

MLB Legend
Joe Garagiola

Old West
Newspapers

Where to Get
a Great Steak

Chloride, AZ:
It's Kinda Weird

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

JUNE 2008

Summer Hiking Guide

25 of our
favorite
places
to hit
the trail



PLUS:

Sandra Day O'Connor
talks to us about the past,
present and future.

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14 Summer Hiking Guide

It was a good winter in Arizona, but the snow's all gone now, and it's time to swap the ski boots for a pair of hiking boots. In this neck of the woods, that's a pretty good trade. Whether you're looking for a leisurely stroll in the White Mountains or a grueling hike into the Seventh Natural Wonder, Arizona has a trail for everyone. BY ROBERT STIEVE

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In Arizona, wildflowers are usually associated with spring, but summer flowers are something special, too, especially those in the desert grasslands of Southeastern Arizona. BY BRUCE GRIFFIN

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Sandra Day O'Connor made history when she became the first woman to serve on the U.S. Supreme Court. Since then, she's had several state and federal buildings named after her. Despite everything she's accomplished, Justice O'Connor has always been unassuming. It's a trait she learned as a child on a ranch in Southeastern Arizona.

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Outside Phoenix, most frontier newspapers in Arizona struggled to survive in sparsely populated, cash-strapped communities. A frontier paper meant cramped quarters, worn equipment, itinerant printers and deadbeat subscribers. Still, they sprouted like weeds all over the state.

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From the half-man/half-appliance sculptures around town to the annual Jimmy Hoffa Birthday Bash, Chloride, Arizona, is a little bizarre. Idiosyncratic, wacky, far out ... those adjectives do a pretty good job of describing it as well.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF GOURLEY

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online arizonahighways.com

No one knows more about hiking Arizona than we do. At arizonahighways.com, you'll find our complete archive, which offers more than 100 hikes covering every region in the state.

WEEKEND GETAWAY Saddle up at John Wayne's 26 Bar Ranch in Arizona's White Mountains.

DISCOVER ARIZONA Find out what's happening this month with our online Calendar of Events.

Photographic Prints Available

Prints of some photographs in this issue are available for purchase, as designated in captions. To order, call 866-962-1191 or visit arizonahighwaysprints.com.



● Points of interest featured in this issue.

MOGOLLON MOMENT Rebekah Martin and Sarah De Mers of Maricopa savor the panoramic scenery of the Mogollon Rim from Military Sinkhole Vista Point, located east of Woods Canyon Lake on Forest Service Road 300. Photograph by Nick Berezenko

FRONT COVER Brian Beck of Tucson basks in a cool cascade of water, moss and columbines on the Waterfall Trail at Tonto Natural Bridge State Park near Payson. Photograph by Nick Berezenko

BACK COVER Indian paintbrush emblazons the landscape at Military Sinkhole Vista Point. Photograph by Nick Berezenko
To order a print of this photograph, see information above.



JEFF KIDA

If you like flowers, you'll love this month's portfolio (see page 30), which features the many colors of Las Cienegas National Conservation Area, about 40 miles southeast of Tucson.

SOMETHING IS DIFFERENT. That's what you're thinking. You picked up this issue, looked at the cover, turned the magazine sideways, and then you looked again. The difference is subtle, you can feel it, but you can't put your finger on it. Turns out, something is different. In the publishing world, it's known as the "trim size." In your hands, it's simply the size of the magazine. Look again. We're a little smaller

— about the same size as *National Geographic Traveler* — and there's a good reason for that. We had no choice.

In 100 words or less, here's the explanation: Our old trim size was unconventional, and as a result, there was only one printer in the United States that could handle the job. Looking ahead to 2009, our printing costs were estimated to increase by as much as 30 percent — more than we could afford. As a not for profit magazine with limited funding, we needed options — more printers — and the only way to get them was to change our trim size. It's that simple. In the end, the difference is minimal, but we thought you should know about it anyway.

The same holds true for our inside back cover, a space now reserved for corporate sponsorship. Again, the reason for doing this is simple: In order to balance our budget, we have to tap into this stream of revenue. That's how most magazines make their money. In our case, the sponsorship will be limited to just one page. That's it. Everything else about *Arizona Highways* will remain the same, including the incredible photography, the award-winning stories and the beautiful design. This month, like every month, it all begins with our cover story: Hiking.

Hiking is big in Arizona. Especially in the summer. It's something everybody does, whether you're like Al McCoy, the hall-of-fame announcer for the Phoenix Suns, whose idea of hiking is a brisk walk around the block, or Kevin Cherilla, the Phoenix mountaineer who recently conquered Mount Everest. Most people, of course, fall somewhere in between. That's why most of the 25 trails in our *Summer Hiking Guide* are rated moderate.

The Inner Basin Trail near Flagstaff fits into that category. So does the Bear Wallow Trail in the White Mountains. Located just south of Hannagan Meadow, this gorgeous trail winds through some of the most remote and wild terrain in the state. If you're



BRUCE GRIFFIN

looking for a little peace and quiet and a lot of Mother Nature, this is the place to go. Just ask Sandra Day O'Connor. Whether our illustrious Supreme Court justice actually hiked this trail, I don't know, but considering her childhood home was in nearby Duncan, she probably did — she was no stranger to the great outdoors.

As Terry Greene Sterling writes in *Our Humble Servant*, a beautifully written profile of Justice O'Connor: "She grew up on immense expanses of rocky, yucca-strewn desert flatlands ... where the landscape stretched for miles to indigo-hued mountains. This is where she learned to scale herself against the land, a lesson that has kept her humble," despite making history as the first woman to ever serve on the U.S. Supreme Court. Indeed, this is a remarkable story about a remarkable woman. George Smalley's story is something special, too.

Smalley was a newspaperman, one of many who struggled to survive in Arizona in the late 1800s. It wasn't easy. As Dave Eskes writes in *The Local Papers*, "A frontier paper meant cramped quarters, worn equipment, itinerant printers and dead-beat subscribers." Dave is another wonderful writer, and his piece offers an interesting history lesson with an important link to the present.

Like editors and publishers today, Smalley dealt with an array of challenges — things like escalating costs and changing trim sizes. That's how it's always been in the publishing world. *National Geographic*, *Reader's Digest*, *Arizona Highways* ... every great magazine faces these things, and only the very best are able to survive. As you'll see, this magazine is one of the very best. Always has been, always will be.

— Robert Stieve
rstieve@arizonahighways.com

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highways on tv

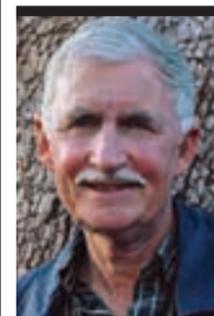
For more coverage of the Grand Canyon State, check out *Arizona Highways Television*, an Emmy-award winning show hosted by Robin Sewell. For broadcast times, visit arizonahighways.com and click the *Arizona Highways Television* icon at the bottom of our home page.

CONTRIBUTORS



TERRY GREENE STERLING

While interviewing Sandra Day O'Connor (see *Our Humble Servant*, page 38), Terry Greene Sterling discovered a surprising side of the former Supreme Court justice. "She's a little bit feisty, in a humorous way," Terry says. "She is one of the most powerful women in the world, but you'd never know it. Her overarching quality is to not be full of herself." The two women found plenty to talk about. They both belong to pioneer Arizona families and grew up on Arizona cattle ranches. A three-time winner of Arizona's prestigious Virg Hill Journalist of the Year Award, Terry has written for many newspapers and magazines, including *The Washington Post*, *Newsweek.com* and *salon.com*.



BRUCE GRIFFIN

Bruce Griffin had to contend with a corps of hungry and curious critters while shooting the Southeast Arizona grasslands (see *Flowers in the Grass*, page 30). After photographing stars arcing across the sky, Bruce was packing up his gear when he realized something had beaten him to the task. "A packrat had run off with my lens cap," he says. Kneeling in the grass to capture photos, Bruce then became lunch for chiggers — a type of mite larva. "You can't see them, but the next day you see the welts and find out how many got to you." A longtime contributor to *Arizona Highways*, Bruce also shoots for *Sierra* magazine.



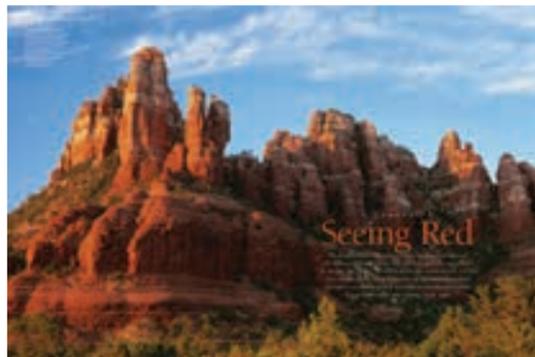
ROGER NAYLOR

Though he's lived in Arizona for 12 years, Roger Naylor has never seen anything like Chloride (see *This Town Is a Trip*, page 48). "It's an outback populated with outsiders, oddballs, hermits, flakes, rakes, raconteurs and artists," Roger says. "And God help me, I felt like I had come home." Driving back from Vegas years ago, some mysterious force lured Roger to Chloride, where he was captivated by a chanteuse during the town's songwriter showcase. "There's a siren song to Chloride. You either hear it or you don't," he says. Roger lives in Cottonwood, where he writes for *The Arizona Republic*, *Sedona Magazine*, and *The Bob and Tom Show*, a nationally syndicated radio show.



GEOFF GOURLEY

Geoff Gourley met a host of quirky characters while photographing Chloride (see *This Town Is a Trip*, page 48), from boulder muralist Roy Purcell ("an absolute delight") to a salesman peddling "well-worn shoes and junk as cheerfully as all get-out, and wearing a pith helmet and suspenders in the hot sun." Shooting two feuding gun-fighter troupes that refuse to speak to each other proved more challenging. "It didn't come to a real gunfight," Geoff says, "but there were some heavy words." A Flagstaff resident and frequent contributor to *Arizona Highways*, Geoff also shoots for *Outside*, *Men's Journal* and *USA Today*, and works as a Grand Canyon river guide.



Seeing Red in St. Louis

I love receiving my issue of *Arizona Highways* — it gives me a mini-vacation each month. Your stories and photos are always engaging, stirring my memories or planting a seed for a future trip. My office has Sedona photos on the walls. In fact, I love Sedona so much I named one of our conference rooms the “Sedona Room” and hung photos in there. My coworkers also love the beautiful red rocks!

Linda A. Olsen, St. Louis

Fifty-Five Years Later

I've just finished reading the March issue — you just keep getting better and better. I first read your magazine at the age of 16 and fell in love with it. I finally was able to visit your beautiful state after 55 years and have been a subscriber since 2000. Thank you for enriching my life with your photos and articles.

Jeannie MacDonald, St. Claire, Michigan

Good Coverage

As a 72-year-old native Arizonan, I've had a lifelong relationship with your magazine. (I still have a 1941 issue that features the Flagstaff powwow.) So, be assured that when I tell you I enjoyed your January 2008 issue immensely, it's a heartfelt compliment. It really is one of the best I can remember. I particularly enjoyed *White Space*. Tom Bean's photograph of the coyote in the snow took my breath away. It also pleased me that you gave good coverage to some of my girlhood stomping grounds, such as Winslow's La Posada and the Weatherford Hotel in Flagstaff. My trader parents often spent the night at the Weatherford, although they preferred the Monte Vista. The La Posada was the setting for the banquet that preceded an annual formal

dance sponsored by the Rainbow Girls Association in Winslow. Thanks to all for giving my eyes and memory such a treat.

Elizabeth Jones Dewveall, Winslow

Miss Arizona

I lived in Arizona from 1977 to 1995, and after living in California's Central Valley for 12 years, I miss Arizona more than ever. I soak up, read, absorb and wallow in each issue of *Arizona Highways* at the local library ... thanks for every photo, every article, every line, every word about the loveliest of Western states. A dear friend in Show Low annually supplies me with an *Arizona Highways* wall calendar — what a lovely gift that is.

M.S. Marx, Madera, California

The Write Stuff

Reading the “spiritual journeys” of Linda Ellerbee, Craig Childs and Charles Bowden [December 2007], I considered each of those beautiful essays a Christmas gift for “celebrating the season.” I think of myself as a “young” 84-year-old man, but on second thought, I realize it's because of experiences learned during those “old” years that I readily recognize

and applaud the talent of these three fine writers.

Laurel Simpson, Twin Peaks, California

Thank you for the article by Charles Bowden in the December 2007 issue [*Coming to Arizona*]. It was an inspiration to those of us everywhere who look for the courage to follow our dreams, in spite of what it might cost us.

Pat Douslin, Columbia, Missouri

Recent Discovery

I recently was given an *Arizona Highways* magazine to read, and I was truly lost in the beauty of the photography and in awe of the wonderful editorials that were written. I didn't even know this magazine existed. It's by far the best magazine I've ever seen and read.

David Jones, Norfolk, Massachusetts

Like Magic

I've been to Tucson twice to visit my son and his family. Arizona is incredibly beautiful. It's where I'd love to live if I had the opportunity, but since I don't, I'm enjoying it vicariously through *Arizona Highways*. You have enormously talented writers and photographers, and it's a joy to savor each article. Your editorials have made me laugh and smile, as I read and reread them again. Of all the magazines I've ever read in my life, this one is definitely No. 1. Never lose the magic.

Sharon Visser, McAlpin, Florida

contact us

If you have thoughts or comments about anything in *Arizona Highways*, we'd love to hear from you. We can be reached at editor@arizonahighways.com, or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85009. For more information, visit arizonahighways.com.

ask AHM

Q I loved your March issue. The wildflowers were beautiful, but I didn't notice any bluebells, my favorite flower. Do bluebells grow in Arizona?

Madeline Simmons, Missoula, Montana

A Yes. *Franciscan bluebells* can be found in the moist, shaded forests of Arizona's conifer and aspen belts — they grow mostly above 7,000 feet, including at the Grand Canyon's North Rim.

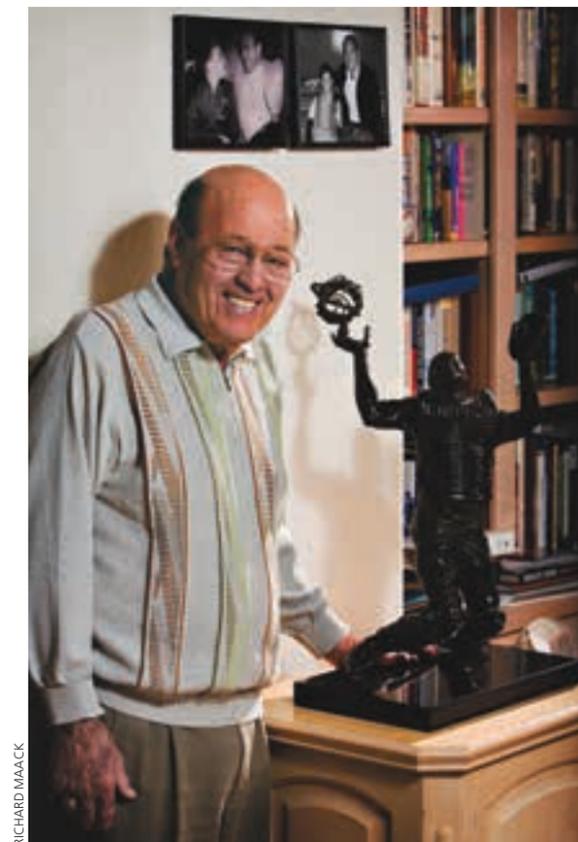
■ If you have a question about Arizona, please send an e-mail to Pauly Heller: pheller@azdot.gov.



Rock of Ages

A highlight of climbing the Crying Dinosaur, a *Tyrannosaurus*-shaped spire streaked with a fissure like a tear, is the adrenaline-rushing rappel back to earth. Well-grounded travelers can trek the nearby Siphon Draw Trail for equally vertiginous views of the mythical Superstition Mountains.

■ For information: *Lost Dutchman State Park*, 480-982-4485 or pr.state.az.us.



RICHARD MAACK

PEOPLE
Not Your Average Joe

Sure, baseball is in the blood of Hall-of-Famer Joe Garagiola Sr., but so is a love of Arizona's landscape and its native people.

