SEDONA WESTERNERS
HIKING CLUB

Sedona Westerners Yearbook

1972 - 1973

First Hike of Season For Westerners

Sunday afternoon, Sept. 3rd, the Sedona Westerners took their first hike of the 1972-73 season. Surmising that most of us would be a little flabby from a long and idle summer, Cactus Dodger Dix Fagerberg planned and led an easy hike along the rim above Schnebly Hill at about a 6,000-ft. altitude. However, there were some, like Mabs and Stan Altpeter, plus Amy and Will Osborn, who did it the hard way by hiking up the old road to the rim above Merry-Go-Round rock.

We hear Stan's good throwing arm beaned a rattler that gave Mabs and Any a good scare -- he was just lying there between them wondering if they were going to sting him. They didn't but gossip tells us they rattled some. Also, Mary Fagerberg and Monnie Goddard tried hard to get lost while returning to the cars, but Hailo, Monnie's Scotty, refused to follow them in the wrong direction, but trotted along very happily when they corrected course.

Others along were Virginia and Bob Watts, Betty and Reed Hallock, Ed Long, Betty and Ford Grant, Paul and Millie Sue Rudesill, Toni Anthony, Char and Eddie Valentine, Charlie Smith (the manzanita mangler), Elizabeth Rice, Maida Slavin, Gordon Newton, Mike Nardello, Rose and Joe Boyd, Hazel Lytle, Lorene and Doug Hammial, Dorothy and Bill Hays, Ethel and Woody Oddson, Irma Hepner, Clara Burnett, Hazel and Bill Seaman, and Jim Bryant.

All told, most of us walked about three miles along the Mogollon Rim, where views and picture-taking are tops. While most tourists and some Sedonans think they get some fine photos from maybe half-way up the hill, they should try it from the rim for the REAL THING.

This area was the site of a C.C.C.Camp in the early 1930's and also the location for parts of several old western movies, such as Stations West with Dick Powell, Jane Greer and Agnes Morehead; The Last Wagon, starring Richard Widmark; Fury at Furnace Creek, Gary Cooper, Jack Palance and his local stand-in, Ira Smith.

Watch this paper for S. W. hikes almost every weekend from now until next June. Guests, visitors and even "touristas" are welcome as long as they wear hiking shoes, dress western - - and carry their own canteens,

Hasta la vista,
Luis

WESTERNERS TO WOODY MT.

On Sunday, Sept. 17, leaving the Chamber of Commerce parking lot at 1:30 p.m. the Westerners will drive to Woody Mountain, located about five miles southwest of Flagstaff.

It is possible to drive all the way to the lookout at an elevation of over 8000 feet. Hikers can thus choose the distance they wish to ascend and descend.

Besides coolness and alpine flora, this mountain affords a superb view of the topography of this area of Northern Arizona. Starting with Humphreys Peak and proceeding to the left around the clock, one sees Kendrick, Sitgreaves, Bill Williams and Mingus mountains; the Bradshaw and Mazatzals; the Chino and Verde Valleys; numerous so - called "prairies," and of course the Mogollon Rim and our own Oak Creek Canyon.

Visitors are most welcome. Bring your canteen -- it's a good habit.

WESTERNERS HIKE TO HARDING PT.

9/21/72

Sunday, Sept. 10, the Westerners staged their second hike of the new 1972-73 season. Again, they headed for the high country, this time to Harding Point in order to keep cool with Coolidge.

From the parking spot to the several lookouts and back ate up about five miles. The torrid pace sustained by Mabs Altpeter, Virginia Watts and Lorene Hammial was interpreted by some as a demonstration in behalf of Women's Lib.

At 6500 feet, the botanizing activity was prominent, but the outstanding feature was the cliff-side viewing from two sites, one overlooking the West Fork of Oak Creek, the other the highway switchbacks climbing out of Oak Creek to the Mogollon Plateau. From here, one looked straight down on the Pine Flats campground and out at Howard and Mormon Mountains to the east.

The expedition was ably led by veteran Juniper-Twister Charles Smith, who was careful that none of the hikers drank from Trick Tank.

It was somewhat exhilarating to munch sandwiches with one's knees draped over a sheer drop-off of a thousand feet plus, or minus.

Those who joined the outing included Virginia Watts, Mabs and Stan Altpeter, Eddie Char, Paul Rudesill, Maida Slavin, Elizabeth Rice, Charles Smith, Lorene and Doug Hammial, Betty and Ford Grant, Hazel Lytle, Bob Every, Ray Heym, Tom and Jean Moers, Clara Purtymun, Ted and Wanda Tinkles, Dix Fagerberg and Lew Goddard.

The Westerners' next expedition will be to Woody Mountain next Sunday, Sept. 17, leaving the Chamber parking lot at 1:30 p.m.

WESTERNERS VISIT "WOODY"

Sunday afternoon, Sept. 17th, the Sedona Westerners and their guests defied a threat of rain and Sunday traffic on the switchbacks with a trip to the high country near the Forest Service lookout tower on Woody Mountain. The weather cooperated with a change to a beautifully cool, sunny day. The traffic did its best to make sure no-one travelled the switch-backs too fast.

The outing provided a truly magnificent view of mountains, forest and meadow; a pleasant walk through pine-needle-carpeted woods and along a back-country road; wildflowers; interesting volcanic rock specimens; even a scramble under a fence that didn't seem to arouse much enthusiasm for barbed wire from wire collector Ford Grant. A number of U. S. Geological Survey markers -- bronze discs set in rock or cement -- provided survey information and gave the height of "Woody" at 8047 feet. A pleasant trip - interesting, and enjoyed by Agnes Sutton, Earl Sutton, Elizabeth Parks, Paul Rudesill, Ford and Betty Grant, Charles Smith, Will and B. Coe, Laura Bauer, Lorene and Doug Hammial, Woody and Ethel Oddson, Mike Nardello, Clay and Caroll LaFon, Frank Fisher, Irma Hepner, Mabs Altpeter, Charles Jorgensen and Tom Moers.

9/21/72

Westerner's Schedule

R.R.N. 9/21/72

SUNDAY, SEPT. 24
1:30 p.m. Chamber of Commerce lot. Trek along Jerome-Perkinsville Road. Bring canteen. Visitors welcome.
* Drive along old-time mountain road. Spectacular views of Verde Valley. Hiking to suit individual tastes.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1
1:30 p.m. Drive to Mormon Mountain via Pinewood. Hike to TV cable station. Bring sweater. Visitors welcome.
* Aspen leaves may be turning. Some may wish to stay over for a western dinner at Mormon Lake Lodge.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8
1:30 p.m. Drive out Dry Creek Road. Hike to VULTEE ARCH. Turistas and other non-members welcome.
* Our first real leg-stretcher of the season. Genuine adventure in our own back yard.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14
9:30 A.M. All-Day hike up West Fork of Oak Creek. Bring food, canteen, sweater. Visitors welcome.
* This one is truly a Blue Ribbon Special. Water, cliffs, trees, wildflowers. Easy hiking. Some leaves will be turning.

NOTE: Dates and departure times are firm. Destinations are subject to change because of unusual weather, road conditions, etcetera.

If further details are desired, consult our cactus-dodger, Dixon Fabergerg, Jr., Star Route No. 1, Sedona, Ariz. Phone 282-3169.

Westerners plan Jerome area hike

Verde Indep

Members of the Sedona Westerners will take a drive along the Jerome-Perkinsville road and later hike in that area Sunday afternoon, announces Dixon Fagerberg Jr., the group's "cactus dodger."

The outing will begin at the parking lot of the Sedona-Oak Creek Canyon Chamber of Commerce at 1:30 p.m. Visitors are welcome, Fagerberg said.

VV 9/20/72

Westerners Trek To Mormon Mountain

Sunday, Oct. 1st, found the Westerners still following the lure of the High Country. Leaving Sedona, we ascended Schnebly Hill, through Pinewood and Munds Park to the aspen groves and our destination of Mormon Mountain. We had expected a colorful landscape but were hardly prepared for the riotous show at each bend in the road. Golden aspens were making their debut among the green pines, with shimmering leaves touching azure blue sky. Lively oaks came on stage wearing costumes of red. What a thrill to behold such an Octoberfest!

Parking atop the mountain, the hikers set out for a walk thru the woods, and soon stood in awe at the vista below - a 50-mile stretch of timbered wilderness. Flagstaff appeared to northwest as a miniature village. Botanist Alice Etter kindly helped identify some colorful wildflowers, while photographers Harvey and Coxley composed a few pictures thru the lens, and California artist Esther Miller made sketches for a new painting.

We had forgotten this was hunters' domain 'till all of a sudden Will Coe spied an arrow imbedded in a fallen log, which he managed to extricate with some effort. This was one missile that had missed its target, and thus became Will's trophy of the day. During a brief inspection of the TV tower, Trail Boss Lew informed us that this installation is operated by several crews who work rotating schedules of 60 days. Also adjoining the tower is a cabin that houses one permanent technician - the man responsible for making the KOAI wheels go round.

Finally came the end of our mountain outing, as some members took the homeward path, and 24 others headed down towards Mormon Lake Lodge and the Cowboy Steakhouse. On arrival of this hungry horde, Head Wrangler, Gail Wingfield, fired up his huge grill and heaped on more of his famous steaks. The Westerners were ushered into a private dining room, where 20 pairs of legs ~~stretched~~ under ONE of those LONG ranch tables, with 4 pair more beneath an adjoining one. Appetites were keener than ever at the approach of king-size platters of sizzling steak and steaming pots of cowboy beans. Suddenly 24 voices were hushed as the ravenous trampers got down to serious business of satisfying the needs of the inner man. That finally accomplished, all agreed to call it a glorious day.

Those members enjoying the trip were: Maida Slavin, Fran Sheridan, Helen Barker, Elizabeth Rice, Irma Hepner, Albert and Nita Schimberg, Charles and Charlotte Jorgensen, Maleese Black, Jane Welton, Tom Moers, Elizabeth Parks, Paul Rudesill, Betty Borlin, Maryann Mercer, Betty and Reed Hallock, Art and Marie Harvey, Alice and Cleon Etter, Cele and Hal Cox, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Alfred and Charlotte Coxley, Will and B. Coe, Ford and Betty Grant, Lew and Monnie Goddard, Bruce and Laverne Tucker, with visitors Esther and Charles Miller from Palos Verdes, Cal., and Lee and Vince Spoor of Seattle, Wash.

CARD OF THANKS

The Chamber of Commerce wishes to thank the anonymous donor who presented them with a new United States flag. It is flying now.

Also, they are grateful to the Sedona Westerners, Lew Goddard and Charlie Smith, who came down and set the new bench for the many visitors at the office. They also did a good job of cleaning up the trash and even raked down the area. R R N. 10/5/72

WESTERNERS PICK PERKINSVILLE

Tis a bonny back road, typical of unpaved Arizona, leading north out of Jerome toward what was once Perkinsville, which the Westerners explored on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 24. About forty of us left Sedona at 1:30, picking up a few more along the way, and took the main drag through Jerome and out past the colorful open-pit mine just north of town. From there, the narrow dirt road climbed and dipped, twisted and turned and seemed to soar into the wild blue yonder without benefit of guard rails on the outside curves. However, everyone took it easy and no lost heartbeats were reported.

Some five miles out and up the footwork began, with some going up, some down, and some both. If you want to see the whole magnificent Upper Verde Valley in one sweep of the eye, try this place for size -- you can see a pretty fer piece in any direction so long as it's north, east or south. Funny thing, too, quite a few of our hikers gained considerable weight on their jaunt - in the form of nice deep red rocks, which looked like jasper to me, but I heard one or two says it was rubies. Anyhow, they will look nice beside the front door or in the bird bath.

Many of our regulars were along, and quite a few newcomers, who are always welcome. Here's the list, so you can clip it and send it to the folks back home.

Maida Slavin, Peggy and Benny Denton, Elizabeth Rice, Reed and Betty Hallock, Art and Marie Harvey, Jim Bryant, Bob and Virginia Watts, Dix Fagerberg, who planned and led the hike, and Mary F., Charlie Smith, Paul Rudesill, Myrtle Smith, Elizabeth Parks, Carrol, Clay and Cezanne LaFon, Chet and Ollie Howard, Ben and Bernice Renfro, Betty Post, Pauline and Judd Trask, Ruth and Gordon Newton, Lew Goddard, Irma Hepner, Charles and Charlotte Jorgensen, Jerry, Max and Luanne Winans, Ray Heym, Connie Carey, Betty and Cliff Nenno, Thelma Heitler and Helen Barker from Clarkdale, and Lothar Kolbig.

Don't be shy, you newcomers and visitors; c'mon and join us, just for fun; won't cost you a dime, but be sure to bring your canteen. See the paper for dates, times and places - or call 3169, 4898, 3656 or 7723.

Lujee.

RED ROCK NEWS Sedona, Arizona Thursday, October 12, 1972

Westerner's Schedule

OUTING: Sunday, October 22 - 1:30 p.m. Submarine Rock trip. Bring canteen.

COMMENTS: A fun trip. The "Athenians" will start from Broken Arrow, the "Spartans" from Chapel Hills.

OUTING: Sunday, October 29 - 1:30 p.m. to Grasshopper Point - Midgely Bridge area.
COMMENTS: Short hike but rugged in places. Oak Creek at its best.

OUTING: Sunday, November 5: 1:30 p.m. Chimney Rock Loop.COMMENTS: This one is both near and dear. Views will surprise you.

OUTING: Saturday, November 11. 9:30 a.m. All-day hike to and on Brind's Mesa. Bring food, canteen, sweater. COMMENTS: A dandy. The most carefree roamin' in the whole roamin' empire.

NOTE: All trips start from Chamber of Commerce parking lot. Visitors are welcome. All hikes can be shortened or lengthened to individual preferences. If further details are desired, call either Manzanita Mangler, Chas. Smith (282-4898) or our Cactus-Dodger Dix Fagerberg (282-3169).

WESTERNERS TO SEE KOLBIG MOVIES

Local long-distance hiker and Sierra Club guide, Lothar Kolbig, will show a choice batch of his movies of "back yonder" hiking in Arizona and Utah at the next regular monthly meeting of the Sedona Westerners.

Since several Sedona Westerners have been along on a few of these trips, they assure all that his pictures are out of this humdrum world. Maybe even YOU will get some ideas of unusual places to go.

The meeting will be at the usual place, Sedona School gym, on Oct. 12 at 8 p.m. Connie Carey and her helpers will provide a light snack after the short business meeting. Then Lothar's films.

Visitors and guests are always welcome.

RRN 10/12/72

RED ROCK NEWS Sedona, Arizona Thursday, October 12, 1972

Westerners Take Favorite Hike

Last Sunday afternoon, twenty-nine Sedona Westerners repeated one of their favorite hikes - to Vultee Arch, about two miles beyond a parking area at the end of the Dry Creek Road.

Following our four inches of rain last week, the forest road was washed out a little here and there, but with the aid of willing hands and a couple of shovels, that problem was easily solved and all cars made it to the jump-off point. While scouting a day or two before, we found Dry Creek had nearly a foot of water and was as pretty a mountain stream as you could find south of Colorado, however, by Sunday it was just a trickle.

While a few of the hikers had been there before, it was the first trip for most of them, including several newcomers and visitors.

The members were glad to see Hazel Lytle back from her northern trip and Dix Fagerberg back from a fast eastern trip, plus daughter-in-law Lisa from Scottsdale. New hiker Susan Law found that her cohorts leave their gathering point at the Chamber of Commerce on time, by the second hand, and had to race to catch up. Dan and June Peightal from Long Beach took their annual hike with the group and nine-year-old Monte Somebody from Sedona tagged along, too, under the watchful eye of Lisa. It seems there were a few other first - timers along but their home ports were not registered so they are just included with the rest of the list following: Irma Hepner, Tom Moers, Jane Welton, Maleese Black, Monty Colladay, Lorene Hammial, Mary and Lennie Lemke, Alice Etter, Liz Parks, Charlee and Charlo Jorgensen, Connie Carey, Bets and Reed Halloch, How in the dickens can you pack so many and so much in that Toyota Greyhound, Reed? Helen Barker, Lothar Kolbig, Art and Marie Harvey, Paul Rudesill, Chas. Smith and y.t. Lew Goddard. Seem like there were a couple more but they did not sign in so - - ? ?

This week Thursday, 8:00 p.m. at the Sedona School, regular monthly meeting. Following vital trivia, Lothar will show movies of hiking in this big southwest. Come one, come all, you don't have to be a member; same goes for next Saturday's all-day hike into the West Fork, another old favorite - leaving the C of C at 9:30, bring lunch and canteen - might be a very colorful trip.

