

Discover a Botanical Paradise at Sycamore Canyon

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

arizonahighways.com MARCH 2005

**Wild
flowers**
Spring into Action

On the Lookout for
JAGUARS

**EVOLUTION
OF KACHINAS**
Old Styles and New

**THE ORME
SCHOOL**
Fine Education
With Cowboy Flair

A Festival of Critters
**IN YUMA'S
DESERTS**

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The Land Awakens in Springtime Color

Give the fields and mountains a little rain, at the right time, and the dry, dormant wildflower seeds erupt in splendid color.

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This institution's ranch-style educational approach, begun in 1929, combines hard physical work with quality college preparation.

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RECREATION

Sycamore Canyon, a Special Oasis

Just west of Nogales, this lush and biologically diverse "botanical garden" has an extraordinary range of plants and animals for visitors to enjoy and protect.

[THIS PAGE] Mexican goldpoppies celebrate the spring season before an azure sky in Tonto National Forest. See portfolio, page 20. [FRONT COVER] Snow-capped Four Peaks forms the backdrop for a hillside covered with a springtime display of lupines and Mexican goldpoppies. BOTH BY ROBERT G. McDONALD To order a print of this photograph, see page 1. [BACK COVER] Wildflowers, including Mexican goldpoppies, Coulter's lupines, common phacelia and narrow-leaved popcorn flowers, carpet a corner of a mountain meadow in Tonto National Forest. LAURENCE PARENT

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HUMOR BY GENE PERRET

Appearing on television makes our author realize that despite advances in technology the camera still lies.

ONLINE EXTRA

Zebina Streeter, Apache Sympathizer
In the 1870s and '80s, a white man crossed cultural and color barriers to join the Indians as a warrior.

WEEKEND GETAWAY

Private Birding Spots
In southeast Arizona, several privately owned properties are prime territory to watch birds.

EXPERIENCE ARIZONA

A listing of major events in the state is available online.

{ arizona highways on television }

Watch for the weekly half-hour television show inspired by *Arizona Highways* magazine. Independently produced, the show airs at 6:30 P.M. Saturdays in Phoenix (Channel 12) and Flagstaff (Channel 2) and at 4:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays in Tucson (Channel 9). A Spanish version airs at 5 P.M. Saturdays in Phoenix (Channel 33). Popular TV news anchor Robin Sewell hosts the show.

Photographic Prints Available

Each month, prints of some photographs from *Arizona Highways* will be offered for sale. The selected photos will be designated in the picture captions and will be available in two formats:
Poster Prints: On heavy premium paper stock, these 22 by 28-inch posters feature the magazine's logo in the border. Suitable for framing. \$29.95.
Special Edition Prints: Premium images printed on photographic paper come matted, ready to frame. About 11 by 14 inches, matted to 16 by 20. \$79.95
 To order prints by phone, call toll-free (866) 962-1191. (For other magazine related business: In Phoenix or outside the U.S., call (602) 712-2000, or call toll-free (800) 543-5432.)

80TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Watch for the expanded April issue of *Arizona Highways*, which celebrates our 80th anniversary. In it you'll find a memorable portfolio, one you won't want to miss. Plus you'll have a chance to test your knowledge of Arizona and win a variety of valuable prizes, including a Colorado River raft trip and stays at dude ranches.

Satisfying Cider

My husband I recently returned from a trip on Interstate 10 across Arizona and New Mexico to Texas and back. We had read an article in the June 2004 "Taking the Off-ramp" in *Arizona Highways* about Stout's Cider Mill ("Stout's, That Apple Place") in Willcox, and decided to stop there.

It was a hot day, and it was nice and cool in the store as we looked around at all the apple products, especially the huge apple pies. We finally decided to buy their fresh apple cider after watching through a window as they squeezed the apples into juice.

After the cashier gave us a sample of their cider, it was so good that we bought a gallon and drank most of it on our way.

Ed and Mary Lou Hayes, Lake Havasu City

Hawaii Wannabe

I want to let you know that *Arizona Highways* spends too much time writing about swamps, birds and waterfalls. What made your magazine great was focusing on the unique aspects of Arizona—cowboys, cacti, Western lore, etc. Forget trying to be Hawaii—Arizona is rocks and desert with gunfights at the saloon.

Sandra Pelosi, Laughlin, NV
You will love our upcoming May issue. It's chock-full of rocks of the most interesting and photogenic kind.

Thoughts on the Arizona Trail

I very seriously considered canceling my subscription after reading "Walking the Arizona Trail" (October '04). I slept on it and decided one article wasn't worth it.

I disliked author Lawrence W. Cheek's numerous deviations from his hiking experience on the trail to insert his philosophical and political editorial paragraphs. He's talking about the trail, does a three-paragraph deviation into unrelated topics (the hunter, the overpopulation problem and how long it will take Phoenix to "engulf the state"), then goes right back to the trail as if nothing happened.

Jon Keller, Burnsville, MN

Having subscribed to *Arizona Highways* for many

years coupled with having many things that fill my time, I often only glance at the fabulous pictures and read the captions. Yet something made me hesitate and start to read Lawrence W. Cheek's account "Walking the Arizona Trail" in the October 2004 issue.

After only two paragraphs, I was hooked on reading the entire article. It really didn't matter that he was writing about one of the most diverse and loved states that I've visited; it was his style of prose laced with wit, soul and environmental consciousness that compelled me to read it all. It was like savoring candy.

Carol Watson, Bozrah, CT

Flowery Prose

I've read of other typos, but this is my first find. In the October 2004 issue, on page 42 in the "Back Road Adventure" article "Mount Ord Once Concealed Outlaws and Hosted Indian Battles" was a reference noting that agave seeds "were ground into flower."

Must have been some kind of Indian alchemy, which your "spell-Czech" didn't catch.

I really love your magazine and have been reading it for at least 30 years. Keep up the good work.

Emilie Krobath, Beltsville, MD

Thanks for the good catch. In this case, our copy editors must have been distracted by the blooming countryside.

From the Real Outback

As an avid Australian reader of your magazine, I must admit that I was somewhat bemused by the use of the term "outback" to describe areas of Arizona. I have traveled both to your wonderful state and to Australia's outback on several occasions.

While areas of Arizona may be relatively isolated, they do not compare to the isolation of the true outback of Australia, where there are no highways, roads are predominantly unpaved, and the next town is a day's travel away by car.

I would agree with J.H. Amsbury ("Letters & E-mail," August '04), there is no outback in America. There are many words to describe your magnificent state, but outback isn't one of them. Nevertheless, I was pleased to see that our idiom was creeping into your language rather than the usual other way around.

Ian Zegenhagen, Melbourne, Australia

Bird Watch

I'm sure mine won't be the only note pointing it out, but the bird on page 48 of the October 2004 issue is a gray jay, not a Clark's nutcracker.

Kit Struthers, Idaho Falls, ID

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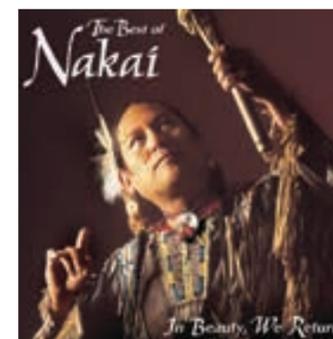
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An Expression in Flute Music

In celebration of 20 years of bringing Indian flute music to the world, R. Carlos Nakai has released *In Beauty, We Return*, a best-of album featuring tracks from 13 of Nakai's previous releases.

The recipient of several Grammy nominations in New Age and traditional folk music, *In Beauty, We Return* showcases Nakai by himself and with other



ethnic artists, such as Nawang Khechog & Wind Travelin' Band. In addition, Nakai performs a jazz sample of his work and collaboration with award-winning flutist Paul Horn and guitarist William Eaton.

Information: toll-free (800) 268-1141; www.canyonrecords.com.



Tucson's Historic Stone Avenue Temple

The small building south of downtown Tucson may hardly seem worth the time of a tour. Outside, the plaster over brick front lacks flair while inside the old wooden floors squeak. However, the Historic Stone Avenue Temple holds a proud place both in the history of Tucson and the Arizona Territory.

Jewish settlers arrived in Tucson in the 1850s and went on to become an important part of the public and political life of the Territory. For more than 60 years, they practiced their faith in private homes. Then,

in 1910, they built Temple Emanu-El, at 564 S. Stone Ave., the first synagogue in the Arizona Territory. It was used until 1949; the present Temple Emanu-El is located at 225 N. Country Club Road in Tucson.

Docents now lead tours discussing the history, architecture and the restoration of the structure. No longer an active synagogue, the Historic Stone Avenue Temple continues to serve the community, as a venue.

Tours and information: (520) 670-9073.

ADOPT A TORTOISE

If slow and steady is your style, the Wildlife Center at Adobe Mountain has the perfect pet for you. The center is always searching for custodians interested in adopting a desert tortoise. Although it is illegal to remove the creatures from their natural habitat, many of them end up in captivity. Once removed, they can't be released back into the desert. The displaced tortoises need caretakers who will let them amble about in habitat at their leisure.

One word of warning: Adopting a desert tortoise is a long-term commitment—as much as 100 years

Information: (623) 582-9806.



THIS MONTH IN ARIZONA

1859
Tucson begins to look more like a community, with a total of five whitewashed houses.

Apache Indians fill the road at Apache Pass with stones and threaten to close it altogether unless the government gives them more beef and flour in exchange for the use of their land.

1872
Beleaguered residents of Arizona beg Congress to persuade Mexico to extradite its accused robbers and murderers in the Territory.

1916
A miner working in the Pioneer Mine dies after striking an old, misfired blasting cap with his pick, causing it to explode.

More than a hundred onlookers attend the dedication of the Topock Bridge, spanning the Colorado River at Topock.

1930
The world learns that amateur astronomer Clyde Tombaugh has discovered the planet Pluto at Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: CANYON RECORDS; ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY; TUCSON; PAUL AND JOYCE BERQUIST



Opposite Forces of Nature

"In Arizona nature allures with her gorgeous color and then repels with the cruelty of her formations, waterless, barren and desolate."

— Frederic Remington, artist (1861–1909)



Up With the Birders

You go to a lovely patch of desert, listen to a lecture about birds. Then, in small, quiet groups, you make an unrushed walk down desert paths. Just the kind of tour you might expect from the gentle people called "birders."

At 7:30 A.M. on the third Saturday of every month, the Tucson Audubon Society offers special morning programs at the Mason Audubon Center at 8751 N.

Thornsdale Road. There, 22 acres of saguaros and ironwoods stand protected from the surrounding urban growth. The land, a true preserve, isn't gussied up for visitors. When a cactus falls, it stays on the ground, decaying in the natural recycling process.

They don't talk only about birds here. They also talk about butterflies, plants and wildlife. Volunteer naturalists lead the tours. They require reservations to keep those tours small, but they don't

charge a fee. Nice people, those birders.

If you do prefer a little more action and shoulder-rubbing, the doors open to one and all on the afternoon of March 5 for the center's annual Ironwood Festival, which celebrates the wonders of the Sonoran Desert with live animal presentations, interpretive activities, trail walks and lots of great food. Ironwood Festival admission: \$5, adults; free, children 15 and under. Information: (520) 744-0004.

Calle de Matador

A downtown Tucson street named after a bullfighter? It's true. The block-long Carlos Arruza Street, located behind the Tucson Convention Center, got its name in 1972, after the Tucson Festival Society hosted the premiere Arizona screening of *Arruza*, director Budd Boetticher's film biography of Mexico's greatest matador.

Carlos Arruza (below) became a full-fledged *matador de toros* (an earned bullfighter's title) in 1940 and was a star from that moment on.

Boetticher, no stranger to Old Tucson's movie-set streets, directed numerous Hollywood Westerns. But



bullfighting was his passion.

The Arruza film, narrated by Anthony Quinn, was a labor of love, and of tragedy. While driving on a rain-slicked highway from Mexico City on May 20, 1966, shortly after the film was completed, Arruza and several key members of Boetticher's crew were killed in a road accident. Arruza was 46.



Fireflies Shed Some Light on Arizona, Too

Most Midwesterners and Southerners have memories of midsummer evenings when fireflies flickered a magical display in meadows and lawns.

The fireflies' abdomens glow from a chemical reaction that occurs in their light organs, producing a heatless light called bioluminescence. Using light signals, fireflies attract mates.

Anomalous groups of these insects—which are beetles, also known as lightning bugs—have appeared in isolated places in Arizona. "They're a serendipitous novelty in Arizona," said Owen Martin, recreation manager for the Apache-Sitgreaves National

Forests, Clifton Ranger District.

Martin has seen lightning bugs along lower Eagle Creek in east-central Arizona and reports others have seen them along the lower Blue River in eastern Arizona. He doesn't know why the fireflies take to these spots, but he said his experience produced a special moment for him and his fellow campers.

"I had my work face on," Martin recalled, "but when I saw the fireflies, I started to reminisce about my childhood experiences of seeing them back home."

Nedra Solomon, owner and founder of Glendale's Katydid Insect Museum, said people have reported seeing fireflies in areas around Flagstaff, as well.



Question of the Month

What did Old West saloons serve besides whiskey?

Typically, the staples of a Western diet — beans, biscuits, bacon and beef — were proffered.

However, as prospectors discovered gold, saloons began to accommodate their clients' desires for richer fare. On special days, a menu in Tombstone was known to feature suckling pig with jelly, oysters or Columbia River salmon.

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Scottsdale 6 Drive-In

Last Picture Shows for Car People

With its near-perfect weather and really dark nights, Arizona was a natural for outdoor cinemas, a.k.a. drive-in theaters. During the late 1950s, the heyday years, it had 49.

Only four drive-ins survive, and there have been some changes. Multiple screens now show first-run features. Gone are the speakers that customers would invariably forget to remove, then drive away to the sound of shattered side windows. FM car radios or FM portable radios now receive the sound nicely, thank you. Tucson's sole drive-in is the De

Anza on South Alvernon Way. It opened March 13, 1951, making it the state's oldest drive-in still in business. It has four screens.

