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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

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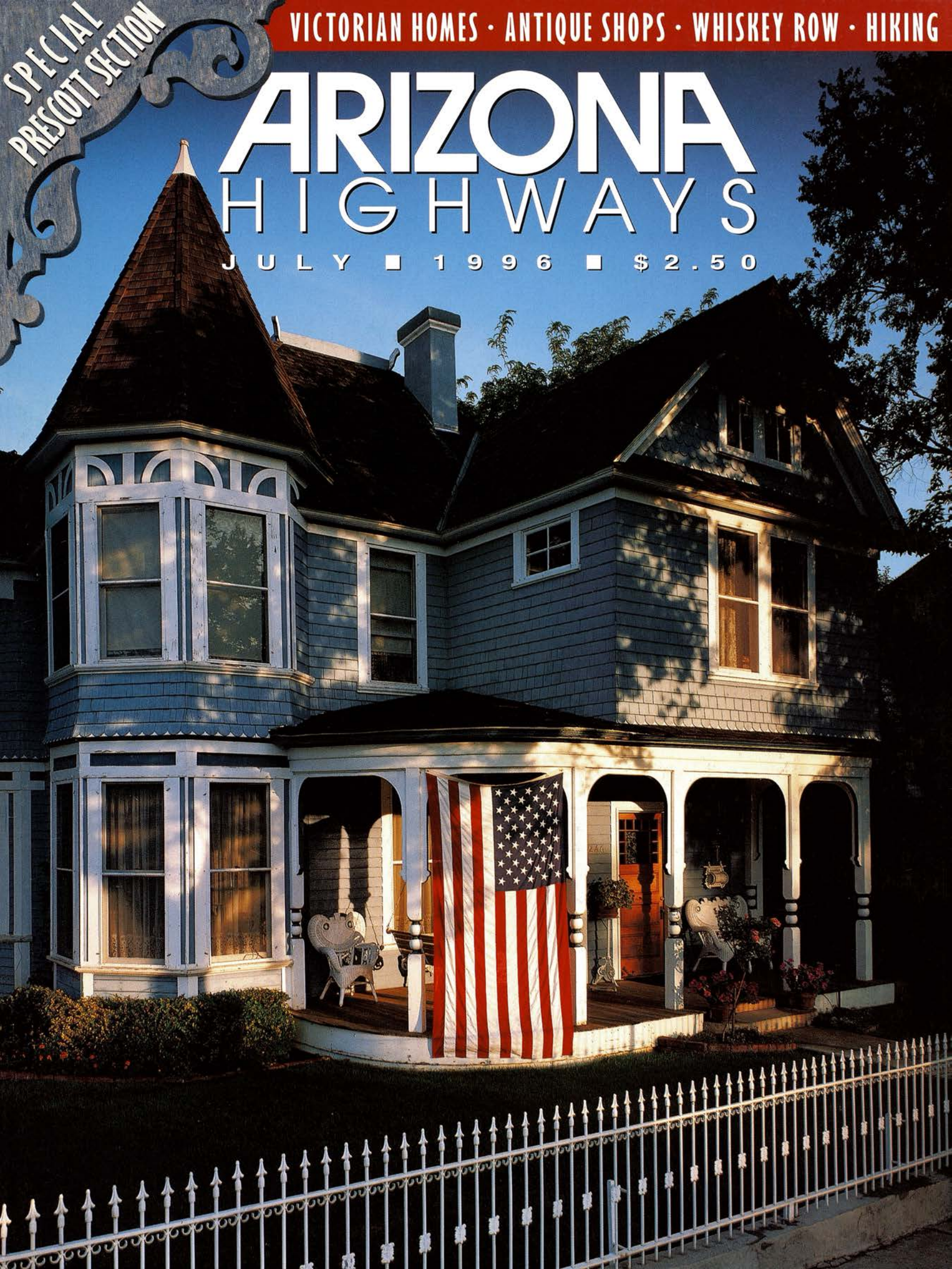


ARIZONA HIGHWAYS
JULY 1996 VOLUME 72 NUMBER 7

SPECIAL PRESCOTT SECTION

Welcome to the Mile-high City

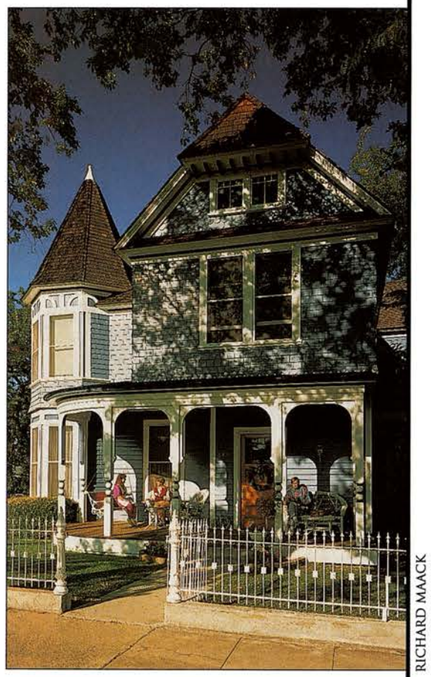
Prescott is one of those places that seem to have something for everyone. It's a summer mountain mecca with small-town charm. It's big enough to be diverse, but small enough to be neighborly. Naturally, it's Everybody's Hometown. PAGE 4

LIFE-STYLE
Prescott — A Singular Place
Says our author, "Prescott itself is the best place in Arizona to discover and savor history: geologic, archaeological, architectural, and cultural. PAGE 6

ENTERTAINMENT
Prescott's One and Only Frontier Days
Some 50,000 out-of-towners take over the onetime territorial capital during the Fourth of July, "all out for fun centered around the Southwest's answer to sports and entertainment: rodeo." PAGE 14

PEOPLE
The California Influx: Seekers of Solace
More than one hundred years ago, California prospectors rushed to the Prescott area hoping to share in the gold and silver discovered in the nearby Bradshaw Mountains. Today earth-shaken Californios are heading there just looking for a home. PAGE 10

TRAVEL
Where to Go and What to See in Prescott
Come along to the city in the pines for a summertime reunion. PAGE 18


RICHARD MAACK

TRAVEL
Lake Powell's Little-known Canyon
Here's a virtually unvisited oasis on magnificent Lake Powell, where you'll find a live stream, waterfalls, wild horses and burros, groves of tall trees, beavers, and ancient Anasazi petroglyphs. PAGE 38

PORTFOLIO
Oak Creek's West Fork
Here are images of the intimate canyon as the photographer experienced it. PAGE 26

LIGHTNING
Warren Faidley, Storm Chaser
Faidley's work often involves extremely risky situations. "While most people will do anything to avoid a dangerous storm," said a Fuji Film Profile of him, "Warren Faidley has spent years trying to get as close as possible to some of the planet's most violent weather." PAGE 20

HISTORY
Cooley: His Life and Times
Corydon E. Cooley was a trailblazer, Indian fighter, cavalry scout, first citizen of the White Mountain country, a fearless lawman, and more. But his popular epitaph recalls only that he held the low card in a game of seven-up. PAGE 34

(LEFT) *To capture this lightning show over the Santa Catalinas, all storm chaser Warren Faidley had to do was climb up on his roof. See story on page 20.* WARREN FAIDLEY
(FRONT COVER) *The ornate Victorian Inn adds to Prescott's allure. Its flag may be hung incorrectly, but it's the patriotic thought that counts. See Special Section, page 4.* BILL SPERRY
Scrollwork on cover and in special section by Don Chuck of Salado Woods; photographed by Carltons' Photographic.
(BACK COVER) *A little-known Shangri-la awaits those who ply the waters of Lake Powell. See story on page 38.* DAVID ELMS JR.

DEPARTMENTS

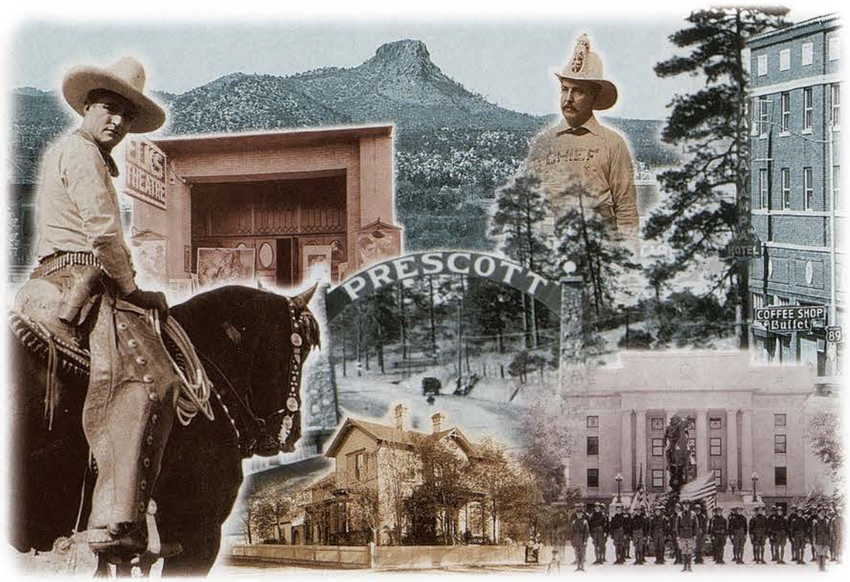
Along the Way 2
The sage of Prescott shows his true colors.
Letters 3
Wit Stop 44
Just what is dry heat, anyway?
Legends of the Lost 46
Stoneman Lake could be a treasure site.
Arizona Humor 48
Roadside Rest 49
Yesteryear's "rock stars" were the men of the mines.
Back Road Adventure 50
Travel 700 years back in time to Palatki Ruin.
Mileposts/Events 54
Hike of the Month 56
Shattered dreams haunt the Colonel Devin Trail.

POINTS OF INTEREST FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE

ALONG THE WAY

TEXT BY BUDGE RUFFNER
PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY VICKY SNOW

Prescott, My Town



HISTORICAL PHOTO COURTESY SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM

When people find out that I am an old-time Prescottonian, they always ask, "Have you lived here all your life?"

I answer, "Not yet." I am going to keep on answering the question the same way as long as I can.

Some wise image maker, a few years ago, called Prescott "Everybody's Hometown." To me that term sums up the character of the community. Somewhere in this town, there is something that reminds us of Iowa or Massachusetts, Minnesota, or even Texas. A three-story native granite courthouse, surrounded by statuary, old trees, and green grass, is the centerpiece. It looks as if it had been transplanted from Vermont. Here, solid brick buildings and fussy Victorian homes are revered, restored, and cherished. This also is the home of a different drummer.

When I opened my eyes to this on March 17, 1918, I was added to the count of 4,112, plus or minus, souls. There was a covered bridge over Granite Creek, and about 10 acres of orchard spread out where State Route 89 now heads south toward Wickenburg.

The most exciting place in town was the firehouse. The steel doors of the station were open every day for all to see the two bright red American La France fire engines. Two paid firemen and a gaggle of volunteers protected the town from disaster. Gerald Fitzgerald and Eddie Sweeney always permitted us kids to climb the steps to their living quarters and slide down the steel pole. The community fire bell, housed in a high tower, rang at 8 A.M., noon, and 5 P.M. When a fire was reported, the number of rings indicated the location.

The picture show on Friday nights at the Elk Theater usually starred Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix, or Ken Maynard.

During those days, Prescott had more black families than we do now. There were three barber shops in town, and the two most popular were owned and run by African Americans. Mr. Jordan, who had an artificial leg, had four chairs in his shop and was busy all the time. Two brothers ran another shop.

The best restaurants were run by the Chinese. Slim at the Palace was considered locally as sort of a Granite Creek cordon bleu. His saddle-blanket steaks, lyonnaise potatoes, and sliced tomatoes were the favorite fare.

Most of the Mexicans worked in the surrounding mines. The exception, I joyfully recall, was an elderly couple who sold tamales for a living. Every morning the products of their kitchen were loaded into an insulated box, which was mounted between the two rear wheels of what once was a bicycle. The old man, sporting a white apron and straw hat, pedalled this contraption all over town until all the tamales had been purchased for a nickel apiece.

Every time the "Human Fly" came to town, the Prescott merchants would sponsor his performance. As Saturday was always the busiest business day, they usually booked him for midweek. Beginning on the sidewalk, he scaled the front of a three-story building alone and unaided. The Head Hotel or the Knights of Pythias Building were the usual sites of the exhibition. School attendance dropped dramatically when the Human Fly performed during the week, and the ranchers and miners appeared as if pulled to town by a magnet.

Visitors were always a community event, and for a small sidetracked town, Prescott had a distinguished roster. Tom Mix often arrived for a rodeo appearance or to make a movie. He remained a hero of Prescott youngsters even after we discovered he sometimes kissed a costar other than his horse, Tony. The beloved Will Rogers attended several Prescott rodeos. New York's onetime Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, who spent his boyhood in Prescott, returned to visit friends and update the equipment of the Prescott Fire Department.

Change? Certainly. Those 4,000 souls in the Prescott of my youth are now 36,000. With a lot of luck and some vision, Everybody's Hometown has managed to maintain its charm and character.

I have not yet lived here all my life.

But I intend to.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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JULY 1996 VOL. 72, NO. 7

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Tree Talk

A story in response to "A Little Bit of Plain Tree Talk Brings Results" ("Along the Way," February '96): one year I bought a beautiful live blue spruce Christmas tree.

After Christmas I planted it in the front yard, and we renamed it Albert. Every day I would speak to it when I got home, telling it how pretty it was.

Eventually we moved across town, and my sister-in-law and her family moved in.

Within six weeks Albert was dead.

Charles A. Burdeshaw
Hermitage, TN

A New Friend

I really don't like to read unless I've got no choice, but when my teacher brought in some of her issues and read some of the articles, I found that I enjoyed reading *Arizona Highways*.

The best article I've read was "The Worst Train Robbers in the West" (September '93). It was pretty funny. I also enjoy reading your "Legends of the Lost" articles.

I used "Focus on Nature" to write a science report on sun spiders, the solpugids.

I am currently 17 years old and got myself into some trouble with the law. They gave me 12 months in a limited-security facility. When I get out to go live with my father, I think I will subscribe to *Arizona Highways*.

Thanks to you, I now enjoy reading.

Damien D.
Lansing, NY

Antiquity Laws

Your February '96 story "A Pinaleno Mountain Odyssey" says, "The next morning, Huck and I played amateur archaeologists in logger middens from turn-of-the-century Chlarson Sawmill . . . . We scraped away a few inches of the loosely packed earth. Our efforts uncovered a ceramic-glazed coffee pot, a copper tub, and many tin cans."

Shame on you for printing that. Are you aware of Arizona's antiquity laws? The author probably committed a violation.

Karen Wilhelm
Springerville

In the recent past, my local chapter of the Arizona Archaeological Society has written to *Arizona Highways* to complain about your articles being too specific in the location of archaeological sites.

I am very tempted to withdraw my subscription and urge others to do likewise if your articles in the archaeology field do not improve.

Anita Langford
Kingman

Back Road Adventure

I appreciate your magazine every month, especially the "Back Road Adventure." Although I am a native Arizonan, I have seen places in these articles that I never even knew existed.

I just returned from a trip to Pleasant Valley (February '96), and I've got to say it was quite spectacular.

Gerard Cudmore
Phoenix

Geronimo

J.E. Cook's letter (March '96) about Geronimo's purchase of sugar in packages weighing only one pound because he could not judge the weight of three- or five-pound packages is just another story not related to truth.

Geronimo wanted the one-pound packages in lots of three or five based on the number of women with babies who had problems. The sugar mixed with water was fed to the babies, just as many mothers in the United States do today.

The Indians here in the Rio Grande Valley who claim relationship to those in Geronimo's band were not amused by the letter.

Ed Moorehead
Combes, TX

Lozen Painting

The picture of Lozen and her Apache warriors (Cover, February '96) touched me so deeply that I have had it framed.

The picture is especially interesting to me because in my youth I lived on the campus of the Rice Indian Boarding School on the San Carlos Indian Reservation.

Helen V. Higgins
St. Petersburg, FL

It is a glaring error on your part to present a traditional Apache woman dressed in short skirts, showing her legs. To present such illustrations, presumably historically correct, is to distort facts and cultural reality.

Garth Nielsen
Tucson

The cover painting was based on historical photographs of Geronimo's band by C.S. Fly and others. The only picture believed to be of Lozen shows her barelegged. Our research found that she often dressed like male warriors.

Dentistry at Work

Since my dentist introduced me to your great magazine, I have become a subscriber and repeated visitor to Arizona. Your magazine also introduced me and my wife to the Sedona jazz festival, which we attended twice with great pleasure.

Horst Hohenboken
Hamburg, Germany

Prescott

IS INVITING YOU TO CALL

Ah, Pres´-kit, as Arizona folks pronounce the name of the town of which *Esquire* magazine reported in December, 1970, "The rush of city life hasn't penetrated Prescott, and there's no reason why it should . . . . The sun shines every day."

"Trying to define the allure of Prescott is like trying to grasp a spring breeze," wrote Bob Dyer years ago in *Prescott, Arizona*, the Prescott Chamber of Commerce's magazine.

"To some," he added, "it is the sunset playing off Thumb Butte or Granite Mountain. The towering ponderosa pines attract still others to this town, situated on the edge of hundreds of thousands of acres of forestland."

Actually, it is all this and more, like the Courthouse Plaza, or the way the town honors its past, or the climate. Called the "Climate Capital of the World," it has mild summers at a mile-high elevation.

As another writer noted in the August 1985 issue of *Arizona Highways* magazine: Prescott and Yavapai County are still there, still unforgettably captivating.

Many others bore the same sentiments. Among them another of *Arizona Highways*' editors, Merrill Windsor.

It was Windsor who coined the phrase "Prescott is everybody's hometown." And he devoted an entire issue of the magazine to support his theory. In his opening statement, Windsor commented, "It [Prescott] is a place, I have found, where I *can* go home again."

Sharlot Hall, territorial historian in 1909, also was a big booster. In *Poems of a Ranch Woman*, she wrote, "Enchanted land of pines and wind/and sun . . . all your beauty/ and my dreams are one."

Aside from all the community has to offer in terms of history and scenery and some of the best weather in the state, Prescott, itself, feels it has something for everyone.

In a recent bit of slapping itself on the back, the town pointed out an assortment of events to be found there: Territorial Days, with more than 60 activities, including historic home tours and a folk art fair; the Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo celebration, complete with fireworks and a parade; the Prescott Bluegrass Festival; Smoki Ceremonials; and of course gambling at the Yavapai Gaming Center and Bucky's Casino.

And when it comes to recreational activities, well, there are ball games, bowling, dancing, tennis, gun clubs, fishing, hiking, horseback riding, jeep tours, and golfing at the two championship courses at Antelope Hills Municipal Golf Course.

But if just sitting back and relaxing while enjoying the scenery is your favorite form of outdoor activity, Prescott affords that, too. It's couched amidst the Prescott National Forest at an elevation of 5,354 feet and right next door to the Bradshaw Mountains.

If this humble writer has anything to say about Prescott, he finds himself siding with author Pauline Henson, who concluded her article "Why Prescott," in the May 1960 issue of *Highways*, with, "There is one other answer to 'why Prescott?' — the one we hear most often: 'We just came to Prescott and fell in love with it.'

"Love, I believe, needs no explanation." — *Richard G. Stahl*

(LEFT) *A red roof tops one of Prescott's picturesque Victorian houses.* BOB AND SUZANNE CLEMENZ
(CLOCKWISE, FROM TOP) *Daiton Rutkowski serves a milkshake at his soda fountain.* RICHARD MAACK
A cowboy tries to stay aboard a bull at Prescott's big Frontier Days Rodeo. KEN AKERS
Hikers splash through a shallow creek in the Prescott National Forest. JOHN ANNERINO
Jerry Page plays a 1917 Gibson mandolin at the Prescott Folklore Center. LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

THAT LITTLE BIG TOWN CALLED Prescott

By Lawrence W. Cheek

Somewhere in this forest, we've heard, is a pile of prehistoric art. But our directions are vague. Our path scribbles along spurious trails and rocky arroyos. Finally dumb luck prevails, and we find it: a 30-foot pile of immense granite boulders with scores of ancient petroglyphs pecked into the highest rock.

We locate a large crevice that seems to promise a path up. But as soon as we start to climb, hundreds of spiders swarm from the gloom, defending their territory. My wife, Patty, who rescues errant spiders from our bathroom with a plastic jar, retreats as rapidly as I do. We reconnoiter the rock heap and finally plot a path around Spider City and over the boulders. And there we come face-to-face with the thoughts of people who clambered up this pile a millennium ago.

