

# ARIZONA

## *A STATE GUIDE*

*Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program  
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AMERICAN GUIDE SERIES

ILLUSTRATED

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## OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST

**PUBLIC LIBRARY** (*open 2-6 and 7:30-9 weekdays*), 212 W. Aspen Ave., is a one-story gray-brick building with arched windows and red-brick trim. The library, containing 6,000 books, was organized in 1915.

The pine-shaded **CITY PARK**, W. end of Cherry Ave., has a campground, race track, an artificial lake providing swimming in summer and skating in winter, a baseball park with a grandstand seating 2,500, and rodeo grounds. City Park is the scene of the annual Indian Powwow.

## POINTS OF INTEREST IN ENVIRONS

Sunset Crater National Monument, 17.5 m.; Wupatki National Monument, 23 m. (*see TOUR 1a*). Elden Pueblo, 6 m.; Walnut Canyon National Monument, 12.8 m. (*see TOUR 2a*). Lowell Observatory, 1.4 m.; Museum of Northern Arizona, 3 m.; Government Cave, 31.9 m. (*see TOUR 2b*). Oak Creek Canyon, 13.4 m. (*see TOUR 2A*).

## Globe

*Railroad Station:* S. Broad St., for Southern Pacific Lines.  
*Bus Station:* European Hotel, N. Broad St., for Pacific Greyhound Lines, White Mountain Passenger Line, Payson Stage, and Pleasant Valley Stage.  
*Taxis:* 50¢ within city limits.

*Accommodations:* 5 hotels, 6 tourist courts.

*Information Service:* Junior Chamber of Commerce, 110 E. Oak St.

*Motion Picture Houses:* Two.

*Swimming:* Maurel Pool, N. Broad St., adults 25¢, children 15¢.

*Tennis:* Globe High School courts, E. Ash St.

*Golf:* Cobre Valley Country Club, 4 m. W. on US 60-70, nine holes; greens fee \$1.

*Hunting and Fishing:* Deer, bear, and quail in season. Trout and bass in San Carlos Lake at Coolidge Dam, 26.5 m. SE. on US 70, and in Roosevelt Lake at Roosevelt Dam, 32.4 m. NW. on State 88.

*Radio Station:* KWJB (1210 kc.).

*Annual Events:* '49er Celebration, May 1 (rodeo, wide-open gambling, carnival, street parade with stagecoaches); State Invitation Golf Tournament, May 10; Globe Jubilee, Oct. 20-22 (rodeo, wide-open gambling, and carnival).

GLOBE (3,509 alt., 7,157 pop.), set against the background of the Apache Mountains to the northeast and the Pinal Mountains to the south and west, is still an old-fashioned western mining town. It appears to be a solid town, standing up as few other mining camps ever have without the mines that made the big boom, and evidently destined to live long as Gila County's main residence and trading town.

But on a green and rose-colored hillside at the northern limits the remains of a great copper mine stand as the landmark of a famous old mining camp. Below the dark skeletons of the abandoned buildings lie the black slag dumps and the weathered tailings dumps (gigantic accumulations of copper ore residue). The tailings, leached to colors as fine as those of the surrounding mountains, occupy the creek valley like mellow sand dunes. They make a pleasing picture, but to the old-timers of Globe the Old Dominion Mine is not part of the scenery. It is a gravestone, harsh-looking and sad, commemorating Globe's career as a great Arizona copper camp—one that flourished with the Old West, and, so they say, died with it.

Although cross-country highways have brought Globe into close contact with the rest of the world, the town's appearance has never changed much. Its young men still carry dinner buckets; and on Saturdays, at least, its crooked Broad Street is crowded with cowboys, Apaches, and old prospectors with drooping mustaches and sharp faded eyes. Its buildings huddle in the canyons and line neat streets over

he rolling hills, looking much the same as they did when automobiles were still the doubtful gadgets of the rich. Its houses were built with a mixture of hasty mining-camp planlessness and the ornate stiffness of early twentieth-century architecture. When they were new they must have appeared raw and out of place against the tremendous backdrop of the Pinal and Apache Mountains. But now they have the quaintness of outmoded things, and are as much at home below the purple-blue peaks as the venerable tailings dumps.

Broad street, the town's main thoroughfare and only business street, is a paved ox-and-mule trail, winding and uneven, that casually follows Pinal Creek through a canyon dividing the foothills on which the town is built. The street was never straightened because of concessions made by the town surveyors to early settlers who—with six-hooters on their hips—lived in shacks on the twists of the original rail. Pinal Creek is a dry wash now, its waters having seeped underground to flood the Old Dominion, but the big sycamores and cottonwoods on its banks give the street's bridge crossings a pleasantylvan touch.

The buildings along Broad Street are the prim brick and stone of 1908, painted to look like new, and tired frame boarding houses, too worn to carry date inscriptions and too empty to care. The chain stores, movies, and smart shops have no more individuality in Globe than elsewhere, but the restaurants and saloons are as western as an old cow pony. The most interesting restaurants follow customs that have satisfied generations of plain-thinking ranchmen and cowboys. They have liquor licenses, Chinese cooks, tables as large as they can find, and private dining rooms with the doors torn off. They serve a baked potato with homemade rolls on the bread plate, beans with every linner, and specialize in steaks, extra large, at a dollar each.

Invariably, and not excepting even the range-garbed cowmen, the most genuine westerners on Broad Street are the Apache Indians from the near-by San Carlos Reservation. It is a very bad day indeed—and bad weather is rare in the Globe vicinity—when the Apaches are not conspicuously present, stoically feeding their nickels into greedy slot-machines, or clustered in dime stores looking at the shiny pots and pans. Apache men have long since adopted the practical apparel of the cowboys, but women still wear gaudy flowing skirts and carry saposos on their backs.

