

Summer's Best Wildflowers—20 Great Trips

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

JULY 2005

flagstaff getaway guide

Cool Characters July 4 Celebrations
High-country Attractions



Flagstaff Getaway Guide

It's summertime, it's holiday time with fireworks and a parade and, oh yes, it's a touch warm down in the desert. What better place to get away than Flagstaff? In this issue, we offer readers a range of things to do.

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An old railroad grade now does service for nature lovers.

BY TOM KUHN PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY SIEVE

[THIS PAGE] The vista from O'Leary Peak north of Flagstaff reveals a view of Sunset Crater, which last erupted only 900 years ago. [FRONT COVER] Prairie sunflowers catch late-afternoon light below the San Francisco Peaks. See portfolio, page 20. BOTH BY ROBERT G. McDONALD [BACK COVER] Flagstaff's Old Route 66 heyday resonates in the neon facade of the old DuBeau Hotel, and the chrome of a 1963 Mercury Monterey. DAVID ZICKL.

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{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 Arizona cities in English and Spanish. For channels and show times, log on to 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 as designated in captions. To order prints call toll-free (866) 962-1191 or visit www.magazineprints.com. (For other magazine-related business: In Phoenix or outside the U.S., call (602) 712-2000, or call toll-free (800) 543-5432.)

online arizonahighways.com

This month our Web site offers extra activities, hikes and drives to supplement the magazine's high-country escape stories. Go to arizonahighways.com and click on "Flagstaff Getaway Guide" for:

- 15 mountain hikes
- Eight cool back road drives
- Advice on horseback riding and rodeos
- Comprehensive lists of things to do
- Details about a David Zickl photo exhibit

PLUS, get our regular monthly online-only features:

HUMOR Laugh as Gene Perret boldly blazes a fashion trail.

ONLINE EXTRA Learn how outlaw gangs once terrorized the White Mountains.

WEEKEND GETAWAY Savor Prescott's soft breezes, hard history and dark dance halls.

EXPERIENCE ARIZONA Plan a trip using our statewide calendar of events.

Missing Murals of Awat'ovi

I am intrigued about the article "The Displaced Hopi Murals of Awat'ovi" in the February 2005 issue. I would like to understand about the taking of the paintings and moving them to Harvard. I know that Arizona has a place where all the paintings could be stored. Why are they not there? I am saddened. I would also like to know if we will ever see the whole collection.

Marla K. Mayfield, Odessa, TX

Alas, scientists have taken many artifacts from their proper homes. Sometimes, that yields important discoveries, sometimes mere warehousing. I also hope the murals of Awat'ovi will someday return to their home, but don't know of any current plans to move them.

Royal Arch Route

Regarding the story "Following an Ancient Route to Elves Chasm" (February '05), I agree the Royal Arch route is stunning. However, Harvey Butchart never claimed to have discovered it.

In his book Grand Canyon Treks, he discusses my description of the route (generously calling it the "Stiles route") and his subsequent efforts to follow it.

In November 1971, Patsy Gilman and I made the same backpack trip described in the story, but in reverse—we went down the South Bass Trail, over to Elves Chasm and then up the Royal Arch route. I led other groups over the Royal Arch route in '72 and '73, so it was fairly well known to University of Arizona hikers by the time I told Harvey about it in 1974.

Gary Stiles, Orange, CA

Of course, whoever actually "discovered" the route was probably tracking giant ground sloths. But you're right—Butchart wasn't the first "modern" to find the route, or "rediscover" it. We certainly didn't mean to disrespect other intrepid route finders.

Ghosts of Vulture City

After reading the article "Ghosts of Vulture City" (February '05), I carefully examined the excellent pictures. I got this eerie feeling when I saw the picture on page 31. Behind the hanging tree there is a rectangle entrance, and in the middle there is a ghost in the form of a skeleton.

Juan Cisneros, Glendale

I looked at the photograph—and here's the very spooky part: The ghost has moved. She's over on the right-hand side in the bushes. Only it's not a ghost, it's Our Lady of Guadalupe. Way cool.

No Bird Love

I read the hummingbird story "His Love Kept Him Warm" (February '05) with dismay. There is no love, caring and socialization between hummingbirds beyond the sex act. The females

then make their nest, sit on their eggs and raise their young completely alone. The article was a piece of fiction, which I wouldn't expect in Arizona Highways.

Sharron Szymanski, Cave Creek

That's harsh. Did you know that male hummingbirds actually sing songs in the mating season, with their own grammar and dialect? That's, like, love. Also, did you know that if you burned calories as fast as a hummingbird you would have to eat 800 Big Macs a day, which would generate so much heat you'd burst into flames? That's like love—isn't it?

A Wonderful View

I'm a native Arizonan, 81 years young, and a long-time reader of Arizona Highways. The quality of the publication remains excellent.

It is such a great pleasure to open the February 2005 issue to the "Rooms With a View" article, and to enjoy Larry Lindahl's superb photography.

Also, Penny Porter's story on the hummingbird was great!

Arizona Highways says it all for this marvelous state. Your work is truly appreciated.

Mildred S. McEvoy, Tucson

Dining Like a Tiger

In response to a letter in your February 2005 issue from someone stating that he found the picture (September '04) of the rare tiger rattlesnake of the Sonoran Desert eating a mouse disgusting: Get real! What did this guy expect? A snake slithering to a table set with china, crystal, silverware and a bottle of pinot noir wine?

Arizona is a habitat of things that creep and crawl. Perhaps you can feature articles on critters in their quest for food, complete with pictures, of course.

Willard Blei, Las Vegas

I agree. Besides, doesn't that reality make up for us getting all teary-eyed about the hummingbirds?

Great Issues

Your August and September 2004 issues were superb. I loved the articles on horsehair weaving, Pima baskets and Navajo rugs in the August issue. The articles themselves were master weavings.

The September article about Dustin Rockmen was also remarkable. I noticed that Leo W. Banks wrote two of the four articles. He is to be commended.

The people featured are truly inspirational, especially Dustin. These creative, talented people preserving their crafts while making their living are awesome.

Dorothy Shewan, Omaha

Absolutely—Dustin, who paints better with his feet than I can with two hands and three computer programs, makes me proud to be a human being.

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Arizona Highways® (ISSN 0004-1521) is published monthly by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Subscription price: \$21 a year in the U.S., \$31 in Canada, \$34 elsewhere outside the U.S. Single copy: \$3.99 U.S. Send subscription correspondence and change of address information to Arizona Highways, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009. Periodical postage paid at Phoenix, AZ and at additional mailing office. POSTMASTER: send address changes to Arizona Highways, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009. Copyright © 2005 by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. The magazine does not accept and is not responsible for unsolicited materials provided for editorial consideration.

Plug On, Percival: An Off-kilter Genius Right for All the Wrong Reasons

PERCIVAL LOWELL IS MY HERO—for all the wrong reasons. Of course, maybe this just reflects a lamentably snivelly need to sprinkle water on the clay feet of people much smarter than I.

But I think it's because Lowell is my kind of genius—just like good old Douglas "Wrong Way" Corrigan, a legendary pilot remembered now mostly because in 1938 he misread a compass and mistakenly flew from New York to Ireland, instead of to California.

Either way, you have to admit that Lowell is now mostly known for his biggest blunders.

So I thought I'd honor the patron saint of confused genius on the year that marks the 75th anniversary of his Flagstaff observatory's discovery of Pluto. Granted, Arizona Highways is 80, Pluto's only 75. But I can afford to be generous. Moreover, this happenstance gives me the opportunity to add one off-kilter tidbit to our summer travel guide to the high country, awaiting you in the lush green grace of our cover package.

Lowell, a Boston mathematician, built the Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff in 1894 in the clear, still air at 7,260 feet. Then he turned his big hunk of glass and semiobsessive, ever-incisive intellect to a 23-year study of the Red Planet. Squinting through his 24-inch refracting telescope and discounting the dance of the atmosphere, Lowell discerned a spidery network of canals on Mars. He concluded Martians must have built the canals to bring water from the poles to save a dying civilization. He noted the ephemeral Martian ice caps and speculated that the nonexistent network of canals brought water from the poles to the arid equator—as the Central Arizona Project canal runs the musical fountains of the Biltmore with water from the Rocky Mountains.

Alas. Lowell should have rubbed his eyes harder. The Martian canals proved some kind of optical illusion, first referenced by the Italian astronomer Giovanni Schiaparelli in 1877. Lowell wrote several books, including Mars and its Canals (1906) and Mars as the Abode of Life (1908). His theories generated sensational headlines and even inspired H.G. Wells to write War of the Worlds, but his first comet of astronomical fame in the end turned into a ball of swamp gas.

Having populated a planet with imaginary Martians, Lowell set his heart on finding an imaginary planet.

Flush with the illusory success of his canal theories, Lowell set out to find Planet X, the solar system's ninth planet. Other astronomers had invoked the gravity of the

unseen Planet X to explain an odd wiggle in the orbits of Neptune and Uranus. So after a heroic trek through the wilderness of precomputer astronomy, Lowell used that wiggle to calculate the position of the mystery planet.

Inspired and brilliant, Lowell and his assistants searched for Planet X from 1905 to 1915. They discovered asteroids, variable stars and evidence of the expanding universe. But as for Planet X . . .

Zero.

Zip.

Zilch.

Daunted only by death in 1916, Lowell left behind his observatory and a cadre of devoted astronomers.

Time passed.

Mars spun.

Planet X lurked.

Then in 1929, Clyde W. Tombaugh joined the Lowell Observatory staff and used a new telescope to take deep-sky photographs and a new method to compare them. He flickered back and forth between images of the same patch of sky taken a few nights apart, looking for the tiny shift in one of a thousand pinpoints of light that would reveal the existence of an orbiting planet.

You can go to Flagstaff and see for yourself as Tombaugh's images flick back and forth on the fascinating tour of the observatory. I have gone bug-eyed bleary studying the flip-flop-flip-flop of that single fateful sequence, and I can't see the speck unless someone points to it with arrows.

But in 1930, Tombaugh spotted tiny, erratic Pluto near where Lowell had predicted.

The staff announced Tombaugh's historic discovery on what would have been Lowell's 75th birthday.

Way to go, Percival!

One little problem.

His pencil and paper math couldn't actually pinpoint the location of Planet X.

So he ended up looking in the right place for the wrong reasons. And the probably nonexistent Planet X remains on the missing planets list.

Now, that's my kind of genius.

Brilliant, daring and imaginative, he triumphed by discovering both canals that never existed and the wrong planet. I have taken him to my bruised heart, a comet of good omen.

So I need not fret when I misplace the magazine's humor page, pick the wrong photo, bury the lead, print the reflected sky upside down or set out for Casa Grande and wind up in Pueblo Grande. Instead, I shall take counsel from Percival Lowell.

And glory in my goofs.



LOWELL OBSERVATORY ARCHIVES

Lowell Observatory founder Percival Lowell peers through the Clark Telescope.

Handwritten signature of Peter Aleshire.

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Digital Photography Arrives—Even at *Arizona Highways*

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS PHOTOGRAPHY is entering the Digital Age. There, I've said it. After 80 years of showcasing the finest print reproduction traditional film allows, the world's premiere scenic magazine has added digital imaging to its repertoire.

I can hear scattered gasps out there. In the past, I unapologetically defended *Arizona Highways'* preference for film, particularly 4x5 film. I had no qualms. Digital wasn't ready for prime time. But barring the scenic door against digital images generated a lot of criticism.

Well—we've propped open the door. Sort of.

At left are two nearly identical photographs, one from film, one digital. We followed our normal color correction process for the film reproduction, but made only minor contrast, brightness and sharpening adjustments to the digital image. Odds are, I'll be as surprised as you when I compare the results printed in the magazine. But before I reveal which is which, take a closer look. Can you discern any differences? Do you prefer one to the other? Study these photographs and send me feedback as our long-resisted changeover takes place before your eyes.

But beleaguered traditionalists need not fear. We won't abandon film. Granted, mainstream digital images have surpassed 35 mm film and are gaining on medium-format film. However, digital still can't touch large-format film for the full-page reproductions that have made *Arizona Highways* famous. Digital images will supplant only the photographs that were once the province of smaller film formats. This initial step toward film's ultimate demise offers benefits to magazine publishing. But in our

expanding use of digital images, we will hold to the same exacting standards we have for film.

Raising the rafters of modern technology in

the house photography built is nothing new. Although steeped in tradition, *Arizona Highways* has always kept up with advancements in the printing arts. Over the years, the magazine's caretakers exercised wise stewardship in upholding its legacy. Now new technologies present advantages that will keep *Arizona Highways* on the cutting edge. And once again, we must exercise that wise stewardship.

Our fondness for 4x5 film stems from *Arizona Highways'* demand for photographs of the highest quality. The 4x5 view camera remains unsurpassed for landscape photography, in part due to the size of the image. When it comes to print reproduction, size matters. The larger the original image, the better the reproduction. Typical digital capture still cannot match the amount of information contained on a sheet of 4x5 film.

But the greatest advantage of the view camera lies in its ability to control perspective. View-camera movements allow adjustments to the film plane to maintain sharp focus from foreground to background while keeping the lines in a scene perfectly straight and square. This is not possible using cameras with fixed film (or image sensor) planes such as single-lens reflex cameras.

The forced-perspective landscapes that have dazzled *Arizona Highways* readers for decades are the products of view-camera photography. Look at our front cover and notice how

the forced perspective keeps both the foreground sunflowers and distant mountains in sharp focus and proper perspective. Likewise, the spread on pages 8 and 9 provides extraordinary depth of field without distorting the vertical tree trunks as a wide-angle lens on a 35 mm camera would do.

Of course, I'm proud that *Arizona Highways* remains one of the last magazines to offer readers the unique qualities of 4x5 film. As other magazines tout their switch to digital photography, *Arizona Highways* quietly maintains traditions wrought by 80 years of consistent quality and style. But then, who knows what lies ahead in the next 80 years? By then, *Arizona Highways* may be boasting of its digital traditions.

Now, what's your verdict on the two photographs at left? The image at top is from film, the one below from digital capture. Surprised?