Like other 20th-century onlookers, we fail to translate the art work. A distinct human figure is flanked by vertical swirls, maybe signifying rain. A predatory animal, wolf or coyote, appears to chase a child. One symbol is clear. Someone has sliced off a foot-square panel of these priceless petroglyphs for a souvenir. Not enough spider police, apparently. We take pictures and pick our way back toward Prescott, and civilization.

Prescott itself is the best place in Arizona to discover and savor history. Geologic, archaeological, architectural, cultural.

A dramatic queue of Renaissance revival lamps illuminates the facade of the 1931 Prescott Post Office building. There is a street of Victorian mansions, the only such neighborhood in Arizona. An almost unknown anthropology museum features such unique curiosities as a Ute Indian quiver in the shape of a river otter.

Best of all, Prescott's plaza works as a living museum, a municipal centerpiece that functions exactly as downtown squares did a century past, where people still come to walk their dogs and potbellied pigs, nap on the grass, picnic, sing gospel music, and play chase with their kids around the imposing Doric columns of the 1918 Yavapai County Courthouse.

Prescott is unlike any other Arizona town. Credit its history. When Arizona became a U.S. territory in 1863, Tucson, then the largest settlement, was the logical capital, but rumors had reached President Lincoln of a clique of Confederate sympathizers there. Lincoln dispatched a contingent of loyal Midwesterners and New Englanders to build a fresh capital near the valuable Walker gold camps in the forest 200 miles from Tucson, and from the start it was their emotional decorum and aesthetic temperament that determined Prescott's character.

Not that early Prescott was a bastion of peace. In 1874 the local *Arizona Miner* compiled a roster of 400 citizens who had been grim-reaped by Apaches. Prescott became as legendary for drinking as Tombstone for gunfighting. By the early 1900s, there were 40 saloons lining Montezuma Street, today still called "Whiskey Row." "The macho custom of thirsty cowboys in off the range was to start their binge, or 'whizzer' as they called it, at the Kentucky Bar and take a drink in every bar all the way to the Depot House, 39 saloons away," claims Arizona historian Marshall Trimble in *Arizona: A Cavalcade of History*. Forty drinks!

Despite President Lincoln's backing, Prescott ultimately suffered the plucking of its capital by Tucson, then Phoenix. Still Prescott clutched its dignity unfazed. In 1882 the *Arizona Gazette* of Phoenix editorialized that ". . . she seems to gather refinement from her surroundings. The true indication of culture . . . seems to pervade her streets and permeate her homes . . . ."

Prescott's culture radiates outward from her downtown plaza. No other downtown space in Arizona is such a lively center of the city. No other Arizona community begs to be explored beginning at her heart.

Every afternoon, well before dusk, Prescottonians and visitors begin flocking to the plaza. On any given evening, it is a bouillabaisse of humanity — as any good downtown ought to be.

Five precision-parked Harleys are nosed in across from Whiskey Row, their well-watered owners dozing on the grass. At the gazebo to the north of the courthouse, a black gospel singer cuts loose, her refined soprano stitching seductive arabesques around Southern hymn tunes. On the south side, a young family of visitors cavorts on the courthouse steps, parents chasing daughters around the bases of the great columns that frame the entrance. "We're from Phoenix," says mother Lori Czikora, "so the girls are going crazy seeing trees like the ones at the plaza."

A thorough tour of Prescott also radiates outward from the plaza, and for some of it, you can forget the car.

Wedged among the bars on Whiskey Row — just five survive today — is the Bead Museum, which the *Arizona Gazette* might have considered one of those "true indications of culture." Retired actress and interior designer Gabrielle Liese established it in 1986. Beads? "Most people think of them as just something to be worn for the moment," says Liese, 81. "But beads indicate religious significance, social identification, and tribal relationships. Most everything in this museum has a reason for being besides beauty." This, she adds, is the only bead museum in the world — and it's better known around the world than in Prescott.

Off the plaza to the northeast is another monument, the Hassayampa Inn, queen of Prescott's hotels. Lovingly refurbished a decade ago, the Hassayampa's 1927 lobby today is one of the most fetching interior spaces in Arizona. The ceiling is painted lavishly with curlicues, geometric interlocks, Spanish quatrefoils, and kachina faces. Morning light pours through arched doors and windows on the east side, flooding a Victorian square piano by McPhail of Boston and a bronze sculpture of a mountain man by Frederic Remington. No better place exists in Arizona to read the morning paper. The Hassayampa, even to its ancient attendant-operated elevator, seems like a time capsule of real civilization.

Three blocks east and up the hill is Mt. Vernon Avenue, the best open-air museum of Victorian architecture in Arizona. This is a great place to ponder the Victorian aesthetic,

(LEFT) *Historic buildings line Cortez Street, as viewed from shady Courthouse Plaza.* JERRY JACKA
(ABOVE, LEFT) *Romanesque lamps decorate the federal courthouse.* LAWRENCE W. CHEEK
(ABOVE, RIGHT) *The Hampton House showcases stained-glass windows.* RICHARD MAACK

where excess was never wretched. The mansions are colorful, tactile, shameless in mixing and matching architectural styles — one blends Queen Anne and Greek Revival as if they'd spun in a Cuisinart. Each house, framed by stately trees, exhibits the Victorian idea of a "picture in a garden."

Al Smith was one of the first modern Prescottonians to buy one of the mansions. It was 1955, he had six children, and there was this 5,000-square-foot, 17-room wreck on Mt. Vernon. It was boarded up, but the local kids were still getting inside to play there. He paid $5,775 for it. His wife was steamed; she thought he'd bought a turkey. Today his 1902 wreck is a treasure, beautifully restored and clotted with antique furnishings. He has no intention of selling. A smaller Victorian up the street is listed at $350,000.

Three blocks east is the Smoki Museum, a private, nonprofit collection of prehistoric and historic Native American artifacts. The entire staff, including Director Ken Howell, are volunteers, and the entire collection is made up of donated items — and, as Howell says, a bit sadly, "We're one of the best-kept secrets in Arizona." A mere 3,000 visitors a year find it.

The museum opened in 1935 in a dark building funded by the Civilian Works Administration and designed to resemble — rather vaguely — Pueblo Indian architecture. Until the last few years, the museum frankly deserved its obscurity; the collection was somewhat shabby and poorly documented. Not today. There is a wide-ranging collection of prehistoric pottery from the Sinagua, Mogollon, Hohokam, and Anasazi cultures, along with dramatic Hopi kachina dolls, ceremonial beads, dance fans, stone effigies, tools, weapons, and percussion instruments. There are many oddities, such as a prehistoric Prescott-area bowl decorated with petroglyphlike figures.

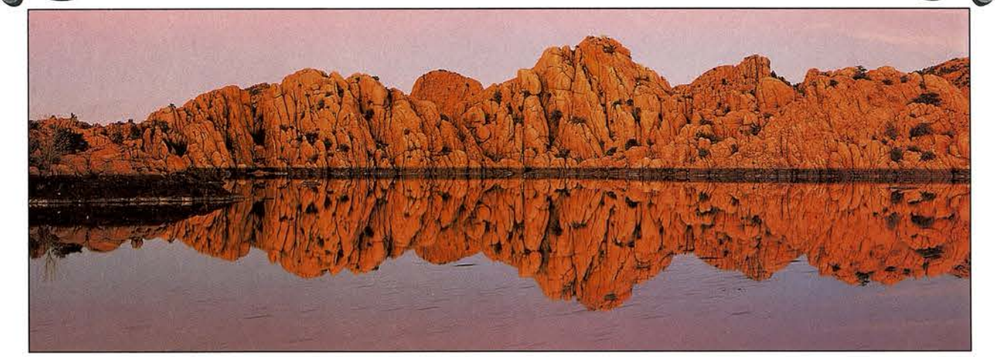
"Something that's always bothered me," Howell says, "is that so many archaeological museums keep most of their collections in archives, where only researchers can see them. We've got over 90 percent of our collection on display."

Prescott's more famous museum was founded by a woman poet, Sharlot Hall, who served as Arizona's official historian even before Arizona was a state. The Sharlot Hall Museum's permanent collection is so enormous much of it has to be stored outdoors: six historic buildings, two architectural replicas, and a Victorian windmill listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The oldest building in the collection is the Governor's Mansion, a log cabin built in 1864 on this site; but the most significant building is the 1877 Bashford House, a petticoat Victorian structure carted seven blocks to the museum's grounds in 1974 after a fast-food restaurant franchisee had bought its original site and was about to demolish the house. That was the pivot point in Prescott's historic preservation movement; there haven't been many 19th-century buildings threatened since.

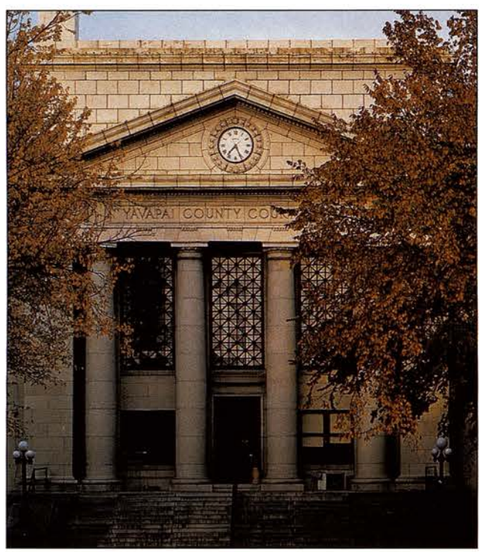
Two other museums deserve a look. The Phippen Museum of Western Art, founded in 1984, has a large collection of traditional and contemporary Western art, everything from a two-horse farm wagon sold by Sam Hill Hardware Co. of Prescott in 1900 to modern Central American wooden sculptures of mermen. For a chance at still more eclectic art, check the Prescott Fine Arts Association, a nonprofit gallery cradled in a downtown Gothic Revival church.

Enough art and history. Patty and I need some outdoor interludes, and another of the attractions of Prescott is their accessibility almost year-round.

We curl out of town on Senator Highway, which begins as Mt. Vernon Avenue, heading into the Bradshaw Mountains. There are dozens of trails available. We stop at the Groom Creek Nature Trail, designed for the paraplegic and blind, plop onto a bench, close eyes, and meditate on the forest's chamber music. An Abert's squirrel squirts up a ponderosa behind me, and the clicking of its claws on the brittle bark sounds like a gnome playing a miniature snare drum.



Granite Dells, a few miles north of Prescott, once provided a sanctuary for warring Indians. The Precambrian tumble of weathered rocks can be viewed from U.S. Route 89, and some hiking is possible. BYRON NESLEN



(LEFT) *The Yavapai County Courthouse is the centerpiece of Courthouse Plaza, a popular meeting spot for locals and visitors.*
(ABOVE) *The Bashford House, which was built in 1877, was moved to its present location at the Sharlot Hall Museum in 1974.*
BOTH BY JERRY JACKA

Eight miles from town on Senator Highway is the best hike we've ever found around Prescott: the Hassayampa Creek Trail. It has everything: grand views of the Bradshaws, Buick-size boulders for mid-hike lounging, a section paralleling the gurgling creek, a modest granite gorge, and no steep death-march ascensions. It's about three and one half miles round-trip, and it's almost impossible to get lost.

Another easy and scenic trail circles 55-acre Lynx Lake, the prettiest of several lakes surrounding Prescott. It winds through countless coves sprouting tall cattails, framing views of canoes and rowboats (no gasoline-powered boats permitted) skimming the water. Normally I oppose man-made lakes — Lynx was created in 1962 by damming little Lynx Creek — but this one seems like such a natural ingredient in its setting that it's impossible to dislike.

On the other side of town, about seven miles out of the burgeoning city, is Granite Dells, a Precambrian garden of piled weathered boulders intersected by Granite Creek and its riparian jungle. The Dells, unfortunately, is mainly private property with no official hiking trails, but it is possible to drive there, rockwhack a path into an uninhabited area, and enjoy photographing the Dells in the late evening's lion-fur light.

Next morning we prowl several of Prescott's two dozen antique shops. "Unofficially, Prescott is the antique capital of Arizona," Al Smith tells me. He opened his business in 1956, the year after he bought the mansion on Mt. Vernon. Ninety percent of Prescott's antiques, though, do not come from Prescott's antique homes — they're imports from the East or Midwest. Smith says that even in the '50s, Prescott's wealthy people weren't selling their treasured furnishings. For his stock, he'd buy from the *servants* of the elite. "They'd say, 'Oh, I used to work for Mr. Brown at the bank. He gave me these things when he refurnished.'"

The most interesting antique store we find is the Prescott Folklore Center, which specializes in vintage guitars, mandolins, and fiddles. Owner Jerry Page says he moved to Prescott seven years ago, started to restore some old instruments he owned himself, and "it simply got out of hand."

Says Page, "Some people just want an old instrument that's got some miles on it, something that's got some music programmed into it." History, too. One of the guitars in his shop is a 1929 Harmony guitar with a bridge shaped like a Ryan monoplane to commemorate Lindbergh's transatlantic flight.

Lindbergh's profound gamble inspires me to try a small one: five bucks in Bucky's Casino and Lounge inside the Prescott Resort and Conference Center on State Route 69 at the east edge of town. I am a baby gambler; the guy next to me, a construction worker who is operating a slot machine with each hand, says he's up $148 at the moment. He invested $20 to start. If he gets to $200 he'll stop; if the electronic bandits whittle him down to $21, he'll stop. Sounds like a perfect formula. I lose my $5 without a formula and leave.

Other gambles in Prescott have paid off. Most prominent is Prescott College, a nontraditional private college founded in 1966. It died of bankruptcy in 1974, but the faculty believed so deeply in it that half of them kept teaching without pay for a year, until the college crept back into solvency. Now it seems stable with 400 undergraduates in the residential program and 400 more in the individualized adult-degree program. Prescott College students start out with a three-week "wilderness orientation" program, rafting, climbing, camping, and suffering; then continue through an accredited four-year program which emphasizes learning through experience. Typical courses: "Consequences of Technological Change," "Transpersonal Psychology in the Wilderness," "Taoist Health: The Chinese Art of Chi Kung and Nature."

Prescott is an anomaly among small cities, a place where diversity is delighted in, where history is not merely celebrated but lived, and where somebody can choose between a lecture on Taoist philosophy and a recital of cowboy poetry on a given night.

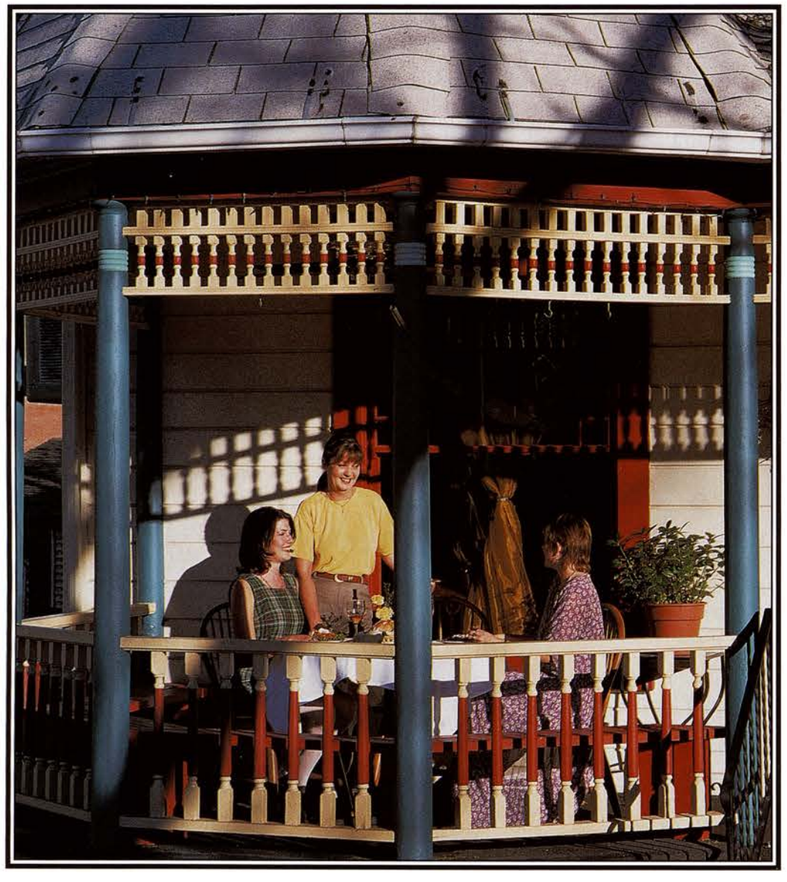
Eleven years ago, *Arizona Highways* published an issue on Prescott, billing it as "Everybody's Hometown." Seems more true now than ever.

Editor's Note: Watch for *We Call It Pres'-kit: A Guide to Prescott and the High Country of Central Arizona*, a full-color, 64-page, softcover *Arizona Highways* book which will be available in September.

Seattle-based Lawrence W. Cheek, a longtime architecture buff, would love to buy one of those Prescott Victorians, but he hates house maintenance.

ALL-SHOOK-UP CALIFORNIANS SETTLE IN Prescott

Text by Melanie Lee Johnston Photographs by Richard Maack



"Balsamic vinegar." Whenever Mike Olson sees those words on a restaurant menu, she knows that Californians are in the kitchen.

If she had gone behind the scenes at Siena, the casually chic Prescott restaurant that uses balsamic vinegar to great effect, she might have found Los Angeles exiles Luc Ekstein and Brigitte Wiltzer whipping up a goat-cheese-and-leek quesadilla. This appetizer is another sure sign that the husband-and-wife proprietors of this hot new restaurant aren't from this traditionally meat-and-potatoes town.

More than a century ago, California prospectors rushed to the Prescott area hoping to get their share of the gold and silver discovered in nearby hills. Today a wave of earthquake-shaken, smog-clogged, happiness-hungry Californians are flocking to Prescott, this time seeking the good fortune of a warm, welcoming place to call home.

Jacky Breitenbach, a former San Franciscan who moved to Prescott four years ago with her husband, Roy, is now one of Prescott's most active cheerleaders. "There are a lot of people who've chosen to come back home to the apple-pie and hot-dog, Fourth-of-July kind of town," she says. "It's so easy to belong. You can create more friends in a week here than you could in a lifetime in a large community. And I mean friends, not just acquaintances."

Friends like Jon and Susan Hoaglund, who purchased a Victorian home on historic Mt. Vernon Avenue and converted the former church next door into Chapel Suites, a long-stay hotel that often hosts other Californians surveying Prescott's potential.

"I had only one close friend in the 17 years we lived in the San Fernando Valley," says Jon, a construction consultant who spent most of his days in transit with his ear glued to a car phone. "I was just never there. I never saw anybody on the street. And everybody I worked with and associated with lived all over the Los Angeles basin."

Jon took one look at downtown Prescott and its tree-lined Courthouse Plaza and was sold. "It was a place I felt I could be a part of," he recalls of that magic moment.

The plaza is the jewel in Prescott's crown. Anchored by the majestic 1918 Yavapai County Courthouse, the plaza broadcasts a "C'mon, take your shoes off and walk through the grass" siren song. And as soon as they put their shoes back on, visitors who can afford to often hike over to the nearest real estate office and start shopping for property.

Adele and Paul Britton consider themselves fairly reasonable, rational people — traits that have always come in handy in their careers as psychologists.

In their reasonable, rational way they came to Prescott on vacation one day, drove by a house under construction, insisted on being taken through it even though the harried real estate agent assured them it was too big for the two of them, made an offer, shook hands on the deal, and drove back to Palos Verdes, California, to prepare to move themselves and their practices to an unfamiliar place whose serenity and solidness seemed to call to them.

Part of Prescott's allure is the air of culture not found in most farming and ranching communities of some 30,000 people. There are three colleges, numerous fine arts venues, and an abundance of amateur "Let's put on a show!" performers. The Prescott Fine Arts Association, which stages a palette of gallery exhibitions, sponsors in-school theater programs, and produces 10 major stage productions a year. It has more than 600 volunteers, many of whom were professional actors in their previous lives in Los Angeles.

Even a former Prescott mayor, a local boy who followed his star to Hollywood and back, adds something to Prescott's kicky cultural climate. During a midday break from the Rotary Club's annual Scuzzbucket Softball Tournament (only really bad teams are allowed to compete), Daiton Rutkowski belts out Jimmy Buffett's "She's a Mermaid in the Night" from behind the ornate wooden bar in Deja Vu, his antique store-soda fountain, as Jimmy accompanies him on the cassette player.

A gravelly-voiced singer who scores higher on vivacity than on vocalism, Rutkowski rarely misses a casting call for any local musical or theater production. When not performing on stage, he performs behind the bar, where he makes a marvelous root beer float.