The Glendale 9 Drive-In in Glendale has nine individual screens. The Scottsdale 6 Drive-In has six. The Apache Drive-In in Globe is Arizona's only solo-screen drive-in, and its smallest (400-car capacity).

Information: De Anza, (520) 745-2240; Glendale 9 Drive-In, (623) 939-9715; Scottsdale 6 Drive-In, (480) 949-9451; Apache Drive-In, (928) 425-4511.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: LINDA LONGMIRE, RANDY PRENTICE, JIM MARSHALL

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: TUCSON CITIZEN FILE PHOTO; JIM LLOYD, UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA; LINDA LONGMIRE (2)

LIFE IN ARIZONA 1 9 2 1

THE DRUNKEN RABBIT THAT TERRORIZED BISBEE

A drunken rabbit terrorized Bisbee in 1921. A newspaper reported a local resident's complaint that the rabbit had eaten some grape mash that an illegal home-brewer had thrown away:

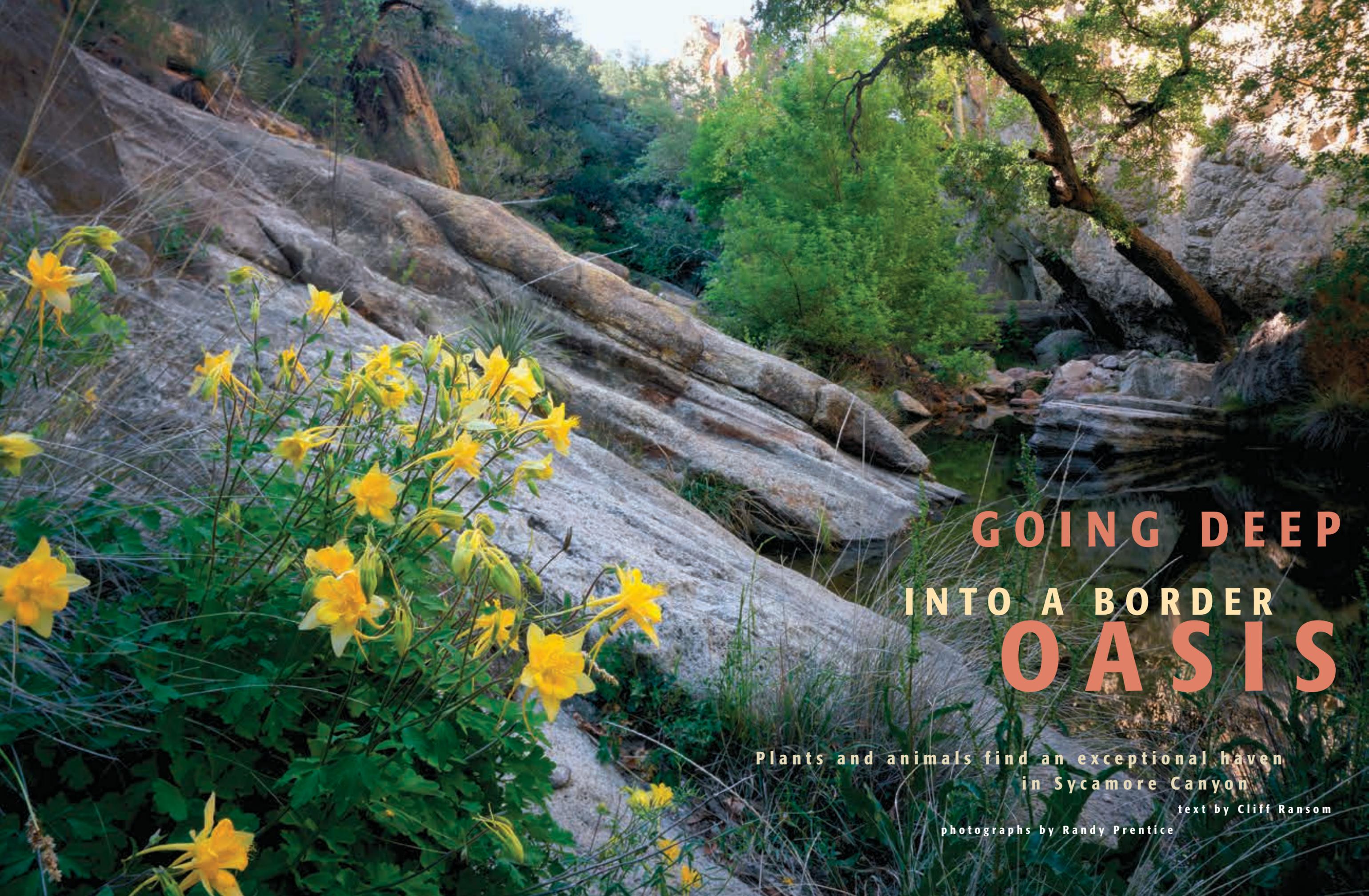
"This morning I heard him [Mr. Bunny] milling around my garden and went out to chase him away. Ordinarily he runs as soon as I open the door,

but this morning that darned rabbit crouched down, laid back his ears and growled at me. I



gave my dog orders to chew him up, but Fido changed his mind after the rabbit chased him all over the yard.

"That grape mash must have had an awful kick, for bunny has kept us all in the house all day. I'm afraid to even open the door, for every time I even look out the window that soused rabbit rushes up to the house and almost knocks it down."



GOING DEEP
INTO A BORDER
OASIS

Plants and animals find an exceptional haven
in Sycamore Canyon

text by Cliff Ransom

photographs by Randy Prentice

SEARCH AS HARD AS YOU CAN AND YOU STILL WON'T FIND AN UGLY OASIS.

Where grass and water rise from desert hardpan, the earth sighs with cool, green relief. Calm permeates everything, from the slow-flowing water to the slow-swaying trees to your slow-moving feet as you hike down the trail.

Across Arizona there are 20 or so idyllic oases that carry the name Sycamore Canyon. Though each one is beautiful and each unique, the Sycamore Canyon just west of Nogales is in a class of its own.

Right on the U.S.-Mexico border, about 75 miles southwest of Tucson, Sycamore ranks as one of the most biologically diverse spots in the United States, a place where plants and animals mingle in numbers more like the rich forests of the southern Appalachians than those of southern Arizona.

And the scenery's not bad either. Soaring rock walls hem in isolated pools. Sunlight filters through thick, leafy trees. In Sycamore Canyon, it's easy to believe that you're the last person on Earth. At least, that's what I had in mind when my friend Shana and I planned to spend three days of glorious isolation hiking 12 miles to the border with Mexico and back.

About half a day in from the Ruby Road trailhead, things were going fine. The hiking in the canyon was easy, the scenery was spectacular and the isolation we'd sought was more than I imagined. Then I heard a voice.

He must have been watching us for a while but didn't pipe up until we got close. "You cannot pass," sounded a voice, echoing off the stone like some command out of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. My head snapped up, and I shifted under my backpack. A man with slightly graying shoulder-length hair perched on a rock with his back to a tremendous cliff. The rock arched over his head like it was about to collapse.

"The canyon, it comes like this," he said, and held his hands closely together to indicate a tight squeeze. "And the water, like this," pointing high upon his neck, signifying deep water. He spoke with a French accent, which was strange some 5 miles from Mexico, but no matter. "The only way through, I think, is to swim."

Normally, water is Sycamore's greatest asset, and springtime, when the bloom is in full swing and the creek runs strong, makes the best time to visit. In March 2004, however, spring had sprung more than usual.

All around us, scores of small waterfalls gurgled and hiccuped while big, hulking sycamore, ash, willow and oak trees erupted with fresh-sprouted greenery. Frogs leaped into eddies, and the ground sang with a very undesertlike *squish*.

But while a dip on any other 80-degree day would be welcome, a swim bearing 40 pounds of camping gear was not something I'd planned. For months, Shana, an aspiring herbalist, and I, a recovering biologist, had studied old scientific papers and collected flora and fauna lists to prepare for our trip. Now, according to an out-of-place Frenchman, the deal was off. Shana looked at me, unnerved.

"Well, what do we do now?" she asked. Good question. I had no idea.

"Oh, it'll be fine," I said quickly so the Frenchman wouldn't understand. Then I looked up. From around the bend, a group of hikers

approached, the look of the defeated smeared across their faces.

"We are the only ones in this canyon," the Frenchman said, motioning to his compatriots. "If you pass that section, the narrow one, you are alone." Then he followed grimly, "But this, I think, it is impossible."

Acknowledging that our three-day hike may have been reduced to a morning's stroll, Shana and I bid the Frenchman adieu, determined to negotiate the slot pools about a quarter-mile down. Maybe the water was too high, and maybe there was no way around, but if by chance there was, we stood to be utterly alone in one of Arizona's most spectacular canyons.

TURNS OUT, THE FRENCHMAN WAS FULL OF IT. We found slot pools, and they were filled neck-deep with slow-moving water. But with some delicate scrambling over polished rock, Shana and

I were left standing on a beach next to a clear pool created by the flow of a steadfast creek. Schools of tiny fish, rare Sonoran chub, glittered underneath the surface. In the distance, a tree creaked and a barely audible breeze whispered overhead.

For all his foolish authority, the Frenchman had been right about one thing: We were very, very alone. Without hesitation, I tore off my clothes and made fast for the water. As I splashed and gasped, Shana opted to climb a nearby rock. Watching my antics was a lot more entertaining than getting wet.

After about half an hour, we saddled our packs and continued toward the border, picking our way between walls barely 50 feet apart. There are no maintained trails in Sycamore, just a network of braided, and at times indecipherable, footpaths. The going is slow, but that's fine. Any faster and I might have missed the clumps of dried oak leaves dancing across still water, or the barely distinguishable prints of a rabbit stamped at the water's edge.

About 3 miles into the canyon, Shana and I slowed our pace even more. A few weeks earlier, an archaeologist for Coronado National Forest, Bill Gillespie, had described to me a set of about 20 pictographs, probably Hohokam or Trincheras, painted near the entrance to Peñasco Canyon. He was pretty vague about their location, so we looked under overhangs and peered into small caves, imagining our own art as we went—clouds and clowns and hunters and arrows.

Since the desert has been the desert, Sycamore Canyon, with its cool, clean flow has been a hotbed of human activity. The rock-art painters came and went intermittently from approximately A.D. 500-1300, leaving behind grinding holes, metate shards and



... we saddled our packs and continued toward the border, picking our way between walls barely 50 feet apart. **There are no maintained trails in Sycamore,** just a network of braided, and at times indecipherable, footpaths. The going is slow, but that's fine.

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 6 AND 7] Yellow columbines decorate an isolated, tranquil pool within the soaring rock walls of Sycamore Canyon in the Pajarita Wilderness west of Nogales.

[ABOVE] Despite its inhospitable perch on a rocky slope, a claret cup cactus blooms with a flourish of crimson flowers.

[RIGHT] An oak and sycamore forest surrounds a shallow pool in a hidden corner of Sycamore Canyon.





some very well-hidden pictographs (we never did find any).

Soon after, the local O'odham Indians used Sycamore as a well-watered passage through the surrounding Pajarito Mountains. They probably passed the route along to Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, the pioneering missionary of southern Arizona and Sonora, Mexico, on his way to found the San Jose de Tumacacori Mission in the late 1600s. Not one century later, the famed captain of the Presidio San Ignacio de Tubac, Juan Bautista de Anza, is thought to have visited the canyon repeatedly in his campaign to subdue the Apache Indians. Today, Sycamore sees a lot less action, but still has a steady flow of birders, botanists and hikers—some legal, and as with the occasional border jumper, some not.

Just before sundown, Shana and I found a juniper-covered berm that promised flatter sleeping quarters than the creek bed. The spot, set above a dogleg in the creek, had seen visitors before, or so we guessed from the well-used fire ring. We set up the tent in a quiet, businesslike manner, had some split-pea soup and tortillas, and then retired.

Any experienced camper is used to things that go bump in the night. But a repeated bump followed by a loud tear is a little jarring. Something had found the food bag hanging in a tree. I growled as only a man waked from a peaceful night's sleep can do, and popped my head out of the tent. I couldn't see a thing. A bright half-moon filled the sliver of sky above and blinded me like daylight. An owl hooted nearby and a quiet cool hung in the air. In the distance, a set of paws fled over dry leaves.

The next morning, a gaggle of vocal Mexican jays settled nearby, and hovering hummingbirds kept mistaking the tent for a flower. There was no sleeping in, so I went to check on our night visitor. The food was intact, thankfully, but underneath the hanging bag was a multitude of determined looking prints. It was a coati, and a crafty one; and it wasn't our only guest. All around camp there were signs. A troop of javelinas had passed through at some point, along with a white-tailed deer. There were many small tracks I couldn't identify and one rather large one I hoped was my own boot. It seemed the diversity I'd come looking for had found me first.

THE SECRET TO SYCAMORE CANYON'S EXTRAORDINARY range of plants and animals is its location. Set at the confluence of the Rocky Mountains, the Sierra Madre and the Sonoran Desert, the canyon contains three bioregions' worth of flora and fauna, all drawn to this perennial watercourse—a true southern Arizona rarity. Alligator juniper trees covered in subtropical ball moss shade stands of columbines. Elegant trogons from Mexico hold court with highly prized locals like the rose throated becard. In Sycamore, there are plants that are uncommon, endangered or quite possibly grow nowhere else on Earth.

To my untrained eye, the variety is a jumble. But to one man,



In Sycamore, there are plants that are uncommon, endangered or **quite possibly grow nowhere else on Earth.**

[LEFT] Greenery traces Sycamore Creek's path through the rugged landscape of its namesake canyon.

[ABOVE] Brilliant rainbow cactus flowers provide an incongruous splash of color near Yanks Spring.



Sycamore's greatest champion, it was worth saving. The man's name was Leslie Goodding, and he was one of the most prolific plant collectors in the West.

