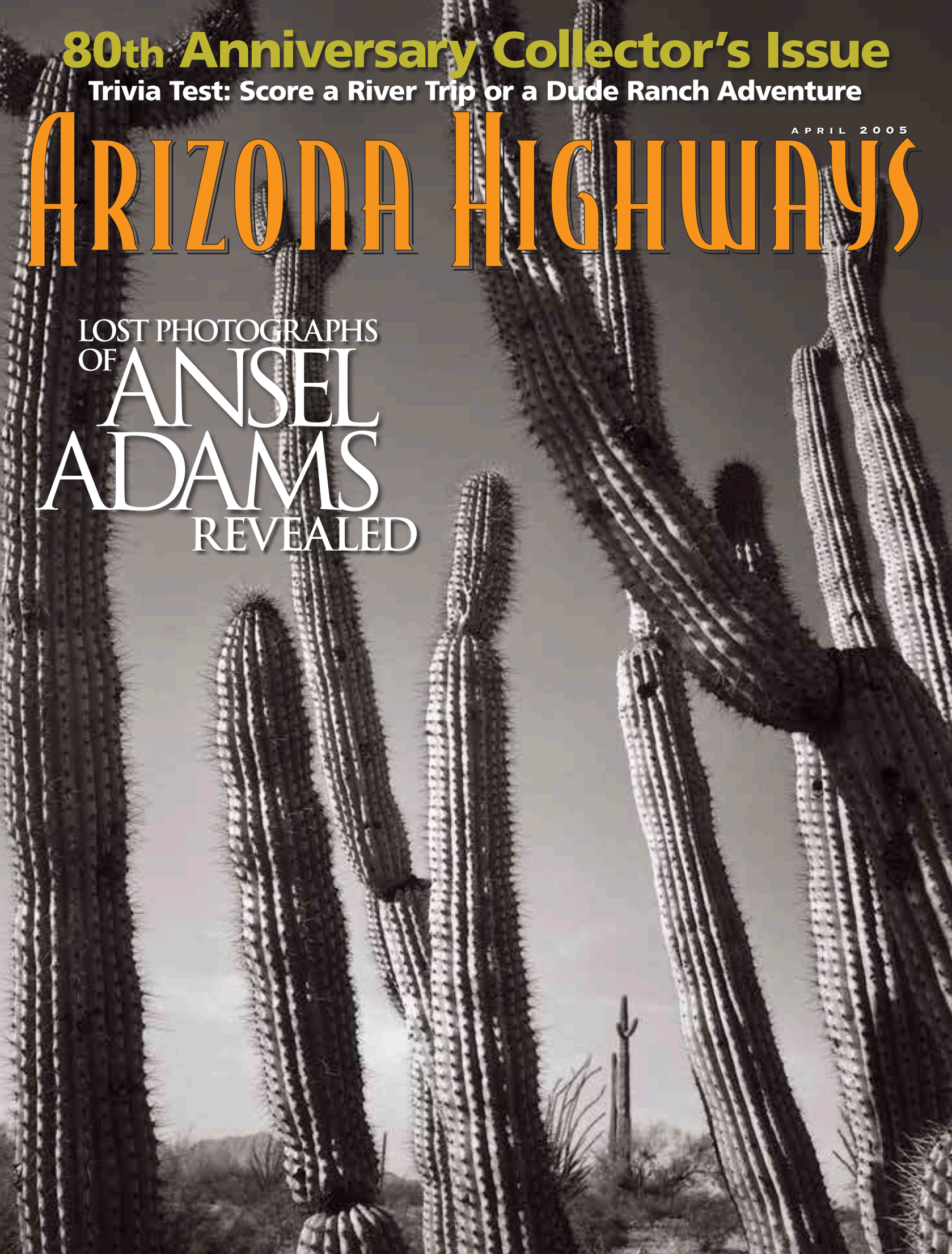
80th Anniversary Collector's Issue
Trivia Test: Score a River Trip or a Dude Ranch Adventure
APRIL 2005
ARIZONA HIGHWAYS
LOST PHOTOGRAPHS OF ANSEL ADAMS REVEALED

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

APRIL 2005

Welcome to Our Anniversary Issue

80 YEARS OLD AND COUNTING

To celebrate our magazine's lively past and launch us into the future, we invite you to have a little fun and win some outstanding prizes by takng our trivia quiz on page 48. Answers will be published in June; winners will be announced in September. (Plus, the poor old editor says goodbye on page 56, and meet our new editor on pages 2 and 3.)

6 COVER
The 'Lost' Photographs of Ansel Adams
Starting in the 1940s, the renowned camera artist was a treasured friend of *Arizona Highways* magazine, and he left us a collection of almost-forgotten work, some of which we present in this issue.
BY RICHARD MAACK PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

18 LOCATION
Ancient Desert Messages, Meanings Unknown
At Painted Rocks, southwest of Phoenix, we are left to wonder what long-ago people wanted to communicate in this intriguing pile of volcanic boulders.
BY GREG McNAMEE PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK DYKINGA

24 PORTFOLIO
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Our state has exquisite scenery unmatched in America, and the second-best way to experience it is through this selection of words and pictures of our photographers' secret spots.

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Wyatt Earp's Quest to Find Peace and Quiet
The legendary lawman did his best to put the gunfights and death from his Tombstone days behind him, spending later years along the Colorado River.
BY LEO W. BANKS

50 TRAVEL
Follow Barry Goldwater to the Canyon's Kolb Arch
In 1954, the U.S. senator began from a remote helicopter landing spot and made a difficult hike to explore the 150-foot-high natural bridge.
BY TOM KUHN PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD L. DANLEY

[THIS PAGE] A lone hiker atop a dramatic Navajo sandstone bluff faces the last rays of the setting sun in the Paria Canyon-Vermilion Cliffs Wilderness. RALPH LEE HOPKINS [FRONT COVER] A major contributor to *Arizona Highways* throughout the 1940s and '50s, legendary photographer Ansel Adams shared a special relationship with the magazine and its editor, Raymond Carlson. Our cover photograph, Adams' *Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument*, is one of many original prints that developed from that friendship. Stored in the magazine's vault for more than five decades, several photographs from this historic collection are published here for the first time. See story, page 6. [BACK COVER] Sunrise lights the massive sandstone span of Cove Mesa Arch on the Navajo Indian Reservation. ROBERT G. MCDONALD

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Explore Arizona oddities, attractions and pleasures.

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Bob Early, the poor old editor, finally gets to sit back and ponder the fundamental beauty of his beloved Arizona.

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The Magazine's First Cover
You can take a leisurely drive south of Prescott and see the roadside scene where *Arizona Highways* shot its first cover photograph 80 years ago.

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Bisbee's Queen Mine
A train ride along the deep passageways gives a sense of the hard, dangerous life miners had to endure.

64 HIKE OF THE MONTH
Near Sedona, the recently completed Historic Munds Wagon Trail follows an 1880s cattle-driving route.

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at arizonahighways.com

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ONLINE EXTRA
Finding Treasure Via Satellite
The Global Positioning System has opened up a new game for everyone, called geocaching, and it's a big hunt for hidden prizes.

WEEKEND GETAWAY
Patagonia
This southern Arizona town, rich with Old West history, has a modern culture of art and music, plus interesting people.

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

{highways on television}

Arizona Highways magazine has inspired an independently produced weekly television series, hosted by Phoenix TV news anchor Robin Sewell. The half-hour program can be seen in several cities in English and Spanish. For channels and show times, log onto arizonahighways.com; click on DISCOVER ARIZONA; then click on the '*Arizona Highways* goes to television!' link on the right-hand side.

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. 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.)

Meet *Arizona Highways'* Ninth Editor in 80 Years

Peter Aleshire, a well-traveled outdoorsman and longtime contributor to *Arizona Highways*, takes the helm as the magazine's ninth editor in 80 years with this special anniversary issue. He replaces Robert J. "Bob" Early, who retired after almost 15 years of editorial leadership. (See Bob's farewell column on page 56.)

Aleshire has written many stories for *Arizona Highways*—earning numerous national awards while exploring every corner of the state.

He says, "I've chased mountain lions on muleback, rounded up cattle in river bottoms, tipped a kayak in the rapids of the Salt River, ridden on a cavalry patrol along the Mogollon Rim and gotten stuck in the Big Sandy River. I don't think most people have any clue what a great state they live in. That's why a magazine like *Arizona Highways* is so important."

Aleshire has also written four history books about Arizona's Apache Wars—*Reaping the Whirlwind, Cochise, Warrior Woman* and *The Fox and the Whirlwind*. He has been a senior lecturer at Arizona State University's West Campus since 1992, teaching journalism, magazine writing and creative nonfiction.

After earning an undergraduate degree in history and graduating with a master's degree in communications from Stanford University in 1975, Aleshire spent 18 years as an editor and award-winning reporter at newspapers in the West, including *The Arizona Republic*.

Arizona Highways Publisher Win Holden says, "Peter Aleshire understands and respects this publication's tradition of excellence. He brings a rare combination of intellect and exceptional writing skill, and appreciates the demands our readers place on top-quality photography and story-telling."

Treasure Trove

I have just finished reading the November 2004 issue, and I believe it is one of the finest you have ever done. The 16 pages about lost treasure ("Tales of Lost Treasure—The State Remains a Gold Mine of Misplaced Loot") were the best ever, and the subject would be a welcome addition to all future issues.

Dan Pollock, Taylorsville, UT

As I started to read the "Tales of Lost Treasure," I couldn't put the magazine down until I finished all of them. It was well done and very interesting. It makes you get ready to pack up for Arizona.

Carol H. Kennedy, Allyn, WA

I wonder how many readers—primarily engineering types, I suspect—will spot the howler on page 29 ("Tales of Lost Treasure") in the article about lost mercury tubes? My guess is that somebody got the units wrong on the size of the tubes. Exclusive of the container weight, a column of mercury 6 inches in diameter by 10 feet long would weigh about 8 tons—way over the 76.5 pounds you quoted.

John Venable, Conneaut, OH

You're right, our expert confirms that they were probably 10 inches long, not 10 feet.

Man vs. Nature

I agree with reader Ray Wells regarding Fossil Springs ("Letters & E-mail," November '04), who wrote: "Some of us find beauty in the works of man as well as in the works of nature."

Carried to extremes, environmental issues could lead to the destruction of all evidence of our modern civilization. I do enjoy being out in nature, and I think we should use reasonable methods to ensure its survival, but destroying an archaeological site isn't reasonable, in my opinion.

Norman Severance, Chloride

Jackson Cabin Mystery

I can shed just a little light on the history of Jackson cabin ("Back Road Adventure," "Road to Jackson Cabin From Muleshoe Ranch Takes Its Toll in Bumps," November '04), having lived in it for a couple of weeks in February 1978, while assisting Jay Lazarus, who was working on his master's thesis in geology at the University of Arizona.

The cabin was partially furnished and had a stove and some bunks. The protocol was to leave some coffee, flour or other staples for the next folks. We showered in the waterfall a short walk away. The hawks were beautiful and prevalent, and we spotted a few coatimundis as well.

As I recall, the cabin originally served as a line shack for either Muleshoe Ranch or Pride Ranch, and was used as an overnight or short-stay stop for cowboys or prospectors passing through.

Gary Jones, Esher, Surrey, England

Canyon de Chelly Truths

I am writing to clarify a serious and misleading error on your November 2004 cover: "Walk Among the Navajo Ancients" implies the dwellings and other artifacts in Canyon de Chelly were created by Navajo ancestors. In fact, the Navajo people are "Johnny-come-latelies" and have "owned" this precious land for only a few hundred years.

The original inhabitants—honored by your story—were actually the ancestors of the Hopi Indians and other Puebloan tribes who lived there more than a thousand years ago, and whose descendants now have no claim to their own ancestral lands.

Arthur Ross, M.D., Tucson

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

APRIL 2005 VOL. 81, NO. 4

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PRODUCED IN THE USA

A Freshly Minted Editor Must Trust the Rope and the Song

I felt a mingling of envy and fear as I watched Apache Indian guide Gregg Henry hook me to a climbing rope that led off a cliff and down into a sluicing corkscrew of a waterfall deep in sacred Cibecue Canyon.

I envied his fit to this place.

And I feared my own falling short.

I think that all my life, I'd been honing the envy. As a cub reporter, I wrote about the song of the Chemeheuvi Indians, who lived in the hard, harsh heart of the Mojave Desert. A boy came of age only when he memorized the song of his clan, which took years to learn and days to sing. The songs contained a verbal map of the clan's claimed territory, with references to every water hole, seasonal bloom and haunt of the bighorn sheep. Anyone passing through that clan's territory would hire a guide who knew the song and so could find the hidden water.

KERRICK JAMES

I longed to learn such a song.

But alas, I was the son of an itinerant city manager, and I had myself become a rootless reporter. I had moved and moved from place to place, nearly forgetting my own longing for a song.

Some 18 years ago, I settled in Phoenix. I spent six years at *The Arizona Republic*, but when that string ran out, I decided to stay put. Fortunately, *Arizona Highways* Editor Bob Early found the waif of my career on his doorstep and wrapped me in a blue baby blanket of wonderful assignments. Bob remains perhaps the youngest, bravest, funniest, most decent man I've ever known. His only weakness is an abiding affection for foundling writers.

Bankrolled by Bob and the kindly readers of *Arizona Highways*, I wandered the state—agog and agape.

I also taught writing at Arizona State University's West Campus and wrote some history books about the Apache Indians. Like the Chemeheuvi, the Apaches remain intimately connected to the land. They attach stories containing apt life lessons to place names, so that in learning the names of each place in their world, children also learn right behavior. The Apaches say that wisdom sits in places and so a person must sit quietly in those places to let that wisdom seep in.

I loved that idea, for I have found also that wisdom sits in places. I have felt it while paddling through the reflected sky in a slot canyon of Lake Powell, hiking through a monsoon in the Chiricahua Mountains, glimpsing a trogon in the thickets of the Huachucas, pausing before the plunge into the Crystal Rapids of the Colorado River, standing on the spot in the Peloncillo Mountains where Geronimo surrendered, making eye contact with a deer in fresh snow on the Grand Canyon's rim and wriggling into a limestone cavern that glistened with fleshy curtains of stone.

Now I realize that these places and the people who took me there each taught me another verse of that yearned-for song of belonging, each verse learned by heart.

But suddenly, Bob Early, my great teacher, decided to do other things. Perhaps at 68 his brand-new master's degree in theology was burning a hole in the pocket of his mind. Bob agreed to write a fond farewell to the readers he has served so loyally these past 15 years (see page 56).

Through some oversight, *Highways* Publisher Win Holden hired me to fill Bob's oversized shoes. So I am come suddenly of age, entrusted with the proud 80-year legacy of this magazine. I am transformed from apprentice to singer. Fortunately, people like Senior Editor Beth Deveny, Director of Photography Pete Ensenberger and Win have promised to leave the snatches of the verses I have not yet learned piled up in my inbox. I am in good hands, for they have put up with me these many years already, with the tolerant affection one normally reserves for cheerful, three-legged dogs.

So I have no need of envy evermore, for I now know my song.

Still, I have a little fear.

I don't want to mess up the words, lose the rhythm.

But when I quail, I think of Gregg Henry on the Cibecue cliff edge. I had never rappelled, but Gregg insisted I clip onto the rope and walk down the cliff right into the waterfall. Peering over the edge, I decided it was Gregg's elaborate, deadpan revenge for the whole Apache Wars thing.

But sometimes, you just trust the rope and the moment and the one who taught you the song.

So I turned my back to the abyss, committed my weight to the rope and walked backward over the cliff. I slipped. I banged. I slid. I stood. I hit the water, trembled, twisted, bashed, gulped, hollered and gasped. But I emerged alive and brimming with joy on the far side.

So now I am again leaning back, just as Bob taught me—trusting that Beth and Pete and Win have hold of the rope.

I am not sure of my footing—for I'm half blinded by the rainbow in the water's spray and dare not look down. But I am ready to sing the song of my clan.

