

SEARCHING FOR THE HOPI CENTER OF CREATION

arizonahighways.com APRIL 2003

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS



Sacred Vistas of the **Navajo**

GOING UP
Young Rock Climbers
Face Their Fears

Verde Valley Paradise
**A BOUNTY
OF BIRDS**

HASSAYAMPA
A Peaceful
Waterfront Retreat

Rattlesnake Grease
and Cockroach Tea
**FRONTIER
MEDICINE**





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Magnificent Navajoland

The stories and glorious beauty of this vast terrain tell of a proud Indian heritage.

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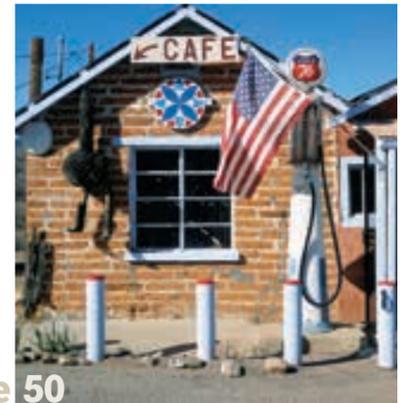
Flocking to Verde Valley

The birds know it's all about ideal location in this avian paradise where so many live or visit.

[THIS PAGE] A Friends of *Arizona Highways* photography workshop titled *Portraits of the Southwest* provided participant Carlas Hill with the winning subject in this year's "Chance of a Lifetime" competition. CARLAS HILL

[FRONT COVER] Navajo photographer LeRoy DeJolie captured this arresting image of the swirling sandstone patterns of Waterholes Canyon near his ancestral home on the Navajo Indian Reservation near Page. See story and portfolio, page 20. LEROY DEJOLIE

[BACK COVER] The Little Colorado River Gorge slices through the landscape of the Navajo Indian Reservation, 10 miles from its confluence with the main Colorado River. GARY LADD



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Arizona's state mammal — the ringtail, or cacomistle — was a favorite pet of lonely old miners.

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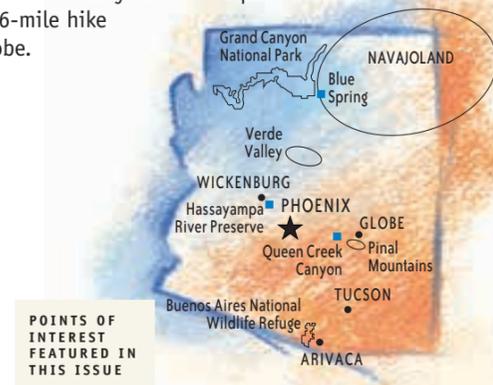
What's really behind a place name? It's not always what you'd think.

50 **BACK ROAD ADVENTURE Ruby Road to Buenos Aires National Wildlife Refuge**

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56 **HIKE OF THE MONTH Sixshooter Trail**

Hikers will find many "mountain personalities" on this 6-mile hike near Globe.



Save the Cover Photos

I'm sure the cover on the November 2002 issue is a very beautiful fall scene. However, I couldn't tell. The picture is so cluttered with the magazine title and seven titles of articles.

Why destroy such beautiful pictures — especially on the covers — with information that could easily be on the inside cover?

Look at the covers of the magazine during the 1940s and 1950s. The covers were beautiful. A small space on the corner was used to give the magazine title, month and year of issue. The beautiful covers are what got me interested in your magazine. The current covers are turning me off.

Save the cover photos.

DON ALLEN, Sedona

Even this poor old editor has to admit times change, like it or not. Cover lines since the early 1990s have been so popular with our readers (more than 9 in 10 cherish them) that we once considered putting them on the back cover as well. I wish we could please all the people all the time.

Great Cover

I absolutely LOVE the photo (fall in the Chiricahua Mountains) on the cover of the November 2002 issue. I have never been so taken by a photo. It is absolutely breathtaking, and it captures all the colors of the rainbow in what looks like "one simple click of the camera."

ERIN BURLING, Muskegon, MI

Travel Tips

Many ideas for my holidays in Arizona have come from *Arizona Highways*.

I had some special places to visit, places I found in *Arizona Highways*. Thank you for your tips and for the pleasure to read every month this grandiose magazine.

WALTER GAISSMAIER, Stegaurach, Germany

Occasional Fiction

I can't stand people who want to force their opinions on others. These people should have respect for the wonderful publication you produce. I hope you will continue to run *Arizona Highways* the way you do and give us a little fiction spice whenever you choose.

CHARLES H. SCHWAB, Midlothian, IL

Water on the Desert

The winter photographs of Chiricahua National Monument ("Tumultuous Chiricahuas," November '02) brought a pang of longing to my heart.

Memories of my first trip to Arizona in late March

1998 come flooding (pun intended) back. My then 2½-year-old son Zachary and I had awakened to a storm that chased us all the way to the Chiricahuas, finally overtaking us in the parking lot of the monument's visitors center. Zachary and I cuddled together on the big back seat of our Buick and waited out the deluge.

The chill and the rhythm of the rain cheered me, and I decided to drive up the mountain in search of snow. Soon the rain turned to sleet and then snow.

I was amazed to see a prickly pear covered with snow. Cactus and snow? I never dreamed!

After about 10 minutes of frolic, I put the car in low gear and coasted ever so gingerly back down.

I have been longing for a winter storm in the desert ever since.

CHRIS ZERVAS, Newark, DE

Wrong Flavor

It was with regret that after more than 17 years as a loyal subscriber, I chose not to continue. You have taken away the old "flavor" of favorite lost gold mine stories and past gunfighter tales and such other past fables.

WILLIAM LUNDBERG, Clemmons, NC

Young Fan

I love your magazines. I'm 9 years old. Since I saw your magazines I knew I wanted them. I find very interesting things in them. In school I'm doing a report on Arizona using your magazines for information. I will remain your Number 1 fan.

MELISSA MENARD, Whitman, MA

Missing Home

I am a second lieutenant stationed at Tyndall Air Force Base in Panama City, Florida, and I miss Arizona. I used to hike all along the trails of the Bradshaws, Madera Canyon, Sedona's Red Rocks and anywhere else I could get with my Toyota Corolla.

Now that I'm in a place that's greener, wetter and more humid, I greatly miss my home state. I never realized the great colors, the topographic monuments and the wonders that our state holds.

They say that Florida is the Sunshine State, but Arizona capitalizes on it in its beauty. I can't wait to receive my *Arizona Highways* each month. My apartment is furnished with various pictures of Arizona from books I had to order online because they don't have anything with Arizona in it in bookstores out here.

JENNIFER VOILAND, Tyndall AFB, FL

The poor old editor may be prejudiced, but he thinks the Arizona Highways books are the most beautiful he's ever seen.

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Publisher WIN HOLDEN

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Research Editor MARY PRATT

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Fulfillment Director VALERIE J. BECKETT

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arizonahighways.com

For Corporate or Trade Sales
Call (602) 712-2050

E-MAIL "LETTERS TO THE EDITOR":
editor@arizonahighways.com

Regular Mail:

Editor
2039 W. Lewis Ave.
Phoenix, AZ 85009

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Director, Department of Transportation
Victor M. Mendez

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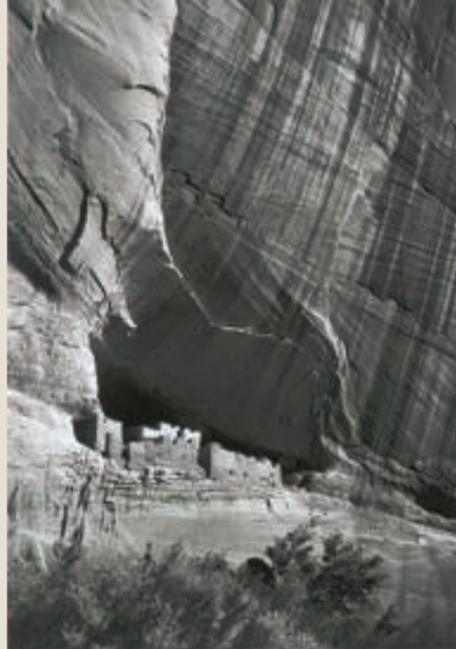
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PRODUCED IN THE USA



ANSEL ADAMS, WHITE HOUSE RUIN, CANYON DE CHELLY NATIONAL MONUMENT, ARIZONA, 1942

UA Center Houses Photography's Elite

The most revered photographer of the American landscape,

Ansel Adams, may have loved Yosemite National Park best, but when he chose a home for his archive, he picked Tucson. In fact, Adams cofounded the University of Arizona's Center for Creative Photography, which now houses Adams' negatives, contact sheets and prints, including the iconic ones of Half Dome in Yosemite and, arguably his most revered image, "Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico."

Unlike most museums, where the public only has access to current



GARRY WINOGRAND, DALLAS, 1964

exhibits, visitors can view the center's prints through its PrintViewing program. Simply call to make an appointment. In addition to housing Adams' work, the center holds the works of other greats, including photojournalist Lola Alvarez Bravo and famed fashion and portrait photographer Richard Avedon. The center's print collection contains a "who's who" of 20th-century shutterbugs, including Diane Arbus, Eugene Atget, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Imogen Cunningham, Man Ray, Robert Mapplethorpe,

Weegee and Garry Winogrand.

A small gallery on the first floor holds free exhibits that range from retrospectives to artist-curated contemporary works. Information: (520) 621-7968.

Cactus Flower in a Bottle

To inspire romance this spring, forget roses and think cacti. So says Joann Petz, who has launched a fragrance line that captures the scent of the desert night-blooming cereus, also called the Arizona queen-of-the-night cactus. While cozying up to a cactus doesn't sound like a prelude to love, Petz, owner and president of Once in a Bloom

Fragrances, insists there's something "intriguing and sexy" about this scent called "Desert Queen." Perhaps it's the fact that the queen-of-the-night cactus, known in the botanical world as *Peniocereus greggii*, unfolds its buds to reveal dramatic white blossoms only once a year.

For love at first whiff, the fragrance can be sampled at the gift shop at Phoenix's Desert Botanical Garden, which receives a percentage of sales proceeds. Information: toll free (866) 663-2566, www.onceinabloom.com.



ONCE IN A BLOOM FRAGRANCES



DAVID ELMS, JR.

See Grand Canyon Caverns by Flashlight

U.S. Route 66 kitsch lovers have nothing to fear from recent upgrades at the Grand Canyon Caverns, about 60 miles east of Kingman. The scowling *Tyrannosaurus rex* and the authentic Indian teepee are staying put. New owners John and Frank McEnulty and Mike Kadletz have preserved the old-time charm of the landmark they've visited for 25 years, while renovating the caverns, the 48-room motel and the restaurant/curio shop.

The biggest change, along with satellite TV and a modern telephone system, are the cavern tours. Along with the 45-minute narrated walk through the dry limestone caverns, the new owners have added a flashlight tour that highlights the caverns' glittering selenite and mica crystals and mineral deposits. "It's like going into a giant jewel box," McEnulty says.

They also have a two-hour explorer's tour for physically fit adults. The explorers don headlamps and nylon suits to visit the cave's mystery room, crawl narrow passageways into an undeveloped, adjoining cavern and climb the 60-foot swinging bridge built by Hoover Dam engineers in 1938. Other new offerings at the 800-acre property include hiking trails, a rodeo ring and horseback rides.

Information: (928) 422-3223 or 422-3224.

THIS MONTH IN ARIZONA

1539 Father Marcos de Niza, looking for cities of gold, explores Arizona and claims it for Spain.

1850 Yuma Indians massacre a group of ferry-men at Yuma Crossing at the confluence of the Colorado and Gila rivers. Fifteen die and three escape to coastal cities.

1869 A mail rider is attacked by Indians at Apache Pass. For the third time in three months, the mail is captured by the Indians.

1870 Separated from the Department of the Pacific, the subdistrict of Arizona becomes its own department, under the terms of President Grant's Peace Policy.

1913 Electric lights are installed in Prescott's homes and businesses for the first time.

1925 Mining entrepreneur and former Tubac magistrate Charles Debrille Poston is honored as "Father of Arizona" with a monument dedication near Florence.



LINDA LONGMIRE

Nogales Ranch Humming Along

One bright morning, Jesse Hendrix walked outside his home 6 miles northeast of Nogales in southern Arizona and beheld a vividly colored hummingbird flitting around his yard. Hendrix hung up a few hummingbird feeders, and now he sees more than 15,000 (no kidding



G.C. KELLEY

diminutive visitors passing through his hummingbird ranch each day during the peak season at the end of August. If you happen to stop by between March and September, you'll most likely see all 17 resident and migratory species that flutter in southern Arizona. Information: (520) 287-8615.

On the Question of Seasons in Arizona . . .

Some folks say there aren't any. Tempting as it may be to sum up Arizona seasons as "presummer," summer, "postsummer" and "postpostsummer," the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum's

Book of Answers says Arizona has more seasons than most places — not fewer. Five to be exact. The chock-full-of-answers book lists them as:

- Spring:** February through April
- Fore-summer or dry summer:** May and June
- Summer monsoon:** July to mid-September
- Fall:** Mid-September through November
- Winter:** December and January

Just goes to show, Arizona has more of an "endless spring" than anything else — especially if you count its balmy, wonderful winters.

LIFE IN ARIZONA 1920s - 1940s

HARRY WILLIAM LOCKE'S DREAM

Drivers heading east on Interstate 40, about 15 miles west of Winslow, often wonder about the ruins visible about a mile south of the highway. But the stone pile had nothing to do with ancient Indians. It's the remains of Harry William Locke's dreams.

The former Denver policeman and cartoonist arrived in Arizona in the 1920s, fascinated by the giant hole in the ground, now called Meteor Crater. Locke and his first wife, Hope, opened a service station on Old U.S. Route 66.

But according to Thomas Arthur Repp, author of *Route 66: The Romance of the West*, the Lockes were eager to do more than pump gas and regale travelers with meteor stories. In the late 1930s, after Hope's death, Locke opened Meteor Crater Observatory in the stone structure, which he built himself.

On one wall hung a relief map

showing how the meteor had struck the ground. Locke built a tower with a telescope at the top for viewing the crater. He gave lectures, sold meteorite fragments and tried to market meteorite jewelry. But Depression-era travelers had little money to spend, and Locke

was forced to close the business.

The observatory then came under the direction of Harvey Harlow Nininger, a Kansas biology professor. By the late 1940s, Nininger had turned the place — renamed American Meteorite Museum — into one of the

world's most active meteorite research centers.

Coincidentally, that was also Locke's dream, but he never saw it happen. He died in 1943 at age 54. The Old Trails Museum in Winslow has copies of Locke's cartoons and samples of the meteorite rings and earrings he sold. Information: (928) 289-5861.



OLD TRAILS MUSEUM

Kitchen Spill Becomes a Dining Thrill

Within the pastel colored walls of Wisdoms' Cafe in Tumacacori, about 50 miles south of Tucson, people enjoy the result of an accident that took place almost 60 years ago. Not only enjoy it, some actually drool over it.

Howard and Petra Wisdom founded the cafe in 1944 and showed that they knew how to



PATRICK FISCHER

make the best of any event. A kitchen mishap sent a tortilla spread with jam into the hot cooking oil. Pulled out, tasted and judged, the crispy concoction earned a place on the menu and the title "World Famous Fruit Burro."

Now made with apple, blueberry, cherry or peach filling, dessert comes to the table piping hot and smothered in vanilla ice cream. A third generation of family owners, Cliff and Celeste Wisdom, still do the cooking, the serving and the smiling over the lip-licking compliments paid to what Howard and Petra created by mistake. Information: (520) 398-2397.

Drawn to Sunlight

WHAT DO THE WORDS *Sphingidae*, *Prodoxinae* and *Arctiidae* have to do with Arizona? They represent just a few of the moth families that reside in the southeastern part of the state.



SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM

Madam Sued Hollywood and Won

In February 1928, the Elks Theatre in Prescott featured a silent movie called *The Red Kimona*, the story of a young woman's descent into prostitution. It touched off a remarkable episode of Arizona history.

Those who saw *Kimona* in Prescott included a local madam known as Gabe — real name, Gabriell Dollie Wiley.

