

# THE PHOTO ISSUE

# ARIZONA

## HIGHWAYS

SEPTEMBER 2009

ESCAPE · EXPLORE · EXPERIENCE

*featuring*

**The Winners of Our  
Online Photo Contest**

**12 Insider Tips for  
Shooting Wildlife**

**Photographers' Tales:  
From UFOs to Bear Attacks**

**The World's Premier  
Storm Photographer**

**And a Brand-New  
Photography Contest**

*plus*

**The Weatherford Trail:  
Maybe the Best in AZ**

**Two Hippies Beach House:  
The Food Is Far Out, Man**

**Meet the Gum Lady:  
Her Collection Is Mint**



features

14 BEHIND THE CAMERA

Although photography is often thought of as glamorous, it's actually hard work that requires patience, persistence, dumb luck and, sometimes, the risk of life and limb. This month, we feature some of our contributors' back stories — the stuff that isn't captured on film — from close encounters with bears and UFOs to sleeping on a ledge in the Grand Canyon. BY KELLY KRAMER

20 WEATHER MAN

Lightning, tornadoes, hurricanes ... when the weather starts getting bad, Warren Faidley starts feeling good. No, he's not a dark knight or a prophet of doom. He's a photographer. More specifically, he's a storm photographer, and he's one of the best in the world. BY ALAN M. PETRILLO

22 TAKING ARIZONA BY STORM

When most people think of Arizona, they think of blue

skies and bright sunshine — that's usually the forecast. However, as you'll see in this month's portfolio, the state gets more than its share of severe weather.

BY WARREN FAIDLEY

30 AND THE WINNER IS ...

When we launched our first-ever online photo contest in last year's "Photography Issue," we had no idea what to expect. Frankly, we would have been thrilled with a handful of good shots. Instead, we were flooded with a boatload of great shots. See for yourself. EDITED BY PETER ENSENBERGER & JEFF KIDA

38 HOW TO SHOOT A BOBCAT

Not with a rifle — with a camera. We covered this same ground about 50 years ago, but five decades is a long time, so we thought it made sense to revisit the basics of wildlife photography.

BY PETER ENSENBERGER



POINTS OF INTEREST IN THIS ISSUE

Creating a mirror image, a northern shoveler barely ripples the water's surface as it stretches a languid leg. PHOTOGRAPH BY TIM FITZHARRIS

FRONT COVER Lightning rips the sky over Tucson during an early evening monsoon storm. PHOTOGRAPH BY WARREN FAIDLEY

BACK COVER A Harris antelope squirrel uses its tail to shade its body from the midday sun in Southern Arizona's Santa Rita Mountains. PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM VEZO

departments

2 EDITOR'S LETTER 3 CONTRIBUTORS 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

5 THE JOURNAL

People, places and things from around the state, including one of the best hippie-run Mexican restaurants in Phoenix, a woman in Quartzsite who's collected more than 4,000 packs of gum, and the Briar Patch Inn, one of Oak Creek's hidden gems.

44 SCENIC DRIVE

Cherry Road: Along with breathtaking views of the Verde Valley, this scenic drive features the most perfect tree-lined country lane in the state.

46 HIKE OF THE MONTH

Weatherford Trail: Pines, aspens, meadows, mountains ... the only thing this trail doesn't have is crowds of people.

48 WHERE IS THIS?

[www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com)



TALK TO US: In this month's issue we feature the winners of our first-ever online photo contest (see page 30). We were impressed with many of the entries, but we'd like to get your feedback. We can be reached at [editor@arizonahighways.com](mailto:editor@arizonahighways.com).

GET MORE ONLINE:

Earlier this summer, we relaunched our Web site. Finally. If you haven't checked it out, you should. The new site is user-friendly and features everything you need to know about travel in Arizona, from hiking and scenic drives to lodging, dining and so much more. In addition, we're now on Facebook ([www.facebook.com/azhighways](http://www.facebook.com/azhighways)), Twitter ([www.twitter.com/azhighways](http://www.twitter.com/azhighways)) and Flickr ([www.flickr.com/photos/arizonahighways](http://www.flickr.com/photos/arizonahighways)). We're everywhere. Don't leave home without us.



Twenty-five years is a long time. Not as it relates to things like the Grand Canyon or the Cubs' World Series drought, but in the creative world, it's an eternity. The Beatles, as incredible as they were, couldn't even hold it together for a decade, and *Gunsmoke*, the longest-running dramatic series in television history, lasted only 20 years. There's no magic formula, but anything that's around for 25 years is usually considered an institution. At *Arizona Highways*, Peter Ensenberger is an institution.

For more than a quarter-century — his silver anniversary was June 29 — Pete has been a fixture in our photography department, both as an editor and a photographer. He's a master of both, and over the years, those talents have helped make this magazine one of the most respected photo journals in the world. Literally. For those of us who have had the privilege of working with him, he's not just an institution, he's also a leader, an artist, a mentor, a comrade ... the list goes on, but really, there aren't words to fully describe Pete and what he's meant to this magazine. Likewise, there aren't words to express how much we're going to miss him.

Sadly, this is Pete's last issue with *Arizona Highways*. As much as we tried to convince him to stick around for another 25 years, he's ready for a change, and he's earned it. For an encore, he'll be doing a lot of fishing and photography, along with whatever chores his wife, Kim, has in store. He'll also be working with us on some special projects, including one in our December issue. It's going to be spectacular. Mark your calendar. Meantime, it seems appropriate that Pete's last hurrah is our second-annual "Photography Issue."

Whenever I mention this issue to people, I usually hear, "Isn't every issue a photography issue?" They have a point, of course, but in September, we like to go beyond the time-honored portfolios. We see this as an opportunity to broaden your knowledge of photography, and maybe give you some inside information, as well. *How to Shoot a Bobcat*, a series of wildlife photo tips, is a good example of the former, and *Behind the Camera* by Kelly Kramer is a good example of the latter.

For her story, Kelly asked some of our veteran contributors to talk about the wild-est things they've experienced in the field. Although photography is often thought of as glamorous, it's actually hard work that requires patience, persistence, dumb luck and, sometimes, the risk of life and limb. To date, none of our photographers have sacrificed any body parts in the line of duty, but as you'll see, there have been some

close encounters. Nick Berezenko once went nose-to-nose with a bear, and Claire Curran is convinced she saw a UFO. "It hovered for about two seconds, flashing all bright lights and colors, and then it took off faster than anything I'd ever seen," she says. Eerie.

Bev Pettit has a story, too, but there's no mystery involved. Bev is one of the thousands of shutterbugs who entered our first-ever online photo contest. She's also the winner. She's very good. When we launched the contest, we had no idea what to expect. And then the images started rolling in. One great shot after another. In the end, we narrowed it to 40 finalists, and then selected Bev's rodeo photo as the best. That shot and several others are featured beginning on page 30. On page 13, we'll give you details about our 2010 contest.

It's another one of those special projects Pete will be handling for us in retirement. And here's the thing: We want to keep his adrenaline up, so, for Pete's sake, flood him with great photography. But keep in mind, he's used to editing the best images in the world. As you know, he's set the bar pretty high around here. Thank you, Pete. For everything.

#### Global Snapshots

Got a minute? Send us your "Global Snapshots." Here's how it works: E-mail a photo of someone you know posing with our magazine, and we'll post it on our Web site. The shots can be taken anywhere: on a ferry in Woods Hole, Massachusetts, or, in Cindy McCain's case, at the World Food Programme Center in Bunia, Congo. For more information, visit [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com) and click "Online Extras."

ROBERT STIEVE, *editor*



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 sixth 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](http://www.arizonahighways.com), and click the *Arizona Highways Television* link on our home page.

ARIZONA  
HIGHWAYS TELEVISION

## ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

SEPTEMBER 2009 VOL. 85, NO. 9

800-543-5432  
[www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com)

**Publisher**  
WIN HOLDEN

**Editor**  
ROBERT STIEVE

**Senior Editor**  
RANDY SUMMERLIN

**Managing Editor**  
SALLY BENFORD

**Editorial Administrator**  
NIKKI KIMBEL

**Director of Photography**  
PETER ENSENBARGER

**Photography Editor**  
JEFF KIDA

**Art Director**  
BARBARA GLYNN DENNEY

**Deputy Art Director**  
SONDA ANDERSSON PAPPAN

**Design Production Assistant**  
DIANA BENZEL-RICE

**Map Designer**  
KEVIN KIBSEY

**Production Director**  
MICHAEL BIANCHI

**Webmaster**  
VICTORIA J. SNOW

**Director of Sales & Marketing**  
KELLY MERO

**Circulation Director**  
NICOLE BOWMAN

**Finance Director**  
BOB ALLEN

**Information Technology**  
CINDY BORMANIS

**Corporate or Trade Sales**  
602-712-2019

**Sponsorship Sales Representation**  
ERNE MULHOLLAND

EMM MEDIA SERVICES LLC  
602-971-6260

[emm1224@cox.net](mailto:emm1224@cox.net)

**Letters to the Editor**

[editor@arizonahighways.com](mailto:editor@arizonahighways.com)

2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009

**Governor**

JANICE K. BREWER

**Director, Department of Transportation**

JOHN S. HALIKOWSKI

**Arizona Transportation Board**

**Chairman**

DELBERT HOUSEHOLDER

**Vice Chairman**

ROBERT M. MONTOYA

**Members**

FELIPE ANDRES ZUBIA, WILLIAM J.

FELDMEIER, BARBARA ANN LUNDSTROM,

VICTOR M. FLORES

**International Regional Magazine Association**

2006, 2003, 2004, 2002, 2001

MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR

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.

PRODUCED IN THE USA



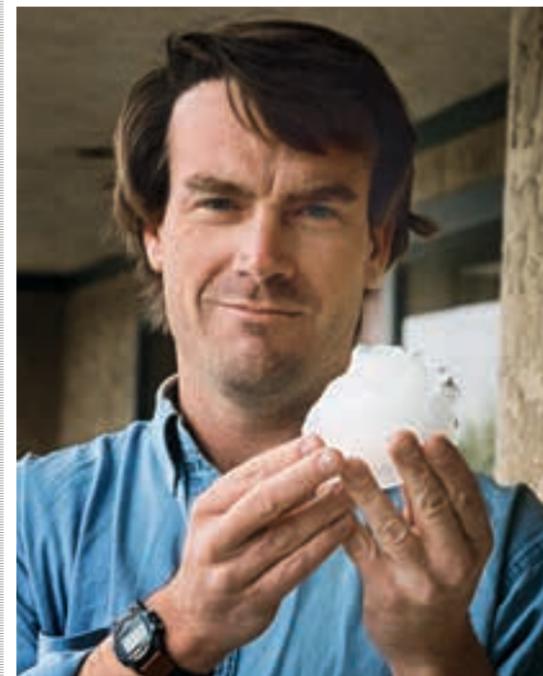
#### BEV PETTIT

World traveler and photo contest winner Bev Pettit decided on photography as her artistic medium of choice when she moved to Hong Kong in 1991. Carrying a 35 mm film camera was compatible with her travel style as she backpacked the cities and back roads of Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, India and China. For the next six years she documented Asian culture for personal projects, as well as magazines, Hong Kong tourism, commercial assignments and educational book publishers worldwide, all the while

working full-time as a research print manager for a large American investment bank. She moved back to the United States in 1999 to live in Northern Arizona. Today, she lives on a ranch in Skull Valley with her husband, Clark, a daughter and five horses. Photographically, she specializes in horses, both domestic and wild.

#### WARREN FAIDLEY

Lightning strikes twice in this issue of *Arizona Highways*. In addition to being profiled in *Weather Man* (page 20), storm chaser and extreme-weather photographer Warren Faidley's images are featured in this month's portfolio (*Taking Arizona by Storm*, page 22). As writer Alan Petrillo says, Faidley's "obsession with catastrophic weather goes back to age 12, when a flash flood in Tucson nearly drowned him and a companion. But he wasn't scared; he was fascinated." Since then, Faidley has become one of the nation's foremost storm experts. In addition to *Arizona Highways*, his work has appeared in *Life* magazine, and on the Discovery Channel and the Weather Channel, among others.



#### ALAN M. PETRILLO

Alan Petrillo says chasing lightning strikes with Warren Faidley (*Weather Man*, page 20) conjured up the anticipation and excitement he used to feel as a firefighter in New York. "Warren's been shooting unpredictable weather for many years, yet he still has the passion and determination to get an unusual shot with his camera." Petrillo has written for numerous publications, including *Popular Science*, *Woman's Day*, *American Profile*, *Military Officer* and the *Arizona Daily Star*. He's also the author of the historical mystery, *Full Moon*. This is his first story for *Arizona Highways*.