Though not a trained botanist, Goodding gathered some 50,000 plant samples in his day, most of which are now housed in the University of Arizona Herbarium. He has 10 different plants named after him, and he named about 30 more. Goodding's favorite place was Sycamore Canyon.

As a field scientist from the late 1800s to the mid-1940s, Goodding was witness to the sometimes-brutal transformation of the West in the name of ranching and mining. He was adamant not to let the same happen to Sycamore. Goodding wrote journal articles and gave lectures on what he called a "Hidden Botanical Garden."

"Any time he had a chance to talk to a Forest Service official, or anyone really, he would tell them about Sycamore," his daughter, Charlotte Reeder, a scientist with the University of Arizona Herbarium, told me. "He was very anxious to have something happen before the cattle came in."

Thank goodness he did. In 1970, three years after Goodding's death, a large part of the canyon was designated the Goodding Research Natural Area and granted protection similar to federal wilderness. A wire fence was strung up to keep out the cattle and a big GRNA sign was hung.

The sign is gone now ("With two o's and two d's, that's too good a target," Charlotte noted) and the canyon is doubly protected within the Pajarita Wilderness, but I still hand it to Goodding. "Preservation is preferable to restoration," he once wrote about Sycamore. Thanks to him, it's still possible to marvel in the same primeval wonder those pictograph painters felt so long ago.

Shana and I felt that wonder as we began our hike to the border later that morning. South of camp, the canyon wound in endless S-turns, and the hike, already rough, became rougher. All semblance of trails disappeared, and the water ducked below ground.

At about canyon mile 5, the tight passage flattened into a wide, sandy wash. Around us handfuls of rolling mountains replaced rocky headwalls and ahead stood the looming lump of Flat Top Mountain—the end of the line. Though the hike had been basically flat, we'd lost enough altitude to justify the appearance of saguaros on the hilltops and to explain the mesquite trees in place of live oaks. Mexico was just a few steps away.

The international border is one of those funny things that's harder to see the closer you get. From a distance, it seems as impenetrable as the Berlin Wall. Get a little closer, Phoenix maybe, and there's still a boundary, but you begin to sense the holes. At the base of Sycamore,

[LEFT] The faint glow of sunrise reflects on the rocky walls above a still pool in Sycamore Canyon.

[ABOVE] A multitrunked sycamore tree frames a view of one of the canyon's unnamed peaks against a perfect clear blue sky.



Right above the wash stands one of those huge three-trunked sycamores growing out of a common base about the size of a Volkswagen van. **Two of its trunks are decidedly in the United States, but the other, strung as a makeshift post, is overwhelmingly in Mexico. Same tree, two nations.**

about canyon mile 6, a four-string fence marks the international border. When Shana and I arrive, I drop to my knees and roll under it.

Mexico looks pretty much the same. There are more cattle tracks; someone has set up a fire ring on their side of the line. Besides that, there's no difference at all. I look at the fence. Right above the wash stands one of those huge three-trunked sycamores growing out of a common base about the size of a Volkswagen van. It's an old one, here well before the wire. Two of its trunks are decidedly in the United States, but the other, strung as a makeshift post, is overwhelmingly in Mexico. Same tree, two nations.

I ROLL BACK UNDER THE FENCE to my own country and look at Shana like I've been somewhere. A French accent rolls off my tongue as I assure her with as much pomp as I can muster, "It is, I think, impossible" that we'll make it back to

camp before dark. We'd better get moving. Shana smiles and points across the line: I left my water bottle in Mexico. **HH**

Cliff Ransom is an associate editor at National Geographic Adventure magazine. Though based in New York, he has many relatives in Tucson and spends "as much time there as humanly possible" making forays into the borderlands to the south.

Randy Prentice of Tucson says the next time he camps in Sycamore Canyon, he will bring a camera flash to document the ringtail cat that pillaged his gear all night long.



LOCATION: About 75 miles southwest of Tucson.
GETTING THERE: From Tucson, take Interstate 19 south 56 miles to Exit 12 (Ruby Road). Go west on State Route 289 (Ruby Road) 9 miles and turn left onto Forest Service Road 39. Continue on unpaved FR 39 for 8.5 miles to Forest Service Road 218 (Sycamore Canyon Road), heading south to the trailhead.

WEATHER: The area is accessible year-round. Depending on season, come prepared for extreme high and low temperatures. Monsoon season can be dangerous due to flash flooding.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: No permits required. Camping is allowed only outside Goodding Research Natural Area. Water is accessible from the creek but should be filtered.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Coronado National Forest, Nogales Ranger District, (520) 281-2296, www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado/nrd/nogo.htm.

HONORING
THE HOPI

KACHINAS

NEW STYLES
AND TALENT
HAVE EMERGED,
BUT TRADITIONAL
CARVING REMAINS
IN DEMAND



Young contemporary Hopi artists often use traditional styles as starting points for their more elaborate kachinas, which may feature highly detailed carving and dramatic poses, like these pieces by Alfred "Bo" Lomahquahu (right) and Aaron J. Fredericks (opposite page).

THE CLASH AND TUMBLE of modern life follows a slow path to the Hopi Indian Reservation, if it gets there at all. The high mesas of northeastern Arizona remain largely as they were 50 years ago, or 150—silently, hopelessly and blissfully lost to time.

But that doesn't mean the Hopis are changeless, especially in endeavors involving contact with the wider world. That's true in the remarkable kachina carvings Hopi artisans produce.

Today, the market bristles with talent and a powerful energy, which—inevitably and happily—is taking this venerable art form in different directions.

On the one hand, carvers are producing ever-more elaborate kachinas, marked by action, motion and finely detailed renderings of such attributes as fingernails and flowing hair.

"The detail work has really taken off the past two years," says Ron McGee, of McGee's Indian Art Gallery in Keams Canyon. "Carvers are putting more figures on the bases of their kachinas, almost to where they're telling a story. Collectors want those extra touches."

In other words, artists hear customers' desires and satisfy them.

But the market has also seen a strong revival of traditional kachinas. These dolls are often flat, simple, minimally carved, painted in muted colors and decorated with feathers, cloth and shells. They also have no bases or stands, so the bottoms consist only of the kachina's feet.

Walk into any Hopi house and you'll see these

TEXT BY LEO W. BANKS PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MARSHALL

kachinas hanging on walls, as opposed to standing on a base on a shelf. The latter is for collectors to display their dolls. But to the Hopis, their primary purpose is to be handled during Katsina dances.

As Hopi author Alph Secakuku says in his book, *Following the Sun and Moon: Hopi Kachina Tradition*, kachina dolls aren't simple carvings or brightly colored objects.

They're important figures in the Hopi way, the personifications of the Katsina spirits. These benevolent beings guide the people in every aspect of their lives, from providing plentiful game to helping grow corn.

They live among the people during the ceremonial season, from December through July, when Katsina dancers, manifestations of the spirits, dance in the village plazas, presenting dolls to girls as gifts. The dolls help educate young females about the Katsinam and their meaning in Hopi life.

Traditionalist carvers—most of them young and following the lead of Manfred Susunkewa, who sparked the old-style revival—believe that collectors' tastes have pulled kachina dolls too far from their original meaning. In response, they create dolls that look exactly as Katsinam look in the plazas. Some even carve from cottonwood root that has knots in it, so it looks old to begin with, then they rub it with sandstone to achieve a rougher feel.

"We probably sell the old-style dolls five to

one now," says Bruce McGee, Ron's brother and director of retail sales at the Heard Museum Shop and Bookstore in Phoenix. "They look like they're from the turn of the century and have a real mystique about them."

Whatever the style, the artisan's work begins with cottonwood root, and these days acquiring this lightweight, soft wood can be difficult and expensive.

A single 2-foot-long piece can easily cost \$30. One carver talked of paying \$300 for a high-quality log measuring 4 feet long and 6 inches in diameter.

Wood merchants scour riverbanks in Arizona, Colorado and elsewhere hunting for it, then they peddle it in the Hopi villages, their pickups loaded down, often tilting from the high stacks they bear.

Several carvers get their wood from a retired Colorado school principal who trucks it to Hopi markets, or to one of the big shows, such as Santa Fe's Indian Market. "He won't take money for his wood," says carver Alfred "Bo" Lomahquahu. "He only takes dolls in trade. I give him a foot-tall doll and he gives me a truckload."

Getting the right wood is essential. Paul Sewemaenewa, a 34-year-old from Flagstaff, looks for what carvers





JOHN WAYNE

Treasured His Kachinas

Actor John Wayne loved Arizona and he loved dolls. While making movies in the state, he often traveled to the Hopi mesas to acquire kachina dolls, eventually building a collection of 64 pieces.

Prior to his death in 1979, he arranged to donate the dolls to the National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum in Oklahoma City, which periodically places some of them on display.

"My father spent a lot of time looking at those dolls and took pride in them," says John Ethan Wayne of Wayne Enterprises in Newport Beach, California. He is the Duke's youngest son. "He wanted to make sure they'd be someplace where other people could look at them, too."

In a reminiscence published in 1982 in *Persimmon Hill*, the cowboy museum's magazine, the late writer Dean Krakel told of visiting the elder Wayne at his Newport Beach home to talk about his kachinas.

The actor said he always associated his dolls with his breakout 1938 picture *Stagecoach*, directed by John Ford and filmed in Monument Valley. The kachinas made him think of Navajo country, Hopi country and the real West he loved so much.

The dolls, most collected during the 1930s, '40s and '50s, also brought back fond memories of actors he'd starred with and his film crews, some of whom became his closest friends.

It might come as a surprise to learn that a tough-guy actor had such an abiding interest in these carved works of art. But the real John Wayne wasn't all saddle leather and gunsmoke.

"My dad read everything he could get his hands on, especially if it had to do with history," says Ethan, who was named after Ethan Edwards, the character his father played in the 1956 Western, *The Searchers*. "He was voracious about it, and very curious."

Krakel noted that the actor's personal library included copies of Bureau of Ethnology reports featuring kachinas, and similar works by noted intellectuals like Jesse Walter Fewkes and Harold S. Colton, founder of the Museum of Northern Arizona.

Wayne's home, in Krakel's description, was "truly a museum, a fashion place, a cultural institution," full of art and historical antiques, especially those relating to horses.

"He was a discriminating collector," Krakel wrote. "Duke had a way of immersing himself in the lore and culture of a setting. He had the ability to not

only adjust to the environment but to absorb as much of a way of life as he could—not only for a movie role he might be playing, but forever."

Wayne understood Hopi philosophy, the Hopi people's faith in the supernatural and their belief that certain kachinas possessed powers human beings do not have.

"Hopis often prayed for rain through their kachinas' spiritual powers," Wayne told Krakel. "We pray for rain today in strange ways that are less colorful and less meaningful than that. They admitted openly that water, like the sun, was a source of life. Boil it down, and they are right."

Wayne always wore a copper bracelet. Though Ethan Wayne insists that his father wore the bracelet purely for its sentimental value, some say he believed it alleviated his arthritis pain and helped his sore joints. "In a way, this old bracelet is like a kachina," the elder Wayne was reported to have said. "It's all in your head and what you believe." He told stories about several of his kachinas, including the Mongwu, the Great Horned Owl. Wayne acquired it in exchange for some silver dollars on a trip to Third Mesa in the 1940s.

He told Krakel that the owl, being wise, monitored the conduct of Hopi clowns, hooting at them if they misbehaved. If a clown continued to act up, the owl would leap onto the clown, beat it with its wings, then douse the culprit with water.

"Our society could use a few of these old owl kachinas," Wayne said, adding that he also liked his Chusona, or Snake Dancer doll, a social figure rather than a true kachina.

"I've seen them do that very dance on the Second Mesa," he said. "Some people said the Indians had sewn the rattlesnake's mouth shut and milked their venom. Like hell they did. The rattlers I saw them hold had a full load of poison."

Wayne's Squash Kachina was another favorite. He acquired it after he and director John Ford sent a truckload of watermelons to a Hopi elder to thank him for permitting a film crew onto their land, and for allowing Hopis to fill in as extras after another group of Indians had suddenly left. In return, the



[ABOVE] John Wayne's collection included, among many others, the Squash or Patung Kachina, ca. 1950 (left); and the Jemez Kachina, ca. 1970.

headman gave the actor the Patung, or Squash Kachina.

Regarding his passion for art and antiques, Wayne regretted not having time to expand his collection, especially by acquiring Charles Russell oil paintings.

"I would loved to have owned [one] and hung it over my fireplace," he told Krakel. "The things I collected were usually convenient and easy to acquire and would not interfere with my work. One of my problems was that I always loved working."

But the kachinas occupied a prominent place in Duke's home. He kept them on a high, illuminated shelf that circled the perimeter of his large, combination den and screening room, where he also kept his trophies and gun collection.

"Sometimes he'd take one of the kachinas down and I'd get to hold it," remembers Ethan, who was only 17 when his father died. "But most of the time they stayed on that shelf because he didn't want me messing with them."—LWB

call "rocks" in the wood, swirls of white mineral matter that sometimes cause the knife to slip and grow dull, requiring frequent sharpening.

If a piece of wood passes the "rock" test, Sewemaenewa makes it his companion. He literally cradles it like an infant, waiting, as he puts it, "for the wood to tell me what it wants to be."

When he does that, when he's patient with the wood, he says, the finished piece comes out better. But it might take days.

"If I'm going to visit my mom," says Sewemaenewa, a bear of a man with deep-set black eyes, "I'll carry the wood to her house and she'll say, 'What's this wood doing in here? I'm going to trip over it.' I'll tell her, 'I'm just waiting for answers.'"

Lomahquahu, a U.S. Marine Corps veteran, considers his carvings part of himself, his family. "I think of my kachinas as like my children, and in that way they come alive," says the gregarious 40-year-old. "Also like my children, I'm proud of them."

Brothers Brian and Ronald Honyouti from Hotevilla brought a contemporary style of carving to wide popularity. Like them, Lomahquahu loves stretching the form. Rather than carve a kachina dancing, he'll depict it hunting, or even at home washing its hair. But he's careful to render each kachina accurately.

