SEDONA WESTERNERS
HIKING CLUB

Sedona Westerners Yearbook

1983 - 1984

Sedona HIKING SCHEDULE 1983 - 84

Westerners

SEDONA, ARIZONA

SATURDAY HIKES		8 A.M.	VEHICLE	HIKE MILES	FEET CLIMB	RATING
Sep. 17	Bear Sign Canyon Overlook	X	HC	3	100	D
	Will have fire, bring food to cook	108 mile drive				
Oct 1	Munds Mountain			6	250	A
Oct 15	West Fork Oak Creek			6	100	C
Oct 29	Secret Canyon		HC	8	500	A
Nov 12	A. B. Young Trail			8½	2075	A+
Nov 26	Black Mountain (new)		HC	4 to 8	800	A
Dec 10	Sunset Mesa			5½	800	B
Jan 7	Brinds Ridge Loop			6½	1060	A
Jan 21	Verde Caves		HC	2	320	B
Feb 4	Bice Ranch Road			6-7	380	B
Feb 18	Lost Wilson-Brinds Mesa Loop		HC	7	640	A
Mar 3	Hot Loop Trail-Horse Mesa			6	940	A
Mar 17	Bear Mtn-Fay Canyon Overlook			4½	400	B
Mar 31	Rose's Volcano Loop			5	200	B
Apr 14	Narrow Canyon-Dry Creek Loop	X	HC	6½	750	B
Apr 21	Hart Well Canyon		HC	5	900	A
Apr 28	Woods Canyon	X	HC	11	500	A+
May 12	Secret Canyon-Bear Sign Loop	X	HC	8	770	A+
May 19	Long Canyon			6-7	680	A

SUNDAY HIKES		VEHICLE	HIKE MILES	FEET CLIMB	RATING
Sep 11	Encinosa Loop		2½	650	B
Sep 25	Old Schnebly Hill Road		2	800	B
Oct 9	South Wilson Loop		3	600	B
Oct 23	Rattlesnake Canyon		2½	720	B
Nov 6	Gray Mountain Saddle		3½	1100	B
Nov 20	Twin Buttes		2	700	B
Dec 4	Devil's Outhouse		1½	-	C
Dec 18	Steamboat Rock		2	960	B
Jan 15	Grassy Knolls		2	200	C
Jan 29	Santa Fe Trail East		2½	700	B
Feb 12	Doe Mountain via West Trail		3	470	B
Feb 26	Cathedral Rock		2	400	B
Mar 11	Santa Fe Trail West		2½	100	C
Mar 25	Elmersville		4	-	C
Apr 8	Earl's Canyon		2½	320	C
May 6	Lo Lo Mai Ruins		2½	200	C

VEHICLE REQUIRED
HC= High Clearance

HIKE RATING
A = Very Strenuous
B = Strenuous
C = Moderate
D = Easy

SPECIAL DATES
Sep 24 Cookout meet at 2 PM eat at 4 PM
Dec 8 Christmas Party
May 5 Cookout

Saturday hikes marked X leave at 8 A. M. Sunday hikes leave at 1:30
unmarked Saturday hikes leave at 9 A. M. All hikes leave from East end of Revco/ Bayless parking lot.

MONTHLY MEETINGS 2nd Thurs. each Month 7:30 P.M. WAYSIDE CHAPEL N. Hwy 89A
(No meetings in June July August)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GERI BASS

1993-1994

Officers

Trail Boss	Harry Brown
Wagon Boss	Jack Stratton
Cactus Dodger	Tom Hager
Foreman	Clara Lavorgna
Wrangler	Ruth Siedow
Top Hands	Mike Nardello
	Lou Nevue
	Ann Korosec
	Evelyn Helmke
Round-up Boss	Hazel Lytle
Prospector	Rose Hager
Calico Queen	Rose Harburger
Old Timer (Historian)	Geri Bass
Marshall	Gus Gendler
Lookout (KSB)	Norm Herkenham
Ranger	Lee Peart
Coyote Caller	Steve Furedy
Book Commitee	Linda Hermann
	Bob Watts

Westerners Warm-up Hike

9-14-83

The time has come for Westerners to don brimmed hats again, replace and tighten bootlaces and embrace their cooled canteens. Although warm weather still blankets this red-rock country, eager hikers, numbering thirty-four, were rewarded with shaded trails from canyon walls, alligator junipers and tall ponderosa pines (emitting fragrance of vanilla).

Encinoso (translated: oak-covered) picnic grounds revealed the starting point where leader Alyne Neveu headed all, single file, up North Wilson trail, emerging at one point where Angel Falls' stained rocky spillway was visible, awaiting next spring's snow melt to cascade in all its fury and glory.

Hikers in slow motion continued ascending the trail, including frequently-needed rest stops, to sigh and keep cool by gulping from their canteens.

Enjoying the long shadows and rocky sculptures and encircling No-Name Mountain to the right, numerous rough spots were scrambled. For a spell, all culminated at the saddle. Later, while inspired by "It's all downhill now," ponderosa pine needles, thick and slick, commanded caution. Descending onto the trail's end, Lou Neveu's shuttle-service-for-straggling-hikers completed the loop.

* * * * *

By request, the ABCs of hiking with the Westerners is being repeated for your refreshing.

A. ALWAYS sign in on the hiking list when you arrive to hike. Read the fine print and you'll understand why.

B. BOOTS. Hiking shoes with a good gripping sole are recommended (Vibram soles are favorites) and ones that protect the ankle and fit comfortably. Tying your shoes securely helps the old toes during a descent.

C. CANTEENS. Water is a must for Arizona hiking. Always make it a habit to carry water, even on short hikes. Double the quantity for hot weather.

D. DOGS (or other pets) are NOT allowed on Westerners' hikes. Sorry.

E. F. EXERCISE and FUN? Of course, but let the leader lead. If you need or plan to leave the group for any reason, inform the leader, please.

G. GAS. Carpooling is a conservation measure and essential, as parking is often limited. But considerate Westerners share the cost of the ride.

H. HATS. Head protection is wise under Arizona skies.

I. IF the schedule calls for high-clearance vehicles of four-wheelers, don't hesitate to come if you don't have one. We'll arrange rides.

J. K. L. JOKING, KIDDING, LAUGHTER. It's all that gets us through some of the rough hikes.

M. MINORS MUST BE accompanied by a responsible adult, but babies or very young children are preferably NOT to be brought on hikes.

N. NAMES: Please wear your name tags on the hikes. Our memories falter more than our feet.

O. OH, Oh! Read the next one.

P. PIT STOPS. On all-day hikes, "pit stops" are announced (a bathroom break!). Men gather on one bend of the trail, women on another and fade away to private spots off the trail. We re-gather when the "all-clear" is sounded. Now, isn't that all you wanted to know about the Westerners but were afraid to ask?

Q. QUIET. When announcements are being made at the outset of each hike, PLEASE extend your Westerner courtesy and tune in.

R. REST. The rest is up to "U" and V,W,X,Y and Z!

* * * * * *

Next Saturday's hike will be a 108-mile motor trip to Bear Sign Canyon with a mini-hike on the Rim. High-clearance vehicles are recommended. There'll be a bonfire for cooking food on a stick. Bring your own grub. Meet at Bayless at 8 a.m. Note early departure time.

Warming up on the first hike of the season, Sunday, Sept. 11, were:

Mike (Doc) Nardello, Dan Gardner, B Coe, Bill and Ann Heinlein, Bill Eggert, Lou and Alyne Neveu, Hazel Lytle, Al Jamrog, Tom and Rose (Cactus Dodger) Hager, Renee Wolf, Lillian Boothe, George and Clara Lavorgna, Harry Allaire, Sue Ray, Jack and Marianne Handrus, Cliff and Maggie Smith, Norman Hause, Mary Ferguson, Miles Ferguson, Suzanne Higginbotham, Vic and Shirley Sculteure, Lillian Lang, Charlie Kaesur, Harry ("Hairy", Trail Boss) Brown and

Your reporter,
Bernice Brown.

Sedona Westerners To Meet

9-7-83

The first meeting of the Sedona Westerners will be held at the Wayside Chapel on Thursday evening, September 8, at 7:30 p.m.

This is also a reminder that the dues for the year will be accepted at that time.

Photo by Bernice Brown

Photo by Bernice Brown

TRAIL BOSS 1983

HARRY BROWN

SEPT 15, 1983

Sedona Westerners

PUMPHOUSE – SOUTH (2) OVER LOOK

Leading the second hike of the season up to the 89A switchback overlook, was the intrepid Tom Hager. At 9:00 a.m. on Saturday, 37 Westerners headed up the switchbacks and then southward for 8 miles on I-17. Three right turns on forest roads 248, 253, 253A respectively, brought us to our destination - a lovely area forested with Ponderosa and a few oak, with pine needles, cones, and piles of decaying slash covering the forest floor. A few wildflowers added color - mainly yellow daisies, purple and white fleabone and fiery Indian Paintbrush. The weather was balmy and the trail sloped gently.

Heading northwest, our first stop was at Scott Springs, where we saw a small spring-fed pond with two nearby log structures rapidly becoming forest mulch. Tom then led us to several views along the Rim where we could look down steep canyon walls to the Pumphouse Wash Bridge and the switchbacks. Lunch was eaten on a rock and grass-strewn point, after which we hiked a leisurely loop back to our vehicles, with many evidences of deer and elk along the way.

The Westerners hikes can always be counted on to provide enjoyable social as well as delightful learning experiences!

On Sunday, September 23 at 1:30 we will meet at Revco parking lot to hike the Sterling Pass - a 2 mile hike with a 1100 foot climb, rated strenuous.

Our annual fall cookout will be held on October 11 at Montezuma's Well. A well-prepared barbecue will be served at 1:00, $3 per person. Guests are welcome, but reservations are needed.

This week our hikers were: Mike Nardello, Elizabeth Parks, Valerie Longfellow, Bill Eggert, Tom & Rose Hager, Lou & Alyne Neveu, Hazel Lytle, Al Jamrog, Bob Watts, Gloria Lee, Bill & Ann Heinlein, Don Hooven, Dick & Alice Stout, Alice Holmes, Francis Birthday, Clarence & Lucie Autry, Phyllis Kielawa, Clara Lavorgna, Jack Coombs, Len Silvern, Gwen Taylor, Bev Stouper, Eldon & Marian Mathias, Quentin & Betty Durrell, Chuck & Jinn Meyer, Roland & Jeanette Wilkinson, and myself - Renee' Wolf.

< SEPT-15, 1984

Westerners at Bear Sign Overlook 9-21-83

How many Westerners, meeting in the Revco parking lot, have looked north to the Mogollon Rim and wondered, "What's it like up there?"

On Saturday, the 17th, 53 traveled up Oak Creek Canyon and looped back about 35 miles on Forest Road 231 (Tom Hager promised it would be rough as a Kansas cob - it was) to Bear Sign Overlook and found out.

The trip in was through ponderosa forest mixed with white fir, a few aspen, and Gambel's oak near the Rim. Wildflowers, blooming late, were colorful along the way: golden aster, golden rod, buckwheat, yarrow, lupine, penstemon.

At the overlook, a roller coaster half mile from 231, a strange thing happened to our vigorous Westerners: out came the folding chairs and for many, relaxation was the order of the day. The weather was warm, clouds came later. The view is unsurpassed: a sweep down the Dry Creek drainage flanked by Wilson and Secret mountains. Bell Rock in the distance, Gray Mountain, Coffee Pot, Airport Hill - and later on, the lights of the Posse Grounds.

Groups gathered for hikes along the Rim, some scrambled out on one of the precipitous limestone pillars standing at the edge of the cliff. Some studied flowers, some looked for birds and were rewarded with a small flock of band-tailed pigeons. One small party startled a young bear at a nearby tank and watched him "bearel" off into the woods.

Charley Smith led a party of 17 to East Buzzard Ridge for a splendid view into the middle reaches of the West Fork.

By 2 p.m. the group was fragmented, some to a neighboring overlook, some heading down the hill. A few stayed for the sunset and supper and drove down a road spectacular in almost continuous turquoise lighting.

Those who enjoyed this outing were: Mike Nardello, Harry and Bernice Brown, Mary Garkie, Ann Frazier, Alice Holmes, Renee Wolf, Steve Furedy, Bob Watts, Tom Hager, Marv and Helga Moskowitz, Hazel Lytle, Elizabeth Parks, Will and B Coe, Norene Sollars and guest Dorothy Lewis, Lillian Boothe, Jean Wolfer, Harry Allaire, Sue Ray, Helen Hoffman, Madeleine Whitney, Paul and Edith Williams, Alma Greene, Wilbur and Dorothy Thomas, John and Dolores Guptill, Selma West, Geri Bass, Will Osborne, Bob Rollo, Mary Duffy, Miles and Mary Ferguson, Marshall and Ruth Cook, David and Gerda Chaudrom, Ev Lewis, C.M. Smith, Virginia Gilmore, Henry Fleek, Ted, Ned and Matt Rickard, Charles Jorgensen and Len Silvern.

Saturday, September 24, is the date of the Westerners' cookout. Meet at 2:00 o'clock at the Montezuma Well picnic ground. The fee is $2.50 per person; members and guests are welcome. Please call Harry Brown at 282-4921 for reservations.

DIKE NABELEKE

RENE LEVY

WILL COE

HISTORIAN + PHOTOGRAPHER
GERI BAS

WEST FORK

WHERE LIGHTNING MEET

9-28-83

Westerners Hike Old Schnebly Hill Road

Thirty Westerners and visitors left Bayless-Revco parking lot at 1:30 Sunday to drive up Schnebly Hill to hike farther up Old Schnebly. It was a sunny afternoon, gentle breezes and not too hot after the rains of previous days.

In the absence of Trail Boss Harry Brown, our Wagon Boss had welcomed the hikers and introduced Cactus Dodger Tom Hager, who told us about Schnebly Hill Road and introduced Sue Ray, hike leader for the day.

On the way up Schnebly Hill Road, unpaved but not too rough, we sighted Bear Wallow saddle where many of us have hiked, then Merry Go Round Rock. About five miles up, we parked. About seven miles farther, Schnebly Hill Road connects with Hwy. 17 to Flagstaff.

Led by Sue, we started up the trail off the roadside to the East. This is really the remnant of an old road - Verde cutoff - built in 1902. It was laid out by T.C. Schnebly, and the county donated $1200, but much of it was built by volunteers.

Climbing up, we soon rested and viewed the sight west of us, looking down over huge rock formations to Sedona. One of these has a hole through it, and the right side looked like a profile of Mayan Maiden, the mouth almost beak-like. The airport, flat and shining, lay in the far distance.

Someone spotted a large 6-inch-long rust-colored centipede with thin (like metal armour) segments and yellow legs. It ran off quickly under the boulders. We also saw a reddish horned toad and fresh tracks of a young deer. We saw snake weed, groundsel (a specie of senecio, resembling a yellow aster), gray buckwheat, lavender fleabane, Indian paint brush, mistletoe on shrub oak, mountain mahogany shrub with its curlycue white seeds which when rain hits will bore down into stem to re-seed. We needed Norm Herkenham (on California outing) to identify a shrub with serrated leaves and currant-like berries. Trees we saw were gambel oak and white oak. We found part of the hood of an old "Tin Lizzie" original Ford. But mostly the road was traveled by wagons.

We came to a spring where when the road was built, they took the water under the rock-bound culvert they built so wagons could go over it. Probably they camped here with good water source, wood and shade. As we approached the top of Schnebly, it was covered with yellow wildflowers.

After a 15-minute rest, we started back. We spotted white cluster daisies, delicate compared to spring, and golden rod. A rare cocoon-like formation in hot pink color was found by Jean Wolfer. It was clinging to the underside of shrub oak leaf. Looking up from the trail as we descended, we could see the mixture of fleecy, piled-up clouds and the dark rain-like ones over Flagstaff. The joys of hiking on a lovely fall day are endless. The next hike is all day Saturday to Munds Mountain, marked A, which means tough. Bring lunch and water and meet at Bayless-Revco at 9 a.m.

Those hiking Sunday: Mike Nardello, Tom Hager, Bill Eggert, Betty Jo Sorem, John and Dolores Guptill, Chuck and Caroline Williams, Sue Ray, Ed Korosec, Lou and Alyne Neveu, Lois Capps, Shirley Coakley, Hazel Lytle, Jean Metts, Gladys Thornton, Marshall and Ruth Cook, Valerie Longfellow, Jean Wehmann, David and Gerda Chaudron, Charles Jorgensen, Adolf Zinger, Jean Wolfer, Lillian Boothe, Suzanne Higginbotham, Dick Hamilton, Len Silvern, Clara Lavorgna, Marge Ferguson, Mark and

Your reporter,
Ginny Lucas

October 12, 1983

Westerners Explore South Wilson Loop

The weather was a bit warmer than perfect and the trail was a bit easier than most last Sunday when 51 Westerners hiked over the South Wilson Loop Trail (which is not to be confused with going to the top of Wilson Mountain).

Mike Nardello has always had a fondness for being the Tail-gater, but for this day he was named the leader. He rose to the occasion by maintaining a good pace and offering several natural and historical observations - including the specifications in feet for the mighty Midgley Bridge.

After parking just north of that bridge, we surveyed the new bronze trail-head sign: "WILSON MTN. TRAIL Richard Wilson was an old bear hunter who lived in Indian Gardens. In 1885 he was killed by a large grizzly bear in what is now known as Wilson Canyon. Donated by Sedona Westerners, 1982." Two interesting accounts of that tragedy are written by Clara Purtymun and by Albert E. Thompson printed in *Those Early Days*, compiled by the Sedona Westerners.

The trail, newly-built by the Forest Service, led us gently upward. We could look across the canyon to the trail which leads to Steamboat Rock. We enjoyed a long rest at a modest overlook near where the terrain drops down to the highway and the creek. Of course, above us loomed the proud face of Wilson Mountain showing its geologic age in the rock strata from the red-brown at the bottom through lighter and lighter shades culminating in the pale buff upper layers capped by dark volcanic rock.

Lorene Hammial, Hazel Lytle, and others checked cones for pinon nuts. Elaine Barclay gave me some. Are they supposed to be hollow?

On our way down we followed an old wagon trail which Mike explained was the first road to Indian Gardens. In *Those Early Days*, in an article "Early Roads of the Sedona Area," Albert E. Thompson writes: "The road started out from Sedona much the same way that Jordan Lane does now.