Pete Aleshire

THIS MONTH IN ARIZONA

1862
One of Arizona's few **Civil War battles** is fought at Picacho Peak northwest of Tucson. The **Confederates** win the battle, but the victory is **insignificant**.

1871
The **Vulture Mine** outside of **Wickenburg** is offered **for sale in London**.

1872
A four-horse coach **journey** from **San Diego to Tucson** costs $80 in **gold coins**.

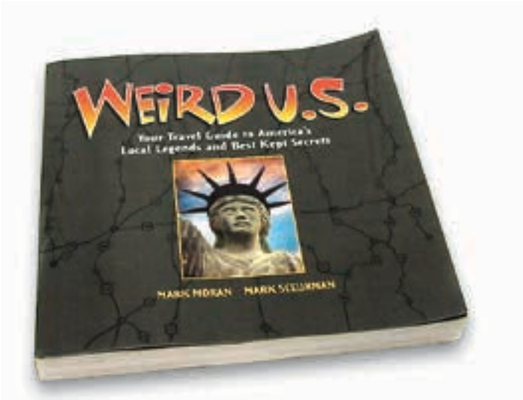
1894
Phoenix records a new high of **9,500 residents**.

1898
A **mining boom** hits **Bisbee**, requiring construction of a third lumberyard to supply the **demand for new buildings**.

Metal mania in **Cochise County** forces the recorder's office to process **80 new mining applications**.

1904
The **Arizona Insane Asylum** houses 204 patients, with 93 admitted in the previous year—22 for alcoholism, and 23 for unknown causes. Other causes included senility, epilepsy, **idiocy** and **mental worry**.

Despite threats of a 30-day jail sentence, **chicken thieves plague** the citizens of **Jerome**.



The Weird Thing is This . . .

Arizona's roadside attraction known as "The Thing" has found its way into a new travel guide to the United States—the *Weird U.S.*, that is. The oddity off Interstate 10 between Willcox and Benson is one of many in the book by Mark Moran and Mark Sceurman, which explores the country's kookiest landmarks, legends and folklore. It visits strange structures, examines the unexplained, chronicles the creepy, peers at the paranormal, depicts the disturbing and reveals some of the best-kept secrets in America (that perhaps should have remained so). While the Grand Canyon State seems almost nonexistent in this nationwide atlas of the bizarre (the verdict is still out on whether that's good or bad), *Weird U.S.* is a fun read for any "roads scholar."

Information: www.barnesandnoble.com.

Oldest Levi's

When Allen Armstrong brags that he owns one of the world's oldest pairs of Levi's, he's not exaggerating.

He dredged up a pair that dates back to the 1890s from an abandoned mine shaft in the historic Castle Dome mining district, located about 40 miles northeast of Yuma. "It was almost like going into the *Titanic*," says the Castle Dome City Mines Museum owner of his 1998 expedition to unearth artifacts in one of Arizona's oldest mining regions. Along with 1890s Levi's splashed with candle wax (miners used candles before headlamps were invented), Armstrong discovered a dynamite spoon, powder boxes and a Schlitz beer bottle from the era. "The stuff was so well-preserved you could strike a match from the 1800s and light it," he says.

Throughout the mineshaft, he discovered four other pairs of century-old Levi's. "We suspect the miners just changed their clothes and left them there," Armstrong says. At the Castle Dome City Mines Museum, visitors can view these Levi's worn by turn-of-the century miners, harbingers of the world's hottest fashion trend.

Information: (928) 920-3062.

Tom Mix's Marker

Seventeen miles southeast of Florence, you can pull off State Route 79 at a picnic spot complete with tables. There you have a nice place to sit, look at the desert and wonder about the stone marker topped by a metal statue of a riderless horse.

The plaque on the marker states that on October 12, 1940, Tom Mix's "spirit left his body on this spot." He sure had a long ride to end up here. He had been one of the biggest stars in Hollywood's galaxy of cowboy heroes. He made more than 300 "oaters" during a film career that began in 1909 with the movie *Ranch Life in the Great Southwest*. He wore the big hat, rode Tony the Wonder Horse, headlined circuses and had a comic book dedicated to him and his cowboy clean heroics.

Tom Mix made the move from the silents to the talkies but couldn't make a quick detour turn off a desert highway. He and his 1937 Cord Phaeton convertible ended up in a wash. He died, they say, when one of his suitcases broke loose and crashed into his neck.

If you do stop at his marker, you may find a pile of pictures of Mix. Somebody puts them there, under a stone. They help people remember a man who once rode the celluloid road to fame.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: LINDA LONGMIRE; TERRENCE MOORE; ALLEN ARMSTRONG

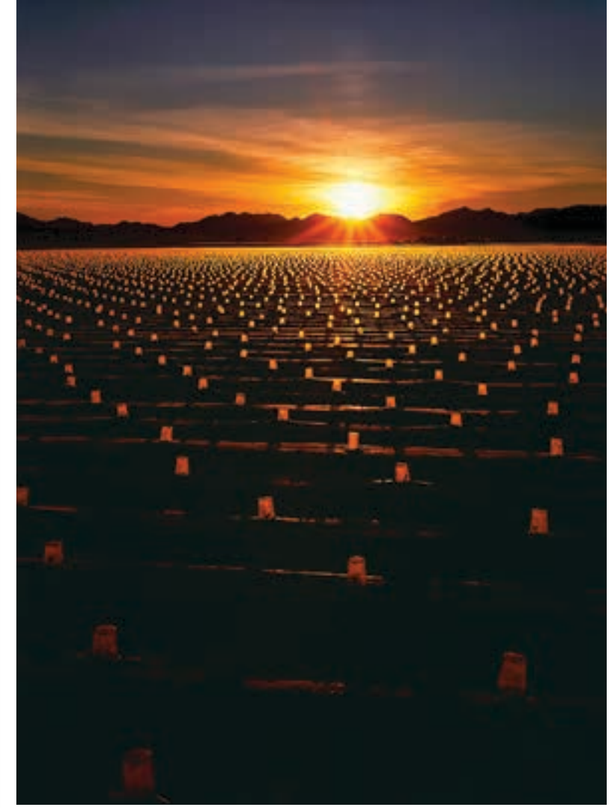
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: LINDA LONGMIRE; ROBERT HERKO; LINDA LONGMIRE; E. M. SAMMIS; MUSEUM OF HISTORY & INDUSTRY

Bypassed by the Pony Express

How many years did the Pony Express operate in Arizona?

Zero. The Pony Express followed a route from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, carrying mail almost 2,000 miles across the country, but not one single mile of the route went through Arizona Territory. Another mail service, the Butterfield Overland Mail Company brought mail to Arizonans via a route that ran from St. Louis, south through Texas and Arizona and then up the California coastline to San Francisco.

Eventually the start of the Civil War and Indian hostilities forced the Butterfield to stop its deliveries.



The evening sun slipping behind the mountains sets a field of watermelon seedlings aglow in Yuma. Located on Arizona's "west coast," Yuma is the state's most agriculturally rich community.

LIFE IN ARIZONA 1854

Who Wrote Chief Seattle's Famed Speech?

"There was a time when our people covered the whole land as the waves of a wind-ruffled sea covers its shell-paved floor, but that time has long since passed away with the greatness of tribes almost forgotten . . ."

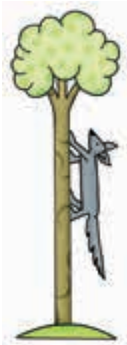
In 1854 Noah Sealth, better known as Chief Seattle of the Suquamish Indians, reportedly said those stirring words about the fate of his people. Today some people think he never spoke them.

By 1854, settlers moved in great numbers across the country, taking land from the native people. The Suquamish tribe's population had declined over time. Chief Seattle was convinced that the fate of his people wasn't promising, and agreed to move them to a reservation.

The speech, known mostly for its wisdom and kindness, had only one recorder, Dr. Henry A. Smith. Smith supposedly understood Seattle's language and transcribed Seattle's words, but not until 33 years after the speech was made.

The speech and a letter Chief Seattle allegedly wrote to President Franklin Pierce in 1885 have raised controversy. The letter refers to white men shooting buffalo from the windows of the "Iron Horse," but Seattle never traveled far enough south to see a train. He possibly never even saw a buffalo.

Today many people believe Smith embellished the speech, or possibly made it up entirely. Some also doubt the authenticity of the letter. Even so, the words credited to Seattle are famed and still quoted across the country.



Question of the Month

Q Which **relative** of the **domestic dog** can climb trees, telephone poles and even saguaro cacti?

A The **gray fox** (*urocyon cinereoargenteus*) is typically the only canid that can shimmy up vertical surfaces. The agile animal uses its unique skill to escape from predators, raid bird nests and even to hunt unsuspecting rodents from above.

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THE 'LOST' PHOTOGRAPHS OF

ANSEL ADAMS

LONG A FRIEND OF ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, THE RENOWNED CAMERA ARTIST LEFT US A CACHE OF UNIQUE PRINTS. **BY RICHARD MAACK**

ORGAN PIPE CACTUS NATIONAL MONUMENT

SUNRISE NEAR PRESCOTT

LATE EVENING, MONUMENT VALLEY, 1945

THE END OF WORLD WAR II found Ansel Adams solidly established as one of the world's great photographers. The postwar years also signaled the beginning of his special relationship with *Arizona Highways* and a personal friendship with the magazine's editor, Raymond Carlson. That friendship ultimately produced a series of historic collaborations and led to a collection of original prints by the famous photographer, most unseen until this issue of the magazine.

"I have a far-flung reputation now which I am anxious to cash in on in a thoroughly dignified (and profitable) manner," the irrepressible Adams, tongue-in-cheek, wrote to his friend Carlson in the early 1950s, in a series of letters preserved by the conservators at the Ansel Adams Trust.

By that time, Adams was regularly featured on the pages of *Arizona Highways*, but despite his reputation as a sterling black-and-white craftsman, most of his contributions were in color. Adams' first photograph in the magazine was a two-page color spread of Monument Valley (above) in the March 1946 issue, which, probably not so coincidently, was Carlson's first issue back after a two-year tour in the Pacific Theater with the U.S. Army.

Carlson's first stint with *Arizona Highways* began in 1938 and continued

JEROME

for five years before it was interrupted by the war. Prior to departing for his military service, he helped to transform the magazine from a stodgy publication featuring a preponderance of material devoted to road-building and highway maintenance, with nods to the burgeoning popularity of motor tourism, into a prototype travel publication with an international reputation for fine writing and exceptional photography.

Adams, known by the mid-1940s for his bravura black-and-white photographic interpretations of the American landscape, had begun a flirtation with the newly emerging field of color photography.

The first practical color photography process was Kodachrome, introduced in the late 1930s. A short time after the film's debut, *Arizona Highways* published its first full-color landscape photograph, a picture of Red Rock Country near Sedona on the cover of its July 1939 issue.

Although *Highways* stayed predominantly black and white for quite a few years after that, more and more color photographs began working their way into its pages. By 1946, the magazine had a growing reputation for publishing color photography, particularly photographs of the spectacular Arizona landscape. In December of that year, *Arizona Highways* made publishing history by producing the nation's first all-color consumer magazine issue.

"Cactus, desert flowers, Indians, the Grand Canyon . . . people love it, and we give it to them with the best photography and color work in the world," as Raymond Carlson described his formula for *Arizona Highways*' success to Tom Cooper, a former editor himself during the 1970s, and author of a history of the magazine.

As involved as he was in the world of photography, particularly landscape photography, none of this was lost on Ansel Adams. We don't know whether it was Adams or Carlson who first initiated contact with the other, but we do know that fortunate circumstances brought the two parties together for that March 1946 issue and resulted in a hefty stack of entertaining letters.

Carlson was well aware of Adams' growing international status, and had to feel good about landing the photographer for his first issue back at the magazine. Adams, too, must have appreciated the forum for his experiments with color photography, and continued to contribute his color efforts to *Arizona Highways* for the remainder of the decade. During that time, the ebullient Adams and the erudite Carlson, who knew talent when he saw it, developed a personal friendship to complement their mutually beneficial professional relationship. Together they started to explore ideas to feature Adams' work more prominently in the magazine.

By the time Adams wrote the aforementioned tongue-in-cheek commercial declaration to Carlson, he was confident enough in his position with *Arizona Highways* to suggest a continuing series of features in his trademark black-and-white style. The stories Adams outlined included the Grand Canyon, Tombstone, Monument Valley, the cottonwoods of Tucson, Jerome, sunrise on the desert and some scenes outside the state's boundaries.

Carlson wrote back to express his preference for Arizona subjects, and Adams responded with a proposal for a series of photographic portfolios, with writer Nancy Newhall, wife of photohistorian Beaumont Newhall, providing the text. The Newhall-Adams collaboration produced six stories, published in *Arizona Highways* between June 1952 and April 1954, covering Sunset Crater, Canyon de Chelly, the historic mission at Tumacacori, California's Death Valley, Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument and Mission San Xavier del Bac.

While working on these projects, Adams and Carlson maintained a

CANYON OF THE LITTLE COLORADO

AGAVE

steady stream of correspondence. Issues involving the reproduction quality of his photographs in the magazine were resolved by Adams working closely with his own engraver in San Francisco. Logistical challenges and practical travel considerations were addressed by U.S. mail. Adams wrote:

> AT LAST!! Plans are made. Nancy has worked out her problems and I am getting mine solved!
>
> I am PREGNANT with ideas!!!! Maybe there will be a multiple birth!!!
>
> Luff to you and yours,
>
> –AA March 14, 1953

Adams tackled the planning of the features with his usual enthusiasm, eagerly anticipating the photographic opportunities the assignments would provide.

During the preproduction phase of his visit to Mission San Xavier, Adams displayed his excitement about the upcoming trip in a letter to Carlson. "We have just written Father Chinn of San Xavier for information on the appropriate time to work there (hoping for feast days and other ceremonials)," Adams wrote. "I am hoping we can get there in January and February —even in March—if that is not too late. And there are other things for the desert scene in general which would be helpful in winter. After all, I have never spent very much continuous time anywhere in the SW, excepting Santa Fe. The last trips have been depreciated by rather poor weather conditions and the effects are all too apparent in the bleak skies, etc. I am hoping that a month in ONE place will provide an exciting set of pictures!"

Adams always made a point of stopping in Phoenix to spend time with Carlson on his way to or from his assignments. As work on the projects proceeded, Adams, always the entrepreneur, suggested that *Arizona Highways*

DESERT VIEW, CAMERON

ORGAN PIPE CACTUS NATIONAL MONUMENT, SAGUARO CACTUS

purchase a collection of his photographs, to be used whenever and wherever the magazine chose. So, for example, when the magazine needed a Grand Canyon photograph, one of his images would be available.

