

Photographer Gary Ladd Peers Into Nature's Mirror

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

NOVEMBER 2005

8 Intriguing Trips to Arizona's Favorite Ruins

Unearthing Secrets
of Homol'ovi

Hidden Mysteries
of Woods Canyon

In Search of the Ancient Ones



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■ To order a print of this photograph, see information above right.

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■ To order a print of this photograph, see information above right.

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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

This month explore Arizona's cultural traditions from the past and the present. Go to arizonahighways.com and click on "Ancient Arizona Guide" for:

- **Information about visiting Indian ruins statewide**
 - **A list of Dia de los Muertos ("Day of the Dead") celebrations**
- PLUS, get our regular monthly online-only features:

HUMOR Gene Perret sweet-talks his wife for home improvements.

ONLINE EXTRA Journey through formidable Gila River Canyon.

WEEKEND GETAWAY Visit two charming western Arizona towns.

TRAVEL THROUGH TIME Arizona's biggest mining swindle.

EXPERIENCE ARIZONA Plan a trip using our statewide calendar.

Loved Those Swimming Holes

I enjoyed the "Let's Go Swimm'n'" story in June 2005, which transported me back to my youth growing up in Coconino County. Although some of the swimming holes are much more crowded than they were when I was a kid, they are certainly worth the trip nonetheless.

Annette Rivadeneyra, Surprise

One Man's Weed

Amid the profusion of colorful wildflowers ("The Color of High Country") on page 26 of your July 2005 issue, you have included toadflax, which is, oh dear, a weed! *Linaria dalmatica*, an exotic or non-native plant, is spreading like wildfire in the Coconino National Forest. According to the Northern Arizona Weed Council (yes, there is one) and botanist Laura Moser of the Coconino National Forest, this weed deserves to be pulled out as it competes with lupines, locos and the familiar red-orange Indian paintbrushes for soil nutrients, space and water.

Bobbie Bookhout, Tempe

Excellent point—non-native weeds beset many areas, including the lower Sonoran Desert, where the introduced grasses carry ground fires that devastate our trademark saguaros, which have evolved no defenses against fire. Still, sometimes it's hard to tell the weeds from the wildflowers—or the financial advisers from the scam artists, for that matter.

Digital's Not Ready for Prime Time

I was just reading "Viewfinder" (July '05)

about digital versus film photography. The film photograph was so much clearer and the colors much richer. I originally subscribed for the photos, so please continue to keep the high-quality film photographs. The landscape photos you've included in the magazine since taking over as editor have been outstanding.

Johanna Panico

Director of Photography Peter Ensenberger has been deluged with digital debate mail, pretty evenly split between filmophiles and digtheads. Please be assured, we're still fanatics about the detail and perspective of large-format film for scenics, but we're exploring the opportunities to adapt to the digital dawn.

A Broader Sense of Humor

I have been reading *Arizona Highways* magazine for as long as I can remember. I can't imagine anyone (John Roark's letter in "Dear Editor," June '05) canceling his subscription because the humor page has been eliminated. He states, "Any publication without a humor section is of no value to me." But there is humor throughout each issue. "This Month in Arizona" and "Territorial Taxes" in "Taking the Off-ramp" are two examples in the June issue. I appreciate the blend of art, natural history, science, anthropology, biography, history, travel and tall tales you present.

Katherine L. Strassburg, Grand Ledge, MI

I'm so happy you appreciate our modest efforts to reflect the ongoing strangeness of life, even if we ran out of space for our much-loved humor page. Perhaps you could head off the Editor Lynching Party some other beloved readers are organizing.

Hey Peter, You Nitwit!

Now we do not have a humor page, with which my wife and I laughed ourselves silly. Of course, this letter will never appear, as it seems you people do not know what it is that has made *Arizona Highways* so interesting. Please think about this. I feel it is coming to the parting of the waves. Don't you want to keep the customers you still have?

Anthony Morris

Oh, dear. I'm sorry. Now I feel bad again.

Not a Complete Nitwit

I always read "All Who Wander" first because I really enjoy your writing and wit. The magazine has improved greatly in my opinion. There is more continuity and more photographs. I particularly like your layouts of full-page photos. Thank you for making the reading experience enjoyable.

E. Daisley, Sedona

Oh. Wow. I feel better after all. Unless, you're saying we should not run so many stories and just go with the photographs. I mean, I love the stories.

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Give Yourself to What You Love and Hope for a Hole in the Clouds

WHEN I FIRST heard the bad news about the foolishness of bureaucracies and the price of passion, I was cast back immediately to that storm-laden day in the lush tangle of Arivaca Cienega. The memory surrounds me now, like the tingle of ozone on the edge of the storm.

On that day, I was doing just what Buenos Aires National Wildlife Refuge Manager Wayne Shifflett

and veteran elementary school teacher Linda Metz had encouraged me to do—wandering through the leafless cottonwoods in the face of a winter storm.

Shifflett had spent 19 years assembling the land to protect the marshy cienega and make it part of the adjacent Buenos Aires refuge. Passionately devoted to safeguarding rare and endangered species, he had played a role in re-establishing endangered masked bobwhite quail, razorback suckers, Gila chub, Tarahumara frogs and Gila topminnows.

In much the same way, Metz had spent 29 years nurturing elementary schoolchildren before she retired and gambled on a bed and breakfast.

So when they both urged me to be among the flutter of birds at dawn, I was swayed. After all, they had each made sacrifices for an animating passion.

A tall, low-key, instinctively soothing woman with a huge

heart three sizes too big, Metz had nurtured, coddled and challenged kids in a low-income Phoenix neighborhood. She relied on the help of her pet macaw, Tyler, who sat in the back of the classroom and told every passing kid "I love you." The kids lived for his occasional release from the cage, each hoping he would pick them as he strutted about the room. Metz recalled one forlorn kid from a chaotic home who loved to wear brightly colored pants. Initially the other kids shunned him. But then Tyler took a liking to the boy's bright pants and so consistently headed straight for his desk. This transformed the kid's social status. Metz tells that story lovingly now, sufficient recompense for the years of low wages and bureaucratic frustration.

Wayne Shifflett understands this as well, for he spent 38 years as a federal wildlife manager during which time he nurtured the 118,000-acre Buenos Aires refuge as tenderly as Metz ever cared for Tyler. Mostly the reserve preserved a fragment of the grasslands that covered much of southern Arizona before overgrazing in the 1890s converted most of it to mesquite shrub.

Shifflett supervised the release of 22,000 captive-reared masked bobwhite quail to sustain the current population of about 300 birds. He has also protected the struggling herd of pronghorn antelope, remarkable animals that can sprint at 60 mph and burn oxygen three times as fast as a human.

So when they both told me not to miss dawn in the cienega, I took the advice seriously.

Initially, it seemed a wasted morning. In the first mile of wandering, I glimpsed only a single green-tailed towhee—plus some mysterious and bug-eyed creature stirring beneath the vegetation-shrouded creek.

Then the storm hit, driving me to seek shelter.

Wet and cold after the rain passed, I was headed back to the car when I detoured on impulse up a hill overlooking a small pond. Just as I reached the top, the sun broke through a ragged gap in the clouds. Instantly, jeweled droplets glittered on every branch and blade of grass. Three heart-stoppingly scarlet Northern cardinals materialized in a tree. A flicker berated me from the top of a cottonwood. A pair of ruddy ducks splattered on the pond. A yellow-tinted kingbird took up guard duty atop a nearby cottonwood. A pair of pyrrhuloxia contended for thick-billed dominance with the cardinals. Three sorts of sparrows flittered and skittered. A melodic marsh wren hopped among the reeds.

That warble of a memory came back recently when I heard the distressing news that Shifflett had lost his job and Metz had closed her bed and breakfast.

Alas, Shifflett retired in a swirl of controversy. Ever passionate about saving wild things, he moved 400 Chiricahua leopard frog tadpoles from a too-small backyard holding pond, where they'd get eaten by other frogs, to a breeding pond on the refuge. But his attempt to return the endangered frogs to the refuge got caught in a Bermuda Triangle of bureaucracy. So to save the frogs, he moved them without the proper layers of approval. He helped a dying species, but it cost him his job and a \$3,500 fine.

But as I sit here pondering the cost of dreams and passion, I realize that Shifflett and Metz both understood that you must give your life without hesitation to what you love—be it talking parrots, boys in brightly colored pants, foppy quail or spotted frogs.

And sometimes you must pay the price for that thing, those choices.

But even then you can comfort yourself knowing that the sun must finally lance through the clouds. Then you remember the good you have done as you stand amid the glitter of the rain, the call of the kingbird and the damp smell of the earth.



PETER ALESHIRE

Buenos Aires National Wildlife Refuge Manager Wayne Shifflett gambled his career to save a frog in a pond like this one.

Peter Aleshire
 editor@arizonahighways.com

David Zickl's Camera Lenses Go to the Heart of People Stories

SOMETIMES IF YOU want to make an unforgettable image, you have to be willing to look for interesting characters in dark places—and maybe brave the karaoke.

At least, that's one insight that emerges from the vivid work of photographer David Zickl, whose images consistently grab me by the lapels and yank me into a story.

Five of Zickl's storytelling images await you in this issue. Beginning on page 34, his collection of haunting black-and-white portraits will draw you into our story "A Day With the Dead."

Of course, faithful readers know that Zickl made a big splash in his August 2001 *Arizona Highways* debut with his powerful environmental portraits of the people of Big Sandy Valley. He's now a regular contributor, including recent stories on Kingman and Flagstaff. These days, I have to restrain myself from giving Zickl every people-story photo assignment.

"I'm not a landscape photographer," he says. "I'm primarily a conceptual environmental portrait photographer, and I hope to

tell the stories of towns or places through their people. Generally, I spend about two weeks working on an *Arizona Highways* photo assignment spread out over a couple of months. I like to do my research on the spot. I'll find the local watering hole and introduce myself, and describe what I'm doing. Then the locals steer me to the memorable characters in their town. Other times, I just bump into them."

Zickl can turn a simple portrait into art by paying attention to the details of lighting and composition. Moreover, he creates compelling scenarios around his subjects by incorporating interesting environments that reveal the essence of the person. Zickl's mastery of putting people at ease in familiar surroundings allows them to shed facades and inhibitions, exposing themselves honestly to his camera.

"I enjoy the act of making photographs and interacting with my subjects," says Zickl. "A glance, a gesture, an emotion, an expression of someone who has opened themselves up to me. The final image is a constant reminder of that experience."

Zickl's portrait of Juanita Bastian served as the

opening spread for our September 2004 story about Kingman, and provided one of Zickl's most memorable experiences.

He tells the tale: "My assistant, Dawn Kish, and I set up to shoot the neon sign outside the Kingman Lounge at dusk. Unfortunately, when the light came on, part of it was burned out and it just said 'King.' Disappointed and tired, we packed up and went inside for a beer. It was karaoke night and Juanita was there to sing. Totally awesome gal."

Zickl asked Juanita if he could make her portrait. They agreed to meet the next day. "We picked her up at her house, and she sang Patsy Cline songs to me as we drove to the shoot in her old Lincoln," Zickl recalls.

No wonder Zickl loves his job. "I wasn't cut out for a desk job," he admits. "My cousin, George L. Zickl III, is a fashion photographer, and he introduced me to photography when I was 19. I dropped out of the college where I was studying business and enrolled at the Southeast Center for Photographic Studies in Florida."

Later, he worked as an assistant for Annie Leibovitz, Bruce Davidson and several photographers with Magnum Photos. But Zickl credits *National Geographic* photographer Michael O'Brien, whom he assisted for many years, as his biggest influence.

These influential photographers stretched his photographic style and helped him develop his approach to his work. He prefers using his Hasselblad 2¼-inch-square format camera, 80 mm lens and Fujichrome Provia 100 film and rarely shoots digital. "Film is still the ultimate storage medium," he explains.

Zickl approached the "A Day With the Dead" assignment a bit differently.

"I knew I wanted to shoot it in black and white to bring dark and dramatic mood to the portraits, so I bought some 4x5 black-and-white Polaroid film and brought my view camera in addition to my Hasselblad. It was raining that day, so the turnout was nil and the dining aspect turned out to be one hot dog vendor."

So Zickl ad-libbed.

"A group of girls from Tucson came to put on a fashion show and to dance and role play in some small skits," says Zickl. "Most were dressed in black, so I worked them into my scenes. A few family members showed up to place flowers and reflect on their lost loved ones. I photographed whoever was available."

Demonstrating his knack for building images even from the scraps of a story, Zickl weaves loose threads into harmonious compositions.

Renowned photographer Joel Meyerowitz observed: "You fill up the frame with feelings, energy, discovery and risk, and leave room enough for someone else to get in there."

In David Zickl's case, his photographs leave room enough for all of us.



Kingman's karaoke queen, Juanita Bastian, led photographer David Zickl on one of his most memorable photo shoots.



CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM: DAVID H. SMITH (2); GEOFF GOURLEY; COURTESY GRAND CANYON RAILWAY

Eat Hard(y) at This Feast—It'll Rock You to Your Bones

This holiday season, the Arizona Mining and Mineral Museum in Phoenix is hosting a traditional Thanksgiving and Christmas feast and everyone's

invited—but don't start salivating just yet. Though it looks good enough to eat, even the sharpest teeth could not make a dent in this mouthwatering meal. Why?

Because every bit of it is rock solid.

In 1949, Arless and Margaret Nixon began collecting rocks and minerals that look like food. Eventually, they had enough "food" for a table of six. The elegant spread became a popular attraction at exhibits until

it found a permanent home at the museum in the late 1990s, when the culinary-esque collection was purchased from the Phoenix-based couple by the Arizona Mining and Mineral Museum Foundation.

Certain "entrees" and "side dishes" are displayed year-round at the museum in the "Today's Special" exhibit. However, the holidays merit the full menu of fruits, breads, potatoes, pies, roast birds and beef, casseroles, cauliflower and even coffee. The full exhibit runs throughout November and December.

Information: Arizona Mining and Mineral Museum, (602) 255-3795 ext 10; www.admmr.state.az.us.



EVENTS

11/05

Head for the North Pole with Williams' Grand Canyon Railway on the **Polar Express**—a one-hour, evening train trip complete with hot chocolate, Christmas carols, story time and a visit from Santa. The Polar Express runs November 10-13, 17-20, 27-28, 30; December 1-5, 7-12, 14-22; and January 6-7. Information: (800) THE-TRAIN; www.thetrain.com.



Aboard the Polar Express

The world-renowned Heard Museum spices things up with the **Spanish Market** held November 12-13. Included are Hispanic arts and crafts and strolling mariachis. Information: (602) 252-8848; www.heard.org.

