTRATION BY WILL TERRY

Fly Fishing Tips Beginners Won't Find in How-to Books

I sat in the middle of the middling stream, a poorer man, but distinctly wiser.

Somewhere overhead in the waving leaves of the willow tree, my delicately handcrafted \$2.75 caddis pattern fly clung to a branch. The tip of my exquisitely engineered 7.5-foot-long graphite composite fly rod bumped along the bottom somewhere downstream — having separated itself from the rest of my \$185 fly rod in the instant before I sat so unceremoniously in the middle of the middling stream.

With a gurgle and a seep and a slosh, the merrily burbling snowmelt swirled above my waist and filled my \$95 waders. And as I sat and pondered the way of the world, a chilling breeze riffled through my hair because I had also lost my \$18 fisherman's hat — complete with the four \$2.25 (each) flies stuck in the foam fly-holder stitched into the brim.

The water wobbled. The wind whispered. The willows waved.

And I decided that I'd approached fly fishing with inadequate intellectual preparation.

Seized by some irrational middle-age yearning, I'd merely dabbled last year, brandishing a rented pole and a touching but naive enthusiasm for running water and grassy undercut banks. Inspired by the sheer, overwhelming Zennosity of it all — and egged on by a single, singularly careless trout — I'd invested heavily in the sport: I read books, maxed out two



credit cards, pored over diagrams, and bought up whole shelves of topo maps.

So I came to this second Rubicon, beautifully outfitted, intensively educated, and boundlessly enthusiastic. And came so soon to sit, mumbling mindlessly in the middle of this middling stream.

And I sat. And sat. Until I divined the cause of my failure.

Clearly I had not sufficiently distilled the wisdom of my research and insights of my hours of field experimentation. In short, I had not come up with a clear, concise, infallible set of rules by which one can systematize the fly fishing experience.

In that spirit, I now offer 13 simple rules to guarantee a successful fly fishing experience. These are not the intellectual, abstract nostrums you can find in any of the 4.5 million books on fly fishing filed away in the Library of Congress. These pearls have been wrested from the tightly clamped shell of experience. They're offered here for the inconsequential cost of this magazine:

1. Don't read any of the books on fly fishing until you enjoy

fishing enough to put up with the humiliating frustration of expert advice.

2. Take the human experts on trout psychology with a grain of salt. What do they know, really? Wait for a book actually written by a brook trout.

3. If you want to truly understand trout, you have to swim a few feet in their fins. Lie on the bottom of a stream behind a big rock and watch for insects drifting toward you. Do they look like your flies?

4. You've spent hours reading books and hundreds of dollars on equipment, but you can't catch any trout. Don't feel bad. How could you be expected to outsmart a creature with a brain the size of a wizened walnut?

5. Think like a nymph. No, not that kind of nymph. A bug that lives underwater.

6. You will always select the right line weight if you adhere to this simple formula: measure the length of your pole. Divide by the radius of your reel. Subtract the length of the backing. Add the weight of the fly. Multiply by two if you have a graphite pole and by .345 if you have a fiberglass pole.

Then ask the guy in the sporting goods store what he thinks.

7. Some experts recommend draining a stream before fishing. This will enable you to survey the bottom and locate any likely trout hiding places. Mark these spots with sturdy stakes before letting the water back into the stream.

8. Befriend a fish biologist. Many have access to generators you can fit on a small boat so that you can send a powerful electric current into a stream. The stunned fish will float to the surface. Tell your friends you used an upstream presentation.

9. Give catfish fishermen the respect they deserve. After all, they generally sit around under the stars with cheap equipment, drinking beer. You shelled out hundreds of dollars and spend all your time wading up and down slippery streambeds brimming with cold water. Which of you do you think will top out on intelligence tests?

10. Practice good trout stream etiquette. Always go around another fisherman's spot; don't scare away his trout by making a lot of noise; smile serenely, and be quietly cheerful. Never tell another fisherman who has just caught a fish that yours is bigger than his.

11. When telling trout stories, always inflate the length of the fish you caught by 30 percent. When listening to someone else's trout stories, reduce the length of the trout by 50 percent.

12. Spend your first hour on the stream observing the flow, studying the insects, memorizing the sound of the water. If you do this well, you can skip the actual fishing part. Tell your friends you caught a Zen trout.

13. Always, always clean the fish slime off your hands before embracing your spouse. ❏

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



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Mountain Climbing

I enjoyed Jim Boyer's article ("Climbing I'toi's Sacred Mountain," April '96) and came away with two lessons learned: don't mess with I'toi, and don't go climbing with Jim Boyer.

Larry Renault
Tucson

Answering Critics

I just finished reading the April issue and felt compelled to write.

I was dismayed to read in "Letters to the Editor" the negative comments from people about javelinas, lost treasure, urban stories, centipedes, and jeep touring.

I want you to know that you have a lot of faithful readers out there. Keep up the good work.

Forrest Dean Danner Jr.
Freeport, IL

How can a person from Brooklyn consider moving to Arizona if a little centipede is deterrent enough to keep them from looking at the magazine?

I hope to relocate someday to Arizona. Until then I rely on *Arizona Highways* to show me the beauty and wonders of a state that is unspoiled by urban-loving bug haters.

Michael G. Stevens
Laingsburg, MI

I always turn to the "Legends of the Lost" stories first. I love those tales.

Arizona Highways brings your state to life in a thousand ways, each a journey unsurpassed.

David L. Snell
Randolph, VT

Animal Query

During late May, 1994, I traveled on Interstate 8 going east from Yuma. The road was covered with tiny, flat, furry-like dead animals for quite a few miles.

I was amazed at how many were around until I started seeing these animals dart from different directions across the freeway. There were hundreds of them.

I thought this was an unusual seasonal overabundance since I never saw them before in my travels throughout Arizona.

Did anyone see these animals and find out what they were?
Sandy Phillips
San Diego, CA

Good Samaritan

One late Sunday afternoon

last December, we were traveling on State Route 191 from Morenci to Alpine, having been warned the area was expecting its first snow flurries of the winter. About 10 miles from Hannagan Meadow, we became stuck in snow.

To make matters worse, we were locked out of our car with the engine running. It's too long a story to explain how this happened.

Just when I was thinking that we were in for a very scary time, a truck arrived carrying a man and a dog. They were out looking at the snow and checking on wildlife.

This gentleman spent the following four hours with us, helping us break into the car and trying to get it started. Then he put his snow chains onto his truck and towed us to the lodge at Hannagan Meadow.

He wouldn't leave until he knew that we had a bed for the night, and he wouldn't accept any reward.

We managed to glean from him that his name was John, that he'd driven down from Alpine, that he had a son who was a Mormon missionary, and that he spent 12 months in Birmingham, England, during World War II.

We would like him to know that we realize there was a good possibility of us dying on the

mountain if it hadn't been for him.

Sue and Tony Prodder
Lee on the Solent, England

Number 6

In the summer of 1994, while heading on Old U.S. 66 toward Kingman, I glanced at my odometer. To my surprise, the numbers were about to turn all 6s.

I began to watch the time and at exactly 6 P.M. on my watch, I stopped my motor home. The odometer reading was 66,666.6. I also was exactly even with Milepost 6.

I really don't think anyone will believe this. But I have a witness who will swear it is true.

I kept thinking that this might mean something special, but the only thing I can think of is that it made Old 66 something special to me.

R. Gordon Judd
Boring, OR

Whew. For a minute there we thought he was going to say the devil popped up or something like that. We like his conclusion better.

Ben Johnson

In the January issue, the cover story was about Ben Johnson. Wasn't he the actor who played Gregg in the movie *Mighty Joe Young*?

Michael Lenches
St. Cloud, FL

Yes. Nice spotting.

Returning Subscriber

I just received the March edition of *Arizona Highways*, and it was like having an old friend come into my house again.

I had subscribed for years, and a few years ago I let the subscription drop.

Now that I'm back in the fold again, I'm so glad to be there.

Ila Baker
El Monte, CA



THE
IRRESISTIBLE
CHALLENGE
OF THE

WILD RIO COLORADO

Text by

TOM KUHN

Photographs by

RICHARD L. DANLEY

(LEFT) To follow the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon means surviving its rapids. Hermit Rapid rates a nine on a scale of one to 10.

The Colorado River almost escapes, almost becomes wild again, where it enters the Grand Canyon. The green-blue water, freed from Glen Canyon Dam, ducks into a shadowy chasm for 277 miles. A rear guard of perilous rapids discourages pursuers.

To follow — to track the river to its farthest lairs — you must get around those rapids, or through them, and in one piece. The challenge is irresistible. People set out in rafts and kayaks, on foot down desperate trails, on mules and horses. A couple of daredevils even used parachutes.

Someone has to make sure things don't get completely out of hand. So we set out in twin motorized 18-foot pontoon rafts painted white to mark them as U.S. National Park Service patrol boats. On deck are four park rangers, two Arizona game wardens, two U.S. Coast Guard officers, a photographer, and me. And we're all working. We're not supposed to be having fun, but it's hard not to.

The river appears strangely vacant after Lees Ferry, the teeming put-in place for rafts, but river district Ranger Mark Law dispels the illusion. Strung along the river backcountry every few miles, today and every day, he says, are several hundred river runners, backpackers, fishermen, bird-watchers, amateur geologists and archaeologists, and day hikers. The pressure on the river and its archaeological treasures is relentless.

The four-stroke outboard whispers our coming. Sneak-in campers and poachers and those who wander down without permits, unaware they are in the national park, further swell the river population, but they go uncounted among the 200,000 who, one way or another, go to the river. Backcountry users are counted apart from the 4.2 million visitors who each year swarm the Canyon top.

Ecological damage is inevitable. "People are not aware of the damage they do," Law says. "That's why we are down here: to capture their attention."

For seven days, we talk to every sort of backcountry pilgrim, from those who pay big money to ride five-ton rafts which defeat rapids in the same way a heavyweight wrestler pins an opponent,

to adventurers enduring arduous climbs, to the walking wounded battered in the rapids or vanquished by the Inner Canyon trails. On the river, there are always winners and losers.

The Colorado burrows continually deeper into Marble Canyon, river gateway to the Grand Canyon, baring its fangs in corners where rocks have tumbled out of side canyons to create rapids. Rainbow trout grow large in such places because fishermen rarely reach them.

But how they try. Down every climbable way scramble fishermen, and they are the first people we encounter on the river.

Charles Lee of Phoenix and his daughter Judy, a Tucson medical student, are not regular hikers. Nevertheless, they set out at 3 A.M. and seven hours later wet lines at the end of the crude trail down Salt Wash at Mile 12 on the river. "In the first 30 minutes, I got three," Lee reports, displaying his biggest, a 16-incher, taken with a night crawler. Lee has fished here before. "The first time I had a limit in two hours."

Other fishermen nearby are less lucky. The wardens ticket one without a fishing license, and rangers shoo several others without camping permits.

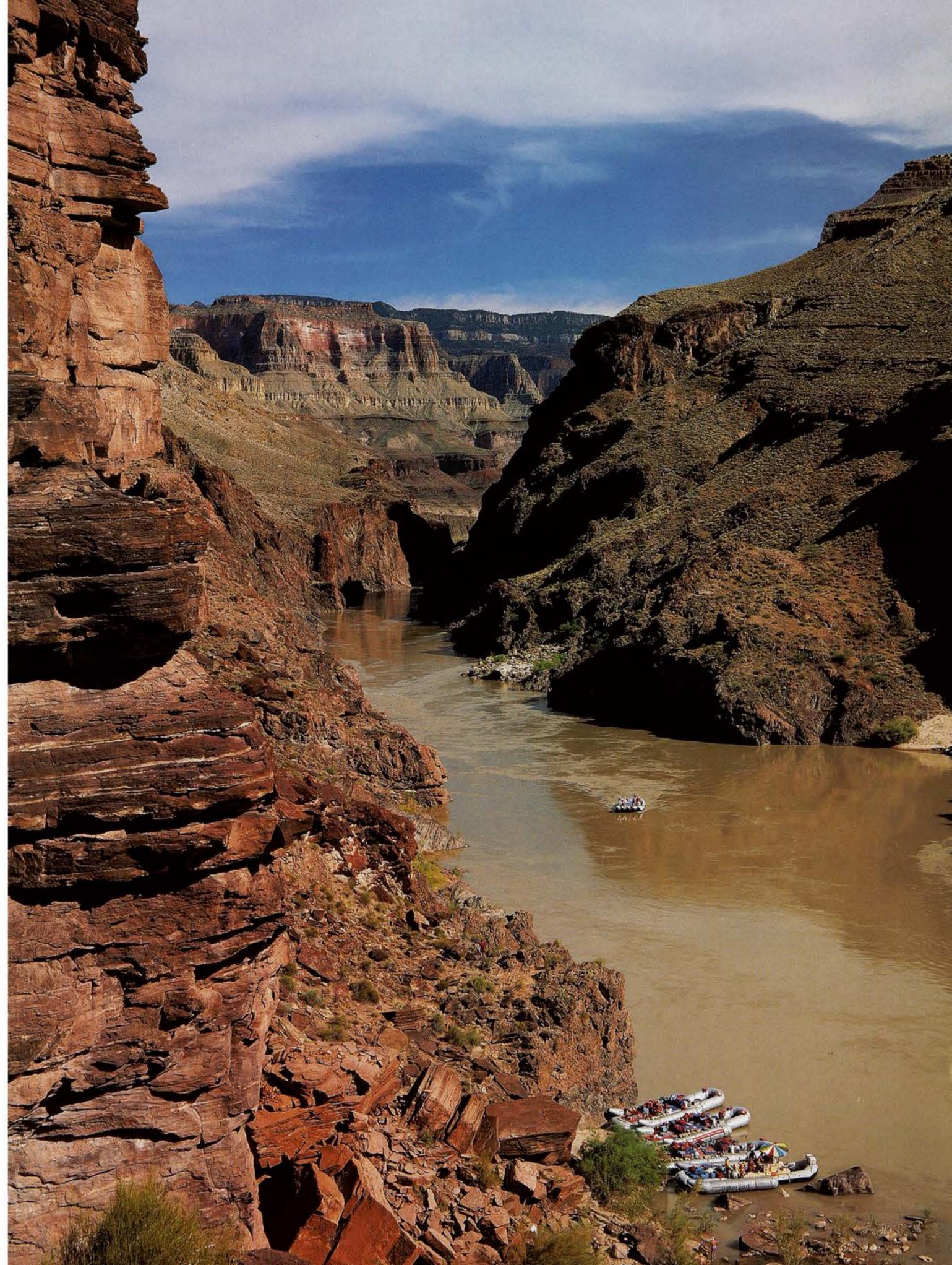
Back on the river. Transplanted desert bighorn sheep come to water's edge. A peregrine falcon, half-folded wings trimmed for speed, stalks mallard ducks that hug the river surface for their lives. A yellow-crowned night heron tiptoes along the shoreline.

House Rock Rapid suddenly appears dead ahead, hissing through curled white-water lips. "This is a real rapid," river Ranger David Desrosiers warns. On a scale of one to 10, House Rock Rapid rates seven to nine, depending on how much water is freed from the federal dam. "It has two hydraulic pools that can hold you in their grip."

Whoomp! A British Broadcasting Company camera crew watches as we plunge in, water flying, but the river spits us out. Everyone grips the raft with two hands. From now on, we hold on tight.

Huw Cordey of Bristol, England, explains how the BBC and Public Broadcasting Service will produce a 50-minute documentary on the environmental impact inside the Grand Canyon. While the river may act like a mugger, this filming reminds us it's really a sensitive ecosystem, turned topsy-turvy after Glen Canyon Dam began trapping Colorado River water in 1964.

(LEFT) River Ranger David Desrosiers, front, and his passengers run six-rated Kwagunt Rapid, where a passenger in another raft is thrown into the water and nearly "peeled like a banana." (RIGHT) Rafters pull into the shore where they can look upriver from Deer Creek Falls.





Twice a day the river rises and falls several feet in a rhythm regulated by peak power demands of Western cities like Phoenix. The river sheds its sediments behind the dam, spilling clear and cold downstream to produce premier trout fishing, while killing native warm-water fish.

"It [the regulated flow] doesn't represent a really true natural Colorado River," Law says. But he grudgingly concedes some benefits. Invading tamarisk and mesquite bind the banks and provide cover for mule deer and wild turkeys. Where once only canyon wrens were heard, now the birdsong is polyglot.

