

Mountain Lion Rule No. 1:
Never Say "Here Kitty, Kitty"

The White Mountains'
Long & Winding Road

Canela Bistro: Southern AZ's
Best Bet for "Locally Grown"

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE · EXPLORE · EXPERIENCE

JUNE 2009

summer hiking guide

Our favorite places to hit the trail!



plus

**THE ECOLOGICAL
RUCKUS IN THE
SANTA CATALINAS**

and

**DEAN ARMSTRONG:
Arizona's Guitar Hero**

**BRUCE BURNHAM:
This Guy Is Sitting
on a Real Treasure**

features

14 SUMMER HIKING GUIDE

After photography, hiking is the thing most people write, e-mail or call us about. We get it. Hiking is a big deal in the Grand Canyon State. Thus, our annual *Summer Hiking Guide*. Whether you're looking for a strenuous trek in the White Mountains or an easy stroll along the Mogollon Rim, Arizona has a trail for everyone.

BY ROBERT STIEVE

24 ROCK ART

Normally when we talk about rock art, we're talking about pictographs or petroglyphs. This is different. This is photography. Actually, it's more than that. According to a panel of mesmerized magazine staffers, the work of Wes Timmerman crosses into the realm of fine art. "Paintings, sculptures, masterpieces." Those are the words they used to describe this month's portfolio.

BY WES TIMMERMAN

34 AIN'T THIS MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH?

Father Kino, Wyatt Earp, Geronimo ... none of them would recognize Mount Lemmon and the Santa Catalinas today. The human population around them, now more than a million strong, has profoundly altered the character of the mountain range itself. Biology, ecology, flora, fauna ... they've all been affected. Time will tell if there's enough mountain to absorb the changes.

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANDY PRENTICE

40 THE MAN WHO SITS ON THE TREASURE

No. This isn't a story about Bill Gates or the sniper who guards the roof of Fort Knox. It's a story about Bruce Burnham, a white man who's spent the last four decades on the Navajo Nation. Burnham is an Indian trader, or, as the Navajos say, *Naalye'he' ya' sida'hi* — "the man who sits on the treasure."

BY LISA SCHNEBLY HEIDINGER PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF KIDA

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Coronado Trail: It's hard to pick the best road trip in Arizona, but this one ranks right up there.

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www.arizonahighways.com

TALK TO US: In this month's cover story, we spotlight some of our favorite summer hikes (see page 14). In 100 words or less, tell us about the most unusual thing you've experienced while hiking in Arizona. We can be reached at editor@arizonahighways.com.

GET MORE ONLINE:

- + When you're done hiking, you're going to want to eat, and that's where our Web site comes in. We have plenty of options. Just click "Dining" on our home page.
- + Get details on some of this month's biggest events, including the Grand Canyon State Summer Games, in our "Events Calendar."
- + Check out some of our vintage covers by visiting "Online Extras."

▶ From a slick-rock knoll in Face Canyon near Lake Powell, hikers survey the sandstone buttes of the Navajo Nation. PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY LADD

FRONT COVER Jenn Hoffman and Scott Shapiro take in spectacular views from the General Crook Trail, which follows the Mogollon Rim. PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK BEREZENKO

BACK COVER Bright pink blooms of a New Mexico locust stand out against a white and green background of quaking aspen trees in Eastern Arizona's Blue Range Primitive Area. PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA



these changes — with more on the way — are profoundly altering the mountain's character. Biology, ecology, flora, fauna ... they've all been affected. Whether or not you agree with Larry's conclusions, this story is meant to get you thinking, because every challenge, environmental or otherwise, begins with understanding. Just ask Bruce Burnham.

Unless you've been to the Navajo Nation, you probably don't know Bruce. He's an Indian trader — a white man — who's spent the last four decades on the reservation trying to bridge a cultural gap as wide as Monument Valley itself. "You can't become Navajo," Burnham says, "but I'm an in-law to the whole tribe."

In *The Man Who Sits on the Treasure* by Lisa Schnebly Heidinger, you'll learn about a guy who "worked his way up from a white teenager fascinated with Navajo culture to a position of esteem and influence." And he achieved that stature through assimilation. He learned the language, he learned the history and he adopted the culture. But more than anything, he respected the people. Respect and understanding ... it's a pretty simple concept, whether you're opening a trading post on the Navajo Nation, or climbing a mountain that's sacred to the Apaches.

**UPDATE:
PHOTO CONTEST**
If you're a frequent reader of *Arizona Highways*, you know that we launched our first-ever online photo contest last fall. Well, after sorting through thousands of entries, we've narrowed the pool to a group of 40 finalists, including this shot by Kenneth Sharrocks. The winners will be announced in our September issue. Stay tuned.



ROBERT STIEVE, editor

Mount Baldy is sacred to the Apaches. Especially the summit. At 11,403 feet, it's a holy place that connects Mother Earth to Father Sky. In Eastern Arizona, that's about as close as you're going to get to the heavens. But only if you're an Apache. If you're not, you're not allowed to the top without a permit. Because of the spiritual nature of the mountain, the peak is off-limits to all non-natives.

For the average hiker, that's not a big deal. For "peak-baggers," a term you'll see more than once in this month's cover story, it presents a conflict — respect versus laying claim to one of the highest mountains in the state. The solution, of course, is to get a permit. If you don't, you could be fined or have your CamelBak confiscated. By the way, if you are a peak-bagger, the highest point of the ridge isn't Baldy's summit, but an unnamed area (11,420 feet) on Forest Service land to the north.

Sounds complicated, but it's not. Besides, Baldy is just one of several hikes in our annual *Summer Hiking Guide*. In all, we'll tell you about 12 of our favorites. Some are simple, some are strenuous, and the rest are somewhere in between. The Sycamore Rim Trail falls into that category. Located in the Kaibab National Forest, the trail was first proposed in the '70s to protect a unique environment of ponds, cliffs and canyons. Since then, it's become one of those trails you hit when you're trying to impress friends from Michigan, Germany or anywhere else. It's pretty long — 11 miles round-trip — but it's pretty easy. For something a little more challenging, there's the Mount Lemmon Trail.

Not only is it difficult, it's unique. Unlike most mountain trails, where you start at the bottom and work your way toward the top, the Mount Lemmon Trail starts near the summit and goes downhill from there. So, if you're a peak-bagger, you'll essentially get credit for this one as soon as you step out of the car. That's what writer Larry Cheek first did back in 1974. His car was a Fiat roadster, and like so many people in Southern Arizona, he was continually drawn to the big mountain that once served as Tucson's northern flank. But things have changed.

As Larry writes in *Ain't This Mountain High Enough?*: "The road is wider. The mountain no longer serves as Tucson's northern boundary; the city has lapped around it in the shape of a lopsided horseshoe. [And] in 2003, the month-long Aspen Fire scorched 132 square miles of the mountain's forests." He goes on to write that all of



ARIZONA HIGHWAYS
TELEVISION

If you like what you see in this magazine every month, check out *Arizona Highways Television*, an Emmy Award-winning program hosted by former news anchor Robin Sewell. Now in its fifth season, the show does with audio and video what we do with ink and paper — it showcases the people, places and things of the Grand Canyon State, from the spectacular landscapes and colorful history to the fascinating culture and endless adventure. And that's just the beginning. "For me, the show is about more than just the destinations," Robin says. "It's about the people behind the scenes. It's their stories

that make the destinations so interesting." Indeed, there's a reason this show wins so many awards — it's second-to-none, and we're proud to have our name on it. Take a look. For broadcast times, visit our Web site, www.arizonahighways.com, and click the *Arizona Highways Television* link on our home page.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

JUNE 2009 VOL. 85, NO. 6

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www.arizonahighways.com

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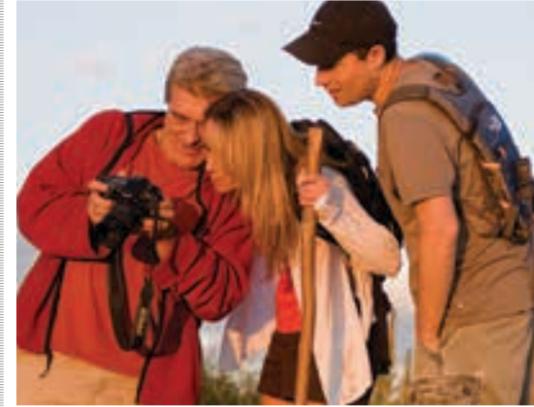
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Arizona Highways® (ISSN 0004-1521) is published monthly by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Subscription price: \$24 a year in the U.S., \$44 outside the U.S. Single copy: \$3.99 U.S. **Subscription correspondence and change of address information:** *Arizona Highways*, P.O. Box 653, Mount Morris, IL 61054-0653. Periodical postage paid at Phoenix, AZ, and at additional mailing office. CANADA POST INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS MAIL PRODUCT (CANADIAN DISTRIBUTION) SALES AGREEMENT NO. 41220511. SEND RETURNS TO QUEBECOR WORLD, P.O. BOX 875, WINDSOR, ON N9A 6P2. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Arizona Highways*, P.O. Box 653, Mount Morris, IL 61054-0653. Copyright © 2009 by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. The magazine does not accept and is not responsible for unsolicited materials.

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NICK BEREZENKO
Photographer Nick Berzenko has lived in Rim Country since 1986, which has given him an opportunity to shoot some of the most stunning scenery in the state. Among his favorite spots are West Clear Creek, Fossil Creek and the Hellsgate Wilder-

ness. Although the weather was uncooperative for this month's cover shoot, Berzenko, photo editor Jeff Kida and the cover models (Jenn Hoffman and Scott Shapiro) toughed it out. "Toward evening, as we worked our way out to the edge of the Rim, clouds rolled in to the west and the light turned wonderfully golden," Berzenko says. "Everyone got into the spirit of how wonderful everything looked in that rich, syrupy light, and we all worked at a furious pace to produce a variety of different-looking shots with different backgrounds — but they were all shot within the space of 15 minutes. When the glorious light faded into night and we could shoot no more, we all high-fived each other. We knew we'd gotten something special."

LISA SCHNEBLY HEIDINGER

Lisa Schnebly Heidinger began writing about Arizona 30 years ago as a cub reporter for the *Green Valley News*, and she hasn't grown tired of it yet. She met Indian trader Bruce Burnham (*The Man Who Sits on the Treasure*, page 40) five years ago, while she was working on a book. For this month's story, she invited her father, Larry, along because he lived near the Navajo Nation as a small boy. "He had amazing stories I hadn't heard before," she says, "including one about watching a young Navajo man dunked in a mud pool for some infraction." Heidinger's affection for the state is apparent — her dogs are named Happy Jack and Leupp, and her children are Rye and Sedona. "Sedona was the one who said, 'Mama, what is it with you and Arizona towns?'" she says. Heidinger is a regular contributor to *Arizona Highways*.



WES TIMMERMAN

Having been a residential general contractor in Jackson, Wyoming, for the past 36 years, Wes Timmerman knows a thing or two about the ins and outs of home construction. As a frequent Grand Canyon photographer, Timmerman also understands the ins and outs of the world's Seventh Natural Wonder. The challenges in compil-

ing this month's portfolio (*Rock Art*, page 24), Timmerman says, were in "backpacking in the backcountry of the Grand Canyon twice per year for the past eight years." As you'll see, the finished product was well worth the adventure. Timmerman's work also appears in *Teton* magazine.

STRICTLY VEGETARIAN

I read your recent article about restaurants [*Best Restaurants*, April 2009]. I've been a vegetarian for many years, and I think it would be nice if you could do something about vegetarian and vegan restaurants, since there are so many of them now in Arizona.

ISABELLA RAVIOLI, FLAGSTAFF



YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE ...

I just read *Mane Courses* in your February 2009 issue. On page 39 in the photo caption you state, "... and makes it drink," in reference to the horse. I've gotta tell you, at 69 years young, and being a horseman for those number of years, I've never found the "make it drink button" on my saddle. They will or will not drink. The rider cannot make a horse drink, but can only give it the opportunity to do so.

DICK FABIAN, COTTONWOOD

BEST OF SHOW

Your February [2009] issue, which arrived today, is your "best ever." You've arrived at a perfect blend of words and pictures. Prior editors often relied too much on overdeveloped photographs, or overwrought prose, or hayseed humor. No more. *Iconic Arizona* contained more good material than some past years' total issues; the article on the horse trails interested this tenderfoot; and Roger Naylor's piece on Manzanita is the best restaurant review I've ever seen. I read it over lunch and was ready



for dinner. Your magazine may be more influential than our Midwest weather in convincing this Ohioan to start checking airfares to Phoenix.

R.S. GRAY, SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO

SIZE MATTERS

I'm an Australian who's received *Arizona Highways* for more than 40 years, after graduating from Palmer College in Iowa in 1966. The patients in my clinic also love the enlightening articles and exquisite photography. Despite your second-to-none photographs, some of them lack a point of reference to help readers understand the size of the objects. Could you establish a reference trademark — a symbolic person or recognizable object, imprinted discretely in a corner, to emphasize that relationship of man to object of scenery?

DR. GORDON BRINSMEAD, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

WING MAN, GOLDEN BOY

Regarding the article about Bill Brooks [*Wing Man*] in the January 2009 issue of *Arizona Highways*, Leo and Lola Rice, our dear friends and neighbors, worked for Bill Brooks at Paso Robles Flying Service/Golden Carriage Air. Leo was the chief pilot and Lola worked the counter, plus being the "jill" of all trades in the hangar for Golden Carriage Air. They told us many wonderful stories about Bill and Martha and their experiences at Golden Carriage. Leo passed

away four years ago. Lola remains our neighbor.

MR. & MRS. ALAN R. MORGAN, CAMINO, CALIFORNIA

IN MEMORY OF LONNIE

I was very sorry to read that Lonnie Yazzie had passed away [*Girls Club*, January 2009]. Some friends and I were fortunate enough to participate in a weeklong horseback adventure in Monument Valley a few years ago, and camped in the same place the "Sisters" did. Lonnie rode with us every day and told many stories about the land and his family's heritage. At night,



all of the family joined us for dinner, and afterward, Lonnie and his wife told more stories around the campfire. Lonnie was such a happy, cheerful addition to our experience. Please pass on my condolences to his family.