The different residential sections of Globe used to be an index of the many nationalities living in the camp, but today only two groups—the English from Cornwall, and the Mexicans—still have particular neighborhoods. The Italians and Slavs, the other two well-represented nationalities, live, as they say, “all over.” Some still own picturesque adobes or flimsy frame houses along the narrow canyons and hills west of North Broad Street, where all of their countrymen once lived. Others, especially among the Italians, left the mines as young men to go into business for themselves, and can afford to live in East Globe, the nicest part of town. East Globe's tree-named

streets—Oak, Ash, Sycamore—run straight up a wide hill; here nearly all the homes have pretty yards, copper roofs, and other evidences of prosperity.

The three hills—Noftgers, Pascoe, and School—are said to be Cornish territory. Noftgers Hill, crowned by one of the town's four large grade-school buildings, is one of several hills in the area east of Broad Street, north of East Globe. Pascoe Hill, also in this section, is separated from Noftgers Hill by a deep steep-sided canyon approximately a block wide and crossed by long bridges. School Hill, west of Broad Street, is also dominated by a school building, and has a large G (said to have been laid to help air pilots identify the town) on its side in white-painted stone. Noftgers and School Hills share the nickname of Cousin Jack Hill, with occupants of School Hill applying the title to Noftgers Hill, and vice versa. The Cornishmen have been known as “Cousin Jacks” so long that they are also called “Cuzzie,” and both the name and the diminutive displease them. Pascoe Hill has been corrupted to “Pasty” Hill, in honor of the Cornish delicacy, meat and potato pie.

Ruiz Canyon, the Mexican section of Globe, is one of the brightest Spanish-speaking neighborhoods in Arizona. Situated at the extreme south end of Broad Street, it winds upward between high green hills—and the sun shines down into it with special diligence. Some of the adobe houses must be fifty or sixty years old, but few things look decrepit in Ruiz Canyon. The homes are long and L-shaped, with steeped red or green roofs; and the yards are artfully fenced and ingeniously gated with discarded bedsteads perfectly balanced and latched. The yards contain flower beds bordered with dun-colored beer bottles; black wash tubs set over primitive fire pits; rabbit pens, wood piles, children and their little red wagons—and yet they are neat and orderly. It is very peaceful in Ruiz Canyon, and the common sounds are those made by canary birds, turkey gobblers, an old man sawing wood, or a brown child chasing a maaning white goat over a mesquite-covered hilltop.

Globe was first settled in 1876 as the result of a silver-strike boom, but its greatest wealth and later prosperity were due to the rich copper deposits found beneath the surface silver. The silver stampede that brought the pioneers invaded the San Carlos Reservation, territory set aside under solemn treaty for the exclusive use of the Apache, wildest and most desperate Indians in the Southwest. It was country so ringed around by impenetrable mountains, and so well defended by the Apache, that it had been considered worthless for any other purpose. For five years before 1876, the military authorities had been busy driving 4,500 sullen Apaches onto it.

A globe-shaped boulder of almost pure silver, with surface scars said to resemble the continents of the earth, was found on the reservation just inside its western boundary. There Globe was begun, forty miles west of the old San Carlos agency headquarters which, as the center of the conflict connected with Apache pacification, was called

us completed in 1898. For the next twenty-five years the Old Dominion was one of the greatest copper mines in the world. It had many difficulties—underground water, heat, inadequate ventilation, and decreasing returns from lower-grade copper found at greater depths. Eventually the Lewisohns sold control to the Phelps Dodge interests, whose improved methods kept the mine producing on a gigantic scale.

Globe shared in the Old Dominion's glory, and even surpassed it. Other mines were developed not far away; the fine grazing country of Pinal County fattened countless head of cattle, and much of the income from them was spent or invested in Globe. In the early 1900's Globe called itself the "Capital City of the County with a Copper Bottom."

It was, in fact, a metropolis of the wild west, where people and influences from the world beyond the imposing mountains were as important as those of the isolated frontier. The "Cousin Jacks" and other hardrock miners brought into Globe the idea of collective bargaining for working men, and the union they formed was the strongest and most militant miners' local in Arizona. From the windows of their town union hall they could watch spurring cowboys compete in impromptu rodeos down Broad Street, with an occasional wild-eyed steer leaping through the plate-glass window of an up-to-date saloon. When Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske and her company were brought to Globe in the early 1900's, the famous actress did not arrive until eleven o'clock on the night of the performance. She found the Globe opera house packed with people in their best clothes who had waited patiently for four hours. The show went on at midnight and lasted until 4 A.M., and the audience received it with such enthusiasm that twenty years later members of Mrs. Fiske's company still remembered her as one of their greatest triumphs.

Globe in its prime had fifty restaurants and saloons that never closed, and most of them were gay with dance-hall music and the voices of the women, who, 150 in number, were segregated in the trim benches lining the creek bed of North Broad. As late as 1916 a girl sitting at a soft-drink stand on Broad Street witnessed three murders in one week.

The events which changed Globe, and broke its spirit, did not all happen at once. The first came in 1909, when the camp of Miami was established seven miles west beside low-grade copper developments very much larger than the Old Dominion. The merchants of Globe and the new camp rose to challenge their exclusive possession of the county's business. Though they hurried to establish branch stores in Miami, their fear and bitterness gave a note of uncertainty to Globe's unimpaired prosperity.

