

DINOSAUR TRACKS: Lost and Found and Lost Again

FEBRUARY 2006

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

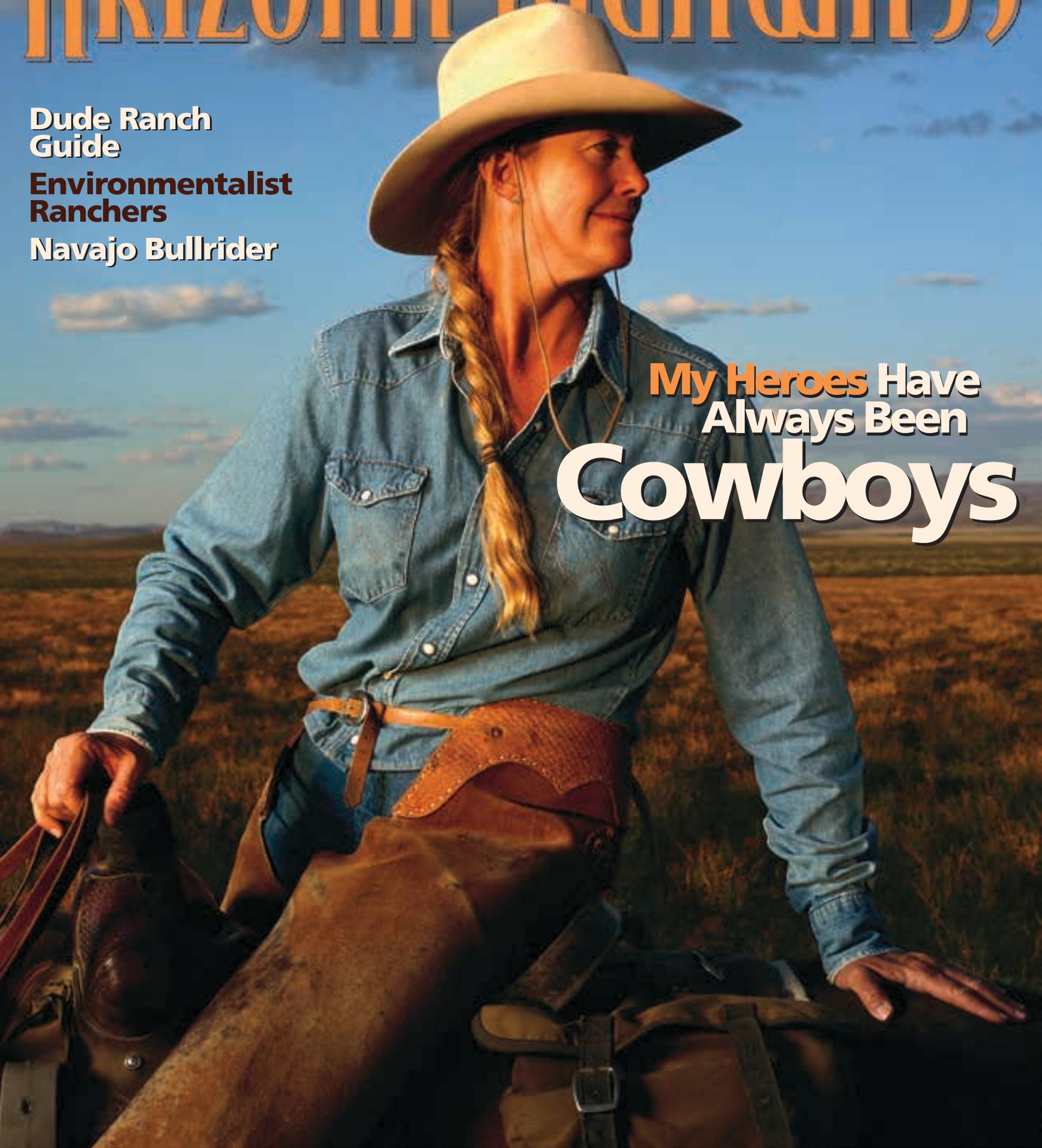
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Guide**

**Environmentalist
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Cowboys



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{highways on television}

Arizona Highways magazine has inspired an independent weekly television series, hosted by Phoenix TV news anchor Robin Sewell. 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 on our Web site, find the hot spots for horsin' around in Arizona. Go to arizonahighways.com and click on the "Wild West Guide" for:

- The lowdown on Arizona dude ranches
- A roundup of the state's best rodeos
- Arizona horse happenings

HUMOR Gene Perret goes to kindergarten.

ONLINE EXTRA See Tucson up close and personal.

WEEKEND GETAWAY Find beauty at the Desert Botanical Garden.

TRAVEL THROUGH TIME A "WHAM, BAM, thank you, man" holdup.

EXPERIENCE ARIZONA Plan a trip with our calendar of events.

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.

Evening Settles Down

The day's last warm light sets Cape Royal aglow in the Grand Canyon from a south-looking viewpoint. JACK DYKINGA

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

FRONT COVER Kelly Glenn-Kimbro, a member of the ranching Glenn family at the Malpai Ranch east of Douglas, is right at home on the range where cattle people and environmentalists have had a meeting of minds. See story, page 14. DAVID ZICKL

BACK COVER Light at sunrise strikes petrified sedimentary formations in a view from the overlook at Little Cut south of Page on the Navajo Indian Reservation. Our portfolio of Arizona's best elevated scenic views begins on page 26. JERRY SIEVE

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

Searching for a Story

Love the lost mine stories. Hope you can find more.
William Schultheiss, Kingman
We had a story, but we lost it.

Too Danged Small

For years I have loved your magazine—both the printed material and photography.
The September 2005 issue has presented me with a problem that I hope you will solve. The print on quite a number of pages seems to be very small and on a tan background. I find it difficult to read much of that material.

I hope you are not going to continue that format in future issues.

Helen Heimback, Scottsdale
Thanks for the feedback. We've been trying to squeeze more information into the magazine without making the photographs smaller, which means we sometimes print text on the pictures or put extra information in boxes.

We'll keep an eye on this problem, but please keep letting us know if we're making it hard on our beloved readers.

Barely Time to Dream

Thanks for a fantastic magazine. We don't always have time to get to the amazing places represented on that glossy paper, but we always have time to dream.

Jenny Matlock, Mesa
Thank you for such a wonderful compliment. But do you really not have time to do more than dream? Why not get in the car right now and go?

Heck of a Lot of Greenery

Heck. Who said that Arizona is all dry desert, red-hot, a wasteland and worthless? Whoever said that is crazy! Arizona is full of greenery, forests, beauty (even the dry desert is beautiful). You have the best birds and wildlife.

New England autumn colors cannot touch the Arizona autumn colors. Your state has more greenery and life than all 27 states east of the Mississippi combined. Arizona and California are the only two states that have it all.

Long live Arizona Highways. It's a wonderful magazine.

Jose Estape, San Francisco
How great to have someone from the Bay Area extol the virtues of any other geography. But if you do get the name of the fool who said Arizona was a wasteland, please send it along. That boy and I are going to have a talk.

Export Arizona Crawfish

I noted the small item about the Arizona Game and Fish Department's brochures about crawfish ("Taking the Off-ramp," "Crawfish Bad for

Ecology, Good for the Pot," September '05) trying to convince people to remove the non-native pest from streams. This makes your wonderful state even nicer for a Swedish crawfish lover.

Crawfish are a great delicacy in Sweden, usually eaten in August under the big harvest moon. We cook them in salted water that has a lot of dill seed heads in it.

Let them cool and serve them with Swedish vodka (one shot to each claw) and a lot of singing and silly hats.

The original Swedish crawfish is almost extinct, so we import tons and tons of crawfish from Turkey, China and Louisiana. There is a good business opportunity for any enterprising crawfish collector in Arizona.

Irma Palm, Stockholm, Sweden
Now, that's a great idea. We could deploy happy children to creeks across the state to rid the state's waterways of these imported pests, which churn up sediment and gobble native fish and insects. We could even give them silly hats.

How Could They?

The event photographed in "Viewfinder" (October '05) puts a puppy in extreme harm's way.

If adults want to climb up steep cliffs, that's their right. But to strap a puppy in a backpack and expect her to be comfortable and safe at the pinnacle of a rock spire that doesn't even have enough room for the humans to sit down is just plain cruel.

I don't care if she was "leashed to the climbing harness of the picnickers."

If she were to lose her footing, they would all lose. Very bad idea.

Debbie Stanton, Pine
I am told the dog loves climbing. I know. I was dubious, too. But then my dog, Lobo, likes to eat out of cat boxes, so you never can tell what will bring pleasure to a dog.

Comforting the Guys Over There

Thank you for answering the sad misguided reader who hates pictures of scorpions. How sad that she can't feel what we all do about nature's glorious creatures. Your reply to her was a treasure.

I have been corresponding with a soldier, Randall R. Powell, in Iraq. He stumbled across my Arizona Highways story, "The Truth About Caleb" (April and May 2000). All I can think about now is how wonderful that our beautiful state magazine is bringing joy to a soldier from Texas who is so far from home.

Penny Porter, Tucson
As it happens, we have started shipping all our overprint of each issue to troops stationed in Iraq. I hope it helps underscore how much we honor and appreciate their service to the nation.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

FEBRUARY 2006 VOL. 81, NO. 2

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Arizona Highways® (ISSN 0004-1521) is published monthly by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Subscription price: \$21 a year in the U.S., \$31 in Canada, \$34 elsewhere outside the U.S. Single copy: \$3.99 U.S. Send subscription correspondence and change of address information to Arizona Highways, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009. Periodical postage paid at Phoenix, AZ and at additional mailing office. CANADA POST INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS MAIL PRODUCT (CANADIAN DISTRIBUTION) SALES AGREEMENT NO. 41220511. SEND RETURNS TO QUEBECOR WORLD, P.O. BOX 873, WINDSOR, ON N9A 6P2. POSTMASTER: send address changes to Arizona Highways, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009. Copyright © 2006 by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. The magazine does not accept and is not responsible for unsolicited materials provided for editorial consideration.

PRODUCED IN THE USA

The Wild Watches With Golden Eyes the Choices We Make

BALANCED ATOP A slab-muscled mule in the bottom of Aravaipa Canyon, biologist Stan Cunningham pulled the radio tracker out of his saddlebag and listened for the lion. I sat quietly on Red, the mule Stan loaned me so I could tag along as he tracked a radio-collared mountain lion with a sweet tooth for calves.

His receiver beeped . . . beeped . . . beeped as he swung it slowly in an arc. When he was pointed up the insanely steep, cholla-studded slope on our right, the receiver accelerated to a breathless beepbeepbeep. Stan looked back at me dubiously, trying to picture me riding Red up that 40-degree hillside toward the waiting mountain lion. You see, he'd spent a year treeing, darting and radio-collaring mountain lions, then trailed them around collecting their scat to figure out how many calves they were eating. So perhaps he had lost track of what one could reasonably expect of a writer.

If I were a sensible person, I would have wished Stan well, promised to meet him back at the research trailer and meandered down along the stream. But I was eager to earn my cowboy credentials and dying to see a mountain lion.

The hungry, elusive mountain lions of Aravaipa Canyon pose one of those tough tradeoffs that plague the management of the vast stretches of public land in the West. The government doles out grazing permits on some 260 million acres of federal land in 17 Western states, plus at least 8 million acres of state land in Arizona. Nationally, 26,000 ranchers graze an estimated 3 million cows on Forest Service and federal Bureau of Land Management (BLM) land, but grazing fees are set so low that the government spends \$126 million a year more on the program than it collects in fees. Part of the reason the federal government loses money on grazing leases is that federal hunters go after any lions, bears, coyotes or other predators that kill livestock.

Conservationists and ranchers have been arguing about the inevitable tradeoff between cows and mountain lions for years, with the government rangeland managers caught somewhere in the middle. Conservationists complain that grazing damages the fragile riparian areas on which wildlife depend and that recent rule changes will both reduce rangeland protection and public input. Ranchers counter that their operations

both prevent the fragmentation of public lands and support hard-pressed rural communities.

As for me, I just wanted to see a mountain lion. So when Stan wheeled his mule and charged up that impossible slope, I held my peace and sat my seat as Red lurched after him, nimble as a mountain goat. I sustained a John Wayne pose for two lurches, before grabbing the saddle horn like it was my last tooth. Red surged up the hill over the rocks, through the cholla, past the yucca, into the catclaw, a tsunami of mule muscle carrying me along like a broken rowboat.

As it turns out, Stan's study did demonstrate that calves constituted about one-third of the diet of the lions of Aravaipa Canyon. Some might argue that means we should continue our long war with the lions. Except lion biologists have also made several other unsettling observations. Lions fiercely defend their territory from other lions. So if a hunter kills a dominant lion, two or three younger lions will quickly move in from nearby territories. Such younger and less-experienced lions are more likely to kill calves. So hunting the lions can actually make the problem worse.

On the other hand, other studies have demonstrated that ranchers can reduce their predator losses by corralling pregnant cows and keeping newborn calves safe from predators until they get bigger. Therefore, in lion country, public-lands ranchers may have to adjust their normal cow-calf operations.

So that harrowing day chasing the beep of the lion's signal up that hellacious hill reaffirmed my suspicion of either/or answers and reawakened my appreciation for the bloody balance of nature. But the single strongest argument for keeping the lions and corralling the calves awaited me atop the hill.

I arrived at the top in an exultation of fear, my life having kinesioped before my eyes three times on the way up. I reached the top of that jagged summit more thoroughly alive than I'd been in 20 years. Completely unperturbed, Stan moved the receiver in an arc until he pinpointed the cougar, hidden in a jumble of boulders across the way.

I studied that pile of boulders like a witch doctor with a bowl of bones, but glimpsed not a tawny trace of the lion. Still, I could feel him watching me, with those impersonal, predatory, golden eyes. And for the inarticulate surge of a moment I understood him and the wind and my own place in the wide, wild world.

And I would not give up that moment for hamburger.



Should we prefer cougars or cows? Must we choose? G.C. KELLEY

Signature of Peter Aleshire
editor@arizonahighways.com

Notes for a Picture Editor Revisited

LEARNED THE FINER points of photo-editing from one of the best in the business. He's a mentor I've never met, but he's with me every day.

When *Arizona Highways* hired me nearly 22 years ago, I thought myself the luckiest man on Earth. I'd made the leap from newspapers to the greatest landscape photography magazine in the world. The weight of carrying on the magazine's celebrated photographic legacy was not lost on me. These were my salad days. And this was my big moment.

So I read voraciously on the subject of magazine publishing, and I picked the brain of any photo editor who would talk to me. I even visited *National Geographic's* offices to pry into its standards and practices, never fearing that my naiveté was showing. My new path was illuminated by many influential sources.

All these years later, one of my sources resurfaced as I was purging old files. I rediscovered the dog-eared pages of a magazine article titled "Notes for a Picture Editor" torn from a long-forgotten issue of *Folio* magazine. In it, John Loengard, the esteemed photographer and picture editor for *Life* magazine, articulated the role of a magazine photography editor. His penetrating perspectives held sway over my growth as a young editor.

Without his knowing, Loengard became my mentor. His guidance helped me long ago as I established myself in the magazine business, but it's as fresh and pertinent today as it was then. It's a primer for green neophytes and grizzled veterans alike. Here are a few excerpts:

"Nothing is more important than the trust of photographers. Since they are not employees, but freelancers, photographers often operate from a disadvantaged position. Remember that you are the photographers' advocate. No one else will be."

"Treat all photographers equally—those with whom you become close friends as well as those with whom you do not. Remember:

- "React promptly to pictures you like when photographers call; don't wait days or weeks to satisfy their curiosity. Be an audience without flattery. Photographers rarely get informed reactions to their work.

- "Don't assure photographers that their pictures will be published if they may not be.

- "Be clear about what expenses you will pay. Pay promptly. Photographers are usually one-person

operations—hardly businesses. They have to pay the airline and rental car bills next month.

- "Don't hold on to a photographer's work just to keep it from the competition.

"Do all this, and when the time comes for you to hold a photographer's feet to the fire—to urge him to continue to press a difficult subject or try a fresh approach—your mutual trust will be gold."