BETTY REIM, CAVE CREEK

SILVER LININGS

I grew up in Silver Bell and the article *Another Natural Wonder* [December 2008] brought me to tears. Silver Bell and the surrounding desert is one of God's greatest creations. As a young girl, I — along with many other kids — would explore and play in the desert, and now that I'm older, I realize what we had at our fingertips. The small mining town of Silver Bell is no longer there, but those of us who grew up there will keep it in our hearts forever. Tennessee is a pretty state, but it can't hold a candle to the awe-inspiring Arizona desert. Thank you for this very sentimental and tear-jerking trek back.

VERONICA GILLIAM HERD, COOKEVILLE, TENNESSEE



Pete and Repeat Went Out in a Boat

A number of commercial outfitters offer a variety of rafting trips through the Grand Canyon. Most trips take 7-18 days, and include a run through Granite Rapids (pictured). Information: 928-638-7888 or www.nps.gov/grca.



ANDREW BURR



JOEL GRIMES

Guitar Hero

For the past five decades, at least two things in Tucson have remained the same: the steak at Li'l Abner's and the restaurant's resident guitar player.

By LAUREN PROPER

A LOT HAS CHANGED SINCE 1959, especially in Tucson, but at least one thing's stayed the same — almost every Friday and Saturday night for the past 50 years, Dean Armstrong and his guitar have entertained diners at Li'l Abner's Steakhouse. On this night, his sapphire eyes

shine brightly in the lights as he sings *Folsom Prison Blues*, one of the many classic country and folk songs that he and his group, the Arizona Dance Hands, play during their two-hour set. As he has on thousands of weekends before, Armstrong is wearing a white cowboy hat and a bola tie.

His music career began long before his days at Li'l Abner's. It started with a trade between his father and a neighbor: one cow for one old guitar. That moment shaped his life for the next 75 years, beginning with his studies at the Joliet Conservatory of Music, teaching guitar lessons, and eventually playing for troops around the world during his military service in World War II. Each place he visited — from Japan and Italy to Panama and New Guinea — inspired him to move to Arizona after returning to the U.S.

"I was lonesome for the mountains," he recalls dreamily.

Born in 1923 on a small farm in Illinois, Armstrong became another Midwest transplant in Arizona when he moved to Tucson after visiting an aunt who lived here. Armstrong and his high-school sweetheart, Ardith, instantly became an inextricable part of Southern Arizona's music history — the couple recently celebrated their 66th wedding anniversary.

The Arizona Dance Hands, formed by Armstrong in 1948, caught Gene Autry's attention while playing a radio show, and he decided to make them the staff musicians for his new TV station — in 1953, they became the first band to do a live television broadcast in Tucson.

Back then, Tucson was a hot spot for celebrities on their way out West, and many of them stopped at Li'l Abner's during their visits. Most came and went without leaving an impression, but one guest playing the spoons at Armstrong's table stands out in his memory. It was no ordinary cowboy jam session, to be sure. The Godfather himself, Marlon Brando, picked up his utensils that night to make music with Armstrong.

Armstrong's success as a musician never went to his head, and he's been performing community service throughout his career for everyone from hospitalized veterans to handicapped children. The Arizona Dance Hands have been inducted into several music halls of fame around the country, and recently, were inducted into the Tucson Musicians Museum.

"There's a lot of water under the bridge," Armstrong says.

Li'l Abner's is located at 8500 N. Silverbell Road in Tucson. For more information, call 520-744-2800 or visit www.deanarmstrong.com.

PRATT'S

Q&A



Robin Yount Baseball Hall-of-Famer

What do you miss most about Arizona when you're in Wisconsin with the Brewers? My family. When I go to Wisconsin, my family usually stays here in Phoenix.

Where's your favorite place to play ball in the state? If I could still play, it would be at the spring training home of the Milwaukee Brewers in Maryvale.

How do you describe Arizona to people who have never been here? Most people think of it as strictly a desert, but there are a lot more mountains and pine trees than most people realize.

If you could have an Arizona celebrity as your neighbor, who would it be? Buddy Rice. He's won the Indy 500 and the 24 Hours of Daytona. I'm a big motorsports fan.

If former teammate Gorman Thomas were in town for the weekend, where would you take him for lunch? Anywhere that has brats and beer, and then we'd play golf at the TPC of Scottsdale.

What's your favorite place in Arizona? Any stream in the mountains. I love fly-fishing.

— Dave Pratt is the author of *Behind the Mic: 30 Years in Radio*.

Muy Local

"Locavores" are people who will only eat food that is grown locally. There aren't a lot of restaurants catering to this crowd, but among those that do, Canela Bistro is one of the best.

By KERIDWEN CORNELIUS

Canela is a restaurant born of oxymorons: a Southwestern *bistro*, located in Arizona *wine country* that serves the local bounty of *the desert*. Yet somehow, three oxymorons make a right. Enter this small, unpretentious converted home and you'll be immediately soothed by the warm, Southwestern décor: clay-toned walls, dried chiles, regional art, native textiles and ceramics. It's sophisticated, but this is Sonoita, so the tables are usually more dressed up than the patrons.

"It has a comfortable, Old World feel where you can just be yourself and enjoy the food and wine of the area," says Joy Vargo, who owns Canela with her partner, John Hall.

Joy and John took their inspiration from the wine region bistros of California and Washington, which celebrate local vineyards and farms. Two pages of the wine list are dedicated to Arizona vino. As chef, John conjures the flavors he remembers from his grandmother's cooking (his family goes back several generations in Arizona). The couple were also influenced by their training at the New England Culinary Institute, the Farm to Chef Network, and their experience at locavore restaurants in Seattle.

"We really believe in the marriage between a restaurant and a farm," Joy says. "It's fresh-est, tastes best and you're supporting your local economy."

But it's one thing to source local food in Vermont or Washington, and another thing to do so in Southeastern Arizona.

Most farmers in the area only have a small plot of land, and they're not used to dealing with the demands of restaurants. Joy explains. "Sometimes we have to drive past Willcox to find things, and we can only get one animal here and one animal there, or we

Canela Bistro is located at 3252 Highway 82 in Sonoita. For more information, call 520-455-5873 or visit www.canelabistro.com.

have to wait till the animal comes of age. You have to have patience and learn how to do things yourself."

Still, thanks to a half-dozen ranches, a handful of farms and their own garden, John and Joy produce a constantly changing menu that highlights seasonal, regional food. To wit: A salad composed of local organic heirloom apples is anointed with sage vinaigrette. Duck is sauced with green mole and nestled atop risotto redolent of cumin. A New York strip steak gets a one-way ticket to Arizona with nopales (cactus pads), roasted chiles and cotija (a Mexican cheese). For vegetarians, poblano chiles are stuffed with mushrooms, studded with local pomegranate seeds and bathed in a red sea of sauce made from Willcox chiles. For Sunday brunch, you can tuck in to house-made chorizo with heirloom beans or blue cornbread pudding with house-made bacon.

It's reminiscent of something in Napa or Walla Walla, but with a decidedly Sonoitan twist.

"You wouldn't expect to find something like this here in Arizona wine country," Joy says. "There's no place like it."

SONOITA



EDWARD MCCAIN



NICK BERZENKO

Bed, Breakfast & Beyond

The Inn at 410 is no ordinary B&B. It's a honeymooners' delight, complete with homemade cookies, hiking tips and a champagne toast or two.

By KERIDWEN CORNELIUS

"WOULD YOU LIKE SOME CHAMPAGNE?" the honeymooners ask as they flutter between breakfast tables, inviting complete strangers to share in their bliss. Guests are petting Ginger, the resident Cavalier King Charles spaniel, and anticipating the menu, marked café-style onto a mirror: artichoke Gruyère frittata, pineapple streusel muffins, baked tomato, Canadian bacon. Co-owner Gordon Watkins is poring over a map, advising two Frenchmen about the best viewpoints around Sedona. When he goes to refill coffees, a California couple shows him a book on romantic getaways that features the Inn at 410.

As it should. This 19th century Craftsman-style home has been transformed into a B&B filled with the kind of generous personal touches that inspire camaraderie among guests, including spontaneous champagne-sharing.

The home was built in 1894 by J.A. "Slow" Wilson, a member of the Second Boston Party, which hoisted the original flagstaff that gave the city its name. In 1907, the home was revamped by wealthy banker Thomas Pollack, who added a carriage house in the back — that building is now home to an antiques shop and the much-lauded Brix restaurant.

After Pollack's death, the property changed hands several times, even becoming (gasp!) a frat house. In 1989, it was transformed into its current incarnation as an inn.

Over the next several years, guestrooms were decorated to reflect the inn's history and Southwest location. The Observatory Suite,

complete with a full kitchen and two-person shower, is an ode to Northern Arizona's night sky. Canyon Memories, another room, features a Grand Canyon mural, arts and crafts décor including Stickley rocking chairs, and views of the San Francisco Peaks. Monet's Garden boasts a Jacuzzi tub and private porch overlooking the inn's flower-filled garden, where guests breakfast in summer. And all the rooms have fireplaces, down blankets and pillows, and bathrobes.

"It's a labor of love," says Watkins, who brought the inn into the 21st century. He added a DVD library, Wi-Fi and a complimentary cyber café, while still keeping it old-school with homemade cookies at afternoon tea. Watkins and co-owner Kim McCasland also lend their expertise on hiking and biking trails, local restaurants and Northern Arizona travel secrets.

"This is a beautiful building in a great location, but the experience is really about the people," Watkins says. "That's why we work really hard to anticipate people's needs and go beyond what people expect."

Now that's something worth toasting. Pass the champagne.

The Inn at 410 is located at 410 N. Leroux Street in Flagstaff. For more information, call 928-774-0088 or visit www.inn410.com.

Learning From the Prose

"Don't believe everything you read." It's good advice, especially when it comes to the Internet.

By PETER ENSENBARGER, director of photography

Lately, I've been on a quest for photographic wisdom. So, naturally, I've been wading through the hundreds of Weblogs, podcasts, forum sites and Twitter pages on the subject. Well, after many hours in the blogosphere, here's my blog on photographers' blogs.

First of all, I know what you're thinking. *Photographers' blogs?* When it comes to communicating ideas, most photographers should let their images do the talking. Not so long ago, I thought the same thing.

Turns out, the pros have a handle on prose. Unfortunately, you'll have to surf the Web's rough sea of rants and raves on your way to finding rational discussions. Back in the day, good writing had to stand up to rigorous scrutiny by professional editors before being unleashed on the world. Today, anyone with half an idea and an Internet connection can be a self-appointed authority. When I come across Web sites offering stimulating ideas, they're bookmarked for return.

Not many photography bloggers could measure up to Susan Sontag's award-winning book *On Photography*. Published in 1977, it's still the essential study on the subject. I found excerpts of her eloquent and timeless observations on www.susansontag.com: "Photographs are perhaps the most mysterious of all the objects that make up, and thicken, the environment we recognize as modern. Photographs really are experience cap-

tured, and the camera is the ideal arm of consciousness in its acquisitive mood."

For photographers looking to join the current discourse, the blogosphere provides plenty of informed discussion from all corners of the photographic universe. Interested in the latest camera gear? There are reviews galore. Want to learn new techniques? There's an impressive cache of photo tips to satisfy every yearning. Some even add a comedic twist.

It's hard to top this tip, found on www.digital-photography-school.com: "In cold temperatures, batteries lose their power quickly, so it's a good idea to carry extra. In order to keep your spares from draining in a cold camera bag, use an old trick for keeping warm in the cold. Put a hot foil-wrapped baked potato in your pocket. It will keep your spare batteries warm, give your trigger finger a place to warm up, and after you've been out shooting in the cold for a while, you'll have a nutritious snack."

This caveat immediately follows: "DPS will not be responsible for damage caused to the property of those introducing baked potatoes into their camera bags, and advises against adding sour cream, butter or any other condiments to baked potatoes used in this way."

So, photographers can indeed turn a phrase. But when you enter the blogosphere, be sure to take along your sense of humor.



PETER ENSENBARGER

GRAPHIC EXPOSURE

Digital camera LCD monitors provide instant feedback for checking your compositions, but don't use the image on your LCD to judge exposures.



Most digital cameras also display a histogram representing the exposure in graphic form. The far left side of the histogram represents the shadows (or dark areas) in the image, and the far right side represents the highlights (or bright areas). A "good" histogram spreads evenly across the graph from left to right. Dark or underexposed photos will be heavier on the left side of the histogram, while bright or overexposed images will be heavier on the right. Making sure your histograms are not heavily weighted on one side of the graph or the other will result in better exposures.



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

ONLINE

For more photography tips and other information, visit www.arizonahighways.com and click on "Photo Tips."

Ten Decades of Ted

This month, Tucson's Gallery in the Sun celebrates the 100th birthday of Ted DeGrazia, one of Arizona's most colorful artists.

By SALLY BENFORD

ETTORE "TED" DEGRAZIA ONCE said that for many years, he couldn't trade his paintings for a bottle of whiskey. But in 1976, when he rode into the Superstition Mountains with art valued at \$1.5 million, the notion of a struggling artist went up in smoke — literally. There, DeGrazia burned 100 of his paintings to protest federal inheritance taxes. That's just one example of the artist's eccentric nature.

Born to Italian immigrants in Morenci on June 14, 1909, DeGrazia felt more at home in the Arizona desert than he did in swanky

TUCSON

art circles. While his father worked in the copper mines, young Ettore scoured the surrounding mountains, picking up the colorful bits of copper, clay, turquoise and fool's gold that inspired him.



After high school, he moved to Tucson to study art and music at the University of Arizona, eventually earning three degrees. In 1941, *Arizona Highways* published the first of many stories about DeGrazia — the artist credited the magazine for launching his career. The next year, he traveled to Mexico

and sought the advice of famed muralist Diego Rivera. Impressed with DeGrazia's sketches, Rivera and fellow artist José Clemente Orozco took DeGrazia under their wings.