When she sat down in the packed theater, Gabe had no inkling that producers had taken the story of her life to make their movie.

They used facts made public 13 years earlier when she stood trial in Los

Angeles for shooting her boyfriend, Leonard Topp. The killing and resulting trial testimony captured such attention that it knocked World War I off the front pages of California's five daily newspapers.

The jury acquitted Gabe, and eventually she returned to Prescott and became well-off running her illicit business out of a string of downtown hotels. But she refused to live quietly.

Outraged that producers had stolen her story, Gabe sued them for \$50,000 in damages. The unprecedented suit drew wide notice, including coverage in *The New York Times*. Never before had the burgeoning movie industry been called to answer for improperly using the facts of someone's life in a production.

The case bounced through the California courts for five years. Only when the California Supreme Court declined to hear the matter did the producer, Dorothy Davenport Reid, widow of silent film star Wallace Reid, agree to settle the suit for an unknown amount. She lost everything, including her West Hollywood mansion, believed to be the first in Southern California with its own swimming pool.

But surely the most remarkable aspect of the case was the boldness of this Prescott woman in waging a long legal battle against Hollywood big shots — and winning.

Gabe died in 1962 in Salome, 137 miles west of Phoenix. She moved there in 1937 to run a roadside cafe. The archives at the Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott hold a copy of *The Red Kimona* for public viewing. Information: (928) 445-3122.

Wild Blue Yonder in Miniature

Imagine the thrill of flying a radio-controlled model airplane that weighs only 35 pounds. From dirt-packed runways and asphalt tarmacs built to scale, pilots gather to hone their aerobatic skills. Fifteen different clubs enjoy Arizona's excellent flying weather.

Aerobatics tournaments may be viewed at Tucson International Modelplex Park, where pilots compete for \$25,000 in cash and



S.E. TURNER

prizes. Spectators see exciting demonstrations of freestyle aerobatics choreographed to music, low-level flying, hovering and accelerating straight up while torque rolling.



LIN ALDER

Long before cheese-making pioneers arrived, Pipe Spring watered the crops of ancestral Puebloans and Kaibab Paiute Indians.

Back in the Flow, but Hold the Cheese

Did Arizona's pioneers have cheese in the 1870s? Those who lived near Pipe Spring, 14 miles west of modern-day Fredonia, certainly did.

In 1872, Mormon settlers built Winsor Castle, a fortlike building that cordoned off Pipe Spring from local Paiutes. With 2-foot-thick sandstone walls and a constant trickle of cold water, the castle's spring room stayed cool enough for pioneers to make and store cheese, a real luxury in this isolated outpost.

In 1923, Pipe Spring was purchased and set aside as a national monument. But Pipe Spring dried up in 1999, taking with it cheese-friendly temperatures and the undesertlike sounds of burbling water.

After carefully studying the problem, the National Park Service rerouted water from a nearby spring. With the flip of a water-pump switch last year, maintenance workers at Pipe Spring National Monument restored the flow — and the burbling sound — to the former creamery.

The Park Service is pleased with the results but has no plans to store cheese here again. Information: (928) 643-7105.

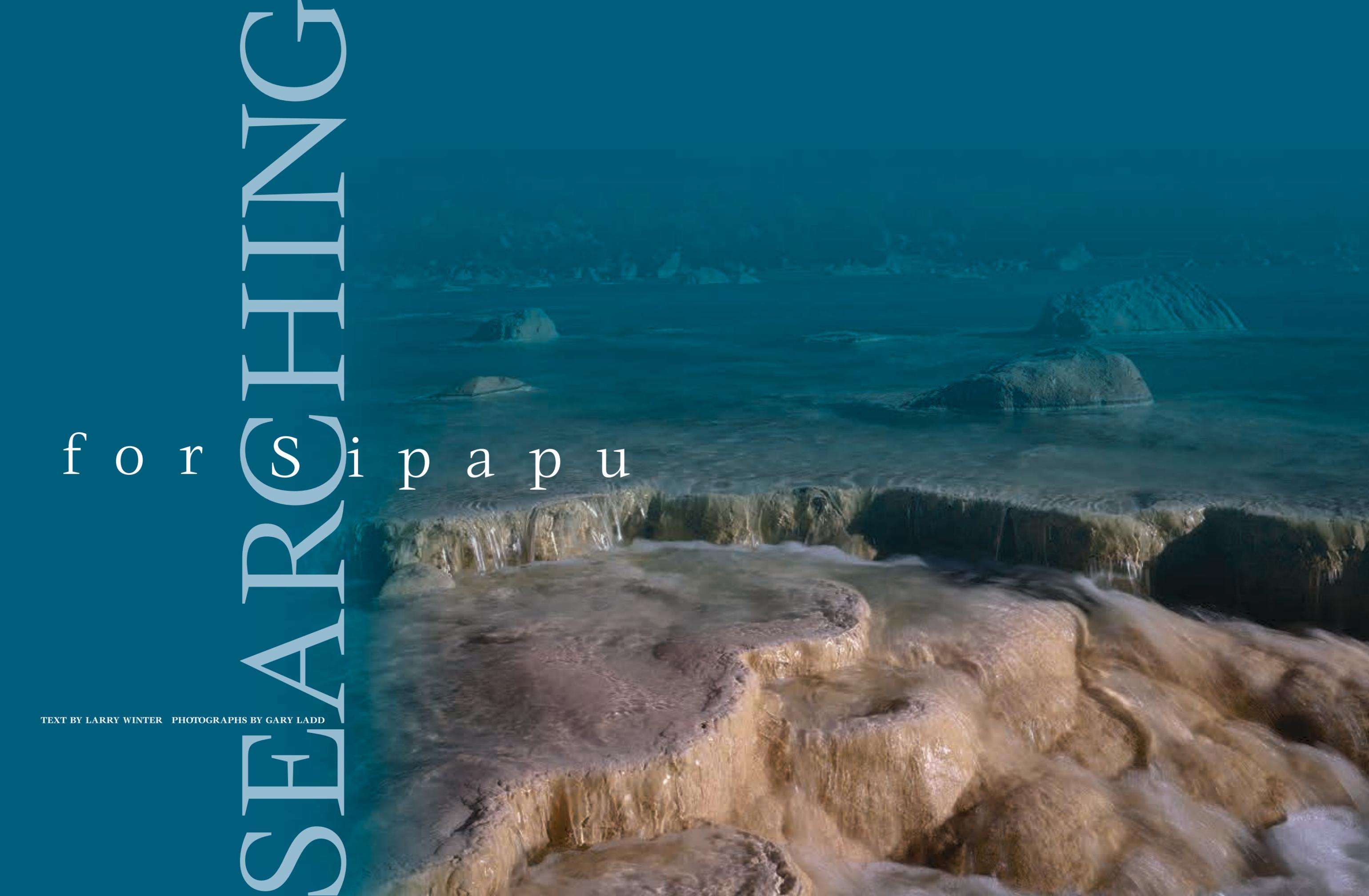
Question of the Month

What is the origin of the word Apache?

One theory holds that it might be from the Yuman word *epatch*, generally meaning "man." A more accepted theory traces it to the Zuni word *apachu*, interpreted as "enemy." In their own language, the Apaches called themselves *tinneh*, *diné*, *tinde* or *inde*, all of which mean "man" or "people."

CONTRIBUTORS

- LIN ALDER
- LORI K. BAKER
- LEO W. BANKS
- NIKKI KIMBEL
- KAREN E. KLEIN
- CARRIE M. MINER
- MELISSA M. MORRISON
- TERI NIESCHULZ
- MARY PRATT
- S.E. TURNER
- KATHLEEN WALKER



SEARCHEING

f o r S i p a p u

TEXT BY LARRY WINTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARY LADD



It takes a hike, a swim and a risky canyon bushwhack to find the Hopi

CENTER OF CREATION

It's funny. Sometimes you start a hike but wind up on a pilgrimage. In May, Lou Hock and I took off for Blue Spring on the Little Colorado River below Gold Hills with four of our friends. We planned to swim and scramble about 15 miles downriver to the confluence with the Colorado and hike out of Grand Canyon on the Tanner Trail.

We had heard the Hopi center of creation, or place where humans emerged, lay somewhere along our route down the Little Colorado. The Hopi's traditional creation story tells how the first people crawled through Sipapu, a tiny hole in the sky of the underworld, sometimes called the navel of the universe. Geologists define Sipapu as a geyser covered with a thick layer of pearly

limestone. Steady mineral accretion under the influence of gravity makes its rounded bulk look like a distended navel. But as we contemplated our journey into myth and geology, it seemed most important that all our packs felt way too heavy and Hock couldn't get his loaded quite right.

It's never been easy to reach Sipapu. Emerging from it — as the first people did — trumps every other approach, but that's not an option. You can hike 7 miles up from the confluence of the Little Colorado and the Colorado as boatmen and their clients sometimes do when they're rafting the Grand Canyon. Or you can reverse part of our trip and descend the Tanner Trail to the confluence, then follow the boaters' trail. That should take two days and a bit, excluding siestas. You could come down Salt Trail Canyon from the north, as a few locals do when they're on a ritual quest for

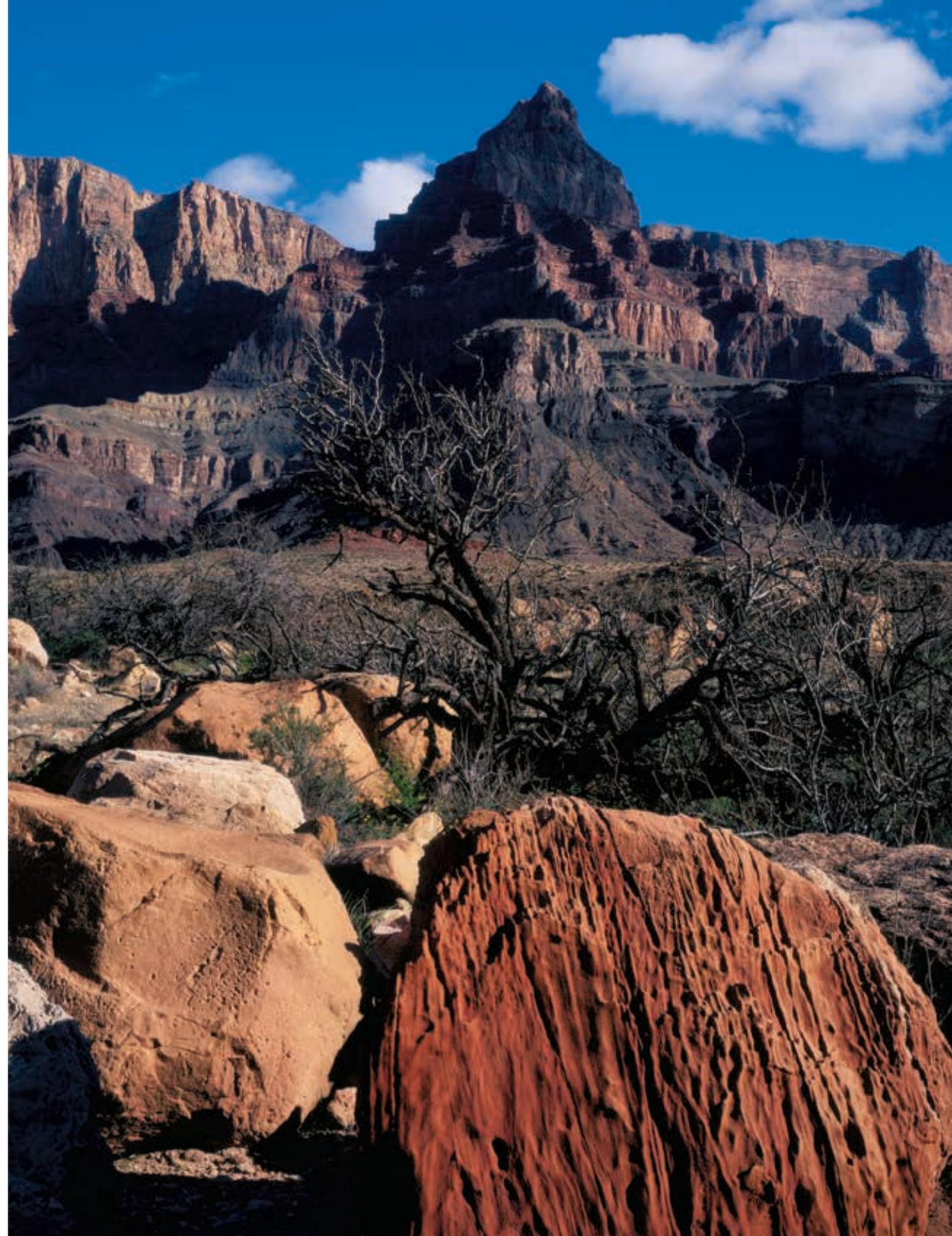
salt. Or you can descend the walls of the narrow gorge of the Little Colorado to Blue Spring, then blunder 15 miles downriver until you nearly fall into it, as we did.

No signs mark the way to Blue Spring, not even warning signs. All the same, you can't miss it if you get anywhere near the jumping-off point on the rim of the gorge

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 6 AND 7] The Little Colorado River's turquoise water, heavily laden with the copper and other minerals that give it color, flows gently over travertine dams deposited near the waterway's confluence with the Colorado River at the edge of Grand Canyon National Park.

[ABOVE] The nondescript-but-sacred mound called Sipapu, described as a limestone-covered geyser, is known as the Hopi Indians' center of creation.

[RIGHT] Seen from Colorado River level, the sharp pinnacle of Comanche Point, near Tanner Trail, juts skyward above the Palisades of the Desert escarpment.





of the Little Colorado. Because the gorge slopes steeply, its bottom remains clearly visible 3,000 feet below the rim. And the blue of Blue Spring glints unmistakably when the river isn't in flood. A heavy load of copper and other mineral salts (absorbed by the spring water as it percolates through the regional limestone aquifer) turns the spring's outlet a gaudy shade of turquoise.

You can get to Blue Spring from the rim by repeating this formula a few hundred times: Start down a steep gully choked with loose rock; thick brush proves a plus because it slows you when you start sliding out of control; traverse a ledge to another gully; scoot down that to another ledge; free your pack—it's stuck on a branch or a horn of rock, or it's wedged in a chimney—then dangle your body over a short cliff and drop onto a ledge; squeeze into a chimney; curse your pack; curse your partners; curse yourself, your luck and the bad judgment that led you to this sorry situation. You'll roll out at the bottom eventually. Unless you're cliffed out. In that case, you climb back up to start down another way.

A few hundred feet below the rim, we reached our first such set of ledges leading nowhere. Cliffed out. In the waning afternoon, the narrow draw—bordered on all sides by towering ridges—had the look of a Chinese scroll painting which, by grotesquely exaggerating the vertical, leaves the insignificant viewer suspended midway down a cliff, stranded between an unseen top and an unfathomable bottom. The price of admission to Blue Spring seemed high as we peered into the gloomy void. The price went up when Hock found the way.

Hock had stopped about a hundred feet above the rest of us to fix his pack once and for all. Knowing we were stuck, he let his eye run over the rocks between him and us.

Hock rates as a fearless but sometimes reckless route-finder, so we tried to ignore him when he pointed to a narrow ledge we had passed earlier without a second glance. The ledge disappeared into a line of thin footholds before reappearing 20 feet away. Nevertheless, Hock had a point. The footholds seemed to be matched by handholds, and the ledge on the other side clearly led to a draw, which itself promised to come out at the bottom of the cliff that had us stopped.

Soon we were queued up at the edge of the void to watch Hock tiptoe across. The huge handholds combined with just enough footholds to make the traverse feasible. Still the jolt of lugging a heavy pack across the

abyss left us breathless and thrilled at reaching the other side.

Toward evening, the easy slopes of shale and mudstone petered out a few dozen feet above the river. A last line of cliffs separated us from Blue Spring, shimmering in the twilight below. Anxious to finish our descent before dark, we searched for a way to the bottom that did not involve diving into the darkening pool. At last we found a line of bare roots hanging over the steepest part of the rock. We swung on them like apes to easier sandstone slopes below, then slid on our tails to the welcome ground—and rest.

