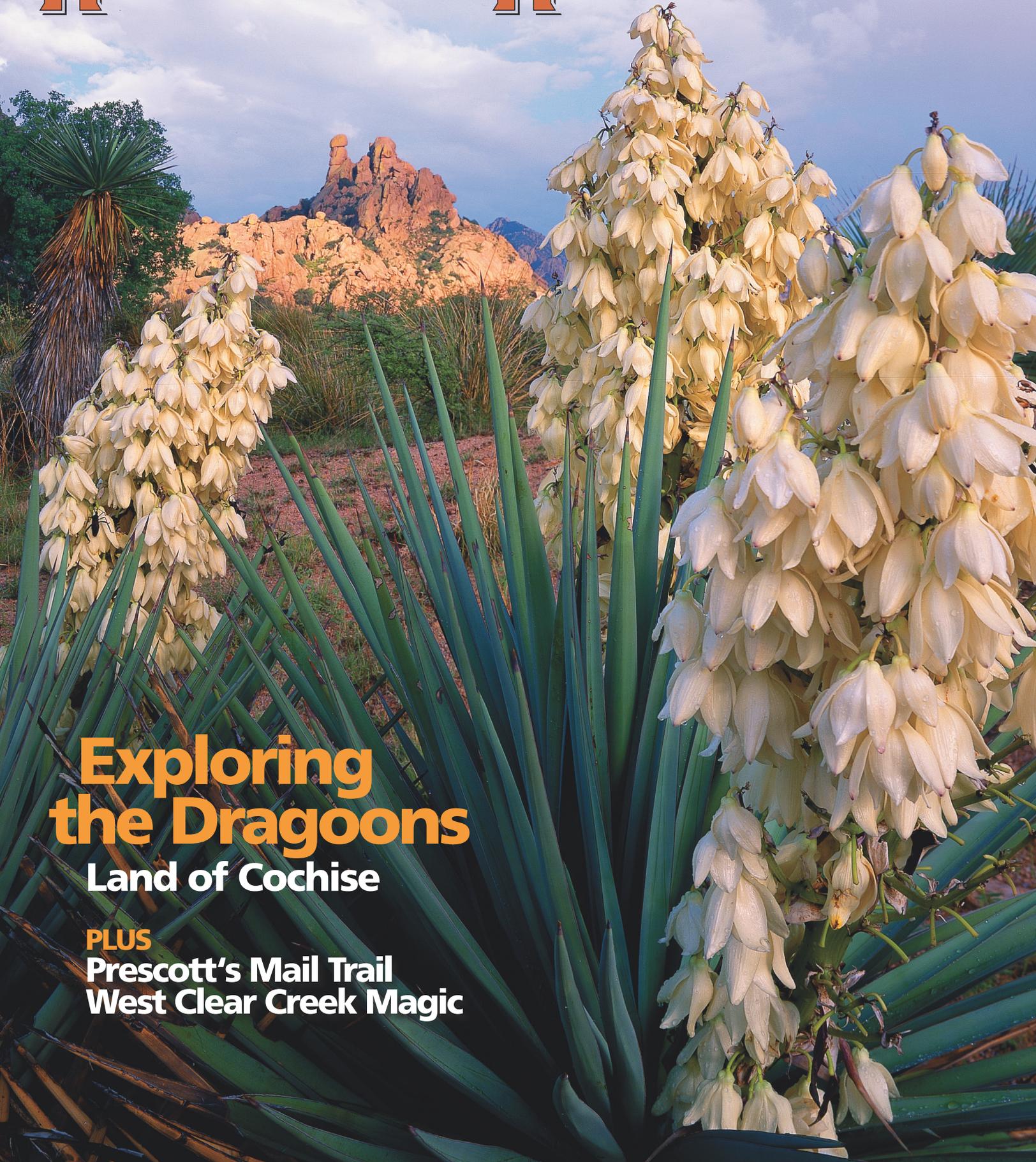


Conquer Fear at an Outdoors Camp for Women

AUGUST 2007

# ARIZONA HIGHWAYS



## Exploring the Dragoons

Land of Cochise

**PLUS**

Prescott's Mail Trail  
West Clear Creek Magic

8 **Chasing Cochise**

History lingers among the rocks in the search for the Dragoon Mountains campsites of the great Apache chief.  
BY PETER ALESHIRE PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANDY PRENTICE

16 **Why Are They Trying to Kill Me?**

Writer rides Prescott's historic Mail Trail.  
BY ROGER NAYLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON B. AND RYAN B. STEVENSON

22 **Wet Wizard**

Water makes magic in West Clear Creek.  
BY STEVE BRUNO

32 **'Profitless' Splendor**

Lt. Ives' epic journey upriver to the Grand Canyon yielded stirring adventure and a foolish prediction.  
BY GREGORY MCNAMEE

36 **Troubadours of Summer**

Cicadas inspire myths and mischief.  
BY CARRIE M. MINER PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTY CORDANO

38 **Learning to Lean Back**

Outdoors woman camp in the Bradshaw Mountains reveals the benefits of fear.  
BY LORI K. BAKER PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MAACK

**Departments**

- 2 **DEAR EDITOR**
- 3 **EDITOR'S LETTER**
- 4 **VIEWFINDER**  
Photo ops in your own back yard.
- 5 **TAKING THE OFF-RAMP**  
Arizona oddities, attractions and pleasures.
- 42 **ALONG THE WAY**  
Life lessons at the edge of a yip.
- 44 **HIKE OF THE MONTH**  
Easy Veit Springs Trail leads to a San Francisco Peaks fall color showcase.
- 46 **BACK ROAD ADVENTURE**  
Hannagan Meadow to Black River route offers relief and recollection.

**online** arizonahighways.com

Need some help when it comes to Arizona history? Allow it to repeat itself this month with some of the top-rated trips in our "10 Great History Trips Guide." Go online for this and more at [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com).

**HUMOR** Our writer explores his own personal history as he recalls his first father-and-son chat.

**WEEKEND GETAWAY** Explore some real "hot spots" in Tombstone and the Dragoon Mountains.

**EXPERIENCE ARIZONA** Plan your Arizona getaway with our events calendar.

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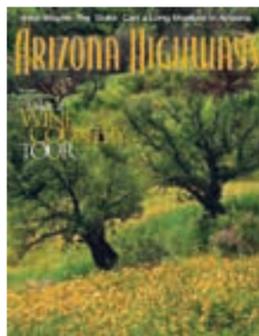
■ Prints of some photographs are available for purchase, as designated in captions. To order, call toll-free (866) 962-1191 or visit [www.magazineprints.com](http://www.magazineprints.com).

**WORTH THE WORK** The West Clear Creek Wilderness offers cool shade and secluded wildlife viewing to hikers willing to swim or wade to its more remote reaches. See story, page 22. STEVE BRUNO

**FRONT COVER** Monsoon clouds billow over blooming soaptree yuccas framing craggy buttes in the Dragoon Mountains. See story, page 8. RANDY PRENTICE  
■ To order a print, see information on this page.

**BACK COVER** Like a dewy jewel, a lone harebell in Hannagan Meadow presents a study in simplicity. See story, page 46. EDWARD MCCAIN  
■ To order a print, see information on this page.





**The Beauty of Language**

I was introduced to the beautiful pictures in *Arizona Highways* in 1953 and have been a subscriber for many years. Although I always enjoy your magazine and read it from cover to cover, I do not always have the luxury of reading it when it arrives. Things in my life have a way of getting a wee bit out of hand, and I often get a wee bit behind in my reading. So it is that in May 2007, I am having the pleasure of reading the May 2006 issue! What a treat!

I just finished your All Who Wander column, “My Goofball Dog and Me.” One of my greatest pleasures is seeing or hearing the English language used well. I cannot tell you how much I enjoy your use of the language. You

seem to choose the perfect words: for example, “his spring-loaded legs,” “with the joy of a heartbeat” and “run free, all stretch and leap and nose and tail.” One can see him running with such a stride!

Then there is “a coyote chorus is a primal yip into the sublime and crazed subconscious of the wild, which invariably triggers a psychedelic flashback in my reptilian brain.” How delicious!

Then, most beautiful of all, “the brilliant orange sliver of the sun breaks through the Earth at the horizon, immolating the clouds.” What a picture!

As a former teacher of English, I often cringe at the use (misuse) of our beautiful language, but I rejoice in the proper display of its inherent beauty when used deftly and with precision to paint word pictures.

Thank you so much for the joy you have brought to one poor old teacher’s heart. I look forward to catching up with the rest of my *Arizona Highways* magazines with particular anticipation of perusing the articles written by you.

I can hardly wait.

*Theresa Mahoney, Brookhaven, PA*

Thanks for your kind words for our former editor, Peter Aleshire, who left the magazine earlier this summer and returned to what he loves most—writing. He knows how to put words together in a unique way. You’ll see more of his stories in future issues.

**Sky Island Brilliance**

I am both thankful for and amazed by the brilliant pictures and inspiring writing in “Wild Eden” (May 2007). I hiked up to Atascosa Lookout in November 2006, and I knew right away that the Tumacacori Highlands are a special place. Jack Dykinga’s photos captured the natural beauty I trust Congress will act to preserve. I look forward to bringing my family to walk that wild ground and see that amazing place. For my friends who wink and nod at my tales of the splendor of southern Arizona, I now have “Wild Eden” as proof.

*Mike Jarrell, Newark, DE*

We agree. Douglas Kreutz’s story and Dykinga’s photographs made one of our best packages of the year.

**Digital Subscription**

We have a new subscription to *Arizona Highways* magazine and would like to know how we can obtain a digital

subscription as we do have a computer.

*Mr. and Mrs. Benhamou Albert, Périgny, France*

You can subscribe to our digital edition by going to our Web site at arizonahighways.com and clicking on “Digital Edition.” It’s an awesome new technology.

**Back to Greenlee County**

I grew up in Morenci, and have the February 1967 issue of *Arizona Highways*, which is devoted to Greenlee County. I assume that subsequent issues have dealt with the changes in this fascinating area since then (including the death and rebirth of Morenci). If so, is it possible to secure back issues that deal with the county?

*Joseph H. Fairbanks Jr., Los Angeles*

Funny you should ask. The team of Kreutz and Dykinga (mentioned above) collaborated in the June 2005 issue to produce “Greenlee County, High Frontier.” Back issues may be obtained online at arizonahighways.com (click on “Subscriptions,” then “Back Issues”), or by calling customer service toll-free at (800) 543-5432; in Phoenix or from outside the U.S., call (602) 712-2000.

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**highways on tv**

*Arizona Highways* magazine has inspired an independent weekly television series, hosted by former Phoenix TV news anchor Robin Sewell. For channels and show times, log on to arizonahighways.com; click on “DISCOVER ARIZONA”; then click on the “Arizona Highways goes to television!” link on the right-hand side.

**online** For more letters, see arizonahighways.com (click on “Dear Editor”).



STEVE BRUNO



BRANDON SULLIVAN

**NOW I KNOW HOW** Katie Couric must have felt. Regardless of where she’d been or what she’d accomplished in her career, there was no way she could have anticipated the magnitude of sitting in a seat once occupied by Walter Cronkite. She might have imagined, but she couldn’t have known. I can relate. I’m not Katie Couric, and I’m certainly not Walter Cronkite, but *Arizona Highways* is the state’s equivalent of the *CBS Evening News*, and as I take my seat in the editor’s chair, I’m in awe of what came before me.

Even my desk is impressive. On eBay, it wouldn’t fetch much—maybe as much as a vintage Farrah Fawcett poster—but from a historical perspective, it’s the magazine’s version of the Round Table. At least I think it is. So far, no one has been able to confirm it, but I’ve been told my desk is the same desk that was used by Raymond Carlson. Yes, that Raymond Carlson. For those of you who don’t remember or weren’t around, Mr. Carlson is regarded as the editorial godfather of *Arizona Highways*. He edited the magazine from 1938 to 1972, and during that time, he transformed it from a bland collection of black-and-white pages into the spectacular, award-winning publication you see today.

Of course, he had some help along the way. Photographers named Ansel Adams, Josef Muench and Barry Goldwater

Although it’s not easy to get to, West Clear Creek is well worth the effort. To see more of “nature’s version of the Emerald City,” turn to page 22.

showcased their work on the pages of *Arizona Highways*. Likewise, the magazine featured some of the best writers in the Southwest. The same is true today. Gifted photographers like Jack Dykinga and Gary Ladd, and superb writers like Chuck Bowden are frequent contributors. Their work, and the excellent work of dozens of others, helps make this magazine the best and most respected magazine in the state and beyond.

Whether you’re looking for a fly-fishing hole in the White Mountains, a dose of Old West history or a sunset stroll through the red rocks of Sedona, *Arizona Highways* is the place to turn. It’s been that way for more than 80 years, and this month, the tradition continues. As always, we feature a photo portfolio that’ll take your breath away. This time, it’s West Clear Creek, which, according to photographer Steve Bruno, is “nature’s version of the Emerald City.” As you’ll see, he’s right. His photos are going to make you want to test the water, and even though West Clear Creek isn’t easy to get to, it’s an adventure that’s well worth the effort.

Adventure can also be found in places like the Bradshaw Mountains. That’s where writer Lori K. Baker headed when she wanted to jump off a cliff. No, it’s not what you think. Lori was one of several women who signed up for a weekend camp to learn the nerve-racking skill of rappelling. There are more than 80 of these camps held around the country every year, and each one focuses on teaching women how to survive in the great outdoors.

Lori’s rappelling lesson took place at Friendly Pines Camp just outside of Prescott, and as she writes in “Learning to Lean Back,” “Rappelling is the ultimate metaphor—a complete education on trust, self-confidence and taking the plunge.” Needless to say, Lori lives to tell her story, and so do all of our other writers, who write about everything from a historic military expedition to the Grand Canyon to a scenic drive through Hannagan Meadow. Like every issue of *Arizona Highways*, this one is filled with stories that are enjoyable and informative, credible and reliable. In the words of Walter Cronkite, that’s the way it is, and that’s the way it’ll always be.

