

SPECIAL ISSUE: Complete Guide to 28 State Parks

SEPTEMBER 2006

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Playtime in the Parks

**Slip-slide
Down Oak
Creek**

**Splish-splash
in the
Colorado
River**

**Go Batty
in Kartchner
Caverns**

Lovin' It Adventures in State Parks

We devote this special issue to splashing, crawling, zipping, strolling, paddling, ambling and jogging through Arizona's 28 state parks, a glittering charm bracelet of treasures that will turn 50 years old next year.

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The Verde River Greenway shows sometimes it's good to go to the dark side.

FRONT COVER Early morning sun adds a soft touch to water tumbling over "The Chute" in Slide Rock State Park, north of Sedona. See story, page 8. RANDY PRENTICE

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BACK COVER Kelly Jackson, assistant park manager for Kartchner Caverns State Park, stands on the lighted walkway in the Throne Room. From the ceiling, stone draperies hang from flowstone. See story, page 16. PETER ENSEBERGER

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In 1957, the Arizona Legislature and Gov. Ernest McFarland created the Arizona State Parks Board, and 2007 marks its 50th anniversary. Arizona's state parks protect our precious natural and historic sites, improve our quality of life and preserve the state's unique and rich cultural heritage. To discover Arizona's state parks for yourself, go to arizonahighways.com and click on September "Trip Planner" for:

- A complete state parks guide
- Archive of state parks stories

HUMOR Our writer says "When in Rome . . ."

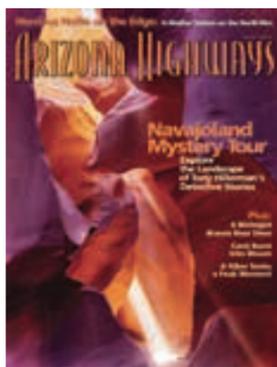
ONLINE EXTRA Tag along on a trek to Arizona's outback.

WEEKEND GETAWAY Discover how the Mount Lemmon hamlet of Summerhaven is rising from the ashes.

HISTORY Learn about the Ghost Mansion of the Hualapais.

EXPERIENCE ARIZONA Plan a trip with our statewide calendar of events.

GOLD IN THE HILLS The Superstition Mountains and a nearby parade of chainfruit cholla cacti catch the evening light, as seen from Lost Dutchman State Park east of Phoenix. See state parks guide, page 42. GEORGE STOCKING



Had a Good Laugh

I had to write and tell you how much I enjoyed Robin Clayton's account of her trip to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon ("Nervous Nellie on the Edge," June '06), and her visions of her son launching himself over the edge. I was a Nervous Nellie, too, thoroughly annoying my two sons on a North Rim trip several years ago. It made me laugh to realize how normal my fears were, as was the bickering among families on vacation. Her story also reminded me to admire and affirm my children's sense of adventure, a good reminder when one of my teenaged sons set out on a hiking trip to the Rocky Mountains this summer.

Julie Swiatek, Indianapolis, IN

That's the thing about parenting: Just when you've organized your life around the realization that the little darlings will walk out in front of cars if you don't watch them, they want a driver's license! —Peter Aleshire, Editor

editor@arizonahighways.com

Sedimentary Layers of Puns

You complimented geologist Karl Koenig for making a "Gneiss catch" ("Dear Editor," "Big Boulder Boo Boo," June '06). I'm just a layman, but I say schist happens, even though a lot of people take it for granite.

Steve Scarano, Vista, CA

(Groan . . . pause) Good line. But don't go by me. My friends say I'm very igneous—one quartz short of a gallon. —Ed.

Political Correctness?

For the first time in 25 years, I'm hesitating to renew my subscription to a magazine that was always my refuge from politics and political correctness, an important consideration for a freelance political columnist. Under your editorship, the magazine is no longer a refuge. In the June 2006 issue, Tony Hillerman is quoted ("Land of Mysteries") as saying that Navajos look down on the greedy guy—"the one who's got more than he needs and is not sharing it with the people." The implication is that the white man is greedy and Navajos aren't. What politically correct hogwash! What hypocrisy!

So-called greed is what created the savings and division of labor necessary for industrialization and produces the medicine used by the Navajos and that funds their schools and social welfare programs, not to mention Navajo coal royalties and gas pipeline royalties.

I hope you stop your foray into politics and return to nature photos and historically accurate stories.

Craig J. Cantoni, Scottsdale

We aren't hammering together any political soapboxes. Certainly, I've known both generous white guys and greedy Navajos. However, you also can't deny that the

Diné culture puts less stress on acquiring stuff—which might partially explain why the Navajos have so much less stuff. —Ed.

Get Your Raptors Straight

The June 2006 issue had a glaring error, where your noted biologist or whoever identified a prairie falcon on her wrist as a red-tailed hawk. A beginning birder should know the difference. I hope that the misidentification is a clerical error and not the expert's belief.

Hugh and Leona Thomas, Paso Robles, CA

Good catch. Poor editing. —Ed.

Whicker or Whinney?

You Arizona folks must have unique horses. In my neighborhood they whinny or neigh. What is a whicker? My spell check is no help.

Bruce Boyd, Erie, PA

Spell check? Ha! What does Bill Gates know? I got "whicker" (also "wicker") right here in my dictionary. Means to "neigh" or "whinny." So, all horses can whicker. Arizona horses just do it better. —Ed.

Too Many Pictures

I have been reading your magazine for years. What there is to read, that is. The photography is great, but is overwhelming. Also, the June 2006 issue looks more like a flower and garden magazine. Your magazine is "63.2 percent" photographs. Personally, I think it is too much. I think the photos should support the stories and not vice versa.

Phil Obenauer, Mary Esther, FL

Ironic: I'm a word guy, but surveys suggest the photographs are our readers' favorite thing. So we use big pictures, although nothing gets me as excited as a well-turned phrase. —Ed.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

SEPTEMBER 2006 VOL. 82, NO. 9

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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 875, 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.



highways on tv

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.

Lost in the Heart of the Earth

I STAND HUSHED and marveling in the belly of the beast. No, not the belly. The heart. Almost, I can hear it beat. No, not hear it. Sense it. Feel it. I would have to stand in the moist, limestone lungs of Kartchner Caverns State Park for 10,000 years holding to a single thought to actually hear the beating.

But almost. Almost.

Strange, really: The caverns and my brave and careless species are the same age. Five million years ago, my first recognizable ancestors set out from Africa to conquer a planet.



Elissa Aleshire ponders the formations that have grown in Kartchner Caverns in the past 200,000 years.

And 5 million years ago, the fall of the water table enabled the cave system at Kartchner to evolve. Kartchner's bizarre rock formations took shape over the last 200,000 years, making it the crown jewel of a beleaguered system.

In that time, we *Homo sapiens* have spread across the planet, dammed the rivers, polluted the air and so separated ourselves from such places that now they seem like movie sets.

All the while, the cave has been sprouting stalactites, soda straws, stalagmites and semitransparent draperies of stone in an extravagance of geochemistry.

And because I am *Homo sapiens* and so connect all things to myself, I believe that the cave needs my protection—and that in return it will transform me.

Alas, I have not earned transformation, for I am quick and small and careless. But mayhap I shall earn redemption by standing perfectly still, steeped in awe. Maybe the airlock doors and the closures for the sake of the bats and the reverence for each drip of stone will mitigate the sins of my kind.

Providing we summon the foresight and will to protect the Earth's most remarkable places.

Consider Arizona's 28 state parks, including Kartchner, which required a \$35 million investment and brilliant planning to open one of the world's 10 most diverse caves to the public without killing it. The state's precious collection of

parks hoards wonders of every variety: lakes, rivers, travertine arches, ancient cities, tumbled presidios, haunted prisons and slopes of miraculous wildflowers.

Of course, I am biased. I admit this. I have donned Civil War wool and fought again the battle of Picacho Peak. I have jet-skied the Colorado River. I have chased butterflies on the banks of Sonoita Creek. I have bruised my butt in the sluice of Slide Rock. I have stood in the bedroom of a beautiful dead girl in Riordan Mansion. I have sat all morning among the poppies in the land of the Lost Dutchman. So do not ask me to be calm about our endangered state parks, which we celebrate in this issue.

After an investment spanning decades, a budget shortfall drained the juryrigged patchwork of funds that sustains the parks. The parks virtually eliminated new acquisitions and upkeep and cut operating funds to the bleeding bone. While state park visitation rose by a million in the course of a decade, overall funding fell. Mercifully, this year looks a little better—so far.

Fortunately, the public charged into the breach. Fees paid by the 2.4 million annual visitors staved off disaster. Volunteers have kicked in thousands of hours. Moreover, lovers of these treasures have formed the Arizona State Parks Foundation—(602) 920-4505; www.arizonastateparksfoundation.org—to raise money to support the parks.

In the meantime, I have come here to this deep place to listen—maybe to understand *Homo sapiens* and limestone caves.

The 2.4 miles of tunnels that form this great cave are alive, its formations blood red and womb warm. The 400-foot-long Big Room, the 230-foot-long Rotunda Room and the 170-foot-long Throne Room are adorned with dreamscape improvisations of stone—helictites, turnip shields, flowstones, columns, totems, birdsnest needle quartz and one 21-foot 2-inch calcite soda straw stalactite. Translucent curtains of stone and bristles of wire-thin spikes hang from the distant ceilings. The formations festooning the 330 million-year-old Escabrosa limestone gleam in the 99.4 percent humidity, still growing drip by drip. The minerals dissolved in saturated, pressurized groundwater crystallize when they reach the cave's open air and so create these fantastical shapes.

At one point, the cave stewards feared that despite elaborate care they'd caused a 3-degree rise in the cave's temperature. But further study showed other caves in the area had also warmed, perhaps a portent of pollution-caused global warming.

Suddenly, standing in the lungs of the Earth, I realize that I have it backward.

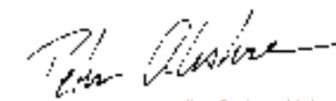
We cannot protect the cave—the cave must protect us.

We are quick and small and careless. We have come this little way in this little time—a few drips of stone. We could take sledgehammers and pound all these wonders into curio shop knickknacks and the cave would not care. For the cave, 10,000 years are but a breath, and a million years but a phase.

But after we shattered the stone, we would be left standing, bereft in the dark.

For only that ache of wonder can redeem us.

And with that thought, I hear the single, 10,000-year beat of the heart of the Earth.



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online For more letters, see arizonahighways.com (Click on "Letters to the Editor").



PETER ENSENBARGER

A Hoax, 50 Million Years in the Making

IT WAS AN EPISODE so insignificant it barely registered a blemish on the enduring landscape. It marked a nanosecond on Earth's geologic timeline just like thousands of times before. Only this time there were witnesses. Bearing cameras. One of them chose to exploit his good fortune.

Monument Valley's heroic icons sit atop the southern crest of the Monument Upwarp for a hundred-mile stretch across the Arizona-Utah line. Erosion has gloriously exposed large blocks of sculptured sandstone with Anglo names befitting each formation, like Eagle Mesa, Bear and Rabbit, Rooster Rock, Elephant Butte, Totem Pole and The Mittens. From this indelible landscape, 50 million years in the making, comes the romanticized view of the mythical windswept buttes and spires of the American Southwest.

Only here, it's no myth. Crumbling monoliths scattered across the Colorado Plateau rise hundreds of feet from the desert floor, providing definitive images of the West depicted in movies, magazine ads and TV commercials. Monument Valley is familiar even to those who've never been there.

The lucky few tourists who were there at 12:45 P.M. on May 18, 2006, witnessed a once-in-a-lifetime occurrence. A huge slab of East Mitten butte finally gave in to the effects of wind and weather, and came crashing down in a sandstone avalanche. The gentle forces of erosion scored another dramatic victory against the rock.

By all accounts it was a spectacular event, leaving in its wake barely a scar on the face of the vast plateau. Onlookers were awestruck, giving thanks to the heavens for being in the right place at the right time to witness this timeless occurrence. Among those present that day were Craig and Roylene Garrett of Madison, Wisconsin, and their guide, Kent Hugh. Roylene had the presence of mind to capture the avalanche on film and generously share the moment with the rest of the world (see opposite page).

Also present that day was another witness with a camera and a much different intent. This witness chose to perpetrate a hoax on the world. He couldn't resist spinning a false account of the incident in an e-mail message claiming East Mitten's "thumb" had collapsed, forever changing Monument Valley's most iconic view. He even went as far as attaching



BEFORE AND AFTER Photographing East Mitten butte from just the right angle (above) cleverly concealed the formation's thumb, while still showing the debris left from the rock fall. Juxtaposing this "after" view of East Mitten against a "before" photograph (top) of West Mitten led many recipients of a bogus e-mail message to become ensnared in the hoax. Viewers had to look closely to discern the trickery.

photographs of a "thumbless" East Mitten to support his deception. It didn't take long for e-mail networks to spread the fraudulent message far and wide. Like an urban myth, the story grew as it circulated.

I first heard about it when the magazine's publisher called me into his office to show me a surprising e-mail he'd just received with the words "No More Mitten" in the subject line. Having dealt with Internet hoaxes before, we treated news of the fallen thumb with skepticism. But it looked so real on his computer monitor.

As the rumor gained momentum, my in-box filled with messages about the Mitten e-mail, all asking the same question: Can it be true? A call to the Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park visitors center laid the hoax to rest. The thumb still stands. But as the bogus message continued to make the rounds over the next several days, the anonymous perpetrator must have enjoyed his brief moment of dubious renown. Who knows what hollow thrills he got from his infamy?

As geologic events go, this Monument Valley avalanche was no different than those witnessed by Ice Age Paleo-Indian hunters who inhabited the region about 10,000 B.C., Archaic hunter-gatherers around 6000 B.C., and Anasazi farmers in A.D. 1200. Except that their recording of such an episode was more likely to have been pecked into a rock.

I wonder if they embellished the story in their petroglyphs. ■■■

taking the **off-ramp**



ROYLENE GARRETT

Walls Came Tumblin' Down

ON MAY 18, 2006, the erosive effects of wind and weather caused exfoliation of a huge slab of sandstone, creating a cataclysmic landslide on East Mitten butte in Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park. The photographs above show the sequence of the rockslide and ensuing dust plume captured by Roylene Garrett, an amateur photographer from Madison, Wisconsin, visiting Monument Valley with her husband, Craig. "The ground shook and the sound was like thunder," she said. "We had witnessed an event that may not have happened to this rock formation for a thousand years. Truly awesome." —Peter Ensenberger



Prince and a Pauper

HE WAS KNOWN AS The Prince of Tombstone, for he owned quite a bit of where that city now stands, plus mines said to be worth a half-million dollars. His income was \$4,000 a month, which was not at all bad during the years 1879 to 1882 for Edwin Fields, an entrepreneur who made millions selling mining claims in Tombstone.

Alas, he lost it all speculating on grain prices at the St. Louis Board of Trade. He spent the rest of his life working menial hotel jobs and died in the poorhouse—a pauper indeed.

To make things worse, according to the *Arizona Sentinel* of February 22, 1896, on that date the body of the former “prince” was lying on a dissecting table in the school of anatomy in Chicago.

—Ruth Burke



Hacienda Hospitality

AT THE RANCHO DE LA OSA, (Ranch of the She Bear) you can hold a Mexican cannonball, a relic of the Mexican Revolution found in the stucco walls of the hacienda dining room. Nestled under large eucalyptus trees along the Mexican border, the ranch borders the Buenos Aires National Wildlife Refuge. Its gracious hacienda, furnished with Mexican antiques, recalls a time when the Ortiz brothers, Ignacio and Tomás, received this land grant from the King of Spain in 1812. Today, guests take meals in the hacienda dining room, in a secluded courtyard or at a cookout under the stars, and enjoy the pool, horseback riding, biking and bird-watching.

Over the years, Rancho de la Osa has hosted many famous people, including Lyndon B. Johnson, Adlai Stevenson, Tom Mix and Zane Grey. Other guests included the drafters of the Marshall Plan after World War II. In 1935, six men,



including Secretary of State William Clayton, an active drafter of the Marshall Plan, and Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, staked Dick Jenkins to the purchase of the ranch.

