

Adventures in Paradise: Seeking the True-blue Waters

AUGUST 2005

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

FUN ON THE WATER

Kayakers Quest for Glen Canyon's Submerged Secrets

TROUT FISHING TRUTHS



Fun on the Water

16 Kayakers Explore the 'Re-emerging' Glen Canyon

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WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARY LADD

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[THIS PAGE] Kayaker Emi Dickson does a preliminary paddle in October 2003 before exploring the side canyons of Lake Powell revealed by the increasing low-water levels of the man-made lake. See story, page 16.
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[FRONT COVER] A fleet of sea kayakers face the day on a slickrock shoreline near Cascade Canyon on Lake Powell.
[BACK COVER] A towering sandstone cliff reflects abstractly in the ferruginous sheen of a Twilight Canyon streamlet. ALL BY GARY LADD

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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 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.

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online arizonahighways.com

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- Hot fishing spots
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ONLINE EXTRA Learn about one man's obsession with a pioneer wagon trail in northern Arizona.

WEEKEND GETAWAY Head out to Cochise country for a unique bed-and-breakfast experience in the Dragoon Mountains.

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Missionary Zeal?

I hope future articles by Craig Childs and other
Arizona Highways contributors will not make the
mistake found in "The Displaced Hopi Murals of
Awat'ovi" (February '05).
Mr. Childs made it clear that ancient Hopi artifacts
and architecture were integral to their beliefs, customs
and practices, but he did not give any information
about those beliefs. He separated ancient artifacts
from the culture they represented. Often, modern
writers create myths for the ancient cultures they
study. It seems inappropriate to romanticize and
make early practices so special that they are sacred
(even without being known) and untouchable in
modern times, even for preservation purposes.

Monta Pooley, Bartlesville, OK

That's a good point. It's easy to romanticize and so
misunderstand other belief systems. But then, even
the stretch to touch the sacred in another culture, a
painted pot or a piece of sky, can yield a glimmer of
understanding—which is, finally, the real point.

Zane Grey Was No Nazi

You have likely received bazillions of e-mails about
the swastika on Zane Grey's chaps ("Taking the Off-
ramp," "Zane Grey's Monument Valley," May '05). You
will probably want to point out to your dear readers
that the symbol was common at the time as a good-
luck symbol. Navajos and Hopis used it as well as
the British Boy Scouts. On the other hand, National
Socialism in Germany traces its roots to 1918. While
Zane Grey probably had some odd notions, National
Socialism was not one of them.

Elliot Richmond, Austin, TX

Yes, I did get letters. Some scathing. In fact, the
symbol appears in rock art throughout the Southwest,
generally with the arms reversed from the Nazi version.
Among Native Americans, it reportedly symbolizes the
four winds or the cycle of life. So I wonder whether
in another 1,000 years, the rights to that symbol will
revert to the ancient Puebloans.

A Preference for Nature

I found the article "Going Deep Into a Border
Oasis" (March '05) inelegant and prejudiced. When I
subscribed to Arizona Highways, it was to read about
nature. The description of the color and length of
hair of the stranger met on the trail who "was full of
it . . ." did not entertain me in the least.

Helen van Schaik, Albuquerque, NM

But it was about human nature. Doesn't that count?

Stung by Caption

Being a scorpion collector, I have a comment about
the caption for the scorpion in the March 2005 story,
"The Mysteries of Yuma's Desert." The caption states:
"With its stinger curled up, a scorpion prepares to
strike a beetle."

First, the scorpion's "tail" is not curled up, and
the beetle is traveling in the opposite direction.
Also, scorpions do not eat the hard-bodied ground
beetle pictured next to it. The scorpion is simply
waiting for something suitable to come along, like a
moth, cricket or other soft-bodied insect. Scorpions
will also eat other scorpions.

Bob Jensen, entomologist, Canoga Park, CA

You're right. We did take poetic license. Maybe the
picture just unhinged our cross-eyed caption writer.
Scorpions do glow in the dark under black lights and
predate the dinosaurs. If you irritate them, they'll
chase you across your own living room. They can bench
press French poodles. I guess they can also make
caption writers hyperventilate.

Grand Peak

Palm Canyon is well worth a visit, but standing
behind it in the small photograph on page 48 of your
March 2005 issue ("Hike of the Month") is a site of
memorable grandeur—Signal Peak in the Kofa
National Wildlife Refuge.

The peak rises 3,000 vertical feet above the
surrounding desert floor, a jagged volcanic pinnacle
blocking the way of even the most ambitious
hikers who go beyond Palm Canyon into the jawlike
mountain guarding it to the east.

While Signal Peak is beyond the reach of most
climbers, the short hike to Palm Canyon becomes
all the more memorable as it is beneath the
unconquerable pinnacles of one of Arizona's most
dramatic desert mountains.

Sam Robinson, Belmont, MA

I absolutely agree. The Kofas would be one of my
favorite places based on surreal scenery alone, never
mind that they harbor the desert bighorn sheep herd
the Arizona Game and Fish Department has relied on to
return bighorns to mountain ranges statewide.

She's Not Crazy After All

I was pleased to see the "Taking the Off-ramp"
article "Fireflies Shed Some Light on Arizona, Too,"
March 2005.

More than 20 years ago, I was out late at
night with my boyfriend at Tucson's Abraham
Lincoln Park, which has almost marshy conditions,
just right for fireflies. As Arizona natives, when
we noticed nine or 10 small floating lights coming
closer and closer, we were a little anxious. We
thought they might be fireflies, but still, this
was Arizona.

Our nerves got the best of us, and we left for the
safety of a well-lit Dairy Queen. It's nice to find out
two decades later that we weren't crazy.

Teresa P. Cummings

I'm delighted that we could settle that long,
lingering question about your sanity with a mere
"Off-ramp" story.

Along the Trackway of Extinction, Still We Walk in Beauty

"DINOSAUR TRACKS" DECLARES the
hand-lettered sign on a dirt-road turnoff
from U.S. Route 160 on the outskirts
of the Navajo Indian Reservation. Brimming
with love of all things saurian, I follow the
road to a cluster of plywood jewelry booths on a
great expanse of red sandstone with a relentless
wind snapping a row of
American flags.

An old woman with a face
of seamed leather sits silently
in one of the booths with an
air of resignation as profound
as the horizon. A young man
in a baseball cap, T-shirt and
worn jeans steps forward to
greet me.

"No charge to see the tracks
that are over here," he says.
"Just pay whatever you want
after you see them."

He falls into step beside me,
carrying a plastic water jug.
"I'm Morris Chee, Junior,"
says Morris Chee Jr. He
pauses and splashes some
water into a three-lobed
depression in the stone.

"They say these are
duckbill," he says.
I kneel to study the
fossilized tracks, made from

145 to 213 million years ago in a lush world
crowded with giant ferns but bereft of flowers.

"Here is the little one," says Chee, gesturing to
another set of tracks that echo the first set. The
ground bears 20 different imprints within 200
yards of the trinket booths. Chee leads me to
the largest.

"Tyranosaurus," he says.
I slip my hand into the place where the
tyrant king had walked. Perhaps he stalked the
duckbills and just beyond the reach of stone
snatched the baby as it trotted alongside its
mother, a premature extinction.

We chat as the sun subsides. Chee was
born just up the road in Moenave, and
speaks the Navajo language more easily
than English. He calls Navajos who speak
only English "lost Indians." Raised in
California foster homes among white kids
who called him "Cheeseburger," he lived
awhile in Phoenix before returning home to
the dirt-floor hogan that had nurtured five
generations of his family. In summer, he
shows the tracks, herds sheep and tends



Morris Chee Jr.
studies water-filled
dinosaur tracks on
the Navajo Indian
Reservation.

cornfields. In winter, he plucks turkeys in a
Utah factory.

Chee takes me up to the edge of the mesa to
appreciate the view: south to Humphreys
Peak where the Hopi Katsinam spirits live just
beyond the ski resort; west to the Grand
Canyon's North Rim where a last fragment of old-
growth forest sways in the wind; and east to the
white flanks of the mesas where the Hopi people
hold ceremonies to perpetuate life in this, the
Fourth World.

"I would not leave again," says Chee. "It is much
better to live here. In Phoenix you have to pay, pay,
pay. If you lose your job, where do you live? What
do you do? That is why we feel sorry for you," he
concludes, turning back to watch the sunset.

Down on the distant highway, the cars hurtle
past like demented beetles.

But all that was years ago. . . .

Since then I have learned that the tracks of
the carnivore in the sandstone were probably
made by a prowling dilophosaurus—a 20-
foot-long meat eater with a flashy crest that
inspired the frilled, poison-spitting critter in the
movie Jurassic Park. Last time I passed by that
windswept stretch of highway, I turned aside
once again. The tracks persist, and the wind, but
Chee was not there with his jug of water.

Still, I thought of him as I looked through
the photos of Dinétah by Navajo photographer
LeRoy DeJolie in this issue, along with mystery
writer Tony Hillerman's insightful description
of the Navajos. In the book, Hillerman recalls
standing with a Navajo friend overlooking a
place labeled "Desolation Flats" on maps made
by white people. His friend laughed and said the
Navajos call that same place "Beautiful Valley."

My life has hurried on since that windswept
day with Chee. I have a 401K, sign other people's
timesheets and aspire to a digital camera.

But still I think of Chee's pity for me and the
swagger of an extinct predator.

The dinosaurs could not imagine extinction,
but Chee lives in its shadow, as do we all.

So I will not linger long, in this office shut away
from the sun. I will go happily into the late light,
repeating the words of the Navajo Night Chant:

With beauty before me, I walk
With beauty behind me, I walk
With beauty all around me, I walk
It is finished in beauty.

editor@arizonahighways.com

Photographer's Lucky Snake Images Made Biology History

THEY SAY THAT good fortune favors the prepared mind.

Still, *Arizona Highways* photographer Richard K. Webb was completely unprepared for what he witnessed in Hellsgate Wilderness. Lucky for him, his camera was ready.

Deep in the rugged canyons of the Mogollon Rim, he confronted a lethal battle in a shallow rivulet—a garter snake and a desert sucker fish in a death match.

"It was a dramatic life-and-death struggle, a natural moment," he recalls.

Because Richard always hikes with his camera at the ready, he documented an event rarely seen. Grabbing his camera, he snuck within inches, almost becoming a part of the action.

"I felt like Jim on *Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom*," he remembers. "The snake saw me and kind of moved away, but then decided to come back for the fish."

Hunger will do that to a snake.

For the next 20 minutes, Richard had a view to a kill. As his

photographs attest, the snake eventually won, drowning the fish in a calm pool in the stream, then swallowing it whole as Richard exposed a roll of film. Similar scenes have played out for a millennium, but this time Webb and his camera were there to record it.

Not realizing the images' significance, Richard developed the film and filed his photographs away. It wasn't until two years later that he approached *Arizona Highways* editors to see if we were interested in publishing them.

When the photographs first appeared as a "Focus on Nature" in our May 1999 issue, they generated strong reader reaction. People either loved them or hated them. But *Arizona Highways* editors also failed to realize the significance of the photographs when we first published the story.

Enter Dr. Andy Holycross from Arizona State University's School of Life Sciences.

"That story and photos in *Arizona Highways* represent the only documented record that *Thamnophis rufipunctatus* (narrowhead garter snake) was ever in the Tonto Creek system," says Holycross.

Holycross spends a lot of time conducting reptile surveys in Arizona's river drainages as part of research funded by the Arizona Game and Fish Department, so he knows a thing or two about garters. It's not surprising to him that Webb encountered *T. rufipunctatus* in the Tonto drainage, but more recent surveys failed to find many traces of the species in the area.

"They are probably wiped from that system today," he admits. "We looked for them all last summer at many locations where they were once abundant. They were gone from all but one location. In the intervening 20 years since the last survey, crayfish have invaded most of those streams."

But the significance of Webb's photographs doesn't end there. Holycross worries that this rare native snake is disappearing throughout Arizona and New Mexico, the only places where *T. rufipunctatus* occurs in the United States.

"The story is complex, but I think introduced crayfish figure prominently in the story. Once crayfish invade, recruitment in narrowheaded garter snake populations is over. These snakes feed exclusively on fish, and are adapted to feed on our native fishes like the one Richard saw," says Holycross.

"I think the crayfish are the *coup de grace*," he continues. "Crayfish are abundant and voracious. Once they invade, I think baby narrowheads (the size of a pencil) have to get in the water and anchor in the rocks to feed. If they don't, they die of starvation. Once they are in the water, crayfish probably make short work of them."