In July 1917 seventeen-hundred union miners struck against the Old Dominion company for a closed shop. Strikes were not new in the county. The camp had had several, the first in 1896; sometimes the union won, and sometimes the operators shut down the mine "to show the boss was boss." But the strike of 1917 occurred during war time, and was complicated by a jurisdictional dispute between the Western

Federation of Miners and the International Workers of the World. Each of the unfriendly unions put a picket line around the properties of the company, and an organization called the Home Guard armed against both of them. Martial law was declared, and troops of the Seventeenth Cavalry arrived and instantly dispersed all crowds. Sturdy barracks were built on the slag dumps in front of the Old Dominion, and when the cavalrymen moved out of them after a month or so, infantrymen took their places and stayed for nearly two years. The grip of the powerful trade unions in Globe was completely broken, and a large number of skilled hardrock miners left the town forever.

Eventually the great cattle ranchers also felt the pressure of misfortune. Overgrazing and drought made the range poorer every year. Finally the San Carlos Reservation, for many years grazed by the cattle of white men, was restricted to Apache stock only. Ranchmen around Globe had to cut their herds drastically.

When the nation-wide depression reached Globe in 1931, the Old Dominion was closed down with other mines in the district. Its equipment was out of date and its ore very low grade. Its pumps were stopped and the big mine filled with water. The people of Globe knew then that the Old Dominion was abandoned.

For two years nearly all the men of Globe worked for the W.P.A. Then the Miami mines reopened, and many of the town's young miners were able to find work there. Tourist traffic increased, and business became better.

Today, Globe is getting used to being a quiet county seat town. For every old-timer who looks at the Old Dominion and strokes his whiskers and says, "There's as good copper in her as has ever been mined. She'll come back," there is somebody younger who smiles and says, "Well, even if she doesn't, we'll get along."

## POINTS OF INTEREST

On the flattened crown of a hill, 1 m. N. on US 60-70, is the OLD DOMINION MINE AND SMELTER, fronted by old slag dumps of the smelter and sandlike tailings dumps of the concentrator mill that push out on flat plateaus into the gulch of Pinal Creek. The road winding up the hill past the partly destroyed plants provides an excellent view of Globe.

The mine's only present function is to furnish water for the town. This water supply is obtained from underground springs on the twelfth level, one-half mile from the main shaft, where the flow was so great that it prevented mine development in that direction. The pure spring water, not contaminated by mine workings, is held back by a dam and pumped up into the town reservoir.

Beside the mine stands the OLD DOMINION LIBRARY, on Smelter Rd., a two-story stucco building erected as a memorial to three miners who lost their lives in the fire at the Interloper Shaft of the Old Dominion, February 20, 1906. The employees of the Old

Dominion each contributed a day's pay to build it, and the library was financed until 1931 from a trust fund of the Old Dominion interests. It contains about 18,000 volumes, among which are many books on mining and history, and a large collection of western stories. Since 1931 the library has been kept up by the city of Globe and Gila County and managed by voluntary workers of the Women's Club of Globe.

GLOBE CEMETERY, S. end of Hackney Ave., occupies several slopes of a foothill of the Pinal Mountains. Names have disappeared from the wooden markers over the graves of early settlers. Thomas P. Hammond, "murdered by Apaches September 1, 1876," is buried under a chinaberry tree.

To Al Sieber, famous Indian Scout, the Territory of Arizona erected a shaft here in 1907. Sieber was chief of scouts at San Carlos when that post was the most dangerous in America, and campaigned with General Crook and General Miles against the Apache chief, Geronimo. He was killed in 1907 by falling rock while supervising Indian labor in the construction of Roosevelt Dam (*see TOUR 10*).

GILA COUNTY COURTHOUSE, S. Broad St. between W. Cedar and W. Oak Sts., built in 1907, is a box-like three-story structure of large blocks of basalt chopped out of the near-by hills. The courthouse is ledged into a hill and is fronted on Broad Street by a flight of stone stairs rising to a porch with benches. The banisters of the stairways inside are sheeted with copper from the Old Dominion Mine.

Since 1909 THE LODGE, S. Broad St., a saloon and cardroom across from the courthouse, has been a hangout for pioneers, cow punchers, prospectors, and miners. Games of poker, hearts, and rummy are usually in progress at the card tables. The fixtures of the bar, the huge wallglass behind the counter, and the samples of ore in mahogany chests at the entrance are reminders of the early life of Globe.

GILA COUNTY MUSEUM (*open 8:30-5 daily*) S. Hill and S. Sutherland Sts., is the temporary exhibit room and laboratory for the reconstruction of relics found in the pueblo ruin of Besh-ba-gowah. The displays include hundreds of pieces of pottery, stone and bone implements, paint materials, and many other things from this long-abandoned city. The shell jewelry and one of the pottery jars, in the shape of an effigy, were traded probably from Indians off the shores of the Gulf of Lower California and Mexico, in the early fourteenth century. Rare relics include fragments of painted baskets and small copper bells evidently traded from an Indian tribe hundreds of miles south of the ruin.

The FORMER RESIDENCE OF GEORGE W. P. HUNT, 548 S. East St., a plain frame house, was occupied by him until 1912, when he was elected first governor of the state of Arizona. From then until his death in 1934, Hunt was Globe's most widely known citizen and, during the greater part of that time, the most influential man in Arizona's political life. He was elected governor for seven terms, and during the Wilson administration was Minister to Siam.