Information: (800) 872-6240 or (520) 823-4257; www.ranchodelaosa.com. —Jane Eppinga



Peaceful Ponderosa Pathway

TAKE A 2-MILE WALK across America. Little America, that is. Situated on 500 secluded acres of ponderosa forest, Flagstaff’s oldest and largest resort features its own recreational trail. Though the landmark property has undergone several spectacular renovations to accommodate the needs and wants of today’s traveler, visitors and locals seem to appreciate that the decor has stayed the same since the hotel opened in 1974.

The little-known loop trail is located behind the hotel’s four lodges and main building and is suitable for hiking, walking, jogging, biking or horseback-riding. Starting just west of the pool, the path meanders along the southern end of the scenic greenbelt acreage for 1 mile before circling back, making it ideal for sheltered strolls, brisk sprints, breathtaking mountain views or just a breath of fresh air.

Information: (800) 352-4386; www.littleamerica.com/flagstaff.

—JoBeth Jamison

Rebuilding Leo the Lion’s Plane

IT WAS A PUBLICITY STUNT gone haywire when a plane crashed in the forest near Payson in September 1927. Its cargo? A lion that movie mogul Louis Mayer, head of MGM, planned to unveil in New York City as his corporate logo.

Charles Lindbergh had just completed his groundbreaking trans-Atlantic flight, and everyone in America was airplane crazy. Mayer’s idea: Hire a pilot to fly Leo the lion from L.A. to New York—the first to go from coast to coast nonstop—in a plane built by the same company that built Lindbergh’s *Spirit of St. Louis*.

The seeming glitch came when engine trouble forced pilot Marty Jensen to put down in Hell’s Canyon, later renamed Leo’s Canyon. It took three days for Jensen to walk to Payson to alert the world.

Rather than sinking Mayer’s idea, the wreck garnered extensive coverage. But the publicity went worldwide when the shrewd Mayer, learning that the caged lion had survived, announced that he’d spare no expense to save it. The lion, rescued seven days after the crash, lived.

Now, Prescott resident Scott Gifford, owner of Nostalgaire, an aircraft restoration firm, is rebuilding Jensen’s plane,



in part with items retrieved from the site, including fuel tank and landing gear.

Gifford calls his plan to restore the original plane a lifelong dream. “It’s expensive and time-consuming, and I work on it when I can,” says Gifford, who’s also seeking corporate sponsorship for the project.

“But someday this airplane will be returned to flying condition, and we’ll complete the original flight to New York.”

Information: (928) 777-8195; www.nostalgaire.com —Leo W. Banks



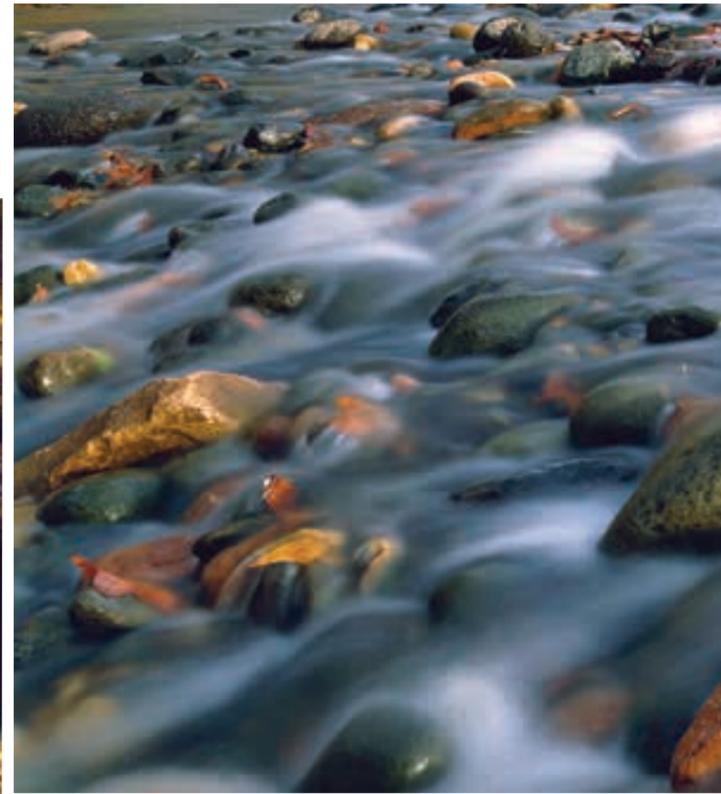
Untamed Luxury Scrambling Park to Park Through Sedona by Roger Naylor



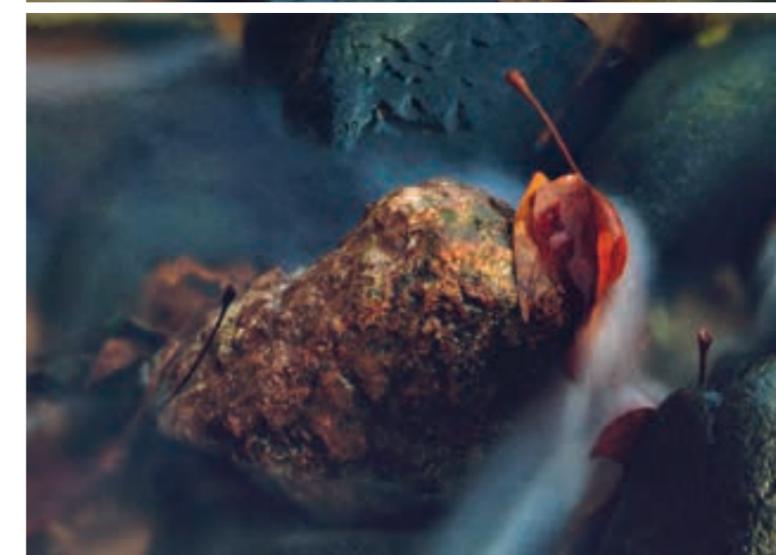
ROBERT G. McDONALD



LARRY LINDAHL



UP THE CREEK
Author Roger Naylor treks along Oak Creek (left) en route from Slide Rock to Red Rock for a two-day, 30-mile-long Sedona hiking adventure. The waters near Grasshopper Point (far left) and Red Rock Crossing, in view of Cathedral Rock (above and right) wend their way quietly through the boulders.



JACK DYKINGA

They say your entire life flashes before your eyes during near-death experiences.

Yet when confronting a near-disabling experience, only a single image unfurls across my peepers... the face of my wife. Unfortunately, she's not wearing the loving, supportive expression I normally see, but instead the look triggered whenever I start describing my plans for some half-baked adventure. Like the one I'm on now.

I'm slipping off a sandstone shelf about to plunge several feet into the frigid waters of Oak Creek, and all I have for comfort is a vision of my wife's I-can't-believe-I-married-an-idiot eye roll.

The scheme seems simple enough. I'm walking from Slide Rock State Park to Red Rock State Park. Separated by a dozen or so miles as the raven flies, these Arizona-owned parcels bracket Sedona geographically. More importantly, they represent the yin and yang of the Sedona experience.

Seven miles north of Sedona, nestled in Oak

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Author Roger Naylor hiked the Oak Creek area before the June Brins Fire, which damaged and closed a number of trails. Call the Forest Service's Red Rock Ranger District at (928) 282-4119 for trail closure updates. Find Naylor's hike route map on our Web site, arizonahighways.com.

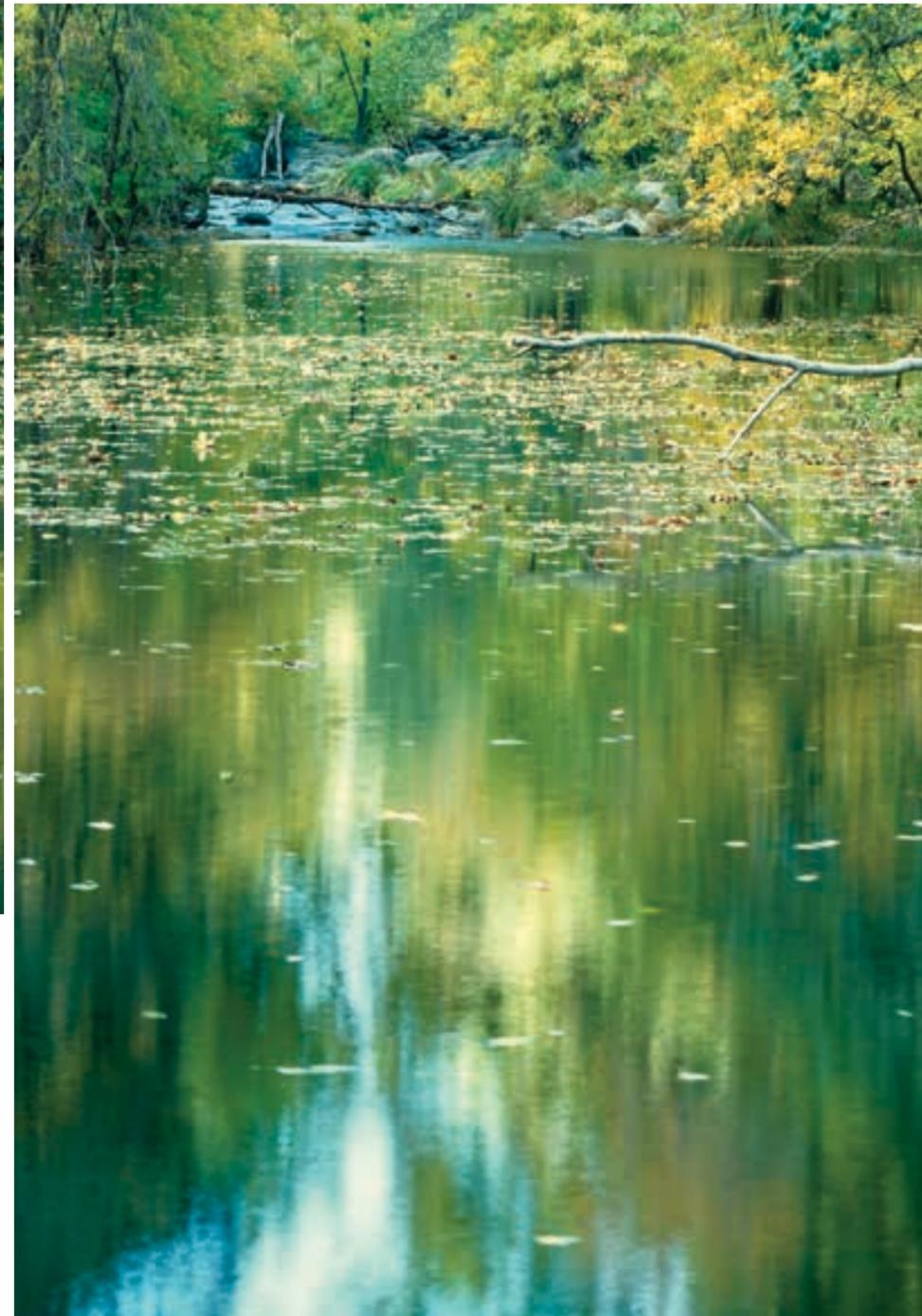
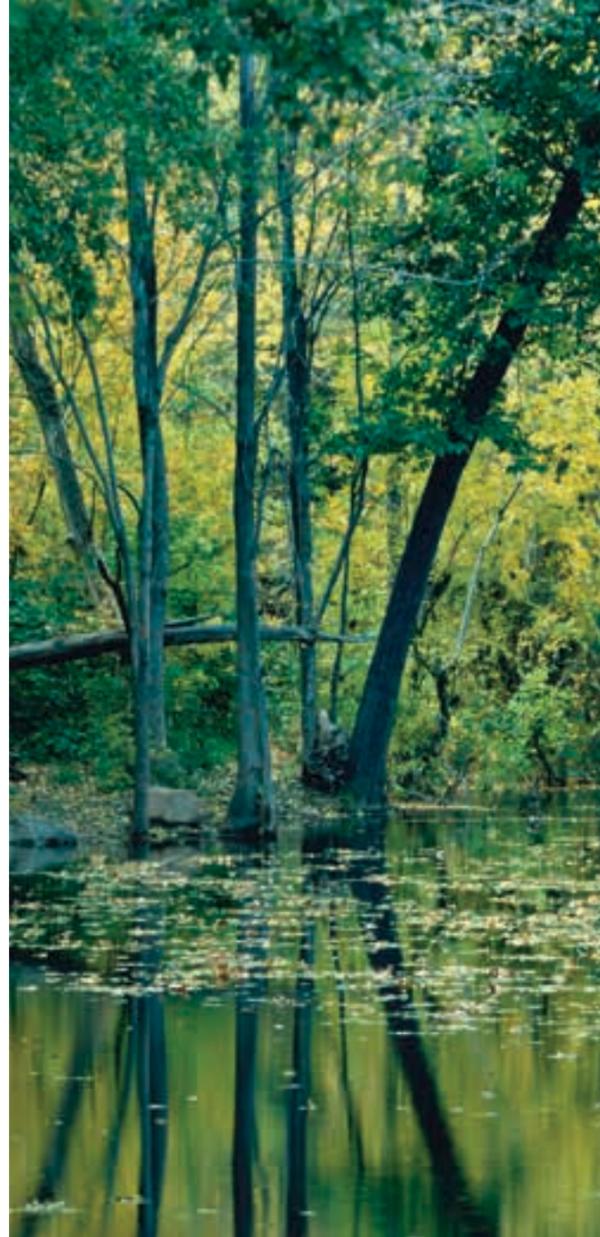
Creek Canyon, Slide Rock is the glamour spot. Stone banks throttle the creek into a narrow frothy chute, a natural water ride that encourages thrill junkies to self-administer high-velocity wedgies amid a chorus of joyous shrieks, while the slightly less daring splash about in shaded pools.

Red Rock offers a more nuanced but equally satisfying encounter, without having to dislodge a wet bathing suit. Southwest of town, the park protects a bit of wilderness snatched from the feverish teeth of development. Now it serves as a natural laboratory where staff and volunteers conduct daily bird-watching tours, wildflower hikes, moonlight hikes and geology discussions.

Slide Rock offers action, goose bumps and fireworks, while Red Rock has a jazz beat. I intend to experience both, up close and personal.

Which explains why I'm about to do a backward half gainer off a sandstone ledge. But before I fall, my boot snags a rock and I lurch forward and grab a fistful of bear-grass. I lie sprawled for several minutes, my heart flopping like a trout on a dancehall floor. Sitting up, I brush the confetti of rabbit pellets and dead bugs from my hair.

"So," I ask the lingering vision of my eye-



ROBERT G. McDONALD

REFLECTING ON THE VORTEX

Many hiking trails in Oak Creek Canyon lead to refreshing creeks and pools (left) where hikers can swim or dip their feet. Oak Creek Canyon is located in the Coconino National Forest, one of six national forests in Arizona.

BOB CLEMENZ

Stone banks throttle the creek into a narrow frothy chute...



NATURAL CURVES

Vultee Arch (left) in Sterling Canyon is named for Gerard Vultee, a California aircraft designer who in 1938 crashed his plane 1 mile from the sandstone arch. The easy 1.7-mile Vultee Arch Trail tucked in ponderosa pines is popular year-round. LARRY LINDAHL

rolling spouse, “who’s the idiot now?”

Then back to the quest. I’m working downstream from Slide Rock as the butter-soft sun seeps over the canyon rim at the Sterling Pass trailhead just off State Route 89A.

I have planned to walk from park to park along the creek in a jitterbug of wading, swimming, rock-hopping and tearing through bank-side bramble patches as snarled as Medusa’s stylishly fanged perm. But early research revealed that Oak Creek passes repeatedly through private property, making extended passage impossible.

So instead I have mapped out a meandering, 30-mile route over trails, jeep roads and through town, while repeatedly crossing the creek. I will spend tonight in Sedona and finish tomorrow afternoon. A lengthy hike, but legal—which is crucial. I can’t begin to describe the facial expression my wife wears when she’s raising bail.

Sterling Pass Trail scrambles up the western wall of Oak Creek Canyon through shaggily elegant timber. I’m huffing mightily as I hit a final spicurl of switchbacks before the forest canopy opens, revealing an array of sharply rising cliffs.