"Other editors, with the story's text in hand, may judge photographs by what they have read. Don't join them. The reader sees before he ever reads, and may never read if there's nothing to see."

"You must spot young talent and encourage it, giving these tyros more than occasional assignments. Give those you select enough work to allow them to develop. When a photographer makes his reputation in your publication, everyone, including the reader, benefits."

"Don't try to tell a photographer how to take a picture. You want the photographer to follow his own instincts. You should, however, let the photographer climb upon your shoulders for a better view. That is, explain your thinking about the story. Talk about what might happen. Raise possibilities without demanding to see them. Instead, expect to see something better."

"Encourage good photographers to work for themselves, for posterity, for their grandchildren—not just for you. A photograph that solves a magazine's problem is more interesting when the solution is something you remember after the problem is forgotten."

In my dealings with photographers over the years, I've relied on these tenets on a daily basis. Selecting the best images to display in these pages is the grand finale of a process that begins many months prior.

Witness our feature roundup on Arizona cowboys in this issue. Three individual stories on a similar theme call for different visual approaches to carry them off in a unified-but-separate style. In a triumph of photo-editing and smart design, the section binds the stories together while allowing each to breathe on its own.

Much advance work is done long before the first photograph is shot. Matching a photographer's personal style with a story that plays to his or her strengths is vital. The photographs in this issue by Edward McCain, David Zickl and Don and Ryan Stevenson show how each photographer's unique experience and style affects his approach to the subject. Every storytelling image confirms that minding the finer points pays off.

A lot goes into the making of a magazine story. And as John Loengard pointed out, it all starts with mutual trust between photographer and photo editor.

Peter Ensenberger can be reached at photodirector@arizonahighways.com

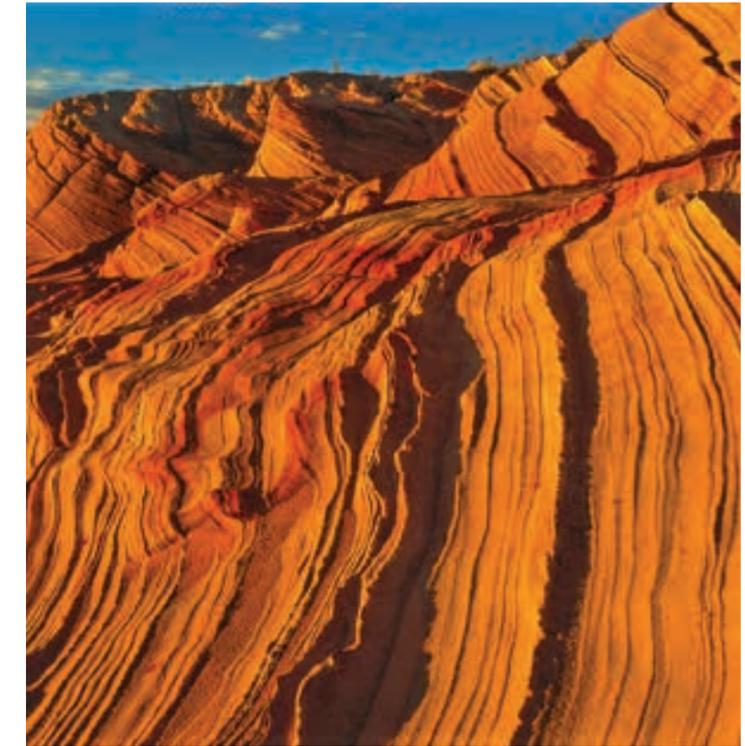
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Did Navajo Sandstone Change the Climate?

The swirled layers of Navajo sandstone that have awed *Arizona Highways* readers for decades may have also once upon a time heated up the whole planet, according to a study published in the journal *Geology*.

Scenic photographers get overheated whenever they put the intricately banded red and white whorls of Navajo sandstone in the foreground. That sandstone layer is made from the fossilized remains of a vast field of sand dunes that wandered about back when the dinosaurs died. When buried, the sandstone layers apparently absorbed rich deposits of hydrocarbons—oil or methane. Those hydrocarbons bleached the rusted mineral deposits out of the sandstone.

When the rise of the Colorado Plateau brought sandstone to the surface, the trapped methane escaped into the atmosphere. As it happens, the arrival of those sandstone layers at the surface some



6 million years ago coincides with an apparent warming of the planet. Now, University of Utah geologist Brenda Beitler calculates that methane released from the Navajo sandstone could have caused a pronounced greenhouse effect.

Just goes to prove, the history of the world may linger in the swirls of a pretty picture.



Pet-friendly License Plates

Ron Burns loves animals so much that he's tied them to his bumper—on a license plate, that is.

The Scottsdale artist fights animal overpopulation with his paintbrush and has created pet-friendly license plates to aid

the cause. Arizona auto owners can assist their furry friends by purchasing the cuddly creature plates. Annually, \$17 from the sale of each license plate goes to spay and neuter programs, and plates are offered in 31 other states across the country. Within the first month of

VOTING BALLOT

MAYOR

John Burns

James S. ...

On Thursday, November 15, 1894, *The Oasis* newspaper reported: "A prominent Maricopa County democrat avers, with a tinge of malice, that "a lead pencil and a d__n fool is a dangerous combination in a voting booth."

sales, the program raised \$30,000. The animal-conscious Burns is no stranger to beast benefits. Actress Elizabeth Taylor commissioned him to paint a portrait of her dog, Sugar. Afterward, the auction of 12 limited editions of the painting signed by both the artist and the actress raised nearly \$40,000 for the Whispering Hope Ranch near Payson. To view Burns' work, visit www.RonBurns.com. For more information or to purchase a plate, visit www.azpetplates.org.

EVENTS

2/06

Rock on at Tucson's Annual Arizona Gem, Mineral and Fossil Show January 28 to February 12. Over 300 gem, mineral and fossil dealers showcase stones and related items. Information: (303) 674-2713.



Watch the very best Native hoop dancers from the United States and Canada combine their athleticism and grace at the Heard Museum during the 16th Annual World Championship Hoop Dance Contest on February 4-5. The contest incorporates intricate footwork and difficult manipulations of as many as 50 hoops. Information: (602) 252-8848.

Think snow all month long at Flagstaff's 20th Annual Winterfest. Participate in events that include snow softball, sled-dog races, ice skating, skiing, winter star gazing, historic tours, art shows and ice sculpture. Information: (928) 774-4505.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: RICHARD MACK; HEARD MUSEUM; LINDA LONGMIRE; RON BURNS

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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 5



Sedona's Coffee High

Anyone who needs a good jolt of aptly named scenery should check out Sedona's Famous Coffee Pot Rock, one of a wealth of Arizona rock formations with a caffeinated name.

Red Rock Country includes many locations with names so rich and robust sounding you can taste them: Coffee Pot Drive, Grounds Drive, Nescafe Drive, Maxwell House Drive, Maxwell Lane, Hills Drive, Lipton Drive, Brewer Road, Coffee Cup Drive, Coffee Pot Rock Drive, Little Elf Drive, Sanborn Drive, Del Monte Drive, Caldwell Drive and Arbuckle Drive.

Anyone for cream and sugar?

Gorgeous Like a Fox

Once upon a time, if you didn't like the movie, you could fall in love with the theater. Few of those glittering filmdom palaces of 1920s, '30s and '40s remain, which makes Tucson's Fox Theatre a true treasure. Now, after years of restoration, the Fox is once again opening its doors.

Built in Tucson in 1930, the Fox presents a spectacular example of the Art Deco period with its brilliantly colored geometric patterns, painted ceilings and tile work. This is the only known theater to also incorporate Southwestern images and palette into the Art Deco motif. Even the walls proved worthy of the National Historic Landmark recognition the theater has received. The product used in their construction, Acoustone, absorbed 52 percent of amplified sound, which meant ambient noise didn't bounce off the walls. The company that created Acoustone went down with the Great Depression. The Fox did not.

A \$13 million restoration project has brought the Fox back to its former glittering glory. For a trip back into a time when theaters were as impressive and fantasy-filled as the movies they showed, contact the Fox Tucson Theatre Foundation, (520) 624-1515; Foxtucsontheatre.org.



LIFE IN ARIZONA 1 9 2 1

SUNBOUND PROFESSOR LOVED THE WEST

Professor, writer, drama critic and editor Joseph Wood Krutch was a transplanted New Yorker who loved the West, where he was "sunbound" instead of snowbound. Krutch observed, "I didn't come to the West for its future or its industry, its growth, its opportunity. I came for three reasons: to get away from New York and crowds, to get air I could breathe, and for the natural beauty of the desert and its wildlife. . . ."



Arizona's Top Ten Visitor Attractions

Grand Canyon National Park	(4,672,911)
Saguaro National Park	(3,437,830)
Bank One Ballpark (Chase Field)	(2,781,934)
South Mountain Park	(2,500,000)
Tempe Town Lake	(2,250,000)
London Bridge	(2,000,000)
Glen Canyon National Recreation Area	(1,861,773)
Lake Mead National Recreation Area	(1,717,975)
America West Arena	(1,265,543)
The Phoenix Zoo	(1,240,000)

(According to 2004 attendance figures from the Arizona Department of Tourism)



Railroad Etiquette—Circa 1883

Railroads arrived in the Arizona Territory in the 1880s, along with new rules of travel etiquette. *Hill's Social and Business Manual* (1883) tips of the day included:

- On a sleeper car, seek the center sections away from the annoyance of dust, drafts or air and sudden noises from the opening and closing of doors.
- Having paid for one ticket, you are entitled to only one seat. Don't deposit baggage in the surrounding seats.
- It is a courtesy for a gentleman sitting alone to offer the vacant seat beside himself to a lady who may be unattended. He will also give his seat to two ladies, or a couple who desire to sit together, and take a seat elsewhere.
- People with weak eyes should avoid reading on a train, and those having weak lungs should avoid too much talking.



Question of the Month

How do tarantulas find their prey?

The spiders dig a deep hole and lay a network of silk tripwires. When a cricket, small lizard or other potential prey steps on the silk thread, the waiting tarantula pops out of its hole.

Sometimes a tarantula hawk wasp turns the tables by plucking the trip wires to lure the spider out so she can paralyze the tarantula and lay her eggs in the spider's body.

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Close Encounter of the Weird Kind

Thirty years ago, six loggers from Snowflake emerged from a day of brush-clearing in the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests with one of the strangest tales ever told in Arizona. They notified police that one of their crew, 22-year-old Travis Walton, had been sucked up into a flying saucer before their very eyes.

The local sheriff suspected foul play, until Walton turned up on the outskirts of Heber five days later with an even more fabulous account of being examined by extraterrestrial beings.

In 1993 his story was adapted into the popular film *Fire in the Sky*, starring D.B. Sweeney, and controversy continues to surround it.

Some UFO buffs believe that this incident is the best proof to date of alien abduction, while skeptics maintain it was nothing more than a hoax aimed at getting the crew out of the deadline on their Forest Service contract.



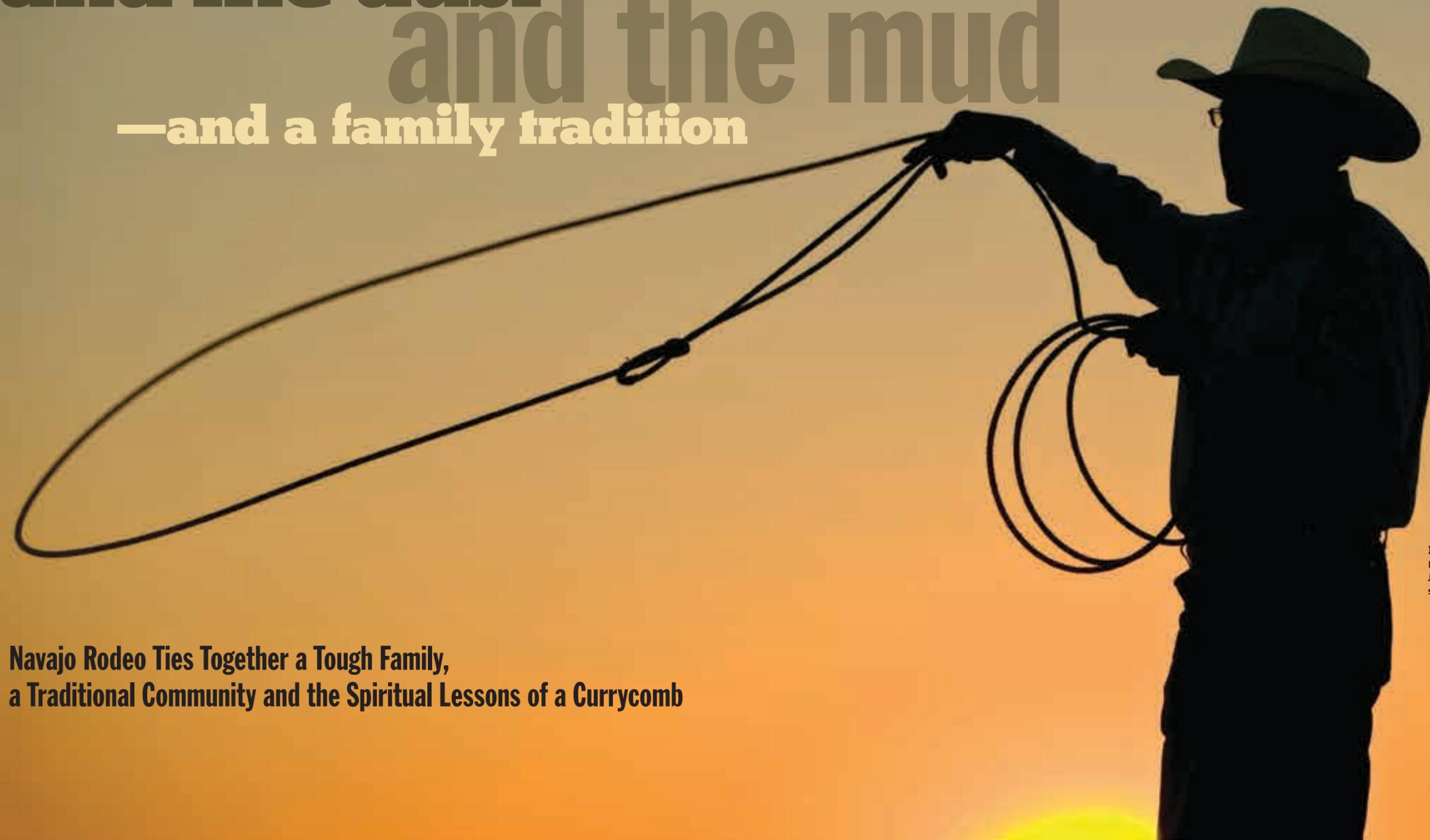
Superstition Mountain Museum Makes You Want to Go for the Gold

The Superstition Mountain Museum off the Apache Trail in central Arizona brings alive the history of the mountains and Apache Junction. The "Lost Dutchman" exhibit presents 23 maps on paper, adobe and stone that supposedly pinpoint the location of the Dutchman's Lost Gold Mine. Of course, you've got to wonder why the folks putting on the exhibit didn't follow the map and retire. Instead, they assembled a treasure trove of interesting exhibits including critters like mule deer, porcupines, coyotes,

snakes and bird species in a lifelike setting, and ancient Indian bowls, arrowheads, stone hammers and ax heads—not to mention a well-stocked gift shop. Moreover, the museum makes history concrete by using blocks originally used in the Theodore Roosevelt Dam for the museum's sign and amphitheater, which also features old-time storytellers. Maybe they can explain why the organizers haven't gotten rich off that adobe map.

Information: (480) 983-4888; www.superstitionmountainmuseum.org.

The bulls and the blood
and the dust
and the mud
—and a family tradition



**Navajo Rodeo Ties Together a Tough Family,
a Traditional Community and the Spiritual Lessons of a Currycomb**

Roping the Wind
Even when the day is done, career cowboy John Boyd Jr. can be found sharpening his skills at Boyd Stables, near Window Rock.