JOE GARAGIOLA SR. BELIEVES IN A LOT OF THINGS, including baseball, Yogi Berra and broadcasting. But when it comes to Arizona's splendor, Garagiola believes in a higher power.

"This state would make even an atheist believe," the major league catcher-turned-commentator says. "Just look at Camelback Mountain, the Grand Canyon, the White Mountains . . . no human being could create the things you see here."

Garagiola, 82, and his family have lived in the Phoenix metro area for several decades, but the heat almost drove them to another state.

"I visited the Valley for Spring Training with the Cubs in 1954, and just loved it here," Garagiola remembers. "When my baseball career was over, and after I decided to leave

the *Today* show, I asked my wife what she thought about moving to Phoenix; she said she'd be willing to fly out and check it out."

After several days of looking at real estate and exploring the city, Mrs. Garagiola wasn't too keen on the idea of moving to the desert. "She kept saying that the heat would kill her and that she wanted to move to San Diego," Garagiola says. "But then, we walked into an available house and the neighbors came by and introduced themselves and invited us to lunch. The rest, as they say, is history. Phoenix really made us feel like we were in the Midwest in terms of community and that feeling of warmth and friendship."

In fact, the Garagiolas still have friends from their first Arizona neighborhood. And even though he's easily recognized — thanks in large part to his stint on the *Today* show, as well as gigs hosting *To Tell the Truth* and *Strike It Rich*, and, of course, his lengthy baseball-broadcasting career — Joe

still takes the time to meet new friends and reconnect with old ones.

"Yes, Yogi Berra and I are good friends," Garagiola says. "We grew up across the street from each other, and I talk to him all the time. I don't remember a day when I didn't know Yogi. He's one of those people I could call at 3 in the morning, and he'd come help me. It's one of the blessings of my life — how many people can say that the kid he grew up with is still his friend?"

When he's not reminiscing with Berra, Garagiola occasionally provides color commentary for the Diamondbacks, travels for speaking engagements, and works to compile decades of anecdotes. He authored his most recent book, last year's *Just Play Ball*, with a little help from his daughter, Gina Bridgeman, and Berra, who wrote the book's foreword.

But mostly, Garagiola does what he does best — he spreads a little life and a little cheer into the community through volunteer work at St. Peter Indian Mission in Bapchule.

"I tell people, 'You're not going to see John Wayne when you go down there,'" Garagiola says. "You're going to see a place that's very special — a place that holds a very special place in my heart." — Kelly Kramer

CELEBRITY Q & A

Sandra Day O'Connor

Former Associate Justice of the Supreme Court by Dave Pratt

AH: If you were trying to convince your colleagues in Washington that Arizona is one of the most beautiful places in America, where would you take them?

SDO: It would depend on how much time they had to go places. With several days, I'd take them to Sedona, the Grand Canyon, the Hopi Mesas, the Painted Desert and Wupatki. In Phoenix, I'd go to the Heard Museum and Desert Botanical Garden.

AH: When you go hiking in Arizona, what's the one thing — other than water — that you carry in your backpack?

SDO: That depends on how long the hike is. For a short hike, some lightweight binoculars are great. For longer hikes, a map, binoculars and snacks — especially beef jerky and raisins.

AH: If you were making a solo road trip to Sedona, which would you choose: an RV or a Mustang convertible?

SDO: An RV so I could visit the hard-to-reach places.

AH: What's your favorite place in Arizona?

SDO: We used to have a cabin in Iron Springs. I loved it there — it has places where ancient peoples lived, there's a view to the west of more than 100 miles, and the sunsets are like no other place.

AH: When you travel around the country, what do people ask most about Arizona?

SDO: They ask where to go.

— Dave Pratt is the host of the Dave Pratt in the Morning show on KMLE 107.9 FM in Phoenix.



DANE PENLAND

DINING

High Steaks

Kirkland boasts a couple of houses, a set of railroad tracks, and a little place that serves great steaks and a healthy dose of history.

KIRKLAND VALLEY IS CATTLE COUNTRY, so it makes sense that the restaurant that calls itself the "center of commercial and social activity" for the area is a steakhouse with a past. Since the late-1800s, the Kirkland Bar & Steakhouse has been, at various times, a mercantile, stage and rail stop, post office, Wells Fargo branch, hotel and bar.

Located about 25 miles southwest of Prescott in Kirkland, the restaurant is a quirky place with sawdust on the floor, red oilcloth on the tables and an odd assemblage of seating that includes black vinyl banquet chairs, office chairs on rollers and a sectional sofa. Historical photos, cow skulls and antlers decorate the walls, and 10 guest rooms line a hallway off the bar. The rooms — seven are for rent — are small, spare and share a single bathroom, but they are clean and "very reasonable," says owner Herb Carabeo, who declines to be more specific.

Herb and his wife, Barbara, moved to the area from Cochise County to buy the steakhouse 16 years ago. "We always liked the idea of a steakhouse with country music," says Herb, whose background includes construction and ranching.

The Carabeos do all the cooking. The big thing, of course, is steak: Filet, rib-eye and New York strip steaks come in three sizes. Herb cuts them to order and grills them on an open stone fire pit at the corner of the restaurant.

A compact bulldog of a man with dark, wavy hair, Herb is gregarious and emphatic. When he gets a break from the grill, he circulates among the tables. During the day, he's likely to pull up to the bar and pontificate about everything from the American work ethic to ranching over a Jim Beam and Sprite.

Locals from as far away as Prescott remember the steakhouse as a rollicking place, with roping and live country music on

weekends. There hasn't been any roping in recent times, and the last band performed in January after recent DUI laws hurt the bar business, Herb says. These days a jukebox is all there is to get folks dancing. But they still do. An online reviewer commented that patrons "dance like they think no one's watching. But of course they are."

■ The Kirkland Bar & Steakhouse is located at 8995 S. Iron Springs Road in Kirkland. For more information, call 928-442-3408.

— Kathy Montgomery



GEOFF GOURLEY



RICHARD MAAK

LODGING

In the Meadow

Situated at an elevation of 9,100 feet in the middle of nowhere, Hannagan Meadow Lodge might have the best address in all of Arizona.

THE MEADOWS IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS ARE CALLED *ciénegas*. It's a Spanish word meaning "wet, marshy areas," which are rare in Arizona. They do exist, however, and the best-known is Hannagan Meadow. If you've never been, Hannagan Meadow is one of the most beautiful places in the state. Keep in mind, this is a state that includes the Grand Canyon, Sedona and the San Francisco Peaks, so that's really saying something.

In a place as beautiful as this, you might expect to see a string of B&Bs, hotels, motels, RV parks and campgrounds. But you won't. The only thing around is Hannagan Meadow Lodge, which stands alone in the middle of the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, a place generally off-limits to commercial development. In fact, if it weren't for the Coronado Trail Scenic Byway, even the lodge wouldn't be there.

Here's the story. In 1926, Governor George W.P. Hunt was in the area to celebrate the opening of the Springerville-to-Clifton highway, which was called Route 666 back then, and has since been changed to U.S. Route 191 — the Coronado Trail Scenic Byway. As part of the dedication, the Forest Service issued a permit for a store to be built, and later a service station, cabins and a restaurant. After that, the main lodge was built to accommodate travelers who made the two-

day trek either up or down the Coronado Trail.

Today, Hannagan Meadow Lodge, which has undergone numerous upgrades since 1926, is still the only place to stay, and it's still in the middle of nowhere. Of course, the remote address is the main attraction, but the lodge itself is nice, too.

In all, the lodge offers eight rooms, which are scattered on various levels connected by narrow hallways and creaky staircases. The Cospers Room, which is named for the original permit holder and founder of the lodge, is the most popular, and features a king-sized four-poster bed and dark cherry furnishings. More importantly, it comes with a great view of the meadow.

Downstairs, in the log-walled lobby, you'll find a fireplace, a cozy sofa and lots of books on the White Mountains. Just off the lobby is the dining room, which features log beams (both vertical and horizontal), log walls and a spectacular stone fireplace with a wooden, hand-carved mantel. Allegedly, John Wayne's signature is somewhere on the wall behind the fireplace, but no one knows for sure. Another legend suggests that a ghost lurks somewhere inside. Again, no one knows, but sitting alone in the lodge at night, there's definitely a sense of being a bit player in an episode of *Scooby Doo*.

Because of the remoteness of the lodge — and the 10 surrounding cabins — there's no maid service, but that only adds to the charm. Besides, when you're sitting on the front deck, overlooking the surrounding forest, the last thing you'll be thinking about are mints on your pillow. This is Hannagan Meadow, after all, one of the most beautiful places in Arizona.

■ *Hannagan Meadow Lodge is located 22 miles south of Alpine on U.S. Route 191. For more information, call 928-339-4370 or visit hannaganmeadow.com.*

— Robert Stieve

PHOTOGRAPHY

Family Style

Photography is an art form, one that's often passed from grandfather to father to son.

FOR ANYONE WHO'S EVER TRIPPED A SHUTTER RELEASE, there are stories of how photography came to be a part of his or her life. For most of us, it was family — the art of the masses passed down through generations.

Of course, the level of "art" varies widely. Whether the images are pictures in a family photo album or jpegs attached to an e-mail, creativity doesn't matter as much as the stories they tell and the emotions they evoke.

Family connections provided my introduction as well. My middle-class upbringing included a lot of cameras and family slide shows. And, as a testament to my role as director of photography for this magazine for the last 24 years, I also was imprinted by the images I saw in *Arizona Highways* as a kid in the 1960s. The biggest influence, though, was my grandfather.

H. Joseph Ensenberger, the son of German immigrants, was a photographer who took his work to a high level. Always embracing the latest photographic technology, he experimented with Eastman Kodak's newest color films. He developed alternative processes in his basement darkroom and pioneered the use of dyes in tinting transparency film and black-and-white prints. One of the innovative dye processes he incorporated into his film development was utilized for a slide show titled *The Lavender Cat*, which earned him a great deal of acclaim. He toured the country presenting his multiprojector slide show and discussing his latest techniques.

That caught the attention of George Eastman at Eastman Kodak. Wanting to know more about my grandfather's dye processes, Eastman flew him back to Kodak's headquarters in Rochester, New York. Joining Eastman's inner circle of associates led to more exposure, more slide shows and more exhibitions of his photography.

Along the way, my grandfather was drawn to the landscapes of the West, where he crossed paths with Ansel Adams in the Colorado wilderness. Meeting Adams was more than a brush with greatness. The two became friends and correspondents

One of H. Joseph Ensenberger's many award-winning photographs.



H. JOSEPH ENSEBERGER

during the 1940s and '50s, long before Adams became a celebrity. For years, they traded black-and-white prints, shared advice and critiqued each other's work. Both were given Fellow of the Photographic Society of America awards for their contributions to the advancement of photography, and both served as judges for PSA's photographic salons.

Growing up in a home with this kind of passion for photography, my dad, Joseph P. Ensenberger, acquired his lifelong interest in the visual arts. After World War II, my father studied commercial art and design in college, and even though he carved out a career as a businessman, photography always played a big role in family vacations and special events.

Naturally, the torch was then passed to me when my parents gave me a 35mm SLR camera and lens as a high school graduation gift — my first "real" camera. Their gift encouraged me to explore photography more seriously and, eventually, to make a career out of it. Photography has taken me a long way, and the coveted job I hold today is undoubtedly linked to that first real camera and the "photography gene" that runs in my family.

— Peter Ensenberger, director of photography

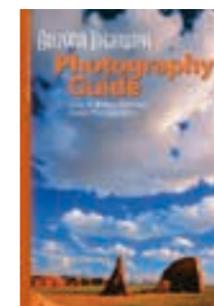


PHOTO TIP

Getting Established

Whether you're a photojournalist producing an essay for a major travel magazine or a weekend shutterbug in charge of documenting your family vacation, the process is basically the same. One of the first things you'll

need is an "establishing shot," a photograph that lets the viewer know where the action is taking place. Among other things, this photo needs to say something about the mood or atmosphere. It won't necessarily be the first scene you photograph, or

the first thing that happens during your vacation, but it will establish the context for your "essay." After that, shoot away.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Look for *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available now at arizonahighways.com.

online For more photography tips and information, visit arizonahighways.com and click on "Photography."

HISTORY

Sign of the Times

Route 66 was known for a lot of things, including its kitschy road signs. One of the kitschiest was Wayne Troutner's "curvy cowgirl." Ooh la la.

TO JOHN STEINBECK, IT WAS the "mother road," but to hundreds of thousands of travelers in the '40s, '50s and '60s, Route 66 was considered the corridor of kitsch.

When Dinah Shore belted out, "See the U.S.A. in your Chevrolet," in 1952, folks flocked to America's Main Street, which ran from Chicago to Santa Monica. Along the way, tacky signs caught the attention of every passerby. Back then, the walls of virtually every roadside building were plastered with huge billboards, and neon signs lit up the night in the towns along the route. Arizona was no exception.

From Lupton on the state's eastern border to Topock in the west, signs plugged everything from nightclubs to clothing stores. A giant jackrabbit, stone wigwams, twin arrows and a huge crater were pitched as well.

In Holbrook, the Wigwam Motel invited folks to "Sleep in a Wigwam" — something they can still do today. At Seligman, the Snow Cap offered tourists "dead chicken" sandwiches, ice cream and root beer. However, the best example of capturing the market came from the advertising acumen of Wayne Troutner, the owner of a men's clothing store in Winslow.

Troutner promoted his store along 1,000 miles of Route 66, long before travelers even crossed the Arizona state line. Considered somewhat racy at the time, Troutner's logo, the sil-



COURTESY OLD TRAILS MUSEUM

houette of a curvy cowgirl, publicized Troutner's Men Clothiers as far away as Springfield, Missouri. And it worked — his ad campaign turned an average business into a tourist attraction.

Sadly, like so many other Route 66 businesses that struggled or closed when Interstate 40 bypassed the small towns along the highway, Troutner's and its famous cowgirl are long gone. All's not lost, however. At the Old Trails Museum in Winslow and the Historic Route 66 Museum in Kingman, the kitsch of Route 66 lives on through exhibits depicting the phenomenon that became one of the most traveled roads of all time.

■ *Information: Old Trails Museum, Winslow, 928-289-5861 or oldtrailsmuseum.org; Historic Route 66 Museum, Kingman, 928-753-9889 or kingmantourism.org/route66museum.*

— Sally Benford

NATURE

A Touch of Gray

If you've never seen a gray fox, maybe you're not looking in the right place. Unlike other dog species, this one likes to climb trees.

GRAY FOXES HELPED CAPTURE SADDAM HUSSEIN, defeated Union troops in several Civil War battles, staged Canada's first train robbery, and coached an NCAA basketball team to 10 conference championships.

"Gray Fox" has become the preferred nickname for the slyest,



BRUCE D. TAUBERT

brainiest among us, particularly gentlemen of a certain age. It's the sobriquet for the U.S. Army Intelligence Support Activity, Confederate General Robert E. Lee, robber Bill Miner and coach Everett Case, the men respectively responsible for the above accomplishments.

Yet most people know next to nothing about the animal that inspired it all. They couldn't tell you, for example, that the gray fox is the only member of the dog family (besides the Asian raccoon dog) that can climb trees — gray foxes have been observed scaling limbless trees up to 60 feet high and sleeping in cottonwoods and mesquites.

Perhaps it's this catlike quality that solidifies their slick, shifty reputation. Or perhaps it's because they're rarely seen, even though they're as ubiquitous as coyotes, slinking around the Americas from Venezuela to Saskatchewan. Mostly nocturnal, they prefer to be elusive, which means they're often misunderstood.

To wit: Male gray foxes are called dogs, while females are called vixens. If someone says, "Check out that foxy vixen," he's not being entirely complimentary. Yet vixens and dogs, despite their reps, are monogamous. They den in hollow trees or appropriated burrows and share parenting responsibilities until their pups can survive on their own.

Though they're solitary hunters — foraging for cottontails, field mice, birds and even fruit — gray foxes do mingle, often grooming each other as a form of social bonding.

In Arizona, gray foxes favor brushy areas, desert washes and rock piles, where their handsome salt-and-pepper fur streaked with cinnamon blends into the surroundings.