When DeGrazia returned to Arizona, however, he didn't get the recognition he craved. Looking more like a prospector than an artist in his scuffed boots, crumpled cowboy hat and grizzled beard, DeGrazia bucked convention. Rather than waiting for a Tucson gallery to exhibit his work, he built his own gallery on the city's



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY GALLERY IN THE SUN

outskirts, and when Tucson encroached, he and his wife, Marion, moved, building their Gallery in the Sun in the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains.

Demand for DeGrazia's canvases, covered with vibrant images of children, the Southwest and Mexico, grew. In 1960, the artist moved into the international arena when his painting, *Los Niños*, was chosen as a UNICEF greeting card. He holds the distinction of being the most reproduced artist in the world.

Before he died in 1982, he formed the DeGrazia Foundation to ensure the continuation of his beloved gallery, which he described as, "... a place for remembering — a place in which to begin to believe." Today, the gallery is on the National Register of Historic Places, and each year more than 50,000 people visit its rotating exhibits of DeGrazia's 15,000 collective works, which include paintings, sculptures, ceramics, etchings and sketches.

Throughout the year, Gallery in the Sun will commemorate the artist's centennial with *DeGrazia: 100 Years, 100 Works*, including a special celebration on DeGrazia Centennial Weekend, June 13-14.

This month in history

■ A post office was established in Phoenix on June 15, 1868. Jack Swilling was named postmaster.

■ Arizona mountain man, prospector, Indian scout and negotiator Paulino Weaver died at Camp Verde (Camp Lincoln) on June 21, 1867.

■ On June 30, 1956, TWA Flight 2, en route from Los Angeles to Kansas City, and United Airlines Flight 718, traveling from Los Angeles to Chicago, collided in midair over the Grand Canyon, near the confluence of the Colorado and Little Colorado rivers. At the time, the crash was described as the "worst commercial air disaster in history."

For information, call 800-545-2185 or visit www.degrazia.org.

Heere Kitty, Kitty, Kitty

Just kidding, of course. The last thing you ever want to do is invite a mountain lion to come closer. Especially a mother with kittens. BY KERIDWEN CORNELIUS

They're everywhere and nowhere. Like James Bond, Jason Bourne and Keyser Söze, they slink through numerous countries (from Canada to Argentina, deserts to rainforests), use multiple aliases (cougar, puma, panther, catamount), and prefer to work alone.

Not surprisingly, mountain lions are more closely related to stealthy loners like the leopard and lynx than the sociable African lion. And though they're the most widespread mammal in the Americas, apart from humans, they're arguably the most elusive.

In Arizona, where the population is estimated at 2,500, few people have seen a mountain lion in the flesh. Experts estimate that 75 to 95 percent of presumed sightings are actually hazy glimpses of other animals.

It's this invisibility that makes them positively ooze mystery and danger. Yet in the past century, just 14 people have been killed by mountain lions in North America. Compare that to 1,300 by rattlesnakes, 4,000 by bees and 10,000 by deer (car accidents).

But as humans continue to encroach on mountain lion territory, these shy animals are becoming both threatened and threatening. By the early 20th century, hunters and ranchers eliminated mountain lions from the Midwest states to the East, leaving only an endangered few in Florida. On the flip side, mountain lions are increasingly (though still very rarely) exhibiting red-flag behavior: roaming in daylight,

showing no fear of humans, and stalking people.

Last October, game officials shot a mountain lion after it stalked a hiker and his dog in Madera Canyon, south of Tucson. The lion had advanced on the man even after he shouted, waved his arms wildly and fired two warning shots in the air.

Make no mistake: Cougars are contenders. They can grow to more than 8 feet long and weigh 150 pounds, jump 20 feet horizontally or 18 feet into a tree. They can even swim. The sight of something running away can trigger an irresistible predatory response, and

they've been known to slaughter more than a dozen sheep at once.

Yet mountain lions play a vital role in the ecosystem, keeping deer, elk and peccary populations in check. And since they roam so widely — a single male defends a territory up to 1,000 square miles — protecting their habitat ensures the preservation of the other species that share it.

If you encounter a mountain lion, don't run or turn away. Open your jacket to appear larger, wave your arms, speak loudly, throw things at it (without bending down or turning away to pick things up) and slowly back away. Report the incident to the Forest Service or Arizona Game and Fish Department.

Then consider yourself one of the lucky few who has seen one.



TIM FITZHARRIS

nature factoid



TOM VEZO

Horde of Hoarders

Not all birds are packrats, but the acorn woodpecker is notorious for storing up to 50,000 acorns in a single tree, with each acorn

in its own carefully drilled hole. The quirky red, black and white birds live in extended family groups and make their homes in dense oak forests, such as those extending throughout eastern and southeastern portions of Arizona.



50 years ago

IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Our June 1959 issue featured Arizona's summer vacations, including the forests of Northern Arizona, the rodeos and Fourth of July festivities in Central Arizona, and the lakes and streams of Rim Country. Of course, the viewpoints of the Grand Canyon made the cut as well. Truth be told, not much has changed in 50 years.



Native American Festival

JUNE 5-13 VERDE VALLEY

Interested in Arizona's Native American culture? This nine-day event, which takes place in Sedona, Clarkdale, Camp Verde and Cottonwood, focuses on archaeology tours, Native American music, dance, fine art, storytelling and films, as well as presentations at V-Bar-V, Honanki and Palatki heritage sites. *Information: 928-284-1228 or www.festivalofnativeamericanculture.org.*

Old Miner's Day

JUNE 27
CHLORIDE

This is one of the biggest events of the year in one of Arizona's oldest silver-mining camps. The festivities include Old West re-enactments, a parade, musical entertainment, food, raffles and other activities for both young and old. *Information: 928-565-9777 or www.chloridearizona.com/attractions.html.*



Show Low Days

JUNE 5-7
SHOW LOW

This month, hit the road and head to Eastern Arizona for the Show Low Days Still Cruisin' Car Show. Judges will choose the best vintage vehicles from 30 different car classes, including hot rods, muscle cars and trucks, while car buffs will enjoy the Saturday Poker Walk, an ice-cream social, oldies music, an arts and crafts fair, food booths and raffles. *Information: 928-537-2326 or www.showlowchamberofcommerce.com.*



Snowbowl Scenic Skyride

JUNE 1-30 FLAGSTAFF

There's no snow, but the views are still spectacular from the Snowbowl Scenic Skyride. The 25-minute tour tops out at 11,500 feet, where the views include the Grand Canyon and downtown Flagstaff. While you're in the area, listen to a Forest Service specialist discuss the geology and biology of the region, hike the many trails in the surrounding wilderness, and play disc golf on Snowbowl's course. *Information: 928-779-1951 or www.arizonasnowbowl.com.*



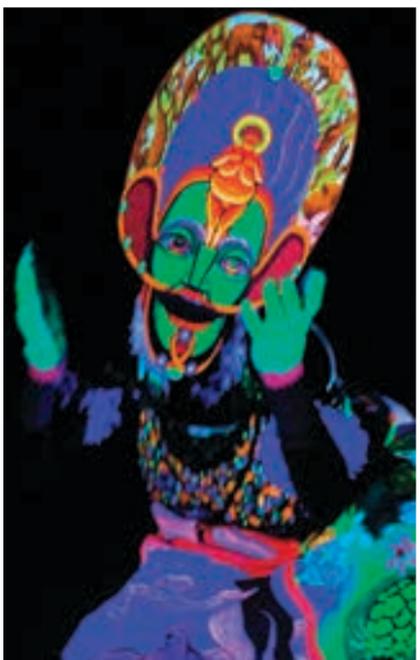
Tsunami on the Square

JUNE 20 PRESCOTT

Each June, a tidal wave of culture washes over downtown Prescott during this unique performance arts festival. Fire-spinners, jugglers, giant puppets, stilt-walkers and dancers join other entertainers to present free performances that also include comedy and theatrical skits, as well as visual and performance arts workshops for the kids. *Information: 928-445-5540 or www.tsunamionthesquare.org.*

Photography Workshop

Arizona's slot canyons are on every photographer's must-see list. Join LeRoy DeJolie, a longtime contributor to *Arizona Highways*, from September 4-8 in Navajoland to create images of Antelope Canyon, Waterholes Canyon and Horseshoe Bend. Among other lessons, DeJolie will instruct participants on the proper techniques to capture these photogenic wonders in the best light. *Information: 888-790-7042 or www.friendsofhighways.com.*



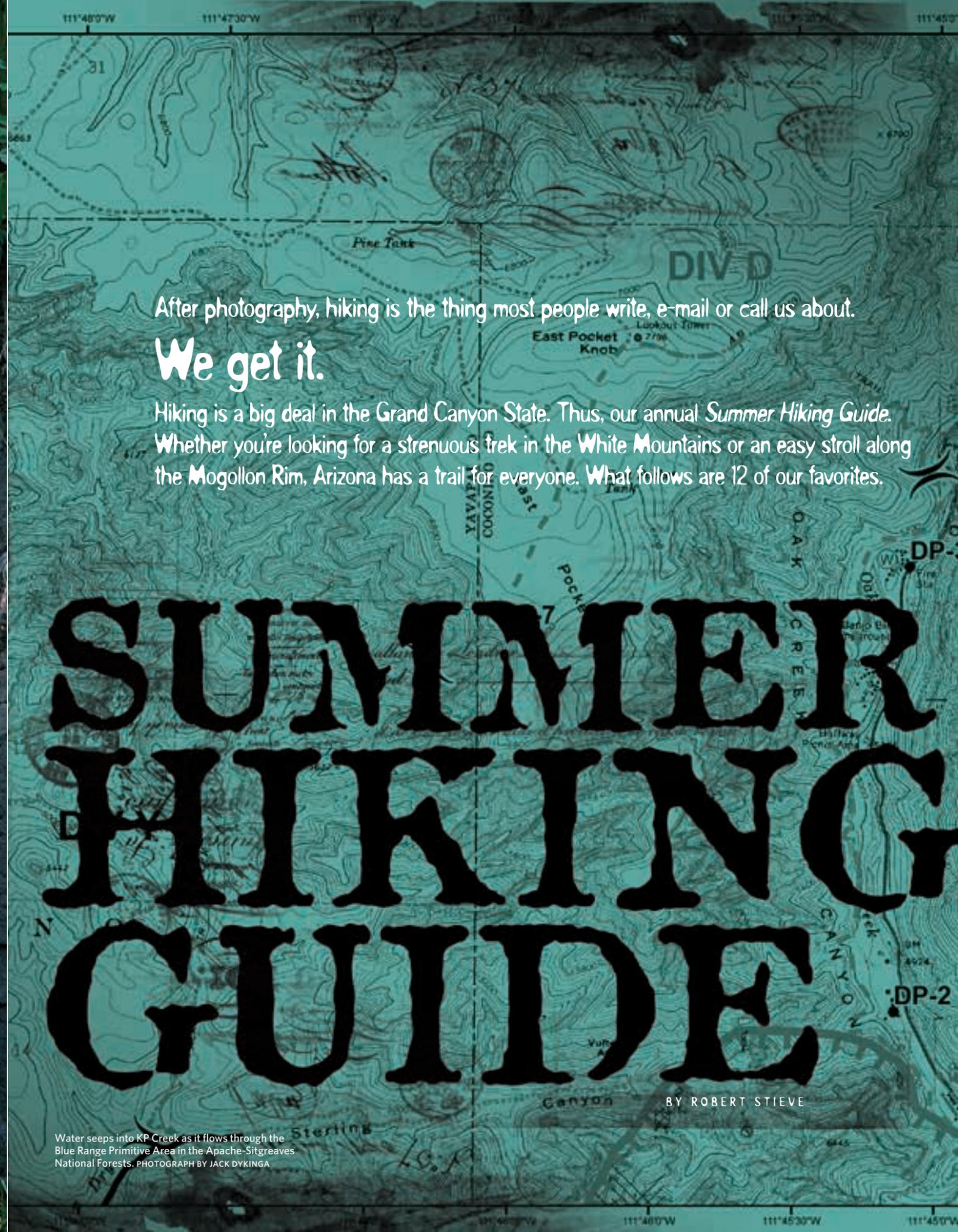
Mind If We Take Along?

The state of Arizona gave us our own license plate, and we'd like you to take us for a ride.



To order an official Arizona Highways license plate, visit www.arizonahighways.com and click the license plate icon on our home page. Proceeds help support our mission of promoting tourism in Arizona.





After photography, hiking is the thing most people write, e-mail or call us about.

We get it.

Hiking is a big deal in the Grand Canyon State. Thus, our annual *Summer Hiking Guide*. Whether you're looking for a strenuous trek in the White Mountains or an easy stroll along the Mogollon Rim, Arizona has a trail for everyone. What follows are 12 of our favorites.

SUMMER HIKING GUIDE

BY ROBERT STIEVE

Water seeps into KP Creek as it flows through the Blue Range Primitive Area in the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests. PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA



1

Florida Canyon Trail

1

Coronado National Forest: When you see the name of this hike, you might think it has something to do with orange trees, or maybe the Miami Dolphins. It doesn't. In this case, Florida (pronounced Flo-ree'-da) refers to the Spanish word for "flowered." Flowers are one of the main attractions along this quiet hike, especially among the riparian seeps and springs that make it so appealing in the summer. As you make your way up into the canyon, the sycamores take center stage, followed by stands of Douglas fir at the head of the canyon, near Florida Saddle. By all means, appreciate the vegetation along the way, but don't forget to look off into the distance — the views are wide angle. Looking back toward the trailhead, the Santa Cruz Valley and a couple of copper mines can be seen, while up-canyon, the Santa Rita Crest and the summit of Mount Wrightson stand out. Literally. You'll get an eyeful, for sure. What you won't see are orange trees and Miami Dolphins.

