SEDONA WESTERNERS
HIKING CLUB

# Sedona Westerners Yearbook

## 1973 - 1974

# HISTORY

## SEDONA WESTERNERS
## 1973-1974

HISTORIAN

Catherine Tillotson

# Westerners' Box Social Great Success

THE AUCTION. Budge Ruffner, high bidder, on left. Vic Sterzing, auctioneer, on right.

Shades of the old West! An armed marshal and shotgun guard at the Westerners' August meeting which was held at Montezuma Well picnic ground. Of course, the weather was perfect under the lovely trees, with a slight breeze floating through. The picnic was a huge success and unique in several ways. First, there were more men than women. Probably the outstanding feature of the whole evening was the fact that there were not enough ladies with box suppers to go around.

Where were you fair Westerners?

After the fired-up bidding had been completed, George Moritz sat there with bidding money in his pocket, a hungry expression and no supper to bid for. George would have gone hungry if some of his friends had not thrown him a few scraps.

The auction, handled superbly by Marshal Vic Sterzing, was one buffo after another. The auctioneer was so carried away with his own enthusiasm that he was bid up to a record $7.25 for the basket he won. At times, he was even bidding against himself. All told, there were 14 baskets beautifully decorated, and they were auctioned off for $68.00. The shotgun guard, Mike Bryant, capably guarded the cash box and the $68. will be forwarded to the Ambulance Fund as stated in last week's Red Rock News story.

Bob Watts reported that the site of the Westerners' Monument has been approved. The monument is to be erected at the Old Beaver Head Stagecoach Station. Any Westerner who has a pet rock he would like to donate for use in the monument, or labor to volunteer, contact Bob at 282-4768.

A special Westerners' thanks to John Miller and his two friends Garry Franck and Doug Livingston for a job well done. John is a member of Scout Troop 26 of Sedona. As a part of his community activities program for his Eagle Scout Badge, he selected to give our stagecoach a much needed paint job. For those who did not know, the Westerners have custodial responsibility for the stagecoach parked in front of the Chamber of Commerce Building.

Mr. Lester (Budge) Ruffner, current president of the Arizona Historical Society and author of "All Hell Needs Is Water" was the speaker of the evening. His talk on the early days around Prescott was both thrilling and humorous.

Thanks go to Ranger Jim Early who arranged for the group to stay after the regular closing hour at Montezuma Well picnic grounds.

The next regular monthly meeting will be Sept. 13th at the Sedona School.

aug. 16 73

RED ROCK NEWS Sedona, Arizona Thurs

# NEW SEASON FOR WESTERNERS

The Sedona Westerners' fall season of activities will open on Sept. 13, Thursday evening, at their regular second Thursday-of-the-month meeting in The Sedona School Auditorium. The stellar attraction will be an informal talk (questions encouraged) by Mr. Burt Dorris, a native-born Arizonan, formerly connected with the Dorris-Heyman stores in Phoenix. Mr. Dorris, at about the age of nine years, was introduced to the man who wielded the "Big Stick" and was leader of the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War, Teddy Roosevelt. Years later, when the fearless Teddy spoke at the Dedication of the Roosevelt Dam, Mr. Dorris was again introduced to ex-President Roosevelt who said, "I met him as a younger boy." What a remarkable memory that outstanding statesman had, and how it must have thrilled young Burt Dorris to be remembered by an ex-President! Come out and hear Mr. Dorris as he relives early days in his native state. He will be glad to answer your questions, so come loaded with them.

On Saturday, Sept. 15 at 9:30 a.m., the Westerners will leave the Chamber of Commerce parking lot and drive to Wet Beaver Creek where Lew Goddard and the new trip chairman, Lothar Kolbig, will lead them to an unpolluted and spacious natural swimming pool for a splashdown. Girls, bring your bikinis. Who knows - until you are inspected whether or not the Westerners may be harboring a potential but yet undiscovered Miss or Mrs. Universe. All of us do know that many of our fair ladies are energetic and athletic enough to undergo and withstand the rigors of hiking, as well as or perhaps better than the men. Visitors are welcome. Men, bring your swim trunks, but do not enter the contest.

No one is obliged to pay dues to attend any Westerner meeting or to go on any hike, but if you want to join us, the only cost is $1.00 per year.

On Saturday, October 6 at 10:00 a.m. a long-cherished project of the Sedona Westerners will come to fruition when the public is invited to be present at the placing of a plaque on the exact site of the old Beaver Head Stage Station, thirteen (13) miles south of Sedona on 179. Turn to the right or WEST and go thru the fence (on a cattle guard) over a rather rough, winding road down toward the creek. The site is on the left or south of that dirt road, before you get to the sycamore trees.

At one time a spring supplied water to those who had weathered the rough ride over that tortuous trail, with rocks and ruts to add to the physical discomfort thereof.

The U. S. Forest Service has given permission to erect a small monument on which will be placed a bronze plaque in memory of the pinoeers who travelled over that boulder-strewn wagon road, blazing one trail which helped to settle the West. Some old-timers will talk on events which happened in those early days, and the hardships which those early home-seeking martyrs faced in showing us "How the West was won."

Forest Service officials have been invited to attend this event. Please mark your calendars for these three coming events.

Ellsworth Schnebly
Reporter.

# Westerners' Box Lunch for Ambulance

8/2/73

Vic Sterzing, our stalwart marshal, has agreed to take on all comers at the next picnic/business meeting of the Westerners. We will meet at the Montezuma Well picnic grounds at 5:30 p.m. for a Box Social picnic. The date is Thursday, the 9th of Aug. The guest speaker for the evening will be Mr. Lester (Budge) Ruffner, who will talk about early Arizona.

The encounter between Vic and the Westerners will be an auction of the Box Lunches, to be brought by the ladies.

Perhaps this is a good time to lay out the ground rules for a Box Social. Each lady is to bring a lunch or supper for two, except beverage which will be furnished by the officers. The Box should be decorated, or perhaps disguised, so that the lady's husband or boy friend cannot recognize it. The boxes are to be turned over to Vic Sterzing who will put each one up for bid. The successful bidder then shares the box he has bought with the lady who put it together.

If any lady wishes to share her box with a particular gentleman, she need only decorate it in his favorite color. Since there are usually a few extra girls at our meetings, one of our members intends to leave his wife home and bid for the box of one of these gorgeous gals. He states his favorite color is Pottery Brown.

Remember, wear western. Our marshal will be on the prowl. Guests are welcome. Any questions, call 4287.

September 1973

# Westerners In first Meeting of Season

The first regular monthly meeting of the Sedona Westerners' 1973-74 hiking season was held Sept. 13 at the Sedona School on Brewer Road. Cactus Dodger Lothar Kolbig reported that 13 leaders had been appointed to lead the 32 trips scheduled for the new hiking season. The first hike was scheduled for Sept. 15 and the last for June 12, 1974. A look at the scheduled hikes suggests an active and satisfying season.

One of the major objectives of the Westerners is to perpetuate, authenticate and maintain the history of this area. In keeping with this objective, sometime back the Westerners decided to erect a monument at the site of the old Beaver Head Stagecoach Station, which was on the stage route from Prescott to Santa Fe, N.M. The station was built in 1876 and abandoned in 1882. Bob Watts reported that many stones from the chimney of the original station were used in the construction of the monument, which is now completed and in place at the site. The monument will be dedicated Oct. 6, 1973 at 10:00. A special thanks to Bob Watts and his hardy volunteers for a job well done, with special mention to Paul Skelton of Cottonwood and Stephen Miller of Clarkdale who graciously donated their professional talent and time to this worthy cause.

Dr. Harvey Butchart who is associated with the Math Department at NAU showed color slides of some of his hiking trips in the Grand Canyon and canyons West and North of Sedona. After seeing these remarkable slides and hearing Dr. Butchart's comments, it is easy to understand why he is best known as Mr. Grand Canyon.

# Westerners Trek To Old Beaver Head Stage Station

**This is a picture of Lothar Kolbig in the beautiful, unpolluted "ole swimmin' hole 3 1/2 miles up WET BEAVER CREEK, surrounded by red rocks in the background and trees with the stream**
**Ellsworth Schnebly photo**

On Saturday, September 15th, forth-three Westerners left the Chamber of Commerce Building at 9:30 and drove thirteen miles south, turned off to the right of 179 and walked down to the newly-erected red sandstone monument bearing the Bronze Plaque marking the site of the old Beaver Head Stage Station. This monument, so carefully and artistically built is the work of Bob Watts and his helpers. All names will be given when the monument is dedicated on Saturday, Oct. 6, 1973 at 10:00 a.m. with oldtimers giving their accounts of interesting bits of history -- soon to be lost forever, if not recorded.

The trekkers then proceeded to a parking spot near the Beaver Creek Ranger Station where they struggled for 3 1/2 miles up hill and down parallel to Wet Beaver Creek with the clear, rippling water gurgling on its way to the Gulf of California.

At the end of the hike, they were shocked at seeing a bevy of topless, bottomless males, females, and perhaps neuters frolicking on the rocks or sand, with half a dozen sleeping bags littering the "beach." One of the creatures greeted us with, "We're skinny dipping!" Another organism exclaimed in disgust, "There are just too many people here THIS weekend." Every Westerner would agree there was approximately an excess in the case of those "skinny dippers." After one Westerner advised them to get some clothes on, they dived from the rock to a pool fifteen or twenty feet below while others scurried like chipmunks for a Kleenex with a zipper attached, since there were no visible fig trees from which they might snatch the fig leaf. All in all, 43 Westerners were nauseated while the parasites appeared to be unperturbed, as they had probably never been interrupted on previous weekends with "too many people."

The hike was rather strenuous for some of the more feeble, but even those who were exhausted

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WESTERNERS ARE FOR HIKING, so after the dedication of the Beaver Head Stage Stop Monument was over, some of the hardy ones took off to walk the remnants of the old wagon road. These two ladies lagged a bit to admire the scene in the boulder-strewn stream bed. The springs that determined the stage stop site are out of sight to the right. In modern times, the sheep drive that takes place every spring from down Chandler way to grazing meadows on the Rim passes through here and men and animals spend a night by the springs.

NEWSfoto by Elizabeth Rigby

# Westerners To Pump House Wash

With the first blustery, dusty day bringing a hint of fall in the air, on Sunday, September 23, fifty-four Sedona Westerners ambled over the rocky bed of Pump House Wash, after a nineteen-mile drive over and above the switchbacks. Wagon Boss Charles Smith, Cactus Dodger Lothar Kolbig and Trail Boss Dix Fagerberg did a perfect job of steering the procession of cars and getting them off to the north of Highway 89A and back on without mishap.

Dying delicate ferns heralded the coming of autumn while reds and yellows were beginning to appear in small clusters here and there on the hillsides or canyon walls.

Kelly Canyon, leading off Pump House Wash to the right and Fry Canyon on the left were in view with only one cave (with a smoke-covered ceiling), seeming to bear evidence of having been inhabited at one time by earlier settlers or those seeking shelter from storms in the mountains. With heavy clouds floating here and there above the pines, oaks, and some deciduous trees, good camera shots were made available.

The walk was not difficult, except in climbing out of Pump House Wash, while the whole trip was invigorating and the group of hikers enjoyed three hours together on a not-too-difficult hike.

Cactus Dodger Lothar Kolbig announced that altho the trip to Hart Prairie for fall color has been scheduled for October 27, an EARLY FROST might cause the date to be advanced, so please watch the papers or listen if your phone rings and announces that earlier date. Also, remember to meet at the Chamber of Commerce at 9:30 a.m. on Saturday, October 6, to go to the dedication of the plaque and monument at the site of the Old Beaver Head Stage Station, which begins at 10:00 a.m. On Sunday, Sept. 30, the club will visit the three arches and Soldier Wash. All are welcome. Those making the trip on Sept. 23 were: Lothar Kolbig, Rose Mark, Kathryn Boomer, Will and B. Coe, Lila Jankus, Helen Barker, Dorothy Walson, Carl and Nora Verner, Hazel Lytle, Jinx Webster, Charles Smith, Thelma Heitler, George Pickard, Dix and Mary Fagerberg, Virginia Gilmore, Lorene Hammial, Agnes and Earl Sutton, Lucia Utke, Tom Moers, Harvey and Connie Carey, Evelyn and Claude Wells, Vic and Ellen Claire Sterzing, Alma and Claude Good, Barbara and Boyd Keith, Marten and Dorothy Verhoeven, Betty and Ford Grant, Alfred and Charlotte Coxley, Alice and Dick Stout, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Bob and Virginia Watts, Alan and Maxine Buckley, Tim Adams, Charles Jorgensen, Howard and Betty Hassett, Barbara Yoakum, Elaine Greenbaum, M. Renee Behrens and Ellsworth Schnebly.

The woodlands are showing the effects of the prolonged drought. Everyone should be as careful as the Westerners, who do not toss cigarettes, but who do pick up litter (cans and bottles) on every trip.

Ellsworth Schnebly,
Reporter

September 1973

# "Excelsior!" - - Westerners

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On Sunday, September 30, an endless array of spires, pinnacles, turrets, domes, cupolas, minarets, columns, pillars, needles and every other imaginable natural formation greeted sixty-four Westerners as they climbed ever higher, or as Longfellow said, "Excelsior!"

While resting, various hikers created imaginary pictures of characters and animals made in rock formations. Every shade tree welcomed someone as he paused to catch his breath and blot the perspiration. Eventually, Doug Hassett of NAU, after having clambered squirrel-like, up a narrow slit, shouted from the summit, seemingly hundreds of feet above. Below him, peering from the mezzanine in the cave was Trail Boss Dix Fagerberg, while others were scattered at lower levels admiring the three arches (or in two cases -- CAVES --) with an arched entrance. Thru the largest and highest, a giant knife had removed a slice to let the sky illuminate the cave.

For a gentle hike, this one is not to be recommended, but for those who want a challenge, they will be rewarded by turning to the right, off Highway 89A, just west of La Pasada and driving almost to the Devil's Kitchen, where ample parking is provided in a meadow. From there, the group walked to Devil's Kitchen (NOT DEVIL'S DINING ROOM), speculated on why anyone would file a mineral claim on it and how long ago the rocks sank, leaving that deep hole in Mother Earth.

From there, a short hike took them down to the pot holes, a series of holes worn by water pouring over harder rocks, and wearing away softer ones. Even with no rain for months, water still stands in some of those pot holes. Others, who had not gone there previously, visited the last resting place of a pioneer, soldier, prospector, or you-name-him which had been fenced by the Westerners, with the permission of the U. S. Forest Service several years ago. A measureless panorama unfolded as the hikers viewed the marvelous spectacle created by God untold eons past. Charles Smith described Devil's Kitchen as "Kitchen in a range rather than a range in the kitchen."

On Saturday, October 6, at 9:30 a.m. YOU are urged to meet at the parking lot near the Chamber of Commerce, where you will be led to the site of the Old Beaver Head Stage Station, where the Westerners committee under the direction of Bob Watts have erected an impressive monument of red sandstone bearing a $225 bronze plaque, which will be dedicated at 10:00 a.m. after many years of planning and the co-operative permission of the Forest Service. Dix Fagerberg, Trail Boss, will officiate at this ceremony.

On Saturday, October 13, leaving the Chamber of Commerce Building, the Westerners will lead a safari to the San Francisco Peaks to shoot fall colors on and around Hart Prairie -- if frost does not prevent at an earlier date, since Flagstaff is now having readings of 34 degrees.

Those making this memorable trip to the three arches were: Betsy, Jim and daughter, Jinx Webster, Lorene Hammial, Lila Jankus, Hazel Lytle, Marilou & Al Cushman, Lothar Kolbig (cactus dodger, hike planner), George Pickard, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Paul and Glen Rudesill, Doug and Howard Hassett, Elizabeth King, Fred King, Dorothy Watson, Mike Nardello, Elizabeth Parks, Victor and Ellen Sterzing, Will & B. Coe, Charles Smith (always on hand as guide, helper in time of difficulty), and friend to all) Buster and Frances Estes, Woody and Ethel Oddson, Dix Fagerberg ( Trail Boss and daily hiker just for exercise), Lew Goddard (also available for information and aid), Evelyn and William Ziegler, Caroline and Ed Long, Francis Stout, Kathryn Boomer, Harvey and Connie Carey, Frank and Helen Fisher, Cleon and Alice Etter, Bob and Virginia Watts, Floyd and Ruth Damschen, Renee Behrens, Alma Good, Barbara and Boyd Keith, Stan and Mabs Altpeter, Evelyn and Claude Wells, Barbara Yoakum, Marten and Dorothy Verhoeven, Jim Adams, Charles Jorgensen, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Cavanaugh and Ellsworth Schnebly, Reporter.

