

INDIAN ART: AN EXPERT'S GUIDE TO POTTERY, KACHINAS, JEWELRY



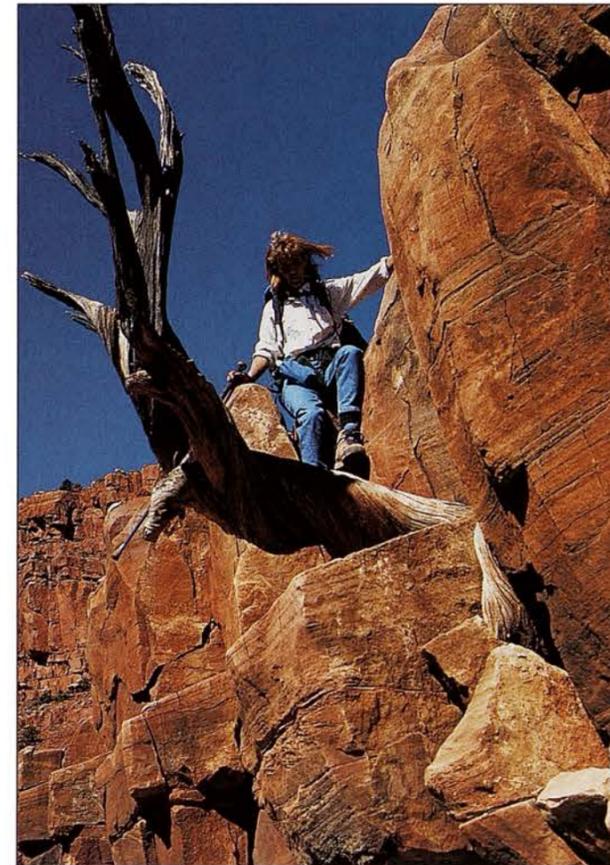
ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

OCTOBER 1996

PORTFOLIO
Golden Trees
of Autumn

Grand Canyon's
Scariest Trail





COVER STORY PAGE 4

Surviving the Nankoweap Trail
 "On this narrow trail in the Grand Canyon, there is no turning back. Somehow I have to keep moving forward. I cannot focus on the deep chasm below me . . . Whether I can maintain my balance is now a matter of life and death."

(LEFT) *Gunsight Butte rises above Padre Bay at Lake Powell, a waterway that boasts 96 major canyons and more shoreline than the California coast. See story on page 38.*
 JERRY JACKA
 (FRONT COVER) *Despite what she'd heard about it, our intrepid author tackles the toughest hike in the Grand Canyon. And lives to tell about it. See story on page 4.* RICHARD L. DANLEY
 (BACK COVER) *Sunlight bathes the autumn foliage and leaf-strewn boulders along Oak Creek. See the portfolio on page 24.* BOB AND SUZANNE CLEMENZ

INDIAN ART

Today and Yesterday

"Native American art can be divided into traditional and nontraditional, or contemporary," reports our author. "All the arts and crafts fall into this continuum but not at the same time." Here's a scholar's close-up look at both types. PAGE 12



TRAVEL

Lake Powell Riverboat

Despite a crippled auto and boats that refused to go, our author not only enjoyed her Lake Powell cruise while others fished and hiked but succeeded in getting luck to be a lady after all. PAGE 38

HISTORY

Reliving the Legends of the U.S. Cavalry

"Born in the wrong century. The thought lingered as we rode through a landscape little changed from General Crook's era. The illusion of another time persisted, save for the stretches where the trail veered close enough to State Route 260 to hear the internal combustion hum of the 20th century." PAGE 34

RECREATION

The One and Only Mad, Mad Bike Tour

This challenging ride isn't a race, organizers say. It's a far-out adventurous trek on a back road loop through the Mazatzal Wilderness. PAGE 20

PORTFOLIO

When Autumn Comes

Arizona's north country autumn color excites our photographers, who rush to capture beauty at its height. PAGE 24



PAUL ZIMMERMAN

FOCUS ON NATURE

Harris' Ground Squirrels

At home on cactuses, these chipmunk-size climbers scurry up through the spines and perch among them like self-appointed watchmen of the desert. PAGE 32

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POINTS OF INTEREST FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE





ALONG THE WAY

BY BUDGE RUFFNER

The Fateful Crash of the Celebrated Yankee Doodle

It happened about midnight Saturday, November 3, 1928; I was 10 years old. When I left my hometown of Prescott to attend college 10 years later, the bits and pieces of the record-holding *Yankee Doodle* were still in the window of Scholey's Bar and Pool Hall, dust-covered relics of aviation history.

Pieces of the engine cowl, which was burnished aluminum, were on the bottom shelf. On the two glass shelves above were bits of twisted metal, two instrument faces with green lines and numbers, a portion of a parachute harness, and tiny fragments of red, white, and blue, the form and function of which we could only invent. While that exhibit could not compare with the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum, it had a faithful following of Prescott's small boys, who never tired of standing on the sidewalk, noses pressed against the cool plate-glass window, just looking.

On the day of the *Yankee Doodle's* fatal flight, an Associated Press story datelined Mines Field, Inglewood, California, said that millionaire sportsman and aviation enthusiast Harry J. Tucker and his pilot, Capt. C.B.D. Collyer, would attempt to break the record for a west-east flight, set with the same airplane five weeks before.

I was one of those Prescott boys who read every word in *Popular Aviation* and *Aero Digest*. We sensed there was a new frontier here, a new age we were to be a part of. Our newly dedicated airport was named



COURTESY SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM

for Ernest A. Love, a World War I pilot who was born in Prescott and died in France. So when I learned of the crash of the *Yankee Doodle* near Palace Station, an old stage stop in the Bradshaw Mountains, I felt both a sense of loss and excitement.

My uncle was the sheriff, my father the undertaker, a cousin was investigating deputy sheriff, and the coroner, a dwarf, was a close friend of my family. With open ears and quiet questions, I learned, bit by bit, what had happened. Tucker and Collyer had takeoff scheduled for 3:30 Saturday afternoon. Friday evening Tucker tried to attend to a number of business details at his home in Santa Monica.

Many of his friends called and begged him to delay the departure so he and Collyer could attend a small dinner party in their honor at the Ambassador Hotel. They agreed to do so, but dinner was late. And, as in all pleasant times, the hands of the clock sped past a once-firm schedule.

It was nearly 9 P.M. when the two fliers and friends arrived at Mines Field. A quick check

of a weather report showed nothing but scattered showers in New Mexico. Too late to change clothes, Tucker and Collyer slipped flight suits over their tuxedos and were airborne shortly after 9 P.M.

The nine-cylinder, 425 horsepower radial Wasp engine sounded Swiss-watch-smooth as the plane climbed into the overcast and headed east toward Arizona. The mountains of central Arizona were under a deluge by midnight. Several prospectors in the area, celebrating a solitary Saturday night, said it was "the darndest frog-choker" they had ever witnessed. In the torrential rainfall, the *Yankee Doodle* crashed against a mountainside.

The prospectors gave conflicting reports regarding the time and circumstances. One grizzled old miner, D. A. Seaman, contradicted the Associated Press reports and stated the engine had not failed. "I never heard a smoother-running engine in my life," said Seaman. "It was raining pretty hard, but the engine was steady. But the airplane was barely clearing the

pine tops; it circled twice and seemed to climb, then headed east, and crashed on a mountain near a claim of mine."

The coroner was a capable little man, neatly attired in his tailored suits, his elongated head topped with a brown tweed cap. His little legs were no match for the mountains so he rode to the somber scene on a donkey. A colorful old cattleman who leased the Palace Station allotment from the Forest Service furnished the horses and donkeys to carry the men in and the men and bodies out of the rough terrain.

A telegram from the Reverend C.T. Collyer, the father of Captain Collyer, requested that the body of his son be sent to New York City for services after which interment would be in Arlington National Cemetery.

Tucker had been orphaned at an early age. His only relative was an aged aunt living in Santa Monica. Shocked by the tragedy, she asked a close friend of her nephew to act on her behalf. Before the week was out, the friend, well-known film actress Edna Mae Oliver, arrived in Prescott and accompanied his remains back to Santa Monica for burial.

All during World War II, those bits and pieces of the *Yankee Doodle* remained in the window of Scholey's Bar and Pool Hall. The boys who used to stand on the sidewalk and look through the plate glass at those aviation relics were gone. Some of them flew and crewed airplanes evolved from the record-breaking *Yankee Doodle*.

It had taught them to dream, then sent them to fly. **Editor's Note:** Lester W. "Budge" Ruffner, a special friend and longtime contributor to *Arizona Highways*, died in June, 1996, at age 78.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



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Arizona Sunset

It is a first (for me, anyhow) to see sunshine on a horse's tail when he "chases" a longhorn steer into the sunset.

Does the sun travel in a different direction in Arizona?
Arleyne Gerrits
Winlock, WA

We in Arizona are blessed with more sunny days than most places, it's true. So you'd think we'd know where the sun sets, but apparently the poor old editor hasn't figured it out yet.

Havasu Falls

Your story about this "enchanted" place ("Havasu Falls, April '96) neglected to mention how the Supai disregard their own land.

The canyon floor was littered with beer cans and debris.

This time, I was the one with tears in my eyes at the Native Americans' destruction of their own land. The Supai should be ashamed.

Michael Rosato
Jacksonville, FL

The Ranch Life

I grew up on a ranch between Prescott and Skull Valley. Punching cows, pushing through oak brush and manzanita, and days of eating dust helped me become determined to leave the ranch and become a professional at anything else.

As I look back, I almost chuckle as I read ("Arizona Cowboy College, May '96) about people paying money to do the very things I was so anxious to leave.

Now, working in Colorado as a probation officer, I read with longing the articles in *Arizona Highways*.

Part of the ranch I don't miss, but the heart-wrenching sunsets, the quiet riding alone with a purpose, these I miss

more than I could ever have imagined.

Elaine Balmes Farr
Silt, CO

Moving to Arizona

I read the "Along the Way" column by Peter Aleshire titled "The Life and Some Times of a Desert Dreamer" (May '96), and I knew that my pending purchase of land in Arizona had been the right decision. Dave Griffiths and I are kindred spirits.

I, too, have an out-of-control passion for maps and dream of the desert. I, too, will abandon my early-middle-aged baby-boomer affluence and security for a view to the horizon.

L.A. Ellis
Buffalo, NY

This column struck home with me. I've visited Arizona three times in the past five years, and I've dreamed often of taking the leap of faith like Mr. Griffiths.

Oh, to have his courage.
Dan Jeffords
Jacksonville, FL

Tom Horn Reaction

I got my May '96 *Arizona Highways* today, although it took me a minute to realize what it was. The cover was so ugly.

Write about Mr. Horn if you must, and others like him, but please, make the covers delightful with Arizona scenes.

Shirley Clark
Torrance, CA

I have loved *Arizona Highways* for years as a 60-year-old native Arizonan, but I was shocked with your recent cover. It is disgusting and definitely not beautiful Arizona.

Barbara A. Belton
Tucson

What a thrill to see Tom Horn on the cover. My father,

who was 12 years old at the time, was at the hanging of Tom Horn in Wyoming. T. Joe Cahill, whom Tom chose to start the water running to spring the trapdoor, was a friend of our family, and I remember him and my father talking about the hanging.

As I remember, T. Joe felt doubtful that Tom was guilty, and I think it stayed with him a long time.

It's nice to know Tom Horn has not been forgotten.

Nancy Seals
Tucson

Cave Creek Hike

My particular love is hiking, so I save the "Hike of the Month" for our trips to your wonderful state.

This letter concerns your description of the Cave Creek hike in your December '93 issue.

You need to have some way of letting your readers know the condition of the hikers writing your articles.

The fact is I loved the hike, but it took me eight hours, not the five the article claims it should take. I returned to my car 20 minutes before total darkness.

I love Arizona and I continue to enjoy your magazine, but I do encourage you to consider those of us who, while not strong athletes, do want to take part in all Arizona has to offer.

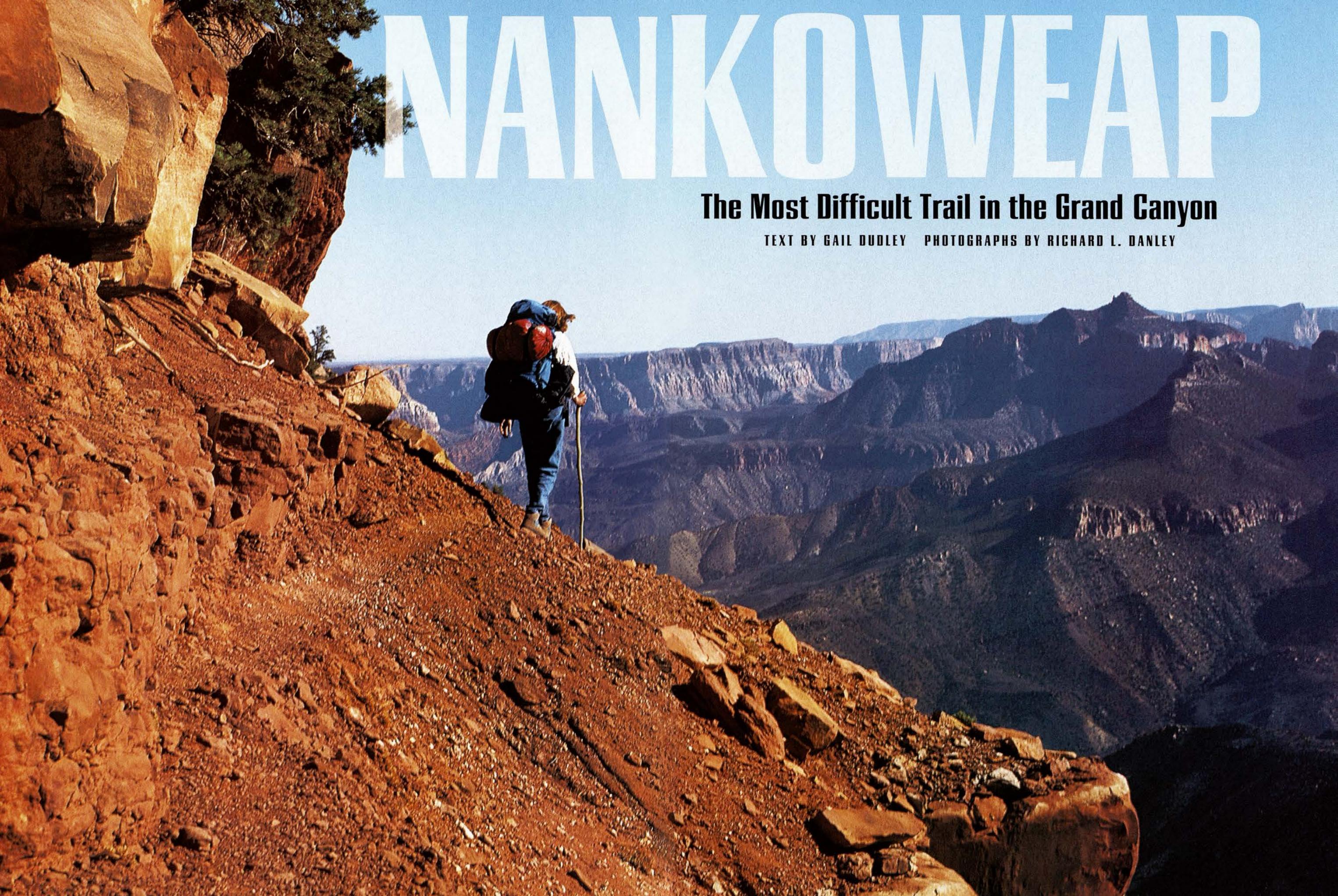
Susan Garcia
New Canaan, CT

We also are concerned that hikers know what they are getting into when they take the hikes we write about. Unfortunately, it is harder than it seems. The writer who did this particular hike, for example, is just an average guy and not a particularly strong athlete. Some people adapt to certain terrain better than others. But we get your point, and we'll try to do better. Thanks for sharing your concern.

NANKOWEAP

The Most Difficult Trail in the Grand Canyon

TEXT BY GAIL DUDLEY PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD L. DANLEY





On my left, the canyon wall juts upward, a wind-polished sheet of rock. There are no jagged outcroppings, no sturdy trees or bushes that might serve as handholds if I begin to fall. There is only a smooth-as-plaster surface reaching above me and before me as far as I can see.

The sun reflecting off the rock sears my face and burns my eyes. If I gaze at it too long, I become dizzy. This is the last thing I want because of what is on my right: a sheer drop of at least 200 feet. One misstep, one careless bump against the canyon wall could send me falling toward eternity. I dare not even look because I know I will be overcome with fear. My legs tremble, and a hard lump forms in my throat.

"Not now," I tell myself. "You've got to pull yourself together."

On this narrow trail there is no turning back. Somehow I have to keep moving forward. I cannot focus on the deep chasm below me or the vast emptiness that seems to be engulfing me.

Instead, I focus on my feet.

I devote every ounce of my attention to the aching flesh and bone stuffed inside a pair of sweat-soaked woolen socks and cumbersome size-eight hiking boots. My feet are dangerously positioned on a thin rock ledge along the canyon wall. I set them down carefully, one in front of the other, feeling for loose bits of stone or dirt that might cause me to slip.

In spots the trail is less than three feet wide. There is barely enough room to place my feet side by side. Whether I can maintain my balance now is a matter of life or death.

I pretend I am walking a tightrope. Poking with my hiking stick like a cautious praying mantis, I move slowly. Heel-to-toe. Heel-to-toe. I arch my back and curve my shoulders to keep my 40-pound pack centered. One swing to either side could send me over the edge.

Poke. Poke. Heel-to-toe. I make tedious

progress along the treacherous trail. Ahead of me, I see a wide spot with several welcoming benchlike rock formations and scrubby vegetation. Like Columbus reaching out toward a new continent, I concentrate my efforts on getting to this haven. It appears to be much closer than it actually is. Perspiration trickles from my forehead down the bridge of my nose. It creeps across my parched lips and into my mouth, leaving a briny taste.

"Steady, steady," I whisper in a shaky voice that does not seem to be my own. "You're almost there."

My pack grazes the canyon wall and sends a cascade of tiny rock fragments down behind me. I watch as they bounce and tumble into the abyss. Everything is moving in slow motion.

"Easy," I tell myself as I twist my right foot back and forth on top of the loose granite. "Don't panic." Gradually the crumbled rock packs down. I realize I have been holding my breath. For how long, I do not know. I exhale and place most of my weight on my right foot. It holds. Relieved, I move forward once again. Poke. Poke. Heel-to-toe.

Occasionally I hear the solid thud of photographer Rick Danley's footsteps behind me. I am not alone, I remind myself. However, on this dangerous passage, I might as well be. If I were to fall, there is nothing my companion could do to save me.

"He would just call in a helicopter to pick up the remains," I find myself thinking. Worse yet, what if Rick were to stumble and slide over the edge? A seasoned hiker and physically fit Grand Canyon ranger, he is much less likely to fall than

(PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 4 AND 5) Author Gail Dudley quickly decides it's best not to look down at the abyss as she makes her way along the torturous Nankoweap Trail.

(LEFT) The trail leading to Tilted Mesa, above the Nankoweap Creek Basin, is booby-trapped with rockslides and slippery patches of shale. It is on this stretch that Dudley finds out what can happen when a heavy backpack shifts off center.