But beleaguered traditionalists need not fear. We won't abandon film.

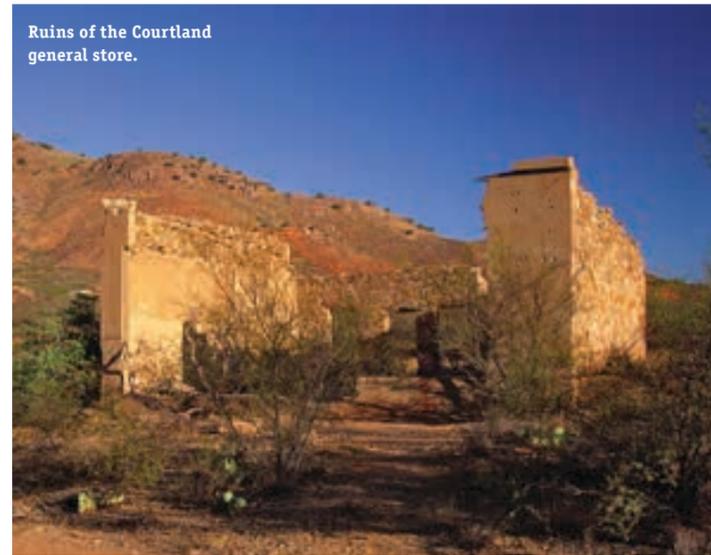
Peter Ensenberger can be reached at photodirector@arizonahighways.com



PETER ENSENBARGER (2)

Saddle Mountain west of Phoenix is captured on both film and digital formats taken moments apart.

online Read more about photography arizonahighways.com (Click on Photography)



Ruins of the Courtland general store.

Remnants of a High-class Ghost Town

Courtland, in the southeast corner of the state, is an all-but-forgotten ghost town. But at one time, thanks to the copper boom, it was a bustling hub. That was back in 1910 when two railroad branches—trains from the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad and

the Southern Pacific—transported ore daily.

“More than 2,000 people are housed in tents, box-houses and even grass-thatched adobe, stretching up and down the gulch for miles and miles,” wrote a reporter for the *Arizona Gazette*.

Surviving a Mount Graham Log Ride

Long ago, the Gardner family lived on Mount Graham, southwest of Safford, because the father worked as a logger. Neal, 2, and Duane, 4, were playing on a bridge over the flume that carried logs down 6 miles to Pima.

Neal was poking a broomstick into the water. Suddenly the broomstick got caught. Duane tried to grab his little brother, but Neal was pulled into the water and carried off with the logs.

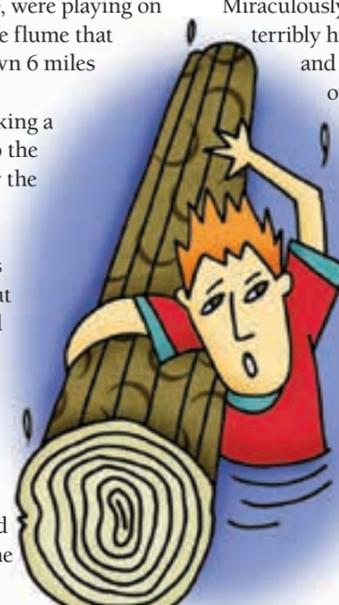
At times he went under water. Other times, he floated and got hit in the back, receiving

bruises and scrapes. He tried to grab the sides, scraping his hands raw.

Finally he arrived at the bottom where workmen pulled him out. Miraculously he was alive and not terribly hurt. His mother came and took him back home on horseback.

He lived until 1966 when he died in a plane crash in Wyoming.

The plane was not found until months after the accident. If he had lived, he would be in his 90s now, this lucky boy who survived a hazardous water ride that could have taken his life as a little child.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: RICHARD MACK; DAVE BLY; LINDA LONGMIRE

“There are restaurants, groceries, general merchandise stores, a barber shop, pool room, hardware store and a number of ‘hotels’ where one has the rare privilege, these formation days, of jumping at the chance to get a good bed over a dust floor for from 75 cents to a dollar and a half at night.

“There is no abundance of water and a bath is a real luxury. The town is distinctly orderly. There are only two saloons.”

Indeed, nestled in the foothills of the Dragoon Mountains, Courtland was one of the more respectable frontier towns. It had a post office, a newspaper, butcher shop, ice cream parlor and in later years a movie theater. When mining operations died after World War I, people drifted away. The railroad tracks were pulled up to be used elsewhere. Today the only remaining building with a roof in Courtland is the old jailhouse, which was steel-reinforced and built to last. It was occupied until recently by the town's sole resident and his dog.

First Drive-through McDonald's Feeds an Army

In 1975 the Army commander at Fort Huachuca in southern Arizona ordered soldiers not to wear their uniforms into local restaurants, and Sierra Vista restaurant owners were looking at a serious loss in business. The McDonald's owner came up with a unique idea. He broke a hole in the wall and served hamburgers to the soldiers standing outside. A menu board was added, and a Ronald McDonald figure took orders, making this “hole in the wall” at Sierra Vista the world's first McDonald's drive-through.

The original Ronald McDonald speaker box (right) is still in use at the Sierra Vista McDonald's.



THIS MONTH IN ARIZONA

1875 A Prescott editor bemoans the “abominable, pernicious, scoundrel” who stole his best suit. The pants are found three months later.

1880 A bridge spanning the San Pedro River washes away, delaying stagecoach travel from Benson to Tombstone.

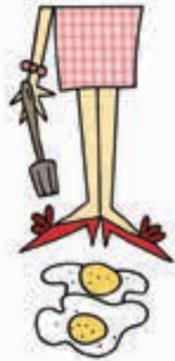
1893 Phoenix citizens inflicted with gold fever rush to the Superstition Mountains to stake claims.

1894 No mail is delivered to Phoenix for 11 days because of a nationwide railroad strike.

1895 A gasoline stove explodes in a Williams tailor shop and two blocks of flimsy wooden buildings are destroyed.

1898 The Cochise County jail holds 22 prisoners, most of them awaiting trial.

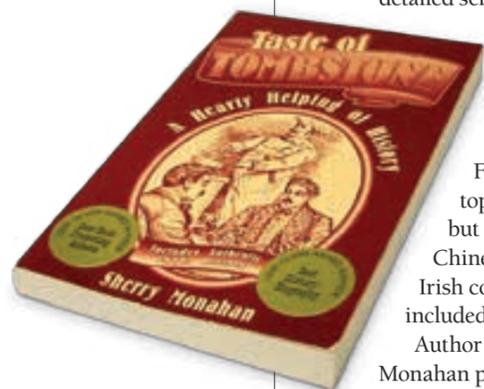
1927 Tucson day laborers receive their first pay increase in 20 years, raising the pay scale from \$2.50 to \$3 per day.



Two Eggs Over Sidewalk, No Toast

Each July 4, visitors to the tiny community of Oatman in northwestern Arizona on Old Route 66 can try their hand at frying eggs on the sidewalk. Each contestant gets two eggs to crack open and cook to an edible doneness in 15 minutes. Contestants may get creative about the method of solar heat they use.

Information: (928) 768-6222.



Tombstone by Lamplight

The 1880s might have been a rough-and-tumble time for residents of Tombstone, but elegance found its way into the mining town—something reflected in its trendy dining establishments. Elaborate menus, published at length in the town's newspapers, detailed scrumptious

listings of everything from "fruit to nuts."

Classic French cuisine topped the lists, but German, Chinese, Italian and Irish cooking were also included.

Author Sherry Monahan pieced together an 1880s cookbook from old

Autry's Angels

One of the silver screen's most successful singing cowboys, Gene Autry, blazed a path in the entertainment world with nearly a hundred movies and more than 600 recordings to his credit. In addition to his acting and singing success, "America's Favorite Cowboy" was also a

savvy businessman with several noteworthy investments, including the Los Angeles Angels, which have since become the Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim. Autry died in 1998, but in Mesa his name lives on at the Gene Autry Park and Sports Complex. The Anaheim Angels, one of a dozen teams in the Cactus League, has played at the sports complex in the past, even though



the team's spring training is based at Tempe Diablo Stadium.



Willow Springs Records Names of Old

Drivers traveling U.S. Route 89 on the Navajo Indian Reservation should look for Willow Springs, a red rock outcropping slightly more than 16 miles north of Cameron.

From 1873 until 1898, Mormon pioneers traveling to and from Utah etched their names into these rocks during stopovers at the springs, one of the few water sources between the Little and main Colorado rivers. The names stand out in clear relief and include those of well-known Mormon families—Cluff, Flake, Perkins—who helped settle Arizona.

The accessible spot makes a fun stop for those who want to crawl over the boulders hunting names and inscriptions. The ruins of the Willow Springs Trading Post stand behind these rocks.

Drive east of the highway about a quarter-mile, cross the wash and see the rocks to the left.

Indian Sculptures

Ever hear of wood sculptor Peter Toth and his Whispering Giants? As a tribute to America's Indians, the Hungarian-born artist in 1971 embarked on an effort to sculpt figures of Indians from all regions of the country.

Toth uses local wood, and each of his creations measures 20 to 40 feet tall. They're on display at museums, town visitors centers and parks.

Arizona got its 35-foot-tall Whispering Giant in 1979, made of ponderosa pine, the first to sport facial hair. It stands at First Street and Berry Avenue in Winslow.

"A lot of people travel from state to state just to see Toth's work," says Jessica Monsegur, chamber executive director.

To view the sculpture, take Exit 253 off Interstate 40 to the north side of the highway. Information: (928) 289-2434.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: LINDA LONGMIRE, RICHARD MACOCK, RANDY PRITTEICE, LINDA LONGMIRE

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: NICK BEREZENKO, LINDA LONGMIRE, DR. BREMERS REFERENCE FILES, AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF PHARMACY



Lemon Crisis Soured Yuma

Everyone knows Yuma is hot in July, so the town was extremely worried when they read the July 3, 1907, edition of *The Yuma Examiner*. A front-page headline screamed: "CITY FACES LEMON FAMINE ON THE FOURTH." Under the headline in bold letters were the dreadful facts: "Only Fifteen Boxes on the Market Yesterday and They Went in a

Hurry at Advance of \$1 a Box." Anxious readers read on to learn their fate:

"Yuma is facing a lemonless Fourth of July or nearly so. Every merchant in the city awoke to the fact yesterday morning that the

one thing needed most for the three days of celebration was lemons. With this realization came the shock that the city's lemon supply practically was exhausted with no chance to get any more until next Monday. What lemons were on the market sold at an advance of \$1 a box over the price ruling two days before. They sold for \$5.25. Alexander & Co had fifteen boxes and this represents the total supply until Monday. Mr. Sanguinetti has telegraphed to Los Angeles for a supply by express."

LIFE IN ARIZONA 1800s

OPIUM USE IN OLD CHINATOWNS HAD A 'RESPECTABLE' ERA

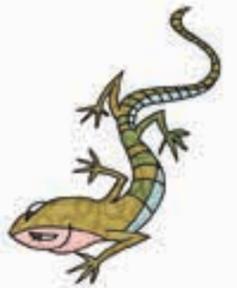
Opium paraphernalia commonly appeared in archaeological sites of old Chinatowns around Arizona. These finds conjure up scenes of mysterious, dark opium dens with intoxicated partakers. A look back into history, however, shows opium smoking held a respectable status in Chinese society. The poppies historically grown in China had a mild opiate, and the 30-second smokes during social gatherings had an effect akin to drinking wine.

A more potent and more addictive opium emerged from India. Several Chinese emperors tried, unsuccessfully, to ban the imported product,



A remedy for children's teething contained laudanum, an opium-derived ingredient.

coined "foreign mud" or "flowing poison." Until opium became illegal, most of the narcotic sent to the United States during the late 1800s was used to produce laudanum, a common ingredient in patent medicine at the time. Only a fraction of the opium made its way into an opium pipe.



Question of the Month

What is an Arizona skink?

The Arizona skink is a lizard with a round body and shiny scales. Bony deposits in its skin give it added protection from animals looking to make a meal of it. The Arizona skink lives in a few mountainous areas in western Arizona.

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- CARRIE M. MINER

Wild Times
Bike to a volcano, cheer a parade PAGE 10

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GET GET OUT COOL

Summer in Flagstaff is purple penstemons splashing the roadsides, hummingbirds zinging to feeders and softball games lasting long into the night. It's a laid-back, hang-out, Bermuda shorts place, where locals and visitors alike take to the out-of-doors, sipping good coffee, lunching at a sidewalk cafe and watching birds from a hammock.

But be ready. Up at 7,000 feet the season is as brief as seedheads on a dandelion, and relaxation is a relative concept. From June through August, you might need the latest handheld scheduling gizmo to keep track of all the town offers—from Bach to bronc riding, bluegrass to belly dancing, bike riding to sky gazing.

So enjoy the features in our guide to high-country delights. Then get lots of additional ideas on our Web site at arizonahighways.com, where our Flagstaff Getaway Guide details an additional 15 hikes, eight back road adventures and other cool stuff.

The setting sun carves a diagonal band of light through a carpet of bracken ferns in an aspen forest on the west side of the San Francisco Peaks. To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.
GEORGE H.H. HUEY



The historic Hotel Monte Vista and the old Babbitt Building anchor the corner of Aspen and San Francisco streets as downtown Flagstaff begins to glow in the deepening twilight.

The summer season is short—but activity-filled by Rose Houk Photographs by Tom Bean

GET WILD IN FLAGSTAFF

SOUTH-SIDE WALKING TOUR

A walk around Flagstaff's south side on a Sunday morning unfolds a history of the town's working class. In the late 1800s, this was where people settled who came to labor on the railroad, in the lumber mills, and for the sheep ranchers. These citizens—many of Mexican, Basque and African heritage—lived in tidy bungalows still home to their children and grandchildren.

At the corner of Benton Avenue and South Kendrick Street stands Our Lady of Guadalupe Church. The Malpais stone structure with a simple white steeple was built in 1926 "with the blood, sweat and tears of the Mexican people," said Flagstaff Mayor Joseph Donaldson.

