

Grand Canyon Casts a Spell on Dreamers and Schemers

OCTOBER 2005

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

a riot of **fall**
color

Photographing
Sedona

AUTUMN'S GLORY
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Our editor wanders through a glory of sycamores to totter toward an implausible peak.

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BLURRED DREAMS

[THIS PAGE] A long exposure abstracts the flowing water of Oak Creek in an outtake from Larry Lindahl's book *Secret Sedona*. See the portfolio on page 18. LARRY LINDAHL

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

[FRONT COVER] Sycamores lean across the entrance to Garden Canyon on the Fort Huachuca Army post. Generally open to the public, the canyon harbors rare birds like the elegant trogon and the Mexican spotted owl. See our "Fall Color Guide" on page 16. GURINDER P. SINGH

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

[BACK COVER] Oak Creek near Sedona flows through fall-bedecked sycamores and cottonwoods. LARRY LINDAHL

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

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Photographic Prints Available



■ Prints of some photographs are available for purchase, as designated in captions. To order, call toll-free (866) 962-1191 or visit www.magazineprints.com.

{highways on television}

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

online arizonahighways.com

Online this month, celebrate the end of summer with our favorite ways to enjoy an Arizona autumn. Go to arizonahighways.com and click on our "Fall Color Guide" for:

- An expanded list of where to find the prettiest fall color
- Trips to mining towns-turned-artists' colonies

PLUS, get our regular monthly online-only features:

- HUMOR** Author Gene Perret tries his hand at throwing pots.
- ONLINE EXTRA** Come along on a hi-tech hunt for gold.
- WEEKEND GETAWAY** Visit the ghosts of Globe.
- TRAVEL THROUGH TIME** Camp Reno: The Army's losing bet.
- EXPERIENCE ARIZONA** Use our statewide calendar of events.

Who's Got the Best State Bird?

In a recent issue, I recognized a picture of a hermit thrush. Were you aware that the hermit thrush is the state bird of Vermont? I have always been captivated by its song as I get to see one and hear it each summer right from my kitchen. In my 15 years of driving to Arizona, this spring was undoubtedly the best. The desert was colorfully awash with spectacular displays of wildflowers.

Charles Frost, Barre, VT

I promise not to blame the hermit thrush for being Vermont's state bird. And I confess, Arizona's state bird—the cactus wren—sounds like the dying transmission on a windup clown car. But then, the poor thing builds its nests among bristling cholla thorns sharp enough to penetrate boot leather. So it makes sense cactus wrens have an attitude. On the other hand, the song of our beloved canyon wren is so haunting it would make a hermit thrush give up singing and sell real estate—somewhere in Vermont.

Losing a Loyal Reader

My dear husband, Billy Cherry, has departed this Earth, and his subscription expires soon. I had thought I wouldn't renew it, but for almost 50 years Arizona Highways has come to our mailbox. Billy loved every page of every issue that came. He has 40-some-odd bound volumes.

You have given us great joy with the magazine over the years.

Evelyn Cherry

I am profoundly sorry for your loss. I hope the monthly arrival of the magazine will be at least a bittersweet comfort. Your letter makes me hope we can live up to your husband's memory of the magazine. I cannot thank you enough for writing.

This Time, He Deserves an Answer

In 1988, I wrote Arizona Highways about a reference to a natural bridge in a 1959 article. The answering letter disclaimed any specific knowledge of the bridge, but suggested perhaps it was the Tonto Natural Bridge. I don't believe the people involved in this adventure were even close to the Tonto Natural Bridge. Any help you can give me as to name and location would be greatly appreciated.

John Burns, San Antonio, TX

I am dumbfounded and humbled. Does anyone in the charted universe have such readers? So let me get this straight: You got interested in a natural bridge briefly mentioned in a 1959 article, got a brush-off answer in 1988, but held onto the question for the next 17 years, waiting patiently for a new editor. Wow. My 1959 copy of the magazine suggests you're absolutely right—the trip entered Blue Canyon in the Moenkopi Wash on the border between the Navajo and Hopi reservations. I can't find a rock bridge mentioned on my topo map, but that's no surprise, since the reservation brims with

unmarked wonders. So I'll make you a deal: Come to Arizona and we'll go find it—or have fun trying.

The Night the Sandstone Bedded

Having spent many years in the geological survey and as an editor for the international journal of Environmental Geology, I would like to compliment the story "Earth's Exotic Geology" by Gary Ladd in the May 2005 issue, particularly the picture on page 22 with the jointing of the bedded sandstone. The veins or fins, as they are described, are caused by groundwater moving along a fractured system—a geology textbook classic.

Phil LaMoreaux, Tuscaloosa, AL

Photographer Gary Ladd said that two sandstones met at a joint and ended up bedded, but I completely misunderstood him. Actually, art ever lurks in the seams of geology, especially when Gary composes the shot. But I'm worried that if I send this letter to Gary, he'll start pushing us for his portfolio on the "History of the Universe Since the Big Bang as Illustrated by Geological Patterns in Arizona."

Evidence of Demented Road-builders?

In looking at the photographs on page 21 ("Earth's Exotic Geology," May '05), my wife said that the natural order of the Earth makes it impossible to create a right angle. Yet it looks as if the plates were set by hand—or not? Which also brings in the pyramids and other structures that have smooth, angular stones.

Antony Morris, Berlin, Germany

You're right—that picture does look like evidence of demented ancient road-builders. But Gary Ladd says the uplift of the Colorado Plateau fractured a thin layer of sandstone sitting atop a bedding of shale. Much later, the shale dissolved and the sandstone settled, splitting apart along the fractures. On the other hand, Glen Canyon Dam created the lake that dissolved the shale. So it was man-made—sort of.

God's Vacation Spot

Thank goodness for Gary Ladd and his magic camera and eye for dramatics ("Earth's Exotic Geology," May '05). I knew I lived in a state that God would pick for his vacation, but what I personally say just barely scratched the surface. Thank you, Gary!

Walter Henderson, Tucson

Lord help us if the Big Guy ever does take a vacation. Of course, now you've reminded me of J. Ross Browne's famous 1869 observation: "It is said that a wicked soldier died in Fort Yuma and was consigned to the fiery regions below for his manifold sins; but unable to stand the rigors of the climate, sent back for his blankets." But seriously—you guys are gonna have to stop building up Gary's ego or we're going to have to do the history-of-the-universe-in-close-ups-of-lichen thing after all.

Publisher WIN HOLDEN

Editor PETER ALESHIRE
Senior Editor BETH DEVENY
Managing Editor RANDY SUMMERLIN
Research Editor LORI K. BAKER
Editorial Administrator CONNIE BOCH

Director of Photography PETER ENSENBERGER
Photography Editor RICHARD MAACK

Art Director BARBARA GLYNN DENNEY
Deputy Art Director BILLIE JO BISHOP
Art Assistant PAULY HELLER
Map Designer KEVIN KIBSEY

Arizona Highways Books
Editor BOB ALBANO

Production Director KIM ENSENBERGER
Promotions Art Director RONDA JOHNSON
Webmaster VICKY SNOW

Director of Sales & Marketing KELLY MERO

Circulation Director HOLLY CARNAHAN

Finance Director BOB ALLEN

Fulfillment Director VALERIE J. BECKETT

Information Technology Manager
CINDY BORMANIS

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E-MAIL LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
editor@arizonahighways.com

Regular Mail:

Editor
2039 W. Lewis Ave.
Phoenix, AZ 85009

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PRODUCED IN THE USA

Ruby Still Roils Bisbee Dreamers, Especially on This Day of the Dead

SOMETHING WOKE ME. I struggled up out of the open pit of sleep, brushing away the cobwebs of a dream to sit up in bed in the darkness in the Oliver House, a 100-year-old bed and breakfast perched on a hillside in Bisbee.

"What was that?" I asked, disoriented by the strange surroundings.

"Someone yelling down in the street," my wife, Elissa, muttered sleepily. "Some drunk most likely." Most likely.

So I subsided into the bed, into the dream, into the night.

I woke at dawn on Dia de los Muertos (Day of the Dead) and lay in the cozy, old room, with its air of antique secrets. Then I dressed quietly and stole silently down to the common room for breakfast.

An assemblage of eggs, bacon, toast and juice crowded a side table, and owner Dennis Schranz crowded a side chair. Round and bespectacled, he sat expectantly as a lawn gnome.

I had wandered, unknowingly, into the lair of an old-time storyteller.

Turns out, the Oliver House is the most haunted hotel in Arizona.

Twenty-seven people have died in the Oliver House, insisted Dennis, relishing the figure. He doesn't tell guests about all the deaths when they check in. He waits for breakfast.

That's when he tells them about the ghosts. And Nathan Anderson.

And Ruby. It seems that Nathan Anderson, an executive in the mining company that owned Bisbee, was having an affair with Ruby, the wife of a local policeman.

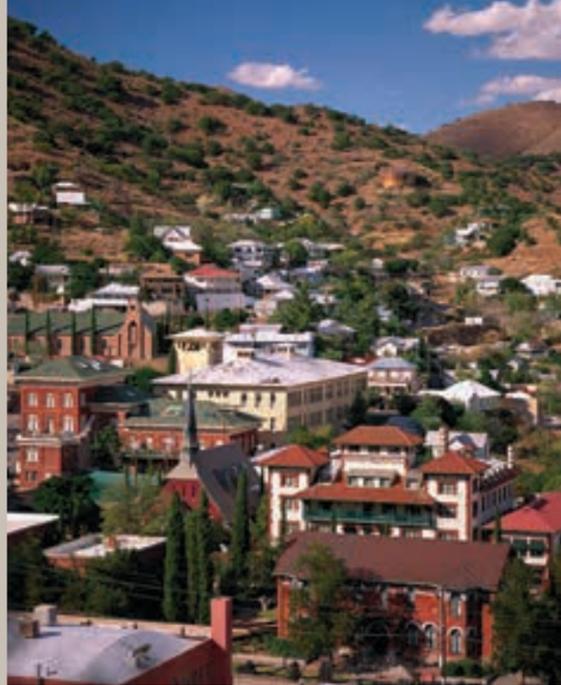
Ruby was a fetching girl—freckled and witty, stuck in a dying mining town infamous for its fires, intemperate millionaires and desperate miners.

Every so often, Ruby and Nathan would steal away to the Oliver House for a night of reckless passion.

One night, they hurried down the hall to Room 13, desperate for one another.

Other boots thudded down the hallway after them. A shot rang out and Nathan Anderson lay dead in the doorway to Room 13, a .45 caliber bullet hole in his forehead.

The people in the common room jumped up as the murderer burst into the room and started



Downtown Bisbee boasts its share of ghosts.

shooting, killing three or four guests before fleeing into the night.

Ruby vanished.

So did her husband.

Soon after, the ghosts showed up.

Rocking chairs creaked on the veranda. Boots echoed in the hall. Guests shivered in Room 13. Voices sounded in the hallway.

The decades passed. World War I. The Great Depression. World War II. Elvis. The Beatles. Michael Jackson.

Dennis bought the Oliver House. He hired a nice girl to help run the place. Pretty girl. Lively. Interesting. The ghosts reacted, especially in Room 13. Guests would check in and flee first thing in the morning. The girl saw a woman standing by the bed in Room 13. So Dennis brought in this ghost-buster group from the University of Arizona, with detectors to pick up supernatural energy fields. They got some strange but inconclusive readings.

Then the girl who saw Ruby's ghost just vanished.

Later, Dennis was researching the ghosts of the Oliver House when he dug up a picture of Ruby. That freaked him. She looked exactly like the vanished girl, right down to the freckles.

I listened for two hours as Dennis meandered through his story. I didn't believe a word of it, but I admired his style. Storytelling's a lost art—we must treasure its practitioners. Finally, he rose and shuffled off, a human Halloween trick or treat.

Elissa appeared a moment later.

For no particular reason, I remembered the shout in the night.

"Did someone wake us up last night?" I asked.

"That's right," she said, remembering. "Someone yelling a woman's name."

"A woman's name?"

"Ronda?" she said, struggling. "No. It was 'Ruby.'"

THAT WAS MORE THAN A YEAR AGO, when the ghosts of summer trembled in the vivid leaves of autumn. I called recently, intending to use this ghost story to introduce an issue brimming with fall colors. But the Oliver House has new owners. They say Dennis sold the place and vanished. They'd heard he died, but thought perhaps he just spread that rumor so no one would come looking for him. This is, after all, Bisbee.

So savor the fall colors.

And if you stay the night in the Oliver House, please give my regards to Dennis or Ruby or whoever goes bump in the night.

Signature of Peter Aleshire and editor@arizonahighways.com

Photographer Crashes Picnic on a Pinnacle—Then Says Goodbye

WHEN ROCK CLIMBERS throw a party, they go to dizzying heights for a good time. In Tucson's small, tight-knit climbing community, everybody knows everybody. So when climber/photographer Peter Noebels heard about

the gathering at Hitchcock Pinnacle on Mount Lemmon, he decided to crash the party.

Without so much as an RSVP, Noebels grabbed his camera, hopped in his truck and sped up to Windy Point on the south face of the Santa Catalina Mountains. It didn't take him long to spot his friends. Plumes of smoke wafting from a backyard barbecue grill on the spire's tip drew a curious throng below. The spectacle of five people and a dog enjoying a cookout up in the sky created quite a buzz.

"We were very easily seen from the parking lot," Noebels said. "Many onlookers walked to the base to see how we got ourselves to the top of the pinnacle. Several bystanders came up and asked, 'How did the dog get up there?'"

Noebels knows a great photo opportunity when he sees one. Many of

his adrenalin-pumping adventure photographs were shot on assignment for *Arizona Highways*. Cameras always accompany him on climbs as he captures the high-risk side of outdoor recreation.

The best photographs result from equal parts of preparation and opportunity. Since most of life's dramatic, poignant and humorous moments happen

without warning, keeping his gear clean, loaded and ready allows Noebels to take advantage of circumstances. Being opportunistic keeps him in the middle of the action. Often the best images come from being a participant, not an observer.

Scrambling up a rocky slope, Noebels climbed to camera positions on outcroppings above Hitchcock Pinnacle.

"To get the shot, I was able to roam the hillside for the angle I wanted, climbing on top of a couple different rock spires for a clear view," Noebels explained.

After making several exposures from a distance, he couldn't resist joining in the camaraderie at the top of the rock and shooting a few close-ups of the gang.

So, what was the occasion for this picnic on a pinnacle?

It seems Doug Lantz, one of the intrepid Tucson rock climbers, was moving to Seattle, and his climbing friends wanted to throw a going-away party. Trouble is, Lantz doesn't care for crowds.

"Doug isn't really fond of large parties," says Noebels. "So they knew if they held the party on top of Hitchcock Pinnacle he'd show up."

See what I mean about everybody knowing everybody?

Imagine the party invitations: "You are cordially invited to a barbecue on the rocks. Casual attire. Bring your own rope."

Invitees included Scott Brockmeier, Diane Vetter, Karen Novak, grillmaster Dean Broult, and guest of honor Lantz. Oh, yes, and Abbey, the canine.

Abbey's presence at the party is a story in itself. The Border collie mix puppy was transported to the top of Hitchcock Pinnacle in a backpack. Broult, Abbey's owner, strapped her in and carried her up the vertical face of the gneiss spire. Once on top, the daring dog was leashed to the climbing harnesses of the picnickers.

The party raged on until the wee hours of the afternoon. Having dined on grilled chicken, steaks and roasted corn on the cob, the group folded up their portable party and hauled it all back down to terra firma where they shared hugs and goodbyes.

It was certainly a memorable send-off for Lantz, one that I'm sure brings a smile to his face when he reflects on that day spent with friends in the most unlikely of party locations; the one spot where there is room enough only for his closest of buddies—plus one adventuresome photographer capturing the entire episode on film.

Peter Ensenberger can be reached at photodirector@arizonahighways.com



PETER NOEBELS

For one very small group of Tucson climbers, the food was good, the company was great and the view was to die for.