September 1973

# From Gloom To Happiness -- Westerners

Sat 10-13-73

Led by our Trail Boss, Dix Fagerberg, with his lieutenants Lothar Kolbig and Lew Goddard, on a 101-mile drive and a 2 1/2 mile hike, thirty-seven Sedona Westerners spotted a few trees with color, but acres of drab, leafless aspens which had been victims of a sudden, unannounced onslaught of below-20 degree weather, the coldest for that day in recorded weather history.

But that plunge in temperature failed to strike some areas which must have been protected, when in other places, we faced the sun giving us an endless variety of delicate hues in gold, yellow, brown and even green shimmering gaily, accentuated by the sun's rays. Thus, what had threatened to be only a colorless outing resulted in becoming an esthetic walk and ride, which beggars description.

Nature, and lumberjacks, had cooperated in leaving a cluster of fallen logs which provided ample, altho not padded, seating (most of the group carried that with them — built in) and table space while we enjoyed our lunch at high noon, immediately after Dix had struck the triangle for mess call.

From the top of a volcanic escarpment, the group looked at Kendrick Mountain in the northwest over groves of both barren and leafless quaken-asps as well as stately evergreens, mostly Ponderosa, and the valley between. Dix explained that the escarpment had been formed by lava flowing from the long extinct volcanoes (which volcanologists) have assured us will NOT ALWAYS REMAIN DORMANT) down to lower levels. Chunks of pumice were found but probably not of the type that is light enough to float.

On the circle drive near Hart Prairie with a blaze of glory in the foreground and the San Francisco Peaks towering in the background like gigantic frosted cup cakes (from the recent light snow) the group again experienced a thrill.

Adding to the enjoyment were deformed or oddly-shaped trees and numerous aspens with diameters of about 18 inches, perhaps 100 feet tall. Of course, as usual, "pioneers" of the late twentieth century had carved their names on the aspens, leaving them standing out in black relief, while the ubiquitous beer can littered the roadside.

No one could have described the trip better than Henry Van Dyke in his touchingly beautiful poem: AMERICA FOR ME.

"I like the German fir-woods in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled:
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
IN THE FRIENDLY WESTERN WOODLAND where Nature has her way!
I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free - -
We love our land for what she IS and what SHE IS TO BE."

With all of these beautiful areas, why should we even want to travel abroad? Those making the trip were: Marten and Dorothy Verhoeven, Tom and Suzanne Seitzler, George Pickard, Will and Amy Osborne, Irma Hepner, Dr. Ed Long, Lorene and Doug Hammial, Mildred Janney, Roy and Catherine Tillotson, Thelma Heitler, Lynne Siebrandt, Victoria L. Wieck; Helen Barker, Hazel Lytle, Charles "X" Smith, Marie and Art Harvey, Eleanor A. Keislar, Juliet Smith, Elizabeth Spencer, Gerald W. Spencer, Mary and Dix Fagerberg, Fred and Liz King, Lothar and Myrtle Kolbig, Lennie and Mary Lemke, Lew and Monnie Goddard, and Ellsworth Schnebly.

The coming Westerners' hikes will be on:

Oct. 21, up West Fork of Oak Creek.

Oct. 28, up Sugar Loaf.

Nov. 14, East from the "Point" to Bear Wallow.

Nov. 11, Steamboat Rock.

All of these hikes will leave the Chamber of Commerce at 1:30 p.m.

Ellsworth Schnebly
Reporter

October 1973

# Westerners In Plaque Dedication

The Sedona Westerners starred again on Saturday, October 6, 1973 when they dedicated a monument and plaque in memory of those pioneers who had made the old Beaver Head Stage Station one important spot in winning the West.

Had it not been for the generous and unselfish Mr. Stephen Furedy, no record of this event would have been left for later years. Mr. Furedy and Jim Bryant went early to the site where Steve set up his sound equipment and kept his car motor running thruout the program while making tapes of all that was said and done. The Westerners thank him, and all others who participated in any way to make this a landmark in their historic career. Now, for those who were not among the approximately one hundred people present, other Westerners may in the future hear what the pioneer speakers told us of the "good ole days" when men and women were not completely or partially helpless.

After a welcome and words of gratitude to those who had contributed their efforts, Mr. Dixon Fagerberg, Jr., Trail Boss, started the program on its way.

The Rev. Mr. W. G. Meengs of Wayside Chapel gave an exceptionally stirring invocation, in which he lauded those who had gone before us in blazing the trails.

The gifted ladies, Mrs. Marion Darlington Pratt and her daughter Susie provided the music, with trumpet solos of Home on the Range and America the Beautiful on Susie's golden-throated trumpet, and Marion's accompanying bird calls with which she enriched scores of Walt Disney's productions.

Speakers who spoke very briefly or to some extent were: Albert Thompson, Allen Bristow, Mrs. Virginia Webb of Soda Springs Ranch, and Jess Goddard -- all native-born Arizonans; Bob Watts (who with his crew built the impressive monument); Ollie Simon, pinch-hitting for Tex Dallas, via a tape-recording; Lew Goddard; Lothar Kolbig; E. R. McCartney (who was one of the few ORIGINAL SEDONA WESTERNERS); Mrs. Jess Goddard; representatives from the U. S. Forest Service; Mr. Bill Holmes; Bob Gillies; Lee Redding of Sedona (all of whom had cooperated in getting permission, after years of efloft, to erect this memorial on Forest land; and perhaps others, whose names may have been unintentionally omitted.

It was gratifying to see our old Cactus Dodger, Mr. Charley Thompson, who for years had led us on our weekly hikes, present.

The Westerners also extend their thanks to KOAI-TV, Channel 2 in Flagstaff for giving publicity to this event by having Jim Bryant and Ellsworth Schnebly in their studio on Friday morning and for sending Mr. A. H. Duke and his charming wife, Julie, down to photograph the proceedings, which will be shown over TODAY IN THE NORTHLAND by TV in a few days.

Some who were to have been on the program were unable to be present, but sent their regrets.

The Westerners want to express their gratitude to Mr. Brad Stewart, one of Yavapai County's Supervisors, who arranged to have the very rough and eroded road graded and made passable down to the site, below which many picnickers enjoy outings.

The plaque, which cost $225,

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**LEE REDDING, Sedona District Ranger of the Coconino National Forest, paid tribute to the Westerners and the great work they have done over the past 10 years in marking and rebuilding trails, researching old names and priceless history, and conserving both the land and its past so that these may feed and inspire the future. The Beaver Head site is on Forest Service land in the Beaver Creek District of the Coconino. Bob Gillis, Beaver Creek District Ranger, was also present at the ceremony, as was Bill Holmes, for several years a well-loved Sedona District Ranger, now risen to the rank of Deputy Forest Supervisor headquartered in Flagstaff.**

**NEWSfoto by Elizabeth Rigby**

WESTERNERS

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reads: BEAVER HEAD STAGE STATION, Built 1876; Abandoned 1882. Prescott-Santa Fe Stage Line. Distance 507 Miles. Division Point between Pine Springs, N.E., and Prescott, S.W. Road built before 1866 used by Military, Emigrants, and Mail. Only road to Verde Valley until 1870. Only road north until 1902. Only marker on route from Prescott to Santa Fe. Erected by Sedona Westerners, October 6, 1973.

For those who may want to get more authentic history of this old Stage-Mail line, the tapes will be played at some future Westerners meeting. These meetings are held regularly on the second Thursday of each month. Visitors are always welcome.

Ellsworth Schnebly, Reporter.

# Beaverhead Stage Stop Commemorated

by Elizabeth Rigby

It is no accident that anyone who writes much about Sedona will find himself constantly reiterating, in one form or another, the words, "And so a dream came true"; for if they believe in something, Sedona people, whether they be oldtimers, newcomers, or inbetweens, will work for it, even fight for it, until the goal has been achieved.

The site of the Beaver Head Stage Stop west of State Highway 179, 11 1/2 miles south of downtown Sedona is a case in point. Almost a decade ago an organization known as the Sedona Westerners, whose members are dedicated to, among other things, the preservation of area history, became interested in this historic site, on which a few scattered remnants of the original building were still to be found at that time.

"Someone ought to do something about it, erect a monument or something, have it declared an historic site," someone at some point said, and everyone in the group agreed.

Some 10 years later, on October 6, 1973, after years of effort and often frustrating but never given-up-as-hopeless work, it was done, and a mixed group of oldtimers and enthusiastic newcomers gathered for the dedication of the monument that marks a site on which some minor moments of history were once enacted, moments and happenings that were about to sink into oblivion after a century's lapse but which are now commemorated for the interest of men and women yet to come.

It is a tale well told in a story by Ellsworth Schnebly to be published in the next issue of the NEWS, together with some additional pictures of the dedication.

The ceremony, attended by some 30 or 40 persons, took place at 10 o'clock on a beautiful, sunny morning beside a sandy road with mesquite trees in the background; and with the highway out of sight, the place looked, perhaps, not so very different from the way it appeared a century ago.

Dixon Fagerberg gave the introductory remarks on behalf of the Sedona Westerners, who could be forgiven if they were

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**THIS MONUMENT -- bronze plaque and red rock pylon -- marks the culmination of years of dogged effort and research on the part of the Sedona Westerners to commemorate an historic site, 11 1/2 miles south of downtown Sedona, that was in danger of being lost and forgotten. The pylon was built by volunteer labor under the direction of newcomer Bob Watts, chairman of the Westerners' Special Committee for the Beaver Head Monument. Many of the stones from the original stage station were still on the site in the early 1960's but were later carted away for building material by someone who knew no better. The few still found when the time came to erect the monument were carefully matched. The large center slab seen here, however, is believed to have been a part of the original hearth. The bronze plaque, with wording by Albert Thompson, reads:**

**BEAVER HEAD STAGE STATION**
**Built 1876, Abandoned 1882**
**Prescott Santa Fe Stage Line**
**Distance 507 Miles**
**Division Point Between Pine Springs N.E. & Prescott S.W. Built Before 1866, Used B+ Military, Emigrants & Mail. Only Road to Verde Valley Until 1870. Only Road North Until 1902.**
**Only Marker on Route From Prescott to Santa Fe**
**Erected by Sedona Westerners.**

**The date of dedication, October 6, 1973, was uncertain when the plaque was ordered at a cost of $225. It will be added soon as a smaller plaque affixed to the stone below the main marker, Ellsworth Schnebly says.**

**NEWSfoto by Elizabeth Rigby**



STAGE STOP
(Continued from page 1)

preening a bit in pride at their success in finally having brought off this moment.

The invocation was by the Rev. W. G. Meengs, a Sedonan of long-standing who knows well what Sedona history is all about.

Ellsworth Schnebly, for whose mother and father Sedona and Schnebly Hill were named, was a gracious host as he introduced a bevy of other speakers. Among them were U. S. Forest Service representatives, because the site is on Forest Service land and Forest Service cooperation was required before the project could be carried out. Present were William (Bill) Holmes, once a Sedona District Ranger, now Deputy Forest Supervisor for the Coconino; Lee Redding, Sedona District Ranger; and Bob Gillis, Beaver Creek District Ranger, in whose district the site is located.

One good thing about an area with a young, or short, history, is that there are so many people still around who remember from their own early lives, or from hearing of it from their parents and grandparents, so much of human interest in that history.

Many such men and women were present at the October 6 dedication, and not a few of them spoke -- Virginia Webb, daughter of pioneers Flora Weatherford and Robert Finnie of Soda

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STAGE STOP
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Springs Ranch; Allen Bristow; Albert and Mabel Thompson; Charlie Thompson, brought up from a nursing home in Cottonwood by Ruth Wright and listening from a car parked alongside the site; Myrtle Smith; Mr. and Mrs. Jess Goddard; and others. All had incidents of interest to record, and it is to be hoped that their accounts will be preserved in the next edition of the Westerners' valuable book, "Those Early Days," of which, so Ellsworth Schnebly said, only about 100 copies of the first edition remain.

Brad Stewart, the Verde Valley's member on the Yavapai County Board of Supervisors, was there.

Bob Watts, chairman of the Westerners Special Committee for the Beaver Head Monument, described the actual mechanics of the monument's creation and erection and pointed out that, like so many others among today's Sedonans, he had acquired a love for and interest in local history in the short span of two years.

Ollie Simon sketched in the Westerners' own early history and told how the organization's famous Committee of Oldtimers came into being. Tex Dallas, a one-time Westerners' Trail Boss who was a moving spirit in the organization's historical endeavors, was unable to be present in person but sent along a beautifully conceived and written taped talk that, it is hoped, will also be preserved. And a photographer from Station KOAI filmed the entire proceedings for reproduction on an early program of "Northland In Arizona."

When it was all over, some of the guests headed for home, well satisfied, but some made for the woods and a picnic beside the Beaver Creek Springs that were responsible for the Stage Stop in the first place, while a few of the hardiest souls took out after Lew Goddard and Charlie Smith to follow the remaining traces of the old wagon trail on foot. Which brings the circle full round.

October 1973

October 1973

ELLSWORTH SCHNEBLY, who has roots of his own in area history [Sedona was named for his mother, Schnebly Hill for his father], made a gracious host and master of ceremonies at the dedication of the Beaver Head Stage Station monument on October 6 by the Sedona Westerners who had brought the historic marker into being.
NEWSfoto by Elizabeth Rigby

SUSIE AND MARION DARLINGTON PRATT brought music to the scene — "Home On the Range," Marion's famous bird calls, and "America, the Beautiful" — to dedication ceremonies.
NEWSfoto by Elizabeth Rigby

SOME WESTERNERS opted for a picnic in the shade rather than a hike in the sun.
NEWSfoto by Elizabeth Rigby

THE LADIES, TOO, have their memories. Mrs. Virginia Webb of Soda Springs Ranch used to take ranch guests on horseback to visit the old stagecoach stop. Listening to her here are Sedona's Myrtle Smith [left] and Mabel Thompson.
NEWSfoto by Elizabeth Rigby

# Saga of Old Beaver Head Stage Station Told



In last week's issue of the NEWS, there was a report on the dedication, On October 6, 1973, of the monument erected by the Sedona Westerners on the site of the old Beaver Head Stage Station 11 1/2 miles south of downtown Sedona and just west of the present State Highway 179. The bronze plaque affixed to the stone monument and quoted in the NEWS last week summarizes the history and significance of the site. The following story gives a fuller account of the stage station at Beaver Head and the route it served.

THE OLD BEAVER HEAD STAGE STATION & PRESCOTT-SANTA FE ROUTE, by Ellsworth Schnebly..

In the early days, there was only one way to get to Flagstaff from the Verde Valley: going from the Beaver Head Stage Station site, horses and, or, mules plodded up the Woods Canyon hillside, northeast past the Woods Springs, meandering along what is now I-17 or the Black Canyon Highway.

That old trail is still visible, because erosion has washed much of the soil down hill, leaving piles of rubble and boulders in the track, which is in places two or three feet below the roadside, where rocks were thrown out to let the buckboards or stage coaches pass. After reaching the summit, the trail went past Munds Park. On one of their Sunday or Saturday hikes, the Sedona Westerners have sometimes stumbled over that trail to the summit.

The Star Line Transportation Company from Prescott to Santa Fe made connections with the railroad at Otero, New Mexico, carrying mail and passengers by way of Camp Verde, Beaver Head, Pine Springs, Brigham City, St. Joseph, Little Colorado Horsehead Crossing, and east to Fort Wingate, a few miles east of Gallup, New Mexico. Passengers could make the trip from Prescott to Santa Fe in four days on this stage and mail line, a distance of more than 500 miles, including groans and bruises.

The spring west of Beaver Head in Wet Beaver Creek still flows as it did when people and animals depended upon it for water almost 100 years ago.

The place is mentioned by Martha Summerhayes in her book, "Vanished Arizona: Recollections of My Army Life" (1st Edition, J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1908; 2nd Edition, Salem Press Company, Salem, Mass., 1911; 3rd Edition, the Lakeside Press of R. R. Donnelley and Sons, Chicago, 1939; 4th Edition, Arizona Silhouettes, Tucson, Arizona, 1960). Mrs. Summerhayes tells of having spent days of torture bounding over rocks down to Beaver Head Station, where the group camped, although there were then no buildings there. This was in 1875. She then proceeded to Fort Whipple at Prescott.

It was over this primitive trail that Wells Fargo hauled gold, always with the risk of being robbed or killed, from the mines near Ehrenberg and The Vulture. Soldiers depended upon this road and Wells Fargo to bring their payroll -- provided that outlaws did not annihilate the drivers and confiscate the cargo with the chest of cash.

**ALBERT THOMPSON, Sedona's most reliable historian and son of Oak Creek Canyon's first settler, tells the true story of the Beaver Head Stage Stop at dedication of the Sedona Westerners' monument on October 6, 1973.** NEWSfoto by Elizabeth Rigby

The late Dr. Mack O. ("Doc") Dumas (Aug. 20, 1879-Feb. 17, 1970), whose wife Lenore Francis Dumas now lives with her daughter in Tempe, had long lamented that the old Beaver Head Stage Station site had not

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WESTERNERS
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Beaver Springs, at least by her driver. It is assumed that this old route was first used by Indians, later by frontiersmen, prospectors, trappers and soldiers. Chales Dickinson was one of the men who carried mail from Beaver Head to Prescott in those hazardous days when the coaches made the first trip in 1876.