Rutkowski believes Californians are integrating well into the Prescott community, and he praises their volunteerism. But he wishes they'd lighten up when it comes to complaining about traffic. "Yeah, with more people you get more traffic, but you can still

(LEFT) *The Siena Restaurant quickly became a favorite of new and longtime Prescottonians. From left, Lisa Wilson, co-owner Brigitte Wiltzer, and Anastazia Mason.*

get anywhere in town in 10 minutes," he says. "When they first arrive from L.A., they get freeway withdrawal and want to get everywhere faster." As usual he makes a down-to-earth Prescottonian point: "There's no place that's that important to get to."

City council member Nancy Holaday, fresh off the trail from riding her quarter horse Rusty, could be a cover model for *Handsome Women of the West*, if there were such a magazine. Californians aren't shy about becoming involved in the political process, she says. "Unfortunately they tend to want things their way. They'll say, 'In California we did it this way.' That burns you." Her inference being, if things worked so well over there, what are you doing here?

A woman clearly at home in her Wranglers, she's feeling rising pressure to drop the denim and become more fashion forward, a misstep she's not about to take. "This is the West," she says, rolling her eyes. "As long as I'm clean, don't hassle me."

That they can even bump into council members and city officials at the local coffee shop and hassle them about roads or dress codes thrills Californians. "The beautiful thing about this place is everybody is so accessible," says Paul Britton, now a board member of the Prescott Fine Arts Association. "You could live in L.A. County for 25 years and never get through all the layers of government. Here I can say, 'Hey, Mayor, can I talk to you for a minute?' without going through a rigorous pledgeship."

Most locals welcome this kind of wide-eyed willingness to pitch in. "I'm a friend of the Californian," says Budge Ruffner, a writer and local legend whose family has lived in the area for more than 125 years. "I think they've been a great addition to the community. Since they've come, we have a lot more cultural activities and better support for the arts."

But Ruffner does have one complaint. "The only time I get unhappy with the Californian is when he comes here and starts driving like the natives, who are not aware that they can't go down the street and make a U-turn in the middle of the block anymore without at least signalling the fact that they are going to do so."

If the No. 1 topic among transplanted Californians is the travails of traffic or how the decades-old roads can tear up the tranny on a sports car, coming in a close second is the challenge of making a living.

The Prescott Chamber of Commerce hangs out a garlic clove every time they see a newcomer arriving to ask about job prospects. If the chamber ever adopted a motto for newcomers, instead of "E Pluribus Unum" it would surely be "U Bringamus Asmuchcashimus Asyoucanimus."

In a service economy like Prescott's, it seems the greatest service you can provide is bringing your own job with you.

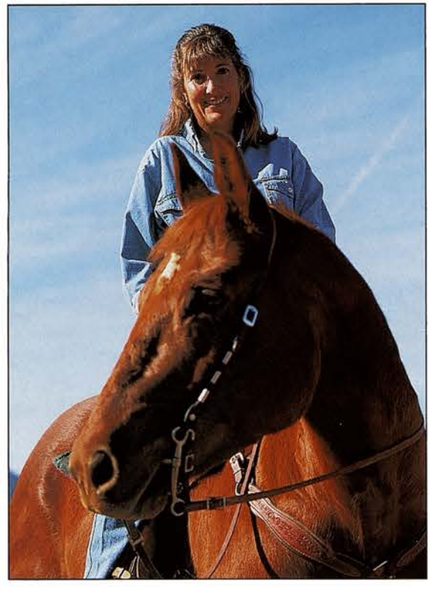
Joel Hiller, copresident of Prescott College (his title is one clue that this is a liberal-minded liberal arts school), says the newcomers who succeed are those who are entrepreneurial or of independent means. "They've chosen Prescott as a place to live, but their job doesn't tie them here," he says. "As technology and transportation improve, people are coming and going to places like Prescott more freely."

Sandy Kenyon knows how hard it can be to make a living here. After 12 years with CNN, most recently as a Hollywood correspondent, Kenyon was looking for nights in versus nights out, peace and quiet and wide-open spaces. When he watched the Steve McQueen movie *Junior Bonner*, he found himself paying more attention to the movie's Prescott setting than its plot. "Downtown Prescott has the feel of a Hollywood backlot," Kenyon says. "You look at the courthouse, and you expect Judge Hardy and his son, Andy, to pop out at any moment."

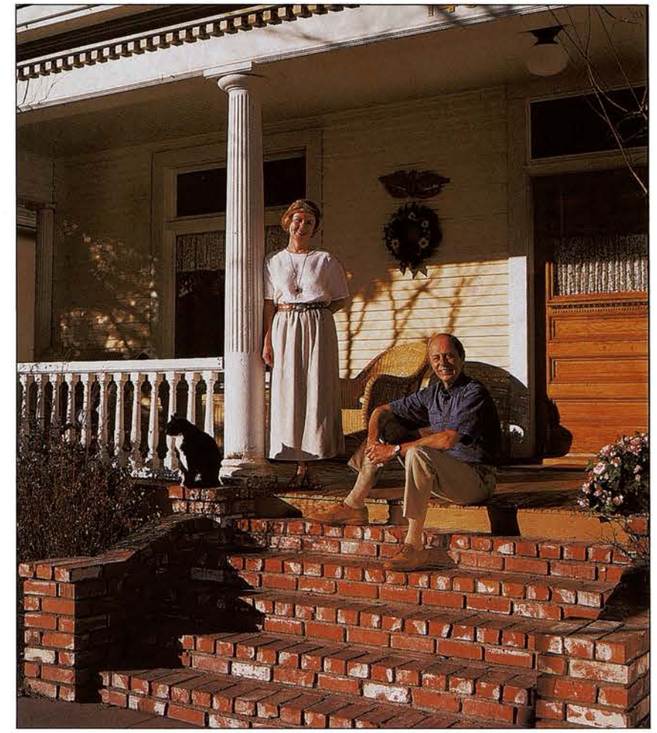
So Kenyon said good-bye to Hollywood, brought living expenses for 18 months, and moved to Prescott. "The best advice I ever got was 'bring money with you,'" he says. "This is a place everybody wants to be so there is plenty of labor and not much industry."

After volunteering at the local high school, where he taught television production, Kenyon spent two years hosting a daily talk show on local station KQNA. He called in favors from his friends around the world so Prescott could experience first-hand reports from Bosnia and in-person interviews with well-known actors, such as Kirstie Alley. But the show became too costly for the station to produce, and Kenyon was recently cut loose.

He's philosophical about his plight. "If you could live in a setting as idyllic as this, with the warmth of the people, and make a living — that would be heaven on Earth." He's rooting around for other opportunities, hoping to hang onto the little apartment for which competition was so fierce he felt he had to "audition" to be chosen as the tenant. "There are no bargains here," he says.



City council member Nancy Holaday, riding her quarter horse Rusty, is no newcomer, and she'd like to retain the Old West small-town flavor of Prescott.



One look at Prescott was all it took for Californians Susan and Jon Hoaglund to know they'd found the place they wanted to be. Now settled in a Victorian house on Mt. Vernon Avenue, they run a long-stay hotel called Chapel Suites.

Especially not in real estate. While $250,000 may not equate to much of a house in California, it could once get you a nice big piece of Prescott. Then folks like the Californians came, their pockets full of profits they had to protect from capital gains taxes. Some were known to snap up houses at the asking price, using the questionable negotiating ploy: "I'll take it." So prices rose to meet demand, and now the average house price is about $150,000, out of reach for some Prescott families. (And don't even think of looking at a Victorian if you have less than $300,000 to spend.)

Higher housing prices and the increasing real estate taxes everyone pays on higher-valued houses make Californians a natural target for the tsk, tsking of long-time homeowners like Bill Vallely who bought his home 40 years ago for $8,000 and now pays taxes on a property value of $100,000.

With 12 grandchildren in town, he's not likely to cash in and whisk Joan, his wife of forever, off to Aruba. No, he's going to stay right here in his 900-square-foot bungalow and pay $200 more every year in taxes, probably filing a protest with the city annually until somebody does something.

Sorry for the problems that may follow in their wake, Californians are nonetheless gleeful to share space with the sturdy stock of folks who've enjoyed the simple life for generations.

Their jaws still drop at the integrity of the place. Like the time the Breitenbachs and the Hoaglunds set up their lawn chairs along the Fourth of July parade route hours before the event and went home to host a brunch. When they returned, their chairs had not been moved and no one was sitting in them. And as their small group started singing "Happy Birthday" to Susan Hoaglund, both sides of the street joined in until roughly 500 strangers were harmonizing in unison.

Or the time the Hoaglunds rolled up their sleeves to help 100 other volunteers beautify the town's historic cemetery before its first organized Memorial Day service. "I don't know if I've been through as moving an experience in a group like that in a long, long time," Jon Hoaglund says. "The flag waving, the gun salutes, the singing, the cavalry on their horses. It was real hokey small-town stuff. Boy, was I impressed."

California-native Melanie Lee Johnston has lived in Arizona for 15 years, preferring to hang her hat where the Earth doesn't hiccup. She also wrote the Prescott travel guide in this issue.

Phoenix-based Richard Maack likes nothing better than an excuse to visit Prescott.

FRONTIER DAYS CELEBRATE INDEPENDENCE IN Prescott

By Robert C. Dyer

Our friend is a transplant from other climes, now happily calling Prescott home. How does she enjoy the nonstop Frontier Days celebration over the Fourth of July? "Oh, we just hole up at home and avoid the crowds."

Well, that's one way. Another is to "immerse yourself in it," as I was advised. That way lies sheer amazement at the scope of the action that started out 108 (no kidding) years ago as a "cowboy tournament."

Somewhere between avoidance and total immersion, 45,000 to 50,000 out-of-towners are added over the Fourth to Prescott's permanent population, all out for fun centered around the West's unique contribution to sports and entertainment: the rodeo.

Our immersion begins with the final meeting of the Prescott Frontier Days Committee, our first clue that Frontier Days, like rodeo itself, is a family affair. Our seatmates are Weldon and Marie Hopman, whose immediate family includes the 1980 Frontier Days Queen, 1989 Queen, 1990 Miss Rodeo Arizona, 1991 Frontier Days Junior Court, and 1992 Senior Court. Not bad for just three daughters.

"No one does the Fourth of July like Prescott," contends Frontier Days treasurer Bobbie Jo Cobey. No one argues. Prescott's is not only one of the premier events on the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association (PRCA) circuit but one of very few run entirely by volunteers. Some will get arena dust on their boots; others will oversee several dozen Frontier Days activities linked to the rodeo. And other Prescott organizations — service club, church, community theater, even the fire department — sponsor other Frontier Days events outside the committee's umbrella. Follow me, and we'll see.

You've just got to like a sport with competitors nicknamed "Snuffy" and "Rope" and "Twister," along with the Darryls and the Kents, and with one event requiring a "shankman" and a "mugger," as well as a rider.

Listing rodeo "events" — bareback riding, saddle bronc riding, wild horse racing, calf roping, team roping, steer wrestling, barrel racing, bull riding — is like describing a hurricane as an interesting wind pattern. And they're by no means all there is to Prescott Frontier Days.

Before the first steer charges from the arena chute, visitors have been swarming over the Courthouse Plaza downtown, checking out booths offering everything from tacos to T-shirts, homemade ice cream to handmade jewelry.

The rodeo arena is one end of the Frontier Days axis; the plaza is the other. Other activities fan out from there, and on Friday, while cowboys are getting in shape for the second of eight rodeo performances, foursomes have hit the fairways early for the golf tournament added to Frontier Days back in 1968.

More spectators, though, are downtown awaiting the Kiwanis Kiddies Parade. Mothers and youngsters are prepping for prizes for the Best Cowgirl, Best Cowboy, Best Patriotic Entry, Best Costumed Twins, and on and on. Some of the entrants are too young to know it's a parade, but it's fun, and that's what counts.

The afternoon provides one of the most unusual weekend features, more than a dozen kids with severe physical problems participating in the Exceptional Rodeo. For them, there are events such as eight-second rides on Wimpy the hand-rocked "bull." Each entrant is accompanied and cheered on by a professional rodeo cowboy taking time from the pursuit of glory to bring an ear-to-ear grin to a youngster who deserves it.

For some folks, the day runs into night — the rodeo dance on a downtown parking lot or a performance of the Prescott Fine Arts Association (PFAA) melodrama. We opt for a night's sleep.

Saturday is Parade Day, but first there's the Pancake Breakfast offered by men of the First Congregational Church. Early appetites are already in line when serving begins at 6 A.M., and the griddles aren't turned off until 1,100 have been fed. Two shifts of five cooks each turn out 10 to 12 pancakes at a time, so there's little waiting, and the food is hot.

Old friends and interesting strangers happen along, and the conversation is lively. For the 40th Pancake Breakfast, in 1996, Chairman Tom Nolan wanted to dream up "something interesting": "I thought we'd all grow handlebar mustaches, but some wives vetoed that."

Parade time is here. I usually ride (a flatbed trailer, not a horse) in the parade as a member of the Prescott Community Band, but this year I want to see the whole thing.

This is a parade crowd already charged up. They even cheer the motorcycle policemen leading the procession. The Shrine Color Guard is still a quarter-block away, and folks already are on their feet in respect for Old Glory. Boy Scouts carrying United States and many state flags draw big cheers, and later win the Best Marching Group trophy. Unimpressed, a boy about five shouts: "I want the clowns!"

Ben Johnson is Grand Marshal, looking like he was born in the saddle, which he nearly was, and carrying impressive credentials as a former rodeo national roping champion and world record holder and an Oscar-winning actor. He's not the first genuine Hollywood cowboy to make it to Prescott. Tom Mix competed in Frontier Days' first bull-riding competition (in 1913), won third in bulldogging, and was Parade Grand Marshal. Will Rogers, Buck Jones, Tex Ritter, Slim Pickens, Chill Wills — all found their way to Prescott. (These and other reminiscences come from Danny Freeman, official Frontier Days historian. Without Danny's authoritative and readable *World's Oldest Rodeo*, published in 1988, no one has a firm handle on this celebration.)

The first in an array of rodeo queens is Shasta Perkins from the White Mountains, Miss Rodeo Arizona, a true Western beauty on a horse named Home Made Gin. All the visiting royalty dazzles, as rodeo queens should. But none outshines Frontier Days Queen Jennifer Bricker and her Court,

(LEFT) *Cowboys gather at the arena where Prescott's Frontier Days Rodeo takes place.*
(ABOVE) *A young marcher in the Frontier Days parade shows her colors.* BOTH BY BILL SPERRY

Kenni Decker and Lacey Kesterson.

A showroom-spiffy, bright-red stagecoach drawn by four matched gray quarter horses and driven by Darryl Hatch of Mesa is a favorite of judges as well as spectators. It wins the Grand Marshal's Award, equivalent to "Best of Show."

Antique and classic cars fit easily into the parade theme, "The Good Ole Days." They range from a 1937 Cord Model A-10, one of only 3,000 of the "coffin-nose" gems manufactured, according to owner Bud Leary, to a rare 1924 Dodge "Depot Hack."

After the parade is the Whiskey Row Boot Race. If you've never tried running flat out, on pavement, in a pair of Western boots — don't. Adding new meaning to "political race," Yavapai County Superior Court Clerk Norb Wedepohl leads the "over-55" field, edging out County Supervisor Gheral Brownlow. Clint Rusing cops the "under age eight" title, while his dad, Dr. Tom Rusing, takes the class among age 40 to 54 runners. Did I say Frontier Days is a family affair?

Meanwhile, the Western Holiday Classic fast pitch softball tourney is under way. (The hometown team was to become an unexpected champion, undefeated in six games.) And Saturday night winds up with another downtown rodeo dance.

Sunday begins way too early with a 10K race and two-mile "fun run." Fun and run rhyme nicely, but don't belong in the same sentence, so I take Chairman Philip Kuritzky's word that 150 entered the fray.

The annual Firemen's Hose Cart Race is another story. It's much more than a kids' water fight; teams from several fire departments see who can hook up first and blast the others with high-pressure hoses. Between that and a bucket-brigade competition, everyone — spectators included — gets as much drenching as they're willing to take.

Before the rodeo arena opens for Sunday business, there is Coy Huffman's Cowboy Church Service. Among other jobs, Coy is chute boss for rodeo stock contractor Harry Vold, but he preaches a good sermon as well.

The "annual" PFAA melodrama is the last for a couple of years, to be supplanted in 1996 by a comedy, *Three Murders and It's Only Monday*. For the "meller," booing and cheering are encouraged, the program notes, but "screams will be investigated."

Big-time professional rodeo is all action, and Junior Rodeo has its moments, too. Kids age five to 12 compete here in goat tying, calf roping, and more. Among the top barrel racers is Brittany Levine (from Laveen), a seven-year-old rider controlling a 24-year-old bay named Pony Boy. Brittany has been running barrels since she was four, but she isn't the youngest competitor here. Probably that's goat-tying horseman Wayman Trujillo, only six, third-generation Prescottonian, and up-and-comer in a rodeoing family that includes his uncle, former world bareback bronc riding champion J.C. Trujillo.

The rodeo show on the Fourth of July afternoon is preceded by the coronation of the 1996 Frontier Days Queen. Two weeks earlier, judges had interviewed, tested, listened to, and rated the horsemanship of 13 candidates. Meisha Townsend, 17, named Queen for 1996, will have a Court consisting of Biyanka Wilde, 13, and Crystal Killian, 11. It's guaranteed they can ride: 35 to 40 percent of the judges' decisions are based on horsemanship.

Is this the Frontier Days windup? Not quite. The real closer is the Fourth of July fireworks show at Prescott High School. Afternoon events include pie-eating and watermelon seed-spitting. The Prescott Community Band plays for 45 minutes before the first aerial bomb explodes, and announcer Harry Stevens once more pulls "oohs" and "aahs" from the fireworks crowd.

Our stay-home friend doesn't know what she's missing. On the other hand, "total immersion" in Frontier Days is definitely for the strong. A third option is to be selective: pick the Frontier Days events that sound the best to you, go, and have fun.

(OPPOSITE PAGE) *A cowboy hangs on as the rarin' to go rodeo bronc he's riding tries to jump over the chute gate.*
(ABOVE) *A bulldogger wrestles his steer to the ground.* BOTH BY KEN AKERS

Author's Note: Concurrent with the overall Frontier Days activities, the 109th Annual Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo runs from July 3 through July 7 with two performances each day, at 1:30 P.M. and 7:30 P.M., except the first and last days when they'll rope and ride only in the evening and afternoon, respectively. Call to ask about the range of ticket prices. The rodeo parade takes place Saturday, July 6. For more information about the rodeo and all the related events that week, contact Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo, P.O. Box 2037, Prescott, AZ 86302; (520) 445-3103.

Rodeo Photo Workshop: Join the Friends of *Arizona Highways*, the magazine's volunteer auxiliary, during the Prescott Frontier Days Rodeo, July 4 to 7, for four days of fun, excitement, and great picture-taking opportunities. Photographer Ken Akers will be along to help workshop participants capture all the action and intensity of this popular event. For more information, call the Friends' Travel office, (602) 271-5904.

Robert C. Dyer moved from Phoenix to Prescott 21 years ago and says he's never regretted it.

YOUR PERSONAL TRAVEL GUIDE TO Prescott

By Melanie Lee Johnston

The best place to start gathering the goods on Prescott is the Prescott Chamber of Commerce, 117 W. Goodwin St., 86303; toll-free (800) 266-7534. All phone numbers are in area code 520 unless otherwise indicated; all 800 numbers are toll-free.

Getting There: Prescott is located 102 miles north of Phoenix via Interstate 17 and State Route 69.

Accommodations: Whether your lodging wish list includes old-world elegance, Victorian charm, or relaxing creek-side R&R, Prescott has a place for you.

The Hassayampa Inn, 778-9434, or (800) 322-1927, is the grande dame of Prescott hotels. Room rates include breakfast in the Peacock Dining Room.

Other historic downtown hotels include the 72-room Hotel St. Michael, 776-1999, and the Hotel Vendome, 776-0900, which is believed to have at least one ghostly guest who never checks out.

Just outside the downtown area is the Best Western Prescottonian Motel, a 121-room motor lodge that has been a favorite in the area for many years, 445-3096; (800) 528-1234.

B&Bs in the downtown area include the Briar Wreath Inn, 778-6048; the Marks House, 778-4632; the Mt. Vernon Inn, 778-0886; the Pleasant Street Inn Bed & Breakfast, 445-4774; and the Victorian Inn of Prescott, 778-2642. Little more than a mile from downtown is the Prescott Pines Inn, (800) 541-5374. New on the B&B scene are the Willow Tree Manor, 771-9310; The Cat & The Fiddle, 778-0385; and the Wildoroe Vistas, 771-0212.

The 161-room Prescott Resort and Conference Center overlooking the valley offers all the bells and whistles of a sophisticated full-service hotel, (800) 967-4637, including Bucky's Casino and Lounge. At the new Mediterranean-inspired Forest Villas Hotel, (800) 223-3449, each of the 61 guest rooms features a private balcony. And you can soak up the sun at the hotel's hilltop swimming pool.