I feel my way cautiously but still slip — often stopping just short of the trail's edge. I shudder to think of falling again.

I am. However, he is weighed down by heavy camera equipment. Anything can happen. "Would he scream?" I wonder. "What sound would he make when he hit the bottom?"

I cannot even think of trying to make it out of this canyon alone, bearing the horrible news. But I do not dare to look back to make certain Rick is all right. "Too risky," I tell myself. His footsteps tell me he is still there, and I must move forward. Most importantly, I must quit conjuring up terrifying images and think only of the wide spot ahead.

Poke. Poke. Heel-to-toe. Less than 15 feet to safety. Poke. Poke. Heel-to-toe. I reach the wide spot after an eternity. My legs turn to rubber, and I slump down onto a broad slab of rock.

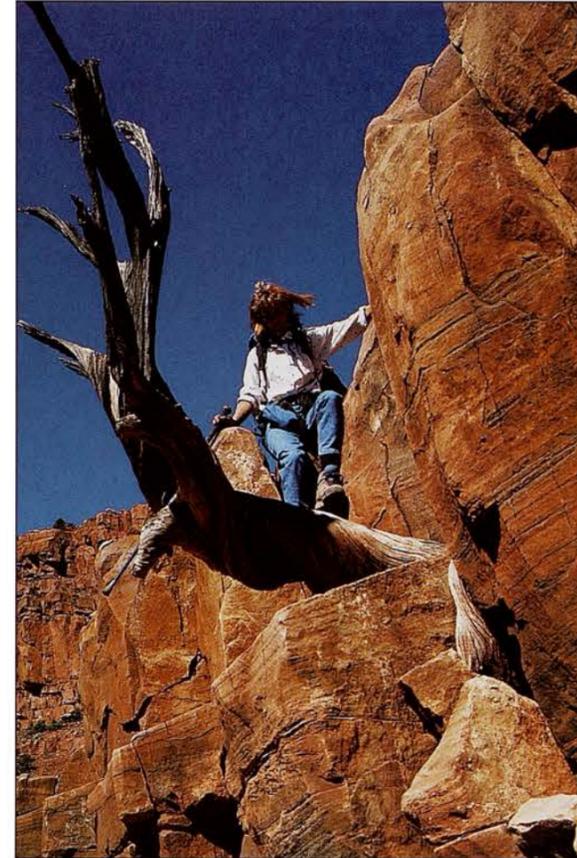
"You made it!" Rick yells. "That's the point where the Sierra Club turned back."

While we planned this trip, Rick had told me about the hiking expedition that was aborted when the group approached this dangerous point on the Nankoweap Trail. This and other stories about adventurers who suddenly lost their zeal to explore are passed along as part of unwritten Grand Canyon legend.

In fact these stories are the reason I am here. I am not a daredevil or an ardent canyon hiker. I do not like steep or narrow places. I am not even well-conditioned enough to be attempting this arduous hike even though I walk an average of three miles a day. However, I *am* a sucker for a challenge. When one of our readers wrote that *Arizona Highways* should do a story on the Nankoweap trail in the Grand Canyon, and when my editor asked if I would like to write that story, I simply said, "Sure."

Now, as I try to still my wobbly knees and calm my throbbing heart, I would like to meet that reader. I also would like to say a few words to my editor. Unfortunately these matters will have to wait. I take a deep swig of water from my canteen, unwrap a banana-flavored PowerBar, and laugh.

"I didn't want to say anything to you before we got here," Rick says. "I was hoping you wouldn't realize this is the most dangerous part of the trail until we were already past it. Did I succeed?"



(OPPOSITE PAGE) Dwarfed by the massive rock wall and the magnitude of her hiking "challenge," Dudley perseveres. (ABOVE) A dead tree offers a moment of stability while climbing down a jumble of rocks.

"Yes," I answer humbly, unwilling to admit to the frightening thoughts that raced through my mind only moments ago.

"Shall we move on?" Rick asks.

"Okay," I respond with as much enthusiasm as I can muster.

It is midafternoon on the first day of our six-day hike. Already I am exhausted. The first three miles of the trek, down Forest Service Trail 57 to the Nankoweap trailhead, had not been difficult. A wide, shaley uphill road gave way to a flat stretch covered with a soft yellow blanket of pin oak leaves. Then we began the gradual climb toward the top of the Grand Canyon.

I fell face forward once and lay spraddled beneath my pack like a beached sea turtle. Flailing my arms and legs, I was unable to right myself. While in this grossly unflattering position, I decided to make some changes. I set down my pack, peeled off a few layers of clothing, and

unloaded about 10 pounds of non-essential items and food. After stuffing this excess weight into a plastic garbage bag, I hung it high in a thicket near the trailhead. I hoped it would be there when we got back.

Now I wish I had left another 10 pounds behind. Weighing in at about 107, I had been foolish to try to pack so much.

"A common mistake," Rick tells me. "Sometimes people tend to overprepare. They want to be ready for any possible disaster."

With temperatures soaring to the mid-70s during the day and plunging to 10° F at night, it is hard to decide what to take and what to leave behind. Unaccustomed to the heavy load, my shoulders and lower back are already getting sore. However, just when I am about to tell Rick I am turning back, that this is a big mistake, I gaze out across the Canyon. I am captured by the majesty of its red walls, by its overwhelming beauty and mystery. A cool breeze blows through my hair, and a raven soars effortlessly overhead.

Croak. Croak. The great bird seems to beckon us to move on.

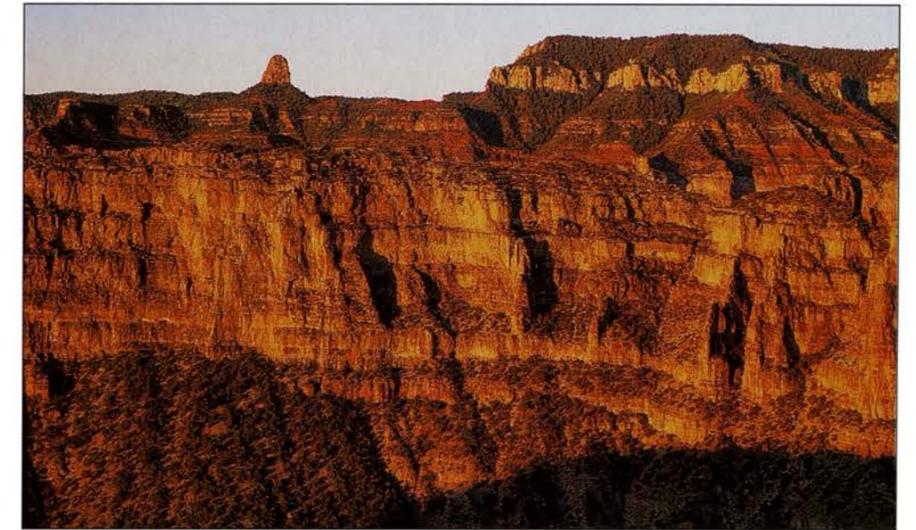
I have had my first lesson in the deceptive nature of the Nankoweap. Its inviting beauty does not always prepare you for its extremities. The breeze blows like a whisper through

the Canyon, giving it an aura of gentleness. In reality this is a harsh and cruel land. The twisted junipers and bayberry testify to its rugged character. The raven is one of the few living creatures we encounter on this trek.

Near dusk we reach Marion Point, where we will spend this first night. The lower level of the campground is barely large enough to accommodate two or three people. Rick climbs to a boulder-strewn lookout where he prefers to sleep. I unroll my sleeping bag in a narrow clearing just off the trail, remove my boots, and spread my sweaty socks on a rock to dry. My shoulders throb and my knees ache. I decide to eat my dinner of Lipton noodles and crawl into my bag before the sun goes down. Warmed by its last rays, I may be able to make it through the night without freezing.

The last thing I see is Mount Hayden, jutting up from the entrails of the Canyon like a bright orange thumb. I will become

This will be the toughest part of our journey. We will need to descend a steep drop of about 3,000 feet, sitting down on the shale at certain points and sliding with our packs.



that there is a more bountiful life beyond these desolate Canyon walls.

By noon we reach our lunch stop. Tilted Mesa is exactly what its name suggests — a broad, angled slab of rock dotted with scrub. The distorted juniper, tortured agave, and yellow-blooming thistle look barely alive.

As we sit down to eat, I realize that Rick is growing happier and stronger with each step along the Nankoweap. He dances between the rocks like a mountain goat, moving quickly and assuredly. Rarely stumbling and never falling, he is in his element.

By contrast I am becoming weaker and more tense. I now travel like an old woman, humped over my walking stick for support. Every muscle in my body is tight and sore. By now my ankle is pulsing, and I do not remove my boot for fear I will not be able to get it back on.

We are only three miles from the silvery waters of Nankoweap Creek and the well-preserved ruins of the Indian granaries built near its banks centuries ago. That is our final destination. However, Rick has told me this will be the toughest part of our journey. We will need to descend a steep drop of about 3,000 feet, sitting down on the shale at certain points and sliding with our packs.

I believe I can make it down, but I am not certain about the climb back up. I am not comfortable on shale, especially on a slope. Even though I yearn to explore the granaries and swim in the refreshing waters

Mount Hayden and Point Imperial loom on the North Rim, as seen from Tilted Mesa in the early morning.

of Nankoweap Creek, I have reached a moment of reckoning.

"I can't go any farther," I tell Rick. "I'm afraid I won't be able to climb back up on the shale."

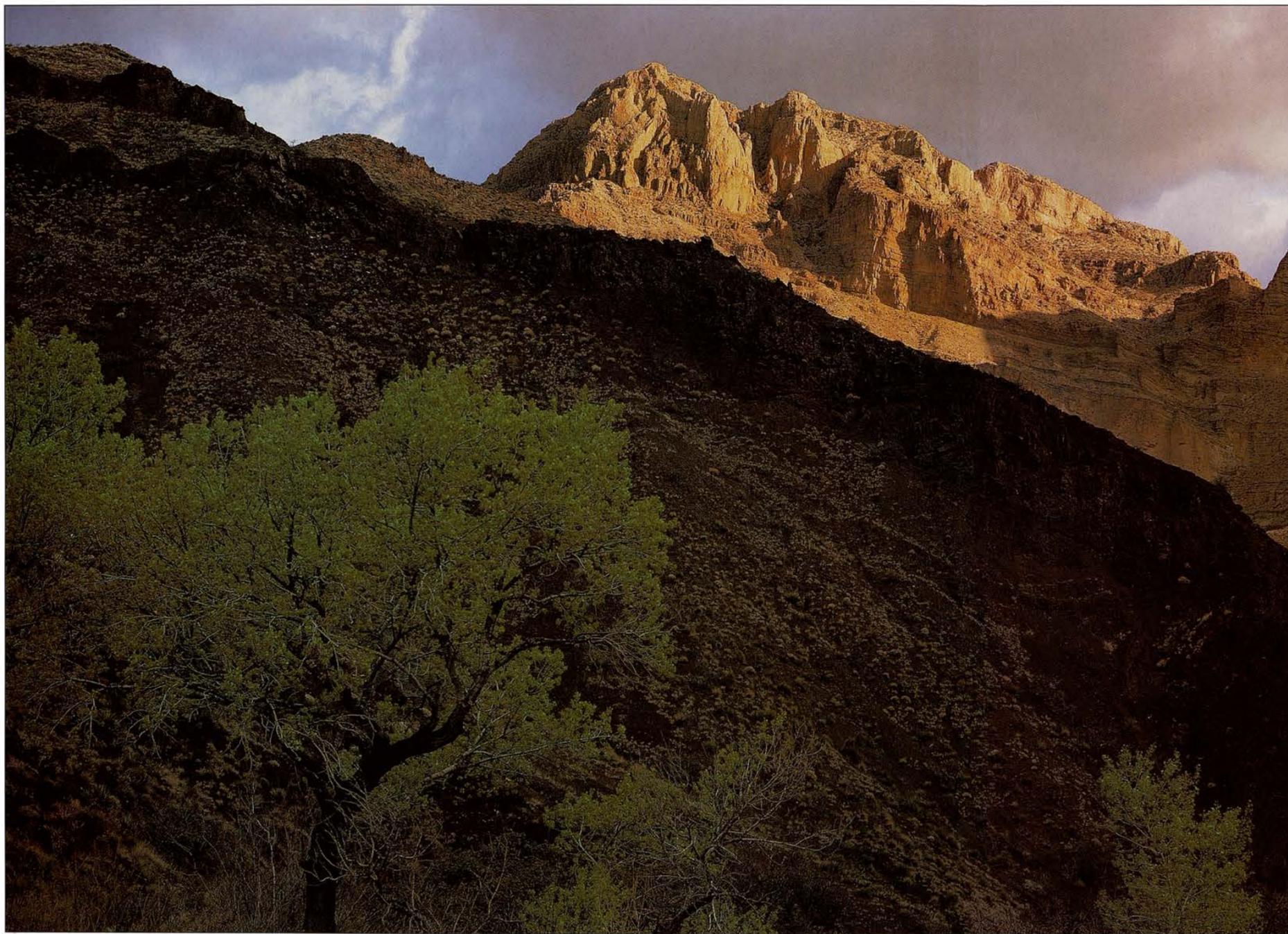
Although I expect him to be angry, Rick responds positively. He knows I have reached my limit.

"You made it past the point where the Sierra Club turned back," he says. "This morning you also made it beyond a spot where I once met a severely dehydrated hiker and another with a big gash on his head. You made it farther than some people have — and you should be proud of yourself."

Although he is a man of few words, Rick offered some I will carry the rest of my life. My verbal backpack now includes well-earned reminders to admit my weaknesses and always walk with pride. After a good night's sleep, we head back up the Nankoweap Trail. I negotiate those tough eight miles much better than I did on the way down. ☑

Despite her experience on the Nankoweap, or perhaps because of it, Gail Dudley is preparing herself to return next year and finish the trek by hiking some less difficult trails. She lives in Cave Creek.

Richard L. Danley lives and works at the Grand Canyon, a "neighborhood" offering great hiking and photography opportunities.



(TOP) Morning rewards our hikers with a view of Mount Hayden on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon.

(ABOVE) Our duo fills a water bottle, drop by drop, from a seep near Marion Point.

accustomed to its presence because it is visible from most vantage points along the Nankoweap. It will become a familiar sentinel as I toil along the trail and as I drift into sleep.

Tonight, beneath a charcoal sky sprinkled with stars, I think of all those I love and pray I will see them again. Then I close my eyes and dream that things are falling helter-skelter from my pack and over the Canyon's edge. My compass is the last object to disappear into the dark hole, and then I am lost and alone. I awaken abruptly, check to make sure my pack is still intact, and listen for signs of life. The only sound I hear is the soft scrabble of mice searching for food on the rock floor.

The next morning, after a hearty breakfast, we set out for Tilted Mesa. The trail is more difficult than what we experienced yesterday. There are numerous rockslides, almost obliterating the narrow path. I have trouble balancing my pack while climbing through the boulders. At one point, I decide to straddle a tall rock. I put my right foot down, and my pack shifts sharply to the right. Suddenly I am down, wedged between two sharp rocks. I struggle to get back up. Finally I succeed by hugging one of the rocks and pushing down on my knees with all my might.

There is a soft throbbing below my right knee. I recognize it as the beginning of a large bruise. My right ankle is beginning to

puff up. I am constantly thirsty, consuming much more water than I had anticipated. Still, my lips are cracked, and my tongue is swelling.

We emerge from the rockslides only to hit slippery patches of shale. Even in boots with deep-treaded soles, it is difficult to get a grip. I feel my way cautiously but still slip — often stopping just short of the trail's edge. I shudder to think of falling again.

With about a mile to go until we reach Tilted Mesa, we round a turn and catch our first glimpse of Nankoweap Creek. It glistens like a strip of tinsel in the morning sun, lined on both sides by lush green. This and the constant hum of airplanes and helicopters overhead are the only reminders



TEXT BY BARTON WRIGHT

When, in astonishment at the sophistication of modern Indian arts and crafts, someone asks, "How did this happen, and when and where did it start?" it's not easy to answer. A worthy reply requires an understanding of the history and peoples involved. Just as with games in which it is necessary to know the players and their purpose, where and what the

field of play will be, and what the rules and restrictions are, so it is with the art of Native Americans.

Native American art can be divided into two categories: traditional and nontraditional, or contemporary. All the arts and crafts fall somewhere in this continuum but not at the same time. There are many modes of expression — ceramics, basketry, textiles, metal, and stone to name a few — and each changes at a different rate.

Within each of these fields are many tribes that vary in their degree of conservatism or

the strength of their traditions, just as individuals do within the groups.

Tradition, in this instance, means not so much a clinging to the handed-down mechanical processes of an art or craft but a state of mind, a belief in the value of ancestral ways. As one Native American artist said, "It is our lifeline to the past."

Opposed to tradition is the misused word "contemporary," broadened in recent years to mean nontraditional, innovative, or modern rather than "occurring at the same time."

Native American Art

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY JACKA



isolating the time when an art or craft ceased to be traditional and became modern is like trying to determine exactly when a forest succumbed to the transition from summer to fall. In each instance, it is obvious only when a general shift takes place.

Asked when the new elements in silverwork appeared, noted silversmith Preston Monongye replied, "Not being that old, I can't say when it started. All I can say is, it's not done the way my old uncle showed me."

The world of native artists has changed dramatically, as has their art, but a strong tie remains linking their work with carefully guarded traditions. What distinguishes a traditional piece of work from a modern one often depends upon the observer and the time.

For example, two Hopi potters, Maria of San Ildefonso and Nampeyo of Hopi, usually receive credit for reviving or changing the ceramic traditions of their pueblos. However, a closer look yields some interesting sidelights.

(OPPOSITE PAGE) This Pueblo pottery dates from the early 1900s. The 14-inch-diameter jar, left, is from San Ildefonso Pueblo, New Mexico. The seven-inch-long canteen originated at the Cochiti Pueblo.

COURTESY THE HEARD MUSEUM

(ABOVE) Ros George, a Hopi artist from Moenkopi, Arizona, created this Ogre Mana Kachina, made from cottonwood root. It is an outstanding example of a one-piece carving.

pottery

Hopi pottery has been in a state of flux since Nampeyo's husband, Lesou, went to work for Dr. J.W. Fewkes in the early 1890s, digging in the old site of Sikyatki near First Mesa. Intrigued by the spectacular designs they saw there, Nampeyo and Lesou copied many of them, which Nampeyo then adapted for use on her own pottery.

A displeased Dr. Fewkes said, "Finding a better market for ancient than for modern ware, she [Nampeyo] cleverly copies old decorations and imitates the Sikyatki ware almost perfectly. She knows where the Sikyatki potters obtained their clay, and uses it in her work."

However, what was displeasing to Fewkes was money in the bank for Thomas Keam, the trader who encouraged Nampeyo and who bought and sold her work. Nampeyo produced pottery based on someone else's tradition. If that occurred today, the pottery would be called contemporary.

Although Nampeyo's work marked a positive change in ceramics, the craft obviously had been changing before this for Fewkes also warned, "Almost any Hopi who has a bowl to sell will say it is ancient, and care must always be exercised in accepting such claims."