Those who appreciated this pleasant hike through natural beauty are: Renee' Wolf, Mike Nardello, Harry and Benieve Brown, Alice Holmes, Hazel Lytle, Lorene Hammial, B Coe, Irene and Al Jamrog, Lou and Alyne Neveu, Jean Wolfer, Charlie Smith, Marjorie Herkenham, Lillian Boothe, Jack Stratton, Marshall and Ruth Cook, Ed and Bettina Sovola, Elizabeth Parks, Ev Lewis, Don Hooven, Sue Ray, Dick and Alice Stout, Marilyn Allen and Vi Machin.

Others are: Norman Hause, George and Ruth Siedow, Chuck and Caroline Williams, Harry Allaire, George and Dolores Guptill, Al Marsh, Elaine Barclay, Clara Lavorgna, Kirk and Lydia Kirkley, Lee and Marie Peart, Len Silvern, R.D. Harburger, Vic and Shirley Sculteure, Jean Metts, Valerie Longfellow, and

Charles Jorgensen.

October 19, 1983

Westerners Hike West Fork

Saturday, the 15th, West Fork was visited by many large groups, including 32 Westerners who made a slow, easy five-mile hike along sandy paths, crossing the creek 26 times.

Having driven 10.3 miles north from the Sedona Y and parking on the shoulders of 89A, we were led safely across Oak Creek by Geri Bass, who showed us the ruins of old Mayhew's Lodge which was developed around the 1880 Bear Howard cabin and was burned down in 1980 after it had been designated as a National Historic Site. Behind the vine-covered entrance arch, many stone fireplaces remain standing midst myrtle and fruit trees, with chicken coops nearby. A small chapel waits within a cave and a swimming pool hugs a natural stone wall from which a waterfall streamed to cool earlier personages as U.S. presidents, movie stars and writers. Zane Grey had his own cabin where he wrote a novel made into a motion picture: The Call of the Canyon. And so we entered this canyon and began to feel the atmosphere which drew so many in the past.

West Fork in October: Almost a ghost of a former torrent hollow-weening for 16 miles down from that portion of the Colorado plateau between Sycamore and Oak Creek canyons, zig-zag-zig-zag, rock joint to rock joint. It'll "getcha" if you don't watch out, crossing back and forth on the wet algaed rocks.

Stopping to rest, we are welcomed by veranda strata whose crossbedding sweeps back into concave walls bearing bouquet gifts of maidenhair ferm and monkeyflower. In the sparkling shallows, several trout glide over golden gravels as canyon wrens dart in and out of evergreen scouring rushes (used by early settlers to scour their pans) also known as field horse tails and said to be so prehistoric that their ancestors were here during the Pennsylvania period, 300 million years ago. While most of the riparian vegetation remains green (oak, alder, ash, Ponderosa pine, Douglas and white fir), the bracken has freeze-dried curly; the wild grape, poison ivy and black walnut trees have yellowed; the Virginia creeper reddened, and the sumac colored green-yellow-orange-red.

But the rock maples turn out to be the blazing stars of the day, whether receiving ovations at our feet alongside the trail or from their galleries high in the cliffs of towering skyscrapiong buttes surrounded by huge choruses of conifers blowing softly in the coolish winds.

On our way back down the trail, Geri Bass leads us in our thank yous for an awe-inspiring day in the presence of the giant natural sculptures which overlook West Fork: "Chief in Coconino Sandstone" and "Chief in Supai Sandstone."

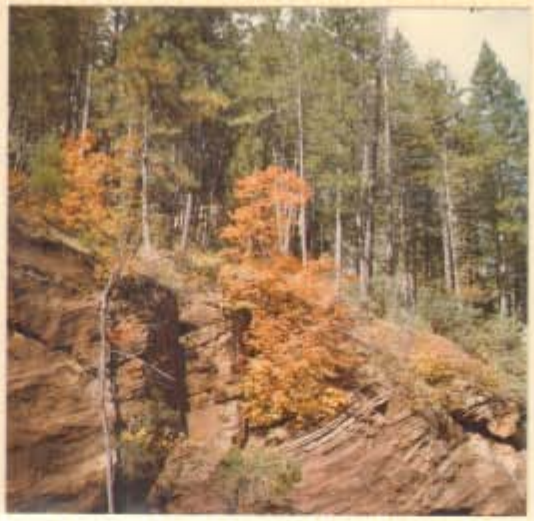
The next Westerner hike will be Sunday, October 23, to Rattlesnake Canyon. Meet at Revco parking lot at 1:30 equipped with hiking shoes and water.

Those present on the West Fork hike: Harry and Bernice Brown, Bill Eggert, John Mark, Barry Kesselman, Elizabeth Parks, Hazel Lytle, Bob and Kay Hodgson, Charlie Smith, Arnold Wehmann, Madeleine Whitney, Norman Hause, Al Jamrog, Renee' Wolf, Ed Sovola, Marge Herkenham, Elaine Barclay, Bob Rollo, Selma West, Jean Metts, Gus and Betty Gendler, Len Silvern, Henry Fleek, Clara Lavorgna, Miles and Mary Fergoson, and

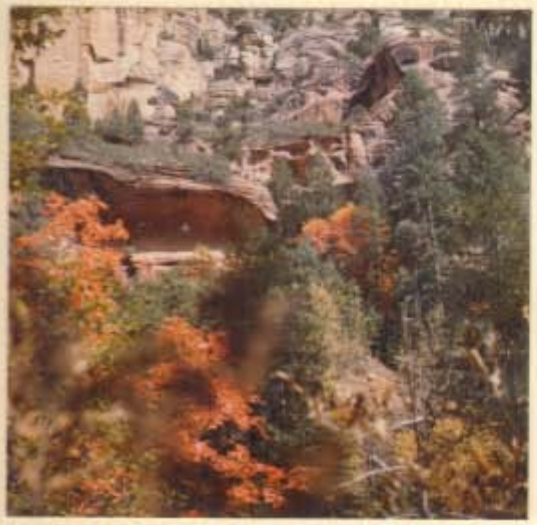
Sue Ray.

HIKE LEADER - GAIL BASS

GAIL BASS



Eurika Bellin



Cave Spring

Navajo Arch

Gus Conover

Westerners Hike Into Rattlesnake Canyon

10-26-83

After a great picnic yesterday at Montezuma Well, today (Sunday) it's Rattlesnake Canyon.

In an effort to get some background about the name, we perused "THOSE EARLY DAYS" (THE book about Sedona) but could not find any reference to it. We asked a few old, and not-so-old, timers, but no one seemed to have an answer. Our guess is that at one time some local residents found that rattlers liked this particular canyon.

We left Reveo's parking lot with the sun shining and a perfectly blue sky, with a temperature of approx. 77 deg. at the usual hour of 1:30 p.m. doubling up as much as possible into high-clearance vehicles, but also in a couple of passenger cars. We headed towards the "Y" and caravanned to the juncture of 179 with Hwy. 17 where we proceeded in a northerly direction and got off at Stoneman Lake turnoff.

Instead of driving to this beatiful lake, we went west along a Forest Service road with a washout and some deep ruts, left behind, no doubt, from the rains of a few weeks ago. After about a mile, we parked the vehicles on the side of the road, which was quite rocky, walking another mile and noting the terrain being full of lava rock, interspersed with Utah grass some still retaining its plumes), Holly oaks, Mullen used by the Indians as tobacco), a few agaves, *Aplopappus Gracilis*, *Viguera Annua* (Golden Eyel, Spurge, Pensteoman, Snake Weed and Clover. The continuation of this road is a very rocky path with switchbacks all the way down into this volcanic canyon. Just about where this path starts and continuing for a little while there are some fantastic views along this canyon, all the way to Mingus Mountain and the Black Mountain range. Descending this steep path, no doubt built by the Forest Service to their gauging station, we saw daisies and asters still in full bloom, fleabane, small manzanitas still bearing a few berries, and wild buckwheat. About halfway down we saw a small cave in the distance on the opposite side of the canyon. Going further, we saw mountain mahogany (not related to the real thing), Lowell ash with its leaves already turned to golden orange and green, sticky bear bushes which already started to dress themselves in their fall colors, and silk tassel. Quite near the bottom there was still some water in the creek with sycamores on the sidelines saluting our arrival. A cable approx. 30 ft. long spanned the canyon here, and we hypothesized that it must have been used for gauging the flow of water before the newer station was erected. A little further, we reached the point where the canyon walls almost seemed to merge perpendicularly. The group lolled on the gigantic rocks, sunning themselves and some dipping their feet in the small basin which is on top of a cliff, producing a waterfall of some 30 ft. when the creek is running. The creek eventually merges with Woods Canyon and then flows into Dry Beaver Creek. After a short rest, we started our 700-ft. ascent and reached our 13 parked vehicles at about 4:00.

After having seen this area, we can now better understand how the name Rattlesnake Canyon originated - no doubt it is very suitable for rattlers.

The flowers, plants and trees were identified through the courtesy of Norm Herkenham, our illustrious resident botanist. In fact, this entire write-up would not have been possible without the cooperation of many of the Westerners, too numerous to mention.

Next week's hike will be on Saturday, October 29, to Secret Canyon. We meet at 8:00 a.m. at Reveo parking lot. The trip requires high-clearance vehicles, and is classified as "A."

Under the superb coaching of George and Ruth Siedow (our leaders), we reached Reveo's lot at approx. 4:45, very happy and content. Today's score: Rattlesnakes: zero. Westerners:44.

The line-up consisted of:

Harry and Bernice Brown, Helen Hoffman, Rene Wolf, Dottie Worden, Al Jamrog, Bob Watts, Bob and Elsie Beck, Ev Lewis, Fletcher Preston, Bob Seibel, Norm and Marge Herkenham, Ed and Ann Korosec, George and Ruth Siedow, Doreen Rice, Lillian Booth, Jean Metts, E. Parks, John and Dolores Guptill, Dorothy Wylde, Selma West, Bob Rollo, Sue Ray, David and Gerda Shaudron, Len Silvern, Jim Douthitt, Vi Machin, Kirk and Lydia Kirkley, Al Marsh, Chuck and Caroline Williams, Lou and Aylene Neveu, Alan Lacey, Gladys Thornton, plus your reporter, Ralph Harburger (and Rose).

Fifty Westerners Enjoy Secret Canyon

11-2-83

Each found in the 8-mile round trip up one-third of the canyon, according to Jack Stratton, leader, much beauty in the federal red rock formations, flowers, forest and foliage. We did not partake of this as a free lunch, to which James Watt would object. We brought our own, enjoying as bounty some of the federal foliage. The deer do that.

It was a beautiful Saturday. The three miles or so up Dry Creek Road toward Sterling Canyon to the start of the trail were very rough in spots. The magnificent red-rock mountains west, north and east held our attention much more than the road, except, of course, the drivers of our high-clearance vehicles. (We chip in on the gas.)

Secret Canyon is north of H.S. Canyon which uses the same starting point, and south of Bear Sign Canyon, the three climbing to the west.

As far as the remains of an old salt box where cowboys used to camp, the old wagon road is easy, going through beautiful Arizona cypress, much red-bark manzanita, one of which, near the road, is a tree.

Secret Canyon may get its name from the fact that it is easy to miss, unless one turns left toward the base of soaring Maroon Mountain to the south. After that, the trail is a rocky path crossing several seepwater stream beds. Holly leaf buckthorn with scarlet berries is a special treat.

The canyon is narrow with the red block-fault cliffs of Maroon Mountain to the south and lofty red formations on the north. As we climb, we get into some ponderosa pine. Maples have turned a beautiful red and yellow. Some of these among the pines, against the cliffs of Maroon Mtn. were breathtakingly handsome. The red and yellow maple leaves carpeting the forest floor were fragile beauty, here today, gone tomorrow. Cameras were busy. A 5-inch diameter vermilion mushroom along the trail was captured this way.

The Forest Service has proposed this as part of a Secret Mountain Wilderness, 47,480 acres, its best use to be enjoyment as such. A hiking, scenic paradise, with not enough timber to cut, not enough forage for grazing, no igneous rock to tempt miners. No roads too rough to farm or develop but excellent wildlife habitat. Hunting is allowed. Are we lucky!

Next week's hike will be Sunday, Nov. 6, leaving at 1:30 to Grey Mountain Saddle from Reveo parking lot. 3½ miles, 1100-ft. climb – strenuous!

Those finding this activity as one of their "things" and able to go this time were Harry and Bernice Brown, Mike Nardello, Fletcher Preston, David Chaudron, Betty Jo Sorem, Al Jamrog, Jean Metts, Renee Wolf, Madeleine Whitney, Vlasta Ellson, Tom and Rose Yager, Virginia Gilmore, Norm and Marge Herkenham, Sue Ray, Bob Nichols, Hazel Lytle, Dottie Worden, Lydia and Kirk Kirkley, Elizabeth Parks, Ev Lewis, Vic and Shirley Sculteure, Harry Allaire, Dick and Alice Stout, Lou and Alyne Neveu, Gus and Betty Gendler, Bob Watts, Charles Kaesur, Lillian Boothe, Clara Lavorgna, Bob Rollo, Selma West, Charlie Smith, Andy Mayer, John and Dolores Guptill, Len Silvern, Ed Sovola, Jim Douthitt and Will Osborn, reporter.

Westerners Hike Toward the Saddle

11-9-83

Our destination was to have been Gray Mountain Saddle, but we didn't get there. Harry Brown had told us at the start that the last 200 feet would have taken us through a brush-filled wash with no trail, not a suitable place for our large group. But no one minded, for the 53 Westerners on Sunday's hike had perfect weather, romantic scenery, and comfortable companionship.

Our car caravan drove through Coffee Pot and parked on Farmer Brothers Drive. We walked a trail that gave us a steady, generally-rocky climb. Frequent stops allowed us to look beyond the heels of the one before us, to breathe deeply the envigorating mountain air, and to savor the scenes.

The trail left the sunny side of the mountain to curve into the shade as we headed toward the Saddle. Across the little canyon we saw inviting cave openings in the opposite wall. At our highest point we looked from our shadowed ledge back at Sedona-in-the-sun, sparkling in its upland valley, surrounded by familiar mountains and formations now seen from a new viewpoint. The lowering sun cast dramatic shadows and spotlighted towering pinnacles agaist a cobalt sky.

But all interest is not in the distant scenes. There's beauty nearby, such as the crisply-curling bark on the Arizona cypress; and beneath that fragile bark flows a smooth, red-brown surface which rivals that of the manzanita. Other textures invite the touch: The gray-green lichen on the rocks looks soft but is hard and brittle; the dead stalk of an agave feels raspy like old wood; even the smoothest-looking rock has a grit like fine sandpaper.

As we walked briskly down, the trail became less rocky and more level leading us to our vehicles. At this end of our pleasant hike, we gazed back at the ancient patterns of cross-bedding on the massive face of Gray Mountain.

The regular monthly evening meeting of the Westerners will be held Thursday, November 10 at 7:30 at Wayside Chapel. Come for an interesting program.

Our next hike will be Saturday, November 12 when we will follow the very strenuous A.B. Young Trail. Meet at the Revco lot at 9:00 with water, vitamins, lunch and proper shoes. New hikers are invited.

Sunday's hikers included: Mike Nardello, Harry and Bernice Brown, Andy Meyer, Bill Eggert, Renee Wolf, Jean Metts, Bob and Carmen Evans (Welcome!), Elizabeth Parks, Al Jamrog, Norm and Marge Herkenham, C. M. Smith, Hazel Lytle, Fletcher Preston, Marshall and Ruth Cook, Bill and Ann Heinlein, Clara Lavorgna, Bob Seibel, Selma West, Bob Rollo, John and Dolores Guptill, Harvy and Ruth Upton, Ed and Bettina Sovola, Lou and Alyne Neveu, Len Silvern, Dick and Alice Stout, Lee and Marie Peart, Susan Hamilton (recently from Alaska), Ted and Ned Rickard with grandchildren Matt and Maggie Rickard, Vi Machin, Jim Douthitt, Gib Styles, Elizabeth Darby, Valerie Longfellow, Virginia Lucas George and Ruth Siedow, and

Charles Jorgensen

Westerners Hike Bice Canyon

11-16-83

Last Saturday morning under cloudy skies, even a slight drizzle in the area, 38 Westerners met, expecting to hike the very demanding A.B. Young trail. After discussion, with safety an important factor, a prudent decision was made to head south and hike through the Bice Ranch area covering an interesting part of Dry Beaver Creek.

We headed south on Rte. 179 and after some searching for the spot, parked off the highway about a mile west of I-17.

Hiking down a road used probably by hunters or wood scavengers, we rested at an old cattle corral - cattle are still grazed in this area when water is available - and viewed up Hog Canyon (maybe really a wash).

Then onto the remains of the ranch house inhabited in the 1920s in an area near Dry Beaver Creek populated by a few other farmers who sought protection by building a rock fence, parts of which were well preserved. Alas, these hardy people couldn't make a living here, were forced to move, and hopefully succeeded elsewhere.

The vegetation along the creek was most interesting. We passed a beetle-ridden Arizona cypress - perhaps the largest in the state - with a trunk caliper of about 7 feet. Large natural areas of conglomerate cement were found in the bed and along the sides of the creek. We passed a permanent pond about 30 to 50 ft. wide and more than 300 ft. long. Dry Beaver Creek with its immense watershed handles more water after heavy rains than any other creek in the area, including Oak Creek.

As the weather cleared, we lunched sitting on volcanic rocks on a promontory. Afterwards we hiked above the creek, saw an isolated group of ponderosa pines and still-colorful deciduous trees.

Finally, Bob Watts, our leader, got us back on the uphill trail to our cars.

Our next hike will be to Twin Buttes on Sunday, Nov. 20. Meet at the Revco lot prior to 1:30. New hikers and guests are welcome.

Saturday's hikers were: Mike Nardello, Bill and Jane Eborn, Bill and Ann Heinlein, Harry and Bernice Brown, David and Gerda Chadron, Bill McGrath, Clara Lavorgna, Susan Hamilton, Hazel Lytle, Elizabeth Darby, Helen Ellis, Jim Douthitt, Norm Herkenham, Norm Hause, Clyde Morgan, Bob Watts, Len Silvern, Lillian Boothe, Jean Metts, Harvey and Ruth Upton, Jean Wolfer, Rudy Klassen, Kirk and Lydia Kirkley, John and Delores Guptill, Sue Ray, Ed Sovola, Elizabeth Parks, Tom and Rose Hager, Alice Holmes and Ev Lewis.

On December 8th, there will be a potluck supper meeting nat 6:15. Roast turkey and dressing will be served. Please bring a dish to pass, plus two serving spoons. The initial of your last name indicates the suggested dish: A-G, hot dish; H-M, salad- N-Z, dessert. Also bring your own table service, including cup. Members no charge, guests $2.00. Reservations a must by December 4. Phone Harry Brown, 282-4921 or Tom Hager, 282-5847.