For example, he might carve the Owl Katsina or the Left-handed Katsina in a hunting scene. But the Long-haired Katsina, which represents the gentle rain, can only be shown as it appears in the villages, dancing and bringing gifts.

Lomahquahu creates finely carved pieces, some of which stand more than 2 feet tall and include multiple figures of kachinas and animals. He also does kachina sculptures that lack arms and legs and appear more abstract, the design mirroring the contours of the wood.

These might depict a Katsina figure, but Lomahquahu doesn't consider them true kachinas. An example is his Water Maiden. This sculpture uses the image of the Palhik Mana Katsina, which helps bring rain and a bountiful harvest, standing slightly more than 43 inches tall and depicting the maiden hovering over the ruins of a pueblo. She has cornstalks carved into the folds of her robes and the haunting faces of three kachinas staring out from the base of the piece.

Except for a few added items—earrings,

'I THINK OF MY KACHINAS AS LIKE MY CHILDREN, AND IN THAT WAY THEY COME ALIVE.'

—Alfred "Bo" Lomahquahu



[LEFT] Lomahquahu uses modern tools to coax his creations from a single piece of cottonwood root. [ABOVE] The root of the cottonwood tree plays an important role in authentic Hopi kachinas, and the wood from the finest pieces is highly valued. [BELOW] Lomahquahu's meticulous craftsmanship extends even to the detailed individual feathers on his Tutumsi Kachina.

feathers, pueblo ladders and others—he carved the entire work from a single piece of wood. And those added items are also carved.

"It's common now to see the whole kachina carved, even the feathers," says Steve Beiser of Puchteca, an Indian arts shop in downtown Flagstaff. "Thirty and 40 years ago, carvers used real feathers, but when it became illegal to use migratory bird feathers, they began carving them. Now the old-style revival has brought real feathers back, mostly turkey, pheasant and parrot."

Lomahquahu's Water Maiden took more than a month to complete, and sold for \$20,000 in August. Standard kachina doll prices begin as low as \$200. These ordinary dolls might take two days to complete. But higher-priced dolls begin at about \$4,000 and can range past \$20,000, according to Kent McManis of Tucson's Grey Dog Trading Co.

"There are a lot of carvers out there, but a limited number of really phenomenal ones," he says. "Everybody wants the great ones, so their prices have gone way up."

High prices and possible financial gain form a powerful incentive for young carvers to enter prestigious shows and begin to build their reputations. But old ways persist.

Some artisans, even talented ones like



35-year-old Derrick Hayah, find greater contentment working quietly in their villages, often with friends. That's an old reservation tradition—carvers gathering in remote shacks to work together. Hopis consider the act of carving ceremonial, sacred and social. Hayah enjoys the company of friends from Polacca, his First Mesa village, as he carves.

"We all grew up together and we still hang together," says Hayah. "It makes it feel like you're not working. Sometimes

[LEFT] Carved using only a pocketknife, Kevin Sekakuku's miniature kachinas display extraordinary detail. [BELOW] Sekakuku's Hopi Harvest dominates his Phoenix apartment's cluttered workspace.



we barbecue. Even in winter, we'll be out there in the middle of a snowstorm, cooking our meat."

Lomahquahu works alone in a 12-by-12-foot studio he built himself behind his home in Holbrook, near the Marine Corps flag flapping in the breeze outside.

Another award-winning carver, Aaron J. Fredericks, works out of his living room in Kykotsmovi, often listening to the rock group Rush.

With exceptions, off-reservation kachina carvers tend toward more experimentation. Kevin Sekakuku, who works in an apartment in Phoenix where he lives with his wife and daughter, specializes in miniature carvings that stand 1 to 3 inches tall and depict plenty of action.

"If the wind is blowing, I'll have flowing hair, and I do a lot of detail in my feather carving," says the up-and-coming 27-year-old artist. "I want everything as realistic as possible."

In the case of 60-year-old Neil David Sr., his life in Polacca is often hectic with 17 grandchildren. Which explains why he works in the dead of the night, often carving past 3 A.M. in the same house in which he was born and raised.

But his large family is also a source of great fun, and his work reflects that.

His specialty: Hopi clowns, the court jesterlike characters who entertain during Katsina dances. One of his clown figures carries a pizza in its palm, while another depicts a dog ripping off a clown's breechcloth from behind, revealing his fanny.

"Everything I carve I've seen in the plazas," says David, pausing to stroke his silver and black goatee. "Well, not everything. I kind of exaggerate. These clowns, man, they keep me young."

In the village of Hotevilla, on Third Mesa, Edward Seechoma works in a hut on the edge of a sandstone cliff. The silence seems as endless as the view, the perfect workplace for a young artist—29 years old, wearing an "I Love NY" T-shirt—who believes strongly in creating traditional kachinas.

Seechoma uses no electric tools, only files, a knife and two gouges. He doesn't sign his kachinas because no one did that in the old days. His pieces also don't have bases, only pigeon-toed feet, his trademark.

Acrylic paints? No, they're too bright. Instead Seechoma hikes the canyons below his house and around Hotevilla, collecting natural sources of the various colored pigments he needs—such as dirt, stones and plants—then grinds them and adds water.

"When I started making my own paints,



[LEFT] Edward Seechoma honors the timeless customs of Hopi carvers as he crafts his traditional kachinas in the village of Hotevilla on Third Mesa. [BELOW] Seechoma uses only hand tools to craft his kachinas.



[LEFT] With the demands of 17 grandchildren, Neil David Sr. often works into the early morning hours on his fanciful drawings (right) and carvings of Hopi clown kachinas.



I asked my uncle where to find them," says Seechoma. "He just laughed and said, 'Open your eyes, the earth will show you.' And it did." It takes work, but Seechoma gets what he wants—classic, low-key colors.

Seechoma's sought-after dolls, available at Tsakurshovi, a Hopi art shop on Second Mesa, and sometimes also at the Heard Museum gift shop, range from \$350 to \$1,000, well below upper-end contemporary carvings.

But for him it isn't about money.

"Now you see these action kachinas with capes blowing back and all that," says Seechoma, gesturing, animated. "But Hopis don't want wind. It dries out the land and

the crops and raises up dust storms.

"I did those dolls for a while, and I know I could make a lot more money with them. But I've moved away from them. To me it's not Hopi. I didn't feel it, and I was afraid it'd ruin me, make me greedy. I'm happier this way."

As he speaks, a gust of wind tears across the flat below Seechoma's hut, climbs the cliff and shakes the north-facing window. The thought occurs that a carver probably occupied this same space 50 years ago, or 150, and heard that same rattling wind as he bent over his worktable, creating something meaningful, something beautiful, something Hopi. ■■

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Hopi language does not include the "ch" sound, so many publications and conversational speakers now use the word "Katsina." We've decided to use the capitalized form when referring to the spirit dancers, and the more traditional lowercased "kachina" when referring to the dolls that represent them. The plural of Katsina is Katsinam.

Leo W. Banks of Tucson enjoys visiting friends on the Hopi mesas and meeting new artists. Jim Marshall of Scottsdale found the adventure to the ancient Hopi land filled with warm people, hearty laughter, gifted carvers and visual wonder.



LET THERE BE
BLOOMS
With Enough Winter Rain, Nature's Springtime Show is On

A Portfolio

A Portfolio



DESERT DWELLERS KNOW the ephemeral nature of seasonal change. At the first sign of transition, we head outdoors to celebrate the spectacles that manifest the turn of every season. The towering thunderheads of summer storms and the luminous leaves of autumn are overt reminders of the constant cycle of the seasons.

But the desert's passage to spring is not always so apparent. Some years the wane of winter and the wax of spring are so subtle that, except for a hint from the calendar, it might pass undetected.

With the vagaries of desert wildflowers hinging on winter rains, we can't always rely on their emergence as an omen of spring. During dry times, seeds lie dormant in parched soil. With too little rain, they muster only a sparse bloom, and their hardscrabble existence goes by without fanfare. In lean years, abbreviated desert blooms play out long before the vernal equinox, the official start of spring.

Following a wet winter, however, spring sunshine gently warms the moist earth, awakening seeds from blooms past. In especially good years, the bounty of spring's renewal can transform a drab landscape into one of vivid colors. Rippled sand dunes burgeon with purple verbena and creamy primrose. Blue lupines, pink penstemons and yellow poppies decorate the arid land. Chicory and chuparosas; fiddlenecks and fairy dusters; bladderpods and blazing stars add their hues to the Technicolor display.

Desert dwellers also know where to find the splendor of wildflowers: The Sierra Ancha,

Superstition Mountains, Picacho Peak and Ajo Range are usually worth a look, even in years of mediocre bloom.

But one of the delights of spring is the surprise of finding a field of flowers in a remote and unexpected place. These blooms tell the tale of earlier soaking rains that saturated the ground at the right times and in the right amounts. And the serendipity of discovery turns a chance encounter with elusive desert wildflowers into a season to remember.

—Peter Ensenberger



[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 20 AND 21] Faces upturned toward the sun, Mexican goldpoppies portray a delicate intricacy belying their resilience. [RIGHT] White narrow-leaved popcorn flowers and violet phacelias punctuate a display of Mexican goldpoppies in Tonto National Monument. BOTH BY RALPH LEE HOPKINS [OPPOSITE PAGE] Saguaro cacti crown a Superstition Mountains hillside vibrant with Mexican goldpoppies, desert sunflowers and phacelia. JACK DYKINGA To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.





Mexican Goldpoppies



[LEFT] As evening draws near at Four Peaks, Mexican goldpoppies mingle with brilliant blue lupines and curl their petals until the next day dawns. NICK BERZENKO
[ABOVE] Amid islands of desert shrubs in a sea of Mexican goldpoppies, saguaro cacti form an unmistakably Arizona landscape in Tonto National Forest. CHUCK LAWSEN



Desert Globemallows



[LEFT] Desert globemallows create intense splashes of color in Siphon Draw in the Superstition Mountains. LARRY ULRICH
[ABOVE] Tiny hairs on desert globemallows irritate the eyes, hence the plant's Spanish names, *mal de ojo* ("sore eye") and *plantas muy malas* ("very bad plants"). RANDY PRENTICE



Owl Clovers



[LEFT] A close-up view of owl clovers blooming in the Bradshaw Mountains reveals the clovers' small snapdragonlike flowers tucked among bright pink bracts. CHUCK LAWSEN
[ABOVE] With the Superstition Mountains on the horizon, brittlebushes, owl clovers, lupines and fiddleneck flowers carpet a knoll near Stewart Mountain. ROBERT G. MCDONALD



[OPPOSITE PAGE] Held at bay by tracking hound dogs in a rocky cleft of the Peloncillo Mountains in southeastern Arizona, a jaguar stares into the camera of fourth-generation rancher Warner Glenn just before pouncing. Glenn's dogs averted the attack.
[LEFT AND BELOW] Glenn believes the cat was a 175-pound male. His photographs are the first in recent memory taken of a live jaguar in the wild in the United States.

verified last June. One male has been photographed three separate times by remote surveillance cameras at undisclosed locations near the international border. Last fall those cameras photographed that same male, plus a second male. A third male jaguar was tracked and photographed by rancher Warner Glenn on March 7, 1996, along the Arizona-New Mexico border. Glenn, who had hunted in the area for 60 years, spotted the jaguar in the Peloncillo Mountains and published his experience in a book, *Eyes of Fire: Encounter with a Borderlands Jaguar* (Treasure Chest Books, Tucson, 1996), along with the photos he had snapped furiously, the first ones shot of a jaguar in the wild in the United States in recent memory.

"I'm sure the jaguars we've been seeing are random individuals from Mexico," says Childs, who oversees a network of 35 surveillance cameras monitoring the passage of large animals. "I've found absolutely no evidence of a breeding population of jaguars in our state during the eight years I've been studying them."

Bill Van Pelt, a wildlife biologist with the Arizona Game and Fish Department, agrees that jaguars are likely coming from Mexico to hunt or to expand their territory.

"The nearest known breeding pair," he says, "is about 135 miles south of Douglas." Since 2003, Van Pelt's agency has been working with a team of scientists and local authorities to determine the migration patterns of Sonora's estimated 100 remaining jaguars.

"No one knows their range for sure," says Van Pelt, "but it is probably as large as that of mountain lions, which are known to travel 200 miles or more."

According to research at Arizona State



University conducted by biologist David Brown, there have been at least 59 confirmed jaguar sightings in Arizona since 1900. During that time, the species has been recorded as far west as Prescott, east to the White Mountains and north to Grand Canyon National Park. The most recent sightings, however, have been within 50 miles of the U.S.-Mexico border.

Secretive by nature, jaguars roam mainly at night, preying upon deer, javelinas and smaller mammals. Long despised by ranchers, they will sometimes kill livestock. They are the largest cats in the Americas and like their close relatives, leopards, have golden coats dappled by patterns of black spots and rosettes that are as unique as fingerprints.

Unlike mountain lions, which can only scream and growl, jaguars have the capacity to roar. Commonly associated with tropical jungles, jaguars also are found in deserts, swamps, grasslands and pine forests from Mexico to Argentina.

"It's always been a peripheral animal here," believes ASU's Brown, noting that there have been no documented female

jaguars in Arizona since at least 1963. Brown, who coauthored *Borderland Jaguars: Tigres de la Frontera* (University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 2001) with Mexican researcher Carlos Lopez Gonzalez, says expert opinion is divided on when or whether jaguars were well-established state residents. Historical records confirm the species has been seen throughout the Southwest with encounters verified since 1850 in California, New Mexico and Texas. During pre-Columbian times, the cats may have roamed as far as Oregon, Minnesota and Pennsylvania.

"The only reason the jaguar doesn't breed today in Arizona is because ranchers and government agents systematically wiped them out," contends Michael Robinson of the Tucson-based Center for Biological Diversity. His group sued the federal government in 2003, arguing that it had not done enough to protect the jaguar, an officially recognized endangered species in the United States and most other countries in the Western Hemisphere. Under terms of a settlement of that lawsuit last September, the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service agreed to make a determination by July 2006 on whether there are critical habitat areas considered important to the jaguar's recovery.

