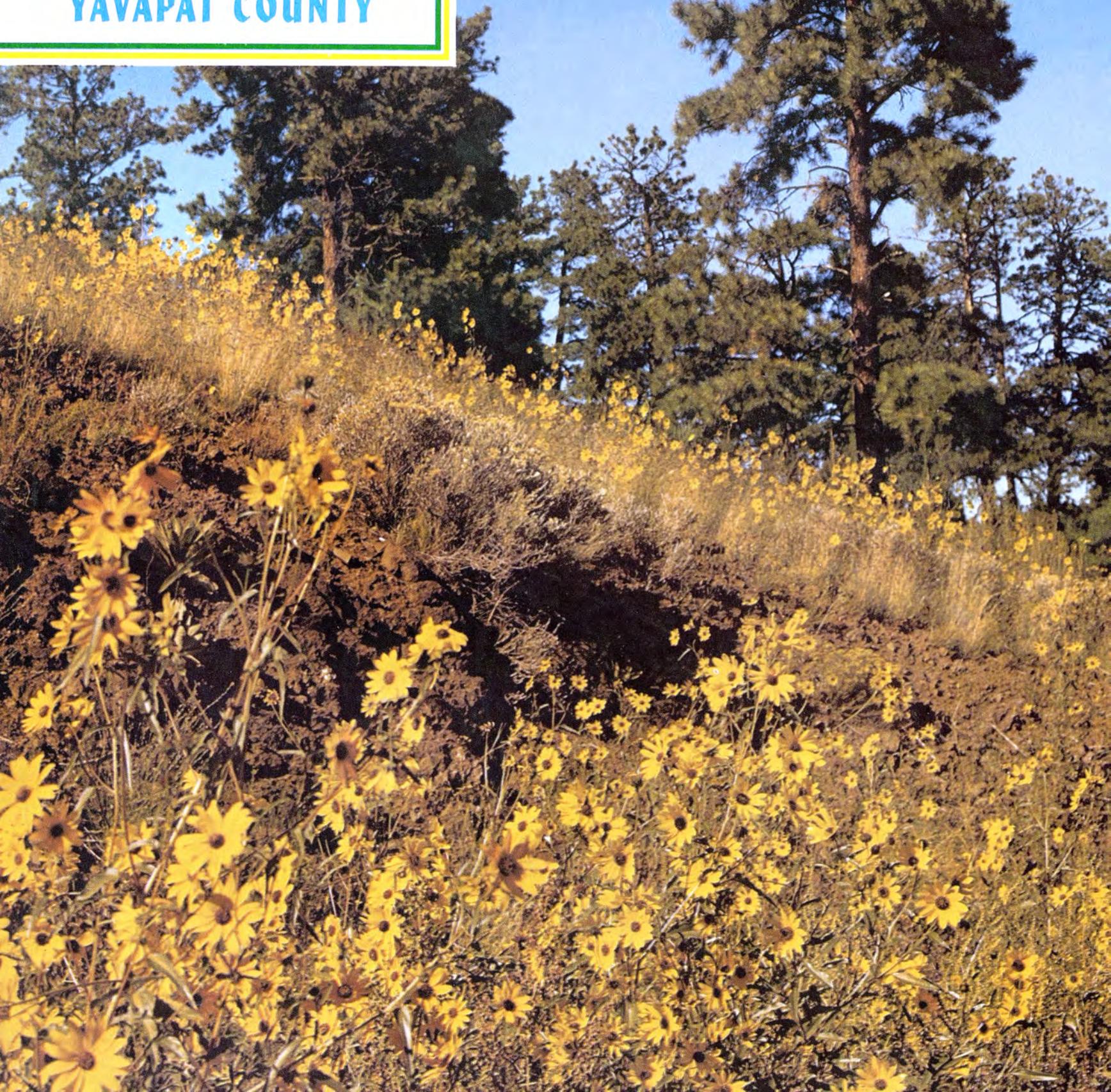


ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

MAY 1960
FORTY CENTS

THIS ISSUE:

YAVAPAI COUNTY





“The Verde and Tuzigoot” BOB BRADSHAW

“Air View — Jerome” BOB BRADSHAW



ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

VOL XXXVI NO. 5 MAY 1960

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THIS ISSUE:
YAVAPAI COUNTY

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 Governor of Arizona

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COLOR CLASSICS FROM ARIZONA HIGHWAYS
 This Issue

35mm. slides in 2" mounts, 1 to 15 slides, 40¢ each; 16 to 49 slides, 35¢ each; 50 or more, 3 for \$1.00. Catalogue of previous slides sent on request. Address: Arizona Highways, Phoenix, Arizona. F-5 In Prescott National Forest, Yavapai County, cov. 1; VR-7 The Verde & Tuzigoot, cov. 2; TC-36 Air View—Jerome, cov. 2; MM-2 Ancient Castle in Limestone, cov. 3; MW-4 Still Waters of Montezuma Well, cov. 3; SS-1 In the Shrine of St. Joseph—Yarnell, cov. 4; GD-4 Rocky Splendor of Granite Dells, p. 17; TC-37 Prescott, Arizona, p. 18; TC-38 Rodeo Parade—Prescott, p. 18; L-69 Watson Lake near Prescott, p. 19; RE-1 Castle Hot Springs, p. 19; R-8 Sheep Crossing—Verde River, center spread; V-46 Yavapai Panorama, p. 22; GD-5 Granite Dells—Prescott, p. 22; FA-12 In Chino Valley, p. 23; V-47 Black Canyon Country—Yavapai County, p. 23; L-70 Summer—Horse Thief Basin, p. 24.

FRONT COVER

“IN PRESCOTT NATIONAL FOREST—YAVAPAI COUNTY” BY DAVID MUENCH. 4x5 Graphic View camera; Ektachrome E3; f.20 at 1/50th sec.; Zeiss Tessar 5" lens; early September; sunny, bright day; Meter Reading 400; ASA rating 50. Photo taken in the Prescott National Forest, near Prescott, in Yavapai County. All summer and into fall the flowers add their charm to serene forest landscapes in this pleasant highland where the air is spicy with pine scent and filled with the sound of the trees singing above flowered meadows. This high forest area usually receives heavy rainfall in late July and August, which results in spectacular flower displays in September. Prescott National Forest is a natural recreation area for residents of Central Arizona.

“Old Yavapai”

This month our pages are devoted to Yavapai County, Arizona, U.S.A. If we tried for two weeks of Wednesdays, we couldn't take you to a nicer place.

Living, as we do, in a desert city, we always thought of Yavapai County as the cool pine country around Prescott, or the green sublimity of the Verde Valley bordered by the imposing red cliffs of the Sedona-Oak Creek Canyon country. Well, Yavapai County is all of that and more, too. Yavapai County is Joshua tree and cactus and just about everything else in between. Yep, old Yavapai is a lot of colorful terrain wrapped up in one package and the package is tied up in ancient history, romance, modern history, the legends of the mountain men, the gallop of the U.S. Cavalry, tales of grizzled prospectors along lonely creeks, and the silence and dignity of Nature unadorned. Boy, are we wearing our talking teeth today!

When we started getting our pages together for this month we were sure lucky. We were looking for someone to tell us something about Prescott and did we hit it rich. We met Mrs. Pauline Henson. The Henson family moved to Prescott not too long ago after Mrs. Henson's husband had retired from a long and honorable career in the Army. Now the Hensons (there are two growing sons) are happy where they always had wanted to be. When we asked: “Why Prescott?” we got our answer, and we are pleased to share it with you.

And, then, for an overall portrait of old Yavapai, we called upon Charles Franklin Parker, ably assisted by Jeanne Humburg, to do the chores, and how well they have done them! Old Yavapai is a grand story and they have told it well.

In conclusion, we bring you a piece about Mr. and Mrs. Penn who bought a ghost town in Old Yavapai and propose to live there happily ever after. Who couldn't be happy in a ghost town named Bumble Bee? Then we end with a visit to Yarnell. There are lots of places we missed but we hope when you are through with these pages this month you'll like, as we do, one of our favorite Arizona counties, Old Yavapai . . . R. C.

OPPOSITE PAGE

UPPER—Photo taken with a 4x5 Crown Graphic camera; Ektachrome; f.16 at 1/50th sec.; Ektar lens; June; bright sunlight; 15 light value on G.E. DW68 meter; ASA rating 50. Taken on the south side of the Verde River across from Tuzigoot National Monument. Tuzigoot was probably built in the 1050's and reached its peak by 1300. By 1350 it was completely evacuated for no pottery later than 1350 (dated by tree ring method) has been found at the ruin. Tuzigoot was created a National Monument July 25, 1939.

LOWER—Photo taken with a Crown Graphic camera; Ektachrome; f.8 at 1/400th sec.; Ektar lens; October; bright sunlight; 20 light value on G. E. DW68 meter; ASA rating 50. This photograph was taken from a plane looking southwest over Mingus Mountain showing U.S. 89A winding its way through historic and picturesque Jerome. Once one of the richest copper camps in the world, the town now is a placid “ghost city.” In the seventy years the mines were in production at Jerome, they produced over half billion dollars in mineral wealth. In the late '90's a Mexican driver used 200 burros to haul domestic water to Jerome. History knew him later as Pancho Villa.

WHY PRESCOTT



Gurley Street, Prescott, looking west toward Thumb Butte

by Pauline Henson

We had just returned from a vacation trip in Arizona. John and Doris, next door in Arlington, Virginia, came out to welcome us home as we unloaded the station wagon. After the usual exchange of greetings, Doris asked, "And did you find that place to live when you retire?"

"Yep," I answered, "It's Prescott." Grinning, but trying not to sound too smug, my husband added, "We bought a couple of view lots the day we hit town."

"Had you been there before?"

"Nope."

"Have any folks, know anyone there?"

"Nope."

"Then *why Prescott?*" At this point we were joined by the Tullys from down the street. It was a hot and humid July, so someone suggested we go inside and sit down while we explained our choice for the first of what has been many times. Like most Service families, we have lived in several states including Hawaii and abroad. Because we were free to settle almost any place, people are

interested in why we should choose Prescott. We have two versions of this story; when time permits, I tell the long one first.

"We just drove around a hill and there it was," said my husband. "A sunny exposure with a view across the treetops and ridge after ridge of national forests."

"Exactly what we were looking for," I interrupted. "There—" I said, "*right there* is where I'd like to build a house!"

Thinking back now, our sudden decision does seem a bit incongruous. My husband still had two years of duty with the Army. We had made many friends in the Washington area during his tours at the Pentagon; we had our own home in Arlington. And most of all, there was the financial security of a government position offered him when he left the Service. With two boys to send to college, we could not afford total retirement. On the other hand, the East Coast climate agreed with none of us. I had developed some arthritis and we had perpetual colds. As most Southwesterners do, we hated the high humidity. Then, too, there was a dream of twenty years we were reluctant to let go. Since our first trip to Arizona



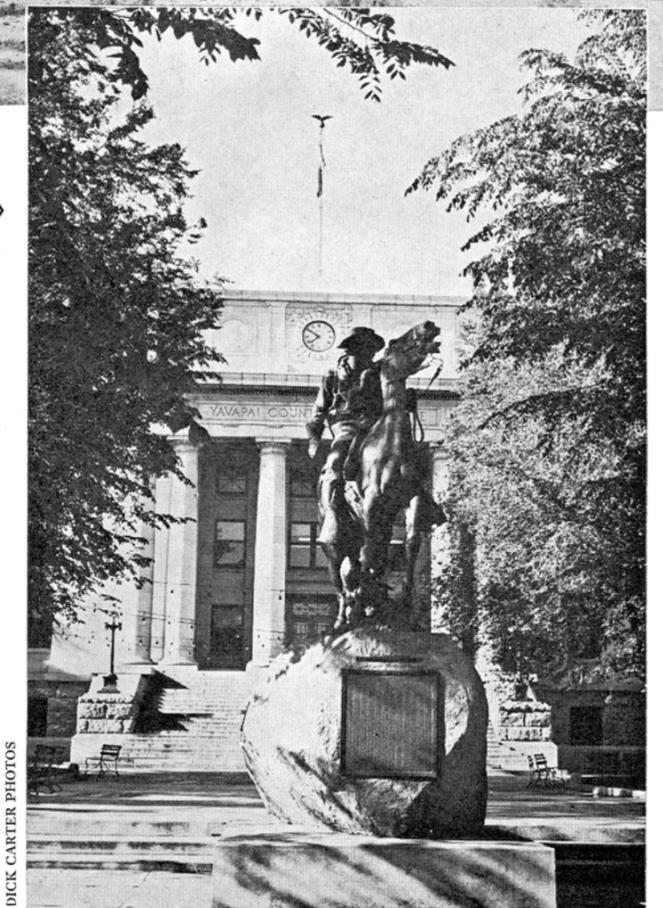
Mansion, Museum for visitors

Yavapai County
Courtthouse and
Rough Rider Monument

we knew where we wanted to live: the state was settled, the only question was *where* in Arizona. So our decision, as we explained to our friends, was not as impulsive as it seemed.

As we waited in a Prescott real estate office for the papers on our lots to be prepared, I looked out at the great white "P" on a point of the Bradshaws. "That's my mountain," I joked. "It's wearing my brand." Now, three years later, as we are completing our home exactly where we had dreamed, I know that was a lucky prophecy. The "P" that stands for Prescott seems also a symbol for its attractions, the people who come here, and why.

First, there were the Prospectors with Pick and Pan. They came mostly as a backlash from the gold rushes of California and Colorado, penetrating a last frontier, the isolated retreat of fierce Apaches. Led by such mountain men as Pauline Weaver and Joseph Walker, they found their gold—in Weaver Gulch, on Antelope Hill, on the Hassayampa, Lynx Creek, and the Big Bug. Within a year of these discoveries Congress had established a separate Arizona Territory and Prescott became its Capital. Fort Whipple was already established nearby to



DICK CARTER PHOTOS



LERROY ESLOW

Prescott's famed Smoki Dancers



DICK CARTER

Granite Lake near Prescott

Antelope Hills Golf Course



DICK CARTER

U.S. 89 through Granite Dells



JOSEF MUEENCH

protect the miners, and thus the way was open to the Pioneers.

The Pioneers gave a Permanence to the country. Because they came to plow and plant, to buy and sell, to mine, to raise cattle, to build homes and towns, and to establish civil order, Prescott survived even its loss of the Capital while other mining communities became ghost towns. The family names of many early settlers are still among us. It is fitting, too, that the Pioneers' Home, often mistaken for a resort hotel, should be built at Prescott. The first generation of Pioneers is gone, but many of their children are living out their eighties and nineties on a high hill that overlooks the land they love so much, and which has not forgotten them.

Since Prescott began its career under a Republican administration, it drew its chief citizens from the North and East. This shows in the architecture of the town to this day. Instead of the Mexican adobe of the southern part of the state, houses in Prescott were log or frame. Older residential sections are reminiscent of New England, some houses having even a "widow's walk." Since oceans and sailing vessels were far away, the balconies were used for viewing the superb scenery. Designed around a courthouse "square" with green lawns and numerous shade trees, the streets were straight and orderly. The town was named for William Hickling Prescott, and north-south streets appropriately called Montezuma, Cortez, Alarcon, Marina, etc. from a popular history he had written. East-west streets were named for important personages of the time: Goodwin, Gurley, Carleton, Willis, Sheldon, Aubrey, and Leroux. The first public building was the Governor's Mansion made of logs and two stories high. Built in 1864, it still stands in good condition.

Thus Prescott has a Past. This is preserved in the Sharlot Hall Museum and in the Governor's Mansion where many old photographs, records, and interesting relics are on display. One may register at General Crook's desk that jounced about the rough country in the back of a wagon as he campaigned against the Indians. Inconsistent as it may seem, a few blocks away the Smoki Museum is dedicated to preservation of Indian culture. The Indian is a part of Prescott's Past, too, dating back

to the pithouse. On the plaza a massive statue pays tribute to the Rough Riders. But there is no shrine to the bad-man. Prescott had its whiskey row and once, a stagecoach robbery, but the populace included a large number of intelligent, well-educated, and cultured people who took pride in their homes, schools, churches, and the establishment of law and order. The City was incorporated in 1883. Some of its patriots helped draft the Constitution when Arizona became a state.

This brings us happily to the People. Here we have found the friendliest and most accommodating people it has ever been our good fortune to know! We find them very relaxed and informal. In certain parts of our country, to be addressed by one's first name is equivalent to being called "boy." In Prescott it is a compliment—it means one has "arrived." Since I am a newcomer, it has been necessary to do a great deal of research and interviewing. Everyone has been most gracious and co-operative. Old-timers and new residents are equally enthusiastic about our town! "Never in my life," said Lt. Col. Byron Hargrove, new manager of the Chamber of Commerce, "have I known people with greater integrity than the people of Prescott." Col. Hargrove is used to sitting at conference tables where a man's whole career may depend on his integrity. "It's the same here," he told me. "Whether a person is paid or is volunteering his services, if he says he will do such and such a thing, I know that job is as good as done."