Albert Thompson, an oldtime Sedonan who had the foresight to record interesting dates and events, tells of his mother's family retreating to Beaver Head for protection when news of a possible Indian attack reached them.

When the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad was built across northern Arizona, the bells tolled the knell of the old Beaver Head Stage Route. It is believed that the old mail route from the Little Colorado River by way of Chavez Pass, Pine Springs (which was a post office from 1879 to 1882), and Stoneman Lake to Camp Verde, was not used after 1882.

Dave Wingfield, now deceased, was born at Beaver Head.

Sometime prior to 1968, the old fireplace chimney was taken from the site. When the Westerners' monument was erected in September, 1973, only a few slabs of the original red sandstone remained as evidence, but the road is still easily visible as it climbs toward and up Mingus Mountain. In those days, Beaver Head ranked next to Camp Verde in importance.

For those days, the keeper at the Stage Station had a comparatively comfortable house with drivers, guards and hostlers living there. Interestingly, even the horses used were carefully selected. For some unknown reason, no pintos or bald-faced horses were used, probably because the white would be too easily visible at night when Indians and outlaws were on the prowl. As we have all seen in TV and in the movies, road agents were then no novelty.

WESTERNERS
(Continued from page 9)

been marked. He would have been overjoyed to be present and see the attractive marker dedicated on October 6, 1973 by the Sedona Westerners. A letter from Mrs. Dumas brought her regrets at not being able to be present. She could have given all of us a few facts of interest.

Heinrich (Americanized to Henry) Schuerman and his wife, whom he married in New York City on June 29, 1884, came by train to Ash Fork, Arizona, south to Prescott, and from there by stage coach to the Schuerman ranch (on what is now the Red Rock Loop Road near Sedona) by way of Cherry Creek, Camp Verde, Beaver Head, and Big Park. In 1885, Mr. Schuerman made his first trip to Flagstaff in six days by this Beaver Head Road.

On August 27, 1902, the first wagon went over Schnebly Hill Road to Flagstaff. Although it was a very narrow, rock-strewn slice on the red sandstone cliffs, it was an improvement over the old Beaver Head Stage Road where Wales Arnold was station keeper at Beaver Creek Station when, as Mrs. Summerhayes later recalled, it was called

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**OTHERS WHO PLAYED A PART IN THE DEDICATION OF THE BEAVER HEAD STAGE STOP MONUMENT ON OCTOBER 6. You read about the dedication last week. This week Ellsworth Schnebly brings you some of the historical background.**

NEWCOMERS PLAYED THEIR PART. This is Bob Watts, the Westerners chairman of the Special Committee for the Beaver Head Stage Stop Monument. Altho a resident of Sedona a scant two years, he played a major role in the historic event.
NEWSfoto by Elizabeth Rigby

ALLEN L. BRISTOW, another oldtimer, had his own recollections of area history to recount.
NEWSfoto by Elizabeth Rigby

# "Most Perfect Day" . . .

On Sunday, November 11 (which is the REAL Veterans' Day) the most perfect day for hiking ever encountered and with

"A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high --
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod--
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God." —

sixty-seven registered Westerners and guests plus others who joined later and had not registered, puffed up the grade to Steamboat Rock. They did not CLIMB "Submarine Rock" which is back of The King's Ransom in the Devil's Dining Room area. Some Johnny-comelatelies have insisted that Steamboat Rock NORTH of Sedona is "Submarine Rock" and have placed Devil's Dining Room north of the Posse Grounds in the Soldier Wash area. The Westerners want to correct such false impressions and keep the names originally given to Grasshopper Flat, Court House Rock, Camel Rock, Red Rock Crossing (not Baldwin's Crossing) and other original "place names."

The Steamboat has lost its steam and is waiting for atomic energy before embarking on its next voyage. Because of this, no one boarded the gigantic rock to climb to the conning tower or pilot house, as the case may be. One hard-to-convince lady optimist made the trip with her feet clad in both toe-less and heel-less flats. How she could take the gravel without screaming was a mystery to all, but she came out smiling.

These trips always reveal the opinions of some thinkers. One topic under discussion was the fact that too many Americans are existing on a vocabulary of about 200 words, for many reasons, one of which is that the rich LITERATURE of earlier days written by James Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Thoreau, Charles Dickens and others has been pushed out of school textbooks, magazines, and modern hard-bound and paperbackbooks, TV, radio, and all other modes of communication by sex-crazed writers who deal only in pornography, obscenity, vulgarity and profanity which has a vocabulary consisting of about 100 words used as adjectives to describe anything, e.g. "cold as hell," "hot as hell," "wet as hell," or "Dry as hell," so that too many cannot express themselves without using a trite, meaningless word or phrase, or sentence.

As the hikers steamed up the rock-strewn, eroded path which was once a trail for wagons, the view became increasingly more breathtaking until the valleys and canyon below unfolded a panorama which some had never known existed previously. The Schnebly Hill Road and the road up to the airport looked so different than when viewed from below that some asked, "Is it really the road up the hill to the airport?"

Before leaving, the leader and scout, Charles "X" Smith spoke on the high fire hazard and warned that any smoking while on the trail was forbidden. If all other hikers would observe this rule, Arizona would not be having such difficult and so many disastrous scenery and lumber-consuming fires.

Those who registered for this hike were: Betty and Howard Hassett, Alan and Maxine Buckley, Jim Bryant, Lorene Hammial, Rose Mark, Mildred Janney, Will and Amy Osborne, Hazel Lytle, Jeanette Petersen, Marten and Dorothy Verhoeven, George Pickard, Vic Sterzing, Reed Lewis, Dot Watson, Helen Barker, Thelma Heitler, Lothar Kolbig, Blanche Wyles, Ollie Simon, John Blair, Myrtle Walton, Mary A. Blair, Ann Harrison, Tom Moers, Gerald and Elizabeth Spencer, Ed Long, Mike Nardello, Will and B Coe, Ken and Lenore Kerr, Lenora Sanders, R. and E. Fisher, Alice and Dick Stout, Charles Armstrong, Bob and Virginia Watts,

Bob and June Boat, Wes and Betty Holman, Barbara and Boyd Keith, Rex and Alta Harrison, Agnes and Earl Sutton, Claude and Maxine Rogers, Lynn Hild, Charles Smith, Stan and Mabs Altpeter, Emily Elliott, Elizabeth King, Bonnie Weeks, Marie and Art Harvey, Stu Marsh, Dix Fagerberg, Jim Adams, and Ellsworth, Scnhebly, reporter.

November 1973

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24

**Sedona Westerners' all-day hike to Boynton Canyon. Leave Chamber parking lot at 9:30 a.m. Bring your lunch & water. Visitors welcome. 282-7683 or 3169.**

# Westerners Defy Weatherman

Ignoring the weatherman's promise of rain and the few drops which fell at 1:oo p.m., Sunday afternoon, November 18, thirty-two Westerners were saturated only with perspiration with a temperature of 54 degrees under cloudy skies, as they plodded past Sedona Memorial Park to their destination which Myrtle Smith calls "Twin Buttes," but which newer residents may call "The Saddle." However that may be, the crisp autumn air was invigorating and their spirits were not dampened.

As they gained altitude, in the rather steep ascent, occasional bursts of sun thru the lowering, cumulus overcast tinted the red rock formations as can be done only in Sedona and our inimitable Shangri-la.

One lady was thrilled to find the left end of a deer's antler. Possibly lack of feed and water made birds very scarce or totally absent in places, just as lack of heat will eliminate some of us before the hummingbirds return next spring, while lack of gas may even cancel all of some of our planned list of 39 weekend get-togethers.

Next week's trip begins at the Chamber of Commerce at 9:30 a.m. and takes us to the A. N. Young Trail where the oldest of us will huff and puff like Red Riding Hood's big bad wolf, even if we do not survive to reach the summit with its panoramic view of the Canyon below.

The view from the lower saddle today was superb with most of Sedona's homes lying like doll houses below.

Bob and Virginia Watts and other indomitable and seasoned hikers, not content with a four-mile hike, trekked to the top of the second saddle or western most peak for an even better view. Because of our unusually long warm fall season, the colors down on Oak Creek from the vista above were still breathtaking.

Those who dared Mr. Weatherman to cancel the hike were: Reed Hallock (guide for today), Paul Rudesill, Dix Fagerberg, Gerald and Elizabeth Spencer, Rose Mark, Elizabeth Parks, Mike Nardello, Hazel Lytle, Charles Smith, Jim Bryant, Gordon Newton, Ed Long, Fred and Elizabeth King, Woody and Ethel Oddson, Irma Hepner, Chuck Armstrong, Bob and Virginia Watts, Jim Adams, Lorraine Jaquith, Aurora Sanders, Lynne Siebrandt, George Pickard, Wes and Betty Holna, Bonnie Weeks, Lorene Hammial, Henry Fleek, and Ellsworth Schnebly, Reporter.

# Young In Heart Westerners Visit Aunt Isabel

by Will Osborn

The Sedona Westerners, 23 strong, aged 10 and older, all young in heart, had an enjoyable day of mixed sun and clouds on Saturday, the 24th. We tackled the A. B. Young trail up the west side of Oak Creek Canyon above Slide Rock. The zig-zag of this trail can be seen from the Slide Rock parking lot, looking north.

The Forest Service let us use the Bootlegger Campground for parking. After descending a civilized stone staircase, the fun began. Crossing a beautiful part of Oak Creek by boulder-hopping was a challenge and we all made it – but not until we learned the hard way that the wet-appearing round boulders were glassy with ice and to be avoided. Litterers don't come this far and the scramble up the ravine side to the dirt land above the creek had only a few blue ribbons to attest the scouting that had gone before.

Soon we came to the start of the Young trail, now marked by a sign stating 1 1/2 miles to the rim, 2 1/2 miles to East Pocket Fire Tower. It climbs ambitiously upward with the first of 33 switchbacks to the rim. It was built by C.C.C. boys directed by A. B. Young in the 1930s.

We gradually left the handsome timber below us and reveled in the full November sun. Looking up over the chiefly turbinella oak and sugarbush cover, the slope looked impossibly steep but the more gentle diagonal switchbacks inclined us to continue while enjoying the breathtaking view of the sloping canyon walls. When about 1/3 up the 1500 ft. climb from the creek to the rim, one is suddenly above a nearby ridge to the south and looks over the rich cornfield and orchard below Slide Rock in the middle distance. Beyond is the craggy north side of Wilson Mountain and Munds Mountain in the far distance. One is struck by the much more craggy west wall of the canyon compared to the east wall. The latter, after thousands of years of tumbling, now has a steep, relatively smooth angle of repose, with verdure and relatively few outcrops. The trail is confined between outcropping columnar citadels of Coconino sandstone. Some of these are rounded, undercut and take on anthropomorphic suggestion on revisitation. One of these, encountered about halfway up, was affectionately dubbed "Aunt Isabel" by volunteers last summer, who pruned back the shrubs, constructed "water bars," rebuilt the trail footing where carried away by washouts or covered by rock slides.

Proceeding up, one sees that he is nearing the height of the opposite rim and, gradually, he is well above it. The west rim is about 400 ft. above the east rim due to slippage at the time of the fault that started Oak Creek Canyon.

Some snow on the timbered top and the magnificent view from the rim made half the group decide to enjoy lunch there and not go farther. Twelve went on to the East Pocket fire tower 600 ft. higher for their lunch. By this time, Cloud 9 had arrived and those of us on the plateau enjoyed seeing its lowest layer sifting through the trees around us. It lifted, but its mood survived, and, lunch over, Charlie Smith, who knows this territory well, suggested an additional jaunt to a favorite viewpoint of his. In the soft silence of 4 inches of dry snow, we went down Forest Road 231 in the timber a ways and enjoyed finding that this mountaintop was home to coyote, deer, fox and bear whose recent tracks were there to be read. From the viewpoint, the country below was "socked in," so that was a good time to start back.

In addition to Sedonans, it was our pleasure to have along Bryan Peacock, aged 10, who came with his grandfather, Claude Good; Glen Rudesill, Paul's brother; Two Tucson members of the Southern Arizona Hiking Club who hike 40 miles a week: Virginia Blankenship and Vernon Estelle. The others of the fine company were Gerald and Elizabeth Spencer, Dix Fagerberg, Ed Long, Rose Mark, Ford Grant, Paul Rudesill, Hazel Lytle, Lorene Hammial, Bob and Virginia Watts, Mary and Lennie Lemke, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Dorothy Watson and your cub reporter, Will Osborn.

The trip down was as scenic as the ascent, in the differing light of afternoon, with dramatic clouds. The creek crossing was easier, without ice, a d all agreed it had been a fine adventure.

The next hike will again be an all-day one in Boynton Canyon, next Saturday, Dec. 1, starting at 9:30 from the Chamber parking lot. This is a fine time of year for Boynton Canyon. It can be too hot and dry in the summer. Bring lunch and water.

**Sedona Westerners' All-Day hike to A. B. Young Trail. Leav parking lot at Chamber of Commerce at 9:30 a.m. Bring your lunch Visitors welcome. 282-7683**

November 1973

# Are Westerners Best Christmas Cooks?

A potluck dinner will be the scene at which Westerners will challenge local chefs for Christman Cooking Crown. This annual affair will be held at the Brewer Road Sedona Elementary School, Thursday, Dec. 13 at 6 p.m. In an area famous for potluck suppers, the Westerners challenge all comers on the quality and quantity of food displayed and eaten, at the Christmas monthly meeting. Comely Calico Queen Rose Marque reminds that all must bring their own table settings and that a few card tables or picnic tables would help accommodate the hungry hoards.

Christmas carols will be sung after dinner as part of the program, and Marshall Vic Sterzing has persuaded Pat Purchase to play the accompaniment. Vic vows that he and Pat will play a few toe-tickling melodies if there are any Westerners with terpsichorean (dancing) tendencies, but if lethargy and lassitude are more to their liking, the program chairman has arranged to show a few snow scene slides of Sedona. Oak Creek Camera Club must be given credit for the slides. As far as is known, no Westerner hikes are held in snow, at least they aren't planned that way. Westerners do not have to be reminded to come to the December potluck since they know by reputation that it is a repast not to be missed. Visitors are always welcome, so why don't you come and see if your writer knows what he is talking about?

For additional info, contact 282-4287.



# Westerners (69) Enjoy Their Day

Kara, a little angel, rushed up where old fools like me feared to tread on the highest point of Submarine Rock on Sunday, Dec. 9 when 69 Westerners parked south of The Chapel of the Holy Cross, walked up to the summit of Chicken Point (where two Jeeploads of tenderfeet were admiring the grotesque formations in our red rocks), thence to the left of the damp wash below, all over the narrow highest part of Chicken Point, then all over Submarine Rock, from where the various shades of greenery below extended to the red sandstone monolithic columns above the deep blue sky-covered horizon. There was much speculation as to the names of certain pedestals. Were the two enormous columns to the east of the Chapel of the Holy Cross really the "Apostles" and were we walking in Morg's Stable or Little Horse Park, or has anyone named numerous beautiful formations, and if not, why not?

The air was crisp with no haze; the path was rocky in places, but not too steep; the crowd was congenial; and for the first time we were led by a lady, Hazel Lytle who very considerately paused from time to time to allow those who walked more slowly to observe Nature's wonders to "catch up." No day could have been more perfect for a four-mile hike, and our first-time hikers were amazed at what Sedona offers in the way of unexcelled scenery.

On Saturday, December 15, the Westerners will drive to Sycamore Canyon where they will trek down the steep trail to the babbling, spring-fed unpolluted brooklet, and up to the old Spanish mine, which has been closed REGRETTABLY FOREVER by the Forest Service since this has been declared a Wilderness Area. Had Jerry Graves been permitted to continue, what might he have found at the end of the drift which he and others had worked for years to extend beneath the ruins above? Supposedly old records and maps showed that a Spanish treasure had been buried there. Once, Geronimo was pursued and would have been captured had he not stood on a squaw's shoulders, reached to a ledge above, and with much effort crept into a passage (now hidden presumably forever) thru which he attained the summit and escaped from his pursuers.

If good weather prevails, this will be a good hike in more interesting canyons. Our Trail Boss, Dix Fagerberg, and others scouted the road to Sycamore Canyon and warn those who plan on going next week to go in a Model T, Model A, pickup, Jeep, four-wheel drive, or some other vehicle with ample clearance because since the last trip the Westerners made in ordinary cars, the rains of last winter have eroded the old trail so that no regular passenger car will be able to get over the last two miles.

