

ARIZONA
HIGHWAYS
JUNE • 1947

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RAINBOW BRIDGE

Rainbow Bridge belongs to the Wonders of the World, and is actually one of the latest, for it was not seen by white folk until 1909 and even yet does not know what a crowd is. (On their first visit, over ten years ago, my children were the youngest whites who had ever been there.) It is in southern Utah but you usually get to it by way of the Navajo Indian Reservation in northern Arizona. The route is Flagstaff to Cameron, Cameron to Tuba City, then up the long trail, past vast slabs of maroon rock, rosy cliffs and immense blue shadows, to Rainbow Lodge. Up there, very high, you stare out at a vast ruined world, and the Flood might have just subsided. The air is clear and sweet, and at night you see more stars than you have ever seen before.

You travel by horse or mule from the Lodge to the Bridge, and it is a longish day's journey, through canyons, and riding at all angles between colossal sandstone cliffs—golden, orange, rust-brown, vermilion, magenta—and you feel like a character in an Arabian Nights story, perhaps Sindbad ashore. You pitch camp in the shadow of a pink-and-cinnamon cave, about five hundred feet high and quite unreal. You eat cowboy biscuits, steak and fried potatoes, smoke a pipe and fall asleep.

In the morning, which looks like one of the first mornings ever made, you go down to Rainbow Bridge, about a mile away. It is

actually better than a stone bridge, for these are common enough; it is a true arch, almost symmetrical, and though large enough to span the Capitol at Washington it seems to have a noble grace and delicacy. Try if possible to do what I did, and have at least some hours alone with the Bridge. I lost myself in a kind of enchantment, and have never been quite the same man since.

The day was perfect. Effortless sunlight and the blue air of Eden. The sky, seen below the shining stone of the arch, was several shades darker than the stone but an indescribably brilliant turquoise. On the other side, through the arch, I could see a patch of bright green vegetation, the brilliant sky, and the burnished coppery cliffs and bastions of the canyon. You felt that you had only to walk through there, beyond that magical frame, and everything would be different forever.



But what drowns you in delight and sleepy enchantment there is the sense of remoteness, friendly solitude and deep peace. The Indians regarded this great rainbow of stone as something sacred, a sign set there by the gods. They had a prayer to it, invoking the four colored winds, and ending with the cry: "All is peace, all is peace." The geologists can tell us about erosion and how the Bridge came to be shaped; but when we are there, if we have any sense, we shall not bother about the geologists but will take the Indian point of view, will stare and wonder and worship and perhaps pray for peace. It is years now since on that perfect morning I stared and wondered and worshipped, alone beneath that shining arch; and much has happened since, some of it terrible and heart-breaking; but I have only to be quiet and still and wait—and then I am at Rainbow Bridge again, deep in its silent magic. If I lived to be a thousand, I would not forget it.

J. B. Priestley

• Written especially for See Your West program by J. B. Priestley.

Facts about Rainbow Bridge National Monument

Rainbow Bridge National Monument, situated in southern Utah, lies within the Piute Indian Reservation. It is approximately six miles north of the Arizona line and about 175 miles north of Flagstaff, via highway, desert road and pack trail. This almost perfect arch, carved in stone by wind and water, was proclaimed a National Monument by President Taft on May 30, 1910. It includes 160 acres around the largest, most symmetrical, natural bridge yet discovered.

Rainbow Bridge, as seen in the natural-color photograph on opposite side, partly spans Bridge Canyon, which extends from Navajo Mountain northwestward to the Colorado River. The bridge is 309 feet high from the bottom of the gorge and has a 278-foot span. The top of the arch is 40 feet thick and 33 feet wide. Rainbow Bridge was formed by long-continued wearing away of rock on the sides of a loop in Bridge Creek. The stream finally cut through the rock wall to effect a short cut, and the top of the wall remained. In color

the bridge has a reddish cast, stained in many places with blackish or greenish lichens and rust.

The National Monument is in one of the least known, least inhabited regions in the United States. The thinly vegetated surrounding country supports only a few goats and sheep belonging to the scattered bands of Navajo and Piutes. To the Piutes the bridge is known as "Barahoini." The Navajos call it "Nonnezoshi," meaning "hole in the rock," or "arch."

Beneath the arch are the remains of an ancient altar believed to have been built by the early cliff-dwellers, indicating that the bridge was probably an object of superstitious worship even to these ancient people. The arch is supposed by the Indians to represent the rainbow, or sun path, and one who passed under could not return without a certain prayer.

The existence of Rainbow Bridge first became known in the early summer of 1908. This was disclosed to Professor Byron Cummings, then of

the University of Utah, by Mrs. John Wetherill, who related to him vague descriptions she had obtained from a Piute Indian. An attempt was made in December, 1908, to locate the bridge, but was abandoned on account of snow.

During the winter of 1908-1909 Mrs. Wetherill found two Piutes who had actually seen the bridge. At the request of Professor Cummings, Mrs. Wetherill engaged these two men to serve as guides for the following summer. Led by John Wetherill and Nasha-begay, a party consisting of Professor Cummings, three student assistants, W. B. Douglass, surveyor of the General Land Office, and his four assistants, set out for the bridge. They reached it on August 14, 1909, the first white men to see this unusual rock formation. Four years later, in 1913, Rainbow Bridge National Monument was visited by former President Theodore Roosevelt.

Rainbow Bridge is not accessible by automobile. However, the trip can be made via automobile as far as Rainbow Lodge. From here the balance of

the trip must be made on foot or by pack train over well-kept trails. The lodge is located at the base of 10,416-foot-high Navajo Mountain, a noted landmark of the Navajo Indian Reservation in northern Arizona. Arrangements can also be made for longer pack trips from Mexican Hat or Goulding's Trading Post, both in Utah.

The 14-mile trail ride to Rainbow Bridge from the lodge requires approximately two days for the round trip. Overnight camp stays are arranged in Bridge Canyon. Other near-by points of interest are Cummings Canyon, Navajo Mountain, and Lost Mesa. To all these points pack trips may be arranged with trained guides, over safe trails.

Kodachrome by Carl Junghans, Hollywood. 4 x 5 Speed Graphic camera; Kodak Ektar f:4.5 lens; 1/50 sec. @ f:8. Photo made from deepest part of gorge at high angle; early afternoon light, early March. Indians reluctant to pose close to bridge; believe Rain God lives there.

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“ . . of Distant Horizons ”

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

RAYMOND CARLSON, Editor
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In June the roads are the wide, straight roads and the winding, climbing roads that take you to the mountains. They are the back country roads that find the trout streams. They are the sandy roads, turning and twisting, that seek out the hidden places in the land of the Hualpai, the Hopi, the Navajo, and the Apache. In June the roads all seem to point to the purple hills and the shimmering, distant horizons.

Pointing the traveler to the West is the 1947 See Your West series, being currently released by the Standard of California and because a number of the subjects deal with our own blessed land does Arizona Highways, with the inside front and inside back covers of this issue, doff a respectful hat to Standard's current series. Twenty-seven million color prints of 54 selected subjects will be given away at Standard and Chevron Stations in 15 western states, Alaska, Hawaii and British Columbia. Each picture is accompanied with suitable texts and considerable travel information. Arizona will be represented in the series this year with views of Superstition Mountain, Oak Creek Canyon, Land of the Navajo, Grand Canyon and Rainbow Bridge (located in Utah but an intimate part of our travel field). Texts were written for these subjects by Clarence Budington Kelland, J. B. Priestly, Edwin Corle and the below initialed. When we borrowed the pictures and the text for the two subjects in these pages, Standard of California asked us to please point out that they regret they cannot fill requests for the Scenic Views by mail. Our eastern readers will just have to drive out West and pick 'em up along the way. The series is obviously designed to sell gasoline, but it will also sell our West in a beautiful and dignified way.

Our own center color pages this issue are designed to point your way to places in that spectacularly beautiful country which comes under the general name of northern Arizona, a large travel world in itself. The Lake Mead country and the Grand Canyon are omitted because in August we plan to do those subjects in an issue by themselves. When you travel through northern Arizona this summer you will find almost anything you want. The scenery is as varied as it is extensive. There are the lofty White Mountains, Petrified Forest, the Verde Valley country and Oak Creek Canyon, the Navajo Country, Supai, interesting mining towns in Mohave county, prehistoric ruins, Meteor Crater, small lakes reflecting blue skies, deep canyons, high plateaus, and towering red buttes that mutely tell of the wind and sun. We would also like to remind you now of the Frontier Days celebration in Prescott and the Indian Pow-Wow in Flagstaff on the Fourth of July, the Smoki Dances in Prescott in early August and the colorful cow shows at Round Valley, Showlow, Williams, Dewey and other places in northern Arizona during the summer.