Lynx Creek Farm Bed and Breakfast, 778-9573, five miles east of Prescott, raises the B&B concept to new heights. Its log cabin guest rooms have king-size beds and private decks with hot tubs.

In addition to the accommodations listed, there are about 35 other inns, motels, and B&Bs that would fit every budget.

Restaurants: The stylish Peacock Dining Room at the Hassayampa Inn is favored for special occasions and for everyday epicureans. The Prescott Brewing Company and the Gurley Street Grill offer micro-brewed libations and hearty American cuisine. Two more havens for food and fun are Clancy's Pub and the Casey Jones Sports Eatery. Murphy's Restaurant is a favorite of Prescott residents as is the Prescott Mining Company Restaurant.

Cozy, eclectic, and culinarily creative describe Siena, the new restaurant whose multiethnic menu is getting rave reviews. The Pine Cone Inn on White Spar Road to the south of downtown has become well known over the years for its good steaks. And locals are flocking to Frontier Village, the massive shopping center east of town, to dine at The Taj Mahal — said to serve to-die-for Indian cuisine — and Zeke's Eatin' Place, a country-style restaurant that prides itself on serving good food and plenty of it. Ever ordered a four-egg omelet?

Legend has it that the ghost of a tragic guest in the 1920s haunts the venerable Hotel Vendome. RICHARD MAACK

In addition to these, there are nearly 100 more restaurants of every kind, including Mexican, Chinese, Italian, breakfast, delicatessens, diners, and fast food.

Things to See: Sharlot Hall Museum, 445-3122, captures the essence of the territory's life and times. The museum, at 415 W. Gurley St., is open Tuesday through Saturday from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. and Sunday from 1 P.M. to 5 P.M. A donation of $2 per adult is suggested.

The Smoki Museum, 445-1230, with displays of Native American artifacts from territorial days to the present, is open Tuesday through Saturday from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. and Sunday from 1 P.M. to 5 P.M. It is located at 100 N. Arizona St. Admission is $2, adults; free for children under 12.

The Phippen Museum of Western Art is north of town at 4701 Highway 89N, 778-1385. The museum is open Wednesday through Saturday from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. and Sunday from 1 P.M. to 4 P.M.; closed Tuesday. Admission is $2 for adults, $1.50 for seniors, and $1 for students. Children are admitted free.

The small Bead Museum, 445-2431, turns trinkets into treasure by exploring how beads are used in personal adornment, trade, currency, religious symbolism, and social identification. The museum, at 140 S. Montezuma St., is open Monday through Saturday from 9:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. Admission is free.

Hours at museums from October through March may be different.

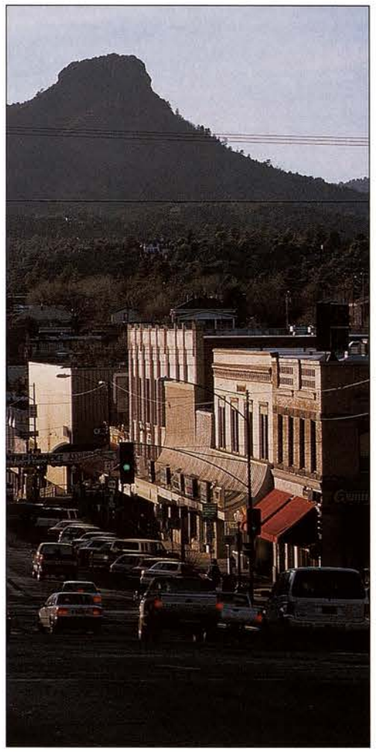
Things to Do: Hiking through cool pine forests, picnicking, and fishing in high mountain lakes draw thousands each summer to the 1.2 million acres of national forestland around Prescott. Elevations range from 3,000 to 8,000 feet. Thumb Butte, the towering landmark west of town, is a magnet for hikers. Set out in the morning if you want to be sheltered by the cool pines for most of your trek. The picnic tables at the base of Thumb Butte offer an idyllic, restful setting. Rock-climbers and hikers also favor Granite Dells, the outcropping of boulders along State Route 89 four miles north of Prescott. For maps and information, contact the Prescott National Forest, 771-4700, or stop by the chamber of commerce.

Five nearby mountain lakes offer a variety of outdoor opportunities. Anglers can drop their lures into three lakes stocked with trout, bass, bluegill, and catfish: Granite Basin Lake, nine miles north of downtown off Iron Springs Road; Goldwater Lake, four and a half miles south of downtown on Senator Highway; and Lynx Lake, four and a half miles west of downtown off State Route 69. For more information, contact the Arizona Game and Fish Department at (602) 942-3000. Both Lynx Lake and Watson Lake Park, four miles north of downtown off State 89, provide boating facilities. Willow Lake, north of town off State 89 and Willow Creek Road, caters to travelers with RVs.

If you love the outdoors but prefer to let someone else do the trailblazing, consider the jeep tours offered by Bradshaw Mountain Backcountry Tours, 445-3032. Excursions center around panning for gold, poking around old mines, exploring the Prescott National Forest, or winding up treacherous trails to lookout points with spectacular views.

Camping and Horseback Riding: For a directory of Prescott's recreational areas that feature campgrounds, stop at the Prescott Chamber of Commerce or the Prescott National Forest's Bradshaw Ranger District, 2230 E. Highway 69; 445-7253.

If you like to saddle up, ask about Groom Creek Horse Camp, which is exclusively for campers who bring Old Paint along for a ride. The camp is located seven miles south of Prescott on Senator Highway. And if you leave your pony at home, try Granite Mountain Stables, 771-9551, which offers scenic trail rides, hay rides, and overnight camping trips.



Thumb Butte soars above a view of historic buildings lining Gurley Street. DALE O'DELL

Summer Camps: If you want to send your children to summer camp for a true Arizona experience, there are 16 private summer camps in the Prescott area to consider, including two of the oldest, Friendly Pines and Orme Summer Camp. For more information, contact the chamber of commerce.

Golf: The two 18-hole championship public courses at Antelope Hills Municipal Golf Course offer two styles of play. The traditional-style North Course, with towering trees lining its fairways, is ranked fifth among public courses in Arizona. The South Course offers links-style play with wide-open, undulating fairways. The courses are located on State 89 nine miles north of downtown Prescott, adjacent to Prescott Municipal Airport. They are open year-round. Reservations are accepted up to three days in advance, (800) 972-6818 (in Arizona) or 776-PUTT.

Prescott Country Club, 772-8984, located 14 miles east of Prescott on State 69, is open to the public year-round. The par-72, 18-hole course lies in the foothills of the Bradshaw Mountains.

Antiques: Prescott has an impressive collection of antique stores, featuring everything from 100-year-old treasures to '50s, '60s, and '70s kitsch. Many of these eclectic outlets for historical objets d'art are concentrated downtown along Cortez and Montezuma streets. Stop at the chamber of commerce for a listing of shops. Twice a year, on the first Sunday in October and third Sunday in May, more than 80 antique dealers set up a buy-and-sell extravaganza at the Courthouse Plaza.

Horse Racing: Because few mountain communities sport their own racetrack, people visiting Prescott Downs, 445-0220, often pinch themselves when they settle back into their chairs to watch sleek quarter horses and thoroughbreds sprint past them under the bright-blue summer sky. When not wagering on the horses running in front of them at the Prescott Fairgrounds, 828 Rodeo Drive, players can join in the off-track betting on races simulcast from Santa Anita, Del Mar, and other tracks. The ponies run in Prescott Thursday through Sunday from Memorial Day through Labor Day. Admission is $2.

Annual Events: While many people spell Prescott R-O-D-E-O, especially during the big Frontier Days Rodeo and Parade held over the Fourth of July, there are other annual events worthy of a visit.

In June Prescott celebrates the ingenuity of its frontier forebearers at the Folk Art Fair, featuring demonstrations of such turn-of-the-century talents as candle making, sourdough biscuit baking, and weaving. Also in June is Territorial Days, a weekend that features a large arts and crafts sale at the Courthouse Plaza, live entertainment, and tours of historic homes.

In mid-August the Bluegrass Festival attracts music lovers to Watson Lake with performances by nationally known musicians and workshops for wannabe performers of all ages. Also in August, the Arizona Cowboy Poets Gathering at Sharlot Hall showcases the talents of more than 50 cowboys known for their traditional verse, humorous poetry, old-time singing, tall-tale telling, and cowboy yodeling.

While Fourth of July fireworks may get a lot of "oohs" and "aahs," there is one Prescott event that's known for taking the breath away: the annual Courthouse Christmas Lighting Ceremony. This early December tradition is preceded by an old-fashioned Christmas parade.

Working in the Eye of Violence

TEXT BY STAN SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARREN FAIDLEY

Two enormous white clouds billowed in the sky ahead of us, their fluffy crowns rising and spreading into the slate-blue heavens. They joined at the bottom, where they had turned nearly black, and beneath them a blaze of yellow and ocher light silhouetted the modest peaks of the Santa Rita Mountains, south of Tucson.

"We may be lucky tonight," said Warren Faidley, in the driver's seat of his four-wheeler. "Let's hope we get a megastorm."

While other people might have turned around and headed for shelter, Faidley pushed down on the accelerator, sending the vehicle hurtling over bumps and careening around curves. "It looks ideal," he said, his voice tinged with excitement. "We should be there to set up while there's still some light."

It had already been a long day for me, but it was a normal one for Faidley, who makes his living chasing storms and photographing them. At 37, he is the world's most noted storm photographer — and perhaps the only one doing it full time. He chases nearly 150 storms a year: lightning over Arizona, tornadoes in Texas and the Midwest, hurricanes in Florida. His remarkable photographs have appeared all over the globe, including in such publications as *National Geographic*, *Life*, *The New York Times*, *The Los Angeles Times*, and *Popular Science*; in television specials and in motion pictures. But he was pursuing this storm with the intensity of a reporter on his first assignment.

"Look at it," he said. "It's a beauty!"

His day had started at his home in Tucson at 7 A.M., when he tuned in to the PBS morning weather program. It was August, the middle of Arizona's summer monsoon season, and he was hoping to hear about weather disturbances in Mexico. He had smiled at the report, which indicated unstable conditions. "It could be a good day," he said. "I'll have to keep an eye on the dew point."

With that, he disappeared to run out to his vehicle, where he has installed a complete weather station. All through the day, between cleaning up the odds and ends of the previous night's photographic adventure and checking at the photo lab to see what those photos revealed, he alternated between the weather instruments and the ladder on his balcony, which gives him a clear view to the southwest.

At about 4 P.M., his activity became more intense. He checked the satellite weather report, then started to organize the gear in his vehicle. By seven in the evening, he had just about made his decision. The clouds from the southwest were building, the heat was intense, and the dew point was up.

"One more look," he said, dashing up the stairs to the balcony, and then up the ladder. Faidley's long and intimate experience with storms has taught him to read them like perhaps no other person. He knows what they're going to do, and where they're headed — most of the time, for Mother Nature delights in keeping a few surprises up her sleeve, and some of them are monstrous.

Now we were approaching the cloud, and it was beginning to tower above us. Faidley usually likes to leave about an hour of travel before sunset, driving toward the storm clouds. Sometimes he pulls over and just watches, trying to decide which of his many favorite shooting locations would be best. That's important because Faidley doesn't just "shoot" his lightning photos. He looks for specific scenes, much like a painter. "I feel that I'm an artist," he said, "painting with light."

IT WAS EASY TO SEE WHY ARIZONA IS CALLED THE LIGHTNING CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES. FLASHES WERE STREAKING OUT OF CLOUDS IN THE DISTANCE, TRACING NARROW YELLOW RIBBONS THROUGH AN EVIL-LOOKING CLOUD MASS. FROM THAT DISTANCE, WITHOUT THE SOUND AND FURY, IT WAS A FLASH DANCE. FARTHER AWAY, OVER PHOENIX, MULTIPLE FLASHES LIT UP THE SKY LIKE DISTANT FIREWORKS ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 20 AND 21) *This time exposure of a lightning show, viewed from the northern slopes of the Santa Rita Mountains looking toward far southwestern Tucson, owes its vivid red background partly to ash from the last eruption of Mount Pinatubo in the Philippines. Other factors are dust generated by the storm and normal sunset light scattering.* (LEFT) *Warren Faidley sets up his camera next to his specially designed chase vehicle.* (OPPOSITE PAGE, ABOVE) *Lightning during an August monsoon dances above Tucson, as seen from the top of "A" Mountain looking northwest toward Marana. (Time exposure)* (OPPOSITE PAGE, BOTTOM) *Faidley holds a piece of fulgurite given to him as a gift. The specimen resulted from lightning striking near a power pole, sending a large amount of energy down into the ground and melting the dirt and sand, which then solidified.*

He drove with confidence on a road that barely existed, arriving finally by a ledge that gave a view of the distant lights of Tucson. The big clouds had united and were passing over to the south of us, headed for the city. "Great," murmured Faidley, "let it be a monster storm." With a driven efficiency, he set three still cameras and a motion picture camera on tripods, then began to set the focus, range, and timing. "Now," he said, leaning against the vehicle and staring into the storm, "we wait for the blast. It won't be long."

It was easy to see why Arizona is called the lightning capital of the United States. Flashes were streaking out of clouds in the distance, tracing narrow yellow ribbons through an evil-looking cloud mass. From that distance, without the sound and fury, it was a flash dance. Farther away, over Phoenix, multiple flashes lit up the sky like distant fireworks on the Fourth of July.

But Faidley explained that being called the lightning capital doesn't mean Arizona gets the most lightning storms. "Florida has that distinction," he said. "It's just that this is the best place for scientific observation. And," he added, "the best place to take photographs."

As we talked, a veil formed beneath our giant cumulonimbus cloud, extending to the mountain peaks below it. "Already raining there," I said to Faidley, drawing on my years of experience on the sea. "Good thing we're not over there. We'd be soaking wet."

"That's not all," he said. "That's a virga, a rain shaft. It also creates a path for lightning." As he said this, a narrow, jagged flash cut through the veil. "See what I mean?" he said. "That's why I stay out of the rain."

While he scurried around again, fine-tuning his cameras, I thought about the close calls Faidley had told me about. In 1988, soon after quitting a photojournalist job at *The Tucson Citizen*, Faidley was out in a storm, aiming his camera at a fuel depot only

400 feet away. He had just framed the shot, set the f-stop, and opened the shutter, and then stepped back a few paces when a lightning bolt hit the nearest light pole. It knocked him off his feet and etched brilliant afterimages in his brain, but otherwise his timing had been perfect: his camera recorded one of the closest shots of lightning ever taken. When it was published in *Life* magazine, it launched him successfully into his career.

The photo also proved a boon to scientists. Philip Krider, director of the University of Arizona's Institute of Atmospheric Physics, said the photo provided valuable new information to the body of knowledge about the physics of lightning.

Faidley has encountered other dangers, too, including webs full of black widow spiders, rattlesnakes, flocks of bats, armed drug smugglers, and careless cowboys plinking at cans and toads with .45 caliber revolvers. And once he thought he was being approached by a robot or a space alien when a figure emerged from the darkness wearing a large pair of night-vision goggles.

But now he had no time to reflect on those episodes. He knew we were about to witness one of Nature's greatest pyrotechnic displays, and he was again making adjustments on the instruments of his art. After a moment, he backed away a few yards and heaved a great sigh. "Any minute now," he said. "Let the heavens explode."

As though in answer to his plea, a brilliant zigzag of light appeared beneath the black canopy of cloud, then another, and still another. "Oh, beautiful," Faidley murmured under his breath. Then, seconds later, a gigantic roar filled the air, and a shock of percussion shuddered through my body. I didn't feel frightened, but exhilarated. Faidley's enthusiasm had been contagious, especially after what he and others had taught me about this spectacular phenomenon.

The zigzag flash is a "stepped leader," and it is caused by electrons bursting from the bottom of the cloud toward the ground, which has become positively charged. Each

(LEFT) *Tucson's "A" Mountain offers a superb view of a lightning storm, looking north toward the Santa Catalina Mountains. (Time exposure)*
(RIGHT) *Bolts of lightning seem to rain down on Casa Grande. (Time exposure)*
(BELOW) *This severe storm near Marana will produce thunderbolts for several hours. (Time exposure)*

burst blasts another branch, averaging about 50 yards long, which creates the jagged appearance of the streak. It looks instantaneous because the stepped leader travels at a speed of 270,000 miles per hour.

When the stepped leader nears the ground, positive charges are drawn from the ground to meet it. These electrical sparks are called "upward streamers." They are most likely to shoot up from tall objects and create a "lightning channel," which may be only an inch wide but several miles long. It is actually this return stroke that creates the most damage to objects on the ground. There may be three or four return strokes in one channel, which make it flicker. When the channel finally empties, a "dart leader" from another part of the cloud may seek out the same channel, and the fireworks repeat themselves. The storms carry an awesome power, sometimes the equal of 10 atomic bombs.

That was what was happening then, and Warren Faidley was enjoying every minute of it. He went back to reset his cameras every few minutes, verbally encouraging the storm, urging it on to greater heights. It was a full 20 minutes before the spectacle ended, and Faidley was elated. With his usual quiet efficiency, he gathered his equipment and loaded it into the vehicle. It could still rain and rain hard. Finally he came to the driver's seat of the vehicle, plopped down, and took a deep breath.

"Well," I said, "how was it?"

"It looked pretty good," he said. "We'll see tomorrow." Then he turned to look at me. "Did you like it?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said. "It was beautiful."

He started the vehicle, and we drove away from our viewing ledge, but he was still craning forward occasionally to look up at the sky. He didn't want to miss an opportunity. But the giant cloud had moved on past Tucson, and a star or two peeked around the edge of a heavy mantle. Finally, when we were back on a paved road and signs of civilization began to appear, it was obvious that the hunt was over — for that evening, at least. Faidley was relaxed and in a philosophical mood.

"You know," he said, "a lot of things have changed. Most of my best spots used to be closer to home. 'A' Mountain, right in the middle of Tucson, was my favorite spot. I could see 360 degrees around the city. And there were always two or three other lightning photographers there. Now" — he paused and waved his hand toward the new buildings to his left — "too many things have cut off the view.

"But Mother Nature is still here," he went on, "and she's still producing miracles. As long as she continues that, we're in business."

His business is called Weatherstock, an agency that specializes in images of weather-related phenomena. He also has eight agents representing him worldwide.

"When I look at my photographs," he mused, "I have a deep feeling of satisfaction because I know I've captured something beautiful and powerful that would otherwise have been lost forever from our world."

It won't be lost — not as long as Warren Faidley keeps chasing storms.

Tempe-based Stan Smith, an Arizona State University professor emeritus, had tried, until being assigned this article, to avoid thunderstorms, for he spends months each year at sea on his cruising yacht.

Warren Faidley served as technical adviser and consultant for the recently released Warner Brothers-Universal motion picture Twister, *starring Helen Hunt and Bill Paxton. Some of Faidley's 35mm footage appears in the film. He lives in Tucson.*

THE WEST FORK OF OAK CREEK

Light has barely broken in the narrow canyon of the West Fork of Oak Creek as I trudge along the trail. Dew soaks my boots and legs. A breezeless quiet clothes the land. Even the insects hide from the chill morning air. Only an occasional bird reveals its presence. I feel living creatures all around me, but they are hidden.

Here on the edge of the Colorado Plateau, the West Fork shelters a huge variety of plants, including dense colonies of horsetails, box elders, walnuts, alders, maples, and Gambel oaks. It is one of the richest riparian habitats in the state.