DIRECTIONS: From Tucson, take Interstate 19 south to Continental Road/Madera Canyon Road (Exit 63). Go east on Madera Canyon Road for about 7.3 miles to the Forest Road 62 cutoff, then immediately bear right onto Forest Road 62A and continue about 3.6 miles. The Florida Canyon trailhead is on the left, just outside the entrance to the Florida Work Center.

ELEVATION: 4,340 to 7,800 feet

DISTANCE: 4.6 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Difficult

INFORMATION: Nogales Ranger District, 520-281-2296 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado

Finger Rock Trail

2

Coronado National Forest: In Tucson, most folks will tell you that this trail's namesake refers to the Wildcats. Sun Devils and Lumberjacks fans might disagree, but there's no debate about the landmark itself: It resembles a closed hand with the index finger extended to make a No. 1 sign. The finger, by the way, is 100 feet high. The trail itself is equally impressive. It begins as an easy trek among saguaros and climbs through the Upper Sonoran Zone into a habitat of yucca, live oak and juniper. Along the way, it gets progressively more difficult, especially for those who opt to push themselves and continue past Mount Kimball to Linda Vista Ridge. Most hikers, though, choose Finger Rock Spring as the turnaround point. If you decide to go beyond the spring, pay attention, because the trail gets hard to follow. It's worth the effort, though — the higher you go, the better the views are. One last thing, the trail leads into the Pusch Ridge Desert Bighorn Sheep Management Area, so dogs aren't allowed. Wildcats, Sun Devils and Lumberjacks, however, are more than welcome.

DIRECTIONS: In Tucson, go north on Oracle Road to Ina Road, turn right (east) and drive about a mile to Skyline Road, which branches off to the south (right). Follow Skyline to Alvernon Way and turn left (north) to the trailhead at the end of the pavement.

ELEVATION: 3,100 to 6,200 feet

DISTANCE: 6.3 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Difficult

INFORMATION: Santa Catalina Ranger District, 520-749-8700 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado



SUMMER HIKING GUIDE

1. Florida Canyon Trail
2. Finger Rock Trail
3. Mount Lemmon Trail
4. West Baldy Trail
5. Grant Creek Trail
6. General Crook Trail
7. Groom Creek Loop Trail
8. Sandys Canyon Trail
9. Kendrick Mountain Trail
10. Red Mountain Trail
11. Sycamore Rim Trail
12. Uncle Jim Trail

JACK DYKINGA

KEVIN KIBSEY



3

Mount Lemmon Trail

Coronado National Forest: With most mountain hikes, you start at the bottom and work your way to the top. Mount Lemmon is different. It starts near the summit, about a mile from the ski resort of the same name. If you're a peak-bagger, you'll essentially get credit for this one as soon as you step out of the car. Initially, the trail follows an access road, but then finds its way to the backcountry and winds down one of the mountain's most prominent ridges. It's a rocky route, and it gets steep in some places, most notably among the switchbacks where the trail drops off the high ridge of the Santa Catalina Mountains down toward the Wilderness of Rock. As you'll see, this trail, which features great views of Pusch Ridge to the west, provides access to several other trails in the area. If you veer off, remember: A good topo map is always a good idea, regardless of whether you're going up or down a mountain.

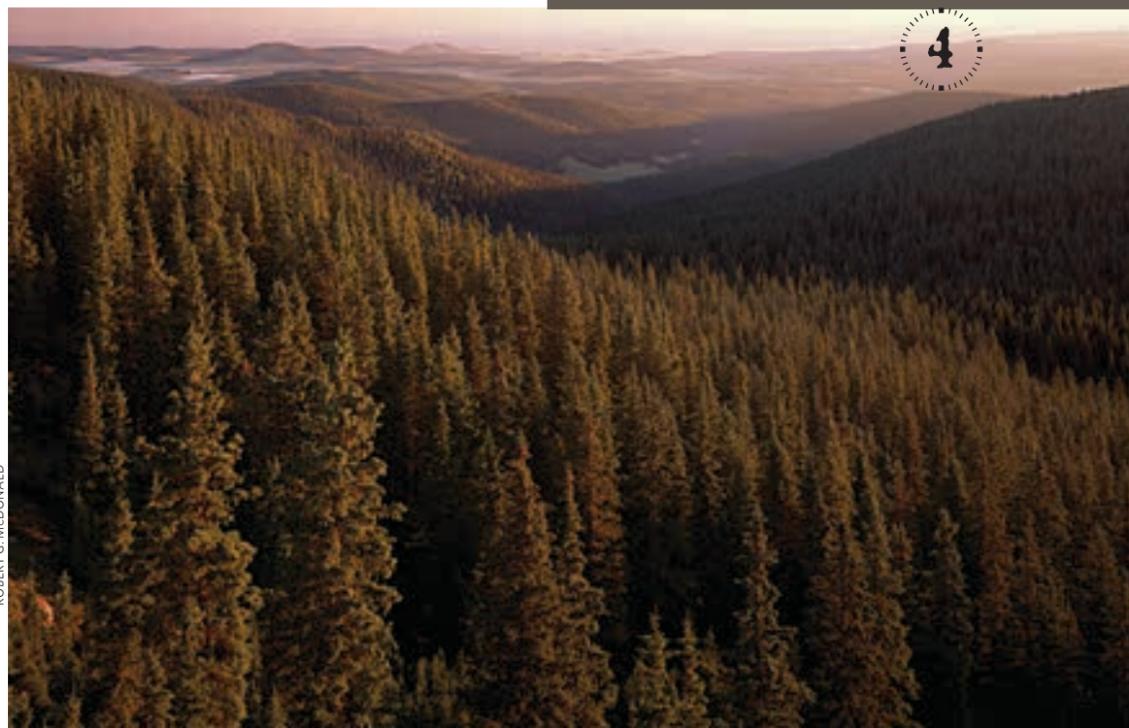
DIRECTIONS: From Tanque Verde Road in Tucson, drive 4.2 miles on Catalina Highway to the forest service boundary and continue 28 miles, past Mount Lemmon Ski Valley, to the power substation on Radio Ridge. Hike west on the trail to a dirt road. Hike down the road to the trail junction.

ELEVATION: 7,500 to 9,100 feet

DISTANCE: 5.8 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Difficult

INFORMATION: Santa Catalina Ranger District, 520-749-8700 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado



ROBERT G. McDONALD

West Baldy Trail

Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests: For peak-baggers in Arizona, Mount Baldy is one leg of the Triple Crown — along with Humphreys Peak and Escudilla Mountain. The first 2 miles of Baldy cut through a series of wide alpine meadows and follow the West Fork of the Little Colorado River, climbing gradually. This is the busiest stretch, but as the trail gets a little tougher, the crowds thin out — the hike won't kill you, but the altitude does have an effect. After the 2-mile mark, the trail enters a thick forest dominated by spruce, fir and aspen — other than a few small meadows, the trail won't break out of the timber until the top. From there, it climbs gradually to a series of steep switchbacks, and eventually merges with the East Baldy Trail near the Fort Apache Indian Reservation boundary. The summit of Mount Baldy is on the reservation, and it's closed to nontribal members. You'll be tempted to "sneak" to the top; however, this is sacred land, and it should be respected. Trespassers who ignore the boundary are subject to fines and could have their packs confiscated. If you're a peak-bagger, here's the good news: The highest point of the ridge isn't Baldy's peak (11,403 feet), but an unnamed area (11,420 feet) on Forest Service land to the north.

JACK DYKINGA

DIRECTIONS: From the Eagar stoplight, drive west on State Route 260 for 17.1 miles to State Route 273. Turn left and go south for 7.6 miles. The trailhead is on the right. If SR 273 is closed from its junction at Forest Road 87 to Crescent Lake for road reconstruction, parallel park your vehicle at the junction of FR 87 and SR 273 and follow the temporary three-quarter-mile trail to the trailhead at Sheeps Crossing.

ELEVATION: 9,000 to 11,200 feet

DISTANCE: 14 miles round-trip (from parking lot at Sheeps Crossing)

DIFFICULTY: Moderate

INFORMATION: Springerville Ranger District, 928-333-4372 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf

4

JACK DYKINGA



Grant Creek Trail

Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests: *Grizzly Adams* wasn't filmed here, but it might have been. The flora and fauna along the Grant Creek Trail are reminiscent of John Adams' stomping ground in the Sierra Nevada. From the lush alpine forests and deep red-rock canyons to the crisscrossing of wildlife, this trail is ideal for anyone in need of a quiet date with Mother Nature. The trail, which is accessed via the Foote Creek Trail near Hannagan Meadow Campground, is one of the main routes between the rim and the floor of Blue River Canyon. It winds through an idyllic forest for the first few miles, and then begins its downward slope. As the gradient steepens, the forest opens up and the panoramas of the Blue River Canyon take your breath away. By the time you catch your breath, those views will be replaced by close-ups of the red rocks that form the canyon walls, along with the box elders, cottonwoods and sycamores that thrive in the moist, sheltered habitat. From this riparian rest area, the trail follows its namesake toward the Blue River. Feel free to hum the *Grizzly Adams* theme as you make your way.

DIRECTIONS: From Alpine, drive 23 miles south on U.S. Route 191 to the south end of Hannagan Meadow, turn left (east) onto Forest Road 29A and continue to the Steeple/Foote Creek Trailhead and parking lot. Access the Grant Creek Trail via the Foote Creek Trail.

ELEVATION: 8,800 to 5,440 feet

DISTANCE: 10 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Difficult

INFORMATION: Alpine Ranger District, 928-339-5000 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf

5



6

Kenneth Kline and Gabrielle von Mazo hike along the General Crook Trail. PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK BEREZKO

General Crook Trail

Coconino National Forest: For those of you who live in other parts of the world, there's a little thing in Arizona called the Mogollon Rim. No one really knows how to pronounce it — Spanish scholars go with "mo-go-yawn," locals use "muggy-own," while others simply refer to it as "the Rim." Whatever you call it, you can't miss it. Literally. Named for one of the Spanish colonial governors of New Mexico, the Rim stretches diagonally across most of Arizona. Naturally, its precipitous drop-off is the main feature of the General Crook Trail, which follows a historic wagon route that was used in the 1870s and 1880s in General George Crook's war against the Apaches. The trail itself parallels the Rim for about 25 miles, and the scenery is something special. As Captain George M. Wheeler once wrote: "Mountain, forest, valley and streams are blended in one harmonious whole ... few worldwide travelers in a lifetime could be treated to a more perfect landscape, a true virgin solitude, undefiled by the presence of man." Indeed, that's why we selected this area for this month's cover shot. Regardless of the pronunciation, the Mogollon Rim is a sight for sore eyes.

DIRECTIONS: From Flagstaff, drive approximately 55 miles south on Lake Mary Road (Forest Highway 3) to State Route 87. Go south (right) on SR 87 for approximately 9 miles to Forest Road 300, along which there are several access points. FR 300 is graveled and suitable for passenger vehicles except during winter when it is closed.

ELEVATION: 7,900 to 7,000 feet

DISTANCE: 25 miles one way

DIFFICULTY: Easy

INFORMATION: Mogollon Rim Ranger District, 928-477-2255 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino

8

Sandys Canyon Trail

Coconino National Forest: When it comes to summer hikes, Flagstaff has plenty of bragging rights. Humphreys Peak, the king of the hills in Arizona, is among the many that come to mind. It might be the best hike in the state, but it's not for everybody. It's a serious hike. At the other end of the spectrum is the Sandys Canyon Trail, which is located just a few minutes from downtown Flagstaff. The trail begins along the rim of Walnut Canyon — if you look toward the west, you can see Humphreys Peak. After a short trek, the trail drops down Sandys Canyon into the main gorge. From there, it continues along the Walnut Canyon floor on an old jeep track to an intersection with the Arizona Trail. Geology is one of the main features of this hike. In particular, you'll see a series of petrified Permian Age sand dunes. You might see some horses, as well — a nearby concessionaire offers guided tours into this scenic canyon. Whether you hoof it yourself, or giddyup on Old Paint, Sandys Canyon is yet another trail that Flagstaff can brag about.

DIRECTIONS: In Flagstaff, go southeast on Lake Mary Road (Forest Highway 3) for 6 miles and turn left onto the road that leads to Canyon Vista Campground. From there, go north for a quarter-mile to the trailhead.

ELEVATION: 6,950 to 6,820 feet

DISTANCE: 2 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Easy

INFORMATION: Peaks/Mormon Lake Ranger Districts, 928-526-0866 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino



7

CHRISTINE KEITH

Groom Creek Loop Trail

Prescott National Forest: At one time, Prescott was the capital city of Arizona. There are many reasons it was moved to Phoenix. The Groom Creek Loop wasn't among them. This challenging trek is one of Prescott's points of pride. In fact, it's one of the best trails in the Prescott National Forest. Along with the workout, the loop offers more than its share of scenery, especially from the top of Spruce Mountain, from which you can see Crown King, Prescott and, on a clear day, the San Francisco Peaks. From the trailhead, the loop (which is marked Trail 307) passes through an oak and juniper woodland, and one of the most impressive stands of ponderosa pines in the forest. In all, the trail climbs 1,200 feet over 3 miles through the upper Wolf Creek drainage to the top of Spruce Mountain. From there, the trail heads southwest and follows the South Spruce Ridge for about 1.6 miles to the junction with the Isabella Trail, which connects to Walker Road (pay attention to the trail signs). The loop then begins a long, twisting descent down the mountain to the trailhead, which is just a short drive from one of Prescott's other points of pride: Whiskey Row.

DIRECTIONS: In Prescott, take Gurley Street east to Mt. Vernon Avenue (Senator Highway, Forest Road 52). Turn south and drive approximately 6.5 miles to Forest Road 52A at Groom Creek. Continue on FR 52A for 4.5 miles to the picnic area.