Donaldson's father worked for the Saginaw & Manistee Lumber Co., and they lived on Riordan Road, then at the edge of town. His mother, Maria, was born in Mexico. After the family moved to Flagstaff, she attended Our Lady of Guadalupe for many of her 90-plus years, always sitting in the back pew and keeping a watchful eye on Joe and his brothers.

The stroll through the neighborhood includes the Flagstaff

Community Farmers Market in a parking lot alongside the railroad tracks. Every summer Sunday friendly shoppers fill cloth bags with shiny green zucchinis, ripe melons, sweet basil, heirloom tomatoes, "vortex" radishes from Sedona, honey, goat cheese, apricots and gladioli. When the trains rumble by with whistles shrieking in a '50s flashback, people just pause their conversations, cover their ears and wait.

Summertime brings Sunday shoppers to the Flagstaff Community Farmers Market near the old railway depot.



The Sinagua Indians disappeared more than 700 years ago, leaving ruins, like the Lomaki Pueblo in Wupatki National Monument, scattered across the landscape below the San Francisco Peaks.

BIKING VOLCANO TO RUINS

Just north of Flagstaff, the road through Sunset Crater Volcano and Wupatki national monuments offers an ideal route for a biking adventure.

The ride from volcanic cinder cone to evocative ruins is often enlivened by bald eagles, veils of virga draped across the San Francisco Peaks, color-bursts of skyrocket gilia and smoky pink Apache-plume feathered softly against the black lava.

The 20-mile trip down the Sunset-Wupatki Loop Road, off U.S. Route 89, requires more concentration than effort thanks to an elevation drop from 7,000 to 5,000 feet. Pungent junipers displace vanilla-scented ponderosa pines, and the muted tans and pinks of the Painted Desert shimmer in an unending

distant panorama to the northeast.

At the end of an hour-long roll down the grade, the Wupatki Visitor Center comes into view. Here you can picnic in the ball court. The rock-walled oval structure, built about 900 years ago by the residents of Wupatki Pueblo, makes a perfect setting for an end-of-the-journey break. Feasting is a fitting activity here, since archaeologists believe the site once hosted games and ceremonies.

MOVIES ON THE SQUARE

Downtown Flagstaff offers something for everyone all summer long, with a nostalgic, small-town feel.

Historic, brick Heritage Square hosts weekend movies where families stake out territory with blankets, folding chairs and picnic suppers. The smell of freshly popped popcorn and the sounds of a local band fill the air, as kids dance and pinball about, motorcycles growl by on Aspen Street, and people chat, listen and join in.

As dusk settles, everyone snuggles and turns to watch the show, projected on a sheet hung on the side of the Babbitt Building. The evening usually features some family-friendly feature like *Shrek*, all free of charge courtesy of the Downtown Business Alliance and other sponsors.

OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH OF JULY

Independence Day is naturally a big holiday in Flagstaff because the town's very name arose from an event on July 4, 1876. That morning, a group of colonists from the so-called Second Boston Party nailed the stars and stripes to the top of a pine tree in what is now Thorpe Park.

Almost since its founding, Flagstaff has put on a wingding of an Independence Day parade. In 1907, a prize went to the best-dressed cowboy. In 1908, the Babbitt Brothers' meatpacking company float carried the "sausage queen." And for years, the weekend's greatest event was the powwow.

For nearly 10 years, the chamber of commerce has organized the parade that threads through downtown Flagstaff. Planner Heather Rogers advises people to get there at 9 A.M. to get a front-row seat, since the crowd normally tops 10,000.

Members of the Exchange Club pass out small American flags to spectators, standing three-people deep for several blocks. Across from the courthouse on North San Francisco Street, an Archuleta Ice Cream truck broadcasts a well-worn recording of "Yankee Doodle" and does a booming business in Sponge Bob treats.

At 10 A.M. the parade flows down North Beaver Street, featuring war veterans, the high school band, vintage cars, ground-hugging Chihuahuas decked out in red, white and blue, llamas, librarians doing tricks with book carts, bagpipers and bicyclists, Shriners and Lions, kids on rollerblades, and of course politicians of all stripes—more than a hundred entries crowded into a two-hour parade. The temperature normally hovers in the high 70s this time of year.

The parade, summer's crowning event, just "puts you into a spirit of celebrating. It's just something that brings joy," said Rogers.

Rose Houk tries to stay home in Flagstaff to enjoy the summer as much as possible. Friends say her epitaph will read, "She never saw a parade she didn't like." She also wrote the "Horse Auction" story in this issue.

Tom Bean enjoys visiting and photographing all over the world, but he's always thankful to return to his home of 23 years in Flagstaff.

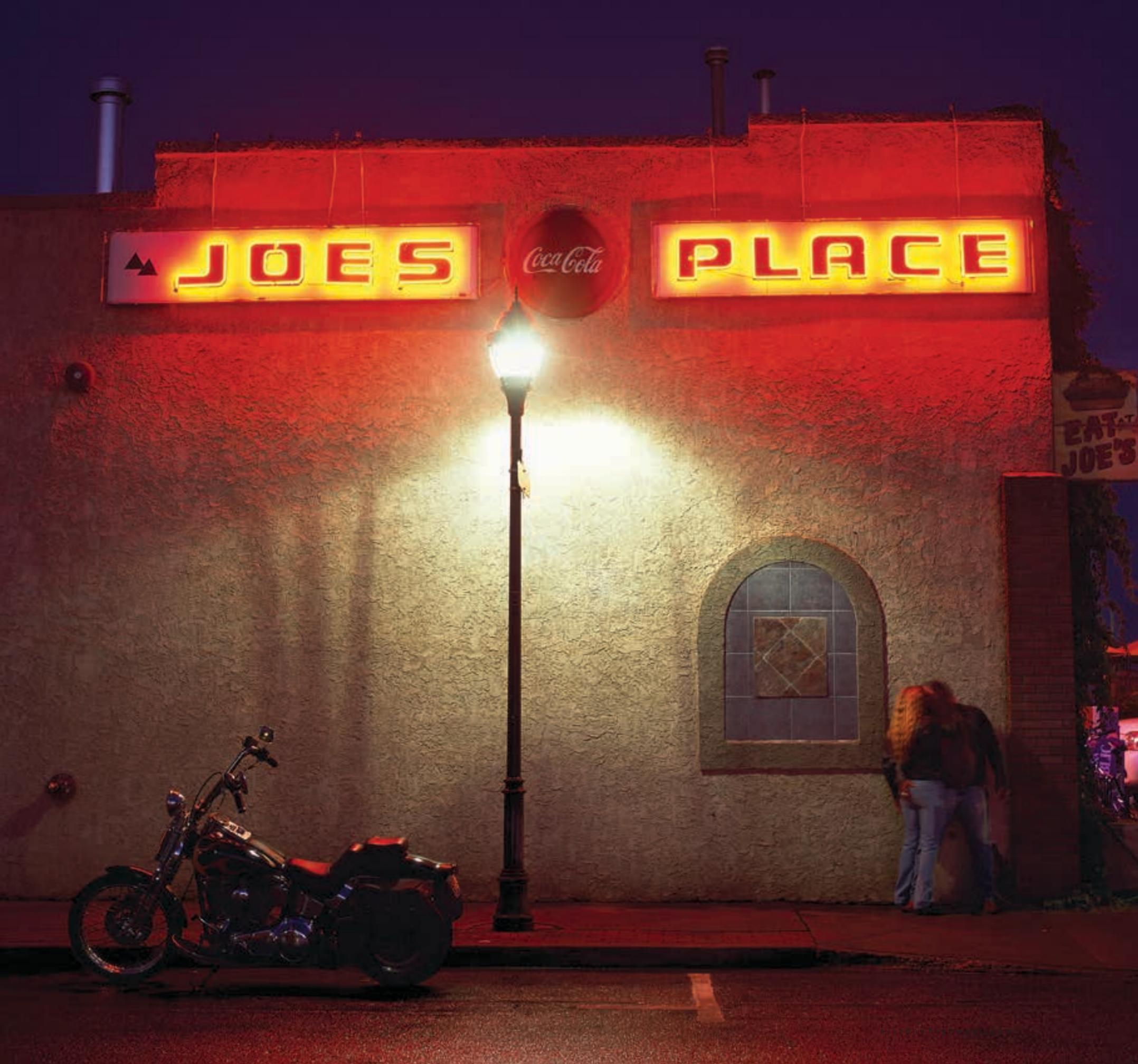
when you go For specifics on all the summer happenings, stop in at the Flagstaff

Visitor Center in the Amtrak Station at 1 E. Route 66, or contact the Flagstaff Convention and Visitors Bureau, toll-free (800) 217-2367 or www.flagstaffarizona.org.



A giant American flag sets the tone as the annual Fourth of July Parade winds down Aspen Street in Flagstaff. The Continental Country Club, 2830 N. Oakmont Drive, hosts a dramatic fourth of July fireworks display at nightfall.





MORE THINGS TO DO IN THE HIGH COUNTRY

by PK McMahon

THE ARBORETUM AT FLAGSTAFF

This venue for displaying high-country wildflowers offers a children's program and guided wildflower and bird-watching walks throughout the summer. Open daily, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. from April 1 through December 15; closed December 16 through March 31. \$5, adults; \$2, children 6 to 17; free, under 6. 4001 S. Woody Mountain Road. (928) 774-1442; www.thearb.org.

ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY PIONEER MUSEUM

Once Coconino County's Hospital for the Indigent, the museum houses costumes and other trappings of pioneer life, together with farm machinery and a 1929 Baldwin articulated locomotive and a Santa Fe caboose. Open Monday through Saturday, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; closed New Year's Day, Thanksgiving and December 25. \$3, adults; \$2, seniors and children 12 to 18; free, under 12 and members. Free on the first Saturday of each month and during special festival weekends. 2340 N. Fort Valley Road. (928) 774-6272; www.arizonahistoricalsociety.org.

ARIZONA SNOWBOWL

There's more to the Snowbowl than skiing. In the summer, the chairlift ferries sightseers up the San Francisco Peaks to savor the views at 11,500 feet. A restaurant at the lodge serves lunch. Open daily 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. The chairlift runs Memorial Day weekend through Labor Day. \$10, adults 13 to 64; \$8, seniors 65 to 69; free, seniors over 70; \$6, children 8 to 12; free, under 8 (with an adult). Drive 7 miles northwest of downtown on U.S. Route 180. Turn right on Snowbowl Road and continue 7 miles east, gradually climbing the mountain on a paved road. (928) 779-1951; www.arizonasnowbowl.com.

BUFFALO PARK

Flagstaff residents favor this walking and jogging forest park with its easy trails close to downtown; many visit it several times a week. Open all day, every day. Free. From downtown, head northeast on San Francisco Street to Forest Avenue; turn east onto Forest, which becomes Cedar Avenue; turn left onto Gemini Drive and follow it to the park. (928) 779-7690.

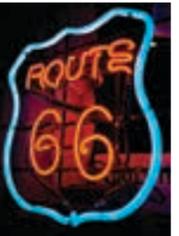
Joe's Place, a popular Flagstaff watering hole for decades, remains a fixture along Flagstaff's Historic Route 66. DAVID ZICKL

ELDEN PUEBLO

At the foot of Mount Elden on the northeast edge of town lie the remains of a Sinagua Indian community dating to A.D. 1150. A leaflet available on-site explains the archaeological significance of the pueblo. Open year-round during daylight hours. Free. (928) 527-3452; www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino/recreation/peaks/elden-pueblo.shtml.

FORT TUTHILL COUNTY PARK

With an amphitheater, fairgrounds, racetrack, roping arena and 6.5 miles of trails, this park is a magnet for hikers and bikers, campers, horsemen and picnickers. Open all day, every day. Free. South of Flagstaff, take Exit 337 off Interstate 17. (928) 774-5139; www.co.coconino.az.us/parks/.



LOWELL OBSERVATORY

Major discoveries in astronomy, including evidence of the expanding universe and existence of the planet Pluto, were made in this idyllic setting on Mars Hill. Open daily 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. March to October; open evenings for presentations and (in fair weather) night-sky viewing through the founder's 24-inch Clark telescope, June to August (every night except Sunday), starting at 8 P.M. \$5, adults; \$4, seniors, college students; \$2, children 5 to 17; free, under 5. 1400 W. Mars Hill Road. (928) 774-3358; www.lowell.edu.

MUSEUM OF NORTHERN ARIZONA

Navajo textiles, Hopi kachina dolls, ancient Native American baskets and pottery and fossilized dinosaurs are on display here. Open daily, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Admission \$2-\$7. 3101 N. Fort Valley Road. (928) 774-5213; www.musnaz.org.

RIORDAN MANSION STATE HISTORIC PARK

A gem of Arts and Crafts-style architecture featuring more than 20 pieces of original Gustav Stickley-designed furniture, this two-story duplex manse was home to the families of lumber merchants Timothy and Michael Riordan. Rangers give guided tours daily at the top of the hour. Open 8:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. from May to October. Admissions \$2.50-\$6. Reservations recommended. (928) 779-4395; www.pr.state.az.us/Parks/parkhtml/riordan.html. **AH**

online For 22 more attractions and restaurants
arizonahighways.com (Click on Flagstaff Getaway Guide)

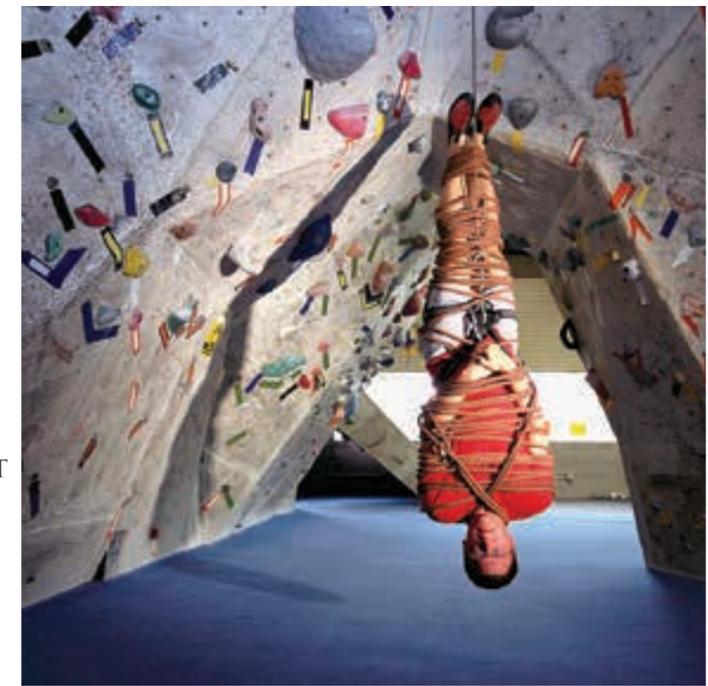


A CUT ABOVE

Three-year-old Joseph Martinez (left) has the look of a satisfied client in Hermanis Ulibarri's chair at the Ulibarri Barber Shop, where photos of young first-haircut customers decorate the walls.