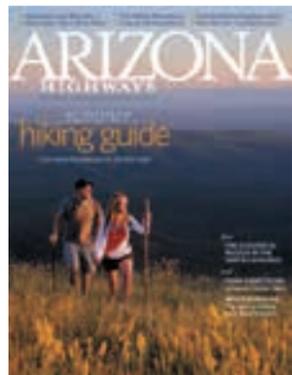
**THANK YOU, ELMA**

We have enjoyed *Arizona Highways* for so many years, since we visited your state and saw firsthand the beauty of it. I am 90+ years old and I'm subscribing for another year.

ELMA AGNEW, INDIANAPOLIS

**OUT IN THE OPEN**

As usual, your latest issue [June 2009] was read from front cover to the last page. In the [scenic drive], you made a glaring error about Morenci. You wrote: "The twin cities aren't as scenic ... strip mining does that." Morenci is an open-pit mine, and always has been. My husband was a pit geologist there, and we made our home in Morenci for nine



June 2009

years. Thus, I know a hole in the ground. The economy of Greenlee County and the state of Arizona has been pretty pleased with that hole in the ground. Otherwise, the article was a trip back over the "trail," as we referred to it.

MYRA URBAND, LAKEWOOD, COLORADO

**A FORMAL RESPONSE**

I enjoyed *Inn Style* on page 7 of your May 2009 issue. Living here I've been to the Arizona Inn many times. Vintage style is correct. One time my daughters and I were given finger bowls at the end of the meal. I doubt that many in this day and age have ever heard of one or have seen one.

Brought back memories of proper dining. A gorgeous issue; I think I've taken the magazine for 15 or 20 years. Yes, showing my age.

MARY JO FENTON, ORO VALLEY

**ON THE TRAILS**

In our June issue, we asked readers to tell us about their most memorable hikes.

"Oh how I want to see a bear," Judi breathed as we trudged up the steep path. We left the openness of Hart Prairie in the early summer evening of 1998 and paused to rest among the towering aspens, as both the scenery and 8,500-foot elevation just below Snowbowl left us breathless. Stopped for about two minutes, with our hound at our feet, we heard a deep *woof* in the woods. There, about 100 feet away, in the tangle of aspens, was a black bear. Fascinated, and not willing to talk or bark, we three watched as one, two, oh, there's a third cub, scampered and snuffled in the ferns. For a delicious few minutes we eyed a nonchalant mom working with her brood. She slowly ambled downhill through the forest, followed by two cubs, but the curious one remained digging in the ground. A few moments later we heard another deep *woof*. The startled cub suddenly jumped up and scrambled toward its family.

DAVID HARTMAN, FLAGSTAFF

When four friends and I made our annual trek to the spectacular cliffs of Aravaipa Canyon, we were thrilled to see a family of desert bighorn sheep, including two lambs, climbing with amazing skill down the near-vertical walls. They kept their distance until we continued upstream. Later, as we picked our way back downstream, we came face-to-face with them just across the narrow waterway. We'll never forget the magnificent ram standing guard while the curious little lambs peered over boulders to study us as we made

our way through their magical realm.

PEGGY HENDRICKSON, TAWAS CITY, MICHIGAN

**TRUE UNDERSTANDING**

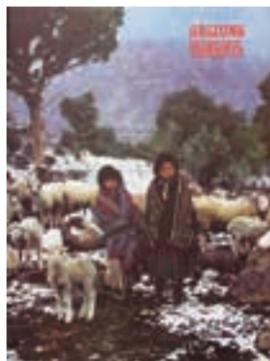
Wes Timmerman has given this old man a gift [*Rock Art*, June 2009]



June 2009

that will be remembered until I step over to the other side. He has a true understanding of a great artist and can incorporate that understanding in his photography. Generally, we all see shapes and colors. He brought back the textures that reached my soul so many years ago, when I hiked the trails of the Grand Canyon region in the early '60s.

PETE MEGHINASSO, VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA



December 1946

**WITH FLYING COLOR**

I was recently looking through some old issues of *Arizona Highways* and found some photos and articles by Barry Goldwater. Was this Senator Goldwater?

B.C. HARWELL, CAMDEN, TENNESSEE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Yes. Senator Goldwater had many bylines in this magazine. In fact, the first all-color issue of *Arizona Highways* (December 1946) featured one of his photos on the cover. ■



**Dory the Explorer**

A number of commercial outfitters offer a variety of river trips through the Grand Canyon. Most trips take 7-18 days, and include a run through several of the Canyon's many rapids, such as 24-Mile Rapids (pictured). Information: 928-638-7888 or [www.nps.gov/grca](http://www.nps.gov/grca).

DUGALD BRENNER



EDWARD MCCAIN

## Doublemint Condition

Joanne Brunet collects gum. Lots and lots of gum, from 80-year-old Wrigley classics to a special pack commemorating *The Six Million Dollar Man*.

By JOSEPH & CAROL BERKE

JOANNE BRUNET, 73, IS stuck on chewing gum. For the past six decades, she's collected more than 4,000 packages of chewing gum, bubble gum, gumball vending machines and gum-related posters, which she exhibits

in 109 display cases at her free-admission gallery in Quartzsite.

Brunet and her sister began collecting gum at age 10. "We bought a package of gum and saved a stick for our collection," Joanne says. "I don't even know why I started. Perhaps it was the only thing we could afford at the time." Although she occasionally chews gum, Brunet makes sure that she already has that particular piece of gum in her collection before popping it in her mouth.

The collection's 4,000 packages and sticks of gum are from the United States and 28 other countries. All are in their original wrapping, and many still have collectible cards inside. "I wouldn't know a good baseball card if I saw one," she says. "I constantly have offers to buy the cards from the packages, but they're not for sale."

One stick of Juicy Fruit has the year 1935 printed on the wrapper. It was found in an abandoned mine shaft near the town of Ryan, California, outside Death Val-

ley National Park. The oldest gum in the collection is a stick of Doublemint, which, according to the William Wrigley Jr. Co. of Chicago, dates back to 1932-1935.

Other unique gums in the gallery include those replicating record album covers from The Beatles, Elvis Presley, the Rolling Stones and others. There's gum honoring the 1969 *Apollo* moonwalk, gum in the form of superhero watchbands, and gum celebrating classic TV shows like *Dallas* and *The Six Million Dollar Man*.

Brunet's husband, Sonny, supports his wife by building the display cases as the collection grows. In 2002, when the cases overwhelmed their modest home, Sonny built a 540-square-foot building at the back of their property, which now houses the gum gallery. Sonny also drives their motor home on gum-finding trips around the country. "He thought that gum-collecting was a strange hobby, but it came with me after we met," Brunet says.

Collecting gum is a family affair, she adds. "My daughter Deb and daughter-in-law Judy take pictures of our collection, and we take the album with us on our travels in our motor home. Whenever we find some gum, we check the album to see if we already have it in the collection. If not, we buy it."

Maggie James, a winter visitor from Ontario, Oregon, learned of the gum gallery when she met Brunet at her volunteer job with the Salvation Army in 2007. "I never saw anything like it in my life," she says. "It is a valuable American resource, as everyone chewed gum sometime in their life. She really has something unique."

To schedule a tour of Brunet's gallery in Quartzsite, call 928-927-7566.

## PRATT'S Q&A



### Christi Paul HLN Anchor

**Favorite road trip in Arizona?**  
My husband and I took a road trip to L'Auberge in Sedona at Christmastime, and it was magical. The red rocks are so brilliant, and the creekside cottages are romantic and cozy.

**If you were on assignment in Arizona with Wolf Blitzer, where would you take him for dinner?**  
LON'S at the Hermosa. The ambience is exquisite, whether seated inside the adobe dining area with the scent of the wood-burning fireplaces scattered throughout the room or, even better, out on the charming patio to watch those Western sunsets.

**Your career really took off at Channel 3 in Phoenix. What do you miss most?**  
It was not only "The Place With More Stuff," but also "The Place With More Good People." I worked for Phil Alvidrez and Dennis O'Neill, and when they were at the helm it was a guaranteed vibrant, energetic newsroom! They made it fun, and treated you as a person.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** For more with Christi Paul, visit [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com) and click "Online Extras."

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

## Peace, Love & Carne Asada

It looks like something from Venice Beach, circa 1967, but Two Hippies Beach House is so much more. Among other things, the food is far out.

By MARYAL MILLER

You have to admire a place like Two Hippies Beach House, which, despite having a mantra that's more Ginsberg than Gestapo and has all the square footage of a tree house, is more than capable of taking out a wide range of adversaries — unpretentiously and in a way that *only* a kitschy-cool Central Phoenix eatery could.

"When I was a kid growing up in Buffalo, my grandparents, who lived here, gave me a subscription to *Arizona Highways*," says Two Hippies co-founder Andy Goldstein. "The images of Arizona were so beautiful. Arizona's been good to my family and me, and with the Beach House, we're just trying to return the favor by creating a place to relax, unwind and enjoy good food."

Now an official transplant to the state he loves so much, fifth-generation restaurateur Andy (Hippie One), his wife, Kim (Hippie Two), and their brood, in true Flower Child form, have managed to defy all conventional limitations by blending seemingly unrelated genres — hot dogs and gringo-fied tacos — under one hut-like roof. It's a psychedelic fusion that requires only the use of the palate to understand.

As for the adversaries? The first is the fustian critic who quivers in unenlightened fear as soon as he gazes upon the Beach House's casual, walk-up ordering bar, random smattering of vintage trinkets used as decor, brown paper serving bags and weather-worn picnic tables. Sure, the aesthetics might be reminiscent of a Venice Beach snack stand, circa 1967, but what's inside is anything but pedestrian.

On the beach, you won't find ingredients that are 90 percent locally sourced, baked white cod in your fish tacos, whole black beans instead of their refried counterparts, tender, all-white-meat chicken stuffed in football-sized burritos, carne asada that tastes like short ribs, or diners who dedicate entire weekends to visiting the neighborhood haunt. No matter, the hippies welcome the potential of a convert, and, as Andy explains, "You might come here a customer, but I guarantee you'll leave a friend."

Speaking of which, Andy recalls the night a "notable" rock band stopped in after performing

in town, and compared the Beach House's eclectic offerings to that of Pink's, the legendary Hollywood hot-dog hotspot. Andy, of course, beams at such acclaim. Yet, it seems important to point out that Pink's menu *doesn't* include the rare cactus taco, or some of the hottest hot-dog-topping jalapeños you'll ever ingest. Nor does it

serve freshly baked-from-scratch brownies (a hippie delicacy) or,

more importantly, entirely organic veggies to top those pups. We won't say that Two Hippies puts Pink's to shame, because they'd surely like to coexist with their coastal comrade in blissful hippie harmony, instead of as adversaries, but distinctions must be drawn.

Which leaves the final adversary of the House of Hippie: little Suzie with her lemonade stand. The hippies' 15 different flavors of sweet, slush-like concoctions rival the best fresh, housemade lemonade this side of the Mississippi. If Suzie sets up shop anywhere near their passion-fruit, blood-orange, kiwi or — Andy's favorite — desert-pear confections, she'll quickly learn the hard lessons of commerce. Not to worry, though, you can always flip her a pity quarter and pass the peace sign on your way to the car after grubbin'.

Two Hippies Beach House is located at 507 E. Camelback Road in Phoenix. For more information, call 602-277-0399.



RICHARD MAACK



JEFF KIDA

## Out of Sight

In addition to its outstanding amenities, the Briar Patch Inn offers privacy. In fact, it's barely visible from the busy highway that leads to its door.

By NIKKI BUCHANAN

TUCKED AWAY AMID THE trees and red rocks of Oak Creek Canyon, the Briar Patch Inn is barely visible from the road, revealing little more than a flash of rooftop or a glimpse of graveled path to the cars winding along State Route 89A above. So private and sequestered is this little constellation of cottages — 19 of them set on nine lush acres of oaks and sycamores, neatly trimmed lawn and flowers — that it feels like a secret, all the more delicious for being unraveled in stages.