Westerners Holiday Potluck

11-16-83

The Sedona Westerners will hold a holiday turkey potluck supper meeting Thursday, December 8 at 6:15 p.m. at the Wayside Chapel. Roast turkey and dressing will be provided. Please bring a dish to serve eight, along with two serving spoons. The initial of your last name indicates the suggested dish: A-G, hot dish; H-M, salad; N-Z, dessert. Also bring your own plates, utensils and cups. Members, no charge; guests $2.00.

Reservations, a must, must be made by December 4, by phoning Harry Brown at 282-4921 or Tom Hager, 282-5847.

Margaret Goddard

1-4-84

Margaret (Monnie) Goddard passed away on January 6 at the Tucson Medical Center. Monnie had been a resident of Sedona since 1970, previously residing in Plymouth, Michigan.

She is survived by her husband Lewis H. Goddard; and daughters Susan Sykes, Ann Galezio, Sarah Loudon and Catherine Watson, and by eleven grandchildren.

A family remembrance was held Sunday. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to the American Lung Association or your favorite charity.

Frieda Margaretha Loy

Frieda Margaretha Loy, 85, passed away at her home on December 31st. A pioneer of this area, she was born April 12, 1898 at her father's ranch on Upper Loop Road. The Schuerman ranch was then the most populated area in red-rock Arizona territory, which is now Sedona. She attended the old Red Rock School at the Schuerman ranch and graduated from eighth grade with a class of three. She attended high school in Prescott.

Mrs. Loy was a charter member of the Sedona Homemakers Club, the only honorary member of the Sedona Garden Club No. 1, a member of the Diamond Chapter of the Eastern Star for 60 years, a talented artist, displaying her work at the Valley Bank in uptown Sedona.

Survivors include one son, Sherman Loy of Sedona; and one daughter, Martha Loy of Phoenix. There are five grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Graveside services were held at Cottonwood Cemetery by the Diamond Chapter No. 7, Eastern Star, on January 4.

The family requests that any memorial contributions be made to the Red Rock Ambulance Fund.

Westerners Visit Twin Buttes

11-23-83

Threatening skies and the lure of the day's NFL games were not enough to deter 29 Westerners from assembling at the usual rendezvous last Sunday afternoon for the scheduled hike. This time the destination was the saddle between the Rorschach double summits of that prominent landmark on Sedona's southern skyline known locally as Twin Buttes. Before the afternoon was over, the hardy hikers were to write a new definition for the attribute which has always distinguished them - determination.

The cars caravaned to the end of Morgan Road in the Broken Arrow Subdivision, where leader Norm Herkenham headed the parka-bundled party south along the forested road that serves as a popular jeep access. Plummeting temperatures and an ominous overcast sky told us that our balmy autumn had suddenly ended. With the understanding that the weather might yet call the tune, it was agreed that we would proceed on our planned course and play it by (frozen?) ear as to the wisdom of continuing.

The first stop was at the feature that always startles the first-time viewer - the deep, yawning, collapsed pit known as the Devil's Dining Room. At this point, a faint trail starts its climb toward the Twin Buttes saddle. As we climbed, both temperature and visibility dropped further, and we began to wonder if the time to abort was imminent. We reached a divide where we could look down an alternate approach to this point that comes up from the vicinity of the Sedona Memorial Park cemetery. The ribbon of Hwy. 179 lay below, and Airport Hill and Capitol Butte dominated the distance, though mists were starting to obscure the scene. To the east the bold facade of Munds Mountain formed a brooding backdrop to a green sea of Arizona cypress breached only by the well-named Submarine Rock. The first tiny pellets of graupel snow were now falling, and the "saddle" still beckoned above us.

Mutterings, and the rate of precipitation, were on the increase, but so was the hikers' resolve. There was more to see, and it was too beautiful to give up without a fight. Democratically, it was voted that we would proceed with one segment of the route at a time, deciding as we went whether or not to turn and flee. At least two or our new hikers hesitated, but promptly yielded to the urgings of the seasoned members, and the entire party pressed on.

We paused first at one, then at a second, small pueblo ruin in an advanced state of delapidation. It was at the second ruin that the weather elements peaked, and the famous Westerner determination was put to the test - and prevailed! It turned out to be the correct devision, for as we toiled up the steep trail that previously had been so skillfully laid out by our scouting team, the brief storm moved on, and though the skies remained leaden, they never shed another drop of moisture before we returned to the cars.

The saddle was duly gained, and the expansive view to the south admired. Far below, among the many familiar sights lying almost beneath our feet was the Chapel of the Holy Cross, and several individual homes in the Chapel area could be identified. By pre-arrangement, Faye Frost was spied at her front door, waving to our lofty crowd which included husband Arthur. Amid our shouts of greeting, we could faintly hear the musical blasts produced by Faye on a large conch shell from her renowned collection. Not so equipped, the best we could do in response was the blowing of a few frigid noses.

Time to descend. Not that we wanted to, for if anything, the bracing air had only made the hike more enjoyable, and the panorama before us was hard to leave. No one had regretted the decision to defy the weather. But now the clock dictated the prudence of getting back while the getting was good. Along the trail we had seen several plants still exhibiting that late blooming so prominent during the warm fall just past - cliffrose, Gregg's ceanothus, birdbeak, and a lone, conspicuous specimen of perky Sue. Now in this first taste of winter, they seemed to realize their folly of a promise having no chance of fulfillment. By contrast, 29 Westerners this day felt a rich reward for their efforts.

Our next hike will be to Munds Mountain (postponed from an earlier date) on Saturday, Nov. 26. Meet at Revco parking lot prior to 9:00 a.m. with lunch, water and stout shoes. The hike is rated "A" - very strenuous.

Sunday's determined hikers were: Mike Nardello, Al Jamrog, Ev Lewis, Tom Hager, Bob Watts, Ruth and Harvey Upton, Kirk and Lydia Kirkley, Ed and Anne Korosec, Fletcher Preston, Paul and Florence Henninger, Kirk Merges, Marie Peart, Art Frost, Harry and Bernice Brown, Bob Seibel, Don and Sal Gibson, Alice Holmes, Hazel Lytle, Elizabeth Parks, Lau-ana Leist, Tillie Fenell and Marge and Norm Herkenham.

Westerners Hike Cancelled

11-30-83

The icy fingers of winter put the crunch on the Sedona Westerners hike to Munds Mountain scheduled for Saturday, November 26. The hike was cancelled.

The next planned hike will be to the Devil's Outhouse. Meet at Revco parking lot at 1:30 p.m. Sunday, December 4.

A turkey potluck supper meeting will be held on Thursday, Dec. 8 at 6:15 at the Wayside Chapel. Bring a dish to share, plus plates, utensils and cups. Members, no charge; guests of members, $2.00.

Reservations are required and must be made by December 4. Phone Harry Brown, 282-4921 or Tom Hager, 282-5847.

Westerners Explore Devil's Outhouse

12-7-83

You may agree with us that Sedona is a little bit of heaven - but do you know there is a darker side to this lovely area?

Are you aware that the devil himself is neither a transient nor a tourist, but has been a permanent resident here for quite a long time? His "house" includes a "kitchen" and "dining room," both fairly well known, and the prospect of having a closer look at his "outhouse" proved irresistible to 32 Westerners on Sunday.

Leaving the Revco parking lot at 1:30 as usual, we caravaned several miles along 89A and Loy Butte Road, then struck out on foot cross-country, picking up an occasional bit of petrified sponge, branchiopod or obsidian (all evidence of the varied and exciting history of our region), and enjoying the beautiful sunny interval in what had been and is forcast to be again a cold and wet week.

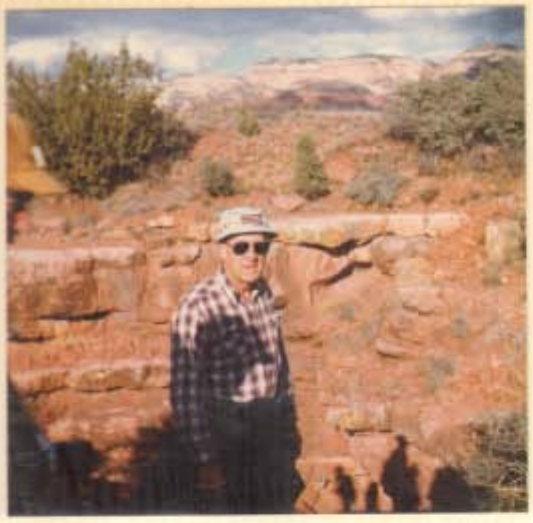
The "outhouse" turned out to be yet another limestone sink hole, not uncommon in this area, but with a difference. This one is a seemingly bottomless pit, inaccessible without mountaineering gear, which features what appears to be a large, cave-like formation undercutting one side of the sinknole, the bottom and depth of which cannot be determined from above. There is also a smaller "black hole" which may or may not provide access to a lower cave.

We were told that the area around the outhouse was used in the filming of Gambler II recently, but we are delighted to report that not a shred of evidence (pun intended) was left behind by the film crew. Thank you, Kenny Rogers, wherever you are!

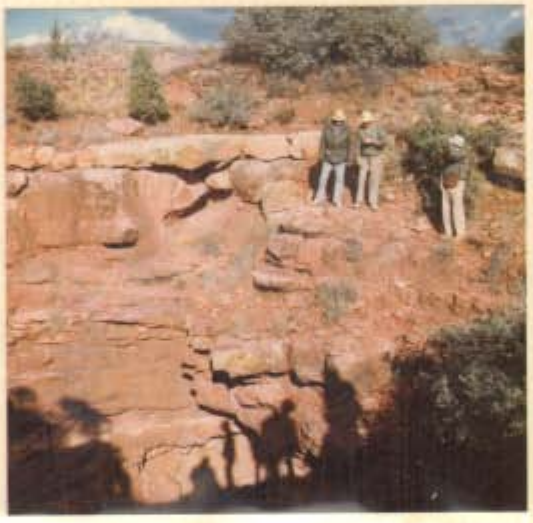
Those visiting the Devil's Outhouse included Mike Nardello, Harry and Bernice Brown, Bob and Salle Freeman, Hazel Lytle, Dolores Guptill, Fletcher Preston, C.M. Smith, Elizabeth Parks, Norm and Marge Herkenham, Renee Wolf, Wilbur Thomas, Geri Bass, Bob Watts, Louis and Alyne Neveu, Bettina Sovola, Jim Douthitt, Norman House, Len Silvern, Gus Gendler, Andy Meyer, Sally and Donald Gibson, Jim and Donna Neuleib, Tom and Rose Hager, and your writers, Jack and Marianne Handrus.

We concluded the pleasant afternoon as clouds began to gather over the backcountry, stopping at Nolan's Tank, and returning home via Boynton Canyon Road, passable but rutted in spots, stopping off at a cluster of old, abandoned corrals. The wooden fence posts are long broken and silvery with age, but in one's imagination he can still hear the sounds of working cowboys and restless cattle.

A reminder that the Westerners' Christmas potluck will be on Thursday, December 8, but sorry, no more reservations can be accepted. The next all-day hike will be on Sunday, December 10. If you need further information on the potluck or the hike, please call Harry or Bernice at 282-4921.



MIKE CRAWL – NOAH HEARLEYMAN



NOLANS TANK

Westerners Hike Up Sunset Mesa

On Saturday, December 10, 32 Westerners hiked to the top of Sunset Mesa, which lies southeast of the Village of Oakcreek. We drove south on Route 179 and turned left on Jacks Canyon Road, which took us to the trail head for the mesa, where we parked our cars.

Bob Watts skillfully led us up a poorly-defined trail up the side of the mesa. This trail goes through a narrow break in the rimrock at the top of the mesa. On the way up, we had a very good view of the Village of Oakcreek and the old Dickison ranch which belongs to one of the old families of Sedona. The cliff roses were still in bloom on the side of the mesa, and we saw an unusual subspecies of the live scrub oak.

After an 800-ft. climb, we reached the top of the mesa where we had a beautiful view over Bell Rock of Airport Mesa, Capitol Butte and Coffee Pot. The mesa is about one mile long by half a mile wide. We hiked to the northeast corner through a large burned area caused by a fire set by lightning a few years ago to a point where we had a good view of Lee Mountain across Jacks Canyon. A little farther along, we looked down into Woods Canyon, with Dry Beaver Creek flowing through it. We could also see Apache Maid Mountain to the east, beyond Horse Mesa. Along the side of the mesa there were magnificent growths of Teddy Bear cactus on the rimrock.

We proceeded to the south end, where we could look across Woods Canyon to the plateau across which runs the old stage route and the Hopi trail. We found numerous mountain lion and deer tracks in the soft, wet soil, which is covered by lava rock in many places.

After lunch on the south side, we walked to the southwest corner of the mesa, where we were able to see Lookout Mesa on which there are a number of Indian ruins, mainly pithouses. Beyond it is the Verde Valley. Looking northwest we could see Bill Williams Mountain, which is about 60 miles away. From this point there is a breathtaking view of the Village of Oakcreek (known as Big Park by the oldtimers) and Little Park, which lies to the northwest of it. From this point we proceeded back to the trail down the mesa and arrived at the bottom at about 2 p.m. After the 5½-mile hike, there were a lot of tired but happy people.

The next Westerner hike will be Sunday, December 18, to Steamboat Rock. We will leave from the Revco parking lot promptly at 1:30. Come equipped with water and hiking boots. The Westerners will take a holiday vacation, and the following hike will be on January 7.

Those attending the Sunset Mesa hike were: Bob and Sally Freeman, Gus and Betty Gendler, Tom and Rose Hager, Bill and Ann Heinlein, Norm and Marge Herkenham, Don Hooven, Al Jamrog, Kirk and Lydia Kirkley, George and Clara Lavorgna, Hazel Lytle, Ginny Lucas, Bill McGrath, Andy Meyer, Mike Nardello, Lou and Alyne Neveu, Elizabeth Parks, Len Silvern, C. Smith, Ed Sovola, Wilbur Thomas, Harvey and Ruth Upton, and Bob Watts, along with Norman Hause, reporter for the day.

Westerners Scale Steamboat Rock

12-21-83

Forty-two Westerners and visitors left the Revco parking lot at 1:30 on Sunday, saying Bon Voyage to one another as we set sail on the Good Ship Steamboat Rock.

The trip began at Midgley Bridge, with Mike Nardello as our leader. This was the 77th trip for him to Steamboat. He is very experienced and we do appreciate his leadership.

We walked the old road for a while. This road went around the lower part of the hull and connected with the road now known as Jordan Road. On the way, Mike pointed out the trail leading to Wilson Canyon. We later could see this trail as we ascended to the top.

It was quite a walk up the gangplank before we reached the Ship's Ladder to get to the Ship's Deck.

It took a lot of steam for the hikers to reach the base of the Funnel, but not enough steam to set the ship a-sailing.

Those who made it all the way felt it was worth the effort. The panoramic view of all the landmarks that were familiar was awesome and too beautiful to describe. There was still some color on the trees along the curving, beautiful Oak Creek, with Airport Hill, Chimney Rock and Cathedral Rock distinctively standing out, below the town of Sedona, growing with the years, busy with people and cars traveling through.

We found Indian remains at the foot of the Funnel which were faint but letting us know they had been there.

Jean Wolfer's two grandsons with their parents visiting from N.C., age seven and five, were a delight to have hiking with us. They kept right up, with Mike at the lead.

As we neared the parked cars, Mike pointed out an odd-shaped cypress tree which had been struck by lightning. It resembled a Bonsai.

The next hike will be January 7. Meet at Revco parking lot at 9 o'clock a.m.

Those making the cruise were the following: Mike Nardello, Jean Wolfer, Peter, Brian, and Dede Pucella, Harry and Bernice Brown, Bob Yonkers, Harvey and Ruth and Boyd Upton, Elizabeth Parks, Hazel Lytle, Alice Holmes, Bill and Ann Heinlein, Mary Nadeu, Jean Metz, Doreen Rice, Kathy Shy, Bob Watts, Ed Sovola, Don Hooven, Bob Rollo, Selma West, Norm and Marge Herkenham, Tom and Rose Hager, Art Frost, Gus and Betty Gandler, Kirk and Lydia Kirkley, Marie Peart, Andy Meyer, Charles Jorgensen, Norman Hause, Willard and June Wright, Clara Lavorgna and

By HAZEL LYTLE

Westerners Hike Brind's Mesa 1-11-84

On a sunny January Saturday in the 40s, which warmed to the 70s, sixteen-by-three Westerners started out on Soldier Pass Road and looking up at rocky Brind's Ridge yelled: "Eeee, do we go to the top of THAT?" A third of the group mountain-goated after leader Norman Herkenham up the pyramid end, and over the narrow crossbedded ridge, while a third rested after lunch in the sunken garden summit and another third wandered north with Mike Nardello across Brind's Mesa to a viewpoint overlooking Supai spires capped by white limestone.

While most of the trails in the Coconino National Forest among the giant striped rocks tend to be circumbendibus through the maze of polyhedra, a single hiker can angle a neat rhombodial route looping Brind's Ridge in about four hours. We did seven miles in seven hours with an elevation gain of 1060 feet and the added attractions of conversation, lunch, side trips and long views. Add more time for communion with nature and/or meditation. At this time of year, we saw no live flowers but there is greenery in the cypress, pinon pine, juniper, manzanita, ceanothus, bear grass, shrub live oak, mountain manogany, prickly pear, yucca and agave.

Beginning at the jeep road marked with a FS sign, we headed NW, walking along dry Soldier Wash a short distance to a spur road on the right to Devil's Sink Hole. As we circled the chasm, questions arose: How old is that tall, straggly juniper down there? Is the sink hole 60 or 80 feet deep? How was it formed? Bob Yonker from Minnesota quipped, "A Scotsman dropped a nickel in a gopher hole!"

More seriously, spelunker Charles Kacsur said the roof of an underground cave collapsed as a result of acid eating away at the rock. He thorized that present-day rain water seeps down from the floor of the sink hole (making a domepit or shaft) into a stream below which then sculpts a lower cavity in the red rock limestone walls. Charlie plans to investigate this with ropes, roll-up ladder and caving tools.

Returning to the jeep road and walking a few feet, we stopped and felt emphatically heartbroken over the large heart-shaped rock that used to stand there and had been recently assaulted and split by vandals.

