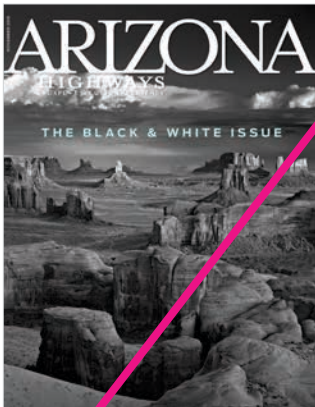


I RECENTLY PICKED UP A COPY OF YOUR

November 2016 issue, *The Black & White Issue*, at a library and loved what I saw. I grabbed the subscription card from inside, but left the magazine itself at the library for others to enjoy. I just purchased my subscription.

Paul Hurschmann, Montrose, Colorado



November 2016

What a disappointment. An all-gray issue [November 2016] with the only color being the ads. How depressing. I subscribed to the magazine because I love all the colors of Arizona, and you give me this? I'm trapped in the gray and gloomy fall and winter of the Midwest. If I want to see gray, all I have to do is look out the window.

Barbara Young, Independence, Missouri

The three-generation household I grew up in was headed by my grandfather, pioneer Arizona journalist George

H. Smalley. His den always was full of friends, often visitors whose names I now recognize as being a part of the fabric of young Arizona — Ralph Cameron, Fred Bragonier, Walt Coburn, the Ormes and the Lewises — respinning and reliving their tales of that rich, colorful time. Your Ross Santee piece [*The West I Remember*, October 2016] reminded me of so many of those lovely people and of how greatly Georgie — everybody called my grandfather that — admired Santee and his work. Thanks for keeping him alive.

Dianne M. Bret Harte, Tucson

In the October 2016 issue, in the *Editor's Letter* about Ross Santee, you mention the 12 apostles of the magazine, which would include Ted DeGrazia. Seeing DeGrazia's name triggered some memories. Back in 1955, I left the Bar T Bar Ranch up on the Mogollon Rim to spend time with friends who had settled in Tucson, in the Catalina Foothills. They were ex-ranch managers who had left the Santa Rita Ranch near Sonoita to work for the Arizona Game & Fish Department. Their home was a very old rock house way up in the foothills on a long, rough, washed-out road. About a third of the way up the road, there was a little mission chapel of sorts. It was Ted and Muriel DeGrazia's. In the year I spent working in the area and living in the old rock house, I drove past Ted's mission almost daily. They really were our only close neighbors on the road. It was obvious that Ted had talent, but I never

imagined back then that he would become so famous. Thanks for triggering some great memories.

Ed Suska, Onarga, Illinois

I enjoyed seeing the photographs of George Alexander Grant in the September 2016 issue. I first saw one of his photographs in a book my wife purchased at a national park in the 1990s. I have been photographing the Southwest for over 40 years, and had never heard of him, nor had I seen any of his work. I spent time finding out who he was and found a book by Mark Sawyer about him at the Center for Creative Photography in Tucson. The book was out of print at that time; however, I found one in a used book store. A photograph in the book taken in 1935 is the same image I took in 1989. It appears we were standing in the same spot. My research led me to the National Park Service Historic Photograph Collection. I now have a collection of about 20 of his photographs, none of which were in *Arizona Highways*.

David Dirlam, Prescott, Arizona

CORRECTION: In our December 2016 issue, we forgot to mention that the cover photograph was made by Mark Frank, and the back cover photograph was made by Bruce D. Taubert. Sorry, guys.

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 the Frame

A snowdrift frames Monument Valley's West Mitten Butte after a winter storm in 2015. The valley, which is on the Navajo Nation and straddles the Arizona-Utah border, often sees light snowfall in winter, but unusually heavy snow in 2015 led to road and school closures in the area. *For more information, call Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park at 435-727-5874 or visit www.navajonationparks.org.*

📷 CANON EOS-1DS MARK III, 1/60 SEC, F/22, ISO 400, 16-35 MM LENS

PHOTOGRAPH BY DEREK VON BRIESEN



Flagstaff Train Station

NOAH AUSTIN

Trains have been rumbling through Flagstaff for more than a century, and the westward expansion of railroads helped turn the city into a Northern Arizona hub of commerce and transportation. In 1926, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway built Flagstaff’s Tudor Revival-style station, and today, 80 to 100 BNSF Railway trains pass by every day — even in the snow. The station also serves as a twice-daily stop for Amtrak’s *Southwest Chief* passenger line, which runs between Chicago and Los Angeles. Much of the route parallels Historic Route 66, which also goes through Flagstaff. Those looking to get their nostalgia fix without buying a train ticket can simply stop at the Flag-

staff Visitor Center, which features Route 66 memorabilia and information about the area. It’s located right in the train station.

FLAGSTAFF
Flagstaff Visitor Center, 1 E. Historic Route 66, 928-213-2951, www.flagstaffarizona.org



A tornado touches down near Tucson in August 1964. Jay Taylor snapped this photo on the sixth floor of the Phoenix Title Building (known today as the Transamerica Building) in downtown Tucson.

The Tucson Tornado

In the world of natural disasters, fire is the biggest threat in Arizona. However, the state experiences tornadoes, too, including the deadly twister that hit the Tohono O’odham Nation on August 27, 1964.

NOAH AUSTIN

The last thing Manuel Norris remembered saying to his wife, Lucy, was: “Look out — something is coming.” It was August 27, 1964, around 11:15 a.m., and the Norrises were in their adobe home on the Tohono O’odham Nation near Tucson. Lucy, Manuel told the *Tucson Daily Citizen*, was closing the kitchen window.

Then, the walls came down — and Lucy and the couple’s infant son, Marcian, became the first people in Arizona’s recorded history to be killed by a tornado.

Our state is known for dust devils, not full-blown twisters. But they do happen in Arizona — about four times a year, on average. That’s a far cry from Kansas, Oklahoma and other Plains states, where tornado warnings are facts of life.

Arizona’s twisters also don’t typically last as long or grow as fierce as those in Tornado Alley. And with so much open space here, the few tornadoes that touch down usually don’t cause property damage or injuries. The Norris family just had very bad luck that August day.

An employee of an advertising company in

downtown Tucson snapped the photo seen here as the tornado dipped out of a storm cloud. It turned its fury on the Norris house, located about 200 yards from Mission San Xavier del Bac. Witnesses said the house exploded as if it had been rigged with dynamite. Nearby, the twister damaged a Franciscan convent and other structures before it dissipated.

Newspaper accounts said 11 members of the Norris family were in the house when the storm hit. Lucy and Marcian were pronounced dead at a hospital, while Manuel, his parents and six of the couple’s eight other children were injured.

“It was all over too quick to know” what was happening, a dazed and grief-stricken Manuel told the *Daily Citizen*. “I had just looked out the kitchen window and saw it coming. It looked something like a dust devil. I thought that’s what it was, and then I saw things flying.”