Curiously, I had my own close encounter of the garter snake kind last year while photographing in the West Fork of Oak Creek. Wading in thigh-deep to set up my tripod midstream, there at my feet was a garter snake anchored to a rock. I watched, mesmerized for more than an hour, as it darted out after the small fish that came within striking distance.

So now having learned about the plight of the garter snake, not only can I pronounce *Thamnophis rufipunctatus*, but my garter snake encounter seems much more important.

And I can't help feeling a little bit lucky myself.

Peter Ensenberger can be reached at photodirector@arizonahighways.com



Nut Lovers: Recipes From The Farm

The Farm at South Mountain in Phoenix has more than 100 pecan trees that produce between 3,000 and 5,000 pounds of harvested nuts a year. The nuts are used in various recipes for the three restaurants at The Farm: Morning Glory Cafe, Farm Kitchen and Quiescence Restaurant & Wine Bar. Some simple recipes for nut mixes are available in the book *The Farm Collection* and are easy enough for any nut-lover to make.

Sugared Pecans

1 pound pecan halves
4 tablespoons water
1 cup sugar

Coat pecans with water and toss with sugar. Spread onto a parchment-lined baking sheet. Bake at 300 degrees for approximately 15 minutes, then let cool for 30 minutes. Store in an airtight container for up to 2 weeks. Makes about 4 cups.

Egyptian Artifacts in the Canyon?

In the waning months of 1908, the explorer G.E. Kinkaid, veteran of 30 years in the service of the Smithsonian Institution, spotted the entrance to an underground citadel at the base of the Grand Canyon.

Scrambling up the sheer wall, Kinkaid stepped into a mammoth chamber hewn out of solid rock. On every side, radiating passages opened into more caverns housing copper weapons, vases, granaries and even mummies—all of purported Egyptian origin.

Kinkaid reported his find to the *Arizona Gazette*, and the story appeared on April 5, 1909, along with the news that a Professor S.A. Jordan, also of the Smithsonian, was undertaking a significant investigation of the site.

Alas, the story was fiction.

The Smithsonian categorically denied that any Egyptian artifacts were found in the Americas, and it has no record of either



We faked an artifact to spoof the Egyptian "discoveries."

Kinkaid or Jordan as staff members.

Today few people are aware of how common hoaxes were in the early days of journalism. The story no doubt originated in the naming of the Canyon's buttes and mesas after temples of Eastern deities, begun by geologist Clarence Dutton in the early 1880s.

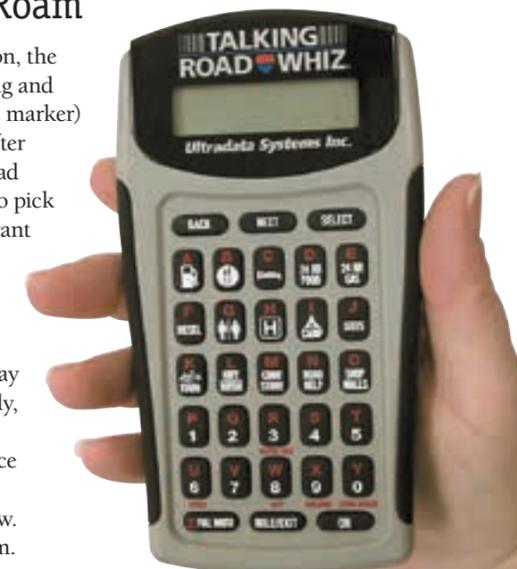
Highway Helper for Those Who Roam

Arizona's highways sometimes can intimidate drivers. The roads seem to stretch out in every direction, passing through canyons, desert washes and dense forests for miles on end. And furthermore, it's not always possible to tell if amenities or gas stations are available at any useful intervals on a particular roadway. However, a new gadget, the Talking Road Whiz, may take some of the guesswork out of locating travel services.

The device, which costs about \$40, is small enough to fit in a pocket. It starts working when certain data (the state you're in,

the highway you're on, the direction you're going and the most recent mile marker) has been entered. After that, the Talking Road Whiz prompts you to pick a gas station, restaurant or other service you desire. In seconds, the directional information appears on the gadget's display while, simultaneously, it gives spoken directions to the place you've chosen.

Information: www.talkingroadwhiz.com.



THIS MONTH IN ARIZONA

1869 Patrons of a Tubac barbershop can get a bath with their haircut or shave for 50 cents.

1872 Maricopa County schools' average daily attendance of 43 children pales in comparison to Pima County's 109 pupils.

1892 Hailstones the size of pigeon eggs fall near Nogales during an unseasonably chilly summer storm.

1901 A Maricopa County livestock assessment roll includes 300 ostriches valued at \$25 a head.



1906 Lightning kills a horse near Bisbee. The man riding it gets up and walks away.

1913 Armed citizens of Douglas are sworn in as special officers to patrol town at night in an effort to reduce crime.

1930 Heavy rains create flooding in Nogales, forcing 100 people from their homes.

The "missing" *Thamnophis rufipunctatus* "captured" by *Arizona Highways* photographer Richard K. Webb.





Arizona August

Sunshine and shadow, Dewdrops and rain, Gentle white moonbeams— It's August again.

Indian flowers, Blooming the same, Red summer sunsets Matching their flame.

Cliffs of vermilion, Shadows of blue, Feathery pine boughs, The wind whispers through.

Dawn on the mountains, Dusk on the plain, In my Arizona— It's August again. by Gail I. Gardner, about 1925



Hard Work of the CCC Lives On

The country knew them as President Roosevelt's "tree army." They certainly earned the name, planting about 2.3 billion trees during their tour of duty from 1933 to 1942. And, they did much more. The young men of the Civilian Conservation Corps, or CCC, built roads, telephone lines, fire watchtowers, bridges and, in a legacy that we enjoy to this day, helped create and improve the parks of America.

In Colossal Cave Mountain Park southeast of Tucson, a small

museum honors the contributions of CCC workers who served there. Mementos and photos fill the walls and display cases in the adobe building that once housed the CCC park office. Within the park, you can also see CCC projects: ramadas, walls, the entrance and widened passages of the Colossal Cave, the stone buildings next to it and nearby picnic grounds.

The men of this Depression-era program earned \$30 a month, \$25 of that sent home to their families.

Information: (520) 647-7121.

In the Eye of the Beholder

Some of Arizona's first visitors failed to see the beauty of the state. Dr. John S. Griffin, with the Army of the West in 1846, wrote, "Every bush is full of thorns. . . . And every rock you turn over has a tarantula or centipede under it. The fact is, take the country altogether, and I defy any man who has not seen it—or one as utterly worthless—even to imagine anything so barren."

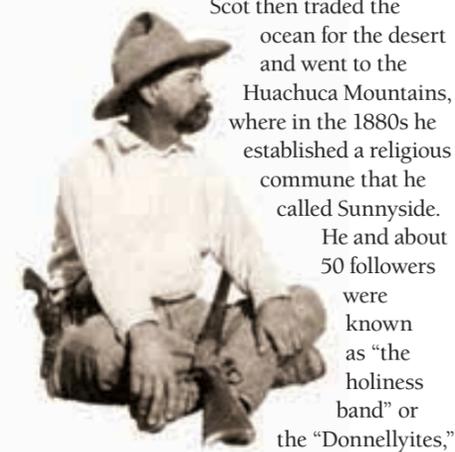
A forty-niner, anxious to get to California's gold fields, wrote, "What this God-forsaken country was made for I am at a loss to discover."

Wouldn't they both be surprised to see Arizona today?



Tough but Holy

According to J. Evetts Haley's book *Jeff Milton: A Good Man With a Gun*, Samuel Donnelly was "a water-front tough from Los Angeles who at last got religion and got it bad." The



Scot then traded the ocean for the desert and went to the Huachuca Mountains, where in the 1880s he established a religious commune that he called Sunnyside.

He and about 50 followers were known as "the holiness band" or the "Donnellyites," according to Haley, and he made the colony prosper, partially by mining.

In the midst of this prosperity, he died in 1901, and because he had said he would rise on the third day, they waited for his resurrection. Nothing happened, so with the weather being warm, he was not buried any too soon. But the colony died with him.



Art Inspiration From the Missions

Reading a 1950s copy of *Arizona Highways* given to him in 1967 by his grandfather inspired artist Garry Monzingo of Safford. "I saw a picture of a mission. I still have that copy," said the artist whose drawings have a mystical quality that enhances their beauty.

Monzingo's pen and pencil drawings capture the structural grace of the Mission San Xavier del Bac and others. He often draws from unusual perspectives, like inner courtyards. Monzingo says, "I like missions because they are historical, and I am impressed with how they were built in the early days with just hand tools.

I want to visit more missions wherever I can."

A friend noted, "Garry's art reveals his character: He's got a fragile emotional nature. He cares deeply for people. He's the kind of guy who can walk into the room and make us smile." Monzingo took one art class, but work prevented him from finishing it—and the professor told him he could not draw without a ruler.

Monzingo made a 2004 calendar with his drawings. He sold some prints and gave many to friends. He now devotes most of his time to art.

Information about the prints is available by calling the artist at (928) 428-5776.

Question of the Month

Which Arizona town got its name from a card game?



Show Low. Legend has it that, around 1875, Marion Clark and Corydon E. Cooley, played an **all-night card game** to decide who would keep their jointly owned 100,000-acre ranch and who would leave. The two adversaries decided to play Seven Up. On the last hand, Clark reportedly turned over his cards and said, "If you can show low—you win." Cooley then drew an unbeatable deuce of clubs and replied, "Show low it is," winning the game and the vast White Mountain acreage.

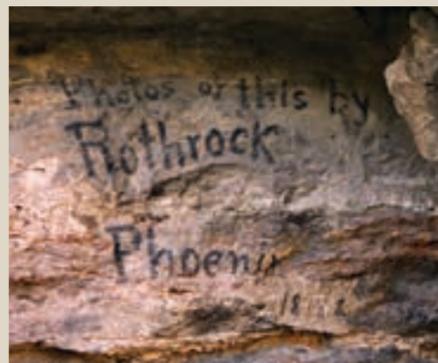
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LIFE IN ARIZONA 1880s

1880S GRAFFITI: GEORGE ROTHROCK WAS HERE

It's the kind of desecration that would merit jail time today: "Photos of this by Rothrock" scrawled on ancient Sinagua Indian ruins. But in 1878, Montezuma Well, near the Montezuma Castle ruins south of Flagstaff, was already a tourist destination, and advertising—however injurious to antiquity—meant business for pioneer photographer George Rothrock.

Born to German immigrants in 1843, Rothrock learned his trade in California and spent



the late 1800s photographing Arizona. In his unpublished reminiscences, he wrote that he met Billy the Kid while traveling

and escaped Indian raids ". . . by the skin of [his] teeth." He wrote of setting up makeshift studios and darkrooms (one amid statuary behind the altar at Mission San Xavier del Bac near Tucson) where he captured the vigor of the young Territory. While Rothrock became a prominent Phoenician through his photography, he also served as justice of the peace and helped to incorporate the city.

As for the "graffiti" at Montezuma Well? "It's an integral part of the history," says park guide Skip Larson.

A Visit with T-Rex and Old Friends

Outside Tucson's T-Rex Museum, a vivid mural presents a world where dinosaurs ruled. Inside, visitors find more of the same—a tour that begins 500 million years ago. Exhibits include the age of the sea bug trilobites, the 60-foot long marine mosasaur and the king of the land, *Tyrannosaurus rex*. And, every step of the way, visitors can get their hands on ancient times.

Most of the exhibits there have been made for touching. You can pick up the smooth gastroliths, stones found in the stomachs of dinosaurs, or run your fingers over a sea creature captured in stone a



few hundred million years old. You can also get right down in the dirt, digging and sifting sand to make your own discoveries in small pits salted with fossils, such as 75

million-year-old shark teeth. Oh, yes, and you get to pick the ones you want to keep.

Information: (520) 792-2884; www.trexmuseum.org.

Blue water state of mind

At Havasu Falls and the Little Colorado River,
the color's the real deal

text by RUTH RUDNER
photographs by DAVID MUENCH





[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 8 AND 9] When it's dry or unreddened by storm runoff upstream from Blue Spring, northern Arizona's Little Colorado River runs aquamarine and clear. [LEFT] Formed from calcium carbonate deposits left by evaporated Havasu Creek water, "draperies" of travertine rock frame 196-foot-high Mooney Falls. [RIGHT] Sacred to the Havasupai Indians for centuries, Havasu Falls and the blue pool at its base epitomize the quintessential beauty of the Grand Canyon's floor.

itless as the blue heavens, the energy of his blue language leaves me breathless.

