



BLUE RIVER, A PLACE TO REST MIND AND BODY

arizonahighways.com SEPTEMBER 2003

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

KOFA COUNTRY

A Great River
Meets Austere Desert

FLAGSTAFF'S MUSEUM

A Place of Taste and Vision
Celebrates 75 Years

'Underneath' Phoenix WALK WITH THE ANCIENT HOHOKAM

Green Lynx Spider
A DAYTIME
STALKER

the Magic of
**Red Rock
Country**



24 COVER/PORTFOLIO The Secrets of Sedona's Red Rocks

A distinctive landscape captivates visitors with its primitive raw beauty.

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The Kofa Mountains hold forth as mighty neighbors to Yuma and the Colorado River in Arizona's stark, extreme-desert southwestern corner.

14 ARCHAEOLOGY The Hidden Hohokam

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18 MUSEUMS Celebrating 75 Years

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Breathe in the air, take in the scenery and relax to the max on the Blue River in east-central Arizona.

38 FOCUS ON NATURE Sharp-eyed Hunting Spider

The green lynx spider uses its keen eyesight to stalk prey.

[THIS PAGE] Ponderosa pine trees beside misty Woods Canyon Lake in the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests dwarf fishermen eager to try their luck at sunrise. NICK BEREZENKO
[FRONT COVER] Aglow in the light of sunset, Sedona's Cathedral Rock towers over Lower Oak Creek at Red Rock Crossing. See story, page 24. ROBERT G. MCDONALD
[BACK COVER] Brian Beck of Tucson rests in the cool spray and lush greenery near Waterfall Trail at Tonto Natural Bridge. See story, page 46. NICK BEREZENKO

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55 GENE PERRET'S WIT STOP
Despite our author's fun with the names of rock formations, his hat is off to Sedona's natural beauty.

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Enjoy concerts at the Grand Canyon's South Rim; learn about railroad history at a commemoration in Williams; get in tune with the seasons and the lore of the autumnal equinox at Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff; and see the diversity of Hopi artwork in Sedona.

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Sandys Canyon Trail

Sandys Canyon Trail winds 3 miles round-trip into Walnut Creek south of Flagstaff and meets the Arizona Trail.



POINTS OF INTEREST
FEATURED IN
THIS ISSUE

Accurate Photographs

If I had not personally seen the grandeur of the Southwest, I would have thought your photographs were somehow enhanced to bring out color and detail. Your photographers are indeed to be commended.

Your stories are likewise superb. The article "Frontier Medicine" (April '03) was interesting. We have come a long way in 50 or so years.
ANN M. GREGG, Quartz Hill, CA

State Mammal

I read with interest Gene Perret's humorous "A Tall Tail Tale" ("Wit Stop," April '03) about the Arizona state mammal, the ringtail, or cacomistle. Old-timers (like me) from Arizona have never heard of a cacomistle. We called this animal, as Mr. Perret mentioned, a miner's cat or a ringtail.

DONALD J. JUSTESEN, Price, UT

Gene Perret's "Wit Stop" about the state mammal made us remember the old days.

We lived on Sabino Canyon Road in Tucson in 1948. We often put out food for animals. One day my mother and I saw a cacomistle in our back yard. We didn't know what it was. My mother went to the library and finally, after some research, identified the animal. I guess the animal's population has really increased in the last 55 years to make it the state mammal.

BARBRA SEDORY, La Grange, IL

Visiting Sipapu

Your article "Searching for Sipapu" (April '03) brought back memories of my second trip to the Little Colorado River canyon. I spent two weeks in June 1968 as a University of Southern California geology student assisting Professor Vern Taylor perform geochemical tests to study the nature of the water and to determine the origin of the travertine dams from Blue Spring to the confluence of the Colorado River.

From the flanks of the 30-by-90-foot mound-shaped Sipapu Spring, we collected and brought

Check Us Out Online

Arizonahighways.com, our increasingly popular Web site, has been revamped to provide readers with more information. Each month the Web site will carry original stories, photographs and columns to supplement what runs in the magazine.
So check us out. Like the poor old editor, we think you'll be pleased.

back to the Hopi Indians approximately 15 pounds of the red iron carbonate mud used in tribal religious ceremonies.

STEPHEN J. PAVLAK, Atascadero, CA

Loyal Reader

As we prepare for retirement and a very fixed income, we want your staff to know you'll be the "last to go!" Book and record clubs all take a back seat to your publication, which I've been reading for about 60 years.

E.A. DEWVEALL, Phoenix

Vacation Guide

I would like to say how much we enjoy *Arizona Highways* magazine. We are planning to take our vacation in Arizona this year. We feel the magazine is very informative, and our vacation will be much more interesting because of it.

MARY MAARSEN-KEIM, The Netherlands

Ghost Town

I have read *Arizona Highways* for many years and particularly enjoyed the April 2003 issue's spotlight on the Ruby Road drive in "Back Road Adventure." I had to chuckle, though, when you described the ghost town of Ruby as "quietly decaying" in the hills of the Coronado National Forest. Just what sort of noise does decay usually make?

BRUCE TENNANT, Long Beach, CA

Reading With Dad

I am 11 years old and enjoy reading *Arizona Highways* with my dad. Every time we get your magazine, he flips through the pages and points out places that he has visited. Thank you for bringing a little bit of Arizona to me.

BRIANNA PUETZ, Shelton, WA

Appreciating Home

I am a native Arizonan, currently in my first year of college in Massachusetts. Though I've enjoyed getting to know New England, after weeks of snow, rain and below-40 temperatures, I was feeling particularly homesick. I had never before read *Arizona Highways*, but your magazine caught my eye and gave me a much-needed dose of the Southwest.

The April 2003 issue is filled with amazing pictures and stories. Now I can show my friends my wonderful home! Thank you for reminding me that I'm from one of the most beautiful places on Earth.

COURTNEY WRIGHT, Wellesley, MA

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

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TERA'S GARDEN

Downtown Desert Bounty

"Creating beauty in the heart of the city." This is the mission of Tera Vessels, Arizona master gardener and creator of Tera's Garden, located in downtown Phoenix's Roosevelt

Historic District. Designed in and around a yellow 1914 bungalow, the garden shop caters to desert dwellers wanting to add color to their lives. Tera's Garden boasts plants from the world's deserts as well as local species and a bounty of native wildflower seeds. "Plants that are in harmony with the surroundings" is how Vessels describes them.

Information: (602) 253-4744; www.terasgarden.net.



NEWT GLASS

Western Bookshop, a Thriving Tradition

Bookstore owner Aaron Cohen sells stories about Western America and the Civil War, but this word warrior also has a few of his own tales to tell. Cohen and his wife, Ruth, opened Guidon Books on Old Main Street in Scottsdale, against the advice of neighboring retailers. The retailers said a Western



LINDA LONGMIRE

bookstore situated in the swanky business district would never survive—a relic of the Old West set in the midst of posh art galleries and highbrow boutiques. Ludicrous. Outlandish. That was 39 years ago.

Cohen, a collector in his own right, provides a definitive selection of new and out-of-print titles from which to choose. Bibliophiles will find tomes on the Mexican Revolution, Indian tribes and

the Indian Wars, mining, cowboys, archaeology, anthropology, lawmen, desperados, women of the West and the Civil War.

Information: (480) 945-8811; www.guidon.com.

Move Over, Elephants

The next time you call your neighbor a birdbrain he may thank you. Scientists are learning that the Clark's nutcracker may have one of the most amazing memories in the animal kingdom.

The gray-and-black crow cousins labor from August to December collecting 30,000 pine seeds. That would be impressive enough. But then, outperforming their squirrel competitors, the individual members of the corvid family bury their booty in thousands of caches over hundreds of square miles. That would be even more impressive, but for a grand finale, the avian prodigies retrieve more than 90 percent of their subsurface sustenance during their springtime nesting season—often from beneath many feet of snow before it thaws.

EARLE A. ROBINSON



Playing With Fire

Newt Grover continues to ignore good advice: "Don't play with fire." Almost any day of the week, you can find him surrounded by flames and furnaces at Newt Glass, his Scottsdale "hot shop," creating handblown glass products. His chandeliers, wall sconces and pendant lights decorate some of the state's top nightclubs and dining spots, and collectors nationwide own his works.

"Throughout history, people have been fascinated with glass," explains Grover. "It has a magical and mystical quality because it is transparent."

Watching glassblowing is like attending the theater, and Grover enjoys the role of performer. Just call ahead to reserve seats and see the artist create spheres of soft glass by blowing air through a tube into molten glass. Special tools and graceful movements sculpt forms into astonishing shapes.

Information: (480) 948-3185; www.newtglass.com.

THIS MONTH IN ARIZONA

1867
The U.S. Army delivers the first triweekly mail from the East to Tucson.

1870
A Territorial militia led by Gov. A.P.K. Safford returns from the mountains after a 26-day hunt for Apaches between the Santa Cruz and San Pedro rivers. The militia did not spot a single Apache.

1890
Police are called to restore order after a Democratic Territorial Convention meeting gets out of hand in Phoenix.

1894
Adobe buildings in Willcox crumble after a cloudburst on Mount Graham in the Pinaleno Mountains sweeps the area, leaving behind 2 feet of water.

1898
Extreme wind unroofs houses and kills one person in Casa Grande.

1905
Williamson and Skull Valley residents watch helplessly as cattle, chickens and sheep are washed away by a violent rainstorm on Granite Mountain.



JOHN BECKETT

Touting Tucson

Back in 1887, potential travelers to the Arizona Territory asked the *Arizona Daily Citizen*, a Tucson newspaper, for information on that frontier city. A healthy environment took the top position in the paper's idea of selling points. "There are no distinctively local diseases," the newspaper proudly informed all would-be visitors.

"The air is neither bracing nor depressing," they assured all. They did warn of occasional sandstorms from the California deserts, but also noted that building a shelter would be inexpensive when using adobe or brick.

On such slim pickings, a city and a tourist industry can be built.

Bed, Breakfast and Birds

Birdwatchers flock to Madera Canyon in southern Arizona for some of the best birding in the United States. There's a new

place to stay while exploring the avian wonderland. Chuparosa Inn, at the base of Mount Wrightson on Madera Creek, combines rustic elegance with cozy charm. Three suites—the Hummingbird Suite, the Bird Nest and the Cowboy Room—include private baths and kitchenettes. A gourmet breakfast greets guests in the morning. Hiking trails lead through the rich riparian habitat where bird lovers can catch a glimpse of the more than 200 bird species.

Information: (520) 393-7370; www.chuparosainn.com.

LIFE IN ARIZONA 1 9 9 0 s

MICHAEL MOORE, THE WHIRLYBIRD HERO

One of the most daring and heroic chapters in Grand Canyon history remains little known—the epic flight of helicopter pilot Michael Moore. A commercial pilot, Moore was making a routine flight in Havasu Canyon in 1997 when he spotted a flash flood roaring down the Canyon's upper reaches. He realized the flood would surely catch dozens of hikers and sunbathers when it reached the junction with the Colorado River.

Moore hurtled down the Canyon at a decidedly dangerous and illegal altitude ahead of the flood. Every time he saw a group of hikers and swimmers, he hovered upstream and, using frantic hand gestures, urged them to climb up the walls of the Canyon. He reached the river just barely ahead of the flood, having warned dozens of hikers.

A few people were caught in the flood as they scrambled to

escape, but only one hiker was washed into the Colorado River. One woman, who left the stream as Moore hovered overhead, returned to the



KEVIN HERSEY

tranquil blue-green waters after he moved on down the Canyon, only to be caught moments later by the leading edge of the flood.

At the mouth of the Canyon, river guides quickly moved several of the tied-off rafts and got all their clients to high ground. The floodwaters rose to 10 feet in the stream's narrow mouth.

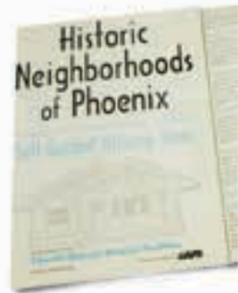
In the end, Moore's daring flight may have saved dozens of lives and averted one of the worst disasters in Canyon history.

This Old House

The Phoenix Historic Districts Coalition has published a self-guided driving tour of the 25 historic neighborhoods in the city with an explanation of the architectural styles and their relationship to the eras in which each was built. The publication won the Arizona Heritage Preservation Honor Award in 2000.

The Phoenix Visitor and Convention Bureau and most antique shops in the city carry the free brochure, "Historic Neighborhoods of Phoenix."

Information: (602) 256-7177; www.loveurbanliving.com.



ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY/TUCSON



View from the Butterfield

The first Butterfield stage bounced its way across Arizona in 1858. For \$200, passengers bought 24 grueling days and nights of travel on the southern route from St. Louis to San Francisco. The trip included a wild-eyed ride through Apache Pass and the area of Dragoon Springs, 70 miles east of Tucson and known for untimely deaths. Rides like this could send some passengers screaming into the night in a form of a breakdown called "stage craziness." Reporter

Waterman Ormsby made that trip on the Butterfield, staying sane enough to write what he saw as they approached Tucson in time for sunset.

"The heavy clouds lower over the mountain tops, tinged with the rays of the sun, in all the colors of the rainbow. . . ." He needed that kind of vision. He and the Butterfield still had another 1,163 miles to go.

For a view of the Butterfield route, visit Fort Bowie National Historic Site. Turn south at Bowie Exit 362 from Interstate 10 and follow the signs. The trail to the fort crosses the route of the Butterfield stage.

Bisbee Cooks Up Regional Flavor

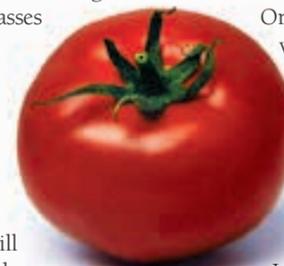
Located in a former miner's cabin, the Bisbee Cooking School offers classes for hobbyists or wannabe chefs. Instructor and owner Helen Saul, a longtime caterer and chef who studied under domestic and international chefs, will sometimes infuse local tastes into her classes.

Students might pick local

produce like tomatoes, beans, corn or herbs to prepare their meals.

Or Saul might pair meals with Cochise County wines. Other classes showcase Creole, Cajun seafood and Southwest cooking styles. At the end of all classes, students enjoy a sit-down meal.

Information: (520) 432-3882; www.geocities.com/bisbeecookingschool.



Ever Heard of an Observatory Without a Telescope?

The Harquahala Peak Smithsonian Observatory northwest of Phoenix in the Harquahala Mountains, built in 1920 by the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory to record solar activity, had no telescope. Instead, a theodolite measured the sun's altitude above the horizon while other delicate devices measured its energy.

Scientists meticulously recorded

the raw data collected and performed mathematical calculations that were sent to a Washington, D.C., weather center.

The forecast for this project may not have been entirely sunny—it only lasted five years. Protected by the Archaeological Resources Protection Act of 1979, the buildings still stand atop the tallest peak in the area.



RANDY PRENTICE

Question of the Month

Where are caminos, calles and avenidas nearly as common as roads, streets and avenues?

These thoroughfares run through many Arizona towns. Because southern Arizona was claimed by Spain and then by Mexico before it became part of the United States, Spanish words are sprinkled into the vernacular. Arizona folks often have addresses such as Avenida del Sol (Avenue of the Sun).

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YOU CAN
ALMOST
SMELL
THE
WATER

The Stone-dry Kofa Mountains
Rise Near the Colorado River

TEXT BY ROSE HOUK PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL COLLIER



ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN KESSEY

Arizona is a land of extremes, they say, and nowhere are those extremes more pronounced than in the state's southwest corner. In this far reach, within 15 miles of each other rise the sun-struck face of the Kofa Mountains and the satin-soft waters of the Colorado River, the starkest desert in the country and the Southwest's mother stream.

The sighting of a waterbird one January morning vividly illustrated this disparity of moisture. Michael Collier and I were out in our little fishing boat on Martinez Lake on the Colorado. Michael killed the motor and rowed quietly into a marshy cove, crammed with American coots mewing like kittens as they paddled around. Handsome in gray, black and white, these birds look like they're dressed for a formal dinner. A double-crested cormorant perched on a snag, flaring its wings to dry the feathers. A congregation of white pelicans held close to shore, turning their backs on us as we entered their personal space.

A large bird, gliding fast toward us, captured our attention. By the size and light color, we first thought it was an osprey. The bird's presence rattled the calm of the coots, but they weren't the object of its attention. In one clean, swift plunge, the big bird dove into the water, nailed a small silver fish, then it skimmed away low over the surface, gobbling its catch en route.

Through binoculars, I noted the forked tail and cayenne-colored bill of the bird. Michael guessed it was a tern. Checking the bird list and my field guide, I discovered that the size and bill color suggested a Caspian tern, a winter migrant to the lower Colorado from northern climes. The biologist at the Imperial National Wildlife Refuge confirmed that terns had been reported in the area.

That spellbinding sighting contrasted strikingly with one made another winter day, up in the Castle Dome Mountains southwest of the Kofa Mountains. Bighorn sheep are the trademark animals of the Castle Domes and the Kofas, and are the main reason these ranges were incorporated into the Kofa National Wildlife Refuge in 1939.