Our voyage down the Little Colorado began the next morning. The river filled all the space between the inner canyon walls



within a quarter mile of the beach where we had camped, so there was nothing to do but swim. We inflated our rafts, piled our rucksacks onto them and launched into the current. You can spend a lot of money on backpackers' rafts, which are specially made for this purpose, or you can use an inflatable swimming pool raft. Backpackers' rafts come in drab colors, are heavy and take a heck of a beating. Pool rafts are light, bright and inexpensive, but dainty. They demand care. We opted for three pool rafts because we're cheap, not careful.

Yellow, blue and pink, our rafts made a cheerful fleet. You can come to the Little Colorado later in the year and find it nearly dry, or you can come earlier and run a Class 5 kayak stream. But in the middle of May, we swam and drifted all that day. Between the long pools we carried our packs and rafts. We protected the rafts from spikes of travertine rock in the water and thorns on

[LEFT] Emerging from the Grand Canyon via Tanner Trail, hikers catch a glimpse of the distant Colorado River, with Chuar Butte rising against a backdrop of clouds just above and left.

[ABOVE] A collared lizard seems smugly at home near the mouth of the Little Colorado River.



f o r S i p a p u

SEARCHING

land; we didn't need many portages, and the rocks were mostly submerged.

Although you don't cover much distance floating down a slow-moving stream—a downside with consequences we initially underestimated—at least it's painless. For the first time recently in the vicinity of Grand Canyon, my feet weren't killing me, and if I felt mildly sickened by the mineralized water even after filtering it, at least I wasn't thirsty.

We came to reaches of the river on the next day where it made more sense to walk than to float. Increasingly, travertine waterfalls blocked the river. Small at first, but eventually as high as 15 feet, they rivaled the more famous falls in Havasu Canyon far downriver. We wrestled our packs over the sides of the falls while waves, roaring through the main sections, fell in tumult to the pools below. Soon we gave up the river entirely and tried to bushwhack, but thick brush forced us onto sand flats concealing quicksand.

The Little Colorado makes real quicksand in spring, the kind that swallows the large and the small, sucks down the innocent with the guilty and turns the whole lot into undifferentiated peat over the course of millennia.

A simple step in the wrong direction agitated unstable quicksand into a calf-high quagmire. A bad hole sank its victim up to the hips. The worst kind demanded an awkward dog paddle to dry ground while dragging a muddy rucksack behind. Covered with greasy mud, we looked like amphibious fish crawling onto dry land for the first time.

On the third night we worried. The swimming had taken more time than we had expected, the travertine falls had held us up more and the quicksand had been worthy of a bad jungle movie. We had made 9 miles in three days when we'd hoped for 15 miles or more. We had plenty of food—for that matter, it wouldn't have hurt any of us to fast—but food and time were not the worst of it all. We were whipped.

[LEFT] Blue Spring gushes water directly into the Little Colorado River.

[ABOVE RIGHT] After floodwaters from spring rains have diminished, shrinking pools and muddy sandbars remain on the Little Colorado.

Another couple of days like this and we would be lucky if we were able to crawl to the confluence. And from there the South Rim rose still more than a dozen miles away.

We went to bed feeling tired and

discouraged. In the morning our way downriver seemed difficult at first. We crossed travertine dikes to reach the other bank, but it also was lined with quicksand and impenetrable brush.

Unexpectedly, we crossed the tracks of a deer, also going downstream. We hadn't seen sign of another large animal since we'd left the paved road four days before. We followed the deer's tracks as carefully as we had followed our leaders' yesterday, but the deer proved much savvier. It led us around quicksand bogs onto rocks where we could safely stand, then took us down game trails through thickets, then back to the beach past more quicksand.

We had almost given up when the tracks disappeared at the river's edge after a couple of miles. Lacking a better alternative, we went across the stream but couldn't find tracks on that side either. The deer had vanished. We entered the brush and then forged the stream again when the brush got too thick.

No doubt, ours weren't the only spirits in those canyons.

Many other spirits—animal, vegetable and mineral—haunt them. Boulders give way under your feet, while roots hide by the smoothest parts of the trail to trip you up. A cactus wren flies down the correct fork in a faint trail when you couldn't choose it alone. A deer makes a pilgrimage to Sipapu. We found the deer tracks within a hundred yards of our second ford. For the rest of the morning we followed the unseen deer over an easy trail all the way to Sipapu.

It turns out the center of the world really is at the bottom of that canyon. Without knowing what to expect, we instantly recognized Sipapu when we rounded the last bend in the river above it. Its limestone shell—rounded like a beehive, a smooth contrast to the sharp edges of surrounding ridges and draws, unnaturally architectural in its roundness—gleamed in the nooning sun. It seemed a fitting memorial to the strange event of our ancestors' emergence from the boiling underworld.

By then the afternoon had closed in. As



the gorge turned into an oven, completely exposed to the sun, we took our siesta in the shade of Sipapu. Before drifting off, we thanked the spirits that are everywhere in these canyons for delivering us to Sipapu.

The hike out took three more days (we rested one day), but that part of the trail is routine for the Grand Canyon.

The last night a storm forced us to huddle in bivouac bags on a rocky ridge part-way up the Tanner Trail. From our airy perches we watched lightning flash throughout Grand Canyon. Somewhere among the cliffs of the Granite Gorge, boaters scrambled to tighten their camp. And somewhere else the spirit-deer danced to the rhythm of thunder. **AH**

Larry Winter is science adviser to the governor of New Mexico.

Gary Ladd of Page says he doesn't recommend drinking the water from the Little Colorado, where the first taste is not so bad, the second gulp is pretty bad—and by the third sip you'll swear off it permanently.

BOUNTIFUL VALLEY



Avian Paradise

An abundance of birds congregates along the Verde River

First light, Friday morning, late April. Pine scent rouses our nostrils and bird sounds float on the breeze as our bird-watching group pauses at Elks Well, a little pond on 7,815-foot Mingus Mountain above Jerome in central Arizona.

"Hope we see an olive warbler," a birder from Wyoming murmurs to field trip leader Gary Romig, a member of the Northern Arizona Audubon Society. Tomorrow, I'll lead a birding field trip, but today, I'm tagging along on Romig's trip, one of many such events

during the annual Verde Valley Birding and Nature Festival in central Arizona.

"Grace's warbler!" A woman points, and 12 pairs of binoculars rise as one. High in a pine tree, the little bird forages, its topsides a formal gray above a yellow face, bib and speckled white belly. "Good, it must have a nest nearby," Romig says.

"Now look below the Grace's about 2 feet toward the trunk.

That bird with the yellow head is the hermit warbler. He's migrating north, using these Black Hills, which form the west side of the Verde Valley, as his interstate highway."

"You mean the Grace's warbler comes here and nests, but the hermit warbler keeps going?" a boy asks.

Romig nods. "Some birds, like the

Grace's warbler and hepatic tanager, migrate this far north and set up house; some birds like the hermit and Townsend's warblers pause to refuel before continuing north; and some birds like the mountain chickadee and the Stellar's jay live here all year."

"So Mingus Mountain is a truck stop, a summer cabin or a home, depending," the boy's mother muses.

Romig grins. "Good analogy. And each species uses the habitat differently. That

[ABOVE LEFT TO RIGHT] PHOTO-ILLUSTRATIONS: No other Arizona bird has the red, black and white pattern of the red-faced warbler. Olive warblers build nests of rootlets and white fibers of silverleaf oak and decorate them with pine needle bracts and lichens.

[LEFT] The bright red chest identifies this vermilion flycatcher as male.

[RIGHT] Red rocks and blue mesas frame the green swath of Red Tank Draw in the Coconino National Forest.

TEXT BY SUZANNE CLEMENZ PHOTO-ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY ROMIG
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTY CORDANO



WHAT MAKES THE VERDE VALLEY SUCH A TREASURE TROVE OF BIRDS? IN THE LANGUAGE OF BIRD REAL ESTATE, LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION.

Grace's warbler is probing the pine needles for insects, and that red crossbill over there is prying open pine cones to eat their seeds."

Our group continues around the pond, and Romig answers the man from Wyoming: "About the olive warbler, they do breed here on Mingus Mountain, so we have a pretty good chance . . ." Romig pauses when he hears a "peeta-peeta-peeta" song from a few yards down the trail. "Listen, there it is!"

We surge forward, the expert birders helping the newbies to find the 5.25-inch-long creature amid the arboreal tangle. "Look for the coppery head," someone suggests. Soon recognition lights up many faces. "That's a 'life bird' for me," says the grinning Wyoming man, referring to his lifetime list of the bird species he's seen. "That's the bird I hoped for when I signed up for this festival." Romig

agrees that the olive warbler is a specialty of central Arizona's pine-clad mountains.

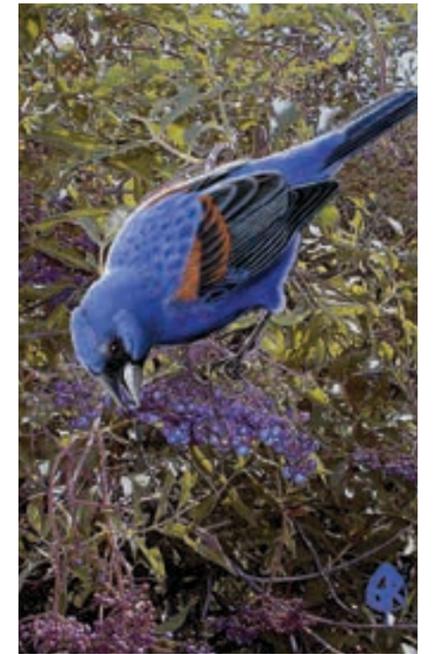
By noon, we've scouted several Mingus trails and found 73 species, among them 10 warblers, including yellow-rumped, Townsend's, black-throated gray and Virginia's; gray, dusky and Hammond's flycatchers; a Western wood-peewee and a brown creeper; three nuthatch species; a plumbeous vireo and a Brewer's sparrow; a Northern pygmy-owl and the vibrant Western tanager.

Saturday morning, at a half-hour past dawn, we are 15 miles northeast of yesterday's warbler pond, at an elevation 4,000 feet lower. A riparian aroma tickles our noses, and today's natural sound track could be titled "Duet for Oriole and

Gila Woodpecker." I'm leading a handful of festivalgoers along the Verde River in Cottonwood's Dead Horse Ranch State Park. Several field trips took bird-watchers out today — by canoe and by train, to Tavasci Marsh, around Sedona and Camp Verde, even north to the Grand Canyon to see California condors. My walk may sound less glamorous, but I know from years past that we can expect to spot rarities of our own.

The ecosystem here differs drastically from yesterday's. Fremont cottonwoods and elegant Arizona sycamores tower over our path, while Goodding willows and other streamside vegetation crowd the riverbanks on our right. Grasslands and a fishing lagoon border our left, and we pass through mesquite thickets here and there.

"Look, a cardinal!" calls a ponytailed teen



[OPPOSITE PAGE] Pecks Lake on the Verde River carries the name of Edmond George Peck who served as a scout and guide for troops at Fort Whipple near Prescott.

[ABOVE LEFT TO RIGHT] PHOTO-ILLUSTRATIONS: The lazuli bunting is an uncommon summer resident of the Verde Valley. Black and white wings and tail uniquely mark the male black-headed grosbeak. At a distance, the deep color of an adult male blue grosbeak appears black.

[BELOW] Common throughout the state, the great horned owl hunts small mammals for survival.

as a brilliant red bird alights nearby. I caution her, "Look more closely — I'm not seeing a big crest." The girl looks confused.

"We do have Northern cardinals here year-round," I assure her. "And just like them, the bird you're seeing has reached the northern limit of its breeding range." Still, the identity stymies her.

An experienced birder from Texas has held his silence, but finally he says, "Male summer tanager."

"Right!" I confirm. "That yellow bird that just landed to the right of him is his mate." The sun spotlights their contrasting breeding plumage.

"What do you mean by 'northern limit?'" a woman asks.

"Let's say I'm that tanager, and my wife and I spent the winter in sunny Mexico. We live it up on fruits and insects until it starts to get hot down there, and then we start thinking about the spring insects hatching in Arizona. We head north, following Arizona rivers — the San Pedro, Gila, Salt and Verde. We prefer riparian bed and breakfasts, so you won't find us on those high chilly mountain forests that our cousin, the hepatic tanager, travels to.

"When we get to the Verde Valley, I see this lofty ribbon of red sandstone to the north, split by canyons. It's the Mogollon Rim — the place where Arizona stairsteps up about

1,000 feet to the Colorado Plateau. And we stop to raise our family because I know we won't find our kind of room and board on top of that rim."

Our birding group continues along the Verde River Greenway Trail, stopping to identify a cordilleran flycatcher, to watch violet-green and northern rough-winged swallows zoom by, to admire hooded and Bullock's orioles and to scan a field of chipping, lark, and white-crowned sparrows that haven't yet left these wintering grounds. In one thicket, a great horned owl stares at us, and the river reeds bend lightly beneath red-winged blackbirds, whose buzzy



calls mix with the "witchity-witchity" of a newly arrived common yellowthroat. We never spot the yellowthroat; instead, an electric yellow Wilson's warbler rewards our efforts.

"Such an abundance of birds!" exclaims a man from nearby Sedona.

A shadow passes over us, and we look up to see an immense black bird, wings held in a V, tilting on the breeze. "I think I know that one," the man says. "Vulture, right?"

I quickly see a critical difference — several white tail stripes — between this and our common turkey vultures. "Well, if you were a small bird, you might make the same assumption and end up as that bird's dinner," I explain. "But that bird is one of our Southwest specialties — the zone-tailed hawk. It often hangs out with our abundant turkey vultures, which eat only carrion. But the zone-tailed hawk captures live prey. The hawk looks so much like the vultures that its prey isn't wary." I point out the bird's long tail and wide rectangular wings, for I expect my best treat to turn up soon.

Sure enough, as we near the trail's farthest point 15 minutes later, another black raptor circles overhead. Someone ventures, "It sort of looks like that zone-tailed hawk, but something's different."

We've sighted a common black-hawk. Though originating from the tropical forest as far south as Peru, I've seen them cruising over every river canyon in this area. These clefts of the Mogollon Rim form one of the black-hawk's few territories in the southwestern United States, and it breeds here, feeding its young a gourmet menu of





fish, frogs, crawfish, reptiles, small birds and rodents.

I point out some important differences from the zone-tailed hawk. “Black-hawks have a yellow face and beak and a short, very fanned-out tail with just one bright white tail stripe. Its 48-inch wingspan is a few inches shorter than the zone-tailed, and its wings are extremely deep from front edge to back. I think of it as all wings. Its nest is right there, in that cottonwood, so I was quite sure we’d see it.”

My group grows excited. We’ve found 53 species in less than three hours, yet two minutes later we find a spectacular bonus — birds that surprised me at the same place last year. Perhaps they’re becoming seasonal regulars, dropping down over the Mogollon Rim to winter in the warmer Verde Valley, as do juncos, Western bluebirds and others. Red face, gray neck, pink belly, green back — the most unlikely colors of any woodpecker in the United States



LOCATION: The Verde Valley and its communities lie approximately 100 miles north of Phoenix.

GETTING THERE: Going north from Phoenix on Interstate 17, explore the Verde Valley east and west from Exit 287 (Cottonwood/Camp Verde) through Exit 298 (Sedona). Or take State Route 89A northeast from Prescott to reach Jerome, Clarkdale, Cottonwood and Sedona.

WEATHER: In Cottonwood, April’s average high, 74°; average low, 42°.

EVENT: This year’s Verde Valley Birding and Nature Festival runs April 25 to 27, headquartered in Cottonwood. Ranging throughout central and northern Arizona, festival field trips focus on birds and other local wildlife, plants, butterflies, rockhounding, geology and archaeology. Registration fee, plus additional activity fees for certain field trips and Saturday banquet. Information, (928) 634-8437; birdyverde.org, or Arizona State Parks, Northern Region Education Office, (928) 282-2202.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Cottonwood Chamber of Commerce, (928) 634-7593 or chamber.verdevalley.com; the Northern Arizona Audubon Society, nazas.org.

