

Roger Clyne's  
Little Secret

Where to Sleep  
Under the Stars

Meet Arizona's  
Chile King

Remembering  
the O.K. Corral

# ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

OCTOBER 2008

15 Great Places  
to Experience

## Fall Color

Nature Walks + Hikes + Scenic Drives

**PLUS:**  
Step-by-Step  
Instructions  
for Exploring  
Bisbee

**AND:**  
How to Fight  
Breast Cancer  
With a Bottle  
of Chardonnay

Features

14 Autumn in Arizona

There are several ways to enjoy fall color. You could tear out the pages of this magazine and hang them on your fridge, you could do the obvious and head to New England, or you could throw on a sweatshirt and explore Arizona. We suggest the latter. The leaves are gorgeous, and there are several ways to see them — whether you're looking for a nature walk, a hard-core hike or a scenic drive. BY ROBERT STIEVE

26 Sandscape Photography

It's one thing to ask a photographer to shoot fall leaves in the San Francisco Peaks or along a back road in the Escudilla Mountains. Photographers line up for those assignments. Finding somebody to shoot sand dunes on the Navajo Nation is a little more difficult. It's hot, it's dusty and there aren't many amenities. Nevertheless, Robert McDonald rose to the occasion. BY ROBERT McDONALD

34 Walk This Way

Bisbee rhymes with Frisbee, and if you look hard enough, there's probably a piece of art in town made of the famous flying disc. Bisbee is like that. It's full of hidden treasures, which is why it's best explored on foot. Walk, don't run. That's the only way to appreciate Southern Arizona's queen city. BY GREGORY McNAMEE

38 It's Chile Down There

New Mexico gets most of the attention when it comes to chile peppers. And rightfully so. The thing is, if it weren't for Ed Curry and his chile fields southeast of Tucson, New Mexico would be in a world of hurt. Turns out, Ed supplies 90 percent of the green chile seeds used in American agriculture. BY KATHLEEN WALKER • PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON B. & RYAN B. STEVENSON

online arizonahighways.com

Arizona's ghosts come out in full force in October, especially in places like Yuma Territorial Prison State Park, where park rangers give haunted tours. Learn all about the infamous prison at arizonahighways.com.

WEEKEND GETAWAY Tag along as mountain bikers tour the ghost towns of Southeastern Arizona.

DISCOVER ARIZONA Plan a trip with our calendar of events.

Departments

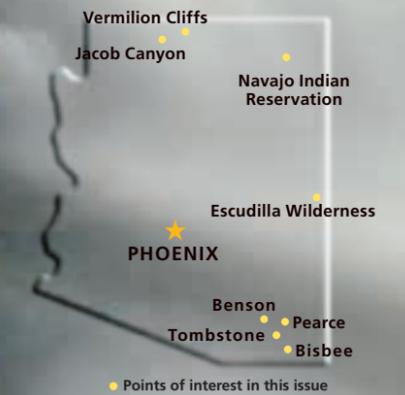
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People, places and things from around the state, including a Scottsdale woman who's selling wine to help fight breast cancer, a B&B with views of outer space, the only place at the Vermilion Cliffs to get New Zealand Rack of Lamb, and Roger Clyne's secret getaway.

44 BACK ROAD ADVENTURE Terry Flat Loop: Elk, bears and even wolves can be seen on this drive, but the highlight is Terry Flat, the largest meadow in the Escudilla Wilderness.

46 HIKE OF THE MONTH Jacob Canyon: Looking for solitude? More than likely, you'll be the first person in awhile to hit this trail on the North Rim.

48 WHERE IS THIS?



TAKING LEAVE Bigtooth maple leaves flow down rocky steps in a minicascade created by autumn rains at Workman Creek in the Tonto National Forest. Photograph by George Stocking

FRONT AND BACK COVERS Golden aspens mingle with ponderosa pines on the slopes of the San Francisco Peaks. Photograph by Dean Hueber

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.



JEFF KIDA

If you think sand dunes are nothing but ... well, piles of sand, check out this month's portfolio. See page 26.

THE FIRST ALBUM I ever owned was *Sweet Baby James* by James Taylor. I was 7 years old, the record was vinyl, and I

played it at least a thousand times on my parents' stereo, which was just slightly smaller than the living room sofa. I loved that album, and no doubt thought I'd have it forever, but somewhere along the line, it disappeared. Nevertheless, I still listen to J.T., especially this time of year.

*Something in the Way She Moves* and *Sweet Potato Pie* are my favorites, but *Walking Man* — "the frost is on the pumpkin, and the hay is in the barn" — was written for October. It's a song about the coming of winter and the fall of the year. This month's cover story follows the same theme.

For those of you in Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, all you have to do is look out the kitchen window to get a spectacular dose of fall color. Here in Arizona, it takes a little more effort, but it's worth it. Indeed, the colors in this neck of the woods are every bit as impressive as those in New England. Of course, you have to know how to find them, and that's where we come in.

In all, we'll tell you about 15 places to see aspens, oaks, maples and more. Our story touches all four corners of the state, and is divided into three categories: nature walks, hard-core hikes and scenic drives. Garland Prairie Road near Williams is among the latter. It's one of the best road trips in Arizona, and, like all of the drives in this issue, it can be done in a Honda Accord. This drive, which runs parallel to an overland route once used by Indians, trappers and explorers, includes a detour to White Horse Lake, where the highlight is a dense stand of quaking aspens. It's beautiful.

The same is true of the nature trails, especially the Barbershop Trail. This easy stroll, which is located on the Mogollon Rim north of Strawberry, meanders through a stretch of open forests and shallow canyons, all of which are saturated with the reds and yellows of autumn. It's an effortless way to see fall color. If you prefer a little more exercise on your date with Mother Nature, we have that, too. The Kachina Trail, the Sterling Pass



ROBERT McDONALD

Trail, the Gobbler Point Trail ... they're all impressive. And so is Ed Curry, who can't even think about hiking in October.

That's because October is harvest time in the chile business, and when it comes to chiles, Ed is king. Although he grows some chiles for eating, his focus is producing seeds, and he's prolific. According to a study by the University of Arizona, Ed's company supplies almost all of the seeds for the green chile business in the United States. "We're about 90 percent," he says. Even New Mexico, which is renowned for its chiles, gets most of its seeds from Ed. In *It's Chile Down There*, you'll learn more about Ed Curry and Southern Arizona's impressive chile industry.

Not far from Ed's farm is Bisbee. Unlike Ed, Bisbee isn't much of a secret. The Copper Queen Hotel, Brewery Gulch, the mine that put the town on the map ... they've all been well-publicized. Especially in this magazine. Still, there's more to this historic city than the landmarks. In fact, beyond the obvious, it's full of secrets, and the best way to discover them is on foot.

With that in mind, we sent writer Gregory McNamee on a walking tour of Bisbee. As he writes in *Walk This Way*: "Unlike the newer, more spread-out cities in Arizona, Bisbee is hemmed in by rugged mountains and steep canyons that confine it to a walkable scale. Thanks to geography, the heart of Bisbee can be covered in a pleasant hour."

And you never know what you might find along the way. There are several unique restaurants, gift shops and the One Book Bookstore — literally, it carries only one book. There are other bookstores, too, as well as a few antiques outlets that draw collectors from all over the country. As you'll see in our story, Bisbee is the place to go for hidden treasures. Or, better yet, lost treasures, like *Sweet Baby James* by James Taylor.

— 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



### COLLEEN MINIUK-SPERRY

Shoot first, eat entrees later. That was Colleen Miniuk-Sperry's M.O. for photographing, writing about, and tasting the gourmet fare at Cliff Dwellers Restaurant (page 7), an eatery beneath the Vermilion Cliffs. Not surprisingly, the experience made her want to focus on more food stories in the future. Writing about one of her favorite restaurants had special meaning for Miniuk-Sperry. "The people there are so giving and friendly," she says. "[Doing this story] was my way of giving back to them." The Midwest native's photography has appeared in *Golf Illustrated*, *Atlanta Golf*, *Arizona Highways* and numerous commercial outlets. This is her first writing assignment for *Arizona Highways*.



### ROBERT McDONALD

More than a decade ago, photographer Robert McDonald noticed a series of spectacular sand dunes while on a trip to Hunt's Mesa in Northern Arizona. But the light wasn't quite right. So he returned years later, and the result is this month's portfolio (page 26). Sand dunes are "nature's sculpture," McDonald says. "Graceful lines, pleasing geometric shapes, hyperbolas, and catenary curves like [those] on a suspension bridge." The 71-year-old Cottonwood native has spent his life appreciating the Southwest's natural wonders, having worked 32 years with the Forest Service. His work has also been published in *Audubon* calendars.



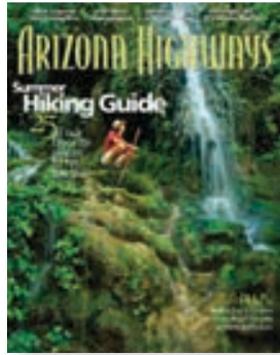
### STEPHEN & KAREN STROM

Shooting *Walk This Way* (page 34) was a breeze for the husband-and-wife team of Stephen and Karen Strom. The former astronomers have worked together for 48 years. Stephen says the photography partnership works because they have different styles. "We point our cameras 180 degrees away from each other. Her images tend to be reconstructed views of the external world. Mine tend to be highly emotional impressions." Plus, Stephen claims he inherited a "high patience level" from his Scandinavian roots, while Karen says she inherited "the diplomacy of the Swiss." Their work has been featured in numerous shows, and Stephen's photography has appeared in *Arizona Highways*.



### JO BAEZA

After 45 years in the White Mountains, writer Jo Baeza still can't get enough of the region. "What can I say? It's home," she says. "I love the mountains. The people are open and friendly. They take care of each other." In fact, it's the people who motivate her to write. She's retired five times from her reporting job at the *White Mountain Independent*, but keeps returning. "It's my way of keeping in touch with the community," Baeza says. For this month's *Back Road Adventure* (page 44), she explored new ground while driving the Terry Flat Loop. "It was a nice day," she says of her trip. "One of a thousand I've had in the White Mountains."



**Back on Track**

I received my June issue of *Arizona Highways* today and was surprised. Over the past two years, I'd been disappointed in the turn the magazine had taken. After seeing the June issue, I have to say that I'm once again a fan of the magazine. The content is much better, with more articles. There are still a few things that I miss from the old issues — the humor and jokes (corny, but fun) — but I'm glad you brought back the map of the places you showcase in the issue. Thanks for bringing back much of what has made *Arizona Highways* a favorite of so many people over the years.

*Melissa C. Hawkins, Phoenix*

**We Bagged the Bags**

I was pleasantly surprised today when my *Arizona Highways* arrived without the plastic cover [used for shipping the magazine]. Congratulations! I support your efforts to go “green” in any way you can.

*Don Bobo, Scottsdale*

I love your magazine, and I'm glad you got rid of the plastic bag — it was annoying. Also, I loved the story on Sandra Day O'Connor. Now, how about a nice story on another of your famous residents, Stevie Nicks?

*Joy F. Hurt, Blackstone, Virginia*

Thanks for getting rid of your plastic wrapper. I love it.