The Phoenix Zoo gets in the holiday spirit during **ZooLights**, featuring more than 600,000 colorful light displays each evening from 6 to 10 P.M. November 24-January 8 except Christmas Day. Information: (602) 273-1341; www.phoenixzoo.org.



Gee, Thanks for the Compliment

We're not sure whether to be flattered by one space scientist's recent comparison of Saturn's moon Titan to our beloved Arizona.

The Huygens probe recently descended through Titan's thick orange haze of an atmosphere and landed on a soft, grainy surface apparently composed of some solid hydrocarbons and chunks of water ice. The temperature on Titan is a balmy minus-290 degrees, so methane rains like water from the sky, erodes arroyos in the frozen surface and forms lakes and pools

that apparently either evaporate or soak into the slushy surface.

Dr. Martin Tomasko, a principal investigator for the Titan project, observed, "It's like Arizona where the riverbeds are dry most of the time. But after rain, you might have open flowing liquids and pools. These pools gradually dry out: the liquid sinks down into the surface."

Well, gee, doc. Thanks a lot . . . we think.

Don't suppose you've been to Lake Powell lately or fished the White River? We'd better send him a copy of the *Arizona Highways*

August water recreation issue.

Not only that, Titan is covered with frozen "pollutants" like methane. In fact, the warmth of Huygen's touchdown set off little puffy spurts of vaporizing hydrocarbons.

Frankly—to quote the salsa television commercial—that sounds a lot more like NEEEW YORK CITY to us.

LIFE IN ARIZONA 1 8 8 6

THE ORIGINAL 'DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES'

Arizona's earliest "Desperate Housewives" were pawns of men with medieval understanding of female physiology and behavior. The Insane Asylum of Arizona opened January 1887 and offered a diabolical alternative for their disposal.

One notable inmate was the wife of William Augustus Hancock, the powerful "Father of Phoenix," who served as Maricopa County surveyor, postmaster, sheriff, assistant to the U.S. attorney, and school board president.

On January 14, 1886, Judge

Hancock, 49, engaged his law partners to testify that Lilly, 31, an "exceedingly amiable and modest woman of more than ordinary intelligence and character . . . has shown a marked condition of insanity for the past few weeks."

"Said insanity is likely to prove permanent," court doctors affirmed.

Lilly, a true Arizona pioneer, survived until April 27, 1943. The cause of her multiple incarcerations for "erratic conversation and annoying people" could be treated today with outpatient therapy, a prescription . . . or, possibly, a divorce.



Barry Goldwater in 1941

Mountain Man

The life of former U.S. Sen. Barry Goldwater has been immortalized in stone—and lots of it. The highest peak in the White Tank Mountains, at an elevation of 4,083 feet, now takes the name of this famous Arizona politician and photographer. Barry Goldwater Peak overlooks Luke Air Force Base, where the World War II vet flew sunny skies as a pilot on U.S.-Mexico border patrols. In addition to having a high school, a boulevard, an airport terminal and a bombing range named in his honor, the five-term U.S. senator and 1964 Republican presidential nominee is now commemorated with this historically significant geological feature—a mountain.

Seeing Spots

Down south in Yuma, you can see spots any day of the year—but they aren't necessarily due to the heat. In the cool, cavernous den of Lutes Casino, some of the Southwest's best domino players set bones, knock tiles and tally pips

in the "oldest continuing pool hall and domino parlor in the state."

Built in 1901 as a store and turned into a pool hall in 1920, Lutes Casino has since become a trendy tourist

stop. But Bob Lutes continues the casino's tradition—reserving the tables at the front of the eatery and pool hall for the bone setters ready for a dicey dominoes match and the chance to see spots. Information: (928) 782-2192.



Getting a Feel for the Real Wild West

Rancher, wrangler and cowboy extraordinaire Wayne Richardson raises Texas longhorn cattle, runs an old-fashioned Western town and offers a taste of the Old West at a rustic retreat—all just minutes away from the modern comforts of home. Located east of Apache Junction, the D-Spur Ranch leads adventurers away from Phoenix's sprawling

suburbia and into the rough and tumble world of the Wild West.

The historic working cattle ranch borders the Superstition Wilderness and offers guided horseback excursions, hayrides, chuck wagon cookouts, campouts and cattle drives—all geared to transform city slickers into working cowboys.

Information: (602) 810-7029 or www.dspurranch.com.



Make Tracks With a Class Act

You won't find Kermit the Frog, The Great Gonzo, Animal or any other of the wacky Muppets characters when Miss Piggy takes center stage at the Hidden Meadow Ranch. In this case, the flamboyantly fabulous

Miss Piggy is the largest SnowCat in the world, which gobbles up the miles as she takes passengers on winter excursions through pristine snowscapes near Greer in the White Mountains. Seating 24 passengers in warm comfort, this princess of prima donnas rolls with the rough and rocky terrain as she heads out into the pines of the

Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests in pursuit of scenic vistas, wildlife sightings and the perfect picnic lunch—proving, perhaps, that "bigger is better" after all.

Tours are held December through March, depending on snow conditions.

Information: (928) 333-1000; www.hiddenmeadow.com.



Question of the Month

Was Phoenix always the capital of Arizona?

Technically, yes. However, while Arizona was still a Territory, the capital actually roamed around. Fort Whipple was the first Territorial capital. As it was only meant to be temporary, the capital was eventually moved to Prescott. This angered many citizens of the faster growing Tucson. So after some heated debate, the capital was moved there. Not to be outdone, Prescott counterattacked and soon won the honor back. Suspecting the fight would never end, Gov. Conrad Zulick made Phoenix the official capital in 1889.

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IN SEARCH OF THE ANCIENTS

Arizona's ancient ruins form ramparts of rock and riddle. Rugged walls, exposed pit houses and hidden furrows lure the curious. In our search for the ancients, we follow an adventurous writer into Woods Canyon and then a team of driven archaeologists sifting through the dust of Homol'ovi, all assembling the shards of a fatal mystery. Finally, we offer a trip-planning guide to some of the famous ruins scattered across the state.

Fertile Ash

The volcanoes that built Mount Humphreys have long affected the people living in its shadow. Nearby Sunset Crater's explosion in approximately A.D. 1064 spread ash that improved growing conditions and led to a population boom and the construction of Lomaki Ruins. The ash and cinders covered 800 square miles and created a water-retaining mulch, enabling the Sinagua people to grow crops like cotton, which mimicked this early winter dusting of snow.

ROBERT G. McDONALD

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

THE HIDDEN

WORLD OF

WOODS

Secluded wilderness near Sedona keeps ancient treasures close to its heart

CANYON

Text and photographs by LARRY LINDAHL

Fatal Bloom

A Parry's agave comes of age, and that's no small task. It takes the average Parry's 25 years to bloom, after which it drops seeds to plant the next generation and then, sadly, dies. Give this breezy Supai Sandstone grotto in Woods Canyon a few years and it will be crawling with little Parry's agaves.

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



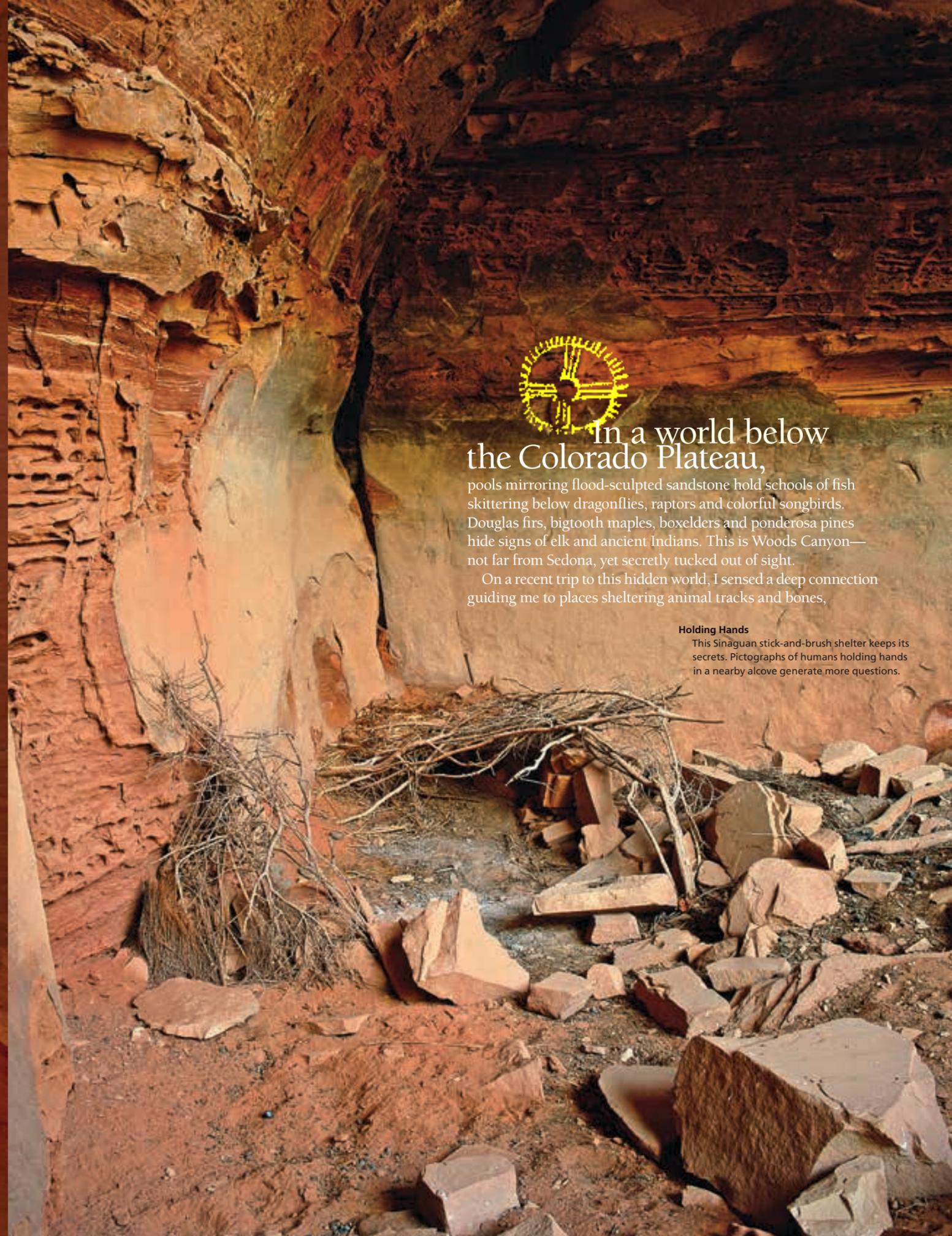
In a world below
the Colorado Plateau,

pools mirroring flood-sculpted sandstone hold schools of fish skittering below dragonflies, raptors and colorful songbirds. Douglas firs, bigtooth maples, boxelders and ponderosa pines hide signs of elk and ancient Indians. This is Woods Canyon—not far from Sedona, yet secretly tucked out of sight.

On a recent trip to this hidden world, I sensed a deep connection guiding me to places sheltering animal tracks and bones,

Holding Hands

This Sinaguan stick-and-brush shelter keeps its secrets. Pictographs of humans holding hands in a nearby alcove generate more questions.





Tasty Feet

The "eyespots" on this well-adapted common buckeye butterfly don't scare off the photographer the way they do potential predators. Feet first, this buckeye samples a seep-fed water pool in Woods Canyon. Many butterflies taste with their feet, then drink nectar through their tongues.

mysterious pictographs and centuries-old Indian ruins.

Near its beginning, the canyon slides under Interstate 17 about 22 miles south of Flagstaff. It appears again southeast of Sedona, along State Route 179, as Dry Beaver Creek. The 15 miles in between hide a geologic jewel. Like most treasures, the bounty remains well-guarded. Those who want to know this canyon must work at it by constantly hopping boulders and crossing several deep, cold pools.

At 6,522 feet above sea level, Woods Canyon begins its journey eastward through basalt. Melted by the heat 20 to 60 miles underground, the basalt oozed to the surface perhaps 10 million years ago. Water pulled by gravity found

dark pool. Lock-tight handholds and cautious footwork took us down over the black water to a ledge traversing to the side.

The first big obstacle behind us, we continued hopping from one boulder to the next—some shifting with a metallic clink. The connect-the-dots route crawled over and around lyrical mazes of wild Arizona grapes, which offer sweet rewards to orioles and other birds in late summer.

After a long toil between walls of dark basalt, the first light-colored Coconino Sandstone appeared. A cave held vanilla-colored driftwood lodged 20 feet overhead, fresh from this year's spring flood. Farther along, eons of floodwater had carved a deep hallway. Sheer cliffs rose up on both sides, straight to the sky.

THIS WAS WHAT I SOUGHT — NOT A FOOTTRACE THROUGH THE CANYON BUT A RELATIONSHIP WITH IT . . .

a path into the stone and began cutting this canyon through layers of time.

Alvin Derouen, an electrical engineer, and I set out to explore its depths in early June, as sego lilies and Rocky Mountain irises bloomed near the canyon rim and wild roses sparkled pink in the streambed. A rare black hawk sailed only 20 feet overhead, a migrant that nests in the canyon and hunts frogs, snakes and fish along the stream.