We plow 12 miles downstream on the first day and camp on a brown sand beach laid down when the Colorado was truly wild with spring floods full of silt robbed from upstream farms and forestlands. I drag a spinning lure through a riffle and, in an hour's fishing, beach 10 rainbows before setting them free.

(ABOVE) Rafters take a break on a beach in the Inner Gorge.

(RIGHT) The North Rim of the Grand Canyon looms beyond ancient ruins at Unkar Delta.

Christopher Leck and his wife, Pamela, of Spencer, Washington, have come to fly fish. When their oar raft group pulls ashore for lunch, the Lecks break out rods. "This is the best fishing we've ever had," she says. "Even in Yellowstone [Park] there was too much fishing pressure. The fishes' lips were ripped apart because they had been caught so many times."

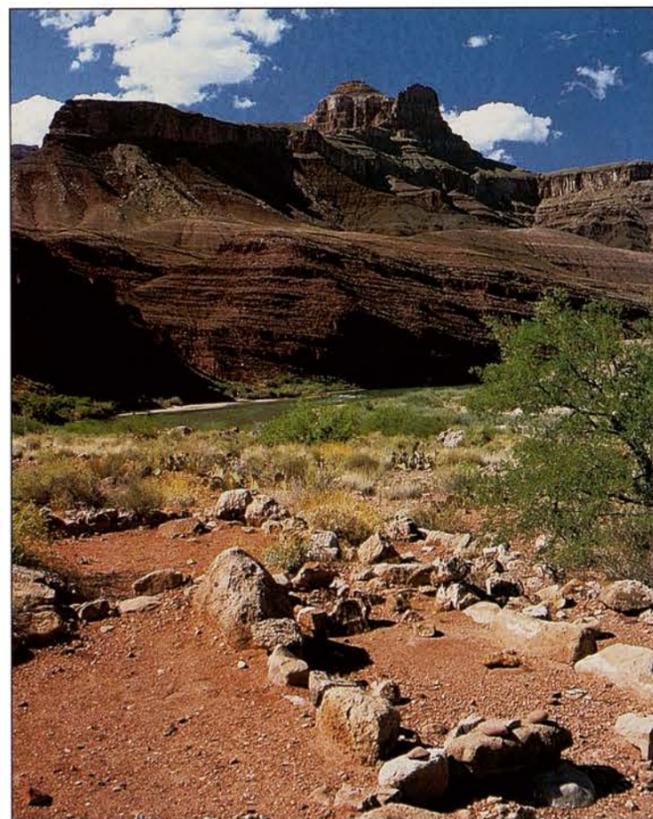
A commercial raft spills paying customers onto the beach below Nankoweap Rapids for the 30-minute climb to a cliffside Anasazi granary, one of 2,700 archaeological sites along the river. Katherine Polzin, an environmental scientist from St. Petersburg, Florida, sprawls in beach sand. She has found relief from "flat country." Raft mates Thomas Bauer, a Houston naval architect, and his wife, Sarah, share the adventure of their lives. "Indescribable," says Thomas. "It just gets bigger and better."

But drop your guard and the river pounces. Ed Page of San Diego, California, a veteran of the 110-mile Alaskan Iditayhak kayak race, slams into a curl-wave at six-rated Kwagunt Rapid that flips his 10-foot inflatable rubber kayak. Now the river has him, pulling at his clothing, trying to peel him like a banana. He pops up looking hammered, with one sunglass lens gone and his sneakers out ahead.

"A huge wave just threw me bottom up and threw me right over before I could react," he says, beaming after the close combat. "I could feel the river sucking off one shoe and then the other." Again, a broad smile. "It gives you an appreciation for the force of the river."

Where the pastel-blue mineral water of the Little Colorado River blends with the mainstream, we overtake a private oar-powered rafting party led by Boise, Idaho, environmental lawyer Jeffrey Fereday. Shielded in wet suits and helmets, Fereday and his brother Jamie, a Coos Bay, Oregon, science teacher, run rapids all day.

Fereday rates most Colorado white water as four on the difficulty scale of six used by kayakers. "It's also cold," he adds, "so you have to add something for that."



Fereday would probably give a six to the difficulty of obtaining a private rafting permit. Only 273 are issued each year. "You have to be on the list," he says, "and seven years later you get a permit."

The rapids become navigational landmarks that connect stretches of "flat water" like links in a chain: Tanner Rapid with mid-stream boulders like dragon teeth; Unkar, an ancient Anasazi village site and junkyard for broken props; Hance, another rock garden where I first met Ranger Law the previous year, coming ashore at my backpacker camp in a crippled patrol raft.

A short hike brings us into the Indian ruins on Unkar Delta. Potsherds lie piled on hut foundations, disconnected from their archaeological past.

"With tens of thousands of visitors, the sites become impacted," Law says. "They stack objects up so other people can see them. We try to minimize those impacts by sending people along well-defined trails through those sites."

Hikers unknowingly cause most of the damage, says Janet Balsom, NPS archaeologist for the Grand Canyon. "Hikers get to the most places. And a good campsite 1,000 years ago is a good campsite today." The tendency to stack artifacts produces remarkable results.

"We have a classic photograph taken by Robert Brewster Stanton in 1889 of a site referred to as Cardenas Fort," Balsom says. "In 100 years, the only thing in that photograph that has grown is the size of the walls. We have lots of photographs taken in the mid-'70s, and you can see the progression of wall height."

At the bottom of Tanner Trail at Mile 68, where the Grand Canyon is a mile deep, we find emergency room physician Paul Smythe of Ely, Minnesota, snoozing in a tent after an arduous ledge-creeping nine-mile climb. His only object was to get to the river, so "I just took whatever [permit] was available to me," he says. Smythe, a portly man, will discover a Canyon truth: up is steeper than down.

News of a helicopter medical evacuation



(ABOVE) This river runner chose a rubber kayak to ply the Little Colorado. (RIGHT) Spring water emerges from the canyon wall at Vaseys Paradise and flows into the Colorado River. This is a favorite stop for river runners.

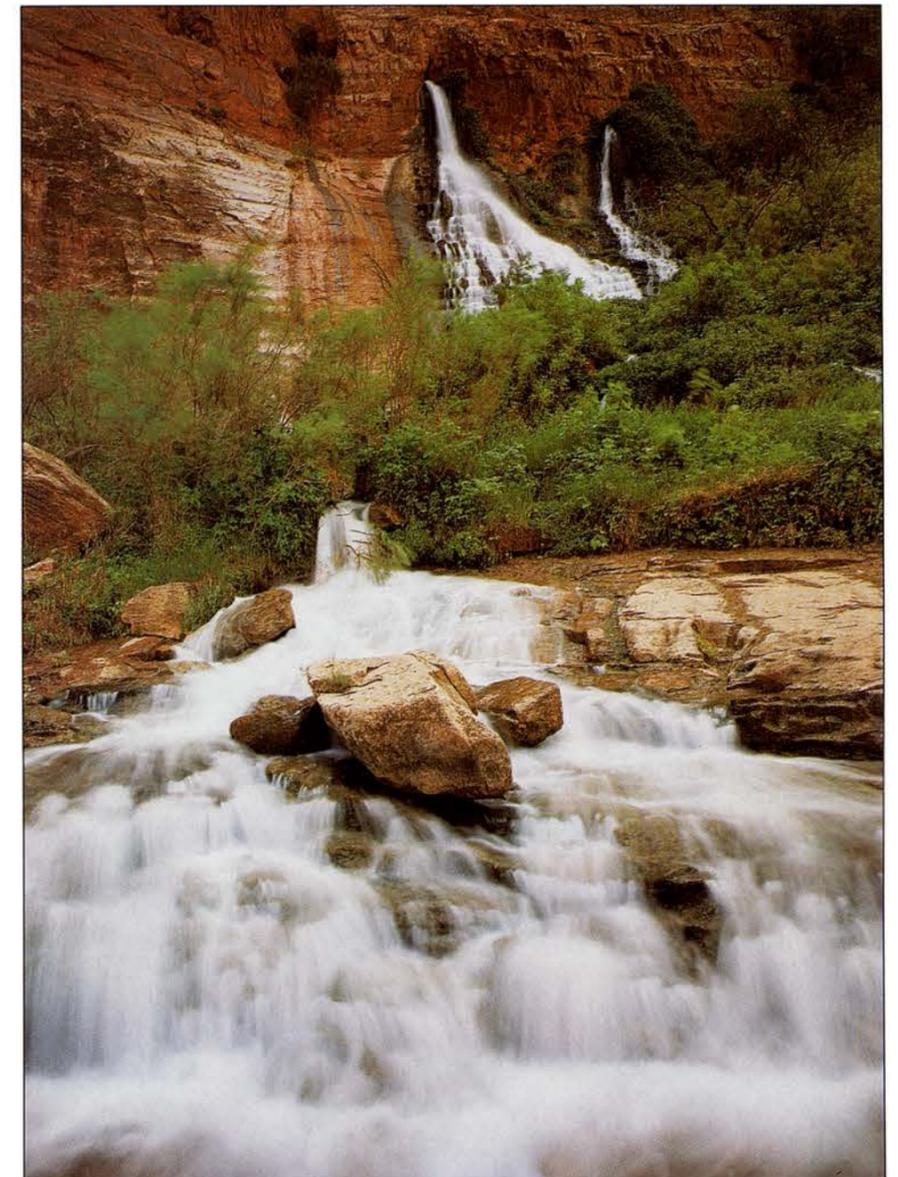
upstream crackles on the ranger radio. Later I learn the call is for someone I know.

"We were in Nevills Rapid," Bob Rink, a Phoenix city photographer, recounts later. "I was sitting inappropriately in the raft. The boat 'tacoed' — the front and rear bent in — and I was holding onto a strap on the frame, sitting more on the tube than the frame, and I was catapulted forward." Rink's face collided with a metal camera case, badly splitting his lower lip.

The 24-mile ride to the clinic at Grand Canyon Village cost him \$1,200 and 14 stitches, but the next morning, at daybreak, he hiked seven miles down Bright Angel Trail to rejoin his group for 13 more days on the river.

While Rink awaited the rescue helicopter that fetches the lame and the sick from the Canyon bottom, I watched as paramedics prepared retired real estate salesman William C. Shreve Jr. of Falls Church, Virginia, for evacuation from the Phantom Ranch helipad.

Shreve had visited the Grand Canyon Rim the year before and decided to "do a river trip." About 75 miles downriver, he sprang



youthfully from a commercial raft onto wet sand "that didn't give," injuring an ankle. I watched the helicopter haul him off.

"Last year we had 475 search and rescues," says chief backcountry Ranger Nick Herring. "There have been days when we

had so many emergencies going that if there had been one more, we would not have been able to respond."

The worst cases are triaged for airlift, but, says Law, "Where a trail is accessible, we encourage people who have minor problems to hike out and rescue themselves."

Half our patrol party leaves at Bright Angel. Five of us continue, and six miles later nine-rated Granite Rapid heaves itself into our path. The water churns, still spoiling for a fight that comes at nine-rated Hermit Rapid. Before tumbling in, we see the color of a tent ahead.

Physician Alan Ungaro and his brother-in-law John McCullough, a conflict resolution mediator, both of Syracuse, New York, have hiked 14 miles to get to Hermit, an aptly named place where, Ungaro says, "We knew we would not run into many people."

Rafters sped by, but we are the first to stop. Ungaro has the look of an athlete, but McCullough confesses, "I'm a desk jockey. This is my first backpack in 30 years, since the Boy Scouts."

Ungaro once floated the Colorado in an oar-powered dory. "If I had a choice," he says, "I'd backpack. You get to see things, and there's no crowds." We leave them alone and move on.

By Mile 100, the best trout fishing is behind us. The river takes on salt from natural seeps and becomes more turgid. By the time it reaches Lake Mead behind Hoover Dam, you can taste the salt.

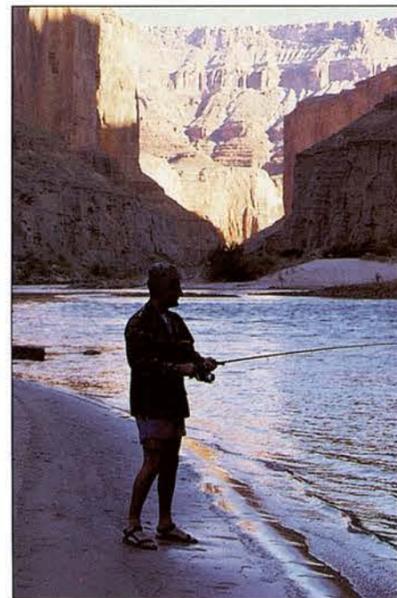
After Deer Creek Falls at Mile 136, the Canyon closes more tightly around us, shutting out hikers, and from now on we meet only rafters. Richard Simmons of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, a mechanical engineer, part-time farmer, and jokester, boards us from a 22-foot S-Rig commercial raft. He has convinced 25 old college buddies and their wives to raft with him.

"My minister is with me. I think that's one of the reasons we're getting all the nice weather," he wisecracks. Inside joke. Cold, rainy weather sent us to bed with the shakes one night.

I remember the nudists camped upstream. Straight-faced rangers went ashore to check permits. "What did your minister think of the nudies?" I ask.

Simmons grins mischievously. "Live and let live," he says.

Matkatimiba Canyon with its wet hanging garden is our next stop, then we motor past the mineral-blued confluence with Havasu Creek. Everybody on the river now talks about Lava Falls Rapid,



(LEFT) Author Tom Kuhn hopes to land his dinner in Marble Canyon.
(RIGHT) Granite Rapid rushes along its rocky course below Dana Butte, center.





WILD
RIO
COLORADO

the "Big One," a 10, at Mile 179. Lava Falls drums the air. In just 100 yards the river drops 14.4 feet, hurtling itself over huge boulders until the water curls into a giant mitt, waiting to catch boats.

Commercial guides stand reverently above the rapids, not talking. Lava Falls can dump a big raft. We come to look and watch a private-party oar raft ram a center-stream boulder and high side before spilling everyone into the tumult.

Our turn. Rock and roll. A big wave washes over. I hear the outboard gulping and racing, the prop searching for a grip. River Ranger Doug Deutschlander steers through, past the washed-up survivors of the oar boat already drying in the sun.

Now I sense the river gradually losing momentum. Most of the 2,000-foot drop to Lake Mead is behind us, and the river begins to leave its lair as the rimrocks lower and the gorge yawns wide, exposing us to the desert sun. Around Mile 180, I develop sharp eyes. Cans of unopened cold beer, lost from rafts upstream, drift by. With ecological zeal, I grab all I can. The missed cans, I think, must arrive like spawning fish at Lake Mead.

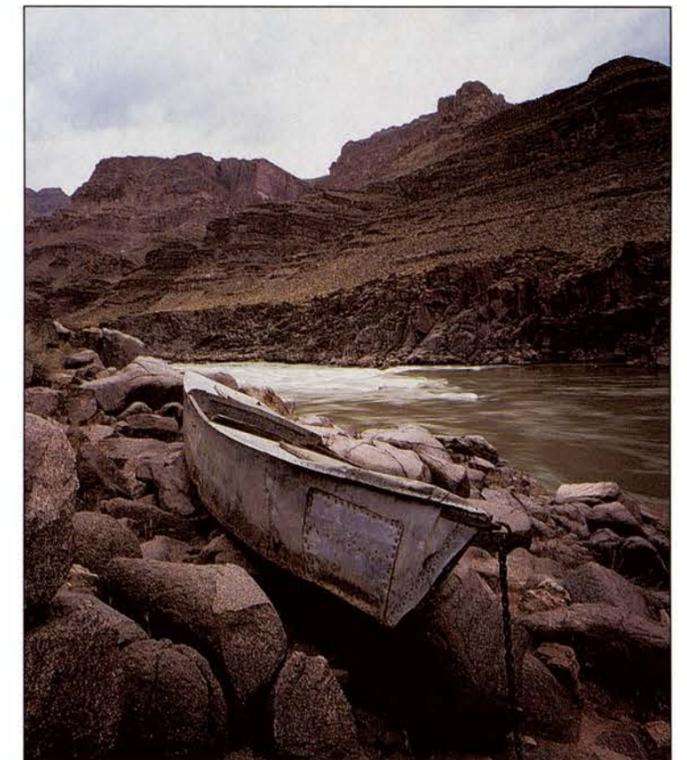
Diamond Creek at Mile 226 is where we pull out. The river continues on to captivity. For a short time, the Colorado seemed free, and we had all been freedom riders, searching for a memory of wildness. ■

Author's Note: For a list of licensed concessioners that offer rafting trips on the Colorado River, contact either Grand Canyon National Park, River Permits Office, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023 or Grand Canyon National Park Lodges, Grand Canyon National Park, P.O. Box 699, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023.

