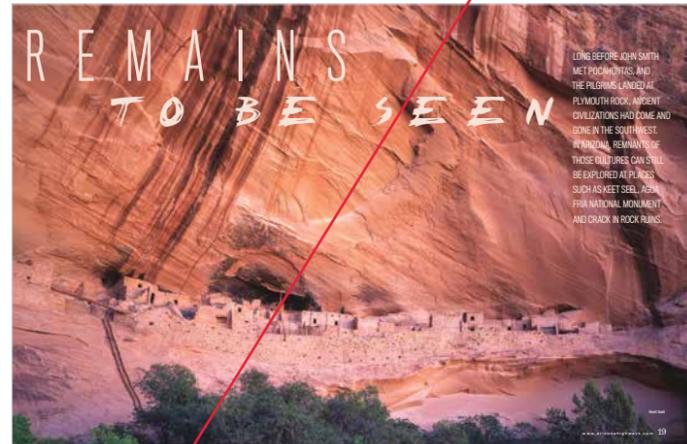


If ever a story could give me a lump in my throat, it was the article about Keet Seel [Remains to Be Seen, January 2016]. It could have been written about my trip 26 years ago. I was the only visitor that day. I arrived about noon, and when it came into view I said, "Oh, my Lord." The resident ranger spent the afternoon giving me a private tour that I'll never forget. I spent the night in the campground and got rained upon. I hiked out under sunny skies, and looking back I said, "I'll be damned, that is something." I'm 82 now, and probably won't go back, but memories are made of this.

Joe Sullivan, Santee, California



January 2016

I was a ranger at Navajo National Monument between 1977 and 1988. Your article about Keet Seel [Remains to Be Seen, January 2016] brought back so many wonderful memories of that special place. Each ranger at that time would do a 10-day shift at the ruin, and we were constantly trying to bribe each other into giving up shifts so that we could spend more time out there. On many days or evenings, there wouldn't be any visitors at all, and I'd have the canyon and the ruin all to myself. I'd spend hours just sitting in the ruin, imagining what was going on in the daily life of the people who lived here. Those times to wonder, guess and hypothesize what an object was made for, or how their farming practices kept them alive, helped me develop a deep understanding of what I thought went on there. The peace and serenity that enveloped me while stationed there is what keeps me surrounded in beauty to this day.

John Loleit, McDowell Sonoran Preserve, Scottsdale, Arizona

A polite suggestion: Prepositions are not adjectives. On page 9 of the January 2016 issue, Mr. Kida inquires, "How did you get the idea for the above photo?" The correct usage would be "for the photo above."

Bill Norman, Tucson

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thank you for writing, Bill. You're correct that "the photo above" would have been more grammatically correct; however, it's also

true that "the above photo" is a fairly common phrasing nowadays. That said, we appreciate the feedback.

Regarding Bob Bockrath's letter about camera data in the January 2016 issue, I have to disagree. I think adding the camera settings to your wonderful photographs is terrific; please keep them in place. Seeing the settings and results of highly accomplished experts is a great teaching experience for reasonably skilled amateurs attempting to improve photographic technique. And questioning what the photographer was attempting to achieve and then looking carefully at the result should make anyone a far better photographer.

John Mitchell, San Juan Capistrano, California

Although it differs greatly in lighting and mood, the photograph featured on the December page of your 2015 calendar is nearly identical in perspective to the opening photo of the David Muench profile [Seven Decades of David Muench, December 2015]. I wonder if the photographer, Tom Till, was aware that he was literally standing in the footsteps of another.

Edward Kumiega, Pepperell, Massachusetts

PHOTO EDITOR'S NOTE: Good question, Edward. Truth be told, this vista of Monument Valley was most likely made popular by Ansel Adams back in the 1940s. Compositionally, Adams was known for his strong use of foregrounds and used a similar angle in a photo we published in March 1946.

In the November 2015 issue, the only mention of bunkhouses at Phantom Ranch [Desert Oasis] was for staff. Years ago, when we stayed there, my husband and I slept in separate bunkhouses, one for male, one for female. We well remember soaking our hot feet in Bright Angel Creek after starting from the North Rim wearing goose-down jackets. And the steaks that night at the inn were huge and delicious.

Gail & Donna Andress, Nelson, Nevada

I was 65 when my wife's niece, Heidi, my nephew, Dana, and I walked down to Phantom Ranch and back the next day. I must be honest and say that the last mile coming out was tough. Partway up, I told Heidi not to wait for me, but to go on up to the top and rest. I also told her that if I didn't show up in two hours, she should call a mortician to pick up my remains and send them back to Atlanta. Over dinner that night we talked about doing it again, and I said that the only way I'd go into the Canyon again would be on a rafting trip. Well, five years later, Heidi and I did the rafting trip. It was 172 miles of some of the most wonderful scenery I'll ever see, and one of the best weeks of our lives.

Dale A. Schoemeyer, Sun City, Arizona

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

THE JOURNAL

Rise & Shine

The blooming stalk of a Utah agave (*Agave utahensis*) reaches skyward on the rim of Marble Canyon. The species, whose stalks can grow taller than 12 feet, is found only in a small area of the Southwest, including Northern Arizona. *Marble Canyon* is part of *Grand Canyon National Park*. To learn more, call the park at 928-638-7888 or visit www.nps.gov/grca.

NIKON D800, 20 SEC, F/18, ISO 200, 23 MM LENS



PHOTOGRAPH BY SHANE McDERMOTT



The rolling hills of Coronado National Memorial offer a view of Mexico's Cerro San José, an 8,333-foot peak to the southeast.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In August, the National Park Service will celebrate its 100th anniversary. Leading up to that milestone, we're spotlighting some of Arizona's wonderful national parks.



Members of the Arizona Coronado Commission and other officials view the memorial site in the 1940s or '50s.

Coronado National Memorial

KAYLA FROST

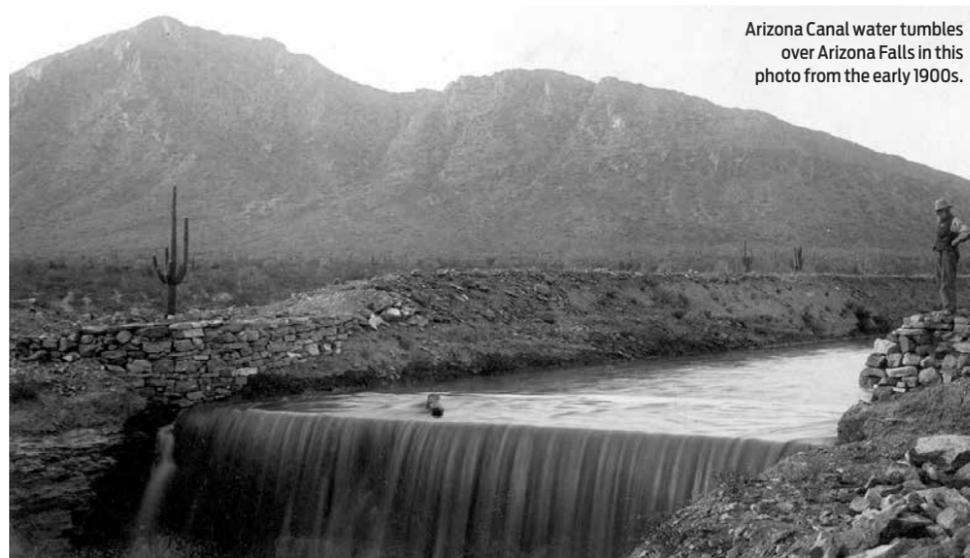
NEARLY 500 YEARS AGO, extravagant tales of cities with boundless riches in what now is the American West inspired Spanish conquistadores to head north from Mexico in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola. In 1540, Francisco Vázquez de Coronado embarked on the most famous of such expeditions, leading more than 1,000 Spaniards and allies into the unknown. Lured by wealth but spurred on by bravery, Coronado and his men never found the treasures they were looking for.