RED ROCK NEWS Sedona, Arizona Thursday, October 19, 1972

West Fork Charms Westerners

The West Fork of Oak Creek charmed the Westerners on their all-day outing last Saturday, October 14. A glad gathering of 44 took advantage of the autumnal bargain. They signed the bog book in this order: Monte' Myers, Alfred and Charlotte Coxley, Paul and Millie Rudesill, Maxine and Allan Buckley, Jim Bryant, Virginia Watts, Charles and Charlotte Jorgensen, Will and B. Coe, Charles Smith, Lew Goddard, Lennie and Mary Lemke, Laura Bauer, Lorene Hammial, Hazel Lytle, Elizabeth Parks, Marie and Art Harvey, Bill Ball, Harvey and Connie Carey, Reed and Betty Hallock, Helen Barker, Clara Burnett, Elizabeth Rice, Malda Slavin, Bob Every, Alice Etter, Sally Elliott, Mildred Janney, Emily Elliott, Will and Amy Osborn, Monty Colladay, Mary and Dix Fagerberg, Tom Moers, and Susan Low.

The outstanding feature? No question about it: color. It ranged from the yellows of the ash and walnut; the buffs of the oak and sycamore and ferns; the scarlets and reds of the maple and sumac; the greens of the alders and pines. Adding tints of blue and silver, the symphony was completed by the spruces and firs.

Many, too, were dazzled by upward glances which were greeted by a day-long procession of spires, chasms, ledges and sheers. The sharper observers pointed to agave and ocotillo on the south-facing slope in contrast to the conifers on the opposite, including a couple of ponderosa giants well over 200 feet in height. Even the sky cooperated, as drifting white cloudlets accented the viewing.

Getting back to earth, the trail was easy. The gradient could not have exceeded 100 feet per mile. There was no dust, no cactus-dodging, no crawling but, by choice, Charley Smith and Monty Colladay did some scaling, and some special wading was indulged in by Virginia, Hazel and Lorene and by Bill Ball and Wagon Boss Lew Goddard.

Summing up, this one was not a caper or even a hike. It was more of a dreamy saunter into the wonderworld of Nature, far removed from televised world series and college football games.

Our next adventure comes on Sunday, October 22. Our strategy will be to divide into separate groups and see if we can capture Submarine Rock by sneaking upon it from two directions. All are welcome. Better not miss the fun. D.F.

WESTERNERS DIVIDE AND CONQUER

Red Rock News 10/26/72

. So goes the old Roman maxim at any rate, but they learned it from the Greeks. Last Sunday afternoon, however, witnessed a very peaceful invasion of the local red rock back country by the Athenians and the Spartans with everyone being a winner and no losers, not even the red rocks, they being still there and unmarred.

The "As" drove out through Broken Arrow, parked their pollution machines and hoofed it up the primitive road to Submarine Rock. In the meantime, the "Ss" left their machines out behind Chapel Hills and headed for Submarine Rock by way of a serpentine foot trail up and over ridges, in and out of washes, gullies and canyons. With a trickle of water still showing here and there, we couldn't help but think what a sight it must have been during that five inches of rain last week; there must have been a dozen good waterfalls to see then. Even so, the scenery was superb and the feeling of being away from masses of people was wonderful.

While some took a detour to the Devil's Dining Room, others followed the trail, and all eventually met at the rock where we enjoyed a view of the whole Oak Creek Basin and its backdrop of mountains, rim and crags.

Dix and Mary Fagerberg led the hike with daughter Lisa carrying her new addition, Nicole, in a backpack; her first hike, at the age of four months; Lorene Hammial with friends Barney and Ruth Keller from Dayton, Ohio taking their 'first hike ever;' Renee Behrens, Hazel Lytle, Bill Ball, Marynan Mercer, Alice Etter, Nina and Monty Colladay, Myrtle Kolbig, Betty Post, Laura Bauer, Will and B Coe, Jack Stewart, Jim Bryant, Connie Carey, Elizabeth Parks, Charlie and Charlotte Jorgensen, Al and Charlotte Coxley, Paul Rudesill, Charlie Smith, Chet and Ollie Howard, Ben and Bernice Renfro, Reed and Betty Hallock, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Len and Mary Lemke, Lou Balch, Helen Barker, Stan Altpeter and Lew Goddard were the crew for the day.

Next Sunday, we leave the Chamber of Commerce again at 1:30 for an easy hike along Oak Creek, starting at Grasshopper Point just above Midgley Bridge. Anyone and everyone is invited to join the fun.

. . . . Elgee.

Westerner's Schedule

OUTING: Sunday, October 29 - 1:30 p.m. to Grasshopper Point - Midgely Bridge area.
COMMENTS: Short hike but rugged in places. Oak Creek at its best.

OUTING: Sunday, November 5: 1:30 p.m. Chimney Rock Loop.COMMENTS: This one is both near and dear. Views will surprise you.

OUTING: Saturday, November 11. 9:30 a.m. All-day hike to and on Brind's Mesa. Bring food, canteen, sweater. COMMENTS: A dandy. The most carefree roamin' in the whole roamin' empire.

NOTE: All trips start from Chamber of Commerce parking lot. Visitors are welcome. All hikes can be shortened or lengthened to individual preferences. If further details are desired, call either Manzanita Mangler, Chas. Smith (282-4898) or our Cactus-Dodger Dix Fagerberg (282-3169).

RED ROCK NEWS Sedona, Arizona Thursday, November 2, 1972

Westerners Brave Weather To Hike

After a seven weeks' absence from the Western Trips with the Sedona Westerners, it was like "Homecoming" to be back with that congenial, thoughtful, adventuresome, helpful group again.

Le d by Daniel Boone (Dixon) Fagerberg and Charley (Kit Carson) Smith, both Mountain Men -- magna cum laude -- thirty-three damp-weather fans drove to Grasshopper Point, walked down the ancient road and along steep and narrow paths almost to Midgely Bridge, and then back up the creek and canyon wall to the parking lot. On a narrow ledge (from nine to sixteen inches wide in many places) and straight down to the slightly clouded, green (for a change) water of Oak Creek which was flowing much more than usual, the group clambered, crawled, crept and cowered (in my case) thru mud, over slick rocks as the gentle rain continued to make conditions more precarious.

The scenery was magnificent, with the sycamores showing a few leaves in their fall costumes, a few yellow leaves on cottonwoods and a patch of poison ivy blocking the path with its riot of color and warning leaves.

The climb was up and down, often steep, and always interesting. How they did it at times is inexplicable, but when it was necessary to ascend or descend sheer rocks for several feet, either Dixon or Charley, or Art Harvey, Hazel Lytle, Lothar Kolbig, or someone else was always there to prevent an accident by helping a hiker either down or up. That is the way the Westerners treat their members and their WELCOME guests.

The two-hour trek was enjoyed, even in the falling rain, by: Bill and Hazel Seaman, Lorene Hammial, Art and Marie Harvey, Marion and Claude Rogers, Reed and Betty Hallock, Hazel Lytle, Amy Osborne, Betsy and Jim Bryant, Betty Post, Lothar Kolbig, Lew Goddard, Thelma Heitler, Helen Barker, Dixon Fagerberg, Bob Every, Paul Rudesill, and VISITORS: Floyd and Ruth Damschen, Chris and Harold Mann, Ben and Bernice Renfro, Ollie Howard, Woody and Ethel Oddson, Earl and Agnes Sutton, and

Ellsworth Schnebly.

Judge Cites Westerners

At 8:00 p.m. tonight, Thursday, Nov. 9, all good Westerners and guests are summoned to appear at the Sedona School to hear Judge Harold Longfellow recount his memoirs of some of the early history of northern Arizona. He will include some samples and remarks about his collection of early territorial postal envelopes.

Mr. Longfellow was a resident of Flagstaff from 1920 to 1953 and since then a resident of Sedona. He started his collection of postal memorabilia in 1933.

Preceding his talk, there will be a short business session, followed by refreshments.

Visitors are cordially invited.

Red Rock News, 11/9/72

RED ROCK NEWS Sedona, Arizona Thursday, November 9, 1972

Westerners Capture Chimney Rock

When Ferdinand Magellan, the renowned Portuguese navigator, tried to circumnavigate the earth and was killed in the Philippines, only thirty-one men of his original crew returned to Seville on September 8, 1522. When sixty-one Sedona Westerners and their guests tried to circumnavigate Chimney Rock on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 5, everyone succeeded and returned feeling well-rewarded for their strenuous effort.

Although the trail was often steep and frequently the talus created unsure footing, the two and one-half hour, leisurely jaunt left no casualties. The two intrepid laggers (Charley Smith pronounced himself and Jim Bryant as "stray sheep,") wandered in after having caused slight worry, altho everyone felt that nothing could ever happen to either of them. They had continued their exploration, above and beyond the call of duty, around the base of Gray Mountain until they reached a box canyon where they alarmed a big beautiful buck deer, which immediately departed for the southwest. That box canyon ended their trek, as it could not be scaled.

In the meantime, and almost simultaneously, the group at the base of Chimney Rock saw a deer scuttle thru the brush (now disappearing and re-appearing) on its way southeast toward Sedona, proving that at least two fortunate animals had succeeded in eluding hunters and were not to provide venison dinners, YET.

Chimney Rock was estimated to be between 400 and 500 feet in circumference by various hikers. It is probably 100 to 125 feet above the timberline or the actual base where the red rock begins. A trip around it reveals more than a view from below.

The air was crisp; the day was pleasantly cool and not unpleasantly warm with the only threat being a storm over the southern end of the Mingus Mountain ridge which appeared to be moving toward Sedona and the Chimney Rock area. Last Sunday's sliding down slippery slopes along the banks of Oak Creek created some apprehension lest we have to repeat that tricky trek. Altho October has gone, Helen Hunt Jackson's poem describes this early November weather perfectly:

"O, suns and skies and clouds of June
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather."

This was true today, Sunday, Nov. 5.

From the summit of the hill we could look down on the Sedona airport, suggesting that we were above the airport, altho no government bench marks were in evidence.

The 1972 vintage of explorers were: Lew Goddard, Helen Barker, Thelma Heitler, Dix and Mary Fagerberg, Elizabeth Parks, Arek Bardin -- the youngest hiker who went up the mountain twice --, Alice and Cleon Etter, Mabs and Stan Altpeter, Bob and Virginia Watts, Paul and Millie Rudesill, Clo Gordon, Merton Adams, Betty Post, Marie and Art Harvey, Hazel Lytle, Bob and Margaret Oliver, Connie Carey, Lou Balch, Betty Borlin, Jim Bryant, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Frank and Helena Fisher, Lucille Juanarena, Patricia, Matt and Jennie Guthrie, Janice and Bill Cleveland, Jane Walton, Maleese Black, Bob Every, Lothar and Myrtle Kolbig, Ray Heym, Charles and Charlotte Jorgenson, Lorene Hammial, Rose Boyd, Claude and Marion Rogers, Charles Smith, B and Will Coe, M. Renee Behrens, Alfred and Charlotte Coxley, and the following VISITORS: Peg Coombs, Floyd and Ruth Damschen, Mary Lou Johnson, and Bob and Frances Kinker, and

. . . Ellsworth Schnebly

Nov. 11 Hike to Brind's Mesa rained out!

lay, November 16, 1972 RED ROCK NEWS

Westerner's Schedule

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18 Special Expedition
11:00 a.m. Meet at Chamber of Commerce parking lot for trip to lower Clear Creek. Bring your own table service, water, steaks, other grub and charcoal for one-meal cookout. Choice of several hikes in p.m. Visitors welcome. (This takes place of cancelled Nov. 11 hike; all other hikes, including one on Nov. 19, remain as originally scheduled.)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19
1:30 p.m. Back o' Beyond Wash.
Easiest hike of the year. But different.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26
1:30 p.m. Robbers' Roost.
Want to escape? Here's the place.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3
1:30 p.m. Devil's Bridge.
Nice little climb, plus scenery and novelty.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9
9:30 a.m. Long Canyon.
Fun in the sun. A day for leisurely exploration.

NOTE: All hikes start from Chamber of Commerce parking lot. All hikes can be shortened or lengthened to suit individual preference. If further details are desired, call 282-3169 or 4898.

Westerners Enjoy Cookout

NOV. 18, 1972

The Sedona Westerners had a cookout on Saturday, Nov. 18. Twenty-nine members and guests left the Chamber of Commerce parking lot at 11:00 a.m. for the Clear Creek campground located about five miles east of Camp Verde. The sky was overcast as they left Sedona but arrival at the campground was in brilliant sunshine.

The Bob Baileys, recently returned to their Verde Lakes home, acted as hosts and had several campfires going when the members arrived. The Westerners scattered about the beautiful campground to prepare their meals, which were enjoyed by all.

Then Cactus Dodger Fagerberg suggested three hikes: one group walked up Clear Creek for about 1 1/2 miles, another group scaled a cliff wall to inspect some ruins while the remainder hiked to the Tent Rocks. It was a most enjoyable day, according to the reporter.

The following took part in the festivities: Bruce and Laverne Tucker, Lew and Monnie Goddard, Betty and Charlie Smith, Helen and Herman Janetzky, Millie and Paul Rudesill, Charlotte and Charles Jorgensen, Charlotte and Alfred Coxley, Lothar Kolbig, Bob Every, Dixon Fagerberg, Jeston and Bob Bailey, Mary and Lennie Lemke, Hazel Lytle, Lorene Hammial, Marion and Claude Rogers, Elizabeth Parks, M. Renee Behrens, Caroline and Ed Long.

R.R.N.
11-23-72
Sedona, Arizona Thursday

Westerners Hike In Back O' Beyond

Last Sunday afternoon, forty-one Sedona Westerners, including four first-timers, enjoyed a good, clean wash-down behind "Beyond," even though everyone I saw was pretty clean to begin with. Anyway, the wash was clean and free from human litter.

Cactus Dodger Dix Fagerberg led the cavalcade down 179, that is, he led about half of them to the planned starting point. The other half followed somebody who turned down the Back O' Beyond Road and had to be coaxed back to a substitute starting point. In the end, happily, the mistake got washed out when our two parties met half-way between here and there. As usual, after completing the planned hike, Virginia and Bob Watts took to the hills and later reported finding a beautiful high meadow and an abandoned homestead; a potential hike for another day.

In addition to the above, other trekkers were: Alice and Cleon Etter, Fran Sheridan, Charlotte and Al Coxley, Marion and Al Musgrove, Hazel Lytle, Lorene Hammial, Rose and Joe Boyd, Liz Paks, Val Hirsch, Connie Carey, Lou Balch, Fran and Bob Kinker, Loraine Regan, Ollie Howard, Ellsworth Schnebly, Maida Slavin, Tom Moers, Marie and Jim Adams, Paul Rudesill, Ed Long, Hazel and Bill Seaman, Gordon Newton, Ford Grant, Charlie Smith, Betty Borlin, Ray Heym, Renee Behrens; plus first-timers Ethel and Woody Oddson, Bernice Renfro and Carl Ryden.

Next Sunday, Nov. 26, leaving the Chamber of Commerce at 1:30, we take another Westerners' favorite trip to Robbers' Roost, a ten-mile drive and less than one-mile walk, including a two-hundred foot climb to a picturesque cave overlooking the whole Spring Creek valley. For those who have never been there, this trip is one not to be missed.

. . L. H. G.

Westerner's Schedule

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26
1:30 p.m. Robbers' Roost.
Want to escape? Here's the place.

R.R.N.
11-23-72

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3
1:30 p.m. Devil's Bridge.
Nice little climb, plus scenery and novelty.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9
9:30 a.m. Long Canyon.
Fun in the sun. A day for leisurely exploration.

WESTERNERS TO ROBBERS' ROOST

Red Rock News 11-30-72

Robbers' Roost was the goal of the Sedona Westerners' hike on the afternoon of Nov. 26. It is located about ten miles west and north of Sedona. We were able to drive, over roads that were moderately rough at times, to within two miles of the "Roost." During the process, we made only one wrong turn but this was quickly corrected after a conference between the Cactus Dodger and his Manzanita Wrangler.

As with most of the hikes, the day was perfect and the views could not be beaten! We hope that others will join us on our future hikes. Fifty-four hikers took part: Elizabeth Parks, Bob and Virginia Watts, Clarence and Georgann Brehm, Marie and Art Harvey, Lorene Hammial, Connie Carey, Amy and Will Osborn, Reed Hallock, Ed and Alice Allworth, Betty Borlin, Lou Balch, May Lou Johnson, Jim Bryant, Maida Slavin, Jean Thorpe, Val and El Hirsch, Bob Every, Bill Mathews, Rose and Joe Boyde, Dix Fagerberg, Alice and Cleon Etter, Charles Smith, Woody and Ethel Oddson, Judd Trask, Dick Howlett, Charles and Charlotte Jorgenson, Pete and Jim Adams, Will and B. Coe, Gordon Newton, Marion and Claude and Claudia Rogers, Ralph and Bernice Renfro, Ollie Howard, Vic Sterzing, Maria Krueger, Jo Barthold, Ruth and Floyd Damschen, Caroline and Ed Long.