Here, Adirondack chairs overlooking the clear, rumbling rush of Oak Creek. There, a pair of hammocks, just right for a nap beneath the trees. And just beyond, resident sheep, named Woolly and Bully, grazing the meadow with their two new babies. It's entirely possible to while away whole mornings out on the deck (each cabin has its own), reading a book from the lodge's extensive library or watching acrobatic squirrels leap from tree to tree. This, of course, after a healthy breakfast of home-baked breads and muffins, fresh fruits and juices, granola, yogurt, quiche, eggs in the shell, herbal teas and great coffee — all to be enjoyed by a crackling fire in the lodge, on a tray in the cabin or out along the creek, listening to a chorus of birds.

In the summer months, breakfast at the creek is irresistible, thanks to morning concerts performed by a classical violinist and guitarist. Summer is also the time for weekend yoga classes on the verdant lawn. For those whose frazzle can't be calmed by fresh air and exercise, the inn arranges facials and massages, the latter offered in-cottage or at a creek-side gazebo.

Really, the toughest decision anyone ever has to make is whether to stay outdoors or in when both are so extraordinarily pleasant. Each cozy cottage is furnished with Southwestern furniture, Native American artifacts and a wood-burning stone fireplace. Many of them were constructed in the '40s by a German carpenter whose name (Raacke) became "Rocky," his cowboy cottages frequented by the Hollywood set who came to Sedona to make Westerns. In the early '80s, Ike and JoAnn Olson bought both the Briar Patch and neighboring Terracotta Resort (originally Rocky's Cottages), combining the two properties into one rambling, tranquil retreat. Although JoAnn wisely retained most of Rocky's original design features (the clunky door latches, for example), she's also put her own stylish stamp on the inn, creating an utterly unique place that captures the romance and rusticity of the West, both past and present.

Briar Patch Inn is open year-round and is located at 3190 N. Highway 89A, 3 miles north of uptown Sedona. For more information, call 888-809-3030 or visit [briarpatchinn.com](http://briarpatchinn.com).

## Farewell, My Friends

If it's true that time flies when you're having fun, then the last quarter-century went by in the blink of an eye.

By PETER ENSENBARGER, director of photography

This is the column I didn't want to write. It's my last column for *Arizona Highways*. After 25 years of directing the photography department for one of the premier photography magazines in the world, the time has come for me to turn the page. I'm retiring from the best job I ever had.

If it's true that time flies when you're having fun, then the last quarter-century went by in the blink of an eye. The events of June 29, 1984, my first day on the job, are as fresh in my memory as if it were yesterday. That date marked the end of my salad days. It was time to get on with the important things in life.

Right from the start I was infected with the ethos of the institution that is *Arizona Highways*. Standing on the shoulders of my predecessors, I was entrusted with the magazine's photographic legacy and upholding the high standards they set many years before me. I hope they'd approve of my time carrying the torch.

Many of the best things in my life are directly connected to this magazine, which opened a lot of doors for me. I was given opportunities on a grand stage to hone my skills as a photographer and mature as an editor. And, best of all, I found the love of my life at *Arizona Highways* — my wife, Kim, who worked in the magazine's production department for 19 years. I had the good fortune to find a job that provided financial security and someone to share in it.

Association with such a prestigious magazine presents the occasional brush with greatness. One of those encounters left a lasting impression.

In 1985, with barely a year under my belt as the magazine's photo editor, I had the honor of spending a day with one of the legends of photography. *Arizona Highways* planned to publish a portfolio of Eliot Porter's Arizona photographs, and I was dispatched to work with him on the edit and bring back the selections.

I met Mr. Porter at his home near Santa Fe, New Mexico, and his first words to me were, "Please, call me Eliot." This diminutive man, a giant in his field, endured my naiveté with a mentor's patience as we pored over his images. We talked at length about his scientific approach to nature photography and the importance of wilderness. If a single day can make a difference in a person's life, that quiet day with Eliot Porter was a turning point for me, both personally and professionally.

Of course, my position afforded many opportunities to travel my beloved Arizona, and I reveled in those adventures. Whitewater-rafting the Colorado and Salt rivers. Canyoneering through West Clear Creek Canyon. Hot-air-ballooning over the red rocks of Sedona. Hiking rim to rim across the Grand Canyon. I packed a lifetime's worth of experiences into the last 25 years of exploring the peaks and canyons of this state. Those are the memories that make me a wealthy soul.

This milestone could not have been reached without the unconditional support of those around me, and I owe a debt of gratitude to a great many of them. To the dedicated magazine staffers who live and die with the release of each month's new issue and still find time to have fun. To the outstanding photographers, writers and artists whose excellence makes our jobs easier. And to the magazine's impassioned readers whose loyal support challenges us to be better, especially when we fall short of expectations.

I raise a toast to all of you in celebration of the wonderful years I've had with *Arizona Highways*. But please don't use the word "retired" to describe me. I'll be busy working on the backlog of exciting projects that have been waiting for this moment to arrive. Maybe those new horizons will soothe the bittersweet taste of parting with the best job I ever had.



KAREN SHELL

### THE RIGHT BALANCE

Don't overlook one of the most important tools to ensure that your images are in sharp focus — a sturdy tripod. Photographers who pay extra for the sharpest



DEAN HUEBER

lenses and then hand-hold their cameras may be negating the advantages of buying expensive glass. Other tripod benefits include precise leveling of your camera and alignment of parallel lines in your compositions. Mounting your camera on a tripod also slows down the image-making process, which reduces mistakes and wasted exposures.



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

### ONLINE

For more photography tips and other information, visit [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com) and click "Photo Tips."



CLAIRE ROGERS, 1991

## Mining Disaster

For a few months, Kentucky Camp was a literal goldmine. And then one of its co-owners fell to his death from a third-story window.

By CLAIRE ROGERS

CAMP VERDE, KENTUCKY CAMP, CAMP TONTOZONA ... two of these three camps are well known in Arizona. The other is not.

Located 7 miles northwest of Sonoita in the Nogales Ranger District of the Coronado National Forest, Kentucky Camp offers an interesting glimpse at history and serves as a great base for exploring area ghost towns, bird-watching or hiking among the cool, rolling grasslands surrounding the Santa Rita Mountains.

Originally constructed for placer gold-mining, the spacious headquarters, humble cabin and other adobe structures of the camp are remnants of the Santa Rita Water & Mining Co., which was established in 1902.

Mining engineer James Stetson came up with the idea of piping water from 8 miles away to make the operation work. Partnering

with investor George McAneny, Stetson built a network of canals and tunnels to rollercoaster water across drainages to the processing pits at Kentucky Camp. In the spring of 1904, he hit the mother lode, so to speak, thanks to heavy rainfall that filled the canals and reservoirs. By Christmas, “many thousands of dollars’ worth of gold had been taken,” said William Phipps Blake, a renowned geologist and Stetson’s colleague. The operation was a success.

The following spring, however, things went downhill. Literally. On May 20, 1904, while in Tucson for a stockholders’ meeting, Stetson fell to his death from the third-story window of his room at the Santa Rita Hotel. Meanwhile, McAneny was mired in a bitter divorce, which tied up his finances. As a result, the short-lived mining venture collapsed, and after McAneny died in 1909, the complex landed in the hands of Louis Hummel, McAneny’s family attorney. Hummel eventually turned the camp into a cattle ranch, where the adobe buildings and water facilities served the operation well into the 1960s.

Since 1991, the Coronado National Forest, with help from Friends of Kentucky Camp, Passport in Time volunteers and the *Instituto Nacional de Antropología y Historia* of Hermosillo, Mexico, has been working to restore the site. And every October, Friends of Kentucky Camp hosts an annual open house, during which visitors can tour the buildings, walk the gulches, watch gold-panning demonstrations and learn about adobe brick-making. This year’s event takes place on October 10.

## This month in history

■ The remnants of Tropical Storm Norma, which was downgraded before making landfall, caused the Labor Day Storm of 1970, which led to severe flooding in Central Arizona. During the storm, 23 people died, including 14 from a flash flood on Tonto Creek, near Kohl’s Ranch on the Mogollon Rim.

■ At the confluence of Sycamore Creek and the Verde River, a military post named Fort McDowell was established by five companies of the California Volunteers on September 7, 1865.

■ On September 29, 1918, Arizona aviation hero Frank Luke Jr. shot down three World War I German observation balloons and machine-gunned German troops before force-landing his airplane behind German lines, where he died, defending himself with only a pistol.

Kentucky Camp is closed to vehicle access and requires a 1/4-mile walk past the gate. To request vehicle access, contact the Nogales Ranger District at 520-281-2296.

## Slow and Steady

Desert tortoises don’t move around much, but their lifestyle keeps them going for decades. In some cases, they live as long as George Burns. BY AMANDA FRUZYNSKI

If misters are proof of anything, it’s that it takes a little moisture in the air to get Arizonans to even consider moving around in the summer. Desert tortoises are equally stubborn. These slow-moving desert dwellers tend to stay in their cool burrows until a rain-storm passes through.

Sometimes, they avoid the summer altogether, extending their typical November to March hibernation. But even the average hibernation schedule means a desert tortoise sleeps half of its life, which could be the secret to its long lifespan, says Cristina Jones, the Turtles Project Coordinator at the Arizona Game and Fish Department. Many desert tortoises live up to 60 years, and Jones has heard of pet tortoises being passed down through a family for more than 100 years.

“Anything that sleeps that much is going to have a long life,” Jones says.

That said, even when they’re active, desert tortoises don’t move around a lot. According to Jones, they typically stay within 3 miles of where they hatch, plodding slowly under high-domed shells covered in circular ridges.

No matter how far they go (or don’t go), there’s one place desert tortoises won’t be found: lakes. Unlike most turtles in the United States, Jones says, desert tortoises aren’t aquatic. They might drink from or submerge in a shallow, post-rain puddle, but that’s about it. “They’re more soakers than swimmers,” she says. Desert tortoises will drink and store their water, while eating desert plants, grasses and fruit.

Catching a glimpse in the wild is pretty

common. “If you see saguaros mixed with paloverde and mesquite trees, especially if there are big boulders, you’re in quality desert tortoise territory,” Jones says, adding that most mountain ranges surrounding Phoenix also house the tortoises. In the Mojave Desert they’re found in flatter basins, while in the Sonoran Desert they’re found along rocky slopes and *bajadas*.

Despite their prevalence, hikers are cautioned against scooping them up and taking them home. The only legal way to become a desert tortoise owner is through adoption, which is open to those living in select Arizona cities. (For more information, contact the Arizona Game and Fish Department.) Jones adds that desert tortoises are solitary animals that don’t need companion pets. And if you adopt one, of course, be prepared to get the cold shoulder — unless there’s a good storm brewing.

Arizona Game and Fish Department, 602-942-3000 or [www.azgfd.gov](http://www.azgfd.gov); Cristina Jones, Turtles Project Coordinator, 623-236-7767.

## nature factoid



TOM BEAN

### Old As the Hills

When it comes to being resilient, the bristlecone pine stands alone. Thought to live up to 5,000 years, the impressive trees grow very slowly in isolated groves just below the alpine tree line. In Arizona, they’re found on Humphreys Peak. Their longevity is attributed to rough, dense bark that repels fungus, insects and other potentially hazardous pests.

BRUCE D. TAUBERT



## 50 years ago

IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Contrary to popular myth, Arizona does have four seasons, and our September 1959 issue portrayed one with a color portfolio of fall leaves. The issue also included a scenic drive from Jerome to Williams, as well as a story showcasing the steam locomotive of the Magma Arizona Railroad.

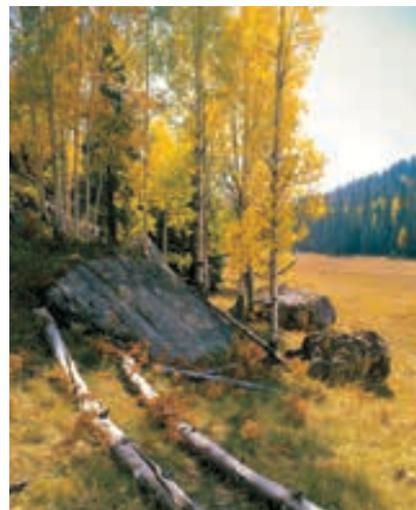


TOM DAILEY

**Celebration of Art**

SEPTEMBER 14-19  
GRAND CANYON

Mark your calendars for the first-ever Grand Canyon Celebration of Art. This art festival features two distinctly different (and free) events: the "Grand Canyon Masters Invitational," which showcases the work of 19 modern master artists, including well-known painter Curt Walters (pictured), at Grand Canyon's historic Kolb Studio; and "Plein Air on the Rim," a weeklong event that focuses on 19 award-winning artists who will work *en plein air* at the South Rim. All artwork will be available for sale through November 1. Proceeds help preserve Grand Canyon art. *Information: 928-638-7033 or www.grandcanyon.org.*



PETER ENSENBERGER

**Photography Workshop**

Beginning in late September, the Grand Canyon's North Rim transforms into a wonderland of fall color. Join *Arizona Highways* Director of Photography Peter Ensenberger for the "Autumn at the North Rim" photography workshop. Participants will learn how to capture the Canyon's spectacular beauty during one of the most beautiful times of the year.