That young man with the fishing savvy, Charles Niehuis, returns to our pages this issue with a story on trout fishing in the White Mountains. Charlie has a way with him when it comes to writing about fish and game subjects and if you are inclined that way you will enjoy what he has to say. The next time you travel north or south on U. S. 89 and you come to the town of Yarnell take a few minutes off and visit the Shrine of St. Joseph of the Mountains. A marker will show you the way. The Landwehrs (a writing and picture-taking Mr. and Mrs.) tell us something of the Shrine and the simple beauty of its setting.

About this time of the year a group of student archeologists from the University of Arizona, under the direction of Dr. Haury, head of the Department of Anthropology at the University, is busily excavating a new prehistoric ruin at Point of Pines in the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation, north of Globe via San Carlos. The project began last summer and it is estimated it will take ten years of summer work to complete the studies. There is a more detailed story of the excavation in these pages, and as we call your attention to it, we urge you to drop in and see what is going on if you are in that part of the country this summer. Our state is a rich field for the archeologist and Point of Pines will be another milestone in a vast field of study and excavation. As we see it, to be an archeologist one has to have great patience, a sense of the inquisitive, and the ability to handle a pick and shovel with skill and gusto. And heavy on the gusto . . . R.C.



"It's cool in the mountains!"

LEGEND

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"SUMMERTIME"

Norman Rhoads Garrett



Navajo Bridge at Marble Canyon

C taking the measure of the **COLORADO RIVER**

STORY AND PICTURES BY JOYCE AND JOSEF MUENCH

The old adage that "What you don't know can't hurt you," is not true of the flow of the mighty Colorado River. Cutting through 19 major canyons of its own making, it is a 2000 mile lifeline over the broad Southwest. Before it was curbed and harnessed, its sudden floods in the spring were a constant menace to great areas of land that lay in its path. No one could know when it might break out the old channel and destroy life and property, nor when it would dwindle to a sluggish stream, while orchards and fields that depended upon it for irrigation dried up under the hot sun. Now a series of dams, including Hoover, the largest in the world, keep it tamed while its tremendous power creates light and fuel for homes and factories. Few of the many millions of people who benefit by its waters know how much they depend for life, safety and comfort on a mere handful of men, stationed at remote outposts, keeping constant vigil over the muddy Colorado. For more than 20 years the United States Geological Survey has collected records that show every mood of the volatile stream and foretell the speed and the amount of the river's flow.

These records cannot be made in a desk chair in the comfort of a modern office, but must be garnered in the distant canyons and dry washes by men who do not hanker after social life or many of



the conveniences of twentieth century life in these United States. They must be, in a word, of heroic mould. They themselves would be the first to deny it or that their job has anything in common with the historic Pony Express or the Indian Scouts who tracked through the west, pushing out the frontiers. But if the statistical annals of the United States Geological Survey were ever put into the dramatic dress which they might well wear, new chapters of the building of our nation would ring with close escapes and hard, if sometimes dull, labor, well done.

One of the most interesting of the stations set up to measure the flow of the Colorado River wears a mantle of historic atmosphere almost palpable to the visitor and is known officially as the Colorado River Compact Gaging Station at Lee's Ferry. It is a place of spectacular scenery on a lavish scale. Rock walls of awe-inspiring height march endlessly into the every changing sky. On the north the Vermilion Cliffs, and on the southern side of the river, almost at right angles to them, the Echo Cliffs make a backdrop against which the stream plays out its drama. The Colorado is buried deep in canyons, hardly visible until the traveler tries to cross it. At a break in the inner cliffs where Glen Canyon plays out and before Marble Canyon takes up the pattern, the Paria River trickles or dashes, according to the season, to join the big river as it comes gliding down from the north, almost smooth and quiet for more than a hundred miles.

At this natural break river travelers, since Major John Wesley Powell first made the trip in 1869, find outlet from the walled-in stream to go to Kanab for supplies or to give up their perilous journey and reach the outside world. Seven miles downstream the modern Navajo Bridge spans the canyon, making the only highway crossing in 640 miles of river, between Moab in Utah and Boulder Dam at the borders of Nevada and Arizona.

The place takes its name from John D. Lee, a pioneer who sought refuge here in 1869. He was wanted in connection with the Mountain Meadow Massacres and was later apprehended and finally executed in 1877. In the several years that he lived hidden away on the Colorado he established a farm and a ferry service here. A man by the name of Johnson, whose family has lived there from 1871 until very recently, helped to erect a fort for protection against the Indians. Quite a little community sprang up. Lee's first boat, the Emma Dean was replaced by a larger one. It was 16 feet wide and 45 long, capable of carrying 4 wagons in its two decks. Four men were needed to operate it, for dangerous rapids lie above and below the crossing. After his death, Lee's widow sold the boat to the Mormon Church. The ferry site was changed and a cable was installed. The tackle that connected the boat to the cable held it at a 45 degree angle and the force of the water pushed it across. Three thousand dollars was spent by the church to construct a "dugway" or southern approach over the steep Echo Cliffs that come down to the water at the ferry site. The remnants of it can still be seen clinging precariously to the cliffs, inching down to the level of the river. This was the laborious and dangerous route followed by emigrants until Navajo Bridge's completion in 1929 opened this remote northeastern corner of Arizona to automobile travel.

Even these difficulties were not enough to discourage mining operations which have been tried from time to time. In 1911 a sternwheeler was built 28 miles above the ferry with material hauled in from Kanab and a boiler from San Francisco that required 20 ox yoke to get it over the hard spots. It was launched the following year, dragging barges up the river to be loaded with coal from the Smoky Mountains and floated down for the mining operations. Only a few trips were enough to find that about all the boat could haul was fuel enough to make the upstream trip and it now lies, half submerged in the mud, a relic of men's hopes.

The record book of the ferryman states that on May 16, 1920 the only crossing in 40 days was made by "1 pack mule, 1 loose mule, 1 man on foot, \$1.25." The man was Frank Dodge on his first visit. Originally from Hawaii, he still lives in a small cabin at Lee's Ferry with 2 friendly dogs and several cats as members of his immediate family. Although he has not remained there all of the intervening time, he has worked at the station and become closely associated with it, watching the momentous events which have unfolded in this tucked-away corner, to spread their effects



Remnants of Lee's Ferry Building on Colorado River, historic crossing place. The construction of a bridge ended ferry service.



Mormon pioneers used dugway (above) to go down steep cliffs to river. Below, a view of all that remains of steamboat once in service above ferry. There is a modern guest ranch in area now.





Resident engineer at Lee's Ferry Gaging Station lives with family in building which was once mess hall for mining operation. The engineer, Jim Klohr, with Mrs. Klohr, right, and daughter, left, greets visitor.

out over the southwest. If he would write it, a fascinating story would roll from his pen, as it does in his conversation, echoed by the roar of the river in flood, and warmed by the hot Arizona sun.

The very next year, the Southern Edison Company set up a gaging station to measure the continuous passage of waters, looking toward the building of a dam. In the same year, 1921, Jim Klohr brought his family from Denver in a wagon drawn by two mules, and settled at the station to help in the work. He is now the resident engineer.

The Colorado River Compact was signed in Santa Fe, New Mexico, by seven states on November 23, 1922. Lee's Ferry, defined as a point in the main stream one mile below the mouth of Paria River was designated as the division point between the "Upper Basin" and the "Lower Basin." In article V of the Compact, the Director of the United States Geological Survey was directed to "cooperate ex officio to secure the ascertainment and publication of the annual flow of the Colorado River at Lees Ferry."

So in 1923 the Survey took over the gaging station. An engineer from the east was sent out to operate it. He was a good man and knew his work, but he didn't know the Colorado River Country. He and his wife arrived at the little settlement much shaken by their rough ride and particularly the last seven miles down from Marble Canyon Lodge. He saw the resident engineer's house, built in 1910 as the mess hall for a mining camp. It is of red sandstone with walls averaging two feet in thickness and then had a dirt roof and floor. Water had to be carried from a well and sometimes, in fact, whenever the Paria River was flowing, the settlement was cut off from the outside. He and his wife decided that this was no place for them. Mr. Klohr took over the work and has been there intermittently since that date until the outbreak of the Second World War. During the war years Frank Dodge stepped into the breach and in the summer of 1946 the Klohrs returned.

Late in 1923 the Paria River Station, called for by the Compact, was set up. Since that time one at Grand Falls, 40 miles out of Flagstaff, and one at Moenkopi Wash near Tuba City have been added. They have Water Stage Recorders which are visited and checked on by the engineer at Lees Ferry. It makes a considerable territory to cover and the approaches are typical desert roads.