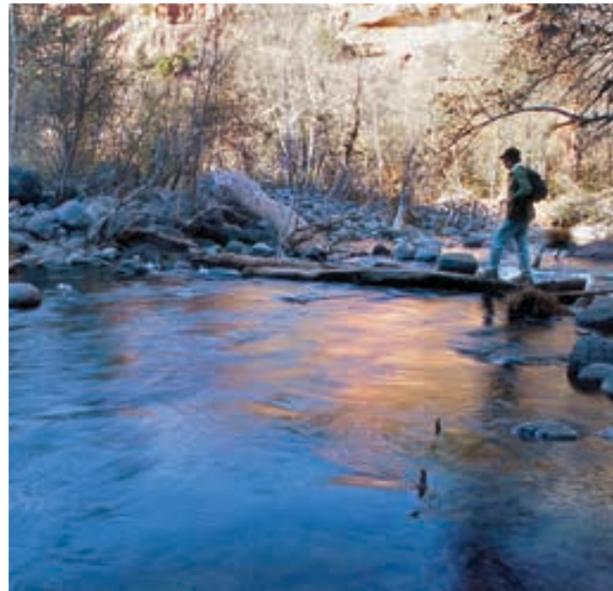
Descending into Sterling Canyon, I hit the Vultee Arch Trail and detour up a side fork to the arch. “Never pass up a chance to view a natural arch” is my motto. It’s like seeing the Earth raise an eyebrow.

Popping out on Vultee Arch Road, a rutted jeep track, I chew up a couple of quick miles to Brins Mesa Trail. I climb through a grove of Arizona cypress onto juniper-bedecked grasslands, ringed by dramatic formations, my leg muscles now warm and stretched like boardwalk taffy.

Fatigue falls away as I roll on up Jim Thompson Trail, knife past the prow of Steamboat Rock and enter a shaded glade in Wilson Canyon, near Midgely Bridge. That familiar giddiness takes hold. If there’s such a thing as runner’s high, I’m experiencing the slow-mo equivalent. Call it hiker’s glee.

I can walk forever! I sneer at the saps climbing out of their fuming iron beasts to savor views from the bridge. Biped rock! I will print the slogan on T-shirts. I’ll make a fortune. I also vow to walk to Ohio to visit my folks.

I dip under the highway and zigzag down to the creek on Huckaby Trail. With sure-footed grace, I scramble through underbrush, vault debris snags and leap from boulder to boulder with ease. I am a creature utterly at home. My ego-fest is interrupted only when I fall, assurance over teakettle, into the stream.



A CAUTIOUS CROSSING

Naylor takes one careful step at a time to cross a log bridge over Oak Creek. Water quality is tested daily by the Arizona State Parks. LARRY LINDBAHL

Later this evening I am less endorphin-crazed. A long spa soak and heaps of appetizers have whisked me into a gooey custard of contentment. I sprawl on my streamside balcony watching ducks drift past while twilight bruises the sky. People flock to Sedona for the red rocks, but it is the opera of the creek that sings these canyons to life.

I have picked the Inn on Oak Creek because it’s an easy walk from Marg’s Draw Trail, but approached my first-ever stay in a bed and breakfast with trepidation. I pictured strangers sitting around a long plank table making awkward small talk and eating from a communal bowl. Kind of *Oliver Twist* on holiday.

Imagine my surprise as I stumble into the lobby, dirt-streaked and bedraggled, receiving an effusive welcome. The fireplace crackles and sunshine pours through a wall of windows, illuminating cheese spreads and bacon-swaddled morsels that I promptly windmill into my ravenous maw. Ignoring my rough trail manners, Letty Cummings shows me around.

“This is a former art gallery converted to an 11-room inn. Each room features a gas fireplace, a spa tub and is individually designed and decorated with its own theme.”

I give a nod. “Those garlic stuffed dates wrapped in bacon? Please, ma’am, I want some more.”

On this night I saw enough logs to build my own inn. Maybe my wife’s whirling orbs nailed it. I have been an idiot, with



TWILIGHT TRANQUILITY

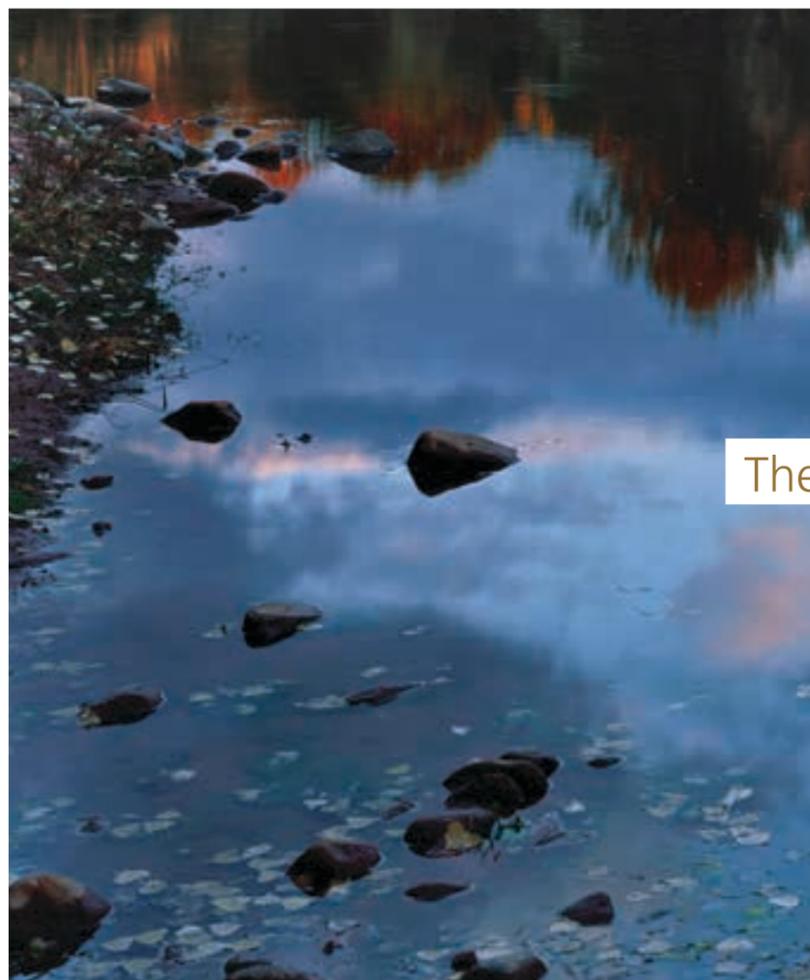
Sunset reflects at Red Rock Crossing as dusk falls over Cathedral Rock.

ROBERT G. McDONALD (left and above)

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arizonahighways.com.



These canyons are half-wilderness and half-resort...

when you go

Location: About 119 miles north of Phoenix.

Slide Rock State Park: 6871 N. State Route 89A. A former homestead, now a 43-acre park. Park opens at 8 A.M. Closing hours vary seasonally. No camping is permitted. Entry fee is \$10 per vehicle (up to four people), Memorial Day weekend through Labor Day weekend, \$8 per vehicle rest of year, \$2 per person for walk-ups. Park rangers offer natural history tours in spring and fall by appointment. (928) 282-3034.

Red Rock State Park: 4050 Red Rock Loop Road. A 286-acre park opened to educate visitors about ecology and environment. Park opens at 8 A.M. Closing hours vary seasonally. No camping is permitted. Entry fee is \$6 per vehicle (up to four people), \$2 per person for walk-ups; under 14, free. Self-guided and ranger-led tours are available, as are field trips and video and slide programs. Six miles of interconnected trails are well-maintained. Swimming/wading in the creek is not permitted. (928) 282-6907.

The Inn on Oak Creek: 556 State Route 179, (800) 499-7896, www.InnOnOakCreek.com.

Additional Information: Red Rock Ranger District, (928) 282-4119; www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino.

my ratty sleeping bag and rolled up T-shirt for a pillow. This is my new favorite way to camp.

At breakfast I plow through a lavish spread of granola and maple yogurt, sundried-tomato-and-fresh-mozzarella croissants, gingerbread teacakes with lemon sauce, eggs over medium with Swiss cheese and caramelized onions, buttery toast and pistachio-crust trout. You know . . . same ol', same ol'.

Waddling to Marg's Draw, I catch a seductive aroma and realize it's me. Normally, when overnighting in wild country, I don't smell this good. Must be the chamomile-and-nettle conditioner the inn provided. That's the gist of the Sedona experience, the overlap of scenery and comfort, of danger and luxury. These canyons are half-wilderness and half-resort, accessible to not just the grizzled but the pampered as well. I'm considering switching teams.

The final day of my journey swings first through the Munds Mountain Wilderness, over Broken Arrow Trail (named for a movie) and across Little Horse Trail. A short connector trail, H.T., slips under State Route 179 through a tunnel and puts me on Templeton Trail beelining toward Cathedral Rock. I curl around the base of Cathedral Rock then switchback down toward the creek. Just above the water I step off-trail to let two mountain bikers pass.

The second biker slams into a rock and flies over his handlebars. The crack of his

helmet on a boulder echoes like a pistol shot. I assume he's severely mangled. His buddy rushes to his side to administer the universal medicine of guys: merciless ribbing.

It works. Scraped and battered, he sits up. Turns out, Ed Norton and Neil Ross regularly travel from Flagstaff to bike Sedona trails.

"It's great to undertake a rewarding physical activity in a place where spiritual forces gather," says the bruised Norton. He points out the location of a vortex at the creek's edge marked by stacks of prayer rocks. We part friendly, though no one comments on how nice my hair smells.

I follow the creek to Baldwin Trail, which curves away from the water. An unmarked sand path leads me through the cottonwoods for a winding quarter-mile. I step from the trees into a postcard. I'm standing at Red Rock Crossing, a crystal stream reflecting nearby Cathedral Rock, one of the most photographed spots in the world.

My journey is nearly finished. At Baldwin trailhead I'll follow forest roads to Red Rock State Park's East Gate. I crouch at water's edge, mulling the last two days, when I'm struck by a revelation.

I should have asked Norton if, before he sets out on some crazy skull-splitting bike ride, his wife rolls her eyes a lot. **AH**

Roger Naylor lives in Cottonwood with his ever-patient wife. His favorite part of undertaking an all-day hike is—the hiking. All day.



ANIMAL KINGDOM

The Munds Mountain Wilderness stretches across 18,150 acres of the Coconino National Forest, offering stunning views of rust-red rock formations, including Snoopy Rock (on his back in center) and Camelhead Formation (to the immediate right of Snoopy). Sections of the wilderness border the villages of Oak Creek and Sedona, granting easy access to hiking trails, picnic spots and horseback-riding.

MOREY K. MILBRADT

■ To order a print, call (866) 962-1191 or visit arizonahighways.com.



THE SLIPPERY SLOPE
Waterproof boots or shoes are advised while hiking in Oak Creek Canyon. Many trails cross the creek and its slippery rocks (left).
TOM BROWNOLD

KEEP IT LEGAL — OAK CREEK ACCESS

To splash or not to splash, that is the question. More importantly, where? Determining where public land ends and private land begins along Oak Creek can be difficult. Here are a few rules to follow to allow you to get wet, legally. A Red Rock Pass is required for vehicles parking on national forest land in Red Rock Country.

VISIT FEE AREAS. Grasshopper Point and Red Rock Crossing/Crescent Moon Ranch offer loads of natural beauty and stream access, plus the comfort of picnic tables, grills and bathrooms. Red Rock Passes do not apply. *Information: Red Rock Ranger District, (928) 282-4119.*

LODGE ON THE CREEK. By choosing an inn, cabin or resort located on the creek, you'll have guest-only access to a private section of the stream.

TAKE A TRAIL. A few national forest service trails such as Allens Bend, Huckaby and Templeton lead to the creek.

WHEN IN DOUBT, STAY OUT. If you see houses on the bank, chances are you're trespassing. While each property is site-specific, most boundaries extend to the middle or other side of the creek.



ROBERT G. McDONALD



**Kartchner
Caverns
Designers
Prove That Cave
Lovers and Bats
Can Go Happily
Down the Same
'Rabbit Hole'**

Bats in Wonderland

by Gregory McNamee

On a warm fall day in 1974, two young men, Gary Tenen and Randy Tufts, fell down a rabbit hole on a path that would take them into a wonderland. Well, not a rabbit hole, really, though rabbits took shelter in it from time to time. They actually descended into a sinkhole that water had worn into the porous limestone of the Whetstone Mountains of southeastern Arizona.

The two Tucsonans, along with other geologists and cavers, had been poking around in the foothills of the Whetstones for years, playing the geological odds they would find such an entrance into the earth. Tufts had even explored this sinkhole in 1967 before moving on to cave-rich country higher up in the mountains. Though others had come and poked into it in the meanwhile, the dark pit remained a mystery.

At the bottom of that 15-foot-deep hole, Tufts (who died in 2002) and Tenen felt something that they had not noticed before: a draft of moist air coming from somewhere within the earth. The cave was exchang-

ing its air—literally breathing. Moreover, they could smell the acrid, loamy tang of bat guano, proof positive that a cave lay somewhere below.

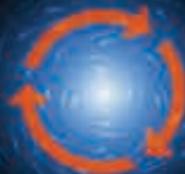
Tenen and Tufts had found the entrance to one of Arizona's most treasured natural wonders, Kartchner Caverns. A masterwork of geological forces in pristine condition, the extensive limestone cave was home to a small population of *Myotis velifer*, or cave myotis, a species of the widespread bat family called *Vespertilionidae*, whose Latin name hints at a bat's favorite time, twilight. Most of the world's vespertilionids are cave dwellers, though some members of the family's 355 species make their home in wells, mineshafts, tunnels, tree hollows and even buildings.

The myotis of Kartchner Caverns had hit the jackpot: they had found a cave undisturbed by humans, so far as anyone knew, since the dawn of time. Numerous spots along the ceiling of what would eventually be called the Big Room, a football-field-long jumble of stalactites, stalagmites, pools,

Welcome to the Bat Cave Kartchner Caverns, a "living" cave discovered in 1974, kept secret until 1988 and finally opened in 1999, is fed by a supply of groundwater percolating through limestone, allowing glistening, widely varied formations to grow from the seeping, redeposited calcium carbonate. It also serves as a "maternity ward and nursery" for myotis bats from May to mid-September. ARIZONA STATE PARKS

Ecology of Guano

by Kimberly Hosey



Circle of Life

In the food chain, guano, or bat dung, keeps cave life going. Cave myotis bats produce copious amounts of guano, which is fine with the bacteria and fungi that feed on it, as well as the mites, lice and nematodes that sup on this product and the arachnids and insects that feast on those critters. Skeletal myotis remains and guano as old as 50,000 years have been found in the Throne and Rotunda rooms of Kartchner Caverns.

Fertile Ground

Guano has long been prized as nature's best fertilizer. Nitrogen-rich bat guano feeds plants for vigorous, leafy growth. Growers of spinach, lettuce and herbs have taken advantage of the batty brew, as have farmers of tomatoes, peppers, cucumbers, cantaloupe and many other fruits and vegetables.

Batty Schemes

Bats have long been admired and maligned, studied and avoided. From Batman paraphernalia to Web sites suggesting "bat guano for Mother's Day," the bats inspire the unlikely. In a peculiar plot, World War II-era American researchers "recruited" thousands of Southwestern bats, planning to attach small fire bombs to the mammals and send them to Japan, where they envisioned countless infernos when the bats went to roost.