What's Doing In Sedona?

THURSDAY, DEC. 7
Kiwanis Club Meeting and Luncheon - 12:00 noon. Turtle Restaurant. Visitors welcome. 4384.
Men's Day - Golf - Oakcreek Country Club. Visitors welcome.
Elks Lodge #2291 at clubhouse on Airport Road. 8 p.m. 282-7842.
Girl Scout Troop 764, Junior - 4:00 p.m. Wayside Chapel. Mrs. H. Duerson.

FRIDAY, DEC. 8
Duplicate Bridge - 1st house on left on Thunderbird Road at 89a West. Visitors welcome. 282-7406 or 7801. 7:00 p.m.
Red Rock Lodge #63, potluck at 7:00 p.m. Masonic visitors welcome. 3607.

SATURDAY, DEC. 9 1972
Sedona Westerners' Hike - 9:30 a.m. Long Canyon. Fun in the sun. A day for leisurely exploration. Leave Chamber of Commerce parking lot. Visitors welcome. 282-3691 or 4898.

RED ROCK NEWS 12/7/72

Westerner's Schedule

SUNDAY, December 17
1:30 p.m. Beaverhead area.
Come, let us explore together.

SATURDAY, December 30
9:30 a.m. Verde Hot Springs.
This all-day one is a Western education in itself. (Road is steep and narrow in spots.)

SUNDAY, January 7
1:30 p.m. Bear Wallow Flats.
An old favorite. A good one for guests.

SUNDAY, January 14
1:30 p.m. Secret Canyon.
A pleasant place to get lost.

SUNDAY, January 21
1:30 p.m. Bell Rock to Spires.
Delightful mixture of geology and sunshine. A little rugged here and there.

NOTE: All trips start from Chamber of Commerce parking lot. All hikes can be shortened or lengthened to suit individual preference. If more detail is desired, call 282-3169 or 4898.

. . . Dix Fagerberg, Jr.

SEDONA DOUBLE U'S PLAN CHRISTMAS FEAST

RRN 12/7/72

The next regular meeting of the Westerners will be held as usual on the second Thursday of the month at the Sedona School gym on Dec. 14 at 6:00 p.m. Sedona visitors and guests are welcome. All are urged to bring a dish to pass, plus your own table service and a bridge table; there are plenty of chairs available. Decaffienated coffee will be supplied by our Calico Queen and her helpers.

We are hoping that Albert and Mabel Thompson and Ed Denton will give us some old-time country music during dinner.

After dinner, a group of our more ambitious members will show us "HOW NOT TO DO IT" or "LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU."

. . . Lew Goddard, Trail-boss.

DEC. 7, 1972 RED ROCK NEWS

WESTERNERS VISIT "THE" BRIDGE

Under cloudless, deep blue skies, with crisp, bracing air, over a slightly rough and rutted road, thirty-nine members and five visitors drove to the parking area below Devil's Bridge, leaving the Chamber of Commerce at 1:30 p.m. Sunday, Dec. 3.

Some hiked up the canyons, while most of the group climbed the steep trail to the bridge and crossed it. Dixon Fagerberg, always energetic and sure-footed as a mountain goat, led a few others around the narrow base to the left and went up the south side to the bridge. From there, they walked south to a thumb butte rising as part of the saddle which provided a view of Soldier's Wash (which will be a really DEEP wash if and when the 400 acres are denuded by the developers), Sedona, and the southern and eastern horizon. Dixon plans to go from the south with one group while another group goes from the north until they meet. Paul Rudesill once made this long trip which was strenuous, but rewarding with scenery. Dixon warned that it was so cluttered with brush that one really needed a machete to hack his way thru in safety, but the Westerners do not carry such lethal weapons, preferring to risk scratches and bruises.

Dixon said that there were both buck and doe tracks, while Lennie Lemke said that he saw tracks of a mountain lion. Charley Smith minded his own business and did not squeal on any wild animals.

Bone Every was back with his experimentation. He measured the height of Devil's Bridge and reports that it is sixty-eight feet above the rocks beneath. Those are more of the informative statistics.

The group, who enjoys being outdoors and companionship included: Alma Good, Will and B Coe, Marie and Art Harvey, Dix Fagerberg, Bernice and Ben Renfro, El and Val Hirsch, Arek Bardin, Amy Osborn, Lorene Hammial, John and Ida Larson, Evelyn and Roger Larson, Alan and Maxine Buckley, Laura Bauer, Lou Balch, Mary Lou Johnson, Vic and Ellen Sterzing, Charles Jorgensen, Ed Long, Paul Rudesill, Bob Every, Elizabeth Parks, Rose and Joe Boyd, Connie Carey, Bob and Jeston Bailey (whom we welcome back after an extended absence), Lennie Lemke, Charles Smith, Bill Mathews, Betty Borlin, Ellsworth Schnebly and the following guests: Mitch Avant, Floyd and Ruth Damschen, Agnes and Earl Sutton.

Next Saturday, Dec. 9., the Westerners will meet behind the Chamber of Commerce at 9:30 a.m. to go to Long Canyon. Bring your lunch, water and preferably a camera, as there is much of beauty to be seen -- not including the fair ones who are always on these treks. Visitors are always welcome to go with us to see our beautiful back country and the wonders of Sedona.

. . . Ellsworth Schnebly.

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. . . Dix Fagerberg, Jr.

Hikers Snowed

Dec. 9 1972

Last Saturday, the Sedona Westerners had planned an all-day hike into Long Canyon; however, Friday night's rain and two inches of snow nixed the trip. Here's hoping Cactus Dodger can pick a nice sunny day for this one later in the season, as there is plenty for all to explore up that-a-way.

Saturday afternoon, in spite of snow and wet roads, the trail boss gave it a try and promptly got stuck right where the jeep trail leaves the Long Canyon road.

Next Sunday's fun in the sun will be in the Beaverhead area along the old stage road from Santa Fe to Prescott. We will leave the Chamber of Commerce parking lot at 1:30 p.m.

Don't forget our Christmas party at the Sedona School, on Thursday, Dec. 14 at 6:00 p.m. Bring your dish for a potluck supper plus your own service and a table; plenty of chairs are available there. Connie and her helpers will supply coffee and our own melodrama group will supply some fun. If you have some prize color slides of Sedona Westerner hikes and local back-country, please phone me at 3656 for arrangements; we will try to show them after the conclusion of our planned program.

Lew Goddard, Trailboss.

Sedona, Arizona Thursday, December 21, 1972

"RELAXING RAMBLE" IT WASN'T

Fifty-six adventure-seeking Sedona Westerners and their guests started out on Sunday, December 17, on what Trail Boss Dixon Fagerberg announced to be a "relaxing ramble" but which turned into an energy-consuming excursion, beginning on the east side of Highway 179 above the Old Beaver Creek Stage Station, ascending rather steeply into the distant yonder.

This old trail, worn down as much as four feet in places by removal of rocks and consequent erosion as the traildrivers moved enormous boulders from year to year or trip to trip beginning as early as 1863 over what was known as the Chavez Trail (named after Captain Chavez, one of the New Mexico soldiers who went west in the early days . General Stoneman, after whom Stoneman Lake was named, also followed that old trail, most travelling being done in buckboards rather than the typical old stage coaches. Mrs. Summerhayes described one trip in her book of the West.

Stumbling over and dodging doublers, cobblestones and pebbles, the group proceeded, not unlike the bear which wanted to see what was on the "other side of the mountain." I doubt that anyone reached that other side, because so many holiday commitments and the gradient caused the ranks to dwindle from time to time. Below one ledge was a shining hub cap. Remnants of old campsites were evident at intervals, perhaps left by soldiers or travellers on the buckboards, or in later years by hunters, but well-disintegrated cans showed evidences of long exposure.

One sharp-eyed hiker found a three-inch strip of ossified leather securely fastened, presumably when a bridle rein or a line broke, by two antediluvian copper rivets. If the leather were not ossified or petrified, it was of two strips as hard as if they had been one originally.

From the summit, the Bradshaws and Mingus Mountain's snow-covered side were clearly visible as was The Village of Oakcreek and limitless expanse to the south and the east.

The hike was made more exhilarating by the usual exchange of banter and natural history, geological observations, etc., not to mention the benefit to aged legs and unused lungs.

As we passed campsites, we wondered what tales they might tell of hardships, were they able to express themselves.

Those making this rather taxing trip were: Marylou and Al Cushman, Hazel Lytle, Charles Smith (one of our dozen best mountaineers), Jim Bryant, Dixon Fagerberg (Tireless and always helpful), Lou Balch, Elizabeth Parks, Alan and Maxine Buckley, Will and B. Coe, Charles Jorgensen, Karla Jorgensen (visiting her parents from California), Claude and Marion Rogers, Alma Good, Laura Bauer, Gordon Newton, Bob and Frances Kinker, Maida Slavin, Reed and Betty Hallock, Lorene Hammtal, Charlotte and Alfred Coxley, Tom Moers, Ed Long, Stan and Mabs Altpeter, Leonard Lemke, Amy Osborne, Harvey and Connie Carey, Lew Goddard, Rose and Joe Boyd, Floyd and Ruth Damschen, Jerry and Luanne Winans, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Jo Barthold, Brought H. Stewart, Steve St. John, Luis Linates, Jean Thorpe, Jack Stewart, Arek Barden, Erik White, Dan White, Jack Dereds, and Ellsworth Schnebly.

. . . Ellsworth Schnebly.

WESTERNERS TAKE TO TRAIL 12/30/72

~~RED ROCK NEWS 1-18-73~~

Saturday, December 30, an ideal day for hiking up hill over the old cattle trail paralleling Wet Beaver Creek with red rocks and lava mixed interestingly in countless varieties of formations was cool enough to hike up hill in comfort and warm enough in the afternoon to hike down hill with no discomfort. Leaving the Chamber of Commerce at 9:30 a.m. were sixteen hardy souls (most of the others did not show up because they were justifiably afraid of sliding down the trail to Verde Hot Springs, which had been the announced destination, before the storm struck).

We encountered plenty of mud, but that was compensated for by beautiful scenery. Viewing the Wet Beaver Creek from far above, several people spotted a mass of shifting foam on the left side of the creek while there were circles of foam on the opposite side. Jim Bryant and some others curious as to why those circles did not shift their form scampered down the steep canyon wall and discovered that the circular white spots were frozen circles of foam -- another one of Mother Nature's beauteous creations.

When noon came and everyone was hungry enough to eat, someone noticed Charles Smith sitting quietly and uncomplainingly alone. He had left his lunch at home, and being the ardent hiker that he was, everyone knew that he simply had to be hungry or on a diet. Several contributed bits of their snacks, so that after he had eaten -- as in the case of the "seven loaves and the few fishes" described in the Bible in Matthew 15:34, Jim Bryant produced a doggie bag so that the remnants were collected and Charles said that three days later he still had enough to eat. He was particularly fond of the fruit cake produced by B. Coe, altho he thanked all others.

The youngest hiker was a five-pound toy poodle, wearing a red ribbon and belonging to John and Eileen Clauson, who were visiting John's sister, Hazel Lytle.

As Trail Boss Dixon Fagerberg promised, "This hike is a Western Education in itself." Lila Jankus spotted a clump of beautiful yellow flowers on a lofty narrow ledge high above with what was evidently an eagle's nest to the right of the flowers. B. Coe identified a minute lavender flower near the trail as indigo, while others spotted beautiful blossoms here and there at the end of December. How many other places can show wild flowers blooming on New Year's Day?

The hardy hikers were: B. and Will Coe, Hazel Lytle, Eileen and John Clauson, Edgar C. Targ, Charles Smith, Lila Jankus, Maida Slavin, Dix Fagerberg, Paul Rudesill, Reed and Betty Hallock, Lothar Kolbig, Jim Bryant, and Ellsworth Schnebly. Some of the group took only a six-mile round-trip, while the hardier ones made seven or eight miles.

Ellsworth Schnebly, Sec'y.

Westerners Carry Torch for Fire Department

After the regular monthly meeting of the Sedona Westerners held on Thursday, January 13 had been called to order by Trail Boss, Dr. Ed Long, and guests had been introduced, Dr. Long turned the meeting over to Fire Chief, Ollie Simon, who made an impassioned plea, urging the Westerners to turn the entire proceeds from their annual Easter breakfast on Sunday, April 2, 1972 over to the firemen for their new building. The Westerners supported the motion by unanimous vote. Now it is up to the public to get hungry enough and lazy enough to come to the Elks Lodge and let the waffle irons and hot cake materials at home take a rest one day in April.

Following Ollie's dramatic appeal, and realizing that all of us need fire protection at one time or another, the speaker of the evening, Jim Gregg, was introduced and entertained the group for about an hour with his recollections of what used to happen around Flagstaff.

Jim Gregg, a long-time resident of Sedona, was born in Flagstaff in 1896, one block west of where Vandevier's Lodge is now located. Jim's mother had begun her schooling in the first grade in Flagstaff, where both Jim and Fletcher Fairchild went through the elementary school.

In 1872, Jim Gregg's father built a new cabin where the Museum of Northern Arizona now stands. He moved into this cabin on July 4, very appropriately for a patriotic son who was later to see service in World War One in the mine-laying fleet and was later attached to the French army. During World War Two, part of which time he was in Hawaii, Jim Gregg was a Chief Gunnery Officer in the navy, thus having served in both WORLD WARS, an honor not accorded to too many.

We were told that the A-1 Cattle Company was the first one in Coconino County, after which the Pitchfork and the Hashknife came along as cattle barons. The A-1 Mountain was named after the original Cattle Company. Gregg remembers that when he was a young boy, his mother took him to see the tree where the first flag was raised, causing the town to get its name, Flagstaff.

As in most western towns, men were rough and inclined to fight. Cowboys and Mexicans made the saloons their hang-out and often came armed with ample rocks (the predecessor of the hand grenade) which often FAILED to MISS their mark. One Mexican hit a cowboy with a rock. The burly cowboy picked the Spanish American up bodily and deposited him upon a red hot stove, much to the Mexican's chagrin and what-have-you, or better "what-had-he?" Gregg had a reperfoire of similar amusing anecdotes.

The Gregg ranch was north of the Museum of Northern Arizona while their range extended from the Santa Fe tracks to the Grand Canyon in those days when fences were as scarce as hippies were in early days.

With the Declaration of war in 1917, Jim Gregg, Fletcher Fairchild and seventeen others enlisted and served the country which so many are now AFRAID TO SERVE by choosing to go to Cuba, Canada or Russia where they should be compelled to remain.

One old-timer, whose name can remain anonymous, kept a green whiskey bottle with a "pop-up" bottom in which he kept a small amount of mountain dew. He was always generous enough to offer a drink to his guests, but never failed to request that they "take only a little nip as there was not much left." However, after the guest or guests had departed, he would unearth his ever-faithful jug and replenish the minimum amount in the green bottle.

Indians often caused trouble in those earlier days, so that a rock wall was built around a barn in which a well had been dug so that water would always be available when an attack was made. (This reminds me of Pipe Springs in Northern Arizona.)

The A-1 brand was changed to XTI (X-t-i Bar) by some juggling and brand-blotting, until the rustlers were apprehended, and probably induced to dance at the end of a rope.

One cattle rustler, Hugh Anderson, was going to be prosecuted by the Babbitt outfit, but because he would often leave a quarter or a smaller chunk of beef to a hungry family, he was considered to be a modern Robin Hood. The result was that no judge or other official could round up enough men for a jury to prosecute or try him.

The well - known and famous Rimmy Jim (who used to have a small store on old U. S. 66 some distance east of Flagstaff) was a friend of Jim Gregg. Residents of Flagstaff, in those days before there was a road down Schnebly Hill, or the much later road down Oak Creek Canyon, would drive a buckboard to the top of the Hardling Trail and would then walk down the trail to fish (and probably swim) in Oak Creek.

When Jim Gregg's mother was in school in Flagstaff with Henry Ashurst, a teacher once asked the class to write what they planned to be when they grew up. Henry Fountain Ashurst said, "I'm going to be Arizona's first senator." His prediction came true.

Chinamen had much trouble with their pigtails (unfortunately, since those pigtails were almost sacred to the Chinese) and many Chinese worked on the railroad until about 1916.