JUST HANGIN' OUT

John Doskicz (right) hangs out at his Vertical Relief Climbing Center, a favorite of northern Arizona rock climbers.



Folks in Flagstaff have a real fondness for their mountain place

Text by Tom Carpenter
Photographs by David Zickl

61,000
LOVE
STORIES

This is a love story. The beloved is a place. The place is Flagstaff. Surrounded by natural beauty and curled up like a contented cat at the foot of the San Francisco Peaks in north-central Arizona, Flagstaff is an easy place to love.

One measure of love is commitment. Barely noticeable among the myriad opportunities in Flagstaff for visitors to enjoy this community—Lowell Observatory, the Museum of Northern Arizona, The Arboretum, the Arizona Snowbowl, to name a few—is the community itself. Approximately 61,000 people live in Flagstaff. They're business people, educators and students, river runners, rock climbers, artists, musicians; they're the panoply of commerce and society that constitutes any community.

They live on hard ground. Beneath a thin layer of topsoil here lies a thick layer of basalt and limestone. It's not easy to put down roots. People come and people go. The high cost of living, wage disparities and expensive housing make it difficult for many people to stay. But, like a gnarly little juniper tree growing from a crack in a rockface at nearby Walnut Canyon National Monument, those who want to live here find a way, with tenacity and time, to get their roots in the ground.

If there are flowers in a vase at the reference desk of the Cline Library on the campus of Northern Arizona University, they probably came from the garden of Cynthia Davis. Cynthia hails originally from Detroit, where she learned to garden watching her mother tend a tiny plot. "Flowers were my dolls," she says. "I made people out of hollyhocks."

Cynthia arrived in Flagstaff in 1976 and pursued her dream of working as a park ranger. She eventually went to work in the library. Her expertise as a gardener increases with every short growing season. "Up here it's gardening against the odds. It's not like it is in South Carolina," she explains, where, a friend of hers



HOT SHOTS

John and Raechel Running, father and daughter, are used to being on the other side of the camera at their Runnings' Studio in downtown Flagstaff. Their mixed-media illustrations have graced magazine and CD covers.

says, “You throw the seeds and run.’ When you grow something here,” Cynthia says, smiling, “it is exquisite and valuable.” She grows “flowers out of love, and vegetables out of duty,” and visits The Arboretum whenever she needs “an optimism fix.”

The physical beauty surrounding Flagstaff reminds us that there are spiritual underpinnings to the natural world. Even someone averse to hyperbole cannot deny the inexpressible beauty found at unexpected moments—the autumn-mottled mountainside, snow on the peaks, clouds rising over mesas that would inspire artists like Maynard Dixon and Ed Mell.

Phyllis Hogan moved to Flagstaff from Coolidge in 1978 and raised two daughters, Denise and DeeAnn, in rooms behind her shop when it was located on Route 66. At her present location, across from the Hotel Monte Vista on North San Francisco Street, Phyllis has created a business that serves the needs of native herbalists and artisans, and provides an avenue for understanding the native cultures of the region.

She is the founder of the Arizona Ethnobotanical Research Association, which is dedicated to documenting traditional sacred Navajo and Hopi herbs that grow outside the present-day reservations.

The Hopis and Navajos believe “Flagstaff is situated in the middle of an ancient and extremely sacred holy land, and is a place that is mentioned in the myths and legends of other tribes,” says Phyllis.

Art is always an excellent avenue for seeing the spiritual influence of a place. Beginning at 6 P.M. on the first Friday of every month, galleries in historic downtown open their doors for the First Friday Art Walk. On display are the works of a broad spectrum of artists and media, indicative of a vibrant artist community. Whether it's the striking portraiture of renowned photographers John Running and his daughter Raechel, or the paintings of Navajo painter Shonto Begay, the art walk offers an opportunity to see remarkable creativity on display.

In Begay's studio, a large canvas covered with paint the color of a noon sky rests on an easel. What will become of the painting isn't evident, but there is no doubt it will depict a vision of his Navajo culture and its place in the contemporary Southwest. Begay has become known as an important contemporary Navajo painter in the Southwest, and his work has been featured at the Santa Fe Indian Market, the Heard Museum in Phoenix and the Smithsonian Institution. Not bad for someone who started as a shepherd.

Born in 1954 in the Kletthla Valley southeast of Kayenta, near the isolated Navajo community that gave him his name, Begay is the fifth child of 15 born to Faye and Mailboy Begay. His mother was a weaver and shepherd, and his late father was a renowned Navajo medicine man. Young Shonto started drawing while watching over as many as 300 sheep. He used charcoal from campfires to “find the edges” of what he saw and drew them on anything he could find, from cardboard to flat rocks. Out there, under the watchful gaze of the San Francisco Peaks, Shonto's artistic sensibilities took root in the landscape of the reservation, where “the edges get softer.”

Now, 50 years later, Begay's journey through the harsh realities of a childhood education in Bureau of Indian Affairs boarding schools, his formal art education in Santa Fe and Oakland, California, a 10-year stint as a park ranger in Wyoming and Arizona, and his inherent spiritual grasp of the world have brought him to Flagstaff where he has lived since 1997.

“Art has saved my life many times,” Begay explains. “Of 13 boys I knew growing up, only three are still alive.” The knowledge of that



FRIENDLY FARE Tina, Fred and Jessica Wong serve hearty portions of their famous chicken-fried steak and friendly conversation at the Grand Canyon Cafe. The Wong family has owned the restaurant since 1943, when Fred's parents and uncles moved from China to Flagstaff.

sad truth continues to propel his prolific brush across canvas.

If there is a common denominator among the people of Flagstaff, it is a visceral need to be outdoors.

Early in their marriage, Tom and Cuyler Boughner came to the realization while living in Phoenix that they didn't want to live any place "where you can see the air in the day and you can't see the sky at night."

So, they moved to Flagstaff in 1983 and have enjoyed a lifestyle of outdoor recreation with their two sons, Forrest and Gavin. Tom is a police officer and Cuyler is involved with numerous community organizations. They live in Baderville, northwest of town, where

they say "gardening is impossible," but they can hike or ski into the woods from their front door.

Whether caching a meal in a tall pine and then skiing cross-country to enjoy a snowy picnic, or hiking in the Grand Canyon, or cycling to work, the Boughners have found in Flagstaff a lifestyle that satisfies their spirits and nurtures their roots in the community.

Understanding this communal love of the outdoors is essential to understanding the Flagstaff history since 1881, when settlers profited from the construction of the railroad.

Richard K. "Dick" Mangum was born in Flagstaff and graduated from Flagstaff High School in 1954. He earned a law degree from the University of Arizona in 1961 and retired as a superior court judge



FACES OF FLAGSTAFF Clockwise from top left, Pamela "Sam" Green sidles up to the bar in her historic Weatherford Hotel's Zane Grey Ballroom, where she is co-owner. Navajo artist Shonto Begay paints in his Flagstaff studio. Richard and Sherry Mangum offer guided tours of downtown Flagstaff. Martin and Stacie Zanzucchi own The Museum Club, a Route 66 landmark that has hosted country singers like Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings.

for Coconino County in 1993. Sherry G. Mangum, a photographer, was born in Salt Lake City and moved to Flagstaff with her family when she was a little girl. Together, Dick and Sherry have published seven books about Flagstaff including *Flagstaff Historic Walk: A Stroll Through Old Downtown*, Hexagon Press, 1993.

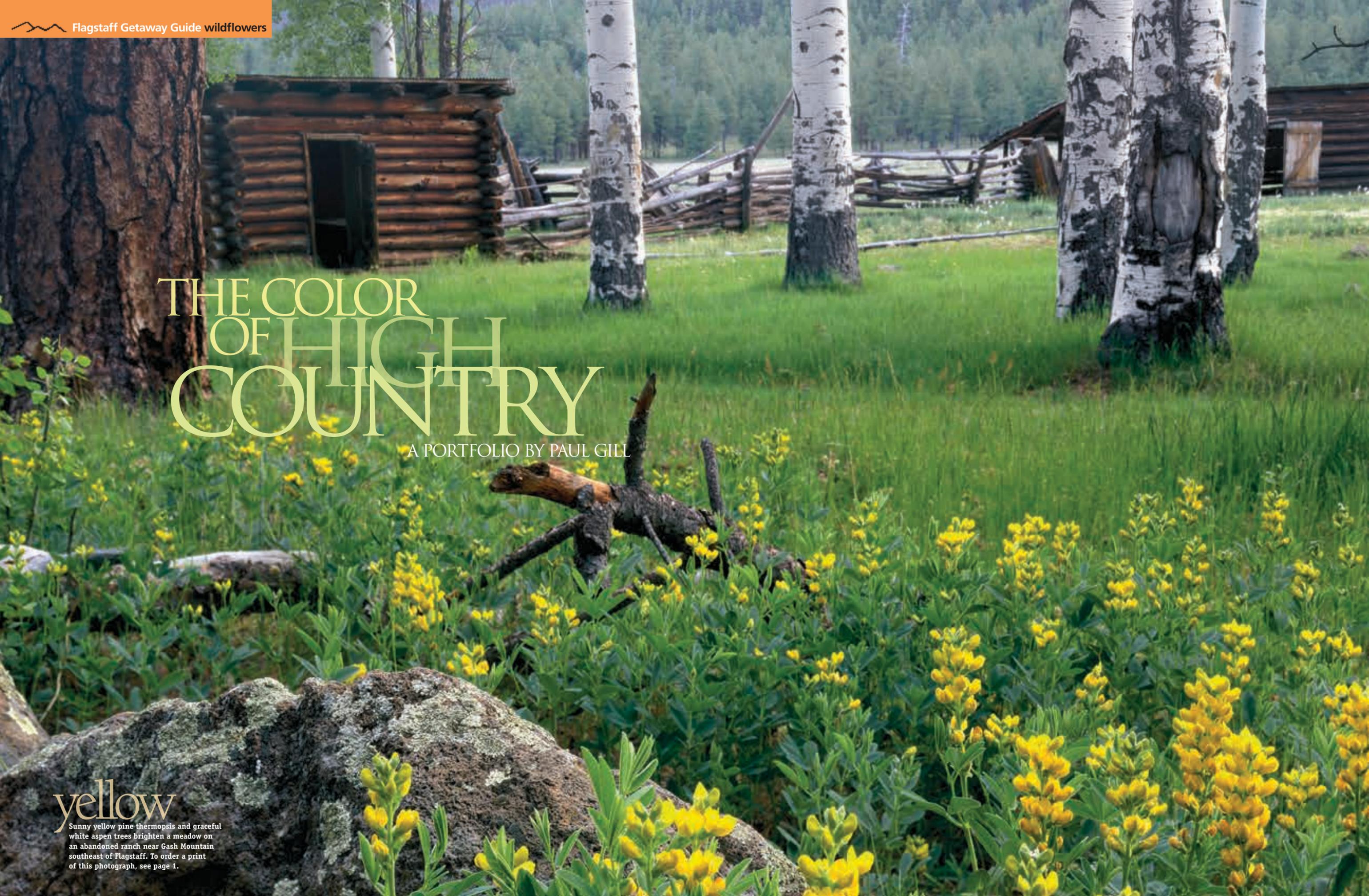
On selected Sunday mornings during the summer, the Mangums dress in exquisite Edwardian costumes and conduct free, guided tours of the downtown area. "Our first tour in 1993 included three people and a dog," Sherry says, "but in July 2001, we had a tour with 104 people. Fifty is a comfortable group for us."

Unlike so many towns in the West that saw the wealth built by extracting natural resources sent back East, Flagstaff benefited from early leaders who invested their wealth back into the community. "Leadership means a lot," Dick says. "We got lucky."

There are 61,000 love stories that can be told about this place. These are just a handful that hint at the hope and happiness that can be had when roots take hold in hard ground. **AH**

Tom Carpenter has been wielding a brown thumb in his Flagstaff gardens for 25 years. David Zickl enjoys telling stories through portraiture, especially about his friends in Flagstaff. He lives in Fountain Hills with his dog Sedona.

online
See more David Zickl images on display in Flagstaff arizonahighways.com (Click on Flagstaff Getaway Guide)



THE COLOR OF HIGH COUNTRY

A PORTFOLIO BY PAUL GILL

yellow

Sunny yellow pine thermopsis and graceful white aspen trees brighten a meadow on an abandoned ranch near Gash Mountain southeast of Flagstaff. To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



pink

[LEFT] A closeup of a Rocky Mountain bee plant brings into sharp focus its delicate stamens and four-petaled flowers along with ants attracted by its nectar.

[RIGHT] Fleabane blooms among aspens near Hart Prairie west of the San Francisco Peaks.



In 1960 MY GRANDFATHER BUILT a small family cabin in the hills outside of Flagstaff where I often escape. Like many other desert dwellers in the summer, I am drawn from my air-conditioned cocoon to the cool, pine-scented San Francisco Peaks.

Every year, after the snowmelt, I explore this area where Arizona displays its colorful summer blooms. With a pallet of yellow sunflowers, purple larkspurs, blue lupines and red paintbrushes, this

high country has always been an inspiration for my photography.