Artistic Hospitality in Patagonia

When Kathleen James and Gary Retherford moved from Houston to Patagonia, they came seeking the solitude of a rural community. But by a quirky

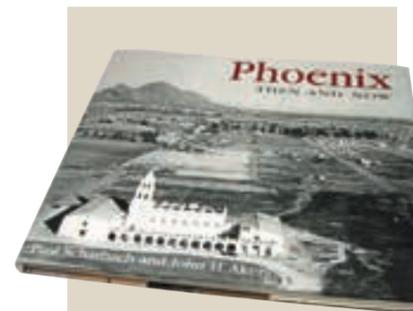
turn of fate, this artistic couple now has visitors from all over the globe lounging on the wide porch and relaxing in their renovated Territorial home. After remodeling

the mud adobe house originally built in 1915, James and Retherford turned the detached garage into a New York-style loft—leaving the house empty of people, but full of a diverse mix of contemporary American and Mexican folk art. Former owners of an art gallery in Houston, the couple decided to open the house by appointment as an impromptu gallery. Before long, visitors were clamoring for the opportunity to stay overnight in the main house, which James and Retherford call La Frontera.

"We didn't set out to open a B&B," said James. "But now I have all of these interesting people coming into my living room."

Since opening their home to visitors in April 2004, this artsy couple has explored a new frontier—sharing the historic home in true Southwestern-style.

Information: (520) 604-6762.



Phoenix Then and Now

In the grand scheme of things, Phoenix might be considered young, but that doesn't mean it has no history. Since its incorporation in 1881, Phoenix has steadily grown to become the nation's sixth largest city. In their newly published book, *Phoenix Then and Now*, Paul Scharbach and John Akers chronicle the development of Phoenix through a photographic history. The authors juxtapose photographs of commercial buildings, homes, churches, temples and other settings in the city's early days—"then"—with modern-day—"now"—counterparts. Readers will appreciate Phoenix's transformation into a contemporary urban metropolis. Information: www.thunderbaybooks.com.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: GARY RETHERFORD; MURAL BY SOUTHWEST ECCLECTIC ARTISTS ASSOCIATION; FLAGSTAFF/PHOTO BY MUSEUM OF NORTHERN ARIZONA; CHARLOTTE KEELER; LINDA LONGMIRE

Lake Havasu Enlightenment

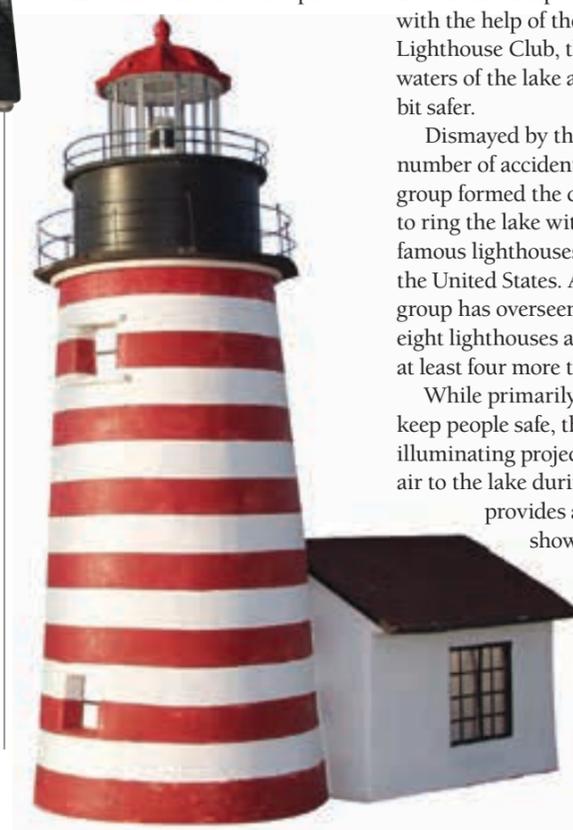
During the night, the tricky turns in Lake Havasu, located on Arizona's western border, become almost invisible. People

attempting to navigate the lake after sunset run a high risk of damaging their boats, or even losing their lives from unexpected crashes. But with the help of the Lake Havasu Lighthouse Club, the nighttime waters of the lake are becoming a bit safer.

Dismayed by the alarming number of accidents after dark, a group formed the club, determined to ring the lake with replicas of famous lighthouses from around the United States. Already the group has overseen construction of eight lighthouses and has plans for at least four more this year.

While primarily meant to keep people safe, the club's illuminating project gives a scenic air to the lake during the day and provides a stirring light show at night.

Information: www.lh-lighthouseclub.org.



EVENTS

10/05

Grab your cowboy hats and trek on over to the Phoenix Art Museum's unveiling of new works by members of the Cowboy Artists of America at the **40th Annual Cowboy Artists of America Exhibition & Sale** October 22 through November 20. The sale of these artworks is planned for a ticketed event on October 21. Information: (602) 257-1880 or www.phxart.org.



Discover Hispanic culture with hands-on art activities, including *papel picado* (paper art), tinwork and straw mosaics at the **2nd Annual Celebraciones de la Gente** at the Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff. This Dia de los Muertos celebration, scheduled for October 28-30, also features storytelling, mariachi music and ballet folklorico performances. Information: (928) 774-5213 or www.musnaz.org.

For many more events, go to arizonahighways.com and click on **Experience Arizona**.

Horseless Carriages Star in Movie Roles

When Maureen O'Hara was filming the movie *McLintock!* near Tucson, she had a special transportation request.

"She'd asked for the red buggy to match her hair," says Bob Stewart of the Tucson Rodeo Parade Museum, who rented the coach to filmmakers. The burgundy coach features a maroon velvet interior with caning on the ceiling and other wood surfaces, and cost a hefty \$1,200 in 1904.

O'Hara's favorite coach is one of about 125 wagons and buggies displayed at the museum. The horse-drawn vehicles are used in the La Fiesta de Los Vaqueros parade held every February. The rest of the



year, visitors can view such beauties as the coach crafted for the 1864 coronation of the Mexican Emperor Maximilian and the "surrey with the fringe on top"

used in the filming of *Oklahoma!* The museum also rents vehicles for special occasions. Matching of hair color is optional. Information: (520) 591-9585.

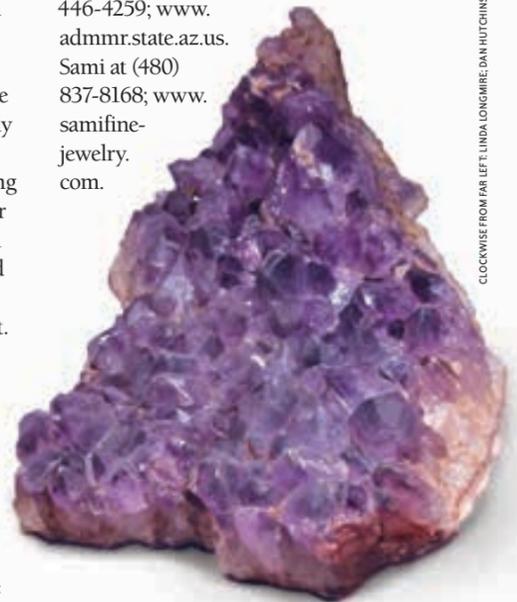
A Passion for Purple From Four Peaks

According to legend, Spanish explorers stumbled across an amethyst lode nestled in the Four Peaks in the Mazatzal Mountains in the 18th century. Samples of these royal gems traveled across the sea and found their way into the Spanish crown jewels. While no evidence backs up the legend, there is a remote amethyst mine surrounded by the Tonto National Forest. It's the only one of its kind in North America that can be accessed only by a long hike or by helicopter. Today, Four Peaks amethyst is still pried from the ground by hand and is valued for its deep reddish purple color rivaled only by Siberian amethyst.

The site, rediscovered around 1900 by prospector Jim McDaniels, has changed hands several times, but the prized gemstones continue to find their way to some of the best jewelers in the world.

If you have a passion for the purple gemstone, you can see samples of Four Peaks amethyst at

the Arizona Mining and Mineral Museum, 1502 W. Washington St., Phoenix, or at Sami Fine Jewelry, 16704 Avenue of the Fountains, Suite 100, Fountain Hills. Information: The museum at (602) 255-3795 or toll-free (800) 446-4259; www.admmr.state.az.us. Sami at (480) 837-8168; www.samifine-jewelry.com.



CLOCKWISE FROM FAR LEFT: LINDA LONGMIRE, DAN HUTCHINS, TEMPO INTERNATIONAL; LINDA LONGMIRE, BOBBIE BOOKHOUT

Mine Towns Boast Bare-knuckle Past

High-tech bugging and blacklisting. Unlawful arrests and shootings. Picket lines one thousand people strong. No, this isn't the plot of a new Hollywood thriller, but the tumultuous events that unfolded during the great Arizona coppermine strike in 1983.

The 18-month strike began when a consortium of labor unions stood up against the Phelps Dodge Corp., which argued for cuts in wages and benefits and



Striking miners and family members protest scabs returning to work in 1983.

an end to cost-of-living protection.

The unions wanted a three-year wage freeze with a cost-of-living increase. Phelps Dodge refused, prompting workers in Morenci, Ajo, Bisbee and Douglas to walk off the job.

Chaos ensued in Morenci when the company replaced striking miners with nonunion "scab" workers bused in past surging picket lines. The situation led to a National Guard call-up, bugged union meetings and the accidental shooting of a 3-year-old, Chandra Tallant, in Ajo. The company eventually hired the replacement workers permanently, leaving the strikers without jobs.

In the end, the strategy busted the unions, ending decades of union representation. Phelps Dodge remains union-free in its Arizona operations to this day.



Zane Grey's Cabin Replica Completed

Zane Grey fans can rejoice. The Zane Grey Cabin Foundation recently completed construction of a historically authentic replica of Zane Grey's cabin in Payson. The famous author's original cabin, built in the 1920s near Kohl's Ranch, burned down in the 1990 "Dude" fire.

The new cabin's dedication and opening ceremony will take place on October 15 at 10 A.M., in conjunction with a Western Heritage Festival at Green Valley Park. Known as the "father of the

Western novel," Grey wrote more than 60 Westerns, 24 set in Arizona, with half of these in the Mogollon Rim area.

The replica is a new exhibit of the Rim Country Museum, 700 Green Valley Parkway. Operated by the Northern Gila County Historical Society, the museum also displays an extensive collection of Zane Grey memorabilia. The cabin is open Wednesday through Monday from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

Information: (928) 474-3483. www.zanegreycabin.org.

LIFE IN ARIZONA 1 8 9 4

CLEAN GETAWAY, A 'CLOTHES CALL'

On a balmy April 1894 afternoon, a Mrs. Kirlaw of Tombstone hung out her family's clean, wet laundry as usual, expecting it to dry by morning. But the next day she woke to find the laundry gone. A strange set of footprints beneath the clothesline provided the only clue to the larceny of the family linen. Mrs. Kirlaw's intrepid husband and son traced the tracks west to Fairbank, 8 miles



away, where the trail grew cold.

The amateur detectives speculated that the thief wore sacks wrapped around his feet to disguise his tracks as he walked the first few miles. At a safer distance, he freed his footwear, revealing the prints of new boots with crosses on the heels.

Sadly, despite a father and son's dogged detective work, the laundry lifter made a clean getaway.



Question of the Month

What Arizona town is identified in the game of Trivial Pursuit as the town that first formalized the "rough-and-tumble Western sport" of rodeo?

A Prescott, which held the first "cowboy tournament" on July 4, 1888. In 1924, the tournament was dubbed a "rodeo," the Spanish word meaning "to round up."

CONTRIBUTORS

- PETER ALESHIRE
- SALLY BENFORD
- BOBBIE BOOKHOUT
- CAROL OSMAN BROWN
- KIM HILL
- JOSH IVANOV
- JOBETH JAMISON
- CASEY LYNCH
- CARRIE M. MINER
- LISA NATHAN



Rascally Rabbits

Don't bother trying to sneak up on an antelope jackrabbit. They have oversized set-back eyes with a nearly 360-degree view. They can cover 15 feet in a single bound and bounce along at 35 mph. So your only chance of achieving surprise is to find a frolic of 20 or more jumping about in the moonlight. Watch for a pair in the throes of love, which involves a wild chase, extravagant leap-frogging and ecstatic sprays of urine.



In Oracle, north of Tucson, sculptor Jerry Parra designs unique garden art from car parts, farm tools and almost any type of recyclable metal. His collection of eclectic sculptures includes life-size kachinas, animals, plants and other unusual figures. Information: (520) 896-9200; ranchstorecenter@theriver.com.

Glory and Toil in Ash Canyon

Huffing hiker loses
the trail but finds
hidden sycamores and
glorious cottonwoods
while seeking an
imposing peak
text by Peter Aleshire
photographs by Paul Gill

fall runs riot

White-trunked Wonders Sycamores shade the fitful stream in Lutz Canyon in the Huachuca Mountains. Sycamores often become hollow in their old age; one 1808 account claims that early Europeans found hollowed-out sycamores big enough to conceal several horses and riders. ■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



fall runs riot



Bountiful Mountains The “sky island” Huachuca Mountains rise to 9,466-foot Miller Peak. The mountains harbor nearly 1,000 species of plants, 365 types of birds, 200 kinds of butterflies, 80 species of mammals and 70 different reptile species.

The trail steepens, wavers then veers toward the black, leering eye socket of the abandoned mine shaft, its menace underscored by the skull-and-crossbones warning sign.

I falter, huffing to a halt on the quartz glitter of the shattered rock dug from the mine a century ago in an arduous fit of hard-scrabble optimism. I peer into the mine, a short shaft sunk into the alluring geological chaos of the Huachuca Mountains in southeast Arizona.

I pause, swaying a little, wondering at the daring and desperation that drove people to chip holes in rock in this tough, remote country, before jets and interstates made it a dappled, laid-back lure for nature lovers.

Besides, I need to catch my breath on this 5-mile climb from the trailhead in the heart of little-visited Ash Canyon to 9,466-foot Miller Peak.

Puffing, I ponder. Perhaps I’ve overdone. But 5 miles is not all that far, even for a paunchy, middle-aged writer. Surely, any story centered on Ash Canyon’s hidden sycamores, strange shrines, glorious cottonwoods, secret hummingbirds, layered history and reclusive

Vivid Survival Strategy Yellow Arizona ashes in Miller Canyon still brace themselves for the harsh winters of their origins. The leaves of such deciduous trees grow a layer of cells at the stems called an abscission that cuts off the leaves’ moisture. As green chlorophyll breaks down, already-present pigments of still unknown function dominate.

jaguars should include that climb through the canyon to the peak.

But perched on the slope above Ash Canyon, I wonder if I should have focused on something less arduous. Birding, maybe. I’d stayed the night before in the Casa de San Pedro, just 8 miles from the canyon mouth on the fall-crazed banks of the San Pedro River. I’d wandered at dawn through the extravagance of cottonwoods, willows and tropical birds, taking pleasure in the color saturation of first light. Birders come from all over the world to glimpse vivid tropical migrants flitting along the San Pedro and up into the precipitous canyons of the Huachucas.

Most birders head for Ramsey Canyon, but some find their way to Ash Canyon Road, which connects with State Route 92 just south of Sierra Vista. Ash Canyon Road dwindles as the canyon narrows, but remains accessible to passenger cars to the trailhead. I could have stuck mostly to the road and written a perfectly respectable story about searching for warblers in the gold glory of fall leaves along the dry creek bed.

But the embers of my youth flickered and flared, so I resolved to seek a more strenuous adventure in Ash Canyon. One sycamore led to another and before I knew it I’d decided to climb Miller Peak and see Ash Canyon from above.

Soon as I get my breath.

I resume and wander past the dark mine shafts, waiting for the trail to switchback on up the mountain. Suddenly, the trail evaporates, like those vanished miners at the end of their venture capital.

I scan the slope above, certain I’ll see the thread of the trail through the encroachment of brush. Nothing. I turn and look back the way I’ve come. I spot the trail on the opposite slope, zigzagging through the thick cover. Alas, I have zigged onto a spur leading to the mineshafts. To regain the real trail, I must backtrack to the



canyon bottom, then climb all the way back to my current altitude, still far from the ridge.

My heart sinks. My legs throb.