Coronado National Memorial honors and interprets Coronado's expedition and its effects on culture in the lands it passed through. The memo-

rial is south of Sierra Vista, just a stone's throw from the U.S.-Mexico border, and is located at an ecological intersection of the Sierra Madre and Rocky Mountain ranges and the Chihuahuan and Sonoran deserts. Besides learning about the expedition's history, visitors can enjoy scenic drives, take day hikes and explore a large, undeveloped cavern called Coronado Cave.

YEAR DESIGNATED:	1941 (international memorial), 1952 (national memorial)
AREA:	4,750 acres
WILDERNESS ACREAGE:	None
ANNUAL VISITATION:	118,838 (2014)
AVERAGE ELEVATION:	5,459 feet

NEAR SIERRA VISTA www.nps.gov/coro



Arizona Canal water tumbles over Arizona Falls in this photo from the early 1900s.

Arizona Falls

In 1902, the first hydroelectric power plant in metropolitan Phoenix was built over Arizona Falls. A century later, the falls were transformed into a work of art that powers up to 150 homes.

KATHY MONTGOMERY

At Arizona Falls, tumbling water drowns out traffic from Indian School Road. With your eyes closed, it's easy to imagine what it must have been like here at the turn of the 20th century, before the city of Phoenix closed in around the falls and the Valley's first hydroelectric plant covered them up.

We have W.J. Murphy to thank for all of it. Or perhaps his wife, Laura, or her brother, Will D. Fulwiler. For a contract that included an unforgiving deadline to build about 40 miles of the Arizona Canal across raw desert, Murphy was paid in bonds. Thus responsible for raising all the money, he spent much of the time away, scrambling to secure financing while his wife and Fulwiler, Murphy's superintendent, oversaw operations.

About 450 men, plus as many mules, built the canal between 1883 and 1885. They labored for \$1.10 a day, on average. They sweltered in 110-degree heat in summer, endured dust storms that collapsed their camps and faced flooding rains that left their tents crawling with centipedes.

When crews arrived at Arizona Falls, they found a ridge of hard rock creating a natural

20-foot drop and decided to leave it. Murphy bought up sections of land around the canal, planting citrus groves near the falls after the project was completed. In 1902, the Valley's first hydroelectric power plant was built over the falls, though flooding destroyed it three years later.

Murphy opened the Ingleside Club near the falls in 1910. With a tennis court and a golf course, Ingleside became the Valley's first resort, and Arizona Falls became a popular destination for guests.

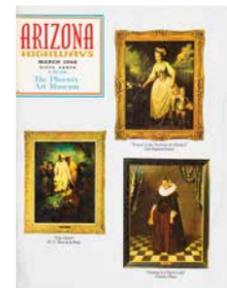
The year Ingleside opened, however, the Salt River Valley Water Users' Association signed a contract to build a new power plant at Arizona Falls. The plant delivered its first load in May 1913 and operated until 1950. Its concrete structure, which remained in place, obscured the falls.

In 1998, the Phoenix Arts Commission got the idea of reclaiming Arizona Falls, assembling a partnership that included Salt River Project, the city of Phoenix and the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation. In 2003, Arizona Falls reopened with *WaterWorks*, an art installation surrounding a new hydroelectric plant that can power up to 150 homes.

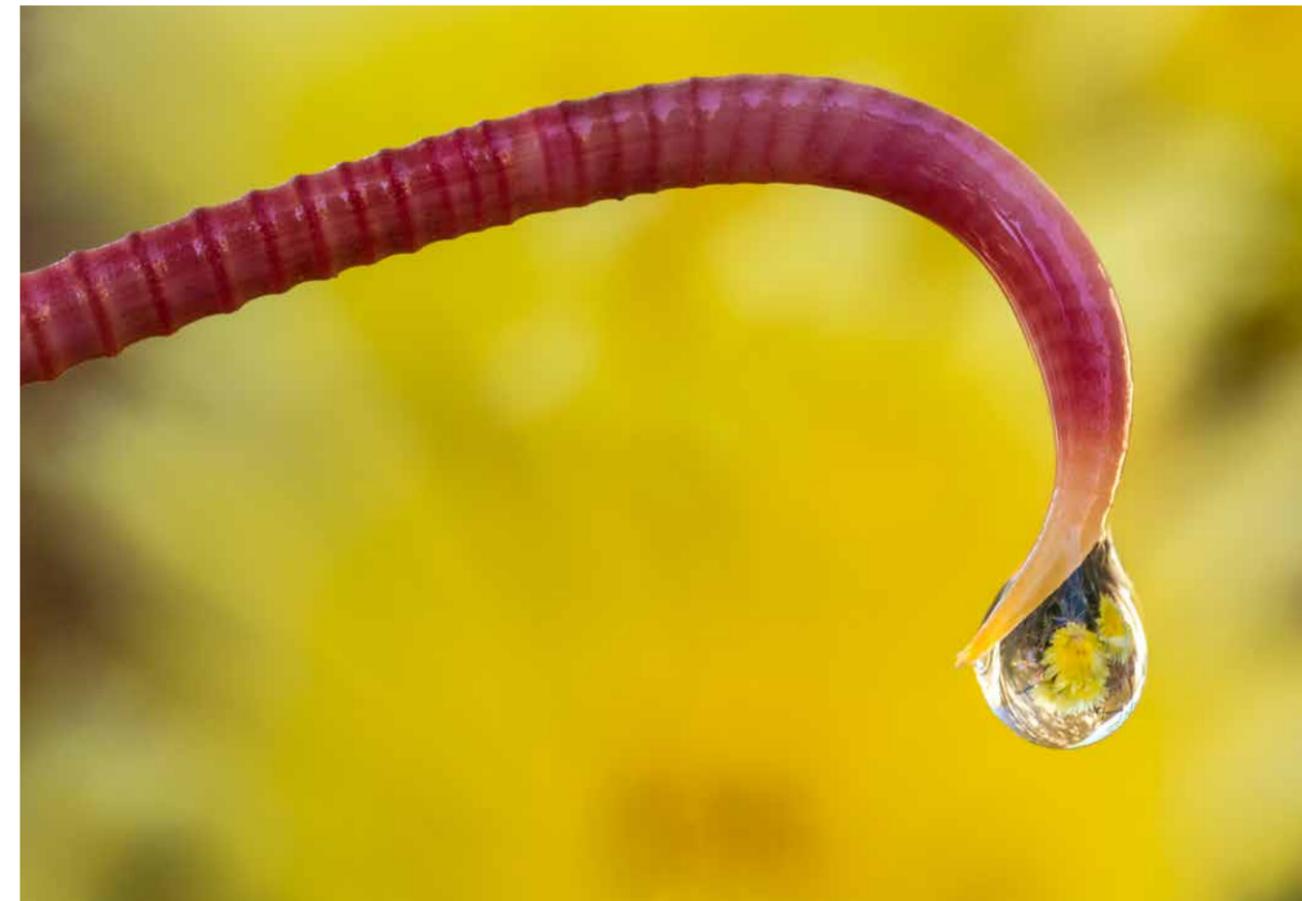
THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

- Governor Alexander Brodie enacts an eight-hour workday for underground miners on March 13, 1903. Before that, miners worked 10 hours for a daily wage of \$3.50.
- On March 14, 1930, the Planning and Zoning Commission in Phoenix lays out plans for the city to accommodate 226,000 residents. Arizona's capital has a population of more than 1.5 million today.
- Elvis Presley performs for a full house at the Arizona State University Activity Center in Tempe on March 23, 1977, just five months before the King's death at age 42.
- On March 25, 1881, one of Tombstone's silver mines reaches underground water, complicating mining operations.

50 YEARS AGO IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS



In March 1966, *Arizona Highways* let readers pay a virtual visit to the Phoenix Art Museum after two new wings had nearly tripled the museum's size. The issue also included a story on the tiny town of Tubac, Arizona's oldest Spanish settlement.



A water droplet hangs from the spine of a barrel cactus in photographer Paul Gill's backyard in Phoenix.

Q&A: Paul Gill

PHOTO EDITOR JEFF KIDA

JK: You do a lot of macro photography in your backyard. Tell us about that.