Since 1997, a coalition of government agencies, nonprofit groups, scientists and a private citizens' group called the Jaguar Conservation Team has developed its own regional conservation plan for jaguars. The group gathers biannually and disseminates information about the cats with the goal of strengthening their protection. With the team's help, the first sanctuary for border-area jaguars has been established in the heart of its Sonoran breeding grounds.

"It's incredibly exciting to have these magnificent animals in our state," says Van Pelt. "If anybody in Arizona sees a jaguar, we definitely want to hear from them." ■

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you spot a jaguar, call the Arizona Game and Fish Department at (602) 789-3573. For information about the book *Eyes of Fire: Encounter with a Borderlands Jaguar*, visit the Web site www.jaguarbook.com.

*Richard Mahler is writing a book about jaguars and hopes to encounter a wild one in Arizona some day. He lives in Santa Cruz, California.
Warner Glenn, a San Bernardino Valley rancher, took his photographs on the fourth day of a 10-day mountain lion hunt.*

the secretive jaguar

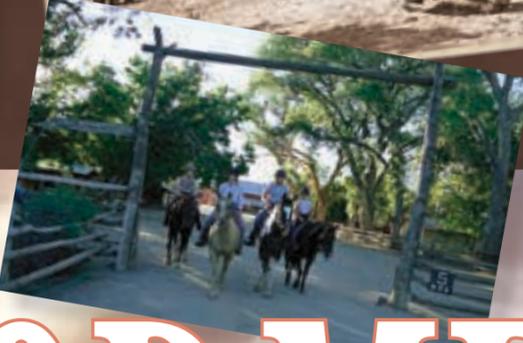
The private cat has been spotted in Arizona, but only rarely in recent years

TEXT BY RICHARD MAHLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARNER GLENN

THEY HAVE BEEN CALLED, in apt comparison to the famously shy movie star, "the Greta Garbo of cats." Even biologists who study jaguars in their prime habitat may go months, even years, without seeing a specimen in the flesh. In Arizona, where a mere glimpse is headline news, only a handful of people have ever encountered a wild jaguar, one of the state's rarest animals.

"It was a once-in-a-lifetime event," concedes Jack Childs, a retired Tucson land surveyor who was among a party of four Arizonans who observed a male jaguar in the rugged Baboquivari Mountains southwest of Tucson on August 31, 1996. "Our hounds bayed him into a juniper," recalls Childs, who captured the animal on videotape. "Eventually the jag seemed to get bored, and he just laid his head down to go to sleep."

Although the Arizona Game and Fish Department has been flooded with reports ever since, it has verified only seven other jaguar sightings in recent years, along with one set of tracks



Academic Excellence, With an Old West Twist

TEXT BY KATHLEEN BRYANT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERENCE MOORE



ABOUT AN HOUR NORTH OF Phoenix, tree-lined Ash Creek flows between three lava-crowned mesas. Here Old West meets new West. High, rocky cliffs shelter hawks and challenge rappellers. Massive cottonwood trees hide ancient grinding stones and shade young campers. Trails once traveled by ancient traders and pioneering cowboys are now traversed by hikers and mountain bikers.

For the past 75 years, this place between the mesas has been both outdoor classroom and idyllic escape for young people attending The Orme School, a college preparatory high school founded as a grammar school in 1929 by Charles, who was known as “Chick,” and Minna Orme. The school grew right along with Arizona, rooted in the same pioneering philosophy that built a state.

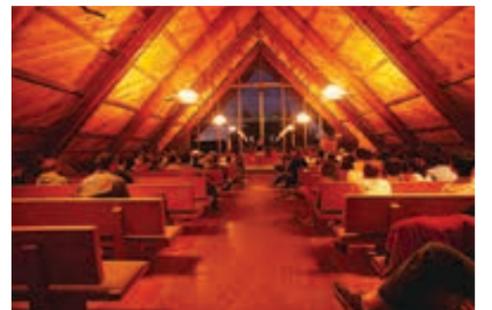
Chick, whose father settled in Arizona Territory in the 1870s, met Minna when they were students at Stanford University. They left his family’s ranching and farming business in Phoenix to take their chances on the Quarter Circle V Bar, located about a dozen miles off the Black Canyon Highway, a rocky, steep route that climbed from Phoenix to northern Arizona.

Ranch buildings included an old frame house and barn, a prefabricated bungalow, some poultry pens and a bunkhouse. Strong believers in the value of a good education, Chick and Minna immediately went to work transforming the bunkhouse into a classroom for their children’s schooling.

For their son, Charles “Charlie” Orme Jr., the move was a transition from boyhood to young manhood. “Mother and I took our Ford truck over to the Dugas Ranch, where the school had closed,” Charlie remembers. “Fred Dugas and I used a crowbar to pull up the desks, which were attached to railroad ties. We loaded them onto the truck and hauled them back to the ranch.” It was

[LEFT] Twenty-six thousand acres of rolling desert grassland in central Arizona surround The Orme School, founded in 1929.

[CLOCKWISE FROM TOP, LEFT] Bearing Orme’s Quarter Circle V Bar brand, a signpost points toward the front gate. In a 1951 photograph by Allen C. Reed, students relax by the T-Anchor building, now a classroom-office building. Campfires are a popular tradition at school and summer camp. Orme students ride horseback as a regular ranch activity.



[TOP AND ABOVE] Built in memory of Morton Orme, the chapel hosts weekly services and various community gatherings.

hard work for a 12-year-old, though he was big for his age.

For the next half-dozen years, Charlie, his younger siblings, Morton and Kathryn, and the children of ranch employees and neighbors gathered in the bunkhouse to study the basics—reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and history. A woodstove heated the small classroom during the winter, and a generator powered a single lightbulb.

Before long, Stanford friends of Chick and Minna asked if their children could enroll. The ranch’s grammar school expanded to include a summer camp, and the Ormes built a guesthouse for families who came to enjoy the rugged scenery and temperate 4,000-foot elevation while their children attended classes or improved their horseback riding skills. Every child had a task, and the lessons outside the classroom—personal responsibility and the satisfaction of a job well done—became as important as those inside.

Like other Arizona ranchers, the Ormes struggled to keep their land during the Depression. They raised turkeys and grew carrots, with schoolchildren and campers helping to gather eggs, milk cows and

the ORME school



Old Adobe, 1939

Connerville Bunkhouse, 1952

[ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT] Teacher Ruth Thurston surveys her 1939 class of young scholars in Old Adobe. The Julia O'Brien Wilcox Computer Learning Center holds many of the school's 64 computers. Embellished with a fresh coat of mud, Old Adobe still serves as a classroom.

[ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT] Director of outdoor leadership Robin Kelly teaches biology both in the classroom and in the ranch's desert and riparian areas. This Allen C. Reed photograph in front of Connerville Bunkhouse appeared in the April 1952 issue of *Arizona Highways*. A 2004 eight-day caravan national parks tour included a visit to Muley Point, Utah.

chop weeds. Dollars from the school and camp helped supplement the meager ranch income. "The price for a yearling then was \$1.25," recalls Charlie. "The school was the way we stayed alive."

During World War II, Mort left his studies at Stanford to serve in the Pacific. Charlie, turned down by the Navy because of his poor eyesight, took over the management of the summer camp. In 1945, Chick asked Charlie to take on the school's operations. So Charlie—a Stanford honors graduate and a member of the victorious 1941 Rose Bowl team (known as the "Vow Boys," who defeated Nebraska in an upset with the first "T-formation" offense)—sank his roots even deeper into central Arizona.

At the time, two young sisters from California enrolled at Orme to sharpen their riding skills. Concerned about the school's remote location, their mother asked the girls' older half-sister, Mimi Royce, to accompany them.

Mimi went to work in the headmaster's office, organizing paperwork for taxes. She spent long days in the company of Charlie Orme, the newly appointed headmaster. Despite all their hours together, she couldn't tell if Charlie's interest included romance.

"There was no time for hanky panky," Mimi declares, but her mother must have thought otherwise. That lady was soon packing for Arizona herself, prepared to deliver an ultimatum: Either Charlie would marry her daughter, or she'd take her home. Coincidentally, mere days before her mother's arrival, Charlie popped the question, and their partnership is now approaching 60 years.

Through the decades, Mimi acted as dean

of girls and taught grammar, dancing, music appreciation, typing and shorthand. With career and family dependent on the school, Charlie focused on Orme's growth. Advertisements in Eastern magazines targeted parents with children suffering from asthma. Orme expanded to become a college preparatory high school, its first senior class graduating in 1952.

[RIGHT] Fondly known to students and campers as Aunt Minna and Uncle Chick, Minna and Chick Orme, seen here in 1965, superintended the school until 1945. [BELOW] Charles and Mimi Orme, retired in 1987, remain involved with the school and live on the ranch property.



Chick and Minna's influence continued, and alumni recall them fondly. "They took this lost and lonely little chick under their wings," says Sharon Olsen, an Arizona resident and archaeology buff who attended Orme's summer camp during the late 1940s and early '50s. At first, she was so homesick she sprinkled water on her letters home, hoping their tear-stained appearance might convince her parents to fetch her back.

By her last summer, Sharon so loved the ranch and the Ormes that she refused to

leave, even after a horse kicked her, putting her in a cast from ankle to thigh. Forbidden to participate in the annual gymkhana, she convinced a friend to sign up for her. When Sharon crossed the finish line of the bareback barrel-racing competition, the camp nurse awaited with a scolding.

Mixed with mischief was sadness. Kathryn Orme died before finishing her degree at Stanford. In 1955, Mort Orme entered a Phoenix hospital for routine surgery and died after a transfusion of the wrong blood type. "From the moment Mort got up in the morning, kids surrounded him," Sharon Olsen remembers. "He was the bricks and mortar of camp and school."

In that fall's alumni newsletter, Charlie wrote how his younger brother's strength of body and spirit grew out of the ranch's natural surroundings, inspiring family and students alike. Near the Old Main House, a chapel was built in Mort's memory, its strong, clean lines designed by architect Dick Jessup, a 1941 graduate who'd gone to Orme for his asthma.

Like other campus buildings, many designed by Jessup, the chapel utilizes local materials, harmonizing with the landscape and historic ranch structures. These have been carefully maintained and adapted for new uses. The original barn is now the Horse Collar Theater. A classroom Chick built in 1936, the Old Adobe, boasts a new coat of mud over original adobe bricks. Every student at Orme attends a class there before graduating, a reminder of the school's humble past.

During Charlie's 42-year tenure as headmaster, he and Mimi traveled extensively on behalf of the school, which turned

nonprofit in 1962. After meeting potential donors at social events, Charlie sent letters inviting contributions. A graduate in the steel industry donated materials for a gymnasium. A new dorm built by Jimmy Stewart honored his stepson Ron McClean, class of '63.

Stewart may have been thinking of Ron, killed in Vietnam, as he narrated a film about the school, stating that graduates learned "to cope intelligently with a world they never made and may have to remake someday." Another father, Ronald Reagan, gave a rousing commencement address to his daughter Patti's 1970 class, defending his generation and challenging the graduates to surpass their parents' accomplishments.

Whether your father was a governor or movie star, chief financial officer or farmer, you were an equal member of the Orme family. When Steven Bogart, son of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, invited his parents to an Orme barbecue, Bacall packed only shorts to wear. To ease Steven's embarrassment, Mimi loaned the actress a cotton skirt so that Bacall could dress like other moms.

Orme's diverse student population has included kids from inner cities, Indian reservations, Japan, Europe and the Middle East. More than a third receive some kind of financial aid. And every Orme graduate, without exception, is accepted into college.

Wherever they hail from, Orme students return home with a sense of the West. During the annual school caravan, students and faculty leave campus for weeklong adventures that might include backpacking along the Mogollon Rim, visiting California's Spanish Colonial missions or refurbishing a school in Hermosillo, Mexico. Caravans often have a community service focus.

About 150 students attend Orme as day students or residents, and nearly every faculty member lives on campus. Each

faculty member advises a small number of students, who are welcomed into this teacher's home on a weekly basis.

Every February, students participate in a weeklong arts program, founded by Dot Lewis and led by visiting artists. Orme athletes compete with other schools in the Arizona Interscholastic Association. Equestrians test their skills in events sponsored by the American Quarter Horse Association, 4-H and other organizations. Students participate in self-government, often gathering in the Frontier Village, the spittin' image of an Old West main street.

Of all Orme's programs, alumni's fondest memories are often the humblest chores—picking apricots, milking cows, watching turkeys or raking the rodeo arena. Charlie Orme believes that having a job to do, no matter how simple, makes children feel needed and helps them build confidence.

This might explain why so many Orme graduates return as instructors, camp counselors, parents or board members. *Arizona Highways* contributor Jeb J. Rosebrook, class of '53, has been all of the above, plus granddad to two third-generation Orme campers. A prolific author of everything from screenplays to books to articles, Jeb is at a loss for words when it comes to pinpointing how the Orme tradition continues. He says simply, "There's a real bond."

The Orme extended family—about 2,500 alumni plus hundreds of parents, faculty and friends—stretches from Arizona around the globe. Many still send Christmas cards and letters to Charlie and Mimi, now in their 80s. As Mimi says, "We met some of our best friends through the school."

Friendships and memories are made here, surrounded by a supportive "family" and embraced by the land. The Bradshaw Mountains' jagged peaks form the western horizon. To the north is Mingus Mountain, and east and south are the Verde Rim and

Though she grew up on a farm and attended a one-room school 1,500 miles from central Arizona, author Kathleen Bryant of Sedona felt right at home visiting The Orme School.

Tucsonan Terrence Moore made his first trip to The Orme School in 2004 and realized he has longtime friends with school connections going back to the 1960s.



