

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

OCTOBER 1971

IND. 33940

SIXTY CENTS





ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

VOL. XLVII No. 10

OCTOBER 1971

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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS is published monthly by the Arizona Highway Department. Address: ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, Arizona 85009. \$5.00 per year in U.S. and possessions; \$6.00 elsewhere; 60 cents each. Second Class Postage paid at Phoenix, Arizona, under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted© 1971, by the Arizona Highway Department.

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FRONT COVER

Late October in the San Francisco Peaks Country
HERB AND DOROTHY McLAUGHLIN

OPPOSITE PAGE

Autumn Clouds Over the White Mountains
ARTHUR A. TWOMEY

Another Season Begins

The fall and winter season begins in October for Arizona. Another great season is beginning in the Land of the Sun. And no matter what the forecasts portend in the financial exchanges of the world, and no matter what the tourist agencies offer to lure people off to far-off places with strange-sounding names, Arizona is fast becoming a prime winter paradise for all who seek the good life in a land where a beautiful desert, the open range, blue skies and warm sunshine — and enough outdoors to satisfy everyone's urge for fun, recreation and therapy.

Never before has Arizona been better prepared. Our highways are superb, our air travel facilities have been improved and expanded to accommodate all types of private and commercial aircraft. For bus travelers most terminals are new and easy to reach from anywhere in the state. There was a time when all we had to brag about were our resort and guest ranch facilities, but today the cosmopolite can enjoy it all, because within the Phoenix, Tucson and Scottsdale city limits are some of the nation's finest hotel and motel accommodations available, and reservations well in advance of arrival are the only pre-requisite for complete peace of mind.

Arizona is not only a good place to spend the winter, it's also good for you — the ideal place to acquire a new vigor and zest for living, as those who have spent winters here will attest.

In other words, if you want to know about a winter in Arizona, ask the person who has been here.

The three persons who have made this October issue a significant and beautiful reality came from other parts of our great land. We are proud to present the works of Larry Toschik, Arthur Dailey and Paul Weaver, and feel honored to share their touch of greatness with you.

The unmatched natural appeal of Arizona, its climatic benefits and a social evolution, compatible to all, regardless of status or place of origin, all come together, somehow, into a whole — the dream and the environment to implement the dream — for men have always dreamed of a good life, a good place to live, and the things to make the living worth while.

God made Arizona something beautiful to look at. People are making it something wonderful to live in. . . . R.C.

PRINTED IN ARIZONA, U. S. A.

COLOR CLASSICS FROM ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

THIS ISSUE

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NEXT MONTH — THE BEST OF THE WEST IN PHOTOGRAPHS AND ART BY THE McLAUGHLINS AND CHARLIE DYE

Arizona... the Quail Garden



By Larry Toschik



Four different choirs of quail chant to the luminous pink-gold of Arizona sunrises. From Oak woodlands to desert bottoms, Arizona is a quail garden. . . . Gambel Quail, the most widely spread, call out across the Sonoran desert and chaparral country. . . . Scaled Quail bring additional beauty to the grassland winds. . . . Mearns Quail are the country gentlemen of the grassy-oaked hills and the pinyon-juniper and oak-pine highlands. . . . Masked Bobwhite Quail are striving to hold processional services in the formerly lush grasslands of Altar Valley.

Thank God for Gambel Quail!



This splendid gift from the Sonoran desert has brought people closer to the awareness of nature than any other bird of the wild.

To make the gift more meaningful, the Creator endowed this plumed prince with the power to adjust to the pressures of civilization. He tolerates humans well if the humans use sufficient wisdom in their custodianship of the land.

Arizona residents and many visitors place high on their list of memories the sight of a worrying, solicitous mother of fourteen sprightly chicks threading their way through desert thorn and cactus spine. Their hearts, like mine, grow soggy with affection for the proud papa, perched high on a palo verde limb, who sounds the all-clear to the foraging family below.

To the bird lover, this quail is so many fine things that they cannot all be listed. To the casual observer, he is a quick surge of joy. To the hunter who roams the autumned ridges, he is the keen thrill of brisk desert mornings and excellent table fare. To the wildlife biologist, he is a mixture of all these things plus a challenge to his life's work. To an artist, he is a hunger to possess him on canvas.

The greatest enemies on the fringes of suburbia to the Gambel Quail are the bulldozer and the housecat. The greatest preserver is the grand total human affection which consciously or unconsciously does the right thing to perpetuate the kind of living conditions which quail can cheerily call home.

Along with trees and shrubs, watered lawns and gardens create desert-edge recreation areas for pampered coveys. Tons of bird seed are spread annually from five- to twenty-five pound sacks, which find their way into grocery carts along with human vittles. Day by day, month after loving month, the cups of grain are showered on patio fringes. Hour after hour, human hearts twinkle to the special antics of coveying quail.

To keep a good thing going, quail remain sufficiently aloof and tend to their own affairs. No offending familiarity, no pigeon-like indiscretions on the family car, no sparrow-like insistence to take over: only brisk and pleasant visits with charm and grace and a season to show off with uncontained pride a remarkably long column of well-disciplined young.

In the lovely rural areas patterned throughout Arizona's heartland, the quail prosper mightily where native brush crowds the irrigation fence rows. But where cold farm economics is applied with sterile rigidity, the quail fail along with all other wildlife. Miles of gleaming fenceline atop barren berms hum out the wildlife epitaph. For when the shrubs and grasses are burned and poisoned out, and the palo verdes, mesquite and cottonwoods go, the short-term graphs of farm economics jiggle up and the long-term charts of the former tenants go blank.

Here and there, resident farmers defend their wildlife friends with a special tenacity. To many a farm wife, the quail that call through the sweet morning air are an essential tonic for the day. A covey standing shoulder-to-shoulder on the rim of a brimming



GAMBEL QUAIL OIL - 37" x 48"

"December Vespers"



"Buzzing Of The Bees In The Ironwood Trees"

water trough and dipping in near unison to sip of the sparkling freshness is a poem of peace. . . . An evening covey coming in from afield, canting one way, then another on set wings to drop to a dusty stop amid the chicken's scratch is a welcome daily visit . . . The bursting-out of coveys ahead of the farmer enroute to his ripening rows is a greeting of old companions under the sun. . . . And, on occasion of severe desert drought, the quail can become a source of trial to his farmer host: The succulent young greens in his fields may turn into more of a quail commissary than he can afford, and paradise isn't paradise any more. But seasons change, and the rhythms average out, and the scales of pleasure outweigh the passing unhappiness. And the quail continue on.

Pottery designs and pictographs of the Indian pioneers of the desert land preserve the quail image. He greeted the Spanish explorer and the frontiersman, and today the television series of "High Chaparral" would not seem authentic without the ranch headquarters background music of quail hymns.

The painting, "December Vespers," is a tribute to one of the priceless moments of contact with life's basics . . . those threads of grace that bind the working day life with the fabric of reason for living. The lowering December sun is caught in the filagree of cottonwood limbs. The dimming light of day brings on the supper-light glow in farmhouse kitchens. A quail calls from his lookout station to gather the covey to the water's edge. From harvested grain fields, the gleaners whirl off to ditch bank gossip and perhaps a last-of-the-day dusting in the soft, soft earth along the gophered berms. This is a time of clean, pungent desert scents mingling with the first whisps from mesquite glow-

ing in home hearths to fend off the night's growing chill.

In moments, the musical whirring of Mourning Dove wings will blend with quail prayers as they gather to water. The whistle of Pintail pinions cleaving the twilight sky may join the chorus as they circle an irrigation tail-water pond in the thickets beyond. Evening glow, fading rapidly, fills the wanderer with the gentle melancholy of urgency to be at home with loved ones.

This painting is a binding together of personal reactions to a mood of nature with the architecture of painting structure, and as such was a true labor of love.

The desert quails are not absolutely dependent upon drinking water for survival. They do thrive well in watered areas and drink as we would expect them to do. However, they also survive in the most arid of regions far from any free source.

The Gambel Quail young are born and raised in Arizona's driest months of May and June. I've seen many quail families near water holes and I've also seen many groups miles from any open water. And since quail live out their lives within a radius of approximately 500 yards of their roost, that puts the open country birds out-of-range of distant water.

Those that are near water, use it; those that are not seem no worse for the lack of it. More quail are seen near water for a variety of reasons, most important of which is the increased abundance of food and cover.

Hunger is the greatest predator of wildlife. Hunger means habitat that is lost, either from natural conditions or, sadly, from the increasing, helter-skelter misapplication of progress for progress's sake. Quail are victims of this condition as are all forms of wildlife.

Several years ago, a succession of matchless spring days undermined my sense of responsibility to my tubes of paint and I abandoned all to flee to the desert. My drive took me by chance along a winding, climbing road through some prime desert country. Along with many other desert plants, the cholla was in full bloom. The impression of this seemed to hammer home the hardest. Ordinarily, my painful encounters with this "Satan's lily" caused me to lose any desire for intimate acquaintanceship. Migrating song birds flitted about, looking like pieces of an exploded Mexican serape colorfully tumbled by the breezes. Glimpses of Cactus Wrens busy in the cholla became subject matter for a picture to be born later for a current series of prints for an automotive dealer.

As I had never seen whole hillsides of cholla in such lush bloom, my spite for this pain bush seemed to leach out to me. In the distance, I spotted the semaphoring blades of a windmill. The message read water, and that further read birds and possibly quail. I found the trail to the overflowing tanks, which were surrounded by a holding corral for cattle. Dense mesquite crowded one side nearest the wash, and my newly-patched up cholla friendship was further cheered by a scattered garden of the burnished golden blooms.

When I stopped the muttering car near the tank, the desert songs wafted through the windows. Along with the high, flutely fife-like calls of a Western Meadowlark, a symphony of dove cooings and quail plaints filled the air.

Movement at the base of a massive, fruit-laden prickly pear caught my eye. So many thumb-sized baby quail were scurrying beneath the statuesque columns and pads that I couldn't

count them. A fussing mother murmured about, keeping some semblance of order, though she looked more like a parochial school nun with a windblown whimple at recess time. Her crest and top knot raised and lowered with her varying anxieties. Several self-satisfied males were lolly-gagging around, all puffed up, with top knots hanging down and talking up a storm. When another male dropped down from a brace on the windmill tower and joined the family at the cactus, an idea for a painting began to take shape.

This was too much for me alone. My wife, Ceil, had to see this. Back to town I hurried to set the trap for her heart. Early the following morning we coasted the car as quietly as possible to the edge of the oasis. We listened for a while in a kind of stained-glass reverence to God's half acre. Several broods of quail were roaming toward the corral. They looked so vulnerable to the bristling harshness of the sharp-stoned desert floor. How could they possibly survive the severity of this land in spite of blooms, bees and bird calls?

One group was again playing tag, or whatever quail chicks play, among the formidable buttresses of that cactus castle. My cameras checked, we cautiously got out of the car. When we approached to about fifteen feet, the mother quail screamed an alarm, and ran and flew off, squawking. The babies fretted in confusion. We squatted down within inches to look at them. As our ominous presence became too much, one by one they zipped out of their protective battlements and streaked to other cover. Now Ceil became alarmed and feared for their well-being. I told her to go slowly back to the car. Then we sat and watched.

The silence that had now descended upon the disturbed garden was presently broken. The mother quail dropped back down to the ground and called softly. The note had a querulous sound of fear to it. She called again, more sure. Within moments, furtive buttons of golden fuzz detached themselves from hiding places and darted from shadow-to-shadow like animated cartoons to finally regroup in a panting, cheeping family.

From this experience, and a follow-up trip when I found the shed skin of a rattler (with all its implications) at the base of a cholla in bloom, the final concept of the painting, "The Soft, Sweet Sound of Spring" (ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, May, 1970), was born. The James Silvers of Tulsa now share the gathering of those moments.

Anyone who has had just a nodding acquaintance with quail has a story to tell. These gentle birds fit comfortably close to the warm hearthstone of the human heart. Yet, to be fair to the splendid plan of creation, you have to step out of the aura of emotion. Freed from this blinding force, you can observe with a more practical compassion.