I could give up, yield to gravity and roll downhill to the trailhead. I could make notes about the birds. Write about the jaguars documented by cameras with motion detectors on nearby mountain ranges. Write about Father Francisco Eusebio Kino and how the mountain got its name. Write about the pulse of fall, the migration of birds, the concentration of characters.

Tempting. But turning, I study the slope above. Surely I can just scramble straight up to the ridge above, where my hiking map promises a trail that connects to my mislaid route to the peak. So I turn upslope, driven by the perfect storm convergence of the male ego and a midlife crisis.

I leave behind the warblers and red breasted whatnots flitting through the leafy, soothing, profuse charms of Ash Canyon, easternmost in a chain of deep cuts into the extravagant geology of the Huachuca Mountains.

A crashing, venting, crunching, geologic event in the



And the Sign Says... A few miles into Ash Canyon, this sign offers a fateful choice. Go right up Lutz Canyon to the Miller Peak trailhead or left to loll about under grand sycamores in your high-clearance vehicle.

Mixed-up Ecosystems In Lutz Canyon (right) yellow Arizona ashes mingle with prickly pears, demonstrating why the Huachucas offer one of the most varied natural habitats in North America. The Spanish used the bright-red body fluids of an insect that feeds on prickly pears for a red dye so rich only royalty could use it.

heyday of the dinosaurs forged the Huachucas. The jostling of two crustal plates between 135 and 70 million years ago resulted in a bewildering succession of spewing volcanoes, inrushing oceans and subsiding basins. This geological chaos forged the mountain's conglomerates, sandstones, shales and limestones.

First, volcanoes spewed layers of lava and ash 4,000 feet thick, which then sank as the crust slumped. Later, the Gulf of California gaped open and the ocean rushed in to deposit a 9,000-foot-thick layer of limestone laced with





Bread of Life A foreground agave sets off the sycamores of Lutz Canyon. Indians depended on agaves in these sky islands. The region is scattered with evidence of agave roasting pits, since the plant provided a nutritious food.

marine fossils. Renewed uplift finally bullied this jumble of rocks into chains of mountains, running along the U.S.-Mexico border.

The Huachucas tower some 5,000 feet above the surrounding desert grasslands, forming an ecological “sky island.” During the Ice Age, mammoths, ground sloths and camels wandered the oak grasslands, stalked by newly arrived Stone Age hunters.

As the Ice Age waned 10,000 years ago, the youthful Sonoran Desert plants occupied the stretches between the mountains. Many creatures retreated to the rocky arks of these sky islands, which intercepted storms swirling out of tropical Mexico. Moreover, the mountains provided a way station for tropical migrants, especially the songbirds that grace all of North America. As a result, the Huachucas boast more different types of birds, reptiles, mammals and insects than almost anywhere else in North America.

The mountains have also sustained a succession of human cultures. After the Stone Age hunters left, farmers settled along the San Pedro. For a millennium, they supplemented their crops by hunting in the Huachucas. Those complex, ditch-digging, pottery-producing cultures collapsed mysteriously in the 1400s,

giving way to other people who wandered more freely and lived more simply. In addition, the hunting-gathering Apache people moved into the region to take advantage of the changing seasons and varied resources of the sky islands.

Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, with more than 300 Spaniards and several hundred Mexican-Indian allies, passed just east of the Huachucas in 1540, seeking golden cities to conquer. His passage is remembered at the Coronado National Memorial on the southern side of the Huachucas, directly opposite Ash Canyon.

Next came the devout Father Kino in about 1687, seeking souls rather than gold. Along the San Pedro, the German-born priest, who wore hair shirts, slept on the ground and loved the Indians, encountered the peaceful, bean-, squash- and corn-growing Sobai-puri Indians. The Spanish initially called the Huachucas the Sierra Espuela (Spur Mountains). But a 1771 map noted a stream called Guachuca that flowed from the mountains. That name, probably of Indian origin, stuck to the mountains.

Kino’s arrival initiated two centuries of wrenching change. The Apaches soon gained an appetite for acquiring horses and cattle and

fall runs riot

As soon as I get my breath, the view takes it away. I can see perhaps 100 miles in every direction, south into Mexico, northwest to the Santa Catalina Mountains, east toward New Mexico and north to the dark, distant shape of Mount Graham

took up raiding, triggering a war with the Spanish and their Indian allies. The Americans continued the fight when they seized the region from Mexico in 1848. The cavalry established Camp Huachuca at the foot of the mountains in about 1877. The battle to subdue the last Apache raiders raged across southeastern Arizona until Geronimo’s surrender in 1886.

The defeat of the Apache people opened the region for settlement. Since then, the area’s history has been low-key and relaxed, dominated by the off-again-on-again Army post at Fort Huachuca, ranchers, the transformation of Sierra Vista into a boom town and development of the ecotourism industry.

Historic ranches have yielded to subdivisions and bed and breakfasts. For instance, the Rail Oaks Ranch was originally built by the Weber family, who got rich making pencils. But now it’s operated as a cozy bed and breakfast by a Sierra Vista judge and his artist wife, Donna Ramaeker.

As it turns out, Ramaeker painted a mural of Jesus inside Ash Canyon’s most controversial landmark, the outsized Our Lady of the Sierras shrine overlooking the canyon’s entrance. Built by Gerald and Pat Chouinard in 1998 to the dismay of some of the neighbors, the shrine includes a waterfall, a 75-foot-high Celtic cross, a 31-foot statue of the Virgin Mary and a stone chapel. Admission to the chapel is free daily from 9 A.M. to sunset.

I think of the chapel as I toil up the difficult hill. Maybe I should have focused on the chapel or at least prayed for guidance.

Stopping often to find a route up the steepening slope, I come to a thicket of scrub oak. Soon, I’m crawling along on my hands and knees, scraped and bleeding. The thicket detours me to a long wall of rock. But I manage to find a shattered crack in the wall and claw my way up it, not looking down. Atop the wall, I stand unsteadily, bleeding and winded. I can no longer tell how far it is to the top, but I’m past the point of no return. For all I know, the top is just some scrub-oak Twilight Zone delusion. But I’m committed now.

A short distance above the rock wall, I come across a faint game trail. Praise the lord. No more hands and knees. An hour later, I climb atop a pile of boulders and stare down at a perfectly good trail. I want to dance a jig, but I’m too wobbly.

The trail leads on to junction with the Miller Peak trail rising out of Ash Canyon.

Here, I hesitate once again. It’s another mile to the peak. It’s getting late. I should flow downhill and sit a spell where I can contemplate the frailty of life and the swelling of the male ego.

But for some reason, I head for the peak.

Nearly 45 minutes later, I stagger onto a great altar of stone on



View from the Peak If you’re either a husky young stud or a deluded, fading, overly ambitious middle-aged wannabe, this view awaits from the top of Miller Peak.

Miller Peak. Later I calculate I climbed 4,000 feet in 5 miles.

As soon as I get my breath, the view takes it away. I can see perhaps 100 miles in every direction, south into Mexico, northwest to the Santa Catalina Mountains, east toward New Mexico and north to the dark, distant shape of Mount Graham, at the foot of which Billy the Kid killed his first man. The view encompasses a vast sweep of nature, history and geology.

I subside onto a rock, overwhelmed by fatigue and awe. The 40-mile-an-hour wind gusts chill my sweat-damp shirt, but I hardly notice. Almost, I can see the world like a mountain, all wind and space and sky and the dance of the earth.

A vivid yellow bird flits into a wind-tormented Douglas fir in front of me. The fluff of yellow seems utterly out of place on this peak so far from the leaf-song solace of cottonwoods. Maybe he’s a warbler. He hesitates for a flicker then hurtles himself down the slope—back toward Ash Canyon. A yellow warbler or a Wilson’s warbler? No. Maybe a goldfinch. I am too tired to decide.

But now I study the fir, twisted into a metaphor for the wind by its hard life on this high peak. Such stunted, persistent survivors can last more than 1,000 years on these peaks, where it’s too harsh and sparse to sustain a forest fire.

I find this obscurely comforting. It helps me not think about the 4,000 feet back down. ■■

Peter Aleshire is editor of Arizona Highways. Native Arizonan Paul Gill of Phoenix hiked from sycamore-lined Ash Canyon to pine-covered Miller Peak and near the summit encountered a rare October snowstorm.

fall runs riot

Outtakes
from a new book speak
volumes
about the mysteries
of Sedona

SHARING A SECRET

Text and photographs by Larry Lindahl

Autumn rainstorms charged the flow in a side canyon off Oak Creek. Larry Lindahl chose a wide-angle lens and stopped down to a small aperture to ensure good

Luminous Landscape focus from near-to-far.

The long exposure softened the cascading water. *Pentax 6x7 camera, 55 mm lens, f22, 1/2 second, Fujichrome Velvia*

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



Text excerpted from *Secret Sedona: Sacred Moments in the Landscape*

ENTER THE MYSTERY AND BEAUTY OF SEDONA

through its artistic sandstone formations, tumbling creeks and white-boled sycamores. Take the time to know this special place.

For me, experiencing Sedona began early one February morning when I walked into a fog-shrouded Boynton Canyon. Misty winter rain soaked the sandstone, turning it dark red. Waterfalls broadcast sounds into the air. By afternoon, I had hiked to a large alcove where I sat spellbound, watching a curtain of water cascading over the opening. I could see the canyon through the falling water as it glistened with sparks of light.

The ruins of a stone dwelling stood behind me. I wondered about people who had lived in it. Had the Ancient Ones watched this same scene transfixed, as I was, by its magic?

The moment felt timeless, without boundaries. Everything felt richly integrated. I felt baptized into some hidden knowledge of the sacred essence of life. It was a moment I will never forget.

Season after season, I went out into the red-rock landscape. I found a multitude of decorated potsherds, a bone awl, digging sticks and a palette smeared with ancient pictograph paint. I left these artifacts where I found them.

They belong to the land. They are part of its story.

Capturing the best light of the day for photographs often meant making my return hike in twilight or in the dark. In the dimness, I accidentally startled deer, javelinas, lizards, quails and rattlesnakes. My cheek was brushed once with the wing of a bat (it felt soft, like peach fuzz). I startled myself several times, mistaking exposed tree roots for rattlesnakes.

Sometimes, however, I carried a backpack and spent the night. From the summit of Capital Butte, I photographed the rising



Patterns in Nature A mature ponderosa pine reveals abstract shapes in the vanilla-scented bark of its trunk. Nikon FE2, 105 mm Micro-Nikkor lens, f32, 1/30th second, Fujichrome Velvia

full moon in January. Light from the west tinted Soldiers Pass and Wilson Mountain in sunset colors as the moon broke over the eastern horizon. To the north, the snow-covered San Francisco Peaks turned pink. As the sun disappeared, the temperature plunged. I made my way down the mountain the following morning.

Working on a photography assignment for *Arizona Highways*, I stayed several summer days alone on Secret Mountain. One night, after a nearly cloudless sunset, a thunderstorm arrived around midnight. Crackling lightning speared the mountaintop. The air smelled acrid with ozone. I prayed for sunrise. The next morning—under a calm, overcast sky—I awoke thankful to be alive. . . .

Larry Lindahl is an artist who enjoys nature. He has explored many of Arizona's choice places, where he preserves real stories through his writing and colorful moments through his photography. Originally from the Northwest, he has called Sedona home since the early '90s.

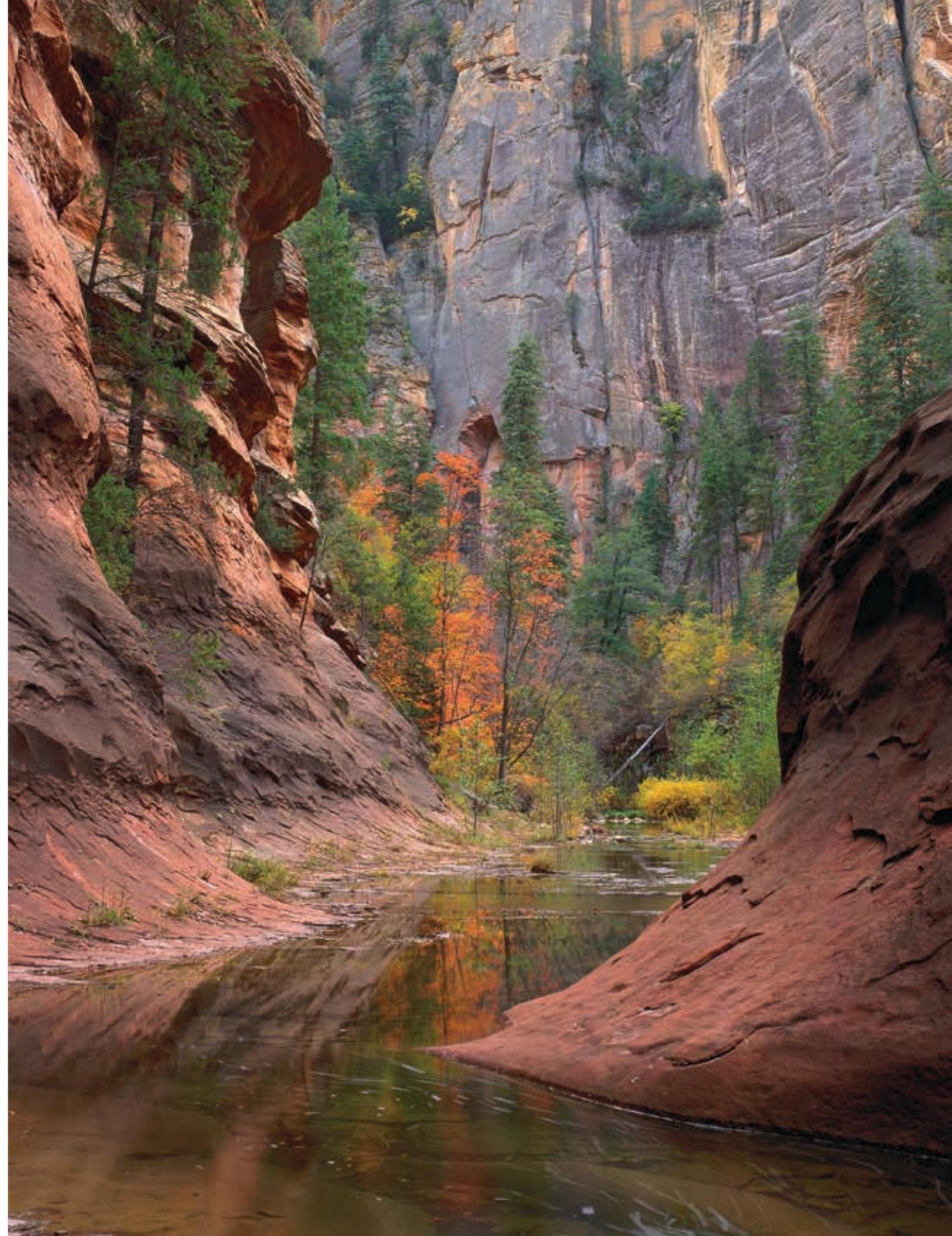
Lindahl: "Turning to look behind me, I saw this view along the West Fork. Cautiously, I set my tripod legs in the moving water to frame a vertical composition while hoping the off-balance setup wouldn't tip over into the creek.

