Welcome to Lake Mead Country
The Desert Shores of Mead and Mohave

Tracing the flow of the river Colorado from its headwaters to the sea is a complete course on the personality variations of western geology. Well-known to most are the towering, tapestried walls of Lake Powell, swelling the river to a 1900-mile girth of endless canyons. Then, the one and only Grand Canyon slips and accelerates her courting through sliced strata, exposing millions of years of the Earth’s forming. Churning and churning white water is finally spent in the western canyon, only to gather and grow again into a lake called Mead.

Mead, and her sister lake Mohave, are often lost in the shadows of comparison with the Colorado upriver neighbors. While the Grand Canyon and Lake Powell give dimension to the term scenic grandeur, Mead and Mohave are content to enclose the river with relatively low desert formations. The vast Mojave Desert is peopled with the shifting populations of desert bighorn sheep and his forage competitor the wild burro. Various of Chloride and Goldroad. The Desert Shores of Mead and Mohave are often lost...
The miracle started with Hoover Dam back in 1935. Suddenly, the raging waters of the Colorado River were calmed and the harsh and bitter land of beaver hunter and steamboatman, camel driver and cavalryman, wild Indian and righteous missionary was no more. And then came the rest of the miracle. It's called...

The Lake Mead National Recreation Area

It's empty, eerie country where the Colorado River squeezes past the last of the sheer cliffs and sharp shelves of the Grand Canyon and rolls into a rounder, softer — yet still colorful — land of volcanic hills and gravel flats, then back through sharp canyons before eking its way down to the sea.

This is where the Powell Expeditions ended — and it's where prospector James White was washed ashore after claiming to have been the first man through the Grand Canyon... but that was more than a hundred years ago.

Today it's filled with two long lakefuls of fishing, swimming, boating, waterskiing, and year-round camping beneath clear skies.

Lakes Mead and Mohave, and the once-rambunctious river pouring into them, are the main attractions of the hundred-mile-long Lake Mead National Recreation Area.

They draw weekend visitors from half a dozen Western states and vacationers — long-term and just-passing-through — from all over the United States and from far-off Canada and nearby Mexico, to boot.

Hoover and Davis dams are flood-controlling, water-storing, power-producing monuments to America's determination to make its deserts livable. At the same time, the reservoirs and their shores offer infinities of fun in scenic settings.

Visitors may take fast elevators on a 52-story ride deep into the innards of 726-foot-tall Hoover Dam for a look at its formidable and complex structure — and for a gopher's-eye-view of the dynamos spun by force-fed flows of water to generate an average 4 billion kilowatts of power per year primarily for the fast-growing cities of Southern California.

On the still, clear, and sun-warmed water behind the dam, boaters may lose themselves in the back canyons and find themselves at one with nature in wide-open spaces where desert-dwelling animals come to graze on marsh grasses and to guzzle from a plentiful — and reliable — supply of water, a rare commodity in the parched terrain surrounding the Colorado.

Even today the northwest section of Arizona is a bit out of the way for anyone not driving between Phoenix and Las Vegas. Interstate 40 — old Route 66 — rolls through Kingman, south and west toward Los Angeles, while Interstate 15, the Salt Lake City-Los Angeles freeway, goes through Las Vegas. Between Las Vegas and Kingman, though, there's only U.S. 93, carrying travelers across the top of Hoover Dam — an adventure today as it has been since the dam was finished in 1935.

Davis Dam, too, provides a crossing — between Kingman and the California-Nevada border by way of State Route 68. Once into this forbidding land, access to the lake and riverside beaches is easy: Paved roads off U.S. 93 lead to South Cove and to Temple Bar, on the Arizona side of Lake Mead, and to Overton Beach, Echo Bay, Callville Bay, and Boulder Beach. Below Boulder Canyon is Willow Beach, on the river. Down the way, Cottonwood Cove and Katherine offer access to Lake Mohave.

Long before these places attracted motorists to a bleached, baked — and endlessly fascinating — corner of the country, some truly tough travelers turned the Colorado's southward bend into an important crossroads.

Soul-searing and body-broiling as it was, this land of oven heat and Turkish bath humidity was a place some of the American West's most daring adventurers were happy to see.

California-bound riders still had to cross the Mohave Desert, and the often muddy water of the Colorado was the most they'd see before San Berdo.

From the south, trekkers would follow the Colorado up from the Sea of Cortez — or from mid-desert, where the Gila River comes in above Yuma.

That's where James Ohio Pattie, the rip-roaring mountain man, headed north after trapping his way down the Gila from New Mexico — and Nevada, and Arizona, and California, and Colorado, and Wyoming.

(Right) The created and folded landscape of Boulder Canyon, Lake Mead. In the late 1880s, steamboat traffic plied the length of the lower Colorado River and Boulder Canyon was the upper terminus.

David Muench photo

BY BILL WATERS
Temple Bar Resort and Marina in Temple Basin, on upper Lake Mead, features a motel and dining room, bait shop, and small boat rentals. Temple Bar is the nearest resort to the west end of the Grand Canyon, which is easily accessible to small boats. Temple Basin is famous for its fantastic trout, catfish, largemouth and striped bass fishing, and for the waterskier; the basin offers runs of up to 20 miles. Carlos Elmer photo

(Above and right) Houseboating is the perfect way to vacation, spending lazy sun-filled days cruising through the scenic beauty of lakes Mead and Mohave and star-filled nights around a campfire on a secluded beach. And you bring along all the comforts of home on your floating resort. Alan Benoit photos
An aerial view of Lake Mead. Hoover Dam is just right of center. For a close-up view of the dam, the tour boat Echo, left and above, ventures out four times a day complete with a tour guide.

(Top) An aerial view of Lake Mead. Hoover Dam is just right of center. For a close-up view of the dam, the tour boat Echo, left and above, ventures out four times a day complete with a tour guide.

(Right) The steam-powered stern-wheeler Explorer was the first boat to navigate the wild Colorado River upstream from Yuma to Boulder Canyon, on an 1858 expedition headed by Lieutenant Joseph Christmas Ives. Alan Benoit photos

Mexico, where he mostly made war on bears and hostile Indians—when he wasn't wowing Spanish señoritas.

Pattie and a handful of cohorts beaver trapped their way up the Colorado in 1826. As told to an Eastern preacher a few years later, Pattie's path upriver simply bristled with Indian arrows.

"They poured upon us a shower of arrows, by which they killed two men, and wounded two more... My own hunting shirt had two arrows in it, and my blanket was pinned fast to the ground by arrows," goes the Pattie narrative. "There were 16 arrows discharged into my bed."