They usually dominate the other resident foxes — the red fox and the kit fox — with their more aggressive behavior and ability to escape predators, such as coyotes, by shimmying up trees.

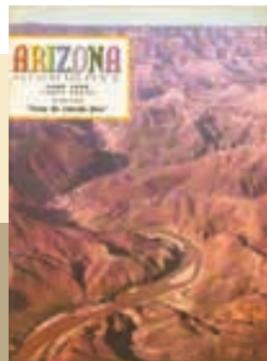
Like the coyote, the gray fox is an extremely old and well-adapted species. In fact, it's so clever, resilient and secretive, it might even be able to outfox history's most celebrated Gray Foxes.

— Keridwen Cornelius

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

- On June 8, 1874, legendary Apache Chief Cochise died. His tribe buried the Indian, his horse and his dog in a secret location in the Dragoon Mountains.
- On June 23, 1910, sisters Myrtle, 12, and Lou Goswick, 14, were murdered while picnicking along the Salt River. Although Kingsley Olds, a hired hand of the girls' father, was convicted of the crime and shot by a vigilante, town records indicate the murders are still unsolved.
- In June 1853, the steamboat *Uncle Sam* sank near Fort Yuma, marking the first steamboat disaster on the Colorado River.

50 years ago in arizona highways



The June 1958 issue of *Arizona Highways* focused on the Colorado River and its dramatic impact on the Grand Canyon State. One notable piece, by photographer Naurice Koonce, featured color images of the mighty Colorado from up in the sky — a rare treat in those days.

nature factoid

Mexican Spotted Owls

Unlike most owls that inhabit Arizona, Mexican spotted owls have very dark eyes. This threatened subspecies prefers to live in old-growth forests. In Arizona, they live at elevations ranging from 3,700 to 9,500 feet. The survival rate for juvenile spotted owls is low, but if owlets grow to adults, the rate increases, with some birds living more than 15 years.



C.K. LORENZ

THINGS TO DO

Flagstaff Rodeo

BAREBACK RIDERS, BARREL racers, steer wrestlers, calf ropers and bull riders fill the bill at the 27th Annual Flagstaff Pine Country Pro Rodeo, a PRCA event that kicks off Arizona's summer rodeo season, June 13-15. Adding to the excitement are bullfighters, better known as rodeo clowns, who will entertain the crowd with stunts, as well as protect the riders from thousands of pounds of bucking beef.

■ *Information:* 928-526-3556 or pine-countryprorodeo.com.

June 13-15



JEFF KIDA

PARKER TUBE FLOAT

River rats congregate this month during Parker's 31st Annual Great Western Tube Float on June 7. Drift from Patria Flats to Bluewater Resort & Casino, 5 miles downriver. Prizes will be awarded for first- and second-place finishes in several categories, along with a prize for the best theme-decorated float tube. After the trip downriver, the party continues at Bluewater Resort's beach, where participants gather at Captain Jack's Cantina to enjoy a live DJ, raffles and awards.

■ *Information:* parkerareachamberofcommerce.com or 928-669-2174.

June 7

Greer Days

GEAR UP FOR Greer Days. This three-day festival offers a taste of Americana with an old-fashioned Main Street parade, a fishing derby, an ice-cream social, a pancake breakfast, a singalong, arts and crafts, and even Smokey the Bear. Another highlight is the Great Greer Boat Race down the Little Colorado River. The Greer Library sponsors an open house, where visitors can buy *Memories of Greer*, a book written by the area's longtime residents. Opening ceremonies begin on Friday, June 6, at the Molly Butler Lodge.

■ *Information:* 928-735-7414 or ilovegreerarizona.com.



June 6-8



FLIP A COIN

The next time you get change at the coffee shop or grocery store, take a closer look — you just might see something new. In 2005, Governor Janet Napolitano established the Arizona Quarter Commission, and encouraged residents to suggest images for the new "Arizona" quarter. More than 4,200 submissions poured in. The final design debuts this month during the Arizona Quarter Launch Ceremony, a free event on June 2 at the State Capitol Senate Lawn. Commemorative Arizona quarter folios and Arizona quarter rolls will be available for purchase, and children under 18 will receive a free Arizona quarter.

■ *Information:* azgovernor.gov/azquarter.

June 2



COURTESY MOUNTAIN TOP QUILTERS

Prescott Quilt Show

THERE'S NO BETTER WAY to spend a weekend than in the lap of comfort — and comforters. That's why June 6-7 is a great time to visit Prescott for Everybody's Hometown Quilt Show, presented by Mountain Top Quilters of Prescott. This year, more than 350 quilts will be displayed at Yavapai College. During the two-day event, the group will demonstrate several quilt turnings, and a small-quilt auction will take place on Saturday. Proceeds from a gift boutique will benefit local charities, including hospices, nursing homes, shelters, and police and fire departments.

■ *Information:* 928-717-7246 or mountaintopquilters.com.

June 6-7

Photography Tip #63

Ask any great landscape photographer what conditions yield the best images and you'll likely hear: "During or just after a storm." The land becomes exciting on a visceral level when the clouds swirl and the winds howl.

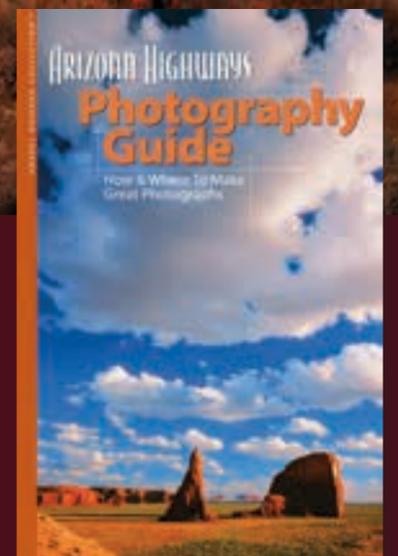


Jack Dykinga

Learn From the Best

Our newest book brings together 14 of our most respected photographers — seasoned veterans who share their tips, techniques and favorite Arizona locations.

Order now and save 10% off the retail price of \$24.95. (Use promo code 586) Visit arizonahighways.com or call 800-543-5432.



ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Summer HIKING GUIDE

It was a good winter in Arizona — snowboarders and skiers were on top of the world. But the snow's all gone now, and it's time to swap the ski boots for a pair of hiking boots. In this neck of the woods, that's a pretty good trade. Whether you're looking for a leisurely stroll in the White Mountains or a grueling hike into the Seventh Natural Wonder, Arizona has a trail for everyone. What follows are 25 of our favorites. **BY ROBERT STIEVE**

SPRING IN SUMMER Hiker Lisa Villa of Phoenix keeps her cool at Horton Springs on the Horton Creek Trail — a shady, verdant route with a burbling water soundtrack. Photograph by Nick Berezenko



FALL FROM PARADISE A waterfall (left) bursts from the Redwall limestone at Vaseys Paradise, the lush culmination of a hike along South Canyon Trail in the Grand Canyon. Pools of water (above) resemble sapphires on a finger of Cove Canyon, one of many viewpoints along the Grand Canyon's difficult but rewarding Tuckup Trail. Photographs by Steve Bruno

Widforss Trail

NORTH RIM, GRAND CANYON

One of the best trails in the state also happens to be one of the easiest. Maybe that's why artist Gunnar Widforss chose this spectacular neck of the woods to set up his easel in the 1920s and '30s. The trail follows the edge of the Canyon for a couple of miles, heads into the forest, and eventually emerges at Widforss Point. As you make this hike, keep your eyes peeled for wildlife, especially the Kaibab squirrel, a shy, dark animal with tufted ears and a bushy white tail. There are plenty of deer on the North Rim, too, as well as aspens, white fir and blue spruce. And then, of course, there's the Canyon itself, which seems to change color with every step.

Directions: Drive 4 miles north of Grand Canyon Lodge on the North Rim, and turn left onto the gravel road marked with a sign for the trailhead.

Elevation: 8,200 to 7,811 feet

Distance: 10 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Easy

Information: 928-638-7888 or nps.gov/grca

Tuckup Trail

NORTH RIM, GRAND CANYON

Although we're including this trail in our "summer" hiking guide, it's better suited for late summer or early fall, when the weather

cools down. In addition, this trail isn't for beginners. Extreme caution is required when attempting this hike. Among other things, "The Tuckup Trail is often a trail in name only," according to the late George Steck, author of the books *Grand Canyon Loop Hikes Part I* and *Part II*. "The route unfolds as you go." Like most Grand Canyon trails, the Tuckup Trail was forged by Native Americans, and then cattlemen and miners used it for their respective purposes. Unlike other trails in the Canyon, however, this one never grew into a popular hiking route. Nor has it ever received any formal maintenance outside of the work cattlemen put into it. That's why this hike is for experienced backcountry hikers only. However, those who can handle the technical portions of the trail and the hard-to-follow nature of it all will be treated to some of the most scenic side canyons in the world — a pristine wilderness that rarely sees human beings. Contact the National Park Service before attempting this hike.

Directions: Five miles south of the Tuweep area ranger station, turn left at the first road. Drive or park and walk part of the 3 miles on this rough road; the trail begins at road's end.

Elevation: 4,600 to 8,000 feet

Distance: Up to 60 miles one way

Difficulty: Difficult

Information: 928-638-7875

or nps.gov/grca/planyourvisit/tuweep.htm



Grandview Trail

SOUTH RIM, GRAND CANYON

You could spend a lifetime hiking the Canyon and never see it all. Most people don't have that kind of time, so they tackle the Bright Angel or South Kaibab trails. Another doable option is the South Rim's unmaintained Grandview Trail, which connects with other routes that lead all the way to the Colorado River. Most hikers, however, go only as far as Horseshoe Mesa. The trail features several switchbacks at the top, and a few rough places below the saddle. Otherwise, the short but steep trail is easy to follow. There's no water, though, so pack at least a gallon, especially if you hike out in the afternoon, when the shade disappears and the uphill climb takes your breath away.

Directions: From Grand Canyon Village on the South Rim, drive 12 miles east on East Rim Drive to Grandview Point; the trailhead is well-marked.

Elevation: 7,406 to 4,932 feet

Distance: 6 miles round-trip (to Horseshoe Mesa)

Difficulty: Moderate

Information: 928-638-7888 or nps.gov/grca

CLIFF NOTES A hiker lives life on the edge above Inner Gorge, below the appropriately named Grandview Trail at the Grand Canyon. Photograph by Nick Berezenko

Havasu Canyon to the Colorado River

HAVASU CANYON, GRAND CANYON

When it comes to trailheads, few are more beautiful than the one that kicks off this trail. From the campground on the Havasupai Indian Reservation, home to two of Arizona's most celebrated waterfalls (Havasu and Mooney), the 8-mile trek (one way) to the Colorado River is a demanding route full of creek crossings, daring scrambles up and down canyon slopes, and a short technical maneuver up a 16-foot cliff. Of course, for your efforts, you'll be rewarded with some of the most gorgeous scenery anywhere. Really, even the brilliant photography in this magazine can't do it justice. Two things to keep in mind: 1) You have to do this route as a day hike, because the Havasupai Indians and the National Park Service don't allow camping outside of the Havasu campground, and 2) there's a 10-mile trek just to get to the campground.

Directions: Hualapai Hilltop trailhead is at the end of Indian Route 18, 68 miles north of Route 66. The campground at the bottom of Havasu Canyon is 10 miles from Hualapai trailhead (or 2 miles beyond Supai Village, which is 8 miles from the trailhead and can be reached by helicopter, horseback or hiking). Reservations and permits are required.

Elevation: 3,000 to 1,800 feet

Distance: 16 miles round-trip (from campground)

Difficulty: Moderate

Information: 928-448-2121, 928-448-2141 or havasupaitribe.com

South Canyon Trail

GRAND CANYON

The best part of this hike is the climax, a place so captivating that even the Colorado River's steel-willed explorer, Major John Wesley Powell, melted with poetic prose when he saw it. Powell named the engaging waterfall at the end of the hike Vaseys Paradise, after botanist George W. Vasey, who traveled with Powell on his Rocky Mountain expedition the previous year. Because of a steep descent and loose rocks, getting to the bottom isn't easy. Once you're there, though, you'll be greeted by a string of beaches that makes South Canyon an amazing place to hang out, whether you arrive on foot or by raft. Vaseys Paradise is the featured attraction on Colorado River trips through the Canyon.

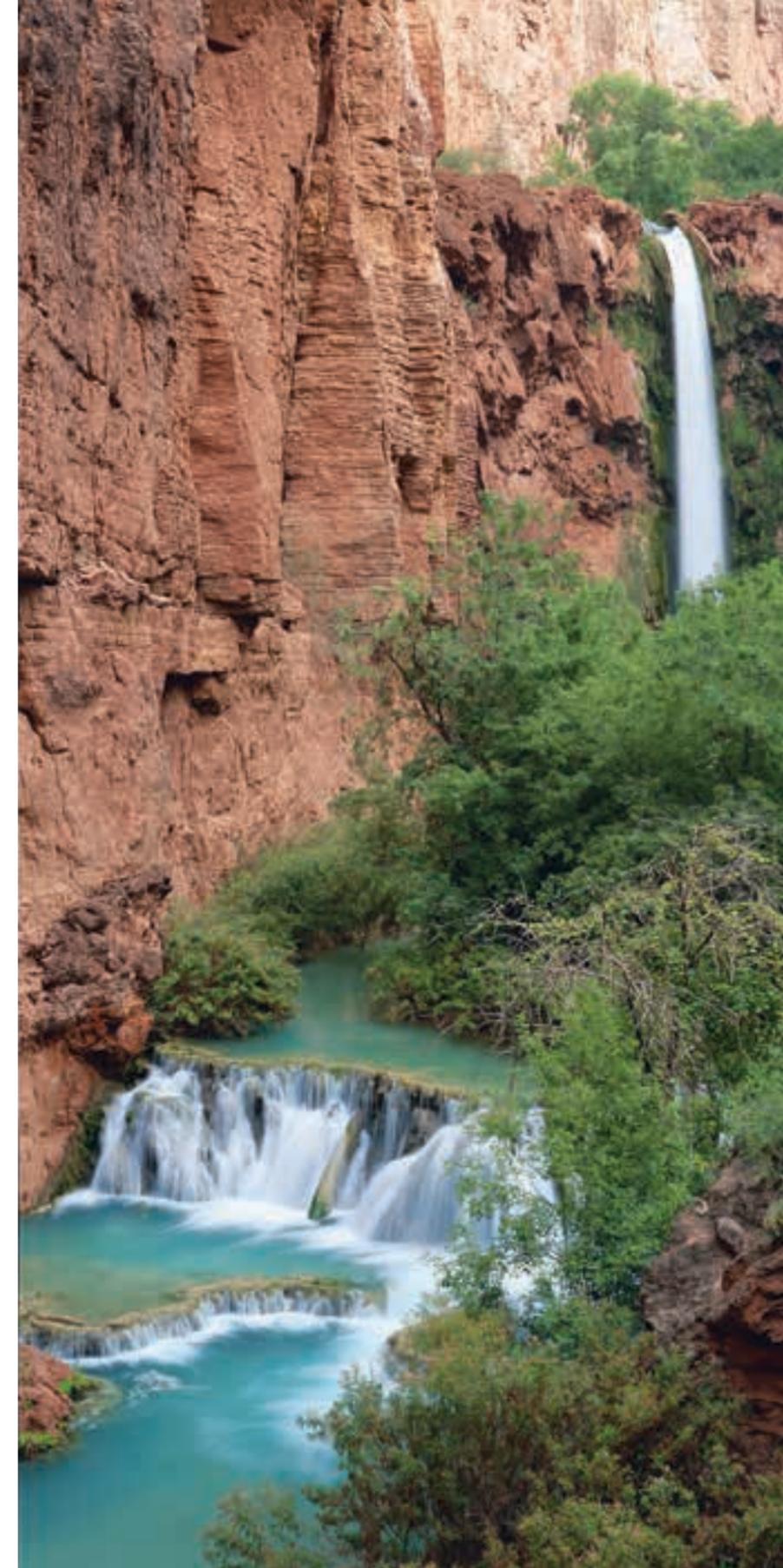
Directions: From the Marble Canyon Bridge near Lee's Ferry, drive west on U.S. Route 89A to House Rock Valley Road (Forest Service Road 445), turn left (south) and continue 23 miles to Forest Service Road 211. Turn right (southwest) and drive 2 miles to the end of the road and the trailhead.