John Boyd Jr. is tall and lean, with nothing on him he doesn't need, and when he strides around a rodeo arena, he conveys an unmistakable belonging. At the moment, the 48-year-old Navajo cowboy is watching his sons, Lance and John III, do what they, like him, were born to do.

They're practicing for the rodeo, in this case wrestling calves. The young animals teeter from the shoot at the family arena in Greasewood Springs, on the Navajo Indian Reservation, and when the boys toss them to the dirt to rope their legs, those babies let out the most pitiful wail you ever heard.

"The boys are getting pretty good, and I think they're ready for tonight," says Boyd above the persistent bawling. He waves his arm past the arena fence toward the sagebrush flats surrounding it. "Come dusk you'll see the pickup trucks and trailers pulling in, and by dark they'll be parked four deep. Then I can promise you some real action."

It's a hot Saturday afternoon in May, and one of the colorful rituals of the Navajo spring is about to get under way. In a few hours, under night lights, the 25th annual Keith J. Boyd Memorial Rodeo will begin, turning this middle-of-nowhere arena into the place to be for Indian cowboys.

Some 200 of them, many traveling with wives and kids, will arrive here from all corners of the "Big Rez," not to

mention New Mexico, Oklahoma and even Canada. No written invitations go out, and nobody works the phones announcing dates and start times. Like almost everything else in Indian country, this family-run rodeo comes together mostly by word-of-mouth.

Three generations of Boyds, about 38 of them in all, gather to work the concession stand, run the bull pens and corrals, and do a hundred other jobs required to put on such a large event. Rodeo isn't just part of the Boyds' lives—it forms the center around which everything else revolves.

Sixteen-year-old Lance began warming up horses for his father at age 3, and competed in his first rodeo just four years later. He won \$500 in breakaway roping at the 1997 Navajo Nation Fair.

"I was excited when I went to sleep that night, and I was excited when I woke up in the morning," says Lance, a shy, sweet-natured boy.

But then it was back to business. He turned the money over to his dad to help the family buy hay for their livestock. Clarina Arviso-Boyd, Lance's mom and special education director for the Ganado school district, says the Boyd way allows little time for victory laps.

"I already had high expectations of Lance when he won, so I thought, great, now let's get better," says Clarina. "You have to keep practicing, keep riding your horses. That's John's way of getting his kids prepared for life."

Family Circle

The art of rodeo is not just a Boyd family tradition, it's a way of life for, clockwise from top left, John Boyd III, 22; Lance Boyd, 16; John Boyd Jr., 48; and Brayden John Boyd, 7.



Buckled Up

One of many in a large collection, this silver belt buckle was awarded to John Boyd Jr. for being an All Indian Rodeo champion in 1995.



Mistress of the Stew

More than 30 members of the Boyd family pitch in to make the 25th annual Keith J. Boyd Rodeo come off without a hitch. Here, Shannan Boyd serves up "the best mutton stew you'll ever taste."



Bullheaded

Rodeo fans watch as the determined Lem Johnson hangs on for a shot at more than \$400 in bull-riding prize money, while an equally determined bull aims to buck him off, free of charge.

As she talks, Clarina stands beside a trailer that serves as the sign-in station for participating cowboys. They come in spanking-clean Wrangler jeans, their best Resistol hats and pointy-toed boots, many proudly sporting oversized belt buckles won in previous rodeos.

The trailer sits on a gentle rise above the arena. Families spread out lawn chairs and tables there, women brush horses while their children play and the smoke rising from the concession stand nearby promises something to delight every cowboy.

"This is the best mutton stew you'll ever taste," says Shannan Boyd, as she staples a handwritten sign to the concession stand, announcing that the stew, fry bread and coffee are ready for sale.

"The meat comes from the sheep's backbone, the most flavorful spot," she says. "My mother-in-law boils it for an hour, adds dried corn, then boils it another four hours. It tastes unbelievable. You watch these cowboys line up."

In its 25 years, this event has become a kind of festival of Navajo culture, its namesake a man who served on the Navajo Nation's governing council. Keith J. Boyd, John Boyd Jr.'s uncle, who died in the mid-1970s, was himself a cowboy from Greasewood Springs, and one of the founders, in 1957, of the All Indian Rodeo Cowboys Association.

But more than that, he was a community leader.

"When I was young in the 1960s, I remember him as such a gentleman cowboy," says Herbert Yazzie, whose sons compete in the Boyd rodeo. "He wore a Silver Belly cowboy



Horsemanship has always been part of the Navajo way.

hat and really cared for his people. He was a role model for young and old alike, and he always had a beautiful horse underneath him.”

When it came time to build this arena, word went out among reservation cowboys that the Boyds needed help. Before long you could see dust billowing from the pickup trucks streaming toward the site.

Navajo cowboys came from all over to offer their skills—carpentry, operating heavy equipment or simply providing strong shoulders—and no money changed hands.

“They came on their own as volunteers,” says John Jr., current president of the AIRCA. “Those cowboys really helped us put this together, and that’s why we work so hard to maintain it.”

Before the 8 P.M. Saturday night start time, John climbs aboard his tractor to spruce up the arena one final time, making sure he fills in potholes and smooths out the ground. He doesn’t want someone’s prized horse suffering a broken leg in his back yard.

That attitude derives from the emphasis Navajo culture places on caring for livestock, and seeing animals as an extension of people’s lives and happiness. In many reservation homes, children know they’re not allowed to eat dinner until after the horses, sheep or cows have been fed.

At Home on the Reins

John Boyd Jr. and his horse position themselves to rope a calf at the 25th annual Keith J. Boyd Memorial Rodeo.

It’s a way of setting priorities, says Navajo elder Jack Jackson, and helping young people find a spiritual path in life.

“When kids have the responsibility of taking care of animals, and are committed to them, they become spiritual people,” says Jackson, a retired politician who served a combined 19 years in the Arizona House and Senate. “You have to be a spiritual person to do it. It teaches responsibility and keeps you close to home. Your livestock sustain you.”

As a boy in the 1940s, Jackson remembers traveling to Winslow from his reservation home, near Dilkon, to compete in horse races. Rodeo was just gaining as a reservation sport, and Jackson says that when he and his buddies heard about the races, they had to compete.

Horsemanship has always been part of the Navajo way, in part out of necessity. With such vast distances to travel, the animals provided a good means of transportation. A love of rodeo grew naturally from that, and today Navajo cowboys rank among the best in the country.

Jackson, now 72, still competes in the Boyd Rodeo’s senior breakaway roping event, in which a cowboy on a stationary horse ropes a calf, and the animal runs until the rope breaks away from the saddle horn.

“I might be getting on in years, but I still like to compete,” says Jackson. Then the old politician adds: “But the best part is coming to see old friends again.”

The party atmosphere gets a boost from a dozen or so huge speakers atop the announcer’s booth. During breaks in the action, you get Merle Haggard singing in his classic, dirt-road baritone, followed by the U.S. Marine Corps anthem played in honor of our troops overseas.

It’s as American as it comes, this rodeo, like John Jr. himself.

He grew up mostly in New Mexico, his dad a rancher, cowboy and stock contractor, his mom a barrel racer and jockey. The family moved to Greasewood Springs when John was a teenager.

His rodeo career has spanned 27 years, during which he has won a nice bundle of money, boxes of belt buckles and bridles, and more than 60 saddles. In addition to a great deal of pride, the saddles have given him a heck of a storage problem. They’re practically busting out of his home and every outbuilding on his ranch.

“I didn’t know what else to do with myself but work stock and rodeo,” says Boyd, whose image adorned billboards around the Big Rez in 1995, when he was named Favorite Indian Cowboy of the year. “It’s all I’ve ever done, so I kept going.”

As he crowds 50, John Jr. sounds like most athletes nearing the end of their most productive days. One minute he remarks that he can keep winning, and the next

he says it’s probably time to step aside to give his boys their shot.

“They’ve been opening gates for me for a long time, so maybe it’s my turn to open gates for them now,” says John Jr.

But son John Boyd III, 22, himself a professional rodeo cowboy, grins broadly when he hears that.

“Dad said he was slowing down until I started doing good on the circuit,” says the ox-strong, 6-foot-2-inch cowboy, known to family members simply as Three (because he is the “third”). “Now he’s getting back in shape to beat me. It’s all about the competition. That’s what I like most. But we help each other, too.”

John III competed in 20 rodeos in 2004, winning \$3,000 at one, \$10,000 at another. Factoring in expenses, he came out \$40 ahead on the year, and couldn’t be happier.

“I didn’t go in the hole and I still had \$40 to play with,” he says, grinning from ear to ear.

Only a cowboy born to the rodeo could find so much satisfaction in that. ■

Tucson-based Leo W. Banks enjoyed watching some of the best Indian cowboys in the country at the Keith J. Boyd Memorial Rodeo. Banks also wrote the “Along the Way” story in this issue.

Edward McCain of Tucson had a great time watching the Boyd rodeo and visiting the Navajo Reservation. He still can’t understand why anyone would try to ride the crazy bull named “Star Wars!”

online
Find a roundup of rollickin’ rodeos at arizonahighways.com (Click on “Wild West Guide”)

Giddyup and Go to a Rodeo

BY CLINT VAN WINKLE

Prescott Frontier Days
PRESCOTT RODEO GROUNDS, JUNE 29-JULY 4. The unique distinction of “World’s Oldest Rodeo” goes to Prescott, a city that first hosted “cowboy contests” on July 4, 1888.
INFORMATION: (928) 445-3103, or toll-free (800) 358-1888; tickets, (928) 445-4320; toll-free (866) 407-6336; www.worldsoldestrideo.com.

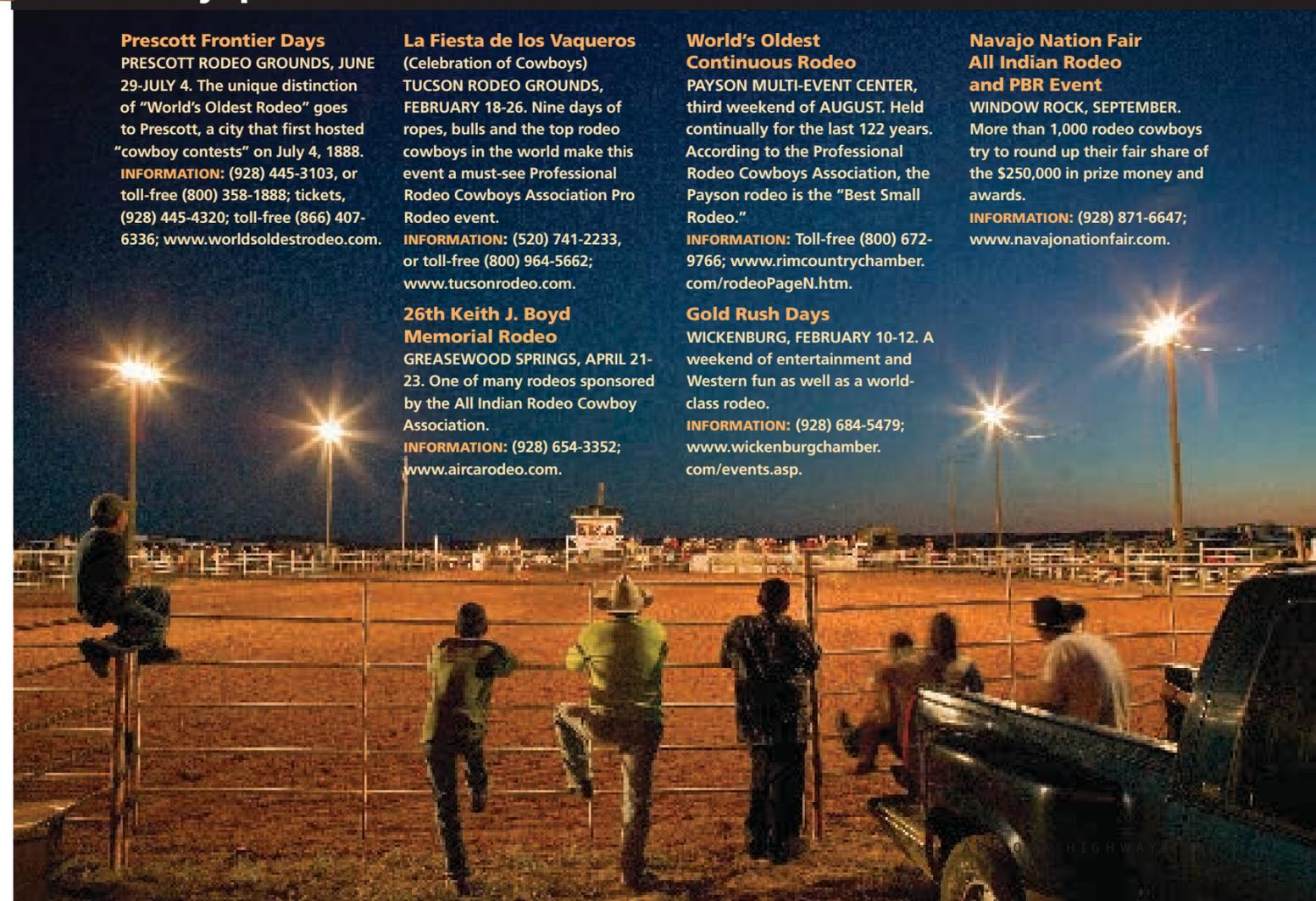
La Fiesta de los Vaqueros
(Celebration of Cowboys)
TUCSON RODEO GROUNDS, FEBRUARY 18-26. Nine days of ropes, bulls and the top rodeo cowboys in the world make this event a must-see Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association Pro Rodeo event.
INFORMATION: (520) 741-2233, or toll-free (800) 964-5662; www.tucsonrodeo.com.

26th Keith J. Boyd Memorial Rodeo
GREASEWOOD SPRINGS, APRIL 21-23. One of many rodeos sponsored by the All Indian Rodeo Cowboy Association.
INFORMATION: (928) 654-3352; www.aircarodeo.com.

World’s Oldest Continuous Rodeo
PAYSON MULTI-EVENT CENTER, third weekend of AUGUST. Held continually for the last 122 years. According to the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association, the Payson rodeo is the “Best Small Rodeo.”
INFORMATION: Toll-free (800) 672-9766; www.rimcountrychamber.com/rodeoPageN.htm.

Gold Rush Days
WICKENBURG, FEBRUARY 10-12. A weekend of entertainment and Western fun as well as a world-class rodeo.
INFORMATION: (928) 684-5479; www.wickenburgchamber.com/events.asp.

Navajo Nation Fair All Indian Rodeo and PBR Event
WINDOW ROCK, SEPTEMBER. More than 1,000 rodeo cowboys try to round up their fair share of the \$250,000 in prize money and awards.
INFORMATION: (928) 871-6647; www.navajonationfair.com.





Struggle to Preserve Both the Land and a Way of Life

Cowboys and Environmentalists Call Off
the Range War to Find Common Ground

BY TERRY GREENE STERLING PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID ZICKL



Shortly after sunrise, I sip hot coffee and stand on the flank of an ancient lava flow, listening to the ranch wake up. Hunting hounds howl from their pens, mules paw the metal-pipe corrals with their hooves, a windmill groans, something whistles—a dove flying toward a sea of high-desert grassland stretching to slate-colored mountains biting into the lavender sky. Such big, brutal, fragile landscapes kindle in me a homesickness that I cannot allay, a yearning for my childhood home on a northern Arizona cattle ranch. But I have no home here. I have come to these Malpai Borderlands in southeastern Arizona as a tourist, a voyeur with a laptop tasked with learning about how this land could be lost forever and about the people who struggle to save it.

These grasslands have attracted visitors for 10,000 years. They came first to hunt game with spears and stones, camping at springs still seeping up from igneous cracks in the earth. The 16th-century Spanish explorers called the borderlands Mala Pais, “bad country.” The porous lava malpais rock, which is the color of cayenne and charcoal, made rough travel for the conquistadores.