PG: My brother owns a construction company in the Phoenix area. Generally, when builders prepare to build a new home, they're required to save and relocate larger cactuses, but some of the smaller ones just get bulldozed. So I began going in and "rescuing" cactuses whenever my brother started a new project, then moving them to my half-acre backyard in the Ahwatukee Foothills neighborhood of Phoenix. This barrel cactus came from a house he built in Fountain Hills in 2008. When I get older

and can't get around as well, I want to have my backyard landscaped with cactuses so I can go out there and do macro photography.

JK: How did this photograph come together?

PG: This is a focus stack of three images. When I saw the water droplet form at the tip of the cactus spine, I knew I wouldn't be able to capture both the spine and the droplet in focus, even at my smallest aperture. My three exposures focused on the spine, the edge of the droplet and the refracted image in the droplet. I used a sturdy tripod and a cable release

to keep the camera steady and the frames sharp. I also used a diffuser and a reflector to get the right light. Fortunately, calm winds prevailed as I set up the scene. It helped to have a non-moving subject, too.

JK: You had to have a vision for this shot and realize that the droplet would act as a lens for the cactus blooms behind it.

PG: When this kind of thing happens, it turns everything upside down and backward, just like a 4x5 view camera. I used to do a lot of large-format photography, so maybe that's where the idea came from. I had a lot of fun doing it.

PHOTO WORKSHOP



Horses & Cowboys

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Get a taste of the Old West as Photo Editor Jeff Kida shows participants how to photograph horse roundups, barrel racing, cattle penning and other day-to-day activities at White Stallion Ranch. Information: 888-790-7042 or www.ahpw.org



Edward Curtis

KAYLA FROST

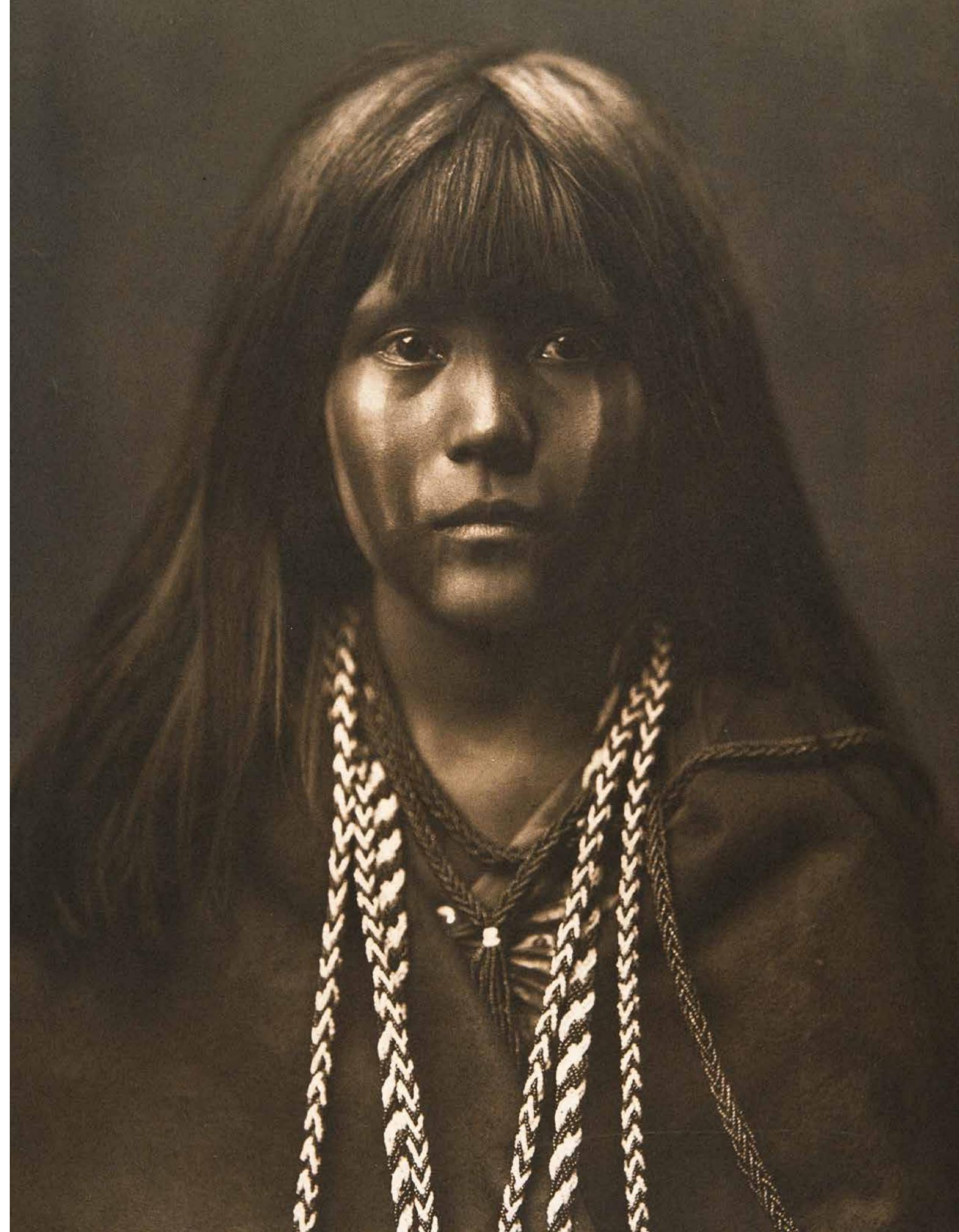
Edward Sheriff Curtis, born in 1868, was a photographer and ethnologist who spent 30 years documenting the culture of Native American tribes in photographs and words. To produce his 20-volume masterpiece, *The North American Indian*, Curtis visited dozens of tribes, meticulously recording their rituals, religion, lifestyle, language and dress. Often, Curtis was racing against time as traditional values and ways of life — or even entire tribes — were disappearing.

Many Native Americans were understandably suspicious of Curtis, but eventually, they welcomed

him. As biographer Hans Christian Adam wrote: “They had come to realize that their traditions were entirely oral, and that Curtis was the only person interested in writing them down.” He documented several of Arizona’s tribes, including the Navajo, Apache, Havasupai and Hopi. Although Curtis sacrificed his health, finances and family life, his extensive work went largely unnoticed while he was alive.

Even *Arizona Highways* was remiss — Curtis’ photographs didn’t start appearing in this magazine until long after he died of a heart attack in 1952, at age 84.

ABOVE: Edward Curtis was 39 or 40 years old and had just published the second of 20 volumes of *The North American Indian* when he made this self-portrait in 1908.
RIGHT: Curtis photographed a young Mohave girl named Mosa near Bullhead City in 1903. Ninety-six years later, the photo appeared on the cover of *Arizona Highways*.





Jack & Rosie's Steakhouse

Although “delicacies” such as frog legs and chicken livers are on the menu, it’s the rib-eyes and New York strips that have made this supper club a local favorite since the 1930s.

NICK KRAMER

YOU DON'T SEE MANY TRADITIONAL Midwestern supper clubs in Arizona. Heck, you don't see many traditional Midwestern supper clubs in the Midwest anymore, either. Jack & Rosie's Steakhouse in Yuma is the closest thing there is in Arizona. A step inside reveals the bar, which invites you to take a seat, order a

drink and engage in friendly conversation with the staff. Supper clubs are famous for their meat-and-potatoes approach to dining, and Jack & Rosie's has always been the place to go for a great steak.

The restaurant is located in a residential neighborhood in the heart of Yuma, but it once was a remote outpost on the

edge of town. Back then, it was called Rosie's Cabana, so named for its original proprietor, a New Orleans Creole named Rosie. Rosie always served steaks. That hasn't changed, but the business model has — in the 1930s, steaks generated only half the revenue of the little business, so Rosie also operated a brothel, sneaking girls in from just over the border in Mexico to make the business a little more profitable and a lot more risqué.

Eventually, Rosie met and married Jack Mielke, and Rosie's Cabana became Jack and Rosie's (and out went the side business). After Rosie died, Jack married another Rosie, current owner Julie Zapata's aunt. When Jack died and the second Rosie retired, Zapata took over the business, which has become a family affair. Zapata's daughter Claudia Leon has been working at the restaurant for half her life, which is no small feat considering she's only 24 years old.