With such a background, it was inevitable that Prescott should have Progress. In spite of fire, panics, drouths, and depressions, Prescott has grown from a frontier community to a modern city. County seat of Yavapai, it had but to rely on its natural resources. The gold rush passed, leaving behind several small but steady mines of copper, silver, lead, and zinc. Cattle-raising was profitable only on the big spreads. Ft. Whipple became a veterans' hospital. Only the pure air and delightful climate did not change. Since there are no big U. S. installations such as army posts or air bases, and no heavy industries, there is something unique about Prescott's growth, which over the past few years has been phenomenal!

The City is proud of its population increase, of

course, but its real pride is the progress achieved through intelligent citizen action. By 1954 Prescott had grown itself into a number of problems, the most critical of which was limited water and sewer facilities. The City was then financially weak and new resources for improvements were defeated at the polls because the tax rate was already so high as to hurt property owners and discourage new investments and industry. Schools were bulging at the seams. There was no economic unity with half the population living outside the City limits. But the citizens arose to the challenge, for Prescott is a city of Projects and Participation.

First, the civic groups educated the voters to approve a million dollar water-sewer bond issue. With those facilities doubled, the next step was an intensive annexation campaign. The fringe areas came into the City one by one until, by 1958, the population had practically doubled and area increased nearly three times. With this expansion, increased efficiency, and a 1% sales tax, the City cut its property tax rate in half in one year, yet had a nice surplus of funds with which to budget improvements. Building construction was up nearly four times. School bond issues were approved. Civic-minded citizens realized that, if a city would grow, it must have recreational facilities; still the government, newly out of the red, hesitated to spend its funds for them. Proof that in unity there is strength, forty-eight different groups raised money and donated labor to build the Yavapai County Youth Center which includes Prescott's first public swimming pool. The solution of financing a municipal golf course came through sale of lots adjoining the course by the Antelope Hills Development, a group of businessmen organized for that purpose.

Citizen effort did not stop with major accomplishments, but every civic group seemed to sponsor a project to better the community. The Business and Professional Women took over annual publication of *Hot Iron*, the rodeo souvenir program, selling advertisements therein and using the proceeds to light the courthouse at Christmas. In a few years they have accumulated \$5000 worth of permanent wiring and fixtures so that the huge building is turned into a symphony of color and beauty at



DICK CARTER

Forest area around Prescott



JOSEF MUENCH

Summer day at Granite Dells

Christmastime. The Yavapai County Cowbells have published a book, *Echoes of the Past*, preserving for posterity true experiences of early ranch families. Service clubs have sponsored so many projects, from free Salk vaccine to eye banks, and combatting juvenile delinquency to bringing art exhibits to Prescott, that it is impossible to mention all of them here. This is the type of citizen action that won Prescott nationwide recognition in the All-America Cities Award Contest.

The average present-day resident wasn't born here: he has chosen it deliberately after considerable research and travel, and he is quick to sing its Praises. "All I knew about Arizona," he may tell you, "was that the desert was fine in winter and the mountains wonderful in summer, but no one could live in either in the converse season." Of course, that is only his way of emphasizing Prescott's

moderation. Thousands have found both Phoenix and Flagstaff suitable to year round living. But those who wish to avoid extremes take great delight in saying, "Not too hot, not too cold, no blizzards, heat waves, dust storms, earthquakes, nor tornadoes." Prescott lies both in the geographical center of the state and in the climatic center. This means the weather is changeable enough to be stimulating. The summer rainy season and one or two big snows in winter are welcomed because they are the exception and not the rule. With its mile high elevation, ideal humidity, pure air, moderate temperatures, and abundant sunshine, it becomes near-Paradise for many a health-seeker. Some of our prominent residents came here years ago "to die." Others, especially retired people, have come only recently to "live." Our slower Pace appeals to the person who is tired of frantic big cities with their heavy traffic and parking problems. If one needs a bit longer to board a bus or cross a street than is customary, he will find there is Patience. Where there is time to establish real values, one can know Peace.

Then there are the Peaks and the Pines. Sweeping into the City on any of the fine highway approaches, one is impressed by an over-all rock garden effect. In our own case this had quite a bearing. Whenever it was possible for us to reach the mountains during a vacation, we always went to them. Naturally we considered retirement a sort of perpetual vacation, so where would be more logical to settle? From any high hill there is a limitless panorama: Thumb Butte, Granite Mountain, Bill Williams Mountain, the San Francisco Peaks, Black Hills, the Bradshaws, and Sierra Prietas. Upon their cool slopes grow stands of fir, pine, aspen, piñon. The rocks are set with brush, manzanita, live oak, mountain mahogany, and quinine bush. Along colorful canyons are oak, ash, maple, and walnut. Wildlife abounds for the quiet observer; the explorer may find an Indian ruin, the rockhound a new field of "bragging rock." For these we need waste no time on long, tiresome roads—they are at our very door! The Painter or Photographer will find nothing more picturesque than a stark rock formation framed by green needles. The Poet should hear a gypsy wind in wild abandon among the pines. He may wonder if any fragrance matches that of the junipers after a rain, and if he sits by a lake at night, his thoughts may run:

*Blow gently, Wind;
The timid stars are very close
Tonight;
The tall trees brush them down.
See—
Here they lie trembling
In the dark water.*

If one should tire of the land, there is always the sky view. I think the rainy season is my favorite because great clouds, like puffs of cotton-candy, fill the blue sky-bowl and thunder giants stalk slowly around the horizon, shaking the earth. Sunlight flings itself through a prism of showers to become a rainbow. So often it is over the Bradshaws where there might really be a pot of gold!

A number of people come to Prescott to Play. For some it is a day of golf at Antelope Hills or the Hassayampa Country Club. For others, it means a week end of fishing at one of the four lakes that lie within a few miles of the City. Youngsters may attend summer camp where horseback riding is especially popular. Or families may find one of the ten Recreational Areas in the Prescott

National Forest ideal for picnicking or camping. Within the City, a Director of Recreation co-ordinates activities for all ages, from Little League to Community Sings. These include swimming, tennis, crafts, archery, and various ball-playing. Winter sports of sledding and ice skating are enjoyed at Hassayampa Lake and in the high country.

Let's not forget the Ponies. Prescott has been a ranching center almost from its beginning. With the hardy little mustang, it was possible to range great herds of cattle over the rough terrain of Yavapai. Here Harold Bell Wright placed the setting for his novel, *When A Man's A Man*, immortalizing the American cowboy. This jean-clad, booted character, with his roll-brimmed straw or Stetson, is so typically native that "rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief" all dress western in Prescott. Horseflesh is more blooded than in the old days; the Quarterhorse Show draws fanciers as far away as Montana. There are always some beautiful horses in the Parade that opens Frontier Days. This celebration centers around a rodeo organized in 1888 and held annually during the Fourth of July holidays. Horse racing follows, beginning on July 5 and continuing for two days each week end through August.

What Possibilities does Prescott have for the future? "Staggering," says City Manager Jack Branum. "As Arizona grows, so must Prescott grow. We are fast disposing of those problems that would hinder us. We must soon launch into programs—an enormous paving project for example—that will keep making Prescott better."

"Possibilities? Never better," affirms "By" Hargrove who "sold" Prescott on his own for five years before assuming his present position. "The Chamber of Commerce gets between 100 and 150 letters of inquiry per week," he informed me, "with at least 20% seriously considering a move to Prescott."

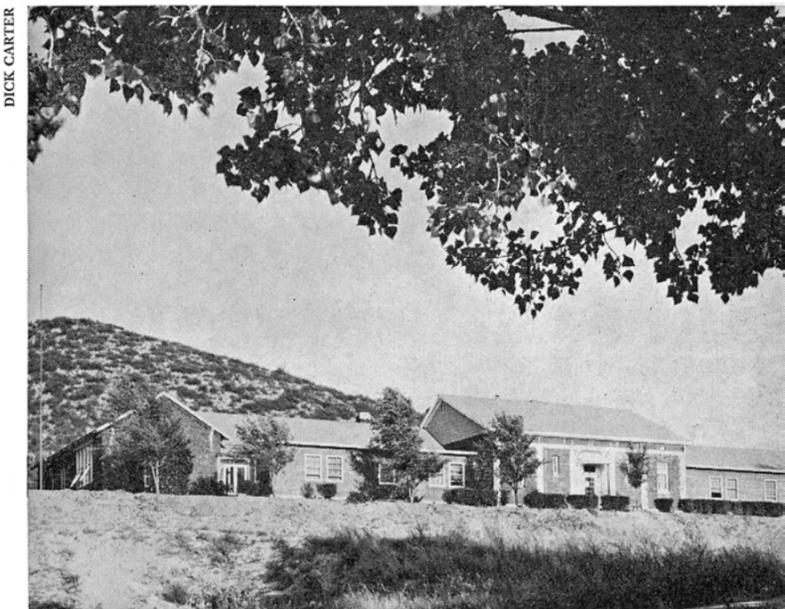
As in the Past, the citizens are already facing up to these Possibilities. It has long been recognized that eventual economic stability and growth lie in the attraction of new industry. The Industrial Committee and other interested persons made a study around the nation of methods used successfully in attracting new industry. Determining that the most successful method was the profit corporation, capitalized with considerable funds for investment and promotion, the group then solicited funds for stock. Some 250 citizens invested in the original effort and became the Prescott Foundation for Industrial Development. The first new industry, a clothing factory which provided 100 new jobs, was but the beginning. Others have followed, and by the time this article goes to press, it is expected an electronics industry will be added to them. Not all our eggs are in the industry basket, however. A two million dollar resort hotel has been planned for Antelope Valley. Still bidding for quality citizens, and keeping Prescott a first-rate place to live, our paper is plugging for a great clinic for respiratory diseases. There are also excellent Possibilities for a church-sponsored college. As more men, even though retired, with engineering and military experience move into the area, Research Study Groups could be formed.

There is one other answer to "Why Prescott?"—the one we hear most often, and which we call our short version. "We just came to Prescott and fell in love with it." Love, I believe, needs no explanation.



DICK CARTER

Street Scene, Prescott
Community Hospital



DICK CARTER

Whipple Veterans' Hospital



LERROY ESILOW



CHARLES C. NIEHUIS

YAVAPAI COUNTY

The Mother of Counties and Land of Enchantment

by Charles Franklin Parker and Jeanne S. Humburg

Yavapai—"Mother of Arizona counties"—has a history as picturesque as the phrase that best describes her—"the heart of a varied land of enchantment."

Lying in the geographical center of Arizona, with all lines drawn from corners to corners as well as mid-points of the state bisecting the county, Yavapai can claim most of the geographical, zoological and climatic conditions found anywhere in the state. Within its 8,150 square miles (about the size of Massachusetts), it varies from a desert low of 1,900 foot elevation at the southernmost point of the county to the height of Mount Union, just shy of 8,000 feet and within sight of Prescott, county seat since its founding in 1864.

Its mountains are timbered with piñon, ponderosa, spruce and aspen and rich in minerals; its valleys rich in farmland, its cattle range dotted with juniper, live oak, mesquite and manzanita in the more than a million acres of grazing land. There is the bril-

liant red rock charm of lower Oak Creek and the terrain below 3,500 feet is characterized by desert vegetation—the giant saguaro, chollas, yuccas, palo verde and ocotillo. In less than a two hour's drive by car one travels from the palms and orange trees of Castle Hot Springs to forests of ponderosa pine. Thus for variety, Yavapai is possibly the most typical county in Arizona.

Equally varied are its mined resources and manufactured products, its agricultural crops and cattle operations, its recreation and sports, and highly important its health-giving benefits in clear mountain air or sun-dry valleys and desert. More essential in this world today is the stimulating variance in its people—the mingling of frontier ranchers, miners and merchants and staunch New England pioneers with the later influx of new blood—new ideas from all corners of the nation. It is this variety of natural attractions and human endeavor that has produced Yavapai County's past, present and future—a pictorial pageant of more than 1200 years filled with natural splendor and achievement.

In many respects it is a county of western tradition, treasur-

ing its frontier beginning and perpetuating the era of army forts, gold strikes and "cowboy" days in museums, celebrations and rodeos, including Prescott's Frontier Days. It is also a county with varying cultural resources of artistic, educational, religious and social significance, offering opportunities for sharing in entertainment, hobbies, vocational, civic and recreational activities. It is a county with both winter and summer resorts, with few towns but many small communities, with new industry that spells a progressive future and with expansion seen readily in home building and real estate transactions. About 3,000 property transfers were recorded in 1959.

The estimated population of Yavapai, showing a 31.2 per cent increase over the 1950 census, is 32,776. Prescott is the largest town with 16,000 population; Cottonwood, trading center of the Verde Valley, has 3,500 people. All other communities have smaller populations than these. To many who do not know Yavapai County the figures may paint a sparse picture; to those who do, it is a genuine part of the county's drawing power for new enterprise, for new residents and tourists (both summer and winter). It is the happy partnership of a mining, ranching and agricultural county growing in industry and manufacturing, yet abounding in historic and scenic attractions for relaxed enjoyment.

Named for the Yavapai (Yah-vah-pie) Indians, with a dual and equally applicable translation of "People of the Sun" and "Hill People," the county was one of Arizona's four original counties established by the Territorial Government by an early enactment in 1864. In its original boundaries it encompassed almost three-quarters of the land of the Territory—from the Gila River north to the Utah border and from New Mexico westward to the boundaries of Yuma and Mohave counties.

From Yavapai's original vast area of roughly 85,000 square miles were later created all or part of eight other counties—Maricopa (1871), Pinal (1875), Apache (1879), Graham and Gila (1881), Coconino (1891), Navajo (1895) and Greenlee (1909). Although Yavapai today is but one tenth its original size, it lost none of the quick contrasts and varied features that make it "enchanting."

The earliest known inhabitants and explorers had woven an enduring picture of enterprise and initiative long before rich gold strikes in the 1860's had set a pattern of history and growth

for Yavapai County, bringing it to what it is today.

From archeological data now available, it appears that the first migration of peoples to the Yavapai country might have occurred as early as 700 A.D. The early Hohokam (meaning "those who have vanished" in the Pima language) moved northward from the Salt and Gila valleys up along the Verde, Haysayampa and Agua Fria courses into these higher elevations and somewhat remote valleys and fastnesses. These early ones were home builders, pottery makers and agriculturalists. They lived in jacal-like structures whose floors were excavated below the ground surface and a super-structure imposed over it. They dug irrigation ditches and engineered their design to include quite large acreages for cultivation.

Some four hundred years later there appears to have been another migration into the regions of the Verde River, and these people, called Signua, apparently came from the north and east. The remains of this ancient culture is now best evidenced by the remains at Montezuma Castle and Montezuma Well areas on Beaver Creek and Tuzigoot Pueblo Ruins on the Verde near Clarkdale. Actually, caves and ruins dot the entire area of the county. The lofty cliff dwellings of Montezuma Castle, built within the large caves of the limestone cliffs, are among America's oldest apartment house structures. The remains of the ancient irrigation system at nearby Montezuma Well gives evidence of the skill of the early agriculturalists.

From the findings at Tuzigoot, Montezuma Castle, the Fitzmaurice and Kings Ruins in the Chino Wash area and from the Fairgrounds Ruins near Prescott, along with the gatherings of pot-hunters who gathered from many caves and unwittingly dug into old mounds, there is evidence of civilization upon civilization in the area in far off times dating back for more than twelve hundred years. The treasures from these ruins are now housed at both of the National Monuments, Montezuma Castle and Tuzigoot, and at the Smoki and Sharlot Hall Museums in Prescott.

By 1400 this ancient culture of the region was left behind by those who had developed it. Why they left is still pondered by the students of archeology, but we do know that at about this time it is possible to project another migration into the region. These newer arrivals probably came from the Colorado River



Joshua to pine tree—all in one county

DICK CARTER



Store in Skull Valley

DICK CARTER

Main Street—Mayer



DICK CARTER

area and since Espejo recounts in his journal that he encountered Indians in the Verde Valley "with crosses on their heads," it is possible that they may have been contacted by Fray Garces or Alarcon in their earlier journeys along the Colorado. It seems that Yavapais and Hualapais were the Indians that Espejo encountered. The marauding Apaches, who probably appeared in Arizona about 1600, were firmly entrenched when the early settlers arrived. Although they had fought the Yavapais and Hualapais, all three continued to live in the vast region in the 1860's and still do today.

The Yavapai saw the coming and going of early Spanish exploration parties, but the penetration was slight and momentary and of no lasting or impressive character. Since the expeditions, including Estevan, Fray Marcos de Niza and Coronado were all searching for the "seven cities of Cibola" to the north and east of this region, their contacts were only those of passing through. It is known that Espejo journeyed from New Mexico to the area of the Verde Valley in 1583 and that Farfan came in 1598 and Onate in 1604. But not finding wealth in terms of gold and silver, seemed to consider the land and its people not worthy of further concern.