River Rafting Photo Workshop: Join the Friends of Arizona Highways, the magazine's volunteer auxiliary, and photographer Gary

Ladd when they raft the mighty Colorado River through the Grand Canyon, September 1 to 9. Between bouts of heart-stopping excitement while running the rapids, participants savor the scenic wonders of the majestic chasm, and pick up tips on how to produce magazine-quality photographs from Ladd. For more information, call the Friends' Travel Office, (602) 271-5904.

Phoenix-based Tom Kuhn is a veteran journalist with a yen for outdoor adventure. Richard L. Danley says that one of the best things about being a photographer is the opportunity for travel and excitement. He lives in Peoria.



(LEFT) The Kaibab Suspension Bridge spans the river near Bright Angel Creek and below Sumner Butte, left.

(ABOVE) The river above Diamond Creek offers a gentle respite from the rapids.

(RIGHT) The Ross Wheeler, built by Bert Loper, the Grand Old Man of the River, was abandoned near Bass Rapid in the 1930s by two friends who had borrowed it.



FOCUS ON NATURE

TEXT BY TOM DOLLAR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTY CORDANO

Meet the Scary Creepy-crawly Called the Vinegarroon

Soft light filters through the curtained windows when I enter the guest house bathroom at 6 A.M. Bending over the sink to splash cold water on my face, I catch movement out of the corner of my eye. Something disappears behind a wastebasket in the corner. Pulling the basket away from the wall, I expose a large scary bug.

Scorpionlike, it's about three inches in length, not counting the long whip tail carried erect or curled over its back. Shaded dark brown to black, the beast's carapace is so thick it appears iron-clad, like some weird vestige of the late Paleozoic. I watch as it begins to plod across the floor in a ponderous gait suggesting weightiness or great age. As it advances, it holds aloft two short, spiny, deadly looking pedipalps and seems to test the air ahead with a pair of delicate feelers.

So clumsy is its overall aspect that I half expect it to clank as it rumbles along, yet when I extend my hand toward it, the thing accelerates with such astonishing swiftness that I flinch. Picking up a small glass from a shelf above the sink, I scoop the critter into it, plopping a magazine over the top, and carry my rare prize out to the patio for a better look in the morning sunlight.

Inside the glass, the poor animal appears uncomfortably bent in the middle so I turn it out onto the patio's paving stones. For a minute or two, it just sits there, cringing, it seems to me, before it starts to lumber off. Can't let it get away, not

before I've finished my inspection. I grab it boldly, grasping its abdomen between my thumb and finger, carefully avoiding contact with its pincers.

It struggles to escape, and I'm amazed by its strength. Immediately I feel something wet and a little sticky on my fingers and smell a strong sour odor. I drop the bug back into the glass and cover it again with the magazine. Cautiously, I sniff my hand. Vinegar, unmistakably.



(ABOVE, LEFT) A vinegarroon, or whip scorpion, stalks a grasshopper, one of the insects that the formidable bug preys upon.



(ABOVE, RIGHT) An adult vinegarroon protects an egg sac on a leaf. (OPPOSITE PAGE) With its huge grabbers, the vinegarroon looks dangerous, a reputation that 300 million years have not dispelled.

A few minutes later, my hostess arrives with a pot of coffee. I hold aloft the glass, displaying my catch. "Oh, I see you've caught a vinegarroon," she says, hardly glancing at the glass. "They are all over the place around here." So much for rare finds.

The reason I had not seen a vinegarroon near where I live outside Tucson is that it prefers the "around here" of my hostess's habitat, which is situated in the oak woodland belt of the Santa Rita Mountain

foothills near Patagonia. And vinegarroon is its real name, or one of them. Another of its names is whip scorpion.

The giant vinegarroon belongs to a group of animals that includes spiders, mites, ticks, and scorpions — arachnids all — characteristically having four pairs of legs. But despite its armor plating, size, and formidable grabbers, the vinegarroon is not necessarily one of the desert crawlers you need to fear.

Note I said "not necessarily." Let me explain.

The vinegarroon's only defense against predators is to spray a very high concentration of acetic acid, actually strong vinegar, from a tiny revolving nozzle on its rear with such force that the discharge can shoot out more than two feet. Amazingly, it's able to aim this posterior nozzle so accurately that it can score a direct hit into the eyes of a predator approaching from the front.

Fossil evidence reveals that

vinegarroons are among the longest-lived creatures on Earth, surviving for some 300 million years in pretty much the same form. There are obvious long-term advantages in being shy and nocturnal.

Chances are you'll never encounter one. By day vinegarroons occupy burrows or hide in leaf litter, wood piles, or beneath stones, coming out at night to hunt and be hunted. They kill and eat insects and smaller arachnids. And they in turn are eaten by a variety of predators: snakes, rodents, birds, and other arachnids, including the dreadful solpugid, one of the most successful predators, gram for gram, on the planet. (See *Arizona Highways*, March '95.)

When mating season arrives, the female vinegarroon lays up to 35 eggs and remains with them until they hatch. Afterward she carries the young around on the back of her abdomen while they go through several molts before becoming mature enough to fend for themselves.

If, as I did, you are lucky enough to discover a vinegarroon inside your dwelling, relax. If you want to remove it, simply scoop it into a glass, dust pan, or anything handy, and carry it outside. If by chance you get sprayed with a shot of vinegar, wash the spray off with soap and water. ☐

The vinegarroon described in this story was the first Tucson-based Tom Dollar ever encountered.

Marty Cordano is a former wildlife biologist who lives in Bisbee.





L P A K E A S A N T

THE REMAKING OF A REGIONAL PARK

TEXT BY TRUDY THOMPSON RICE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY SIEVE

IT'S FINALLY COOL ENOUGH TO VENTURE more than 10 feet from air-conditioning and my four-year-old son is restless. He's ready for adventure. He's looking for a place to throw a rock, chase a butterfly, and chat up

a friendly ranger. And maybe catch a fish, eat a buffalo burger, and count sailboats. His mom and dad are looking for a day away from the house and all its attendant chores: the hedge that needs hedging and

the garden that needs gardening. We'd settle for anyplace where the sunset is unobstructed by the neighbor's house and there's a breeze that's cooled by water instead of heated by city asphalt. And we'll

eat anything, even a buffalo burger, if somebody else will cook it.

So we head for Lake Pleasant. But first we pack the Jeep with bottles of water, fishing poles, camera, binoculars, sunscreen, sandwiches, marshmallows (the little kind that double as fish bait and kid bribes), and one very outdated map of Lake Pleasant.

We've never really spent much time at Lake Pleasant before, even though we've heard a lot about it in the 10 years we've lived in Phoenix. What we've heard hasn't always been . . . um . . . pleasant. Everybody says it's hot. Boaters say it eats propellers. Campers say there's no shade. Sailors say the boat launches aren't long enough. Parents say there's not much for little kids to do. Hikers say the trails need work. But we hear that's all changing (except for the hot part) because of massive improvements triggered by a new master plan that includes the new dam, an enlarged lake, and all the trimmings.

So this fine fall day, we head north of Phoenix on Interstate 17, watching for Exit 223, which also is known as the Carefree Highway, or State Route 74. Then we drive west six miles, following a trail of vehicles towing boats. We're not exactly sure where we're going, but we figure anytime you follow a caravan of boats in Arizona, it's a safe bet you'll end up in the vicinity of a lake.

And we're right. We end up at Lake Pleasant. We've driven past the place where glider flights take the stouthearted for rides, past the little stuccoed restaurant where the buffalo burgers are cooked to order, and past the mobile roadside stand selling "real cowboy beef jerky."

There are more saguaro cactuses as we get closer to the lake. The hills get hillier, and the road gets curvier. The hills remind us of a collage made many school years ago in Texas: third-graders made mountain-scapes by tearing pieces of construction paper in shades of dusky purple and foggy blues, then layering them several deep. Back on the plains of central Texas, we were making collages of Lake Pleasant's hills, and we didn't even know it.

We let our imaginations wander to what the area might have been like before being tamed by the surveyors, the planners, and the tourists like us. Historical accounts tell of stagecoach lines that crisscrossed the area, ferrying passengers and mail to Prescott, Phoenix, and points in between. The journey was rough and slow, and robberies frequently broke up the routine.

Miners tackled the territory with more enthusiasm than luck in the 1860s and 1870s. One of the more eccentric prospectors was Mollie Sawyer Monroe, who

teamed up with men in the area to explore and hunt their fortunes. Today there are still wild burros at Lake Pleasant, descendants of the pack burros used by miners like Mollie.

The area indeed seems magical, despite its rugged terrain and hostility to life other than rattlesnake, cactus, and the well-equipped tourist. We keep driving until we see the sign for the new marina and RV resort. Pleasant Harbor is nestled in the eastern corner of the lake, and it is accessed by a new road that takes travelers to a gate where an entry fee is collected from each driver.

The privately operated full-service marina is home to the *Desert Princess*, a cruise boat that steers sightseers around the lake, providing lunch or dinner if they want it. A man who looks like he would know says that the tour of the lake is especially interesting at night, when some of the rock cliffs are lit to look like glaciers.

"You'd swear you were in Alaska for a minute or two, at least," he says. His wife nods and says he's right. "For a minute or two," she says. We take a brochure and promise ourselves we'll come back some evening with the four-year-old otherwise occupied. Every Phoenician could use the occasional minute or two of Alaska, we figure.

The new RV resort at Pleasant Harbor is carrying on a grand tradition of resort life at Lake Pleasant. While Mollie and her cohorts didn't have much luck finding gold, they did find Castle Hot Springs, which in 1896 was developed into the first of several popular resorts in the area. The resort, located just northwest of Lake Pleasant on private property, was closed by fire in 1976. Its guest list reads like a Who's Who of American history and entertainment, including Teddy Roosevelt and John Fitzgerald

Kennedy, who spent three months there recovering from his World War II injuries.

Other resorts came and went over the years, drawing guests from all over the world to the area for sun and pampering. Places like Whispering Sands (also known as Big Boulder), Lake Pleasant Guest Ranch, and Casa Rosa attracted the likes of the Astors, the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts, and Al Capone.

Although the RV facility at Pleasant Harbor is the only resort for people in the area, there is a resort, of sorts, for bald eagles. At least one pair of bald eagles make their home at Lake Pleasant, and they enjoy their own version of a resort; their nesting domain is designated as the Eagle Closure Area and is off limits to boaters and aircraft pilots from mid-December until late spring, when the eagles nest and nurture their young.

We leave Pleasant Harbor Marina and head for the New Waddell Dam Overlook. Its \$1 per person or \$4 per vehicle to enter the park and visit the overlook, so we pay up and collect a brochure that contains a "construction update." The park's construction projects are scheduled to be completed next month, and until then, it's best to call the Lake Pleasant Regional Park, (602) 780-9875, to know what's open, advises the brochure.

The view from the New Waddell Dam Overlook is stunning. The rugged desert hills are softened by the hues of purple and blue dominating the landscape. The sparkling blue of Lake Pleasant is dotted with sailboats, cabin cruisers, and fishing boats. The occasional jet ski cuts across the surface of the water, its spasmodic cough bouncing off the dam and demanding at least a fleeting glance from the overlook visitors.

(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 16 AND 17) *Sunset ignites Lake Pleasant, where massive improvements made it even more attractive to water-recreation lovers.*

(BELOW) *For those who like a little more action than fishing or swimming allow, jet skis offer a thrill-packed alternative.*

(RIGHT) *The lake's Pleasant Harbor is where the Desert Princess cruise boat drops anchor. Visitors can ply the lake on sight-seeing or lunch and dinner excursions.*





(LEFT) Saguaro cactuses dot the hilly terrain around the lake. It was this prized cactus that led our author to acquire one for her yard. For how she did it, see her account on page 22. (ABOVE) Camping is allowed along the lake's shore, and a campground is under construction.

Rest rooms are open, but the overlook building itself is closed because there are no volunteers this Saturday to staff it. Peering inside, we see displays that explain some of the wildlife and history of the area.

A little research tells us that the 25,000-acre Lake Pleasant Regional Park is largely owned by the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation. The Maricopa Water District, Maricopa County Recreational Services, and the Bureau of Reclamation's Central Arizona Water Conservation District worked out an agreement to develop and run the park. The efforts haven't been without bureaucratic tangles, but the more than 1 million people who visit the park each year are already benefiting from the new developments and those that are still being built, regardless of which governmental entity is in charge.

The biggest change at the park is the New Waddell Dam, which was built between 1985 and 1993 by the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation as a water storage facility for the Central Arizona Project. The new dam replaces the original one, which was started April 15, 1926, and named for Donald C. Waddell, who was instrumental in getting financing for that first dam. Waddell, along with engineer and contractor Carl Pleasant, for whom the lake is named, had fought several battles to build the first dam that created Lake Pleasant. They wrestled with Nature, politicians, and financiers to get the job done, much as today's champions of Lake Pleasant are doing.

Waddell's comments in a 1961 newspaper interview tell the tale of his struggles to get the dam built: "I had a bear by the tail and had to hang on. That bear broke loose a dozen times . . . he chased me clear to

the damsite — I ducked and he slid over."

The original concept of a large dam to collect water in the area was proposed by one of Phoenix's first citizens, W.A. Hancock, in 1888. The project was an ambitious one that didn't make it out of the planning phase. But it set the stage for many would-be dam builders, including two men who in 1898 tried to build a dirt dam across the river using only shovels and wheelbarrows. They weren't successful, but some 40 years later, Pleasant and Waddell were.

The original Waddell Dam changed the face of the entire area, not only giving desert dwellers a place to fish and swim but affording them some control over their environment by providing water that is available when it's needed — not just during a rare desert downpour. The original dam was the world's longest and highest multiple-arch dam at the time. It was 2,200 feet in length with maximum elevations of 256 feet above bedrock and 171 feet above riverbed.

The new structure is an earthen-filled dam, 300 feet high and 4,700 feet long. It provides storage for Central Arizona Project water, which is used for irrigation and residential use and to generate hydroelectric power that is sold to local utilities. Because the lake is a holding area for CAP uses, its level changes constantly, challenging those who plan its recreational uses.

The water level fluctuates from 9,966 surface acres and a shoreline of 114 miles to an average surface area of 4,956 and 88 miles of shoreline. Water levels are at their highest in midspring, dropping during hot summer months.

Even so, fishermen busy themselves all around the lake. They seem to be of two

types: those who are arriving and those who are leaving. The four-year-old saunters up to one who is of the latter variety and starts firing off questions. The fisherman says yes the fish do like marshmallows even after they get soggy from the water. But he's not sure how they feel about peanut butter and jelly. And if you can stand the heat in the summertime, the fishing here is great.

This particular fisherman likes the fluctuations in the lake's water levels. When the water levels are low, the fish are easy to find because they're all corralled in the same hole. A New Yorker not long ago pulled more than 100 largemouth bass out of the lake, fishing at depths of 16 to 25 feet. He, like most others who fish the lake, caught and released. (The limit is six per day, if you keep them for dinner.)

This fisherman pulls his boat from the water using one of 10 lanes of the newly completed boat ramp, which will take a boat into the water even when it's as low as 1,627 feet. A big improvement from the old days, he says with a grin. Today he fished for largemouth bass, but crappie are plentiful in the lake, too, he says. And there are channel cats down deep close to the dam, or so he hears.

It's been a good day at Lake Pleasant. We claim a spot for ourselves at the overlook and watch the sun set in a blaze of glory over the water. Then we head for home, stopping for a buffalo burger on the way. It's been a very good day. ■

Phoenix-based city girl Trudy Thompson Rice has an uncanny ability to locate resorts — even defunct ones — in any kind of terrain.

Jerry Sieve, who lives in Carefree, is an avid fan of water recreation.