An estimated 800 desert bighorns inhabit



THE MOUNTAINS' RUGGED, snaggletoothed crests offer no soft edges, no invitation to saunter in nonexistent sylvan glades. Entry into them is formidable, save for the occasional burro or sheep trail or bushwhack up a dead-end wash.

the refuge now, but after several days of camping and poking around old ghost towns, we had yet to see one. Now on our way home, we crawled through McPherson Pass, testing the four-wheel drive on our truck. I had just commented that our trip would be complete if we saw a sheep. At times, wishing can make it so. A minute later, as we topped out at the pass, I glanced up on the ridgeline and spied a bighorn ram, glorious horns nearly a full three-quarter curl. He looked down at us as if to say *I'm allowing you the privilege of looking at me*. We piled out of the truck and watched him step gingerly over the rocks, hoping he wouldn't spook before we'd gotten our fill of admiring him.

Bearing witness to these two creatures reinforces the contradictory nature of the Kofa country. The austere mountains rise up out of the desert without preface, their burnt ochre color bespeaking an explosive volcanic origin. The highest peak reaches only about 4,800 feet, and they are bereft of water, except for ephemeral *tinajas* (intermittent waterholes) and artificial tanks built by hunters to lure the sheep. The mountains' rugged, snaggletoothed crests offer no soft edges, no invitation to saunter

in nonexistent sylvan glades. Entry into them is formidable, save for the occasional burro or sheep trail or bushwhack up a dead-end wash.

As Martin Litton wrote in a 1951 issue of *Arizona Highways*, he'd take an "outlander guest" to the Kofa Mountain area first. "I'd give you your big dose of desert all at once. I wouldn't lead up to it gradually. I wouldn't fool around with the small fry at all. I'd take you straight to the King." The "King" is the King of Arizona Mine, whose initials KOFA gave the mountains their name.

In 1862, discoveries of gold and silver unleashed the great Colorado River Rush. A herd of prospectors and miners thundered into the Kofa country, congregating in rough-and-tumble mining camps and towns like La Paz, Red Cloud, Fortuna, Clip, the North Star and, of course, around the King of Arizona.

According to historian Frank Love, more than \$4 million worth of gold—the most produced in Yuma County—was removed from the King of Arizona Mine between 1897 and 1920. Mining was low-tech in the early days: rawhide ore buckets and candles wired to miners' hats. Payment was in token or scrip, accepted only at company stores and saloons.

Camp housing was in such short supply that men were charged to sleep on the ground. Many miners built their own homes, like "Brass Band" Bill Smith's stick-and-mud house at the Kofa mine camp. At its peak, some 750 people called the Kofa camp home, while Castle Dome City, at its heyday in the neighboring mountains, had as many people as Yuma.

In 1899, the Kofa camp was going full blast. An elementary school for 16 students was to open the following year. One report noted that the general manager "hires mostly Cornish miners from Cornwall, England. They have brought their families with them, so Kofa tends to be a quieter mining town

(Text continued on page 13)

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 6 AND 7] The rocky *bajada* in the left foreground is a sloping transitional area between the steep mountains and flat valley floor. This *bajada* lies at the foot of Signal Peak in the Kofa Mountains.

[OPPOSITE PAGE] A barrel cactus glows as the last light of sunset washes up against the Castle Dome Mountains.

[BELOW] People have managed to carve a living from this arid land for centuries. Quechan Indians farmed, fished and hunted along the Colorado River, and they left this rock art to mark their passage.







ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN KIBSEY



TODAY, THE REMAINS of the . . . mines at the south end of the range consist mostly of crumbling buildings, tailings piles, mounds of broken crockery and blue glass, and rusted tin cans, plus signs on private property warning “Stay on Designated Roads” and “Danger Cyanide.”

(Continued from page 9)
than usual.” But by 1907, the King of Arizona Mine was on a downhill slide. The ore played out, and the mine shut down for good in 1910.

Today, the remains of the Kofa and neighboring North Star and Polaris mines at the south end of the range consist mostly of crumbling buildings, tailings piles, mounds of broken crockery and blue glass, and rusted tin cans, plus signs on private property warning “Stay on Designated Roads” and “Danger Cyanide.”

The sound of the wind rules the place.

The center of civilization in this area—for miners, steamboat captains, freighters, railroaders, soldiers, entrepreneurs, Spaniards and Indians alike—was Yuma Crossing, just below the confluence of the Gila River and the Colorado River. Here the Colorado could be forded. Local Quechan Indians had been using the crossing for a long time before any Euro-Americans arrived on the scene.

In 1700, the Indians helped Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, the Spanish priest-explorer, cross the Colorado in a basket mounted on a raft. San Francisco’s founder, Juan Bautista de Anza, likewise benefitted from the Indians’ assistance when he was bound for California from Arizona. While these encounters were amicable, the arrival of Fray Tomas Garces turned disastrous. In 1779, Garces convinced Spanish authorities to establish a mission at Yuma. Settlers soon followed and built villages along the river. The initial friendliness of the Indians turned to hostility as the Spaniards began irrigating and putting their animals out to graze on the best farm- and pasturelands. In a surprise attack on the morning of July 17, 1781, the Quechans killed more than a hundred Spaniards, including Fray Garces.

The Quechans controlled the strategic



[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 10 AND 11] The Colorado River cuts through the Trigo and Chocolate mountains as it rolls through the Imperial National Wildlife Refuge. [OPPOSITE PAGE] For eons, the Colorado River has carried sand to the head of the Sea of Cortes. Much of this has blown back up into the Gran Desierto and Algodones Dunes south and west of Yuma. The wind constantly reshapes the dunes in ever-changing patterns. [ABOVE] California fan palms are Arizona natives that have retreated to isolated canyons of the Kofas, where small seeps sustain them in an otherwise untenable landscape.

crossing into the 1800s—until soldiers arrived during the United States’ war with Mexico. In 1847, Philip St. George Cooke and his Mormon Battalion came down the Gila and crossed the Colorado River near Yuma. At the end of the war, forty-niners flowed through this natural funnel, ferried across the river by the Quechans and the soldiers. Further attempts to seize the ferry operations from the Quechans were unsuccessful, until 1852. In that year, Maj. Samuel P. Heintzelman occupied the crossing and set up Fort Yuma on the California side of the river. Two years later, Charles D. Poston and Herman Ehrenberg established Colorado City (later Arizona City, then Yuma).

Stagecoaches soon were ferrying across the Colorado at Yuma.

A reporter for an eastern newspaper wrote, “This is the hottest place in the world; so hot in the summertime that the wings melt off the mosquitoes.” Despite bad press, Yuma persisted as a key link in human movement across the formidable desert. By 1877, the Southern Pacific Railroad bridged the river and charged across Arizona. Railroads put

the steamboats out of business, but in not too many years the automobile would supercede the railroads as a primary mode of human transportation.

By the early 1900s, automobiles were cruising along the southern Ocean-to-Ocean Highway (now Interstate 8 in Arizona), and in 1915 a new steel highway bridge was completed across the Colorado River at Yuma. But just to the west loomed California’s Algodones Dunes, an obstacle that had stymied travelers even before the time of Model T Fords. To surmount the obstacle, 10 miles of wooden planks were laid through the dunes—a portable road that could be picked up and relocated as the sands blew over it.

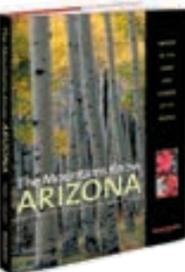
The lower Colorado’s seasonal flooding rampages created additional problems for Yuma. In 1909, Laguna Dam was built upstream, launching the federal government’s era of “reclamation” of the desert, followed by Imperial and Hoover dams.

The Colorado is tamed and easily crossed these days. But birds still flock to the river, and you can almost smell the water from the stone-dry Kofa Mountains. Caspian terns and bighorn sheep bear witness that wildness remains in this land. **AH**

Rose Houk is from the flatlands originally, and now makes her home in Flagstaff. Arizona’s stunning mountains fill her with awe.

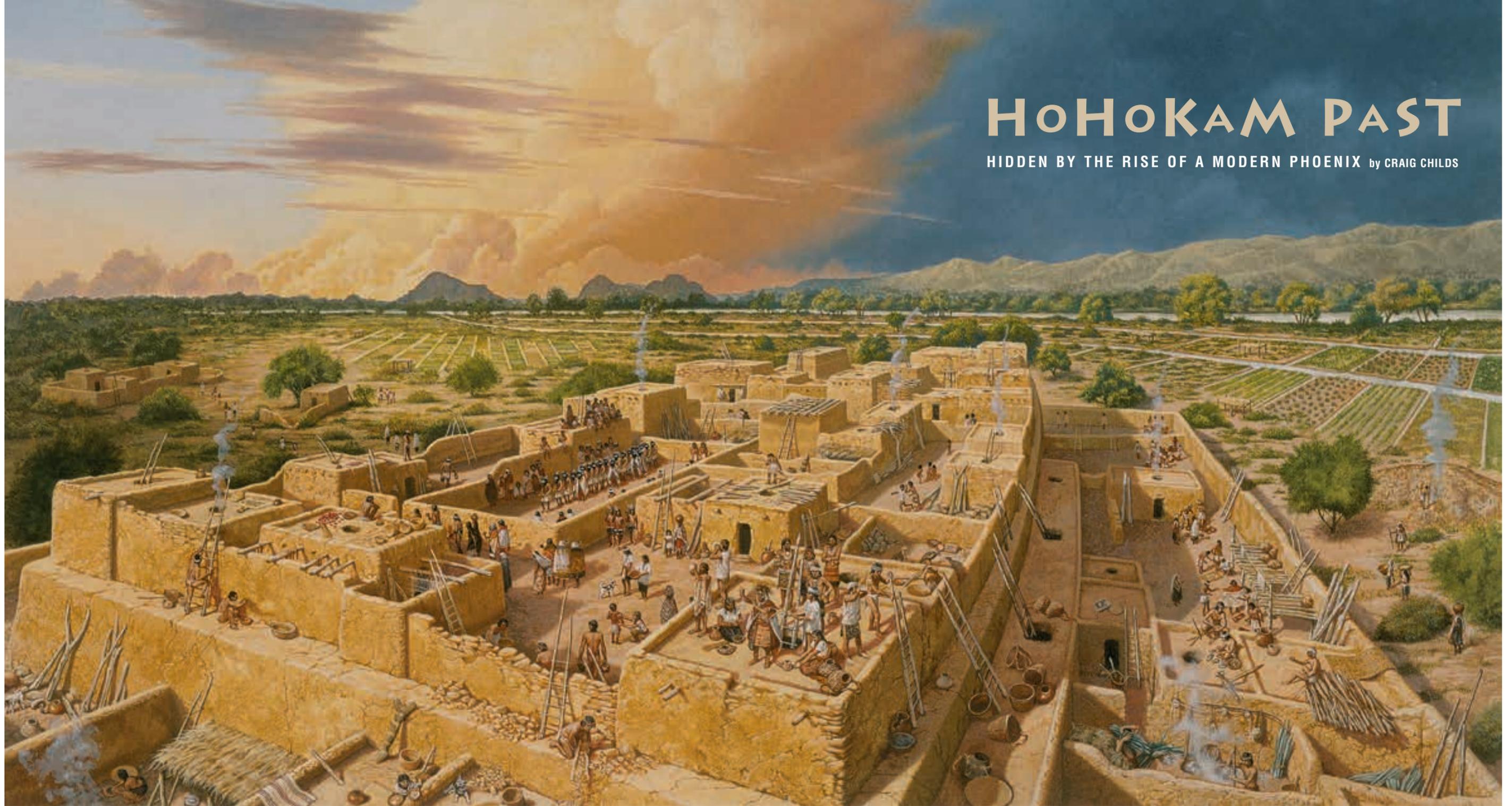
Exploring the Kofa and Castle Dome mountains was a labor of love for Michael Collier, who lives in Flagstaff.

EDITOR’S NOTE: This article is an excerpt from a chapter in the book *The Mountains Know Arizona: Images of the Land and Stories of Its People*, just released by Arizona Highways Books. Author Rose Houk and photographer Michael Collier use 10 mountain ranges as platforms from which to present Arizona and tell stories of its people and history. For two years, the pair traveled from their home in Flagstaff, putting more than 30,000 miles on their camper truck, fondly named “The Exploratorium.” The complete results of their travels and research can be seen in the special money-saving introductory offer on page 45.



HOHOKAM PAST

HIDDEN BY THE RISE OF A MODERN PHOENIX by CRAIG CHILDS



Cars stamped by my shoulder as I rode my bike in the narrow strip of asphalt between traffic and gutter. I tried to pay attention to them, while at the same time noticing a slight rise in the Phoenix topography around me. A hill lay buried beneath the street. I pulled into a parking lot and unfolded a map across the handlebars. Just as I thought, the map showed a pueblo that once stood here, a remnant of a lost civilization putting a bump in the middle of the city. I came to Phoenix to find this ancient, buried civilization. Seven hundred years below shopping malls and apartment complexes lies the Hohokam culture. About 600 miles of irrigation canals once streamed across the Phoenix Basin where communities had developed into elaborate pueblos,

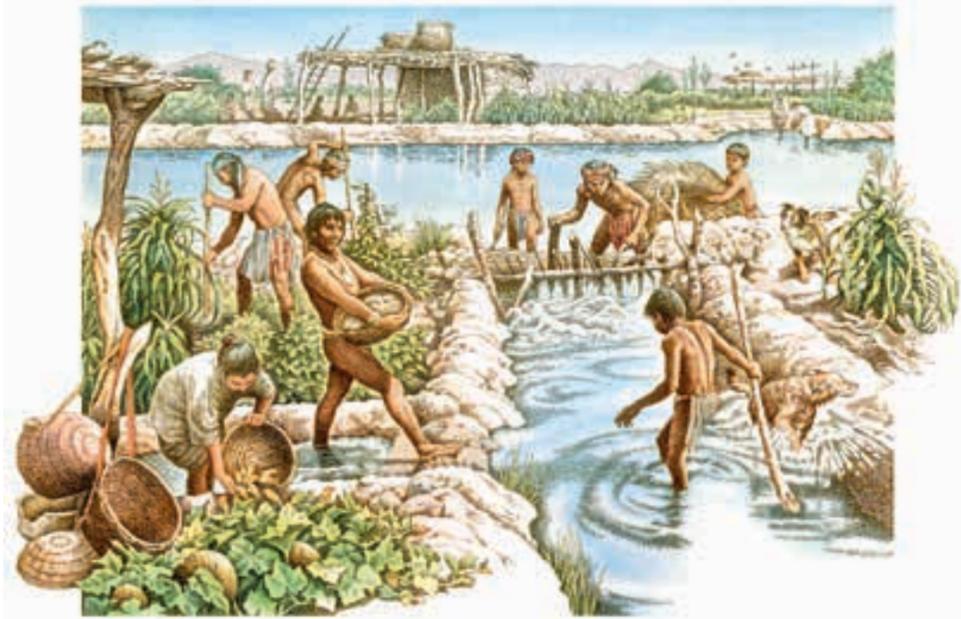
some built regally atop high, handmade earthen mounds with walled, interior courtyards.

I was born here, in Tempe actually, and have long wondered what lies beneath. I figured a bicycle was the best way to move through the city, feeling every shift in the landscape even as transit buses belched exhaust around me. I took a few notes, folded the map and swerved back into traffic.

The next stop was near Arizona State University where apartments were under construction atop a Hohokam burial site. I locked my bike in front of a bar and walked over to the construction site where I met Tom Wright, an archaeologist who had dug there before the

bulldozers. Wright wore jeans, a T-shirt and a John Deere baseball cap. We stood in the scarce shade of a palm tree, and he pointed around, telling me of an excavation he had performed. Before construction crews arrived, he had worked with a team digging at the surface of an abandoned lot. First he found the remains of homeless camps dating back 20 years or so. Below that were the bits and pieces of a Hispanic barrio, and below that a Hohokam jar,

[ABOVE] Consulting with anthropologists and archaeologists, artist Michael A. Hampshire rendered a Hohokam community as it may have existed in A.D. 1300 on the platform mound at Pueblo Grande Archaeological Park in Phoenix.



HOHOKAM CANALS USED TO RUN ALONG THERE, EXACTLY WHERE THE MODERN CANALS NOW LIE. THIS HAS LONG BEEN AN IMPORTANT PLACE.

squat like a mushroom, likely filled with a human cremation.

“We have an arrangement with the Pima Tribe,” Wright said. “No photographs, only sketches. No brushing the dirt off to see if there are paintings. No removal of its contents. We will catalog it, study it for a bit, then give it to the Pima who will rebury it themselves.” The Pimas trace their ancestry to the Hohokam, so they often handle the repatriation of Hohokam burial artifacts.

The pot was found at the last moment of the dig, as Wright was running out of funding for the excavation and as construction crews geared up to build the apartments. Working 10 hours a day in 110-degree weather, his crew had come across the remnants of an ancient community. He pointed to the boundaries he imagined of this community, under an asphalt street and a set of abandoned rail tracks, and under a three-story apartment building shaded by eucalyptus trees. From where we stood, he pointed all around to locations of platform mounds, one under a trailer park, and another beneath a fraternity house. Everywhere beneath us were the leavings of the Hohokam.