All in a day's work for the peripatetic Pattie, who wandered the entire West—yesterday's Mexico, and today's as well—in search of pelts, romance, and adventure.

Pattie was particularly impressed with the Indians he met on his way up the Colorado. After all, he wasn't always fighting them.

"A great many of these Indians crossed the river to our camp, and brought us dried beans, for which we paid them with red cloth, with which they were delighted beyond measure, tearing it into ribbons, and tying it round their arms and legs; for if the truth be told, they were as naked as Adam and Eve in their birthday suits."

"They were the stoutest men, with the finest forms I ever saw, well-proportioned throughout and straight as an arrow."

Other travelers would share Pattie's awe of the Mojaves, Hualapais, and Chemehuevis of the Colorado corner. Others, too, would find themselves fighting with some of them and trading with others. The three tribes were reluctant hosts, mostly. They'd accept Anglo incursions sometimes—but when they figured they'd been done wrong, they'd aim their arrows and the bullets of their burgeoning arsenals against the intruders. Still other times, their refined sense of humor and curiosity would leave them amused and bemused over what the white-eyes might think of next.

The Indians of this part of the Colorado were simple only in the eyes of their materialistic observers from the Western World.

The broad-shouldered Chemehuevi warriors were skilled hunters. Their women planted crops along the river while the precision bow-and-arrow work of the men kept them well supplied with deer and mountain sheep—not to mention lizards and rabbits.

They're known as talkative, yet they know when silence is stronger. They're proud, yet capable of laughing at themselves. Their sense of the supernatural was well advanced and so was their lore—much of it delightfully told in Carobeth Laird's book, The Chemehuevis. They had tales about the coyote's war with the Gila Monster and his ally, the Turtle, told in a mystically vague way, allowing characters to change from animals to people and back. Another tale, that of how Doves's son escaped the lustful possessive Wind Woman, is a story rivaling the ribaldry of Chaucer's saucier tales.

Tiring of her advances, he makes good his escape. She's fast as the wind, though, so he makes himself tiny and hides inside arrows shot by warriors. One warrior traps Wind Woman in a cave and renders her into an Echo.

Then there's Horned Toad's visit to the Giants, who ate anyone who laughed at them—and did their best to provoke laughter. But Horned Toad's friend, Small Bird, outfitted him with a collar of arrows—heads. The Giants coughed up the reptile—and to this day, horned toads wear pointy collars and wide grins.

There were cults of animal worship, and there was a cult with whom thousands of modern-day Arizona fitness buffs might well identify: the cult of the runner. Probably a spin-off from the times when runners would carry messages of knotted string between one village and another, they remained as high-spirited athletes by the time American explorers came across them.

The Indians of this far-flung desert river area didn't fall under Spanish rule. Not...
until the wake of the Mexican War—and the midst of Manifest Destiny—did their culture collide with one which soon would dominate from sea to shining sea.

The Indians got hints of what would come, how ever, when they heard tales of big, noisy, smoky vessels chugging about the Colorado's lower reaches.

At Yuma, Captain George Alonzo Johnson was ferrying men across the Colorado. He was curious about the land upstream, and he tried to get government backing for an expedition. But Haskell fooled no one.

The guy who got the grant was Lieutenant Joseph Christmas Ives, a well-connected West Pointer.

Ives saw the Colorado as the way to supply Army forces trying to pacify the Mormons of Utah. Overland from the east would be tough, especially in winter. A warm-water route from the south would be more than just a supply line. It would open to the west.

At Robinson's Landing, a crew of shipwrights bolted the shallow-draft ship together in the cold and muddy tidal flats of the Colorado Delta. It was December, 1858.

At midnight, as 1859 began, the Explorer, gassed up with the support to keep its shaky steam engine from rattling the vessel apart, chugged upstream atop a high tide. Destination: Fort Yuma and points beyond.

Once out of tidal water, the Explorer's pace was pitifully slow. But it kept the Indians entertained. They'd laugh as they walked upriver faster than the laboriously assembled, smoke-puffing, gangly-looking Explorer could go.

It was frustrating to Ives because he knew he was in a race, of sorts. Johnson had supplied him a river pilot, but the captain still wanted to be first up the river by steamer. So Johnson rounded up a military escort on 24 hours' notice and steamed out of Fort Yuma a day before Ives was leaving the mouth of the Colorado.

Ives was in the shallow-draft Explorer. Johnson had his 105-foot General Jesup—plus plenty of river savvy. He got all the way up to Eldorado Canyon, not far from Cottonwood Cove—320 miles above the mouth of the Gila, according to the figures of Lieutenant J. L. White, the man in charge of Johnson's not-so-official Army escort. From there, Johnson's party went foot a few miles farther past Roaring Rapids.

Johnson may have been first, but Ives forged farther up the river. He made it all the way into Boulder Canyon, opening up all kinds of possibilities for river traffic between Mormon territory and the Gulf of Mexico.

And even though Lieutenant White filed a report full of navigation guides and solid information on the expedition, it went ignored by the War Department, which made Ives' report the official one—confirming suspicions that the ambitious Ives owed his Colorado-exploration orders to the fact that he was married to the Secretary of War's niece. That connection would lead Ives, a Northerner, into the Confederate Army three years later—where a play presented at his home in Richmond was the social highlight of 1861. The war mind that a war was going on. Ives was Jefferson Davis' aide-de-camp, and he was making a career of social connections.

At any rate, Ives' report, E. W. Egloffstein's fine-lined drawings of the Explorer and the territory it helped open up, fanned the flames of Western expansion.

Nowhere does it acknowledge crossing paths with the General Jesup, nor does it mention the reliable Captain Johnson. Yet Johnson, Lieutenant White, and their big load of soldiers and mountain men, came up only 35 miles short of Ives—and did it without that specially built iron-bottomed boat sent at such great cost to its launching point.

Ives wasn't expecting it, but he did make "contact" with the "enemy." Mormon missionaries were hard at work baptizing river Indians—and scouting out movements of the Confederacy which was trying to enforce federal law on Utah, which not that long before had been part of Mexico.

Three who found themselves together along the Colorado were Thales Haskell, Dudley Leavitt—and Jacob Hamblin, hero of Mormon's southern frontier and fearless ambass ador of Brigham Young to tribe after Arizona tribe.

Hamblin's journeys would take him across the Colorado at many points, as he pushed the Mormon frontier ever southward. But here he was in the spring of 1858, hiding in the bushes with Haskell and Leavitt watching the Explorer at anchor off Cottonwood Island.

Hamblin had a way with Indians. They had been full of talk about "Americats" on the river. He had to check it out.

"Government expedition, all right," he told Haskell and Leavitt.

"Don't expect to take Utah with that army!" cracked Leavitt.