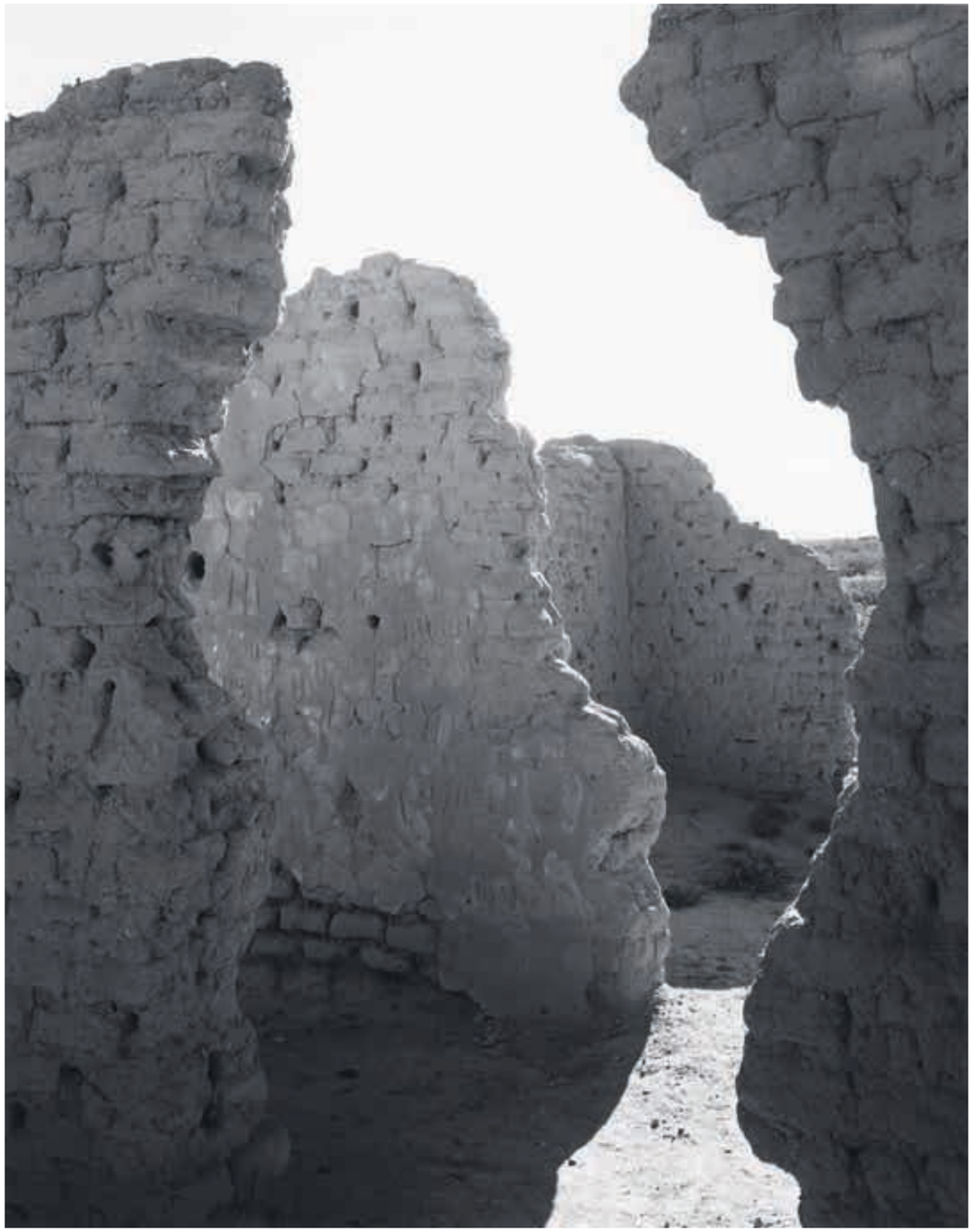
Although Adams had a growing reputation as a fine-art photographer, that kind of work wouldn't support him until much later in his life. Like many commercial photographers, he scrambled to make a living and took advantage of every potential financial opportunity. According to the archived letters, Adams' bill to *Arizona Highways* for the 150 original, mounted photographs was $1,500.

Carlson agreed to the purchase. Buying the prints accomplished two things: It allowed him to get some money to Adams quickly to help finance his travels for the magazine, and it provided a ready supply of images for future issues. Adams was happy with the cash, of course, but was almost as pleased that he was saving the postage costs of shipping photographs back and forth between Arizona and his home in San Francisco.

Adams happily received the news of Carlson's print order and wrote back after an extended trip to the East Coast, "Now, I have been busy—terribly busy—for several months. I have probably given you the impression that I have neglected you. Such is not the case! But I did desperately need this trip to the fountainhead of 'bizness.' I am suitably splashed with the spray of potential profits! I could not finish the 150 prints for you before I left. But they shall be finished very soon."

Adams continued to work for *Arizona Highways* for much of the 1950s and remained a contributor and great fan of the magazine until his death in 1984. However, as the photographer gained more and more fame, the demands on his time produced by the accompanying acclaim started to diminish his active assignments for the magazine. Even so, he continued to provide images from his stock files throughout the rest of his life.

Carlson remained the editor of *Arizona Highways* until his retirement at age 65 in 1971. At that time, the magazine reached almost a half-million subscribers around the world each month. *Highways* had become a publishing phenomenon under his guidance, and to honor his achievements, he was



FORT LOWELL

FORT LOWELL, CARVING ON WALL [TUCSON]

awarded the title of editor emeritus. The visionary editor died after a long illness in 1983, separated in death by just one year from his friend Ansel Adams.

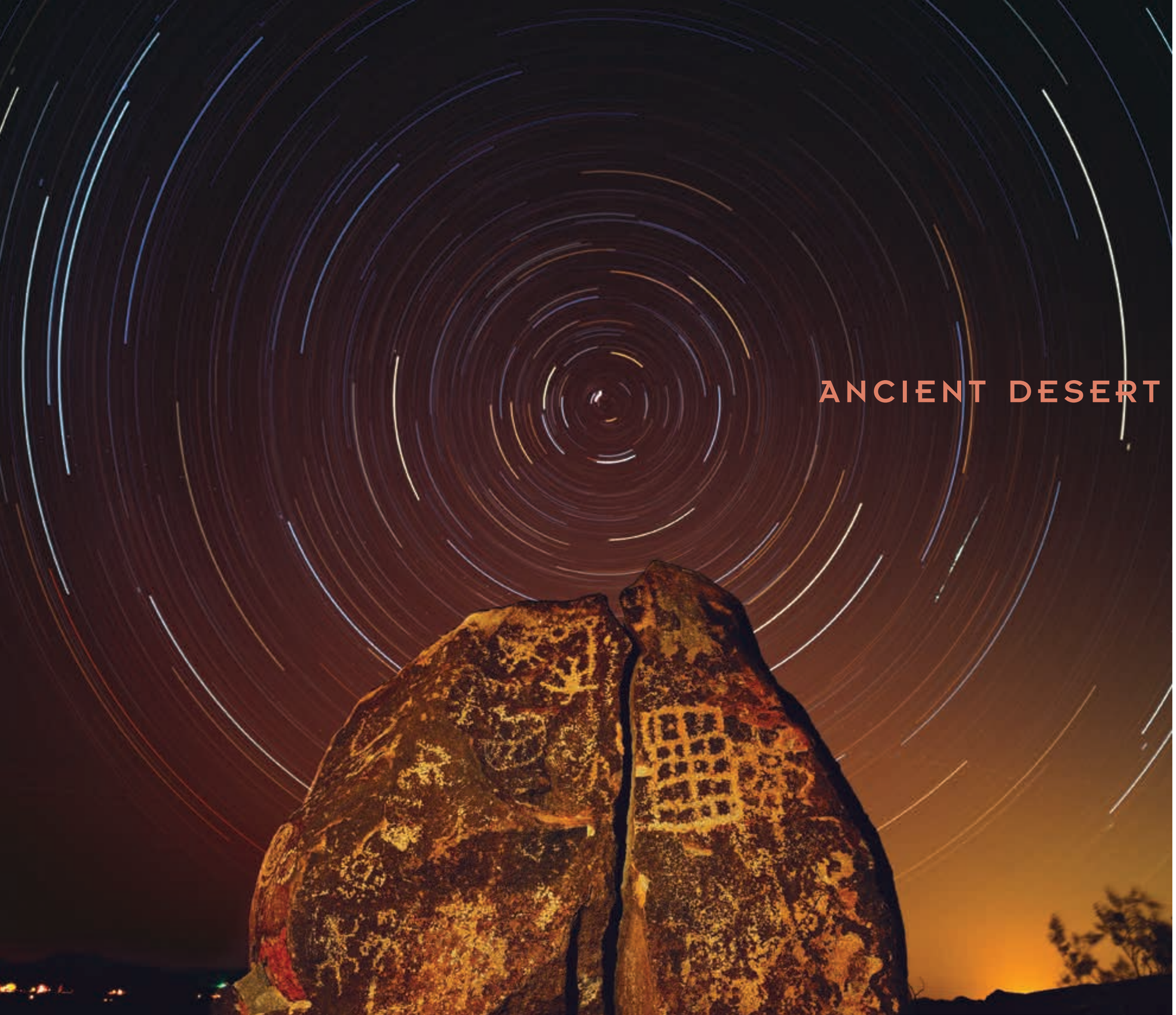
The prints Adams sold to the magazine languished in storage, half-forgotten. A few years ago, they were rediscovered on a dusty bottom shelf in the magazine's vault. The historic images, all affixed to mount boards, were stacked one atop the other with no protection at all—just mounted photographs in a pile, an archivist's nightmare. Fortunately, however, the prints were in good shape, probably because over the years they were moved and handled infrequently.

Since their rediscovery, we've cataloged and packaged each print in archival sleeves. Of the original 150 prints, 108 remain. Nothing is known about the others, but it is most likely they were sent back to Adams after publication, our current policy, and also a common procedure during the 1950s.

Soon the photographs will find a new home at the Center for Creative Photography in Tucson, as part of the *Arizona Highways* collection. There, the historic prints will be preserved as part of the legacy of a warm friendship and collaboration between the renowned photographer and *Arizona Highways* Editor Raymond Carlson.

Many of the prints in this historic collection are being reproduced in this issue for the first time. AH

Arizona Highways *Photography Editor Richard Maack never met Ansel Adams, but learned to be a photographer using Adams' Basic Photo series of books. Reading Adams' letters to* Arizona Highways *gave him privileged insight into the celebrated photographer's personality.*



ANCIENT DESERT MESSAGES

At Painted Rocks, people scratched out a record that defies clear interpretation

TEXT BY GREGORY McNAMEE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK DYKINGA

A HUMAN FIGURE STANDS hesitantly at the entrance of a winding maze.

A sun burns its way across a black sky. A strange creature, looking much like the monster in the *Alien* film series, scuttles across an ocher field. A lizard basks in light, while deer and pronghorn antelopes gather for water. And an outstretched hand waves across the centuries, as if to say, I once was, and I am here still.

On a broad, sandy plain in the western desert of Arizona stands a low mound of volcanic boulders, rising just a dozen feet or so above the creosote-studded desert floor. A casual observer catching a glimpse of them from a car window could be forgiven for thinking that someone heaped those rocks up deliberately, back in the days when the world was young, so regularly placed and so seemingly out of place is the pile. In fact, though, some ancient volcano deposited the rocks there eons ago. They are so old and weathered that they crumble almost at the touch, their patina easily scratched by a fingernail or twig.

[LEFT] A three-hour-long film exposure tracks celestial arcs around the North Star and a streaking meteor (right center) in the night sky above Painted Rocks Petroglyph Site near Gila Bend southwest of Phoenix.

For just that reason, the ancient people of the desert country—Archaic period people and the Hohokam, forebears of Arizona's present-day south-central and southwestern Indian tribes—made a sign or a message board out of the

mound. With hammerstones they pecked hundreds of petroglyphs, or rock carvings, on the soft, pitted surfaces of the stones, leaving a record about which people have wondered, speculated and argued ever since.

The place is called Painted Rocks, a translation of *piedras pintadas*, meaning "marked rocks," as the Spanish soldiers under Juan Bautista de Anza called them when they passed by 225 years ago. (There is some evidence that some of the glyphs may indeed have had paint on them.) Unlike most other important petroglyph sites in the Southwest, it is not tucked away cliffside in a remote canyon or hidden in a cave, but out in the open southwest of Phoenix near the Woolsey Peak Wilderness. The rocks are about 3 miles from the banks of the Gila River on a plain that, in their day, saw good populations of pronghorns, deer and bighorn sheep, to judge by the abundant zoomorphic carvings at the site.

The animals did their part in sustaining many people in the desert surrounding Painted Rocks over the years. Archaeologists have cataloged nearly a hundred sites nearby where people of the Hohokam civilization worked or lived. These sites range widely in age, but the petroglyph site itself has been worked for a thousand years and more.

[ABOVE] Sharply defined saguaro cacti counter soft pastel clouds at sunrise in an arroyo near Painted Rocks. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Using fist-sized river cobbles called hammerstones—the most readily available tool—people through the ages have pecked densely configured drawings into the boulders' crumbly patina.

The chronology is imprecise. There is a little expert disagreement, too, about why the site stands there in the first place, so easy of access to anyone who happens by, friend or foe. According to Cheryl Blanchard, an archaeologist with the Bureau of Land Management, it may have simply been a landmark on an ancient trade route, a waypoint mentioned when one traveler explained the route to someone else.

At least one petroglyph panel functions as a kind of astronomical observatory, and indeed the light of the sun around the summer and winter solstices illuminates carvings hidden deep within the boulders, not easily discernible at other times of the year. The number of visitors to Painted Rocks increases each year as the solstice approaches, says Blanchard, but her research has not found any archaeological evidence to support this astronomical theory.

Such use, however, seems to explain the site's many representations of heavenly bodies: the sun, other stars, Venus and the crescent moon. Together, they offer a purpose for the site as a time-telling device, perhaps signaling when to begin spring planting of the irrigated fields along the nearby Gila River.

In November 1848, a medical doctor named John S. Griffin traveled along the Gila. He was not impressed by the countryside, of which he wrote in his diary, "One day's march on the river is so much like unto another that one description will do for all, that is to say, sand, dust, and a black stone, so blistered from the effects of heat that they look like they had hardly got cool—no grass, nothing but weeds and cactus." But then, he added for his readers in oddly telegraphic prose, "I neglected to note a stone we passed on the 16th or rather a hill of stone—all carved up with Indian hieroglyphics—the sun moon & stars—horned frogs—Attempts at the human form divine, were the most frequent forms—they seemed to be of recent date—whether cut in sport or to commemorate some great event we could not tell."

Wanting explanations, some people have expanded Griffin's great-event approach to the place, speculating that Painted Rocks may mark a division between ancient tribal boundaries, the borderland between the inland desert peoples and those of the lower Colorado River.

Some writers have even suggested that the place commemorates a treaty to establish just those boundaries and, while none of the petroglyphs easily lends itself to being read as a sign of peace, strictly speaking, it seems entirely reasonable that the two groups would have wanted to commemorate something so important, even if it may not have held for long.

But only the persons who put the figures there really know the meaning. We are forever left to guess what Painted Rocks really meant to the people who made it, who probably had many motives for making their marks on those desert stones. The possibilities for interpretation are endless. For instance, Polly Schaafsma, archaeologist and authority on Southwestern rock art, notes that a four-pointed star can variously represent a rain-bringing Katsina, the planet Venus or the Aztec god Quetzalcoatl or one of his northerly reflections; it may even speak to a war-related ceremony, for the sun is a symbol of conflict as well as of life.

I think of Painted Rocks along all-of-the-above lines: part museum, part historical document, part newspaper, part church, a place that enshrines ancient aspirations (*may we have a good hunt, may there be plenty of water for us and the animals we chase*) and observations (*these are the kinds of animals we see in this place, this is what a storm looks like*).

Just as a single petroglyph does, the very place lends itself to all kinds of readings. Some see that *Alien* monster in the rocks, others a particularly fecund sheep. Some

And so we visited around a blazing campfire until late at night, sharing stories and guesses about what the rocks meant, until, talked out, we took our respective leaves and went off to sleep under a dense canopy of stars.

[ABOVE] With no accurate documentation of the originators' intentions, researchers and visitors to the site can merely hypothesize about the meanings of the drawings. [ABOVE, RIGHT] Strewn neatly over the landscape almost as if by plan, basalt volcanic rocks mark the path of a lava flow through Sentinel Plain near Painted Rocks.

see a Latin cross, others a dragonfly. Some see a weather-worn squiggle, others the god of the winds.

Then there are the dozens of images that seem hard to read as anything other than what they are: snakes, lizards, centipedes, even a man on a horse. That last, of course, presupposes that people were still adding art to the site after the arrival of the Spanish and their steeds.

Painted Rocks, designated on the National Register of Historic Places in 1977, was once part of the state parks system, appearing on maps as Painted Rocks State Historic Park. In 1989, ownership passed over to the U.S. Bureau of Land Management, which maintains the historic site and its campground.