To the left of the road starting with a flat one-step rock, a short trail leads to an old grave fenced by the Westerners. Their sign reads: "Quien sabe? Soldier? Settler? Indian Scout? Let him rest in peace." This is in keeping with the American Antiquities Act of June 8, 1806, which seeks to protect the lands and historic ruins of the federal government.

Off to the right of the jeep road at the base of a looming unnamed red butte that resembles a camel - somewhat, there are six stair-stepped pools in a swath of rock. During the summer, this reporter happened upon this scene when spotted toads chorused in six different pitches of basso profundo from the separate pot holes!

Continuing up the jeep road, we took a left at the edge of the tennis-court-like rock from which another steep trail leads up to caves. Our trail to Brind's Mesa jogs quickly to the right after its entrance, going NW uphill to level ground. Here is a good view of the five large but shallow caves and five smaller ones in the wall of Brind's Ridge which looks like a pyramid from this angle. While walking along the jeep road below, the mountain had the appearance of a long ridge. Midway between the caves, there is a crack up which some of the Westerners have struggled in the past to the base of the pyramid before climbing it. Looking south, just to the west of the far end of Brind's Ridge, are the Mittens, two "thumbed" buttes with a saddle connecting.

After reaching the level ground, one can follow the trail straight ahead down to Sterling Road and Dry Creek, this being the Pass through which soldiers and Indians trekked in earlier times. But we took the SE trail to the right which soon comes into the extension of Jordan Road (going west the road meets the trail to Sterling Road and going east it stretches across Brind's Mesa). Off to the right of the road we made a brief excursion to a viewpoint looking SW to Sedona, which view extends further and further the higher we climbed during the day. There's a "wagon train" on Lee Mountain and Hackberry Mountain beyond the Verde River.

Crossing the grass flats of the Mesa where we no longer had to expand our lungs for uphills, talk about the holiday football games surfaced, interspersed with joking. Hazel Lytle: "Football's where the downs come up." But in respect to Illinois, wasn't it down and out? Then Norm asked: "How can you get down off an elephant? Well - you can't get down off an elephant because it only grows on a duck!" Sigh.

When we separated into two groups, one exploring the Mesa and the other going up the Ridge, Norm might have asked himself how many were going to go UP this "elephant"? Three years ago Westerner scouts cut the trail almost straight up the pyramid with very short switchbacks. The sunken garden at the top affords warm sunny rocks to view the west or cooler shady ones to view the east. This was our lunch stop. We were in shirt sleeves munching and resting pleasantly, when all of a sudden Norm is up and at 'em ready to mount the upper Ridge.

Natural ramped steps of yellow Coconino sandstone strata slant toward the sky to the south, sometimes narrowing to as little as two feet. It was over these rocks that some of the group picked their way 'midst low-growing manzanita for almost half a mile, encircled by the valley with its buttes and the mountains Gray, Lost Wilson, Wilson, and Munds, with still others circling more widely beyond and beyond. It was something like a bird's eye view. But gazing at a spiraling hawk overhead can make one dizzy. Bob Watts tell of the time he lay down for a rest on top of a butte, and vultures began circling lower and lower, with head and eye cocked, and beak spearing closer and closer until Bob had to get up. He didn't want them to think he was dead meat.

Back down the ridge at a much faster pace, we met the others on the Mesa and hiked down the very rocky Jordan Road (it looks impossible for jeeps) going SSE through Mormon Canyon. The jeep road continued on through the rifle range to finally meet the paved section in uptown Sedona.

The Westerners monthly meeting will be this Thursday at 7:30 p.m. at the Wayside Chapel on 89A in uptown Sedona. In addition to the business meeting and coffee with cookies there will be a slide presentation of a South Pacific island experience by Len Silvern.

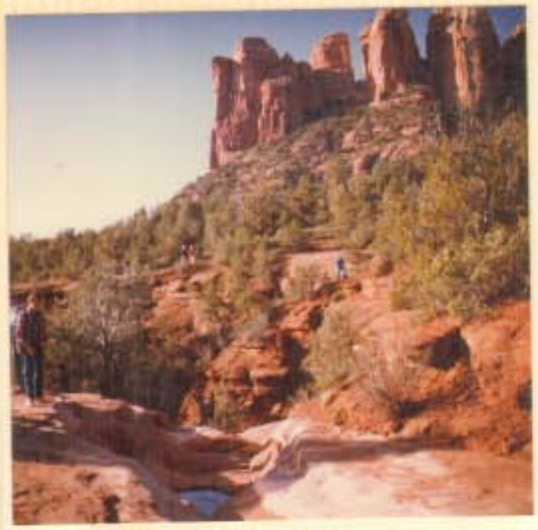
Hikers who participated in the Brinds excursions: Renee Wolf, David and Gerda Chaudron, Bill and Jane Ehorn, Alice Holmes, Helen Ellis, Jack Stratton, Harry and Bernice Brown, Tom and Rose Hager, Dott Worden, Norman Hause, Don Hooven, Frank S. Rivara, Wilbur Thomas, Kirk and Lydia Kirkley, Harvey and Ruth Upton, Jean Wolfer, Geri Bass, Dick and Alice Stout, Nina Strauss, Clara Lavorgna, Phyllis Lindberg, Ed Sovola, Ted and Ned Tickard, Lee and Marie Peart, Pat Eggert, Matthew Richard, and your reporter

Sue Ray.

NORM HERKENHAM - HIKE LEADER

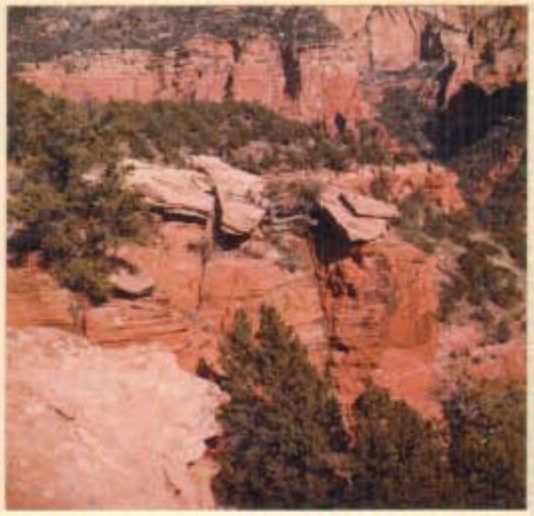
BRIND'S RIDGE

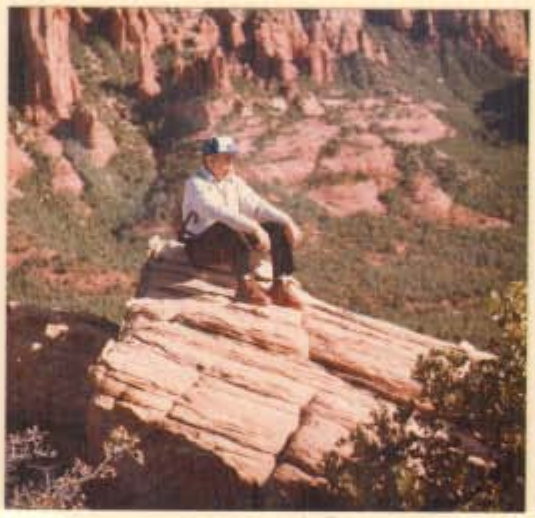
But we took a trail off to the right before reaching the Rifle Range, which led us uphill to the smooth rock tops of the Cibolas. The trail follows a fence through which there is a gate and another trail beyond heading downhill N of W. Although a trail leads directly to the Devil's Sink Hole if one keeps to the right, there are many other trails meandering off to the left. Reaching our cars after this exhilarating day, we thanked our leader and look forward to next Sunday when we meet at Revco parking lot at 1:30 p.m. for the moderate 2-mile Grassy Knolls hike.



POT HOLES

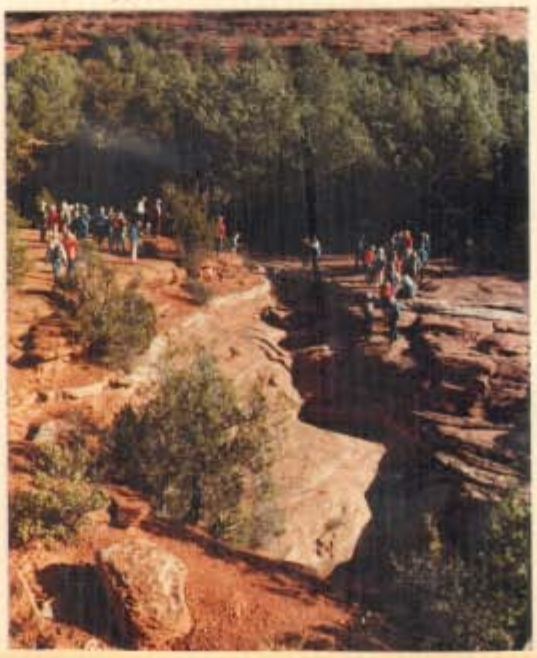
BLIND'S MESA





MIKE NARDELLO

DANIELLE, MIKE & REBECCA



Westerners Hike To Grassy Knolls

1-18-84

Fifty-nine Westerners left the Revco parking lot at 1:30 on Sunday afternoon, feeling the chill in the air, but with the sun warming us on arriving at our destination in the area of Rancho Del Oro.

With Bob Watts leading us, we went up to Knoll No. 1 on a winding trail dodging cat claw bushes, occasionally plucking off a cap off the Wait-a-Minute branches. A remark made was "There goes another cap."

Upon reaching the top, we had a panoramic view, turning to face Wilson Mountain, then Lost Wilson. Below that was Slide Rock. We could view Narrow Canyon and three forks of Dry Creek. Bob pointed out the Bear Sign Overlook where we went on one of our first hikes of the season.

We kept turning to our left and spotted Little Round Mountain, Maroon Mountain, Secret Mountain and Long Canyon. Further to the left was Bear Mountain, Doe Mountain, the Cockscombs and Gray Mountain, also known as Capitol Butte. Binoculars were produced so the rock formation of a standing bear in the distance could be viewed.

Then everyone scrambled down the rock-strewn hill. Some of the group proceded to the top of Knoll No. 2, while the others decided to continue along the Dry Creek bed leading to an abandoned homestead once owned by the Van Deren family.

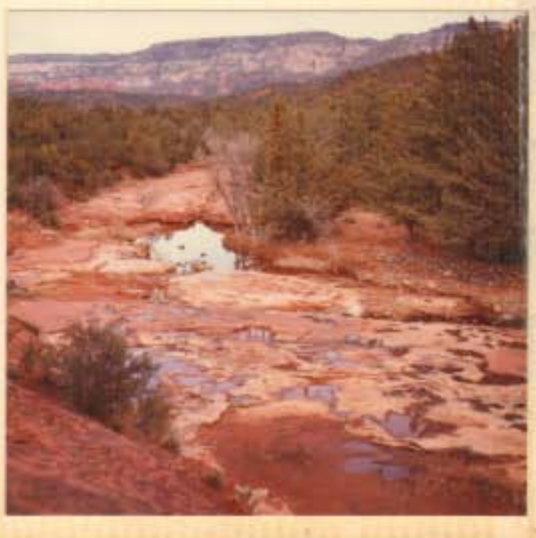
The first group climbed up for another panoramic look, then followed the same course along the dry creek, finding the creek has several lovely pools.

Interesting rocks were discovered, resembling faces, a snake, a butter knife, etc. In the distance we heard singing. It was Mike and Chuck doing a song in Italian.

Next Saturday, January 21, we meet at Revco parking lot at 9 a.m. to hike to the Verde Caves.

Sunday hikers were: Mike Nardello, Bob and Marcella Yonkers, Harry and Bernice Brown, Jean Wolfer, Norm Herkenham, Frank and Dee Rivera, Bill Eggert, David and Gerda Chadron, Marshall and Ruth Cook, Renee Wolf, Genevieve Nagley, Ev Lewis, Sandy Ellis, Shirley Coakley, Dorothy Wilde, Geri Bass, Jack Stratton, Nat and Sue Egelston, Bob Watts, Ed and Bettina Sovola, Fletcher Preston, Don and Sally Gibson, Lorene Hammial, Vic and Shirley Sculteure, Ralph Harburger, Dee Carr, Valerie Longfellow, Virginia Strand, Chuck and Caroline Williams, Bob Seibel, Dave and Madeleine Whitney, Tom and Rose Hager, Harry and Betsy Allaire, Cindy Jasper, Georgia Gour, Alice Holmes, Loretta Peterson, Len Silvern, Roland and Janette Wilkinson, Beverly McGuiness, Norman Hause, Lois Capps, Vi Machin, Elizabeth Parks and

Reporter Hazel Lytle



OUIETESABE
PEACE

Sedona Westerners Explore Verde Caves

1-25-84

"There's a long, long trail awinding . . ." and we drove it, more than forty miles, through Camp Verde and Verde Lakes Estates, and finally over a primitive road to park prior to hiking to the Verde Caves.

More than fifty Westerners who had not been deterred by the cold and cloudy Saturday morning assembled on a rugged mesa overlooking the meandering Verde River which reflected a somber mackerel sky.

Leader Lou Neveu first led us down to ruins of Indian pithouses. Many shards were scattered about, some blackened with smoke. The curved fragments suggest the pots that centuries ago were fashioned by strong, brown hands from local clay and used to prepare food in an open fire.

Our first sight of the caves was from our trail skirting a cliff which curved to bring us facing the other side of a small canyon. There we saw a dark opening of many caves beneath a rocky overhang. We went down into a ravine and scrambled up the opposite side to reach the caves. Whatever the first-timers on this hike had expected, it was exceeded by the number and wonder of these pueblo dwellings. We explored cave after cave, some low-ceilinged, some high, but all smoke-blackened. Some caves were connected by tunnels; all had alcoves or small anterooms, probably used for storage. (Not, I'm sure, as Charlie Smith said, for rambunctious children. He claimed that mothers, fearful that the young ones would fall over the cliff in front of the cave, would put them into those little rooms and roll a stone over the entrance.)

Some caves were bi-level; perhaps living in them gave some prestige among those original Americans. Some cave openings were closed in with masonry walls, leaving a small doorway - work of the more industrious ones.

Each cave had a firehole in the floor, focus for food preparation and winter warmth. I was jarred from speculation on that by a veteran hiker who soberly informed me the depressions were for snakes that had no other pit to hiss in.

Some tunnels had been enlarged, but some were quite low so that it was wide to leave our packs outside before crawling in. Peering into a low tunnel I could see far back a glint of light. Why didn't I wriggle in to find the source?

"Are these caves eroded into sandstone or limestone?" I asked. Len Silvern said, "Mud!" Regardless of appearance, it probably is a soft limestone.

The caves went on up one side of a deep wash and back the other, leading us to a promontory with a large cave that had a back opening viewing the Verde River far below. This we called Mike's Penthouse, as he claimed ownership.

We ate lunch here warmed by a hazy sun, and most shed the jackets that had seemed not quite warm enough early in the day. As our voices floated in this usually silent scene, it was easy to imagine the bustle of life centuries ago in this pueblo. The women might be grinding corn they had raised on the Verde flood plain, or tending fires, or making pots; children might be helping or frolicking on the rocks; perhaps men were laying up masonry walls or making stone weapons or tools or returning from hunting. As Bernice Brown said, we could almost hear the voices of these cliff dwellers shouting greetings to friends before their caves across the ravine.

The 53 Westerners divided into two groups for the return hike. Mike led those who chose to go down to the river. The return to the cars led up a steep and treacherous trail.

The other group went from the Penthouse through five caves, each connected by tunnels or archways, and each room with an opening viewing the river valley. We climbed to the top of the mesa and startled two jackrabbits as we walked on level ground, for a change, back to the cars.

An unplanned addition to the day was a visit to Tent Rocks, also near Camp Verde. These cone-shaped rocks - many in one small valley - are weird. Our minds, accustomed to the free and fanciful erosion of rocks in Sedona, find it difficult to account for the symmetry of these pock-marked cones, some small, some more than 20 feet high.

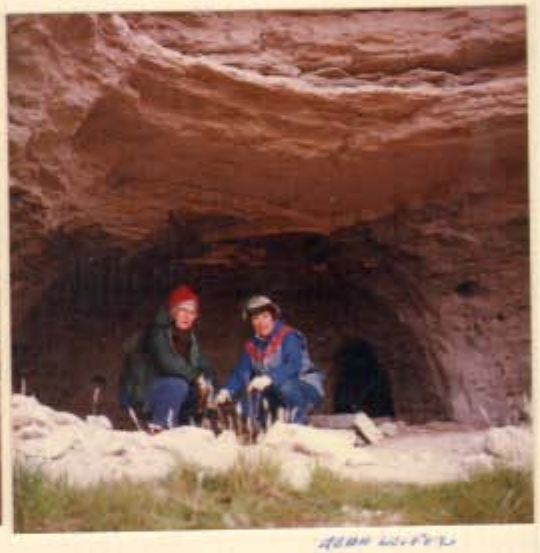
The next hike will be this Sunday, but the destination will not be the scheduled one. Come and be surprised. Meet at the Reveo lot before 1:30. Visitors are welcome.

Those on the Verde Caves-Tent Rocks hike included: Mike Nardello, Alice Holmes, Madeleine Whitney, Jack Stratton, Bill and Ann Heinlein, Hazel Lytle, Fletcher Preston, Harry Allaire, Kirk and Lydia Kirkley, Harry and Ruth Upton, Bud and Margaret Burd, Norma Hause, Norm and Marge Herkenham, Harry and Bernice Brown, Jean Wolfer, Jack and Marianne Handrus, Virginia Strand, Bob Watts, C. Smith, Jim Douthitt, David and Gerda Chaudron, Geri Bass, Beverly McGinness, Ed Sovola, Shirley Sculteure, Tom and Rose Hager, Len Silvern, Clara Lavorgna, Vi Machin, Ev Lewis, Don Hooven, Lou and Alyne Neveu, Frank and Dee Rivera, Chuck and Caroline Williams, Bobbi, Yvonne and Vince Baca, Suzanne Higginbotham and this reporter.

Charles Jorgensen.

Lou Neveu Clara Lavorgna

CHARLES [illegible]



MARIANNE [illegible]

[illegible] LOUISE

Westerners Peak of the Season Hike

2-1-84

With sixteen hikes behind and sixteen more ahead, the January 29th hike to Fay Canyon peaked the Westerners' hiking season. The turnout of carefree hikers Sunday totalled 74. This topped the year's peak attendance to date, as well as the weekly average of 42.6 (Wonder who the six-tenths of a hiker is? Mike?)