It also is obvious that the Hopis were in the business of selling pottery and undoubtedly answering to market demands, for it also is from this period that the first

"umbrella pots" appeared. (These are elongated vases used as umbrella stands in purchasers' homes.) While Nampeyo's pottery was an innovation, so were the umbrella pots even though today both are considered expressions of traditional Hopi work.

But this would hardly mark the beginning of innovative work. In the mid-19th century, when the Hopis returned from their drought-induced stay at Zuni, they brought with them new forms and methods of decoration and designs, which at the time were more nontraditional for the Hopis than was Nampeyo's work.

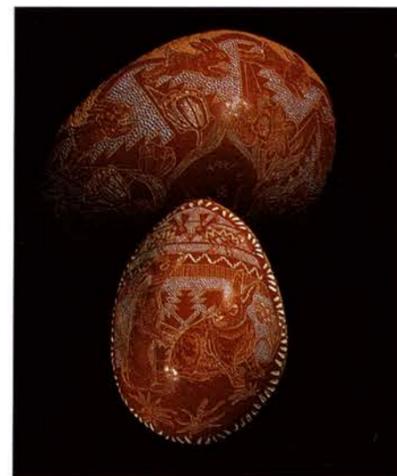
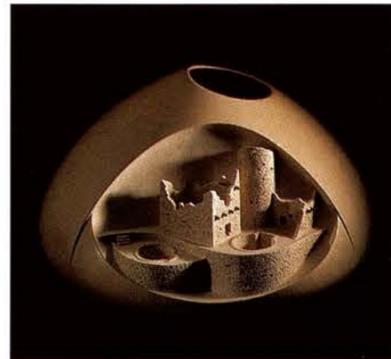
The changes in pottery that took place in the 1880s and '90s were slow-paced compared with the innovations in form introduced between then and World War II, when bean pots, ashtrays, candlestick holders, and other curio-oriented

wares were made for folks on the Fred Harvey Tours and other tourists. Still, the methods of manufacture and decoration remained traditional.

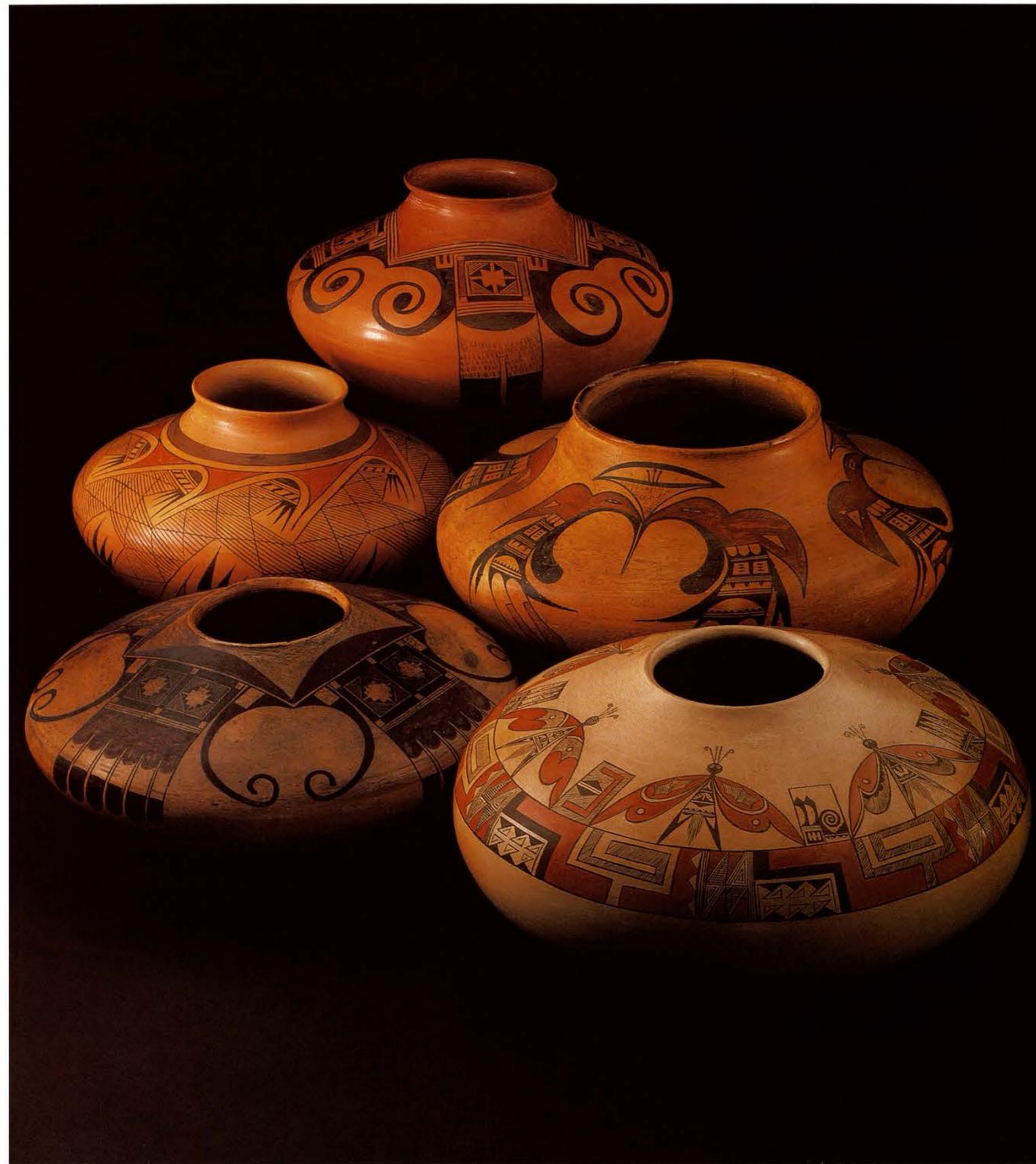
However, from World War II to the present, the rate of change in ceramics reached such proportions that tradition was stretched thin. Probably the outstanding event — and the one most frequently seen as the boundary between traditional and nontraditional work — occurred during the early 1970s when the potters broke from tribal restrictions and began using other Native American traditions as well as their own for inspiration.

They could now experiment with forms, designs, and even functions. Thus a Hopi potter could carve pieces like the Santa Clara, the Jemez could use Hopi designs, and Acoma could utilize designs originating in Europe resembling the intricate works of Escher or adapt the prehistoric designs of the Anasazi and the Mimbres.

Despite the unfettered experimentation and the wide-ranging interest in the ceramics of others, there always remains an essential sense of tribal identity to which the artists return. As Dextra Quotskuyva, the great-granddaughter of Nampeyo, remarked, "I keep experimenting. I use a lot of my own designs, though I don't want to get away from the traditional."



(ABOVE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) The black-on-black feather design of this plate, made by Maria Martinez and her son, Popovi Da, of San Ildefonso probably was adapted from prehistoric Mimbres pottery. A clearly contemporary example of sculpture pottery by Al Qoyawayma, a Hopi, incorporates a cliff dwelling inside a large pottery jar. COURTESY GALLERY 10, SCOTTSDALE The thin white clay coating combined with distinctive black and buff Feather Woman designs on Rainy Naha's pottery sets these pieces apart from other Hopi pottery. COURTESY THE HEARD MUSEUM SHOP, PHOENIX A double exposure of a pottery Easter egg by Rosemary Lonewolf shows a bunny listening to Mimbres rabbits' voices from the past. Rabbits are a fertility symbol and are associated with spring. COURTESY GALLERY 10, SCOTTSDALE



(ABOVE) Nampeyo was the Tewa-Hopi potter credited with the revival of 15th-century Sikyatki polychrome wares. The work of three generations of her family are represented here. Pots top and top, left are by Fannie Nampeyo (daughter); upper right and lower left are by Nampeyo; right, front by Dextra Quotskuyva (great-granddaughter). Dextra is known for her use of ancient pottery motifs, such as this butterfly design, adapted to contemporary styles.



The carving of the small dolls Hopis give to their young during ceremonies affords a second example of the capriciousness of change from traditional to contemporary. In this instance, it is not so much the effects of revival or loosening of restrictions as it is the efforts of a group of artisans to follow the demands of an alien market.

The carvers of kachina dolls have reacted to the desires of the buying public for more than 100 years. At first there was strong resistance to the sale of these religious artifacts. Then the artists realized the works could serve the double purpose of being given during a ceremony and then sold later.

From the last century until today, the purchasers' perception of kachina dolls gradually changed from curio to art, and this affected their appearance. Variations increased as each decade passed until many carvers produced only commercial carvings and finally pieces of art to be sold in galleries.

Today it can be argued that no carving is completely traditional, although a few Hopis make old-style dolls. Manfred Susunkewa, who originated a type of doll that resembles the older ones, says, "I carve my old-style dolls and make my own paints. I don't look at any books."

The tradition of who carves and what the carvings represent remains intact, but the physical form and the paints are contemporary. Disregarding numerous small deviations, there have been four major periods of change in carving the dolls. The first

mention by Army doctors and early explorers like Dr. P.G.S. Ten Broeck in 1852 and Dr. Edward Palmer in 1857 refer to the dolls as "hideous little Aztec images."

Between that time and WWII, the dolls became more lifelike and sales increased. Whether this happened because of better tools, the demands of the traveling public, or changing Hopi attitudes is unknown. The prices also changed, but not much. An early doll cost from 50 cents to a dollar, but as Jimmie Kewanwytewa said about the customers of the 1940s and '50s, "They only pay me a dollar an inch, and then they complain about the price." Ten to \$15 for a week's work.

Following WWII until the mid-1970s, the purchasers of the dolls no longer hung them on walls by strings around their necks. Instead they placed them upright on shelves and tables. A doll was considered "good" when it would stand on its own two feet. To prevent the dolls from being knocked over and broken, carvers like Sankey George put enormous feet on them so they would stand solidly. Then someone thought of putting them on a base. But the main change was dolls carved to imitate the actions of kachina dancers in the village plazas.

In the early 1970s, Von Monongye and the Honyouti brothers experimented with new paints, one-piece renderings, and other inventions that led to the artistically innovative carvings of today, far removed from the simple static religious images of earlier years. But just when this change from traditional to contemporary actually occurred is entirely subjective.



kachinas

(OPPOSITE PAGE, ABOVE) A double-exposure view of a Sio Hemis Kachina by Ron Honyouti shows the elaborate detail and excellence in the craftsmanship of Hopi carvings. COURTESY ADOBE EAST GALLERY, NEW JERSEY

(OPPOSITE PAGE, BELOW) Manfred Susunkewa is noted for carvings that resemble those of the 1800s.

This Morning Kachina is painted with minerals found on the Hopi reservation.

(ABOVE) These pieces show the evolution of kachina-doll carving over the years. The simple 12-inch Sio Hemis, left, was made circa the 1930s-'40s. The more lifelike 15-inch Badger Kachina with a cottonwood base, center, was carved by Tino Youvella in the 1970s. The 15-inch Deer Kachina, right, was carved by Dennis Tewa in the 1980s and represents the sculptured one-piece kachinas being made by several of today's Hopi artisans.

jewelry

The jewelry made and worn by the native Southwesterner for countless centuries varied in its sophistication with the people and the times. It ranged from seeds and berries to etched and applied shell, and from simple beads to carved work in a variety of stones.

During the last century, a series of events and individuals introduced an entirely new element: metalworking. Because this alien craft has existed among Native Americans for a mere 150 years, there are almost no religious restrictions on its development.

The beginnings of this work occurred at a time when major changes were affecting the native population as new people and technologies appeared. Consequently metalworking developed with incredible speed. Rather than reflecting a difference between a traditional craft and a contemporary one, this is more appropriately a

case of innovations occurring with such rapidity that the craft could always have been called contemporary. Only the designs can be called traditional, but even so, many are not native to the Indians.

Today's craftsman is inspired by not only the traditional designs of his or her tribe but those of other Native Americans as well as those of non-Indians. Many designs have been derived from Spanish, French, Mexican, and even Anglo-American cultures. In one instance, Harry Yazzie, demonstrating silverwork at the Museum of Northern Arizona, created a very distinctive design for a pendant. When asked about its origin, he led the way into the museum and showed the questioner a picture of the French Cross of Lorraine in an exhibit on Navajo silver.

The exhibit explained that this cross arrived from the French through the Plains Indians to the land of the Pueblo Indians, where it almost duplicated their traditional

design of the dragonfly. Dealers consider many designs of this nature to be traditional Native American, and yet when Hopi silversmith Charles Loloma produced jewelry that was uniquely Hopi and tried to enter it in an Indian fair, it was turned down because "it was not Indian in design."

In this relatively contemporary craft, there are few watershed changes that mark the difference between what is considered traditional and the jewelry of today, other than the addition of new stones or metals. But what is produced may reflect a traditional background, or be pure artistic creativity.

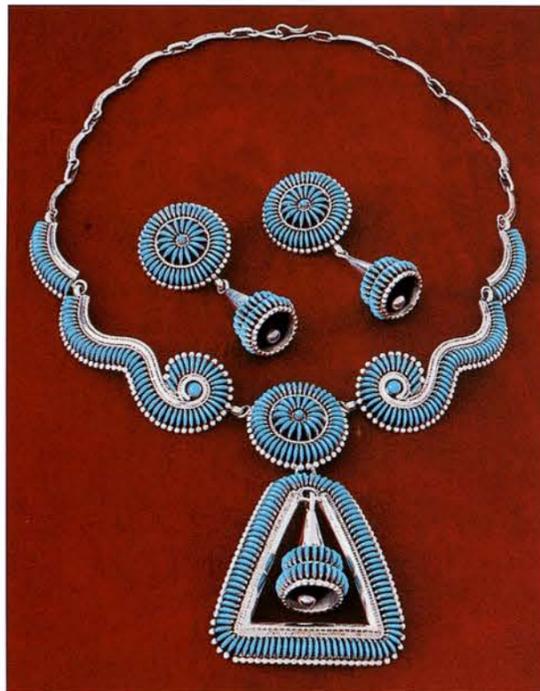
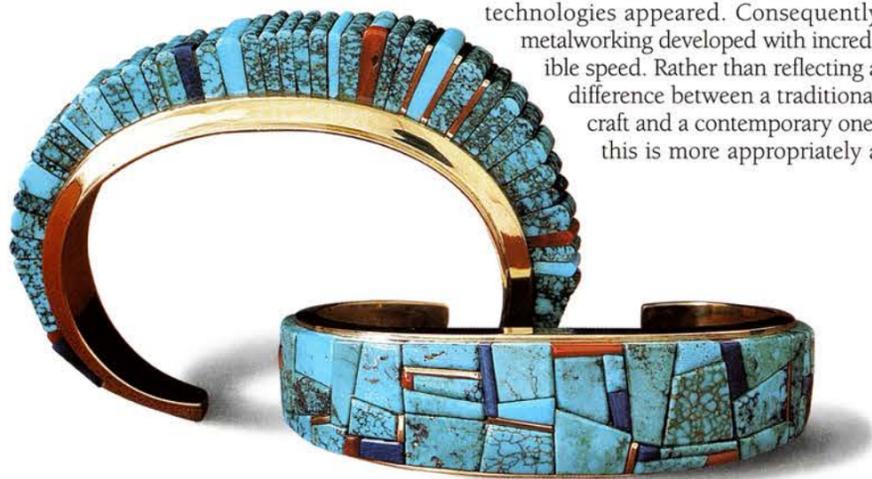
One event that may have inadvertently contributed to the efflorescence in jewelry was the social phenomenon of the "Flower Children" of the 1960s and their desire to "return to Nature." Some attempted to do this by descending upon the luckless Indians, adopting their jewelry, and living "like true children of Mother Earth." This

was not often met with approval. One irate Hopi woman said, "Those heappies, they're dirty, they act like animals. Just because they wear silver, they think they're Indians. We never looked like that."

Nevertheless their interest sparked a jewelry boom in the early 1970s, which brought about a broader-based market and a great surge of innovations. It was then that fashion jewelry appeared, and the Native American craftsmen began to compete in a worldwide market.

No art remains static and survives. Even though traditions may temporarily satisfy a sense of unity, innovations seek to overwhelm them, making Native American works one of the most active, interesting fields of art today. ■

Phoenix-based Barton Wright, former curator and assistant director of the Museum of Northern Arizona, has written several books about the Hopis. Jerry Jacka, also of Phoenix, is an expert on the art and culture of Southwestern Indians.



(TOP, LEFT) These 14K gold bracelets by the late Hopi artist Charles Loloma are set with turquoise, coral, and lapis lazuli. Loloma's talent and his courage in reaching beyond the confines of tradition had a profound impact on contemporary Native American art.

(LEFT) Edith Tsaybetsaye, a Zuni, is known for her finely crafted needlepoint turquoise and silverwork, representing both traditional and contemporary styling. COURTESY GALLUP INTERTRIBAL INDIAN CEREMONIAL, NEW MEXICO (ABOVE) This Navajo jewelry from the early 1900s is typical of the designs of that era. COURTESY ARIZONA STATE MUSEUM, TUCSON



(LEFT) A silver and coral ensemble by Navajo Marco Begay combines traditional motifs with contemporary styling. COURTESY WADDELL TRADING COMPANY, SCOTTSDALE (ABOVE) This Lone Mountain turquoise necklace by Harvey Begay, a Navajo, contains the face of a yei'ii and tubular representations of First Man and First Woman. COURTESY LOVENA OHL GALLERY, SCOTTSDALE

(BELOW) A concha belt made circa 1860-90 reflects the style of old Navajo silverwork. COURTESY MUSEUM OF NORTHERN ARIZONA, FLAGSTAFF





MILE - HIGH M A D N E S S S

ALL GOOD MOUNTAIN BIKE STORIES START WITH, "I WAS JUST RIDING ALONG WHEN..."

So as soon as I heard those words from Dave Price of Payson, I listened.

"I was just riding along," Price began, "when I came to a hill near the Crackerjack Mine. I realized I needed a lower gear, so I jammed the shift lever toward 'granny.' But instead of stopping at low gear, my derailleur just

kept going right into my spokes, and it promptly broke off. Then, well, there I was."

There he was indeed, walking seven miles of rough road to the next aid station, pushing a bike which, incredibly, seemed now to be made of stone.

But that can happen when you enter the Mile-High Madness Mountain Bike Tour in Payson. This challenging event (it's definitely not a race, say organizers Jeff Stevenson and Dan Basinski) takes adventurous mountain bikers on a back road loop across

some 30 miles of broken wild lands, most of it hard up against the Mazatzal Wilderness. The route encompasses two tricky river crossings, five muddy bogs, one genuine gold mine, a sprinkling of old ranches and ghost town sites, and even a couple of Indian ruins.

The mountain vistas should be mentioned, too. While rubbernecking one view, I pedaled smack into a juniper bush.

Fortunately my derailleur stuck with me, a circumstance I attributed to the free safety inspection I received minutes before the ride. John Lake, a local bike racer and mechanic, checked my gears, adjusted my brakes, and set the stops on my derailleur before pronouncing me fit for the ride — "me" meaning my bike; my legs still needed work.

This became clear almost immediately. By the time we had

(OPPOSITE PAGE) Patrick Swain focuses on the rough terrain in a bike tour with its share of challenges.

text by

Rick Heffernon

photographs by

Peter Noebels



turned westbound on Payson's Main Street (Mile 1), most of the pack had sprinted ahead. Mystified, I turned to my friend Peggy Newman, who had talked me into this ride. "Is this some kind of a race or something?" I asked.