I cut across parking lots, through alleys, up and down neighborhood streets, the map flagging under my arm. I had compiled this map based on conversations with others interested in archaeology, and days of sorting through archived maps of the city dating to the late 1800s. On it was an overview of Hohokam sites that had once been visible, and arteries of abandoned canals, plus a grid of modern city streets so that I could find my way. I drifted around a garbage truck and stopped when I was out of its path, opening the map again to see where I was.

The map told me that a block to my right, in a residential neighborhood, there had once been a large compound of Hohokam buildings surrounded by a low adobe wall. To the other side was a platform mound now called Mesa Grande, and I biked over to it through traffic, passing the city’s oddities of automatic car washes and convenience stores.

I maneuvered the bike around a hospital where a fire engine pulled out and turned down the street, then between trash Dumpsters

to a fenced-off area of several acres. Within the fence stood a high mound of land streaked with bike tracks where kids for the last few decades had been stunt-riding. The only identifying features of the mound were trenches dug at ongoing excavations. Beneath these scant diggings lies one of the three largest Hohokam sites of its time. It was pleasing to see the marks of children atop this mound, a sign that life goes on in this city, the same as it might have been 700 years ago.

From there I followed a large irrigation canal, its olive waters graced by mammoth fish. Opening the map, I found myself next to, if not on top of, a Hohokam ballcourt—a rounded, flat-floored feature similar in many ways to the ballcourts of the Mayans. I glanced from the map into the canal, watching the fish sweep like zeppelins among the wreckage of urban refuse: the skeleton of a bicycle, innumerable traffic cones, chairs, a desk, a trash can. These modern artifacts were

half-consumed by the greenish clay of canal dust and algae. Archaeology, I thought, is a constant process.

The canal led me onward to an enormous city cemetery perched on a terrace overlooking northern Phoenix and barren desert mountains farther off. The cemetery had not been built here out of happenstance. It was placed at the edge of one of the few expansive views in the Phoenix Basin, likely where Mormons originally buried their dead, and where settling Hispanics dug graves even earlier. I checked the map and indeed, found numerous large Hohokam buildings lined up for the view. Hohokam canals used to run along there, exactly where the modern canals now lie. This has long been an important place.

I kept with the modern canal, leaving the cemetery, riding farther to the east. I came to a man fishing, and when I stopped, he explained how the largest bass were often caught in the wreckage of shopping carts. He laughed, “This? This is urban fishing. I go to get a license and they just laugh at me. People come get their dinners out of here. Pimas, I see them, old men out fishing, got their lawn chairs, fishing all day for supper.”

As I left him, I wondered if it had been the same for the Hohokam, if people have always come to the urban canals to catch fish. At a particular Hohokam site excavated in Phoenix, fish accounted for over a quarter of all animal bones excavated. Waterfowl, mud turtles and muskrats also appeared in the archaeological record. No doubt, the canals offered more than just water for corn and cotton.

A Salt River Project truck came by looking important, as emblazoned and siren-bound as a police vehicle. It stopped at the mechanical compound of a giant headgate, and a man got out. I biked up to

[ABOVE] A network of Hohokam canals, constructed at various times between A.D. 50 and 1450, supported farming throughout the Phoenix valley.

[OPPOSITE PAGE] Young men make spears and atlatls, which were used to increase the power and accuracy of thrown spears. With a handspindle and whorl, a Hohokam woman, right, spins cotton grown in village farms as a man weaves her threads into textiles on a backstrap loom.

him, dismounted and asked if he were managing this headgate. He regarded me from a distance, but eventually warmed up to me in conversation. He introduced himself as Jim Elliot, an 18-year employee with SRP. Explaining that he was in charge of the west-flowing canal here, he told me that it runs 30 miles through Tempe and Phoenix, finally delivering its last drops onto farmland on the Maricopa Reservation. He had worked on some of the early canal digs for SRP in the company of men who had worked on even earlier ditches using horse-drawn plows.

When I asked him about Hohokam material he told me that they were digging their city canals right inside the-Hohokam canals. About 4 feet down, they kept running into bits and pieces of artifacts.

“One guy found a pot, perfect condition,” he said. “And there was this ball of clay, bright red thing.” He formed a ball with his hands to show me. “Somebody had it for making a pot, I figure. Just bright, bright red, and still wet down in the ground. You could see where somebody had held it, finger imprints, like somebody had it in their hands yesterday.”

They did, I thought. Just yesterday.

That night I checked into a motel and pulled my bike inside. The first thing I saw was a garish Southwestern print hung on the wall over the bed. It was cheap, with pink and lusterless turquoise, a generic landscape with distant buttes. It featured a foreground assemblage of pots: a painted, two-necked pot vaguely but not quite styled after modern Hopi work from northern Arizona, a reddish buff pot typical of rural Mexico in the early 1900s and a painted Zuni pot typical in certain places in New Mexico. The cultural affiliations seemed somewhat ludicrous for this motel room. Even the “cactus” in the painting was actually a cactuslike spurge from Africa, not something that would grow in the Southwest.

I stood for a few minutes studying the painting, fearing for our knowledge of landscape and heritage. But it was only cheap art, probably chosen by unknowing motel operators and representing, if anything, the diversity of cultures that has converged on this place.

I remembered that among the traditional styles of Hohokam pottery found in the Phoenix area, there also appeared ceramics from far away. At a single excavated site, 272 pottery specimens showed up that were not from the area; the majority of them were ancient Puebloan (a contemporary but different culture) in origin from no closer than the northern part of Arizona, and some from far to the south in present-day Chihuahua, Mexico. People have long been traveling through this region, setting up shop here, introducing new styles, buying motels.

In the morning I left the motel and biked again through the city. I made numerous stops through the day: interviewing a developer who was building a subdivision atop a large Hohokam site; spending a couple hours with the city archaeologist who has been cataloging rock art sites throughout the city; and sitting beneath a freeway overpass to sketch a large piece of roadside artwork designed to look like a figure on a painted bowl 900 years old.

Just before sunset, I locked my bike below one of the many mountains standing out of the city. I followed a trail going up and within the



first minute found scratches of Hohokam designs barely lingering on a rock outcrop: a few deeply etched circles and an interlocking pattern of coils, a few animal figures. I climbed to a higher outcropping mealed with small carved circles, similarly of Hohokam origin. Much of the rock art had been long ago obliterated by Saturday-night partygoers, but enough remained that I could see the original designs. I climbed still higher, finding 700-year-old pieces of broken pottery spilled down the slopes.

One thing about the flatness of Phoenix: on even the smallest soapbox of a hill, the entire city becomes visible. As I climbed to the summit and sat there, I could see it all. Much like the Hohokam settlements that predate it, Phoenix has no particular center, nobody governing the vectors of growth, allowing it to spread without end.

Night came and I watched the city erupt into lights. From my vantage, Phoenix was a dazzling narrative, its network of lights relaying stories as far north, west and south as I could see. Office towers, baseball diamonds, shopping malls and the artistic loop and flow of neighborhoods radiated brilliantly from one cul-de-sac to the next. The air carried a steady drone as if the city were a machine.

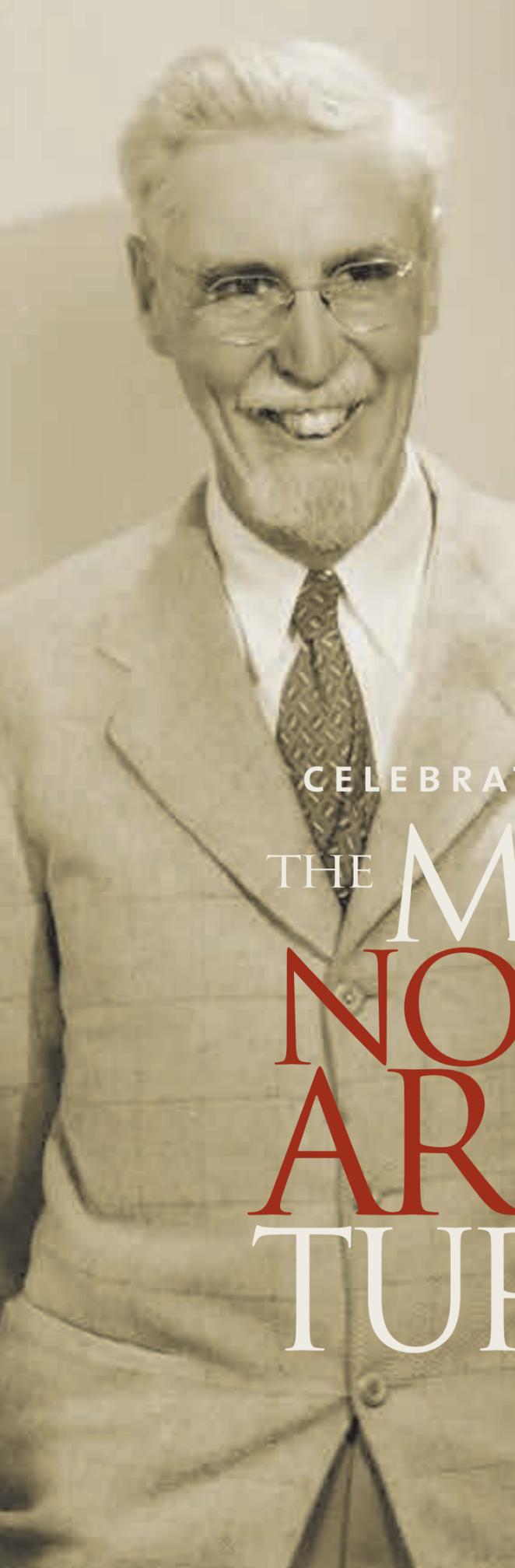
What happened to the people who lived here before? Stories from modern Hopi in northern Arizona and O’odham people from central and southern parts of the state tell of warfare and seasons of drought followed by unendurable floods that destroyed the irrigation canals. Archaeologists have found matching data in the ground: Hohokam canals no longer used, headgates and pueblos abandoned, tools left in the fields.

The name “Hohokam” is a Pima Indian word meaning “entirely used up,” the first syllable repeated to emphasize its thoroughness. The next civilization to come after them named itself “Phoenix,” an image borrowed from Arabic mythology, a giant desert bird that lives for centuries, then at old age, burns itself on a funeral pyre, rising from the smoke and ashes, again young and vivid, ready to live until time again to burn.

I thought of this bird, its giant, colorful wings spreading across the desert. What will this city be called if it someday consumes itself in its own flames? Maybe the Pima Indians who today still live at the outskirts of the city will again call it Hohokam, the name for a people of much fanfare who come and go swiftly. ■■

Craig Childs usually avoids cities in his travels, but made an exception for this story. He has written eight books about the natural history of the Southwest, including The Desert Cries, published by Arizona Highways Books. He lives in western Colorado.

TEXT BY KATHLEEN BRYANT PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID H. SMITH



CELEBRATING A SENSE OF PLACE
THE MUSEUM OF
NORTHERN ARIZONA
TURNS 75

Wind stirs the tall ponderosa pine trees, charging the air with scent. A quiet corner of Flagstaff between Schultz Creek and Rio de Flag was not so different three-quarters of a century ago, when a young artist from Philadelphia made it her special place, putting down her paintbrush every evening to watch the sunset splash its color onto the San Francisco Peaks.

Mary-Russell Ferrell was raised in Philadelphia's polite circles, educated to hold her own in elegant parlors. But in her early 20s, she fell in love with the Southwest, spending summers in bloomers or breeches, exploring mountainsides and Indian ruins with her husband Harold Colton, a zoology professor who taught at the University of Pennsylvania.

Most summers they lived in a tent among the pine trees, adopting this wild country northwest of Flagstaff as their own. Here, on more than a hundred acres, Harold and Mary-Russell founded the Museum of Northern Arizona, an organization focusing on the people and environment of the Colorado Plateau.

The museum celebrates its 75th anniversary this year, continuing a tradition of discovery and passion for place that began with the Coltons and others like them. However, "museum" is entirely too tame a word to describe the Coltons' legacy. It was

[FAR LEFT AND RIGHT] Dr. Harold Colton and his wife Mary-Russell Colton co-founded the Museum of Northern Arizona with a mission to explore and explain the Colorado Plateau and to encourage appreciation of its unique beauty and character. Mary-Russell, an artist from Pennsylvania, organized exhibitions of Indian potters' work, emphasizing the art she recognized in their utilitarian ceramics. Today the museum houses nearly 5 million objects in its anthropology, biology, fine arts and geology collections. [INSET ABOVE LEFT] Since its inception, the museum has showcased Indian fine arts, like these Navajo rugs. [ABOVE] The Babbitt Gallery exhibit, "Histories in Clay: 1800 Years of Native Ceramic Artistry," includes black-on-white Chaco vessels.



a time when adventure claimed its own.

In the late 1920s, Flagstaff's 5,000 residents were justifiably proud of their community. Though in many ways a frontier town, Flagstaff boasted a teacher's college (now Northern Arizona University), a forest experiment station and Lowell Observatory. Each summer locals watched, fuming, as "outlanders" stepped off Santa Fe Railway trains, vanished into the backcountry and returned "laden with loot that they had dug from the earth or bought from the Indians, to be shipped off to Eastern destinations," according to anthropologist Watson Smith, who wrote about the museum's beginnings when it celebrated its golden anniversary. Many locals felt that northern Arizona's irreplaceable past was departing along with the "carpetbaggers."

The Coltons themselves collected over a decade of summers, but their genuine interest in the land made them stewards, not carpetbaggers. Their passion for ancient artifacts began during a picnic, when their 2-year-old son, Ferrell, found a potsherd. After that, they dedicated their summers to surveying and mapping sites throughout the area. By the time they settled permanently in a stone bungalow northwest of town, Harold had already published five articles on Southwestern archaeology and helped to establish the Wupatki pueblos northeast of Flagstaff as a national monument.

His co-sponsor for that executive order was Flagstaff postal worker and archaeology buff, J.C. Clarke. The Coltons met him one summer after traveling to Wupatki in "El Fordo," a Model T truck outfitted for adventure with a canvas tent. The men wrote back and forth, sharing their wish to keep northern Arizona's

[ABOVE] The creekside entrance of the museum peeks out between ponderosa pine trees, as seen from across Rio de Flag. **[BELOW]** Construction of museum buildings was completed in 1936. The land was donated by Mary-Russell Colton.

treasures within the state. In 1924, Clarke began displaying artifacts in a corner of the Woman's Club on Aspen Avenue in downtown. The Coltons donated display cases for the collection.

In 1926, the Colton family relocated to Flagstaff, and community interest in the museum began to develop. Mary-Russell's letter to the editor of the *Coconino Sun* was a call to action: "Flagstaff has at last an opportunity to show the effete East that she has taste and vision."

Flagstaff took up the challenge. Bylaws for the Northern Arizona Society of Science and Art were developed at the close of 1927. The following spring, the society chose board members, with Harold Colton as director. The board took over the museum's operations, beginning with a few specimens, some reference books, a staff of two or three and an "anonymous" gift (clearly from the Coltons) of \$2,500. In September 1928, the Museum of Northern Arizona opened officially. Dr. Byron Cummings, the dean of Arizona archaeology—quite the adventurer himself at age 68—was speaker.

The speech must have been inspiring. By the following spring, the museum's collection of donated artifacts had spread beyond a corner of the Woman's Club to encompass



the entire building. The support was a mandate for the museum's goals: "to collect and preserve objects of art and scientific interest; to protect historic and prehistoric sites, works of art, scenic places, and wild life from needless destruction; to provide facilities for research, and to offer opportunities for aesthetic enjoyment."

As curator of art, Mary-Russell worked tirelessly to create one such opportunity, the museum's first Hopi Craftsman Exhibition in 1930. She traveled to the Mesas, encouraging artists to contribute work and convincing many to come to Flagstaff for live demonstrations. The first exhibition succeeded on several levels: It helped foster traditional Hopi arts and crafts, which were fast losing



[ABOVE] Providing a window to past cultures, potsherds and whole vessels are treasured and studied by archaeologists. **[BELOW RIGHT]** The Museum Shop offers authentic Indian crafts, like this polychrome olla made by Joseph Cerno from Acoma Pueblo, New Mexico.

ground to manufactured items. It strengthened the relationship between the museum and the reservation. Much to the Coltons' relief, it also captivated a curious public. The show's popularity led to additional exhibitions in later years, focusing on Navajo, Zuni, Pai and Hispanic traditions.

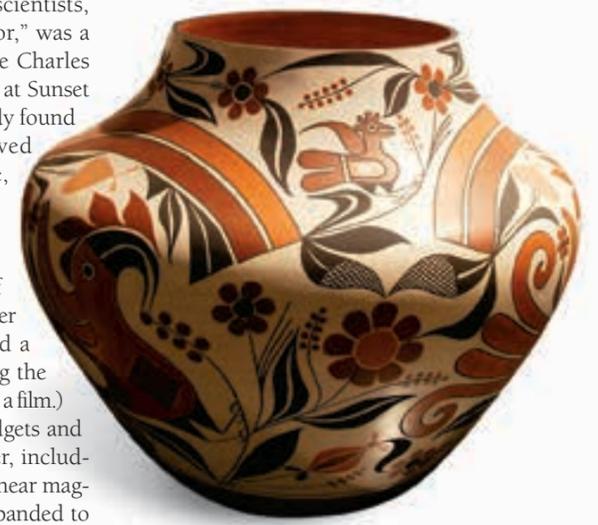
In the early decades of statehood, Arizona's prehistoric past was uncovered by venerable organizations such as the Smithsonian Institution, the National Geographic Society and Harvard University. In 1930, the museum joined the fray, eventually surveying and recording more than 10,000 sites. Summers were spent in the field, with the museum's white-and-blue flag fluttering above tent camps by day and archaeologists gathering around the campfire each night to compare notes.