ELEVATION: 6,400 to 7,750 feet

DISTANCE: 8.7-mile loop

DIFFICULTY: Difficult

INFORMATION: Bradshaw Ranger District, 928-443-8000 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/prescott



9



ROBERT G. McDONALD

Kendrick Mountain Trail

Kaibab National Forest: There's a lot of history on this mountain. Two things in particular stand out. The first is just below the 10,418-foot summit. That's where you'll see the old lookout cabin, which was built in the early 1900s and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The second dates back to the year 2000. That's when a devastating fire touched most of the Kendrick Peak Wilderness Area. Fortunately, the recovery process has begun, but it'll take decades, even centuries, before it's fully restored. Meantime, a hike to the peak offers a great lesson in ecology. It also offers impressive views of the Grand Canyon to the north and Oak Creek Canyon to the south. In addition, it's a good place to see wildlife, especially elk and mule deer. The trail itself includes a trek through ponderosa pines and climbs into the mixed conifer forests of Douglas fir, white fir and Engelmann spruce. At the top is the cabin. Check it out, look into the distance and consider this possibility: If people would stop throwing their cigarettes out the window, history would quit repeating itself.

DIRECTIONS: From Flagstaff, drive northwest on U.S. Route 180 to Forest Road 193, about 10 miles north of the turnoff for Arizona Snowbowl, and turn left (west) onto FR 193. At the end of that road (about 3 miles), make a right onto Forest Road 171 and go 2 miles to Forest Road 190. Turn right onto FR 190 and go 1 mile to the parking area.

ELEVATION: 7,700 to 10,418 feet

DISTANCE: 8 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Moderate

INFORMATION: Williams Ranger District, 928-635-5600 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai

10

Red Mountain Trail

Coconino National Forest: "Go Big Red." That's what Arizona fans were chanting back in February, when the Cardinals played the Steelers in the Super Bowl. About 740,000 years earlier, a volcano erupted 25 miles northwest of Flagstaff. Coincidentally, that was the last time the Cardinals were in the Super Bowl. The eruption formed what is known today as Red Mountain — "Go Big Red" — which is technically a volcanic cinder cone that rises 1,000 feet above the surrounding landscape. The trail is easy and winds through junipers toward a broken rise of cinder and red rocks. The last half-mile of the hike follows a normally dry streambed. The reward at the end is a large natural amphitheater that cuts into the cone's northeast flank. Erosional pillars, called hoodoos, decorate the amphitheater, and many dark mineral crystals erode from its walls. As you look around, remind yourself that you're actually standing inside an ancient volcano. It's an experience almost as rare as watching the Cardinals play in a Super Bowl.

DIRECTIONS: From Flagstaff, drive northwest on U.S. Route 180 for approximately 25 miles to Milepost 247. Turn left at a large Forest Service sign that announces the Red Mountain Geologic Area. Drive about a quarter-mile on the dirt road to a parking space at the trailhead.

ELEVATION: 6,800 to 7,200 feet

DISTANCE: Approximately 2.5 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Easy

INFORMATION: Peaks/Mormon Lakes Ranger Districts, 928-526-0866 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino

NICK BEZEMENKO

ROBERT G. McDONALD



11

Sycamore Rim Trail

Kaibab National Forest: People like to poke fun at the 1970s. Bell-bottoms, shag carpeting, 8-tracks ... they were out of sight back then, but now, they're punch lines. Of course, the '70s produced some gems, too, including the Sycamore Rim Trail, which was proposed in 1975 to protect a unique environment of ponds, streams, cliffs and deep canyons. The route was originally cleared and marked in 1979. Since then, it's been improved with treadwork over its entire length. About 3 miles from the trailhead, the loop hits the rim of Sycamore Canyon, and continues along the boundary of the Sycamore Wilderness Area. Moving north and west for the second half of the hike, the trail cuts through a ponderosa pine forest that leads to the top of KA Hill, which offers a great look at nearby Garland Prairie. The views are out of sight, man.

DIRECTIONS: From Flagstaff, go west on Interstate 40 for approximately 25 miles to Garland Prairie Boulevard, Exit 178, turn left and go south on Forest Road 141 for approximately 12 miles to Forest Road 56. Turn right (southeast) onto FR 56 and continue 1.5 miles to the trailhead parking lot.

ELEVATION: 6,000 to 6,700 feet

DISTANCE: 11 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Easy to Moderate

INFORMATION: Williams Ranger District, 928-635-5600 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/kai

12

Uncle Jim Trail

North Rim, Grand Canyon: "The North and the South." Mention that to most Americans and they'll start rattling off names like Gettysburg, Fredericksburg ... and maybe even Ken Burns. Here in Arizona, the North and the South are two rims of the Grand Canyon, and they're very different. Consider the hikes. On the South Rim, the trails are usually crowded. On the North, they're not. If you prefer the latter, head north to the Uncle Jim Trail, which is named for "Uncle Jim" Owens, a game warden who reportedly killed 500 mountain lions to strengthen the area's deer population. Like other trails on the North Rim, this one winds through a mix of ponderosa pines, white fir, Douglas fir, blue spruce and quaking aspens. Mule deer are common, too. The first mile of the trail parallels the Ken Patrick Trail, so don't be confused. As you get rolling, check out the views of Roaring Springs Canyon. They're incredible. Of course, great views are typical at the North Rim, including those from Uncle Jim Point, which is a great place to sit and contemplate the merits of the two rims. They're both special, but as you'll see, the North wins when it comes to solitude.

DIRECTIONS: From the Grand Canyon Lodge on the North Rim, drive north for 3 miles to the signed right turn for the North Kaibab Trailhead. Uncle Jim shares a trailhead with the North Kaibab Trail.

ELEVATION: 8,240 to 8,320 feet

DISTANCE: 5 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Easy

INFORMATION: Backcountry Office, Grand Canyon National Park, 520-638-7875 or nps.gov/grca

SUMMER
HIKING
GUIDE



ROCK ART

NORMALLY WHEN WE TALK ABOUT ROCK ART, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT PICTOGRAPHS OR PETROGLYPHS.

THIS IS DIFFERENT.

THIS IS PHOTOGRAPHY. ACTUALLY, IT'S MORE THAN THAT. ACCORDING TO A PANEL OF MESMERIZED MAGAZINE STAFFERS, THE WORK OF WES TIMMERMAN CROSSES INTO THE REALM OF FINE ART. "PAINTINGS, SCULPTURES, MASTERPIECES."

THOSE ARE THE WORDS THEY USED TO DESCRIBE THIS MONTH'S PORTFOLIO.

BY WES TIMMERMAN



▶ Wedged into the diorite surface and frozen in time, a pluton coated in red silt reflects the sunset light, mimicking a nearby silt-filled rock depression.

PRECEDING PANEL: Lichen grows on the surface of a Canyon wall coated with desert varnish, creating abstract ornamentation of the natural world.

LEFT: Shinumo Quartzite offers a geometric study in texture and color.



Q: OVER THE YEARS, *ARIZONA HIGHWAYS* HAS PUBLISHED HUNDREDS — MAYBE THOUSANDS — OF PHOTOS OF THE GRAND CANYON. FRANKLY, WE THOUGHT WE'D SEEN IT ALL, BUT YOUR WORK IS DIFFERENT. WHAT MAKES IT UNIQUE? — JEFF KIDA, PHOTO EDITOR

A: IN SEPTEMBER 2000, AFTER AN INCREDIBLE RIVER TRIP THROUGH THE GRAND CANYON, I STARTED THINKING ABOUT CREATING A BODY OF LARGE-FORMAT PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK WITHIN THE CANYON — IT'S A LANDSCAPE OF IMMENSE POSSIBILITY, IN BOTH SCIENCE AND ART. ONE DAY, WHILE AT CAPE ROYAL, ON THE PERCH ABOVE ANGELS WINDOW, I DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO COMMIT. IN THE COURSE OF BACKPACKING HUNDREDS OF MILES OVER THE PAST EIGHT YEARS, I'D BARELY SCRATCHED THE SURFACE OF THE WORLD WITHIN A WORLD. THE CREATIVE POSSIBILITIES ARE AS STAGGERING AS THE SCALE OF THE CANYON ITSELF. NO TWO TRIPS HAVE BEEN THE SAME FOR ME, AND EACH HAS REVEALED A DIFFERENT ASPECT OF THE LANDSCAPE. MY WORK HAS FOCUSED MORE ON THE NATURE OF THE ROCK THAN THE HORIZON. THE "FEELING" THAT THERE'S SOMETHING HERE TO EXPRESS PHOTOGRAPHICALLY COMES FROM MY COLLECTIVE SUBCONSCIOUS; SOMETHING THAT IS EVER-CHANGING; SOMETHING THAT'S BEING UPDATED AND REFRESHED WITH EACH EXPOSURE. — WES TIMMERMAN



Many side canyons combine unique blends of textures, colors and shapes, creating Eden-like cienegas off the main river channel.



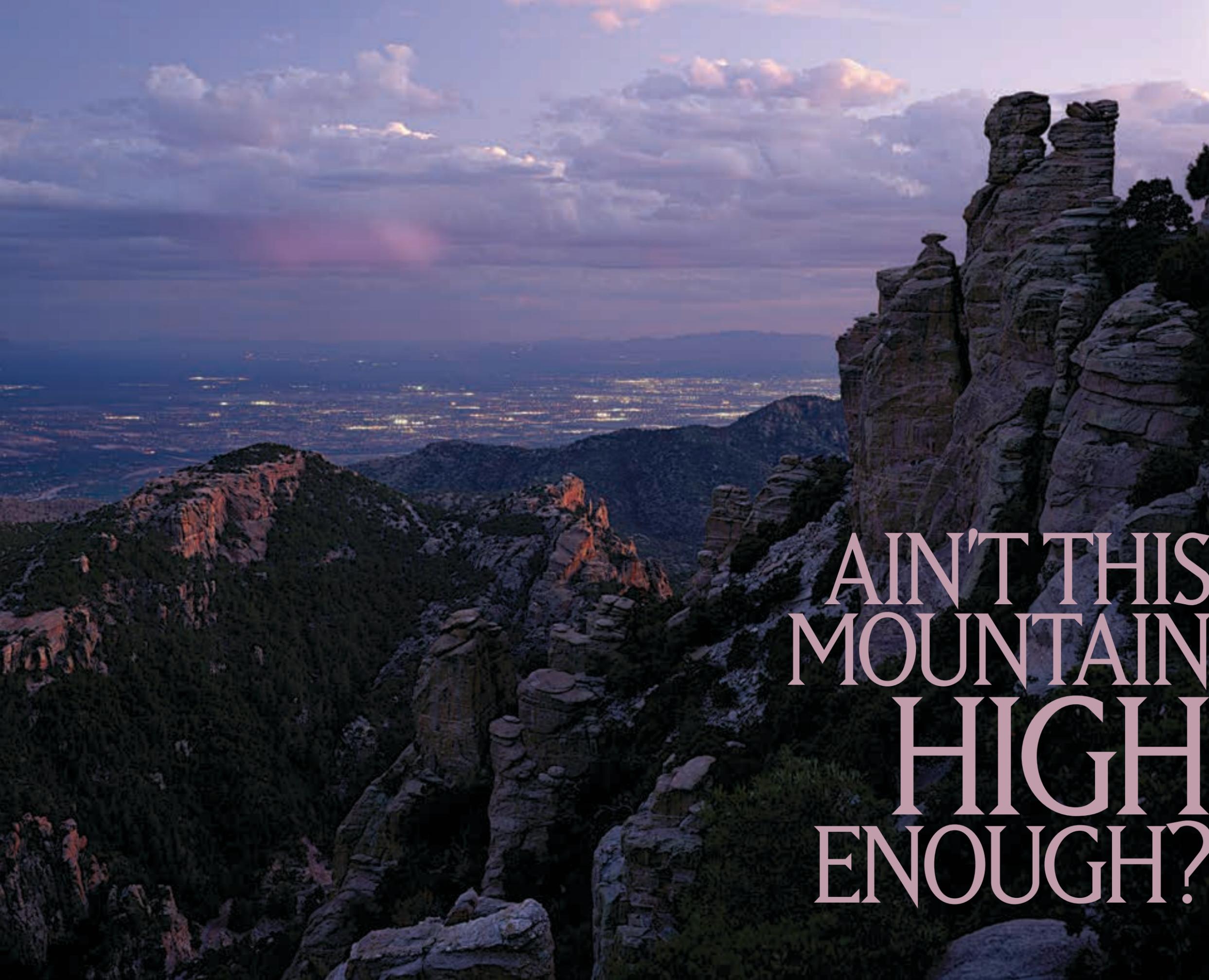
► Deep within the Canyon's interior, morning light bathes an ephemeral stream with a warm glow, highlighting the contrasting colors of earth and sky.

LEFT: Over millions of years, wind and water carved Tapeats Sandstone, creating deep, sinuous passages throughout the Grand Canyon.



▶ As water carved deeper, smoothly beveled rocks took shape in the Canyon's Inner Gorge.

LEFT: The flat, shiny surface of Brahma Schist in the lower reaches of the Canyon catches the brilliant blue reflection of the sky above, adding contrast to the dark rock wall. ■



AIN'T THIS MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH?

Father Kino, Wyatt Earp, Geronimo ... none of them would recognize Mount Lemmon and the Santa Catalinas today. The human population around them, now more than a million strong, has profoundly altered the character of the mountain range itself. Biology, ecology, flora, fauna ... they've all been affected. Time will tell if there's enough mountain to absorb the changes.

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
RANDY PRENTICE

▮ The lights of a bustling Tucson glimmer below the Santa Catalina Mountains on the city's north side.

Driving up the Catalina Highway on a summer morning unleashes a sudden rock-slide of memory: Back to the summer of '74, with my wife, Patty, and I wedged into a minuscule turnout at the side of this same road, our brand-new Fiat roadster wrapping itself in a cloud of steam. It had seemed alluringly romantic, a spirited top-down drive up the big mountain on Tucson's northern flank, watching the desert scenery blur into piñon-juniper woodland and then alpine forest. But the Fiat was having none of our romance. It would take two more attempts before a cooling-system improvement got us to the mountaintop without overheating.