Today, state lines and a national boundary bisect the Malpai Borderlands, which encompass about 800,000 acres that stretch north-east from the U.S.-Mexico border near the town of Douglas into south-eastern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico. The land straddles other, more delicate borders. It sits at the convergence of several habitats—the Sierra Madre Mountains, the Rocky Mountains, the Chihuahuan Desert and the Sonoran Desert. The flora and fauna are diverse. Jaguars occasionally roam here. The rare and endangered pincushion cactus grows here. Fragile frogs and endangered rattlesnakes survive here. And yes, endangered Arizona cattle ranchers live here, too.

That includes ranchers like Wendy and Warner Glenn, who have already fed me fried eggs and toast because they breakfast always at 5 A.M. so they can begin their ranch work soon after. Since the Glens were first married in 1960, they have lived on this Malpai Ranch. The Glens are in their 60s now; Warner slender, tall, blue-eyed and unfailingly polite; Wendy short, solidly built, determined, more opinionated and outspoken. Their daughter, Kelly Glenn-Kimbrow, participates in roping events for charity, and also happens to be the poster girl for Ruger Firearms Co. She adeptly shoots weapons bearing that name and helps her parents out with cowboying—rounding up cattle, branding, cooking and mending dirt roads shredded by monsoon downpours.

Repairing a road after a heavy rain is not an entirely unpleasant task. Rain is a blessing that nurtures the grasslands. “Please send us some rain and thank you for the rain,” Kelly’s daughter, 10-year-old Mackenzie, will often add to her head-bowed recital of grace before dinner. But even

A Horse of a Different Color

The Malpai Borderlands Group unites ranchers, conservationists, bureaucrats and scientists to preserve the land as both natural wildlife habitat and productive ranch land. Rancher Bill McDonald has been with the group since its creation in 1992.



Ranching Brothers

Brothers Phil and Rob Krentz sold a conservation easement to the Malpai Borderlands Group in 2004 to protect it. Easements such as the Krentzes' help preserve the borderlands from low-budget "wildcat" subdivisions.



blessed rain won't guarantee a modern rancher's survival in the borderlands. Kelly and Warner team up as outfitters and guides for hunters, because, like most borderland ranchers, the Glenns need a second income so they can afford to stay on the land, to which they're as stubbornly rooted as the thorny mesquite.

Ever since the Texas cattle drives of the late 1800s, ranchers have fattened their herds on these great lakes of green and gold, rich with tobosa, gramas, bush muhley, Arizona cotton top and hog potato grasses. Like the Glenns, many of the Malpai Borderlands ranching families trace their stewardship back for generations to patriarch homesteaders. Each ranch has a heart of private land surrounded by leased federal and state land to make up cattle ranches that range in size from 15,000 to 45,000 acres.

For years, borderland ranchers felt threatened by government regulations, fearful that bureaucrats would run them off the land with the barbed wire of fine print. They felt equally threatened by environmentalists clamoring to evict cattle from public lands. Many distrusted The Nature Conservancy, which had been buying up private land in the borderlands to prevent development. And on top of those pressures, intermittent drought and long-term economic pressures have forced many pioneer ranching families in Arizona, including my own, to sell out.

But after years of fretting, the Glenns and their neighbors launched a counterintuitive quest for survival that began with kitchen-table discussions between ranchers and conservationists at the Glenn ranch. The assigned scribes for the group were Bill McDonald, a conservative local rancher, and the late Jim Corbett, a liberal Tucson Quaker who had helped refugees fleeing Central American wars.

Together, McDonald and Corbett wrote up the group's agenda in 1992. They recognized the conservationists' love of wilderness as "an Eden unspoiled by human sins," and the ranchers' love of "a specific wildland that is one's home." They sought common ground based on love of the land that would both preserve the landscape and its wild creatures and make profitable cattle ranching possible.

In 1994, they formed the nonprofit Malpai Borderlands Group, with headquarters at the Glenn Ranch. The loosely structured group now includes environmentalists, bureaucrats, conservationists, scientists and ranchers.

The group is now known around the world for innovative ecological ranching programs, including the concept of grassbanking—the cooperative shuttling of cattle from drought-stricken ranches to other member ranches that

have sufficient range to graze the animals without harming the grassland. Members have reinvigorated their land with prescribed fires. Their erosion-control programs and efforts to protect the habitat of endangered species have been successful.

You cannot know a landscape until you let it swallow you up. Bill McDonald, whose ranch sits a few miles from the Glenn spread, has a gentle quarter horse for me to ride, a sure-footed gelding named Willie that easily navigates around boulders, yucca stalks, oak trees, mesquite thickets, juniper branches. As a kid, I rounded up cattle on horses like this in land as big as this, and it feels like I am home.

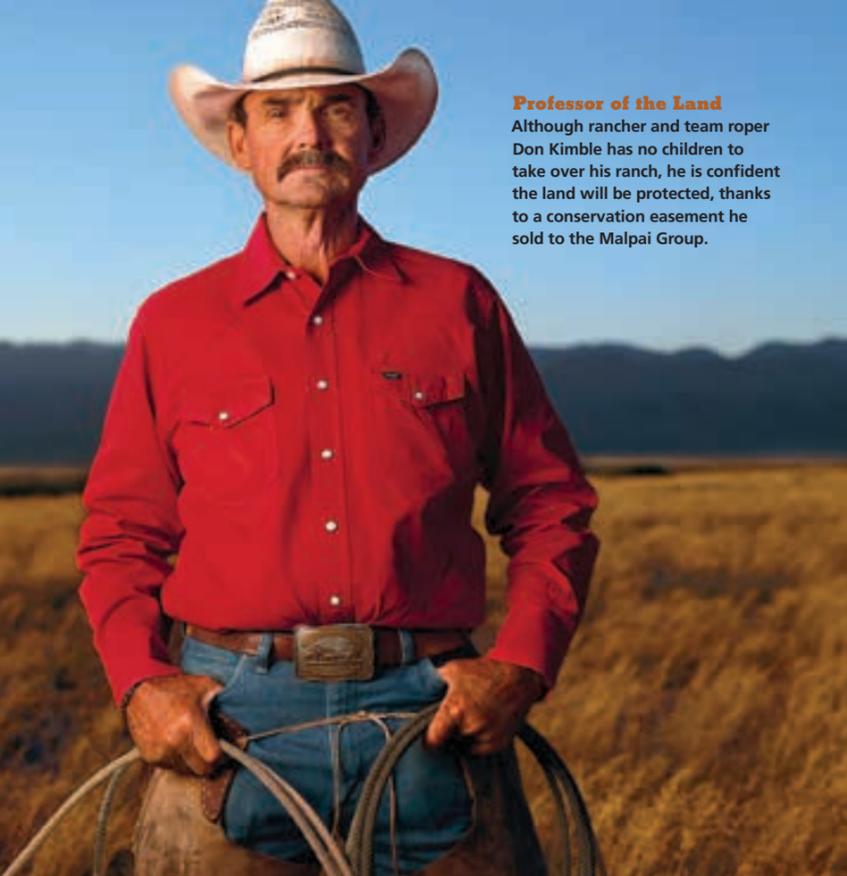
Like most ranchers, McDonald never tires of getting out into the country to check fences, cattle and grassland. McDonald is 6 feet 6 inches tall and shades his blue eyes with a Stetson hat. Today he wears the cowboy's uniform—long-sleeved work shirt, jeans, worn bat-wing chaps, boots. He grew up in towns and cities, but his grandfather's outfit in the borderlands always pulled at



A Family Affair

Mackenzie Kimbro, below, has grown up on ranch work, as did her mother and grandfather, Warner Glenn, left. Easements purchased by the Malpai Group, headquartered at the Glenn Ranch since its inception more than a decade ago, are the best hope to pass on the ranching way of life, according to the group.





Professor of the Land
 Although rancher and team roper Don Kimble has no children to take over his ranch, he is confident the land will be protected, thanks to a conservation easement he sold to the Malpai Group.

him. After graduating from Arizona State University, he returned to his ancestral homeland. A few years later he married Mary, who loves the country, too. McDonald has, out of necessity, returned to the city for grant money, and he was awarded a 1998 MacArthur Foundation “genius” grant for his work advancing ecological ranching.

McDonald dismounts at Cowboy Flat, a table-flat grassland high up over Sycamore Canyon. Just a year before, he helped set this land on fire as part of a 46,000-acre “prescribed burn,” intended to restore grasses debilitated by a century of fire suppression. The new grass shooting up from the ashes nourished both the cattle and the doe and her fawn we see in the distance.

Bill and Mary McDonald have only one child, Sarah, who does not yet know whether she wants to take over the ranch when her father gets too old to run it. But the McDonalds and several other borderland ranchers hope to preserve the land even if their heirs don’t want to be cowboys. Many have sold “conservation easements” to the Malpai Borderlands Group, which holds the easements in trust. So far, the Malpai Group has used \$4.2 million in donated funds to buy conservation easements for 75,000 acres of private land on 13 ranches.

A golden eagle sits on a railroad tie near the Krentz outfit in the San Bernardino Valley in the Malpai Borderlands. Brothers Phil and Rob Krentz ranch their spread, which reaches into the oak and juniper speckled slopes of the Chiricahua Mountains to the north.

The brothers are not twins, but they look the part—stout with blue eyes and matching walrus mustaches. Their family has ranched this land for three generations, but a long drought drove them to the edge. Their only chance lay in selling a conservation easement to the

Malpai Group in 2004. Having protected the land, they are at peace.

Don Kimble, a former college professor and champion rodeo roper, owns a ranch nearby. One day I watch the middle-aged, mustachioed Kimble brand yearlings in his shipping corral. Like so many cowboys, he’d been severely injured. His galloping horse stumbled in a coyote hole and fell on top of him. Kimble now uses an orthopedic stirrup, determined not to let his injury interfere with the life he loves. He has no children and wanted to keep the land free from subdivision after his death, so he sold a conservation easement to the development rights to the Malpai Group. He will die knowing he honored his father and grandfather by protecting this big country.

The endangered Chiricahua leopard frog survives in a water tank at the Magoffin ranch, close by Bill McDonald’s outfit. Anna and Matt Magoffin and their sons, Chris and Mike, for years have struggled to keep the frogs alive, even hauling water to the tank during the drought. With the help of the Malpai Group, the Magoffins worked out deals with federal and state agencies that allow them to water their cattle and care for the endangered frogs.

One day, Anna and I sit at her kitchen table and drink coffee. She is alone, which is not unusual; Matt is off working his second job and the boys are away at college, so many of the ranch chores have fallen on her strong shoulders. She accepts the responsibilities happily, knowing that the family can now afford to stay on the ranch. Selling conservation easements to the Malpai Group helped the Magoffins save their ranch.

Sitting at Anna’s table, I am reminded of a hike I’d taken the day before with Peter Warren, a Nature Conservancy grasslands expert and an active member of the Malpai Group. The Nature Conservancy has mentored the borderland cowboys and helped them create conservation easements. Warren, a city dweller, loves the Malpai Borderlands as much as any cowboy and believes that a forward-thinking rancher is one of the best ways to protect it.

Warren and I, two urban refugees, had hiked in a valley beneath limestone cliffs on the Krentz ranch. We both knew, without saying so, that the rugged, stubborn ranchers have a big fight on their hands. They struggle to save one of Arizona’s last great wild landscapes not just for themselves, but also for those of us in the cities who yearn for such country, and who find comfort knowing that in southeastern Arizona, there is a place called the Malpai Borderlands. ■■

Terry Greene Sterling grew up on an Arizona cattle ranch, and although she lives in Phoenix, ranching is still close to her heart. She has been named Arizona Journalist of the Year three times.

David Zickl of Fountain Hills impressed Warner Glenn with his horsemanship by sitting on horseback while photographing Warner’s daughter, Kelly, while his granddaughter, Mackenzie, was on the ground holding the reins.



Generation Gap
 The Chiricahua leopard frog, which has vanished from 80 percent of its former habitat, found refuge at the Magoffin ranch before it was even listed as endangered. Matt Magoffin, left, with his father, John, and son, Michael, has worked for years to protect the frogs.

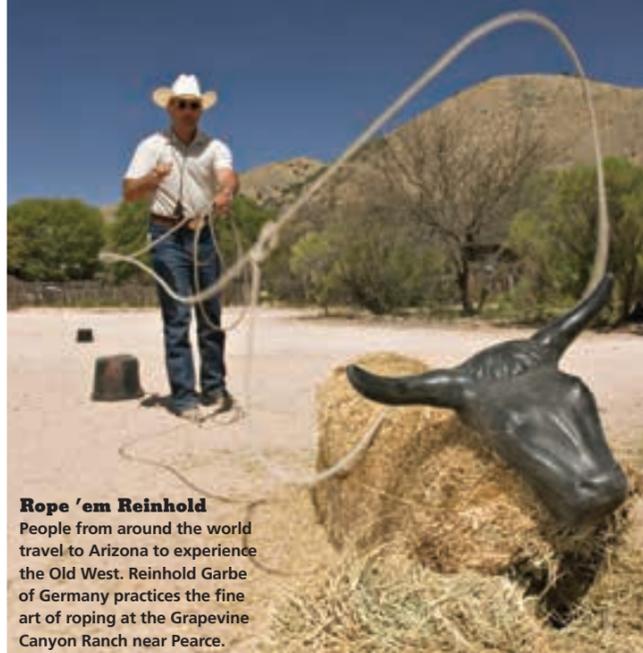


Dude, Where's My Horse?

Wannabe cowboys and a cynical writer seek
the captivating myth of the West in a dude-ranch adventure



Bridle and Groom
Samantha Redman of England, left, grooms her mount after an afternoon ride into the Dragoon Mountains, where the Apache Chief Cochise is buried.



Rope 'em Reinhold
People from around the world travel to Arizona to experience the Old West. Reinhold Garbe of Germany practices the fine art of roping at the Grapevine Canyon Ranch near Pearce.



Giddyup Gals
From Massachusetts, sisters Katie, Amanda and Jenna Clark sport cowboy hats and smiles after riding the Arizona range.



B-b-b-broncs
Rows of horse tack at Grapevine Canyon Ranch are organized alphabetically so dudes can easily find riding gear for the 60 available horses.

A horse has never been my first choice of transportation.

Perhaps it has to do with that endurance trail ride on a borrowed horse I took years ago for some besotted reason. Considering the gait of my horse, I would have had a better ride if I had tied myself to a pogo stick and made my way down 20 miles of cobblestone streets.

Yet, here I was, dauntless in the face of three days on a horse as a dude-guest on the Grapevine Canyon Ranch 80 miles southeast of Tucson. I came prepared—hat and boots, notebook and pen, wrapped in a scratchy cloak of citified cynicism.

As ranch wrangler Rusty Atherton would later muse, “Reality is on the other side of that gate. . . . It’s a rat race.” Yup.

Back in the 1880s, those desperate to escape the cities headed West. Some paid to stay on local ranches. Once back home, people like future president Theodore Roosevelt wrote about their trips—giving birth to the dude-ranch industry.

In 1888, Roosevelt recounted his time on the “seemingly endless plains,” where the men were “as hardy and self-reliant as any man who ever breathed.”

The vision resonated across the planet in magazines, novels, then movies and television. In return, the travelers of the world came to see for themselves.

Eve and Gerry Searle opened their Grapevine Canyon Ranch to visitors in 1985. They didn’t have to create a movie-set-perfect experience for their guests. They already had one.

The ranch stands at true north on the compass of Western history. To the west rises the granite face of the Dragoons, burial place of Cochise. To the south lies the fabled town of Tombstone. To the east stand

the craggy Chiricahua Mountains, home to Fort Bowie where Geronimo finally surrendered. After traveling the world, the eastern European-born Eve settled here with her cowboy-rancher husband.

“You can decompress and live life the way you’re supposed to,” she said of a stay at the ranch.

Many guests arrive “wrapped so tight they’re ready to pop,” commented Adam Mellott, the ranch’s outdoor operations manager—or “barn boss.” He matches horses with guests, hoping those guests will be honest about their riding ability.

“They’re smart,” he said of his horses, which means my horse will have me figured out 15 minutes before I get to the corral—Annie Oakley I’m not.

“Let me clarify,” I announced, hoping to head off disaster. “I am one step up from a beginner.”