In May, the wild Rocky Mountain irises and sunflowers come up in scattered valleys and fields on and around the peaks. In June and July, the foothills turn red with Arizona gilias, climbing up to the slopes of pink Fendler roses and the cinder fields of Newberry's twinpods.

Given the right conditions, Arizona's lofty meadows and peaks pull us into the high-country color and invite us to linger for a while.



fuchsia

A lightning-originated fire has cleared away forest leaf coverage at Kendrick Peak, allowing sunlight to rejuvenate the ground with yellow broom groundset, purple loco and red skyrocket.



redpurpleyellow

[LEFT] Following heavy winter rains, an uncharacteristically lush undergrowth of ferns, lupines, locos, paintbrushes and toadflax hugs the base of a ponderosa pine tree at Schultz Pass. To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

[ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT] A clump of desert paintbrushes resembles exploding fireworks. At Fort Valley, the right combination of sunshine and rain results in a profusion of larkspurs spiking a meadow with their violet trumpets. Goldenrod, Fendler rose leaves and a fallen log create a still life of contrasting textures in the damp Kachina Peaks Wilderness.

A BLAST OF SUMMER COLOR

Our 20 Favorite Places to Savor Wildflowers
by Evelyn Howell

NORTHERN ARIZONA

The Arboretum at Flagstaff Guided daily flower walk with a \$5 admission. Call for reservations (928) 774-1442; www.thearb.org.

Museum of Northern Arizona (U.S. Route 180 in Flagstaff). Wildflower trail and naturalists to help plan trips. (928) 774-5213 ext. 220; www.musnaz.org.

Red Mountain Geological Area (25 miles northwest of Flagstaff on U.S. 180). Asters and skyrockets bloom on 1.25-mile trail. Peaks Ranger District, (928) 526-0866; www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino.

Schultz Pass Road (Off U.S. 180 north of Flagstaff). Reliable flower areas along Forest Service Road 420 up and over Schultz Pass to U.S. Route 89. Peaks Ranger District, (928) 526-0866; www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino.

Snowbowl Road (Forest Service Road 516 from U.S. 180 northwest of Flagstaff).

Boasts meadows of purple delphiniums and tall, greenish-white deer ears. Peaks Ranger District, (928) 526-0866; www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino.

Shoshone Point Trail (South Rim Grand Canyon National Park on Desert View Drive). Park at lot near Milepost 244 and follow 1-mile trail to the Rim lined with lupines, paintbrushes and others. (928) 638-7888; www.nps.gov/grca.

Sunset Crater Volcano National Monument (Off U.S. 89 north of Flagstaff). Drive offers pink penstemons and scarlet gillias. (928) 526-0502; www.nps.gov/sucr.

Bill Williams Mountain Trail (Kaibab National Forest southwest of Williams). Four-mile trail offers mariposa, or sego, lilies in early July. City of Williams/Forest Service Visitors Center, (800) 863-0546, voice/TTY (928) 635-4707/4061; www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai.

White Mountain Apache Reservation (Along State Route 260 and in the wetlands near Mount Baldy). Get a \$5 daily permit from the White Mountain Apache Tribe Wildlife and Outdoor Recreation Division, (928) 338-4385; www.wmat.nsn.us.

CENTRAL ARIZONA

White Tank Mountain Regional Park (West of Phoenix). Take Waterfall Road

or hike Goat Camp Trail to see blooming creosotes, brittlebushes, senna and chollas. (623) 935-2505; www.maricopa.gov/parks.

Desert Botanical Garden (Phoenix). Flashlight tours let you see fragrant night-blooming cacti for a \$9 admission. (480) 941-1225; www.dbg.org.

Boyce Thompson Arboretum State Park (East of Phoenix off U.S. Route 60). Hummingbird-butterfly garden open daily for \$7.50 admission. (520) 689-2811; arboretum.ag.arizona.edu.

San Carlos Apache Reservation (Northeast of Globe). Drive paved roads to view desert verbena and prickly poppies on U.S. 60 near Seneca Lake and on Indian Route 8 leading to Point of Pines Lake. Recreation and Wildlife Department, (928) 475-2343; www.scatrw.com.

SOUTHERN ARIZONA

Patagonia-Sonoita Creek Preserve (Northeast of Nogales). The area can explode into color—lupines, Mexican goldpoppies—visible from state routes 83 and 82. Patagonia-Sonoita Creek Preserve, (520) 394-2400. www.nature.org/wherework/northamerica/states/arizona/preserves/.

Ramsey Canyon Preserve (Near Sierra Vista). Columbines and monkeyflowers. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. Ramsey

Canyon, (520) 803-6873; www.nature.org/wherework/northamerica/states/arizona/preserves/.

Portal (Chiricahua Mountains). The Cave Creek area in the Coronado National Forest also offers wildflower color. Douglas Ranger District, (520) 364-3468, www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado.

Swift Trail (State Route 366, southwest of Safford). Ascend Mount Graham through the Coronado National Forest and discover great views of lupines and penstemons. Safford Ranger District, (928) 428-4150; www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado.

Tohono Chul Park (Tucson). Summer flowers, including desert night-blooming cereus and bright amoreuxias. Admission \$2-\$4. (520) 575-8468, recording; www.tohonochochulpark.org.

Sabino Canyon (Tucson). Many wildflowers, including morning glories. Take the open-air shuttle up to its last stop in the canyon (\$7.50), and then walk back down along Sabino Creek. Santa Catalina Ranger District, (520) 749-8700; www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado.

Saguaro National Park (East of Tucson). Look for desert marigolds and desert zinnias along the Cactus Forest Loop Drive. Take the quarter-mile Desert Ecology Trail. (520) 733-5153; www.nps.gov/sagu.



Go wild over flowers at other northern Arizona spots arizonahighways.com (Click on Flagstaff Getaway Guide)



 Flagstaff Getaway Guide wild horses

Babbitt Ranches'
Hashknife Colt
Sale offers quality,
long tradition

HORSE AUCTION

Text by Rose Houk Photographs by Don B. Stevenson



Babbitt Ranches Manager Vic Howell is a veteran cowboy and auctioneer whose strong voice, quick wit and horse sense make for smooth selling.

Thirty-two frisky young colts and fillies and four yearlings—sorrels, bays, buckskins and duns—await their fate on a bright July day. All are up for bid at the Babbitt Ranches' annual Hashknife Colt Sale. Nearly 300 people have arrived on a Saturday morning to size up the merchandise, and the highest bidders will snag fine horses.

The site of the 2004 sale is the Babbitts' Cataract Ranch about 20 miles south of the Grand Canyon's South Rim in limestone country pocked with bunchgrass and a few dark junipers—land so wide and free you can see the curve of the Earth.

Around 10A.M., a herd of diesel pickup trucks rumbles into Redlands Camp, consisting of a small house, cinder block shed and barn, log corrals and stock tanks. Men in Levi's and white straw cowboy hats talk over the pole fence, women closely peruse the sales pamphlet and kids dash to the soft drink cooler. Eventually, license plates from Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Nevada and Missouri fill the lot. One couple has driven all the way from Chattanooga, Tennessee, for the event.

There's a long history behind this sale. It goes back to 1886, when the Babbitt brothers—David, George, Charles, Edward and William—came from Ohio to Arizona and began buying land around Flagstaff. Over time, the Babbitt Ranches' empire came to include the Cataract, CO Bar and Hashknife ranches across northern Arizona, and they began breeding horses to help with the cattle.

Out in the round pen on sale day, Vic Howell, ranches manager and a seasoned Babbitt cowboy, explains that minimum bids start at \$800 for the fillies and \$1,500 for the colts.

"Well anyway, here we go folks," intones Howell. "Thanks for coming . . . we appreciate your interest . . . and appreciate you get your hand up so we can see it. You buy 'em today on these babies," he adds. Just after 11 o'clock, the gate swings open and the first two horses run in, circling the ring and staying neck and neck with their mothers.

Bidding begins fast and furiously for the first filly, a golden palomino. Vic's head swivels around as he rapidly rattles off hundred-dollar increments: "Anybody for \$900? A thousand? Twelve hundred,

Horse buyers from across the country study the goods, in the corrals and on paper. Itemized brochures, which also serve as bidding devices, give buyers details.



'Anybody for \$900? A thousand?
Twelve hundred, thirteen hundred,
going once . . .
going twice . . .
sold! . . .



thirteen hundred, going once . . . going twice . . . sold!”

The buyer is Mike Pock, who says he has come to the sale “just looking for a little filly.” His other main criterion in choosing this particular horse is “a high percentage of Driftwood” in reference to the famed sire of well-regarded ranch and rodeo stock. “These are workin’ horses,” Pock observes. “They wouldn’t be on this ranch if they weren’t tough.” And another thing—“horses gotta have feet” to work in rocky country like his ranch north of Phoenix.

Out on the bleachers sits Ed Raap who arrived the night before from a ranch in Pahrump, Nevada, looking for working geldings. To him, horse selection is based on two things: conformation—“the way the horse looks”—and, similarly, genetics.

“Babbitts specialize in Driftwood,” and like many other buyers, Raap was drawn to the sale by that popular pedigree. When he attended two years ago, rain forced them into the barn. Today, a few clouds gather in the blue sky like big bolls of cotton, raising people’s hopes. But whirling dust devils compete with the rare cool breeze, and rain remains a mirage.

Meanwhile, using soft-sell tactics, Howell keeps the bidding going at a lively pace. “This Number 6 might be the best one in the sale,” he cajoles. And by the final bid of \$3,200 from a Montana buyer, it may well earn that designation.

Out comes Number 8: “I bet he’ll be able to catch a cow and fast,” Howell promises. Then Number 11: “That is one fancy filly.” And Number 16: “You came to buy him, you bought him.”

Everybody’s head is turned by Number 31, a beautiful bay filly that is sleek as a seal. She goes to the lucky bidder for \$3,050. And so it goes, for more than an hour, as buyers in dark sunglasses maintain cool expressions, nonchalantly leaning against the rail, bidding with a nod of the head or a flick of the hand.

While Babbitt Ranches now raise cattle on more than 700,000 acres, they also breed horses and have been doing so since the outfit’s earliest days. At first a few people got together for colt branding, and the Babbitts sold a few fillies to their neighbors. When competition arose for some of the colts, they started drawing names. The breeding program continued to grow, and by the early 1990s the colt sale had evolved into a bidding system.

These days, nearly 250 to 300 people show up on the second Saturday in July for a chance to buy these desirable horses.

Stopping to talk beside bags of cattle feed cubes inside the barn, retired ranches manager Bill Howell, Vic’s dad, recalls that “the sale just kind of soared up and became a big thing.” In the early days, he said, a colt would bring \$40. He’s careful to share credit with John G. Babbitt (a Babbitt descendant) and Frank Banks, men who had the perspective and knowledge to start the horse-breeding program and keep it going. And as far as Bill is concerned, if you draw this crowd of people, “you know it’s working.”

For the sale, the 3-month-old colts are brought into pens with their mothers. Each colt bears a small black-and-white number on the hip, along with the historic Hashknife brand. In the 1800s, the Hashknife was one of the biggest land-and-cattle operations in the state, at one time stretching from Flagstaff nearly to New Mexico. The Babbitts acquired the ranch at the turn of the 20th century, and they have kept the brand exclusively for their horses, says ranches president Bill Cordasco.

The fathers of the colts in the sale—Cowboy Ben Driftin, Cowboy Drift, Cowboywood, Frosty Gold Knight, Proudgun and The Double Cowboy—are called the “Hashknife Sires.”

To Cordasco, there’s a “bigger picture” involved beyond selling



[ABOVE] Babbitt cowboy Tad Dent softens the auction experience for a young colt. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Tagging stock with their “hip numbers” and preparing them for the next day’s auction is a daunting task for the cowboys, colts and fillies.

some registered quarter horses once a year. What makes the colt sale so special is that it represents Babbitt Ranches, he says. To him, it’s about the tradition of a working ranch, the owners, employees and their families, neighbors and the larger community.

The day concludes with a barbecue lunch, plates loaded with beef—Babbitts’ of course—and beans, coleslaw and watermelon on the side. Buyers line up to make their down payments, and they’ll be back next spring to pick up the colts when they’re weaned and halter-broke.

At afternoon’s end, Steve Vanlandingham, who keeps horses on his ranch just north of Flagstaff, finalizes his purchase of three colts and a yearling. The \$2,000 for the yearling will go to a scholarship fund for ranch kids started by cowboy artist Bill Owen. And Vanlandingham is a satisfied customer. “I think I got a bargain,” he says. “They’re quality horses.” ■■■

EDITOR’S NOTE: The 2005 colt sale takes place July 9 at a new location, the Spiderweb Ranch Camp on Babbitts’ CO Bar Ranch. To get there, drive 35 miles north of Flagstaff on U.S. Route 89. Turn right between Mileposts 450 and 451, then drive one more mile to Spiderweb.

Rose Houk also wrote the “Get Wild in Flagstaff” story in this issue. Tempe-based Don B. Stevenson grew up on a farm in Iowa with his pony, Dusty. The colt sale assignment brought back fond memories as he mingled with the animals prior to the auction.



Horse around at Flagstaff-area dude ranches, rodeos, riding stables and events arizonahighways.com (Click on Flagstaff Getaway Guide)

← COAST TO COAST →

Memories

A Father's Old Diary Describes 1924 Family Adventures Across Arizona

by Virginia Thomas

Coast to coast and return—1924 diary.

These words are written in pencil on some yellowed sheets of lined paper. The handwriting is my father's, and the sheets are held together by two bent paper clips. I found them in a carton recently when my husband and I moved from the house near Philadelphia where we had lived for 48 years to a new house we'd built on a corner of our daughter's sheep farm in northern Vermont.

I sit in my chair by the big window and look out at a hundred lambs that bounce about behind the barn. But if I shut my eyes, I can see tumbleweeds bouncing across the dry desert of the Southwest, and they look like the lambs. I can smell sagebrush, and the remembered scent overwhelms the nearby smells of sheep manure. I can also still hear the high yapping barks of prairie dogs. I am 88 now, but as I sit and read this old diary that tells of our first cross-country trip—a 1924 journey that took us through the deserts of Arizona—I am a 7-year-old girl again, and this country is still fresh and new and unspoiled.