Towering Silence

When I was satisfied I had the image I was looking for, I packed up my camera gear and made the return trip to the trailhead by the light of my headlamp in the dark." Pentax 6x7, 55 mm lens, f22, 1/2 second, Fujichrome Velvia

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

arizonahighways.com





A soft overcast perfectly lights an ephemeral stream in Oak Creek Canyon. Open shadows, fleeting highlights and rain-slicked rocks combine with a small aperture to create depth and detail in the image. **Water Music** Pentax 6x7, 90 mm lens, f22, 1/2 second, Fujichrome Velvia

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

fall runs riot



Borne on the Wind

Lindahl: "With twilight approaching, cold evening air was settling into Bear Sign Canyon when I found this milkweed along the trail. Working with my tripod low to the ground, I set up the photograph on my hands and knees, hoping that the next breeze wouldn't scatter the plant's seeds. I used a long exposure because of the dim light, which seems to make the fluffy seeds glow against the darkening background." Nikon FE2, 35-70 mm Zoom-Nikkor lens, f22, one second, Fujichrome Velvia



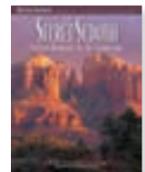


Sycamore and alder trees in fall color brighten a streamside view of Oak Creek. Lindahl used a

Colorful Cascade polarizing filter set at approximately half its highest degree

of polarization to darken the sky slightly. Deepening the sky tones helped enhance the separation of color between the blue of the sky and the golden yellow of the trees. *Pentax 6x7, 90 mm lens, f22, 1/2 second, Fujichrome Velvia*

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



ADDITIONAL READING

As witnessed by the photography outtakes on the preceding pages, *Secret Sedona: Sacred Moments in the Landscape* invites readers into the incomparable environment of Sedona. Its special collection of some 90 photographs supplemented with descriptions by author-photographer Larry Lindahl documents his adventures among Sedona's red-rock formations, mysterious canyons, cascading streams and ancient Sinaguan dwellings. Lindahl's photographs and stories give a diverse and comprehensive look at one of Earth's most beautiful places.

The softcover book (\$8.96 until Oct. 31; \$9.95 thereafter; plus shipping and handling) can be ordered online at arizonahighways.com or by calling toll-free (800) 543-5432.

deer me, LET'S HIDE!

the tiny,
cunning
Coues whitetail
takes
evasion
seriously

text by Bill Barcus / photographs by Paul and Joyce Berquist

Diamondlike dew shimmers on the golden-tinged grasses of the mountain near a small pond amid the meadow as I prepare for my early morning encounter.

Overhead, a white-breasted nuthatch studies my camouflaged figure, the chestnut-colored undertail covert feathers glistening. Behind me, the soft tumble of oak leaves heralds autumn.

I glimpse movement at the meadow's edge. Turning, I see a three-point buck. Oddly, he appears smaller and lighter than the other bucks I have seen here. Moreover, his antler tines curve and thrust forward in the middle to suggest a cage.

The buck approaches and the morning sunlight accentuates the rippling muscles of his neck and shoulders. Standing sideways only a few yards away, the deer flicks its long tail, exposing the white underside of an Arizona Coues whitetail buck.

Odocoileus virginianus couesi is one of 17 subspecies of whitetail deer found in North America. An estimated 85,000 to 90,000 Coues whitetails inhabit Arizona, with a heavy concentration in the southeastern redoubts of the Chiricahua, Santa Rita and Huachuca mountain ranges. Coues deer also inhabit the desert regions of southwestern New Mexico and into Mexico.

The name Coues, pronounced widely as "coos," should be pronounced "cows" after the Army surgeon and ornithologist who first classified the deer.

Often the small Coues coexist with the larger Rocky Mountain and desert mule deer, which they resemble to the untrained eye.

One of America's smallest deer, a Coues whitetail buck may measure 31 inches high at the shoulders and weigh up to 125 pounds. Fawns weigh 4 to 6 pounds at birth and about 30 pounds at the age of 3 months.

■ To order a print of the photograph at left, see page 1.

Coues deer are elusive animals; a buck would rather hide than run. They can flatten their flaglike white tails with the brown sides out and sneak through thickets by crawling, catlike, on their bellies.

The cunning Coues deer are less curious about humans than humans are about them. Unlike mule deer, an alarmed Coues raises its tail to warn other deer while making a hasty departure. Occasionally, whitetail bucks have been known to run with their tails clamped down, but the does almost always display the broad white tail when running. Perhaps that's because the flaglike tail flash can help guide fawns to safety. On the other hand, perhaps they're just flaunting their escape to the predators. Even experts

can have trouble telling a Coues from a mule deer at a distance.

But you can bet that if you see a final flip of a white tail, you've just encountered one of Arizona's elusive whitetail deer. ■

In his off-hours, Forest Ranger Bill Barcus of Payson contrives ways to vanish into the wilderness to spend time alone with the animals and his camera.

When he was young, Tucsonan Paul Berquist would rise before the sun and scramble up a hill to photograph whitetails. Now in his late 60s, he gets up at noon and waits with his wife, Joyce, at the bottom of the hill, hoping the deer find them before he forgets where he parked his truck.

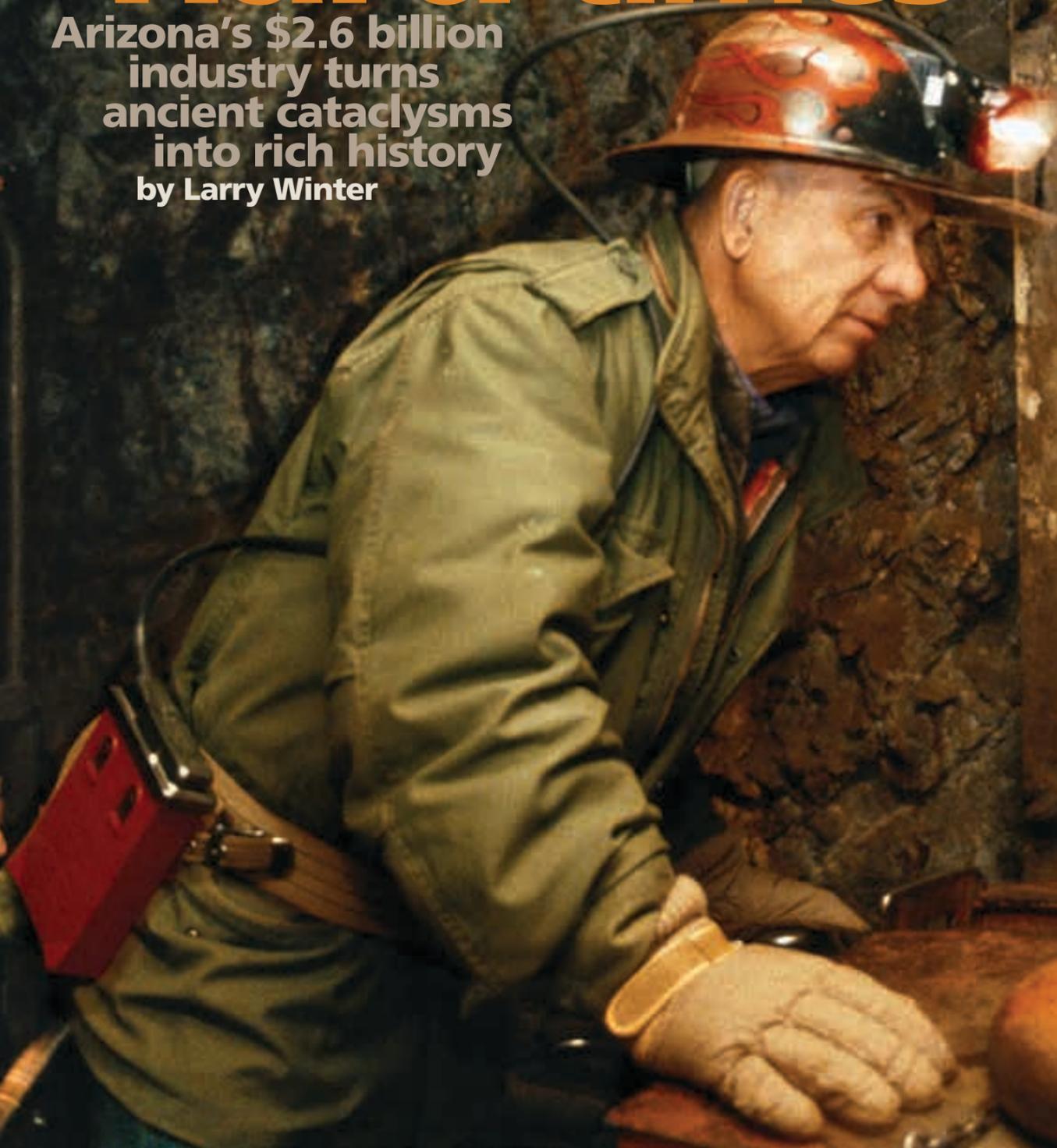


Experts at Hightailing It

Coues deer are adept at concealment (opposite page), but when alarmed, they display their white tails in warning to others. A buck (above) usually weighs about 100 pounds, but the largest specimens can go to 125. A doe like this mother nursing her two offspring usually has a single fawn at her first pregnancy, then often has twins thereafter.

hard men, hard rock, hard times

Arizona's \$2.6 billion industry turns ancient cataclysms into rich history
by Larry Winter



Get Down

Bisbee's Queen Mine tour gives visitors a whiff of the tough, dangerous life deep down in one of the richest copper mines in history, which operated from 1877 to 1975 before the rejuvenated mining town turned it into a tourist attraction. Visitors don slickers, helmets and headlamps to descend into the mines and hear one-time miners recount their experiences.

RANDY PRENTICE

Copper runs through Arizona's history, mythology and geology, thanks to the world's greatest copper deposits. Even today they yield two-thirds of the nation's annual production. Copper helped settle Arizona and now generates \$2.6 billion a year and employs about 5,900 workers. So the landscapes of Arizona are but skin draped over a skeleton of copper.

More than 55 million years before the first rock shop opened in Arizona, waves of magma rose through the Earth's crust toward the surface, vaporizing groundwater as it invaded the overlying rock. As it cooled, minerals and gems crystallized in the matrix of hot, wet rock. Turquoise, azoite, devilline, apachite, boothite, diopside, malachite and spangolite blossomed in the dark ground. More significant, the cooling mixture left behind gold, molybdenum, silver, lead and numerous major copper deposits.

The Sinagua Indians mined Mingus Mountain near Jerome more than a thousand years ago, leaving behind pigments of azurite and a few tools and weapons. Invading Spaniards poked around the Tuzigoot works in the late 1500s, but left in disgust when they found no gold. In 1854, The Arizona Mining and Trading Co., the area's first mining firm, started work on the silver and copper ore near Ajo. The venture failed for lack of water and transport, but was later followed by the United Verde Co. in Jerome, the Longfellow Copper Co. near Clifton and the Copper Queen Mine of Bisbee.

By 1864, miners and speculators made up one-quarter of the population of Arizona and half its Legislature. Welsh, Cornish, Bohemian, Moravian, Polish and Mexican



A Terrible Beauty The bright colors of the 950-foot-deep open-pit Lavender Mine testify to the chemistry of deposits that have yielded great bounties of copper and turquoise. The extraction of low-grade copper ore started in the early 1950s, and in just 20 years, miners had turned a copper-rich hill into a 300-acre pit, complete with viewing platforms for awestruck tourists. RANDY PRENTICE

workers willing to take hard, dangerous work flocked to the mines. They made a living if they didn't succumb to accidents or desperados or the heat, paying the price of copper in blood and bone. Many of the towns they haunted have vanished too, leaving only their names—Christmas, New Year, Belgravia, Sonora, Barcelona, Troy, Tiger, Silver, Vanadium, Ray, Hayden Junction, Charleston, Fairbank and Copper Creek.

In the Arizona Territory's early days, copper deposits were sometimes as much as 20 percent pure. However, when the rich ore ran out, conventional underground mining became prohibitively expensive. Then in 1917, Col. John C. Greenway changed everything when he started the New Cornelia Mine near Ajo. Once-worthless hillsides became invaluable. Under the guidance of men like Dr. James Douglas and Greenway decades later, a stodgy trading company, Phelps Dodge, bought up old claims in Jerome, Bisbee, Clifton and Morenci. As time passed, other major copper companies, such as Kennecott, Duval and Magma, came in.

A Yale man and a Rough Rider, Greenway brought in a mining engineer, Louis Ricketts, who developed an acid-leaching process that needed little water to refine low-grade ore, and imported massive steam shovels.

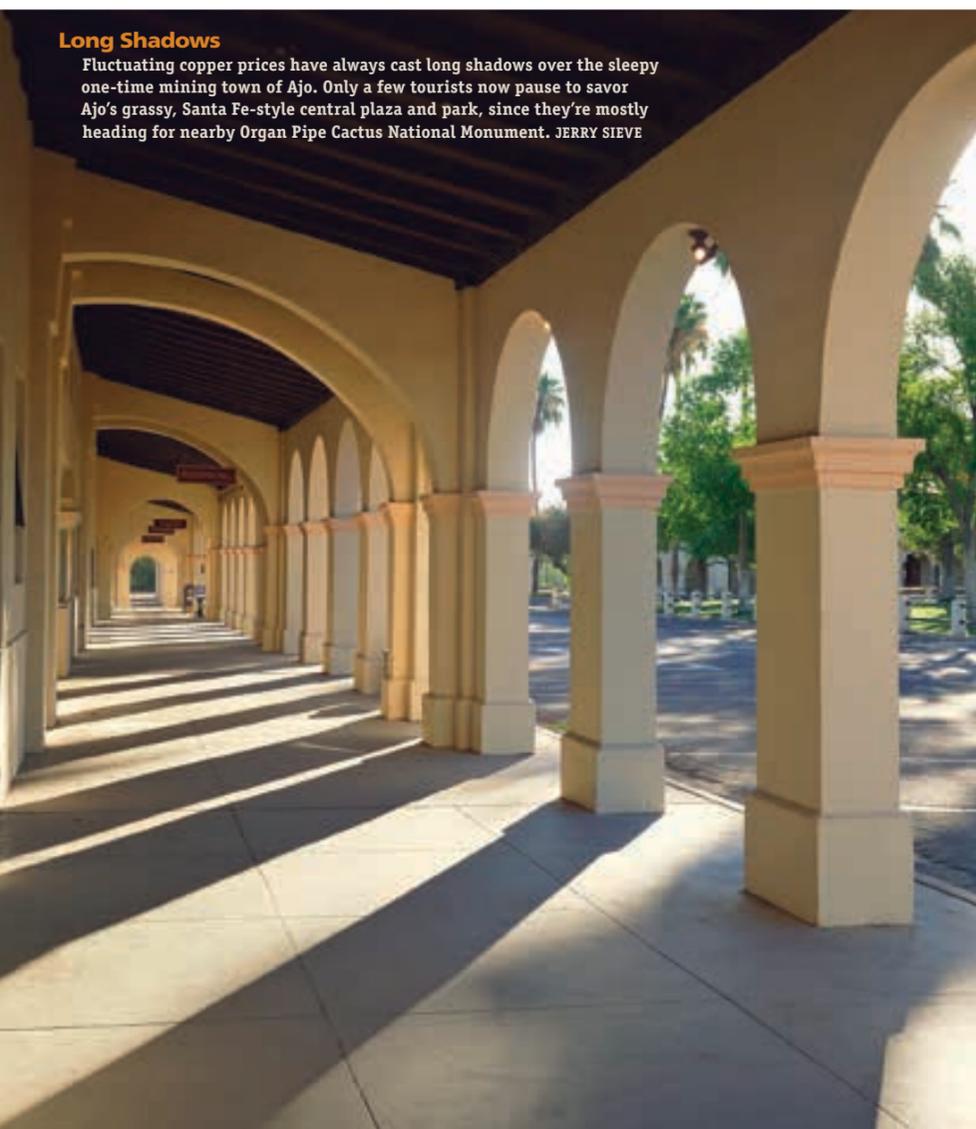
Other innovators weren't so reputable. "Professor" F. L. McGahan dazzled Ajo with the "vacuum smelter," a contraption he claimed could smelt copper without fuel if fed enough investment cash. He lured potential stockholders out of the saloons to watch the construction process. But the crowd of gullible investors that gathered to watch the actual demonstration discovered the audacious inventor was in Los Angeles to consult on details of a promising perpetual-motion machine. His assistants cranked up the vacuum smelter, which purred contentedly at first but soon exploded. The assistants, innocent but comprehending their tenuous position, escaped in the startling flash. As for the professor, he never returned to Ajo.