Elevation: 8,800 to 6,500 feet

Distance: 13 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Difficult

Information: 928-643-7395 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai



MOONEY-STRUCK Sure-footed, energetic trekkers through Havasu Canyon are rewarded with views of the striking, blue-green pools below Mooney Falls (above). Photograph by Steve Bruno



JAW-DROPPING VIEWS If you're not intimidated by the history of avalanches or the toothy name, the Abineau-Bear Jaw Trails (left) offer a patchwork of meadow and forest, plus vistas stretching to the Grand Canyon. Photograph by Les David Manevitz

lung capacity, head to the top, but watch the weather — lightning strikes can be deadly. Literally.

Directions: From Flagstaff, drive north on U.S. Route 180 for 7 miles to Forest Service Road 516 (Snowbowl Road), turn right and continue another 7.4 miles to the lower parking lot. The trailhead is at the north end of the lot.

Elevation: 8,800 to 12,633 feet

Distance: 9 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Difficult

Information: 928-526-0866 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino

Inner Basin Trail

NEAR FLAGSTAFF

Can't make it to Switzerland this summer? No worries. Arizona has its own little version of the Alps nestled in the Kachina Peaks Wilderness Area just north of Flagstaff. If you're looking for an idyllic mountain experience, this is it. The trail, which begins at Lockett Meadow (a great place to camp or have a picnic), climbs gradually through the pines and aspens to the Inner Basin of the San Francisco Peaks. Along the way you'll pass two pump houses, from which Flagstaff gets most of its water, and hikers of all skill levels and body types. If you can't make it this summer, the aspens are absolutely incredible in the fall.

Directions: From Flagstaff, go north on U.S. Route 89 for 12 miles and turn left at the Sunset Crater entrance onto Forest Service Road 420. Continue on the dirt road and follow the signs to Lockett Meadow Campground; the trailhead is well-marked.

Elevation: 8,600 to 10,000 feet

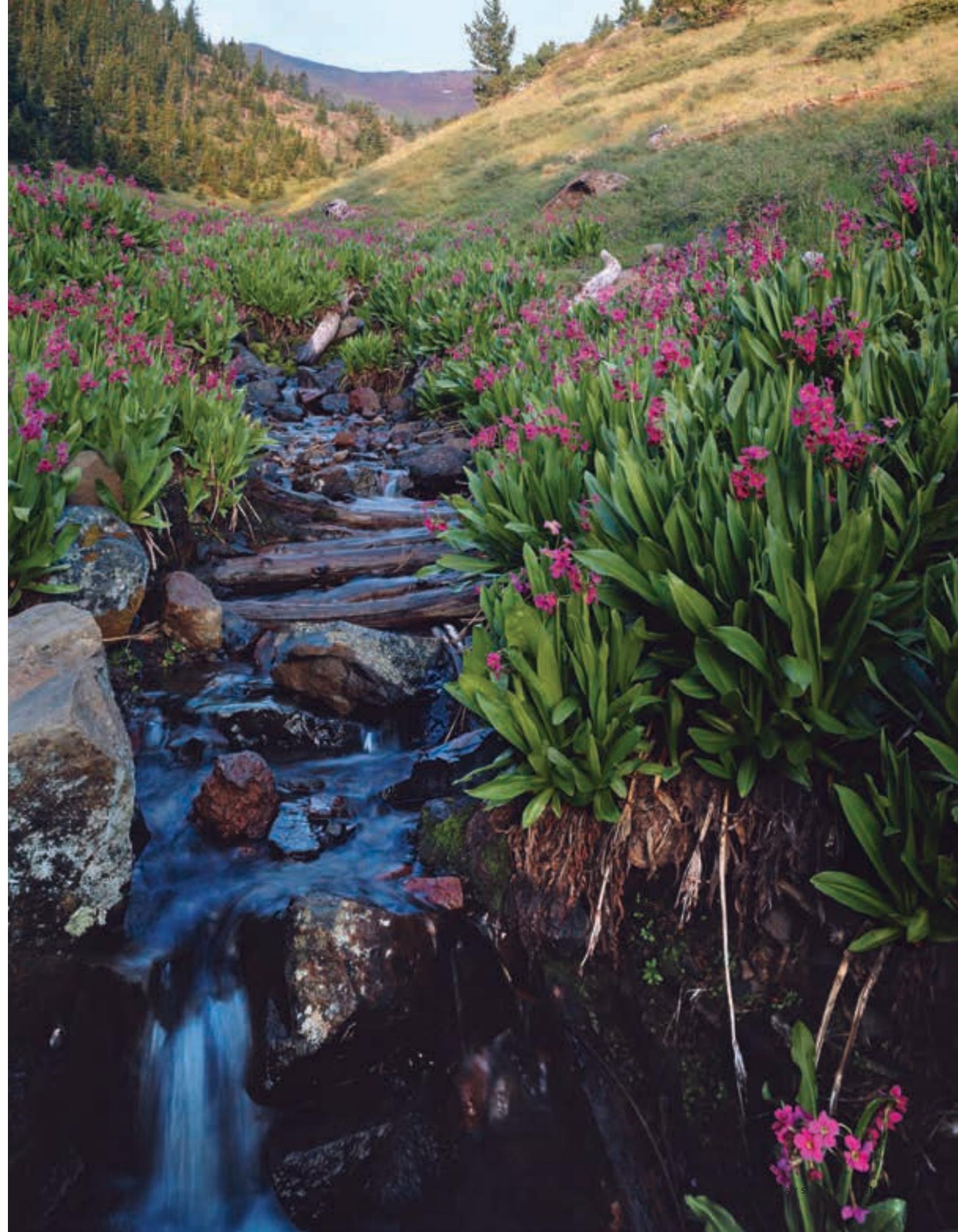
Distance: 4 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Moderate

Information: 928-526-0866 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS Snowslide Spring (right), fringed with Parry's primroses, rushes along Inner Basin Trail in the Kachina Peaks Wilderness north of Flagstaff. Photograph by Robert McDonald

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



Abineau-Bear Jaw Trails

NEAR FLAGSTAFF

Despite an avalanche that caused extensive damage to these trails in 2005, they still offer a great way to explore the Kachina Peaks Wilderness Area near Flagstaff. The one-two punch provides a scenic loop hike through some of the state's most picturesque forested canyons. At the high point of the loop, the Grand Canyon — some 90 miles away — appears as a wide gap in a broad plateau that stretches from the foot of the mountain to the horizon. The views are dramatic, but keep a close watch in front of you, too. If you're lucky, you might catch a glimpse of a black bear. Mule deer and elk are even more likely.

Directions: From Flagstaff, go north on U.S. Route 89 for 12 miles to Forest Service Road 420, which is directly across from the turnoff for Sunset Crater. Continue on FR 420 for about a half-mile and then turn right onto Forest Service Road 552. Follow FR 552 to Forest Service Road 418 and turn right. Continue on FR 418 for about 7 miles to Forest Service Road 9123J. Turn left onto FR 9123J and drive another 1.2 miles to the trailhead.

Elevation: 8,500 to 10,400 feet

Distance: 6-mile loop

Difficulty: Difficult

Information: 928-526-0866 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino

Humphreys Trail

NEAR FLAGSTAFF

Humphreys Peak is the king of the hills in Arizona. This is the highest point in the state, and hiking up and down is something to be proud of. After a short climb through a lush meadow of grasses and wildflowers, you'll start to smell the ever-

greens as the trail winds into a thick forest. The tree line (and oxygen level) thins at around 11,000 feet, at which point you'll enter Arizona's sole tundra region — only bristlecone pines survive around 11,300 feet, and even those disappear above the Agassiz Saddle, which is the turnaround point for many hikers. If you've got the



OPEN LOCKETT Lockett Meadow (above), rimmed with aspens and backdropped by the snowy San Francisco Peaks, makes an ideal picnic spot before hiking the Inner Basin Trail. Photograph by Robert McDonald
■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

Horton Creek Trail

MOGOLLON RIM

Although Horton Creek is an ideal hike in the summer, it's impressive during the other three seasons as well — peaceful in the winter, lush in the spring, and bursting with color in the fall. The trail, which is named for settler L.J. Horton, begins about 150 feet from the Upper Tonto Creek Campground and follows an old logging road that parallels Horton Creek. For most of the trip, you'll be within 300 yards of the water. The trail ends where Horton Springs pours out of the Mogollon Rim amid horse-tails, mosses and maples.

Directions: From Payson, drive 17 miles east on State Route 260 to Tonto Creek Road (near Kohl's Ranch), turn left and drive 1 mile to the Upper Tonto Creek Campground; the trailhead is at the campground.

Elevation: 5,360 to 6,700 feet

Distance: 9.4 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Moderate

Information: 928-474-7900

or www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto

Houston Brothers Trail

MOGOLLON RIM

Gifford Pinchot, considered by many to be the father of the U.S. Forest Service, singled out a cabin on this trail for its "peaceful beauty." Fortunately, things haven't changed over the years. This high-country trail is the epitome of beauty as it meanders along the bottom of Houston Draw, a picturesque valley through which a spring-fed perennial stream flows. The scenery along this route is mostly pastoral, with a few rock outcroppings and aspens. Over the years, this trail has served as a route for moving cattle, and a passage for fireguards to access their isolated cabins. These days, it's one of the best places to get away from it all.

Directions: From Flagstaff, go south on Forest Highway 3 (Lake Mary Road) for 55 miles. Go north on State Route 87 for 9 miles to graveled Forest Service Road 95. Turn south (right), go about 9 miles and turn left onto Forest Service Road 139. Continue 9 more miles on FR 139 and turn right (west) onto Forest Service Road 300. Go one-tenth of a mile to Houston Brothers trailhead sign.

Elevation: 6,800 to 7,700 feet

Distance: 14 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Moderate

Information: 928-477-2255 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino

ARCH RIVAL As you ramble Fay Canyon Trail (right), keep your eyes glued to the north rock wall and you'll spot the subtle Fay Canyon Arch. Photograph by Tom Bean



Fay Canyon Trail

NEAR SEDONA

Short but incredibly sweet, Fay Canyon provides a crash course in the entire roster of wonders of Red Rock Country. Verdant forests? Check. Sandstone panoramas? Check. Startling rock formations? Check. Of course, the star attraction in this canyon is an elegant natural arch. Large but discreet, the shy beauty hugs the cliff face. Seen from the main trail, it appears as just another rock overhang. For a closer peek, watch for a spur trail that veers to the right about a half-mile into the hike. Usually marked by rock cairns, the trail scrambles up the slope in a steep zigzag depositing you at the base of the span, 200 feet above the canyon floor. Loose rocks and a sharp pitch make this route challenging for even the sure-footed, so proceed with caution.

Directions: From Sedona, go west on State Route 89A to Dry Creek Road (Forest Service Road 152C), and go north for 3 miles to the Boynton Canyon intersection. From there, go left for a half-mile to the Fay Canyon parking area on the left; the trailhead is on the right.

Elevation: 4,600 to 4,750 feet

Distance: 2.2 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Moderate

Information: 928-282-4119 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino

Loy Canyon Trail

NEAR SEDONA

If you're looking for a great introductory hike to Red Rock Country, the Loy Canyon Trail is one of the best. It's never too crowded, Steller's jays are everywhere — the contrast of the blue birds against the red rocks is better than Matisse — and then there's the trail itself. The hike follows a dry creek bed for about 4 miles. That's the easy part. The fifth mile, however, climbs steeply (1,500 feet) to a saddle that connects Secret Mountain and the Mogollon Rim. The carrot at the end of the 1,500-foot stick is a refreshing forest of evergreens and oaks, and views that are out of this world.

Directions: From Sedona, drive 10 miles west on State Route 89A to Red Canyon Road (Forest Service Road 525) and turn north, following the signs toward Loy Butte for 9.3 miles to the trailhead parking area on the left.

Elevation: 4,720 to 6,600 feet

Distance: 10 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Moderate

Information: 928-282-4119 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino



ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH A hiker enjoys a peak experience atop the 12,633-foot Humphreys Peak (left), capped by a zone of tundra featuring the same species of flora that grow in Alaska. Photograph by Elias Butler

West Fork Trail

OAK CREEK CANYON

If you haven't done this trail, you're in the minority. Hands down, this is the most popular hike in the Coconino National Forest, and for good reason. From the rippling of the creek below to the incredible cliffs above, this easy stroll has more than its fair share of natural beauty. On the hike, you'll have to cross Oak Creek's West Fork tributary in a number of places. Usually, that involves negotiating a few strategically placed stones or taking a couple of steps in shallow water, but it's no big deal. The trail is marked for the first 3 miles, but hikers can continue beyond that point. Either way, it's best to hit this trail on mornings or weekdays, when the crowds are much thinner.

Directions: From the "Y" junction of State Route 89A and State Route 179 in Sedona, drive about 9.5 miles north on State 89A up Oak Creek Canyon to the Call of the Canyon parking area. The trailhead is on the west side of 89A, down a paved lane.

Elevation: 5,400 to 5,500 feet

Distance: 6 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Easy

Information: 928-282-4119 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino

FORK IN THE ROAD Sedona's shifting scenery is reflected in Oak Creek along the popular West Fork Trail (below), which requires a few creek crossings — just enough to keep your feet cool. Photograph by Jack Dykinga



Woodchute Trail

NEAR JEROME

Jerome is best known for its mining history, its artists and its winding streets, but there are some great hikes in the area, too. This hike is better suited to spring and fall, but it can be done in the summer. And because it's virtually human-free and easy to get to, you should consider it. The hike kicks off with a stroll along an old bulldozer road that was used to create cattle-watering tanks, and then veers off through a mixed-pine forest to a ridge that runs north toward the Woodchute Mountains. The top of the mountain is an open stand of second-growth ponderosa pines — the original forest was completely cleared years ago, when loggers cut shoring timbers for the surrounding mines. The panoramic views from the top are worth seeing with your own eyes.

Directions: From Jerome, go 8 miles southwest on State Route 89A, turn right onto Forest Service Road 106, a dirt road, at the Potato Patch Campground, and follow the signs to the trailhead.

Elevation: 7,100 to 5,500 feet

Distance: 12 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Moderate

Information: 928-777-2200 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/prescott



LAKE BREAK Take your hiking boots and fishing poles: Hulsey Lake, at the foot of Escudilla Mountain, is stocked with rainbow trout. Photograph by Robert McDonald

Granite Mountain Wilderness Trail 261

NEAR PRESCOTT

The historic town of Prescott has plenty of allure — Whiskey Row, the Hassayampa Inn, a handful of good restaurants — but it also has its share of the great outdoors. One of the best hiking options is the Granite Mountain Wilderness Trail 261, where the main feature is a blanket of pinkish boulders covering the area. Beginning at the Metate Trailhead, the trail is pretty easy, and climbs through stands of piñons, junipers and ponderosas, past Blair Pass, and up to the Granite Mountain Saddle. From there, a 1.5-mile trek leads to the summit, where you might catch a glimpse of the rare peregrine falcon. The Forest Service closes the cliff areas during breeding season from February through July, but the main trail remains open.

Directions: From downtown Prescott, drive 4.6 miles on Montezuma Street (which becomes Iron Springs Road) to Forest Service Road 374 and continue 3.6 miles to the Metate Trailhead.

Elevation: 5,600 to 7,185 feet

Distance: 8.2 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Easy

Information: 928-443-8000 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/prescott

Escudilla National Recreation Trail

ESCUILLA WILDERNESS

This is where Aldo Leopold, one of the nation's most respected naturalists, described the killing of the last grizzly in Arizona. However, you won't encounter anything that dangerous on this 3-mile hike to the top of the state's third-highest mountain range. The scenery is magnificent and the climbing is relatively moderate, considering the heights to which you're headed. The climb begins in an area that was burned by a huge wildfire in 1951. An incredible grove of aspens has sprung up in the aftermath, and it's the highlight of the hike, with the possible exception of the awe-inspiring views at the summit. From the fire tower on the top, you can see all the way to the San Francisco Peaks near Flagstaff.