— Robert Stieve  
 rstieve@azdot.gov

## Think Globally, Act Locally

Take advantage of photo ops, right in your own back yard

EXPLORING EXOTIC CITIES and pristine wilderness is part of the allure of being a travel and nature photographer. We spend the bulk of our careers traveling and working in faraway places, building stock files that reflect a worldly vision and hoping our work will, in some small way, influence larger issues. But the appetite for global images leads some photographers to neglect their own back yards.

When *Arizona Highways* needs stock photos to illustrate a story, my search starts with calls to photographers who live near the story's location. Using the simple logic that those residing close to the subject must have good coverage, I contact them first. Too often the response is sheepish: "I've been meaning to add that to my stock files for years, but I never got around to it."

Others, who consider anything within 100 miles of their homes as their back yards, know well the lay of the surrounding land. I happen to be one of them. My favorite "backyard" locations can be quickly and easily accessed, and I visit them often. The Superstition Mountains, Salt River, South Mountain Park, even the little tree-lined park down the street from my home. As a result, these places are well represented in my stock files right next to my files on Japan, Scotland and Italy.

With a local approach to photography, it pays to do a little reconnaissance. Know the fastest routes to familiar places when dramatic skies or fiery sunsets suddenly appear. Living in the city makes it difficult to take advantage of these fleeting moments. Rooftops and power lines ruin a great skyscape every time, so knowing where to find interesting foregrounds in a hurry—parks, forests and lakes—will help you capture saleable images on short notice.

Taking this backyard logic a step further, another world awaits literally just outside your door. With a little bit of planning and a small amount of landscaping, a natural environment can be cultivated in an urban setting that



serves as an outdoor "studio" for photographing wildlife, flowers and insects.

Planning a backyard landscape for nature photography requires some research. Find out which plants and trees will attract birds and animals, and know when they blossom and bear fruit. By choosing a variety of timely bloomers, a profusion of color is always in season. Plants native to your region will attract local wildlife that looks naturally at home when photographed in your yard.

I designed the layout of my own back yard with a photographic strategy in mind. By selecting native desert plants and trees, I created a microcosm of the Sonoran Desert that surrounds my home. The cool, shady canopy of mesquite, palo brea and ironwood trees dominates my yard, creating a riparian area around my house. A small water fountain completes the effect. The lilting melody of flowing water among the trees, shrubs and cacti invites migratory and local birds into my minioasis, and the blooms attract hummingbirds and butterflies.

Right outside your door or just beyond the city limits, get to know your "back yard." Your photography may not help preserve tropical rainforests or solve global warming, but it could pay off in strong nature images that aid a photo editor's stock search. No one needs to know that your journey to capture them didn't take you to the ends of the Earth. ■

**BRING IT ON HOME** A variety of bountiful bloomers attracts wildlife and provides colorful subjects for nature photography in all seasons. Claret cup hedgehog cacti (top), vinca (above, right) and verbena (above, left) are just a few of the vibrant attractors in my backyard "studio."  
PETER ENSENBERGER

# taking the off-ramp



COURTESY OF CAMP VERDE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## What, No Siren? No Flashing Lights?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, this contraption, known as a mule litter, was a prefabricated, government-issued conveyance copied from the French cacolet during the Civil War for transporting wounded soldiers from the battlefield. If you think it looks impractical and ungainly, well, it was. But the surgeon general's office purchased hundreds of them and Assistant Surgeon Edgar Mearns, a post physician at Fort Verde from 1884 to 1888, documented the elevated stretcher's use (at least once). Though a vast improvement over a bone-jarring trip in a travois (a sling between two poles dragged behind a horse), the mule litter required specially trained mules and was no joy ride, and definitely not for the acrophobic.

No thanks. I'll walk to the hospital.

—Pauly Heller



### Chuckwagon Etiquette

DURING OLD WEST CATTLE DRIVES, the heart of a cowboy's home on the range was the chuckwagon. "Cookie" would rise long before daybreak and make coffee, fry bacon and stir up sourdough biscuits for the Dutch oven. As soon as breakfast was over, the wagon chef rode ahead of the rest of the outfit, making sure there was a hot meal waiting when they arrived at the next camp. The cook had a lot of responsibility and commanded respect. Because cowboys knew how important it was to keep Cookie in good humor, they followed these rules of chuckwagon etiquette (left).

—Sally Benford

### These Boots are Made for Walking

HIS HANDMADE BOOTS are almost too fine for walking, but have appeared on well-heeled celebrities like Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings, Clint Eastwood, Ralph Lauren and Paul Newman. Legendary bootmaker Paul Bond, 91, has been creating handmade leather cowboy boots for almost six decades. Still involved in design, Bond says the most important point in fine bootmaking is "fit, fit and fit."

Paul Bond boots are made from exotic leathers like tanned ostrich, kangaroo and alligator skins. Custom craftsmanship means hand-stitched trim and multiple choices of heels and toes. The Paul Bond brand is sold worldwide with prices ranging from \$459 to \$4,500.

Still riding at the head of the herd, the 15,000-square-foot Paul Bond Boot Co. factory and retail barn houses a large selection of custom boots at 915 W. Paul Bond Drive, just off Interstate 19 in Nogales.

Information: (520) 281-0512; [www.paulbondboots.com](http://www.paulbondboots.com).

—Brenda Felldin



### TRIMBLE'S TALL TALES

RESIDENTS OF THE TOWN OF MOCCASIN in Mohave County on the Arizona Strip have to drive 360 miles and travel into three states just to reach the county seat in Kingman. State Route 389 heads from Moccasin north into Utah, then over into Nevada. From there, the most direct route crosses back into Arizona at Hoover Dam and then travels southeast a hundred miles to Kingman. As the crow flies, it's only about 140 miles, but the crow takes the scenic route over the Grand Canyon.

—Marshall Trimble, Arizona State Historian



### Saguaros' Desert Reign

ARIZONA'S GIANT SAGUARO CACTUS reaches an average height of 50 feet and a weight of 10 tons. That's a lot of cactus no matter how you measure it. Yet, when you realize that this desert wonder begins life as a seed the size of a pinhead so fragile that it needs a nurse tree to shield it from harsh desert elements, it's almost heartwarming. But wait. Before you get all tender-hearted about the struggling little saguaro seedling, consider scientists' suspicions about the fate of all those sheltering nannies. As time marches on and the cactus seedling grows by inches over decades, it eventually kills the tree that shelters it by robbing the surrounding soil of water and nutrients, thereby clearing the way for its own slow march skyward. A full-grown saguaro has another characteristic that many other plants can't claim—after soaking up the moisture from a good desert rain, saguaros can survive more than a year without another drop of water.

—Carrie M. Miner



### Belting Out the Blues in Flagstaff

DELTA BLUES IN DRYLAND ARIZONA? Though that might sound like an oxymoron to some, it's here and it's the real thing. It comes in the person of Tommy Dukes and his Blues Band. Dukes, a member of the Arizona Blues Hall of Fame, has been wailing the blues on his guitar for more than 40 years.

Born in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, Tommy sang gospel, went to local "juke joints" and listened to blues on the radio. The experiences of his youth, especially hearing blues legend Jimmy Reed on the radio, put Tommy on his way.

At age 10, he moved to the little town of Winslow by the Santa Fe Railroad tracks, where he still lives. He taught himself to play on his brother's acoustic "box" guitar. By the ripe age of 14, says Tommy, laughing, "I was playing Jimmy Reed. I had it down to a 'T.'"

For a few years, he played bass guitar in clubs in Pinetop and McNary, then headed for the big time in Phoenix. By then, he was playing lead guitar. "I bought me a Silvertone, an electric guitar, then another one from the Sears catalog."

Now Tommy's favorite guitar is a Fender "Strat." What he plays depends on where he's performing, and it's not always straight blues. Some soul, some R&B—"I like to mix it up," says Tommy. But it's the blues that move him. "I just love the blues . . . it's like a part of me. I couldn't change if I wanted to."

Tommy plays regularly in Flagstaff at the Hotel Weatherford and San Felipe Cantina.

Information: [www.azreporter.com/tommydukes](http://www.azreporter.com/tommydukes).

—Rose Houk

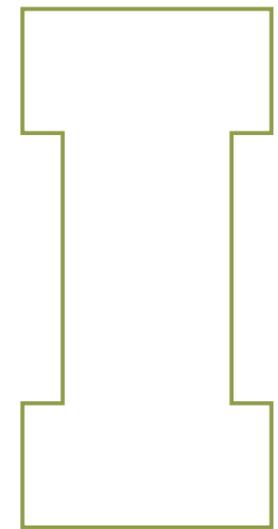
**COCHISE COUNTRY**

Dawn creeps over the rugged granite spires of Cochise Stronghold in southeastern Arizona's Dragoon Mountains. The mountain range's chasms provided the perfect hiding spots for Cochise and his people.

■ To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

# Chasing Cochise

BY PETER ALESHIRE PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANDY PRENTICE



rise with the purple-pink dawn, brisk among the oaks and sycamores that once sheltered and shaded the Apache leader Cochise, in the long years of his doomed war against the end of the world.

I busy myself for my hike through the heart of the Dragoon Mountains to the place where the United States yielded, finally, to this old man with a fierce power and a wary will. I feel Cochise hovering, as he must have felt the spirits that inhabited every crook of the stream and odd scatter of rocks.

The stream coming down off the 7,500-foot-high peaks of the Dragoons runs lightly through Cochise Stronghold, the beautiful Forest Service campground on the east side of the mountains where Cochise also sometimes camped. Many of the springs and streams that sustained Cochise and his Chiricahua Apaches have turned to ghosts in the past century due to ecological changes and a decade of drought. I am reminded of an Apache story, recounted in *Myths and Tales of the Chiricahua Apache Indians* by Morris Edward Opler, about the end of the world:

*The old people used to tell us that when the end of the Earth is coming, all the water will begin to dry up. For a long time there will be no rain. There will be only a few places, about three places, where there will be springs. At those three places the water will be dammed up and all the people will come in to those places and start fighting over the water. They said that in this way most of the people will kill each other off. Maybe there will be a few good people left. When the new world comes after that the white people will be Indians and the Indians will be white people.*

I stand in the place Cochise loved best, the Dragoon Mountains, with its extravagance of limestone and granite. The limestone was laid down on a sea bottom just as the dinosaurs got going and granite was forged 75 million years ago, before the mammals displaced the dinosaurs. The peaks of the Dragoons rear up above the scrubby brushland and high desert on either side. The Sulphur Springs Valley lies to the east, between the Dragoon and Chiricahua mountain ranges. The San Pedro River meanders to the west. This north-south striping of towering mountains separated by low grasslands all arose from the same stretching and lifting of the Earth's crust that created the Sea of Cortes, the San Andreas Fault and much of the topography of the western United States.

In the case of the Dragoons, the lifting created an ecological storehouse for the hunter-gatherer Apache people. The Apaches moved with the seasons around these mountain ranges, which rise from a sea of desert. This terrain has blessed southeast Arizona with a great diversity of plants and animals.

The Dragoons also provided a ready-made fortress. From its high places, Apache

**SHADED SHELTER**

An Arizona white oak tree stretches over a streambed lined with massive granite boulders at the eastern end of Cochise Stronghold.

■ To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.



The Apaches believe a spirit runs through all things, especially rocks.



sentries could spot approaching wagons or soldiers from 50 miles away in any direction. When pursued, they could move along the north-south mountain chains into Mexico.

Today, I will hike 7 miles through the heart of that history, starting from Cochise Stronghold at 5,000 feet on the east side of the range, up and over a 5,900-foot saddle between peaks that rise to more than 7,000 feet, then on switchbacks down to the west side of the range to where Cochise negotiated his decade-long war that cost thousands of lives.

The trail rises steadily through an extrusion of granite that glimmers with quartz and mica crystallized deep beneath the earth's surface. Granite erodes and chips and resists and rears up, at once malleable and indestructible, ancient and fresh-minted. In the Dragoons, granite runs riot—taking strange, soothing, ominous shapes, inspiring myths. The Apaches believe a spirit runs through all things, especially rocks. Cochise said that as the warriors he led dwindled from 1,000 to 100, it sometimes

seemed these rocks were his only friends. As I toil years later on up the steepening trail through this profusion of boulders, I attempt to feel their animate spirits.

The trail levels out in a riotous wonderland of tumbled boulders in the broad pass between two high points. Seeing the peaks rising to each side reminds me of the story from Keith H. Basso's wonderful book, *Wisdom Sits in Places: Landscape and Language Among the Western Apache*, which tells the stories of the White Mountain Apaches attached to every small feature of their landscape. The story that went with Gizhyaaitine ("Trail Goes Down Between Two Hills") said that two beautiful sisters saw the lustful, powerful and foolish Old Man Owl coming up that trail and decided to play a trick on him. The girls each went to the top of a different hill. When Old Man Owl was just between them, one sister stood on her hill and called out ardently to Owl. Excited, he ran up the hill toward her. But when he was halfway up that hill, she disappeared and her sister stood up on top of the hill across the way. She called out to him in her most seductive way, so the foolish old man turned and ran back toward her. But when he was halfway up the other side, the other sister reappeared on her hill and called out to him. So the old man without wisdom ran back and forth, back and forth, four times—the sacred number. Seeing he was exhausted, the beautiful young girls went on their way, laughing.

I pause to catch my breath on the high saddle. I can imagine Cochise all around in the rocks that sheltered him so faithfully.

**EAST MEETS WEST** A sign marks the division between the East and West Strongholds along the Cochise Trail (above) in the Driest Mountains.