GLOBE

Hunt came into Globe in 1881 driving a burro. He worked as a waiter in a Chinese restaurant and shoveled muck in the Old Dominion Yuma stope, which he said was so hot and ill-ventilated that it would scarcely burn there. In the next thirty years he became a leading merchant and banker and was active in the territorial legislature. While he was governor he fought for good labor legislation and the abolition of capital punishment—and every man in the territory was either very much for him or emphatically opposed.

## POINTS OF INTEREST IN ENVIRONS

Besh-ba-gowah Pueblo Ruin, 1 m.; Gila Pueblo, 3 m.; San Carlos Indian Reservation, 4.1 m.; Ferndale Recreation Area, 17 m.; Coolidge Dam and San Carlos Lake, 26.5 m. (*see TOUR 3a*). Roosevelt Dam and Lake, 32.4 m. (*see TOUR 3A*).

Annexing  
 life of  
 September Hunt  
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with their sagebrush of sharp, broken rock; and by its wind-beaten wastes, so still at times beneath the blazing sun that the wavering heat vibrations are the only movement. Under the withering summer heat, the cacti droop, the desert fauna seek the shade of the mesquite; only the lizard, skirting swiftly over the parched floor, braves the sun's glare. The plant life bears visible evidence of its struggle to exist in these extremely arid conditions. Branches are reduced to stubs and thorns, leaves are varnished or dispensed with, flowering and fruiting processes are withheld through rainless periods sometimes for years. Yet the desert has a compensatory beauty. The cacti bear brilliant flowers. The yellow, red, and orange of the bisagna, the white of the saguaro, the red, pink, and gold of the ocotillo and cholla, and the yellow of the palo verde are spread across the desert to the horizon where sky, mountains, and cacti dissolve in a Tyrian haze. Under clouds and oppressive heat the sky often glows with carmines, chrome-yellows, magentas, pinks, grays, and browns and at times these are reflected on the desert floor till it becomes a symphony of color. On rare occasions even the moon that silvers the mountain spires, turrets, and peaks bridges them with a faint arc in all the colors of the spectrum—a rainbow of moonlight.

KINGMAN, 114.5 *m.* (3,336 alt., 5,572 pop.), since 1882 has been the shopping and shipping center for a large and sparsely populated western area. It is the seat of Mohave County, which contains over three hundred thousand acres of grazing land but derives its principal income from lode mines. These mines have already yielded many millions of dollars' worth of gold.

The town is built on gently sloping land between the Hualpai, Cerbat, and Black Mountains. US 66 follows the main thoroughfare, Front Street, which has business buildings on one side and on the other the tracks and station of the Santa Fe Railway, the town's one link for many years with the outside world. Its two Federal highways and its proximity to Boulder Dam have brought many tourists to Kingman and fringed the town with auto courts.

The gold miners, cowboys and Hualpai Indians (who depend on Kingman for shopping and recreation) and an occasional old-fashioned prospector who passes through, driving burros packed with bedroll, Dutch oven, picks, and drills, give the town quite an atmosphere of the old West. Most Kingman streets are unpaved and the shops and cafes off the highway resemble country stores. In its early days the water supply, which now comes from Oak Creek and Beale Springs, had to be transported into town by wagon and sold for five cents a gallon. Though food as well as lodging is expensive here the restaurants list steak-and-eggs on the breakfast menu and frequently serve four eggs and a double stack of wheatcakes to one patron.

Next to the wedding of the movie stars, Carol Lombard and Clark Gable, performed here March 29, 1939, Kingman's greatest bid for attention is its annual Dig-N-Dogie Days Celebration (Sept.).

The streets are decorated; Hualpai gorgeously adorned with tur-

The streets are decorated; all townspeople wear boots and Stetsons; gold miners from the near-by Katherine-Oatman district crowd into town; copper miners travel considerable distances to compete with them; and cowboys ride in on their ponies, untie their bedrolls and sleep in the open. When they are not busy around the chutes, they squat on their heels along Front Street swapping stories about the day's events, or stand at the bars drinking whisky between swigs of coco-cola. The Dig-N-Dogie Days are crowded with dances, carnival attractions, parades and general gaiety—but the rodeo and miners' contests are the big events. Only men who actually work the range ride in the rodeo. In the miners' contests muckers compete to fill a mine car with broken rock, push it down the track, and dump it in the least possible time, and drillers work for fifteen minutes with hammers and steel chisels to cut as deep a hole as possible in hard granite rock. Each gold-mining camp has its championship team or single-jacker in the competition and a cheering section in the audience. As hand steel is now seldom used in the mines, the drilling contests bring out many old-timers but the muckers are all younger men. The purses for the events are not large but competition is keen and local merchants offer such additional prizes as a T-bone steak for the biggest cowboy in the first parade; a shine, a haircut and shave to the most unlucky cowboy in the show; or \$5 in credit on a mattress to the most recently married contestant.

West of SITGREAVES PASS (3,600 alt.), 118.1 *m.*, the greasewood and yucca of the desert country appears. This pass, named for Captain Lorenzo Sitgreaves who surveyed a wagon road from Zuni to the Colorado River, was the scene of the massacre of an emigrant train by Hualpai and Mojave Indians in the early sixties.

At 121.5 *m.* is the junction with a dirt road.

Left on this road to YUCCA, 20 *m.* (2,000 alt., 75 pop.), a small settlement that caters to employees of the near-by Yucca-Tungsten, Borrianna, and Signal mines (*open on application*). The Borrianna in which was discovered Arizona's first tungsten in commercial quantities, is still (1939) the state's largest tungsten producer. Small amounts of tungsten are used in electric lamp filaments though its chief value is for hardening steel.

GOLDROAD, 140.9 *m.* (5,225 alt., 52 pop.), is a typical small mining community.