As peace loving and gentle as they are, when that certain season comes, the males go the way of all flesh. Some of their mating fights end with bad lacerations and total exhaustion, and possibly fatalities. Even a paired couple might do battle together against another indiscrete male. After the young are hatched, daddy takes on his full share of parental responsibility, and may even sacrifice his life for family protection.

I had a wonderful opportunity to do some quail watching last summer. The study had become a side event to a Bighorn Sheep tallying mission. This census has to be done at the fiercest time of summer's heat before the rains begin. The sheep are compelled to visit those few isolated natural tanks which hold some water during the driest time of the year. This makes for reliable tallying of the herd, a chance to observe their physical condition and to treat the waterholes if necessary. This is no easy task in the unbelievable heat in Arizona's remote desert mountains.

I was teamed with Bob Hernbrode, of the Arizona Game and Fish Department, to tally a natural water catchment in a remote box canyon near a furnace called the Eagle Tail Mountains. After a spine-twisting dawn attack on a primitive desert "trail," we four-wheeled to a stop below the approach to the canyon.

The canyon structure was in two layers: a dramatic overburden of craggy sloughed-off basalt and a base of tufa, which was compressed as hard as limestone. Centuries of brief but violent summer storms had channeled the run-off from the main towering basalt cones and cut the canyon. The upper box end was made of two irregular giant steps. Into these, the grit-laden water had ground out two deep basins. Now they held the precious residual water from infrequent showers.

We proceeded on foot, laden with our own drinking water and cameras, to scramble down and back up the opposite wall to a shallow indentation. From this cave we had a box seat view of the waterholes. When the sun punched over the canyon rim, it swung with authority. To think that that brilliant disk was 93 million miles away and could still finish frying the egg on your face was something to consider.

After we made ourselves comfortable upon the sharp, splintery basalt floor, we dutch-ovened ourselves for twelve hours. In spite of the fact that no direct sun reached us, the glaring reflection off the opposite canyon wall gave us a hurting burn. We repeated this for two days. We did see a bighorn ram, deer, coyotes and quail. The quail stole the show and

they taught me to form no solid opinions about them from only a single encounter.

The first day was throat-squeezing humid. I do not care to know the temperature. Any piece of metal gear caressed by the sun was far too hot to touch. Cumulous clouds grew from whisps to brilliant white cotton puffs hung in a deep cobalt sky, to awesome thunderheads rumbling across the manganese-enameled desert.

Covey after covey of Gambel Quail called in fretting complaints all through the day. The canyon was never silent. The coveys were family groups composed of one or more adults and varied numbers of half-grown young. Some disaster must have befallen the mothers, because most of the coveys were being led by adult males. They wound their ways up through the tangled, thorny thickets from the canyon below the tanks and from the sun-torched drainage above. I have never seen such unhappy birds. They dragged along with wings akimbo like old-time Dutch housewives hiking up their gray, voluminous skirts.

The main waterhole was in a deep pocket in the lower head of the box canyon, guarded by a fifteen-foot high sculptured battlement of hard tufa. To get to the water, the quail had to surmount that barrier. As the first covey approached, we expected them to fly up to the ledge, then drop off to water. Instead, they laboriously crawled up the sheer face from one meager claw hold to another, complaining and jawing every inch.

Several times, two coveys approached from different directions, and, having gained the bench at the top, accidentally intermingled. All hell broke loose as jealous guardians set about untangling their broods. They weren't going to have any fraternizing and tempers were short.

At times, they had the appearance of a slow parade of blue lizards squirming up the cliff face. One large covey approaching from above negotiated a lengthy water-carved ledge and then, eager to get out of the sun, lined up in a long single file in a pencil-thin shadow of a shallow seam in the tufa.

A distant Red-tail Hawk swung down an inclined plane of air, dipped into the canyon and swooped as if to land on a rock pinnacle. Instead, he caught a thermal and literally vaulted in breathtaking spirals until he was lost from view against the monumental escarpments of a towering thunderhead.

On and on through that endless day the canyon rang with quarrelsome quail. Had we left that evening and not returned, I could have sadly concluded that the quail in this fearsome place were very hard-pressed to survive.

The following morning, the sun again exploded over the fanged ridge of the eastern mountains, but during the night, the shepherds of the clouds gathered their flocks and had gone to graze elsewhere. The temperature was the same, but with the moisture gobbled up, the air seemed livable. When we returned to the cave, we were immediately aware of the change. The canyon was considerably more quiet than the day before. The same coveys appeared, but now perkily retraced their prior day routes. When they approached the tufa battlement, they flew up to the bench as respectable quail should. All leaders held tighter reins. No sloppy intermingling, no squabbles, just pure and undiluted quail business. Their calling had none of the plaintive "human" aggravation of humid yesterday.

But all was not cool beer and skittles. One testy argument did break out that evening at an intersection of trails beneath our cave. The drawing of that is on page 7. I modified it to show all quail as adults, because a half-grown quail is a pretty ratty-looking affair, and not a pleasure to paint.



"A Difference Of Opinion"

GAMBEL QUAIL PENCIL - 18" x 30"
Preparatory sketch for oil painting

Our return to camp was speeded by the promise of steaks broiled over ironwood coals and ice chests loaded with cool things. Our route from the cave was to climb out the right side and over the top above the cave, then back down a cut in the wall to the left, easier to negotiate. When I worked my way out over a small projection at the cave entrance, my foot nudged a loose stone. As it knocked its way down the cliff, I froze and couldn't move. Bob came back along a slant, narrow, gravelly-foot way, took my gear piece by piece, and gave me a hand hold up over to safer ground. My panic embarrassed me, and I thought of the ease at which the Desert Bighorns flow up and down these broken cliffs, and how the diminutive quail negotiate the tangled ways.

When a person gets to know some wild creature, there is a continuing growth in the joy of discovering what seems to be human mannerisms. On occasion, this assumption will get out of hand: There is danger in considering that a quail, for instance, would be just a tiny, feathered human. But even the wisest, most brain-developed creature on earth has not begun to comprehend, even in the slightest way, the scope of the special facilities given to man. It is not that animals have *human* ways; it is simply that humans are *animals* endowed with an extra set of intellectual gifts. Up to this point, we share many of the same characteristic life functions. Even some insects live in highly-organized societies. They have workers, bums, servants, leaders and soldiers. They build, harvest, store supplies, herd their "cattle," and even raise their own crops. These patterns repeat themselves up through the life chain to man,

where the struggle to perfect them goes on and on.

Because we have been given added intellectual gifts, *Genesis* tells us that man was also given dominion over all. In the total of human history, the word *dominion* is probably the most tragically misinterpreted piece of communication.

Few comprehend the full meaning of that mandate; many are indifferent; and most misinterpret and plunder the domain. This last seems to have been the overriding condition of man. Now that we are being crowded into bumping rumps and elbows with our neighbors, humanity is suddenly listening to those wise students of nature who have been fairly driven to screaming their warnings to take care of what is left or we'll all go down the drain.

Wildlife is rapidly being given importance. Now that the human race is beginning to grasp the full concept of the limited and perishable habitat on this unstable ball we call Earth, it is also beginning to recognize the vital niche each creature must have for mutual survival.

Wildlife and nature societies and individuals have recognized this concept all along, and have earned honored places under the sun. The game and fish departments of all the states, and their federal counterparts, are, in most cases, fully committed to the noble goal of intelligent management of all wild species. Harvest and *replenish* is *Genesis* in action. Those total preservationists who oppose intelligent wildlife management are as much a danger to wildlife survival today as the wanton, law-breaking kind of "hunter," or the greedy "profits above all else" type of progressive, or the habitat-be-damned



GAMBEL QUAIL OIL - 24" x 56" Courtesy: Taos Art Gallery, Taos, New Mexico

"Busy Summer Days"

"The Quiet Hour"

GAMBEL QUAIL
 ACRYLIC - 18" x 13 1/2"
 Courtesy: Mrs. Larry Toschik



kind of government agency. How much a part the quail play in calling the attention of people to the beauty of nature is more than we realize.

Mrs. Lee Tomerlin tells a delightful story about Gambel Quail. It's the kind of experience the residents of the perimeter areas of Arizona towns and cities can expect. The Tomerlin's home is situated against a rocky hillside on the north side of Phoenix. One room enters out to a small, enclosed patio. A drain pipe goes under one wall. There is no outside gate.

One morning, she was alerted to a commotion in the patio. A covey of Gambel chicks had entered the patio, apparently through the drain pipe, and frantic mother flew in to get them out. For some reason, they refused to go back through the pipe. Maybe they were so chastised for having gone through in the first place that they weren't going to buy another beak lashing from doing it again.

All day, Mama tried and failed to solve the problem. She showed them how to hop up precarious footholds, but they just couldn't hack it. As evening wore on, she finally bedded down with them to make the best of a nasty situation.

Dawn came with a new rustle of commotion. Mama had help. A bossy aunt had taken command. She stood upon the wall and supervised all proceedings. With a cousin to cry feminine encouragement from outside the pipe, with Mama herding from the patio side, and with Aunt watching the progress from both sides at the top and issuing orders, the whole evacuation was completed as slick as a wartless pickle. Mama flew out to resume household duties where all respectable quail belong. So ended another episode in the delightful relationship of quail people and human people.

The least observed, and probably the more interesting, quail is the Mearns. This quaint quail is called by many names: the most upsetting is "Fool" quail; the most descriptive is "Harlequin." He is also called "Massena" and "Montezuma."

The Mearns' range is fairly restricted in Arizona. He prefers good, high hilly grasslands, studded with brush, oak and juniper, and open stands of pine. This puts him in a small, south central section of the state, with some overlap east and west, and a portion of the White Mountains and parts of the Mogollon Rim country. Since its food requirements differ from other quail, its feet are much heavier and the claws are exceptionally well-developed. The drawing on page eleven shows a comparison with Gambel Quail and also with a perching bird. The structure of quail feet in general is sturdier than that of song birds. Actually, the feet are very close miniatures of that king of American ground birds, the wild turkey. Mearns Quail have special needs. They dig into the hard dry soils for nut grass tubers, and that requires some pretty hefty tools. Its beak is even stronger for the same reason.

The Mearns is called "Fool" quail because it holds to its cover and can be approached within striking distance. Men have walked right up to within inches of them, and the birds have held still. Because of its bizarre patterning and back camouflage, he is hard to find in the grassy cover and he knows it. For this reason, too, occasional alarms flare up that the Mearns is being wiped out. But field checks with hunting dogs have demonstrated the contrary. Weather being right, Mearns does well. Like other quail, drought, overgrazing and the subsequent loss of habitat are his worst enemies.

When the assignment was approved to do the story of Arizona's quails, I pondered on how to show them pictorially. I



decided finally to show some as formal portraits and others as vignettes of quail lives. During my basic research, I learned more about the Mearns' habitat and almost immediately decided on a snow scene — thereby telling more about Arizona's range of climates.

My field research carried me into the Gardener canyon of the Santa Rita mountain country. Again I experienced the delight of discovery. In this case, because I had a purpose, I became aware of the richness of this land, both in esthetic and physical properties. My guide to this land showed me so many varieties of grass, each with its own characteristic grace and structure, that I kept marveling at it. The excitement to paint "Strangers on Our Hilltop" became difficult to discipline. After playing a hunch about the possibility of specific characteristics of the rabbits of this area, I secured a specimen — and was glad I did. Otherwise, I would have had a big-eared desert cottontail instead of the right kind pondering the covey of Mearns under the oak shrub.

The reason for calling Mearns "Harlequin" is obvious enough. Its body proportions are off-trail of other quail. Its tail is too short, legs too heavy and set too far back, and its coloration and feathering is really unique and decorative.

Scaled Quail often share part of their habitat with Mearns and Gambel Quail and Masked Bobwhite. They are desert grassland birds, though, and seemingly have such specialized habitat requirements (especially in climate), that their range is limited. To the uneducated, some grass country looks just like another, and often the proposition to expand their range to other areas of the state is suggested.

However, Dave Brown, an intensely-dedicated and knowledgeable wildlife biologist with the Arizona Game and Fish Department, as the result of a skilled research study, found that the present range of this bird is bound to its limitations. The Chihuahuan desert's characteristic vegetation, and the Sonoran desert grassland and plains-grasslands — with the proper variety of shrubs combined with a summer rain pattern — dictate the habitat. So in Arizona, "Scaleys" will be found in the southeastern grasslands quadrant and in a small area near the New Mexico

border from Springerville north to Lupton. Transplanting elsewhere would probably be futile.