"Nooo," she said diplomatically. "But you do seem to be taking it kind of slow."

I picked up my pace, and we eventually dusted some riders lollygagging up a hill (Mile 4) near the abandoned townsite of Marysville, one of the area's first settlements. Moments later they overtook us at 40 miles per hour, screaming down a rock-strewn stretch of road that drops 1,200 feet in four miles.

Can this sort of thing be safe? Apparently. No one crashed. But at Mile 8, I spied my friend Tore Bonanno uncharacteristically standing on the side of the road. I knew he couldn't be waiting for me because Tore is a biking animal, the kind of guy who confuses a tour with a race.

"I'm out of it," he said as I pedaled over, and he held his front fork as evidence. I could see that one side had broken. He'd been hurtling downhill at ridiculous speeds on a bike that, for all intents and purposes, had not been attached to the wheel.

We followed the road down to the Doll Baby Ranch (Mile 11), which lies along the East Verde River on the boundary of the Mazatzal Wilderness. There we gratefully accepted free water and bananas from members of Tonto Rim Search and Rescue who were staffing aid stations along the way. Then we pedaled toward the river where the first — and reputedly most treacherous — water crossing of the day awaited. When

I saw it, my face lit up in a great smile.

"Piece of cake!" I yelled back to Peggy. And it was. Only it was just a side channel. Lurking 50 yards ahead was the main crossing, and it was more like a minefield. Halfway through, my front tire skidded off an unseen boulder, my rear tire spun up froth, and presto, I was unsaddled, fording the cold waters of the East Verde River on hoof.

But, hey, the day was warm. A splash of water felt fine.

Across the river, we spotted our route ascending a series of abrupt cliffs. In a perverse sort of way, I looked forward to the climbs. Sure, I was gutless on the descents,

but on a healthy climb I could catch some of the downhill highballers. Payback time had arrived, even if this wasn't a race.

Unfortunately no one was in sight to pay back. To my surprise, however, a biker pedaled up from behind. "I flatted out early," he explained. "Luckily, the sweep riders showed up with a new tube."

Sweep riders? Yes, it was true. Josh Parks and Brad Richman, both National Off-Road Bicycling Association racers, rolled up to chat. As sweeps, they were supposed to stay in back, making sure everyone got off the course safely. I was at the back of the pack, they told me. Humiliating, right?

Nah, fascinating. I spent the next few miles collecting tips from genuine racers: how to pick a line of attack through a washed-out gully, where to stand up on a steep climb, when to throw your weight forward over a log or rock, and the most important: how to look cool doing all of the above. It was like having a personal trainer along.

By Crackerjack Mine (Mile 19), we had finally dropped a few other riders, and I was forced to give up my personal trainers. Then we traversed the rim of the river canyon for a few more miles until we dropped down to the second ford of the East Verde (Mile 22). Our route guide said the crossing would be concrete, which sounded easy, but bystanders informed us that it was deceptively slick — so slippery that several bikers had already wiped out on it. Forewarned, we stayed in high gear and played our pedals lightly until we reached deep sand on the other side.

Then we dropped into Ash Creek

Canyon, Peggy's home riding turf. I tracked her closely as she led through a maze of boggy potholes, one of which had earlier swallowed up two unsuspecting riders.

Then, beneath a set of ancient greenstone cliffs, we met a dazed biker sitting on a rock, his shoulder and leg smeared by dirt and gravel. "What happened?" I asked.

"I was just riding along," he said shaking his head, "when the descent got a little steep, so I hit the brakes. But one of my brake pads jumped loose and jammed between my wheel and frame, and then the bike lurched. The next thing I knew I was still on the saddle, but I was upside down, and my bike was on top."

(OPPOSITE PAGE) A rider heads into the second crossing of the East Verde River on a concrete stretch that should be easy but isn't.

(BELOW) Having pulled away from the pack, a participant forges ahead on the 30-mile loop near the Mazatzal Wilderness.

At that point, the fallen rider discovered his leg was scraped raw. He thought: "My back must be worse. Funny, it doesn't feel bad." Then he remembered he was wearing a backpack-style water bag often favored by bikers.

"Landing on the bag was like crashing on a water bed," he told me with a sigh. Then he jumped up, twisting his head left and right. "Hey, am I leaking anywhere?"

We rolled on beneath a dappled canopy of pine, sycamore, and ash. Suddenly my quads (the main muscles in the front of the thigh) began to knot up in a charley horse. Recalling an old remedy, I pounded with my fists until the knots subsided, but just as we approached the last aid station (Mile 26), a Frankenstein-size cramp glommed onto my hamstring.

Here was my predicament: to appease Frankenstein, I had to kick my leg straight out. But to stave off charley, I had to keep the leg bent. Since I couldn't do both at

once, I dropped from my bike and alternated — kick, bend, kick, bend. I performed this routine energetically and with great abandon.

Onlookers dropped their jaws in amazement. In rode this back-of-the-pack biker, they must have thought, and he was breakdancing on the ground instead of resting like everyone else.

After a few minutes, I concluded the entertainment portion of my ride and proceeded up the hill to Payson. Some time later, I saw Dave Price rolling in, too, albeit in a different style.

At the last aid station, he found a chain tool to convert his bike from a broken 18-speed to a working single speed. Good enough for the last three miles, he figured. But a half mile up the road, his chain jumped its sprockets again, and there he was. Again.

He trudged to the outskirts of Payson where the dirt road turns to asphalt and the hills ease into level ground. Then the sweeps came up with an offer of assistance. While Price sat on his powerless bike, the sweeps, taking turns, sprinted up from behind, planted a hand on his back, and shoved. And so he crossed the finish line (Mile 29) in heroic fashion with enough drama to conclude a bike saga of any kind.

Then I heard someone ask, "What happened?"

Price responded, "I was just riding along when..."

Pine-based Rick Heffernon reports that his legs' favorite part of Mile-High Madness was the free post-ride massage participants received at the finish line. Peter Noebels lives in Tucson and is an avid mountain biker, climber, and backpacker.



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collecting tips from genuine racers:

how to pick a line of attack

through a washed-out gully,

where to stand up on a steep climb,

when to throw your weight forward over a log or rock,

and the most important: how to look cool doing all of the above.

WHEN YOU GO

The 1996 Mile-High Madness Mountain Bike Tour will be held Sunday, October 13, beginning at 9 A.M. at Rumsey Park in Payson. For registration information, contact Dan Basinski of the Mogollon Mountain Bike Association, HCR Box 71, Payson, AZ 85541, (520) 474-5354; or Jeff Stevenson, (520) 733-5321. Also, look for brochures at your local bike shop.

For maps and information about mountain bike trails and routes in the Payson area, contact John or Simone Lake of Manzanita Cyclery, 107 S. Beeline Highway, Payson, AZ 85541; (520) 474-0744. The bike shop sponsors group mountain bike rides every Saturday morning.



Upland

We favor the snappy air and treasure-chest colors of fall over any other season, especially in Arizona.

While other states may offer two weeks of such

Gold

splendor, Arizona is more generous. Within a 35-mile radius of our Sedona home, we follow autumn's parade around the northern highlands from late September to Thanksgiving. The effect of brilliant foliage on the whole landscape is what excites us photographically.

During this time, we are ready to get on the road at a moment's notice. The photo equipment remains in the van; the food cooler stays packed. We don't want to waste one day of this golden opportunity.

A Portfolio by
Bob and Suzanne Clemenz

(LEFT) Mingus Mountain rises above a lush stand of golden cottonwoods strung along the banks of the Verde River and some houses in the valley.



(LEFT) Willows, cottonwoods, and Arizona sycamores line Oak Creek below Cathedral Rock, one of the whimsically named rock sculptures near Sedona.





U p l a n d G o l d



(PRECEDING
PANEL, PAGES
28 AND 29)
*The alchemy
of autumn still
colors the aspens
near Flagstaff
while a wintry
snow dusts the
San Francisco
Peaks.*

(LEFT) *The white
trunks of aspens
separate the
golden leaves
still clinging to
the trees from
those that have
fallen to the
forest floor.*

(ABOVE) *Aspens
against an
impossibly blue
sky create an
autumnal mosaic
in the high
country.*



FOCUS ON NATURE

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Watchmen of the Desert

If Joel Chandler Harris had been an Arizonan when he wrote his Uncle Remus stories, chances are that instead of Br'er Rabbit pleading not to be thrown into the briar patch, it would have been Br'er Squirrel in the cactus patch.

Moreover, Mr. Harris would likely have added a further touch of panache to this enduring children's tale as he'd undoubtedly have had Br'er Squirrel scamper up through the menacing spines to the top of the cactus and jeer at Br'er Fox.

Ground squirrels climbing cactuses? Yes, strangely enough. Many an alert desert stroller has been given pause by a glimpse of one of these sprightly animals situated on what would seem to be an awfully precarious perch.

But the fact is that the Harris' antelope ground squirrel, *Ammospermophilus harrisi*, is very much at home on cactuses. This chipmunk-size climber scurries up amongst pin-cushionlike clumps of cholla cactus, uses the spines of the barrel cactus like

ladder rungs, perches atop pads of the bristling prickly pear cactus, and treats the needlelike armament of the catclaw bush with cavalier disdain.

George Olin, in his *Mammals of the Southwest Deserts*, viewed this squirrel's climbing activity as a means to gain an elevated view for desert-watching. He noted that "... each individual seems to consider itself a self-appointed watchman ... scanning the surrounding desert for approaching danger."

This cactus-perching activity seems to be much more prevalent early in the year, during the rutting season and when young are being reared. Dr. Yar Petryszyn, the University of Arizona's assistant curator, *Collection of Mammals*, points out that the purpose may well be for mate attraction and territorial display.

Whatever its motivation, the squirrel has evolved a remarkable adaptation to its spiny environment. The Harris' antelope ground squirrel does not migrate or stray any appreciable distance from its home den. It adapts to what's there. And in much of Arizona's desert areas that's predominantly cactuses.

While it will climb most any cactus, it has developed an affinity for the prickly pear. It dens beneath its protective pads, feeds on its blossoms and fruit, and favors it for desert-watching/displaying.

On the ground, the fidgety squirrel keeps busy, tail held characteristically erect, gathering seeds, burying some, depositing others in the den, pausing momentarily to sit on its haunches or stand perfectly erect in a listening attitude, then skittering off once more.

Most frequently, the squirrel's primary occupation seems to be desert-watching. Or is it displaying? In any event, a squirrel will sit staring intently in one direction for a period of time, then change position and stare in another, and later still another. If a second squirrel moves onto an adjacent perch, they cooperatively stare in different directions.

With the approach of danger, real or fancied, one emits its high-pitched, drawn-out call — *breeeet* — whereupon all the squirrels in the area pause in their scampering to await

further reports. The sentinel communicates, or so it would seem, with expressive twitches and flicks of its tail, sometimes so strenuously that it loses its balance.

This supposition about its tail is the reason for the name, antelope squirrel, especially the white-tailed variety, *Ammospermophilus leucurus*. It is thought that it uses its tail to give a warning signal, much as an antelope flares the white erectile hair on its rump when it senses danger.

Despite its cooperative attitude when desert-watching, the squirrel may participate in occasional skirmishes over a perch. The ensconced squirrel leans down to bat the interloper about the head with a forepaw and gets batted in turn. Usually the one on the perch prevails.

Still greater derring-do occurs when the prickly pear blooms. Then this daredevil gingerly picks its way through the profusion of spines along the out-reaching pads of the cactus to reach the blossoms, poking its nose into the blooms to eat the center. Dessert is a few of the petals, which it tears off with a twist of its head and eats while sitting back on its haunches.

Later in the year, when the prickly pear's succulent red fruit appears, the squirrel uses the same tactics to get at it, which accounts for this normally somber-colored animal going about with facial fur stained red.

If you live in the desert, you learn to live with cactuses. This desert dweller has gone one better; it calls them home. ❏

Paul Zimmerman lives in Tucson, and he specializes in outdoor writing and wildlife photography.

(LEFT) Agile Harris' antelope ground squirrels clearly are not put off by the sharp spines of the prickly pear cactus, a favorite hangout. (OPPOSITE PAGE) Having made its way through a maze of stickers, this chipmunk-size climber snacks on a prickly pear blossom.



SEEKERS OF THE PAST

BRING HISTORY TO LIFE

ALONG THE GENERAL CROOK TRAIL



Apith-helmeted Gen. George Crook held up his gloved hand, bringing our cavalry column to a prompt halt. Roused from the contemplation of my developing saddle sore, I scanned the route before us. Flowers softened the corrugation of the rocky slope, converting the bristling desert terrain into an undulation of yellow, like scenery borrowed from Oz. Two soldiers punctuated the ridgeline, moving carefully a quarter-mile ahead of our patrol. Had the scouts detected danger? Had they spotted the puff of a signal fire, a fleeing Apache, or the track of an unshod horse?

After all, weren't we traversing through Delshay's domain? Weren't we passing the sites of ambushes, massacres, and pitched battles? Weren't we following the incarnation of the greatest Indian fighter in American military history?

Certainly — all of that.

But a century too late.

Ahead, the sheepish scouts searched for the path, backtracked, veered, and regained the faint trace of the Crook Trail. A hundred or so years ago, this 200-mile-long supply line connected the most important forts in the 34-year war of attrition that finally defeated the Apaches after their centuries-long struggle against the outriders of Western Civilization. In the 1870s, the real Gen. George Crook

used thousands of soldiers and Indian scouts to drive most of the renegade Apaches out of these mountains. The volcanic contortions, steep canyons, and windblown forests they abandoned lay mostly empty now, save for the browsing



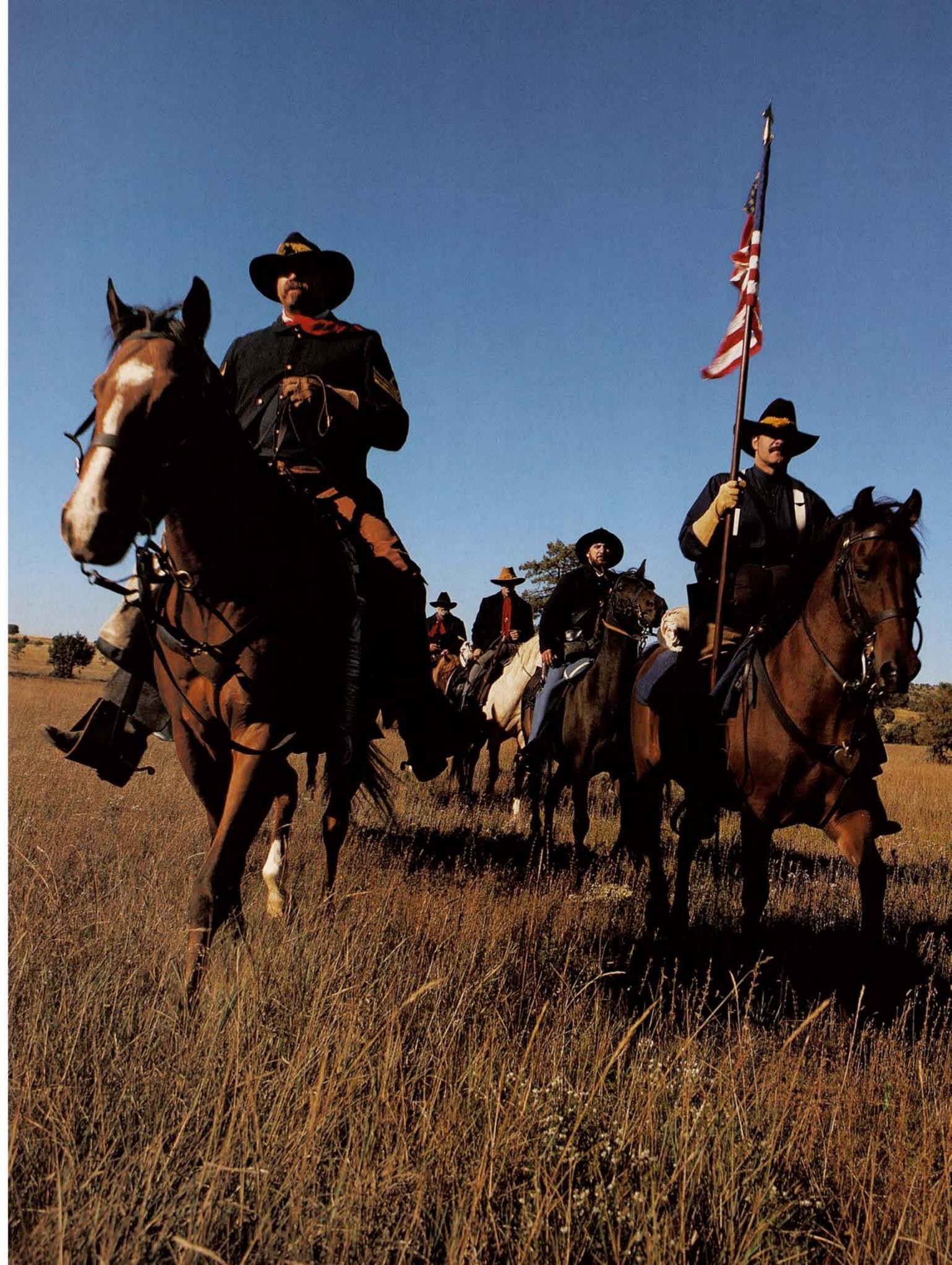
(ABOVE) Luke Rose, left, and Mark Kotyuk, dressed in cavalry uniforms as members of a historical reenactment group, look as if they may be discussing the next day's ride along part of the General Crook Trail. (OPPOSITE PAGE) Dale Mee, left, and Rose head up the cavalry column on its way to the Verde Valley. Some members invested up to \$10,000 in the authentic uniforms and gear.

elk and the eagles soaring above and the endless sweep of the horizon.

And the 16 of us, of course, an increasingly creaky, sore-bottomed bunch of 19th-century wannabes in scratchy woolen pants and gold-buttoned tunics. We sat atop our hornless cavalry saddles, slouched beneath our slouch hats, and fingered our thoroughly authentic Sharps carbines as our imaginations peopled the rocks with Apaches.

I could not have passed up the opportunity to join this cavalry trek. I'd spent years poring over the details of that terrible no-quarter struggle between clashing cultures. So I immediately jumped at the offer from Fort Verde State Park Ranger Dennis Lockhart, whose business card identifies him as a "living artifact." Dennis helped organize this band of historical reenactors to bring long ago days to life. They gather perhaps once a month at various functions, but this trail ride constitutes an annual climax. The 35-mile trek covers just a portion of the Crook Trail, which starts at Fort Whipple near Prescott, goes across the Agua Fria River valley, threads down through the Verde Valley, and climbs the Mogollon Rim en route to Fort Apache on the Apache reservation. This year we started just outside Strawberry among the ponderosa pines of the Rim country and picked our way down the rocky spine of Arizona into the Verde Valley.

TEXT BY PETER ALESHIRE  PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DREW



Dennis loaned me a white linen shirt, a pair of blue-gray woolen pants, leather suspenders, and a brass-buttoned blue woolen coat so I would blend with the much more impressively outfitted members of the historical reenactment group. Most had spent \$5,000 to \$10,000 on their outfits and tack. They had agonized over details, carried on endless technical discussions about the relative merits of Sharps, Henry's, Colts, and other weapons whose use requires packing lead balls and patches down on top of black powder. They made saddles, thumbed catalogs brimming with authentic clothing, and shook their heads in sorrow when the conversation turned to novices who settled for polyester pants and Hollywood-style yellow kerchiefs.