So when the concept of exploring Arizona's blue waters—Havasupai Falls and the Little Colorado River—emerged late one night, I jumped at it. I was thinking blue, not geography. I had no idea how difficult it would be. Blue water, common as it sounds, is hard to come by when you try to find it in a desert.

The easiest of these waters to reach is the azure pool beneath the Grand Canyon's Havasu Falls and the robin's egg stream that flows so placidly away from it to plunge furiously over Mooney Falls. This water flows into yet another blue pool and on down past Beaver Falls to its confluence with the Colorado River. I managed to make finding even this water difficult.

We planned a 10-mile hike to the campground below Havasu Falls on the Havasupai Indian Reservation. My husband, David Muench, wanted to make new photographs of this blue water he has visited often, while I would see it for the first time, understanding the place in a way possible only by walking.

The trail to the village of Supai, above Havasu Falls, descends from Hualapai Hilltop, a carnival of a parking lot where horsepackers who supply the village load up their goods and where backpackers, hikers and horseback riders depart and arrive. Pack animals are tethered to hitch rails. Packers' dogs busy themselves about the horses. Everything is bustle and preparation, a scene I would normally find marvelous, but I was too ill from a sudden flu to care about any of it. I had not eaten in 20 hours. I could not imagine walking anywhere.

David suggested we abort the trip, but it was the only time we could make it for the next 11 months. We had campground reservations and a permit. If we didn't go, I would not see this blue water. I decided the worst that could happen was that I would have to helicopter out.

We descended the trail carved out of almost vertical white limestone extending hundreds of feet down from Hilltop. Almost 2,000 feet lower, we hiked a gentle red trail through a high red-walled canyon. I walked slowly in a dreamlike haze. A couple of miles from the village, David went ahead to see if there was room at the hotel, which would save me the last 2 miles to the campground.

I continued at my own pace. A man, bent under a load of slender tree limbs, appeared on the road ahead of me. A second man rode past on a black horse. Houses sprouted. I entered the square formed by the cafe on one side of a large, open space, the store and post office on the other. A few old men lounged on the bench in front of the store. Dogs wandered back and forth or lay on



In truth, blue water is mostly a myth,

born of a human wish for purity.

Only a few streams flaunt "true-blue" hues. Several—fed by the waters of the San Francisco Peaks—are in Arizona, where they flow like great blue prizes at the end of dusty roads, at the bottom of inhospitable canyons or at the far end of long miles.

Never revealing itself to the casual passer-by, blue water in Arizona insists you earn the view.

I love blue. The color and the idea of it. I named a peregrine falcon in my care Blue. I named my dog Blue, after the falcon. I wear blue jeans and blue sweaters. I buy blue rugs and blue teacups and earrings with blue stones. I listen to blues. I plant blue flowers in my garden. My eyes are blue. I am fascinated by Der Blaue Reiter art movement and Pablo Picasso's Blue Period. I read almost anything that has blue in the title. In his extraordinary philosophical inquiry, *On Being Blue*, the writer William H. Gass explores the qualities of the word "blue." As lim-

the sandy earth in front of the cafe. David appeared to say we had a room. I slept for 13 hours. When I woke, I was well.

We left the village on the hot, dusty track to Havasu Falls. Nothing in the landscape prepared me for my first view of the falls and the paradise of a blue pool that lay beneath it. The “earth laughs in flowers,” Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote. This place was the equivalent of laughter, the earth rejoicing in the jewel-like water. Coming from the dry, red desert into this tropical dreamland seemed to me nature’s interpretation of my illness and recovery.

The rock walls breached by the falls cascading into the pool enclose about half of the pool. Sloping forest surrounds the rest between the river flowing out of the pool and the trail. Cottonwoods and willows cast deep shade over the end of the pool.

We camped the next two nights along the blue stream flowing 10 miles over four falls from the Supai village to the Colorado River. Between Havasu and Mooney falls,

... blue water is mostly
a myth, born of a
human wish for
purity

the broad, turquoise stream is a liquid window giving view to pebbles and strips of sunlight in the creek bed. Filling the creek channel with its translucence, the water is blue, utterly clear and warm.

The trail continues to Mooney Falls, winding down a steep travertine cliff and entering a narrow cave where steps have been cut in the stone. The cave is dark at first, then curves back toward the light, descends a few steps farther and opens onto a ledge that enters yet another cave on its way down to the falls.

The first ledge provides the classic view of Mooney Falls—a thick, white-foaming torrent interlaced with strips of blue water that lose themselves at once in the crashing foam. The cliff from which the water plunges and the cliff down which we climbed is travertine stone hanging in draperies.

The water plunges into a large blue lagoon as magnificent as the pool below Havasu Falls. From here the stream continues down to Beaver Falls and ultimately enters the Colorado River in Grand Canyon National

Beyond the Navajo Indian Reservation, the Little Colorado follows a serpentine course westward through Grand Canyon National Park to its confluence with the Colorado River.





The carbonates suspended in the Little Colorado River that color its water blue also create its milky appearance.

Park between river miles 156 and 157. This is a popular stop on a river trip. Boats put in at the confluence so hikers can make the trek up the deep canyon—often crossing the creek with its cascades and blue pools—to Beaver Falls.

To the east, along the Little Colorado River where David and I hiked several months later, blue is more ephemeral than at Havasu. If one is to find blue water there, timing is everything.

Blue happens when the Little Colorado is dry above Blue Spring. Our checkpoint was the Little Colorado at Cameron because, if no water flows there, chances are good of finding blue water lower in the canyon.

We checked the day before starting a difficult hike down into Salt Trail Canyon, found the Little Colorado dry at Cameron and drove a short distance north on U.S.

Route 89 before heading west across the Navajo Indian Reservation.

This is hard country of scattered ranches where sparse cattle and horses scrape together the meager living the land offers. Confusing roads—some official, most blazed by four-wheelers—cut the land, and we made a few wrong guesses before finding the unmarked entrance to the narrow Salt Trail Canyon.

The route into and through the canyon is used on pilgrimages of the Hopi Indians to their sacred Sipapu, downstream on the Little Colorado—the opposite direction from our trek. The trail is marked by cairns, but is not easy to negotiate. This landscape does not invite you. The blue water makes you work to find it.

The canyon entrance is guarded by two cairns not far below the parking area where we camped overnight. They are the only clue that the steep, unstable drop-off lying

before you is the way in. It is an act of trust to plunge down between them—trust in yourself, in the rock, in this wild universe.

The place is both wild and sacred.

After a hurried breakfast, we started down the loose boulders in the clear, cold morning. The sky was a brilliant, uninterrupted blue, the full moon lowering, the wind beginning. Birdsong mingled with wind, counterpoint and melody.

At our start, sun lit the west walls of the canyon, casting deep shadows on the Corn Maiden, a freestanding rock pillar below the rock slide not far below the entrance.

By midmorning, the sun seemed to be everywhere, and hot. Beyond the Corn Maiden, the trail descended a steep alluvial slope down to the bottom of the canyon.

After a considerable hike, we reached a side drainage coming down the slope to create a steep drop-off requiring

rope. We had none. Our several attempts at starting down did not work.

The canyon bottom was visible below us. Tantalizing. Unreachable. We had not imagined failing to reach the blue water, although at this point I became concerned about failing to return to the top.

At the point of turning around, David discovered that by climbing farther up the slope, we could circumvent the gulch altogether and reach a more suitable crossing. This was long and tedious and made me wonder how interested I really was in blue water, but it worked.

Resuming our course, we descended a short distance to another abrupt cliff where cairns guided us down a series of benches to an area that looked totally impossible. Impossible, of course, is always relative.

In fact, each step led to the next, all the way to the base of the cliff where, switchbacking down, we reached the bottom of Salt Trail Canyon, then crossed it at its confluence with the canyon of the Little Colorado River.

After so much work to get here, we had reached our blue water.

Major springs come in from side canyons all along the Little Colorado. Hiking upstream, we came to cascades over travertine terraces and magical pools of blue water—deep blue, opaque blue, turquoise blue, unimaginable blue.

I am right to love blue. Sometimes love makes you go through too much, but it is always worth it. ■■

Ruth Rudner of Corrales, New Mexico, will go anywhere there is something blue, even following husband David Muench along trails that make her (sometimes) wish she were somewhere else.

David Muench, also of Corrales, embraced the wild challenge of reaching the water of the Little Colorado, gloried in the absolute beauty of Havasu Falls and continues his search for the blue waters of the Earth.

online
For a guide to losing your blues by visiting Havasu Falls, go to arizonahighways.com (Click on Water Fun Guide)



Lake Powell's low water reveals long-submerged cliffs and bridges Text and Photographs by Gary Ladd

Kayakers quest for Glen Canyon's Ghost

October 2003

Kayakers get a close-up view of the exposed pale sandstone of Lake Powell's Twilight Canyon during a low-water excursion. Lake Powell is considered full when the water level is at 3,700 feet elevation. The level shown here is 98 feet below full, as shown by the old water line on the canyon's walls above.



Each of us pilots a shard of color—a sea kayak of red, blue, green or yellow. With no noise of engine

and no fog of exhaust, nothing separates us from the envelope of rock, water and sky. Paddling single file, we maneuver down a channel too tight to allow a turn and retreat. Smooth rock walls rise from the water's edge, undulating upward toward a sinuous slice of sky. As the sandstone walls press closer, the daylight gradually dims.

Finally we come to a tiny beach. Climbing out of our boats, we pull them up on the sand and begin exploring upstream in a canyon as dark as a dungeon.

I've joined these boaters, in a tour sponsored by Hidden Canyon Kayak company, to explore a tangle of Lake Powell tributaries in the Navajo Mountain area of Utah,

just north of the Arizona border. We'll be on the water for five days, paddling into canyons then exploring beyond the reach of the lake on foot. Trip leaders Les Hibbert and John Stears will lead the way into the sandstone labyrinths.

I've been here in Oak Canyon many times before. More accurately, I've floated here in a boat a hundred feet higher in elevation than now. But this is the first time I've stood on sand and cobbles where once I floated, wondering exactly what was below. The answer is . . . golf balls.

There are tens of thousands of golf balls in Lake Powell, balls whacked by boaters who, I guess, take their

clubs along on every vacation, turf optional. The golf balls are just part of a hoard of debris sitting on the former floor of Lake Powell, including mother lodes of sunglasses, fishing poles, plastic chairs, kitchen utensils, pliers and screwdrivers, anchors, propellers, watches, swimsuits and beach towels. More than once, we find entire speedboats.

The Lake Powell of the late 1990s, which was then brimming full and corkscrewing deep into the surrounding slickrock, has gone absent without leave. Where once there were beaches, now there are cliffs. Where once there were cliffs, now there are sandy slopes, alcoves and stairstep ledges. Where once there were

bright, open bays, now there are dark, twisting canyons.

The lake is down by about 100 feet, the result of a nearly 6-year drought that's strangled the flow of the Colorado River, feeding the reservoir only half its normal ration. To those who have known it for decades, visiting the altered lake is like running into an old buddy sporting a fresh facelift. You might greet him with, "Wow, you look great!" but you're really thinking, "Holy cow, this is going to take some getting used to."

On our trek up Oak Canyon, we eventually come to the remotest and faintest fingerprints of the once-full lake. Beyond this point the canyon broadens and we find only the artifacts of (Text continued on page 22)

Washed and combed by water and time, sandstone domes near Cookie Jar Butte overlook Padre Bay, where clouds from an afternoon storm creep toward solitary Tower Butte. Rising to 150 feet above the lake at its fullest, these hardened dunes have never been submerged by Lake Powell.

To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



Where once there were beaches, now there are cliffs. sandy slopes, alcoves and stairstep ledges. Where once there were bright, open bays, now there are dark, twisting canyons.

Low-water levels (shown here at 129 feet below full) allow hikers to reach the junction of Lehi and Anasazi canyons and to marvel at two natural bridges revealed for the first time in 40 years.