Aside from coloration, the Scaled, Gambel and California Quail (of which Arizona now has a small resident population from escaped penned birds up near Springerville) share a feather pattern relationship. All three have the white-streaked flank feathers. Gambel and California have black top knots, and Scaled and California have scaled breasts. All three are great runners and flush only when hard-pressed (with infrequent exceptions). But the ground distance champ is the Scaled Quail. In his deep grassy habitat, his running ability is an efficient safety device from all predators. Combine that with an unobtrusive coloration and he's got it made. He earned his name "Cotton Top" from the fluffy white crest, which becomes quite obvious when the quail raises it fully.

Summer rainfall means grass, and grass means Scaled Quail. In Gambel Quail country, rainfall from October through March is so essential that it controls the development of their reproductive organs and governs their mating activities. So closely is this related that quail populations rise and fall with the rain gauge records. But another factor has had impact on the quail census, and that is the grazing usage of the land. Where overgrazing has abused the land, the quail, especially Mearns, are hard-pressed to survive. In certain areas of Arizona, the Scaleys have been on famine rations for a long time. Hang a drought over that and you do not need to be a wildlife scientist to predict the sad news.

The one steady breath of encouragement is the ability of quail populations to bounce back if given a chance; and the fact that dedicated men are constantly at work to correct bad situations where they can, and study and test new solutions are refreshing hopes.

My first meeting with Scaled Quail was in an abandoned vineyard in the Santa Cruz River Valley. I heard the curious and delightful quail gossip coming from a heavily overgrown and very deep erosion cut along an unkempt fenceline. With much caution and apprehension about rattlers, I negotiated my way through a wall of matted grasses and weeds. Snarled barbed wire caught at my clothes. I squirmed down under the dense overgrown mesquite limbs, and felt the unseen edge of the cut bank break away beneath me. I dropped five feet into the ditch like a 185-pound sack of refuse. My only injuries were a bleeding scratch on my cheek, where a mesquite thorn kissed me a happy landing, and then, of course, my shattered dignity.

As I crashed down, the quail covey exploded up, so the down and up action in that wash was a Laurel-and-Hardy scenario. I sat in private embarrassment while droplets of burning sweat vividly identified the exact location of my cheek wound. My discomfort was promptly consoled away. The sand bar on which I was sitting curved in shadow-patterned and gleaming-cream whiteness through the bottom of the deep wash. Mesquite branches embraced in a dense canopy overhead, filtering down a pure greenish light. Where the force of the infrequent runoffs had undercut one bank and molded a sweeping curve of clean sand, it deposited a mosaic of smoothed desert stones against the other. Dead limbs in polished grays protruded from the flowing contours of the water-laid sand. Several bright yellow miniature blossoms hung suspended in a shaft of sunlight against a burgundy-umber shadow.

Before I could move, a couple of quail murmured to each other and strode out from under a mass of roots, scarcely ten feet away. My first close-up look at Scaled Quail! Within seconds, the covey began to return. In twos and threes, they fluttered down out of that green ceiling. They showed no sign



that I was there. I could scarcely breathe. Lucifer's personal fly explored my face. Between fighting visions of its horrible germ-laden feet slogging around on that thorn scratch and watching quail pattering around, I was taxing all the self-control I could command.

Several quail found a pad of silt beside the sand and took to some serious dusting. All the time the busy clan kept up a good-natured, almost giggly conversation. Every once in a while one would have something important to say, and he or she would dominate the discussion. Their talk sounded very much like rubbing a wet finger quickly back and forth on a small spot on a window pane.

At last, flesh and fiber, bone and fat could take no more. A cramp in my bent leg said, "Move or die." I moved and before I could do a decent blink, I was alone in the wash with a cloud of dust and some settling feathers.

I had never had a chance to observe quail like this before. No, the pratfall is not necessary. But what I did apply again, quite by another accident, was to get into a difficult and secluded spot where the quail hang out and to just be still. An old truism of the wilderness is that if you just sit quietly, eventually the wildlife will come to you.

Trying to find my way through a dense stand of salt cedar in the Gila River bottoms (in Gambel Quail country), I took a wrong turn and found myself crawling toward a sun-burnished grotto. Frost had turned the feathery greens into rich golds and burnt oranges. A tawny, thick, sun-dappled carpet of powdery tamarisk leaves glowed with a light of its own. In this private enchanted garden, Gambels were loafing away the noontime.

In such safe seclusion, they became a different kind of bird. In the open, quail are slick, streamlined beauties of quick action. Alert and high-stepping, they do not tarry long in one spot. But here in their living room, they had let down their guard. Man, this was home! A place to expand. Some were snuggling down into pockets of talcum powder dust. They squiggled and fluttered with supreme quail happiness. Others snoozed or gossiped. Those which pattered about were round painted balls with heads tucked back and down and top knots flopping. They walked with a strange cuteness, their bodies held close to the ground and legs bent. Each step was slow and well-placed. And their talking never ceased.

These mannerisms are sometimes displayed around the feeding stations near out-lying homes. Quail hatched and raised there adjust to the daily activities of humanity and the relative safety of garden lots. How they survive the night-prowling cats is a praise to their wild abilities. Certainly they lose some of the clan in terror-filled nights, but like humans under pressure, basic instincts are honed sharp for self-preservation.

Gambel and Scaled Quail subsist on a varied diet ranging from flower buds to seeds, from insects to green plants. The hard, shiny mesquite bean is a heavily-utilized food of Gambel Quail. Here lies a story of animal interdependence — not too pretty, I suppose, but an important fact. Since the pod of the mesquite bean is too tough for a quail to open (it's even tough to a certain degree for a man), the birds rely upon the seeds passed through the digestive system of coyotes or cattle, or other animals.

With the drastic lowering of the water table in Arizona, vast bosques of mesquites have perished, and others are going fast. Couple this with total vegetation eradication from stream bed banks by a government agency, the habitat loss is appalling. So those who manage wildlife populations have quite a battle on their hands.

Although the dense thickets of mesquite are not in themselves good quail habitat, the fringes of it are, and so are the

loosely-spaced trees with brushy cover and mixed grasses. The thickets themselves are evidence of a historic form of land abuse. Overgrazing by livestock leads to increased usage of mesquite for forage. Those seeds which pass through the digestive system and are not found by birds are planted widespread by the inevitable processes. The resulting increase in scrubby mesquite in the highlands becomes accumulative as more grasslands are taken out of production. When a natural ecological plan is disrupted, the resulting imbalance can have long-term, adverse effects. In the near future, we'll know how the dropping water table fits into the picture.

Field research on wildlife is unlocking many secrets of relationship effects between man and nature. The knowledge is welcomed by rancher and nature lover alike. A rancher has a survival battle, too. Before he can raise cattle, he has to raise grass. In the process of good range management, a bonus of quail and other wildlife results.

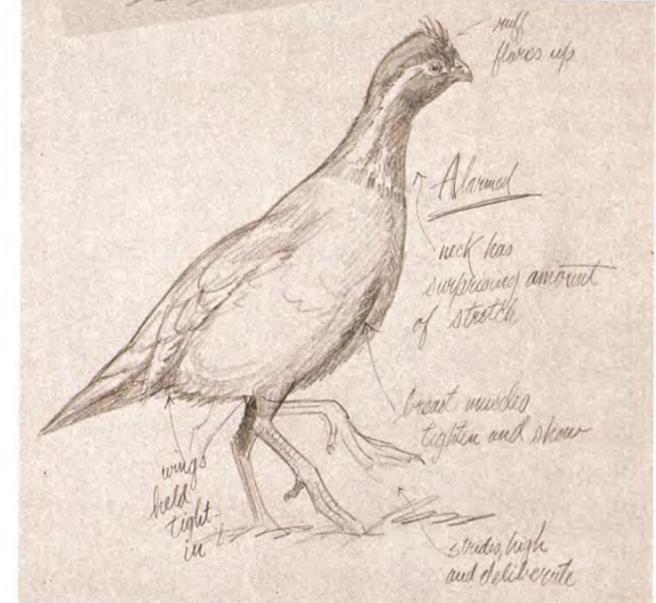
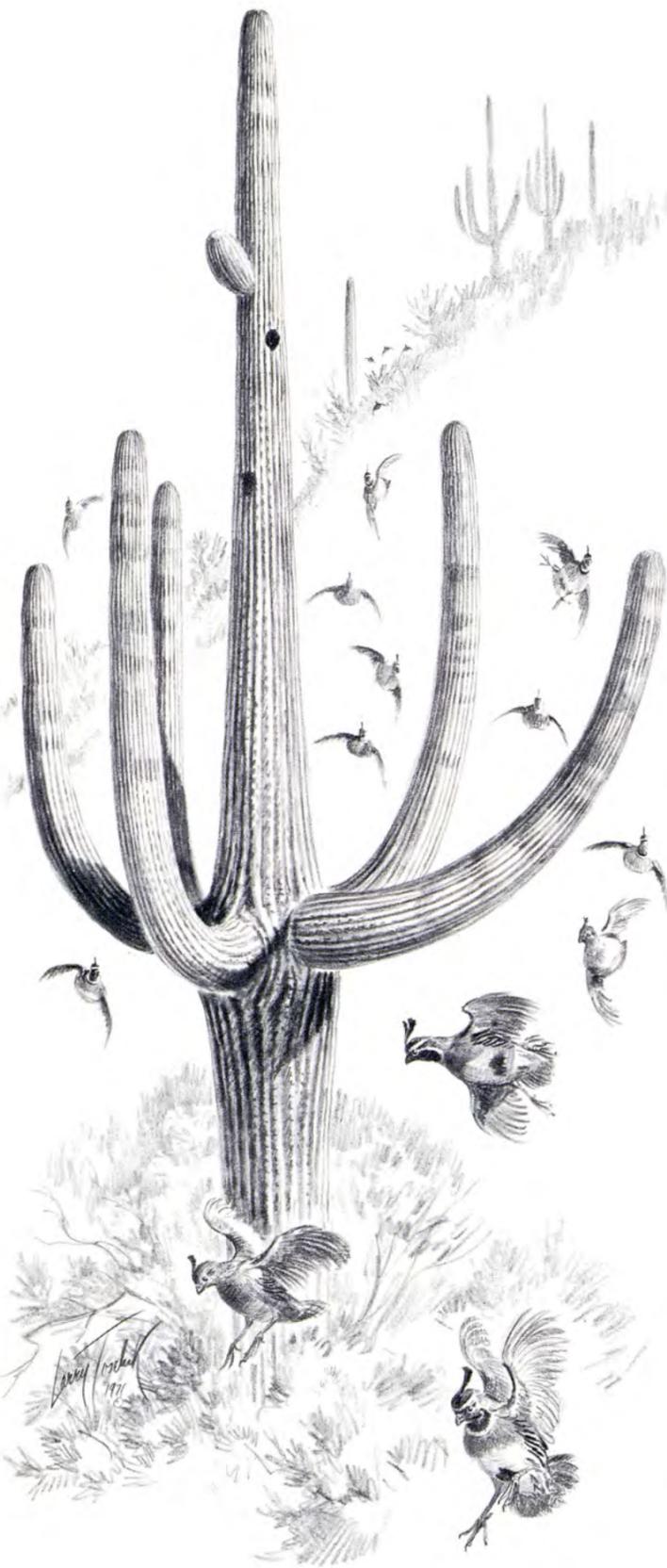
The more you get to know the lovable quail, the more you respect them. The survivors of a covey would have quite a story to tell. Research by wildlife biologists tells it for them. Upon their complex findings, the recommendations for insuring quail prosperity are founded. In the process, old myths are destroyed. As a layman, if you focus attention on the predators of quail, you can be mistakenly taken in by what would appear to be a macabre tale. Reptiles, coyotes, hawks, skunks, ants, man, rodents, disease all raise such appalling images of destruction that you wonder how quail can survive. But nature unabused, or properly "dominioned," works in wondrous ways and keeps a delicate balance of good and bad, insuring survival for all.

