

Bisbee's  
Biggest Loser

Beer & Burgers  
in Flagstaff

Aspens, Aspens  
Everywhere

Scenic Drive:  
White Mountains

JULY 2008

# ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

## Fly-Fishing Guide

The state's best places to reel in  
a walleye, bass or rainbow trout

### PLUS:

Our Expert Offers  
Tips on the Best Flies  
for Landing Lunkers

### AND:

Two Brothers  
Attempt  
100 Summits  
in the Canyon



Features

14 Flying Around

It's one of the fastest-growing sports in America, it's something best experienced alone, and Arizona is the perfect place to get your feet wet. Really. We're not exaggerating. From Lee's Ferry in the north to Patagonia Lake in the south, Arizona ranks right up there when it comes to fly-fishing. To get you started, we've scouted 12 of the state's best fishing holes. We've even provided the flies. Sort of.

BY LEE ALLEN

22 Dressed in White

Like forests in Maine and Michigan and Minnesota, Arizona's woodlands are predominantly green. There are places, however, where a bright white shines through. These are the aspens, and as you'll see in this month's portfolio, they're simply beautiful.

32 Reaching New Heights

The Tomasi brothers aren't famous — not like the Wright Brothers or the Doobie Brothers. In and around the Grand Canyon, though, they're making a name for themselves as they try to conquer 100 summits in a canyon that isn't always conquerable. On a recent trip, they attempted one more.

WRITTEN & PHOTOGRAPHED BY LARRY LINDAHL

38 Gimme Shelter

It's a dry heat. That's the running joke in Arizona's hot spots. Although humidity levels never soar to what they do in Houston or St. Louis, the summer sun is merciless, and shade-based architecture is a lifesaver — the brute force of air conditioning isn't nearly enough. That's why canopied walkways are sprouting up in downtown Phoenix, and ramadas are all the rage all over the state.

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

Departments

2 EDITOR'S LETTER

3 CONTRIBUTORS

4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

5 THE JOURNAL

People, places and things from around the state, including life as a vet on the Navajo and Hopi reservations, a great place for beer and burgers in Flagstaff, and the man who lost millions in Bisbee.

44 BACK ROAD ADVENTURE

McNary to Vernon: History, scenery, cool breezes ... this spectacular route through the White Mountains has it all, including the right amount of peace and quiet.

46 HIKE OF THE MONTH

Cathedral Rock: Of all the red rocks in Sedona, this one is the most iconic. Its hike, however, is hardly a hike.

48 WHERE IS THIS?

online arizonahighways.com

July is the perfect month to head to the Grand Canyon, but before you do, read about wacky wildlife encounters in the Canyon at arizonahighways.com. Also, be sure to check out our summer aspen slideshow.

WEEKEND GETAWAY Explore the stark and rugged landscape of the Virgin River Gorge in Northwestern Arizona.

DISCOVER ARIZONA Find out what's happening this month with our 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 in this issue.

**SILVER LINING** Sunlight illuminates the bark on a quartet of aspens near Escudilla Mountain in the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests. Photograph by Laurence Parent  
 To order a print of this photograph, see information above.

**FRONT COVER** Secluded in the beaver-dammed shallows of the lush Little Colorado River near Greer, a fly fisherman casts for trout. Photograph by Richard Maack

**BACK COVER** Sunrise casts a boulevard of gold across Roosevelt Lake, silhouetting a stand of saguaros on the shore. Photograph by Larry Ulrich  
 To order a print of this photograph, see information above.



JEFF KIDA

With their smooth white bark and heart-shaped leaves, quaking aspens are among the most recognizable trees in Arizona. The thing is, they're not really trees. See page 22.



MOREY WILBRADT

FLY-FISHING ISN'T EASY. It takes patience, practice and proficiency. Ice fishing, on the other hand, doesn't require any of those things. In fact, the two variations of the same sport are about as different as Lake Powell and a bowl of Dr Pepper.

They're polar opposites. On one end is ice fishing. Although it attracts a few serious anglers, it's a sport better suited to guys named Otter, Stinky and The Big Swede — good old boys more concerned with fishing in the cooler for a can of Pabst than pulling a walleye through a hole in the ice.

At the other end is fly-fishing, a more sophisticated version of the sport — fly-fishing is the kind of thing you do to bond with your father-in-law, not your fraternity brother. Needless to say, there aren't a lot of ice-fishing opportunities in Arizona, but as you'll see in this month's cover story, the state is a mecca for the sport's well-bred cousin.

From Lee's Ferry in the north to Patagonia Lake in the south, Arizona features more than 400 lakes and streams, all of which have fly-fishing potential. In *Flying Around*, we'll tell you about 12 of the best options. At the top of the list is Lee's Ferry. In the fishing world, this place is world-famous. The blue-ribbon trout are the main attraction, but the surroundings are something special, too — located on the Colorado River, just downstream from Glen Canyon Dam, Lee's Ferry is hemmed in by 1,000-foot-high cliffs, making it one of the most dramatic places on Earth to catch a fish.

Less imposing but equally appealing is Oak Creek near Sedona. Because of its proximity to Phoenix, this little stream can get a little congested on weekends, which is why the smart fishermen tackle it on weekdays. Rainbow trout and smallmouth bass are the targets here. For catfish and crappies, Roosevelt Lake is king.

Of course, finding the fish is one thing; catching them is something else. You need the right flies, and we'll help you with that, too — our guide has all the specifics. Although many of the names are reminiscent of Dr. Seuss — Purple Skeezeldoggers, Lollygagging Loo-Hoos — simple midges work best at Lee's Ferry. You'll have to experiment, though, and when you do, keep your eyes peeled for the Tomasi brothers.

Unless you're a ranger or some other regular at the Grand Canyon, you probably don't know the Tomasi brothers. They aren't famous, and that's OK with them. They don't want to be famous. All they want to do is climb 100 of the most difficult peaks inside the Canyon. For their recent attempt of Claude Birdseye Point — a peak conquered by fewer than a half-dozen people — they let one of our writers tag along.

In *Reaching New Heights*, Larry Lindahl details the difficult climb, which was attempted in the middle of a hot and dangerous monsoon season. Why summer? "We needed a supplemental water source somewhere along the way," Larry explains. "Summer storms often hide water in remote rain pools high on ridges, but they also throw deadly spears of lightning." You'll have to read the story to find out if they made it, but you can assume it wasn't easy. The summer sun is merciless in Arizona.

That's why a growing number of architects around the state are focusing more and more on shade-based design. It seems obvious, but as Larry Cheek explains in *Gimme Shelter*, that's not the case. "All desert architecture ought to major in shade," he writes, "yet most of it doesn't. Since the 1950s, architects and homebuilders have largely battled the summer sun with the brute force of refrigeration rather than the grace of common sense."

Fortunately, because of an increasing concern for conservation, common sense is taking hold, and architectural shade is making a comeback. Like ice fishing, it's pretty simple. If you want to keep your beer from getting warm, you put it in a cooler. If you want to keep your house from getting warm, you surround it with shade. It's as simple as that. Just ask The Big Swede.

— Robert Stieve  
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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



LEE ALLEN

At the age of 3, Lee Allen caught his first fish in Vermont. Allen, with the help of his mother, cast his line upstream from a bridge. "I didn't find out about this until years later, but my dad was waiting on the other side of the bridge to see the line come down," Allen says. His father hooked a spotted bass he'd caught earlier to Allen's line, and Allen says he's been hooked on fishing ever since. Allen, who wrote this month's cover story (see *Flying Around*, page 14), lives in Tucson and writes a monthly outdoors column about anything with "blue skies, fresh air and sunshine" for *Inside Tucson Business*. He also writes for *Outdoor Life*, *Bassmaster* and *In-Fisherman*.



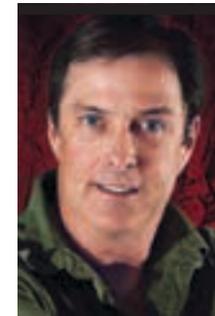
SUSAN LAMB

What began as a story about Dr. Adrienne Ruby, a veterinarian on the Hopi and Navajo reservations (see *Rez Vet*, page 6), turned into a lifelong friendship, says author Susan Lamb. "I liked her so much I said, 'If you ever need a place to stay in Flagstaff, come on down.'" Several times a year, when Dr. Ruby heads to the Northern Arizona town to collect supplies, she stays with Lamb. While reporting this story, Lamb had other tasks beyond writing. "You can't travel with Dr. Ruby without getting involved, so I was holding down sheep, and basically dealing with things around what she was doing," Lamb says.



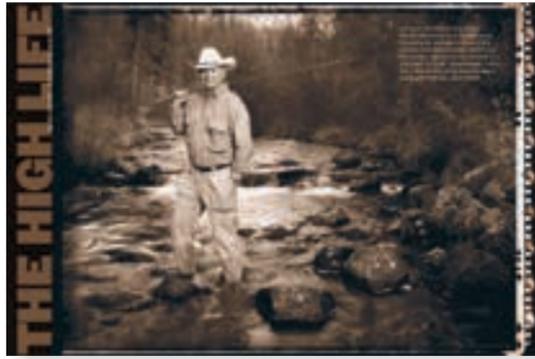
LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

The subject of shade — or lack of it — in desert architecture has been a frequent topic for writer Lawrence Cheek (see *Gimme Shelter*, page 38). Cheek says he remembers one architect who designed a shopping mall in Tucson with a two-story, west-oriented wall of mirrored glass facing a concrete plaza. "Any time April through October when people walked into that plaza in the afternoon, it would be a solar oven," Cheek says. Rain, not heat, is the main element in Seattle, where Cheek critiques architecture for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and teaches at the University of Washington. He has also written for *Architecture*, *Sunset* and the *Los Angeles Times Magazine*.



PAUL GILL

Photographer Paul Gill used a digital camera for the first time while shooting in the White Mountains (see *Back Road Adventure*, page 44). "I find it impersonal not to be able to hold the image in my hand and look at it," says Gill, who prefers his old-fashioned bellows camera. While shooting our story, Gill camped alone in the woods. "You get the elk screams all night long, and it's somewhat chilling. It's remote, but it's worth it to get away from the craziness of the city, especially in the summer." Gill, whose work includes postcards and calendars, has been making photographs for *Arizona Highways* since 2000.



**True to Form**

The magazine keeps getting better and better. Congratulations. *The High Life* by Tom Carpenter and David Zickl [January 2008] was one of the highlights of this issue and of many issues past. Reading true-life stories — and some that aren't really true life — of today and yesterday is what really brings Arizona to life. There must be a lot of other folks up there with stories to tell, and more of us sitting on the prairie waiting to read them.

*John Miller, Rock Island, Illinois*

**Thumbs Up Down Under**

I received my first direct copy [February 2008] of your wonderful magazine today; previously I have either read it whilst staying with friends in Phoenix, or they'd send bundles of them, which I have thoroughly enjoyed. We're fortunate to have visited the Grand Canyon three times, and in 1988 we walked from the top to the Colorado River (along the Bright Angel Trail) and back in one day. It took three days to recover, but what an experience. There's nothing of nature that is more awe-inspiring than the Grand Canyon. In my 75 years, I've yet to see anything that comes close.

*Ken Petrie, Montmorency, Australia*

**Good Old Joe's**

What a surprise to read the story of the Paria Plateau in the February 2008 issue [*Back Road Adventure*], and to see the picture of the house at Joe's. Let me tell you just how personal the story is to me. The Adams brothers owned Joe's in 1932, and then sold it to Jennings & Spence in 1944. Jarvis owned the other part of the Sand Hills Ranch, which he sold to Spence in 1941. In 1945, my

grandfather, A.M. Findlay, bought the entire Sand Hills Ranch. It remained in the family until 1978. I've spent time at Joe's in the heat of summer and the freezing cold of a winter day. I swam in the stock pond beneath the white rocks many times. This location was our winter ranch; the summer ranch was under the pink cliffs of Bryce Canyon National Park [in Southern Utah]. Each spring we would trail about 1,000 cattle from the Sand Hills Ranch to the Deer Spring Ranch in Utah, and then back to the Sand Hills in the fall. There are many stories and memories that I have about that fabled part of the country. Thanks for your magazine and the many wonderful articles and beautiful pictures.