Aside from this obsession with the past, the reenactors appeared in other ways unremarkable. The group encompassed an insurance salesman, a cook, a school janitor, a phone company lineman, a rancher, and a wrangler. Many had served in the military, and some had come to this cavalry unit by way of an earlier fascination with the Civil War. But by whatever route, they came to this experience with an absorbing mixture of reverence and joy. As we rode along the historic trail, an almost giddy sense of triumph spread down the clanking, cantering, clattering column. We were playing hooky from the 20th century.

Of course we weren't really 19th-century cavalry soldiers. Fortunately.

I'm almost certain that it's more fun to play at 19th century than it was to be 19th century, especially in a cavalry unit chasing Apaches.

The long war against the Apaches surely ranks as one of the most frustrating, inglorious, and arduous in the history of warfare. A tough and dangerous life awaited the collection of career officers, Civil War veterans, drifters, cutthroats, penniless immigrants, escaped criminals, freed slaves, and hopeful farm boys who washed up on the shore of the post-Civil War U.S. Army. They subsisted on bricklike hardtack, wormy bacon, monotonous beans, and coffee. They marched for miles over terrible terrain in shoddy, ill-fitting boots not yet formed differently for the right and left foot. Lived at posts so remote and unpeopled that troopers often had to be designated to dance the women's role at social functions. Endured sometimes brutal discipline, including floggings and being lashed to wagon wheels. Remained at the mercy of sometimes arrogant and tyrannical officers. Suffered daily physical hardships that frequently resulted in lifelong disabilities. Made do on \$13 to \$22 a month, and posted an annual desertion rate that climbed as high as 32 percent.

Worse yet, they faced a tough warrior culture. The Army made little headway against the Apaches — until General Crook took command. A terse, self-contained, and unconventional man whose insight and flexibility made him the nation's most successful Indian fighter, Crook studied his

enemy intently and memorized every detail of the territory. He quickly realized that only a remorseless war of attrition could break the shrewd and stalwart Apaches, who readily eluded large bodies of troops. Although hardened soldiers could easily cover 40 miles a day, it was believed the Apaches could cover 80 or more, running their horses to death, then jogging on for mile after mile.

Crook quickly settled on the two keys to victory: pack trains that could keep patrols in the field for months on end and the enlistment of Apache scouts who could cling to the trail of the raiders. Initially he culled scouts from rival bands, but as the campaign progressed he used the raiders' own kinsmen whom he had convinced of the futility of the struggle against the whites.

Between 1871 and 1874, Crook organized an endless succession of scouting expeditions like the one we so faintly imitated. The patrols averaged 40 miles a day — compared to our hard-won 35 miles in two days. This ceaseless pursuit gradually wore down the hostiles, with the soldiers and scouts picking off irreplaceable warriors, seizing caches of food and ammunition, and driving the survivors to the brink of starvation.

Delshay was among the most successful, destructive, and irreconcilable of the hostile leaders. He was convinced the Apaches could never live peacefully with the whites. His brother was "shot while trying to escape," and Delshay himself was wounded several times for no recorded reason while visiting forts or the reservation.

Circumstances did force him to surrender several times, once after watching his band of 125 warriors reduced to 20 starving survivors in the course of a year on the run. In *The Conquest of Apacheia*, Dan Thrapp quoted Delshay: "Every rock has turned into a soldier. The very rocks have gotten soft, so we cannot put our feet anywhere without leaving an impression. We get no sleep at nights, for should a coyote or a fox start a rock rolling during the night, we get up and dig out . . . I will make a peace that will last; I will keep my word until the stones melt. I will put down a rock to show that when it melts the treaty is to be broken."

But Delshay soon took to the warpath again, certain his enemies were about to seize and kill him. The troops gave chase and whittled down his band of 50 warriors, but never captured Delshay. Crook eventually offered a bounty, and several groups of Apaches set out after the elusive warrior. One group brought back a scalp and an ear with Delshay's distinctive earring. A second group, led by the noted warrior Desalin, returned with a severed



(LEFT) After a long day in the saddle, the men relax and check out their gear. Dave Burns, left, and Jim Price watch as Wally Bobatek makes an adjustment on his wide-brimmed hat. (BELOW) Seeing Mark Kotyuk on his horse, saber drawn, is easy to believe you've traveled back a century or so in time to the days when the cavalry clashed so violently with the Apaches.



(ABOVE) The gear used on the ride is as true to history as the uniforms. A tin cup sits next to a Sharps single-shot carbine from the 5th Michigan Cavalry, Company C, Wolverines.

(RIGHT) Women also participate in the reenactment ride. Jennifer Lockhart wears a cumbersome outfit typical of the late 19th century.



head that looked remarkably like Delshay. "Being satisfied both parties were in earnest in their beliefs, and the bringing of an extra head was not amiss, I paid both parties," noted Crook in *Apacheia*.

Ironically Desalin died a year later at the hands of his own brother, an Apache policeman acting to protect Indian Agent John Clum.

Crook also eventually fell victim to the ironies of the cruel struggle. Because Geronimo reneged on his promise to surrender, the general was in effect fired after he'd subjugated virtually every Apache tribe. He spent the closing decades of his life trying to obtain mercy for the Apaches, and he retained the respect of most of his former enemies.

All that rich, contradictory, heartbreaking history flitted through my mind as we rode down that steep flower-draped slope into the Verde Valley. I was glad I didn't have to watch for Delshay's ambush — yet I missed him somehow, as the night misses the cry of the wolf.

We rode all day, following the faint ruts of the century-old trail. We rode out of the dappling of the pines, through lush meadows, past a gnarled juniper shading an immobile fawn, up a volcanic ridge across which fled a white-rumped elk, and across a broad flat where an eagle disputed possession of a deer's carcass with three ravens. Then we headed down to the creosote-studded valley

floor and into the cottonwood-shaded meander of the Verde River. The horses drank thirstily there, dipping into their own reflections, glimmers from another century — a hard, cruel, vanished world.

At lunch I sat with the unit's lieutenant, an insurance salesman named Mark Kotyuk. We chatted about his \$10,000 investment in equipment, his insatiable need to be out there, his odd sense of belonging when he slipped on his heavy woolen uniform.

"What's the attraction?" I asked, hoping he could find words for what I'd already begun to feel.



"I just love it so," he said absently, staring at the ridge. "It's like I was born in the wrong century."

The thought lingered through that long, satisfying day as we rode through a terrain that seemed little changed from Crook's time. The illusion of another era persisted, save for the stretches where the trail veered close enough to State Route 260 for us to hear the internal-combustion hum of the 20th century.

The illusion enfolded me that night as I lay in my sleeping bag and savored the glittering star-stream of the Milky Way. Off in the darkness, the horses stomped and shuffled, their smell mingling with the scent of the meadow grass and loamy earth. Crook studied the same view a century ago. So did Delshay. And so, now, did I.

I found the thought oddly comforting as I drifted into dream. ■

Author's Note: Historical reenactment groups meet regularly throughout the state, including Company 1, 1st U.S. Cavalry, based at Fort Verde. For information about joining such a group, call or write Fort Verde State Park, (520) 567-3275; P.O. Box 397, Camp Verde, AZ 86322.

Phoenix-based Peter Aleshire teaches at Arizona State University, West, and writes often about Arizona history. John Drew, also of Phoenix, photographed the reenactment ride, but because of his heavy camera gear, and lack of padding, he drove instead of riding a horse.

POKER AND POTLUCK on Lake Powell



Just like Bret Maverick, my ol' pappy hailed from a long line of cardplayers, and the wisdom he imparted to us kids was mostly wrapped in the general rule that while we might not be able to control the cards life dealt us, we darn sure could control how we played 'em. He also had a lot to say about the full and true nature of luck.

For instance, my ol' pappy always said it's the bad luck in life that sets us up to recognize when good luck comes our way.

An avid cardplayer myself, I'd hoped luck would be with me last fall when we set out north from Phoenix for a five-day jaunt on one of Arizona's largest and most beautiful bodies of water, shimmering Lake Powell. We made rental arrangements for a 50-foot houseboat for six families — 12 adults and a slew of kids — plus we got two fast boats for fishing and skiing. We also took tons of provisions and the latest in water toys.

Most important — at least to us women — were our two card tables, a dozen regulation card decks, and our heavy purses,

Text by Marilyn Taylor

Photographs by Patrick Cone

(LEFT) A houseboat on scenic Lake Powell and decks of cards make for the perfect vacation, thought our author. But she hadn't counted on the unexpected.



each bursting with the nickels, dimes, and quarters we would bet.

We women, longtime camping comrades and card partners, had recently seen Mel Gibson's *Maverick*, much of it filmed on a riverboat that glided on the dark blue waters and through the sunset-colored canyons of Lake Powell. Anticipating our own trip, we saw ourselves on our own Lake Powell "riverboat," set up on the top deck, shaded by colorful umbrellas, dealing cards, raising bets, and showing our hands. We'd be the riverboat gambling queens of Lake Powell. Sure we'd cook occasionally, and maybe we'd sleep, but we made it clear to the men and kids that card playing would be our chief preoccupation.

Pulling our 24-foot Gulfstream behind our small van, my husband, Buz, daughter Alex, and I had to travel slowly, so we took off from Phoenix for the lake the earliest of all of the families — at 3 A.M. on a Saturday. The plan was that we'd meet up with the others at Lake Powell's Wahweap Marina at 1 P.M. that afternoon. There we'd sign the rental papers for our houseboat, load up, and head out for five worry-free, luck-filled days.

And when I saw a diamond-blue shooting star streak across the sky as we headed out of Phoenix, I knew Lady Luck was with me. I nestled into the passenger seat of our van and smugly imagined myself on my Lake Powell riverboat, under the fetching

blue hue of my umbrella, using the full sweeping motion of both of my arms to rake in my table winnings. I even practiced the sweet, slightly apologetic smile I'd wear while I scooped up everyone's money.

Then, a couple of hours outside Phoenix, this: *tap, tap, tap, tap.*

"What's that?" I asked Buz. He stroked his beard like he always does when he's got a mechanical problem, and we drove on.

A few hours later — 70 miles outside Page and 90 minutes from the Wahweap launching ramp — the tapping quit. In fact, the entire engine quit. In fact, we were stranded on U.S. Route 89 with what Buz, an electronic engineer, described as a "catastrophically busted" water pump.

We hardly had time to come to terms with our dilemma when a diesel wrecker with a 32-foot towing bed zipped past us going in the opposite direction, made a U-turn, and pulled right up behind us. After negotiating a fee, the sympathetic driver loaded our boat onto his bed and attached our van to the rear of his wrecker. Then, just when we realized there wasn't room for all of us in his cab, my friend Linda Schucker — one of the many adults converging on Powell for our trip — pulled up behind us in her car.

The new plan was that Buz and the wrecker driver would head into Page to buy a water pump. Then Buz would launch his boat and wait for the rest of our party.

Once the houseboat was launched, we agreed, he and I would take off in our boat and scout for a camping site.

As planned, at 1 P.M. we met up at Wahweap, loaded our provisions, and headed out.

In search of a sandy, secluded beach, Buz, photographer Patrick Cone, and I zipped through Wahweap Bay and motored about 25 miles east to north Padre Bay. We began searching for a campsite along the shores of the bay's fingerlike north canyons. Most of the good sites were already claimed by campers, so we crossed Padre Bay and searched its narrow south shore canyons.

Then, this: *clang, clang, clang, clang.*

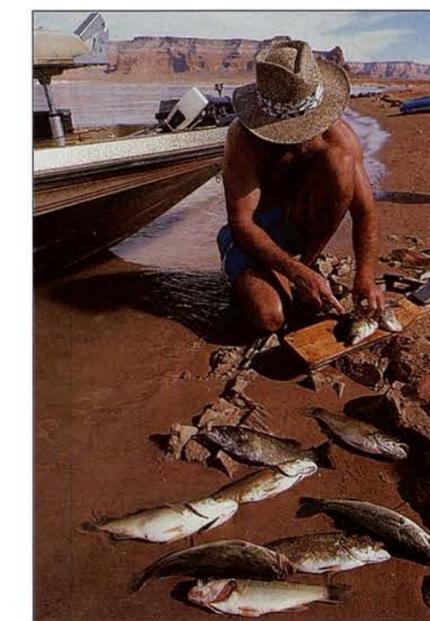
Patrick and I looked at Captain Buz, who was stroking his beard. A couple of seconds later, the boat died. In fact, the lower gear case failed. In fact, we were stranded on the waters of Face Canyon.

Our plan had been to find a site, rendezvous with our houseboating partners at Buoy 25, and lead them and the slower houseboat to the camp. Obviously that wasn't going to happen. Our only hope now was that one of our camping partners, Bill Cox — who brought his bass boat for the trip — would realize we were in trouble and zip out to find us. The question was, just how long would it take for him to figure out our sorry circumstances?



(LEFT) A highlight of the trip is a visit to Rainbow Bridge. At 290 feet high and 270 feet wide, it's the largest such span in the world.

(ABOVE) One of the youngsters tries snorkeling in the lake's clear waters. (RIGHT) One of the ways the men occupy themselves while the women play riverboat gamblers is fishing. Bill Cox cleans the bass he pulled from the lake in record time.





Poker and Potluck on Lake Powell

Or, in other words, how long would we be adrift?

Suddenly we heard shouting from the shore; we were being hailed by a group of campers. Answering their queries, we screamed out the details of our situation, and sure enough, they hopped into their boat and went out in search of our waiting party. A half hour later, we were under tow behind Cox's bass boat.

And then before our eyes, Gregory Butte appeared. Located near Buoy 28 outside Last Chance Bay (hah!), it's a mile-radius island anchored by a jutting limestone butte and hugged by sandy white beaches

and gentle coves that lend to easy mooring. Best of all, it was empty of campers. We anchored the houseboat and Buz's and Cox's boats, and we settled in. The fun had finally begun.

While Lake Powell, with its 250 square miles of recreational waters, is best known as a summer mecca, we think fall is its prime season. For one thing, the population of campers and boaters dramatically declines. Another reason is the heavenly weather. During the day, temperatures barely reach the high 70s (Fahrenheit), and at night it's just cool enough for a great campfire and a cozy sleeping bag. The water's nippy but only at first dip; after

that, it's delightfully and refreshingly cool.

Getting over the trauma of the van and boat mishaps, we had two full days left of Lake Powell bliss. The kids snorkeled, fished, read, and hiked; the men tinkered with things (break 'em, then fix 'em); and the women, we played cards. We set up our two tables on the houseboat's top deck under an 18-foot by 24-foot blue plastic tarp. Stopping only to prepare meals, we played games ranging from straight and stud poker to King, Back Alley Bridge, and Big Boy/Little Boy.

True to our dream, we even played while the houseboat was underway. Embarking on an all-day trip Friday, our third day, we women sat on the top deck tending to our games while the men motored us more than 20 miles to spectacular Rainbow Bridge National Monument.

Often noted as one of the world's greatest wonders, Rainbow is the world's largest natural bridge. A brilliant red sandstone structure, it is 270 feet wide and rises to a high point of 290 feet. We photographed the kids below Rainbow and, on the return trip, stopped at nearby Dangling Rope Marina for gas and provisions.

Then came the fourth day. In the afternoon, we realized we had no coffee for breakfast the following morning, when we'd be cranky and packing up to leave. Figuring to mix the get-coffee trip with a bit of twilight waterskiing, Bill Cox, Patrick Cone, Linda Schucker, and I took off in Cox's boat for a second trip to Dangling Rope Marina, about 15 miles from Gregory Butte. We made it at 6 P.M., just before the marina closed and just in time to refuel Cox's all-but-empty tank.

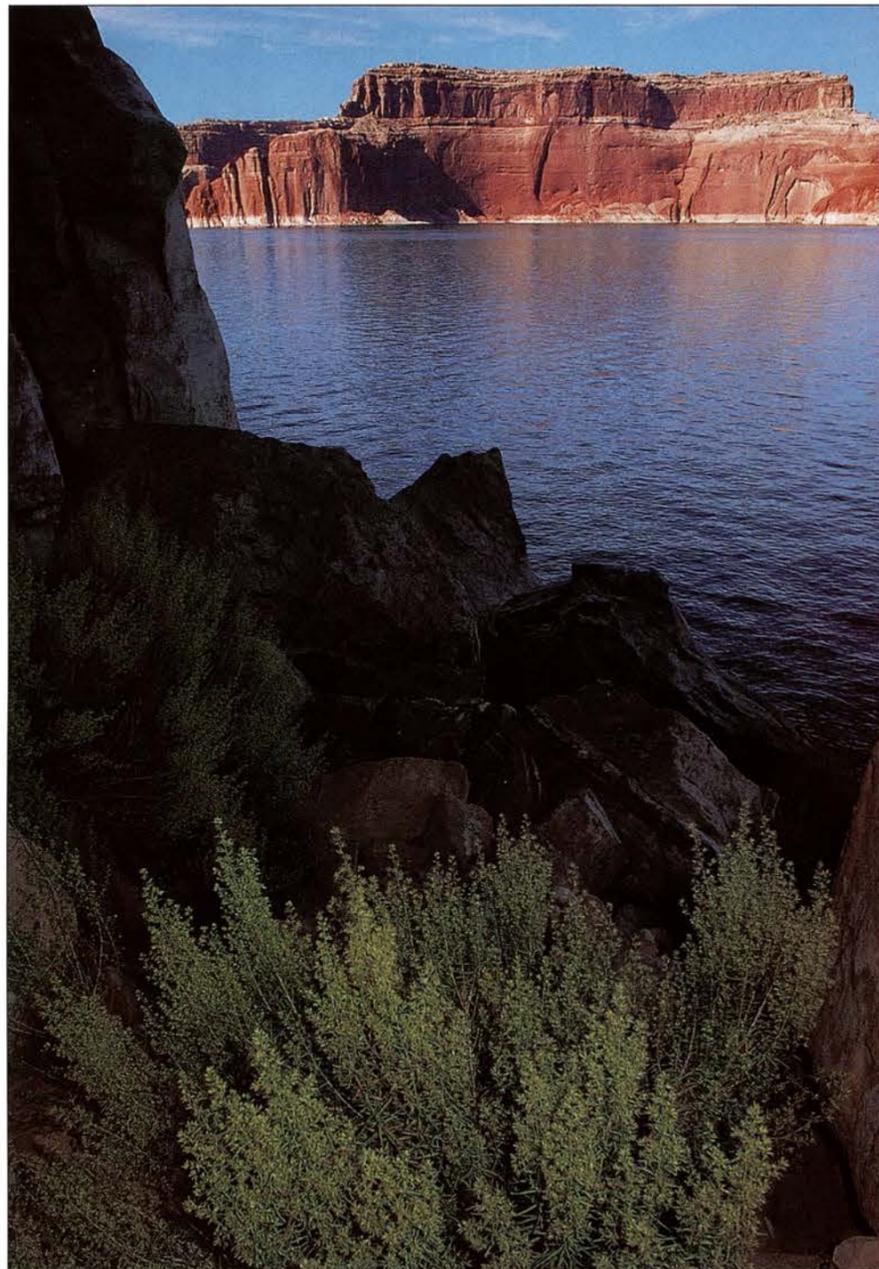
Returning to camp, we watched the moonless sky transform itself from pinkish gold to rose, to violet, and, finally, to black. We zipped along, chilly but snug, quiet, and happy and looking forward to a dinner of barbecued flank steak, coleslaw, potato salad, and warm sourdough rolls.