Cactus Dodger Lothar Kolbig says that the hike on Saturday, Dec. 15, will start from the Sedona Chamber of Commerce at 9:30 a.m. and will be the last hike of 1973. Take water and lunch for an all-day trip. The first hike in 1974 will be led by the ever-helpful Charles "X" Smith to Dry Creek and Brind's Mesa, leaving the Chamber at 1:30 p.m. Sunday, Jan. 6.

On Thursday evening at 6:00 o'clock, Dec. 13, the Westerners will have their annual potluck and party at the Sedona School auditorium. All are welcome, but please bring a covered dish with your own table service.

Those getting exercise and fresh air on Dec. 9 were: Dorothy Watson, Reid Lewis, Charlotte and Al Coxley, Claude Rogers, Arthur and Marie Harvey, Gine and Dick Dickieson, Hazel Lytle, Mariel Bradley, Tom Moers, R. and Eleanore Fisher, Rose Mark, Elizabeth and Fred King, Amy and Will Osborne, Ruth and Floyd Damschen, Rex and Alta Harrison, Lennie and Mary Lemke, Lynne Siebrandt, George Pickard, Mike Nardello, Ed Long, Irma and Paul Masvidal, Alice Etter, Lothar Kolbig, Mildred Janney, Bob and Ruth Dempster, Maynard and Rita Tewson, Charles X. Smith, Wes and Betty Holman, Bonnie Weeks, Bob and Virginia Watts, Bob and June Boat, Buster and Abby Estes, Lew Goddard, Charles Andrews, Vic and Ellen Sterzing, Aurora Sanders, Alma Good, Jim Adams, Alice and Dick Stout, Lorene and Doug Hammial, Warren and Violet Bargabus -- from White Salmon, Washington, Joe Boyd, Lynne Tingley, Ethel Oddson, Dix Fagerberg, Renee Behrens, Buster and Frances Estes, petite Kara, Ellsworth Schnebly, reporter, and why did some of you others fail to sign the register?

December 1973

# They Were To Be Envied . . .

How the poor weather-stricken denizens of the snow-covered and ice-bound Midwest would have envied fifty-three Sedona Westerners who on Saturday, Dec. 15 ambled down a steep path strewn with rocks of all sizes and shapes, before they came to the leveling-off spot where Mother Nature had forgotten to request that her son "rake the leaves." As those leaves crunched beneath our feet, we thought of autumn bonfires, but never in December.

As we passed four young people who were enjoying Nature at her best, and later three young ladies who are not among the crowd who have to take the family car to drive half a block, we were assured that there are those who will not suffer too much from gasoline rationing.

On this five-mile hike, we saw trees yet flaunting their green foliage near the banks of placid little Sycamore Creek, while farther from the creek, Jack Frost had killed the leaves which softened our footsteps.

High above and to the right were the continuous columns of interlocked basalt, except in places were land or rock slides had tumbled millions of sharp large chunks into numerous angled forms.

When we trudged along the gurgling, spring-fed, pollution-free little brooklet decorated with shamrock-green watercress, which some of the vegetarians munched with ravenous appetites and looked above to see the sky polluted with smoke from "control burning," we were puzzled by the anachronism, with no pollution below and too much above, while even bonfires are prohibited. Recently in Eastern Arizona, for five miles along a certain highway, many fires were seen burning grass and brush and fallen slash back as far as the eye could see, scorching and leaving blackened trunks of trees, with no ranger or Forest Service vehicle in sight anywhere, but with the sun and bright blue sky well-nigh obliterated. How many of these scorched trees with blackened trunks will survive? It is to be hoped that all of them will, after having spent an ideal day among the pleasant surroundings in Sycamore Canyon with a congenial group of hikers.

Since Little Sycamore Creek was deeper than usual, several people emerged with wet feet, up to their knees and mud in some cases. The three crossings going up and coming back were not exactly without precautions being taken as the rocks rolled and were slippery at times. The swimming hole had no "skinny-dippers" in it this time, fortunately, or UNFORTUNATELY, as you choose.

The path along the base of the cliffs to the mine showed the caves where Geronimo supposedly hid long years ago before escaping thru a shaft above, from his pursuers.

After having eaten lunch, Lew Goddard read from Lothar Kolbig's pre-planning an interesting article from Desert Magazine of June, 1967 (usually considered to be authentic) titled, "The Lost Apache Gold Mine" which told the story of the six Spaniards who had mined silver and gold until four were killed by Apaches while two escaped after having buried and hidden their treasure. Time passed and the two never returned to reclaim their reward for years of work. When Jerry Graves and his partners spent 38 years in searching for this treasure, and were just about where an old map showed it to be buried (according to old maps and descriptions of landmarks which are unmistakable and visible today) the area was declared a "wilderness area." Now Jerry Graves, living in Cottonwood, must wonder whether there is any justice or whether he can be glad only that he put in a great sum of money and 38 years of his life, getting an air compressor, a generator, rails for the mine car to run on, and probably a drift 200 feet long under the cliff above FOR EXERCISE ONLY. As described in the old records, the spot where the treasure is hidden is beneath the rocky resemblance of an Indian with an oversized nose. A rock slide now covers the ancient entrance to the spot and it was to this spot that the drift was being dug at great hardship. It is now sealed with rocks and there is no evidence of the generator, the compressor, or the wires, and other equipment, but time and man has not yet leveled all of the walls of the old fort high above the "supposed treasure" nor has any vandal or

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THEY WERE
(Continued from page 74)

combination of vandals destroyed the walls around Geronimo's cave on the hill across the canyon. Speculation is rife and rumors are often erroneous, but if the departed could speak, we would know the answer posed by the question, "Was there really a Spanish Treasure buried beneath that Indian Head?"

This is the last hike until January 6, 1974 when Charles Smith will leave the Chamber of Commerce at 1:30 p.m. with a group to go to Dry Creek and Brind's Mesa. On Sunday, January 13 at 1:30 p.m. the Westerners will trek to the confluence of Dry Creek and Oak Creek, via Deerpass Ranch guided by the renowned world-traveller (who has been in and climbed noted mountains in every continent except Australia) Lothar Kolbig.

The Westerners voted to request all who go on these hikes to LEAVE THEIR DOGS AT HOME, as they often cause difficulties when hikers are walking along a path and have caused some hikers to stumble over the dogs, which might cause an injury. Also leave your leopards and other "well-trained" quadrupeds at home, please. Let your grandmother babysit with them.

Those enjoying another beautifully-created, cool Sedona day were: Dr. Ed Long, Floyd and Ruth Damschen, Lennie and Mary Lemke, Arthur and Marie Harvey, Alice and Dick Stout, Lynne Siebrandt, Joe Boyd, Hilda and Chuck Armstrong, Bob Dempster, Amy and Will Osborne, Lorraine Jaquith, Elizabeth Parks, Jim Adams, George Pickard, Hazel Lytle, Bonnie Weeks, Wes and Betty Holman, Mildred Janney, Faith Turner, Maynard and Rita Tewson, Alta Harrison, Alan and Maxine Buckley, Jim Bryant, Claude Good, Chuck Jorgensen, Aurora Sanders, Boyd E. Keith, Fred and Elizabeth King, Lee and Muriel Clarke (who are new members), Lothar Kolbig, Rita and Maury Madden, Susan Coleman, Charles Smith, Lew Goddard, Katherine Watson and little daughter Kara (who hikes untiringly with the best of them), Woody and Ethel Oddson, Lynne Tingley, Rose Mark and Ellsworth Schnebly, reporter.

December 1973

**SUNDAY, JANUARY 6**
**Sedona Westerners' Hike - Dry Creek-Brinda Mesa - Leave the Chamber of Commerce parking lot at 1:30 p.m. Visitors welcome. 282-7683.**

# Westerners To Hear Al Bristow

At the monthly meeting of the Sedona Westerners, Al Bristow will talk, in his inimitable style, of his experiences in Arizona and especially in Sedona. Those who have heard Al speak will not want to miss this, and newcomers to the Westerners' activities are advised to come early to get a front-row seat.

The regular monthly meeting of the Westerners will be at the Brewer Road School, and the business meeting starts at 8 p.m. The Trail Boss is out of town for this meeting, so the Wagon Boss promises that the business meeting will be so short you won't notice it. As usual, the meeting will be held on the second Thursday, January 10.

Jim Bryant
282-4287

**SUNDAY, JANUARY 20**
**Sedona Westerners' hike - Bear Wallow - Leave parking lot at Chamber of Commerce at 1:30 p.m. Visitors welcome. 282-7683.**

January 1974

# Westerners In Double-Header

For the Sedona Westerners, the past ten days were the "ten days that WERE." Never before and perhaps never again will there be TWO hikes on two successive days. Had it not been for Cactus Dodger Lothar Kolbig's "snafu" to schedule an all-day hike on Saturday, Jan. 19 and an afternoon ramble on Sunday, Jan. 20, it would have been impossible for anyone to have discovered just how young and how tough he really was. Even some newcomers who were just getting their sea-legs tuned to land-roving in Sedona's bush country could scarcely credit their own grit and endurance but they refused to surrender.

About four miles south of Sedona, the group parked at the Bell Rock Comfort Station and headed thru manzanita, chaparral, in and out of washes, across rugged terrain up a long draw, huffing and puffing not unlike Casey Jones' famed locomotive, ever upward, with the occasional "take five breather stops" until they reached the saddle which our noted Charles X. Smith has dubbed "The Seven Warriors."

As we looked down from where we had started the ascent, we judge that we must have climbed at least 1000 feet. At the rest stop in the saddle, Lothar Kolbig spun his hilarious (??) moon-shot story, but it took another ascent of 80 feet to reach the summit where a famished group devoured their sandwiches ravenously.

In the distant northwest, Bill Williams Mountain flaunted its snow-mantled summit, while to the northeast far below, the broad valley of Jack's Canyon lay awaiting developers to increase the valuation of homes built by people who want a quiet place in which to spend their remaining three score and ten. To the southwest, the tax-exempt cluster of the campus at the Verde Valley School appeared like remote periods.

While an ever-ambitious group led by Charles Smith sought a way to reach the top of the adjacent rockpile, the remainder (who were less eager to go farther) wended their weary way back to the waiting cars. Those who vanquished (because they are there) the Seven Warriors were: Lothar Kolbig, Virginia Watts, Al and Marilou Cushman, Rose Mark, Marten and Dorothy Verhoeven, Bill and Betty Winters, Bob Dempst, Chuck Armstrong, Win and Vernice Jackson, Martha Bassett, Hazel Bradshaw, Dorothy Watson, Reid Lewis, Charles X. Smith, Dr. Ed Long, Jos Boyd, Will and B Coe, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Hazel Lytle and Lorene Hammial.

On Sunday, January 20, under a continuous all-day cover of lowering clouds while the weatherman was predicting rain or snow, Cactus Dodger TRIED to lead 49 Westerners (the true "forty-niners") up Schnebly Hill to a spot about a mile below the Merry-go-round, where cars were parked. From there, Lothar tried to corral the sheep, but some of them strayed and paid for obstreperousness by "doing it the hard way." Blundering, blubbering, bounding and bumping over and thru briars, brambles, brush and boulders, lava slabs and lava globules, Lothar led on, ordering the weatherman to withhold the precipitation until all were back in the cars. Just as Elijah in First Kings, verse one had told Ahab that no rain would fall for about three years, the inveterate and imperturbable Lothar evidently had some influence in preventing hiking enthusiasts from experiencing a drenching in cool weather.

Once they had attained the eminence, the group was rewarded, as they looked down from the saddle upon a breath-taking panorama including Midgely Bridge, Wilson Mountain and the path leading to its top, Sedona and its northern environs with the red sandstone accentuating the freshly-watered evergreens.

Looking southward, Lothar explained that one of John Wayne's recent movies had been filmed in the magnificent setting of sculptured rock towers and castellated buttes. On the same spot below, during World War Two, many Navajo Indians had brought their wagons to be used in filming "CALIFORNIA." We regretted that Jim Bryant, who was scheduled to lead the trek, was unable to be present, but Lothar knows the whole world almost as well as he knows our red rock country, and made an excellent substitute.

The trip on Saturday, 26th of January, will leave the Chamber of Commerce at 9:30 a.m. to go to Big Park Heights, and the trip on Feb. 2nd will be a caravan to Jerome where John McMillan (caretaker of Phelps-Dodge Mining property) will lead all Westerners and guests on a historical tour of Jerome. Mr. McMillan has spent his life in Jerome and knows it as well as, if not better than, anyone else. If you have not visited some of the old buildings, this is your opportunity to "peek inside without being sent to the jusgado incommunicado. Bring your lunches and drinking water for both these ALL-DAY trips. Schnebly Hill Road was muddy with snow in spots on Sunday, Jan. 20. From now on, that road may cause trouble if storms come. Beware!

Those making the five-mile trip on January 20 up the tortuous, brushy and rocky unmarked slopes to the saddle high above Bear Wallow were: Marie and Art Harvey, Rose Mark, Mike Nardello, Charles X Smith, Vic and Ellen Sterzing, Earl and Agnes Sutton, Paul Rudesill, Lothar Kolbig, Will and B Coe, Ann and George Goedecke, Hazel Bradshaw Martha Bassett, Aurora Sanders, Hazel Lytle, Lorene Hammial, Gerald and Elizabeth Spencer, Elizabeth King, Joe Boyd, Charlotte and Alfred Coxley, Ed Long, Charles and Catherine Kaesur, Dix Fagerberg, Lynne Siebrandt, Mildred Janney, Irma and Paul Masvidal, George Pickard, Bob and Virginia Watts, Alta Harrison, Hazel Seaman, Stan and Mabs Altpeter, Betty Holman, Jim Adams, Marten and Dorothy Verhoeven, Malin and Bea Wing, V. Gilmore, and Ellsworth Schnebly - Reporter.

# Westerner Alpinists Climb the Heights

"Faint heart may never have won - or lost - Fair Lady," but faint heart could not make the ascent to the summit of Big Park Heights, where most of the twenty-eight Sedona Westerners scrambled and clawed their way over loose tailings and talus, none of which often offered a very sure foot-hold, and most of which was precarious. A word to the uninitiated would be to make that circuitous climb only with a seasoned alpinist, and then only with good legs and ample endurance. Of course, Lothar Kolbig, Lou Goddard, Dix Fagerberg, Will Coe, Charley Smith, or some other willing climber is there to help you, but even they cannot prevent loose rocks from rolling when dislodged from above, and those flirtatious rocks seemed inclined to be eager to injure someone below when dislodged.

Dix Fagerberg gave a brief warning: "Rest briefly after not more than 100 vertical feet as you ascend, and follow a moderate grade rather than going a shorter way straight up a hill." Do as an engineer does in building a highway (up the switchbacks or to Jerome or up Pike's Peak or Mt. Evans in Colorado). Lothar Kolbig advised, "because your body is somewhat like an engine in a car, you must shift to low gear and maintain a steady gait, with occasional breathing spells -- not too long -- because you get out of adjustment." Lothar advised taking shorter steps while Dix advised natural steps. For future hikes, and hikers, that counsel may be of some aid.

Because of the unobstructed view in so many directions, one wonders why some enterprising developer or realtor has not already located an office high on Big Park Heights. He could take his victims up by helicopter, show them the unrivalled view and close the deal before they ceased gasping with "ohs" and "ahs." His subdivision could be sold out in a few days, if a buyer wanted a viewpoint, such as High Tor. An early morning saunter to the top would give anyone an appetite so that the poorest cook's meal would taste like ambrosia to her husband. Since there's no lover's lane up there, residents would not likely be annoyed by neckers, and hippies would not likely locate their pads there either. Unlike most of our hikes, this one presented no evidence that it had ever been inhabited by the Hohokam, the Anasazi, or the abominable snowman, otherwise known as the Tibetan metkokhangmi, whom Lothar Kolbig may have encountered in his Himalayan safaris.

When we parked our cars just off Highway 179, Lou Goddard calibrated his altimeter which read 4250 feet. When he got to the "top," it read 5250 feet, indicating a vertical climb of 1000 feet in several winding miles of UP. Just as watching a football game from the press or the broadcasting booth offers a better view than a seat in row one on the 50-yard line, so the perspective from 5250 feet gave a much better picture and surprised the group who saw how extensive both the Village of Oakcreek and the new subdivision between there and Verde Valley School has become. To those who have never "seen from above," we insist that they have missed the true beauty of the hills, buttes, and rock formations which have made Sedona's scenery world-famous. Even eating lunch in the saddle with a vertical climb of about 40 feet afterwards, was better than eating at a lower altitude while digesting food and gazing in awe over the tops of hills below. Autumn would have created a kaleidoscopic effect.