*Information: 888-790-7042 or www.friendsofhighways.com.*



**Brewery Gulch Daze**

SEPTEMBER 4-5 BISBEE

Once home to more than 50 saloons, Brewery Gulch has retained its carnival atmosphere, especially during this annual event, which features a chili cook-off, a recycled-art show, water ball and horseshoe tournaments, and a pet parade, as well as food and live entertainment. *Information: 520-432-3554 or www.discoverbisbee.com.*



JEFF RIDA

**Fiddler's Contest**

SEPTEMBER 26-27 PAYSON

Fiddle around on the Mogollon Rim during the Vertilee Floyd Old Time Fiddlers Contest. Listen to trick fiddling, fancy fiddling, twin fiddling and cross-tuned fiddling from musicians ranging in age from 3 to 65. *Information: www.paysonfiddlers.com.*

**Festival of Science**

SEPTEMBER 25-OCTOBER 4  
FLAGSTAFF

"Launch Into Science" is the theme of this 10-day festival, which kicks off with a keynote speech by Apollo XII astronaut and Skylab commander Alan Bean. Join in star parties, interferometer tours, interactive talks, hikes, exhibitions and other science activities throughout the region. *Information: 928-527-3344 or www.scifest.org.*



RUTH BENZEL

**Santa Cruz County Fair**

SEPTEMBER 18-20 SONOITA

Relive a simpler time with an old-fashioned county fair that features 4H exhibits, a carnival, ranch rodeo, barrel-racing, team-roping, food concessions, an auction, live entertainment and more. *Information: 520-455-5553 or www.sonoitafairgrounds.com.*

**TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT.**



RALPH LEE HOPKINS

Every month we showcase the most talented photographers in the world. Now it's your turn to join the ranks. Enter your favorite photo in our **2010 Arizona Highways Online Photography Contest**. You could win a trip into the Grand Canyon.



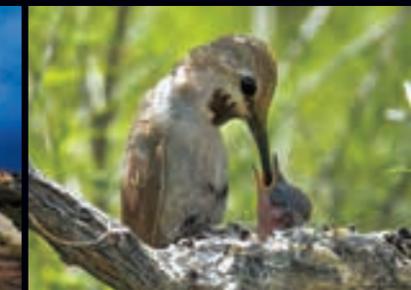
JIM HOBBS



LANE BIGLER



RICK GOLDWASSER



VICTOR BOBBETT

Our contest is open to amateur and professional photographers. All photos must be made in Arizona and fit into the following categories: People/Culture, Landscape, Wildlife and Macro (close-up); only one image per person, per category.

For details and to submit your digital photographs, visit [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com). First-, second- and third-place winners will be published in our September 2010 issue. Prizes include a photo workshop and digital-camera packages.



BY KELLY KRAMER

# BEHIND THE CAMERA

Every month, we showcase the artwork of the best photographers in the business — the stuff in front of the camera. This month, we shine some light on the other side — on the photographers themselves. Although photography is often thought of as glamorous, it's actually hard work that requires patience, persistence, dumb luck and, sometimes, the risk of life and limb. What follows are just some of the back stories we hear on a regular basis. From close encounters with bears and UFOs to sleeping on a ledge in the Grand Canyon, our photographers have been there, done that.



Kerrick James by Kerrick James

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** As much as we would have liked having these anecdotes documented on film, it doesn't work that way. We rarely have photographers shooting photographers. So, to illustrate this feature, we challenged the men and women in the piece to create self-portraits related to their favorite pastimes, not including photography. We aren't giving out prizes, but you can judge for yourself who came up with the winning shot.

## GREAT LENGTHS

Photographer: Kerrick James; Mesa, Arizona

When *Arizona Highways* assigned Kerrick James to canyoneer Cibecue Canyon with Apache guides for the May 2002 issue of the magazine, he wasn't daunted in the least. He had, after all, been on countless shoots that involved backpacking, hiking and a heavy dose of adventure. But as James soon learned, canyoneering is an entirely different beast.

"I hadn't really completed an assignment that involved both a lot of hiking and a lot of wet conditions," James says. "This assignment

was on fairly short notice, but I knew I had to be prepared for puddles, ponds, deep pools of water and plenty of trekking through mud." He packed a surplus, two-person raft and dry bags to protect his cameras, and along with the guides and writer Peter Aleshire, James commenced canyoneering.

"We started high, then worked our way down through forested areas, then through the canyon to a road that runs alongside the Salt River," James remembers. "We used gravity to guide us, and did a fair amount of rappelling, bouldering and scrambling. At one point, we had to rappel down and through an 80-foot waterfall, and I had to shoot at the same time. I realized it was going to be a very interesting three days. I had to find a way to shoot great images and survive the experience."

Just below the waterfall, the group came upon a flat canyon, narrow and deep at several points and several hundred feet from the rim. There were plenty of patches of water, too. "I shot with one leg in water and one leg on the side of the canyon, up on the wall, and I was toting a

backpack and a camera," James says. "I'd do it again in a heartbeat, but we were just caked with mud — mud up to our backsides. I sacrificed a pair of hiking boots."

Then came the assignment's real challenge: James and Aleshire had to rappel from the rim down into the canyon, directly into a pool of water. The feat required two ropes, one of which was for James, who had to hang in space and photograph Aleshire as he rappelled down. "I felt almost weightless," James says, "as though I were a spider. I was trying not to make a wrong move, and of course I wanted the right light. In place at last at the end of the rope, a huge cloud moved in and blocked the sun. After waiting interminably in space for the sun to clear the cloud, Aleshire finally descended and ended up water-drenched."

Although James dangled for approximately 15 minutes, he says he had total confidence in his Apache guides, who were experts at rigging. He shot through dry bags, using a 35 mm camera and a 6x7, both of which he operated with one hand. "I shot and I prayed," he says. "I knew I wasn't coming back to reshoot anything. At the end of the trip,

I donated the raft to one of the guides, and I definitely should have bronzed those hiking boots."

## CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE URSINE KIND

Photographer: Nick Berezenko; Pine, Arizona

Nick Berezenko knows better — at least he does now. That is, he knows better than to tick off a bear.

Two decades ago, when he was just starting out as a photographer, Berezenko was scouting the Mazatzal Wilderness for a possible *Arizona Highways* proposal. One morning — 7 miles deep into the wilderness — he found himself alone. Sort of. "I'd camped the night before on the divide by Mazatzal Peak," Berezenko says. "I was going to do an eight-day loop around the western side of the Mazatzals."

He had a heavy backpack, in spite of being camera-free — his 4x5 was in the shop — and a "very light" but sturdy, self-made agave hiking stick. "I started dropping down into a pretty, little, steep canyon,"



Nick Berezenko

RICHARD EMBERY

"I thought it was over," Berezenko says. "That I had put him in his place." But the bear wasn't finished.

Berezenko grabbed his backpack and quickly hot-footed it down the trail. After a mile, he topped out in a sunny grove of manzanita, where he stopped to rest. He thought he'd left the bear far behind, but after a few seconds of silence he heard a loud shimmering in the bushes. It was the bear, coming like a freight train through the manzanita.

"That was it," Berezenko says. "I thought, *This bear isn't going to give up on me. I'm 8 or 9 miles from the nearest civilization. It's his territory and he's going to get me.* And I actually said aloud, 'Time to fight for your life.'"

Luckily, there were plenty of rocks in the area, and just as the bear burst into the clearing, Berezenko began chucking loaf-sized rocks at it, hitting it on the shoulder and causing it to veer off into the manzanita. The bear continued to retreat, and Berezenko, instead of continuing deeper into the wilderness, made the decision to pack it up and head home.

Ultimately, he returned to the wilderness, and the photos he shot there became part of his first portfolio for *Arizona Highways*. Although he encountered several more bears on subsequent forays into the Mazatzals, he refrained from staring one in the eyes. Lesson learned.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Although Nick Berezenko's story has a happy ending, the Arizona Game and Fish Department advises the following during an encounter with a black bear:

- Alter your route to avoid a bear in the distance.
- Make yourself as large and imposing as possible if the bear continues to approach. Stand upright and wave your arms, jacket or other items. Make loud noises, such as yelling, whistling and banging pots and pans.
- Do not run, and never play dead.
- Give the bear a chance to leave the area.
- If the bear does not leave, stay calm, continue facing it and slowly back away.

Marty Cordano by Marty Cordano



Berezenko remembers. "I was making good time — it was just a gorgeous morning — and then something caught my attention off right, about 30 feet away. When I looked, all I saw was a big, downed log."

Then, part of the dark log moved. "A shape stood up and it was a bear; a good-sized black bear rearing up on its haunches. I was naïve in those days about bears and thought, *Here I am, camera-less, and, without the pressure to photograph, I have this wonderful opportunity to commune with the bear.*"

Berezenko rested his chin atop his folded hands on the hiking stick and stared the bear straight in its eyes, which nestled inside a big, basketball-sized head. "The eyes looked like little black marbles," Berezenko adds. "I was thinking these really sweet thoughts: *You're a wild bear. It's so nice to meet you in your wilderness. You love being here. I love being here, too.*"

The bear didn't feel the same way. Slowly it growled, sniffed at the air, then jumped the log and ran at Berezenko, stopping a mere 10 feet away. Berezenko was so surprised by the bluff charge that he didn't think to move away. "Just my standing there stopped him," Berezenko says. "After he stopped, the bear was visibly upset. He was growling and walking back and forth. At that point, I started edging away. He charged again, and something just kicked into me. I raised my hiking stick above me and yelled at him, 'Get back.' That stopped him again. We were in a stalemate. The bear continued to pace in one spot. I moved very slowly at first, then started to pick up speed, going sideways, watching him the whole time. After a few seconds, I saw he was following me again."

"I felt so defenseless without a weapon," Berezenko says. But then he thought of the penknife in his pack. "It wasn't much," he says. "But it was still three inches of steel." He flipped off his pack behind a tree, quickly unzipped a side pocket, and retrieved the knife. And when the bear came loping around the tree, Berezenko, with penknife in one hand and hiking stick in the other, charged the animal instead. "I let out this atavistic scream, and that stopped him dead in his tracks, totally amazed. Then he just lumbered off, resuming his pacing in the distance."



Claire Curran by Claire Curran

### Did You Know?

On March 13, 1997, one of the most widely reported UFO sightings occurred in the skies over Arizona, from Hoover Dam to Tucson. The "Phoenix Lights," as they became known, were a triangle-shaped formation of six lights that whistled through the night sky and were reported by countless Arizona residents, perhaps the most notable of which was then-Governor Fife Symington.

### CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE E.T. KIND

Photographer: Claire Curran; Santa Ana, California

In the early 1990s, Claire Curran was often on assignment, scouring the state for subjects to fill her lens and her growing portfolio. Thus she found herself one night, on a lonely dirt road on the Navajo Nation, heading in the direction of Red Lake.

"I remember it was one of those nights when the moon was almost full," Curran says. "The sky was broken up by countless silvery clouds, and the 9 o'clock news had just come on the radio."

As she drove, Curran looked up and noticed something that didn't belong.

"At first I thought it was the moon," she says. "Then I said, 'Wait a minute — that doesn't belong.' It wasn't the moon." The object moved out from behind the clouds and into an open spot in the sky. There, it hovered.

"It looked like a stereotypical flying saucer," Curran says. "It almost looked like the planet Saturn, and it was just gigantic in the sky — like the size of a mountain. It hovered for about two seconds, flashing all bright lights and colors, and then it took off faster than anything I'd ever seen."

"I don't drink and I don't take drugs and I've never hallucinated," she continues, "but that experience left me wondering if I'd really seen what I thought I had."