I cannot help but think that it needs more proactive preservation, even though most modern people seem to have enough sense to refrain from adding their marks to the place, at least deliberately. Even if one scratching proclaims that one "EMS" was there in 1967, most of the other non-native graffiti are of an earlier vintage: an E.L. Walker from San Diego in 1927, one Mr. Davenport from Wyoming Territory, who found his way there in 1907, an "A.A.T." who thought it important to commemorate his visit in 1929.

Chuck Wilson, a grizzled former Special Forces soldier who, until last year, worked as the site's seasonal campground host and good-natured ambassador of goodwill, kept a close eye out on the rocks and those who came to visit. He asked those people to be careful not to touch any of the carvings, for scientists have discovered that the oils naturally found in human skin can eat away over time at such delicate rock carvings, just as the enzymes in condensed breath have been enough to erode the Paleolithic cave paintings of southern France.

Painted Rocks changes a little every day, Wilson reflected, sometimes because of the work of nature, sometimes because of people who, inadvertently or not, leave a trail wherever they travel, and sometimes leave the path that winds through the rocks to get a closer look at some particularly interesting image.

"The BLM wouldn't let me shoot them," the genial Wilson growled of those who disregarded his instructions, "but I could give them a mean look and point out my dogs." His dogs, twin behemoths who looked as if they'd be happy to ingest a wrongdoer for a snack, were usually enough to do the trick.

Visitors to Painted Rocks who travel up the spine-rattling dirt Rocky Point Road about 4 miles beyond the site can see the location of one infamous incident that has come to be known as the Oatman Massacre.

Here, in 1851, an Indian war party attacked an immigrant family, the Oatmans of Illinois, who had gone ahead of a wagon train in their eagerness to reach California. All but three of them were killed: 16-year-old son Lorenzo Oatman was left alongside the trail, while 14-year-old Olive Ann and 7-year-old Mary Ann Oatman were sold by their captors to a Mojave Indian band along the Colorado River. Mary Ann died of illness, but Olive Ann was ransomed in 1856 and went on to live in Texas, where, in old age, she wistfully remarked that she wanted "to go and

see some of her old friends, even if they were Indians."

The site of the massacre, not far from the increasingly rough road, is marked only by an iron rod with some engineer's tape on it, recently refreshed by some of Olive Ann's descendants, who left a note in a plastic bottle wishing their fellow travelers well.

Painted Rocks sees about 3,000 visitors each year—not many as tourist sites go. When photographer Jack Dykinga, Tucson-based journalist Dan Sorenson and I visited there on a January weekend, we found ourselves alone for much of the time.

When others eventually arrived—a photographer from Belgium, a young Canadian couple on their way West, a retired scientist from Japan—the ancient rocks seemed to beg for conviviality among those lucky enough to be alive to enjoy them, a treaty marker for our time. And so we visited around a blazing campfire until late at night, sharing stories and guesses about what the rocks meant, until, talked out, we took our respective leaves and went off to sleep under a dense canopy of stars.

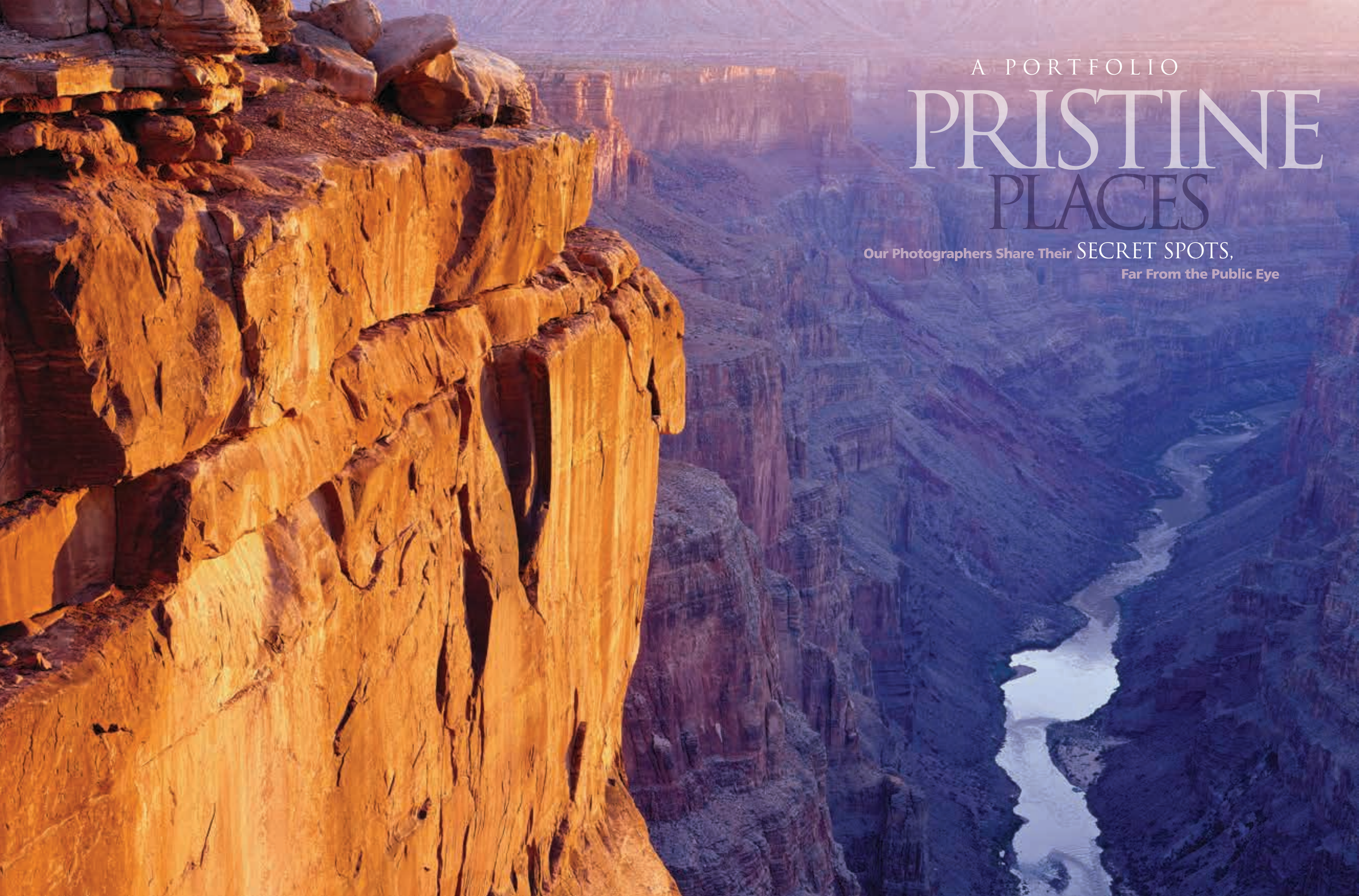
There is nothing quite like it in all of Arizona, few places like it anywhere on Earth. Ever changing, Painted Rocks commands our respect and even reverence, a place that calls across distance and the centuries to say, I was here—and may I always be here. AH

Gregory McNamee of Tucson has visited petroglyph sites on three continents. He counts Painted Rocks among the richest and most interesting he has seen.

Jack Dykinga of Tucson says Painted Rocks is a "magical place" where he ran into old friends while photographing this story.

when you go

LOCATION: Approximately 90 miles southwest of Phoenix, in southwestern Maricopa County.
GETTING THERE: From downtown Phoenix, drive west on Interstate 10 about 31 miles to State Route 85. Turn left (south) on State 85, and drive about 34 miles to Interstate 8 at Gila Bend. Travel west on I-8, and at 12.5 miles west of Gila Bend, turn right at Exit 102 (Painted Rock Dam Road), and travel north about 10.7 miles to Rocky Point Road. There is a sign directing travelers to Painted Rocks Petroglyph Site and Campground, which is .6 miles west of Painted Rocks Dam Road on unpaved Rocky Point Road.
FEES: $2 per vehicle for day use; $4 for night camping.
WARNING: Drinking water is unavailable at the site, so bring an ample supply of water. Temperatures and weather conditions can be extreme.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Bureau of Land Management, (623) 580-5500.



A PORTFOLIO

PRISTINE PLACES

Our Photographers Share Their SECRET SPOTS, Far From the Public Eye

[preceding panel] **George Stocking on** TOROWEAP OVERLOOK

"Set at the end of a washboard dirt road, Toroweap is the most isolated destination in Grand Canyon National Park. No place I have visited underscores the fragility of life and the mortality of man like the precipice here. It is here that gravity becomes the most urgent of all physical laws, and the consequence of a misstep looms large."

ARIZONA ENCOMPASSES A VAST LAND, NEARLY 114,000 square miles, divided generally into two parts by the Mogollon Rim. North of the Rim, snow-capped mountains and thick pine forests dominate; southward lies the desert basin, but with its own brand of mountains, called sky islands.

Mix in the remnants of long-ago volcanoes, sandstone cliffs and arches, sprawling grasslands and millennia of erosion caused by our great rivers—even the impact of a giant meteorite—and Arizona presents a face to the world that no other state can match.

Locations like the Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, Painted Desert, Monument Valley, Canyon de Chelly, the rocky monoliths of the Chiricahua Mountains, Meteor Crater, Kartchner Caverns, Sedona's red rocks, Havasu Falls, Sunset Crater and Oak Creek Canyon have become Arizona icons. And these places draw millions of visitors each year.

But because of the size of Arizona and the variety of its geography, many other places of exquisite beauty and solitude have yet to be discovered by the masses, and most of the sites will never draw big crowds. That's because some are in remote locations, some are difficult to get to and some are just hidden away.

Our photographers know these spots. They spend their working hours seeking out little-known scenes. They all have their favorites, and we asked them to share a few unspoiled places with our readers.

—Peter Ensenberger
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY

[above] **Richard K. Webb on** SYCAMORE CREEK

"This canyon in the Pajarita Wilderness near the U.S.-Mexico border seems strangely familiar. But when I arrive at its narrows, familiarity vanishes. I step out of civilization and into an unspoiled, primeval world. Thoughts of jaguars, known to roam this area, give each snapping twig new significance."

[right] **Nick Berezenko on** HORTON CREEK

"My most memorable trip to this pristine drainage issuing from the base of the Mogollon Rim near Payson was with a friend and his 8-year-old daughter. I remember her discovering the delight of sticking her wrists in the frigid spray of the spring. Hunkered down on all fours, she intently watched an autumn leaf swirling in a pool. What a wonderful thing to experience, the imagination of a child at play along this unspoiled creek." To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

Jerry Sieve on

MARBLE VIEWPOINT

"Driving through miles of heavy tree cover on back roads north of the Grand Canyon, I burst into an opening that provides me one of the best panoramas in the state. The view from 9,000 feet looks down on House Rock Valley, Vermilion Cliffs, Echo Cliffs and Marble Canyon. Primitive and hard to find, Marble Viewpoint presents a vista best described as 'miles and miles of miles and miles.' "

[left] **Tom Danielsen on** RED MOUNTAIN GEOLOGIC AREA

"This eroded volcanic cinder cone in the Coconino National Forest northwest of Flagstaff is a remarkable place. It lies at the end of a short trail, yet it fosters a real sense of remoteness. As I enter its amphitheater, I am completely surrounded by a stunning variety of red-hued layers of cemented cinders. The steep walls are deeply incised and studded with tapering pinnacles. Ponderosa pines, junipers and shrubs accent this geologic wonder."

[above] **Nick Berezenko on** FOSSIL SPRINGS

"There is magic in flowing water, and nowhere more so than at Fossil Springs west of Strawberry. I am amazed by the mystery of where all that water comes from. Springs emerge in incredible variety. Some burble up from the ground. Some drip down walls of maidenhair fern. Others boom out from raspberry thickets as though shot from a cannon. It makes me think of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's Xanadu and the sacred river Alph that 'ran through caverns measureless to man.' "

[preceding panel, pages 32 and 33] **Steve Bruno on** WEST CLEAR CREEK

"This canyon on the Mogollon Rim north of Pine has maintained its pristine appearance because of the rugged conditions hikers are confronted with in getting there. The payoff, however, is well worth the effort. The canyon's quiet solitude, constantly changing geology and the clarity of West Clear Creek's flowing water and deep pools combine to make this place special."

[above] **Tom Danielsen on** WEAVERS NEEDLE

"I arrive at Fremont Saddle along the steep trail. Heavy camera gear slows me down, but the view of imposing Weavers Needle in the Superstition Mountains east of Phoenix quickly dissipates my lingering fatigue. A short hike traversing a ridge, and I arrive at the edge of the escarpment where I will photograph the monolith. I am so close to a major metro area, yet there is no hint of human structures in this amazing place."

[right] **Richard K. Webb on**
CIBECUE CREEK

"The difficult climb getting here lends an air of primitive solitude to this canyon on the White Mountain Apache Reservation. Enormous bear and mountain lion tracks, just yards from my camp, remind me I'm not completely alone. Hiking, swimming and photographing for three days, I encounter no one until the hike out. Human voices, offering a surprised greeting, seem oddly out of place in this canyon."

[right] **Jeff Snyder on** SAWMILL CANYON

"This is one of the few places I consider true wilderness. It is at the top of my list for its remoteness and unrivaled beauty. Every bend in this narrow gorge a hundred miles east of Phoenix amazes me with new surprises: a placid pool so clean and clear that you can see every pebble in the streambed; a profusion of monkeyflowers and columbines covering a limestone wall; a silky waterfall cascading into a mossy grotto. A wealth of natural beauty makes Sawmill Canyon a unique and special spot." To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

[above] **Bruce Griffin on** FLORIDA CANYON

"I enjoy the botanical diversity of this canyon in the Santa Rita Mountains southeast of Tucson. Winding through lush oak woodlands and cool mountain forests, I top out on the north end of the range's backbone. Beyond the trailhead are old facilities for a cattle-grazing operation, but little else here suggests the hand of man. This stately oak, a handsome specimen, adds to the natural setting that brings me back."

[left] **Randy Prentice on** THE PARIA PLATEAU

"Remoteness, geology and a long drive over deep sand contribute to the pristine nature of this area west of Page. Because of the sandy terrain, it takes only a short time for tracks of intruders to be erased by the elements. On the other hand, one misplaced footstep on delicate sandstone strata can easily destroy fragile fins that took eons to form. Eroded by wind and weather into bizarre patterns, shapes and colors, the geology of the plateau is a unique wonder."

[above] **Laurence Parent on** MUNDS MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS

"The wilderness is an island of serenity in the bustling Sedona area. Red rock formations contrast beautifully with the evergreen piñon-juniper forest. I have good excuses to visit here often. I come to capture images of the beautiful and dramatic landscape I find here, and to visit with family living in Sedona." To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

[left] **Les Manevitz on**

THE AJO RANGE

"I love wet weather and crisp light. At Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument in southwest Arizona, I experience both when the rains come to this desert range. I count on the unspoiled landscape to be refreshed and sparkling in the clear air. Alone in this peaceful place, listening to the sounds of the living desert, I stand in awe, breathing in the freshness of the moment." To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

[left] **Jack Dykinga on** VERMILION CLIFFS WILDERNESS

"The Colorado Plateau in extreme northern Arizona ranks high as one of America's last great places. It's a land of bedrock laid bare, exposed to forces of erosion and sculpted into an inexhaustible gallery of fine art. Yet, for all its stony harshness, the contents here are fragile and easily destroyed. I often wonder if my images will increase the human impact or increase the level of protection. Only selfless, far-thinking wisdom can keep this land pristine. My soul needs this wild land."

[above] **Laurence Parent on** PUSCH RIDGE WILDERNESS

"The rugged Santa Catalina Mountains rise spectacularly from the flat valley floor occupied by Tucson. Many of my earliest memories are of my childhood years growing up there. Although the city has grown immensely since then, Pusch Ridge is as wild and undeveloped as ever. I love the contrast between the dry desert in the lower elevations of the wilderness and the lush forest of its high peaks."