*Jay Findlay, Snellville, Georgia*

**For Pete's Sake**

I've subscribed to *Arizona Highways* for many years now. Your March 2008 issue has an interview on page 6 [*Celebrity Q&A*] with [Diamondbacks President] Derrick Hall in which he states he'd like to see Sedona on a Harley Davidson. My son, Peter Ames (Iverson), died on his motorcycle in Sedona the night of Labor

Day 1996. I visited him there every year ... and I have a wonderful picture that he took one night from the road leading to the Sedona Airport when there was a fire on a distant mountain. Peter was one of a kind, and his memorial money was given to the Sedona Library, where he spent many hours reading and learning about the place he loved so much. In addition, a telescope piece was given to Sedona High School in his memory. Hooray for Derrick Hall and his interview!

*Jean M. Iverson, Naples, Florida*

**Like a Moth to a Flame**

Over three decades ago, my best friend moved to Phoenix from Buffalo, New York, and immediately sent me a gift subscription to *Arizona Highways*. What attracted me at first was the magnificent photography of this beautiful state. The magazine worked its magic, and now, after all these years, I have a home in Phoenix. I've only lived here for four months, but each day I see more and more of the beauty that drew me here in the first place. Keep up the great work — it drew me to Arizona like a moth to a flame.

*Morris I. Hesch, Phoenix*

**CORRECTION:** *In our story Along for the Ride (May 2008), we inadvertently left out contact information for Sedona MTB Adventures. To reach them, call 928-284-1246 or visit sedonamtbadventures.com.*

**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** On a July 1983 visit to Lake Powell, I read that it was declared full for the first time. In Gary Ladd's article [*Dam Big*, February 2008] he states that Lake Powell reached its high-water mark in June 1980. Which is correct?

*Gary England, Chandler*

**A** Both are correct. According to the Bureau of Reclamation, Lake Powell reached its initial "full pool" stage on June 22, 1980, then went through normal ups and downs due to evaporation, water usage and snowmelt. But in 1983, snowmelt exceeded the bureau's expectations, and the lake's water level threatened to top the dam, so Glen Canyon Dam's jet valves were opened to release the excess.

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



**Ready for Takeoff**

More than 600 volcanoes dominate Northern Arizona's San Francisco Volcanic Field. The volcanoes make ideal launchpads for paragliders like this one, who sprint down the slopes, leap, and soar above the grasslands buoyed by warm updrafts.

■ *Information: Coconino National Forest, 928-526-0866 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino.*



KATE THOMPSON



TOM BEAN

CELEBRITY Q & A

Janet Napolitano

Arizona Governor

by Dave Pratt

**AH: If you were trying to convince Governor Schwarzenegger that Arizona is one of the most beautiful places in America, where would you take him?**

**JN:** Jerome. It's wonderful to walk around the town's shops and galleries. From its history of being a mining boomtown to the artist haven we enjoy today, it's no wonder visitors love Jerome.

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

**JN:** A camera — even on a short hike you can see so many things that make this state so unique. From the desert landscape to the captivating mountain views, there's always a beautiful scene to capture.

**AH: If you were making a road trip to Sedona, which would you choose: Harley or a Mustang convertible?**

**JN:** Mustang convertible, because then you can take your friends with you.

**AH: What's your favorite place in Arizona?**

**JN:** There are so many wonderful places in Arizona, from the Grand Canyon to Tubac in Southern Arizona, from Bisbee to Lake Havasu. There are too many to pick just one.

**AH: Which version of the new Arizona quarter did you like best?**

**JN:** I liked the one Arizonans wanted — with the Grand Canyon in the upper background, the rising sun in the foreground, and the saguaro cactus. We are the Grand Canyon State, and these three elements represent the diverse landscape that makes up our state.

**AH: What three (or four) words would you use to describe Arizona?**

**JN:** Independent, strong, moving forward.

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

— Susan Lamb

PEOPLE  
Rez Vet

You've heard of rural doctors and rural vets. How about reservation vets? That's what Adrienne Ruby is, and she loves her native clients.

"EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD," Dr. Adrienne Ruby says, "I've enjoyed doing things the hard way."

"Hard way" is an understatement. Ruby is the Rez Vet, a mobile veterinarian who makes house calls across the Navajo and Hopi reservations. She operates — literally — from a pickup crammed with vaccines, antibiotics and medical instruments. She's performed surgery on a dog in the Tuba City car wash and developed X-rays under a blanket on her tailgate.

Ruby works three days a week at the DD Veterinary Clinic in Window Rock, but she'd rather be outside — even in rain, chill or blazing heat.

She holds clinics at reservation flea markets, explaining to shoppers how to care for their animals with medicines, bandages and store-bought supplements.

Fifteen years ago, Ruby was a conventional veterinarian in Oklahoma. That's when she spotted an ad for a vet to serve the Hopi Nation.

"It took me a year, but I finally came here to check it out," she remembers. "It's like Oklahoma used to be — the self-reliant people,

the 'make do with what you have' way of life."

After 10 years as the Hopi veterinarian, she ventured out to serve the remote reaches of the reservations.

"Sometimes when it gets tough," she admits, "I ask myself, 'What am I doing here? Do I think I'm some kind of saint?' And then I realize that, no, I just love the work!"

"Working out here," she adds, "I can understand why people's animals are so important to them. I can help them stick to their way of life, stay close to the land."

On her way to vaccinate a flock of sheep, Ruby fields calls about castrating horses and testing livestock for bluetongue. When word gets out that she's in the neighborhood, the pickups roll in, along with requests to vaccinate more sheep. She's always ready to help, even if it means working by headlamp into the night.

As she drives away from the ranch, a policeman pulls her over. She confesses she's having trouble with her taillights.

"Yes, I noticed that," the officer says. He pauses. "I have a little dog," he begins, "and he hasn't been eating like he should. ..."

Arriving home, Ruby hears a whimper. It's an abandoned puppy — filthy, dejected and tick-ridden. "At least he's healthy," she muses. "I can probably find a home for him at the flea market in Pinon tomorrow."

Tomorrow: another day, another life to save.

DINING

In Burgers They Trust

That's the motto at Beaver Street Brewery in Flagstaff, where the Hanseth family gives customers what they want: big burgers and homemade beer.

WINNIE HANSETH DOESN'T MINCE words when it comes to burgers. In fact, she sees things as being pretty much cut-and-dried. "Our Lumberjack burger is just a really big burger," Hanseth says. "And people like big burgers."

Hanseth, who owns Flagstaff's famed Beaver Street Brewery with her husband, Evan, and her parents, adds that a sense of family makes the brewery stand out from its counterparts.

"Our menu sells really well across the board, but that's not the only thing that makes a difference here," she says. "We work with our employees weekly and try to empower them. They have a special sense of ownership and pride in the restaurant."

That's how it was with the former tenants of the building. When Merle Sauer and Henry Hutchinson opened the Complete Food Market on the corner of Beaver Street and Phoenix Avenue in 1938, they learned each customer's name. As the market evolved into the Food Town Super Market in 1947 and eventu-

ally became one of the three largest groceries in Flagstaff during the 1960s, the down-home attitude continued.

"This is just a great location," says Hanseth, who converted the grocery into the brewery in 1994. "It always has been."

Today, the majority of the restaurant's summer visitors are out-of-towners who come for wood-fired pizzas, the Lumberjack and Beaver Street burgers, and meatloaf sandwiches, while winter visitors include Flagstaff locals who clamor for homemade chili and the "soup of the moment."

Of course, a brewery wouldn't be a brewery without beer, and that's what Beaver Street does best. With four regular potions on draft and a slew of seasonal offerings, Beaver Street's brewer works right behind the bar, conjuring up ales, stouts and lagers that are known for their intense colors and flavors. Try the Rail Head Red. A local favorite, it's brewed from a combination of crystal and caramel malts and aptly named for the restaurant's location — just one block north of Flagstaff's train station. Another good option is the Hefe Weizen, which won a gold medal at last year's Great American Beer Festival. Creamy, malty and slightly sweet, this superb wheat beer is the perfect way to wash down a Lumberjack.

■ Beaver Street Brewery is located at 11 S. Beaver Street in Flagstaff. For more information, visit [beaverstreetbrewery.com](http://beaverstreetbrewery.com) or call 928-779-0079.

— Kelly Kramer



GEOFF GOURLEY



MOREY MILBRADT

LODGING

## Elvis & Eggs Benedict

At Hacienda de la Mariposa in Camp Verde, you get more than a bed and breakfast, you also get a dose of the King.

REGGIE VINSON ANSWERS THE DOOR at Hacienda de la Mariposa wearing jeans, loafers with no socks, and chunky turquoise rings. He is lanky, loose-limbed and quick to smile. His wife, Kat, is just finishing a phone call.

The two seem an unlikely pair, at first. Reggie's wispy, ginger-colored hair and pale complexion form a sharp contrast to Kat's dark eyes and olive skin. And while Kat speaks with a deliberate Texas drawl, Reggie talks in staccato bursts.

The two take their arriving guests on a tour, and Reggie fires facts about his life in no particular order: "I've played guitar since I was 15," he says. "My mother was a gospel singer. I played with Liberace. My cousin is Minnie Pearl.

"There I am playing live at the Grand Ole Opry," he says, waving at a display wall. "These are my gold records." The framed records bear plaques that read "Rockin' Reggie Vinson" and include John Lennon's *Rock 'n' Roll* album, on which Reggie played bass, and several by Alice Cooper. Reggie played guitar and sang background vocals for *School's Out*, and co-wrote *Billion Dollar Babies*.

Kat bought the Hacienda four years ago from Donna Momeyer, who found her way to Camp Verde at the end of a life-changing journey. Momeyer and her husband, Mickey, bought five acres on the banks of Beaver Creek, built a Santa Fe-style B&B, and put a

butterfly on the gate to symbolize Donna's spiritual transformation.

They named their retreat Hacienda de la Mariposa, roughly "Butterfly Ranch," and decorated it with Mexican folk art depicting saints and crucifixes, planted gardens, and built a chapel they called Casita Milagros — "Little House of Miracles." Donna believed the place had power. "Not everyone finds us," she said at the time. "But everyone who comes through the gates is somehow transformed."

Kat certainly was. She came for a visit four years ago and fell in love with the B&B. When a butterfly alighted on her hand during a trip to Sedona, she took it as a sign and bought the place. Soon after, she married Reggie, and then things got rockin'.

The Vinsons cleared the banks and added a creek-side deck for guests. Each of the five guestrooms now has a hot tub. Most importantly, they filled the place with music. The Vinsons invite their guests into their apartment — which is packed with guitars, Elvis memorabilia and Kat's doll collection — and the recording studio where they write love songs to each other and compose music for films.

"Come on, honey, sing," Kat says, dragging each vowel. Reggie plucks up a guitar and, smiling, croons *Only the Lonely*.

"How 'bout *Kathy's Clown*?" Kat teases. "You need to learn that, because that's what you are."

The guests file out grinning, feeling like friends. "If you're bringing music, you're bringing people closer together," Kat says. "That's what music is about."

■ Hacienda de la Mariposa is located at 3875 Stagecoach Road in Camp Verde. For more information, visit [lamariposa-az.com](http://lamariposa-az.com) or call 888-520-9095.

— Kathy Montgomery

PHOTOGRAPHY

## Water Softener

If you've ever wondered how photographers make water look milky, here's a hint: It's all about shutter speed.

UNLESS YOU'VE LIVED IN THE SONORAN DESERT for a while, the daytime highs in July can be a little intimidating. It's hot. Hot enough to fry an egg on the pavement, which is demonstrated almost every summer by some broadcaster new to the Phoenix market. I'm used to the heat. In fact, I'm a card-carrying desert rat, but this time of year, I'm looking for green — as in higher elevations, cooler temperatures and generous expanses of shade. Because I live in the Valley of the Sun, getting to the green requires a road trip.

Whenever I can, I like to pack my cameras and head north in search of a summer oasis, climbing in elevation to the land of four seasons. One of my favorite places is the White Mountains, where tree-lined meadows and ribbons of cool streams crisscrossing verdant fields of native grasses abound. Water is critical to my game plan — my goal is to make a set of images that reinvigorate my parched perspective, and the chameleon-like characteristic of water is how I'll accomplish that. Unlike the immovable, angular terrain of the lower deserts, water presents all kinds of fresh, visual opportunities.

Ideally, I'll set up camp next to a beautiful high-mountain stream with a meadow stretched out before me, and distant aspens and conifers marking the horizon. In July, the glorious buildup of cumulonimbus clouds is common in the afternoon, marking the summer cycle of monsoon storms — humidity and fluidity are photographers' friends.