[OPPOSITE PAGE] Migrating tree swallows arrive dependably both spring and fall, but tales of their arriving on the same day each year are amiable myths.

[ABOVE LEFT TO RIGHT] PHOTO-ILLUSTRATIONS: Grace’s warbler prefers pines and seldom feeds on anything else. Pine and oak woodlands provide a summer home for hepatic tanagers. [BELOW] The ferruginous hawk summers on the open grassy plains of northern Arizona.

— the rare Lewis’s woodpecker gets added to our life lists. Everyone hogs the spotting scope as the iridescent birds obligingly pose atop a snag.

At the festival’s evening banquet, birders compare notes: bald eagle nests sighted from the Verde River Canyon Train; green herons, wood ducks and brown-crested flycatchers breeding at Tavasci Marsh; ospreys and crissal thrashers at Pecks Lake in the Clarkdale area. Page Springs Fish Hatchery yielded blue grosbeaks and the flashy vermilion flycatchers, which breed there, as well as migrant lazuli buntings.

Sedona and Oak Creek Canyon served up many specialties: the red-faced warbler, black-headed grosbeak, painted redstart, black-chinned sparrow, broad-tailed hummer, indigo bunting, band-tailed pigeon, American dipper and peregrine falcon, to name a few. Camp Verde produced the bridled titmouse, Scott’s oriole, verdin and cactus wren, among others.

Canada geese and a dozen duck species that winter in the Verde Valley have gone north already, but mallards and wood ducks remain. The rufous hummingbird won’t wing through, southbound, until July, but black-chinned and broad-tailed hummingbirds have arrived to breed, and Anna’s live here all year.

Virginia Gilmore’s book, *Birding Sedona & the Verde Valley* (Northern Arizona Audubon Society, 1999), lists 296 species. Last year’s Verde Valley Birding and Nature Festival

reported 177 species in three days, many of them different from the 140 seen during December’s Christmas bird count. Those abundant winter species do a reverse trek from our April travelers, coming just as far south as needed to find open water and food.

What makes the Verde Valley such a treasure trove of birds? In the language of bird real estate, location, location, location. Camp Verde and Cottonwood, with the warmer climate of a 3,200-foot elevation, offer grasslands, farm fields and stream banks. Clarkdale boasts varied habitats from Pecks Lake and Tavasci Marsh to piñon-juniper forests and Verde and Sycamore canyons. At elevations of 4,000 to 5,500 feet, Sedona’s and adjacent Oak Creek Canyon’s red-rock cliff habitats welcome ravens, canyon wrens and peregrine falcons, and the American dipper seeks out the splashing rapids of Oak Creek. The Mogollon Rim and Black Hills encircle the area with 6,000- to 7,700-foot pine-clad highlands.

Like the birds themselves, birders can pause while passing through, come for a longer visit or spend a lifetime exploring the bounty of this avian crossroads. **AH**

Known also for her scenic photography, Suzanne Clemenz leaves the camera at home in Sedona when she goes birding.

Lifelong birder Gary Romig creates his mixed-media artwork using drawings, computer renderings and digital photography. He lives in Jerome.

For Bisbee-based Marty Cordano, the only thing harder than getting a clear view of a bird in the wild is actually photographing it. After working long and hard on this assignment, he says he would do it again when pigs can fly.





NAVAJOLAND

Peace and beauty flow from stories enshrined in sacred vistas

BY CARRIE M. MINER

BENEVOLENT DEITIES GRANTED THE NAVAJO Indians the sweeping vistas and remote canyons and mountains of their homeland as a place of peace and beauty, but it was not always so. In their story of creation, the Navajos had to purge their land of evil caused by the misdeeds of their ancestors.

The Navajo homeland, a dramatic stretch of land



that ranges out from Arizona into parts of Colorado, New Mexico and Utah, is larger in scope than mere sand and stone reaching out under turquoise skies. To the Navajos, each vista in this holy land has a story to tell along with a lesson to guide them in the Navajo way of life. Like the worn pages of an ancient text, the land anchors them to their identity and their cultural values.

The Diné, as the Navajo people refer to themselves, still occupy the majority of their ancestral homeland, created for them by First Man and First Woman so long ago. Navajoland, called Diné bi Keyah by Navajos—occupies an area larger than Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. With its scenic canyons, mountains and valleys, Navajoland not only inspires awe, but, according to its people, also chronicles the beginning of time in this world.

For all its beauty, this stark region of deeply cut canyons and sparse desert plants shows no kindness in its life lessons. Navajo stories tell of an ancient battle from which reminders still stand. Every rock and bush of the land recalls the sacrifices made by the Holy People to save the Diné from their own folly.

THE ORAL HISTORY HANDED DOWN from grandparents to children, from generation to generation, becomes unique with each telling. A Navajo storyteller may emphasize one piece of the larger story according to the life lesson that needs to be taught to the listeners. Though the stories are best

told by the Navajos who cherish and live by them, the following retelling contains the key elements, which remain the same no matter who the teller.

In the beginning, the First People emerged into this land, leaving behind the evils they had encountered in the previous worlds.

Or so they thought.

First Man and First Woman shaped the new world into a vision of beauty. They created the moon and sun and stars so that the People would have night and day and seasons.

Bounding the land were four sacred rivers and four sacred mountains formed from materials First Man had brought into this new land of hopes and dreams.

The rivers—the Colorado, the Little Colorado, the San Juan and the Rio Grande—marked the boundaries of the land created for the People.

In the east, First Man and First Woman created Horizontal Black Belt (known as Blanca Peak), made of white shell, fastened to the Earth with lightning and covered with a blanket of daylight.

Then they located Blue Bead Mountain (Mount Taylor) in the south, filling the dome with turquoise, pinning it to the Earth with a stone knife and covering the newly formed mountain with blue sky.

Light Always Glitters On Top (the San Francisco Peaks) in the west contained abalone shell, secured with a sunbeam and covered in yellow twilight.

They completed the boundaries of the sacred lands by erecting The Place of Big Mountain Sheep (Hesperus Mountain) in the north. It was created from jet, fastened to Earth with a rainbow and covered in darkness. Inside each of the four mountains, they placed protective holy beings called Those That Stand Within Them. And the newly formed world was filled with beauty and promise and hope.

Although the People believed they had forever escaped the evils of the earlier worlds, they soon discovered that the women had carried the seeds of human destruction with them into this world. Because they could not live in harmony, the women gave birth to monsters that began killing the People. And beauty fled from the world.

When the Earth was still new, First Man and First Woman found a baby by following her cry. She became known as Changing Woman. She grew to

(Text continued on page 27)

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 20 AND 21] An ephemeral pool, created by monsoon thunderstorms, reflects the visual rhythm of the Dancing Rocks on the Navajo Indian Reservation near Round Rock. TOM TILL

[ABOVE] Stubbornly resisting the elements, this 100-year-old Navajo hogan once belonged to a matriarch of the McKinley family north of Chinle. RICHARD EMBERY

[RIGHT] In a scene repeated for more than 700 years, the warm light of sunset washes over the Ledge Ruin in Canyon de Chelly National Monument. LEROY DEJOLIE







(Continued from page 22)

womanhood in four days, and the Sun came to her as she slept near a spring. Nine days later she gave birth to the Hero Twins — Monster Slayer and Child Born for Water.

The twins quickly grew into men and learned of their father from Spider Woman, one of the Holy People. With her help, the twins traveled to the house of the Sun and passed four hazardous tests, proving they were his sons. The Sun finally acknowledged them and granted them use of his powerful weapons — arrows of lightning, rainbows and



sunbeams, and a stone knife. And they descended back to Earth to rid the world of the monsters.

Child Born for Water stayed at Huerfano Peak, working to restore the balance of beauty to the world as his twin brother Monster Slayer took off across the land to destroy the monsters.

On the first day, Monster Slayer began his mission near Navajo Springs, where he killed the first enemy of the People — his father's son and his own half-brother, Yeitso, the One-Walking Giant. Monster Slayer cut off the giant's head and flung it to the east, where it now stands as Cabezon Peak. Yeitso's blood streamed down into the valley and was stopped by Monster Slayer's stone knife — where it hardened into the great lava flows southwest of the San Mateo Mountains.

On the second day, Monster Slayer set out to the Red Plains to slay the man-eating Giant Elk. Unable to approach the beast, Monster Slayer enlisted the help of the Gopher, who led him through her tunnel so he could get close to the monster. He shot

(Text continued on page 31)

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 24 AND 25] Spider Rock rises above the floor of Canyon de Chelly and a traditional hogan. Many Navajos still follow a long-established agrarian lifestyle deep in the canyon's recesses.

RANDY PRENTICE

[LEFT] Eroded layers of sandstone and shale form the colorful peaks and valleys of Coal Mine Canyon near Tuba City.

[ABOVE] Pottery shards and corn cobs left behind by ancient Puebloan inhabitants create an enduring mosaic at the Keet Seel cliff dwellings at Navajo National Monument. BOTH BY LARRY ULRICH





(Continued from page 27)

an arrow of lightning into Giant Elk's heart, and his lifeblood stained the sands red. Gopher helped Monster Slayer gather the blood vessels into a hide bag, which he slung around his neck. As Gopher busied herself at her task, she wiped her bloodied hands across her brow, which is why gophers have dark faces today.

On the third day, Monster Slayer made his way to A Tall Rock Standing to find the Giant Birds and their brood. He carried the hide bag of the Giant Elk's blood around his neck and slung his lightning



arrows across his back. With him, he carried two sacred feathers and a black knife, and as he walked he sang:

I wonder if the lone eyes are watching me?

I am he who has killed the monsters.

The lightning is before me.

All is beautiful behind me.

The Giant Birds killed many of the People, smashing their victims against the sharp spires at Shiprock for their two children to eat. But Monster Slayer was saved from this fate by the two sacred feathers, which helped him to land lightly in the Giant Birds' nest. He then smashed the blood-filled bag against the ground to fool the Giant Bird.

Monster Slayer hushed the two young monster birds, promising not to kill them if they would tell him when their parents would return, and they did. As the male Rain approached, so did the male Giant Bird, and Monster Slayer brought the bird down with one of his lightning arrows. On the following night, as the softer female Rain descended with the female Giant Bird, he slew her as well. Some stories say that the lava dike southwest of Shiprock

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 28 AND 29] Swirling sand dunes, hardened over time, mark the boundaries of Waterholes Canyon on the Navajo Indian Reservation near Page.
LEROY DEJOLIE

[LEFT] The sun rises over a tranquil Lake Powell as seen from Alstrom Point in the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area. RALPH LEE HOPKINS

[ABOVE] Sacred datura blossoms offer a delicate counterpoint to the weathered sandstone of Antelope Wash. LARRY ULRICH



is the blood of these two destructive Giant Birds. Upon seeing their parents felled from the sky, the young birds cried in fear.

“If you had grown up you would have been evil,” said Monster Slayer. “But I will make you into something that can be used for the good of the Diné.”

Monster Slayer took the first nestling and swung it around him four times, saying that it would forget its evil origins and would instead furnish plumes and bones for the Diné. He let go and an eagle soared toward the sky. He then did the same with the second nestling, saying that men would listen



to its voice to learn the future, and an owl departed in search of the night.

Monster Slayer wandered around the nest high up in the rocks but could not find a way down until he saw Bat Woman walking on the ground below.

“Grandmother,” he called. “Please help me down from here, and I will give you the feathers of the Giant Birds I killed.”

Bat Woman agreed and transported him in her basket back down to Earth. Monster Slayer helped her fill her basket with the feathers from the fallen giants and warned her not to go through the sunflowers with her bundle of precious feathers. But despite his warnings, she did just that, and hundreds of colorful birds flew out of her basket. In this manner, the feathers of the Giant Birds became a rainbow of color in the sky — the flickers, swallows, starlings, robins, sparrows, wrens, warblers, titmice, juncos and nuthatches.

Now that the first four monsters had been destroyed, Monster Slayer continued across Diné bi Keyah. He killed the Rolling Rock, which crushed people into the ground, by chiseling pieces away with knives of black, yellow, blue and white. When

[ABOVE] Although 700 years have passed since the Puebloans mysteriously abandoned Betatakin, the ruins stand remarkably intact, inviting conjecture and wonder about their long-gone residents.

LARRY ULRICH

[LEFT] A seasonal waterfall charges over weatherworn sandstone in Tsegi Canyon near Navajo National Monument. TOM TILL



only a small piece of his stony enemy remained, Monster Slayer told the remaining fragment that it would forget its time as the Rolling Rock and would become flint to create fire for the People.

Then Monster Slayer headed to the plains and killed 11 of the tribe of 12 dangerous antelope. The remaining one he spared, saying that to repent for its evilness it would feed the People with its flesh.

And still Monster Slayer continued. He destroyed He Who Kicks People Off Cliffs, the Slashing Reeds, the Rock that Crushes, the Evil Eyes, and the lesser enemies scouring Earth. But he could not dispose of



his enemies' bodies and instead left them behind as stony testaments to his great battles.

When he was through, Monster Slayer walked to the four corners of the land — to the mountains in the East, South, West, North — and returned, proclaiming that the monsters had been destroyed and that all was well to the ends of the Earth. To return to the state of beauty, the divine twins performed the first Enemyway ceremony. Monster Slayer's drumstick turned into stone, becoming Rainbow Bridge, as a reminder of his heroic deeds.

And so the Navajos live in a land created for them, formed from a dream of the First People, cleansed by the Hero Twins and watched over by Changing Woman — Mother Earth herself. The Diné don't need to bind their stories in books — they carry their sacred geography and all of its lessons with them, walking in beauty across prayers of stone. **AH**

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: For details about photography workshops in the Navajoland area presented by the Friends of Arizona Highways, call (602) 712-2004 or toll-free (888)790-7042.

Carrie M. Miner of Glendale first heard this story from James Peschlaki, a Navajo medicine man living in Cameron, and she's been chasing Navajo stories ever since.

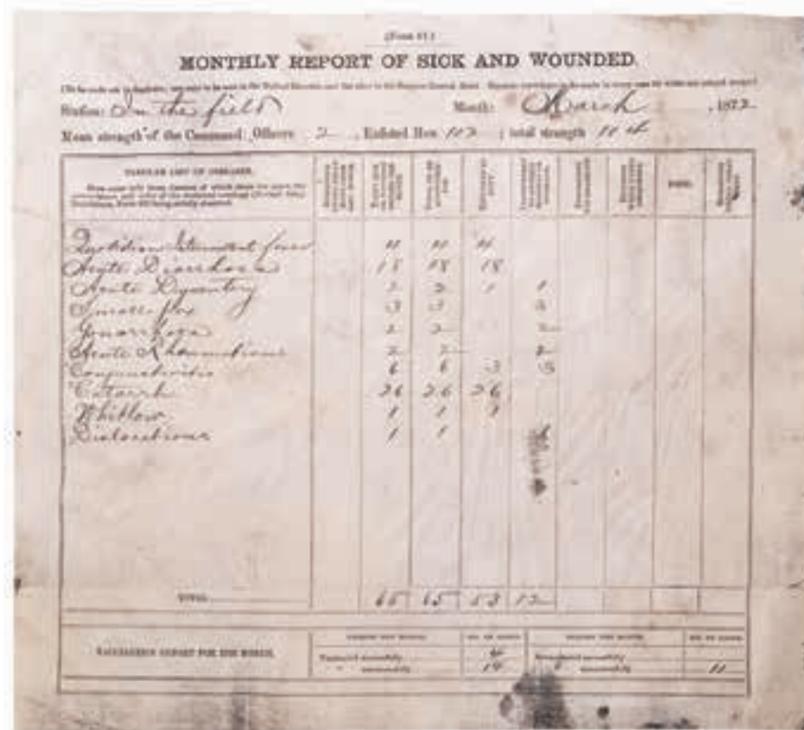
[LEFT] Sunset lights a group of formations in Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park. From left, the Stagecoach, Bear and Rabbit, the Castle, and the King on His Throne. **TOM TILL**
[ABOVE] A small camera-lens aperture creates a natural starburst as the sun rises behind the West Mitten in Monument Valley. **RALPH LEE HOPKINS**

FRONTIER M E D I C I N E

EARLY ARIZONA DOCTORS RESORTED TO
PRIMITIVE TREATMENTS
BUT LEFT AN IMPORTANT LEGACY



[ABOVE] Frontier doctors relied on the curative powers of herbal medicines like Cinchona bark extract, a source of quinine, used for treating malaria.