About a mile into the hike, a side canyon from the south foretells reaching a large dry waterfall. In another quarter mile, scoured basalt gets progressively steeper until the last 15 feet dump nothing but air into an ominously

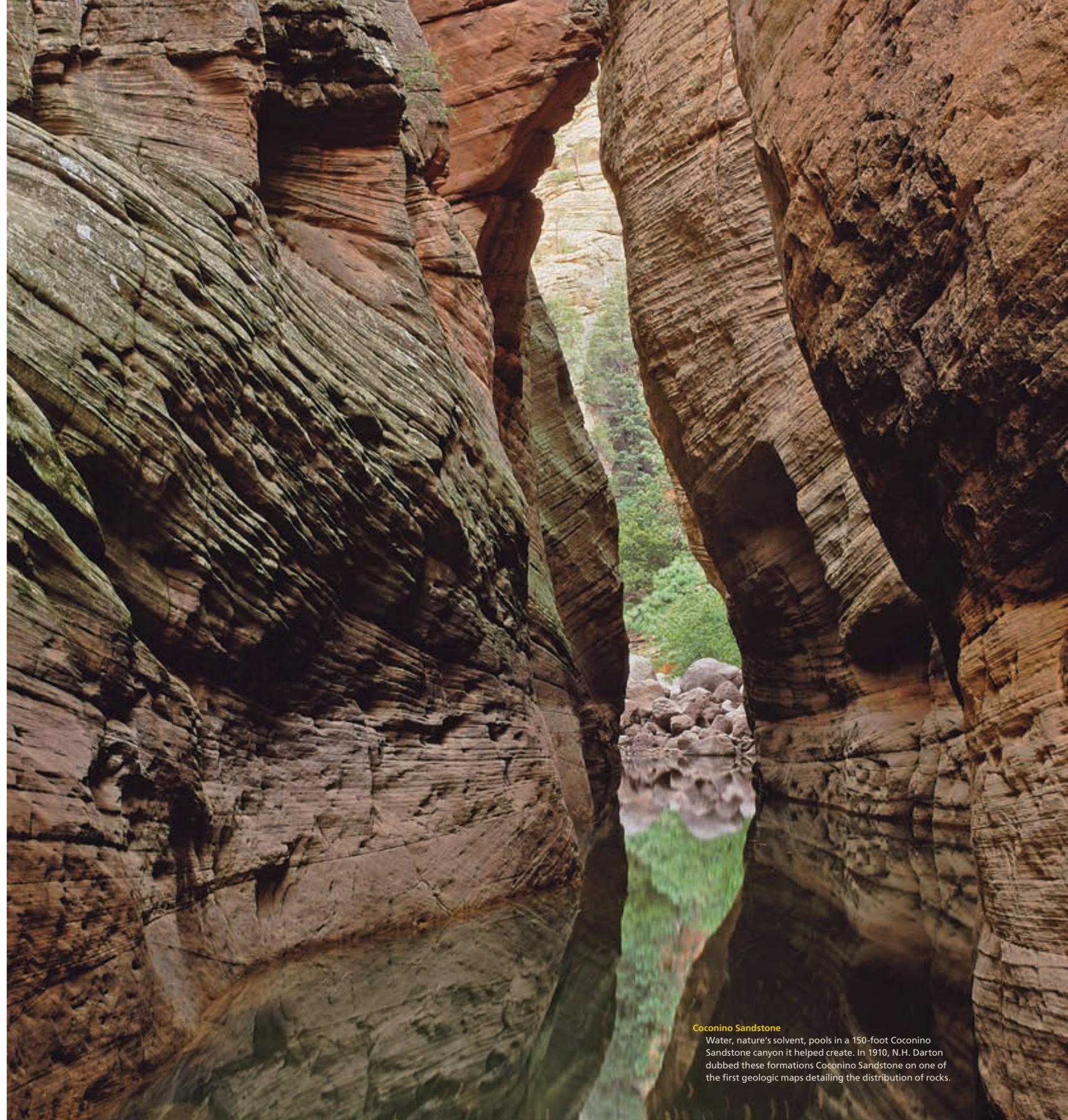
Then the space filled with the purling song of a male canyon wren.

I soon stumbled across the secret meeting place of six female canyon wrens. Flinching their perky little tails, they twitched and spun after each of his cascading solos.

This was what I sought—not a foottrace through the canyon but a relationship with it—an intimacy with subtle details, a knowing rendered from real wonder.

Beyond the narrows, we found a spot just big enough for a slender tent. We dropped our packs, loaded with supplies for seven days.

The next morning, a hummingbird hovered only inches away as I captured memories in



Coconino Sandstone

Water, nature's solvent, pools in a 150-foot Coconino Sandstone canyon it helped create. In 1910, N.H. Darton dubbed these formations Coconino Sandstone on one of the first geologic maps detailing the distribution of rocks.



Sinaguan Style

A Sinaguan cliff dwelling leaves its mark on the canyon. The architectural style seen nestled here resembles the larger dwellings at sites like Palatki. Pictographs of animals and humans probably represented important incidents and events.

my notebook. Echoing birds called and sang. Silent butterflies danced lightly through the landscape. A boldly patterned buckeye butterfly drew mineral-rich moisture up from damp sand, wings clasped as if in prayer before it fluttered away gracefully, making an art of every precious moment. Their lives last only 10 days.

All around us, nature's law asserted itself. Here, a spider sipped the innards of an expired butterfly. There, a lifeless Steller's jay fledgling lay face down, the canyon breeze still animating its downy gray feathers.

The tiny death scenes haunted me, perhaps because the canyon held dangers even for us. The next narrows held a wall-to-wall pool of frigid water. We had anticipated its long, dark chill for months.

At first we had planned to cross on air mattresses. We even practiced. We towed our heavy packs—floating inside inflated garbage bags—while paddling backward with the line tied to one ankle. At the last minute, I had heard mention of a "trail boat." After a few phone calls we found one. It weighed 5 pounds, and surpris-

ingly cost only \$20. It seemed a small miracle.

Rock-hopping again, we followed the canyon west, until it bent due south, where suddenly the boulders dropped out of sight into the infamous "pool of liquid ice." We nervously studied the portal to the other side. It was half a football field long.

Without a word, Alvin dumped out a bag of U-bolts, wing nuts and a hatch cover he had cut in half at home. He went to work assembling paddles he had designed for the hiking pole handles. Then he unpacked several hundred feet of nylon cord. Meanwhile, I unpacked and unrolled the boat and huffed and puffed it into a miniature raft.

Getting two medium-sized hikers and their backpacks across the pool on a raft rated for just over 300 pounds still posed a challenge. But we untangled the cord, tied one end to the boat and prepared to load my pack, climb in and launch. Alvin would await the second shift.

Dipping the makeshift paddle into the water, I entered the long-anticipated realm of hidden risks as I felt the narrow and dark space tighten.

Then, near the middle, it began to magically transform.

Wedges of sunlight ricocheting off walls bounced onto the water, then back up the wavy sandstone. Musical light wiggled and gyrated. The cool chamber clearly echoed each sound. I could have remained spell-bound far longer, but I paddled onward. Beaching the raft on the distant shore, I unloaded. Alvin reeled in the empty raft back across the pool.

We celebrated our escape, but 100 yards later encountered another cold, dark pool. The raft proved handy again. We waded into chest-deep water, letting the boat float our gear. Numb and shivering, we climbed out, now more fully understanding what we'd avoided earlier.

This new section cut through fossilized sand dunes, creating a tapestry of cross-bedded sandstone and twisted old pines as lyrical as an Oriental landscape painting. Elegant calligraphy rendered patterns of line showing the shifting sand's various angles of repose—270 million-year-old winds preserved in stone.

After weathering a brief but violent afternoon thunderstorm, we continued into the chile-powder red sandstone heart of the canyon.

The next morning I felt a mysterious connection guiding me into secret places that had sheltered animals and ancient peoples. On a bed of leaves lay an old skull that once held the living spirit of a gray fox.

Later in the day, I shared with Alvin my discovery of a place that had housed the living spirit of a human family—a cave holding a primitive dwelling made with woven sticks and brush. Grinding stones lay on the powdery cave floor. A nearby alcove was covered with pictographs, a row of human figures all holding hands.

Cooking dinner under the quarter moon, we talked about the caves. What might the glyphs be trying to say? A small, translucent creature flew about our camp, ghostly and mysterious.

After breakfast, we entered the Supai formation, having descended 1,200 feet since the beginning of the canyon. The 300 million-year-old formation's alternating red coastal sandstone, mudstone, pale

limestone and conglomerate give it a striking beauty.

Slots and sluiceways sinuously directed water from one gigantic seep-fed pool to the next. Babbling murmurs energized the air. Ancient Indians must have known secret passages from the plateau above to these treasures.

In an elevated alcove, a pristine Sinagua Indian ruin nestled beneath the overhang of a streamside cliff. A boulder with petroglyphs—a snake and human-shaped figures—guarded the 13th-century door. Lying amid tangled vegetation, an elk antler hinted at how the ancient people sustained themselves.

A painted redstart hovered, then nabbed an insect. Three California sister butterflies skipped along. Tadpoles filled underwater classrooms. A swift skimmed the water, leaving a ribbon-thin wake. The canyon

had captured my soul. Before going to bed, I swam in water reflecting the moon. We stayed two more days.

We hiked two-thirds of the canyon on the very last day. It dropped another 1,000 feet, the boulders got smaller, the air grew hotter. The pace improved after we exited the rocky channel, a cairn marking the 5-mile Woods Canyon Trail above.

The final hour connected us to the Hot Loop Trail. Climbing out of the canyon and cresting a flank of Horse Mesa, we were greeted by Courthouse Rock. We had hiked the north-to-south length of Munds Mountain Wilderness. Finally, a prearranged shuttle completed the journey at Jacks Canyon Trailhead—the spirit of wilderness from the heart of the canyon still embracing my soul. ■■■

Larry Lindahl of Sedona enjoys hiking and exploring the secret wilderness places hidden in the backcountry.



Supai Splendor

Pools flanked by flood-sculpted Supai Sandstone reflect the midafternoon light. Named after the village of Supai on percolating Cataract Creek, Supai Sandstone is difficult to date because it rarely holds fossils.

SHIFTING

A wanderer and a brace of archaeologists find

SECRETS

unexpected resonance in ruins of an ancient pueblo

FROM THE DUST

OF

HOMOL'ОВI

By CRAIG CHILDS Photographs by GEORGE STOCKING



Guardian of the Ruins

The sun rises over ruins to which the Hopis remain intimately connected. Many people travel to the park to honor their ancestry through religious ceremonies and stories. The legend of the guardian of Homol'ovi says that a pregnant woman, unable to travel during the last Hopi migration, stayed behind and gave birth to twin fawns. She became known as Tiikuywúuti, the mother of all game animals and the guardian of the ruins.



The wind raced over us,
streaming our bodies

with red dirt, loose clothing snapping. The workers swept and dug to get the dirt out from around ancient stone walls and chambers, sand swirling in their faces, coating every space that they cleared. It seemed like an impossible task, but somehow, this ancient pueblo slowly rose from the earth, exposed inch by inch into the daylight by trowels and brushes.

We were working on a low hill in the desert. Not far away, hidden by mobs of tamarisk trees, flowed the meager stream of the Little Colorado River. The ancestral Hopi Indian pueblos set along here, near the town of Winslow, are known as Homol'ovi, a word that roughly means "a place that is mounded up" or "a place of the little hills." We were taking

Don't Take the Shards

Potsherds collected by a visitor pepper the walls at Homol'ovi State Park. Homol'ovi is unusual because the Hopi Indian tribe pushed for its establishment in a rare cooperative effort with archaeologists. This collaboration has prevented destructive looting and created a centerpiece for the study of Hopi history.



the mound apart, revealing a tapestry of buildings about 700 years old.

The wind never stopped. In the moments it back-drafted, I could hear tinkering sounds of tools and voices mumbling from subterranean rooms. Then it was all covered by sudden booms and snaps, tarps whipping at the sky.

I put down the chisel I'd been using to clear debris from a neatly stacked and mortared masonry wall. I got up, pulled my gloves off and reached under my sunglasses to scrape sand from around my eyes. Surrounding me was a village of diggers, graduate students, undergrads, avocational archaeologists and scholars. I came by invitation, a traveler stopping in to help with the work. Heads bobbed up and down from the trenches, shovels thrust into the ground, wheelbarrows filled, hauled over to the screening area where great bellows of dust escaped into the sky.

The people here were tunneling into a world invisible to everyday eyes. They revealed artifacts and rooms, calling up stories from this silent earth and piecing together a history encased by centuries

of wind. My own knowledge of this landscape is broad. I have walked for years across the desert Southwest, learning the subtleties of its canyons and the shifting colors of earth between plateaus. While I have studied this horizontal plane, archaeologists have delved into the vertical planes, digging down through time. It is good that we sometimes get together. We share stories. I profess to them what it is like to cross the country, and they tell me what lies concealed beneath my feet. I draw my routes across maps, explaining variations in summer rain patterns and the changing grit of geological formations, while they sit with me into the night telling of buried irrigation farms and caches of pots.

Curious, I rose and walked down into rooms electric with discovery. In Room 248, the digging was quick and precise. They were fairly certain this was a kiva, a rectangular room of ceremony. The man in charge stood at the top, several feet above the clean-sided pits. He said that if they didn't find a ventilator shaft, a deflector stone, a bench—anything characteristic of a kiva—he was going to become very frustrated. The diggers laughed, but it was swift, nervous laughter. They wanted to find the treasures to reveal the history of this room. So much hope was here, so much expectation



Pieces of the Mystery
An archaeologist (top left) carefully looks for artifacts after sifting the dirt removed from an 800-year-old kiva. Archaeologists (above) painstakingly record the exact position of an artifact. Volunteers (left) learn how to identify pottery and artifacts prior to working on the excavation.

of discovery. A kiva would reveal settlement patterns within the pueblo, how people had organized their lives in a time when, instead of convenience stores and tract homes,

there were baskets and complexes of masonry dwellings.

Beyond this churning hub of activity, two women worked on hands and knees in a satellite excavation. I was curious about the work over there, so day after day I kept returning to them, to sit at the edge of the rubble-filled room they were excavating, asking questions as they dug through tusks of fallen timbers.

These were the most dedicated archaeologists at the site, as far as I could tell. Their faces were streaked in sweat and dust. They were finding nothing in this room, at least very little material remains of the culture, yet they dug with flawless care, recording every quarter inch in the logbooks and dusting out crevices with fine-hair brushes. One woman was from Pennsylvania, the other from Zacatecas, Mexico. They had both worked together unearthing temples in Guatemala.

Coming down to sit, I asked how this is different from excavations in Central America. The Mexican woman reared back onto her knees, saying, "It took a while to learn the soil here."

The Pennsylvanian added, "It's harder to find household items in the jungle. Down there we're just looking at the lives of kings. Temples and sacred chambers, that sort of thing,

"The Southwest is very different," she continued. "So much is preserved here. We can actually see the lives of the common people, which to me is far more interesting than the lives of kings."

They showed me what they had found so far from the rubble of two stories worth of collapsed walls. The items were small and personal: a beautifully fluted arrowhead and a bit of bone carved into a gaming piece. Elsewhere, diggers had uncovered elegant ceramic vessels. Yet somehow, these diminutive pieces from this outlying chamber seemed vastly important as I turned them in my hand. The Mexican woman figured that these few artifacts had been stuck in between the ceiling beams long ago, private things tucked away for luck. When the rooms caved in, the objects fell loose.

As we talked, I told them where they were in a geography they were not especially familiar with. I explained that beyond the ochre horizon to the south lay the brimming forests of the Mogollon Rim. To the north was a long desert of clay hills reaching toward the far mesas of the Hopi. Homol'ovi was basically an outpost, a distant reach of the Hopi mesas. The people who once lived here relied on a few water sources—Chevelon Creek and the Little Colorado—but generally, this is a dustbowl with few springs or water holes. I had encountered meager archaeological sites while traveling around here in the past on foot, some rock art up a canyon, a scatter of pottery around a few small mounds, but nothing the size of this pueblo. We talked back and forth through the wind, sharing bits of information, building a story of this place. When just the right combinations of data had been exchanged, I walked back toward the center of the pueblo where I had been working.