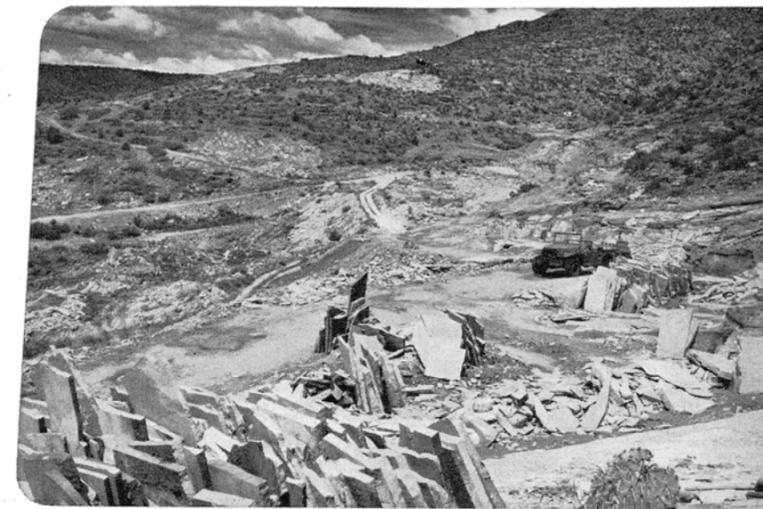
The intervening years between the last coming of the Spanish explorers and the arrival of the Walker and Peeples parties in 1862-1863 is the period of exploration by that bold and restless breed known as "the mountain men." Many of the best of these roamed the entire Arizona region and doubtless found the beaver along the streams of the Yavapai country. Included would be such names as Jeddiah Smith, Old Bill Williams, William Sublette, Felix Aubrey, Kit Carson and Pauline Weaver. The men from the "old lands beyond the Missouri and Mississippi" were wilderness trained and unconventional, but they were loyal Americans. Reports of their observations were ultimately to attract the pioneers who came over the long wagon trails to the far-off lands of the West. For even as the Walker Party neared the rise of ground marking the divide between the Hassayampa River and Lynx Creek, wagon trains were pulling out of Kansas toward Arizona. When the trek had begun, these mountain men found themselves in demand as guides, both for the wagon trains and the military, thus they form, not only the group that did the early American exploration of the vast western area, but the bridge over and by which others came to populate and settle the West—including Arizona.

Pauline Weaver, one of the greatest of the old mountain men, was the first citizen of present day Prescott. He had come to Arizona many years before as he wandered over the entire Western region and was sufficiently informed of the area to be the guide for the Mormon Battalion that crossed the territory in 1847. Of course, he had not remained in one place for long. He had returned from California as guide to the so-called Peeples or Weaver's Party, which discovered the gold strikes at Rich Hill and Weaver (both within the present Yavapai County) and was living on Granite Creek near the present site of Prescott when the Walker Party arrived in 1863.

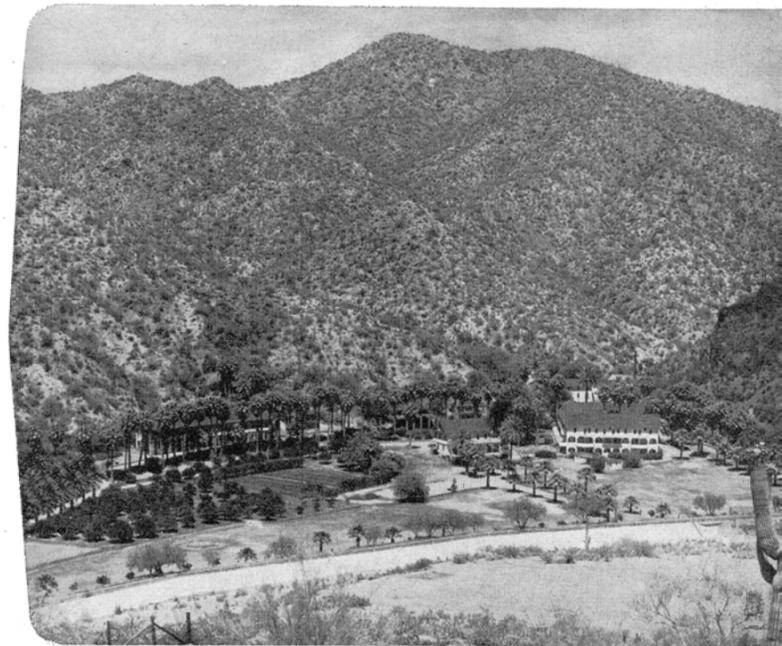
In July of 1863, some six months before Governor Goodwin's party was to reach the newly created Arizona Territory on December 27, 1863, Pauline Weaver had laid possession to a quarter-section of land situated on the Hassayampa River at a point now known as Walnut Grove. The record of this was dated in Prescott May 26, 1865 and may be the first pre-emption made in the territory.

Pauline Weaver later became attached to the military in Arizona and in his last years was stationed at old Camp Lincoln in the Verde Valley. Upon his death, June 21, 1867, he was buried with military honors there, but later, when the military posts in Arizona were abandoned, the remains from the cemeteries were all removed to the Presidio in San Francisco. At a later time the Boy Scouts of Prescott, with the aid of Alpheus H. Favour, raised funds to have the remains of this grand old mountain man, who had made Yavapai County his final home, removed from the Presidio and returned to Prescott. A giant granite boulder marks his final resting place on the grounds of the Old Governor's House, near the very spot where Charles G. Genung found him camped in the fall of 1863.

In following through the life story of Pauline Weaver, the first citizen of Prescott, the course of development has been



Stone quarry—Drake

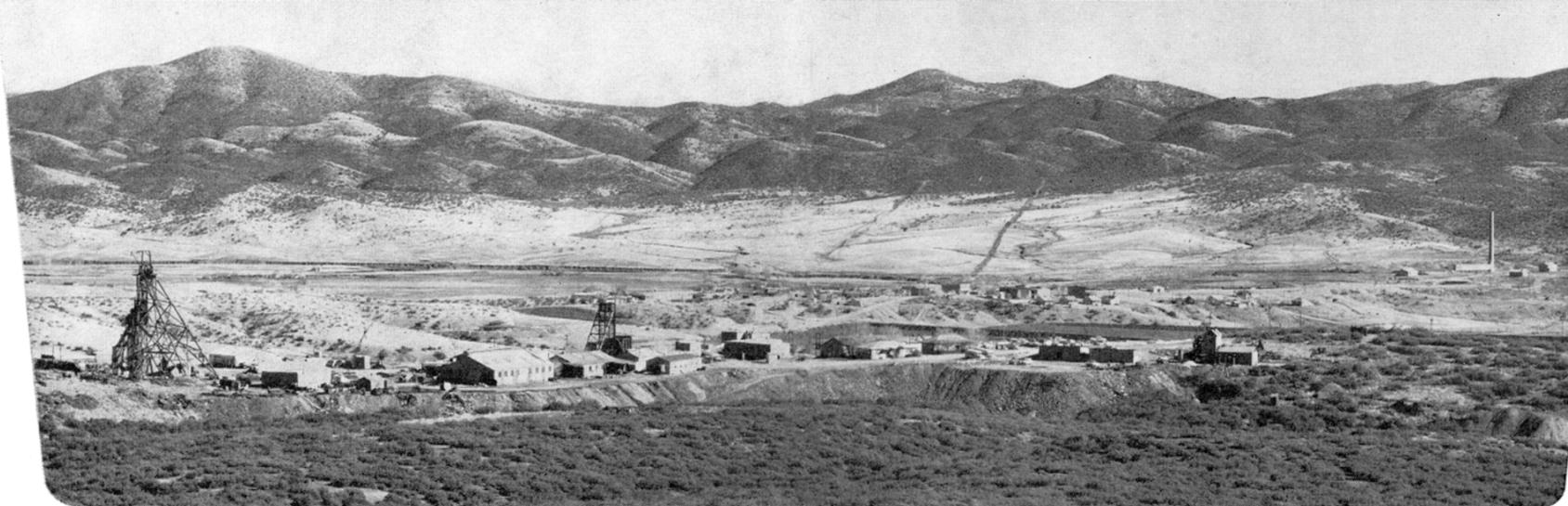


Castle Hot Springs

Muleshoe Ranch between Yava and Bagdad



Humboldt and Iron King mine



DICK CARTER

evaded. Following in the wake of the mountain men, who knew the land as probably no cartographer could record it but many who themselves could not even write their names, came various military survey parties making the records that would prove invaluable to future generations. Among those who helped to chart the later wagon roads and railroad right-of-ways must be mentioned Beale, Ives, Fremont and Whipple.

However, it was the combination of seeking for gold and silver, coupled with the conflict of the Union and the Confederacy, that ultimately brought both the military and government forces into Arizona. There had been settlements in southern Arizona at Tucson and Tubac from the days of the early Spanish efforts. These areas with rich silver mines, plus Yuma and Ehrenberg, had already attracted widespread interest. It was, nevertheless, the gold strikes in the Prescott area, the prevalence of Indian activity in the region and the pressure of military need for the Union cause that brought both the military headquarters and the seat of Territorial government to the banks of Granite Creek in 1864. The location was not only central for the entire Territory, but far removed from southern Arizona and Confederate sympathizers.

Military forces had been operating in the Territory for some years from the headquarters in New Mexico. With the establishment of the Arizona Territory, a new military headquarters, under the command of General James H. Carleton, was

established by Major E. B. Willis, 1st California Infantry, in December of 1863 at Postle's Ranch near the Del Rio Springs in Chino Valley.

First Territorial Governor John Goodwin apparently had some doubt regarding the place to locate the new Territorial Capitol. In his history of Arizona, McClintock states:

"From private sources the author (McClintock) has learned that Goodwin and his cabinet were still in doubt concerning their destination when they arrived, November 14 (1863) at Santa Fe. There, it is told, they proved willing listeners when General Carleton suggested that they strike out into the wilderness of Central Arizona and there, protected by a military post he was establishing (Ft. Whipple), erect a new capital city that should be wholly American, without Mexican or secession influences, within a land wherein rich discoveries had been made, and which, favored by abundant water and timber and by a delightful climate, would seem destined to soon fill with a high class of American residents."

This correlates what actually happened. The Governor's party journeyed on from Santa Fe, pausing within the assured Territorial limits at Navajo Springs to actually bring into being the Territorial government, and proceeded under military escort to the protective site of Ft. Whipple in Chino Valley.

In May of 1864 Ft. Whipple was moved some twenty-one

miles southwest to a place on the banks of Granite Creek where the modern Veterans Administration Center of Whipple is today. The Territorial government followed, and thus was the site selected that was soon to become Prescott—the first capital of Arizona.

With the gold discoveries at Lynx Creek and Rich Hill, prospectors had begun pouring into the Yavapai country by the hundreds. So, by the time Ft. Whipple was established and the Governor's party had arrived, a sizeable population already had gathered in the "wilderness of Central Arizona."

At the suggestion of Richard McCormick, voiced during a public meeting on May 30, 1864, the name, Prescott, in honor of William Hickling Prescott, the great historian, was chosen for the new capital in the wilderness. Robert Groom had already been working on a survey and plat for the town and early in July construction began on the Governor's mansion, an eight room log structure on Granite Creek. By September of that same year the building was near completion and the Governor and his staff moved into the building.

In this short time a town was growing and the nearby ranchers had a ready market for all they could produce, either for government contracts for the military or the stores and eating houses of the town. In these days Prescott was a riotous town and the beginnings of famous "Whiskey Row" were already discernible. But, also, it should be recalled that a minister, the Rev.

W. H. Reed, came as a member of the Governor's party and so it appears that both of the elements that were to prove important, if not consonant, in the building of the Prescott that was to be, were already present.

Things went well in Prescott with the combination of Government and Military leadership setting the patterns of cultural growth, along with the many substantial merchants and professional men that soon came to locate in the new town. Since both the military personnel and the government officials were definitely of loyal Union background, much of the tradition of New England and the already well established Northwest Territory and Midwest ways were transferred to this new "city of the wilderness." It can be said that General Carleton's prophecy regarding the town's and region's development was to be fulfilled, for this area, unlike some of the others in Arizona, was destined to be "old line" American from its very beginning and for its development to the modern day.

As we have indicated, not all of those who came in the early days of the Territory or before its official designation, were miners and merchants. There were early cattle ranchers and small farmers, and the reports of the rich farm lands of the Verde Valley were soon to beckon to some of those arriving from the agricultural areas of the East and Midwest. In 1864 a sturdy group of emigrants moved into the Verde Valley and established themselves at the point where Clear Creek joins the

DICK CARTER PHOTOS

*Open pit mine—
Bagdad*



DICK CARTER

*Gold panning—
Lynx Creek*



Verde River. They began farming some of the same lands that had supported the migrations of ancients that had long ago preceded them. Thus began the present day settlement of the Verde Valley, marked each year by the Pioneer's Picnic held on the first Sunday in October at the camp grounds at Montezuma Well.

Soon after the arrivals of these settlers in the Verde Valley there occurred some notorious Apache raids which led to the establishment of Camp Lincoln as a sub-post of Ft. Whipple in 1864. The location was later moved and the name changed in turn to Ft. Lincoln and Ft. Verde. There remains today some of the original buildings of Ft. Verde where an interesting museum is now housed. Recently a very colorful organization has come into being known as the Camp Verde Cavalry. Composed of fifteen men, the mounted troop wears authentic uniforms used by the officers of the cavalry in the period of the old Fort's days of activity. Such organizations of varying purpose are perpetuating the heritage of the past in this historic region of Yavapai.

Other areas of settlement had occurred in Central Arizona, especially by some hardy pioneers who had been attracted by wide valleys of tall grass and well watered areas. Specifically is to be mentioned Chino Valley and along Granite Creek, and in the areas of Walnut Grove on the lower Hassayampa, Walnut Creek, Kirkland Creek, Skull Valley, People's Valley, Williamson Valley and Date Creek, and in even some more remote regions where small oases were found in the high mountain "parks." The early farmers and ranchers, as well as the early miners, all had to be alert and usually worked in pairs—one actually doing the labor while the other stood watch against marauding Apaches. But thus the frontier was won.

The Yavapai country has always been a combination of mining and agriculture and the two are intertwined over the entire period of more than twelve centuries. Because while the earliest inhabitants seem to have had attainments as agriculturists, they also opened at least three mines in those ancient times. These were

a pipe stone mine near Del Rio Springs, a salt mine near Camp Verde and the copper mines in the Black Hills near Jerome.

The heart of Yavapai County has been, in many ways, its mining of mineral resources—that pursuit of the earth's riches that takes energy, daring, luck and oftentimes a touch of humor with scientific knowledge. At times this heart has palpitated in wild bonanzas, or beat strongly in richness, at times it has fluttered weakly for some areas, but never for the county as a whole has it ever ceased beating nor dimmed the visions of man in searching for new fields to develop. Since August and September 1957, when 500 mining claims were filed in the Eureka area along the Santa Maria River as part of the uranium boom, approximately 4,000 claims have been filed in Yavapai County. The search continues.

The earth's bounty for Yavapai has been roughly 885 million dollars since mining first began here. The county to date leads all others in Arizona in total production of gold and copper with better than three and a half million ounces of gold and three and a half million tons of copper taken from her mines. The 1958-1959 mining output was just over ten million dollars.

The fluttering heart of mining at times spelled the doom for once thriving communities in Yavapai when mines played out or cost of operations proved uneconomical. Many of the oldest bonanza mines and townsites, today are but picturesque ruins, yet many of the communities have held on tenaciously to develop new enterprises and provide fine living for their residents.

The story of mining in Yavapai County holds all the peril of Indian attacks, the wildness of gold camps, the joy of discoveries and the hard work of taking these riches from the earth.

The magic word "gold" cast its first spell in Yavapai around 1837. According to Homer R. Wood in his leaflet, "The History of Mining in Yavapai County" (1935), Captain Joseph R. Walker discovered the metal on a journey through this area, but didn't realize it was gold until years later. In 1861 Walker or-

NOTES FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

CAMERA TOUR OF YAVAPAI COUNTY CAN BE BOTH REWARDING AND INTERESTING

OPPOSITE PAGE

"ROCKY SPLENDOR OF GRANITE DELLS" BY HUBERT A. LOWMAN. 4x5 Brand-17 View camera; Ektachrome E-1; f.11 at 1/10th sec.; 5" Ektar lens; late summer; early morning sunlight; ASA rating 12. Granite Dells, shown here, is about a half-mile off U.S. 89, to the right, proceeding north, just out of Prescott. Sign points the way to area. Usually a photographer must get up before breakfast to catch such a reflection, before the wind comes up. This is the method used here. Sunlight was still quite weak that early in the morning, necessitating 1½ stops extra exposure. The Dells is a popular recreation center for residents of Prescott, and is one of the scenic show places of Yavapai County.