THE POST-SHOOT-OUT YEARS

Wyatt Earp

After His Infamous Bloody Gunfights, He Made Peace—and Died Penniless

by Leo W. Banks

When Wyatt Earp fled Arizona in April 1882, he left a trail of bodies in his wake. In his infamous vendetta ride, the lawman tossed away his U.S. deputy marshal's badge and gunned down Florentino Cruz, Frank Stilwell and Curly Bill Brocius, the men he believed had murdered his brother Morgan.

Then he rode clear of the Territory, righteous in revenge, glorious in defending his family's honor. But he also had an arrest warrant over his head. Loud voices within Arizona were demanding he stand trial for murder.

Those three killings meant that for all time, Wyatt Earp's name would be written in blood.

He understood that, but couldn't accept it. When he passed into his mid-50s and heard the train of celebrity still roaring at his back, he tried to outrun it. That effort brought him to lower Colorado River country, his part-time home the last 25 years of his life.

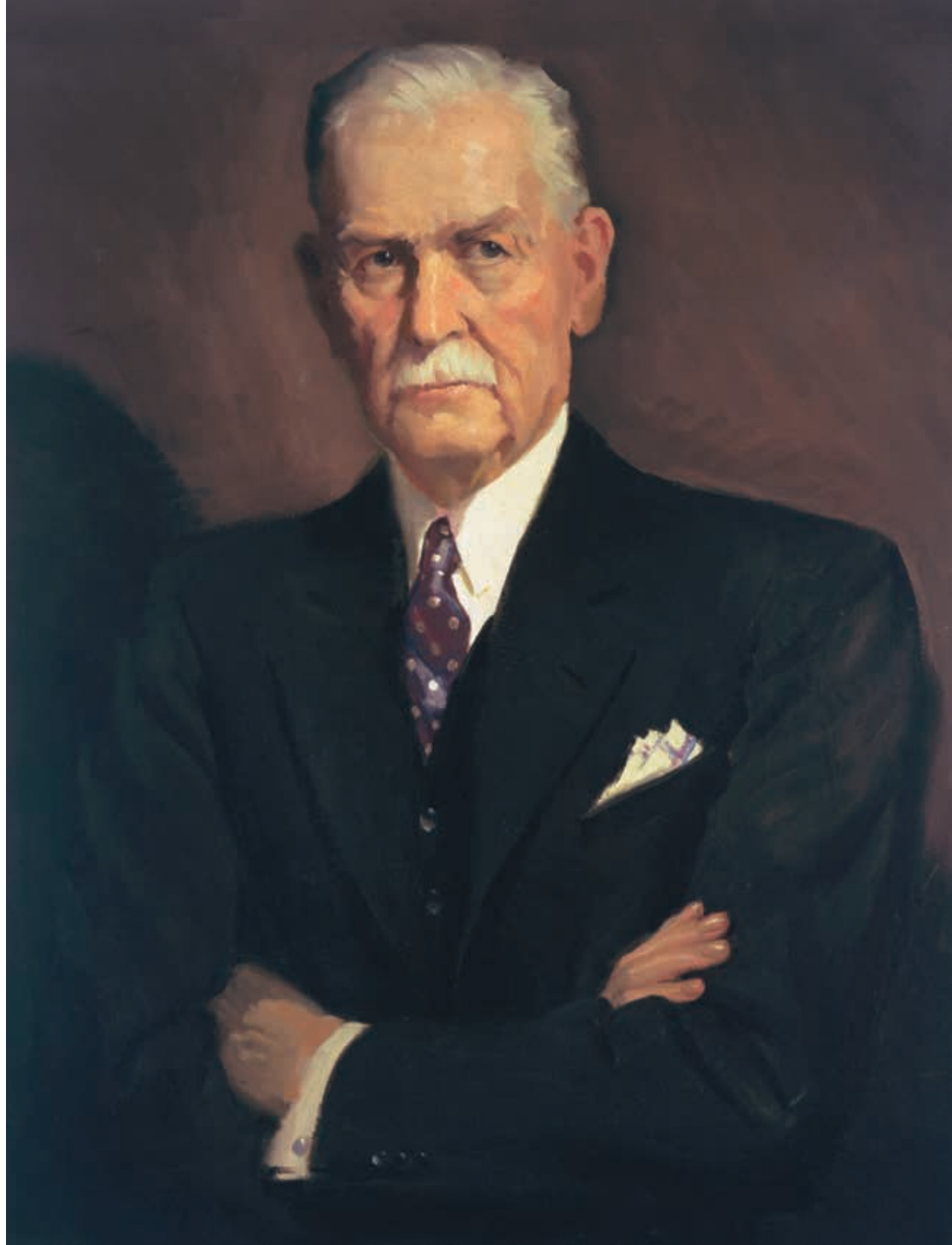
Wyatt spent winters there with his wife, Josie, working their mines in California's Whipple Mountains, just west of the Colorado. He often crossed the river, venturing back into Arizona to scare up a poker game or purchase mining supplies.

He found comfort in the region's remoteness, far from newspapers eager for another story and a bigger legend.

Contrary to the belief that he never returned to Arizona after his unceremonious departure, Earp spent considerable time around Parker, and in the early 1900s, he lived briefly in Quartzsite, according to historian Lee Silva.

Silva, author of *Wyatt Earp: A Biography of the Legend, Volume 1, The Cowtown Years*, published in 2002, says that Wyatt, a Republican, even ran for constable there in 1904, losing in a heavily Democratic town by a handful of votes, out of 57 cast.

"He came to the desert to avoid people and just live his life," says Silva. "The anti-Earp crowd said he liked to brag about what he'd done, but that's not true. After 1896, when he gave a series of



[RIGHT] This 1928 oil portrait of Wyatt Earp by Frederic Kimball Mizen (1888-1964), a well-known portraitist and top illustrator in his day, captures the steely hardness of the legendary gunfighter's icy blue eyes.
COURTESY OF LANCE MANFREDI AND LEE SILVA

interviews to the San Francisco *Examiner* about his exploits, he never wanted to talk about it again.

"My speculation is he had massive guilt feelings about Morgan Earp getting killed. Remember, Wyatt was there when it happened, and I don't think he ever forgave himself."

Gunmen assassinated Morgan in a Tombstone saloon on March 18, 1882. A second bullet, presumably meant for Wyatt, slammed into the wall inches above Wyatt's head.

The murder—and the wounding of Virgil Earp three months earlier—stemmed from the gunfight near the O.K. Corral on October 26, 1881, a showdown between the Earps, who were the law in Tombstone, and the rustler Clantons.

As Morgan lay dying that night, Wyatt promised to hunt down the killers. He did, and with chilling efficiency.

But for all the wailing about bringing Wyatt back for trial, interest in pursuing the case against him faded.

"The cowboy crowd and their descendants always said the Earps were afraid of coming back to Arizona," says Don Chaput, a Californian and author of seven books of Arizona history, including a biography of Virgil Earp.

"But that's baloney. Virgil lived around Prescott for several years around 1900, and Warren Earp drove a stage in Willcox and worked as a ranch hand there for years." And Wyatt joined the gold boom near the Harquahala Mountains in 1889.

Chaput found evidence in the Yuma County Courthouse of a legal filing showing Wyatt's intention to start a town—called Earp—at the site of the mining camp that came to be called Harqua Hala, about 8 miles south of Salome.

Though he didn't get to name the town, Wyatt may have briefly operated a saloon there. The *Tombstone Prospector*, in February 1889, reported that Wyatt was on his way to Harqua Hala with "an immense load of bar fixtures and liquors, accompanied by two women."

"He made a few trips there from San Diego," says Chaput. "But too many people were there ahead of him and he gave it up."

Silva found published information suggesting that Wyatt might have been called in to help settle the Pleasant Valley War, a ranching feud that roiled Arizona's Tonto Basin country for a decade after the first shots were fired in 1886.

And around 1912, the Flagstaff paper reported that Wyatt had taken residence in that city, although why remains a mystery.

Certainly he didn't stay in Flagstaff long. Wyatt's life after Tombstone consisted of moving from place to place, gambling, horse racing and, when the money was right, taking private lawman's work.

He also prospected for gold and ran saloons in places like Nome, Alaska, and Tonopah, Nevada.

By 1905, when the Tonopah rush had played out, Wyatt and Josie had given up on their dream of buying some ranch land and settling down. In spite of lengthy wagon trips throughout Arizona and Nevada, they never were able to locate suitable property to buy.

In April of that year, the couple filed the first of their Happy Days mining claims in the Whipple Mountains in California.

Author Silva says his interest in Wyatt Earp began with the stories he heard as a youngster around Quartzsite. But he didn't begin serious research until 1988, when the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History asked him to annotate Wyatt's letters. A six-month project stretched into a multiyear effort to produce a four-volume work, the last three still in editing. Finishing at 995 pages, just volume 1 was a daunting task.

Silva collected considerable information about Wyatt's desert years. His book paints a fascinating picture of an aging man, often with a black hat "pulled right down on his eyebrows," polite but distant, with a cold stare that could give a rattlesnake second thoughts.

Even then, most folks who dealt with Wyatt commented on that hard blue glint in his eyes. The six-shooter he always wore on his belt or in a shoulder holster must've made that glare seem harder still.

In 1908, Merritt Laffoon, a young Mojave Indian, lived on the reservation at Parker when the tribe's chief, believing the boy needed discipline, told him to "go work for the white man who's working some mining claims" in the mountains.

Laffoon spent several years doing chores for the old lawman. One day, as the two rode together on horseback, Laffoon teased his boss about always wearing guns. "What would you do if somebody tried to kill you now? Do you think your guns would help you?" Wyatt responded by motioning for Laffoon to toss a can into the air so Earp could shoot it.

Laffoon believed Wyatt "wanted to avoid gunplay," according to Silva's 1988 interview with Merritt Laffoon's son, Herman Laffoon. He added that Wyatt chose to live some of his last years away from cities, because "he could be easily ambushed in cities, as were his brothers."

Silva also interviewed Ray Enz and his sister, Alice. Their grandfather, John Harger, hauled mining supplies out to Wyatt's shack, and Ray and Alice, then children, often accompanied him and so got to know Wyatt and Josie.

Ray Enz echoed Merritt Laffoon's story. When Ray asked Wyatt why he carried a pistol in unpopulated desert, Wyatt responded, "That's the reason I'm alive today."

Alice recalled that Wyatt liked to sit on the porch of his cottage in Vidal, California, 20 miles west of Parker, but always with his holster slung over his rocking chair within easy reach.

Because Wyatt refused to speak about himself, neither Ray nor Alice Enz, nor Herman Laffoon, could say what he feared.

But one story offers a clue. Ray Enz told Silva that Wyatt and Josie once argued about going to Oakland. Wyatt didn't want to go, and when Enz asked why, Wyatt, uncharacteristically, explained:

"There's a man there. . . . The last time we saw each other, we swore to kill each other. If we meet, I'll have to kill him, or he'll kill me. It's silly. It's something that happened years and years ago, and there's no bringing it back to life. So let him stay up there, and I'll stay down here."

'There's a man there. . . .

The last time we saw each other, we swore to kill each other. If we meet, I'll have to kill him, or he'll kill me. It's silly. It's something that happened years and years ago, and there's no bringing it back to life.'

Silva can't positively identify the man, but names a suspect—Dave Neagle, a one-time deputy to Wyatt's Tombstone enemy, Cochise County Sheriff Johnny Behan. Neagle died in Oakland in 1925.

"Trouble is, we know Wyatt and Josie traveled to San Francisco and Oakland often in the 1920s," says Silva. "The story seems contradictory. I don't know, maybe Wyatt spent more time in Oakland after 1925."

But if the Earps lived happily along the Colorado River, money wasn't the reason. Their mines yielded very little. Wyatt refused to scratch at the dirt himself, hiring local Mexicans and Indians instead and, according to Laffoon, treating them all "with courtesy."

Laffoon noticed something else: "One thing that set him apart, he never laughed out loud. In all the time I knew him, I never heard him laugh."

[ABOVE] During a 1925 camping trip four years before his death, a pensive Wyatt Earp gazes across the Colorado River to Arizona, where his exploits gained him national notoriety. [RIGHT] In his later years, Earp was hounded by newspaper reporters and writers. He often lamented to close friends, "Why can't they just leave me alone?"
BOTH COURTESY ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TUCSON

Even so, Wyatt provided strong guidance for Merritt Laffoon, frequently advising the young Mojave on living properly and being a good person. Silva says Wyatt's encouragement helped Laffoon straighten up.

"He married the chief's daughter and went on to become the Mojave tribe's shaman," the author writes. "And all his life, some of his strongest memories were of his friendship with Wyatt Earp."

When he wasn't supervising mine work, Wyatt sat in on poker games at the general store in Vidal, and at the Grandview Hotel in Parker. Its owner, Joe Bush, stands out as the only old-timer who said Wyatt didn't carry a gun in later years. Bush, who also operated a ferry at Parker, became a good friend of Wyatt's, as did Bush's wife Nellie, a lawyer who later became Yuma County's state senator.

Wherever they lived, the Earps earned the companionship of leading citizens and famous people.

The latter included cowboy actor William S. Hart. In 1922, he visited Wyatt at his desert shack, according to Ray Enz.

Hart tried to convince Wyatt to tell the true story of his life, but Wyatt refused to capitalize on his checkered past. "I did what I had to do, and I'm not proud of it," Wyatt told Hart. "It had to be done, and I did it."

According to Enz, Josie piped up, "Well, Wyatt, we need the money. Please give him your story."

"Absolutely not," Wyatt retorted unequivocably. "I don't care if I starve to death!"

Ray Enz, then about 9, remembered the episode because he was mesmerized by Hart, a famous movie idol.

But Wyatt wouldn't hold to that position long. For years the press had hounded him, publishing one ludicrous story after another: Wyatt beaten up by a midget Mountie in Yukon Territory, Wyatt's sister marrying Ike Clanton, Wyatt wearing a steel vest in his gunfight with Curly Bill.

In 1923, by then aware that his legend was overtaking him, Wyatt wrote Hart seeking help in correcting false stories about him:

"I am not going to live to the age of Methuselah, and any wrong impression, I want to right before I go away. The screen would do all this, I know, with yourself as the mastermind."

The need for money had changed Wyatt's mind.

"It bothered him that he was the last living legend of the Old West, someone everybody treated like a hero, and he was practically destitute financially," says Silva.

"His letters the last five years of his life are so filled with pathos. As each of his friends died, he'd say, so and so has passed the great divide, and I can see him sitting there wondering when he'd be next. He comes across like a fading movie star, groveling to get by."

When he finally connected with Stuart Lake, a biographer skilled enough to tell his story, Wyatt sprinkled his account with white lies, a last sad gamble to make his story as salable as possible.

At its publication in 1931, Lake's *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal* kicked off a decades-long process that propelled him to international fame. Yet Wyatt, who died penniless in 1929, wasn't around to see it, or share the profits it generated.

But maybe that's a good thing. In the last line of Lake's book, Wyatt says his greatest consolation in growing old "is the hope that after I'm gone they'll grant me the peaceful obscurity I haven't been able to get in life."

His collaboration with Lake made that "peaceful obscurity" impossible, even in death. The man who went to the desert to escape his legend, in the end, became its slave. AH

EDITOR'S NOTE: For information on Lee Silva's book *Wyatt Earp: A Biography of the Legend, Volume 1, The Cowtown Years*: (800) 644-6614, www.wyattearpbook.com.

ADDITIONAL READING: *Tombstone Chronicles: Tough Folks, Wild Times* focuses on ordinary people living in extraordinary times amid decadence, cosmopolitan culture and reckless violence. Softcover, with 144 pages and black and white historical photographs. $7.95, plus shipping and handling. Order at arizonahighways.com or call toll-free (800) 543-5432.

Leo W. Banks of Tucson has been fascinated by the life and times of Wyatt Earp since childhood. He holds actor Hugh O'Brian directly responsible.

Enter Our 80th Anniversary Arizona Trivia Contest

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.

Arizona Highways magazine celebrates its 80th anniversary this month. We would like you to help us commemorate the event by entering our Arizona Trivia Contest.