### DUMB LUCK

Photographer: Marty Cordano; Anchorage, Alaska

As a frequent wildlife photography contributor to *Arizona Highways*, *Audubon*, *Field & Stream* and *Birder's World*, Marty Cordano is no stranger to fauna that flies. Here, in his own words, he describes a close, lucky encounter with one of the state's speediest swifts.

"When *Arizona Highways* Editor Bob Early phoned and asked if I wanted to tackle an assignment to shoot a white-throated swift, I was eager for the work and a chance to prove myself as a skilled and

productive wildlife photographer.

"I began scouting the mountains near my home in Southeastern Arizona for white-throated swifts, but only occasionally glimpsed a bird that might be my quarry. I panicked and went home to do some research.

"What I learned was somewhat unsettling. White-throated swifts are possibly North America's fastest-flying bird, reaching speeds estimated at more than 200 mph. They eat on the wing, mate on the wing, bathe on the wing, fly all day long, covering 500 to 600 miles, and spend more hours in flight than any other land bird. Worse still, when these feathered missiles do decide to touch down, they do so in the most inaccessible cliff crevices they can find.

"Swell! Things were looking bleak, and reality was setting in. To complete this 'mission impossible' assignment was going to take a miracle. But, I had an ace up my sleeve. My friend Linda Searles, who owns and operates Southwest Wildlife Rehab in Scottsdale, thought she might have a swift she was trying to nurse back to health.

"I called her. She not only didn't have one at the rehab facility, but she had never had one come through in 20 years of operation. Bleak. Bleak. Bleak.

"Two days later, at the depth of my depression, the phone rang and it was Linda. 'You owe me big time,' she began. Turns out, the day before, two nuns were walking among the glass-sided skyscrapers in downtown Phoenix when a small bird crashed into one of the windows and spiraled down to the sidewalk, just inches from the nuns.

"The bird was still alive, but dazed and unable to fly. The nuns gathered it up and delivered it to Linda for some TLC. Once the swift was back on its wings, Linda and I drove it to a remote location outside of Phoenix and released it. I was able to shoot up a roll of film on it before it oriented itself and flew off its rocky perch, never to be seen again.



Christine Keith

“Call it what you will — dumb luck or divine intervention — but the editor was impressed and, for a time, the assignments rolled in. Especially the tough ones.”

### DRY RUN

Photographer: Christine Keith; Phoenix, Arizona

Sometimes photographers have the distinct challenge of stepping into the shoes of their subjects. In this case, Christine Keith wore her own shoes, but had to keep pace with renowned wilderness runner, author and photographer John Annerino.

Keith photographed three of his historic multi-day, long-distance runs in the spring of 1980, 1981 and 1982. Annerino had set out, on foot, to trace ancient Indian trade routes that connected villages both above and below the rim of the Grand Canyon. A small group of Annerino’s friends acted as a resupply team, while Keith served as photographer, hiking up and down trails to meet him, and sometimes running short-to-marathon distances to get the pictures she needed to document his longer adventures.

“I was photographing the final leg of Annerino’s 210-mile Hopi-to-Havasupai run,” Keith says. The jaunt began at Oraibi Wash and was to end at Havasu Springs, six-and-a-half days later.

Wilderness professional Dave Ganci and Keith joined Annerino at Anita Station on the Coconino Plateau, on the western edge of the Grand Canyon. Together they ventured into Moqui Trail Canyon.

“We intended to take two days and one night to reach our resupply crew at Havasu Springs,” Keith remembers. “We were covering 18-plus miles, so the three of us were dressed for running and carried

only basic survival gear.”

Eventually, the narrow trail they were following turned into a series of hoof prints mashed into a 45-degree slope. Then, it began to grow dark. “We ended up rim-rocked on a desert bighorn sheep trail,” Keith says. “We had only enough water and food to get us where we needed to go. We didn’t have time to be stranded.” But, given the looming darkness, the trio had little choice but to hunker down for the night.

“We came to a widening of the trail — perhaps 2.5 to 3 feet wide — and the three of us spooned together in our footsteps so we wouldn’t fall off the sheer Coconino sandstone wall,” she adds.

“We stretched Annerino’s blanket across the three of us and held on.” Slipping off the ledge would

have meant a 300-foot plunge into the Canyon.

In the morning, after backtracking another 5 miles, Annerino and Ganci spotted an area that resembled the trail. “They announced we had little choice but to dig in our heels and head down a 40-degree, 300-foot talus slope.

“At this point, I was scared,” Keith says. “The two of them went ahead. I was sort of panicking, but I really had no choice but to follow them. We were running low on water, and we were way out on the western edge of the Grand Canyon. I really wanted to photograph the run, but I was really scared.”

Eventually, the group cut their way through Moqui Trail Canyon,

Edward McCain by Edward McCain



then made their way into Cataract Canyon, where they had to spend another night. “Ganci had some aspirins that we shared,” Keith says. “We bartered, traded and rationed the small bits of food and water we carried between the three of us.”

In the morning, Ganci and Annerino were looking under every living tree they saw, hoping to find a water source, but everything was dry. Then, the trio went from running low on water to basically out of water. “We had a few sips left,” Keith says. “Eventually, we saw horses, and Ganci and Annerino started to wonder. ...”

Finally, they ran into a Havasupai wrangler, and they knew that they were close to the village — close, that is, to Annerino’s destination. “We spent two nights in the middle of nowhere,” Keith says. “I’ll never forget camping on that little ledge, rim-rocked over the Canyon.”

### SUCH GREAT HEIGHTS

Photographer: Edward McCain; Tucson, Arizona

Edward McCain admits that he’s not much of a skier, but with one caveat: “I can manage, especially when it comes to Nordic or cross-country skiing,” he says. So when McCain was assigned to shoot a story about a Nordic ski center on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, he didn’t flinch.

“The trip was quite an adventure,” McCain remembers. “To get into the area of the lodge, I could either take a Snowcat, or one of the guides had offered to take me on the back of a snowmobile. I went with the snowmobile.”

That proved interesting, as McCain had no choice but to shoot with one hand and hang on for dear life with the other. “It wasn’t easy,” he says. “I never knew when we were going to hit a bump or something.”

When his group arrived at the lodge, another was preparing to ski out, and McCain knew he wanted a sunset shot from one of the overlooks. It would be a few miles to the overlook and a few miles back.

“It was my first night there, and I’m guessing the elevation was somewhere around 9,000 feet,” McCain says. “I got the shot, but on the way back, everyone was tired and hungry and they picked up the pace. My tongue was hanging down by my skis. I wasn’t used to the elevation or the pace of the skiing.”

As it turned out, McCain spent the night with a wicked case of altitude sickness — the first and last time he ever battled soroche.

“I spent the entire night in the fetal position and pretty much miserable,” he says. “But I did manage to shake it off by the next morning.”

### SHOTGUN GRANNY

Photographer: Don Stevenson; Tempe, Arizona

Having shot for *Arizona Highways* since 1985, Don Stevenson has contributed photographs to more than 40 stories. Here, he describes an encounter with an unexpected gatekeeper.

“Shortly after joining *Arizona Highways* as a contributor 24 years ago, I headed off to Southern Arizona for a week of exploring and photographing what remained of a number of forgotten ghost towns.



RYAN STEVENSON

Don Stevenson

“Years before, I’d read of a small village just north of the Mexican border called Sunnyside, which was established nearly a century ago as a utopian community. After a long search, I found a closed but unlocked gate across the deteriorating gravel road.

“I’d driven a short distance when I came upon a hand-painted sign that said, ‘Keep Out.’ So, as is my nature, I continued on another quarter-mile. I entered Sunnyside, parked my vehicle and stepped out with camera in hand, uncertain of just what or whom I’d find.

“Before I could take a step toward the various historic buildings, I heard a woman’s screaming voice coming from a hillside 50 yards to my right. I only had seconds to decide if I should hop back into my SUV and get out of there or face the consequences. Too late.

“Marching toward me with a shotgun aimed in my direction was a small, elderly woman so much like Granny of the *Beverly Hillbillies* TV series of the 1960s. My only thought was that no one knows where I am — other than in Southern Arizona — and they’ll never find my body. The woman approached. I was on one side of my SUV and she was on the other. The woman asked why I was there, and I nervously explained. The shotgun lowered, the woman came around to my side of the vehicle and said, ‘Welcome to Sunnyside.’

“She then shook my hand and barked out a command: ‘Follow me.’ Up the hillside we went to her hidden house. I learned of her life in this hidden paradise and how she was the sole remaining resident. She told me that she never had visitors anymore since a distant relative came by and put up the keep-out sign. We strolled through what remained of her utopia. For two hours I took pictures, and she never stopped talking. It was a great day. For both of us.” ■

# Weather

Lightning, tornadoes, hurricanes ... when the weather starts getting bad, Warren Faidley starts feeling good. No, he's not a dark knight or a prophet of doom. He's a photographer. More specifically, he's a storm photographer, and he's one of the best in the world.

WARREN FAIDLEY FROWNS as he looks at the line of thunderstorms moving along the mountains. He's not happy with the storm he's chasing.

The thunderstorm is a couple of miles off to the northwest over a small range of mountains, but it's not dropping many lightning bolts, which is frustrating him. Faidley checks the Doppler radar images being displayed on his dashboard-mounted Garmin GPS, then taps his iPhone a few times and brings up the National Weather Service Web site.

Satisfied with what he sees, he decides the storm is worth his time to photograph, so he parks at the edge of a farm field to set up. He extracts a Fujifilm digital camera from a heavily padded bag and attaches a 400 mm zoom lens to it. He checks the camera's settings a couple of times and then laughs. "My camera just told me it needs a firmware update," he says. "How does it know that?"

He attaches a cable release to the camera and secures it to a tripod. He's ready to shoot.

The sky flashes and the rumble of thunder resounds around him. The storm starts dropping lightning bolts at regular intervals and Faidley is deep in his element, making exposures of about 30 seconds for each shot.

"Wow," he says, a smile creasing his face as he checks the camera's display screen. "Look at the red background on this shot. They normally don't do that."

Faidley is happy now. "That's what shooting lightning is all about," he says, "taking shots and hoping you'll get a great one. It's always a treasure hunt."

Faidley, who's been chasing storms — lightning, tornadoes, hurricanes and wildfires — since the mid-1980s, is probably the country's best-known professional storm chaser.

Most people who chase storms — and there aren't very many who do it for a living — would have given up on this storm long ago. But it's Faidley's talent for spotting the unusual that has earned him accolades for some of the most memorable images of lightning strikes in the Sonoran Desert.

Besides lightning storms, Faidley has put himself in the path of hurricanes and endured their battering winds and stinging rain to photograph their power.

He's chased tornadoes across America's heartland, and witnessed the power and destruction of the terrible funnel clouds firsthand. When wildfires sweep across the West, Faidley's usually in a helicopter, documenting a fire's devastation.

His obsession with catastrophic weather goes back to age 12, when a flash flood in Tucson nearly drowned

him and a companion. But he wasn't scared; he was fascinated.

Dubbed the "storm chaser" by *Life* magazine in 1989 after the publication ran his now-famous photograph of a multiple-branch lightning strike in Tucson, Faidley has chased storms from one end of the country to the other.

"I've always had a fascination with bad weather, from an early age," Faidley says. "Storms of all kinds are intriguing. They're bigger than life, powerful and uncontrollable."

The shot that launched his fame was one that almost got him killed, too.

When a massive lightning storm welled up over Tucson late in the summer of 1988, Faidley picked up his cameras and headed south toward the action. He set up his equipment under an overpass on Aviation Highway and got ready to document the frequent lightning strikes.

He opened his camera shutter at the right



WARREN FAIDLEY

By  
Alan M.  
Petrillo

# Man

moment and captured lightning striking a power pole near oil and fuel tanks off Ajo Way.

"It was during the middle of the rainstorm, and lightning was striking all around me," Faidley says. "As I got the shot, I also got jolted, like getting a jolt from a 110-volt live wire."

The lightning bolt had four branches as it struck, Faidley says, with the main bolt striking the power pole and one of the branches electrifying the overpass area where he stood.

When he realized what he had, he printed the shot and sent it off to *Life* magazine.

"After the photo ran in *Life*, things changed for me overnight," he says. "I'd been shooting weddings to survive, but very quickly I had people calling me for weather shots and paying me \$700 a pop."

Faidley was born in Topeka, Kansas, in 1957 and escaped his first big storm, a tornado, when he was only 5. At age 9, he moved to Mobile, Alabama, when his father, an employee with the federal government, was transferred to that tropical cyclone hot zone. Three years later, the family moved to Tucson.