Since the 1964 tragedy, Arizona tornadoes have claimed only one other life — in 1974, when a twister killed a 78-year-old man at a mobile-home park just northwest of where the 1964 tornado struck.

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

- The new Tucson City Council holds its first session on January 3, 1917. The council quickly decides to raise water taxes by 30 percent after discovering it lacks the funds to pay its bills.
- An earthquake hits the Grand Canyon area on January 10, 1935. Rock-slides and cracked house walls are reported, but there are no injuries.
- On January 17, 1877, Governor Anson P.K. Safford signs a bill moving Arizona’s Territorial capital from Tucson to Prescott. Phoenix has been the capital since 1889.

50 YEARS AGO IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS



The January 1967 issue of *Arizona Highways* paid tribute to spring wildflowers in the Sonoran Desert and featured stories about Desert Botanical Garden in Phoenix and the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum in Tucson. The issue opened with this quote: “Cactus flowers are sunshine, blue sky, white cloud, the alchemy of rain and soil, the touch of the soft breeze in spring, the caress of moonlight.”



The snow-covered Four Peaks glow at sunrise, as seen from Saguaro Lake.

Q&A: Russ Glindmeier

PHOTO EDITOR JEFF KIDA

JK: How did you get started in photography?

RG: I became interested when I was in high school. I used a Miranda SLR film camera, but I became more interested around 2000, during the onset of digital photography. The ability to work on my own photos using a computer was a game-changer for me.

JK: You received an honorable mention in our 2016 photo contest for this photo (above) of the Four Peaks. How did digital tools help you make this shot?

RG: The final image is a high dynamic range, or HDR, photo

made from three images, each two f-stops apart. I’ve compared the single capture I made with the HDR image, but I prefer the look and feel of this merged image.

JK: What really caught my eye here was the location and perspective. I see a lot of photos of the Four Peaks, but not many shot from this perspective, with Saguaro Lake in the foreground.

RG: One of my favorite subjects is the relationship between water and the desert. This photo was made very early on a cold December morning. A couple of friends and I had scouted the area the pre-

vious afternoon in my boat, and we decided to return at sunrise. I slept on the boat that evening and was awakened by my friends banging on the cabin door before dawn. We motored for about 5 miles and were met by a pastel sunrise that created the mood for this image. The lake adds the water element, one we don’t always see in the Southwest.

JK: What do you like best about photography?

RG: For me, the best part is getting out and exploring. It’s all about being in a spectacular place — with or without my camera.

PHOTO WORKSHOP



Slot Canyons:
Nature’s Sculpted Sandstone

March 19-23, Page

The photogenic and captivating canyons of the Colorado Plateau are the focus of this workshop led by Arizona Highways contributor Suzanne Mathia. Locations include Horseshoe Bend and Lower Antelope Canyon. *Information:* 888-790-7042 or www.ahpw.org

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



"THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA"

Ansel Adams

GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK

Grand Canyon is many things to many people. To all people it is a memorable experience, an experience that touches the heart and soul as well as sight. You do not only see the Grand Canyon. You feel it. You grope for words to try to describe it but the words are not there because the feeling it inspires is too deep and intimate to be put into words. Grand Canyon is beyond the mind and the intellect; it is emotion and reverence. Here is a Shrine at which to worship, to reaffirm your faith in the creed that God's in His Heaven and all's right with the world. A person must be a very bitter and lonely person, indeed, who can stand on the rim of Grand Canyon and not admit the presence of God and a Divine Plan. Somehow words are inadequate garments with which to clothe such a feeling of reverence and awe.

The sharp tools of time and the weather, the sun and the river made Grand Canyon. The story began in some distant age when Earth ceased to be a gaseous mud ball, foot loose and fancy free, tossed madly about the universe. Out of chaos came the canyon, and it was born when time began. The walls of the canyon are a diary of the very Earth, each chapter a geologic age. When you jog down the Bright Angel Trail, on the back of one of the learned mules, each hoof beat as you descend ticks off centuries of time. Grand Canyon is a calendar of all creation.

Grand Canyon is a paint pot of color, vivid, vibrant shifting color, as evanescent as sunshine. The color changes with each minute of the day, with each season, with each passing cloud. All the delicate nuances of the weather are recorded within the canyon walls but the hues will not wait for the painter's brush, to the everlasting despair of all artists who have attempted to capture the canyon's color. The earthen spires and temples that inhabit this great canyon do tricks with the sunshine, breaking it up into fantastic patterns of shadow; so the canyon itself is light and shadow, shadow and light, shifting, restless, changing, a living tableau of light, shadow and color. The rich green vegetation of the rim country surrounding the canyon artistically blends with the color of the canyon and when the sky is bright blue with perhaps a cloud or two of snowy whiteness to lend variety then you have earth and sky at its loveliest.

Over a thousand square miles of this canyon and the bordering rim make up America's outstanding scenic attraction — Grand Canyon National Park. This is only part of the canyon. Of the 217 miles of Colorado River that has carved and is still carving this canyon, over a hundred miles of the river is in the park area, the property of all Americans of today and of uncounted generations of Americans to come.

Visitors number in the hundreds of thousands. During the summer season both the North and South Rims are packed to capacity as far as existing accommodations are concerned but the area is so vast even the thousands who come at one time fade into the spaciousness of the place. The voices and footsteps of the multitude who have come are lost in the deep shadows of the canyon. The coming of man has left the canyon unmarked. The silence of the canyon is unbroken because it is the result of the quiet, patient handiwork of time with the sharp tools of wind, sun, weather and river digging and carving, digging and carving, digging and carving since the world began.

The July 1946 issue of *Arizona Highways* paid tribute to Arizona's National Park Service units. That issue's centerpiece was Ansel Adams' photograph of Grand Canyon National Park. The accompanying text was written by Editor Raymond Carlson.

Table 10

Table 10 isn't a restaurant. Not in the traditional sense, anyway. It's more of a dining room table that happens to be in a hotel. It's wonderful, but it's hard to explain. You'll see.

KATHY MONTGOMERY

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DIG to find good food in Bisbee. Even so, Table 10 is a rare gem set in Bisbee's historic Copper Queen Hotel.

Hazel Hunter is behind the unusual dining concept, which centers on a single communal table. With a background in interior design, Hunter transformed the hotel's banquet room into a rich tapestry of reds and golds, creating the perfect setting for an elegant five-course dining experience.

A native of Nicaragua, Hunter describes her food as equatorial fusion. Her Central American background informs her palate, and she incorporates foods such as tamarind, kohlrabi and daikon, all used in surprising ways with delicious results.

A recent dinner began with chayote squash stuffed with cuajada cheese and bathed in a light tarragon-coconut sauce;

a bibb lettuce salad with mango, papaya and a warm tamarind dressing; carrot-ginger soup made from fresh-squeezed carrot juice; and ground lamb with coconut, paprika and ginger gravy, served with a yucca-root mash.