*Linda Cline, Monroe, Washington*

**Slippery Slope**

We were surprised to see South Canyon as one of your hikes of the month [April 2008]. Having survived this hike, we feel that the opinion of mere mortals is necessary. For example, the author speaks of these things called “trails,” which we did not encounter on this hike. We did, however, encounter scree slopes, death-

defying drop-offs and class-three climbs. Fortunately, on the initial drop there's a large boulder of Toroweap Formation that might slow your uncontrolled descent. Once at the bottom, you breathe a sigh of relief until you realize you'll eventually have to climb back up. You then make a leisurely 5-mile stroll through ledge-and-drop terrain, until you find yourself overlooking the Colorado River, standing on top of the Redwall. A minor unmentioned point is the requirement that you descend the Redwall. Hint: A rope is a plus. Despite all of that, South Canyon really is a beautiful hike — if you survive.

*Mike & Megan Powers, Phoenix*

**Requiem for a Dream**

My father passed away last year, and while looking through his things, I saw his subscriptions for the last 40 years to *Arizona Highways*. He grew up in New Jersey and dreamed of living in Arizona. It was his idea for me to attend ASU in 1978, and in 1994, he finally got his wish and moved there. I can see now how *Arizona Highways* kept his dream of moving there alive with the beautiful photos and great articles. Thank you for

keeping people's dreams alive.

*Ken Shapiro, Oviedo, Florida*

**Speaks Volumes**

Several years ago, Mr. Bose, an inventor (his family invented Bose speakers), came to my elementary school as a volunteer to help students with math. He had a copy of *Arizona Highways* with him, and I mentioned how I liked to use the magazine's articles and striking photos when teaching my ESL (English as a second language) students. He then started bringing me the magazines after he read them. Mr. Bose no longer volunteers at our school, but every month I look forward to finding a copy of *Arizona Highways* in my school mailbox.

*Sandra Risner, Cambridge Elementary, Concord, California*

**Faux Pauw**

In your May issue, in the article *Heeere's Johnny*, I see a spelling error that many Hoosiers might not appreciate. The correct spelling of the university located in Indiana is “DePauw.” I was born and raised in Indiana, so I'm quite familiar with the name. I had relatives that attended the school. I lived most of my life in New Mexico, which is the only state I consider superior to Arizona.

*Warner E. Miller, Peoria, Ill.*

**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](mailto:editor@arizonahighways.com), or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85009. For more information, visit [arizonahighways.com](http://arizonahighways.com).



**Horse With No Name**

Like a scene from an epic film, Kelly Vallo gazes into the sunset from the wind-whipped sand dunes northwest of Chinle, on the Navajo Nation. The image was made during an *Arizona Highways* Photo Workshop.

■ For information about our next workshop on the Navajo Nation, which takes place October 28-November 1, visit [friendsofhighways.org](http://friendsofhighways.org) or call 888-790-7042.

LYNN SANKEY

**ask AHM**

My wife and I recently visited the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. We were impressed by El Tovar. Can you tell me when it opened?

*Eric Peterson, Minneapolis*

El Tovar opened in 1905. At the time, rooms without a bath cost \$4, while rooms with a bath went for \$6. Lunch was \$1, and dinner, served by comely, white-aproned Harvey Girls, rarely cost more than \$1.50. The lodge was added to the National Register of Historic Places in 1974. For reservations, visit [grandcanyonlodges.com](http://grandcanyonlodges.com).

■ If you have a question about Arizona, please send an e-mail to: [editor@arizonahighways.com](mailto:editor@arizonahighways.com).



BRENDAN MOORE

date — to charity, with each wine geared to a different cause. Specifically, its Chardonnay benefits breast cancer research, its Cabernet Sauvignon benefits autism research, and its Merlot benefits AIDS research.

And that's just the beginning. Later this year, Hope, which is partnered with winemaker David Elliot of Sonoma Wine Co., is releasing a Zinfandel to support the families of fallen troops, and a Sauvignon Blanc to benefit environmental research.

"Wine goes with charity like it does with cheese," Senseman says.

The idea for starting a cause-motivated company came to Senseman when she and her partners were working at E.&J. Gallo Winery after college.

Senseman, a graduate of the University of Arizona with a degree in marketing, noticed that whenever companies such as Yoplait engaged in cause marketing, their sales increased.

"I thought the initial idea was great, but I wondered why a company couldn't do something like that all the time," she says. "I guess wine's just one of those perfect products for something like this, because no matter if times are good or bad, people are going to buy it, and they might as well feel good about it."

In addition to money, the seven members of the company also donate their time, whether it be weekly to the charity events around the country or the seven-day, 545-mile bicycle ride from San Francisco to Los Angeles to benefit AIDS research. Senseman took that ride in June, and says she's inspired each time she gets to connect with the people helped by her company.

"We always get people coming up and telling us their stories," she says. "When I think about it, it's exciting and overwhelming to think how many people are affected."

■ For more information, visit [hopewine.com](http://hopewine.com).

—Kendall Wright

CELEBRITY Q&A

Roger Clyne

Recording Artist

by Dave Pratt

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

**RC:** I'd encourage them to make the hike from Patagonia to the peak of Mount Wrightson in Southeastern Arizona. If they go in spring, they'll meet the swallows and ladybugs up there. The mountain burned badly some years ago, but it's blooming once again, and to be witness to the miracle of that process is an honor. At the top, the views of the deserts, mountains, plains and sky are mesmerizing.

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

**RC:** Waterproof matches. Wherever you are, fire may become a necessary survival tool.

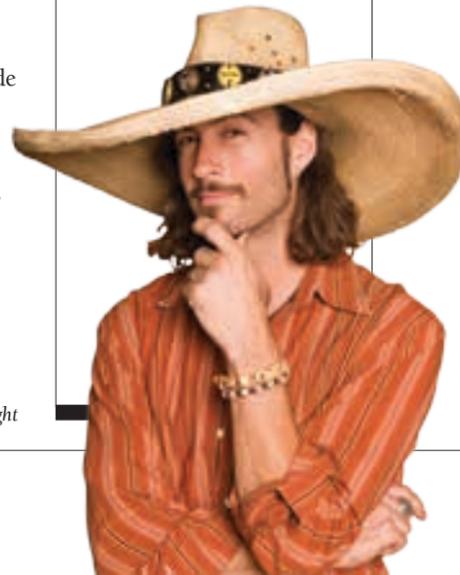
**AH: What's your favorite place in Arizona?**

**RC:** I know a secret little glen in the Whetstone Mountains where I'm sure Geronimo and Cochise took refuge.

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

**RC:** They generally ask, "What's it like?" I tell them you can only know if you visit. If you come, stay awhile. If you stay, foster community and protect the land.

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



DINING

Remote Possibilities

Although it's located in the middle of nowhere, the food at Cliff Dwellers Restaurant is out of this world.

SITUATED ALONG A QUIET STRETCH OF STATE ROUTE 89A beneath the rugged Vermilion Cliffs of Northern Arizona, the Cliff Dwellers Restaurant is 50 miles away from any semblance of a town. Despite its wildly remote location, "The Cliff is a Venus flytrap," says chef Marnie Bellows. "People stop in to have an iced tea, and end up staying here for two days."

The Cliff Dwellers Lodge has been luring unsuspecting patrons since 1920, when homesteaders Bill and Blanche Russell established a small trading post for intrepid westbound travelers looking to fuel up for the long haul across the Arizona Strip. The current owners, the spirited husband-wife team of Terry and Wendy Gunn, have transformed this remote retreat into a premier destination for world-class fly-fishing and other outdoor activities that cultivate the hearty appetites of their guests.

The Cliff satisfies hungry travelers and outdoors enthusiasts with a pleasantly unexpected upscale menu, presented by Chef Bellows. Lured to the Cliff from Salt Lake City in 1994, Bellows' passion for taking care of visitors by serving food with style and

pizzazz quickly earned her the nickname, "Love Chef." "The food is personal," she says with a friendly smile.

Made from scratch, using only fresh ingredients, Bellows creates edible works of art through dishes like luscious Sesame Crusted Seared Ahi Tuna, savory New Zealand Rack of Lamb and crisp High Mesa Salad — all meals you'd expect in Scottsdale or Phoenix, not on the desolate Colorado Plateau. Sure, you can still order a beefy burger with all the fixings, but Bellows' daily specials, such as Shrimp Tempura with Wasabi Ponzu and Maple Glazed Bacon-Wrapped Pork Chops, will certainly tempt even the most discriminating taste buds.

Although the flavors are complex and worldly, the Cliff's ambience remains simple and laid-back. Even after an exciting day of fly-fishing, hiking or sightseeing, you're encouraged to come as you are for your feast. No fancy clothes, white tablecloths or servers in pressed uniforms here.

Whether you're passing by on your way to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon or spending time near Marble Canyon, the Cliff will draw you in. The Love Chef knows: "Once someone stops here, they always come back. There's nowhere like it in the world."

■ Cliff Dwellers Restaurant is located along State Route 89A in Marble Canyon, 9 miles west of Navajo Bridge. For more information, call 800-962-9755 or visit [cliffdwellerslodge.com](http://cliffdwellerslodge.com).

— Colleen Miniuk-Sperry



COLLEEN MINIUK-SPERRY

PEOPLE

Raise a Glass

It's not every day you meet a 25-year-old who starts a wine company and donates half of its profits to charity. Kristen Senseman of Scottsdale is one of the rare exceptions.

SPENDING VACATIONS IN NAPA VALLEY with her parents, long before she was old enough to drink, might have cultivated Kristen Senseman's interest in wine, but for the 25-year-old Scottsdale resident, who is co-owner and vice president of Hope Wine in Southern California, she says she fell in love with grapes in June 2007. That's when she and her seven partners — all under the age of 30 — launched their company, which is based in Newport Beach.

Hope Wine is among a new breed of businesses that promote social responsibility, along with the products they're selling. In this case, Hope donates half of its profits — \$75,000 to



LODGING

# Catch the Stars

Most people head to Malibu to catch a glimpse of the stars; however, your best bet is a B&B in Southern Arizona.

ISOLATED FROM MAJOR CITIES AND BRIGHT LIGHTS, THE Astronomers Inn, a unique B&B in Benson, houses the one-of-a-kind Vega-Bray Observatory. The inn's location makes it possible because the jet streams over Southern Arizona provide ideal conditions for stargazing, allowing visitors some of the most beautiful views in the world. Anytime is a good time to visit, but according to Christina Pease and Dean Salman, who lead some of the private stargazing lessons, October is best because of the cooler weather and clearer skies.

Guests can hire Pease and Salman, as well as other guides, for a four-hour lesson, which can be geared to any level of interest. In addition, a new session teaches guests how to take photographs using telescopes.

Although an evening spent under a blanket of stars in a mysterious pitch-black sky sounds like something out of a Robert Frost poem, Patricia Vega's first night at the Astronomers Inn was much different than what guests experience today.

Back then, it wasn't the Astronomers Inn, or even the Sky Watcher's Inn, its original name; it was a 57-acre plot of land that Patricia had saved for and purchased on her own.

On New Year's Eve 1987, at exactly midnight, she took possession of the property and started walking the perimeter. Along the banks of the San Pedro River, the ground gave way and she

fell into the freezing water. After struggling for nearly an hour, she finally made it out of the river and found herself chest-deep in quicksand. She managed to escape, but her shoes and pants did not. She tied her shirt around her waist and trudged back to her car, caked with mud and leaves.

She was driving back to Tucson to see her husband, astronomy enthusiast Eduardo Vega, when a police officer on DUI patrol pulled her over.

"Please step out of the car." It wasn't a question.

Patricia explained to the man why she couldn't get out of her car, recounting her incredible evening. He was reluctant to believe her story, but followed her all the way back to her house to make sure she arrived safely.