Then, this: *chunkety, chunkety, chunkety, chunkety.*

We sat in dumbfounded silence staring at Captain Cox, hoping he was only trying to give us a scare by purposely killing the boat's engine. In fact, it was dead. In fact, without a moon, without lights, without any protection against oncoming watercraft,

(LEFT) Our boaters anchor at Gregory Butte, a mile-radius island ringed by white beaches and coves offering easy mooring.

(OPPOSITE PAGE) Some of our water lovers find that a walk on the beach offers a relaxing change of pace.



we were stranded in midstream. The boat's oil metering was out of whack, and the engine had run out of oil and seized up.

Huddled together in the drifting boat, we agreed that our camping partners would miss us. At first, we imagined, they would be slightly irritated because they'd think we spent too long skiing and would be a little tardy for dinner. An hour later, their irritation would become anger at our out-and-out irresponsibility. Two hours later, their anger would become worry over our well-being. And then what? Would they pull up anchor on the lumbering houseboat and set out in the dead of night to search for us? And in that process, would they happen to find us . . . maybe by running head-on into our crippled, lightless boat?

Considering all this, Cox pulled out his electric trolling motor, and we headed toward home — at one mile an hour.

Suddenly we saw lights along the nearby shore and a big, *unbroken* boat. We saw and hailed two campers, a man and a woman who were night fishing. And wouldn't you know, they hopped into their boat, threw us a line, and, half an hour later we were returned to Gregory Butte.

The next day, as we headed for home, it occurred to me that, with the exception of the houseboat, nearly every single traveling machine I got into that darn trip broke down. And it just seemed impossible to me

— well, at least improbable — that anyone's luck could be that bad.

But like my ol' pappy always said, it takes bad luck to know good — whether it's a hand with four aces, a good-natured diesel wrecker driver, or two fishermen who take pity on four drifting boaters.

And, anyway, my ol' pappy woulda been pretty upset at me for complaining at all, considering that Lady Luck was with me when it really counted.

After all, I beat everyone at cards. ♣

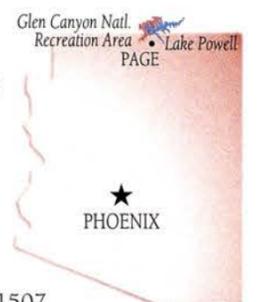
Scenic Video: Actor William Shatner narrates *Lake Powell and the Canyon Country*, an exciting *Arizona Highways* video that explores the countless coves and inlets of this

water-recreation wonderland. The hour-long video also visits Lake Powell's scenic neighbors, including the Grand Canyon's North Rim, Monument Valley, Navajo National Monument, and Zion and Bryce Canyon national parks. The video in VHS format costs \$29.95; VHS PAL European format, \$32.95. For information and to order, telephone toll-free (800) 543-5432. In the Phoenix area or outside the U.S., call (602) 258-1000.

Phoenix-based Marilyn Taylor wrote about Arizona's "West Coast" along the Colorado River in the July, 1995 issue. Patrick Cone, of Park City, Utah, first visited Glen Canyon, the site of Lake Powell, in the late 1950s with his mining engineer father.

WHEN YOU GO

If you, too, are interested in playing cards on a houseboat amidst the breathtaking beauty of Lake Powell's red rock canyons or hiking, waterskiing, fishing, camping, or exploring the vast beauty of the lake, contact the Page-Lake Powell Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 727, Page, AZ 86040; (520) 645-2741 for general information on lodging and recreation. For boat rental reservations, contact Lake Powell Resort and Marinas at 2916 N. 35th Ave., Phoenix, AZ, 85017; toll-free (800) 528-6154, or (602) 278-8888 in the Phoenix area. For information on hiking, camping, boating, and fishing at Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, write or call, P.O. Box 1507, Page, AZ 86040; (520) 608-6200.





W I T S T O P

TEXT BY GENE PERRET
ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN J. KIBSEY

How to Be a Cowboy Artist in Nine Easy Lessons

While ago, I viewed a glorious display of Western paintings, drawings, and sculpture at the Phoenix Art Museum. It was the sale and exhibit of the Cowboy Artists of America, held each year around October. I enjoyed the art pieces, but I also studied them with a critical eye, and now I feel qualified to teach anyone and everyone how to be a cowboy artist in a few easy lessons.

1. Buy a lot of blue paint. You'll need it for the Western skies, the rivers and streams, and the Levi's that most of the people in the pictures wear.

2. Don't waste your time learning how to paint hair. All the people in Western paintings wear either a cowboy hat or a warbonnet.

If you make the brim of the hat big enough, you can cut art class on the night they teach you how to paint eyes, too.

3. Practice drawing circles. Indians always ride in them, wagon trains camp in them, and cowboys sit around the fire in them.

Circles also are the approximate shape of most cowboy

hats and warbonnets. (See Lesson 2, above.)

4. If you're not real good at painting cowboy boots, just darken the clouds and add some rain to your painting. That way, all your cowboys can be standing ankle-deep in mud.

Horses' legs also are difficult, but you have to add a bit more rain and a whole lot more mud to avoid drawing them. Another option is that you can have all your cowboys and Indians riding behind a four-foot-high stone wall.

5. Never paint anybody smiling. Mixing the right blend of pigments to represent teeth stained with years of tobacco juice would have eluded even the old masters.

6. Never pose Indians and buffalo in the same painting. It must be an ego thing or something like that, but each dislikes being in the picture with the other.

Anytime you see a painting with both Indians and buffalo, you'll notice that the Indians are always trying to chase them out of the picture. They shoot them with arrows, poke them with spears — anything to get them out of the frame.

And the buffalo are always giving the Indians nasty looks out of the corner of their eyes.

If you want a peaceful, quiet picture and no problems with your models, put Indians in one painting and buffalo in another.

7. Resist the urge to do a painting of a herd of pinto ponies stampeding through a

forest of birch trees. It's just too much black and white for the human eye to absorb comfortably. I guarantee the painting will always turn out looking like a close-up picture of a zebra.

8. Charge a lot of money for your pictures. Don't be shy about it; put a heavy price tag on them. I'll tell you why:

I listened to people as they ambled about the gallery. More often than not I'd hear someone say to a companion, "What do you think of this painting?"

"I don't know. It's kind of nice. How about you?"

"I'm not sure whether I like it or not."

"Well, everybody has a hat on so it's definitely following the rules."

"Yes, it is, but I'm not sure he's really captured the cowboy boots."

"I see what you mean. He should have added rain and mud."

"But I'm still not sure whether I like it or not."
"Well, how much is it?"
"Let's see, the price is right here. Ohmigosh, it's \$34,000!"
"Oh . . . then it must be good."

"I like it."
"Me too."

And they'd move on to the next painting.

So charge a lot. It makes your pictures that much better.

9. You may paint on canvas, paper, wood, or an assortment of other surfaces, but remember this: real cowboy artists never paint on velvet.

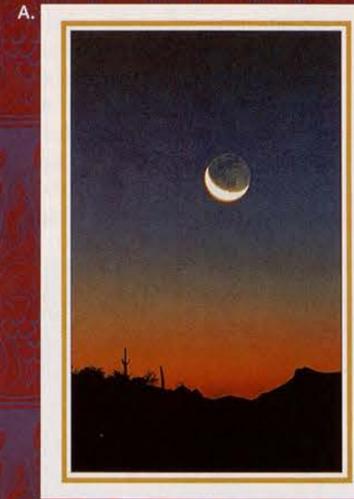
If you follow all the above suggestions and discover that you still can't paint cowboys, Indians, sagebrush, mesas, campfires, covered wagons, saddles, pistols, rifles, stray dogs, cows, horses, or bison, don't fret. Become a cowboy poet instead. ❧



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CLASSIC CHRISTMAS CARDS

Each box contains 20 5-1/4" by 7-7/8" folded cards (same image) and 21 envelopes. \$14.95 per box. Manufactured on recycled paper.



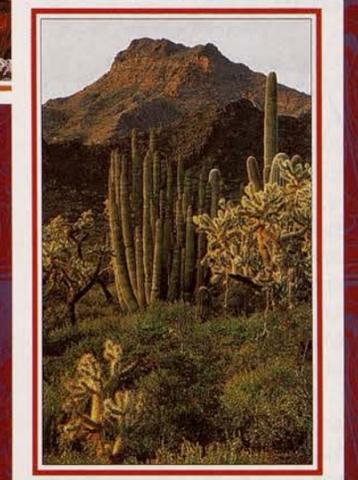
A. Crescent moon rises over Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument
Message: "Peace on Earth"
#CCMN6



B. "Angel of Peace" by Ettore "Ted" DeGrazia
Message: "Merry Christmas"
#CCDG6



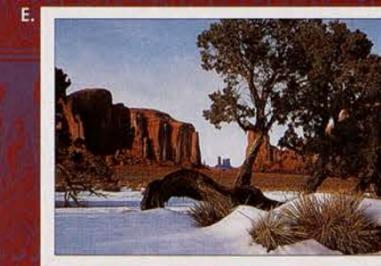
C. Grand Canyon sunrise from Maricopa Point
Message: "Wishing you peace and joy this holiday season"
#CCGC6



D. Cactus garden, Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument
Message: "Best wishes for a beautiful holiday season"
#CCCT6

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Each box contains 20 4-1/2" by 6-1/4" folded cards (same image) and 21 envelopes. \$7.95 per box. Manufactured on recycled paper.



E. Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park
Message: "Wishing you peace and joy this holiday season"
#XMVL6



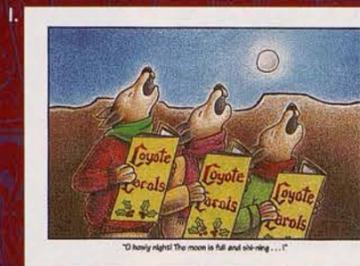
F. Festive saguaro sunset, Phoenix
Message: "May your holidays be merry and bright"
XLIT6



G. Saguaro, organ pipe and cholla cacti, Alamo Wash
Message: "Wishing you all the best this Christmas"
#XDST6



H. "Grand Canyon Silent Night" by Patricia Romano McNear
Message: "Peace"
#XILS6



I. Illustrations by Vicky Snow (2 images per box set) #XCRT6
Messages: 1. "Have a 'howly' jolly Christmas!"
2. "Sending you 'hearth-felt' greetings this holiday season"



"O howly night! The moon is full and shi-ning...!"

"Yes, children, those flying reindeer Santa uses are distant relatives of us jackalopes on your mother's side!"



LEGENDS OF THE LOST

TEXT BY SAM NEGRI
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATERI WEISS

Lost Arch Mine — the Twice-lost Prize Has More Faces than Eve

Among lost mines, the Lost Arch may be unique. This mine is so totally lost that searchers can't even agree which mountain range conceals it. Is it the brooding wheat-colored Trigo Mountains in western Arizona? Or is it the Turtle Mountains or the Old Woman Mountains, both on the eastern border of California?

Wherever it is, this mine is so well-hidden that it was twice found and twice lost, which reminds us of a statement usually attributed to Mark Twain: "A mine is a hole in the ground with a d---d liar standing on the dump."

I've uncovered several versions of the Lost Arch Mine story, one of them recounted by Erle Stanley Gardner, creator of the Perry Mason courtroom dramas.

Gardner, who liked to hunt for lost mines, wrote about the Lost Arch in *The Desert Is Yours*, a travel book published in 1966. His account, based on something he read many years earlier, began in 1883 with two



prospectors identified only as Fish and Crocker.

Equipped with a buckboard and horses, as well as a barrel of water, Fish and Crocker made their way from Nevada toward California. One morning Fish tilted the barrel and discovered it was almost empty. It didn't take long to figure out that the barrel had sprung a leak, and their lives suddenly were in jeopardy. They had about a half canteen of water left, and they were somewhere along the border between Arizona and California. The nearest known body of water was the Colorado River, but they doubted they could get that far before collapsing from dehydration.

Faced with potential disaster, they decided that rather than risk a dash for the Colorado in the heat of the day, they would explore the nearby mountains on foot for a few hours to see if they could locate a spring. They started off in separate directions with the understanding that they'd meet back at their camp at noon.

Fish worked his way up a canyon filled with large boulders. He walked until he was exhausted, but never found water. Finally, seeing a natural arch in the distance, he decided he'd go that far, rest, and return to camp. Later, as he sat near the arch recovering from the debilitating heat, he pushed his hands into the cool dirt around him. Something about the dirt caught his attention.

"Scooping up a handful, he started blowing away the lighter particles and found that he had a whole palmful [sic] of gold," Gardner wrote. Exhilarated by his find, Fish gathered as much of the gold as he could fit into his pockets and hurried to take the news to his partner.

Crocker, too, was ecstatic, but their excitement was quickly subdued by the obvious: you can't drink gold. They had to get to the Colorado River. After a torturous journey, they finally reached the river and slaked their thirst. Fish, who was in better



physical condition than his partner, regained his strength and took Crocker to Ehrenberg, on the Arizona side of the river, for medical treatment. A few days later Crocker died.

Fish spent the rest of his life looking for the lost gold, without success. He wasn't familiar

with the terrain where his water had run out; however, the usual assumption is that he and Crocker were in the Old Woman Mountains, a small range approximately 100 miles northwest of Ehrenberg and the Colorado River. But that assumption became cloudy as the result of a chance encounter between two other prospectors.

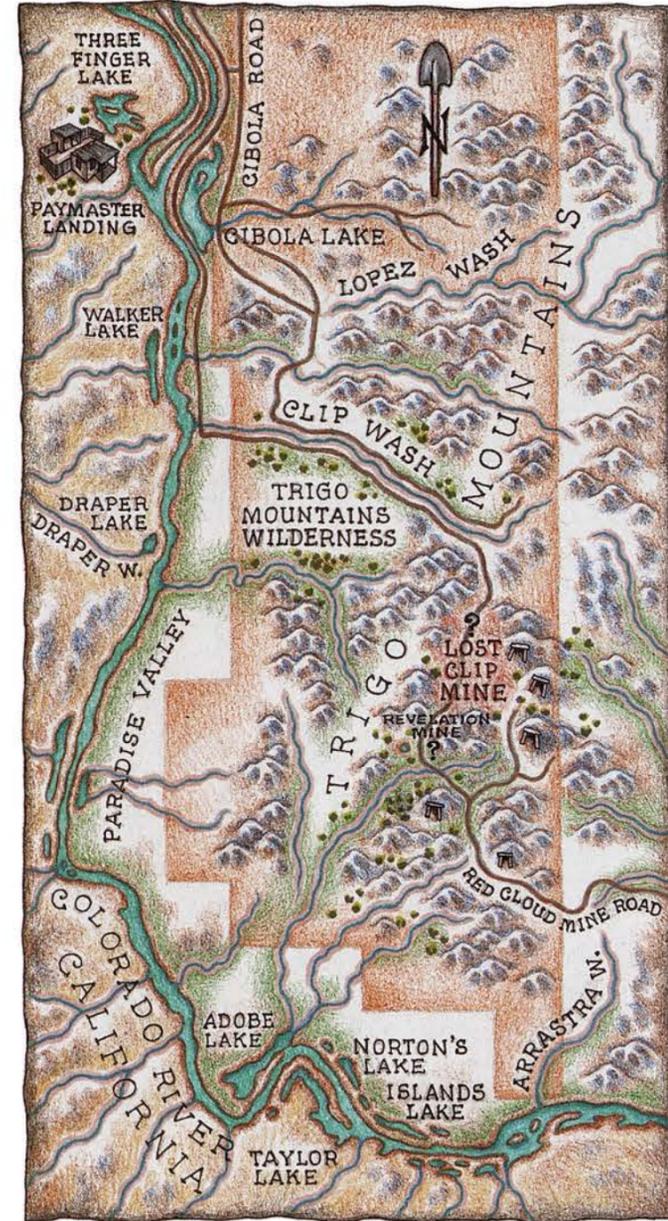
Fish originally found the Lost Arch gold in 1883. He died in 1900. Around that time, a German named Peter Kohler was prospecting in the Turtle Mountains when he ran into another miner named John Packer. The men shared a camp for a night, and Kohler casually mentioned he had been on a mesa that sloped to the north, and from the top he could see an arch in the distance that he wanted to explore someday. From this description, Packer — who was familiar with the Lost Arch story — became convinced that Kohler, who knew nothing of the gold, had stumbled onto the long-lost mine.

At the time of their chance meeting, both men were headed for nearby towns to seek employment to bankroll future prospecting expeditions. Packer didn't bother telling his new companion about the Lost Arch gold, but instead suggested they form a partnership. It was agreed that Packer would look for work in Needles and Kohler would stick to his original plan and try to get a job at Amboy. The two men were to meet 20 days later at Sunflower Springs to resume prospecting.

Packer showed up as agreed, but Kohler never arrived. Packer went to Amboy and learned that Kohler had been crushed to death under a pile of heavy timber three days after he started work at a lumberyard.

The Lost Arch, found and lost by Fish, had now been found and lost again by Peter Kohler. Maybe.

All assumptions concerning



the location of the Lost Arch were questioned in 1965 by Choral Pepper, then editor of *Desert Magazine*. Various elements in the original story didn't make sense to Pepper.

"If Fish had been wandering down the west bank of the Colorado, thirst-maddened and half dead with exposure, why, then, didn't they seek help in Blythe on the California side? Why would they take the time to ferry the river to

Ehrenberg?" she asked. The answer is simply that Blythe did not exist in 1883. It was settled in 1910.

Pepper had other questions, such as, "Who can prove they were wandering downriver instead of up, or on the west bank rather than the east?"

Clearly no one can prove anything, which is why the gold remains lost. Pepper's questions, combined with information sent to *Desert Magazine*

in 1964, led her to speculate that maybe the prospectors weren't in the Old Woman or Turtle mountains but in the Trigo range of western Arizona. That theory was based on a letter from N.K. Jackson, who had read Gardner's account and then stumbled upon an eroded arch and mine dump near the Clip Mine in the Trigos that seemed to fit the topographical description of the Lost Arch.

In his letter to *Desert*, Jackson wrote: "Two years ago, we accidentally discovered the Revelation Mine which has a large arch where a slit about 75 feet long by 90 feet deep had been dug in the top of the mountain. Certainly this old mine was marked by a natural arch. Could it be where Mr. Fish found his nuggets? Later it could have been found by someone else and mined for one of the other ores found in the district . . ." Jackson said you could see where the arch was located and where it had fallen down.

Armed with this letter and only two other clues — Fish's comment about the proximity of a natural arch and that the men went to Ehrenberg for help — Pepper set off for the Trigos. What she discovered is that the Trigo Mountains, like other ranges in the area, are "overly endowed with arches" and mines.

Could Fish's lost gold be near the Revelation Mine in the Trigos? Maybe. But most "authorities" believe it's in the Turtles. After numerous hours spent poring over accounts of the gold discovery written by Pepper, Gardner, and John Mitchell (who tells a completely different version), I think Pepper made the only sound observation about this perplexing story:

"The Lost Arch Mine," she said, "has more faces than Eve." ■



ARIZONA HUMOR

Bath Blues

Living in northern Arizona in the 1940s, we managed without indoor plumbing or electricity. To bathe, we lugged water from the well and heated it on a wood-burning stove, then poured it into a tub.