Directions: From Alpine, go north on U.S. Route 191 for 5.5 miles to Forest Service Road 56, turn right, and continue 3.6 miles to Terry Flat. Take the left fork past Tool Box Draw for a half-mile to the trailhead.

Elevation: 9,480 to 10,876 feet

Distance: 6 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Moderate

Information: 928-339-5000 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf



PINING AWAY The Bear Jaw Trail (left) in the Kachina Wilderness Area of Coconino National Forest weaves through stately ponderosa pines, characterized by their rust-colored bark. Photograph by Les David Manevitz

SPRUCE IT UP Blue spruce trees line the bank of the West Fork of the Little Colorado River (right) in the Mount Baldy Wilderness. Photograph by Robert McDonald



Steeple Trail

HANNAGAN MEADOW

This is a long trail, but you don't have to make the entire trek — you can turn around at any point. If you have the stamina, go for the long haul. The Steeple Trail is an amazing route that begins in the high country and winds through stands of mixed conifers and aspens that open into beautiful, boggy meadows called *ciénegas*, which are abundant with wildflowers. These are great places to surprise a grazing elk or maybe even one of the forest's most reclusive inhabitants, the black bear. The trail eventually drops down to Steeple Creek, where the habitat changes to a riparian community of ponderosas, canyon hardwoods and scattered junipers. Conditions become progressively drier and warmer as the trail continues on to the cottonwoods of Blue River Canyon.

Directions: The trailhead is off Forest Service Road 29A at the south end of Hannagan Meadow, off U.S. Route 191, 23 miles south of Alpine.

Elevation: 9,200 to 5,280 feet

Distance: 26.4 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Strenuous

Information: 928-339-5000 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf

Bear Wallow Trail

APACHE-SITGREAVES NATIONAL FORESTS

Named for the large number of bear wallows in the area, this hike, which is located in the Bear Wallow Wilderness, is one of the best in Eastern Arizona. Although it winds through some of the most remote and wild terrain in the state, this route makes the area relatively easy to explore. Starting out as an old logging road that soon becomes a footpath, the trail follows the north fork of Bear Wallow Creek all the way to the San Carlos Apache Reservation. Along the way you'll cross the creek several times and drop about 2,000 feet in elevation, which means hiking out will be a workout. Still, the stands of Douglas fir, ponderosas, Englemann spruce and quaking aspens will make it one of the most scenic workouts you'll ever get. By the way, this wilderness area boasts one of the last remaining virgin conifer forests in the state. As for the bears, they're still roaming the wilderness.

Directions: From Hannagan Meadow, go 6 miles south on U.S. Route 191, turn right onto Forest Service Road 25, and continue 4 miles to the trailhead.

Elevation: 8,700 to 6,700 feet

Distance: 15.2 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Moderate

Information: 928-339-5000 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf

Bog Springs/Kent Springs Trail Loop

CORONADO NATIONAL FOREST

Wilderness areas are something special, and the Mount Wrightson Wilderness Area is no exception. There are only a few hikes to choose from, but they're well worth exploring. The Bog Springs/Kent Springs Loop begins at Bog Springs Campground and heads into a forest of silver leaf oaks and ponderosa pines that shade the trail as it meanders between springs sheltered by stands of gnarled Arizona sycamores. In addition to these silver- and green-barked old-timers, communities of other moisture-loving plants cluster around the reliable water sources, including Arizona bamboo, Arizona walnut and colorful clumps of wildflowers. What's more, these riparian areas attract a variety of birds and other wildlife.

Directions: From Tucson, take Interstate 19 south to the Continental Road/Madera Canyon Exit. Go east and follow the signs to Bog Springs Campground in Madera Canyon Recreation Area. Turn left into the campground and drive around the loop to the trailhead.

Elevation: 4,820 to 6,620 feet

Distance: 10 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Moderate

Information: 520-281-2296 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado

Miller Canyon Trail

CORONADO NATIONAL FOREST

At nearly 9,500 feet, Miller Peak rules the skyline south of Sierra Vista. The Crest Trail will take you to the top, but another good option is the Miller Canyon Trail. Along the lower stretches of the trail, old sycamores shade the streambed, and sunlight filters down through the limbs of tall Douglas firs. There are a number of bigtooth maples in the area, too, making it a colorful place to visit in October. After crossing the stream several times, the trail switchbacks up the north side of the canyon into an area that was burned by a large forest fire in 1977. Here, you'll find good views of the San Pedro Valley and the Mule Mountains around Bisbee, while Miller Peak stands sentinel above the canyon rim to the southwest.

Directions: From Sierra Vista, go south on State Route 92 for 9 miles to Miller Canyon Road (Forest Service Road 56). Drive west on FR 56 for 2 miles to the trailhead.

Elevation: 5,800 to 8,600 feet

Distance: 7 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Moderate

Information: 520-378-0311 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado 

Christine Maxa and Roger Naylor contributed to this story.

The High Point of his life

For 30 years, our writer tried to reach the summit of Mount Baldy, but lightning, bears and bad juju kept him from the top. And then he made one more ascent.

By Gregory McNamee



ON A TATTERED 19th-century military map of East-Central Arizona, the highest peak in the White Mountains bears a name that appears on no other chart: "Home of the Winds." This is probably the cartographer's poetic invention, because Apaches call the peak Dzil Ligai, "mountain of white rock," a description of the same exposed granite peak that prompted Anglos to call the place Mount Baldy.

It's bald, indeed. It's also windy, the abode of howling gales. For all that, I've given other names to 11,403-foot-tall Baldy over the years, names more suited to a pro wrestler than a stately mountain: The Berserker. The Unforgiver of Black River. Geronimo's Revenge. Mount Psycho.

Those are hard names, I know, but they're fair, because almost every time I've tried to ascend it, Mount Baldy has tried to end my time on Earth.

I first saw it in 1975, not long after moving to mountainous Arizona from hilly Virginia. At first glance, Baldy seemed ... well, unchallenging. For one thing, it doesn't look like much of a mountain from most of its approaches, rising gently above an 8,000-foot plateau, with no eye-popping precipices or fearsome crags to arrest the viewer. It sports well-maintained trails that wind pleasantly through pine forests and alpine meadows gushing with springs — all

very inviting. There's no need for ropes or pitons on this scenic and seemingly straightforward mountain, scarcely even a need to take along a topographic map. And, plenty of people of all ages hike up Baldy every year without incident.

Only a few of them make it to the top, though. Within the borders of the Fort Apache Indian Reservation of the White Mountain Apache Tribe, the summit is closed to non-Apaches — access to it is blocked by a cattle fence. In Apache belief, mountaintops are the sacred dwellings of spirits called *gan*, who protect wild animals and bedevil most other mortals. Few Apaches go to the top of Dzil Ligai, except for religious purposes. None, at least of my acquaintance, speak openly of the *gan*, who are dangerous and volatile, and who visit disease and madness on anyone who angers them.

The ascent of Baldy is easy, but the *gan* work hard to keep nosy foreigners away, hard enough to change my opinion of the mountain. It definitely impresses me now.

That first trek up Baldy began pleasantly enough. The trail was easy, the sky deep blue, the air warm but not hot. The closer I got to the summit, however, the faster omens came. At about 9,500 feet, I had to throw myself to the ground to avoid a collision with a golden eagle, nearly earthbound by the weight of a fat jackrabbit it clutched in its talons. An ancient Greek would have erected an impromptu shrine to the gods on the spot and turned tail, but I blithely proceeded. A mile up the trail I met another visitation from the heavens: a literal bolt from the blue that sent an 80-foot-tall ponderosa pine flying apart in countless toothpicks. The explosion was immediately followed by a phenomenon unique, I believe, to the desert: drenching rain falling without a cloud in sight.



I kept right on going for another half-mile, soaked but not broken, as the mountain began to deliver views extending a hundred miles in every direction. Rounding a bend, I came within sniffing distance of an adult black bear — which is to say, I smelled it, and I'm sure it smelled me. Whether male or female I never knew, and I call it an adult only because of what then seemed to me to be its monumental size. We stood there, bear and I, perhaps 75 feet apart, for perhaps five minutes, until the bear, evidently bored with the proceedings, turned and lumbered off down a nearby draw.

And at that, the cloudless rain pouring off my shoulders, I turned and ran down Baldy without stopping, thankful that I'd had the chance to see lightning up close and a black bear in the wild, thankful that

the lightning and the black bear had had the chance to kill me and did not. It was enough for one day.

A few years later, I returned to Baldy for another try. As before, the day began beautifully. As before, a couple of thousand feet below the summit, a fierce rain began to fall. Inasmuch as it was late October, normally a dry time in Arizona, I hadn't packed rain gear, a fact the *gan* didn't overlook. The rain and hail came crashing down so hard on stones in the narrow draw that little bits of mica blew off and filled the air with a brilliant shrapnel — not enough to kill a person, but enough to put an eye out. It was impossible to proceed under the circumstances, and all too easy to die of exposure.

I took shelter under a chaos of boulders that shielded a cave entrance. The over-

hang seemed a fine place to wait out the storm, and I sat there eating bread and salami as lightning crashed down until I heard snuffles coming from somewhere within the cave — noises that seemed to grow louder with each passing moment. I weighed my options and called out to unknown beast and *gan* alike: "You've got the wrong guy!"

This was craven and abject behavior, I know. But I had a legitimate point: While the Apaches — and Arizona's wildlife, for that matter — were suffering the harshest of the many injustices done to them, my ancestors were in Virginia fighting desperate battles of their own. Whatever evils had happened in Baldy's shadow were not my bloodline's fault.

Still, the snuffling didn't stop. Neither did the cold rain, and once again I found

BALD IS BEAUTIFUL A rock outcropping on Mount Baldy is festooned with blooming coral bells. The true summit of Mount Baldy is off-limits to non-Apaches, but a secondary summit is open to all hikers. Photographs by Robert McDonald

myself running down the mountain, this time so quickly and furiously that my battered ankles swelled up for weeks afterward to remind me of my misadventure.

For the next several years I confined myself to Baldy's lower slopes, following the tracery of the Little Colorado River's sources, content to collect rivers instead of summits. Every now and again, in all seasons, I ventured closer to the top, and each time the story was the same: rain, snow, hail and always those great bolts of lightning.

I'd begun to take the mountain's behavior personally. But I still kept at it, mindful of British explorer Neville Shulman's remark, in his book *Zen in the Art of Climbing Mountains*, that "nothing is possible without three essential elements: a great root of faith, a great ball of doubt and fierce tenacity of purpose." I had little faith that I would ever make it to Baldy's summit. I had much doubt, but also a deep well of tenacity, Irish mulishness that the *gan* rewarded by finally allowing me to ascend Baldy 22 years after my first attempt.

When I climbed past the stump of that lightning-shattered ponderosa, no eagles or bears or bolts from heaven challenged me. I even came within sight of the fence marking the Apache nation and the abode of the *gan*, the home of the winds. A few drops of rain fell, but softly.

Not wanting to push my luck, I left a hawk feather on a rock beside the trail, promised the mountain to speak of it by more kindly names, and turned back, walking along under a clear blue sky.

Information: White Mountain Apache Tribe Wildlife and Outdoor Recreation Division, 928-338-4385 or wmatoutdoors.org. ■■

Gregory McNamee is a longtime contributor to Arizona Highways and the author of Monumental Places (Arizona Highways Books, 2007). He lives in Tucson.



FLOWERS IN THE GRASS

IN ARIZONA, WILDFLOWERS ARE USUALLY ASSOCIATED WITH SPRING, AND RIGHTFULLY SO — THE ANNUAL EXPLOSION OF COLOR IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THINGS IN NATURE. NONETHELESS, SUMMER FLOWERS ARE SOMETHING SPECIAL, TOO, ESPECIALLY THOSE IN THE DESERT GRASSLANDS OF SOUTHEAST ARIZONA.



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IT'S AN EARLY SUMMER MORNING in the desert grasslands of the Las Cienegas National Conservation Area, about 40 miles southeast of Tucson. On this day, the grasses are 2 or 3 feet tall, and they're lush from summer storms. From spring to fall, the grasslands of Southeast Arizona offer a succession of floral delights, from the cactuses and yuccas of spring through the rabbit brush of fall, with a surprising burst of summer species sandwiched in between. This diversity provides a cornucopia of photo opportunities as I travel from Las Cienegas

south to the Huachuca Mountains, into the San Rafael Valley, across the Patagonia Mountains northeast of Nogales, and west into Santa Cruz County. Although I can find things to shoot here all year long, my favorite time is midsummer, when even the grasses are in bloom. The other great thing about summer is the arrival of monsoon season, which brings stormy skies and a dramatic backdrop. For me, it offers a lasting impression that sticks around until the next time I'm lucky enough to be among the flowers in the grass.

SPLendor IN THE GRASS Arizona beggarstick (above) blankets the meadows of Southeast Arizona's San Rafael Valley. Western spiderwort (right) blooms in the grasslands of Cochise County near the Huachuca Mountains.

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





WHITE NIGHT A white, trumpet-shaped sacred datura bloom (left) opens in the evening and closes at dawn. The flowers were important to Arizona Indians for medicinal use, but all parts of the sacred datura plant are extremely poisonous if ingested.

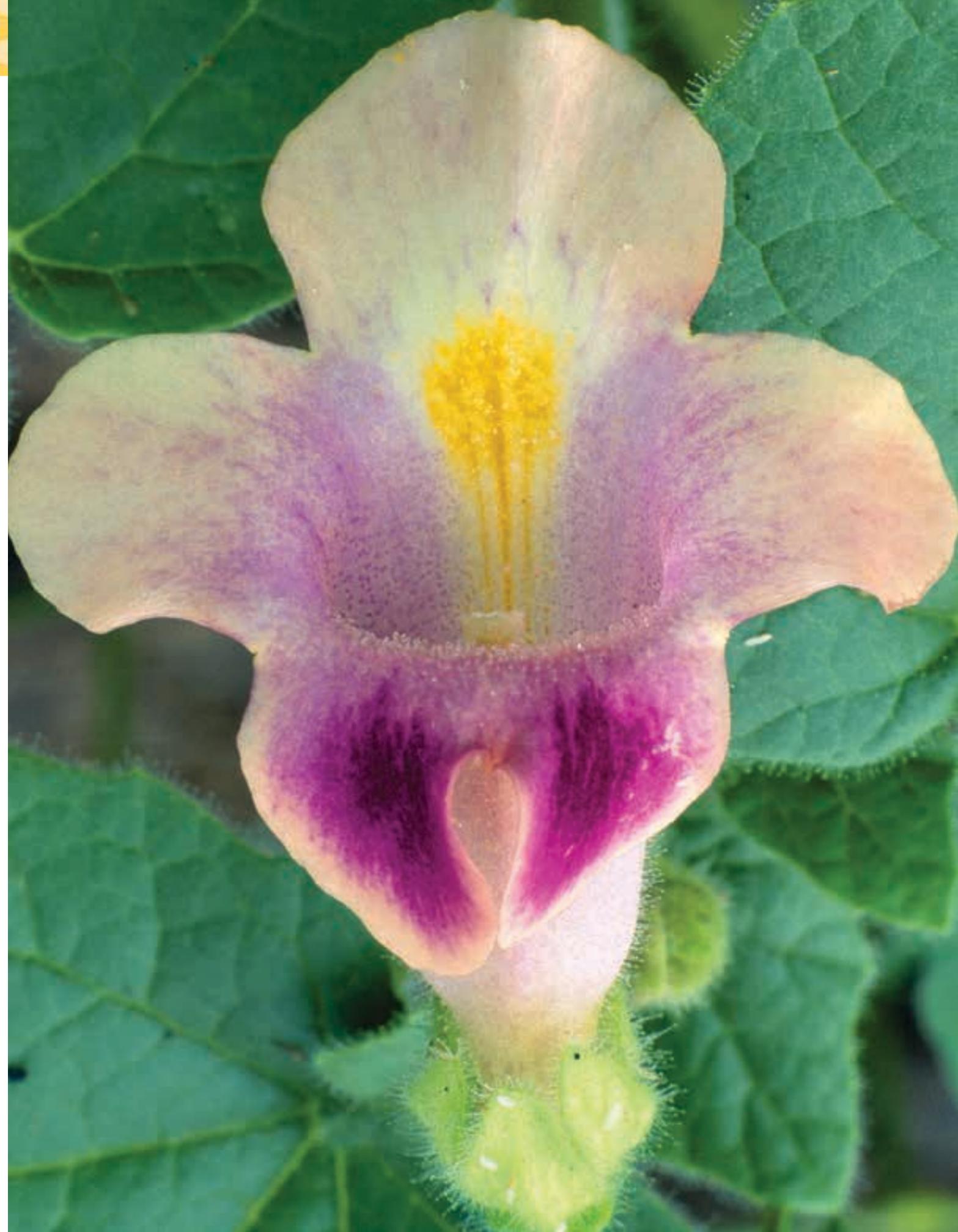
HOT SPOT Soaptree yuccas (below) dot the vast desert grasslands of the Las Cienegas National Conservation Area in Southeast Arizona.
■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.