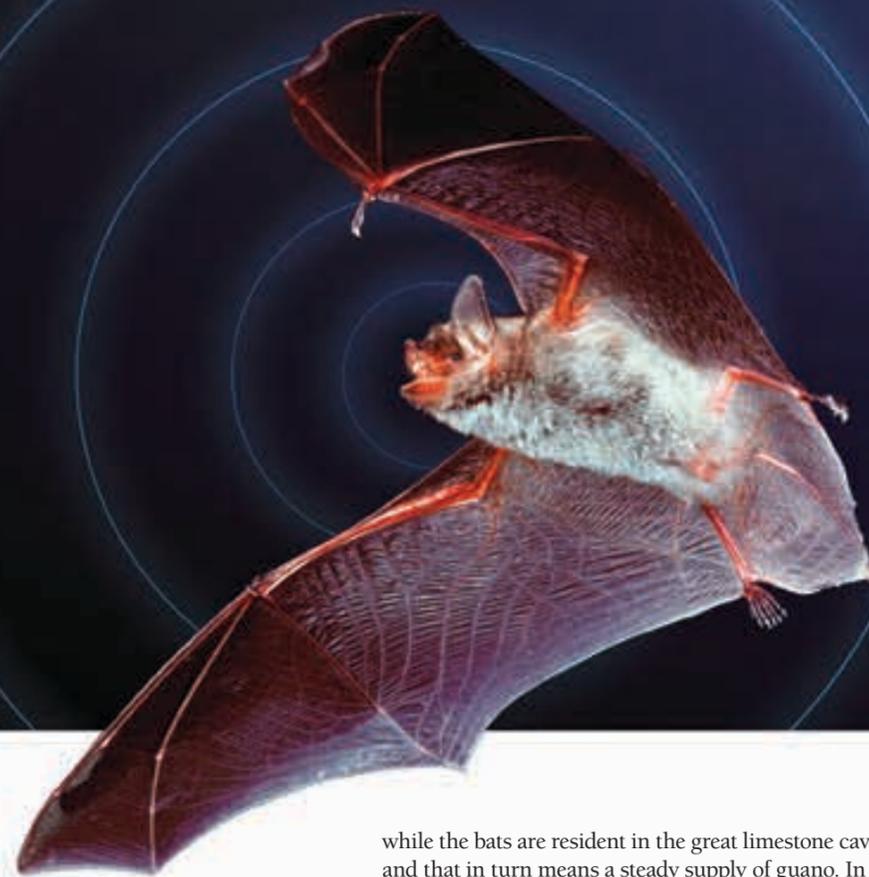
Hanging Around

While hanging upside down may not make much sense to upright-walking bipeds, it makes perfect sense to bats. The position is ideal for takeoff (bats become airborne by hang-gliding rather than launching like birds). Hanging comes naturally, thanks to an adaptation that makes bat talons, connected by tendons only to the upper body and not to muscles as in a human fist, clench tight when relaxed.



Taking a Bite Out of the Biters

Bats, nature's bug patrol, play their role happily. Humans nursing itchy welts and fearing the mosquito-spread West Nile virus (in 2005, there were 3,000 verified cases of West Nile in the United States alone) can take heart. Seventy percent of the world's bat species and almost all U.S. bats, including myotis, feed mainly on mosquitoes and other insects.



Going Batty More than a thousand female cave myotis bats bear and tend young among Kartchner's shield formations, spearlike stalactites and the larger ground-dwelling stalagmites, massive columns, fried-egg formations and fragile draperies, birdsnest needle quartz and hollow soda straws. Throughout the summer, the colony consumes about half a ton of insects. DAVID ELMS JR.

shields and flowstone, were covered with the bats' oily footprints, and mounds of guano rich enough to sustain a thousand gardens lay on the cave floor.

The only real hitch, from a bat's point of view, was a peril attendant in getting into and out of the cave. A wily tribe of ringtails (*Bassariscus astutus*), creatures nicknamed "miner's cats" though related to raccoons, had learned to wait at the tiny entrance that Tenen and Tufts found, there to snare a meal on the wing.

The ringtails notwithstanding, Kartchner Caverns has long been a summer migratory home and nursery for a population of 1,000 to 2,000 *Myotis velifer*. The bats begin arriving there in mid- to late April from their Mexican wintering grounds. They alight on the rough surface of the cave ceiling, making use of cracks and fissures to stabilize themselves. Then they settle in, head down and wings folded. Pregnant females give birth in late June to a single "pup," or rarely, twins.

The youngsters are wholly dependent on their mothers, clinging to them like increasingly heavy fruit. Several times a night, a mother will tuck her pup away in some sheltering niche on the ceiling and fly out of the Big Room to catch insects; on returning,

she locates her youngster by its individual smell and the sound of its cry, as distinct as a human baby's voice.

So it goes for a few weeks, until about early August, when the colony's young are capable of both flight and hunting. After training the young in both skills, the colony moves in early to mid-October as the Chihuahuan Desert nights begin to cool. Then mother and pup make their way down into Mexico. Just what the fathers do during the migration is a subject that scientists are now studying. A standard compendium of the bats of the world, though, puts it thus: "Males do not exhibit an active interest in the young."

Other creatures besides the occasional ringtail owe their livelihoods to the bats. Some, such as certain snakes and owls, feed directly on the vespertilionids. Other creatures feed indirectly, dining on what the bats produce.

The Kartchner Caverns myotis colony, by a couple of estimates, removes half a ton of insects from the skies around the cave, including plenty of mosquitoes, a bane to any summer evening.

A half-ton of insects adds up to a substantial haul

while the bats are resident in the great limestone cave, and that in turn means a steady supply of guano. In a perfect example of the great biologist Charles Elton's "food chain," a variety of fungi and bacteria break the guano down and in the process become food for creepy-crawlies such as nematodes, mites and lice, which in turn feed spiders, scorpions, centipedes and crickets, all found in a great abundance in the moist, warm cave. In fact, almost all of the 39 species that live in the cave depend on bat guano for their survival, directly or indirectly.

On finally entering the limestone cavern after widening the entrance (thereby making the ringtails' work more difficult), Tenen and Tufts knew at once that they, too, had hit the jackpot, the kind of discovery that cavers spend their lives seeking and rarely find. To protect their treasure, they swore other cavers to secrecy, then launched a sometimes-James Bondish campaign to enroll Kartchner Caverns as a state park and thus preserve its sensitive environment. The process took some 14 years, partly because the discoverers and the scientists insisted that the park safeguard the bat colony.

The Greta Garbo of bats, *Myotis velifer* wants nothing more than to be left alone, as scientists discovered when early work on the park subjected the colony to all kinds of human-associated stimuli, ranging from the occasional clicks of an infrared camera to shuffling feet and the usual throat-clearing and muffled conversations of a tour group. Each click and whisper alarmed the bats, raising the terrible possibility that in fleeing the disturbance, a mother might drop a newborn pup on the hard floor below.

Thanks to the Arizona State Parks' leadership, those shy bats and their young are safe. The park closes the Big Room during the bats' half-year residency, affording *Myotis velifer* a unique sanctuary—for no other park in any other state has given such extensive protection to a species that is not yet endangered, but vulnerable to disturbance. That the bats are generous enough to share their homes with us while they're away is a boon. It's fitting that we honor their privacy when they're at home, deep in Kartchner Caverns' wonderland. ■■

Gregory McNamee of Tucson grew up in the shadow of Virginia's cave-rich Blue Ridge Mountains and has been poking around Arizona since 1975. He has an intemperate fondness for bats.

A vibrant field of orange poppies and purple lupines in a park setting. The flowers are in full bloom, creating a colorful and textured landscape. The background shows more greenery and a hint of a path or clearing.

A PORTFOLIO

a walk in the park

Arizona's state parks
reveal their scenic sides

Many of the state's 28 state parks preserve bits of history or chances to hike, splash and fish. But these special places also protect some stirring scenery and vital wildlife habitat. So here's a sampling of places beloved by people, javalina, deer, ducks and trout, including Sedona, the Colorado River's coves, the Santa Catalina Mountains and Picacho Peak, famous for the poppies captured here by photographer George Stocking.

■ To order a print, call (866) 962-1191 or visit arizonahighways.com.



CATTAIL COVE STATE PARK

An amber glow reflects off Lake Havasu's tranquil surface at Cattail Cove State Park. The lake, formed when the Colorado River was dammed near Parker, is a 45-mile aquatic retreat for sailing into quiet coves, skimming the surface on water skis or jet skis or fishing for largemouth and striped bass, bluegill and crappie. MOREY MILBRADT
■ To order a print, call (866) 962-1191 or visit arizonahighways.com.



LAKE HAVASU STATE PARK

Lake Havasu State Park and its surrounding wilderness host a plethora of wildlife, including (left to right) javelinas, mule deer and ruddy ducks.



CATALINA STATE PARK

Ocotillos and saguaros crowd the landscape as blue-hued layers of the Santa Catalina Mountains rise in a panorama from the north side of Montrose Canyon in Catalina State Park. Park visitors enjoy bicycling, camping, hiking, horseback-riding, wildlife-viewing, picnicking and touring an ancient Hohokom village.

JACK DYKINGA

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SLIDE ROCK STATE PARK

A sun-kissed sandstone column towers over a stand of fir and pine trees in Oak Creek Canyon, above Slide Rock State Park. The park, originally a homestead and apple farm, has become world-famous thanks to its natural namesake waterslide, receiving hordes of swimmers every year to glide down the slippery sandstone. ROBERT G. MCDONALD

■ To order a print, call (866) 962-1191 or visit arizonahighways.com.



BOYCE THOMPSON ARBORETUM STATE PARK

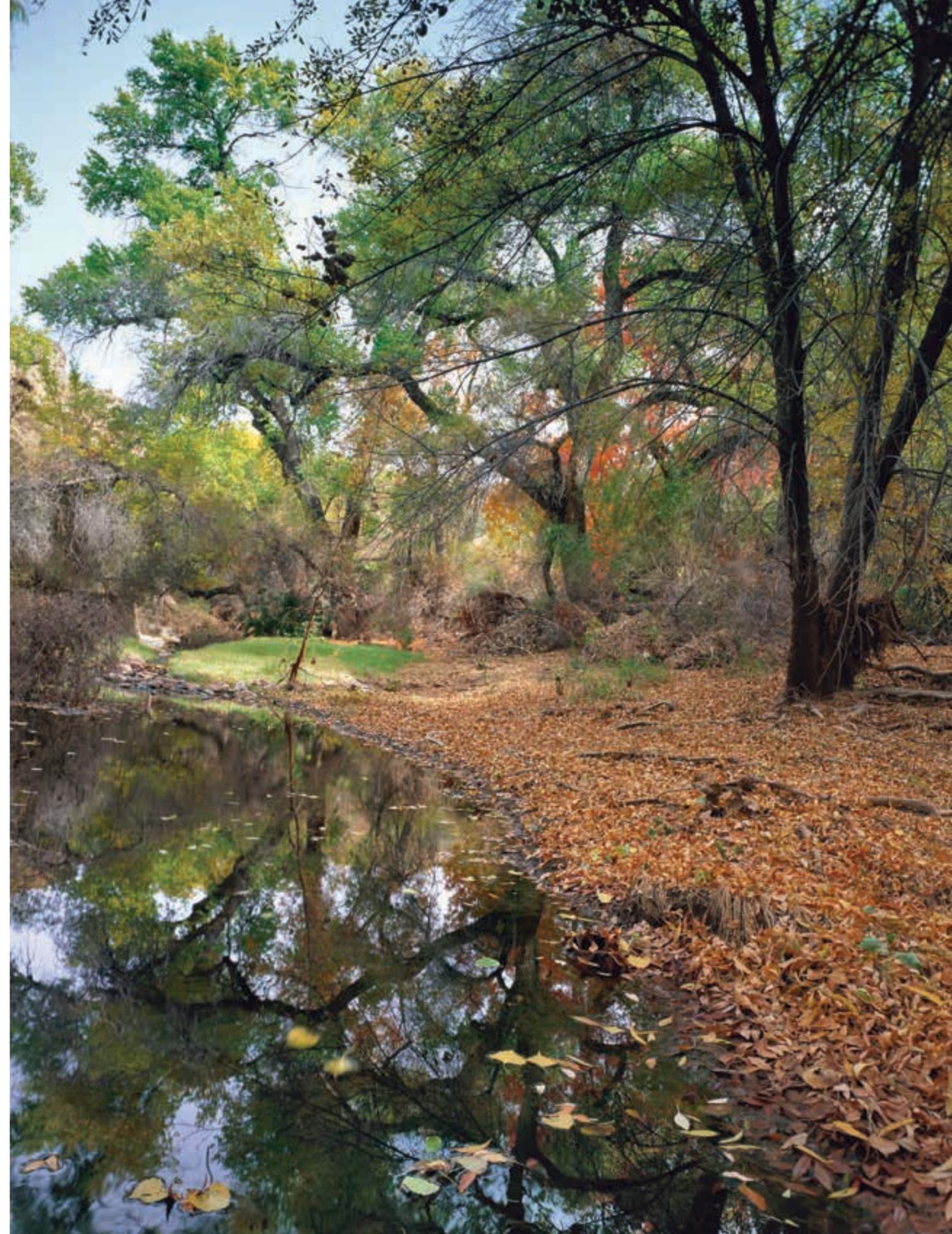
A stand of trees (right) shades Queen Creek at Boyce Thompson Arboretum State Park. The park's 323 acres enclose Arizona's oldest and largest botanical garden. PAUL GILL

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DEAD HORSE RANCH STATE PARK

The nearly 180-mile-long Verde River running through Dead Horse Ranch State Park is one of the desert's last free-flowing rivers sustaining a lush riparian area and a large wildlife population, including (clockwise from top left) the rarely sighted elf owl, great egret, black-tailed jackrabbit and Harris' hawk.





Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman was famous for his scorched earth tactics during both the Civil and Indian wars. Ironically, his father named him after the famous Shawnee Indian chief, Tecumseh.

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Tough General vs.

Sherman's 1882 Tombstone Visit Mingled Cheers, Hypocrisy And Danger



The streets of Tombstone weren't this quiet during 1882.

Toughest Town

by Leo W. Banks

He arrived in the young mine camp on Goose Flats to a hero's welcome: William Tecumseh Sherman. Everyone knew the name of the tough-as-steel general who broke the Confederacy's will on his brutal march from Atlanta to the sea during the Civil War.

Tombstone had never entertained anyone so famous, as many townspeople turned out in 1882 to watch as the grizzled Commander of the Army stood on the balcony of the Grand Hotel to accept their cheers.

Although just a footnote in history

books, Sherman's visit provided a rousing and funny look at the workings of power, politics and local patriotism on the frontier. It also coincided with ongoing construction on the fancy new county courthouse, built for the then-lavish price of \$50,000. That courthouse, now a state historic park, has become one of the key attractions in a place known for its vital—and violent—Western history.

Sherman's visit brushed against that Wild West history, not to mention that timeless underpinning of politics in any era—hypocrisy. Just eight years before, Sherman had described Arizona as “an

immense, miserable country full of Apache Indians” that should be handed back to Mexico.

This wasn't an offhand remark in an unguarded moment. He said it in testimony before Congress.

But the hypocrisy was mutual. Arizonans pretended to like Sherman, too, hoping the publicity would encourage Eastern capitalists to invest in Arizona's mines, ranches and banks if they could only convince Sherman that the Territory had advanced beyond its reputation as a nest of cutthroat Indians and toothless outlaws.

Tough work, that. Sherman would find out the hard way that reputations are sometimes deserved.

He rode into a cauldron.

calling... We have a standing gallows in our jail yard ready to carry out the law upon murderers, and the trap will be sprung whenever occasion demands.”

Moreover, Arizona struggled with the so-called Apache problem. Due to lousy conditions on their reservation at San Carlos and a restless warrior spirit, the Apaches periodically broke out, murdering settlers and stealing horses as they fled into Mexico.

Sherman hoped to see both situations up close and report back to Washington.

His Arizona tour began in early April at Fort Grant and Fort Thomas, near Safford, then moved north to the San Carlos Agency.