A PORTFOLIO BY JOHN DREW

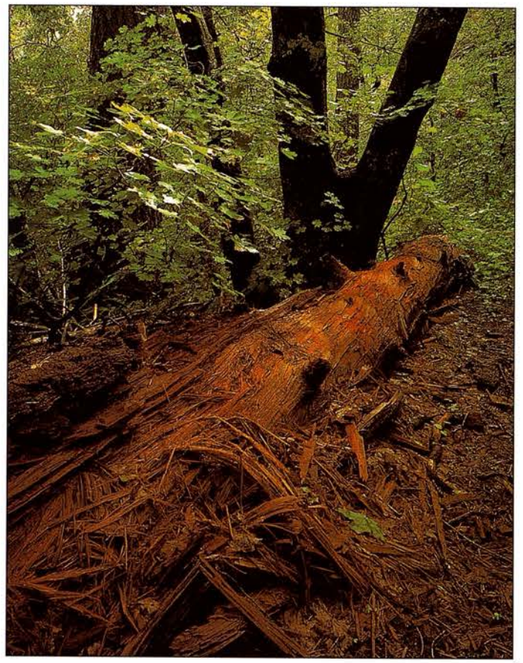
THE WEST FORK OF OAK CREEK

(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGE 26) *Golden leaves of Emory oak contrast with a bed of green vinca major in the lush canyon of the West Fork of Oak Creek.* (LEFT) *Light plays on a stream lined with jumbled rocks decorated by a shower of bigtooth maple leaves.*

THE WEST FORK OF OAK CREEK

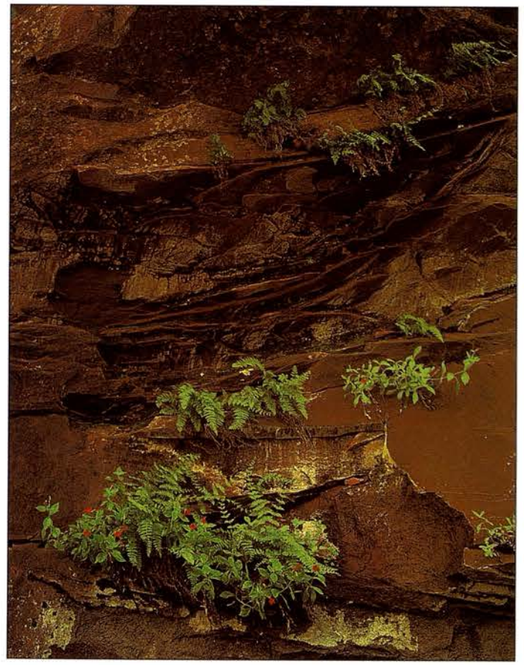
(LEFT) *Western monkshood blooms alongside a rushing stream and lichen encrusted boulders.*

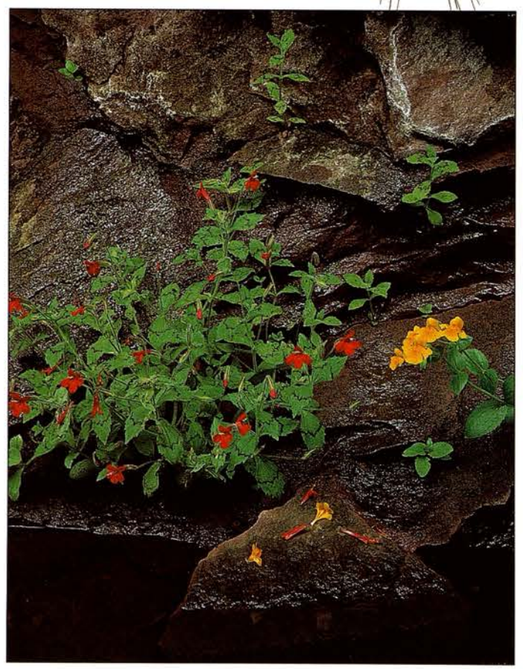
THE WEST FORK OF OAK CREEK

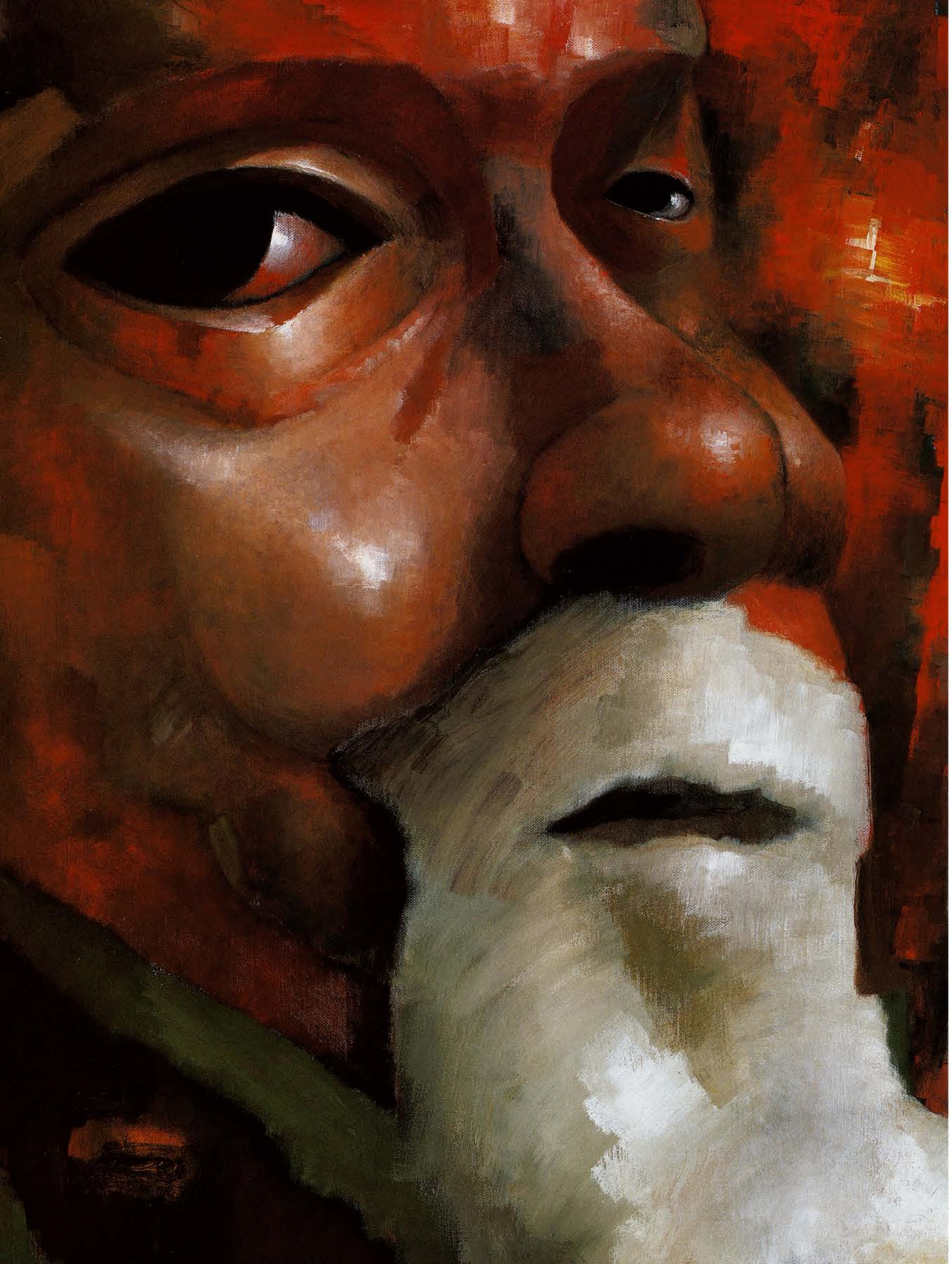


I walk slowly, taking in the solitude and beauty. It's an intimate canyon.

(LEFT) *Green bracken nestles against the trunk of a ponderosa pine.*
(ABOVE) *A dead tree next to a flourishing maple testifies to the forest's cycle of life.*
(BELOW, LEFT) *Maidenhair ferns and red monkeyflower somehow find nourishment on a sheer sandstone cliff wall.*
(BELOW, RIGHT) *Red and yellow monkeyflower brighten a rock outcropping.*







Corydon E. COOLEY

A PIONEER LIFE ON THE EDGE

HIS NAME SHOULD BE HIGH ON ANY LIST OF ARIZONA'S MOST PROMINENT FOREFATHERS.

Trailblazer . . . pacifier of the fierce Apaches . . . first citizen of the White Mountain country . . . founder of towns and ranches . . . trusted friend of fabled Gen. George Crook . . . fearless lawman. He was all these and more.

But, ironically, Corydon Eliphalet Cooley is best remembered for playing the low card in an 1876 game of seven-up.

Cooley and his partner, Marion Clark, owned a ranch some 30 miles north of Camp Apache in the beautifully timbered high country of eastern Arizona. When they decided to split up, they agreed — according to a cherished Arizona legend — that the winner of that game would become the sole owner of the ranch.

In the final hand, Clark told Cooley, "Show low and take the ranch!" Cooley then played the low card and won the game. His ranch, and later the town that grew up there, thus became known as "Show Low."

Although there is no record of which card Cooley played, Show Low citizens named their main street "Deuce of Clubs," and so it remains today.

Born April 2, 1836, in Loudoun County, Virginia, Corydon Eliphalet Cooley (most people called him "C.E." or "Cooley") ventured out to the untamed New Mexico Territory as a youth to seek his fortune. When the Civil War erupted, he served as a first lieutenant in the New Mexico Volunteers of the Union Army under the legendary Kit Carson.

"We were trying to stop the rebs, most of them Texans, who were about to take over New Mexico and Arizona for the Confederacy," Cooley later told an interviewer. "We were attacking the Texans just below Fort Craig [on the Rio Grande] when they opened fire and a bullet just clipped the end of my nose!"

That skirmish, on February 16, 1862, was the only Civil War action in which Cooley had so close a brush with death, although he was in combat at Valverde and in other clashes.

After the end of hostilities, he served (in June, 1865) as a delegate from San Miguel County to a Union Party convention in Santa Fe. He prospected for a time, operated a small hotel near Fort Craig, and served as a guide for the Army.

But these peacetime pursuits soon palled on the restless Virginian, who hungered mightily for adventure. And so it was that the mysterious and barely explored lands ruled by the warring Apaches in eastern Arizona Territory enticed him with a lure he could not resist.

One of his biographers, Col. H.B. Wharfield, relates in his monograph *Corydon Eliphalet Cooley* how Cooley made his first venture into Arizona. It was in 1869 that he and his good friend Henry Dodd, escorted by some pacified Apaches, braved death at the hands of hostile Indians to press into the new Arizona Territory in search of gold. They made their way safely through rugged country to Camp McDowell on the Verde River and spent some time in the Salt River Valley with Jack Swilling on his ranch near the future site of Phoenix.

Text by Dean Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE SORREN

Unable to find gold, he returned to Camp McDowell and offered his services in locating a new cavalry post deep in Apache country to the northeast. The post, first named Camp Ord and then Camp (later Fort) Apache, was established in cool wooded terrain at the forks of the White River.

Cooley was enthralled by the verdant White Mountain country, of which he wrote, "It has beautiful streams and a finer variety of timber than I have ever seen in any part of the West. We found plenty of corn here [grown by the Indians] and enjoyed the roasting ears muchly."

Cooley tried his hand at farming near the fort, supplying the Army with hay, corn, and beef. It was there in 1870 that he came to know venerable Chief Pedro, whose White Mountain Apaches had made peace with the white man and lived near the cavalry post.

That was a major milestone in the life of the young adventurer.

Cooley soon came to respect the White Mountain Apache people, learn their language, and adopt many of their customs. Forsaking his earlier life-style, he became almost as much Indian as white.

In 1871 he married one of Chief Pedro's daughters and gave her the Anglicized name of Molly. As was the Apache custom, her sister joined the newlyweds, and not long thereafter Cooley also married Cora, as he renamed her.

Molly and Cora were not only Apache "princesses," but also cousins of the storied Apache scout Alchesay, later to become a Congressional Medal of Honor winner. (See *Arizona Highways*, Nov. '92.) Alchesay's heroism in warfare against the Tonto Apaches in 1872-73 and Geronimo's warriors in 1886 earned him a place of high honor in Arizona history. Alchesay High School at the Fort Apache agency is named for him.

Cooley's wives were women of exceptional intelligence, as well as excellent cooks and housekeepers. Molly was often called on by both white and Apache women to serve as a midwife, and she was credited with saving the lives of several patients in difficult deliveries.

One of those women was Mrs. David Adams, whose Mormon husband had recently quarreled with Cooley over land rights. Adams had appealed to Brigham Young, who wrote Cooley a blistering letter declaring that "Our people are colonizing Arizona; if you treat them right you will be blessed — if you do not, you will become a pauper . . . and die a miserable death."

Molly ignored that intemperate blast and cared for Adams' wife as lovingly as any other patient. Adams gratefully acknowledged that his wife would have died in childbirth without Molly's help.

ALWAYS HUNGRY FOR ADVENTURE AND DANGER, COOLEY GLADLY ACCEPTED APPOINTMENT IN 1877 AS DEPUTY U.S. MARSHAL FOR HUGE YAVAPAI COUNTY, FROM WHICH APACHE AND NAVAJO COUNTIES WERE LATER CARVED. HE RANGED FAR AND WIDE IN HIS NEW JOB, RISKING HIS LIFE MORE THAN ONCE TO BRING IN OUTLAWS WHO HAD FLOCKED TO WILD ARIZONA.

Martha Summerhayes, the Army wife whose 1875 visit to the Cooley ranch is related in her classic book, *Vanished Arizona*, described Cooley's young wives as "both tidy and good-looking, and they prepared us a most appetizing supper."

Capt. John Bourke, author of *On the Border with Crook*, was even more complimentary about Molly. "She is a woman of extraordinary character," he wrote, "eager to advance, and to have her children receive the benefits of education."

Cora died in childbirth in November, 1876, but Molly outlived her husband, loved to the last by all who knew her.

It was in 1872 that Cooley and Marion Clark had become partners in their ranch on the present site of Show Low. Chief Pedro had loved this spot and often made summer camp there.

Cooley and Clark, with hired help providing most of the labor, made the ranch a veritable garden with apple, cherry, and peach orchards, extensive vegetable fields, and carefully tended pastures for cattle. Captain Bourke later wrote these glowing words about it:

"The ranch is on a series of gentle hills and dales, the hills carpeted with juicy black grass and spangled with flowers growing at the feet of graceful pines and majestic oaks. In the center of a beautiful park . . . stood the frame house and outbuildings . . . A sawmill was operating on the property. Cooley is provided with every creature comfort."

Cooley's close relationship with the Apaches and his mastery of their language made him a natural choice of future Gen. (then Lt. Col.) George Crook to organize the Fort Apache company of Apache scouts. Only Apaches, Crook reasoned, were clever enough to track down other Apaches, and he used his scouts to great advantage in making Arizona Territory safe for white settlement.

Crook, honored in Arizona history as "the greatest Indian fighter of them all," was a friend of the peaceful Apaches but a relentless foe of those renegades who continued to raid, steal, burn, and murder.

Cooley shared Crook's feelings. On one memorable occasion, he took special pleasure in leading his scouts on a foray to avenge the torture and murder of a young Scot named George Taylor. Renegade Tonto Apaches had stripped Taylor, shot him full of arrows, and then, with agonizing slowness, cut off one part of his body after another until he died. Cooley's scouts tracked down the murderers and killed most of them.

During Crook's historic 1872-73 campaign against the hostiles, Cooley rode and fought at the side of his Apache scouts. At its close, after the grateful War Department had promoted Crook to brigadier general, no fewer than four members of the Camp Apache scouts — including Alchesay — were awarded the Medal of Honor.

Cooley risked his life on countless occasions during those harrowing months, but emerged from his wilderness forays unscathed. Strangely enough he came closest to death a short time later, not far outside the Camp Apache stockade. The incident was reported in the *Tucson Citizen* of January 17, 1874:

"Official information has been received from Camp Apache of the killing of a notorious Apache named Handsome Charley, who murdered in cold blood . . . Mr. Redmond, post trader, and who has since been skulking around the post. On the day in question, the post commander gave directions to C.E. Cooley, the guide, and his friendly chiefs, Miguel and Patone, to arrest Charley.

"Upon seeing them approach, Charley snapped a revolver at Mr. Cooley, but before he could pull the trigger again, he was shot through the heart by Patone."

Crook's soldiers so harassed and starved the Apache rebels during the campaign that most of them (with the notable exception of Cochise's Chiricahua Apaches) surrendered and settled on the reservations. Colonel Wharfield's monograph on Cooley quotes Chief Cha-Lupin of the Mohave Apaches, who told Crook, "You see we're nearly dead from want of food and exposure. The copper cartridge has done the business for us. I surrender, not because I love you, but because I am afraid of the General."

Cooley, who relished the excitement of campaigning and never cared much for the dull grind of ranching, was only too happy to answer Crook's call to Army service. His lack of devotion to ranch work probably was among the reasons his partner, Clark, was eager to break away and acquire his own ranch in 1876.

Always hungry for adventure and danger, Cooley gladly accepted appointment in 1877 as deputy U.S. marshal for huge Yavapai County, from which Apache and Navajo counties were later carved. He ranged far and wide in his new job, risking his life more than once to bring in outlaws who had flocked to wild Arizona Territory.

In one especially notable raid, he captured and jailed two desperadoes who were threatening to take over the new settlement of Springerville. Scarcely had he left the town, however, when a lynch mob stormed the jail, and in the words of Cooley's report to Gov. John Hoyt, "disposed of [the prisoners] according to frontier law."

Cooley's public service in several other areas brought long-lasting good to the people of the young territory.

In 1872 he and his friend Henry Dodd were directed by the Army to locate and place markers on what became known as Crook's Trail, leading westward toward Camp Verde and Fort Whipple (Prescott). First the Army and then waves of pioneer settlers entered central Arizona over that famous road. (See *Arizona Highways*, July '82.)

In 1878 Cooley was appointed collector of taxes and deputy assessor for the Little Colorado section of Yavapai County. When Apache County was created in 1879, Cooley was elected one of its first three county supervisors.

And in 1880, he was successful in obtaining a post office for Show Low and was appointed the town's first postmaster.

His service in all these offices made important contributions to the civilizing of the vast White Mountain wilderness. But none of these labors was more important than the aid he and Molly rendered to travelers over the rugged trails in that part of Arizona Territory. Many of the historic personages of that frontier era inscribed their names in his guest book after resting under his roof.

"There is no more splendid host than Cooley," wrote Gov. Nathan O. Murphy in 1901.

"It is now 46 years since we first met at Santa Fe," recalled pioneer Arizona journalist A.F. Banta in 1912.

"I had my first contact with you in 1872," wrote Brig. Gen. Earl D. Thomas, one of many old Army comrades who stopped by to pay their respects.

A mouth-watering meal, a good bed, and a barrage of C.E. Cooley's stories of the Old West awaited any sojourner who passed his way.

Cooley's generous opinion of the Apaches was not widely shared in early Arizona. *Tucson Citizen* Editor John Wasson blasted him in a fiery 1872 editorial expressing a contrary view of "the red devils," as they were commonly called:

"Whitman [an Apache advocate] has been reinforced in the lying business by one Cooley at Camp Apache. With Apache murders at Bowie, Wickenburg, Verde and other places, they continue to report the falsehoods that the Apaches are peaceable. How these wretches must detest the truth!"

Cooley certainly did not subscribe to the prevalent notion that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." But he was not an indiscriminate "Apache lover," either. Much as he appreciated the intelligence and honor of those he knew best, he was a fierce enemy of those renegade Apaches who tortured and murdered without conscience.

In 1882, when General Crook was called back to Arizona to complete the Indian pacification that he had started a decade before, he again called on his friend Cooley to serve as a scout and interpreter. Cooley, who could never say "no" to Crook, moved his family to Fort Apache and reported for duty.

Historian Will Barnes, in *Apaches and Longhorns*, related the drama that unfolded a short time later when rebellious Apache chiefs challenged Crook to meet with them in council — unaccompanied by his troops. Ignoring his aides' pleas not to fall into this "Apache trap," Crook rode out into the forbidding mountains with only Cooley and three other companions.

"Few expected to see them alive again," wrote Barnes. "Cooley . . . confided in me that he was scared stiff and had made out his will before he left. But three days later the 'Old Gray Fox' [Crook] and his party rode back calmly to the post."

More than a hundred Apaches came in and surrendered during the next few days, and the Indian threat in that part of Arizona Territory was soon at an end.

Cooley never faced sudden death again in his declining years. He sold his interest in the Show Low ranch in 1886 and built what was then considered a palatial home in the forest on the Apache reservation, some 20 miles to the southeast. There he hosted distinguished guests, relished his unofficial title of "Colonel" (a rank bestowed on many pioneers by their admirers in that era), and enjoyed the peace and safety he had so long denied himself.