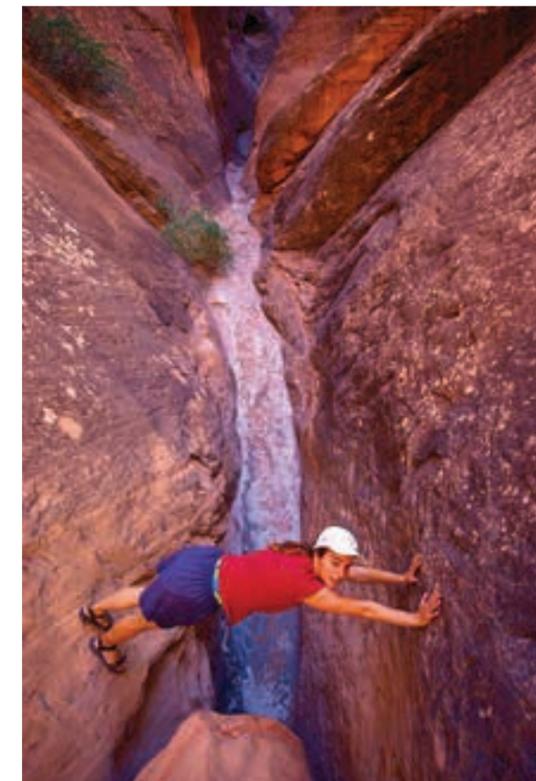
october 2004



october 2003

Taken a year earlier with the lake 98 feet below full, the photo above shows the other side of the same natural bridge as the photograph on the left.

Ten feet above Cascade Canyon's floor of sediment and debris (below), kayaker Emi Dickson creates a not-so-natural bridge.





october 2003

Kayaks skim through the glistening afternoon sunlight in Driftwood Canyon.

The Hidden Canyon Kayak crew (below) takes a break in Mystery Canyon, floating hundreds of feet above ancient footholds made prior to the creation of Lake Powell.



(Continued from page 19) nature—porcupine tracks, clumps of ricegrass, cryptogamic soil and curving panels of desert varnish. We explore and examine, sit awhile, then turn back toward our kayaks. Dinnertime is at hand.

Despite the drought, about 10.4 million acre-feet of water still sit in Lake Powell, which backs up from Glen Canyon Dam near Page. (An acre-foot equals 326,000 gallons of water, enough to fill a football field with 1 foot of water.) It's still 130 miles long, and the water depth at the dam exceeds 400 feet. So the lake has not shrunk to a muddy puddle—yet. But the low water has relocated the tour boat route to Rainbow Bridge, reduced hydroelectric power production, revealed new navigation hazards and closed some launch ramps. The reconstituted lake demands extra caution by boaters, but it offers the delight of exploring new shores.

Our lake trip began earlier in the day when we loaded our gear onto a shuttle boat at Wahweap Marina north of Page and motored up the lake to establish a camp in Oak Bay. Out of the hatches came tables, stoves, chairs and propane tanks. Off the roof came the kayaks. Out of the coolers came lunch and cold drinks. In a flurry of activity, tents popped up on the perimeter of the beach and Oscar—the portable toilet—made his debut.

Kayak instruction came next. Soon we were afloat in the shallow, green waters in front of camp, practicing.

Novice kayaker Emi Dickson quickly tested the stability of her craft beyond its limits: our first capsized. For the next week, through wind waves and powerboat wakes, miscalculations and horsing around, no one flipped again.

The next morning, after eating breakfast, we paddle across the main channel into Twilight Canyon. This cleft, unlike Oak, is relatively wide.

On foot when the water ends, we explore both arms beyond the limits of the lake until frustrated by chockstones and impassable dry falls.

These up-canyon hiking explorations begin as easy strolls on silt beds deposited when the lake was flush and recently graded flat by summer's monsoon floods. The original pre-lake bedrock lies dozens of feet below these sandy beds. The farther we walk, the tighter and more intricate the canyon becomes. Eventually, stream cobbles appear—a sign that we're close to the original floor of the canyon.

Where the walls stand a few feet apart, boulders hang between them, wedged tight, their mass blocking the way. Over these chockstones we wiggle and monkey, using a combination of feet, hands, posterior, elbows and knees.

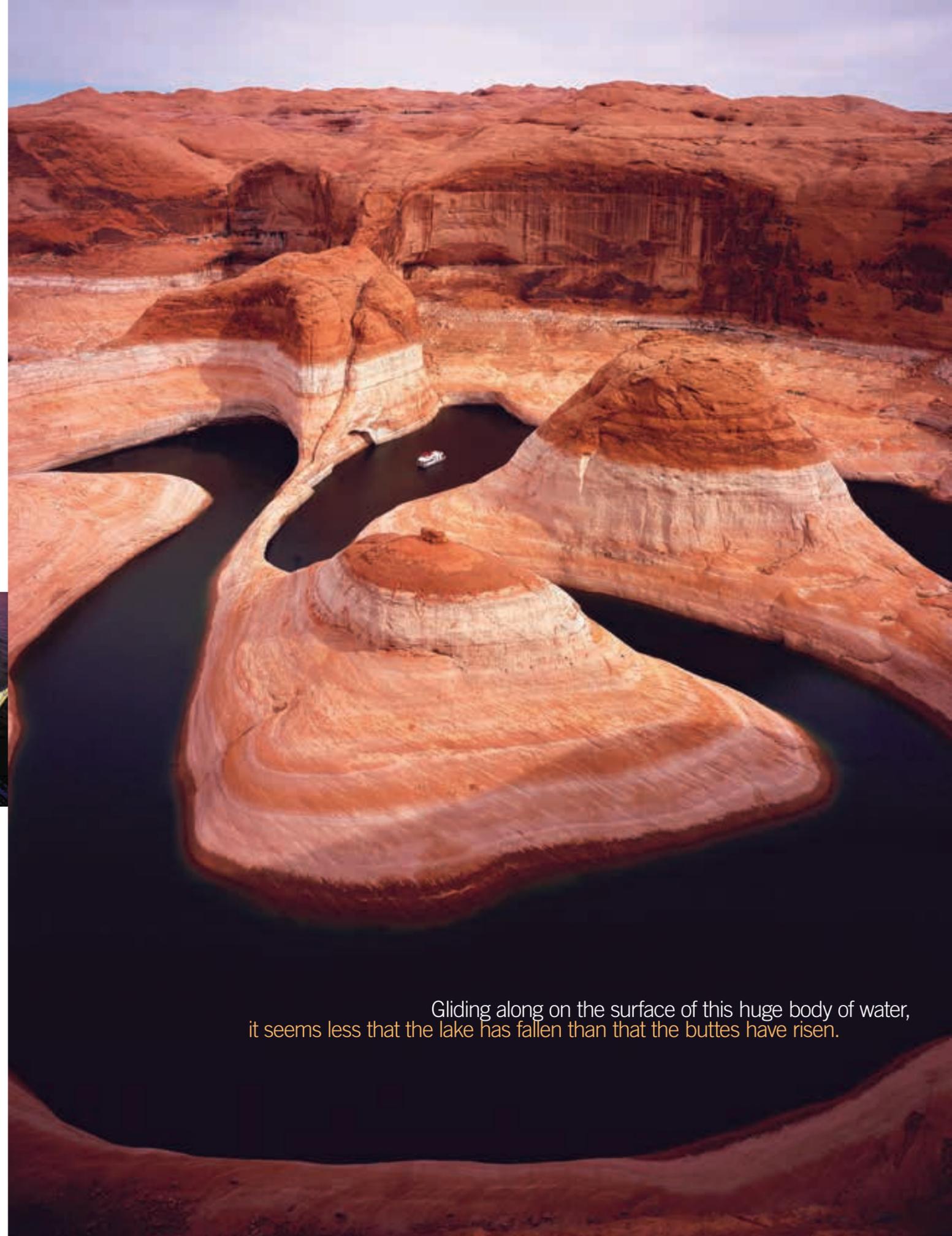
Twilight Canyon administers the first test of our gymnastic abilities. Each climb is half fun and half exasperation, offering cheap laughs for the onlookers.

The walls and boulders are sandpaper-rough. Knees, elbows and forearms accumulate (Text continued on page 26)

A houseboat (right) navigates the ever-narrowing necks of Reflection Canyon (shown here at 144 feet below full). Less than a decade ago, all but about 5 feet of the exposed white rock was under water and there was no visible canyon to navigate.

■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

march 2005



Gliding along on the surface of this huge body of water, it seems less that the lake has fallen than that the buttes have risen.

february 2005

In a side canyon off the Escalante Arm of Lake Powell, a sandstone formation known as Cathedral in the Desert emerges at 139 feet below full.



The lake and the land are locked in a silent but titanic war.
 Each heavy rainfall bombards the tributaries with boulders and sand.
 The lake counterattacks in the spring to rise and inundate the sands.



March 2005

With the lake level at 144 feet below full, hikers must tread a muddy mile across Davis Gulch's sedimentary floor to get a glimpse of 100-foot-wide, 75-foot-tall La Gorce Arch. Once boaters could go straight to the arch.

■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

(Continued from page 22) abrasions. The scrapes glow with warmth and remind me of something Hibbert mentioned at the pretrip meeting. "We'll clamber up side canyons until we've lost enough hide to suit us," he said.

In the afternoon, we explore Mystery Canyon on foot and on water. The water below cryptlike Moepitz fork is velvety black and of unknown depth—10 feet, 50 feet, 100 feet? The canyon walls—cool, dark and oozing moisture—rise vertically from the lake toward a bright hint of sky. The waterway ends abruptly in a flooded crack.

At the mouth of the Lehi branch of Mystery Canyon, we slip beneath a double stone bridge. The lower bridge

arcs overhead with just enough room for a tall kayaker, while the water beneath is so shallow that my paddle stirs up clouds of silt. Within a year, these two bridges could hang 30 feet above dry ground, the lake having withdrawn still farther and the sand beneath the bridges having been swept away by canyon floods.

The lake and the land are locked in a silent but titanic war. Each heavy rainfall bombards the tributaries with boulders and sand. The lake counterattacks in the spring to rise and inundate the sands.

Alien invaders—non-native plants—storm the beaches as the lake retreats, only to be routed by the lake's annual

rise. Islands surrender to the water, break free, then suffer recapture. Natural bridges appear, and then vanish under water for decades.

In the ensuing days, we explore a twisting medley of canyons—Cascade Canyon, Cathedral Canyon and Driftwood Canyon. Sometimes we're stopped by boulders, sometimes by mere fatigue. More hide is lost in the effort and Hibbert seems pleased. We also head up Bridge Canyon toward Rainbow Bridge. At high water, the lake extends beneath the great sandstone arc, but we hike for half an hour.

But for us, the bridge is not so much a goal as a gateway to the wild sandstone country beyond the reach of Lake Powell.

Our final exploration takes us into Mountain Sheep Canyon where Hibbert's thirst for trauma is made fully manifest. We hike far beyond the lake this time as the canyon narrows to a convoluted slit. Occasionally we come to flooded bedrock bowls. We wade across them, splashing water up on the walls—ankle deep, knee deep, waist deep—deep in the shadow of the cliff and excruciatingly cold.

At the edge of a bottomless black hole, we whimper and deliberate. Finally, Hibbert, chuckling with glee, slides down into the pool. Swimming and grinning, he vanishes around a bend. His voice floats back, "It's not so bad, come on across. Embrace the experience!"

Facing shame and ridicule, one by timid one, we all drop into the icy depths. The resulting torment is wickedly fine; the canyon beyond is lovely. And Hibbert is satisfied with his flock of shivering initiates. Later, after crossing the Pool of Pain, we return to our boat for the return to Wahweap Marina and the comforts of Arizona.

Gliding along on the surface of this huge body of water, it seems less that the lake has fallen than that the buttes have risen. Wahweap Lodge itself seems to now sit on the rim of a high cliff. More alcoves, chambers and slot canyons are revealed with the passing of each dry month. Glen Canyon is coming up for air.

The drought, however, won't last forever. Already, we've had a much wetter year. Meanwhile, this is a chance to see a transformed Lake Powell and long-hidden stretches of the old Glen Canyon.

And, of course, the low-water lake offers one final blandishment: free golf balls—and the world's most fiendish water hazard. ■■

Gary Ladd lives in Page, next to the lake, but can't seem to find enough time to explore the approximately 300 acres of dry land exposed with each 1-foot loss of lake elevation, although he once rowed the length of Lake Powell alone in a dory (see Arizona Highways, May 1977).

La Gorce Arch in Davis Gulch when Lake Powell was just 1 foot below full is also shown as the light area above the rockfall near the center of the photograph on the left.

September 1983



when you go LOCATION: 138 miles north of Flagstaff.

GETTING THERE: From Flagstaff, drive north on U.S. Route 89 to Wahweap Marina.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: Hidden Canyon Kayak offers tours March through May and September through November.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, (928) 608-6404 or www.nps.gov/glca; Hidden Canyon Kayak, (928) 645-8866 or www.hidden canyonkayak.com.



the
secret of
trout
fishing

With a brain
the size of a PEA,
the Wily Trout
offers lessons on
the meaning of life

BY PETER ALESHIRE



I swear it's true; something was nibbling at my ankles

as I braced myself against the cold current in the middle of an Arizona creek.