The coming hikes will be:

Tour of Jerome, conducted by Mr. John McMillan. Leave Chamber of Commerce at 9:30 a.m. on Saturday, February 2. On February 10th (Sunday) Will Coe will lead the group on a hike to Court house Rock at Red Rock Crossing (yes, both names are correct).

Those who enjoyed the hike up Big Park Heights were wondering why we no longer see birds flitting about as in past years, adding color and music. Only one lonely vulture-like, winged apparition was soaring lazily awaiting someone's making a fatal mis-step on loose earth or looser rocks. Is it possible that the scarcity of our beautiful feathered friends may have any connection with the shortage of gasoline, meat products, wheat, T.P., bubble gum, LEGGS, and "Cabbages and kings"? Those who looked OVER Cottonwood and saw Jerome on an eye-level were: Gerald and Elizabeth Spencer, Al and Marilou Cushman, Rose Mark, Dorothy Eatson, Reid C. Lewis, Mike Nardello, Dix Fagerberg, Charles Smith, (Leader), Chuck Armstrong, Bob Dempster, Art Harvey, Hazel Bradshaw, L. Stanford and Mabs Altpeter, Will and B Coe, Martha Bassett, Lew Goddard, George Pickard, Mildred Janney, Jim Adams, Lothar Kolbig, Marten and Dorothy Verhoeven, Betty Holman, and Ellsworth Schnebly, Reporter.

**SATURDAY, JANUARY 26**

**Sedona Westerners' all-day hike. Leave Chamber parking lot at 9:30 a.m. Bring lunch and water. Visitors welcome. Hike to Big Park Heights. 282-7683.**

January 1974

February 1974

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2
Sedona Westerners hike and tour of Jerome - Leave the parking lot at the Chamber of Commerce 9:30 a.m. Visitors welcome. Bring your lunch and water. 282-7683 or 3169.



# Record Crowd In Westerner Group For Jerome Tour

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain" -- Matthew 5:41-- typifies and exemplifies Mr. John McMillan, who, when asked by our Cactus Dodger, Lothar Kolbig, if he would conduct the Westerners on a tour of the Phelps-Dodge holdings in Jerome, did just that, but went even farther by having tables and chairs hauled so that the visitors could sit while eating their lunch. Thanks to you, Mr. McMillan, for giving us such a royal, red-carpet welcome.

Mr. McMillan, who is thoroughly conversant with the history of Jerome and Clarkdale (after having spent his lifetime in working in and with the mines in both cities) is and has been always willing to share his historical background of Jerome and its environs, by regaling 107 visitors with his accumulated experiences as he led them on a tour, Saturday, Feb. 2nd.

After having met his guests, he led them to the open pit, the site of Arizona's FIRST strip mining operations from which about half a billion dollars' worth of ore was extracted. At this point, 300 feet below where the first ore was discovered, and 4260 feet higher than the lowest point in the mine (below Jerome) Mr. McMillan explained how the place had been discovered, adding that 45 percent of the ore was copper while 200 ounces of silver and TWO ounces of gold was taken from each ton. Jerome was founded in 1876. A man from Camp Verde worked removing ore for about three years after which the mine was bought and sold several times before Senator W. A. Clark of Montana bought it and began working in 1894. Clarkdale (named after this Senator Clark) is 1700 feet below the edge of the open pit where we stood looking at the vari-colored rocks below and the narrow winding roads on the south and the west ABOVE where trucks have carried ore to be shipped from Clarkdale to Ajo for smelting in recent years.

Pointing to the Jimmy Douglas mansion, which was a wedding gift from his father and which is now a state monument, Mr. McMillan said that Jimmy Douglas had taken $125,000,000 worth of ore from the U.V.X. (United Verde Extension) mine there, where the frame now stands above the shaft. Another rich mine was the Little Daisy. The ruins of the Little Daisy Hotel still stand, unwilling to reveal carefully guarded secrets of what may have occurred there and what prominent guests may have made it their temporary abode. Above and to the South of the open pit is the 50,000 gallon tank, fed by seven springs, the farthest of which is Allen Springs, twelve miles away. From this tank, Jerome, founded in 1876, later incorporated and still an incorporated "city" of 243 people in the 1960 census, with about 400 residents now, after having had an estimated population of 15,000 in the 1920s, still gets its good water in plentiful supply. Mr. McMillan, who was born in Prescott, and whose father was an engineer on the narrow gauge railroad from Jerome Junction (now defunct) has worked with the Jerome Historical Society and has been active in keeping his world-famous "ghost town" alive -- sometimes only by mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Now, as supervisor or custodian of Phelps-Dodge property, he prevents looting or destruction of properties and is instrumental in restoring Jerome's "Society Row" completely and authentically for Jerome's Centennial in 1976. Let's all be there to see this Modern "Phoenix" section rise from its own ashes. There are fifteen of these "turn-of-the-century" Victorian Mansions and the United Verde Apartment Complex to be restored. This will then become an indoor-outdoor museum. The Tally Mansion will be reserved to house distinguished guests from the East to the West and from the North to the South, or as Rudyard Kipling wrote:

"There is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed nor Birth,

"When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

Thus Jerome will honor, respect, and receive with a royal welcome, not only two strong men, but men, women and children from all over the world, as it has been doing for almost One Century. These "Houses by the Side of the Road" will become national shrines, to which, as Sam Walter Foss wrote:

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by --

They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish -- so am I" -- and it is these men (and even more important) their ladies, who will not only pass by, but will enter and relive the difficult, perhaps, but the "good ole days," thanks to the enterprising citizens of Jerome, our sister "city."

Because Jerome's Centennial in 1976 coincides with the Colorado Centennial of 1976 and the Bi-Centennial of our United States, private, as well as government funding is expected and is forthcoming.

Until 1970, the McMillan pioneer family had owned and operated a mortuary. Mrs. McMillan, an intensely patriotic, America-first lady, seldom missed a meeting of the American Legion Auxiliary and was active in the D.A.R. and various civic activities. Without this family, and a FEW other hyper-enthusiastic people, Jerome just could have, as William Cullen Bryant expressed it in his immortal "Thanatopsis."

"Wrapped the drapery of his couch about it and lain down to pleasant dreams" . . . in paraphrase, with apologies to the author. But with determined citizens, Jerome, as in the case of Tombstone, Arizona, is the town which "is too tough to die."

Since Mr. McMillan is as familiar with the shafts, drifts, tunnels and rooms which once underlay Jerome as you are with your own home, with particular emphasis on the "cellar" or "basement" or lower level, he has always been not only willing but eager to share history as he knows it, with all others. He pointed out the spot which was once the site of the Opera House -- the home of all cultural and pastime gatherings -- but which is now a parking lot. That old Opera House could have been as well-known as the Central City, Colorado Opera House, where famous stage and screen stars have during many summer seasons produced some of the greatest plays ever written.

Ever willing to share his knowledge with others, Mr. McMillan has consented to come to Sedona on Thursday evening, April 11, 1974 at 8 p.m. where he will show movies of older days or earlier times to the Westerners in the Sedona School auditorium. This is open to the public, free of charge, as are all meetings of the Westerners.

On Sunday, February 10 at 1:30 p.m. the Sedona Westerners will leave the Chamber of Commerce Parking lot to go to Courthouse Rock where Will Coe will lead them hither and yon. On Sunday, February 17, at 1:30 p.m. the group will leave to go to Robber's Roost. All roosters and robbers have long since flown the coop, rendering it inadvisable to carry your carbines, M-1s or Colt 45s.

The largest group ever to go on a Sedona Westerners' caravan, and whose names appear below, thank Mr. John McMillan and Lothar Kolbig, who arranged the trip, as well as our Trail Boss, Dix Fagerberg for making these trips possible:

Lew and Monnie Goddard, Aurora Sanders, Maida Belle Slavin, Lothar Kolbig, Blanche Wyles, Claudia and Marion Rogers, Ben and Malin Wing, Elizabeth Parks, Charles Smith, Charles D. Chandler, Conrad Willis, Dorothy Willis, Mildred and George Fife, Randy and Bonnie Weeks, Wes and Betty Holman, Gerald and Elizabeth Spencer:

Mary Cummings, Clotilde Daugherty, Harry Hoefle, Alice and Cleon Etter, George Pickard, Irma and Paul Masvidal, Lorraine Jaquith, Lynne Siebrandt, Barbara Anderson, Mildred Janney, Will M. Coe, Jim Adams, Mike Nardello, Barbara and Boyd Keith:

Mary and Dix Fagerberg, Janice Cleveland, Alta Harrison, Romer and Lillian D'Angelo, Stan and Mabs Altpeter, Jerry and Luanne Winans, Wenola and Betty Huddleston, Vicky Abrams, Gerry Nuanez, Bob and Ruth Dempster, Hazel Bradshaw, Myrtle Walton, Rose Simon, John and Jean Wagner, Chuck Armstrong, Alice Stout, Eula Thurston, Earl and Marjorie McClaugherty, Lynn Hild, George Stellman, Bill and Carolyn Ackerman:

Fred and Elizabeth King, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Kerr, Caroline and Ed Long, Marilou and Al Cushman, Charlotte and Al Coxley, Thelma Heitler, Helen Barker, Dorothy Watson, Reid Lewis, Olen Conner, Harvey and Connie Carey:

Floyd and Ruth Damschen, Roy and Catherine Tillotson, Joe Boyd, Mrs. Judith Smith of Glendale, Calif.; Adele Baer of Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Edgar M. Lindfors, Art and Marie Harvey, Lynne Kingley, Emmet and Marge Wiemer, Rose Mark, and Ellsworth Schnebly, who extends an invitation to all visitors and members to go to Red Rock Crossing and Court House Rock on Sunday, Feb. 10.

The entire group above was taken thru the old three-story hospital which is now being converted into an apartment building. The view from the balcony on the east gave shutterbugs an excellent opportunity to shoot pictures of the San Francisco Peaks with snowcaps, Kendrick Mountain, Jerome and Clarkdale with Sedona's red rocks predominating.

Ellsworth Schnebly,
Reporter

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17

**Sedona Westerners' Hike to Robber's Roost. Leave the parking lot at the Chamber of Commerce at 1:30 p.m. Visitors welcome. 282-7683 or 3169.**

## Westerners Bust Par

In their regular weekly playout, the Sedona Westerners explored Robber's Roost out Sycamore Pass way last Sunday afternoon.

The congregation first assembled at the C. of C. parking lot as usual and then picked up gas-conservers at Smith's Corner, Dry Creek Road turnoff, Juniper Knolls, The Old Corral, Twin Junipers and Upper Spring Creek. One of our Ancient Ones said the gathering process reminded her of one of the early westward-ho caravans.

Forgot to say it was February 17th and felt exactly as February 17th should.

About the action? Well, it was a good deal like an old-time western stew, containing a little of everthing and not too much of anything. It combined both smooth and rutty motoring, some tame hiking along the road up to the Salt Lick, then a dose of outclawing and bluffing, and finally a 20 foot stretch of cliff-edging along a rope section ably policed by Marten Verhoeven.

The antelope-roaming type of setting, the brisk breezes and the physical effort effectively stifled any tendencies toward controversial verbal eruptions. There was no debate between the Whigs and the Republicrats, and the Independents remained silent as usual. To keep this supposedly snappy story from getting out of hand, we may sum up by saying that, despite the variable weather and the unmanicured fairways, the Westerners registered a scrambling but impressive 68, which included visitors Mark and Lois Brown, Charmain Manning, Ethel Conlon, Glin Conner, Bill, June and Peggy Wagoner, Bob and Margaret Wagoner, Debbie Lindsey, Bernice Corrigan and Dorothy Eigel.

Also Westerners Nap Grenier, Harvey and Connie Carey, Blanche Wyles, Claudia Rogers, Lorene Hammial, George Pickard, Wes and Betty Holman, Will and B. Coe, Dorothy Watson, Reid Lewis, Clarke, Gerald and Elizabeth Spencer, Bill and Barbara House (new members), Erma and Harvey Sweetman, Wagon Boss Jim Bryant, Dale and Joyce Hackett, our marshall, Vic Sterzing, Bob and Jean Sykes, also Emily and Beth Sykes. And Lorraine Jacquith, Martin and Dorothy Verhoeven, Vincent Ely, Alice and Dick Stout, Ken and Lenore Kerr, Fred and Liz King, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Tom Moers, Lynn Tingley, Bob and Virginia Watts, Barbara Johnstone, Al and Marilou Cushman, Alta Harrison, Lynn Hild, Margo and Obert Westphal, Rose Mark, Helen Barker, Edith Hibbs and vacationing E. Schnebly's hesitant understudy, Dix Fagerberg.

# Westerners Visit Courthouse Rock

When Lothar Kolbig, veteran international traveller and hiker, scheduled the Sedona Westerners' 1973-74 series of 39 treks, he secured the cooperation of the "Weatherman." As our cactus-dodger, he has provided us with good weather on every one of the past 27 hikes, with only one cancellation. We have twelve more hikes scheduled, the last of the season to be on May 12, the North Trail to Wilson Mountain from Encinoso, led by Monty Colladay. Because of the invasion of gnats, rattlesnakes and prickly heat, the Westerners take a respite until September, 1974.

On Sunday, February 10th, ninety-one seasoned and unseasoned hikers parked near Red Rock Crossing (not Baldwin's Crossing -- which is only a name given by newcomers), walked to the east about a mile before climbing a very steep but safe (from falling rocks as on Big Park Heights) slope to red rocks on which the ancients had scratched petroglyphs, which have been sadly embellished by the moderns. After having made the breathtaking climb and descent, everyone was ready for a rest, with the usual discussion of why so many people want to live near Oak Creek, why our nation is faced with numerous crises, et al.

As we stood in the Hall of Justice at Court House Rock, cogitations cropped out. Why are some things RIGHT for one person and WRONG for another? Why is it kosher for the John F. Kennedy administration to tap wires and bug while it is wrong for the Richard Nixon regime to do the same thing? According to Carl Stern, Walter Cronkite, Eric Sevareid, Brinkley and numerous others of the sacrosanct news media, it is immoral for Nixon to sell his White House Papers, but it was almost a sacred duty for Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Pat Brown of California, and Mennen (Soapy) Williams of Michigan to do the same thing. Why did the ever-watchful discover high crimes and misdemeanors under Nixon, but fail to condemn identical actions under previous Democratic Administrations? Where are the cloak and dagger henchmen hiding at appropriate times? When we were warned in 1952 about the present crisis, why did not someone take action to prevent our present shortage of gasoline, beef, onions and EVERYTHING ELSE with accompanying astronomical price rises which threaten starvation for those on limited and fixed incomes? Why did not the right hand know what the left hand was doing then? Why could those watch-dogs "strain at a gnat while swallowing a camel"? Why should it be legal under one administration to follow the adage "When in Rome, do as Romans do," but under another administration (with a heavily loaded democratic majority in Congress) condemn those who feel that "When in Rome, be a Roman candle"? When something stinks, it may not necessarily be a skunk.

Such questions often come up while admiring the distant views from our numerous summits, especially on such a beautifully prepared day as yesterday. Red Rock Crossing had only "standing space" with groups parking their beer cans and bottles on top of their cars to be scattered on the parking spaces when they drove away. Lothar Kolbig and others frequently mash, pick up and carry some of those "litterbugs' folly" home to throw in their garbage cans. It is not to be wondered that Frank Fisher and his crew are unable to Keep Sedona Beautiful. An army could not hope to clean up the litter left by picnickers who are determined to desecrate beautiful areas.

With the water temperature at about 40 degrees, some Eskimos were splashing in Oak Creek, apparently oblivious to the fact that is is still WINTER.

Tom Moers and Stan Altpeter, intent on climbing to the crevices between the spires on Court House Rock, made their way above the greenery and were well up to the notches when they realized that it was time to go back before it was too late. Tom says that this ascent can be made and that he (and others) will make it later, by starting earlier. From the parking spot, some of the hikers made their way around the hill to the south where low walls of an Indian ruin have been left by conquering vandals who have long since pushed the higher walls aside.

If for no other reason, a weekly hike provides companionship, spending time in beautiful, inspiring areas, and makes the hiker more healthy than if he were at home watching his boob-tube.