While Hunter accommodates dietary needs, everyone at Table 10 generally enjoys the same menu on any given evening. Hunter gives the first guests to make a reservation the choice of pork, Cornish game hen or lamb. She tells subsequent callers the selection for that day. Sides depend on what's fresh and seasonal.

Hunter suffers from food allergies and uses no nuts, onions, garlic or gluten, and very little salt. Everything is prepared simply, using two or three ingredients, and flavored with spices such as ginger, turmeric and cardamom.

Ironically, Table 10 grew out of the recession, as Hunter tried to keep food

on her own family's table. People might not need a new couch, she reasoned, but they would always need food — good, nourishing food.

Encouraged by friends who enjoyed leisurely evenings around her table, Hunter opened Table 10, ultimately landing at the Copper Queen. The iconic hotel seemed ideal, Hunter says, partly because of its landmark status, but also because it gives guests the option to retire to rooms upstairs, rather than drive home.

Evenings at Table 10 begin with cocktails. Guests choose from Hunter's collection of vintage glassware, then mix and mingle as though at a dinner party. Wearing a black dress, pearls and red high-top sneakers, Hunter serves as hostess and chef — entering the room with the energy of a summer monsoon storm, ringing a gold bell to introduce each course, and explaining the ingredients and preparation.

For Hunter, Table 10 is as much about nurturing relationships as it is about the food she serves.

"Friendships start right here," she says. "They meet at my table and they come back together. It's really a gathering."



BISBEE Table 10, 11 Howell Avenue (Wednesdays and Saturdays, by reservation only), 520-366-1921



Black-Tailed Rattlesnakes

They're considered more docile than some rattlesnake species, but black-tailed rattlesnakes (*Crotalus molossus*) are still plenty dangerous, capable of delivering a life-threatening dose of venom in a single bite. Rather than biting humans, though, they prefer to use their venom on birds, lizards and small mammals. In addition to its namesake dark tail, the species is identified by the dark blotches on its back. Black-tailed rattlesnakes are found in a wide variety of habitats in Western, Central and Southern Arizona. — *Noah Austin*



El Rancho Robles

Built in the 1920s, in the heyday of dude ranches, this historic property in Oracle has been restored to its original splendor and now features 27 guest rooms, seven of which are casitas with full kitchens.

ANNETTE McGIVNEY

THERE'S SOMETHING about El Rancho Robles that promotes laziness. Maybe it's the location — on the edge of sleepy Oracle, where the 4,500-foot elevation keeps temperatures comfortable year-round. Or maybe it's the guest ranch's Spanish Colonial architecture and hacienda-style design, which exude the relaxed aura of old Mexico. And then there are the 200-year-old oak trees, which invite a siesta beneath their shady canopies.

While life has become exponentially more maddening since the ranch was built, El Rancho Robles has survived as a timeless escape from the rat race — except that today's guests have access to free Wi-Fi.

Charles and Helen Gilliland built the ranch in the 1920s, during the heyday of

dude ranches. The design resembles an 18th century Mexican villa, with a large arched entrance and a central plaza. Thick-walled stucco guesthouses with Saltillo tile floors and red tile roofs surround the plaza. Although the ranch offered trail rides and chuck wagon breakfasts, the main draw was relaxation. Guests lounged on the manicured grounds, played horseshoes and cooled off in a spring-fed wading pool.

But after the popularity of dude ranches faded, El Rancho Robles was parceled into condos and managed as long-term rentals from 1962 to 2012. It then got a second life when New York businessman R. Blake Campbell bought the historic property and restored it to its original splendor.

"It looks like a movie set now," says

General Manager Zach Nichols, who has managed the ranch's business side over the past several years. On a recent afternoon, it seems the only person on the property who isn't relaxed is Nichols: He zips around in a golf cart, checking on gardeners tending the landscaping and a caterer preparing for a wedding reception in the main hacienda building.

The 18-acre property includes 27 guest rooms, seven of which are casitas with full kitchens. All of the rooms are appointed with Southwestern furnishings and open onto shaded stone patios. In addition to the natural springs on the property, the pastoral grounds include a fire pit, stone walking paths, a swimming pool and a hot tub.

There's also plenty to do nearby, with Biosphere 2 just 8 miles away and the Acadia Ranch Museum in Oracle. A scenic drive up rugged Forest Road 38 will take you to the top of Mount Lemmon, with access to countless hiking trails. But, on second thought, maybe an afternoon nap under the giant oaks is in order. It's the El Rancho Robles tradition, after all.

ORACLE El Rancho Robles, 1170 N. Rancho Robles Road, 520-896-7651, www.elranchorobles.com

Collect them all. Please.



Single mugs are \$9.99 each.
Monument Valley #AMMV6
Tombstone #AMTS6
Kaibab Forest #AMKF6

Collect the set of three for \$23.97. #AMSET6

Order online at www.shoparizonahighways.com
or call 800-543-5432.

THE GEORGE AVEY COLLECTION
BY ARIZONA HIGHWAYS ©1940

OH, HOW I HAVE ENJOYED

reading the stories about the San Francisco Peaks [August 2017]. After living in Flagstaff for 35 years, and now living in hot Phoenix, the issue brought back so many wonderful “cool” memories of being there with my late husband. Thank you, *Arizona Highways*.

Joyce Lee, Phoenix



August 2017

I am intrigued by Chris Gall's cover artwork. Every time a new issue comes, I study the cover to see all those parallel lines that he juxtaposes in different directions to bring out texture and perspective. How does he do it? I would love an article on how the cover artwork develops from beginning to end. So many times I have wanted to write to thank you for improving the quality of your paper through the years as the quality of photographs increase the precision of detail and color ... for example, Shane McDermott's photograph on page 30 of the August 2017 issue. What a masterpiece of a photograph, but what a beautiful job *Arizona Highways* does in publishing it. There have been some issues where the blues and oranges were electrifying. Also, I continue to love Kevin Kibsey's art on the maps. I had a real chuckle an issue or so ago when he illustrated the car keys, and in this issue, the conquistador on page 55. There's something for everyone in each issue.

Charlotte Singleton, Arroyo Grande, California

Chris Gall's illustrative artwork brings a fresh interpretation of Arizona's landscapes. He has a distinct, well-developed style. Sure, most of us buy *Arizona Highways* for the photographs, but the cover doesn't have to look the same year after year. I say “cartoon” on.

Curtis Orr, Phoenix

I have a love for my North Carolina Appalachian Mountains. Would that I were able to express that love the way Kelly Vaughn does in her piece on the San Francisco Peaks [From a Distance, August 2017]. Every sentence was beautifully written.