Through the years, the menu hasn't changed — the restaurant is still serving the best rib-eye in Yuma. And the wood paneling and surrounding décor go back as far as anyone can remember. They're even using the original grill to cook the steaks.

The menu is simple: There are fewer than 15 dinner options, including the usual suspects such as rib-eye, filet mignon and New York strip. It also features inspired “delicacies” such as frog legs and chicken livers. But it's the mouthwatering steaks that make the trip worthwhile. There's something to be said about knowing what you do well and continuing that greatness.

That's why Jack & Rosie's is always busy, teeming with out-of-town farmers and snowbirds in the winter and a who's who of locals year-round.

“This restaurant is a way of life and a part of Yuma,” Leon says. “It's been a part of this city for 81 years, and we want to see it go to 100.”

YUMA Jack & Rosie's Steakhouse, 1551 W. Fifth Street, 928-783-9172



Ringtails

Ringtails (*Bassariscus astutus*) became Arizona's state mammal in 1986, and they can be found in much of the western United States and Mexico. These animals are expert climbers, scaling walls, rocky cliffs and even cactuses. Constructing their dens in rock crevices, tree hollows or abandoned structures, ringtails prefer rocky habitats and eat fruits, insects, lizards, small mammals and birds.

— Emily Lierle

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN MECKLER

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE D. TAUBERT



Lodge on the Desert

Originally designed as a private residence, the Lodge on the Desert opened as a hotel in 1936. Although subsequent expansions have made it bigger and more contemporary, the new look maintains the character of the old.

NOAH AUSTIN

IN THE DECADES AFTER Lodge on the Desert opened, it was one of Tucson's most popular overnight destinations. After that? Not so much. "The Lodge was a big deal," says Dan Donahoe, who bought the run-down hotel in 1997. "I was very disappointed that it had gotten off the radar."

The property was slated to be demolished and replaced with a strip mall. Instead, Donahoe — a real-estate investor whose other projects include L'Auberge de Sedona — set about rehabilitating and expanding the Lodge while staying true to its historical roots. The result: an "urban hacienda" that's returned to prominence in Tucson. "If you want the feeling of the Old Pueblo, you come to the Lodge," says Jim Kerri-

gan, the hotel's general manager.

Originally designed as a private residence for a Massachusetts couple, the Lodge opened as a hotel in 1936, and subsequent expansions brought the number of rooms to 34. By the 1990s, though, the rooms were in disrepair and poorly appointed — people who had previously visited the property would ask, when booking a stay, whether it would still be a good idea to pack their own bedding.

Donahoe updated those spacious rooms, designed for a time when people would come to town for a month or longer. Now, most rooms feature gas fireplaces, memory-foam mattresses and luxury linens, along with high-definition TVs, refrigerators and Wi-Fi.

In 2008, the Lodge broke ground on a massive expansion, adding 69 rooms, in eight one- and two-bedroom buildings, that match the aesthetics and character of the originals. Further additions include a contemporary pool and a cactus garden (pictured). And the expanded room count allows the hotel to support an on-site restaurant, which serves breakfast, lunch, dinner and happy hour daily.

In the lobby, photos from the Lodge's early days show a hotel on the city's outskirts. That's how it got its name — a name that seems inapt now that ever-expanding Tucson has grown around it. "We really ought to change it to 'Lodge in the Neighborhood,'" Donahoe jokes.

Whatever you call it, the revamped hotel has once again become a destination. And it might have seemed unthinkable 20 years ago, but the Lodge is planning events to mark its 80th anniversary this year.

As Donahoe puts it: "We've come a long way from the guests who hadn't been here for many years asking, 'Should I bring my own sheets and pillows?'"

TUCSON Lodge on the Desert, 306 N. Alvernon Way, 520-320-2000, www.lodgeonthedesert.com

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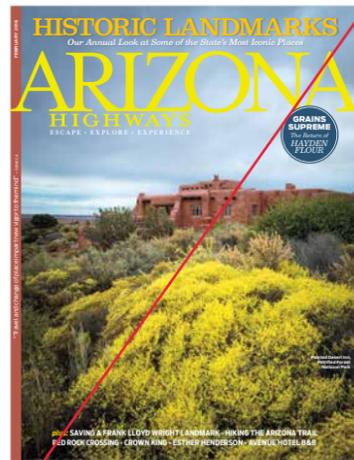


WrightHouseAZ

I LOVED THE ARTICLE

titled *Historic Places* in the February 2016 issue. I was especially drawn to the Painted Desert Inn. Each year there's a bike ride through the Painted Desert that's sponsored by Northern Pioneer College. It's a great ride. Along with the beautiful scenery, I look forward to coming upon the Painted Desert Inn each year. It's a wonderful rest area and provides another place to take in the rock formations and colors.

Sarah Fox, Show Low, Arizona



February 2016

As a longtime practicing veterinarian from Bisbee, and having spent many years working on the Slaughter Ranch when the Ramsowers ran horses and cattle there, I'm surprised that no mention of the four artesian wells in back of the house was in the article [*Historic Places*, February 2016]. Mr. Slaughter himself put in the casing to form these wells. I'm not sure how he did this, but when you look down the wells through the crystal clear water coming up, you will see many bends in the casing. The Ramsowers were perfect clients and custodians of the ranch. They always had a wonderful lunch or dinner waiting after a hard day's work. In my retirement, I always think this was one of the highlights of my career.

Charles A. Behney, D.V.M., Pinetop-Lakeside, Arizona

My grandfather Ralph C. Peppers, unfortunately long deceased, enjoyed the American Southwest so much that he gave me a year's worth of *Arizona Highways* back in the 1980s. I had to throw away my last *Arizona Highways*, a 1984 issue featuring Zane Grey, because there was mildew on the pages, but I reread the articles dealing with Zane Grey and the "wars" in frontier Arizona, and was thrilled. I'm thinking about ordering one or two of your books, such as *Arizona's Scenic Seasons: Remembering with Raymond*, and just wanted to let you know how much my grandparents both, and now I, appreciate your portraits of

"old-fashioned" and "wild" Arizona.

Catherine Peppers, Berlin, Germany

My first copy of *Arizona Highways* arrived today [February 2016] — it's a Christmas gift from my wife. I excitedly opened it up, and when I got to page 10, what a great surprise. I was born in Tucson in the mid-1940s. My parents were originally from Chicago, and back in 1952, they moved back to Chicago. My father had a small construction company in Tucson, and around 1949 or 1950, he built a photo shop for Esther Henderson and Chuck Abbott. They liked his work, so they asked him to build them a house. As soon as I saw the photo on page 10, without even reading it, I knew who they were. The photo captures just the way I remember them. I don't think I ever saw Chuck Abbott without his cowboy hat. I miss Arizona very much, but if my parents hadn't moved back to Chicago, I wouldn't have met and then married my wife. This year we will have been married 50 years.

Kenneth Connor, Plainfield, Illinois

My first taste of your magazine was in elementary school in the 1950s, at my uncle's house. After living in Yuma for two years in the '90s, I really enjoyed *Arizona* and your magazine. Upon returning to Missouri, my husband subscribed to *Arizona Highways* for me. Now, in response to a comment by Ms. Tucker in the February 2016 issue

[*Letters*], I really believe she should pay less attention to people's legs and more to their friendly faces.

June Woodcock, Joplin, Missouri

Wow! What a blast from the past [*Avenue Hotel B&B*, February 2016]. My father was born near Douglas to Hungarian immigrant parents who were homesteading without running water or electricity. He was born in 1912. In 1967, my father took four of his children to Douglas to view the old homestead. My father reconnected with his old friend Frank Bruno in the Avenue Hotel. As I recall, Frank was living in the hotel, and it wasn't open as a hotel. It was pretty run-down, but we really enjoyed our stay there. I remember there were glass bricks in the second-story floor so that the light from the first floor could shine through. He put all five of us up for the night and was very hospitable. Later, he sent me one of his paintings. The last time I was in Douglas, the homestead on Kings Highway was gone, and I couldn't pick out which building was Frank's hotel. If I'm ever back there, I'll be sure to drop in now that I have a name and an address. The lobby looks great.