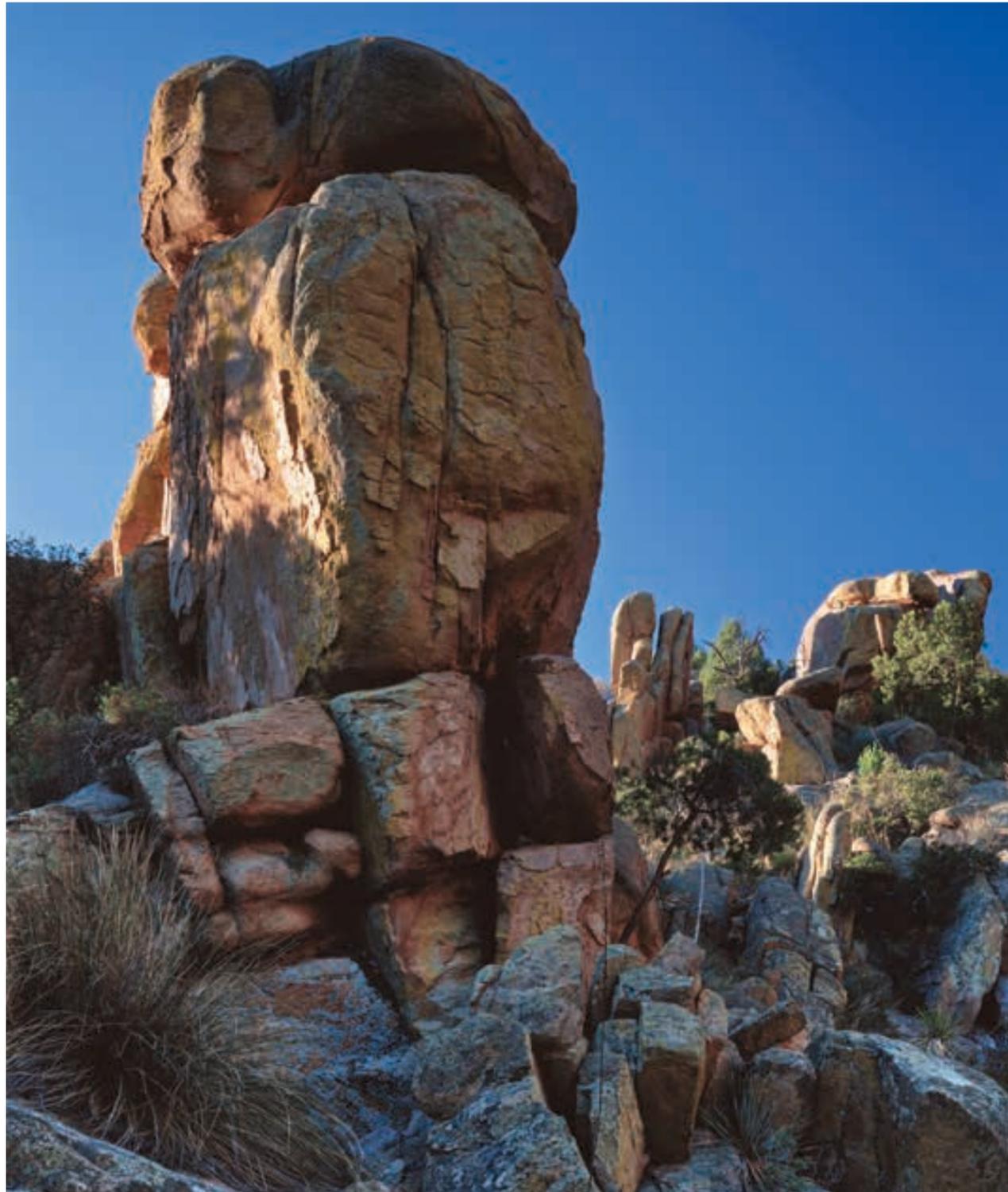
**GRINDING GRANITE** Water pools in the ancient grinding holes (above, left) that litter the boulders at Council Rocks in the western end of the Stronghold, near the spot where Cochise brokered peace with Gen. Oliver Otis Howard.

■ To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

**CATCHING A DRINK** Long-leaf morning glory (left) flourishes in the cracked granite rocks after a summer monsoon storm.



'I am getting old and would like to live in peace from this time on,' Cochise said.



This very pass provided an easy way for war parties to move through the mountains. The soldiers chasing Cochise made the mistake of pursuing him into the rocks just a few times before they learned their bloody and arduous lesson. After that, the soldiers usually gave up the chase when the warriors reached the mountains.

I come finally to the crest of the saddle, which offers a sweeping view of the San Pedro River Valley. Perhaps 40 miles out on the valley floor, a vehicle trundles along a dirt road, raising a tracery of dust. Cochise's lookouts had no doubt stood in this very spot and watched the dust raised by the Butterfield Overland Stage as they planned their ambush.

I follow a steep trail on the west side of the range down the mountain, rejoining a spring-fed creek that threads through the pastel boulders Cochise knew by name. The Apaches believe you gain wisdom only by sitting in those places and letting them smooth your mind as the wind, rain and ice had smoothed even stone.

Down off the mountain, the trail winds along the front face of the Dragoons. The pines of the saddle give way to sycamores along the now-dry creek bed. The accounts of the soldiers who hunted Cochise describe a vigorous stream, but now it is a sandy ghost winding among giant trees that were sprouts when Cochise made his peace. I recall the Apache tale of the end of the world, when the few remaining whites and the Indians would trade places.

Along the thread of a side trail I search for Council Rocks, where Cochise made peace with the one-armed general and Civil War hero, Oliver Otis Howard. Cochise stubbornly refused Howard's offer of a reservation in New Mexico with other bands, unwilling to let go of the boulders of the Dragoons and the Chiricahuas.

"I am getting old and would like to live in peace from this time on," Cochise said. "But if the white man will not let me do it, I will go away from here and fight again. . . . My people have killed Americans and Mexicans and taken their property. Their losses have been greater than mine. I have killed ten white men for every Indian slain, but I know that the whites are many and the Indians are few. So why shut me up on a reservation? We will make peace. We will keep it faithful. But let us go around free as Americans do."

In the end, it was Howard who yielded—giving Cochise the mountains he loved. That made Cochise the only Apache Indian leader to win his war against the U.S. Army, although the government took it all away again after Cochise died of what might have been stomach cancer. Cochise was buried with his horse, his dog and his rifle in some still-hidden place in the Dragoon range.

I sit on Council Rocks at the end of my trek through myth and history. Some of the rocks are marked by 1,000-year-old petroglyphs, offerings from the people who came before the Apaches. I gaze out on this still aching empty space and remember another story the Apache people tell about foolish Coyote and clever Turkey:

*Coyote saw Turkey in some pine trees. It was high up there in a tree. We don't know where he got the ax, but he got an ax, and he began to chop on that tree. Just about the time the tree started to fall, Turkey flew to another one. Coyote went to that tree and tried to chop it down. He just kept doing that all day long until he was tired out. He kept chopping and Turkey kept flying to the next tree until Coyote was worn out.*

Similarly, the soldiers grew tired of "chopping," and let Cochise have this one "tree" that he loved best.

Dusk gathers on the pink glitter of granite as I sit where Cochise might have sat, pondering the strange ways of fate. At first, I feel inexpressibly sad, wondering whether these rocks feel the absence of the people who thought of them as living things. But then I smile to remember the stories of foolish Old Man Owl running from hill to hill, and Coyote with his ax running from tree to tree.

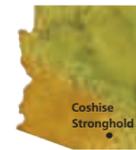
As the rocks catch the lengthening light and hold it as it turns from yellow to pink to red, I feel oddly comforted. We frail humans must come and go—warriors, one-armed generals and weary writers—clinging to our little time. But the rocks remain, still willing to impart wisdom to those who linger to listen. ■■■

*Peter Aleshire of Phoenix says the Dragoons and the Chiricahua Mountains inspire him spiritually.*

*Photographer Randy Prentice of Tucson rates the Dragoon Mountains as one of the most beautiful and interesting ranges in the state.*

**online** Experience more of Cochise country by clicking on our "Weekend Getaway" or visit other historic sites with our "10 Great History Trips Guide" at [arizonahighways.com](http://arizonahighways.com).

#### when you go



**Location:** Cochise Stronghold is just west of Pearce/Sunsites on the east side of the Dragoon Mountains in the Coronado National Forest in southeast Arizona.

**Getting There:** From Tucson, drive east 70 miles on Interstate 10 to State Route 191 at Exit 331. Drive south on State 191 to Sunsites. From Sunsites, drive west on Ironwood Road 9.1 miles to the campground entrance.

When inside the national forest, Ironwood Road becomes Forest Service Road 84, a rough, rocky dirt road, requiring five stream crossings. Cochise Stronghold West: A good, high-clearance road comes off Middle March Road just outside of Tombstone and threads along the west face of the Dragoon Mountains. It leads past Council Rocks and ends at the trailhead leading back over the pass to Cochise Stronghold.

**Travel Advisory:** A high-clearance, four-wheel-drive vehicle is recommended. Wear good hiking shoes that you don't mind getting wet.

**Warning:** Don't cross the stream during heavy rains in the summer monsoon season.

**Lodging:** Campsites are available at Cochise Stronghold, (520) 388-8300; [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado/forest/contact/contact.shtml](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado/forest/contact/contact.shtml). Nearby Tombstone and Benson offer lodging at area guest ranches, hotels or bed and breakfasts.

**Information:** Benson Chamber of Commerce, (520) 586-2842; [www.bensonchamberaz.com](http://www.bensonchamberaz.com); Tombstone Chamber of Commerce, toll free, (888) 457-3929; [www.tombstone.org](http://www.tombstone.org).

#### Things to Do:

**Tombstone Near Cochise Stronghold, Tombstone,** "the town too tough to die," is alive and well thanks to its historic character. Toll free, (888) 457-3929; [www.cityoftombstone.com](http://www.cityoftombstone.com).

**Holy Trinity Monastery** After Tombstone's wild and woolly Old West ways, retreat to this monastery at St. David and enjoy the museum, art gallery, conservatory and library run by Benedictine monks. (520) 720-4016; [www.personal.riverusers.com/~trinitylib](http://www.personal.riverusers.com/~trinitylib).

**Kartchner Caverns State Park** A few miles to the southwest, this state park offers tours of one of the world's top 10 caves. (520) 586-2283; [www.pr.state.az.us/Parks/parkhtml/kartchner.html](http://www.pr.state.az.us/Parks/parkhtml/kartchner.html).

**Additional Information:** Coronado National Forest, Douglas Ranger District, (520) 364-3468; [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado).

**ROCK REFUGE** Discovered in a shallow cave near Council Rocks, grinding holes (above) offer a clue about the Mogollon culture that inhabited this area 1,000 years ago.

**DESERT REFUGE** Early morning light casts shadows on the rock formations that harbored the Chiricahua Apache Indians, when Cochise ruled the tribe and the landscape.

■ To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

# WHY ARE THEY TRYING TO KILL ME?

A horseback writer bumps along the historic Prescott Mail Trail

A CHORUS OF CAR HORNS FOLLOWED US AS WE CLOMPED DOWN CAMP VERDE'S main drag in a slashing rain. I realize now the people honking were simply excited by the blast-from-the-past sight of slicker-clad horseback riders moving through town. At the time, I thought they were trying to kill me.

We were navigating storm-slick pavement perched atop 1,200-pound beasts apt to go wall-eyed spooky at the drop of a Stetson, and they honked? What's next, firecrackers and starter pistols? I desperately wanted to shush them, but since the other riders just waved and smiled, I kept my yap shut.

I was participating in a ceremonial ride to celebrate the reopening of the historic Mail Trail, stretching from Camp Verde to Payson. Assorted officials, members of the Camp Verde Cavalry, volunteers who worked on the trail and plain old horse-loving folk formed our little group. Everyone rode with an easy slouch, like they had sprung from their mama's womb, spurs a-jingling. With one notable exception.

The only bronc I ever straddled pastured out front of a department store. My dad shoveled nickels into the coin slot and I clutched the hard plastic mane as it rocked to and fro. Even then, I struggled to stay in the saddle. Roy Rogers, I'm not.

Before the ride, outfitter Scott Oshier gave me a thorough tutorial and paired me with Pisco, a sweet-natured buckskin. I mounted up and promptly forgot all Oshier had said. Through the speeches, Pisco pranced sideways as I white-knuckled the reins and begged her for the love of everything holy to stand still. I realize now she wanted to move out with high-stepping pride. At the time, I thought she was trying to kill me.

BY ROGER NAYLOR • PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON B. AND RYAN B. STEVENSON



**HANDLE WITH CARE** An original leather mail pouch holds letters specially designed and stamped for the Camp Verde to Payson Mail Trail dedication.



**TOUGH TRAVEL** Tuffy Peach (above) was the last of 60 mail carriers to ride the Mail Trail that ran for 30 years between 1884 and 1914. Peach delivered the mail from 1910 to 1914, six days a week with the exception of Mondays, which were reserved for tack repair.

COURTESY OF THE VERDE VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

**TRAILING ALONG** Mail Trail organizer Howard Parrish (right) stands on the original trail near Camp Verde.



In 1884, the small frontier community known as Union Park received its first post office accompanied by a new name, Payson, after U.S. Rep. Louis Payson of Chicago. This meant extending mail service an additional 50-plus miles east from Camp Verde, with drops along the way at Rutherford, Strawberry, Pine and various ranches.

For the next 30 years, men on horseback carried the mail in canvas sacks across their saddles, as well as medicine, dry goods and whiskey, to these far-flung Arizona settlements, swimming the Verde River, crossing numerous creeks and scrambling up and down the long humped spine of the state, the Mogollon Rim.

Unlike the short-lived Pony Express, this was no team effort. One man, spending up to 18 hours in the saddle, made the 104-mile round-trip, three times a week. The first mail rider was Ash Nebeker, who put the route together, from Camp Verde to Mud Tanks Mesa across Fossil Creek Canyon and Strawberry Valley into Pine, then along Sycamore Creek to Payson. The last was a bandy-legged teenager named Tuffy Peach, who rode from 1910

to 1914, earning the whopping sum of a dollar a day.