If you want my professional opinion, it was the Wily Trout, trying to stop the stream crossing of my hardy little band, like the last few desperate Germans trying to blow the Rhine River bridge at Remagen.

It nearly worked. I wobbled. I tottered. I flailed. Fortunately, Elissa, my wife, steadied me. Disaster was averted.

At that very moment, my life jumped its channel. I slid into the rapids of obsession. I gazed on the ruffle of the Divine.

But wait, I've started in the middle. Let me start at the beginning, lest I lose you like a trout hooked in the lip.

Make no mistake. I'm no fisherman. I lost interest in the sport as a child after my grandparents warned me that in the lake near their farm there lurked a sturgeon three times the size of their skiff—Moby the Sturgeon. I dreamed of being swallowed whole.

But rivers flow to the sea. Climbers of mountains get married, have kids and gain weight. And mud settles, eventually.

Blame my wife, who spoke of fly-fishing like the memory of a first kiss.

So she talked me into a fly-fishing expedition

I could hear the silvery laughter of trout from my perch in the cheap seats.

on the sedate wilds of a creek regularly stocked with rainbow and brown trout.

We piled out of the car and picked our way along the stream, seeking the secret hiding place of Wily Trout. "Look for an undercut bank," said Elissa. "Look for a pool of still-water backspin against the stream edge."

After a pleasant ramble, she found the right spot. I waded across first, Noah, then 10, on my back, Seth, 12, in one hand and my fishing pole in the other. Noah grasped a wonderfully gnarled stick perfect for either a wizard's staff or for accidentally jabbing his father's back.

I dumped Noah on the far shore and headed back to help Elissa, the camera slung around her neck.

"Take this," I ordered Seth, handing him the fishing pole before plunging once again into the current.

Back on shore, the Wily Noah watched as Seth flicked the fly out into the current. Noah carefully studied Seth's grip on the pole, then dropped the Wizard's Staff into the water.

"Seth," shouted the Wily Noah, "I dropped the stick."

Seth handed Noah the pole and raced to save the Wizard's Staff.

We come now back to our beginning.

I had reached midstream when Noah began shouting. "I got one! I got one!"

Sure enough, the tight-stretched line zig-zagged through the water as Noah danced about like a crazed elf.

We rushed to his side, eventually to extract from the creek a brilliantly hued, thoroughly confused, foot-long rainbow trout.

We were hooked.

Alas, the festivities were dampened considerably when my children discovered that I actually planned to eat our finny friend.

"You're not going to kill him?" demanded Seth, aghast.

Noah simply stared, saucer-sized eyes brimming with tears.

"I'm going to eat him," I said. "You eat cows don't you?"

The thought of slaughtered cows caused Noah to break down completely.

Sorry, kid. I butchered that trout and fried him in butter. Heaven on a plate. A fair trade for the respect of my children.

After that, I was really hooked.

Only much later did I discover that fly-fishing requires not only a trust fund to finance the equipment, but an advanced degree in psychology to find the trout.

The expert advice suggests that the Wily Trout is such a picky eater that he could put a 4-year-old human to shame. Trout typically will only bite flies that perfectly mimic the shape, color and movement of the larva du jour. These steely-eyed creatures with a brain the size of a very large pea contemptuously ignore out-of-season white flies and larvae from the wrong watershed, inveigh the experts.

This makes fly-fishing an art form, experts confidently explain. You must meticulously control your "presentation," for the Wily Trout will shy from your long shadow on the water, the slap of the line on the surface and the clomp of your clodhoppers on the rocks.

Noah knew none of this. He did every single thing wrong.

Clearly, that trout had not read any of the fishing books.

Foolishly, I did—complete with the discussion of the relative merits of flies made of polar bear hairs, short poles, long poles, dry flies and wet flies.

For all my research, fly-fishing remains a mystery—like the pattern in my unanswered prayers and the ability of the brain to generate metaphors.

That first fishing trip offered its own metaphor for the whole fishing addiction. I spent entire days during that lazy summer week working that stream. I found the perfect textbook trout hiding place. I made one flawless upstream presentation after another. But the trout merely riffled the surface and sniffed my fly in disdain.

I passed by that same spot later to watch another fellow work my perfect trout hole. Of course, he could do the whole alphabet in the air on his backcast. So I studied him like a splattered house painter watching the painting of the Sistine Chapel.

He didn't catch anything.

I could hear the silvery laughter of trout from my perch in the cheap seats.

On that whole trip, I caught only one trout. I was wading the stream, my line trailing in the water. The trout grabbed it. I got so excited I fell over backwards. My cheap waders filled with water, converting me to a human dredge.

My beloved children laughed so hard they very nearly fell in. Poor dears.

Still, I reeled in the trout. And under the watchful eyes of my offspring, I let him go.

Now, I admit that by any objective measure, you would have to rate me a total failure as a fly fisherman.

But here's the thing. Even now—years later—I can recall every detail of that stream—the overhanging banks, midstream rocks, murmuring riffles and laughing trout. I can shut my eyes and summon the white noise gurgle of the water, like the breath of a lover asleep on the next pillow.

And so I offer Peter's Secret to Trout Fishing 101.

It ain't about the fish.

It's the standing all day in running water, letting time drift past like autumn leaves.

I cling to this Zenlike insight, for it makes me calm.

Even when I hear Noah tell a friend about the day he caught a monster trout "using a downstream presentation." ■■

Peter Aleshire, editor of Arizona Highways, also wrote the Back Road Adventure in this issue.



Surrounded by meadows and ponderosa pines, the serenity of a high-mountain trout stream beckons where the arms of the Black River converge near Three Forks in eastern Arizona. RICHARD MAACK

6 Summer Spots for Arizona Anglers

Like Arizonans, fish tend to congregate in cooler places during the summer months. Here are some top casting locations from the Arizona Game and Fish Department:

Black River

The East and West forks: Native Apache trout and wild brown trout; native Apache trout stocked weekly.

Location: South of State Route 260, between Fort Apache and Alpine (928) 367-4281; www.wmonline.com/attract/streams.htm

TIP Good pockets can be found when fishing from the campgrounds.

Big Lake

Rainbow trout, cutthroat, brook and native Apache trout

Location: 28 miles southwest of Springerville (928) 367-4281; www.wmonline.com/attract/lakes.htm

TIP On a breezy day at Big Lake, fish with the wind at your back, near the shorelines.

Hawley Lake

Rainbow trout, native Apache trout, brown trout and the occasional brook trout

Location: Southeast of McNary, on the White Mountain Apache Reservation; daily permit required (928) 367-4281; www.wmonline.com/attract/lakes.htm

TIP Unlike streams, lakes can have a high incidence of algae in summer months that can throw off the water's acidity/alkalinity balance and the balance of fish. Ask about algae conditions prior to lake fishing.

Lee's Ferry

Rainbow trout, occasional brown trout

Location: About 120 miles north of Flagstaff, near Utah border (928) 774-5045; www.azgfd.gov/h_f/where_fish_northwest.shtml

Lake Mary

Upper—Catfish, walleye; peak times from sunset to sunrise

Lower—Rainbow trout; recently stocked

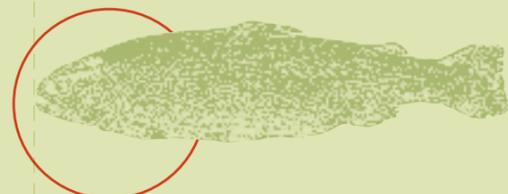
Location: About 10 miles southeast of Flagstaff (928) 774-5045; http://www.azgfd.gov/h_f/where_fish_north.shtml

TIP Lower Lake Mary was a dried-up pasture until winter and spring of 2005. Both the water and the fish are new. August should have an abundance of young fish, but Arizona Game and Fish says April 2006 will be optimal for catching them at their prime.

Woods Canyon Lake

Rainbow trout, brown trout

Location: Approximately 32 miles northeast of Payson, along the Mogollon Rim (928) 367-4281; www.azgfd.com/h_f/where_fish_mogollon.shtml



Images of Navajoland

Native-son LeRoy DeJolie's New Book Shares
His Legacy in Words and Photographs

An excerpt from the foreword by **Tony Hillerman** accompanies selected scenes

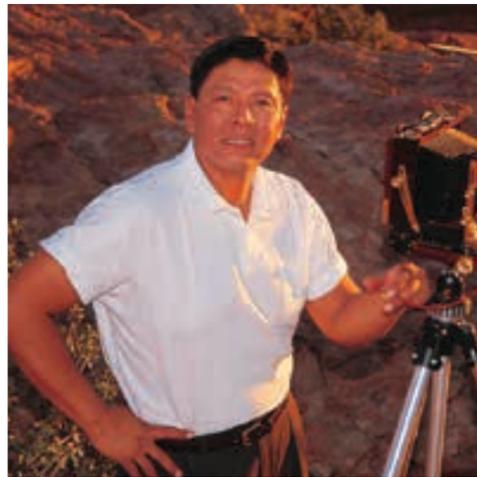


THIS PAGE:

Dappled shadows cast by a moody sky over Monument Valley prompted writer-photographer LeRoy DeJolie to title this photograph "Stone Light." Reaching this vantage point on Hunt's Mesa requires hours of hiking or back-road venturing. ■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

In *Navajoland: A Native Son Shares His Legacy*,

recently published by Arizona Highways Books, author and photographer LeRoy DeJolie takes readers on a visual and spiritual tour of his homeland. The mesas, canyons and mountains captured in the 80-page book represent far more than scenery for DeJolie; they remain the source and inspiration for his culture and identity. Mystery writer Tony Hillerman, who wrote the foreword to the book, observes that for the Navajo photographer, this landscape is a Holy Land. What follows is an excerpt from the foreword.



[ABOVE] In his new book, author LeRoy DeJolie depicts elders such as this grandmother who strive to give children a context for life and to instill the Navajo culture in them.

[LEFT] "Soft, sweet light bathes the canyon walls and plateaus of my homeland on the Colorado Plateau in brilliant bands of dark rose, pink and tan. Although I often feel dwarfed by the immense size and striking shapes of these timeless sentinels, I live for the opportunity to capture them on film," says DeJolie. [RIGHT] Although the hogan on this homestead features a roof of modern material and a stove, the design follows the construction prescribed for a traditional Navajo home.

mountain remains an enduring reminder of how a harmonious family partnership allowed good to overcome greedy evil.

From the "winter stories" based on oral accounts from tribal mythology, traditional Navajo children learn their goal in life is not to be richer or more powerful than one's fellows. To the contrary, life's purpose is to remain in harmony with the great, interconnected cosmos of which they are a part—along with fellow humans, the birds, the wolves, the rivers, the hornets, the winter winds, the piñon trees and the bark beetles that feed on them, and even the mesa cliffs that change sunset colors with the changing seasons.

They are not (as the Bible's "Book of Genesis" suggests) born to be master of the planet and all upon it. Instead, Navajo children learn they are among the cogs in an endless natural process, which includes not just us humans and not just all living things like the grass underfoot and the red-tailed hawk above, but also Earth itself, the starry sky, the clouds that drift through it, and the blessed rain they bring. . . .

A Navajo student in a class I taught years ago told me that if I wanted to find witchcraft on the reservation, "Look for a Navajo who has more of everything than he needs."

by Tony Hillerman

Why would a cameraman born to the *Diné* (Din NAY)—the name traditional Navajos call themselves—see his homeland in a way different from any other talented photographer? The answer lies in cultural values. LeRoy DeJolie was born to the Rock Gap People, his mother's clan, and the Red House People of his father. The photographer was raised among people who see more than mere mountains, dry washes, expanses of sage, and the solidified lava flow of exhausted volcanoes when they look at the landscape around them. DeJolie has heard the "winter stories" in which children of traditional Navajos learn lessons of their genesis from the start of creation.

For example, when a traditional Navajo focuses his camera on the old volcano we call Mount Taylor, he sees *Tsoodzil*, the Turquoise Mountain. The story of the Navajo Genesis tells how First Man formed the mountain of material brought up from the world below, decorated it with blue beads, pinned it to the Earth with a flint knife, and made it the home of the spirits Turquoise Boy and Yellow Corn Girl (the *Yei'* or Holy People known as *'Ashkii Doot'izbii* and *At'ééd Litsó naadááá*). On this mountain, the sacred southern boundary post of the Navajo Holy Land, the twin sons of Changing Woman—armed with weapons stolen from Sun—killed the *Ye'itsob*, the chief of the evil monsters who had followed the *Diné* up from the underworld. The lava flow, which forms the remarkable landscape we drive through south of Mount Taylor, consists of the dried blood of that monster. To traditional Navajos, the





The face of Curtie E. Daw reflects contentment, a trait especially valued by Navajos.