Susan Furedy, Phoenix

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THE JOURNAL



Ready to Drop

Droplets form on the tips of blades of grass in Florence, southeast of Phoenix. Grasses and some other plants expel excess water through the tips of their leaves — a process known as guttation. To learn more about Florence, call the Florence Visitor Center at 520-868-5216 or visit www.visitflorenceaz.com.

© CANON EOS 5D MARK II, 1/250 SEC, F/5, ISO 400, 100 MM LENS, 25 IMAGES STACKED

PHOTOGRAPH BY EIRINI PAJAK

EDITOR'S NOTE: In August, the National Park Service will celebrate its 100th anniversary. Leading up to that milestone, we're spotlighting some of Arizona's wonderful national parks.



Josef Muench photographed a Navajo leading his horses to water in Keet Seel Canyon in the 1950s or '60s.

Navajo National Monument

KAYLA FROST

IN THE 13TH CENTURY, a community of Anasazis transitioned from a migratory hunter-gatherer lifestyle to a more stable farming existence. They built multi-story dwellings into canyon walls, nestled into sandstone alcoves, but abandoned them less than 100 years later. Navajo National Monument protects the well-preserved ruins of three of these villages: Betatakin and Keet Seel, which are accessible via hiking trails, and Inscription House, which is closed to visitors. All three ruins are managed by the National Park Service and are surrounded by the Navajo Nation in Northeastern Arizona.

There's no fee to visit the

monument, and though it's open year-round, summer is the best time to explore, as Betatakin and Keet Seel are open only from Memorial Day to Labor Day. To camp in Navajo National Monument, show up early to claim a spot in one of two free campgrounds, one of which is open in winter. Three short, self-guided hikes along the rim of Betatakin Canyon are accessible all year.

YEAR DESIGNATED: 1909
AREA: 360 acres
WILDERNESS ACREAGE: None
ANNUAL VISITATION: 65,778 (2014)
AVERAGE ELEVATION: 7,182 feet

NAVAJO NATION www.nps.gov/nava



Keet Seel, abandoned for seven centuries, is the largest of three Anasazi ruins protected by Navajo National Monument.



St. Mary's Hospital in Tucson is shown in 1880, the year it opened.

St. Mary's Hospital

In April 1880, seven Catholic sisters opened a 12-bed hospital in Tucson. The small care unit would go on to become the first hospital in Arizona to use nuclear medicine and perform open-heart surgery, and one of the first in the country to open a hospice unit.

KATHY MONTGOMERY

Ring church bells, exploding fireworks and 3,000 residents carrying torches and firing guns greeted the seven Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet on their arrival in Tucson in 1870.

"Balls of combustible matter were thrown in the streets through which we passed," Sister Monica Corrigan wrote. "At each explosion, Sister Euphrasia made the sign of the cross."

Such celebration would prove to be merited by the institutions these remarkable women went on to establish — including St. Mary's, the state's oldest hospital.

The sisters opened Tucson's first school within days of their arrival. By the end of the decade, they had established schools in Yuma, in Florence and at Mission San Xavier del Bac. But as railroad construction neared Tucson, Southern Pacific Railroad head Charles Crocker appealed to Arizona's bishop to build a hospital to care for injured workers.

Bishop Jean-Baptiste Salpointe agreed, postponing construction on an Indian trade school to build the hospital. He dedicated St. Mary's Hospital in April 1880, a month after the railroad arrived in Tucson. Though ill-prepared,

the sisters agreed to staff the new hospital. They bought it from the bishop two years later.

Twelve patient beds occupied the main floor of the original adobe building. The basement contained the kitchen, dining room, laundry and storage. In addition to caring for patients, four sisters did all the sterilizing, laundry, cleaning and cooking — without the aid of running water or electricity.

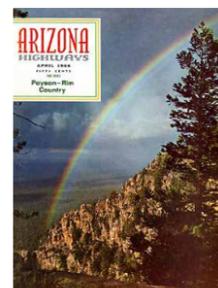
Out of necessity, St. Mary's opened a nursing school in 1914. Accredited in 1922, the school operated until 1966. The hospital grew quickly, with nuns and student nurses making up the majority of the nursing staff into the 1930s.

Corrigan died in 1929 and was the last of the original seven sisters to pass. But the hospital she served lived on, often lighting the way for others. Sister Evangelista of St. Mary's School of Nursing campaigned to establish a statewide certifying board and became Arizona's first registered nurse in 1921. St. Mary's Hospital was the first in Arizona to use nuclear medicine and perform open-heart surgery, and one of the first in the country to open a hospice unit. Today, after 136 years, it's still worthy of fireworks.

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

- Construction begins on the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum near Tucson on April 1, 1952.
- On April 4, 1988, Rose Mofford becomes Arizona's first woman governor after Governor Evan Mecham is removed from office via impeachment.
- On April 7, 1913, the State Board of Control confiscates Governor George W.P. Hunt's official car, saying the governor can pay his own transportation expenses or walk.
- Chiricahua National Monument in Southeastern Arizona is established on April 18, 1924.
- On April 24, 1894, two blocks in Jerome's commercial district go up in flames. The fire is the first of four disastrous blazes that hit the mining town in the 1890s.

50 YEARS AGO IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS



The April 1966 issue of *Arizona Highways* painted for readers an image of Mogollon Rim Country, featuring Payson as a town abounding in hiking trails, scenic views for photographers (and nature enthusiasts) and outdoor activities, such as boating and horseback riding.



Flashes of lightning and a rainbow fill a stormy sky over the Sonoran Desert northwest of Tucson in this composite of 13 images.

Q&A: Jack Dykinga

PHOTO EDITOR JEFF KIDA

JK: What was your goal for this photograph?

JD: I set out to portray the passage of time, and I also wanted to portray how massive and spectacular some of these summer storms are. There always are more misses than hits in storm photography, because things don't happen where or when you want them to. It's also easy to get in trouble out there when there's a lot of lightning.

JK: What role does scouting play in this kind of shot?

JD: Scouting is always a key to my

work, and it paid off here. Before this shot, I spent two weeks looking for the right location. I also used a storm-tracking app on my smartphone to see where things were going and when I could expect the scene to come together.

JK: Photography has always been a balance of art and technology. What kind of technology went into this photo?

JD: This shot is difficult to do in a single exposure, so I made about 40 images over about 10 minutes, then chose 13 to assemble digitally for the final image. I used

a Lightning Bug, which triggers the camera when it detects the unseen infrared light that precedes a lightning flash.

JK: How have technological advances affected your photography?

JD: I still do my best to get things right "in the camera," but technology has helped me bring my vision to life. It's part of what I call the continuum of learning — the things I've learned over so many years. I've been doing landscape photography for 40 years, but I'm feeling like a kid again.

PHOTO WORKSHOP



Best of the West

May 10-16, various locations
Capture some of Arizona's most amazing landscapes at this workshop, led by Colleen Miniuk-Sperry. Locations include the Grand Canyon, Monument Valley, Horseshoe Bend, Sedona and more. Information: 888-790-7042 or www.ahpw.org

To learn more about photography, visit www.arizonahighways.com/photography.



Barry Goldwater

KAYLA FROST

Arizona native Barry Goldwater was best known as a U.S. senator and presidential candidate who was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom, but he was also an avid photographer. In an introduction to his 1967 book of photography, *People and Places*, Goldwater wrote: “To photograph and record Arizona and its people — particularly its early settlers — was a project to

LEFT: Native Americans were among Barry Goldwater’s favorite subjects. This photo, *Children of the Desert*, shows two Navajo sisters. The date of the image is unknown.
ABOVE: Goldwater poses with sons Michael (left) and Barry Jr. during a Northern Arizona camping trip in the 1940s or ‘50s.

which I could willingly devote my life, leaving an indexed library of negatives and prints to those who will follow.” True to his word, Goldwater left behind more than 15,000 photographs now housed at three Arizona institutions.

Arizona Highways printed about 300 of Goldwater’s photographs, including his first published picture. In 1946, the magazine was printed in full color, becoming the first nationally circulated consumer magazine to do so, and Goldwater’s photograph of Navajo girls looking after sheep in snow made the cover. Goldwater had four children, all of whom spent considerable time in his darkroom. He lived to be 89.