Peach fudged his age so he could start toting the mail while still 15. He set out at 2 A.M. from the general store, used for many years as the Camp Verde post office. He changed horses twice along the route and used pack mules for heavy or bulky loads, like when the Sears or Montgomery Ward catalogs arrived. Peach also grumbled through each Easter season because so many ladies ordered new bonnets, and the round boxes were difficult to keep tied to the animals.

New roads, horse-drawn vehicles and, later, automobiles horned in on the mail-delivery service. The trail fell into disrepair and eventually vanished. Then in 1998, horse rancher Howard Parrish, a charter member of the Camp Verde Cavalry, hatched a notion to rebuild the thing.

"I just felt like this was something I should go do. I knew three of the mail riders real well," said Parrish. "One was my wife's great uncle. He taught Marty Robbins to play the fiddle when he was a kid growing up.

"I wanted this trail to be someplace where people can see what this country was like 100 years ago. They can ride across wide-open spaces and camp under a pine tree. I've taken that sort of thing for granted, but it doesn't mean it will always be that way. I knew building the trail was going to be hard work, but I didn't know it was going to be eight years of work."

Fortunately, Parrish landed an ally at the Forest Service. Bill Stafford, recreation staff officer for the Red Rock Ranger District, already had an interest in the historic significance of the trail. He instigated the lengthy proceedings, which included environmental analysis and archaeological surveys. Wherever possible, the trail follows the original route. Elsewhere, especially in the Tonto National Forest, it overlaps existing trails and roads. A trailhead, complete with expansive parking suitable for horse trailers, was built, signs posted and rock cairns erected.

"The trail stretches through four life-zones with beautiful vistas," said Stafford. "There are places where you can see all the way to the San Francisco Peaks and Bill Williams Mountain.

You can see down into wild canyons as the land falls away from the Rim, and it just seems to go on forever.

"One afternoon I was in the Forest Service truck taking pictures between Pine and Payson, and as the sun was setting, I'm looking across this tremendous distance and I thought, *How could they do this? How could they travel this far in one day, just to deliver the mail?* This trail should be here just as a testament to these incredible frontier people."

Intrigued by this slice of Arizona history, I decided to participate in the reopening of the Mail Trail on September 9, 2006. Nobody said anything about rain, car horns or the fact that horses sometimes become skittish with a novice in the saddle. Somehow I survived, with a wet animal between my knees and a soggy lump of terror caught in my throat, like I had bitten into a waffle of doom. Fortunately, we only gestured at the rugged length of the Mail Trail. We rode a couple of miles out of town, then dismounted and loaded the horses into trailers. We caravanned into Pine to dedicate a plaque at the site of the old



post office and, perhaps more importantly, visit a local watering hole called Sidewinder's.

After the festivities in Pine, we ended the day in Payson. The final plaque dedication took place in a town park, which stands ever-so-conveniently across the street from yet another tavern, the Ox Bow Saloon. I was beginning to understand how these wily cowpokes operated.

We didn't show up in Payson empty-handed. Parrish and fellow cavalryman Joe Butner had been sworn in by the Camp Verde postmaster and entrusted with a sack of specially chosen mail. All letters were cradled in commemorative, hand-stamped envelopes, each adorned with a photograph of Tuffy Peach. Following the speeches, Butner and his horse clip-clopped up the street and handed over the goods just like the mail riders of a bygone era did for their dollar-a-day wage. Afterward, with everyone glad-handing and swapping stories, I cleared my throat. Then again, louder. Yet no one reached for a wallet.

Despite risking life and limb from the dizzying heights of horseback, despite a successful mail delivery, nobody offered to pay me my hard-earned dollar. Suddenly, the horses weren't the only ones sporting long faces.

I moseyed back to the Ox Bow. I may be ill at ease perched atop a noble steed, but I've never yet been bucked off a barstool.

Fast-forward a couple of months to a heartbreakingly perfect November morning. A low slant of sun ignited the bunch grasses in a shimmering sweep across Mud Tanks Mesa. A full moon lingered, still, pale and haunting like ghost pie. Scott Oshier and I rode toward the Rim.

Yes, rode. Even though I swore off the beasts following the dedication, Oshier persuaded me to mount up again. It was probably for the best since footing proved rocky and unreliable along this section of the trail. Hiking it would be akin to walking on croquet balls.

We ambled under a hard-squint sky for the better part of the morning. Oshier fielded several calls on his cell phone because communication has tentacled into every cranny of our lives. We're a long way from the time a high-trotting, loud-singing teenager daintily holding a hatbox provided the only link to the outside world for entire communities.

Where the trail took a screamingly steep plunge off the mesa into Fossil Creek Canyon, I voted to stop. By this point, Tuffy Peach would have already swum the Verde River, crossed Clear Creek, changed horses, eaten breakfast, watched the sun come up and still have had nearly 40 miles of hard riding in front of him. But for my desk chair-molded posterior, this small sample proved plenty.

On the return, Oshier described his plans to ride the entire 52-mile trail. He would take two long days while camping one night under the stars. "You're welcome to come along," he told me.

Instead, we compromised. He would ride the trail from Camp Verde and as he neared Payson, would call me on his cell. I would drive over. We'd meet at the saloon and maybe drop a Marty Robbins tune in the jukebox. Then, with the sun lazy and warm on the windows, he could describe it all, like a letter from the past. ■■■

*Cottonwood resident Roger Naylor believes if he had been contracted to deliver mail during the frontier era, ladies would be lucky to don their Easter bonnets by Christmas.*

*Traveling portions of the original Mail Trail, photographers Don B. and Ryan B. Stevenson envied the early mail carriers for the scenic wonderland during the summer and autumn months. But the father-son team readily admit they avoided the harsh winter conditions that blanket this part of Arizona.*



**SPECIAL DELIVERY** Camp Verde resident Joe Butner and his horse Buddy (top) proudly cart hand-stamped letters during the Mail Trail dedication.

**MAIL CALL** In the 1880s (above), horse riders collected the mail at Sutler's Store in Camp Verde around 2 A.M. for the 52-mile ride to Payson. PHOTO COURTESY OF THE VERDE VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

**YOU'VE GOT MAIL** Howard Parrish makes the official hand-off (opposite page) to Payson's Tina Bruess, executive director of the Rim Country Regional Chamber of Commerce.

**when you go**



**Location:** Camp Verde, 89 miles north of Phoenix.  
**Getting There:** From Phoenix, drive north 85 miles on Interstate 17 to Exit 285 and State Route 260, also known as the General Crook Highway. Follow State 260 4 miles to 564 Main St., where a historical plaque listing all 60 mail carriers marks the beginning of the trail outside Wingfield Plaza. To reach the first

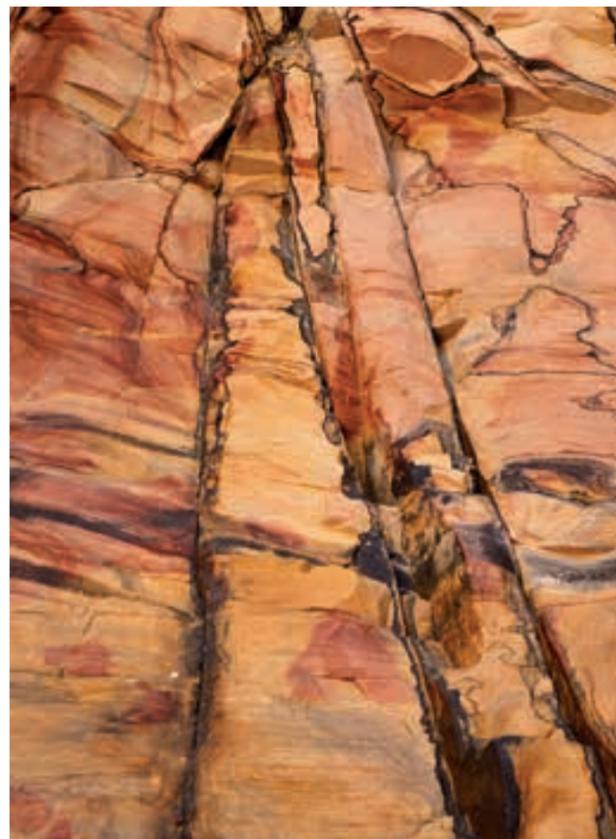
trailhead on Mud Tanks Mesa, continue east on 260, heading out of Camp Verde. Just past Milepost 239, turn right onto unpaved Forest Service Road 9247B. The parking lot is immediately visible on the left.  
**Travel Advisory:** The Mail Trail is a lengthy route, incorporating several trails and roads, and can be accessed at many points. Contact the Forest Service to find a section of trail suitable to your recreational needs. The portion that received most of the restoration work stretches from Mud Tanks Mesa through the Fossil Creek Wilderness area. From the trailhead on FR 9247B, follow the rock cairns west for .7 of a mile before turning south and continuing 5.3 miles to a signed junction with the existing Mail Trail. This trail, part of the Forest Service trail system since 1990, drops 1,200 feet in elevation in 2.3 miles where it crosses Fossil Creek. The trail then meets Fossil Springs Trail, which climbs out of the canyon and ends 2.5 miles later at a parking lot on Forest Service Road 708.  
**Lodging:** Between Payson and Camp Verde, campsites are available at the Upper Tonto Creek Campground, which offers access to hiking trails and fishing along Tonto Creek; (928) 474-7900; www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto/home.shtml. The historic towns of Pine and

Strawberry also offer lodging. Rim Country Regional Chamber of Commerce, (928) 474-4515; www.rimcountrychamber.com/.  
**Things To Do:**  
**Montezuma Castle National Monument** Five miles north of Camp Verde lies Montezuma Castle, an ancient 20-room cliff dwelling. The historic site tells the story of the Sinagua Indians, who built the pueblo more than 1,000 years ago; (928) 567-3322; www.nps.gov/moca/.  
**Pine/Strawberry Museum** Originally built as a dedication to the hardships endured by Pine's first settlers, the museum now displays domestic artifacts found in the Strawberry and Pine area; (928) 476-3547; www.pinestrawhs.org/.  
**Mogollon Rim Hike**, bike or drive to the top of the Mogollon Rim for scenic views that stretch all the way to Four Peaks in the Mazatzal Mountains, northeast of Phoenix. Pick up a hiking trails map at the Tonto National Forest's Payson Ranger Station, located east of Payson on State Route 260; (928) 474-7900; www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto.  
**Tonto Natural Bridge State Park** Within a rugged and almost inaccessible ravine of the Mogollon Rim, a mineral-rich stream eroded a passageway, leaving a natural bridge carved into the rock. Although potentially hazardous to explore, visitors can view the bridge from various overlooks throughout the park; (928) 476-4202; www.pr.state.az.us/Parks/parkhtml/tonto.html.  
**Additional Information:** Coconino National Forest, Red Rock Ranger District, (928) 282-4119; www.redrockcountry.org; Tonto National Forest, Payson Ranger District, (928) 474-7900; www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto.

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# WET WIZARD

Water makes magic  
in West Clear Creek



SOARING TEMPERATURES ON THE DESERT FLOOR INEVITABLY turn my thoughts to the West Clear Creek Wilderness. For summer is the only season when this canyon offers a welcome mat to the robust souls willing to take on its challenges. The successful will see nature's version of an Emerald City that no Hollywood studio could possibly create. The wizard here, of course, being water. There's no denying its handiwork in all facets of the continuous cycle of creation taking place from the rim to the canyon bottom. Capturing the intricacies of this riparian treasure on the nonclairvoyant properties of film seems fallible. Those who've been fortunate to witness West Clear Creek Canyon's seasonal unclinking will have to agree. ■■

WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE BRUNO



**WATERCOLOR WILDERNESS** "In an alcove just above West Clear Creek, I observed intricate patterns [opposite page] created by years of erosion. Transported through rainfall and snowmelt, colorful minerals have been deposited into the rocks, leaving behind an image that, to me, resembles a watercolor painting. West Clear Creek [this page] slowly and steadily descends on its journey toward the Verde Valley, exposing different layers along the way. This transition captured my attention because it is one of the few places where the bed is almost solid rock 'islands.' "