Tombstone's newspapers, the *Daily*

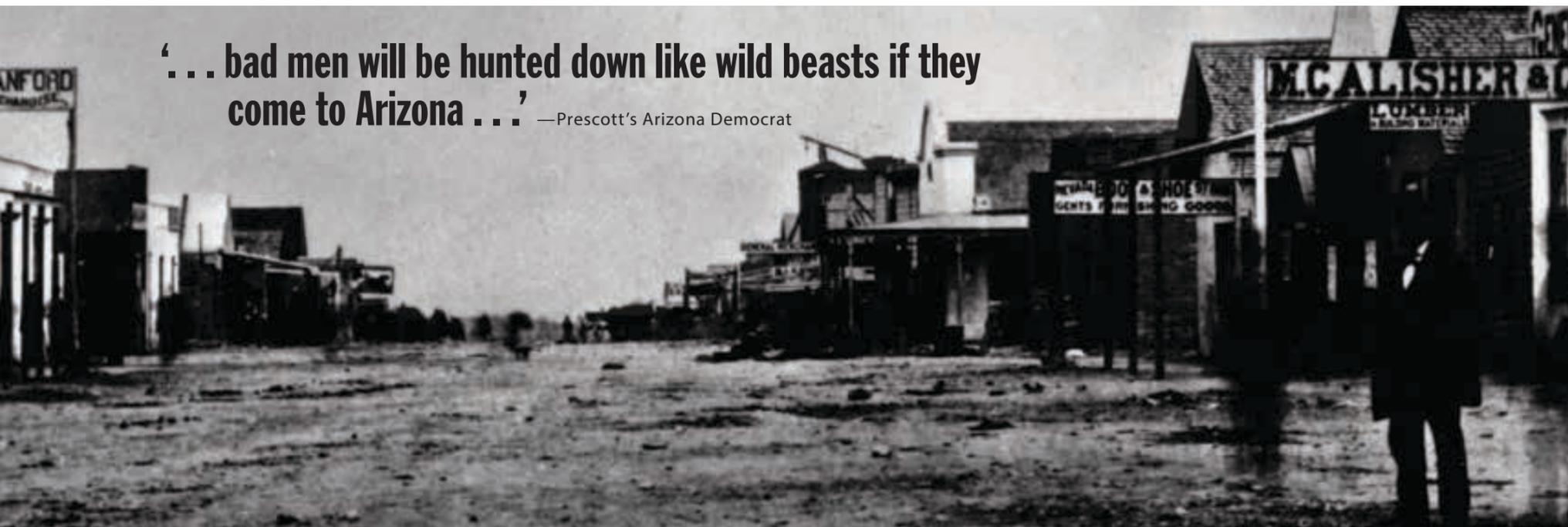
drawn by six horses each, forced their way through the eager, cheering crowd, and halted in front of the hotel. The general and party alighted, and were immediately escorted to their apartments.”

After making supper arrangements at the swank Maison Doree restaurant, Sherman appeared on the hotel veranda to great crowd applause. He thanked the crowd and said he was “much astonished and greatly pleased to find such a number of fine looking, intelligent citizens in this place so badly thought of outside,” according to the *Epitaph*.

Moments before, on the outskirts of town, Sherman glimpsed the source of Tombstone's reputation.

As his entourage approached the min-

‘... bad men will be hunted down like wild beasts if they come to Arizona ...’ —Prescott's Arizona Democrat



Consider the timing:

The O.K. Corral fight took place seven months prior to his arrival, and Morgan Earp's death by assassination only 30 days before. Such events in the infamous Cowboy War had battered Arizona's reputation.

By May 1882, Earp and his vengeance posse had left town for the final time and President Chester Arthur nearly sent federal troops to enforce the law as newspapers demanded an end to the “social smallpox” of the cowboy-gangsters.

“Let it be published...” wrote Prescott's *Arizona Democrat*, “that bad men will be hunted down like wild beasts if they come to Arizona to ply their nefarious

Nugget and the *Epitaph*, closely tracked his every move. The rival *Arizona Star* of Tucson, fancying itself above such breathlessness, cracked, “Half the male citizens of Tombstone have been placed on the committee of arrangements to receive General Sherman.”

But that wasn't far from the truth.

Flags and bunting decorated the Grand Hotel, where Sherman would stay, and Chinese lanterns hung from its veranda. Excited crowds lined Allen Street, “anxious to obtain even a momentary glimpse of the war-worn veteran,” according to the *Nugget*.

“Shortly after eight o'clock,” the paper continued, “three covered ambulances,

ing camp, a cowboy rode up and asked if General Sherman was there. Hearing yes, the ruffian pulled a pistol and fired two shots in rapid succession.

“That was the signal for a volley,” reported the *Star*, “and for a few minutes the air vibrated with the sharp reports of pistol shots, bursting of anvils and Chinese rockets.”

Reporters assured their readers that Sherman greatly enjoyed the performance, as did the wives of the officers accompanying him. One said she expected at least two or three men would be killed every day in the mine camp, and to her great disappointment, they “hadn't a man for breakfast while they were in Tombstone.”

Sherman and his civic hangers-on, including *Epitaph* owner John Clum, prominent saloon man Milt Joyce and a beaming Mayor John Carr, crowded into the Maison Doree, then one of the West's best restaurants.

Its menu offered wild game, beef, lamb, poultry, even oysters, along with a wide selection of wines, all for 50 cents, according to *Tombstone A.T.: A History of Early Mining, Milling and Mayhem*, by William Shillingberg.

To the delight of Tombstone's honchos, the general expressed his pleasant surprise at seeing so many “evidences of American enterprise” in such a remote place.

The next day, April 8, he saw that enterprise up close. Officials of the Tombstone

“While watching him the idea forced itself that it would be a crime to retire him. The sound of the music seemed to act on him like the noise of the bugle on a warhorse.”

But the majority of the coverage dealt with the women's magnificent dresses, the gold-laced uniforms of the officers and the “easy flow of satin” on the dance floor. Did this show of sophistication impress Tucson's guests?

“No doubt it will have a tendency to convince them,” wrote the *Star*, “that we are not all savages in Arizona, and that culture and elegance can be found outside the sacred precincts of Boston.”

Not savages. Those two words summarize everything that the citizens of the Territory wished to convey. And it seemed to work, with Sherman predicting great things for Arizona's future.

On the Indian question, he advocated a military reorganization of Arizona and opposed removal of Arizona's Apaches to the Indian Territory, saying they should be “civilized where they are.”

He also praised the success of the San Carlos Agency and its head, Joseph Tiffany. Sherman said the Indians there wanted to settle down and own stock and land, and “appeared to understand individual responsibility for their acts.”

On the cowboy lawlessness, the general said little for publication, but, in a private telegram to Washington, suggested either a federal posse or U.S. troops.

But shortly after Sherman's departure from Tucson, word began dribbling out that his open appreciation for Arizona wasn't entirely sincere.

When citizens from Globe pressed him to support establishment of a military post in San Carlos, Sherman instead blasted Arizona. As the *Epitaph* put it, Sherman said, “... the whole Territory ought to be turned over to the 'Injun', and expressed a profound sympathy for every white man in it, and the imbecility which induced anyone to stay here, once having been inveigled into it.”

Then the paper added wryly, “He must have changed his views before arriving in Tombstone.”

Sherman's hypocrisy drew the *Epitaph's* withering sarcasm. The paper remarked that the general might change his mind in time, adding that “the daintiest luxuries are often at first offensive to the senses.”

It continued: “For instance, it requires a cultivated taste and smell to appreciate the ravishing excellence of Limburger cheese, but when one reaches the proper

height of aesthetic culture in the direction of taste and smell, he often prefers this dainty to any other cheese in the world.”

But Sherman's political game blew up entirely on April 19, when some 700 Apaches broke out of San Carlos. In their southward charge across Arizona, the hostiles killed 42 people and swept the region of stock, according to *Federal Control of the Western Apaches, 1848-1886*, by Ralph Hedrick Ogle.

The dead included San Carlos Chief of Police A.D. Sterling, whose body was mutilated and his head chopped off. Much as they disliked Sterling, the renegades hated Tiffany even more. Historians generally lay blame for this bloody outbreak on his corrupt and thieving management at San Carlos.

The whole mess badly tainted Sherman, who, on April 14, had sent a telegram to Washington praising Tiffany as a “man of character,” describing his agency as well-organized and well-conducted.

Then the general's disaster nearly turned fatal.

Sherman, the savior of the Union, commander of the entire U.S. Army and advocate of total war against the West's hostile Indians, very nearly encountered total war himself, according to Dan Thrapp, author of *The Conquest of Apacheria*.

Traveling with a small escort group en route to Fort Grant, Sherman missed the escaping Apaches by the “narrowest of margins.”

Thrapp relied on information provided by Will Barnes, who later became a well-known author. Although Barnes badly mangled his dates, his intimate involvement makes the substance of his account believable.

Sitting in the telegraph office at Fort Apache at the time of the breakout, he said that military authorities at Prescott's Fort Whipple and Fort Grant spent “some mighty anxious hours until he [Sherman] was reported safe into Grant.”

Thrapp commented that the “savages ... had missed their biggest game.”

If the Apaches had bagged the general, his tour would've been national news. As it turned out, most of the crazy events of April 1882 have fallen into history's shadows.

But we can assume that Sherman remembered them well, because they proved Arizona Territory to be wilder than even our toughest general realized. ■

Leo W. Banks also wrote the following two stories. He lives in Tucson.



W

e can name many things to cherish about the desert in winter, from the quality of the light to the bearded, wild-eyed characters this dry land seems to attract in abundance.

But water in the desert is the closest we come to universal magic.

It never fails to thrill and helps explain the allure of a 38-mile stretch of western Arizona

from Parker north to Lake Havasu City.

The area sports three Arizona state parks, all with exciting water recreation, including some of the best bass fishing in the West, as well as a calm kind of RV camping.

For those more inclined to explore, with or without the accompaniment of water, visitors to the Parker-Havasutrip can also hike into a hidden slot canyon, enjoy country music at a

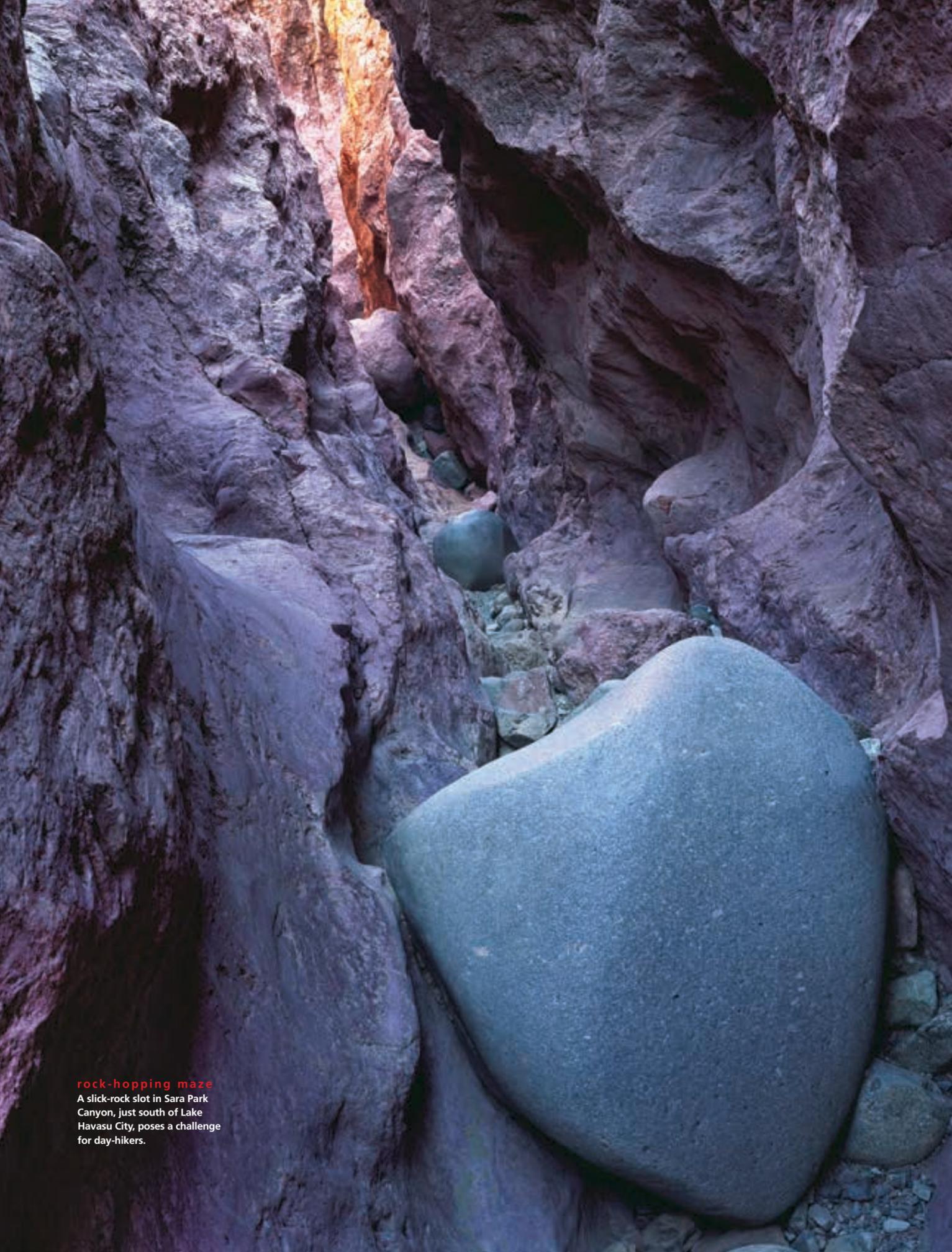
S P L A S H O F M A G I C

River's Spell Slows Time in String of State Parks

by Leo W. Banks photographs by Randy Prentice

morning glory

Sunrise comes quietly over the Bill Williams River near its western Arizona confluence with the Colorado River. The Bill Williams is named after a pioneering mountain man who traversed Arizona in the early 1800s.



rock-hopping maze
A slick-rock slot in Sara Park Canyon, just south of Lake Havasu City, poses a challenge for day-hikers.

lost desert saloon, and even take part in exciting treasure hunts using maps posted online.

But the area's principal attraction might be practicing the art of loafing, usually on the banks of the Colorado River.

The latter is an art form that 61-year-old retirees Cindy Mattson and sister-in-law Linnea Mattson seem to have mastered. The women and their husbands escaped the rain in the Northwest and landed at an RV rental spot at Buckskin Mountain State Park, 12 miles north of Parker.

I found them at a picnic bench on the river's edge, enjoying the sun while Linnea crocheted a rug. Their

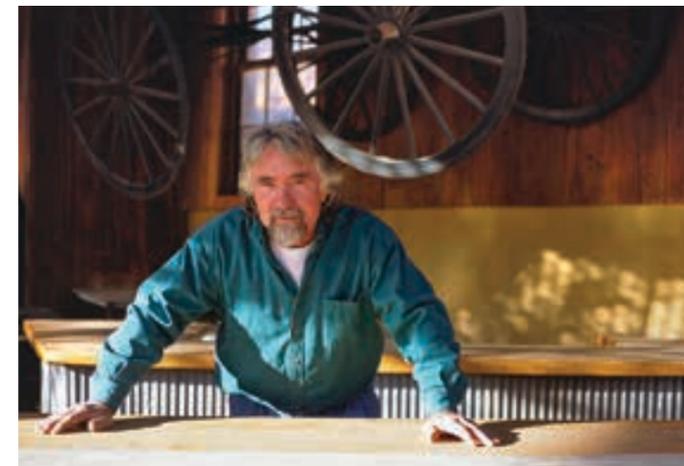
at the helm

Ken Coughlin (below) poses in front of his pride and joy: the bar at Nellie E.

Saloon, a popular solar-powered hangout located near the Buckskin Mountains outside Parker.

winter life consists of wandering Arizona's deserts, finding a place to hole up for a couple of weeks and doing whatever the day brings.

They have just two criteria: The weather should be warm and dry, unlike their soggy home, and they try to avoid oversized RV parks. "At those places you get big rigs with attitude," says Cindy, who spent her



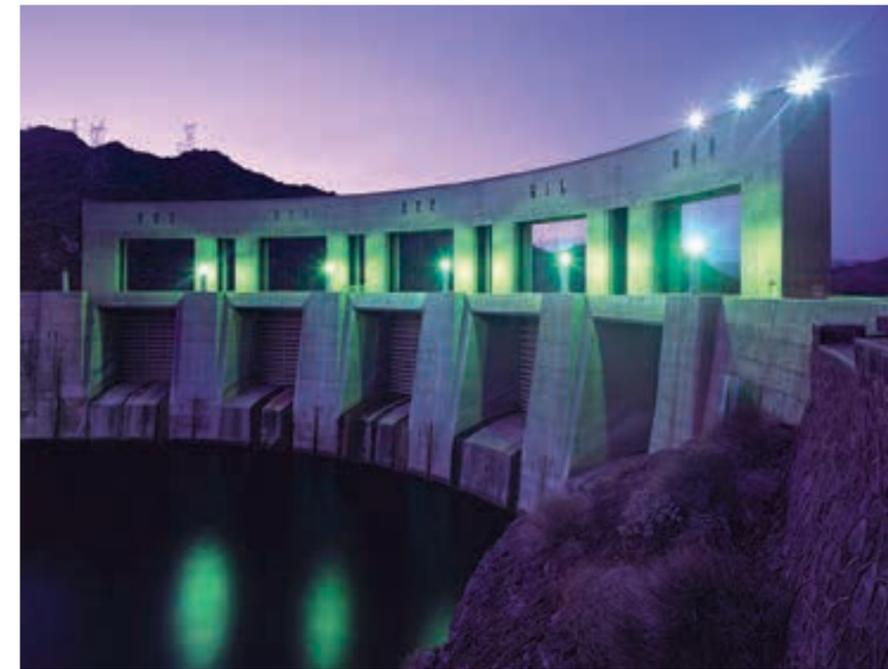
work life in the insurance business. "This is different. The people are so friendly."