Abbie's Kitchen

Abbie Ashford describes the cuisine at her eponymous restaurant as “high-end comfort food,” with high-quality, locally sourced ingredients prepared simply. Pair that with her impeccable service and you’ll understand why Abbie’s Kitchen is attracting a crowd in Old Town Cottonwood.

KATHY MONTGOMERY

IT’S EASY TO MISS ABBIE’S KITCHEN. The building looks like someone’s home, which it was before Abbie Ashford turned it into a restaurant in 2011.

Built in Jerome in the 1920s, the cottage moved to its current location in Old Town Cottonwood in the 1940s. Two intimate dining rooms and a commercial kitchen make up the interior. Painted in muted shades and decorated with original artwork, the dining rooms feel homey, each table set with a mix of china patterns and a single rose in a milk-white vase.

Ashford describes her cuisine as “high-end comfort food,” with high-quality, locally sourced ingredients

prepared simply. The focus on local extends to the beverages, which include a selection of Arizona wines and beers. The pastas, sauces, crackers, dressings and desserts are all made in-house, and the menu changes frequently.

Ashford’s background as a private chef perhaps explains the restaurant’s homelike atmosphere. Wearing a monogrammed apron and glasses with thick black frames, Ashford circulates among her diners, chatting companionably like the hostess of a dinner party.

Abbie’s Kitchen doesn’t turn tables. Your table is yours for the night. And a maximum of about 30 diners allows for

an uncommonly personalized experience, beginning with questions about food sensitivities when making reservations.

On our arrival, our server explains that we should consider the menu a guideline. Substituting salmon for shrimp, for example, presents no problem. We can order half of one entrée and half of another, or split dishes at no additional charge. Of course, that level of quality and service comes at a price. On the night of our visit, entrées range from \$24 for a niçoise salad with seared yellowfin tuna to \$49 for a rack of lamb that is the night’s special.

Old Town Cottonwood emits a charming small-town vibe, yet Ashford’s menu reflects big-city sophistication. Our dinner begins with complimentary hummus, served with snap peas, celery and boutique carrots in a rainbow of colors. The night’s appetizer menu features foie gras with onion jam and a stone-fruit caprese salad with prosciutto. Entrées include Canadian duck breast with blue-cheese sauce, wheat-berry pilaf with roasted vegetables and a 16-ounce Arizona rib-eye. Our server says the scallops today were not up to the restaurant’s standards, so wild-caught salmon has been substituted in the chermoula shrimp and scallops over fettuccine.

After dinner, we aren’t sure we can manage dessert, but our server suggests a half-slice of cherry rhubarb pie, served warm with ice cream. We eat every bite and want more. It makes the perfect finish to a delightful evening. If you find yourself in Cottonwood at dinnertime, you won’t want to miss it.



COTTONWOOD Abbie's Kitchen, 778 N. Main Street, 928-634-3300, www.abbieskitchen.com



Crested Caracaras

Crested caracaras (*Caracara cheriway*), members of the falcon family, soar throughout much of the Americas and occupy their northernmost habitats in Arizona, Texas and Florida. With a wingspan of about 47 inches, these birds fly low to capture small animals such as rabbits, skunks, frogs, ground squirrels, lizards, snakes and large insects. The birds mingle with vultures, particularly when feasting on carrion, and they’re often mistakenly included in the vulture family.

— Emily Lierle



Alma de Sedona Inn

People visit Sedona for several reasons, including the scenery, the shopping and the spiritual nature of things. It's because of the latter that Alma de Sedona Inn added a labyrinth to its spacious grounds.

NOAH AUSTIN

THE WORD "LABYRINTH" CAN MEAN MANY things, but in this instance, we're not talking about the 1986 film starring David Bowie. A labyrinth looks like a maze, but it's not a maze — you go out the same way you go in. It's an ancient meditation tool; as Lori Reinhold says, it "gets you out of your 'left brain/right brain' thinking."

Reinhold is the general manager and innkeeper at Alma de Sedona Inn, a fixture on the west side of Sedona since 1998. A while back, knowing that many people come to Red Rock Country for more than shopping and gorgeous scenery, Reinhold convinced owner Dr. Carolyn Crawford, who bought the B&B in 2004, to let her install a labyrinth at the

property. That's led, she says, to an uptick in visitors — some of whom found the inn through a website called Labyrinth Locator. It was a natural fit for the "Soul of Sedona."

"A lot of people come here for a spiritual experience," says Reinhold, who also added a medicine wheel to the grounds. "With only 12 rooms, there's a lot of space around the property to relax."

That's easy to do in the rooms, too. All but one of them feature a two-person bathtub with jets, and Reinhold provides bath salts she makes with Dead Sea and Himalayan salt. Some rooms offer a panoramic view of nearby red-rock buttes and the distant Mingus Mountain. Luxu-

rious bathrobes are provided, and a gas fireplace keeps things cozy.

The B&B's commitment to its guests continues at breakfast, which is catered to individual tastes and needs — gluten-free, dairy-free and vegan diets are no problem. Feel like a chorizo burrito or a gluten-free scone? It'll be made from scratch. And Reinhold and the other innkeepers pride themselves on knowing the area and providing dining and leisure recommendations.

"Some places recommend things because they get a commission," she says. "For me, it's not about the commission; it's about guests having the best experience."

For those seeking a spot for a special occasion, the inn works with guests to plan surprise birthday parties and engagements. "It's fun to be in on the secret," Reinhold says.

When it comes to Alma de Sedona Inn, though, the secret may be out. As for the secrets of the labyrinth? You'll have to discover those for yourself.

SEDONA Alma de Sedona Inn, 50 Hozoni Drive, 928-282-2737, www.almadesedona.com

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Photos courtesy of Suzanne Mathia (top), Dean Hueber, Suzanne Mathia, Ron Balbin, Roberta Lites

For more information on Best of the West or other exciting Arizona Highways Photo Workshops, visit us online at ahpw.org or call 602.712.2004.

Workshop Fee: \$2775 includes photography instruction, round-trip transportation from Phoenix and double occupancy lodging.

ON THE OPENING page of your story about saguaros [*This Is Different*, April 2016], you wrote, “In the interest of full disclosure, we aren’t sure how many saguaro photos we’ve published over the past 91 years.” The answer? Not enough.

Karl West, Walpole, Massachusetts



April 2016

Thank you for the article titled *Cutting It Down to Size* [April 2016]. As a young woman I observed the Black Forest in Germany and thought it was gorgeous. When I moved from Quebec to British Columbia, I witnessed clear-cutting. Where was the replanting, the fauna? Then, in Colorado, I saw unkempt forests, slumping into decay. My happy moment was when I visited the Kaibab National Forest and saw actual management — pretty, lovely, happy woodlands. My heart soars when I see that the forests in Northern Arizona are being cleaned, culled and properly burned, all the while providing sustainable employment and recycling.

Barb Foley, Cottonwood, Arizona

I was so happy to see an article about horses in your latest issue [*Wild*, April 2016], but when I saw it was about the Salt River horses, my happiness grew tenfold. My friends and I ride our horses in that area all the time, and we love to see the wild horses — yes, we call them “wild,” too. The article reminded me of the sadness I felt when finding out about the removal of all the horses, and I’ve seen the litter that writer Kelly Vaughn pointed out. There is another culprit causing more damage than the horses and the humans combined — mistletoe. It’s killing the trees — where will the birds go without the trees? Let the Forest Service and the BLM help the birds by saving our dying trees, and leave the horses there.

Linda McQueary, Gilbert, Arizona

I was saddened to see that *Arizona Highways* values feral horses over the Sonoran Desert ecosystem and the wildlife that depends upon it. Numerous research studies have shown that horses compact the soil, ultimately leading to a reduced diversity of flora and an increase in fire-promoting invasive plant species. Competition for food resources is also a concern. The plants that horses eat are no longer available for deer, rabbits and other native wildlife species. Although I owned horses for many years, I kept them confined to a small acreage and preserved the native plants and animals on the rest of my ranch. This is a choice between having feral domestic animals roam free or having native wildlife and ecosystems. I urge you to research the literature before making your decision.