WHEN YOU GO

Lake Pleasant Regional Park is located approximately 30 miles north of downtown Phoenix. Go north on Interstate 17 to State Route 74 (Exit 223), turn left, and go about seven miles to the park entrance. The park is open 24 hours a day with a \$4 fee per car, and \$2 per watercraft. It costs \$1 to visit the New Waddell Dam Overlook and its interpretive center. Call (602) 780-9875 for more information. To visit the privately managed Pleasant Harbor, RV center, and Desert Princess, 230-7600, look for the signs on State 74 before the park entrance. Marina fees are \$5 per car, \$6, with boat and trailer. Open 24 hours a day. Call (602) 566-3100 for more information. If you are going fishing, you need a license, which can be purchased at sporting goods stores.

WINNING A CACTUS LOTTERY

It seemed like such a good idea at the time. Free saguaro cactuses. All you had to do was harvest 'em and take 'em home. And if that didn't sell you on the deal, you could think of your efforts as a benevolent rescue mission: as the New Waddell Dam created a bigger Lake Pleasant, hundreds of cactuses would drown. That is, unless they were rescued by people like you and as many of your friends as you could talk into getting up at dawn and working all day under hazardous conditions.

The saguaro cactus is a protected plant in Arizona. You don't just buy one or dig one up and lug it home. You arrange with the proper agencies to adopt one. These plants come with tags and papers and a lot of obligations.

The Great Cactus Adventure began in the summer and fall of 1991. And it's still going on at my house. My husband won't let it die. According to him, we're lucky we weren't (a) bitten by a rattlesnake, (b) impaled on a falling saguaro arm, (c) decapitated by an overzealous cactus missionary with a pickaxe, (d) sued by any and all of the cactus missionaries that I coerced into

HAS ITS THORNY SIDE

helping us by telling them a pack of half-truths and outright lies. Now, some five years later, he claims we are not out of the woods yet on (d) because the statute of limitations on stuff like this goes on forever.

The cactus harvest started out as a lottery. And you know how we all love lotteries. I entered, on a lark, and I won. I was ecstatic. I hadn't

(LEFT) Little did our author's friends know that although she'd won the cactus lottery, they'd have to dig up her prizes. Phil Robertson, left, and Frank Kostyun carefully remove a fishhook barrel cactus. RICHARD MAACK



won anything since the fourth grade when I drew an Easter egg on the back of a spelling test and submitted it to the local egg company for judging by home economists. My drawing was deemed the best, and I won a dozen eggs as a result. The family still talks about it.

So winning a shot at a free saguaro cactus (and ocotillos, hedgehogs, prickly pear, and assorted others as well) was more excitement than I could handle. Until the reality of the situation set in. We went downtown to pick up our permits from the appropriate government agency. But before we could have the permits, we had to attend a little class on how to harvest and transplant the cactus. This sounded like work. Hard work. But I was a winner, and that's all that counted. I'd deal with the details later.

It was those details that complicated the effort. I started trying to recruit helpers. I got replies ranging from "I think I have to wash my hair that day" to "Find another sucker, honey."

Like the Little Red Hen, I considered just doing it myself. And daring anybody to try to bask in the glory of my beautifully transplanted saguaro. But I had a little problem. Like a nine-pound baby growing in my belly and due to make his debut within the month. So I did what any self-respecting woman in this situation would do: I went for the sympathy vote.

That didn't work, either. When I tried it, I got lectured about how foolish the whole deal was. Certainly there were plenty of

nonpregnant people with very strong friends who own the proper equipment for such an adventure who would love to use my permits. And on and on.

At that point, I decided to take the low road. Trickery and chicanery have worked throughout the centuries for others with less noble pursuits than rescuing cactuses from drowning. Why couldn't they work for me? And, I'm proud to report, they did.

We had houseguests coming in from West Virginia. They had never been to Arizona, and they looked forward to the trip. They envisioned spending restful days around the pool with a little golf in the afternoons for physical activity. Little did they know what I had in mind.

I broke the news about the cactus harvest a bit at a time. We were going for a day trip to Lake Pleasant. Fine, fine, they said. Sounds pretty. And we need to get up kind of early. Fine, fine. We like early. Like maybe around 4 A.M.? That's 1 A.M. for us. Well, yes, but think of it as a great opportunity to see the sun rise. They were my guests, sleeping at my house, and eating my food. Totally dependent on me. They got up at 4 A.M., 1 A.M. for them. And they were nice about it.

My husband, at this point, was convinced the only way to put "this whole episode," as he had taken to calling the cactus harvest, behind him was to cooperate. So he had coerced a guy who owed him big time to come and help. And, it turned out, the guy knew what he was doing. He

Using a shovel and pick axes, Phil Robertson, left, Bill Rice, and Bob Montgomery excavate a secured saguaro from its hillside perch.

RICHARD MAACK

even had a cactus sling made from 2X4 lumber and garden hose in the back of his pickup truck when he showed up.

We took three vehicles to the cactus harvest area on the western edge of Lake Pleasant. Within a half hour, all three vehicles were disabled. One was stuck in sand, one had a flat tire thanks to a cactus thorn in the sidewall, and the third was hopelessly locked in first gear for some unknown reason. The rangers were nice but busy doing ranger stuff and of the mindset that we got ourselves into this problem, and we could probably get ourselves out. That's when the stranded cactus harvesters trotted out the pregnant lady. Then we had all the help we needed. Need a ride to the office? Hop in. Need a little water? How about a soft drink? Lunch? This was getting better and better. I sat in air-conditioned comfort while my husband and West Virginia houseguests hiked into the desert to harvest me the most perfect little saguaro.

By the time I was finished visiting with the nice rangers, hearing them tell tales of crazy cactus harvesters and enjoying a little snack or two, the work was done. It was time to drive back to Phoenix and decide where the saguaro would be happiest in my yard.

Little Red Hen? Nope. Just call me Tom Sawyer. — Trudy Thompson Rice



FAVORITE PLACES

A PORTFOLIO
BY JERRY JACKA

“W hat is your favorite spot in Arizona?”

That’s the question I am most frequently asked when I travel about the state. It also is one of the most difficult to answer.

My favorite spot may range anywhere from the red rock country of Sedona to the Sonoran Desert to the high plateaus of the Navajo reservation to the Mogollon Rim to the ancient villages of the Anasazi to the pine forests of the White Mountains to the hidden mysteries of the Superstition Mountains. It also may change from winter to autumn and from morning to evening. Anyway, you get the idea.

At the risk of sounding hopelessly capricious, I must admit that my favorite spot often depends on where I am at the moment. As incomparable beauty blends with my state of mind, a special moment occurs. That may take place during a sunrise at Lake Powell, on an autumn day in Canyon de Chelly, after a summer shower in the desert, near twilight in Monument Valley, or by a waterfall along the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon.

Each time I take a photograph, I feel as though I am capturing a moment in time. Each is a “happening” that can never be duplicated.

FAVORITE PLACES



(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 24 AND 25)
Jagged Church Rock, near Kayenta on the Navajo Indian Reservation, sits against a backdrop of snowy cliffs.

(ABOVE) *A wintry Navajo Mountain looms beyond Lake Powell at Secret Canyon. Blessed with countless canyons, Lake Powell boasts 1,960 miles of shoreline.*

(RIGHT) *Monument Valley, a wonderland of geologic artistry 250 million years in the making, viewed here from near John Ford's Point, was made familiar around the world through Hollywood movies.*







FAVORITE PLACES



(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 28 AND 29) *The sun creates a reflecting pond atop the Mogollon Rim, mirroring a crowded stand of pines and golden aspens.*

(LEFT) *A rain-filled hollowed-out log awaits the deer that come to drink in this secluded glade in the White Mountains near Alpine. This photograph can be purchased through the Arizona Highways Gallery of Fine Prints; see page 47.*

(ABOVE) *Scenic Oak Creek Canyon was the setting of Zane Grey's Call of the Canyon.*



FAVORITE PLACES

(LEFT)
Eons of sedimentation created the multicolored layers of Coal Mine Canyon, southeast of Tuba City on the Navajo Indian Reservation.

There was never a paved road to Bundyville. No municipal electricity or water. Only a single small store in later years. And the town's population never rose above 200.

It existed on the Arizona Strip, one of the most remote and inhospitable regions in the United States, a place of winter snow, spring mud, and summer wind and dust.

In the wild 8,000 square miles that surrounded

the community, there was no lake or permanent stream. Yet virtually all who lived there recount treasured memories.

Abraham Bundy, 51 years old and the father of nine children, migrated from Mexico, settling in Nevada's Muddy Valley. But even to the hardship-resistant Bundy clan, earning a living in Muddy Valley was more than discouraging. So one day in the summer of 1916, Abe and his sons climbed to a peak across the Arizona border and surveyed the terrain. To the west of 8,020-foot Mount Trumbull and Hurricane Valley on

the Arizona Strip, they saw what appeared to be a land of promise. Immediately they planned their move.

A few months later, on Thanksgiving Day, Bundy and his son Roy staked out homesteads in Hurricane Valley, known as Cactus Flat, and began building Bundyville that same day. Their shelter, scarcely more than a cave, would serve as a first home for Roy, his wife, Doretta, and their children.

Today this lonely and vast northwest corner of the state

remains cut off from the rest of Arizona by the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon. The only Arizona entry is a two-lane bridge at Marble Canyon.

Bundyville became the only town in the interior of the Strip.

When Abe, his wife, Ella, and their family first came to the area, cattle and sheep grazed the land, and a few cowboys and shearers lived in remote line shacks. A couple of small sawmills operated for a time in the higher pine country, and a hermit lived in the forests of Mount Trumbull.

Through the winter, Abe made forays into his new homeland. Then, in March of 1917, he and four of his sons — Roy, James, Chester, and Pat — moved in with wives and children.

Water was the immediate challenge. None existed near the settlement. So the women and children collected washtubs full of snow from the surrounding hills, melted it, and hauled it home.

As the weather warmed, the

snow — and the Bundy's closest water supply — disappeared. The snowmelt turned the tiny settlement into a sea of mud. Chloe, James Bundy's wife, later recalled how difficult it was to go outside, as the mud built up on her shoes until her feet became great balls of goo so heavy she could barely walk.

New arrivals found a small seep about a mile up the mountain-side. The women and children camped beside it, and for the first time clothes could be given a proper washing. The men remained in the mud below, building fences, a

Forlorn Ghost of the Arizona Strip

Bundyville

Text by William Hafford

Illustrations by Paul Janovsky



Bundyville

Others explored the underground caverns along the Hurricane Cliffs and the deep gorges that went into the Grand Canyon.

But perhaps the main reason Bundyville lasted for half a century can be found in the remembrances of four former residents:

"I remember sleeping out of doors when I was small. The clouds sailing over made it seem like the moon was racing across the sky."

"I remember the newborn lambs running up and down the washes like a bunch of children playing hide-and-seek."

"We weren't in such a hurry out on the Strip. I wish I could go back. There is no other such place where the stars seem so close."

"I remember how I loved to ride horseback, and how I could jump on a horse and ride like an Indian, racing with the wind in my face and blowing my hair."

But even in those halcyon days, the end was already in view. Several factors conspired to drive Bundyville toward ghost-town status. The Taylor Grazing Law, passed in the 1930s, restricted the use of public land for livestock. Then the nation's entry into World War II took men away from the community. Later, construction of a pipeline that would bring good water to the town was canceled because of the war effort. And finally, the lack of a local high school prompted families to move to larger communities. In 1968 the last family, that of Ben and Beatrice Bundy, moved out. The same year, the school closed, and Bundyville, for all practical purposes, ceased to exist. ❑

Afterword: Since 1970, members of the Bundy family and other former residents have returned to the site of Bundyville for an annual reunion among the tilting frame buildings, fallen fenceposts, rusted barbed wire, and the shell of the old schoolhouse. Abraham Bundy, the founder of Bundyville, died in 1946 at the age of 87. He is buried in Bundyville's small cemetery along with his wife and other relatives.

Special thanks to author-historian Nellie Iverson Cox of St. George, Utah, for permission to use material from her book, now out of print, *Footprints on the Arizona Strip*.

William Hafford spent his early childhood on a desert homestead in Arizona's remote Vekol Valley near the Maricopa Mountains. He passed away a few years ago, leaving a cache of stories.

Phoenix-based Paul Janovsky moved to Arizona from London, England, 22 years ago. He specializes in watercolor illustration.



reservoir, and crude dwellings that would become Bundyville's first houses.

In the emerging community, every day had its trials: a toddler was snatched from a rattlesnake's range. A prize cow gorged to death in a field of green corn. Doretta was trampled by a herd of stampeding hogs. Roy lost part of an ear in a wagon accident. And a washed-out reservoir, built with backbreaking labor, had to be rebuilt.

But when the summer rains came, the women and children moved back from the mountain, and the first dry-farmed crops of corn, beans, and squash did well.

In early September, 10 members of the Martin Iverson family arrived, swelling the local population to 31. And on September 29, the first baby was born in Bundyville.

In time the Vanleuven arrived and later, the Alldredges. Others followed, looking for a new home, a new opportunity, and a place to raise their families no matter what the price in labor and personal sacrifice.

Naturally the increases in population added to the water problem. Estella Iverson recalled, "Sometimes, right after it rained, the water was so muddy the clothes looked worse after washing than before. When water got low in the catchments, what was left would be like soup: thick and green. My mom would boil it and strain it and set it out to air."

Yet with all the hardships, others chose to make the move to the Arizona Strip: by 1925 approximately 30 families lived in Bundyville.

A growing town needs a church, of course, so the residents built one. A school, too. The first classes in Bundyville started in the home of Roy and Doretta Bundy in 1917 (they had moved out of the dugout in the hillside). Then in 1918, a one-room frame schoolhouse was completed. Six years later, a larger facility was built.

Attracting teachers to the area proved no easy task. At least one, traveling from Montana to her new assignment, almost turned back after hearing about snarling cougars and learning that the residents lived in dugouts and the women dressed in gunnysacks.

(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 34 AND 35)
The Iverson and Alldredge families gathered to celebrate the Fourth of July in 1931. In her customary position is Old Net, a mare who would lead and push, but would not pull a vehicle.

(LEFT) *When Abraham Bundy moved his family to the Arizona Strip, their lives revolved around primitive conditions and hard work. But their dry-farmed crops flourished, and, for a time, so did Bundy's namesake community.*

But one teacher, Dorthy Young, eventually fell in love with the country and the people of Bundyville and in time married one of the Alldredges and gave birth to four children.

By the early '30s, the community had a post office and a population of about 200. But bad times still plagued the residents. In 1928 Roy Bundy, the earliest settler of Bundyville, had developed rheumatoid arthritis, and he could get around only with the aid of a crude version of a rickshaw.