Howard Williams, Blowing Rock, North Carolina

Being an Arizonan since I was 6, I was raised reading your magazine. And now that I'm all grown up, I have the honor and privilege of narrating *Arizona Highways* for the Arizona Talking Book Library. This means I read every article from the table of contents to *Where Is This?* This includes the *Letters to the Editor*. I am so proud of Arizona and your magazine that sometimes I have to get myself together when reading the letters — they are so heartwarming. I'm writing this letter to appeal to all of your subscribers. I hope you take the time to read everything presented within these pages. Don't just scan the articles and look at the pictures. Live the stories in your mind as you read.

Susan Smith, Phoenix

The San Francisco Peaks issue [August 2017] has had a special impact on me. Like author Weldon Heald [*Arizona's Tip Top*], I have acute “mountainitis.” I didn't know it until my father's job (geologist) took us from the Bay Area in California to Flagstaff in 1964. Upon

arriving in Flagstaff, my full attention was drawn to the Peaks. I wondered how tall it was, what the view looked like from the top ... and other thoughts that might come from a flatlander. The mountain took me and never let go. I learned to ski at Arizona Snowbowl, an experience that led to a 45-year career teaching skiing full time. I worked at Snowbowl as a ski instructor in the winter and a lift operator in the summer, and explored the mountain every chance I had. The Peaks issue brought all of those memories flooding in. They have always been sacred to me for many reasons — too numerous to mention here. The history provided in this issue made the whole story complete for me. My parents subscribed to *Arizona Highways* in 1964. When they passed, I got a subscription for myself ... without ever missing an issue to this day. It is the Peaks issue, however, that has had such an impact on me and brought back priceless memories. I still live in the mountains, and my case of “mountainitis” is stronger than ever. By the way, my parents' ashes are now a part of Hart Prairie, as mine will be someday.

Val L. Stephens, Park City, Utah

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



Going With the Flow

Fall leaves cling to a travertine ledge on Havasu Creek, which runs through Havasu Canyon on Havasupai Tribe land. The remote canyon, a tributary of the Grand Canyon, is known for the creek's blue-green water, which gets its color from minerals dissolved in it. For more information, visit the Havasupai Tribe's website, www.theofficialhavasupaitribe.com.

📷 CANON EOS-1DS MARK III, 0.4 SEC, F/11, ISO 100, 82 MM LENS

PHOTOGRAPH BY SUZANNE MATHIA



Yuma Agriculture

NOAH AUSTIN

It's October, which means the Yuma area is gearing up to feed the rest of the nation. According to the Yuma County Chamber of Commerce, from November through March, 90 percent of the United States' leafy vegetables are grown in Yuma County. The weather helps — Yuma holds the world record for most sunny days per year — but the area's rich soil and access to Colorado River water play a part, too. Lettuce, shown here during last fall's growing season, is Yuma's biggest winter crop, and iceberg, romaine and other varieties picked in the morning can be across the country in a few days, thanks to facilities that rapidly cool truckloads of greens before they hit the road. Other crops grown in the Yuma area include wheat, citrus, watermelons and cantaloupes, all of which contribute to Yuma County's multibillion-dollar agriculture industry. But lettuce is the bumper crop, and if you're enjoying a Caesar salad or a lettuce wrap on the East Coast this fall or winter, it's a safe bet it got its start in Southwestern Arizona.

YUMA www.visityuma.com



Dwight B. Heard's investments building was located at Central Avenue and Adams Street in Phoenix.

Dwight B. Heard

Although his legacy lives on in a world-renowned museum that bears his name, Dwight Bancroft Heard made a name for himself as a newspaper publisher, cattle baron and political ally of Teddy Roosevelt.

RYAN SANTISTEVAN

Dwight Bancroft Heard once published a book titled *The Arizona Traveler* — a collection of “intimate, delightful sketches of his days spent under the shadow of the Pyramids,” as Heard’s newspaper reported. The book’s title is an apt nickname for the rancher and newspaperman, who came to Arizona as a young man and dedicated his life to the betterment of what eventually became the 48th state.

Born in Boston in 1869, Heard lived in Chicago before moving to Arizona Territory for health reasons in 1895. He purchased a ranch west of Phoenix, in the Salt River Valley; after his lung ailments abated, he and his wife, Maie Bartlett Heard, became active in the development of Arizona and the Valley of the Sun.

Heard owned the Bartlett-Heard Land and Cattle Co., raising cattle and growing alfalfa, citrus and cotton. He served as president of the Arizona Cotton Growers Association and helped make that industry competitive internationally. In support of a protective duty on long-staple cotton, Heard testified before the Senate Finance Committee in 1921. “It is certainly time that the United States should realize the need of maintaining, through protection, this cotton industry of the Southwest,

which has such immense possibilities of development,” he told the committee. His vision proved accurate, and cotton became one of the Arizona economy’s “Five C’s” (the others are copper, cattle, citrus and climate).

In addition to agriculture, the entrepreneur ventured into journalism, buying *The Arizona Republican* — now *The Arizona Republic* — in 1912 and serving as its publisher until his death in 1929. In 1920, he moved the newspaper into his new downtown Phoenix high-rise, the Heard Building — which, at seven stories, was the tallest building in Arizona at the time.

Heard also pushed for the creation of Theodore Roosevelt Dam on the Salt River. Both the dam and the resulting reservoir are named for the two-term president, who was Heard’s friend and political ally. Heard’s political career was less successful — he ran for governor as a Republican in 1924 but narrowly lost to incumbent George W.P. Hunt.

The influence of “*The Arizona Traveler*” endures at the Heard Museum, which opened in Phoenix a few months after Heard’s death. It began by housing Native American artifacts the Heards had obtained. Since then, it’s grown to include more collections and exhibitions, along with Native events and festivals.

PHOENIX Heard Museum, 2301 N. Central Avenue, 602-252-8840, www.heard.org

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

- On October 4, 1915, Arizona Governor George W.P. Hunt sends state guardsmen to the Eastern Arizona town of Clifton to help maintain order among striking miners.
- London Bridge, built in 1831 and dismantled in 1967, is rededicated October 10, 1971, in Lake Havasu City. The city’s founder, Robert McCulloch, had bought the bridge for about \$2.5 million.
- On October 20, 1918, Arizona meets its quota for selling Liberty bonds to support World War I efforts.
- Harrison M. Lavender, the Phelps Dodge executive for whom Bisbee’s Lavender Pit Mine is named, is born in Scotland on October 31, 1890.

50 YEARS AGO IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS



“We doubt Arizona has anything more spectacular than views from the [Mogollon] Rim,” Editor Raymond Carlson wrote in the October 1967 issue of *Arizona Highways*. The issue’s centerpiece was an essay and photos by long-time contributor Willis Peterson, who called the Rim “a wilderness rampart of ethereal beauty.”



A fox eyes the photographer from atop a large rock in the Superior area.

Q&A: Don Lawrence

PHOTO EDITOR JEFF KIDA

JK: Tell us about this photo.