Back in the museum's lab, Harold and assistant director Lynn Hargrave developed a system still in use today for identifying Southwestern pottery types. Harold later recognized the Sinagua Indians as a distinct

local prehistoric culture. Hargrave's services and lab space were donated by the museum to assist the work of astronomer A.E. Douglas and of Emil Haury, who would eventually become one of Arizona's most important archaeologists. Their work led to a master tree-ring chronology for the ancestral Puebloan world.

One of the institution's first scientists, Lionel F. Brady, known as "Major," was a schoolmaster and a friend of the Charles Darwin family. While wandering at Sunset Crater northeast of Flagstaff, Brady found potsherds that eventually proved people lived at the crater before, during and after its eruption, adapting to the changing environment. (Ironically, the discovery might not have been made at all if not for the efforts of Harold and other concerned locals who prevented a movie company from dynamiting the crater in the late 1920s for a scene in a film.)

Major Brady also invented gadgets and gear to make research trips easier, including a sun-based compass for use near magnetic anomalies. His interests expanded to





[ABOVE] Authentic Navajo rugs woven in traditional patterns and colors delight visitors to the Museum Shop, which prides itself on offering top-quality merchandise.

[LEFT] Pausing during a 1942 expedition are Katharine Bartlett (left), Mary-Russell and Harold.

[BELOW] Yucca fibers encase a corrugated Mesa Verde bowl.



paleontology when he led the expedition that uncovered Arizona's first Pleistocene sloth skeleton, *Paramylodon harlani*, affectionately dubbed "Owen." Brady meticulously reconstructed Owen in the museum's annex, a storefront in the Monte Vista Hotel, to the fascinated interest of those who passed by the plate-glass window where they could see the Major at work, his ever-present pipe dangling from his mouth.

The museum, on the verge of outgrowing the Woman's Club and annex, began the search for a new location. Mary-Russell donated 29 acres of land across Fort Valley Road from the Colton home, and Harold funded construction. The new exhibit hall opened to the public in May 1936. Its lichen-covered malpais stone and pine timbers harmonized with the surrounding ponderosa forest. The hall forms the heart of the present museum complex, 3 miles northwest of downtown Flagstaff along the Rio de Flag. In

less than a decade, the museum had grown beyond a few artifacts donated by local citizens to an influential institution of science and art.

Then came World War II and, with it, the end of the Depression-era relief projects that had provided extra hands for fieldwork and construction. Most of the museum's programs, including the annual Hopi show, were suspended until after the war. The remaining four employees worked in back rooms wearing coats and galoshes in order to conserve heat.

One affected program was the Hopi Silver Project. In 1938, Mary-Russell had suggested that Hopi silversmiths try using traditional designs seen in pottery and basketry. The idea didn't take off until returning Hopi war veterans adopted the overlay style. The new style and bold designs were a huge hit at the 1949 Hopi Craftsman Exhibition.

The Coltons reduced their duties during the 1950s, though they continued to donate land, and the museum continued to expand its activities and structure. One new exhibit was a replica kiva built to display murals



[ABOVE] Housed in the Archaeology Gallery, the museum's award-winning exhibit "Native Peoples of the Colorado Plateau" represents archaeological studies of 12,000 years of life in the region.

[LEFT] Displayed in the Babbitt Gallery, this large Hopi bowl with a shalako design was made around 1930.



entrance of the museum. The building's historic architecture will be preserved, along with the forested setting that Mary-Russell loved so well. The Coltons' nearby residence, called a "showplace of the West" when it was built in 1929, is available for retreats and special events.

Summertime heritage programs feature artwork, traditional dances and live demonstrations, expanding on the legacy of the first craft exhibits. From May through September, activities spill onto the museum's flagstone courtyard and sometimes beyond. Last year, a Hopi woman guided a group of visitors on a botanical walk through the rocky canyon of Rio de Flag, pausing to explain how plants are used for food, dye and medicine.

Exploration, discovery and learning how people adapted to place — all cherished museum traditions — continue on museum-guided ventures that include hiking, backpacking, river rafting, kayaking, camping, biking and driving tours. Participants experience firsthand the natural beauty and cultures of the Colorado Plateau, guided by scientists, writers and artists who share a passion for place that inspires others.

In the inaugural issue of *Plateau Journal*, the museum's membership publication, Edward Abbey, the late author and environmental activist, wrote, "Any scientist worth listening to must be something of a poet. He must possess the ability to communicate to the rest of us his sense of love and wonder at what his work discovers."

The Coltons certainly would have been pleased. Today their portraits hang near the

museum's entry. Harold looks scholarly, Mary-Russell elegantly casual. But with a little imagination, you can envision them camped out in the surrounding forest, Harold's lanky frame stooped to study a potsherd, Mary-Russell in flannel shirt and bloomers with sketchpad in hand.

Their spirit of adventure survives through the Museum of Northern Arizona's fascinating halls and beyond. **AH**

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Museum of Northern Arizona is located 3 miles north of downtown Flagstaff on U.S. Route 180. It is open daily, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., except Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. Admission is \$5 for adults and \$2 for children ages 7 to 17.

Permanent exhibits focus on the land and people of the Colorado Plateau region. Heritage programs featuring native art and live demonstrations take place May through September.

Educational workshops include hands-on activities for all ages. The museum leads a wide range of guided outdoor tours, from river rafting to auto trips. Customized tours are available.

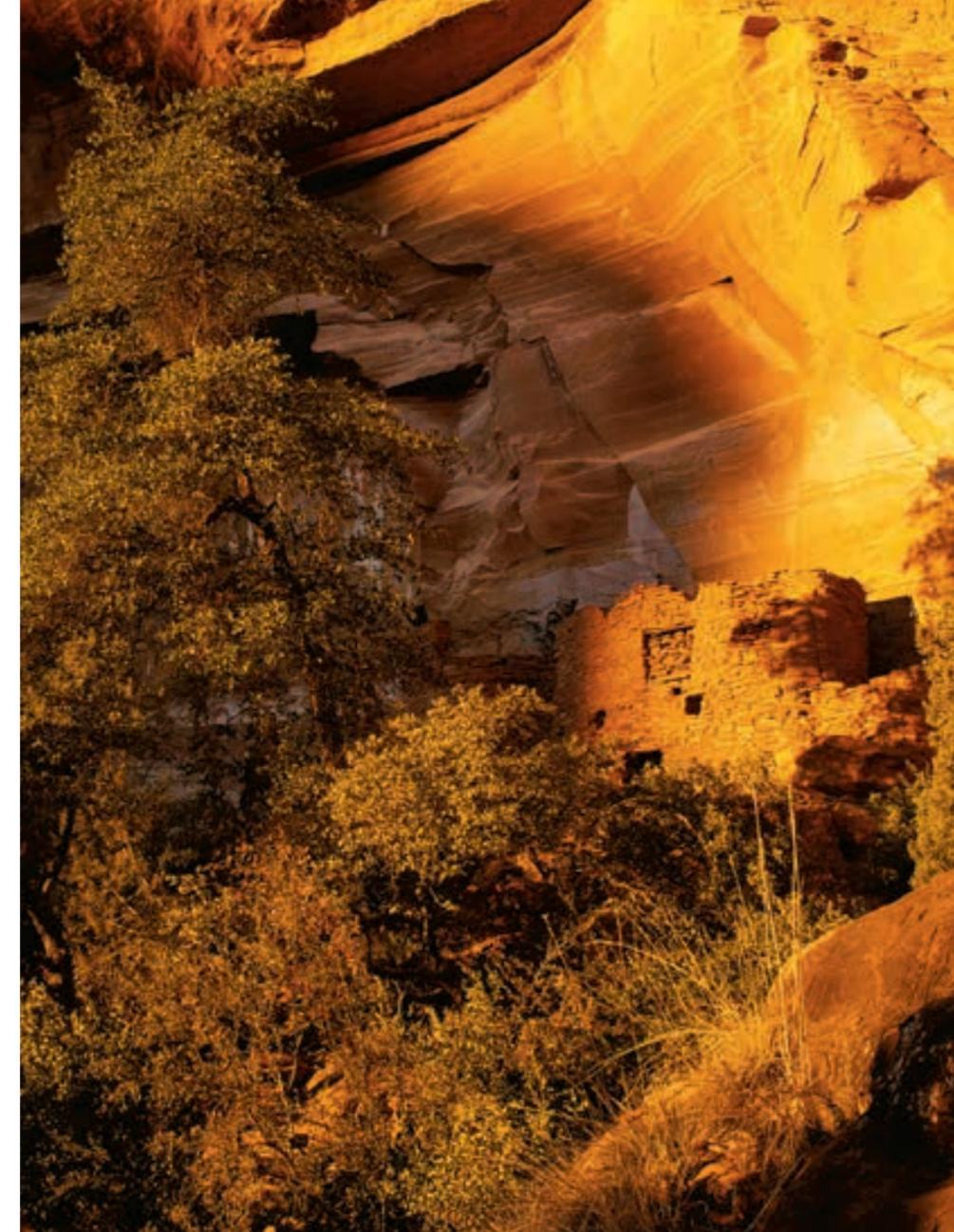
For the latest information on educational programs, trips and current exhibits, phone (928) 774-5213 or visit the museum's Web site, www.musnaz.org.

Though she's very fond of her computer, Kathleen Bryant of Sedona wishes she'd been an archaeologist in 1930s Arizona. She also wrote the following story.

David H. Smith of Phoenix found it intriguing to get a behind-the-scenes perspective on museum archives.



DISCOVERING THE **MAGIC OF** RED ROCK COUNTRY by Kathleen Bryant



NOT MANY YEARS AGO, RED ROCK COUNTRY IN CENTRAL ARIZONA

was familiar to only a few who reveled in its mild winters, hidden canyons and dramatically sculpted rocks. Today, however, it seems everyone knows about Sedona and the red rocks.

On any given day, the area has as many visitors as residents, who number more than 10,000. Answering the seductive call of red sandstone, dozens of sightseers clamber up the irresistible slickrock slopes of Bell Rock each afternoon. Hundreds more snap photos of red rocks shaped like castles, critters and kitchen implements. And every couple of months or so, one or two need to be plucked from Capitol Butte or have cactus spines plucked from them at the local clinic.

It's the red rocks, some people say. Who

could resist the whimsy of places named Rabbit Ears or Merry-Go-Round, or the majesty and mystery of a Cathedral Rock? Or the simple power of raw beauty? In any case, the secret is out.

Or is it? After all, how can anyone ever truly know a place so complex?

This jewel within jewels lies between the Verde Valley, Sycamore Canyon and the Mogollon Rim, two hours north of Phoenix. Though only 500 square miles in size, Red Rock Country is big enough to take your breath away. Steal your heart. Capture your imagination. And, just when you think you know it, surprise you again and again, as yet another secret is revealed.

Even on the most popular of trails, along

the meandering West Fork of Oak Creek or among the dazzling spires of Boynton Canyon, it's possible to find peace, to connect with nature and to reconnect with oneself. After all, to really know a place requires understanding and intimacy — not just of a place but also of your place within it. To paraphrase John Muir — the naturalist, conservationist and founder of the Sierra Club — how better to find oneself than by getting lost in the beauty of canyons, mesas, forests and creeks?

Much of Red Rock Country is public land, part of the Coconino National Forest, three wilderness areas and two state parks. Canyons extend like fingers from the Mogollon Rim, which forms the southern edge of the Colorado Plateau. One, the

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 24 AND 25] Cathedral Rock spills its sunset palette onto lower Oak Creek at Red Rock Crossing near Sedona. ROBERT G. McDONALD
[ABOVE LEFT] Shafts of light from the setting sun streak past Capitol Butte in a Sedona mountainscape dominated by Mitten Ridge (center).
[ABOVE] An 800-year-old pueblo at Palatki ruins perches on a cliff northwest of Sedona. BOTH BY LARRY LINDAHL



[LEFT] Upstream from Sedona, the swimming hole at Grasshopper Point tempts visitors with the promise of a frigid dip in Oak Creek.
RANDY PRENTICE

canyon of Oak Creek, cuts through a 2,500-foot geological layer cake on its 12-mile length, revealing the power and majesty of a living, changing Earth. For more than 300 million years, this land has been shaped by oceans, deserts, swamps and volcanic flows.

Most of the area's castlelike buttes and spires are carved from the Schnebly Hill Formation, a 700-foot-thick series of four mudstone, sandstone and limestone members, subunits of the formation, in shades of dark red, orange and gray. The gray Fort Apache limestone member forms a hard cap that protects lower, softer layers of rock, leaving natural forces to weather shapes that tease the imagination.

Coconino sandstone, formed from ancient windblown sand dunes, rises above the reddish layers in tilted stacks of buff and gold, topping the taller landforms like Capitol Butte and Munds Mountain. The tallest form, Wilson Mountain, is crowned with basalt laid down by a volcanic eruption 8 million years ago.

Fissures, seams and seeps in the sandstone layers sometimes slough off slabs of rock, forming chimneys, sharp corners, flat faces—even arches, such as Devils Bridge. This complex landscape remains a work in progress, as anyone who's hiked past the recent rockfall in Fay Canyon can attest. Here, car-sized chunks of stone have buried shrubs, trees and part of the hiking trail.

Hidden canyons and sunny slopes create a range of microclimates within eight different plant communities. More than 500 types of plants live from the desert grassland below Bell Rock to the pine-fir forest atop 7,000-foot Wilson Mountain. The crystalline spring-fed waters of Oak Creek create a lush riparian area of wondrous variety, where blackberry bushes and golden columbines

(Text continued on page 32)



Getting to know **RED ROCK COUNTRY**
isn't necessarily about putting in miles.
It's more about collecting **MOMENTS.**

[ABOVE] A common buckeye butterfly alights on a Columbia monkshood, apparently unconcerned that the plant is extremely poisonous to livestock and humans.
[RIGHT] During summer, the mounds of white watercress flourishing in Oak Creek's cool water are covered with tiny white flowers.
BOTH BY LARRY LINDAHL



[ABOVE] Cutleaf coneflowers, one of Arizona's species of *Rudbeckia*, thrive in the rich, moist soil found along mountain streams such as the West Fork of Oak Creek.

RANDY PRENTICE

[ABOVE RIGHT] Southwest of Flagstaff, the 55,937-acre Sycamore Canyon Wilderness provides desert riparian habitat for black bears, mountain lions and ringtail cats.

GEORGE H.H. HUEY

(Continued from page 29)

tangle beneath the spreading branches of Arizona sycamores. Piñon-juniper woodland predominates in high, dry Red Rock Country, with an understory chaparral of manzanita, catclaw and other pricklies that persuades hikers to stay on trails.

Wildlife varies with the terrain, including some 35 different types of snakes, lizards and amphibians; 20 or more varieties of fish; 55 kinds of mammals; 180 birds; and thousands of insects and invertebrates. Raucous Steller's jays haunt the ponderosa forest of upper Oak Creek Canyon, while their scrub jay cousins fly around town. Ringtails, mergansers, great blue herons and other riparian animal species can be spotted along Oak Creek, but rattlesnakes, jackrabbits and

quail call the dry desert grassland home.

Coyotes, supremely adaptive, feel at home everywhere, forest and city, serenading the sunset or the sirens of emergency vehicles. Shy mammals, such as mountain lions and black bears, are rarely seen, though sharp-eyed hikers often observe signs of their passing in backcountry areas like Dry Creek Basin.

Red Rock Country rates as a hiker's paradise. Maintained forest-system trails number more than 60 and cover 160-plus miles, ranging from short-but-sweet Allen's Bend, a half-mile stroll along Oak Creek, to the 5-mile climb up Wilson Mountain. Another 50 or so trails pass through the "neighborhoods" near Sedona or head deep into the Munds Mountain, Sycamore Canyon or

Red Rock-Secret Mountain wilderness areas.

But getting to know Red Rock Country isn't necessarily about putting in miles. It's more about collecting moments—the sweetness of a summer sunrise, when the air still feels cool but warm light slowly drips down mountaintops. Or the piercing beauty of a star-studded night sky, with only an owl's haunting call to steal into the silence. And then there is the magic created by weather, nature's alchemist.

Snowmelt in the early months of spring sends musical cascades of water down sheer sandstone cliffs. Purple and white carpets of owls clover and cream cups turn to undulating fields of gold as summer winds sear native grasses. Monsoon thunderstorms change dry washes into rock-banging rivers,

then break into brilliant sunsets with occasional rainbows. Winter snows make a fresh surface for cottontails, quail and coyotes to write their stories, as tattered veils of clouds and fog weave between the rocks.