OATMAN, 143.3 *m.* (2,600 alt., 500 pop.), an old-time mining camp with modern touches, strings up and down blue-shadowed foothills of the Black Mountains. Flanking the town are gray tiers of cyanide-mill tailings, smooth and graceful as frozen waterfalls; some of the mine shafts and workings are visible in the surrounding hills.

US 66 follows the only street, built on a long hillside with stores and offices in an unbroken row up one side of it. In front of the stores is a wide plank boardwalk raised on stilts at the lower end to make it level and reached by flights of worn wooden steps. Old wooden awnings on the store fronts shadow the shop windows and make the walk resemble an old-fashioned front porch. Among the several bars



The Oatman  
Cave

this block is one called the Health Center, a combination saloon, ice-cream parlor and drug store. Because of several bad fires the opposite side of the street has fewer and somewhat newer buildings. One of these, a neat frame fire station, contains a red fire engine that leads in town parades. Next to the fire house is a vacant lot where mine-dressing contests are held.

The houses of the community are small and cheaply-constructed; some are gay with paint, and others, weather-beaten gray. Many are perched on hilltops that give an excellent view of the mountains and are reached by narrow winding dirt roads or trails. Although water is very expensive in this semiarid country each house has some shrubbery or a few flowers which are kept alive by carefully conserved waste water.

In spite of its high food prices and isolation the miners like to work in Oatman. Its spirit and morale are unusually high. The nearest movie is in Kingman, 29 miles over the mountains, so the citizens depend on their community gatherings for recreation. In good weather dances, boxing matches, and other entertainments are held in the pavilion on the main street. Wrestling contests between young men of the town, who sometimes perform barefooted, are well attended. The male spectators squat around the mats that are placed in the center of the pavilion and the women and their small children sit on wooden benches in the back. A great to-do is made over choosing a referee, who seldom lasts more than one match. While a contest is in progress the miners shout and urge their favorites to bite, kick, and gouge but when it is ended they cheer the loser as well as the winner.

Families from miles around come to Oatman on Labor Day; an Indian band plays all day long, and the streets are jammed with good-natured crowds. The competitive events of the day, which consist of girls' tug-o'-war and a women's nail-driving competition, are climaxed by mucking and drilling contests for the miners (see above).

Oatman was named for a pioneer family that was attacked by Apaches near Gila Bend in 1851; the parents were killed, two girls taken into captivity, and a boy beaten into unconsciousness. The girls were hidden at a spring a half mile north of the present townsite (locally known as Ollie Oatman Spring), and were overlooked by soldiers who had been detailed to their rescue. The boy recovered. The younger sister, Mary Ann, died a captive, but Olive, the older, was released in 1856 through efforts of a rancher and joined her brother at Fort Yuma.

Throughout its history Oatman has prospered and languished by turns after the manner of mining towns. In the early days a narrow-gauge railway extended from the near-by mines to Fort Mojave on the Colorado River; to that point a ferry brought supplies from Needles, California. From 1904-7 three million dollars' worth of gold was taken from this vicinity and the town boasted two banks, ten stores, and a number of commerce.

West of Oatman is the traditional territory of the Mojave Indians who now live on the Mojave Indian Reservation to the north and on

the Colorado River Indian Reservation at Parker to the south (see TOUR 3B.)

When Father Garces, Spanish missionary and explorer, went up the Colorado River in 1775 he estimated the Mojave at three thousand although they now have less than nine hundred members. The Mojave language is still very much alive; the older folk use it almost entirely and many of the children do not know English when they enter school.

Formerly one of the fiercest tribes of the Southwest, the Mojave are now farmers who raise fruits, vegetables, and cotton on the rich lowlands of the Colorado Valley. On the Colorado River Reservation ten acres of land have been allotted each family (see TOUR 3B).

The Colorado River is glimpsed (L) from a point at 160 m. The black rocks along the roadside here are of volcanic origin.

TOPOCK, 168.5 m. (505 alt., 55 pop.), is the lowest point in elevation on the Arizona section of US 66. The Standard Oil Company has made it a distributing center for this part of the state.

The halfway point on the bridge over the Colorado River is the Arizona-California boundary, 169 m.



## Tour 2A

Flagstaff—Cottonwood—Clarkdale—Junction with US 89; 87.1 m., State 79 (Oak Creek Canyon Highway).

Asphalt-paved.  
Heavy snows in the northern part sometimes block travel temporarily.  
Limited accommodations.

Most of this route is within the boundaries of either the Coconino or the Prescott National Forests. It traverses the edge of the Coconino Plateau and winds down the gorge of Oak Creek Canyon, dropping from an altitude of 7,000 feet to 2,500 feet in lower Oak Creek. Before the days of the automobile this area had an atmosphere quite different from that of the lumbering, mining, and stock-raising sections. In the late 1920's the state appropriated funds for the highway, and Flagstaff and Prescott civic organizations boosted the enterprise. But old-timers, who knew Oak Creek as a retreat from work, worry, and the ever-increasing roar of civilization, fought bitterly against promoting this wilderness, loved for its long trout, brilliantly colored scenery, and deep canyons. With the highway came lodges, tourist camps, filling stations, swimming pools, and other marks of progress.

South of Oak Creek Canyon what is known as Lower Oak Creek

suddenly overlaps into the Verde. Verde (Sp., green) in the nineteenth century meant any place south of the Mogollon Rim and along the Verde River. It was the center for probably the most active cattle raising and ranging in northern Arizona, though not notorious for gun-play, feuds, or wild towns. Its cowboys, in the old days, heated many a branding iron over juniper fires between Ashfork and Payson.