The long lineup of vehicles caravanned out Dry Creek Road, swung left onto Boynton Canyon Road, and were parked in a clearing near the mouth of Fay Canyon. Motorists with low catalytic converters were cautioned not to park in tall grass because of a very real danger of starting a grass fire.

Mike Nardello, who usually brings up the rear, stood ten feet tall (well, almost) as he leisurely led his talking walkers along the trail. On this cloudless, glorious, luxurious day - the temperature peaking at 68 degrees - everyone was behind Mike - looking up all the way.

Exuberant hikers, two by two, snaked along the primitive jeep road until it narrowed into a single-file, winding path. The shaded canyon floor with its perpendicular red supai and yellow sandstone cliff walls enveloped the hikers and swallowed their sounds. On the right, Fay Canyon Arch beckoned; and beyond, a gigantic, eroded goblet appeared, seemingly in a raised toast to all hikers.

From below in the afternoon sun, the Fay Canyon Arch appears as a mere shadow on the cliff face, but here Indian ruins stand, at least ten feet out from the cliffside. Were it a morning hike, the sun would backlight the arch and define the bridge clearly. A dozen or so energetic scramblers branched off under the leadership of Bob Watts to view the arch up close. They climbed up to it, looked through it and stood on top of it, where they were rewarded with spectacular views of the surrounding red rock country.

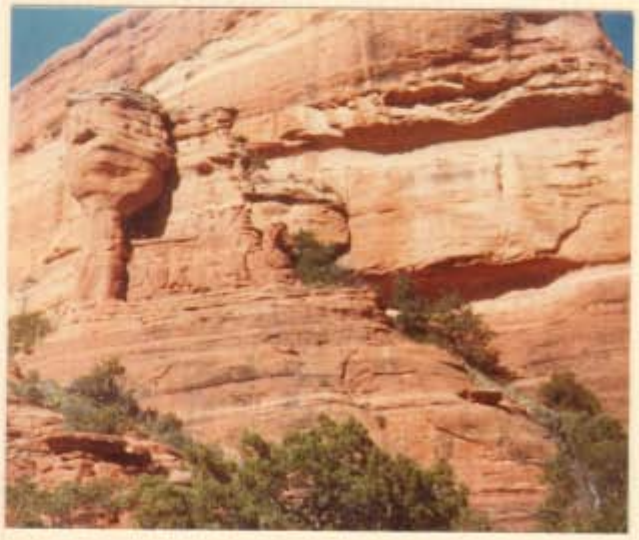
Further up the trail, Mike's group scrambled up a short, steep climb where the hikers perched on the corrugated red rock formation for a deep breath and a magnificent view. Voices trailed off as the hikers looked back, beyond the diverse vegetation of oak varieties, manzanita and alligator junipers, through the framing of the canyon walls to a vista of Courthouse Rock and a diminished Bell Rock some ten miles distant. The trail's final destination, a rocky ledge with an enormous overhang high above, found the hikers, weary of chatter, just soaking up the wonder of it all.

Remember, it's all down hill from now on. Munds Mountain is the next hike, Saturday, February 4th, switched around on our schedule, due to inclement weather earlier in the season.

Sunday's happy throng (except for those already mentioned) is listed alphabetically.

A. Abbott, A. Baranowski, L. Boothe, B. and J. Boydston, D. and S. Braman, H. Brown, K. and L. Buckland, D. and G. Chaudron, M. and R. Cook, J. Douthitt, B. Ealick, N. and S. Egelston, B. Eggert, S. Ellis, A. Frost, B. and G. Gendler, R. and T. Hager, N. Hause, M. and N. Herkenham, S. Higgenbotham, H. Hoffman, A. Holmes, D. Hooven, K. and L. Kirkley, A. Lacey, C. and G. Lavorgna, E. Lewis, V. Longfellow, V. Machin, D. and D. McManus, M. Nadeau, A. and L. Neveu, E. Parks, F. Preston, S. Ray, D. and F. Rivara, G. Siedow, L. Silvern, P. Smith, E. Sovola, A. Stout, V. STrand, J. Stratton, G. Taylor, W. Thomas, H. and R. Upton, R. Van Cleve, J. and R. Wilkinson, C. and C. Williams, A. Wischnesky, R. Wolf, and J. Wright, and your scribe,

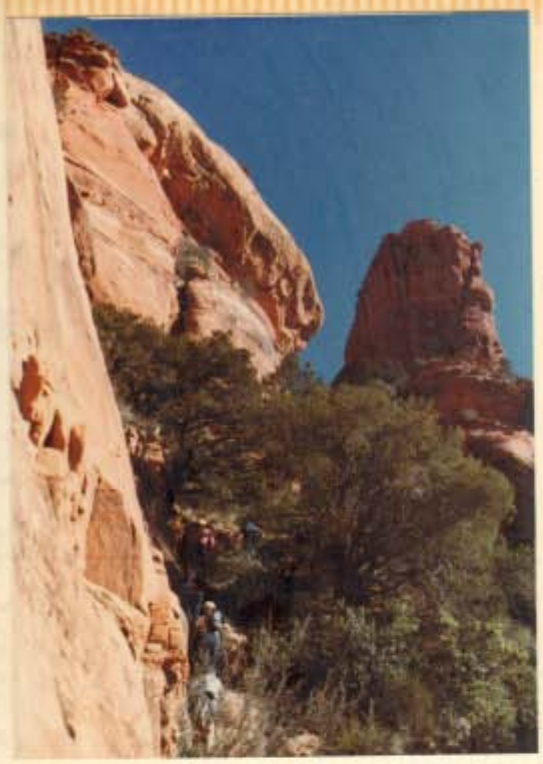
B. Brown.



On the Faye Arch Trail

The Dolly, her Sugar Daddy & Sycophant

Photo By Sue Ray



Increasingly each year, more maintenance of trails is being accomplished on the district. There has been assistance and are being assisted by the Sedona Westerners, service trips of the Sierra Club, groups and individuals of the Adopt-A-Trail program, and funded projects, along with contributed labor of the Forest Service.

The opportunities for hiking on established trails in and around the Red Rocks are almost limitless, with trails of many types to suit most National Forest visitors, according to Bob Gillies and Harry Brown.

Wilson Mtn. Trail Plaque Dedicated

1-23-85

Gilles stated that the Wilson Mountain Trail was nominated for the National Trail System in July 1979 and was designated a National Recreation Trail in October 1979. Wilson Mountain Trail is one of two National Recreation Trails in the Coconino National Forest.

Little has been done on area trails since the 1930s when CCC boys were in the area. About five years ago some 36 trails were formed, totaling around 90 miles, which would be assets to our recreation and transportation programs.

Since that time, about 25 more trails have been located and are possible candidates for the Sedona District trail system.

Just about all of these trails are of historical significance, having been constructed and used by early settlers and ranchers.

General public interest in hiking trails is growing all the time, as evidenced by the inquiries received at the Forestry office by phone, mail and in person.

Thirty-five people attended the dedication ceremony for the newly-installed Wilson Mountain Trail plaque on Monday, November 21. Gathered at the trailhead next to Midgley Bridge were representatives of Coconino National Forest, Keep Sedona Beautiful, Sedona Historical Society, and the Interagency Working Group.

Bob Gilles, District Ranger of the Sedona Ranger District of Coconino National Forest, presented a brief history of the trail. Ron Plapp, Fire Management Officer of the Sedona Ranger District, added details of present ongoing trail activities. Accepting a certificate of appreciation from Gilles was Harry Brown, Trail Boss of Sedona Westerners. The Sedona Westerners designed and purchased the bronze plaque for the Forest Service.

Feb. 8, 1984

Sedona Westerners Hike Mund's Mountain

To get the most "totally awesome" panoramic view of Sedona, drive 6.2 miles on rocky Schnebly Hill Road to the Vista Point, park, cross the road and walk south on a dirt fire road that leads into Old Schnebly Road as it tops off on the mesa and continues on around to Committee Tank (shortcut: Follow along first fence a short distance, crawl under, coming to road again and then another fence along which you walk to the stock tank) which you pass and enter gate at corner of fence after which a trail begins at the stake set in cairn and goes across the saddle (where Jacks Canyon Trail ends), then steeply climbs about 250 feet up Mund's Mt. to clumped-grass meadow; keeping to right, walk west to maze of shrubs and pick your way through animal trails across narrow neck to first outcropping of rock which you circumvent to left and continue to farthest rocks. Stop when you can't go any further and shout "AHHHHH!" ecstatically!

Such excitement made me do that all in one breath. Taking it more slowly: Feb. 4, a sunny Saturday, 57 Westerners (Hazel Lytle said, "Today we're in a pickle group - packed in by Heinz"), four-wheeled it up the ruts of Schnebly which is in the process of repair. On the left, there is Bear Wallow Canyon below a huge undulating red wall around which colorful rock strata rise like giant Indian maidens in still dance: wide Supai skirts in three shades of red decorated with Ft. Apache limestones, buff Coconino sandstone, yellow Toroweap sandstone bust, white Kaibab limestone neckline, Moenkopi sandstone face topped with black basalt. And on the right, the north face of Schnebly Hill remains green throughout the year with its mixed cover of chaparral-pinon-juniper-evergreen-oak. Volcanic basalt formed closely-packed posts in groups along the rim and strewed itself in choppy chunks on the flat hilltop.

Schnebly Hill and Mund's Mt. are part of the Mogollon Rim or lower edge of the great Colorado Plateau which sweeps a curve across the state of Arizona from the upper NW corner through Williams, Sedona and the White Mts. into New Mexico. This plateau keeps approximately the same elevation throughout Arizona whether on the Hopi mesas around Keams Canyon or Schnebly Hill and Mund's Mt., which generally measures 6400 feet, with the highest point being 6834 (courtesy of U.S.F.S.). Mountains such as Kendrick and the San Francisco Peaks are protrusions on the plateau; the valley with autonomous-like buttes as Cathedral, Cockcombs, Bell and Doe were sculpted by water.

Walking along the jeep road on Schnebly Hill, we found there is not much growth on this flattop except a few alligator junipers with their candelabra-like trunks, oak, and a ground cover of curly nest-like patches of dry grass out of which an occasional straight one rises and ends with a curl. In an aside, Jim Douthitt told me, "Of course, they're related to grampa - being grama grasses. And very nourishing for cattle." We had seen a few calves grazing along Schnebly.

Farther along on the jeep road we came upon deer and elk footprints, as well as those of wild turkey. The bird must have been heavy, for the arrow-shaped tracks were deep and well over 3 inches long. During the summer, this reporter saw several sizes of bear tracks on the same road. The trunk of an old Arizona cypress stands beribboned with neatly-pecked holes made by yellow-bellied sapsuckers. A hummingbird may have taken its toll afterward - a gleaner.

As we rested at the saddle, our leader, Norm Herkenham, surprised us by saying the separation of Mund's Mt. and Schnebly Hill by the canyon was caused by a fault - and we were standing on a thin bridge across the fault! "It isn't ours, is it?" piped up Marshall Cook.

Up the sides of Mund's, the growth of trees is thick, including Douglas fir and ponderosa fir. Marshall said the Indians weave baskets from the long, triple needles and if they are dried inside, they remain green. Looking down into the canyon upon a bare sandy circle where new trees had sprouted, Bill Eggert quipped, "That's where a bull elk once kept his harem until he got shot off." Whispered along the line, we heard "21 herd." Someone heard - who heard 21 herd?

On the trail up Mund's Mt. we saw small streaks of left-over snow. The rocks alongside were as white. Several hikers were interested in what they held: silicate-filled bubble holes, root casts, corals, partly-visible fossils which seem to have weathered with the rock, and other geological wonders.

Although we had glimpses of wonderful views along the way, this hardly prepared us for the three-quarter sweep from the cliffs on the summit. At first, one has the feeling of being alien in an unknown and new planet until getting a focus on familiar landmarks. Far to the right and north are the snow-capped San Francisco Peaks and moving counter-clockwise: Kendrick, then Williams to the west, the Bradshaws, then the Mazatzals to the south. And Marge said she could see Squaw Peak in Phoenix. Turning clockwise closer in, the Black Range (includes Mingus with Jerome nestled in), Sycamore Canyon with Casner above it. Back the other way again, Secret hiding behind Wilson with its very visible bench, on to Bear. And then the very beautiful Sedona valley with its unique, often-photographed often-painted buttes. At our feet, a series of castle-like rocks with their shrub gardens dividing Dam Fino and Marg's Draw. Then the hikers began to pick out their own houses. But who's that flashing? Mike Nardello with a mirror trying to get the attention of the lady at Whiting's in uptown Sedona. He claims she waved.

Returning back along the same trail, the question was asked: Who was Mund for whom this mountain was named? The William Mund family traveled by covered wagon from Kentucky to Oregon and down the coast of California, settling in parts of Arizona territory in the late 1800s. Son Jim farmed and raised cattle at Mund's Park while son John herded horses up on Mund's Mt. Both brothers built the Mund's Trail which later became a wagon road shortcut from Verde Valley to Flagstaff. The present Schnebly Hill Road was constructed along the less-steep route in the early 1930s by the combined efforts of the U.S. Forst Service and Coconino County.

This Thursday, February 9, the Westerners will have their monthly meeting at 7:30 p.m. at Wayside Chapel. Visitors are welcome. The next hike will be Sunday, Feb. 12, to Doe Mt. Meet at Revco parking lot at 1:30. Don't forget water.

Your reporter, Sue Ray.

United States Department of Agriculture

Certificate of Appreciation

awarded to

SEDONA WESTERNERS

FOR COOPERATION AND ASSISTANCE WITH
THE COCONINO NATIONAL FOREST TRAIL PROGRAM
AND PROVIDING A COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE FOR
THE WILSON MT. TRAIL

November 21, 1985
date

Robert B. Hillis Jr.

AD-141A (9-71)

Westerners Do Doe Mountain

FEB 15, 1984

The Sedona Westerners found Sunday, the 12 of February, another gorgeous, sunny day for the planned hike to Doe Mountain. At promptly 1:30, Trail Boss Harry Brown whistled the constant chatter of the day's hikers to a halt as we assembled at the Revco parking lot. Hazel Lytle was presented with a lifetime membership card as an award for her long-time membership in the Westerners, since 1968. Guests and new members for the day were introduced and welcomed. Mike Nardello, as usual, was dunning for dues, paid up or not, and selling patches.

Tom Hager announced the plans for the hike and introduced Marge Herkenham as the leader of the day. The usual question of "How much do we chip in for a ride today?" was followed by, "If you have a pretty gal driver, it might well be worth ten bucks; if you don't like your driver, you may not want to pay at all." Well, believe me, those of us who are always fortunate to get a ride are always happy to pay, whatever the price. Our hats are off to those drivers of vehicles who invite others to share the ride to cut down on the number of vehicles for traveling to the site and parking areas. A GREAT BIG THANKS to all of you.

Going west on 89A, we turned off at Dry Creek Road, and just past the crossing over Dry Creek, took a left at Boynton Pass Road. It wasn't too long before the hardtop came to an abrupt halt and we literally sank into the silty, dry dust of the narrow, washy road. We wondered how much longer we would have to wait for a few raindrops to settle the roadbed.

Continuing on to the Tupper Tree Farm turnoff, we passed and could see a few cattle through the clouds of dust raised by the vehicles ahead of us. We viewed the mesa of Doe Mountain on our left, which was to be our destination.

The turnoff proved not to be as bad as Norm Herkenham had anticipated, as it had had a "patch job" in a couple of key places. It wasn't too long before we reached the parking area at the gates to the Tupper Tree Farm. I was reminded of our visit to the farm about ten years ago when we were invited to tour the farm and hoped for a free sample of a small Mondel tree at that time, only to be disappointed. As we gathered to get instructions from our fearless leader, Marge, the huge red hulk of Doe Mountain loomed high above us with nary a sign of a trail to show just how we were to make our way to the top. With Marge in the lead, we ascended a slipper, rocky, sometimes marked and sometimes unmarked trail in single file. I might have been No. 15 in line at the start but as I stopped for a rest at a spot where Jack Stratton was counting heads I found I had slipped back to No. 61. At this point many of us began shedding outer jackets and sweaters as the bright sun had warmed up the side of the mountain considerably. As we rested at various spots along the trail, our panorama was below Mingus Mountain with Jerome coming into view, followed by a sweep to the left from Cottonwood, the backside of Coxcombs just as spectacular from this side as the usual view one gets from 89A. Then Red Rock Crossing, Airport Hill with Bell Rock and Courthouse Rock looming in the distance. The west end of Grey Mountain and Chimney Rock loomed above the now-dust-free road we had just driven out, and far beyond that was Munds Mountain, the scene of last weeks' hike.

As we neared the top, we turned our attention to just making tracks as it required our attention from then on. We were glad for the helping hands of Norm and Tom to be hoisted, pulled, pushed or whatever, to the top where we had a short rest before Marge led us across the mesa to the far rim to look down on the Boynton Pass Road, which was now a red ribbon leading from Dry Creek Road. By this time, the dust had settled and our view off to the various buttes of Red Rock Country was "eye-inspiring" indeed. Up on the mesa, there was no sign of life other than an occasional doe hoofprint and 154 prints of Sedona Westerners. Many fallen agave plants were in evidence, soon to be replaced by new ones. Outside of one small Indian paint brush flower seen on the trail coming up, and again on going down, there were no flowers to be seen. Hopefully, rains in the near future will rectify this situation. As usual, the lichen was beautiful on the many rocks. Various colors of blue gray, mustard yellow and lime green stood out everywhere.

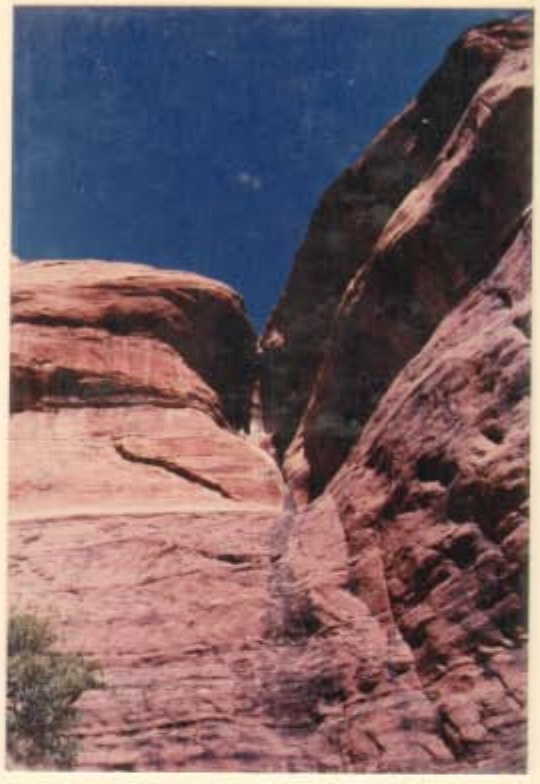
Our leader led us around the rim to various viewpoints and finally we came to the point to start our trek down and back to our cars, some 500 feet below. We rested long enough to take in the scenery of God's country, then down through the openings in the rock walls and over cracks, sometiomes via the seat of our pants. We concluded our hike, once more slipping under the barbed wire fence with the help of the guys, and on to our cars. As we made our way back to 89A, we wondered if the rains would ever come to settle the dust on the terribly dry roads of our gorgeous back country and to give our thirsty foliage a long-needed drink.