Here are the words, indicated by italics, that my father wrote on the lined paper while sitting each night on his canvas cot in the small palmetto tent with a center pole.

➔ **June 28.** *Left Brooklyn Saturday, speedometer [odometer] reading 794. Took Lincoln Highway through Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia and camped near Downingtown at Swaines Camp. 127 miles. Hallock and Duncan [Virginia's older brothers] slept in car for first time. Thunderstorm in night.*

With good roads and not too many stops to repair flat tires, we could make 190 or even 250 miles a day. Coatesville, Gettysburg and over the Appalachian Mountains to the National Old Trails Road to Wheeling with many detours onto rutted dirt roads because of spring floods.

➔ **July 2.** *Came through Indianapolis, Terre Haute, and crossed the state line into Illinois . . . no rain, fine weather, smooth concrete, level, straight roads.*

➔ **July 4.** *Through Fulton, Boonville, big celebration over dedication of new free bridge, airplanes and dirigible . . . no rain, dusty roads, fireworks, 209 miles. Camped in Penn Valley Park (rotten).*

"Dusty roads." Do you know what those two words can mean? In your air-conditioned car, can you picture what "dusty roads" really signifies? First, the roads are dusty because it has not rained for weeks. If you are alone on these dusty roads, it is bearable, but, "Oh! Don't let him pass, Daddy!" because then you are engulfed in a cloud of gritty, sneeze-making dust and are forced to fall back—way back. Second, the roads are dusty because it is dry and hot, well into the hundreds and with a wind that makes your face feel as drawn and old as mine does as I sit watching the lambs bounce about like the tumbleweeds.

Do you, in your air-conditioned car, fully appreciate what it is like to be cool in the midst of this searing heat? But we were cool. Even the cat and the dog were cool. In an open touring car such as the one we had in 1924, there are ways to keep cool if you have an inventive mother. At every stop for gas or for more rubber cement to patch inner tubes, we would look for the town ice house and buy a block of clear, beautiful ice. Mother would sit in the back seat with this block of ice in a large pan, and she would chip off pieces for us (to eat, or to put down a brother's back). We each had a piece of cheesecloth draped over our heads, and over the cat, and on the beagle's head, atop which we lined up chunks of ice. The ice would melt, the cheesecloth would get wet, the hot desert winds would evaporate the wet and—instant air conditioning.

From Colorado, we eventually travel southward through Raton Pass, with switchbacks, and onward to the New Mexico town called Las Vegas, and on through the Rio Grande Valley, and then westward into Arizona.

➔ **July 11.** *Near Continental Divide, 7800 ft., many miles of cathedral-like cliffs along road—highly colored red sandstone in weird forms, many pinnacles, caves (five elephants in a row) mounted Indian with a large flock of sheep and goats, Painted Desert—colored gulches as far as eye could reach. Camped at Adamana [Arizona] on edge of Petrified Forest. 243 miles—beautiful day.*

The ewes are bleating for their lambs outside my window, and I find the years melding together as these Vermont sheep sounds blend with those of that Indian's sheep—and my eyes squint in the bright sun and see those five elephants all in a row once again. Do I really remember that scene as well as I think I do? Or is it because I have the old, sepia-colored photographs in an album to remind me?

There are two photographs in that old album, taken about 60 seconds apart, and I know it doesn't require those photographs to bring a vivid memory of what happened one afternoon in the desert.

In one photograph, I'm the skinny girl with a boy's haircut and wearing khaki knickers playing with my two brothers down in a deep, dry gulch. We are making roads and towns in the dirt for our little cars. Suddenly, there is a strange roaring sound. We don't hear it, but Daddy does as he stands up on the edge of the gulch taking this picture of us, and he lets out one yell: "COME OUT!" Because one always does as Daddy says on these trips, we do. We scramble up the steep cliffs just ahead of a monstrous flood of water, brown with mud, that bears whole trees on its leading wave, water that fills the dry gulch from edge to edge in those 60 desperate seconds that it takes us to scramble out. You can see in the second photograph the dry gulch that becomes a wall-to-wall roiling, muddy flood.

Today, you drive across the desert—air conditioning on, kids grousing—on paved roads, and you have probably never heard of "dips" in the road as we used to know them. In 1924, there were such bad desert roads that I remember signs saying "ROAD BAD MAKE YOUR OWN." Maybe we were the forerunners of those dreadful all-terrain vehicles. In our car, which had a high clearance, we'd go off through the sagebrush, hoping we'd not have to ford too many dry gulches. The dirt roads didn't have bridges, and they didn't even have culverts. They had dips where you drove down into the dry gulch and out the other side. After one or two experiences with the way a dry gulch could change into a roaring flood in seconds, one learned to treat all dips like railroad crossings: We stopped, looked and, above all, listened before crossing.

➔ **July 12.** *Broke camp (Adamana) at sunrise, on cross road. First forded river where many cars had been stuck, got through all right. Family wading across in quicksand and water barefooted. Saw NYC boys who had floundered with motorcycles up to their saddles and were drying out. Into Petrified Forest left rear axle and housing broke.*

"Left rear axle and housing broke." In the middle of the Petrified Forest, 1924, with three young children and not much food or water. When I asked my mother once, when she was almost 90 years old, what she had felt back then, she said she had thought nothing could be so bad that she'd rather be back in Brooklyn with three kids out of school and the long, hot city summer ahead of her. So the diary continues:

Sent to Flagstaff for parts which arrived 7:00 P.M. Repairs completed 3:00 A.M. Camped by road while repairs in progress. 115 miles. Beautiful day and night. Rabbits.

Now the diary moves on to the Grand Canyon and a hike that we took. I sit in my chair, looking out at the Vermont hills and our pond, and remember how I sat on a boulder in the middle of the sparkling cold Bright Angel Creek and nursed my blistered feet, and I can feel the

wonder of that cold water as it soothed them. The beagle was even more exhausted than I was.

Daddy wrote about that day:

➔ **July 16.** *Four of us spent day hiking down Bright Angel Trail and Tonto and South Kaibab trail by Indian Garden, Pipe Creek and Colorado River at Suspension bridge to Phantom Ranch in Bright Angel Canyon. Ate lunch and returned same way. 5-1/2 hours down—8 hours back. Took many pictures, reached camp very tired at 10:00 P.M. having hiked 16 hours, 24 miles, 5,000 feet down and 5,000 feet up.*

I can feel the ache in my legs now. But I can also hear the wonderful silence—a silence so intense that one could not even hear the muffled roar of the Colorado River as it worked away miles below, except as an occasional breeze would carry the sound up to you. No sightseeing helicopters battering the air. No high jets trailing engine moans and vapor trails. And when you got down to that mighty river, it roared at its digging with a gritty, angry sound and it looked like liquid mud. 1924. Way before a Glen Canyon Dam was even a gleam in some crazed engineer's mind. Way before the river became tamed and beautifully green—and dead, no longer digging, digging, digging.

➔ **July 21.** *Crossed Gila River on apron of Gillespie Dam.*

Many more days and miles later, there's Los Angeles and Yosemite, soon Yellowstone, and then on to a South Dakota gumbo that is as gummy as chewing gum and as slippery as grease on a linoleum floor. Driving a road built on gumbo makes it clear why farmers lined up on rainy days with their draft horses to tow stuck cars out of ditches—for a goodly price. Even Daddy's usual brevity breaks down when faced with describing gumbo:

➔ **August 20.** *Along state line of N.D. and S.D. for many miles. Clouds gathered and rain threatened. By noon reached Morrystown, S.D. Here it rained hard and turned road into slippery sticky gumbo. Waited till rain was over at hardware store, then tried to go on, but waltzed all over the road. At 4:00 P.M. started on again—20 miles in four hours—gumbo completely balling up the wheels to a standstill.*

I put down those yellowed sheets of paper and look out the window at the sheep that are all filing off down to the lower pasture, and I think I hear a prairie dog yip, but it is only our dog whimpering in his sleep.

There are miles and miles to go yet before I get back to Brooklyn in September, and I'll no longer be 7 years old, chasing after a bit of tumbleweed—I'll be 8. No, that's wrong, I'm in Vermont, am I not? And I'll not be 8, I am 88. But the smell of the desert after a rain can still make me feel like a 7-year-old inside. ■

Virginia Thomas says she is saddened that her husband and four children have experienced Arizona only through her old albums and stories. But at least they read Arizona Highways.

A master and apprentice sort out something special in life's geology

Text by Craig Childs
Photographs by Adriel Heisey

two minds meet at Comb Ridge

the bedrock face of a plateau rises out of northeast Arizona. An arc of stone called Comb Ridge sweeps 80 miles around the edge of Monument Valley. Here, rock formations bend upward, nearly vertical. Logs of petrified wood protrude from the ground, old-growth trees of dinosaur age, their trunks bright with rings of quartz and orange chert.

Two of us come walking through this place under the steel ball of a July sun. We carry days of supplies on our backs. We are master and apprentice. The master is a geologist in his 50s, an old-school researcher who still fawns over paper maps far more than he does over computers. I am the apprentice, in my mid-30s, a younger man full of questions.

The master looks tired, his head hanging in the heat, hair matted in dried sweat. The drinking water we carry came from a hole in the bedrock a day back—a black well of ancient rainwater, bubbles burping up from the mulch at the bottom. It tastes like death, but it is better than nothing. We fill our water bottles without looking, drinking without paying attention to the smell. We have miles to go, and the sun makes this journey seem impossible. He groans. I gesture toward some shade. We both stumble over, dropping beneath a natural stone overhang. The shade is not cool at all. It feels like horse breath.

We have come to a place robbed of soil, where bare stone is ravaged by the wind. I am looking for stories of the Earth, tales of what lies beneath my feet.

When I look down, I can just make out seams and fractures caused by migrating continents and plates of stone moving across beds of molten rock. I have a wish here to be a shaman of geology, a sorcerer who can see what is not visible.

Comb Ridge, popped upward through a crack running from Utah into Arizona, is a perfect place to see what is happening below. The Earth is alive. It is breathing, turning in its sleep. Every itch and scratch of the planet's fluid interior ripples across this stony surface. I have come here to read the secret language that toils deep inside.

But I am only the apprentice. The master, the geologist, knows things I barely imagine. Yesterday, as we sat at a camp along a sandswept ledge, he told me about research he had done. He was taking gravitational measurements, going from place to place to weigh the Earth. He said that the gravity kept changing. The Earth beneath him was becoming heavier and lighter and heavier again. Tides were passing through the planet, waves of molten rock rising and falling, sagging with iron or floating on silica. Who had imagined that this was solid ground beneath us? It is not. His gravitational measurements changed as he moved.

I have never heard of such a thing. I have always thought of gravity as constant. This landscape I have so often thought of as firm suddenly begins to melt around me. This country of ridges and canyons becomes in my mind a thin sheet of fabric thrown over an invisible and heaving animal.

In the heat of our shade, he reaches into his pack. He says, "Let's see what we've got here," and digs out a ream of folded maps. He lays them out on the ground revealing the jigsaw

[OPPOSITE PAGE] Windblown over Comb Ridge, fine sand forms dunes in Little Capitan Valley, 15 miles north of Kayenta.

[THIS PAGE] From photographer Adriel Heisey's ultralight aircraft, Comb Ridge's jagged 80-mile-long upheaval of Navajo sandstone stretches northward toward Utah's Abajo Mountains.

Just south of Monument Valley, a water tank bulldozed by Navajo Indians into a dry lake bed retains rainwater for livestock.

colors of geological formations. Each printed color shows a different type of rock, like wood grain exposed by the blade of erosion. Canyons carve down through layer after layer of geology, bringing up greens, blues, yellows. The map of Comb Ridge is colored with pink and blue ribbons, one formation after the next shoved upward, a deck of cards viewed on-edge. The paper is marked with clandestine-looking symbols of science, strikes and dips and faults.

This master is my stepfather, a man named Dick Moore. I have floated down the Grand Canyon with him and backpacked through snow-blustered days in southern Utah. He frequently gets down on one knee to draw in the sand some diagram of geology. He was once a professor. Always, my mind is tired at the end of the day with him. I ask questions incessantly: What does that crack in the rock mean? Why are those layers superimposed? How do gypsum crystals squeeze up through the ground? And I do not rest, thinking that this is always a rare opportunity, walking with a man, a geologist of such encyclopedic curiosity.

Dick traces his finger across the map, naming the formations as he goes, these Jurassic and those Triassic. The Navajo sandstone, the Wingate. Comb Ridge has to be the result of something deep, he decides. You see here, the bright red zones of volcanic activity, how they follow the corridor of Comb Ridge, suggesting movement down deep. Something way down in the basement of the Earth is causing this uplift. Maybe it is a thin spot in the crust being snapped in half, or maybe it is a lighter, more buoyant piece of the Earth floating to the surface.

We walk across a surging ocean. Bits of flotsam and jetsam keep popping up and sinking, mountainous rises of sandstone bolted up from the ground. But they are not haphazard. They form judicious patterns when you look closely at the map. Comb Ridge bows beautifully across the surface of the planet. From the maps and aerial photographs we have with us, this place looks not at all like a wreck. It looks as if it was sculpted gently and gracefully by hand.

"So, that's why you are a geologist," I say to him. "You see patterns. You want to know why they are there."

But does he hear me? Dick keeps looking at the map, running his finger over monoclines and meanders, tracing shapes in the landscape that I do not see until he has defined them.

I see something in the map. On one side of Comb Ridge, all the colors denote formations from Jurassic times, places of big red cliffs and buttes. On the other, they are of the Pennsylvanian period, bands of thin shales and limestones. I point this out, asking if Comb Ridge might itself be a division in the continent, a place where the planet has broken in two, revealing different levels of crust.

Dick smiles and nods. "Yes," he says, "I see it also. There must be some significance here."

I keep a serious look on my face but an inward smile blossoms. The master has learned from his apprentice. He is still nodding. "Good question," he says.

When the day begins to cool into evening, we move on. Comb Ridge strikes up from the ground beside us. It is a stone giant, the Earth thrown back like a tidal wave. I feel beneath my feet the rising of rock formations. I can sense the trembling planet, the undertow of geology.