Professor McGahan was just one in a long line of shady characters to drift through Copper Country. The unpopulated spaces,



Long Shadows

Fluctuating copper prices have always cast long shadows over the sleepy one-time mining town of Ajo. Only a few tourists now pause to savor Ajo's grassy, Santa Fe-style central plaza and park, since they're mostly heading for nearby Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument. JERRY SIEVE



Ajo

A hardscrabble mining town, Ajo now attracts retirees yearning for affordable land and desert silence plus travelers on their way to Mexico or nearby Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument. Although Ajo means "garlic" in Spanish, the town likely gained its name from the Tohono O'odham word for paint, since Native Americans for centuries have used the area's colorful, copper-based minerals for body paints. The first prospectors showed up in the 1850s, but large-scale mining awaited the opening of the massive open-pit New Cornelia Mine in 1917. The mine, 1.5 miles south of town, is one of the largest such pits in the world and may resume operations eventually depending on copper prices and extraction technology. Previously a company town, Ajo retains a Spanish-style town square with a park and vintage storefronts with the pace set by the town's many retirees. Ajo has only a handful of restaurants and hotels, but serves as the gateway to the 300,000-acre national monument to the south, where saguaros, organ pipes, senitas and even elephant trees jostle for wide-open space.

- 1 **POPULATION:** 4,000 permanent residents
- 2 **LOCATION:** Approximately 110 miles southwest of Phoenix
- 3 **ATTRACTIONS:** Laid-back town square, Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, Ajo Country Club's nine-hole golf course
- 4 **HIDDEN TREASURE:** The Senita Basin in the monument, which now can be reached only by hiking
- 5 **NEARBY:** Spectacular spring wildflowers and Ajo Mountain Drive in the monument, Cabeza Prieta National Wildlife Refuge
- 6 **CONTACT:** Ajo Chamber of Commerce, (520) 387-7742

isolated towns and empty trails attracted notorious outlaws. Curly Bill, the Clanton family and Johnny Ringo rode roughshod over Cochise County in the early 1880s until the mine owners and burghers of Tombstone hired the Earp brothers. Butcher Knife Bill, Pony Deal, Pearl Hart the Lady Bandit, the Double Dobe Gang, Bluebeard and countless others roared across the country pursued by lawmen like Billy Breakenridge, Jeff Milton, Slim Gilmore, Bob Paul and the aptly named Texas John Slaughter.

Meanwhile, Cochise, Geronimo and the Apache Kid slipped out of the mountains to raid the rancheros and settlements of Copper Country. Geronimo and his band attacked the Morenci smelter in 1883. Men like Indian agent John Clum tried to pacify them while scouts Al Sieber and Tom Horn stalked them.

In 1870, Bob Metcalf discovered the rich ore of Chase Creek Canyon while hunting Apache raiders in southeastern Arizona. The country was too wild to mine at the time, and the law of claims was difficult and discouraging. Two years later, after the Mining Act of 1872 simplified filing claims and the Army attempted to subdue the Apaches, Metcalf and his brother Jim returned to the narrow canyon. The Metcalfs established the fabled Longfellow Mine and built "Cliff Town," later Clifton, in the shadow of the cliffs of Chase Creek Canyon. Clifton survived floods, outlaws



Clifton
On the San Francisco River, Clifton's historic storefronts and vintage signs have begun to draw history-conscious tourists. ALL BY RICHARD MAACK

and the Apaches before Phelps Dodge took over the Longfellow Mine around the turn of the last century.

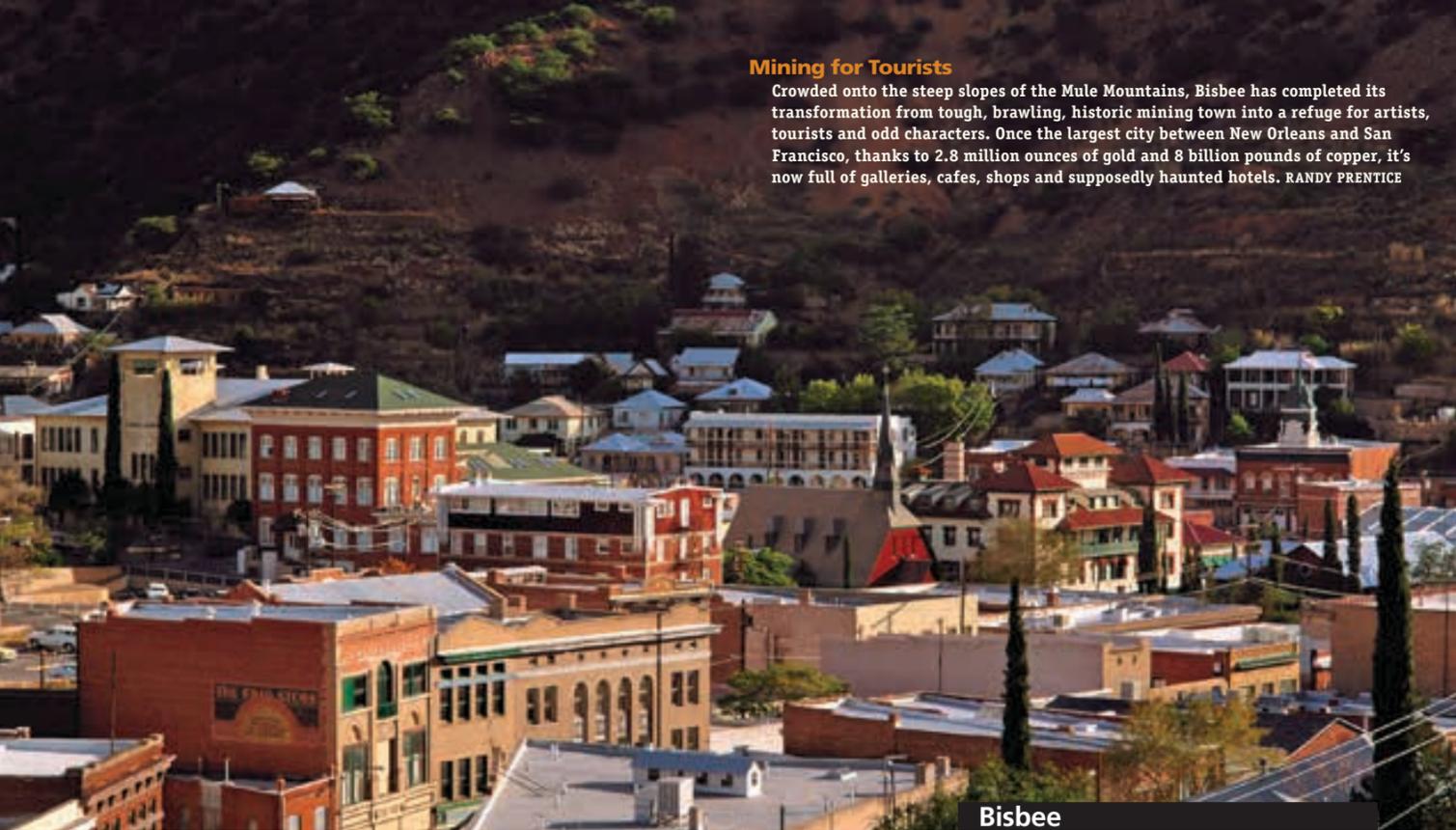
Phelps Dodge bought the Copper Queen Mine in 1881 and by 1905 it was one of the world's largest copper mines. In 1917, soaring copper prices and conflicts between the miners and the owners came to a violent pitch with the crusade by the radical Wobblies, or Industrial Workers of the World. The companies drummed up war hysteria against them. Greenway, Walter Douglas and others encouraged rumors that the often-immigrant Wobblies planned to deny the nation a vital resource by striking.

In July, Cochise County Sheriff Harry C. Wheeler led armed vigilantes in a roundup of union sympathizers. More than 1,000 men were herded into filthy boxcars and

Clifton-Morenci

The view down into the largest open-pit mine in the country shimmers with irony and a fascinating history. The famous Apache war shaman Geronimo was born near here, somewhere in the wilderness headwaters of the Gila River. Soldiers chasing Apache war parties discovered the first traces of gold, silver and copper. Now the stunning mine dwarfs the gigantic three-story-tall trucks that can trundle up from the bottom with 260 tons of ore in a single load. Phelps Dodge and other mining companies have hauled 6.1 billion tons of ore from the pit, which remains an active mine. The historic mining town of Clifton has modest accommodations but a rich history, including its historic jail hewed out of solid rock by one Margarito Varela in 1881. Margarito got paid, got drunk and was the first occupant of his just-finished cell.

- 1 **POPULATION:** 4,480
- 2 **LOCATION:** Approximately 200 miles east of Phoenix
- 3 **ATTRACTIONS:** Greenlee County Historical Society Museum, mine tours, Chase Creek Main Street Historical District
- 4 **HIDDEN TREASURE:** Gila Box Riparian National Conservation Area on the Gila River
- 5 **NEARBY:** San Francisco River Scenic Drive (Forest Service Road 212), Alpine, Hannagan Meadow
- 6 **CONTACT:** Greenlee County Chamber of Commerce, (520) 687-1301



Mining for Tourists

Crowded onto the steep slopes of the Mule Mountains, Bisbee has completed its transformation from tough, brawling, historic mining town into a refuge for artists, tourists and odd characters. Once the largest city between New Orleans and San Francisco, thanks to 2.8 million ounces of gold and 8 billion pounds of copper, it's now full of galleries, cafes, shops and supposedly haunted hotels. RANDY PRENTICE

Bisbee

shipped to a point between Deming and Lordsburg where they were dumped unceremoniously. Most did not return to Bisbee, and those who did were soon summoned before kangaroo courts and driven from town again. The “Bisbee Deportation” in 1917 characterized a century of labor strife in the mines of Arizona. “As far as we’re concerned, we’re still on strike!” Fred Watson, one of the deportees, declared almost 60 years later. “I’ll forget it when I die!”

History runs deep in Copper Country, even personal history. I grew up there. My family owned the newspapers in San Manuel and Kearny, and I can still remember driving into Clifton for the first time with Dad and Granddad. I was 7. We had come down the Coronado Trail, which in those days was a steep dirt road starting at Hannagan Meadow in the White Mountains. Our old DeSoto’s brakes shuddered and burned as we slid down the last miles above Chase Creek Canyon, staggered by the stark contrast between the remote forest and the open-pit mine. By then the towns of Metcalf and old Morenci had already disappeared under tailings piled hundreds of feet high.

My dad knew the mine foreman, so he arranged for us to ride in a monstrous ore truck to the bottom of the pit. Standing next to it, I had to crane my neck to see the top of a tire, with the cab stratospherically far away. Even in those comparatively primitive days, the truck must have carried numerous tons

of ore. Its body overhung the narrow road as we descended into the overwhelming void. I hung out the passengers’ window to see into the pit while my dad held my belt to keep me from bouncing out of the rattling truck.

When the truck stopped to pick up its load, we walked the rest of the way down. The open pit loomed above us, 2 miles wide and 3 miles long. I scurried around the bottom looking for raw copper, but I couldn’t find any remotely interesting rocks. They laughed when I asked: “Why is copper covered by such ugly rocks?”

My dad picked up some gravelly ore and held it out. “Son,” he said, “these are not trinkets.” He let the stones sift through his fingers. “These ugly stones are copper.”

He thought about that for a minute, perhaps considering all the men who died to extract the ore from the earth. “They are our life,” he added. “They are the bones of Arizona.” ■■

ADDITIONAL READING: Newly revised, *Arizona Ghost Towns and Mining Camps: A Travel Guide to History* includes GPS waypoints. The softcover book (\$14.95 plus shipping and handling) can be ordered online at arizonahighways.com or by calling toll-free (800) 543-5432.

Larry Winter eventually parlayed his rock collection into a career as an environmental scientist. He is now the deputy director of the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colorado.

An exuberant jostling of historic, Victorian buildings leapfrog up the steep, narrow streets of this apparently unkillable mining town, now an artist-tourist-oddball haven. Hard-drinking prospector George Warren filed early claims on one of the world’s richest copper deposits, but lost it all on a barroom bet that he could outrun a horse. A century of mining ended in 1974, after producing great wealth and controversy. At one point, Bisbee miners invaded Mexico to rescue American mine owners besieged by striking Mexican workers—which provided one of the sparks to ignite the Mexican Civil War. After the mines played out, Bisbee capitalized on its cool, 5,000-foot-plus elevations and reinvented itself as an artist colony and tourist mecca.

- 1 **POPULATION:** 6,000
- 2 **LOCATION:** Mule Mountains, 90 miles southeast of Tucson
- 3 **ATTRACTIONS:** Brewery Gulch bars, galleries, Copper Queen Hotel, The Bisbee Mining & Historical Museum, Queen Mine Tour, Lavender Pit
- 4 **HIDDEN TREASURE:** Café Roka, gourmet restaurant (reservations essential)
- 5 **NEARBY:** San Pedro River, Dragoon Mountains, Chiricahua National Monument
- 6 **CONTACT:** Bisbee Chamber of Commerce, 520-432-5421

Bisbee’s Brewery Gulch



KERRICK JAMES



Relax, Kick Back

Formerly known as the “Wickedest Town in the West,” Jerome now specializes in laid-back socializing in places like the Flatiron Cafe. The population peaked at 15,000 in the 1920s before Jerome became the “Largest Ghost Town in America.” Now it’s a National Historic District that caters to a steady stream of tourists. KERRICK JAMES

Death by Chocolate

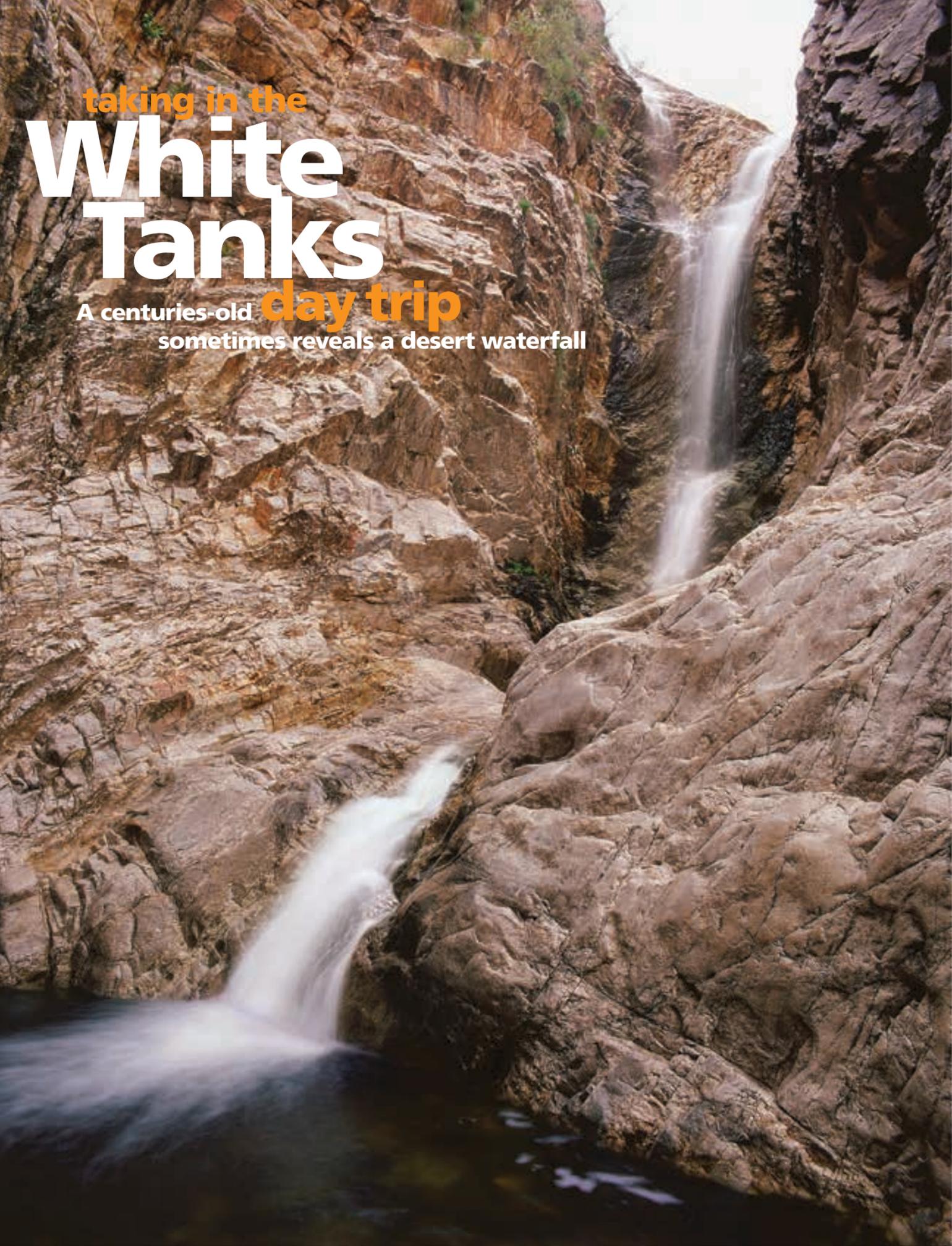
Perched on the hillside overlooking the Verde Valley, the delectable shops of Jerome don’t seem in immediate danger of sliding on down the hill like the mining town-now-artist-colony’s infamous traveling jail. GEORGE H.H. HUEY



Jerome

It’s hard to believe that a town made famous by its mines and its runaway jail has become an artist colony and tourist gemstone. But Jerome’s historic collection of buildings stairstepping 1,500 feet up a 30-degree slope has always been implausible. The mining town repeatedly prospered, burned, crashed and revived as miners extracted a billion dollars worth of gold, silver and copper from 80 miles of tunnels and pits. A whole section of the town slid down the hillside. The famous Traveling Jail has moved 220 feet. The population dwindled to fewer than 100 in the early 1950s when the mine closed, but rose again when art-loving hippies repopulated it in the 1960s. Now 1.5 million people per year visit its quirky, historic assemblage of galleries, bed and breakfasts, curio shops and artist studios clinging to the hillside with sweeping views of Sedona and the Verde Valley.