LOCATION: About halfway between Phoenix and Flagstaff.
GETTING THERE: From Phoenix, drive 65 miles north on Interstate 17 to Exit 268. Turn left (west), taking the gravel-surfaced Orme Road 3 miles to the campus.
EVENTS: The Orme School encourages visitors to attend its annual open houses: April 9, Orme School, Camp and Summer School Open House; July 23, Annual Summer Camp Barbecue; February 4, 2006, Fine Arts Festival Open House.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Visitors must check in at the administration office in the Old Main House. To schedule a tour of the school and camp, contact the admissions office, (928) 632-7601, fax (928) 632-7605; www.ormeschool.org or www.ormecamp.org.

I peered deep into a dark abandoned gold mine shaft for my first glimpse of the evening's entertainment. California leaf-nosed bats—up to 3,000 of them to be precise—would barrel out at nightfall like, well, bats out of a belfry. At last, I spotted two shadowy figures fluttering inside. I tried to reassure myself that they looked like birds (while scary images of flying rats and vampires raced through my mind).

Looking over my shoulder, bat expert Dave Dalton quelled my nerves. "They're such gentle little animals," he said with affection for these odd critters with large rabbitlike ears and leaflike projections on their noses. Dalton, a design engineer and bat researcher, has spent numerous sleepless nights during the last 25 years

trekking through pitch-black Arizona deserts to stalk the tiny creatures and find out more about their mysterious habits. Tonight he was hosting a bat watch, one of dozens of field trips during the five-day Yuma Birding & Nature Festival held in April.

The popular event draws more than 500 birding and nature enthusiasts from around the country and offers excursions into Yuma's surrounding deserts and lush riparian areas, including the Imperial and Kofa national wildlife refuges and Mittry Lake Wildlife Area, often with wildlife biologists as knowledgeable guides.

Amid Imperial's vast wetlands that border the lower Colorado River, lucky birders can catch a rare glimpse of the Yuma clapper rail, an endangered marsh bird. The 25,768-acre refuge is also

home to great egrets and muskrats. Elusive desert bighorn sheep can often be spotted on the rugged mountains at Kofa, home to Arizona's only native palm, the California fan palm. The event also features some of nature's oddities: vast sand dunes, painted deserts, fossils and those funny-looking California leaf-nosed bats.

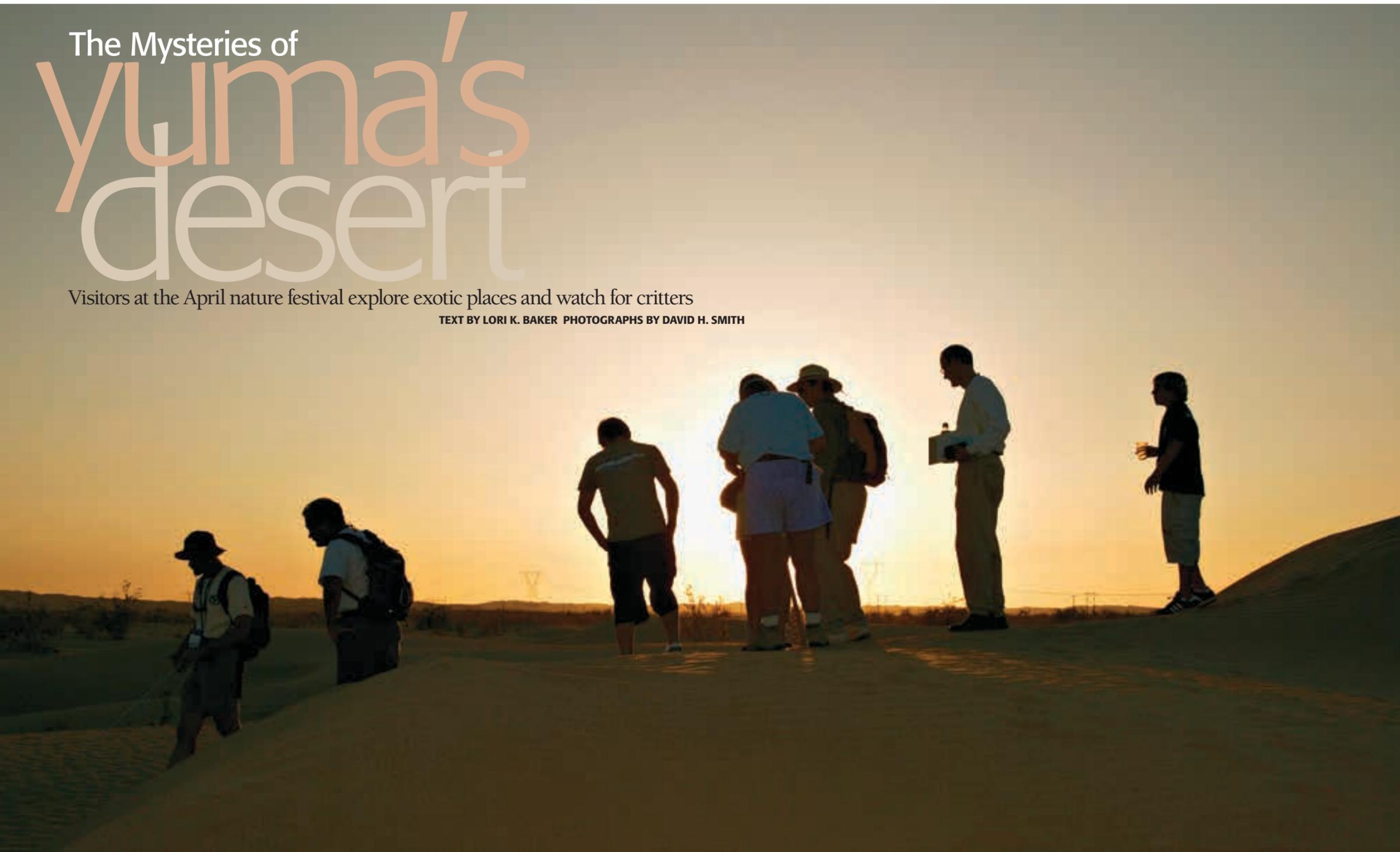
As about 25 of us waited for nightfall at the bat watch, seated in lawn chairs encircling the mineshaft, Dalton explained his fascination for these creatures. "Bats have a lot of mystique," he said. "They're small and they fly at night. When they left their caves, we used to have no clues about what they were doing. Now we've developed new technology that lights up the night."

Dalton demonstrated his high-tech wizardry. Specialized infrared

The Mysteries of Yuma's desert

Visitors at the April nature festival explore exotic places and watch for critters

TEXT BY LORI K. BAKER PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID H. SMITH



[LEFT] As the sun sets, participants in the Yuma Birding & Nature Festival gather for the Dunes Ecology outing at the Algodones Dunes west of Yuma.

[TOP] The shovel-nosed snake is equipped to burrow quickly and wriggle below the surface of sandy earth, thanks to valves that close off its nostrils, a jutting snout and flat, smooth belly.

[CENTER] With its stinger curled up, a scorpion prepares to strike a beetle.

[ABOVE] Nighttime hikers' flashlights illuminate a banded gecko in the Algodones Dunes.

lighting inside the mineshaft allowed a camcorder to capture the bats' images on five video monitors. We peered at the monitors, intrigued.

"They look like bunnies!" a woman exclaimed. The bats' huge rabbitlike ears let them detect and locate faint sounds like cricket footsteps or caterpillars munching.

I was surprised to see that the shy, nocturnal animals wear winsome expressions you'd almost call cute, despite the tiny leaves on their noses. The bats entertained us with their uncanny ability to dangle upside down—sometimes with one foot—while grooming themselves. Dalton explained they're actually quite "fastidious" about their fur and wings.

Next he passed out "bat detectors" that pick up the high-pitched squeaks (normally inaudible to the human ear) that bats send out like radar. With hovering, helicopterlike flight, they can pluck a cricket from the ground without even having to slow down. Their large eyes provide night vision on par with or better than our best military goggles, enabling them to spot insects in faint starlight. After I learned this species ranks among the world's most amazing stealth hunters, I couldn't help but wonder how they'd react to the pack of humans outside their front door.

I didn't have long to wonder. When the sky's watercolor sunset washed away into inky blackness, the first bats fluttered out. Our bat detectors suddenly emitted clicks like Morse code. Soon, like a whirlwind, dozens of bats swirled through the air, occasionally hovering or flying near our heads, and the detectors sputtered like rapid machine-gun fire.

"They're just curious," Dalton reassured the skittish crowd. Soon the bats whooshed away in search of insects perched in desert foliage. We left, too, marveling at the wonder of the desert's night sky and its intriguing inhabitants.

After the bat thrills, an evening ghost walk the next day past Yuma's most popular "haunts" offered a few spine-tingling chills.

Dressed in a long black cape and carrying a red lantern, archaeologist/historian Tina Clark escorted 80 of us through the historic downtown, stopping at places like the Hotel Lee on Main Street. Standing in front of Yuma's oldest hotel, built in 1917, I couldn't help but think of the spooky *Overlook Hotel* in the thriller *The Shining*.

I'd read that an apparition of a young woman with long dark hair and a gray housedress reportedly roams the hallways of this Spanish Colonial revival-style hotel, still in operation. Local ghost hunter Don Swain reported he captured her giggle on tape. Swain said one morning he discovered her name, Sara, in a childish scrawl on a file folder in an office that had been locked all night.

But Sara may not be the hotel's only otherworldly inhabitant. According to another tale, a police officer once thought he spotted two men scuffling through the window of the gift shop. Shining

them with a spotlight, the men seemed to disappear. After the officer peered in the window, he noticed the floor was covered with dust and there were no tracks. No one was there.

Some folks contend the hotel ranks as the most haunted spot in this river boomtown with a checkered past. But Clark insisted that



[ABOVE] A California leaf-nosed bat hovers over a cricket soon to become part of its evening meal. MERLIN TUTTLE/BAT CONSERVATION INTERNATIONAL [OPPOSITE PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT] Yuma's historic Hotel San Carlos, which hosted film star John Wayne during its heyday, is part of the evening ghost walk. Supposedly haunted by the apparition of Mary Nugent Power, who used to watch in the window for her philandering husband, the Power Apartments display Spanish Colonial Revival architecture. Ghost walk participants pass by the Lyric Theater, a small vintage movie theater.

the northwest corner of Third and Madison streets, where gallows stood during the turn of the century, holds the ghostly distinction.

There, Clark mesmerized us with tales of tormented souls, like convicted murderer Martin Ubbilos. "On June 16, 1906, he was brought here from the Territorial prison by carriage," she said grimly. With a look of horror on

his face, he ascended the gallows and "was hanged to church bells tolling." Ever since, local citizens have gathered here on June 16 for a glimpse of his ghost. I shivered, and felt glad I was here in April.

Soon the evening's darkness felt menacing. I tried to ignore dark alleyways and the eerie glow of streetlights as we walked to the newly renovated Historic Yuma Theater, which was built in 1912 and once housed vaudeville acts. It sounded harmless enough until Clark told the tale of the Main Street Tonight group.

The group's owner recalled being alone there five years ago and hearing the sound of a trumpet player, but when she went to the stage, no one was there. The owner's husband told of discovering the seats rearranged in the theater in the morning—even after he'd secured the building so no one could enter at night. "It's the most haunted theater in Arizona," Clark told us.

The evening was enough to make a hardened skeptic like me downright superstitious. For the next day's event, I gladly opted for the natural instead of the supernatural.

During an evening field trip exploring the Algodones Dunes' exotic ecology, I stood awestruck before the vast sea of sand, feeling like a Bedouin in the desert. Sand grains bouncing and rolling up the dunes' windward surfaces had created undulating crests and wind ripples casting violet shadows in a golden sea of silica.

Our guide, Randy Babb, a biologist with the Arizona Game and Fish Department, warned us not to be fooled by this eerily beautiful, otherworldly landscape that's been a backdrop for *Star Wars* scenes and looks about as inhospitable as the surface of the moon. "It's very deceiving because the place is literally crawling with life," Babb said. "You just have to know how to look for it."

"Follow me," he said, leading us over the drifting sand, which stretches for more than 40 miles from north of Glamis in Imperial County, California, to the southeastern corner of California and into Sonora, Mexico. In the United States, the Algodones Dunes rank second

provides the prime time to spot Western banded geckos hidden under the branches of dune creosotes or desert willows and sidewinders slithering sideways in search for prey. "One night we saw a sidewinder kill and eat a desert iguana," Babb said. "Another night we stopped counting at 150 scorpions." It seems each night holds a different adventure in this ever-changing sea of drifting sand.

For my final field trip, I spent a morning exploring Sears Point, an archaeological treasure trove with thousands of petroglyphs, rock alignments, intaglios and sleeping circles left behind by ancient cultures—Desert Archaic, Patayan and Hohokam—that dwelled here so long ago it nearly boggles the mind: between 10,000 B.C. to approximately A.D. 1450. I clambered over steep basaltic cliffs covered with deep brown patina (a sort of hard film that coats rock over time), a perfect canvas for ancient artists to peck or scratch their abstract images.

Puzzled, I stood before a cliff that looked like a collage of serpents, suns, humans and animals. Field trip guide Tina Clark advised us to use our imaginations to decipher the mysterious rock art, which was used to keep traditions alive and tell stories from one generation to the next before written language. To me, the rock art seemed to tell the story of man and his intimate connection to the land and animals. It's a message so easily forgotten, despite reminders like these left behind from the ancient ones.

The field trip was the perfect ending to an event celebrating Yuma, a remarkable crossroads that links Arizona to California and Mexico. So often I feel drawn to Yuma's history, peppered by tales of the Jesuit missionary, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, and the expeditions of explorer Juan Bautista de Anza, the Mormon Battalion and the California Gold Rush.