The Grand Canyon Hotel, The Weatherford, and the Commercial were the earliest hotels in Flagstaff. The Gregg Family had a dropleaf table with a stick to hold up the leaf when it was in use. To save room, the leaf was dropped when not in use. One time a grown man whittled that stick until it was useless. Supposing that Jim had done the damage, his dad proceeded to give him a sound thrashing while the grown man looked on silently. Jim vowed that he would hunt that man and punish him someday for the unmerited whipping. Many years later, Gregg learned where the man, Frank Meyer, was. He walked to his home and asked, "Are you Frank Meyer?" Jim narrated "the case of the whittled stick" (as Perry Mason would write it) and told the man that he was going to "get even," but he let the elderly man talk him out of the deserved punishment.

Jim Gregg frequently stayed in the two-story-with a full-base-ment house built in 1902 by Carl Schnebly. Although this was not built for a hotel, it was later known as the Schnebly Hotel and was headquarters for many short-or long-time guests, as well as travellers.

(1972) . . Ellsworth Schnebly.

Westerner Names Butte

Because the Schnebly Hill-Bear Wallow trek scheduled for Sunday, January 7, was impossible since too much mud had closed the road, fifty-four hikers of the Sedona Westerners, with welcome guests, drove South on highway 179, and turned right on the Cornville Road where they staggered and stumbled over lava rocks and dodged a hillside cluttered with prickly pear and tiny cactus plants to the summit of a butte.

When everyone had been asked the name of the butte and no one knew, the ever-ready, original Charles Smith looked to the southwest and saw Stud Horse Tank. He then said, "I christen thee Stud Horse Butte," so perhaps that name will stick. From this vantage point, which was somewhat larger than two football fields, a spellbinding view of 360 degrees let the group look OVER the surrounding mesas, except to the north, where the elevation was higher. Naming this butte (not large enough to qualify as a true "mesa") is reminiscent of the days in the thirties when my father, T. C. Schnebly, was working with the CCC Boys, teaching them how to hew logs for the bridges which they built over many washes in Coconino County (and elsewhere). The crew was working on the Schnebly Hill Road, trying to straighten some of the sharp meanders left by the original builders, who had no modern machinery such as bulldozers, tractors, road graders, etc., and had to rely only on their muscles, crow bars, shovels, picks and "slip" scrapers (in those days there were no Fresno scrapers) with dynamite to blast the large immovable boulders. When the crew came with the engineer to a canyon which is dangerous to cross during or shortly after a rain, the engineer, in making his map asked, "What is the name of this canyon?" No one had ever named it, so one man said in a rapid-fire, slurring manner, "Damned if I know," which sounded like "Damfino." That name was subsequently put on Forest Service maps and if you will look as you go up Schnebly Hill today, you will see a sign on the left side of the road which reads "Damfino." Did YOU know how that name originated? If not, you do NOW as my dad was a witness for the naming of that canyon.

Perhaps, in future years, "Stud Horse Butte" will be appearing on Forest Service maps. If so, give Charles Smith credit.

The group saw no Indian ruins, but did see three deer as they scampered away across to the northwest into a brush area, where they undoubtedly watched with glee, led by Rudolph, chuckling to themselves for having eluded the "white eyes."

The day was slightly chilly, but there was very little mud except on top, and camaraderie was in command of the situation. The four-mile hike gave everyone the exercise which we should have daily, especially those of us who have long-since been graduated with the degree of "Septuagenarian."

Those enjoying this back-country contact with Nature were: Marie and Art Harvey, Ben and Bernice Renfro, Eliot and Val Hirsch, Ollie Howard, Lila Jankus, Hazel and Bill Seaman, Charlotte and Al Coxley, Reed and Betty Hallock, Agnes and Earl Sutton, Laura Bauer, Chas. Smith, Alma Good, Betty Borlin, Bob Bailey, Paul Rudesill, Jeanne and Maynard Clark, Lennie Lemke, Hazel Lytle, Tom Moers, Lew and Monnie Goddard, Alice Etter, Mildred Janney, B. H. Davidson, Jim and Betsy Bryant, Dr. Ed Long, Maxine and Alan Buckley, Bob and Virginia Watts, Lothar Kolbig, Stan Altpeter, Frances and Bob Kinker, Charles Jorgenson, Susan Law, Connie Carey, Maleese Black, Jane Welton, Don and Kay Graham, Gordon Clarke, Ernie Stent, Rosina Van Patten, and Ellsworth Schnebly.

. . . Ellsworth Schnebly, Reporter.

The Invincable Westerners Cross the Verde!

On Christmas night, 1776, the valiant George Washington, with 3000 ragged and hungry patriots, crossed the Delaware; on Saturday, January 27, 1973, slightly more than 196 years later, the Co-admirals of the Fleet, Dr. Ed Long and Charles Smith, with only twenty-six hardy Sedona Westerners, crossed the Verde River in their Invincible Armada, an inflatable rubber boat loaned to them by the genial and barber Harvey Johnsen. The Westerners want to express their gratitude for risking his precious possession.

After having crossed the Verde, the group strolled to the ruins of the old hotel and bath houses, where everyone enjoyed his lunch. Following the lunch, Frank and Helena Fisher enjoyed a soaking in one of the two warm pools, one of which has a roof while the other is open to the elements. Others of the group sauntered up and down the "beach" along the Verde River at their leisure inspecting old machinery or parts and wishing that the baths could be put to good use for the public with a good road leading in to make access easy or even possible. The hot springs are used frequently and advantageously. It would appear that they could become a health resort if some enterprising person could invest in proper facilities and make them easily available to the general public. The warm water flows two continuous streams into the Verde.

Unfortunately, thoughtless or careless people have littered the sandy area by carelessly dumping the usual disposables rather than by carrying them home to their own garbage cans.

The fifty-mile drive, to and from the Verde Hot Springs was over a rather circuitous, meandering, steep road, especially down to the Childs Hydroelectric Generating System owned by the Arizona Power Company. Water from the two generators in use rushes violently into the Verde.

In 1902, engineers measured the flow of water from Fossil Springs to be 43 cubic feet per second, except when increased by rainfall. Work on a road was begun in April, 1908 from the Blue Bell Station just south of Mayer, Arizona, and the first automobile reached the Verde River at the Power House site on July 1, 1908. A road was quickly built eleven miles beyond the power house site to the intake, and in early September, 1908, a 150-horse power turbine plant was running with FOSSIL CREEK running thru it, at a head of 55 feet. To complete a power plant in twelve months, 600 men, 400 mules, and 150 wagons went to work. A water conduit 38,000 feet long, with 12,000 feet of concrete tunnels (one single tunnel being 2600 feet long), 12,000 feet of reenforced concrete flume; 2200 feet of wooden flume on trestles over gulches and boulders; 7500 feet of steel gravity siphon mostly covered in trenches; 400 feet of concrete pipe, etc. etc. were built.

Senator W. A. Clark of Jerome (after whom Clarkdale, Arizona was named) operated the United Verde Mine and Smelter and agreed to use more than one-third of the generating capacity of Fossil Creek.

A man can walk the concrete flume with a wire broom and clean the feathery moss from the flume (which floats downstream) in two weeks. Cement then cost $8.00 to $12.00 per barrel, and without cement-mixing machinery, except for shovels and wheelbarrows, the total cost was $1.00 per foot. (Compare that with present-day prices and with modern machinery to make work easier and more rapid.) The average amount of flume completed each working day was 100 feet, all done by Mohave and Apache indians with three exceptions: foreman, sub-foreman and timekeeper.

Unless floods undermine it, the flume is TODAY still permanent. Stehr Lake is located five miles from the intake along the gravity water conduit. Stehr Lake was once a lake, later a 28-acre flat, and now again a lake. It has a draw-off capacity of 280 acre-feet, sufficient to run the entire plant three and one-half days at the average flow of the stream.

There are 1800 kw generating units. Each generator is equipped with a 3000 horse power water wheel of the impulse type.

Before going down the steep winding road to Childs Power Plant, Scout Lew Goddard told the group that they would stop at a view point. Overenthusiastic hikers did not LISTEN and walked two miles up a hill to where they could look down upon the Verde River as it curled around the hill below. Except for misbehaving as errant, inattentive school children, this walk was rewarding. The stop was made at a forest service sign numbered 502C and read, "Primitive Road. Not maintained. Hazardous to public use." Bob (Lawrence Dudley) Bailey is responsible for leading the "sheep" astray and most sheep follow the leader.

According to Will Osborn, Frank Fisher (who has been public-spirited enough to volunteer to supervise the keeping litter from highways leading into Sedona -- and we are grateful to Frank for his conscientious labor) was "a man of the first water." Many of you will recall that in days when water was scarce and difficult to heat, all children were bathed in the same water in a tub at times.

WESTERNERS
(Continued from page 2?)

1-18-73 RED ROCK NEWS

WESTERNERS HEAR DR. CHAS. MINOR

At the Westerners' meeting on Thursday evening, January 11, Dr. Charles Minor, who founded the School of Forestry at Northern Arizona University in 1958 (then Arizona State College), both entertained and instructed an audience in Forestry and its possibilities of using what are now waste products or materials.

Dr. Minor gave statistics stating that 28% of Arizona's area is forested while 90% of these forests consist of Ponderosa Pine. The remainder is Aspen, Douglas Fir, Spruce and other species. The Bureau of Indian Affairs, the Bureau of Land Management, and the state of Arizona cooperate with the U. S. Forest Service in managing these forests and in attempting to find better ways of preserving them for posterity.

Of 20 millions of acres, only approximately four millions are useful for commercial timber. About 60% of the state's game and much of its water come from these four million acres. In addition, recreation, wildlife etc. come from these forests. The Forest Service must manage all aspects of the multiple uses of our forested areas.

The Forest Service attempts to maintain a "sustained yield" so that our nation shall always have an AVAILABLE supply of timber. Some conservation groups protest or argue about control of the forests.

Arizona, and all other forested states are continuously LOSING lands on which forests now grow as more highways are built and these lands are used for residences, etc.

The College of Forestry at N.A.U. is experimenting constantly to make better use of our timber and to use the waste products. Juniper, in particular, which has been destroyed so that countless thousands of acres are littered with dead junipers which have been pulled down supposedly to make more grass grow. Altho Dr. Minor did not say so, it has long been my opinion that destroying these juniper trees is the epitome of asininity because they did provide shade, shelter, and took up very little space while standing, as compared with the space occupied when they lie dead so that -- even if more grass did grow (which is never evident) cattle could not reach that grass thru the maze of brittle branches; erosion by wind and water has been increased and hiding places for wild life have been destroyed.

Dr. Minor exhibited probably two dozen samples of what has been done and can be done with present "waste products." Ornamental, functional, and decorative items and materials were distributed for each person in the audience to handle. Juniper is used for particle board, acoustical board, insulation, et al. Particle board can easily be formed into various shapes such as curved backs for chairs. One piece of particle board had a label reading "Bark center, fine residue surfaces." Beautiful plywood can be made from Ponderosa, while both Juniper and Ponderosa

(Continued on page 21)

WESTERNERS
(Continued from page 19)

bark makes excellent insulation. One piece of Juniper Particle Board was made of bark, berries, wood scraps, and needles taken from trees, and was beautiful when varnished or finished.

Particle board can be overlaid with vinyl, while aluminum and plastic are used as overlays. UNFINISHED PARTICLE BOARD absorbs water or moisture but when finished, it resists moisture. Foam board, about as light as balsa, is made from Polyurethane with 80% bark by weight.

Phenolic resin glue on Ponderosa Pine Plywood makes very smooth interior sheathing. High density paper over plywood makes paper overlay. Ponderosa Pine Plywood, when soaked in phenolic resin, is called "Impreg."

Juniper is easily turned on a lathe and is smooth as glass, will not check or crack, and is used ornamentally for decorative poles, pillars, stands for table lamps, etc. Arizona cypress is used in the same way. One beautiful tray made of Arizona Cypress was on exhibit.

Reclaimed newspapers are being made into fiberboard. Flooring, cutting board, etc. are made from Juniper end grain. Paneling made from aspen is beautiful in various finishes.

As you travel over Arizona's highways, you frequently see signs reading, "Your highway taxes at work." When you see survey crews in the same place day after day or week after week or see signs reading "Men at work" with highway engineer trucks standing and no one in sight, you wonder what work is being done, but when you see such finished products as Dr. Minor exhibited, you can KNOW what work your UNIVERSITY TAXES are doing at the College of Forestry at Northern Arizona University.

Ellsworth Schnebly.

WESTERNERS HONOR CHARLES S. THOMPSON

RED ROCK NEWS Sedona, Arizona Thursday, January 18, 1973

CHARLES S. THOMPSON

Seven representatives of The Sedona Westerners of Sedona called on one of their honorary life members, Charley Thompson, at his spacious room in a Cottonwood resident hotel on January 4th. Present and past Westerner officers wished him a happy 80th birthday, and commemorated his "outstanding service to Sedona Westerners" by presenting him a trophy for his hiking leadership as "cactus - dodger" and for being a generous benefactor of the organization.

Former trailboss (president) Dr. Ed Long said "Charley has done a tremendous job and we all appreciate it." Another former trailboss Firemarshall Ollie Simon stated: "When we start building a monument marker at Beaver Creek Stage Station, we gotta have Charley there to help mix concrete."

Trailboss Lew Goddard took time out from his busy photographing of the group, to remark: "I just think Charley started something and it's up to us to keep it going. He made some pretty big footprints." Charles Smith, present cactus dodger, modestly described himself as only a Johnny-come-lately, but Goddard said, "He will work his feet to the bone, but he will not take any credit."

Ellsworth Schnebly, whose parents were among the earliest pioneers with Charley's parents, expressed the belief that Charley was postmaster for the Sedona area for probably longer than anyone else -- about thirty years, in Oak Creek Canyon and Sedona.

Charley's only son, Charles R. Thompson, expressed appreciation for the Westerners' tributes to Charley and added: "He operated a ranch, schoolbus, and post-office, just trying to make a living for me and my sisters." Charley's daughter, Mrs. Josephine Fenn of Indian Gardens, and his granddaughters Patty Burrus and Eunice Fenn were birthday visitors, with one-year-old Eunice adding cries of delight at the excitement of picture-taking, recording, and laughter about recalled tragi - comic episodes of shared Sedona Westerners' experiences.

Former longtime trailboss Tex Dallas emcee'd the recordings of tributes, and of his, Charley's, Schnebly's and Simon's memories of incidents like the active refusal of prize burro Red Sandstone to be bridled and hitched double. This and the absence of available horses to pull the Westerners' stagecoach in a Camp Verde frontier days parade led to an impasse until Charley came up with a solution. He could, and did, pull the converted cavalry "ambulance" spring wagon with his riding lawnmower, thus saving the SW entry and winning a parade prize.

Tex and Ollie recalled at the time the Indian Gardens bridge was inoperative but, with the help of the late former Texan, "Pop" Allen, the mower was lassoed and pulled across the creek via cable.

Of equal excitement, but with more disastrous results was the case of the wasp-bitten horse and burros on north Jordan Road, disrupting but not stopping a Western Days parade. A Phoenix couple was driving an antique buggy across a wash when the stung horse reared and bucked, the buggy was smashed to bits, and one of the burros threw its rider, Miss Lemieux, resulting in multiple arm fractures. After these near catastrophes, the Sedona Westerners discontinued sponsorship of the colorful parades.

Charley's father, John James Thompson, traveled widely in the 1800s, from Ireland to New York, to Texas, Georgia, Mexico, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah, Colorado and various parts of Arizona before discovering and settling down at Indian Gardens where he raised a family of seven sons and two daughters.

All of Charley's eighty years, with the exception of World War I military service, which included France, have been spent in the Sedona and Indian Gardens area. All of his five daughters and one son live in Arizona, with the exception of Charlotte Balik of Fallon, Nevada. Besides those mentioned above, Charley has daughters Stella McMenamin of Cornville; Helen Williams, Tucson; Charleen Smithson, Phoenix; and 20 other grandchildren.

Another birthday visitor was Tam Dunn, owner of Rainbow Trailer Court, which occupies a part of Charley's former homestead at Indian Gardens, as do the properties of Rocky's Cottages, Briar Patch, and Dr. Leo Schnur. Replying to a joking question by Tex as to what he knows about Charley, Dunn said, "He is one of the nicest men I have ever met."

The Westerners found Charley enjoying his comfortable present surroundings, with a fellow-guest and roommate, J. N. Cochran of Camp Verde, breeder and raiser of Appaloosa horses, with whom he shares memories of mutual acquaintances and happenings. Cochran has a trophy awarded to the championship mare in the 1964 Yavapai Centennial Horse Show.

Although Dunn said Charley has gained about ten pounds, the habitually active cactus dodger has one complaint. Because of his very limited vision, Charley says, "I can't do anything but just sit here."

To The Showers!

RED ROCK NEWS 1/18/73

Showers and tub baths were the order of the late afternoon when sixty-five semi-weary trekkers trudged back to their cars, after a three-mile walk up Dry Creek. Leaving the Chamber of Com - merce at 1:30 p.m., the caravan drove seven miles west on Highway 89a, turned off and parked in a spacious "meadow, from where they walked leisurely looking for various types and colors of stones, which were in abundance and which will be added to flower gardens or provide decorations for other places.