Those who enjoyed the outing on this ideal Sunday afternoon were: Louise Streuben, Chas. Andrews, Paul Rudesill, Vic Sterzing, Barbara House, Gerald and Elizabeth Spencer, R. W. House, Rev. Vera M. Zimmerman, Marie and Art Harvey, Lothar Kolbig, Ed and Helen Karnik, Geo. and Ann Goedecke, Hazel Bradshaw, Will and B Coe, Ellen Sterzing, Lee Clarke, Stan Altpeter, Romeo and Lillian D'Angelo, Ruth and Ernse Graton, Ralph and Genny Zemke, Wes and Betty Holman, Amy Osborne, Alice and Cleon Etter, El and Val Hirsch, Tom Moers, Harry Hoefle, Lorraine Jaquith, Irma and Paul Masvidal, Dorothy Tryon, Jean and Kermit Korn;

Martha Bassett, Lew Goddard, Aurora Sanders, Joe Boyd, Win and Bernice Jackson, Ray and Ellanor Johns, Mildred Janney, George Pickard, Lynne Siebrandt, Barbara Anderson, Harvey and Connie Carey, Nap Grenier, Hilda and Chuck Armstrong, Mary and Dix Fagerberg, Lynn Hild, Beth Corrigan, Fred and Liz King, Ken and Lenore Kerr, Chas. Smith, Lynne Tingley, Marten and Dorothy Verhoeven;

Lorene and Doug Hammial, Helen Barker, Thelma Heitler, Edith Hibbs, Al and Charlotte Coxley, Al and Marilou Cushman, Dorothy Watson, Reid Lewis, Rex and Alta Harrison, Janice and Bill Cleveland and Ellsworth Schnebly.

On Sunday, Feb. 17, the Westerners will leave the Chamber of Commerce at 1:30 p.m. to go to Robber's Roost, where they can climb and look out thru the rock window made by Nature. Newcomers should not miss this unusual formation.

E. Schnebly, Reporter

# It Was Quite A Hike!

On Sunday afternoon, the Westerners went up the canyon to Harding spring which, from the highway at Troutdale Ranch, is only 800 feet as the arctic tern flies -- straight up. Of course, if you are merely human (as most of the Westerners are) there are a few switchbacks to be negotiated (how can a business term get into a report of a hike that had many rewards but none financial). However, if the zigs and zags were straightened out. . . we would have had a less interesting jaunt. Of course, some pioneered shortcuts on the way up, and several almost took unintentional shortcuts between switchbacks on the way down. Rose Mark longed for her sliding saucer to expedite things.

Our leader Ed Long took us on no ordinary hike. We trod inches-thick humus that already felt like spring, climbed over trunks of fallen ponderosa giants, scrabbled across glacial bridges above a treacherous abyss (patches of ice and snow on the trail to you dull ones), crunched across the frozen tundra to conquer the heights and emerge victorious on the summit meadow.

Here the veterans paused to survey the scene and to inhale the beauty (when they could catch their breath) while all the youths of the world (represented by Rick Dickison and Debby Howey) gamboled on the snow. Who tackled whom I'll never reveal! While most wandered about, someone who looked a bit like Charlie Andrews stood waiting for an avalanch to descend upon him so that he could emerge unscathed surveying his can of malt liquor. Nothing happened, unfortunately.

While meandering the meadow, the hikers divided themselves into two parts: Those headed for Granddad's Cave and those who could think up reasons for not going there. The three additional miles were sufficient argument to deter some. Others had more private reasons. Among those most eager to be caveward bound was the youngest and prettiest of the party -- Emily Sykes.

A report from the Mountain Goat Patrol concerning the extended hike is here given us by past-trailboss Lew Goddard:

The unofficial second half of this hike was guided by volunteer leader Charlie Smith, a very persistent hombre when it comes to finding caves. From the top of the Harding Springs trail 20 of us took off hither and yon over upland prairies, gullies and ridges in search of Granddad's Cave, or Grandma's Cave, which I've heard is a more worthy name for it. All were advised not to try this part of the trip unless ready to do considerable snow wading but, as usual, these Westerners either don't hear well or let ambition overrule caution. Bye and bye a couple turned back and left 18 to continue.

Talk about rugged country -- this was IT. Snow on the north slopes and knee-deep in the gullies! After several palavers and uninformed opinions expressed by a dissenter, we attained a rock ridge with a wide view of the canyons below and started down, I mean down, down, down on all fives, two feet, two hands and one bottom. While Bob happened to be out front at the moment, Charlie and Jim reversed direction to find a better way down. Another ten minutes of down when lo and behold there was the cave right in front of us at the base of a pink conglomerate cliff. Believe me, that lone dissenter had to eat some ill-chosen words. With the help of several flashlights we explored the 100 yards or so to the end of the cave and tried to puzzle out how it got there, certainly a freak of nature and possibly a former underground water channel -- we'll have to leave it to the geologists to decide.

After some welcome cookies furnished by the ladies, we headed down the gully to the canyon when Charlie and Jim showed up from another direction, climbing up from below. So, ultimately, everybody was happy as, mission accomplished, we found our way back to our cars.

P. S. If you want a guide to Grandma's Cave, just try any of us; we'll never be able to find it again!

Meanwhile, we early descenders did so with greater alacrity than we had climbed. Here and there we passed groups who had decided to make that particular place their goal. Vera Zimmerman, burdened with two cameras, kept asking descenders, "Did you find the spring?" The usual answer was "What spring?" Despite the fact that this was billed as a hike to Harding Spring, most had been content with the view from the summit and no one seemed to know where the spring is.

Those who remembered to sign the hike book are: Ed Long, Vic Sterzing, Blanche Wyles, Claudia Rogers, Debbie Howey, Rick Dickison, Rose Mark, Dorothy Boyles, Paul Rudesill, Dix Fagerberg, Charles Andrews, Romeo D'Angelo, Bob Sykes and daughter Emily Sykes, Lothar Kolbig, Rex and Alta Harrison, Cle and Bertha Simonson, Gerald and Elizabeth Spencer, Hazel Lytle, Malin and Bea Wing, Will and B. Coe.

Other hikers include Lynn Hild, Nap Grenier, Dick and Janet Beving, Jim Bryant, Lorene Hammial, Wes and Betty Holman, Lorraine Jaquith, Bennie Weeks, Charlie Smith, Lew Goddard, Vera Zimmerman, Art and Marie Harvey, Bill and Barbara House, Marten Verhoeven, Kerm and Jean Korn, Fred and Liz King, Ken and Lenore Kerr, Dick and Alice Stout, Mark and Lois Brown.

Also present were Charmain Manning, Ethel Coulon, Harvey and Connie Carey (they did get to the top!), Helen Barker, Edith Hibbs, Dorothy Eigel, Lynne Tingley, Bob and Virginia Watts, Jim Adams, George Pickard, Lee Clarke, Maynard Tewson, Bob and Mabel Woodruff, and your reporter Charles Jorgensen.

Next trip, Saturday, March 2, at 9:30 a.m. Bring your lunch. This will be a "new hike for the Westerners -- to Mescal Mountain which is really a mesa. It is located just north of the Boynton Pass Road and just west of Long Canyon. We will climb about 300 feet in elevation and hope to find some caves at the base of the rim rock on the way. It should be a very pleasant trip and less strenuous than several recent hikes. Visitors are always welcome.

# Westerners To Hear Houck

The monthly meeting of the Westerners for March will feature a program all residents of Sedona will enjoy. The meeting will be held at the Brewer Road School. The business meeting will start at 7:30 instead of 8:00 p.m. to allow more time for the program. The date? The 14th of March. The program will start at 8 p.m. sharp, so don't be late.

The program goes something like this: Once upon a time: A gentleman named Rollie Houck taped some nine hours of interviews with Sedona "Old Timers" on the early history of Sedona. This was in 1965, and some of the people interviewed have gone to their reward by now. Recently the History Division of the Social Science Department at NAU copied these tapes, and now they would like to complete their records by interviewing the same people, and others. At the March meeting we will be listening to this new taping session, sitting in Studio A, as it were, while Joseph Lippert and Robert Novak ask the questions and Ellsworth Schnebly, Al Bristow, Carl Richards, Myrtle Smith and others will make with the answers. Dr. John Nicolson is coordinating the efforts of Mr. Lippert and Mr. Novak who are trying to complete the University's Oral History Project on the history of Sedona as their Master thesis.

This is an excellent opportunity for the "newcomers" in Sedona to learn something about the early history of Sedona. If you haven't heard Ellsworth or Carl or Al answer questions on the subject at hand, you have missed the best entertainment in town; so come early for a ringside seat, or maybe just to get a seat. Remember, the meeting starts at 7:30.

# Mescal Mountain for Westerners

This trip was new territory last Saturday for the Sedona Westerners. It is really more of a mesa than a mountain because of its flat top, and is similar to Doe Mt. a few miles to the west. Mescal is immediately north of the Boynton Canyon Road and west of the Long Canyon Road. Probably many of us local yokels have been passing right by without noticing it because it's sort of lost in the more spectacular surrounding hills.

The top is carpeted with Mescal plants which, according to Reg Manning's "What Kinda Cactus Izzat" is also known as the Century Plant, Agave or Maguey in Mexico. Also, according to Reg, erudite pronunciation for these names is ah-GAH-vey, mace-KAL and m'GAY. And, if you want to do some moonshining on the side, you can brew some Pulque (pool-KAY), Tequila (tay-KEEL-ah), or Mescal from it. Begging your pardon for this scholarly detour, we return to our story.

After all hikers were collected and briefed at our parking area just off the Long Canyon Road, we headed up a jeep trail toward a saddle on the hill. The easy grade became steeper near the top and we had to dodge a little catclaw here and there. Following a quick look into a smoke-blackened cave on the way up – probably an old Indian hideout – we re-grouped at the saddle. While some took a breather, others climbed to a lookout point on a nearby ridge. Assembling again, we followed up an easy ridge to the south, and skirted the base of a cliff until we found a negotiable notch up through the rocks. With the help of a rope from above and some bearty boosting from below, everyone made it to the top, much to the surprise of a few.

On top, after a good "blow" we circled that "island in the sky," enjoying the ever-changing view. It was cool and breezy up there, but we managed to find a sheltered spot for lunch before starting the return trip.

Back at the saddle, those accounted for were: Myrtle Smith (glad to have you with us again, Myrtle), Lothar Kolbig, Chuck Jorgenson, Alice and Dick Stout, Ed Long, Lorene Hammial, George Pickard, Mildred Janney, newcomers Romeo and Lil D'Angelo with guests Jim and Josephine D'Alfonso, Lynne Tingley, Woody and Ethel Oddson, Rex and Alta Harrison, Al and Charlotte Coxley, Betty Holman and Marge Wiemer. But there were a few missing.

We finally learned from "a usually reliable source" that some of our tougher hikers had decided that the trip was too short and easy. These mavericks: Bob and Virginia Watts, Hazel Lytle, Rose Mark, Jim Adams, Dix Fagerberg and Charlie Smith just had to find the hard way down. It seems they did because they were reported in town a few hours later than the rest of the party.

Next Sunday we plan to leave from the Chamber of Commerce at 1:30 for Hart Well Canyon with Lennie Lemke as guide. This should be an easy hike with little climbing for a change. As always visitors and guests are welcome but be sure to wear hiking boots and carry a canteen.

L.H.G.

# SW Diehards Cope

3-10-74

All 13 of us diehards hiked last Sunday in spite of a cool damp day, the defection of our student geologists on a field trip to Jerome, being forsaken by our fairweather followers and our lack of more than 3 out-of-town guests. While gathering at the Sedona C of C between one and one-thirty, our VIPs and ex or two, Lennie Lemke, scheduled guide for the day, Lothar Kolbig, hike entrepreneur par excellence, prexy Dixon F. and exsumthingoruther LHG unanimously decided our planned trip to Hartwell Canyon was too wet and greasy for comfort. So, after verbally exploring possibilities from Cornville to Kayenta, Lothar, with help from Myrtle Smith, persuaded us to try for some unnamed and known hill down Red Rock way, at one second before departure time - no less! They "thought" they could find this unknown spot plus maybe some dinosaur tracks and Indian ruins.

Sooo, the above-mentioned 5, and 8 more, namely: Mary Lemke, Lorene Hammial, George Pickard, Louise Struchen, a winter visitor from Iowa, 'Ginya & Bob Watts, Bob and June Boat, visitors from PHX, wended that-a-way.

Down near the end of the blacktop on the Red Rock Loop Road, we moored our cars on a jeep trail and started up on foot; we never go DOWN anything unless we are on the way home. Well - surprise - blow me down - etcetera - it was a right purty little trip to an honest-to-gee lookout tower built of red supai sandstone, complete with a ruin part-way up but no dino tracks. Incidentally, this hill has a name now - the Red Rock Loop Road Knob - and you R.R. residents must try it some day for a good view of your real estate.

As usual, some of our incorrigibles weren't satisfied with a one-hill hike so tackled another hill for dessert. Anyhow, we coped and kept our no-miss record intact.

Lew,
exsumthingoruther.

# Sedona's Oral History Sampled

by Elizabeth Rigby

"My father had six sons. They're all gone now but me, but if they would waken now, they'd all drop dead quick."

That was Walter Jordan's salty comment on the changes that have taken place in Sedona in the past 50 years. He delivered it to an appreciative audience of close to 150 persons last Thursday evening, March 14, at the Sedona School on Brewer Road, during an open meeting of the Sedona Westerners.

Featured on the program were nine Sedona oldtimers, Ruth and Walter Jordan, Clara Thompson Purtyman, Allen L. Bristow, Ellsworth Schnebly, Myrtle Smith, Frieda Schuerman Loy, Albert Thompson, and Carl Richards, called together by Westerners' program chairman Jim Bryant as a panel to answer questions prepared by NAU students Joseph Lippert and Robert Novak of the History Division of the University's Social Science Department.

Under the coordinating direction of Dr. John Nicolson, Lippert and Novak are working on an oral history project for their masters thesis, and their subject in part, is a history of Sedona as told by those who were there. The project is carrying still farther one begun by the Sedona Westerners in 1965. At that time, and for several years thereafter, the Westerners, in a series of special programs, brought together many men and women who had actually lived the area's early history, begun, in numerous cases, by their parents before them.

Tapes were made, most of them by Rollie Houck, and transcribed. A committee was formed and papers were written, and the ultimate result was a fascinating book, "Those Early Days," that appeared in 1968 under the aegis of the Sedona Westerners. A few copies, we

(continued on page 4)

**THEY'VE MADE HISTORY IN SEDONA. This is the group of Sedona Westerners Oldtimers who participated in the oral history session conducted at the Sedona School on March 14 by Joseph Lippert and Robert Novak of NAU. They are, clockwise from left: Frieda Loy, Myrtle Smith, Ellsworth Schnebly, Allen Bristow, Clara Purtyman, Ruth and Walter Jordan, Carl Richards, and Albert Thompson.** NEWSfoto by Elizabeth Rigby

ORAL HISTORY
(continued from page 1)

believe, are still available. The value of the book, aside from the interesting reading it provides, lies in its preservation of first-hand accounts, before it is too late, of an era that, while not so very long ago, as history goes, has already been engulfed by radically changing conditions and life styles.

Last Thursday evening's proceedings at the Westerner's meeting, of necessity all too brief, were taped and will be followed, hopefully, by individual interviews with the persons involved, since the public meeting could provide only an intriguing sample of the rich mine of material still available.

Clara Purtyman, who will soon be 87, and her brother Albert Thompson, born September 16, 1897, are two of the children of Oak Creek Canyon's first permanent settlers, J. J. (Jim) Thompson and his wife Margaret James Thompson. Jim Thompson took squatter's rights to a homestead at Indian Gardens in 1876, and the place is now noted by an historical marker alongside the creek. Clara was, until recently, one of the Westerners' most indefatigable hikers, along with another brother, Charley Thompson. Albert has all his adult life made of Sedona records and history a serious avocation.

Allen L. Bristow reported that his father came to Verde Valley in 1879. Ellsworth Schnebly, who said he had his 76th birthday on March 9, 1974, is the son of parents whose names are indelibly inscribed on the local scene. His mother, Sedona Miller Schnebly, gave her name to the town; and his father, Carl, first official postmaster, gave his to Schnebly Hill and Schnebly Hill Road, named in his honor.

Myrtle Smith, born August 21, 1905, daughter of Maggie Thompson Nail (later Mrs. Jess Purtyman) and her husband Frank Nail, grew up in Oak Creek Canyon and is still an active and popular figure on the local scene, as an "oldtimer," as an active member of the Sedona Westerners, and as the Sedona 4-H Club's "grandmother of the year."

Frieda Schuerman Loy, born April 12, 1898, still lives in a homestead cottage on the Red Rock Loop Road built by her German-born parents who settled in the red rock country when it was close to a wilderness.

Carl Richards, who came to Sedona as late as 1933, is the latest of the oldtimers represented at the meeting.

"By the time I got here," he said last Thursday, "Sedona was getting civilized. There were perhaps 8 or 10 cars up and down the creek and maybe three or half a dozen tourists a week. I opened a garage and agreed to keep the cars in order if the people could afford to pay for the parts I'd need."

Carl's statement that he arrived one step ahead of the sheriff must be discounted as a typical Carl Richards badinage.

Asked what kinds of problems they had faced upon first moving to Sedona, members of the panel had a variety of answers, most of them centering around the lack of conveniences of any kind.