From the bottom lands of the Verde the road climbs abruptly up the sides of the Mingus Mountains where the town of Jerome appears at night to be hitched to the stars. By day travelers are amazed to see how five thousand people trust the manmade braces, beams, and other supports that alone keep their homes and buildings from rolling into the valley below. Southwest of the town the highway again reaches a seven-thousand-foot elevation, then gradually slopes down toward Prescott and the west.

State 79 branches south from US 66, 0 m. (see *TOUR 2b*), in FLAGSTAFF, near the northern entrance to the Arizona State Teachers' College campus. To the right is the mill of the Arizona Lumber and Timber Company, 0.2 m. Left, side by side, are two large log mansions owned by the Riordan brothers, former lumber barons of northern Arizona.

This section of the COCONINO NATIONAL FOREST was logged late in the nineteenth century. Stumps on both sides of the road are mute evidence of the industry that once supplied the principal employment in the vicinity. Instead of the iced runways and rivers utilized in the northern states, big two-wheeled carts were used to drag logs from the Arizona forests. Parts of a narrow-gauge lumber railroad are along the road. The one-room shanty homes of the loggers were built on runners and moved from one camp to another.

At 1.7 m. is the junction with a dirt road (see *TOUR 10*).

FORT TUTHILL, 4 m., was named for Brigadier General Alexander Tuthill, commander of the Arizona National Guard, who make this their headquarters. Summer encampment, during the latter part of August, provides drills, target practice, and sham battles.

The road continues through a section heavily wooded with birch, pine, fir, and scrub oak; the evergreens give off delightfully pungent odors, especially after rains. In summer at the sound of approaching danger, tiny chipmunks, brown squirrels, and rabbits scurry to hiding places over the forest's leaves and needles.

South of LOOKOUT POINT, 13.4 m., which is at the head of OAK CREEK CANYON, and approximately two thousand feet above the stream bed, the highway descends to the canyon floor where it twists through broad red-walled gorges and miles of green pine, maple, sycamore, cedar, oak, aspen, and fern. The few cabins and farms in secluded glens only emphasize the solitude. The dark green of the occasional patches of pine growing in the ledges of the carmine walls is intensified by the deep blue of the sky. Deep in the canyon the trees appear larger and more dense and partly conceal the outlines of the rock; but the size of this ragged rent in the earth seems even greater—

an immense space filled with bronze masses of stone formed into symmetrical buttes or upheavals of purple and red. The grandeur of these massive canyon walls is enhanced by their orange-yellow ledges, saffron seams and fissures, and towering russet buttes. From the floor the canyon's sides appear so high it is difficult to see their tops and their colors are constantly changing. In the sunlight the rock glistens with a scarlet luster; after sunset the colors darken and deepen till the whole canyon fills with Tyrian shadows. In places the canyon floor is a soft mat of fragrant pine needles, elsewhere the green of its ferns and grass is splashed with magenta Indian paintbrushes, purple asters, bluebells, lavender-pink primroses, yellow columbines, and golden mescal. Between the highway and the great red walls, Oak Creek cuts its way through deep ravines and narrow gorges, plunging its transparent waters in white cascades over scores of tiny falls. The sound of its churning and rushing merges with that of the wind in the trees. In the fall the foliage matches the rich reds, magenta, carmine, and scarlet of the sculptured walls and buttes. This region is said to have been the setting for *Zane Grey's Call of the Canyon*.

Oak Creek Canyon was formed by the faulting of the rock formation in the basic Coconino sandstone. Subsequent centuries of washing by the waters of the creek, and of winds blowing sand against its relatively soft walls have completed its architecture. This fault, which is apparent—the wall on the right being higher than that on the left—extended for many miles and formed an opening for great volcanic activity. Today a cap of basalt, a smooth black layer, is visible along both rims at the upper end of the canyon. On either side are basalt dikes or upthrusts marking the openings through which the lava reached the surface.

Between 13.4 m. and 15.4 m. the road follows mountain curves that are dangerous but wide enough for passing (*keep to the right; watch for sliding rocks*).

The STATE FISH FARM, 15 m., is one of many maintained by the state game department to stock lakes and streams. In 1935 seventy thousand fish from this hatchery, including rainbow trout and bonytail, were placed in Oak Creek.

Between the fish farm and 40 m. the road drops approximately five thousand feet and the mountain trees and flowers are replaced by desert cactus and brush.

State 79 crosses to the eastern side of Oak Creek on a curved concrete bridge at PUMP HOUSE WASH, 15.7 m. There are numerous well-marked public campgrounds between this point and Sedona. As the road runs along the canyon floor, the towering walls obscure the sky.

The color of the sandstone changes from white to red at approximately 22 m. Scrub oak and buck brush replace mountain pines. Clinging to sharp cliffs' walls (R) an odd irrigation system of wooden troughs carries water to orchards of the lower canyon. Here the road crosses Oak Creek to the western side and a short trail leads (L) to a



natural swimming hole (*boating and picnicking*). To the right at Indian Gardens, above the ranch, is a natural bridge.

A panorama at approximately 23 *m.* includes the trout stream, steep red cliffs, and small patches of orchard on the widening bottom lands to the south.

Where Oak Creek enters a box canyon formed of deep red limestone, 28.3 *m.*, the road leaves the bottom of the canyon, and climbs over red Supai sandstone. Among the trees in this region is the Arizona wild blue cypress. As the canyon bottom widens several small orchards appear, lying along the old creek bed. Plums, apples, grapes, peaches, and pears are grown here for sale in near-by towns. The cathedral-like rocks to the south are splendid landmarks.