REMINDER! Next Saturday's hike, Feb. 18th, is scheduled to leave the Revco lot at 9:00 sharp. Destination is Lost Wilson, Brinds Mesa Loop. Rated a Big A, seven miles and 640 in elevation. This is just what it says, a loop. Once started, you must finish and a real test of your endurance. So bring lots of that lunch, water, good boots, vitamins, whatever, and enjoy the steep views and scenes of another great hike with the Sedona Westerners.

The other 136 footprints belonged to:

B. Eggert, B Coe, B. Brown, L. Scherer, M. & R. Cook, J. Wolfer, R. Hager, B. Carlson, D. Hooven, E. Lewis, K. & G. Matthews, E. Parks, B. Watts, A. Holmes, J. & K. Nordling, F. Preston, C. & C. Williams, R. Wolf, B. Nichols, D. Carr, F. & G. Wamsley, G. Siedow, G. M. Bergan, K. McNal, B. Seibel, B. McGinness, R. & H. Upton, G. & D. Chaudron, R. & A. Clem, F. Rivara, V. Machin, S. & D. Breman, A. & L. Neveu, E. Sovola, J. & R. Wilkinson, C. Ryan, J. & L. Gold, R. & R. Harberger, N. & G. Braun, A. Lacey, J. & R. Wright, C. & G. Lavorgna, R. Post, J. Douthitt, L. Silvern, A. Stout, D. Wylde, M. Norris, C. Kaesur, L. Lang, S. & D. Gibson, and your writer of the day,

Helen Hoffman.



February 22, 1984

Westerners Hike Lost Wilson Mountain - Brind's Mesa Loop

Thirty-four people met at the Revco parking lot at 9 o'clock on Saturday morning to venture on a new hike.

Norman Herkenham, our leader for the day, informed and warned us that it would be a strenuous, long 8½ mile hike and as it was to be done in a loop, there would be no turning back.

Everyone was eager to get started on this chilly morning, so all got into vehicles for the drive over the rough Dry Creek Road for a 2½-mile drive to the parking area.

The hike was very interesting. We rock-hopped, dodged catclaw, went through beautiful Arizona cypress forest, up red-rock washes and bush-whacked part of the time. Feet crunched dry manzanita branches one minute and tangled in thickets of it in full bloom the next.

We leaned to starboard to walk along ridges, then up hills and back down hills.

The sun shone brightly, causing all to remove jackets; later sweaters were shed.

After enjoying a leisurely lunch and before resuming our hiking, we gave recognition to the diligent people who spent two days scouting, by giving them a hearty hand of applause. Those who scouted were Norm and Marge Herkenham, Norm Hause, Tom Hager, Wilbur Thomas, Don Hooven and Elizabeth Parks.

While we rested, our leader explained that Lost Wilson Mountain was so named because it was separate from Wilson Mountain. He also said there were only Arizona cypress trees on the top. One would expect some ponderosa trees growing there.

There were plenty signs of deer, rabbits, coyotes and horses, also many chips, indicating that the Indians were once in the area.

Pinacles had been shaped by centuries of erosion into different figures. The many rock formations caused comments, such as "See the wine glass," "No, it looks like a birdbath," "That rock looks like a tooth, must be, as there is a dentist's chair below."

After we had crossed Brind's Mesa, we came to the road which led downhill all the way to the parked cars.

The next hike will be to Cathedral Rock. Meet at 1:30 at the Revco parking lot.

Those signing for Saturday's hike were: Mike Nardello, Jack Stratton, Elizabeth Parks, Norm and Marge Herkenham, Alice Holmes, Dorothy Worden, Valerie Longfellow, Lydia and Kirk Kirkley, Eugene and Estella Swartz, Norman Hause, Clara Lavorgna, Beverly McGinness, Gus Gendler, Tom and Rose Hager, Harvey and Ruth Upton, Nina Braun, Ann Frazier, Len Silvern, Lou and Alyne Neveu, Roland and Janette Wilkinson, Lawrence and Jan Gold, Don Hooven, and Hazel Lytle, reporting.

Westerners Hike Up Cathedral Rock

Feb. 29, 84

One of the largest groups, 80 in all, of this hiking season climbed the east face of Cathedral Rock on Sunday, Feb. 26. The group left the Revco parking lot at 1:30 p.m. and drove south on Route 179 to the road leading to Back O' Beyond. We drove about half a mile down that road to the parking place at the trail head to Cathedral Rock. This rock formation was known as Courthouse Rock by the oldtimers of the area. That name has now been given to another rock formation to the east of Cathedral Rock.

Don Hooven, our trail leader, expertly led us up a trail which started out easy but soon led to a wash of solid rock. At this point the trail became very steep and tested the stamina of many of the hikers. The hike up the east face afforded an excellent view of the Sky Mountain and Chapel areas. The trail led to a slit between two rock formations. At the summit there was a ledge of Fort Apache limestone with sheer rises of Schnebly Hill limestone on each side.

To the west from the ledge, we had a panoramic view of Red Rock Loop Road, Red Rock Crossing, Jerome and Hopi House, near which is the site of a proposed state park. We proceeded south along the ledge to another slit between the Schnebly Hill limestone buttes, where we climbed to the east again in the slit. In this slit, there is an intrusive igneous lava dike which runs up one side of the slit and down the other, forming a low wall.

From the top of this slit, we had a good view of Apache Maid Mountain, Jacks Canyon Spires and Court House Butte. As we proceeded northeast down the slit, we had a good view of Steamboat Rock and Wilson Mountain. We also faced directly toward the Twin Buttes, on one of which is a large Pueblo-type ruins. We looked down on a meadow covered with one of the largest stands of Wright's buckwheat in the area. This plant imparts a purplish-gray color to the meadow. The trail led back to the wash which we came up. From there we went back to our cars via the same route used on our way up, arriving at the cars at about 4 p.m.

The next Westerner hike will be on Saturday, March 3, a very strenuous one, up 940 feet via the Hot Loop Trail to the top of Horse Mesa. The trail is covered with large rocks, so good hiking boots should be worn. We shall leave the Revco parking lot at 9 a.m. Hikers should come equipped with lunch, vitamins and plenty of water.

Those signing in for the Cathedral Rock hike were Mike Nardello, Harry and Bernice Brown, Bill Eggert, Dick and Flo Wamsley, Norm and Marge Herkenham, Renee Wolf, Lou and Alyne Neveu, Dottie Worden, M.G. Cook, Aldo and Angie Patrio, Don Hooven, Ev Lewis, David and Gerda Chaudron, Dave and Madeleine Whitney, Dee Carr, Vi Machin, A. Baranowski, Lu Scheerer, Jim and Donna Neuleib, Genevieve Nagley, Loretta Peterson, Kirk and Lydia Kirkley, Rita Biss, Chuck Williams, Bob Yonker, Lee and Marie Peart, Bob Watts, Alice Holmes, Ned and Ted Rickard, Frank Rivara, Jim Douthitt, Valeria Longfellow, Beverly Generaux, Al and Ruth Clem, Harvey and Ruth Upton, Len Silvern, Mary Nadeau, Sandy Ellis, Charles Jorgensen, Gerda Bull, Don Braman, Don and Sally Gibson, Jack Coombs, Brian and Joni Gold, Phyl Coombs, Don, Louise and Ken Walbridge, Carl Breitmaier, Zora Par, Claire Welch, Gerry Brandon, Jean Wolfer, Hazel Lytle, Reo Houseman, Glenn and Nina Braun, Lorene Hammel, Bob and Jo Boydston, and the writer for the hike, Norman Hause.

ay, March 7, 1984

Westerners Explore Boynton Canyon

Boynton Canyon was the destination of 35 Sedona Westerners on March 3rd as they filed out of Revco parking lot headed for Dry Creek Road and Boynton Pass Road, where they turned into the canyon and parked outside the gate.

It was through the barbed-wire fence and down the still-paved road that we went, where a brief conversation was held with the gatekeeper.

At the end of the pavement we ascended a trail to the right which took us to a 40x120' ft. overhang which sheltered an Indian ruin. The ceiling was blackened from centuries of fire. No petroglyphs were seen but at the base of the wall was an interesting planter containing a small, leafless tree, fern-like foliage and green moss, all fed from a seep in the wall.

Returning to the canyon floor, we followed an old road lined on either side with flowering manzanita, which turned into a trail covered with dry oak leaves, occasionally crossing the dry creek bed. A fat tree squirrel watched us curiously.

Boynton Canyon forms a cleavage between Secret and Bear Mountains, allowing a view of the Coconino stone crowns of both mountains to be seen above the red pinnacles and domes of the canyon with their desert varnish streaks.

Lunch was enjoyed on a two-level bench near the "elephant" rock where there was a choice of either sun or shade.

Those participating in Saturday's hike were:

Mike Nardello, Ann Baranowski, Fletcher Preston, Jack Stratton, Wilma Rivena, Bill Eggert, Lou and Alyne Neveu, Renee Wolf, Dottie Worden, Glenn and Nina Braun, Hazel Lytle, Al and Ruth Clem, David and Gerda Chaudron, Lydia Kirkley, Jim Douthitt, Suzanne Higginbotham, Nina Strauss, Valerie Longfellow, Tom and Rose Hager, Len Silvern, Gwen Layton, Eldon and Marian Mathias, Gus Gendler, Claire Welch, Jerry Brandon, Virginia Strand, and your reporter,

Elizabeth Parks.

Westerners Hike Santa Fe Trail

March 14, 1984

On a bright, mild Sunday afternoon, 70 Westerners left Revco parking lot to drive south on 179, past Oakcreek Village to turn west at the sign "Historical Marker."

Cactus Dodger for the day was Don Hooven. Harry Brown, Wagon Boss, welcomed the new hikers as well as regulars and asked Tom Hager to announce the next hike: Saturday, 17 March (St. Patrick's Day parade too). It will be Bear Mountain and Fay Canyon Overlook. Meet at entrance to Kachina, off Dry Creek Road, at 9 a.m. with lunch and beverage.

NOTE change from Revco, the usual meeting place, due to parade. Turning off 179 at the historical marker, we drove on a dusty road, taking right fork, to park near the marker monument. A large bronze plaque, mounted on old rocks from the fireplace of original stage station building, cleaned up and rebuilt by some energetic Westerners, has these words:

BEAVER HEAD STAGE WAGON
Built 1876, Abandoned 1882
Prescott Santa Fe Stage Line
Distance 507 Miles
Division Point Between Pine Spring N.E.
and Prescott S.W. rd. built before 1866
Used by military emigrants and for mail
Only road to Verde Valley till 1870
Only road north till 1902
Only marker on route from Prescott to Santa Fe
Erected by Westerners

Don Hooven, followed by the hikers, took off at a past pace. We soon came to the stream bed of Dry Beaver, with many rounded stones, showing water had flowed over these rocks for eons of time. There actually was a small amount of water in spots as we crossed and followed another tributary streambed. There were many bare cottonwoods with noticeable parasite growths in top branches. This parasitic growth occurs on junipers and other trees, too. Bill Eggert spotted a mahonia shrub with its prickly leaves. He said Indians boil it and get yellow dye.

After Dry Beaver, we started up an incline, dusty and rocky. We finally came to a high point of rock, standing out like an island, which the Indians used as a fort and lookout for enemies. Rattlesnake Mesa is to the north. Bob Watts gave us a little history, saying most of our hikes were scenic or for nature (wildflowers, trees, birds and rock formations). Today's hike is historical. According to Bob, the Indians who came here are an off-shoot of the Hopis. They came down from the north by the hundreds in about 780 A.D. The Hopis are very religious, and those who didn't like the rules split off and came down through this natural route and spread out over the Verde Valley. So this is a double history area, with white man coming later, about 1875.

After a short rest, we hiked on across the big meadow, circled and came to a high point where we could look down on Hwy. 179 and Dry Beaver. To the east we could view Rattlesnake Mesa and to left of it Rattlesnake Canyon. The pools of Dry Beaver never run DRY! On beyond to the east is Sunset Mesa and Jack's Canyon north of it. Further to the left, we could see the red cliffs of House Rock in front of Lee Mtn., the sun shining on its red walls. We circled on back to below the Indian fort which the cavalry used later as a fort and lookout for Apache Indians. All the way down, we climbed over lava rock, crossed the creek again and hiked a little way south to an area where the Westerners will hold spring cookout in May, the scene of many former cookouts.

Those hiking were: Mike Nardello, Bill Eggert, Valerie Longfellow, Harry and Bernice Brown, Bob Yonker, Elizabeth Parks, Tom Hager, Don Hooven, Bob Watts, Alice Holmes, Al and Irene Jamrog, Wilbur Thomas, Louis E. Huddelstone, Ed Savola, Jack Stratton, Fletcher Preston, Bill and Ann Heinlein, Vi Machin, Ann Baranowski, Lu Scheerer, Al and Ruth Clem, Harry and Ruth Uptin, Carl Breitmaier, Virginia Strand, Dorothy Kirkpatrick, Dick and Jean Hamilton, Jean Wolfer, Hazel Lytle, Rio Houseman, George and Clara Lavorgna, Glenn and Nina Braun, Jim and Phyllis Williams, Aldo and Angie Patria, Shirley Coakley, Bernice Gemilere, Tom Bailey, Frank S. Rivara, Beverly Generaux, Chuck and Caroline Williams, Alan Lacey, Len Silvern, Roland and Janette Wilkinson, Dick and Alice Stout, Dick and Flo Wamsley, Charles Jorgensen, Norman Hause, Jim Douthitt, Don and Sally Gibson, Gwen Layton, Genevieve Nagley, Rita Bird, Don and Sally Braman, Mark Lucas and your reporter,

Ginny Lucas.

Strange Happenings on Bear Mountain

March 21, 1981

The moon was full on the eve of St. Patrick's Day. Surely that is a sign that things wonderful can occur on the day itself, providing, I'm sure, the heart has a bit of love for the Irish and the mind is open to the enchantment wafted here from the Emerald Isle. Of course, there must also be a bit of luck; and that's what we had when the Westerners gathered for our St. Patrick's Day hike. There were 31 of us, which is lucky, because backwards that would have been 13.

Far from parade-packed Sedona, out Dry Creek Road and beyond, we parked. Bob Watts led us across a meadow toward looming Bear Mountain. As we began our climb, I fell back to the end of the line. Passing a gnarled juniper, I thought I saw a grinning face peering out at me. I shook my head to clear away such imaginings. I heard a soft chuckle so I turned again and saw a little man dressed in green.

He held a finger to his lips as he hopped down beside me. I was amazed that he was only about a foot tall.

"My name is Timmy - Timmy McCool."

"But you should be at the big parade in Sedona. Other leprechauns will be there."

"Yes, I know. That's just for show. They're the mild ones. We're the wild ones."

"The wild ones?"

"Don't you see? We like to be free. I'm the son of a hero - that's me!" he puffed as he trotted beside me.

Bob led us to an overlook, pointed to a flat area below, and said that after proper spring rains the field would be covered with the purple blossoms of owl clover.

"Hmp!" said Tim. "He calls it clover! Well, that's the shamrock we brought over. But away from Ireland's rainy bog it changed a bit for it missed the fog."

As we passed Mike, who was counting hikers, Timmy said, "Sure, it's too bad. He was once a fine lad. He was a leprechaun, y'know, until he started in to grow. He was Michael O'Ledran, without a doubt a fine young lad till we kicked him out. I'll tell you the reason for his downfall: too many sweets, cookies and all. The Italians alone agreed to claim him if he was willing to let them rename him. They fed him pasta, and pepperoni, hot bologna and macaroni, and finished off with a tub of spumone. O'Ledran was a fine Irish name and with it he could have come to fame. But when the Italians took that fellow, they spelled his name backwards and called him Nardello!"

The group had walked along a narrow ledge beneath an overhanging rock. When the trail turned into a shallow cave, Bob showed us the remains of a bootleggers' camp - broken barrels, rusted vats, and twisted tubing. I heard Tim mutter, "Alas, for the thirsty leprechaun! Said it is those days are gone. We Irish, y'know, like a nip or so."

As we started down the trail, Tim said, "You Westerners are ones I like. I'll join you again on a Paddy's Day hike, providin', of course, your hearts are in tune with an Irish lyre and there's a full moon. So fare-you-well and never fear - if you don't see me I'll still be here. Now what I especially need is a gallop on my one-horned steed!"

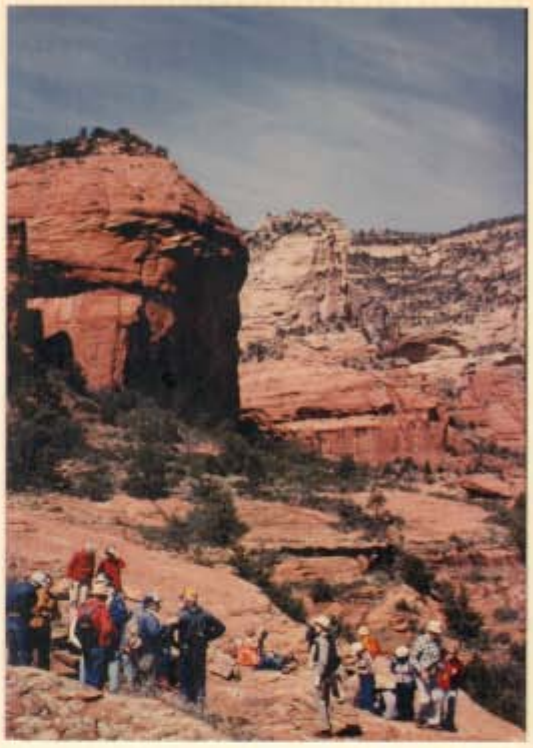
I turned to thank him but he was gone. As I trudged on, I could hear what sounded like hoof-beats behind me - perhaps a unicorn scampering away on the trail. Or was it the ice banging in my canteen?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The hike next Sunday will be to the proposed state park instead of the one listed on the schedule. Meet at the Revco parking lot before 1:30.