As Dry Creek meandered to the north, interminably, occasional pools of water caused some to wonder why they had left their skates at home, since the ice was thick enough to support the weight of any skater in several pools. At times, the walls of Dry Creek rise perpendicularly to probably fifty feet, while the Arizona Cypress, which are in abundance, seek to reach the sunshine, making them taller and larger in diameter than the average Arizona Cypress generally encountered.

The descent from the plateau into Dry Creek was hazardous in places and caused some unused muscles to ache. Beautiful moss and lichens with an overabundance of cactus were everywhere in evidence. Altho there were no Indian ruins to explore, sharp-eyed lovers of rare specimens did collect interesting bits and chunks of driftwood, with evidence (from where limbs had been left by high water in trees) that Dry Creek must have been at least fifteen feet deep in places during flood time.

With a perfectly clear, warm day, the following hikers (one of whom was a heroic blind man) visited and exchanged reminiscenses: Vic and Ellen Claire Sterzing, Lila Jankus, Jeanne and Maynard Clark, Loraine Regan, Thelma Jones, Lou Balch, Lew Goddard, Charles Smith and Dr. Ed Long (all three of whom were leaders, guides and gate-openers and CLOSERS), Reed and Betty Hallock, Fred Donaldson, Harvey and Connie Carey, Hazel Lytle, Alma Good, Irene Manka, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Val Hirsch, Ollie Howard, Elizabeth Rice, Bob and Virginia Watts, Mindred Janney, Alice Etter, Jim Bryant, Lothar Kolbig, Mabs Altpeter, Stan Altpeter, Malda Slavin, Elizabeth Parks, Floyd and Ruth Damschen, Will and B. Coe, Paul Rudesill, Jane Welton, Maleese Black, Alice M. Carnahan, Bonnie Weeks, Kermit and Jean Korn, Mike and Evelyne Wright, Maxine and Alan Buckley, M. Renee Behrens, Betty Borlin, Bob and Jeston Bailey, Pauline and Judd Trask, Elaine Coons, Evelyn and Roger Larson, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Larson, Moote and Nina Colladay, and Ellsworth Schnebly, Secretary.

Westerner's Schedule

RRNews 2/1/73

SUNDAY, February 4
1:30 p.m. Mystery jaunt. Kind of a smorgasbord. Very nearby, wet and dry, smooth and rough, down and up, not too short, not too long. Reckon you'll hanker to it, folks.

SUNDAY, February 11
1:30 p.m. Bear Wallow Flats. An old favorite. Good one for guests. But with something extra added this time.

SUNDAY, February 18
1:30 p.m. Airport Spur toward Red Rock Crossing. On the ridge all the way. Panoramas thrown in free. You'll like this one.

SATURDAY, February 24
9:30 a.m. Verde Falls. On this one, we aim to bust into fresh territory, pardner. It's canteen time again. And don't forget your lunch.

NOTE: All trips start from Chamber of Commerce parking lot. All hikes can be shortened or lengthened to your individual preference. For more detail, you can call 282-3169 or 4898.

1-21-73
Sedona, Arizona Thursday

Westerners Take Tonic

With the temperature in the very low forties, leaden skies prevailing except for three bursts of brief sunshine, forty-eight Westerners and guests who are really hooked on hiking, drove south almost to Bell Rock, and walked eastward up a winding wash wet with sand and mud, which did not stick as former hikes have muddied us up.

Too cool without a coat and too warm with one was the only drawback. The usual chatter, banter and discussions of how and from where the Indians came to North and South America; whether or not thousands of bits of rock of various sizes were agate, onyx, and some people guessed it might be a form of travertine. However, it appears most likely that, because it came in roughly formed layers or strata, it must have been the result of an upheaval from an ancient sea bottom and was onyx or tufa.

The group had no rough climbing, as usual, and stopped on top of a dome-shaped huge red rock which commanded a view of the entrance to Jack's Canyon. The view was superb with the spires to the left separated from us by too much catslaw to entice the hikers to want to penetrate the thickets late in the afternoon of January 21, especially when an occasional snowflake or sleet pellet threatened a storm. This was another hike for pleasure, relaxation, and exercise described before leaving, by Trail Boss Dix Fagerberg, as a "mild, mid-winter tonic."

The Invincable Westerners Cross the Verde!

On Christmas night, 1776, the valiant George Washington, with 3000 ragged and hungry patriots, crossed the Delaware; on Saturday, January 27, 1973, slightly more than 196 years later, the Co-admirals of the Fleet, Dr. Ed Long and Charles Smith, with only twenty-six hardy Sedona Westerners, crossed the Verde River in their Invincible Armada, an inflatable rubber boat loaned to them by the genial and barber Harvey Johnsen. The Westerners want to express their gratitude for risking his precious possession.

After having crossed the Verde, the group strolled to the ruins of the old hotel and bath houses, where everyone enjoyed his lunch. Following the lunch, Frank and Helena Fisher enjoyed a soaking in one of the two warm pools, one of which has a roof while the other is open to the elements. Others of the group sauntered up and down the "beach" along the Verde River at their leisure inspecting old machinery or parts and wishing that the baths could be put to good use for the public with a good road leading in to make access easy or even possible. The hot springs are used frequently and advantageously. It would appear that they could become a health resort if some enterprising person could invest in proper facilities and make them easily available to the general public. The warm water flows two continuous streams into the Verde.

Unfortunately, thoughtless or careless people have littered the sandy area by carelessly dumping the usual disposables rather than by carrying them home to their own garbage cans.

The fifty-mile drive, to and from the Verde Hot Springs was over a rather circuitous, meandering, steep road, especially down to the Childs Hydroelectric Generating System owned by the Arizona Power Company. Water from the two generators in use rushes violently into the Verde.

In 1902, engineers measured the flow of water from Fossil Springs to be 43 cubic feet per second, except when increased by rainfall. Work on a road was begun in April, 1908 from the Blue Bell Station just south of Mayer, Arizona, and the first automobile reached the Verde River at the Power House site on July 1, 1908. A road was quickly built eleven miles beyond the power house site to the intake, and in early September, 1908, a 150-horse power turbine plant was running with FOSSIL CREEK running thru it, at a head of 55 feet. To complete a power plant in twelve months, 600 men, 400 mules, and 150 wagons went to work. A water conduit 38,000 feet long, with 12,000 feet of concrete tunnels (one single tunnel being 2600 feet long), 12,000 feet of reenforced concrete flume; 2200 feet of wooden flume on trestles over gulches and boulders; 7500 feet of steel gravity siphon mostly covered in trenches; 400 feet of concrete pipe, etc. etc. were built.

Senator W. A. Clark of Jerome (after whom Clarkdale, Arizona was named) operated the United Verde Mine and Smelter and agreed to use more than one-third of the generating capacity of Fossil Creek.

A man can walk the concrete flume with a wire broom and clean the feathery moss from the flume (which floats downstream) in two weeks. Cement then cost $8.00 to $12.00 per barrel, and without cement-mixing machinery, except for shovels and wheelbarrows, the total cost was $1.00 per foot. (Compare that with present-day prices and with modern machinery to make work easier and more rapid.) The average amount of flume completed each working day was 100 feet, all done by Mohave and Apache Indians with three exceptions: foreman, sub-foreman and timekeeper.

Unless floods undermine it, the flume is TODAY still permanent. Stehr Lake is located five miles from the intake along the gravity water conduit. Stehr Lake was once a lake, later a 28-acre flat, and now again a lake. It has a draw-off capacity of 280 acre-feet, sufficient to run the entire plant three and one-half days at the average flow of the stream.

There are 1800 kw generating units. Each generator is equipped with a 3000 horse power water wheel of the impulse type.

Before going down the steep winding road to Childs Power Plant, Scout Lew Goddard told the group that they would stop at a view point. Overenthusiastic hikers did not LISTEN and walked two miles up a hill to where they could look down upon the Verde River as it curled around the hill below. Except for misbehaving as errant, inattentive school children, this walk was rewarding. The stop was made at a forest service sign numbered 502C and read, "Primitive Road. Not maintained. Hazardous to public use." Bob (Lawrence Dudley) Bailey is responsible for leading the "sheep" astray and most sheep follow the leader.

According to Will Osborn, Frank Fisher (who has been public-spirited enough to volunteer to supervise the keeping litter from highways leading into Sedona -- and we are grateful to Frank for his conscientious labor) was "a man of the first water." Many of you will recall that in days when water was scarce and difficult to heat, all children were bathed in the same water in a tub at times.

The first was fortunate, as was Frank Fisher, the man of the first water when he was the first to relax in the covered hot - spring Saturday. Others kept the ferry running so that all landlubbers are now deck apes, swabbies, or sea-going bell-hops. Regretfully, because of the snow storm, fewer people turned out for this -- one of the best outings.

Those going were: Lew and Cathi Goddard, Agnes and Earl Sutton, Hazel Lytle, Reed and Betty Hallock, (Reed has been taking movies which they will see on Thursday, Feb. 8), Rose Boyd, Ed Long, Charles Smith, Dix Fagerberg, Bob and Virginia Watts, Jeanne and Maynard Clark, B. Coe, Maida Slavin, Frank and Helena Fisher, Winnie Jackson, Will Osborn, Bob Bailey, Evelyn, Ida and Roger Larson, and Ellis-

The youngest hiker was tiny Nicole Fagerberg, backpacked by her father and mother, Nelson and Lisa Fagerberg. She never uttered even a minute complaint about any discomforts. Others going were: Lou Balch, Elizabeth Parks, Marie and Art Harvey, Lew Goddard, C. G. Harris, Paul Rudesill, Marge and Emmett Wiemer, Reed Hallock, Agnes and Earl Sutton, Dix Fagerberg, Alma Good, Betty Borlin, Leo and Mildred Wright, Maida Slavin, Alice Etter, Elizabeth Rice, Alfred and Charlotte Coxley, Charles Jorgensen, Lothar Kolbig, Charles Smith (who signs his name with an "X"), Ed Long (who is always on hand to treat cuts and scratches if needed), Gordon Newton, Will and B. Coe, Monty Colladay, Bonnie Weeks, Maleese Black, Jane Welton, Jeanne and Maynard Clark, Hazel Lytle, Bob and Jeston Bailey, Jessie Newton, Phyllis Williams, Bennett T. Kent, Mildred Janney, Dana and Esther Morgenson, and

. . . Ellsworth Schnebly.

10/5/72

SEDONANS ENJOY WILDERNESS TRIP

Virginia and Bob Watts, with Stan Altpeter in one car, Lou Gardner and Jim Bryant and veteran hiker Lothar Kolbig in his four-wheel drive, and Will and Amy Osborn in their car took off last week for a trip to the Escalante Wilderness. Some of the little towns, such as Orderville, Alton, Hatch, Tropic, Henrieville and Escalante were just names on the Utah map to them until this trip.

They passed through these Utah towns and the dirt road that eventually leads to "Hole-in-the-Rock" where a party of Mormons had literally carved a wagon road out of the rocks to reach the Colorado River.

Parking at Willow Tank, 40 miles southeast of Escalante, they unpacked their cars and loaded their gear to backpacks and walked into Coyote Gulch. Following Dry Creek Wash into Coyote Gulch, they left behind the Slickrock country and tramped into the west Coyote, where the canyon walls became higher and higher. The creek makes many "S" curves on its way to the Escalante River, with the walls, carved by water, wind and sand, hundreds of feet above them. In some places, the walls were undercut, forming huge amphitheatres that would seat thousands of people. The acoustics fascinated Jim Bryant, who in one place surprised himself with a delayed echo. By that time, they were wading ankle-deep and wary of quicksand, marveling at a broken arch, which when complete must have risen more than 500 feet above the stream bed.

Their base camp was about 8 miles from the starting point, on a wide, hard sand shelf facing a sheer rock wall that rose more than 500 feet straight up. Freeze-dried foods provided them with luxurious desserts, such as chocolate cream pie and blueberry cobbler. Virginia and Jim were able chefs, while the rest gathered firewood and water and kept camp clean and tidy.

One party of young men passed by one day, camping further upstream, another couple camped just below them one night, and several other groups were encountered. They had signed the register as being Northern Arizona Audubon members and two of the passing parties inquired if they were the Audubon members, since they had read the register.

The day trip mentioned took them downstream to the Escalante River, and by that time they were wading knee-deep, so decided they had gone far enough. As they were breaking camp and starting their walk out, the sky became overcast and thunder rumbled. The rain waited till they arrived at their cars and had stowed their gear and were ready for the long drive home.

Take eight people, add 30-40 pound packs, wet feet and blisters and most memorable experiences, and you have heard only half the story. The grandeur, the silence, the eternity of nature made all of them conscious of their heritage and they were determined to preserve it.

worth Schnebly.

Watch YOUR RED ROCK NEWS (or subscribe to it) to see when and where next week's hike is to lead. It would be a breach of etiquette not to mention that Dr. Ed Long, Dix Fagerberg, and Charles Smith carried and launched the seagoing craft, omitting only the breaking of the bottle of champagne on the rubber gunwales, bow and stern.

RED ROCK NEWS Sedona, Arizona Thursday

Westerners Enjoy Pilgrimage

1973

Just before 73 hikers of the Sedona Westerners embarked on their pilgrimage, on Sunday, Feb. 4, Dix Fagerberg-Trail Boss-announced, "This is to be a serene Sunday afternoon saunter with a choice of taking either the inner or shorter, or the outer of the longer loop.

Dix led the pack across the "Private, no trespassing" swinging bridge (the Westerners never go on private property without permission) across Oak Creek, but some had enough of the swinging and walked back across the concrete slab further upstream. Once across the bridge they played "Follow the leader" over cobblestones, marble-like pebbles, thru sand, catclaw, cactus, Ocotillo, Junipers, Pinions, and other shrubbery and obstacles such as fallen logs. In fact the whole hike was an "obstacle course" to the promontory overlooking Oak Creek and the almost century-old Chavez irrigation ditch, with a breath-taking panorama (even to Sedonans) of red rocks forming a 270 degree arc with Court House Rock, Church Rock, Wilson Mountain, Sky Mountain, and other familiar formations and land marks on, above, or below the horizon. The view was truly spectacular and one which Dix Fagerberg enjoys so much that he goes there frequently.

Lew Goddard tired of playing "Follow the leader" and went off to the north on his own solo trek while the remainder took either the inner loop or the longer outer loop down over ledges, hurdles, and other hazards back to where their cars were parked. Those enjoying this three-to-four mile hike on an exceedingly pleasant Sunday were : Amy Osborn, Rose Boyd, Luanne and Jerry Winans, Charles Smith, Hazel Lytle, Elizabeth Parks, Lou Balch, Ed Long, Lew Goddard, Bonnie Weeks, Lothar Kolbig, Paul Rudesill, Blanche Wyles, Al and Marilou Cushman, Stan and Mabs Altpeter, Dix Fagerberg, Seraph and Walter Wedge, Charlotte and Alfred Coxley, Val Hirsch, Susan Law, Charles Jorgensen, Bernice Renfro, Ollie Howard, Bernice and Winnie Jackson, Harvey and Connie Carey, Eleanor and Roy Rathbun, Dick and Audrey Feeney, Bill Jones, Bob and Virginia Watts, Alan and Maxine Buckley, Eileen Ludwig, M. Renee Behrens, Mel Hahn, Tom Moers, Monty Colladay, Jim Bryant, Alice and Cleon Etter, Gertrude X. Mooney, Bertha Phillips, Jo Bartholomew, Jack Dowds, Clarence Brehm, Gladys and Bror Carlson, Roy and Fran Martin, Mildred Janney, Ford Grant, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Bob Every, Vic Sterzing, Ray Heym, Frank Fisher, Bruce and Lucerne Tucker, Maleese Black, Jane Welton and Ellsworth Schnebly.

On Thursday, Feb. 8 at 8:00 P.M. in the School Auditorium, the regular monthly meeting of the Sedona Westerners will be held with Mr. Lee Redding presenting the San Francisco Peaks Land Use Plans and Reed Hallock showing movies taken of some of our hikes. All are welcome.

Rumor, from an unimpeachable source, assures us that, following the cruise of the Argonauts on Saturday, January 27, across the Verde River, Charles (Jason) Smith, who had borrowed the "Argo" from the generous Harvey Johnsen to transport the Westerners in search of the fabled Golden Fleece, could not be reached by phone or otherwise durjng the past week. It was learned later from a reliable informer that Jason had had to put the Argo in drydock and had secluded himself, after which he had been trying to scrape the Fossil Creek barnacles from her hull by scouring with the Golden Fleece (which strongly resembles Brillo Pads) he finally had to resort to his old-fashioned cold chisel to restore the doomed craft to its pristine condition.