[ABOVE] The duties of a 19th-century military surgeon included keeping careful records of illnesses and injuries, even “in the field.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY

CARLTONS' PHOTOGRAPHIC INC.

TEXT BY

KATHLEEN BRYANT



[LEFT] Sutures of horsehair closed the wounds of pioneers fortunate enough to be treated by a doctor.

IN SEPTEMBER 1851, the Sitgreaves Expedition surveyed along Arizona's 35th parallel to find a route from New Mexico to California. Among other firsts, U.S. Army Capt. Lorenzo Sitgreaves' report to the U.S. Congress included a scientific description of a rattlesnake bite, witnessed by the expedition's doctor, Samuel Woodhouse, firsthand. *His hand, actually.*

Like many doctors who accompanied frontier expeditions, Woodhouse doubled as a naturalist, collecting new species. One “fine specimen” objected, striking him on the finger.

Woodhouse responded with an arsenal of cures: cutting and sucking, using a tourniquet and drinking or applying a succession of ammonia, colocyath (bitter apple), ipecac, opium, potassium iodide, iodine, peppermint water, flaxseed poultice, Seidlitz powder, magnesia calci and — the frontier favorite — as much whiskey as he could drink. He recovered from the bite, and even from the remedies, while dutifully recording every step.

The drama's supporting player — the rattlesnake — was destined for the 5-year-old Smithsonian Institution, one of several museums that studied Western species the way our generation pored over moon rocks. Men who were drawn to the Territory to practice medicine had a thirst for adventure — or other reasons for wanting to leave Eastern society. Dr. Charles Winter Woods, for example, who was of mixed racial background, found acceptance in the copper camp of Jerome. Some doctors hoped to find gold and hung out their shingles while waiting for the big strike. Others, like Woodhouse, contracted with the military because they wanted to explore the new Territory in the interest of science.

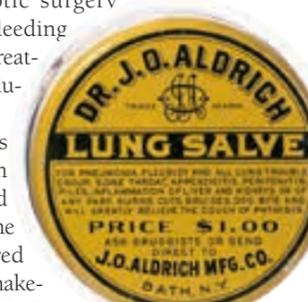
Woodhouse's medical report recounted instances of influenza, fevers, cholera, dysentery, diarrhea

(after soldiers resorted to eating their pack mules), colic, five arrow wounds and two head injuries (one man clubbed by Indians, another hit by a rock in a fracas among the expedition members). Once more, the doctor was among the patients, struck by an arrow in the thigh while warming himself by the campfire at dawn.

Woodhouse bled the men with headwounds, removed an arrowhead with tooth forceps and dispensed the various powders and tinctures an Army doctor carried along with his scalpels and bone saws. During the 1850s and 1860s, the relation of germs to illness was still theoretical, not yet replacing the belief that miasma — unhealthy air — caused disease. Aseptic surgery was a thing of the future. Bleeding and purging were standard treatments, and amputation the solution for shattered bones.

Although many physicians on the frontier were trained in the sciences or in battlefield treatments, practicing medicine in early Arizona often required improvisation and courage. Snakebites, arrow and bullet wounds, horrific mining accidents and devastating epidemics challenged doctors like Elliot Coues, an Army surgeon who once operated with his patient literally over a barrel while flies buzzed around.

Like Woodhouse, Coues collected specimens during his tenure in Arizona, but some never made it to the East. While accompanying a supply column bound from New Mexico to Prescott's Fort Whipple in 1864, Coues preserved his amphibian and reptilian detainees in a 5-gallon keg of alcohol. The soldiers loading the wagon where the keg was stored sniffed out its main ingredient and slyly drained it into their canteens over the long



[ABOVE LEFT] Lung Salve was used to treat lung trouble and appendicitis, as well as cuts and dog bites. [ABOVE] In 1876, Dr. Joseph H. Bill introduced the “Forceps for the Extraction of Arrowheads,” designed in response to his experiences while serving at Fort Defiance, Arizona's first military post.

[BELOW] Military doctors became adept with amputation saws during the Civil War, when limited knowledge and equipment made amputation of an injured arm or leg a routine treatment.



journey, blithely unaware of the snakes, lizards, toads and other creepy-crawlies floating inside.

As quartermaster C.A. Curtis recalled, the “chronic bibulants” looked “decidedly pale about the gills when the head of the empty keg was smashed in and the pickled contents exposed to view.”

To his dismay, Coues was twice stationed at Fort Whipple. He pleaded with a mentor: “Don’t let me spend another fall or winter here, if you can help it . . . ! The shiftless, loaferish life that an officer must spend on the frontier is fast making me forget what little of anything I ever did know.”

Though most medical colleges offered only a year or two of instruction before issuing a diploma, the Army held its medical officers to the highest standards. To become a member of that elite corps, a candidate was required to know not only medicine but also Latin, Greek and other languages; algebra, trigonometry and calculus; mineralogy, conchology (the study of shells), botany and physics.

If he passed the Army’s weeklong exam, he could compete for a commission as an officer. Congress doled these out in severely limited numbers after the Civil War. When Walter Reed faced the examining board in 1875, he was one of 500 candidates competing for 30 positions. Reed’s posting to Tucson’s malaria-ridden Fort Lowell spurred his interest in epidemics. At Fort Lowell he argued for a later reveille to minimize exposure to the miasmatic morning air. His scientific reasoning was also taxed by such mysteries as the chronic diarrhea of one Private Kelly who, Reed finally deduced, was eating the washroom soap to avoid active duty.

In addition to overseeing sick call, Army

surgeons were responsible for bookkeeping, maintaining the post garden, recording the daily weather and making sanitary inspections. Coues added collecting and writing to these duties. He labored over a 2,500-page manuscript on Arizona’s natural history, and then burned it after a colleague’s lukewarm review. He went on to publish approximately a thousand articles, books and papers in his lifetime, including a treatise on arrow wounds, and became a nationally prominent ornithologist, scientist and historian.

“Altogether too spicy for comfort,” said Coues about collecting in Arizona. Colleague and rival Dr. Edward Palmer (think of the lovely balloon flower, *Penstemon palmeri*) likely agreed. En route to Camp Lincoln (later named Fort Verde) to begin his post as acting assistant surgeon, Palmer’s wagon went up in smoke during a skirmish with Apaches on Grief Hill. On another trip over the accursed hill, Palmer broke his leg. Later, he contracted malaria (treated by a local settler, since the doctor was indisposed). After further trials, Palmer left the Army, but he returned twice more to Arizona as a botanist; his 1876 collections weighed 10 tons, *The Arizona Citizen* reported.

Army doctors were sometimes more soldiers than scientists. Irish-born Bernard J. D. Irwin, an assistant surgeon, received the Medal of Honor for leading a handpicked detachment to assist Lt. George Bascom’s ill-fated company at Apache Pass in 1861.

Dr. Leonard Wood, another Medal of Honor recipient, carried dispatches through hostile territory during the Apache campaign of 1886, riding 70 miles in one night, then walking more than 30 miles the next day. For weeks he commanded an infantry

company pursuing Geronimo’s band. (He later ran for president, losing his 1920 bid for the Republican nomination to Warren Harding.)

The alternative to Army surgeons — often the only doctors for hundreds of miles — was self-treatment with patent medicines (ranging from harmless sugar-water to addictive concoctions containing alcohol, opium or heroin) or dubious “granny cures.” Consider this one, recorded by Territorial historian Sharlot Hall: “For asthma, take rattlesnake grease, 5 drops for adults.”

Other folk remedies included cockroach tea for lockjaw, poultices of fresh manure for pneumonia and frogs mashed in butter for tonsillitis. With home remedies so grim, it’s no wonder people undertook desperate rides over long distances to fetch the post doctor.

Doctors recorded horrifying living conditions in frontier Arizona, from flimsy shacks and poor food to boredom relieved by brawls.

“Usually a boy was sent for the doctor before the fight began because he would inevitably be needed. Once he arrived too late and a double burial took place,” said William T. Corbusier, whose father was surgeon at Camp Date Creek, near Prescott, and Fort Grant in the southeastern corner of the state. He was referring to a contest between two men tied together with only their knife hands free. The elder Corbusier, William Henry, also acted as doctor for the Rio Verde Indian Agency near Fort Verde in central Arizona. He studied native languages and often chose to work with the tribe’s medicine men. A woman accused of practicing witchcraft on a dying



[LEFT] Doctors arriving in Territorial Arizona were fresh from service in the Civil War and acquired from Army surplus the familiar surgical kits that tucked into velvet-lined field cases.

man came to Dr. Corbusier’s door seeking protection. The man’s friends intended to stone her to death. Corbusier asked to see the sick man and treated him for dysentery. Both man and “witch” survived.

In 1870, the care of Arizona Territory’s 10,000 citizens fell to 11 military surgeons and 22 civilian doctors, though only five of the civilians practiced full time. Many of them combined medicine with mining, ranching or other occupations, and they could be a contrary bunch. For example, Dr. Edward Phelps, a U.S. marshal, was recognized for his heroic efforts during an 1870 smallpox epidemic in Tucson. He disappeared into Mexico months later with \$12,000 in U.S. government funds. He never returned, which prompted rumors that he was murdered after flaunting his stolen bankroll.

Dr. John C. Handy, the first chancellor of University of Arizona in 1886, was an admired physician, despite his stormy personality. He challenged all doctors relocating to Tucson to present a diploma before setting up practice. He unsuccessfully sued the city when it stopped him from piping sewage from his house to the street. And, while serving at Fort Apache in 1879, he reportedly shot and killed the post trader over a woman. In a karmic twist of fate 22 years later, Handy was fatally wounded in a gun duel with the lawyer handling his wife’s divorce.

Tucson’s best doctors gathered at Handy’s deathbed, waiting for Tombstone’s “gunshot surgeon,” George Goodfellow. Though operating on abdominal bullet wounds was almost unheard of in the 1800s, Goodfellow believed a patient destined to die slowly

was better off with surgery, no matter how risky. He raced to Tucson by rail, taking the engine’s throttle himself, but he arrived too late to save Handy.

Goodfellow stressed the importance of operating within the first hour after an abdominal gunshot wound, pointing out that “the toys with which our festive or obstreperous citizens delight themselves” were deadlier than the smaller-caliber guns favored in the East. His willingness to forge new territory — and write about it — changed attitudes toward surgery. He pioneered the perineal prostatectomy (a technique for removing the prostate gland) and spinal anesthesia. After observing that silk kerchiefs often protected gunfighters from harm, he penned “Notes on the Impenetrability of Silk to Bullets.”

Goodfellow also joined the war of words over Arizona’s Gila monster. After experimenting with some very-short-lived chickens, Tucson’s Dr. Handy pronounced the Gila monster’s bite deadly. Dr. Edgar Mearns, stationed at Fort Verde, believed it wasn’t, though he found the lizard’s breath nauseating. Henry Yarrow, of the Smithsonian, backed Mearns, insisting bite victims died not from poison but from “the Arizona whiskey used in treatment.” Goodfellow kept a dozen Gila monsters for scientific observation, and after surviving a bite on the hand in 1892, he too concluded (wrongly, of course) that the lizard was nonpoisonous.

This dashing surgeon and friend to the famous Earp brothers inspired the fictional Doc Peets in Alfred Henry Lewis’s *Wolfville* tales. However, no character in a Western novel matched the real Dr. Goodfellow’s

boldness and flair. After a lynch mob stormed a Tombstone jail and hanged John Heith, the mastermind behind the December 1883 Bisbee Massacre, Dr. Goodfellow’s expert testimony led the jury to find that Heith “came to his death from emphysema of the lungs — a disease common to high altitudes — which might have been caused by strangulation.”

Below Heith’s body, swinging from a telegraph pole on Tough Nut Street, the lynch mob attached a sign that read “ADVANCE ARIZONA.” With the possibility of statehood on the horizon, Territorial citizens hoped to end Arizona’s reputation of lawlessness.

Indeed, the close of the 19th century brought many changes to frontier medicine: stiffer certification requirements for doctors, legislation banning fraudulent patent medicines and traveling quacks, improved municipal sanitation, new hospitals, X-rays and vaccines.

But Arizona’s frontier doctors didn’t hang up their saddlebags without leaving a legacy behind. Some, like Woodhouse and his namesake toad (*Bufo woodhousei*), and Coues, whose name identifies the small whitetail deer of the Southwest, are immortalized in field guides. Others, like Mearns and Corbusier, contributed to the understanding of Arizona’s native cultures.

And many are remembered best in stories — apocryphal, amusing, heroic — told by grateful patients and communities, or preserved forever on library shelves. **AH**

Sedona resident Kathleen Bryant enjoys studying and writing about Arizona’s Territorial days.

[BELOW] A typical doctor’s supplies might include a leather medicine case for traveling, which would be refilled from his shelves of handblown glass bottles containing an assortment of the latest powders and tinctures.





Youngsters Overcome **FEAR** in Queen Creek Canyon

CLIMBING FOR **4** PRIDE



Text by LORI PFEIFFER Photographs by PETER NOEBELS

The rock juts about 25 feet into the air, though to 9-year-old Ashley Reade, it soars as high as the Empire State Building. Fear and determination settle on her freckled face. She toys with her climbing harness once more to make sure it holds securely.

Ashley is top roping, which means the rope attached to her harness loops through a chain bolted to the top of the route. Her father, Brian

Reade, belays her at the other end of the rope. He will take out the slack as she goes, so she can never fall more than a few inches.

“OK,” she says faintly. “Climbing.”

Her arm and leg muscles flex as she takes a few tentative ballet steps, as if dancing up some tiny, invisible ladder. She’s doing fine — until she looks down. Ashley may be only 2 feet off the ground, but in her mind she’s already

[ABOVE] Using skills learned in a gym, Amber Reade, 7, strains to scale the real thing as part of a family rock-climbing outing in Queen Creek Canyon.

[OPPOSITE PAGE, INSET] The canyon contains a number of rocks suitable for beginning climbers.

on top of the world's tallest building. She clings to the wall, shaking and silent.

Her sisters and parents offer encouragement. "Come on, Ashley. You can do it! Trust your feet!"

She thinks about her climb for a few minutes, peering up at the rock and then back down to the ground. "I want to come down," she announces.

"That's OK," Brian says. "You can come down." He lets the rope out slightly, and down she clambers, tears of frustration welling in her eyes.

"Hey, you did a good job for your first time out," he says.

She shakes her head.

Climbing is not so much about brute strength as it is facing your fears. When you confront fear head-on, you're on top of the world, or at least of your route. And when you don't, you want to crawl under a rock.

We have gathered in the Queen Creek Canyon area 4 miles east of Superior in Tonto National Forest, an hour's drive east of metropolitan Phoenix, for a weekend of climbing and camping. Two of our group—my husband, Matthias, and photographer Peter Noebels—have climbed for more than a decade. Brian and I have a little experience under our climbing belts, but his 12-year-old daughter, Alia, and her 13-year-old friend, Julia, already outclass us. The two youngest, Ashley and Amber, 7, have climbed only in the Phoenix Rock Gym. Their mother, Kim, came along to keep an eye on all of us.

We'll be lucky to climb a half-dozen of Queen Creek Canyon's 650 come-hither routes today because we have such a large group. The region's approximately 20 acres feature nine climbing areas, most on public land, whose routes have been mapped and bolted for safety. Their difficulty ratings, in climbing terminology, range from easy 5.5s to daunting 5.13s suitable only for experts. The area attracts visitors from around the world, including approximately 600 climbers who converge here each spring to compete in the Phoenix Bouldering Contest, the largest bouldering competition in the country.

Most "rock jocks" probably don't realize that the geology making our climbs possible was the basis for the region's mining industry. The superstructure of Shaft No. 9, the hoist

mechanism for reaching the underground mining operations, rises like the Eiffel Tower over the horizon. If you descended several thousand feet beneath the earth, as Stu Herkenhoff did once, you'd discover that the ancient volcanic magma, which sometimes still stirs, causes the subterranean rock temperature to rise above 135 degrees in places. Herkenhoff, a mineral management specialist with the Forest Service, says that although BHP Copper closed its mine in 1998, a significant body of copper ore still



me," she protests, while her father helps her don her harness.