Schnebly, whose father had an interest in getting a road built to The Rim (there was none up Oak Creek Canyon for many years) so that he'd have a way of transporting his farm produce to the Flagstaff market, recalled that in the early days a trip to Montezuma Castle was an all-day excursion and it would take a week to reach Grand Canyon from Sedona.

Albert Thompson, whose father's homestead was across Oak Creek from Indian Gardens, remembered that there were no bridges anywhere and when floodwaters came "you could be waterbound for several weeks at a time."

Bristow reported on many lacks: no water in the house, no inside plumbing, no electricity or gas, no heat except for the stove firewood you gathered and chopped, no telephone, and, he added, no social security, no food stamps. "You had to dig your living out of the ground yourself."

Ruth Jordan remembered the days when she was a young mother and there were no doctors, no one to call on when a baby was ill and "you'd tried everything and didn't know what to do next except to rely on the advice of an older woman who might live far out of reach at the time of emergency."

She recalled Sedona's first "religious instruction." It was in 1918, she said, when the first Union Sunday School teacher, at the request of Sedona residents, walked all the way from Middle Verde to the Schuerman Ranch on Red Rock Loop Road, spent the night on the ranch, then walked all the rest of the way to Sedona.

"We were of all denominations," she said, "No one asked about any one else's religious preferences." Out of this came, in time, a community church, now the Wayside Chapel.

Only Myrtle Smith had no hardships to report from those early days. "It wasn't hardship," she said softly, "I enjoyed the quiet life we used to have in Oak Creek Canyon."

# Westerners Find Something For Everyone

On Saturday, March 23, forty-six Westerners trekked into such an unspoiled, undesecrated and undefiled part of the back country that there were no signs of either ancient or modern civilization, such as the ubiquitous and motorbike or jeep tracks – after we had passed a small, roofed structure under which bovine could poke their heads to lick salt blocks. It was a relief not to encounter cans or bottles for Coors to "reecycle." It led one to think that if there were no beer, there could at least be no BEER CANS, even tho some hater of beauty could discard pop cans or bottles, if he could venture that far from the beaten path. How happy Frank Fisher and his volunteer army who work hard to keep our highways unlittered would be! Without the motorbikes and the jeeps in the back country, there would be less erosion, and more people could get more of the needed exercise than they could by being permanently glued to the boob-tube. The country was so wild that even the faint trails were difficult to follow when looking at more of our unsurpassed scenic wonders. This caused the group to have to backtrack to avoid getting trapped in box canyons or in sandstone and limestone ravines, so narrowed and deep by water that no one could squeeze thru. Erosion had made these narrow slits human-proof.

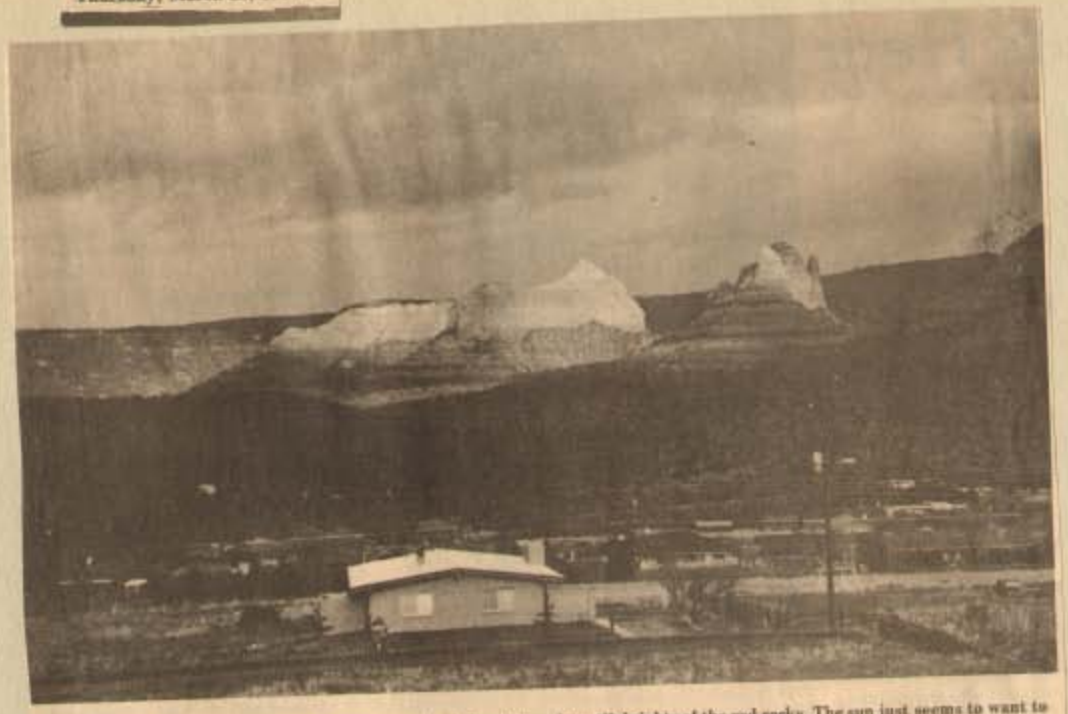
After a trek of a mile or so, the group divided, one group consisting of Hazel Lytle, Rose Mark, Virginia Watts, Lil and Romeo D'Angelo, Bill Ball, Charles Jorgensen, and Charles Smith scrambled to the left up over boulders, and rugged terrain in Bearsign Canyon until they reached a saddle at 6000 feet where they found from their topo maps that that saddle is the "headWATERS" of DRY Creek, as Charles Smith drily remarked. At any rate, water flowed downward in opposite directions at that point from which they began their slow descent back to where the cars were parked about one and one-half miles below the plaque marked Vultee Arch. Seven miles of this exceedingly rough, but decidedly beautiful country delayed their reaching their cars until 5 p.m., sometime after the group who took the right fork of Bearsign Canyon to a "dead end in a box canyon where, during rainy seasons, there are beautiful falls, but at present there are only two seeps in two paralleled horizontal layers in which delicate ferns are growing while the face of the red rock formations is covered with moss.

One presumably lightning-struck Ponderosa was burned half away, but hairy-like tentacles of moss protruded from that scarred patriarch of by-gone days. During wet seasons these falls are three times as high as those below Slide Rock in Oak Creek Canyon. The climb by the "exploring eight" was reminiscent of the one taken by Hank Fleek on Sunday, March 17 when he inched his perilous way alone along what appeared to be a six-inch ledge with almost vertical walls of red sandstone both above and below, but at least there was soft dirt and some vegetation in case Hank fell, but no one had a blanket or a trampoline to break his fall in Hartwell Canyon. The day was cool with clouds gathering after a beautiful morning. Those enjoying the trip were: Hazel Lytle, Myrtle Smith, Bill and Betty Winters, Bill Ball, R. E. Atherholt, Doug Loudon, Lew Goddard, Virginia Watts without Bob, Ed Long, Gerald and Elizabeth Spencer, Lil and Romeo D'Angelo, Bill and Barbara House, Tom Moers, Stan Altpeter, Hazel Bradshaw, Martha Bassett, Will Coe, Lorene Hammial, Lothar Kolbig, Alice and Dick Stout, Charles Smith, Lou Balch, M. L. Johnson, Wes Holman, Betty Holman, Marten and Dorothy Verhoeven, Lennie and Mary Lemke, Chet and Lynne Tingley, Bill and Hazel Seaman, Lynn Hild, Mildred Janney, George Pickard, Charles Jorgensen, Al and Marilou Cushman, Rose Mark and Ellsworth Schnebly. Total distance driven was 21 miles. Total distance hiked from 3 to 7 miles.

Remember that the Sedona Westerners will serve their annual Easter Breakfast on Sunday, April 14, after the sunrise services on Airport Hill. All proceeds go to some worthy local endeavor and everyone gets a cheaper breakfast than he could get at home.

The next hike will be on Sunday, March 31, to the spectacular Devil's Bridge, not far from that enormous balanced rock which stands on a spot only one foot by five feet. When will it topple and who will be beneath it?

Ellsworth Schnebly,
Reporter



The Sedona area is very beautiful, as most people realize, but when the weather is moody you can get some very unusual yet beautiful sights of the red rocks. The sun just seems to want to show off these rocks for the camera to see.



# Westerners Breakfast

The Sedona Westerners will be serving their traditional Easter Breakfast at the Elks Club again this year on Sunday, April 14 from 7 to 10 a.m.

Mainstays will be ham and eggs, pancakes, and coffee, all for $1.75 for adults, $1.00 for children, so plan to come and bring the family. It's always good.

# Jerome: Thy Name Is Legend

Those lucky Westerners have done it again. Hiking days are filled with lovely sunshine and delightful friends, and now they have a superb film to enjoy at their next monthly meeting.

John McMillan, resident of Jerome, an employee of Phelps Dodge Corp., will bring a film on the history of Jerome to Sedona for the entertainment of the Westerners, their friends and any visitors who have a free evening.

As the nearest Ghost Town, Jerome has always interested residents of Sedona to the extent that it is invariably one of the things always shown to visitors, but how many know how Jerome got that way? Mr. McMillan's film goes a long way in answering any questions you might have, and it is beautifully put together. The time is 8 p.m., the place, the Brewer Road school, the date, the 11th of April (Thursday evening), the price -- it's free.

It's guaranteed you won't sleep through this program, but if you should, you won't be noticed: between the film's sound and the applause, your snores will go unnoticed.

# Devil's Bridge Visited By Westerners

On a pleasantly cool Sunday afternoon, a drive over the not-too-rough but far-too-dusty roads leading to the Devil's Bridge, seventy-four lovers of outdoors, (including some very welcome visitors to Sedona; enjoyed a trip to that monumental arch. Oddly, some of the Sedona residents had never seen it. Others, who have seen it and walked across it more than once, still admire the view, and the hike gives them a thrill. It is difficult, in the afternoon, to get a satisfactory picture of this arch because the afternoon sun peers thru. It is also unusually hot in walking up the moderately steep slope to the arch, and requires great effort to climb the flagstone steps which were put there by the CCC boys in the thirties, so that others who came that way later might be able to walk on top of that bridge which, as someone observed, might not always be there. The late, friendly Bob Every measured the height as being 68 feet from the base.

There is always speculation and lively discussion on these trips, so that the trip alone is not all that one gains from being with the group. Charles Armstrong mused, "What would happen to all of Sedona's unparalleled scenery if an earthquake should hit us?" That caused all of us to reflect. Such a catastrophe is NOT impossible because other places, considered immune to earthquakes, have been leveled. Perish the thought and go to Devil's Bridge before an earthquake beats you to it.

Those making the trip were: Ken and Lucille Darrough, Lennie and Mary Lemke, Bob and Virginia Watts, Marjorie and Emmett Wiemer, Vic and Ellen Sterzing, Chuck Armstrong, Dick Stout, Betty and Bill Winters, Gerald Spencer, Dix Fagerberg, Marten and Dorothy Verhoeven, Tom and Suzanne Seitzler, Lee and Muriel Clarke, Charles Smith, Al and Elinor Friedman, Lorene Hammial, Malin and Bea Wing, Philip Wing, Lynn Hild, Gertrude Mooney, Virginia Gelman, Hazel Lytle, Larraine and Vance Jaquith, Tom Moers, Nap Grenier, Betty and Reed Hallock, Jim Bryant, Bob and Ruth Dempster, George and Esther Poe, William and Louise Marsh, Harvey and Connie Carey, Charles Jorgenson, Helen and Merv Hoffman, Marie and Art Harvey, Mildred Janney, George Pickard, Amy Osborne, Bill and Barbara House, Bill Ball, Paul Rudesill, Jeanne and Maynard Clark, Wes and Betty Holman, Reid Lewis, Dorothy Watson, Will and B. Coe, Martha Bassett, Hazel Bradshaw, Al and Marilou Cushman, Rose Mark, Ellsworth Schnebly - reporter.



# Westerners Visit Dry Creek

Because the Sedona Westerners will be tied down to the traditional Easter Breakfast at the Elks Lodge on Sunday morning, April 14th, there will be no Westerners' trek on April 14. The next trip will be to Verde Falls, leaving the Chamber of Commerce building at 9:30 a.m. on Saturday, April 20. Dr. Ed Long, the leader, has scouted the route, together with Dix Fagerberg, Lew Goddard and Charles Smith, and says that, after having driven as far as cars can go, there will be a good, lung-building walk of 45 minutes to get to the Falls. BRING YOUR LUNCH AND WATER, as the weather just might be warm for this all-day hike.

The hike on Sunday, April 7 began with a twelve-mile ride south on 179 where cars were parked. The group crossed 179 and walked down the west side of Dry Beaver just before crossing the bridge, up one hill and down into a canyon umpteen times – finally becoming tedious. Then some walked down the side of Dry Beaver, which was carrying a good gentle stream of clear water. A hike of perhaps two miles brought them to the old fort above Dry Beaver on the west side of Dry Beaver which served as a guard post for the old Beaverhead Stage Station below, when the springs supplied water for the thirsty, and in abundance. Altho only fragments (about three feet high) of the old walls still stand, the old fort gave a view of the country below, except on the west where any intruder could be observed coming across the relatively flat surface.

Upon descending from that fort, the group crossed the gently flowing Dry Beaver (which was wet this time) and walked (the whole distance from the fort was over the stage road of the 19th century, first used in 1866, from all available records) to where the Westerners in October, 1973 had erected the beautiful bronze plaque imbedded in the red sandstone monument, built by Bob Watts and his donated-labor crew of enthusiastic, public-spirited Westerners in 1973.

From this point the group treaded over the usually littered highway 179 to where their cars were parked. Had they thought there would be so many beer cans, they would have carried sacks, but even then a truck would not have held all the rubbish in slightly more than one mile of 179. The day was clear, cool, and hiking was pleasant, except that it was steep upgrade and back downgrade in places.

Adding to the hike was the group of young people, who are always especially welcome, because when the last of us OLDER-TIMERS has expired, the younger old-timers will have to take over, and we hope they will do so, to perpetuate these weekly hikes.

Those making this trip were: Marie and Art Harvey, Helen and Merve Hoffman, Bill and Betty Winters, Walter McMillan, Frank and Dee Rivara, Amy Osborn, Lothar Kolbig, Len and Mary Lemke, Betty and Ford Grant, Stan and Mabs Altpeter, Lorraine Jaquith, Dorothy Watson, Reid Lewis, Virginia Watts, Dix Fagerberg, Elizabeth King, Wes and Betty Holman, Barbara and Bill House, Barbara and Boyd Keith, Bob Brookings, George Pickard, Marten and Dorothy Verhoeven, Tom and Suzanne Seitzler, Steve Murphy, Mildred Janney, Lynn Hild, Rita Tewson, Dionne Porter, Jim Adams, Hazel Lytle, Jim Bryant, John and Joanne Lightfoot, Bill and Kathy Hoffman, Maynard and Jeanne Clark, Doug and Lorene Hammial, and Ellsworth Schnebly.

Don't forget to turn out for the Westerners' Easter Breakfast, the proceeds of which always go to a worthy cause in Sedona. Keep on hiking happily, and enjoy BETTER reporting until we meet again. Ellsworth Schnebly, Reporter.

Sedona Westerners Hike to Jack's Canyon. Leave Chamber parking lot at 9:30 a.m. Visitors welcome. 282-7683 or 3169.

# Come To Breakfast!

THE WESTERNERS MARSHALL EXTENDING AN INVITATION TO ATTEND THEIR ANNUAL EASTER BREAKFAST TO A YOUNG THING FROM THE EAST.

"Never the twain shall meet"? East is East and West is West, etc.

Well, no - the effete young lass pictured here hails from the East of our West. Petite Kathy Harris is greeted by the Marshall of The Westerners, the Sedona group devoted to helping themselves and others appreciate and preserve the natural beauty of this Sedona-Oak Creek Canyon country. Their weekly hikes are widely known.

Mrs. Lorene Hammial, chairman of The Westerners' Easter breakfast program, sent out the Marshall to round up her committee and encourage volunteers to help serve the breakfast following the Easter Sunrise Services, Sunday, April 14th.

Kathy and all Easterners and Westerners are cordially invited to breakfast.

The place - the Elks Lodge on Airport Road.

The time - 7 a.m. till 10 a.m.

The price - $1.75 for adults, $1.00 for children under 10.

The menu - a hearty Western breakfast complete with ham and eggs and hot cakes.

Don't forget - everyone is invited to join The Westerners for Easter breakfast; and all who are interested in our scenic outdoors are invited to their meetings at 8 p.m. the 2nd Thursday of the month and the Sunday afternoon hikes.

# Charles S. Thompson

Charles Smith (Charley) Thompson, 81, died April 10 at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Prescott after a long illness. Services were held Saturday, April 13 at 2 p.m. at the Sedona Home For Funerals, with Pastor T. C. Burkett officiating. Burial was in the Red Rock cemetery on the Red Rock Loop Road.