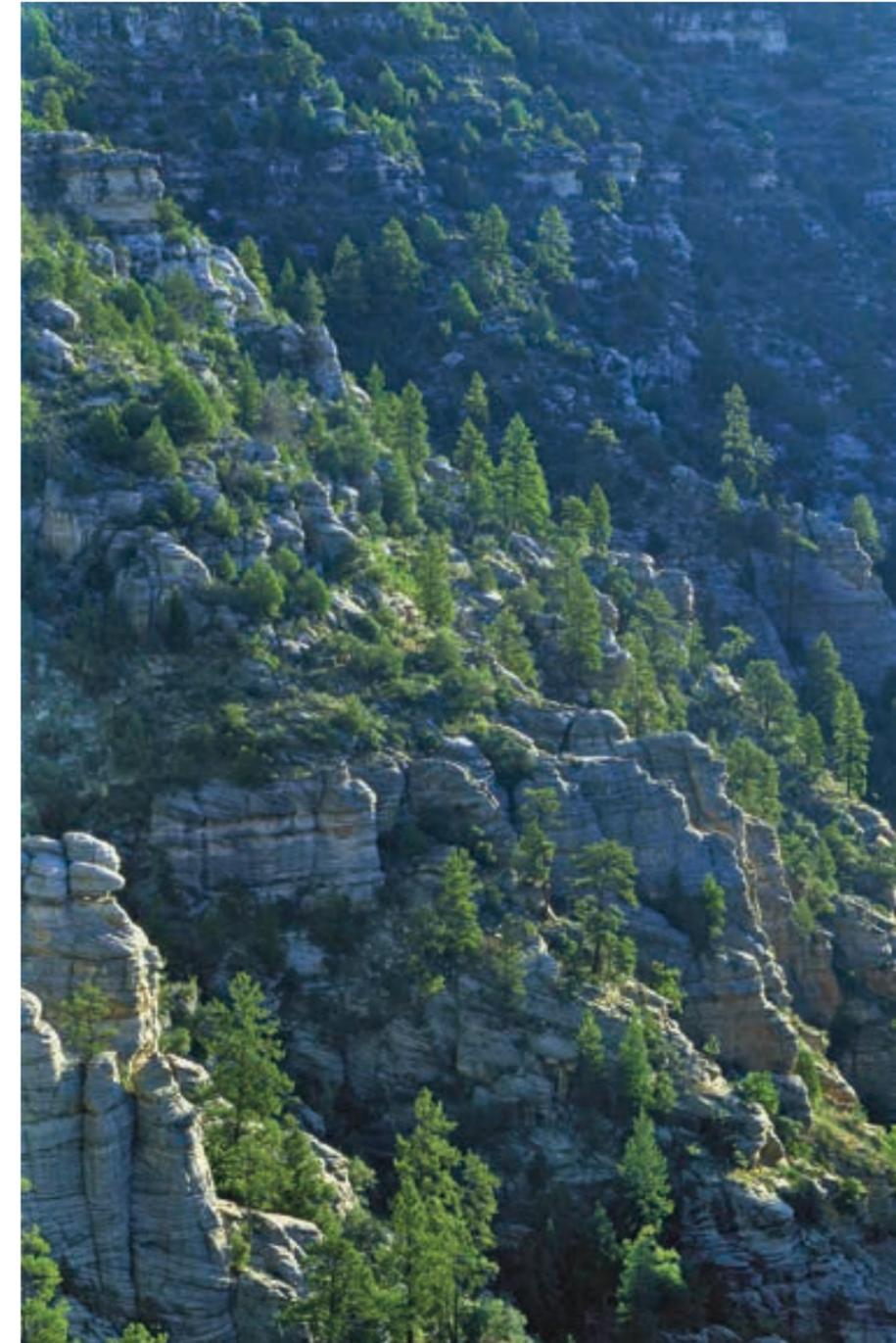


**UPON REFLECTION** "Because of its proximity to an access route, I crossed this pool many times to reach the canyon beyond. It's a deep pool for this stretch of the canyon, fed by springs seeping through the wall at the far end. The inner walls are unusually low, allowing a glimpse of the pine-covered slope and the towering upper walls. These elements combine for an interesting reflection."



**BOXED IN** "The creek leaves a wide-open section and heads into the chill of its deepest box canyon [left]. Sunlight rarely touches the waters within, leaving temperatures frigid even in late summer. Temperature contrast is a difficult feeling to portray on film, but by composing this image from within the cavernous walls looking toward the reflected sunlight beyond, one can see the cool-to-warm-color shift that illustrates the air temperature change."

**IN-SPIRE-ATION** "West Clear Creek makes numerous bends, and photographing from the rim presents more challenges than from below. I spent many nights camped on the rim, and one morning, noticed the light on the canyon's opposite side [below]. Inspired by the sight, I made my way across the canyon. This new perspective revealed how the canyon blends from rocky open slopes into pine trees battling for space among the protruding sandstone spires."



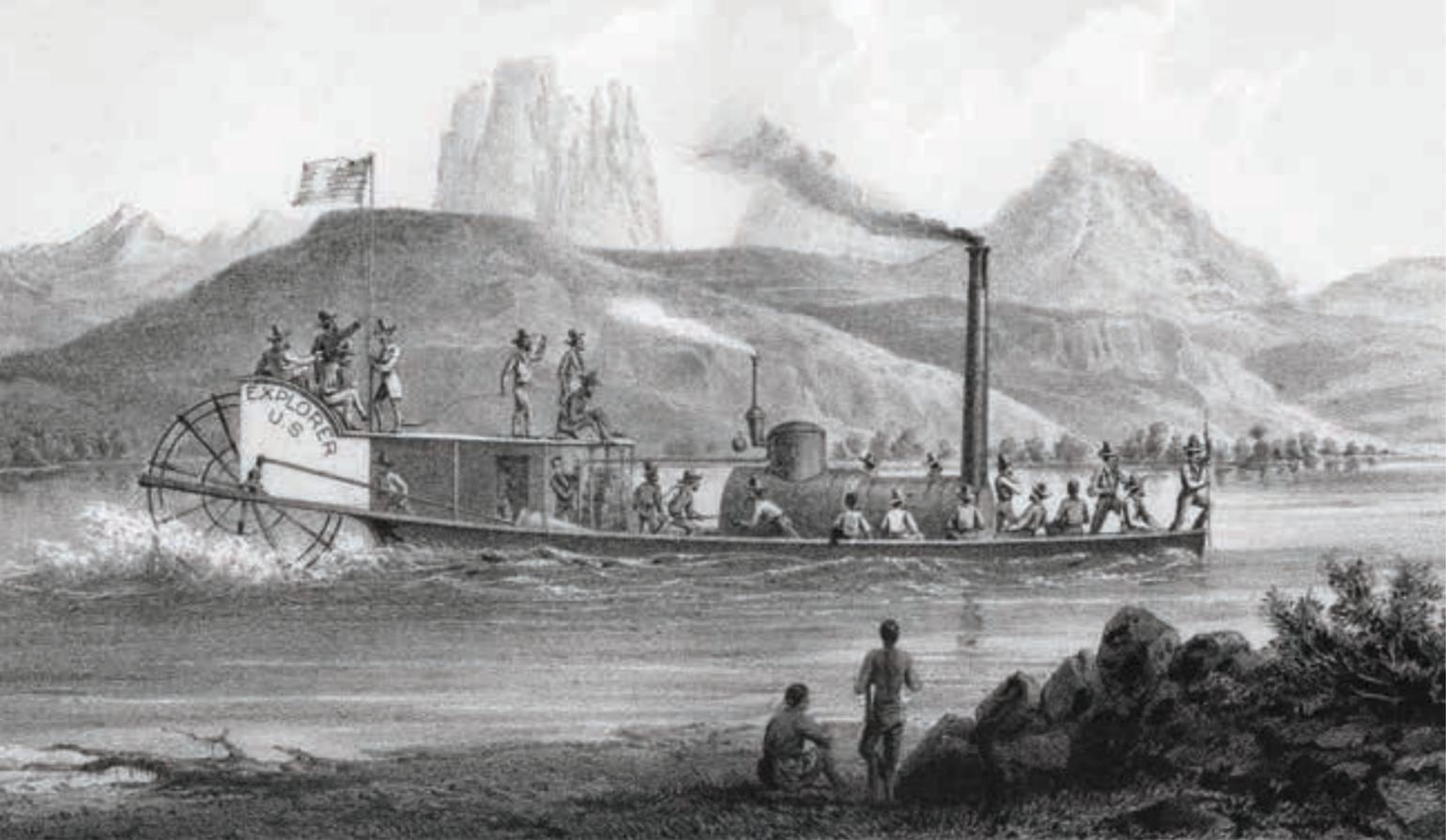


**STILLED WATERS** "Reflections of the jagged cliffs above blend into the still clarity of the creek, distorting the line between vision and illusion. This photograph was a result of the clouds that day, allowing me to make several exposures as the sunlight was being filtered in various degrees. The resulting image is my favorite of the canyon."

**VERDANT VISION** "Sunlight reflects the green of the tall creekside pines onto one of West Clear Creek's pools [right] before the creek changes character once again into a boulder-strewn box canyon."

**DEEP CUT** "This is a unique spot because the water's energy has been funneled into a very tight channel [below] and then slammed into an almost 90-degree turn. The progression of the water's cutting power over time is etched into the sandstone walls."





# 'Profitless' Splendor

Lt. Ives' epic journey upriver to the Grand Canyon yielded stirring adventure and a foolish prediction.  BY GREGORY MCNAMEE

**I**N THE EARLY SPRING OF 1858, A YOUNG U.S. ARMY OFFICER stood on the brink of the Grand Canyon and gazed into Lower Granite Gorge. He was impressed by the spectacle, but mindful of his important reason for being there, an actor in what historians have come to call the Great Reconnaissance of the American West. His later report fully acknowledged the desert's beauty but also concluded, "The region is, of course, altogether valueless. It can be approached only from the south, and after entering it there is nothing to do but leave. Ours has been the first, and will doubtless be the last party of whites to visit this profitless locality."

Just shy of 30 years old, Lt. Joseph Christmas Ives had good reason to think that the country would stay unexplored. It had been half a century since the Lewis and Clark expedition had returned from its overland voyage to the Pacific, and still the interior West was only partly mapped. The origins of the Colorado River, for one, were unknown, and now Ives was undertaking the difficult mission of traveling not down from the source somewhere in the Nebraska Territory, but up from the river's end in Mexico to learn what he could of the possibilities of making the river a water route into the uncharted country.

Ives' superiors in Washington had another reason for sending him upriver. Years of conflict between the U.S. government and the residents of Utah had erupted into open warfare, so Ives' journey was meant to answer an eminently practical question:

Could supplies for the U.S. Army garrisons in southern Utah and elsewhere in the great desert be transported on the river?

TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION, IVES FIRST HAD TO LOCATE A suitable boat. In Philadelphia, he ordered a custom-built, 54-foot-long steam-powered stern-wheeler he dubbed *Explorer*. After a shakedown cruise on the Delaware River, the ship was carefully disassembled, crated and sent off by sea to San Francisco. There, Ives and his men transferred *Explorer* to a schooner called *Monterey*. On November 1, 1857, they started a four-week sea journey that eventually brought them to the mouth of the Colorado River in the Sea of Cortes.

Today, scarcely a trickle of water flows into the sea across the broad, sandy delta, but in Ives' time, the Colorado flowed energetically. The tidal bore at the confluence challenged even a ship as large as the obliging *Monterey*, to say nothing of the smaller craft. Liking what he saw of the passing countryside, Ives noted in his elegant "Report Upon the Colorado River of the West," "It

**FULL STEAM AHEAD** In an 1858 engraving by Ives expedition artist Heinrich Balduin Möllhausen, the paddle-wheel steamboat *Explorer* (above) plods along the uncharted Colorado River. Because of its flat-bottomed construction, the steamboat was ideal for shallow-water river travel. Big Canyon (right), known today as the Grand Canyon, looms at the mouth of the Diamond River (now Diamond Creek) in an engraving by Möllhausen.



ENGRAVINGS COURTESY OF GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK MUSEUM COLLECTION



## *I can scarcely blame him for his disgust, Ives wrote of one unhappy Mojave Indian . . .*

would be hard to say whether the dazzling radiance of the day or the sparkling clearness of the night was the more beautiful and brilliant." Still, after he had watched the incoming tide drag the mother ship a mile up the river's overflowing channel before calming down, Ives determined to get his vessel and crew away from the sea as soon as he could.

It took weeks to assemble *Explorer*, which had been damaged in transit. Moreover, Ives wanted to reinforce the ship to keep its 3-ton boiler from breaking through the hull. In the meantime, other members of the crew scoured the delta for driftwood to fuel the steamship. In December, they set out for Yuma to meet the rest of the expedition in the face of the blustering winds and cold rain they scarcely expected in this tropical desert.

Ives found that part of the journey tedious indeed; in two days, *Explorer* made only 31 miles, for the river was full of sandbars and snags, jamming the rudder and grounding the ship. Ives grumbled that he was so frozen to the bone and was so impatient to get to the American military post that he left *Explorer* 15 miles later and found a nearby ranch, where he spent the night "between the dirtiest pair of blankets and, meaning no disparagement, with the dirtiest looking man I ever saw in my life." The ranch hand may have been unwashed, but he had a way with horses, and soon Ives was mounted on a semiwild stallion that took him through the desert to the fort.

*Explorer* followed a few days later, gladdening Ives, who remarked of the rough-and-tumble post, "Fort Yuma is not a place to inspire one with regret at leaving." He had his full party now, made up of men who would have done the captain of *HMS Beagle* proud. One was a 34-year-old German baron named Frederick von Egloffstein, an able explorer who also possessed great skills as an artist, and who drew beautiful relief maps of the lower Colorado River, as well as some gloomy paintings of the river canyons. Another German, the artist and novelist Heinrich Balduin Möllhausen, drew extraordinary panoramas of the landscape and detailed ethnographic portraits of

the native people. American geologist and paleontologist John Strong Newberry made a careful accounting of the landscape.

It was a brilliant crew, but there was one small fly in the ointment. A civilian entrepreneur named Alonzo Johnson had also been at work on the river, with an eye to establishing a steamship line between the delta and the place that would become Fort Mojave near present-day Bullhead City. When Congress refused to fund his efforts, Johnson pressed on anyway, making an inaugural run as far north as The Needles. Möllhausen was bitterly disappointed, later remarking, "The prospect of being able to think during the journey that we were following along a route that had never been previously explored by a European lost its attraction." But if Ives was troubled, he did not let on. He ignored Johnson altogether and went about his work.

Off they went, leaving Fort Yuma on January 11, 1858. They did not get far; *Explorer* ran aground on a sandbar about 2 miles upstream. "We were in plain sight of the fort," Ives recalled, "and knew that this sudden check to our progress was affording an evening of great entertainment to those in and out of the garrison." Ives had a sense of humor, his report makes clear, and he gamely rolled up his shirtsleeves with the rest of the men. Hours later, and free of the sandbar, *Explorer* was off again.

It would not be the first pesky sandbar the little steamship would encounter, but Ives and his crew learned by trial and error how to predict such troubles. One indicator, they soon realized, was groups of Indian women and children along the riverside. "The coincidence between their presence and a bad bar is so unfailing," Ives reported, "that the man at the helm quickly learned to slow the engine whenever he spotted them, lest he afford onlookers still more entertainment."

The country through which they passed was rugged and little populated. Ives delighted in the valleys and ranges as *Explorer* passed by: the Chocolate Mountains, the Black Mountains, Explorers Pass, Sleepers Bend, the Monument Mountains, Sand Island. The snags, he allowed, were inconvenient but not

dangerous, the sandbars products of seasonal changes on the river, which was now at a wintry low. The cold made Möllhausen's efforts at collecting insects and reptiles difficult, even as it brought visitors to their campfire, native people of several tribes. One, Ives wrote, was a "notorious rogue" who tried to cheat him in trading, but who "was highly amused at being fairly caught." Others were generous, others curious—and almost all, Ives recorded, were apprehensive about what such strange people were doing in their country. "I can scarcely blame him for his disgust," Ives wrote of one unhappy Mojave Indian, "for he must suspect that this is the first step towards an encroachment upon the territory of his tribe."