With her dark hair peeking from beneath her helmet like a wispy tail, Amber takes her first unsteady steps along the rock face, looking like a baby mountain goat learning to walk. A few feet off the ground, she lets go of the rock to test the rope. Reassured, she practically bounds up the cliff, chanting a mantra: "Oh gosh, oh gosh, oh gosh." Her hands flit over the rock face, seeking and sampling possible handholds. Two-thirds of the way up, she finds Alia's foot in her path.

"Move it, get out of my way," she howls at Alia. "I need that handhold."

She reaches the top, literally hot on Alia's heels. She looks down and her mouth makes a startled "O" at how high she is. "Ohmygosh," she crows. "That was fun."

Her little sister's success makes Ashley feel worse. She sits apart from the group, with her head in hands.

I know how she feels. I was the kid who would never climb to the top of the haymow. During a family vacation, when I was 4, it took my family three hours to convince me to go up in the St. Louis Arch, and I screamed the whole way. The palms of my hands still sweat every time I fly in an airplane. I feel uncomfortable climbing near serious rock climbers because I never know whether I'll actually go up a route or simply babble in terror.

remains beneath our rocky playground.

This morning, we climb the short routes in the old Magma Mine area that present perfect puzzles for beginning climbers. The volcanic dacite rocks, the color of caramel, offer subtle inclines and a usable mix of fissures and nubs by which to secure toes and fingers. The lunaresque rock domes, scattered over a half-mile spread, inspire our imaginations. The giggling girls point out two rocks, the size of Volkswagen Beetles, that look like Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head poised to kiss. The smoochers cradle a giant stone baby between them.

Our noisy group seems to be the only climbers. That suits Amber. She doesn't want to be crowded on her first climb, even by her oldest sister, who tackles an adjoining route.

"I'm not going to climb if you keep pinching

me," she protests, while her father helps her don her harness.

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I sit beside Ashley and tell her about my first climb in Queen Creek. I had accidentally swung from my route into another one, then clipped a too-long safety strap into a bolt above an overhang to rest. When I tried to unclip to descend, I could not reach the bolt. I had given myself a pep talk and pushed, but my spent legs quivered like gelatin and my fingers lost purchase on the rock, inches short.

Ashley laughs.

"It gets worse," I tell her. When I had scabbled at the wall in overturned beetle fashion, a couple with two young boys had stopped to watch. Though 30-something, I am small for my age, and they mistook my predicament for an opportunity to encourage their sons to take up the sport. "See, there's a little girl climbing," they told their boys. "If she can do it, you can too." After



[FAR LEFT] Amber, aided by her father Brian Reade, clambers up the rock face. [LEFT] On her way to the top, Amber pauses to smell the spring wildflowers. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Scarlet penstemon blooms during late spring and summer in Queen Creek Canyon and throughout the Southwest.

they had left, Matthias climbed up to rescue me.

I hope my confession makes Ashley feel better. Pretty soon, she'll climb better than I ever will. Kids have a greater muscle-to-weight ratio and take to climbing readily.

Alia and Julia already proved this. During one of their first outings, two military guys had peppered them with unsolicited advice. However, the critics themselves struggled on the challenging "Ride the Wild" route, just outside the wash in an area known to rock climbers as the Lower Looner Land grouping, a 60-foot intermediate tour that requires climbers to negotiate a sharp vertical ridge with several tricky bulges and passages with microscopic handholds.

One climber never even reached the top. After my husband put the rope up the same route, the girls had zipped through the climb. The self-proclaimed "experts" looked suitably abashed. The girls joined me in the shade and smirked. "We showed them, didn't we?" Alia whispered. "We pushed our girl-power buttons."

The girls love to compete. Yesterday, we saw which one could hold her breath the longest as we drove through the U.S. Route 60 tunnel that penetrates the stone fortress guarding Queen Creek Canyon. Then a cutthroat game of hide-and-seek topped the evening's agenda, as the girls flitted like bats around the rocks and cacti of Oak Flat Campground, bouncing sonar squeals off each other.

A real bat, hunting for insects, looped briefly by. Perhaps it lived in one of Queen Creek's 80 defunct mining structures that BHP Copper and Bat Conservation International have people-proofed and made wildlife friendly. The bat could have been one of four local species: a Western big-eared bat, a big brown bat, a Western pipistrelle or a fringed myotis. None of us could tell the difference.

After we set up our tents at Oak Flat Campground and cooked supper over open

flames, we told ghost stories around the campfire. The girls told classic gross yarns, such as "Ghost With the Bloody Fingers," and Brian made us jumpy with a ravenous monster he dubbed the "Hideybehind."

I wonder if real ghosts haunt Queen Creek Canyon. In the 1870s, according to Indian oral tradition, soldiers garrisoned at nearby Picketpost drove a band of Apache men over the cliffs above Superior. The dark, translucent obsidian marbles found in caves west of town are said to have formed from the tears of grieving Apache women and hence are dubbed "Apache Tears." A rocky trail to the foot of Apache Leap apparently offers access to some nice climbs, but visiting the scene of a massacre, real or legendary, unsettles me, so we have never climbed there.

The girls seemed more worried about things that went bump in the night than their upcoming climbing challenge.

After having heard them giggle and talk into the night in their nearby tent, I wonder how they have so much energy today.

The rocks broil as the sun rises higher in the sky, but we want to climb one more route before we break for lunch. Afterward, we adult climbers will tackle some routes in the upper Devils Canyon area, where the climbs are taller and more intimidating, at least to me, but the towering walls themselves provide ample shade. In the meantime, an intermittent breeze provides some relief.

We choose another beginner's route, which the girls eye with interest. The promise of an ice-cream treat motivates Julia and Alia, while Amber seems to be well on her way to becoming an adrenaline junkie. Ashley changes her mind several times.

"That's OK," her father assures her. "We'll just go to the gym, and you can climb there. Nothing wrong with that."

After Amber scampers up this climb, Ashley issues her final verdict. "OK," she says. "I want to try it." But she sets her own goal: She'll climb until she reaches some

yellow flowers growing halfway up the wall.

This time, the route looms no higher than the roof of a ranch-style home, which bolsters Ashley's confidence. She again hesitates after she has climbed 2 feet, crying the climber's common lament: "Where did you get up here? I can't find any handholds."

This time, she doesn't look down, but concentrates on solving the climbing puzzle. She inches closer to the flowers, while we hold our breath and lean in to help her. What's at stake today is her pride, but if she can clasp her newfound courage to her heart, then just about anything will seem assailable.

"Push your girl-power button," her father calls to her.

The last part of the climb is always the hardest because every inch seems like a mile, and your destination teeters at the edge of the world. Ashley tentatively reaches out to touch the flowers, balancing her 69 pounds on rock ledges the width of Popsicle sticks. When her hand makes contact, we cheer. A look of disbelief crosses her face, followed quickly by a grin. Ashley has overcome her fears and rightfully earned her ice cream trophy. **AH**

Mesa-based Lori Pfeiffer occasionally takes to the rocks to challenge her fear of heights. Tucson photographer Peter Noebels says, "The more time I spend in Queen Creek, the more amazed I am with all the small canyons and rock formations. Every turn in the bend is a new adventure. I can't wait to go back."



LOCATION: 60 miles east of Phoenix. **GETTING THERE:** Take U.S. Route 60 east of Phoenix to Magma Mine Road, 4 miles east of Superior, which provides access to Oak Flat Campground and most of the climbing areas. **WEATHER:** The best climbing is in April and October. April average high, 83°; average low, 48°. October average high, 87°; low, 54°. **FEES:** Camping at Oak Flat Campground is free. **TRAVEL ADVISORY:** Climbing guides are available in most outdoor recreation stores. Climbing is a potentially dangerous sport and should not be attempted without the proper equipment and training. **ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:** Tonto National Forest, Globe Ranger District, (928) 402-6200.



"Hospitals can work miracles. They can turn an ordinary Band-Aid into a \$6.75 item on your bill." *

beat strokes

BY GARY BENNETT



IF VULTURES COULD GET LAW DEGREES

"See, technically we're not forcing him to eat the poison carrot; therefore, we have not broken the law of our species."

Unusual Perspective

By Linda Perret

Early Arizona golf courses used oiled sand instead of grass. It made the game a lot faster. You'd tee off on the first hole and the ball would slide all the way to the 18th.

CRIMINAL SPEED

A young cowboy from an Arizona border town was arrested for bigamy. He had a wife in Phoenix, one in Tucson and another in Mexico. A judge asked him, "How could you do such a thing?"

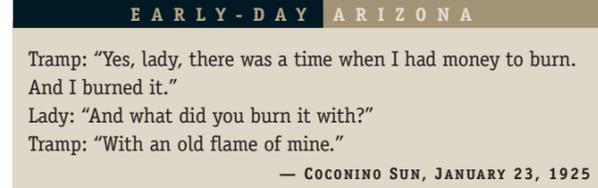
"Well," replied the bigamist, "I do have a pretty fast horse."

GENE HOOKS
Lampasas, TX

WRANGLER TRAINING

As we hiked into Indian Garden on the way out of the Grand Canyon, a string of mules came in on the Bright Angel Trail. Most of our group sat and rested before continuing out of the Canyon. My 12-year-old daughter and I wandered over to chat with the wrangler. After talking about the dusty trail, my daughter asked, "What is required to become a wrangler?"

"Well, Morgan," he replied, "it's like this. You have to sit straight on your mule. Then we'll send you and your



Tramp: "Yes, lady, there was a time when I had money to burn. And I burned it."
Lady: "And what did you burn it with?"
Tramp: "With an old flame of mine."

— COCONINO SUN, JANUARY 23, 1925

string of mules on the South Kaibab Trail hauling supplies to Phantom Ranch. After you unload the supplies, we'll give you a bag of marbles and send you back up the trail. As you cross the Kaibab Bridge, you toss a marble into the Colorado River. Then when you get to Panorama Point, you toss out another marble over the edge. When you get to The Tipoff, The Red and Whites, Skeleton

Point, Mormon Flats, Cedar Ridge and The Chimney, you toss a marble out at each of those places, too. You're qualified when you are back on the South Rim, and you've lost all of your marbles."

FLOOD HEFLEY
Menifee, CA

DE-LIGHTFUL LANGUAGE

Years ago a school teacher asked that everyone in English class make a sentence with the words "defense," "defeat" and "detail" in it. She read the completed sentences to the class. One student had written, "De cow jumped over de fence, de feet before de tail."

ALICE BARTLETT
Midland, TX

TRUTH IN LABELING

My wife, Lynne, and I recently spent a memorable week as guests at a working ranch in southeast Arizona. Shortly after sunrise one morning, just as she was going to mount up, Lynne

asked the young wrangler the name of the horse she was about to ride. "Oh, we call him 'Dub'," he said dryly.

Then, after a perfectly timed pause, the cowboy added, "We used to call him 'Widow Maker,' but that tended to spook the guests."

WILLIAM COOLIDGE III
Altona, NY

FRIENDLY QUESTION

An elderly Eastern motorist and his wife driving through Arizona on vacation saw a horseman riding alongside the road and stopped to ask if he were a real cowboy. The man answered, "Yes."

"We recognize your hat, shirt, leather vest and Levi's as authentic Western wear," the motorist said, "but why are you wearing tennis shoes?"

"Because if I wore boots people would think I was a truck driver," he replied.

BERT HEINOLD
Scottsdale, AZ

TO SUBMIT HUMOR

Send your jokes and humorous Arizona anecdotes to Humor, *Arizona Highways*, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009 or e-mail us at editor@arizonahighways.com. We'll pay \$50 for each item used. Please include your name, address and telephone number with each submission.

Reader's Corner

A typical menu for a roadrunner is grasshoppers, scorpions, sowbugs, caterpillars, lizards, spiders, worms, moths, snakes, mice and Pepto-Bismol.

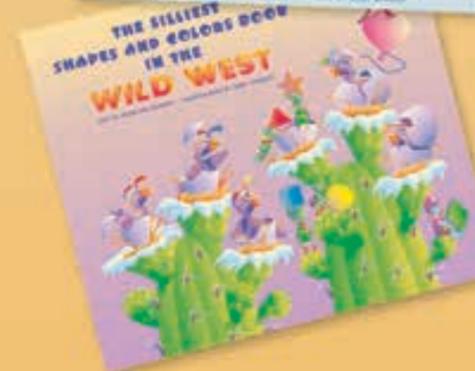
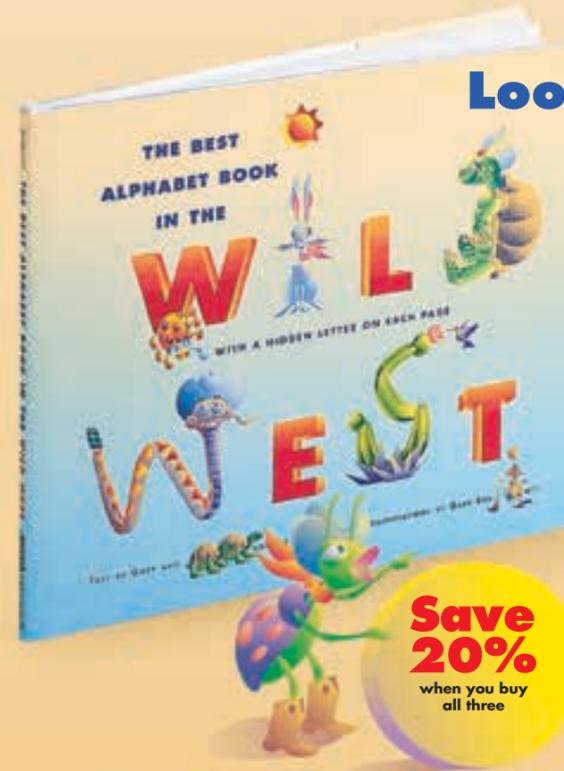
This month's joke category is roadrunners. Send us your roadrunner jokes, and we'll pay \$50 for each one we use.

Look to the Wild West to Learn

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destination

by DAVE ESKES / photographs by DAVID H. SMITH

It's a 'Secret' Easily Discovered: HASSAYAMPA RIVER PRESERVE Protects Diverse Beauty

[BELOW] The calm surface of Palm Lake, a 4-acre, spring-fed pond at the Hassayampa River Preserve near Wickenburg in central Arizona, reflects blue sky and surrounding cottonwood and Goodding willow trees.

ON A COOL MORNING IN LATE MARCH, I SAT on a bench overlooking Palm Lake, a spring-fed pond of 4 acres at the Hassayampa River Preserve near Wickenburg. Visitors had not yet begun to stroll down the dusty nature paths, and I had the place all to myself. Had I arrived earlier—the preserve opens at 8 A.M.—I might have spotted a raccoon, a javelina or, with uncommon luck, maybe even a bobcat.

As I peered through pocket binoculars at an American coot darting in and out of marshy brown reeds, its jet-black neck pumping, it occurred to me why the French Impressionist Claude Monet spent his declining years contentedly painting water lilies at his home in Giverny. Palm Lake's tranquil surface reflected the towering cottonwoods and willows in liquid yellows, greens and blacks—nature's alter ego—much as Monet's water garden must have reflected his wisterias and azaleas. At

Giverny, Monet had only to move a few paces to discover something new.

The same can be said of the preserve, a 5-mile strip of riparian habitat along the Hassayampa River, owned by The Nature Conservancy. Every vantage point offers unique possibilities. Perhaps a blue heron will glide down to the water, or a red-tailed hawk with a 4-foot wingspan will alight in a cottonwood tree. You might even catch sight of a thirsty mule deer. The preserve, after all, hosts some 230 species of birds and a teeming roster of desert animals, many of them as imperiled as the vanishing riparian sanctuaries that sustain them.

"Hassayampa" reputedly comes from the Yavapai Indian word *hayesamo*, which means "following the water as far as it goes." The Apaches refer to it more graphically as the "upside down river." The Hassayampa begins in the Bradshaw Mountains near Prescott and

flows mostly underground for a hundred miles to the Gila River near Phoenix. It surfaces most prominently in the preserve.