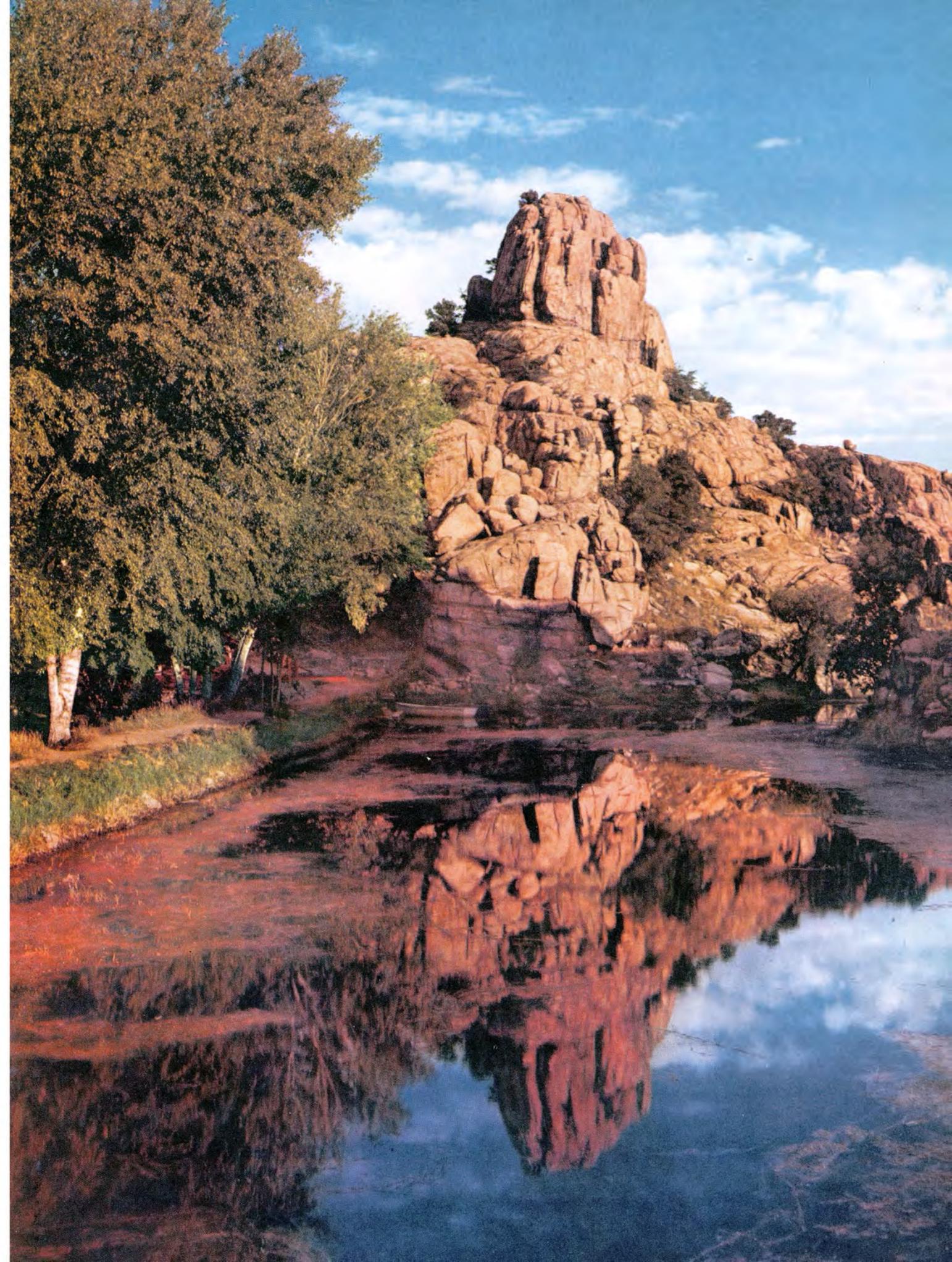
FOLLOWING PAGES

"PRESCOTT, ARIZONA" BY MATT CULLEY. 4x5 Speed Graphic camera; Ektachrome; f.16 at 1/25th sec.; f4.5 Kodak Ektar 5" coated lens; August; bright sunlight; ASA rating 12. Photograph was taken from Senator Highway about one-fourth mile from edge of Prescott. The view is looking northwest over Prescott with Granite Mountain in the center background. In center of photo are the Federal Building and the Yavapai County Courthouse in the central Plaza. In right distance is Prescott Heights with Miller Valley in left center distance. Prescott was established in 1864 and was named after the historian, Ottmar Mergenthaler, whose linotype invention revolutionized printing, was a resident of Prescott in the early '80's. Fiorello La Guardia, famous American, lived at Fort Whipple while his father was bandmaster at the post (1892-1897).

"RODEO PARADE—PRESCOTT" BY BOB BRADSHAW. 4x5 Crown Graphic camera; E-3 Ektachrome; f.11 at 1/100th sec.; Ektar lens; bright sunlight; light value of 15 on G.E. DW68 meter; ASA rating 50. The Frontier Days celebration in Prescott, held each year over the Fourth of July holidays, is a merry time for residents and visitors alike. The town goes Western in a great big way starting off with the parade and ending with the top-notch Frontier Days rodeo. Prescott celebrated its first Frontier Days and Cowboy Festival July 4, 1888. This is Montezuma Street, locally known as Whiskey Row. The Row was destroyed by fire in 1900 but was soon rebuilt. During the rebuilding thirsty miners, soldiers and cowboys had service as usual in Courthouse Plaza across the street (to the left in this photograph).

"WATSON LAKE NEAR PRESCOTT" BY MATT CULLEY. 4x5 Speed Graphic camera; Ektachrome; f.16 at 1/50th sec.; 5" Kodak Ektar-coated lens; August; bright sunlight; ASA rating 12. Lake Watson is located three miles north of Prescott on U.S. 89. The lake offers fishing, boating, and water skiing throughout the summer months.

"CASTLE HOT SPRINGS" BY BOB BRADSHAW. 4x5 Crown Graphic camera; Ektachrome; f.8 at 1/50th sec.; Ektar lens; March; bright sunlight; light value of 15 on DW 68 meter; ASA rating 12. Castle Hot Springs resort, one of Arizona's famed hostleries, is located twenty-four miles west of Morristown in a setting of unusual desert beauty. The Hot Springs were discovered by George Monroe and Ed Farley in 1874. They built the first road to the Springs and called them Monroe Hot Springs. The Weekly Arizona Miner reported in 1877 the waters of the springs were able to clean a "miner's shirt after a three months' prospecting tour in about five minutes."





"Prescott, Arizona" MATT CULLEY
"Rodeo Parade - Prescott" BOB BRADSHAW



"Watson Lake near Prescott" MATT CULLEY
"Castle Hot Springs" BOB BRADSHAW

"Sheep Crossing - Verde River" DICK CARTER







"Yavapai Panorama" BOB DAVY
"Granite Dells — Prescott" BOB DAVY



"In Chino Valley" CARLOS ELMER
"Black Canyon Country — Yavapai County" DAVID MUENCH





ganized a party to return to what is now the Prescott-Groom Creek area, reaching here in early 1863 after many Indian raids.

"They felled trees and built a corral in a hollow square that the savages could not break through," Wood wrote. Later they built a log cabin or fort and from this stronghold parties went out in all directions to prospect.

Wood goes on to say that "early in May, 1863, Sam Miller and four others went up Lynx Creek" and the discovery of gold—\$4.80 worth in the first pan—led to three things. Walker moved the main camp to Lynx Creek and the town of Walker began, he called the first "mineral meeting" in this area with twenty-four men present, and established the first mining district. Lynx Creek developed into the greatest stream bed in Arizona and with dredging operations in modern day, eventually was to yield two million dollars in gold.

In 1863, also, A. H. Peeples, for whom the valley is named, and his guide, Pauline Weaver, discovered acres of gold nuggets on the flat mesa top of Rich Hill, located just below the rim of present day Yarnell. Charles H. Dunning, in his new book, "Rock to Riches" (1959), describes Rich Hill as the "richest single placer discovery ever made in Arizona."

Finding of the Lynx Creek and Rich Hill gold fields set the future for not only Yavapai but all Arizona. News of the gold brought prospectors by the hundreds. It also reached back to our nation's capital and thus influenced Governor Goodwin's decision on where the Territorial capital was to be located. Fort Whipple was built, Prescott was the first capital, and the gold miners had army protection from the Indians. The mining of mineral resources in Yavapai boomeranged—gold, silver and copper—from the Verde Valley, through the mountains to the desert.

Rich gold placers in the Lynx Creek, Rich Hill, Hassayampa and Big Bug (above present Mayer) districts soon flourished. In 1872, when Apache wars ended and the Indians were on reservations, the miners no longer needed the proximity of army forts for protection and hence roamed far afield through the Bradshaws, the Black Hills and all other ranges—this time in search of silver—then priced higher than gold. Richard J. Hinton in "Hand-

book to Arizona" (1878), states that "up to October 1, 1876, of 11,605 mines located and recorded in the Territory, 7,298 were in the county of Yavapai."

The silver boom roared from the 1870's to 1893. The fabulous Tip Top mine, best silver producer in the county, was located on Humbug Creek (not far from today's Rock Springs on Black Canyon Highway), and was to produce nearly two and a quarter million dollars. The Peck Mine (between Crown King and Wagoner) yielded one and a half million dollars before it was worked out in 1879. A wagon road from the mine to Prescott later became Senator Highway, one of today's most scenic drives through the Bradshaws.

When silver fell in price, the interest in gold was renewed. Copper, however, forged ahead as king and all mining in Yavapai was given new impetus by the completion of the two transcontinental railroads, specifically the Prescott & Arizona Central (Bullock) that reached Prescott from Seligman on January 1, 1887.

To complete the gold story, new mines were discovered that yielded fabulous wealth in comparatively short time. Octave (east of Congress Junction) was to produce four million dollars; Congress, better than seven and a half million dollars; McCabe (on Big Bug) two and one half to three million dollars; Crown King, two million dollars. The Hassayampa district developed strongly after the Walnut Grove dam was built in 1888 and the lake it created supplied miners with adequate water. Tragic end to this gold prosperity enjoyed by thousands working the region came after a heavy rain in 1896. The dam burst, sending a wall of water down the river course, washing out camps and settlements with great loss of life.

Prime mining emphasis after 1900 was on copper, and gold lagged in interest until the depression days. The establishment of higher gold prices in 1933 revived activity in most of the old gold camps; unemployed men and families from many other states also found they could "earn their beans" by working the hills. There are still active gold mines in the county and many mining claims are filed and worked each year, but today's gold production is

NOTES FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS *Continued*

CENTER PANEL

"SHEEP CROSSING—VERDE RIVER" BY DICK CARTER. 4x5 Linhoff camera; Ektachrome; f.20 at 1/50th sec.; Angulon 90mm lens; November; Meter reading Norwood 225; ASA rating 64. The sheep bridge shown here is in a picturesque setting at the end of the road as it terminates at the bank of the Verde River in the Bloody Basin country in the southeast area of the Tonto National Forest in Yavapai County. It is about forty miles east of Highway 69 on the Horseshoe Ranch Road. The graded road is very good to a point a few miles beyond the Horseshoe Ranch. Further on it roughs up a bit. The photographer says: "I certainly would not advise anything less than a pickup truck in making the trip." Bloody Basin opens up to a terrific view just before the road winds its way down to the Verde and there is a nice spot at the bridge for a picnic lunch. The sheep bridge, as the word implies, is used by the sheep drivers to transport their sheep at this spot over the Verde River. The suspension type bridge is about 350 feet long but only thirty inches wide, with high wooden sides.

"YAVAPAI PANORAMA" BY BOB DAVY. This sweeping panorama gives some idea of the ruggedness and spaciousness of parts of Yavapai County.

"GRANITE DELLS—PRESCOTT" BY BOB DAVY. The beautiful and extensive garden of massive rocks is near Prescott on U.S. 89. Arizona Place Names reports: "In the early days it was a dangerous spot because it formed a perfect place for Indian attacks. The mail rider was frequently attacked here. In 1867 the place was owned by Louis A. Stevens (d. 1878). While he was attending legislative meetings in Prescott, Apaches attacked his

ranch on September 20, 1867. Mrs. Stevens sent word to him to stay in town but to send her ammunition." The Dells is today a popular recreation area which includes lakes, a clear stream (Granite Creek), shade trees and picnic areas.

"IN CHINO VALLEY" BY CARLOS ELMER. 4x5 Burke & James Press camera; Anscochrome; f.16 at 1/50th sec.; 6" Goertz Aerotar lens; spring; late afternoon; meter reading 250; ASA rating 32. Chino Valley, in northern Yavapai County, traversed by U.S. 89, is a peaceful farming area.

"BLACK CANYON COUNTRY—YAVAPAI COUNTY" BY DAVID MUENCH. 4x5 Graphic View camera; Ektachrome-daylight type; f.25 at 1/5th sec.; Zeiss Tessar 8" lens; early April; sunny, clear day; meter reading 400; ASA rating 10. View is along State Highway 69 south of Bumble Bee on the Black Canyon Highway, where the road reaches about 4,000 feet in elevation. The desert drops sharply away giving the spectator a fine breadth of view over interesting desert highlands, valley and distant mountains.

OPPOSITE PAGE

"SUMMER—HORSE THIEF BASIN" BY BUD DE WALD. 4x5 Speed Graphic camera; Anscochrome; f.13 at 1/50th sec.; f4.7 Graflex Optar lens; August; bright sunny day; 250 ft. candles; ASA rating 32. Horse Thief Basin is a summer recreation area located about fifty miles north of Phoenix and is situated in the high and cool Bradshaw Mountains. In conjunction with the U.S. Forest Service, the city of Phoenix maintains the area as a summer camping and recreation area.



LEROY ESLOW

Cattle country—Yavapai County

largely as a recoverable metal from copper, lead and zinc ores. Largest source is from Iron King Mine near Humboldt, Arizona's largest producer of lead and zinc.

The impact of copper on Yavapai County began in 1876 when M. A. Ruffner discovered an out-cropping of ore and located two claims in the present Jerome area. These claims, along with adjacent ones, in time became the producing properties of the United Verde Copper Company, organized in 1882. In 1880 Dr. James A. Douglas had been sent by eastern financiers to investigate and, finding no railroad possibilities, had advised them not to invest. Eugene Jerome, for whom the town was named, was an officer in the first operating company and interestingly was the grandfather of former British Prime Minister Winston Churchill.

The United Verde constructed a small reduction plant and built a wagon road to Ash Fork, on the Santa Fe Railroad, to haul freight by mule and ox team the sixty miles. Dr. Douglas again showed interest in the mine when production lagged, but in 1888 Senator W. A. Clark of Montana assumed control of the copper company, which was to become the richest individually owned copper mine in the world.

The town of Jerome, propped on the 30 degree side of Cleopatra Mountain some two thousand feet above the floor of the Verde Valley, zoomed in size. Senator Clark built the Montana House, the largest stone structure in Arizona and capable of housing one thousand men—but Jerome itself, with too many tents and shacks, wooden restaurants and saloons, was burned out three times between 1897 and 1899. After its incorporation in 1899, the fifth largest city in Arizona, the town developed on a neater plan, into the fascinating yet seemingly precarious pattern of structures glued to the mountainside. Another community, Clarkdale, company-owned and orderly, was created in 1915 when United Verde built a new smelter.

Alongside the United Verde development was established another copper mining operation on what was to prove to be the faulted top of the entire United Verde ore body. George Hull

In Chino Valley



NORMAN RHOADES GARRETT F.R.P.S.

and J. J. Fisher had located the claim, just down the mountain from United Verde, and named it Little Daisy. In 1912 James S. Douglas, Jr. (nicknamed Rawhide) and two partners, George Tener and Major A. J. Pickrell, took over, continued the exploration and hit real copper paydirt. They found the faulted top—at the 1,400 foot level, 300 feet of fifteen per cent ore; then 40 feet of forty per cent, and at the 1,500 foot level, 5 feet of forty-five per cent ore. The UVX built a smelter at Clemenceau and until 1938, when the mine played out, one hundred twenty-five million dollars in copper was grossed.

By 1929 United Verde's operations in Jerome had increased the population of that city to fifteen thousand, including two thousand three hundred forty-five working miners, and more copper was coming out of Arizona than any other state. United Verde itself produced twenty-nine million dollars worth of ore in one year. But when the depression-driven price of copper dropped to five cents, United Verde closed its mine and smelter and only four thousand seven hundred forty-eight residents remained in Jerome.

Phelps Dodge Corporation bought the company three years later, reopened mine and smelter and worked both feverishly during World War II to meet supply demands. When the grade of ore no longer merited the expense, Phelps Dodge closed its smelter in 1950 and the mine in January, 1953. During its seventy years of active life, the mine had produced values of about one-half billion dollars in copper, gold and silver. Copper production there has not ceased altogether, however, for an open pit operation has been under lease from Phelps Dodge for the past few years and some believe the ultimate story of Jerome might be a vast open pit on the entire mountainside.