DL: This is an area of the Sonoran Desert near Superior. I like to go there to camp and look for storms to photograph. It’s very dark, too, so I can shoot the Milky Way there. The area where I camp is down a steep trail, and I can go there a month later and the firewood I was using will still be there, so there aren’t many people getting out there. My girlfriend and I were driving through and happened to spot this fox on top of the rock. I think it was just taking a nap. It didn’t seem to be in a hurry to do anything.

JK: You ended up making a series of photographs of the fox. Were you ever able to get close to it?

DL: Yes. I was probably 20 feet away from it, but it didn’t seem to care. We parked right next to the rock, and I got up on the hardtop of my Jeep and started shooting. My girlfriend was handing lenses and camera bodies up to me, and I was swapping lenses and cameras as I shot. She even walked down near the rock, and the fox didn’t seem to mind. I thought I’d just get a few quick pictures, but the fox was still there 90 minutes

later. It didn’t leave until the rain was about to start.

JK: The clouds and light, plus the foreground, make this a great shot, but the fox takes the image to the next level. Have you seen the fox again since that trip?

DL: Yes, we saw it on a later trip. It was sitting on a different rock. But it didn’t stick around like it did the first time, possibly because my girlfriend’s Jack Russell terrier, which had been in the car on the first trip, got out of the car on that trip.

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

PHOTO WORKSHOP



Lake Havasu Balloon Festival

January 19-21, Lake Havasu City
This workshop, led by photographer Kerrick James, offers participants a chance to photograph a “party in the sky,” along with lake reflections, skydivers and Lake Havasu’s iconic London Bridge.
Information: 888-790-7042 or www.ahpw.org

Wildflowers and ponderosa pines line a section of railroad track in *Lonesome Rails*, an Esther Henderson photo from the December 1961 issue of *Arizona Highways*. The photo, made along a logging road near the White Mountains town of McNary, accompanied an essay titled *The Northlands Beckon*, Editor Raymond Carlson's ode to Arizona's mountain ranges. "They extend from the mighty Kaibab in the north to the Chiricahuas in the southeastern corner of our state," he wrote, "with truly many majestic mountain wonderlands in between."



La Paloma Restaurant

For more than 40 years, La Paloma has been serving up Sonoran classics, and now there's a new menu, too, which features seafood dishes such as ceviche, tilapia tacos and a shrimp fajita salad, as well as grilled meats and veggies for fajitas.

KATHY MONTGOMERY

ASK ANYONE FROM GRAHAM OR Greenlee counties about good Mexican food, and they'll likely talk about La Paloma Restaurant.

"If someone's from the [Gila] Valley, they know La Paloma," owner Nick Tellez says. "I would say something about La Paloma, and someone would go, 'Hey, I'm from Safford,' or 'I'm from Pima,' or 'I'm from Thatcher, and we love La Paloma.' It's been one of those things that has con-

nected people when they leave here."

For the rest of us, La Paloma feels like a hidden treasure, tucked away on a side street in the tiny, largely Hispanic community of Solomon, near Safford.

Located in a modest Santa Fe-style building, the restaurant has been serving up Sonoran classics to its faithful for more than 40 years.

First hired as a dishwasher at age 12, Tellez learned the business from the

ground up, holding a variety of positions before leaving to attend college at 22. After working for several years in Phoenix restaurants, Tellez returned in 2011 to manage La Paloma, with the goal of taking it over from its longtime owners. He bought it on January 1, 2016.

Upon his return, Tellez began tweaking the menu, freshening the Sonoran recipes the restaurant was known for and adding new items: seafood dishes such as ceviche, tilapia tacos and a shrimp fajita salad, as well as grilled meats and veggies for fajitas and other dishes. He also added side dishes he grew up with, including fideo (Mexican-style pasta made with sautéed onions, tomatoes, sauce and spices) and calabacitas (summer squash with chiles, cheese and sautéed onions).

A new brunch menu features traditional Mexican breakfast dishes, along with playful versions of American classics, such as sopapilla "pancakes" (fluffy pillows of fried dough, sprinkled with cinnamon and served with butter and maple syrup) and La Paloma's version of chicken-fried steak: breaded flank steak bathed in chicken enchilada sauce and served with eggs.

Tellez's efforts have certainly paid off. La Paloma won the professional division of Safford's annual SalsaFest in 2012, the first year it entered. This year, the restaurant was one of 13 Arizona businesses to receive a Success Award from the Arizona chapter of America's Small Business Development Centers.

The changes have also allowed La Paloma to attract new diners looking for something fresh and different, while keeping longtime customers, families who have patronized the restaurant for generations, happy.

"I see guests who have eaten here for a lifetime, and they still eat the same thing," Tellez says. "And the children I waited on [when they] were 3, 4, 5, they're now 30. So it's an intergenerational thing, and we're constantly innovating, so we're getting those new generations in, too."



SOLOMON La Paloma Restaurant, 5183 E. Clifton Street, 928-428-2094, www.lapalomarestaurant.net



Cooper's Hawks

This Cooper's hawk (*Accipiter cooperii*), shown cooling off in Tucson's Sweetwater Wetlands, could be expressing the avian equivalent of teenage angst. Its yellow eyes indicate that this bird is a juvenile or young adult; they'll turn orange or red when the bird gets older. Cooper's hawks are skilled hunters known for pursuing their main prey, smaller birds, through tree canopies, but they also frequently visit suburban parks and backyards where trees are present. Cooper's hawks can be spotted in most of the U.S., including much of Arizona, year-round.

— Noah Austin



Simpson Hotel

Located in the small agricultural community of Duncan, the Simpson Hotel features six restored guest rooms that feel lived-in and comfortable, with sturdy oak furniture, area rugs and timeworn mirrors. There's even a porch swing.

KATHY MONTGOMERY

A ROOSTER'S STACCATO proclamation punctuates the murmur of white-winged doves as the Simpson Hotel rouses itself to a new day. Morning here feels a little like Old MacDonald's Farm meets the Island of Misfit Toys. Located in the small agricultural community of Duncan, the hotel is home to aged roosters (two) and goats (three), plus eight rescued cats that have a house to themselves.

Beyond a shady courtyard, a shrine to San Isidro, the patron saint of farmers, guards the vegetable garden, housed in a structure built to resemble the ruins of a Spanish chapel. A porch swing hangs near a bed of roses, an apple tree and a hand-dug pond planted with papyrus and water irises, its tranquil beauty unfussy and slightly unkempt.

"We tried to create here what we like to find when we travel," says owner Deborah Mendelsohn as she serves, back in

the dining room, a breakfast as healthful as it is delicious. Mendelsohn uses fresh local eggs for her signature frittata. This morning, it's loaded with kale, golden peppers and herbs. Multigrain corncakes, made from stone-ground cornmeal, taste heavenly with organic blue agave syrup; chicken sausage; and fresh kiwi, papaya, pineapple and mint.