It was so much trouble we only did it on Saturdays, settling for sponge baths the rest of the week.

When two friends and I were inducted into the Army, we headed off to Phoenix to take our physical exams. Since we had to spend the night, they put us up in the Arizona Hotel. We were amazed. What a luxury to have both hot and cold running water. I walked into the room to find one of my buddies staring longingly at the large white bathtub.

"Tom, what are you doing?" I asked.

"I was just wishing it was Saturday so I could take a bath," he replied.

Lovel L. Rogers
Mesa

Gadgets and Gizmos

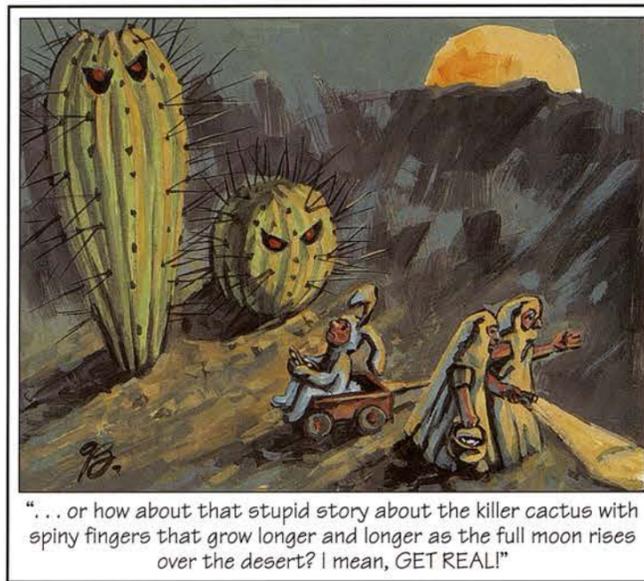
Years ago I sold cars in a small town in Arizona. When the new headlight-dimming feature first came out, one of our cars was equipped with it.

During our showing, I noticed a rancher inspecting this device, and as I approached him he asked what it was and how much it cost. I told him what it was and that it cost \$69.95. Then he asked me what it did.

"When you meet an oncoming car," I said, "it automatically dims your lights."

"Well," he snapped back, "when I pay \$69.95 for a gadget, it will dim the other guy's lights, not mine."

Thomas LaMance
Prewitt, NM



Country Eulogy

There is an unwritten law in ranch country that if you enter ranch property from a road, you must always close the gate after you, and do the same when you leave the property.

Along U.S. Route 93 north of Wickenburg, near a ranch gate, there is a mock tombstone bearing this warning: "Here lies the last person who failed to close this gate."

Barbara Binney
Wickenburg

Rainy Nights

A storm came up very suddenly while I was visiting Uncle Jack and Aunt Doc Lay in Cornville one winter evening. Aunt Doc asked Uncle Jack to go outside and see if it was raining. But Uncle Jack retorted, "Why don't we just call in the dog and see if he's wet?"

T.C. Hanni
Avila Beach, CA

Lover's Quarrel

At the turn of the century, the most young cowboys did

their courting on horseback, and often the men endured some good-natured ribbing when their mounts developed a habit of sidling up close to other horses.

Among those who courted in this manner were my wife's parents. Grandma is a very small woman, and Granddad always had to help her mount and dismount.

A ride one night ended in a quarrel, and as they arrived back at her home, Grandma announced, "Don't touch me. I'll get down by myself."

But her skirt caught on the saddle horn, and her foot hung suspended in the air. Her skirt was pulled up to her armpit, her ruffled pantalets fully exposed. Granddad burst out laughing.

"Well!" exploded Grandma, "I can see you're no gentleman."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Granddad. "And I can plainly see that you're no gentleman, either."

Bud Brown
Prescott

Threat from the Sky

Speaking to my friend Geneva one afternoon, I noticed two rabbits in her yard. "Lately a

hawk has been getting all the little cottontails in my yard," I told her. "Why, I've actually seen him flying off with one."

"There are a lot of them around here," Geneva said. "They come and chase all the little bunnies away."

"Really?" I asked. "I thought they always traveled by themselves."

"No," she insisted, "They come in groups of four and five, all sizes of them."

The conversation was beginning to get interesting, and I thought I was learning something. "The one at my house is a red-tail, I believe," I said.

Geneva replied, "The ones here are big. I bet they weigh as much as 40 or 50 pounds."

Perplexed now, I decided something was wrong. "Are we talking about the same thing?" I asked her. "I am talking about a hawk, h-a-w-k."

"Oh," she laughed, "I am talking about a hog, h-o-g."

Edith D. Steinhurst
Green Valley

TO SUBMIT HUMOR

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

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

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

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



ROADSIDE REST

TEXT BY DON DEDERA
PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY VICKY SNOW

The Bookworm Who Changed Arizona

Armed with a mountain of statistics, economists advance highfalutin explanations about the extraordinary growth of Phoenix.

The state's capital rose rapidly from the ashes of an ancient ruin to its status as a leading American city. One unchallenged brag: "No city in the history of the world has moved from scratch to the attainment of such major urban standing within the like period of time."

Before 1870, not a soul lived within the town's newly plated limits. By statehood (1912), the population had reached 22,000; the one high school graduated 48. At midcentury, Phoenix counted 65,000 residents.

Now Phoenix is the nation's seventh-largest city in population, at 2 million. Greater in size than Los Angeles, it sprawls over an area the size of Massachusetts.

Business analysts assess the causes. A warm climate now eased by summertime air-conditioning. Young, energetic immigrants. Favorable business laws. The Information Age. An informal, open, tolerant, enjoyable quality of living.

None of these, say I. Phoenix's astounding growth began in 1919 with a severe case of eyestrain in Naugatuck, Connecticut.

A large unathletic lad in his late teens named Daniel E. Noble was nearly driven to



COURTESY MOTOROLA MUSEUM OF ELECTRONICS

tears by searing, almost continuous headaches. In his hometown, Dan Noble was known as a quiet, well-mannered boy who amused friends and neighbors with his experiments using the Marconi wireless.

His private laboratory sheltered a clutter of radio equipment and chemical apparatus. His eyesight, never strong, was strained by hours of squinting at fine type and complicated electronic diagrams. To read at all, he had to wear eyeglasses with thick lenses.

Then, a doctor's urgent orders: "Don't open a book for a year. Go live out-of-doors in the wide-open spaces."

Presently Dan stepped off the train into Prescott, the mile-high former territorial capital. The benchwarmers at the depot sized up the new arrival as a soft, untested tenderfoot. It was not the most complimentary judgment by a boot-tough town that was home and hangout to sons of pioneers and Roughriders and rimrock cowboys.

The meeting of the young man and Ramsey Patterson was a statement of contrast, so very different were they. Patterson, part hard-scramble and part vinegar, was typical of a breed of man nearly vanished from Arizona. Small and wiry, close-mouthed, bewhiskered, he was the first federal hunter hired in Arizona, and he was known far and wide as the man who killed the last grizzly bear in the state.

Patterson couldn't ignore the young Easterner's spectacles, his dude demeanor, his educated speech. Yet he could hardly turn

down the youth's proposition: he would work full time for Patterson without a salary. That year the hunter and his apprentice killed 16 mountain lions, a bear, and scores of coyotes and lynx cats. There would come a day when Dan Noble would regret the taking of life. But before the science of ecology and holistic land management won many converts, hunting was his ticket to health.

The men followed Patterson's nine hounds through the labyrinthine wrinkles of Camp Wood Mountain, up Turkey Creek, and through the roadless Bradshaws. Once when Patterson went to resupply in Prescott, Dan was left in camp with a sack of beans. He ate them straight for breakfast, mashed for lunch, fried for supper.

There were moments of high excitement. A big mountain lion was brought to bay on a boulder. Dan crept forward, "close enough to touch his tail," and slowly raised his rifle.

The lion whirled. A shot rang. The cat fell. Patterson had fired over Dan's head.

When the year was done, Dan had become a man — iron-muscled, mature, of vastly improved eyesight. He left Prescott to resume his studies and did not return to Arizona for 28 years.

And when he did, it was as a leader of a prominent pioneer high-tech firm. He had continued his research, blazed fresh trails in radio broadcasting and programming, taught a variety of college courses, developed the world's first FM radio police system, and headed the team that invented the handheld two-way walkie-talkie battlefield radio.

Dan Noble, the lion hunter, brought Motorola, soon to be the largest of the high-tech employers, to Arizona.

With some validity, experts ascribe Phoenix's phenomenal growth to: the return of World War II veterans of Arizona training camps, a fair share of America's third wave of westward migration, transportation technologies that shrank distances, the irresistible allure of 300 days a year of sunshine.

Some such powerful factor or combination of forces must account for the ascendancy of manufacturing as the dominant segment of an economy not very long ago summarized as the Five C's: copper, cattle, cotton, citrus, and climate. Logic must explain the rush of Intels and Honeywells and Allied Signals and Sumitomo Sitexes to create 60,000 high-tech jobs in and around the Phoenix risen from the dead.

Or might it have been essentially a human element: one man with miserable eyesight and infinite vision and a love for a new land? ☐



BACK ROAD ADVENTURE

BY TOM DOLLAR

Leaf-peeping Desert Dwellers Discover Fall in the San Francisco Peaks

Our busy chattering stopped in that enchanted wood. No more excited pointing at the scenery as we had done earlier, circling the San Francisco Peaks in our van. Suddenly we were hushed, spellbound.

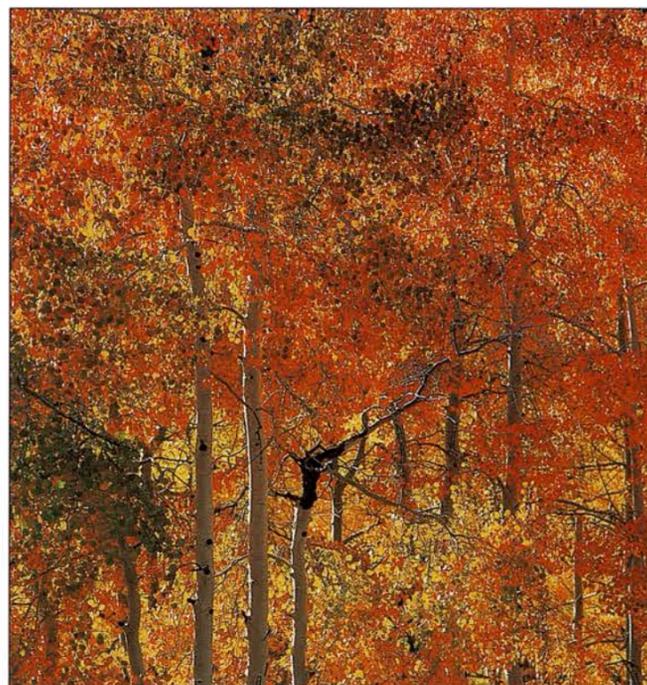
We were walking now, hiking the Abineau-Bear Jaw Trail on the north side of the mountain. The only moving air was the mountain's cool breathing, flowing from the heights into the canyons. The forest floor lay in deep shade.

Overhead, oblique late-afternoon autumn sun rays slanted through a leafy yellow canopy. Slender pearl-gray trunks of aspen mingled with dark shafts

of spruce raced toward the light, some soaring to 70 feet. Yellow leaves blanketed the blue-green spruce boughs, making them appear trimmed in golden petals.

Still as deer poised for flight, listening hard, we heard the ticking of leaves as they spun through the branches, and then — a *psft*, like a candle being snuffed, as they pelted the ground litter.

We froze in place, afraid to move, to break the spell. "I don't think I've ever in my life seen anything like this," whispered my companion, Kate McCarthy. I turned slowly in my tracks to look up the trail.



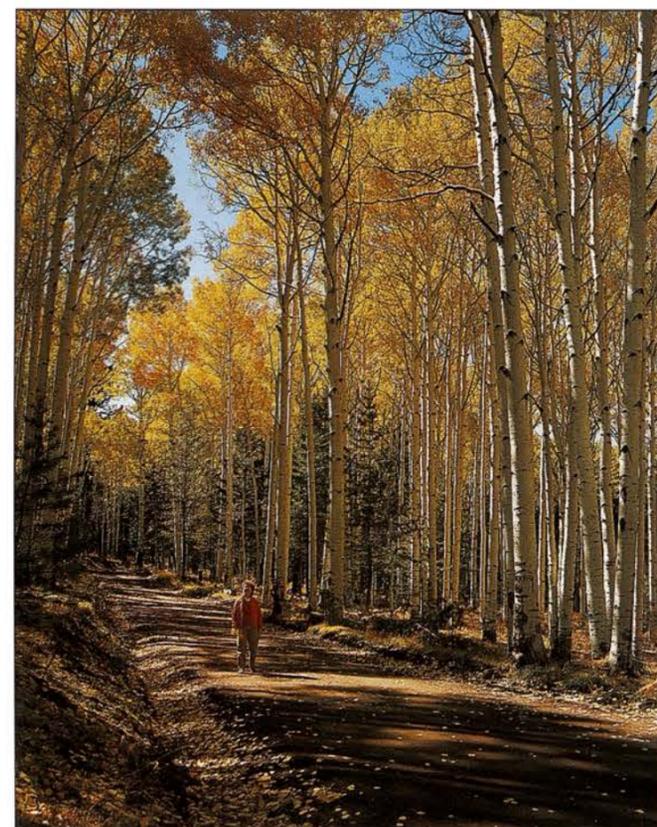
Suddenly a sun shaft penetrated the canopy to spotlight a single tree directly in the path ahead. The tree had burst into myriad points of flame. A rare red-leaved aspen. "Look!" I shouted. And the spell was broken.

The hike was an interlude, a way to break the weariness of driving back roads, to stretch and get the kinks out before the final leg of our around-the-mountain Sunday drive among the San Francisco Peaks. "Leaf peepers," Flagstaff residents call desert dwellers like us who've driven north in mid-October to see fall colors in full brilliance in mountainside aspen groves.

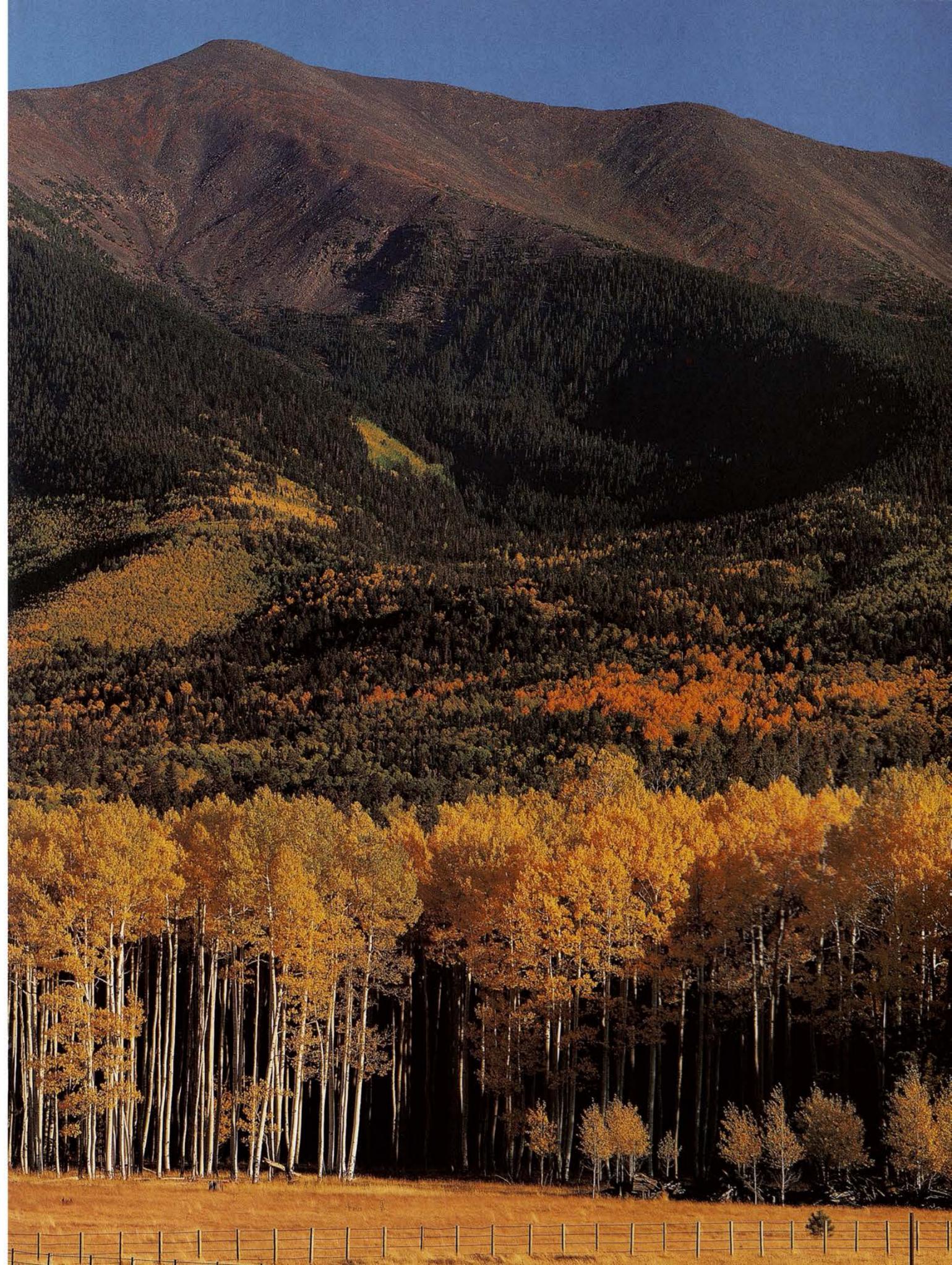
Our back road trip began about 10 miles northwest of

Flagstaff, 2.9 miles past the Arizona Snowbowl turnoff at the intersection of North Fort Valley Road (U.S. Route 180) and Forest Service Road 151. Our first stop, Hart Prairie, was about three miles north on FR 151. As we turned onto FR 151, I checked my rearview mirror and saw another car turning in behind us. About a quarter-mile farther on, we had to squeeze to the side of the road to let a large van pass and, right behind it, another vehicle. Leaf peepers.

While not quite swarming, Hart Prairie was a busy place. We parked our van and hiked to a grassy hilltop with a commanding view of the entire area. Below the hill to the west lay a



(LEFT) An unidentified hiker savors a fall stroll through a pine and aspen forest near the San Francisco Peaks in northern Arizona. BOB AND SUZANNE CLEMENZ (ABOVE) An autumnal vista with rare red-leaved aspens is a special treat for leaf-peepers. GEORGE STOCKING (RIGHT) Patches of golden aspen shine against a verdant backdrop near Hart Prairie. JERRY JACKA



pretty grove of aspens with a large stock pond next to it. A single-lane dirt track wound past the pond and disappeared into the aspen grove. The word "bucolic" came to mind.