When approaching Altar Valley in the mountain grasslands southwest of Tucson, the presence of Conquistador history comes hauntingly alive. The trail-gaunt men, soldier and padre alike, wound their way through the waist-deep golden grasses, flushing coveys of Bobwhite Quail. Whitetail Deer and Javelina yielded to their approach. Heralded by the cornet throats of many kinds of song birds, and with cloud banners rampant on the battlements of mighty Baboquivari Peak, these remarkable explorers were unaware then that they would stir the souls of men centuries beyond. They left a legacy of land names which roll like drums across southwest history.

Years later, the J. Ross Browne party backtracked the Spanish pathfinders and passed through this grand valley. They reported nostalgically the birdsong of the bobwhite which reminded them of their eastern homelands. These frontiersmen broke trail for adventurers to follow, and in the process of putting the land to other use, the settlers unwittingly punished it beyond its means of normal recovery. In the 1800's the combination of severe drought and overgrazing sounded the death knell of the Masked Bobwhite in Arizona. With the ravaging of the grass went the dependent wildlife, and in a relatively short time, the Masked Bobwhite disappeared completely from Altar Valley and other pastures of its range in Arizona.

Two brothers, Jim and Seymour Levy of Tucson, became interested in the cause of the Masked Bobwhite Quail years ago. On their own, they did pioneer research on habitat, locating surviving coveys below the United States border in the upper state of Sonora, Mexico. During the years of endeavor to reestablish the birds in their original range, they met many problems. But setbacks didn't daunt the Levys. Eventually, their tenacity gained support momentum. Now the Arizona Game and Fish Department in cooperation with the Rare and Endangered branch of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service is engaged in the cause of reestablishing the Masked Bobwhite in its historic home.

Wildlife biologist Roy Tomlinson of the U. S. Fish and





MASKED BOBWHITE QUAIL OIL - 18" x 24"

"Masked Bobwhite Of Altar Valley"

Wildlife Service has spent 3 years in full-time study of the birds, both in Arizona and Mexico, to establish a scientifically-based, accumulative knowledge of this quail. Quail captured in Mexico were sent to the Wildlife Research Station in Patuxent, Maryland, where they were bred and raised to maturity, then returned to Arizona for studied release.

Ron Anderson and Bob Kirkpatrick, the resident Arizona wildlife managers, watch over the delicate survival problems, and Dave Brown, an encyclopedic authority on the plant cover of Arizona, advises on release sites. Dave is devoting a tremendous amount of his own time along with his department assignment in compiling an extremely accurate record of Arizona's vegetation and area climates.

Naturally, pictorial research about this rare quail is hard to come by. Those few study skins available are well-guarded for good reason.

If I do not know the living bird, I find it very difficult to portray it realistically from a mounted specimen. To overcome this problem, I was loaned a pair of live Masked Bobwhite to study. On short notice, I built the best quail Taj Mahal I could. I stocked one corner with clumps of native grass. After having the birds awhile, I learned more about their specific needs and added a rock and dead limb to climb on. Within days I added a shallow box filled with loose dirt: I think the birds thought that they had died and gone to Heaven. Such luxuriating in dust baths! They emptied the box almost daily. They loved pieces of lettuce so much that they could overcome their fears enough to snatch it from my fingers. They accepted me with less apprehension when I wore my old green jumpsuit, and regarded my new red one with panicky suspicion.

Their first calls were a repeated, short two-note whistle, with a kind of crowing resonance. I wondered after a few days if that was their complete repertoire. They crowed at about 5:30 in the morning and again around 4:00 in the afternoon, with infrequent bleeps during the day. When frightened, they kept up a low whining murmur of worry. A sudden scare brought out a single screech followed by rapid clucking. One humid and cloudy day, they called all day long just like the Gambels in the Tank Mountain canyon near the Eagle Tail range had done.

One morning as dawn glowed against our bedroom curtains, we were awakened by a clear, deliberate "Bob . . . white." I thought at first that my daughter, Mary, who started her summer hospital job at dawn's early light, was faking me out. But when I looked out to check the birds, there was the male in full orchestral stride, head thrown back, chest out, eyes closed, and busting his little heart out with "Bob . . . whites." Their call is not as quick as the eastern bobwhite. There is a distinct pause between the bob and white and the last tone is on a slightly descending minor key, as if it has a note of sadness about its historic "exodus."

After the painting concept was underway, I discovered that the frontispiece of *The Birds of Arizona* by Phillips, Marshall and Monson shows a watercolor by William J. Shaldach in a similar Altar Valley setting. At first, I thought of destroying what I had done up to date, but then thought better of it, as this setting best suits the history of the bird in Arizona.

Of all the wildfowl I've painted, the feather pattern of this quail's back was the most difficult. Usually a design plan can be analyzed and a step-by-step procedure, arriving at a painted resemblance, worked out. But on this quail, it seems that the



plan of the back coverts changes from feather to feather in an intricate scrambling of broken patches. The heads of the male bird vary from bird to bird, and with age the white eye banner changes greatly. Some heads are all black.

Among the upland game birds, Arizona has an established population of Chukar Partridge and Afghanistan Whitewing Pheasant which were introduced into this land, and a resident population of Mourning Doves, Whitewing Doves, Bandtail Pigeon, Wild Turkey, Blue Grouse and migrant Wilson Snipe.

The two doves have dwindled from uncountable clouds of birds to a fraction of their original population. Rapid destruction of habitat from stream bed clearance, burning and agricultural clearing has put an end to the great flights. The dropping of the water table is destroying or has destroyed the mesquite and palo verde nesting stands in wide areas.

The quail populations yield and return with the changing pressures of nature and man. To be blessed with such a variety of quails is unique compared to most states. Their presence is a sweet accompaniment to the beauty of Arizona spring and the dramatic loveliness of the summer grasslands' rainy season. Their breeding calls are another kind of music. The timing of nature to coincide the blossoming of this land to the hatching of the chicks is beyond expression.

Even the most formidable of the thorny plants dress themselves with striking corsages of lingering beauty: soft violet ironwood, blazing green-gold palo verdes, yellow mesquite, vibrating red and gold cactus, purple lupine, orange poppies — and on and on through color and variety. The superb, white-flamed candelabra of the yucca above the golden grass, against the violet hills and the matchless blue of a rain-washed desert sky is a fitting setting for the gentle Scaled Quail.

The garden of the Gambels will leave you silent with unbound phrases of appreciation. When the timing of spring rain and temperature reaches its optimum, the muted beauty of the Sonoran desert becomes indescribable. Great stretches of desert hills become carpeted with countless varieties of brilliant wild flowers—masses of them banked against boulders and trees.

Saguaro cactus are always impressive to see. But a giant in washed green finery — wearing a tight, rich bonnet of creamy blooms upon its head, and holding matching bouquets — and reflected mirror-sharp in a quiet rain pool, is a visual experience of great emotional value. Mountain slope armies of them in bloom cannot be described. Wheeling hawks, Vermillion Flycatchers, ebony Phainopéplas and polished Goldfinches, bursting with the surge of life in the three-dimensional wine vapor of spring air, are a heritage to preserve. Include the sight of a quail family winding along the ground squirrel trails and you feel that among the choirs of angels observing the progress of Genesis, a seraphic ancestor of Disney made some suggestions.

Clouds crowd upon the mountain tops to build and build into million-ton giants of flashing grandeur. The whole cubic volume of air embraces mountain and valley, trees and you in this breathless thing called spring. And quail call and your heart replies.

—Reproductions Available—

As a courtesy to those requesting reproductions, a small edition of the six color pictures, the same size as they appear in this story, have been made on high quality print stock. They have substantial margins and are titled. The prints are available for \$14.00 per set from the artist:

Larry Toschik
P. O. Box 6861
Phoenix, Arizona 85005



SCALED QUAIL OIL — 18" x 24"

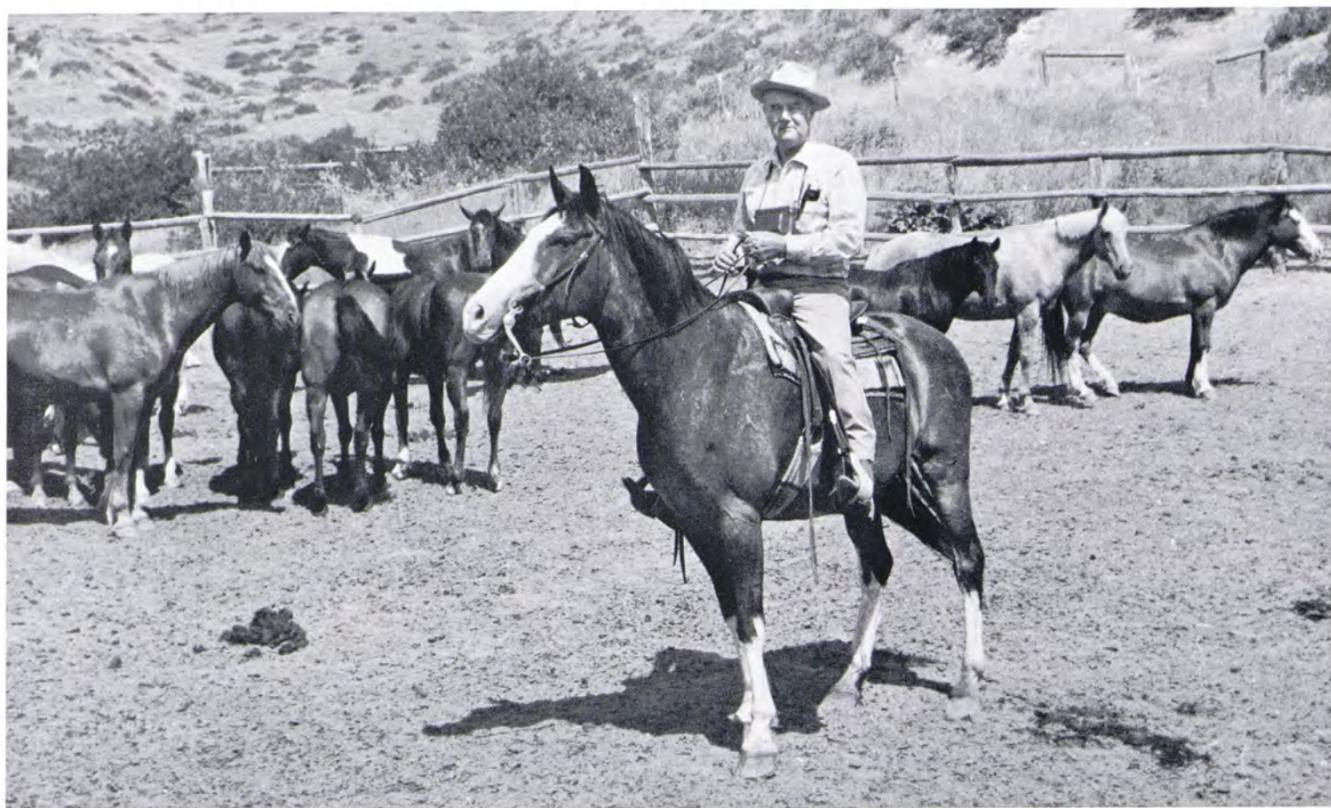
"Caller Of The Grasslands"



MEARNS QUAIL OIL - 24" x 44"

"Strangers On Our Hilltop"

Arthur A. Dailey... A Very Special Kind of Photographer



Arthur Dailey on "Sox," his favorite roan gelding.

"To me, photography is the simultaneous recognition, in a fraction of a second, of the significance of an event as well as the precise organization of forms which give that event its proper expression."—HENRI CARTIER BRESSON, one of the world's foremost photographers.

Photography and photographs are with us and around us from cradle to bier. We'll leave that statement for you to contemplate upon at your leisure because here we are concerned with a very special individual who stands apart even in his very special group of photographers who regardless of their time or *modus operandi* can be classified as fine art photographers.

In the hands of the truly great photographers, the camera is something more than a mechanical device for recording an image. Through the mind of certain photographers the camera is indeed a medium of artistic expression to be con-

sidered in relation to other art forms. Today, museums once categorized as classical institutions are exhibiting photography, and the enthusiastic response from critics, photographers, the press and the public has been rewarding to all.