In 1931 Roy's 22-year-old son, Iven, drowned while attempting to swim the Colorado River at the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

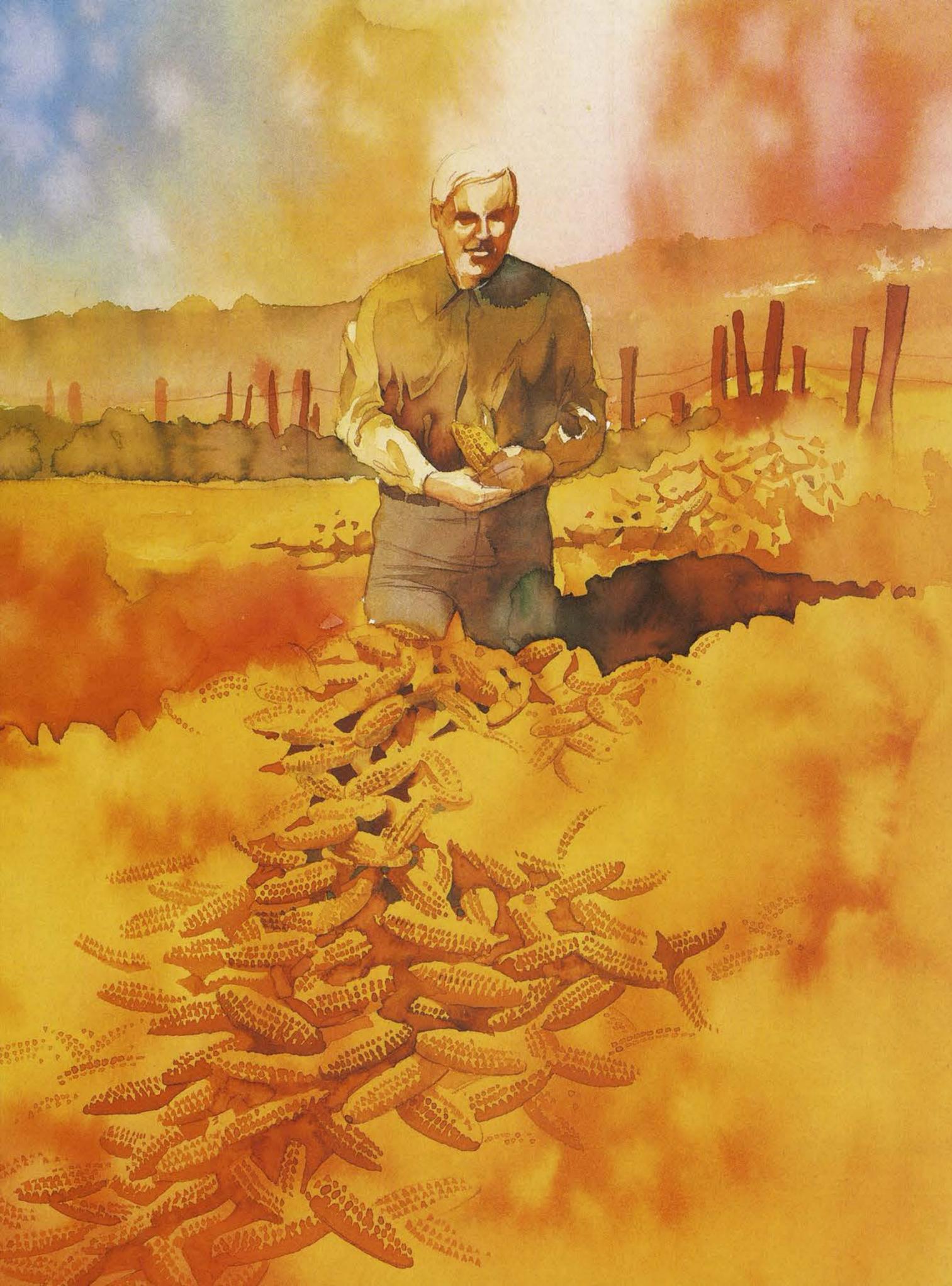
Then in 1932, the James Bundy home burned to the ground, and, while waiting for the house to be rebuilt, the entire family contracted scarlet fever. Three times the Albert Snyder family lost houses to fire. Young Claud Hallmark and his horse were carried away by a flash flood. In the winter of 1936, came subzero weather and deep snowdrifts which killed nearly all the livestock on the Strip. Seven-year-old Helen Bundy accidentally set off a dynamite cap that tore off several fingers just as little Spence Eslin experienced a ruptured appendix. Both children had to travel 60 miles over rough dirt road to St. George, Utah, for medical attention.

The people of Bundyville endured in the face of such adversity partially because of the richness of family life and the closeness between neighbors. But there also were diversions such as dances and parties. "With everyone participating," recalled one resident, "we got the social life we needed. And we put on plays and had dinners and programs on the holidays. Christmas was always a wonderful experience, even though most of the gifts were homemade. Summer was baseball time, and everyone in town attended. We enjoyed homemade ice cream and listened to battery-powered radios."

There also were wild pig hunts — not with guns but with ropes. "They were big rascals," recalled Bud Bundy, "nearly 500 pounds with three-inch tusks as sharp as razor blades." The idea was to corner one of the giants, throw a noose over its head, and tie it down without getting slashed to shreds.

Others took their ropes after cougars. Lincoln Bundy once followed a big cat into a deep fissure where the animal was dened. The cougar turned around in the narrow passage, and the result was a face-to-face encounter so close "that if we had stuck out our tongues, they would have touched." Young Bundy made a breakneck retreat.

Some of the youngsters mounted horses and chased eagles, trying to rope them.



With his twinkling blue eyes, gray beard, and wiry frame, Bobby Jensen looks for all the world like a grizzled mountain man. He knows every inch of the land he lives on, every nuance that comes with the change of seasons. I, along with many other people, envy Bobby because he lives in what is surely one of the most beautiful places in Arizona: Hart Prairie, north of Flagstaff.

side of the San Francisco Peaks, the highest mountains in Arizona. Often more than a hundred elk come down to graze in the meadow at dawn and dusk, and hawks rise on thermals over Fern Mountain at midday.

Hart Prairie is different in every season: in summer irises, penstemons, gentians, lupines, larkspurs, and sneezeweed dance through the green meadow. In autumn aspens turn golden, and hordes of sightseers drive Forest Service Road 151 to ogle the brilliant display. In winter Hart Prairie rests under a deep blanket of snow. The arrival of spring is heralded by melting snow and flowing water.

Homesteaders found Hart Prairie in the late 1800s. Sheepman Frank Hart, for whom it is named, was one of the first to be drawn to the area. Like many other sheep raisers, he favored the prairie because it provided good summer range close to lower-elevation winter range. (Into the 1970s, Basque shepherds tended sheep there, carving their initials and sayings into the white bark of aspen trees.)

Hart started to build a one-room log cabin in 1877, but never got a roof on it. He left the area soon thereafter, and the cabin stood empty until 1882, when a German immigrant family moved in to prove up the homestead.

Augustus Dillman Freudenberger, a blacksmith and brewer, lived with his wife, Lena, in Hart's cabin until they finished a four-room log house nearby. Gus and Lena had five children; two died as infants and are buried in the nearby aspen grove.

The Dillman ranch (Freudenberger was dropped from their name during World War I) was the first stop for the Grand Canyon stagecoach, which ran three times a week from Flagstaff between 1892 and

HART PRAIRIE



BEAUTY SPOT OF THE HIGH COUNTRY

Before we become too envious of Bobby, though, we should keep in mind what winters are like at 8,500 feet in northern Arizona. In a single season, Bobby burns four cords of wood in his stoves, and he sometimes shovels eight feet of snow off his roof.

Then there's the task of getting his daughter to school. By 5 A.M., long before sunrise, Bobby has gotten up and taken her — on cross-country skis and snowmobile — to the bus stop so she can go the other 15 miles into town to school. And he has to meet her again in the afternoon to take her home.

But the inconveniences are worth it in Bobby's eyes. The view of the San Francisco Peaks from the front porch of the Mariposa Lodge at Fern Mountain Ranch, he declares with conviction, is "overpowering." Bobby has had 20 years to come to that conclusion. He is the operations manager of the old Fern Mountain Ranch, a homestead named for the nearby volcanic hill covered with bracken fern. In June 1994, the ranch and surrounding land were given to The Nature Conservancy, a non-profit, private conservation organization, as its second preserve in northern Arizona.

Hart Prairie is a big bowl of grassland spilling down out of the dark evergreen forests on the west

(LEFT) Sunset warms aspen trees along Hart Prairie Road near the entrance to Fern Mountain Homestead, named for a nearby volcanic hill.

(ABOVE) A line of golden aspens breaks through a stand of verdant pines along Hart Prairie Road.

(RIGHT) Delicate quaking aspen leaves nestle against rough tree bark.





Sunrise breaks over the San Francisco Peaks and through the quaking aspens in front of the Mariposa Lodge at Fern Mountain Ranch.

1901. At the Bank Hotel downtown, passengers boarded the stage for the 65-mile, 12-hour trip.

The stage rolled out through Fort Valley and up to Fern Mountain Ranch, first stop for a fresh relay of horses. Lena served sandwiches, cold buttermilk, and homemade root beer to the passengers. One of the most famous was Theodore Roosevelt, who, according to Albert Dillman, gave his mother a silver dollar. The homestead's original house, dining room, barn and stables, and outbuildings still stand.

The Hochderffers and Michelbachs also were among the first homesteaders who grazed livestock and grew barley, potatoes, wheat, and hay. The Hochderffers helped start the Summit School in Hart Prairie so their children wouldn't have to go all the

of reservoirs to capture water born in the San Francisco Peaks. "The Prospector" (aka Charlie Spencer) assured potential backers that in only 48 short hours from Chicago, they could be rowing a boat on one of the reservoirs. He believed he could collect, store, and transfer 4 billion gallons of water and then sell it to thirsty Grand Canyon tourists, to towns such as Williams, or to anyone else willing to buy.

Charlie and his crews proceeded to dig trenches and ditches along the edges of Hart Prairie (they can still be seen). Water would be channeled down the ditches to a tunnel and then into a volcanic crater about two miles away. A tent city was erected near the crater, and work continued smoothly into 1917 —except for one summer thunderstorm that breached a dike and sent so much water down that the fittings on the clay pipe blew. The men had to run for shelter in the trees to escape injury from the flying shrapnel.

Charlie's grandiose scheme was plagued with insurmountable problems, though, and in 1920 he finally gave up and moved on. Ever the prospector, he headed back to Lees Ferry with plans to strike oil.

Over the years, 10 or so families lived at one time at Hart Prairie. They weathered the winters, the dry years, and the isolation. But the one event that finally spelled the end for nearly all of them was the Great Depression. The sole survivor of those severe economic times was rancher Pete Michelbach, who still runs cattle on Hart Prairie in summer. Pete's recollections are of a long life of hard work milking cows, breaking broncs and mules, and building and rebuilding cabins. But he had some fun too, hunting deer and turkeys and hosting parties in summer for families from miles around.

Hart Prairie caught the eye of Summit Properties in the 1970s, and stirred up a hornet's nest of controversy. The company saw the prairie, within one air mile of the Arizona Snowbowl downhill ski area, as an

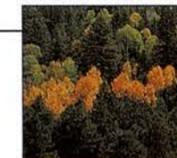
ideal place for a condominium and golf resort. Local citizens who have great affection for Hart Prairie and Hopis and Navajos who consider the San Francisco Peaks sacred banded together and defeated the plan. The land in question was purchased by the Forest Service and remains under its management.

One opponent was Dick Wilson, whose parents bought the Fern Mountain homestead around 1930. Dick's uncle was Dr. Harold Colton, founder of the Museum of Northern Arizona. Colton located the land and told his sister Suzanne, Dick's mother, about it. She and her husband, Robert, raised Arabian horses there until World War II.

Since he was two years old, Dick Wilson has spent summers at the homestead. He and his wife, Jean, childhood neighbors, eventually came to live in Flagstaff, and Dick inherited the ranch from his parents. Through the years, it has been their summer home, an ecology camp for the Museum of Northern Arizona, and a guest facility available for rental.

Dick and Jean ultimately decided to donate 245 acres, including the Fern Mountain

HART PRAIRIE



homestead, to the Arizona chapter of The Nature Conservancy. "It is a relief," they said, "to know that the land will be protected." The Wilsons' children have use of part of the property in perpetuity, while The Nature Conservancy has opened the homestead and the preserve for educational workshops, guided hikes, and overnight stays for individuals and small groups of up to 20 people. Shelley Silbert, northern Arizona program manager for the conservancy, notes that the preserve is a spectacular place to learn about alpine ecosystems, and "it gives us a platform to work closely with agencies and private landowners to protect other ecological treasures of the region."

The Nature Conservancy especially wanted the land because of the presence of a rare plant community: the Bebb willow and associated grassland. Bebb willows are more common in the northern latitudes from Alaska to Labrador. The Bebb willow stand in Hart Prairie is among the most southerly populations known, a holdout

from Ice Age days. With more than 1,300 trees, the stand at Hart Prairie is the largest known in the West.

The tree's common name was given for Michael Shuck Bebb, a 19th-century botanist who was an expert on willows. His father was William Bebb, a former governor of Ohio who made a big impression when he took exception to late-night merrymaking at his son's wedding. When the revelers ignored William's orders to break up the party, he shot and killed one of the young men. He was tried and acquitted of the crime.

I asked Forest Service botanist Dr. Barbara Phillips to go to Fern Mountain with me one chilly, bright October morning specifically to look at the Bebb willows. After putting on hats and gloves, Barb and I walked out to the stand of leafless gray trees. A big concern is that the willows at Hart Prairie aren't reproducing well. There are a few young recruits among the

(BELOW) A stand of golden aspens hugs the base of Fern Mountain at the entrance to the homestead.



way into Flagstaff to learn their three R's.

An optimistic prospector named Charles H. Spencer came to Hart Prairie in 1915. Spencer's prospectus to Chicago investors trumpeted a "Bird's Eye View of the Most Remarkable Domestic Water and Power Project in the United States."

Fresh from a boondoggle gold-mining venture on the Colorado River at Lees Ferry, Spencer planned to build a series

WHEN YOU GO

Individuals can register for "Weekends in the Aspens," August 9-11 and September 6-8, which include tours of the historic homestead and hikes to the rare willow community and surrounding pine-aspen forest. A "Research Adventure Tour" will be held August 22-25 for those interested in a hands-on opportunity to join ecologists at work in this beautiful high-country setting. In addition, The Nature Conservancy holds guided hikes Wednesday at 10 A.M. and Sunday at 2 P.M. through October 12. These are free and open to the public. Groups of up to 20 people can reserve Hart Prairie Preserve for overnight lodging, retreats, or meetings. For information on any of these events, or upcoming summer and winter trips, contact The Nature Conservancy, Northern Arizona Office, 114 N. San Francisco St., Suite 100, Flagstaff, AZ 86001; (520) 774-8892.



nearly all-adult population, though. Near a seep, Barb pointed out a couple of seedlings, but she was dismayed to see that something had been nibbling on them. The likely culprits were elk, which have multiplied quite successfully in habitat bordering Hart Prairie.

Said conservancy ecologist Dave Gori,

HART PRAIRIE



“Elk have been hammering the seedlings.” Changes in soil moisture, possibly due to water diversions through the years, also may be depriving willow seeds of the moist

ground they need for germination. The conservancy together with Northern Arizona University has launched an ambitious research program to determine how best to restore the habitat and protect the preserve’s rare willow community.

A certain wildflower on Fern Mountain also has attracted botanists’ attention. One July day, I happened upon Ken Paige and his students up on the hillside, carefully tying threads around the tubular flowers of the scarlet gilia, or skyrocket, as part of a pollination experiment.

Ken noticed that the gilia on Fern Mountain appear in a variety of colors, not only traditional bright scarlet but also pale pink and white. During the past dozen summers, he has come out from Illinois to study them. From these studies, Ken has come to think that the gilia’s ability to change colors is the plant’s way of luring more pollinators for a longer time each season.

Both broad-tailed and rufous hummingbirds visit the gilia in summer, sipping nectar from the flowers and helping distribute the plant’s pollen. Both prefer the red flowers of gilia. But as the hummingbirds migrate south in late summer, the gilia shifts to lighter colors to take advantage of another pollinator that is still around: a hawkmoth called the white-lined sphinx. Some moths are out and about in the daytime but also are nighttime pollinators, and as such they do not require color to attract them.

After I left Ken and his coworkers, I wandered among the lovely old log buildings at the homestead, watched hummingbirds dart among the gilia on Fern Mountain, and gazed at the San Francisco Peaks from the porch of Mariposa Lodge. I had to agree with Bobby Jensen. The view from Hart Prairie is indeed overpowering. ■

Travel Guide: To learn more about the attractions of the mountain country around Hart Prairie, we recommend *The Peaks: Flagstaff, Williams, and Northern Arizona’s High Country* (\$10.95 plus shipping and handling). The *Arizona Highways* guidebook is jam-packed with 80 full-color photographs and maps and explores the highlights of the San Francisco Peaks area. To inquire or place an order, telephone *Arizona Highways* toll-free at (800) 543-5432. In the Phoenix area or outside the U.S., call (602) 258-1000.



(OPPOSITE PAGE) Rustic guest cabins sit among aspen trees at Fern Mountain Homestead. (LEFT AND ABOVE) Mariposa Lodge, the main cabin at Fern Mountain Ranch, is the base for overnight field trips. A ranch resident calls the view from the lodge’s front porch “overpowering.”

Flagstaff-based Rose Houk dreams of living and working in a log cabin at Hart Prairie.

Phoenix-based David H. Smith discovered the Fern Mountain Homestead while photographing fall color at Hart Prairie. He also contributed photos for the “Back Road Adventure” in this issue.