Feeling "crazy and worn-out" by a career in media development and broadcasting, Mendelsohn fled California in search of a different lifestyle. In this Southeastern Arizona community, she found interesting and creative people living along the banks of the Gila River, and a flood-damaged brick hotel that reminded Mendelsohn of her childhood home in Boston.

First opened in 1914, the Simpson Hotel housed an electric co-op after Interstate 10 bypassed the town. The building was

abandoned after a devastating flood in 1978, and subsequent owners failed to revive it. Mendelsohn gutted the place in 2006 and reopened it the following year.

The hotel's six restored guest rooms feel lived-in and comfortable, with sturdy oak furniture, area rugs and timeworn mirrors. Named for Cormac McCarthy, the Cormac Room floods with early-morning light. With pale walls, painted floors and white bed linens, it's as cheerful as the author's novels are gloomy. The Old Library Room feels contrastingly cozy, with exposed brick, stained concrete floors and burgundy curtains. The bathrooms look old but aren't, Mendelsohn says. And every room, bathroom and hallway is filled with original works of art.

Duncan is mostly associated with retired Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, who grew up on a nearby ranch, and the late artist Hal Empie, who ran a pharmacy in town. But it's also popular with birders, who come to see the sandhill cranes and golden eagles that winter there and hundreds of other avian species documented on the nearby river trail. What you won't find on the list are roosters. To see them, you'll need to book a room at the Simpson.

DUNCAN Simpson Hotel, 116 Main Street, 928-359-3590, www.simpsonhotel.com

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN MECKLER

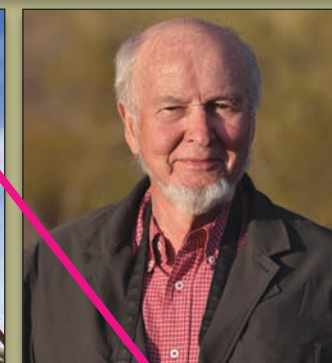


Discover the Beauty of Southern Arizona. Discover La Posada.



Explore southern Arizona's premier senior community for yourself. To receive our information packet please call us at 520-648-8131, or visit us online at PosadaLife.org.

The 100-acre campus of La Posada is nestled among lush pecan groves, near the entrance to Madera Canyon. Here over 700 residents enjoy a lifestyle as beautiful as the scenery.



Photography by La Posada resident Boone Owens



350 E. Morningside Rd., Green Valley
520-648-8131 • PosadaLife.org



La Posada is an award-winning, nationally accredited not-for-profit continuing care community.

NO MAGAZINE has had more impact than the September 2017 edition. First, “the pile of rocks” is all my first husband ever saw in Arizona — my second husband was blind and loved our travels throughout the state. Second, I saw that cat [jaguarundi] about two months ago. I live on Speedway Boulevard and it was prancing along the back fence, near a wash. The only person who seemed to know anything about it was the one who told me it was a “Mexican cat.” The second I saw your photos I knew that’s what I had seen. (Sorry, no pictures.) Third, the Chiricahua article from March 1943 was a delight and well worth reading. Fourth, the photos of tiny plants by Eirini Pajak showed knowledge and guts. This edition I will keep for the rest of my life.

Margaret Barnhart, Tucson



September 2017

I really enjoyed the article about jaguarundis [A Little Cat Goes a Long Way] in the September 2017 issue. I was invited by one of my students to hunt deer on the Schnaufer Ranch (Old Navarro Ranch) southwest of Tucson in the fall of 1973. During that hunt when I was by myself, I spotted what I thought was a small mountain lion crouching on a large rock. He was only there for an instant, but I could tell he was very different from any of the mountain lions I had seen growing up in Prescott. The sighting really puzzled me for a long time that year, so I researched as much as I could on mountain lions, bobcats, jaguars, lynx, ocelots, etc., until I came upon a picture of a jaguarundi. No doubt in my mind, it was a jaguarundi. To this day, that is the most unusual animal I have ever seen while hunting, hiking or trail-riding my horse.

Barry E. Callaway, Ellensburg, Washington

We retired and moved to Paulden three years ago from Ohio. We started taking Arizona Highways five years ago and have enjoyed each issue. The article about Augie’s Restaurant [The Journal: Dining, September 2017] was spot on. We’ve been there many times and have met Augie. He and his staff are great, and the food, from the mac and cheese that our grandson loves to the risotto and crab salad and everything else

that we have tried, is unmatched. Our grandson loves his food so much that when he and his parents are visiting from Gilbert, he asks if we’re going to eat at the “Mustache Place.”

John Henry, Paulden, Arizona

Now you’ve gone and done it. It has taken me almost 70 years to get over the homesickness I have for my hometown of Tucson. I devoured every word of your June 2017 issue. It brought back a flood of memories of my youth and of growing up in Tucson. Especially the photograph of Bear Creek and Seven Falls. My close friends, Frank Drachman Jr. and Dick Robinson, and I hiked up to Bear Canyon the day after graduation from Tucson High School in May 1948 and spent the entire day frolicking in the cool waters of Bear Creek. That was my last summer in Tucson. Subsequently, we went our separate ways to college, the Korean War, our careers, but those memories have endured. Thank you Arizona Highways for a very special issue to me.

Joe Jacob, Lake San Marcos, California

When I was a young boy growing up in Pittsburgh in the mid-1960s, I had an aunt who lived in Prescott. For several years, she gave my mother a subscription to Arizona Highways as a holiday gift. I eagerly awaited the arrival

of your magazine with its extraordinary photographs of what was, to me, a very exotic landscape. Seeing your magazine at an early age induced a love for the Southwest and photography. Now that our kids have graduated from college, my wife and I travel more and I’ve rekindled my passion for photography. As a result, I recently subscribed to your magazine, which I devour from front to back. We have visited your lovely state twice over the past few years and are looking forward to our upcoming two-week tour this fall. We will be visiting Canyon de Chelly, Page, Sedona and Rim Country. Our plan to visit these places was inspired by Arizona Highways. Hopefully, I will also come away with some nice photographs, perhaps even good enough to submit to your photo contest. Sadly, my mother and aunt are both gone now. But their collaboration in my being exposed to your magazine 50 years ago plays an active role in my life today. Thank you for producing an outstanding magazine, then and now. And two final words about your 2017 cover art by Chris Gall: LOVE IT!

Jim Borrebach, Mansfield, Massachusetts

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

Standing Alone

A stand-up paddleboarder navigates narrow Havasu Creek near its mouth in the Grand Canyon. The creek, which empties into the Colorado River, gets its blue-green color from minerals dissolved and suspended in the water. For more information, call Grand Canyon National Park at 928-638-7888 or visit www.nps.gov/grca.