My first exposure to the photographs of Arthur A. Dailey was at the Phoenix Art Museum less than a year ago. In gallery people's parlance, the exhibit was beautifully hung, and as I walked into the room the walls seemed to come alive with a dreamy, misty kind of action. This must be what the kids refer to as "turning you on."

Here, for the first time in my life, I felt the face-to-face impact of what fine art in photography really does to the senses. And I state this without discrediting or disparaging the fine photography I've seen at the Museum of Modern Art, and hundreds of prints by masters such as Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, Mar-

garet Bourke-White and others of that stature, whose works I had seen for the most part in black and white prints, each a masterpiece in itself.

Arthur Dailey's show was something else. Here was a visual presentation of 16 x 20 prints in full color . . . an entire room full of masterful prints . . . you just had to come up for a close look to convince yourself they were not paintings. Our day was made, for we had come upon a new name, a great talent and a subject most of our readers would welcome and appreciate.

Arthur A. Dailey was a very special photographer from his very first camera, a pre 1920 Kodak Hawkeye . . . the cheapest camera the company made, and the only one Arthur could afford after graduating from the University of Illinois. His first job was in the advertising department of Eastman Kodak Company. One day, as young Arthur was

showing his pictures to some of his co-workers, one of the company's top executives saw them and was so impressed with the prints that Dailey was assigned to work with the company's best photographers and technicians from whom he received the finest training available to anyone at the time.

He left Eastman Kodak to enter the field of photo journalism as a free lance agent, and soon sold features to *National Geographic* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. He spent three years traveling the world seeking pictures for travel folders. Arthur Dailey was a natural for anything photographic. For Quaker Oats, Cream of Wheat and Wrigleys he portrayed babies and children.

After employment by several of Chicago's leading advertising agencies he connected with the Santa Fe Railroad, holding senior executive positions in the company's advertising and public relations divisions until his retirement from "organized labor."

While with Santa Fe, he became acquainted with the best Western and Southwestern artists and painters of his time, many of whom he commissioned to do art for his company's promotional and advertising graphic requirements.

The first time I interviewed Arthur Dailey at his Sun City home I was aware that this was a strangely wonderful man, and a very special photographer.

Our very special photographer, who likes to be called "Pete" by his friends, turned out to be a man I'd never forget if I lived forever. A widower, he lives in Sun City, Arizona six months of the year; and spends most of the other six at the Eaton Ranch, at Wolf, Wyoming. Pete Dailey is a senior citizen by vital statistics only. Physically and mentally he is a challenge to any hard-riding, quick-thinking hombre of half his age.

There are photographers, and there are photographers, and I know all kinds. Regardless of their rating by standards of their work, you know you are in a photographer's home because photographs are everywhere . . . on the walls, on tables, and in the albums. Arthur Dailey, the very special photographer, has not one photograph in sight. The walls of his home are tastefully hung with paintings, drawings and etchings by the great artists of the Old West, many of them signed to their good friend Pete Dailey. A most interesting framed composition holds the 5 Aces (joker wild) poker



hand he held one memorable night with friends whose names are inscribed under glass. That same night Pete held a 4 Kings hand . . . "Couldn't make a dollar all night," Pete commented . . . "Nobody else was getting any cards."

We talked a lot about this and that camera, film, and techniques, when I asked Pete if he had any black and white prints to go with his feature. Pete said he enjoyed doing black and whites even more than color. In fact, he added, his black and white prints had won gold medals, silver medals, bronze medals and blue ribbons at almost every national and international salon. From a closet he brought forth several portfolio cases full of prints and as he started to stand them up on the floor along the wall and furniture, my whole body shivered from

the waist up, and all I could exclaim was . . . W O W !!!

Here we are proud to show you only a very faint preview of Pete Dailey's mastery of black-and-white photography, because we are holding the best of the rest for a future issue featuring the story of the evolution and development of the western range horse, which James Serven is authoring for us.

The more one knows about Arthur Dailey and the way he works the more very special he becomes.

Dailey's favorite camera, used in more than 95 percent of his work, is a Zeiss Ikon Super Ikonta, with a Carl Zeiss 2.8 lens. Due to the unexplainable phenomenon of a retrogressive something the camera industry calls progress, this



Arthur A. Dailey

simple, uncomplicated, exquisitely designed camera has been "orphaned" for more than thirty years, and the new automated improvements of today's cameras will not co-ordinate the electronics of progressive gadgetry to man's need for selective adjustments and at times his osmotic response to emotions and reflexes . . . So like the bumble bee who is not supposed to fly, Pete Dailey wins gold medals with a camera that most photographers would sell for junk.

Remember now, Pete Dailey is past most men's retirement age . . . and remember that every shot he makes he sees, composes and executes from a saddle, and his working day is for as long as there are horses stirrin' up dust. O.K. . . . now comes the very, very special part of this extraordinary photographer. All of Pete's exposures are on a 2¼ x 2¼ square format . . . made of moving objects shot from a moving subject . . . and the man and his camera are so good that 16 inch by 20 inch color

prints are made from them, and from those color prints the color reproductions in this magazine were made.

Wherever Pete lives, he enjoys the life around him and the comradeship of friends. At Sun City, many of his best days are spent on the golf course, and his smile and story telling are favorites with the Club House dinner set. Wyoming and the Eaton Ranch are his true loves because the mountain slopes, dashing brooks and rolling foothills are the settings and the scenery for his camera masterpieces, and every day he becomes more and more intrigued with the dramatic photographic possibilities of a herd of horses and the clouds of dust stirred up by pounding hooves. Like a choreographer and ballet master working with his human group, Pete observes and mentally records the cause and effect of every move in relation to the terrain, dust and coloring of the horses, rehearsing every possible composition over and over . . . until that fraction of a second when the precise organization of forms moves the senses to . . . Shoot!

We have not titled any of Arthur Dailey's photographs, although they have been titled in gallery showings. We

feel that after the first shock of pleasure these pictures will be savored differently by each viewer and will be appreciated to a lesser or greater degree for their universal and timeless interpretation of beauty preserved forever, and you appreciate the photographer and the medium which can freeze these "fractions of a second" of life for a lifetime.

I close with the words of Henri Cartier Bresson again: "*We photographers deal in things which are constantly vanishing, and when they have vanished, there is no contrivance on earth which can make them come back again . . . The writer has time to reflect . . . But for photographers, what has gone, has gone forever.*"

And now, dear reader, as your senses feel the pleasure of the beauty of the photographs on the following ten pages, please reflect for a moment on the miracle of photography . . . and

But for a very special photographer, these unforgettable realities of our life would have been only something dreams and fantasies are made of in memories.

Thank you, Arthur Dailey, from whom I learned much about the art of photography and of living.

JOSE IZUELA

Whether in the serenity of the woodland path, (below) or facing an overwhelming cascade of equine action, (overleaf) the results prove the artist is the master behind the lens.



ARTHUR A. DAILEY · ARPS.



AD·23

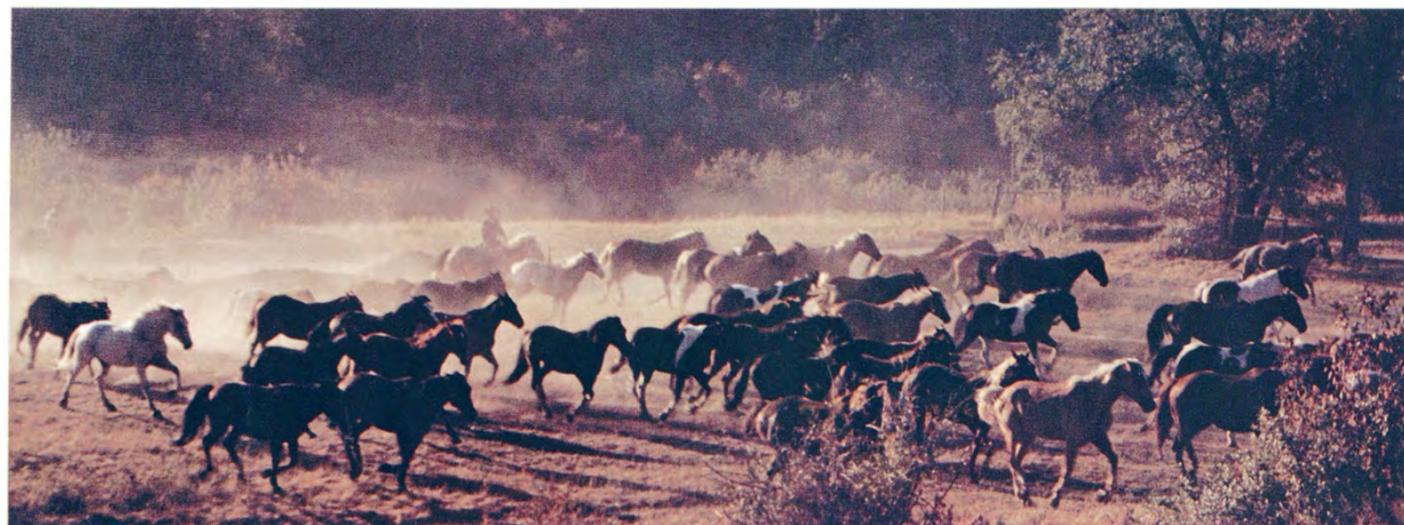
(overleaf) AD·24·25





AD-26U

The artist discerns the difference between the commonplace and the significant.



AD-26L



AD-27U



*No other medium
can capture the
scene and the mood
with such accuracy
and rapidity.*

ARTHUR DAILEY
1970

AD-27L



AD-28U

But for the man behind the artless camera these artistic reproductions would be memories.

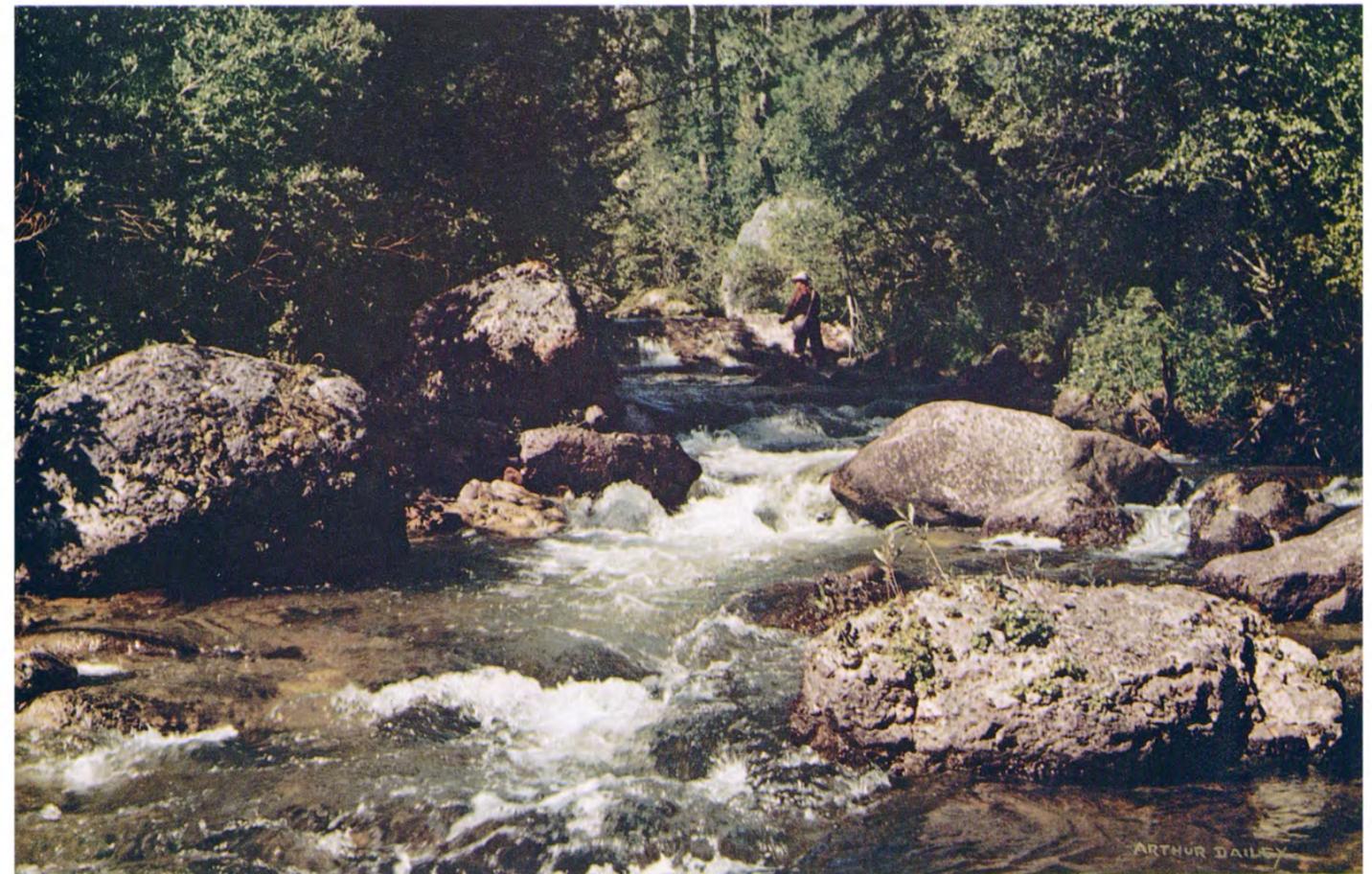


AD-29U

There are no boundaries to the range of his skill and insight.