The Lee's Ferry gaging station includes 2 cables stretched across the river from which measurements are taken in a little cable car. One of the cables is set where the flow can be measured at high water and one at low water, since the river must have a free flow to insure accurate measurements. A delicate instrument that is checked periodically by the United States Bureau of Standards is fastened to a 100 lb. weight, shaped like a rocket. From the cable car, this contraption is lowered in to the water every 10 feet across the stream and soundings are made. The instrument with its little revolving cups spin at the speed set by the water and its revolutions are counted by a gage. These readings are entered on a chart which shows the seasonal variations and can be compared with other years. Many elements enter into the final picture and there are numerous chances for a mistake. Until the operator gets the "feel" of the weight, it is possible to keep probing the bottom of the river, letting the weight sink in the mud, distorting the soundings. Driftwood, carried by the water may foul the instrument, and allowance must be made for the curve of the rope which carries the weight, as the water pulls it out of alignment.

Across the river from the lower cable and seemingly set at the most inaccessible possible point is the Water Stage Recorder in a concrete tower. Its location is not an example of malice on the part of the survey but rather a precautionary measure, setting it where mud will not clog the lower part of the tower and give an untrue picture of the water flow. The record is made on a roll of paper which has to be replaced about once a year. The impulse for recording comes from a weighted mechanism which, like the old pendulum clock, has to be wound up and will continue to operate until the weight is completely unwound. This would be once in 30 days, so that the stations must be visited at least that often. They are checked after storms or unusually high water, as well. Since the rivers at Moenkopi and Grand Falls flow for only certain months of the year, the washes are frequently dry. The record during these times is just as important as during high water, since it shows how much of the year no water is to be had.

In calculating the flow of a river, if the total amount of water in a given year is known, the layman might innocently expect that it would be possible to divide the sum by 12 to get the average amount each month. This may work in some places but

not in the southwest where the entire flow may come in 3 months with not a drop in the remaining 9 months. When irrigation is under consideration, the difference is of great moment.

Without all this information, so painstakingly gathered, the water allocation decided upon by the Colorado River Compact could hardly be figured. Allotments are based on a mean annual run-off of the entire river of 16 million acre feet (enough water to cover 16 million acres of level ground to the depth of 1 foot). Seven and a half million acre feet were allotted to the upper basin states and a similar amount to the lower, with the right of the latter to increase their use by another million. California agreed to use not more than 4,400,000 of the amount allotted and one half of the surplus waters above the 7½ million. Nevada gets 300,000, Arizona 2,800,000 and Arizona may use one half of the surplus water unapportioned and in addition shall have the benefit of the Gila River and its tributaries.

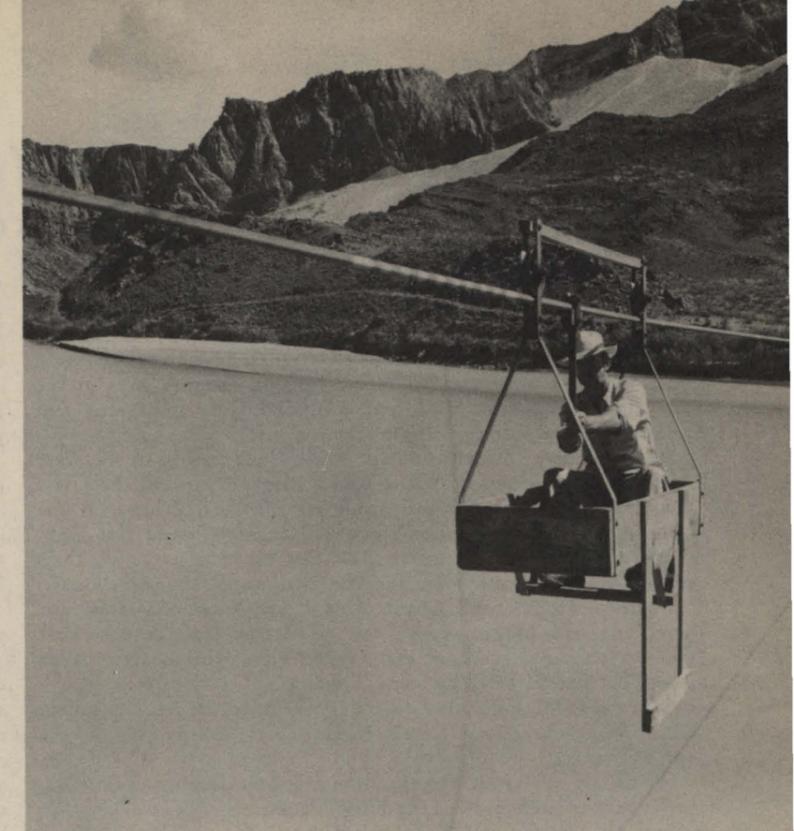
But the river is still capricious. In 1946 it is figured that only 6 million acre feet of water will have come down into Lake Mead where it is stored. Perhaps next year it may be twenty million.

In gaging stations the water is measured in cubic feet, or the amount flowing past a point during one second and is called "second feet." (It sounds odd when talking about a river but perhaps it was reasoned, since it was running—you might as well give it feet to run upon). The normal flow for the river is about 16,000 second feet. But it may drop down as low as two to four feet. In 1941 it was 122,000 second feet at high water. The greatest recorded flow was 240,000 second feet, but it is generally accepted that on July 7, 1884, it was about 300,000 second feet. Measurements have been made from the elevation of the crotch in a peach tree, some distance back from the bank of the river. Jerry Johnson rescued a rabbit from the tree after the waters had receded some.

Within the memory of man, the river has frozen over only 3 times. The Indians tell of crossing with their sheep on the ice at the Crossing of the Fathers (35 miles upstream) in 1886. In 1878 it is recorded that a Mr. A. W. Irvine crossed the river with a wagon and 1200 pounds of load. More recently, in 1925, Jim Klohr took pictures of his family on the ice at Lees Ferry.

The gaging station is credited with producing a wealth of ex-

Vermilion Cliffs and Echo Cliffs, which hem in Colorado River at Lee's Ferry, form spectacular backdrops in colorful country. U. S. Highway 89 follows the cliff walls for many miles. Country is noted for sweeping distance.



Jim Klohr operates cable car over the Colorado. Measurements of the river flow at this station are important factor in water distribution. Normal flow is 16,000 second feet. Highest recorded flow is 240,000.

perimental data, contributed freely to the development of stream-gaging equipment and has sheltered many Survey investigations and exhibitions. Its reports go out regularly, making singularly incomprehensible and dull reading to the uninformed, but bearing great import for the future. The engineers, a long line of them, have gone calmly to their work, scarcely counting as risks the everyday dangers involved. To swing on a fragile-looking cable, 30 feet above the most dangerous stream in America is routine. Half mile jaunts down the south bank, in every sort of weather, but mostly bad, and up the often flooded Paria or the sandy Moenkopi and Grand Falls are part of the job. The last two are stopping points on the 130 mile junket into "town" (Flagstaff) which is done for mail and supplies several times a month. On the return the car usually has to be left on the far side of the Paria, since only the stoutest care to pull the modern automobile out of the sand or risk leaving it marooned in a rising stream bed. The extremes of weather must be borne calmly and one's scale of creature comforts and amusements simplified.

To the engineer and his assistant, when he has one, the river is not just so many second feet of water going through the changing seasons, measured solely for the purpose of allotting acre feet to distant states. They may not even give a thought to the world of water-users they serve. The Lee's Ferry history is still of moment to them, for they have heard much of it first hand from the Johnsons and they know the Indian family that still lives there and the family that recently converted the John D. Lee farm into a guest ranch. The progress of the Survey, as the United States Geological Survey is known in private, and the long line of men who have carried out the work, is very real to them.

So are the Vermilion Cliffs that flame into grandeur with the setting of the sun. Going into "town" keeps them in touch with the world but breeds no desire to remain. They smile when someone asks if they are not lonely. The world beats its own pathway to such spots as this, without the necessity of going into its bustle. And the men who buckle down to jobs like this, no matter how they try to refute it, build a guarding bulwark against some of the ills of the world. The speed and distractions of business are not there. They have a chance to gage the size of their own tasks against the universe and if they find it small can also accept with equanimity their relation with the whole.

“ *For Trout Fishing* ”

BY CHARLES C. NIEHUIS

. . . take the White Mountains, that wild, high, beautiful country in eastern Arizona. It's high—high enough that you find spruce and “quaken asps” or “quakies”, as the mountain westerners call the aspen. It's high enough that you'll find it enliveningly crisp and cool after the sweltering heat of summer days in the city. It's between six and nine thousand feet, and green and primitive as only those altitudes can make it.

It is up there you will find the finest trout fishing in the state—on the head waters of White River, Black River and the Little Colorado. These are all real trout streams. They head on the slopes of Mount Baldy, which is over eleven thousand feet high.

There are other creeks too. Roll the Western flavor of their names around in your mouth: Bear Wallow, Reservation Creek, Centerfire, Deer Creek, Coyote Creek, and Nutrioso—this last, according to a beaver expert, was given this town because that country's streams were, in early times, alive with beaver, called somewhat inaccurately by some, “nutria”.