Linnea, a retired teacher, eyes the placid river at her shoulder and says, "What's not to like? It's beautiful physically, and the clientele is quiet. Powerboats aren't our thing. We like to sit by the water and listen to the birds."

It's a free form of entertainment. It soothes and enriches. Just like the occasional nighttime concerts they enjoy, provided free of charge by wild burros braying in the nearby Buckskin Mountains.

When they crave the bright lights, the women sometimes head down to the Blue Water Casino. Their husbands float down the Colorado in kayaks and meet them there. The living is so easy they don't even have to paddle. The current carries them the whole 9 miles.

The Mattsons aren't sure where their wanderlust will take them after Buckskin, but they've got plenty of options. A few miles up the road, Cattail Cove State Park also offers boat ramps, hiking trails and campsites.



"We have a reputation as a quiet winter getaway," says park manager Gary Peaslee. "Thirty of our campsites are beautiful coves that you can't get to except by boat, and they're very popular."

Buckskin also hosts ranger-led hikes and Saturday night campfires, while Cattail offers stargazing lectures and talks on venomous critters.

The one critter all visitors want to know about is that slithering desert celebrity, the rattlesnake. Peaslee tells a wonderful story—a cautionary tale—about an inquisitive woman who spotted a small

deep down
Dusk heralds a twinkle of lights at the 320-foot-tall Parker Dam, the deepest dam in the world.

when you go

Location: Parker is 169 miles northwest of Phoenix. Lake Havasu City is 206 miles northwest of Phoenix.

Getting There: From Phoenix, take Interstate 10 west to State Route 95, then go north on State 95 to Parker and Lake Havasu.

Attractions: The Blue Water Resort and Casino, 11300 Resort Drive, Parker; toll-free (888) 243-3360. In addition to the casino, the facility includes restaurants, a hotel, swimming pool, outdoor concert amphitheater, a 164-slip marina, a doublewide boat launch ramp and a waterside cantina. The road off State 95 to the Nellie E. Saloon is suitable for a passenger vehicle. The saloon has a full bar and grill. Open from noon to sundown on Saturdays and Sundays from Labor Day weekend through Memorial Day weekend. Closed during the summer. The saloon has no published phone number and the owner discourages visitors during off-hours.

Buckskin Mountain State Park, State Route 95, 11 miles north of Parker, (928) 667-3231. The River Island facility, a mile north of Buckskin, is part of the Buckskin park. This facility offers a group-use area, a sandy beach, a rest room with showers, a boat launch, and a ranger station. (928) 667-3386.

Additional Information: Cattail Cove State Park, (928) 855-1223; <http://www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/cattail.html>; Lake Havasu State Park, (928) 855-2784; <http://www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/havas.html>; Bill Williams River National Wildlife Refuge is in Parker, (928) 667-4144; www.southwest.fws.gov. All three parks are open 365 days a year and have RV campsites, hiking trails and boat launch ramps. Specific services vary at each one, so call ahead, or log on to www.azstateparks.com, and search for the park you want. To geocache (hunt small treasures by GPS) while in the area, log on to geocaching.com.



She picked it up again with the other hand,
and the snake bit that thumb, too.

good catch
Early morning finds two fishermen trying their luck on a calm Colorado River, south of the Bill Williams River National Wildlife Refuge.

the angles
Duward Cooper (right) of Lake Havasu City has an angle on largemouth bass in Lake Havasu.



Western diamondback and reached down to pick it up. The baby rattler jerked its head around and bit the woman's thumb. She promptly dropped it. But thinking, falsely, that she had to capture the snake so her doctor would know what kind it was, she picked it up again with the other hand, and the snake bit that thumb, too.

Although both thumbs turned black, the woman survived, and she learned the first lesson about snakes and scorpions: Let them be. The episode occurred in summer, but rattlers follow no schedule. If it's warm enough, they'll come out to bedevil the foolfish.

Driving State Route 95 is part of what makes this trip so pleasurable. The scenery stuns with remarkable consistency. Moonlike black mountains border the winding road for much of the 38 miles, and on many of the turns the vista opens to blue lake, boats on the water and palm trees shading secluded inlets.

I stopped at an overlook at Parker Dam, between Buckskin and Cattail, a 320-foot mass of concrete, much of it underwater, completed in 1938. It's worth seeing, if only for its eye-popping quality.

Another must-stop: The finger of land that juts out

into the Colorado River on the far western end of the Bill Williams River National Wildlife Refuge. A hiking trail runs along this narrow, roughly 150-yard peninsula, with benches and interpretive signs along the way.

Other places along State 95 don't show up on tourist brochures. Like the Nellie E. Saloon. Reaching this desert outpost requires some effort, and a modicum of nerve, but the payoff makes it worthwhile.

Cienega Springs Road connects with the highway about 4.5 miles north of Parker, then rolls and dips into the Buckskin Mountains. Five miles of dirt road brings visitors to the saloon, which opened in its present form in 1988, on the site of an old mining camp.

It looks the part, a weather-beaten, cement-block structure with a stamped tin ceiling, and it's accessible by a covered walking bridge. But the oddest aspect of the place sits on the roof—solar panels. "We might be the only solar-powered saloon in the West," says 61-year-old owner Ken Coughlin.

The Nellie E., named for an old mining claim, has another distinction: It's open only during daylight hours, noon to sunset. In spite of these eccentric qualities, or perhaps because of them, the bar has become a popular spot to have a drink and listen to live music in a unique setting.

I found treasure of a different sort in a hidden slot canyon, which, like the desert bar, lies off the beaten track. Sara Park Canyon is located just south of Lake Havasu. But the sign on 95 only says "Sara Park." Travelers must drive for a mile behind the park to reach the trailhead.

From there, I walked more than a mile along a sandy wash into the canyon, using two massive black ridges on the horizon as my guide. The closer I got to the canyon, the more these ridges pressed together, until they literally squeezed against my shoulders.

By then these once-dark rock masses had become lavender cliffs that soared straight up, turning an endless canopy sky into a thin sliver of blue as I entered the shadowy slot.

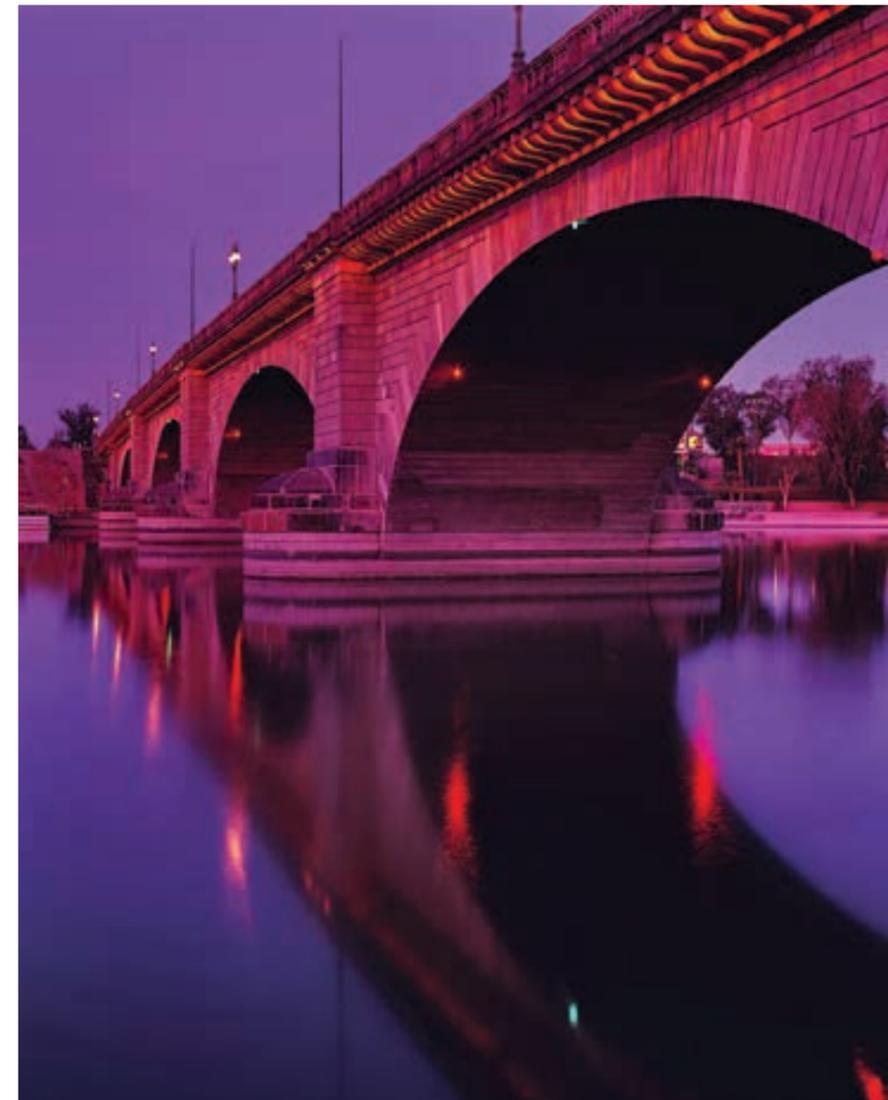
Just up the highway, in booming Havasu, city leaders tout the London Bridge as its main tourist attraction, and rightly so. All this water in the desert? Duward Cooper marvels at it.

"I came here in 1986 from San Diego, and I had no idea Arizona had a lake like this," says Cooper, now a year-round Havasu resident. "A 40-mile lake? Impossible in this desert."

But at Lake Havasu State Park, ranger Tim Kristof says that in all the conversations he's had with first-time visitors, whether RV campers, hikers enjoying its sunset walking trail, pleasure boaters or serious fishermen, the most common reaction is surprise at the size of the lake.

"People are shocked at how big it is, and how blue," says Kristof. "Everybody knows the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon is gray and muddy, and they expect it to be that way here, too. But Havasu is an Indian word that means blue-green."

For Cooper, though, a 75-year-old retired Navy welder, the word means great fishing.



I caught up with him on a cold morning at Windsor Beach, part of this popular state park, and we talked about the passion he still feels for his boat, his gear, the peace of the water in the early hours, and especially for bringing home a bag full of striped bass.

"Oh, it's the best fish there is. The meat is white and so mild people mistake it for lobster," says Cooper, whose bearded, grizzled face shows his lifetime love for the water.

Then he turns toward Havasu, now a mass of white-caps from the howling wind. "I love this lake at the crack of dawn," he says. "It's almost like a sea. I can't get enough of it."

There was magic in his eyes. Water in the desert never fails. ■■■

Leo W. Banks also wrote the preceding story.

Randy Prentice would like to return to these state parks someday soon—to do some serious bass fishing. When considering possible places to retire, this area of Arizona looks a little bit more inviting to him with each visit. He lives in Tucson.

reflection
The London Bridge, one of Lake Havasu City's most charming attractions, was reconstructed over the Colorado River after city founder Robert P. McCulloch paid nearly \$2.5 million for the original structure in London.

Historians Have Slighted the Spanish Explorer, but Re-enactors Remember

by Leo W. Banks

History offers no better evidence of its fickle heart than Juan Bautista de Anza II. Does the name ring a bell? Can you say why he's important? Probably not. Few can.

But he played a seminal role in the early Southwest, earning his place as a giant of exploration, peace-making, soldiering and settlement.

"He did more to impact this region than anybody, possibly even Father Kino," says historian Don Garate, referring to Eusebio Francisco Kino, the Jesuit who established a string of missions in northern Mexico and what's now southern Arizona, including San Xavier del Bac in Tucson.

Anza's signature accomplishments came in 1774, when he became the first European to establish an overland route through the Sonoran Desert to California, and in the winter of the following year, and into 1776, when he returned to the Pacific Coast on a colonizing trip that led to the founding of San Francisco.

Both expeditions departed from the Spanish presidio at Tubac, Arizona's first European community.

Today, Tubac attracts tourists with its gift shops, art galleries, restaurants and Old World charm. But it also offers a highly entertaining dose of history at Tubac Presidio State Historic Park, one of Arizona's best.

Every year, around the third weekend of October, the park hosts Anza Days, a celebration of this forgotten hero. Events



PRESIDIO PADRE
Part of the living history at Tubac Presidio State Historic Park includes portrayals of personalities who lived there during the presidio's Spanish Colonial days. Mel Whitrock depicts a missionary in period dress. ARIZONA STATE PARKS

include stage performances, mariachi music and Aztec dancers. Characters roam the grounds in period clothing portraying the people of Tubac during Anza's time.

In past years, interpretive ranger Terri Leverton says the park has featured speakers on the Spanish Conquistadores, and it has drawn visitors to its 1885 schoolhouse to hear what it was like to attend school in Tubac in the 1800s.

The park also has one of the best small museums in the state. Using displays, photographs, folk art and rarely seen artifacts—Tohono O'Odham war sticks, copper bell pendants, Spanish swords—the museum skillfully and visually lays out the history of human development in the Santa Cruz Valley.

But the most popular event during Anza Days might be Sunday morning's high Mass at the mission at Tumacacori National Historic Park. Performers attend in costumes similar to those Anza and his followers wore.

At its conclusion, the actors meet outside and mount their horses. In imitation of Anza's departure, the priest blesses them. Then, with the choir from the high Mass accompanying, the priest sings the *alabado*, or "hymn of praise," the same song Anza expedition members heard while leaving for California.

These modern re-enactors only travel as far as Tubac, 4.5 miles away, where Garate, dressed as Anza, talks about the town's history.

The Spanish founded the presidio at Tubac after suppressing the Pima Indian revolt of 1751. The fort measured 144 by 200 feet, and its 51 soldiers were expected to prevent further rebellion, protect outlying missions and explore the region.

"Soldiers, their families and settlers built homes around the presidio," says Leverton. "If people felt scared, especially of raiding Apaches, the number one problem, they'd flee to the presidio. But it offered more than protection. It was the center of social and cultural life here."

At age 23, Anza, born in the summer of 1736 to a Basque father at Fronteras, Sonora, became the presidio's second captain. He bore the full weight of a dream that his father, as well as the Spanish Crown, had long held—finding a supply route across Sonora to the Pacific Ocean.

Apaches killed Anza Sr. before he could accomplish that goal. But the son succeeded, and Garate says his accomplish-



ANZA LIVES
The Anza Days celebration honors Commandant Juan Bautista de Anza II. Festivities include colorful riders (left) imitating Anza's departure from Tubac, Mexican dancing (above left) and historic re-enactments by the Los Tubaqueños group. Lilly Sheahan (above) of Los Tubaqueños prepares a meal reminiscent of the era. ARIZONA STATE PARKS

ment opened California to future waves of European settlement, including the 1849 gold rushers.

"His trip to California was a phenomenal thing," says Garate. "He settled the West Coast before we ever got there. If you include both the exploratory trip and the colonizing trip, he traveled two to three times farther than Lewis and Clark. Even though people no longer remember it, Anza did tremendous work in securing the frontier."

To remind the world of Anza's greatness, Garate has spent 14 years writing a biography of him and his father. The already-published first volume, *Juan Bautista de Anza: Basque Explorer in the New World, 1693-1740*, deals mainly with the father. Garate is working on the sec-

ond volume, mostly about Anza Jr.

But if Anza was such a force, why has his legacy been lost? Historians say that archival records of his work were shipped back to Spain, and they were written in Spanish, both of which limited researchers' access.

"We're an English-speaking Protestant nation, and he was from a Spanish-speaking Catholic nation," says Garate, chief interpreter and historian at Tumacacori. "We don't remember Anza because he was working for the wrong government."