From that night on, until recently, Patricia ran the Sky Watcher's Inn. However, in 2006, she sold the property to the current owners, who renamed it. Fortunately for astronomy lovers, not much has changed.

The inn still has three themed rooms and a studio, including the Garden Room, the Egyptian Room and the Galaxy Room, which is decorated in a *Star Wars* theme and has a 10-foot dome. Breakfast is served in the solarium, overlooking the lake and surrounding property. Outside its large picture windows, lavishly colored birds hover nearby and squirrels seek shelter under the patio.

It seems peaceful, and it is. Despite the occasional rattlesnake or Gila monster, visitors to the Astronomers Inn don't have much more to worry about — other than a cloudy evening.

■ *The Astronomers Inn is located at 1311 S. Astronomers Road, just outside of Benson off Interstate 10. For more information, call 520-586-7906 or visit astronomersinn.com.*

— Lauren Proper



DAVID SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHY

# Entry Points

Our first-ever online photography contest is under way, but there's still time to submit your best shots. Here's how:

DIGITAL ENTRIES ARE POURING IN from photographers around the world as our first-ever online photography contest shifts into high gear. As you'll see when you visit our Web site ([arizonahighways.com](http://arizonahighways.com)), we're taking advantage of the latest technology to conduct our contest. By the way, this is only the second photography contest in the magazine's illustrious 83-year history, and I'm in the unique position of having worked on the planning and execution of both.

The last time *Arizona Highways* sponsored a photo contest was 1986, and the differences between that one and this one were inconceivable 22 years ago. Old contest rules detailing entry procedures for the mounting and mailing of color prints seem burdensome by today's standards — the technology of the times has rewritten the rulebook.

The most obvious difference is that this year's competition is being conducted entirely online. To make that work, we established an advanced photo contest module that's customized to offer our entrants a rich interactive experience. Vicky Snow, our Webmaster, has logged countless hours implementing the program and testing the interface to make sure registrations are smooth and seamless.

In addition to submitting entries over the Internet, contestants have the ability to view their photos and all other entries online. What's more, anyone can cast a vote for his or her favorite photograph and view voting tabulations in real time.

Go ahead. Take a look online and size up your competition. Surely you have a better shot of the Grand Canyon or a desert bighorn sheep than those entered so far. If not, there's still time to go out and shoot something new for our contest. The deadline for entries is November 15, 2008, and there are four categories



GARY LADD

in which to enter — Landscape, People/Culture, Wildlife and Macro/Close-Up.

The grand prize for the Best of Show winner is a trip on an Arizona Highways Photo Workshop. This is a chance to learn firsthand from some of the best photographers in the world. For second- and third-place prizes, we've partnered with Tempe Camera Repair and Photo Imaging Center.

Joe Wojcic, the founder and owner of Tempe Camera, is providing a digital SLR camera package for second place, and a digital point-and-shoot camera package for third place. Because photography technology is advancing at such a rapid pace, Joe has not yet chosen which cameras will be awarded. To ensure that the winners receive the very latest feature-filled equipment, he'll select the cameras when the judges' choices are announced.

In addition to these prizes, the winners' photographs will be showcased in our September 2009 issue, and posted on our Web site, along with the People's Choice winners and entries receiving special recognition from the judges.

So hit us with your best shots. There's no entry fee, the rules are simple, and the entry process is quick and easy. For complete contest rules and entry procedures, visit [arizonahighways.com](http://arizonahighways.com) and click on the photography contest link. Good luck!

— Peter Ensenberger, director of photography

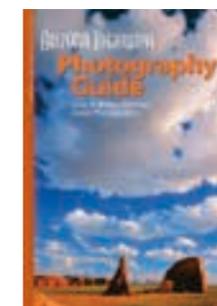


PHOTO TIP

KEEP IT SIMPLE

The best way to present a clear message in a photograph is to keep the composition simple. The fewer elements you work with, the easier it is to design a pleasing image and orchestrate the viewer's eye movement. There are several ways to simplify a composi-

tion, but the primary technique is to move closer to the subject. Whether you physically move the camera closer or zoom in optically, getting closer allows you to fill the frame with the subject, paring the composition down to its essential components and clarify-

ing the story you're trying to tell. It removes distractions from the edges of the frame, eliminates superfluous elements, and defocuses the background.

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

# Point and Shoot

If you're going to have a gunfight, you might as well make it memorable — 127 years ago this month, the Earps et al. did just that.

IT TAKES LONGER TO TELL THE STORY than the event itself lasted. Gunfights are like that. In this case, the duel was done in 30 seconds, and by the time the smoke had cleared, three men were dead and two lay wounded.

One hundred and twenty-seven years ago this month, the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday took an October afternoon walk on the streets of Tombstone. It ended in the most famous shootout in Old West history — the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral.

Some say the face-off between the Clantons (Ike and Billy), who were joined by the McLaurys (Frank and Tom), and the Earps (Virgil, Morgan and Wyatt), who were joined by their friend Doc Holliday, started brewing seven months earlier, on March 15, 1881. That's when an attempted stagecoach robbery took place, leaving two people dead and no sign of the prime suspect.

Over the spring and summer, accusations, bribery and misinformation related to the robbery fueled the flames of the feud, and hostilities between the two groups increased. By October 25, the tension on the streets of Tombstone was palpable.

At midnight on the 25th, Ike Clanton and Holliday had a run-in, and after an all-night drinking binge, Ike was itching for a fight. By the morning of the 26th, he was shooting off his mouth and threatening to kill the Earps and Holliday.

Around noon that day, Virgil Earp, the town marshal, got wind of Clanton's threats and called on Morgan and Wyatt as backups, in case a fight was to break out. On the other side of town, around 2:30 in the afternoon, Ike's younger brother, Billy, and Tom's

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(Left to right) Tom McLaury, Frank McLaury and Billy Clanton

brother, Frank, rode into town to join ranks with Ike and Tom.

While the Clantons and McLaurys gathered in a vacant lot on Fremont Street — a block away from the O.K. Corral — the Earps and Holliday went looking for them. Witnesses reported that as the four men walked down Fremont Street, Morgan said to Holliday, "Let 'em have it."

The opposing men stood only 6 feet apart, and when the gunfire ended, Billy Clanton and Tom and Frank McLaury lay dead. Virgil and Morgan Earp were wounded, and Doc Holliday was grazed by a bullet. Ike had retreated when the shooting started.

The next day, the bodies of the three dead men were dressed in suits, laid out in caskets, and put on public display at the Ritter and Ream Funeral Parlor with a sign above them that read: "Murdered in the Streets of Tombstone. ..."

What led to the violent showdown has been debated by witnesses, historians and Wild West aficionados for more than a century. Some blame Ike Clanton, some blame Wyatt Earp, and some blame Doc Holliday. Regardless of who instigated things, their places are etched in history, and the legend lives on.

■ *Tombstone celebrates its colorful history during Helldorado Days (October 17-19), which includes a re-enactment of the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral. For information, visit [tombstonevigilantes.com](http://tombstonevigilantes.com).*

— Sally Benford

NATURE

# Space Invader

Salt cedar, a European import, is gobbling up Arizona's shorelines — it now accounts for 90 percent of the ground cover in some riparian habitats.

WHERE WATER FLOWS, SALT CEDAR GROWS. THE PLANT, also known as tamarisk, is an ornamental shrub that was brought to North America from Europe in the late 1800s to create windbreaks and halt riverbank erosion. More than a century later, this invasive species rules the roost along Western waterways.

In Arizona, salt cedar, with its reddish bark and pencil-shaped clusters of pink and white flowers, is easy to spot thronging the Colorado, Gila, Salt and Santa Cruz rivers, to name a few. Its wispy limbs, which can reach up to 30 feet in height, overhang roots that burrow more than 10 feet below the surface in search of water.

Salt cedar gets its name from the salt that drips from its stems and leaves into the ground — this process increases the salinity of the surrounding soil and hinders the growth of native plants.

Unlike native cottonwoods, which have shallower roots, salt cedar is well adapted to withstand drought and flooding. Its biological advantages also include widespread seed dispersal by wind, and the ability to grow vegetatively, which means a stray stick partially buried beneath the sediment can sprout roots. What's more, it also recovers quickly from fire damage, even though tightly packed clumps of tamarisk pose an increased risk of wildfires.

In fact, it's these packed clumps that overtake native trees, including mesquites and willows — it's estimated that tamarisks account for 90 percent of the ground cover in some riparian habitats, further reducing plant and animal diversity. The lower Colorado River is on that list.

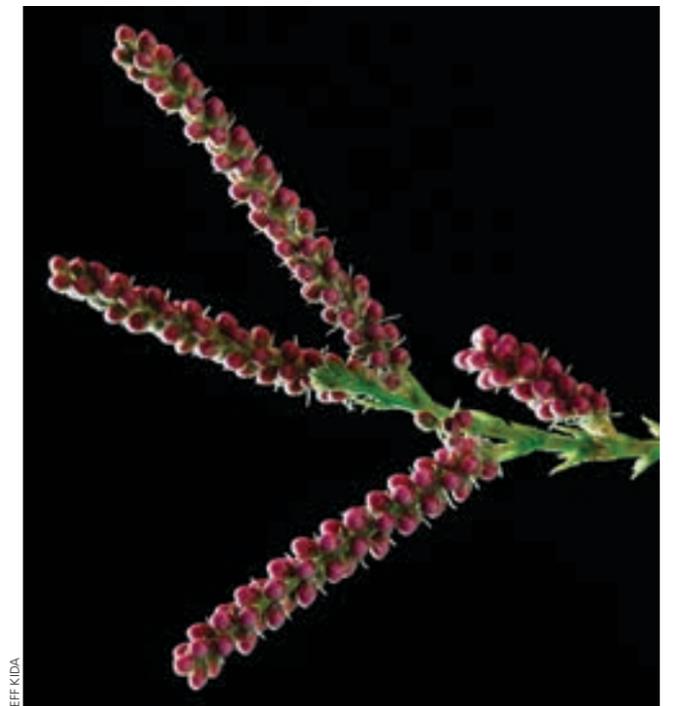
Native mammals such as beavers and porcupines, which normally feed on cottonwoods and willows, won't eat salt cedar, and as a result, fare poorly where it dominates. In addition, few

insects and birds use salt cedar, although, the endangered southwestern willow flycatcher will nest in tamarisks when native vegetation is unavailable. White-winged doves and mourning doves, honeybees and cicadas also use tamarisks.

Despite its prevalence, it is possible to eradicate salt cedar from localized regions, but not large landscapes. One promising method is through biocontrol using the Chinese salt cedar leaf beetle.

"Once [the beetle] is well established, it does an excellent job of defoliating the plant," says Joseph DiTomaso, a weed ecologist at the University of California, Davis. "If salt cedar became just one of many plants in a community, and not by any means the dominant plant, ecosystem function would be maintained, as would plant and animal diversity."

However, the beetle has not been able to establish itself in



JEFF KIDA

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

- On October 10, 1918, two dozen cases of Spanish influenza were reported in Tucson, prompting city and state officials to enact strict quarantine measures and close "all places of public gatherings," such as schools, churches and theaters.
- On October 12, 1940, Western film actor Tom Mix died when his 1937 Cord 812 Phaeton crashed at a construction site on State Route 79 near Florence. A historical marker now identifies the site of the crash.
- On October 16, 1931, Winnie Ruth Judd of Phoenix murdered her roommates and cut their bodies into pieces. She then stuffed the body parts into a shipping trunk, earning her the morbid nickname, "the Trunk Murderess."

nature factoid

NORTHERN SHOVELER

Named for its odd-shaped bill, the northern shoveler, a migrating duck found primarily around Flagstaff and in the White Mountains, scoops water into its mouth, where comblike projections filter food such as mollusks, insects, plants and seeds from the water.