Not far from those other creeks are these, on the Apache Indian Reservation: Freezeout Creek, Paddy, Little Bonita, Big Bonita and Pacheto.

These are all trout streams offering you leaping Rainbows, brilliantly-colored Browns, flashing Brooks.

But the most wonderful part of trout fishing in the White Mountains is the rumors you hear when you meet and talk with other fishermen—about a creek over on the other side of the mountain: “No one gets over there, much. We took a little road, turned off at the big spruce, parked and dropped into the canyon, and there it was. The best fishin' water I ever . . .” Always over the mountain.

If you prefer lake fishing, there are: Big Lake, Crescent Lake, Luna Lake, Tunnel Reservoir and River Reservoir. There are others, too, just like the nebulous, nameless streams you hear of, but the directions on how to get to them will be vague. That's because they are extra-good fishing spots and successful anglers keep that information to themselves.

Even fishermen, who, according to state law, can only fish from 4 A.M. to 10 P.M., need accommodations, and for these, there are many small towns in the White Mountains, as well as private and public camp grounds, and numberless perfect camping sites that are yours for only the driving of a tent stake and the building of a fire. If you'd rather “rough it” in comparable comfort, you'll center your operations from Springerville and Eagar, on Highways 60, 260 and 666, where you just drive off the hill into Little Round Valley and there they are. Although you can't expect a Biltmore, there are in this community cafes, hotel and auto court accommodations that keep the body happy, while, for the eye:

It's a picture much like a Grant Wood gone Western, or a calendar painting of a small settlement nesting in a valley, the town centered in a patchwork of small farms. Many farm buildings are old, weatherbeaten and gray, leaning to one side a little. A few chickens will be scratching out in a freshly-plowed field. Over on the other side of the field, away from the house, a pheasant cock in all his festive coloring, will be standing guard over his drab, inconspicuous mate.

Down the street of this town some kids will be playing ball, flying kites, or maybe ganged up taking turns riding on a long-suffering old plow horse.

There's the country store, where you can buy anything from a little medicine to a piece of furniture. In front you can see a spring wagon with a team of horses, alongside will be a shiny, powerful car, sleek and polished. In back of the store, some cowboys will be lolling in the sun, taking it easy and swapping stories of the range, discussing the market price of cattle, or maybe guying each other about the city gal that was at the dance last night. At rein's length will be one or two of the horses, standing idly by with polished saddles waiting for the riders.

Off in the distance on one side or the other, depending on which

way you come into town, up on the slope, are the very white, newly-painted buildings of a successful raiser of purebred cattle. You can tell he is that, because his fences are painted, his fields are green and his white-faced Herefords are fat.

Far off are the gently-rolling hills of the range, yellowish green, with range grasses, and dotted here and there with dark junipers.

'Way beyond you can see the dark strip of the forest of spruce, pine, with splashes of light green slashed with slim white aspen.

You have to sit long and patiently regarding this picture to see in it the sleek, fat, molded forms of wild turkeys, glinting with bronze and iridescent lights as they graze from the edge of the forest, but they're there.

South of Eagar, on the Nutrioso Road you will find the village of Nutrioso—a quaint, smaller edition of Springerville and Eagar.

On down the road, still going south, is Alpine. The one thing that takes precedent in my memories here is the little cafe just across the road from the church. It adjoins a store. My host took me in for fried chicken. It wasn't already cooked or partly cooked, waiting to be warmed up for customers. No—we put in our orders and were told it would be twenty minutes. We sat there, and as each minute went by, the odor of frying chicken became more excruciating. Finally when we felt we couldn't stand it one more minute, our friendly proprietor-cook brought it in on a platter, heaped, “White Mountain” style—goldy-brown crust, white and sweet inside. Yes, you eat well in those parts.

There are cabins and rooming facilities in Alpine, for the tourist, summer vacationer and the fisherman. And for the latter, nearby are many streams and lakes.

Still farther to the south along the road and just over the line in Greenlee County is Beaverhead Lodge, near the headwaters of the Campbell Blue. It sits comfortably in the fork of the road; one fork, the famous Coronado Trail goes south to Clifton, and the other follows Beaver Creek to where it runs into the East Fork of the Black, and then you go north, back up on the mountain.

Before we leave Beaverhead Lodge at the forks, on this word-propelled trip through the White Mountain Country, let me tell you a little about Jess Burk and his wife, who run this very rustic inn hovered by nearby hills.

The night we stopped there fresh bread—light rolls—were in the oven. Borne on the mountain breeze, the aroma of fresh-baked bread met us like a hearty handshake as we stepped out of the car. The low-ceilinged living room is filled with antiques and hunting trophies, and the adjoining dining room was filled with provoking odors that stimulated our gastric juices to almost a riot. From where we stood you could see into the pleasant kitchen with the old-fashioned range. It was covered with kettles, pans and pots whose lids were steaming and sputtering with juices and gravies. Good eatin' in the process of preparation.

Jess Burke, himself, came in through the kitchen door from outside, carrying cream that had just been separated from the milk. “Howdy, folks,” he drawled, “I'm Jess. I'm mighty glad you dropped in. Kin we do anythin' for you?”

We told him we were just passing through. “Well, set down a minute. You don't want to get into too big a hurry. Let's visit a little b'fore you go on.”

After meeting him and hearing Jess talk, I could readily believe the story told about him. This is said to have happened sometime during the war, at the height of the butter shortage. Some visitors, renting one of the cabins at Beaverhead, had brought their ration of butter along with them. One of Jess's hounds, from his famous pack of bear and lion dogs, had slipped his collar and gone on a foraging expedition. He had padded into the visitors' cabin and eaten the pound of precious butter. Mrs. Burke was quite distressed about it, and that evening when the lord of Beaverhead Lodge and master of the hounds came home, she said, “Jess, that old