To enter, circle your answers on the attached bind-in card (or a photocopy of the card). Fill in your name, address and daytime telephone number, and mail in the card. See other contest rules on page 49.

Join us for the trivia fun and a chance at terrific prizes, which are described above and below.

Your entry must be postmarked no later than April 30, 2005.

Win Great Prizes!

EDWARD MCCAIN

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 taken 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.*

1 Who lost an index finger in an accident and later told visitors he wore it off pointing out sights as the Grand Canyon's first tourist guide?
- A "Three-finger" Jack Dunlap
- B Gen. George Crook
- C Emery Kolb
- D Capt. John Hance

2 What unusual object was found at Grand Canyon Caverns?
- A A 17,000-year-old woolly mammoth skeleton
- B An ancient Puebloan portable potty
- C Remains of an 11,000- to 20,000-year-old ground sloth
- D A Martian meteorite

3 In an 1885 compromise, the 13th Territorial Legislature voted to locate the University of Arizona in Tucson so Phoenix could be the site of what?
- A The Insane Asylum of Arizona
- B The Arizona Diamondbacks
- C A freshwater seaport
- D 16 miles of paved road

4 It is commonly believed that the famous shoot-out between the Earps and the outlaw cowboys, the Clantons and McLaurys, occurred at Tombstone's O.K. Corral. What was the actual location?
- A An alley between a Tombstone boardinghouse and a photographic studio
- B Behind the Golden Eagle Brewery
- C Old Tucson Studios
- D Dodge City

5 What's the state bird of Arizona?
- A Roadrunner
- B Cactus wren
- C Two-toned saguaro warbler
- D Arizona cardinal

6 Where are Arizona's oldest Spanish ruins, dating to 1629?
- A The Old Spanish Trail
- B South of Tucson, near the U.S.-Mexico border
- C The Hopi Indian Reservation
- D Paradise Valley

7 What is the name of the geographical feature in Flagstaff where Lowell Observatory is located?
- A Mars Hill
- B The Twilight Zone
- C Pluto Promontory
- D Tombaugh Peak

8 After it was discovered in 1974, what Arizona natural wonder was kept secret for 14 years to protect it?
- A Prickly pear jelly
- B Kartchner Caverns
- C Meteor Crater
- D Indian Hot Springs

9 Maj. John Wesley Powell overcame what impairment to lead the first recorded exploration of the Grand Canyon?
- A He had lost one arm in a Civil War battle
- B He was dyslexic and couldn't read maps
- C He suffered from agoraphobia
- D He was colorblind

10 About 64,000 years ago, a meteor struck northern Arizona with the explosive force of 20 million tons of TNT, creating an enormous hole called Meteor Crater. What did scientists first believe Meteor Crater was caused by?
- A Hohokam Indians, who used it as an Olympic ball court
- B Now-extinct giant rock weevils
- C Volcanic activity
- D An earthquake

11 What famous prisoner of war rode in President Theodore Roosevelt's inaugural parade in 1905?
- A The Apache Kid
- B Chief Seattle
- C Geronimo
- D Audie Murphy

12 What Arizona site can boast a rock formation named Punch and Judy?
- A Chiricahua National Monument
- B Monument Valley
- C Canyon de Chelly
- D Puppet Heads Mountain

13 In 1912 this famous Wild West character, mentioned as a U.S. Senate candidate, said: "Arizona doesn't care how I stand on public issues as long as I am able to shoot straight." Who was it?
- A Wyatt Earp
- B Buffalo Bill Cody
- C Doc Holliday
- D Big Nose Kate

14 Coffee Pot is a rock formation located near the mouth of what canyon?
- A Oak Creek Canyon
- B Folgers Canyon
- C Grand Canyon
- D Eggs Over Easy Canyon

15 During the late Triassic Period (225 million years ago), Petrified Forest National Park was home to crocodilelike reptiles, giant fish-eating amphibians and small dinosaurs. Which one of these did not inhabit the area?
- A Chindesaurus
- B Placerias
- C Desmatosuchus
- D Thesaurus

16 While the Yuma Territorial Prison had a reputation as a "hellhole," it actually implemented a few programs considered progressive for a jail during its day. What were they?
- A Aromatherapy and Swedish massage
- B Detention areas without doors
- C Free schooling, a library and regular meals
- D Trips to the river for fishing

17 What is the most common type of juniper in Arizona?
- A Utah juniper
- B Alligator juniper
- C Arizona juniper
- D Weeping juniper

18 In 1911, Arizona became home to the world's largest masonry dam. Which dam is it?
- A Horseshoe Dam
- B Theodore Roosevelt Dam
- C Bartlett Dam
- D I have no dam idea

19 A well-known character in Prescott's history was William Owen O'Neill, commonly known as "Buckey." How did he get his nickname?
- A He was bucked off a horse
- B He had a serious overbite
- C For "bucking the tiger" in the card game faro
- D He once swallowed a silver dollar on a bar bet

20 Arizona boasts a whale of a geological feature: a "blowhole" that vents air. Where can it be found?
- A Phoenix Zoo
- B Biosphere 2
- C Wupatki National Monument
- D Lake Powell

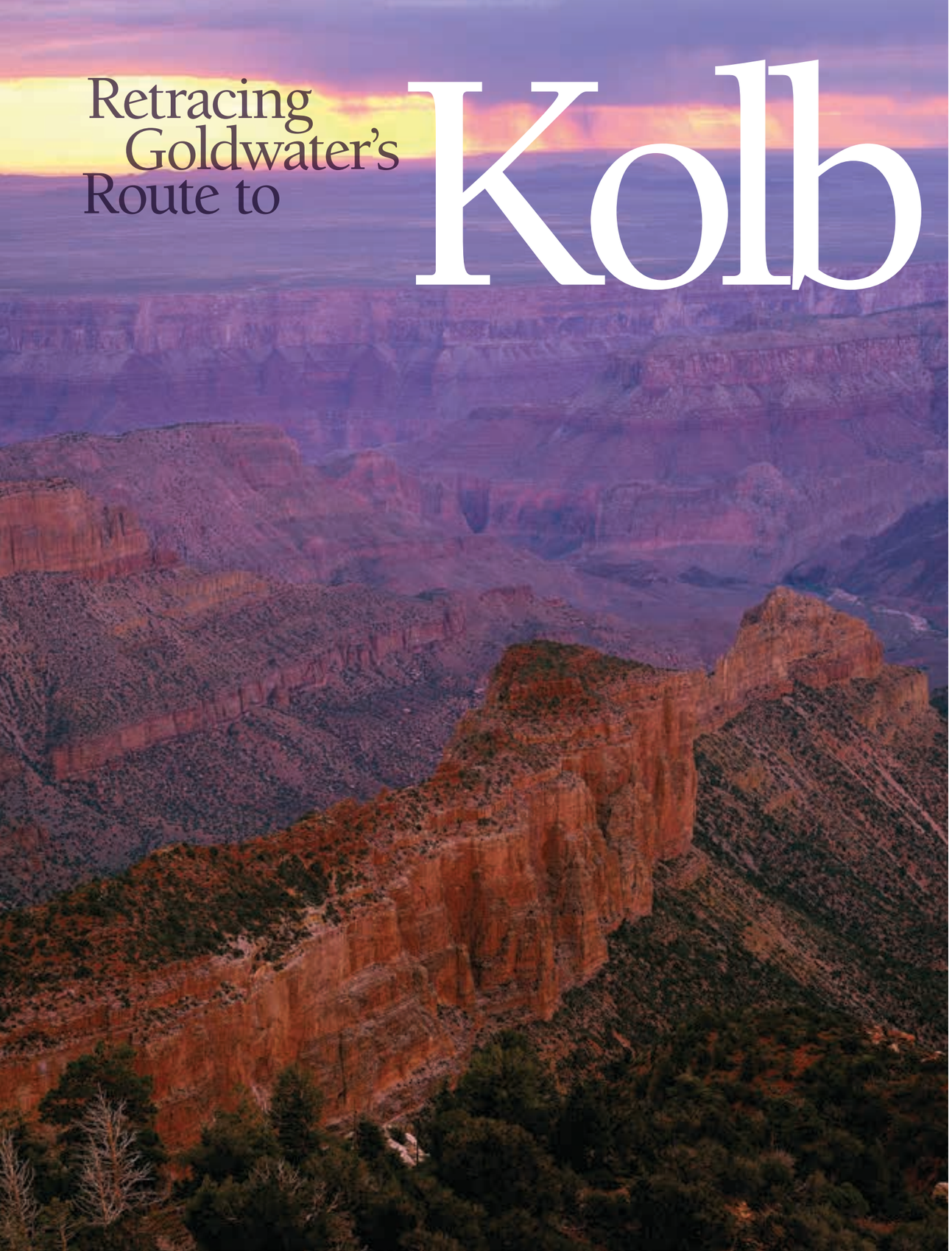
CONTEST RULES: If you answer all 20 multiple choice questions correctly and give us your name, address and daytime phone number, we'll enter you in a drawing for the prizes listed on this page. The drawing will be held in May 2005. There is no obligation and nothing to buy.

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 2005 issue. Winners' names will be published in the September 2005 issue.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Retracing Goldwater's Route to Kolb Arch



1954 2004

A lone hiker dares a treacherous trail to revisit the isolated natural bridge

by Tom Kuhn

[ABOVE, LEFT] A youthful Barry Goldwater explores the Colorado River in 1940, 14 years prior to his visiting Kolb Arch. ARIZONA HISTORICAL FOUNDATION
[ABOVE, RIGHT] Photographer Elias Butler scouts the terrain along the rugged Grand Canyon trail to Kolb Arch. In the distance, Mount Hayden and Point Imperial frame the cliff face that shelters the arch. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Hidden by towering canyon walls, Kolb Arch lies just below this view from Point Imperial on the North Rim. BOTH BY RICHARD L. DANLEY

You can plainly see Kolb Arch from the helicopter landing spot where Sen. Barry Goldwater set out in 1954 on his exploration of the more than 150-foot-high natural bridge. Usually the arch lies hidden in shadows inside the Grand Canyon. It's not on any list of recommended hike destinations, and even now, few dare climb past the tumble of car-size boulders and the sheer drop-offs to go there.

But some canyoneers seek that sort of challenge. So, on a day in mid-October—the same month Goldwater chose—Elias Butler of Flagstaff set off with enough stuff on his back for six days in the bush. In his pack he carried a copy of Goldwater's account published in the February 1955 issue of *Arizona Highways*. Goldwater—Arizona's native-son U.S. senator and 1964 presidential candidate, outdoorsman, pilot and photographer—discovered the bridge in 1950 while flying over the Grand Canyon.

The old article triggered Butler's interest in the adventure hike. Most Grand Canyon National Park trails, even the primitive ones, are well worn. But this one, judging from Goldwater's own ordeal, was simply too tough for the usual crowd. Later, Butler said, "I contacted anybody who knew anything about Kolb Arch, which was almost no one."

Nankoweap Trail is not an easy hike to talk anyone into taking, but Butler, a free-lance writer

KEVIN KIBSEY

and photographer, talked Richard Danley, a Flagstaff free-lance photographer, into going with him. The worst summer heat was past as they started up the Saddle Mountain Trail, then down the narrow, acrophobic Nankoweap, a cliffhanger of a trail with a history of repulsing the fainthearted, including this writer.

Camping twice along their 12-mile, three-day haul from the Saddle Mountain trailhead, Butler and Danley let their packs slide to the ground and, near their base camp, located the spot where Goldwater's helicopter landed to begin his push to the natural bridge.

"We camped as close as we could to where Goldwater had marked on the photograph," Butler said. "Where he landed, there's a confluence of Nankoweap [Creek] and an unnamed side canyon comes in from the north." It looked like they had arrived at the very spot.

They climbed a slight hill, stumbled upon a small ancient ruin and got their first glimpse of Kolb Arch about 3.5 miles away, cast in sunshine so it stood out from the surrounding red rock. In his account, Goldwater warned of one bad spot along the way to the natural bridge, but he made the rest sound easy enough.

It didn't take long during a reconnaissance to confirm that the bad spot, a sheer 150-foot-high pouroff, was every bit as daunting as Goldwater reported. After an exhausting first attempt to get around the pouroff, Danley announced he would remain in base camp. If Butler wanted to reach Kolb Arch, he would have to go alone. Interviewed afterward, he described the arduous climb.

Butler said he rose before first light, packed a few energy bars and 2 quarts of water, hefted a big camera and tripod and began a race with the sunlight. He had to reach the natural bridge by noon or it would dissolve into the shadows and evade his lens.

Goldwater had also packed a camera and been driven by the same urgency. "Once the sun has passed the peak of noon," he wrote, "the shadows completely hide the bridge, and it is impossible to distinguish it from its neighboring cliffs."

He had timed the sunlight during several flights over the arch in the four years between its discovery and its exploration, and had formed in his mind a rough route to the bridge. He even gave "what we thought were adequate instructions to find it" to some adventurers headed down the Colorado River.

"This party explored both Little Nankoweap and Big Nankoweap canyons for this bridge," he wrote, "but my instructions were apparently not sufficient, for they failed to find it."

Now, following the directions in the Goldwater article, Butler said he rock-hopped up Nankoweap Creek past spring-nourished tule thickets and cottonwood trees and into a forest of low junipers, beneath the finlike formations of Bourke Point and Woolsey Point on his right and the rocky knob of Mount Hayden on his left. As rough as the creek bottom was, the slopes above were less inviting, clogged with juniper tangles and manzanita bushes.

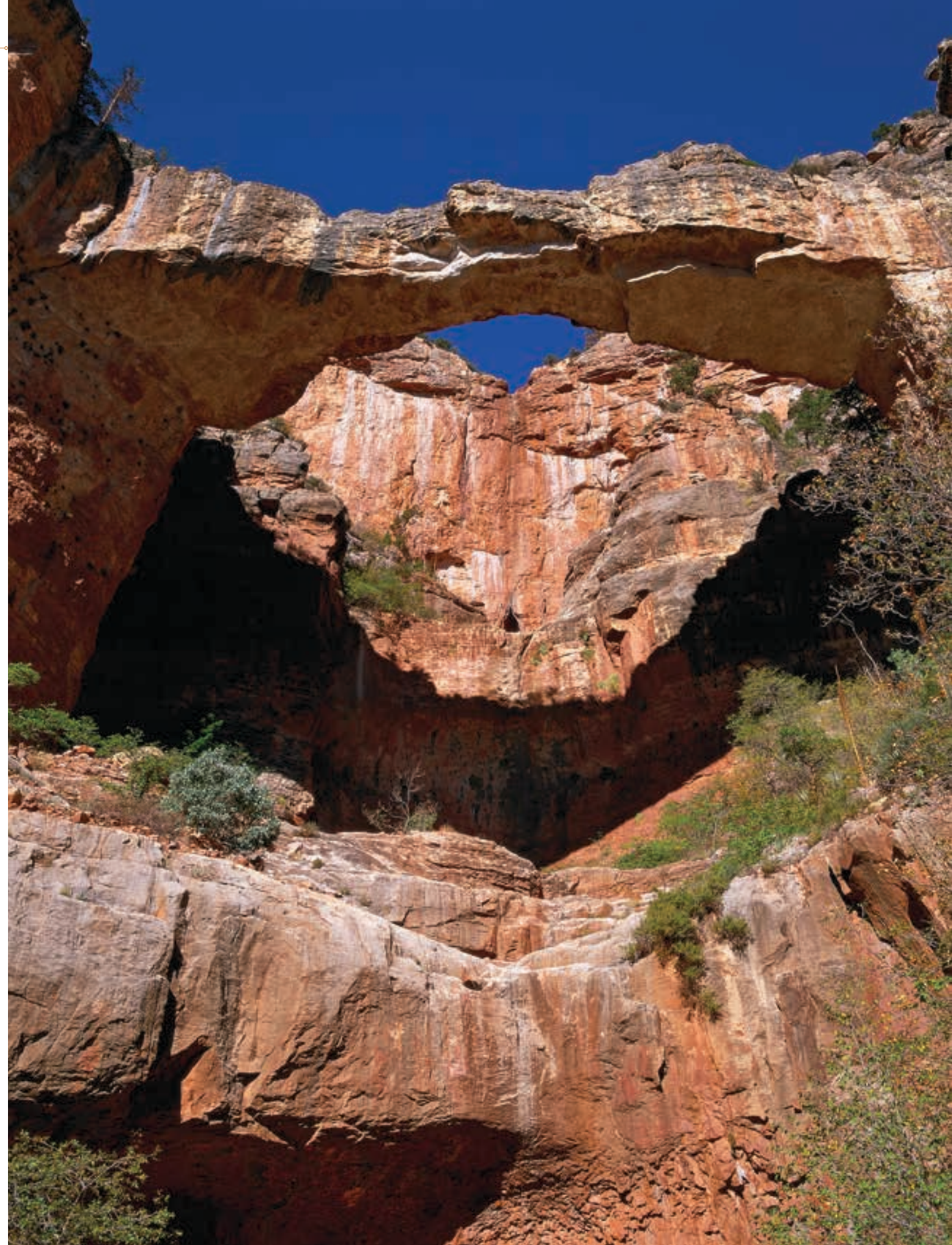
Others had preceded Butler on the route to the natural bridge over the years. Rock climbers Donald P. Peterson, 75, and his wife, Adair, 71, of Albuquerque, N.M., had climbed to Kolb Arch several years before. The Petersons had made two runs at the natural bridge, once with a group that "lost heart" at the big pouroff, and succeeded a third time with rock climbers who had no problem going the whole way. They recalled seeing rock cairns and ropes at the bridge.