Despite easy access from the adjacent U.S. Route 60, the preserve attracts a relatively modest number of visitors, about 12,000 a year. Birdwatchers comprise nearly a third of them. "It's kind of a secret place," program director Mike Rigney said. "The general public doesn't know a lot about it."

Secret or not, the preserve radiates history. It began as a stagecoach way station in the early 1860s, then evolved into the storied Brill Ranch, which produced not only beef but also fruits, vegetables and fish for hungry miners and pioneer families in Wickenburg, Prescott and Phoenix. In 1913, it briefly morphed into the Hollywood-sounding Garden of Allah guest ranch before becoming the winter home of a cereal company executive. From 1925 until 1986, when The Nature Conservancy purchased the property, it again anchored guest ranches.

Vestiges of that illustrious history remain, starting with the Waddell Visitor Center, where weary stagecoach travelers once took their ease. Although modified, the basic adobe structure, with its dormers and wooden beamed ceiling, retains its frontier integrity. It now houses the Arthur L. Johnson Interpretive Center—interactive displays involving desert and riparian ecology, plus a bookstore and gift shop.

The preserve employs one full-time and one part-time staffer, assisted by 45 volunteers. Down the path from the center stands a kiosk, where the preserve's well-maintained nature trails converge. Visitors taking the half-mile Palm Lake loop, as I did, pass a small picnic area flanked by a row of giant palm trees, planted from seed by stagecoach passengers a century ago.

Farther on, a tangled forest of Fremont cottonwoods and Goodding willows covetously encircles the lake. Many of the untamed trees predate the Civil War. Errant willow branches arch over the trail



[ABOVE] The half-mile-long, tree-shaded Palm Lake loop beckons visitors to stroll through Arizona's rare riparian forest. [RIGHT] Built in the 1860s as a stagecoach station and later used as a cattle ranch and a guest-ranch house, the core of the preserve's Waddell Visitor Center reflects its adobe origin.





[ABOVE] The wooden beamed ceiling adds frontier atmosphere to the Arthur L. Johnson Interpretive Center inside the preserve's visitor center.

Hassayampa for more than a mile, offers visitors the opportunity to observe a river ecosystem at work. When I was there, the warm weather of March had brought a rich green carpet of algae that nearly masked the slow, inexorable movement of the current. At one point, the river narrowed enough to step over, and at another, it widened to the size of a canal. Birds took to the air as I passed, as abundant as the seep willow saplings clustered at water's edge.

On leaving the preserve, I regretted personal scheduling had not allowed me to arrive earlier and

stay late. According to Rigney, even the midday heat offers rewards. "That's when you get to see the butterflies," he said. **AH**



LOCATION: 50 miles northwest of Phoenix. **GETTING THERE:** From Phoenix, take Interstate 17 north to the Carefree Highway (State Route 74) exit, and drive west to U.S. Route 60. Take U.S. 60 north until you see Milepost 114 and the Hassayampa River Preserve sign on the west side of the highway. Optional: Take Grand Avenue (U.S. 60) northwest through metropolitan Phoenix to the preserve.

HOURS: Wednesday through Sunday, 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., trails close at 4:30 P.M., October 2 through May 13; closed summers and major holidays.

FEES: \$5 donation. **TRAVEL ADVISORY:** Free guided tours are available with advance reservation.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: (928) 684-2772; www.hassayampa.org.

and fallen dead trunks like primeval serpents. Visitors might conclude—quite correctly—that nothing is done to thin out dead and dying vegetation. Nature goes its own way, unrestrained, free from the human urge to tidy up. The junglelike thickets provide shelter, food and nesting sites to scores of creatures, including the lowland leopard frog (a river native) and the endangered southwest willow flycatcher.

Along the trail, wooden plaques identify plant life, highlighting the preserve's botanical diversity. I was surprised to find jimson weed, the fabled bovine scourge, and mistletoe, the joyous Christmas plant so parasitic it can strangle willows with a python's efficiency. Here and there, strings of it cling to trees in a deadly embrace.

In addition to the Palm Lake loop trail, the River Ramble trail, which meanders along the

Origins of PLACE NAMES Often Reveal MISNOMERS and ODDITIES

PIONEERS AND MILITARY MEN HAVE LEFT their legacy—as well as their names—to today's Arizona, but sometimes this heritage is not so obvious.

For example, in the Bradshaw Mountains west of Cordes, a prominence identified on numerous maps as "Towers Mountain" rises to 7,629 feet. At its crest stand communications towers, including a Prescott National Forest lookout tower. Seeing those structures, many people conclude that the mountain derives its name from these man-made additions.

Long before any structures existed on the mountain, George W. Tower mined there in 1873. The peak is properly identified as "Tower" Mountain.



A WATERWAY FLOWING NORTH OF NACO in Cochise County is marked on some maps as "Greenbush Draw" and on others as "Green Brush Draw." Most persons assume that the name comes from the desert shrubbery along its banks, but it was named for Green C. Bush, a Cochise County pioneer.

MCDOWELL ROAD, A MAJOR THOROUGHFARE in Phoenix, courses east to west across the Salt River Valley. McDowell also identifies the mountain range northeast of Scottsdale. Initially, the name McDowell was applied to the military post established in 1865 beside the Verde River north of its confluence with the Salt River. The installation, the mountain range and the road were named for Maj. Gen. Irvin McDowell, commander at that time of the U.S. Army region that included Arizona.

McDowell led Union forces in the Battle of Bull Run at Manassas, Virginia, July 21, 1861, the first major engagement of the Civil War, resulting in a rout of Union troops. Relieved of commanding combat units, McDowell transferred to the Department of the Pacific, headquartered at the Presidio of San Francisco.

In addition to having his surname applied in Arizona, McDowell left his handle on California, too; his name identifies a roadway at the Presidio, the Fort Mason Officers' Club is in McDowell Hall, and now-abandoned Fort McDowell on Angel Island in San Francisco Bay memorializes the general.

ANOTHER LANDSCAPE FEATURE, SOMETIMES called Bald Hill, also got its name from a

military officer, William A. Glassford. The barren 6,161-foot mountain rises west of Prescott Valley.

In April 1886, Maj. Gen. Nelson A. Miles commanded the Department of Arizona, with headquarters at Fort Whipple, Arizona Territory. Gen. Miles tested a communication device called a heliograph that employed mirrors to reflect flashes of sunlight from one mountain to another. The high ground east of the fort served as the site of Station No. 2, transmitting messages from headquarters.

Miles' signal officer, Lt. Glassford, activated the heliograph stations that by August 1886 included 14 in Arizona and 13 in New Mexico. The knoll east of Fort Whipple was named Glassford Hill in honor of the lieutenant.

MANY ARIZONA GEOGRAPHIC NAMES HONOR 19th-century military men. The state's highest mountain, 12,643-foot Humphreys Peak, serves as a Flagstaff backdrop. It commemorates Brig. Gen. Andrew Atkinson Humphreys, a captain with the Corps of Topographical Engineers while surveying the area in 1851.

Mount Ord in Apache County—Arizona's third highest at 11,357 feet—was named for Maj. Gen. V. Edward Otho Cresap Ord, whose name is also on a 7,155-foot mountain on the line of Gila and Maricopa counties.

Kendrick Peak (10,418 feet), along with its Kendrick Spring, and Sitgreaves Mountain (9,388 feet), both in Coconino County, recognize Maj. H. L. Kendrick, the military escort commander for Lt. Lorenzo Sitgreaves' expedition, which mapped a route across northern Arizona in 1851.

Carr Peak (9,214 feet) in Cochise County remembers Col. Eugene Asa Carr. *The New York Times* erroneously published Col. Carr's obituary after mistakenly reporting his command's annihilation at the Battle of Cibecue Creek on August 30, 1881.

Fort Apache, about 35 miles southeast of Cibecue, came under siege the day after the battle. Signal Corpsman Will C. Barnes voluntarily dashed through hostile territory to send information on the attacking Indians and the approach of Carr's column. He was awarded the Medal of Honor for his bravery. Barnes Butte on the Papago Park Military Reservation in Phoenix bears his name. Barnes is best known for editing the first edition of *Arizona Place Names*, published in 1935. **AH**

THINGS TO SEE AND DO NEAR WICKENBURG

DESERT CABALLEROS WESTERN MUSEUM See the "West as it was" through exhibits of Western art, cowboy gear, Indian arts and Territorial history; (928) 684-2272.

MASSACRE MONUMENT Established in remembrance of an attack by Indians or bandits in 1871, a mile west of Wickenburg on U.S. Route 60.

VULTURE MINE Explore the most productive gold mine in Arizona history, 12 miles southwest of Wickenburg off Vulture Mine Road; (602) 859-2743.

HISTORIC DOWNTOWN WICKENBURG Stroll through a self-guided walking tour using a chamber of commerce brochure; (928) 684-0977, www.wickenburgchamber.com.

OLD 761 STEAM LOCOMOTIVE After opening the West with runs from Chicago, the old engine rests in Stone Park at Apache and Valentine streets.

VULTURE PEAK Climb the 3,658-foot summit, 10 miles southwest of

Wickenburg off Vulture Mine Road, using the chamber of commerce hiking guide.

JOSHUA FOREST PARKWAY Drive through 18 miles of a Mohave Desert forest, 25 miles northwest of Wickenburg on U.S. Route 93 between Mileposts 180 and 162.

WICKENBURG MEMORIAL The monument that stands in Stone Park honors town founder and discoverer of the Vulture Mine, Henry Wickenburg.

ROBSON'S MINING WORLD Step back in time to an 1800s gold-mining camp nestled in the Harcuvar Mountains, 25 miles west of Wickenburg off U.S. Route 60. (928) 685-2609.

RANCHO DE LOS CABALLEROS A 20,000-acre historic guest ranch offers guided hikes, bird-watching, horseback riding and hot air balloon rides, 7 miles southwest of Wickenburg off Vulture Mine Road; (928) 684-5484.



[ABOVE] The Desert Caballeros Western Museum displays art from the early 1800s to the present, including *The Vaquero* by Frederick Remington.

[LEFT] Shops in downtown Wickenburg exhibit Western cow-town flavor.

BOTH COURTESY OF ARIZONA STATE ARCHIVES



Barnes Butte in Phoenix (top) was named to honor Will Croft Barnes (above) who came to Arizona in 1879 as a telegrapher and weather observer at Fort Apache and remained to homestead a ranch near Holbrook.

A 50-mile Drive Through Ruby and Arivaca Skirts Two LAKES, WOODS and GRASSLANDS

*At the edge of the world
It is growing light.
The trees stand shining
I like it.
It is growing light*

*At the edge of the world
It is growing light.
Up rears the light.
Just yonder the day dawns,
Spreading over the night.*

FROM THE TOHONO O'ODHAM
"SONGS TO PULL DOWN THE CLOUDS"
TRANSLATED BY RUTH UNDERHILL, SINGING FOR POWER

DEEP IN THE LAND OF DREAMERS, THE ROAD winds and wanders from the divided-highway edge of modern times out to the long shadow of the very place where I'toi, the Creator, set all things in motion—when the Earth was still tethered to heaven, as the Tohono O'odham Indians can tell you.

And if you are worthy, perhaps you will dream a song of power and understand the splendor laid out carefully along the 50-mile stretch of dirt road that starts just north of Nogales. The route skirts the ghost town of Ruby, passes the sleepy adobes of Arivaca and Baboquivari Peak's sacred heights and arrives finally at a grasslands preserve, where the masked bobwhite quail have come home to where I'toi first put them. Along the way, the road passes through some of the most underappreciated scenery in the state.

ABOUT 7 MILES NORTH OF NOGALES, running west from Interstate 19, the journey starts on the Ruby Road, State Route 289. The road hums along through a scattering of ranches and houses, a rural echo of the booming border town of Nogales.

You'll continue through a landscape perched on the ecological edge between high desert and oak woodland.

Just shy of 10 miles along, you'll pass Peña Blanca Lake, a modest fishing hole and picnic spot. Years ago the lake became contaminated

with mercury, so most of the fishing is catch-and-release. The Bureau of Land Management periodically stocks it with trout, which are fine to catch, keep and cook for dinner. Folded into a small canyon and bordered with cottonwood trees, the man-made lake is a destination for teen-agers, families and fishermen.

Beyond the turnoff to the lake, the road

becomes graded dirt, Forest Service Road 39, and passes shaded campgrounds, which thin out as the road meanders by twists of 15-million-year-old lava and ash, sporting names like Castle Rock and Thumb Butte. With good clearance, you can take a passenger car if you drive slowly over the ruts and rocks and around the narrow, winding switchbacks, but wide-body vehicles like motor homes will

have difficulty. After 13 miles on this dirt road, you come to the gated turnoff to Ruby, one of Arizona's best-preserved ghost towns. Maybe that's because the owners have hired a caretaker who charges \$12 per person to look around the ramshackle homes and shops and to fish in the small tree-shaded lake attended by herons and egrets. Ruby is not normally open to the public, and the caretaker doesn't

[ABOVE] Jagged Baboquivari Peak stabs the sunset sky beyond the high desert of Buenos Aires National Wildlife Refuge.



[ABOVE] Near Peña Blanca Lake in southern Arizona, Ruby Road snakes through hilly desert grassland.





post hours, but if you find him there be sure to explore this treasure from the past. Townspeople built most of the surviving buildings after 1926, when the Ruby mine's

final spurt of lead, silver and zinc production drove up the little town's population to about 2,000.

The Spanish first started mining north of Nogales in the 1700s, and then American prospectors started coming in the 1850s, easily pushing aside the peaceful Tohono O'odham Indians and their dreams of rain and long journeys seeking an aesthetic of thirst and exhaustion.

This desert people, once called the Papagos before they reasserted the name they've always called themselves, would undertake long quests to prove worthy of dreams and to learn songs like the "Songs to Pull Down the Clouds." The Tohono O'odham's culture of scarcity and reverence left them nearly helpless before the invaders, so they retreated into a desert too

[ABOVE] Named in 1912 by pioneer resident Julius F. Andrews in honor of his wife, whose maiden name was Lillie Ruby, the ghost town of Ruby quietly decays in the hills of the Coronado National Forest.



KEVIN KIBSEY

harsh to sustain anyone else.

However, the miners soon had to contend with the far more warlike Apaches, plus frequent raids by Mexican marauders. In its day, Ruby saw its share of violent deaths—especially in the now-collapsed general store, supposedly built on the grave of a priest. Robbers shot Alex and John Fraiser to death while they tended the store in 1920, and the next year, seven bandits murdered the new owner and his wife.

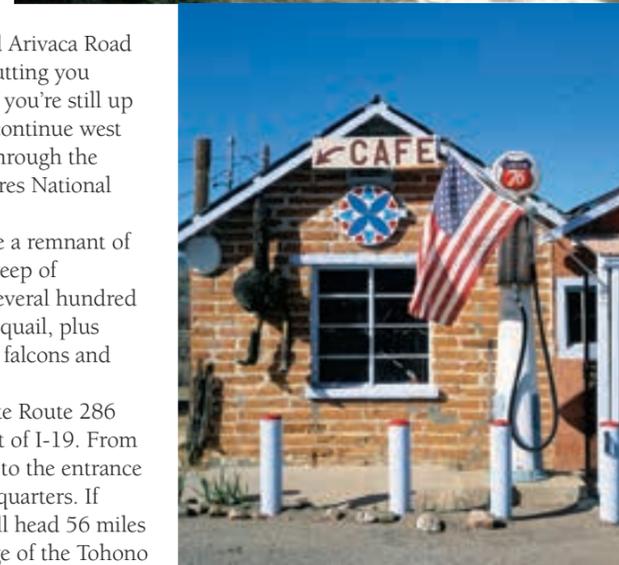
The road leads on west and north from Ruby, passing spur roads to rugged trails, forgotten mines and other scattered ruins and graves. Forest shade gives way to open ranchland before the road fetches up to pavement again at the Arivaca Lake turnoff, just 5 miles southeast of Arivaca, a tiny community 35.3 miles northwest from I-19.