I would soon learn that many of my fellow guests had already climbed the whole equestrian ladder. They rode daily and trained their own horses. We met and managed to talk at dinner that night as we shoveled in a dinner of ribs, baked potatoes, corn on the cob and

homemade blueberry cobbler. This is big-sky, big-land and big-food country.

Thomas Fritz, a German businessman whose company makes recreational vehicles, had traveled to the ranch from Munich. On this first trip to the United States, he made a beeline for the West.

“It was a dream for me ever since I was a young guy.”

Fellow German Ulrike Paulus laughed and added, “He wants to be a cowboy.”

Thomas smiled.

A horse trainer by profession, Ulrike made a 26-hour trek from Bremen, Germany. As the four-piece Grapevine Canyon Ranch band played in the ranch’s big living room, she told me she drives a very German Mercedes to work, but a very American Firebird with country music blaring for fun.

As the guitars twanged and the fiddle cried, a group of women from Great Britain joined in the singing while another German, Reinhold Gabel, an equine physical therapist, played the spoons. In this room, we Yanks were in short supply.

“Americans are looking for wide-open spaces,” said Bonnie St. Clair, in charge of ranch reservations and sales. “Europeans come looking for the Old West, cowboys.”

I already knew something about cowboys.

My father cowboy’d awhile in the state of Washington to earn money for his education. When he got off that last horse, he swore he would never get on one again. He knew how bone-breaking hard that work could be, days, weeks, months spent in the saddle.

But, hey, if you wannabe a cowboy, fella, you’re gonna have to ride. At the Grapevine, you get the opportunity.

You ride out after breakfast, again after lunch. You ride all day, camp, then ride some more. To rest up, you can use your own legs to hike the nearby mountains, drive to a historic site or soak or swim in the ranch’s

small pool. But from Milwaukee to Mongolia, most people come here to sit on a horse.

I managed to make my amateur ranking obvious the moment I mounted. I used the horn to hoist me up and over, a cowboy no-no. Who knew? As it turned out, not too many of the guests.

These true equestrians might make a splendid showing riding over manicured hill and mowed dale, but most rode English-style—on saddles that look like dollops of leather licorice, with stirrups hitched short and reins held taut. Now they had to cope with our big-horned working saddles, long stirrups, loosely held reins and the ever-so-trail-savvy horses.

“Relaxed,” Thomas happily pronounced of his first experience with the Western style and the nature of the horses.

Yes, and that word certainly applied to the one I was assigned. Dakota, a quarter horse gelding as shiny as a new penny, moseyed along like the last horse behind a herd on its way to market. Now, why would this be a good match? He seemed, frankly, stubborn. He certainly left an impression.

Muscles I never knew I possessed made a horrific premier performance on the dawn of my second day. Ride? Could I walk?

“Don’t talk to me about pain . . .” muttered Bob Redman as I began recounting my travail of agony.

Residents of London, Bob, Suzanne and their daughter, Samantha, had come to the ranch for their second visit, impelled by Samantha’s love of riding, Suzanne’s interest in Western history and Bob’s desire to get out of a car after driving down from the Grand Canyon.

He compared his first ride to that of “straddling three chairs at a time.” Still, in the best Western tradition, he rode again.

We went out in small groups, some heading up to high grass country, others down into a canyon. Another group broke into a long, loping ribbon along a ranch

If you have a hankering to trade in your Palm Pilot for a palomino pony and a home on the range, we've seldom heard a discouraging word about these outfits sanctioned by the Arizona Dude Ranch Association.

Bellota Ranch, Tucson

Quaint, secluded, historic—standing since 1890 in the Santa Catalina and Rincon mountains—Bellota Ranch has ample outdoor activities plus romantic desert bungalows. Open year-round. **RATES:** \$235 to \$270. **INFORMATION:** toll-free (800) 234-DUDE (3833); www.bellotaranch.com.

Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia

In operation since 1926, the Circle Z Ranch ropes in vacationers with its impressive location next to the Patagonia Nature Preserve. On the ranch reside two registered National Champion Big Trees—the Fremont cottonwood and the velvet ash—the largest specimens of their species growing in America. Open October 31 through May 15. **RATES:** Three-night minimum stay, \$390 to \$707. **INFORMATION:** toll-free (888) 854-2525; www.circlez.com.

Elkhorn Ranch, Tucson

Elkhorn Ranch focuses on horseback riding, leading wandering dudes through scenic canyons, mountain passes, serene valleys and open desert 51 miles southwest of Tucson. Open mid-November through April. **RATES:** Six-night minimum stay, \$1080. **INFORMATION:** (520) 822-1040; www.guestranches.com/elkhorn.

Flying E Ranch, Wickenburg

Flying E Ranch emphasizes the “home” in home on the range, making weekend wranglers feel as comfortable on the ranch as they do in their own dens. In the heart of picturesque Hassayampa Valley, this ranch offers luxury resort amenities in the wide-open West. Open November 1 through May 1. **RATES:** \$165 to \$235. **INFORMATION:** toll-free (888) 684-2650; www.flyingranch.com.

Grapevine Canyon Ranch, Pearce

Located in the Dragoon Mountains 80 miles southeast of Tucson, Grapevine Canyon Ranch specializes in individual equestrian experiences. Whether a greenhorn in the saddle or veteran trailblazer, riders from all walks of life have a galloping good time. Open year-round. **RATES:** \$178 to \$238. **INFORMATION:** toll-free (800) 245-9202; www.gcranch.com.

Kay El Bar Guest Ranch, Wickenburg

Riding the trail since 1926, the Kay El Bar Guest Ranch makes guests feel like family. Listed on the National Register of Historic Places, this ranch offers authenticity and leisure, hand in hand. Open mid-October to May 1. **RATES:** \$200. **INFORMATION:** toll-free (800) 684-7583; www.kayelbar.com.

Lazy K Bar Ranch, Tucson

Don't let the name fool you. There's plenty to do at the Lazy K Bar Ranch, including trail-riding, skeet-shooting, rodeo games and hiking. With ideal weather throughout the year, rest assured that at the Lazy K Bar, the skies are not cloudy all day. Open year-round. **RATES:** \$160 to \$250. **INFORMATION:** toll-free (800) 321-7018; www.lazykbar.com.

Price Canyon Ranch, Douglas

Nestled in the Chiricahua Mountains, Price Canyon Ranch offers guests a chance to ride with a purpose. Go along with ranch hands on cattle drives and chores, or take leisurely rides at this southeastern Arizona working ranch. No need for television at this Western wonderland; the activities and scenery are entertainment enough. Open year-round. **RATES:** Three-night minimum stay, \$675. **INFORMATION:** toll-free (800) 727-0065; www.pricecanyon.com.

Rancho de la Osa, Sasabe

Originally built by Father Eusebio Francisco Kino as an outpost mission, Rancho de la Osa's hacienda has withstood the test of time and even gunfire from Pancho Villa's revolutionaries. With authentic Old West memorabilia and stunning riding trails, this ranch would make Zane Grey happy. Open year-round. **RATES:** \$250 to \$315. **INFORMATION:** toll-free (800) 872-6240; www.ranchodelaosa.com.

Rancho de los Caballeros, Wickenburg

In honor of the Spanish *caballeros*, “gentlemen on horseback,” the ranch caters to cowboys with golf clubs. A true oasis in the dusty desert, Rancho de los Caballeros boasts a lush 18-hole championship course that *Golf Digest* named “one of America's Top 75 Resort Courses,” plus trail rides and traditional ranch fun. Open October 11 to May 14. **RATES:** \$259 to \$289. **INFORMATION:** toll-free (800) 684-5030; www.SunC.com.

Sprucedale Guest Ranch, Alpine

Better catch your breath after seeing the magnificent view of the White Mountains surrounding this range because Sprucedale Guest Ranch offers many unique activities to keep you hopping. Cow-milking, gymkhana rodeos, Western dance lessons and branding provide fun for cowboys young and old. Open late May to mid-September. **RATES:** Three-night minimum stay, \$285 to \$405. **INFORMATION:** (928) 333-4984; www.sprucedaleranch.com.

Tanque Verde Ranch, Tucson

Far from the concrete jungle, Tanque Verde Ranch is a wildlife-lover's dream. With neighboring mountain lions, coyotes, bobcats, javelinas and other beasts crouched in the surrounding Sonoran Desert, you can forget about keeping up with the Joneses, but remember to keep a close watch for the lions. Open year-round. **RATES:** \$260 to \$320. **INFORMATION:** toll-free (800) 234-DUDE; www.tvgr.com.

White Stallion Ranch, Tucson

It's not just the deer and the antelope that play on this range. White Stallion Ranch has a multitude of distractions for weekend wranglers, including tennis courts, hayrides, cookouts and a unique petting zoo with animals from around the globe. Open September 1 to mid-June. **RATES:** \$142 to \$207. **INFORMATION:** toll-free (888) 977-2624; www.wsranch.com.

Cowboy Dreams

As the sun sets over the Dragoon Mountains, riders follow a ridgeline as they head back to the corral at Grapevine Canyon Ranch in southeastern Arizona.

*** Most rates are based on adult single occupancy for one night and vary by season and accommodations. In some cases a minimum stay is required. See individual Web sites for detailed rate information.



The Apprentice
Wrangler Rusty Atherton, above and below, shows the ropes to guest Samantha Redman as they gallop along a trail near the ranch.



‘It’s a sanctuary,’ said wrangler Rusty Atherton.

road. We rode in single file or in sets of two. Wranglers watched everything, the horses, the land before us, the stragglers behind. The line between staff and guests disappeared. We shared the rides, the meals, the stories.

Like the cowboys of old, wrangler Jim Brady just showed up one day looking for work. Bonnie in the office came first as a guest, went home to Louisiana, made some decisions and came back to join the staff.

“It’s a sanctuary,” said wrangler Rusty Atherton.

Many people have a hard time leaving this safe haven. On my first day, I watched as the women from Great Britain cried openly as they said their goodbyes.

“What ever happened to the stiff upper lip you Brits are known for?” I asked Bob Redman as we rode into the foothills of the Dragoons.

“That’s the upper one,” he threw back over his shoulder. “It’s the lower one you watch.”

On my last full day at the ranch, I opted for a daylong ride. At one high point, we could see the land stretching to the eastern horizon, layer upon layer of color, shading from brown to gold to green to blue to purple and on out to the gray wall of the Chiricahuas. We passed a cow getting ready to give birth. The other good ladies of the herd turned to watch us. We stopped to eat our sandwiches, sitting in the shade of a massive oak tree. Our horses stood nearby.

You know, my dad did get back on a horse again, years later, to ride with his daughter in the mountains of central Mexico. A short but good ride. Now, I remounted my horse for the last time.

I had learned something about Dakota. He liked my singing. But I didn’t sing on this last ride, just patted his fine copper neck. As we moved on together, I felt the sun on my shoulders.

That heavy cloak of cynicism I had worn on my way into the ranch had finally, if temporarily, fallen away. ■■■

Kathleen Walker of Tucson has spent more than two decades, in the saddle and out, writing about the people and the places of Arizona. She now contemplates taking herself and her new muscles back to the Grapevine.

Father and son Don and Ryan Stevenson of Tempe and Flagstaff teamed up for the first time to photograph this story. Don has been an Arizona Highways magazine contributor since 1985. Ryan graduated last year from Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff with a degree in photography.



HEART OF STONE
In a western view from Massai Point, a brilliant sunset warms Chiricahua National Monument's Wonderland of Rocks. The vista beyond comprises Sulphur Springs Valley and the Dragoon Mountains.

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

THE LONG VIEW

A Veteran Photographer Samples Some of Arizona's Best Vistas



A PORTFOLIO BY JERRY SIEVE

Why do we always toil upward, driven by the compulsion to reach the top where the earth drops away and we teeter at the focal point of the fisheye lens of our imaginations? Certainly, the 100-mile view from the top of the mountain has always drawn photographers, who sidelight and save our sighs and hopes. Perhaps such a view shrinks our problems to proper size. Perhaps we are secretly reassured to know we can spot the stealthy approach of an enemy still 50 miles off. Or perhaps it is the single place from which we can get the best view of creation. In any case, photographer Jerry Sieve has been gathering such long views for 28 years, and we present here some of his favorites, from the top of a 3,000-foot-tall cliff in the Grand Canyon to the Mogollon Rim. Study the view until you either solve the riddle of our compulsion or are overcome by the urge to toil toward the top yourself.

ROCKY EARTH

At its unnamed peak, the rugged Crater Range, above, in the Barry M. Goldwater Air Force Range, reaches only 1,838 feet, but provides a commanding view of the low desert surroundings where saguaros thrive in the rocky earth.

TOP OF THE WORLD

More than 8,000 feet high, remote Marble Viewpoint, right, in the Kaibab National Forest, rewards visitors with a long-distance panorama that includes Saddle Mountain Wilderness, Vermilion Cliffs, Painted Desert, Grand Canyon and Navajo Mountain.

■ To order a print of these photographs, see page 1.



ON THE BORDER

Sunrise light fills the recess of a shallow stone cave in Cabeza Prieta National Wildlife Refuge with a sweeping view of the Sierra Pintada near Arizona's border with Mexico.

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





EMERALD PROSPECT

Standing atop the escarpment of the Mogollon Rim at Military Sink Hole, above, yields an emerald prospect of the world's largest ponderosa pine forest spread far below. The vista takes in glimpses of Hellsgate Wilderness, Pleasant Valley and the Sierra Ancha.

VERTICAL DROP

Toroweap Overlook on the Grand Canyon's North Rim, left, soars to 6,073 feet in elevation with a vertical drop of a half-mile to the Colorado River below. The sheer cliff at Toroweap Point can bring visitors to their knees as vertigo sets in.

■ To order a print of these photographs, see page 1.

Artist by Day, Man Tracker by Night

Amil Pedro Applies Ancient Skills
to Modern Tasks

by Pauly Heller
photographs by David Heller

The ringing telephone jangles him awake at 2 A.M. Amil Pedro leaps out of bed and throws on jeans and a tan shirt—the uniform of a man tracker with the Maricopa County Sheriff's Posse Desert Search Unit. He grabs his flashlight, Power Tracker tool and some drinking water, and drives to a command post to meet the helicopter that will fly his team to a remote search site.

A former maintenance technician by day and man tracker by night—how did this Maricopa-Quechan-Cahuilla Indian, who is a teacher at heart, acquire his Indiana Jones-like identity?

Reared on the Gila River Indian Community, Pedro often accompanied his great uncle on searches for strayed livestock, picking up tracking skills along the way. Later, he tracked his friends through the desert for fun.

His family lived in a former barracks of a World War II Japanese internment camp, where his mother reprimanded him for scribbling on his bedroom walls. So he climbed high into the ceiling rafters and drew on them and

Eagle Liberator Released from its captivity as a common gourd, an eagle takes flight as a work of art in the hands of its creator, Amil Pedro.



on brown paper shopping bags instead.

Pedro's persistence as an artist paid off. By age 13, he was selling his watercolors at local art shows. "Go outside and draw what you see around you," some "big guys" at a national art show in Scottsdale told him. What Pedro sees is reflected in the meticulous detail of his artwork, which has twice won the Arizona Governor's Award for Excellence. He taught himself to flint-knap arrowheads and knives, using a hard object to chip away bits of stone to form a blade. He crafts bows, arrows, headdresses and spear-launching weapons called atlatls.

His eye for detail served him well in his 23-year volunteer service with the DSU. Not everyone can probe the pitch-black desert with a flashlight and discern the subtle clues in bruised blades of grass or tattered spiderwebs, while using the Power Tracker to measure footprints.

"As people tire, their stride gets smaller," Pedro says. A person carrying something heavy, like a gallon of water, leaves a deeper footprint on one side. "When [illegal immigrants] come across the border, they walk so far, then set down their water jug. People drop things—pencils, glasses, pieces of paper, even cameras. At night, they stumble over things in the dark, dislodge rocks."

Pedro's wife, Anne Powers, remarks on her husband's ability to focus, saying, "He blocks everything else out."