"Looks like the navy to me," added Haskell.

"This may only be the first boat," Hamblin warned.

"How'll we find out?" Haskell asked.

"You're going aboard."

"They'll hang me!"

They didn't, of course—this wasn't a war. But Haskell fooled no one.
As soon as the visitor made his appearance," went Ives' account, "we perceived that he was a Mormon... but we gave him a night's lodging—that is a pair of blankets to sleep upon—and entertained him as well as corn and beans would permit... The bishop departed with early dawn to join his companions, first extracting all the information he could concerning our expedition and the practicability of navigating the river.

Johnson, too, crossed paths with fellow Americans—in what must have been the most bizarre rendezvous in the annals of the American West. Some 300 miles up the Colorado River, so far from civilization man must have forgotten there was such a thing, Johnson’s ship ran smack dab into other ships—ships of the desert. They were the first of the camel trains. Twelve of the animals were part of the Beale Expedition.

Congress was intrigued by America’s newly won territory of the Guadalupe Hidalgo Treaty. Among several surveys it commissioned was one headed by Navy Lieutenant Edward Fitzgerald Beale.

Today, the route is the basis of Interstate 40 and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. In 1857 and 1858, though, he surveyed it as Beale’s Road. Beale was a swashbuckler. He went to sea at 14, and from then on, it was one adventure after another.

In the Mexican War, he fought in the battle of San Pasqual, where Mexicans surrounded the Yankee troops. Beale and two others slipped through the Mexican lines. Beale then ran—barefoot—for 40 miles to get help.

After that, he spent two years crossing the rugged West from California, carrying military messages and, on one trip, gold nuggets and the first official accounts of the California gold strikes.

To get that gold to Washington, he rode through Mexico dressed as a vaquero. He fought off bandidos time and time again, then took a ship from Veracruz to New Orleans before riding overland over 900 miles, as crows fly, to the Potomac.

He was Commissioner of Indian Affairs for California and Nevada when he was called to build a wagon road to California.

On his first trip, Beale came into Arizona by way of Fort Defiance with a survey crew—and camels.

Their noise, their size, and their smell stampeded horses and kept the party’s mules on edge—but they were at home in the American Desert, arid each could carry 700 pounds of gear. That’s a good 500 pounds more than the mules could pack.

Still, it was a real circus for those who saw the ungainly creatures working their way west—and the circus included a couple of clowns who claimed they knew the best route to the Colorado. Hired as guides in Albuquerque, they said they’d been slave-trading all the way to California.

They weren’t funny. Beale’s party nearly died of thirst as the two, known as Leco and Saavedra, guessed one way, then another, through some dangerously dry country.
Warm desert sunshine, cool blue waters, hundreds of miles of scenic shoreline to explore, and the company of family and good friends all combine to create a perfect boating vacation in the Lake Mead National Recreation Area.

Alan Benoit photos
LAKE MEAD NATIONAL RECREATION AREA

(Left) Setting out for a day’s fishing on Lake Mead. Both lakes Mead and Mohave are home for terrycorUND trout, cutfish, largemouth and stripers bass fishing. (Left, below) Although most visitors to the Lake Mead National Recreation Area spend their time on the water, the scenic desert and canyon country surrounding the lakes also deserve investigating. (Alan Benoit photos)

We unfortunately have no guide,” the lieutenant wrote of Navajos in his diary, “the wretch I employed at the urgent request of everyone in Albuquerque, and at enormous wages, being the most ignorant and irresolute old ass extant.”

Leco was no better. He got the group turned around then turned around again as water ran low. Beale sent two camels back, with barrels to the last water he’d crossed, telling himself all the time, “I ought to have killed him there, but I did not.”

At last, in mid-October, 1857, the survey crew reached the Colorado. Its path along the 35th Parallel was blazed. Beale and Company would be back the next year to make a real road out of it.

“A year in the wilderness has ended,” he wrote in his report on travels that took him from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of the Pacific and back again, “through a country for a great part entirely unknown, and inhabited by hostile Indians, without the loss of a man.

“I have tested the value of the beams, marked a new road to the Pacific, and traveled 4,000 miles without an accident.”

His road linked today’s Hoibrook, Wireless, Flagstaff, and Kingman. It crossed the Colorado not far from Oatman, that prize among (near) ghost towns.

Crossing, in years to come, would be the riverboat terminus—and jumping-off spot for folks headed into Arizona’s wildest parts.

Back in Washington, word of heavy traffic on Beale’s Road—westward bound as much as eastward-traveling—led to the establishment of Fort Mojave on the Colorado. Through the end of the 19th century it was the Army’s chief supply post to Arizona’s northern and eastern outposts—and those outposts became more and more vital to travelers as more and more traffic drove off the Indians’ supply of wildlife and turned generally peaceable people into ever-more-violent defenders of what had been theirs alone.

Captain Edward Carlson had this to say about the early days of Fort Mojave: “There a fort was nothing more than a few miserable shanties, built by placing cottonwood logs upright in a trench, then filled in between with pieces of wood and mud, a roof composed of brush, tules and mud. Openings were left for door and windows, but no door or windows to put in. The floor was also mud, and when it rained or blew, it was more pleasant to go into open air than to stay in the house, for we escaped the mud-bath that came from the roof through the holes.

It was also considered one of the hottest places on the American continent. But there was gold and silver. So, in their off-duty hours, the soldiers took to prospecting. Some even made small fortunes, and Fort Mojave became less of a terrible posting and more of an attraction for the adventurous.

Few fit that mold better than Captain John Moss.

“Moss was a hero for a novelist,” said a fellow soldier, “bred of shoulder and small of waist, lithe of limb, small hands, active in mind, rough as a backwoodsman on the trail, but a Lord Chesterfield on occasion. He was evidently well educated, but of an intelligence that would make him learned without it.

Moss made good friends of the Indians—mainly through fair dealing with them, same as Jacob Hamblin. The peak of his diplomacy came in 1864 when Moss overcame the Mojaves’ fear and distrust of the white man and talked their chief, Irataba, into going with him to Washington. There, the chief was received by President Lincoln, with special honors from the president.

Moss was the interpreter, and he guided Irataba about the wartime capital, showing the chief how well-armed the government was. The subtle message: Make peace with the government, and keep it.

Moss and the chief were the toast of Washington, New York, and Philadelphia during nearly three months Back East. When he came home to the Colorado, decked out in a brass-buttoned suit and cocked hat and wearing a colonel’s sword, his people, who’d feared he was a captive, swarmed about him.