Born January 4, 1893 in what was later to become Sedona, Mr. Thompson had lived all his life in the area, with the exception of the years spent in military service, including France, during World War I. He had lived for the past 56 years in his home on the family homestead property at Indian Gardens.

He was a rancher, and in his earlier years had driven a school bus and served as Sedona postmaster for some 20 years. He remained active well into his late seventies and was one of the original members of the Sedona Westerners' Old-timers group and an honorary life member of the Westerners. He gained local fame as the Westerners' Cactus Dodger for several years, which means that he led his fellow hikers over many an arduous but fascinating back country trail through the country he knew so well. As one Westerner put it, "Charley made some pretty big footprints in his day."

CHARLES S. THOMPSON. Photo by Bert Powell

He was a son of Oak Creek Canyon's first permanent settler, James J. (Jim) Thompson, whose name is commemorated today by the historical marker beside the highway at Indian Gardens.

Survivors include one son, Charles R. Thompson of Sedona; five daughters, Stella May McMenamin of Cornville, Josephine Fenn of Sedona, Helen Williams of Tucson, Charleen Smith of Phoenix, and Charlotte Ruth of Tucson; one step-daughter, Leona Turner of Amarillo, Texas; one sister, Mrs. Clara Purtyman of Indian Gardens; two brothers, Albert of Indian Gardens and Guy of Cornville; 22 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

# Pioneer, Old-timer, Good Friend, Charley Thompson

What is a Pioneer? What is an Old-timer? There may be some doubt as to where one leaves off and the other begins, but certainly few deserve both titles more than the late Charles Smith Thompson, who was born on the old Fred Hart ranch (just below King's Ransom) on January 4, 1893, the son of John James Thompson, and brother of the surviving old-timer Albert Thompson, whose historical records have enlightened and amazed the rest of us. Charley Thompson was postmaster laureate of Sedona, having served in Sedona from 1917 until the mid-forties, when Ellsworth Schnebly was appointed Sedona's Postmaster. No one has served Sedona as Postmaster longer than Charley Thompson.

Charles served in the thirty-fourth (34) Infantry Division until it was broken up when he was assigned to a Casualty Company overseas -- serving from May 1918 until March 1919.

He homesteaded eighty (80) acres in 1914 and later took an additional homestead on the land which is now owned by Dr. Schnur at the mouth of Casner Canyon.

Charley was for years OVER-ACTIVE as Cactus Dodger of the Sedona Westerners where he was LOVED by all who knew him and ADMIRED by newer people who had not been privileged to know him as the rest of us do. In spite of his being doubled over with rheumatoid arthritis, he always had that pleasingly-individualistic Charley Thompson smile which will never be duplicated. When a Westerner needed a Jeep to scout out a new trip, it was Charley's Jeep and gasoline which were contributed. When he could help in any way, he was not only willing, but eager. When the time came that he could no longer serve as Cactus Dodger nor attend Westerners' gatherings, too much of the gaiety and camaraderie had departed and too much gloom hovered over the rest of us.

The entire Thompson family, with a few others, started to make Sedona what it now is (or should be) and only a few are clinging as the "last leaves." The survivors can proudly boast that they are relatives of a noble patriarch whose footprints should never be erased.

Those of us who have been privileged to know Charles Thompson over the past forty, fifty or more years can say with Rudyard Kipling:

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest and, faith, we shall need it -- lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from -- Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are.

Rudyard Kipling

Kipling could have had Charley Thompson in mind when he penned the lines above and all Westerners extol his goodness, his friendliness, and his Western hospitality, remembering the happy times when he opened his lovely, shaded park for our picnics, and get-togethers. Bon voyage, Charley! Leave room for the rest of us who hope that we shall live such an abundant life that we too shall be with you.

Funeral services were held in the Sedona Home For Funerals at 2:30 p.m. Saturday, April 13, after which graveside services were at the old Red Rock Cemetery where the first burial was one of the little Schuerman girls, and where several of Charley's relatives, like him, have been laid to rest.

Ellsworth Schnebly,
for the Sedona Westerners

Thursday, April 25, 1974

# Verde Falls For Westerners

Sunshine, balmy breeze and the Rio Verde staged a nice show for some forty Sedona Westerners on their weekly outing last Saturday. Leaving Sedona at 9:30, our cavalcade headed south on 179, I-17 and 279, picking up a few joiners at Camp Verde, thence east and south on the Salt Mine and Brown Springs roads to Chasm Creek down in 'Lonesome Hollow," usually known as Cottonwood Basin.

At a ROAD CLOSED sign on a jeep trail leading down into the basin, we parked all cars and continued on foot for about three miles to the river and falls. From a "pour-off" near the mouth of a tributary wash we had a beautiful panoramic view of the Verde with its cascades and falls dropping forty to fifty feet within a half mile or so. A few of our "river rats" soon showed signs of itching for a Verde Flat Trip next spring. From Cottonwood to Phoenix by water should be a mighty interesting trip through a lot of wilderness.

After a leisurely lunch on the rocks and driftwood, piled as much as thirty feet above the river, our guide, Ed Long, led us back the short but steep way over the hill and along the jeep trail to our cars. Meantime, Charlie Smith took a group downriver for a view of Chasm Creek and a once-proposed dam-site at its confluence with the Verde.

Aside from Ed, Charlie and reporter Lew, we were happy to see Bob Bailey again; Evelyn and Ida Larson from Camp Verde and their guest Leah Emery from Phoenix; George Spence, winter resident from Johnstown,Pa.; Rose Mark and visiting son John; new hikers Barbara House and Lynn Hild; Vic and Ellen Sterzing, Virginia Watts, Al and Marilou Cushman, Betty and Wes Holman, Hazel Lytle, Betty and Jerry Spencer, Al and Maxine Buckley, Ford Grant, Charles Miller, Lorraine Jacquith, Mike Nardello, Lorene Hammial, Alice and Dick Stout, George Pickard, Mildred Janney, Altha Walker, Lil Simpson, Barb and Bob Mendle, Betty and Arnold Borlin, Olen Connor and Jim Adams.

Next trip will be Sunday afternoon to Loy Butte and Honanki Indian Ruin, led by Jim Bryant, leaving the Chamber of Commerce at 1:30. Visitors welcome. Bring your own canteen.

L. H. Goddard

Thursday, May 2, 1974

# Westerners Enjoy "Double Feature"

Last Sunday afternoon, the Westerners met a matinee face to face at Loy Butte where some of our most beautiful scenery was enjoyed on a comparatively easy hike. The drive to the Butte approaches through the Hartwell Canyon area, beautiful in its own right. From the area where cars are parked, it was only a stroll to the Honanki Indian Ruins where restored walls under a tremendous cliff extend for hundreds of feet to left and right. The former residents had a beautiful view of Casmer Mountain to the west.

After members and visitors had inspected the Ruins and returned to the parking lot, our leader, Jim Bryant, announced the second feature, a short hike up a ridge to the north which gave a view of the valley behind Loy Butte and the valley behind Robber's Roost, another favorite Westerner hike. The next 45 minutes was spent basking in the warm April sun while watching two of our most intrepid climber-type Westerners attempt to scale Loy Butte from the north. Dixon Fagerberg and Jim Adams, when last observed, were competing with the ravens for the top of the Butte.

The following Westerners and their most welcome visitors started out (I hope they all got back)( Bill Ball, Wes Holman, Betty Holman, George Picard, Lennie and Mary Lemke, Loraine Jaquith, Paul Rudesill, Jeanne and Maynard Clark, Vic Sterzing, Agnes and Earl Sutton, Lorene and Doug Hammial, Liz King, Art and Marie Harvey, Gerald W. Spencer, Rex and Alta Harrison, Chuck Armstrong, Helen and Merv Hoffman, Bill and Barbara House, Dix Fagerberg, Barbara and Bob Mendle, Charles Andrews, Lewis D. Jones, Lynn Hild, Alice and Dick Stout, Janette M. Jones, Charmin Manning, Chet and Lynne Tingley, Zonne and Larry Wadsworth, Joyce Tipton, Jim Adams, Henry D. Fletcher, Hazel Lytle (Cs. L.O.D.) and Jim Bryant (L.O.D.).

Jim Bryant,
Correspondent

Thursday, May 9, 1974

# Westerners Go Mexican

by Luigi
May 7, 1974

Most of you hikers on last Sunday afternoon's little jaunt may wonder about the above headline but keep on reading, as elucidation follows. Cactus Dodger Kolbig labeled it Pumphouse Wash in last week's paper. Leader Dix Fagerberg called it Fry Canyon as we started the hike. Your reporter cites the U. S. Geological Survey and U. S. Forest Service topographical map labeled Mountainaire, AZ. N3500-W11137.5/7.5 - 1962 which calls the plateau we trod "MEXICAN POCKET." But let's not quibble; Mexican Pocket is bounded on the south by the view point at the top of the Oak Creek Canyon switchbacks, on the east by Pumphouse Wash, on the north by Fry Canyon and on the west by U.S. 89a approximately - so we are all correct.

In any event, it was a gorgeous day, the air was clear as claret, as tangy as wet sage and as sharp as the cat's claw we tried to dodge. Leaving our cars at the view point, we proceeded to the rim of Pumphouse Wash where Dix pointed out the site of a proposed dam some years back. For most of us, one look into those awful depths made us back up pronto! As usual, we had pacers, trotters, walkers and creepers so before long very few knew where anyone else was. For a while there, Bob and Virginia Watts were the pace setters, then Hazel Lytle out-distanced them. Wes Holman stole the lead on the back stretch and for a while it looked like the Kentucky Derby was being run in Sedona. After a while, though, we came to a "jump or turn back" drop-off, elected a reconnoitering committee and took the plunge. It was a five-point descent (meaning feet, hands and bottom) but twenty or more of us eventually made it to the bottom of a dry waterfall and then up Pumphouse to a beautiful pool.

Getting around the pool was somewhat tricky for most, but these Westerners at any age have an amazing talent for doing the improbable. The hill on the other side of the wash was also a mite arduous but with Beth and Emily Sykes leading the rear contingent with parents Jean and Bob close behind and Alice Stout, Alta Harrison and Lew Goddard puffing along in the rear we made it. From there to the view point seemed almost like going down hill.

Others along on all or most of the trip were Betty and Jerry Spencer, Bonnie Weeks, Mary Fagerberg, Charlie Smith, Walt McCune, Lothar Kolbig, Barb and Bill House, Bill Ball, Al Cushman, Will Coe, Tom Moers, Ed Long, Malin and Phil Wing, Marcella Otto, Chuck and Hidd Armstrong, Rex Harrison, Paul Rudesill, Lois and Mark Brown, Lorraine Jaquith, Fred and Liz King, Lynn Hild, Lorene Hammial, Marie and Art Harvey, Helen and Merv Hoffman, Ruth and Floyd Damschen, George and Alice Havholm, Jim Adams and Hank Fleek.

Next Sunday, leaving the C of C at 1:30, we'll park at the Encinoso Picnic Area and climb Wilson Mt. as far as time and energy permit, with Bob Watts as guide. Welcome to friend, foe and visitor. Also Thursday, May 9 (today) we meet for a picnic (bring your own) and handing of the gavel to Vic Sterzing and his new crew, at the Montezuma Well picnic area. Come any time after four - eat at six. All welcome.

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# Westerners Hike Beautiful During Spring Months

The final hike of the spring season resulted in an aborted attempt to get nowhere fast when after tramping five minutes on a carousel treadmill, with the blind leading the blind, forty-one Westerners consulted a gyro-compass, were oriented, and chose the correct one out a maze of blind alleys and plodded with effort toward the summit of Wilson Mountain by way of the north trail, which is not the easiest ascent of any of our numerous mountains. But after the comedy of errors had been performed, the real comedy began with Mike Nordello and Jim Adams providing the Bob Hope and George Burns humor with their inecessant banter and camaraderie.

When the indefatigable and determined Dix Fagerberg urged everyone to "come on because it is just a little farther – only to the dead tree ahead," and passed several of those dead trees, one of the clowns began to announce, "Dead Tree No. 6." Exasperated, Dix pronounced the sentence with, "I'm going to get rid of some of the DEAD WOOD in this organization." The riot was promptly quelled without any casualties and fewer complaints as the fatigued plodded onward and upward interminably, while Dynamite Mike (both on and off the "mike") with his co-conspirator Jim Adams modified their tempo and shifted their repartee to other topics, still enlivening the hours, as the group reveled in the crisp, unpolluted fresh air and enjoyed the beautiful Flea Bane, Mariposa Lily (some of which had opened revealing their glory), Phlox, and numerous other dainty, delicate daisies, and others in their beautifully tinted colors, struggling against the protracted drought to add their beauty to the ever-unfolding scene.

Great slabs of rocks against the canyon wall on the north with intervening pines, spruces or firs and countless intervening deciduous trees, bushes, shrubs and smaller greenery combined to make this last hike something never to be forgotten.

It is not a hike for the timid nor the lazy rocking-chair or TV-bound addict, but it is one which any person who is in good health would enjoy and should attempt – at least as far as he feels he could go. Once at the top of the second shelf, (or third, perhaps) the viewer is rewarded by looking down at the miniature cars in traffic on 89a, or the Twin Oaks cluster, and from a higher vantage point on Midgley Bridge, which from the elevation is a MIDGET bridge. Regrettably, that sturdy, curved, gracefully-planned mass of engineering was christened as Midgely Bridge in total defiance of early place names which are being ignored by the Johnny-come-latelies. In memory of the ill-fated Richard Wilson, it should have been named "Wilson Canyon Bridge," Mr. Wilson being killed in that canyon by a bear in 1885, a pioneer who deserved being honored. Richard Wilson had killed enough bears to save human lives and livestock or other unfortunate primates and vertebrates.

Until Midgely Bridge was built in the mid-1930s, travelers went about half a mile west to a small wooden bridge and then retraced the distance to where Midgely Bridge now is. While construction of that road was proceeding, ALL traffic was routed over Schnebly Hill, which was being improved – the old road, rather than the hill - which cannot be improved as humans can seldom improve upon the work of God.

If you care to see the environs of Sedona in all their grandeur, this hike or a flight by plane over the canyon will be an eye-opener, as those who had never made this hike can testify. Some of the hardier souls, including Bob and Virginia Watts, Charley Smith, Stan Altpeter and Jim Bryant, had not had enough and continued to higher and more hazardous elevations, returning much later.

Because the First National Bank had graded, or were levelling, the area surrounding the Chamber of Commerce, the meeting place was and hopefully will continue to be at the parking lot west of the County Building.

Those who succumbed to the hike were: Lennie and Mary Lemke, Bob and Virginia Watts, Will and B Coe, painter and botanist, Jerry and Elizabeth Spencer, Dix Fagerberg, Tom Moers, Mabs Altpeter (one of the well-informed botanists), Charles Andrews, Stan Altpeter, Dr. Ed Long, Hazel Lytle (who usually goes to the summit), Jean and Emily Sykes, Jim Bryant, Bill Ball, Boyd Keith (we missed Barbara and many others), Chuck Armstrong, Dale and Joyce Hackett, Charles Jorgensen, Lorraine Jacquith (a well-known author and writer in teenage and other national magazines such as Co-Ed, Seventeen and others), Lorene Hammial (who engineered the Easter breakfast to the tune of $200-plus for local benefit), Bill and Barbara House (who had been thoughtful enough to bring a jug of ice water, which refreshed many after the gruelling climb and return to Encinosa Picnic Grounds), Chet and Lynn Tingley, Lynn Hild, Mike Nardello (comedian Summa Cum Laude), Jim Adams (Magna Cum Laude), Charles Smith (perpetual guide ready to give a helping hand at all time to those in trouble), Alice and Dick Stout, Art and Marie Harvey, Helen and Merv Hoffman, and Ellsworth Schnebly.

The entire group of 300-plus Westerners agree that the past year, under the leadership of our Stanford-graduated Dix Fagerberg, has been ANOTHER year of triumphs and services to Sedona and to the tourists and/or visitors who come to Sedona. Probably no organization does more to reveal the beauties of our area than these Sedona Westerners. Dix, who can point out the old, eroded Thompson's Ladder in Mund's Canyon, or almost any other point of historic interest in the whole area surrounding Flagstaff and Sedona (and perhaps in the entire Coconino County), has given many of us a course in geology, history and countless hours of pleasure during his leadership. Thank you, Dix Fagerberg.

Since this has been the LAST HIKE until they are resumed in September, 1974, the summer gatherings, which will be of a more leisurely sedentary nature, will be announced from time to time under the aegis of the new Trail Boss, Vic Sterzing, or his Wagon Boss, Marten Verhoeven. These hikes are always omitted during the summer months because of the possible danger of heat exhaustion or the ever-present rattlesnakes-in-the-grass-or-rocks. Visitors often do not realize the dangers of encountering snakes or heat.

Ellsworth Schnebly,
Reporter