WIT STOP

TEXT BY GENE PERRET
ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MERRELL

Black Holes Have Nothing on the Briefcase of This Traveler

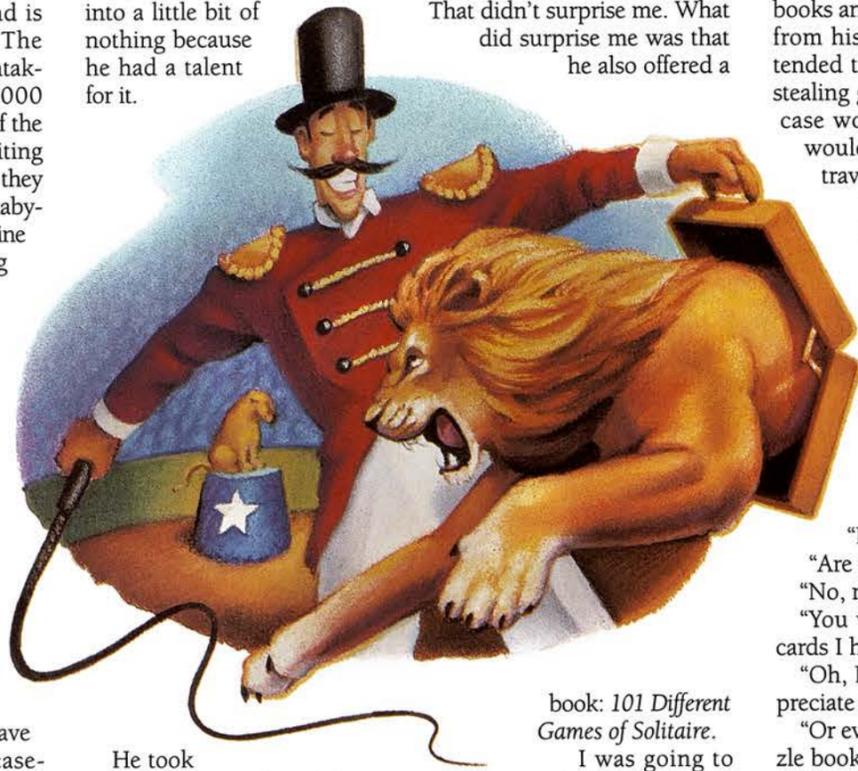
Arizona is a magnificent tourist state even to the fly-by visitor who is only looking down from a seat on an airplane that came from and is going somewhere else. The Grand Canyon is a breathtaking panorama from 30,000 feet. The color variations of the Painted Desert are as exciting when seen from the sky as they are from the ground. The labyrinthine Lake Powell coastline is even more intriguing from the air.

With no slight to the beautiful state of Arizona, though, one of the most astounding sights I've ever seen while flying is the briefcase of the businessman (and he's on every flight if you look diligently enough) who can cram more into his attache than you and I can stuff into the overhead bin and under the seat in front of us.

Recently I sat next to a gentleman who must have been the all-time briefcase-stuffing champion. When we leveled off after takeoff, he set his case on his lap and opened it. Papers, documents, and bric-a-brac oozed from it the way the filling dribbles out of a jelly doughnut when you first bite into it. Julia Child has cooked turkeys stuffed less fully than this man's attache case.

I had no idea what this gentleman did for a living, but I would have offered him work packing for me. The seemingly endless amount of stuff that he

could cram into such a finite area was incredible. Perhaps this was the genius who invented that tiny car that holds 15 or 20 clowns at the circus. Maybe he was the guy who taught magicians how to produce hundreds of colored scarfs from no place. It could be he designed freeways. Whatever he did, it should have involved cramming a lot of something into a little bit of nothing because he had a talent for it.



He took a stack of papers from his case that was thick enough to choke a librarian. This bundle was so large that I would have mailed it ahead to wait for me at the hotel. Yet when he took it from his briefcase, it did not visibly diminish the bulkiness of what remained in the briefcase. Somehow the case seemed as full as it was before.

This guy used his open attache case as a desk, working on his papers on top of all the other junk. It mesmerized me.

Staring at him and his Pandora's briefcase began to embarrass me. Just to give my eyes someplace else to look, I asked the flight attendant for a deck of cards.

"Sorry, sir, we're all out," he said.

My seatmate tapped me on the arm with an unopened deck of cards. "I always carry cards in my briefcase," he said. That didn't surprise me. What

did surprise me was that he also offered a

time said, "Want to borrow a pen?"

"Maybe later," I said.

I unhooked my seat belt and began to rise in order to visit the "Occupado." It was occupadoed. I sat back down half expecting my traveling companion to offer me a box of Depends. He didn't.

For the rest of the journey, he worked diligently pulling books and papers and utensils from his opened case. I pretended to be asleep, but kept stealing glances at his magical case wondering if anything would grow in there as we traveled.

When we prepared for landing, he shoved the case under the seat in front of him, closed but not latched.

"Are you getting off the plane here?" he asked me.

"Yes, I am."

"Do you have a connecting flight?"

"No. This is it for me."

"Are you in a hurry?"

"No, not really."

"You were welcome to the cards I had, you know."

"Oh, I know that, and I appreciate the offer."

"Or even the crossword puzzle book."

"Thank you."

"And the ballpoint pen you were welcome to keep."

"That's very kind of you," I said.

"I was just wondering, since you're not in any real hurry, and this is your final destination . . ."

"Yes?"

"Would you mind staying on the plane a few minutes after we land to help me close my briefcase? I can't do it alone." ❧

book: *101 Different Games of Solitaire*.

I was going to ask if he had a set of poker chips and a felt-topped table in there, too. I feared my sarcasm would be lost on him. I also feared that he might produce them.

"No, thanks," I said. "I don't want to open a new deck."

He reached into his case and produced an opened deck.

"I'll just do a crossword puzzle," I said.

He immediately offered me a book of *New York Times* crossword puzzles and at the same

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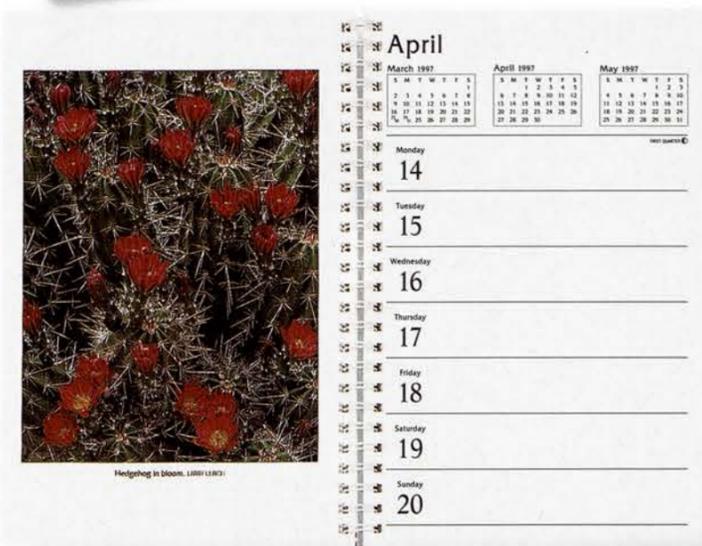
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LEGENDS OF THE LOST

TEXT BY LEO W. BANKS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATERI WEISS

The Ghost Ship in the Desert Has Enthralled Fortune Seekers for Years

Few legends are as preposterous as that of the Ghost Ship, a magnificent sailing vessel that inhabits the desert north of Yuma and shows herself only when the wind is strong enough to blow the sand from her bow. Then she appears, seeming to rise from the Earth's bosom.

But soon the wind shifts and tosses the sand back over the ship like a veil, hiding her again from the eyes of the fools who, at the risk of their gullible necks, swear she exists and even set out into the brutal desert to prove it.

Over time have come accounts of men so enamored of the legend that they have loaded their very lives onto the backs of burros and ridden out from Yuma looking for the Ghost Ship.

Their efforts have produced some marvelous visions, and some equally marvelous prose, published in newspapers and magazines from San Francisco to New York.

In September, 1891, the *Arizona Enterprise* of Florence published these fine words, inspired by a man who put his reputation behind the sight he swore his eyes beheld:

"I saw before me the outline of a sailing vessel. Every portion of her was clearly defined, yet a haze or a peculiar, indescribable light was cast upon the scene. It was too late an hour for a mirage; besides this, the view was not stationary, the



craft moving rapidly on its course with all sails set.

"... The vessel ... was about 80 feet in length, 18 feet breadth of beam, and of about 40 tons burden. The hull sat well out of the water — which was plainly visible — while the bow arose straight above the deck. The stern also sat high out of the water, after the style of

Chinese junks, and two masts, fore and aft rigged, gave the vessel a very odd appearance, unlike any I had ever seen.

"... As strange and startling as was the weird scene, I was more than astonished at the sounds I heard. The creaking, straining noise of a sailing vessel running before a stiff breeze was plainly heard while the distant

notes of a sailor's song fell upon my ear."

Surely, such a spectacular vision could occupy only the mind of a man influenced by too little water, or too much whiskey.

The *Enterprise* tells us the expedition in question occurred early in 1882, four years after two German prospectors

showed up in Yuma, suffering great distress and telling of losing a companion in the desert.

But their comrade did not merely disappear. Oh, no. His fellow Yuma adventurers swore that he'd been "shanghaied and taken off on the ghost ship," which seemed to float before them "as a cloud."

It's hard to know in whose imagination this ship first sailed. Many claim to have seen it in locations as varied as the Colorado Desert east of the San Bernardino Mountains and on the Palomas Plain of southwestern Arizona.

I circled the plain by car, setting out from Gila Bend, not so much to see the unseeable ship but to examine the terrain where she lives. It was flat, unwelcoming, even vaguely hostile, a place suitable to the machinations of ghosts, who, after all, always prefer their own company.

Writers tackling the phenomenon of the desert ship have sent interpretations and explanations gusting across the continent with gale force.

The *Los Angeles News*, back in 1870, said the ship was discovered by Indians when a saline lake, glistening on the desert, dried up, and the receding waters brought forth the ship.

I found a musty magazine full of quotes from a windy old chin-stroker who declared the ship was British and named the *Content*. She set sail in 1587, suffered a mutiny, and ran aground at the north end of the Sea of Cortes. The waters receded in time, and the vessel stayed put.

Our informant recounted the fable, told by an elder of the Tohono O'odham tribe, of an Indian waiting for the wind to reveal the vessel, then crawling aboard to haul valuable artifacts from her bow.

"The old ghost appears in the form of a three-masted barkentine," said our storyteller.

"It's only been seen a few times by Indians over the centuries, and the last time was over 100 years ago."

Tom Brown, leader of the 1882 Yuma expedition, concluded that the bear's head growling from the ship's bow proved she was English, and her rigging left no doubt she belonged to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

"She may be, and probably was, one of the lost vessels of that patriotic pirate, Sir Francis Drake," said Brown, "who made his first expedition up this [California] coast in 1578."

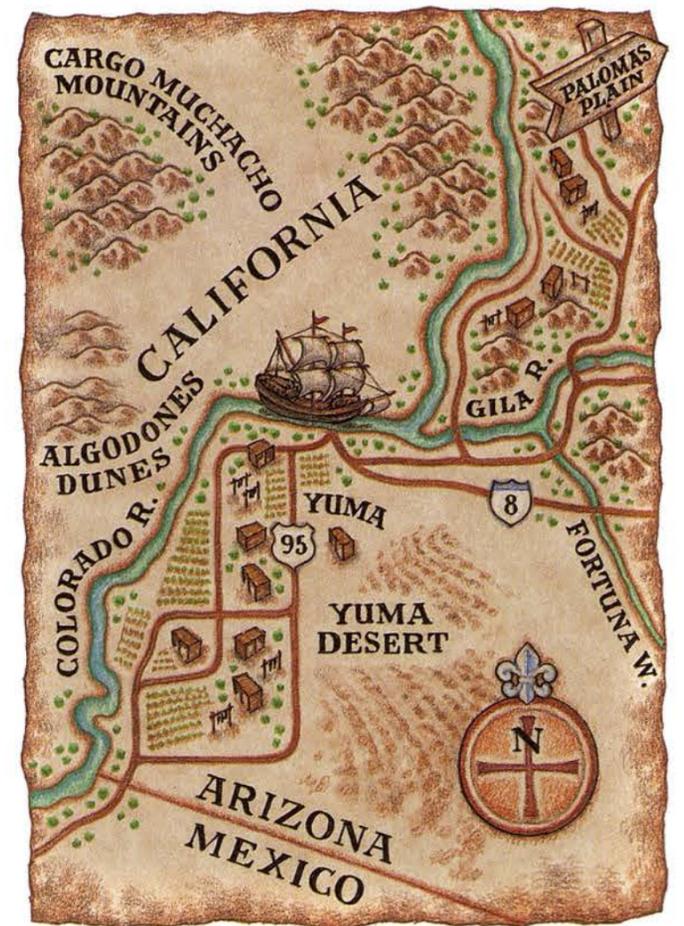
Interest in this oddest of sights got extensive airing in *The Cosmopolitan*, a New York magazine, published in September, 1886.

The story tells of another prospector, not named, who, failing in his effort to find mineral wealth in the nearby mountains, started for home and became lost. When he rode his horse to the crest of a ridge to find his direction, he spied a great ashy-white valley with not a protuberance of any kind to break its flat monotony.

Except for the object a mile out, "rising like an islet on a glassy lake," the battered hulk of a vessel lying partially tipped to one side, as if it had drifted broadside upon a sandbank, its broken masts projecting 10 or 15 feet above the deck.

Imagining all manner of wealth in the ship's belly, the prospector trembled with excitement at the discovery as he pressed toward it. But the ground refused passage.

It broke beneath the weight of his horse, and together they sank into a deep mire, unable to proceed. When he tried turning for home, the prospector discovered that the flesh on his horse's legs had been eaten nearly to the bone from contact with powerful alkali deposits. He had no choice but to desert the animal and walk.



Only through grace and good fortune was he able to make his way, parched and near death, to a stagecoach stop, where he was slowly nursed back to health.

But delirium had erased all memory of the ship's location. In his efforts to find it again, the prospector consulted an old priest who told of discovering, in certain ancient historical volumes, an explanation that might give some logic to the tale of the ghost ship.

The priest said that many vessels, laden with gold and all manner of valuable commodities in transit from the East Indies, had been dispatched north from Acapulco during the 16th century in the expectation that a route would be found by which the cargo might be taken directly to

Spain, instead of being transported across Mexico and re-shipped on the Atlantic Coast.

These ships had never been heard from again, disappearing as mysteriously from sight as the mirage of the desert.

"It requires no violent stretch of the imagination," said *The Cosmopolitan*, "to identify the wreck with one of the lost vessels and to load it with an imperishable store of gold and silver."

But the great ship's cargo, if such exists, lies there still today, waiting. And the frustrated *Cosmopolitan* prospector, like so many others, died without ever finding it a second time, giving sustenance to the legend and proving that what the eyes cannot see twice, the imagination can see a thousand times. ■



ARIZONA HUMOR

Greenhorns

Several years ago, we moved to Show Low. My wife knew very little about country life, as she'd been raised in a big city. We had a large chest freezer and decided to fill it with beef. While I was at work one weekend, my wife and another city-raised friend went to an auction in Holbrook to bid on and split half a beef. There were hundreds of farmers, cowboys, and cattlemen present at the animal sale. Near the end of the auction, my wife and her friend successfully bid on a cow (it was rather old, but they didn't know the difference), and one

old cowboy asked them if they'd like it hung for a week. The two women looked at each other, puzzled, and one finally asked, "Wouldn't it be easier to just shoot the poor thing?"

Roy J. Reissner
San Diego, CA

Miracle Pills

My wife and I take vitamins every day and have for many years. One morning at breakfast, my six-year-old granddaughter asked if I was sick. When I told her I was not, she asked what all the pills were for.

Unable to resist putting on a show for her, I picked up one of the pills and popped it into my mouth, saying, "This one makes me strong." Then I took the next one, telling her, "This one makes me wise." Finally, I picked up the third pill, and announced, "I take one of these each day to make me handsome."

After a pause she commented, "That last one doesn't work very well, does it?"