A Navajo student in a class I taught years ago told me that if I wanted to find witchcraft on the reservation, “Look for a Navajo who has more of everything than he needs.” Another Navajo friend told me that saying “‘rich Navajo’ is like saying ‘healthy corpse.’”

Alex Etcitty, my favorite *Diné* philosopher, explained that “having what you need is good. Having more than you need, with needy people around you, is a sign you’re an evil person.”

“Why evil?” I asked Etcitty.

“Because this sort of greed disrupts *bozhô*. And *bozhô*—a concept which includes not just harmony but contentment and family love—is the ultimate goal.”

Thus, a traditional Navajo does not want to appear richer, or otherwise superior, to his neighbors. Instead of appearing wiser than others, he will precede an explanation with “They say,” thereby giving the impression that he simply is passing along the knowledge. Or, for another example, a Navajo friend explained that his brother, who had won three consecutive rodeo bull-riding prizes at the Navajo Tribal Fair, would not enter the next year “because he has been winning too much.” ■■

Tony Hillerman, the Albuquerque writer who popularized the Native American detective novel, has had decades of close association with the Navajo Tribe.



Part of Arizona Highways Books' Special Scenic Collection, the soft-covered *NavajoLand* (\$12.95 plus shipping and handling) can be ordered online at arizonahighways.com or by calling toll-free (800) 543-5432.



This place is called Red Mesa, located less than 20 miles from the Four Corners, where Arizona, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico meet. It's stark, but yellow mule's ears thrive in the sandy plains below the mesa top. Navajo mythology relates that the red in the rock came from one of Monster Slayer's conquests. ■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



Geronimo, pictured here in 1890, reportedly had many mystical powers, including one that people believed kept him alive through 50 years of warfare.

»»» **GERONIMO SAT ON A ROCK** deep in the Chiricahua Mountains of southeastern Arizona. His head rested in his hands. His face, wet with tears, revealed his deep grief for his wife, Alope, his three children, and his mother, who had been killed by Mexican soldiers only a short time before.

Suddenly a voice called his name, Apache Sam Haozous told Geronimo's biographer, Angie Debo, in *Geronimo: The Man, His Time, His Place*. Geronimo looked around, but saw no one. Three more times he heard his name called. As he continued to look for the source, the voice said, "No gun can ever kill you. I will take the bullets from the guns of the Mexicans, so they will have nothing but powder. And I will guide your arrows."

Geronimo would eventually have many powers, but he believed this power to be his most potent and important. Protection from death was widely respected among the Apaches, and because of it, he fought fearlessly and earned a reputation as a great Apache war leader.

"Bullets cannot kill me!" Geronimo reportedly told artist Elbridge Ayer Burbank in 1897, long after the old warrior had fought his last battle and was a prisoner of war at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Over the years, his power continued to reaffirm this prophecy. In 1870, his sister Ishton lay close to death as she endured a horrendous labor. Years later, Daklugie, the son to whom she was giving birth, told the story to Eve Ball, who recorded it in *Indeh: An Apache Odyssey*.

His father was on a raid, Daklugie said, so Geronimo had come to officiate at the birth as medicine man.

"For four days she suffered terribly," Daklugie related. "Geronimo thought that she was going to die; he had done all he could for her, and was so distressed that he climbed high up the mountain behind Fort Bowie to plead with [the Apache god] Ussen for his sister's life. As Geronimo stood with arms and eyes upraised . . . Ussen spoke. Geronimo heard His voice clearly, as distinctly as if on a telephone. Ussen told Geronimo that his sister was to live, and he promised my uncle that he would never be killed but would live to a ripe old age and would die a natural death."

Daklugie told Ball that he believed this power gave Geronimo his great courage. "He was by nature already a brave person, but if one knows that he will never be killed, why be afraid?"

Apaches believe power of all kinds pervades the universe and is available for good or evil. "Power is never overtly sought, and when it comes, it comes suddenly and unexpectedly. It was the life force of the universe,

and it sought individuals through which to work," wrote Debo. In an *American Anthropologist* article, ethnologist Morris Opler wrote: "No one knows in advance what power may be offered to him or when it may be offered. Then one day a person may have 'something speak to him.' It may be in a dream; it may be when he is alone in his camp; it may be when he is with a crowd of his fellows." Leaders who wielded power to help their people gained great influence as a result.

"No White Eyes seem to understand the importance of that [power] in controlling Apaches," Daklugie said to Ball. "Naiche [Cochise's youngest son and the last chief of the free Apaches] was not a Medicine Man; so he needed Geronimo as Geronimo needed him. It was a good combination. Geronimo saw that Naiche was given the recognition and respect due a chief and that he always occupied the seat of honor; but Geronimo strategized, with Naiche's help, and made the decisions."

Renowned as a powerful medicine man, Geronimo often performed healing ceremonies. In *An Apache Life-Way*, Opler quotes one of his informants as saying, "Geronimo had an old black tray basket before him filled with the things he used for the ceremony. He had a downy eagle feather in it and an abalone shell and a bag of pollen."

The ceremony began, this informant continues, with Geronimo rolling a cigarette and blowing a puff of smoke in each of the four sacred directions. While rubbing the patient with pollen, he prayed to each direction. Then beating a drum with a curved stick, he sang about Coyote, the trickster, a vital figure in Apache myth and a supernatural power. When the Evening Star rested halfway between the horizon and the zenith—midnight—the ceremony ended. He repeated the ceremony for the next three nights.

He had one taboo during his healing ceremonies, as remembered by another of Opler's informants, ". . . he would warn us not to scratch or we would get a choking sensation then and there."

Geronimo often petitioned his power for help. After jumping the San Carlos Apache Reservation in 1881, he returned in 1882, not to surrender, but to "rescue" Warm Springs chief Loco's band, who were contentedly living the reservation life. Debo states that as Geronimo neared the reservation, he invoked the spirits, asking them to put a deep sleep on those at the agency and also on Loco's people, and, according to those with him, the sleep happened. After gathering up a reluctant Loco and his people, they ran for Mexico. In order to stay ahead of the pursuing army, the fleeing Apaches made a long night march. They moved down a mountainside and prepared to cross the wide, open San Simon Valley. Knowing the sun would rise before they completed the crossing and render them visible to their pursuers, Geronimo summoned his power to delay the rising of the sun. An Apache who accompanied Geronimo on this flight later said, "So [he] sang and the night remained for two or three hours longer. I saw this myself."

An Apache warrior named Tissnolthos said Geronimo could

»»» **As Geronimo reached old age, his powers of healing caused his fellow Apaches to look at him with suspicion. Medicine men had the ability, they believed, to transfer death from themselves to another person.**

make himself and those with him invisible from the enemy. After a ceremony, the soldiers would see only a herd of cattle.

Daklugie agreed, telling Ball, "When they were after him they could not find him. Maybe he is there but they don't see him."

His power also warned of danger. In May 1883, unbeknownst to the Apaches, Gen. George Crook had penetrated the wild and rugged Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico, seeking surrender from the Apaches.

Jason Betzinez, in his book, *I Fought with Geronimo*, tells of how Geronimo and 36 of his warriors were deep in Mexico, "making a living" by helping themselves to cattle and other necessities of life. One night they sat by a fire some 120 miles from their base camp. Geronimo held a hunk of beef in one hand and a knife in his other. Suddenly he dropped the knife and said, "Men, our people whom we left at our base camp are now in the hands of U.S. troops. What shall we do?"

Betzinez, who witnessed this, wrote many years later, "I cannot explain it to this day. But I was there and saw it. No, he didn't get the word by some messenger. And no smoke signals had been made."

Immediately they started back. On the last night before reaching camp, and still having had no contact with anyone, Betzinez wrote that Geronimo made yet another prophecy. He told his warriors, "Tomorrow afternoon as we march along the north side of the mountains we will see a man standing on a hill to our left. He will howl to us and tell us that the troops have captured our base camp."

The next afternoon, as they marched west through pines and oaks, Betzinez said, "We heard a howl from the hilltop to our left. There stood an Apache calling to us. He came down through the rocks to tell us that the main camp . . . was in the hands of U.S. troops. Thus the event which Geronimo had foretold . . . came to pass as true as steel. I still cannot explain it."

Betzinez recalled another occasion where Geronimo's power warned him of danger. In 1882, Geronimo and Chihuahua raided into southern Arizona Territory for ammunition and "many articles useful for camp life." They crossed the border into Mexico and headed toward their stronghold and safety. Suddenly Geronimo stopped and said Mexican soldiers were following them. Betzinez said, "He prophesied as to the exact moment they would appear. Sure enough, just as Geronimo had predicted Mexican soldiers appeared in the very place and at the exact time that Geronimo had foretold." This allowed the Apaches to set a trap and capture all the Mexicans' horses and weapons.

While living on the reservation in 1884, Geronimo somehow learned newspapers were calling for his death, and the soldiers taunted him, drawing their hands across their throats. He later told Gen. George Crook that he'd heard "they were going to seize me and put me . . . in the guardhouse." Geronimo became nervous, and consulted his power. The answer caused him, along with other leaders and more than 140 of their followers, to jump the reservation and head for Mexico.

Geronimo also used power to explain things he did not understand in the white world. While attending the world's fair in 1904, he watched a magician "kill" a young woman by running her through with a sword. "When the cloth was lifted from the basket, she stepped out, smiled, and walked off the stage," Geronimo said in his autobiography, *Geronimo's Story of His Life*. "I would like to know how she so quickly healed, and why the wounds did not kill her."

He then saw a man perform a Houdini-style trick with ropes, and said, "I do not understand how this was done. It was certainly

GERONIMO

MAN OF MYSTICAL POWER

THE LEGENDARY APACHE WIELDED GREAT INFLUENCE AS A HEALER, SEER AND INVINCIBLE WARRIOR by Sharon S. Magee



For years, Geronimo eluded Mexican and American troops in rugged southeast Arizona hideaways like Cave Creek Canyon (above) in the Chiricahua Mountains. STEVE BRUNO

a miraculous power, because no man could have released himself by his own efforts.”

As Geronimo reached old age, his powers of healing caused his fellow Apaches to look at him with suspicion. Medicine men had the ability, they believed, to transfer death from themselves to another person. Rumors spread that Geronimo was thwarting death in this manner.

James Kaywaykla, a member of Geronimo's band, told Debo that these suspicions haunted Geronimo. His beloved but sickly daughter, Eva, appeared to be losing ground, and he feared some evil influence. He'd lost many family members in the last few years, and now Eva might leave him. He called for a dance to discover who was witching his family. Lot Eyelash, a half-brother, conducted the ceremony. After Eyelash danced to four songs, he stopped, pointed an accusatory finger at Geronimo, and cried out, “You did it so you could live on.” While Geronimo's feelings about the accusation can only be imagined, he knew he had not witched his family.

Another of Opler's informants, Sam Kenoi, who was no great admirer of Geronimo, called his ceremonies foolish. “He thought the white people were going to kill him or send him to jail somewhere,” Kenoi said. “Then he would hold his ceremony and see some vision and it would say, ‘Go out on the war-path.’”

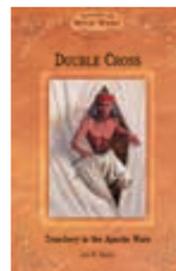
Nor did many whites believe in them. In his autobiography *Apache Days & Tombstone Nights*, John Clum, an agent on the San Carlos Reservation and the only man to ever capture Geronimo,

accused him of “spreading more of that buncombe [bunk] about his charmed life as the favored son of Ussen.” But how else do you explain the survival of a man who fought desperate battles for 50 years, a man who, with only 37 warriors, women and children, eluded 5,000 troops, about one-quarter of the U.S. Army, and 2,500 Mexican troops and captured the fearful imagination of a nation, an old man with many wounds and deep memories, who in the end died peacefully just as his power predicted all those years before?

Nowhere is it recorded how many of Geronimo's prophecies and predictions proved false, or healing ceremonies proved unsuccessful. However, the first-hand accounts by Apaches like Betzinez demonstrate that seeing is believing. ■■

Sharon S. Magee of Phoenix enjoys discovering new stories to tell of Geronimo's life.

ADDITIONAL READING: *Double Cross: Treachery in the Apache Wars* includes an account of Geronimo reneging on his promise to surrender at Canyon de los Embudos in 1885. Written by Leo W. Banks for *Arizona Highways'* Wild West Collection, the 144-page softcover book (\$7.95 plus shipping and handling) can be ordered online at arizonahighways.com or by calling toll-free (800) 543-5432.