Different teams of archaeologists had been coming here over the years, digging trenches, clearing away the walls of plazas. They had mapped a few hundred rooms in a beehive of nested squares. In the 14th century A.D., these pueblos were pivotal in long-distance trade networks. Deep red vessels out of the Kayenta region of far northern Arizona arrived here, followed by saffron-colored pots from the Hopi mesas and richly colored White Mountain Redwares from the high country to the south and east. Carved shells came from the Sea of Cortes. Copper bells and macaws with phosphorescent feathers came up from Mexico.

Of course, there was no Mexico, no Phoenix, no Arizona in those days. The Southwest was a landscape threaded by the civilization of Hohokam and the ancestors of the Hopis, Zunis, Tewas and others. This pueblo was one among hundreds or thousands scattered across what is now New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Chihuahua and Sonora. This had probably been a dusty masonry village set on the far horizon of its time. Each room would have been different,

some ripe-smelling from generations of kitchens and winter fires, others freshly built and smelling of mortar and clean blankets. Some were smoke-blackened, and some faced southwest into the wind that carried sand in through the doors. Dogs barked, old men did their chores and children played. People lived almost on top of each other, sharing their lives and hoarding the secrets of clan memories. Driftwood collected from the river was used in construction because few trees grew here. Corn and cotton grew in the fields. For more than a hundred years, this was a busy place.

Floods probably closed it down in the late 14th century, devastating the fields season after season until people gave up and moved on, retreating to the Hopi mesas. These are the things I could not know from my own travels. When I come upon mounds such as this one where burrowing animals have kicked up shards of pottery, I only see what lies on the surface. I recognize patterns where shadscale and sage grow along the edges of buried walls, but I do not know what the hidden walls mean. I have to come to the archaeologists to find out what is down there.

I was walking through the trenched rooms of the pueblo, gripping my hat brim against the wind, when I saw several people bustling around a newly cleared room. Its floor was made from carefully set flagstones, the rock surface polished into gentle waves that struck the excavators as almost having been carved by hand.

I had seen this before, though. I asked them if the pueblo had been made mostly from Moenkopi formation rocks. They said yes, and I explained what I knew of the Moenkopi formation, how it is made of fossilized beaches of stream bottoms that often have ripples like this. The patterns in these "ripple stones" had not been human-made. They were a much more ancient geological feature, probably chosen by ancient masons for their beauty and carried some distance the way people today import tiles for their kitchens.

They did not believe me right away. They were good scientists. They needed proof. They waited for the archaeologist in charge of the dig to come over and see for himself, a man named Charles Adams. He came by and crouched with us at the edge of this freshly exposed room, its floor handsomely textured.

"Ripple stone," Adams said. The excavators nodded and wrote details down in their logs. This was the art of archaeology, piecing together the strange details to construct a story. My knowledge had come from countless miles, theirs from innumerable brushstrokes. Between us, we imagined this mound in the desert, this Homol'ovi. ■

Craig Childs of Colorado has been working at archaeological sites throughout the Four Corners region and is currently finishing a book about ancient migrations in the Southwest.

George Stocking of Phoenix found it stimulating to be around so many people, including volunteers, with so much passion for archaeology that they worked as though they'd do it for nothing.

HOMOL'ОВI FACTS by Casey Lynch

■ One of the largest ruins in the Southwest, Homol'ovi includes nearly 2,000 rooms in one pueblo alone. There are four pueblos over 4,000 windswept acres. Discover the intrigue and history of Homol'ovi Ruins State Park, the gateway to the Hopi culture.

■ Homol'ovi means "Place of the Little Hills."

■ At its peak, an estimated 5,000 people called the pueblos home.

■ Farmers thrived in times of severe drought, tilling the fertile flood plain.

■ Homol'ovi was one of the last stopping places of the Hopis on the ancient Palatkwapi Trail, which ran from Montezuma Castle to the Hopi mesas.

■ An old clan tale blames mosquitoes for the desertion of the ruins.

■ Another clan speculates the answer for the abandonment is in the stars—"fire in the sky" to be exact. On rare nights, the aurora borealis has been glimpsed from Homol'ovi and, along with falling stars, may have been a sign to move on.

■ The Hopis don't consider the site abandoned; it is still used for ceremonies.

Faded petroglyphs at Homol'ovi





Walnut Canyon

GUIDE TO ANCIENT ARIZONA

Tour of Ancient Arizona Holds Clues to Missing Persons Case

BY CASEY LYNCH

DO YOU HAVE THE GRIT TO COMB through one of the largest missing persons cases in archaeological history?

What really happened more than 500 years ago to prompt Indian tribes across the Southwest to abruptly abandon enormous cliff dwellings and pueblos? Was it drought? Or disease? Did they go the way of the Mayans, or the buffalo?

In a culture where every bean, root and branch had a song, why has the story all but vanished?

Archaeologists, who are no longer satisfied with pawing off the mystery as a mass Indian Houdini act or the greatest alien abduction ever, continue to search for answers, and now you can join the hunt.

Chase down the clues for yourself with this guide to the ancient Indian ruins of Arizona and sleuth out the surreptitious sights of one of the Southwest's most elusive secrets.

1 Canyon de Chelly National Monument

SHEER 1,000-FOOT sandstone cliffs dwarf well-preserved ancestral Puebloan ruins in possibly the only national monument that still has a thriving community living in it. Visit the White House Ruins under the towering canyon walls or scout the South Rim drive to the split 800-foot butte called Spider Rock. Navajo legends say that Spider Woman dwells on the high cliffs and teaches people how to weave. Others claim she boils bad children and eats them. Supposedly, the bones of her victims have bleached the white streaks that drizzle down the face of the rock. Archaeologists aren't sure why the pueblo builders abandoned the canyon shortly before the Navajos arrived. Some have linked the abandonment to a regional drought that might have prompted failure of crops in the canyon that depended on summer rains.

Directions: From Flagstaff, take Interstate 40 east to Chambers

White House Ruins, Canyon de Chelly



and U.S. Route 191 north. The visitors center is on Indian Route 7, about 3 miles east of Chinle.

Visiting Ruins: A good road accesses the canyon and allows a view of Spider Rock. A steep trail leads to White House Ruins. Visitors must hire a Navajo guide to enter the canyon elsewhere.

Information: (928) 674-5500; www.nps.gov/cach.

2 Casa Grande Ruins National Monument

THE HOHOKAM ("those who came before") built the most extensive cities in Arizona. The most imposing remnant of that once extensive, irrigation-based civilization is the restored four-story Casa Grande ("Big House") Ruins, the nation's first archaeological preserve. Archaeologists believe that window slits and niches in the ruins served as an astronomical observatory, which helped mark the onset of crucial seasons by the positions of the sun and moon. The Hohokam built hundreds of miles of irrigation canals and large cities, but abandoned the region in the 15th century. Archaeologists blame drought, overpopulation and perhaps outside pressure.

Directions: From Phoenix, take Interstate 10 southeast for 40 miles and exit at State Route 387. Head east on State 387 approximately 7 miles to State Route 87. Turn right on State 87 and continue for 7 miles to the intersection of 87 and

State Route 287. Turn right and go .25 mile to the entrance.

Visiting Ruins: Visit the small visitors center for an overview and information about the Hohokam, then tour the single block of ruins, protected from the elements by a pagodalike roof.

Information: (520) 723-3172; or www.nps.gov/cagr.



3 Keet Seel and Betatakin Ruins in Navajo National Monument

THE 17-MILE round-trip hike to the stunning cliffside ruins of Keet Seel ("broken pottery") discourages the crowds and makes this one of the most impressive and evocative ruins in the state. Visitors who get a permit and pay the toll of the hike can climb the white-knuckle ladder and meander through the Keet Seel ruins. The largest cliff dwelling in Arizona, Keet Seel was discovered serendipitously by an amateur archaeologist tracking a renegade mule.

A less strenuous 5-mile hike protects nearby Betatakin ("ledge house"), nestled in an alcove beneath a 450-foot-high cliff. Archaeologists speculate that a drought caused springs to dry up when water tables dropped and prompted the abandonment of both sites. The inhabitants may have moved south to perhaps become the Hopi people. These two sites in the Navajo National Monument can be reached only on foot; visitation is limited, so call ahead.

Directions: From U.S. Route 160 in far northern Arizona, take State Route 564 north 9 miles to park.

Visiting Ruins: Make a reservation, since visitation is strictly limited. These ruins offer perhaps the most pristine and haunting sites in the state.

Information: (928) 672-2700; www.nps.gov/nava.

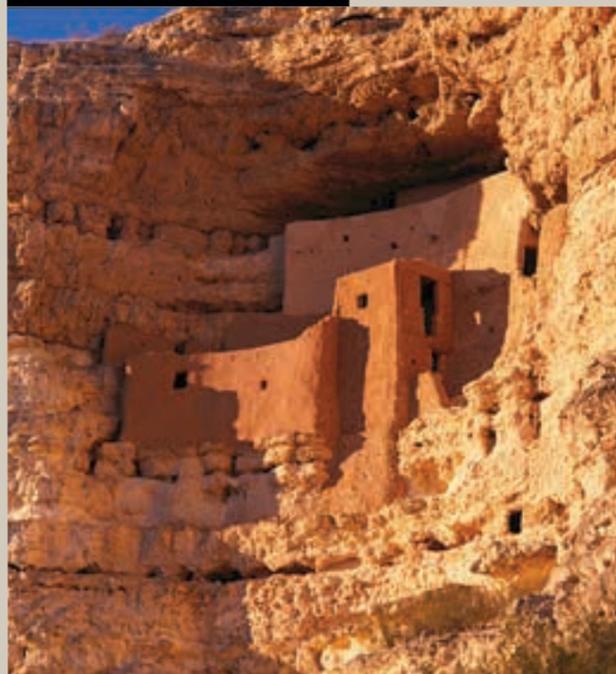
4 Montezuma Castle National Monument

MISNAMED FOR Aztec emperor Montezuma, the imposing five-story, 20-room structure is one of the most-visited ruins in the state. Perched on a limestone ledge 90 feet above a creek, the dwellings were actually built by the Sinagua. For some reason, the Sinagua gave up villages along the creek to move into this almost inaccessible, fortresslike cliff dwelling. But they held on there for a relatively short time before abandoning the area entirely. Be sure to also visit Montezuma Well, a collapsed limestone cavern with a unique ecosystem involving ducks, leeches and turtles. The Sinagua built structures in the cavern and irrigated their crops with spring water so mineral-laden that it effectively lined their canals. They're still visible today.

Directions: From Interstate 17 some 80 miles north of Phoenix, take Exit 289 and follow signs.

Information: (928) 567-3322; www.nps.gov/moca.

Montezuma Castle



WANT TO get up close and personal with the secrets of 14th century Salado Indian culture? Check out the well-preserved 19-room Lower Ruin in a cave overlooking Roosevelt Lake. The Salado gradually left during the 14th century. Archaeologists believe the desertion could have been prompted by climactic changes. At the visitors center museum, ogle artifacts and see why the Salado Indians are known as exceptional craftsmen who produced exquisite polychrome pottery and intricately woven textiles.

Directions: From U.S. Route 60 west of Globe, turn left (northwest) onto State Route 188; drive 30 miles to Tonto National Monument entrance.

Visiting Ruins: Easy access, but still only lightly visited.

Information: (928) 467-2241; www.nps.gov/tont.

5 Tonto National Monument

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6 Tuzigoot National Monument

MORE THAN 200 people formerly lived in this hilltop pueblo overlooking the Verde River. The people of Tuzigoot ("crooked water") irrigated beans, squash and corn from the Verde River and also relied on a year-round spring that still gushes today. Nonetheless, they abandoned the 110-room complex in the early 1400s. They

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7 Walnut Canyon National Monument

THE ISLAND Trail down into Walnut Canyon passes by the remains of 20 dwellings built into overhangs of the 600-foot Kaibab limestone cliffs. The diminutive doorways and dark interiors give a feel for a cliff dweller's home. The handprints of the makers still show in the mud plaster of the walls. The structures were built soon after the series of volcanic explosions that built nearby Sunset Crater, perhaps because the rain of ash created a natural mulch, enriching the soil. The punishing terrain and hints of war might explain why inhabitants vacated these premises.

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Visiting Ruins: Easy access, but still only lightly visited.

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8 Wupatki National Monument

DRIVEN BY the molten bellowing of Sunset Crater Volcano in the 11th century, scattered Sinagua farmers went cosmopolitan and settled in pueblo villages, including the sprawling and windswept 100-room, three-story Wupatki ("something long that was cut short"). The volcanic ash actually lengthened the growing season, leading to a population boom. However, within 400 years the region emptied out. Some blame the wind and gambling. Specifically, the region's often-fierce winds blew away the insulating ash mulch. Meanwhile, perhaps emerging social challenges like gambling, new religions and

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Lower Ruin, Tonto National Monument

9 Tuzigoot National Monument

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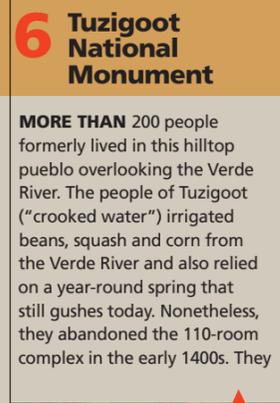
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Tuzigoot

may have overtaxed the wild food resources that cushioned drought and crop failure or may have conflicted with newcomers like the Yavapai. Now, the ruins overlook a spring-fed marsh that also offers prime birding.

Directions: From Interstate 17, 75 miles north of Phoenix, turn left onto State Route 260 and go west 15 miles to Cottonwood. Go north on State Route 89A and, 5 miles outside of Cottonwood, take the signed Tuzigoot exit.

Visiting Ruins: Get oriented at the small visitors center with its displays, then tour the hilltop ruin. Nature lovers can wander down to the marsh.

Information: (928) 634-5564; www.nps.gov/tuzi.



Wupatki

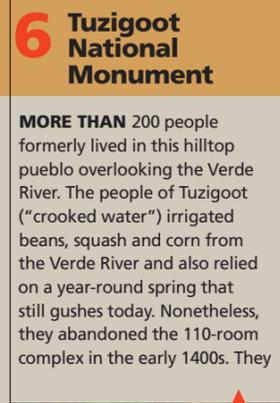
economic shifts contributed to the collapse. The complex includes a restored ball court and an adjacent blowhole, one of the most unusual features of Wupatki. On hot days, the blowhole funnels a steady stream of cool air with enough force to vertically suspend a hat in midair, causing it to dance on the damp, earthy gusts.