"We saw all kinds of old rope around there," Adair said, describing how some hikers may have used ropes to climb to the roof of the natural bridge from above. "And the size of them!" Adair exclaimed. "One hanging down was what I'd call a nautical hawser."

The cairns had apparently been removed by the time Butler made his climb. He located the side canyon leading up to Kolb Arch and turned into it. It began gently enough but quickly turned steeper. Boulders and brush crowded the canyon's bottom. After about 2.25 miles, he came to the big pouroff that had almost stopped Goldwater.

"We came to a waterfall [that] . . . was impossible for us to climb," Goldwater wrote, "because we did not have rope with us and I was afraid that the moss that covers the face of that fall would prove too slippery for safe ascent. This unforeseen obstacle necessitated our walking back approximately a half mile" where a "most difficult climb" up the north side of the

[ABOVE] Erosion helped shear away huge sedimentary blocks, creating opportunities for further weathering in the formation of Kolb Arch. [LEFT] Since Goldwater first visited the arch in 1954, others have followed, as evidenced by this mud-splattered coil of climbing rope left under the natural bridge. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Because the color of the arch blends into the sandstone of the surrounding canyon, only the tough hike to the base of the span reveals it at its most dramatic.
ALL BY ELIAS BUTLER



narrowed canyon got him past the pouroff.

Butler, also without ropes, said he started up the steep talus slope following "as close as I could his route, and found it very difficult getting up there.

"It felt like every shrub and branch and rock was fighting me. It's all loose. There was minor cliff work. It's crumbly and steep and not very reliable, and there are places where you have to do some hand- and toe-hold stuff while leaning backward. You just have to fight the whole way [up]."

Butler now realized that "the climb was more strenuous than I anticipated." It was still hot on the floor of the Grand Canyon. Butler felt himself tiring. Grit rising from the canyon wall mixed with sweat and painted him cinnamon brown.

"You think once you get on top you can go back to the creek bed," Butler said. But at that point he discovered "at least a quarter-mile of traverses, really loose, steep scree slopes, and you're looking down a drop the whole time.

"Coming down off the traverses was just as difficult as going up," Butler continued. "Brushy slopes, very steep, loose footing."

After circumnavigating the big pouroff, Goldwater encountered some smaller ones. Butler was grateful to find clear, cool water trapped in the potholes they formed.

"I dipped my head in; I still had plenty of water left at that point," he said. It was about 8 A.M., three hours after leaving base camp, and the way ahead did not look easy. "My concern was getting to the bridge while there was still light on it."

From time to time, runoff gushes from the cliffs below 8,803-foot Point Imperial, sending powerful floods sluicing down through the tributary canyon where Kolb Arch still skulked out of Butler's sight behind a bend blocked by huge boulders.

"It's a good workout between the top of that bluff and the bridge," Butler said, "because it's real steep and, at the same time, you're forced to climb over these very large boulders and lots of pouroffs of maybe 15 to 20 feet high. The farther up the canyon, the harder and steeper the terrain becomes."

Goldwater glossed over this part of the trek, but added a hopeful comment "that subsequent parties will find an easy way to get around this fall and so make the trip to the bridge a relatively simple one."

So far, Butler had found the trek anything but simple. He was developing a growing appreciation for Goldwater's staying power. "Not many senators today could make that hike," he said.

As Butler closed the distance to Kolb Arch, he checked the light. Still plenty remaining, but the going was slow. "I was hurrying as fast as I could, and it took about an hour to cover three-quarters of a mile," he recalled.

Not until he stood directly under the bridge that now towered overhead did Butler arrive at an uncluttered place that was washed clear by the flow from a seasonal waterfall. All around, cliffs slanted "straight up and down." In a moldering heap lay the hawserlike rope the Petersons saw, but all the other dangling ropes had by then disappeared.

Goldwater wrote about this place, "I was exhausted, and every muscle in my body ached, but a great peace and calmness came over me [and] . . . I sat there and wondered if any other white man had ever looked upon this thing from such a close vantage point.

"I suspected that Indians in the past had traveled up here because we found pottery down below and because we know that Indians at one time lived at the mouth of Nankoweap." He later proposed to the U.S. Board on Geographic Names that the bridge be named after pioneer canyon photographers Ellsworth and Emery Kolb.

On his climb out, Goldwater stayed to the north talus slope around the big pouroff, only "lower than on our hike up," and found the going somewhat easier.

Going back, Butler said he chose instead the south slope and found it "not any worse than the north side, not more stable, just less brush. If I did it again, I would go up that way."

He had beaten the sun to Kolb Arch, captured it on film and covered 7 hard miles in about eight hours. Mission accomplished, but the adventure wasn't over yet. The grind back up Nankoweap Trail still lay ahead. AH

[LEFT] Rainwater, collected in drainages during powerful storms, eroded the channel that created the arch. ELIAS BUTLER
[ABOVE] Goldwater washes clothes on a rock at Diamond Creek in the Grand Canyon in 1940. ARIZONA HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS PHOTO WORKSHOPS: There's no better way to explore the Grand Canyon than to raft through it on the Colorado River. We've arranged not only to take a nine-day raft trip in June but to conduct a photo workshop headed by naturalist Ralph Lee Hopkins on the way. For details and prices, call toll-free (888) 790-7042, or see friendsofazhighways.com.

Tom Kuhn of Phoenix has hiked most of the named Grand Canyon trails but turned back from the extremely exposed Nankoweap Trail.

by Bob Early | photograph by Don Stevenson

The Poor Old Editor Bids Farewell—But Not to His Beloved Arizona

By now, most readers know *Arizona Highways* has a new editor. The poor old editor (and despite the scoffing of some readers at that sobriquet, I am old, and, if truth be told, fat and nearly bald as well) has retired.

Like many millions of others, I have developed a great affection for my adopted state and I plan to spend as much time as possible enjoying it.

But when I first saw Arizona, the concept of affection never entered my mind. What was a Hoosier to do in this putative wasteland?

In the beginning, Arizona presented me with enormous challenges. My arrival coincided with the arrival of summer, so the weather soon grew flame-hot and boring. Every dawn awakened a sunny, cloud-free day, a monotony I abhorred. What I would have given for a little rain, or even a black cloud, in those days.

And the food? These things called burros. Were Arizonans, like the French, equine eaters?

Adjusting to the scorpions, sidewinders, solpugids and other beasties came easier. I actually developed a great fondness for the tarantula, a most delicate creature, despite how the movies depict it.

Two things changed my mind about Arizona. I became addicted to refried beans (no kidding), and I came to know the desert. You might say my affection for Arizona began with beans, bugs and bushwhacking.

I acquired such an addiction for refried beans that I snuck away from work one afternoon just to gobble up a plate of the stuff. I have since learned to control the bean cravings, but don't tempt me with Navajo tacos.

How I came to know the desert I would not recommend to anyone. On a Mother's Day a couple of years after we arrived in Arizona, my wife and I and our three children, including an infant, went for an afternoon picnic at White Tank Mountain Regional Park, in those days an isolated expanse west of Phoenix. When we attempted to return, the car would not start. I walked in nearly 100-degree weather 5 miles across the desert until I found a rancher who helped us. During that walk, I learned a great deal about the desert: the great variety of crawly things, the plethora of plants and the amazing ways they blended together. I was hooked.

From that day on, I began to pay close attention to my surroundings.

I have heard packs of coyotes howl at sunup, seen fog so thick over the Verde Valley that at first I thought it was on fire, climbed Mount Graham to an alpine lake, tasted the frigid Colorado River as it roared through the Grand Canyon, gotten lost among the hoodoos in the Chiricahua Mountains, daydreamed in Apache Pass where Cochise ambushed a Union troop, had the rare good luck to see a mountain lion race through the pine forest near Hawley Lake, retraced the steps of John Wayne in Monument Valley, explored the territory the Spanish adventurer Coronado traveled looking for cities of gold, trod the wooden sidewalks of Tombstone, fly-fished the trout streams around Greer and had a thousand other such experiences in Arizona's outback.

If you give it a chance, this state grabs hold of you and won't let you go.

But much of it is still frontier, primitive and untamed, and it will kill you if you treat it with disrespect. The Grand Canyon can roil your brains in the superheated summer and freeze you to death in the winter storms. The Salt River and all the other streams can bury you in a wall of flash-flood water after heavy rains or during spring snowmelt. And the southern Arizona desert dehydrates and kills hundreds who challenge it each summer.

This is real country, this untamed rural Arizona.

This is the land of fur trappers and mountain men and trailblazers and, most of all, of the Apaches, the Hopis, the Tonoho O'odham and the Navajos and all the other indigenous peoples who fought woolly mammoths with spears, and who raised maize on dry ground and made watertight baskets out of reeds.

This is the land I have come to love, a land of history, a land of unmatched beauty, a land of adventure, a land of passion.

My great pleasure for the past 15 years has been to share this passion with our readers through the pages of *Arizona Highways* magazine. The magazine has a great staff and the best of the best writers and photographers. I could not have asked for a better group of people to work with.

VICKY SNOW

But now it is my turn to sit back and see what they'll come up with next. For *Arizona Highways* is a magical experience in itself. AH

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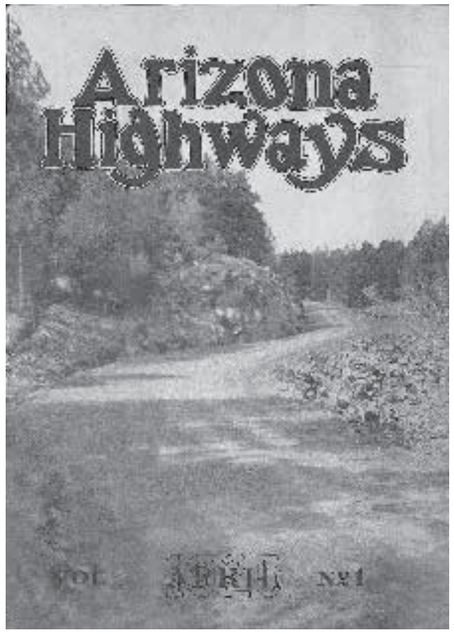
by Peter Aleshire | photographs by Paul Gill

80 Years Later, We Revisit Arizona Highways' First Cover Location

"FIND THIS SPOT," says *Arizona Highways* Editor Bob Early, dropping a copy of the first issue of the magazine on the table.

The April 1925 black-and-white cover photograph shows the graceful, S-shaped curve of a just-completed, much-ballyhooed dirt road connecting Phoenix to Prescott by way of Wickenburg.



"No way," I say, certain that the conversion of that squiggly dirt road into the paved State Route 89 has changed the scene of that picture beyond recognition.

"I'll pay you," says Bob.

"I'm on it," say I.

So I embark on a quest to find that vanished place, more time traveler than travel writer.

It's hard to overstate how much Arizona has changed since the launch of *Arizona Highways* during that Roaring '20s interlude between two world wars. The highway map of the state in that first issue includes great voids, no interstates and mostly dirt and gravel connections to the outside world. The longest stretch of pavement ran from west of Buckeye to just east of Tempe. The magazine's description of the state's loose web of roads ranged from "rough in places" to "graveled surface, excellent." So construction on the last segment of the Prescott-Phoenix Highway from the White Spar-Congress Junction Highway to Prescott qualified as a big deal—well worth that first cover shot.

[ABOVE AND OPPOSITE PAGE] Like long-lost cousins, the original 1925 *Arizona Highways* cover photograph and the same location today bear striking resemblance to each other, despite an intervening span of 80 years.

Since then, Arizona's population has risen from 335,000 to 5.3 million, and personal income per capita from less than $600 to about $26,000. The number of cars has risen from 15 per 100 people to 48.

So how can I find one curve in a vanished road built in another era?

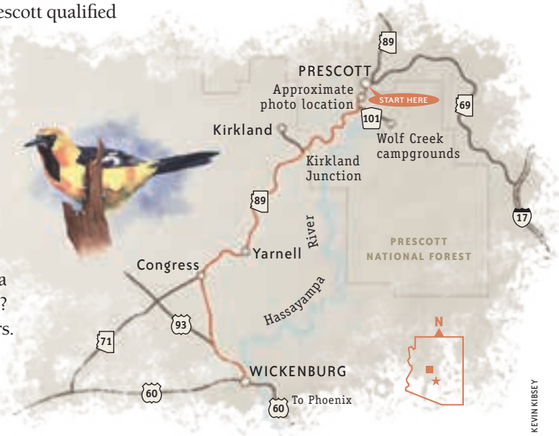
Thank heaven for photographers. The persistent Paul Gill scouted the road incessantly (while I quailed at the difficulties), then called and said he'd found a likely spot—near the Prescott National Forest sign right outside Prescott. Check it out, he says.

So I head for Prescott and lodge myself in the historic Hotel St. Michael, built after an infamous 1900 fire destroyed Whiskey Row. I feel the story needs that historic touch: I am not at all influenced by the proximity of the saloons that swirl together bikers, cowgirls, college students and bemused tourists. That's also why I order a big steak at The Palace, a frontier saloon turned family restaurant, and sit sensing the historic vibes coming off the massive, imported bar that the devoted patrons saved from the 1900 fire by hauling it across the street to the plaza. There they spent the night consoling themselves and toasting the flames. And just to capture that historic, Roaring '20s ambience, I spend the evening enjoying myself in Matt's Saloon, knowing Bob would expect no less.

Arising well before 11 the next morning, I set out on the 56-mile drive on State 89 to Wickenburg.

My wife and I meander southwest out of Prescott as I study the roadside trees, looking for the photograph's distinctive mix of pine, juniper and oak trees marking an ecological transition zone on the drive down the hill. But soon after the first oaks and junipers appear, we enter a burned area where the grassy slopes between spindly trees mark how much the forests have changed since 1925. Once giant ponderosa pine trees dominated, wide-spaced and set in swales of grass. But a century of logging, grazing and fire suppression has created miles of grassless pine thickets, except in such recovering burn areas.

The road descends sharply after the burn,



KEVIN KIRSEY

[OPPOSITE PAGE] With furry leaves formerly used by Indians and settlers to line their shoes, common mulleins poke upward among rocks in the foreground shadows along Upper Goldwater Lake south of Prescott. [LEFT] Anchored by the Hotel St. Michael, Prescott's Whiskey Row shops, saloons and eateries occupy a block of Montezuma Street opposite the Yavapai County Courthouse. [BELOW] Mary mourns for the crucified Christ in one of the Stations of the Cross at the nondenominational Shrine of St. Joseph of the Mountains, built 65 years ago off State Route 89 in Yarnell.

leaving the pines behind. Obviously, I've missed the picture.