"As I grew up, I went from tornado alley to hurricane alley," Faidley says. "When you're a kid experiencing storms, everything is so much bigger and grandiose. But as an adult, that kind of weather still has an appeal for me that is bigger than life."

Faidley graduated from high school in 1975 and attended Pima Community College before transferring to the University of Arizona, where he earned a degree in photojournalism in 1984.

After working as a stringer for local newspapers, Faidley landed a job as a photojournalist at the *Tucson Citizen*. He worked there for three years, but says he wanted "something a bit more exciting than shooting city council meetings and rodeos."

He began his weather photography career in 1987 when he and another staff photographer took time off to chase unusual weather to see where it might lead.

"When we got to Las Cruces [New Mexico], we heard on the radio that a Texas town had been hit hard by a tornado," says Tom Willett, Faidley's partner on that trip. "We drove to Saragosa [Texas] and documented the devastation there. More than 30 people had been killed and the town destroyed."

For Faidley, the tornado's destruction left a lasting impression. He also found that shooting severe weather could be made into a career.

"At the time, stock photography companies

provided a dizzying array of photos for publications," Faidley says, "and it was an extremely lucrative business. I looked into it and realized that no one was doing stock shots of weather. So I quit my job at the *Citizen*."

Today, storm-chasing is one of several businesses Faidley runs. He has the imaging company, and also Storm Chaser Consulting, through which he helped DuPont develop a Kevlar storm shelter.

In addition, he published a book in 1995, *Storm Chaser*. He has produced a calendar of weather images each year for several years, and wrote a children's book about storms for a London publisher.

"From the very beginning, I realized how strange an occupation this would be for me," Faidley admits. "But I realized that as a journalist, there's more than simply taking a picture. I try to educate and help people understand weather through my photos."

Each kind of storm Faidley chases holds

**“With a hurricane, you know in advance where it's going, so the secret to getting good shots is being at the right place at the right time, and still surviving.”**

its own perils and difficulties to photograph.

"With a hurricane, you know in advance where it's going, so the secret to getting good shots is being at the right place at the right time, and still surviving," he says.

"Shooting lightning is not that dangerous for me because I've learned where to shoot from and to know about the energy in the storm. If you know the storm structure, you'll know where the lightning is likely to come from and be ready for it."

Faidley says he has lenses up to 500 mm in focal length to shoot lightning, but often chooses a lens in the 200 mm to 400 mm range.

The most challenging kind of storm to photograph, he says, is a tornado. "It's very difficult to get a good tornado shot. You have to be within a mile or less of the funnel."

Faidley adds that even getting near a tornado can be tricky. There are about a thousand tornadoes each year in the United States. Some

of them hit at night, others are very short-lived, and some happen where a photographer can't get to them. This reduces the number of tornadoes that could be photographed to just a few.

Then there's the problem of being in the right place at the right time. Tornado Alley encompasses around 400,000 square miles, taking in eastern New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming, most of Nebraska and South Dakota, Kansas, Iowa, Oklahoma and a large chunk of Texas.

"It's elusive to catch something in there," Faidley says. "Tornadoes are the most difficult storms to find, but aren't necessarily the most dangerous. The transportation part of getting to the storm is probably the most dangerous, and then the lightning that comes with the storm."

Has the 51-year-old Faidley ever been in a situation where he feared for his life?

He chuckles before he answers. "Many, many times," he says. "It happens a lot. And I tell myself I'll do it differently next time."

Does he?

"I try," he says.

Faidley says chasing storms always will be risky.

"When I shot Hurricane Andrew, the parking garage I was using as a shooting platform was shaking so much the cast-iron caps on the sprinkler valves were shaking off," he says. "With Hurricane Katrina, the parking

garage in Biloxi we were going to shoot from would have been under water, so we were turned away before we could even get there."

Sometimes, escape routes are blocked, Faidley says, so it's critical to keep a cool head.

"The best way not to panic is to know about the subject, about the storm and its behavior."

Faidley has been injured a few times while chasing storms, most recently when he twisted his knee during Hurricane Katrina. He also carries scars on his arm from flying glass hurled by Hurricane Andrew, and a scar on his leg where a door flung by a tornado slammed into him.

"I always wear a helmet and ballistic-type goggles when I'm chasing a hurricane," Faidley says. "There's all kinds of stuff flying through the air, so you have to protect yourself. I also wear an inflatable life vest in case of getting caught in a storm surge."

But for Faidley, no matter what gear he's wearing or what photographic equipment he's using, there's nothing to compare with the adrenaline rush of chasing a big storm.

"They're elusive," he says, "but that's part of their appeal." ■



» A rare event, lightning bolts travel from one cloud to another, moving sideways across the sky above Kellogg Mountain in the Santa Catalina range near Tucson.

When most people think of Arizona, they think of blue skies and bright sunshine — that’s usually the forecast.

## **TAKING ARIZONA BY STORM**

However, as you’ll see in this month’s portfolio, the state gets more than its share of severe weather.

## **A PORTFOLIO BY WARREN FAIDLEY**

► In a sky ablaze with a scarlet sunset, an ominous thunderstorm hovers over Green Valley in Southern Arizona.





► During the summer months, storm chasers track monsoon clouds in Southern Arizona, offering photographers perfect opportunities to practice their craft (above and opposite).

RIGHT: A halo, also called a sundog, is an optical phenomenon created by the reflection of sunlight by ice crystals in high cirrus clouds.





**TOP:** The late stages of a thunderstorm are sometimes referred to as an orphan anvil.

**ABOVE:** This photograph, which first appeared on the cover of *Life* magazine, launched Warren Faidley's career as a storm photographer.

**RIGHT:** Sunset illuminates the upper surface of a large thundercloud that recedes into black over Tucson's city lights.



# And the Winner Is...

OK. We'll skip the suspense. Look over there. On the other page. That's the one. Of the thousands and thousands of entries in our first-ever online photography contest, that photograph by Bev Pettit is the grand-prize winner. Impressive, isn't it? That's what we thought. When we launched this contest in last year's "Photography Issue," we had no idea what to expect. Frankly, we would have been thrilled with a handful of good shots. Instead, we were flooded with a boatload of great shots. What follows are the finalists.

*Edited by Peter Ensenberger & Jeff Kida*

# 1

GRAND PRIZE  
BEV PETTIT, SKULL VALLEY  
"BRONC PICK-UP"

A rainy day made for a muddy arena at the Cowpuncher's Reunion Rodeo in Williams, but that didn't stop Bev Pettit of Skull Valley, Arizona, from taking her camera gear out to capture this peak moment. Catching the pick-up man's facial expression as he struggles to control the bucking bronco makes this shot a winner. Lighting and weather conditions added to the difficulty factor.





2

SECOND PLACE  
BEV SARGENT, FOUNTAIN HILLS  
"THE OPENING ACT"

Simplicity and soft, warm, directional light combine to make this image by Bev Sargent of Fountain Hills, Arizona, nothing short of elegant. The photographer made excellent choices when she selected her subject and also when she opted to use a wide lens opening, allowing the background to be thrown out of focus. This would make a beautiful framed print on any wall.



HONORABLE MENTION | HENK RUITER, GLENDALE | "BUSY BEE"

Henk Rüter's fascination with honeybees' essential place in the food chain led to this photo of pollination in action with a scientific air about it. Using a 100 mm macro lens and a monopod allowed the Glendale, Arizona, resident a view into the depths of the blossom without disturbing the bee's work. Due to extreme sharpness and high resolution, you can almost count the hairs on the bee's back.



HONORABLE MENTION | JACK CHALLEM, TUCSON | "SERPENTINE AGAVE"

The sharp, organic form of this agave contrasts beautifully next to the brilliant colors of a painted adobe wall in Tucson's barrio district. We like the photographer's use of 3's: three colors, three agave leaves and even the triangular shape of the leaves themselves. The graphic quality of the photo is enhanced by the photographer's choice to work in open shade, minimizing additional shadows.



3

**THIRD PLACE**  
**LISA WILLIAMS, BISBEE**  
**"MAYHEM IN THEIR EYES"**

Most bird-watchers know how territorial hummingbirds can be, especially around a hummingbird feeder. Armed with her Canon 20D and 400 mm lens, Lisa Williams of Bisbee, Arizona, was poised to capture the ferocity of the airborne combatants. With shutter speed set at 1/2000 of a second, she followed the hummers through the viewfinder until this moment of confrontation occurred near a feeder in Patagonia, Arizona. If looks could kill!

**HONORABLE MENTION**  
**DAN JACOB, SURPRISE**  
**"DANCE OF THE COYOTES"**

A long telephoto lens and a great deal of patience combined to make this a memorable photograph. In the world of wildlife photography, it pays to be vigilant and wait for magic moments to arise. With this image, the photographer placed the coyotes on the right side of the photo, allowing their shadows to become an important element, balancing the entire frame.

**HONORABLE MENTION | JEANNINE LAVENDER, MESA | "THE LEAPER"**



In a perfect example of being in the right place at the right time, Jeannine Lavender had her eye to the viewfinder when the unexpected happened. Using her Nikon N70 camera, the resident of Mesa, Arizona, caught this desert bighorn ram midleap on the rocky cliffs surrounding Apache Lake.



HONORABLE MENTION  
JOE BARTELS, PHOENIX  
"MOTHER EARTH"

Travertine cascades and blue-green water of the Little Colorado River provided a compelling foreground for this landscape by Joe Bartels of Phoenix. Using a 16 mm lens and a slow shutter speed allowed him to accentuate the flowing water and incorporate the rugged canyon walls of Little Colorado River Gorge being kissed by the setting sun.



HONORABLE MENTION  
MARCO PENNACCHINI, TUCSON  
"THE DANCE"

Color, expression and framing add up to capture a joyous moment of a Mexican dance troop in Tucson. A fast shutter speed and a low camera angle allowed the photographer to frame the young man on the right, freezing the arching lace dress.



HONORABLE MENTION | RUDOLF VOLKMAN, FOUNTAIN HILLS | "SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS"

Light play between several layers of clouds surrounding the Superstition Mountains make this a spectacular sunrise photo. Often weather conditions play a critical role in the mood of landscape photography. No matter what your meteorologist says, if you're out shooting, be patient. The payoff will often surprise the most seasoned pros.



HONORABLE MENTION  
BRENDAN MOORE, TEMPE  
"BULLRIDER"

This is a wonderful environmental portrait of a young bullrider. His wardrobe and body language give just enough information to tell his story, cocky and flamboyant. Although the cowboy is positioned in the exact center of the frame, the symmetry works. An off-camera flash was used as an additional light source to really make the subject stand out from the livestock trailer.



HONORABLE MENTION | DAN JACOB, SURPRISE | "GRAND CANYON SNOW SQUALLS"

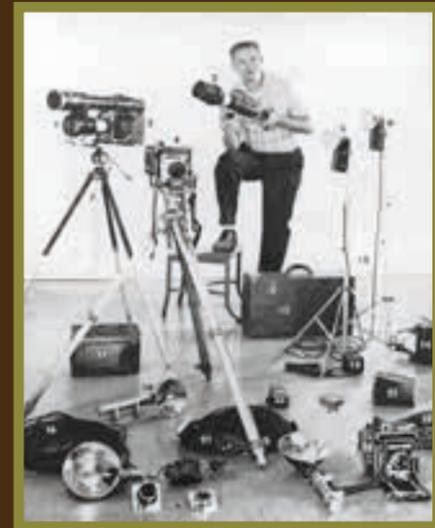
Powdery snow misting off the South Rim of the Grand Canyon on a blustery morning caught the eye of Dan Jacob. Backlighting the snow helped the Surprise, Arizona, resident to emphasize the graphic nature and repetition of the Canyon's descending ridgelines. ■

# HOW TO SHOOT A BOBCCAT

Not with a rifle — with a camera. We covered this same ground about 50 years ago, but five decades is a long time, so we thought it made sense to revisit the basics of wildlife photography.



BY PETER ENSENBARGER, DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY



THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE MORE THEY STAY the same. Over the past 50 years, the highly specialized camera equipment used by professional wildlife photographers has changed significantly. Back in the day, when *Arizona Highways* photographer Willis Peterson (pictured) was learning his craft, the advantages of digital sensors and wireless technology were unimaginable.