The 50,000 troops he’d reviewed in Washington had made an impression. When Irataba had their attention, he gathered up a handful of sand. He held it out to his people and said, “Mojaves.” Then he swept his arms about the river sandbar on which he stood, and said, “American.”

While soldiers made peace and scrambled for gold along the Colorado, merchants kept seeking eager ports. Mormons especially wanted access to navigation.

In 1864, the Desert Mercantile Association sent Anson Call to the Colorado to set up warehouses as far upriver as it seemed steamers could make it.

Not far from the meeting of the Virgin River and the Colorado, he built what was called Call’s Landing—later Calhoun.

Merchants in St. George, Utah, pinned high hopes on Calhoun as the main route into Mormonland for passengers and cargo alike, for east-west traffic went best by sea to Panama or Tehuantepec, across the isthmuses by land, then once again aboard ship.

The goods and people might just as well sit on the water as long as possible, won the Utah merchants’ reasoning—and per-pound costs of shipping through Calhoun bore them out.

Calhoun thrived. In fact, for a while—a short while—it was an Arizona county seat! That was owing to the silver tongue of a territorial legislator named Octavius Decatur Case.

Gass came to the Territorial Legislature from what was then known as Las Vegas Ranch. He pushed through a bill splitting off Pah-Ute County from Mohave amid basic predictions that Pah-Ute’s Cal­houn would become the biggest city in Arizona. He was to be disappointed on a number of counts.

A year earlier, mineral-rich Nevada became a state, and it wanted that corner of Arizona. To the surprise of many, the Congress of the United States gave it to them in 1860, turning a deaf ear to the hue and cry from Gass and other Arizonans.

Pah-Ute is now Nevada’s neon-lit southern corner.

As for Gass, he insisted on representing Pah-Ute County in the Arizona Legisla­ture for two more years, despite the switch, taking a rowboat to Yuma and a stagecoach to what was then the capital, Tucson.

But by this time other changes were afoot. Steamers were having trouble nego­tiating the rapids between Callville and Hardyville, farther downstream, which wound up as the practical head of naviga­tion. And Anson Call, the energetic pio­neer founder of Calhoun, went back to northern Utah.

Toward century’s end, with the Indian problem well in hand, Fort Mojave was turned over to the Interior Department to serve as a reservation school, and before Calhoun was covered by the waters of Lake Mead, the railroads had already ended the transportation career of rival Hardyville.

With the passing of the desert wilder­ness went the struggle for survival. The Indian and the cavalryman, the teamster and the steamboatman, the gold-hunter and the missionary who sought for riches of a different sort, are now all part of that rich tapestry of the past. Today, this sun­drenched country has a different set of characters who flock to this water won­derland to do nothing more than swim, boat, fish, or just relax. For them, Mead’s the name when recreation’s the game!
Welcome to Lake Mead Country

by Bill Sizer

It's a vast, sprawling playground that includes two very large lakes and miles of clear-flowing river among rugged, tower­ing mountains that provide spectacular scenery wherever you look. It has a star­tling variety of wildlife, a wide range of accommodations and, most of all, recrea­tional opportunities ranging from simple sight-seeing through sailing and power­boating to fishing for some of the largest freshwater Junkers in the nation.

It's the Lake Mead National Recreation Area, administered by the U.S. National Park Service and located along the Colo­rado River, near the northwestern corner of Arizona.

There are secluded sandy beaches where you can sunbathe in privacy, crystal waters where you can swim or snorkel among awesome rock formations, and personal accommodations ranging from simple throw-down camps to plush resorts offer­ing every comfort you might want.

The area starts about halfway betwe e n Davis Dam, the long concrete struct ur e that forms Lake Mohave, and Bullhead City, a thrivin g community spread along the shores of the Colorado River. From there the area stretches northward to include all of Lake Mohave's 67-mile length and 240 square miles of deep blue water, plus Hoover Dam and another 105 miles of Lake Mead, clear to the lower end of the Grand Canyon. The recreation area is centered on the river and its lakes, and ranges from about 3 to 20 miles in width.

In, among, between, and throughout the area's broad desert reaches and the wood­land communities in the higher eleva­tions are places where major draina ges bisect the general terrain and provide habitat for plants and animals that thrive on the mois­ture available in wash bottoms. These are the places where birders will likely find the greatest varieties to capture their interest. Here the cactus wrens, thrashers, and Gambel's quail of the desert areas will congregate and find their total num­bers swollen by occasional scrub jays and other wanderers from higher elevations.

Four-legged denizens of the desert and mountains visit these areas, too. So the chances are good that a quiet, patient observer may spot coyotes, foxes, mule deer, and perhaps even bighorn sheep.

While Lake Mead Country offers en­chanting vistas at any time of the year, spring months following wet winters—much like the one just past —can turn entire expanses of landscape into giant mosaics of form and color. The road into Temple Bar Resort—a favorite with Ari­zonans!—from U.S. Highway 93 passes through what is often one of the most striking areas. Here the orange of the pe­p­pies that sometimes decorate the entire Detrital Valley, along both sides of U.S. 93 from Kingman to Hoover Dam, gives way to even more brilliant displays of color, as thousands of smaller plants of every hue respond to the warmth and moisture.

Such spectacles, though, are just fringe benefits. It's the water that draws people by the millions to Lake Mead Country, making it one of the most heavily visited tourist areas in the nation.

And water there is; more than anywhere else in the Southwest... or all of the inland West, for that matter. Only the Pacific Northwest can boast so many continuous acres of water surface. Lake Mead, by itself, offers some 550 miles of shoreline, and Lake Mohave, below it, tallies close to another 200. Arizona's Mohave County claims over 1000 miles of shoreline.

Except for mountains all around, there are places where being on Lake Mead or Mohave is almost like being on an ocean. In many of the shallow areas the water is a deep greenish hue, but out where it's 50, 100, or even 300 feet down to the bottom, it's a deep, deep blue.

To tour the Lake Mead National Recre­ation Area from its southernmost bound­ary, start at Bullhead City. This thriving...
...the bullhead catfish common in the Colorado River waters, but that’s not the case. Before Lake Mohave’s rising waters covered it, there was a distinctive rock formation north of town that resembled the head of a bull, and the early settlers decided that would be a dandy name for their new town.

To begin your tour of Mead-Mohave, you can either launch your own boat at the public ramp south of town or at one of the private facilities scattered along the river. If you don’t have a boat, you can rent one from one of those same resorts. While you gaze out over the river, the water here is cold and swift as it flows out from Davis Dam. Trout fishermen hold the area in high esteem, so, as you move upstream through the current, you’ll pass fishermen along the way. It’s also noted for channel catfish, but, during the late spring and early summer, the huge striped bass that move upriver from Lake Havasu to spawn in the wild water just below the dam draw the most attention from anglers.