ARTFUL IMITATION Reminiscent of a Georgia O'Keeffe painting, a devil's claw bloom (right) shows the softer side of this prickly desert plant.

A PATCH OF BLUE Arizona blue eyes (below) offer bright splashes of color at Las Cienegas National Conservation Area during the summer months.
■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.





PRETTY IN PINK With a winning color combination of green and pink, wood sorrel (left) covers spots of open ground in the forests of the Patagonia Mountains.

MOONLIGHTING In a double exposure, a pale yellow moon (below) rises above a blooming soaptree yucca illuminated by camera flash.

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





Our Humble & Servant

SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR MADE HISTORY WHEN SHE BECAME THE FIRST WOMAN TO SERVE ON THE U.S. SUPREME COURT. SINCE THEN, SHE'S HAD SEVERAL STATE AND FEDERAL BUILDINGS NAMED AFTER HER. DESPITE EVERYTHING SHE'S ACCOMPLISHED, JUSTICE O'CONNOR HAS ALWAYS BEEN UNASSUMING. IT'S A TRAIT SHE LEARNED AS A CHILD ON A RANCH IN SOUTHEASTERN ARIZONA.

On Sandra Day O'Connor's first official day of retirement from the U.S. Supreme Court, she returned to her beloved home state to talk about growing up on a Southeastern Arizona cattle ranch. She was 75 years old on that day in February 2006, and looked entirely urbane in her black suit, her trademark neck scarf and her large clasp earrings. Her hair was white, thick, styled in a modern variant of the classic short 1950s pageboy she'd worn as a girl. She exuded strength and self-assurance, even when she admitted it was a "very strange feeling" to know that no more Supreme Court briefs awaited her attention.

And then O'Connor went on to talk about the Lazy B Ranch, her childhood home near Duncan, a town on the Gila River near the Arizona-New Mexico border.

"A far cry from the Supreme Court was the Lazy B," O'Connor began in a voice spiced with a slight Southwestern twang.

Most in the audience at the Kerr Cultural Center in Scottsdale had likely read her 2002 best-selling memoir, *Lazy B: Growing Up on a Cattle Ranch in the American Southwest*, which she wrote with her brother, H. Alan Day. Nevertheless, it was a treat to hear O'Connor tell stories about growing up in the harsh Chihuahuan Desert, living an Arizona ranch life that has now all but vanished. She spoke of her first pet, a bobcat named Bob; of her first nannies, rugged cowboys in dirty jeans; of her first mount, a good-natured mustang named Chico.

She'd given this type of lighthearted talk many times before, but on this particular day, I was concerned for the woman who's been my role model and the role model of countless others. How did she really feel about retiring after 25 years on the Supreme Court? And how would the Supreme Court survive without her ranch-style common sense?

"Do you worry about how the Supreme Court will change?" one woman in the audience blurted out during a question-and-answer session following the talk.

"Well, it isn't up to me," O'Connor replied. That answer was classic O'Connor; welling up from her practical, ranch-bred sense of self. She grew up on immense expanses of rocky, yucca-strewn desert flatlands, and in this big country she learned to scale herself against the land, a lesson that has kept her humble. People, she has so often said, are mere "specks." Still, growing up in a ranch community taught her that each person's labors were a necessary part of survival — even a "speck" can make a difference in the world.

That clear-headed perspective has guided O'Connor through five decades of

SOUTHWESTERN SIMPLICITY
A Merrill Mahaffey landscape and a Cynthia Rigden sculpture, a gift from the Sandra Day O'Connor College of Law at Arizona State University, grace O'Connor's dining-sitting area, where she entertains guests.

BY TERRY GREENE STERLING | PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID ZICKL

epic battles to open gender barricades. The gritty Arizona ranch girl graduated with distinction from Stanford Law School, for instance, only to be offered secretarial jobs by all-male law firms. She didn't let that hold her back; she whittled out a law career

LONG HORIZON End-to-end photos forming a panoramic of the Lazy B Ranch, shot while O'Connor lived there, occupy a hallway in the former associate justice's home.

by becoming a deputy county attorney, after which she became a private attorney for the U.S. Army.

By the time her three children were born, O'Connor was prac-

a picture of old cowboys eating beans and beef off tin plates as the chuck-wagon cook looked on. The chuck wagon was a portable kitchen pulled by a hefty truck known as a "power wagon" that followed the cowboys around the ranch during the spring and fall roundups. In the photo, the mostly middle-aged, grizzled, unshaven cowboys in their dirty jeans and even dirtier shirts squatted on their haunches or stood with backs against the wind as they ate. The landscape behind them was big and flat and flecked with volcanic rocks. The setting was the ranch in Yavapai County where I grew up. The photograph was taken in the early

O'Connor recalled. "My father was king and magistrate, and he established the rules."

Rule Number One: NO EXCUSES ACCEPTED.

O'Connor's memoir recounts several instances of her father's refusal to accept excuses for tasks shoddily done, not done on time or not done at all. In her memoir, she recalls a day when she and her mother, Ada Mae, awakened early to make a hot lunch for D.A. and the cowboys, who were working cattle in a distant corner of the ranch. O'Connor loaded the food onto a pickup, and headed out with lunch. But then she got a flat tire. She was alone

approvals, but instead he showed his affection for his children by spending time with them, taking them on little drives around the ranch to fix a windmill or repair a fence or just explore a canyon on the river where the cottonwoods grew. On such excursions, her father would point out interesting things to the children — a coyote, a javelina, a rattlesnake, a red-tailed hawk.

Many years later, after she retired from the Supreme Court, O'Connor told me she'd read a 1982 letter her father had written to a family friend. In the letter, D.A. expressed great pride in his daughter's accomplishments.



ticing law in a little firm she opened with a friend. It was housed in a small strip mall in Maryvale, a now-tough neighborhood in West Phoenix. Next, O'Connor became an assistant Arizona attorney general, a state senator, a Maricopa County Judge and a state appellate judge. She made history in 1981 when Ronald Reagan appointed her as the first woman to serve on the U.S. Supreme Court. Twenty-five years later, she retired in part to spend more time with her husband, John O'Connor, a prominent Arizona attorney who had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease.

One of the most powerful women in the world gave up her power to care for her husband.

A few weeks after her speech in Scottsdale, O'Connor invited me to her suburban Phoenix home. We had a common background: I, too, had grown up on an Arizona ranch and belonged to an old Arizona ranching family. But our adult post-ranch-girl lives could not have been more different — she became a famous no-nonsense Supreme Court justice, and I became a daydreaming, introverted journalist.

O'Connor's house is neither large nor pretentious. An oversized dining-room table speaks of the importance of family gatherings, and photographs of the Lazy B hang in the den. We settled on a comfortable couch in her white-carpeted living room that looks out onto Camelback Mountain. A pillow resting near her on the couch announced: *I'm not bossy, I just have better ideas.* She wore a scarlet neck scarf, a white blouse, loose gray slacks, slip-on black shoes.

I'd brought some photographs of my childhood home with me, and she stared at one particular snapshot for a few seconds. It was

1950s, when I was a preschooler and O'Connor was a young law school student.

"Oh, yes," O'Connor said as she held the snapshot. "That's just the way it was."

In the old days, cowboys stayed on ranches until they died, or got close to it. Besides toiling every day from sunrise to sunset on the ranches, the cowboys were mentors, babysitters, philosophers and storytellers to the ranch kids who loved them. I still smile when I think about the cowboys who took time out of their busy days to spend time with me. In her memoir, O'Connor borrowed a quote from Wallace Stegner, her writing teacher at Stanford, to describe her admiration for a Lazy B cowboy named Jim Brister: "... invincibly strong, indefinitely enduring, uncompromisingly self-reliant."

I asked her if the description might also fit her.

"Oh, dear, no," she answered.

Why not?

"I do not like to self-evaluate," she said.

That's the way she is. She's not particularly introspective, and doesn't second-guess her past decisions, either in or out of the courtroom. What's done is done, and there is no point self-aggrandizing or offering up excuses. She learned that lesson on the Lazy B.

Her father was Harry Day, known as D.A. (pronounced dee-ay) to Sandra, her brother, Alan, and sister, Ann. Just like my father, D.A. ran the ranch and expected everyone to follow the rules.

"It was like having our own kingdom all to ourselves,"

in the immense space, and the flat tire would not budge from the wheel. "The lug nuts," she writes, "were too tightly attached to move. Probably the tire had not been changed for a couple of years ... I pushed with all my might, but the lug nuts would not loosen. Finally I stood on the lug wrench and tried to jump a little on it to create more force."

Using this unorthodox technique, she loosened all the lug nuts, replaced the heavy tire with an equally heavy spare, and finally

RANCH KIDS LEARN A CERTAIN SELF-RELIANCE BORN OUT OF NECESSITY. YOU GET LOST ON THE RANCH; YOU FIND YOUR WAY HOME. YOU GET A FLAT TIRE; YOU FIX IT.

arrived with lunch an hour-and-a-half late. She was hot, dirty and exhausted, but proud. She'd done it. She hadn't waited for help. She'd summoned the strength and the creativity to solve the problem. The men had their lunch, thanks to her. But her father greeted her with silence.

"I had expected a word of praise for changing the tire," she wrote in her memoir, "but to the contrary, I realized that only one thing was expected: an on-time lunch. No excuses accepted."

From her early childhood, she'd yearned for her father's verbal

"He said some very nice things about me," O'Connor said. "I was moved to tears, because he never said such nice things to me when he was alive. It was very touching."

O'Connor's parents died on the Lazy B a few years after she'd been appointed to America's highest court. She and her siblings scattered their parents' ashes on a volcanic peak called Round Mountain.

Like many descendants of pioneer Arizona ranch families, they eventually were forced by economic necessity to sell the Lazy B. They sold it off in pieces, from 1986 to 1993. It was excruciating. The ranch had been in the family for 113 years.

I'd hoped O'Connor would take me to the Lazy B, but she told me she will not return to her childhood home because the visit might destroy her memories.

The new owners of the Lazy B don't want visitors nosing around O'Connor's childhood home. Trespassers are vigorously rebuffed.

One day not long ago, after several long telephone negotiations, the current ranch foreman allowed me on the Lazy B to see the place for myself.

The adobe house where O'Connor grew up still stands, along with the outbuildings and corrals and a large water tank where she swam as a child. They're dwarfed by the same ancient windmills that formerly piped water to the people and animals on the Lazy B. The windmills are silent now, but I stood beneath them and remembered what she'd told me, how the sucker rods would make "such a sound" as they pulled water from deep beneath the desert floor.

"It was a good noise, though, it meant water," she'd said.

EYE TO THE FUTURE
O'Connor stands tall and clear-eyed in the Phoenix Mountains Preserve. She continues to offer her wisdom and service to the nation's courts and educational institutions.

I camped overnight on a windy, flat land. In rainy years, this land would explode with native grasses that fed dozens of cattle, but on this night the land was crusted, barren, dry. The night sky was like an ocean alive with stars, and I recalled O'Connor telling me about walking outside with her family as a child. "We watched the moon and we watched the stars," she'd said. "Sometimes the stars got so close I thought I could climb up on the roof and pluck one down."

In the morning, I'd expected a quick tour of the Lazy B, but the ranch foreman was not able to show me around because, he said, some cattle needed to be hauled to town.

I was alone in a place that was once O'Connor's childhood kingdom, a severely beautiful stretch of Chihuahuan Desert dotted with yuccas that would blossom white in the late spring. The immense landscape stretched for miles to indigo-hued mountains, where oaks and junipers sheltered the mule deer that were surely descendants of the creatures D.A. had pointed out to his little girl.

Where had she changed the flat tire?

I couldn't be sure.

Crossing an arroyo lined with thorny acacias, I pictured her riding Chico over this same landscape to collect bits of brightly colored quartz, which her father had later polished. She'd told me she still treasures those pebbles, and keeps them in a bowl.

I left the Lazy B understanding O'Connor in a way that would not have been possible had I not seen the big country of her childhood. Like the ranch where I grew up, it's a land that scales humans down to their real size.

Ranch kids learn a certain self-reliance born out of necessity. Sometimes, they're the only ones around to pull themselves out of a scrape. You get lost on the ranch; you find your way home. You get a flat tire; you fix it. You resign from the

Supreme Court; you build a new life.

Sandra Day O'Connor divides her time between Washington, D.C., where she maintains an office in the Supreme Court Building and serves as an appellate judge, and Phoenix, where she takes care of her husband, whose illness has progressed.

Despite the emotional drain of caregiving, she's remained engaged in life. She was the only woman named to the Iraq Study Group. She is chancellor of the College of William and Mary, a post so prestigious George Washington once held it. She sits on the board of the Rockefeller Foundation. She works with various bar groups. She's the namesake of Arizona State University's College of Law. She is concerned about the future of the judiciary, and has worked to foster understanding on the necessity for "fair and impartial judges." And she's campaigned energetically to reintroduce the study of government and civics to public schools.

She remains grounded, centered and humble.

The Lazy B lives on in her heart, fortifying her, calming her, reminding her that she might be a speck, but even a speck can contribute to the world. ■■





The Local Papers



Outside Phoenix, most frontier newspapers in Arizona struggled to survive in sparsely populated, cash-strapped communities. A frontier paper meant cramped quarters, worn equipment, itinerant printers and deadbeat subscribers. Still, they sprouted like weeds all over the state.

In 1950, George Smalley celebrated his 78th birthday by attending a screening of *Broken Arrow*, a movie about Indian agent Tom Jeffords' friendship with Cochise, the great Chiricahua Apache chief. Smalley was so intrigued by how much actor James Stewart sounded like Jeffords, he closed his eyes to savor the memory.

It had been nearly 50 years since Smalley hoisted beers with the aging Indian agent. In those days, the young reporter from Minnesota seemed to know everyone. He shared campfires with legendary Prescott newspaperman-turned-Rough Rider Buckey O'Neill, swapped information with fellow scribe James H. McClintock, and talked politics with governors Alexander O. Brodie and George W.P. Hunt. The list went on.

In 1896, when the slender, mustachioed Smalley arrived in Arizona and landed a job with *The Arizona Republican* (now *The Arizona Republic*), Phoenix still retained vestiges of the Old West, with hard-drinking cowboys, gambling houses and occasional shootings. Even so, it had slowed

since McClintock's first week on the *Salt River Valley Herald* 17 years earlier when, he wrote, "there were nine violent deaths to chronicle ... a double lynching ... and a couple of stage robberies."

Phoenix, population 4,000, moved forward, spurred by a thriving agricultural base and recently expanded rail and telegraph services. Electric streetcars and bicycles competed with horse-drawn transportation, a women's club pushed for a town library, and civic leaders discussed harnessing the flood-prone Salt River — the first step toward construction of the Roosevelt Dam.

Meanwhile, the *Arizona Republican* acquired the Territory's first linotype machine, a fitting companion for its electric-powered, double-cylinder press. It also carried up-to-date telegraph dispatches from the fledgling Associated Press wire service. When railroad executive Frank Murphy bought the *Republican*, he moved it to better quarters and hired *New York Times* editor Charles Randolph to give it an urban touch.