Thanks to Charles' labors, he was able to return the borrowed property to the owner, undamaged. Moral: "Neither a borrower or a lender be for a loan oft loses both itself and friend," if we can believe the immortal Shakespeare-or some other wise man.

, February 8, 1973

RED ROCK NEWS Sedona, Arizona Thursday, February 22, 1973

Skies Lower On Westerner Optimists

R.R.N. 2/15/73

Because the weatherman had predicted showers for the past three days, and had "misfired," seventeen optimistic Westerners started out with light raindrops on Sunday, Feb. 11 at 1:30 and drove to Red Tank Wash to see if the petroglyphs were still there. They climbed down the steep, stone-strewn trail, slipping now and then and dodging catclaw, which Lew Goddard later removed with his pruners.

Always intriguing, the petroglyphs always reveal something which escaped notice before. Lew Goddard had to cross the stream to see what was on the other side. Rain was falling pretty steadily as the "optimists" worked their way over loose rocks and in mud to the top of the canyon where they were happy to be inside their cars again.

No one got saturated but missed that only by a few seconds.

Those "enjoying" the outing under lowering skies were: Lew Goddard, Blanche Wyles, Hazel Lytle, Bill Seaman, C. M. "X" Smith, Dr. Ed Long, Dix Fagerberg, Paul Rudesill, Lothar Kolbig, Jim Bryant, Charles Jorgensen, Clarence Brehm (who hunted, but could not find javelina tracks) , Jack Douds, Jo Barthold, Al and Marilou Cushman, and Ellsworth Schnebly.

Because the road up Schnebly Hill was in poor condition, the originally scheduled trip to the Bear Wallow Flats was cancelled and will be re-scheduled, and because most people had faith in the weatherman's predictions (which were correct this time), they stayed at home and did not even get dampened. Even in the rain and snow, everyone was happy.

. . . Ellsworth Schnebly.

Westerners Getting Younger

Perhaps the unusual highlight of the Westerners' safari on Sunday, Feb. 18, was that Dayan Mossberg, a baby only four weeks old made the entire trip securely and comfortably strapped to his mother, Mrs. Holly Mossberg. This baby, Dayan Mossberg (grandson of Will and Amy Osborn -- veteran Westerners and habitual hikers) made no unfavorable comments or outcries. Thus, we may expect him to grow up, not remembering the details of the trip, but being able to boast that he was the youngest person ever to travel with the largest crowd (75 Westerners) to date.

The caravan drove up the airport hill, parked the cars off the road, went outside the four-wire fence, walked to the west until the fence turned south from where they followed the ridge, over boulder-strewn terrain littered with cactus and some catclaw which threatened pain at every step.

As they usually do, one of the leaders, this time Dix Fagerberg, stopped periodically to let the slower and the feeble septuagenarians catch up and catch their breath.

After about two miles, Dix stopped the entire group and called their attention to a view on the northeast which included a panoramic arc of Court House (NOT "CATHEDRAL" or any other Johnny-come-lately name) Rock, by Red Rock Crossing (not Baldwin's Crossing); an unnamed steep-sided hill with a very rugged top (which because of its giving an unobstructed, overall view of Little Horse Park, Dix Fagerberg suggested that it should be appropriately christened "Little Horse Heights); Bell Rock; and Church Rock (regardless of what newcomers may choose to dub it); Chapel Hill and Chapel Bells homes; and other fantastic red rock formations too numerous to list, even if their names were known. It is not the purpose of the Westerners to give names to places, but to preserve the names of the pioneers and oldtimers. At times, certain Westerners have SUGGESTED names of outstanding landmarks, which are not names on topo maps. Thus we hope that the Forest Service will accept the suggested name of LITTLE HORSE HEIGHTS, since nothing could better describe the hill which can be most easily (altho not without considerable effort) "scaled" from near Bell Rock on Highway 179.

While the Westerners have viewed certain of these prominent landmarks from all directions, it is doubtful that any point (especially at such close range) could afford a view of so many points of interest.

This walk is not along narrow trails or steep cliffs, but is mostly on rolling ridges, until going down a saddle and up the other side from which point the Red Rock Loop is brought into full view for miles.

At this point, some hikers turned and walked back to their cars while others slipped and slid down the steep hill littered with small stones which made walking slightly hazardous unless the hiker watched each step and planted his foot firmly. Some drivers returned to their cars, drove down to that point and picked up those who had completed the journey, while others walked back up the valley below the ridge, a total of probably five miles, on a perfectly beautiful day with no rain, no snow, and only a few patches of mud in the level spots. All of this augurs beautiful spring flowers if Jack Frost or heavy March and April winds do not evaporate the moisture. At present, the prospects are pleasing for ranchers and farmers, since cow tracks on the ridge showed that the cattle had sunk three or four inches into the mud at places. Even Sky Mountain appeared lower than the ridge from where the spectacular view amazed everyone who had not been there previously and pleased those who had seen it once or more times.

If there are those who fear to go on these weekly Westerner trips because they cannot maintain the pace, they may rest assured that by asking the guide, he will stop the group, just as Charles Smith, Lew Goddard, Ed Long and other leaders, including Dix Fagerberg, have done. No Indian ruins were encountered, no snakes or wild animals were seen. This was a day for a leisurely walk and for camaraderie which should be a part of the daily diet of EVERY PERSON.

Those making the trip were: Hazel Lytle, Blanche Wyles, Tracy Kohl (Welcome, Tracy; come again), Rose Boyd, Alan and Maxine Buckley, Betty Post, Lou Balch, Holly and BABY Dayan Mossberg, Will Carmen, Marie and Art Harvey, Alice and Cleon Etter, Charles M. Smith, Bonnie and Randy Weeks, Maida Slavin, Jean Thorpe, Jim Bryant, Dr. Ed Long, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Lothar Kolbig, Charles Jorgensen, Jack and Phyllis Biddington, Sally and Emily Elliott, Jack Douds, Eleanor and Ray Rathbun, Will and Amy Osborn (grand - parents of Baby Dayan Mossberg), Mildred Janney, Geri Tresser, Leonard and Betty Johnston, Eliot and Val Hirsch, Bertha Phillips, Will and B. Coe, Dix and Mary Fagerberg, Floyd H. and Ruth M. Damschen, Bernice Renfro, Ollie Howard, Jane Welton, Maleese Black, Mabs and Stan Altpeter, Bob and Virginia Watts, Bob and June Every, Lew Goddard, Dana and Esther Morgenson (who will in a year or so become permanent residents, and not merely winter visitors at their Kachina Hts. home), Jeanne and Maynard Clark, Agnes and Earl Sutton, Connie and Harvey Carey, Mitch Avant, Steve Knott, Jo Barthold, Ray Heym, Bob and Frances Kinker, and Ellsworth Schnebly.

These hikes are not haphazardly planned. Lew Goddard, Dix Fagerberg, Charles Smith, Ed Long, Jim Bryant, Bob and Virginia Watts, Will and Amy Osborn and perhaps others (pardon my overlooking your name, if I have omitted any) go over the territory, make the climbs sometime before, and then go over the roads a day or so before the hike. Then once in a while the weather changes those roads overnight or on the day of the trip.

Next hike is an all-day trip to Verde Valls and "some fresh territory" leaving the Chamber of Commerce at 9:30 a.m. Bring water and your lunch for a pleasant all-day outing.

.. Ellsworth Schnebly,
Reporter.

Sedona, Arizona Thursday, March 1, 1973

Westerner's Schedule

SUNDAY, March 4

1:30 p.m. Bear Wallow Flats and over to the Saddle. Been rained out twice. They can't stop us this time.

SUNDAY, March 11

1:30 p.m. Mingus Holler. We spiral up an abandoned mine road to some fine lookouts. Rather short -- and no boulders or catclaw to contend with.

SUNDAY, March 18

1:30 p.m. OPEN. Possibly Red Tank Draw and its petroglyphs. (Those few who went there in the rain on Feb. 11 could try Wild Horse Mesa.)

SATURDAY, March 24

9:30 a.m. Little Park Heights. Betcha haven't been here. Rewarding going up, on the tops, and coming down. Refer to footnote.

NOTE: Being of superior intelligence, all our hikers understand that they can shorten, lengthen or otherwise modify each expedition to suit their fancy. All trips start from Chamber of Commerce parking lot. Details wanted? -- Call 282-3169 or 4898.

Lucky Westerners find the sun again

by
L.H. Goddard

There are no optimists like the Sedona Westerners.

About 1:31 last Sunday afternoon, about 40 of us left Sedona under cloudy skies, drove through rain and snow to Red Rock Crossing and parked out on the bare rocks just as the storm blew over.

From the east bank, it looked as though the crossing was about a foot under water, but we headed up the east bank toward Courthouse Rock over quite an obstacle course of tumbled rocks and trees into a lush meadow.

After gathering our strays and stollers, Charlie Smith gave the old cavalry Ho-ooo and set out for the higher elevations. We traversed the talus slope into a rough, rock-strewn wash emanating from the saddle between the still higher and vertical rocks. After a few minutes of that kind of mad scramble, with aching legs and much "blowing," most of us fervently wished we had let discretion previal over valor.

An even dozen of us made it to the saddle between the towers. There, amid much puffing, huffing and picure-taking, Gine Dickieson, Hazel Lytle and Jim Bryant (bless 'em) opened their packs and produced coffee, cookies and cake; all devoured in record time. After suitable study of the surrounding countryside, we took the fall line back to Oak Creek. For the uninitiated, the fall line is the shortest and steepest way downhill.

The "toppers" were Charlie (Mountain Goat) Smith, Gine Dickieson, Hazel Lytle, Jim Bryant, Will Osborn (Amy was left below), Jo and Rudy Pelusi (visitors who asked "do the Westerners always climb like this?), Ray Heym (who insisted there was an easier way up), Vic Sterzing, Helena and Frank Fisher and Lew Goddard, copyboy.

Also along were Lorraine Jaquith, Paul Rudesill, Ed Long, Dix Fagerberg (with his mis-matched boots), Lou Balch, M.L. Johnson, Bonnie Weeks, Barb Bowling, Mildred Janney, Ellsworth Schnebly, Mike Nardello, Georgann and Clarence Brehn, John Schmitz, Dot and George Pickard, Irma Hepner, Mary and Lenny Lemke, Luanne and Jerry Winans, Marion and Claude Rogers (with a shaggy friend), Liz Parks, the D.E. Weimers, Gordon Newton and Lois Crall, a visitor from Grand Rapids.

Opt 4 Bear Sign Canyon

Westerners Switch Signals

Sedona, Ariz.
Feb. 24, 1973

Dear Ellsworth:

You explained that you couldn't be with us on our Saturday trip because you had to judge an oratorical contest over in Prescott. Needless to say, we shore did miss you on the outing and I miss you even more as I sit here burning the midnight oil trying to write a newsstory about it. This assignment kinda scares me and I'm not going to try any fancy manoovers like highlighting and interpreting and putting things in a different sequence. I figgered the best way to go about it was to pretend I was writin' you a personal letter, and I know you'd insist on tellin' it exactly like it happened.

Well, first off, we found the Log Book in your carport on the trunk under a rock just as you said. For the 9:30 takeoff, the gathering process started at 9:03 and soon the babbling began about Weather and Whether and Whither. Meanwhile, the crew was signing in and, more or less in order of eagerness, here's the cast: Lew Goddard, Ed Long, Charles Smith, Will and B. Coe, Connie Carey, Hazel Lytle, Maida Slavin, Helen Barker, Elizabeth Rice, Virginia Watts, Lothar Kolbig, Dix Fagerberg, Ethel Oddson, Bonnie Weeks, Ford Grant, Charles Jorgensen, Maynard and Jerome Clark, Will Osborn, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Ruth and Floyd Damschen, Bertha Phillips, Joe Barthold, Lorraine Jacquith, Rose and Joe Boyd, Claude and Marion Rogers, and visitors, Dorothy Lowr and Anne Chase.

That out-of-the-way Lew Goddard, our leader, stood up on the bumper of his Bronco, cleared his throat and finally got enough quiet so he could explain how we were going to pursue the unexpected situation confronting us. No, we're not going to Verde Falls as planned, he said, because when there is too much mud and high water in the low country then we just outfox 'em and head for low water in the high country. We'll just ease up into Bear Sign Canyon where this morning's sunshine should produce a melt-off that will create a good pour-off. So, at 9:29 1/2, the caravan was on its way.

Until we got to the end of the pavement, there was nary an incident; not even a single car got lost. Right pronto, though, some of those eyebrows in the lead car where I was began to arch like Rainbow's End. We began to slide in the slime kinda like a drunk on an overwaxed floor at an oldtime Western dance.

Then it came -- grab the shovels, boys, car off the road! It took some clever excavating, all right, and several honest heave-hos, and out she came. After consultation with the management, it was decided to park it -- the only passenger car of the ten -- on a side road. Then, before resuming, a signal system was set up so that #9, the end car or caboose, would toot three times if any car slid off the road. As the lead car moved out in 4-wheel drive, the caravan Boss was still concerned but said at least it was safer now because all the other parties had brought their mudders along.

Well, Ellsworth, we slithered along touch-and-go maybe another three miles when, woops, the tooter's blazer sank in axle-deep in the right rear. This one was not very funny. Fifteen minutes of grunting and straining didn't budge it. Then a member who is strong and silent (except he hums and whistles quite a lot) said, "I'll get my winch; then it will be a cinch." Wherewith he quickly wrapped the anchor chain around a juniper, hooked onto the Blazer and began to crank er up. Tension quickly built up - on the cable and in the onlookers - when, wham! No, the cable didn't bust, the claw hook just slipped off the grab. Well, it was plum plain that we were going to have to call out our last resort if we were going to get our just deserts. The Bronco backed into position, gave one snort, and pulled the Blazer out of the muck as if there was nothin' to it. After that, things got kinda dull and, after another half mile, we parked securely at the Vultee Arch turnoff point. (I know you're going to ask me for the names of the dramatis personae in these episodes but mum is the word even to you because there are times when even a novice reporter has to have the courage to withhold certain facts to protect the innocent.)

By the time all 33 piled out, adjusted their knapsacks, etc., it was exactly 11:12. They Lew said, "Charley, you can take over now."

Well, you never saw Dry Creek so attractive. It had about half as much water as Dry Beaver does when it hits its peak meltoff. Up old Bear Sign we started. First thing you know we had to ford the creek. Then again and again. Starting at 11:54 seven fords went by in a 10-minute span. This provoked Bill Seaman to inquire, "Wouldn't it simplify things if we just waded up the creek?" I don't think he was serious, though, but just wanted to add a light touch of humor. Actually, everyone enjoyed the zigging and zagging and sure did good -- not a wet moccasin in the whole tribe.

This is the way it went until 12:36 when we finally got to where the West Fork and North Fork join. All of a sudden those usually polite Westerners started scrambling for the closest log or sandbar and wolfing down sandwiches as if they were about to go out of style. About the time everybody was munching apples and cookies, old Charley un-obtrusively slunk around to the North Fork to whack the bushes and mangle the manzanita so we'd have clear going to the waterfall (what I really mean is the pouroff). You've of course been there, Ellsworth, and know there's about a 60-foot drop and there was enough water that it fully came up to the advance billing. While everyone was standing around admiring it, Hazel Lytle and Virginia Watts began to do something about it. They scrambled to a bench about 30 feet up, somehow got around the corner, then discovered a chute and, by dint of the sincerest root-pullin' and boulder-huggin' you ever saw, they soon emerged on top.

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They were followed by Chas. Jorgensen who came up the chimney as if he had designed it just for hisself. Quite a climber.

After that, the party got kind of disorganized. There was picture-taking from the brink and here's as good a time as any to work in that part about what a bee-oot-i-ful day it was and how we got it all - trees, rocks, sky and water - which is no joke, it's true. By disorganized I mean they busted up into singles, twos, sevens and like that and scattered over the countryside like wild burros in the State of Chihuahua.

Along about 3:00 they began drifting in to the ron-de-voo where the cars were parked. As usual, discussion sprung up about how far we had hiked. Ford Grant said confidently that we had done better than six miles. That was too much for Lothar Kolbig who said, "Ford, I will not grant you that extravagant claim." Then something happened that you don't see much of any more even in the West: Ford pulled from the hip! "Here, just look at my pedometer," he exclaimed, and, sure enough, it registered 6.17 miles. "Not over four miles, you step-counter," his adversary shot back.

In matters like this, I notice that you, Ellsworth, are the one people appeal to for the real truth, and my hunch is that, not believing in grants of any kind, governmental or otherwise, you would not even have granted Lothar's 4-mile claim but I do suspect you would have ALLOWED that the MAP DISTANCE COVERED was maybe 3 1/2 miles.