CANON EOS 5D MARK II, 1/200 SEC, F/9, ISO 160, 45 MM LENS



Governor's Mansion

NOAH AUSTIN

Arizona has no official governor's residence, but that wasn't always the case. In 1864, a log house in Arizona's Territorial capital of Prescott was built for the Territory's first governor, John Noble Goodwin, and first secretary, Richard McCormick. But the eight-room structure was in official use only briefly before the capital moved to Tucson in 1867. The building changed hands several times, then was left vacant until 1917, when the newly formed state of Arizona acquired it. In 1927, Arizona poet, activist and historian Sharlot Hall began restoring the building, which opened as a museum the following year. Today, the Sharlot Hall Museum's primary exhibits are housed in a newer building, but the Governor's Mansion still stands on the museum grounds. According to the museum, it's the oldest Arizona Territory building still standing in its original location. It was added to the National Register of Historic Places in 1971.

PRESCOTT Sharlot Hall Museum, 415 W. Gurley Street, 928-445-3122 or www.sharlot.org



Patients pose for a photo outside a building at St. Luke's Sanatorium during the facility's early years.

St. Luke's Sanatorium

Although it's renowned as the site of the first open-heart surgery in Phoenix and several pioneering medical procedures, St. Luke's started out as an obscure tuberculosis facility made up of 12 tents and 20 beds.

NOAH AUSTIN

For more than 100 years, St. Luke's Medical Center has been caring for patients in Phoenix. But as you can see in the photo above, the state-of-the-art hospital we know today had a more humble beginning — and a more specialized mission.

The Rev. Julius W. Atwood founded St. Luke's Home in his wife's memory in 1907. Back then, the facility was 20 beds in 12 tents, all dedicated to treating tuberculosis patients. Former President Theodore Roosevelt visited St. Luke's to dedicate a 10-bed infirmary in 1911; the same year, St. Luke's became Arizona's first bacteriological and brachytherapy laboratory, but it continued to focus on tuberculosis patients through World War I.

In 1919, St. Luke's Home was renamed St. Luke's Sanatorium and expanded its services to begin treating other respiratory ailments. It also expanded the physical facility, enabling it to care for 80 patients. More expansions followed, and the sanatorium became St. Luke's Hospital and began practicing general medicine after World War II. In the early 1950s, around the time he began his first stint as a U.S. senator, Barry Goldwater

led a community effort that funded an additional 60 beds for the hospital.

St. Luke's was the site of the first open-heart surgery in Phoenix, in 1960; the following year, surgeons there pioneered the practice of covering the heart with ice to induce a form of hibernation during surgery. "This new kind of open-heart operation ... marks an important advance in the technical ability of the surgeon as well as the safety of the patient," a St. Luke's publication noted in 1961.

Later milestones at the hospital included Arizona's first pacemaker implant, in 1973; first cochlear implants, in 1985; and first partial knee replacement via a form of robotic-arm technology, in 2010. Along the way, St. Luke's has gone through several expansions and remodels, and it's added facilities dedicated to behavioral health, ophthalmology and outpatient rehabilitation, among other specialties.

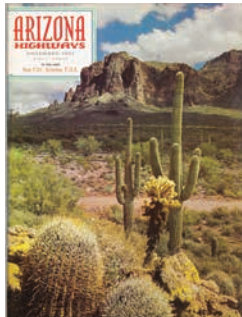
Today, St. Luke's Medical Center is owned by IASIS Healthcare and boasts more than 200 beds — a far cry from the 20-bed tuberculosis center the good reverend created more than a century ago.

PHOENIX St. Luke's Medical Center, 1800 E. Van Buren Street, 602-251-8100, www.stlukesmedcenter.com

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

- On November 1, 1867, Tucson officially replaces Prescott as the capital of Territorial Arizona.
- Thomas E. Campbell apparently is elected Arizona's governor by just 30 votes on November 7, 1916. He serves as governor for nearly a year, but after a legal battle, incumbent Governor George W.P. Hunt is declared the winner and returns to office.
- Prohibition agents pour 1,000 gallons of confiscated liquor into the Salt River on November 23, 1923.
- On November 25, 1878, the Gunsight Mine southeast of Ajo is discovered. It later produces gold, silver, copper and other ores. Today, it's inactive.

50 YEARS AGO IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS



Sun City, "Arizona's newest and largest community designed specifically for the comfort, convenience and well-being of retired sun-seekers," was the focus of the November 1967 issue of *Arizona Highways*. On the front cover was David Muench's photo of the Superstition Mountains, as viewed from the Apache Trail.

Q&A: Amy S. Martin

PHOTO EDITOR JEFF KIDA

JK: How did this shot come about?

ASM: I made this photo on an early morning in August. I was at camp above Granite Rapids in the Grand Canyon, on a Colorado River trip on which I was rowing as a guide. It was a quiet moment when the passengers were eating breakfast before the bustle of packing up the rafts for the day. It's hard to photograph the Canyon when you're working on the river — as a guide, you have very few moments of downtime. I try to keep my camera accessible to capture the moments when light and composition align.

JK: Did you see all of the elements at once, or did you have to "work the scene"?

ASM: I'd been watching the reflection and

the pattern of the boats all morning. As another guide walked to the river's edge, I saw his silhouette against the almost impossible green of the vegetation. The silhouette, the boats and the reflection came together in a many-layered story. I grabbed my camera to be ready when the guide walked back up the beach.

JK: It looks like you exposed for that green vegetation. Was that intentional?

ASM: The Canyon is a place of great contrasts — the lightest lights and darkest darks — and can be tricky to photograph. In the summer, it's best to use early-morning and late-evening light to avoid losing information in your photo. I exposed for the sunlit willows in the background to emphasize the shape and action of the

silhouette. I was lucky that the light wasn't too harsh yet, so I didn't lose the subtleties of the boats and the river reflections in the shadows.

JK: What makes the Canyon a special place for you?

ASM: It got into my blood when I was very young. My parents hiked to Phantom Ranch when my mom was pregnant with me, then hiked me in again when I was 6 months old. My aunt and uncle were river guides and rangers at the Canyon, and after college, I worked there as a ranger for six seasons. Now, I'm a guide and biologist there. The Canyon inspires me, humbles me, challenges me, teaches me and brings me peace. When I'm away from it, it's the place I dream about.



A guide tends rafts as the cliffs of the Grand Canyon are reflected in the Colorado River near Granite Rapids.

PHOTO WORKSHOP



Grand Canyon in Winter

January 14-16, South Rim

This winter escape, led by photographer Suzanne Mathia, offers visits to several overlooks to capture a snowy Canyon (weather permitting) and the wild animals that live in the area. Information: 888-790-7042 or www.ahpw.org

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



The White Mountain Apache Tribe was the focus of the July 1962 issue of *Arizona Highways*, and this Charles W. Herbert photo was one of several that accompanied Herbert's story on the tribe's history, culture and growing tourism industry. The photo was made at Mary Riley's home near the East Fork of the White River. "In early October, crops from the few small farms in the area are harvested," Herbert wrote.