When you reach Arivaca, if you're done for the day, loop 23 miles northeast on the paved Arivaca Road to Arivaca Junction and I-19, putting you 34 miles south of Tucson. But if you're still up for more backcountry scenery, continue west from Arivaca on Arivaca Road through the grassland-dominated Buenos Aires National Wildlife Refuge.

Established in 1985 to restore a remnant of southern Arizona's once-vast sweep of grasslands, the refuge shelters several hundred reintroduced masked bobwhite quail, plus pronghorn antelope, Aplomado falcons and many colorful bird species.

Arivaca Road connects to State Route 286 in the Altar Valley, 48 miles west of I-19. From there, you can go south 8 miles to the entrance of the refuge and the park headquarters. If you turn north on SR 286, you'll head 56 miles back to Tucson, skirting the edge of the Tohono O'odham Nation.

The snapped-off peak of the tribe's sacred mountain, Baboquivari—the I'toi's legendary home and the stub of the umbilical cord that once tied heaven and Earth—dominates the long line of mountains to the west. Here the Creator made humans, deer, fire, buzzards and other wonderful and troublesome things. They say I'toi still looks down and sees everything—the children skipping stones across Peña Blanca Lake, the graves of the shopkeeper and his wife, and even you, skimming the asphalt back to



[ABOVE] Arivaca Creek, a popular birding spot in the Buenos Aires National Wildlife Refuge, runs with water from snowmelt and spring rains. **[LEFT]** Constructed as a store in the 1950s and used later as a small museum, this building in Arivaca now houses the Perez and Son Tire Shop.

travel tips **WARNING:** Back road travel 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. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone at home know where you're going, the route you're taking and when you plan to return. Odometer readings in the story may vary by vehicle.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: Carry a good map. Beware of flash flooding during the monsoons. Many of the spur roads are suitable only for a high-clearance vehicle. **ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:** Coronado National Forest, Nogales Ranger District, (520) 281-2296; Ruby, (520) 744-4471.

modern times—as the long, last light makes the grass glow where the masked bobwhite quail has come back home.

*The sun children
Are running westward
Hand in hand,
Madly singing,
Running.*

FROM "SONGS TO PULL DOWN THE CLOUDS" **AH**



LEROY DEJOLIE

A LARGE LAKE CALLS FOR A LARGE CAMERA

photo workshop Lake Powell, with its spectacular red rock towers and brilliant blue-green water, offers a bountiful feast of photographic opportunities. The lake's giant bays provide expansive views of water, sky and desert, while sandstone monoliths tower skyward in warm shades of red, orange and brown. To capture this area's broad vistas, it helps to have a camera large enough to handle the job. That's why we've designed this workshop especially for medium- and large-format photography. Our pace will be a gentle one to accommodate in-depth, personal attention at each site, where you'll learn how to translate this region of great natural beauty into your best photographic images.

Arizona Highways photographer LeRoy DeJolie leads our group and is widely regarded as a diligent teacher with a true love of the Lake Powell area. Come immerse yourself in this awesome environment August 28-September 1, 2003.

For more information or a free workshop brochure, contact **Friends of Arizona Highways** at (602) 712-2004, toll-free at (888) 790-7042, or visit their Web site at www.friendsofahighways.com.

OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOPS

June 5-13

Join us for an extraordinary expedition as Jeff Kida leads us on a rafting trip through the Grand Canyon

June 25-29

An expert Nikon instructor teaches us about digital photography in the magnificent Grand Teton National Park

July 19-24

Longtime Colorado resident Jim Steinberg shows us the best spots to find wildflowers in the area around Ouray

September 20-25

Jim Steinberg is again our guide as we seek out fall color in the foothills of the Colorado Rocky Mountains

WINGING IT

April 9-13; Yuma

The Kofa National Wildlife Refuge near Yuma protects 665,400 acres of pristine desert habitat for desert bighorn sheep, desert kit foxes, desert tortoises, cactus wrens, orange-crowned warblers and northern flickers, plus the rare Kofa Mountain barberry and the only native palm trees found in the state.

To learn more about southern Arizona's desert, check out the **3rd Annual Yuma Birding and Nature Festival**. Lecture subjects range from sand dune to wetland ecology and desert bighorn sheep to venomous desert denizens. Photography workshops, guided adventures to Mexico, a wild burro search and a bat watch also are scheduled. Information: (928) 783-3061 or toll-free, (800) 293-0071.

PASSION PLAY

April 10-12, 15-19; Mesa

In 1928, a Mesa choir from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints performed an Easter sunrise celebration using a cotton wagon as a stage. The performance continues today as the world's largest annual outdoor Easter pageant. More than 150,000 people attend the **65th Annual Mesa Arizona Easter Pageant**. A volunteer cast of more than 400 actors on a 9,600-square-foot stage presents the pageant in Spanish during the first weekend. The remaining performances are in English, with headset translations offered in Spanish and English each night. Information: (480) 964-7164.

ASIAN FESTIVAL

April 18-20; Phoenix

Chinese immigrants traveled across the ocean seeking their fortunes in America, which they called Gold Mountain, as early as 1840. And by the late 1860s, tales of rich strikes led to a migration to Arizona.

Celebrate the heritage of the state's Asian pioneers at the **9th Annual Arizona Asian Festival** at Patriots Park. The event includes entertainment, cuisine and hands-on activities related to India, China, Korea, Thailand, the Philippines, Laos, Vietnam and Japan. Information: (602) 788-8899.



TO THE TUNE OF MIAMI

April 25-27; Miami

Local storytellers say Miami, Arizona, got its name when "Black Jack" Newman struck a rich mining claim nearby in the 1890s and named it after his wife, Mima Tune. Some stories say he just couldn't spell. Others say mining investors arrived in 1907, laid out the townsite and named it Miami, after their home in Ohio.

Miami celebrates its mining history at the **13th Annual Mining Country Boom Town Spree**. The state mining championships, historic home tour, Boom Town Spree parade, and bed races highlight the event. Information: (928) 473-4403.

Cast members Georgina Uribe and her daughter Scarlett model authentically designed costumes for the Mesa Arizona Easter Pageant.

Other Events

Desert Landscape Painting; April 2-5; Wickenburg; (928) 684-2272. Plein air workshops, art exhibit and sale.

Pioneer Days Festival; April 3-6; Kearny; (520) 363-7607. Parade, dancing, arts and crafts and carnival.

Arizona Book Festival; April 5; Phoenix; (602) 257-0335. Author readings and signings, book sales and live entertainment at the Margaret T. Hance Park.

Heard Museum Guild Native American Student Arts and Crafts Show; April 5-9; Phoenix; (602) 252-8840.

More than 1,200 artworks by Indian youths.

Juried Fine Arts Show; April 5-27; Glendale; (623) 939-5782. Artworks by Arizona artists.

Wildflower Festival; April 6; Tucson; (520) 742-6455.

Recipes, music and silent auction at Tohono Chul Park.

Maricopa County Fair; April 9-13; Phoenix; (602) 252-0717. Educational exhibits, 4-H competitions, horse shows, games and rides at the state fairgrounds.

Herb Festival; April 12; Superior; (520) 689-2811. Herbal cooking demonstrations, lectures and children's games.

Rose Festival; April 12-13; Tombstone; (520) 457-3929.

A rose parade, cake contest and picnic lunch raffle.

Arizona Highways Photography Exhibit: David Muench and Jack Dykinga; March 21-April 25; Window Rock; (928) 871-6675

Pima County Fair; April 17-27; Tucson; (520) 762-9100.

4-H exhibits, art displays, petting zoo, games and rides.

Arizona Outback Spring Fiddlefest; April 18-20; Salome; (928) 859-3466. Country-Western and bluegrass music.

A TALL TAIL TALE About Arizona's STATE MAMMAL, the Ringtail, a CACOMISTLE

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT ARIZONA'S STATE flower is the saguaro cactus blossom, the state bird is the cactus wren, and the state tree is the paloverde, but does anyone know what the state mammal is? Probably not. That's because the state mammal keeps a low profile . . . and for good reason, as we'll see.

It is the ringtail, otherwise known as the cacomistle and the miner's cat. It also goes by the scientific name of *Bassariscus astutus*. You can readily see why the creature keeps a low profile. With three aliases, this critter is obviously on the lam, wanted by someone for something.

Even though it's called the miner's cat, it's actually a member of the raccoon family. Another little trick to confuse whoever or whatever is after it.

The cacomistle measures about 24 inches from nose to tail tip and weighs about 2.5 pounds. Its ringed tail is about half of the critter's total length, so its natural enemy is most likely the rocking chair. The animal has a raccoonlike mask around the eyes, which makes it look like a cross between Morris the Cat and the Lone Ranger. If you want to see a picture of the ringtail, you can find it in an encyclopedia or probably among the wanted posters on display at the local post office.

An agile animal, the ringtail can climb trees easily and quickly. It's also a prolific and proficient "mouser."

In fact, years ago, miners used to domesticate these mammals to keep their living quarters free from rodents and similar pests. Hence the name "miner's cat." Presumably, the prospectors would give them cute little pet names like "Fluffy" or "Tabby" or "Spot." So now it had even another alias.

The miners would offer their pet a place to sleep, an occasional pan of warm milk and all the mice it could eat. Of course, they also offered it a place to hide out if any lawmen came looking for a cacomistle, a ringtail, a miner's cat, a *Bassariscus astutus* or a "Fluffy," "Tabby" or "Spot."

Prospecting is a lonely occupation, so the state mammal also served as a companion. Acting as a pal, a buddy and a cuddly friend to the reclusive miner may have been the ringtail's toughest duty. It's not easy being close, warm and snuggly with a scraggly, unkempt, unshaven, unclean old coot. But then, I suppose a critter with constant "mouse

breath" couldn't be too finicky, either.

They were loyal and devoted pets. They would stay by their miner's hut and fiercely protect it from rodent ravaging. To this day, many ringtails are found near abandoned mining camps and prospector's huts. There are many stories of miner's cats that have been taken miles away from their master's property, often across state lines, even to foreign countries. Yet with perseverance and extraordinary homing instincts, they found their way back to their "home."

Well, there aren't really a lot of stories like that, but I'll bet there could have been. And I'll bet that those domesticated ringtails do have a strong desire and the intuitive skills to get them back to the base camp. I don't really know that for a fact, but it's a hunch that could pay off.

If you ever see a cacomistle roaming around, looking confused, acting as if it's trying to find its way back to home sweet home, follow it. Stick close on its heels and don't let it out of your sight. It just might lead you to the Lost Dutchman Gold Mine.

That theory could be balderdash, but it's worth a shot.

Mining has played an important role in Arizona's history, and prospectors are among the state's most colorful and memorable characters. The ringtail apparently has been an important part of that mining tradition and is thus revered by the state.

But exactly how did the ringtail become the State Mammal of Arizona? We're not at all sure, and some suggest that there may be some controversy surrounding the selection. Perhaps the ringtail resorted to its several pseudonyms as a result of some scandal connected with the voting. There's little documentation and no proof, but it remains a distinct possibility to this day.

Furthermore, no one knows which creature was chosen as the runner-up State Mammal of Arizona. Was it the javelina? Perhaps the cactus mouse? Might it have been the desert cottontail? No one knows. This is a particularly important oversight, because as we all know, should the ringtail, for any reason, be unable to fulfill the official duties, then the runner-up would assume the title of State Mammal of Arizona. Anything could happen to the ringtail. It might become endangered, extinct or even, despite the many phony names, finally cornered and captured by whoever seems to be on its tail. **AH**



BILLIE JO BISHOP



"I used to carry a lot of weight around the office, but that's all behind me now," says Gene Perret in his book *Retirement: Twice the Time, Half the Money*. To order this book (\$6.95 plus shipping and handling) or other Perret humor books, call toll-free (800) 543-5432. In Phoenix, call (602) 712-2000. Or use arizonahighways.com.

Note: Dates and activities could change. Before planning to attend events, phone for fees and to confirm days and times.

by CHRISTINE MAXA / photographs by STEVE BRUNO

Six Miles on SIXSHOOTER TRAIL Near Globe Gives Hikers a Taste of MULTIPLE MOUNTAIN PERSONALITIES

IT'S NOT OFTEN YOU COME across a trail with an identity crisis, but you're more likely to if you hike in the sky-island ranges—high mountains that rise sharply from the desert floor, creating cooler, more moist climate zones. Pine-forest, riparian, high-desert and mixed-conifer communities cross each other capriciously on these peaks, tangling in an eclectic blend.

The Sixshooter Trail, just south of Globe in the Pinal Mountains, takes on a manic personality. Within its 6-mile length, the trail obsessively and steeply climbs almost 3,000 feet to transport you from scrubby

chaparral mix along raspy mountain slopes to quaking aspen trees at its end near Ferndell

[LEFT] Brightening the shade among Gambel oak and piñon pine trees, bigtooth maple leaves tinged with fall color delight hikers on the Sixshooter Trail south of Globe. [OPPOSITE PAGE] An oak-and-maple-leaf parasol filters sunlight along the upper portion of the trail.



LOCATION: About 95 miles east of Phoenix.
GETTING THERE: Drive to the east edge of Globe on U.S. Route 60, and turn right (south) at Hill Street just past Milepost 251.

Follow the brown and white signs 1.2 miles to the Pinal Mountain Recreation Area and turn right onto Icehouse Canyon Road, which is Forest Service Road 112; drive 1.8 miles to a stop sign and continue straight 2 miles to the end of the pavement. Drive 0.5 mile to the CCC Camp picnic area and the Sixshooter Canyon Trailhead.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Tonto National Forest, Globe Ranger District, (928) 402-6200.

Spring. In between, the landscape veers from high-desert scrub to high-country pines to New England-style hardwood forests.

The trail starts exposed, without cover, among the chaparral mix of manzanita and scrub-oak bushes. When it drops into the Sixshooter Creek drainage, at about mile 1, the creek's riparian forest cools the path down. But the trail quickly climbs out of the oasis and heads back into the chaparral to steadily ascend the mountain. Along the way, panoramic views of Globe and Miami spread to the north.

By mile 2, the trail continues its nonstop climb under canopies of Gambel oak trees. In another mile, depending on which side of the canyon it follows, the trail changes from a rugged trek through high desert, a mix of

agaves and cacti plus piñon pine and juniper trees sprouting from rocky outcroppings, into a cool climb through conifers and more Gambel oaks. The path dips in and out of moist crooks at creek crossings.

Still climbing after about 4 miles, the trail pulls away from the canyon's crevice and stabilizes its personality as it enters pine-oak forest. Granite boulders loll around the forest floor, decorated with pine needles and oak leaves. Sometimes black bears grubbing along the path leave a trail of overturned boulders. Bobcats, white-tailed deer, mountain lions and coatimundis also roam the mountain.

About a half-mile farther up, the trail joins an old mining road surrounded by a forest of bigtooth maple, velvet ash and Gambel oaks. During the fall, this section lights up with autumn color.

The road drops abruptly several hundred feet and levels off until it reaches a mine shaft on the left side of the path. In the 1880s, a sawmill and cabin sat opposite the mine. The sawmill workers reportedly packed six-shooters, a propensity that gave the canyon its name.

In the past, the forest was overharvested, and the mine flooded and was shut down. Now, a line of grass follows the water trickling out of the mine across the road toward the mill's skeletal remains and a broken-down cabin.

The route climbs again and struggles another mile toward Ferndell Spring. Just a half-mile from the end, the trail veers off the road to the right and enters a forest of mixed conifers and aspen trees. The trail ends about a quarter-mile beyond Ferndell Spring at its junction with the Middle Trail, just short of the top of Pinal Peak in a crown of aspen trees.

Hikers get a reprieve on the return hike—it's an easy downhill trek all the way back to the trailhead. The hardest part is keeping track of the trail's many different personalities. **AH**



For families, novices and experts, *Arizona Hiking: Urban Trails, Easy Paths & Overnight Treks* features a trail mix ranging from urban-area preserves to the Grand Canyon. The book brims with how-to and where-to-go information on more than 70 hikes, plus 120 color photos. To order (\$16.95 plus shipping and handling), call toll-free (800) 543-5432. Or use arizonahighways.com.



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