C. K. LORENZ

some areas, and is not permitted in the southwestern willow flycatcher's habitat, DiTomaso says.

Still, biocontrol proponents estimate it could reduce up to 80 percent of tamarisk biomass, says Curt Deuser, a National Park Service restoration biologist based out of Lake Mead.

"It's too much money to use the methods we use, like chainsaws or heavy equipment or herbicide, so, hopefully, the beetles will reduce [large] populations, and then we can do local eradication with our methods," Deuser says.

After elimination, the next hurdle is restoring native vegetation. "Once salt cedar is killed, what next?" DiTomaso asks. "These are expensive programs, and we need to ensure that if the money is to be invested in restoration, it better be successful."

— Leah Duran

**50**  
years ago  
in arizona highways

U.S. Route 70 once crossed the length of Arizona from east to west. Today, the interstates have taken over. Nonetheless, there's still a lot to see along the older roads, and that was the focus of our October 1958 issue, which looked at the points of interest along U.S. 70, from Duncan on the state's eastern border to Ehrenberg near the California state line.

THINGS  
TO DO

## Party at Schnepf Farms

**October 1-31:** Pumpkin bowling, a pumpkin pie-eating contest, a 10-acre celebrity maze, carnival rides, games, fireworks and, of course, chili are just a few of the reasons to visit the 14th Annual Schnepf Farms Pumpkin & Chili Party in Queen Creek.

■ Information: 480-987-3100 or [pumpkinandchiliparty.com](http://pumpkinandchiliparty.com).



KERRICK JAMES

**FLAGSTAFF'S DAY OF THE DEAD**

**October 24-26:** The Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff comes alive during its Dia de los Muertos Celebraciones de la Gente. Based on an ancient and traditional Mesoamerican holiday, the event commemorates departed loved ones with musical and theatrical performances that include Aztec fire dances, ballet folklórico, storytelling, mariachis and other activities.

■ Information: 928-774-5213 or [musnaz.org/index.html](http://musnaz.org/index.html).

## Wine Crush in Chandler

**October 17-19:** This is your chance to do the Kokopelli Krush at the Kokopelli Winery in downtown Chandler. Teams of two compete by jumping barefoot in a barrel of grapes to see how much grape juice they can make in two minutes. In addition, there will be music, wine-tastings, food, games, vendor booths and more.

■ Information: 480-792-6927 or [kokopellivinery.com](http://kokopellivinery.com).

### PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOP

The Chiricahua Wilderness comes alive with color every autumn, displaying the vibrant reds, oranges and golds of the maples and sycamores that line Cave Creek Canyon. The area is also known for striking formations of volcanic spires and balanced rocks. Photographer Edward McCain teaches how to make dramatic images of the stunning Chiricahua landscape during an Arizona Highways Photo Workshop.

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



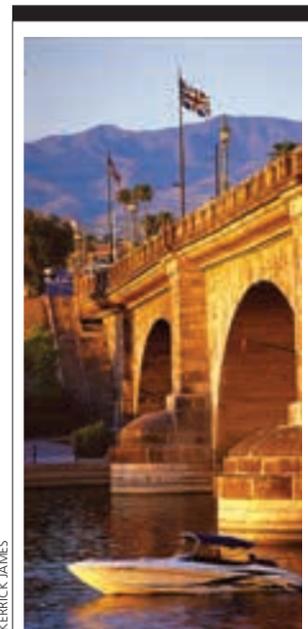
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### LAKE HAVASU FESTIVAL

**October 21-November 2:** London Bridge isn't falling down, but it is the site of Lake Havasu City's 37th annual London Bridge Days. The town's famous landmark is celebrated with the Chillin' & Swillin' Brew Festival, the Taste of Havasu, a parade, entertainment and more — all set against the sparkling water of Lake Havasu.

■ Information: 928-453-3444 or [golakehasvu.com](http://golakehasvu.com).



JIM MARSHALL

## Ghost Walk in Jerome

**October 11:** The ghosts of Jerome won't rest in peace, but they do provide some excitement during the town's annual Ghost Walk. The tour, which begins at Spook Hall and winds through the city, teaches visitors about the murders, suicides and deaths associated with the ghosts that still haunt this old mining town.

■ Information: 928-634-1066 or [jeromehistoricalsociety.org](http://jeromehistoricalsociety.org).

# autumn in ARIZONA

There are several ways to enjoy fall color. You could tear out the pages of this magazine and hang them on your fridge, you could do the obvious and head to New England, or you could throw on a sweatshirt and explore Arizona. We suggest the latter. The leaves are gorgeous, and there are several ways to see them — whether you're looking for a nature walk, a hard-core hike or a scenic drive. What follows are 15 of our favorites.

**By Robert Stieve**

**STAR BRIGHT** A starburst of light from the setting sun shines through aspens tinged with gold at Arizona Snowbowl in the San Francisco Peaks near Flagstaff. Photograph by George Stocking

# 5 naturewalks

## 1> Kendrick Park Watchable Wildlife Trail

When you mention fall color in Arizona, most people think about Northern Arizona. Not all, but most. There are two trails at this beautiful spot — a short paved loop to allow wheelchair access, and a longer loop with good old-fashioned dirt. Both trails bridge the habitats of forest and grassland, making it an ideal location to encounter not only fall colors, but also Steller's jays, Northern red-tailed hawks, mule deer, porcupines, pronghorns, elk and badgers. The views of the San Francisco Peaks are pretty amazing, too.

**Directions:** From Flagstaff, drive north on U.S. Route 180 for approximately 20 miles to the southern end of Kendrick Park.  
**Elevation:** 7,000 feet  
**Distance:** .25 miles (short loop) or 1.5 miles (long loop)  
**Difficulty:** Easy  
**Information:** 928-526-0866 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino)

## 2> Ackre Lake Trail

Add water to just about any setting and it's bound to get better. This remote trail near Hannagan Meadow is no exception. In addition to the lake and the mixed forest of aspens and conifers, this hike features a meadow called Butterfly Cienega, where you'll want to keep your eyes peeled for elk, mule deer and black bears. From there, the trail leads to Ackre Lake, where a log bridge crosses the dam. It's a great place to read a book or have a picnic. You can loop this trail by following Ackre Lake Road (Forest Road 8312) back to Butterfly Cienega and retracing your route from the meadow.

**Directions:** The trailhead is located just south of the Hannagan Meadow campground, which is 22 miles south of Alpine on U.S. Route 191.  
**Elevation:** 9,100 to 8,700 feet  
**Distance:** 3.5 miles, one way  
**Difficulty:** Moderate  
**Information:** 928-339-5000 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf)

## 3> Barbershop Trail

The names of some trails in Arizona are curious, like this one, which is named for a shepherd who once lived in the area. Apparently, he was as good at clipping his fellow herders as he was at shearing sheep. The trail meanders through a nice stretch of open forests and shallow canyons. Because of the high density of maples, aspens and oaks along this trail, the fall colors are beautiful. Of course, there are pines, firs and wildlife, too, including wild turkeys, mule deer, elk and black bears.

**Directions:** From Flagstaff, drive south on Forest Highway 3 for 55 miles to State Route 87. Go north on State 87 for 9 miles to Forest Road 95, turn right, and continue 8 miles to Forest Road 139. Continue 7 miles on FR 139 to the trailhead.  
**Elevation:** 7,600 to 7,800 feet  
**Distance:** 4.5 miles, one way  
**Difficulty:** Moderate  
**Information:** 928-477-2255 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino)



**ONE FOR THE MONET** Bigtooth maple leaves and a pinecone rest on a bed of bark and pine needles (left), forming an autumn still life. Photograph by George Stocking

**HELLO, YELLOW!** Sunny-side-up aspens and oaks greet visitors to the Pole Knoll Recreation Area (right) in the White Mountains. Photograph by Jerry Jacka  
■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.



## 4> Pole Knoll Recreation Area

There are several nature walks in this recreation area, which is best known as a mecca for cross-country skiing. The shortest loop is slightly more than a mile, and the longest is 6 miles — the entire complex of trails and roads runs for almost 30 miles. Most of the fall color is provided by the aspens and oaks, but the scenery goes beyond the autumn leaves. Pole Knoll also offers spectacular views of Sunrise Lake, Sunrise Peak and Mount Baldy to the southwest, Greens Peak to the north, and the Little Colorado Basin to the east.

**Directions:** From Springerville, go west on State Route 260 for approximately 14 miles. The trailhead is on the south side of the road. Specific trail information is available at the trailhead.  
**Elevation:** 9,000 feet  
**Distance:** Variable  
**Difficulty:** Easy  
**Information:** 928-333-4301 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf)

# 5 hardcorehikes

## 5> Trail to Dog Lake

October is one of your last chances to visit the Grand Canyon's North Rim, as winter snows usually close the road sometime this month. There are numerous places to see fall-tinted leaves in this neck of the woods, but the trail to Dog Lake, which follows a portion of the Arizona Trail and requires a high-clearance vehicle, is one of the best. Among other things, it crosses two beautiful alpine meadows. The highlight, though, at least this time of year, is the lake itself. Although it's just a pond, it's ringed with aspens, which provide the ultimate gold rush in the fall. You'll likely see mule deer and maybe some turkeys, too, but the aspens steal the show.

**Directions:** From Jacob Lake, drive south on State Route 67 for approximately 26 miles. Turn left onto Forest Road 611 and go 1.4 miles, veering right and then left, to continue on FR 611. The road is signed East Rim View. Drive another 2.5 miles on this road to the trailhead.  
**Elevation:** 8,802 feet  
**Distance:** 3.8 miles, round-trip  
**Difficulty:** Easy  
**Information:** 928-643-7395 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai)

## 6> Mormon Mountain Trail

This relatively quiet trail leads to the peak of Mormon Mountain (8,449 feet) and climbs gradually through a forest of ponderosa pines, mixed conifers and aspens. At a number of places along the route, openings in the forest canopy provide long-distance views of Mormon Lake, and the grassy flats and forest-covered hills that surround it. For a short distance after leaving the trailhead, Mormon Mountain Trail shares the path with the self-guided nature trail that skirts a nearby campground. The mountain trail then branches off on its own to complete the 1,500-foot climb.

**Directions:** From Flagstaff, go south on Forest Highway 3 for 20 miles to the intersection with Forest Road 90. Turn west on FR 90 and drive 3.5 miles to the Montezuma Lodge turnoff. Drive 0.6 miles to the trailhead. All roads are paved except the last 0.6 miles.  
**Elevation:** 7,200 to 8,449 feet  
**Distance:** 6 miles, round-trip  
**Difficulty:** Moderate  
**Information:** 928-526-0866 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino)

## 7> Kachina Trail

Although nearby Humphreys Peak gets most of the attention, this beautiful trail follows a gently rolling course along the middle slopes of the Kachina Peaks Wilderness Area. Most of the fall color radiates from the stands of white-barked aspens. The trail also offers good views of the rocky upper slopes of the mountain and the forests surrounding its base. It comes with a soundtrack, too. If you listen closely, you'll likely hear the bugling sounds of bull elk as they gather harems for the breeding season.