Expert Roper Earl Lightfoot Never Learned to Look Before He Threw

EARL LIGHTFOOT WORKED as an Arizona cowboy all his life. In the years before four-wheel drives and all-terrain vehicles, a cowboy's life and livelihood depended on his horse and his rope and his skill with both.

Arizona cowboys were no different than any other cowboys in that respect; they always had their ropes ready for whatever happened. Earl was a good roper even by the highest standard. His two sons had participated in team-roping championships, and Earl had taught them how.

Earl worked on several ranches in the Camp Verde area, including two of the Wingfield ranches, and then nearly 20 years at Ward's Seven Lazy T. He often took his two boys, Alvin and Colonel, with him when he worked the ranch. It was on such an outing that they had an experience they wouldn't forget.

It was in the late 1940s. Earl was in the lead as he and his boys rounded up strays on the Wingfield ranch among the cacti and mesquite in the high desert near Camp Verde. The thing about rounding up strays in this terrain was to get them before they could get a bush between you and them, and avoid a chase.

Too many chases (which cowboys call “brush poppin'”) can wear a horse down pretty fast, so it's important to have your rope ready and catch the stray quickly. Brush poppin' was always exciting because you never knew what might be on the other side.

Earl was as quick as they come, and usually had the stray roped before it even twitched. It was almost an instinct with him. He took no time to ponder or identify; he'd just see movement and throw by reflex.

Earl and his horse once stepped around a piñon pine tree and spooked a bull elk out of its bed. The elk was up and moving in an instant, but not quickly enough. As soon as Earl glimpsed that flash of brown, his rope was on the way to the elk's

antlers. Earl knew he had a handful, and had to decide in an instant between losing a good rope and preparing for a fight. Ropes weren't cheap, so he threw a hard and fast knot around the saddle horn.

When the elk reached the end of the rope, it was almost perpendicular to Earl's horse and going so fast that it jerked the horse and Earl down to the ground. Of course, the elk went down too, but got back up a lot quicker. The horse lay there kicking and thrashing with Earl's leg pinned underneath and a really upset elk at the other end of the rope.

The elk decided to reverse direction and headed straight for them. As soon as the rope went slack, the horse lunged to its feet with Earl hanging on for dear life while keeping one eye on the rapidly approaching antlers.

He and the horse were almost halfway up when the elk jumped right over them and kept going. One more jump and it reached the end of the rope again and jerked the horse back down onto the other side.

But this time Earl flew from the saddle and landed in a creosote bush. The sudden stop at the end of the rope spun the elk around, and the momentum of its hindquarters jerked its antlers out of the loop. Needless to say, it didn't hang around.

Both Earl and his horse were a little slow getting to their feet this time, and if the horse could have talked, it would have had some choice words about the situation. Earl had some choice words to say himself, and the two boys knew well enough not to laugh out loud. They also noticed that he sat a little sideways in the saddle all the way back to the barn.

When Earl swung his black and blue leg out of his bunk the next morning, there was a piece of butcher paper hanging on the back of a chair with a picture of a calf and a picture of an elk. Under the calf it said, “We rope these,” and under the elk it said, “We shoot these.”

Nobody said a word, but there was a lot of snickering around the breakfast table that morning.

A few years later, while working on the Seven Lazy T, Earl roped a small black bear. His horse wasn't too enthusiastic about that either, but that's another story.

Earl died in 1996, leaving his two sons—Alvin, who lives in Mayer, and Colonel from Dugas—glad they had a chance to grow up closely associated with their dad. Earl's wife, Midge, lives in Rimrock. ■■



Suburban Roof-prowling Bobcat Ate Well, But He Was No Housekitty

IN THE DAYS before development devoured huge habitat hunks in northeast Scottsdale, a cunning cat took up rooftop residence at our home.

Lazing on the roof, the bobcat earned an easy living. Daylong snoozes preceded nocturnal hunts. Twenty pounds of lean muscle mass, the tawny cat with black spotting, stubby tail, lanky legs and a steel gaze was art in motion. A masterful mix of grace and purpose, he choreographed perfect pounces, scoring substantial meals. Dining on plentiful prey of rabbits and rodents, life was good for the solitary cat, who hid his presence well. Settling into suburbia for a year, he likely out hunted his counterparts in the wild, forced to work for food.

From a distance, he looked like a well-fed housecat. Closer scrutiny, however, revealed distinct differences. Named for its short 4- to 6-inch bobbed tail, the bobcat (*Lynx rufus*) is larger boned and more muscular than its domestic cousin, with hind legs proportionately longer than its front legs.

Like most *Lynx rufus*, this bobcat prefers to prowl alone through its rocky, wooded territory, although the cats frequently find their way into urban environments.

Named for its short 4- to 6-inch bobbed tail, the bobcat (*Lynx rufus*) is larger boned and more muscular than its domestic cousin, with hind legs proportionately longer than its front legs.

Known to prey on as many as 40 species, the bobcat makes diet diversity a survival skill. Equipped with 28 teeth anchored by roots nearly as long as the exposed crown, a bobcat's bite can sever the spinal cord of small prey.

"Bobcats can change the composition of their diet as environmental conditions change," says Arizona Game and Fish Department wildlife research biologist Ted McKinney. Studying bobcat diets during the drought in the '90s, McKinney found the felines mostly ate rodents, but gobbled up rabbits when they could find them. "Eating rabbits is like sitting down to a good meal for bobcats, while they have to eat 10 little ground squirrels or mice to feel satisfied."

McKinney first fell for these felines decades ago at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum near Tucson while working his way through college. When a family relinquished a pet bobcat to the museum, McKinney was assigned complete care of the cat.

"He turned out to be a love," chuckles McKinney. "I used to wear a straw cowboy hat that he liked. After I got close to him, he liked to play this game: When I'd go into his cage, he'd crouch down like he was going to attack me. Making three or four big jumps, he'd knock my hat off, batting it around the cage. I'd put it back on and he'd go after it again."

The game sadly stopped a year later. "I went in the cage one day and he was acting sluggish. I took him in my arms, put him in my pickup, rushed him to the vet and he died there from feline distemper."

Other encounters with bobcats point to their proud nature, McKinney observed during his research. "While working on banding quail using wire mesh traps near the Kofa Mountains by Yuma in 1958, we went to check the traps and there was a bobcat in one of them. Captured near a water catchment, the bobcat was soaking wet and angry with the world when we lifted up the trap and released him. Rather than rocketing off into the distance, he went a little way, then started shaking water off and licking his paws before leisurely walking off.

"Through the years, I've noticed that whenever I encounter bobcats in close proximity, they don't seem to be particularly afraid of me," adds McKinney. "I've always felt they had an interesting sense of dignity about them. If you see one close on the road, he might walk a



Although not typically identified as predatory pests and despite a decline in the bobcat fur trade, the animals are still regularly hunted.

few feet away, then sit there and watch you a bit. This fits with an overall impression that bobcats aren't negatively affected by the presence of people or houses."

In rare instances, bobcat-human encounters can be a cause for worry. In February, the Maricopa County Parks and Recreation Department briefly closed the Spur Cross Ranch Conservation Area northeast of Phoenix after two hikers spotted a growling bobcat that approached them. Park officials were concerned the animal had contracted rabies.

Little is known about Arizona's bobcats, but McKinney is working on changing that. "With a conservation mentality emerging in the '50s, bounties were outlawed in the '70s. So most research on bobcats," he says, "only began in the '70s. There's still no single state that's done a lot of research on bobcat populations."

McKinney recently began a new study with Game and Fish, aimed at estimating Arizona's

bobcat population. Data collected at 1,000 scent stations in five key habitat areas will provide a greater understanding of their relative abundance, population trends, habitat needs and possible designation of refuge areas.

Meanwhile, I often wonder what happened to the rooftop cat, which exited as suddenly and inconspicuously as he'd arrived a year earlier. Despite hiding himself well, I managed to grab glimpses of his distinctive ear tufts and majestic territorial pose.

My most indelible memory, though: Locking gazes for an instant—enough time to confirm there's something undeniably sacred about sharing space with another species. ■■

An ardent animal lover, Cheryl A. Sweet also shared her north Scottsdale back yard with javelinas, coyotes, cottontails, quail, doves, cardinals, woodpeckers, a great horned owl and a visiting Gila monster.

Tom Vezo, who never saw a bobcat in the wild, now has a family of four bobcats visiting his yard in Green Valley.

FUN BOBCAT FACTS

In 1915, a real desert bobcat named "Rufus Arizona" was introduced as the University of Arizona's first mascot. Rufus retired to the Reid Park Zoo. The mascot eventually morphed into Wilbur Wildcat (a human in costume) in 1959.

Bobcats are known to live up to twice as long in captivity as in the wild.



A Wandering Drive Across the Reservation Reveals Pristine Apache Lands

STROLLING ACROSS THE Fort Apache parade grounds, I anticipate my adventure and wonder why the Apache Indians fought so desperately to hang onto what remains a remote, lightly populated wilderness in east-central Arizona.

The fort's 288-acre collection of Army barracks, school buildings and the new Apache Cultural Center remains shadowed by ironies, and so offers the perfect preparation for my 90-mile drive through the heart of the White Mountain Apache Reservation, the ecological equivalent of a quick drive from Mexico to Canada.

The resourceful White Mountain Apaches now have laid claim to the fort once built by white men, just as visionary leaders like Chief Alchesay learned to compromise and adapt to hold tenaciously onto this spectacular, 1.6 million-acre reservation. The sprawling reservation includes the Salt River Canyon at 2,700 feet elevation and Mount Baldy at 11,403 feet, which remains one of the wettest places in Arizona. To hold onto their home, the White Mountain leaders even proved willing to serve as scouts for the Army in the terrible war with Geronimo's Chiricahua Apaches.

In part, that's because they believed their culture and morality depended on an intimate connection with the land where every bend of the stream had a sacred name and a story that helped parents teach children right behavior, as so beautifully described in Keith H. Basso's *Wisdom Sits in Places: Landscape and Language Among the Western Apache*. The Apache people believe the land's spirit can impart wisdom if you pay close attention.

Now the White Mountain reservation harbors



A great blue heron lifts off from the shore of Pacheta Lake on the White Mountain Apache Indian Reservation in eastern Arizona.

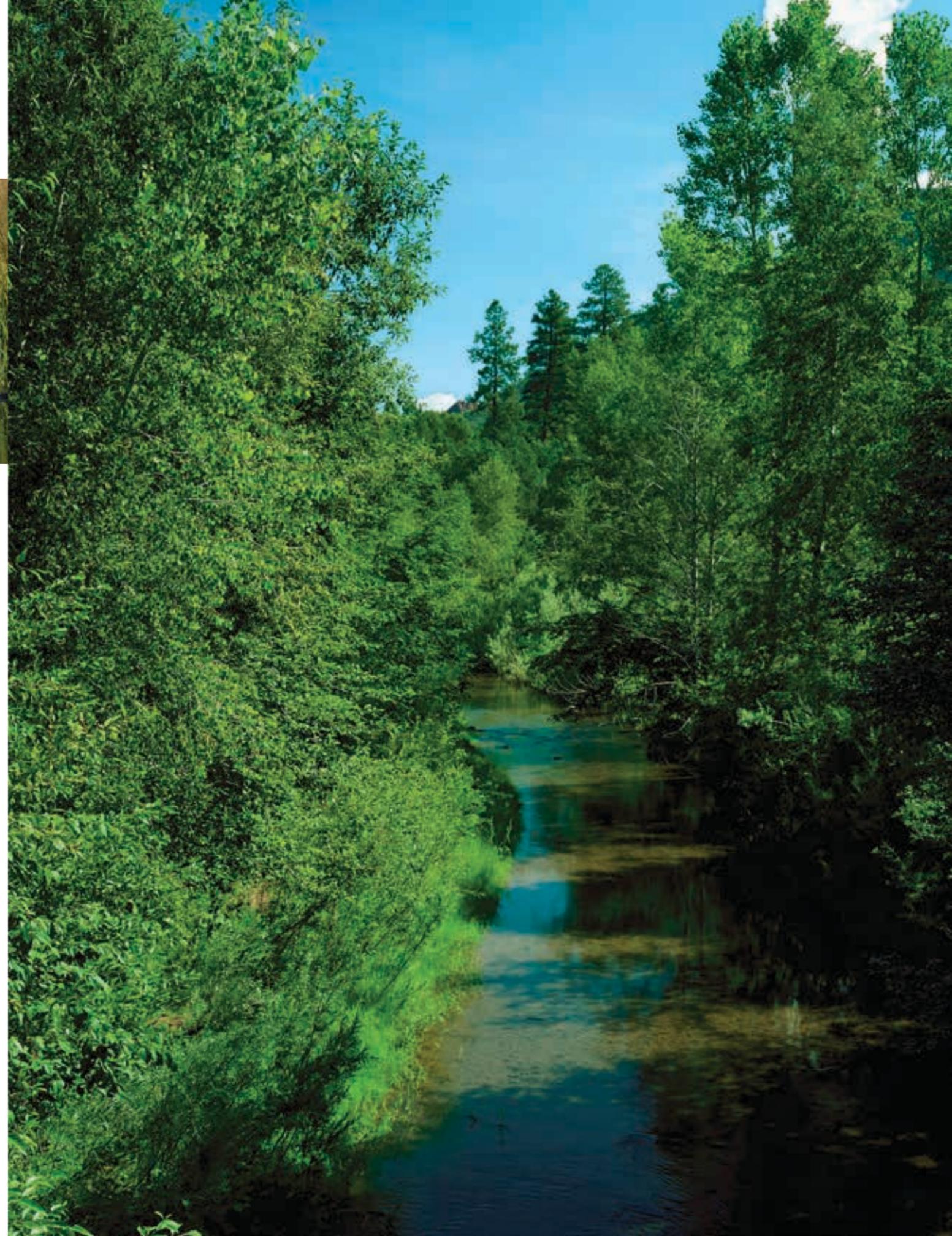
just 12,500 people and some of the most remote, pristine and diverse wilderness in Arizona, including a splashing tumult of streams that nurture the Apache trout—brought back from the brink of extinction through a cooperative effort of the tribe and Arizona Game and Fish Department.