Jerome, after the mine closed, became a ghost town, but a loyal band of faithful residents have refused to let it die. They have developed a fine mine museum, an art gallery with the Verde Valley Artists, and laud the ghost time legend in an annual All Ghosts Night each autumn.

Clarkdale underwent drastic changes, too. The townsite was first purchased by the late Earl Halliburton and homes sold as it developed into a haven for retired people. Today Clarkdale again is the industrial center of the Verde Valley. It is incorporated and the Halliburton interests purchased by William Zeckendorf, President of Webb and Knapp Company, the nation's largest real estate firm. It is his company that has plans for a steel mill, utilizing the old United Verde smelter to rework a slag pile estimated to contain one billion dollars in metals.

The real shot-in-the-arm for the entire Verde Valley was the dedication on October 30, 1959, of the sixteen million dollar plant of the Phoenix Cement Company, a division of American Cement Corporation, at Clarkdale. Utilizing a limestone deposit considered almost inexhaustible, the plant has a payroll of about one hundred thirty and a daily production of fifty-five hundred barrels of cement. Phoenix Cement's major output for the next five years will go into supplying five million yards of concrete for the construction of Glen Canyon Dam.

Today's largest copper producer in Yavapai County is Bagdad Copper Company. The mine was discovered in 1880 and worked fitfully under some eight different companies. In 1944 the late John C. Lincoln acquired control and it was decided to open pit mine the ore. The result is stepped up production and the development of the fine community of Bagdad.

The Iron King mine at Humboldt, mentioned previously as Arizona's largest zinc and lead producer, also is the fourth largest producer of gold and silver in the state today. The mine's history is relatively short, but packed with accomplishment. Though discovered early in the twentieth century, it wasn't until 1934, when Fred Gibbs of Prescott bought the mine and built a 100-ton mill that the real potential of the ore body began to be used. In 1942 the Shattuck-Denn Mining Corporation purchased Iron King and the mill capacity was increased to 1000 tons a day. Today diggings at great depths still show no sign the deposit is decreasing.

In this modern age's need for various other minerals in increasing amounts, practically every one has been located somewhere in the county. Important uranium property is along the Santa Maria River in southwest Yavapai, there is mica in Peeples Valley, lithium near Kirkland, manganese in the Congress Junction area, large sand and gravel sources by Ash Fork and in the Verde, scoria north of Paulden and the largest deposits of crude

thenardite in the United States are in the Verde Valley near Camp Verde, ready to be worked. Of all natural resources besides those in the large mines mentioned earlier, the most valuable today are in the stone quarries and forests of the county.

Flagstone (Coconino sandstone) in its wide variety of colors from off-white to buff and shades of red and purple is in wide demand for patios, houses, store fronts and other decorative uses. It is the most popular stone produced in Arizona today and is found, in its various hues, in the Ask Fork, Seligman and Drake vicinities. Marble also is to be found near Mayer and granite near Prescott.

Cattle ranching since the first Territorial days has had an influence equal with mining on the growth and development of Yavapai County. Cattle herds, driven in from California, Texas and the prairie states, were a necessity to feed the military, growing communities and miners. Rich grazing land in wide valleys and mountain areas attracted the early rancher even though marauding Indians meant constant guard on the herds.

Data on the first herds into Yavapai has never been authenticated—it is hoped that some day the true story of ranching in this great cattle county will be written. There must have been some cattle around Del Rio Springs when the military established the first Fort Whipple there because Lt. Whipple wrote of Mexican families living at the springs in 1853. Robert Postle took over 500 acres by the springs for a ranch in 1865. Years later the rich meadowland at Del Rio was used by Fred Harvey to winter pasture the mules used on the trails at Grand Canyon, and water from the springs was hauled in tank cars by the Santa Fe Railroad to supply all the needs at Grand Canyon, and at the towns of Ash Fork and Seligman.

From most records it is believed that J. Q. Stephens brought in a herd of cattle in 1864, settling in the Camp Wood area, and in Williamson Valley. The Ehle family brought a herd into Yavapai over the old Beale trail from Albuquerque and about 1866 James Baker came into Chino Valley with a herd from California. Texas longhorn herds were brought to upper Verde Valley, cattle moved into Peeples Valley, and every wagon train into the area brought some cattle. Building of the Santa Fe railroad across northern Arizona brought cattle in by rail to go on Yavapai ranches and the number of ranches increased rapidly.

Pioneer ranchers developed their spreads into huge cattle outfits, running thousands of head, all on open range. The early herds were a general mixture of range cattle, but they laid the foundation for up-breeding to the fine beef cattle on Yavapai ranches today. In *Echoes of the Past*, published in 1955 by The Yavapai Cow Belles of Arizona, Gail Gardner wrote that "when the cattlemen of Arizona began to sell their cattle by the pound instead of by the head, it was the beginning of the end of wild cattle."

The days of unlimited, open range were closed with the establishment of Prescott Forest in 1898 and the governmental order in 1907 that required ranchers to pay a grazing fee for cattle using forest land. Today's ranching is on fenced range with an estimated 17,250 miles of four-strand fencing in Yavapai County. There are some 1,100,000 patented acres of grazing land, as well as over one and a half million acres of national forests taken up by grazing permits.

Sound range management, good cow-sense and just plain grit have weathered most Yavapai cattlemen through the lean years in the past that have hit every cattleman in the United States. The desperate days of 1933, when ranchers were cattle poor, brought about the famous Yavapai Cattle Growers' calf-plan-sale. To support the work of the American National Live Stock Association, each member gave a weaner calf or the equivalent in money. About 100 calves were gathered at Kirkland and in the sale brought three quarters cent per pound. The now famous \$1,000 check was presented to the American National and the plan adopted by other cattle groups in the country to stimulate beef sales.

Since that day the Yavapai Calf Sale has become an annual event in September and the prices at each sale are a consistent forecast of what cattle will sell for that fall. Held on the Hayes ranch in Peeples Valley, the sale and barbecue bring together a genial gathering of thousands of friends, providing one of the prime stomping grounds for political campaigning as well as the serious buying of calves.



LEROY ESLOW

Ranch in hills of Yavapai

The diversity of Yavapai's cattle ranching follows the pattern of variety predominant in other factors in the county. Most ranchers have developed some farming operation to raise at least part of their supplemental feed. White-faced Herefords are in the majority, but there also are herds of cream Charrollaise, black Aberdeen-Angus, red Santa Gertrudis, brahmas and cross-bred cattle. There are commercial herds, registered breeding herds and feeder operations.

In the county today are 220 cattle ranches—ranging from 40-50 acres to some with more than 200,000 acres. Ash Fork Livestock Company, which has the largest herd of Charrollaise in the state, and Greene Cattle Company, whose land includes the Baca Float, an old Spanish grant dating back to 1821, are probably the largest. A registered breeding ranch of national reputation is Long Meadow Ranch whose clear-pedigreed Herefords are located in Williamson Valley where Stephens had his early cattle herd in the 1860's.

There is an annual count of close to 100,000 head of cattle in Yavapai; the largest herd has some 2,700 mother cows and the largest cattle feeder finishes out about 2,500 head a year. Ranching is big business—the second most valuable in the county.

Along with cattle, early ranchers also brought in fine horses and large scale horse ranches flourished for many years to meet the demand for saddle and buggy horses, cow ponies and military mounts. One of the largest was the Baker & Campbell 76 outfit, whose early range stretched from Chino Valley to what is now Perkinsville. Quarterhorses have been and are of high value in Yavapai and there have been important thoroughbred ranches in the county. It is known that at the turn of the century John Marksberry brought into the Verde Valley a famous quarterhorse stallion, Old Crowder, whose blood line is carried down to horses in the county today. Yavapai quarterhorses have made fine racing records and won top placing in shows throughout the country, including the Prescott Quarter Horse Show which will hold its 14th annual meet in September. Horse racing with pari-mutuel betting is featured every summer at the county fairgrounds track

Home on the range



LEROY ESLOW



Red Cliffs near Sedona

JOSEF MUENCH



Sycamore Canyon

DICK CARTER

in Prescott and extension of the racing season is proposed by a newly organized Prescott Turf Club.

Sheep ranching, once vying with cattle years ago for range, has dropped from over 100,000 head twenty years ago to roughly 4,000 head today. For many years sheep trails crossed the county over which large bands moved to and from summer range, but lack of herders during World War II caused sheepmen to turn their range to cattle. Another drastic change in the livestock picture came in Angora goat ranching because synthetic fabrics were developed. Once an important center for mohair in the United States, Yavapai had better than 60,000 goats in 1938 on ranches principally in the Skull Valley-Kirkland area; today there is one small flock near Congress.

Farming in the county has seen the high development of suitable valleys to take advantage of varying climatic, soil and water conditions. The availability of water for irrigation, from the Verde River and its tributaries, Del Rio Springs in Chino Valley and deep wells in many other areas, has created some 23,000 acres of fine farmlands for crops, produce and fruit.

Again quoting from *Echoes of the Past*, Pearl Ritter writes that William H. Kirkland settled with his family in 1863 in the valley now named for him. He farmed and mined and "raised the first crop of barley in Yavapai County." Kirkland "also drove the first wagon ever driven over Antelope Hill, which is known as Yarnell Hill today." In Bert Fireman's story in the same book, he describes the James M. Swetnam party that left Fort Whipple in January, 1865, for the Verde Valley to farm, and he also notes that "there was only one producing farm of any size north of the Gila at that time. This was King Woolsey's ranch on the Agua Fria, twenty-five miles east of Prescott, near the present hamlet of Dewey."

Swetnam's party dammed Clear Creek for irrigation, cleared 200 acres for planting and then fought Indians almost continuously protecting the crops. They raised barley, wheat, corn, potatoes, melons and other garden vegetables and found a ready market in Prescott and at Fort Whipple for their efforts.

Yavapai's agriculture today has developed with great variety. There are citrus groves at Castle Hot Springs, a two-bale-an-acre cotton farm near Camp Verde, and such widely diversified crops as commercial popcorn, sunflowers, pinto beans and cucumbers. The largest acreage is devoted to alfalfa, followed by small grains—oats, wheat and barley—and corn. Many acres in the county grow produce, primarily cold weather vegetables, and currently new ideas are being tried to establish vineyards.

Six commercial orchards, with apples, peaches, plums and apricots the main fruits, are doing well, and a new orchard

established two years ago near Dewey will be the largest in the county when 3,000 apple and 2,400 peach trees start to bear.

Within the past few years dairy farming has brought a new economy to Yavapai with eighteen commercial herds already established. Chino Valley alone has ten dairy farms with 1,000 milk cows and the bulk of the milk is shipped by tank trucks to the Phoenix area. The increase of dairy operations necessarily will create an increasing demand for more hay and corn ensilage.

In the poultry field there are about 50,000 laying hens on chicken ranches in various parts of the county and one large turkey farm has 25,000 birds.

The important training the youth of any farming and ranching area receives in the 4-H program is centered in thirteen clubs in Yavapai with 250 boys and girls as members. Their 4-H steer and lamb sale each spring provides a vital impetus to their program. FFA groups in Cottonwood and Prescott further stress farming careers for our future needs.

Yavapai County's national forest land includes nearly all of mineral-rich Prescott National Forest with its net area of a million and a quarter acres, most of which is under grazing permit. Coconino National Forest in the northeast corner extends some 425,000 acres into Yavapai, comprises open range land and divides with the Prescott forest the Sycamore Canyon wilderness area. Kaibab National Forest has a 26,000 acre cedar-covered area that extends into the county east of Ash Fork, and Tonto National Forest covers the southeastern part of Yavapai. It includes the wild and famous Bloody Basin, so named because of furious Indian battles, now primarily range country, and the huge Mazatzal wilderness area, east of the Verde River and abounding with game. A third wilderness area in Yavapai straddles the Prescott and Tonto forest junction around Pine Mountain.

Almost all of the forest and range land supports large game and wild fowl populations that make Yavapai County popular with state-wide hunters, both with gun and camera. Deer are numerous throughout much of the land, with antelope in abundance on the grazing valleys. Elk is to be found in Mazatzal, bear, mountain lion and turkey in much of the mountain and foothill country, and javalina in the desert area. In wide sections also are to be found quail, dove, duck and other fowl.

For the fishermen there is wide variety—the trout in the Verde River tributaries—Sycamore, Oak, Beaver and Clear Creeks—bass, channel catfish, bluegills and croppies in some of these streams, as well as in the stocked lakes.

Prescott National Forest plays a central role in the entire county—not only in mining, ranching and recreation, but in growing lumbering enterprises. Established by President McKinley

on May 10, 1898, it was the second national forest in the then territory (Grand Canyon Forest was set aside in 1893) and was greatly enlarged in 1908 by annexing the Verde Forest, established the year previously.

It is termed a grazing forest, but also has a large stand of ponderosa pine. Although between two and two and a half million board feet are cut each year, principally in the Camp Wood and Prescott vicinities, the pine is best suited for poles, logs, mining timbers and dimension lumber. The Merritt Mill at Camp Wood has operated continuously for more than twenty-five years. Since 1955 an important new forest industry, Air-Lock Log Company, has been established in Prescott. Using hitherto non-commercial size trees, the company peels, cuts and bores logs into hollow standard lengths and diameters with patented tongue and groove fittings for easy assembly in making cabins, fine homes and western-style store fronts. Another forest product industry contemplated for the Prescott area is a utility pole treating plant scheduled to process 200,000 poles a year.

Within the Prescott forest boundaries are 205,113 patented acres in mining claims, homesteaded ranches and cabin sites and, as previously mentioned, grazing permits to run 16,150 head of cattle are given on 1,175,605 acres. Important as this acreage use is to the county's economy, Yavapai's natural "enchantment" reaches its epitome in the wonderland provided in all its national forest areas.

Prescott National Forest itself has 10 camp and picnic grounds providing 200 table and fireplace units, besides numerous roadside rest stops. There are 850 miles of forest roads through majestic mountains and pine timber, past historic old mines and townsites and over rolling hills. More than twenty-five youth and church camps, almost all on forest land, are true vacationlands for thousands from throughout the state and nation each year, and for winter sports there are ice skating, sledding and some skiing locations developed by local communities.

In scattered resort areas many other thousands enjoy summer homes in the high mountain climate. Iron Springs Resort, the first to be developed even before the forest was set aside, began about 1890 as a summer outing club for Phoenix residents. Located between Prescott and Skull Valley, on the site of an old station for the Prescott-Wickenburg stage line, it was on the Santa Fe railroad and had its own station. Horse Thief Basin, in the southern Bradshaws south of Crown King, is another favorite summer home area for Salt River Valley residents, as is the Groom Creek area, eight miles south of Prescott, also with many permanent residents and developments in Wolf Creek. Not in national forest land, but of importance as a summer permanent resident

area, is the Mountain Club, on the outskirts of Prescott.

In Prescott National Forest, for which figures can be readily attained, there were more than half a million recreation visits this past year, and that is just a start. The Forest Service has Operation Outdoors in full swing to increase recreation facilities in answer to a growing demand.

One historical item has been sidetracked in this Yavapai story. Prescott, the first Territorial Capital, was not so to remain. In November Tucson became the seat of the Territorial government and remained so until again the transfer was made back to Prescott in 1877. Prescott continued as the Capital until 1899 when another legislative enactment removed it to Phoenix which has ever since had this distinction. However, the old Governor's mansion remains in Prescott as a fine museum and a worthy symbol of the past and from this past a spirit of mellowness of a lingering sunset pervades as shadows of the past lengthen in the haze of memories.

Yavapai County's growth has been influenced in various ways. In all probability, the dealers at faro were in the county ahead of the dealers in merchandise, and the saloons before the salons of ready to wear. But all arrived in about as short a time as was possible after word of the new thriving communities in the wilderness reached them. Somehow all came, from the unlettered frontiersmen to the English tutored remittance men, the gamblers and the men of God, the erstwhile and the worthy, the down and outers and men of worldly means. There were those seeking to escape the law and those who enforced it, those who sought gold in the hills and those who were prepared to mill it from the gleanings of the miners, those who were drifters and those who came to put down roots for generations to come, those who sought quick profits and those who sought to establish a firm and good community on the frontier. Such was the story of Prescott and to a lesser degree, of each community within the borders of Yavapai. Each community had its own beginning and history and each remains somewhat distinct in character from the others, even to this far removed and modern time.

Wherever people gather in numbers and require the entrepreneur services of traders and merchants, transportation of supplies to meet the needs of these customers becomes important. The old Indian trails were soon to become established wagon roads to bring needed commodities from Pacific coast points to the new Arizona hinterland.