In the early hours I like to set my sights on dew-soaked grasses and backlit spider webs. For the close-up or detail shots, I always use a tripod, and I'll choose either a macro lens or a short telephoto. Later, as the sun angles high in the sky, I'll pull



The waterfall image on the left was made at 1/4 second while the one on the right was made at 1/500 second. The smaller aperture used with the slower shutter speed renders greater depth of field but gives the water a milky appearance. Photographs by Richard Maack

back under the shadows provided by mature trees using the soft, even light they provide. That's when I start looking for another photographers' friend — the meandering brook.

Ever since I was young, I've been mesmerized by moving water — creeks and streams, as well as the associated plants and animals. On a recent road trip, I found a spot with two small waterfalls, and working from a tripod, I began to compose the image. I wanted everything to be in focus near to far, meaning the lens had to be stopped down to its smallest aperture. In order to maintain the highest image quality, I set the ISO (light sensitivity) on my digital camera to its lowest setting: 200 (for some cameras it's 100). This might seem counterintuitive in low light, but most of today's cameras provide the least amount of noise (graininess) and greatest dynamic range at these lower ISO settings.

With the aperture and ISO set, I chose a slow shutter speed — in this case, 1/4 second. The final image had the look of "milky water," because the entire time the shutter was open, the movement of the water was being recorded, rendering a blur. After checking the images on my laptop, I was happy. Happy with the photos I'd made, and happy I wasn't fighting the heat back in Phoenix.

— Jeff Kida, photo editor

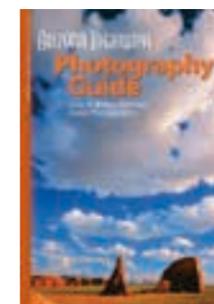


PHOTO TIP

No Speed Limits

When photographing water, there are no absolutes. The laws of physics dictate some of the choices you make, and personal taste dictates others. Consider this: Water can be a solid, liquid or gas, and it takes on the color and shape of the container in which

it's held. As a subject, it truly is a chameleon. What you have to decide is which facet you want to capture. So, the next time you're photographing moving water, try using different shutter speeds. Start with 1/500 second, then 1/125 second. If the light is low

enough, try shooting at 1/15 second or less. Look at the results on your computer, weighing motion with depth of field. The choice is yours.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Look for *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available now at bookstores and [arizonahighways.com](http://arizonahighways.com).

online For more photography tips and information, visit [arizonahighways.com](http://arizonahighways.com) and click on "Photography."

HISTORY

# It's All Mine

Although George Warren gets credit for discovering copper in Bisbee, the claim was actually staked by Jack Dunn — Warren just ripped him off.

THE STORIES USUALLY WENT SOMETHING like this: A prospector digging for precious metal in Arizona's mountains strikes a rich vein. He notes the location, and then moseys into the nearest town to stake his claim and celebrate at the local saloon. News of the discovery travels, and other fortune hunters flock to the area in search of their own treasures — usually silver or gold, but not always.

In 1877, when Army scout Jack Dunn found rich ore samples in Southern Arizona's Mule Mountains, he was looking for gold or silver, but what he found — copper — changed the course of history in Arizona. Not only was Dunn's discovery unusual, it was timely.

The arrival of railroads in the Arizona Territory and rapid industrial development in the eastern United States created a huge market for copper, which was in high demand for electricity, plumbing and telephone lines.

The mining camp that soon developed near Dunn's discovery became the town of Bisbee, which earned a reputation as the "Queen of the Copper Camps." For nearly a century, copper provided Bisbee residents with paychecks — in all, its mines produced 8 billion pounds of copper. And it all started when Dunn struck a deal with a colorful prospector named George Warren.

Dunn grubstaked Warren, and in return, Warren agreed to give Dunn half of the claims he'd staked. But instead, Warren staked claims in his name only, cheating Dunn out of his shares. Warren has been credited with the discovery of the Copper Queen Mine, but he owned only a one-ninth share. The prospector's underhandedness, however, wasn't his only claim to fame.



This C.S. Fly portrait of George Warren served as the model for Arizona's state seal when it was designed in 1910.

COURTESY BISBEE MINING AND HISTORICAL MUSEUM

Warren, like many others in those days, had a great fondness for whiskey, and he was a fixture in the saloons along Bisbee's Brewery Gulch. During one of his drinking binges, Warren lost his Copper Queen Mine shares on a bet that he could outrun a horse — over time, those shares would amount to \$20 million. Despite the loss, Warren continued to mine and work in Bisbee. He also continued drinking whiskey. In 1892, he died penniless and insane.

Today, Bisbee's past is still present in the town's twisting and uneven streets and its historic buildings, such as the Copper Queen Hotel. Brewery Gulch is still home to a few saloons, the Queen Mine offers daily tours, and the Bisbee Mineral and Historical Museum showcases the town's mining legacy.

■ For more information, call 520-432-5421 or visit [bisbearizona.com](http://bisbearizona.com). — Sally Benford

NATURE

# Winged Wizards

Their name comes from a fairy tale, but dragonflies are very real, especially in the Grand Canyon State, where 128 species hover in the air.

AN OLD ROMANIAN FAIRY TALE TELLS OF an evil spirit turning a man's horse into a giant insect with wings. The townspeople called it "devil's fly," and because the Romanian word for devil also meant dragon, the modern name dragonfly was born.

These predator insects, however, aren't exactly modern. Fossils dating back 325 million years — before dinosaurs and flowering plants existed — contain dragonflies with wingspans up to nearly 2.5 feet, or longer than a household flyswatter.

Today's diminutive descendants are part of the Odonata order. In ancient Greek, Odonata meant "toothed ones," an allusion to the ability of young dragonflies, or nymphs, to instantly extend their hinged lower jaws to capture prey. Although today's dragonflies are much smaller than their ancestors, some adults have mandibles that open wide enough to bite a human finger.

Before they ever get that big, though, dragonfly nymphs live underwater for an average of one to two years, breathing through gills and hunting small invertebrates — even tadpoles. These juveniles molt six to 15 times before emerging into the world above the water as adults with wings.

In a place like Arizona, where water is hard to come by, one might think dragonflies are out of their element. Turns out, at least 128 species flourish here. None of them are native, but several Mexican species have ranges that extend into the



Red skimmer dragonfly

MARTY CORDANO

needle," comes from parents who tried to quiet rambunctious children with the threat of a frightful insect that would sew their mouths shut. It's not true, by the way.

July and August are the best times to catch a glimpse of these nimble insects. The Boyce Thompson Arboretum in Superior hosts guided dragonfly walks through early September. Common sightings include blue dashers and Mexican amber wings, both of which breed in Ayers Lake. The variegated meadowhawk appears in early spring and again in the fall. A mosaic of grays, whites and pale reds makes the meadowhawk easy to spot. In addition, this wide-ranging species often flies far from running water, so it can be seen all over the state.

If luck prevails, a rare turquoise-tipped darner might flit past, flaunting its lime-green and bright-blue markings. This species, which typically ranges southward from Mexico to Ecuador and Peru, recently began including Southern Arizona and Texas in its range.

Although dragonflies don't hoard gold or breathe fire, they're creatures with a link to an ancient past, and that's not a fairy tale.

— Leah Duran

## 50

### years ago

in arizona highways



Spanish explorers called it *Desierto Pintado*, but most people know it as the Painted Desert. In our July 1958 issue, we explored the geology and history of that colorful desert. We also looked at nearby Petrified Forest National Park. With the world's largest concentration of petrified wood, 225 million-year-old fossils and several historic sites, this spectacular and colorful region still attracts visitors from all over the world.

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

- On July 6, 1900, Wyatt Earp's brother Warren was shot and killed during a fight at Winslow's Headquarters Saloon, where he tended bar.
- On July 7, 1981, President Ronald Reagan made history when he appointed Sandra Day O'Connor to the U.S. Supreme Court. O'Connor, an Arizona native, became the first woman to serve on the high court. She filled the seat vacated by Associate Justice Potter Stewart.
- On July 12, 1917, armed vigilantes loaded more than 1,100 striking miners in Bisbee into filthy boxcars and abandoned them in New Mexico — a pivotal event in Arizona history known as the Bisbee Deportation.

### nature factoid

**Humpback Chub**  
 Anything with the word chub in its name presumably would be ... well, chubby. Yet, an Arizona fish called the humpback chub is anything but. Its body is streamlined, other than the signature hump between its head and dorsal fin. The hump directs the flow of water over the fish, allowing it to maintain its position in swift currents.





MARTY CORDANO

THINGS TO DO

## Bisbee's Coaster Race

**July 4** America's oldest, longest and fastest gravity-powered race takes place during Bisbee's Fourth of July celebration. For the race, kids (ages 9-16) guide coasters down Tombstone Canyon, which drops 300 feet in 1.5 miles. The race ends near the Main Street post office. From its humble beginnings in 1914, the coaster race became an annual event in 1993.

■ Information: 520-432-6002 or [bisbearizona.com/content](http://bisbearizona.com/content).

### VERDE CANYON AT NIGHT

Verde Canyon Railroad's "Saturday Night Starlight Train" offers a cool respite from the summer heat, as well as a close-up look at the nocturnal beauty of the canyon.

■ Information: 800-320-0718 or [verdecanyonrr.com](http://verdecanyonrr.com).



COURTESY SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM



## Prescott Indian Art

The 11th Annual Prescott Indian Art Market takes place July 12-13 at the Sharlot Hall Museum. Outstanding Native American painters, weavers, potters and jewelers show their wares at this juried show, which features traditional and contemporary arts and crafts. Musical entertainment is also included.

■ Information: 928-445-3122 or [sharlot.org](http://sharlot.org).



### CELTIC MUSIC IN FLAGSTAFF

The 11th Annual Arizona Celtic Heritage Festival takes place July 19-20 in Flagstaff. Children's activities include the oatmeal toss (messy, but fun), while older generations can compete in a tug of war, highland dances, solo bagpipe playing and Scottish athletic endeavors. Celtic music, whiskey tastings, traditional foods, displays and workshops are also included.

■ Information: 928-556-3161 or [nachs.info](http://nachs.info).

**July 19-20**



## Willcox Peach Harvest

Head to Willcox for the annual peach harvest, which takes place on weekends from July 26 to August 17. Highlights include "all you can eat" pancakes-with-peaches breakfasts, picking your own peaches, hayrides, peach pie and peach ice cream.

■ Information: 520-384-2084 or [appleannies.com](http://appleannies.com).

**July 26**

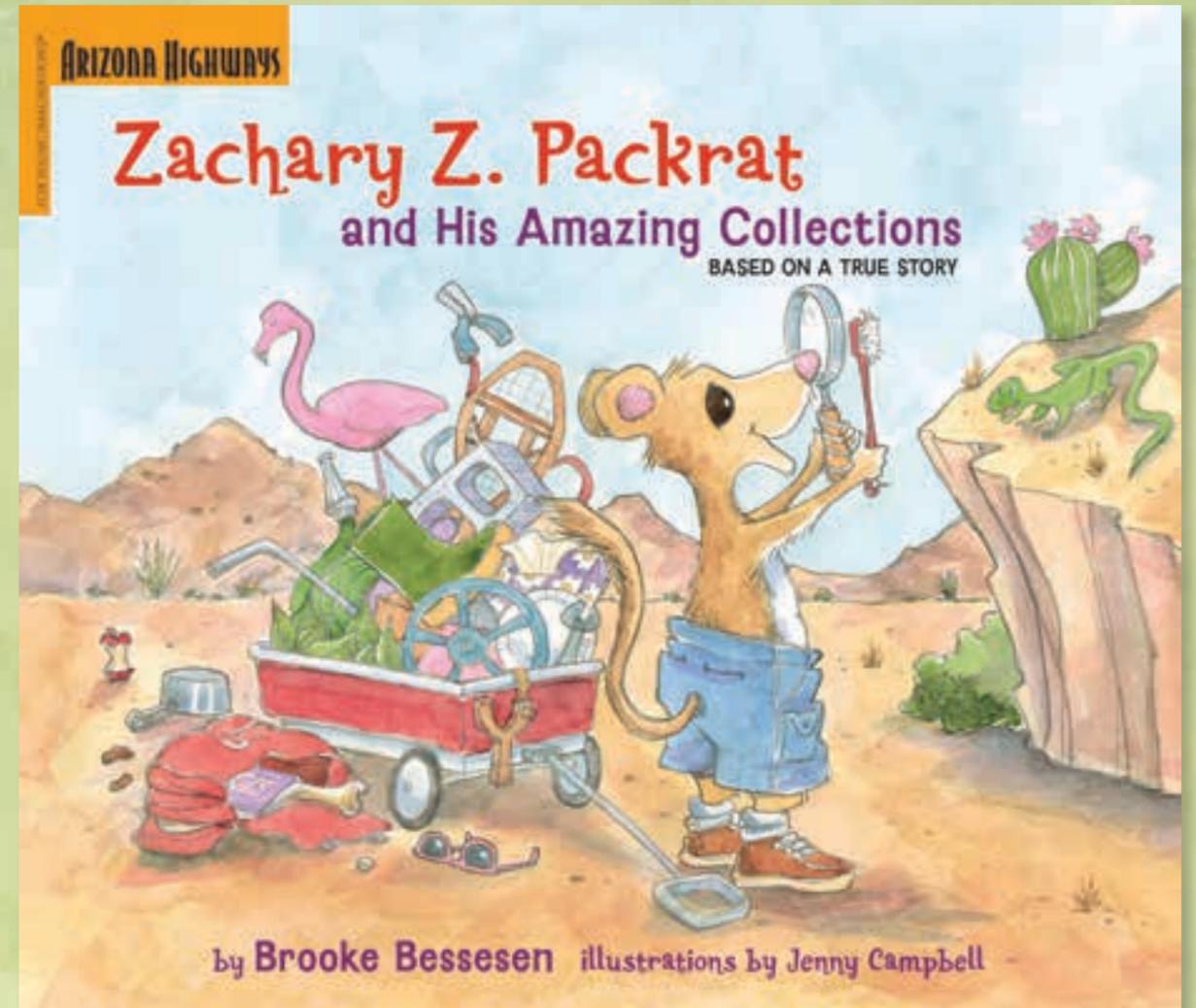
### PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOPS

If you'd like to learn from the best landscape photographers in the world, sign up for one of the many photography workshops conducted by the Friends of Arizona Highways.

■ Information: 888-790-7042 or [friendsofazhighways.com](http://friendsofazhighways.com).

# One for the Kids.

It's true, we produce dozens of award-winning guidebooks and photography books, but we publish children's books as well.



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Our newest children's book, *Zachary Z. Packrat and His Amazing Collections*, tells the tale of a likable little critter with a zest for collecting things and stashing them in his home. Filled with facts, rhymes and illustrations, this book is both educational and entertaining.

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Visit [arizonahighways.com](http://arizonahighways.com) or call 800-543-5432.

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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS



# FLYING AROUND

It's one of the fastest-growing sports in America, it's something best experienced alone, and Arizona is the perfect place to get your feet wet. Really. We're not exaggerating. From Lee's Ferry in the north to Patagonia Lake in the south, Arizona ranks right up there when it comes to fly-fishing. To get you started, we've scouted 12 of the state's best fishing holes. We've even provided the flies. Sort of.





**FLY-FISHING** has been called an art, a science, and a Zen-like activity shrouded in mystique. That's what the so-called thinkers say. For the men and women who actually get their feet wet, definitions are irrelevant. All that really matters is the experience — the art of trying to trick a fish into striking a virtually weightless imitation of an insect.

From Lee's Ferry, the state's mecca for blue-ribbon trout, to Arivaca Lake near Tucson, where red-ear sunfish will swarm your Pencil Poppers, Arizona offers fly-fishing enthusiasts a boatload of options. Monotony is not an issue here. In all, the Grand Canyon State is home to 85 species of fish that inhabit more than 300 cold-water streams and 100-plus lakes and reservoirs. Chest waders, float tubes, kick boats, kayaks, canoes ... depending on the waterway and weather conditions, any one of these might be necessary for a successful outing in Arizona.

What follows, in no particular order, are some of our favorite places to cast about. Like reviewing a new restaurant or a local production of *Hamlet*, picking a favorite fishing hole is mostly subjective. Still, it's hard to argue with any of these spots; the only debate is which of the 300,000 flies you should use. By the way, in case you're wondering, we'll help you with that, too.

LAKE POWELL



COLLEEN MINIUK-SPERRY

**1 LEE'S FERRY**

There's a reason Lee's Ferry is world-famous. It doesn't get any better than this — not in Arizona, anyway. Unique in its possibilities, this hot spot on the Colorado River confronts and confounds anglers with clear and cold water (50 degrees year-round), hemmed in by 1,000-foot-high cliffs. Dry fly-fishing is at its best in the summer months, when monsoon rains wash grasshoppers, cicadas, ants and beetles into the river, and shallow nymphing invites strikes.

- Directions: From Page, drive south 25 miles on U.S. Route 89; turn right onto U.S. Route 89A and head north 14.5 miles.
- Elevation: 3,100 feet
- Fish: Rainbow trout, brown trout and cutthroat trout
- Suggested Flies: Scuds and midges live here, so use look-alike artificial flies.
- Fishable Miles: 15
- Guide Services: Terry Gunn, 800-962-9755
- Information: 928-608-6200, nps.gov/glca or leesferry.com

**2 LAKE POWELL**

This scenic wonder, which boasts 1,900 miles of shoreline, is the second-largest reservoir in the country. The fishing is something special. Among other things, cliff walls surrounding the deep, clear, canyon lake provide excellent casting spots for fishing cracks, corners and rock rubble, and the walls provide some welcome shade. Striped bass guard the lake's shaded coves, while Wahweap Bay traditionally gives up the larger rainbow trout and brown trout. Other popular trout waters are near Glen Canyon Dam, Last Chance Bay and Padre Bay. The upper San Juan River is another good option.

- Directions: From Page, drive north on U.S. Route 89 to the south entrance to Wahweap Bay. Shuttle service is available within the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area.
- Elevation: 3,700 feet
- Fish: Largemouth bass, smallmouth bass, striped bass, crappies, sunfish, walleye and catfish
- Suggested Flies: Streamers, Poppers and chartreuse or white Clousers
- Fishable Miles: 186
- Guide Services: Ambassador Guides & Outfitters, 800-256-7596 or ambassadorguides.com
- Information: 928-608-6200, nps.gov/glca or fishpowell.com

**3 OAK CREEK**

If you're fishing Oak Creek downstream from Sedona, you can expect both rainbow trout and smallmouth bass. Upstream, from Grasshopper Point and beyond, you'll find excellent waters for rainbow trout and brown trout. The truth is, there aren't any bad areas in the summer because the Arizona Game and Fish Department stocks the creek almost every week, particularly at access points near trailheads, pullouts and campgrounds. Most of the fish will feed in the fastest currents, rather than in calmer pools. A dry/dropper setup will sometimes produce strikes on both flies.

RANDY PRENTICE



**CHECK YOUR FLY** Fisherman Ken Winton carefully ties a fly to simulate a tempting insect. Photograph by Richard Maack

- Directions: From Sedona, drive north on State Route 89A past Slide Rock State Park.
- Elevation: 3,000 to 6,000 feet
- Fish: Rainbow trout, brown trout and smallmouth bass
- Suggested Flies: Royal Stimulators and Bead-head Pheasant Tail nymphs
- Fishable Miles: 50
- Guide Services: Ben Koller, 623-412-3474 or thehookupoutfitters.com
- Information: 928-203-7500, www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino, 928-692-7700 or azgfd.gov

**4 BLACK RIVER (EAST & WEST FORKS)**

Two of the most productive fly waters in the state are in the alpine zone of the White Mountains. If you enjoy company, head for the East Fork, where numerous riffles, runs and pools are perfect for small-stream anglers in search of rainbow trout and brown trout. If you seek solitude — and Apache trout — head to the West Fork and use Hare's Ear and Pheasant Tail nymphs in the 11 miles of water flowing downstream to the White Mountain Apaches' Fort Apache Indian Reservation. Farther south, it gets more rugged and requires some effort to chase smallmouth bass



BLACK RIVER



WHITE RIVER

JERRY JACKA

that can be found en masse. River bass like to hang out on the lee side of a current break — downstream of submerged logs, boulders and rock outcroppings — in order to let drifting insects (aquatic and terrestrial) come to them.

- ||| **Directions:** For directions to any part of the Black River, call the White Mountain Apache Tribe Wildlife & Outdoor Recreation Division (928-338-4385). Road conditions change frequently because of washouts.
- ||| **Elevation:** 4,500 to 8,000 feet
- ||| **Fish:** Rainbow trout, brown trout, brook trout, Apache trout and smallmouth bass
- ||| **Suggested Flies:** Stoneflies, Caddis, Hare's Ear, Pheasant Tails and Yellow Stimulators
- ||| **Fishable Miles:** 115
- ||| **Permit Required:** White Mountain Apache Tribal permit
- ||| **Guide Services:** Troutback Guide Service, 928-532-3474
- ||| **Information:** 928-338-4385 or wmatoutdoors.org

## 5 WHITE RIVER (NORTH FORK)

South of Williams Creek National Fish Hatchery you'll find 25 miles of fishable waters that drain from Mount Baldy into the White River. Just above where the North Fork meets the East Fork, the waters are clear and cold, and caddis and mayfly hatches usually dictate which flies to use.

- ||| **Directions:** From Pinetop, drive south on State Route 73 through Whiteriver to the Fort Apache turnoff. Turn east and drive to the bridge. The confluence is upstream 100 yards.
- ||| **Elevation:** 5,000 to 7,000 feet
- ||| **Fish:** Brown trout and Apache trout
- ||| **Suggested Flies:** Stoneflies, Caddis, Mayflies, Woolly Buggers and Yellow Sallys
- ||| **Fishable Miles:** 25
- ||| **Permit Required:** White Mountain Apache Tribal permit
- ||| **Guide Services:** Arizona Mountain Fly-fishing, 928-339-4829
- ||| **Information:** 928-338-4385 or wmatoutdoors.org

## 6 LAKE PLEASANT

This might be one of the best-kept secrets in the Southwest. Lake Pleasant is a fly-fishing destination with several kinds of bass and a healthy dose of crappies. Threadfin shad abound here, as well. That's important because sport fish will usually follow the shad into the creek channels in the spring, and into the open water in the summer.

- ||| **Directions:** From Phoenix, drive north on Interstate 17 to the Carefree Highway exit. Turn left onto Carefree Highway and drive west 11 miles to Pleasant Harbor Boulevard. Turn right on Pleasant Harbor Boulevard and drive 1 mile to the marina entrance.
- ||| **Elevation:** 1,700 feet
- ||| **Fish:** White bass, striped bass, largemouth bass, crappies, sunfish, channel catfish, flathead catfish, carp and tilapia
- ||| **Suggested Flies:** Poppers and Streamers in shad patterns
- ||| **Fishable Miles:** 110 miles of shoreline
- ||| **Guide Services:** Ben Koller, 623-412-3474 or thehookupoutfitters.com
- ||| **Information:** 928-501-1710, 602-977-7377 or azmarinas.com

## 7 BARTLETT RESERVOIR

Offering little vegetation and, frequently, stained water, Bartlett Reservoir is home to a fantastic population of fat largemouth bass in the 2- to 4-pound range ready to follow



shad and crawfish imitations. Sinking lines with 12- to 15-pound leaders are a staple, as are brown, purple, chartreuse and pumpkin lure colors. Fish tend to stack up on the steep banks in order to move up and down with water fluctuations. They typically stay close to the bank upstream from the Jojoba boat launch to the mouth of the Verde River.

- ||| **Directions:** From Phoenix, drive north on State Route 51 to State Route 101 East. Drive east on SR 101 to the Pima/Princess Road exit. Turn left (north) onto Pima Road and drive approximately 10.5 miles to Cave Creek Road; turn east on Cave Creek Road and drive 4 miles. Turn right onto Bartlett Dam Road and drive 13 miles to the marina.
- ||| **Elevation:** 1,600 feet
- ||| **Fish:** Largemouth bass, smallmouth bass, crappies, sunfish and catfish
- ||| **Suggested Flies:** Streamers, Damsel Dragonflies, and anything in a crawfish pattern
- ||| **Fishable Miles:** 12
- ||| **Guide Services:** Ben Koller, 623-412-3474 or thehookupoutfitters.com
- ||| **Information:** 602-225-5200, rimaz.com, 602-316-3378 or bartlettlake.com



ROBERT McDONALD

ROOSEVELT LAKE

## 8 ROOSEVELT LAKE

Since Roosevelt Dam was completed in the early 1900s, this granddaddy of the state's reservoirs has been a popular summertime attraction — especially when water levels rise, flooding additional shoreline cover for its finned inhabitants. Local anglers say it's the best crappie lake in the United States, with an estimated 10 million crappies swimming about.