- 1 **POPULATION:** 450 year-round—down from 15,000 in late 1920s
- 2 **LOCATION:** About 110 miles from Phoenix, 60 miles from Flagstaff
- 3 **ATTRACTIONS:** Douglas Mansion, Jerome Historical Society’s Mine Museum, Gold King Mine, galleries, curio shops
- 4 **HIDDEN TREASURE:** House of Joy—brothel-turned-gift shop
- 5 **NEARBY:** Sedona, Verde Canyon Railroad, Tuzigoot National Monument, Dead Horse Ranch State Park, scenic drive to Prescott, Montezuma Castle and Well
- 6 **CONTACT:** Jerome Chamber of Commerce, (928) 634-2900



by Robin N. Clayton photographs by George Stocking



taking in the White Tanks A centuries-old day trip sometimes reveals a desert waterfall

For centuries they came for the water, driven by arid heat into a hidden

box canyon where the sweet trickling of a Sonoran Desert waterfall graces granite and gneiss boulders. They lived just outside the mountains, a testament to the waterfall's importance to the Hohokam people's fight to survive in a dry land. They left behind 1,000-year-old petroglyphs, a record of their lives amid the creosote and saguaros of the White Tank Mountains, just 25 miles northwest of downtown Phoenix.

Fed by seasonal runoff and rainwater, the 75-foot waterfall adorns the outcrop of rock formed by uplift some 60 million years ago. At the waterfall's base, a year-round shaded pool in a narrow canyon offers a refreshing respite.

Over the years, heavy rains caused flash floods to rush through the canyons to the valley below. Here, where the momentum of the water slowed, depressions or "tanks" created small ponds in the white granite floor, giving the White Tanks their name. It's no wonder researchers have discovered 11 archaeological sites in the boundaries of the White Tank Mountain Regional Park.

The largest park in the Maricopa County Parks and Recreation system with almost 30,000 acres of protected Sonoran Desert, the White Tanks jut 2,500 feet from their base with peaks as high as 4,000 feet. Looming on the western border of metropolitan Phoenix, the weathered rocks' depiction of ancient figures recall long-ago struggles in the harsh Sonoran Desert.

The 1-mile hike to Waterfall Canyon winds through a landscape studded with cholla, prickly pear and saguaro cacti. Paloverde, creosote and ironwood trees rise from hard desert soil. The trail, a level, barrier-free surface, accommodates wheelchairs and strollers for the first half of the hike.

Near the halfway mark of the trail (4 miles), stands Petroglyph Plaza, the largest collection of rock art in the White Tanks, carved into the rock by strong, weathered hands more than 1,000 years ago. The abstract images of circles, grids, wavy lines and crosses possibly served as location markers, storytellers, prayers and maps. The petroglyphs—etched memories of the people who carved them—stare boldly from the open face of the granite.

The same hands that carved the images into stone farmed the hard soil in the canyons of the White Tanks, using seasonal rains to grow crops. The Hohokam made their homes mostly in the large canyons leading out of the mountains, which gathered rainwater from the peaks. Seven habitation sites have been discovered in these canyons, one covering 75 acres.

Evidence of irrigation check-dams suggests the Hohokam resided year-round. Pottery

Rock of the Ages
Due to the effort and precision involved in creating petroglyphs, researchers have concluded that many of them were made by Indian tribal shamans and held spiritual significance.

shards scattered along the nearby Agua Fria and Hassayampa rivers match pottery found in the White Tanks, indicating the Hohokam traveled to these places as well.

After Petroglyph Plaza, the trail turns to desert flooring, narrowing and snaking around boulders with some rocky scram-

bles, especially in the last few yards. It follows a wash filled with smooth boulders until it dead-ends at the canyon. Even a child could make the necessary climb up the rock wall barrier to the canyon falls.

After a heavy rain, the falls run at full speed and the cool pool at the bottom rises. The pool offers a retreat for toads, lizards and tarantulas. In the night, coyotes, mule deer and other desert mammals scramble through the rocks to drink. Waterfall Canyon is only one of 10 hikes covering 25 miles of the park. Ford Canyon Trail requires a scramble up slick rocks and uphill switchbacks, but rewards hikers with a close-up look at an old abandoned dam and some remote inner areas of the canyons.

Mesquite Canyon and Goat Camp trails bestow sweeping views of the valley on anyone who braves their rugged paths of ankle-twisting loose rock. Most trails also welcome mountain bikes and horseback riders, but Waterfall Canyon trail is for pedestrians only.

Picnicking and camping facilities as well as playgrounds for children round out the park's treasures, and a stop at the White Tank Visitor Center illustrates the area's ancient inhabitants, plant and animal life, and even several species of snakes staring slit-eyed from their aquariums.

But the hike to the hidden waterfall remains the great treasure of the park, proving that the scent of water in the desert draws moderns as surely as it did the ancients. ■■

the 1-mile hike to Waterfall Canyon is level and barrier-free

LOCATION: About 25 miles northwest of downtown Phoenix.
GETTING THERE: From Phoenix, drive 10 miles west on Interstate 10 to State Route 101. Drive about 7 miles north on State 101 to the Olive Avenue exit. Turn left (west) onto Olive Avenue and follow the road to the park entrance.

ATTRACTIONS: Other hikes within White Tank Mountain Regional Park include Mesquite Canyon Trail, 4.1 miles; Ford Canyon Trail, 7.9 miles; Goat Camp Trail, 6.4 miles; Willow Canyon Trail, 1.7 miles; and Ironwood Trail, .9 miles. Distances listed are one-way. Maps are available at the visitor center.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: Heavy rains increase the volume and velocity of the waterfall.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: (623) 935-2505; www.maricopa.gov/parks/white_tank.

Worth the Walk
A seasonal rain-fed waterfall and its year-round pools form the payoff at the end of White Tank Mountain Regional Park's Waterfall Canyon Trail, the most popular trail in the Maricopa County Parks and Recreation system.

Robin N. Clayton of Glendale loves to spend her free time wading through the streams of the Arizona desert with her walking stick and her two young children, Sara and Joseph. George Stocking was amazed at the number of visitors making the hike to Waterfall Canyon. He lives in Phoenix.



Over the edge

The Grand Canyon Lures Dreamers, Schemers and Even a Horse Whisperer

Shreds of Sky

A summer rain fills the Grand Canyon with mist at Grandview Point. The Grandview Trail starts near here and descends 2,600 feet in 3.2 miles to Horseshoe Mesa, then connects to the Tonto Trail that follows the river for 85 miles. However, the Tonto Trail doesn't descend to the inner gorge for another 8 miles.

Two ravens squawk in protest

of my presence. Having expressed their opinion, they lift off from the ruins of the Moqui Stage Station, perch on the branch of a pine snag and glare down at me with wounded pride, their midnight-black feathers shining in the October sun.

I won't be long, fellows, I tell them. I'm on my way to the Grand Canyon. First I want to see the old station, now little more than a rock depression in the Kaibab National Forest. But it still plays a role in the Canyon story, as do those who chased their dreams into its depths. These include the starry-eyed miner who hauled a 600-pound boulder out of the Canyon seeking to get rich. Such men probably thought of themselves as conquerors, but the Canyon conquered them. In those days, even getting to the great gorge required massive effort. Tourists plunked down \$20 to board a stagecoach in Flagstaff and ride 70 miles through the ponderosas, enjoy a dusty lunch and work on their backache. With stops along the way, the trip took 12 hours.

But the payoff was getting to the Rim. It is for me, too. At sunset I plan to be 15 miles north at Grandview Point.

Watching the ravens watching me, I'm thinking of how the Canyon scared me the first time I saw it, 26 years ago, and how it will scare me again tonight. I know this because I'm more comfortable walking along a moonlit alley between skyscrapers than peering over a rock ledge to a bottom I'm not convinced is there.

I cannot get used to seeing a long way. I'm a prisoner of the gray eastern city that lives in my soul, my Alcatraz of concrete, steel and sirens.

Even so, I've returned to the Canyon often since 1974. A contradiction, I suppose, but the thrill trumps my fear. I love the way the eons show so manifestly in its rock, the dazzling light that showers out of the sky above it, the gigantic scale and otherworldly colors.

But the Canyon's spell shapes the stories told here and dictates the dreams of the people who live them. I can feel it at Moqui.

In its 1882 to 1900 heyday, this was a busy place. Three times a week, nine-seat Concord coaches rolled across this sagebrush plateau, the driver twirling his whip from the box seat. Reporters said the ConCORDS were so big they looked like streetcars hurtling across the frontier at an unholy speed of 6 mph.

Promoters of the stage line lured some of

America's most influential men, including *Los Angeles Times* publisher H.G. Otis, and the Western painter Thomas Moran, whose Canyon images became some of the earliest and most admired.

Every writer who dared the exotic venture took up a pen in description:

"Our tired horses thrice gave way to fresh ones, and their keepers came out from little shacks to unbuckle the harness and hear the news," wrote poet Harriet Monroe in *The Atlantic Monthly* magazine. "At last we reach the third relay station [Moqui], and take on six horses instead of four, for the final pull uphill.

"We alight, and run up and down the shaggy little slope, and free our bodies from the long strain."

Standing at the ruins, I wonder if those early passengers got the same sensation I get at Moqui—the scent of something big beyond the trees. The scent of distance.

I THROW UP A POWDER CLOUD driving north along Forest Service Road 301, but can barely keep my eyes on the windshield. Last night at dusk on these same roads, I saw a deer dancing between the trees. Early October is showtime in this forest.

Near Locket Lake off FR 301, I watched a family of nine mule deer tromp playfully through the mud before they noticed me and scattered. But a nose-high barbed-wire fence checked their flight. The first deer measured it for a moment, his big paddle-ears making a V over his head.

I wondered what he'd do, certain he couldn't jump that high. But he did. In a silent, swift, fluid, dream-like motion, he levitated and literally poured himself over the fence. The remaining eight followed in succession. Led by guide Daryl Nez, our little group let out simultaneous gasps of exhilaration, repeated nine times over.

It was like a mirage, and how fitting is that for Canyon country?

So was the life of William Francis Hull. Date of birth unreliable. Date of death in question. Maybe the son of a California gold rusher.

What is known is that Hull, in 1884, led the first recorded tourist trip to the Grand Canyon, and his cabin, built about 1888, still stands near the bottom of a rocky hill off Forest Service Road 307.

I get there in the cool of late afternoon. Hull's cabin, a quarter-mile behind a wire-pole gate, has a gable roof and a broad porch, its pine logs linked at the corners by V notches. Nearby stands a barn of massive, hand-squared logs.

These two impressive structures sit in a pretty meadow rimmed by old-growth, orange-barked ponderosas, a perfect place for picnics or savoring the silken breeze.

Hikers can walk Vishnu Trail, which slices through the forest behind the cabin, climbing almost 400 feet in a mile and a half to the Grandview Lookout Tower. Those brave enough to ascend 80 feet on its open-air steps get a unique view of the Canyon and the Painted Desert to the northeast.

My interest, though, is Hull, who spent years pondering these very same trees. But it was no paradise in his day.

He found little but struggle in his effort to survive. Hull ran a sheep ranch, joined in business with famed Canyon guide John Hance. He also served as a deputy sheriff for Coconino County and finally turned to prospecting. As Flagstaff's *Arizona Champion* noted in 1891, the big score was always at hand:

"Wm. Hull left last Friday for a two-weeks' prospecting tour of the Grand Canyon, where [he] will locate the richest mine in the world."

He might've located some copper ore, but not enough. Shortly after 1900, he dropped from the scene, his whereabouts unknown. Reports

My guess is that William Hull had absolutely no fear of the Canyon. Maybe he should have.



A Hard Splendor

William Hull built this cabin in 1888 in his long, hardscrabble struggle to survive near the edge of the Grand Canyon. He hoped for gold, settled for sheep, guided tourists, served as a deputy sheriff and died in obscurity at a worn-out 39.



LOCATION: 80 miles northwest of Flagstaff.

GETTING THERE: From Flagstaff, take U.S. Route 180 north to its intersection with State Route 64, then turn right onto SR 64 to the Canyon. Forest Service Road 302 intersects 64 just south of the McDonald's in Tusayan. Grandview Point is located on Desert View Drive, 9 miles east of its intersection with 64. Desert View Drive heads east a few miles north of the park entrance.

FEES: All private vehicles must pay a \$20 entry fee.

LODGING: Grand Canyon National Park Lodges, (928) 638-2631 (same-day reservations) or (888) 297-2757 (advance reservations). Williams-Grand Canyon Chamber of Commerce, toll-free (800) 863-0546.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: FR 302 can be driven in ordinary passenger vehicles. Contact the Tusayan Ranger District, (928) 638-2443, or www.fs.fed.us/r3/kaj/conditions, to check road conditions.

later filtered back from Prescott that he died there, at age 39, in 1904.

My guess is that William Hull had absolutely no fear of the Canyon.

Maybe he should have.

FROM HULL'S CABIN, I HEAD SOUTH again, picking up Forest Service Road 302. It runs 16 miles west to State Route 64 at Tusayan, roughly paralleling the bed of an abandoned logging railroad. The area is considered prime for viewing elk, which love to nibble the leaves of the Gambel oaks that line its course. Moreover, early October is rutting season.

I know this from talking to Daryl Nez. In addition to previously doing guide work for Grand Canyon Jeep Tours & Safaris and working as an accountant at a Tusayan lodge, he hires out to ranchers as a freelance horse whisperer.

Yes. Just like Robert Redford's character in the best-selling book by Nicholas Evans, and the movie of the same title. Only the tall, garrulous Nez prefers to call it psychological horse training.

"I can break any wild horse in 45 minutes," says the 28-year-old Navajo.

I have a policy of never arguing with anyone who can talk to horses.

I park in a shadow opposite a water catchment some 8 miles east of State 64 and sit out on the hood amid the pungent Texas sage. Before long a bull elk crosses the road in front of me and hoofs up a hill behind the catchment.

The animal probably weighs a thousand pounds, has a full rack of antlers and gouges on his beige coat, the likely result of fighting between rutting males. He moves over the landscape slowly, with a grace

beyond his size, stopping at the hilltop.

In my binoculars, I zoom on his face, nostrils flexing with each breath, round black eyes fixed on some unknown point. But what strikes me is his expression of perfect pride. Here is something wild, in its own place and thrilling to see.

With sunset coming I head farther east on FR 302. The road curls north, connects with Forest Service Road 310 and quickly bumps into Desert View Drive. The powerful scent of distance has pulled me out of the Kaibab. Two miles west on Desert View is Grandview Point, where, in 1892, a former saloonkeeper staked his future.