From our hilltop perch, we turned to look east toward the Snowbowl, a downhill ski area on the west flank of the San

Francisco Peaks about 4.5 miles below 12,643-foot Humphreys Peak, the highest point in the state and the only arctic-alpine life zone in Arizona. There in the alpine tundra, wind-sculpted bristlecone pines grow alongside a few stunted Engelmann spruce trees. And San Francisco Peaks groundsel, a small plant found

nowhere else in the world, grows above the timberline.

Earlier, driving out from Flagstaff, we had detoured 14 miles round-trip up Snowbowl Road for a close-up view of the mountains before heading out to Hart Prairie.

Now, from a farther perspective, the slopes were a mosaic.

Deep, unrelieved green of pine and fir at the lower elevations, giving way to spruce and fir with splashes of yellow-gold to orange where the aspens mix with conifers, and then dark green again until the forest line dissolves into alpine tundra and volcanic cones.

From Hart Prairie, we drove

about five miles north to FR 418, the route that took us approximately 12 miles across to U.S. 89. "Back Road Adventure" Alert: do not turn off onto FR 418B, which intersects FR 151 about one mile south of FR 418. FR 418B soon becomes impassable to all but four-wheel-drive rigs. The other

routes are easily driven in any high-clearance vehicle.

Now we were on the north side of the mountain range. There, aspen trees did not climb as high as on the south slopes, but the range of color appeared wider. About three miles after the turn, we gaped out the window and called out the array of colors as we drove along: "pale green, dark green, gray, yellow, orange, black, gold, red."

About three miles along, we came to FR 9123J and a sign on the right announcing the Abineau-Bear Jaw Trail. After being cooped up in the car all day, the idea of a brisk walk was appealing. We needed exercise. We turned south 1.2 miles to the trailhead, parked, and eagerly set off up the trail to our spellbinding interlude in the enchanted wood.

The Abineau-Bear Jaw Trail, as its name suggests, is really two trails in one, together forming a six-mile loop. It was 3 P.M. when we started, too late to do the entire loop before dark. Instead, we hiked to a small boulder-strewn alpine meadow about two miles up the Abineau Trail side of the loop. It was a chilly 45° F. when we arrived.



(OPPOSITE PAGE) Each aspen has its own timetable for changing colors with the seasons. And a smaller tree seems not to be influenced by those already wearing fall dress. BOB AND SUZANNE CLEMENZ (ABOVE) Aspen leaves, a white pinecone, and a decaying log create a fall mosaic on the forest floor. MARK MILLER

As the sun sank below a ridge, the temperature plummeted. Faded sunflowers, drooping heads gone to seed, signaled autumn's arrival. Shivering into sweaters and windbreakers, we headed down the trail toward the sheltering trees. Ahead of us, quick dark-eyed juncos flitted through low-growing bushes, scattering yellow leaves on dark cinders.

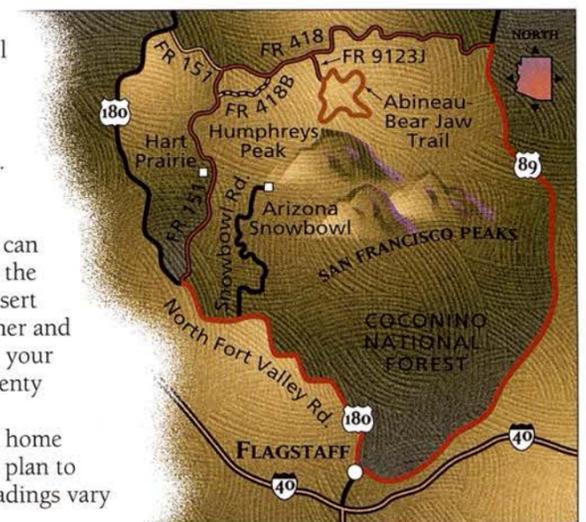
FR 418 is downhill all the way, almost nine miles, from the hiking trail over to U.S. 89, and bumpy. The day we drove it, the road was washboarded and needed grading, so it was slow-going the last seven miles. At U.S. 89 we turned south, right, to Flagstaff, roughly 12 miles, and to a bowl of hot chili at one of our favorite downtown cafes. ☑

TIPS FOR TRAVELERS

Before hiking or driving around the peaks, contact the Coconino National Forest's Peaks Ranger District for the latest road, trail, weather, and hiking conditions as well as regulations on hiking in the forest and wilderness areas. The office is at 5075 N. Highway 89, Flagstaff, AZ 86004; (520) 526-0866.

Back road travel in more 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 that odometer readings vary by vehicle.



KEVIN J. KIBBEY



MILEPOSTS

EDITED BY REBECCA MONG
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUSS WALL

In Search of Dinosaurs

What do you get when you cross a dinosaur with a saguaro cactus? Answer: a really big pet that always sticks with you. Well, there are no saguaros on the Navajo Indian Reservation — no dinosaurs, either. But there used to be, and you can still follow their tracks in the ancient sandstone of the far northwest corner of the state if you know where to look.

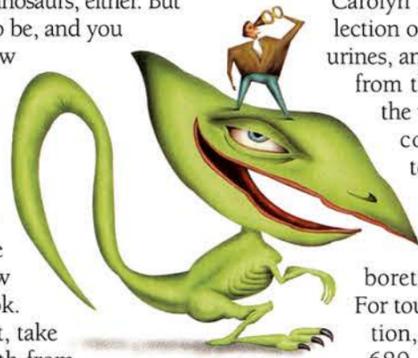
To do that, take U.S. 89 north from Flagstaff 68 miles, turn east onto U.S. 160 (toward Tuba City) and go about three miles; watch for the directional sign. The tracks are about one-quarter mile north of the highway.

And here are some dinosaur-stalking tips: wear walking shoes and a hat — and make sure there's some cash in your pocket. Those 10-foot-tall meat-eating bipeds that scientists say lived thereabouts may be long gone, but chances are you will meet some Navajos selling silver and turquoise jewelry, and you don't want to count on using plastic. For more information, call the Navajo Parks and Recreation Department, (520) 871-6647.

Picketpost House Tours

Visitors can now tour the privately owned house that Col. William Boyce Thompson built nearly 70 years ago on a crag overlooking what became the Boyce Thompson Southwestern Arboretum, a Nature preserve and plant research center

just west of Superior. Daily tours explore the mansion, which has been owned by the Rose family for many years. A fire destroyed 13 rooms and the elevator system several years ago, but 26 rooms survived, and they are filled with Carolyn Rose's collection of dolls, figurines, and antiques from throughout the world. The cost of the tour, which is not run through the arboretum, is \$4. For tour information, call (520) 689-2845. — Sam Lowe



On the Road with Rover

Armed with a copy of *Doin' Arizona with Your Pooch*, you'd never again have to smuggle your four-footed friend past an eagle-eyed motel manager or stay in the car dog-sitting while everyone else enjoys the latest no-pets-allowed attraction.

The 688-page pet-travel guide, by Scottsdale writer Eileen Barish, promises no-bones-about-it travel adventure for pet owners and backs it up with information on Fido-friendly activities and lodgings throughout the state. Included are 500 accommodations listings and nearly a thousand recreational activities



and destinations (hikes, parks, Indian reservations, ghost towns) — all with descriptions, driving directions, and contact numbers.

The guide costs \$19.95. Check your bookstore or call Pet-Friendly Publications toll-free at (800) 496-2665.

This Inn's a World Away

Private cottages filled with treasures collected over a lifetime. Gourmet picnics on the banks of a burbling creek. Leisurely strolls in an orchard bursting with ripe peaches, pears, and apricots. But no phones or TVs. And no horde of guests, either.

Carol Steele's Aravaipa Farms is an intimate bed and breakfast inn, catering to a handful of guests who want to relax tensed muscles and inhale country-fresh air.

Rustic tranquility with a touch of sophistication is the attraction of Steele's inn, a pastoral retreat that inspired one guest to imagine she'd become part of a painting by Matisse or Van Gogh. The inn sits next door to the wildlife-rich Aravaipa Wilderness, just two hours south-east of Phoenix. But it's a world away in terms of peace and quiet, says its proprietor.

"This is a refuge, a place for guests to regenerate their spirit," says Steele. "The inn, though, really is the reverse of a bed and breakfast. Guests have a stocked refrigerator in their cottage and can breakfast at their leisure. But dinner, that's a special occasion, held in the dining room of the main house or on the patio."



Recent guests report that the inn's lunches are pretty special, too — they're still savoring an exquisitely presented Nicoise, poached salmon and swordfish, cranberry muffins, a bottle of wine, and an apple-berry tart with coffee. Served on a blossom-bedecked patio. Not bad for an inn down a steep hill and beyond two creek crossings in the wilds of the high Sonoran Desert. For information, call (520) 357-6901.

Visiting Hopiland

An ancient village of yellow stone houses sitting atop First Mesa on the Hopi Indian Reservation in northern Arizona is said to be one of the oldest continuously inhabited communities in America. Occupied for more than 300 years and known for its ceremonial dances and crafts, Walpi today is home to a handful of Hopis. Visitors can enter the village only with a Hopi guide. Cameras and recording equipment are not allowed. (The Hopis are a quiet and reserved people; respect their prohibitions and their privacy.) To inquire about free 40-minute walking tours, ceremonial dances, and crafts, call the Hopi Tribal Office, (520) 734-2441.

Spa News

An ElderCamp for men and women 60 years of age and older will be held at Tucson's Canyon Ranch Health and Fitness Resort, November 3 to 10. The camp is part of the spa's Health and Wellness Weeks schedule, and it focuses on "improving physical and emotional health, exploring healthy eating, and developing a positive approach to aging." An Adult Asthma Week,

November 17 to 24; a Healthy Heart Week, December 1 to 8; and an ongoing Life Enhancement Program complete the 1996 schedule. For more information about the spa and to inquire about next year's Health and Wellness Weeks schedule, write 8600 E. Rockcliff Road, Tucson, AZ 85750; or call (520) 749-9000.

Canyon Ranch sits on 70 acres of desert on the outskirts of Tucson in the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains. It has twice been named "Best Spa" by the readers of *Condé Nast Traveler* magazine.

Speaking of Halloween . . .

Faucets mysteriously turning on in the middle of the night, things moving about the room on their own, "a strange chill in the air" — there's no extra charge for this ghostly entertainment at the Hotel Vendome in Prescott.

Legend has it that Room 16 of the historic hotel is haunted by one Abbey Byer. Betrayed and abandoned by her husband, Abbey stayed on at the hotel until her demise from consumption in 1921. And ever since, strange things have been happening in her old room.

The Vendome sits "in the shadow" of once-notorious Whiskey Row, where spirits of another kind once obliged thirsty cowboys looking for a good time after long days on the range. Contact the hotel at 230 S. Cortez St., Prescott, AZ 86303; (520) 776-0900.

EVENTS

Andy Devine Days

October 5-6 and 11-13; Kingman

The hometown of the lovable movie cowboy sidekick celebrates the distinction with



two week-ends of fun. Golf and softball tournaments highlight the first weekend, while the second boasts a rodeo, parade, dance, the U.S. Air Force Jazz Band reviving the Glen Miller sound, and much more. There will be an admission charge for the rodeo. Take the time to look around town; local sights include the Beale Hotel, owned by Andy's folks, and the Mohave County Historical Society with its memorabilia-filled Andy Devine Room. Information: (520) 753-6106.

Indian Powwow

October 12-13; Mesa

Three hundred dancers from across the country highlight the Annual Native American Powwow held at a location to be announced. There'll also be plenty of arts and crafts and food booths on hand to help lighten your wallet. Admission is free; donations are accepted. Information: (602) 644-3071.

Anza Days

October 19-20; Tubac

If you need another reason to visit this history-rich town, this event at the Tubac Presidio State Historic Park provides it. Anza Days commemorates

Gallery of Fine Prints: Changing Seasons

The beginning of winter, symbolized by a light snow dusting of the San Francisco Peaks, and the fading of fall, depicted by the coloring of the aspens, comprise this Changing Seasons portrait (see pages 28 and 29) offered for sale from the Arizona Highways Gallery of Fine Prints. The photograph is by Bob and Suzanne Clemenz.



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

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

The sizes and prices of the Changing Seasons print are:

- #A99FP16: Approximately 14" by 17" \$175
- #A99FP26: Approximately 16" by 20" \$225
- #A99FP36: Approximately 20" by 24" \$275

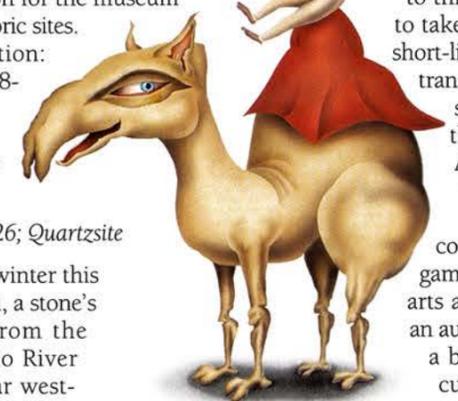
Juan Bautista de Anza's 1775-76 trek from Mexico to what's now San Francisco. Activities include a reenactment ride from Tumacacori to the historic district of Tubac. Also on tap: dancing, arts and crafts, and food booths. Anza Days admission is free. There is an admission for the museum and historic sites. Information: (520) 398-2252.

Hi Jolly Daze

October 26; Quartzsite

Each winter this town, a stone's throw from the Colorado River in the far western part of the state, performs a trick no magician could conjure: its population swells from a couple thousand to 30,000. Then in February — when the rockhounds arrive for the big annual show — it jumps to about a million people, most of them ensconced in a sea

of RVs. Hi Jolly Daze welcomes back these much appreciated visitors, but it's named, with the spelling and pronunciation altered, for Hadji Ali, an Arab camel driver brought to this country to take part in a short-lived Army transportation scheme of the 1850s. Activities include a parade, contests and games, raffles, arts and crafts, and a big barbecue. Admission is free. Information: (520) 927-5600.



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



HIKE OF THE MONTH

TEXT BY TOM KUHN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY SIEVE

Black Canyon Trail: Our Latest Addition to the Growing Great Arizona State Trail System

Shaken by rock and rut, I gripped the bike tightly so I wouldn't be bucked off. There are some punishing stretches on the Black Canyon Trail, but mostly it took me through easy valleys and between low rounded hills of volcanic rubble, putting up only slight resistance to my passage whether I was hiking or biking.

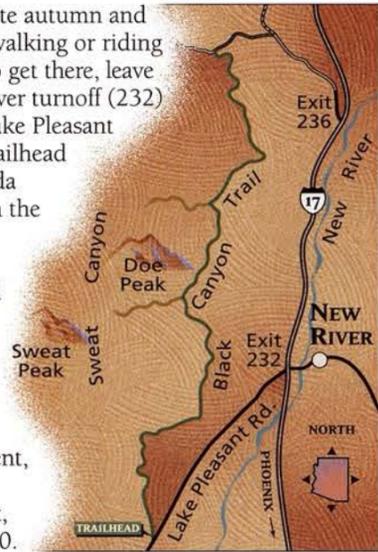
The route I traveled, 50 miles north of Phoenix, represents the

first stretch of a trail that will extend for 62 miles. Now it's about 30 miles. When completed it will connect to Lake Pleasant and with trails in the Prescott National Forest north of Phoenix, tying together another leg of the Arizona State Trail System. Opened in 1992, it was designed primarily for horseback riders — the trailhead is named for horseman Emery Henderson — but hikers and cyclists enjoy the Sonoran Desert scenery just as much.

I was in no danger of getting lost among the saguaro and prickly pear cactuses. All but a few hundred yards of the trail is primitive road. Signs every 70 yards or so keep you on the right track through Bureau of

WHEN YOU GO

The cooler months of late autumn and winter are kindest for walking or riding the Black Canyon Trail. To get there, leave Interstate 17 at the New River turnoff (232) and drive southwest on Lake Pleasant Road for 3.5 miles. The trailhead is unsigned, but the ramada buildings are standouts on the west side of the highway. There are latrines, but no water. Each person should carry a minimum of one gallon. Take along the New River Quadrangle topo map. For more information, contact the Bureau of Land Management, Phoenix District, 2015 W. Deer Valley Road, Phoenix, AZ 85027; (602) 780-8090.



KEVIN J. KIBSEY

Land Management open-grazing land.

Despite the big tires and low gears of the mountain bike, I occasionally found myself afoot by necessity, pushing across boulder-plated washes and up steep grades. The worst spot came six miles in, just past a stock pond containing the only water around.

There Black Canyon Trail briefly splits into east and west branches. Where it rejoins a mile and a half later, the trail becomes roller-rock over the hill to a spring that's dry in fall and winter. But on the other side is another road, and I was back up on the bike and rolling.

Birds migrate through the area. Hawks and warblers are regular callers. On my ride, I sighted a male phainopepla, a year-round desert resident with a crest that resembles a black cardinal's; some Gila woodpeckers; and a great horned owl.

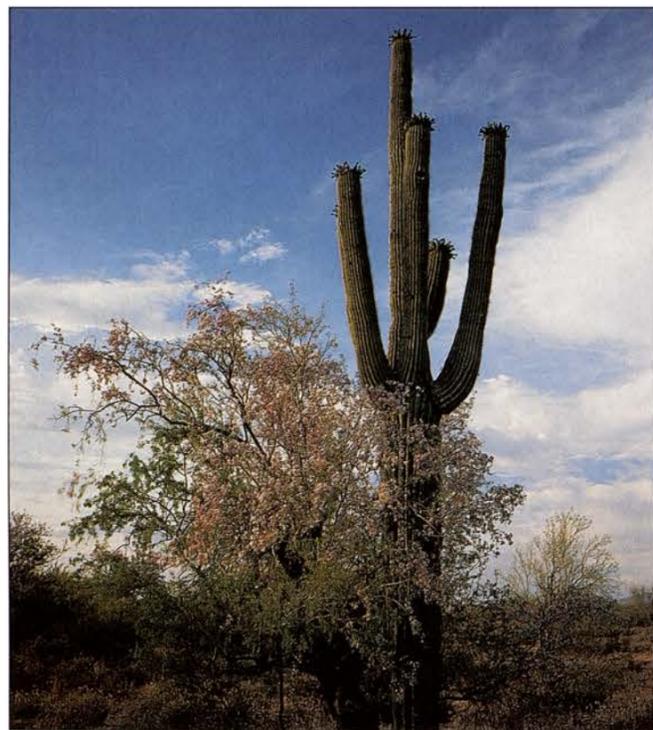
At times during my trek, trucks and horse trailers shared

the trail with me, and no part was closed to motor traffic.

Some \$125,000 of federal and state appropriations went into the award-winning trailhead ramadas, near the town of New River. Built of thick steel plate, they were designed, the BLM's Kathryn Pedrick says, to resemble mine buildings. There are no facilities along the trail.

Future installments of the Black Canyon Trail will extend it northward across the scenic Bradshaw Mountains, named for William Bradshaw, an early-day miner. Pedrick says completion of the trail could take years.

On your way out, follow the dirt road from the dry spring, stay right at the fork. The road will take you to Exit 236 on Interstate 17, about six miles north of New River. Although the north trailhead is undeveloped and unsigned, there are parking places for those who choose to start from that end. Either way, it's an exhilarating experience. ■



(ABOVE) On a break from riding his mountain bike, our author hikes off the trail for a close-up look at an ironwood tree and its saguaro neighbor. (OPPOSITE PAGE) A clump of teddy bear cholla shelters a cactus wren's nest. A predator would think twice before braving its stickers.