- ||| **Directions:** From Phoenix, head north on State Route 87, turn right onto State Route 188, and continue east for 31 miles past Roosevelt Dam. Turn left into the parking area.
- ||| **Elevation:** 2,200 feet
- ||| **Fish:** Largemouth bass, smallmouth bass, crappies, sunfish, catfish and carp
- ||| **Suggested Flies:** Anything that looks like a threadfin shad
- ||| **Fishable Miles:** 23
- ||| **Guide Services:** Ben Koller, 623-412-3474 or thehookupoutfitters.com
- ||| **Information:** 602-225-5200 or rimaz.com



APACHE LAKE

## 9 APACHE LAKE

Surrounded by the Superstition Wilderness and the Three Bar Wildlife Area, this 17-mile-long snake of a lake, second in the chain of four on the Salt River, offers views of bighorn sheep, eagles and javelinias, as well as caches of bass and crappie. In fact, Apache Lake supports a world-class yellow bass fishery that tends to be underutilized. The Arizona Game and Fish Department stocked the lake with Kamloop- and McConaughy-strain rainbow trout several years ago, and some of their offspring might still be around.

- Directions: From Apache Junction, drive 18 miles on State Route 88, the Apache Trail, past Canyon Lake to Tortilla Flat. Continue on the partially unpaved road for 15 miles.
- Elevation: 1,900 feet
- Fish: Rainbow trout, largemouth bass, smallmouth bass, yellow bass, crappies and walleyes
- Suggested Flies: Streamers, Damsel Dragonflies, and anything in a crawfish pattern
- Fishable Miles: 17
- Guide Services: LeRoy Price, 928-425-3037
- Information: 928-467-3200, rimaz.com, 928-467-2511 or apachelake.com

## 10 ARIVACA LAKE

Forget trout. Think bass or their relatives, red-ear sunfish that weigh up to 2 pounds and put a severe bend in a light-line fly-fishing rod. The remote lake, formed by a dam on Arivaca Creek, lies in a valley with mountains all around. Scenery abounds; services do not. What you'll find is a single-lane launch ramp, pit toilets and big bass up to 10 pounds. On the rare occasion when the fish aren't biting, you can drive a little farther

south to the privately owned ghost town of Ruby, and buy an \$18 permit to fish Ruby Lake, a shallow, brush-infested former mining reservoir.

- Directions: From Tucson, drive south on Interstate 19 to Arivaca Road, follow the pavement until it turns into a dozen miles of dirt road, turn left and continue a final 2.3 bumpy miles to the lakeside.
- Elevation: 3,700 feet
- Fish: Largemouth bass, sunfish and channel catfish
- Suggested Flies: Pencil Poppers and Lefty's Deceivers
- Fishable Miles: 90 surface acres
- Guide Services: Carlos Gibbs, 520-326-1426; Dry Creek Outfitters, 520-326-7847 or drycreekoutfitters.net
- Information: 520-388-8300 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado

**BARE COUNTRY** After a hard day of catching Apache trout on the Black River, a fly fisherman kicks back in his tent in the White Mountains. Photograph by Don B. Stevenson



DIANNE DIETRICH/LEIS

## 11 PATAGONIA LAKE

Patagonia Lake State Park, fed by a year-round natural stream, has been called a treasure in the desert. Boats of all sizes are allowed on half of the lake, while the other half is a no-wake zone. Both halves are home to several varieties of fish, including record-sized green sunfish. Rental boats are available, as are fishing licenses, groceries, gasoline and tackle.

- Directions: Drive east on Interstate 10 to State Route 83 and go south to the four corners in Sonoita. Turn right onto State Route 82 and continue to Patagonia Lake, 7 miles past the town of Patagonia.
- Elevation: 4,000 feet
- Fish: Rainbow trout, largemouth bass, crappies, sunfish and catfish
- Suggested Flies: Poppers, Clouser Minnows, Wigglebugs and crawfish imitations
- Fishable Miles: 3
- Guide Services: Carlos Gibbs, 520-326-1426
- Information: 520-287-6965 or azparks.gov

## 12 LITTLE COLORADO RIVER

Starting in the high mountains of Eastern Arizona and running for miles through alpine meadows, *cieneegas* and cow pastures to its end at the Grand Canyon, the Little Colorado feeds some big reservoirs — Sunrise Lake and Big Lake. Trout inhabit the river's 11,000-foot-high headwaters down to its 6,000-foot elevation. Look for brown trout, mostly, but rainbow trout are stocked extensively near Greer.

- Directions: The river is reachable downstream from Bunch Reservoir and River Reservoir in Greer. Anglers may also fish meadow streams near the Molly Butler Lodge, 109 Main Street, Greer.
- Elevation: 7,000 to 9,000 feet
- Fish: Rainbow trout, brook trout and brown trout
- Suggested Flies: Stoneflies, Mayflies, Caddis and Woolly Buggers
- Fishable Miles: 23
- Guide Services: Troutback Guide Service, 928-532-3474; Arizona Mountain Fly-fishing, 928-339-4829 or azmtflyfishing.com
- Information: 520-367-4281, azgfd.gov or greerarizona.com

From the Green Mountains of his native Vermont to the White Mountains of his adopted Arizona, Lee Allen has experimented with the art of angling for more than six decades. He subscribes to the theory that the best time to go fishing is whenever you have the chance.

DON B. STEVENSON



LITTLE COLORADO RIVER

### LICENSES & PERMITS

Arizona Game and Fish Department's 2008 angling regulations include 58 pages of detail, but here's a summary of what you'll find:

- A valid fishing license is required for all anglers age 14 and older who plan to fish any public-accessible waters in Arizona. Class A general fishing licenses cost \$23.50 for residents (\$70.25 for nonresidents), and require an additional stamp (\$15.75 resi-

dents, \$57.75 nonresidents) to take trout. Licenses and stamps are available at any Game and Fish office, or from 340 dealers statewide, including sporting goods stores, bait and tackle shops, and convenience stores. They're also available at azgfd.gov, or by calling 866-462-0433.

- Tribal permits are required for all outdoor activities on the White Mountain Apache

Tribe's Fort Apache Reservation. A daily fishing permit for anyone age 15 and older is \$6 (annual cost is \$65). A juvenile daily permit for ages 10-14 is \$3, or \$32 for the year. Separate permits are required for camping and boating. For more information, contact the White Mountain Apache Tribal Business Offices, 877-338-9628 or the tribe's Wildlife and Outdoor Recreation Division, 928-338-4385 or wmatoutdoors.org.



a portfolio |

# DRESSED IN WHITE

Like forests in Maine and Michigan and Minnesota, Arizona's woodlands are predominantly green. There are places, however, where a bright white shines through. These are the aspens, and as you'll see in this month's portfolio, they're simply beautiful.

**P***Populus tremuloides*. That's the Latin name. In English, they're known as "quaking aspens" — forest rangers and tree huggers like to call them "quakies." Whatever name you choose, there's no mistaking a quaking aspen. Its smooth white bark is easily recognized in Arizona's evergreen forests. The leaves are unique, too. Heart-shaped with finely saw-toothed margins, they attach to branches with a long and flattened petiole, so even the slightest breeze causes the leaves to flutter — this is where the quaking aspen gets its name.

Aspens are often confused with birch trees; however, other than the color of their bark, they have very little in common. In fact, aspens are so unique, you could argue they're not even trees at all. Instead, a stand of aspens is really a single organism where the main life force is underground. Think of aspens as enormous one- to 20-acre root systems that remain hidden underground until there's enough sunlight to make the roots sprout up white things called trunks, which then give birth to green things called leaves. This is known as asexual reproduction. Only after severe fire, and under ideal climatic conditions, will aspens reproduce sexually as flowering plants.

Asexual reproduction from root systems offers several benefits, including longevity. Aspen "clones," as the individual root systems are called, can live to be thousands of years old. The oldest known clone in existence, called Pando, is located in central Utah. Scientists estimate it to be 80,000 years old, which makes the giant sequoias of the Sierra Nevada look like newborns.

Because of their asexual reproduction, aspens are in no serious danger of going extinct. Eventually, aspen forests will become spruce and fir forests as the evergreens shade out the aspens — more than anything, aspens need sunlight. However, even after 100 years or more, the dormant root systems will spring back to life, sprouting new trees once sunlight is allowed to reach the forest floor again. In addition, forest fires, no matter how severe, actually encourage the growth of new aspen trunks. The only natural force that appears to limit the growth of aspens is the appearance of pocket gophers, which in abundance can chew aspen root systems back faster than they can grow. As you'll see in the next few pages, it'll be a shame if gophers ever invade Arizona. — Robert Stieve



**PEAK-A-BOO** Aspens share a grassy hillside near the San Francisco Peaks with ponderosa pine trees, sunflowers, scarlet penstemons and lupines. Photograph by Paul Gill  
 ■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

**WHITE WALL** Dense stands of quaking aspens (preceding pages 22 and 23) thrive in Arizona's upper-elevation forests, sprouting quickly to reinvigorate burned or disturbed areas. Photograph by Morey Milbradt  
 ■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



**BLAZE OF GLORY** Silhouetted against a blazing sunrise sky, aspens greet dawn at Terry Flat near Escudilla Mountain in the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests (left). Photograph by Laurence Parent

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

**SIR BARKALOT** Nearly uniform in height and shape, aspens stand like a cohort of knights in white satin in Lockett Meadow north of Flagstaff (above). Photograph by Morey Milbradt

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



**AGENTS OF CHANGE** Near Big Lake in Eastern Arizona's White Mountains, "quakies" thrive on sunlight, their dropped foliage enriching the soil for the conifers that will overshadow and replace them. Photograph by Jerry Jacka  
■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



**SUN-SEEKERS** Tall aspens on the Mogollon Rim (left) thrust leafy crowns upward toward the sunlight they crave, casting shadows below. Photograph by Nick Berezenko  
■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

**NATURE'S DAYGLO** In a mixed-conifer forest near Alpine (above), aspens create bright splashes of near-fluorescence among the evergreens. Photograph by Edward McCain 

# REACHING NEW HEIGHTS

The Tomasi brothers aren't famous — not like the Wright Brothers or the Doobie Brothers.

In and around the Grand Canyon, though, they're making a name for themselves as they try to conquer 100 summits in a canyon that isn't always conquerable. On a recent trip, they attempted one more.

WRITTEN & PHOTOGRAPHED BY LARRY LINDAHL

CONQUERING THE CANYON Brothers Pernell (left) and Aaron Tomasi survey the Grand Canyon from Shiva Temple, staging their ascent of Claude Birdseye Point. It will be Pernell's 79th and Aaron's 76th climb of 100 Canyon summits they hope to conquer.



“ANOTHER DAY in Paradise,” Aaron Tomasi jokes while lightning silently explodes in the epicenter of a raging summer monsoon.

Heavy clouds begin to circle us in an ominously large spiral as Tuba City, to the east, gets pelted under dark curtains of rain. Aaron, his brother Pernell, and I study the storm’s movement, watching from the 7,646-foot summit of Shiva Temple, the largest of the Grand Canyon’s buttes.

Aaron, 40, peers at the sky, his blond hair blowing in the wind. A former U.S. Army paratrooper, he now drives a truck delivering packages in Flagstaff. Pernell, 35, lives in faster-paced Tempe. As a scientist, he studies plant genetics, but his penetrating gaze and short, dark hair give him the look of a 1950s hot-rod racer.

Year after year, the Tomasi brothers challenge this unforgiving terrain of crumbly, sharp-edged desert stone as they reach ever closer to conquering 100 summits in the Canyon. Tomorrow they plan to add one more.

As the hours pass, the monsoon’s engine slowly stalls, and the clouds dissolve harmlessly into the cathedral sky. Perhaps tomorrow the heat and tropical moisture will power itself into a tempest of destruction, but for now, we walk with a sense of relief to the edge of the cliffs, and wait for the fire of sunset.

We talk about climbing ridges farther out in the Canyon, with the Colorado River thousands of feet below us, on our quest to climb the summit of Claude Birdseye Point. We gaze at the 6,975-foot summit as rock ledges and cliffs begin to gild in divine light. Our route is still uncertain. Walking back to camp, Aaron lists the people — fewer than a half-dozen — who have climbed to the top of Claude Birdseye Point.