SEDONA, 29.8 *m.* (4,500 alt., 116 pop.), a Mormon settlement, has long been a community center for the stock and fruit ranchers.

1. Right from Sedona (*inquire concerning condition of the road*) on an unimproved road to the RUINS OF RED ROCKS, 25 *m.*, which belong to the same prehistoric period as the pueblos of Navajo National Monument in northern Arizona and of Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado. Principal in size and interest are the Honanke and Palatki ruins on the upper Verde River. The dwellings were built in man-made caves.

2. Left from Sedona on an improved dirt road to SCHNEBLEY HILL, 11 *m.* From its summit is a view of Verde Valley and a vast panorama of rock cliffs where contrasting reds, pinks, orange, purple, and golden colors form one of the most brilliant scenes in Arizona. Because of its beauty it is often used as a motion picture location.

Southwest of Sedona on high mesas (R) is BARNEY PASTURE, home of many black-tailed (mule) deer and a favorite hunting ground of northern Arizona sportsmen.

From a point at 44.7 *m.* a particularly imposing view of the country to the southwest reveals Mingus Mountain (7,720 alt.), majestic against the sky; at its base are the smokestacks of Cottonwood (R) and Clemenceau (L); between the stacks and against the mountainside is Jerome.

At 47.5 *m.* is a junction with a dirt road.

Left on this, through the low rolling foothills and green fields of the Verde Valley, to CORNVILLE, 3.5 *m.* (2,800 alt., 200 pop.). In the settlement are a gas station and a general store where cowboys from the outlying range country gather to talk and drink beer. At 12.8 *m.* on this dirt road is the junction with the concrete-paved Beaver Creek Road.

Left 2.1 *m.* on Beaver Creek Road to MONTEZUMA'S WELL (*nominal adm.*). The well, which is 470 feet in diameter and has been sounded to a depth of 800 feet without finding bottom, looks very much like a small volcanic crater. There is a flow of one million nine hundred thousand gallons from the well every twenty-four hours. This water supply was probably the essential factor in the settlement of the region; surrounding the rocky wall of the well are twelve cliff dwellings, all in a remarkable state of preservation. Leading from the well are remains of ditches and a prehistoric irrigation system constructed with no little engineering skill. A calcareous substance deposited by the water in these ditches had accumulated during their long usage till it formed a stone lining. Although it is estimated that both

dwellings and ditches were built about 1200 or 1300 A.D., parts of the ditch linings are practically intact. It is believed that the well was discovered by the army of Cortez, since it was shown on a deerskin map that belonged to the explorer.

On the main side route is a junction with a paved road, 15.6 *m.*; L. on this 1.1 *m.* to MONTEZUMA CASTLE NATIONAL MONUMENT (*adm. 10¢*), a five-hundred-acre tract surrounding one of the best preserved prehistoric cliff dwellings. The castle is in a recess halfway up the face of a perpendicular rock cliff 145 feet high. Early white visitors erroneously associated the place with Montezuma. It is thought the inhabitants of the castle were absorbed by other pueblo-building tribes; at any rate they completely vanished.

The ash-pink adobe castle is reached by a series of ladders placed against the face of the cliff. Its first floor is a horizontal row of eight rooms—some of the adobe bricks set in cement show the fingerprints of the original mason. Roofs were constructed in the usual pueblo manner—sycamore beams with successive toppings of small sticks, reeds, and a thick layer of adobe that formed the floor of the story above. As the community grew, each new family constructed its own addition to the castle. The structure is forty feet high and the fifth story reaches the very top of the natural cave. The number of rooms decreases in each ascending story till the fifth has but two rooms and a plaza.

A cowpuncher once traded a saddle horse for Montezuma's Castle—then swapped it for two saddle horses.

At 20.4 *m.* on the main side route is CAMP VERDE (2,200 alt., 765 pop.), a cattle and farming center settled as Camp Lincoln in 1864 by Arizona volunteers dispatched from Whipple Barracks, near Prescott, to protect immigrants from marauding Indians. In 1886 the encampment was taken over by regular troops as Fort Verde. By 1900 the district had become comparatively peaceable and the fort reservation was sold. At present many Yavapai Apaches, now friendly cattlemen and farmers, live in their native hogans a stone's throw from town. Right from Camp Verde on an improved dirt road to the junction with State 79, 39.1 *m.*

State 79 crosses the VERDE RIVER, 48.6 *m.*, the eastern boundary of a section of the PRESCOTT NATIONAL FOREST which has headquarters in Prescott. There is a wealth of timber in this reserve and good forage for about seventy-three thousand head of cattle and sheep. West of the Verde River is a farming district known as BRIDGEPORT.

At 49.5 *m.* is the junction with the dirt road to Camp Verde (*see above*).

COTTONWOOD, 50.7 *m.* (3,310 alt., 800 pop.), at the entrance to lower Oak Creek Canyon in the upper Verde Valley is bordered on the south, east, and west by high mountains, and on the north by mesas, buttes, and lomas. It is a pleasant, quiet little community serving a rich agricultural, livestock, and mining district. Typical of Arizona's small towns, it is one street wide with a few dusty off-shoots leading to little used "back streets." Familiar figures in the town are the cowboys from the range and the prospector or "desert rat" who wanders in from his camp in the mountains to break the monotony of his lonely life. The first permanent settler, James Oliver Bristow, arrived with his family in 1875 and sheltered them in a dug-out until he could build a more comfortable house.