With history so fickle, we need a fun and interesting celebration like Anza Days. It elevates the West's greatest explorer to his true place in history. ■■■

Leo W. Banks wrote the two preceding stories.

when you go

Location: 45 miles south of Tucson.

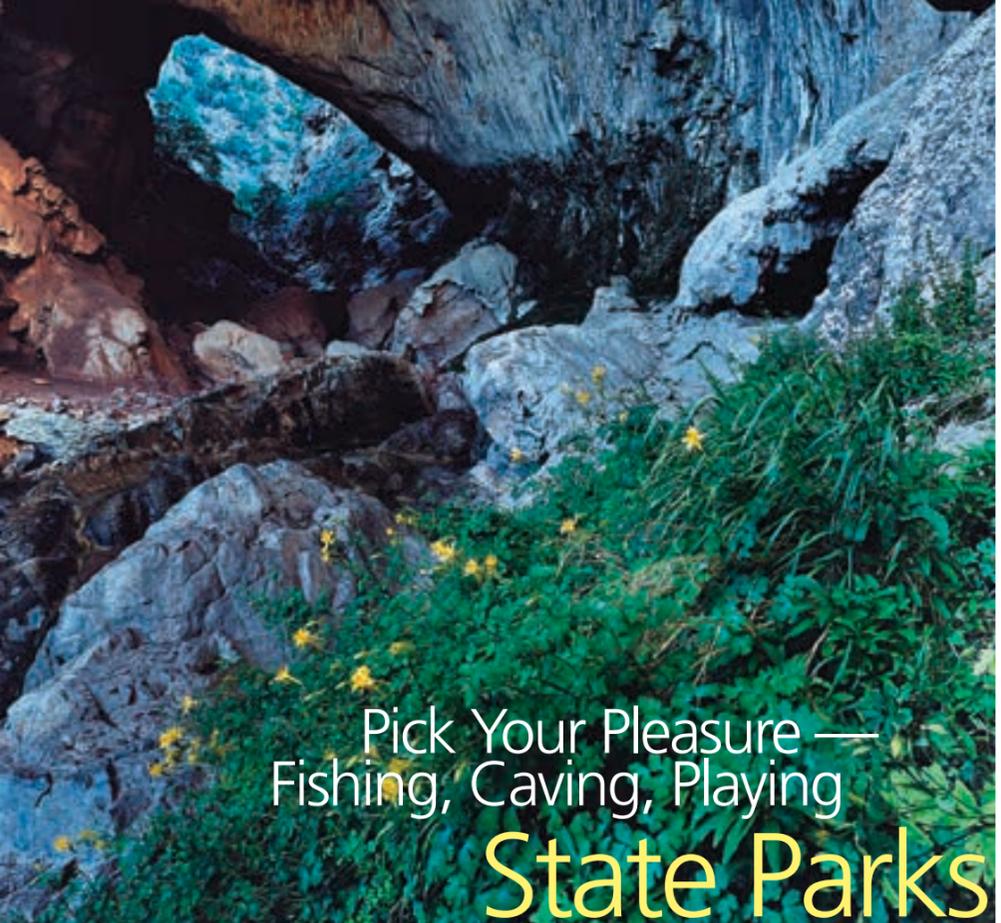
Getting There: From Tucson, drive south on Interstate 19 for about 45 miles. Turn left (east) onto the frontage road (Exit 40), and follow it about 4 miles to the park entrance.

Hours: Tubac Presidio State Historic Park is open daily from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Fees: \$3, adults; \$1, children ages 7 to 13; free, children under 7.

Additional Information: The 2006 Anza Days takes place on October 21 and 22. Tubac Presidio State Historic Park, (520) 398-2252; www.pr.state.az.us/Parks/parkhtml/tubac.html. Tubac Chamber of Commerce, (520) 398-2704; www.tubacaz.com.

anza all over again

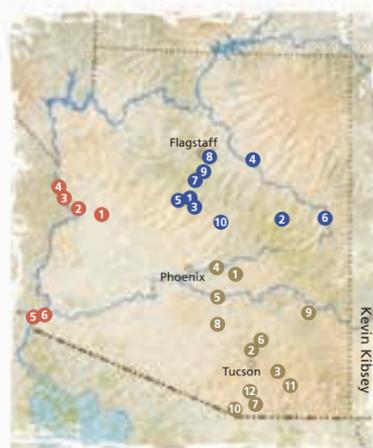


Pick Your Pleasure — Fishing, Caving, Playing State Parks



Guide

by Sally Benford,
Kimberly Hosey
and Jayme Cook



NORTHERN REGION PARKS

1 Dead Horse Ranch State Park

Location: Cottonwood, 90 miles north of Phoenix.
What to Do: This ecological Eden is a nest for bird-watchers, boasting neo-tropical migrants and domestic songbirds. Camping, mountain-biking, hiking, canoeing, picnicking and fishing along the Verde River are other activities to enjoy at this 423-acre park in the Coconino National Forest.
Cool Fact: In the late 1940s, the Ireys family moved from Minnesota to Arizona in search of the perfect ranch. As they surveyed different lands, a very specific landmark distinguished one ranch—a dead horse. When it came time to choose, the Ireys children voted on Dead Horse Ranch and the morbid name stuck.
Claim to Fame: Within Dead Horse Ranch State Park flows the Verde River Greenway, a 6-mile stretch of the Verde River that possesses a unique ecosystem: the Fremont cottonwood/Goodding willow riparian gallery forest. This bionetwork of plants and animals is so rare that fewer than 20

such riparian zones are found in the entire world.
Information: (928) 634-5283; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/deadhorse.html.

2 Fool Hollow Lake Recreation Area

Location: Show Low, 130 miles southeast of Flagstaff off State Route 260.
What to Do: Camp, picnic or watch wildlife beneath 100-foot pines or fish and boat on a tranquil 150-acre lake.
Cool Fact: Thomas Wesley Adair and his family settled here in 1885 and grew corn, sugar cane, wheat, beans and other vegetables, but scoffers said only a fool would farm there.
Claim to Fame: Great blue herons fish the shallows for rainbow trout, bass, black crappie, green sunfish, channel catfish and walleye. Arizona Game and Fish Department stocks rainbows from mid-May through September.
Information: (928) 537-3680; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/foolhollow.html.

3 Fort Verde State Historic Park

Location: Camp Verde, 57 miles south of Flagstaff off State Route 260.
What to Do: Explore frontier life as you peruse three historic house museums, complete with 1880s furnishings. Browse interpretive exhibits with period artifacts on military life, Indian scouts and Indian Wars history.
Cool Fact: This site was the primary base for General Crook's U.S. Army scouts and soldiers. On this site in April 1873, Tonto Apache Chief Chalipun, with 300 of his followers in attendance, officially surrendered to Crook.
Claim to Fame: This is the best-preserved example of an Indian Wars fort, and visitors can still get an authentic taste. A bugle sounds each morning, and historians in period clothing roam the site.
Information: (928) 567-3275; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/fortverde.html.

4 Homolovi Ruins State Park

Location: Winslow, 55 miles east of Flagstaff.
What to Do: Explore the ancient land of indigenous

peoples, camp, or hike the Nusungvö ("place of rest") and the Tsu'vö ("path of the rattlesnake") trails for an all-inclusive, educational experience.
Cool Fact: This pre-Columbian site dates back to the 14th century. The area is peppered with pottery shards, petroglyphs and artifacts of the Puebloan Indians.
Claim to Fame: More than 300 archaeological sites have been identified within the park boundaries, including four major 14th century pueblos.
Information: (928) 289-4106; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/homolovi.html.

5 Jerome State Historic Park

Location: Jerome, 95 miles north of Phoenix.
What to Do: At the Douglas family mansion, visitors glimpse Jerome's mining heyday through period artifacts, photographs, a video presentation, minerals, a 3-D model of the town of Jerome with its underground mines and the restored Douglas library.
Cool Fact: In the 1930s, dynamite blasting caused parts of the town to shift and crack. After one powerful dynamite blast, Jerome's jail slid downhill a full city block.
Claim to Fame: As home of the United Verde Mine, the largest copper-producing mine in Arizona Territory, Jerome was known as the "Billion Dollar Copper Camp."
Information: (928) 634-5381; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/jerome.html.

6 Lyman Lake State Park

Location: Saint Johns, 200 miles northeast of Phoenix.
What to Do: Enjoy a cozy picnic, spend a quaint evening in an authentic log cabin or a yurt, relax under the shady ramadas, hit the lake for a boat ride or call ahead to reserve a guided tour of Ultimate Petroglyph Trail.
Cool Fact: Because of its size, Lyman Lake is one of the few bodies of water in northeastern Arizona with no size restrictions on boats.
Claim to Fame: The west end of the lake is an angler's paradise, buoyed off as a no-wake zone. The rest of the lake is a haven for all types of water sports.

Information: (928) 337-4441; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/lyman.html.

7 Red Rock State Park

Location: Sedona, 40 miles south of Flagstaff.
What to Do: Take a self-guided or ranger-led interpretive walk through 286 acres of breathtaking trails.
Cool Fact: The 5-mile network of trails consists of interconnecting loops, which lead trailblazers to vistas of red rock and the vibrant flora of Oak Creek.
Claim to Fame: The park offers environmental education through interpretive programs, like guided nature walks, bird walks and eagle's nest guided hikes.
Information: (928) 282-6907; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/redrock.html.

8 Riordan Mansion State Historic Park

Location: Flagstaff.
What to Do: Tour the Riordan family mansion and view displays about the family, the Arts and Crafts movement and Flagstaff's early logging era.
Cool Fact: A portrait of Timothy Riordan's daughter, Mary, creates an optical illusion that causes visitors to believe the painting's head turns to watch them as they move around the room.
Claim to Fame: The mansion is a remarkable example of the Arts and Crafts movement, filled with historic artifacts, original Gustav Stickley handcrafted furniture and personal mementos.
Information: (928) 779-4395; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/riordan.html.

9 Slide Rock State Park

Location: Sedona, 20 miles south of Flagstaff off State Route 89A.
What to Do: Oak Creek sluices through sandstone to provide a natural waterslide. Try the shallows for wading, deeper pools for swimming, creekside rock slabs for picnics and short trails for exploring the park's 43 acres.
Cool Fact: Listed by *Life* magazine as one of America's 10 most beautiful swimming holes.
Claim to Fame: A historic apple farm remains

Tonto Natural Bridge State Park (left). LES DAVID MANEVITZ Alamo Lake State Park (above). BOB AND SUZANNE CLEMENZ

from the 1912 homestead of Frank L. Pendley, who developed innovative irrigation here. Original orchards, apple-packing barns, the irrigation system and his house still grace the park.
Information: (928) 282-3034; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/sliderock.html.

10 Tonto Natural Bridge State Park

Location: Payson, 106 miles northeast of Phoenix.
What to Do: Trek the half-mile Pine Creek Trail, climb the 300-foot-long Waterfall Trail that ends at a waterfall cave, meander along the half-mile Gowan Loop Trail that leads to an observation deck at the bottom of the creek or relax with an overnight stay at the charming historic lodge.
Cool Fact: Prospector David Gowan first discovered the bridge as he fled from Apaches in 1877. He hid in a cave inside the bridge for three days before emerging and claiming rights to the area.
Claim to Fame: Standing at 183 feet high over a 400-foot-long tunnel, Tonto Natural Bridge is considered the largest natural travertine bridge in the world.
Information: (928) 476-4202; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/tonto.html.

SOUTHERN REGION PARKS

1 Boyce Thompson Arboretum State Park

Location: Superior, 69 miles east of Phoenix.
What to Do: The park offers a wide range of special programs and events in its naturally beautiful setting that includes mountain cliffs, a streamside forest, a desert lake and the natural habitat of a diverse range of wildlife. Learn about plants of the world's deserts and view specialty and demonstration gardens.
Cool Fact: Each year buzzards (better known as turkey vultures) flock to the park on their migration from Mexico. In summer, the birds roost in the eucalyptus grove of Picketpost Mountain.
Claim to Fame: The Arboretum's 323 acres comprise Arizona's oldest and largest botanical garden. It was the first purely botanical institution in the Western states.

Information: (520) 689-2811; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/boyce.html.

2 Catalina State Park

Location: Catalina, 9 miles north of Tucson.
What to Do: This park boasts eight unique trails, including the mile-long Nature Trail that uses informative signs to explain the desert ecosystem.
Cool Fact: Romero Ruin Interpretive Trail leads hikers through the ruins of an ancient Hohokam village site that dates back a thousand years.
Claim to Fame: The equestrian center offers horse lovers a site for off-loading and camping with horses.
Information: (520) 628-5798; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/catalina.html.

3 Kartchner Caverns State Park

Location: Benson, 45 miles east of Tucson, 9 miles south of Interstate 10 off State Route 90.
What to Do: Check out guided cave tours, interactive displays, videos and the Discovery Center, which has fiberglass stalagmite reproductions to explore by touch.
Cool Fact: The cave's Big Room doubles as a nursery roost for thousands of cave myotis bats. Pregnant females return to Kartchner Caverns around the end of April, where they give birth to a single pup in late June. Older life thrived here too—fossils found here include an 86,000-year-old ground sloth, 34,000-year-old horse and 11,000-year-old bear.
Claim to Fame: The caverns host a cornucopia of cave oddities, including one of the world's longest soda straw stalactites at 20 feet 21 inches tall, the largest column in Arizona at 58 feet tall, the world's most extensive formation of brushite moonmilk in creamy colored masses, the first birdsnest needle quartz found in a cave and the world's first discovery of "turnip" shields, delicate globes hanging like Christmas ornaments.
Information: (520) 586-2283; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/kartchner.html.

4 Lost Dutchman State Park

Location: Apache Junction, 35 miles



(Clockwise from above) Dead Horse Ranch State Park, BOB AND SUZANNE CLEMENZ; Boyce Thompson Arboretum State Park, KERRICK JAMES; Patagonia Lake State Park, JACK DYKINGA; Tombstone Courthouse State Historic Park, LAURENCE PARENT; and Riordan Mansion State Historic Park, JERRY SIEVE.

east of Phoenix off State Route 88. **What to Do:** Although this park is named for a fabled gold mine, most visitors these days enjoy camping, rock-climbing, wildlife-watching, picnicking and hiking on trails with names like Treasure Loop and Prospector's View. **Cool Fact:** The Lost Dutchman's Mine legend has inspired quests, debates, paintings, novels and even a musical play, spoofy video game and screenplay. **Claim to Fame:** Area lore says the Peralta family of northern Mexico developed a thriving gold mine here in the 1840s, but Apache raids drove them away. Decades later, "Dutchman" Jacob Waltz is said to have located the mine, guided by a Peralta descendant. **Information:** (480) 982-4485; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/dutchman.html.

5 McFarland State Historic Park
Location: Florence, 55 miles southeast of Phoenix on State Route 79.
What to Do: Tour the original 1878 courthouse, Florence's WWII prisoner of war camp exhibit and former Gov. "Mac" McFarland's archives. The park also offers picnic areas and guided walking tours of Florence's downtown historic district by appointment. **Cool Fact:** In 1888, the local "Vigilance Committee" stormed the historic building's sheriff's office and dragged two men accused of robbing a stage from their cells and hanged them in the jail's corridor. **Claim to Fame:** The courthouse is completely constructed of native Arizona materials and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. **Information:** (520) 868-5216; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/mcfarland.html.

6 Oracle State Park
Location: Oracle, 40 miles north of Tucson off State Route 77.
What to Do: A 7-mile section of the Arizona Trail passes through the park as do several other hiking, mountain-biking and horseback-riding trails. Tour the historic Kanally Ranch House.

Cool Fact: In 1912, Buffalo Bill Cody played Santa Claus for miners' children at Oracle. **Claim to Fame:** Located here, Arizona's Center for Environmental Education fulfills its mission as a wildlife refuge and environmental learning center. **Information:** (520) 896-2425; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/oracle.html.

7 Patagonia Lake State Park
Location: Patagonia, 60 miles south of Tucson on State Route 82.
What to Do: With 250 surface acres, Patagonia Lake offers plenty of water recreation, including fishing and waterskiing. A full-service marina, swimming beach, picnic ramadas, hiking trails and campground round out the fun. **Cool Fact:** Mikey Porter, an 11-year-old boy from Tucson, reeled in a whopper—a world record 2.2-pound green sunfish hybrid at Patagonia Lake. **Claim to Fame:** As famous as the park is for fishing, it's just as famous for what's overhead. More than 300 species of birds have been sighted here and the park offers pontoon-boat birding tours every weekend. **Information:** (520) 287-6965; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/patagonia.html.