Stripers up to 20 pounds and even more, rainbow trout that often run five or six pounds, and chunky channel cats of varying sizes make this stretch of river one of the most popular areas in the Southwest for people who like a small but active community with plenty to do in the incredibly beautiful outdoors.

Once you’ve driven your boat to the boundary stretched across the river by the Bureau of Reclamation—it’s to keep enthusiastic people out of the dangerously turbulent water just below the dam—you’ll have to head back to Bullhead before resuming your tour.

The run by car back up Highway 95 to Davis Dam takes only a couple of minutes, then a five-mile drive on a paved Park Service road brings you to Lake Mohave Resort. Located in Katherine Wash—is irreverently nicknamed “Katy Gulch”—by some fishermen—this resort offers everything you might want. There’s a fine motel, a recreational vehicle park, an excellent campground with paved parking and shade trees, a public beach and boat ramp, a marina where you can rent a variety of boats from simple fishing rigs to houseboats, a coffee shop, cocktail lounge, restaurant and general store—all that plus a great view of Lake Mohave across the basin that shelters the resort area.

It’s pleasant to roam through the marina and watch the huge carp that hang around looking for handouts, but the lake itself will beckon you to come on out and see the real wonders of Lake Mohave. As you pull away from the resort, in your own boat or a rented one, you’ll soon be impressed by the clarity of the water. Seeing down 10 feet is easy, and, when the light is just right, underwater formations considerably deeper than that are easily seen.

Mohave, like Mead above it, is a fine lake for those who like to don mask and snorkel for a cruise along the shoreline to view the underwater spectacles firsthand.

Lake Mohave is spoken of in reverent tones by bass fishermen, who tend to regard it as the top bass lake on the river. More reliable than Mead as a bass fishery, an average angler can usually take a decent string in a half-day or so, with bass ranging from marginal keepers of 10 to 12 inches to an occasional three or four-pounder. And, of course, there’s always the possibility of hooking a true lunker of five, six or even 10 pounds!

North from Katherine Wash, the lake broadens into the sprawling Big Basin, which makes up the widest part of Mohave. Gently sloping shores dominate the eastern side of the lake, although there are a few coves that offer seclusion and shelter from the occasional winds that sweep viciously across the basin. The west side of the lake is more scenic in this area, characterized by rugged cliffs that tumble into the clear waters in a jumble of steep, irregular coves full of the rock piles and drop-offs so dear to bass anglers. But bass aren’t Mohave’s only fish, by any means. Channel catfishing there is very good, and, in the spring, some coves provide excellent catches of black crappies.

Mohave also has a good population of rainbow trout—big ones for anglers who troll the deep channels and more modest catches for those who choose to take their text continued on page 30.
Whether cloaked in the mystical beauty of a desert storm or baked by brilliant sunlight, the bizarre wind-and-water sculpted red rock of the Valley of Fire forms a surreal back of beyond landscape near Lake Mead. David Muench photo/Jerry Sieve photo
Whether it's a tranquil cruise uplake or exploring a desert island, the stunning beauty and vast size of the lakes on the Colorado River provide limitless opportunities for adventure. Allen Benoit, photo; J. Peter Mortimer, photo
(Left) Above Willow Beach, a glimpse of the Colorado River as it may have looked in its heyday.
(Below) The watersculpted ridges of the Black Mountains, Lake Mead National Recreation Area. David Muench photos
Saifing on Lake Mohave is part of the great family-oriented recreation available in this one-of-a-kind land of fun and games in the Southwest.

Alan Benoit photo

(Above) Sailing on Lake Mohave is part of the great family-oriented recreation available in this one-of-a-kind land of fun and games in the Southwest.

On the west, just before entering this second basin, you'll see Cottonwood Landing, reached by car over a road that heads directly east to it from Searchlight, Nevada. Cottonwood Landing is Nevada's counterpart of Lake Mohave Resort, and offers much the same facilities. Also like the resort on the Arizona side, it's located at the back of a broad cove that shelters it from westerly winds.

As you continue north and find the lake getting gradually narrower, you'll arrive at El Dorado Canyon. Also on the Nevada side and accessible by road from Highway 95, it's generally considered the point where the lake becomes a river. There's no resort there, so the spot is used primarily for access from the Nevada side.

From there north, you gradually realize you're moving through running water, and this is where Mohave begins to turn into trout country. If you dip your hand over the side, you may notice the water is much cooler than it was back in the main lake, and the farther north you go the more this difference becomes apparent.

As you continue heading upstream, approaching Arizona's Willow Beach area, keep an eye on the towering cliffs along the river. In this area, especially on the Arizona side, bighorn sheep often come down to water, or may decide to stand on some lofty bluff and idly watch you pass.

Located about a dozen miles below Hoover Dam is Willow Beach Resort. If you haven't come up lake by boat you can reach it over a winding four-mile drive from Highway 93, just a few miles east of the dam. Willow Beach is often visited by sightseers who want to cruise the clear Colorado and perhaps move upstream for a look at Hoover Dam from below, but for the most part it's a trout fisherman's spot. The resort has no room for a campground, but it offers lodging, a restaurant, groceries, a marina, trailer and rec park, and just about everything else a visitor could want, including a full line of boat rentals up to family-style pontoon boats for leisurely cruising.

While boating on the upper reaches of the Colorado River, around Willow Beach, is protected by mountains on either side, a word of caution is in order for anyone venturing out on either Lake Mohave or Lake Mead. Winds spring up very quickly in these areas, and it's possible to have a quiet day of boating suddenly interrupted by a gale-force wind that turns on a...
Near the upper end of Boulder Basin is Boulder Harbor, named for an early townsite flooded out once the gates of Hoover Dam were closed. Boulder is the newest resort on the Nevada side, and while it does not offer lodging — except in a rented houseboat — it’s fast becoming one of the most popular resorts in the area. This is where most of the fishing tournaments and other competitive water-sport events make their headquarters. Except for lodging, Calville has all the other amenities to make visitors happy, including the usual excellent Park Service campground and a full range of marina facilities.

Boulder Basin’s terrain is the opposite of that of Lake Mohave in that the surrounding mountains are all on the Arizona side. At its upper end, it pinches down into Boulder Canyon, then winds along through towering bluffs for a half-dozen miles before opening up into Virgin Basin. While the boat ride uplake this far is spectacularly beautiful, Lake Mead’s real charms become more dramatic once you emerge into Virgin Basin. This area not only offers the greatest expanse of open water on Mead, with the giant Overton Arm stretching northward more than 40 miles, it also breaks up along its great expanse of shoreline into some of your most exciting places on the lake.