Here, the Earth's surface has been pounded into existence



as if by a drum, a landscape of rhythm. We pace ourselves across it, walking on open stone, reaching down to pick up a colorful rock, a glassy piece of petrified wood.

I study everything Dick hands to me, turning it over and over, trying to see what it is that catches his eye. He seems to investigate each item I hand to him with the same curiosity. We are windows for each other.

Day after day, we drift through the heat, creeping across the burning back of Comb Ridge, sleeping along its cliffs, waking to the glaring sun. As we go, we map out the underworld, sending our imaginations down into the cracks.

Walking northward, we come upon a heap of geological chaos, something that looks like a volcano sprouting from between the seams of the ridge. It is a giant mass of black and green rocks piled up through a half-mile-wide hole in the ground. An eruption happened here. But it was not a volcano. It came from deeper in the Earth, below the level of volcanoes, where the stone is no longer molten, but plastic.

These rocks around us came from 150 miles beneath our feet. We wander through a great heel crack, a place where the geology has unfolded, revealing the deepest interior. Diamonds come up in places like this, belched up from nearer the core than anything I have ever seen.

My stepfather collects samples from the ashen and bouldery slopes. He cracks the rocks against each other, opening them like walnuts. He shows me the beautiful squares of garnet crystals, threads of greasy, blue-green serpentine.

He names the minerals as if he is calling creatures up from the bottom of the sea: sodalite, alkali pyroxene, britholite, lujavrite, phlogopite. There are xenocrystals and chrome-diopsides. Chunks of house-sized rock have been coughed up out of the Earth's mantle, green with olivine.

He reminds me that these rocks and minerals that have broken through Comb Ridge are only from a thin veneer. They are skin deep. One hundred fifty miles is almost nothing, a brushstroke of paint across the globe.

Thousands of miles remain between us and the steel core of the planet. Geologists hear the echoes of seismic activity. They ponder the constant shifting of the Earth's plates and the pressure between the moving plates that produces the earthquakes they hear, but they do not know what is actually in the center of this planet.

A crease pushed Comb Ridge up, and a bubble of inner-Earth escaped along the fracture, exploding to the surface. It happens around us all the time. Mountain ranges rise and fall. Canyons collapse downward. Volcanoes throw earth into the sky. Earthquakes grumble like uneasy stomachs.

As Dick tells me all this, I inspect the samples he has brought, eyeing them with a small magnifying lens. Wait, I say. I have found a diamond. Here, look. It is smaller than the tip of a hair, glowing with a clear, pinkish light.

He looks at it closely. Has anyone ever found a diamond along Comb Ridge? He looks up from the magnifying lens and smiles at me. The master regards his apprentice with pride. And I smile back. ■■

Craig Childs, who lives in Colorado, frequently travels desert landscapes and has authored numerous books about the Southwest. His most recent is The Way Out: A True Story of Ruin and Survival.

Adriel Heisey of Fort Defiance flew his open cockpit, homebuilt plane along the full length of Comb Ridge, relishing the view of geology come to life, but not missing the sweat of a long hike.

Passing Chiricahua Storm Leaves a Place of Peace and Comfort

THE LOOMING AUGUST storm simmered over the expanse of grassland and above the jagged Chiricahua Mountains as the sun played hide-and-seek with the clouds. The tempest beset the spired mountains, patient giants awaiting the disruption of their tranquility.

I had come to Chiricahua National Monument in southeast Arizona looking for a bit of peace. Desiring the sweet air of a wilderness paradise, it never occurred to me that I would flee the storm of my own life, only to drive headlong into another.

Summer means monsoon, so the storm closing in on the Chiricahuas shouldn't have surprised me. As the clouds shredded across the peaks and prepared to spit with a vengeance, I thought I knew what I was in for.

A little rain couldn't possibly rival the intensity of my doubts about succeeding as a fighting-for-survival single mother of two—the "storm" I drove there to escape.

It started to rain as I began the 8-mile drive up to Massai Point. The trees hung over the road, casting dancing shadows in what little light broke through the clouds. Thunder roared and lightning cracked through the black, flickering at the treetops.

Twenty-seven million years ago, a volcanic eruption convulsed the land of the Chiricahuas. Ash and pumice 2,000 feet deep covered the ground and hardened to rock. Since then, exposure to the elements has gnawed at the outside, leaving behind rock formations that seem to defy both geometry and gravity.

The spires and spikes made me see a lone Apache Indian, pine-tree-tall and rough around the edges, sitting in silent intensity. The Apaches call this place the "land of the standing up rock." The mountains have grown to resemble the Apaches' children, just as my children have grown to resemble me, struggling to survive the changes of life.

I barely made it to the parking lot entrance at Massai Point before the bloated and irritated sky spewed its beautiful hostility on the mountains below.

I hunkered close to the wheel, practically kissing the windshield and cursing the obscuring fog of my breath on the cold glass. With windshield wipers going full blast, I

inched around the final curve and searched the asphalt for signs of white lines. Finally parked, I listened to the pelting rain for almost two hours as an ocean poured down on my world. The sounds seeped into the crevices of my thoughts like the echoing doubts of my parenting abilities.

The rocks stood in strict defiance of the rain, luring me at intervals to stand open-faced in the elements, stupefied at the intensity of wind and water, before racing back, shivering, to the warmth of the car.

After the storm passed, I started the drive down the mountain, longing to follow the rage of the rain that echoed my doubts. After about 2 miles, I noticed a car parked on the side of the road. As I passed, a young couple stood frozen, ogling something I couldn't see.

Unable to resist, I pulled over and climbed out of my car. As I stepped under the cover of the trees, cold drips like icy fingers poked my flesh. I could still hear the thunder, even though the clouds had passed.

I gazed in the direction the couple was looking. It wasn't the storm I was hearing at all. A river of pure chocolate rainwater gushed and swirled down the mountainside, twisting and cutting through the rocks, determined to forge its own path to the grasslands below. It collected in pockets where the sheer force churned and mixed it until froth formed across the top, like a giant mocha cappuccino waiting for the thirsty Apache giant.

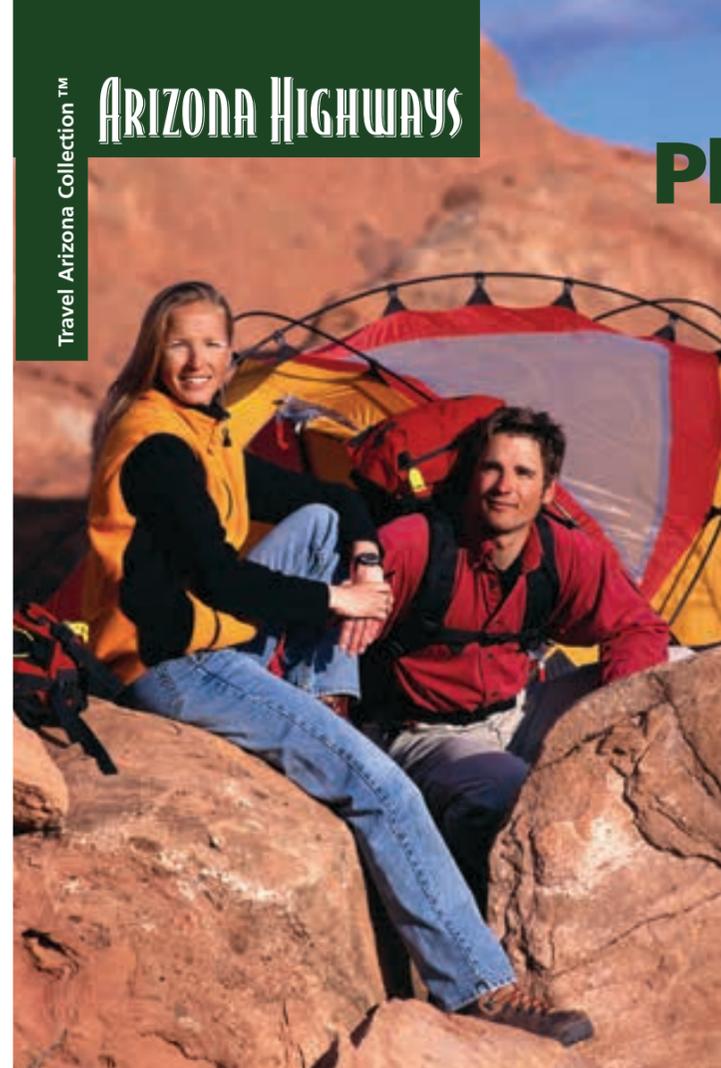
As the water spent its wild energy falling from the sky, it now took its wrath to the ground and ate through the brown earth, jutting around or over rocks, then crossing the road to continue its journey. The earth lay helpless, exactly as it had when the waters fell from skies and eroded the rocky landscape so long ago.

I played leapfrog with the couple in the car the rest of the way down. We pulled over to soak up one more look at the churning river.

As I headed home, with the peaks of the Chiricahuas in the rearview mirror, I remembered the reason I came—my escape from the struggle of simple survival.

And I recognized something about those spires. They are the same as I. Weathered. Solitary. Survivors.

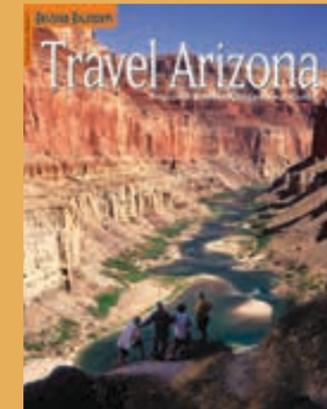
What remains when the storm passes—land scarred by the water's ferocity or the human soul scarred by hardships—is the center of peace. So in the end it is the storm that creates the place where you can walk in comfort, protected from the poundings of the past. ■



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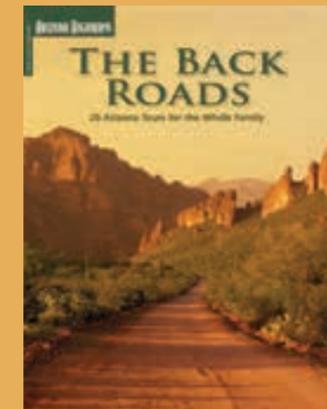


TRAVEL ARIZONA Regional & Metropolitan Tour Guide

Written by Leo W. Banks, Tom Dollar, Rose Houk, Sam Negri, Joe Stocker

Arizona Highways' signature guidebook consists of 14 tours taking you to the state's most scenic landscapes and attractions celebrating and explaining Arizona's history and culture. "When you go" information—lists that provide telephone numbers, Internet addresses and other information for sightseers—has been updated.

160 Pages. Softcover. #TAZS4 Was \$16.95 — Now \$13.56



The Back Roads

Written by James Cook, Sam Negri, Marshall Trimble
Photographs by Arizona Highways Contributors

Here's your chance to explore Arizona from a fresh vantage point—the state's picturesque back roads. This take-along guide shows the way on 20 motor tours of desert wonderlands, wooded uplands and spectacular canyons. A sedan can traverse most of these backroads routes. Includes easy-to-read maps and informative text.

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Text and photographs by James Tallon

This book groups the best Arizona campgrounds into eight regions and includes charts providing campground details, maps, information on fishing sites, climate, and more.

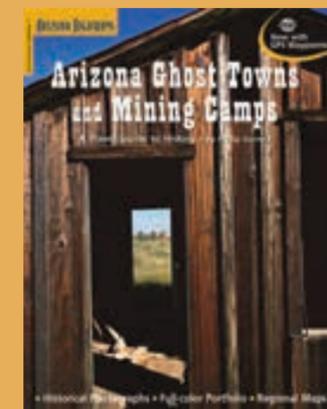
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Written by Philip Varney
Photographs by Arizona Highways Contributors

Ghost town authority Philip Varney brings the Old West to life with intriguing anecdotes and a gallery of rare historic photographs. Regional maps along with detailed travel information tell what each site is like today. Now with GPS Waypoints.

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Travel Flagstaff to Phoenix by the ‘Crooked’ Route for More Fun

THE SHORTEST DISTANCE between two points, as everybody knows, is a straight line. The first time I heard that, I immediately interpreted it to mean that a straight line is better than a crooked line.

Big mistake.

I am sitting in my truck at the base of the San Francisco Peaks in Flagstaff, studying a map of Arizona, mentally erasing the “straight” lines—also known as interstate highways—that connect northern Arizona with Phoenix. I am about to drive to Phoenix on a scenic route that does not include so much as an inch of interstate highway. I calculate that driving these “crooked” roads—they’re all paved—will add a half-hour to the time it usually takes to get to Phoenix by Interstate 17.

From where I sit, it looks like a fair trade. Driving these secondary roads will take me around the side of Lower and Upper Lake Mary

and Mormon Lake, three high-altitude lakes at the edge of the Colorado Plateau, and through two national forests on the Mogollon Rim. The last third of the drive drops into the Sonoran Desert and three huge lakes on the Salt River about an hour east of Phoenix.

At the moment, my biggest problem is tearing myself away from cool, breezy Flagstaff. Reluctantly, I head for the southern edge of town, where Lake Mary Road (Forest Service Road 3) passes under I-17. I soon find that the landscape changes but is no less remarkable as I head east and south away from the peaks. About a mile southeast of the I-17 overpass, I come to the Mormon Lake Ranger Station, which offers information and brochures about the area.

Five miles later, Lower Lake Mary appears on the right. Farther ahead, Upper Lake Mary serves as both Flagstaff’s reservoir and a popular place for picnicking and water sports. For some 10 miles, the road parallels Upper Lake Mary. The lake disappears in a stand of ponderosa pine trees at the edge of the Pine Grove Campground. A road opposite the campground

Flagstaff Getaway Guide



[ABOVE] Grazing horses find a fertile pasture at the southern end of Mormon Lake with Mormon Mountain at left and the San Francisco Peaks in the distance.

[RIGHT] Towering thousands of feet above the Sonoran Desert, Hi View Point along the Mogollon Rim offers a colorful and commanding view of the surrounding Rim Country.