So I loop back toward Prescott on County Road 101, a dirt road that leads past soothing, tree-nestled campgrounds at Lower and Upper Wolf Creek. Then I wander along another road that's much more like the 1925 route than the modern, paved, two-lane 89.

From town, we start down 89 again, still seeking Paul Gill's Prescott National Forest sign.

Two miles outside of Prescott, I glimpse the flash of a bright yellow bird and veer toward the shoulder. My wife has gotten used to this quirk on my part: She hardly ever screams anymore. I pull over, thinking I have an oriole on my hands.

"Were you looking for a Forest Service sign?" asks Elissa.

"Oh. Right," I say.

"There's one," she says, pointing to a 6-foot-high sign. Subtle. No wonder I missed it the first time.

I get out, walk up to the sign, turn and look back up the road.

And there's the cover shot—the same S-shaped undulation, the same mix of trees, the same rising shoulder on the left—unchanged after 80 years except for the substitution of asphalt for dirt in the foreground.

Across the way, the oriole flashes in an oak tree, bragging. So I cross the highway and enter an oak-edged meadow alongside Granite Creek, where placer gold deposits helped spur the establishment of Prescott. A perfect skin-tingle of a breeze sighs up out of nowhere, stirring the gold-tipped, waist-high grasses.

After a spellbound interlude, I climb back into the car and finish the drive down to Wickenburg. Along the way, I marvel at unfurling vistas; detour to the Kirkland Junction cafe-turned-middle-aged-biker-bar; visit a strangely moving Yarnell shrine with its concrete statues of Jesus scattered among the boulders, and drive the hairpins down the extravagantly scenic stretch between Yarnell and Congress. I end up in Wickenburg, with its own cozy cluster of restaurants, bars and legends—including lurid tales of a stagecoach massacre that fueled a war with the Apaches.

A rich day—brimming with scenery and history.

But at the end of it, I think mostly of that meadow, with the ode of the oriole, the symphony of the wind and the dance of the grass. And I wonder if an oriole cocked its head to watch that first *Highways* photographer 80 years ago.

Alas, many things do change—editors, highways, towns.

Fortunately, some things don't. AH

EDITOR'S NOTE: Peter Aleshire is now the editor of *Arizona Highways* magazine.

travel tips

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: Accessible by all vehicles.

WARNING: Back road travel can be hazardous if you are not prepared for the unexpected. Whether traveling in the desert or in the high country, be aware of weather and road conditions, and make sure you and your vehicle are in top shape. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone at home know where you're going and when you plan to return. Odometer readings in the story may vary by vehicle.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Prescott National Forest, Bradshaw Ranger District, (928) 443-8000.

by Rebecca Mong | photographs by David H. Smith

Touring Bisbee's Historic Queen Mine Recalls Workers' Hardships

"IT TOOK TWO YEARS to make a miner," 66-year-old Henry Hernandez told the passengers who straddled the tour car inside Bisbee's historic Queen Mine. "Then you had to keep learning because there was so much to know and it was all dangerous, especially in the days before so many safety regulations." Before he started guiding tours of the Queen, which shut down in 1943, Hernandez worked Arizona mines for 30 years.

During tours he and other guides, all ex-miners, describe what it was like to work in the subterranean darkness, manhandling heavy beams and ore cars and wielding axes and drills so powerful one slip could cost a limb, or a life.

Bisbee's heyday as one of the world's premier copper producers began in the 1870s with a foolish wager, and ended nearly a century later when the ore dwindled and prices plummeted. Scouring southeastern Arizona's Mule Mountains for silver, prospector George Warren discovered copper instead. Not realizing his luck, he bet his claim that he could run faster than a man on a horse. He couldn't, and he lost his fortune. On the upside, the adjacent community of Warren is named for him.

By the early 1900s, several dozen copper mines had made Bisbee the rip-roaringest town west of St. Louis. With a population of 20,000, numerous businesses—including one saloon after another along Brewery Gulch—and even a trolley line, it was a bona-fide metropolis. Eight billion pounds of copper poured out of Bisbee's mines before they closed in the 1970s.

Many former boomtowns became ghost towns, but Bisbee reinvented itself. Moderate weather—it sits at an elevation of 5,300 feet—and an easygoing lifestyle lured new residents and businesses. Part artists' haven, part retirees' heaven, the town today has a population of 6,000. Shops, galleries, bars and restaurants draw tourists to its historic district, and guests still check into the showplace Copper Queen Hotel, built in 1902 and named for the famous mine.

The Queen encompasses 163 miles of "drifts," or tunnels, but the tours go in only about 1,500 feet and last about 70 minutes. Passengers must walk a few yards and climb some steps, but mostly they ride or stand. After a short distance in, anyone bothered by the narrow (4- to 7-foot-wide) tunnels can go back outside. "Not many do," Hernandez said.

Before boarding, his passengers put on yellow slickers, hardhats and belted battery-operated flashlights. Those wearing shorts risked a cool tour because the temperature inside the mine stays at about 47 degrees. "Some mines are hot, some are wet, but this one's cool because of all the drifts and the open shafts to the outside," Hernandez explained.

His passengers rode swiftly through the drifts, dismounting to ascend 31 steps up to the cavelike "stope," which seemed huge compared to the tunnels. This is where the high-grade ore was removed, Hernandez told them as they stared at the massive beams that hold up the roof and shined their flashlights on heavy tools lying on the ground.

Hernandez pointed out a rough wooden desk the bosses used for paperwork and a modified bicycle that ran on the ore-car tracks. The supervisors had to check in with the miners twice a day, and the bike made it easier to get around.

Hernandez recalled when some miners hid their boss's bike and he had to walk. "We could hear him cussing for a mile throughout the mine," he said, chuckling.

But not much underground was a laughing matter. Hernandez drew attention to a 2-ton ore car, which he said could be emptied by one man. But if he got careless, he could be crushed. Later he showed off a huge drill that was so powerful miners had to be constantly alert when using it to bore into the rock. Thick fire doors hinted at the danger of any spark under ground.

Stopping at a cagelike elevator, Hernandez said it carried workers and supplies in and out of the mine, moving at 1,000 feet a minute. A series of bell pulls announced levels where it would stop. At the end of the tour, his passengers—glad not to be boarding the elevator—piled back onto the tour car for the easy ride back to daylight.

On the Queen Mine tours, 50,000 visitors a year get a real sense of the hard, noisy and dangerous work that took place in those labyrinthine drifts. And when their guide tells them, "Turn off your flashlights," they get an even stronger sense of just how really dark "dark" can be. AH

[BELOW] At a maximum speed of 2 mph, a battery-powered Mancha motor operated by tour guide Pete Oller pulls its cargo of visitors through Bisbee's historic Queen Mine in southeast Arizona.

[ABOVE, LEFT] The mine outfits visitors of all ages and sizes with flashlights, slickers and mandated hard hats. [TOP] In the total darkness of the mine, the photographer's flash makes a ghostly image of former miner, now tour guide, Neto Chavez. [ABOVE] A concrete inscription at its entrance commemorates the 1915 opening of the Queen's second tunnel.

when you go

LOCATION: Bisbee is about 95 miles southeast of Tucson.
GETTING THERE: From Tucson, take Interstate 10 southeast to State Route 80, then travel southeast on SR 80 to Bisbee. The Queen Mine Tour building sits just south of the historic Bisbee exit, off the 80 interchange.
HOURS: Tours daily except Christmas and Thanksgiving, 9 A.M., 10:30 A.M., noon, 2 P.M., 3:30 P.M. Reservations suggested.
FEES: $12 plus tax, adults; $5 plus tax, ages 4-15; free, under age 4.
TRAVEL ADVISORY: Wear walking shoes and warm clothing. Not handicapped-accessible.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: (520) 432-2071 or toll-free (866) 432-2071; www.cityofbisbee.com/queenminetours.htm.

by Kathleen Bryant | photographs by Larry Lindahl

Historic Munds Wagon Trail Began as an 1800s Cattle-driving Route

A LATE-WINTER SNOWFALL HAD dusted Sedona's peaks, and low clouds were parting as my husband and I stepped onto the historic Munds Wagon Trail, a recently completed path that climbs 4 miles from the base of Schnebly Hill to Merry-Go-Round Rock.

From the trailhead, we struck east, crossing Schnebly Hill Road twice before descending toward Bear Wallow Canyon. According to local histories, an early settler spotted bears wallowing in the mud somewhere nearby. We didn't expect to see bears, though we did figuratively wallow, soaking up the scenery along Mitten Ridge.

Munds Road began as a cattle trail in the late 1800s, used by Jim Munds to drive his herd from the Verde Valley to greener summer pastures at Munds Park. Sedona's fruit growers and ranchers later improved the route for wagon travel, shaving at least a day off the journey to Flagstaff. After Carl and Sedona Schnebly settled where Los Abrigados resort stands today, the Munds wagon road became known as Schnebly Hill Road. When the modern Schnebly Hill Road was built in the 1930s, the old roadbed faded back into the forest. It was rediscovered by a couple of local Forest Service rangers, history buffs who delighted in resurrecting it as a hiking trail.

We continued through a grove of fragrant cypress trees, beckoned by the sound of snowmelt rushing down rocky Bear Wallow Canyon. Within a half-hour, we spotted a pair of waterfalls tumbling over a sandstone shelf. From there, we followed the ephemeral stream as it danced around stepping-stones and braided across a sweep of sandstone in clear rivulets. About 2 miles and six waterfalls later, at a long stretch of slickrock, snowmelt raced through stone chutes and basins.

Beyond the slickrock, the trail climbed back and forth uphill. Above the switchbacks, rock reinforcements stood as testament to the pioneers who built the road using picks, shovels and, where necessary, hand drills to place dynamite charges.

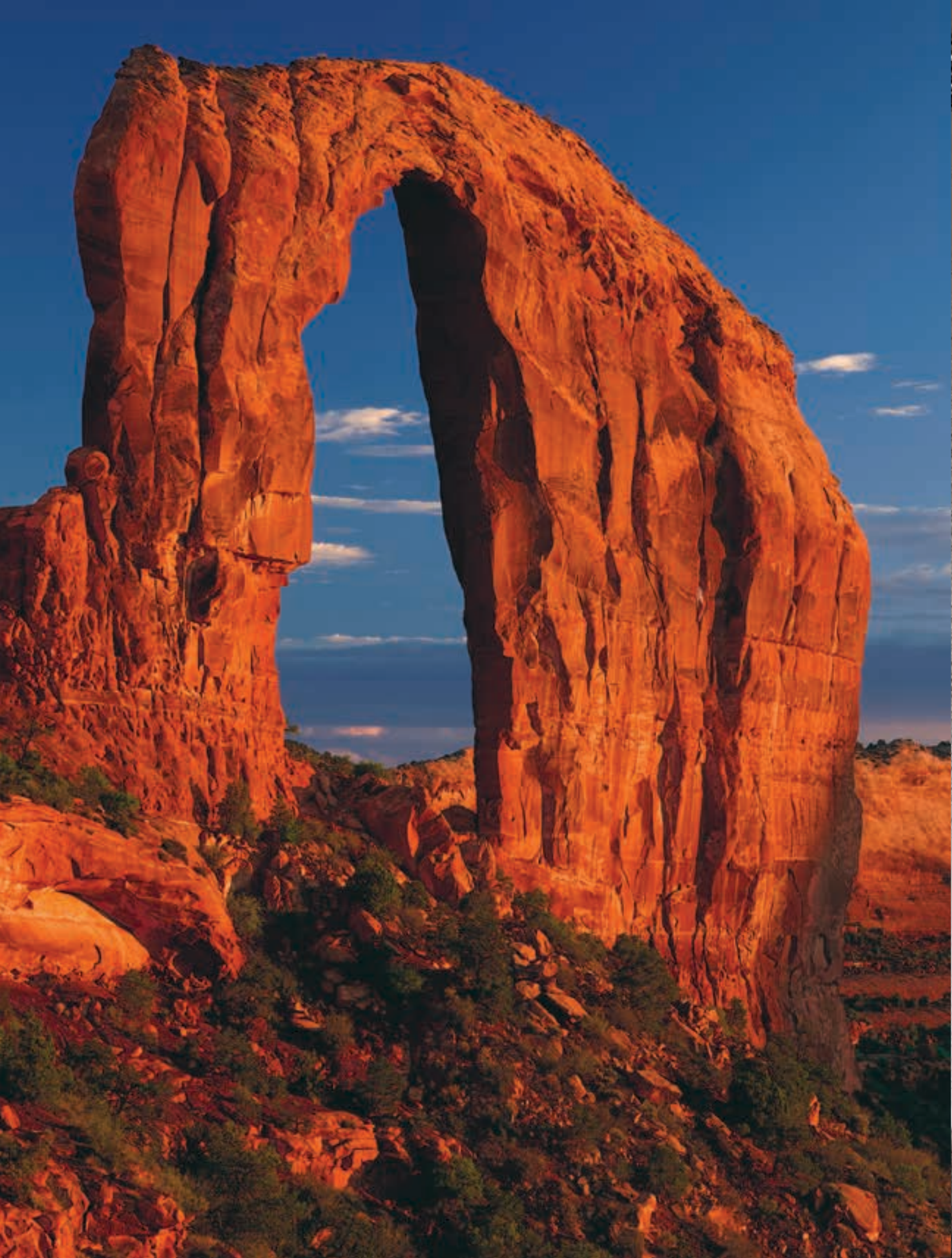
Builders completed the road in 1902, the same year Sedona's first post office was established. The trail skirted the canyon edge and passed through a stand of venerable junipers that once shaded wagons on their way to Flagstaff. Across canyon lay the sumptuous curves of slickrock that locals unromantically refer to as "the cowpies." Ahead, basalt outcroppings marked the southern edge of the Colorado Plateau.

We crossed present-day Schnebly Hill Road again, heading toward the north-facing cliffs of Munds Mountain, where ponderosa pine trees jut from pale Coconino sandstone. Shrub oaks and junipers shaded patches of snow and offered peeks of the conical orange-red formation known as Merry-Go-Round Rock. We decided to make the rock our turnaround point as clouds descended and snow patches obscured the trail.

With a little fog and a lot of imagination, we envisioned the huge chunks of gray Fort Apache limestone circling the Merry-Go-Round's base as carousel cars and horses. A nearby waterfall provided rousing music. We headed back down the trail as the lights of Sedona glowed through the settling fog, beckoning us the way flickering lamplight guided weary travelers a century ago. AH

[ABOVE] Author Kathleen Bryant contemplates (left to right) Mitten Ridge, Schnebly Hill and Munds Mountain Road from the Munds Wagon Trail in Bear Wallow Canyon near Sedona. [RIGHT] Created by snowmelt, a transitory rivulet rushes over Bear Wallow Canyon's salmon-colored rocks.

KEVIN KIRSEY

LOCATION: 1.5 miles southeast of Sedona's Y intersection at midtown. **GETTING THERE:** From the intersection of State Route 89A and State Route 179 in Sedona, drive about a half-mile south on 179 and cross the bridge over Oak Creek. Turn left onto Schnebly Hill Road and drive 1 paved mile to a parking/picnic area on the left. Two other trails, Marg's Draw and Huckaby, also begin there. For the Munds Wagon Trail, head east, roughly paralleling the road. This multiuse trail is open to hikers, mountain bikers and equestrians. **TRAVEL ADVISORY:** A Red Rock Pass is required to park on forest lands within the Sedona Ranger District. Hikers should carry plenty of water and wear appropriate footwear. Winter snows may obscure the trail at higher elevations. **ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:** Coconino National Forest, Red Rock Ranger District, (928) 282-4119; www.redrockcountry.org.

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.