AD-28L



AD-29L



ARTHUR DAILEY

AD-30U

It is one thing to be discerning and to seek and find the art in the world about you.



Transferring the image into print via the camera lens and the latitude of the film's emulsion is something else.

AD-30-3IU

AD-30-3IL



ARTHUR DAILEY

AD-30L



ARTHUR DAILEY

Only a master of his medium can be sure of holding the shadow detail evident in these reproductions. This is a high mark in exposure control technique.



AD-31LR



NORTHLAND PRESS AND THE FINE ART OF BOOKMAKING

WHEN LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL did an article on Northland Press in this magazine back in 1963, he said some very kind words about our printing and bookmaking and predicted a fine future. In his most complimentary article, this Dean Emeritus of the UCLA Library School said: "If I had been asked to name the Arizona locale of a typographical renaissance, I am sure Flagstaff would have been the least likely place; and not because of any prejudice I have against that community up in Coconino County."

A few months ago an eastern critic, while reviewing one of our most recent books, expressed surprise that a book of its calibre could have been produced ". . . in Flagstaff, Arizona, which is not exactly the book publishing capital of America, or anything else. . . ." We were amused by his comment; it had a very familiar ring to it. The question we hear over and again is: "Do you actually design, print, and publish your books in *Flagstaff*?"

The answer is an unequivocal "Yes!" but as Dr. Powell noted in his article, which gave a complete history of Northland Press as well as biographical notes on my career, the choice of both the locale and the bookmaking came about probably more by accident or destiny than through any planned program for the future.

In the few years prior to my arrival in Flagstaff, my activities were not even remotely related to publishing. I had spent almost three years sailing in the Mediterranean, across the Atlantic, and finally doing charter work with my own sailboat in the Windward Islands.

By PAUL E. WEAVER, Publisher

During the day I had been waddin' money up and stickin' it in my pockets. I set down on my bedroll and straightened out my money and felt good about the whole trip. Since I had bought these horses cheap and drove 'em a long ways, this had been a successful trip. I paid Choc and Friole all I owed them and gave them an extra \$20 apiece for travelin' money to get home on. BEN K. GREEN

LAST TRAIL DRIVE
THROUGH DOWNTOWN DALLAS



However, in my earlier years, printing and publishing had been my dominant interest. I grew up in my father's printing plant in Santa Monica, California, and had graduated with a major in journalism from the University of Nevada. In 1950, after a few short-term forays into the graphics field, I founded the *Pacific Palisades Post* in California. This venture was quite successful, but in early 1954 I sold the newspaper, and it was then that I took leave of the U.S. to look around the Mediterranean and Europe.

In 1958, an offer to temporarily manage Northland Press, with an option to buy, was accepted, and the move to Flagstaff was accomplished. The Press was a typical small, country printing plant and did not suggest the idea of fine printing, much less publishing. The eventual growth into bookmaking did not follow a necessarily logical sequence of events, but was more the gradual realization of a desire to return to publishing.

Most small regional publishers have made the transition, either partial or complete, from the commercial printing field as an artistic and creative release or as a "filler" for some of the inevitable slack periods. The transition at Northland Press was motivated by both factors. Naturally, in the past few years the creative aspect has dominated, and the so-called slack periods no longer exist — about now we could use a good breather.

As you grow you discover, many times the hard way, that it is difficult to be a part-time publisher, and the total transition to bookmaking, particularly when you're a long way from "the city," has some unique and unpredictable rough spots.

In retrospect, it seems ironic that we even really considered ourselves publishers in the early sixties. I'm sure no one else did, since our number of titles was so small. One year we didn't publish one book.

In less than a decade, though, the complete tran-



Of all the talented and well educated men who were attracted to the West in the 1880s and 1890s, these two are of the most important. It is good to know that these old accounts by Roosevelt, and their dashing and accurate illustrations by Remington, are to be put within reach of the public once more. HELEN CARD

RANCH LIFE IN THE FAR WEST



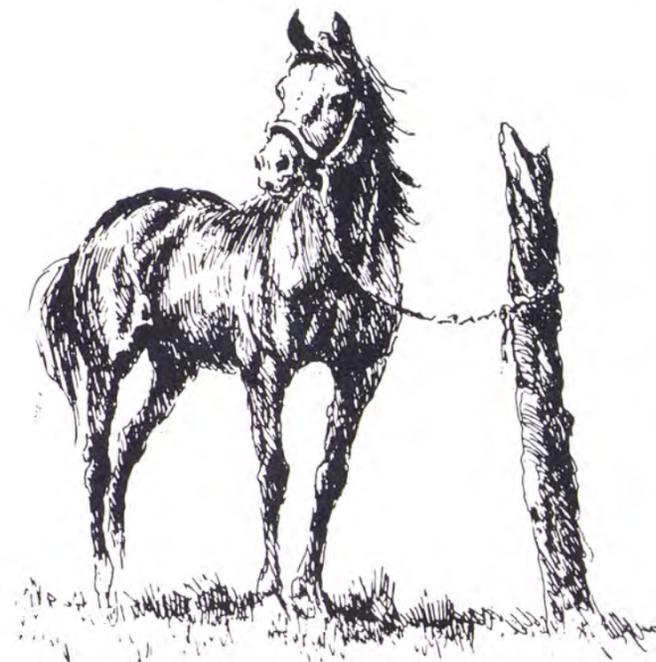
I have always admired both the man and the painter but I can see that, in most cases, it takes a Westerner to really appreciate Maynard Dixon. Westerners know that he could paint into his pictures much of their own feelings toward the country they live in, and vast lonely ranges can best be appreciated in picture form by people who know these ranges by experience. DON PERCEVAL

MAYNARD DIXON SKETCH BOOK



I consider Olaf Wieghorst the outstanding contemporary Western artist. There are many others who share this feeling, for his paintings are in the private collections of Western art including those of The Eisenhower Library, Abilene, Kansas, and The Whitney Gallery, Cody, Wyoming. Although there are some who challenge this, Olaf Wieghorst is top hand for me. BARRY GOLDWATER

THE STORY OF OLAF WIEGHORST



sition has been made, and our list of new titles for this fall alone will be a baker's dozen. Now our entire staff is busy making books, and the last of the small commercial work has finally been phased out.

Fine printing and the attempt to produce fine books go back a long, long way. It seems incredible today, with all of our technological advances, that the Gutenberg Bible, printed before 1456, should still be considered by experts as one of the most beautiful books ever printed. In this instance, technology may have proved to be more of a hindrance than a help. As the beautiful handset, handprinted books gave way to machine-printed books, the making of books, except in limited editions by men of real dedication, gradually changed from an art to a trade. The old masters of the printing art, it must be remembered, worked hard to satisfy a select few. Later, as mechanization took over to supply books in greater quantities, there were still many men like

William Morris and Ben Franklin who did their best to preserve the real art of fine printing.

Fortunately, despite the transition to modern printing and bookmaking methods, there were men like Bruce Rogers of the Riverside Press to guide the makers of fine books. His influence, along with that of others such as Frederick W. Goudy, is still inspiring many book designers today.

Rogers once described the kind of book we are sincerely trying to produce at Northland Press: ". . . a beautiful book should first be an efficient instrument; it should be legible and easy to read. It may at the same time be a work of art, with a beauty and personality of its own."

To me, the making of a book is exciting in all phases and encompasses a vast variety of creative challenges. From the initial mention of an editorial idea or manuscript, or the first glimpse of an illustration, the romance begins and doesn't end until

the book is completed. It is the full and gratifying satisfaction of doing your best in selection, design, and final execution.

Each of our very first two books in 1962, *Navajo Sketch Book* by Clay Lockett and Don Perceval, and *Torrent in the Desert* by Jeanne and Weston Lee, had a unique beginning and presented many challenges. Lawrence Powell stated: "*The Navajo Sketch Book* is the most beautiful book ever published in Arizona." I'm damned if I'll disagree. It is hard to top the drawings of Don Perceval, the knowledgeable writing of Clay Lockett, and the design talents of John Anderson, who was with me at the time. *Navajo Sketch Book* is now in its second edition and continues to sell and receive favorable attention in reviews. It holds its own on the display shelf with our newer books and has, as Bruce Rogers said, ". . . a beauty and personality of its own." *Torrent in the Desert* has been out of print for years, but it

was considered a success in all ways. Nevertheless, we certainly feel we have learned a great deal about bookmaking since our first titles appeared and we expect to go on learning.

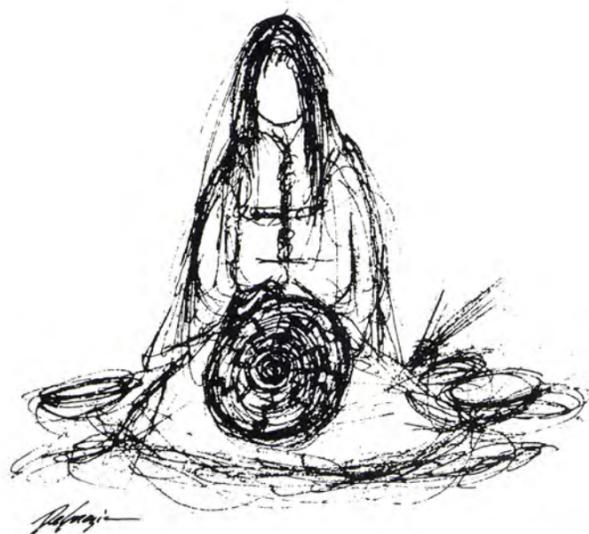
When the reading of a manuscript immediately ignites the formation of both visual and graphic ideas, the book is beginning. The ideas may ebb and flow, be altered and modified, but they are always funneling to one goal — the finished book. Each demands a different approach, each offers a special challenge.

The story of bookmaking in a small regional press such as Northland can best be told by retracing major steps of one of our recent books — a limited edition which was published in April and sold out in June. This book was sheer fun all the way and combined every element which is indigenous to our scale of operations and our part of the country.