Directions: Take Interstate 40 about 3 miles east from Flagstaff. At Exit 204, turn right and drive 3 miles south to the canyon rim.

Warning: Tight turnaround for towed vehicles; 40 feet maximum length advisory.

Visiting Ruins: The small visitors center provides a good overview. The hike down to the ruins is steep.

Information: (928) 526-3367; www.nps.gov/waca.



Walnut Canyon

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Montezuma Castle

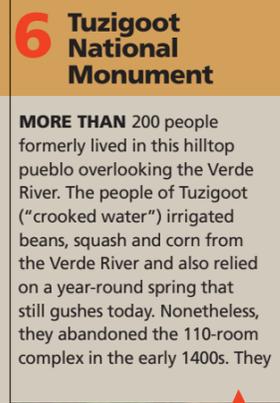
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Casa Grande Ruins

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Canyon de Chelly

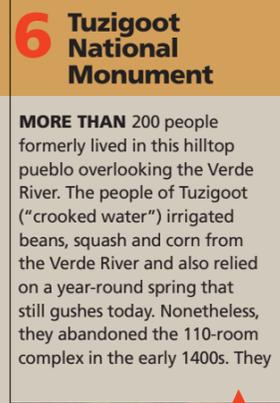
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Keet Seel and Betatakin Ruins

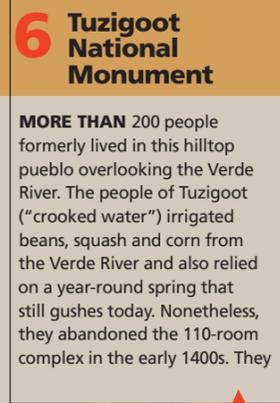
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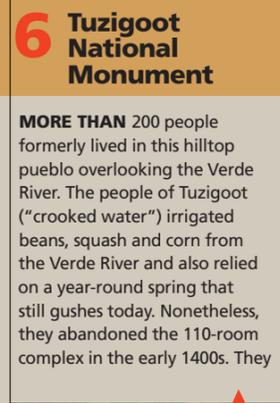
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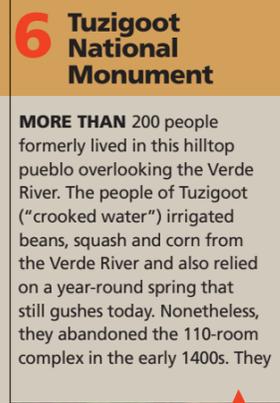
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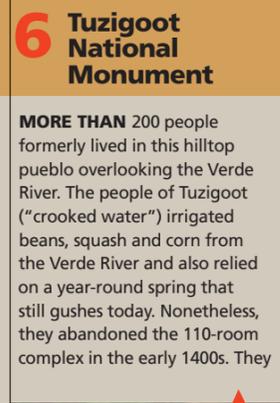
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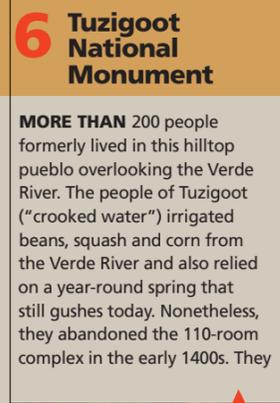
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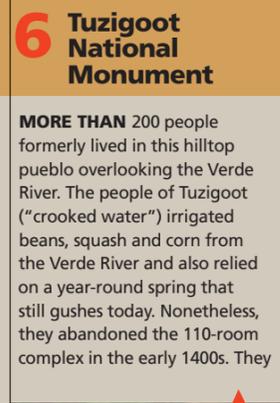
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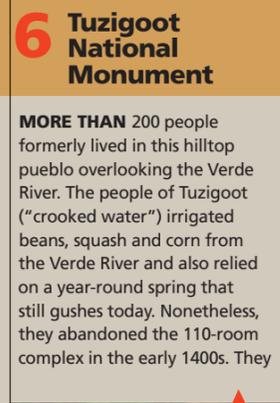
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Nature's Mirror

written and photographed by Gary Ladd

FOREST ALCOVE

"Linked with the reflections from a tranquil pool, the mirror presentation doubly emphasizes the sinuous willow tree trunks. The photograph on the left has been flipped on the right-hand page to create this mirror image. This image was made in a secluded alcove near Lake Powell." —Gary Ladd

Yes, it's in my job description. As a landscape photographer, I search out pleasing designs of natural origin: curves, concentric circles, parallel and diverging lines, patterns and broken patterns. I look for regularities in structure that may gently coax photography toward art.

Mirror images occur naturally in reflections, echoing top to bottom, attracting us with their world of the real and its inverted twin. They may also be discovered somewhat less naturally by way of darkroom or computer magic, this time echoing side to side, left to right. In an accommodating scene, features materialize that were nearly imperceptible in the singular view.

When reality and imitation are partnered, the ordinary

retreats and the extraordinary comes forth. Often the perception is of more detail and structure. Sweeping lines fly toward the horizon, curving lines attract one another and parallel lines multiply. The face of nature appears especially fresh and vigorous.

And just as with the human face, there's an extra depth of beauty if the countenance is balanced. I hold a great fondness for symmetries—symmetries of line and shape, color and shading—on the face of the Earth's rock, water, life and sky.

An eye for symmetry is not included in my job description, but it's hardwired into my photographer's mind.

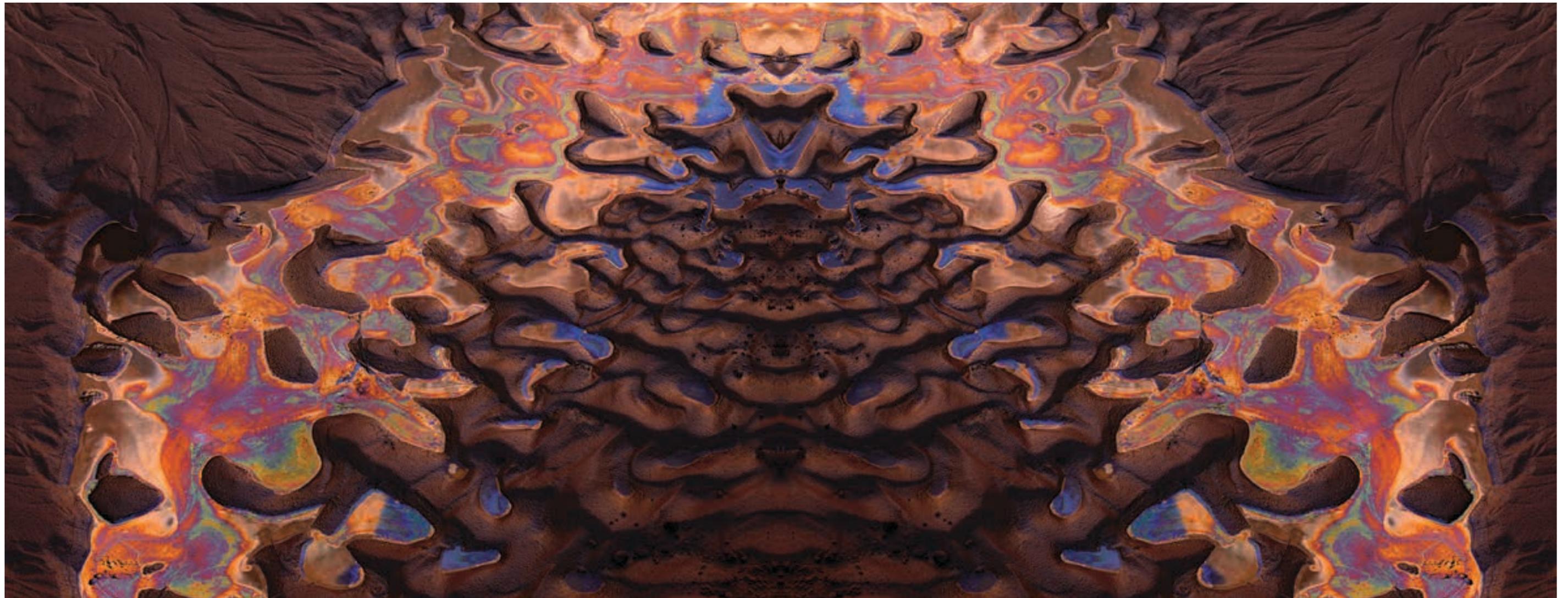
In this portfolio, the original images are on the left-hand side and flopped to the right to reveal surprising patterns.

*...just as with the human face,
there's an extra depth of beauty
if the countenance is balanced.*



ESCALANTE TRIBUTARY (left)
"Simplicity is a common (and often elusive) goal in landscape photography. Because the natural world is jammed with objects, a part of the photographer's job is to eliminate the extraneous while emphasizing those elements that reinforce one another. Desert varnish patterns and a broad color palette strengthen this image of an Escalante Canyon alcove of Lake Powell."—G.L.

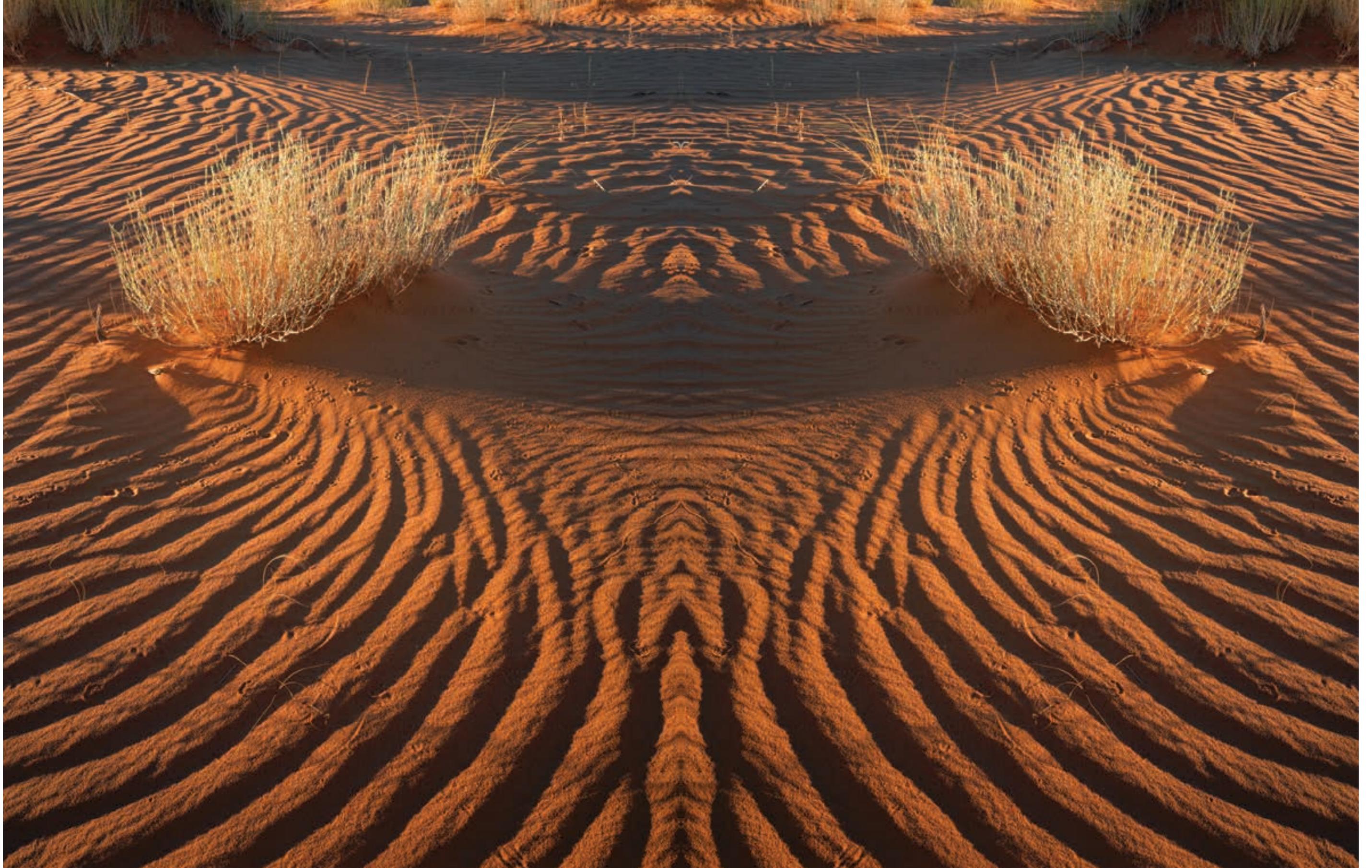
FERRUGINOUS WATER (below)
"A streamlet has sculpted the sandy bed of Lake Powell's West Canyon while bacterial action has deposited a sheen of iron on the surface of the water. The combination of ripple marks and color (the result of light wave interference) give this scene simple but strong elements that are intensified by mirror image treatment."—G.L.





SANDSTONE SEEPS

"Geometry is destiny in landscape photography; thus, I'm forever looking for patterns and broken patterns in the landscape. The mirror presentation emphasizes the patterns as with this image of seeps streaming down the face of Navajo Sandstone near Glen Canyon Dam."—G.L.



RIPPLING SANDS

"Patterns have always held appeal for photographers. The designs drawn by the wind seem to offer every conceivable type of pleasing line: curving, diverging, parallel, undulating and concentric. The curving ripples of Lake Powell's Face Canyon form a necklace when joined as mirror images."—G.L.



CAPT. JOHN BARRY'S

defiance of orders

RISKED

HIS CAREER

BUT PREVENTED A

M A S S A C R E

A CLASH OF **Conscience** on the Frontier

By Leo W. Banks

Illustration by René Milot

*O*n a sultry August night in 1869, in the heart of Apache territory, Capt. John Barry, 1st Cavalry, disregarded a direct order from his commanding officer. In doing so, he averted a national scandal and saved lives, but he also faced the threat of a court-martial.

Yet, no one today remembers Barry's name. In truth, we should celebrate this Irish-born soldier's courage, for it represented man at his most compassionate on a merciless frontier.

Barry's story begins with the discovery of gold in Apacheria. Word of the supposed find, known as Doc Thorne's gold, in 1869

... WHEN THE **PROSPECTING PARTY** NEARED THE BOUNDARY OF COYOTERO TERRITORY AT CIBECUE, THEY ENCOUNTERED A STARTLING SIGHT — A **NAKED** BRAVE... **PAINTED WHITE** AND CARRYING A BREECH-LOADING RIFLE. HE WARNED THEM **THEY WOULD DIE.**

reached guide and scout Corydon Elphalet Cooley at Fort Wingate, in northwestern New Mexico.