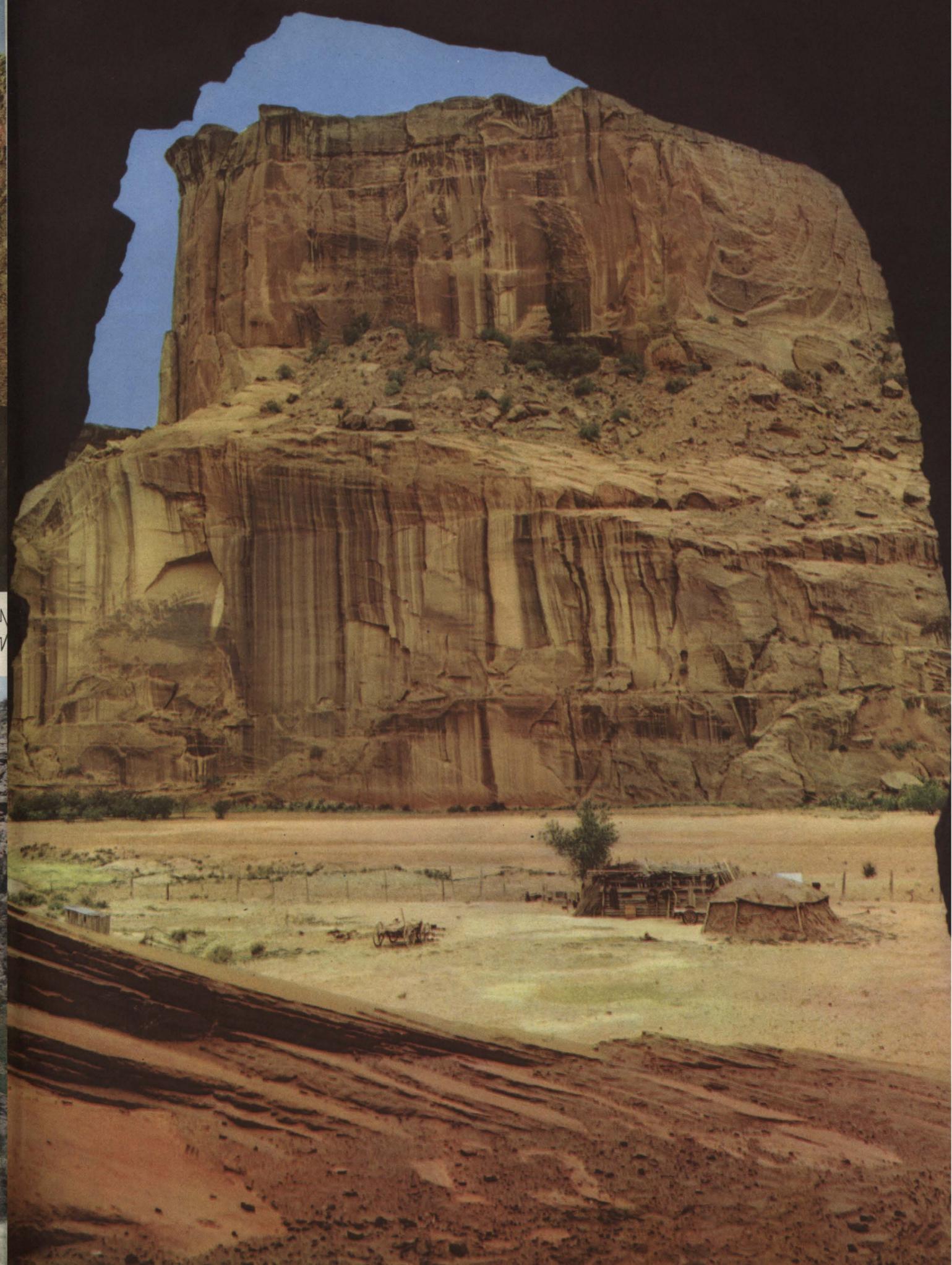


"METEOR CRATER" • MARK & NORA WUICHET

"MONTEZUMA WELL" • CHUCK ABBOTT



"CANYON DE CHELLY" • WILLIAM EYMANN





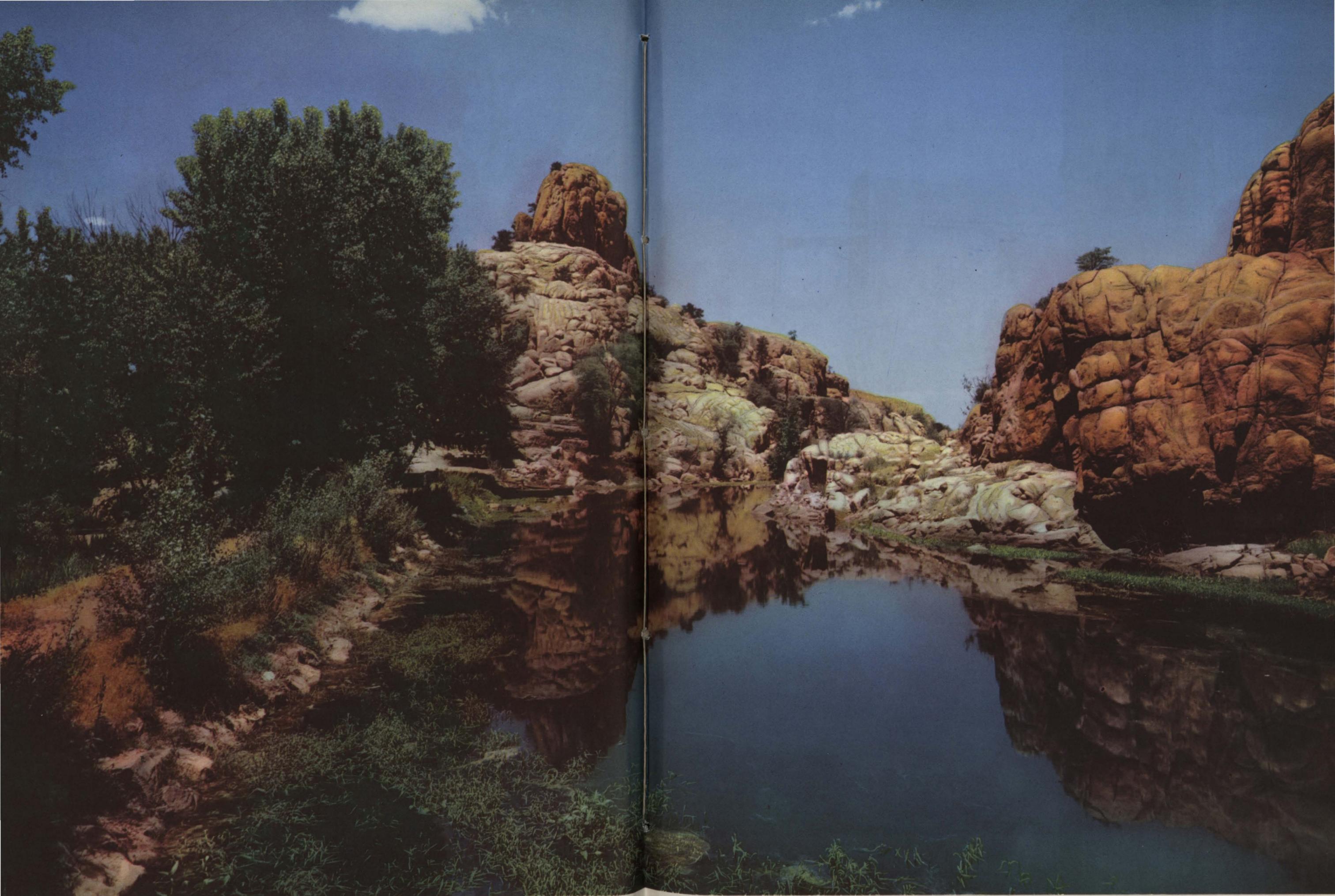
"CLARKDALE" • JOHN M. FAIRFIELD

"SUMMER STORM" • M. W. JONES



"ABOVE TIMBERLINE" • CHARLES PULLEN

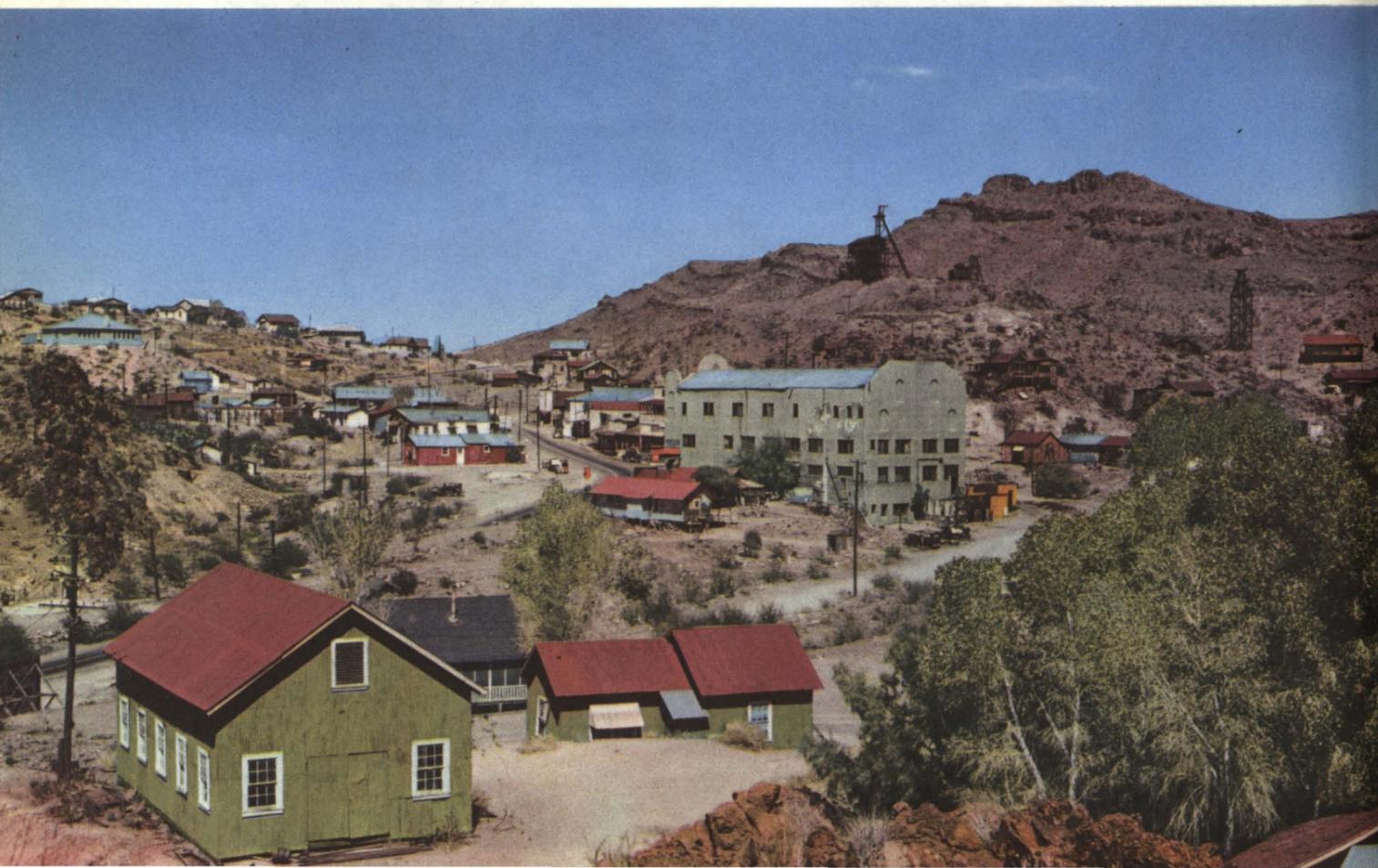




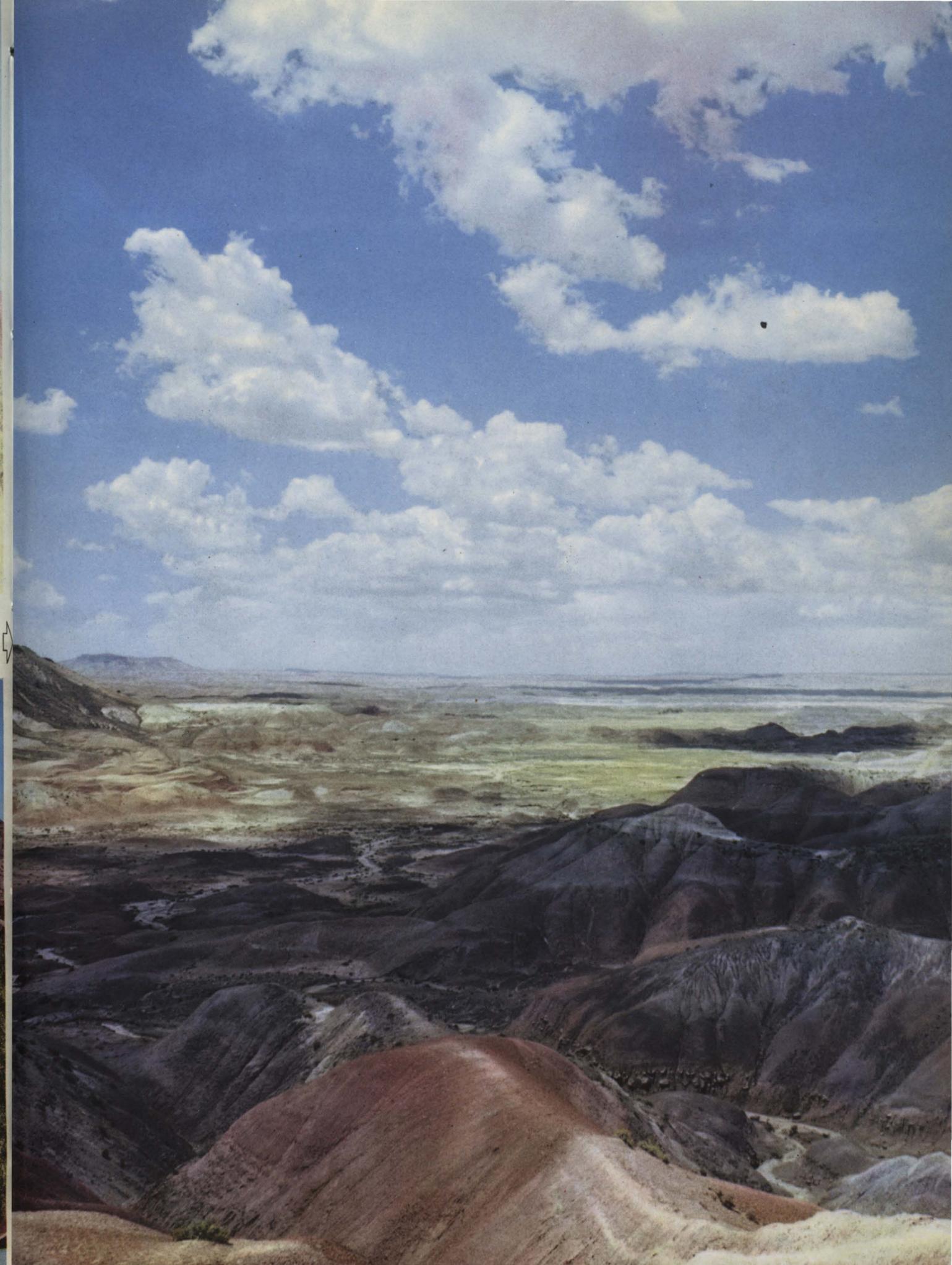


"GHOST TOWN, WHITE HILLS," Mohave County • CARLOS ELMER

"GOLDROAD, ARIZONA," Mohave County • MARK & NORA WUICHET



"PAINTED DESERT" • CHUCK ABBOTT





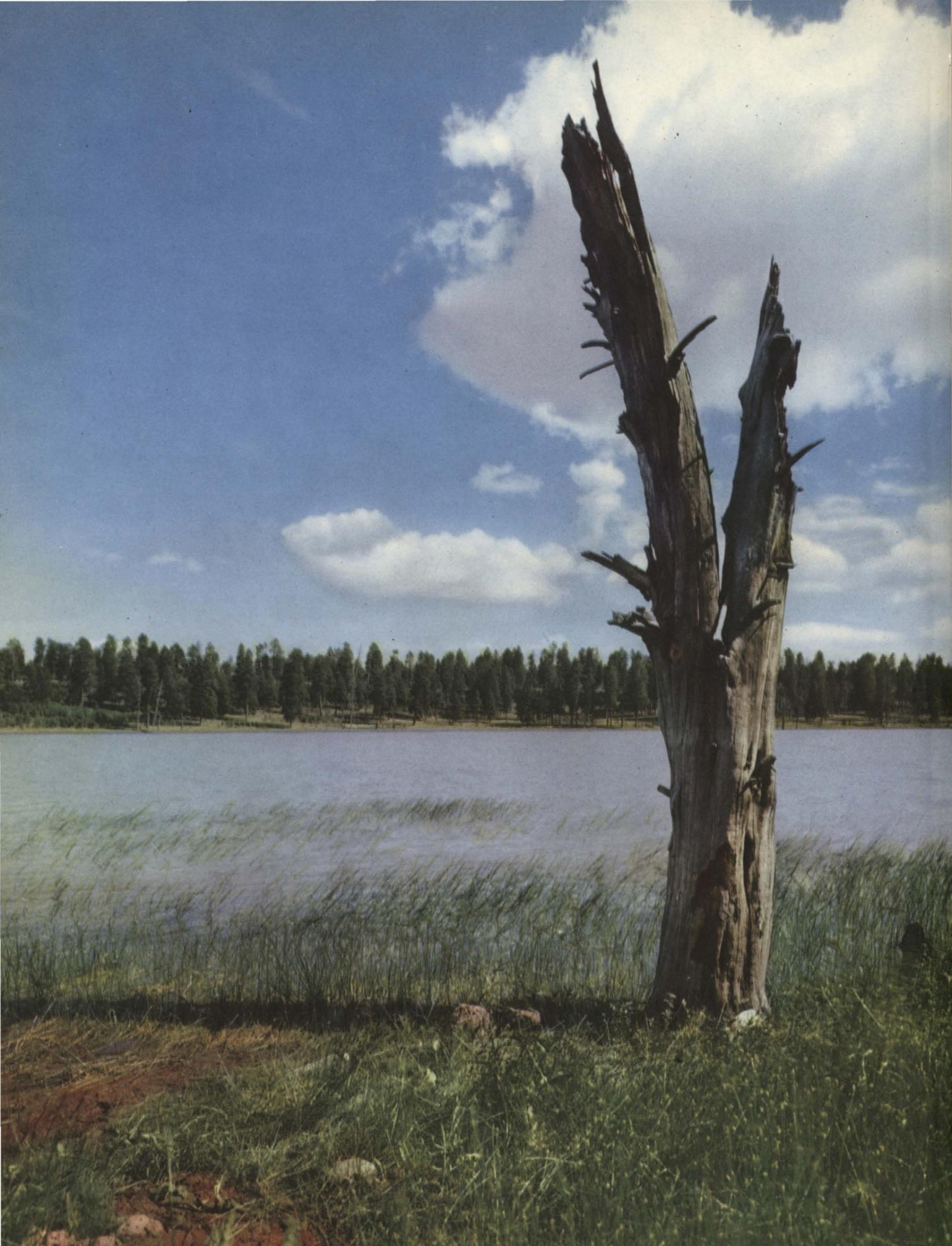
"TSEGI CANYON" near Kayenta • JACK BREED



"ROAD TO THE MONUMENTS" North of Kayenta • JACK BREED



"PETRIFIED FOREST" • JOSEF MUENCH



CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHT

blue tick hound of yours got into Mrs. ——'s cabin and ate up their pound of butter. The whole pound!"

"That so?" drawled Jess, "Well, I don't reckon it'll hurt him none."

The East Fork of the Black, coming from the north, to its confluence with Beaver Creek, is some of the prettiest fly fishing water in the White Mountains. The drop is gradual, gentle enough to allow the water time to pool. There are lots of nice holes and the creek and banks are open enough for you to let out plenty of line and handle a dry fly right.