Slow and clunky by today's standards, his equipment's limitations posed lots of challenges to the image-making process. The rudimentary gear Peterson relied on to capture his incredible nature photographs makes those images even more amazing. Elaborate outdoor studio setups interconnected by long cables were the norm. Back then, solving technical issues meant modifying existing equipment to suit the job at hand. Those small adaptations by innovative pioneers like Peterson and others of his era paved the way for the modern advantages enjoyed by photographers today.

Then, along came integrated circuits, and photographic equipment was forever changed. Remote devices and electronic high-speed strobe technology leapt forward with the advent of the microprocessor, leading to smaller, more powerful equipment. Today, digital cameras and wireless interconnectivity have simplified the task of taking complex setups into the field. Advancements in materials used in modern equipment also improved portability. Even the peripheral gear associated with wildlife photography — blinds, tripods, camera bags — has benefited from new synthetic materials. The latest compact, lightweight equipment allows photographers to spend less time schlepping and more time shooting.

But, while the technical side of nature photography has become highly evolved, the practical approach remains the same as in the early days. Awareness, anticipation and quick reactions in the field have long been hallmarks for success. It's still all about capturing the moment. And the most important piece of photo equipment has been around for a long time. It's between our ears.

TOM VEZO

# WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHY TIPS

Becoming a good wildlife photographer requires a solid base in three areas: knowledge, technical skill and artistry. There's also a three-step process for achieving consistently good results: practice, practice, practice.

.....  
**TRY THESE TIPS FOR IMPROVING YOUR NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.**  
 .....

Lesser long-nosed bat



C.K. LORENZ

C. ALLAN MORGAN



Greater earless lizard

## 1

### KNOW YOUR SUBJECTS

Wildlife photographers are also naturalists who never stop learning about their subjects. Arming yourself with intimate details about your subjects helps you capture informative images of a species rather than just pretty pictures of it. Learn the seasons for mating and nesting, calving and fawning, dormancy and migration. There's a direct correlation between knowledge of your subjects and the strength of your images.

## 2

### TELEPHOTO LENSES

When showing your wildlife photographs to others, do you have to point out the wildlife? To ensure that your subjects occupy a prominent position in your images, use a telephoto lens. Lenses of 400 mm or more will positively impact your wildlife images in a number of ways: Telephotos allow you to fill the frame with your subject while maintaining a distance buffer from camera-shy animals. They also serve to defocus a cluttered background, isolate your subject and increase its prominence in the image. There's truth to the adage among wildlife photographers: "If it ain't tight, it ain't right."

## 3

### SPECIALIZED EQUIPMENT

Other camera gear that wildlife photographers find useful includes macro lenses, wide-angle lenses, remote-controlled shutter releases, high-speed strobes and cameras with fast frames-per-second exposures. The startup costs to become a serious nature photographer carry a hefty price tag, but to do it right and compete with the best photographers, the investment in quality gear is a necessity.

.....

JIM HEDRICK

## 4

### COMPOSE BOLDLY

The basic rules of good composition apply to wildlife photography, too. Be mindful of your subject's placement in the scene by utilizing the rule of thirds. Placing your main subject off-center allows you to include more of the animal's habitat and incorporate the patterns of nature. Natural moments often last only a few seconds before the subject vanishes, so learn to compose quickly by anticipating your subject's movements.

BRUCE D. TAUBERT



Bullock's oriole

## 5

### HABITAT

Every creature prefers a particular environment that meets its needs for food and shelter. With Arizona's rich diversity of life zones, understanding the cycle of the seasons puts you in the right habitat at the right time. In spring, be prepared for bird migration along streams and rivers. In summer, lizards and snakes are out and active in the deserts. Autumn is elk rut in the high country, and sandhill cranes return to Willcox Playa every winter.

Coyote





Gray fox

# 6

## USE A BLIND

Shooting from a camouflaged blind is the best technique to avoid disturbing wild subjects. Set up your blind in the location you want to shoot a few days ahead of time to give wildlife a chance to get accustomed to its presence. It becomes part of the landscape, and birds and animals won't be as agitated when you're inside clicking away.

G.C. KELLEY

## ETHICS

Your safety comes first, so be prepared for encounters with wild animals. Remember, you're entering their world. If you're in bear country, take precautions to protect yourself. But the safety of the animals you pursue is also important. Be as discreet as possible when interjecting yourself or your camera into any scenario. Nesting sites provide great photo opportunities, but if your presence is threatening, adults might abandon the nest, leaving their young exposed to predators. Never forget that the animals and their habitats are more important than pictures of them.

Gambel's quail

# 8



Jack rabbit

PAUL & JOYCE BERQUIST

# 10

## ANIMATION

Strive to photograph animals in the act of being themselves. Behavior displays and body language make your wildlife images stand out in a sea of static animal portraits. Catching the glint in an animal's eyes also enhances the subject's personality; if ambient lighting conditions don't provide a little sparkle in the eye, create your own with a subtle flash fill. That tiny eye reflection adds intensity and luster.

C.K. LORENZ

## PATIENCE & PERSISTENCE

Stay alert and be sensitive to the rhythms of the moment. Spending a few hours waiting on your subject is relatively short compared to the months or years spent preparing for the opportunity. If your patience begins to wear thin, stay another 15 minutes, and then another and another. The best formula for witnessing the natural behavior of a wild species in its native habitat is good old-fashioned dedication.

# 9

BRUCE D. TAUBERT



Bell's vireo family

# 11

## GEAR & CLOTHING

Wearing a waist pack or photographer's vest with plenty of large pockets gives easy access to lenses and memory cards. Keeping frequently used equipment at your fingertips also enables you to be more mobile if your subject is on the move. Changing lenses and cards quickly is important when action is happening fast.

# 12

## SCOUTING

The great joy of wildlife photography is realized when months of planning meet a second of opportunity. Scouting for promising locations increases your opportunities and reduces time spent waiting in a blind. Take note of telltale signs of animal presence — tracks, droppings, matted grasses or wallows. Watering holes and fruit-bearing trees and bushes also are attractive to animals. ■



## CHERRY ROAD

Along with breathtaking views of the Verde Valley, this scenic drive features the most perfect tree-lined country lane in the state.

BY ROGER NAYLOR  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
NICK BEREZENKO

The great thing about existing off the beaten path, as the town of Cherry does, is that residents and scenic-drivers have to take an unbeaten path to get there. That means driving scenery-rich Cherry Road.

Named for the cherry trees that grew along the adjacent creek, Cherry sits in a pine-scented basin at the crest of the Black Hills. The town once served as a stage stop between Fort Whipple in Prescott and Fort Verde in Camp Verde. Buffalo Soldiers and others also used the route to travel between posts. A few mines sprang up late in the 19th century, but



nothing that resembled a mother lode.

Most far-flung mining towns fade into oblivion after the ore plays out, but Cherry transitioned into a tranquil little oasis for ranchers and homesteaders. Today, it seems virtually untouched by the passing of time — the kind of spot you drive through once, yet think about for years afterward, especially on late-summer eve-

nings while stuck in traffic.

Starting among the rolling hills near Dewey, the meandering dirt road dips in and out of wash bottoms and begins a gentle climb. By dirt road standards, this is a freeway, easily navigated by passenger cars. After a couple of miles, drivers are inexplicably treated to a respite of pavement. A 3-mile stretch of orphaned

asphalt leads to bigger timber as juniper and scrub oak trees surrender to a cluster of ponderosa pines. A few scorched trunks are remnants of a prescribed burn. Seclusion demands a proactive fire policy.

The pavement vanishes as suddenly as it appeared as you make your way into downtown Cherry. Watch for dogs taking a middle-of-the-road siesta. Then take a moment to savor the most calendar-perfect, tree-lined country lane in the state.

The town (population 50 or so) includes one business: Cherry Creek Bed & Breakfast. Travelers looking for a peaceful getaway can call off the search. Innkeepers Boyce and Lynn Macdonald, Cherry residents since 1976, offer an idyllic cottage engulfed all summer long by Lynn's vibrant flower gardens. Breakfast is served outside in good weather, which, at an elevation of 5,300 feet, means most of the year.

As you wind onward, a scattering of houses peek through dense chaparral. One gets a sense of a friendly but private community, where quiet earns unqualified respect.

The landscape broadens once you pass through town, with scratchy green hills tumbling away in all directions. The road then takes a downward tilt, descending 2,000 feet to the floor of the Verde Valley, most of which occurs in a 4-mile stretch of switchbacks



and tight curves unprotected by guardrails.

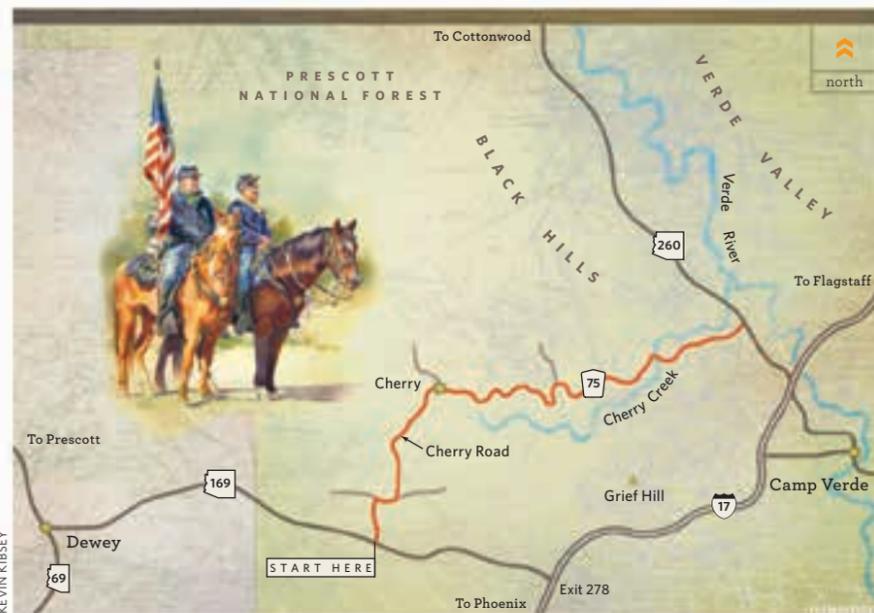
Pull over to ogle breathtaking views across the valley to the crumpled cliffs of Sedona and the San Francisco Peaks rising beyond. As the road levels off you'll pass the trailhead for Grief Hill. And yes, that rutted, rocky ribbon plunging from the high country used to be the main thoroughfare in these parts. Count your blessings.

Cherry Road ends at State

Route 260 between Camp Verde and Cottonwood, not far from Sedona and Jerome, which are supremely scenic in their own right. That said, don't be surprised if your thoughts continue drifting back to a placid speck of a town along a tree-crowded country lane. ■

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](http://www.arizonahighways.com).

► The views from Cherry Road include rolling hills, a verdant valley and a quaint country lane.



## tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

**DIRECTIONS:** From Phoenix, go north on Interstate 17 to Exit 278. Turn left onto State Route 169 and drive 5.5 miles to Cherry Road and turn right. It's 6 miles to Cherry, and another 11 miles to State Route 260. Beyond Cherry, there are several switchbacks and mountain curves, and the road is not protected by guardrails. This section should be avoided when wet.

**VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS:** Accessible to all vehicles  
**LODGING:** Cherry Creek Bed & Breakfast, 928-632-5390 or [www.cherrycreekbnb.com](http://www.cherrycreekbnb.com)

**WARNING:** Back-road travel can be hazardous, so beware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you are going and when you plan to return.

**INFORMATION:** Prescott National Forest, 928-443-8000 or [www.fs.fed.us/r3/prescott](http://www.fs.fed.us/r3/prescott)

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



**WEATHERFORD TRAIL**  
Pines, aspens, meadows, mountains ... the only thing this trail doesn't have is crowds of people.

BY ROBERT STIEVE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHUCK LAWSEN

It's hard to imagine driving a Model T up the slopes of Fremont Peak, but that's what John Weatherford had in mind in the 1920s when he constructed an eponymous toll road to the upper reaches of the San Francisco Peaks. It was an ambitious undertaking that was ultimately undermined by the Great Depression. Fortunately, he had better luck with his hotel in Flagstaff. Today, the Hotel Weatherford (he liked his name) is still one of the best places to stay, and his toll road, as it turns out, has turned into one



of the best trails in Arizona.