With letters from prospectors and crudely drawn maps, Cooley believed that a fortune lay within his grasp. To find the treasure, he enlisted adventurer Henry Wood Dodd, and a New York-born printer named Albert Banta, also known as Charles Franklin. The men enlisted as a guide a one-eyed Coyotero Apache chief named Miguel, who happened to be at Fort Wingate for a peace conference. On July 10, the party departed New Mexico for Miguel's village on Carrizo Creek and their nearly disastrous encounter with Captain Barry.

In a detailed account of the expedition published in the *Weekly Arizonan*, Cooley said the gold hunters camped on the creek for several days, prospecting and feasting on sweet ears of corn from the lush valley. Then Miguel gathered 40 of his people and pushed west toward Cibecue Creek, promising that it ran with gold.

But when the prospecting party neared the boundary of Coyotero territory at Cibecue, they encountered a startling sight—a naked brave, probably from one of the San Carlos or Southern Tonto bands, painted white and carrying a breech-loading rifle. He warned them they would die if they continued. Moments later, the lone Indian's band rode up and repeated the message.

Cooley wrote that as the Indians surrounded the gold hunters, speaking in excited voices, Miguel cautioned the white men to stand still and hold their fire.

"We thought our time had come," wrote Cooley in his letter, published September 4, 1869. "This excitement lasted about half an hour, when the short-haired scalpers drove off on condition that we would go back on our trail, which we did on a double quick."

In his own account written years later, Franklin said that the day after arriving at Miguel's village, they received word from an Indian runner of a military operation to

the south. The soldiers, including Captain Barry's Company L from Camp Goodwin, had destroyed a rancharia and burned cornfields. The runner's bullet-shattered arm proved his story.

Other runners came in on successive days to inform the gold-hunters of the movement of the 140 soldiers from Goodwin and Camp Grant. By July 30, the Carrizo village knew the troopers were headed their way, but did not know why. Cooley decided to ride out to meet the soldiers, accompanied to the military camp on the White River by Dodd, Miguel and three warriors. Franklin remained with the Coyoteros.

But Cooley did not then realize that Col. John Green, Barry's commanding officer, had already ordered Cooley's execution. Green's troops had captured several Indian women near San Carlos, and from them learned that three Anglos camped on the Carrizo were trading powder and lead with the Indians. Arming hostiles was a capital offense, and Green ordered his men to kill the traders and wipe out the Indians.

Luckily for Cooley, Green's chief scout, George Cooler, spotted the riders approaching just as the soldiers in camp rushed for their arms. Cooler recognized Corydon Cooley, a friend with whom he'd served in the New Mexico Volunteers. To save Cooley, Cooler ran between the two groups with arms held high.

"Colonel Green reprimanded me severely for interfering with his orders to kill the traders," wrote Cooler, in a paper presented to the Arizona Society of Pioneers in 1894.

Corydon Cooley recounted what happened next: "He [Green] was very justly surprised to find two white men with these Indians . . . and inquired what the devil brought us here in the country, among the Indians, where he had four companies and expected to fight every minute. We recounted to him all the particulars.

"Still, if it had not been that I recognized George Cooler, who, upon making myself

known to him, told the colonel who I was, I think Dodd and I would have been furnished government transportation to [camps] Goodwin or Grant"—meaning an undertaker's wagon.

Although Miguel carried papers from military commanders authorizing his mission, Green placed the Coyotero chief under arrest. Cooley said that he and Dodd asked for the same treatment, so the Indians would not think themselves betrayed.

In his letter in the *Tucson Arizonan*, Cooley described making his way the following morning to the river for a drink and hearing the bark of his sentry shouting, "Halt!"

Wrote Cooley, "You better believe me, I halted instantly."

Believing Miguel's band to be marauders, Green hadn't budged on his order "to exterminate the whole village if possible," and Barry was told to carry it out. With Cooley and Dodd riding alongside, the captain made for the Carrizo the next morning.

What he found there must've shocked him down to his Army-issue socks.

As the troops neared the rancharia, the women and children came out to greet them, carrying baskets of corn, squash, pumpkins and, in Cooler's description, "all the corn fodder our animals could eat."

Miguel's wife rushed up to Barry with her hand extended saying, "*Bueno soldado!*"

The greeting transformed the attitude of the soldiers. "I could see the difference it made in them," Cooley wrote. "All were on the fight a few hours before, but now were sitting or stretched out full length upon the ground. . . . Each had eaten his fill of roasting ears, and now seemed at peace with all mankind."

The soldiers camped a hundred yards from the Apaches. Now Captain Barry faced the longest night of decision he'd ever known. Could he annihilate a camp of peaceful Indians who'd treated him so kindly? Could this simple man, 33 years

HE WAS **PREPARED TO DIE** BEFORE AN ENEMY'S RIFLE. **KILLING WOMEN AND CHILDREN** WAS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MATTER.

old, born in Cork, Ireland, a shoemaker in civilian life, ignore his training and disobey a commander in the field?

Surely, the blue-eyed, 5-foot-7-inch soldier never imagined himself in such a position. He enlisted in the Second Dragoons in Boston in May 1857, mustered out after five years, then in 1863 re-enlisted as a second lieutenant at the height of the Civil War. In a battle near Bethel Church, Maryland, he was shot in the leg. The bullet also killed his horse, which fell on him, causing further injuries. The following year he was brevetted to captain after demonstrating gallantry at the Battle of Todd's Tavern, Virginia.

But those were situations a stout immigrant could handle. He was prepared to die before an enemy's rifle. Killing women and children was an entirely different matter.

Barry summoned his officers to hear their opinions. Every one opposed making the fight. He also consulted George Cooler, who vouched for Miguel.

At a similar meeting at about 2 A.M., Cooley told Franklin, "Capt. Barry's orders were to secure you, then to kill every Indian in this camp, regardless of age or sex."

Franklin was outraged. "Even the fiends in hell would feel themselves disgraced by such an act," he wrote.

Franklin also berated Cooley and Dodd for bringing the soldiers to the camp. But Cooley explained that he and Dodd were prisoners, and that Green had only let them depart camp on the promise that they not escape. Cooley added that the massacre was to have taken place that night, but was postponed for fear the Indians would

escape. Desperately the two men tried to devise a strategy to avert the disaster. Franklin wanted to warn the Indians so they could slip quietly away. But Cooley argued that such a move would guarantee that he and Dodd would be shot in the morning.

Finally, they agreed that Cooley and Dodd would return to the soldiers' camp and prevail upon Barry not to attack. The two men departed at 3 A.M. and returned an hour later with good news. Barry had decided to disregard the colonel's order. He also asked that the Coyoteros gather at sunup to powwow.

In Franklin's version, Barry stood before the Indians on the morning of August 2 and told them that he'd been ordered to kill them all. A gasp passed through the crowd. The women drew their arms tight to themselves and their children. When the disruption subsided, Barry explained that he'd decided, "as a matter of humanity," to ignore the command.

Miguel then repeated a request that the soldiers take his people to a reservation and protect them. Barry told the chief to proceed to Camp McDowell and make his plea to the district commander. He then wrote a letter supporting Miguel.

Upon his return to the White River, Barry explained that if he had followed his orders, "they would've been guilty of cold-blooded murder." In the versions told by Cooley and Franklin, which largely jibe with military records in other respects, Green was so furious at the insubordination that he relieved Barry of his command

and began readying court-martial papers.

But Barry's military records show no evidence of court-martial. So if Green did file papers, they never made it into the captain's permanent file.

However, Green clearly later changed his mind regarding Miguel and other White Mountain bands. Convinced they were peaceful, he advocated the formation of a reservation. The adjutant general approved the request in 1870 and established Camp Ord, later called Camp Apache, under Colonel Green's command.

But Barry's time in the Army he loved was ending. His Civil War wound had caused such debilitating rheumatism that he requested a discharge. Mustered out in 1871, he died nine years later at the age of 44, a forgotten soldier racked by disease. Yet to a small band of mountain Apaches in Arizona, he was a hero without firing a shot. ■

ADDITIONAL READING: Leo W. Banks' *Rattlesnake Blues: Dispatches from a Snakebit Territory* relates true accounts of news, yarns and utter lies about the Arizona Territory. Published in the *Arizona Highways Wild West Collection*, the softcover book (\$7.95 plus shipping and handling) can be ordered at arizonahighways.com or by calling toll-free (800) 543-5432.

Leo W. Banks of Tucson considers John Barry, his Irish countryman, a hero for his actions in the summer of 1869.
René Milot of New York regards Captain Barry's decision as a lesson for contemporary life.



A DAY WITH THE DEAD

by Sam Lowe photographs by David Zickl

The November sky was a blanket of steel wool threatening to scrape even more dust from a landscape already scoured by wind, sun and rain. With the exception of two workers setting up a canvas ramada, we were alone. This was not good. There were supposed to be others here. Many others.

But photographer David Zickl surveyed the old gravestones and the rocks and the leaden sky and proclaimed, with notable enthusiasm, "Great day for being in a cemetery." And he unloaded his equipment with no concern about this lack of companionship.

As Zickl selected a spot under a huge tree and set up his tripods and cameras, I fretted and worried about the shortage of people. Not a good day at all.

Then Pat Ybarra arrived. His family had donated this land for the Tubac Cemetery (above) and now helps organize this Día de los Muertos ("Day of the Dead") event that brings people here to honor the dead by praying and cleaning up the graves and pathways that encircle them.

Alma Ortega and her son Roman towed their hot dog stand from Amado and willingly parted with a chili dog and large bottle of soda for a mere \$3. But wind and rain have a way of reducing the desire for hot dogs and cold soda. Alma said she didn't know if they'd come back.

I walked along the dusty paths between the graves, read the inscriptions and wondered about the people



Souful

The legend of La Llorona has been part of Hispanic culture since the days of the conquistadores. The Weeping Woman, La Llorona, is said to have drowned her children, died of grief and today wanders the Earth weeping and searching for her dead children. At Tubac Cemetery, Edna Duarte portrays La Llorona in celebration of Día de los Muertos. Duarte, 15, moved to Tucson from Mexico two years ago. She believes that the tradition of

celebrating the dead and welcoming their souls back to this life remains an important part of Hispanic culture, especially in Mexico. It's a happy celebration, she says, with music, dancing, prayer and food. "In Mexico, we take *pan de muerto* ('bread of the dead') to the graves and spend the whole day at the cemetery having a picnic." For Hispanics, the tradition ensures that the dead know that they are remembered.



Spirited

"We have a baby there," says Helen Solares. She and her husband, Joe, bring flowers to decorate Esther's grave, who was only a month old when she died in 1963. But rather than regarding this as a sorrowful, solemn occasion, the couple sees the holiday as an opportunity to welcome back and celebrate departed loved ones. Both Joe and Helen were born in Tubac,

and she grew up visiting the cemetery. "My family, the Ybarras, donated the land, and ever since I can remember, we all came on Día de los Muertos." Folks in Tubac honor the dead by cleaning and placing flowers or coronas (wreaths) on the graves. Marigolds are called the "flowers of the dead," as their scent is said to attract souls and draw them back to Earth.

buried here. What hardships had they endured? Why had they settled in such a rocky, arid place?

The old cemetery could perhaps trace its history all the way back to the time when Spaniards established a presidio here in the 1600s. The land came into the possession of the Ybarra family before the turn of the last century, and remained theirs until 1955, when Emilia and Teodoro Ybarra donated it to Santa Cruz County for \$1.

In 1997, the Ybarra family and others formed a nonprofit corporation to care for the cemetery and preserve its sacred grounds and the cultural heritage.

It's a humble place, graced by its simplicity. Rather than large statues or pillars or columns, rocks cover most of the gravesites. Because the cemetery sits on an ancient riverbed, rocks are plentiful and easy to incorporate into the design.

Many of the graves are unmarked; crosses denote others. Markers made of wood barely withstand the never-ending assaults of sun, wind and rain, but concrete and iron crosses

survive. The cross that stands guard over the grave of Antonio Santa M. Leon, a former corporal in the U.S. Marine Corps, has black slate rectangles embedded in it. The cross on Ramon Borboa's grave is made of steel pipe, and the cross on Maria E. Alvarez's grave is accompanied by a plastic chicken, multicolored confetti and candles.

On this day, Joe and Helen Solares tended to the plot where his mother and their daughter are buried. They had placed new tiles and decomposed granite on the graves only a week before, and now Joe Solares licked a piece of dirt off his handiwork, fully aware that it would be back the next day.

Their daughter Mary Ellen said she once took a photograph of what appeared to be a child's face in some shrubs on the edge of the graveyard. She volunteered to show it to me, then disappeared and returned a few minutes later with the original photo and several blowups. There was something that looked like a child's face on all of them. It could have been leaves. Or shadows. Or a reflection.

Or maybe it was a child's face.

And there was music. Not the mariachi bands I had envisioned, but Manny Contreras and his son, Guillermo, who came up from Carmen to set up turntables and speakers. They sorted through a seemingly endless supply of compact discs to select songs that fit the occasion—all upbeat.

The workers set up chairs under the open-sided tent, and the people began filtering in. They brought rakes and shovels to reshape the rocky earth and plastic flowers to replace the ones they left here last year. They tidied up the graves as best they could, using rocks, pebbles and dirt.

The chairs under the tent were soon filled because the gray skies had turned even darker, and the wind was asserting its power over both the living and the dead gathered here. Among the arrivals was Father Alexander Mills, more commonly known as Father Alex. He serves parishes in Tubac, Amado and Arivaca, and he comes to this event every year to celebrate Mass and pray for the souls of everyone, deceased or not.

But shortly before the Mass was scheduled



Symbolic

Can hot dogs lure the dead? The Ortegas celebrate their departed family members buried at Tubac with one of the family's favorite foods. Alma Ortega doesn't know if the dead like hot dogs, but her son Roman does. On Día de los Muertos, as the veil thins between this world and the afterlife, food symbolizes *offrendas*, or "offerings," for the

dead to visit their living relatives. Alma's parents passed down this tradition, and she carries on the custom of dining with the dead. Back home, she sells hot dogs from her street cart in nearby Amado. Asked if Roman ever tires of her wares, she answers, "Never. He eats hot dogs every day."