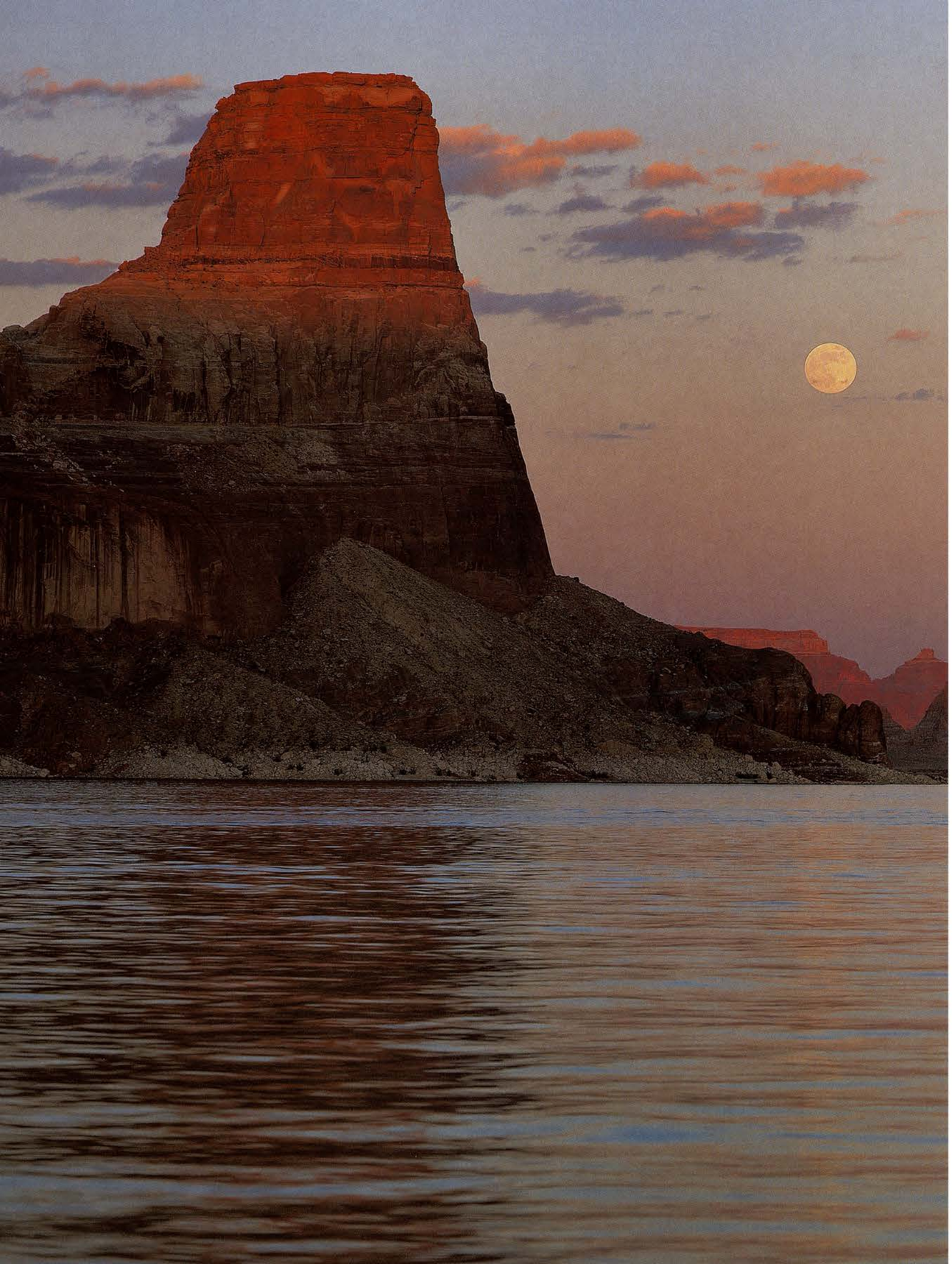
The community that grew up near his compound was for a time called Cooley, but its name was changed in 1924 to McNary in honor of a lumber baron. (See *Arizona Highways*, Aug. '90.)

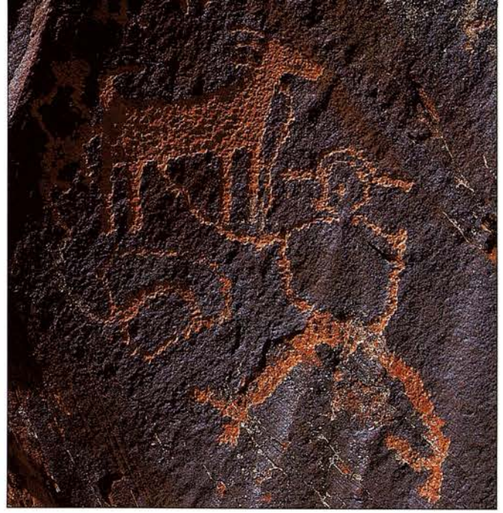
The venerable Cooley's hair turned gray, and his lithe body put on considerable poundage, but he remained in fairly good health until he was paralyzed by a stroke in 1911. On March 18, 1917, two weeks before his 81st birthday, he died. His body was given an Army escort to Fort Apache, where he was buried with full military honors.

Sharlot Hall, the illustrious poet and Arizona historian, had saluted C.E. Cooley in 1910 with these words:

Alas! The good old days are gone,
The good old-timers few.
Yet while there's a corporal's guard
To drink the mountain dew,
Fill up the glasses to the brim,
Stand up and toast him duly.
The bravest pioneer and scout,
Here's to you, Colonel Cooley!

Dean Smith lives in Tempe and is the author and/or editor of 10 books on Arizona history and personalities.
Sedona-based Joe Sorren came to Arizona from Chicago in 1977. He particularly enjoys creating historical portraits.





North to Lake Powell's Fascinating

Cha Canyon

CHA CANYON, AS WE NOSED OUR BOAT INTO A BEACH COVE NEARLY HIDDEN BY NEWLY SPROUTED SALT CEDARS, DIDN'T LOOK VERY IMPRESSIVE — ESPECIALLY WHEN COMPARED WITH THE MANY OTHER CANYONS THAT MAKE UP MAGNIFICENT LAKE POWELL.

In fact it didn't even resemble a canyon; it's more of a notch in the great red cliffs that make up the San Juan River portion of Lake Powell.

Maybe that's why Cha (pronounced chay) Canyon has gone so long without public notice except by a small group of lake explorers.

I've been all over the 186-mile-long lake from Wahweap to Hite and to the ends of the San Juan and Escalante river arms, and I know of no other canyon on the lake with such a variety of attractions.

Cha Canyon has a live stream fed by snowmelt from 10,388-foot-high Navajo Mountain, two waterfalls, herds of wild horses and burros, groves of cottonwood trees, a beaver colony, an oasislike habitat of verdant riparian growth, and an outdoor art gallery that is overwhelming.

The art is petroglyphs, ancient Anasazi depictions of creatures and symbols side by side with modern Navajo Indian chippings.

Shortly after my companions and I, Phoenix residents Terry Heslin, his wife, Barbara, and Dale Wiggins, whose wife, Heidi, stayed behind to mind our boat, cleared the belt of salt cedars and entered the canyon proper, we found the first Navajo petroglyph. It was chiseled into a giant

(OPPOSITE PAGE) *Moonrise casts its spell over Gunsight Butte at Lake Powell, where author Bob Thomas explores Cha Canyon, a little-known "notch" filled with surprises.*
(ABOVE) *Petroglyphs abound in Cha Canyon's outdoor "art gallery." The number of rock carvings, many found within a mile of the lake, convinces Thomas that the canyon was a popular route of travel for ancient Indians.*

Text by Bob Thomas
Photographs by David Elms Jr.

sunburned boulder, one of the many great blocks of sandstone that had tumbled down from the cliffs above thousands of years ago.

The image was a remarkable illustration of an Indian pony, as startling in its hidden location as when I first saw it years ago.

The six-foot-long intaglio showed a stallion with a white blaze on its forehead, the right foreleg raised in a lifelike pawing motion, and wearing a decorated Indian blanket instead of a saddle.

We grabbed for cameras, and after the photos the rush was on to find other glyphs. Everyone fanned out, examining the blackened sides of rocks for hidden drawings, and, like children on an Easter egg hunt, when we found one we cried out to each other to come look.

The petroglyphs, mainly the heads of horses, were all around, but scattered so that you really had to search for them. The unknown Navajo artist who made them was gifted, and his depictions, chipped into the desert varnish with some steel tool, were true to life and in perfect proportion.

"Look at this one!" Dale called out. "This is the best one yet."

He was right. Across the creek, on a flat of ground studded with huge stones, was a drawing of a saddle horse and a mule whose back was loaded with a heavy pack. In between the two animals was a cowboy-hatted man holding their reins.

But there were more.

Seemingly everywhere were ancient Anasazi petroglyphs. There were at least two sets of sandal petroglyphs or moccasin-like footprints carved into the rocks. They were the first of their kind that I had seen out of thousands of petroglyph sites I have visited.

Another first for me were what appeared to be animal tracks leading up the vertical face of one rock. One set I guessed to be rabbit tracks from their signature three-track print — two front feet and overlapping hind feet. The other set of tracks could have been that of a fox as the small fingernail-size carvings showed five-toed feet complete with pads.

Both track sets were obviously old, the stains of a new coat of desert varnish beginning to cover them.

On one rock there was a classic Anasazi image of a cornstalk next to a set of Navajo cattle brands.

But one of the most interesting petroglyphs was that of a supine Anasazi "monster man" extending his hand downward. From his index finger ran a straight line, like a bolt of lightning, directly to the curved-horn head of a desert mountain sheep.

(ABOVE) *As a new day dawns, all is quiet on a houseboat anchored in a peaceful cove of Lake Powell. The best way to visit Cha Canyon, says our author, is to rent a houseboat at Wahweap Marina to use as a base and then head for the canyon in a small runabout boat.* (RIGHT) *A giant boulder covered with petroglyphs has split apart over time.*

Most of the petroglyphs we found were within one mile of the lake. There may be others farther up the sides of the canyon, but we didn't have time to search for them. I'm not an expert, but I think the many Anasazi petroglyphs in Cha Canyon indicate that it was a popular route of travel for Native Americans of an earlier time living around the confluence of the Colorado and San Juan rivers.

Winters were probably spent in the lower warmer canyons near the rivers, and in spring, when temperatures started to increase, the Indians moved through Cha Canyon and up to pine-covered Navajo Mountain to spend the cool summers.

Cha Canyon, with its abundant supply of fresh water and its open, flat terrain, invited leisurely trips with frequent pauses for petroglyph making.

There is an easily followed trail — kept open and compacted by the hooves of wild horses and burros — with gentle grades that lead up the bottom of Cha Canyon. Another canyon, about the same size as Cha, opens up to the left about a half mile above the lake. It appears to be waterless, although the large dry wash shows much evidence of flash flooding.

Here at the junction stands an extensive grove of cottonwood trees which have withstood the ravages of floods, droughts, and the attacks of hungry beavers.

Some of the stumps of trees felled by the beavers are three feet in diameter, a testimony to the power and tenacity of the critters. There were no beaver dams; beavers in the arid Colorado River drainages tend to build underground dens in the banks of streams. We found several entrances to such dens in the deeper pools of the stream.

Cha, incidently, means "beaver" in the Navajo language.

As we continued deeper into the canyon, the vegetation thickened and became more varied. I was struck particularly by the strange appearance of prickly pear cactuses. These plants, much smaller than those in southern Arizona, were covered by a strand of white "hair," and their flowers were green. Normally, prickly pear blossoms are pink, rose, or red.

Barbara, a habitat specialist with the Arizona Game and Fish Department, helped identify many of the plants: globemallow, deadly nightshade, Mormon tea, redbud, maidenhair fern, horsetail, Indian paintbrush, cliffrose, penstemon, and many more — all in glorious colors.

There were numerous other plants and trees we couldn't identify with certainty, including several shrubs — each a little different in appearance — that had miniature intensely green leaves and whose limbs, when broken, emitted a pleasant aromatic scent, like after-shave lotion.

About a mile and a half from the lake, we came upon the first waterfall. The stream,

passing between two huge boulders above the falls, slips into a chute and down a two-stage cliff about 30 feet high. The plunge pool at the bottom is about 45 feet across when full and can provide a refreshing swim after a hike in the warm summertime sun.

Had we a ladder, we could easily have climbed the falls. Instead I led up the right side to a talus slope where years before I had made a dangerous traverse across a slanting 60-foot cliff. This time erosion, or better sense, made me hesitate.

Barbara decided not to continue and walked back to the boat. Terry, Dale, and I wanted to go to the second falls, and we cast about for a safer route.

Dale, a civil engineer with long, slender arms and legs, began climbing, taking care not to knock loose the many boulders perched uneasily on the sandy talus. Some 100 feet up, he found the solution: a horse and burro trail. During the many years since their introduction, the animals had stomped a trail across the slope in their search for water and forage.

Terry and I climbed up to the trail, and I was chagrined to think that on my first visit to Cha I had risked my neck crossing the talus when this much safer route was just above.

Terry, the off-highway-vehicle program coordinator for Arizona State Parks, found a barrier fence across the trail made of beaver-felled cottonwood logs that Navajo herdsmen had laboriously hauled up from the canyon bottom. The Indians, who cull the horse herds from time to time, could close this barrier and trap the horses on the talus slopes, making their capture much easier.

From then on, it was an up and down hike. Sometimes the trail was in the creek bottom, sometimes on the slopes. About another mile up from the first falls, we found the second, a magnificent straight-shot cascade of 40, maybe 45, feet.

We wanted to get above this one to find any evidence of the camp of John Wetherill, one of the discoverers of Rainbow Bridge.

Wetherill called it Beaver Camp, and he used it for overnight stays when he guided early visitors cross-country to Rainbow Bridge. Among those pioneer tourists who slept there were President Teddy Roosevelt and Western novelist Zane Grey.

But our exploration was not to be.

While we were at the base of the falls, we saw a lone burro come down the switchback trail above us. No problem, we thought. Best of all, we had a new subject for photos. The burro, his hide scarred with fresh bite marks on his neck and his hair matted with mud, kept a leisurely pace until about 40 feet from us.

Then his whole appearance changed. His hair rose. His ears laid back. He opened his mouth to display yellow buckteeth, and he started screaming his distinctive *hee-haw* and charged us. We forgot all about taking his picture.

I have spent much of my life outdoors in Arizona and have never been charged by any of the hundreds of burros I have seen. I've never even been threatened by a Brahma bull.

But this burro, for unknown reasons, was intent on trampling or biting us.

Behind me I could hear my friends scattering. But there were no trees to climb, no rocks to hide behind. And I, being closest to the burro, knew I couldn't outrun it.

So I did the only thing I could think of: I swung my camera bag in circles above my head, screamed like a maniac, and charged my attacker.

At 10 feet, the burro put on the brakes, a truly astounded expression on his face. He leapt to one side, trotted off a dozen feet, and turned back, his hair subsiding and his ears perking, to look again at this strange two-legged creature which was fast approaching.

I didn't want the burro to have time to think about it. I yelled some more, picked up a baseball-size stone, and threw it in his direction. The burro got the message and trotted off to bother us no more.

We hurried off, too, not wanting to continue up the canyon on the narrow trail and risk a chance meeting with another burro acting like a jackass.

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(LEFT) *A stream fed by snowmelt from Navajo Mountain produces two waterfalls. The first is a mile and a half from the lake.*

Phoenix-based Bob Thomas has visited Lake Powell about 100 times over the years and calls it one of his favorite spots in Arizona.

David Elms Jr., who also lives in Phoenix, says that one of the best things about his work is that it takes him to so many special places.

WHEN YOU GO

Cha Canyon is located about 68 miles above Glen Canyon Dam on the San Juan Arm of Lake Powell and about 10 air miles north of the Arizona-Utah border. You can reach it from the Navajo Indian Reservation by hiking overland from Indian Route 16, but the easiest and most convenient way to get there is by boat from Wahweap Lodge and Marina at Page.

Although it is possible to reach Cha Canyon by boat in a single day, the journey does not leave much time for exploration. There are very limited beaches in the mouth of Cha Canyon on which to beach your boat, and most visitors camp in other canyons. Best bet is to use a houseboat from Wahweap as your base and then take a smaller runabout boat to Cha.

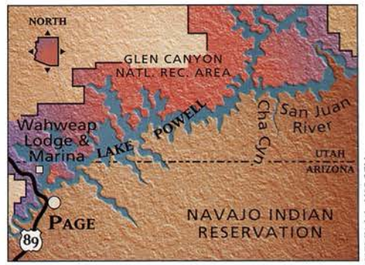
The author and his party stayed in Oak Canyon, 21 miles downlake from Cha and used a small boat to shuttle back and forth. Allow a full day to explore Cha, taking a lunch and something to drink.

The best time to visit the canyon if you wish to see the waterfalls and the stream at peak flow is in spring, roughly from March to May. Pools of water in the canyon remain all year, offering protection to the beaver population.

In summer, usually July through September, monsoon rains can cause flash flooding in Cha Canyon, and visitors should take safety precautions during these storms.

For information on boat rentals and lodging, contact Lake Powell Resorts & Marinas at 2916 N. 35th Ave., Phoenix AZ 85017-5261; toll-free (800) 528-6154, or 278-8888 in the Phoenix area.

Contact the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area for information on hiking, camping, boating, and fishing, Box 1507, Page, Arizona 86040; (520) 645-2511 or 645-2471.

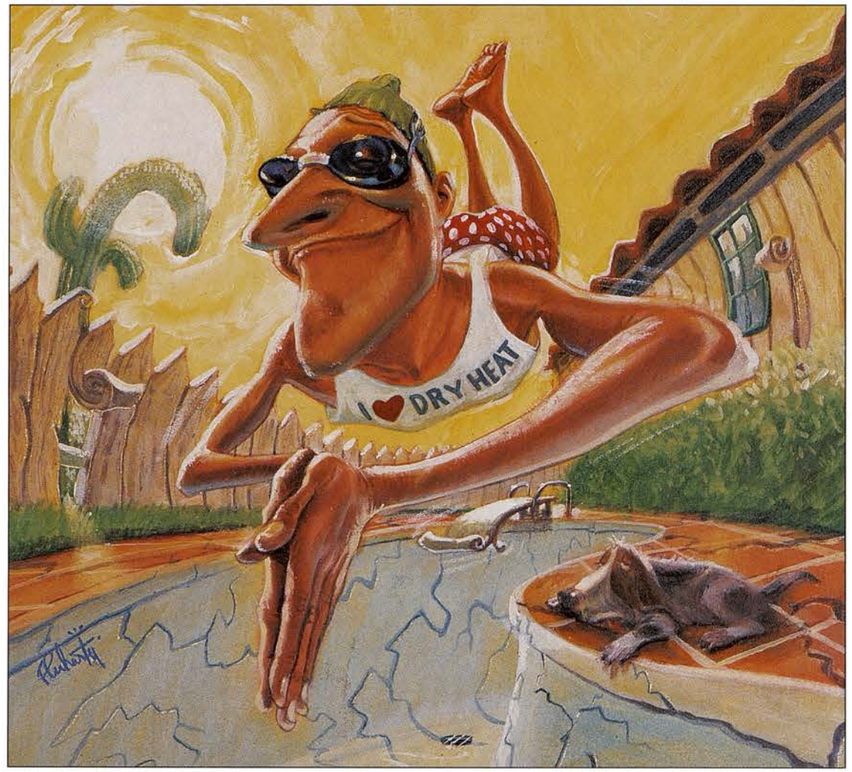


KEVIN J. KIBSEY

WIT STOP

TEXT BY GENE PERRET
ILLUSTRATION BY TOM FLUHARTY

Dry Heat: the Great Arizona Cliche



It happens to every mid-summer visitor to Arizona. With some it's as soon as they step off the plane or drive across the state line. Others may wait a day or two. Only the strong-willed can resist for a week or more. Sooner or later each one of them will say, "Yes, but it's a dry heat."

Even people who don't want to say it, say it.

"How are you doing?" a passerby greets you.

"Not bad," you reply in a neighborly way.

"Hot enough for you?" the stranger asks. Now that's a strange question. Why are folks asking you if it's hot enough? Were you appointed "Temperature General of the United States?" Do they ask other people if it's hot enough for them? Suppose you say it is hot enough for you and another says it's not hot enough for him. A debate, even a fight, could start. Strange question. But you answer it.

If you're in Arizona, you answer it with, "Yes, but it's a dry heat."

You didn't want to answer it like that. You promised yourself you would never respond with such a trite phrase, but you did. Why? The answer is simple: you're in Arizona, and it's the law.

Arizona wants to promote her dry heat. It may someday be the motto on license plates. "The Dry Heat State," or "Soggy Summers — Never Had 'Em; Never Will," or "Arizona — Where You Simmer, but You Never Soak."

But what does the cliche, "It's a dry heat," mean?

It's meant to be conciliatory. Folks are saying, "Look, I know you're suffering in these unreasonably high temperatures. The permanent has drooped out of your hair. Your walking shoes have melted. But look on the bright side. It's a dry heat."

How is that supposed to cheer anyone up? It's like being in Beverly Hills and having a car back into you, snapping your kneecap into three pieces, and someone consoles you by saying, "Yeah, but it was a Mercedes Benz."

It's like being attacked by a rabid dog and having someone comfort you with, "That's a nasty series of bites you have there, but it was a short-haired dog."

What consolation is it? One implication is that dry heat is preferred, but to what? I suppose dry heat would be preferable to being captured by a roving band of cannibals, set into a pot of water with assorted herbs and vegetables, and boiled until tender. Now that's a wet heat. And it is uncomfortable.