Knowing Red Rock Country requires accepting that nothing is the same today as it was before, and that true intimacy takes time and attention.

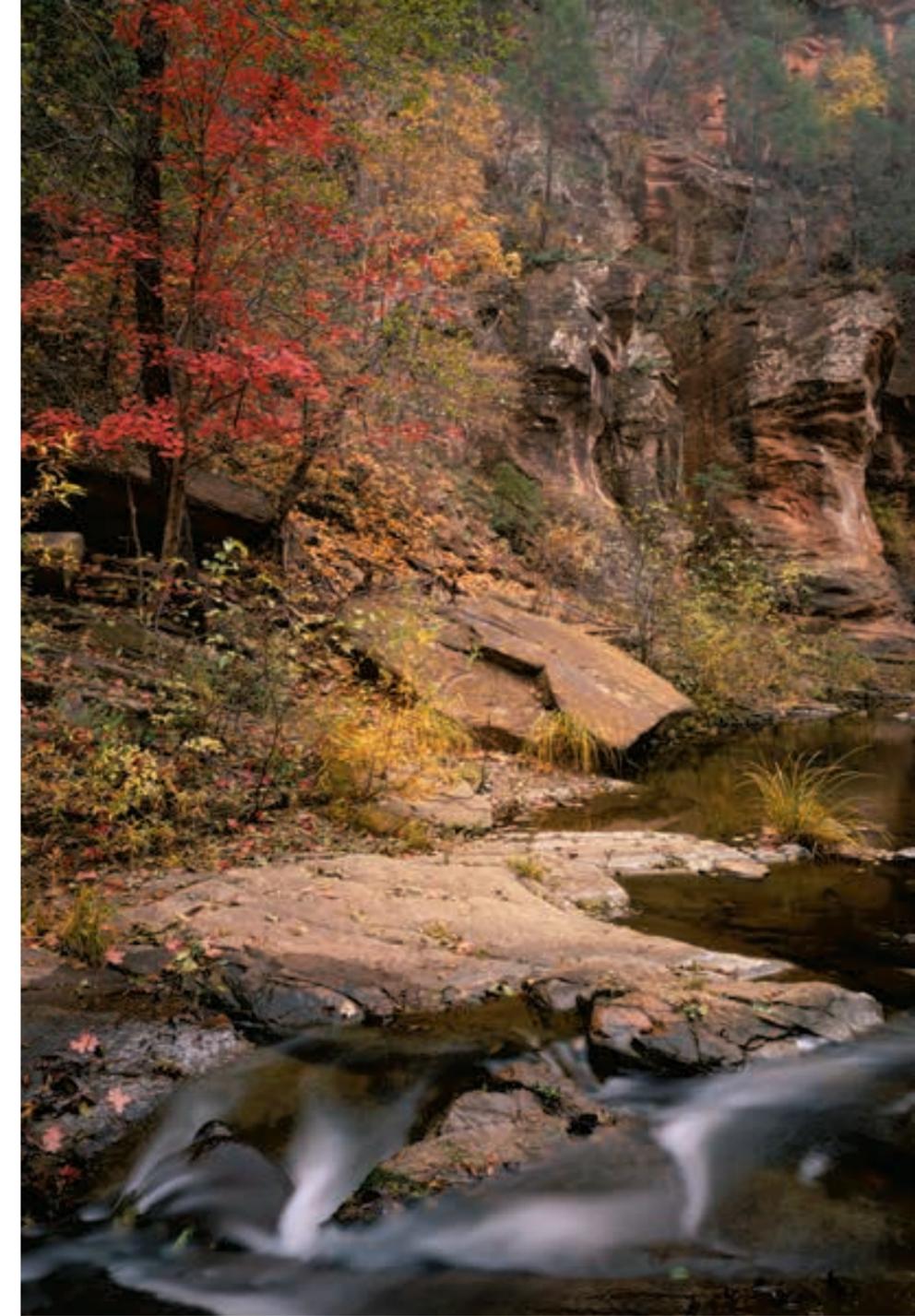
Of course, a little luck never hurts. On a single brief hike on Jim Thompson Trail, skirting the edge of Uptown Sedona, my husband and I saw a brilliant blue-green collared lizard sunning itself on a chunk of limestone, a short-horned lizard doing its best to appear invisible on the rust-colored sand, a tarantula creeping for its burrow and—nearly lost in the twilight but for a

warning buzz—a Western rattlesnake. This list does not include the things that can be experienced on nearly every summer outing: the sweet scent of a late-blooming cliffrose, ravens quorking loudly as they play catch-me along cliffs, fresh scrapes where javelinas searched for roots the night before, weirdly twisted cypress trees, balancing rocks and a variety of other sights, sounds and smells that prove how alive the forest is even in summer's dead heat.

Long before such things as computers and cars, grocery stores and movies distracted humans, we knew—really knew—this land.

More than 6,000 rock art images at Red Cliffs, a string of alcoves near the Sinagua

(Text continued on page 36)



[LEFT] Bigtooth maple trees display Red Rock Country's autumn colors. ROBERT G. McDONALD
[ABOVE] Scarlet foliage adorns a bigtooth maple tree while fallen leaves announce summer's end along Oak Creek's West Fork. RANDY PRENTICE



[ABOVE] Near Red Canyon in the Coconino National Forest west of Sedona, late-afternoon sunlight brightens a meadow blanketed with owl clover stretching toward a red sandstone hillside. **ROBERT G. McDONALD**
[ABOVE RIGHT] An Engelmann's prickly pear cactus dominates a hilltop overlooking Sycamore Canyon in the Sycamore Canyon Wilderness northwest of Sedona. **GEORGE H.H. HUEY**



(Continued from page 33)

Indian cliff dwelling called Palatki, stand as proof that people have been drawn to the red rocks for centuries, even millennia. Layered underneath historic Yavapai Indian charcoal drawings of elk and deer are humanlike figures made by the Sinagua people, and even older markings left by archaic hunter-gatherers, precious links to the ancient past. Recent archaeological evidence suggests that paleoindians may have roamed through Red Rock Country in search of game more than 8,000 years ago.

The Sinagua, who occupied the area from roughly A.D. 650 to 1400, tucked their masonry rooms into alcoves in nearly every red rock canyon. They harvested wild plants for food, fiber and medicine, but also raised

corn and other crops by ingeniously hoarding and diverting rainwater. For them, survival required knowledge of the land.

The Yavapai Indians arrived in 1300. Their legends tell of Skatakaamcha, the first Yavapai man, who came to know this land in all its guises, gentle and fierce. Raised in Boynton Canyon, he entered a rocky crevice crawling with rattlesnakes and survived to become the people's first shaman. At Bell Rock, he slew the giant monster bird that killed his mother. When he visited his father, the sun, he descended back to Earth by holding onto a rainbow.

J.J. Thompson settled in this rough, roadless country in 1876, after the Army had forced the Yavapai to leave. He and others who came later raised fruit along

the creek or grazed cattle, herding them up to higher elevations in dry summer months. Some settlers lived in tent houses before building small log or stone cabins. The first two-story frame house belonged to Sedona Schnebly, a kindly woman whose name graces the town and whose door was always open to travelers. You could say she was the mother of Red Rock Country hospitality.

Small-town charm still shines through the community's increasing sophistication. A half-dozen resorts, countless tour companies and numerous cultural organizations offer everything from horseback rides to "vortex tours" to art festivals. Though the city of Sedona has grown rapidly, several historic structures still stand, built of board and batten and, of course, stone. One of

the finest examples of "red rock territorial" architecture is the museum operated by the Sedona Historical Society, once the home of the Jordan family, who helped turn this rocky dry outpost into a community. It's a good place to learn about the long relationship between humans and this place called Red Rock Country.

But, for those of us who yearn to know more about the land and ourselves, there are the forests and trails and canyons. I call one "Deer Print Canyon" for the ephemeral pool at its head, shaped like a deer's hoof, 5 feet across. From it, water pours into a slot overgrown with sycamores.

I return here once or twice a year, reluctant to leave a trace by coming more often, hopeful that others who know of it share

the ethic of traveling lightly. For me, this small canyon holds the essence of Red Rock Country — sweeping benches of reddish stone, moist stands of cypress, pygmy forests of juniper and manzanita, ruins and rock art, mountain lion tracks and bear scat, and that ineffable something that restores the spirit.

Pockets like this exist throughout the red rocks, some well known, some I hope yet to discover. Still others I hope will always elude me, for who wants to know everything, when mystery is part of the allure and the journey is an end in itself? **AH**

Kathleen Bryant's favorite way to learn about Red Rock Country is "feet first," hiking among the area's canyons and cliffs. She also wrote the preceding story.

SHARP-
EYED
HUNTER
ON THE
PROWL

green lynx spider

Text by TOM DOLLAR Photographs by MARTY CORDANO

the word spider derives from an Old English word meaning “to spin,” and so we tend to think of all spiders as web spinners. Ingeniously designed, often incredibly complex, spiderwebs become shelters, egg sacs or snares to entrap and kill prey. There are sheet webs, with mooring lines that deflect flying insects onto the webs’ center, or trap lines that secure a prey insect by a single filament until its helpless flailing entangles it hopelessly in the main frame.

There are funnel webs, purse webs and orb webs; webs of sticky silk or woolly fuzz, equally lethal in snaring and holding prey; and webs so messily scrambled they appear to have been spun by slightly addled spiders.

Yet, many spiders do not spin webs to snare prey. Burrowing spiders dig narrow tunnels capped with thin lids, then lie in wait for small prey to blunder fatally near the trapdoor. Equipped with supersensitive hearing, some burrowing spiders can detect an insect walking on the ground above, and rush out to seize the prey. Other spiders, such as the crab spider that conceals itself behind my bathroom mirror, wait in ambush to pounce upon their prey.

I love spiders. I love their stealth, the intricacy of their webs, the stronger-than-steel resilience of their silk, the variety of their size, shape and coloration. Among my favorites are the wandering spiders, the hunters—especially green lynx spiders. Hunters don’t build webs to snare prey. Water spiders are wandering spiders, as are the wolf, crab and the Apache jumping spiders, small bright-orange spiders with green jaws that hunt among leaves of desert plants.

Night-hunting spiders and those that trap prey in webs, trapdoors or similar pitfalls depend on touch, not vision, to sense and

catch prey, so their eyes tend to be relatively small. Wandering spiders, on the other hand, with fairly large eyes, rely on keen eyesight to spot prey and stalk it before moving in for the kill. Within this category, I’m drawn to some small, agile, sharp-eyed daytime hunters, the jumping spiders and lynx spiders, particularly the beautifully colored, slender green lynx spider.

One afternoon not long ago, I saw one on a bush in photographer Marty Cordano’s garden. Actually, I didn’t see it. Cordano saw it and tried to direct my eyes to it, but I still couldn’t see it. So Cordano moved his index finger very slowly along a bright green leaf to within perhaps 6 inches of the spider’s position. “Now do you see it?” he asked.

Finally, the little spider flinched and I did see it, but it wasn’t easy, as it nearly perfectly blended with the background foliage. The spider’s head moved slightly in order to face Cordano’s finger. Cordano wagged his finger. The green spider sidled back on its eight legs and, standing firm on its leafy perch, fixed the object in its path with its two main headlamp-style eyes.

The slender, oval-shaped spider, not much more than three-quarters of an inch long, was bright green with rows of tiny red spots on its abdomen and thorax.

This green lynx spider’s most arresting feature was its eyes, which eventually fixed upon me as steadfastly in my direction as my gaze upon it. Appropriately, the name of the spider family that the green lynx belongs to is *Oxyopidae*, Latin for “sharp-eyed.”

The green lynx, in its miniature world, has the vision equivalent of a hawk. It can detect prey up to a foot away, give or take

[ABOVE] Wandering spiders, like this green lynx devouring a housefly, have dropped web spinning as a means of snaring prey, in favor of going out on ambush patrol. **[OPPOSITE PAGE]** Scientists believe the green lynx may have evolved from a web-spinning ancestor.

a couple of inches. But it is not likely to respond much until that distance is halved. Thus, the female green lynx we observed in Cordano’s garden did not react to his finger sliding toward her along the leaf until it came within 6 inches. If the finger had been, say, a grasshopper, the green lynx may have begun to stalk her prey. And had she

been able to sneak within a quarter inch of it, she would have pounced upon it quickly, lynxlike.

After the catch, the green lynx quickly subdues its prey with a bite of immobilizing venom. Then it regurgitates some digestive fluid and injects it into the grasshopper. These juices liquify the prey insect’s insides, which the green lynx then sucks out, a process that may continue for several hours. Gradually, the grasshopper is reduced to a husk.

Cordano ran his forefinger right up next to her and gently poked at her. Normally the spider would have fled, leaping from leaf to leaf. “I’ll bet she’s guarding an egg sac somewhere nearby,” Cordano said.

We turned over a few leaves and, sure enough, found a wheat-colored egg sac lashed to the underside of a leaf with silken threads. This maze of lines running to adjacent leaves represents the only spinning done by the green lynx. When the young hatch, they will remain within this silky refuge until they are old enough to fend for themselves and stalk their own prey. ■

Tom Dollar of Tucson says he celebrates “the love of spiders . . . and the glory of everything,” quoting Wilbur the Pig in Charlotte’s Web.

Marty Cordano of Bisbee was fascinated by the green lynx spider’s challenge to be a single parent to large numbers of babies.



BLUE RIVER GET-AWAY

Text by JANET WEBB FARNSWORTH
Photographs by BERNADETTE HEATH

I hold my breath, not wanting to break the spell. Just across the narrow Blue River, a bull elk, his neck arched with a heavy rack of antlers, steps daintily through the high grass. A floating

mat of yellow flowers has turned the Blue River gold, and as the elk reaches for a bite of flowers, he catches sight of me and trots off.

"Ahhhh," I exhale. Just what I came to find: wind in the pines, beautiful scenes, no traffic noise—Mother Nature's perfect prescription for stress relief. When the back of my neck feels like a bunch of Boy Scout knots, I know it's time to head down to the Blue for the cure. Called simply "The Blue" by locals, the Blue Range Primitive Area along the Arizona-New Mexico border is both a location and a state of mind. A perfect place to beat cityitis.

I am here for the cure along with my sister, Eileen, and her husband, Bob Myers. We planned to meet up with photographer Bernadette Heath and her grandson, Mark Downey, at the Blue Crossing Campground. My neighbor, Jerry Fails, would be along later with horses, his version of stress relief.

The 173,762-acre Blue primitive area, one of the least-known regions in the state, lies at the eastern end of the massive Mogollon Rim. With elevations ranging from 4,500 to 9,100 feet, rugged terrain and distance from major cities keep this

A good cure for cityitis area sparsely populated.

I don't need four-wheel drive and a pack mule to get down on the Blue; a passenger car can travel the gravel road in good weather. But the road splashes right through Blue River, so a high-clearance vehicle is necessary during wet seasons. A

nice loop trip starts at Alpine, goes south on U.S. Route 191 (the Coronado Trail), turns east on Forest Service Road 567 (Red Hill Road), drops down to cross the Blue River and intersect with Forest Service Road 281, winds back up north on FR 281 to intersect with U.S. Route 180 and turns back west to Alpine, a distance of about 48 miles.

Just getting to the Blue soothes me. We pass through thick groves of ponderosa pine, spruce and fir trees, and I start to relax. This area remains so isolated that endangered Mexican gray wolves have been reintroduced here. I'd love to see a wolf, but I know my chances are slim to none. I'll probably not see a bear or a mountain lion, either, but both species roam the Blue along with deer, coyotes, elk and, in the lower areas, bighorn sheep.

On the way down we can't resist stopping in a grove of old pine trees. The mature pine trees have a malt-shop smell, either chocolate, vanilla, butterscotch or strawberry, and Eileen and I are both tree sniffers, a habit that drives our husbands crazy. We poke our noses deep into the yellow-brown bark of an old ponderosa pine and pronounce it "vanilla."

On the horizon, rain clouds gather. It's too early in the summer for monsoon storms, but everyone wants "prayer rain," an unexpected storm that comes in answer to a cattleman's prayer.