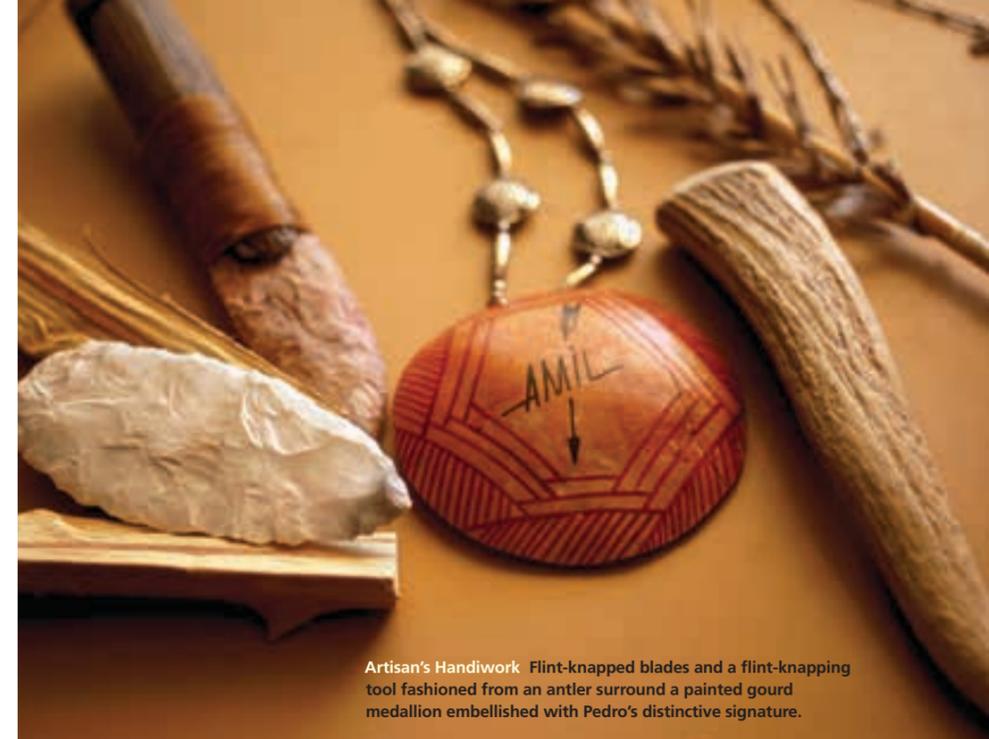
A quiet, thoughtful man, Pedro simply says, "You have to keep your eyes and ears open—just think. Look for something that doesn't belong—a thread, a cigarette butt. Where you step in the brush, it's a different color, wilted."

Some searches are for missing hikers. "You have to think like a lost person," Pedro says. "They run out of water. Their thinking is slow. They take off their shoes, their clothes, because they're hot."

Other people don't want to be found. Pedro heard of a man hiding inside a hollow tree who was detected by the movement of his eyeball as he peeked through a knothole.

Is there danger out there tracking criminals? "No one ever took a shot at me," Pedro says. Any threat at night comes from snakes, bears and coyotes.

These days, having retired and moved from Maricopa County in 2004, Pedro



Artisan's Handiwork Flint-knapped blades and a flint-knapping tool fashioned from an antler surround a painted gourd medallion embellished with Pedro's distinctive signature.



Ancient Heritage The throws Pedro designed for the Sheraton Wild Horse Pass Resort display a Pima platter symbolizing the Gila River Indian Community, a mustang for the horses that still run wild on the surrounding land and a jug representative of Maricopa Indian pottery.

devotes his time to his true passion: preserving tribal traditions through his art. Proceeds from sales of *Gila River Dreams*, a blanket he designed for the Sheraton Wild Horse Pass Resort and Spa southeast of Phoenix, go toward enhancing the arts and culture for tribal youth.

On a hot July afternoon in a reservation schoolroom, the soft-spoken artist guides a dozen teenage students through the process of transforming ordinary gourds into works of art. His charges are absorbed by their tasks. With a scratchy-scratchy sound, a couple of them file away rough spots on their gourds.

Using a specially designed minidrill,

Pedro cuts out a turtle shape from a gourd; then Anne scrapes away its pungent-smelling fibers and seeds. She'll take the gourd home and let Chai tea steep inside it to sweeten its scent.

Pedro demonstrates how to daub on colorful leather dyes, spray with alcohol, then polish a gourd to a crystal-clear finish. He helps a girl carve around metallic-colored stars on her gourd and discusses design possibilities with others. Their finished projects will look like ceramic pots, but will weigh just a few ounces.

Lana Chanda, director of employment and training for the Gila River Indian Community, praises Pedro. "A lot of masters guard their secrets. But that's not the Native way. Any one of these kids could be his competition."

He demurs, saying, "I show them different things you can do: cut it, paint it, rub it, dab it . . . different techniques. But when you let 'em go, they have their own ideas. When I show them something, they'll turn around and do something better."

But his wife, Anne, can't resist bragging. "He had nothing," she declares. "There was no one who walked up and said, 'Oh, little boy, you're so talented—here's a tablet and pencil.' I'm really proud of that fact, because he just never had that opportunity, and he wants others to have it."

Like Indiana Jones, this teacher is full of creative ways to achieve his goals. ■

Pauly Heller is an editorial assistant at Arizona Highways magazine and wishes she had Amil Pedro's talent for drawing horses.

David Heller of Phoenix is also a guitarist. He was impressed by Pedro's peaceful nature and his multiple talents and abilities.

Dinosaur Tracks face underwater disappearance

A photographer hastens to document stunning saurian trackways before a rising Lake Powell reclaims them

By SCOTT THYBONY Photographs by ANDRE DELGALVIS

LAWYER-TURNED-PHOTOGRAPHER and saurian enthusiast Andre Delgalvis floated on the canyon-walled depths of Lake Powell and worried about the deepening snowpack on the distant crests of the Rocky Mountains. He knew he didn't have much time left.

Soon the snow would melt, the lake would rise and the dinosaur tracks he'd spent the last two years discovering and documenting would once again begin disappearing beneath the deep-blue surface of Lake Powell.

After six years of extreme drought, the lake hit a low of 145 feet below full pool on April 8, 2005, revealing traces of ancient life for the first time in decades. Now he was racing the rising water to document as many of his discoveries as possible. In mid-May he called me from his houseboat using a satellite phone. "In a day or two," he said, "one of the main track sites will be covered. It's coming up fast."

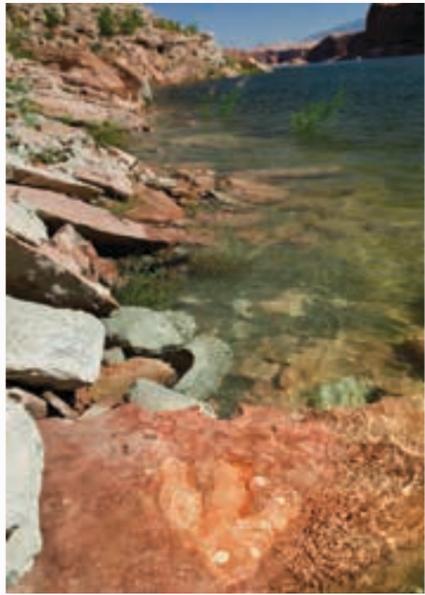
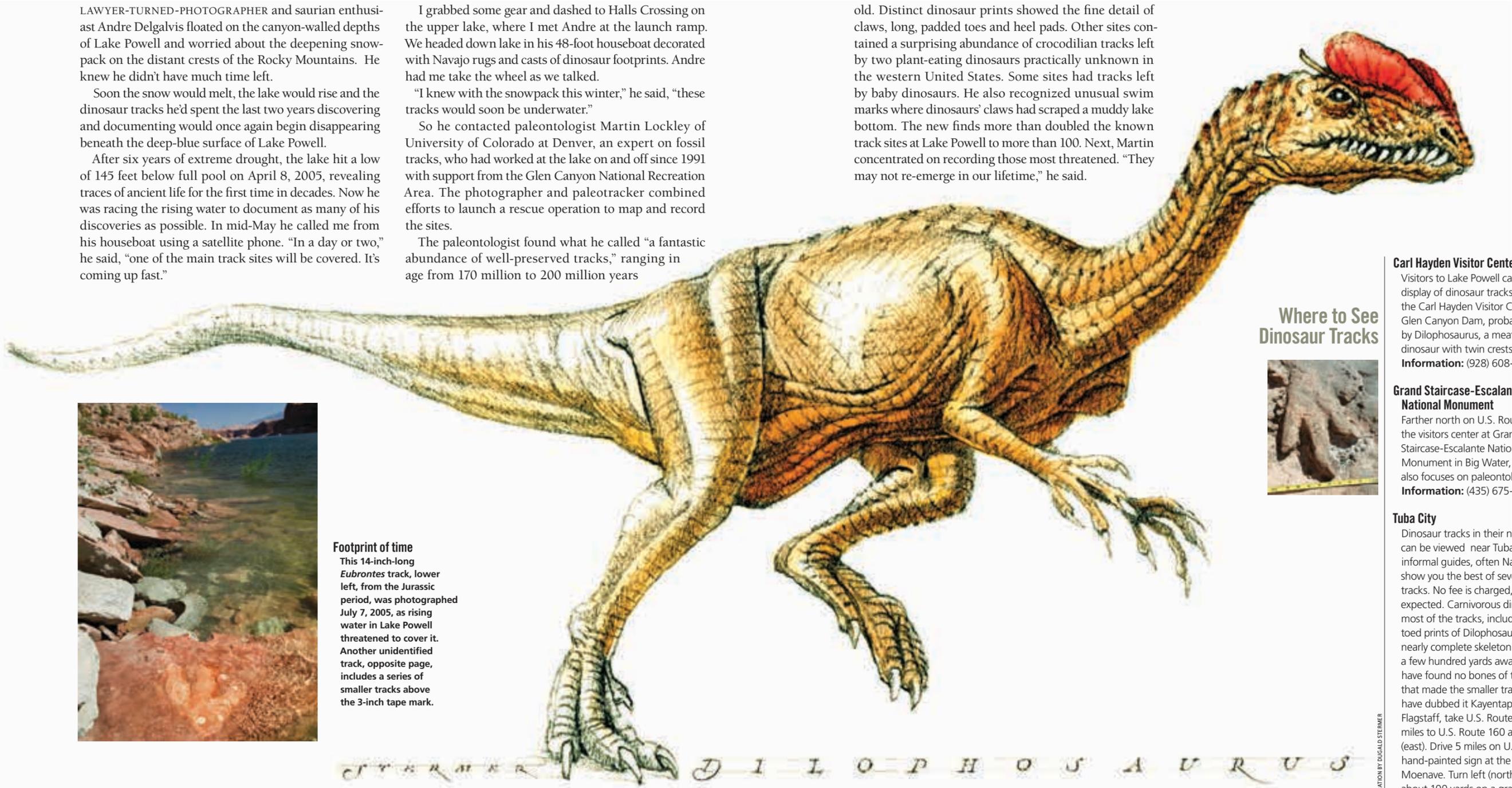
I grabbed some gear and dashed to Halls Crossing on the upper lake, where I met Andre at the launch ramp. We headed down lake in his 48-foot houseboat decorated with Navajo rugs and casts of dinosaur footprints. Andre had me take the wheel as we talked.

"I knew with the snowpack this winter," he said, "these tracks would soon be underwater."

So he contacted paleontologist Martin Lockley of University of Colorado at Denver, an expert on fossil tracks, who had worked at the lake on and off since 1991 with support from the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area. The photographer and paleotracker combined efforts to launch a rescue operation to map and record the sites.

The paleontologist found what he called "a fantastic abundance of well-preserved tracks," ranging in age from 170 million to 200 million years

old. Distinct dinosaur prints showed the fine detail of claws, long, padded toes and heel pads. Other sites contained a surprising abundance of crocodilian tracks left by two plant-eating dinosaurs practically unknown in the western United States. Some sites had tracks left by baby dinosaurs. He also recognized unusual swim marks where dinosaurs' claws had scraped a muddy lake bottom. The new finds more than doubled the known track sites at Lake Powell to more than 100. Next, Martin concentrated on recording those most threatened. "They may not re-emerge in our lifetime," he said.



Footprint of time
This 14-inch-long *Eubrontes* track, lower left, from the Jurassic period, was photographed July 7, 2005, as rising water in Lake Powell threatened to cover it. Another unidentified track, opposite page, includes a series of smaller tracks above the 3-inch tape mark.

Where to See Dinosaur Tracks



Carl Hayden Visitor Center

Visitors to Lake Powell can view a display of dinosaur tracks outside the Carl Hayden Visitor Center at Glen Canyon Dam, probably made by *Dilophosaurus*, a meat-eating dinosaur with twin crests on its head.
Information: (928) 608-6404.

Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument

Farther north on U.S. Route 89, the visitors center at Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument in Big Water, Utah, also focuses on paleontology.
Information: (435) 675-3200.

Tuba City

Dinosaur tracks in their natural setting can be viewed near Tuba City where informal guides, often Navajo children, show you the best of several hundred tracks. No fee is charged, but a tip is expected. Carnivorous dinosaurs made most of the tracks, including the three-toed prints of *Dilophosaurus*, whose nearly complete skeleton was excavated a few hundred yards away. Scientists have found no bones of the dinosaurs that made the smaller tracks there, but have dubbed it *Kayentapus*. From Flagstaff, take U.S. Route 89 north 60 miles to U.S. Route 160 and turn right (east). Drive 5 miles on U.S. 160 to the hand-painted sign at the turnoff to Moenave. Turn left (north) and drive about 100 yards on a graded dirt road.
Information: (928) 283-3284.

ILLUSTRATION BY DUGALD STERMER

Racing against water

A sandstone slab, below, and the tracks it holds were swiftly covered by rising water. This picture was taken June 6, and by July, the slab was more than 20 feet underwater.

In May, before the slab was covered, center, Dr. Martin Lockley, professor of geology and director of the Dinosaur Tracks Museum at the University of Colorado at Denver, used an acetate sheet steadied by volunteer Mac McCarthy to trace an outline of the trackway.

At bottom, Lockley maps a trackway.



Now, Andre and I chugged across the deep blue water into a red canyon, etched with the white band denoting the last high-water mark. “The lake is what drew me here,” Andre said. “It’s a beautiful place.”

Mid-50 with a gray ponytail and John Lennon sunglasses, Andre had given up his law practice in Pennsylvania after moving to Grand Junction, Colorado. Initially, he commuted to handle his law cases, but soon yielded to his love of photography. Then in July 2003 he found his first dinosaur track.

Paddling along the shore of Lake Powell in a kayak, he spotted two curious markings on a rock slab. “I was puzzled at first,” he said. “One of them could have been a cowpie for all I knew, but the other looked like a track.” As he pored over a picture of the rock, he concluded they were dinosaur tracks. “It was the start, of a real adventure.”

For two years, he scoured the most likely locations along a portion of the lake’s 1,960-mile shoreline and turned up hundreds of fossil footprints, some chicken-sized, some 17 inches from heel to claw. At times it was hard work, but not always. He recalled the night he climbed a high point with his wife, Susan, to savor a bottle of champagne. The moment they popped the cork, he spotted a dinosaur trackway at his feet. “Sometimes they find you,” he said, “instead of the other way around.”

We continued up lake as Navajo Mountain soon came into our view, capped with snow. Near The Rincon, a cutoff meander of the old river, we tied off the boat and took the runabout to go tracking.

The first stop was a major track site on the verge of being inundated, a place only two dozen people had seen. Water lapped at a red ledge stairstepping back from the lake’s edge. Dozens of three-toed dinosaur tracks crisscrossed the rock. Among them lay two offset prints with a straight groove between them, the rare drag mark of a dinosaur’s tail left 190-million years ago.

Long ago, these fossil tracks were perched high on a cliff above the Colorado River, making it unlikely anyone saw them. “I may have been the very first person to ever see these tracks and recognize them for what they were,” Andre said, “and in two days I may be the last person to ever see them again.”