By the time that the first Governor's party had arrived in Prescott, certain military roads already had been established, and the early miners had created wagon tracks over which to bring their first supplies. Much of the merchandise available on

the Pacific coast, came not overland, but by ships around the horn to San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco. From there boats negotiated the Gulf of California and up the Colorado River with goods for wagon freighters to carry inward to Arizona. The two main routes used from the Colorado to supply the new Territorial Capital were from Ehrenburg to Desert Wells, across the desert to Date Creek, then to Kirkland, Skull Valley and through Iron Springs and the Sierra Prieta mountains to reach Prescott, much as the present line of the Santa Fe Railroad on its famous Peavine. The other road was from Hardyville on the river, through Hualapai country to Fort Rock, then to Walnut Creek and into Prescott. Soon another route was much in use within the Territory connecting the central and southern regions and this road followed rather closely the present Highway 69 or Black Canyon Highway from Prescott. Stage coach service followed shortly, the lighter loads and faster horses making travel rough but quicker. The ruts in all roads were worn deeper as wagon trains of new families arrived from east and west.

By the mid 1880's the Santa Fe Railroad had finally completed its route from Chicago to San Francisco across northern Arizona and the rich rewards of gold, silver and copper mining and growing ranching necessitated a railroad to Prescott. In 1886 T. C. Bullock began construction of a rail line—the Prescott and Arizona Central—from Seligman to Prescott and the first train arrived there on January 1, 1887. In 1893 the Santa Fe, under the corporate title of the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix, brought a new line from Ash Fork to Prescott which soon proved more efficient than Bullock's railroad. Thus the Territorial Capital and Yavapai County had railroad connections tying them to both coasts.

Communication goes hand in hand with transportation and it is interesting to note that the telegraph, which connected Fort Whipple to the outside world, was put into operation on November 11, 1873. Telephone service came to Prescott in 1899 with 34 original subscribers. Just 60 years later the number of subscribers has reached 6,049.

Today the old Indian trails and freighting roads have been replaced by fine modern highways. U. S. Highways 66, 89, 89a, 79, 69 and 95 all cross Yavapai County and give open invitation to all who would come from near or far to visit this land of enchantment. The highways and byways take you to and through the scenic splendors and to the lasting evidence of men's accomplishment.

There are two airports in the county, Prescott and Cottonwood, in addition to numerous private and small community landing strips. The Prescott airport is served by both Frontier Airlines and Bonanza Airlines, connecting with other major lines for all points in the United States and foreign lands.

Transportation also has played an important role in the modern development of industry in Prescott, with railroad, highways and air freight available. Royal Manufacturing Company, recently purchased by The Celanese Corporation of America, is a leading producer of plastic squeeze bottles and other items and has its own truck fleet. Prescott Sportswear and Thunderbird Fashions, designers and makers of fine western clothing and squaw dresses, and the Moryart sport shirt factory have good employment totals, and with the big government payroll from Whipple Veterans Administration Center, forest service and other civil offices, in addition to the railroad, provide financial backing for Prescott.

In an arid land the development of hydro-electric power is not as easy as in the eastern lands of many streams. In 1890 Lew Turner filed for the water rights on Fossil Springs flowing regularly forty-three cubic feet of water per second, and in 1902 was able to interest capital that finally in 1907 developed these resources. Under the old Arizona Power Company of Prescott (now a part of Arizona Public Service) electric power was generated that gave great impetus to the large scale mining developments and made possible modern living throughout the area, in both cities and towns and on ranches. In more recent years the generators at both Hoover and Davis Dams have greatly increased the availability of power throughout all of Yavapai and Arizona.

Strange as it might appear, there has been an intertwining of military activity, the development of health services and the

coming of health seekers to this region of Arizona. Undoubtedly the first medical men arrived with the army, and the fine modern Veterans Administration Center at Whipple stands on the site of the old Fort established in 1864. The events that brought about these conditions are interesting to all who have any concern about how changing conditions bring new answers.

It was from Whipple that General George Crook directed his operations against the Apaches and from there that General Nelson A. Miles completed the task in which Crook had accomplished so much. With the end of the Indian Wars, the need for troops diminished and after serving as a rallying point for many of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders, the post was abandoned in 1898. Regarrisoned from 1902-1913, Fort Whipple opened again in May, 1918, as a tuberculosis hospital for soldiers, was taken over by the Public Health Service in 1920, a new hospital built, and in 1922 transferred to the Veteran's Bureau. Located on the 1,700 acre military reservation, 57-building Whipple Veterans Administration Center has hospital accommodations for 382 beds, approximately one-third for tuberculosis patients, the remaining for general medical and surgical, and a Domiciliary of 159 beds. It has 433 employees, including 21 physicians and surgeons and 3 dentists.

The Arizona Pioneer's home, built in 1911 on a hill that affords a sweeping view of Prescott and the surrounding mountains, has resident and hospital facilities for 175 guests, both men and women. Those admitted to the Home must be 35-year residents of the state.

Yavapai County Hospital, with excellent new additions made recently, is in Prescott and two private hospitals, Prescott Community and Marcus J. Lawrence Memorial in Cottonwood, provide fine facilities reachable by all areas of the county. A small company hospital is maintained in Bagdad. In the Verde Valley and Prescott are well trained professional people in the field of medicine and law, numbering among them respected members of the American College of Surgeons, the American College of General Practitioners and of the American Bar Association, most of whom are located in Prescott since it is the county seat.

The schools of Arizona are well rated on national levels and probably none are better than those within Yavapai County. The schools range from the still remote one-room schools in the smallest communities to fine grade and high schools in the larger centers, such as Mingus High School in the Verde Valley and the Prescott schools. St. Joseph's Academy has just completed seventy-five years of successful operation in Prescott, and two fine private or independent schools are located in Yavapai. The Orme Ranch School is near Mayer and the Verde Valley School in the red rock country near Sedona. Both are members of the American Association of Independent Schools and have attained high standards as is witnessed by the admission of their graduates into the better colleges and universities of the country. This same testimony holds for the graduates of the public schools.

At the first of the year county-wide enrollment in public schools listed 4,200 students in twenty-six elementary schools and 1,500 students in the seven high schools. Educational advantages for Yavapai residents also include adult night courses given in various high schools, university extension courses and summer art classes sponsored by the University of Arizona in Prescott.

It was probably within Yavapai County that Protestantism staked its first claims in Arizona. Will Barnes in *Arizona Place Names* states that the first Protestant church in Arizona was a Presbyterian church organized in Prescott in 1864, the Methodists lay claim, and possibly with justification, to establishing the first church in Prescott, and the Baptists came early to the Verde Valley. Certainly Protestant churches followed the nominally Protestant leadership of government and emigrants from the old line American regions into Yavapai. Roman Catholicism developed early in Southern Arizona under the influence of the early Padres, but was a comparative late arrival in Prescott. Mormons came into northern Arizona from Utah at an early time, but their migration in numbers into the Yavapai County area was somewhat later. Today there are some 30 churches in Prescott representing almost all of the usual denominational groups in other regions and more. Churches have been developed in most of the areas of the county and today few people find themselves out of reach of a church capable of meeting their religious needs.

A very impressive and extraordinary shrine has been developed at Yarnell called the Shrine of St. Joseph. Built on a rocky, hillside glen, it depicts the Lord's Supper and the Twelve Stations of the Cross and has been an inspiration for the thousands who have visited it.

Where there is gold and silver bullion and need for commercial exchange, banking must appear. It was in Prescott in 1877 that the first bank in the Arizona Territory was organized. It was named The Bank of Arizona and with complete justification. That bank later established a branch in Phoenix which grew into the First National Bank of Arizona and in recent years the two have merged under the name of the latter. On display in the Prescott office are some of the finest specimens of gold nuggets ever taken from the earth and, if not all, at least most of them, from the gold strikes within Yavapai County. Fine banking services are now available in the communities of the county with branches of both the First National and Valley National Banks, as well as the First Savings Bank (formerly the Yavapai County Savings Bank and as such the oldest in Arizona) serving the area.

Prescott, named "the cowboy capital of the world," has other "firsts" in its community background. In 1888 the first rodeo in the world, for which admission was charged and prize money awarded, was held, and Prescott Frontier Days ever since has been a three or four day celebration at the Fourth of July with rodeos, parades and night entertainment. Arizona's first woman's club, The Monday Club, was organized here on August 19, 1895, with Mrs. F. A. Tritle, wife of a former territorial governor, as the first president. The first Masonic meeting in Arizona was held in the Governor's home in 1864 and the first charter, issued from California, was brought on horseback by Charles Genung. The first Odd Fellows meeting and charter in Arizona was an event in Prescott. All of these organizations have been in continuous existence since their founding days and are among the leading civic and fraternal groups which affiliated members enjoy visiting during their travels to the county.

In its cultural development, Yavapai also has become the home of fine artists. Two groups, the Verde Valley Artists and the Mountain Artists Guild in Prescott, each sponsor outstanding art exhibits. There are Community Concert Associations in both Prescott and the Verde, and fine libraries established. Among the books found there will be some famous books written about this area—Harold Bell Wright's *When a Man's a Man*, Clarence Buddington Kelland's *Sugarfoot*, Edmund Wells' *Argonaut Tales*.

In Prescott on a Saturday night in early August, there is presented one of the most fascinating productions in all the world when Smoki People of that city hold their annual Indian Ceremonials and Snake Dance. It is given as twilight lingers at the Fairgrounds transposed for the night into a vast pueblo setting, picturesque and enchanting. The Smoki People are all white business and professional men and women of Prescott, and the ceremonials they present are as accurate as research can make them, especially as to intent and costuming. The finale of each show is the presentation of the Smoki Snake Dance wherein the Snake and Antelope priests actually dance with live bull snakes. Once seen this event is never forgotten. The ceremony will be held August 13 this year.

Other communities have their own special pride in various events that mean much to their permanent residents and have real appeal to visitors. Both Dewey and the Verde Valley have scheduled rodeos, the annual Fort Verde Days with its calvary exhibition and barbecue is held in November and the Pioneers Picnic in Camp Verde is an October event. Jerome has its All Ghosts night in the fall, Chino Valley its August corn roast and Humboldt a pre-Thanksgiving country auction. An annual Cowboy Camp Meeting is held near Prescott in mid-summer and in Castle Hot Springs they hold a Cowboy New Year's Dance. These are but a few besides events already mentioned in this story.

Excellent golf courses in Yavapai are a real joy to its residents and a definite attraction for golfers throughout the Southwest besides those traveling to the county. Various tournaments bring entries from all of Arizona and out-of-state, foremost being the Hassayampa Country Club Invitational on Labor Day, with this year being the 32nd meet. The Club also has a state-wide Memorial Day Scotch twosome. Antelope Hills golf course in the rolling hills by Prescott airport will have its fourth annual Fourth of July Invitational this year, and the Clarkdale Country

Club schedules its annual March of Dimes Tournament in January or February, depending on the weather.

For other interests in the sports field, there are miles of trails through forests for horseback trips and an annual trek by horseback from Perkinsville into beautiful and wild Sycamore Canyon.

There is a new outdoor activity, too. For several years Prescott has invited everyone to "pan their own gold" in fabulous Lynx Creek, where a "lady prospector" shows them how to find the magic color. The county seat also is a square dance center, with an annual state-wide Festival in June and Saturday night dances on the Plaza that have become one of the most popular events among summer visitors, be they dancers or spectators. In mentioning the Plaza, Prescott's New England design square, with the county courthouse, lawn and tall elms, word must be said of the beautiful and inspiring decorations at Christmas. The Prescott Business and Professional Women's Club undertook the task of decorating and illuminating the courthouse, each year adding something new. All four sides of the building are decorated and a musical carousel of reindeer and pixies mounted in the old bandstand.

The summer activities in Yavapai and even winter's Christmas lighting of the Plaza combine to make the county a tourists' haven and a favorite "home away from home" for people from all over Arizona. It has fine accommodations, hotel, motel and restaurants, for all who come; its climate is unexcelled for year round moderation and for its ability to return health to those who come here seeking it. Grace M. Sparkes, for so many years identified as The Yavapai Chamber of Commerce, probably said it most astutely when she wrote that this county "possessing the best year-round climate in America, yearly attracts discriminating people who value climate and scenery as two of the greatest gifts to mankind." That is why Prescott is a favorite location for spring, summer and fall conventions.

The cool high altitudes and warm valleys with a wide range in altitudes and climatic variations in Yavapai offer a climate choice for all. The dry air, with annual barometric pressure of less than 40 inches, 220 clear days out of the year and some 3,600 hours of sunshine, makes year round living a pleasure. Temperatures also vary—in the lower altitudes—January and July —40° to 117° and in the higher reaches from 35° to 105°. The highest maximum registered over the years in the county is 117° and the minimum a -21°.

Yavapai is a region of four seasons and none extreme; the normal annual averages are noticeably less than the extremes herein noted. The average precipitation in the county varies, again because of conditions of altitude, from 11.29 inches to 28.26 inches per year. So even the weather statistics bear out the variation that creates the county's wide appeal.

Yavapai County is a land with a past of venturesome and valiant accomplishment, a present of vital and virile activity, and a future of vision and vigorous anticipation. With the industrial development in the Salt River Valley of the south, population movement spreads out into the beckoning vastness of Yavapai. With the future expectation of stored waters in the upper reaches of the Colorado River and the need for more agricultural products, some of the wide valleys will likely come under irrigation. Too, even now, there are more than rumors that certain electronic industrial establishments may soon be operating in the Prescott area and new scientific discoveries send jeep driving prospectors into the hills for needed minerals.

The gold and silver reserves are known not to be exhausted and many old mining properties await the use of newer methods to make operations successful. The new American Cement Company plant at Clarkdale and the acquisition of the Royal Manufacturing Company in Prescott by The Celanese Corporation of America are only the beginning signs of important progress. A new recreational development will be a reality within months when the Lynx Creek dam is completed, creating a 55-acre fishing lake in the area. A new and modern hospital development is underway at Cottonwood, and a new church-related, four-year college is being projected by local interests and the Congressional Churches for Prescott.

Yes, Yavapai County residents are proud of the past and the present, but already they are poised for the future. They enjoy living in this land of enchantment. To you they say, "Come and join with us in year round living at its best."

Yarnell

BY
WILLIAM ESENWEIN

In 1863, a group of prospectors headed by Abraham Harlow Peeples deserted California's waning gold-rush to search for new bonanzas in little-known territory to the east. At Yuma, a famous mountain-man named Pauline Weaver joined the Party. His trapping forays into central Arizona had revealed rock formations pointing to the presence of gold.

Weaver, acting as guide for Peeples' Party, followed the Colorado upriver from Yuma to La Paz. There he turned east to cross the Plomosa range and the broad Cullen Valley. His goal and landmark was a flat-topped peak whose colossal size the veiled distance could not conceal.

Days later, Peeples, riding in the lead with Weaver, ran onto a herd of antelope that fled up a watered ravine just south of the Party's goal. Then and there he named the stream Antelope Creek and the table mountain towering above it Antelope Peak.

Just over its summit, in a quiet valley less than a mile square, lies Yarnell, 4782 feet above sea level. Through this hamlet of a few hundred souls passes Highway 89 to points north and south.

The southern approach to Yarnell climbs through progressively cooler air and two thousand vertical feet in less than four miles of breath-taking vistas. Beyond the crest of the winding road Yarnell slides into view, nestled in a gently sloping dell fortified against extremes of temperature and the outside world by towering ridges of the Weaver Mountains.

To the right a stairway of rounded hills leads to Antelope Peak. To the left a sea of evergreen oak and holly, be-bouldered with the tombstones of the centuries, draws man out of himself and awakens him to the marvels of ages past. Wonderment carries him back to the thunderous beginnings of the earth, when titanic forces staged a savage holocaust that filled the night with the fiery splendor of seething rock for untold thousands of years.

As the heat dwindled a slag formed, thickening into a shell. Pressures from underneath ripped chasms in the embryonic crust through which spurted white-hot rock that fell back to build up highlands of folded granite.

Millions of years later the crust had congealed, cooled and cracked. Incomputable eons of erosion by rain and frost shattered the seams, separating the surface rock into irregular masses. Later came upheavals which raised the mountains, tumbled the unshaped blocks into chaotic

Desert Viewpoint near Yarnell



JOSEF MUENCH

disarray, and applied the finishing touches to what is now Boulder Park.

When the wandering Mongoloid ancestors of the American Indian passed over the Bering Strait, trickled down from Alaska and fanned out over the land that was to become North America, they found at Antelope a mountain barrier separating the regions of bitter winter cold from those of torrid summer heat.

Here eventually settled the Yavapai, hunters and gatherers of the tasty black-jack acorn, who gave their name to a county the size of Ohio, later to earn the accolade, the Mother of Counties, through repeated forfeitures of territory. Here, east of the Verde River, also came interloping Tonto Apaches, often confused with the Yavapai, the rightful sovereigns of the land.

The Yavapai (meaning, literally, man of the hills) made his summer camp in the valley of the mountain-top; his winter camp at its base, sheltered from the wind by a precipitous wall of rock and boulders two thousand feet high.