My journey of discovery started with the purchase of a \$6 fishing permit at the Wildlife & Outdoor Recreation Division in Whiteriver next to the White Mountain Apache Motel and Restaurant—the only motel in 5,200-resident Whiteriver. You need a permit anytime you leave the paved road on the reservation. Then I headed south to Fort Apache.

After leaving the fort, the road leads to Indian Route Y55 and rises steadily from the juniper grasslands around Whiteriver. The pavement continues for 11 miles, past scattered homes along the East Fork of the White River. Less than 100 yards after the pavement ends, the road forks. I initially explore the road's northern fork that runs along Deep Creek, a soul-soothing stream too shallow to harbor hope of trout. I savor the stream, but turn back after a mile when the road climbs up from the creek toward Christmas Tree Lake, where you can catch 20-inch Apache trout on a \$25-a-day fishing permit.

Back on Y55, I drive steadily up the mountain, marveling at the riotous mix of vegetation. The forest crowds the road, with oak, ash, walnut and cottonwood trees, augmented by golden, old-growth ponderosa pines. Soon, seductively white-trunked aspens make their appearance, hedged by brooding Douglas firs. The road climbs easily up to a ridge with stirring panoramic views and on past a succession of cheerful streams. At

[BELOW] On unpaved Indian Route Y70, a bridge crosses Turkey Creek near where the U.S. Army confined Geronimo and his followers in 1884. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Originating at Mount Baldy and fed by snowmelt, the narrow East Fork of the White River joins the North Fork to form the White River near Fort Apache.



nearly 8,000 feet, I encounter a vibrant forest of blue spruce and corkbark firs, more like a Tolkien fantasy than an Arizona landscape. All the while, rain spatters, lightning flashes and cloud-tumbled holes open overhead, allowing sunlight to sparkle on bejeweled ferns.

And all that before I come to Big Bonito Creek, some 40 miles after leaving Whiteriver. Big Bonito emerges from the closed area of the reservation north of the road, a sprawling wilderness centered on sacred Mount Baldy. The Apache fishery department has stocked the golden, speckled Apache trout in Big Bonito, which remains open to fishermen south of the road. An Apache road crew laughs, jokes and splashes as they build a fish barrier to protect the Apache trout from the downstream rainbows and browns.

I'm instantly smitten: Grabbing my fly rod, I head downstream to float my hopeful fly through the tiny pools and musical riffles. I catch nothing, since my natural aura repels fish and crashes computers. No matter: I fish so I'll have an excuse to stand in a stream as the afternoon swirls past.

Finally, I tear myself away and scud along, as leaves before the storm. Five miles later, I reach the junction of Y55 and Y20. I detour briefly to catch-and-release Pacheta Lake, then I go on to Reservation Lake, which boasts a store, campgrounds, boat rentals and some



Angler Arnie Forslund of Pine displays his string of trout caught at Reservation Lake.

of the best lake-fishing on the reservation.

But I can't linger long. I left Whiteriver at 11 and now it's past 5, which leaves two hours of daylight. So I return to Y20 and continue south past the junction with Y55. After puzzling out the mismatched bewilderment of the reservation's seemingly random road

Pacheta Lake, a catch-and-release fishing area, no longer requires stocking, so more hatchery fish may go to other lakes on the reservation.



designations, I reach Y70. As 70 drops down the mountain, firs yield to ponderosas, then to oaks, then to junipers.

I encounter Bonito Creek, after Big and Little Bonito have merged into a lower-elevation version of Oak Creek in Sedona, with sycamores, cottonwoods, deep pools, brown trout and lurking bass.

After that, the road descends to a grassy prairie graced by pronghorn antelope, which briefly race the Jeep—completing a stirring sample of nearly every sort of Arizona terrain save low, saguaro desert.

Shortly after the junction of Y70 and Y40, I pass the inconspicuous tracery of Turkey Creek, hidden on the right side of the road in the bottom of a 15-foot-deep gash in the volcanic rock. Along this creek, the U.S. Army confined Geronimo and his Chiricahua band, as detailed in Britton Davis' *The Truth about Geronimo*. Harried into surrender by Gen. George Crook and the White Mountain Apache scouts, Geronimo's people settled here for a time. But fear, pride, rumors and bungling finally prompted Geronimo to bolt, triggering the final, bloody, two-year phase of the Apache Wars that horrified the nation and sucked in one-quarter of the U.S. Army.

I pass the site as darkness gathers, drunk on the day. As the shadows lengthen, I think of the gleam of the trout, the sound of the stream, the trunks of the aspen, the sway of the spruce, the luminous green of the grass, the reflections of the clouds, the call of the turkeys, the golden glow of the elk and the track of the bear. And in this one day's wander, I understand utterly why the Apaches fought so hard—even if I do not know the proper names of the places that can make me wise. ■



VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:

Two-wheel-drive, high-clearance vehicle. (Four-wheel drive recommended in wet weather.)

TRAVEL ADVISORY: In Whiteriver, visit the Wildlife & Outdoor Recreation Division office at

Fatco Road and State Route 73 (Chief Road) to get a \$6 fishing permit (which allows you to use dirt roads in any nonclosed areas); a booklet with regulations, which also shows a map of the closed areas; and a detailed map showing the reservation roads, since many of the numbers used in nonreservation mapbooks use different and confusing numbers. Drivers are encouraged to drive with their headlights on because logging trucks use some roads.

WARNING: Back road travel can be hazardous. Be aware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you're going and when you plan to return. Odometer readings may vary by vehicle.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: White Mountain Apache Tribe, Office of Tourism, (928) 338-1230.

Stocked with brook, rainbow and brown trout, Reservation Lake welcomes visitors with its campsites, store and boat rentals.

route finder

- > Take U.S. 60 northeast from the Globe area to State Route 73, then to Whiteriver.
- > Buy permit at Wildlife & Outdoor Recreation Division office, northwest corner State 73 and Fatco Road.
- > Backtrack south on 73 (2.5 miles).
- > Turn left onto Indian Route 46 at sign to Fort Apache.
- > Pass Fort Apache turnoff (.7 mile).
- > Continue east (3.7 miles).
- > Turn right at a T-junction onto Y55.
- > Y55 pavement ends after 7.2 miles.

SIDE TRIP

Turn northeast (left) on R30/R60 along Deep Creek. Return to Y55.

> On Y55 continue southeast 22 miles to Y20 junction.

SIDE TRIP

At Y55 and Y20 junction: North to Pacheta Lake. North to Reservation Lake.

> Return to Y55/Y20 junction.

> Continue south on Y20.

> Bear right at junction with Y70.

> Turn right at Y70/Y40 junction (23.5 miles).

> Turn left (15.2 miles) at T-junction with 46 (Fort Apache Road).

> Continue past Fort Apache to State 73; bear left to return to U.S. 60.



Painted Bluff Trail Promises a Long Trek With Panoramic Views

THE PAINTED BLUFF TRAIL travels through some big country. Hidden from the highway by forests and hairpin curves that wrap around rises in the lower spine of eastern Arizona's White Mountains, this country has views expansive enough to make a hiker

stop and stare from the start of its 11-mile journey at U.S. Route 191 all the way down to the end at Eagle Creek.

The trail makes a long day for horseback riders and a several-day backpack for hikers. This trip travels 5 miles to Wood Canyon to get a look at Indian petroglyphs, and then heads back to the trailhead. The trail starts a half-mile west of the Chase Creek Overlook

along U.S. 191 and leads past an old open-pit mine. The silica-rich rock once dug up here fed smelter operations in Clifton. With the trail teetering on the edge of the Copper Belt, mining scenes make a show in the first few miles.

The trail follows a miner's road in the beginning, passing a wood-beamed mine opening in the first mile. Prospectors always hoped for gold or silver, but copper is king in this area. Today's treasure hunters might find nuggets of pyrite, also called fool's gold. The stone sometimes fooled old-time prospectors and still excites the unaware who catch its golden glints along the trail.

At about 1.5 miles, the trail crosses a fire-scarred hillside and hikers get a look at the Morenci Mine. One of the world's largest copper mines sprawls a handful of miles south. A mosaic of hundreds of historic mining claims spreads to the south of the trail. A private claim, marked by a waist-high cairn, lies about 20 feet off the trail.

From there on, the trail turns its back on mining and takes a pleasant shift as the road narrows to a single track and heads for some great sights.

At about mile 3, you can stop to gawk at the gorgeous colors and contours of the surrounding mountainous terrain. A weathered plank balanced between two boulders offers a ringside scenic seat and makes a good turnaround point for a shorter day hike.

Traveling onward, the trail cools off in a drainage darkened by a forest of Arizona cypress and Gambel oak trees, takes a last look at the Morenci Mine, then travels deeper into the wilderness. The next sign of civilization, Indian rock art, appears in Wood Canyon.

Pine sweetness permeates the path as it starts its dramatic descent, 800 feet in about a mile, into Wood Canyon. Strings of ruddy bluffs start to poke out from the surrounding slopes, signaling the start of the Painted Bluffs.

Once inside in the canyon, hikers with sharp eyes might locate the rock art etched above the trail. From there, they can return the way they came, or explore farther on the trail to experience a little more of this wide country. **HH**

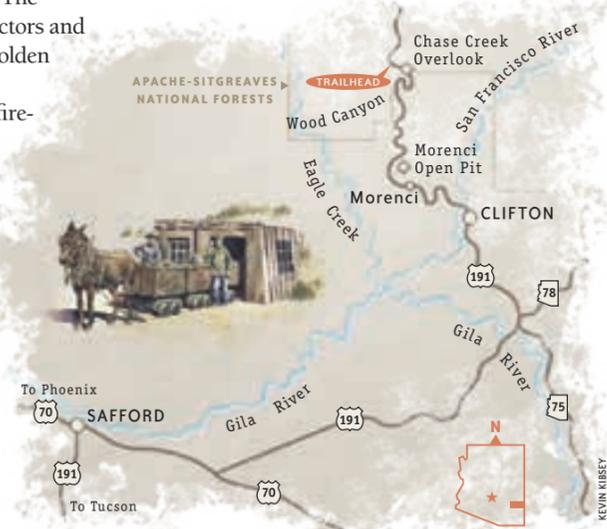


LOCATION: Approximately 215 miles east of Phoenix.

GETTING THERE: From Phoenix, drive southeast on Interstate 10 to the U.S. Route 60 exit. Travel east on U.S. 60 about 76 miles, where the road becomes U.S. Route 70. Continue on U.S. 70 about 79 miles to U.S. Route 191. Turn left (northeast) onto U.S. 191 and travel 34 miles to Clifton. Continue driving north; after about 19 miles, look for the trailhead sign on the left side of the road just past the Chase Creek Overlook on a sharp switchback. Colored tape marks the trail.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: Trail access allows horses and mountain bikes.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, Clifton Ranger District, (928) 687-1301, www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf.



[ABOVE] Wooden beams mark the entrance to an adit, or horizontal mine tunnel, along the first mile of the Painted Bluff Trail near the Morenci Mine northwest of Clifton. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Mineralization in rhyolitic soil produces a colorful mountainside, as viewed here from the Painted Bluff Trail.



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