Here, where the gypsum or "Gyp Beds" offer a wildly jumbled area of rock formations, both above and below the clearest water on the lake, anyone who has ever been exposed to scuba diving or snorkeling will want to slip into the water here, and fishermen, who may have become a bit blasé after seeing so many likely spots, will find their lures renewed enthusiasm.

This area of Mead also features more winding coves which snake back into the mountains and offer an almost unlimited number of delightful spots to tie up a boat and camp or just picnic. Boulder Bay, long a favorite spot of catfishermen, heads off to the south of Virgin Basin, and the East Point beacon light marks the narrowing of the lake once again.

Just a mile or two wide after it leaves Virgin Basin, this portion of Mead offers more of the same secluded highways that characterize the upper end of the basin. Most spectacular of these, although not as scenic as many other areas, is the Haystack region. Here are coves that wind for what seems miles, with many of them so deep you may run out of line before your bait reaches the bottom.

Access from the Haystacks are such outstanding rock formations as Napoleon’s Tomb, the Campanile, and Monkey Cove, all favorite spots of fishermen and sightseers alike.

And just uplake from these areas is Temple Bar Resort, Arizona’s major access point to Lake Mead. Located across the lake from the massive formation that gives Temple Bar its name, this resort also can be reached by land via a 28-mile paved road which heads north of Highway 93, about 20 miles southeast of Hoover Dam. Though the years since Lake Mead was building its reputation as one of the world’s greatest fisher’s holes, Temple Bar Resort — “landing” in the old days — has grown into one of the grandest spas in the entire area. If you don’t bring your own boat and use the paved ramp just downhill from the motel and restaurant, you can rent a simple fishing boat, a pontoon boat, a ski boat, or even a fully equipped houseboat. The trees in the campground are mature now, and each campsite is isolated from the others by tall hedges of olansiers. Many people, who choose neither to camp or stay in the motel, park their mobile homes there, and come up for weekends by car or ferry their own places to the Temple Bar landing strip.

Beyond Temple Bar there is one more long boat ride through a narrow canyon — this one called “Virgin Canyon” — before reaching the last major open-water area of the lake at South Cove, also known as Gregg Basin. There’s an excellent launching ramp here, but no camping is allowed.

When Glen Canyon Dam was built, it caused the abundant flow of nutrient material that used to end up in Mead to settle out. Lake Mead is now a yearlong striped-bass and crappie fishing in Mead to decline. To supplement this, rainbow trout were planted by the State of Nevada, and both Nevada and Arizona introduced striped bass. The effect today is that while Mead still offers some very good largemouth fishing, it’s better known as a striped lake. So abundant are these large fish — many fish of 20 pounds and even larger have been taken there — that the limit on Mead was raised to five fish per day several years ago. Mead is now a yearlong striped-bass fishery, and during the spring, summer, and fall the stripers, bass, and occasional crappies are amply supplemented by chunksy channel catfish, which seem to be abundant all over the lake.

So this is the Lake Mead National Recreation Area. It’s a land of magnificent scenery and the clearest of waters. It’s a place where you can cruise past towering buttes and perhaps spot a desert bighorn sheep staring down at you, where you can watch the ubiquitous gnats twist until the last moment before diving before your boat, where you can watch the ubiquitous gnats twist until the last moment before diving before your boat, where you can watch the ubiquitous gnats twist until the last moment before diving before your boat, where you can watch the ubiquitous gnats twist until the last moment before diving before your boat, where you can watch the ubiquitous gnats twist until the last moment before diving before your boat, where you can watch the ubiquitous gnats twist until the last moment before diving before your boat, where you can watch the ubiquitous gnats twist until the last moment before diving before your boat, where you can watch the ubiquitous gnats twist until the last moment before diving before your boat, where you can watch the ubiquitous gnats twist until the last moment before diving before your boat.
If you happen to pilot an F-15 jet fighter, and you’re in the neighborhood, you can do Hoover Dam in one second flat. Or if you’re Steve Chubbs, you might stick around for 30 years.

HOOVER DAM

For Half a century Steve Chubbs has visited Hoover Dam, and he’s not tired of it yet.

...
HOOVER DAM

(Right) Hoover Dam's power plant is composed of two wings divided equally on the Arizona and Nevada sides of the Colorado River. Combined, the plants' generating units produce upwards of 1.8 million horsepower. Josef Muench photo

(Far right) The upriver side of Hoover Dam, from the air. Rugged, surreal, breathtaking, a desolate land of volcanics and, in summer, parching heat. In this uninhabited wilderness, Bureau of Reclamation engineers began work on the Hoover Dam project which, in 1955, was named one of the seven modern civil engineering wonders of the United States. Alan Benoit photo

(Bottom) A time exposure photograph of Hoover Dam at night, taken from the Arizona side of the river. The long, curving streaks are automobile headlight beams. Josef Muench photo
“No longer can turbines, tunnels, galleries, cranes, generators, and control boards be assembled with the sole consideration of service and efficiency when, without in any way interfering with function or adding much to cost, these same items can be built into a magnificent and inspiring thing of beauty.”

So wrote Allen Tupper True, a consulting artist, during the construction of Hoover Dam. Visitors to the dam are often so awed by its dimensions and statistics that they ignore the grace and strength of the artwork which was incorporated into the project. From the color-coded generator parts to the broad, godlike torsos in Oskar J. Hansen’s five-part concrete bas-reliefs on two of the elevator towers the touch of the artist’s hand offers a pleasant foil to the rough contours of the Colorado Gorge.

At the entrance to the dam, one’s eye is immediately drawn to Hansen’s Winged Figures of the Republic. The statues’ uplifted wings stand as the artist’s symbol to “the immutable calm of intellectual resolution and the enormous power of trained physical strength—equally enthroned in placid triumph of scientific accomplishment.” From every angle, the statues fill the heart with a feeling of inspiration and wonder, often reminding the viewer of mythical gods who possessed untold strength and magical powers.

Within the dam, a selection of color schemes and decorative motifs of the Southwestern Indians was chosen as the basis for all decoration. Protective coatings of paint for machinery were carefully planned according to a basic color scheme often used in Indian pottery and basketwork. The bold patterns used by the Indians were the inspiration for the terrazzo floor designs created for the dam by Joseph Martina. Each design is different and represents one of the Indian tribes in the Western states. One design (an adaptation of two Pima basket patterns) bears a striking similarity to the engineer’s basic designs of generators and turbines, with its suggestion of centrifugal motion.