**Directions:** From Flagstaff, drive north on State Route 180 for 7 miles to Forest Road 516 (Snowbowl Road), turn right and continue another 7.4 miles to the lower parking lot. The trailhead is at the south end of the lot.  
**Elevation:** 9,325 to 8,788 feet  
**Distance:** 5 miles, one way  
**Difficulty:** Moderate  
**Information:** 928-526-0866 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino)

## 8> Sterling Pass Trail

Named for a local settler, this trail follows one of the nicest canyons in the Oak Creek drainage. As the path climbs up the canyon, it rubs shoulders with stunning outcroppings near the rim, while offering distant panoramas to the east. At Sterling Pass, the trail zigzags down the other side to the Vultee Arch Trail. A short spur trail to Vultee Arch leads to one of the best panoramas of the Red Rock-Secret Canyon Wilderness. If you're wondering about color, that comes primarily from dwarf canyon maples, which turn scarlet and peach this time of year.

**Directions:** From Sedona, drive north on State Route 89A for 6 miles to the trailhead on the west side of the road, about a half-mile north of Milepost 380. Parking is available south of nearby Manzanita Campground, on the east side of the highway.  
**Elevation:** 4,850 to 5,950 feet  
**Distance:** 2.4 miles, one way  
**Difficulty:** Moderate to strenuous  
**Information:** 928-282-4119 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino)



**WHICH WAY IS UP?** Crowned with translucent fall foliage, white-trunked aspens seem to converge (left) in the Coconino National Forest. Photograph by Elias Butler  
■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

**FALL PALETTE** Autumn leaves (right) dapple Workman Creek in the Sierra Ancha Wilderness. Photograph by Morey Millbradt





**BURLING BROOK** Oak Creek bubbles over and around rocks strewn with bigtooth maple leaves in the Coconino National Forest near Sedona. Photograph by Larry Lindahl  
■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

## 9> Gobbler Point Trail

Gobbler Point is the steepest trail leading into the Bear Wallow Wilderness, and it offers one of the best displays of fall color in the state. In addition to the panoramic views, there are all kinds of trees, including a mixed stand of conifers, ponderosa pines and aspens along the trail's upper reaches. That group eventually gives way to clumps of Gambel oaks, red-osier dogwoods and bracken ferns as the trail loses altitude. At the junction with Bear Wallow Trail on the canyon floor, the trail winds through a parklike community of ponderosa pines and canyon hardwoods, including Arizona ash, alders and box elders. Keep in mind, this trail eventually leads to the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation, where a special-use permit from the tribe is required for entry.

**Directions:** From Alpine, go south on U.S. Route 191 for approximately 28 miles to Forest Road 25. Go west on FR 25 about 7 miles to Gobbler Point Road, which is on the south side of the road. Follow this road to the left at the first fork, and head right at the second fork for 3 miles to the trailhead.  
**Elevation:** 8,770 to 6,700 feet  
**Distance:** 2.7 miles, one way  
**Difficulty:** Strenuous  
**Information:** 928-339-5000 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf)

## 10> Butterfly Trail

This trail passes through an area so biologically diverse that part of it has been designated a Research Natural Area. In the higher elevations, you'll see ponderosa pines, Douglas firs and Southwestern white pines, while Arizona madrones, box elders and bigtooth maples offer a blast of color in the lower reaches. As the name suggests, there are butterflies too, which congregate in clusters among the wildflowers. If it's views you're after, the panoramas along this trail are as diverse as the biology — especially if you take the short side hike to the top of Mount Bigelow, where you'll find good views of Tucson to the west.

**Directions:** From Tucson, go east on Grant Road for 8 miles to Tanque Verde Road. Continue east on Tanque Verde for 3 miles to the Catalina Highway. Drive 4.2 miles to the forest boundary, and continue 19 miles to the Palisade Visitor Information Center. The trailhead is located at the north end of the parking lot.  
**Elevation:** 6,500 to 8,200 feet  
**Distance:** 5.7 miles, one way  
**Difficulty:** Moderate to strenuous  
**Information:** 520-749-8700 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado)



# 5 scenic drives

## 11> Beaverhead to Alpine

Before you load the minivan, ask yourself this question: Am I afraid of hairpin turns and the middle of nowhere? If you answer yes, point your vehicle somewhere else. Or, better yet, hire a driver, because this route offers the ultimate taste of the great outdoors. Elk, black bears, deer and mountain lions are in the neighborhood, and so are Mexican gray wolves. You probably won't see any wolves, but you will see an abundance of fall color. You'll also see the Blue River, which you'll have to cross at one point. The river crossing is firm, and as long as it's not at flood stage, most vehicles can make it across. High-clearance, however, is recommended. After that, it's smooth sailing on a dirt road back to Alpine.

**Directions:** From Alpine, go south on U.S. Route 191 for 14 miles to Forest Road 567 at Beaverhead. Continue east on FR 567 for 13 miles to Blue Crossing, turn left onto Forest Road 281, and continue 22 miles back to Alpine.

**Elevation:** 8,050 to 8,127 feet

**Distance:** 49 miles

**Information:** 928-339-5000 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf)

## 12> Sky Island Scenic Byway

There are a couple things you need to know about this drive. One, it's also known as the Catalina Highway, the Mount Lemmon Highway and the General Hitchcock Highway. And two, you won't be alone. Don't let that stop you, though. This is one of the most scenic routes in the Southwest, and it's an easy way to get a healthy dose of fall color. Really, if you're into flora and fauna, it doesn't get much better than this — the Catalina Range is one of the most naturally diverse regions in the continental United States.

**Directions:** From Tucson, drive east on Grant Road for 8 miles to Tanque Verde Road. Continue east on Tanque Verde for 3 miles to the Sky Island Scenic Byway, a.k.a. the Catalina Highway. The scenic drive is a paved, winding two-lane road that begins at the boundary of Coronado National Forest and terminates in the village of Summerhaven.

**Elevation:** 3,000 to 9,100 feet

**Distance:** 27 miles

**Information:** 520-749-8700 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado)



**BECKONING BACK ROAD** Curving between aspens and ponderosa pines (below), a road in the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, west of Alpine, beckons travelers to linger longer on a fine fall day. Photograph by Jerry Jacka

**STRAWBERRY SWIRL** Painted the colors of pulpy strawberries by Nature's hand, autumn leaves (right) swirl in eddies in the South Fork of Cave Creek in the Chiricahua Mountains. Photograph by George Stocking





**RIPPLED REFLECTION** A breeze barely fingering the surface of a Mogollon Rim pond creates an impressionistic duplication of an autumn landscape. Photograph by Jerry Jacka  
■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

## 13> Schultz Pass Road

If you're looking for a quick getaway, this is it. Shultz Pass represents one of the state's shortest distances from civilization to wilderness. In another era, it served as a shortcut from the settlements in the eastern part of the Flagstaff area to downtown. Today, it provides easy access to great views of the aspens in the San Francisco Peaks. It also serves as a gateway to cool ponderosa pine forests, lots of hiking trails and picnic spots. Of course, because of its easy access, you won't be alone on this road, so please be courteous to fellow travelers.

**Directions:** From Flagstaff, drive about 2 miles north on U.S. Route 180. Just beyond the Museum of Northern Arizona, turn east onto Forest Road 420 and follow this road up and over Schultz Pass to U.S. Route 89, where you'll turn south for the return trip to Flagstaff.

**Elevation:** 7,000 to 7,800 feet  
**Distance:** 26 miles

**Information:** 928-526-0866 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino)

## 14> Forest Road 300

After the Grand Canyon, the Mogollon Rim is the most striking geological feature in Arizona. Measured in thousands of feet and hundreds of miles, it begins near the border with New Mexico and stretches diagonally across most of the state. Through the lens of a camera, binoculars or your own baby blues, the views from the Rim are unbelievable, uninterrupted and unsurpassed. Going from east to west, the well-graded gravel road, suitable for everything from a Prius to a conversion van, kicks off near Woods Canyon Lake. From there, it winds along the Rim past the turnoffs to Bear Canyon Lake, Knoll Lake and several other small lakes, before striking pavement at State Route 260 just north of Strawberry.

**Directions:** From Payson, drive east on State Route 260 past Kohl's Ranch to where the road tops out on the Mogollon Rim. Turn left toward Woods Canyon Lake and continue about a mile to Forest Road 300.

**Elevation:** 7,500 to 5,800 feet  
**Distance:** 54 miles

**Information:** 928-477-2255 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino)

## 15> Garland Prairie

This route, which crosses and runs parallel to an overland route once used by Indians, trappers and explorers, is not only scenic, it's also historic. Like most roads that leave pavement, this one is best experienced with a high-clearance vehicle, but if the road isn't muddy, a Honda Accord will do just fine. Garland Prairie — which was settled by homesteaders who were only mildly successful at farming — and White Horse Lake are the highlights of this drive. You'll have to detour to get to the lake, but the dense stand of quaking aspens makes it worthwhile. When it comes to fall color, nothing is more beautiful than white-barked aspens and their golden leaves. Postcard views continue from the aspen grove all the way to Williams.

**Directions:** From Flagstaff, go west on Interstate 40 for 17 miles to Exit 178 at Parks. Drive south on Forest Road 141 (Garland Prairie Road) for approximately 12 miles (there will be several 90-degree turns) to Forest Road 109. Go south for 5.3 miles to White Horse Lake, then backtrack to Forest Road 141 and go west for 3.3 miles to Forest Road 140. Continue west on FR 140 for 2.8 miles to Forest Road 173, turn right (north), and continue 4.5 miles to Williams.

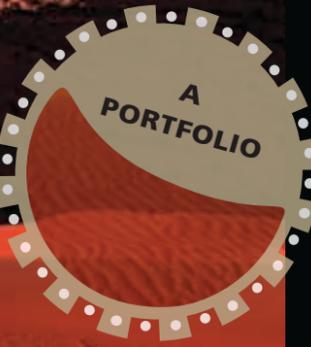
**Elevation:** 6,800 feet  
**Distance:** 33 miles  
**Information:** 928-635-5600 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai)



**MATTER OF SCALE** A minifall on Workman Creek in the Sierra Ancha Mountains proves the adage that size isn't everything. Photograph by Claire Curran



**Fall Color Hotline:** From mid-September through mid-November, the U.S. Forest Service offers a hotline with information on fall colors in Arizona. Call 800-354-4595 for the latest updates, or visit [www.fs.fed.us/news/fallcolors](http://www.fs.fed.us/news/fallcolors). 



# SANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHY

It's one thing to ask a photographer to shoot fall leaves in the San Francisco Peaks or along a back road in the Escudilla Mountains. Photographers line up for those assignments. Finding somebody to shoot sand dunes on the Navajo Nation is a little more difficult. It's hot, it's dusty and there aren't many amenities. Nevertheless, Robert McDonald rose to the occasion.

**BY  
ROBERT  
MCDONALD**



#### RIPPLE EFFECT

Light and shadows play on the ripples and planes of Little Capitan Valley dunes on the Navajo Nation near Kayenta (pages 26-27).

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

#### PASTEL COAT

In a northern view toward Hunts Mesa (above), soft pastel light coats Little Capitan Valley dunes just before dawn.

#### AFTERBURN

Following sunrise, blazing summer-solstice sunlight reveals the sharp edge delineating the valley's flat eastward and undulating westward faces (right).

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





#### LAVENDER BLACK

As shadows lengthen toward day's end (left), Chaistla Butte and Poras Dikes spike against the distant slopes of Black Mesa. ■ To order a print of this photograph, see page 1.