Lisa Fitzner, Maricopa Audobon Society, Phoenix

After reading *Arizona Highways* for more than 60 years, I finally decided it was time to write a letter. I was born in Phoenix in 1944 and raised as a pipeline kid. I started school in Flagstaff, then attended Scottsdale, Glendale and Kingman, along with a dozen or so places in New Mexico and Texas. Although I have been to 59 countries, I always claim Arizona and New Mexico are the greatest places in the world. There are no prettier skies or more rugged mountains. And your magazine has continued to relate to us, despite all of the modernization and changes that us old folks love to hate. My best story is

my earliest memory of *Arizona Highways*. We were living in Kermit, Texas, and I was in second grade — so I was about 8 years old. One day a neighbor knocked on my parents’ door and asked if they had a little boy. When it turned out to be me, I had to face the neighbor and my parents. She demanded that I stop going door to door selling copies of *Arizona Highways*. When my parents asked for a reason, she answered that I was getting the magazines from the trash (including hers) and selling them for 25 cents each, frequently to her husband. Apparently, he enjoyed the pictures so much he didn’t mind paying a quarter just to get to see them again after his wife would throw them out. I had a pretty good thing going, because there were several Arizona transplants who took the magazine, and lots of people who didn’t mind my small fee for redelivering them. But I had to cease and desist, at least until we moved on to the next pipeline town. Later in life I became a semi-professional photographer and a published author, and in both of those endeavors, I included Arizona in one way or another. So, *Arizona Highways* has always been important to me. I haven’t been able to live there for over 65 years, but it’s always “home.”

Jack L. Cunningham Jr., Southlake, Texas

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

THE JOURNAL



In a Fog

Pillow-like clouds gather in the Grand Canyon, as viewed from the South Rim’s Yavapai Point. The phenomenon, known as an inversion, occurs when cold air in the Canyon is covered by a layer of warm air, causing moisture in the cold air to condense and form fog. To learn more about Grand Canyon National Park, call 928-638-7888 or visit www.nps.gov/grca.

☑️ CANON EOS 5D MARK III, 1/80 SEC, F/16, ISO 100, 28 MM LENS

PHOTOGRAPH BY SUZANNE MATHIA



The weathered buttes of Glen Canyon surround the calm water of Lake Powell's Padre Bay.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In August, the National Park Service will celebrate its 100th anniversary. Leading up to that milestone, we're spotlighting some of Arizona's wonderful national parks.



In 1951, 12 years before Lake Powell was created, Tad Nichols photographed boaters camping in Glen Canyon.

Glen Canyon National Recreation Area

KAYLA FROST

GLEN CANYON NATIONAL Recreation Area encompasses 1.25 million acres from Lees Ferry in Northern Arizona to the western border of Canyonlands National Park in Utah. The landscape's most popular feature is the 186-mile-long Lake Powell, which was formed in 1963 when Glen Canyon Dam was completed on the Colorado River. Colorful geologic formations — including slot canyons, buttes, hoodoos and natural bridges — are plentiful in Glen Canyon, which is known for its spectacular scenery and recreational activities.

Visitors could spend weeks in Glen Canyon and not run out of things to do. Guided boat tours and ranger-led hikes and talks are available,

as are many activities visitors can do on their own, such as boating, fishing, kayaking, swimming, hiking, camping and scenic drives. One of the few maintained hiking trails in the recreation area leads to one of Arizona's most stunning viewpoints: Horseshoe Bend, a dramatic curve in the Colorado River.

YEAR DESIGNATED: 1972
AREA: 1.25 million acres
WILDERNESS ACREAGE: None; however, 588,855 acres have been proposed as the Glen Canyon Wilderness and are managed as a wilderness area.
ANNUAL VISITATION: 2,495,093 (2015)
AVERAGE ELEVATION: 3,704 feet

PAGE www.nps.gov/glca



Artists work outside the original Sedona Arts Center in the 1960s. The Art Barn remains the facility's centerpiece.

Sedona Arts Center

Although the 88-year-old Art Barn is the most historic structure at the Sedona Arts Center, the property itself has a long and interesting history, one that dates back to the early 1900s.

KATHY MONTGOMERY

George and Helen Jordan weren't the first owners of the Sedona Arts Center property. But longtime residents remember the spread as Jordan Farms, with today's Art Barn serving as the operation's fruit-packing center, and apple and peach orchards spreading out behind it.

Frank and Nancy Owenby homesteaded the property, building an irrigation ditch and a house made of hand-cut native stone in 1910. Water from nearby Oak Creek ran through the ditch and right into the house. The Jordans moved into the home in 1928, and George built

the two-story wooden barn, hauling timbers from a mill near Mormon Lake.

George and Helen retired in 1958, the same year Egypt-born sculptor Nassan Gobran formed Canyon Kiva, an organization to solicit support for a cultural center. In 1961, the Jordans moved into a new house and Canyon Kiva, reorganized as the Sedona Arts Center, took over the property. More than 250 people attended the "barnwarming," which featured an art exhibition, demonstrations and a concert featuring Arizona State University's orchestra.

Later that year, the center's board

members learned the property would be sold at the end of its lease, so they exercised an option to buy the place, raising \$10,000 for the down payment. The center paid off the \$35,000 mortgage in 1969 and has been debt-free ever since.

The stone house came down in 1970 to make way for an addition to the barn, which housed a community theater for a time. Then, in 1994, a \$1 million donation funded a new exhibition gallery with a gift shop, a classroom and studio space right on State Route 89A.

George Jordan, a photographer whose work appeared in *Arizona Highways*, and Helen, an artist, supported the center for the rest of their lives. George died in 1964, Helen in 1993. Gobran, the center's founder, died in 1992, but his sculpture *Peace* serenely watches over Poet's Corner gatherings, held in the sculpture garden on First Fridays.

SEDONA Sedona Arts Center, 15 Art Barn Road, 928-282-3809, www.sedonaartscenter.org

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

- Officials confiscate Sylvester Mowry's Patagonia silver mine on June 13, 1862, and Mowry is arrested on charges of sympathizing with the Confederacy.
- Arizona's sweltering summer heat prompts legislative committees

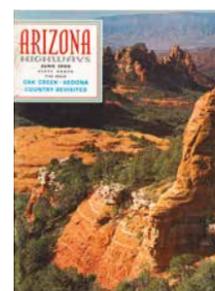
to exit the state Capitol on June 17, 1933, and seek cooler air inside nearby hotel parlors.

- Arizona's first ice plant begins production in Phoenix on June 18, 1879. The factory is equipped with a 5-horsepower engine capable of churning out 1,000 pounds of ice per day, and the owner delivers the ice using a home-

made wheelbarrow.

- On June 20, 2002, a forest fire started by a part-time firefighter seeking work merges with another blaze to create the Rodeo-Chediski Fire. The fire eventually burns more than 450,000 acres, making it Arizona's largest recorded wildfire until it's surpassed by the 2011 Wallow Fire.

50 YEARS AGO IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS



Sedona's Red Rock Country was the theme of our June 1966 issue, which featured profiles of several of the area's landmarks, including Oak Creek Canyon, the Chapel of the Holy Cross and the Verde Valley School. The issue provided a detailed picture of classic and lesser-known stops to make when exploring the Sedona area.



The overhanging wall of Three Turkey Canyon shelters Three Turkey Ruins on the Navajo Nation.

Q&A: Adriel Heisey

PHOTO EDITOR JEFF KIDA

JK: You're an accomplished pilot and aerial photographer. How did you get started?

AH: My chosen career was as a pilot — I figured I could make a better living than as a photographer. After flight school, I put in a lot of hours on the Eastern Seaboard before moving to the Southwest, where I began doing charter flights on the Navajo Nation. After three or four years there, I began to get serious about aerial photography in regard to the gear I used and the plane I was flying.

JK: In your new book, *Oblique Views: Aerial Photography and Southwest Archaeology*, you retrace the 1929 flights that Charles and Anne Lindbergh made over the Southwest. How did this idea get its start?