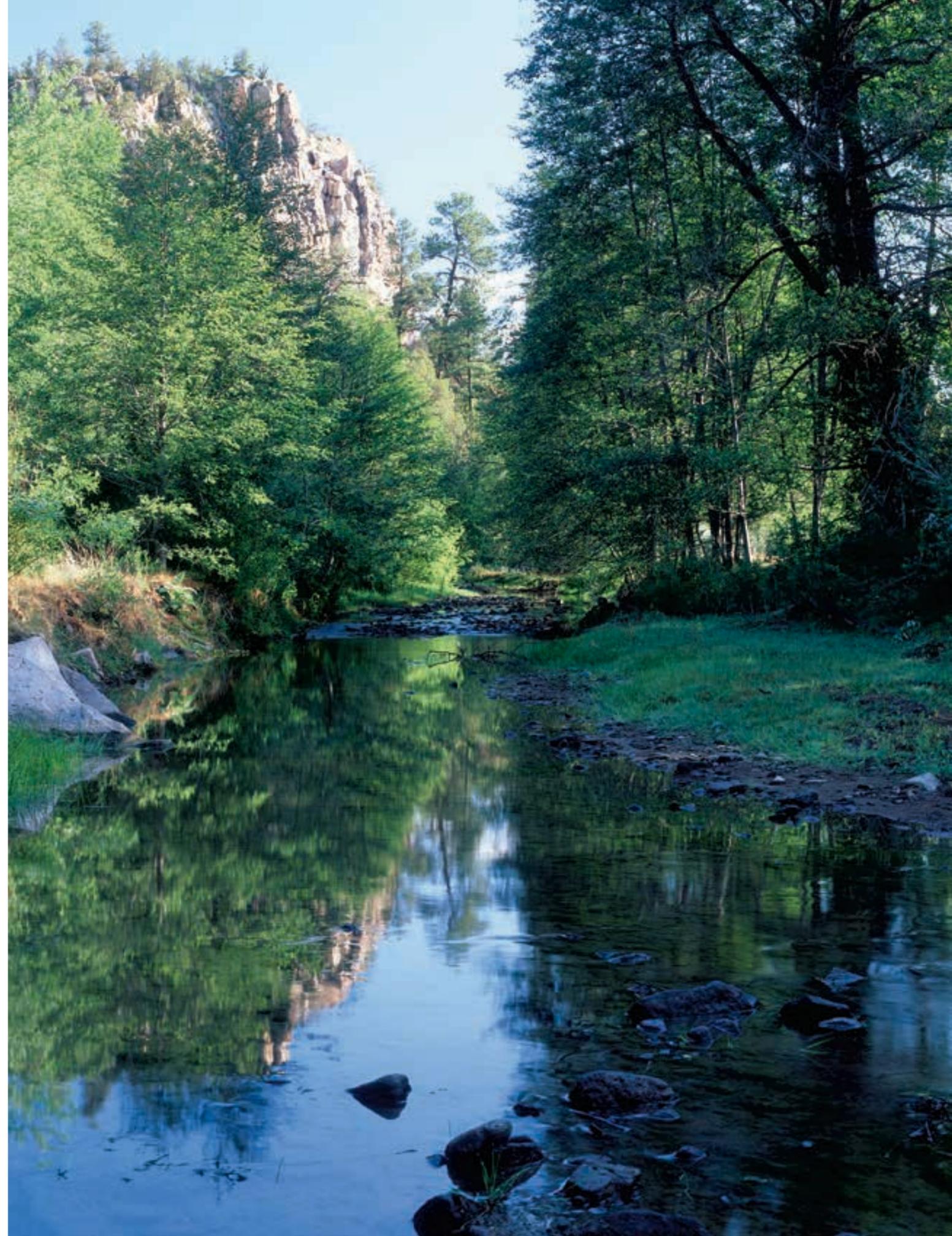
Steep and winding with narrow one-lane bridges, FR 567 isn't a fast road, but we aren't in a hurry. Rounding a curve, we see miles of open country, ridge after ridge of mountains lacking any sign of civilization.

The trees change to juniper and piñon, and earth turns from dark brown to deep red, the source of the Red Hill road name. Rock formations stand eroded into odd-shaped statues; one reminds me of Abraham Lincoln's profile. Steadily dropping in elevation, we reach Blue Crossing Campground, finding Heath and 7-year-old Mark already there.

Mark is anxious to show us around. When I spot the elk and the yellow flowers, I know this trip is just what I need to unwind. Summer temperatures hover above

[LEFT] Mark Downey, 7, befriends a Black Angus calf and a hound dog in a pastoral moment along the Blue River in eastern Arizona.

[RIGHT] The languid pools and aquatic vegetation of the Blue provide habitat for the Gila chub, which feeds on smaller fish, algae and insects.



100 degrees in Phoenix, yet we're the only campers in the campground, a testament to the Blue's seclusion. This pleasant campground sits along the riverbank with tables, firepits, rest rooms and camping shelters. The vegetation is lush, thick with grapevines and cottonwood, box elder and willow trees. Birds scold me from the trees, and a squirrel eyes me curiously before it gives me a wide berth. I spot some fish in the creek. They're so tiny I don't really notice them until they move. A ranger in Alpine told me, "Yes, you can fish in Blue River, but it's not the best place." I wonder if he was talking about those tiny fish. To young Mark, though, a fish is a fish, and

own ranch, and I enjoy listening to all her stories.

Awtrey remembers going to school in the one-room schoolhouse. Blue isn't really a "town," just a string of ranches along the river, so the schoolhouse was the "community center." It burned down in 1987, but was rebuilt and still serves as the town's meeting place. Awtrey is a member of the Cowbells, a cattle industry women's group that sponsors potluck dinners and service projects.

Life can be a challenge in a remote place such as this. Awtrey and Orn are seldom snowbound, but river flooding poses a problem. In 1972, a flood took out the road



[LEFT] Though a single blossom measures a mere 3/4 inch across, water buttercups form dense beds that seem to carpet the surface of the Blue River. **[TOP]** Flourishing in the stream banks' sandy soil, vibrant butterfly weeds host caterpillars and feed several species of butterflies with their nectar. **[ABOVE]** Yellow columbines silently trumpet their colorful presence in Arizona's riparian areas. **[RIGHT]** Ponderosa pine and juniper trees cling precariously to the rocky cliffs beside the Blue River, while scrub oak and willows establish firmer footholds below.

moving in and everyone gets along."

Leaving Awtrey and Orn to their rocking chairs, we ride along the Blue River for several miles before dark. Campbell Blue Creek coming from the west and the Dry Blue Creek coming from New Mexico join as the Blue River, emptying into the San Francisco River north of Clifton. Only in the desert Southwest would this small creek be called a river. Where the energetic beavers haven't created ponds, I can jump across it or wade through about 6 inches of water.

The road winds back and forth across the creek. At one crossing, we stop and let Mark make friends with a Black Angus calf, a hound dog and a cat that have come out to inspect us. Farther downriver, green banks are replaced by canyon walls, and we flush out quail, scare a javelina and watch a toad bury itself in the dark earth. There's more to explore, but we need to return to camp before dark.

The whinny of horses wakes me the next morning. Jerry Fails has arrived, and he's promised Heath and me a horseback ride along the Foote Creek Trail. Bob, Eileen and Mark are going to do some hiking and see

if the fish have grown overnight. Fails is sore and bruised from getting bucked off a horse the weekend before, but he climbs back on Dollar, the horse that threw him, to explore the Blue with us. I'm riding Charge, and Heath is on Buck, a name not particularly reassuring to her.

The narrow Foote Creek Trail has room for just one horse and starts out by switchbacking steeply out of the river bottom. The forest smells fresh after last night's gentle prayer rain, and the creak of saddles and the clattering of horses' hooves over the rocks make for a pleasant day.

We find Foote Creek full of large cobblestones worn smooth from tumbling through floodwaters. A bashful creek, the Foote sometimes hides completely, then peeks out through small potholes before darting back underground.

Along the creek bottom, the trail becomes lost among the rocks and we can't find the cairn trail markers. With thunderclouds looming on the horizon, we decide to turn back and try another trail tomorrow. The horses seem to know we are returning to camp and quicken their steps. As we zigzag

back down switchbacks to the horse trailer, Heath tends to lean away from the sharp drop-off, pulling the saddle off center. That's all right, though, because when we turn a corner, she automatically leans to the other side, straightening her saddle.

Back in camp we enjoy a brief rainstorm, then are back outside watching Eileen grill hamburgers. *Why does everything taste so good when you're out in the forest?* We spend the cool evening letting Fails beat us all in dominoes and listening to the wind in the pines.

The next morning, Fails wants to explore the Tutt Creek Trail, while Mark tries more "fishing." We run into Dennis Stacy, a cowboy whose family has been ranching on the Blue since 1902. He's rounding up cattle and since he's going in our direction, we tag along talking rancher talk. How's the grass? What tank's dry? How's the calf crop?

We split off from Stacy, promising to drive back any stray cattle we find, but his dog stays with us. Obviously, the dog figures we need a guide, and he's taken on the job. Clouds form again today, casting random shadow patterns on mauve cliffs. New spring grass pokes through a golden brown blanket

of pine needles and black malapai boulders glisten from last night's rain.

Relaxing under a pine tree, listening for thunder and watching Fails feed his apple core to Dollar, life's problems seem far away. Yes, a leisurely trip down the Blue to enjoy a serene, beautiful river and some quiet time is the best medicine I know for a bad case of city life. **AH**

Although Janet Webb Farnsworth lives in the small town of Snowflake, she says cityitis hits there, too. She escapes to the Blue whenever she can.

Queen Creek resident Bernadette Heath thinks living by the Blue is life as it should be.



LOCATION: Directly east of Phoenix near the Arizona-New Mexico border, but travel distance is approximately 260 miles north and east of Phoenix.

GETTING THERE: From Phoenix, take State Route 87, driving northeast. In Payson, turn east on State Route 260,

traveling along the Mogollon Rim to Show Low. Take U.S. Route 60 east from Show Low to Springerville, then U.S. Route 191 south to Alpine. For an alternate route from Phoenix, take U.S. 60 east to Miami and Globe; go northeast on 60 at Globe to Show Low and then east to Springerville; turn south on U.S. 191 to Alpine.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, Alpine Ranger District, (928) 339-4384.

A VISIT TO THE GROCERY STORE REQUIRES A 100-MILE ROUND-TRIP, AND MAIL IS DELIVERED ONLY THREE TIMES A WEEK.

he tries catching them with his hands.

A wooden gate at the end of the campground leads to a rock-art site. Petroglyphs of deer, bear feet, circles and other symbols are pecked into volcanic boulders. An interpretive sign explains that the figures are 700 to 900 years old and were probably made by the prehistoric Mogollon Culture. The exact meaning and purpose of the designs are unknown, but archaeologists believe they probably represent clan symbols, ceremonial signs or hunting scenes.

After we settle in, I want to go visit Rose Awtrey and Kit Orn, two women who know the area well. Awtrey grew up around here and formerly worked for Orn's parents, Bill and Barbara Quinsler, when they bought a ranch on the Blue. Now, Awtrey owns her

and the powerline. A generator, brought in by helicopter, helped the tiny community until the powerlines could be fixed. They both laugh about the old phone system, claiming it was temperamental on cloudy days. It's been replaced, and now the Blue even has access to the Internet. There are still trials, though. A visit to the grocery store requires a 100-mile round-trip, and mail is delivered only three times a week. Churches are lacking along the Blue, but the scenery reflects God's handiwork.

Both women claim to love their privacy and solitude, but they also have fun sitting on the porch and conversing when someone happens to come by. Awtrey says, "There are only about three or four true ranches left along the Blue, but a few other people are





"A hospital gown . . . the true meaning of southern exposure." *

IT'S *Snow* JOKE

by Vicky Snow



EARLY DAY ARIZONA

"A popular novelist boasted to the brutal critic about his phenomenal sales. Then, fishing for compliments, he sighed and said: "I grow richer and richer, but all the same, I think my new work is not as good as the old."

"Oh, nonsense," said the critic. "You write just as well as you ever did, my boy. Your taste is improving, that's all."

JEROME MINING NEWS, DECEMBER 16, 1911

home of my favorite 10-year-old convertible fun car.

My repair shop cautioned me the aging oil-pump belt was drying out. I promised I would listen for any symptom of ratcheting. Some time later I was driving slowly in the right lane and listening to the engine. To my surprise, I was pulled over by a police car.

The officer who approached satisfied himself that my license and registration were in order and waved me on.

Curious, I asked the officer what I had done wrong. He said, "Nothing." Then, hesitating, he explained, "It's my partner back there who got suspicious. He's never seen a Ferrari going 35 miles an hour before."

PAUL HARVEY, Chicago, IL

WHEN IT RAINS . . .

A first-time visitor was driving across southern Arizona during July. He stopped at a small-town store for a cold soda and commented to an old man sitting out front, "I've never been anyplace so hot and dry."

"Yup, it's hot," agreed the old man, "but it's been lots drier."

"I can't believe that," said the traveler.

The old-timer shook his head and

asked, "You ever read the Bible?"

The visitor said he did.

"Remember the story of Noah?"

"Sure. The rain and the great flood," said the other.

"Well," said the old man, "that year we only got a half-inch."

DONALD J. "D.J." SMITH, Tucson

MISDIAGNOSIS

My 97-years-young Aunt Maggie went to a doctor because her right leg was very sore. The doctor, who was young enough to be Maggie's grandson, looked at her and said, "The reason you have pain in your leg is simply because of age."

Maggie looked at him and said, "Young man, my left leg is as old as my right leg, and it's not giving me any pain!"

DANIEL P. GULBIN, Scranton, PA

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

Saddles can be very ornate. In fact, I know one guy who had so much gold, silver and jewels on his saddle there was no room for the horse.

Send us your jokes on **saddlemaking**, this month's special topic, and we'll send you \$50 for each one we publish.

Unusual Perspective

By Linda Perret

Humming-birds' attraction to red is a learned behavior stemming from many encounters with nectar-rich red flowers. They also saw how much respect bulls were getting and didn't want to pass that up.

THE NIGHT SKY

The night sky was one of our joke topics. Here's how our readers responded:

I met this girl at a party and asked her if she had ever seen the Crab Nebula. She said it was on the table next to the salsa.

Talk about one-upmanship! I asked a friend if he ever heard of the Van Allen Belt and he said he just bought one to go with his Armani tie.

My buddy swears he saw a flying saucer. He couldn't tell for sure because he had already gotten hit by the dinner plate.

ALL BY GREGG SIEGEL, Gaithersburg, MD

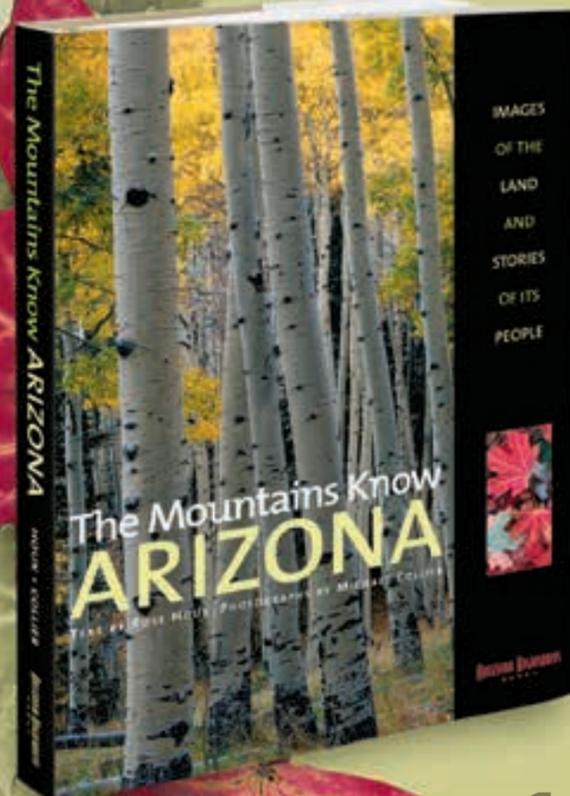
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See TONTO NATURAL BRIDGE, the Largest of Its Kind in the World, From High Perches or the Canyon Below

A SLENDER WATERFALL PLUNGES NEARLY 200 feet from the massive rock bridge, splashing into the bottom of the canyon. There, sun-kissed droplets splatter onto boulders and decorate maidenhair ferns with liquid jewels. Columbines bloom sunny yellow on the hillsides, and dripping springs nourish velvety moss.

If this sounds like a tropical paradise in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, guess again. The lush oasis awaits below the largest travertine bridge in the world—and it's much closer to Phoenix than to Honolulu.

In a small valley about 100 miles northeast of Phoenix—and just minutes from the

fast-food outlets of Payson—Tonto Natural Bridge arches over seasonal Pine Creek, perennial springs and beautifully rugged terrain accessed by staircase trails.

The bridge serves as the centerpiece of the 160-acre Tonto Natural Bridge State Park, which also boasts a museum and a gift shop in a three-story historic lodge that does double duty as a visitors center. Across a grassy picnic area near the lodge, visitors find the first of the hike trailheads.

“All four trails below the bridge are steep and strenuous,” said John Boeck, the park manager. Nevertheless, he added, he’s seen

children—“some in backpack carriers, others being helped by parents”—and senior visitors on the trails and making it to the bottom to look back up at the bridge.

Measuring 150 feet wide, 400 feet long and 183 feet high, the rock span formed over thousands of years when moving groundwater and spring water redeposited limestone as travertine, a crystalline form of the rock. Over time, the creek worked through the rock, creating first a “tunnel,” then, ultimately, the bridge.

About 110,000 people visit the park each year, and they all come into the valley the same way. The road, paved in 1996 and relieved of some curves and roller-coaster descents—but still a 20-mph ride in spots—makes it easy to get there today, said Boeck.