February 1 found *Explorer* at the mouth of the Bill Williams River, between present-day Parker and Lake Havasu City, then as now one of the most beautiful spots along the lower river, with its dramatic rock formations and flocks of waterfowl. "New and surprising effects of coloring added to the beauty of the vista," Ives wrote of the river canyon. "In the foreground, light and delicate tints predominated, and broad surface of lilac, pearl color, pink and white contrasted strongly with the somber masses piled up behind." Traveling up a "fairy-like pass," the party entered the Chemehuevi Valley, passed through what Ives called Mohave Canyon, and came into the Mohave Valley proper, a place "clothed in spring attire" that, Ives recorded, the whole crew found so beautiful that they applauded.

They would not be so pleased with the country that followed, though. Fortunately, they were now guided by a Mojave man named Ireteba, who later helped Joseph Walker explore the country around Prescott. Ireteba was used to white people, but most of his compatriots, Ives recorded, seemed to "think us their inferiors," particularly when he produced a mariner's compass to impress them with modern technology. It did not have the desired effect: "They soon learned its use, and thought we must be very stupid to be obliged to have recourse to artificial aid in order to find our way."

Conditions on the river worsened. A steady wind beat against the ship, whipping down tall, narrow Pyramid Canyon, followed by a great sandstorm that blinded the crew and forced them to pull into a cove for shelter. The storm subsided after a day, even as the rock walls grew steeper and the rapids stronger. *Explorer* struggled and heaved against the fierce river. Finally,

**SCENES FROM AN EXPEDITION** Möllhausen's engravings of the expedition depict (left to right) rustic camping on the Colorado Plateau, the crew observing the river's deep rapids and the steamboat *Explorer* navigating the Colorado River through Mohave Canyon.

on March 12, near the site of present-day Hoover Dam, Ives "determined not to try to ascend the Colorado any further."

Ives divided the party, sending half back to Fort Yuma with the ship while taking Möllhausen, Newberry and Egloffstein inland, crossing over the mountains eastward at the spot where the little town of Oatman now stands, climbing into the Cerbat Mountains.

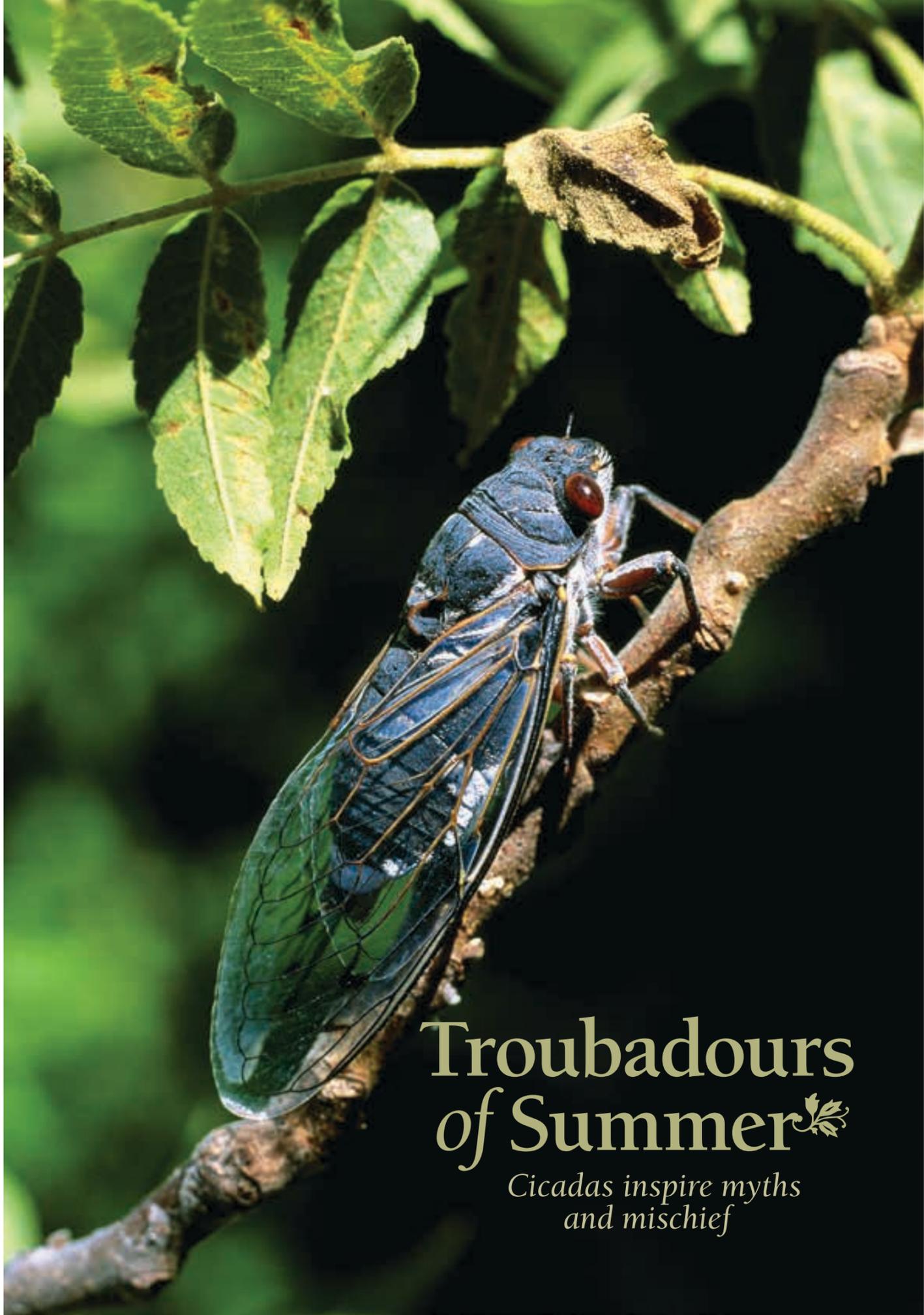
By early April, Ives had descended to the floor of what he named "the Big Canyon" along Diamond Creek. "Big Canyon" would stand on a few maps for another decade, until John Wesley Powell renamed the place Grand Canyon once and for all. Spring snow squalls and lightning storms marked Ives' passage overland, past Bill Williams Mountain and the San Francisco Peaks, to the Hopi Mesas and the waterless lands of the Navajo until, finally, the land party reached Fort Defiance on May 22, 1858.

The Ives expedition took nearly six months and covered more than a thousand miles—as the crow flies—and many more as the steamship chuffs and the mule plods. Ives was clearly taken by the country he and his comrades had covered, but even so, he concluded, "It seems intended by nature that the Colorado River, along the greater portion of its lonely and majestic way, shall be forever unvisited and undisturbed."

Ives' report was also little visited once the Utah War ended. He neither courted nor received the fame of contemporary travelers such as John Charles Fremont, but went to work with his customary diligence, helping to design and engineer the great monument to George Washington that would soon begin to rise over the nation's capital.

When the Civil War came, though a native of New York City, Ives joined the Confederate cause and served as an aide-de-camp to President Jefferson Davis. He moved to New York at the end of the war and died just three years later, at the age of 40, having helped change the course of American history. ■

*Gregory McNamee writes about Arizona history, culture and geography for the Encyclopaedia Britannica and several European publications as well as for Arizona Highways. He lives in Tucson.*



# Troubadours of Summer

*Cicadas inspire myths and mischief*

One bright summer day, Locust burrowed out of his home deep in the ground and crawled up the sunny branches of a nearby piñon pine tree, where he began to sing and play his flute. Out making mischief, wandering Coyote stopped to listen to the haunting melody.

“How lovely you play your flute! Pray, teach me your song so I can sing it for my children,” said Coyote.

Flattered, Locust agreed and sang his song again and again—a shrill piping. Finally Coyote headed for home, repeating the song until he tripped head over tail on Gopher’s hole. Startled, Coyote forgot Locust’s song, so he headed back to have Locust sing it for him again.

Although annoyed at the interruption, Locust sang his song once more. After Coyote trotted off, Locust decided that the foolish Coyote would continue to plague him, and so Locust decided to play a trick. He split his skin, placed a piece of white quartz in the hollow shell and sealed it up with a little bit of pitch before flying off in search of another sunny tree limb from which he could play his flute without interruption.

Soon, Coyote lost the song once again. But when he returned to visit Locust, he found the tree strangely silent. Four times Coyote demanded the song until in anger he snapped at the empty skin and broke his teeth on the hard stone hidden within. Coyote’s descendants inherited this broken grin, and to this day Locust’s descendants still avoid attention by shedding their skins, leaving the counterfeits in their place.

—Zuni Indian folk tale

This charming Zuni tale represents just one of the many stories told about Arizona’s loudest insect—more commonly known as the cicada. Cicadas appear throughout history in many cultures.

While they have often been labeled as locusts or grasshoppers, these noisy troubadours of summer are actually more closely related to aphids, stink bugs and leaf hoppers—all members of the order *Hemiptera*. Labeled as the “true bugs” of the insect world, cicadas sport “half wings,” composed of a pair of thick front wings paired with a thinner set of back wings, and piercing and sucking mouthparts used to feed on fluids from either plants or animals.

Humans have revered cicadas for thousands of years because of their uninhibited vocalization, mysterious feeding habits and sudden appearance in the hot-

test days of summer. Immortalized in myth as a symbol of rebirth, the cicada has sung, piped and drummed its way into the human imagination.

A Navajo story credits the valiant cicada with burrowing from a “lower world” into this one to provide an escape from rising floodwaters.

The archetypal First Man and First Woman asked Hawk and a succession of birds to break through the hard blue dome overhead. Finally, they turned to Locust, who flew up and worked at the crack made by the birds’ earlier attempts. He finally broke through the dome and made a tunnel through the soft mud of the next world, creating a shaft in the mud much like cicadas make today.

These shafts are a common sight when cicadas emerge in July, raising a din in the heat of summer that has garnered the attention of many cultures. Cicadas take their cue from the “dog days” of summer—the 20 days before and after the conjunction of the sun and Sirius, the “dog star.”

Nearly 2,000 species of cicadas sing in summer in the warmly temperate and tropical habitats of the world, including 180 species in North America. That includes the magicicada, perhaps the longest-lived insect in the world, which emerges from the earth in 13- or 17-year cycles.

Arizona’s 22 species include the common, low-elevation Apache cicada (*Diceroprocta apache*), with its wide, blunt head, protruding eyes and two pairs of membranous wings. The 2-inch-long insect spends most of its life as an underground nymph sucking fluids out of plant roots. The juvenile nymphs molt periodically as they grow, burrowing deeper and deeper underground in search of larger and juicier roots. After three years, the Apache cicada starts working its way back up to the earth’s surface.

Generally around Father’s Day, the nymphs emerge and climb trees, fences and buildings to complete their final molt. Adult cicadas leave behind dry husks. Within minutes, their skin changes from creamy white to a dark brown and the wings dry and unfold. For the next few weeks, the male insects lure females by bombarding sultry afternoons with their

frenetic, high-pitched chorus, produced with muscles called tymbals—drumlike membranes found on the abdomens of the loquacious lotharios. Unlike the pulsing call of other species, Apache cicadas produce a continuous droning buzz that rattles the air at 107 decibels, making them among the loudest insects in the world.

The males die soon after mating, and that’s when their ladyloves take over. Using a serrated abdominal appendage called an ovipositor, the females cut nests into twigs where they deposit as



**Wasp Watch** When cicadas emerge as adults, leaving crispy nymph skins behind (above), they are prey to cicada-killer wasps that paralyze them with a sting and then carry them by one wing back to their burrows.

many as 600 eggs in up to 50 separate nests. Days later, the newborn nymphs drop to the ground and burrow deeply into the soil where they will live until it’s time for them to emerge as adults.

Apache and Hopi stories dwell on the link between the cicada’s “fluting” and the art of seduction. In fact, the Hopi image of Kokopelli—the humpbacked flute player—connects to both cicadas and fertility, according to folklorist Ekkehart Malotki. The humped back of Kokopelli, which is also occasionally portrayed with antennae, carries the world’s seeds.

Taoist, Italian and Hindu cultures preserve tales of the cicada. The insect shows up in the mosaics of doomed Pompeii, in jade carvings found inside 3,000-year-old Chinese tombs, and on kites at Japanese New Year festivals.

Sometimes, the cicada provokes envy. As the ancient Greek writer Xenophon mused, “Blessed are the cicadas, for they have voiceless wives.” ■■

**Predictable Cicadas** The majority of Arizona’s adult cicadas (left) appear on cue each summer, unlike magicicada, a periodical cicada that makes one dramatic appearance at 13- or 17-year intervals.

# LEARNING TO LEAN BACK

OUTDOORS WOMAN CAMP IN THE BRADSHAW MOUNTAINS REVEALS THE BENEFITS OF FEAR

BY LORI K. BAKER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MAACK

IT TOOK ALL MY NERVE to stand backward on a ledge that dropped off a sheer granite rock face deep within the nearly 8,000-foot-high Bradshaw Mountains, my heels teetering over the edge. 🐼 “You’ve got to lean back, take a step back,” my rappelling instructor, Jeff Sorensen, coaxed like a patient mule handler. 🐼 I listened to his words as my legs quivered and my mind raced: *How did I ever wind up here? I’ve always been terrified of heights—I even hate ladders! Why did I ever sign up for a Becoming an Outdoors Woman camp?*

EIGHTY OF THESE WEEKEND-LONG CAMPS, called BOW for short, are held across North America each year, including this one at Friendly Pines Camp outside Prescott in central Arizona. BOW teaches women outdoors skills—and a heady sense of self-confidence in the process. Beneath cobalt-blue skies, the air heavy with the fragrance of ponderosa pine, BOW seemed like an easy entrée into the excitement of rugged outdoor adventure—even for a woman like me, who’s never pitched a tent, cooked by campfire, caught a fish or rappelled.