8 Picacho Peak State Park
Location: Picacho, 60 miles south of Phoenix off Interstate 10.
What to Do: Hike, climb, bike, camp or picnic at this state park centered around the spire of 3,374-foot Picacho Peak. Hoof it to the summit or stroll along a trail at its base. **Cool Fact:** Site of the Battle of Picacho Pass, the westernmost battle of the Civil War. Every year during early March, re-enactments and other illustrations of Civil War history can be viewed from the park. **Claim to Fame:** Wildflowers are often the stars here. During a good year, Mexican goldpoppies cover the base of Picacho peak in a radiant yellow blanket. **Information:** (520) 466-3183; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/picacho.html.

9 Roper Lake State Park
Location: Six miles south of Safford, 120 miles northeast of Tucson off U.S. Route 191. Dankworth Pond is 3 miles south of Roper Lake. **What to Do:** Fish, relax in the mineral springs' natural hot tub or tour a model Indian village. **Cool Fact:** The peaceful water and boat limitation to only small electric motors make this a great place to learn to sailboard. **Claim to Fame:** Once a catfish hatchery, the 15-acre Dankworth Pond now is stocked with rainbow trout, largemouth bass, crappie, sunfish and channel catfish. The family friendly atmosphere includes fishing lessons and ranger-led Heart Healthy Walks. **Information:** (928) 428-6760; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/roper.html.

10 Sonoita Creek State Natural Area
Location: Within Patagonia Lake State Park, 60 miles south of Tucson.
What to Do: Hike along the creek, view wildlife and attend environmental education programs. **Claim to Fame:** Designated as a significant riparian area, Sonoita Creek is home to black hawks nesting in the area's giant cottonwood, willow, sycamore and mesquite trees. **Information:** (520) 287-2791; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/patagonia.html.

11 Tombstone Courthouse State Historic Park
Location: Tombstone, 70 miles southeast of Tucson off State Route 80.
What to Do: Explore the original Cochise County Courthouse, the only publicly owned museum in Tombstone. Browse through displays of the shootout between the Earps and the Clanton gang. **Cool Fact:** Colorful officeholders here included lawman, rancher and gambler John Slaughter, a relentless manhunter. Slaughter hired Deputy Sheriff Burt Alford, who captured robbers and robbed stages. **Claim to Fame:** Memorabilia graces the park from the courthouse's rough-and-tumble days,

as well as a replica of the courtyard gallows, where seven men were hanged in the 1880s. **Information:** (520) 457-3311; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/tombstone.html.

12 Tubac Presidio State Historic Park
Location: Tubac, 45 miles south of Tucson off Interstate 19.
What to Do: History comes to life as you explore remnants of a 1752 Spanish fort, visit an 1885 schoolhouse or walk the trail of Juan Bautista de Anza. **Cool Fact:** Arizona's first state park, the presidio (fort) was intended to protect the missions and quell further uprisings. The oldest of the three Spanish presidios in the state, Tubac once served as the region's capital. **Claim to Fame:** Two of its displays—the 1885 schoolhouse and the Otero Community Hall—are on the National Register of Historic Places. **Information:** (520) 398-2252; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/tubac.html.

WESTERN REGION PARKS

1 Alamo Lake State Park
Location: North of Wenden, 100 miles west of Phoenix off U.S. Route 60.
What to Do: An oasis for anglers and nature lovers, Alamo Lake State Park offers pristine Sonoran Desert scenery. Watch wildlife or go hiking, picnicking, fishing or boating. Grab a green chili cheeseburger at the Wayside Inn & RV Park, where photos of best catches are plastered on the walls. **Cool Fact:** Because the park is far from city lights and about 30 miles north of the freeway, campers and stargazers enjoy a spectacular starlight show under an ink-black sky. **Claim to Fame:** Created with the completion of Alamo Dam in 1968, the lake has become a fishing haven that also attracts bald eagles. Although its water level fluctuates sharply (it was once recorded rising 11 vertical feet in one night), the lake offers some of the best bass fishing in the state.

Information: (928) 669-2088; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/alamo.html.

2 Buckskin Mountain State Park
Location: Parker, 175 miles northwest of Phoenix.
What To Do: Camp cabana-style, shoot hoops, serve up some volleyball, explore the network of hiking trails or cast off toward River Island. **Cool Fact:** This state park offers some of the best views of mountains and wildlife along the Parker Strip—an 18-mile stretch along the Colorado River between Parker and Headgate dams. **Claim to Fame:** In the hot summer months, Buckskin State Park and River Island are popular getaways, providing a water wonderland and aquatic oasis for boating, jetskiing, swimming and camping. **Information:** (928) 667-3231; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/buckskin.html.

3 Cattail Cove State Park
Location: Lake Havasu City, 200 miles northwest of Phoenix.
What To Do: Swim, fish, jetski, camp, sail into secluded coves or brave Whytes Retreat Trail. **Cool Fact:** The area surrounding the park is a geological paradise teeming with obsidian, volcanic rock, geodes, turquoise and jasper. **Claim to Fame:** The park offers 61 camping spots in the park, including 28 campsites along the water's edge where you can "camp" in your boat. **Information:** (928) 855-1223; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/cattail.html.

4 Lake Havasu State Park
Location: Lake Havasu, 200 miles west of Phoenix.
What To Do: Three boat launching ramps, 42 campsites, scenic trails and jetski rentals offer tons of fun in the sun. **Cool Fact:** A haven for water-sports enthusiasts, the lake gained notoriety when MTV hosted its "Spring Break Bash" there in 1995. **Claim to Fame:** This water-sport recreation center

is minutes from the famed London Bridge, which, in 1962, was falling down. The city of London sold the bridge and shipped it to Lake Havasu, where it was reassembled brick by brick and dedicated in 1972. **Information:** (928) 855-2784; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/havasu.html.

5 Yuma Crossing State Park
Location: Yuma, 245 miles west of Phoenix.
What to Do: Visit the 1907 U.S. Army Quartermaster Supply Depot, an early adobe house, a transportation museum, a historic adobe corral and the park's visitors center. **Cool Fact:** California gold-rushers and Western pioneers crossed the Colorado River at Yuma Crossing, where steamships and paddle-wheelers once plied the waterways. **Claim to Fame:** Congress authorized the Quartermaster Depot in 1865 as a materiel transfer and distribution point for troops stationed in Arizona Territorial outposts. The site was also utilized as a weather station from 1875 until 1949. **Information:** (928) 329-0471; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/yumacross.html.

6 Yuma Territorial Prison State Historic Park
Location: Yuma, 245 miles west of Phoenix.
What To Do: Tour the historic prison, visit the museum for facts on the prison's former staff and inmates, or participate in special events throughout the year, like the Gathering of the Gunfighters in January or the Haunted Tours in October. **Cool Fact:** The men who constructed the cells also called them home as the prison's first inmates. **Claim to Fame:** Although this prison has an infamous reputation for mistreatment of prisoners, the only punishments were dark cells for those who refused to follow prison regulations and the ball and chain for prisoners who attempted escape. **Information:** (928) 783-4771; www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/yuma.html. ■

Fort Verde Stroll Crosses Line Between Heroes and Villains

Brave Men and Cruel Choices

I WANDER THROUGH the tidy, empty remains of Fort Verde, all mixed up about my hero. Should I admire Gen. George Crook, a tough, determined man of uncommon insight and compassion, who fought Apaches with courage and compassion? Or should I find the porch on which the bounty hunters dumped Delshay's head and pass silent judgment from the safety of my own century?

Tough question.

But then, if tragedy and irony bother you, best not to visit places like Fort Verde State Historic Park, the best preserved of the military outposts from which a few thousand soldiers waged the brave and terrible war that shaped the most enduring myths of the West and our national character.

General Crook was an outsized, contradictory figure in that struggle, which included a bitter 1871-72 campaign based at this fort against thousands of Yavapai and Tonto Apaches forced out of their homes in Prescott and the Verde Valley by an inrush of prospectors and settlers.

The struggle pitted Crook, who became the nation's most effective Indian fighter largely due to his respect for their culture, and Chief Delshay, who could never stay surrendered.

The unconventional, taciturn, bearded Crook preferred canvas clothes and a pith helmet to a uniform. He responded to a string of attacks with a carefully coordinated offensive. Roving independent commands sustained by scientifically managed packtrains and guided by Apache scouts from other bands, clung to the trail of the resisters. The columns of troops covered thousands of miles in months-long campaigns, never giving the fleeing bands full of women and children a chance to rest or reprovision.

Eventually, several thousand Yavapai and Tonto Apaches surrendered, unable to fight both the Army and the Apache scouts.

Delshay, also known as Red Ant, was among the last to surrender. He deeply distrusted the soldiers, perhaps because his brother had been gunned down for no reason while visiting a military post. Delshay himself had been wounded twice while visiting encampments.

Maj. George Randall reported that in surrendering, Delshay "said he would do anything he would be ordered to do. He wanted to save his people, as they were starving. He had nothing to ask for but his life. He would accept any terms. He said he had 125 warriors last fall, and if anybody had told him he couldn't whip the world he would have laughed at them, but now he had only 20 left. He said they used to have no difficulty eluding the troops, but now the very rocks had gotten soft, they couldn't put their foot anywhere without leaving an impression we could follow, that they could get no sleep at nights, for



should a coyote or a fox start a rock rolling during the night, they would get up, and dig out, thinking it was we who were after them."

But after a short time on the reservation, Delshay fled with 40 followers.

Crook called together the remaining Apache leaders and gave them an ultimatum: Bring him Delshay's head or he would resume war on them all.

Some months later, as Crook sat on the porch of his headquarters, Apache bounty hunters dumped six or eight heads on the planking at his feet. One head wore Delshay's distinctive earring.

Crook paid bounties on them all.

Crook tried his best to honor his commitment to the Indians. The peaceful bands hacked out a 5-mile-long irrigation canal with sharpened sticks and became largely self-sufficient. But in 1874 a group of traders eager to make a fat profit by selling provisions to impoverished, reservation-bound Indians convinced politicians in Washington to order the removal of the 1,400 surviving Indians over Crook's protests. Many died on the grueling 200-mile march to the White Mountains.

Crook observed, "Their removal was one of those cruel things that greed has so often inflicted on the Indians. When the Indian appeals to his arms, his only redress, the whole country cries out against the Indian. As soon as the Indians became settled on the different reservations, gave up the warpath, and became harmless, the Indian agents who had sought cover before, now came out as brave as sheep, and took charge of the agencies, and commenced their game of plundering."

So I stood on the porch of his one-time headquarters at Fort Verde and tried my best to judge General Crook—who made his no-win choices in another time, in a different culture.

But I thought then of Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq. Of misdirected bombs. Of hooded prisoners.

And of the war that never ends.

And the choices that never change. **AH**

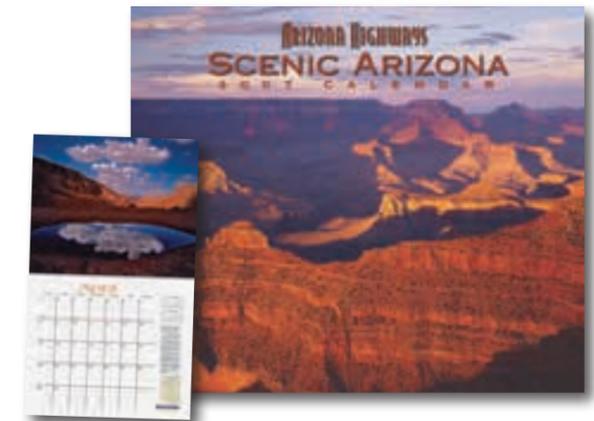
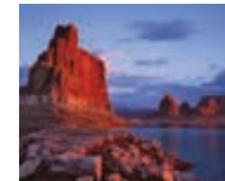
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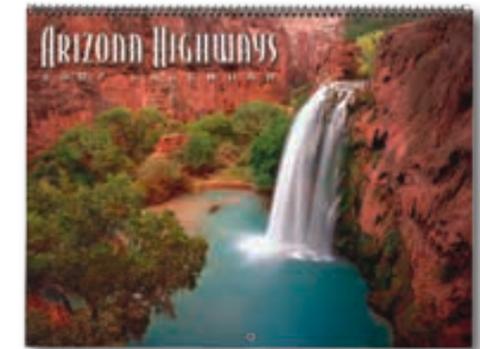
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The verde river Greenway

Sometimes it's good to go to the dark side

A VERITABLE KINGDOM of leafy canopies, the Verde River Greenway, a shady 6-mile stretch of the Verde River, runs through central Arizona. In 1986, the State of Arizona appropriated \$2 million "seed money" to begin purchase of the portion of the VRG between the Tuzigoot and Bridgeport bridges in Cottonwood. Managed and operated as a unit of Dead Horse Ranch State Park, this important jewel in Arizona's ecological crown is abundant with natural and cultural resources, including a rare Fremont cottonwood/Goodding willow riparian gallery forest that helps on my shade-seeking mission.

Near the day-use area parking lot, a text-filled trail marker tells me about the area and asks me to respect the fragile ecosystem I am about to enter. For the gift of green in a drought-ridden desert, it's the least I can do in return.

Exploring the VRG is less like hiking and more like visiting a wildlife park. The lush, level stretch between the River Day Use Area and the Verde River Greenway offices is just 1.5 miles one-way. While the quantity of miles would normally take no time at all, I sense the quality will tack on at least a few hours.

From the signpost, I head north a few steps and turn west into a dry, rock-filled creek bed that looks like

a side-winding sandbox. I follow it until I see a smaller, shaded and foot-friendly trail to the south, running parallel with the river. Though a good portion of VRG's wildlife is listed as endangered, it's hard to tell from where I stand. I'm not the only life form here seeking amnesty from the sun's ultraviolet oppression. The Goodding willow forest, which seems more like a jungle without the humidity, is a biological bonanza. Symphonies of chirps, chats, whistles and perhaps even a "cuckoo" or two broadcast from the blankets of foliage. Small fish congregate in darkened eddies of the river, and I wonder if they could be spikedace, a threatened species known to inhabit these waters. Fallen leaves and tree bark rustle, concealing the culprits that scurry beneath them while the tall grass moves and shakes. As long as the shake doesn't rattle, I don't mind. Still, I proceed with caution.

The far-reaching tree branches keep the temperature comfortable, but the coolest things by far in



FAR FROM 'DEAD' The Verde River Greenway (above), part of Dead Horse Ranch State Park, teems with life. Dragonflies dash and butterflies flutter near the shore, and a leafy canopy hosts leaping squirrels and chattering birds. The Verde River (right) conceals endangered fish beneath its cottonwood-mirroring surface.

this wild kingdom are the bugs. From the shady shore, a large turquoise dragonfly darts to and fro across the water. His speed confounds that of my digital camera, but the hoary skimmer finally "fros" himself at my feet and begs me to capture the dazzling copper luster of his horizontal wingspan before lifting off again. In his wake, a mammoth purple and blue butterfly dances into view. I gasp at its velvet beauty and dare to think it's not from around here, but before I can collect photographic

evidence of my perplexing, wing-flexing friend, it quietly vanishes upriver and into thin air.

After about two hours of following the path, I notice red-and-bleached desert bluffs starting to dominate the landscape to the south. I can complete the loop by taking the long way back through the park along Dead Horse Ranch Road in the company of the blazing sun, or go solo, back the way I came. The shady, dark side beckons, and I happily retreat into the shadows. **AKH**

when you go

Length: 3-mile loop.
Elevation Gain: Negligible.
Difficulty: Easy.
Payoff: Summer shade, abundant wildlife.
Location: 46.2 miles south of Flagstaff.
Getting there: From Flagstaff, take Interstate 17 south (approximately 3.2 miles) to Exit 337. Go west to the stop sign and head south on State Route 89A. Follow State 89A for 42.3 miles to Cottonwood (where the road becomes Main Street). Turn right onto 10th Street and follow for .7 of a mile to park entrance.
Additional Information: (928) 634-5283 or www.azparks.gov/Parks/parkhtml/deadhorse.html.



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