Those who hiked up Bear Mountain to the FEY Canyon overlook were: Mike O'Ledran, Jack Stratton, Clara Lavorgna, Alice Holmes, Ann Frazier, Hazel Lytle, Glenn and Nina Braun, Don Hooven, Jim Douthitt, Lou and Alyne Neveu, Elizabeth Parks, Valerie Longfellow, Bob Watts, Bill Eggert, Norm and Marge Herkenham, Gus Gendler, Milt and Barb Wilcox, David and Gerde Chaudron, Tom and Rose Hager, Ruth Upton, Gwen Taylor, Len Silvern, Tom Ward, Carl Breitmaier and this writer,

Charles Jorgensen.



Westerners Visit State Park Site

3-28-84

Sunny, breezy weather favored the Sedona Westerners as 67 of them assembled last Sunday for the afternoon hike. Most of them had gotten the word of the decision to shift the location to the proposed state park on lower Oak Creek, but some were to find the footgear and muscle requirements in this rougher terrain more than anticipated. At any rate, after a caravan to the park site via lower Red Rock Loop Road, all reached the north bank of Oak Creek for the start of the hike. Permission to drive through the locked gate had kindly been given by Supt. John Clow of Dead Horse Ranch state Park in Cottonwood.

Getting across Oak Creek was the first challenge. Several of the more nimble ones rock-hopped it successfully, while the rest availed themselves of Bob Watts's offer to ferry them in his Dodge truck through the boulder-paved ford. Three trips accomplished the job as Bob's Dodge proved bolder than the ford.

Reassembled on the south bank, hike leader Norm Herkenham briefly reviewed the background of the state's recent acquisition of the 285-acre site as a potential park (as yet unresolved) and pointed out the route the hike would follow.

First stop was the large, colorful stone structure known as the Hopi House perched atop a low bluff overlooking the whole setting. On the spacious roof deck an impromptu birthday celebration, complete with mini-cake, was observed for Bill Eggert. The appropriate chorus was sung, but at its conclusion, Chuck Williams pointed out that in view of our loca tion it should have been "Hopi birthday to you."

It was finally time to get on with the more serious part of the hike, and by now the last doubters were becoming fully aware that our destination was not the cancelled Elmersville trip with zero elevation climb. Quite in contrast, we began a gradual 400-ft. ascent toward a rough prominence known as Button Top. Actually easier than it looked, a well-chosen route brought us to the summit where a large stone "button" provided foreground for the view. All about us were familiar landmarks, including several vantage points of previous hikes from which we had gazed over to the feature on which we now stood. A sky studded with the nearest thing to rain clouds that Sedonans had seen in many a day added drama to the scene. Mumblings of "do you really think it might rain?" were overheard - but no such luck on this day. Maybe tomorrow.

Continuing on, we followed the crown of a low ridge to another bluff, locally called Eagle's Nest, rising sheer above the creek. Here we picked up the start of a quaint trail built by the former owners of the property, tracing it in gentle switchbacks down to its junction with a narrow road at the cliff's base. This led us back to the start of the hike, where at 4:30 p.m. we were ready to negotiate the creek ford again in the other direction, and again the Watts ferry was put to good use.

Next hike will be Rose's Volcano Loop on Saturday, March 31. Meet at Reveo lot prior to 9 a.m. with lunch and water.

Sunday's hikers were: Mike Nardello, Bob Watts, Bill Eggert, Harry and Bernice Brown, Elizabeth Parks, Doreen Rice, Lu Scheerer, Lou and Alyce Neveu, Valerie Longfellow, Dorothy Wylde, Marge Herkenham, Dick and Flo Wamsley, Virginia Strand, Shirley Coakley, Loretta Peterson, Jane Kelly, Jonathan and Carol St. John, Jack Stratton, Tom Hager, Al, Ruth and Kathy Clem, Bob Rollo, Rene Wolf, Al and Irene Jamrog, Alice Holmes, Fletcher Preston, Ann Baronowski, Vi Machin, Lawrence and Brian Gold, George Siedow, David and Gerde Chaudron, Marie Peart, Betty Holman, Frank and Dee Rivara, Chuck and Caroline Williams, Gwen Taylor, Len Silvern, Carl Breitmaier, Ed Savola, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Apple, Bill, Billy and Laura Burns, Del Braman, Bob Seibel, Lillian Boothe, Marie Kampfe, Tom and Elly Bailey, Bernie Pearson, George and Clara Lavorgna, Sally and Don Gibson, Eleanor Metz and Norm Herkenham.

Westerners Hike Rose's Volcano Loop

4-4-84

On Saturday, March 31, twenty-nine Westerners made a loop hike around Rose's Volcano. It was explained that it was not a true volcano, although it does resemble one.

With Bernice Brown as our leader, we passed through a gate and then leaped over a deep ditch, we then wended around, first up a slope then down to the creek bed. We did this several times, each time seeing a different view of the red rock formations surrounding the area.

Tom Hager pointed out a huge cypress tree that had a Cooper's hawk nest in it. The hawk flew off as we approached the area. Tom said he saw four little birds that were hatched there the previous year.

Dry Creek wound around like goose necks; at one point it crossed under the bridge on 89A then made another loop on the other side, then back under the bridge alongside the first flow.

In the creek bed there was a huge sycamore tree with eight trunks growing from the one tree growth roots. There were roots coming out of the rocks 20 ft. below the tree which was on the bank above.

At one point we spotted a beehive; the bees around were covered with pollen. We were told they were Italian bees. Why? asked someone. Ruth Clem said, "They were honey bees and Italians go for honeys." However, we were told that they were brought to this country from Europe as they were a more settled and sensible bee.

Several birds were seen, including an Arizona bluebird and a cardinal. Someone said, "There goes a jackrabbit," and sure enough, everyone saw him.

After enjoying our lunch, sitting on beautiful rocks in the creek bed, we hiked over the view the spires in the area, then on to see petroglyphs between two rock formations; one was of a big horn sheep and the other a deer.

We came upon several very tall mock palo verde trees, a stand of the tallest, about 20 ft. high, a grouping of seven or eight in a circle. At another place on flat rock surface, there were eight mortan basins. A little further on there was a large mortar stone, used at one time by Indians living in the area.

Everyone enjoyed the beautiful day, but as we were about to end the hike, the wind was beginning to get strong, reminding us that it was still the month of March.

Next hike will be to Earl's Canyon, leaving the Revco parking lot at 1:30 on Sunday, April 8.

Hikers were the following:

Mike Nardello, Harry and Bernice Brown, Gerald Brandon, Lydia Kirkley, Alice Holmes, Harvey and Ruth Upton, Clara Lavorgna, Wilbur Thomas, David and Gerde Chaudron, Charles Jorgensen, Norman Hause, Jack and Marianne Handrus, Virginia Strand, Al and Ruth Clem, Bob Watts, George Siedow, Virginia Lucas, Valerie Longfellow, Len Silvern, Bernie Pearson, Marshall Cook, Tom Hager, Gwen Taylor and Hazel Lytle.

Recently, the Westerners Club donated $3,000.00 and all their copies of *Those Early Days* to the Sedona Library. This extremely generous act was to help the library begin an expansion fund and so all proceeds from the sale of *Those Early Days* will continue to go into that special fund. Copies of the book are now available for purchase at the library for $9.95 to the public, and for $6.00 to members of the Westerners Club.

Westerners Hike Narrow Canyon - Dry Creek Loop

4-18-84

Twenty-four Westerners left the Revco parking lot at 8 a.m. on Saturday, April 14, for a hike around the Narrow Canyon-Dry Creek Loop. We drove out route 89A to Dry Creek Road, and thence up that road to the Vultee Arch parking area. From there we were led by Norm Herkenham up the Vultee Arch trail through Sterling Canyon for about half a mile to a wash which came in from the left. We hiked up that wash to a very interesting cave which contained Indian ruins.

The cave was quite blackened by the many fires that had been built in it by the ancient ones. It contained a multitude of very good pictographs of people's hands. There were also various animals pictured, as well as some geometrics. An especially good pictograph showed a man and a fox with its bushy tail. There were two storage holes and mortar hole carved into the floor. At one end of the cave was a fox hole with fox tracks leading in and out of it. While in the cave, we were entertained by the song of a canyon wren. Across the valley from the cave was a very good view of Lost Wilson Mountain.

From the cave we climbed up to a rim rock and headed for Narrow Canyon. From the rim rock, we had an excellent view of Maroon Mountain and the valley below. We finally came to Narrow Canyon and looked down into some caves containing Indian ruins on the northwest side of the canyon. Continuing along the rim, we came to a big falls in the narrow canyons streambed. Unfortunately, due to the dry spring there was no water flowing over the falls. At the top of the falls was a deep-water hole with six well-camouflaged frogs sleeping in the warm sun.

We continued on west on the rim and finally down a steep trail to Dry Creek Falls, which are on a tributary of Dry Creek and are one of the most spectacular falls in the Sedona area. Below the falls is a beautiful 125-ft. Douglas fir tree in the creekbed. Once again there was no water flowing over the falls due to the dry spring. Lunch was enjoyed at the top of the falls.

From Dry Creek Falls, the trail took us along another ridge from which we had a good view of the mouth of Secret Canyon. We descended from the ridge into another tributary of Dry Creek and went up the creek about a half mile and came back down to the tributary leading up to the base of Dry Creek Falls. We viewed the Falls from below, and then proceeded down Dry Creek. On the way, the creek flows through a steep-walled canyon. At the one point there is a long, mammoth water hole in the creekbed. Flowers seen during the hike were Indian paintbrush, wallflowers, yellow pea flowers, and claret hedgehog cacti. After our trip down Dry Creek, we arrived back at the cars at 2:30 and went home after an enjoyable hike.

The scheduled hike for Saturday, April 21 is Hartwell Canyon. It is an all-day hike. Come to the Revco parking lot at 9 a.m. with water and lunch. Because of scheduling complications, another hike may have to be substituted for Hartwell Canyon.

Those hiking were: M. Nardello, the H. Browns, N. Herkenham, H. Lytle, the H. Uptons, D. Hooven, R. Wolf, W. Johnson, J. Stratton, H. Allaire, C. Jorgensen, W. Thomas, E. Savola, C. Lavorgna, V. Longfellow, the G. Gendlers, C. Breitmaier, G. Brandon, T. Ward, V. Strand, and the writer for the day,

Norman Hause.

Westerners Hike Earl's Canyon

4-11-84

Seventy-five hikers took off in their vehicles from Revco parking lot at 1:30 on a mild Sunday afternoon and drove to Dry Creek Road. Harry Brown, Wagon Boss, had announced before departure that our next hike is Saturday, 14 April, to Narrow Canyon Dry Creek Loop. Bring lunch and water to Revco parking lot at 8 a.m. Note earlier time. Also, he urged attendance at the last meeting of Westerners for the season on Thursday, 12 April at Wayside Chapel at 7:30: IMPORTANT election of officers for 1984-85, and that the spring cookout will be held 5 May at Montezuma Well, $3.00 per person for Westerner members only. Reservations, please.

After going through the fence (by permission, of course), Norm Hause, our leader for the day, announced we were on Earl VanDeren's ranch. A short way down the road, a greeting committee of six young horses confronted us. The wrangler in charge of them was sitting in a truck with horse trailer. He informed us that these horses were mixed breed, possible descendents of wild horses of Asia and part mix from Scandinavia. They were buff-colored with natural black trim around the eyes (the bane of females who use eye makeup!). We soon came to Dry Creek and found to our surprise a shallow pool 25 ft. long among big boulders, and smaller pools in small holes.

Going up a rocky trail, we came to Earl's tank. Norm Herkenham said we'd take a loop trip, going to diversion berm which is a built-up ridge (by Earl) or diversion dam to make water drain down the canyon to the tank. Further along the trail, we came to main part of the berm. Rain water would run to creek, but berm directs it to the tank. The berm wall was 4 to 6 ft. high.

We now entered Earl's Canyon, really an old creek bed, full of rounded rocks from pebble size to boulder. We soon came to a good view of the buttes of Maroon Mtn. Hiking through creek area, with sloping rock formation on sides, we stopped to look up at towering Maroon Mtn., two peaks: one of red rock and one of buff Coconino sandstone with huge steep face, glistening in the sun. No wildflowers today because of dry winter, except for the brave Indian paint brush.

Those hiking today: M. Nardello, H.& B. Brown, L. Middelstone, L. Roy, P. Williams, W.K. Johnson, L. Johnson, J. & W. Nakata (visitors from Seattle), B.J. Sorem, J. Stratton, J. Wolfer, S. Sanders, V. Strand, R.&A. Clem, L.&A. Neveu, L. Scheerer, R. Wolf, E. Parks, H. Allaire, Z. Poe, N.&M. Herkenham, E. Metz, N.&S. Egelston, G.&F. Wamsley, L. Silvern, A. Meyer, D. Braman, F.&D. Rivara, L. Boothe, C. Jorgensen, N. Hause, G.&R. Siedow, V. Longfellow, G. Nagley, R. Biss, J. Luthe, M.&D. Neuleik, G.&C. Lavorgna, J. Lee, R. Eher, M. Andon, G. Taylor, R.&T. Hager, G. Thornton, M.&L. Peart, M. Nadean, S.&D. Gibson, M/Mrs. C. Apple, M.&R. Cook, M. Lucas and

your reporter, Virginia Lucas.

Fred Metz

Memorial services for Fred W. Metz, 85, were held at 11 a.m. Monday, June 18 at the Wayside Chapel, Sedona. Mr. Metz died Wednesday, June 13, at the Veterans Hospital, Fort Whipple, Prescott, after a long illness.

A native of Wisconsin, Mr. Metz was born June 10, 1899. He was for many years a salesman for the National Cash Register Company before moving to Sedona in 1964 following his retirement. He was predeceased in death by his wife Lois, and a tree on the grounds of the Sedona-Oak Creek Canyon Chamber of Commerce is dedicated to her memory. Mr. Metz was a member of the Masonic order and a dedicated collector in a variety of fields.

He is survived by a niece, Kathryne Spangler of Flagstaff, and four nephews, Robert Metz of San Jose, California; John Young of Durango, Colorado; and Martin and Miroslav Satran, both of Sedona.

Westcott Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.

Westerners Visit Hart Well Canyon

4-25-84

Saturday, April 21st was a delightful day for 35 Westerners to go on a hike to Hart Well Canyon.

After proceeding a short distance, we climbed to the right to view the Indian Ruin where the Sinagua Indians once dwelled.

Our leader for the day, Harry Brown, pointed out some petroglyphs on the walls of the ruins. Then we heard Beverly exclaim "Look at those down here!" We decided it was most unusual to see petroglyphs on the floor of any ruin.

We then wended our way down the slope and along the path until we came upon another Indian Ruin to the left, so up we went, there were more pictures up there and it was easier to determine what they were.

We were anxious to have lunch, so found lovely places to dine. We could look out on a beautiful view; to the right we could see the rear of Bear Mountain, and to the left we saw the high, sheer cliffs of part of Lost Mountain.

After having our lunch, we continued up the canyon enjoying pretty flowers, especially an area of Lupine in full bloom, some Indain Paintbrush, firecracker Penstemon, Wallflowers, Bladder pods, etc. Many Hummingbirds whizzed past and Orioles could be heard in the distance.

We spotted a hollow tree stump, several tapped on it to the beat of an Indian tom-tom.

One more Indian Ruin to climb up to on the way back. Those dry leaves and the loose dirt was difficult to go over, but everyone made it without mishap.

We all enjoyed the beautiful day in such a great canyon, but were happy to arrive at the vicinity where the cars were parked. The next hike will be to Woods Canyon on Saturday, April 28th, leaving the Revco parking lot at 8 o'clock a.m. Bring lunch and water.

Hikers were the following: Harry and Bernice Brown, Norm and Marge Herkenham, John and Dolores Guptill, Hank and Trip Waller, Jack Stratten, Marshall and Rodah Welch, Al and Ruth Clem, Diana Clem, Ed Sovola, Don Hooven, Tom and Rose Hager, Charles Jorgensen, Clara Lavorgna, Beverly McGinness, Virginia Strand, Gordon and Sharon Yates, Gus and Betty Gendler, George Siedow, Vi Machin, Len Silvern, Bernice Pearson, Virginia Lucas, Alice Holmes and Hazel Lytle.

Westerners To Have Cookout

5-2-84

The Sedona Weaterners' spring cookout will be held at Montezuma Well picnic grounds this Saturday, May 5. Come early and be ready to eat at 1 p.m. Reservations are required, for paid members and their guests only. Call Harry Brown at 282-4921 by Thursday, May 3.

The last Sunday hike for this hiking season is to Lo-Lo-Mai Ruins on May 6, leaving Revco at 1:30. Bring water.

Westerners Hike Lo Lo Mai Ruins

5-9-84

Fifty-plus Westerners finished their 1983-84 Sunday hike season with a delightful cross-country hike to the Lo Lo Mai Indian ruins overlooking Page Springs to the north and Spring Creek to the south. Since none of those present was able to come up with the proper meaning of "Lo Lo Mai," we offer the following impressions, gleaned from our hike on Sunday, May 6.

Lo-Lo-Mai, a sprinkling of volcanic rock over gently sloping hills, with a view of the red rock country at a distance and the lush cottonwoods along lower Oak Creek and Spring Creek below.

Lo-Lo-Mai, a bit of huffing and puffing on the approach to the twin peak pueblos, climbing over an ancient fortification wall made of volcanic rock, and enjoying a 360-deg. view from the top, perched on the crumbling walls of century-old "condominiums."

Lo-Lo-Mai, wondering what the residents' life might have been like and almost hearing the voices of the women grinding their corn on an unusual community metate, a ring of a dozen or so metates around a giant stone slab.

Lo-Lo-Mai, regretting the irreversible damage done by the ravages of time and helped along by modern vandals and the evidence of extensive recent illegal wood cutting.

Lo-Lo-Mai, festooned by hedgehog cactus in full bloom, ratany (Latin name: Krameria), winter fat (Latin name: Eurotia Lanatae), and even a Christmas cholla among the ever-present beavertail cactus and, curled up in the shade, a large diamond-back rattlesnake (Latin name: Nasticreechia Canbiteia, with apologies to Edward Lear and Norm Herkenham).