Then came the literal cliffhanger. How would I summon the courage to take my first bold step backward—into the thin air? Rappelling was the ultimate metaphor—a complete education in trust, bravery and taking the plunge.

My only hope for making it through this SWAT-team stunt without broken bones, a concussion, dying or—even worse—permanent disfigurement, came from a harness cinched like a 19th-century corset around my waist that left me struggling to breathe. Or maybe it was just panic that clamped my diaphragm like a vice. My leather-gloved hands formed a death grip on the static line—my lifeline—I would use to rappel down this cliff.

In theory, there was really nothing to it.

At least that’s what Sorensen told me. He’d rappelled for the last 25 years despite his own fear of heights, and he was mighty confident that he’d be able to talk me off this ledge. After all, that’s one skill all rappelling instructors must master to stay in business. And so far, Sorensen told me, he had a 99 percent success rate in his eight years at BOW. Only one of his students decided rappelling just wasn’t for her. Talk about peer pressure. “But I don’t want to push you,” Sorensen said with a smile beneath his broad-brimmed black cowboy hat. “No pun intended.”

After what seemed like hours, I finally gave in and reluctantly leaned back into space, my baptism into fearlessness. I felt the thrill of the static line slipping through my guiding hand—I was actually moving now—and took one reluctant step backward, as wobbly and tentative as a baby taking a first step. My belay team member below, holding a static line so I wouldn’t fall, shouted instructions: “Don’t look down, only look where your foot will be stepping.”

**OVER THE EDGE** Becoming an Outdoors Woman camp participant Sheryl Freed entrusts life and possibly scraped limbs to the capable hands of rappelling instructor Jeff Sorensen.



**KNOT TO WORRY** Wearing leather gloves provided by the BOW staff, Lori K. Baker secures her belay rope to a figure-eight ring and prepares for her initiation into rappelling.

As I rappelled down the cliff face, stepping wide and trying to keep my body perpendicular to the rock, my emotions shifted—from feeling utterly inadequate to exhilarated and powerful, like Lara Croft in *Tomb Raider*. After I reached the bottom, I squealed, “I made it!”

After this exhausting afternoon of rappelling, nighttime seemed like a welcome reprieve. But that’s only because I had never actually tried to fall asleep in a rustic cabin deep in the wilderness.

As I lay in the pitch blackness in my tiny bunk with a 2-inch-thick mattress atop plywood, I tossed and turned, my nylon sleeping bag forever slipping and sliding. Then I spotted her—my cabin mate sleeping soundly on her billowy air mattress. Oh, the nerve.

Somehow, I managed to slip in and out of sleep, which made the whole night dreamlike: At 11 P.M. I woke up with an icy-cold foot stuck out of my sleeping bag. Tucking my foot back into my sleeping bag, I dozed off. At midnight I woke up with a headache. As I fumbled around in the darkness, lit only by starlight streaming in from the window, I managed to swill three Advils and a swig of water without waking my three cabin mates, who were lost to their night stupors, one snoring soundly. At last, I could sleep—until 4 A.M., when my eyes flew open after a startling sound. A coyote’s howl pierced the night’s stillness (other than the snoring), and a choir of dozens more coyotes joined in, in Dolby Surround-sound.

Now jolted wide awake, I started obsessing about the day ahead, namely my afternoon class on the ropes challenge course, which looked like a cross between an obstacle course and a circus high-wire act. With towering utility poles or trees strung together with wire rope up to 50 feet in the air and attached to belay cables, carabiners and harnesses for safety, these courses are loads of fun—for U.S. military commandos. According to one estimate, there are 7,500 ropes challenge courses in the United States—and one of them was awaiting me right there at Friendly Pines Camp.

The morning brought an idyllic day—and the aroma of breakfast—scrambled eggs, thick French toast, bacon and sausage—sizzling on the dining hall’s grill. After breakfast, 78 of my fellow campers, ranging in age from 18 to 69, ventured off to classes—archery, kayaking, rifle marksmanship, fishing, backpacking, horsemanship, outdoor photography or Global Positioning System (GPS) navigation, to name a few—with a



IT WAS SIMPLE,  
REALLY—  
IF YOU  
HAPPENED  
TO BE  
TARZAN.

**LEAP OF FAITH** Jennifer Savage leaps from the relative security of a platform 55 feet off the ground to swat a suspended bellpull, signaling the sweet sound of her success.

renewed sense of adventure.

But that afternoon, I felt like a condemned woman, even as I headed to the ropes challenge course on a beautiful nature trail shaded by soaring ponderosa pines and strewn with the rich texture of Gambel oaks, Emory oaks, lichen-covered granite and basalt boulders and a dusting of yellow primroses and red penstemons. A pair of pygmy nuthatches perched on a water spigot, a western bluebird fluttered between pine branches. And a tassel-eared Abert's squirrel barreled straight up a ponderosa's trunk and then leaped from branch to branch in the canopy like an acrobat.

*If only that furry trapeze artist could teach me a lesson or two for the ropes challenge course, I thought. The course began with a stunt called "Tarzan's Traverse." It was simple, really—if you happened to be Tarzan. First you had to scramble 20 feet up a utility pole using heavy metal staples as handholds and footholds. Next, the tricky part: walking 45 feet across a wire like a circus high-wire performer as you struggle to reach overhead for dangling ropes to stabilize you, while your legs shake like Jell-O. Granted, you're securely fastened to a harness and belay rope held by instructor Cherie Geyer and another classmate so you won't actually fall. But when was the last time you entrusted your life to total strangers? My entire class of brave souls made it. For me, it took two tries. On that second try, pride overcame fear—I wasn't about to be the only one who didn't get across that wire.*

Having my feet once again planted on terra firma was a celebration, albeit a brief one as my class quickly headed off to our next adventure:

riding a 300-foot zip line (called "zipping") suspended high above a grassy meadow.

One by one, we clambered up a pine tree pierced with metal footholds and handholds that zigzagged up to a wooden platform. There, Geyer sat ready to attach the nylon seat harness I was wearing to the zip line. As I sat beside her, she checked my straps, adjusted my helmet and assured me in a motherly kind of way, "You've been very brave today." As I eyed the height of the zip line and expansiveness of the meadow, it nearly took my breath—and courage—away. "I don't want to wait," I urged her. "Just give me a push off the platform on the count of three."

"Okay," Geyer said, then called out: "One . . . two . . . three!"

First came the shock of suddenly being airborne—then the exhilaration of adrenaline surging through my body as I soared free and unencumbered through the air. I was flying!

In this moment of gliding high above the ground, I viewed life itself from a higher perspective. I realized how my fears and cautiousness were like pedaling through life with a clunky set of training wheels that needlessly slowed me down.

From now on, I vowed silently, I would no longer rob myself of the exhilaration of taking risks, going fast or, best of all, zipping. **AH**

*Author Lori K. Baker discovered a newly found sense of courage and adventure after her BOW experience. She lives in Mesa.*

*Richard Maack found the wilderness activities at the outdoors woman camp not only a great photographic subject, but an inspiring example of what people can do when they challenge both their physical and emotional limits.*



**when you go**

**Location:** Friendly Pines Camp, 105 miles northwest of Phoenix.

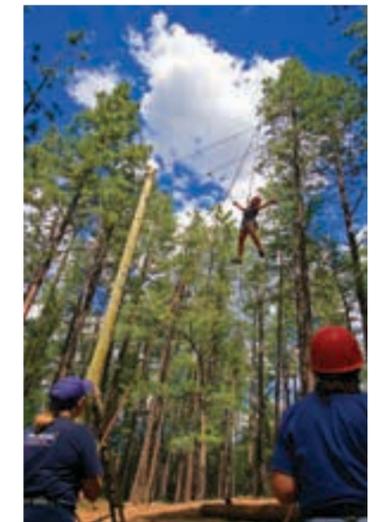
**Getting There:** From Phoenix, drive north 50 miles on Interstate 17 to State Route 69 at Exit 262. Turn left (northwest) onto State 69 and drive 40 miles to Prescott. Turn left onto Mt. Vernon Street and follow the road for 5 miles to Marapai Road. Turn right onto Marapai and drive one-half mile to Peter Macklin Drive, which turns into Friendly Pines Road, and turn left. Follow posted signs from there.

**Dates:** August 17-19, 2007.

**Fees:** \$235 to \$270 per person.

**Travel Advisory:** Pack an air mattress for sleeping comfort.

**Additional Information:** (480) 644-0077.



**ZIP TRIP** Coaxed by Friendly Pines ropes course instructor Cherie Geyer (top, left), program participants like Peggy Abbs deny their fears at the zip line (top) and the Tarzan Traverse (above).

**PADDLE POWER** During paddle class, soon-to-be outdoors woman Baker (left) maneuvers a whitewater-quality inflatable kayak, also known as an IK, while other participants try their hands at an open canoe and a hard-shell kayak.

# Coyote Wise

Life lessons at the edge of a yip

MY HEART LIFTED WHEN I SPOTTED the female coyote trot around the far edge of the buttes that surrounded our houseboat moored at Castle Cove on Lake Mohave in west-central Arizona. She moved toward me along an invisible ledge halfway up the buttes in a loose-limbed, confident manner that proclaimed this was her domain, these paths winding in and out and around gray sandstone-layered buttes. Her long black shadow from the evening sun pulsed large-small-large against the rock face, not unlike my own pulsing, now large, now small, insecure thoughts. I reflected, *Should I give up my job or continue to suffer abuse? I worried, no job, or abasement?*

I paused near a tamarisk tree to study the coyote, her flashing legs, her darting eyes, her sense of serenity in the middle of the desert. I admired the simplicity of her life. Tonight, I knew, she would sit in the hills and howl, her muzzle raised, and others far away would answer, and once again I would feel chills race up and down my back. My spine. Or what was left of it. I sighed.

Just then she stopped and lifted her muzzle to the air, her whiskers quivering. I thought she was going to howl, but she sniffed the air. I thought maybe she'd gotten a whiff of me, as I'd just returned from a strenuous 2-mile walk into the sand-bottom coulee and up into the hills among geckos, birds, rocks and creosote bushes, trying to sort out my thoughts. *Should I quit my monthly gig with my best-paying magazine market, or continue to endure my editor's slings and arrows?* I sighed. Regular gigs for a freelancer were not easy to come by. Then the coyote surprised me: She stepped off the path. In the years we've shared our little inlet, she had never stepped off the path. Half-crouching, the coyote made her way down a great angled slab of rock toward the calm water. Thirsty, I thought.

Then I saw the seagull on the shore of the inlet—a giant bird with a great hooked beak and webbed toes spread possessively across the side of a fish, a prize find. The coyote sauntered toward the gull, tossing her muzzle as she sniffed the air. The gull raised its white head, fixed the coyote with a glare and lifted its wings, ready to fly, I figured, intimidated by the bared teeth of the advancing coyote.

Instead, it rushed at the coyote, but stopped 10 feet short and jabbed its beak repeatedly, while croaking a warning. The gull was not going to give up its treasured find without a fight. It



would not be bullied. The coyote sniffed the air nonchalantly, then moved closer. The gull rushed again, squawking angrily.

The coyote leaped back, crinkled her eyes and lay on her stomach, eyes fixed on the carp. The gull stared with cold eyes, then lowered its wings and sidled down the slant to its booty. It pecked and tore and swallowed, one eye on the coyote, which acted unconcerned. At one point the coyote stood, but the bird quickly got its dander up again. With a sigh, the coyote settled down to enjoy her meager slice of victory—the odor on the breeze.

After salving her ego for the required time, the coyote turned back up toward the path, and continued her journey. The battle was over.

Somewhere, unseen, she passed above me, and moments later appeared on the far side of the inlet, silhouetted against the dark sky. Beyond her, white pinpoints of stars began to appear. Then she slipped away into the darkness.

I released my pent-up breath, and stared where the coyote had disappeared. I felt different. My mental skies had cracked open, thanks to the gift of the coyote, gull and carp.

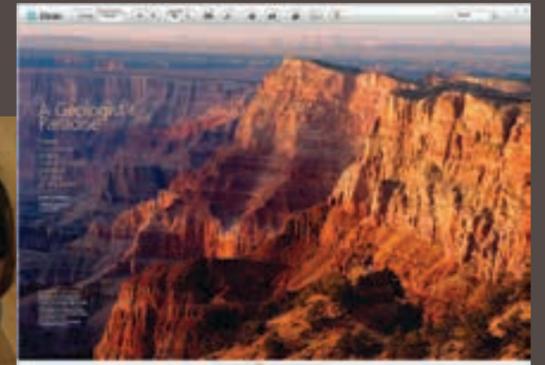
The drama seemed specifically performed for me. The little encounter made it clear: I must step off my old path and seek new adventures. I must not be bullied. I must stick up for myself, if I hoped to keep my self-respect, loss of job or not.

I sat on the ground as the air cooled and the bright moon rose, my arms wrapped about my knees. I felt like singing.

Just then, I heard faint yips that rose into full-throated howls, and then the distant answers. I shivered as chills ran up and down my back. Up and down my spine. ■

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# Amble in the Aspens

## Looping Veit Springs Trail Yields a San Francisco Peaks Showcase

**AUTUMN WILL SOON** engulf the San Francisco Peaks with jumbled gray basalt, purple Wheeler thistle and red-leafed creeping barberry spreading

under golden aspens. Veit Springs Trail, an easy 1.5-mile walk, makes a great hike for families and showcases the high country's

most colorful season. Veit Springs Trail follows an old jeep road uphill into the Lamar Haines Memorial Wildlife Area, a small preserve covering 160 acres at 8,600 feet elevation. Elk and mule deer are plentiful in the

early morning, and squirrels and birds can be found midday. The route also may be used for mountain bikes and cross-country skiing. The road soon narrows to a well-marked path and heads downhill to a fork at .2 of a

mile. The route makes a loop, and I follow the left trail. The mass of lava rock testifies to the San Francisco Peaks' volcanic origins.