Big Earl's Greasy Eats

Although its building is listed on the National Register of Historic Places, the food at Big Earl's is anything but dated. The burgers are made with Harris Ranch or Kobe beef, and the delicious homemade buns are baked daily.

NORA BURBA TRULSSON

IF YOU ROLL INTO Big Earl's Greasy Eats, Cave Creek's vintage-style diner, you might be filling up with a mushroom-Swiss burger, some sweet-potato fries and a pesto Caesar salad, or perhaps indulging in a milkshake. Had you pulled into the building a generation or two ago, you would have filled up with high-octane gasoline and indulged in a front-end alignment. For decades, the red and white building was a Cave Creek service station.

The prefab metal structure, based on industrial designer Ralph N. Aldrich's patented prototype for Standard Oil of California, was erected in 1936 on 19th Avenue in the Sunnyslope neighborhood of Phoenix. In 1952, the gas station's owner thought enough of the building's Streamline Moderne design and its attached

canopy to move it — lock, stock and oil barrel — to Cave Creek not long after that town got electricity, telephones and its first paved road. The building remained a service station well into the 1980s, then served as a storage spot for the town. Its eye-catching retro design remained intact, landing it on the National Register of Historic Places in 2000 as the only remaining Phoenix-area example of the classic Standard Oil station design.

Kim Brennan also liked the gas station's looks. In 2002, not long after moving to town, she turned it into Big Earl's Greasy Eats, where two gas pumps on the patio remind visitors of its previous incarnation, as do still-working garage-bay doors, vintage license plates and advertising memorabilia.

Despite the supposed cooking propensity of the restaurant's fictional namesake, the menu ingredients are thoughtful, says Brooke Butler, the longtime manager who bought the business from Brennan in late 2016. "Our burgers are made with Harris Ranch or Kobe beef," she says, "and we also serve veggie burgers and salads. Our buns are baked daily."

Big Earl's has become a hangout, with locals stopping by for espresso drinks and healthy scrambles in the morning, perching on bar stools and dinette-style chairs inside or lounging on the patio. They linger over burgers, or maybe a Buffalo blue cheese chicken sandwich, for lunch, then come back in the evening, lured by the lighted sand volleyball court in back and perhaps an adult beverage at the full bar.

"This is just a fun place," Butler says of Big Earl's, which has served as a backdrop for photo shoots, commercials and even an indie movie. "Families come here after their kids' sports practices. We get a lot of first dates, '50s-themed birthday parties and even rehearsal dinners. I like that we're still part of Cave Creek's history."



CAVE CREEK Big Earl's Greasy Eats, 6135 E. Cave Creek Road, 480-575-7889, bigearlsgreasyeats.com



Javelinas

Javelinas (*Pecari tajacu*), also known as collared peccaries, are a common sight in Arizona's desert regions — you might spot one munching on a prickly pear cactus, the animals' main food source. Baby javelinas, such as the two shown here, are called reds because of their rusty-brown color; their hair turns black, tan and white when they grow up. Javelinas travel in herds, and because of their poor vision, they're easily startled and can react defensively, especially when reds are present. Adults will readily charge intruders while clacking their teeth. If you come across a herd, step back and allow the animals space to move away.

— Noah Austin



The Inn at Castle Rock

Like so many things in Bisbee, this old hotel has its quirks, including 14 funky guest rooms with names such as Crying Shame and Last Chance, a “Ghost Book” and a “moat.”

KATHY MONTGOMERY

OWNER CHRIS BROWN jokes that the Inn at Castle Rock is the only hotel in Bisbee with a moat.

He’s referring to the cement aqueduct Bisbee residents built to channel the floodwaters that ripped through Tombstone Canyon in the town’s early days. Disastrous fires and floods pepper the town’s history. Rains carried pestilence and washed all sorts of debris — including a naked miner in his tub, according to one account — down the canal.

But the “moat” is hardly the property’s quirkiest feature. “It’s a lovely old building,” says Brown, a native of New Zealand. “As soon as I saw it, I knew I had to buy it.”

Miraculously, the Inn at Castle Rock survived both fires and floods, including

the fire of 1908, which burned much of Old Bisbee to the ground, motivating residents to rebuild with the brick and stone that account for the town’s appearance today.

Bisbee’s first mayor built the inn as a boardinghouse for miners in 1895. It served as apartments for a while before opening as an inn in the 1980s. The ground floor, constructed of stone and Saltillo tile, contains the Apache Springs Well, a 19th century mine shaft that filled with water from a spring.

The shuttered hotel had become run-down by the time Brown bought it in 2009. He began the long process of restoring it but preserved the eclectic funkiness for which the hotel was known.

Fourteen quirky guest rooms, with names such as Crying Shame and Last

Chance, line the inn’s second and third floors. Birdhouses dangle from a forested mural in Tasmania, and tapestries hang from the ceiling of the Sultan’s Harem. The Octagon Room (above), a peak-roofed common area on the third floor, feels like a treehouse, with tongue-and-groove oak flooring, a fireplace and windows that provide a bird’s-eye view.

But the inn’s most inviting areas are outdoors. Two rooms offer private patios, but most share long sitting porches, with hanging swings and Adirondack chairs, facing Castle Rock on Bisbee’s main street. And a bamboo forest extends along the back of the inn, its towering plants growing through holes cut into the corrugated patio cover.

Of course, like other historic hotels in this former mining town, the Inn at Castle Rock claims uninvited guests. The inn’s “Ghost Book” details accounts of these unseen visitors. Playful spirits reportedly open locked doors, play music and perform other pranks that, for the most part, don’t get too carried away. At least not as carried away as the miner in his tub.

BISBEE The Inn at Castle Rock, 112 Tombstone Canyon Road, 520-432-4449, www.theinnatcastlerock.com

SAVE THE DAY WITH HOLIDAY SCRATCHERS®

Win top prizes from \$500 to \$500,000

The Arizona Lottery is taking the holiday season by storm with six all-new Holiday Scratchers including a never-before-seen \$20 ticket—Gifts of Gold. Ranging from \$1 to \$20, these tickets are the perfect gift for anyone on your shopping list. And this year players can enter our new Holiday Bonus Second Chance promotion for a chance to win instant cash prizes and grand prizes up to \$25,000. Skip the wrappin’ and get to scratchin’ at an Arizona Lottery retailer near you.

ArizonaLottery.com f t i o

Must be 21 or older to purchase or redeem tickets. Overall odds vary by game. All sales are final. In accordance with ADA, these materials may be made available in an alternative format. Gambling problem? Call 1.800.NEXT STEP (1.800.639.8783) Please Play Responsibly™. Scratchers® is a registered service mark of the California Lottery.