At Buffalo Crossing, the road to the left takes you north to Greer, past Big and Crescent Lakes, where you can find the best lake fishing in the White Mountain area.

Greer, too, has its own distinctive color and atmosphere, that of a mountain village. Molly Butler, known for miles around, runs Butler's Lodge. George Crosby runs the store, there are some cabins strung along the creek, and that's the town.

The center of all fishing activity is concentrated in this area. The West Fork and the East Fork of the Little Colorado come together here. The lakes are just over the hills. Rosey, Benny (yes, those are the names) and Hall Creeks are almost within walking distance of Greer. The West Fork of the Black is within easy driving distance, and Three Forks is just a hoot and a holler over the hill, with your car.

Trout fishing in the White Mountains can be as you like it: with worms, wet flies or dry. Light tackle, a split bamboo rod equipped with a fly casting line and a six to seven foot leader tapering down to four, three or two pound test, is preferred. The rest is up to you.

And something else is up to you: how much you get out of your fishing trip besides trout.

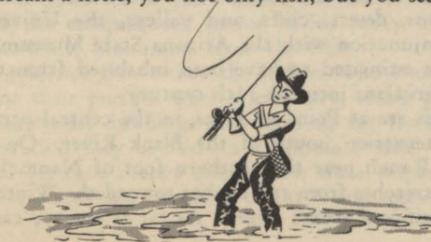
Just last year, below the bridge on Hall Creek, I found a series of beaver dams forming four small ponds. Trout were dimpling the still surface—and I was in no hurry. I fished the first. Then the second. Then, looking downstream, I saw water movement on the pond below, and stopped, thinking maybe there was a big trout feeding on the surface. Instead, a mallard hen duck swam out of some willow brush, and behind her were four downy ducklings. The little ones skittered around over the surface, feeding on the bugs, while mother turned her head this way, then that, always watching with those black, shoe-button eyes.

I watched for a while, then went quietly on. My companion, coming along behind, decided to stay. The ducks came out again from their hiding place in the willows, and while he sat silent there, he saw that little duck family feed and play on the surface of that pond, doing things he'd never read about in any textbook about wild ducks. He says he'll remember that little scene long after he's forgotten the number of trout he might have caught in that time.

Another evening, on the West Fork of the Little Colorado above Greer, we "wasted" another evening's trout fishing time, standing and sitting as solid and still as the stumps that furnished us our back rests, watching beaver come out to work, play and eat. Five of them swam around in the pond, inspected their dam, investigated and surveyed a small spillway, sampled the bark of an aspen, felled the night before. We even saw a little fellow, hardly a foot long from his blunt nose to his paddle tail's end, take what must have been one of his first looks at the beautiful Little Colorado, just at sundown.

There's a favorite quotation among the fishing fraternity to the effect that "Allah does not deduct from the allotted time of man those hours spent in fishing". Certainly it must be true of those hours spent angling for trout in the White Mountains.

For, if you move quietly, slowly, taking time to see a little and daydream a little, you not only fish, but you see wild turkeys,



Josef Muench

deer, elk, an occasional bear, and perhaps if you are reverent enough in Mother Nature's august presence, the tawny shape of a mountain lion or golden lynx will appear magically before you, and fade away again into the dense green shadows of the spruce.

Such experiences multiply in memory. You live the moment once, then you relive it over and over again the rest of your life in pleasant retrospect.

There are surprises too, out on the stream. One time we had spent one whole day driving to an "end of the road," climbing down into a canyon and fishing the upper end of the West Fork of the Black. That evening, still early, I wandered over to my beaver ponds below the bridge on Hall Creek. I walked past the four, let them rest for minutes, and started back, this time fishing. My fly, a white miller, settled on the dark water in the dusk. I got a strike and landed the trout, a Brookie, stippled brilliantly along his sides from Nature's vermilion paint pot. I offered the miller again, on the other side of the pool, and another trout went into my creel. The second pool gave up another eight-incher, and then I had three trout, all under nine inches.

There was absolutely no build-up to what happened then. I offered the miller again, at the head of the second pool downstream from the bridge, just where the water tumbles in from the one above. I got another strike, and hooked the trout. My rod curved and quivered; it was a heavy one! He leaped once there in the dark. The splash was solid—he was big. But—he got away, as they will do, these big ones—that's why they get big. And unless some smarter Isaak than I got him, he's still there in that second beaver pond below the bridge on Hall Creek. And so is peaceful Little Round Valley, the fried chicken at Alpine, Jess and his hounds, the beaver, the spruce thickets, fresh sawdust from the sawmills, and all the mountain people who will make this summer an unforgettable one if you'll "visit a little, b'fore you go on."

I'll be there at dusk on one of the beaver ponds, fly fishing for trout. Anyway, I can dream, can't I?

"LAKE MARY"
Esther Henderson



Large storage room at Point of Pines Ruin.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. B. SAYLES

New Pueblo Excavations

BY ARTHUR KENT

High up on the San Carlos Apache Reservation in some of Arizona's most spectacular timber country, the University of Arizona Department of Anthropology, under the direction of Dr. Emil W. Haury, last summer began seeking the solution to many of Southwestern archaeology's most perplexing riddles when the department's new field school took pick and shovel to one of the greatest expanses of prehistoric ruins yet discovered by scientists in the Sunshine State.

The 1946 work began excavations which will take at least ten seasons to complete. Ten students, eight of them veterans of the late war, worked with University and Arizona State Museum scientists in preliminary digging and the building of a permanent camp for the school.

The ruins being unearthed are another key in scenic Arizona's repeated unlocking of many mysteries in the past history of the nation. No area of the state has failed to yield findings of scientific importance. Yearly for generations a wealth of prehistoric sites has inspired leading archaeologists and their labor crews to bring out of hiding the cultures of the Southwest's earliest peoples.

Southern Arizona provided the early chronology of the Hohokam, desert farming people, when Gila Pueblo, led by Harold S. Gladwin, carried out the extensive Snaketown excavation on the Pima Reservation south of Phoenix. In the eastern area of the state Dr. Byron Cummings found the mixture of early northern and southern cultures as his University of Arizona field school dug and restored Kinishba Pueblo on the Fort Apache Reservation.

The recent work of Harvard's Peabody Museum at Awatovi, southeast of the Hopi Villages, will contribute important knowledge of the Pueblo III people wiped out by the Hopis in 1700 for accepting Spanish priests again after the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680.

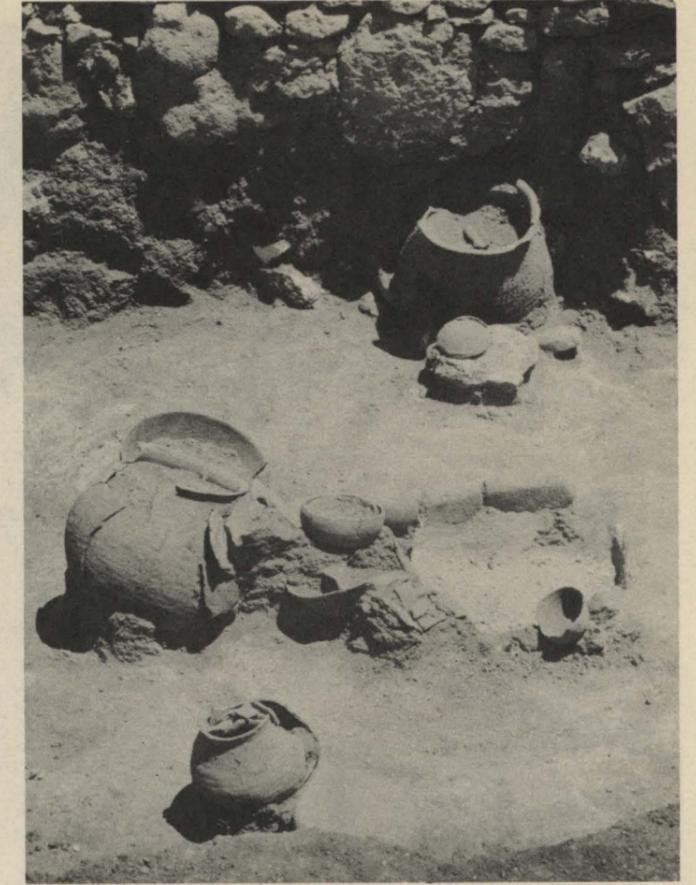
In the Arizona State Museum, Tucson, can be seen the material from Ventana Cave, the site in which Dr. Haury and Julian Hayden found evidence of occupation extending from early man of 10,000 years ago to the modern Papago. Among other major archaeological projects which have contributed important chapters in the science of man are Dr. Harold S. Colton and the Museum of Northern Arizona's study of the effect of Sunset Crater's eruption on pueblo people in the Flagstaff area; the excavation of Pueblo Grande by Odd Halseth, city manager and archaeologist of Phoenix; the story of migrations as told by the findings at Casa Grande, where northern mountain people lived side by side with the southern Hohokam; and Clarkdale's Tuzigoot Ruin.