Following the first frost, trailside ferns will weave a gaudy mat of variegated dark green and gold colors under the Douglas fir and

ponderosa pine trees. The trail rambles gently in and out of small arroyos for three-quarters of a mile to where a small spur trail leads left about 100 feet to Ludwig Veit's cabin. The maroon-colored, rusted tin roof is splashed with aspen leaves. Veit homesteaded there in

**ALONG THE TRAIL** Built into the side of a cliff, these rock springhouses held piping systems that collected spring water for Ludwig Veit, who homesteaded 160 acres here in 1892.

1892, his one-room cabin surrounded on three sides by enormous lava boulders. For safety, the home has been cut down to 5 feet tall, but peering through the doorway, I see weathered floorboards.

Just beyond the house, an arrow carved into an aspen tree points to Veit's name carved into a large boulder. Two small rock buildings house the springs that once attracted Veit. In spite of all the moisture that falls on the peaks, there are surprisingly few springs. The porous ground allows moisture to sink into underground rivers.

Past the springs, the spur trail leads left along the basalt cliff, where a small seep trickles out of the ground and a cave cuts into the rock. To the left of the cave opening, look for three red handprints, pictographs from early Indians, and high

on the rock face to the right, you'll see another pictograph of two human figures, one with horns. Between the figures is a long pole with three dangling zigzags. Archaeologists estimate the figures are more than 1,000 years old, so their meaning remains mysterious.

After backtracking to the main trail, it's a short walk to a plaque commemorating Lamar Haines. The wildlife area is named for Haines, a Flagstaff educator who helped establish an environmental education curriculum. Near the plaque, a clearing is all that remains of the cabin of Randolph and Julia Jenks, who owned the Deerwater Ranch. In 1948, they sold the land to the Arizona Game and Fish Department for just \$1.

From this point, the route loops back to the trailhead. Eventually, snow will cover Veit's little cabin amid the boulders, and the enigmatic pictographs will witness the silence of another winter. But for now, I'm content to enjoy a high-country amble. ■■■

### trail guide

**Length:** 1.5 miles round-trip.

**Elevation Gain:** 60 feet.

**Difficulty:** Easy.

**Payoff:** Pictographs, an abandoned cabin and wildlife.

**Location:** Snowbowl at Flagstaff.

**Getting There:** From Flagstaff, drive for 7 miles on U.S. Route 180 to Forest Service Road 516 (paved Snowbowl Road) and turn right. Travel 4.5 miles and watch for a small parking area on the right side. The information sign is just inside the fence; Veit Springs Trail veers to the right immediately past the sign.

**Additional Information:** Arizona Game and Fish Department, (928) 774-5045; www.azgfd.gov.



**online** Before you go on this hike, visit [arizonahighways.com](http://arizonahighways.com) for other things to do and places to see in this area. You'll also find more hikes in our archive.

# Meadows of Memory

## Black River Route Offers Relief and Recollection

**STUDYING HANNAGAN** Meadow in the predawn light, I think back to old Robert Hannagan, the Nevada miner who gave his name to the meadow and the lodge that graces its edge. What went through Hannagan's head when he stumbled upon this mountain paradise? Did he share my feelings of wonder? What about those rattled bone-weary travelers who

climbed from their Model-Ts on the bumpy, two-day journey from Springerville to Clifton?

I recall being 16 or 17 years old and watching my coonhound bound through the swampy spring in the meadow's center, with her long ears flapping, running for the sheer joy of it.

Today, as I start south on U.S. Route 191 from

Hannagan Meadow, dawn slowly seeps over the eastern edge of the trees, barely penetrating the dense pine canopy. The road becomes enveloped in fog. Aspen leaves create a yellow shower in the gentle breeze, their Day-Glo foliage contrasting with the green- and blue-tinted spruce. At a cool 47 degrees, this day, high in the mountains of east-central

Arizona, starts perfectly.

Five miles south of Hannagan Meadow Lodge, I turn off U.S. 191 and immediately enter wolf country, a terrain so remote, wild and bountiful that biologists chose the area to release Mexican gray wolves in an attempt to re-establish this ecological keystone predator in Arizona. Every dirt road in the wolf recovery

the clock to when wolves and grizzly bears last shared these woods in the early 1900s.

Before the reintroduction effort began in 1998, wolves had been missing from their post at the top of the food chain since the early 1970s. Grizzlies have had a longer and, most likely, permanent exodus from Arizona. The last reported grizzly bear was shot just south of here in 1935 in Strayhorse Canyon.

With wolves and grizzlies filling my thoughts, I relish this time on a back-country road. I relax and soak up the nice weather and the beautiful surroundings. I forget, for a time, the 165 seventh graders that I am currently student-teaching. Although I enjoy teaching them about the blood of Antietam, the stone wall at Fredericksburg, and Picket's Charge, I savor this time away, concerned only with the chirping of birds, the girth of blue spruce and the occasional bubbling stream.

The drive runs along Corduroy Creek and its headwaters that travel by an unmarked trail. Aspens

**RETURN OF THE PACK** Signs indicate Mexican gray wolf territory, where reintroduction efforts began in 1998. A biologist team tracks the wolves' collars to monitor their movements and well-being. TOM BEAN

stand upon the ridges, acting as forest sentinels. The white-barked trees have taken on a skeletal look, dressing up for Halloween. Soon, I pass over Fish Creek and a small valley that cuts a beautiful swath through the forest. Running stronger than Corduroy, Fish Creek offers a tranquil spot to pause and take in the ambience. I breathe deeply, inhaling the sweet and fresh forest air that lacks my accustomed dose of Phoenix smog.

Soon the forest opens up with ponderosa pines replacing the thick spruce trees. A doe and her fawn spring from one side of the road and vanish down the other side with a grace unattainable by bipeds. Gambel oaks mix with the pines as Fish Creek wanders off to the west through a larger canyon. Bypassing a crossroad that leads back toward Hannagan Meadow, I



continue straight toward the East Fork of the Black River.

At the right time of the day in the right month, this path yields frequent wildlife sightings. Just last August, I encountered two giant bull elk, but on this trip I see only deer. The reason becomes more apparent as several

**DEER CROSSING** Mule deer (below) cross a road in the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests. Other wildlife sightings in the area include elk, bighorn sheep, wild turkeys, bald eagles and black bears. EDWARD MCCAIN

**DUDE RANCH DELIGHT** Day breaks over horses grazing at the Sprucedale Ranch (above), a family run haven where visitors can ride horses along trails with glistening mountain streams and grassy meadows. EDWARD MCCAIN

area offers signs that explain the reintroduction process. Though I'm not likely to see any of the 50 wolves now roaming eastern Arizona and western New Mexico, their very presence here makes the drive exciting. The reintroduction turns back



**MYSTERY IN THE MEADOW**

Built in 1926, Hannagan Meadow Lodge (right) has kept its charm alive with odd ghost stories and the unanswered mystery of whether John Wayne's signature is scribbled behind the sitting room's fireplace mantel. TOM BEAN

pickups with gun racks driven by men in camouflage lumber slowly by. An older Ford carries a buck strapped to the roof.

I want to see the river, so I continue along a large open meadow dotted with cattle.



After 24 miles since my start, I reach the East Fork of the Black River. The slow ebb of water meandering from its mountain home fills me with a sense of calm. Satisfied, I retrace my steps to Forest Service Road 26 and drive the remaining 10 miles to 191.

Some 37 miles from my start, I stare again at the pavement and the end of my drive. A left turn allows me to

**A DEVIL OF A ROAD** Formerly numbered 666, the winding U. S. Route 191 (left) stretches from Clifton on the southern end to Springerville on the northern end and passes through some of Arizona's most scenic landscapes. MOREY K. MILBRADT

head to Alpine and eat lunch at the Bear Wallow Cafe; if I make a right turn I can spend the rest of the afternoon

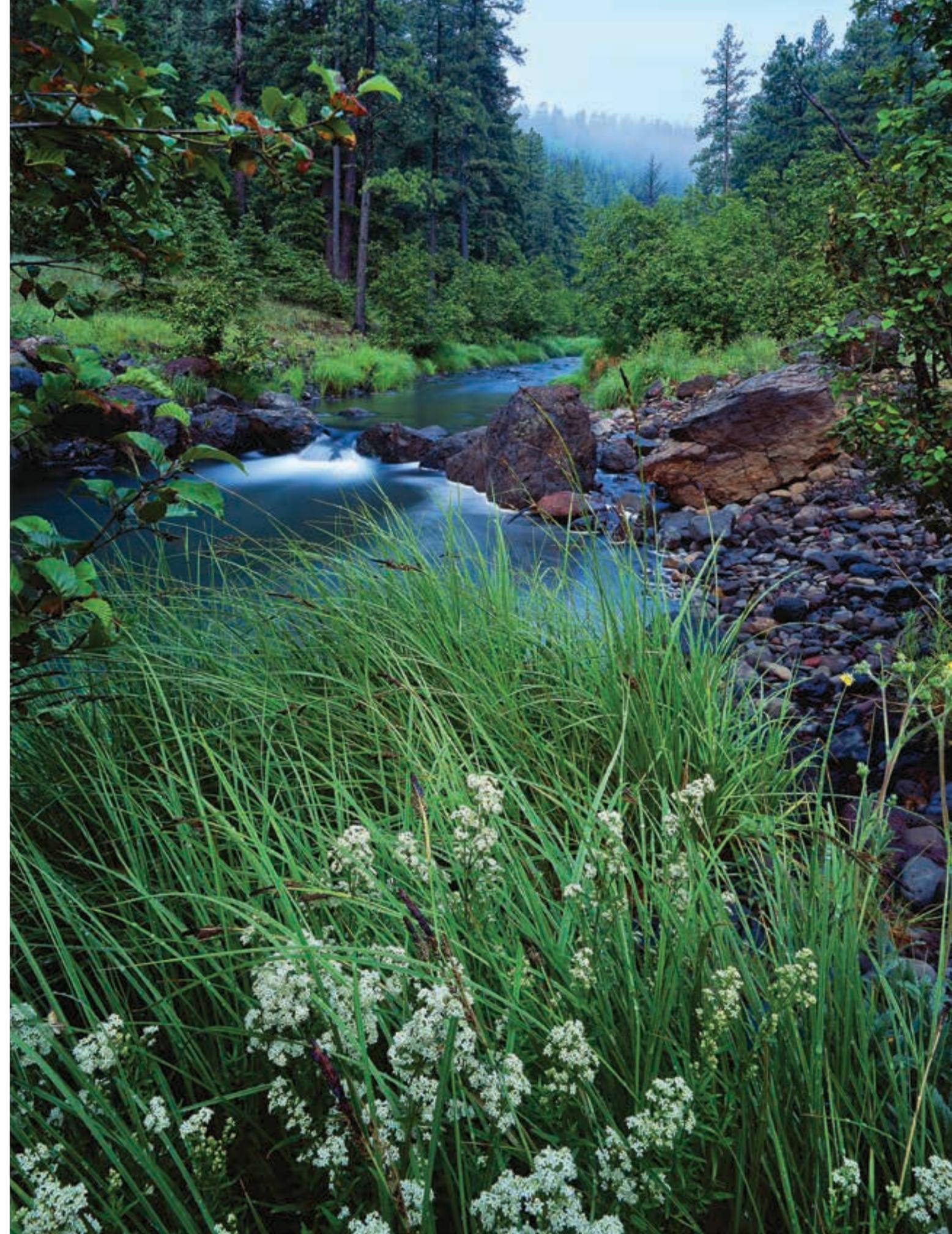
**travel tips**

**Vehicle Requirements:** High-clearance, two-wheel-drive.  
**Warning:** Back-road travel can be hazardous. Be aware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you're going and when you plan to return.  
**Additional Information:** Hannagan Meadow Lodge, (928) 339-4370; www.hannaganmeadow.com. Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, Alpine Ranger District, (928) 339-4384; www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf/contact/.

reading on the porch of Hannagan Meadow Lodge. Decisions, decisions—lunch or a good book? After a few wasted minutes burning precious brain cells, I realize I can do both.

I know old Robert Hannagan would have approved of the beer and burgers after a 37-mile trip. I wonder if he liked to read? **AH**

**TEEMING WITH TROUT** Storm clouds drift over the East Fork of the Black River (right), forming water droplets that cling to bedstraw and sedge plants lining the riverbank. In the summer months, the river is stocked weekly with rainbow trout. RANDY PRENTICE

**route finder**

Note: Mileages are approximate.

- > **Start at Hannagan Meadow Lodge**, 22.5 miles south of Alpine on U.S. Route 191.
- > **Turn right (south) onto U.S. Route 191**; drive 4.9 miles to Forest Service Road 25, located between mileposts 227 and 226. A directional sign at the turnoff lists Reno Lookout and the Black River.
- > **Turn right (west) onto FR 25**; drive 0.4 of a mile to signed junction with Forest Service Road 24.
- > **Turn right (north) onto FR 24**; drive 18.6 miles to the East Fork of the Black River, where FR 24A leads off to the right (east) to Buffalo Crossing Campground, about a mile away.
- > **Enroute to the East Fork**, FR 24 comes to several junctions: at 1.3 miles, with Forest Service Road 8315 on the left; at 6.5 miles, with Forest Service Road 576 on the right leading to Hannagan Meadow in 4 miles; at 10.9 miles, with an unsigned road on the left. At 13.7 miles, with an unsigned road on the left adjacent to log stock pens (the road leading to a camping area less than a half-mile away); and at 15.6 miles, with FR 26 leading off to the right and U.S. 191 in 10 miles.
- > **Leaving the East Fork**, backtrack on FR 24 for 3 miles to FR 26; turn left for a 10-mile drive to 191.
- > **Turn right** for an 8.4-mile drive to Hannagan Meadow; turn left for a 14-mile drive to Alpine.