Moments later, a load of boaters joined us to gape at the clawed footprints. “Oh, how wonderful!” said Yvonne Riemersma, from Provo, Utah. She had never seen a dinosaur track in its natural setting. “How often do you get to see dinosaur tracks that will soon be gone?”

Margie Fraser said seeing the ancient prints was “as exciting as Christmas was as a kid.”

A week earlier, Martin and his volunteer crew had pinpointed and mapped the key fossil locations. At this site, they made tracings on acetate sheets and took latex molds of the best trackways. When they finished, Martin glanced at Andre. “Another day, another dinosaur,” he said, packing up his tools.

The next morning, our boat sliced across the still surface of the lake. “It’s like a pool of mercury,” Andre said.

We entered the lake-flooded canyon of the Escalante River and located the gray slab containing Andre’s first track. Next to a huge three-toed track, he pointed to an



Dr. Lockley, Dinosaur Tracker

Dr. Martin Lockley has such a passion for fossil tracks that his business card reads, “Dinosaur Tracker.” In fact, the University of Colorado at Denver geology professor is the only scientist in North America studying dinosaur tracks full time.

He has looked for tracks in the United States, East Asia, Europe, Africa and South America and published more than 400 scientific papers and books.

Studying dinosaur tracks has led to some thrilling moments. When examining one 10-ton block, he found an immense three-toed track measuring 34 inches long. “I looked at it,” he said, “and looked at it, and suddenly realized that’s all it could be — a *Tyrannosaurus rex*.” It is the only *T. rex* track ever discovered.

He has also investigated the smallest of dinosaur tracks. On a beach in South

Korea, he said he “spotted these two tiny, tiny dinosaur tracks that were about an inch long and beautifully preserved on this block that was underwater during high tide. After working in Korea for 20 years, I had never found this type of track. It’s only known from one other place in the world. That was very exciting — this beautiful little track.”

A surge of discoveries has fueled interest in fossil tracks since 1980 when Lockley got started. “One of the great thrills for me,” he said, “has been to discover how amazingly abundant dinosaur tracks are. Just their sheer abundance makes them important in paleontology. Nobody ignores dinosaur tracks anymore. It’s just amazing they could have been neglected when there are literally thousands of sites out there.” — S.T.

extraordinary find I would have missed completely—the footprints and foreleg marks of a crouching dinosaur.

“I get the impression,” Martin told me later, “that what they’re doing is going into the water and squatting down. It’s just conjecture, but I think they may have gone into the water in order to hide and ambush things.” Tracks of a squatting dinosaur are known from only one other place in the western United States.

On our return, Andre motored beneath a projecting ledge and pointed out prints he had discovered on the underside. “I just get a kick out of finding these things,” he smiled. “It’s like an Indiana Jones adventure. I could be sitting behind a desk in a law office right now instead of out on Lake Powell finding dinosaur tracks. Which would you choose?”

Two days later, Andre watched as the rising lake covered the lowest track site, the water seeping inexorably into first the footprints and then the tail mark. “It’s like your kid,” he told me. “I’ve been guarding that spot for two months and—boom! It was gone.”

On the other hand, the burden had been lifted. He had done what he could, and now he would return to his photography—and maybe a little tracking—as the rising water opened new shorelines for exploration. ■■■

Scott Thybony of Flagstaff has been tracking stories around the Southwest for 20 years, and has crossed paths with dinosaur tracks before. He recently wrote about them in The Painted Desert: A Lost Landscape, to be published by the University of Arizona Press.

Andre Delgalvis, who emigrated from Latvia to the United States when he was 4, says that photographing around Lake Powell satisfies his lifelong interest in the earth sciences. He was attracted to the area’s geology and paleontology in the early ’90s.

Hidden once more
Lake Powell winds around Gunsight Butte at sunset, as Navajo Mountain beckons in the background. Andre Delgalvis scoured the area for dinosaur tracks for two years. JERRY SIEVE

Memories of an Arizona Cowboy Live On in Mayer

DRIVING ON STATE ROUTE 69 south of Prescott, I saw the turnoff to the little town of Mayer and was reminded that seven years had passed since I'd last visited. It got me thinking about old Frank Polk, a cowboy and Western artist who'd spent many years there.

He lived right on Central Avenue in the Mayer State Bank Building, built in the 1880s.

It had a big walk-in vault in back where Frank kept his valuables, its walls still plastered with inspection stickers dating to 1918.

At the time of my last visit, I was writing a story on an infamous Prescott madame whom Frank had known and agreed to talk about. Even though in his mid-80s and mostly blind, he still lived alone, a demonstration of the

fierce independence and toughness by which he lived his life. He truly was one of Arizona's most remarkable characters.

I wondered: With Frank gone, what had happened to the bank? I feared that it had been razed, or made modern in some horrifying fashion. The sign hanging outside sounded too cute for comfort. It said, "Lynn's Foliage Bank, Indoor and Outdoor Plants and Gifts."

But I recovered after meeting Lynn Turley, the gracious owner. It turned out that I knew her husband, Paul, from my previous wanderings in the Bradshaw Mountains. He once owned the saloon in Crown King, where I'd happily squandered a buck or two while trying to extract semi-interesting quotes from an assortment of shaggy mountain characters.

What I like about Lynn is that rather than disregarding the past in establishing her business, opened in November 2003, she embraced it. On one wall hangs an enlarged black-and-white photograph of Mayer, published in *Arizona Highways* in May 1960. She also hauled the huge 1890s-era Diebold safe out of the vault for prominent display.

Recently a fellow who travels the world refurbishing safes spotted it through the

window and came in to tell Lynn that it had one of the oldest time locks he'd seen. He offered her \$15,000 for it, and she politely said no. I like that, too.

There on the back wall hangs Frank's portrait. He's staring down with a face that actor Slim Pickens said "looks like it wore out three bodies." Frank lived a big life, full of calamity and camaraderie, horses and women, booze and big hats.

He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1908, and came to Arizona three years later. As a boy, he worked Phoenix-area rodeos with his trained burro and, at 16, he walked into the Palace Bar on Prescott's Whiskey Row and talked the cow boss for the famed Yolo Ranch, at Camp Wood, into hiring him as a cowboy.

"When I was a kid I pretty much thought that if a guy wasn't a cowboy he just didn't amount to doodley-nothin'," Frank once said.

He worked many of the big ranches in Arizona and Nevada before branching into entertainment, making money by doing stunt work in movies like *Beau Geste*, with Gary Cooper, singing on the radio, and as a Grand Canyon dude wrangler.

A taste for whiskey plagued Frank most of his life, and he eventually overcame it through Alcoholics Anonymous. But he also used art to reclaim his soul. He joined the Cowboy Artists of America in 1967, and at the urging of a friend, Prescott artist George Phippen, began casting figures in bronze. His well-regarded pieces added to the recognition he'd already earned through his one-of-a-kind woodcarvings of slot machines.

Lynn and I stood in the historic bank building, kicking around Frank Polk stories, and laughing. Humor was his trademark, and with the life he lived, a downright necessity.

After writing his autobiography in 1981, Frank needed a title, but the publisher wouldn't take his first choice because it involved a four-letter word. He wanted to name it after two things every cowboy saw every day—*Deep Tracks and Thin . . . uh, cow flop*.

But the publisher accepted his second choice, and to my mind, it's the funniest book title ever. A lifelong stutterer, Frank called it, *F-F-F Frank Polk, An Uncommonly Frank Autobiography*.

It doubles me over just thinking about it. Honest, straightforward, take it or leave it, no cow flop. That was Frank. Lynn's a little like that herself, so it makes sense that she'd be keeping the name of this Arizona legend alive—even if it's in a plant shop. ■■



Rodeo star Frank Polk rode bulls in the 1920s at Prescott Frontier Days. SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM ARCHIVES

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Prairie Dogs Look Askance at Black-footed Ferret Comeback

IN A PRAIRIE-DOG town, bad news travels fast. Standing atop the mounds of dirt surrounding the mouths of their burrows, prairie dog sentinels use yips and barks to warn the neighborhood that a coyote is nearby or a red-tailed hawk is overhead. Researchers believe the prairie dogs have specific calls for specific threats.

If so, “black-footed ferret” must be a four-letter word in prairie dog talk.

The ferrets have a simple diet—prairie dogs. Coyotes and hawks will snatch a careless prairie dog in broad daylight, but they mostly eat other small mammals. Not so the ferret. To make matters worse for the daylight-loving prairie dog, the black-footed ferret prowls after dark. So, when Mr. and Mrs. Prairie Dog have settled down for the night safe from Wiley E. Coyote, the skulking black-footed ferret goes dashing from burrow to burrow, sniffing along pitch-black tunnels until it finds its sleeping supper and takes up residence.

Mind you, this is not your kid-brother’s pet. It’s about the same size—maybe 2 feet long and 2.5 pounds—but in the wild, the black-footed ferret is all tooth and fury — one ferocious little carnivore.

So Arizona’s prairie-dog population must have thrown a heck of a party when the last

black-footed ferret disappeared from the state’s grasslands.

But the party proved premature.

These days, the Arizona Game and Fish Department is making a concerted effort to bring back the black-footed ferret. West of Seligman, State Route 66 follows the southern edge of the Aubrey Valley, with prairie-dog mounds visible on both sides of the highway. When the sunlight is just right, metal fences gleam in the middle of the valley to the north—pens holding black-footed ferrets awaiting a return to the wild.

Once upon a time, their range extended from the Yukon to the American Southwest. But progress, poisons and plague decimated prairie dogs and ferrets as farmers and ranchers wiped out the prairie dogs that sometimes turned the grassy plains into hole-studded hazards for cattle. When the campaign of extermination eased, the prairie-dog populations gradually recovered; black-footed ferrets did not. By 1979, they were listed as extinct.

However, in 1981, biologists discovered a few surviving black-footed ferrets hanging on near Meeteetse, Wyoming. When canine distemper swept through even this final population in 1986, biologists rounded up the last 18 left alive to prevent extinction.

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and state agencies like Arizona Game and Fish established a plan to save the ferrets. In September 1996, wildlife managers released 35 black-footed ferrets in the Aubrey Valley. To provide protection and time to get used to their surroundings, biologists built acclimation pens of chicken wire, trenched 18 to 24 inches around the perimeter, so ferrets can’t dig their way out and foxes, coyotes and badgers can’t dig their way in. The pens have an electrically charged wire running close to the ground powered by solar panels and storage batteries. Another set of crisscrossed wires overhead wards off hawks and eagles.

Built on top of an existing prairie-dog town, the acre-sized pens’ interior fences divide into four separate conditioning areas, each with a buried nest box that emulates natural conditions.

Daily, the biologists visit each nest box to feed the ferrets and to remove their scat. The scat provides an early indicator of health problems. After a couple of weeks of monitoring and feeding the ferrets chunks of prairie dog, biologists lock the ferrets out of their nest boxes, forcing them to learn how to navigate the prairie-dog burrows and tunnels for food.

After the ferrets make three live kills, they are released into the wild. They breed in March and

The black-footed ferret was thought to be extinct until 1981, when a small population was discovered in Wyoming. Today, captive-bred ferrets have been reintroduced and started to breed in several sites, like the parents of this pair, below, born in Aubrey Valley near Seligman in northwestern Arizona.

Biologists say the black-footed ferret, opposite page, is an important indicator species for the prairie —when it thrives, it means the whole ecosystem is healthy.



April, and biologists conduct a mid-gestation follow-up check at about 21 to 23 days. At 42 to 45 days, the ferrets give birth to three to five kits.

Because the black-footed ferret is nocturnal, keeping track of the wild population requires special measures. Nocturnal animals have a thin reflecting membrane behind the retina called the *tapetum lucidum*, which causes their eyes to shine visibly when a light hits them. Different species have different colored eye shine. The eyes of a black-footed ferret shine emerald green.

So biologists and volunteers count ferrets by driving dirt roads or hiking across country carrying heavy batteries and lights with which they sweep the landscape, looking for emerald-green eye shine. When they find one, they capture the ferret by placing a custom-made,

baited trap into the burrow. The biologists keep the ferret just long enough for identification and inspection.

Because of a wet winter in 2004-05, prairie-dog numbers are higher in the Aubrey Valley than they have been for the last seven years. The most recent count shows that prairie dogs inhabit more than 43,000 acres there, equating to about three prairie dogs per acre. As for the ferrets, the most recent count in September 2005 identified 68 ferrets living in Aubrey Valley, although biologists suspect the population is larger than the numbers indicate and are encouraged by data that show numbers are on the rise.

In the meantime, the prairie dogs of the Aubrey Valley have discovered to their dismay, that ferret is just another four-letter word. **AH**

Friends of Feral Ferrets

Arizona Game and Fish biologists welcome volunteers to join researchers from across the country to help count ferrets in the Aubrey Valley. The spring 2006 black-footed ferret spotlighting expedition takes place March 15 through 19.

For information, e-mail azferret@gf.state.az.us.

online
Learn about other Arizona
critters at arizonahighways.com

A Journey Through Myth and Sunlight Seeks a Fountain of Youth

A MYSTERIOUS AND SACRED oasis lies deep in the mountains of central Arizona. For nearly a century, a now-historic resort there catered to the likes of John F. Kennedy, Theodore Roosevelt and society-page regulars such as the Rockefellers and the Astors—all fleeing brutal Eastern winters. Come spring, they would return to high society, refreshed, restored and miraculously younger than when they left.

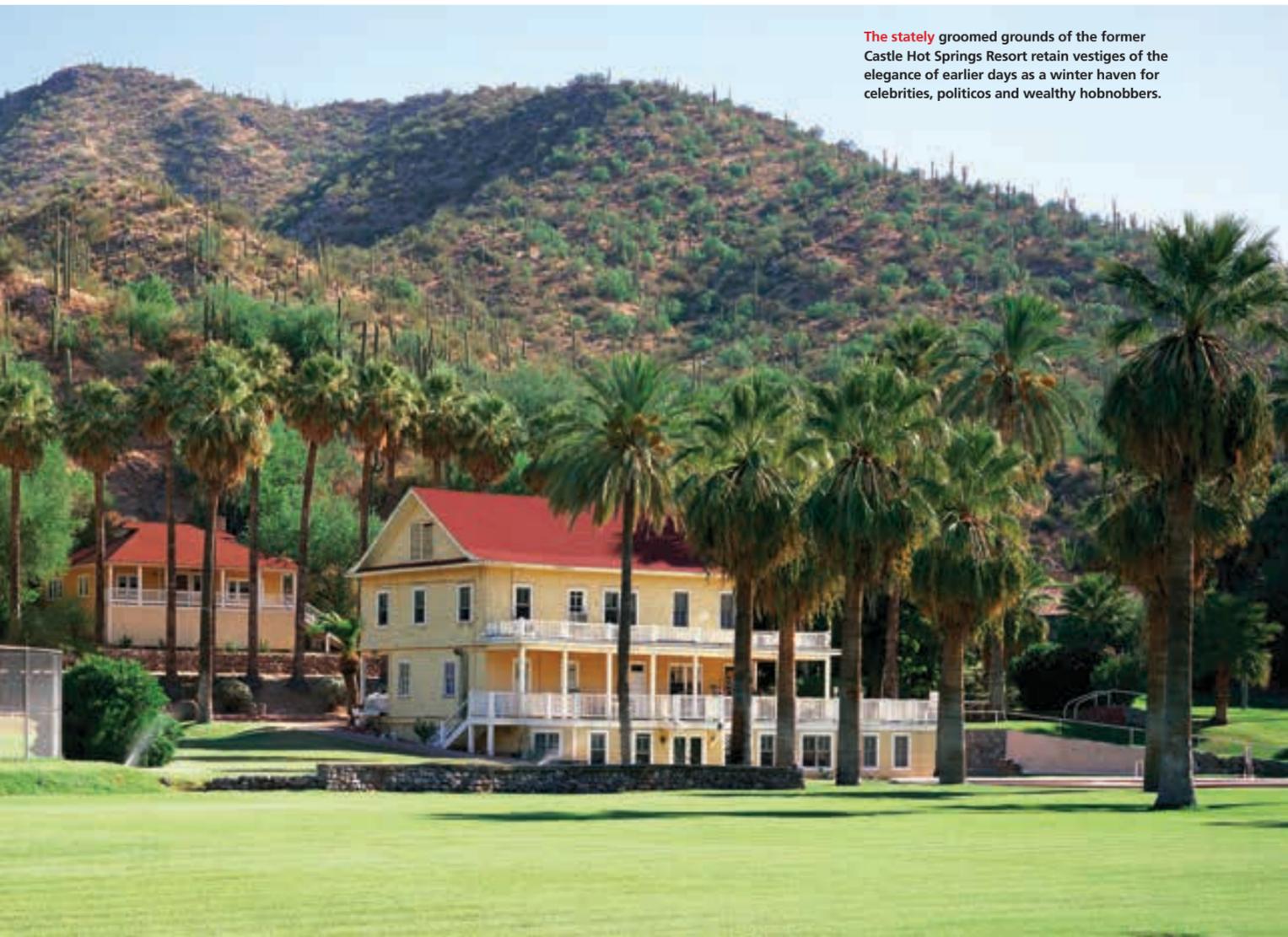
The accounts of the spring-fed fountain of youth at the legendary Castle Hot Springs Resort, which opened in 1896, immediately hooked me. A brochure from the early 1900s reads: “Harmoniously situated in the midst of nature’s marvellous handiwork . . . It is like some enchanted spot one dreams or reads of—it must be experienced ere one can fully appreciate its charms.” Another description plugs the first-class bungalow-style haven as “an

ideal spot for at least nine months of the year, for rest and pleasure, and general recuperation of health,” going on to claim, “the bathing is delightful as well as curative. Many suffering from rheumatism or kidney troubles have been permanently cured and the Springs are becoming famous on this account.”