You know, Ellsworth, this trip ought to learn people that some of our best expeditions come when the weather is marginal and we have to switch to some other scenario. Next Sunday, we're scheduled for Bear Wallow Flats but if we go to Turkey Creek or some other place instead, it will still be awful good. At any rate, it will be pretty hard to beat Bear Sign. So that's the way it was as seen by your wide-awake and candid and loyal

CUB REPORTER,
Dix Fagerberg

Mar 8, 1973

RED ROCK NEWS Sedona, Arizona Thursday

Westerners Wallow At Bear Wallow

Come rain, snow or sunshine we hike, maybe not where we planned to, but somewhere. Last Sunday afternoon, we did it again in spite of cold and threatening skies. This time, only twenty-three die-hards took the old movie-set trail up Schnebly Hill and Bear Wallow Way.

Since Cactus Dodger Dixon was out-maneuvered by a sore foot, Ex C.D. Lew took one group on an easy ramble over our local slick rocks, while Assistant C.D. Jim Bryant and another bunch branched off up the steeper and slicker rocks to the saddle near the Big Thumb. Along with Jim were Hazel Lytle, Bob and Virginia Watts, with Phoenix guests June and Bob Road, Lothar Kolbig and Irma Hepner. They say the return trip got a bit hairy at times due to poor visibility and wet rocks in the blizzard.

The moderates, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Al and Marilou Cushman, Val and June Hirsch, Earl Sutton, Ed Long, Lorraine Jacwith, Bob Every, Charlie Smith with Akron guest Ron Preston, C. D. Brehm and Paul Rudesill took the easy way (except for Charlie and Ron's penchant for underbrush) and got back to their cars before the blizzard settled in.

Tonight, Thursday, 8 p.m. at the Sedona School on Brewer Road, we have our regular monthly meeting with our usual welcome to all comers, new, old and in-between. Frank Gillett and daughter Mary, from out Boynton Pass way, will show us some of their color films of wildlife at their bountiful feeding station outside the dining room window. So, come on, stranger, get acquainted and enjoy yourself for a spell.

While I have your attention for the moment, here comes the sales pitch! During the past few weeks, I have heard these sentiments too many times: "I've read about the Westerner hikes and they sound like fun, but --" "Oh, I have wanted to hike with you many times, BUT --", "Love to hike but don't know where." Well, here's THE WORD for YOU: Just DO IT, just get off your "conversation" and come along with us. Like next Sunday from the Chamber of Commerce parking lot, we leave at 1:30 sharp for some back roads and trails on Mingus Mt. - or somewhere else if there is still snow up there.

Be seein' you - the Trail-boss. C.L.H.S

3-15-73

RED ROCK NEWS Sedona, Arizona Thursday

Sub-Cub Reporter Reports On Westerners

Mr. Dixon Fagerberg
Cub reporter, Summa Cum Laude:

March 11, 1973

My amateurish accounts of the wanderings of the Westerners are so inadequately inconsequential as compared with your scintillating memoirs that I feel humbled and should resign and let the public benefit by perusing these weekly Odysseys as written with your wit, skill, and masterful manipulations. Thanks to you and to "Luigi" (Lew Goddard) for pinch-hitting while I played hookey for two weeks, missing the pleasure and thrills which come with the treks with these travellers.

Hampered by a continuous series of inclement Sundays, bringing only unfavorable weather (and grateful for the long-needed precipitation) those undaunted Westerners, under your Cactus-dodging, refused to surrender to adversities, and still preferred being saturated than sitting at home reading about the misfortunes of Dagwood and Blondie or the exploits of Dick Tracy.

Today, with intermittent raindrops on the windshields, thirty-four hikers drove to the old water tank, two and one-half miles west of Jerome, parked, and ambled to the right, up a steep old mine road to the summit of hills about one and one-half miles ABOVE a bench marker which read 6569 feet. Here the group separated, one going to the left to an overlook where they could see that old mining road join the road to Perkinsville while the rest ascended a butte at the top of which was a two-inch pipe imbedded in concrete. WHY? As usual, that was one of the questions which no one was able to answer. The dark clouds over Mingus discharged a chilling violent wind which made standing erect well-nigh impossible on the summit.

Some of the eagle-eyed adventurers spotted a scattered bunch of rocks which had been bulldozed aside and down over the hill at an earlier date when bulldozers or dynamite had dislodged them, and were rewarded by finding an assortment of translucent rocks of various colors with several different types of fossils, once buried in the antediluvian seas.

There was no mud in which to wade, altho there were small patches of snow in the shade. There were no sheer cliffs to climb. Only stamina, sufficient to keep the heart beating, while the climbers puffed like old-time locomotives used to do over the narrow-gauge railroad to Jerome Junction, was required and everyone returned to the cars after about two hours of conviviality, unpolluted, fresh mountain air, and lungs which had dislodged accumulated deposits of foul carbondioxide, inactive because of lack of exercise.

Those who enjoyed this adventure (and there were none who did NOT) were: Betty Post, Lou Balch, Marilou and Al Cushman, George Marich, Hazel Lytle (who with the veteran hikers, Bob and Virginia Watts, outran all others), Jim Bryant, Agnes and Earl Sutton, Ed Long, Charles "X" Smith, Will and B. Coe, Mildred Janney, George Pickard, Charles Jorgensen, Lew Goddard, Alice and Cleon Etter, Paul Rudesill, Ollie Howard, El and Val Hirsch, June Hirsch of Tucson, Lothar Kolbig, Bernice Renfro, the Watts, Ray Heym, Vic Sterzing, Mike Nardello, John C. Schmitz, and Ellsworth Schnebly -- WITHOUT Cactus Dodging Dix Fagerberg, self-styled "cub-reporter," who had failed to dodge snow drifts after midnight and was sitting at home nursing frozen feet, regretting that he too could not be with his compadres. Everyone was thinking of you, Dix, and is eager to welcome you back to lead the pack. Hereafter, let the kids make snowballs at midnight.

Sincerely, the SUB-Cub Reporter, Ellsworth . . . . . .

All Day Hike Became Success

Red Rock News 3/29/73

The all-day hike planned for Soggy Saturday was abandoned at the last minute in favor of a try for a Sunny Sunday, and it turned out to be a winning try. Three dozen or so regulars and visitors started from the Elks' Lodge and climbed Sugar Loaf for a pilot's eye view of Sedona and the whole Oak Creek panorama. Sugar Loaf, by the way, is the correct old-timer's name for that conical hill at the northeast end of the airport; elevation at the Elks' Lodge 4480 feet, elevation at the top 4874, according to our research department's topographical map collection.

Aside from the usual "regulars," some of the visitors who signed in were the Osborns' daughter, Holly Mossberg with grandson Tarkus and baby Dayan; Lorene and Jim Vedder; plus Harry Melts, guest of Lothar Kolbig.

Red Rock News

y, March 29, 1973 Page 17

Westerner's Schedule

Had enough winter, folks? Well, the theme of our April schedule is Springtime in the Verde Valley. We start low and slow, and come up a notch each week. Here's the menu.

SUNDAY, APRIL 1
1:30 p.m. To adjacent east rim from Page Springs and, for marathoners, on up slopes of House Mountain. For this time of year, the nicest trip you ever thaw.

SUNDAY, APRIL 8
1:30 p.m. Dry Creek - Oak Creek confluence area. An interesting geography lesson in pretty country. Bring your camera.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14
9:30 a.m. Little Park Heights. We've saved this all-day beauty until now. You'll always be glad you took this one.

No hike the following weekend, but all hands out to help on the Westerner breakfast following the Sunrise Service.

NOTE: All trips start from Chamber of Commerce parking lot. Visitors more than welcome. It's canteen time again. Call 282-3169 or 4898 if any questions.

Sedona, Arizona Thursday, April 5, 1973 Page 13

Westerners Ignore Weather

Only twenty - four overly-optimistic and semi-foolhardy Westerners ignored the unfavorable weather forecast, drove to a parking spot opposite the lower Page Springs fish-rearing ponds and took off up the steep cactus-studded slopes toward House Mountain. Dodging prickly pears, extra-long-spined hedgehog and an occasional ocotillo while watching for safe footing was a challenge. The ascent was breathtaking two ways as it taxed the lung power and provided a panorama of the entire Verde Valley below with all of the rearing ponds looming as a miniature Minnesota, Wisconsin or Maine with their countless lakes.

Once on the summit, the group followed the eastern ridge of the plateau, as one after another dropped out and returned to the cars, having had sufficient exercise for one day. The majority turned back down a rocky wash, cluttered with rocks which provided precarious footing as the natural cement had been dissolved and caused bits to slither off.

Dix Fagerberg said that although it was not "wash day" we did the wash anyway. A few, who disregarded the few raindrops, continued on indefinitely toward House Mountain, but since a trip to the spot itself requires the better part of a day, most of the group enjoyed only a two-hour taxing hike in a cyclonic wind -- an icy blast -- which took hats flying now and then. The wind was so strong that it almost toppled the hikers at times, but the following hikers recommend anyone's taking it for the spectacular view from the top and the far distant curve in Oak Creek: Pat and Charlie Miller (new residents of Sedona), Paul Rudesill, Hazel Lytle, Bob and Virginia Watts (these three never tire of hiking -- and a few others are like them), Charles X. Smith (always eager to help the timid down off a lofty perch), Ed Long, our retired doctor who has given first aid frequently), Rose Boyd, Al and Marilou Cushman, Claude and Marion Rogers, Dix Fagerberg, Betty and Ford Grant, Amy Osborn, Ray Heym, Irma Hepner, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Tucker, Bob and Jeston Bailey, and Ellsworth Schnebly, your reporter.

FISH & GAME CLUE TO WESTERNERS

4/12/73

Tonight, April 12, 8:00 p.m. at the Sedona School gym, the Westerners hold their regular monthly meeting with the Arizona Fish and Game Department scheduled to tell us about their activities.

Along with a few items of business, we will vote on new officers for the coming year as proposed by our nominating committee. For anyone wishing to make nominations from the floor, please be sure beforehand that your candidate will be willing to serve.

Volunteers will be signed up at this time to help serve the traditional Easter Breakfast following the Easter Sunrise Service at the Shrine of the Red Rocks.

R.R. News

Westerners Find Dry Creek Is

Thanks to Dixon Fagerberg, who had done some scouting during the past week as he usually does, at least fifty-three Westerners and guests enjoyed both a pleasant drive and an invigorating hike down a rocky bank to where Dry Creek is running a beautiful rivulet of clear water until it merges with Oak Creek which is considerably more cloudy, probably because Oak Creek had more tributaries contribution pollution or/and silt.

Because there was no danger of getting lost, the group split into smaller clusters and roamed at their leisure enjoying miniature rapids, flowery hillsides and the finding of an odd-shaped and/or colorful rock or root or branch of a tree. These collections are making rock gardens blossom much more beautifully than the Kleenex bushes, while mantles are being adorned with wood resembling birds, animals and various other objects.

Those who were in doubt about "what kind of flower is that?" had only to wait for the arrival of Alice Etter, or one of the other qualified botanists, to get details. The clear skies with the bracing air and light breeze made hiking a pleasure and the view from the various points above the confluence of the two creeks at the Deer Pass Ranch drew favorable comments from both natives and the astonished visitors. For the first time in weeks, the threat of a storm did

Running

not dampen any spirits or cause anyone to rush to his car to avoid being saturated. Most of the hikers crossed the old tottering bridge which cars long since have ceased traversing. Hopefully, at some future time, that bridge will be replaced. Rattlesnakes cooperated by remaining in their hiding places. But to cross the tottering old bridge, each person had to "walk the plank" as pirates used on victims.

Those making the trip on April 8 were: Holly and Dayan Mossberg, Amy and Will Osborn, Rose Mark, Dix Fagerberg, Val Hirsch, Bernice Renfro, Agnes and Earl Sutton, Lew and Monnie Goddard, George Pickard, Hazel Lytle, Betty Post, Dr. Ed Long, Bonnie Weeks, Alice Etter, Elizabeth Parks, Mildred Janney, Lou Balch, Lothar Kolbig, Janice and Bill Cleveland, Charles Smith, Tom Moers, Charles Jorgensen, Bob and Virginia Watts, Woody and Ethel Oddson, Lennie and Mary Lemke, Maynard and Jeanne Clark, Al and Charlotte Coxley, Joe Nichols, Harry Hoefle, Carl Harris, Eric Jensen, Dick Fagerberg, Mabs and Stan Altpeter, Bob and June Boal, John C. Schmitz, Mike Nardello, Ray Heym, Paul Rudesill, M. Renee Behrens, and Ellsworth Schnebly.

. . E. Schnebly.

On Saturday, April 14 at 9:30 a.m., the Westerners will leave the Chamber of Commerce to go to Little Horse Heights, just west of Highway 179 and north of the Village of Oakcreek.

VOLUME X, NUMBER 31, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1973 SEDONA, ARIZONA 86336

Sunrise Service In 16th Year

The beautiful Shrine of the Red Rocks on Table Top Mountain in Sedona will again be the site for the annual Easter Sunrise service. Visitors from near and far gather at 6:30 a.m. to participate in this meaningful service. These inspirational services were originally organized by the "Square and Compass Club" and are now sponsored by the cooperating churches of Sedona.

The Easter message, Sunday morning, April 22, will be given by the Rev. T. C. Burkett, pastor of the Assembly of God Church in Sedona. His topic will be "Temporal Versus Eternal." Special music is to be provided by the Burk Singers of Phoenix. Other participants in the service are to be James Susa, who will extend the welcome, The Rev. Robert Greene, the Rev. Wm. Parker, the Rev. Dr. Perry D. Avery, and the Rev. Willard Meengs.

Community organizations cooperating are The Sedona Search and Rescue Unit, who will direct traffic under the leadership of Larry Brooks, the Boy Scouts of America, who will hand out programs and receive donations following the service, and the Little League, through Mr. Federwisch, who will furnish the public address system.

For the convenience of early worshippers, the Sedona Westerners are serving breakfast at the Elks Lodge, which is near the entrance of the Airport Road. To reach the Shrine, visitors will go up Airport Road and turn left toward the Masonic Temple, assisted by those directing traffic. All are welcome!

Westerners Top Little Park Heights

RED ROCK NEWS 4-19-73

This was a day-of-days for the Sedona Westerners. All thirty of them, and their guests, conquered the trail leading to the top of the beautiful red rocks that guard the entrance to Sedona from the south coming in on 179. According to our fearless leader, Dix Fagerberg, this is the first time in his experience that all of the hikers, tenderfeet and all, have gone clear to the top of a hike with the bushwhacking and altitude change involved. The WOGS (Westerners Old Goats) are moved to congratulate all who made this wonderful hike. Views from the top of these rocks are superb in all directions. Lunch was enjoyed (?) in one of Sedona's windiest dining rooms, atop red rocks and 5300 feet on a windy day.

Much credit for the Westerners' performance must be given to our leader's program of frequent rest stops, each complete with a unique, breath-taking view. Please note the names of these stalwarts who made the record-breaking climb:

Ed Long, Joe and Peggy Hawks, Bob and Virginia Watts, Lothar Kolbig (the Hawks were Lothar's guests), Mike Nardello, Maxine and Alan Buckley, Charles Jorgensen, Penny and Mary Lemke, Laura Bauer, Tom Moers, Maida Slavin, Elizabeth Reis, Rex and Edna MacAlister, Bonnie Weeks, Lorraine Jacuith, Janice and Bill Cleveland, Rose Mark, Al and Marilou Cushman, Hazel Lytle and Jim Bryant.

Our Easter hike is a short walk into the Elks Club for a fine pancake breakfast. See you there!

... Jim Bryant.

What's Doing In Sedona?

4.19.73

RED ROCK NEWS

THURSDAY, APRIL 19

Kiwanis Club meeting & luncheon - 12:00 noon. Sedona Chalet. Visitors welcome. 282-4384.

Men's Day - golf - visitors welcome. Oakcreek Country Club. 282-4462.

Elks Lodge 2291 - Lodge on Airport Rd. 8:00 p.m. 282-3114.

Jr. Girl Scout Troop 764. Wayside Chapel. 4:00 p.m. 282-7224.

Sr. Girl Scout Troop 259 - Denton residence. 282-7738.

Archaeological Society - 7:30 p.m. Sedona School on Brewer Rd. Visitors welcome. 282-4967 or 7841.

FRIDAY, APRIL 20

Fish Fry - Elks Lodge on Airport Rd. 6:30 p.m. Visitors welcome.

Duplicate Bridge - 1st house on left on Thunderbird Rd. at 89a West. 7:00 p.m. Visitors welcome. 282-7801 or 7406.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21

Order of the Amaranth Kachina Court 14 - Masonic Temple in Cottonwood. Visitors welcome. 282-3138.