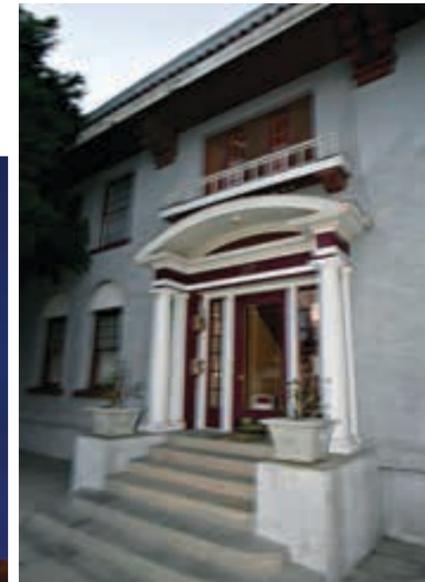
At other times, I feel beckoned by the stark and rugged beauty of the nearby Kofa Mountains or the Colorado River's great flyway that attracts more than 380 species of migratory birds. In fact, I'm a lot like those

birds. I keep returning to the Yuma Birding & Nature Festival year after year. **AH**

Lori K. Baker, research editor of Arizona Highways, hopes to catch a glimpse of the elusive Yuma clapper rail at the April festival.

David H. Smith of Phoenix was amazed that hikers found more than 25 scorpions in just two hours when the dunes came to life after dark.

when you go **LOCATION:** In the southwestern corner of Arizona, 185 miles southwest of Phoenix. **GETTING THERE:** From Phoenix, drive west on Interstate 10 to Exit 112. Turn left onto State Route 85 and travel south 37 miles. Merge onto Interstate 8 and travel west 113 miles before turning right onto U.S. Route 95 (16th Street) in Yuma. Make a sharp left onto South Yuma Palms Parkway, which leads to the Shilo Inn, headquarters for the festival. **DATES:** April 13-17. **FEES:** Registration: \$15, adults; \$10, children; and \$25 for a weekend family-of-four pass. Seminars are free, but there are extra charges for field trips. **ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:** Toll-free (800) 293-0071; www.yumabirding.org.



in size only to White Sands, New Mexico.

"This is like a blank sheet of paper that's erased by the wind every morning," he said, trudging through the soft sand. "All you have to do is to take the time to read that language, and you'll find some fascinating stories."

Just then Babb spotted wavy tracks, no doubt from one of the dunes' exotic creatures, which include Sonoran Desert fringe-toed lizards, brightly colored Colorado Desert shovel-nosed snakes, Western banded geckos and giant hairy scorpions. The tracks disappeared beneath a white bursage shrub, which Babb lifted up just in time to spot the critter's tail before it disappeared into the sand.

"There he is!" Babb said excitedly, scooping up a shovel-nosed snake. The 6-inch serpent with coral red, yellow and black bands wriggled in the palm of his hand. "It moves through the sand like a shark in the ocean," he told the group gathered around for a closer view of the coral snake look-alike. "It comes up to the surface to hunt."

As night fell, we trudged onward, using gas lanterns and flashlights to guide our way beneath a brilliantly starlit sky. Nightfall

READY, FIRE, AIM

The chief of a volunteer fire department was being interviewed. The reporter inquired, "What do your men do when they arrive at an alarm site?"

"First thing we do," said the chief, "is knock in the windows and flood the house with water."

"What's the second thing you do?" the reporter asked.

"Check to make sure that we're at the right address."

JAY RICHARDS, Menlo Park, CA

noticed that he was mostly playing with it, using his spoon to create mounds of dessert on the table. When I reprimanded him he looked up, grinned and said, "Look, moose droppings."

CLAUDIA CANADY, Prescott

HAPPY GOVERNORSHIP

In a recent visit to Safford, Gov. Janet Napolitano was asked what makes her happiest about being governor. She responded that the best perk of her job is that she doesn't have to drive.

She mentioned that a former governor of Kansas was once asked, "How do you know when you're no longer a governor?"

His response: "When you get into the back seat of a car and it doesn't go."

CAROLYN VESSELS, Safford

A MINER'S FORTUNE

An insurance agent was trying to sell a life insurance policy to a miner.

"Have you ever met with an

PERSPECTIVE

UNUSUAL

The chance of falling out of bed and dying is the same as being struck by lightning. Each carries a 1 in 2 million chance. The chance of being killed by a snake is 1 in 3 million. Still don't feel safe? Your chance of falling out of bed because you were hit by lightning and landing on a snake is almost nil. —Linda Perret

accident?" asked the agent.

"No," replied the miner. "But a mule kicked me in the ribs once, and a rattlesnake bit me on the leg."

"Good grief!" exclaimed the agent. "Don't you consider those accidents?"

"Naw," said the miner. "They did it on purpose."

MARK ANDERSON, Jackson, MI

BEWARE OL' SLEEPYHEAD

Upon approaching a small country store, a traveler noticed a sign that read "DANGER! Beware of dog!" posted on the glass door. Inside, a harmless old hound dog was asleep on the floor beside the cash register.

The traveler asked the storeowner, "Is that the dog folks are supposed to beware of?" "Yep, that's him," the owner replied.

The amused traveler inquired, "That certainly doesn't look like a dangerous dog to me. Why in the world would you post that sign?"

The owner responded, "Because before I posted that sign, people kept tripping over him."

KATIE VINGER, Scottsdale

JUST FOLLOW THE DIRT

A Grand Canyon National Park ranger was asked by a visitor, "Where is the best place to see the floor of the Canyon?"

The ranger answered, "Imperial Valley, California. That's where all the dirt went."

FLOOD HEFLEY, Menifee, CA

IT'S A DRY SCREECH

We had just moved to Arizona when I remarked to my

son-in-law that the ravens we were watching were a lot like the crows that we had "back home," except they had scratchy voices. He reminded me that it is dry in Arizona.

HEDY SULLIVAN, Prescott

GOOD SPARITAN

Several years back, while on a trip from California to New Mexico, we ate breakfast in Holbrook. About a half-mile out of town, we had a flat tire. After unloading several pieces of luggage, we found that we had no jack, so I decided to walk back to town to get one. My wife, who didn't want to stay alone, came along.

Imagine our surprise when we returned to find our spare already installed on the car and a note under the windshield wiper stating, "We had a flat right behind your car and saw that you was having trouble, so we changed your tire, too. California 145 SYT."

THOMAS LAMANCE, Prewitt, NM

THE JOY OF READING

My favorite pastime is reading, so I always carry a book with me everywhere I go. One day I was with two friends, and things got slow. I opened my current book and tuned things out.

When I heard my name mentioned, I began to pay attention.

One friend remarked, "Ruth certainly likes to read, doesn't she?"

Then the other sagely answered, "Yes, she certainly does. In fact she's always turning over a new leaf."

RUTH BURKE, San Simon



Grand Prize : A seven-day raft trip for two on the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon with ARAMARK's Wilderness River Adventures. This trip must be taken by mid-September 2006. Included is round-trip transportation for two to Phoenix from any city America West Airlines serves.

Celebrate With Us and Win Great Prizes!

Thanks to the support of hundreds of thousands of subscribers who read our magazine each month, *Arizona Highways* will celebrate its 80th anniversary in April. To show our appreciation, we've devised a contest—that will appear in the April anniversary issue—to hand out some great prizes and to have a little fun. To win, answer 20 questions correctly and your name will go into a drawing for the prizes. There's nothing to buy.

Here's a sample question:

What explorer accepted a commission in 1857 to survey a wagon road across northern Arizona using camels as pack animals?

- A Edward F. Beale
- B Hi Jolly
- C John C. Fremont
- D R.J. Reynolds



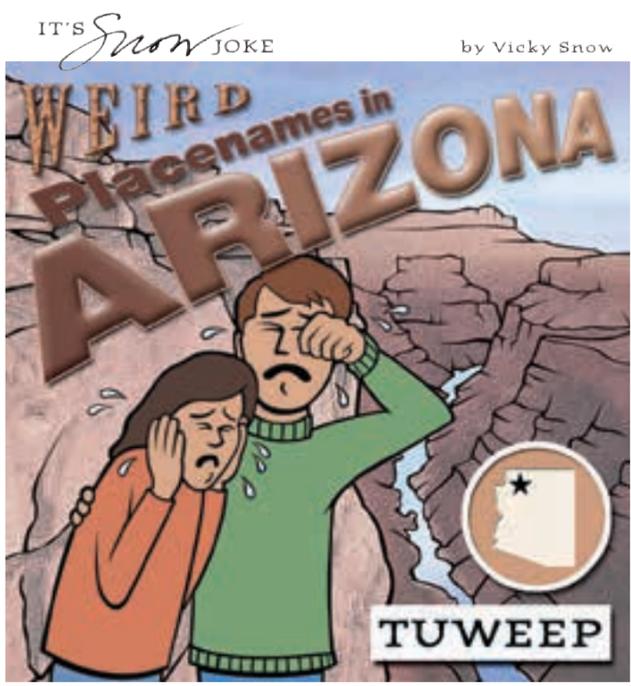
Two First Prizes: Six-night accommodations for two, including all meals, at the Rancho de los Caballeros guest ranch in Wickenburg. Or a seven-night stay for

two, including meals and horseback riding, at Kay El Bar Guest Ranch in Wickenburg. Visits must be completed by May 1, 2006. Included with both prizes is round-trip transportation for two to Phoenix from any city America West Airlines serves.

Ten Other Prizes: Coffee-table, children's, travel and other books published by *Arizona Highways*.

Watch for our contest in the April issue

CONTEST RULES: In the April issue of *Arizona Highways*, we'll pose 20 multiple-choice questions about Arizona. If you answer all questions correctly and give us your name, address and daytime phone number, we'll enter you in a drawing for the prizes listed above. The drawing will be held in May. There is no obligation and nothing to buy. Certain date restrictions apply on the prizes. Winners must call for availability. Persons 18 years old or older are eligible. We can accept only one entry per person, and entries must be postmarked no later than April 30, 2005. Winners are subject to state and federal tax regulations. Employees and vendors of *Arizona Highways* and their immediate families are not eligible. Answers will be published in the June issue. Winners' names will be published in the September issue.



Superstitions' Queen Valley Road Can Be a Trip Into Flowerville

I AM ADDICTED TO WILDFLOWERS, especially poppies, and I have heard that in a good wildflower year, the Queen Valley Road winding 33.5 miles through the Superstition Mountains east of Phoenix can yield an effusion of flowers.

The Superstitions seem an unlikely setting for delicate poppies. It's a tormented landscape of hell-fired rock, fit to dumbfound Dante. But that's precisely what makes the anticipation so delicious, knowing hidden poppy seeds can nurture their luminous orange dreams of spring through decades of drought.

I cannot resist the gamble on a back road ramble to search for wildflowers, which in a dry year is like what wise men say about second marriages—the triumph of hope over experience.

So I lure Elissa, my wife, to join me, promising an easy day trip with potential flower-sightings. We drive east from Phoenix on U.S. Route 60, and at about 3 miles past State Route 79 at Florence Junction, turn left (north) onto Queen Valley Road at the sign for Whitlow Dam. Here I zero out the odometer, and we drive an easy 1.6 miles before veering right onto the graded dirt Hewitt Station Road (Forest Service Road 357).

The road wanders through a typical Superstition landscape, dominated by saguaro cacti. No wildflowers worth mentioning so far, just forgotten scatters of blooms.

Still, I am impressed by the riot of saguaros. They live for 200 or more years and can stash tons of water in their pleated trunks. They provide shelter for birds and food for the whole neighborhood, not to mention the mild, sweet wine made from the fruit essential to the ceremonies of several desert Indian tribes. The saguaros soon assuage my grief for the sparse wildflowers.

At 4.6 miles from U.S. 60, we bear left onto clearly marked Forest Service Road 172, where a sign directs us to Woodbury (11 miles) and Roger's Trough (12 miles). If we'd continued on Hewitt Station Road, we would have gone straight back to 60.

FR 172 quickly narrows and roughens, but remains no challenge for my high-clearance,



[ABOVE] A profusion of rose-purple owl clover blossoms often blankets the rocky slopes and open desert along Queen Valley Road during spring. Here, the colorful relative of the snapdragon surrounds a spiky hedgehog cactus. JEFF SNYDER

[RIGHT] In the Sonoran Desert, springtime brings balmy temperatures and, in rainy years, colorful displays of annual flowers, like these Mexican goldpoppies scattered through a saguaro forest at the foot of the Superstition Mountains. LAURENCE PARENT
To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.





[ABOVE] Wild heliotrope, Mexican goldpoppies and cholla cacti decorate a quiet corner of Hewitt Canyon. JEFF SNYDER
[RIGHT] Salado Indians occupied this hidden cliff dwelling in Rogers Canyon in the 14th century. TOM DANIELSEN
[ABOVE RIGHT] Forest Service Road 172 winds through the rugged landscape of Hewitt Canyon. MOREY K. MILBRADT



two-wheel-drive vehicle. The scenery gets steadily better, a deep desert treasure barely an hour's drive from the nation's fifth largest city. At 5.3 miles, we come to an unmarked fork, and head to the right—northeast—to stay on 172.

The road soon drops into a narrow, beautiful canyon, with a sculpted layer of light, fused volcanic ash running like a daydream through the iron-dark lava and basalt. In the tight throat of the canyon, at about 8.4 miles, we get out to look around.

I immediately start picking up heavy mica-rich rocks, thinking of the legend of the Lost Dutchman, whose hidden gold mine made the Superstitions famous. Reportedly, several people ended up dead after following Jacob Waltz into the mountains to steal the secret of his mine. Certainly,

many people have died since in fruitless searches, and the legend spurred at least one documented shooting war between rival gangs of prospectors. So I am seriously digging these rocks in the grip of a Dutchman moment.

"Oh, look," whispers Elissa.

Perched on a sloping slab 100 feet up the canyon wall, a female desert bighorn sheep watches us dubiously. She's perfect, a molded mass of muscle. Exquisitely adapted to the desert, bighorns can go several days without water, even during the summer. Poised on shock-absorber joints, they can walk a 2-inch-wide ledge, run up a cliff at 15 mph and clear a 20-foot horizontal jump.