Pete Berry was a hard-working adventurer and visionary driven by his enthusiasms. One of them was whiskey, another keeping his word. He once woke up next to a strange woman in a Flagstaff hotel room. When he tried to send her on her way, she waved a marriage certificate in his face.

Their union, which occurred during the wee hours, had slipped his mind. But the paperwork was good enough for Pete. He remained devoted to his beloved Martha for 40 years.

I like him for that story alone. But here's another one.

In February 1893, Berry pulled a rock weighing nearly 600 pounds out of the Canyon. Juggling it up 2,600 feet in 3 miles on Grandview Trail took five men six days. The gigantic specimen, nearly 70 percent pure copper, won first prize at the 1893 Chicago World's Fair.

In the wake of his amazing discovery, Berry saw visions of a bonanza below the Rim. But his Last Chance Mine never delivered the millions he'd hoped. Neither did his tourism venture, headquartered at his

two-story log hotel, which stood on the edge of this cliff at my feet.

Berry sold his property here in 1913, a worn-out man bound for undeserved obscurity. He did, after all, shape the Canyon's future in tourism, and built the still-functioning Grandview Trail.

I'M HIKING IT NOW below a tall sky decorated with cotton-ball clouds. As I descend, switching, tilting and plunging toward I don't know what, the air turns cold and rattles past my teeth and shakes my lungs.

The light is so fast-changing—first pale, then exploding with orange, then sinking to husky gray—that it skews my sense of distance, making the Canyon dance in front of my eyes.

The sensation makes me think again of men like Berry and Hull, or anyone who can stare into the heart of this chameleon, this purple trickster, and believe it's conquerable. I don't get it.

But I know I'll have a chance to ponder the matter tonight as I leap over the edge in my dreams, arms out, my face twisted as I sail to glory. **AH**

Tucson-based Leo W. Banks co-wrote a book about the Grand Canyon called *Grand Canyon Stories, Then & Now*, published in 1999 by *Arizona Highways Books*.

David Elms Jr. of Phoenix found that spending most of his time back from the South Rim was a new way to experience the Grand Canyon.



ADDITIONAL READING: *The Grand Canyon* offers full-color photography and informative text. Order the outsize, softcover book (\$9.95 plus shipping and handling) online at arizonahighways.com or call (800) 543-5432.

Spittin' With the Moon and Catching an Eyeful of Florida Water

PUT TOGETHER MY OFFERING with care and difficulty. Wrapping a pinecone with a large rectangular sheet of paper proved a problem fit for a college geometry class. Still, I had to prepare my gift to the fire, to the stars, to the powers that be on this night of the full moon rising in the Tucson sky.

Tucson night skies have legendary status. Astronomers from around the world set up their telescopes or sit in front of machines in the great white observatories atop surrounding mountains.

They keep their eyes and their hopes turned to whatever might be going on out there.

On this night, I had committed to honor the rising full moon by joining a fire circle. Once a month on the Tuesday closest to the full moon, a group of Tucsonans joins in a fire ceremony. People wishing to attend write down five things they would like to develop in themselves and wrap the list in something burnable. Hence, my pinecone and paper.

Ever in search of a story, I take my pinecone, now tied with a jaunty red cord, and head for the circle to be held behind a church in the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains. The question of sacrilege now merges with

the familiar lament of "What have you gotten yourself into?"

My qualms seem confirmed when I see a lone man walking near the church buildings, his head covered by the hood of his sweatshirt. Geez, I might well be walking into a coven of strange beings believing in things I have no intention of ever including in my mental repertoire. With the pinecone in one pocket and a canister of pepper spray in the other, I approach the man for directions. He sends me into the desert.

I find the fire site and the small group who will honor the moon. The leader of the ceremony explains the ritual, but I'm focused on the glistening beauty of the city lights below the foothills and miss much of her talk. I do catch that we will start by honoring the four points of the compass. Then she displays the bottle she holds. "Florida Water," she says.

Florida Water? Didn't barbers once use that to gussy up their customers back in the 1900s? I reflect and then turn to face south.

The leader starts shaking a rattle and calls on the Great Serpent. Standing behind her, I try to write in the dark. She takes a slug of Florida Water. I try to see in the dark. Then, she gives one big, powerful, loud *SPIT*. I jump 2 feet in the air.

Whoa, whoa, wait a minute. I didn't sign up for spitting. And here it comes. Part of that stream of alcohol-based, Victorian-era, floral-scented Florida Water hits me directly in the right eye. Even with the help of a healthy night breeze, that dollop had to travel backward, over the leader's shoulder, about 4 yards. *Good grief, who or what sent that message?* I dab at my eye. The others turn west. I pivot quickly.

With all corners of the globe duly honored, with me still blinking, with the fire still blazing, our leader gives us a chant to sing in a language I have never heard. She circles the fire, we stand chanting as the celestial guest of honor reigns pure white in the pitch-black desert sky. Ah, yes, that wind keeps blowing. That wind blows right across our now-raging fire and sends smoke and cinders into my eyes, the good one and the bad.

Our group is growing as faces move to the fire from out of the darkness. One man, a gentle looking soul who may have been spending quite a bit of time in the surrounding desert, seems confused by all the goings-on. Warming his hands by the fire, he smiles as we chant and chant and chant. I gamely try to keep up, but after 45 minutes, I am rendered almost mute.

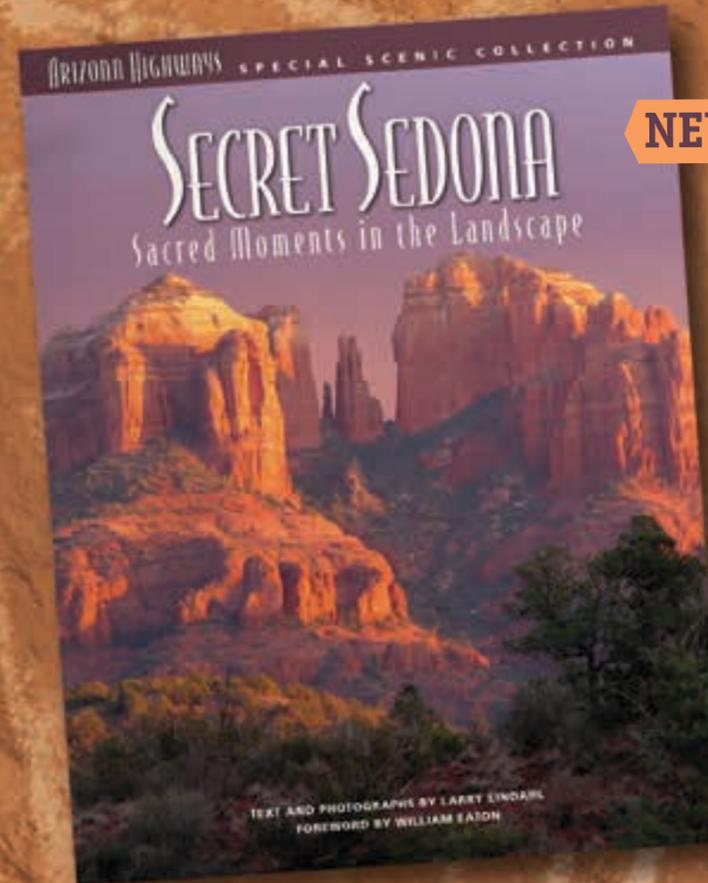
We each kneel to the fire and place our offerings. Mine, I notice in less than New Age modesty, looks quite nice—red bow and all. Behind me, the leader hovers to protect me as I make my offering. I feel, for the first time during this encounter, helpless in the strangeness of the night.

We join hands for our last minutes in the circle. Now, we can ask out loud what we wish of the fire. One of the latecomers, a young man wearing black clothes and skin-piercing ornaments, says in a soft, sweet voice, "I wish we would treat Mother Earth better." Hum. I look at the faces around me, good, pleasant, kind people. My face, on the other hand, surely carries the mark of doubt, along with the soot, a one-eyed squint and a head of hair driven wild by wind. In fact, I look exactly like the strange kind of being I feared might show up for this event.

I leave then, slipping away from the dying fire and the gentle folk who linger. My hand returns to fingering the pepper spray in my pocket. The night is long, the honored alabaster guest has risen and I alone must fly. ■■



Arizona Highways Special Scenic Collection Book



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text and photographs by LARRY LINDAHL
foreword by WILLIAM EATON

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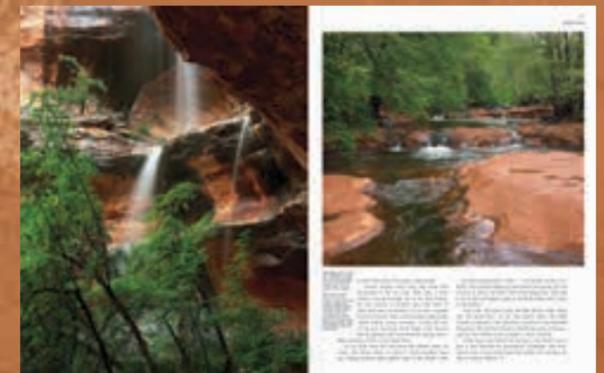
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A Hair-raising Old Wagon Route Earned Grief Hill Its Fitting Name

ALTHOUGH NOW OFTEN overlooked by travelers rushing past it on State Route 260 between Camp Verde and Cottonwood, in the 1860s hair-raising Grief Hill earned its name in a series of Indian attacks on the supply wagons laboring from Fort Whipple to Camp Lincoln.

These days, the faint dirt road parallels Interstate 17 as it plunges down into the Verde Valley, offering travelers sweeping views and a scented whiff of the hardships that early settlers faced.

Rancher King Woolsey built the rough wagon road in 1864 and charged soldiers and civilians on horseback 2 cents per mile to use it. Without modern technology, road builders didn't realize they'd carved a path down one of the longest,

steepest hills in the country. Wagons descending the treacherous hill dragged tree trunks chained behind to act as a drag to prevent them from careening out of control down the 1-mile incline.

My husband, Lloyd, and I took on the nasty Grief Hill Road along the old wagon route. Leaving Dewey and the grasslands of Prescott Valley behind, we headed toward Cherry, a former stage stop. We turned off on Cherry Road, built in the 1870s to replace the treacherous Grief Hill Road. Trailing behind, billowing dust coated the trees and shrubs lining the roadway. Then for a short distance, the road turned to smooth asphalt—if only the soldiers had received such a break.

Scrub oak, bright in the October morning sun, covered the rolling hills in a blaze of red and gold. As we gradually gained altitude, the oak gave way to juniper, cedar, piñon, oak trees and eventually to ponderosa pines as we neared Cherry.

The tiny community has its own fire department and a bed and breakfast. We pulled off the road next to Cherry Creek, which sometimes flows across the road, and admired the mountain views and horses grazing in meadows alongside the Cherry Creek Bed and Breakfast. The area is sparsely populated with longtime ranchers and summer residents.

Past Cherry, the road climbed to 5,400 feet. The San Francisco Peaks edged the horizon, so we stopped to revel in a panoramic view. Rain clouds shrouded Humphreys Peak, Arizona's tallest mountain, and we marveled at Sedona's red rock walls and the magnificent scenery of the Mogollon Rim to the east.

The road, washboard in places, narrowed in the final 4 miles as we descended into the valley. Hawks in flight guided us, soaring on the wind current as we cautiously wound around switchbacks and horseshoe curves without the security of guardrails, a white-knuckle ride requiring constant vigilance. At one point, cows with calves ambled down the road in front of us, unaffected by our idling behind them.

Less than a half-mile after negotiating a low-water crossing at Cherry Creek, we reached the Grief Hill trailhead. In 1992, the Verde

Built to replace the treacherous Grief Hill Road, Cherry Road winds past its namesake community and an abandoned cabin at the northern edge of Arizona's central highlands.



VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: Dirt roads in the area are accessible by two-wheel-drive passenger cars in dry weather.

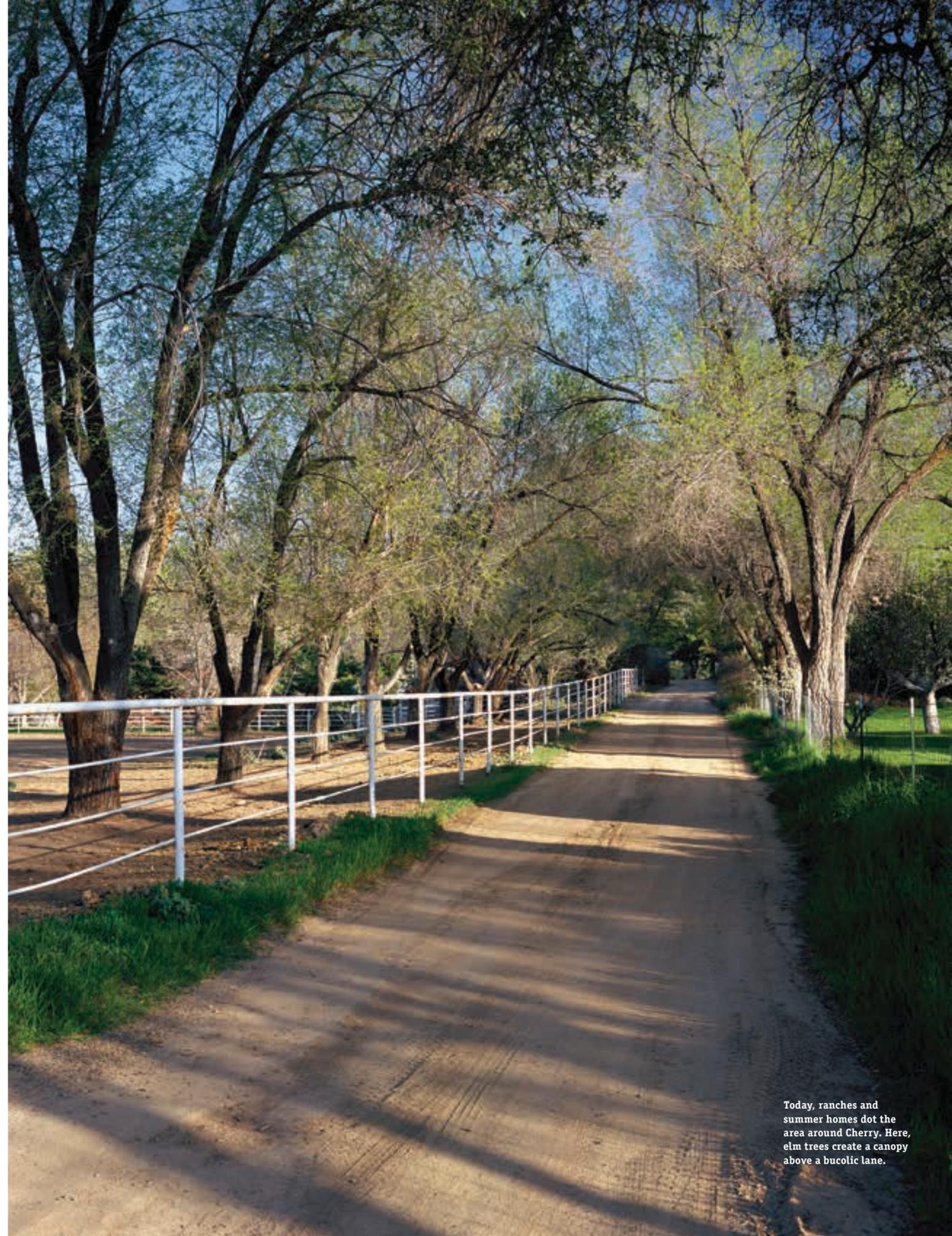
WARNING: Back road travel can be hazardous. Be aware of weather and road conditions, and make sure you and your vehicle are in top shape. Carry plenty of water, and let someone know where you're going and when you plan to return.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: For most of this drive, the road surface is bladed dirt, which can become slippery when wet. After the road leaves Cherry, it

contains switchbacks that are not protected by guardrails.