Anxiously, I read on only to discover to my dismay that a fire gutted the main building in 1976 and the property has been closed to the public ever since. Now I really wanted to go, but it would clearly require an adventure—and plenty of rubbernecking.

On an overcast autumn day, musician and longtime friend Inda Eaton and I head for the foothills of the Hieroglyphic and Bradshaw mountains in pursuit of a rejuvenating ride. To begin, we drive about 37 miles northwest of Phoenix, toward Wickenburg, to Morristown, where U.S. Route 60 and State Route 74 meet.

The stately groomed grounds of the former Castle Hot Springs Resort retain vestiges of the elegance of earlier days as a winter haven for celebrities, politicians and wealthy hobnobbers.



Producing 340 gallons of 131-degree mineralized water per minute, the hot springs were sacred to Apache Indians, who lost them to U.S. troops in 1867.

When Castle Hot Springs, Arizona’s first resort, opened in the late 1800s, Santa Fe Railway trains would take guests from Phoenix to this triangular township—also formerly called Hot Springs Junction. Next morning, they would take a four-hour stagecoach ride almost 24 miles to the resort. Morristown gives us our first clues that a nearby spring of eternal life may actually exist. The place hasn’t gotten any younger but, with a population of 400, it certainly hasn’t grown much since the Rockefellers first set foot there and climbed into their stagecoach a century ago.

Our route, Castle Hot Springs Road, begins just across State 74 from Morristown and will take us northeast into the mountains until we reach the springs. It will then return to 74 near the Lake Pleasant Regional Park, about 35 miles. For the first 2 miles, we cruise over fresh asphalt through a newly developed neighborhood of luxury homes. As the neighborhood ends, the blacktop becomes a graded red dirt road and, though we approach with far more horsepower

and shock absorption than a stagecoach, Castle Hot Springs Road (once touted as “the best road in the Territory”) still promises an “uplifting” adventure.

The road passes through sections of private land and winds past part of the White Picacho mining district overseen by the U.S. Bureau of Land Management. We navigate northeast into the slim valley of the Buckhorn and Hieroglyphic mountains’ foothills, which actually have no hieroglyphics, but do abound with Indian petroglyphs.

The road climbs scenic hillsides and descends into narrow nooks. Around every twist, we revel in the post-monsoon splendor of desert flora and fauna, vibrant after a much-needed autumn drink. Saguaros, cholla, flowering desert shrubs and the bony fingers of deep-green ocotillo offer a majesty of texture and color. Such an outbreak of nature so close to the city’s sweltering chaos makes us feel younger already.

Just under 14 miles northeast of Morristown, we drop into washes where recent rains have



VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: Most of the route is accessible by regular two-wheel-drive passenger cars, but the riverbed

stretch may require four-wheel drive, especially when wet.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: The Castle Hot Springs Resort ruins and the neighboring homes are all on private property. Do not park or camp in these areas.

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: For recreational areas and restrictions, contact the Bureau of Land Management, (602) 417-9200; www.az.blm.gov; or the Lake Pleasant Regional Park, (602) 372-4760; www.maricopa.gov/parks/lake_pleasant/; www.maricopa.gov/parks.

made small pools out of potholes and the road into a sandbox. Here, moist, streamlike stains of sulfur and crusted calcium and magnesium deposits drain down the surrounding iron-rich rock into squishy, verdant beds of spring-fed vegetation in shaded arroyos on either the side of the road. These mountains ooze minerals from their pores.

About 6 miles later, the road bends to the east and forks, where we bear right. About a mile later, we come to another fork and bear right again. We travel along the southern banks of Castle Creek, once sacred to the Apaches who believed its waters contained magical and medicinal properties. The U.S. Army reportedly claimed the waters in 1867 after a bloody battle with the Apaches. During the fighting, Fort Whipple commander Col. Charles Craig climbed to a mountain crest, looked out over the vast

horizon and said, "If we find the headwaters of that creek, boys, we'll call it Castle Springs in memory of this."

Legend claims the water's unique properties healed the wounded soldiers, some of whom supposedly made miraculous recoveries. After that story got around, soldiers made it a point to "drink to the Colonel's 'Castle Hot Springs'."

We follow the signs directing us toward Lake Pleasant, which lead us just north of the rugged Hells Canyon Wilderness. Here, we note telltale signs of a desert oasis in the shape of towering California fan palm trees. The giant 45- to 60-foot-tall trees, scientifically known as *Washingtonia filifera*, line the property of J.L. Bar, a retired cattle ranch built in the late 1800s.

Uphill about a half-mile, the converging Hieroglyphic and Bradshaw foothills begin closing in, and we see the tips of more California



Years of human neglect, termite infestation and a devastating fire resulted in the decay and destruction of most of the resort's buildings, evidenced in this eastern view through a paneless window.

started looking for private investors to buy the resort or commercial investors to help restore it, which means it won't be open to the public again for some while, if at all.

Due to the steep grade and curve of the road (not to mention the fence that clearly reads "Private Property" and "No Trespassing"), our line of sight is limited. We seek a better view of the resort farther south on Castle Hot Springs Road. A few hundred yards past a concrete embankment that extends the length of the property, we find a safe spot on the road from which to gawk at the sprawling estate. From here, it appears just as the brochure said, "like some enchanted spot one dreams

or reads of."

We can almost see the debutantes in their Rose Marie Reid swimsuits lounging by the pool, or JFK volleying on the courts in his crisp white tennis togs, or the wealthy World War I- and II-era vacationers strolling the shaded pathways in their "casual" attire, igniting their *joie de vivre*. Then I turn and look toward the hidden cracks of the spring-bearing hillsides, and I can also imagine those vanished Apache warriors patiently guarding their sacred waters.

We continue down Castle Hot Springs Road toward Lake Pleasant Regional Park along a 3-mile stretch on which the road and the riverbed merge. Fallen debris, puddles and muddy sediment underscore the danger of the route in a rainstorm. Residents note that floods have been known to isolate them for days at a time, which might explain why Castle Hot Springs remains undeveloped.

When we reach State 74, we head east toward Interstate 17. Near 74 and Lake Pleasant Road, we pull into the Wild Horse West restaurant/bait shop/saloon, a favorite of lake-goers. We don't get to sip the restorative waters of Castle Hot Springs, but hot dogs and cold drinks serve in a pinch. And strangely enough, after a day in the myth and sunlight, we do feel miraculously younger. ■

route finder

Note: Mileages and GPS coordinates are approximate.

- > **Begin at Castle Hot Springs Road** at its junction with State Route 74 across from Morristown, which is about 37 miles northwest of Phoenix on U.S. Route 60. (33°51.74' N; 112°36.82' W.)
- > **Drive northeast on Castle Hot Springs Road for 20 miles** and, after the road turns east, bear right at a fork. (34°00.06' N; 112°23.84' W.)
- > **About a mile later, bear right** at another fork.
- > **Continue driving southeast 3 more miles to Castle Hot Springs Resort**, about 23 miles from starting point. (33°58.91' N; 112°21.80' W.)
- > **From the resort, drive southeast about 9 miles** to a guardhouse at a junction with a road leading to Lake Pleasant.
- > **Bear right (south) at the junction**, signed "Castle Hot Springs Road."
- > **Continue south about 5 miles** to State 74. (33°50.08' N; 112°18.94' W.)
- > **To reach Interstate 17**, turn left (east) onto 74 and drive 18 miles.

Saguaro and prickly pear cacti abound in the Sonoran Desert north of Castle Hot Springs Road near Wickenburg.

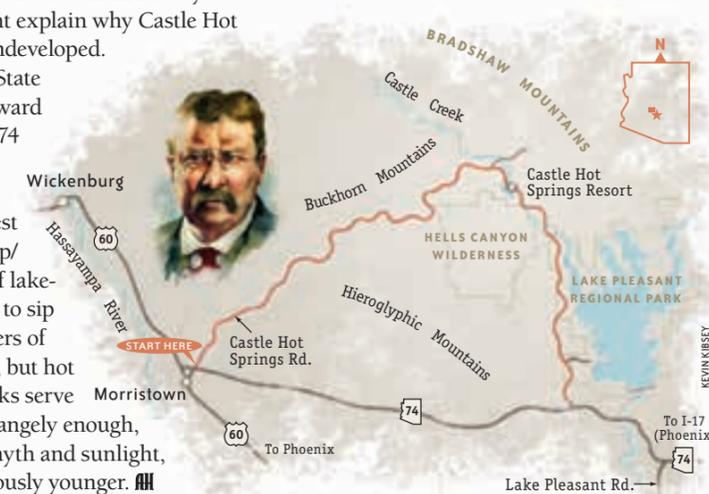


fans, which have the rare distinction of growing naturally near Castle Hot Springs as well as from transplanted seedlings. Like kids at Christmas, we can't wait to see what's under those trees. Perhaps the gift of Castle Hot Springs? At about mile 23 into the drive, there it is.

As the hill sharply descends, parts of the resort appear to our left. We can only imagine what first-time guests felt upon seeing these pieces of paradise after hours of kicking up desert dust. A white wooden fence encloses lush green grass and strategically planted trees that adorn the perfectly manicured grounds. Closest to the road sits the remains of former guest quarters. Beyond the stone shell stands the only remaining private bungalow, saved and renovated by previous owners. Consumed by time and termites, the neighboring historic cottages that once dotted the hillside are now, simply, history—mere piles of rubble awaiting removal.

Because a tree-lined lawn is all that's left of the Palm Building (the heart and soul of the hotel destroyed by fire more than 30 years ago), the property's architectural centerpiece is now a cheery, well-preserved two-story house. Once a recreation hall for guests, the inviting edifice is now home to groundskeepers who have occupied it for nearly a decade.

Flanked by electric blooms of bougainvillea and emerald lawns, the yellow-and-white clapboard structures appear brand-new, but a "private" sign deters exploration. Since 1998, Vermont businessman David Garrett has owned the resort and surrounding acreage. In 2005, he



A Sky Island Trail Flutters With Butterflies and History

WE SET OUT through an almost surreal landscape of blooming pink penstemons, the flowers creating a rosy blush across the eastern slopes of the Huachuca Mountains. Two friends and I embark on the 3.7-mile Perimeter Trail connecting Miller and Carr canyons, with plans for a picnic at the Carr House visitors center at the end of our hike. Hikers can make this a one-way hike by leaving a vehicle at either trailhead.

Starting in Miller Canyon on a breezy day, we head north on the trail. The hillside glows with colors—the pale green and golden grasses of the slope are accented by white rock outcroppings, the darker green of Emory oaks and everywhere, the blooming stalks of waist-high pink penstemons.

We all agree that “pink” falls far short in describing the exquisite color.

“How about magenta or fuchsia?” suggests one of my hiking companions, a high school art teacher. Beginning with “sunset rose,” our descriptions degenerate to “cotton candy” and “bubblegum-pink” before we give it up.

Naming the exact hue is obviously not an issue for the multitudes of butterflies and hummingbirds hovering about the long, trumpet-shaped flowers. A large yellow two-tailed swallowtail butterfly floats by, iridescent blue spots shimmering in the sunlight. Southeastern Arizona is renowned

for hummers and butterflies, with some species found nowhere else in the United States. Most migrate up from the tropics and many don't go much farther than this scattering of mountain ranges in southeastern Arizona.

After an initial short climb, the route levels, following a rolling course in and out of small gullies as it traverses the perimeter of the Huachucas to Carr Canyon Road. The trail offers wide-open vistas of the San Pedro River Valley. On the southern horizon loom San Jose Peak and other distant mountain ranges in Mexico. Towering above us, the high peaks of the Huachucas still have scattered patches of snow. Rising from the Upper Sonoran/chapparral landscape of the Perimeter Trail to pine-forested peaks above 9,000 feet, the Huachucas form a sky island refuge harboring one of the most diverse gathering of plants and animals north of the tropics.

Although today we have the path to ourselves,

if we had planned our hike for the first Saturday in May, we would find ourselves in the midst of enthusiastic runners, hikers, mountain bicyclists and horseback riders. From babies in backpacks to senior citizens, the John Cooper and Perimeter Trail Tour is a popular community event. The Perimeter Trail forms part of the 9-mile loop trail tour, an annual fundraiser that celebrates the memory of 18-year-old mountain bicyclist John Cooper and raises money for trail enhancement and maintenance.

Rather than stop at the Carr Canyon trailhead and picnic area, we continue another half-mile to the Carr House visitors center. Down a path to the left just before Carr Canyon Road lie a grassy meadow and a view of intermittent 300-foot Carr Falls. The path continues west through a shady wooded area to the visitors center. Carr Canyon boasts a remarkable variety of wildlife, including rare birds such as the blue-throated hummingbird, white-eared lucifer and berylline hummingbirds, buff-breasted flycatchers, black-throated gray warbler, red-faced and Grace's warblers, red crossbills, yellow-eyed juncos, Scott's oriole and Strickland's woodpecker.

The historic stone building, once the home of James Carr, the first notable settler in the area, is the start for guided bird walks, a nature trail and recreational programs for the community. Along with history displays, plant and animal life of the area, the visitors center has a special Discovery Room for children with books, educational toys and a play bat cave. The center is open on weekends, mid-April through mid-October.

Relaxing under shady oaks next to the visitors center, we watch tiny green hummingbirds buzz feeders hanging from the trees. From bubblegum-pink penstemons to bright yellow butterflies to the rosy-red chin of a broad-tailed hummingbird, the Perimeter Trail is an entertaining and colorful hike from beginning to end. ■■■



Named the Arizona state butterfly in 2003, the two-tailed swallowtail, above, inhabits a wide variety of environments from streambeds to city streets.

Tracing a Huachuca Mountains hillside vibrant with a springtime display of blooming penstemons, opposite page, the Perimeter Trail provides views of Miller Peak.



LOCATION:

Approximately 9 miles south of Sierra Vista.

GETTING THERE: From Tucson travel southeast on Interstate 10 for 35 miles to Exit 302. Travel

south on State Route 90 for 30 miles to Sierra Vista. From Sierra Vista, travel south on State Route 92 for 8.9 miles to Miller Canyon Road. Travel west on Miller Canyon Road 1 mile to the parking area. Pick up the trail on the north side of Miller Canyon Road.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:

Coronado National Forest, Sierra Vista Ranger District, (520) 378-0311; Carr House Visitor Information Center, (520) 378-1563, or (520) 803-6865 on weekends. For information on the John Cooper and Perimeter Trail Tour, www.dawntodustmountainbikeclub.org.

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