Now it is 2009 and everything has changed. The road is wider and luxuriously outfitted with pullouts and guardrails, and the Forest Service charges \$5 for the drive. The mountain no longer serves as Tucson's northern boundary; the city has lapped around it in the shape of a lopsided horseshoe. In 2003, the month-long Aspen Fire scorched 132 square miles of the mountain's forests. I'm no longer as interested in driving up the Santa Catalina range as in hiking through it. And Fiat no longer sells cars in the United States.

Consider these changes in the context of geologic time, and they seem astonishing. And there are more coming, quickly. The human sprawl swarming around the mountain's skirts, now more than a million strong, has profoundly altered the mountain's character. It seems like time to sound an alarm: Civilization is messing with an ecosystem that's still too complex for us to predict the consequences. But first it's worth looking at how this mountain has messed with us.

For as long as there's been recorded history, the Santa Catalina range has represented escape. Most obviously, from the desert heat: In the 1920s, editorial writers for the *Tucson Citizen* and *The Arizona Daily Star* pecked out rival editorials calling for, respectively, a paved road and an alpine airport for the mountains. Reluctant voters twice rebuffed \$500,000 bond proposals for the highway, and the airport never got off the ground. But in 1933, the *Citizen's* publisher, Frank H. Hitchcock, embraced the idea of using prison labor to build the road, and with his influence, work on the 25-mile-long highway began just three months later. The mountains resisted more than anyone expected. By the time the road reached the ponderosa pines, it had taken 17 or 18 years, 8,003 federal prisoners and — even with all that free labor — nearly a million dollars.

A few determined pioneers built a town at the end of the road — Summerhaven, which, until the Aspen Fire, was a motley scattering of cabins with a year-round population of about 50. It would have grown larger, except that it contains just 240 acres of private land, surrounded by Coronado National Forest. (Post-fire, Summerhaven is still tightly contained, but the “cabins” are being replaced by serious haciendas built of logs. “Some of them have elevators!” an incredulous contractor confided.)

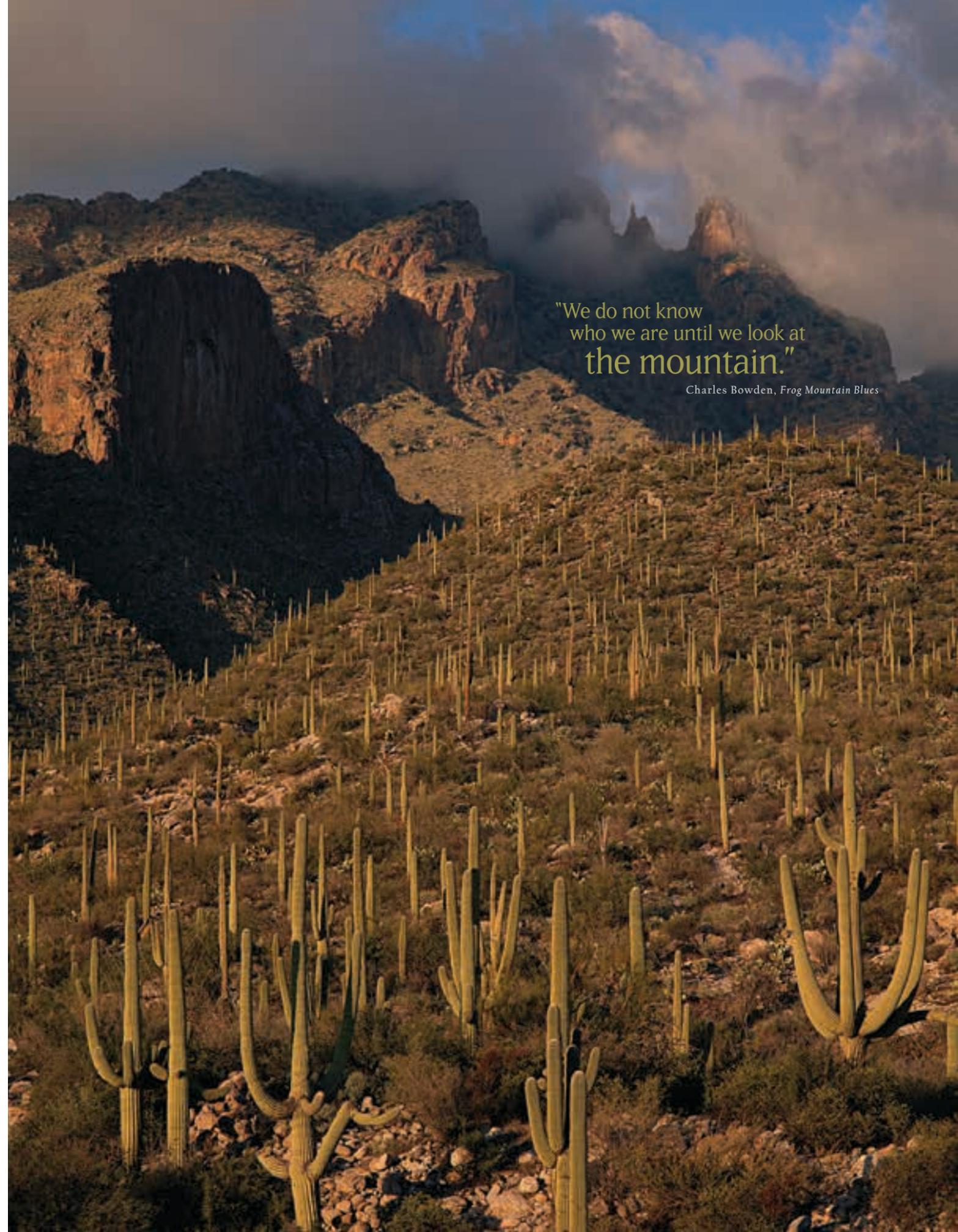
On the lower flanks of the mountain, there's been nothing to stop Tucson from oozing onto the foothills, right up to the National Forest boundary at about 3,500 feet. People who built in these heights won no reprieve from the desert heat, but when I was a reporter in Tucson in the 1970s and controversy was raging over the growing crust of foothills houses, I interviewed a psychologist who suggested people were trying to escape something even more onerous: mortality. “Snuggling up to something permanent,” he said, “seems to offer us a connection to permanence ourselves.” No dummy, he lived in the foothills himself.

As Tucson surges around the mountain, people are now escaping the crush of urbanity. On a perimeter drive around the range — an improvised 92-mile loop that at this point still includes some dirt roads and bullet-ventilated highway signs — I stop at Saddlebrooke Ranch, a new “resort community” that will build out to 5,800 homes. “We've got boomers coming out of the woodwork,” sales consultant Frank Caristi tells me. “Most of them are coming for the peace, quiet, serenity and views of the mountain.”

Although Saddlebrooke Ranch qualifies as urban sprawl — it's a 35-mile expedition to downtown Tucson — I understand the impulse. The last house I occupied in Tucson squatted in the foothills, on a site as close as I could afford to the mountain's southern flank. The Santa Catalinas filled the windows, an ineluctable reminder of the towering dominance of nature. This is the most profound thing the big rock provides for Tucson: perspective.

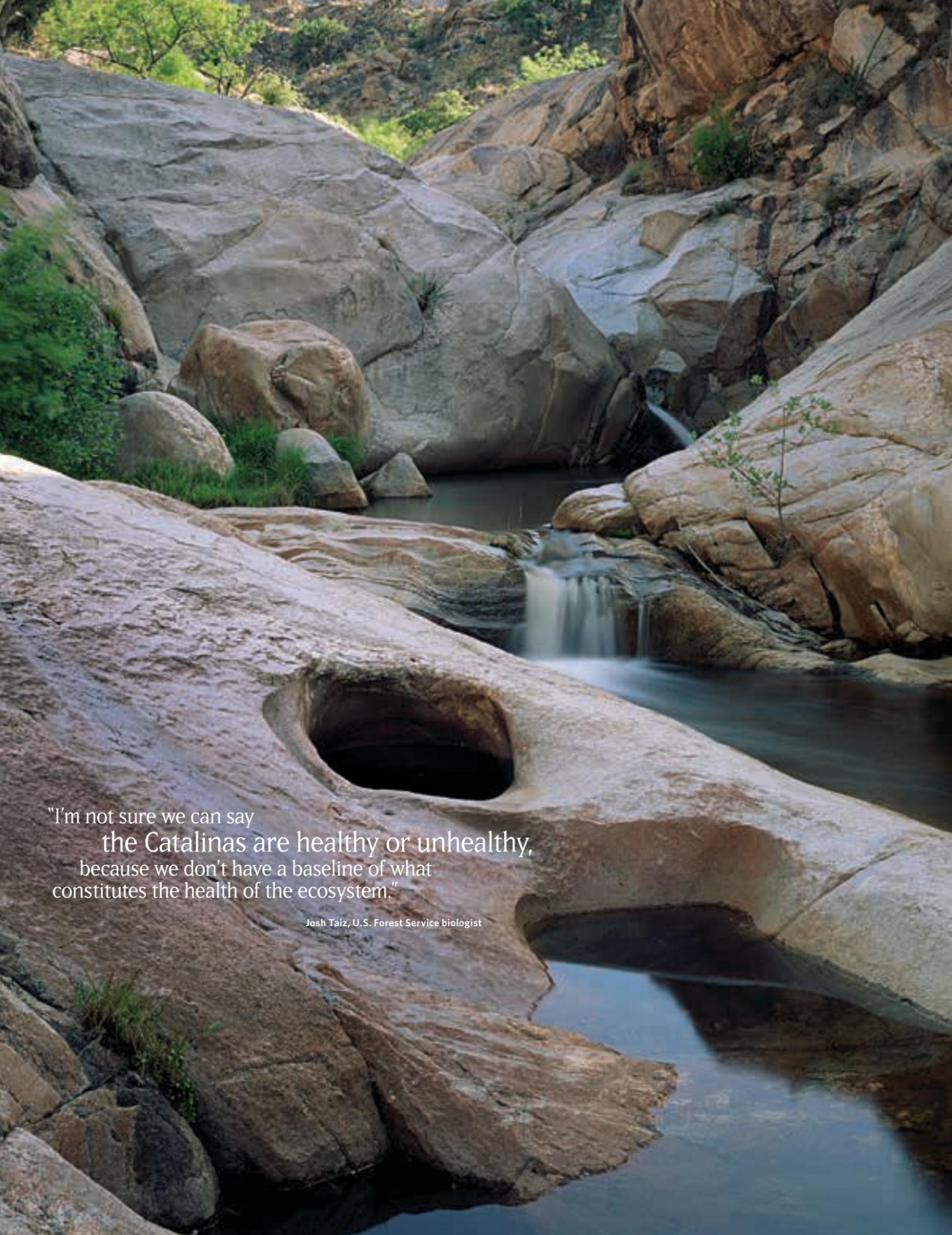
“We do not know who we are until we look at the mountain,” Charles Bowden declared in *Frog Mountain Blues*, his 1987 ode to the Catalinas. I have chewed on that for 20 years, since the book first appeared. It seemed extreme — Bowden always is. Do people in Dallas or Paris not know who they are, lacking a handy mountain for reference? But that book prompted me to start hiking in the Catalinas, and then I began to understand what a miracle it was to have mountains bursting out of your city — mountains in the backyard, a way to understand civilization in its real perspective in nature.

► Afternoon storm clouds near Finger Rock clear to display a sea of saguaro cactuses that dot the Santa Catalinas' southern slopes.



"We do not know
who we are until we look at
the mountain."

Charles Bowden, *Frog Mountain Blues*

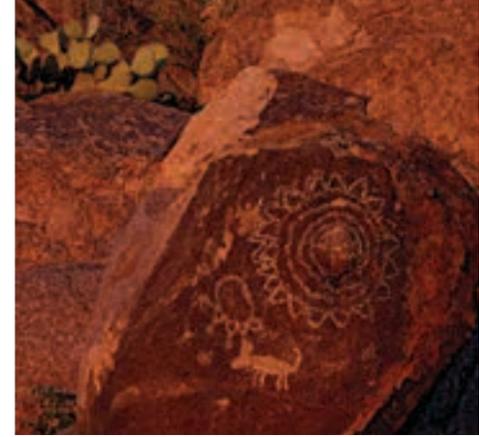


"I'm not sure we can say the Catalinas are healthy or unhealthy, because we don't have a baseline of what constitutes the health of the ecosystem."

Josh Taiz, U.S. Forest Service biologist

Carved by prehistoric Hohokam Indians, a sun petroglyph decorates a boulder near Samaniego Ridge.

LEFT: At Catalina State Park, water flows through the Romero Pools transforming the smooth rock formations into sculpted art.



One Sunday at dusk, a Tucsonan named Bill McManus was plodding the Ventana Canyon Trail some 1,000 feet above the city when he saw the tawny flash of a golden retriever ahead on the trail. When he closed to about 40 feet, he realized it was not a canine but a cat — a mountain lion.

"I waited for it to run away," McManus told me. "But it just stood there watching me. I tapped my pole against a rock. It walked off the trail, squatted, as if it was waiting for me to pass. It was acting more like a dog or somebody's pet than a wild animal."

McManus was fascinated, but when the cat slipped into some tall grass and he couldn't see it anymore, he says, "I got a little worried." He shouted, rapped on rocks with his hiking stick, and retreated down the mountain — wasting no time, but wisely not running.

McManus' encounter encapsulated the collision of nature and civilization now occurring on Tucson's backyard mountain. The big rock inspires us, entertains us, frightens us. In turn, we are remodeling it, sometimes inadvertently, through our presence on it and around it.

The best way to think about a desert mountain is as a "sky island," an ecosystem dramatically different from its surroundings. There are about 40 ranges tall enough to qualify as islands in the Sonoran and Chihuahuan deserts of the Southwest and adjoining Mexican states, and the Santa Catalina range, peaking at 9,157 feet, is the third highest. And it's the only one in Arizona with a major urban area around it.