Since the dam went into operation in 1935, about 22 million tourists have traversed the inner tunnels, daily trodding over Martina’s terrazzo designs. Some never look down at the floor as they pass by. In their eagerness to reach the huge generators, people ignore the handsome bronze elevator doors with inlaid eagles and the immaculately preserved Art Deco lighting fixtures and fail to notice the graceful sweep of the huge spillways as they disappear into the earth.

It takes but a moment to look past Hansen’s inlaid terrazzo star map and universal clock (which rest in front of The Winged Figures of the Republic) and gear one’s mind toward the artistic touches which grace Hoover Dam. The rewards to be reaped are astonishingly rich.

A THING OF BEAUTY
The Art Deco of Hoover Dam
BY GEORGE HEYMONT
text continued from page 34

engineer. The uncle wrote back, "They're a tough bunch of men. Come on out. We'll find you something."

Drilling. Very nearly Chubbs' tombstone. He blundered into fused, lighted blasting areas. He hugged stone walls to duck buckets of concrete. More than once rocky chunks bounced off his hard hat. But Chubbs was likable and kicky on a job that claimed 96 lives from 1931 to 1937, and as many as 2000 injuries a month. Some old-timers 30 men would quit.

"Seeing men killed was quite a shock," Chubbs says. "I was working near one man when a piece of 8 x 30 dropped on him and caved in his head. I watched the life go out of him."

Chubbs hung on, advancing to stock clerk and inspector. Half a buck an hour when a piece of 8 x 30 cost 3 cents a pound, may not seem much today, but in 1931 it represented a clerk and inspector. Half a buck an hour.

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The Joshua tree, the bighorn sheep, the burro, and the insatiable kangaroo rat are also big attractions in this recreation area's natural scene—often just yards from the water's edge.

**Life in Lake Mead Country**

**BY JAMES TALLON**

The Lake Mead National Recreation Area claims fame as a mecca for boating, camping, fishing, waterskiing, and other water-oriented fun and games. Few of its annual 5 million-plus patrons probe more than a few hundred yards beyond the water's edge, which helps preserve the recreation area's natural scene—dividend domains that send botanists, zoologists, naturalists, and like scientists into fits of Latin rhetoric.

And yet the more one ponders the irony involved in this world's largest inland collection of man-made freshwater being set in two of the world's hottest, driest deserts, the Lower Sonoran and Mojave.

This, Lake Mead Country's natural world, spreads across five biotic communities: Woodland, Desert Shrub, Transitional, Shordline, and Aquatic. Woodland, with such flora as Utah junipers, pyrocy cones, and Gambel oaks and fauna like mule deer, bobcats, coyotes, and rodents, is represented in high plateaus to the east and on a few mountain tops. Proportionately, it makes up but a small part of Lake Mead Country's 3000 square miles.

The other three communities are in the relative lowlands of two desert regions: Mojave and Lower Sonoran. With less than six inches of rainfall per year, it takes very specialized plants and animals to exist here. Roots of perennials probe deep and wide to moisture; annuals complete their life spans in a few weeks, some—the cryptobush and brittlebush specifically—secreting lethal chemicals that terminate other plants attempting to take root in "their" territories, infringing on meager water resources.

Although the Mojave and Lower Sonoran deserts rub shoulders in the recreation area, each shows marked differences from the other. Plants abundant on one may be sparse or nonexistent on the other. Shrubbery vegetation, primarily cryptobush bush and bur sage, dominate Mojave; trees are largely limited to catch-dwark which seek out the arroyos and washes. On the Lower Sonoran, the same type of drainage supports a heavy growth of several kinds of mesquites and paloverdes. Common on both deserts are various and sundry species of cacti, including chollas.

Lake Mead Country's aerial and terrestrial creatures prove less selective, many readily step back and forth across the boundaries of the two deserts. Sixty species of mammals have been observed here, among them mountain lions, bobcats, coyotes, gray and kit foxes, badgers, ring-tailed cats, jackrabbits, and cottontails. On the shorter side, there are kangaroo rats, pocket mice, wood rats, white-footed mice, ground squirrels, and other rodents. Two hundred and fifty kinds of birds have been logged, including 60 types of waterfowl. These range from hummingbirds to both golden and bald eagles. To this list add 42 species of lizards and snakes, two examples of turtles, and six, of amphibians.

Of all the plant and animal options within the recreation area, three have become major attractions for nature lovers and the interminently curious. The tame-gone-wild (feral) burro, the desert bighorn sheep, and the Joshua tree forests.

The Joshua tree, Yucca brevifolia, grows 15- to 30-feet high, one to three feet in diameter, and is a member of the lily family. The blossoms are lily-like and open at night. Lay-folk, particularly Easterners, spot the bayonet leaves and generally mistake it for a cactus. Joshua trees are scattered broadly over the Mojave Desert, but one of the best stands in all of the Southwest can be found in the Lake Mead National Recreation area. The Pierce Ferry road bisects it, the turnoff being about 40 miles southeast of Hoover Dam, on U.S. 93. Desert bighorn sheep are harder to find, though they have been known to stray into the city limits of Boulder City causing periodic evasive-driving maneuvers on U.S. 93, where it cuts through the Black Mountains. The bighorn ewe has no big horns and is somewhat similar to the domestic goat. The hunter rates the big horn ram as the personification of challenge and reward. Just seeing it in the wild and watching it negotiate a habitat of dangling ledges and sheer cliffs, you have no less respect and admiration.

Bill Burke, resources management specialist for the National Park Service, at the recreation area, estimates there could be as many as 2000 bighorns in his area. July and August are the best time to find them, but the worst—the hottest—for humans. Then, most of the back-country...
water holes have dried up, and the sheep come to the lakes to drink. Subsequently, they hang around until it cools off and scattered rains resupply their regular roosts. "If you want to get a look at bighorns and perhaps take some pictures, then, rent a boat at Willow Beach, or bring your own, and cruise that general area of Black Canyon. It’s not uncommon to see 40 to 60 of them," Burke said.

In the wildlife field, it is practically impossible to discuss desert bighorn sheep at the management level without bringing in the feral burro. The two compete for food and water and living space in certain environmental situations, and the bighorn is invariably the loser. But the problem is minimal at the recreation area. The burros prefer the bajadas, those rocky aprons that slope away from buttes and mesas; the sheep like higher, much more rugged territory. The only time the twain are likely to meet is enroute to Lake Mead and Lake Mohave for a drink.

Burke believes 1000 to 1200 burros use Lake Mead Country, and that is a twist since, in a given piece of desert real estate, burros usually outnumber bighorns. With the layman, the burro often exceeds the bighorn sheep as an object of curiosity. There is something about this cocky animal that makes you like him even when you think you shouldn’t be liking him. Burke said burro aficionados should be able to easily find the herds that hang out in the vicinity of Katherine Landing, on Lake Mohave, and across Lake Mead from Temple Bar. Others are scattered about the area, and, again, a boat may serve best to find them.