Bighorns have sustained and fascinated human beings here for a millennium. Spanish explorers reported finding heaps of up to 100,000 horns left behind by ancient hunters along the Gila River, reportedly to invoke the bighorn's supernatural link to the winds that bring vital rains. But the miners hunted them, and domestic sheep and goats infected them until only scattered herds along the Colorado River survived. In the past half-century, the Arizona Game and Fish Department has used those herds' sheep to repopulate various areas, including the Superstitions.

So we sit for half an hour in rapt attention, watching this gift of the wind. Finally, she disappears into a side canyon after scrambling up a 50-foot cliff face where I can scarcely see a foothold. We climb back into the car, wobbly with wonder.

The road struggles up and out of the

canyon, past a small, rare volcanic arch and on through bristles of saguaros and ocotillos. Soon, it rises past the 3,500-foot-high, frost-enforced limit of the saguaros' range and into piñon and juniper pines, offering sweeping views in the process.

As the road gets narrower, steeper and rockier, we leave the land of the passenger car far behind, and I worry that we'll soon find ourselves marooned in the rugged land of the four-wheel drive.

We come finally to an unmarked T intersection at 18.4 miles and I bear right onto Forest Service Road 650, ever so slightly rattled by the elevation gain and the tenuous road. Elissa remains cheerful, but makes note of my long pause, agitated map shuffling and the fall of the gas gauge to well below a quarter tank.

A few miles later, I smell tortured rubber. Getting out, I discover a flat tire that, while I worried about other things, I've driven past recognition. So I change the tire, nearly lost and out of gas, but still impressed with the panoramic view as the hollows fill with shadow and the long last light red shifts on its trip through the atmosphere.

Fortunately, the flat tire is the final problem of the day. We roll on down the unmarked road (Happy Camp Road on the map) toward the highway. The road gets so narrow and steep we have to back up to inch around the switchbacks. Another blessing: Had I done the loop in the opposite direction, I doubt I could have gotten up this grade without four-wheel drive.

At the bottom of the hill, two jaunty

roadrunners watch us pass with amused contempt. I'm happy to see them. I have a private superstition that the editor will like any story based on a trip during which I have seen a roadrunner.

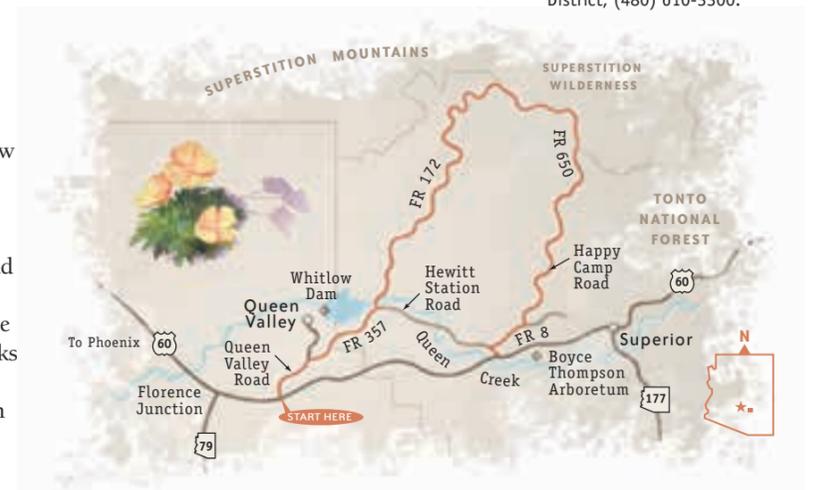
Some 34 miles after our start, we end up back on U.S. 60 at the junction of Happy Camp and Hewitt Station roads, close by the entrance to the Boyce Thompson Arboretum. We're running on gas fumes, but a few miles to the east stands Superior, where we can fill up and get a cold drink.

I realize suddenly that I have forgotten all about the scattered wildflowers, what with the saguaros, the bighorn, the flat tire and the roadrunners. But giving yourself to the day is like praying: You're better off listening than asking. **AH**



VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: High-clearance, two-wheel drive.
TRAVEL ADVISORY: Because of desert washes in the area,

this route should not be attempted in the rain or following heavy rains. **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, and let someone know where you are going and when you plan to return. Odometer readings in the story may vary by vehicle. **ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:** Tonto National Forest, Mesa Ranger District, (480) 610-3300.



Tohono Chul Park Welcomes Birds, Butterflies and Lunch Guests

SOME PEOPLE COME to enjoy the plants, or to buy them from our greenhouse. A lot come for the birds or butterflies. Others come for events, for the arts and crafts in the shops, or simply to relax on a bench. And some come . . . just to have lunch,” said plant curator Russ Buhrow of Tucson’s Tohono Chul Park.

I confessed to Buhrow that the first time I went to Tucson’s Tohono Chul Park, a midday

repast on the lushly landscaped patio of its Tea Room restaurant was my only interest. Later visits to the 49-acre nature preserve opened my eyes to its many other attractions—including a “living” fence and a weedlike plant that transforms itself into a showpiece.

Nestled in north Tucson just off busy Ina Road, Tohono Chul (“desert corner” in the language of the Tohono O’odham Indians) shelters hundreds of species of native and adapted Southwestern plants and 135 species of resident and seasonal birds. And then there are the butterflies.

“One of the best things I ever did was to pay the butterflies and hummingbirds to hang out here,” joked Mary E. Emich, director of visitor services.

Actually, flowering bushes like the red bird of paradise, desert lavender and chuparosa attract the butterflies. And others—such as desert larkspur, star glory, penstemon and owl clover—lure hummingbirds.

“The thing about Tohono Chul is that there’s always something blooming,” Emich added.

For example, before the globemallows, red flax and other spring wildflowers wane, the ocotillos and cacti burst into bloom—saguaro, hedgehogs, chollas, prickly pears and others. In fall and winter, hummingbird trumpets, salvia, dahlias and others appear.

The park celebrates its flora with two events, the Wildflower Festival in April and the Night-blooming Cereus Bloom Night between mid-May and mid-August.

As for wildlife, year-round sightings include coyotes, javelinas, bobcats, rabbits, rattlesnakes and zebra-tailed lizards. The park highlights its fauna during Park After Dark, the Friday after Memorial Day.

Visitors wander on their own, with the help of maps, brochures and interpretive signs, or they join docent tours.

One spring day, I walked

around with Buhrow, who showed me the shops, filled with everything from Indian pottery and baskets to cookware and native foods, and the plant-filled greenhouse. We explored the Desert Discovery Education Center, where lectures, workshops and other activities for all ages are held; the Garden for Children, with its child-sized stream; the Ethnobotanical Garden, featuring wild plants and Indian crops; the Demonstration Garden, with landscaping visitors can do in their own yards; a soothing riparian area; the Geology Wall, which tells the history of the nearby Santa Catalina Mountains; and the Sin Agua Garden, where native plants live on runoff.

Then we took to the trails, all about a quarter-mile long and easy. I spotted plenty of birds and butterflies, but no big critters or snakes. Buhrow told me that when park staff members see rattlers, they use “snake grabbers” to move them away from public areas. With bobcats they just stay clear and watch. But not everyone does.

“One day a bobcat ran through the park, chasing a bunny, I think,” Buhrow recalled, “and some Japanese tourists took off after the cat, taking pictures.”

When I saw saguaros with multicolored needles, I thought they must be some “rainbow” species new to me. “No,” said Buhrow, “we paint the spines as part of a growth study. We track the dates the colors were added, then calculate how fast the cacti have grown.”

Along the trails, I watched a fat dove sitting on its nest in a cholla cactus, stood under Arizona’s national champion foothill paloverde tree—with its 28-foot canopy—and passed a fence constructed of never-say-die ocotillo wands still sprouting leaves. And I learned that some really ugly sticks were the festival-worthy night-blooming cereus plants, which in a few months would produce, for one night, large, white, pink and purple flowers that smell, Buhrow said, like gardenias, or Easter lilies.

Later, on my own, I found a place where the trees bordering each side of a path met overhead, seeming to form a tunnel to a spot that reminded me of an old movie called *The Secret Garden*, based on the book by Frances Hodgson Burnett. In the black-and-white film, a little girl finds solace in a hidden garden that, with some Hollywood magic, bursts into every Technicolor hue of bloom.

Tohono Chul Park seems nearly as hidden amid Tucson’s urban sprawl, and its seasonal cascade of color just as stunning. But this garden is real—and you can have lunch there, too. **AH**



[LEFT] Green branches of one of the world’s largest foothill paloverde trees overhang this view of the Alice Holsclaw Performance Garden, site of the park’s spring and fall concert series. [BELOW] Despite its dead-looking limbs, individual flowers on the desert night-blooming cereus blossom only one night each during June and July. [BOTTOM] Outside the Tea Room, patrons enjoy breakfast, lunch or afternoon tea around the courtyard’s tiled fountain.

[BELOW] Sunny Mexican goldpoppies enrich a colorful wildflower display at Tohono Chul Park in north Tucson.



LOCATION: 7366 N. Paseo del Norte, Tucson.

GETTING THERE: Drive to the intersection of Ina Road and North Paseo del Norte; the park is on the northeast corner. Coming from north or south of Tucson

via Interstate 10, take Exit 248 at Ina Road.

HOURS: Park and Tea Room (breakfast, lunch and afternoon tea), 8 A.M.-5 P.M.; shops, greenhouse, exhibits, 9 A.M.-5 P.M.

FEES: \$5, adults; \$4, seniors; \$3, students with school identification; \$2, children; free under age 5. Tea Room, greenhouse and shops, free admission.

EVENTS: Wildflower Festival, April 3, 3:30 P.M.-7 P.M.; \$50 per person. Night-blooming Cereus Bloom Night, May and August dates to be announced (call for prediction), 5 P.M.-midnight; free. Park After Dark, June 3; free.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: Stay on trails, wear walking shoes and carry water in summer. Pets are not allowed on park grounds. Outer trails are not wheelchair-accessible.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: (520) 742-6455; www.tohonochulpark.org.



Palm Canyon Stands Out as Welcome Haven in Arid Desert Mountains

[BELOW] Beyond a teddy bear cholla cactus glowing in sunset light, a cleft in the western side of the Kofa Mountains leads to Palm Canyon. **[OPPOSITE PAGE]** California fan palm trees surprisingly thrive on the briefly sunlit walls of the canyon.



LOCATION: Approximately 25 miles southeast of Quartzsite in the Kofa National Wildlife Refuge.

GETTING THERE: From Phoenix, drive west on Interstate 10 about 134 miles to Quartzsite, then drive about 23 miles south on U.S. Route 95 to Palm Canyon Road, marked by signs. Take the graded, gravel road 7 miles east to the trailhead parking lot.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: The refuge has no facilities or drinking water, and there is no shade. Carry plenty of water. Hiking alone or during the summer months is not recommended.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Kofa National Wildlife Refuge, (928) 783-7861; www.southwest.fws.gov/refuges/arizona/kofa.html.

THE CACTI-COVERED, arid rockiness of the Kofa National Wildlife Refuge doesn't seem a likely place to find an oasis, but tucked high in a narrow canyon palm trees native to Arizona flourish.

A 1-mile round-trip trail leads to a view of the 20-foot-tall palms rising defiantly from the side canyon carved in the rocky desert 70 miles northeast of Yuma. About 45 California fan palms (*Washingtonia filifera*) thrive in Palm Canyon, the biggest grove known in the Kofa Mountains, but additional palms grow scattered in other area canyons.

Botanists have competing theories to explain the existence of these out-of-place giants in the midst of a saguaro, ironwood and paloverde landscape. Some scientists believe the palms are descendants of palms growing in this area during the last Ice Age some 10,000 years ago. They theorize the palms retreated to the higher, more protected areas by clinging to the slopes of the canyon walls as the climate warmed to desert temperatures. Others

believe that the palms resulted from birds, coyotes and other animals carrying the seeds from groves in Nevada, Mexico and California in their digestive tracts and depositing them in the canyons.

Regardless of how they got there, the palms survive because of their unique placement on canyon walls from 200 to 400 feet above the canyon floor. The walls create a microclimate, capturing moisture and limiting direct sunlight, making the canyon heights cooler than the surrounding, unforgiving desert.

The trail begins at the upper end of a parking lot and winds through the bright-green paloverde trees and blooming creosotes. With occasional stair-step rocks, it twists through the underbrush between the high, volcanic rhyolite walls of the Kofa Mountains.

The footpath ends at a sign pointing up to the just-visible fronds of the palms, which seem impossibly adhered to the boulders that fill the narrows of Palm Canyon. Although the official trail ends at the viewpoint, more adventurous hikers can clamber up the boulders for a closer look.

The narrow canyon splits at the base by

a jagged ridge. From the sign, the right side of the canyon looks impassable. Hikers should ignore this illusion and go to the right anyway. The path on the left demands a tricky climb. The skinny, almost stair-step passage on the right proves easier. Hikers with claustrophobia may prefer the more taxing route, but either ascent is worth the effort.

At the top under the landscape's only shade, the soothing swish of the rustling fronds rides a cool canyon breeze. White-throated swifts flit against the volcanic rock backdrop, and the harsh desert floor seems a distant land.

For photographers, the best time to capture light on the palms is during midday when the canyon isn't shaded.

Early morning hikers should watch the ridge tops for bighorn sheep. An estimated 600 bighorns roam the refuge, created in 1939 to ensure their survival. Known to sometimes wander Palm Canyon in the early morning hours, the agile, graceful bighorns can go several days without water, provided the forage is moist, but drink up to 4 gallons at a time. They also eat the succulent prickly pear and cholla cacti for moisture.

Since palm trees do not produce growth rings like other trees, it is nearly impossible to tell the ages of the desert misfits in this remote canyon. Many have blackened trunks from a raging fire in 1954, another testament to the palms' ability to survive in such a severe, unlikely environment. The first unsuspecting hikers to record having seen the palms back in 1910 may have found themselves trying to rub the tropical mirage from their heat-stricken eyes. ■■

Before you go on this hike, visit our Web site at arizonahighways.com for other things to do and places to see in the area.