LODGING: Overnight accommodations are available at the Cherry Creek Bed and Breakfast, (928) 632-5390, www.cherrycreekbnb.com.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Fort Verde State Historic Park, (928) 567-3275, www.pr.state.az.us/Parks/parkhtml/fortverde.html.



Today, ranches and summer homes dot the area around Cherry. Here, elm trees create a canopy above a bucolic lane.

As it leaves the cottonwood-lined banks of Cherry Creek, the road ascends a series of switchbacks through the Black Hills on its way to the Grief Hill trailhead.

Valley Horseman's Council and the Verde Ranger District restored the Grief Hill Trail for use by both riders and hikers. It begins on Cherry Road at the base of Hull Hill (named for George W. Hull, who obtained a franchise for a toll road from Grief Canyon to Camp Verde in 1864) and winds up the mountain, following the original road.

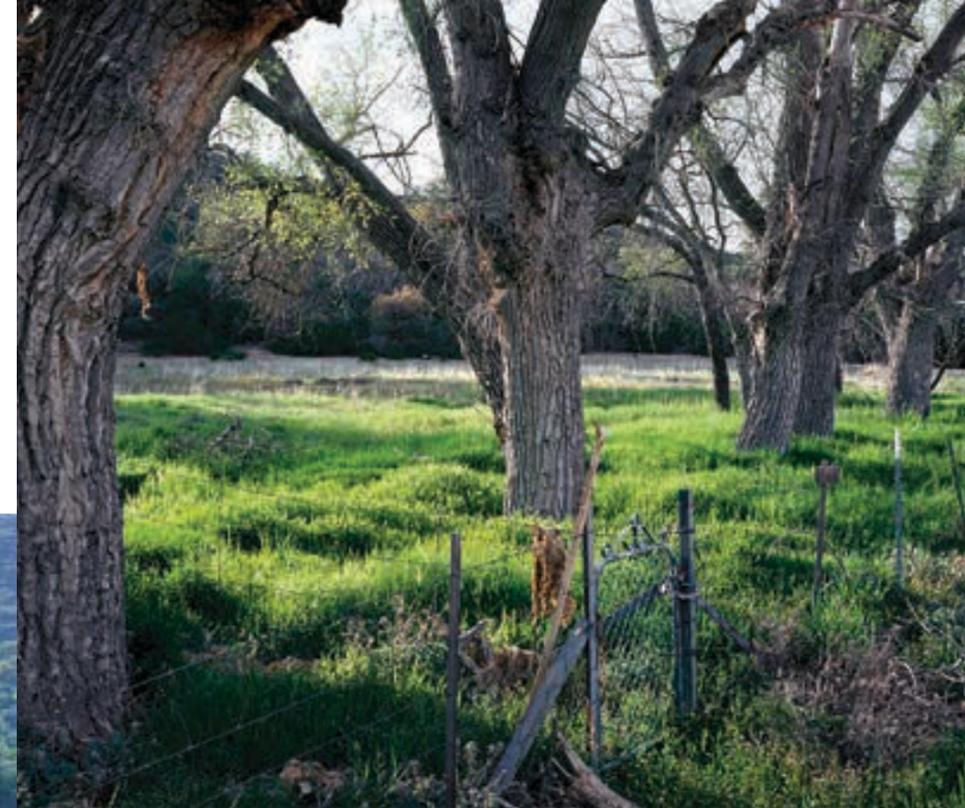
Ranger Dennis Lockhart of Fort Verde State Historic Park has explored the mountain

many times and notes that it took three and a half hours to ride a horse to the top of Grief Hill—elevation 5,800 feet—but only 40 minutes to come down.

Four documented Indian attacks, most likely by Yavapais, occurred on Grief Hill between 1865 and 1869. Indians attacked a group of soldiers with 10 pack animals in January 1866, but the military escort escaped unharmed.

According to the *Arizona Miner* newspaper of Prescott, an estimated 100 warriors on May 6, 1869, ambushed two oxen teams escorted by nine soldiers and two citizens. The raiders wounded five, killed one and ran off with most of the cattle.

Grief Hill also gained fame as a result of a legendary massacre that never actually happened. Mounds of dirt spurred



Cottonwood trees spread above a grassy meadow near Cherry Creek. Because they most often follow the path of flowing water or groundwater near the surface, moisture-loving cottonwoods are a signal of water in the desert.

route finder

Odometer readings may vary by vehicle.

> From State Route 69 in Dewey, **turn east** onto State Route 169 and drive 9 miles.

> **Turn left** (north) at the sign marking the road to Cherry (not to be confused with the earlier turnoff marked Old Cherry Road).

> **Drive 6 miles** to Cherry. Continue 9 miles to Grief Hill trailhead.

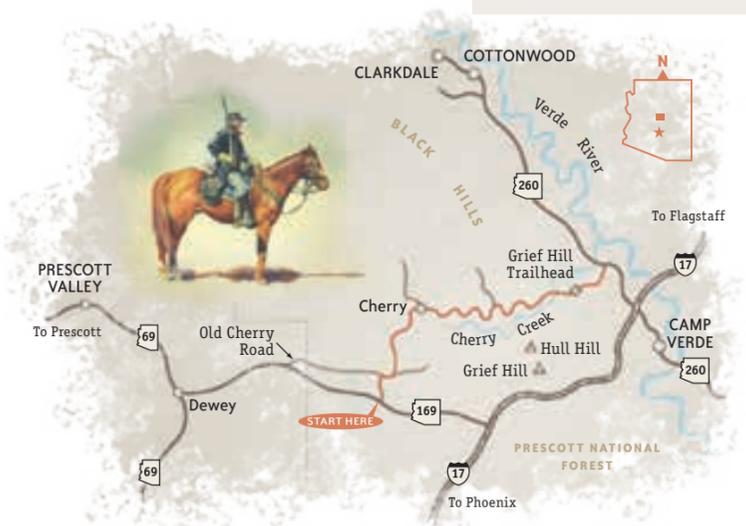
> **Exiting the Grief Hill trailhead parking area, turn right** (northeast) and drive 1 mile to State Route 260.

> **Turn right** (southeast) to reach Camp Verde and Interstate 17.

rumors of mass graves, but researchers later confirmed the mounds were actually old roasting pits in which the Indians baked agaves, a nutritious food source, rich in sugars.

Pondering this unforgiving terrain, I try to imagine the grief early settlers experienced as they negotiated those steep slopes with wagons and ropes. More than a century later, the trip takes mere minutes—with power brakes instead of trees dragged behind with chains.

And so long as your brakes hold up, Grief Hill will no longer live up to its name. **AH**



Phoenix's WaterWorks Provides Power and a Touch of Streetside Art

“**W**ATER IS GRAVITY'S DOG, following it everywhere.” These words by Nogales-born poet Alberto Rios are etched into the concrete deck of the WaterWorks at Arizona Falls, a restored hydroelectric plant on the Arizona Canal at 56th Street and Indian School Road in Phoenix.

Here gravity's dog takes a 20-foot leap to create one of the few waterfalls in the Valley of the Sun. The falls were created in 1884 during the construction of the Arizona Canal from the Salt River north of Mesa to Skunk Creek in Peoria. The construction crew hit a subterranean ridge of Precambrian rock that was as hard as the hump of Camelback Mountain. The man hired to build the 40-mile canal, William J. Murphy, decided to let the canal flow drop over the rock ledge rather than spend precious time trying to blast a channel 8 feet deep and 85 feet across. After all, Murphy was being paid in stocks and bonds, not cash.

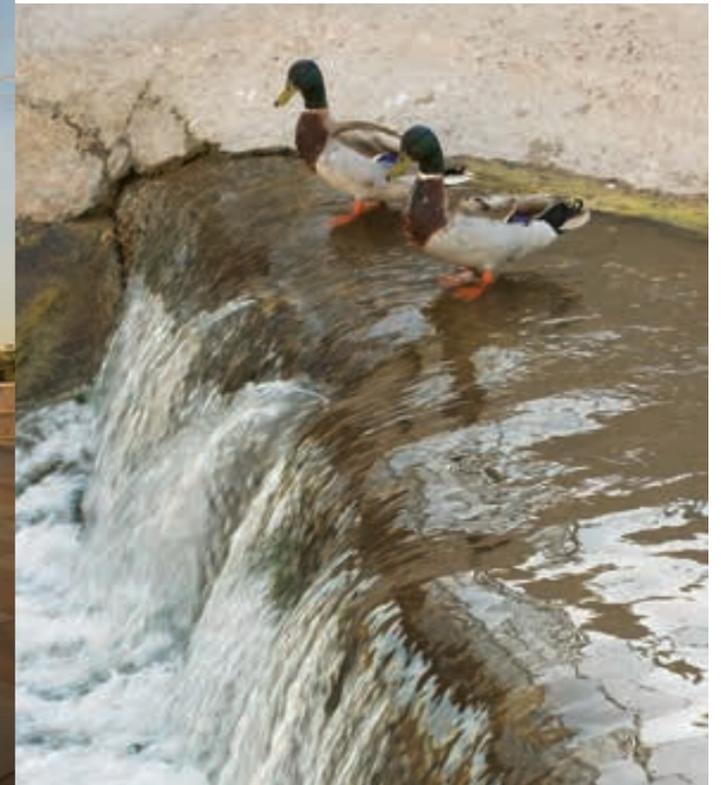
Water began flowing through the canal in 1885, and 100,000 acres in the valley had irrigation. Murphy recognized the value of the land surrounding the falls and bought all

the land bounded by present-day 56th Street, 84th Street, East Lafayette Boulevard and East Thomas Road. He called the tract Ingleside. Meanwhile, hydroelectric technology was evolving. By 1889, the same year Murphy planted the first citrus orchard in the Phoenix valley, there were 200 water-powered electric plants in the United States and Canada. The falls were a good location for a hydroelectric plant.

With a constant volume accelerated by gravity, the waterfall provided sufficient force to turn the impellers of a turbine and generate electricity. In 1902, a small power plant was constructed at the falls, providing some of the first hydroelectric power in the state. A decade later, a larger plant was built on the site and the Salt River Project operated it until 1950.

Murphy laid out a townsite near the falls. To attract investors, he built the Ingleside Club, which no longer exists, as the centerpiece of his vision. Amenities included excursions to the man-made waterfall and an oiled-sand golf course that eventually became the lush green fairways of The Arizona Country

WaterWorks at Arizona Falls lights up after dark, highlighting sheets of flowing water in the Arizona Canal. The falls are one of the many new multiple-use projects in the Phoenix area to provide trails and pathways along canals.



Club. It is not hard to imagine flappers doing the foxtrot on the concrete dance floor above the turbine-powered generators.

That image and rich history influenced the renovation of Arizona Falls by the Salt River Project, the city of Phoenix and the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation. The \$6 million WaterWorks at Arizona Falls transformed a largely forgotten industrial facility into a work of art.

Boston artists Lajos Heder and Mags Harries and landscape architects Steve Martino and Allison Colwell designed the project.

The WaterWorks' main deck is textured with impressions of cattails and reeds. Boulders from the five dams on the Salt River—Granite Reef, Stewart Mountain, Mormon Flat, Horse Mesa and Roosevelt—protrude like small mountains among more immutable poetry by Rios: “The water of the river, it is in our tongues, so that when we speak there's a little river in our words.”

Above the falls and beyond the debris grates lurk white amurs, weed-eating fish that keep the Arizona Canal clean. Catfish, largemouth bass and native sucker fish have also entered over the electric fish barriers at Granite Reef Dam. The barriers permit downstream fish travel, but prevent the white amur from entering the Salt River.

Next to the main deck lies a covered dance floor where solar-powered ceiling fans and



[ABOVE, LEFT] The hydroelectric turbine, generating up to 750 kilowatts of electricity that is fed into Salt River Project's grid, is housed in a compact tower of stone, metal and glass.

[ABOVE] Mallard ducks take advantage of the cool oasis.

[LEFT] Antique gears used in the original hydroelectric plant hold forth behind sheets of cascading water.

the play of light and shadow inspire a cha-cha state of mind. Steps lead down to the Water Room where a pair of overhead aqueducts release curtains of water on both sides of the cool space. More water weeps down a facade of industrial icons, shafts and gears. A spinning turbine provides power to 150 homes.

In the process, gravity's dog even puts in a day's work. ■

when you go LOCATION: 56th Street and Indian School Road, Phoenix. HOURS: Open daily; parking permitted from 5:30 A.M. until 10 P.M.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: Wheelchair-accessible restroom facilities available at adjacent G.R. Herberger Park. **ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:** Salt River Project, (602) 236-2630; www.enviro@srpnet.com.

Lazing Lizards Keep a Sharp Eye on Snowshed Trail Trekkers

THE LIZARD DOZING on a sun-warmed rock suddenly explodes into motion, startling me as much as I startle it. I like seeing lizards, and must admit I even enjoy being spooked once in a while.

So I resolve to keep my eyes open and savor the surprises on my hike on the Snowshed Trail as it winds up and out of Cave Creek Canyon in the Chiricahua Mountains of southeastern Arizona.

Surprise, after all, compels the inquisitive hiker.

The adventure begins at an opening in a barbed-wire fence near the trailhead marker at the Cave Creek bridge crossing about a half mile east of the Southwestern Research Station on Cave Creek Road. Three steps off the pavement onto the rock-strewn dirt trail yields the first

forest reveals a spectacular view of craggy, burnt-orange colored cliffs and the prominent spire of Cathedral Rock.

At mile 5, near 7,578-foot Pine Park, Snowshed Trail and Basin Trail intersect. Should I stay on Snowshed Trail for another 3.5 miles where it tops out on Snowshed Peak, or loop back down the mountain 2.8 miles on Basin Trail to Herb Martyr Road? A few steps up Snowshed, I discover fresh mountain lion scat. This pile of biological information also contains hair.

Short gray hair.

Hair like mine!

I choose the Basin Trail.

This is a wise choice for three reasons: First, taking the Basin Trail makes a leisurely 8-mile loop hike. Second, I see a collared lizard sporting its bright yellow, green and red breeding costume zealously guarding its rock. And third, I can run faster downhill should I discover a hungry bear or lion on my tail.

When back down to the floor of Cave Creek Canyon, the trail crosses the middle fork of Cave Creek where sycamores and cottonwoods shade weary hikers. A boulder along the bank makes for an excellent lounge chair while I soak my tired feet.

Content and relaxed, I suddenly hear something behind me rustling in the fallen leaves. I turn quickly, but see nothing. Again, rustling. I imagine something big and hungry. Short, gray hair in scat comes to mind.

Suddenly a miniature dragon in the form of a 10-inch-long alligator lizard bursts forth from underneath the duff, revealing an abnormality seldom seen in nature—two tails.

Now, that's a surprising lizard. **AH**



[ABOVE] Snowshed Trail winds up and out of Cave Creek Canyon in the rugged Chiricahua Mountains of southeastern Arizona. [RIGHT] Alligator lizards sometimes grow two tails. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Hikers share the 8-mile trail with collared lizards.



LOCATION:

Approximately 178 miles southeast of Tucson.

GETTING THERE: From Tucson, take Interstate 10 east 139 miles to

U.S. Route 80 (in New Mexico). Turn right (south) and drive 28 miles, and then turn right (west) on the road to Portal. Drive 7 miles and cross back into Arizona. Drive west on Forest Service Road 42 approximately 4 miles to the trailhead.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:

Coronado National Forest, Douglas Ranger District, 520-364-3468; www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado/forest/recreation/recreation.shtml.

surprise. A 4-inch long, cryptically colored common tree lizard cocks its head and, with a vigilant eye, monitors my passing. Whether clinging to the bark of an Emory oak or resting on a lichen-covered granite boulder, this tiny dinosaurlike reptile is nearly invisible.

A little farther, the swift dart of a striped plateau lizard from beneath a clump of bunch grass draws my gaze to another discovery. Large bear scat, complete with manzanita berries and the bits of bone and fur of some unlucky critter, prove that I'm not the only omnivore using this trail.

After about 2 miles of gradual incline, the trail begins to steepen as oaks and ponderosa pines fight for dominance. A clearing in the



online Before you go on this hike, visit arizonahighways.com for other things to do and places to see in this area. You'll also find other hikes in our "Fall Color Guide."