The *Republican's* newfound solvency set it apart from most frontier newspapers, which struggled to survive in sparsely populated, cash-strapped communities. A frontier paper meant cramped quarters, worn equipment, itinerant printers

and deadbeat subscribers. It meant local news augmented by dated rewrites from other papers, and business promotions shamelessly posing as articles. It meant long hours, low wages and, for owners, a threadbare return on investment of 2 or 3 percent.

Yet frontier papers sprouted like weeds, accompanied by dyspeptic editors with a fondness for John Barleycorn, name-calling and feuds. One of them, John Marion of the *Yuma Miner*, routinely bludgeoned opponents in print with epithets such as "skunk," "nincompoop" and that erudite Victorian closer, "lying hermaphrodite." Somehow, over the years, only a handful of fistfights and a couple of bloodless duels resulted from such invective.

Animosity usually morphed into print, as in this skewering of an inebriated Marion by William Berry, his equally bibulous rival at the *Yuma Sentinel*: "As [Marion] lay, with drunken slobber issuing from his immense mouth and his ears reaching up so high, everyone was impressed that here was the connecting link between the catfish and the jackass."

At the other (and lonely) end of the spectrum was Louis Hughes, the teetotaling publisher of the *Arizona Daily Star*, who, with his wife, Josephine, championed woman suffrage and the eight-hour

ROVING REPORTER Traveling the state, George Herbert Smalley spent only six years (1896-1902) as a newspaperman, but he recounted his days as a frontier journalist as some of the best of his life. Arizona Historical Society Tucson

BY DAVE ESKES



THE FRONT PAGE Today's newspaper layouts have changed dramatically from those of the turn of the century, namely an August 5, 1900, edition of *The Arizona Republican*, and the January 3, 1886, *Arizona Daily Star*. Arizona Historical Society Tucson

workday while crusading against prostitution and gambling. Although unjustly maligned by his hard-living colleagues as an insufferable prig, it is true that Hughes refused to attend christening ceremonies for the *U.S.S. Arizona* because champagne was used.

Some men drifted in and out of journalism, viewing it as a portable tool rather than a lifetime calling. O'Neill and McClintock wore several hats during their careers: judge, educator, mayor, journalist, postmaster, entrepreneur, sheriff, soldier and historian. Even Smalley, born into a newspaper family, left Arizona journalism after six years for government work. But those six years account for three-quarters of his memoir, *My Adventures in Arizona*, published in 1966.

Smalley originally came to Arizona to recuperate from pneumonia. He bought property near what is now Camelback Mountain and set up a tent with a ramada. Following doctor's orders, he cooked rare meat over coals, drank plenty of milk, and ate up to a pound of butter a day. He exercised daily and swam in the canal. Under this cholesterol-inducing regimen, Smalley gained 40 pounds and robust health.

After joining the *Republican*, Smalley was named mining correspondent and sent on a lengthy buckboard tour of mining camps. He started at the fabled Vulture gold mine in Wickenburg and worked his way north to the Rim of the Grand

Canyon and Buckey O'Neill, who was then exploring for copper and promoting a railroad line from Williams.

Along the way, Smalley enjoyed the hospitality of his convivial hosts and developed a keen interest in mining. He quickly bonded with O'Neill, whose crisp manner reminded him of Theodore Roosevelt. At the Canyon, he inspected diggings, climbed a 1,000-foot rock face without equipment,



NEWSWORTHY James H. McClintock began his Arizona journalism career in 1881 as a reporter for the *Salt River Valley Herald*. Arizona Historical Society Tucson

and typed dispatches at a makeshift desk, often pausing to admire the changing colors of the spires and rock walls.

When Smalley departed, the grateful O'Neill thrust a roll of bills at him, which he politely declined. He considered O'Neill's generosity as host to be compensation enough. Conflict of interest, apparently, did not cross his mind. In fact, Smalley once sat on a story about a gold strike at the request of railroad executive Epes Randolph. The delay enabled Randolph to wrest control of the mine before competitors got wind of it. In return, Smalley received an Arizona rail pass.

Despite the situational ethics, frontier journalists mostly got it right. A few years later, Smalley exposed a \$3 million swindle by the Spnazuma Mining Co., when he snuck into the mining camp and discovered it was seeded with copper samples for gullible investors. He was shot at twice on the way out. Later, he rejected a \$5,000 bribe to retract the exposé.

Smalley spent most of his time culling stories from public meetings, saloons, businesses, even stagecoaches. When a story broke late in the evening, he faced the ultimate deadline: At midnight the power shut off and with it the press. Smalley would type furiously while the foreman leaned over his shoulder and yanked out copy for the Linotype operator.

A glance at a *Republican* front page from the 1890s reveals editorial content not much different from today's general-interest sheets. Articles include an exposé of Standard Oil's monopolistic coupling with the railroads, a dispatch from Rome about rioting incited by "flannel-mounted anarchists," an update on the Graham County barley crop and a paean to a newly installed, steam-powered meat cooler.

While the *Republican* operated in the black, Smalley operated on the edge. He often received chits redeemable for goods or services in lieu of a paycheck. On the road, the paper paid only his expenses. Had it not been for freelancing, he could not have afforded to work for the paper.

Once, when Smalley threatened to leave, the editor offered to write him a letter of recommendation. Not surprisingly, the young reporter began to look favorably at mining and real estate.

In November 1897, Smalley headed into northern Mexico's Sierra Madre to report on rumored gold strikes. He stayed for seven months filing dispatches from the saddle while keeping an eye peeled for personal opportunities. "They all think I've got the [gold] fever bad," he wrote his mother. "They think I'm going to run up against it."

The trip was straight out of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, John Huston's famed 1948 film. Smalley slept under the stars, shared beans with humble peasants, dodged ban-

SMALLEY SPENT MOST OF HIS TIME CULLING STORIES FROM PUBLIC MEETINGS, SALOONS, BUSINESSES, EVEN STAGECOACHES.

aits and drank mescal with a Shakespeare-spouting distiller. He filed a gold claim, and then lost it to conniving Mexican officials. In a Hermosillo cantina, Smalley and some American pals got into a chair-throwing brawl with Mexicans who taunted them about the Spanish-American War.

When Smalley returned to Phoenix, he possessed lifelong memories and ample freelance material, but little else. It was back to "working for nothing." In a letter home, he wrote: "What he [Randolph] considers a good salary may consist of a meal ticket and enough money to buy a glass of beer every Sunday."

Still, Smalley kept the faith. When the *Republican* bought a competitor, the *Phoenix Herald*, he was appointed its city editor. In 1900, he accepted the editorship of the struggling *Tucson Daily Citizen*. After resurrecting it, he was sacked by a new owner. Smalley then started his own newspaper, the *Tucson Post*, reasoning, perhaps,



that he was less likely to fire himself.

In 1902, the newly married Smalley left journalism for a job as secretary to Territorial Governor Alexander O. Brodie. It was the first of several government jobs he would hold over the next 20 years before retiring as an insurance agent.

In later life, Smalley served as president of the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society, which published his memoirs posthumously. Despite his bittersweet

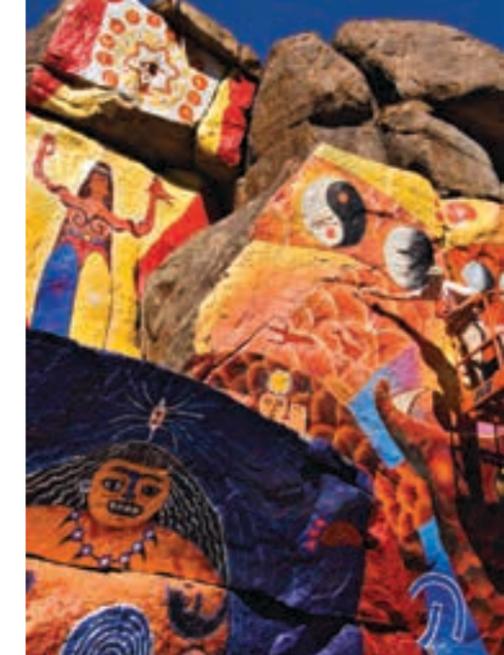
POWER OF THE PRESS The teetotaling publisher of the *Arizona Daily Star*, Louis Hughes, used his newspaper to champion woman suffrage and the eight-hour workday, and to crusade against prostitution and gambling. Arizona Historical Society Tucson

experiences, Smalley recalled his years as a frontier journalist with affection. "I still like to pass a newspaper office," he wrote wistfully, "and get a whiff of the aroma of printer's ink." Smalley died in 1956. ■

This town is a trip

From the half-man/half-appliance sculptures around town to the annual Jimmy Hoffa Birthday Bash, Chloride, Arizona, is a little **bizarre**. Idiosyncratic, **wacky**, far out... those adjectives do a pretty good job of describing it as well.

By Roger Naylor
Photographs by
Geoff Gourley



Call it a Chloride moment. The bartender, wearing a garish shirt decorated with flying popsicles, leans across the bar and snorts: “Water? I’d rather give away my booze than hand over a glass of water. We’re in the Mohave!”

Chloride Moment Number Two: I reach down to pet a Chihuahua, but the little dog trots past me with a chesty growl and a flash of small teeth that suggests, “You don’t want any of this, pal.” For days I’ve tried to befriend the little fleabag as he marches the streets, but to no avail.

On all of my road trips, an invisible hobgoblin rides shotgun. That’s the only way I can explain it. One minute I’m cruising down the highway making good time, and then, for no real reason, I’ll turn onto a sliver of side road, as if my unseen passenger has reached over and yanked the wheel. That’s how I ended up in Chloride.

Along U.S. Route 93, between Kingman and the Hoover Dam, sits a blink-and-you-miss-it billboard, faded green like a leprechaun’s gym socks. “Chloride, 4 miles,” it trumpets, but instead of luring with food or lodging, it dangles the enigmatic promise of “Cliff Murals.” I’ve passed the sign many times while whizzing across the creosote-whiskered flats. On this occasion, however, I careened onto the two-lane road. I was Chloride-bound.

Chloride was founded in the early 1860s, when folks started

pulling silver and all manner of ore, including gold, copper and zinc, from the surrounding Cerbat Mountains. The area became best known for silver chloride, which is used today in photographic film and photographic-paper manufacturing.

Normal boom-and-bust cycles followed, with the population swelling to 5,000 at its peak. Most mines ceased operations after World War II, and as with dozens of rural Arizona towns, the “former mining town” label applies to Chloride. These places either evolve a new identity or disappear. Yet, decades later, Chloride still seems to be weighing its options. Historic buildings remain, a smattering of galleries and shops comprise a small commercial district, but the true appeal of Chloride lies in its colorful cast of characters.

James Rice, one of 250 residents these days, spent his first year in Arizona camping in a 1935 DeSoto, and now runs an occasional one-table flea market with a sales patter that makes Donald Trump sound like a ring-toss carny. Or, there’s Allen Bercowetz, who, on his way to Vegas felt drowsy, pulled into Chloride, and ended up buying the general store. Or the Unwins, who’d lived and traveled all over the world before designing and constructing an elegant straw-bale home surrounded by a garden patrolled by two desert tortoises. Or the late Bob Stordahl, who, growing tired of metal piled in the desert, taught himself to weld and created haunting sculptures, half-man/half-appliance, that loom all over town.

“We’re a big family,” says Diane Silverman of the residents, “a big dysfunctional family. But I knew when I crossed the cattle guard coming into town that this was the right place. And we looked for eight years before we found Chloride. What do you think is wrong with me?”

“You just never know what will appeal to people,” admits John McNeely, owner of Sheps Miners Inn and Yesterday’s, Chloride’s only motel and restaurant. “So we go eclectic, to cover all our bases — any excuse to throw a party.”

McNeely, whose wardrobe of rowdy Hawaiian shirts makes Jimmy Buffett look like a funeral director, rattles off a twisted roster of regular events, such as soapbox derby races for adults, hotdog-eating contests, the annual Jimmy Hoffa Birthday Bash, pet parades, all-town yard sales and songwriter showcases.

A sock hop on a Tuesday night brings out the best of people.

Nadine Thompson showed up in her bobby socks and saddle shoes carrying a copy of *Life* magazine from 1952 — her high school class was in it as part of the bobby socks campaign for President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Offbeat festivals aside, mock gunfights form the backbone of the Chloride economy — there are two gunfighter troupes vying for street time. On Saturday mornings you can’t swing a dead cat in this idiosyncratic town without hitting some woman poured into a satin saloon dress or a steely-eyed gent with a hogleg strapped to his thigh.

The Immortal Gunfighters first saddled up in 1995, then two years later built Cyanide Springs, a ramshackle replica of an Old West town smack-dab in the middle of Chloride. Using only hand tools, either because they strived for authenticity or because they were drinking, depending on who tells the story, they peeled aged lumber from nearby mines and slapped together the rustic town within a town.

Three other groups sprang up — the Widda Makers, the Black Mountain Gunfighters and the Wild Roses of Chloride, the world’s only all-female gunfighter troupe — though now only the Black Mountain and Wild Roses casts continue to perform.

“Kids love to play cowboys and Indians with little wooden guns,” says Carolina Reb, formerly of the Widda Makers. “We’re just 60-year-old men with \$600 guns, playing the same thing and enjoying it a heck of a lot more.”

That skewed passion defines Chloride. The entire town bristles with folk art and soaring swipes of self-expression, from Stordahl’s metal creations to angst-ridden teen poetry scrawled on park picnic tables to yards overflowing with assorted collectibles, antiques and knickknacks.

Theories about the source of this creative energy abound, ranging from Sedon alike vortexes to people with way too much time on their hands. Or maybe it gushes forth a mile or so up the canyon, where Roy Purcell painted his murals.

Chloride Moment Number Three: The colors leap off the rocks, grabbing for your eyeballs like a jelly-fingered 2-year-old. Among them are exploding oranges and reds, swaddling yellows and blues, and a purple so vivid it competes with lilac bushes. Then the images start pinging around in your brain — the writhing ser-

CHLORITES Like Sharron Gittings’ Shady Ladies Attic, Chloride packs a lot of local color into a small space, including the Wild Roses’ gun-slinging Sadiemae “Maw Russell” Jones, and artist Roy Purcell, whose 40th-anniversary touch-up of his mural, *The Journey*, sparked a town celebration (above, left to right).

QUICK DRAW Gunfighters (below, left) regularly disturb the quiet of Chloride’s streets most Saturdays throughout the year.

pent, a rising goddess, the town dwarfed by a giant taloned foot.

In 1966, Roy Purcell worked as a miner in Chloride. When not scratching for ore, he painted a 2,000-square-foot set of murals on the granite face of the mountains. Called *The Journey ... Images From an Inward Search for Self*, the murals launched Purcell’s celebrated artistic career, and by proxy, Chloride’s.

“When I painted the murals, this was just an old ghost town with good, down-to-earth people,” Purcell says. “Over the years, I’ve watched as they started doing all this crazy stuff. Maybe I started something. If I did, it feels pretty good.”

Purcell returned in 2006 with family and friends to repaint the now-famous murals. “It’s been 40 years, and it took me that long to live and to learn exactly what I did. I feel like I’ve made the complete circle. This time my son and my daughter helped me paint, and I said, ‘This is your job now; in 40 years, it’ll be up to you to paint it again.’ The journey continues.”

And so it does, but if your idea of a vacation is being submerged in a hydrating stew of mineral salts designed to fling open your pores, steer clear of Chloride. With no spas or pampering resorts, visitors need to flash some initiative. Stop at the Mineshaft Market, the official information nerve center. Then swing by Yesterday’s Restaurant for a cup of 25-cent coffee and a glance at McNeely’s shirt. Both will jump-start your day. Improvise. Just roll with the humor and weirdness of the town. Collect a few moments of your own.

The singer in Yesterday’s belts out an Elvis tune, couples twirl around the floor and two guys at the bar debate the merits of cross-draw holsters. I’m on the phone with my wife, but all she can hear are snippets about murals, yard art and a cold-shouldered Chihuahua.

She interrupts, “I thought you said it was quiet there.”

“It’s Chloride, baby. Don’t try to figure it out.” **AH**





Williamson Valley Road

Peak after peak, creek after creek, this high-country route packs a lot of scenery into its 70 miles from Prescott to Seligman.