Basically the cliche is meaningless. Yet Arizonans hear it so often, they begin to take pride in it. "Yes, we have dry heat here, and we're doggone proud of it. If we could find a way to symbolize it, we'd include it on the state flag."

Some Arizonans even believe it: "Mark Twain once said that everybody talks about the weather, but no one ever does anything about it. Well, here in Arizona we do. We dry our heat before we serve it to you. There's rare, medium rare, medium well. We can even give it to you well done, if you like, but we don't guarantee it."

Someone also said that two things are certain in this life: death and taxes. In Arizona in summertime, two other things are certain: heat and people saying, "Yes, but it's a dry heat."

I wonder, though, if the opposite is true. Do tourists flock to the northernmost reaches of Alaska in the middle of winter and proclaim to the natives, "Yes, but it's a wet cold"?

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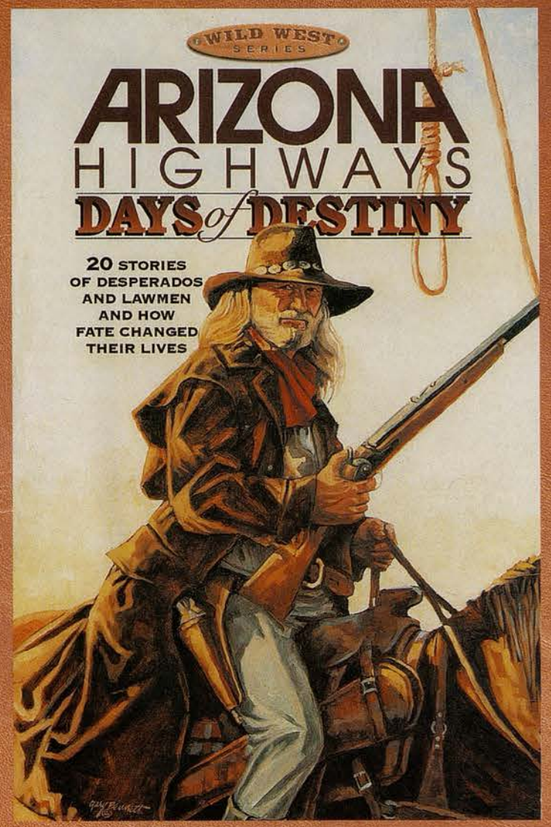

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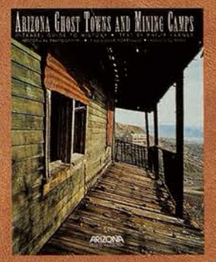

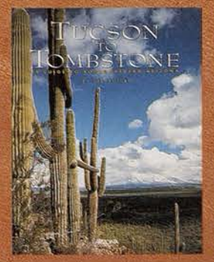

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LEGENDS OF THE LOST

TEXT BY JAMES E. COOK
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATERI WEISS

Bank Robbers Play a Key Role in This Tale of Misplaced Loot

When things got too hot for them in Oklahoma, bank robbers Willard J. Forrester and Earl Nelson drove west to Arizona. While looking for a big score, they found a certain notoriety, and became a footnote in the history books of the state.

Forrester and Nelson arrived in Prescott in 1928 but soon moved to Clarkdale in the Verde Valley. Clarkdale was a lively place then, a smelter town and bedroom community just down the hill from the busy copper mines of Jerome. Forrester drove the "stage" (bus) from town to a mining company hospital, and Nelson worked at an automotive garage.

Forrester and Nelson planned to pull off one big heist that would provide them with cash for a few years. Their target was the Bank of Arizona in downtown Clarkdale, and they studied its foot traffic carefully. They decided the best time to hold up the bank was around 11 A.M. on June 21, 1928, when, they believed, a payroll for the United Verde Copper Company would be in the vault.

The bandits had carefully prepared for their escape. They carried several boxes of roofing nails to throw out onto the road to stop pursuing cars. They had ginger, cayenne pepper, and oil of peppermint to throw off pursuing dogs.

They seem to have taken care of every detail except one: the shooting skills of Jim Roberts, 70, regarded locally as a courtly old relic. A former gunfighter, deputy sheriff, and town marshal of Jerome, he was then a special officer for the United Verde Copper Company, and he carried a deputy's commission.

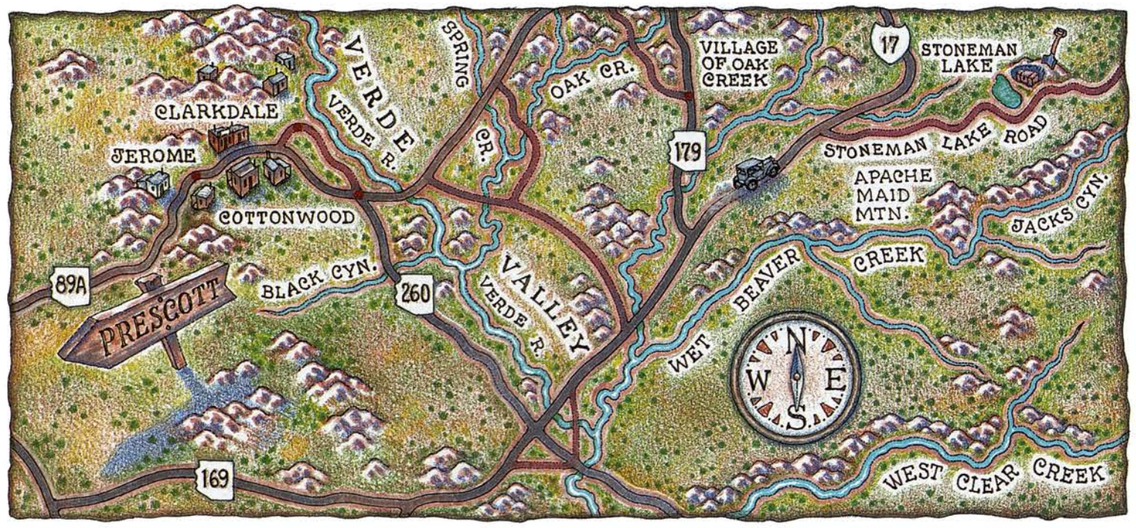
Forrester and Nelson entered the bank and quickly covered manager David O. Saunders, teller R.G. Southard, and 13 customers. Nelson held a gun on them while Forrester scooped an estimated $35,000 into a sack. Forrester demanded another $20,000 he thought was in the bank, but Saunders convinced him it had been withdrawn the day before.

The robbers herded the 15 victims into the vault and were going to lock them in. Saunders warned that the captives might suffocate before the steel door could be opened. So the robbers closed only an outside grill and dashed to their car.

Saunders grabbed a pistol that had been stashed in the vault and rushed after the robbers. He fired twice, then decided there were too many innocent people in the street to risk shooting more.

The shots alerted Roberts, who was walking down the street. Roberts had been a figure in the Pleasant Valley War of the 1880s, also known as the Graham-Tewksbury Feud. A rancher then, he had been one of the more accurate gunners on the Tewksbury side of the feud. Later he had used his pistol effectively as a Yavapai County deputy sheriff. Nearly 40 years after the feud, though, not all the residents of the Clarkdale-Jerome area knew of Roberts' past; the bank robbers almost certainly did not.

When Roberts saw the bandits run out of the bank, he knew this was not going to be another quiet day in Clarkdale. And when Roberts saw Saunders fire at the fleeing men, he reached into his coat pocket for his old single-action Colt .45. He took a shooter's stance, holding the pistol before him with both hands. Deliberately, he squeezed off a shot



that struck Forrester, the driver of the getaway car, square between the eyes.

The speeding car careened into a school yard and came to rest against the stone wall of a new building. A diagonal guy wire from a utility pole sheared off the car's roof. Nelson jumped from the car and fled, shooting back at Roberts. The agile old lawman followed Nelson for about 200 yards, firing at the robber a couple of times.

When Nelson ran out of bullets, he surrendered. That might have been the end of a colorful little story — except for Nelson's tale of hidden bank loot.

He was sentenced to 40 years in the Arizona State Prison at Florence. There he boasted to fellow prisoners that before the abortive Clarkdale robbery, he and Forrester had stashed $40,000 from an Oklahoma bank job in the woods near Stoneman Lake, east of the Verde Valley.

Stoneman Lake is Arizona's only natural lake. It sits on the west shoulder of the Mogollon Plateau. An unpaved Forest Service road meanders down from the plateau to connect with Interstate 17, the Phoenix-Flagstaff highway. Most of the Stoneman Lake road has remained unchanged since the 1920s.

Nelson escaped from prison three times in the 1930s. And each escape fanned the tale of buried treasure.

He and another prisoner escaped in 1931 by hiding inside the false bottom of a dump wagon hauling trash from the prison. Nelson's sister and brother-in-law were charged with moving the prisoners from a house in Mesa to a rented place in Phoenix, where the prisoners ran out of food and water before their capture.

Asked whether he thought Nelson was trying to find his way back to the hidden bank money, Phoenix Police Chief Oscar Roberts scoffed: "If he'd had that kind of loot, he'd have been able to arrange a better escape."

Nelson broke out for less than a day in July, 1933. He was recaptured in Phoenix. A newspaper reported, "Nelson and his companion, who was slain in the robbery of a bank at Clarkdale in 1928, are reported to have hidden $40,000 near Stoneman Lake . . . . Nelson often has declared he will escape, return to his cache, dig up the money, and flee the country, peace officers say."

After his third escape in 1938, Nelson remained loose for more than three months. He was captured as he drove to Holbrook from the hamlet of Taylor in eastern Arizona. He and his companion were suspected of burglarizing a garage in Taylor. Holbrook and Taylor are about 80 miles east of Stoneman Lake.

Nelson gave officers the name Ray Copeland and said he was from Sperry, Oklahoma. But when Navajo County Sheriff Lafe Hatch confronted him with a wanted poster sent out by the prison, Nelson admitted his identity.

At the time of his escape, prison authorities had said they thought Nelson would either go looking for his cached loot or try to make his way back to Oklahoma.

Reporters asked the recaptured Nelson if he had been in Arizona for the entire three months. Nelson replied, "I don't want to talk to you."

The odds are he wouldn't have been burglarizing a small-town garage if he had found the $40,000.

Nelson was paroled in 1942 and dropped from sight. The state parole board discharged him from parole in 1961, ending his debt to society.

I first began hearing garbled versions of the bank loot treasure story in the 1940s, when I was a young boy. We traveled the Stoneman Lake road once or twice a year back then, going from the Verde Valley to the top of the Mogollon plateau. As my dad drove over the winding dirt road, I'd look for likely spots to hide $40,000. Author Earle R. Forrest observed in a revised edition of his book *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground* that "scores of treasure hunters have moved hundreds of tons of earth and rock in a fruitless search."

The story is not so often heard now as it was in the days of my youth. But the long-lost Oklahoma bank loot may still be stashed in the quiet forest near Stoneman Lake.

ARIZONA HUMOR

Divine Purchase

My Uncle Joe, who lived with his wife in a mobile home park just west of the Superstition Mountains, decided to sell his old pickup truck. "The only one who would buy that old truck in July is Jesus," proclaimed Aunt Kay.

Uncle Joe ran an ad in *The Arizona Republic* anyway, and on the last day it appeared a man called and said he wanted to come out and look. He did, and he bought the truck.

As he was signing the bill of sale, Aunt Kay read his name out loud: Jesus Hernandez.

Ralph Babel
Peoria

Dry Humor

After living in Phoenix for about a year, I had done a considerable amount of bragging to my best friend and her husband in Texas about how beautiful the Arizona desert is. I boasted about the incredible weather, gorgeous sunsets, dramatic mountain terrain, and wonderful desert atmosphere.

So, naturally, I was excited to show it off to them when they passed through the state on their vacation that year. But the day they came to town, much to my dismay, we had a terrible storm. Overwhelmed with regret, I pouted, "I can't believe this. The one day you're here, it has to rain."

Trying his best to make light of it, my friend's husband replied with a smirk, "But it's a dry rain."

Jenny B. Christensen
Chandler

Parish Blues

Upon attending one of my first church services in Arizona, I listened to the minister lament that it was difficult to get his message across to the congregation.

"It's so beautiful here in the winter," he said, "that heaven doesn't interest them. And it's so hot in the summer that hell doesn't scare them."

Joan McMullen
Phoenix

Right of Way

Driving through Phoenix on a typically hot day in July, I became confused at a four-way stop. I had been talking to my husband and hadn't noticed who arrived at the intersection first, me or the other driver. As I reached to turn the air-conditioning down, I asked my husband, "Who has the right-of-way?"

"Well, he does, of course," he replied confidently.

"But why?" I wondered. "I'm on the right."

"Yes, but he has his windows down."

Dianne Hatfield
Tempe

Hay Fires

Time was when stacks of baled alfalfa weighing 300 to 400 tons dotted the fertile farm fields around Tempe, Mesa, Gilbert, and Chandler instead of wall-to-wall subdivisions.

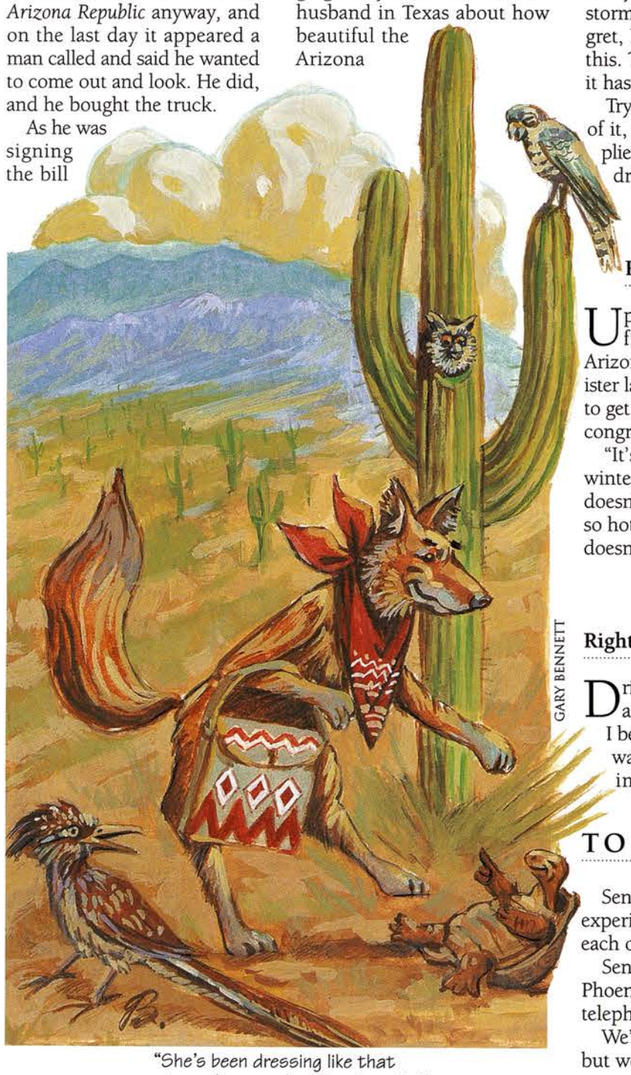
Periodically, one of the hay stacks would go up in smoke, usually from a lightning strike or spontaneous combustion. But in poor market conditions, arson was sometimes suspected as insurance settlements looked pretty good.

One day in the 1920s, I rode by a friend's house the day after he lost a 300-ton stack to a fire and stopped to ask his small son about it.

"Do you know what caused the fire?" I asked.

"Well," the child responded, "the insurance man hasn't decided yet, but me and my dad are pretty sure it was 'constipanious corruption.'"

Bud Brown
Prescott



GARY BENNETT

"She's been dressing like that ever since she met that Border collie."

TO SUBMIT HUMOR

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

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 NEAL ASPINALL

Men Are Not What the Boys Used to Be

As is the custom this season and other months, in several Arizona towns with frontier mining traditions, there will be staged old-time rock-drilling contests. Predictably a winning depth will be somewhat less than 11 inches in the alloted 10 minutes.

Men aren't what they used to be.

In fact, the men are not what the boys used to be. And the closest boys today get to rock drilling is dancing in the Hard Rock Cafe.

Back in the golden age of hard-rock drilling in Bisbee, Charlie Corbett and Billy Kelley, both younger than 16, sank a piece of drill steel 20½ inches into a boulder of granite in their 10-minute period. Their accomplishment was merely a preliminary to the serious grownup activities.

Vern McCutchan pursued a lifelong hobby of researching the heroic deeds of pioneer miners. He knew firsthand the men who established Bisbee's reputation as the Mining Queen of America.

"The Cousin Jacks, the Polacks, the Bohunks, the Chaws, the Swedes, the Mexicans, the Indians drank, gambled, loved, and brawled in Brewery Gulch, and worked side by side in the mines," reported McCutchan. "From this heady atmosphere emerged the greatest athletes the world has known, the hard rock drillers. They were giants of strength and stamina, and the mines of the Southwest sent their best teams to challenge the champions of Bisbee."

Before power drilling, holes for explosives were sunk by hand. A miner alone drove steel bits with a four-pound, single jack hammer. As a team, two men traded turns swinging an eight-pound hammer and rotating the steel in the hole.

Either way, it was man's work and man's play.

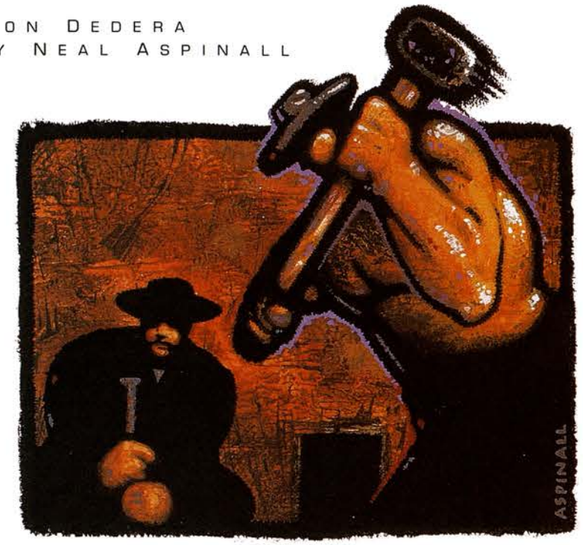
In 1903 the Copper Queen Company squared a seven-and-one-half-ton slab of contest granite. The Bisbee rock grew famous, and it was shipped to contests all over the Southwest. Matches were of three types: singlejacking, doublejacking (taking turns), and straightaway, the latter in which one driller would swing the hammer without rest while a partner wrapped a fist around the steel. Those days, all matches were for 15 minutes.

Unbeatable doublejacks were the team of Chamberlain & Maca, big Bisbee miners with barrel chests and tireless arms. In 1903, teams from Montana, Colorado, Idaho, and British Columbia were attracted to Bisbee by an $800 prize. When Chamberlain and Maca were done, the granite was penetrated 46¾ inches, a doublejacking record that stands to this day.

In other years, Bisbee's best was not good enough. Fred Yockey, a stonemason from Cripple Creek, Colorado, entered his name, and two friends blanketed the town with bets. Yockey was disarmingly slight of build, and the odds were against him.

But when Yockey got the signal, he started swinging at the astonishing rate of 140 blows per minute, using a peculiar sidewinder style.

"He can't last long," came a yell from the crowd, but Yockey never slowed. His depth was 26⅝ inches, a world record for singlejacking. Yockey and his pals returned to Cripple Creek with the $400 prize and much of the mad money of Bisbee.



ASPINALL

Another significant exchange of funds attended a match of McIver & Ross vs. Pickens & Bradshaw in 1905. They earlier had tied at Douglas at 44⅞ inches. The Bisbee rock was freighted to Bisbee, and a few weeks later came the rematch.

P&B had their drills resharpened, but M&R feared that sharpening might cause their steel to crystalize and shatter. It may have been the decisive factor in the match. McIver & Ross drilled 44¾ inches. Bradshaw & Pickens exactly duplicated their Douglas depth, and won by an eighth of an inch.

Considered the Babe Ruth of drilling was Sell Tarr, never defeated in straightaway competition.

In 1903 the challenger was Bill Ross, keenly trained and copiously muscled. Ross went first, swinging 70 strokes per minute from start to finish. He drilled 35½ inches, and the crowd gasped.

Tarr, a bit over six feet tall and trim at 180 pounds, also began at 70 blows per minute, but as soon as his turner, Ed Malley, had established a true hole, he stepped up his rhythm to 85.

So intense was the effort, that on the changing of the 13th steel, Malley received on the side of his head a glancing blow of the hammer. Stunned and swaying, Malley never lost his grip on the steel, and with the blood from his temple lubricating the drilling water, Tarr drove on to a world's straightaway record of 38⅜ inches.