Ringling the mountain with roads and subdivisions has enormous implications for wildlife. Large mammals, such as bears, mountain lions, bighorn sheep and mule deer, become almost isolated on their island, with difficult migration through desert and grassland to other mountains. With shrunken territory and lessened availability of mates, their numbers decline — most dramatically among bighorn sheep, which numbered about 170 in the Catalinas in the 1970s. The last verifiable report, in 2004, counted six.

Climate change, apparently the consequence of an energy-hungry civilization, is profoundly affecting the biology of the sky island. Bark beetles, encouraged by drought and higher temperatures, are killing increasing swaths of high-elevation forest, principally piñon and ponderosa pines. Some animal species appear to be migrating up the mountain. A Summerhaven store owner told *The Arizona Daily Star* she'd started seeing roadrunners in the neighborhood — at an elevation of 8,200 feet.

Matt Skroch, executive director of the nonprofit Sky Island Alliance, told me in his Tucson office that climate change, more than anything else, is what keeps him up at night, worrying about the mountains. "The species that occur at the highest elevations, where do they go? The spruce-fir habitat supports thousands of species. What happens when that habitat gets pinched off the mountains?"

Biologists are also losing sleep over a seemingly mundane pest — African buffelgrass, a tough, knee-high, shrubby exotic that over the

past decade has rapidly begun clawing into the foothills of the Sonoran Desert mountains. It's choking out native species and ferrying fire toward the forests. Probably the only way to challenge it is with massive chemical warfare, which will, of course, affect the entire ecosystem in unpredictable ways.

This is the short view, and it's dismaying. But there is a long view, and its spokesman is an articulate Forest Service biologist named Josh Taiz. He grew up at the foot of the Catalinas, majored in evolutionary biology and ecology at the University of Arizona in Tucson, and now works in a cramped office at the back of the visitors center at Sabino Canyon. Early on a summer morning, we take a little Kawasaki truck up to a foothill perch where we can look into Sabino's yawn and across the craggy face of the Catalinas.

"I'm not sure we can say the Catalinas are healthy or unhealthy, because we don't have a baseline of what constitutes the health of the ecosystem," Taiz says. "Adaptation and natural selection are at work constantly. Certain species will thrive in certain conditions, and in others, they won't. What we're seeing now is that these biological communities are changing — no question about that. We often automatically tag that as 'bad.' It may well be. But when I hear 'bad,' I say, 'maybe.' Wait and see."

Taiz sketches a portrait of a mountain ecosystem — really, a network of ecosystems — so complex that it still defies modern science's ability to predict and explain its behavior. For example, he cites the Aspen Fire's vast and obvious destruction, which has yielded some unexpected benefits for wildlife. "The Mexican spotted owl ... intuitively, you would have expected the fire to have devastated it, since it took so much mixed-conifer forest," he explains. "But 2003-2004 produced the largest number of young since the early '90s." The apparent reason is that opening up the forest canopy and increasing mulch benefited small mammals. Their numbers boomed, which in turn encouraged their predators: the owls.

We peer across the canyon at the waves of houses pushing against the mountainside. Chipmunks, Taiz notes, thrive in the vicinity of humans. This ripples throughout the food chain. The rodents eat the eggs of ground-nesting birds, which might cause them to decline. Raptors swoop down onto the chipmunks, which might give the big birds a boost. Where it all ends, nobody knows. "Eventually the system takes care of itself," Taiz says. "Maybe not in our lifetime."

It's reassuring that a biologist thinks this. Just as the mountain itself is a reassuring presence. That, in fact, is the core of its importance for the messy carnival of humanity teeming around it. The mountain tells us that as there has been a past, there will be a future and that our mistakes, in the very long view of nature, might be forgivable.

Information: Coronado National Forest, Santa Catalina Ranger District, 520-749-8700 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado; Pusch Ridge Wilderness, www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado/forest/recreation/wilderness/pusch.shtml. ■



THE MAN WHO SITS ON THE TREASURE

BY LISA SCHNEBLY HEIDINGER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF KIDA

No. This isn't a story about Bill Gates or the sniper who guards the roof of Fort Knox. It's a story about Bruce Burnham, a white man who's spent the last four decades on the Navajo Nation. Burnham is an Indian trader, or, as the Navajos say, *Naalye'he' ya' sida'hi* — "the man who sits on the treasure."

IF DESIRE COULD OVERPOWER DNA, Bruce Burnham would be a Navajo. A fourth-generation Indian trader, he's been the man behind the counter at R.B. Burnham & Company Trading Post to several generations. He worked his way up from the white teenager fascinated with Navajo culture, allowed into Navajo men's card games to lose money and, eventually, into a position of esteem and influence.

"You can't become Navajo," he admits, "but I'm an in-law to the whole tribe."

His wife is Navajo, and because the culture is matriarchal, so are his children. He speaks Navajo to the old women wearing velvet skirts, headscarves and running shoes who come to the trading post to do business. When he talks about Kit Carson, the Long Walk of the Navajos to a relocation camp, and their joy at seeing their homeland again, it's clear he views history from the tribe's point of view. Spry and genial, with a magnificent moustache and an affable frontier-style manner, he leads visitors

through the store, which evokes trading posts of a century ago. It's not filled with tourist-driven curios. Instead, skeins of wool, bags of flour and oil lamps line the shelves. There's a pile of dark woolly pelts, which he identifies as buffalo hides.

"Navajo tradition is that if you have a buffalo hide in your home, you'll never be hungry," Burnham says. Leading the way to the wood stove in the back room, he asks jokingly if anyone wants to sit on a buffalo hide "and pretend to be wealthy." Maybe he's only half-joking. He's aware that tourists take strange notions about Indians. On the wall is a photo of his wife and two daughters in beaded Northern Plains Indian dresses, from a time when they were traveling and selling, and fulfilling the *Bilag'aana* (white people) expectation of what "real Indians" would wear.

Burnham might be Anglo, but his soul is not. Balanced between the white and Navajo cultures, he can interpret one to the other. He speaks of roots going deep into your homeland.

"That's Navajo, to feel connected to the land. *Dii'ch shishi k'eyah* means 'sense of place.' There's a sense of belonging; a Navajo buries the child's umbilical cord in the corner of the sheep corral."

▶ Against a backdrop of Navajo rugs, fourth-generation Indian trader Bruce Burnham leans on sacks of piñon nuts in the back room of his Sanders trading post in Eastern Arizona.

NOT

everyone who drives through Sanders, Arizona, would see what resonates so strongly with Burnham about this place. At the junction of Interstate 40 and U.S. Route 191, it's quintessential Navajoland — slightly variegated tones of brown stretch in all directions, with what looks like a watercolor smudge of sage indicating where a spring or seep keeps a little vegetation alive. Mobile homes or small compounds of cinder block houses host pickup trucks parked at angles against a vast sky with a few fledgling clouds. Quiet and space are abundant; commerce and company are not.

Burnham came here in 1971 in a pickup carrying all his goods and his wife. She was 15-year-old Virginia Kascoli Begay, fresh from being educated in Anglo schools when he first laid eyes on her. (This is surprising, considering that with six daughters and one son, Virginia's mother almost never let them go anywhere, probably aware of the challenge of keeping her eye on that many at once.)

After five years, Bruce and Virginia married. Burnham speaks almost reverently of the medicine man blessing the corn pollen used in the traditional ceremony after arrangements had been made. He adds with relish that the traditional bride price was negotiated by his boss. "I paid a cow, a concho belt and a new car for her."

Virginia describes her bewilderment at being put on a bus as a small child to go to an unfamiliar school. Children were dragged by the hair, or had their mouths washed out with soap for speaking the only language they knew.

"No one from home was with me. We didn't even know what Christmas was. The dorm attendants were Navajo, and the African-American teachers treated us better than our own people did [at the school]. One teacher would hold us on her lap — she understood homesick children."

However difficult those years might have been, they didn't damage Virginia's ability to love and nurture. Burnham describes his wife's nature with a story:

"When most of us see a baby, the first thing we do is start talking

and cooing. But the first thing a traditional Navajo does is ask, 'Has your baby laughed yet?' Because whoever makes the baby laugh first has to give the party. You put rock salt in the baby's hand to bless it, and then some goes on each plate. This means the baby will always be generous. Virginia doesn't ask if a baby has laughed. She always throws the party."

Burnham adds that the worst thing about Navajo children being sent away to government boarding schools in the mid-1900s is that now, every generation speaks English.

"We're one generation away from losing the language. They say as the language goes, so goes the culture," he says. "It used to be we spoke English, but since our grandparents spoke only Navajo, we still spoke it at home. Now the grandmothers speak English."

He says that Native Americans are disappearing into what he calls "a powwow culture."

"As a tribe, you want to hold on to your Indian-ness. Tribes come together at powwows, and the only common denominator they have is English. If you listen to a chant, which is universal, half the time the words being sung are in English, like, 'Watch the fat man jump the fence.' We are right on the edge of losing our culture."

Burnham's daughter, Sheri, is raising her children in a hybrid culture. She buried their umbilical cords to connect them to home, but they also play soccer in Gallup. Her husband, much admired among the Navajos because he's a railroad engineer, embraces his wife's heritage. Sheri has an accounting business and a degree in communication, and she's also the Burnham offspring stepping into the family business.

Bruce and Virginia's cultures are merged in their daughter. The three of them have established a useful dynamic — Sheri and Bruce both speak up rapidly and easily, with Virginia occasionally amending or interpreting something for an outsider. The couple's parental pride in Sheri is palpable, although, like most offspring, she seems unaware of it. The young woman who once stood on a soda crate to ring up orders as a little girl now has a crib for her own son in the back room.

"A CERTAIN BRAND OF CIGARETTES ONLY ONE CUSTOMER BUYS. A KIND OF BIRDSEED FOR ANOTHER. LAMP WICKS. WE HAVE EVAPORATIVE COOLER PUMPS, LAMB NIPPLES, SHEEP PAINT."

(CLEARLY, THE LAST FALLS INTO THE CATEGORY OF, "IF YOU HAVE TO ASK, YOU DON'T NEED IT.")

"This has been our life," Sheri says. A combination of her mother's petite dark-haired looks and her father's outgoing manner, Sheri has a direct gaze and a definite way of speaking. She recalls selling piñon nuts that Navajos would bring in to trade for goods.

"We'd clean them, roast them, salt them and sell them at school," she says. "I remember being dropped off with a 25-pound bag of nuts for teachers. Then I'd come home and stock shelves. When my parents were making jewelry, it was our job to put hot wax on the backs of the stones and put sticks on them. My sister stuck turquoise up her nose instead of beans. We played with pawn the way other children played house."

Sheri's siblings are credits to their parents: Dionne works in advertising in Houston; Patrick and his wife run a studio specializing in Native American dance in Gallup; Austin now lives and works in Albuquerque. Burnham says he always expected more of Sheri than his other children in terms of the business, because they worked so well together. Virginia smiles.

"My husband sent her on a selling trip when she was 17, pulling a trailer with a quarter-million dollars' worth of Indian art in it," she says. "He handed her a schedule."

Sheri winces at the memory of her first trip. "That was a baptism by fire," she says. "I'd fractured my ankle playing softball the night before I left, but I told my folks it wasn't broken, and I went to Portland, Oakland, San Francisco, Pasadena and some other places in Texas. I could barely walk when I got home."

Burnham's great-grandfather was an intrepid Mormon who used his trade routes between the towns his wives lived in to support the various families. He was killed when one of his wagons rolled. Burnham's grandfather was 13 when he became the man of the house. Sheri grew up on these stories, and the message was clear: In this family, you don't whine and you don't make excuses. You step up and get it done. And you take care of your community.

This also means selling some products most tourist-centered trading posts do not. "Like cotton rope," Sheri says, getting into the spirit. "A certain brand of cigarettes only one customer buys. A kind of birdseed for another. Lamp wicks. We have evaporative cooler pumps, lamb nipples, sheep paint." (Clearly, the last falls into the category of, "If you have to ask, you don't need it.")

The Burnham trading post takes pawn to give cash or credit to customers, and if it's not claimed in time, the goods can be sold again as dead pawn. But while some traders profit from these deals, Burnham's longtime customers know he can be counted on to keep their possessions safe for them.

"One woman always brings in the same basket, mainly to keep her children from selling it," he says. "I always ask to buy it, but she's had it since her *kinaalda* — her coming-of-age ceremony. She'll never sell. I think she leaves it with me so her children don't walk away with it."

Burnham is proud of his latest way to put money in the hands of his people — auctions. He and Sheri went to auctioneer school and now

sell rugs made by Navajo weavers at the Smoki Museum in Prescott, at Hubbell Trading Post and other nonprofit venues. He gets animated talking about how much weavers can make from the frequent auctions, and how it helps the nonprofits he works with. This is the new direction Burnham is taking. There's a mixture of joke and truth in his statement that it's a good thing Sheri is coming in, because in his fifth decade as a trader, he's getting to a point where he's bad for the family business.

"Your first 10 years, you do the stocking and sweeping up," he says. "No one talks to you; no one trusts you. Your second decade, you're learning how to deal with people — like when to tell a man you don't have any jeans his size because you know he can't afford them. He knows you know, and you're looking out for him. By your third decade, you're selling to the children of the children you sold to when you started. They trust you. The women come, and take both your hands in theirs to ask you something, and you can't turn them down."

"Yesterday, Virginia gave me \$120 before I left the house, and by the time I got to work, it was gone," he says.

THE

Navajo term for Indian trader is *Naalye'he'ya' sidaanhi*, which translates to "the man who sits on the treasure." The trader is the man who sits on the treasure — not as a tight-fisted old bugger, but keeping it safe, protecting it. So when people need their share, they know he has it for them.

It's clear Burnham values being of service more than he values turning a profit. This is evidenced by the fact that the trading post maintains the tradition of donating a Pendleton blanket or shawl each time there's a death among his customers.

"I give out 40 or 50 Pendletons for burial blankets every year," he says. "In Navajo, that's the most unselfish act, to give to a person who doesn't have the option of giving back. You love their loved ones. Whatever they need."