Lo-Lo-Mai, the last Sunday afternoon hike until this fall, with "Happy Trails" until the fall to our hiking friends and particularly those in attendance: Mike Nardello, Bill Eggert, Bill Johnson, Joni, Brian and Lawrence Gold, Roy Trussel, Harry and Bernice Brown, Lu Scheerer, Eleanor Ragsdale, Renee Wolf, Charles Kacsur, Al and Ruth Clem, Lou Nuddleston, John and Delores Guptill, Norm and Marge Herkenham, Jean Wolfer, Dick and Flo Wamsley, Bill and Ann Heinlein, Gus Stiles, Don Hooven, Hazel Lytle, Alice Holmes, Vi Machin, Carl Brietmaier, Bob Seibel, Jack Stratton, Norman Hause, Valerie Longfellow, Marshall and Rachel Welch, George and Ruth Siedow, Len Silvern, Gwen Taylor, Ginny Lucas, Ruth Jackson, Don and Sally Gibson, Bernie Pearson, Alan Lacey, Jim and Donna Neuleib, Clint and Barbara Apple, and your reporters, Jack and Marianne Handrus.

Westerners Enjoy Secret Canyon-Bear Sign Loop

5-16-84

Thirty-five Westerners met at the Revco parking lot on May 12 at 8 a.m. for the hike around the Secret Canyon-Bear Sign Canyon Loop. We drove out 89A to Dry Creek Road and thence to the Vultee Arch Road. We proceeded up Vultee Arch Road to the entrance to Salt Box Road, where all the passengers got out, and then the drivers took the cars to Vultee Arch parking lot. After the drivers returned, Don Hooven, leader for the hike, led the group up Salt Box Road. Along the way, we were fortunate to see a number of Pringles' manzanita in bloom. This manzanita, in contrast to the more common low-growing point-leaf manzanita, has trunks up to ten inches in diameter.

About two miles up the road, we came to the junction of the Secret Canyon trail and the trail which Westerners call the Phoebe Trail. We took the Phoebe Trail, which leads to the pass into Bear Sign. The Phoebe Trail has been named for the Herkenhams' dog which helped a group of scouting Westerners a number of years ago find what appeared to be an old, heavily-overgrown trail leading up to the pass. Phoebe, following her nose, was able to sniff out the trail which was not very apparent to her accompanying human scouters. Since that time, the trail has been widened to its present status. Along the trail, magenta Perry Penstemons, yellow Groundsel and white Bastard Toadflex were in bloom. From this trail there is a magnificent view across the very green valley to Capitol Butte, rising in the distance. The upper part of the trail is enclosed by some excellent specimens of Holly-leaf Buckthorn. At the top of the pass, we ate lunch sitting on a rock promontory overlooking Bear Sign Canyon below. It was a hot day, and some Westerners were envious of one hiker whose canteen spewed suds every time he opened it.

After lunch we went down a very steep trail into Bear Sign Canyon. Bear Sign is certainly one of the top contenders for the most beautiful undeveloped canyons around here. The huge Douglas fir, the 130-ft. Ponderosa pines and unusually-tall Arizona cypress make it a virtual Eden. The upper part of the canyon was carpeted with flowers. Especially beautiful were the purple Lupines, Wall flowers, Creeping Mahonia and the very rare Arizona Honeysuckle. Along the path, the white-flowered Fendler bushes were in bloom. Bear Sign has some rather sheer walls of Schnebly Hill Sandstone, and at one point the wall is covered with a number of pictographs. As you proceed down the canyon, there is a spectacular triangular arch in the cliffs off to the left. We enjoyed seeing a petite hummingbird nest with two eggs in it perched in a scrub oak beside the trail. We hurried past, since the mother was very upset with us. We reached the confluence of Bear Sign Creek and Dry Creek and proceeded down Dry Creek to the Vultee Arch parking lot, arriving there about 2:45 p.m.

The last hike of the year is an all-day hike on Saturday, May 19. It is up Long Canyon and rated very strenuous. To join us, be at the Revco parking lot at 9 a.m. with plenty of water and a lunch.

Those hiking were: M. Nardello, the H. Browns, E. Parks, W.K. Johnson, the L. Neveus, J. Stratton, B. Watts, The H. Uptons, J. Wolfer, the M. Welches, E. Sovola, the R. Stouts, C. Jorgensen, N. Herkenham, the J. Neuleibs, J. Douthitt, C. Lavorgna, the L. Pearts, the T. Hagers, the L. Golds, M. Cook, L. Silvern, G. Lucas, V. Strand and the writer for the day, N. Hause.

Final Hike of The Season For Westerners

5-23-84

It is pleasant to roam in the red-rock wilderness far from signs of civilization. The 30 Westerners on Saturday's hike into Long Canyon may have been feeling that way when someone pointed and exclaimed, "There's a helicopter!" About a mile away, perched on a flat, rocky knob on the high ridge between Long and Boynton canyons was a "chopper" and a crew scurrying about. We could only guess that perhaps they were filming a commercial or were surveying for a new real estate development; but from then on we felt less smugly isolated from modern life.

As this was the final hike of the season, each was asked to write a comment for this report.

Some wrote about the hike. Jean Wolfer: "Long Canyon is a hiker's paradise and evidence of God's creativity. How lucky I am to experience this grandeur - and with such great companions." Don Schmitt: "Beautiful scenery, beautiful day! Thank goodness for the breeze." Lou and Alyne Neveu: "What a spot!" Hazel Lytle created an acrostic on LONG CANYON: Lovely; one-of-a-kind; neat; great; colossal; astounding; nice; yipes! Oh boy! Nifty." Jack Stratton added a note of finality, "That's 30 for the hike."

Others wrote about our group. Clara Lavorgna: "It's a wonderful gift - being with beautiful people." Ed Savola: "Westerners translates into HAPPY TRAILS." Jim Neuleib: "I look forward to these hikes each week." And Donna adds: "The most fun and exhilarating hobby I've ever had!" Marshall and Ruth Cook: "Our years of association with the Sedona Westerners have enabled us to visit and enjoy the wonderland of nature so close to us. The many interesting and friendly people we've met have also enriched these experiences." Despite being asked to keep politics out of this, non-conformist Norm and Marge Herkenham remarked: "Never have so many Republicans participated in a wilderness experience."

Our community was the subject for some. Elizabeth Parks: "Sedona - the best little city in the West! Westerners - greatest hiking group in Arizona." Jim Douthitt: "I can't imagine any place in the world with as many outstanding hikes so close to home as here."

Also received were personal observations. Virginia Strand: "Mike is the best fixer-up doctor on the trail." Valerie Longfellow: "Our trail-masters are A-OK. We are happy to follow them anywhere. Well, ALMOST anywhere." Mike Nardello: "No cookies - no hike."

Some put their remarks into rhyme. Don Hooven: "Up down, under and through, we hiked and hiked till some turned blue. But Westerners have fun and are loyal too, so join us next fall; we're waiting for you." Wilbur Thomas: "Some talked and talked. We all walked and walked." Marshall and Rodah Welch: "We joined the Westerners two months ago. We cherish the friends we have learned to know. There's talk about flowers and trees and all that, so we got educated in nothing flat. The hikes are great, the scenery grand. We are sure glad we joined this band - to view such grandeur by the Master's hand."

Others wrote in appreciation: Norman Hause: "A good season with excellent hikes." Bill Eggert: "Thanks to the many people who write up these hikes." Harry and Bernice Brown: "Five years ago Long Canyon initiated us into our great association with the Westerners, and we have left a long, long trail of footprints since." Harry adds: "Now, as your Trail Boss, I leave a long trail of indebtedness to my great crew - Tom, Jack, Ruth, Clara and all appointed and volunteer members including the writers. The Westerners are the greatest round-up of good folks and hikers in Sedona. See you on the trail!"

This leaves our interesting visitors, Garrett and B.J. Smith, and this writer - speechless.

Charles Jorgensen

Samuel Fitzpatrick

Memorial services were held Friday for Samuel J. Fitzpatrick Sr., 68, of the Rolling Hills subdivision in Sedona and the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Sedona Sanitary District.

Fitzpatrick died last Wednesday at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix, after having been taken by the Sedona Emergency Medical Services ambulance to the Marcus J. Lawrence Memorial Hospital in Cottonwoood the night of June 1.

He had been found conscious, but incapacitated, by the Coconino County Sheriff's about 10 p.m. that night after friends became concerned when he didn't attend a Sanitary District meeting as he had planned.

Born on November 20, 1915, in Michigan, he and his wife Virginia, who survives him, moved to Sedona in 1976 after a successful career with the International Business Machines (I.B.M.) Corporation.

With I.B.M., Fitzpatrick was business administration manager of government and armed forces accounts, had been its manager of Far East operations for the military, and a resident of Tokyo, Japan, from 1964-68.

Fitzpatrick was a member of the I.B.M. Quarter-Century Club of Phoenix.

He held a master's degree from the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

A Past Master of the Royal York Rite Masonic Lodge in San Juan, Puerto Rico, he also was a Deacon of the Church of the Red Rocks in Sedona.

Other memberships included the Verde Valley Concert Association, the Sedona Westerners hiking club, the Sedona Campsiters Club and Archeological Society, the Sedona-Flagstaff Symphony League, and the Sedona Arts Center.

Fitzpatrick also was a past president of the Rolling Hills Improvement Association, a past chairman of Keep Sedona Beautiful, a past president of the Sedona-Coconino Taxpayers Association, and on the Board of Directors of the Sedona Library.

In addition to his widow, he is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Don S. Chisum, and Mrs. Terrence Schilling, and a son, Samuel J. Fitzpatrick Jr.

A.L. Moore & Sons Mortuary of Phoenix was in charge of arrangements, with the Memorial Service held at the Church of the Red Rocks.

Dear Bernice + Harry,
For your personal note to the Westerners and for sharing with our folks and the Sedona Red Rocks the good fellowship of Westerners was made difficult than a year we were in a dilemma. Facing a problem. Excluding for our annual in your memories is most gracious.

5/19/84

Thank you
for your kindness
and your special
thoughtfulness.

Virginia F.
Fitzpatrick

The Twenty-Third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters,
He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness
for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; Thy rod and
thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies: thou anointest
my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life: and I shall
dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

In Loving Memory Of

MARY BELLE SCHMITT

August 15, 1921-April 15, 1984

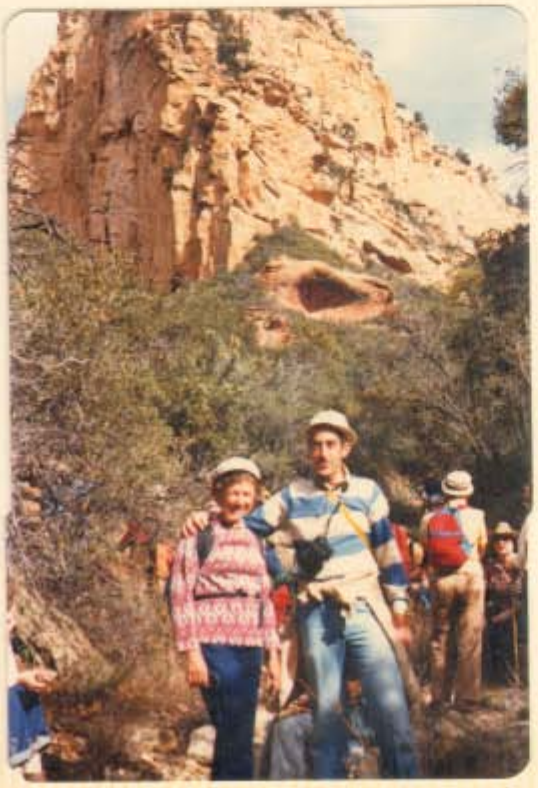
Mary was born at Anadarko,Oklahoma where she was educated and started her thirty-four year career with the telephone company.

After retiring as a telephone supervisor at Ventura, California,She lived in Sedona, Arizona where she was active in the Church Of The Red Rocks, The Sedona Westerners hiking club and The Telephone Pioneers...

Services
May 8, 1984 at 11:00A.M.
The Church Of The Red Rocks
Sedona, Arizona

With Reverend Robert H. Midgley
and Organist Gladys Reed

* * * * *



Mary Belle Schmitt 4-18-84

Mary Belle (Ewing) Schmitt, 62, who had resided in Port Ludlow, Washington, died April 15 in Seattle. She was born April 15, 1921 in Amadarko, Oklahoma, and had lived in Sedona for 15 years.

She was married to Jock Ewing, who died in 1975. She later married Donald Schmitt on June 5, 1982 in Sedona.

Mrs. Schmitt was retired from the telephone company in Ventura, Calif.

She was a member of the Sedona Westerners, the Telephone Pioneers, and Church of the Red Rocks.

She is survived by her husband; a son, Charles Gardner, of Medford, Ore.; one daughter, Carla Ridenour of Eugene, Ore. Also five grandchildren, stepson Colby Schmitt of Eugene, Ore.; two stepdaughters, Leahe Schmitt and Deidre Meil, both of Seattle. Also by one brother and one sister, L.D. Fisher of Amadarko, OK. and Betty Rosser of Las Cruces, N.M.

A memorial service is to be held in Port Townsend, Thursday, April 19, and at the Church of the Red Rocks at a later date.

Sedona Westerners season starts 9-5-84

The first hike of the season for the Sedona Westerners will be Sunday, September 9. Meet at the east end of Bayless parking lot to leave at 1:30 for the high country.

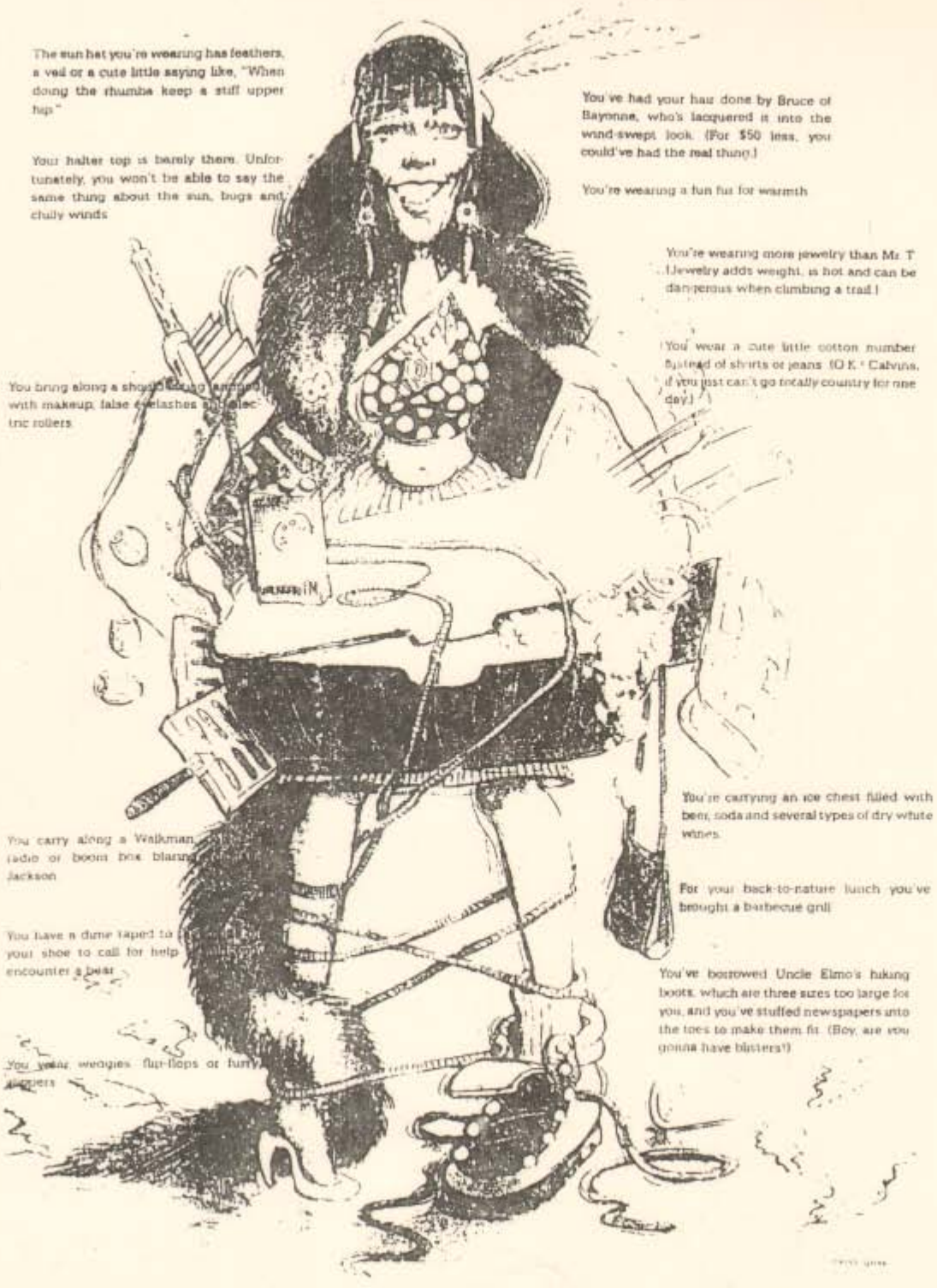
Kelly Canyon is an easy hike of about 2 miles in which the climb will be only 100 ft. Wear sturdy shoes and bring water. No pets allowed.

And don't forget our first meeting at 7:30 p.m. on Thursday, Sept. 13 at the Wayside Chapel. Visitors welcome.

OCT 11

Westerners Picnic at Montezuma's Well

They'll know you're not a real hiker if...



The sun hat you're wearing has feathers, a veil or a cute little saying like, "When doing the rhumba keep a stiff upper lip."

Your halter top is barely there. Unfortunately, you won't be able to say the same thing about the sun, bugs and chilly winds.

You've had your hair done by Bruce of Bayonne, who's lacquered it into the wind-swept look. (For $50 less, you could've had the real thing.)

You're wearing a fun fur for warmth.

You're wearing more jewelry than Mr. T. (Jewelry adds weight, is hot and can be dangerous when climbing a trail.)

You wear a cute little cotton number instead of shirts or jeans. (O.K. Calvins, if you just can't go totally country for one day.)

You bring along a shoulder bag crammed with makeup, false eyelashes and electric rollers.

You carry along a Walkman, radio or boom box blaring Michael Jackson.

You have a dime taped to your shoe to call for help if you encounter a bear.

You wear wedgies, flip-flops or funny sneakers.

You're carrying an ice chest filled with beer, soda and several types of dry white wines.

For your back-to-nature lunch you've brought a barbecue grill.

You've borrowed Uncle Elmo's hiking boots, which are three sizes too large for you, and you've stuffed newspapers into the toes to make them fit. (Boy, are you gonna have blisters!)