Alex Megariz enjoys some solitude under a tree his mother planted years ago at the family burial site in Tubac Cemetery. It's a popular spot in the cemetery because, says Megariz, "Everybody wants to come and rest under that tree—both the living and the dead." Megariz grew up in Tubac, where some of the family graves in the cemetery date to the 1860s. Each

year, he and his uncles spend Dia de los Muertos sprucing up the graves of their ancestors. They place colorful flowers on the graves and leave toys or gifts for the young ones buried there. His uncles have told him they want to be buried under the same tree, and he suspects that one day he'll be buried there, too, but adds, "I'm not in any hurry."

solitude

to begin, Father Alex looked at the sky and the wind and rain, then apologized and told the faithful he'd have to cancel the ceremony. The wind was too strong, he said. It might blow the communion hosts off the fold-up table serving as an altar. He offered a special blessing, then he retrieved his chalice and the glass jar that held the holy water and left.

As if angered by the priest's departure, the wind grew even stronger. It threatened to rip the tent from its moorings, and the rain slashed through the open sides and drenched those seeking refuge. One tent flap came loose and had to be refastened by volunteers in the driving rain. Then the elements calmed and the celebration resumed.

Lydia D'Amico had driven down from Tucson with a couple of vans, one loaded with young girls, the other with clothing. The girls were students at D'Amico's Blue and White Fashion Kidz Art/Modeling School. Despite their tender ages, they were troopers, prancing down the makeshift runway like veterans, hands on hips that thrust forward with every step in the classic style of models.

Sucette de la Rosa, a tiny cherub, stole the show by perfectly emulating the sensuous hip-grinding gait of a slinky grown-up model. Later, Rosella Ballestreros and Cora Rodrigues put on black veils and black outfits and strode through the crowd while the recorded strains of "La Llorona" (The Weeping Woman) provided background music.

"It's such a terribly sad story," D'Amico said. "It tells of a woman who lost her children in a river and now she walks along the bank, looking for them."

The festivities were supposed to last until sunset, but by 3 even the heartiest figured they'd had enough wind and rain. They loaded their rakes, shovels and paint cans into their vehicles and drove away. The workmen took down the tent; Alma Ortega packed up her hot dogs and headed back to Amado. The Solares family went back for a final check of their relatives' resting places. Manny Contreras removed the black plastic wrap from his speakers, packed them up and left.

David Zickl said he'd taken some great photos, and I spent time with Alex Lowe Megariz, whose great-great-grandfather, Wilhelm Lowe, counts among those buried here. We wondered whether we might be relatives—since we shared a name and both had ancestors from Europe. We couldn't decide.

But we agreed on one thing: It was, after all, a great day to be in a cemetery. ■■

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dia de los Muertos ("Day of the Dead") is a Mexican tradition that celebrates departed loved ones. It is believed that the spirits of the dead visit their families on October 31 and leave on November 2. In Mexico and many areas of the United States, people visit gravesites to decorate them with flowers, candles and other tokens of affection, and to eat the favorite foods of their loved ones.

Sam Lowe of Phoenix didn't experience the festivities he expected at the Tubac Cemetery, but he did find peace, quiet and, perhaps, a distant relative.

David Zickl of Fountain Hills enjoys telling stories through his portraiture. This story challenged him to get beneath the surface of the Dia de los Muertos to discover the people participating in the event.

online
For a list of Dia de los Muertos celebrations statewide, go to arizonahighways.com (Click on "Ancient Arizona Guide")

Even Experts Can Feel the Painful Pinprick of Hindsight's Wisdom

SUDDENLY, A FLASH of bright color on the street. Red, yellow and black. The average person might not have noticed, but I'm a reptile lover. So I slammed on the brakes, the yearning for a coral snake tingling in my brain.



THE ARIZONA CORAL SNAKE

The Arizona coral snake, or Sonoran coral snake, ranges from central Arizona and southwestern New Mexico, south into northern Mexico.

The characteristic coloration of the Arizona coral snake sends a warning signal to potential predators. Because its major prey, the Western blindsnake, is truly blind, the colors do not hinder its hunt. On average, coral snakes are pencil thin and about 15 inches long.

An old rhyme goes: "Red on yellow, kill a fellow. Red on black, friend of Jack."

Arizona coral snakes spend most of their time underground and when molested will frequently strike, play dead or make a popping sound. The snake must chew to inject venom.

I'd lived in Tucson for 16 years, but had yet to see an Arizona coral snake in the wild. So I jumped out and ran back to where I found a 16-inch snake lying in the road.

But my coral snake hopes quickly sank, for it was clearly black and white, not red and yellow. Not only was it drab, it looked downright dead.

My 8-year-old son, 5-year-old daughter and ageless wife joined me in peering at the lifeless snake.

"Is it a coral snake, Daddy?" asked my son, who wholeheartedly shares my passion for snakes.

"No, I think it's just a California kingsnake," I said, straining my eyes in the dim moonlight. To demonstrate my obvious wisdom and confidence, I flicked the snake with the back of my left hand to see if it was still alive.

Alive it was.

The instant I flicked the snake, it had the audacity to open its mouth and strike the back of my hand.

No big deal; just a kingsnake.

Suddenly, the snake emitted four sharp pops.

Very cool: cloacal popping.

One problem: Kingsnakes don't cloacal pop; coral snakes do.

My 16-year wait was over; I had indeed encountered a coral snake.

Putting this interesting behavioral display aside, anxiety suddenly overcame me: I had

just been bitten by a venomous coral snake.

I dashed back to the car for my snake hook and bag, and captured the snake without incident. Examined under the halogen headlights, black and white turned back to red, black and yellow. An Arizona coral snake is a truly beautiful animal to behold, making other local snakes dull by comparison.

As we drove home, I examined the back of my hand. I could not find definite fang marks, but noted a hint of a teeny red dot in the area of the strike. I remembered hearing that the Arizona coral snake is so small that it can only bite a human in the web space between fingers or similar areas. Did the twinge of pain come from my squeezing and poking or from a dose of venom?

Twenty minutes later, I noted fasciculations (muscle twitches) at the site of the strike—a possible sign of neurotoxic venoms. Clearly, I had been envenomated, at least slightly.

Now comes the really embarrassing part of the story. I'm a doctor who specializes in snakebites. I know a lot about rattlesnakes, but next to nothing about Arizona coral snake envenomation. My frantic review of the books I had on hand revealed nothing useful—nor did my Google search. My call to the Arizona Poison and Drug Information Center confirmed that they knew less than I did.

The center advised a trip to the emergency room, but I knew no one had ever died from an Arizona coral snakebite. Besides, there is no antivenin. Moreover, I felt fine and the twitch was subsiding. On the other hand, neurological symptoms from exotic coral snakebites can take up to 48 hours to peak. However, I knew it would take many months for the giggling to die down if Doctor Snake himself showed up in the emergency room with an imagined snakebite.

As it turned out, I developed no further symptoms. Later, the head of the Arizona Poison and Drug Information Center told me she'd heard of three other Arizona coral snake envenomations, none of which caused serious symptoms. *The Venomous Reptiles of Latin America* reports four cases of Arizona coral snake envenomation, which caused pain, sensory changes, incoordination of the bitten extremity, nausea and drowsiness.

But all I suffered was the twitch.

Mind you, the larger Eastern coral snake can kill people. So rush straight to the emergency room if bitten by an Eastern coral snake, rattlesnake, copperhead or cottonmouth.

And in the meantime, remember: In the dark, all snakes are gray. **AH**



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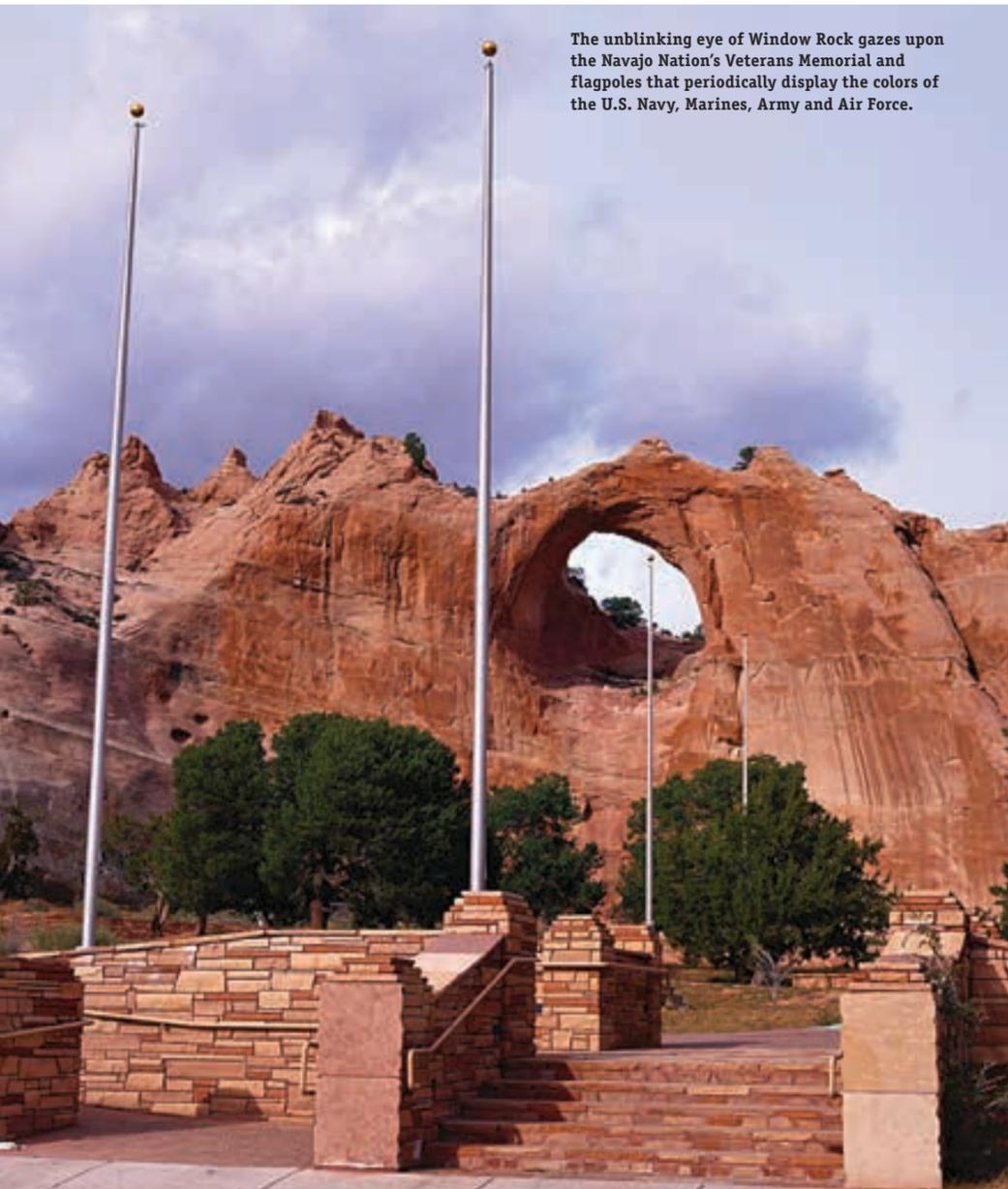
ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

To Find Fluted Rock Fills, You Must First Be Lost in Beauty

*Oh you who dwell
In the house made of the dawn,
In the house made of the evening twilight,
In the house made of the dark cloud,
In the house made of the he-rain,
In the house made of the dark mist,
In the house made of the she-rain,
In the house made of pollen,
In the house made of grasshoppers,
Where the dark mist curtains the doorway,
The path to which is on the rainbow.*

—Prayer from the “Ceremony of the Night Chant,”
from *Navaho Legends*,
translated by Washington Matthews

The unblinking eye of Window Rock gazes upon the Navajo Nation's Veterans Memorial and flagpoles that periodically display the colors of the U.S. Navy, Marines, Army and Air Force.



IN WEARINESS I set out seeking the Dzil Dah Si 'ání (Fluted Rock), where the antelope woman dwells.

In confusion I set out seeking Tségháhoodzání (Window Rock), where the abundant rains fall.

In hope I set out seeking the sky and the rough rocks and the dark cloud and the last light.

I ventured onto the back roads of the Navajo Indian Reservation, guided by my map and a handheld Global Positioning System receiver, so the watchful satellites could keep me from getting lost in myth and legend.

On a brisk, cloud-scudded, drought-haunted spring day, I set out from the historic Hubbell Trading Post in Ganado to find fabled Fluted Rock, where starving people go to pray. Eventually, I hoped to find my way through a great drought to Window Rock, where the medicine men pray for rain. Perhaps I might even glimpse the house made of dawn, and “she rain” and dark mist, and so ease the frenetic, freeway flurry of my life. Providing, of course, I didn't get lost on the welter of unlabeled reservation dirt roads.

The journey started at the trading post on State Route 264, which runs through the heart of the Navajo and Hopi reservations. John Lorenzo Hubbell lived there from 1876 until his death in 1930, buying, selling and befriending. Now, the old women with baskets and blankets they have made still come to sell and buy, mingling with the scattering of tourists and buyers.

Just east on State 264, I turned north at the sign directing me to Ganado Lake, looking forward to the bemusement of navigating along the usually unmarked reservation backroads. I'll spare you the tormented twisting and turnings of the often-confusing roads here, in hopes that the detailed directions in the route finder (see page 45) will suffice.

The well-graded dirt and gravel road led quickly past the incongruous Ganado Lake,



through the undulating, piñon pine-speckled landscape on through a succession of unmarked, head-scratcher junctions leading me deeper into the reservation back country.

Fortunately, at my moment of maximum confusion at yet another unmarked junction, a Navajo couple in a black Trans Am drove up. Sensing my confusion, a beautiful Navajo girl with a sweet smile and a musical Navajo accent got out and directed me toward Fluted Rock and then onto the road to Window Rock, complete with a count of upcoming cattle guards. She wished me well, climbed back into her low-slung car and trundled away in a puff of dust.

Finally, I came to the unmistakable prominence of Fluted Rock, looming above a forest of oaks, piñons and ponderosas.

The light volcanic rock seemed squeezed up from the earth, a fluted stone fortress. The

formation is a diatreme—welded together bits of deep mantle, shallow crust and sandstone, spit out in an eruption then fused in the caldron of a fuming volcanic vent. The 8,304-foot summit offers a sweeping view of the surrounding forests.

Verses from the “Blessing Chant” say that long ago Little Boy (Ashkii Chilé) and his grandmother lived in a hole in the Fluted Rock. The old woman (Asdzání Na'ashjé'ii) always carried a basket and lived on deer meat. When meat was scarce, she turned into an antelope and went into a hole in Fluted Rock. She lives there still, so that people who are starving go to the west end of that formation to pray for food. Dzil Tusyan Butte (“Mountain That Sits Up High”) is also mentioned in the Rounded Man Red Antway Myth as the home of the Bear People.