Morris W. Cohn
Phoenix

Lucky Hit

As our crew flew over northern Arizona at 35,000 feet, a young flight attendant came into the cockpit. "That's Flagstaff," the copilot said. "And over there is old U.S. Route 66, which ran from Chicago to Los Angeles. Now it's called Interstate 40. And east of Flag," he pointed ahead and to our right, "is Meteor Crater."

"Oh," the young woman exclaimed, looking at the crater in the desert, "that's a huge hole!"

"Yeah," the copilot continued, "a meteor hit the Earth over 55,000 years ago, killing all plant and animal life within 100 miles."

Studying the crater for a moment, the flight attendant said, "Good thing it didn't hit a few miles to the left."

"Why's that?" asked the copilot.

"Because," she said in all earnestness, "it would have wiped out Route 66."

Andy Boquet
Prescott

Kid Trouble

My wife was working in one of the many gift shops along U.S. Route 66 in Holbrook when a man with several children in tow approached her busy counter. The usual chorus of "Daddy, I want this" was punctuated by a small hand that shot up over the counter and snatched a beaded toy.

She was surprised and grateful as the father grabbed the small hand, saying wearily, "If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times not to touch . . ." He stopped abruptly, his face stricken, and said, "Good Lord, it's not my kid."

Thomas LaMance
Prewitt, NM

Yuma Bridge

After a peace treaty was signed between the United States government and an Arizona Indian tribe, the chief called a meeting of his warriors and said: "We must show the white man that we respect the treaty by creating a monument. We will build a great bridge symbolizing our new peaceful relations."

So the warriors struck out upon the Yuma desert and built a huge bridge spanning the sandy floor. Then they asked their chief to appraise the wonderful achievement.

But when he saw it, the chief was livid.

"Why did you build the bridge across the desert?" he screamed at them. "What will

the white man think? You must destroy this bridge at once."

"But we can't," insisted one warrior.

"Why not?" demanded the chief.

"Because there are four white men on the bridge now trying to do some fishing."

Leonard Monko
Bayonne, NJ

Smart Farmer

Flagstaff residents of the 1930s will remember Dutch Hostetter, farmer, rancher, rodeo producer, and horse trader.

"Just had my best year since I started raising beans," he announced to a group of us sitting around the potbellied stove at the rear of Billy Switzer's hardware store.

"What did they fetch?" someone asked.

"Darned if I know," Dutch replied. "This year I decided not to plant any."

Bud Brown
Prescott

TO SUBMIT HUMOR

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

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

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

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



ROADSIDE REST

TEXT BY DON DEDERA
ILLUSTRATION BY GREG COUCH

Forget Those Good Old Golden Days

August. A mile high. Noon. Twenty miles from town. Air temperature: 72° F. Beer temperature: 45° F.

What tranquility. What beauty. Seated, I lean back against a black walnut trunk and absorb the panorama. Beneath a turquoise and cotton sky, a flower-strewn meadow stretches to the edge of a handsome pine forest.

The tree line half hides a tumbledown farmhouse, delineated by leaning walls, ruptured porch, holed roof, rotting floors. Shrouds of wild grape festoon rambling, unpruned rose bushes and half-dead apple trees. And only the snap of a flycatcher and the roll of distant thunder interrupt the midday quiet.

Ah, I think, what a perfect retreat from the frantic pace and terrible pressure of modern living . . .

Abruptly, the ghost of a bearded, stooped settler, dressed in denim overalls, stomps through the gaping front doorway of his cabin. He cups his hands to his mouth and shouts in my direction:

"Fraud! Phony! Faker!"

"Hey, wait a minute, Ghost," I object. "Why are you yelling at me?"

"Because I'm fed up with you soft, pampered city dudes relaxing under my tree and feeling sorry for yourselves."

"Well," I argue, "we bear great burdens. The world seems to be moving too fast nowadays. People everywhere are enduring unprecedented strain. They are cracking up and burning out. Contemporary beings no longer find peaceful moments to refresh their psyches. We scarcely will gain control of our

20th-century problems before we have to cope with the looming challenges of the 21st."

"Haw! What makes your generation believe it inherited more than its ration of tension?"

I reply, "Everybody says so. It must be true. You pick up the journals or turn on television, and it's all about the conflicts of the cities, corruption of the system, hazards of pollution, impacts on the environment, defeat of the individual. And so much more."

Ghost laughs bitterly and jeers, "Let me tell you about the concerns and duties of my day."

"I got up at 4:30 and made the fire and fetched the water and milked the cow. Then I fed the stock and slopped the hogs and chopped some wood. I hitched the team and plowed the field and mended fence."

"Then I had my own breakfast."

"I planted crops by hand. I hoed weeds. I trapped wolves and fought bears and shot lions that carried off my calves. I harvested, if the drought and bugs left me anything to harvest, and then I took my crops to the market, if there was a market."

"My wife baked bread and canned vegetables and crocked eggs. She churned butter, filled lamps, carried ashes, ground coffee, killed snakes, made soap, and scrubbed clothes on a washboard. She felt old when she was 30."

"We had a 15 percent mortgage at the bank and an unpaid bill at the general store. No cash. And no government subsidy or welfare department standing between us and hunger."

"Do you believe Nature is always a benevolent old gal? Why, one year we were burned out by a forest fire sparked by lightning, and the next year we



lost our barn in a flood because there wasn't any dam."

I perceive a chink in the speaker's argument, and I blurt, "But you didn't have to live with the threat of nuclear extinction!"

Ghost squints and retorts, "Do you honestly believe a hydrogen bomb is any more deadly than cholera? A hundred miles from the nearest doctor, we watched our kids perish of diseases that didn't even have names, let alone cures. Those who survived had to work like slaves, and miss out on education beyond the three Rs. Do your children actually believe that their times are worse than ever before?"

"But Ghost," I plead, "ours is a complex society. You lived in the golden age of the independent farmer. Maybe you didn't have electricity, or mechanized equipment, or modern home conveniences, or wonder drugs, or rapid communication and transportation, or educational opportunities, or culture and

entertainment. But what of your pure pleasures? Your wholesome rewards? Your moments of satisfying reflection?"

"What would you know of hardship and anxiety?" Ghost shot back. "To guarantee a supply of cool water for my family, I had to dig this well by hand. I sank it down 45 feet, until the window of blue sky above me was half the size of my hand. When I hit the water table I had to dig some more, always worrying about the watersoaked sides caving in. With a rope and a bucket, my bride hauled up the mud and sent down the rock for lining the walls. Tell me again about the risks and frustrations of modern living."

I make one more try. "It's a rat race," I say, "some kind of hassle all the time, and no letup."

"Poppycock," jeers Ghost. "In 40 years, I never had a minute to sit down under that walnut tree."

"Now git off'n my place." ■



"Now let out on the brake and give it the gas!"

JIM WILLOUGHBY



BACK ROAD ADVENTURE

TEXT BY SAM NEGRI
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID H. SMITH

Dramatic Scenery Leads the Way to the Splendid White Mesa Arch

Robert Vreeland was his name; arches were his game. No, not his game, his passion. I interviewed Vreeland in 1986 because he was the first person I'd ever encountered who spent almost all his waking hours thinking about, traveling to, photographing, measuring, and minutely describing every natural arch in the United States. Vreeland, who lived in Phoenix, was an aeronautical engineer, but he retired early because work kept interfering with his need to go out and look for arches.

I wrote a feature about him for a newspaper, but I never felt like I understood his obsession. Now I know the reason: I hadn't traveled to enough natural arches. After my latest excursion — this one in search of White Mesa Arch on the Navajo Indian Reservation — I think I know what captivated Vreeland. A natural arch sculpted from sandstone is a beautiful sight — when you finally get close

to it — but a large part of the appeal of this one is simply getting to the anomaly after the prelude of dramatic red buttes and sheer cliffs lined with jade-colored bushes and stone sentinels turned purple in the evening light.

Then, too, there are the chance encounters, like the one I had with an old Navajo tending his sheep from the saddle on his five-year-old mare. He didn't speak much English, but three things he could say clearly: "No rain, no grass," and "window rock out there."

People tend to call every natural arch and natural bridge a "window rock." Window Rock also happens to be the name of the town where the Navajo Nation has its headquarters, and just behind the headquarters there is a sandstone arch. Sticklers for accuracy usually define an arch as a span of rock that traverses dry land and has been formed by wind. A bridge is a rock span that's been formed by water. Rainbow Bridge at Lake Powell is probably the most famous example of a water-formed natural bridge in these parts.

White Mesa Arch is an arch and not a bridge, but it turns up on maps both ways. It's at the

southeast end of White Mesa and is formed of Dakota sandstone, a material that is about 130 million years old, give or take a few years. Getting to it is relatively easy, though photographer David Smith and I made two or three stabs from the wrong direction before we realized we were making life unnecessarily difficult for ourselves.

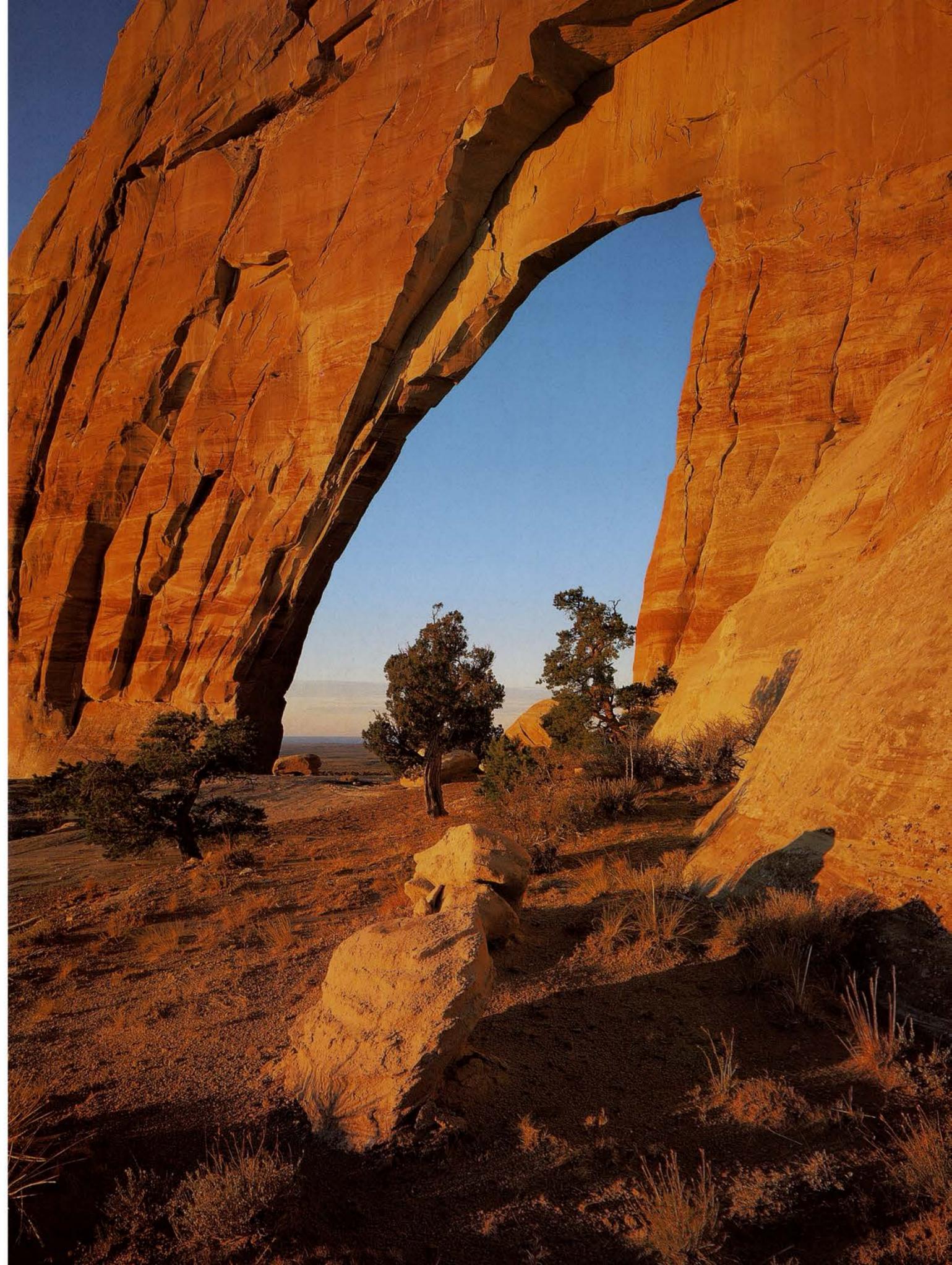
The best way to make this excursion is to drive to Flagstaff, two hours-plus north of Phoenix, the night before you plan to head out to the reservation. The next morning get up early, fill a gallon jug of water for your trip, and have yourself an enormous breakfast. Then drive 70 miles north on U.S. Route 89 to the cutoff for Tuba City (not named for the brass instrument but for an Indian chief whose name, in the mouth of non-Indians, came out sounding like "Tuba"). Tuba City is on U.S. Route 160, 11 miles northeast of the intersection of U.S. 89, and Tonalea is 22 miles northeast of Tuba.

If you look north from Tonalea or Red Lake (they're practically together), you can see White Mesa in the distance. The most remarkable thing about this mesa is that it lives up to its name. It was the last

thing I expected. Before I left for this trip I thought: mesas, Navajo reservation, sandstone. Yeah, this will be deep red, maybe streaked with bands of iron oxide, the sort of thing commonly seen in the Grand Canyon and Canyon de Chelly. Wrong. White Mesa is a white-walled, flat-topped mass of sandstone, 6,800 feet high at its loftiest point, with a band (from a distance) of aquamarine vegetation (undoubtedly abundant clumps of sage) hugging the base of the cliffs. That is early in the morning; later in the day, the colors change. It's picture-postcard country.

White Mesa Arch is slightly visible from U.S. 160, and no wonder. It's huge. Vreeland used an optical tape measure and reported that the arch has a span of 53 feet, a height of 84 feet, a thickness of 73 feet, and a width of about 40 feet. Fortunately, you can get a lot closer to it than Tonalea (walk right

(BELOW) White Mesa Arch can be seen from the road on the way to its namesake mesa. (RIGHT) Sunrise imbues the arch with a golden glow. The arch was formed at the southeast end of the mesa from Dakota sandstone.





up to it if you feel like hiking).

From the general store at Red Lake/Tonalea, continue 6.2 miles northeast on U.S. 160 to Navajo Route 16, the Rainbow Trail. Turn north onto Navajo 16, an unpaved but well-graded road, go through the tunnel (which goes under the railroad tracks), and bear left onto Navajo 6270, another good dirt road. It is 16.1 miles from the junction of U.S. 160 and Navajo 16 to a narrow dirt track that leads to the arch.

Long before you get near the arch, it is visible in the distance.

Turn left onto the dirt track off 6270 only if you have a high-clearance vehicle. Navajo Routes 16 and 6270 are fine for a passenger car, but not this dirt track to the arch. Assuming you have a high-clearance vehicle, take that left and follow your nose till the road reaches the top of a distinct hill. The road continues steeply down the hill, but do not drive down because the narrow track ends in a wash and getting back up may be extremely difficult. From the top of the hill, the arch is visible in front of you, but you'll have to hike a mile or two to get to it.

Keep in mind there are various narrow dirt tracks in the area, and it is easy to get confused. However, White Mesa itself is unmistakable, and the arch can clearly be seen from a couple of different vantage points. With some exploring, you can get to it from other routes, specifically, from one on the other side of the arch, which takes you closer. But none of the roads are marked, so the excursion can become a frustrating trial and error proposition.

(LEFT) The 84-foot-high arch dwarfs a hiker standing within it. The huge arch is 40 feet wide and 73 feet thick.

(ABOVE, RIGHT) The photographer's truck makes its way along one of the dirt tracks leading to the arch.



Assuming you found the narrow dirt road that leads off 6270 to the arch, you can return to U.S. 160 the same way you came, or you can make a pleasant loop drive by proceeding through the cattle guard just north of the dirt track (the road forms a T at that point) and turning left onto Navajo 6260, which will take you west to 21. Turn south, or left, again on the wide dirt road, and you will be heading back down to U.S. 160.