Left on a graveled road from the eastern edge of Cottonwood to CLEMENCEAU, 0.5 *m.* (3,300 alt., 800 pop.), named for the French World War states-

man. The United Verde Extension Mining Company smelter was opened here in 1918 and closed permanently in January 1937.

CLARKDALE, 54.6 *m.* (2,568 alt., 2,800 pop.), on a sloping desert mesa at the foot of the Black Hills is a smelter town built in 1911 by the United Verde Copper Company (now owned by the Phelps Dodge Corporation) because the United Verde mines had outgrown their smelter in Jerome on Woodchuck Mountain and cave-ins and lack of space prevented building a larger one there. The new town was named for William A. Clark, Senator from Montana (1901-07) and former owner of the United Verde mines, who purchased this site then known as the Jordan Ranch. From a green square with a bandstand, surrounded by company-owned brick bungalows, the main street runs through a shopping and business block. On the north are the treeless streets and squat frame or brick houses of the company's Lower Town. Mexican- or Patiotown, which is outside the planned area, trails along the smelter yards into sandy fields. It is made up of several dozen cottages in the middle of green lawns, and parallel alleys of long two-family barracks.

Inside the yard of the CLARKDALE SMELTER (*open on application*), on Smelter Road, are the brick general offices, laboratories, and change rooms for employees. On the lawn back of the general offices is the first smelter of the United Verde mines; the field of fountains (R) is the cooling plant; the corrugated steel buildings (L) are the blacksmith, pattern and carpenter shops, and the foundry. This smelter, completed in 1915, has a monthly capacity of four million five hundred thousand pounds of ore.

Although smelting ore furnishes employment to many, the smoke from the smelters has been the cause of much controversy in this area. Farmers and ranchers in the Verde Valley assert that the heavy smoke has damaged their crops and grazing lands. Since it is recognized that sulphur dioxide gas, which is present in the air when the humidity is high (July-Sept.) and there is little wind, is injurious to certain plants, the company has made cash settlements and in some instances has purchased the land. At present the mining company holds smoke easements on most of the country within a 15-mile radius of the smelters.

1. Left from Clarkdale to PECK'S LAKE, 1 *m.* (*outboard motor races*), in the center of a golf course (*greens fee \$1*).

2. Right from Clarkdale on a dirt road crossing Verde River to TUZIGOOT NATIONAL MONUMENT, 2.4 *m.*, an ancient pueblo originally built of stone mortared with mud and now (1940) being restored. The pueblo was occupied about the year 1200. When it was abandoned has not been definitely established, but it is supposed that the inhabitants were among the antecedents of the modern Hopi. The pueblo housed several hundred persons. Articles found in the ruin indicate a high degree of culture. Many have been left exactly as they were revealed in the excavation of the rooms. TUZIGOOT MUSEUM, patterned after the ruin itself, displays beadwork, shell and turquoise mosaics, several varieties of pottery, storage ollas 24 to 27 inches in height and diameter, and stone and bone implements more symmetrical than the average specimens found in Arizona pueblos. The numerous grinding stones indicate that corn was the staple food.

Long before JEROME, 60.7 *m.* (5,435 alt., 4,932 pop.), a copper-mining town, is reached it is in view, hanging precariously on the side of Mingus Mountain in the Black Hills; its frame houses a jumble on stilts. With a fifteen-hundred-foot difference in elevation between the highest and lowest perches, the town has some houses with basements reached by a climb up three flights of steps, others with roofs below the level of the streets on which they face, and yet others with garages on their roofs. Many householders can lean out of their kitchen windows and scratch matches on their neighbors' chimneys.

Since 1925 when two hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite was used for blasting in the Black Pit, the entire town has moved three-eighths of an inch a month; neither banks nor the Federal government will accept the average Jerome house as collateral for a loan. Everywhere are braces, beams, and concrete blocks to keep buildings from tumbling into the valley, a quarter of a mile below. These give the town architectural peculiarities so distinctive that the inhabitants have reached a certain boastfulness about them and have even added to them when talking with outsiders—thus contributing an authentic page to Arizona folk lore.

Because of the terrain Jerome has no street cars or busses and the inhabitants must climb trails and flights of steps in going about town. The single unifying factor is the curving highway. In spite of disadvantages Jerome is able to boast that no town in Arizona has so many dwellings with magnificent views. A man need only walk to the window to behold a panorama of the Verde Valley, where the towns of Clarkdale and Clemenceau appear as clusters of white and green against the red-streaked cliffs of Oak Creek Canyon and the flat haze of smoke above the Clarkdale smelter is patterned with sun-streaked bands.

Lodged on the red splintered rocks of Yeager Canyon is the English-speaking district, crowding down to Hogback and Lower Hogback, which are on flatter land and inhabited chiefly by Slavs. Beyond the little business district is Bitter Creek where the Mexicans live. A few Italians and Cornishmen scattered through the various districts complete the town's racial mixture.

Copper determined Jerome's settlement and position and for nearly sixty years the price of copper has determined the size of its population and its degree of prosperity. The Indians had worked copper here long before white men arrived. In the period after the Civil War John Ruffner and August McKinnon, ranchers from the vicinity of Prescott, came into the valley. Ruffner later established his claim to what became the United Verde property though claim for the rediscovery of the copper may have belonged to McKinnon or to the Indian scout Al Sieber (*see TOUR 10*). Ruffner who was busy with his ranch, decided to lease his claim to Governor Tittle. Tittle in time got financial support for developing the property from Eugene Jerome of New York, who insisted that the camp be named for him. It was not, however, until the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad arrived at Ashfork in 1882 that the chances for profitable exploitation appeared. Even at that the diffi-