Sedona Swingers - square dancing - Sedona School on Brewer Rd. 8:00 p.m. Visitors and spectators welcome. 282-7691.

SUNDAY, APRIL 22

Easter Sunrise Service - Shrine of the Red Rocks - Airport Hill next to the Masonic Temple. 6:30 a.m.

Sedona Westerners Easter breakfast. Elks Lodge following the Easter Sunrise Service. Adults $1.75. Children $1.00. Visitors welcome. Profit to Sedona project.

MONDAY, APRIL 23

Homemakers Club - Sunset Mobile Home Park Rec Hall. 1:30 p.m. Visitors welcome. 282-3627.

Drivers' examinations - County Bldg. next to Sedona-Oak Creek Fire Station, Forest Road.

Duplicate Bridge - 1st house on left on Thunderbird Rd at 89a West. 1:00 p.m. Visitors welcome. 282-7801 or 7406.

Audubon Society Field Trip to Peck's Lake. Meet at Tuzigoot parking lot at 8:30 a.m. 282-3880. Visitors welcome.

Brownies Girl Scout Troop 1267. Church of the Red Rocks. 282-7269.

TUESDAY, APRIL 24

Ladies Day - golf - Oakcreek Country Club. 282-4462. Visitors welcome.

Weight Watchers - 10:00 a.m. Sunset Mobile Home rec Hall. 282-4593.

Business & Professional Women's Club - Turtle Restaurant. 7:00 p.m. 282-7893.

Soroptimist Club meeting - 12:00 noon. Chalet. 282-7913.

Cadette Girl Scouts - Troop 674 - Willis residence. 282-3114.

Jr. Girl Scout Troop 629 - 4:15 p.m. Evartt home. 282-4880.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25

Sedona-Rotary - Turtle Restaurant. 6:45 p.m. 282-7041.

Tops of the Red Rocks. 9:00 a.m. First Baptist Church on Jordan Rd. Visitors welcome. 282-7901 or 4453.

Square dancing - Sedona School on Brewer Rd. 7:30 p.m. Visitors welcome and spectators welcome. 282-7691.

Audubon Wildlife Films -- "The Valley and the Stream" and "Miracle of the Monarch." 8:00 p.m. Visitors welcome. Sedona Art Center. 282-4775.

Brownie Girl Scouts Troop 914 - Wayside Chapel. 282-3573.

Sedona Westerners' Hike

4/29/73

A bright spring day brought out fifty-five hikers Sunday afternoon April 29 for the Sedona Westerners weekly exploration of the Sedona countryside. This time, when it was announced by Trail Boss Lew Goddard that the objective for the day was in Back-o'-Beyond and even farther, many of the out-of-town guests thought that maybe they were in for a rugged afternoon. But after a short auto ride and a few minutes' walk, they found themselves right on the banks of the raging Oak Creek.

Swollen by water from melting snow in the back country, Oak Creek presented a sight rarely seen, especially at such close quarters. After a pleasant hike along the creek, the group emerged at Red Rock Crossing, which at present is no longer a navigable crossing. Here our intrepid leader, Dix Fagerberg, presented us with a choice of three walks - easy, not-so-easy, and uphill. Strangely, most of the group decided on the easy way, which included a visit to an Indian ruin as well as a fine view of the lower Oak Creek valley. Some of the hardier souls, led by Cactus Jumper Smith headed off for the nearby heights. The Indian ruins were thoroughly inspected, after which the group headed back to the creek and a visit to some well-preserved Indian petroglyphs in a cave high above the valley. A bit of a scramble, but well worth it. Perfect weather, beautiful spring flowers, running water, fresh leaves on the sycamores and cottonwoods and interesting companions - all the ingredients for a well-spent afternoon.

Those making the hike were Agnes and Earl Sutton, Alan and Maxine Buckley, Rose Mark, Blanche Wyles, Win Jackson, Charlotte and Al Coxley, Lew Goddard, Vic and Ellen Claire Sterzing, Ray Heym, Ruth and Floyd Damschen, Mike Nardello, John C. Schmitz, Lennie and Mary Lemke, Dix Fagerberg, Paul Rudesill, Will and B. Coe, Virgia Miller, Jennifer Coleman, Lisa and Jean Coleman, Jerry and Luanne Winans, Mike Coleman, Tanya and Faron Scott; Susan, Katy, Jill, Kelly and Kevin Sykes; Ann, Tom, Mike and Sarah Galezio; Blanche Wyles, Olive and Dick Stout, Ler and Lotte Rosell, Thelma Mc Glaufem, Bob and Mary Patterson, David Steig, Irma Hepner, Lissa Hoffman, Charles Smith, Frank Fisher, and Monty Colladay (Cub Reporter #2).

SEDONA WESTERNERS EASTER BREAKFAST

HAMNEGGSNPANCAKES

AT THE ELKS LODGE FOLLOWING THE

EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE

AT THE AIRPORT

$1.75 for adults - $1.00 for kids

PROFIT WILL BE DONATED TO A SEDONA PROJECT

Red Rock News Apr. 12 & 19, 1973

TAKIN' IN THE LOOT at the Sedona Westerners breakfast is Ellsworth Schnebly, assisted by Maida Slavin. In center is John Kraus. The pretty young lady with cape is unknown to us . . .

SERVING UP that delicious Westerners breakfast Easter morn were left, Bertha Phillips, "Stan" Altpeter and Dixon Fagerberg. Hundreds of persons were served.

Sedona Westerners' Hike

R.R.N 5/3/73

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Westerners' Schedule

1973

SUNDAY, APRIL 29

1:30 p.m. Red Rock Crossing area. You can sample a number of mini-hikes and mini-climbs hereabouts.

SUNDAY, MAY 6

1:30 p.m. Mystery Hike. Featuring a rich diversity of camera views, all within a sling's throw from town.

SUNDAY, MAY 13

1:30 p.m. West Fork of Oak Creek. This one, pardner, is Canyonland at its Springtime best.

SUNDAY, MAY 20

1:30 p.m. Boynton Canyon. Big trees. Cool breezes. Our destination: the end wall of this classic box canyon.

SATURDAY, MAY 26

9:30 a.m. Munds Mountain. Our Blue Ribbon Special. What more can we say? Don't forget your lunch.

NOTE: ALL trips start at Chamber of Commerce parking lot. Visitors welcome. If any questions, call 282-3169 or 4898.

Westerners Have Nice Hiking Day

RRN 5-10-73

What started as a gloomy, overcast day turned out to be a cheery, sunny spring day, which brought out 27 Westerners for a Sunday afternoon hike and exploration of some of the most beautiful countryside bordering on Sedona.

After a short drive to a point approximately a quarter of a mile from the rifle range, we hiked almost to the head of Mormon Canyon and climbed to the top of Brind's Mesa.

This hike was led by trailboss Dix Fagerberg. From the top of Brind's Mesa, we had a panaramic view of Mormon Canyon, Sedona, Oak Creek Canyon, Dry Canyon Valley, buttes and other well known Sedona landmarks.. It is only from heights such as Brind's Mesa that you can capture the special beauty of this area. Those making the hike were: Reed Hallock, Rose Clark, Alice Etter, Marg and Dix Fagerberg, Hazel Lytle, Jim Bryant, Charles Smith, Vic Sterzing, Alice and Dick Stout, Thelma McGlauflin, Bonnie Weeks, Lorraine Jaquith, George Pickard, Bill and Janice Cleveland, Ruth and Floyd Damschen, Bob and Virginia Watts, J. B. and Laverne Tucker, Shelby and Barbara Johnstone, Agnes and Earl Sutton.

Some of the hardier, under the fearless leadership of Cactus Jumper Charles X Smith, headed for the higher country at the upper end of Brind's Mesa to a rocky promontory that overlooked the head of Mormon Canyon. Here this hardy group was served tea and cookies by Westerners' Jim Bryant, Hazel Lytle and Virginia and Bob Watts.

All hikers agreed that the companionship and beauty made for a rewarding afternoon.

. . Cub Reporter # ?

WET WESTERNERS WADE WEST FORK

RED ROCK NEWS 5-17-73

Last Sunday afternoon, forty odd Sedona Westerners ignored threatening skies and high water in Oak Creek's West Fork and enjoyed themselves immensely. At the very first crossing, all of the stepping stones were under water so those who did not don their rubber boots got wet feet in spite of the gallant males who did their best to help out. From there on even boots got filled with nice cold water and it was fun to see it squished out at every step.

As usual, the group soon strung out on the trail with each hiker setting his own pace and distance, according to the available supply of ambition, energy or fortitude.

With Dix Fagerberg, our cactus dodger, leading some of our first-time hikers and visitors were: Mrs. Robert Sykes with daughters Beth and Emily, Paul Masvidal, and Lynne Siebrandt. Occasional and regular hikers were: Thelma Heitler, Helen Barker, Blanche Wyles, Katheryne Boomer, Elizabeth Parks, George Pickard, Marge and Em Wiemer, Virginia Miller, Laverne and Bruce Tucker, Jeanne and Maynard Clark, Mildred Janney, Georgann and Clarence Brehm, Renee Behrens, Mary and Lennie Lemke, Rose Mark, Jan and Bill Cleveland, Ellen, Vic and Dave Sterzing, Irma Hepner, Mike Nardello, Will Coe, Alice and Dick Stout, and, with a big welcome home to world travelers Lorene and Doug Hammial. The "way-out-fronters" were, as usual, Jim Bryant, Hazel Lytle, Virginia and Bob Watts.

From what I heard, this was anywhere from a one to an eight mile round-trip hike, depending upon whom you were keeping up with. Next Sunday afternoon, leaving the Chamber of Commerce at 1:30, we will be Boynton Canyon, right up to the end wall for those who like to scramble, or as far as you want to go for those who don't.

Yours truly,
WaterLew.

WESTERNERS EXPLORE BOYNTON

RED ROCK NEWS 5-24-73

On Sunday afternoon, May 20, thirty-nine nature-loving Westerner hikers left the parking lot at the Chamber of Commerce at 1:30 p.m., drove to a meadow in Boynton Canyon, split into two groups and got about 2 1/2 hours of exercise. Lew Goddard, Mike Nardello, Will Osborn and Charles Smith chose the difficult route by climbing to three ruins, and viewing a fourth and a fifth which they did not have time to reach. In one of the ruins, the only artifact was an unkempt sleeping bag which Will Coe had seen two years ago, still unmolested. One ruin or cave was reached by climging a 25-foot rope on a sheer cliff. The quadruplets found one cave with a natural "window." The nearest ruin was about 3/4 mile from the meadow; the second about 100 yards to the left of that, while the third was higher and smaller, making a rather difficult, steep climb of about three miles.

The second group wandered up the canyon, some tiring and dropping out, while Bob and Virginia Watts and Rose Mark (seasoned hikers) continued until they came to a box canyon where they had to stop or use pitons which they did not have along. No one saw any running or standing water, even after such a wet season as we have just passed through. Lupine, delphinium, Mariposa lilies, delicate yellow and lavender flowers, and the ubiquitous and hateful dandelion were abundant. The rich greenery is lush but without (or even WITH) rain will eventually become tall and dry tinder, ready to cause extensive fire damage if careless humans or lightning ignite anything, so PLEASE BE CAREFUL.

6/26/73

Large Westerner Group Enjoys Picnic-Business Confluenence

The Westerners, who enjoy the outdoors, usually plan their summer monthly meetings as picnic socials with a very light garnishment of club business. In keeping with this theme, the July meeting was held at Cave Spring Campground up Oak Creek Canyon. Approximately sixty members and guests participated in the picnic/business confluence. Entertainment for the evening was a community sing led by those two entrepreneurs of song, Bryant and Sterzing.

The August monthly meeting will be held the 9th at the Montezuma Well picnic ground. This meeting, again in keeping with the outdoor activity theme, will be a Box Social Auction, with all proceeds going to the Sedona Ambulance Fund. Plan to be there at 5:30 p.m. Tea and coffee will be furnished. Ladies, make your lunch boxes attractive to entice high bidder partners. Entertainment for the evening will be a guest speaker who will talk about early Arizona. Visitors are welcome.

For additional information, call 282-4287 or 3169.

or "gratuities." Visitors are especially welcome because all of us enjoy meeting new people.

The following checked in and out: Rose Mark and Virginia Watts, Bob Watts, Kathryn Boomer, Laura Bauer, Mike Nardello, Lorene and Doug Hammial (who have recently returned from a tour of the world), Blanche Wyles, Thelma McGlauflin, Alice and Dick Stout, Vic and Ellen Sterzing, George Pickard, Dorothy E. Tryan, Claude and Marion Rogers, Mildred Janney, Paul A. Masvidal, Peggy and Earl Anderson, Jeanne and Maynard Clark, Connie Carey, Will Coe, Don and Esther Edgett, Charles Jorgensen, Will Osborn, Monty Colraday, Ed Long, Irv and Georgine (first time with us), Irma Hepner, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Lew Goddard, Barbara Johnstone, and Ellsworth Schnebly.

...E. S.

WESTERNERS' METTLE TESTED ON MUNDS MT.

R.R.N. 5/31/73

Last Saturday's hike really put some of the Sedona Westerners through the wringer. The twenty-five who signed in at the Chamber of Commerce soon sorted themselves out into three kinds of hikers after parking at the top of Schnebly Hill. All set out afoot along an old road, more imaginary than primitive, leading southward to the old CCC camp overlooking Bear Wallow and Sedona. For local and visiting photographers, try this view on your camera sometime.

Here the "moderates" called it a day and returned to their cars. These hikers were: visitors Georgine and Irv Reimann, Mary Fagerberg, Nina and Monty Colladay, and Paul Rudesill. I hear Mary and Lennie Lemke and Clarence Brehm continued thru the woods to Committee Tank on Jacks Point which was a little climb up to 5400 feet elevation.

The "ambitious" group continued on a good foot trail to the saddle at the head of Jacks Canyon, elevation 5250 feet, and up the steep eastern slope of Munds Mt. to the top, elevation 5800, with superb views east to Sedona, north over Bear Wallow and the whole of Oak Creek Canyon and east to south over Jacks and Woods Canyons to Apache Maid and beyond. Here a much needed and hard earned lunch was enjoyed by Marilou and Al Cushman, Thelma McGlauflin and newcomer Hank Fleet.

Meanwhile, "superhikers" Myrtle Smith, Rose Mark, Hazel Lytle, Virginia and Bob Watts, newcomers Alice and Dick Stout, Lorene and Doug Hammial, all led by Charlie Smith, continued on and out to the rocky spur looking down on the tiger's head, Snoopy, the airport and all of Sedona. For the real camera hound, according to Charlie who is one, this point gives unsurpassed views of the whole Verde Valley and its tributaries. Also, in the meantime, Trailboss-elect Dix Fagerberg retraced his steps to Jacks Point and made a big circle around the mesa to Woods Canyon, more recently dubbed Lost Shoe Canyon and rejoined the group at Committee Tank.

So, depending upon whom you were following and your mettle, you SW hikers hoofed it anywhere from two and one half to about ten miles and somewhere from 5000 to 5800 feet elevation.

Since this was the last regular weekly hike of our season, our plans, under Dix Fagerberg's new leadership, are taking on a nice rosy glow. Instead of holding our regular monthly meeting at the Sedona Grade School, we are planning a monthly cookout or picnic at some of the forest campgrounds on June 14, July 12 and August 9; better mark these dates on your calendar right now! We plan to gather at some spot during the afternoon, take a short hike, cook our supper about six and have a good oldtime campfire sing afterwards. And here's hoping we might just have a good yarnspinner or two in the crowd.

This is YOUR invitation to join us, since all Sedona Westerner activities are open to visitors, guests, anybody and everybody. Just bring your own food, fuel and table and watch the Red Rock News for times and places.

... Lew G.

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Westerner's Picnic

R.R.N. 6/7/73

Clear Creek Forest Camp - ground will be the scene of the first of three summer meetings and cookouts by the Westerners on Thursday afternoon and evening of June 14th. These meetings will replace the usual monthly gathering at the Sedona Grade School.

As always, visitors and guests are cordially invited. For those who want to take an easy hike in the area or just relax in the shade, join the group at 3:00 p.m. Others who can't take the afternoon off are welcome about 6:30 for supper and a short meeting followed by campfire singing.

Bring your food, charcoal and a camp table, if you have one.

The entrance to the Clear Creek Campground is approximately six miles southest of Camp Verde on the Payson road, about thirty-five miles all told from Sedona. A shorter but dustier route is to follow 179 through the I-17 underpass and continue south on Forest Route 618 about fourteen miles to the Payson road, then left a quarter mile to the camp entrance, a total of about thirty miles from Sedona.

Watch the local paper for the time and place of future summer meetings to be held on July 12 and August 9.