Stars and planets slowly emerge while he coaxes a haunting song from his harmonica. He casually points out the constellation Scorpius, and then its brightest star, Antares, glowing orange-red in its heart. We plan to sleep on top of Shiva Temple — an overnight stay on a summit is a first for both of them.

“Know when to turn back,” the Tomasi brothers wrote in their 2001 book, *Grand Canyon Summits Select: An obscure compilation of sixty-nine remote ascent routes in the Grand Canyon National Park backcountry*. “It might take two, three or more attempts before you climb the thing. That’s OK.”

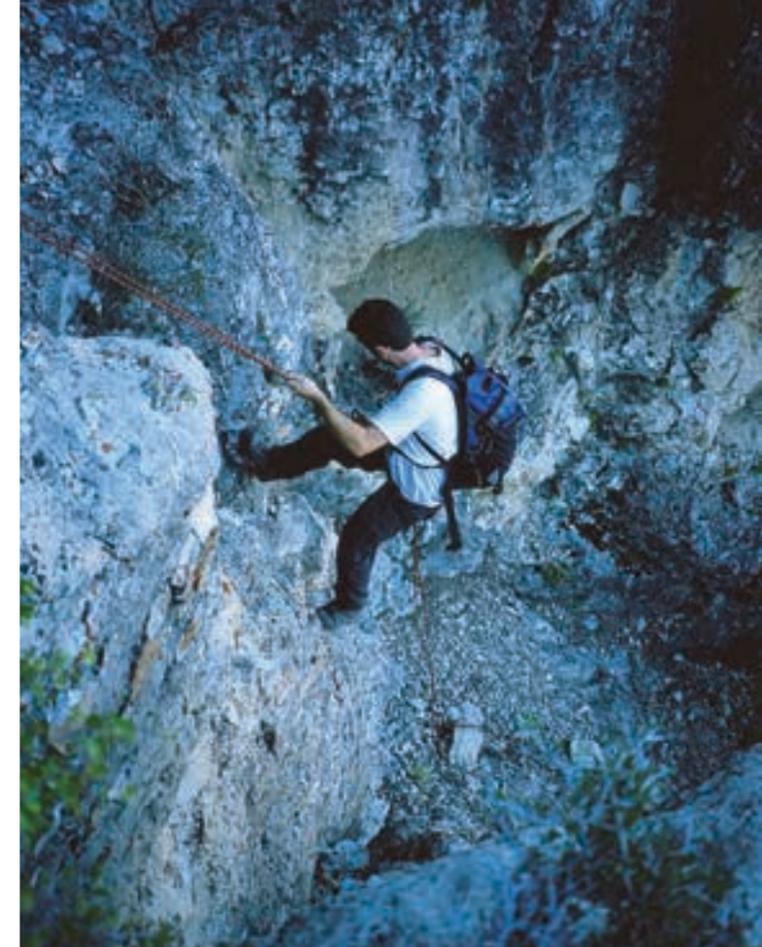
So why are we here in the heat and danger of summer monsoon season?

The answer is simple: We needed a supplemental water source somewhere along the way to reach the summit of Claude Birdseye Point. At 8 pounds per gallon, and a gallon needed for each day, the sheer weight of water necessary for the four-day hike would make this endeavor impossible.

Summer storms often hide water in remote rain pools high on ridges, but they also throw deadly spears of lightning. During cooler times of the year, shorter daylight hours limit hiking time, rain pools might be dry, and access to the North Rim closes due to snow from November to May.

The opportunity to line up all the cards, hoping for the ace of hidden water in the deal, is rare. Timing is everything.

**BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING** Isis Temple (left) peeks out from amid the greenery on Shiva saddle. After checking the summit off their lists, Pernell Tomasi (above, right) rappels down Shiva Temple, and leads the way (right) up the summit of Claude Birdseye Point.





**BLASTS FROM THE PAST** Pernell Tomasi (left) inspects an old milk can at the summit registry of Shiva Temple. A 1937 sign (above) at the junction between Tiyo Point and Shiva Temple was charred in a lightning-sparked fire.

Dutton's fascination with mythology gave rise to his choosing several other Hindu-inspired names, including Vishnu Temple (7,533 feet) and Brahma Temple (7,553 feet). Then, in 1923, his exotic names got the final stamp of approval when the chief topographic engineer for the U.S. Geological Survey placed them on the official map. The engineer had also surveyed Mount Rainier and the crater of Kilauea in Hawaii. His name was Claude Birdseye.

**EXTENDING OUT FROM** the North Rim, our route traversed an unnamed ridge, and then steeply descended to a saddle where we camped our first night. As sunset quickly approached, we searched for water until we wondered if our quest could continue.

Losing daylight, we unsuccessfully explored the rocky spine. Finally, we discovered a 2-inch-deep puddle tucked in an outcrop of etched Supai sandstone. The scant puddle provided unappetizing algae-choked green-brown water, but it was our only source.

Ignoring the color, we filtered the water into containers, stocking up a two-day supply to carry with us, and an additional cache for our return. In a few hot days, the puddle would be history, so we were grateful to draw the ace we needed.

The next morning, scrambling up the north-facing cliffs, our thighs burned as we hauled our heavy packs and fought our way through breaks in the towering Coconino sandstone into the sharp Kaibab limestone, and then, onto the summit of Shiva Temple.

Pernell removed the rock-slab lid covering one of two large milk cans marking the summit. These cans were air-dropped here by parachute during an infamous "first-ascent" expedition by the American Museum of Natural History in 1937 (when scientists found tomato cans and film canisters left by recent visitors). Pernell pulled out the summit register, and we each signed in.

Crossing the length of the 300-acre summit, we came upon the remains of



**SUMMIT UP** Pernell signed the summit registry (left) at Shiva Temple. The Tomasi brothers set their sights on Claude Birdseye Point (right), named after an engineer for the U.S. Geological Survey.

yet another wildfire. Local news had reported the fire burning less than a month before our visit. We tried to guess where the lightning had struck, and how the small fire had moved across the land.

In Hinduism, powerful and fierce Shiva is the destroyer — the deity destroys so he can re-create or transform. Interestingly enough, when forest fires burn, they invigorate the soil to release nitrogen, a natural fertilizer. Monsoon rains also bring nitrogen to the soil, and lupines, a plant in the pea family, sprout from the ash, putting nitrogen back into the soil as well.

"A healthy forest," Pernell observed.

**AFTER A WARM** night, morning dawns early on Shiva Temple, so we lose no time getting the hike started toward Claude Birdseye Point. We hunt for a gap down the cliffs and use precious time finding it. Our finite supply of water is a ticking clock in the hot summer sun. But soon we are on our way down, clinging to steep ledges, skirting 100-foot drop-offs, and traversing chunky "moon dust."

We halt above a sheer cliff before Aaron finds a stout juniper. He signals to his brother after safely securing the 10mm climbing rope around the tree. With military precision, Pernell disappears backward over the 35-foot limestone precipice. And down we scramble.

Connecting Shiva Temple to the craggy summit of Claude Birdseye Point is a knife-edged fin of sandstone slabs. Here we discover sharp-clawed fossil tracks. And shortly afterward, a large slab shifts under my weight. Finally, we reach the base of Claude

Birdseye Point, and the brothers assess our situation.

Aaron, having broken his collarbone in a mountain-biking accident just nine weeks before the hike, uses caution and lets Pernell lead the way. Pernell secures the rope for us as he pulls his body like an animal up the exposed fissure.

Climbing the cliff myself, I drive my knee into solid rock on the last overhang. Pain throbs into the joint, and then at the summit, it seems to vanish within the infinite panorama of the Grand Canyon's buttes and spires. The brothers point them out by name, and I scribble in my notebook a list of more than 30 summits, including the many they've climbed.

Peering across to Osiris Temple at 6,637 feet, they plot a future route to its peak up craggy, deep shadows, and log the information. Aaron searches for the Claude Birdseye Point summit register. None exists, so I donate an old film canister and a page from my tiny notebook. Aaron scrawls a short message, adds his name and date, and then hands it to Pernell. One more summit is triumphantly checked off their list.

As I stand on top of the world, a mysterious feeling takes hold. Perhaps this unspoken sensation of insignificance and empowerment is what inspires Aaron and Pernell to try to climb 100 summits. We begin our descent, bringing to a close our time in this rarefied place between heaven and Earth while thunderheads once again break the horizon. **AH**

*Larry Lindahl is a frequent contributor to Arizona Highways and the author of Secret Sedona: Sacred Moments in the Landscape. Published by Arizona Highways Books, the book features spectacular photography and 22 of the best hikes in Red Rock Country.*



**OUR ROUTE TO** Claude Birdseye Point from Shiva Temple had begun off the rough dirt road leading to Point Sublime on the North Rim. After parking near a forest of aspens, Douglas firs and towering ponderosa pines, we followed an abandoned two-track road 3 miles to a junction.

There, tacked to a tree, two old signs point left to Tiyo Point, and right to Shiva Temple. Just last year, a lightning-ignited wildfire swept this forest, scorching everything in its path. The hand-painted metal signs carry the story of destruction in their fire-seared patina.

Acrid-smelling ash permeates everything. Charcoal-black tree trunks stand over mazes of fallen logs. After trudging 3 more miles through the devastated landscape, we caught our first glimpse of Shiva Temple rising 4,000 feet from its base.

"In all the vast space beneath and around us there is very little upon which the mind can linger restfully," wrote U.S. Geological Survey geologist and explorer Clarence Dutton. "It is completely filled with objects of gigantic size and amazing form, and as the mind wanders over them, it is hopelessly bewildered and lost."

In 1880, he named Shiva Temple, describing it as "the grandest of all the buttes, and the most majestic in aspect."

# Gimme Shelter

**It's a dry heat. That's the running joke** in Arizona's hot spots. Although humidity levels never soar to what they do in Houston or St. Louis, the summer sun is merciless, and shade-based architecture is a lifesaver — the brute force of air conditioning isn't nearly enough. That's why canopied walkways are sprouting up in downtown Phoenix, and ramadas are all the rage all over the state.

One day in the early 1890s — a sweltering summer afternoon, most likely — a woman named Margaret Ann Paul hatched a cool idea for improving the adobe home she'd recently bought on North Main Avenue in Tucson: She would wrap a Victorian veranda around it to block the brutal afternoon sun from shining on the walls.

A painstaking reconstruction of that veranda surrounds the house today in its current incarnation as El Presidio Bed & Breakfast. Despite modern air conditioning, owner Patti Toci says the 19th-century porch makes 21st-century sense, creating a delightful outdoor room in moderate weather and keeping the west-facing rooms cooler on summer afternoons. It also lends the architecture a quality that is less tangible but equally real — a sense of rightful place in the desert.

All desert architecture ought to major in shade, yet most of it doesn't. Since the 1950s, architects and homebuilders have largely battled the summer sun with the brute force of refrigeration rather than the grace of common sense. The good news is that with the increasing concern for conservation and sustainability, architectural shade is making a comeback. Shaded walkways are appearing in downtown Phoenix. Other Arizona cities are commissioning artists to design dramatically shaded transit stops. More architects are deploying shade devices in unconventional and imaginative ways.

The creative use of shade is not yet the signature of Arizona architecture, but some people are asking why it can't be. "Why aren't we copying these

/ By Lawrence W. Cheek /



**CLOISTERED** The arched roof of the arcade at Phoenix's Brophy College Preparatory provides shady relief for the school's students and faculty. Photograph by Richard Maack

kinds of successes all over the Valley?" *The Arizona Republic* wondered rhetorically in a 2005 campaign for shade. "The sun must have addled our brains."

The ancient Hohokam people, who farmed this same valley, were not addled. "We know the Hohokam built shade ramadas; we've excavated them," says Todd Bostwick, the city archaeologist for Phoenix. Because the Hohokam did everything outdoors except, presumably, "sleeping and sex," Bostwick says, the ramadas were essentials of life.

Intriguingly, millennium-old Hohokam ramadas look very much like the modern ramadas on the Tohono O'odham Reservation west of Tucson — four or more mesquite-trunk posts embedded in the ground supporting a roof of saguaro ribs or ocotillo stalks. The prime difference is that modern tribal builders sometimes visit the hardware store for wire to secure the ribs in case of wind. This ramada-building technique supports the notion that the O'odham are the direct descendants of the Hohokam, and exemplifies architect Louis Sullivan's famous principle: "Form ever follows function."