The easy-to-follow route, which no longer resembles a road, begins at Schultz Tank and climbs gradually through an open grove of ponderosas to the intersection with the Kachina Trail. When you get there, look around. Although the trail is rated moderate for difficulty, it's rated extreme for beauty. The pines, the aspens, the meadows, the mountains ... no wonder Weatherford chose this route. It looks like something you'd see on the cover of a John Denver album.

Continuing uphill, the trail enters the Kachina Peaks Wilderness. From this point, it's about 4 miles to Doyle Saddle, which is named for Alan Doyle, a hunting guide who had a camp in the peaks in the late 19th century. The saddle makes an ideal turnaround point, but don't rush to get there. The scenery only gets better as you climb toward the sky.

Just past the wilderness boundary, you'll skirt the ridge of a shaded canyon on your right. As you look across to the opposite slope, you'll see a kaleidoscope of greens. The colors of the trees are stunning. And so are the stately aspens you'll encounter along the trail. Sadly, hundreds of reprobates have carved their initials into the trees. Some of the etchings are recent, and some date back decades to the Basque shepherders who worked the area. If you get an undisciplined urge, remember, you're not a Basque shepherd. You're a hiker. They were bored. You won't be. Leave the trees alone.

Moving on, the trail becomes a series of gradual switchbacks and the vegetation changes from ponderosas and aspens to alpine species including corkbark fir and Englemann spruce. It's there that you might see bears (not likely), turkeys, blue grouse and Clark's nutcrackers, a type of jay. The best encounter, however, will be made with your ears, not your eyes — listen for the bugling of bull elk this month as they lumber through the woods in search of willing partners.

Wildlife notwithstanding, you'll eventually get to a point where the forest opens up and views of the peaks steal the show. There's one place in particular, just before you make the turn into the final switchback, where you'll want to turn around. "Holy moly" is what you'll whisper.

From there, it's a quick hop to the top. If it isn't stormy, settle in and enjoy the views. On a clear day, you can see all the way to Oak Creek Canyon. And this time of year, the leaves should be changing color, making the Inner Basin even more beautiful than normal. And best of all, it's free. Despite John Weatherford's best-laid plans. ■



ABOVE AND LEFT: Golden aspens and a still pond decorate the Inner Basin's Lockett Meadow, below Flagstaff's snow-capped San Francisco Peaks.



ONLINE For more hikes in Arizona, visit our "Hiking Guide" at [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com).

trail guide

**LENGTH:** 14.8 miles round-trip (to Doyle Saddle)

**ELEVATION:** 8,020 to 11,354 feet

**DIFFICULTY:** Moderate

**DIRECTIONS:** From Flagstaff, drive 2 miles north on U.S. Route 180 to Forest Road 420 (Schultz Pass Road). Continue on FR 420 past the end of the pavement for approximately 5.5 miles to the trailhead, which is on the right (south) side of the road. FR 420 is closed in the winter because of snow.

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

**LEAVE-NO-TRACE ETHICS:**

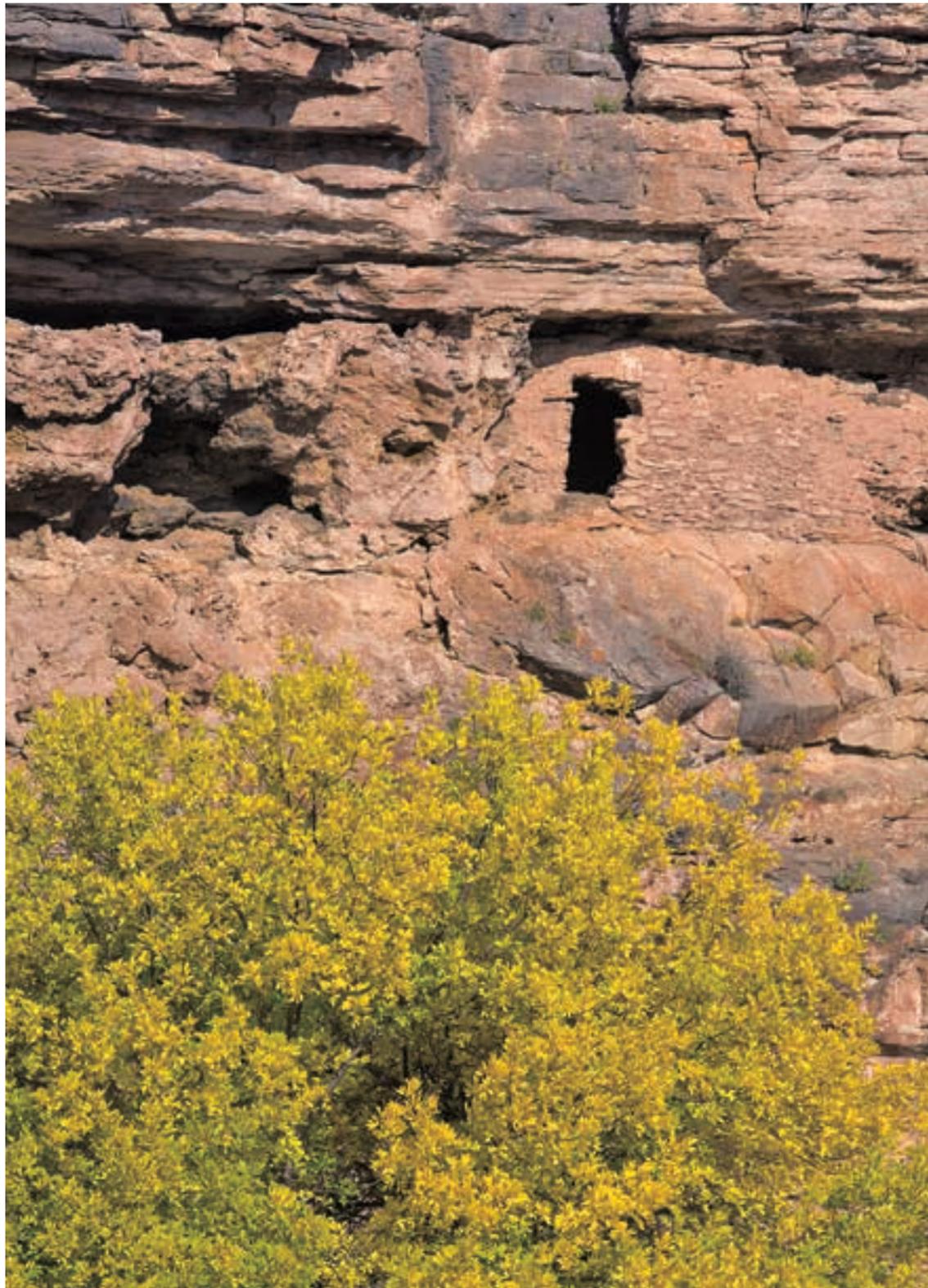
- Plan ahead and be prepared.
- Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
- Dispose of waste properly and pack out your trash.
- Leave what you find.
- Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
- Be considerate of others.

where  
is this?

## An Open Door

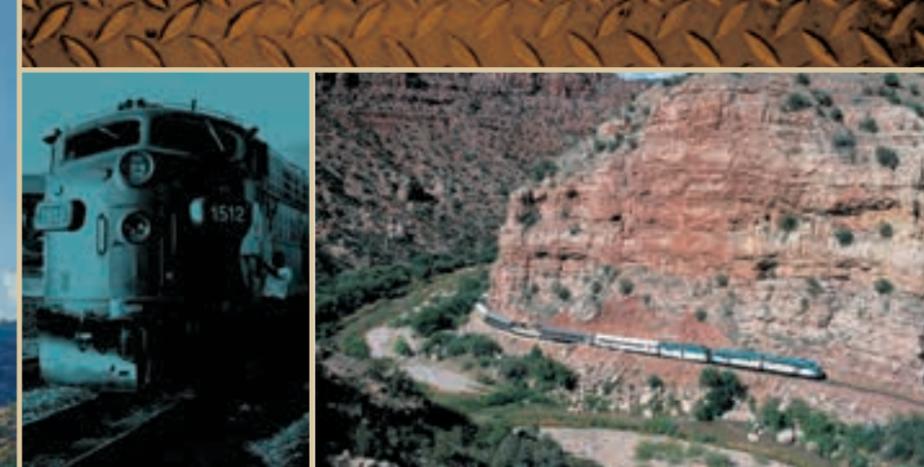
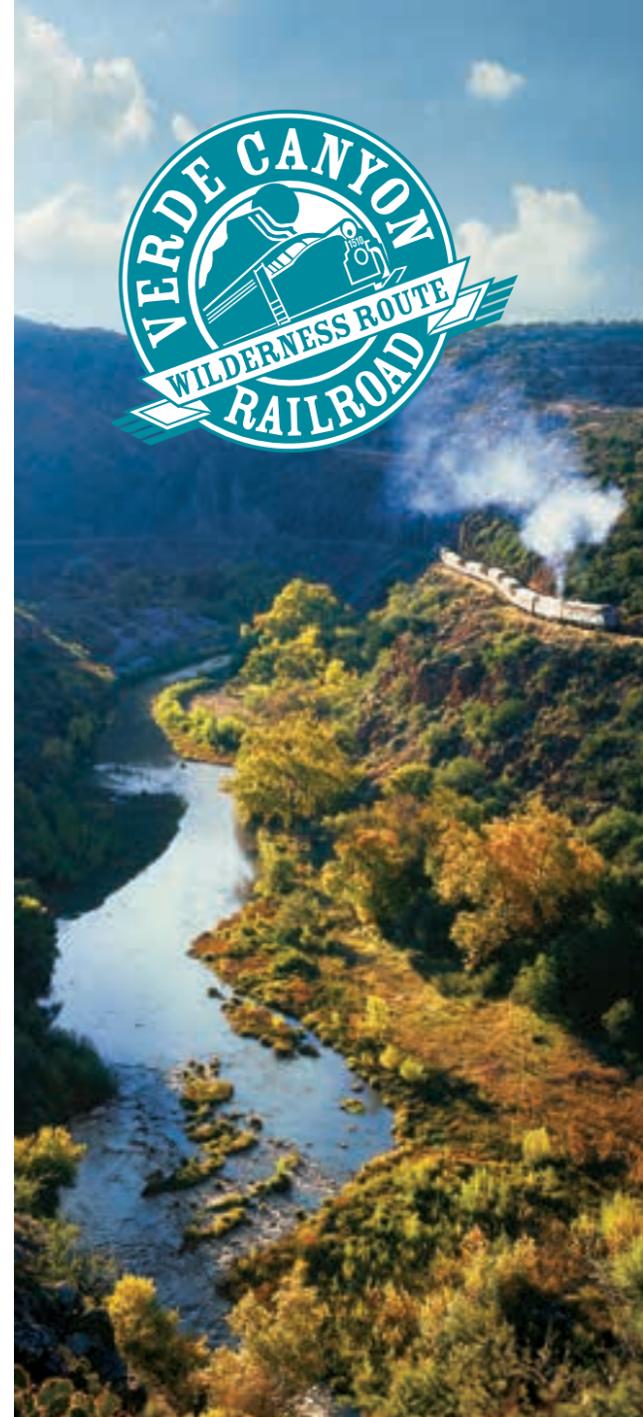
BY KERIDWEN CORNELIUS  
PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM BEAN

Looking at this toast-dry scene, the last thing you'd think of is scuba. Yet it was here that the National Park Service first used diving masks and oxygen tanks — ironic, given that the structure was built by people whose name means "without water." You're looking at a dwelling above a sinkhole where millions of gallons of water rush daily from ... well, nobody knows. One thing's for sure: Though this oasis sustained generations of natives, one person who never drank here was the vengeful emperor for whom it's named.



July 2009 Answer: The Dairy Queen in Willcox. Congratulations to our winner, Barbara Fields of Lawrenceville, Georgia.

**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](mailto: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 September 15, 2009. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our November issue and online at [www.arizonahighways.com](http://www.arizonahighways.com) beginning October 15.



TRAVELING BY TRAIN  
**WILL AROUSE ALL  
OF YOUR SENSES.**

INCLUDING YOUR  
SENSE OF ADVENTURE.

As the gentle, iron giant winds its way through one of Arizona's natural treasures, you hear the wheels echo off the red canyon walls. You catch a glimpse of a bald eagle soaring high above. Your sense of adventure comes alive. Book your journey today and see what awaits you around the bend.

**VERDE CANYON RAILROAD**  
RESERVATIONS: 877-800-7325  
[WWW.VERDECANYONRR.COM](http://WWW.VERDECANYONRR.COM)