#### SUN BLOCK

Comb Ridge buttresses Little Capitan Valley to the northeast (above), blocking the sun's direct light on the dunes at dawn most of the year until its azimuth moves far enough north for about three weeks each June.





#### **SACRED MOMENT**

Summer monsoon clouds darken the sky over sacred daturas (above) standing their sandy ground in the Little Capitan Valley dunes, an area about 1 square mile on the Navajo Nation.

#### **HAUNTING MELODY**

The stuff of myths and legends, the sound of moans, groans and drones may sometimes be heard in the dunes (left), caused by friction between sand and moisture (or lack of it) that leaves scientists puzzled.

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





Bisbee rhymes with Frisbee, and if you look hard enough, there's probably a piece of art in town made of the famous flying disc. Bisbee is like that. It's full of hidden treasures, which is why it's best explored on foot. Walk, don't run. That's the only way to appreciate Southern Arizona's queen city.

# WALK



BY GREGORY MCNAMEE

**JUST** west of Bisbee, that historic town nestled in the Mule Mountains of Cochise County, stands an automobile tunnel. Completed a half-century ago, it's one of the very few tunnels in Arizona — road builders out here, it seems, preferred to climb up and over the faces of rocky impediments rather than blast through them and ruin a good thrill ride. Bisbee was noisier back when the tunnel was built, when great machines hauled loads of copper from the earth, and dynamite was readily available to punch holes through mountains.

The Mule Pass Tunnel is a fine thing as tunnels go, but when I head to Bisbee, I prefer the old approach, over the Old Divide Road. As its name hints, the road, which climbs over Mule Mountain and over the tunnel, crosses the Continental Divide at an elevation of 6,030 feet. As it arcs its way up to the summit, the road affords superb views of the town and the giant Copper Queen mine pit. Looking down into the town's maze of winding streets, alleys and stairways, the view also suggests any number of routes an intrepid traveler can take while getting around on foot.

Unlike newer, more spread-out cities in Arizona, Bisbee is hemmed in by rugged mountains and steep canyons that confine it to a walkable scale. Thanks to geography, the heart of Bisbee can be covered in a pleasant hour. A more adventurous tour, heading for higher ground and working one's way along the rim of the mountains, can take hours longer, cover a much bigger chunk of territory, and involve a marathon run-

**COLORFUL COMMUNITY** Surrounded by the Mule Mountains southeast of Tucson, Bisbee is a colorful destination (left) with a copper-mining history and modern arts and crafts shops worthy of a day's walkabout. Photograph by Peter Ensenberger

**NUMBER 7** The door of a former miner's residence (above), recovered during renovation, is displayed at a Bisbee gallery. Photograph by Stephen Strom



# THIS WAY



ner's dose of exercise. Both possibilities offer many attractions.

I'm a perambulator myself, inclined to a more philosophical approach to the business of getting around. First comes a single step; another step follows, then another, and we're walking — something our species learns at an early age. That's reason enough to celebrate getting out of a vehicle and strolling. On an easy pass, a walker can burn 200 to 300 calories an hour, shedding pounds with minimal exertion, which makes it about the gentlest form of exercise there is. But the benefits of walking go well beyond the purely physical. More than any other activity, walking is a sure way to jump-start our brains, to set thoughts in motion and calm our troubles.

Prompted by modest exertions, our bodies — just minutes into a walk — begin to produce endorphins, chemical compounds that reduce pain and stress, enhance memory and judgment, and increase feelings of well-being as they course into the brain. Along with endorphins, walking produces increased levels of serotonin, an important brain neurotransmitter that further serves to reduce stress, which is why doctors increasingly recommend walking as a treatment for mild depression and anxiety.

That, I think, is the reason ancient Greek philosophers prided themselves on being peripatetic — a fancy term for “walking around” — and why great thinkers ever since have taken to the quiet lanes to get their pondering done. Which brings us to Brewery Gulch, the spiritual center of Old Bisbee, and a place where any amiable amble of Bisbee should begin.

Brewery Gulch has a brighter visage than in days past, when, to put it charitably, many of its old pieces seemed in danger of crumbling to dust. Things have been patched and painted and restored, and new shops and galleries line the



**FAIR BIS-NESS** Viewed from the intersection of Subway Street and Tombstone Canyon Road, the three-story Fair Building houses the Bisbee Restoration Museum. Photograph by Karen Strom

**PEACE, BROTHER** Painted by local artist Rose Johnson, Bisbee's Peace Wall embellishes the base of Castle Rock. Photograph by Stephen Strom

**BED SPRINGS** The Inn at Castle Rock, built in 1902 as a rooming house, has a natural spring in its basement. Photograph by Karen Strom

**ORANGE YOU GLAD YOU CAME?** A private residence displays the homeowner's fondness for orange. Photograph by Stephen Strom

winding road. Even so, chances are good that the people you'll meet will have a philosophical approach to the business of making a living. In other words, one works in order to live, but one does not live in order to work. "I got this job just because I needed to work for a couple of days a week," said one young woman in a beautifully appointed art gallery next door to a suspiciously subversive rendering of the *Mona Lisa*. "I needed something to give my life some structure and direction." I sympathized, of course, but then considered my deadlines and the mound of paper piled high atop my desk and thought, a little grumpily, that I could use a bit less structure and direction myself.

I've been strolling up and down Brewery Gulch for a third of a century now, and it's been ever thus. That is, in some circles here, work is most definitely a four-letter word. But, ambler that I am, I've taken at least some of my cues from an uncharacteristically ambitious walker who, no matter where I was in town, could be seen in the distance striding purposefully up a hillside or down the canyon, ever in view.

He knew the good paths, and I was careful to watch where he went and to follow at a discreet distance, getting a good workout in the bargain. Stories were whispered about him, and they seldom agreed on particulars — except that he'd been a NASA scientist assigned to a tracking station in the middle of the Australian desert, where he was alone for months at a time. The darkness and space were too much, the

stories continued, and he quit, thereafter to wander the streets of Bisbee like some landlocked ancient mariner.

I haven't seen him in years, but as I wandered up Brewery Gulch on a recent bright, late-spring morning, I thought of our last encounter. I was climbing a stairway one moon-washed evening when he came around a corner, silent as an owl, and grinned at me. The moment might have done Boo Radley proud, and I nearly jumped out of my skin until I made out the features of his face in the moonlight and recognized him. I greeted the man, and he treated me to a tour of the night sky that would have cost a hefty admission fee at any planetarium worth visiting — a tour, I might add, whose details I remember vividly whenever that time of year comes and the constellations line up in the same order.

**I**f Brewery Gulch seems to be sprucing up a little, then Tombstone Canyon has gone positively upscale. Beginning below the city's grande dame, the Copper Queen Hotel — Main Street passes the beautifully refurbished Phelps-Dodge Mercantile building, which now houses a couple of restaurants, gift shops and offices. Main Street then winds past the Copper Queen Library, established in 1882 and one of the handsomest such institutions in Arizona. Bookstores, more restaurants, gift shops and a few antiques outlets that draw collectors from all over the country grace

the upper end of the street, which makes a turn to the northeast at the geological landmark called Castle Rock, where it turns into Tombstone Canyon Road.

I stop at the rock to pay homage to the ghost of miner George Warren, who lived alone below the rock, far from any other buildings, back in the 1880s. George was fond of the bottle and incapable of passing up a bet, and for a time he cooled his heels in the Territorial insane asylum, but he still managed to make enough discoveries to have merited the city's richest mining district being named for him.

It didn't take long for Tombstone Canyon to get filled up with houses, and by 1910, the lower elevations of Castle Rock were lined with two- and three-story buildings. Some of them, such as the magnificent Muirhead House, along with their modern descendants, still stand there, neat as a pin and happily shaded by tall cottonwood trees.

One of my favorite houses in the whole of Bisbee stands just beyond the rock. Once the town's bus station, it's been owned by a succession of bohemians and artists, the last of whom — one a painter, the other retired from a symphony — have turned the exterior walls into a kind of folk-art museum enshrining old bicycles, Etch A Sketches, tools, hard hats, furniture, cooking utensils and other bric-a-brac, all painted a can't-miss shade of orange. The place is up for sale as I write, and I'm keeping my fingers crossed that the new owner decides the admittedly

deeply eccentric décor is worth keeping. To do so would fit in perfectly with the overall spirit of the town, which has always been ... well, deeply eccentric.

If you look closely outside this impromptu museum, you'll see what might be one of the greater architectural curiosities in all the land: The houses on the east side of the street are built atop thick concrete slabs spanning a deep arroyo that flows swiftly every time it rains. Considering that much of Old Bisbee was burned to the ground in a catastrophic fire on October 14, 1908, perhaps the builders felt more comfortable having a source of flame-dousing water so close at hand. More likely, the slabs offered a kind of solution to the shortage of real estate in the narrow canyon — if you want to build a house, first you have to build someplace to put it, over water or in thin air, as the neighboring houses on stilts attest.

The architecture is a little improvisational, a little iffy, but certainly interesting, and proof positive about what Tucson poet Richard Shelton wrote of Bisbee, a place in which, generation after generation, "everything breaks down and goes wrong and everybody laughs, picks up the pieces and tries to patch them back together again."

Every street, every alleyway, every path in this part of town leads to a surprise — a sculpture, a bank of stained-glass windows, a well-tended postage-stamp-sized garden, an old truck whose like hasn't been made for a half-century. Every one of

these trails offers fine views, with some at the higher elevations commanding vistas that take in the whole town.

But the streets aren't the only places to explore here. No visit to Bisbee would be complete without at least a quick detour up the city's signature staircases, nine of which comprise the course that marks the city's annual 3-mile-long Bisbee 1000 Great Stair Climb, held on the third Saturday of October.

The course begins at the city park band shell up Brewery Gulch, climbing 73 fairly easy stairs. As it wanders up Brewery Canyon, the course then meets the 100-step set deemed Opera, leading to a road that eventually arrives at the old opera house. The course flattens out along the aptly named High Road, and on to what's called the Subway. There, at the Bisbee Visitor Center, the course becomes more challenging, assuming Everestlike proportions for the untrained stair-stomper. In quick succession come the 181-step Maxfield segment, the 79-step Spalding, and the 151-step Rose. You'll be forgiven if you feel a little winded after all that climbing, but the hard work is done; all that's left now is to wander down Clawson Avenue and back to the starting point, with a detour down Tombstone Canyon if you wish.

You don't have to have anything particular on your mind to justify lacing up your

walking shoes and heading out the door to Bisbee, Arizona's pre-eminent point of perambulation. Henry David Thoreau sang the praises of "sauntering," that is, of walking with no destination or end in mind, and he counseled that every walk be undertaken in the spirit of some unknown adventure, the walker prepared for the unforeseen possibility of wonder.