Except it doesn't always.

1928 Pima County Courthouse in Tucson, and the 1928 Brophy College Preparatory school in Phoenix.

But then came air conditioning — first the 1930s evaporative "swamp coolers," and two decades later, refrigeration, which ignited Arizona's population rocket. Shade was all but forgotten in the rush; the force driving Arizona architecture was to invest the young state with an air of prosperity and sophistication. If this meant building the glass boxes that were in vogue everywhere else, refrigerated air was up to the job.

But a few architects, starting in the 1970s, had contrary ideas. In Tucson, Judith Chafee designed a 3,800-square-foot house with an enormous latticed ramada hovering above it. The lattice cast striped shade in summer and admitted winter light to warm the southern façade. The banded shadows on the walls coyly echoed the vertical ribbing of the saguaros surrounding the house. Chafee's "Ramada House" made a national splash in architecture journals, but tucked away on a secluded street, it stirred no great local interest.

## But then came air conditioning, and shade was all but forgotten.

**FUNCTIONAL FORM** A Victorian veranda at El Presidio Bed & Breakfast in Tucson (right) blocks the afternoon sun, protecting the historic structure's adobe walls. Photograph by Randy Prentice

**CONSERVATORY COMFORT** An award-winning design, the Lath House Pavilion (below) at Phoenix's Heritage Square resembles a Victorian conservatory, creating a shady venue for special outdoor events. Photograph by Richard Maack



In the 1980s, Robert Frankeberger enveloped a downtown Phoenix pavilion and a Mesa development's visitors center with boldly sculptural wooden laths. The Mesa project, in particular, demonstrated how architecturally powerful a shade device could be. It gathered over the building like the protective wings of a great mother bird, while inside, visitors enjoyed the duality of participating in the desert while feeling sheltered from it.

In 1995, Scottsdale, among other Arizona cities, began commissioning artists to design bus stops, and the streets started breaking out in whimsy and panache. Scottsdale's 20 commissions included an elegant Kevin Berry design that looks like a rogue wave looming over a doomed sail. If it isn't exactly desert imagery, it still serves desert bus riders well — the two steel curves cradle them in a cocoon of mottled shade. Of course, these shelters cost more than off-the-shelf street furniture. But Margaret Bruning, associate director of Scottsdale's Public Art Board, puts it nicely: "We can either have transportation infrastructure, or jewels in the streetscape."

## When Spanish and then

Anglo settlers began filtering into Arizona, their first responses to the climate were in forms as well-reasoned as those of the Hohokam. The Spaniards and Mexicans built thick-walled adobe houses with interior courtyards that would enjoy shade through most of the day. Anglos introduced the Territorial style, which shaded walls with deep verandas.

The Spanish Colonial Revival style, which stormed across the Southwest after the city of San Diego's 1915 Panama-California Exposition, was an Anglo romantic fantasy from foundation to cupola, but it contributed delightful shade structures in the form of arcades. These provided not only relief from the heat, but also brilliant contrasts of light and shadow thrown through the arches that became part of the architecture. Excellent examples include the 1917 Ajo town plaza, the





## Eddie Jones arrived in

Arizona in 1973 as a young architect fresh out of Oklahoma State University. He joined the venerable Phoenix firm of Leshner & Mahoney, which sent him on a statewide errand to study Native American communities. The firm had government contracts to design reservation housing. What Jones saw on the Papago (now the Tohono O'odham) reservation changed his architectural life.

"The ramadas were the perfect symbol for Sonoran Desert architecture," he says. "Indigenous materials, filtered sunlight, self-ventilating, no moving parts. I think every building I've done since has been a variation on them."

For one Phoenix office building, Jones designed one of those ubiquitous glass boxes, but then swaddled it in a wrap-around lattice of slats made of Trex — the same recycled plastic-and-sawdust planks homeowners use for decks. For another building in Tempe, Jones designed east and west walls with concrete blocks turned on their sides so their voids faced outward, each one forming a miniature window sunken 8 inches deep into the wall, welcoming indirect light but not the dead-on fury of the sun.

Why doesn't every Arizona architect deploy light and shade so creatively? Jones answers diplomatically. "I'm an optimist. People are more and more interested in sustainability, and Phoenix has a lot of smart people. It just has to reach a critical mass where it becomes the thing to do."

That critical mass is already embedded in the Tucson architecture studio Line and Space. Les Wallach, its founder, grew up in the desert mining town of Superior, and his native sense of Arizona's light and heat shaped his design philosophy as much as anything he learned in architecture school. He tries to design every project with a roof area at least 50 percent larger than the building's footprint. The shade creates not only outdoor rooms, but also transition zones that ease the shock of moving from brilliant sunlight to indoor space.

The University of Arizona Poetry Center, opened in October 2007, dramatically demonstrates how Wallach orchestrates shade. Distinctions between indoors and out are blurred. A shaded entry court



between two enclosed sections serves to draw people in for a tentative look — "in case they're a little scared of poetry," Wallach says. A wall of 13-foot-high glass doors in the auditorium opens to the courtyard for overflow seating. On the south side, an outdoor odeum is roofed to enjoy shade during summer, while direct sun slips underneath in winter. To the east, a bamboo garden shades a window wall from the morning sun. Deep eaves and miserly windows guard the sunny west side.

It's a complicated building with spaces that have ambiguous qualities depending on the light, the season and the way people are using them. "You couldn't ask for better architecture clients than poets," Wallach says with a smile.

And for architects like these, you couldn't ask for a better place than the Sonoran Desert to create interesting and dramatic buildings. "For some people, the desert climate seems like a constraint," Eddie Jones says. "For me, it's a form-giver. It's a joy to figure out how to deal with the light and heat, and do it differently every time. It's not something to run away from or pretend isn't there. It's a source of inspiration." ■■

*Lawrence W. Cheek was architecture critic for the Tucson Citizen and Phoenix New Times during his Arizona years. Among his books is Frank Lloyd Wright in Arizona. He is currently the architecture critic for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

“The ramadas were the perfect symbol for Sonoran Desert architecture.”

**POETIC PROTOTYPE** The University of Arizona's Poetry Center (above) offers a dramatic example of how architects can design buildings to make maximum use of shade. Photograph by Randy Prentice

**SPANISH INFLUENCE** Brophy College Preparatory's arches frame a statue of St. Francis Xavier in front of the 135-foot-high tower of the Brophy Chapel (left), an example of Spanish Colonial architecture. Photograph by Richard Maack



## McNary to Vernon

History, scenery, cool summer breezes . . . this spectacular route through the White Mountains has it all, including the right amount of peace and quiet. See for yourself.

THE SOUND OF THE SAWMILL that echoed for 60 years through the small town of McNary is just a whisper of a memory — the mill was closed more than two decades ago. The once-bustling community in the White Mountains is quiet, too, but it makes an ideal starting point for a journey through a vast forest where early Arizonans contributed to the state's lore.

McNary, originally named Cooley, was notable in Arizona's history because much of its workforce was made up of blacks recruited from Louisiana when their employer, James McNary, bought the sawmill in 1925. Blacks, Mexicans, Indians and Anglos worked side by side

felling and milling big logs.

From the center of McNary on the Fort Apache Indian Reservation, I'm driving north toward Vernon, another small community, 18 miles down the road. No tribal permits are required to travel this stretch, and when I leave the reservation to enter the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests 5 miles later, there's no noticeable change, other than a solitary sign. Lush stands of aspens, oaks and ponderosa pines congregate among fields of black volcanic rocks.

Apart from a half-mile of pavement on the reservation, this trip follows good dirt roads. The road unrolling before me, Forest Service Road 224, leads all the way to Vernon.

About 7 miles from McNary, signs announce Los Burros Campground to the right. This is a site that's well worth the 1-mile round-trip detour on Forest Service Road 20. Los Burros, built in 1909, sits on the edge of a spectacular, 240-acre meadow. The plank-siding and shingle roofs of the two original ranger station buildings still standing show signs of age. Nonetheless, they've earned a listing on the National Register of Historic Places.

The adjacent campground features no-charge campsites, tables, firepits and vault toilets, as well as access to the little-used Los Burros Trail, a 13-mile loop of moderate difficulty suitable for hikers, moun-



**HARRIS HOMESTEAD** This White Mountains meadow (top), once the home of the 1880 Harris Cabin, is a favorite habitat of colorful Steller's jays (above).

tain bikers and equestrians.

Back on FR 224, I see the fire-lookout tower on Lake Mountain, some 500 feet higher than my 8,000-foot elevation at Los Burros. Until the tower was built in 1926, a ranger rode horseback to the mountaintop every day to check the surrounding forest for fires. This site, too, is listed on the National Register.

Just beyond the Los Burros turnoff, a large meadow

opens up through the trees to the left. On maps it's usually called the Naegle Ranch. However, a sign at the gated entrance suggests it's the Bonita Ranch. As I continue northward, another large meadow opens up to the left. This is another historic spot — site of the former Goodman sawmill.

Beulah Penrod (born Goodman), 89, who now lives 40 miles away in Shumway, remembers this area well — her father bought the sawmill in 1924 when she was 6 years old. She lived there for 16 years. She remembers playing with other children for

**HISTORIC HORSE HOUSE** Frequent lightning-caused wildfires led to the 1910 construction of the Los Burros Ranger Station with its office/house and barn (right), which is on the National Register of Historic Places.

hours in the mill's huge sawdust pile. And she recalls her mother cooking for all of the workers.

Continuing north from the Goodman site, I come to a junction on the right with Forest Service Road 61. This will be the point at which I begin a loop to the east and back west to rejoin 224. However, I can't resist a short side trip to the immaculate little cemetery south of Vernon, and the town itself, a quiet and unhurried little village in the rolling grasslands on the edge of the forest.

From the junction of 224 and FR 61, I head southeast on 61 back into the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, and enjoy the sights. The road makes a hairpin turn down to the edge of Harris Lake — one of the area's best picnic spots.

A metal sign nearby reads "Harris Cabin 1880." All that remains, however, is a stone foundation. Stories differ about its history, but most agree that Will Harris (and maybe his brother) discov-



ered two caves north of the lake — one more than a mile long. Inside the caves were almost 200 Indian pots, some as large as 24 inches in diameter. Many had lids, and still contained corn and grain. Beads and turquoise were found inside one of the pots. The Harris family reportedly sold many of the pots to pay off debts.

I don't go looking for the caves, but I do stop for lunch among the lakeside grasses. The mountain breezes are refreshing, and to the southeast, over the lake, I see Greens Peak, which rises more than 10,000 feet into the blue sky.

From Harris Lake, I'll

retrace my steps north and then head west back to 224, eventually descending more than 1,300 feet back to McNary.

Along the way, I'll pass places with interesting names such as Quakie Patch Spring, Wishbone Mountain and Gobbler Seep — interesting sites no doubt filled with more of the White Mountains' unique history and reminders of early Arizonans.

■ 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, call 800-543-5432 or visit [arizonahighways.com](http://arizonahighways.com). **AH**

### ▶ travel tips

**Vehicle Requirement:**

High-clearance

**Warning:** Back-road travel can be hazardous. Be aware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you're going and when you plan to return. Check with the Forest Service about possible road closures.

**Additional Information:**

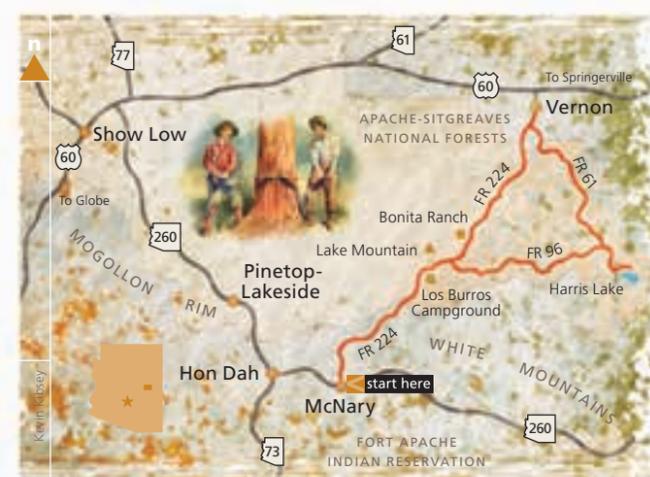
Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, Springerville Ranger Station, 928-333-4372; [www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf).