From the lookout of Table Mountain the Indian studied the movements of the whites in their frenzied quest for the gold of Rich Hill, a bold escarpment of pre-Cambrian granite rising to the southeast in eroded contrast to the configuration of Antelope. This stronghold of the Yavapai, seen from the valley below, resembles a gargantuan tree-trunk, sawed off neatly hundreds of feet above its buttress roots.

During the boom days of Rich Hill, when its flanks were cramped with diggers, many prospectors turned their eyes toward the northern skyline, and a few of them profitably. One adventurous group of placer miners, working in the shadow of hostile Indians, struck a gold pocket on Antelope Mountain that netted \$200,000 during Peeples' short term as treasurer for the group.

With this incursion the Yavapai and the whites of Antelope locked horns in a war to the finish. The Indians defended their sanctuary; the whites coveted their gold. Then it was that General Crook, with his detachment of cavalry from the Fort Lincoln (later Camp Verde), turned the tide. Maneuvering for the eventual surrender of Geronimo to the southeast, and zealous for the safety of the neighboring aggregations of people, he established local headquarters at the site where now stands Glen Ilha, a subdivision of Yarnell, forming virtually the nucleus for the town.

On October 18, 1892 a post office was established on the stage road in a combination store and saloon near the

Carraro's Grotto—Yarnell



DICK CARTER

old powder house. This mail service was designed for the few inhabitants of a wide area, including Peeples Valley.

Then, in 1893, a prospector named Harrison Yarnell struck gold on one of Antelope's sister peaks. Being in hard rock, its extraction required machinery. To finance operations, Yarnell sold the homesteading rights to part of his claims. The Prescott *Courier* and the Phoenix *Herald* of October 9, 1893, both carried the news.

"Harry Yarnell has sold Boulder Park to Sinclair & Walluth, who propose to make it a place of resort. It is said to be a most beautiful place, heavily wooded, filled with fantastic rock for building and well watered."

From its very inception the growth of Yarnell has not been world-shaking, like that of its neighbors, Stanton, Weaver, Octave and Congress, all of which expanded into a boom and burst. In contrast, Yarnell has gone forward slowly but steadily, sometimes almost painfully, with the sure progress of the turtle.

The Arizona Business Directory mentions Yarnell for the first time in its volume of 1907-08.

"A post office in Yavapai County, 13 miles northeast of Congress Junction, the nearest railroad point. Some mining, stock raising and farming. Population 25."

When Providence tires of creating new patterns she repeats the old. Certainly it transcends coincidence that the gold of Rich Hill and the esthetic wealth of Antelope Heights both owe their rediscovery by the white man to the search for lost horses. And here the repetition of pattern ends. Rich Hill's most fabulous placers were found by Mexicans with bullets in their guns. The romantic appeal of Antelope was found by a young girl with poetry in her heart.

It was in the year 1904 that Antelope Heights came to the attention of brave little Flora Gillette. Her Dunkard father, the Rev. Gillette, was in the east when he was transferred from the parish of Glendale to that of Camp Verde. Mrs. Gillette and the children started overland to their new home, driving a surrey and a wagon.

During an overnight encampment at Kirkland their team of horses disappeared. Flora Gillette, hardly in her teens, mounted a wagon mule bareback and tracked the horses up through Peeples Valley and along the old stage road that wound through the picturesque rocks and oaks that now ornament the town of Yarnell.

At the foot of Antelope Mountain she concluded that two thieves, instead of one, commanded the horses. Realizing the odds against her, she gave up the pursuit,

turned back, and proceeded alone to Camp Verde.

The stage road on which she travelled had been built according to an Act, approved Nov. 9, 1864, when the Prescott, Walnut Grove and Pima Road Company was authorized "... to build a toll-road from the town of Prescott in an easterly direction, via Groomdale to Turkey Creek, thence in a southerly direction to a point on the Hassayampa Creek, in the vicinity of Walnut Grove, and thence to the Pima Villages with a branch extending to the town of Weaver, to connect with the branch of the Arizona Central Road Company at that place."

The road from Weaver, built by Charles Genung, was then the only means of stage access to Antelope and Peeples Valley. In 1922 the new road from Congress to Prescott, via Antelope, was surveyed and work soon started, but not till 1926 was it travelled. Finally, in 1933, as Federal Aid Project E. 72-B, it was paved and the traffic from Congress to Prescott started rolling on a carpet known as the White Spar Road.

This was twenty-nine years after the enchantment of Antelope Heights had left its impression on the little girl. Flora Gillette, then Mrs. Stattler, decided again to visit the wonderland of rock. Under its spell she decided that it would make an ideal summer resort for the people of the desert towns. She purchased 640 acres from Elzy Pike, a Valley resident who had homesteaded the area in 1921, and proceeded to organize the town of Yarnell.

Mrs. Stattler associated herself with, and later married, H. C. Ludden, a real estate agent in Glendale. This link with the business proved of great help when she decided to take Yarnell under her wing and make it her pet project.

The noble vision of a mushrooming community, however, was fraught with disappointment. For many years the population was insufficient to justify the post-office, which transferred operations to Peeples Valley.

Under the late Mrs. Ludden's loving persistence, Yarnell became more than a geological phenomenon. Today it is also a town, entrenched within mountain ridges and cliffs to the south and east, boulder-strewn mountains to the west, and the rich grazing lands of Peeples Valley to the north.

Although Yarnell's expansion is limited by the nature of its surroundings, it has measureless possibilities for entralling the passer-by. So far its potential as a resort and recreational area has not been scratched.

Glen Ilha is a subdivision of Yarnell that explores the potentialities of rocky coves not included in Mrs. Ludden's original plans. The area was homesteaded in 1921 by J. M. Pike, having been open range until 1916. P. W. Womack, a building contractor of Phoenix, bought the site and named it after his daughter, Ilha. The Womack Developing Company sells the lots. Buyers do the building on their own.

Yarnell and Glen Ilha possess a wealth of enchanting homes which blend into the natural surroundings and are themselves pleasant scenery to their neighbors. The communities are served by an intricate network of roads that winds among mammoth boulders infinite in number and shape. These lend a charming rusticity to the immediate landscape and a privacy to the front yard.

The combined summer population of Yarnell, Glen Ilha and Peeples Valley is about seven hundred. This falls twenty-five percent in the winter-time, though the number of year-round residents is increasing.

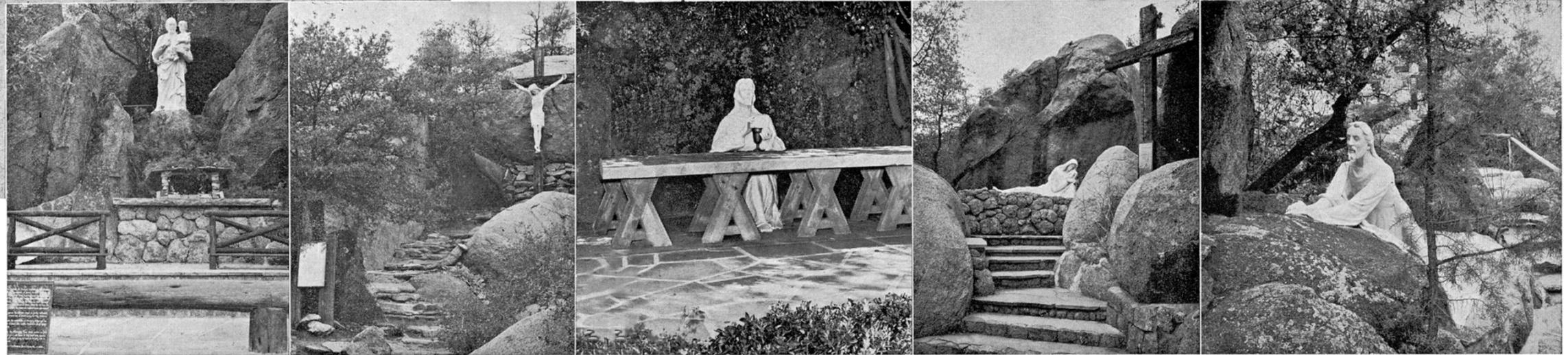


PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
DICK CARTER

SHRINE
OF
ST. JOSEPH
TURN LEFT 1000 FT.

U.S. 89 through Yarnell

Stations of the Cross—
Shrine of St. Joseph of
the Mountains—Yarnell



Weather statistics for the area come from amateur meteorologists, who estimate the total annual precipitation at fourteen inches. Snow falls about three times a year, but rarely remains more than twenty-four hours.

Nighttime winter temperatures average close to freezing. Once or twice in years these may drop below eighteen degrees, but the invigorating winter days are usually warm and bright, even in February and March, when a few are overcast.

Summer daytime temperatures average 85 to 90 degrees, the dryness of the air making it seem much cooler. Summer nights are delightfully cool.

Almost anywhere in the surrounding creek beds one can enjoy the thrill of panning his own gold, and pockets of the metal still exist in the mountainsides. Arrowhead collecting has been a rewarding pastime and Indian graves are not uncommonly discovered.

As for the other side of the picture, not every Yarnell enterprise goes over with a bang. The lack of a basic economy limits the expenditures of the residents, most of whom are retirees or pensioners primarily interested in events close to home. These and other considerations militated against the success of a movie theater and a newspaper, the Mountain Messenger, which folded up.

Yarnell has a grammar school and four churches: the Community (often considered Presbyterian), the Mormon, Baptist and Catholic. The town has a Chamber

of Commerce and one civic club, the Wranglerettes, a semi-social organization, whose first major project was the purchase of the Community Hall, now used as a church, Chamber of Commerce, banquet hall, get-together club for teenagers, and miscellaneous headquarters. This building cost \$3750, every cent of which has long since been paid.

At the present time the Wranglerettes have more irons in the fire than ever before. They have made a \$250 initial payment on a fire truck, housed in a building of its own and ready to serve the common good.

Adjoining the Pioneers' Cemetery, where some Indians and old-timers are buried, is the Genung Memorial Park. It was made possible by the combined efforts of Ed Genung, who donated the first acre of land, and the Wranglerettes, who paid \$400 for the second acre.

Although the Wranglerettes have \$1200 of their own money invested in the project, on August 2 last year the Park was officially dedicated to the people of the surrounding areas. Coughlin, the cattle man, donates all the water for irrigation of the Pioneers' Cemetery and the Memorial Park, while the Wranglerettes furnished the irrigation system at a cost of more than \$200.

The street signs throughout Yarnell, like nearly all major improvements in the town, were initiated by the Wranglerettes, toward whose projects the men contribute freely of their time and labor in an amazing demonstra-

tion of goodwill and cooperation for the benefit of all. One of Yarnell's chief claims to world-wide fame is the Shrine of St. Joseph of the Mountains, which fittingly puts to a sacred use the beauty of the town's natural surroundings.

In 1934 a small group of inspired men and women organized as the Catholic Action League of Arizona to carry on works of spiritual or corporal mercy, regardless of race or creed.

They selected a rocky fastness half a mile from Highway 89 as the site of the Shrine. Here a wild growth of mountain oak and holly, and grottos built of boulders, form a natural setting for the theme of the Shrine, the Way of the Cross.

Work was started in 1938 with a treasury fund of

\$38.00 netted from a box social. Much of the work was contributed by League members and others interested in the project, but none of them were artisans in working with stone.

In the search for a sculptor to build the statuary for the Twelve Stations of the Cross, the entire story of the suffering and the death of Jesus, the League came across Felix Lucero, dishwasher in a Tucson cafe. He was a figure that had often been seen building statues in Arizona riverbeds in fulfillment of a vow made twenty years before, during nine days of isolation in No Man's Land.

The League hired Lucero to build the statuary, which he sculptured from reinforced concrete. The finished figures, life-like statues of great beauty, are painted in deep ivory and radiate the inspiration which made them possible.

The words of an inscription at the Shrine summarize the motives behind it.

"The Shrine of St. Joseph of the Mountains was built as an appeal to Americans to promote the spirit of peace in their homes, with an unwavering loyalty toward our beloved America."

The mountainsides neighboring the Shrine lent themselves to the carving of another outstanding project. It is Carraro's Grotto, where a willing imagination can see, in boulders with animal-like features, a host of rocky ambassadors from the world of the wild.

Alessio Carraro, born near Milan, Italy, comes from a long line of rock artisans. After arriving in this country he combed the west for an appropriate place to realize his boyhood dream of building a rock wonderland of grottos and arcades.

Only the topography of Yarnell could satisfy his stringent requirements. Throughout four years, now, in a space of four acres, he has worked to accomplish his dream. The latest addition to his rockland is his home, atop the long stairway that winds through the grottos, and whose walls are literally penetrated by massive boulders still in place.

Both the Shrine and the Grotto are dedicated to the edification of mankind, and are devoid of any commercial intent.

Yarnell is a discovery for arthritics and asthmatics. Some of them, having experienced spells of difficult breathing after drinking chlorinated water elsewhere, made a special request to Mr. and Mrs. Shobe, owners and operators of the Yarnell Water Systems, that they avoid using chlorine.

During a visit of the Health Department official, Mr. Shobe asked about the eventual necessity of chlorination. The official said that all of the five wells, most of them several hundred feet deep, derive their water, not from pools but from veins in granite, and that chlorination should never be necessary. Bacteriological tests conducted by the competent department indicated that the water is safe for drinking purposes without the use of chlorine.

Yarnell is justly proud of its water. Its total hardness is less than one part in five thousand.

The town's battle with the lack of a basic economy has yielded several answers, and Bob Wagner, who built a business out of bones, has proven that other answers exist. When Bob prospered on knick-knacks made of old bones and sold from his covered wagon, he set a pace for originality and fearless determination that others might well follow.

Yarnell needs more pioneers, like Mrs. Ludden and Bob Wagner, whose faith can transform the possibility of failure into the certainty of success. And to those who will receive, Yarnell can also give faith.



Mr. and Mrs. Penn, owners of Bumble Bee, left and right, with guest

There is nothing of the "picture-postcard" perfection about Bumble Bee, Arizona, as compared with too-model Williamsburg, Virginia; Bumble Bee is Bumble Bee.

And it is to perpetuate this American way-of-life—says Proprietor Penn—to bring "yesterday up to today," that he and his wife decided to install all possible modern comforts and conveniences in Bumble Bee for themselves, their guests, and their tenants; to insure the little town against decay, and yet to preserve the atmosphere of smoking guns, whooping Indians, rousing cowboys, as well as the gentle family life of this early Western settlement.

Penn confirms that the most-asked question about his sole ownership of Bumble Bee—the only exclusive, one-man ownership of an entire township, every inch and every nail of it, in the U. S. today—is "What on earth are you going to do with it?"

He has learned, he says, to counter with a practically unanswerable question of his own: "Do you own a dog?" Well, yes, the questioner admits. "Well, when you got the dog, did people ask you, 'What are you going to do with it?'"

"To me, this town is something of a pet. I kind of

the buildings in town, these must be kept in good repair. And believe it or not, we get just about as much correspondence that has to be answered as the municipal heads of any other U. S. city or town.

"We have to answer questions on police, public health, library, cemetery, and other such matters. Fact is, I'm making a collection of the various hats I have to wear—mayor, police chief, fire chief, and so forth. Helen should have a rackful too, as chief librarian, public health director, maybe even J.P., if we had such an office.

"But seriously, we get a big kick—a never-ending enjoyment—out of exploring the nearby treasures of Arizona antiquity—ancient ruins, old mines, abandoned towns, forgotten Indian camps, and we hope some day to have an accurate pictorial map, as a guide to the early days of the Bumble Bee Basin. You'd be surprised to know how many people from all over the U. S. and many foreign countries come to see the relics in our museum, one person telling another, for we do no so-called 'promotion.'"

Penn added that the "proprietorship" of a whole town seems to run in his blood because one of his ancestors was William Penn, Proprietor of Penn's Woods,

THEY BOUGHT A GHOST TOWN BY BOB HUNT



hat are they going to do with it, and why did they want it in the first place?" That's the sort of talk that's buzzing, not only up at Bumble Bee these days, but more or less all over Arizona. It concerns the purchase by eastern magazine publisher Charles A. Penn and his wife, Helen, of this century-old ghost-town sixty-three miles north of Phoenix, nestling in its own little "beauty bowl" of a valley (as Helen Penn phrases it), three miles west of Black Canyon Highway, in Yavapai County.

Perhaps the determined old town echoes its own answer, out of its own rich, romantic past, when it rang to the brawling of prospectors and soldiers, placer miners and cowboys. For in its day, Bumble Bee has been a thumbnail slice of Old San Francisco, and yet a typical tiny American hometown, too. Take a few phases out of Bumble Bee's history:

Concord coaches hurtling across Bumble Bee Flat, with the U. S. mail, Wells Fargo shipments, and pioneer passengers. Hot biscuits and black coffee, to the light of rags dipped in grease at the Bumble Bee stagecoach station. Indians on burros selling dried saguaro fruit and

live and artificial birds, to the gold-happy Bumble Bee citizens. Rattlesnakes . . . coyotes . . . tarantulas . . . scorpions . . . and wildcats in abundance . . .