The age was fiercer, the men hungrier. And if, on Independence Day of 1996, the drilling granite is barely scratched, it is because men no longer must labor for life itself. And modern boys may enjoy less demanding (but as rewarding?) diversions.

Editor's Note: Annual events with mining competitions include the Fourth of July celebration in Bisbee and Gold Rush Days held in Wickenburg in February. To inquire about additional competitions, call the Arizona Department of Mines and Mineral Resources, (602) 255-3795, or local chambers of commerce.

BACK ROAD ADVENTURE

TEXT BY LEO W. BANKS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD MCCAIN

In the Middle of Nowhere, Palatki's Cliff Dwellings Seem Snatched from a John Ford Western

Something is wrong here. Voices are rising from the trail far, far below me. But they sound as if they are two feet away.

I swear this canyon has some magic to it, the way it jiggers with time and space and sound. What's real and what's imagined is determined by the whims of a sly little rabbit winking over the rim of a black top hat.

Right now I hear two women arguing. Not shouting exactly, but talking loud enough and fast enough to lose some spit. It's a business problem, real estate. I gather the two are partners, and they have come to this thrilling canyon to hash out some money-making venture that could well tilt against them.

I've never understood the belief that you can better analyze a city problem from the middle of nowhere. By the time you return to town the dilemma is back, big as ever, and the rabbit in the hat is laughing like crazy. Got 'em again.

I continue up the trail, away from the bickerers, toward an ancient real estate development called Palatki. When I heard about this place, I figured getting here would require strenuous effort. After all, I was traveling back in time a good 700 years. But the opposite was true.

From Sedona I drove three and a half miles southwest on State Route 89A to a right-hand turn onto Dry Creek Road. After a couple of miles, I hung a left at the fork onto Forest Service Road 152C and bumped onto a reasonably accommodating stretch of dirt that ran for another four miles to FR 525.

Then it was a quick right onto FR 795 straight into the big half-moon-shaped cliffs above Red Canyon Ranch. The view at the end of the road was majestic, exciting.

The falling sun was just beginning to explode onto the rock walls, creating an impossibly colorful video that changed from moment to moment, a finely choreographed dance of light. It was like driving into a Hollywood director's screening room to watch the greatest movie ever made.

The ancient Indians who lived here were probably touched by wonder, too. Archaeologists say that about 100 people of the southern Sinagua tradition occupied this canyon between A.D. 1100 and A.D. 1300. They left behind two pueblos which are among the largest cliff dwellings in the red rocks area.

The site first came to the attention of researchers in 1895. A scientist named Jesse Walter Fewkes traveled here from the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., to investigate Hopi migration traditions. He named the site Palatki, a Hopi word meaning "red house."

The short trail I'm walking ends at the western cliff and the series of dark sheltering caves and crannies along its base. What I'm looking at is what Fewkes saw, and the Sinagua, too, and the people archaeologists believe were here as early as 3000 B.C.

Not much has changed at this place since the invention of the VCR, the telephone, gunpowder, or the wheel.

The walls are crammed with rock art, pictographs, mostly, of what may be curling snakes, running deer, slashing lightning, and human forms.

The Forest Service keeps an information box and a sign-in sheet at the trailhead. The literature describes the pictographs as "messages from the past, waiting for the day when scientists will be able to interpret them for us."

I'm not holding my breath. Palatki asks you only to wonder, not to know. Wonder is better.

The western pueblo, which is closed to the public — for both their sakes — contains a small room with a raised bench. Above its juniper-bark roof is another room, evidence that additional space was needed to

(LEFT AND RIGHT) *Numerous pictographs cover the walls at Palatki, Sinaguan ruins in the Sedona area which once housed about 100 people. The name Palatki is Hopi, and it was bestowed upon the cliff dwellings by a scientist from the Smithsonian Institution a century ago.*

accommodate a growing population.

Down below, a million miles away, is the canyon floor, a pasture of brittle grass and pancake cactuses. It wasn't so barren when Charles Willard worked this ranch back in the 1920s. He developed ingenious techniques to dry farm fruit trees on the property. The windswept pasture was studded with them back then.

I pass by the remnants of Willard's stone house on the trail to Palatki's eastern pueblo. It's an easy hike, well-marked.

The lower end of the trail is across the back of the pasture, so it's flat. Then there's a climb I find of moderate difficulty, mostly because the trail narrows and brush thickens against my clothing. But it's brief, maybe a few hundred feet.

On the way, I pass giant boulders that have fallen from the cliffs and split apart over time into five, six, and seven pieces, each roughly 20 feet in height. They sit side by side, equidistant, like books on a shelf, one rock looking like the next and the next.

(LEFT) *Red rock formations near Palatki reflect the sunlight, giving off a brilliant vermilion glow as if they were on fire.* (ABOVE) *The remarkably smooth rock face above the east and west pueblos results from eons of wind erosion. The jumble of boulders down below fell from the cliffs over time.*

They seem so unreal, as if snatched from the set of a John Ford Western. It's the rabbit again.

The tricks he's pulling with the light are simply awesome. I'm coming up on Palatki's eastern cliff just as the sun's light slants against it. The sheer rock facing is probably 200 feet high and remarkably smooth across its entire surface from thousands of years of punishing wind.

From the bottom looking straight up, the cliff resembles a calm sea with only the slightest breeze disturbing it. As I watch, the dull red becomes a fierce pink. Lively and rich beyond what any artist's brush could create.

I inspect the adobe-brick pueblos tucked against the rocks. One has been reconstructed to a semblance of its original design. It's a four-walled room with entry through a low side opening that I must duck to penetrate.

From the inside, through a tiny window in the wall, I have a long view west across the big valley to the distant mountains and the sun still peeking above their slate-gray outline. No sound can reach me in here. The end of the world could arrive, and I wouldn't hear it. Then out the window I see dust flying off the road leading out. It's my friends, the two women with dreams of real estate success.

I hope they make a million. I'll stay right here and see what the rabbit decides to do next.

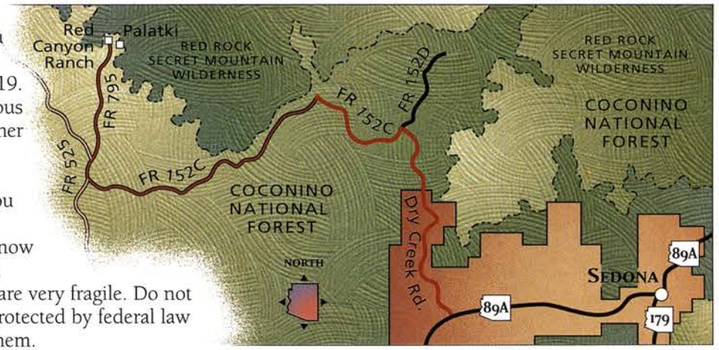
TIPS FOR TRAVELERS

For more information on Palatki, which is closed every night at sunset, contact the Sedona Ranger District, Coconino National Forest, P.O. Box 300, Sedona, AZ 86336-0300; (520) 282-4119.

Back road travel in remote areas can be hazardous if you are not prepared for the unexpected. Whether traveling in the desert or in the high country, be aware of weather and road conditions, and make sure you and your vehicle are in top shape and you have plenty of water.

Don't travel alone, and let someone at home know where you're going and when you plan to return.

And remember prehistoric ruins and artifacts are very fragile. Do not damage, move, or remove them. They also are protected by federal law so that future generations can enjoy and study them.



MILEPOSTS

EDITED BY REBECCA MONG
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUSS WALL

Fill 'er Up with Fine Art

A converted gas station in Kingman — or a onetime fix-it shop for tractors, depending upon who you ask — nowadays houses Southwest Art, a "unique tourist shop" with nary a coffee mug or rubber snake in sight, according to co-owner Sandra Ellis. "We try to stay away from that kind of thing," she says. "We sell a lot of types of fine crafts, including sand-painted pottery by the Navajos and turquoise and silver jewelry by the Navajos, Zunis, and Hopis. We also sell Kingman turquoise."

Southwest Art is located at 1143 W. Beale St. in the town perhaps best known as the birthplace of actor Andy Devine. Says Ellis, who owns the store with her husband, Charles, and another couple, Jean and Roy Frey: "We keep a guest register on the counter for them to sign. We've had customers from all over, even Europe." To inquire, call (520) 753-6670.

Playing Whirlybird Golf

Resort Suites of Scottsdale offers its golfing guests the opportunity to play 18 holes on some of the finest courses in the state — without driving a long time to get there.

Guests opting for Heli-Golf hop aboard an executive helicopter at the hotel's on-site helipad for a quick trip to the red rock country's Sedona Golf Resort (45 minutes), Gold Canyon in the Superstition Mountains (30 minutes), or Starr Pass in Tucson (one hour). The cost per golfer, which includes everything from transportation to breakfast and greens fees, is $244 for Gold Canyon, $314 for Sedona Golf Resort, and $399 for Starr Pass. Reduced rates are available for non-golfers. For information, call (602) 585-1234 or toll-free (800) 541-5203.

Jingle Bells in July

We forgot about the shorts and T-shirts we were wearing and concentrated on the pine trees around Flagstaff so hard we could almost imagine jolly old St. Nick was in the back of the Mountain Christmas store turning out toys for good little girls and boys. It's-never-too-early-to-shop-for-the-holidays might be the motto of this year-round store jam-packed with everything from Santas, angels, teddy bears, and dolls to candles and nutcrackers. Even if thoughts of sugar plums dancing in our heads was a bit much in July, there was plenty of other merchandise to catch our attention. Mountain Christmas, in Flagstaff's Old Town off Old Route 66 and San Francisco Street, specializes in handmade ornaments and collectible goodies for every season. For more information, call (520) 774-4054. — *Stuart Rosebrook*

A Tree Grows in Strawberry

At first I thought the rounded wall in the lobby of the Strawberry Lodge was an architectural blunder. But when the owner explained, I realized the "bump" served a worthwhile purpose: it spared a venerable tree.

When Jean and Dick Turner expanded the lodge in 1983, they ran into a problem because an old oak stood right where they wanted to build. Rather than destroy the tree, the Turners indented the new wall, detouring around it. They got their expansion, and the towering oak prevailed, providing shade in summer, an array of yellow, red, and gold leaves in autumn — and hope in springtime.

Strawberry Lodge sits on the corner where State Route 87 bends to the north in downtown Strawberry, a hamlet nestled in Mogollon Rim country that attracts flatlanders seeking relief from summer temperatures. Now widowed, Jean Turner still greets guests warmly and invites them to sit around the fireplace for a spell and enjoy the high country. — *Sam Lowe*

It's a Bola Celebration

A current exhibition at the Desert Caballeros Western Museum in Wickenburg salutes the Silver Jubilee of the bola tie, that unique sartorial accessory that was decreed the official neckwear of Arizona in 1971.

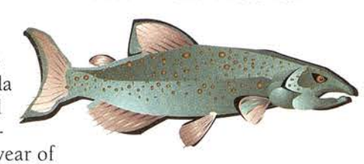
The bola as we know it was invented by Wickenburg resident Victor Cedarstaff by accident in the 1940s. (See *Arizona Highways,* October '95.) Concerned about losing his silver-mounted hatband to a gust of wind, Cedarstaff hung it around his neck. Someone said, "Nice tie," and the rest is history.

The museum's exhibit showcases bola ties in a variety of styles and made from materials ranging from "the truly sublime to the outrageous," along with finely crafted examples by some of today's best artists.

The exhibit runs to October 20, 1996. Desert Caballeros Western Museum, 21 N. Frontier St.; (520) 684-2272, is open Monday through Saturday, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sunday, 1 to 4 P.M. Admission is $4, adults; $3.50, seniors; $1, ages six to 16; free, under six.

No Foolin' Mountain Fun

One of the newer recreation areas in the state invites families to head for the White Mountains to fish, hike, swim, picnic, camp, and boat. Fool Hollow Lake, which sits atop a field of lava caves near Show Low, offers a catch of catfish, walleye, largemouth bass, and brown trout. Amenities include full hook-up spots for RVs and tent sites near water as well as a small boat launch area. Open all year, Fool Hollow is a great jumping off spot for exploring the high country in all seasons. For information, call (520) 537-3680. — *Stuart Rosebrook*



The Desert After Dark

The desert's a different place after the sun goes down. "That's why we have the Summer Saturdays with extended hours," says Mary Erickson of Tucson's zoolike Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. "We invite people to come out early in the day to see the animals, stay for a sunset dinner on an outdoor terrace, enjoy the interpretive programs put on by the docents, and then amble around enjoying the sights and sounds and smells they would miss in the daytime."

Among those nocturnal treats might be encounters with owls and ringtails, toads and bats, and even tarantulas, as well as the plants that bloom only when the sun disappears. "Find a spot to sit in the moonlight to enjoy the flowers' fragrance," says Erickson. "The evening primrose is wonderful, but the sacred datura with its heavy scent is the one people notice most."

The museum is at 2021 N. Kinney Road. Summer Saturdays' hours are 7:30 A.M. to 10 P.M., May to September. Admission is $8.95, age 13 and over; $1.75, six to 12; free, under six. For more information, call (520) 883-2702.

EVENTS

Fourth of July Celebration

July 4; Patagonia

This charming town nestled in the rolling grasslands of southern Arizona near the Mexican border celebrates Independence Day with a bang: fireworks, a parade, horseshoe tourney, cow chip tossing contest, and a dance. And — for a touch of the kinds of goings-on that made the Old West famous — the Tombstone Vigilantes' "hanging" of the parade's grand marshals. Admission is free. Information: (520) 455-5371.

Egg-frying Challenge

July 4; Oatman

There's always something egg-citing going on in this old gold mining town known for the burros that amble its streets in search of treats from tourists. This event takes advantage of summertime temps to see if folks really can fry eggs on the sidewalk. (Tip: if you plan to compete, don't leave your magnifying glass at home.) There will be prizes for the best of the pavement chefs and fun for everybody. Check out the local hotel boasting that Clark Gable and Carol Lombard spent their honeymoon there. There's no charge for entering the contest — or egging on the competitors. Information: (520) 763-5885.

Independence Day Fest

July 6-7; Flagstaff

This high-country town's Pioneer Museum hosts a nostalgic celebration featuring historical reenactments, a mountain men encampment, demonstrations of woodsman skills, and cannon firings by the 2nd U.S. Artillery decked out in authentic 1860s uniforms. Also planned are demos of quilting, weaving, needlework, woodworking, and blacksmithing. Admission is free; donations accepted. Information: (520) 774-6272.

Gallery of Fine Prints: Lake Powell's Gunsight Butte

The photograph by David Elms Jr. of the moon rising above Gunsight Butte in Lake Powell's Wahweap Bay (see page 38) is this month's color print offered for sale through the *Arizona Highways* Gallery of Fine Prints.

Handcrafted under the supervision of master craftsman William A. Nordstrom, the 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 from outside the country, call (602) 258-1000.

The sizes and prices of the Gunsight Butte print are:
#A99GB16: Approximately 14" by 17" **$175**
#A99GB26: Approximately 16" by 20" **$225**
#A99GB36: Approximately 20" by 24" **$275**

Indian Art Show

July 12-13; Holbrook

Native American dancing, craft demonstrations, pottery, rugs, jewelry, kachinas, and baskets highlight the Gathering of Eagles Art Show in Holbrook, an old railroad town that was once wild and woolly enough to have a saloon called the Bucket of Blood. Free admission. Information: (520) 524-6558.

Pioneer Days

July 18-20; St. Johns

This hamlet on the Little Colorado River promises "one of the largest parades in the state." The procession plus two rodeos, dances, and an ice-cream social are all to celebrate the arrival of the pioneers who settled the area. There's plenty to see hereabouts and nearby, including Lyman Lake State Park where the buffalo still roam and boats ferry you to a great petroglyph hike; Raven Site Ruin (near Springerville); and the Petrified Forest (some 40 miles northwest). Pioneer Days activities are free. Information: (520) 337-2000.

Pioneer Days

July 18-20; Snowflake

The old Mormon town of Snowflake celebrates its storied past with a long weekend of fun including a parade, barbecue, rodeo, dance, arts and crafts, and a street fair. There will be a charge for some events. Information: (520) 536-4331.

Indian Festival and Market

July 20-21; Pinetop-Lakeside

The Ninth Annual White Mountain Native American Art Festival and Indian Market, held on the doorstep of the White Mountains, boasts participation by many of the Southwest's best Native American artists plus authentic Indian dancing, craft demonstrations, children's activities, and traditional food booths. There will be an admission charge. Information: (520) 367-4290.

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 AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK BEREZENKO

Meet the Ghosts on the Rim's Col. Devin Trail

I'm getting a late start today — it's almost 11 A.M., but even so, at the trailhead I have to pause and chuckle.

It's mid-July and the Mazatzals ride in a blue shimmer on the horizon. Beyond them — 113 miles by road from here — Phoenix swelters in 110° F. heat. While on my perch of 7,260 feet, on the edge of the Mogollon Rim, it's a chilly 80° F.

The Colonel Devin Trail bolts down off the Rim like a roller-coaster ride. Within 100 yards, the spur to "the tunnel" veers off into the woods to the left. I'm soon steeped in sensory appreciation and solitude. The rich vanilla smell of ponderosa. The maroon sheen of manzanita. The quiet. Such is the magic of high-country south-facing slopes, conducive to dawdling.

Luckily I do not have far to go — a mere mile — but I may be delayed by hundreds of years. For I am hiking with ghosts today, phantasms of history.

I've descended into a basin where a sign directs me to the steep one-quarter-mile ascent to the tunnel site. As I climb onto the final landing, the 30-foot-high entrance yawns before me. So this is "the tunnel." Actually — since it was never completed — it's a 100-foot-deep cave, blasted and chipped out of the Coconino sandstone. I sit inside the cool darkness and marvel at the pioneer optimism of the crew of 42 men who labored here in the summer of 1883.

The silver mines in Globe were booming and wanted to ship their ores to Flagstaff. But how to get the railway up the 2,000-foot-high escarpment of the Rim? The lower portion of the East Verde notch was feasible, but the last 600 feet of grade was too much for any locomotive. Solution?

Let's drive a 3,100-foot tunnel through the rock, said a group of investors from Back East. Going on a prayer and a promise, they began. In a little more than a month the funds evaporated, and the men who worked so hard here didn't get a penny. They were being paid in worthless company stock.

Suddenly I am spooked by the appearance of three people at the entrance to the tunnel. No, these are not ghosts but hikers like me.

The woman in the party has a turkey feather in her hair, which gives her a faintly Indian look, as if she too were trying to recapture the past.

"Colonel Devin, wasn't he the man who tried to build the tunnel?" asks her companion.

"No," I tell them. "That was a Colonel Eddy. Colonel Devin was an Army officer, who in 1868 pioneered a route down off the Rim. For a while the Forest Service thought it was here he made his descent. But an old map that was found recently shows he went down off Milk Ranch Point about six miles east of here."

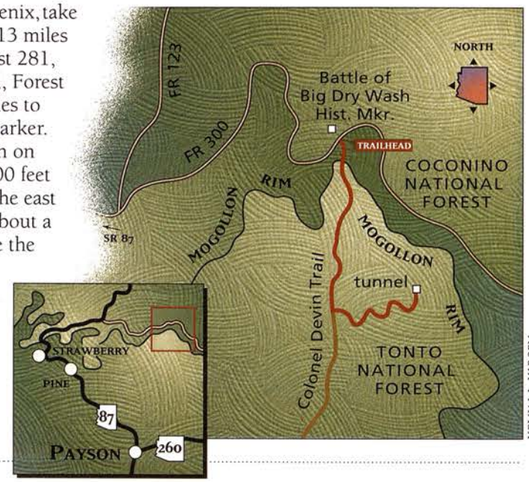
"You think they'll change it?"

"Don't think so. I guess we are stuck with a confusion of colonels — surrounding a kernel of truth."

(ABOVE) *The Colonel Devin Trail affords a fine view of the Mazatzal Mountains.*
(RIGHT) *A hiker pauses at the entrance of "the tunnel," which really is more of a cave.*

WHEN YOU GO

To reach the tunnel hike from Phoenix, take State Route 87 to approximately 13 miles north of Strawberry. Just past Milepost 281, turn east onto the graveled Rim Road, Forest Service Road 300, and drive 12.2 miles to the Battle of Big Dry Wash historic marker. Start hiking at the small trailhead sign on the south side of FR 300. Descend 100 feet to the second pole, then turn left to the east side of the canyon. Continue down about a half mile to the next small sign where the trail fishhooks to the left and climbs back up the Rim to the tunnel. This last quarter-mile of trail is steep. Take enough water and be aware of lightning during summer storms. For more information, and weather conditions, contact Payson Ranger District Office, (520) 474-7900.



KEVIN J. KIBSEY