[FAR RIGHT] An agave brings desert texture to the cool mountain cliffs overlooking the west fork of Sycamore Creek near Sunflower.



leads to Ashurst Lake, 4 miles in. The road to Ashurst is worth taking because it provides a chance to photograph the San Francisco Peaks poking above the northwestern horizon.

As Lake Mary disappears, the road plunges directly south and wraps around the broad shoulder of Mormon Lake. Heavily dependent on snowmelt and rainfall, Mormon Lake has filled with recent rains. On other trips, I've seen its shallow waters trimmed with wildflowers as elk graze on its banks.

The road now swings away from the lake, across broad meadows and hillsides covered with oaks and ponderosa pines. After 12 miles, I see on my right the Happy Jack Ranger Station, which is not open to the public. Immediately, I think of my friend Jim Cook, who lived here as a child when his dad worked for the Forest Service. In his book, the *Arizona Liar's Journal*,

Cook, a former columnist for *The Arizona Republic*, included photographs of Happy Jack as it looked when he was a child. In those days, he says, Happy Jack was "noisy, industrious . . . a place of working people, chain saws and rumbling log trucks."

In the chapter on Happy Jack, Cook also deals with the complicated history of names along this portion of my route. Lake Mary Road passes the Happy Jack Ranger Station and 15 miles later reaches State Route 87 at a spot variously named Clints Well, Happy Jack, Long Valley and one or two other names. A Forest Service spokesman says everyone calls it Clints Well. I turn right onto State 87 and a half-mile later I come to a gas station, the Happy Jack Post Office and another Forest Service information station. I ask the woman at the Forest Service whether I am standing in Happy Jack, Clints Well or Long

[OPPOSITE PAGE] Desert greenery peeks through a slope of granite boulders near Four Peaks in Tonto National Forest.

[BELOW] The multiple limbs of a saguaro bid farewell to the evening sun near the Four Peaks turnoff along State Route 87.



VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: Accessible by regular two-wheel-drive passenger cars. **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: Coconino National Forest, Mormon Lake Ranger District, (928) 774-1147, www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino/recreation/mormon_lake/index.shtml; Mogollon Rim Ranger District, (928) 477-2255, www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino; Tonto National Forest, Mesa Ranger District, (480) 610-3300, www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto.

Valley. She shrugs and says, "Take your pick." Far too complicated for me.

So I continue southwest on 87, traversing the massive uplift of the Mogollon Rim, which will drop me into the tiny hamlet of Strawberry. I am propelled by my memory of the homemade apple pie at the Strawberry Lodge. I can say with complete authority that good pie is far more satisfying than figuring out why the same place has five names.

If you are deranged or truly disciplined, you can bypass the homemade pies. Three more miles southeast, you'll find the Cool Pines Cafe in Pine, or take a deep breath and drive the winding 19 miles from Pine to Payson, where there are numerous restaurants and motels. I linger in Payson because I am desperate to prolong my experience of the cool weather as long as possible.

I could drive south from Payson on 87, also known as the Beeline Highway, and reach Phoenix in about two hours; instead, I turn east

on State Route 260 and drive 31 miles to Willow Springs Lake, where I relax for an hour watching bald eagles fishing the chilly water.

In the late afternoon, I return to the junction of 260 and 87 in Payson, turn south on 87 and quickly descend the steep hill, passing through the pines and junipers to reach the paloverdes and saguaros. Only 56 miles south of Payson, I am at Bush Highway (Forest Service Road 204) where I turn left (southeast) and drive 4 miles to Saguaro Lake.

If I remain on 87 beyond the Bush Highway turnoff, I could drive a straight line (more or less) and reach metropolitan Phoenix in about an hour. But my agenda calls for crooked lines and nothing else, so I wander the vicinity of Saguaro Lake and the Usery Mountains, convinced that the shortest distance between two points is rarely the best way to plan a trip between any two places in Arizona. ■



online

Travel eight more northern Arizona back road routes arizonahighways.com (Click on Flagstaff Getaway Guide)

Forest Service Lookouts Require a Taste for High Living

DAYLIGHT WAKES A fire lookout in a live-in tower. Barefoot, she steps out on the cold deck. The sun is half a tangerine on the horizon. The San Francisco Peaks, about a hundred miles away, jut up in the northwest. No sign of smoke. In June, smoke seldom rises until the nightly inversion lifts at 8 or 9 A.M.

Time to make coffee the old-fashioned way—in a blue enamel coffeepot on a propane gas stove. The burners take the chill off the morning. She dresses in layers—jeans, T-shirt, flannel shirt, sweatshirt, windbreaker. It's 48 degrees now. By noon it could be 80.

The restroom is 60 feet below, down a well-worn path. On the way, she scans the ground to see what wildlife has passed by in the night.

No need to look at the rain gauge. It's June, the height of fire season, and there hasn't been any precipitation since before she started work in April.

Not a cloud in the sky. The fire danger is creeping up every day.

She picks up the radio microphone and calls in the weather. The

dispatcher at the forest supervisor's office takes note and computes the fire danger with data from all the lookouts and stations across the forest. Weather conditions and other factors determine the fire danger rating for the day.

A day in the life of a lookout has begun.

Except for the radio equipment, the tools of her trade haven't changed much since 1911 when William B. Osborne invented the fire finder. It is a precision instrument, accurate to 1/60 of a degree and must be adjusted every day. If it is off one degree, it could cause ground crews to waste precious time getting to a fire. She tidies up her combination workspace and sleeping quarters in case she has visitors.

Arizona's 40 staffed Forest Service lookout towers are open to the public from April or May to August or September, depending on the fire danger. In extremely dry years, parts of the national forests may be closed. To visit a Forest Service lookout tower involves protocol. As long as visitors respect the rules, they are welcome.

A lookout makes the decision about whether visitors can climb the tower or not. Ask first. If it is too windy, if lightning is imminent or if she is busy with fire traffic on the radio, she can turn you away. If there are too many in your party, she may ask you to come up in small groups.

Large groups should notify the ranger district in advance.

Young visitors must be accompanied by an adult, and should realize they are in a government facility where a person is doing a job—but questions are welcome.

Visiting a tower offers a view of the past. The first lookouts were trees with spikes driven into them so rangers could climb to the top and see farther. Some wooden towers were built in the 1920s, but most of the existing towers were built with the help of the Civilian Conservation Corps in the 1930s. The towers range in height from 30 to 120 feet.

Lookouts like Jane Croxen Ringelberg at Springer Mountain on Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, Lakeside Ranger District, are part of the proud tradition. Jane is a third-generation

lookout. Her father, Charles Croxen, worked as a lookout in the Santa Catalina Mountains near Tucson. Her grandfather Fred Croxen was the first Arizona forest officer assigned as a lookout in 1911 or 1912. Some of his letters appear in Donna Ashworth's book, *Biography of a Small Mountain* (Small Mountain Books, Flagstaff, 1991). When he went to work on Woody Mountain south of Flagstaff, he wrote: "I was issued a Forest Service badge, compass, telescope, shovel, rake and axe." He supplied his own horse and bedroll. If he spotted a fire, he rode out to it and fought it with hand tools.

Jane has a degree in wildlife ecology from the University of Arizona, but has worked seasonally for the Forest Service for more than 20 years while raising her two girls. Her husband works for the forestry branch of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Jane also is a concert violinist with the White Mountain Symphony Orchestra.

Meeting people from all over the world is one of the side benefits of being a lookout, but lookouts also value their solitude. As Jane said, "I like having visitors, but I like it when they're gone, too."

The life of a lookout is a reminder that a simple life is its own reward. Take time to ask

the lookout about the job, the national forests, wildlife, local history and lore. Chances are you'll come away with a story or two.

And don't feel slighted if she is looking around all the time she's talking to you. After all, that's what lookouts do.

ADDITIONAL READING: For more about lookouts, read *Climbing the Ladder Less Traveled* by Joe Bill, Mountain Forest Publishing, 2002. **AH**



LOCATION: The Springer Mountain lookout tower is 188 miles northeast of Phoenix. Other lookout towers are scattered throughout the state.

GETTING THERE: To reach the Springer Mountain tower from Phoenix, drive about 13 miles southeast on Interstate 10 to U.S. Route 60. Travel about 77 miles east on U.S. 60 to Globe, and then 89 miles northeast to Show Low. Turn right (south) onto State Route 260 and travel 8.5 miles to Lakeside. Turn left on Moonridge Drive, right on Billy Creek Drive, left on Meadow Drive, right on Pine Shadow Drive and right on Forest Service Road 187. Follow the signs to the Springer Mountain lookout.

HOURS: Daily, 8 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. during fire season (typically May through July at Springer Mountain). Closed during remaining months.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, Lakeside Ranger District, (928) 368-5111; www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf.

[BELOW] A young visitor learns about pinpointing fires with the Osborne Fire Finder at the Big Lake Lookout in the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests.

[BOTTOM] Viewed from Aztec Peak Lookout, the sun sets beyond skeletal charred trees ravaged by the April 2000 Coon Creek fire.



[ABOVE] In a 50-minute exposure, stars appear to streak across the sky above the Aztec Peak Lookout in the Sierra Ancha range of Tonto National Forest.

Mormon Lake Trail Carried Trains, Now Popular With Hikers

TWO COW ELK BROKE COVER at a stiff-legged trot, noses vacuuming the air upwind before stopping for a look about 60 yards from where Steve Shumaker and I hiked on a ghost railroad through a ponderosa pine forest near Mormon Lake in the Coconino National Forest of northern Arizona.

Once used to haul logs in the 1920s, the railroad grade today carries hikers, equestrians and an elk herd through easy flatlands, ideal for summer family outings and bike rides at 7,100 feet elevation. The 6 miles of abandoned grade strewn with rotting ties is part of the 790-mile Arizona Trail that runs north to south bisecting the state. Shumaker, 58, a Phoenix businessman, and I had no difficulty following the trail. After failing to get a whiff of our scent, the spooked elk, noses up in the air, finally bolted.

"It looks like more elk than people use this trail," Shumaker observed. Indeed, so many elk travel the old grade to water at Upper Lake Mary, 20 miles south of Flagstaff, that their hooves have pounded the trail bare.

We had begun our day hike where the signed trail crosses dirt Forest Service Road 132, about .3 mile west of paved Forest Service Road 90, 6 miles north of the town of Mormon Lake.

We walked north on the trail. However, south of FR 132, the grade runs for about a half-mile, skirting the base of 8,456-foot Mormon Mountain, before petering out where a logging camp once stood. The Arizona Trail continues southward.

Passing through a section posted as the Pine Grove Quiet Area with motor-vehicle restrictions, the grade curves gently around Pine Grove Hill through prime elk habitat. In good water years, elk cross FR 90 and wade up to their withers in Mormon Lake. In dry years, see them along the water's edge on Upper Lake Mary at dawn, along with deer and wild turkeys. There's no water along the trail in the Pine Grove

section except at established campgrounds.

From where we roused the elk, the Arizona Trail branches left, following the main line of old ties. After cutting the big trees, loggers pulled the steel rails but left behind nearly everything else. The old ties and nails along the grade fall under the protection of federal historic and antiquities laws, so leave them for others to enjoy.

We followed the grade as it bore through mostly young ponderosa, scrub oak and occasional grassy parks that provide food for the local elk herd. Intermittent stretches of hand-laid ballast led to gaps in the grade where trestles formerly bridged shallow washes.

About a mile from the FR 132 trailhead, the grade forked to create a short siding. We followed the line of old ties to the left to stay on the main line and the Arizona Trail.

Going north on the trail finally brought us to Pine Grove Campground, our destination. The private campground offers developed overnight campsites and water for a fee.

The old railroad grade and Arizona Trail continues northward from the campground. They skirt the eastern edge of the campground, the trail passing beneath the concrete road bridge.

After passing under the bridge, the trail curves westward, crosses Lake Mary Road and then turns north to Horse Lake and on to Marshall Lake, Walnut Canyon and Flagstaff. The Arizona Trail continues northward all the way to the Utah-Arizona border near Jacob Lake.

For a quiet hike through shaded pine woods littered with logging history, the old grade is hard to beat. Moreover, you stand a good chance of seeing elk. The Mormon Lake herd is one of the more visible in Arizona as they move to and from the water. ■

Flagstaff Getaway Guide



[ABOVE] A hiker ambles through ponderosa pine trees along the Mormon Lake trail in central Arizona's Coconino National Forest. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Strewn with pine needles, the Mormon Lake trail promises a pleasant stroll through the Pine Grove Quiet Area.



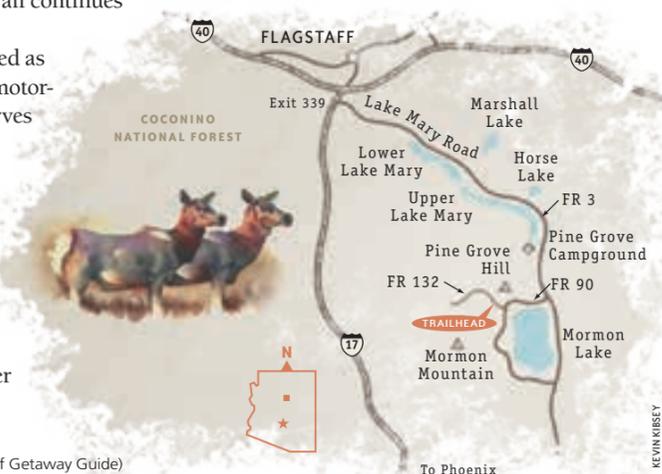
LOCATION: About 23 miles southeast of Flagstaff.

GETTING THERE: From Flagstaff, drive 21 miles southeast on Lake Mary Road (Forest Service Road 3) to Forest Service Road 90.

Turn right (west) and travel less than 2 miles to Forest Service Road 132. Turn right (northwest) on 132, a dirt road, and drive .3 mile to the Arizona Trail-signed railroad grade crossing.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: May through October are the best months to hike this trail. Other trail uses include mountain biking and horseback riding.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Coconino National Forest, Mormon Lake Ranger District, (928) 774-1147; www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino/recreation/mormon_lake/index.shtml.



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