Thoreau knew that wonder would come, quickly and of its own accord, for, as we saunter, poking along at a 3-mile-an-hour gait, we see and encounter things that, hidden behind walls or windshields, we would probably otherwise miss. So it is in Old Bisbee. "Life is already too short to waste on speed," Edward Abbey wrote in *The Journey Home*, and he was right. Down these winding paths lies plenty of evidence for why it's well worth the trouble to slow down — and plenty of unexpected treasures as a reward. ■

*Gregory McNamee is the author of Monumental Places (Arizona Highways Books, 2007), as well as several other books. He lives in Tucson.*

#### when you go

**Location:** 95 miles southeast of Tucson  
**Getting There:** From Tucson, take Interstate 10 east to Benson, then State Route 80 south about 40 miles to Bisbee. Turn left at West Boulevard, then left onto Tombstone Canyon Road.  
**Information:** Bisbee Chamber of Commerce, 520-432-5421 or bisbearizona.com; Bisbee Visitor Center, 520-432-3554 or discoverbisbee.com; annual Bisbee 1000 Great Stair Climb, bisbee1000.org

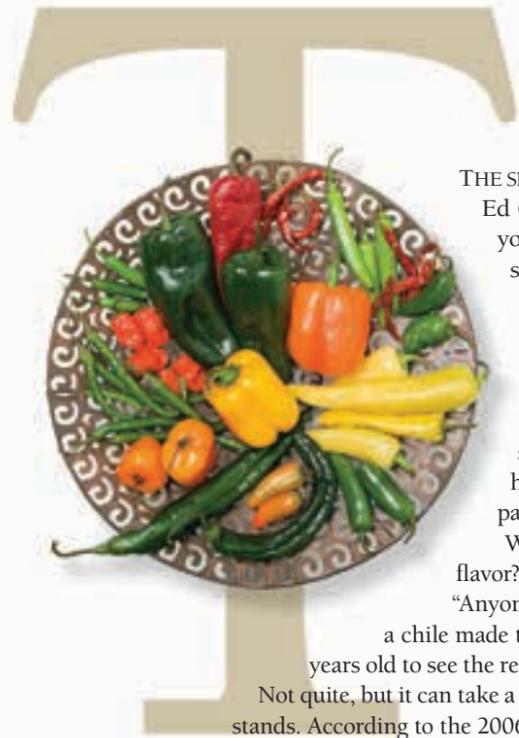
# It's Chile Down There

New Mexico gets most of the attention when it comes to chile peppers. And rightfully so. The thing is, if it weren't for Ed Curry and his chile fields southeast of Tucson, New Mexico would be in a world of hurt. Turns out, Ed supplies 90 percent of the green chile seeds used in American agriculture.

By KATHLEEN  
WALKER

Photographs by  
DON B.  
& RYAN B.  
STEVENSON

**RED HOT CHILE PEPPERS** The climate and soil of Southeastern Arizona offer ideal conditions for growing chiles, where, on his farm near Pearce, Ed Curry crossbreeds chile varieties to produce specific traits.



THE SMELL OF SOUTHEASTERN ARIZONA HANGS HEAVY IN THE FALL AIR OVER Ed Curry's fields. Dry, hot, but almost sweet in a way, the scent clings to your clothes, and later, to your memory. Down there in Pearce, 90 miles southeast of Tucson, Ed Curry grows chiles. And he does it well.

His fields are thick with plants — chiles hanging like bunches of bananas from the low branches. Tromping out there dressed in the colors of green leaves and red chiles, Curry gives a shout.

"You ain't seen nothin' yet," he promises.

That claim could send the players of the world's chile industry into a state of hypersalivation. That's because this farmer doesn't just grow chiles, he creates chiles to meet the needs of the international marketplace and the palates of its customers.

Want a mild chile? Need a chile with smooth skin? Want one with a distinct flavor? Call Ed down in Pearce.

"Anyone can do it," he says of the crossbreeding process necessary to produce a chile made to specifications. Then, he adds with a smile, "You need to live to be 150 years old to see the results."

Not quite, but it can take a lifetime of innovation out in the fields to earn the place where Curry now stands. According to the 2006 "Agricultural Experiment Station Research Report" from the University of Arizona, the Seed & Chile Company now supplies most of the seeds for the green chile business of the United States.

"We're about 90 percent of the industry," Curry humbly confirms. But that's not all. He also helps meet the country's growing demand for cayenne and paprika. That makes Curry and the Arizona chile industry one of the state's best-kept secrets.

Southeastern Graham and Cochise counties offer ideal conditions for growing chiles — endless sunshine, elevations higher than 4,000 feet and cool nights. But, when it comes to exercising bragging rights in the chile arena, Arizona's neighbor to the east gets most of the attention.

In New Mexico, folks have been extolling the virtues of their green chiles for decades. And with just cause. New Mexico ranks No. 1 in chile production, with 21,000 dedicated acres. By comparison, Arizona has about 7,000.

In Tempe, the annual Salsa Challenge, set for April 25, 2009, attracts tens of thousands of visitors. And the Tucson Firefighters Chili Cook-Off (not yet scheduled at press time) feeds 10,000 or more every year. But, it's the little

**LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT** It can take a lifetime to produce high-quality, genetically designed chile seeds (below, left) that meet growers' needs.

**TOP SELLER** Curry produced a chile variety known as Arizona #20 (below) that is prized for its consistent flavor and heat.

**MUCHOS ANCHOS** Curry inspects a field of ancho chiles prior to harvest (right). Anchos are dried poblano chiles.





“You tell them the best seed in New Mexico comes from Arizona, and that’s the truth.”



town of Hatch, New Mexico, that gets people drooling in anticipation of its yearly harvest. Nevertheless, what they’re growing over there has a definite Arizona connection.

“It’s the same seed,” says veteran plant breeder Phil Villa. Now working out of Camarillo, California, Villa has partnered with Curry in crossbreeding projects for more than 30 years. The seed he refers to comes from the Arizona #20, the standard of the industry and the choice of most green chile growers. Curry developed that chile.

“You tell them the best seed in New Mexico comes from Arizona, and that’s the truth,” Villa says with a fiery dose of Arizona pride.

Jean England Neubauer doesn’t have to worry about chile history arm-wrestling. Her focus is on what comes out of Curry’s fields now. At harvest time in the fall and winter, Curry takes the seeds of his plants, while Neubauer — as head of the Santa Cruz Chili & Spice Company in Tumacacori — takes the rest.

In one year, she’ll use more than 500,000 pounds of Curry’s raw chiles for her line of products, which includes Santa Cruz Chili Paste, the backbone of the company.

“As tomato paste is to Italian food, chile paste is to Mexican food,” she says.

Working with Curry, she can promise her customers a clear taste of Arizona chiles. “Picked in the morning,” she says, “in the can by the afternoon.”

While reading this piece, you might have noted the change in spelling, from *chile* to *chili*. Industry buffs and chile aficionados explain that chile refers to the raw product, and chili to prepared dishes. Until the late 15th century, those chiles were limited to

**SOME LIKE IT HOT** The Santa Cruz Chili & Spice Company in Tumacacori uses up to 500,000 pounds of Curry’s chiles per year to produce their salsas, picante sauces, chile paste and spices (above, left).

**PEPPER DOCTOR** The company also produces its Pure Mild Chili Pepper (left) at its facility in Tumacacori.

the stewpots and the gardens of the American continent.

Columbus and his crew were the first Europeans to take note, and then possession, of the tangy fruit of the New World. Forty years later, the Spanish conquistadores made their own chile discoveries in the markets and gardens of the Aztec empire.

Once Europe, Asia, India, Africa and all points east and west bit into this purely American delight, they made it their own. Consider Hungary and its paprika-flavored goulash, and South Korea, where chiles now comprise more than 12 percent of that country’s daily diet.

For many people in Arizona, chile is a term often limited to the familiar — the greens and reds used in regional cooking. We know the mild Anaheim of a chile relleno, and the bite of the jalapeño in salsa, but the heat-loving chile comes in an infinite variety of colors, shapes and tastes.

The mulatto chile ripens to a chocolate brown. The Scotch Bonnet looks like a tiny hat. Terms we often attach to wines, are now used to describe chiles — an “earthy” red, a “fruity” poblano. And the attention usually focuses on the heat of the chile. We go to chile festivals to savor a brow-beading cup of chili con carne. We teach our digestive systems who’s boss with a nip of habaero, the king of hot. But we might be missing something.

Mad Coyote Joe, founder of the Mad Coyote Spice Company in Cave Creek, writes and lectures on chiles. He says people can overlook one of the true attributes of chiles, what he refers to as the “delicate nuances.” In his book, *On the Chile Trail: 100 Great Recipes From Across America*, there are pages of recipes that say more about the chile gourmand than the chile daredevil. A touch of habaero, yes, but the title and taste are cool in his chilled avocado soup with Sonoran shrimp confetti.

“It’s not about the heat,” he says of the chile’s virtue. “It’s about the flavor.”

Which is why representatives of major



food companies and chile-growers around the world find their way to that farmer down in Pearce. They, like the Genovese navigator of old, search for new horizons. They want those nuances, the new flavors, the distinctive tastes and the bigger harvests. Sometimes, they want the impossible.

In 1995, a major food producer came to Curry with a request. “We want a red chile that peels,” they said of a chile that didn’t exist.

Eventually, they dropped the project, but not Ed. It took him a decade of crossbreeding generations of chiles to create an easy-peel red, but he did, and he’ll release it when he’s ready. As any farmer worth his harvest knows, the advantage comes with good timing — both nature’s and your own.

So, for now, he tramples through his fields, shaking loose that dry, sweet, hot scent of the land and the green-leaved plants. Phil Villa joins him and calls out to anyone listening, “Oh, look at that one over there. And this one right here.”

■ Santa Cruz Chili & Spice Company is located across from Tumacacori National Historical Park. For more information, call 520-398-2591 or visit [santacruzchili.com](http://santacruzchili.com). **AH**

*Kathleen Walker is a longtime contributor to Arizona Highways. She lives in Tucson, where she likes her days hot and her chiles mild.*

*Photographers Ryan and Don Stevenson not only documented Arizona’s chile industry, they roasted, prepared and ate nearly every variety on Ed Curry’s farm, and they’re certain of one thing: Ed Curry has the largest, meatiest and tastiest chiles they’ve ever eaten.*

**STRING ‘EM UP** Chile ristras (above), a popular Southwest decoration, adorn Arizona shops and street corners at harvest time.

**FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE** Tucson firefighters Bert Thomas (left) and Michael Smith compete with other Pima County firefighters to win first prize during the town’s annual chili cookoff held each autumn at Presidio Park (below).



## BASIC SALSA CRUDA

### INGREDIENTS

- 1 serrano chile, diced (removing seeds will reduce the heat)
- 2 tablespoons white onion, diced
- 1 large, ripe plum tomato, diced
- 2 tablespoons fresh cilantro, chopped
- ½ teaspoon corn oil
- ½ teaspoon Key lime juice
- A pinch of salt

### DIRECTIONS

Mix all ingredients together and let stand 1 hour to blend. Makes 2/3 cup.

*Source: Mad Coyote Joe*



## Terry Flat Loop

Elk, bears and even wolves can be seen on this drive, but the highlight is Terry Flat, the largest meadow in the Escudilla Wilderness.

SCENIC BACK ROADS ARE just a turn-signal away in the White Mountains, and the farther east you drive, the more likely you are to have the back road to yourself. On this trip, a friend and I headed to Terry Flat Loop and the Escudilla Wilderness from the mountain village of Alpine, which sits near the Arizona-New Mexico border.

With an altitude of 8,050 feet, Alpine is surrounded by a forest of ponderosa pines, spruce, fir and aspens. It's a hub of outdoor recreation, including hiking, mountain biking, horseback riding, camping, fishing, hunting, birding, wildlife photography and just plain looking.

Local wildlife includes deer, antelopes, elk, bears, mountain lions, turkeys, javelinas, Rocky Mountain sheep, coyotes and Mexican gray wolves.