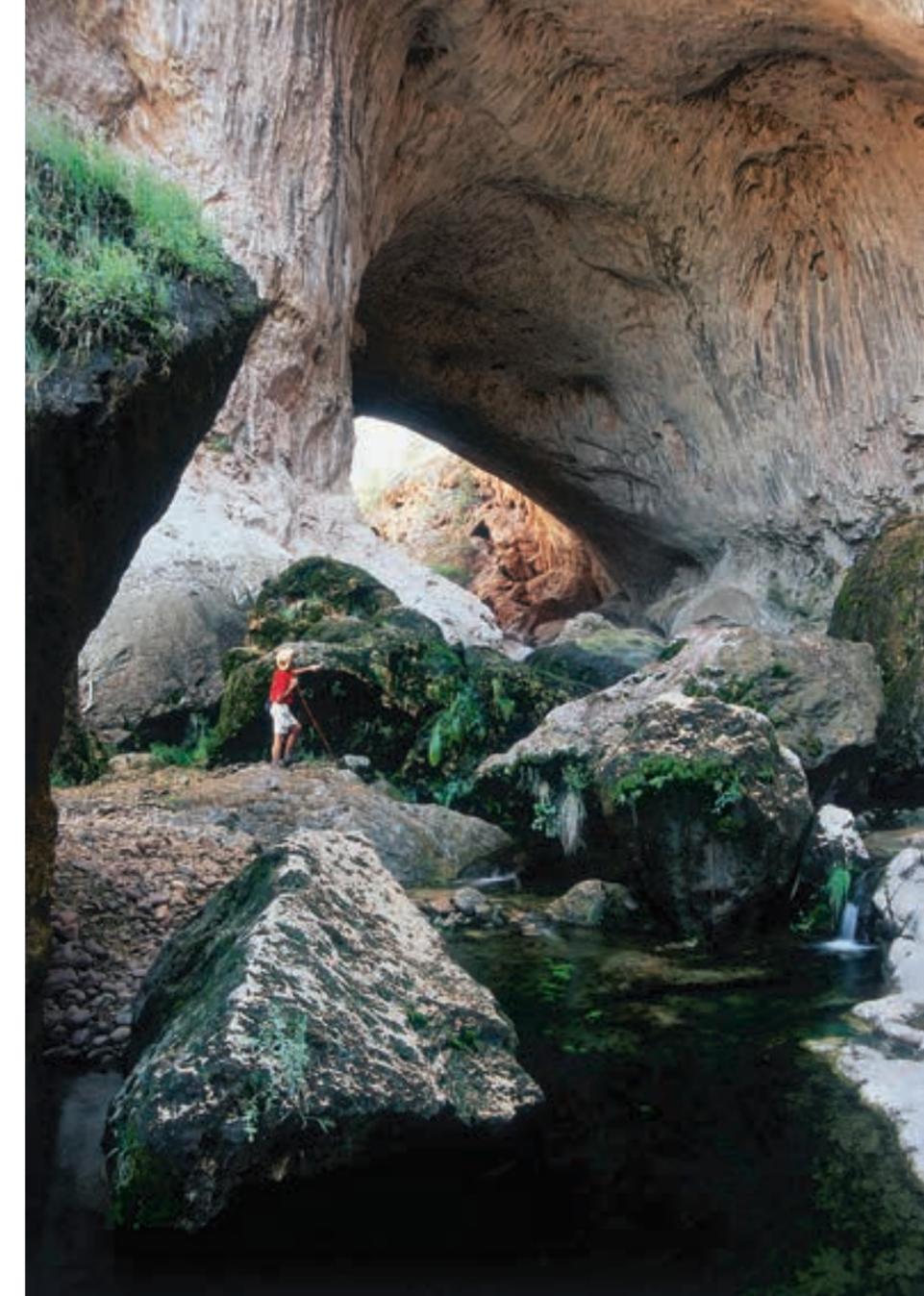
But the going was tough in 1877 when Scotsman David Gowan discovered the bridge while hunting gold and running from Apaches. He stayed in the valley, built a cabin and planted orchards of apricot, peach and apple trees. Years later, ready to move on, he turned the site over to a nephew from England, David Goodfellow. When the Goodfellow family arrived, they had to lower everything they owned into the roadless valley using ropes and burros. But they persevered, and in 1927 built a lodge for visitors.

Today the structure is on the National Register of Historic Places, and is open for prearranged group tours. Groups of 12 to 20 can schedule an overnight stay. Plans are under way to renovate the lodge and to offer overnight accommodations to park visitors. Boeck projects that services will be in place by spring 2004.

The bridge, like the Grand Canyon, can be enjoyed from above, and many people do just that. Four topside viewpoints, and a small natural hole in the bridge itself, offer a look at the wonders below. From above, visitors may even see some of the javelinas, deer, mountain lions, bluebirds, jays and tanagers that live among the Arizona cypresses, junipers, piñon pines, oaks and other trees.

But just as visitors to the Grand Canyon discover a whole other experience when they explore its depths, so do those who tackle the seriously inclined trails to the world below the bridge.

The last time I hiked there, on a mild October day, I saw mostly adults. Chris Coodey,



a computer tech for Glendale Union High School District, and his wife, Rosie, a florist at A.J.'s Fine Foods in Scottsdale, hadn't known much about the bridge beforehand and were surprised by the beauty they found. The couple didn't break a sweat on their initial hike. “It wasn't bad,” said Chris, who admitted to “not being in the best shape.” I didn't see them after they hiked all the trails, but chances are they finished with a smile. Most hikers do, even if they have to rest a bit on the way back up.

Boeck thinks the latest addition, the Anna Mae Trail, is the easiest. Just 500 feet long, but still steep, it offers the fastest way into the canyon. What it doesn't offer are those steel cable “railings” that are so helpful on other trails, especially on the return climb. Anna

[OPPOSITE PAGE]
Velvety moss thrives beneath the falls in a fern grotto at Tonto Natural Bridge State Park near Payson in central Arizona.
JERRY SIEVE
[ABOVE] Formed from eroded crystallized limestone deposits, Tonto is the world's largest natural travertine bridge.





[ABOVE] Steven Lachance delights in a waterfall shower below yellow-columbine-covered rocks.

Mae leads to views of caves not seen on the other trails, though, and it's fun to imagine which cave David Gowan used to hide from the Indians pursuing him.

The 300-foot-long Waterfall Trail, which I thought was the easiest, doesn't go to the creek but leads to a lovely view of a waterfall, a fern grotto, mossy rock walls and the pleasant sound of dripping water everywhere. "It is so-o-o beautiful down there," one returning hiker assured me as I started my descent.

Gowan Loop Trail travels a half-mile to a cave and waterfall observation deck. When I last hiked

Gowan, a vivid rainbow arched from the waterfall, disappearing into the darkness of the alcove. Mesmerizing. Fit hikers can continue across the creek and beyond.

Pine Creek Trail, also a half-mile long, is developed all the way to the creek bed but

not past it. To access the bridge, hikers have to hop onto and off of wet boulders.

One summer, wearing tennis shoes instead of hiking boots but unconcerned because I carried a hiking stick to use as a "third hand," I slipped off a rock and sat down in the creek with a splash and a yelp. Trust me, there's no way to pretend you did this on purpose. Still, being at the bottom of the waterfall with a neck-craning view of the bridge's underside made up for the wet shorts and red face.

The day I met the Coodeys, I watched another couple take a last look down through the hole in the bridge. Perhaps they were congratulating themselves for making it to the wonders below—or maybe they were vowing that next time they'd wear the right shoes and follow the trails that lead to paradise. **AH**

LOCATION: 100 miles northeast of Phoenix; 12 miles northwest of Payson.
GETTING THERE: From Phoenix, take State Route 87 northeast through Payson. At 10.5 miles northwest of Payson, turn left (west) following the directional sign. Proceed 3.4 miles to the parking areas.

HOURS: Memorial Day to Labor Day, 8 A.M.–7 P.M.; April, September, October, 8 A.M.–6 P.M.; November to March, 9 A.M.–5 P.M.; closed Christmas Day.
FEES: Call for current fees.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: Call for trailer and motorhome restrictions. Wear hiking shoes; take plenty of water. Pick up a trail map in the visitors center. Heed warning signs. Three of the four viewpoints are wheelchair-accessible. No camping; no dogs on trails. Call ahead about lodge tours and group overnight stays.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: (928) 476-4202.



CAMELBACK CEMETERY Reserves Its SILENT STORIES for Posterity



LISA SCHNEBLY HEIDINGER

YOU CAN VISIT FASCINATING PEOPLE YOU'LL never meet, just about a mile north of Scottsdale Fashion Square. There, tucked away near 64th Street in Paradise Valley, you'll find the anomaly of Camelback Cemetery: rustic, spare and unpretentious land nestled in a neighborhood of very high-end homes.

For mystery and history, nothing beats a pioneer cemetery. Tubac, Williams and Payson all have good ones, but the juxtaposition of valet-parking malls and former area residents make this plot particularly compelling. Cemeteries like these exist for people who prefer questions to answers. Peopled with silent storytellers, cemeteries let you visit and wonder.

A nearby resident told me the Camelback Cemetery began in 1916, when early homeowners needed a place to bury Mexican servants who died. Since then, it has become desirable real estate. A board decides who deserves to move in. Those who rate get a final resting place that feels like the middle of nowhere in the city's center. And the neighbors are fascinating.

Like Joe "Cheyenne" Kiser, whose monument is surrounded by a rusty iron fence with a bucking bronco welded on—kind of a New Orleans-gone-rodeo look. The statue celebrates his being World Champion Cowboy in 1923; the dates show he would have been 27 then. He lies buried next to a couple named Ives, who were about his age. Was he a brother to the wife?

I wish Elmer Powell, down a few rows, could tell me some of his stories; he was on the Bataan Death March during World War II as a prisoner of war. I like reading the stone's inscription: "We miss you, Dad." And Bess Burkett told her husband and the world "I Love You" on his headstone; Robert was only 41 when he died. *Of what, I wonder.*

The saddest to me is Laura Dunn Stanley, who at age 36 died the same day as her 6-month-old son, Riley. "Mother and Baby" is incised into the stone. Was it a car accident? Flu? I feel sorry for P.O. Stanley, who outlived his wife and son by almost 50 years. I wonder how often he came here.

Just as interesting, but more enigmatic, are the plots to the west of these. Probably those first servants, I'm guessing, but most are anonymous by now. Worn away are the names scratched on concrete covering the graves or carved in splintery wooden crosses. This is

harsher than unmarked graves; someone made the effort to pay tribute to these people, and time has taken them off the roster.

One marker's inscription in green paint has washed off; a whole row of white crosses has blackened, dripping stains where names and dates must have been. Juan Montiel does have a hand-carved cross, showing he lived until 1969. Another cross has an arm broken off; I hope it's from weathered workmanship rather than from vandalism.

There's no parking lot and no lock on the gate. Traipsing down the rows always feels a bit like trespassing; since I have no relatives or friends here, I'm an uninvited guest. I feel anyone who comes to pay tribute must be welcome. Someone took care to put up and maintain these monuments; the least we can do is read them.

Many stories could be told here. The obscure maid now sharing space with prominent people and religious leaders whose monuments are as impressive as any home. Here at Camelback Cemetery, the poor are as interesting as the rich resting next to them.

I enjoy seeing what was vital enough to people to include in their final signoff. In a Tucson cemetery, I admire Mrs. Sanders' stone, which says, "I have loved the stars too deeply ever to be fearful of the night." Puts death in a nice perspective.

At Camelback Cemetery, I see servants as beloved as masters, unmarked crosses saying as much in a different way as the polished granite markers. People die, but can still teach something about equality in eternity.

I have said that I would like one of two monuments to commemorate my time on Earth: either "Dressed to minimize figure flaws," or "Celebrate . . . Remember . . . Believe." But it's interesting to know that I might be a different type of story, a thought-starter, in anonymity.

Unlike New Orleans, where one gets to occupy the traditional burial vault for a year and a day, people who were interred at Camelback Cemetery remain. And while the "dust to dust" part of the journey is clear, it's equally true that everyone who is still part of this visible place, who shares either biographical information or enigmatic silence, is not forgotten. **AH**

THINGS TO DO NEAR PAYSON

Area code is 928; 800 series numbers are toll-free.

PAYSON This old lumber and ranching town is the jumping-off point for year-round outdoor recreation in Mogollon Rim Country: hiking, fishing, hunting, camping, sight-seeing and local events; Rim Country Chamber, 474-4515; www.rimcountrychamber.com.

MAZATZAL CASINO Try your luck at the casino operated by the Tonto Apache Tribe; (800) 777-7529; www.777play.com.

RIM COUNTRY MUSEUM Wander through exhibits of the area and explore the oldest standing ranger station in the West; 474-3483; www.rimcountrymuseum.org.

SHOOFLY VILLAGE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE Located on Houston Mesa Road, 2.6 miles from the intersection of State Routes 87 and 260, these Indian

ruins of unknown origin, circa A.D. 1000-1250, once encompassed 80 rooms, a courtyard and plazas. There's a quarter-mile trail with interpretive signs through the site. Tonto National Forest, Payson Ranger District; 474-7900.

TONTO CREEK FISH HATCHERY Twenty-one miles northeast of Payson via State Route 260 and Forest Service Road 289 (watch for the sign), the hatchery thrills kids of all ages because they can take an interpretive walk and see hatchery rooms and trout up close; 478-4200.

PINE AND STRAWBERRY These small towns, 15 and 19 miles northwest of Payson, offer cabins, antique shops, home-cooking eateries and events all year long. The Pine-Strawberry Museum exhibits artifacts of local history; Pine-Strawberry Chamber of Commerce; 476-4791; www.pinestrawhs.org.



[ABOVE] Hikers must traverse slippery boulders to pass underneath Tonto Natural Bridge.



This column was excerpted from Lisa Schnebly Heidinger's book, *Chief Yellowhorse Lives On! And Other Stories of Arizona Places and People*, published by Arizona Highways Books. To order this book (\$16.95 plus shipping and handling) call toll-free (800) 543-5432. In Phoenix or from outside the U.S., call (602) 712-2000. Or use arizonahighways.com.

POINT OF PINES Offers Campers a Glimpse of INDIAN HISTORY and Unspoiled Scenery

A FULL MOON HANGS IN LATE SEPTEMBER'S crisp air. The deserts remain warm, but up here, at about 6,400 feet on the Natanes Plateau, fall has unmistakably arrived. I can tell by the chorus of elk bugling in the pines outside my camp.

I'm at the southwestern edge of Point of Pines Lake in a small meadow surrounded by the remnants of late summer wildflowers and a deep forest of ponderosa pine trees. Earlier this evening, I had headed over to the lake and watched a great blue heron moon-walking near

road, and although you can negotiate the whole route with an ordinary sedan, a high-clearance vehicle is advisable if you plan to camp. The road through the Point of Pines picnic area and campground is sometimes muddy and badly rutted.

The morning after my arrival, I took my kayak over to the mile-long Point of Pines Lake. I paddled down the middle, scanning the steep embankment on the southern shore. From the high-water mark stained in the rocks, I could see how much the lake had dropped during the recent long drought. While I was lost in a reverie of missing rain, two great blue herons suddenly rose from a shadow at the edge of my peripheral vision. One swung over my head, arching through a small circle of the sky; the second one banked and moved wider, but both landed in the same pine tree, folding their smoky wings and becoming invisible against the backdrop of the forest.

A little after 4 P.M., I walked back to the lake from my campsite expecting to get a closer look at large herons. I was startled by what appeared to be a bald eagle perched on a bare branch at the top of a ponderosa pine on the opposite bank. An Apache man who had been watching his wife fish pointed at the top of the tree.

"Eagle," he said.

"I think so," I replied.

"Maybe a hawk," he said.

His young son dashed through the grass shouting, "Eagle, ma! Eagle, ma!"

Ma looked at the boy as if to say, "Yes, and there goes any chance I had of catching a fish with all that noise."

But, it turned out not to be an eagle. When it moved, I saw its white belly and a line of black feathers extending from its eye to the back of its head, the unmistakable markings of an osprey. Ospreys migrate through the area in the fall, and this one was clearly attracted by the prospect of dining on fish from Point of Pines Lake. It sat on that bare branch for roughly 15 minutes, and then swooped eastward, giving us a good view of its nearly 6-foot wingspread.

"Beautiful," remarked the Apache man.

"Yup," I said. We were nothing if not articulate.

Getting to this country up around Point of Pines is easy. To begin from Phoenix, take U.S. Route 60, the Superstition Freeway, east



[ABOVE] Long ponderosa pine tree shadows stripe the dirt road through Point of Pines on the San Carlos Apache Reservation in eastern Arizona.

[OPPOSITE PAGE] A great blue heron surveys Point of Pines Lake's shoreline, the source of its diet of small fish, insects, snakes and frogs.

the opposite bank. A sign nearby warned, "Bears in the Area," but all I heard after the sun went down was the high-pitched call of a bull elk looking for love.

Point of Pines, a high-country recreational area, sits within the borders of the San Carlos Apache Reservation. Created by Congress in 1897, the reservation covers a little more than 1.8 million acres in central and eastern Arizona and was formerly a division of the White Mountain Reservation established in 1871.