**(511)** Travelers in Arizona can visit [az511.gov](http://az511.gov) or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more.

### ▶ route finder

Note: Mileages are approximate.

- ▶ **Begin in McNary** on Forest Service Road 224, driving north for 7 miles.
- ▶ **Turn right (east)** onto Forest Service Road 20 for a half-mile side-trip to the Los Burros Campground and historic ranger station buildings.
- ▶ **Backtrack to FR 224** and turn right (north), driving 9.1 miles to a junction with Forest Service Road 61. Just past the junction, turn right to visit the small town of Vernon and its cemetery.
- ▶ **Backtrack on 224** to FR 61 and turn left (east) onto 61, driving southeast for 3.7 miles.
- ▶ **Take the right fork** at the junction with Forest Service Road 404 to stay on 61 for another 4 miles.
- ▶ **Veer left at the junction of 61** and Forest Service Road 96. Continue for 1 mile to Harris Lake and the Harris Cabin site.
- ▶ **Backtrack on 61** to the junction with FR 96, turn left (east) onto 96 and drive 8 miles back to 224.
- ▶ **Turn left (south)** onto 224 and drive 5 miles to McNary.





## Cathedral Rock

Of all the red rocks in Sedona, this one is surely the most iconic. Its hike, however, is hardly a hike.

WHEN IT COMES TO tackling one of the most recognizable of Sedona's famous red rocks, hiking is a relative term. Sure, the first few hundred yards of the Cathedral Rock Trail qualify as a hike, and it looks easy—the trail drops into a wash before ascending on polite rock steps toward Cathedral's two jutting peaks.

After that, though, it's less hiking than crawling, belly-wiggling and knee-scraping as

you climb over sloping platform rocks and up drainages no wider than your elbows.

At that point, you're doing the red-rock crawl. Expect to get dirty. Long pants are a necessity, and those with a touch of acrophobia will find their hearts going *ka-bump, ka-bump* while their hands and feet search crevices for toeholds, handrails or anything else to help inch higher.

Even though the distance

from the parking lot to the peak is only .7 miles, the trail will challenge your legs and lungs. Those unsure whether they can safely make the hike, which the Forest Service ranks as moderately difficult, should take this test: Stand beneath the giant rocks and look up.

If it looks to be too much, it probably is. The elevation at the parking lot is 4,072 feet, and on the peak it's 4,680. That gain of 600 feet tells you more about this hike than the distance.

**DAY'S END** Cathedral Rock glows with color as the sun sets over Sedona and Oak Creek. Photograph by George H.H. Huey

But nothing obligates hikers to struggle all the way to the top. Those with physical limitations can still make it partway up, stopping on flat rocks to enjoy the look back at the sage-colored hills dotted with beautiful homes, and beyond these, the area's signature red-rock formations.

For all levels of hikers, there's plenty of beauty, and almost no chance of getting lost. Rock cairns clearly mark the way, and the rocks on the trail show significant wear

### trail guide

**Length:** .7 miles one way

**Trailhead Elevation:** 4,072 feet

**Elevation Gain:** 600 feet

**Difficulty:** Moderate

**Payoff:** 360-degree red-rock views

**Getting There:** From the junction of state routes 89A and 179 in Sedona, drive 3.5 miles south on SR 179 to Back O' Beyond Road and turn right. From there, go .6 miles to the trailhead parking lot.

**Travel Advisory:** A \$5 Red Rock Pass is required to park. The machine in the parking lot accepts credit cards.

**Information:** 928-282-4119 or redrockcountry.org

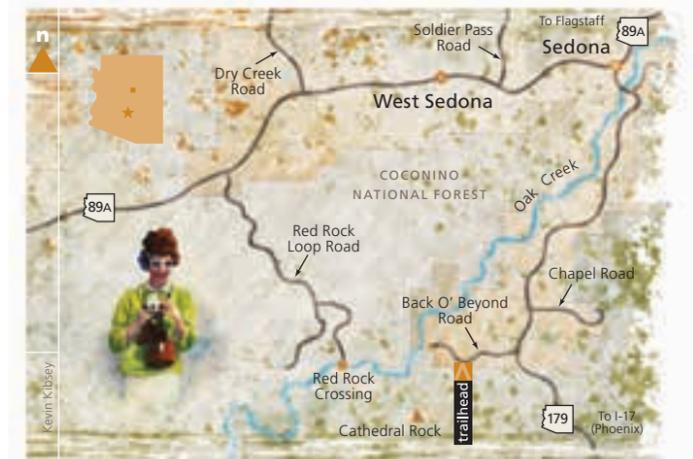
from the wind, the sun and the pounding of many human boots.

Don't expect to be lonesome hiking Cathedral Rock. Even on weekdays, you'll encounter people, perhaps amateur photographers seeking the perfect shot, or artists carrying sketch paper and pencils.

These beauty-hunters are usually headed to the sad-

dle between the two giant spires. The last few hundred yards leading to this magical spot offer the only shade on the trail, a welcome bit of cool before climbing back into the high, wind-whipped sunshine.

The views are special all the way up, but become picture-book spectacular at the saddle. Except for portions blocked by the spires themselves, hik-



ers get a 360-degree panorama of blue sky and glorious red rocks.

The view might inspire otherworldly thoughts. It did for one woman who, while walking toward the peak with her infant in a backpack, asked a

descending hiker: "Don't you feel the vortex?"

"No," the hiker replied, "only my aching legs." **AH**

**GLIDE ALONG** Turkey vultures circle above Cathedral Rock, gliding on a column of rising warm air called a thermal. Photograph by Larry Lindahl



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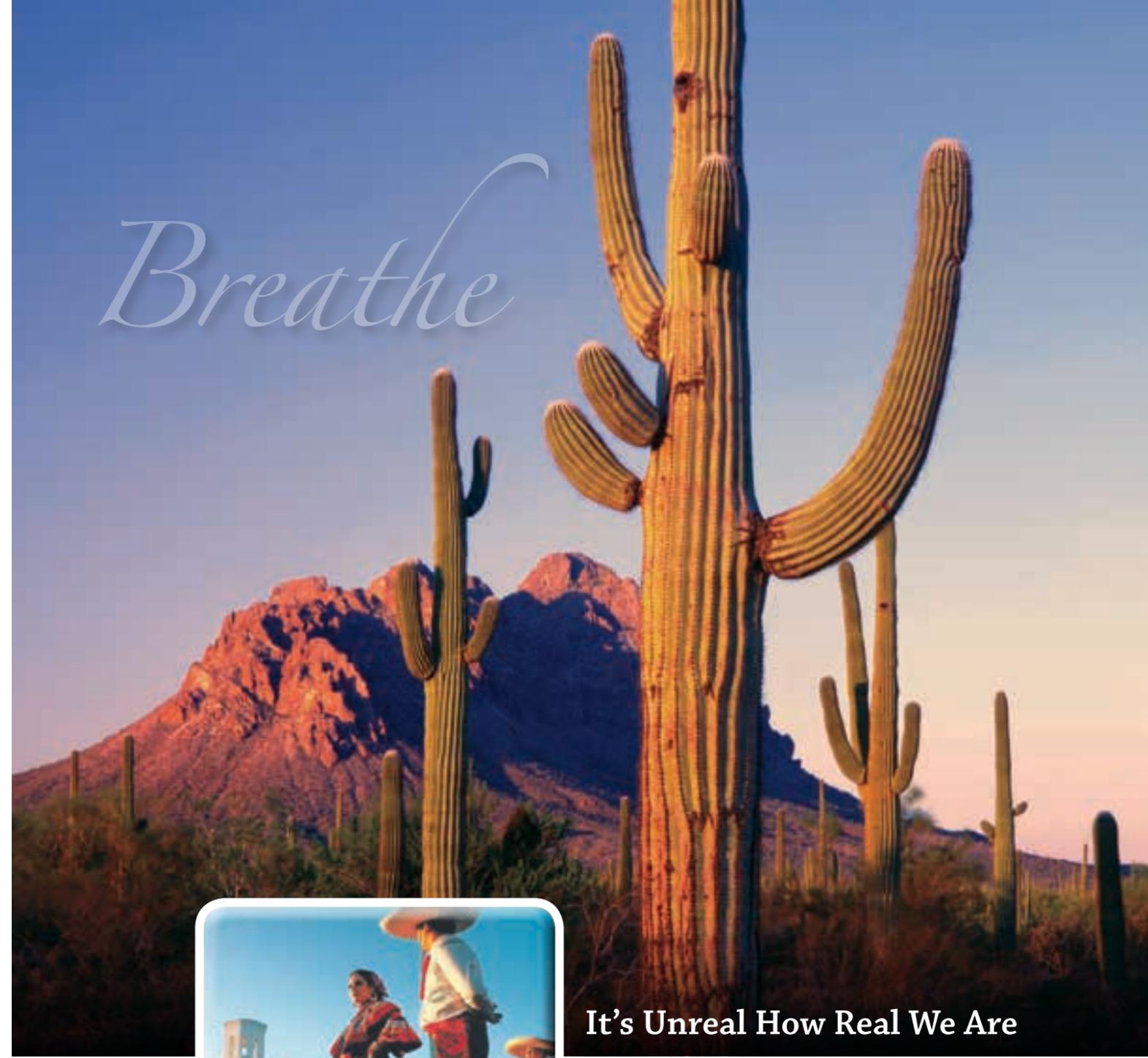
## Hide & Seek

What's in a name? By any other name, this flood-eroded gorge might be famous, but obscurity suits it just fine. Each day, only a handful of visitors explore the 150-foot-deep slot, after driving 45 minutes over dirt roads, entering a locked gate and squeezing through a gash in a rock. Enveloped in the hushed, dimly lit space, visitors might feel like they've re-entered the womb. It's a stark contrast to the trip-over-another-tripod chaos of a nearby Navajo sandstone tunnel. But that one shall remain nameless.



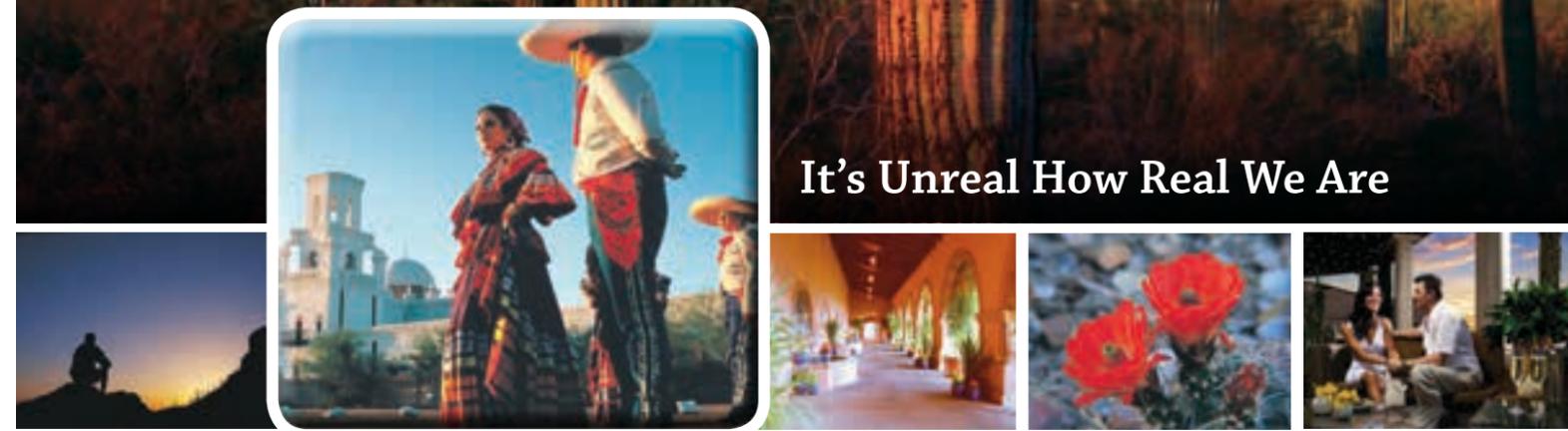
KERRICK JAMES

Win a collection of our most popular books! To enter, correctly identify the location featured above and e-mail your answer to editor@arizonahighways.com — type "Where Is This?" in the subject line. Entries can also be sent to 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. Please include your name, address and phone number. One winner will be chosen in a random drawing of qualified entries. Entries must be postmarked by July 31, 2008. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our September issue and on our Web site: arizonahighways.com.



# Breathe

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