WILLIAMSON VALLEY ROAD begins on the outskirts of Prescott and ends at its junction with Route 66 at Seligman, winding through a big stretch of handsome country where the Central Arizona highlands shade off into the Colorado Plateau. The names of some of its landmarks suggest the country's wild beauty. Near the road's start, for instance, stands Granite Mountain, which reveals a face that instantly explains why its Yavapai name means "mountain lion lying down." Forty-odd miles beyond is Turkey Canyon, home to the wild birds that gave it its moniker. Farther along is the Big Chino Wash, whose name evokes the wide-open spaces through

which a slender stream passes on its way to the Verde River.

Peak after peak, creek after creek, Williamson Valley Road packs a lot of scenery into its 70 miles. Travelers have plenty of time to take it all in, too. Paved for the first third of the journey north from Prescott, the road eventually turns into a sometimes jarring but mostly well-graded swath of dirt, gravel and rock that demands a leisurely pace.

A few miles beyond where the pavement ends, below the aptly named Indian Hill, a small one-lane bridge crosses

GRAZE ANATOMY Horses grazing by Forest Service Road 664 are just some of the creatures you might see on this back-road drive, in addition to wild turkeys, mule deer and javelinas.

a creek that, on this rainy day, was flowing smoothly but not swiftly, its banks lined with walnut and cottonwood trees. I paused to admire the scenery and take a few photographs.

Indian Hill makes a fine landmark to fix the beginning of the more adventurous middle stretch of this back road —

TAKE IT FOR GRANITE The 7,244-foot Granite Mountain, forested with piñon, juniper and ponderosa pines, is popular with both peregrine falcons and rock climbers from nearby Prescott.

more adventurous because, for the next 25 miles, the road rises and drops through low but rugged mountains into narrow canyons and washes, never precipitously, but still roller-coasterish enough that travelers are advised to keep their speed to 25 mph. The hill, which rises to an eleva-



tion of 5,781 feet, hosts ruins that date back hundreds of years, remnants of fortifications and watchtowers left behind by the little-studied Prescott Culture, a Native American people who settled in this area more than a thousand years ago.

About 2 miles beyond that one-lane bridge, Williamson Valley Road crosses over Walnut Creek, a small but scenic watercourse lined with walnut trees. Just beyond, Forest Service Road 95 meets the road, and a short jog to the west along it leads to the old Walnut Creek Ranger Station, a cluster of ranch-style buildings that once housed firefighters and forest rangers working in Prescott National Forest. The station has since been decommissioned, and Prescott's Sharlot Hall Museum, in con-



cert with Northern Arizona University, Yavapai College and Prescott College, is converting it into a regional environmental-education center.

Leaving Walnut Creek and back on Williamson Valley Road, I meandered along

streambeds and up and down the flanks of the Juniper Mountains, making my way into increasingly steep country that rises to meet 6,827-foot-tall Red Mountain. The name, again, is apt, because the roadcut takes on a deep reddish-orange hue as it passes over veins of iron oxide, finally arriving at an abandoned hematite mine.

After getting some Mars-red dust on my boots as a keepsake, I continued driving onward to the northern end of the Juniper Mountains, where the dense forest gives way to a treeless plain that stretches across the horizon. This is classic open-range country, where cows have the right of way, so you'll want to keep an eye out for wandering livestock, as well as pronghorns, mule deer, elk, javelinas and mountain lions.

At the end of the dusty, bumpy, but unfailingly picturesque trail, awaits the little town of Seligman, a living memorial to the glory days of Route 66. I munched on onion rings, eyed the dirt road behind me, turned around, and headed south down Williamson Valley Road back toward Prescott, confident the sequel would be as good as the original.

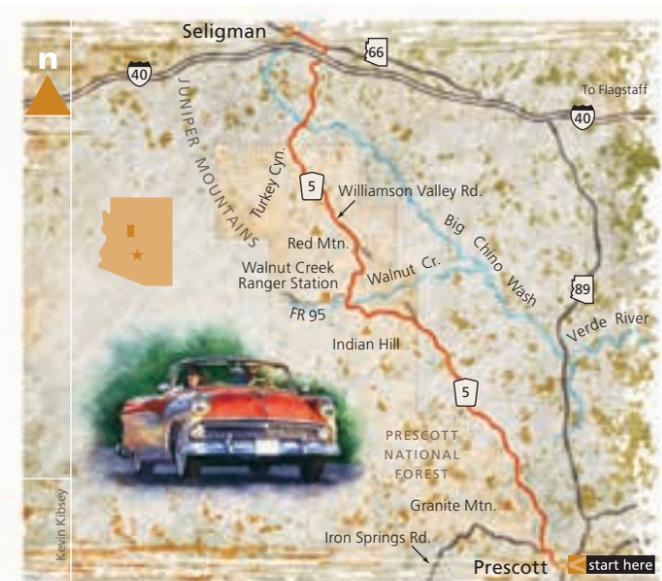
MANNEQUIN MANIA The Rusty Bolt's kitschy façade is typical of nostalgia-packed Seligman, a railway town established in 1886 that marks a portion of Arizona's Historic Route 66.

■ For more back-road adventures, pick up a copy of our new book, *The Back Roads*. Now in its fifth edition, the book (\$19.95) features 40 of the state's most scenic drives. To order a copy, visit arizonahighways.com or call 800-543-5432. **AH**

route finder

Note: Mileages are approximate.

- **Begin in Prescott** at Sharlot Hall Museum, 415 W. Gurley Street. Drive west on Gurley Street .2 miles to Grove Avenue.
- **Turn right** onto Grove Avenue. Continue 1.2 miles.
- **Turn left** onto Iron Springs Road and head west 1.3 miles to the intersection with Williamson Valley Road (also signed Yavapai County Road 5).
- **Turn right** onto Williamson Valley Road, heading northward.
- **The road ends** approximately 70 miles later at Historic Route 66 in Seligman (just north of Interstate 40).



travel tips

Vehicle Requirements: Passenger car is acceptable, although portions of the road are bumpy, and suited to a high-clearance vehicle.
Travel Advisory: Check your tires, including your spare. Cell phone coverage is spotty in the mountains through which the road passes.
Warning: Back-road travel can be hazardous, so 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.
Information: Prescott National Forest, 928-443-8000 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/prescott; Sharlot Hall Museum, 928-445-3122 or sharlot.org; Seligman Chamber of Commerce, seligmanarizona.org.
(511) Travelers in Arizona can visit az511.gov or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more.

Trailhead Two-Sixty

Summer is the best time to explore the Mogollon Rim, and this trail — a favorite of Zane Grey — will take you into the heart of the area.

I'VE NEVER CLAIMED TO BE a genius. As I get older, I'm finding that's a good thing. In fact, not claiming to be a genius is the closest I've come to actually being one.

Case in point: I read about a trail on the Mogollon Rim, called "Two-Sixty," that I thought would make a great hike. There were different accounts of it, though. Some sources said it was a couple of miles; others said the trail formed a long loop from which you could hop on and off — basically choosing your own adventure.

Nongenius that I am, I decided to go without much more investigation, except how to get to the trailhead.

I followed directions to the trailhead, but instead of finding Trail Two-Sixty, I found what seemed more like 260 trail options. No wonder everyone I talked to had never heard of the trail. It didn't exist — at least not there.

The key to my confusion was the Highline Trail, which starts at Trailhead Two-Sixty and roams along the base of the Rim, 51 miles to the Pine Trailhead at State Route 87. The trail was developed in the 1800s as a route connecting ranches and homesteads under the Rim. Designated as a National Recreation Trail in 1979, the Highline now affords outdoor enthusiasts the opportunity to hop off and on, depending on how far and how hard they want to hike. Its various side trails, such as Drew, See Canyon,

Promontory and others, were frequented by Western novelist Zane Grey during the 1920s. Now, they rolled out like a red-dirt carpet for this not-so-brilliant writer who'd mistaken the trailhead for the trail.

Because I'd gone all that way and was fully prepared for any kind of hike, and because all of the trails on the posted map were new to me, I decided to make the most of my poorly plotted outing and pick a route. On the map, I noticed that only one trail seemed to surmount the massive escarpment to the north. It was marked "Two-Sixty Trailhead/Military Sinkhole Trail #179." Instead of heading straight along the Highline, I took a right and headed north-east, upward into the rocky Rim wilderness to catch the view from the top.

Navigating portions of slick, red rock and gray limestone, the single-track trail led me through densely timbered slopes, and up and over the toes to the steep ankles of the escarpment. A slight breeze riffled through the branches of baby oaks, sultry-red manzanitas, and towering ponderosa pines and alligator junipers that seemed to stand like characters in an enchanted-forest fairy tale, so much so that I began looking around for the Seven Dwarfs. With an elevation change of nearly 1,000 feet in less than 3 miles, I hoped they might come along and carry me. But fate kept me on my feet while the trail's steep rises, bulbous rock out-

croppings and occasional latticework of felled snags kept me on my toes.

Cloaked by trees most of the way, the spotty views to the south of Tonto National Forest were breathtaking, but nothing like the top where the gamble of an unknown trail and the labor of a steep climb paid off in spades. The trail terminus is just south of Forest Service Road 300. Along the edge of the mammoth earthly uprising, I could look out over what seemed like the entire southern half of Arizona. What started out as a dumb mistake had turned into dumb luck. **AH**

trail guide

Length: Approximately 2.5 miles one way

Difficulty: Moderate to strenuous

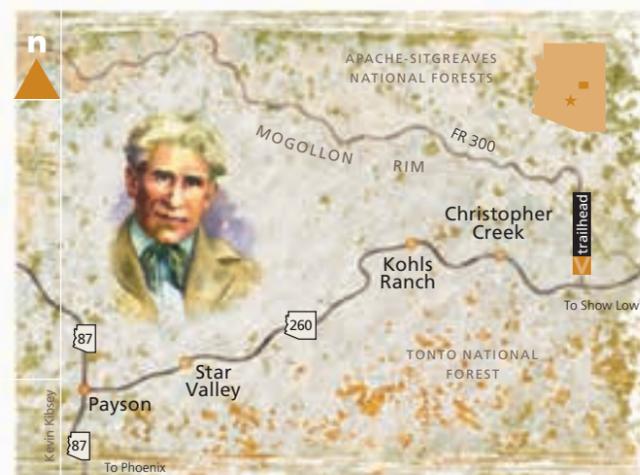
Elevation Gain: 1,000 feet

Payoff: Great views and petroglyphs

Getting There: Drive 27 miles east of Payson on State Route 260 past Christopher Creek. Just beyond the sign for Trailhead Two-Sixty, turn left from the highway into the trailhead parking lot.

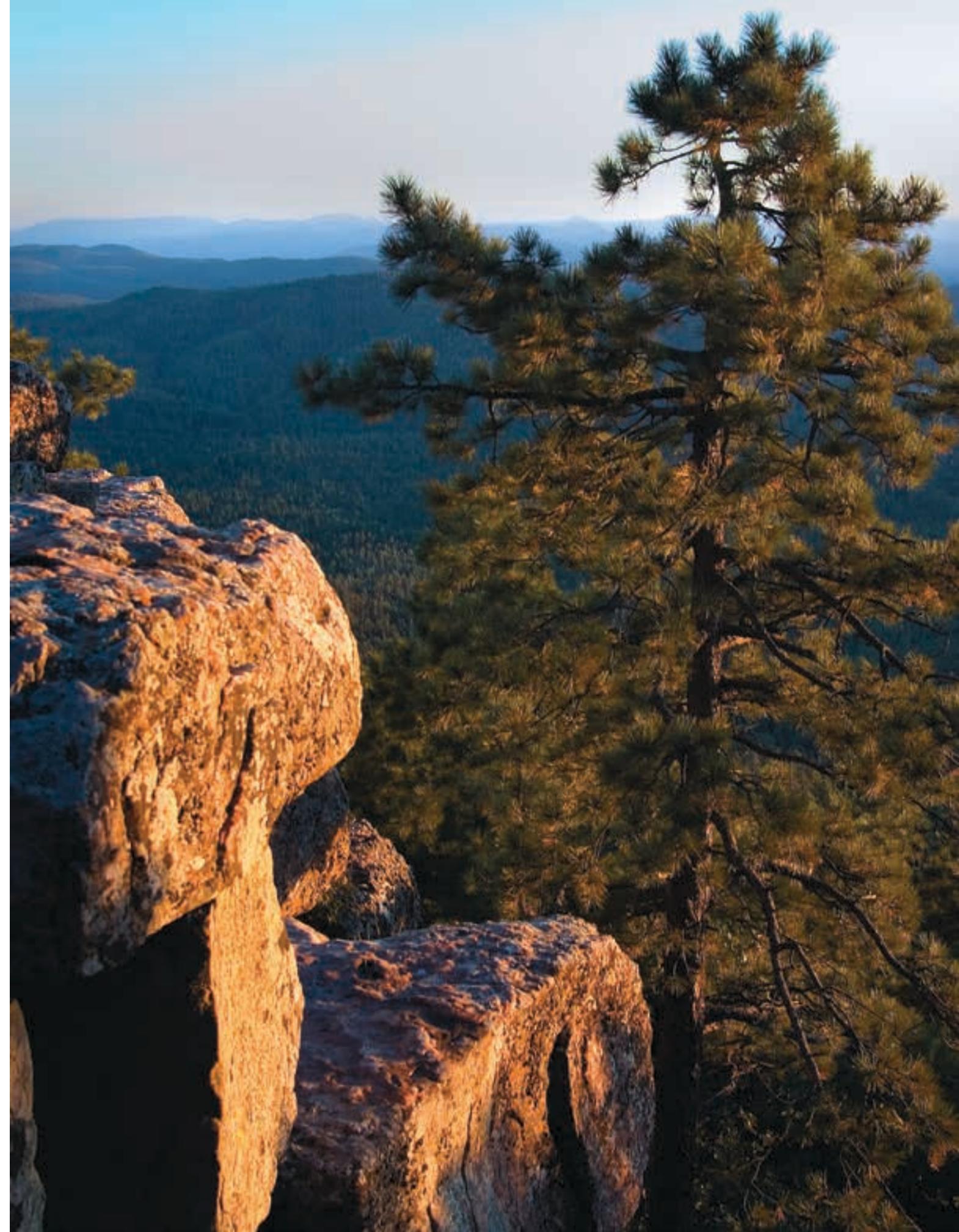
Travel Advisory: Use extreme caution when turning off the highway into the trailhead parking lot. There is no turn lane, and traffic moves very fast in both directions. Signal your intention to turn as soon as you see the sign. Avoid this hike during winter months or in the event of heavy rain on the Rim. Take plenty of water, snacks and a good map with a GPS device if possible. Do not hike alone.

Information: Payson Ranger District, 928-474-7900 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto



STICK IT OUT A walking stick adds balance and support on the Military Sinkhole Trail 179 (above), which follows the road originally built by General George Crook.

RIM'S REWARD The 2.5-mile uphill climb through juniper, Gambel oak and pine forest pays off in magnificent Mogollon Rim views (right) of the Tonto Basin to the south.





With a Paddle

Formed in the early 1900s when a creek near Arizona's first Territorial capital was dammed, this body of water is known for its distinctive granite rocks. Kayakers revel in the reservoir's glassy waters, while rock climbers clamber up the surrounding boulders. A National Recreation Trail with a vegetal name twists around the shore, cutting through a nearby eponymous riparian preserve. Cerulean waters, sun-warmed granite and clear mountain air ... those are the clues.

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KERRICK JAMES

IF ONLY IT WERE THIS EASY TO FRESHEN THE AIR.

We all know that trees take in carbon dioxide and give off oxygen through photosynthesis – making them nature's air fresheners. Which means trees may help slow global climate change. That's why it's so important to protect and replace them. Now you can join SRP and the U.S. Forest Service in reforesting Arizona land recently destroyed by fires. The task of planting thousands of ponderosa pine seedlings is enormous but vital. You can help by signing up for the Trees for Change program and electing to add \$3 to your monthly bill. SRP will match your contribution, with 100% of the funds going to Arizona tree planting efforts. To help, visit srpnet.com/trees.