My prime interest in Lake Mead Country is neither bighorn, burro, or Joshua tree. It is the kangaroo rat. This little guy with the big eyes and the strange nose and the funny legs was structured to never require a bona fide drink. If it is capable of thought, I wonder if it ever considers the double irony of living in one of the nation’s hottest, driest deserts with two of the biggest water holes around (Lake Mead and Lake Mohave) just a hop away and never needing to take so much as a sip.
Four books from the University of Nevada Press, Reno, NV 89557, are important contributions to the Arizona-Nevada region and beyond.


Few knew the other side of this lanky, affable cowboy artist, writer, and storyteller of the turn-of-the-century West. Most knew only of his memorable contributions to the Arizona-Nevada region. Will James drifted through Nevada, hounded by his one-time mentor, and of his incomparable illustrations of homes and ranch life. A lonely anachronism, Will James drifted through Nevada, Arizona, and Montana, finally settling down for short periods on isolated ranches in Nevada, and later Montana, with his wife to work on his art and writing. Yet the burden of fame and fortune and the inability to cope with real life and people, alcoholism, and chronic fear of revelation of his true identity brought this major figure to an early death at 50. The author provides notes, black-and-white photos, illustrations, and some updating to this “Lancehead Series” edition of his 1967 work Will James, The Gift-Sided Cowboy.


In the late 1940s the author became interested in the ethnology of the Northern Paiutes. With tape recorder and camera, she recorded many all but vanished lifeways of a hardy people of northwest Nevada. First published in 1967, Wheat’s annotated work portrays in text and photos the relationship of the Paiute with their land through the yearly cycle as it had existed for generations before the advent of the white man, who brought profound and lasting changes. Step by step we can follow several Paiute elders as they harvest pinyon nuts; construct a boat and a cradleboard; make tools, utensils, and weapons; weave articles from fibers; and build a house. A deeply heartwarming and rewarding work.


Pine nut, pinyon pine—whatever one chooses to call it—the modest little nut and its parent tree found in Nevada, Arizona, and elsewhere in the West. Candid black-and-white photos portray the character and moods of this old-country contributor to the American West.

Inquiries about any of these titles should be directed to the book publisher not ARIZONA HIGHWAYS.
Dear Editor,

Sam Lowe’s article in March Arizona Highways entitled “Baseball in the Cactus League” was very informative about the Spring Training Camps in the Phoenix area. So much that he almost forgot that Yuma is also in Arizona.

Mr. Lowe failed to do his homework, when he named all the Cactus League spring training sites, but missed the largest one in all of baseball. That one being Desert Sun Stadium in Yuma, the winter home of the San Diego Padres.

This showplace of winter baseball has four, yes four major league ball fields for the Padres to condition their players. Desert Sun Stadium also has the latest in lighting systems for night baseball.

This super manicured facility is also used by the Japanese Yakult Swallows Ballclub.

I feel that Yuma, Arizona, and the San Diego Padres deserve more than the one line mention in this article.

James H. Mattheussen III
Yuma, Arizona

Dear Mr. Matheson,

You’re right. And we apologize. The Desert Sun Stadium in Yuma, winter home of the San Diego Padres, is indeed a showplace. And an Arizona attraction not to be missed.

—the Editor

Dear Editor,

Cancel my order to discontinue my subscription.

Arizona is part of my life and I find that I may well miss Arizona Highways too much.

Mildred Noble
Glen Ellen, CA

P.S. I crossed the desert in a touring car from New Mexico to Phoenix to Ajo in the early 1920’s. You see?

Dear Editor,

I have a complaint to make — I’m sure you hardly ever hear those words from your readers.

My complaint is that my apartment is becoming buried under piles of Arizona Highways going back for years. I’ve just tried weeding out the less attractive ones, but only disposed of two or three this way.

Every issue at least one article I want to read again, or a handful of pictures that simply can’t be tossed out. In all too many cases the entire issue is so beautiful that it has to be kept for viewing from time to time. . . .

After ruthless selection, I have now donated a few more issues to friends, or clipped favorite articles and pictures, but the main stockpile remains. It’s very space-consuming but on the other hand is a constant source of spiritual refreshment. Not a bad tradeoff!

My thanks to you and your staff.

Audrey Earl
San Francisco, CA

Dear Editor,

The March 1983 issue of Arizona Highways with the interesting articles on Ted de Grazia, his pictures and the reproductions of his paintings is fabulous. They give a deep insight into the mind of Arizona’s famous artist.

With a few strokes of his brush or pen, he could give the whole history of his beloved friends, the Indians.

Harriet Lee Tarbeck, CA

Dear Editor,

May I congratulate you on your Arizona Highways, it is a magazine unparalleled for its contribution toward international understanding and for its wide range of subjects covering a vast field of interests. It is my belief that the humanistic spirit of the Arizona Highways will long continue to serve as a lighthouse for the world in this troubled time.

Each issue is filled with a beauty — whether it’s breath-taking scenery, flowers, beautiful birds, horses, minerals, classic cars, or your history and agriculture, along with your people of all races and origins — all part of the backbone of your beautiful state.

Thank you for our much appreciated Arizona Highways.

Virginia Dodson
Denver, CO

Dear Editor,

For a couple of years I have read your marvelous magazine. Visiting Arizona for years, I continually get new ideas for discovering your beautiful country from your magazine. Keep on reporting the most beautiful state in the USA.

Rainer Bachtel
West Germany

Dear Editor,

For several years we purchased Arizona Highways at the newsstand. Then we subscribed for a couple of years. Last December our subscription ran out and we did not renew. Why? Because you’ve convinced us! We’re moving to Arizona!

Anna and Dean Huber
Summerville, Pennsylvania

Dear Editor,

Your February issue on the Petrified Forest and the Painted Desert was magnificent. You dipped your pen in an autumn day and painted a beautiful picture.

For me the Petrified Forest will always be —

A tree — in all its majesty

Turned to stone and left alone.

Lying — where it once stood tall.

Carved for one and all.

Thank you for reminding me of its “captured” beauty. I was only five when I saw it but one does not forget a rainbow.

Jean Pennington
San Jose, California

(Inside back cover) Temple Bar, one of the major landmarks on Lake Mead, was originally named the Mormon Temple by prospector Daniel Revell, in the early 1870s.

David Miurch photo

(Back cover) South Cove of Gorge Basin, on the east end of Lake Mead. Miles of open water surrounded by rugged desert provide stunning scenic contrasts along the Colorado River.

Carlos Elmore photo