"A girl whose mother worked for me, she calls me 'father.' It's a special privilege for me. I get sentimental. I can see my position here." He pauses, shakes his head. "Why didn't I get smarter sooner?" Burnham clearly sees that the treasure he sits on has little to do with pawn jewelry and much to do with the trust of other people.

Trading posts like Burnham's have dwindled from more than a hundred to a handful. Traditions are vanishing. But by creating the auction business, Burnham keeps his family in the business of helping the community prosper. This is his gift to the Diné, "The People."

And his gift to his daughter might require a change in wording so that in the future, the Indian Trader will be "the person who sits on the treasure." In Sanders, for at least one more generation, that person will be a Burnham.

WHEN YOU GO

DIRECTIONS: From Flagstaff, go east on Interstate 40 to Sanders, just west of the Arizona-New Mexico border. Burnham Trading Post is located at Exit 339 at Sanders, the junction of I-40 and U.S. Route 191. An alternate route from Phoenix is U.S. Route 60 through Globe and Show Low to Eagar, then U.S. 191 from Eagar through St. Johns to Sanders.

INFORMATION: 928-688-2777 or www.rbburnhamtrading.com ■



► Colorful skeins of wool yarn line the walls behind mother and daughter traders, Virginia and Sheri Burnham, as they plan a Navajo rug auction.



CORONADO TRAIL

It's hard to pick the best road trip in Arizona, but this one ranks right up there.

BY ROBERT STIEVE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANDY PRENTICE

We've been down this road before. Of course we have. We've been covering the scenic wonders of Arizona for more than 80 years, so it only stands to reason that Arizona's version of "the long and winding road" would have found its way into the magazine on many occasions. That said, it's always worth another look. Like the Beatles' swan song, this road trip is a classic.

Designated a scenic road in 1989, the Coronado Trail winds for more

than a hundred miles from the twin cities of Eagar and Springerville in the north to the twin cities of Clifton and Morenci in the south. In between, the four-hour route follows the trail used in 1540 by Spanish explorer Francisco Vasquez de Coronado as he searched for the fabled "Seven Cities of Cibola." He wasn't joy-riding in an Escalade, but he surely marveled at the views, which begin among the rolling grasslands of Springerville.

From there, the southbound route climbs into the spruce-fir forests near Alpine, a Swiss-like village settled in the late-1870s. Just south of Alpine is Hannagan Meadow, which is named for Robert Hannagan, a Nevada miner who did some cattle ranching in the area. Take note: This is the only spot along the way to gas up and grab a Diet Coke. In addition to food and fuel, Hannagan Meadow and the nearby Blue Range Primitive Area offer some of the most incredible scenery in the state — it's no coincidence that several of the hikes in this month's cover story are located in this neck of the woods. Among the highlights are three beautiful rivers — the Black, the Blue and the San Francisco — and the surrounding mountains, which reach heights of more than 11,000 feet.

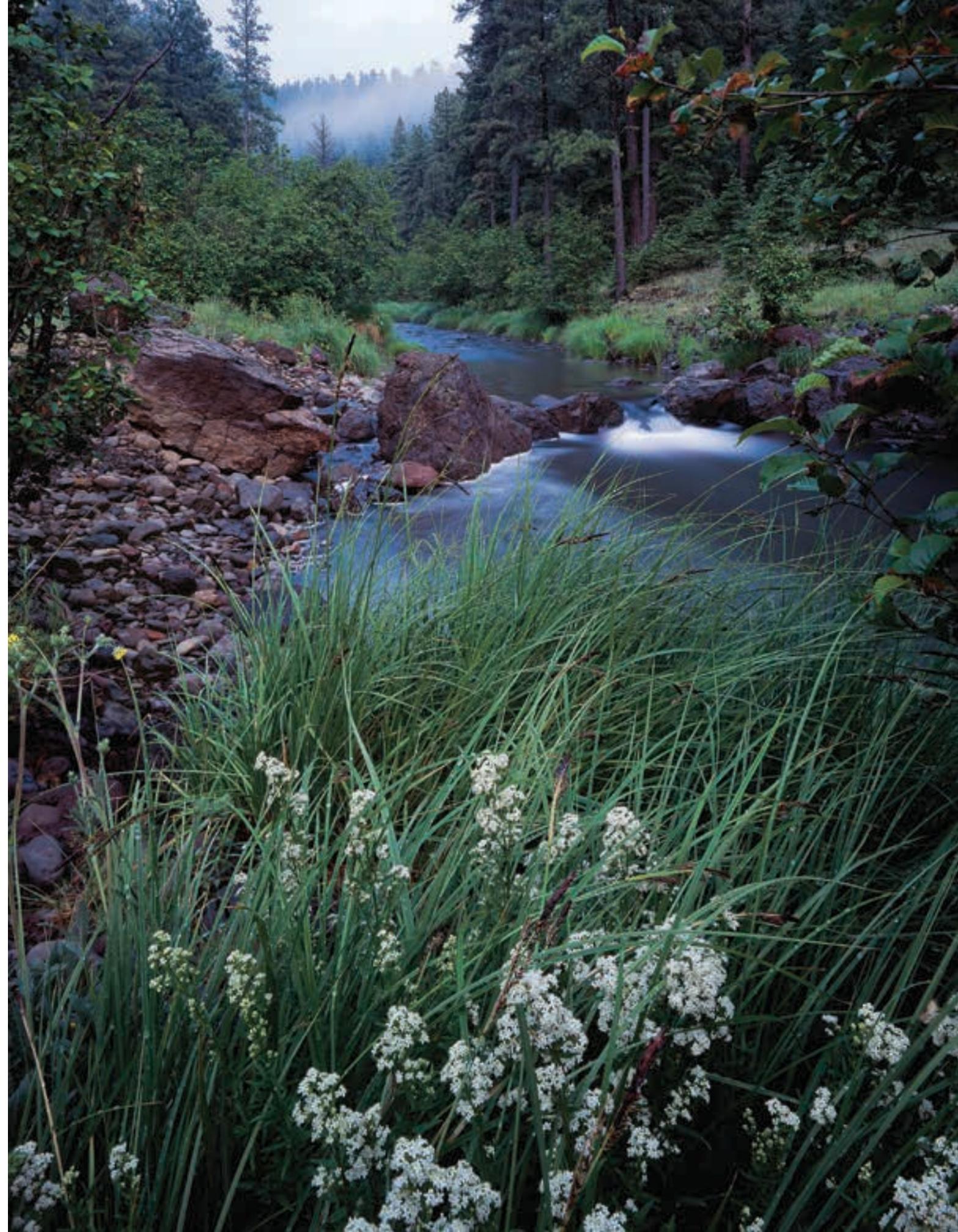
As you cruise along, keep your eyes peeled. Within a stone's throw of

the road are more than 100 species of fish and wildlife, including elk, deer, antelope, black bears, squirrels, bald eagles and 160 other kinds of birds. The fishing is great, and the stands of aspen, oak, maple, mountain ash, fir, spruce and juniper will make wherever you came from seem like a million miles away.

Like many roads in Arizona, the Coronado Trail is a four-season wonderland. Fall colors are incredible. Spring wildflowers are spectacular. Winter snows make the area the state's cross-country skiing mecca. And this time of year, the cool temperatures speak for themselves.

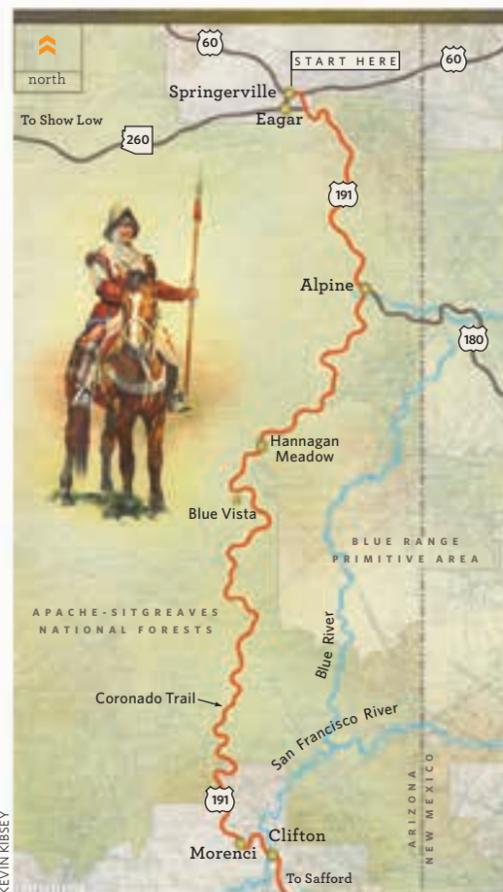
The next stop is the Blue Vista rest stop at the edge of the Mogollon Rim, which allows you to see forever on a clear day. From there, the road works its way south to Clifton and Morenci, and tests your nerve with some hair-raising curves. Although the twin cities at the end of the road aren't as scenic as their sisters in the north — strip mining has a way of doing that — they do have gas stations, which will come in handy if you decide to turn around, and you probably will. As you'll see, the long and winding road is always worth another look. ■

EDITOR'S NOTE: For more scenic drives, 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 www.arizonahighways.com.



ABOVE: The Coronado Trail winds past some of Arizona's most beautiful spots, including Hannagan Meadow.

OPPOSITE: The East Fork of the Black River flows through the White Mountains.



KEVIN KIBSEY

tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

DIRECTIONS: From Payson, go east on State Route 260 to Eagar. The Coronado Trail follows U.S. Route 191 for 123 miles from Eagar to Clifton, through the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests. There are several sharp curves and steep drop-offs along this narrow road — in some cases, there are no guardrails, and in some areas, speeds may slow to 10 mph.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: Accessible to all vehicles.

INFORMATION: Alpine Ranger District, 928-339-5000 or www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf

511 Travelers in Arizona can visit www.az511.gov or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more.



HORTON CREEK TRAIL

If water is music to the ears, this trail is Mozart in Bigfoot's family room.

BY ROBERT STIEVE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK BEREZENKO

Horton was an elephant who heard a Who. He was born in the imagination of Dr. Suess, and was recently "voiced" by Jim Carrey in an animated film. Horton Creek has nothing to do with any of that, and no matter how hard you listen, you won't hear a Who along this trail. You will, however, hear water, which in Arizona is always like music to the ears.

The trail, which is named for the creek which is named for settler L.J. Horton, begins at the foot of the Mogollon Rim, about 150 feet from the Upper Tonto Creek Campground, and follows an old logging road that parallels the stream. The first quarter-mile or so is an easy pine-needle-covered path that cuts through a grove of ponderosas and

aspens. To this point, you won't hear any water, but once you pass through the Forest Service gate, you'll hear the creek. Unless, of course, you're hiking with friends who prefer reciting lines from Will Ferrell movies to listening to the calming sounds of running water.

For most of the hike, you'll be within a hundred feet of

the creek. By all means, hop off the trail and get your feet wet. There are several creek crossings — mostly boulders, which are slippery when wet — and they're worth the side trip. You'll also notice some idyllic campsites, which you'll want to keep in mind for another day.

Continuing uphill, past the lush colonies of roses, wild grapes, ferns and strawberries, you might start feeling a burn in your quads. It's not poison ivy, although that diabolical plant does grow in the area. The burn is from the incline, which is unexpected — this hike is deceptively steep, and gains more than 1,000 feet in elevation. Another challenge, as you get farther up, is a bed of rocks caused by an old rockslide. Be careful, the trail follows the rocks, which drool at the thought of twisting unsuspecting ankles.

Eventually, you'll leave the rocks, and at the 1.5-mile mark, you'll see a monstrous alligator juniper to your left — this tree is to junipers what the General Sherman is to Sequoias. The surrounding maples and Douglas firs are worth noting, as well. The views are worth a thousand words.

The nature of the trail stays the same until you near the top, where you'll hit a series of switchbacks that lead away from the creek — don't be fooled by that. At the 4-mile mark, the Horton Creek Trail intersects with the Highline Trail, which is a 40-mile marathon hike for those who don't have to be at work on Monday.

Just beyond that intersection is Horton Spring, which pours out of the rocks about 30 feet above the stream and nurtures the lush surroundings of horsetails, mosses and grasses. These are the headwaters of the creek, and if ever there were a place to relax and get lost in your imagination, this would be it. You won't hear a Who, but who cares? ■



▶ Horton Creek (above and opposite) spills over moss-covered boulders as it flows from the base of the Mogollon Rim to Tonto Creek, near Kohls Ranch.

trail guide

LENGTH: 8 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Moderate

ELEVATION GAIN: 5,360 to 6,700 feet

DIRECTIONS: From Payson, drive 17 miles east on State Route 260 to Tonto Creek Road (Forest Road 289, near Kohls Ranch), turn left and drive 1 mile to the Upper Tonto Creek Campground; the trailhead is at the campground.

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

LEAVE NO TRACE ETHICS:

- Plan ahead and be prepared.
- Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
- Dispose of waste properly and pack out your trash.
- Leave what you find.
- Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
- Be considerate of others.



KEVIN KIBBEY

ONLINE For more hikes in Arizona, visit our "Hiking Guide" at www.arizonahighways.com.



where
is this?

Casting Call

BY KERIDWEN
CORNELIUS
PHOTOGRAPH
BY TOM BEAN

It wasn't intentional, but the first part of this lake's name is apropos for the wetland it is. Grasses brush fishermen's boats, and the air is aflutter with bald eagles, coots and migrating waterfowl. Yet as marshy as it is, during droughts the water can vanish. In that case, you can still set up camp and enjoy views of the mountains rising blue in the background. If you visit the peaks themselves, be sure to wear some flowers in your hair.



April 2009 Answer: Longhorn Grill in Amado. Congratulations to our winner, Lura Reines of Delray Beach, Florida.

Win a collection of our most popular books! To enter, correctly identify the location featured above and e-mail your answer to editor@arizonahighways.com — type "Where Is This?" in the subject line. Entries can also be sent to 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. Please include your name, address and phone number. One winner will be chosen in a random drawing of qualified entries. Entries must be postmarked by June 15, 2009. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our August issue and online at www.arizonahighways.com beginning August 1.



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