Now, to add to the knowledge that has been secured from Arizona plateaus, desert, cliffs, and valleys, the University of Arizona, in conjunction with the Arizona State Museum, is digging into ruins estimated to have been inhabited from the days of the early Christians into the 15th century.

The vast sites are at Point of Pines, in the central part of the San Carlos Reservation, south of the Black River. On the old Double Circle Ranch near the northern foot of Nantack Ridge, Circle Prairie stretches from tall timber toward the White Mountains in a magnificent scenic sweep. As far as the eye can see lie



Studies at Point of Pines are expected to throw a new light on many perplexing archaeological problems.



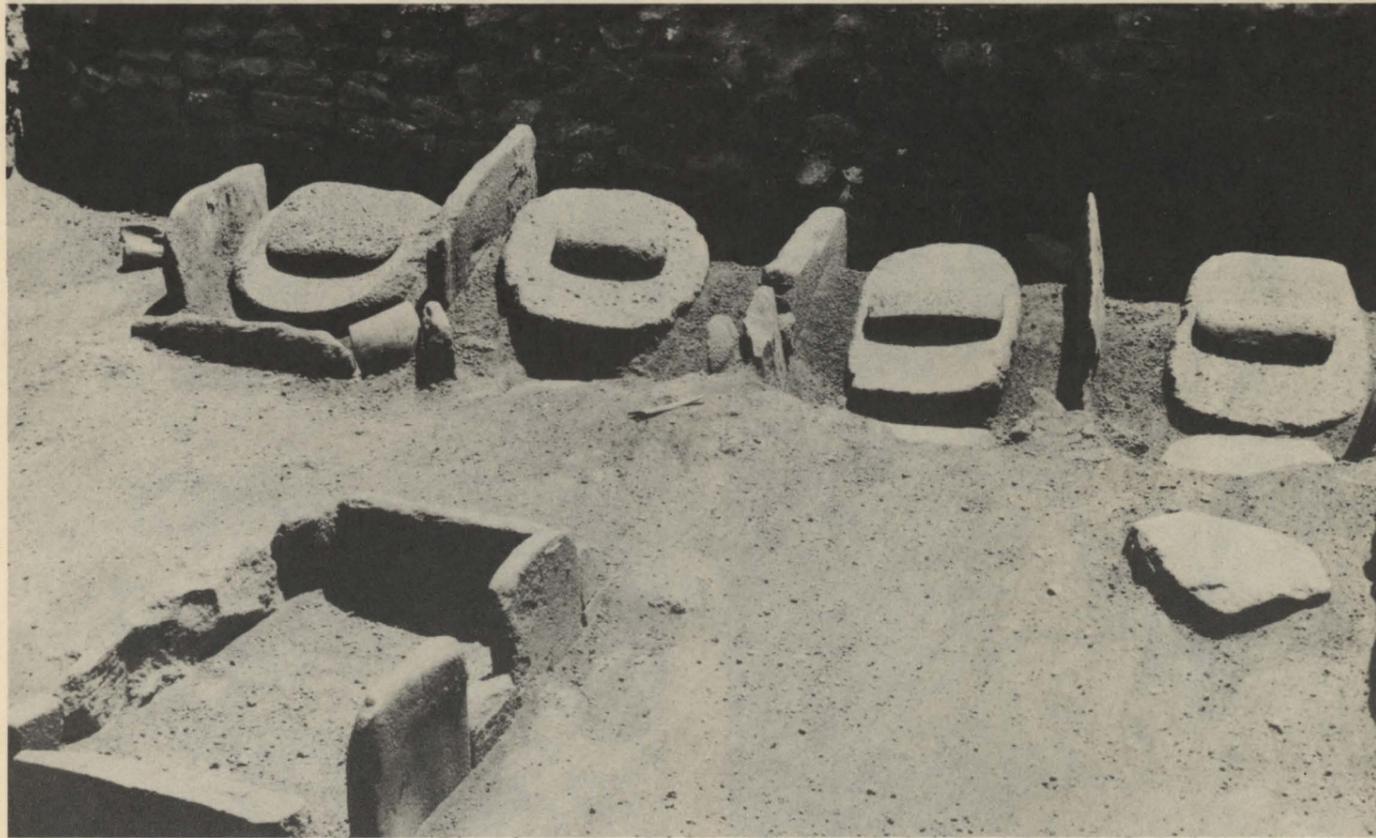
Twelfth century pit-house is unearthed below the stone wall of the pueblo by University students.



Point of Pines project now in second summer. U. of A. and Museum sponsoring development of new study.

great mounds, the graves of large agricultural communities which flourished for hundreds of years before Coronado crossed Arizona and which the conquistador passed as his party made its way toward the White Mountains from the Gila.

Present evidence shows that the Indians who chose this scenic location for their pueblos were a sedentary, stable people, living in large communal dwellings and farming for their subsistence. Crop cultivation they carried on in Circle Prairie itself and on flat ground between nearby ridges. On these ridges the archaeologists have discovered terracing to catch and spread rain water,



Extensive wealth of ruins at Point of Pines was reported by E. B. Sayles in 1940. Dr. Emil W. Haury, head of Department of Anthropology at the University of Arizona, is in charge of program. It is estimated it will take ten years to complete.

the same technique used by CCC engineers in the 1930's to prevent soil erosion. Close to the ruined pueblos are open reservoirs, constructed by the prehistoric peoples for the storage of domestic water. Apache cattle today still drink from these ancient tanks.

The presence of the sites has been known to southwestern archaeologists for some time. Van Bergen of the Los Angeles Museum, Dr. Cummings, Ben Wetherill, Neil Judd of the U. S. National Museum, Norman Gabel, and Fred Scantling all had been through the Point of Pines area at one time or another.

E. B. Sayles, Curator of the Arizona State Museum, made the survey, however, which led to the current project to dig into the ruins. In 1940, while associated with Gila Pueblo, Mr. Sayles visited the mounds to check the potsherd collection made there some time before by Wetherill. On his return to Globe he reported a great wealth of ruins. This resulted in his revisiting the scene with Dr. Haury in the summer of 1944 after the closing of the latter's university field work at Forestdale. It was evident to the two archaeologists that important discoveries might be made in the region, so they decided on making an extended survey of the ruins during the next summer. Granted support for this project by the Viking Fund of New York, Dr. Haury and Mr. Sayles spent six weeks in 1945 riding over the country. The two spotted 200 ruins, made potsherd collections from each, and studied variations in masonry construction. The survey convinced the observers of the area's long occupation by prehistoric peoples.

"The sites differed greatly in character," said Dr. Haury. "There were some with very little pottery or with just plain brown and red ware. Trash areas indicated a fair-sized population, possibly four or five thousand people by the 14th century. Also, there were indications of sub-surface pit-house structures. As we moved carefully over the prairie, we came across successively more complicated locations with stone masonry houses. Pottery found about these showed more sophisticated cultures."

Preliminary study has shown that a historic pueblo people

pulled out of the area probably about 1400. Dr. Haury hopes a later date may be proved, as it might do much to explain one of archaeology's knottiest perplexities, the reason for the sudden abandonment of communities by pueblo dwellers after long years of labor and cultural development.

"One answer we may find here," Dr. Haury asserted. "The Apaches came into this area after 1400. We want to find out whether they found these pueblos inhabited when they arrived, or if there was a hiatus in the Point of Pines occupation. It won't be easy to solve this problem, but we're going to dig a region with a wealth of late ruins which may show us, after we get farther into them, just what did happen."

With this problem and the great range of ruins in which to work, not to mention the natural beauty and invigorating climate of the high San Carlos country, Dr. Haury has ideal conditions for a field school to succeed the University's pre-war Forestdale project. Visited at the site last summer, he and Mr. Sayles, ably assisted by the ten University students, were at work constructing the permanent camp buildings. They were using rocks quarried and shaped 800 years ago for masonry walls long since fallen in. Excavation had also been started on one of the larger pueblos. Dr. Haury was acting as camp boss, chief archaeologist, and summer school instructor all in one. Mr. Sayles was superintending the construction of the permanent buildings, running additional surveys of sites in the surrounding country, and, as official photographer, making hundreds of pictures for the record. The students were mixing cement, doing carpentry, unearthing a room apiece in the ruin, and, in the evenings after supper, attending lectures around the camp fire. The atmosphere was one of ceaseless hard work carried out with the incentive that everything being done would help to bring unknown scientific facts to light.

The excavations were begun in a 14th century stone pueblo, the rectangular rooms of which had been built over the site of an earlier pit-house village. Some rooms had been used for stor-