So I drove up a rough road on the backside of the formation to a gate that bars access to the

Red rock cliffs south of Window Rock reflect the glow of the setting sun.



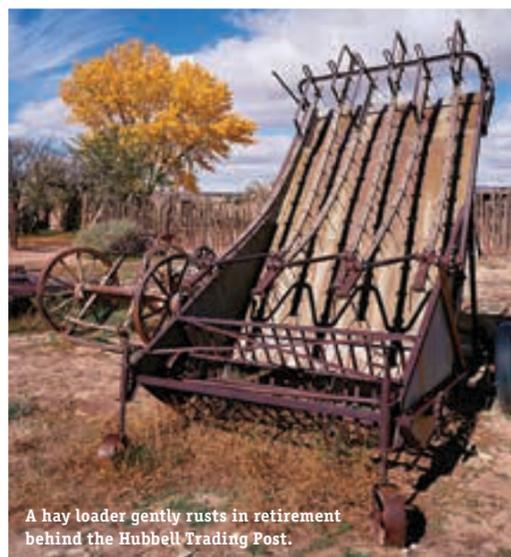
Named by trader Lorenzo Hubbell for his peace-loving Navajo friend Ganado Mucho, Ganado Lake mirrors storm clouds at sunset.

lookout tower, then scrambled up the fused rock to the top. From there I watched the sun and the clouds cooperate to cast shadows across the earth. I felt light as thistle down in the house made of wind, rejuvenated and soothed by the view and the light. In the Navajo origin legend, the sun journeys to the west, singing:

*In my thoughts I approach,
The Sun God Approaches,
Earth's end he approaches,
Changing Woman's Hearth approaches,
In old age walking
The beautiful trail.*

I sat a long while. I did not see Asdzáni Na'ashjé'ii, with her white ghost face or her basket of deer meat. But I did see the sun in old age walking the Beautiful Trail low down in the west, in the hope of dawn.

Reluctantly, I returned to my Jeep and



A hay loader gently rusts in retirement behind the Hubbell Trading Post.

drove on, through the little settlement of Sawmill then on south through miles of undulating forest to the pavement at Fort Defiance, just north of Window Rock.

The day ended at Window Rock Tribal Park, with the immense and unmistakable hole worn in the fine-grained Cow Springs Member of Entrada Sandstone, made of desert sands when the dinosaurs were in their glory. The ruins of a 13th-century ancient Puebloan dwelling stood, fenced off, directly below the window. The names of the numerous Navajos who have died fighting for the United States have been papered to boards to one side of the contemplative park.

Here, medicine men go with baskets and bottles to obtain the water they can use in the Waterway Ceremony, which seeks the blessing of rain. The reservation had been suffering through a four-year drought, which had withered springs, blighted forests and dried stock tanks. So I sat a long while in the house made of evening twilight, watching a hopeful landscape of clouds framed in the window of sandstone—thinking about rain, antelope and all those silent Navajo names on the list of war dead.

When the last light had faded from the sky, I got a hotel room. That night in the darkness, I woke to the soft sound of rain—the house made of she rain—a blessing on a thirsty world. **AH**



Surrounded by handcrafted baskets, artwork and memorabilia, a mounted elk head dominates a wall at the trading post.



VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: High clearance preferred.
WARNING: Back road travel can be hazardous. Be aware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you're going and when you plan to return.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Navajo Parks and Recreation Department, (928) 871-6647, www.navajonationparks.org; Quality Inn Window Rock (formerly Navajo Nation Inn), (928) 871-4108, www.qualityinnwindowrock.com; Hubbell Trading Post, (928) 755-3475, www.nps.gov/hutr/pphtml/contact.html; "Guide to Indian Country" maps are available through the Western National Parks Association store, (520) 622-1999, www.wnpa.org.

*In beauty (happily) I recover.
In beauty my interior becomes cool.
In beauty my eyes retain their power.
In beauty my head becomes cool.
In beauty I hear again.
In beauty I walk.
Impervious to pain, I walk.
Feeling light within, I walk.
With lively feelings, I walk.
In beauty abundant dark clouds I desire.
In beauty abundant dark mists I desire.
In beauty abundant passing showers I desire.*

— Prayer from the "Ceremony of the Night Chant,"
from *Navaho Legends*, translated by Washington Matthews

route finder

Note: Reservation roads are often unmarked or inconsistently marked. Mileages, GPS coordinates and elevations are approximate.

- > **Begin at Hubbell Trading Post** in Ganado on State Route 264. Go east about 1.75 miles to Ganado Lake sign.
- > **Turn north at lake sign** onto unmarked Indian Route 27. Go northeast about 14 miles to unmarked junction with Indian Route 26 (35°51.64' N; 109°24.71' W. Elevation: 7,054 feet.)
- > **Bear right (northeast) onto unmarked Route 26.** Go 9 miles to unmarked Indian Route 7.
- > **Bear right (south) onto unmarked Route 7.** Go about 1.5 miles to Fluted Rock (35°52.94' N; 109°14.80' W. Elevation 7,965 feet.)
- > **Continue on Route 7** for about 2.4 miles to unmarked junction with Indian Route 9010.
- > **Continue northeast on Route 7.** Go about 2.7 miles to Sawmill.
- > **Continue southeast and then south on Route 7.** Go about 15 miles south to Fort Defiance and the intersection with Indian Route 12.
- > **Continue south on Route 12.** Go about 5 miles to Window Rock and State 264.



Christmas Cultures Mingle in the Glow of Luminarias at Tubac

CHRISTMAS DOESN'T NECESSARILY mean snow and icicles. In Arizona, it might herald squealing children swatting wildly at a swinging piñata full of candy, families eating tamales and posole, or carolers strolling around an adobe mission lit by flickering luminarias.

The old Spanish settlements of Tumacácori and Tubac, just north of the U.S.-Mexico border south of Tucson, blend their multicultural heritage—Spanish, American and Native American—into memorable celebrations.



[ABOVE] Not exactly flying over the rooftops, but an unusual sight in Tubac nonetheless, Mary Lou and Gene Patterson with their reindeer and cart head toward the Luminaria Nights Christmas Festival. [RIGHT] Santa awaits Christmas aboard a parked chuckwagon.



Tumacácori National Historical Park welcomes the season with La Fiesta de Tumacácori during the day. Nighttime at nearby Tubac Presidio State Historic Park reveals streets basking in the light of luminarias (candles glowing softly through small paper bags.)

In 1691, Jesuit missionaries first encountered the O'odham Indians of Tumacácori and established a mission. Today, Tumacácori ushers in Christmas with an annual fiesta so lively I can hear Mexican music before I even enter the fiesta gate.

Inside, booths surrounding an open area sell everything from fresh fruit to hand-braided reatas (ropes) along with a variety of craft items perfect for Christmas presents. Signs in both Spanish and English hawk traditional foods like carne asada, posole and fry bread, the food's spicy aroma whetting my appetite. In the center of the grounds, musicians sing and strum guitars, then women in brilliantly colored long dresses ride their horses through intricate maneuvers to the crowd's applause.

Vibrant colors vie for attention—oranges pyramided below dangling bunches of red chile ristras, pottery vases filled with turquoise and yellow paper flowers, ornately painted Mexican platters and intricately woven baskets. The crowd varies as widely as the booths with children, nuns and tourists among the several thousand visitors attending the two-day festival.

Still a child at heart, I'm immediately drawn to the Kid's Corner to watch a puppet show, make a clay Christmas ornament and then stand breathlessly as Dennis Jex's rosy boa snake encircles my arm. Luna, a great-horned owl from Tucson's Animal Rehabilitation Center, warily keeps his one good eye on U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service's loveable 7-foot-tall blue-goose mascot being trailed by giggling children.

A \$10 donation to the Friends of Santa Cruz River earns me a bright yellow plastic duck to enter in the Dirty Duck Race. My lucky ducky bobs down the stream just speedily enough to win me a pair of sunshine-yellow duck bedroom slippers.

The fiesta closes at 5 P.M. and I head 4 miles north on Interstate 19 to Tubac Presidio State Historic Park, where the Christmas celebration proves slower-paced and more elegant. Established in 1752 as a Spanish fort, Tubac evolved into an artists' colony with distinctive shops and cozy restaurants.

Visitors meander streets lit by glowing luminarias, and Christmas music wafts from open shop doors. I stop to visit Santa and his two



live reindeer, then head to the 1885 schoolhouse for an old-fashioned Christmas program.

The apple-cinnamon smell of hot apple cider lures me into the schoolroom where antique desks are pushed back to make room for the crowd. A punishment list, printed neatly on the blackboard, warns that students caught playing cards will receive 10 lashings. Wearing long fingernails earns two lashings.

Despite the blackboard's dire warnings, it's easy to catch the Christmas spirit singing along with the Osteo Chordosis Barber Shop Quartet or enjoying Bill and Cathie Gaston's poems and songs. Between performances, Bill, regal in his black shyster's suit, hawks deeds to counterfeit Arizona gold mines without much success. Finally, a lady takes pity and buys two deeds for \$1.

Back outside, shops lure me in with plates of homemade cookies. My diet takes a beating, but at least the beating isn't administered by a schoolmaster with a whip. My sack of Christmas gifts bulges with a Navajo folk art chicken, a book for my granddaughter and a Mexican tinware-framed mirror for a friend.

The weather is perfect, cold enough for a

sweater, but warm enough we don't need hat or mittens. Soft light from luminarias drifts upwards to mingle with starlight floating down. People are friendly, slowly strolling the streets without the usual hurry-scurry of Christmas shopping. Gentle laughter floats out open shop doors, and I notice I'm not the only one munching cookies.

All in all, I've had a great time boosting my Christmas spirit while finishing my shopping. I'm full of posole and cookies, have some fuzzy ducky slippers to wear on Christmas morning, and I didn't encounter even one icicle. ■■



LOCATION: Approximately 45 miles south of Tucson.

GETTING THERE: From Tucson drive south on Interstate 10 to Interstate 19, then south on I-19 to Exit 34, for Tubac, or Exit 29 for Tumacácori.

EVENTS: Tubac Presidio State Historic Park's Luminaria Nights shows the park in the traditional light of luminarias and features seasonal music, December 2-3, dusk-10 P.M.; 35th Annual Fiesta de Tumacácori features traditional food, arts and crafts and folkloric music and dancing, December 3-4, 10 A.M.-5 P.M.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Tumacácori National Historical Park, (520) 398-2341, www.nps.gov/tuma. Tubac Presidio State Historic Park, (520) 398-2252, www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/tubac.html.

Incandescent luminarias and a light-bedecked saguaro cactus beckon passersby to walk through a Tubac shop's open door.

Verde Valley Trail Skirts the Edge of a Crumbling Mystery

FOR MORE THAN A MILLENNIUM, the 5-mile Packard Trail has meandered through sycamores, junipers and hillsides to deliver travelers near the doorstep of a Sinagua Indian mystery.

The eight to 10-hour round-trip day hike starts 11 miles northwest of Tuzigoot National Monument, an ancient hilltop pueblo overlooking the Verde River where the Sinagua people grew corn, beans and squash between the 8th and 15th centuries.

Packard Trail begins at a fork with the Parson Spring Trail downhill from a parking circle at the end of Forest Service Road 131 in the Prescott National Forest with a strenuous, 2.5-mile, 1,100-foot elevation gain as it climbs out of leafy, spring-fed Sycamore Creek at 3,600 feet elevation. The trail climbs through a grassy hillside to the juniper plateau at the 4,880-foot top of Packard Mesa.

Packard Trail leaves the Sycamore Wilderness Area and merges with Forest Service Trail 63, a main hike and horse route, that leads north back into the wilderness area. Along Trail 63, about a quarter mile north of the Packard Trail junction, stands Sycamore Tank, where junipers yield to an open park crisscrossed with cattle trails.

The ruin, a three-room cliff dwelling, is near the wilderness pass-through gate. Follow the road uphill to the right and watch for a trace that goes up and over the ridge of a low hill. Constructed of layered orange-colored sandstone, the centuries-old ruin retains much of its original mud-packed roof, thanks to the protection of a gray basalt overhang. A second, small sandstone wall—possibly the remains of a food and water storage

cache—stands under a lip of red sandstone. Listed on the National Register of Historic Places as the Sycamore Cliff Dwelling, the site receives protection from tough federal laws and from the Forest Service archaeologists and volunteers who stabilized it in 1990.

About 9 miles from the 63 trailhead near an old ranch camp called Taylor Cabin, a large cave with a natural chimney may also have sheltered the Sinagua traveling between the Mogollon Rim high country and Tuzigoot.

The cave, the trail and the ruin lead finally to the great mystery of why the Sinagua abandoned these dry-mortared and handcrafted dwellings in the 1400s, just as the populous, irrigation-based cities emptied out, from the Hohokam in Phoenix to the Puebloans in Colorado. Hopi traditions and archaeological evidence suggest many people left these Verde Valley and Sedona-area ruins and migrated to the present-day Hopi mesas. No one knows what caused this regional collapse, but experts have variously blamed drought, invasion, overpopulation and even religious strife.

So it's an alluring mystery to ponder sitting in the sun staring at the Sycamore Cliff Dwelling stones the Sinagua fitted so carefully that they have remained intact as long as a medieval cathedral.

I sit on a rock as the sun peeks inside the ruin and marvel that these unmortared stones could stand so long. It's a mystery nearly as compelling as the disappearance of the Sinagua themselves. **AH**

After crossing Sycamore Creek, shown here lined with cottonwood trees in showy fall display, the Packard Trail gains more than 1,000 feet as it ascends to Packard Mesa.

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



Sunrise strikes the cobbled sandstone walls of the Sycamore Cliff Dwelling. In the distance, Sedona's red rocks rise on the edge of the Sycamore Canyon Wilderness.



LOCATION: About 50 miles southwest of Flagstaff.

GETTING THERE: From Flagstaff, drive southwest on State Route 89A about 44 miles to Cottonwood. From Cottonwood, take Main Street northwest toward Clarkdale, following the signs to Tuzigoot National Monument. Turn right on Tuzigoot Road, cross the Verde River and take an immediate left on Sycamore Canyon Road (Forest Service Road 131). Follow the road approximately 10 miles to the vehicle turnaround and trailhead.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: Carry a compass, trail map and topographical map. Hikers must carry 3 to 4 quarts of water, as water along the route is not safe to drink. Archaeological sites are protected under the law. Do not disturb the ruin. Call in advance for trail conditions and closures. September through May are the best months for this hike.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Prescott National Forest, Chino Valley Ranger District, (928) 777-2200; www.fs.fed.us/r3/prescott/about/chino.shtml.