The author, Dr. Ben K. Green of Cumby, Texas,

The Seri Indians have not only the sky and the land, but the sea also. And they belong to no one. They have to work for what they have and they have to work even harder to survive. Because they live so close to nature, they live a natural life. They respect and honor Mother Nature's ways. They have learned tolerance. And they know how to wait, and wait . . . and wait. TED DE GRAZIA

THE SERI INDIANS



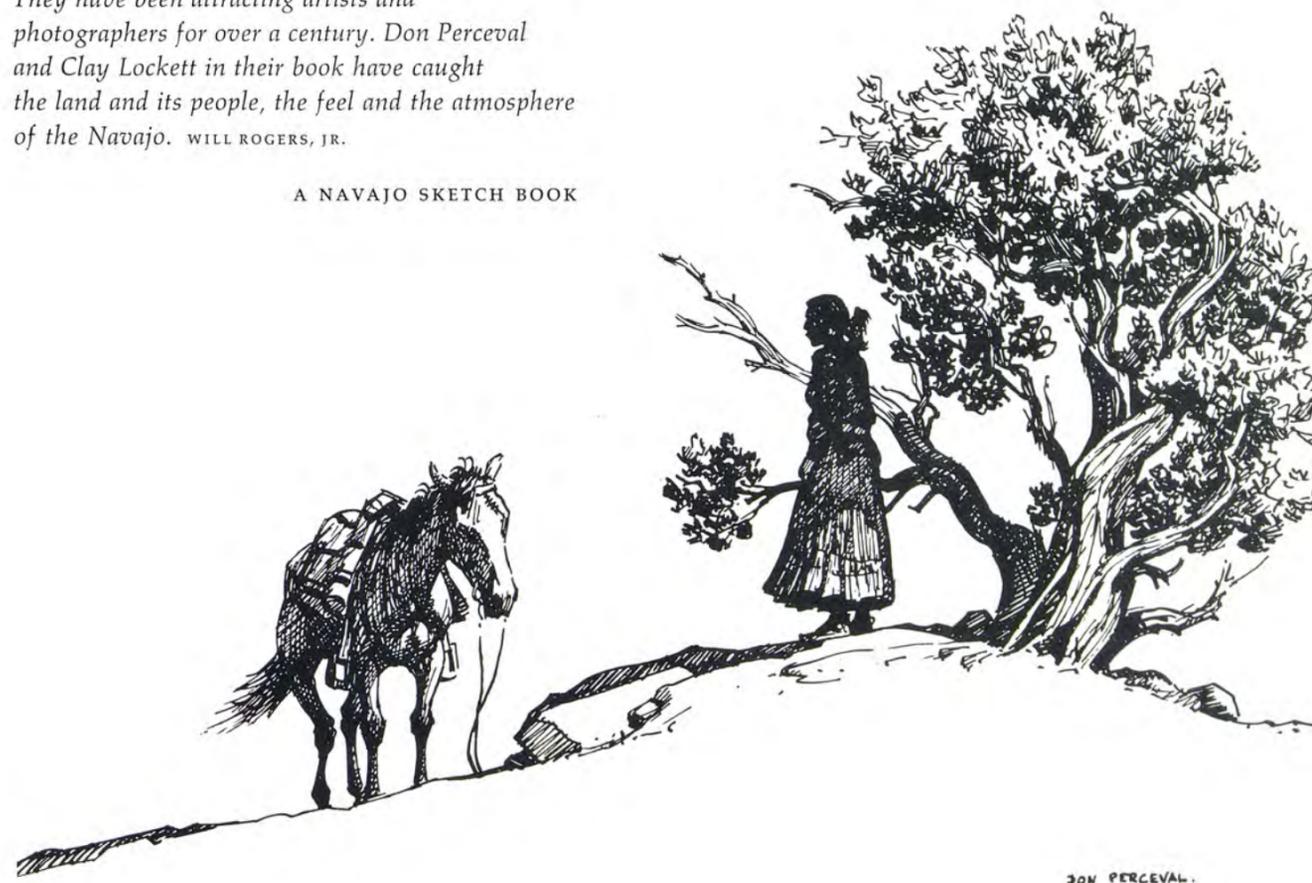
The big potbellied stove was kept roaring and the bullpen was plenty warm, but back of the counter it was really cold. The Navajos would come in, wrapped in their robes, and, if it was snowing and the robes were wet, so much the worse — they would make for the hot stove and hover so close they steamed and scorched their robes. CHARLES NEWCOMB

THROW HIS SADDLE OUT



The Navajos are the largest American Indian tribe. They are a colorful people in a colorful country. They have been attracting artists and photographers for over a century. Don Perceval and Clay Lockett in their book have caught the land and its people, the feel and the atmosphere of the Navajo. WILL ROGERS, JR.

A NAVAJO SKETCH BOOK



had been introduced to me through mutual friends at the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City. He was a successful veterinarian in West Texas for many years and a noted expert on horses. When I first visited him at his office in Greenville, it was to discuss his book, *The Color of Horses*. During the visit he mentioned another manuscript, which he had tentatively titled *The Last Trail Drive Through Downtown Dallas*, and we then talked about the possibility of my publishing it in a limited printing. Well, Ben Green is a damn funny guy and a most successful storyteller, so I was very anxious to read this West Texas yarn of his boyhood horsetrading experiences.

From the first reading I knew this was a wonderful story for Northland Press and I could already visualize it as a fine little book.

After simple, but firm contract negotiations (Ben's a tough, wily old codger), the editing of the manu-

script was started by our editor Doris Monthan. Now, some manuscripts are difficult, take considerable rewriting, checking, researching, and general reorganization; but in this case, it was flat simple. Ben writes exactly as he saw it, and that ends it, as Doris soon discovered on her first meeting with the seasoned author. Only two minor changes were recommended and both were shot out of the saddle by a brief, but eloquent lecture on West Texas dialogue from author Green.

Ben writes with full command of the era in which the story takes place, and the manuscript demanded illustrations which created the same feeling and authenticity which Ben had caught in his words.

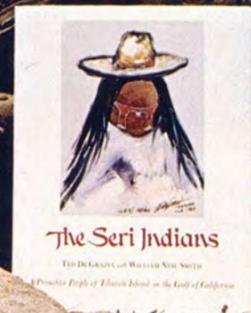
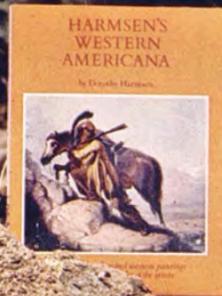
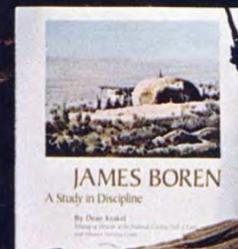
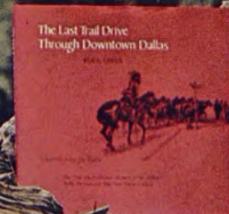
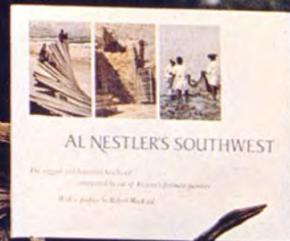
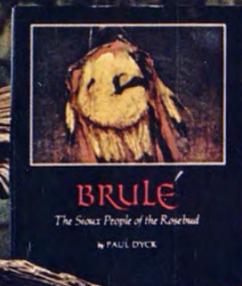
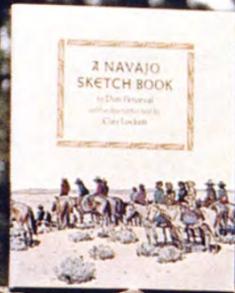
The person I thought of immediately was friend and well-known Western artist, Joe Beeler, who lives just a good lope from here in Sedona. I gave him the manuscript, and after a few days, checked back to see how he felt about it. As I anticipated, he

thought the story fun and said he'd really enjoy doing the illustrations and working with Ben. The final acceptance of all illustrations for the book was up to Ben, so Joe did a preliminary sketch. In many of our books, particularly the art books, we work very closely with the author from the original concept through most of the planning, editing, and design stages. When we presented the sketch, Dr. Green expressed not only satisfaction but downright enthusiasm, so Joe went ahead with the illustrations and we were one more step down the trail.

With an edited manuscript and finished illustrations in hand, I then worked very closely with our designer, Robert Jacobson, to actually set on paper a working layout of the visual ideas suggested by the story and illustrations. We decided on the typeface, the deposition of space as to margins, color combinations, paper, and binding cloth — all with an eye to general harmony and suitability to the

book's theme. In this case we aimed at an earthy, rustic quality, choosing coarse-textured brown cloth for the cover, textured gold end sheets, and off-white, laid text paper. We chose sepia and black for the two ink colors, using the black for the type and combining it with the sepia to achieve greater depth and tonal variation in the illustrations. Also, the sepia tones seemed to suggest the period and general area of the story.

Publisher's Weekly gave the book a send-off with an advance review and a reproduction of one of the illustrations. They fastened on the very quality we were hoping to achieve throughout the planning of the book: "A warmly appealing bit of nostalgic Americana, enriched by some fine authentic illustrations. . . ." It was the beginning of an actual bombardment of great reviews, and to top it off, it was just our luck to finally hit the best seller list with a limited edition. *The Last Trail Drive Through*



Al Nestler's Southwest, forty years of it, presented through the perceptive eye and skilled hand of a fine landscape painter. ROBERT MACLEOD

AL NESTLER'S SOUTHWEST



Now I've watched these dudes all pretty close an' from what I've observed right here at the ranch the tougher you make it for a dude an' the more miserable he is while he's out on the court the better he likes this game. ROSS SANTEE

THE BAR X GOLF COURSE



He paints in a liberated yet disciplined style; and as a colorist, few can surpass him. Boren is a versatile artist who works well in both oil and watercolor. This book has the extraordinary quality of being the outgrowth of mutual respect resulting from hard work and years of close association. Dean Krakel's research and writing, like James Boren's painting style, is disciplined. JACK BARTFIELD

JAMES BOREN: A STUDY IN DISCIPLINE



Downtown Dallas was in the top ten of the Fort Worth-Dallas area for weeks, and for a while it was second only to *The Sensuous Man*, which shows even Texans have more than one interest.

At any rate, the entire production was one of those happy combinations of talents and decisions which prove to be right all the way down the line. I say "prove to be" because you cannot be sure until the book is in the hands of the reader. There are no hard and fast rules to guarantee success. In good book design there are no exacting bounds or limits, but I feel you have an obligation to the reader, your ultimate audience. Here, as Bruce Rogers said, is the final test of good book design: is the book a happy experience for the reader, is it properly telling the story, is it effectively utilizing the art, do all of these elements seem to be naturally and effortlessly combined? Too often books are designed for the designer's sake, not the reader's. Margins, type selec-

tion, tone of paper, and even the proportions of the page can either help or hinder the reader.

Here at Northland we still believe in setting our type by the linotype machine or, what is called, "hot" rather than "cold" composition. Computerized typesetting has certainly made its mark in newspapers and textbooks, but I feel fine typesetting is still in the hands of a skilled linotype operator and will be for some time to come. Not only does the linotype hold a consistent quality in the actual printed word, but when operated by a skilled typesetter, it provides the proper spacing in word division, use of ligatures, and achieves the fine, even look that a page of type should have. When quality is the chief concern, mechanical typesetting in no way competes with the handset or monotype methods. England is about the last country to still do most of its composition by monotype, which is mid-ground between handset and linotype.

Another phase of bookmaking, graphic reproduction, is one of particular importance to us as we continue to do more and more art books. Some of the various art media are easier to reproduce than others. Reproducing wash drawings, for instance, can be very elementary. In the case of Ben Green's book, they were expertly rendered by Joe and eventually reproduced in two colors. But reproduction of illustrations can be the major effort and dominating factor in the making of a book such as our *Olaf Wieghorst* which had thirty-two full-color paintings.

In this award-winning book we made our color separations directly from the original oil paintings and watercolors selected by Olaf to illustrate the story of his life. This necessitated shipping original art from collectors and museums in all parts of the country. At one time over \$100,000 worth of the Wieghorst work was in our plant. We feel it is very important, if at all possible, to work from the orig-

inal art rather than color transparencies. Color reproduction is always critical, and when working directly from the original art, you eliminate the interpretation of the photographer. Also you are working from an original art surface to a printed surface which gives you the advantage of both surfaces reflecting the same light rather than the light being transmitted through the transparency.

However, if we relied solely on working from the original art we would be producing far fewer books; it is frequently too impractical if not impossible because of logistics to have the original art. One of our most monumental efforts in fine bookmaking was the recently published *Harmsen's Western Americana* which had 100 color reproductions of Western paintings. We did all the color separations from very fine, professionally photographed 4 x 5 transparencies and the final results were excellent.