The tribal headquarters at San Carlos lies roughly 110 miles east of Phoenix and the same number of miles northeast of Tucson, but the distance from each city to Point of Pines is around 178 miles. All but 3 miles of that trip is on paved roads. The last few miles are gravel





[ABOVE] Clouds threaten to disrupt the lake's placid reflections and the sunlit display of colorful wildflowers at Point of Pines. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Sunlight shimmering through morning mist transforms dewdrops into sparkling jewels on pine boughs and bracken ferns.

through Florence Junction and on to Globe, where it connects with U.S. Route 70. If you're coming from Tucson, drive north on Oracle Road, which becomes State Route 77, and follow it to its junction with U.S. 70 on the eastern outskirts of Globe. From the junction of 77 and 70, drive east on 70. You'll need to buy the tribe's \$7 per day recreational-use permit to go to Point of Pines. You can get it at the Chevron station 5 miles east of the junction with 77, adjacent to the Apache Gold Casino on Highway 70. It's only 23 miles from the junction of 77 and

70 to the left-hand cutoff for Point of Pines. When you see the sign to San Carlos on 70, it's only 6 more miles to Point of Pines road (a road sign gives you plenty of warning). The road off the highway is marked on maps as Indian Route 8 and the one up the mountain as Indian Route 1000, but the designations do not appear on any signs. Still, it's impossible to get lost if you stay on the paved road until you see a small sign, 51 miles northeast of 70, telling you to turn left on the unpaved route to the lake. The paved road climbs gradually through a

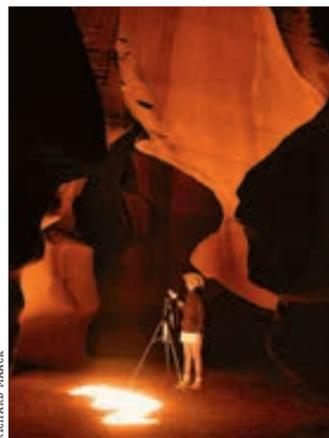
broad grassy area called Antelope Flat and leads eventually through 6,646-foot-high Barlow Pass. This area is well known as an archaeological trove once inhabited by Mogollon, Hohokam, Puebloan and Salado Indians before the Apaches arrived sometime after 1450. You can get a glimpse of how the ancient peoples lived. As you head up the mountain, stop at the second scenic view pullout on the right. Walk up the road about 50 feet and look to the left to see a very small cliff dwelling built into the side of the rocks. The unpaved road to Point of Pines is

8 miles northeast of the scenic viewpoint. Two miles down the dirt road, there's a cutoff for Dry Lake, which is not dry at all. However, that road is very rough in places. Avoid it and stay on the main dirt road for another mile. That will take you right to the edge of Point of Pines Lake. You can picnic or fish at the lake (you'll need a separate fishing permit), or continue beyond the day-use area to the campground. If you're there in early fall, you'll hear the elk on nippy 40-degree nights announcing their biological instinct to mate, an annual ritual throughout the pine and spruce forests of central and northern Arizona. Judging from the sign at the lake, you may also see bears. I didn't encounter any, and that was fine with me. **AH**



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 and when you plan to return. Odometer readings in the story may vary by vehicle. **TRAVEL ADVISORY:** Permits from the San Carlos Apache Tribe are required for recreation and fishing on the reservation. **ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:** San Carlos Apache Tribe Recreation and Wildlife, (928) 475-2343.





RICHARD MAACK

PHOTOGRAPH THE COLORFUL, CONVOLUTED CORRIDORS OF ARIZONA'S SLOT CANYONS

Join **Friends of Arizona Highways** for a photography workshop in the dramatic slot canyons of northern Arizona where flash floods have created intriguing sandstone sculptures. Carved into the Colorado Plateau near Page, the narrow canyons are illuminated by delicate shafts of light. This is one of **Friends'** most popular workshops, so register soon. Former *Arizona Highways* Photography Editor J. Peter Mortimer will lead the **September 23-27** session. Current Photography Editor Richard Maack will conduct the **October 23-27** class.

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 its Web site at www.friendsofhighways.com.

OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOPS

- November 1-5**
"Fall in the Sky Islands," a trip to the Huachuca and Chiricahua mountains with *Arizona Highways* Director of Photography Peter Ensenberger
- November 4-12**
"Copper Canyon" with Jack Dykinga
- November 6-9 and November 10-13**
"Zion National Park" with David Muench
- November 9-12**
"Flora and Fauna of San Diego" with Jim Steinberg and J. Peter Mortimer

MUSIC WITH A VIEW

September 5-20; Grand Canyon

In the early 1980s, music aficionados Robert Bonfiglio and Clare Hoffman hiked through the Grand Canyon and decided that seeing the stunning spectacle should be accompanied by the strains of a symphony. One of the park rangers agreed, and the wandering musicians performed an impromptu concert. Bonfiglio and Hoffman started the **Grand Canyon Music Festival** in 1984. The festival today features nearly a dozen concerts at the Shrine of Ages amphitheater on the South Rim.

Call ahead for a complete schedule of performances.
Information: (928) 638-9215 or (800) 997-8285, www.grandcanyonmusicfest.org.

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

September 19-21; Williams

The railroad arrived at this mountain settlement in 1882 and opened up the cattle and lumber trades. Tracks also led the 45 miles from the remote town to the Anita Mine at the southern edge of the Grand Canyon. After the mine played out, the Santa Fe Railroad used the tracks to haul tourists to the South Rim, earning Williams the title "Gateway to the Grand Canyon."

Learn all about the role of the railroad in northern Arizona's history at the **3rd Annual Railroad Days**. Events include train rides, railway exhibits, railway-related arts and crafts and live entertainment.

Information: (928) 635-1418 or (800) 863-0546.

SEASONAL SHIFT

September 23; Flagstaff

Because the Earth tilts back and forth on its axis as it rotates around the sun, there are only two times each year when the equator lines up with the elliptical orbit — events heralding the seasonal shifts. Each year in September, the sun rises and sets over the Earth's equator, which makes for an equal time division of day and night. This celestial event marks the first day of fall and the coming of the long winter nights in the northern hemisphere.

Learn more about the seasons and the lore of the **Autumnal Equinox** at Lowell



DON H. STEVENSON

Left to right, Daniel Ching, Clare Hoffman, John Largess and Satoko Yamamoto are among past performers at the Grand Canyon Music Festival.

Observatory before taking a tour of this historical landmark.

Information: (928) 774-2096.

ARTISTIC EXPRESSION

September 27-28; Sedona

The Hopi Indians, dwelling on their ancestral mesas in northeastern Arizona, are renowned for their colorful kachina dolls. Hopis are also master silversmiths, potters and weavers. Women on Second and Third mesas still weave baskets from natural desert fibers, which traditionally held ceremonial ground corn and corn pollen during sacred Hopi ceremonies.

Experience the diversity of Hopi artwork at the **3rd Annual Hopi Artists Gathering**. Featured activities at Tlaquepaque, Sedona's arts and crafts village, include exhibits, artist demonstrations, an ethnic fashion show and lectures on Hopi history and traditions.

Information: (928) 282-4838.

Other Events

- Gary Ladd Photo Exhibit; June 20-September 28;** Grand Canyon South Rim Village Historic District; (928) 638-2771. At Kolb Studio, images from *Grand Canyon: Time Below the Rim*, published by Arizona Highways Books, and other work by Gary Ladd.
- "A View from the Mountains" Photo Exhibit; June 28-October 5;** Wickenburg; (928) 684-2272. Michael Collier's photography from *The Mountains Know Arizona: Images of the Land and Stories of Its People*, published by Arizona Highways Books.
- Santa Cruz County Fair; September 11-14;** Sonoita; (520) 455-5553. Carnival, 4-H livestock shows, crafts.
- Mariachi 2003 Festival; September 13;** Chandler; (480) 782-2683. Mariachi groups and folklorico dance.
- Gila Valley Cowboy Poetry and Music Gathering; September 19-21;** Safford; (888) 837-1841. Cowboy poets, storytellers and singers.
- Verde River Days; September 27;** Cottonwood; (928) 634-7593. Canoe rides, fishing clinic and nature walks at Dead Horse Ranch State Park.
- Andy Devine Days Parade; September 27;** Kingman; (928) 753-6106. Parade honoring actor Andy Devine.

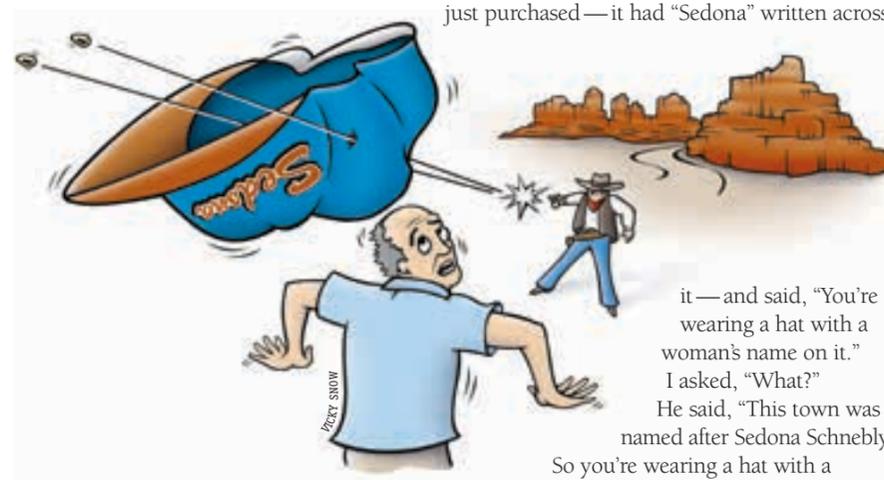
Note: Dates and activities could change. Before planning to attend events, phone for fees and to confirm dates and times.

His Hat's Off to SEDONA'S Intriguing Rainbow-colored BEAUTY

THERE AREN'T TOO MANY PLACES IN THE world as beautiful as the Red Rock Country of Sedona. Enjoying the intriguing colors of the surrounding mountains is like gazing into a rainbow. Not only can you stare at this gorgeous scenery, you can hike into it, camp there or even take a Jeep tour with a knowledgeable, eloquent guide.

That's what my wife and I did one day — we took a Jeep ride.

We gathered with several other tourists near our assigned Jeep and met Tom, our tour guide. He introduced himself to each rider in our Jeep. When he came to me, he pointed to the hat I'd just purchased — it had "Sedona" written across



PERCY SNOW

it — and said, "You're wearing a hat with a woman's name on it." I asked, "What?"

He said, "This town was named after Sedona Schneble. So you're wearing a hat with a woman's name on it."

I wanted to confront Tom physically, but I decided against it. After all, he was carrying a six-shooter. All I had was a hat with a woman's name on it.

This tour was not starting out well for me. Cowboy Tom began our excursion along the main thoroughfare through Sedona. He was traveling west along State Route 89A so fast that my hat started traveling east along State Route 89A.

"Stop the Jeep," I said. "My hat blew off." Cowboy Tom never even slowed down. He glanced in the rearview mirror, noticed that my hat was halfway to Flagstaff by now and said, "So now, you're not a wearing a hat with a woman's name on it."

Cowboy Tom pointed out a jutting rock ahead of us. He said, "See that tall steeple of rock up there? That's called Chimney Rock."

I asked, "Why is it called Chimney Rock?" Cowboy Tom said, "Because it looks like a chimney."

The others turned and looked at me with a

what-a-dumb-question-that-was look.

We took a couple of turns and traveled along a few dirt roads. Cowboy Tom stopped the Jeep and said, "See that rock formation over there?" We all gawked and saw three columns rising up to the sky.

He said, "That's known as Three Finger Rock." I asked, "Why do they call it Three Finger Rock?"

Cowboy Tom volunteered, "Because it looks like three fingers." He had a pat answer for everything.

Then Tom added, "But you know something, that's the same rock we saw earlier that was called Chimney Rock."

People "oohed" and "aahed." I asked, "Well, which is it? Chimney Rock or Three Finger Rock?"

Cowboy Tom said, "It's both. From one side of town it's Chimney Rock, and from the other side of town it's Three Finger Rock."

I said, "It's got to be either one or the other. You can't have a rock with two names."

Cowboy Tom said, "Why not? John Wayne had two names. He was also known as Duke."

I said, "Yeah, but he didn't look like John Wayne from one side of town and Maureen O'Hara from the other."

Next Cowboy Tom pointed out the famous Coffee Pot Rock.

I asked, "Why is it called Coffee Pot Rock?" The other tourists kind of groaned and raised their eyes heavenward.

Cowboy Tom said, "Because it looks like a coffeepot."

I asked, "What did it look like before it looked like a coffeepot?"

Cowboy Tom said, "It always looked like a coffeepot."

I said, "It couldn't always look like a coffeepot because it was there long before coffeepots were invented."

Cowboy Tom said, "Well, then, I guess way back then it must have looked like something that would one day look like a coffeepot."

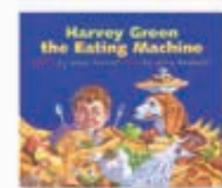
I asked, "Well what did the people who lived on these lands call it?"

Tom said, "I never asked them."

I asked, "Why not?" He said, "Because they left this area around the year A.D. 1425."

I asked, "Why'd they leave?"

Another passenger said, "Maybe to get away from the annoying tourists who asked moronic questions." ■■■



Gene Perret's delightful children's book,

Harvey Green the Eating Machine, is a humorous look at the eating habits of a boy who doesn't know when to keep his mouth shut, and features superb illustrations by Gary Bennett. To order this book (\$12.95 plus shipping and handling) or any of the Perret joke books, call toll-free (800) 543-5432. In Phoenix call (602) 712-2000. Or use arizonahighways.com.

A Fall Stroll Through SANDYS CANYON Retraces ANCIENT FOOTPATHS



[ABOVE] Fisher Point, beyond Sandys Canyon Trail, crests limestone and sandstone cliffs in Coconino National Forest south of Flagstaff, and provides views of the western end of Walnut Canyon. **[LEFT]** Mule deer abound in Coconino National Forest. **[OPPOSITE PAGE]** Fall's saffron-colored foliage brightens aspen trees sandwiched between imposing boulders and limestone cliffs near Sandys Canyon Trail.



LOCATION: 8 miles south of Flagstaff.

GETTING THERE: The Sandys Canyon Trail begins at Canyon Vista Campground off Lake Mary Road (Forest Service Road 3). Turn into the campground, go past it

and park in the designated day-use lot. **ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:** Coconino National Forest, Mormon Lake Ranger District, (928) 774-1147.



KEVIN KIBSEY

THE HARVEST MOON WAS expected to rise that night. A few weeks before, I had seen Orion already up in the eastern sky. And although I could not actually feel the Earth tilting away from the sun, I could sense the shortening days and changing light. I'd already stacked firewood, cleaned gutters and harvested heads of sunflowers from the garden. It was fall, time to go down into Sandys Canyon in the Coconino National Forest just south of Flagstaff.

The Sandys Canyon Trail hike is a 3-mile round-trip that stays on level ground for the first half-mile, passing big yellow-bellied ponderosa pine trees with spiraled lightning scars. They shed their leaves this time of year, sending down a rain of brown needles with each gust of wind. Steller's jays, blue as the sky, flashed through the tree branches.

The trail skirts a massive tumble of car-sized basalt boulders, then swings around the head of Sandys Canyon and steps down into it, away from the thrum of the vehicles out on the road. This small, intimate side drainage is lined with wine-red sumac, burnt orange rosehips and a pocket of golden aspen trees, shining like a beacon.

At the bottom, the trail enters Walnut

Creek. Walnut Canyon National Monument lies a few miles downstream, known for its small pueblo dwellings built into limestone ledges. The early inhabitants of these homes

were called the Sinagua, who lived here a thousand years ago. The name Sinagua, meaning "without water," says it all.

On the day of this hike, there was not a soul around. The sound that kept me company was the castanets of grasshoppers popping up out of the platinum grasses. A few butterflies dipped into purple asters and goldenrods, sipping drops of sweetness from those last snatches of summer. A turkey vulture teetered on an updraft, and Abert squirrels nibbled pinecones to nubbins.

In the north country of Arizona, autumn is precarious and unpredictable, a time of movement and change. Hawks migrate, bears search for dens and people scurry to get in one more outdoor excursion before winter arrives.

The clouds and sun came and went that day, and I was glad I had stuffed my windbreaker into my pack at the last moment, just in case. In a mile and a half, the Sandys Canyon Trail officially ended where it meets the Arizona Trail, the 790-mile route that will eventually stitch the state together from south to north. The Arizona Trail drops in from Marshall Lake along peach-colored sandstone cliffs. I proceeded down the canyon, through an open stretch flanked by ponderosa pines and silvered with grama grasses. After another half-mile or so, the trail entered a big meadow. Off to my right at the base of a high cliff is a cave.

Ahead was a sign that indicated 1.1 miles to Fisher Point. To reach Fisher Point, follow the Arizona Trail as it switchbacks up the side canyon and out onto the point, with splendid views back down that cliff into Walnut Canyon.

The day was getting on, and I chose not to extend my hike. As I retraced my 2-mile route, my legs began to feel the strain. But on this gentle, serene trail my mind could ramble. I thought about what it would have been like for a Sinaguan woman, walking this same path in yucca sandals at this time of year. Surely she would have been even more keenly aware of the shortening days, worrying about how cold the coming winter might be, how much firewood she would need to gather, where she would get water and what her family would have to eat through the long lean months ahead. **AH**