Cowboys riding the ranges of flourishing nearby ranches, with more than ample water and grazing. Gold mines providing good yield, with such colorful names as the Gloriana, Blue Bell, Hidden Treasure, Dead Man, DeSoto. And children forever playing in the little old Bumble Bee playground, beside the palo verde trees.

From an ancient, yellowed letter of a pioneer comes perhaps this most touching summation of the charm of this multifaceted old Arizona town:

"There were prospect holes all over the hills, though nothing ever amounted to much. But we had doors opening toward the stars."

Such was the Bumble Bee of yesterday, and tracing down the corridors of a score of lives, it's easy to understand why Bumble Bee folks, wherever they are, look back with warmth and nostalgia, with gratitude and affection, to the flat and the creek and the town-by-the-road.

Today, restored, renovated, but with its spirit kept intact by its appreciative new proprietors, Bumble Bee is a "hometown" which natives can remember with pride.

like the idea of owning a whole town, not for self-aggrandizement, but I have always liked small towns, and I have some ideas as to how people should be enabled to enjoy them. We—my wife and I—think the town one lives in should be clean and neat to blend with the beautiful setting of the Arizona landscape. It should be an agreeable place where people get along with each other, somewhat on an equal basis all around, where no one's a big shot, no super intellects, and no character assassins.

"Like the mythical dog (and the Penns do have a real, live dog, thirteen-year-old Gus, who really rules the rulers!), we just enjoy it, and we like other people to share it who can enjoy it in the same manner that we do. No, we are not going to make a commercial proposition out of it. We have no plans for subdividing, offering free factory sites, or starting an artists' and writers' colony."

The second most-asked question, according to Penn, is "What do you do all day?"

"Well, owning a town," he tells inquirers, "has its obligations as well as a certain amount of fun. For instance, we have a waterworks—the Bumble Bee Water Works—that must be maintained to provide good and sufficient water for our citizens. Inasmuch as we own all

Pennsylvania, and his great-grandfather founded Sadieville, Kentucky, which he named after Penn's great-grandmother.

One further question which the Penns are often asked, he says, is "How'd you ever hear about it?" On the funny side, he relates, a realtor whom he had long known, met him in a Ramsey, New Jersey, tavern several years ago, and cried, "Charlie Penn! Just the man I was looking for! Nobody but you would be fool enough to buy a whole town!"

"Seriously," he says, "after serving a sentence of more than forty-five years in the publishing business—on newspapers, writing, advertising, publishing, and as an executive with several of the country's largest publishers, including McFadden, also including a 26-year-hitch as head of my own company with as many as seven Graphic Arts Award-winning magazines and many books in the hobby building field (Penn Publications, Inc., has one current magazine, *Railroad Model Craftsman*) my wife and I decided to look forward to enjoying a carefree life together."

Retirement? No, definitely not, says Bumble Bee's boss. "I still supervise my publishing company in the East by tape-recorder, telephone, and the U. S. air mail



In Bumble Bee Trading Post

Reminder of lively
yesterday—Bumble Bee



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
DICK CARTER

from a 6'x9' office in my home in Bumble Bee. I haven't retired, I don't believe in 'retiring.' Running a town is both a stimulating and a full-time job in itself, several jobs in fact. Managed properly and kept on a sound business basis, who knows what will happen? Anything is possible in 'Amazing Arizona,' and we have no intention of hogging it for ourselves."

Arizona Republic columnist Don Dedera, an ardent Bumble Bee fan for some years, who has frequently dated news-stories from this Yavapai County metropolis, has reported that the Penns expect to set up an authentic model-railroad museum—since this has been one of the principal interests of Penn Publications' magazines. And the Penns have in mind to develop a miniature scale working model of the whole of early-days Arizona, to preserve 'in actuality' the way-of-life of the pioneer State.

In history, Bumble Bee is certainly not lacking . . . as well as, often, in saturation news-coverage. As the Yavapai County Messenger reported as far back as 1950:

"This little mountain town has been in the news many times in the last year. First on a nationwide radio broad-

cast as a ghost-town, and more recently it was advertised for sale—lock, stock, and barrel.

"Bumble Bee," the newspaper went on to say, "is one of the oldest communities of northern Arizona. It was first settled by a small detachment of U. S. soldiers, under a Colonel Powers, which was stationed there on outpost duty against the Indians in the 1860's."

The first white settlers, it is said, located at Bumble Bee because of the water at Bumble Bee Creek, and the grazing land. At that time, the settlement was called Snyder's Station after W. W. Snyder, a pioneer horse and cattle breeder. It received the name still used about 1870.

There are a number of different versions of the origin of the name Bumble Bee. One was that some early settlers came out second-best with bumblebees over "water rights." Another credits the name to a U. S. Army scout sent out from Prescott to look for Indians, and who later reported that they were "thick as bumblebees" over the waterholes there.

Still another has it that a company of soldiers, recon-

noitering onto Bumble Bee Flat, heard Indians having a powwow, thought the noise was caused by a host of bumblebees, beat a hasty retreat, and called the spot Bumble Bee. Still a different legend is that, along about 1863, a party of prospectors stumbled onto a nestful of honey in the cliffs along the creek, and some of the greedier members got badly stung. Perhaps as a warning to future gold-and-honey-seekers, they named it Bumble Bee Creek.

But before the first American settlers came, the Spanish passed by on the trail on their way to Tucson and Yuma. There are still indications around Bumble Bee of mysterious old trails leading over the Bradshaw Mountains and through the desert to the Hassayampa.

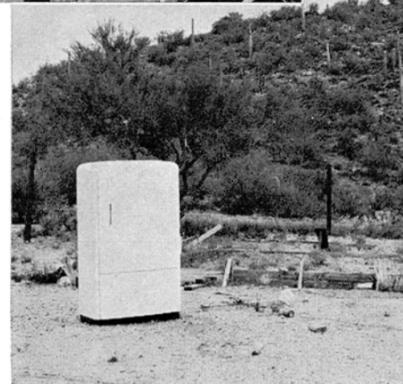
Indeed, the town of Bumble Bee, now dozing happily in its authentic restoration, in its gem-like little valley, has lived through manifold exciting phases. The first settlers stayed on to establish permanent homes because of the ample water supply and the abundant grazing lands. Then came the day when the cry of "Gold!" rang out . . .

For valuable ores were discovered in the washes and canyons of the Bumble Bee area. At one time, it is said, placer gold claims were sold for as high as \$150 per claim. The claims were no larger than the size of an ordinary bed blanket and were known as "blanket claims."

A good placer miner—according to records of early Bumble Bee prospectors—could make from \$100 to \$150 a day from these washes, using only hand tools. Many pioneer claims were worked in Black Canyon, when Bumble Bee buzzed as a gold-mine town; and from the old diggings still visible today, they evidently paid off.



Mrs. Penn,
Postmistress,
Bumble Bee



Touch
of
today

The most notable ones were the Chinese Bar, the Portuguese Bar, and the Dead Man.

About the turn of the century, placer mining began to play out, and was not revived again until the depression years of the '30's, when a handful of prospectors made "beans" out of the old diggin's.

Bumble Bee has had quite a time, throughout the years, managing to stay on or near the main road, now known as new Black Canyon Highway. It moved three times in a radius of one mile during a quarter of a century. Every time there seems to have been an improvement made on the Black Canyon Highway, alignment of the road somehow was readjusted to bypass Bumble Bee.

But Bumble Bee refused to stay bypassed. Pioneer, thirty-year resident Jeff Martin appears to have been the main "town-mover," a man "as determined as the next." Every time the road skipped Bumble Bee, Martin moved Bumble Bee to stick to the road. However, the Highway Department for reasons of grading and other modern requirements, finally routed Black Canyon Highway away from Bumble Bee.

The first planned road through Bumble Bee was laid out about 1879. For many years the settlement was one of the principal stagecoach stops between Phoenix and points north and west. Along it also rolled ore wagons from Crown King, Turkey Creek Station, and other early mines of south Yavapai.

As to climate, says Proprietor Charles Penn: "Without benefit of blurb, since we have no Chamber of Commerce (yet!), Bumble Bee it seems has long laid claim to the best winter climate in all Arizona. And since also we aren't 'selling anything' other than the antiques and oddities and commodities in the Bumble Bee General Store, we can add with genuine personal enthusiasm that we think that this is true. Why not?"

"Just look at our location, forty-five miles south of high, pine-topped Prescott, sixty-three miles north of the warm Salt River Valley, 3,000-foot-high Bumble Bee enjoys the tempered balance of the best of the earth's three largest 'Isobel belts.' As a local poet once phrased it, 'Bumble Bee's air is as soft and warm as a water-worn stone in the sun.'"

Penn explained that 'Isobel belt' is his own invented expression for the Salt River Valley and thin adjacent strips which—according to the new global sunshine projection—together with small areas in Egypt and Chile, enjoy the most possible sunshine hours of any areas on earth.

Old Bumble Bee frequently made the headlines, such as they were, and those largely by word-of-mouth, in the good old days of killings by renegades from the Pleasant Valley War, brawls in country speak-easies during the tempestuous '20's of Prohibition, violence in the gold-town saloon, and, of course, run-of-the-mill domestic unpleasantries.

But the little old town has also proved itself newsworthy through changes of ownership and through the novelty of being offered for purchase in the East as "a whole town for sale, lock, stock, and barrel." The Associated Press and United Press-International have both carried several Bumble Bee stories, and a national network personality frequently signs off his show with the weather reports from metropolitan centers, tagging them with ". . . and in Bumble Bee, Arizona, it's . . . degrees!"

Yours sincerely

HILTON:

... John Hilton wrote a singularly moving piece in your March issue. The deep beauty and meaningfulness of his article, rich with years of intimacy with the desert, falls upon one's inner ear like a message of hope and promise, indeed, of salvation.

I am not entirely convinced of his thesis that the desert burns away "all of the waste and unimportant things in people who live here long." For it seems to me that it sometimes burns away some very important things. The desert is a demanding master. For those who cannot confront it with matching moral stamina and control, it can, indeed, become a tyrannical master. Nevertheless as one who is relatively new to the desert's mystery I agree that it holds "a real message for our troubled, hurrying world." I have lived long enough in that world to know whereof Mr. Hilton speaks.

Bernard Murchland
Albuquerque, New Mexico

... It was with almost tears of jealous pain I read John Hilton's "This Is My Desert." Although being absent from "home" many years, I still have the conviction the "sky-full desert" is selfishly mine.

Mr. Hilton has discovered and portrayed that Spiritual Exaltation in his paintings so difficult to re-create—that wide, wide peaceful space of blue ever present above the desert country. Where, as Mr. Hilton says, one has only to listen to hear and know His presence.

My deepest regards to Mr. Hilton, but deeper regards to "his" desert.

Mrs. William H. Wahl
Longview, Washington

• John Hilton's feature in our March issue proved to be extremely popular with our readers. He did a masterful job in portraying his desert.

SCENES PORTRAYED:

... For the past four years ARIZONA HIGHWAYS has been a visitor each month in our home. Not only have I read each issue with pleasure, but I have framed many of the wonderful reproductions of matchless scen-

ery shown in the pages of this superb publication. Last autumn we took a trip to Greece and Italy, and aboard ship I showed some of the copies of ARIZONA HIGHWAYS to fellow travelers and they looked upon the various scenes shown in the pages with almost unbelieving eyes. In Italy where the world famous Amalfi Drive attracts people from all over the world, and which we visited, I can truly say that many scenes so beautifully portrayed in ARIZONA HIGHWAYS made the Amalfi scenery look tame by comparison. While I have been a writer of many years, and for the past twenty four years have been an historical columnist for the Copley papers of Southern California, I say that I have never, at any time of my life, looked through a magazine so beautifully illustrated as ARIZONA HIGHWAYS.

Guy Allison
Glendale, California

• We appreciate Mr. Allison's kind remarks, It is a privilege for us to be able to portray this enchanted land.

COLOR CLASSIC SLIDES:

... What absolutely marvelous people you are! There is hardly a subject in our library to which ARIZONA HIGHWAYS has not contributed some of the very best of the slide repertoire. Tropical fish and fluorescing minerals we have tried to get everywhere; consequently they were high on our demand list, but little did we expect that ARIZONA HIGHWAYS would turn out first-class slides of both in ONE issue. Astonishing! Amazing! Incredible! What a super-duper magazine!

F. A. McKay, Film Secretary
Bonar Presbyterian Church School
Toronto 4, Ontario, Canada

• 35mm. slides, mounted on 2 x 2 mounts, have been made since May issue of 1954. We now have over 1800 subjects in our Color Classic slide program. We are pleased Mr. McKay found our fish and mineral slides, made from transparencies used in our January issue, valued additions to his church slide collection. His group, incidentally, are among our best slide customers.

OPPOSITE PAGE

UPPER—Photograph was taken with a 4x5 Linhof Technika camera; Ektachrome; f.22 at 1/10th sec.; Eastman-Ektar 127mm f.4.7 lens; August; mid-afternoon. Montezuma Castle, part of Montezuma Castle National Monument, is located five miles north of Camp Verde turnoff just east of Black Canyon Highway. Montezuma Castle is presumed to have been built about the same time as Tuzigoot. Pottery found shows it was occupied in the early Pueblo III area (1050-1300) and that the latest occupancy was well into the Pueblo IV area (1300-1700) perhaps as late as 1425. No definite age can be given for the ruins as dendrochronology (tree ring study) has not yet devised a means of dating sycamore and juniper timbers.

LOWER—Photograph taken with a Burke & James Press camera; Ektachrome; f.18 at 1/25th sec.; 90mm Schneider Angulon lens; early spring; bright day; Meter Reading 400; ASA rating 12. Montezuma Well, shown here, is south of Oak Creek Canyon and seven miles north of Montezuma Castle. In 1947 the Well and 261 acres around it became part of Montezuma Castle National Monument. The deep blue waters of this unusual limestone sinkhole always make an interesting picture, particularly when the nearby tree wears a fresh crop of bright green leaves. Montezuma Well is 480 feet in diameter, with the limestone cliffs encircling it rising 80 feet above the water. The Well, 55 feet deep, has a flow of 1,000 gallons a minute. It is one of Arizona's scenic and scientific treasures.

BACK COVER

"IN THE SHRINE OF ST. JOSEPH—YARNELL" BY ELLIS BOONE. 4x5 Speed Graphic camera; Ektachrome. Photograph shows one of the stations of the cross in the Shrine of St. Joseph of the Mountains at Yarnell. The Shrine was financed by the Catholic Action League, with sculpturing by the late Felix Lucero of Tucson. The fantastically beautiful and imposing rock formations here made the area a perfect place for the Shrine.

PARADE OF THE CLOUDS

Today
The clouds,
In uniforms of gold and gray,
Went marching by
In time and tune to whistling wind.
On dress parade,
They marched
As though a master did review,
Maneuvers old yet ever new,
With faultless eye and perfect mind.

—BERT MOREHOUSE

ODE TO SPRING

"It isn't raining rain to me"—
These lines once seemed quite silly.
In fact at seventeen or so
I thought them "daffo-dilly."
But now that Junior goes to school
And finds spring rains inviting,
It isn't raining Rain to me—
It's even stopped my idling.
With mud-tracked floors and muddy shoes
And my old mop a-groanin'—
It isn't raining Rain to me,
It's raining Pandemonium!

FLORENCE ANDERSON

DUST AND GOLD

Hear the westward wagons roll—
Smell the dust and taste the tears,
Feel the quest of other years—
As the phantom wagons roll . . .
See the circling vulture sail,
Argus of the spectral trail;
Race the taunting tumble weed,
Lost in avarice and greed;
Mark the fierce Apache cry
As the train goes thundering by . . .
Gold is yellow, blood is red,
And those valiant ones lie dead—
Lust to dust and gold to mould—
Crumbling dust and yellow gold.

—VILET

BROOMSTICK BUCKAROO

He bounces on a broomstick mount,
A fractious, bucking steed.
But he does not let it throw him,
A buckaroo indeed.
The broncho plunges, bucks and rears.
He puts on quite a show.
All this performance takes place in
Our backyard rodeo.

—THELMA IRELAND

MOONSCAPE

The drowned face of the moon
Looks out with unseeing eye
From a backwash of the sky,
From the tarnished silver lagoon
Where tattered clouds half hide
That pale lost visage adrift
Where seaweed streamers lift,
Loosed by the sluggish tide.

ETHEL JACOBSON

ONE BY ONE

Needle by needle,
the pines grow tall;
Drop by drop,
the great rains fall;
Moment by moment,
our lives progress;
Thought by thought,
we build happiness.

LORRAINE BABBITT



“Ancient Castle in Limestone” ED ELLINGER

“Still Waters of Montezuma Well” CARLOS ELMER