We started our day trip at the Alpine Ranger Station on the west side of town. Part of any trip for me involves digging into the local history, and I learned that Alpine was originally called "Bush Valley," after Anderson Bush, who settled the town in 1876. In 1879, Mormons began arriving from Utah. They colonized the valley and changed the town's name to "Alpine."

I then asked the receptionist how Terry Flat got its name. She said she thought it was named after Terry Reidhead,

a logger and sawmill owner. She was right. The name was established after the 23,000-acre Escudilla Fire in 1951, which burned the entire northeast side of the mountain and part of the top. The Forest Service accepted logging bids to salvage what they could of the 32 million board feet of burned timber. Terry's father, E.O. Reidhead, was one of the bidders.

"I was about 3," Terry says. "I remember the district ranger, Lafe Kartchner, went with us in Dad's '51 Ford pickup. We took the old log road that went to the top. We were right above Hulsey Lake. Dad took out a marking hammer and began marking timber [to be

**GLIMPSE OF GOLD** Visitors to Escudilla Mountain's Profanity Ridge (above) might utter some nice words at the sunset view of currant bushes and aspen trees in their autumn colors. Photograph by Robert McDonald

cut] on the left side of the road. The ranger took the right. They marked up to Paddy Fork Tank. All the time, I ran along

### travel tips

**Vehicle Requirements:** High-clearance vehicle  
**Warning:** Back-road travel can be hazardous, so beware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you are going and when you plan to return.  
**Information:** Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, Alpine Ranger District, 928-339-5000; www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf/recreation/wilderness and www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf/recreation/scenic.

**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.

behind. On the way back, the ranger asked me what my name was, and I told him. He said they didn't have a name for the big flat up on Escudilla, so they'd call it "Terry Flat."

Five and a half miles west of Alpine on U.S. Route 180/191, we turned north onto Forest Road 56, and 2 miles later, turned into the parking lot at Hulsey Lake. When we stepped out, the first sound we heard was the quiet. A few mountain families were fishing, but even the children were playing quietly. My friend shot some photos of the quiet lake and the quiet people under a quiet sky.

From Hulsey Lake, we drove through a dry, overgrown forest of Engelmann spruce, Douglas fir and aspens. On the south side of the road, loose talus slopes drop steeply to a narrow draw far below. From Hulsey's 8,600-foot elevation, we gained nearly

**QUIET ESCAPE** Talwiwi Lodge sits in seclusion (right) near the Coronado Trail (U.S. Route 191) in this view from Escudilla Mountain. Photograph by Jerry Jacka

1,000 feet in 2.5 miles to the Escudilla Trailhead.

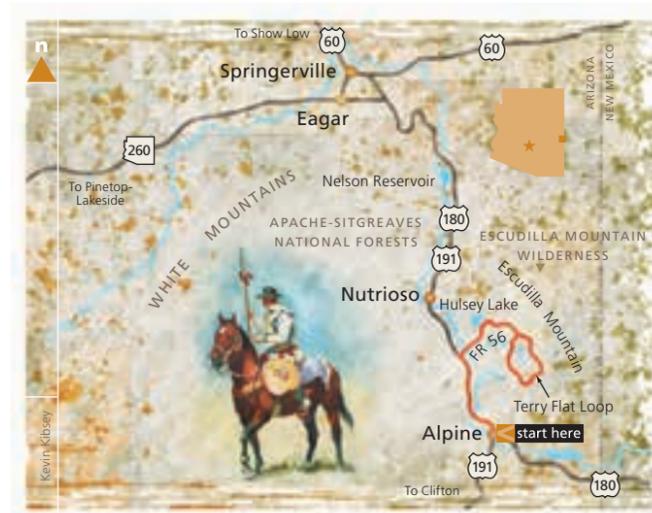
Spanish explorers named the prominent landmark "Escudilla" because, from a distance, it reminded them of an inverted bowl. At 10,877 feet, Escudilla is one of the highest mountains in Arizona, and also one of the most accessible. All but the top of it was logged in the early days. The top, with patches of old-growth forest, was declared a Wilderness in 1984. Since nothing mechanical is allowed in the Wilderness, mountain bikers are required to leave their bikes at the trailhead. The 6-mile round-trip hike takes an average of three and a half hours.

From the trailhead, you

### route finder

Note: Mileages are approximate.

- > **From the Alpine Ranger Station**, go north 4.5 miles to Forest Road 56 and turn right.
- > **Drive 2 miles on FR 56** to Hulsey Lake for a short stop. Then continue another 2.5 miles to a fork. Take the left fork .5 miles to the Escudilla Trailhead. If you hike the trail through the Escudilla Wilderness to the top, it will take up to four hours.
- > **You may continue** on the Terry Flat Loop road clockwise around the meadow, or go back to the fork and take the road counterclockwise. It's a 6-mile loop either way.
- > **Drive back to U.S. 191** to return to Alpine.

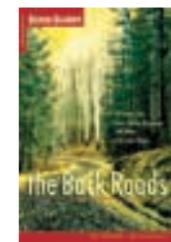


can take a 6-mile-long narrow dirt road that loops around Terry Flat clockwise or counterclockwise. Terry Flat is the largest of Escudilla's many meadows. Ringed by forest, the rolling meadow holds little islands of bent trees that huddle together against the wind. When the side roads are dry, it's safe to take them to some of the spectacular viewpoints on the rim of the plateau.

This time of year, when the aspens turn color, Escudilla is crowned with gold. In the spring, the aspens are a shimmering, luminescent green. And in the summer, the meadows are splashed with a stunning array of wildflowers.

By the end of our trip, we had driven 64 miles since we

turned off U.S. 180/191 onto FR 56. Thinking back on our adventure, I noticed a phenomenon that's common in this part of the country — somewhere along the way, we had grown quiet.



■ For more back-road adventures, pick up a copy of our 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**



## Jacob Canyon

Looking for solitude? More than likely, you'll be the first person in awhile to hit this trail on the North Rim.

MOST PEOPLE KNOW THE Kaibab Plateau as the forested promenade that leads to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. And most approach the rising swell from the east side, winding up the road

from House Rock Valley to the small settlement of Jacob Lake, which sits at nearly 8,000 feet above sea level. There, they gas up, grab a burger and a milkshake, and head to the Canyon's edge.

The west side of the plateau, deep within the Kaibab National Forest, gets far fewer visitors. Instead, this is the working side of the mountain where ranchers run cattle, loggers cut trees, and prospectors

**CATCHING THE SUN** Bursting with yellow splendor, oak trees in the Kaibab National Forest's Jacob Canyon catch the late-afternoon sunlight.

once looked to strike it rich. One of the largest side canyons to crease this part of the plateau is Jacob Canyon, about 14 miles from Jacob Lake.

In late summer, storm clouds billow over the brow

of the Kaibab. This time of year, however, snow showers are more likely. Either way, beware of changing weather conditions.

A sign at the mouth of Jacob Canyon refers to a "route," open to hikers, bicyclists and horseback riders. It's a sliver of a trail winding up the dry wash, which is layered with small pebbles and overgrown with thorny New Mexican locusts. More than likely, yours will be the first hiking boots in awhile to tackle the unmaintained path. Usually, only deer tracks and horse-shoe prints are visible.

Occasional rock cairns mark the way, but mostly, this is a walk up the streambed, with easy footing and a gentle incline. Burnished cliffs scribe the skyline, and in places, the route passes through portals of truck-sized boulders.

The canyon, like other places in the area, bears the name of Jacob Hamblin, the Mormon pathfinder and missionary who began exploring this country in 1858, heading from southern Utah to the Hopi mesas in Northern Arizona in search of native converts and new settlements for Mormon colonists. Guided by Paiutes, Hamblin followed this logical break in the formidable flank of the Kaibab on his first expedition. For another 10 years, he was



determined to locate a better, shorter route across the Colorado River, even wrangling the makings of wooden boats across the Kaibab by wagon. After several tries, Hamblin finally pioneered a crossing of the Colorado at modern-day Lee's Ferry.

Jacob Canyon comes with more than history, though. It's also an arboretum with tremendous botanical variety. Dusty sagebrush and cone-heavy piñon pines grow at the mouth of the canyon, yel-

low-bellied ponderosas appear a little higher up, and then comes a niche of Douglas firs, maples and wild clematis. Snowberries, currants, Apache plumes, fernbushes, paintbrushes, penstemons, lupines and geraniums add to the mix.

As you head up the canyon, the path sashays across the rocky creek, and about a mile in, the canyon forks. Stay

**VERMILION VIGOR** Oak trees broadcast their vivid colors in front of a rocky ledge at the bottom of Jacob Canyon.

left for the main route and continue the ascent as far as you'd like, until raindrops — or even snowflakes — hit the ground. For the return, simply retrace your steps, savoring the views, the plants and the remoteness of the place. **AH**

### trail guide

**Length:** Varies

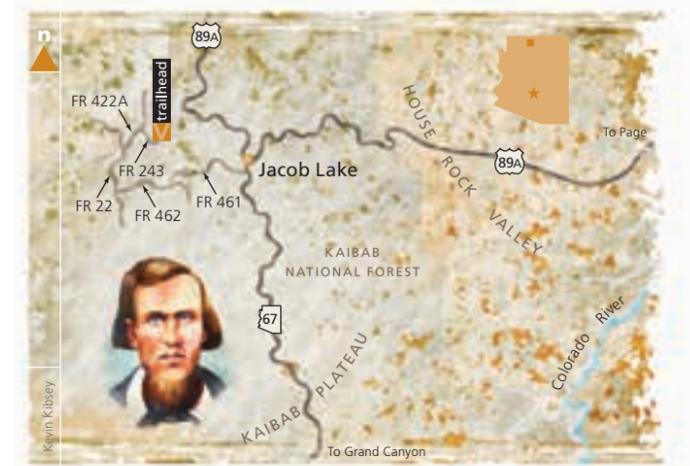
**Difficulty:** Easy

**Elevation Gain:** 4,500 to 6,500 feet

**Getting There:** From Flagstaff, follow U.S. Route 89 for 102 miles to Bitter Springs, then take U.S. Route 89A northwest to Jacob Lake. Turn left onto State Route 67, go 0.3 miles south and turn right onto Forest Road 461. The road drops down through Warm Springs Canyon. Take this road 6.4 miles and turn right onto Forest Road 462. In 2.1 miles, take a right onto Forest Road 22. Go another 3 miles to Forest Road 422A; turn right and go 1.1 miles to Forest Road 243 (watch closely for this turn). The road narrows considerably in about a mile and dead-ends at a turnaround at the trailhead.

**Travel Advisory:** A high-clearance vehicle is advisable for the last mile of unpaved road to the trailhead. Carry water. No amenities.

**Information:** Kaibab Plateau Visitors Center, [www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai) or 928-643-7298



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## Built to Last

You're looking at the 13th century Southwestern equivalent of a Manhattan brownstone. Indeed, its name is an Anglicization of a word essentially meaning brownstone. (The true name was probably a reference to the snake grass growing in the "yard.") Built between A.D. 1250 and 1350, the complex would have covered roughly four city blocks, housing around 1,000 people in 600 rooms. It was surely a hotbed of drama. Today, a different tribe manages it, preserving the culture and stories contained in these crumbling brown stones.



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TOM BEAN



# Shine On.

Our most romantic dinner together wasn't one set to candlelight. It was bathed in the stunning golden light of dusk, followed by all the neon colors of a Sonoran Desert sunset. It was one of those evenings we will never forget — an experience that will always shine on in our memories.



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