It's a simple theory of not attempting unnecessary

This is a bilingual book, in which the English was written to be completely translatable into Navajo without any change of meaning. Such a text was made possible with the help of Iroy Goossen. Words and phrases are introduced gradually, the entire vocabulary is controlled, and repetitions are made where possible to give needed practice. JERRY HALL

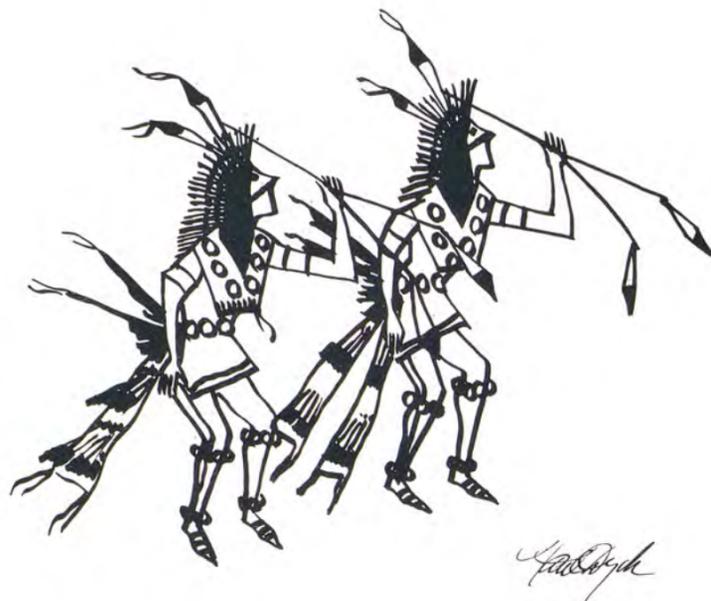
KEE'S HOME: A BEGINNING NAVAJO READER

The man seen here was a man who knew the value of freedom; a man who walked and lived with God; a man whose eyes needed beauty as a way of life. Come then with me and join these men who have just come in from the mountains and the prairies. Come and rub shoulders with these men who have made the history of the West and who live again in this book of the Brulé people. PAUL DYCK

BRULÉ: THE SIOUX PEOPLE OF THE ROSEBUD

Ryan is painting the contemporary West with understanding and ability. He has almost completely veered away from the typical historical episodes and scenes of the Old West, accomplished by names like Russell, Remington, Leigh, Schreyvogel. Tom feels strongly about the West of today. As a result of this feeling, he is living and painting in the heart of one of America's greatest ranching countries. DEAN KRAKEL

TOM RYAN: PAINTER IN FOUR SIXES COUNTRY



shortcuts or working with materials that are not of the finest quality, for in bookmaking too many unpredictable problems arise, even under the best of plans and ideal conditions.

After the final typesetting and art reproduction, the book goes through a number of other steps — the preparing of negatives, stripping and plate-making — before going to press, another crucial step. The press of today is regulated by automatic controls and the whole printing process can be rather mechanical. It's a long way from methods used centuries back — the dampening of the paper and application by delicate pressure to a handset, movable type. Even today, though, it is an exacting process. The applying of ink to paper on the press must be done with a consistency in color and coverage that in no way varies to the eye or in the densitometer which electronically guides the pressman in his control of color density. Here, again, the personal touch enters. In

the case of color reproductions, the pressman, as well as myself when possible, continually check against the original art or against the transparency. This constant comparison is often the saving grace in accurate color reproduction.

When we have finally "put our book on paper," the signatures, or folded pages are taken for binding to Roswell Bookbinding in Phoenix. Here the pages are Smyth-sewn, glued, and the cases, or cloth-covered boards, made for final bookbinding. It is our good fortune to have such book-oriented and dedicated people as Mark and Iris Roswell to work with us at this important stage. Again, in our hurried world, they take that additional time and give that extra attention which is essential in producing a quality book.

It is always an exciting day at Northland Press to see the final book bound, dust-jacketed, and ready to be sent out into the world — hopefully, to

bring pleasure to that ultimate audience, the reader.

As satisfying as the artistic and mechanical production of books can be, it cannot compare with the thrill of working with their initial creators, the authors and illustrators. Working with an author like Frank Waters while doing a book on the late Leon Gaspard was unforgettable. Robert Kittredge brought back old sailing days while editing and designing the little book we did with him called *Self-Taught Navigation*. When working with artists like Phil Curtis, Ted DeGrazia, Lew Davis, Joe Beeler, the late Al Nestler and authors such as Alvin Gordon, K. T. Palmer, Joe Lincoln, and Charles Newcomb, one is aware of the tremendous talent in our state.

Kind of a double-header was putting our *Brulé* book together with Paul Dyck, who filled the roles of both artist and author. All the nice things I could say about this experience are pretty well summed up in the *American West* review: "Coming at a time

when the nation is inexorably turning, under pressure, to a long-delayed reexamination of the fate of its Indian citizens, this book is more properly valued as a timely book of worth and significance, brilliantly executed by its author and its publisher."

A meeting in Westport, Connecticut with the famous illustrator Harold Von Schmidt to discuss our forthcoming book on his life was a look back into the pages of the old *Saturday Evening Post*. The author, Walt Reed, a former New York illustrator of note and now with the Famous Artists School, is also a wonderful man and very skillful in his appraisal of Von Schmidt. Reed's earlier book, *The Illustrator in America*, is recognized as the Bible of the illustrating field.

Both editorially and artistically we've been fortunate to associate with a lovely lady like Janice Lovoos, now writing the life of Frederic Whitaker, nationally famous watercolorist, which is scheduled for publi-



Some of Northland's Awards. Photograph by Peter Bloomer

cation next spring. Add to that, the dynamic Dean Krakel, Director of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, who wrote our *James Boren* book and has now finished his second title for us, *Tom Ryan: A Painter in Four Sixes Country*. Tom, like James Boren and Joe Beeler, are members of the Cowboy Artists of America and all have been award winners at their annual shows at the Cowboy Hall of Fame. I'm proud to say that Northland Press now produces the CAA annual exhibition catalog.

Incidentally, Arizona should be proud of its six Cowboy Artists of America members which include Charlie Dye, Sedona; John Hampton, Scottsdale; Wayne Hunt, Cornville; Brownell McGrew, Cottonwood; and Jim Reynolds, Sedona, as well as Beeler. The annual show in Oklahoma City is attended and supported by many Arizona Western art collectors.

Our sights are zeroed in on the Southwest, I admit, but we've added an international touch by the

recent signing of a book contract with sculptor Harry Jackson. His forthcoming book, *The Art of Bronze Casting*, deals editorially and pictorially with the lost wax process. Harry maintains his studio in Wyoming and his bronze foundry in Italy — it's located at the foot of the Carrara Mountains where Michelangelo once worked. You might recognize Harry as the fellow who did the "True Grit" bronze of John Wayne, which appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine.

So you can see, bookmaking has some thrilling sides, all the hurry-up and wait of the military, the creation of possibly an artist or author, and at times the satisfaction of having contributed to the Western or, hopefully, the full scene.

Whatever the day may bring in this personal attempt at contributing, we all find it much more pleasant here in the cool pines below the Peaks . . . in Flagstaff, Arizona. 🌲🌲🌲

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----- CUT ALONG THIS LINE -----

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|---|--|--|

----- CUT ALONG THIS LINE -----

RE-CREATED

Horizon-ringed by mountains,
this desert plateau waits in darkness . . .
no bird calls
no wind rustle
all is freshly created
waiting for the breath of life . . .

A golden gong sounds,
sun haloes a blue peak . . .
bird calls answer
wind warms as
with a burst of light
desert breathes alive!

— Lorraine Babbitt

TRANSITION

Sunset lays a scarlet
cloak
Across the evening sky
And twilight pins it with
a star
As shadowy night draws
nigh.

— F. J. Worrall

EARLY AUTUMN

Now the predicted season
Begins
A slow design;
Changing
Summer landscape
With advancing
Haste.

Deep woods wake,
New colors
Brighten the maples,
Stir;
Continue
Autumn's promise
In the festive air.

— William Beyer

THE WIND

The movement of wind,
The green mint as it twines:
All pleasant things
That the heart binds
Into dreams of beauty and grace
Wherever one might go
If found in your face
And its heavenly glow.

— Steve Coppinger

CACTUS AND THE COTTONWOOD

In thorned regions
Stand the ranks
Of patient cactus
Watching with vegetable
patience
The deserts' dying
The winds' empty voice
As aliens
Obliterate
In well meant ignorance
The cactus
and the
cottonwood —

— Steve Coppinger

YOURS SINCERELY

THE VIEW FROM ENGLAND

. . . Some friends who live in California have been sending me your various publications for the past few years. I have always found them interesting, extremely beautiful, and, in the case of the Bar X Golf Course, hilariously funny. I am like Mrs. John Moore of Las Vegas (does anyone actually live in Las Vegas?), and I do not let my copy out of my house.

Since I have been working as an IBM Composer operator, I have been associated with a publication called *The Greenwich Times*, which is produced locally and aimed at the tourists who come to Greenwich in large numbers every year. The publication takes the form of a newspaper, and is proving very popular. It is a very different production from ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, but it does mean that I take something of a professional interest in my monthly reminder of my American friends.

I have found your June issue with the Kachina dolls strangely moving. Even though the text is written with genuine sympathy and understanding, I felt that there was still a gulf between the European-based cultures I know (and understand up to a point) and this native American culture of which I had previously been quite unaware. Maybe one day I will visit your state and perhaps understand a little better.

Many thanks, though, for opening my eyes to the beauty of America. Those of us who have never been there, but think we know it well through the inexhaustible flood of "Westerns," are almost completely unaware of the beauty of America, although much of it appears to be geological, whereas the English countryside tends to be primarily agricultural.

I shall continue to read your magazines with great pleasure, and only hope that my American friends, who apparently normally holiday in your area, will continue to give me this delightful twelve-times-a-year Christmas present.

Mrs. J. Birchenough
London SE 12 8 LR
England

• *Yes, dear friend, people actually do live in Las Vegas, especially THE Las Vegas in Nevada. (There is also another Las Vegas significant in our Southwest, in New Mexico. If any of the Chamber of Commerce people read this, I hope they send you their literature.*

related to history and which are in dire need of careful study, of preservation for the future, and of thoroughness of recording.

The committee has been organized for a year and a half and are proud of Mr. Sorensen's membership and contribution to the deliberations of the advisory group. Members appreciate his intense scrutiny and desire for accuracy in projects with which he becomes engrossed.

At our July meeting, the advisory committee voted to express to you our thanks for publishing this fascinating article.

Helen E. Green, Secretary
Assemblyman John Stull's
Historic Landmarks
Advisory Committee
San Diego County, Calif.

• *Cloyd Sorensen's article has brought in mail from around the world.*

SEE AMERICA FIRST

. . . "Arizona Wild Flowers" issue has just arrived, and I heartily agree with Mr. Wayne Williams' appraisal on the unmatched artistry in the world's greatest magazine.

Last year my brother Ben and wife Hermine were in Europe and spent some time in Switzerland. They were scheduled to spend a month in Spain. I wrote him at Geneva as follows: "The post-card scenery in Switzerland is great. If you will pick up a copy of the current issue of ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, you will note that Sedona's Oak Creek Canyon area has been pronounced "the most beautiful spot in the entire world. That covers a lot of territory, but it is true."

To my surprise my brother cancelled his intended trip to Spain and caught a plane to Phoenix, and spent a month at Sedona. He agrees with the pronouncement.

We were former residents of Tucson for twenty years and my son Bill is just now completing the building of a home in Sedona.

S. H. Mathews
El Cajon, California

• *Thank you for your compliments. A beautiful land and the world's best scenic photographers are hard to beat.*

If I keep a green bough in my
heart, the singing bird will come.

—CHINESE PROVERB

HONORS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS

. . . The featured article, "The Enduring Intrigue of the Glass Trade Bead," by Cloyd Sorensen appearing in the July issue of ARIZONA HIGHWAYS was well presented and beautifully illustrated with the author's own photographs.

Our Assemblyman John Stull's Historic Landmarks Advisory Committee is studying and dedicating local historic sites as landmarks or points of interest in our San Diego County area. Members are becoming more and more aware of the necessity of accurate accounts of historic items and events. Also our awareness is broadening as to the wide spectra of items which are significantly

OPPOSITE PAGE
The Last Flowers of the Old Season
BOB BRADSHAW
BACK COVER
Road to Sunset Crater
National Monument
HERB AND DOROTHY McLAUGHLIN