If you want a satisfying break on your way back, stop at the historic Cameron Trading Post, 15 miles south of the junction of 160 and 89 on a bluff overlooking the Little

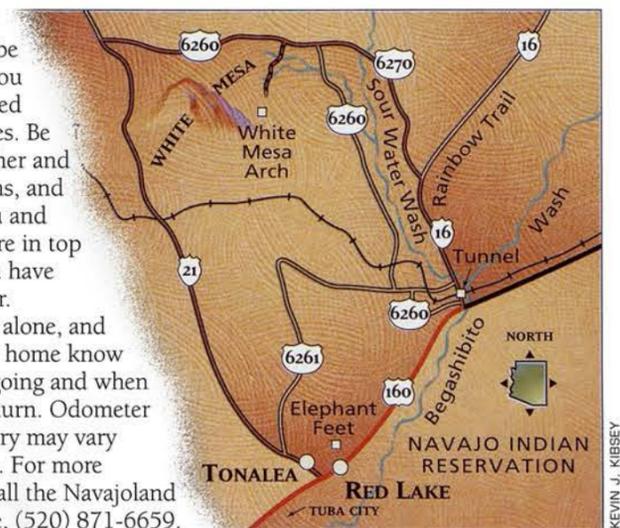
Colorado River. Ask for permission to see the gallery located in the well-preserved building just east of the trading post and restaurant. The

gallery exhibits magnificent Navajo and Hopi antiques: rugs, baskets, jewelry, head-dresses, sand paintings, and more. ■

TIPS FOR TRAVELERS

Back road travel can be hazardous if you are not prepared for emergencies. Be aware of weather and road conditions, and make sure you and your vehicle are in top shape and you have plenty of water.

Don't travel alone, and let someone at home know where you're going and when you plan to return. Odometer readings in story may vary by automobile. For more information, call the Navajoland Tourism Office, (520) 871-6659.



KEVIN J. KIBSEY



MILEPOSTS

EDITED BY REBECCA MONG
ILLUSTRATIONS BY VICKY SNOW

Whiskey Row, Circa 1903

Wandering among the rows of Western-wear, we'd have missed it if it hadn't been for a member of the group saying, "Look at that!" She'd been in The Cattleman's Shop on Prescott's historic Whiskey Row before.

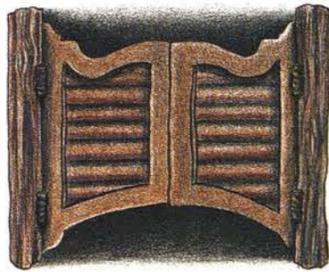
"That" was a 12½-foot-long, ½-inch-scale model of Whiskey Row as it was nearly a century ago. Store owner Paul Gordon built the model, a still-life in plywood and paint of Whiskey Row's historic buildings, signs, and even people strolling along the sidewalk.

Following a fire in July, 1900, it took locals three years to rebuild Whiskey Row. When they were done, the notorious strip — which once boasted dozens of saloons — then fronted a "modest" 15 watering holes, plus sundry other businesses. It was this incarnation of Whiskey Row that Gordon researched for weeks and then spent more than 600 hours re-creating.

The Cattleman's Shop sits at 124 S. Montezuma, between the Whiskey Row Dog House and Chapman's Trading Post. ♡

Ruminating among the Ruins

Four large pueblo archaeological sites and a cemetery dating from the Mormon immigration of 1876 draw visitors to 4,000-acre Homolovi Ruins State Park, near Winslow in the northeastern part of the state. Interpretive trails wind through



the ruins, built by the Hisat'sinom (Anasazi), ancestors of the Hopis, and a variety of programs, workshops, and activities

are offered. Visiting the remote area is made easier by a 53-space on-site campground with rest room-shower building, hookups, picnic tables, and grills; day-use areas also are available for picnics. Homolovi is about three miles northeast of Winslow via Interstate 40 (take Exit 257, then drive 1.3 miles north on State Route 87). For more information, contact the park, HC63-Box 5, Winslow, AZ 86047-9803; (520) 289-4106. ♡

Handy Saguaro Park Topo Map

A new topo map of Saguaro National Park, near Tucson, covers the Saguaro East and Saguaro West units and includes a guide to hiking trails through both gentle and rugged terrain (as well as the hike leading to 4,687-foot Wasson Peak, the highest point in the Tucson Mountains).

Printed on durable paper-thin plastic, the waterproof map can be folded to 4 x 9 inches for convenient tucking into a backpack or pocket. It costs \$8.99 and can be obtained at National Forest Service offices and National Park

visitor centers; or you can contact Trails Illustrated; P.O. Box 4357, Evergreen, CO 80437; (303) 670-3457, or toll-free (800) 962-1643. ♡

A Desert Delight

A breeze fluttered through the plant-filled courtyard as we waited while a busboy cleared our umbrella-shaded table. A hummingbird heli-coptered next to us, and an iridescent butterfly touched down on a penstemon bush afire with blooms. We'd wandered the trails of Tucson's Tohono Chul Park, relaxed in its secluded nooks, and added a flock of new birds to our life lists. Now, ready for lunch, we agreed that this desert preserve had a lot going for it.

We knew that when we pulled in at high noon and had to cruise for a parking spot. In addition to a restaurant which serves breakfast, lunch, and afternoon tea, Tohono Chul offers 48 acres of "pure, unadulterated Nature," looking much as it did decades ago when the park was the estate of a family from the East.

Because of its relatively small size, Tohono Chul offers an "intimate" and easy opportunity to learn about and enjoy the denizens of the desert, including some 400 species of plants, a variety of wildlife, and dozens of species of birds. Do as we did. Walk awhile, sit awhile, visit the demonstration garden, greenhouse, exhibit house, and two bursting-at-the-seams gift shops, and then check out the Tea Room and Garden Cafe.

For recorded information,

including hours and how to get there, call (520) 575-8468. ♡

A Different Kind of History



Folly, bravery, greed, and sacrifice come alive in the University of Arizona Press book *Arizona: A History*. Says award-winning writer Robert M. Utley, author Thomas E. Sheridan is "a brilliant stylist whose words sparkle with clarity and eloquence . . . His characterizations make the people come alive."

Sheridan, who has lived his entire life in Arizona, covers prehistoric mammoth hunters to the recent financial debacle of Charles Keating and others. What's more interesting is that Sheridan's book is a different kind of history.

Instead of using linear progression, the story is one of advances and retreats, accommodations and blunders, booms and busts. Says historian David J. Weber, the new book "reveals processes — pacification, exploitation, and transformation — rather than relating one thing after another." Sheridan "wins the confidence of his readers, and his sharp analysis and vivid prose make them want to keep going."



Arizona: A History is available in paperback and costs \$24.95. Check your local bookseller or order through the University of Arizona Press, 1230 N. Park Ave., Tucson, AZ 85719; toll-free (800) 426-3797. — Richard G. Stahl ♡

New Visitors Center

A new visitors center with handicapped-access and offering interpretive exhibits, guided walks, and other programs has opened at the Patagonia-Sonoita Creek Preserve.

The preserve covers more than 350 acres along three-plus miles of Sonoita Creek in southern Arizona and is a popular destination for bird-watchers, lured there by some 275 species of birds, including the gray hawk and green kingfisher.

In conjunction with the visitors center opening, new preserve hours were established: 7:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M., Wednesdays through Sundays; closed Mondays and Tuesdays, Thanksgiving, Christmas Eve, and Christmas Day. The preserve gate is locked daily at 4 P.M. For more information, telephone (520) 394-2400. ♡

EVENTS

Festival in the Pines

August 2-4; Flagstaff

For cool times in the high mountain country, head for Flagstaff and the Mormon Lake Lodge, the site of this gathering among the vanilla-scented ponderosas. Festival highlights this year include the works of 200 artists and craftspeople, fun things for kids to do, continuous stage entertainment, and food booths offering "ethnic and traditional" cuisine. Admission is \$5 for adults; kids under

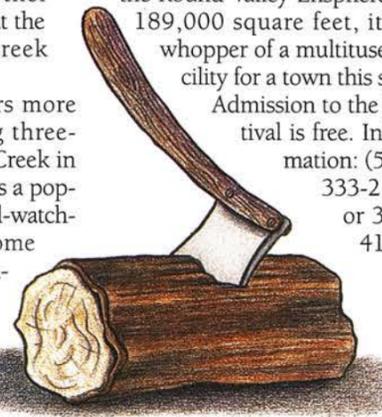
12 get in free. Information: (602) 967-4877.

Eagar Daze

August 3; Eagar

A parade, logging events, games, a barbecue, live entertainment, and a car show draw visitors to this annual event in Eagar, a hamlet alongside the Little Colorado River in Round Valley. Take a look around town and you can't miss the Round Valley Ensphere: at 189,000 square feet, it's a whopper of a multituse facility for a town this size.

Admission to the festival is free. Information: (520) 333-2123 or 333-4128.



Wine Festival

August 3-4; Elgin

Tiny Elgin on the banks of the Babocomari River in Arizona's wine country is the site of the Harvesting of the Vine Festival, an annual toast to the state's wine industry. Activities, held at Sonoita Vineyards, include wine tasting, seminars on wine and cooking with wine, lunch, and live music. Admission is \$14.

Information: (520) 455-5893.

Birding Festival

August 15-18; Sierra Vista

The "Hummingbird Capital of the U.S." attracts binocular-clad visitors to the Southwest Wings Birding Festival, a yearly event



Gallery of Fine Prints: Autumn Leaves

Jerry Jacka has earned a reputation as one of the Southwest's greatest landscape photographers, and his picture of Autumn Leaves (see page 30) is clearly a classic. It's also this month's offering from the Arizona Highways Gallery of Fine Prints.



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

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

The sizes and prices of the Autumn Leaves print are:
#A99AL16: Approximately 14" by 17" \$175
#A99AL26: Approximately 16" by 20" \$225
#A99AL36: Approximately 20" by 24" \$275

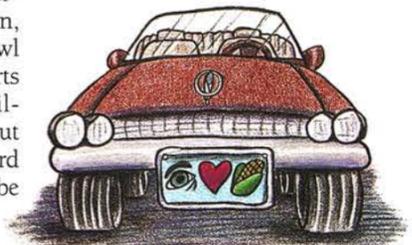
with a flock of dream-come-true opportunities for birders from beginners to experts. There'll be field trips to nearby birding hotspots (the San Pedro Riparian National Conservation Area, Ramsey Canyon, and more), "Bat Stalks," "Owl Prowls," lectures, displays, arts and crafts booths, and children's activities. Also, find out about a beginning or backyard birder's program. There will be a charge for the field trips. Information: toll-free (800) 946-4777.

Rodeo and Parade

August 16-18; Payson

The World's Oldest Continuous Rodeo celebrates its 112th year with more of the kind of bone-crunching events that keep real-life cowboys in prize money and Ace bandages — and cowboy wannabees in the stands

cheering them on. The big parade takes place August 17. Call for rodeo admission. Information: (520) 474-4515 or toll-free (800) 672-9766.



Sweet Corn Festival

August 31; Taylor

This old farming town above the Mogollon Rim shows the home folks and visitors a good time with a bow to the tasty crop that includes a parade, a barbecue, food booths, arts and crafts, and a car show. There'll also be a kids' rodeo and some dances. Admission is free. Information: (520) 536-7366. ♡

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



HIKE OF THE MONTH

TEXT BY DOUGLAS KREUTZ
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHUCK LAWSEN

Trek the High Weatherford Trail

The wonderful, peculiar, shrill, lovesick cry of a bugling bull elk cuts the crisp morning air. I pause in my trek up the Weatherford Trail, high on the forested slopes of the San Francisco Peaks near Flagstaff, and listen.

Eeeeeeeuuuup!

There it is again, the high, squeaking, faintly ignoble mating call of an antlered Adonis advertising his enthusiasm for the fall rut.

In fact it is not yet fall. It's mid-September, about a week before the official change of seasons, and the bull elk's bellowing is the only hint of autumn in a mountain environment otherwise glorying in the last flush of summer.

Purple-blue lupine, bright-red paintbrush, and other wildflowers trim the trail, a gently graded route that meanders over seven vista-blessed miles from Schultz Pass Road to Fremont Saddle. Groves of aspen are dressed out in high-summer green, still awaiting a cold snap to trigger the botanical alchemy that will turn them to gold. The air temperature ranges from "T-shirt balmy" at the 8,024-foot Schultz Pass trailhead to "wind-breaker breezy" at 11,354-foot Fremont Saddle.

As I stride up the first few miles of the trail, setting my own brisk pace on this solitary hike, I find myself working up a grudging respect for a man named John Weatherford.

Normally I'm reluctant to admire the works of those who carve passages for motor vehicles into the natural sanctuaries of high mountain ranges. But I can't help respecting the sheer

audacity, and the unquestionable tenacity, of Weatherford, an entrepreneur who constructed his namesake trail as a toll road for motoring tourists in the 1920s.

His route, a feat of amateur engineering and much hard labor, made it possible for vehicles to ascend rugged slopes to the high saddles and ridges of the San Francisco Peaks. Alas, his project was completed just as the Great Depression crippled the nation and all but paralyzed tourism. The road got little use, fell into disrepair, and was eventually closed to vehicle traffic by the Forest Service and "rehabilitated" as a hiking trail.

I reach 10,800-foot Doyle Saddle (which previously was known as Fremont Saddle and vice versa) after about 5.5 miles of walking. From the vantage point of this notch on a high ridge, I savor what seems like an aerial view into the vast Inner Basin of the range as I polish off an apple and a handful of almonds.

The trail continues, first along



the rim of the Inner Basin and then through dense evergreen forests, for about 1.5 gradually ascending miles to Fremont Saddle, a clearing in the woods at the base of 12,356-foot Agassiz Peak. Although the trail extends to yet another high ridge, I, like many day hikers, make this my turnaround point.

A few rusting remains of equipment and motor vehicle parts, presumably the legacy of Weatherford and those who traveled his route on wheels, lie among the trees near the saddle. But they are little more than curiosities now, remnants of a

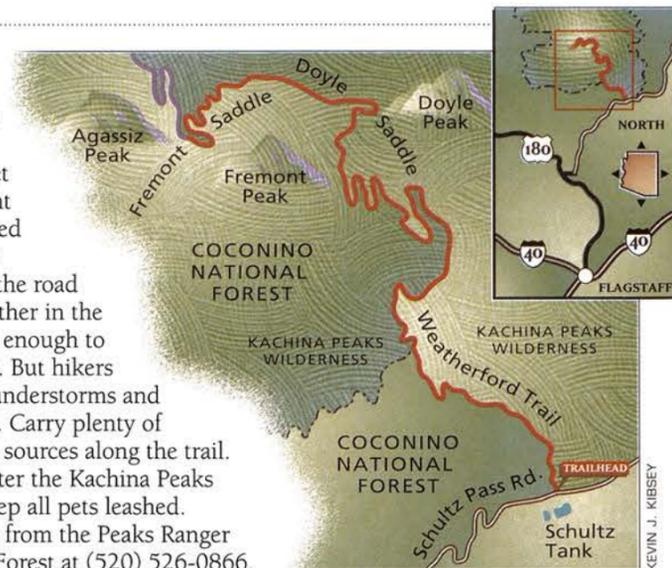
(ABOVE) A hiker ascends the Weatherford Trail in the lush San Francisco Peaks. (RIGHT) A spot along the trail affords a breathtaking view of the range's Inner Basin.

long-ago dream that went bust.

All for the better, I muse as I take a deep breath of pine-scented air without so much as a whiff of exhaust fumes. All for the best, I conclude as I tramp down the trail, knowing I'm a lot more likely to hear the clarion call of an elk than the honk of a car horn. ♡

WHEN YOU GO

To reach the Weatherford Trail from Flagstaff, travel 2.5 miles northwest on Fort Valley Road (U.S. Route 180) from its intersection with Humphreys Street to the Schultz Pass Road. Turn right and drive 5.7 miles to a well-marked parking lot at Schultz Tank. A sign directs you to the trailhead across the road from the parking lot. Summer weather in the San Francisco Peaks is often warm enough to invite hiking in shorts and T-shirts. But hikers should be prepared for sudden thunderstorms and accompanying chilly temperatures. Carry plenty of water because there are no reliable sources along the trail. After 1.5 miles on the trail, you enter the Kachina Peaks Wilderness Area, and you must keep all pets leashed. Additional information is available from the Peaks Ranger District of the Coconino National Forest at (520) 526-0866.



KEVIN J. KIBSEY