AH: I'd been working with a group

called Archaeology Southwest, and during a previous project, we'd become familiar with the Lindberghs' work. We realized that there was this relatively large body of work that had been mostly forgotten about. The wheels began to turn, and we started thinking about photographing these sites again in modern times.

JK: The photo above is of Three Turkey Ruins just south of Canyon de Chelly. Was this site a challenge to photograph from the air?

AH: It was quite challenging in some ways, but straightforward in others. This is a favorite location of mine — beautiful, isolated and almost pristine. Three Turkey Canyon is fairly narrow and has steep walls, so I had a very brief window to make a successful photo. But

the land around the canyon is flat, so I could slow the airplane down to minimum speed and maneuver in close — assuming there wasn't wind or turbulence.

JK: What kind of equipment did you use for these shots?

AH: I started with a Nikon D3 and later upgraded to a D800, then a D810. I used a 24-70 mm zoom lens and tried to replicate the way the Lindberghs' photos looked, though we weren't able to determine what camera model they had used. But because Charles Lindbergh was an avid photographer, he likely used his personal gear during those flights.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Oblique Views* is available from the University of New Mexico Press and online booksellers.

PHOTO WORKSHOP



Autumn in the San Francisco Peaks

October 7-9, Flagstaff

Photograph the colorful aspens and vibrant ponderosa forests surrounding the iconic peaks northwest of Flagstaff at this workshop, led by photographer and longtime Arizona resident Joel Wolfson. Information: 888-790-7042 or www.ahpw.org

To learn more about photography, visit www.arizonahighways.com/photography.



J.H. McGibbeny

KAYLA FROST

Joseph Howard McGibbeny rode a train to Arizona for the first time in 1912, and from that spring day, he never wanted to leave. "This enchanting land had woven a spell from which I had no slightest wish to escape," he recalled in a 1953 *Arizona Highways* article. So McGibbeny stayed for as long as he could. After serving in World War I, he enrolled in agricultural engineering courses at the University of Arizona.

In Flagstaff during summer school, McGib-

beny was introduced to the Navajo and Hopi people. Captivated, he learned as much about their cultures as possible, built friendships and attended ceremonies such as the Navajo Enemy Way ceremony and the Hopi Snake Dance. Photography was McGibbeny's way to record not only what he learned about these tribes, but also what he found beautiful about them. Many of his photographs were published in *Arizona Highways* in the 1940s and '50s. He died in 1970.

ABOVE: J.H. McGibbeny was fascinated with kachinas and other aspects of Hopi culture. "My early impressions of a gentle, peaceful people, intensely religious, keenly intelligent and graciously hospitable, have been confirmed a hundred times," he wrote in *Arizona Highways* in 1959.

RIGHT: McGibbeny's shot of a Hopi woman appeared in *Children of the Sun*, a story and portfolio in our July 1947 issue.





Pine Country Restaurant

Comfort food reigns supreme at this homey Williams restaurant, best known for its piled-high pies and classic breakfasts.

KATHY MONTGOMERY

IS THERE A BAD TIME FOR PIE? We think not.

At Williams' Pine Country Restaurant, open from 6:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. seven days a week, you can have your pie with breakfast, lunch and dinner. For that matter, you can have your pie for breakfast, lunch and dinner. And you'll be tempted to do just that.

The aptly named restaurant is just the kind of place you'd expect to find in a mountain town along Historic Route 66. It's pine-paneled and comfortable, with green-checked tablecloths, a coffee bar and a large gift shop. But it could just as easily be called Pie Country.

The pie case stands front and center, stocked with confections selected from a menu of 35 mouthwatering varieties and made fresh daily. Of course, you'll find the usual suspects. But why settle for a slice of apple when you can feast your taste buds on blueberry apple peach,

pineapple coconut or raspberry cream?

Often described as "mile high," these pies are paeans to excess. A slice of banana chocolate peanut butter could feed a family of four, with leftovers. But whatever you choose, order it with a large cup of Pine Country's excellent coffee.

If you like your coffee fancy, the Western-themed coffee bar serves whimsically named beverages such as the Doc Holiday Steamer (steamed milk and sweet syrup), the John Wayne Teardrop (layered syrup, half-and-half and espresso) and the Clint Eastwood Espresso (coffee with muscle).

Breakfast is popular at Pine Country, with classics such as country-fried steak and eggs, served with country gravy; applewood-smoked ham and eggs; and house-made biscuits and gravy. On the sweeter side are cinnamon rolls, French toast and "sweetcakes" — pancakes

topped with sweetened strawberries and whipped cream.

The lunch menu is heavy on comfort foods: pot roast sandwich, patty melt, open-faced roast beef sandwich with mashed potatoes and gravy. But you'll also find a few interesting twists on diner classics, such as the Texas Red Burger, served open-faced on cornbread and topped with house-made chili and cheddar cheese; and the Rowdy Reuben Burger, a ground-beef patty topped with corned beef, coleslaw, Swiss cheese and Thousand Island dressing and served on grilled rye.

Dinner classics include prime rib, fried chicken and pork chops, as well as T-bone steak and spaghetti with meatballs. The shepherd's pie takes a vegetarian twist, with a veggie burger instead of ground beef, house-made mashed potatoes and cheddar cheese. There's also a selection of salads, diet-friendly meals and even sugar-free pies, if you're feeling virtuous. But what's the fun in that? This is a place to indulge.

If you haven't been to Pine Country, it's pie time you do.

Prairie Falcons

Prairie falcons (*Falco mexicanus*) resemble juvenile peregrine falcons, but if peregrines — known for their 200 mph dives — are a Lamborghini, prairie falcons are a reliable Honda Civic. Like peregrines, they once were imperiled by the use of DDT in the mid-20th century, but because these falcons eat more small mammals and fewer birds than peregrines do, they ingested less of the pesticide and thus weren't as severely impacted. Today, prairie falcons are widespread and can be spotted in open country in the western United States and parts of Mexico. This one was photographed at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum in Tucson.

— Noah Austin





Blue River Wilderness Retreat

Located in the rugged backcountry of the Arizona-New Mexico border, Blue River Wilderness Retreat features an old cabin, three vintage aluminum trailers and one of the area's best bets for getting off the grid.

KATHY MONTGOMERY

LATE-AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT suffuses the cottonwoods and knee-high grasses along Frieborn Creek at the entrance to Blue River Wilderness Retreat. Wearing a straw hat, Janie Hoffman pauses from her work in a large vegetable garden to greet arriving guests. Near the barn, her husband, Don, strips bark from a beam with a drawknife.

If it seems a picture of a simpler time, that's not an accident. The Hoffmans bought this land near the Blue River nearly 40 years ago with the idea of homesteading their dozen acres on the Arizona-New Mexico border.

Occupying a small, unfinished cabin, they raised two children and an assort-

ment of animals. They sent their kids to the old two-room school in Alpine, 13 miles north. When they built a larger home, they opened their cabin to guests. Eventually, they added three vintage aluminum trailers at the edge of an expansive lawn planted with bluegrass and fruit trees.

Over the years, the property has seen many uses, and people have come back to share old pictures and stories with the Hoffmans. The grandson of a woman who lived on the property with her husband in the 1940s brought copies of his grandmother's diaries. Her husband built their cabin on the site of a former sawmill. In the 1960s, the Arrowhead Lodge occupied the property, its owners

digging out three stocked fishing ponds.

The earlier structures all burned in fires, and the Hoffmans bought the property from the family of a man who was building a hunting cabin when he died. They completed the dwelling, filled in all but one spring-fed pond (which no longer is stocked) and once again made it a special place to visit.

Blue River Wilderness Retreat began as an artists getaway. Janie weaves tapestries from natural-fiber yarn, which she dyes using hollyhocks, bronze fennel and goldenrods from her garden, and saw the retreat as an opportunity to meet other artists.

But word spread, and during summer months, guests now include artists, families and individuals who enjoy walking, hiking, birding and fishing. Pricing is calculated by the week, and many guests who return year after year stay for a month.

"It's been a wonderful venture for us," Janie says. "It's provided a social life, and we've met so many remarkable people."

NEAR ALPINE Blue River Wilderness Retreat, 928-339-4426, www.blueriverwildernessretreat.com

